

It was a quarter to one o'clock when the train pulled into the depot. Marshall turned the body over to Phillips and Castle with a terse resumé of the facts and then took his men and his bundles of opium and disappeared. They laid Enright out on a bench to await the coroner's deputies.

Phillips came over to us.

"I guess I acted kind of stiff," he said, in awkward apology. "But I want to hand it to you. You scored on us strong."

Lanagan put out his hand. The detective took it.

"You'll never make any mistake treating newspaper men right, Phillips. Just do this much for us now, will you? Hold off thirty minutes before you telephone the morgue. That will keep the story exclusively for the *Enquirer*."

"I'll do it," said Phillips.

And he did; which may seem to the layman a little thing, but to the newspaper man a detail of vast importance; because it enabled Lanagan, sending the story to the office by telephone, to score once again in sensational manner over his contemporaries, the *Times* and the *Herald*.