

"Of course it's true," said his wife emphatically.

"Peter Tounley says everybody knows it."

"Well * anyhow * money is not everything."

"But it's a great deal, you know well enough. You know you are always speaking of poverty as an evil, as a grand resultant, a collaboration of many lesser evils. Well, then?"

"But," began the professor meekly, "when I say that I mean——"

"Well, money is money and poverty is poverty," interrupted his wife. "You don't have to be very learned to know that."

"I do not say that Coleman has not a very nice thing of it, but I must say it is hard to think of his getting any such sum as you mention."

"Isn't he known as the most brilliant journalist in New York?" she demanded harshly.

"Y-yes, as long as it lasts, but then one never knows when he will be out in the street penniless. Of course he has no particular ability which would be marketable if he suddenly lost his present employment. Of course it is not as if he was a really talented young man. He might not be able to make his way at all in any new direction."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Wainwright in reflective protestation. "I don't know about that. I think he would."

"I thought you said a moment ago——" The pro-