

nothing by 'em and Borrochson ain't lost nothing by 'em, because they ain't worth nothing. They're just paste. In fact, there's a lot of that stuff around nowadays. A feller by the name Daiches showed me one of 'em about half an hour ago yet, and wants to sell it to me. I offered him a quarter for it."

Pollak returned the paste gems to Wolfson, who tossed them into his trousers pocket with a nonchalance engendered of many years' poker playing.

"Have a little something to drink, Pollak?" he said.

"Thanks, I shouldn't mind if I did," Pollak replied. "By the way, ain't that your friend Borrochson what is coming in now?"

Wolfson again turned around in his chair, and this time, despite his poker training, he was shaken out of all self-possession.

"Who's this here tall, white-face feller what comes in with him?" he hissed.

"Him?" Pollak answered. "Why, that's a great friend from Borrochson's, a feller by the name Rubin what is one of the actors by the Yiddisher theayter."

Wolfson faced about again and essayed to tackle his *schnitzel*.

"Say, Pollak," he croaked, "d'ye want to buy a good safe cheap?"