

WALLINGFORD AND BLACKIE DAW

"I see," mused Wallingford. "Well, it's too bad, André, because you're a very agreeable gentleman, and exactly the kind of partner I would like to have. However, if you can't raise the money I shall accept some of my other applications."

"One moment," pleaded André. "How much money would this grand pool make me?"

"I don't know," replied Wallingford. "I guarantee nothing. I might make us five million dollars. I might make us a thousand. I might lose the money."

"That is droll," laughed André. "Monsieur Wallingford, I am desperate to become your partner. Look! Could you not yourself loan me the money, and take back the forty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars out of the first day's profits?"

The big pink face of Wallingford brightened immediately, and his broad shoulders heaved. "By George, you're a genius, André!" he chuckled. "That was a happy idea. I'll take your money."

"*Voilà!*" cried André. "The bank will close too soon this afternoon, my friend Wallingford, but to-morrow morning I shall lay the amount in your hands."

"All right," agreed Wallingford. "Bring it over to the office—in cash, please."

One day passed; two passed; three days passed,