

never in his life even seen
ten thousand dollars—
in fact not even one thousand
in his entire life. Ernest said,
“In that case, I will release you
from our contract. Go in peace,
my friend, but never, never
use my name again.”

THE SOLUTION

“Only a white poodle could replace Ernest,”
said the newly widowed Mary Hemingway.

“So fine,” said her friend, “buy a white poodle.
I find mine rather easy to live with.”

Yet no one recalls seeing Mary with any
white poodle. The scholars are still seeking.

Though I don't know its name, I think it's the one
Ernest would have thrown out the train window.