

146 THE GREAT ADVENTURE

JANET. And you made a profit of over four hundred pounds on each?

TEXEL. (*Boisterously—laughing to EBAG.*) You did?

JANET. Fifteen times four hundred—that makes—how much does it make?

TEXEL. Six thousand, madam. Thirty thousand dollars. Great!

JANET. (*To EBAG.*) Don't you think we deserve some of that, as it were?

EBAG. Madam, I shall be delighted to pay you five thousand four hundred pounds. That will be equivalent to charging you a nominal commission of ten per cent.

JANET. Thank you.

CARVE. I won't touch a penny of their wretched money.

JANET. (*Sweetly.*) I wouldn't dream of asking you to, dearest. *I* shall touch it. Goodness knows what street we shall be in after this affair—and with my brewery shares gone simply all to pieces! Now, dearest, you can take it off. (*She resumes her seat.*)

CARVE. (*Lightly.*) I'm hanged if I do!

ALCAR. But, my dear Mr. X!

CARVE. (*Lightly.*) I'm dashed if I take my collar off.

CYRUS. (*Triumphant.*) Ha! I knew it.

CARVE. Why should I offer my skin to the inspection of two individuals in whom I