

WALLINGFORD AND BLACKIE DAW

"No use to come, André," explained Wallingford. "You're broke."

André Perigord dropped into a chair. "Broke!" he gasped. "You did not lose the money!"

"You did," advised Wallingford; "every cent. Besides that, you owe me forty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. I thought I wouldn't bother you for that just now."

"*Mon Dieu!*" groaned André. "Why, monsieur, you have lost me not only all my money, but the money of the house of Mondeaux!"

"Tough," commented Wallingford. "I suppose now you'll have to juggle with your books, and rent the Mondeaux creations to the designers until you can replace their money in the bank. Have a cigar."

André turned to the grinning face of Blackie. "It is a graft!" he suddenly decided, and jumped to his feet. "I go to the police!"

"And have me pinched, and get all our names in the papers, and let the house of Mondeaux find it out," suggested Wallingford. "Whatever happens, André I can see you in the penitentiary, with short hair and no necktie, learning to paste paper soles on water-proof shoes."

"It is true," André admitted, "I am what you call, up against it; but I have learned another American trick. Also, I am still clever, and I shall yet be rich. I shall not go to the penitentiary if they do