

the goods. I used Joyce to give the impression I knew nothing and was still investigating the spook theory. Maybe you noticed. That first day we lunched with him he was pretty thoroughly impressed by the case himself, but when I'd told him what I knew and what I wanted he was willing enough to help. I instructed him to pronounce absolutely for the spooks last night after I'd slipped up on my calculations, and it worked just as I'd figured. It gave Robert the courage to go ahead. On my own showing, one more shot and he'd have me out."

"But didn't you have enough evidence then?" Quaile asked. "Why did you risk Wilkins twice?"

McHugh grunted.

"You're a better playwright than a lawyer, Quaile. I went on my knees this morning to keep his firm from arresting Robert. I tell you I had to prove who had killed Carlton and what the weapon was. I couldn't even guess about the stuff until after the riot last night. Since Mike had done all the work, I had to put him in a position where he'd squeal on Robert. Of course I thought I could bring it off last night, but I didn't know quite enough, and I didn't guess how carefully Robert had planned the whole campaign.

"I'd figured, of course, that the attack had come from behind the scenes on the side where Carlton had fallen. That heavy mantel makes an angle in the scenery. I saw Mike slip in there just before the big scene and I was sure I had him. The main