

"Yes," said Millman. And then, with a quick, comprehensive glance at Dave Henderson's face: "But you didn't do it, Dave."

Dave Henderson's hands were clenched between his knees. They relaxed slowly.

"I'm glad of that," he said in a low tone. "Go on, Millman."

"The man had evidently revived just before the police got there," Millman explained. "He was shot and killed instantly by the police while trying to escape. He had bruises on his head which the police attributed to a fight with Dago George. Dago George, the police assume, woke up to discover the men breaking into his room. They attacked him. He managed to shoot Bookie Skarvan, and grappled with Cunny the Scorpion—the Scorpion's clothing, somewhat torn, and the Scorpion's bruises, bear this out. But in order to account for the time it would have taken to crack the safe, the police believe that the Scorpion at this time only knocked Dago George out temporarily. Then, later, while the Scorpion worked at the safe, Dago George recovered sufficiently to rush and snatch at the phone, and shout his appeal for help into it; and then the Scorpion laid Dago George's head open with the blow that killed him, using one of the burglar's tools as the weapon. And then the Scorpion, staying to put the finishing touches on his work to get the safe open, and over-estimating the time it would take the police to get there, was finally unable to make his escape."

"My God!" muttered Dave Henderson under his breath.

"That's not all," said Millman, with a faint smile. "There was known enmity between Dago George and the Scorpion. The Scorpion had come to The Iron Tavern earlier in the evening, one of the waiters testi-