

Mrs. Wainwright allowed her husband's retort to pass over her thoughtful mood. "They say \* \* they say Rufus Coleman makes as much as fifteen thousand dollars a year. That's more than three times your income \* \* I don't know. \* \* It all depends on whether they try to save or not. His manner of life is, no doubt, very luxurious. I don't suppose he knows how to economise at all: That kind of a man usually doesn't. And then, in the newspaper world positions are so very precarious. Men may have valuable positions one minute and be penniless in the street the next minute. It isn't as if he had any real income, and of course he has no real ability. If he was suddenly thrown out of his position, goodness knows what would become of him. Still \* \* still \* \* fifteen thousand dollars a year is a big income \* \* while it lasts. I suppose he is very extravagant. That kind of a man usually is. And I wouldn't be surprised if he was heavily in debt; very heavily in debt. Still \* \* if Marjory has set her heart there is nothing to be done, I suppose. It wouldn't have happened if you had been as wise as you thought you were. \* \* I suppose he thinks I have been very rude to him. Well, sometimes I wasn't nearly so rude as I felt like being. Feeling as I did, I could hardly be very amiable. \* \* Of course this drive this afternoon was all your affair and Marjory's. But, of course, I shall be nice to him."

"And what of all this Nora Black business?" asked