

They had brought him up to the Captain's office just after two o'clock in the morning. Now the sun was up. The Captain and the Scotland Yard men were white-faced with tiredness. Cesarini was calm.

The Captain repeated, 'What did you do with the gun?' His men had searched Cesarini's flat and they were searching his shop now.

'You haven't told me what gun.'

'Yours. I suppose you have one?'

'Yes.'

'Where is it?'

'In the shop.'

'You have a permit for it?'

'Yes.'

'What time did you visit the Englishman on Tuesday night?'

'I didn't.'

'All right, then, on Wednesday morning.'

'I didn't.'

'What were you going to do there last night?'

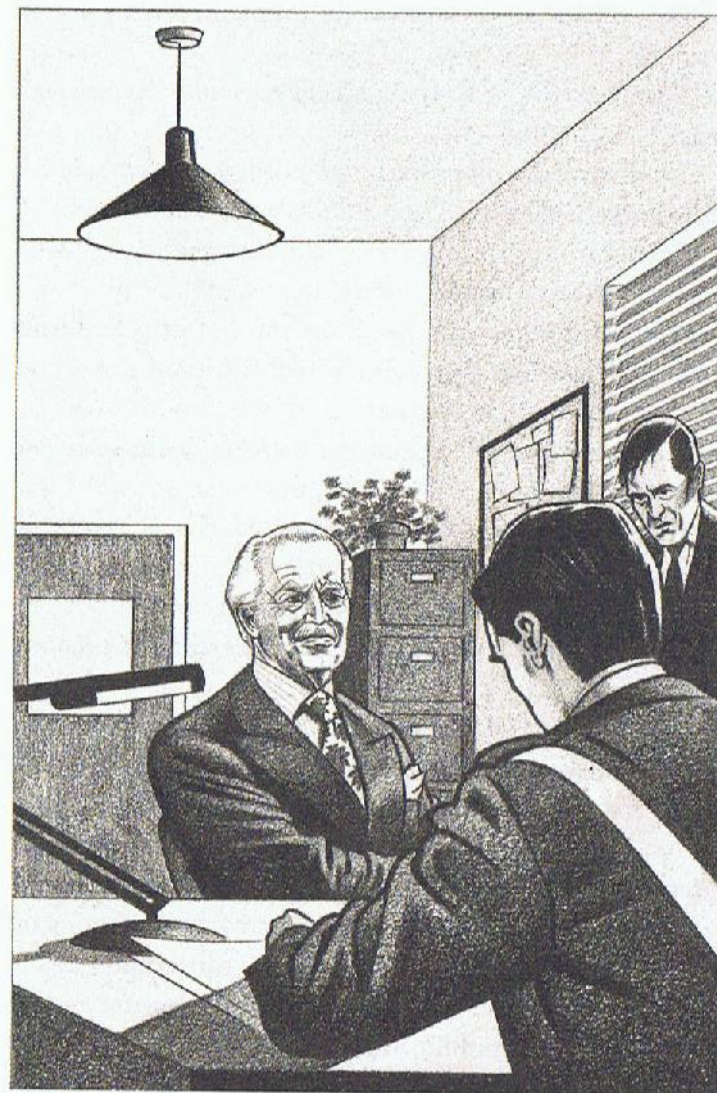
'I told you, I was checking the flat. I own it. I have the right to check it. That doesn't make me a murderer.'

Of course, they had all forgotten that Cesarini owned most of the flats. Only the Ciprianis' flat did not belong to him. They had asked the people in the building if they had seen visitors at the Englishman's flat. Everybody had said 'no' – because Cesarini wasn't a visitor!

The Captain was now not only tired, but also angry.

'What was your business with Langley-Smythe?'

'I didn't have any.'



*'I own the flat. That doesn't make me a murderer,'
said Cesarini.*