

CASH, PLEASE

They filed out of the office, and Wallingford called Blackie back, and Monsieur Perigord, listening intently, heard Wallingford say:

"Your friend, Perigord, is very agreeable. He is generous. He looks trusting."

André Perigord's heart was glad. What he did not hear Wallingford say was this:

"Double right back, Blackie, and help me take care of this real coin. We'll leave the phony stuff here, but I'm nervous since I had Onion Jones and Chin-chilla Williams and Big Tim Measen in this room."

At last André was a happy man! He was profiting by American cleverness, and he had the most clever man in America as his investing agent. On the first day, Wallingford handed him two hundred dollars for his twenty-five. On that day, also, Perigord sent complimentary gowns to Madame Wallingford and Madame Daw; frocks which no designer had yet seen, but André did not regret the money he lost from their rental. Not he!

On the second day, Wallingford handed him three hundred dollars for his twenty-five. André sent Violet Bonnie Daw and Fannie Wallingford beautiful bouquets.

On the third day, Wallingford handed him two hundred and seventy-five dollars; but on the fourth, three hundred and fifty!