

CASH, PLEASE

I don't like to monkey with so many people. The smallest shares in this new pool are two hundred and fifty dollars, and it's filled up."

André cleared his throat. "But there was a larger pool," he suggested. "Just Monsieur Wallingford and one agreeable partner."

"Yes, that's my special pet," agreed Wallingford. "I need a man with a hundred thousand dollars for that."

"Monsieur; look!" begged André. "I have fifty-six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, upon which I can lay my hands in the clever American fashion. Four thousand is mine, fifty thousand I can borrow for the time being, nine hundred was given me by a friend, and the balance you recognize. I have saved it all, every cent. It is the French way. Now, Monsieur Wallingford, could not this amount be made to do?"

Wallingford frowned. "I like you, but it would not be fair," he objected. "I do all the work and have all the responsibility. If you were to put up less than a hundred thousand dollars, I would be compelled either to take in another small partner or put up some of my own money. No, I must have a hundred thousand."

"Then I am in despair!" worried André. "I can not borrow forty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, even in the name of Mondeaux."