

304 SHORTY McCABE GETS THE HAIL

bered was about half full in the corner of the garage. It was gone. Then I spots a lightweight 15-foot ladder that I keeps hangin' along one side of the garage. There's red clay on the bottom ends of the ladder, the kind that I'd noticed thrown up where they'd sunk the up-rights for the billboards.

"Huh!" says I to myself.

There wasn't much doubt but that the Hon. Hi had the goods on Sully, and as I makes a line for the house I admit I was some hectic under the collar. What sort of young terrier was we bringin' up, anyway? Here for two nights he'd been A.W.O.L. and when we thought he was sleepin' peaceful in his little nursery cot he was out traipsin' around with a gang of young village cut-ups, settin' fires, defacin' billboards, and gettin' mixed up with the Lord knows what other kinds of crime. It begun to look as though I was more or less of a flivver in the stern parent rôle.

As a matter of fact, I'd been kind of proud of my record, for in all of little Sully's ten years I couldn't remember but twice when I'd had to lay him across my knee. Not that I mean to give out how he was any angel child. He's a reg'lar boy, Sully, and just as full of it as the next one, if not fuller. But up to now he hadn't pulled anything, barrin' them two breaks, that seemed to call for the hot hand exercise.