

LITTLE SULLY COMES THROUGH 311

prosecutin' a ten-year-old boy in police court? And another thing: You know them billboards your company put up ain't any too popular. You and the billboards are goin' to be thrown up prominent in this case, if it comes off. A lot of people who haven't seen you posin' as Mason's monkey are goin' to hear all the details. Some of 'em will snicker. Then about the boys' ball field. Wasn't that kind of hog-gish of you to run 'em off? What harm was they doin', anyway? It strikes me, Dishler, that if I'd been the one to block puttin' through that school playground scheme, as you did last spring, I'd have thought twice about chasin' the youngsters off a vacant lot.

Maybe you can guess that by the time the Hon. Hi has worked up quite a new color. The white side whiskers looked 'most like they was sproutin' out of red flannel.

"I shall run my own affairs in my own way," says he, kind of hoarse and throaty. "If you want to save the young rascal from arrest you must punish him yourself."

"I suppose you'd like to see the thrashin' done? Right now, eh?" says I.

"That would be most satisfactory," says he.

"Oh, well," says I, sighin'. "He's upstairs. Come along."

And before the Hon. Hi could back out I've towed him in beside the cot where little Sully