

Angela's Business

pinned on them. Well, the hero's just the commentator on this development as it takes place, thinking it out to save the reader the trouble."

"But — is n't it the theory nowadays that there should n't be any commentator?"

"Oh, there may be a *theory*!" he retorted, the artist briefly flashing in the man. "However, *I* comment."

They went up the Wings' three steps, and Mary put her key into the lock.

"But your hero can't be altogether an abstraction," she insisted, thus engaged — "else how can there be any old-fashioned romance?"

The young man's laugh covered an interest in the conversation intense to the point of physical pain.

"Really, this won't do. We get it more and more backwards. I have n't even described the story to you right. It's not an old-fashioned anything — primarily — it's not a study of types. No, it's — it's an intellectual autobiography. Do you work on Sundays?"

The school-teacher wheeled in her open but inhospitable door, with something like reproach in her eyes, and said: "No!"

"Then you can't escape me. I'll stay in town this Sunday, and you shall hear it all from the beginning. You — you've brought it on yourself now."

The two moderns looked at each other. And the young man in the tall hat was breathing rather hard.

"But — would n't that disappoint your mother? I know — I've noticed — that you never let anything interfere . . ."

His look changed perceptibly at that. And still, it was not the son, not the old critic of Egoettes, who answered, slightly chagrined: —