

temperamental artists to deal with. That's why he saw all that publicity got in the papers. But he didn't reckon on my stubbornness and the faith my people have in me. Even so, he might have got away with it if I hadn't smelled a mouse a little too soon. And let me give the devil his due. He was a game sport—like those fellows that took snuff when they were having their heads chopped off. After Carlton died he played his cards to the limit, for I don't believe he intended that. He had paid Mike a lot of money and had promised him a couple thousand more as soon as we had put our tails between our legs. Old fool tells me he didn't hesitate, for he was glad to serve Robert who had given him the same dope he did your sister, Barbara—about a joke on me. After Carlton died Robert had them both in the hollow of his hand. They didn't dare break away then because he had involved them in murder. Say! Can't you get Mike's state of mind? He didn't have to fake being afraid then. His pale face and shaky knees came natural as eating to him. So, as soon as I'd got that far and faced a real explanation, I sent for Joyce."

"You've a winning way," Quaile laughed. "Joyce was a little embarrassed about his share to-night. I'd been wondering what it was."

"Best little come-on a detective ever had," McHugh continued. "I didn't have much legal evidence. I didn't know how Carlton had been killed. I had to lead them on until I could catch Mike with