

Angela's Business

They turned into Olive Street.

"And by the way," said Charles, "she's not my heroine — only my central figure."

"Oh! Is there a distinction? Then will there be two women in this book?"

"Of course — a common principle of writing. Your central figure — in a character story — needs the comment of contrast, you know — of a — a foil."

"I had n't thought of that. You had only one woman in 'Bondwomen,' you see. . . . And the contrast — she'll be as different as possible — a working-woman, I suppose? — a Permanent Spinster! That's interesting, I think — a study in contrasting types. Now — by my catechism — I really begin to get an idea —"

"Do you? I don't know. There are points — there are points — which I've never been able to settle yet, myself."

Mary began to search for her latch-key. Splendidly competent though she was, she did not appear to have a regular place for keeping her key, like a man. And Charles wondered if she had quite forgotten that offhand remark of his, the day of his luncheon to Helen Carson, that he was drawing his Line from his life. . . .

"But the men in the story," she was saying — rather mechanically, he thought — "I conclude there must be some, even though you don't mention them. What type do you make your hero?"

"Oh! — hero! There is n't any. The hero's the reader."

"The reader! — I fear that's too technical for me."

He explained: "My — my study develops by the method of 'progressive revelation,' so-called — the principal characters being first set out, of course, with the wrong labels carefully