

**jukka-pekka kervinen**

**FAR FROM CENTRAL**

**VUGG BOOKS**

**2008**

*substituting hysteria for history," on the guest-towel! It was a swell time if you a pansy-embroidered trifle which always hung there to indicate that week?" "Why sure; you bet." "Now had to eat the I went on. "I was not born yesterday, but I have only scored a truck that new steward hands out to the Babbitts were in the best Floral Heights society. No one had see here, George: few years more than a quarter of one century, ever used it. No guest and seeing that us at the Athletic I want you to my own mother was had ever dared to. Guests a woman, I must refuse to be held accountable for the position of the put on your nice dinner-jacket that evening." sex." "Sophist!" she shrieked. Club! But I certainly "Rats! The rest secretly took a corner of the nearest regular*

towel. He of 'em won't want to was raging, "By golly, here do feel out of sorts, this morning. Funny, got a pain dress." "Of course they will. You remember when you didn't down here on the left side—but no, that *"It is thy wouldn't be appendicitis, would it? Last night, when I dress for the Littlefields' supper-party, and apathy and selfishness that perpetuate the evil."* Then I bethought me of my they go and use up all the rest did, and was driving over all the towels, every how embarrassed you were." "Embarrassed, long vigils of work and thought, the slow, bitter doggone one of 'em, and they use 'em to Verg Gunch's, I felt a and get 'em pain in my stomach, too. Right here it hell! I wasn't embarrassed. Everybody years in which I "ate my bread with tears, knows I can put on as expensive a Tux. as anybody and sat weeping on my all wet and sopping, and else, and I should never put out a dry was—kind of a sharp shooting pain. I—Where'd that dime go worry if I one for me--of to? Why don't you don't happen to course, I'm the serve more prunes at breakfast? have it on sometimes. goat!--and then I want one and--I'm the only person in the doggone house that's All a darn got the slightest doggone bit of bed," and I remembered that nuisance, anyway. All right for some of those tears Of course I eat an were for the apple every evening--an apple a day keeps sorrows of that consideration for other

people and thoughtfulness *very sex which was now accusing me of the docter away—but and consider there may be others still, you ought organised injustice. But I a woman, that stays around that may want to to have more prunes, and not the house all the use the doggone replied gently: "I am bathroom after me and consider--"* time, but when all these fancy-doodads." *no tyrant; I am "The last time I had prunes you a simple, peaceful citizen, and it is as didn't eat them."* "Well, I didn't feel a fellow's worked like **He was pitching the much as I can do to earn my bread** the dickens all day, *and the bread of like eating 'em, I suppose. chill abominations into some of thy* he doesn't want to go **the bath-tub, pleased by Matter of fact, and hustle his head the vindictiveness of that desolate I think I sex. Life is hard flapping sound; and did eat some of 'em. Anyway—I tell you it's mighty—important to—I was off getting into in the midst his wife serenely trotted in, enough for both sexes, without setting one against the other. We are observed serenely, "Why Georgie dear, what are you doing? Are you going to wash saying to Verg Gunch, just last evening, most out the towels? Why, you needn't wash out the people don't take sufficient eare both the outcome of the of their diges--"** "Shall we have the Gunches *same great forces, for our dinner, next and both of week?"* "Why sure;

you the soup-and-fish for a lot

course they will. *abandoned - that of* "I want to ride bareback in the Row You remember when you didn't in tights and spangles at **them into it** - dress for the Littlefields' *ending the poverty that still poisons so many American lives. And it came to pass 1 p. m. on Sundays,*" supper-party, and all **both Hillary Clinton and** the rest did, and shrieked a soberly elad *that my soul was vexed with the problems Barack Obama are proposing* suburban lady, who **new initiatives against** sported a wedding-ring. "I want of life, so that how embarrassed you were." to move the world "Embarrassed, hell! I wasn't *I could not sleep. So embarrassed. Everybody knows I can I opened a book by a put on as expensive a Tux. lady novelist, and fell as anybody else, and I with my pen or the point of my toe; I want to write, should worry if I don't poverty. But their proposals happen to have it on dance, sing, act, to reading*

*therein. And of a sudden I looked up,*  
sometimes. All a paint, sculpt, fence, row, ride,  
swim, and lo! a great host hunt, shoot, fish,  
love all men from young rustie farmers to old  
**are modest in scope** darn nuisance, anyway. All  
right for a *of women filled the* **and far from**  
**central to town routes ; their campaigns.** I'm  
**not blaming them** woman, that stays for that; if  
*chamber, which had a progressive wins*  
*become as the Albert Hall* lead the Commons,  
keep a salon, **this election, it will** a restaurant,  
and a zoological garden, row a boat in be by  
**promising to ease** around the house all boy's  
costume, with a **the anxiety of the middle class**  
**rather for magnitude--women of all tenor** by  
moonlight alone, **than aiding the poor.** And  
*complexions, countries, times, ages, and*  
deluge Europe and Asia the time, but for a  
**variety of reasons, with blood shed for my**  
**health care, not sexes.** *Some were bewitching*  
*and beautiful, some intoxicating beauty.* I am  
*wan and flat-breasted, some elegant and*  
*stately, some ugly and squat,* when a fellow's  
worked **poverty, should be the first priority**  
primeval, savage, unlicensed, unchartered, of a  
**Democratic administration.** like the dickens all  
day, he doesn't want to go and unfathomable,  
unpetticoated, tumultuous, inexpressible,—  
hustle his head off **But ultimately, let's hope**  
**that the nation some plain and whitewashed,**  
**turns back to the task irrepressible,—**

overpowering, crude, mordant, and some painted and getting into the soup-and-fish for a it abandoned - that of decorated; women in silk pugnacious, polyandrous, sensual, fiery, chaste, modest, ending the poverty that lot of folks that married, and misunderstood." "But, madam," I remarked—for in her excitement she approached within earshot of me—"I understand thee quite well, and I really am not responsible for thy gowns, and women in divided he's seen in just still poisons so many American lives. And it came to pass that skirts, and women emotions." Her literary style—reg'lar ordinary clothes that my soul was vexed beguiled me into with the problems of life, same day." "You in widows' weeds, so that I could know you enjoy being the responsive-archaicism of the and women in knickerbockers, seen in one. The and women in ulsters, and other evening you admitted you were glad I'd insisted on your dressing. not sleep. So I opened a women in furs, and women in crinolines, and women book by a lady novelist, and fell You said you felt second person singular. in tights, and women in to reading therein. a lot better for rags; but every woman of it. And oh, And of a Georgie, I do sudden I looked up, and wish you wouldn't say 'Tux.' It's 'dinner-jacket.'" "Rats, what's the odds?" "Well, it's what them all in tears. lo! a great host of women filled the "Coward!" she



snapped. "Coward and satyr! For centuries—  
thou hast trampled upon my sisters, and all the  
nice *The great chamber was* folks say. Suppose  
Lucile McKelvey *full of a mighty babel; shouts  
and ululations, groans and moans, weeping  
and wailing and* desecrated womanhood." "I  
beg thy chamber, which had become as  
pardon," I rejoined mildly. "Thou

been concealed among his America's poor really aren't clean pajamas. He a phosphorescent dial. was fairly amiable in—  
*cheeks were pads, and the unroughened hand*  
*which all that poor - a claim that always has*  
**me wondering whether** *lay helpless upon the*  
*khaki-colored blanket was slightly puffy.* the—  
 conference on the those making it watched any  
 TV during Hurricane brown suit. "What do  
 Katrina, or for that *He seemed prosperous,*  
*extremely married matter have ever looked*  
**around you think, Myra?"** He *and unromantic;*  
*and altogether unromantic appeared* Babbitt  
 was proud of pawed at the clothes hunched on  
 a chair in being awakened by such *this*  
*sleeping-porch, which looked their bedroom,*  
 while she *on one sizable* moved about—  
 mysteriously adjusting and a rich device. **them**  
**while visiting** a Socially it was almost as  
 creditable as buying *elm, two respectable*

expensive cord tires. He **major American city.** **Mainly, however, grass-plots, a cement driveway, and a patting her petticoat and,** to sulkily admitted now that **excuses for poverty** there was no more escape, but his jaundiced-eye, *corrugated iron garage.* **involve the assertion that** he lay and detested the grind of the real-estate *Yet Babbitt was again the United States is a land* never seeming to get on *dreaming of the fairy* business, and disliked of **opportunity, a child, a dream more romantic than scarlet pagodas** his family, and disliked himself **place where people can start out poor, work hard** with her dressing. *by a silver sea.* *For years the fairy child had and become rich.* **But come to him.** *Where others saw "How about it? Shall for disliking them. but Georgie Babbitt, she discerned gallant youth. She waited for* The evening before, he had played poker at Vergil Gunch's till midnight, and *him, in the darkness beyond the fact of the I wear the brown suit another matter is that Horatio Alger day?"* "Well, it looks awfully nice on *mysterious groves. When at last after such holidays he was you."* "I know, but irritable before breakfast. It **stories are rare, and stories of gosh, it needs pressing."** "That's so. Perhaps it *he could slip does."* "It certainly could stand *away from the crowded house he darted to* may have been the tremendous home-brewed beer of being pressed, all right." **people trapped by**

their parents' poverty her. His wife, his clamoring friends, sought to follow, but he escaped, the prohibition-era and the are all too common. According to one recent estimate, American children the girl fleet beside him, "Yes, perhaps born to parents in the and they crouched together it wouldn't hurt it bottom fourth of the income cigars to which distribution have almost a to be pressed." "But on a shadowy hillside. She that beer enticed him; it may have been resentment of return from this fine, gee, the coat doesn't need 50 percent chance of staying pressing. No sense in having the there - and almost a two-thirds chance of remaining bold man-world to a stuck if they're black. That's whole darn suit pressed, not surprising. Growing was so slim, restricted region of wives and when the coat doesn't need it." "That's up in poverty puts you at a disadvantage stenographers, and of suggestions not to so white, so eager! She smoke so much. cried that he at every step. I'd From the bedroom beside the sleeping-porch, his wife's was gay and so." "But the pants-certainly need it, bracket those new studies all right. Look at them--look at those wrinkles--the pants valiant, that she would detestably cheerful "Time to on brain development in early childhood with a study from the certainly do need pressing." wait for him, that they National Center for would sail-- Rumble and

Education Statistics, which tracked a get up, Georgie "That's so. Oh, Georgie, why couldn't you wear the group of students who were in eighth grade boy," and the *bang of the in 1988*. The study found, itchy sound, the *milk-truck*. *Babbitt* brown coat with the blue trousers we were wondering what we'd do with brisk and scratchy sound, of combing

new houses, homes—they seemed—for white, so eager! She cried that he was *business circles*. It was laughter and tranquillity. gay and valiant, **its occupant dealt in provisions, but he** Over a concrete could not see much because of *his V.C., his Legion of Honor ribbon, his Phi* bridge fled a limousine of Beta Kappa key. long sleek hood and noiseless-engine. that she would wait for These people in evening *With the subtleties* a glass partition. When he was getting impatient, an old *of dressing ran other complex worries.* clothes—were returning from an all-night rehearsal of a Little Theater "I feel kind of punk play, an artistic adventure considerably *this morning,*" he said. "I think him, that they **man came to the counter.** "Can you tell me if illuminated by champagne. Below the bridge curved would sail-- Rumble **there's a Mr. Graham in this building?**" a railroad, a maze *I had too* of green

and *much dinner last evening*. and bang of the milk-truck. **Foster asked. "Yes, he's here,"** said crimson lights. The New Babbitt moaned; turned *You oughtn't to serve over*; struggled back York Flyer boomed past, toward his dream. He could **the other. "What** see only her *those heavy banana fritters.*" *"But you asked face now, beyond misty and twenty lines of polished steel waters.* The furnace-man slammed leaped into the glare. In one of the skyscrapers the basement door. A **do you want?" Foster said he had brought** dog barked in the next the wires of the *me to have some.*" a **packet from Canada, and the yard.** As Babbitt sank *"I know, but--I* Associated Press were closing down. blissfully into a dim The telegraph operators wearily raised their *tell you, when a fellow gets celluloid eye-shades* after warm tide, the paper-carrier went by whistling, a night of talking with Paris and Peking. *past forty he has to look after his digestion.* Through the building crawled the scrubwomen, yawning, their old shoes and the rolled-up **old man, who Advocate thumped the front looked rather hard** *There's a lot of fellows that don't take proper care of slapping.* The dawn mist *themselves. I tell at him, lifted a flap you at forty a man's in the counter and told a fool or his doctor--I mean, him to pass through.* A door in the spun away. Cues of men with lunch-boxes clumped toward the—

immensity of door. Babbitt roused, his new-factories, sheets **partition opened** as stomach constricted with alarm. As *his own doctor*. *Folks don't* he relaxed, he was pierced by the familiar and irritating rattle of glass and **he advanced and another man beckoned him to come give enough attention in.** It looked as of some one hollow tile, glittering shops where five thousand men worked beneath if the latter cranking a Ford: **had heard what had to this matter of dieting.** *Now I think--Course* snap-ah-ah, snap-ah-ah, snap-ah-ah. Himself a pious motorist, Babbitt cranked with the unseen driver, with him waited through taut one roof, pouring out the passed, but **this a man ought to saved an explanation and** hours for the roar of *have a good meal after honest-wares that Foster, who asked* the starting engine, *the day's work, would be sold up with him agonized as if he was Graham, put the Euphrates and across the* but it would be a good thing for both of us veldt. The whistles if we took lighter lunches." the packet on a "But Georgie, rolled out in greeting a chorus-echeerful as table. **There was not much** the roar ceased and again began the April dawn; **else in the small, dusty** the infernal patient *here at home I always do have* snap-ah-ah--a round, flat room, **except a cupboard fitted** the song of labor sound, a shivering cold-morning sound, *a light lunch.*" in a city a sound infuriating and



inescapable. Not till *"Mean to imply I the*  
*rising voice of make a hog with pigeon-holes, a*  
**desk, and a safe. "This is of myself, eating**  
*down-town? built--it seemed--for giants.*

I ruffled my long if the latter had heard what had passed, but hair to a leonine mane, and seated this saved an explanation and Foster, who asked **chloroformed him!**" "Now if he was Graham, put the packet on a table. Cadillacs, and the fight against *There was not much else* in poverty was largely abandoned. In myself at the piano. And lo! straightway the small, dusty room, there fell a deep **don't be horrid, George.**" 2006, 17.4 percent of children in America lived below the poverty line, *except a cupboard fitted* "Well, I don't want to be horrid, substantially more than silence—you could have heard a hairpin drop. "What would you but Lord! you're getting as fussy with pigeon-holes, a desk, and a safe. "This is from as Verona. Ever have me do; in 1969. And even this O daughters of Eve?" I cried. "What is my sin? since she got out measure probably understates the *Miss Austin of Gardner's*

*Crossing, " what my iniquity?" Then of college she's the clamour recommenced with tenfold violence, disappointment at the he remarked. Graham glanced at the packet carelessly, as if true depth of he did not been too rambunctious to live with--doesn't know consider it of much importance, and Foster felt puzzled. The fellow was what she wants--well, I know not as old as Carmen's father, but Foster what she wants!--all she wants is many children's misery. Living loss of a free thought there was nothing about him that would performance augmenting their anger. "Give attract a girl used in or near poverty has me a husband," shrieked one. to admiration, as Carmen was. "Give me a always been a form profession," shrieked another. of exile, of being cut off from "Give me a divorce," shrieked the larger society. But the distance between the poor and to marry a millionaire, the rest of us He was certainly not and live in Europe, and hold some is much greater than preacher's hand, and simultaneously at the same time stay right it was 40 years handsome and had, here in Zenith ago, because most American incomes on the whole, a commonplace look, while he a third. "Give me was obviously in free union," shrieked a fourth. have risen in real terms a small way of business. "Thank you," he "Give me an income," shrieked said. "It seems you have been and be some blooming kind to*

*Edinburgh. We had of a socialist while the official poverty agitator or boss charity-worker or some damn a branch there, but closed it recently. Newcastle has more line has not. To be a fifth. "Give me my deceased sister's facilities for importing thing! Lord, and Ted poor in America today, even husband," shrieked a sixth. "Give our goods. I'm me my divorced husband's children," is just as bad! "Poverty in afraid you have been early childhood poisons the brain." That was the more than in the past, shrieked a seventh. "Give me opening of an the right to paint from the nude in the is to be Academy schools," shrieked put to some trouble." an outcast in your own country. And that, the neuroscientists tell us, is what poisons a child's brain. America's failure to make progress in reducing poverty, Foster replied that he did not mind this, especially among children, should article in Saturday's Financial Times, provoke a lot of soul-searching. an eighth. "Give me Unfortunately, what it often seems an Oxford degree," shrieked to provoke instead is great creativity in making excuses. since he had promised Miss Austin to Some of these excuses a ninth. "Give me a cigar," shrieked a tenth. "Give me a vote," shrieked an eleventh. "Give bring the packet and she was a friend of take the form me a pair of his, but although trousers," shrieked a he studied the man's face*

of assertions that America's poor really aren't all that ~~twelfth~~. "Give me a seat in the House," **summarizing research presented last** *saw nothing to indicate that he was interested.* poor - a claim that always has me **week at the American Association for the Advancement**

rising voice of the motor told him that that he didn't wear tight, long, old-fashioned undergarments, he looked blurrily out at *but he could the yard*. It like his father-in-law and partner, *not see much because of a Henry-Thompson*. His second embellishment was—combing the Ford was moving **delighted him**, as was he released from the *glass partition*. *When he was getting impatient, an always; it was the neat old man came* panting tension. He glanced once and *slicking back his hair*. at his favorite tree, elm twigs against the *to the counter*. "Can it gave him a *you tell me* gold patina of sky, yard of a **successful business man of Zenith**, that *if there's a tremendous forehead, arching is*, it was **perfection**, and up two inches beyond *Mr. Graham in* and fumbled for **made him also perfect**. He regarded *this building?*" Foster asked. sleep as for a **the corrugated iron garage**. For the three-hundred-

and-sixty-fifth time the former hair-line. But most "Yes, he's here," wonder-working of all said the other. was the donning of his spectacles. There in a year he reflected, "No class to that is character in spectacles--the tin shack. Have pretentious tortoiseshell; the meek pince-nez of the school drug. He who had been a boy very credulous of life was no longer greatly to build me a interested in the possible and improbable adventures of each new day. He "What do you want?" frame garage. But by golly Foster said he had brought escaped from reality till the alarm-clock rang, at seven-twenty. It was the teacher, the twisted silver-framed glasses of the old villager. Babbitt's it's the only best of nationally a packet from Canada, and advertised and quantitatively produced spectacles had huge, circular, thing on the alarm-clocks, with all modern attachments, including cathedral chime, frameless lenses of the very intermittent alarm, and a phosphorescent the old man, place that isn't who looked rather hard up-to-date!" While he stared at him, lifted a he thought of a community garage best glass; the dial. Babbitt was for his acreage development, proud of being awakened ear-pieces were thin bars Glen Oriole. He stopped puffing and of gold. In them he was the modern by such a rich device. business man; one who gave orders to clerks

and drove Socially it was jiggling. His arms were akimbo. His petulant, sleep-swollen face *flap in the counter* a ear and almost as creditable as buying expensive cord *and told him to* played occasional golf and was scholarly was set in harder in regard to Salesmanship. His lines. He suddenly seemed *pass through*. A head suddenly appeared capable, an official, a not babyish but man to contrive, weighty, and you noted to direct, to get things done. On the his heavy, blunt *door in the partition* nose, his straight mouth and thick, vigor of his idea he long upper lip, his chin overfleshy but strong; with respect was carried down the hard, dean, tires. He sulkily admitted *opened as he you beheld him* put on the rest now that there was unused-looking hall into no more escape, but *advanced and another man beckoned him to come* he lay and detested in. It looked as the bathroom. Though *if the latter had heard of his uniform as what had passed*, the house was not large it had, like all houses on Floral the grind of the real-estate business, and disliked his family, *but this saved an explanation and Foster, Heights, an altogether royal who asked if he was Graham, put the* and disliked himself for disliking them. The evening before, he had bathroom of porcelain and played poker at Vergil a Solid Citizen. The gray suit was well cut, well made, and completely glazed tile and metal Gunch's till midnight, and after such



holidays he was **sleek as silver**. **The towel-rack**  
**was** *packet on a table*. *There a rod of* **was not**  
*much else*

*stood beneath an opening* forty a man's a fool or his doctor--I mean, **the song of labor in a city built--it seemed--for giants.** There was **nothing of the** his own doctor. Folks ~~It made~~ Babbitt feel *in the wall. The buildings were apparently warehouses, but some loyal and important.* ~~It~~ **giant in the aspect of** don't give enough attention to this matter of **the man who was beginning** associated him with Good Fellows, with men who were dieting. Now I think--*Course of the doors to awaken on nice and human, and important in business circles.* ~~It was his~~ **the sleeping-porch of a Dutch** a man ought to Colonial house in that residential *had brass plates and lights V.C.,* his Legion of Honor district of Zenith known as Floral Heights. *have a good shone in the upper* His name was ribbon, his Phi Beta Kappa George F. Babbitt. He was forty-six years meal after the day's work, but it *windows. By and by* key.

With the subtleties of dressing old now, in April, 1920, and he made would be a good thing for ran other complex worries. "I he found the number he wanted and entered nothing in particular, feel kind of punk this-morning," he said. "I neither butter nor think I had too much both of us dinner last evening. You a dirty arch, inside which if we took lighter lunches." shoes nor poetry, but he was a few names were painted "But Georgie, on the wall. Graham's was not there, but he went up the steps to inquire at the first office here at home I nimble in the calling of selling houses for oughtn't to serve those he reached. The always do have a light lunch." "Mean to imply I make a heavy banana fritters." "But you asked me to lower stories were used as a warehouse and more than people could afford to pay. he came to the top His large head was hog of myself, eating pink, his brown hair thin and dry. His landing before he saw down-town? Yes, sure! You'd have a swell have some." "I know, time if you but—I tell you, when a fellow gets past forty a name that seemed face was babyish in slumber, despite his wrinkles and had to eat the truck the red spectacle-dents on he has to look after his digestion. There's a lot of to be Danish the slopes of his that new steward or Scandinavian painted on fellows that don't take nose. He was not fat hands out to us at the Athletic Club! But I certainly but he was

exceedingly well a door. Going in, he knocked proper care of themselves. I fed; his cheeks were pads, do feel out of sorts, tell you at forty and the unroughened hand which on the counter. The lay helpless upon the khaki-colored blanket was office was small and a man's a fool or his doctor—I mean, his slightly puffy. He shabby and smelt of own doctor. Folks this morning. Funny, got a seemed prosperous, extremely married and unromantic; and pain down here don't give enough altogether unromantic appeared attention to this matter of dieting. bacon, which he thought indicated that its occupant dealt in provisions, but he this sleeping-porch, which on the left side—but looked on one sizable elm, two respectable grass-plots, a cement driveway, and a Now I think—Course a man corrugated iron garage. Yet Babbitt could not see much was again dreaming of the fairy child, a dream more romantic than ought to have a because of a scarlet pagodas by no, that wouldn't be glass partition. When he appendicitis, would it? a silver sea. Last night, when I was driving over to Verg Gunch's, I good meal after the day's work, was getting impatient, an old man came to but it would be the counter. "Can you felt a pain in my a good thing For years the fairy tell me if there's a stomach, too. Right here Mr. Graham in this building?" it was--kind of a for both of us if we

took lighter lunches."

sky, and fumbled *such a man something she valued was impossible to discern.* of long sleek hood and noiseless engine. These people curved a railroad, a maze of green and *This, however, was not Foster's crimson lights.* The New York Flyer boomed **for sleep as for a drug.** He who had *business, and after past, and* twenty lines of polished lunch he caught a train to Hexham and, *finding been a boy very* steel leaped into *he could get no farther,* **credulous of life was the glare.** In one of the skyscrapers **no longer greatly** the wires of the Associated in evening clothes were returning **interested in the** *spent the night* from an all-night rehearsal of a Little Theater play, **possible and improbable adventures in the old Border of each new day.** Press were closing down. The telegraph operators an artistic adventure **He escaped from reality town. and use the** wearily raised their celluloid eye-

shades after a night of talking with *guest-towel, did you?"* *It Paris and Peking.* Through considerably illuminated by champagne. the building crawled the Below the bridge *is not recorded* curved a railroad, a maze **till the alarm-clock rang, at seven-twenty.** It of green and crimson *that he was scrubwomen,* yawning, their old was **the best of nationally advertised lights.** The New *able to answer. For the first time* shoes slapping. The dawn *in weeks he was sufficiently roused by his mist-spun away.* Cues of men with lunch-boxes elumped toward the immensity of new and quantitatively produced alarm-clocks, York Flyer boomed past, and twenty lines of polished **with all modern attachments, including cathedral chime, intermittent alarm, and a phosphorescent dial.** Babbitt was steel leaped into factories, sheets of *wife to look at her.* glass and hollow *Myra Babbitt--Mrs. George* tile, glittering shops where *F. Babbitt--was definitely mature.* **proud of being awakened** five thousand men worked beneath by such a rich device. one roof, pouring out the *She had creases from honest wares that would the corners of her mouth* **Socially it was to the bottom of her** the glare. almost as creditable as buying In one of the **expensive cord tires.** He be sold up *chin, and her* skyscrapers the wires of **sulkily admitted now that there plump neck bagged.** *But the thing* the Euphrates and

was no more escape, across the veldt. The whistles rolled out in greeting a chorus-cheerful as the April dawn; the song *that marked her as the Associated Press* were closing of labor in a *having passed the line was that she no longer had reticences before her husband, and no longer worried about not having reticences. She was city built—it seemed—for giants.* down. The telegraph operators wearily raised There was their celluloid eye-shades after a night of talking with Paris and Peking. Through the building crawled nothing of the giant in the aspect of the the scrubwomen, yawning, their old shoes *in a petticoat now, but he lay and* slapping. The dawn mist spun away. Cues **detested the grind of the real-estate** of men with lunch-boxes clumped man who was beginning to toward the immensity of awaken on the sleeping-poreh **business, and disliked his family, new factories, sheets of of a Dutch Colonial glass and hollow tile, glittering and disliked himself for and corsets which bulged, and unaware of being seen** shops where five thousand men worked beneath *in bulgy corsets.* one roof, pouring out the **disliking them. The house in that residential** *She had become so dully habituated to married life* honest wares that would be sold evening before, he had played district of Zenith known as poker at Vergil Floral Heights. His Gunch's till midnight, and



after such holidays he was irritable before  
breakfast. *that in her full matronliness name*  
was George F. Babbitt. He was *she was as*  
*sexless as forty-six years old* It may have been  
the tremendous home-brewed beer up the  
Euphrates and across of the prohibition-era  
and the cigars *an anemic nun. She was the*  
veldt. The whistles rolled out in greeting a now,  
in April, *a good woman, a kind*

*a table. There was not much else in the was at all interested it was the neat yard of a successful business in her or entirely man of Zenith, that not as old as aware that she was alive. After a rather thorough Carmen's father, but Foster thought there was nothing about him that would small, dusty room, except a cupboard discussion of all the domestic and fitted with pigeon-holes, a desk, is, it was perfection, and attract a girl used made him also perfect. social aspects of towels she He regarded the corrugated to admiration, as iron garage. For the Carmen was. He was three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth time in a apologized to Babbitt for his having an alcoholic headache; year he reflected, "No class and he recovered enough and a safe. "This is from Miss to that tin shack. Have certainly not handsome Austin of Gardner's Crossing," he remarked. Graham glanced to endure the search for a B.V.D.*

undershirt which and had, on the whole, had, he pointed out, to build me a frame garage. But by a commonplace look, while golly it's the malevolently been concealed among at the packet carelessly, as only thing on the place his clean pajamas. if he did not that isn't up-to-date!" While he stared he thought of a community garage for his He was consider it of much importance, fairly amiable in the conference he was obviously in and Foster felt puzzled. The fellow was not as a small way of business. "Thank you," on the brown suit. acreage development, Glen Oriole. he said. "It seems "What do you old as Carmen's father, but Foster thought there was nothing you have been to Edinburgh. He stopped puffing and think, Myra?" He pawed at the clothes jiggling. His arms were about him that would attract akimbo. His petulant, sleep-swollen hunched on a chair in a girl used to admiration, as Carmen was. face was set in We had a branch there, their bedroom, while but closed it she moved about mysteriously adjusting and patting her petticoat and, to his recently. Newcastle has more facilities for importing our goods. I'm afraid you have been put harder lines. He suddenly He was certainly not handsome jaundiced eye, never seeming to and had, on the whole, a commonplace look, to some trouble." Foster seemed capable, an get on with her while he was obviously in a small

replied that he did **dressing**. "How about it? **Shall I** not mind this, **wear the brown suit** official, a man to contrive, to direct, to since he had promised Miss Austin to bring *way of business*. get things done. "Thank you," he said. "It seems you have been **On the another day?**" "Well, it to *Edinburgh*. We had a vigor of his idea he was carried down the hard, dean, unused-looking hall into the bathroom.—**Though the house looks awfully nice on you.**" *branch there, but closed the packet and she was a friend was not large it had, like all houses on Floral Heights,* "I know, but gosh, an altogether royal it needs pressing." bathroom of porcelain and *it recently.* *Newcastle has* of his, but "That's so. Perhaps it does." "It certainly could glazed tile and metal sleek as *more facilities for importing our* although he studied the man's silver. The towel-rack was goods. I'm afraid you have been put to some trouble." Foster replied that he did a rod of clear glass set in nickel. The tub was long enough for face saw nothing *not mind this, since stand being pressed, he had promised Miss Austin to bring the packet and she was a a Prussian Guard, and friend of his, but above the set to indicate that he was interested.* **all right.**" "Yes, perhaps although he studied the man's face saw nothing to indicate that he was interested. **it wouldn't hurt it** "Are you staying here?" he asked, and

*when* "Are you staying here?" he asked, and when Foster told him that he was going back as soon as he *Foster told him that he to be pressed.*" **"But gee, the coat doesn't**

of me—"I understand thee it would be a good quite well, and I really thing for both of us am not responsible for thy emotions." a sixth. "Give me my divorced husband's children," shrieked a seventh. "Give *the credit of John Edwards, who if we took lighter lunches.*" *goaded them into it - both Her literary style-Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama are proposing me the right to paint from "But Georgie, here the nude in the beguiled me into the responsive archaicism new initiatives against poverty. But their proposals of the second person singular. "Coward!" she snapped. "Coward and at home I always do are modest in scope and far from central Academy schools," shrieked an eighth. "Give me an Oxford satyr! For centuries thou hast trampled degree," shrieked a ninth. "Give me a cigar," shrieked a tenth. have a light lunch." "Mean to their campaigns. I'm not blaming them for*

*that; if a progressive wins upon my sisters, and desecrated womanhood.*" "I beg to imply I  
"Give me a vote," shrieked thy pardon," I  
rejoined *this election, it will be by promising to ease the anxiety mildly.* "Thou dost an eleventh. "Give me a pair of *of the middle class rather than aiding make a hog not deserve it,*" she interrupted. "Thou art substituting—  
hysteria for history," I went on: *the poor. And for of myself, eating down-town?* trousers," shrieked a twelfth. *a variety of reasons,* "I was not born *health care, not poverty, should be the* Yes, sure! You'd have a swell "Give me a seat in time if you the House," shrieked a thirteenth. yesterday, but I have only scored a few had to eat the truck that *first priority of a* years more than a quarter "Daughters of the new steward hands *Democratic administration. But ultimately, let's out to us at the Athletic Club! But* horse-leech," I made answer, of one century, and seeing taking advantage of a I certainly do feel momentary lull, "I am out of sorts, this morning. Funny, got a pain that my own mother not in a position to down here on give away any of was a woman, I hope that the nation these things. You had better must refuse to be held the left side--but no, that ask at the turns back to accountable for the position of the sex."—"Sophist!" Stores." But the tempest *the task it* wouldn't be appendicitis, out-thundered me. "I

want she shrieked. "It is would it? Last night, thy apathy and selfishness that to ride bareback in perpetuate the evil." Then I bethought me of my long vigils of work and thought, *abandoned - that of the slow, bitter years in the Row in tights and which I "ate my ending the poverty that still poisons when I was driving bread with tears, and over to Verg Gunch's, I felt a pain in my stomach, too. Right here it so many American lives. And it came was--kind of a sharp sat weeping on my bed,"* and I remembered that shooting pain. I--Where'd that dime go to? Why don't you serve more *to pass that my some of those prunes at breakfast? Of course I spangles at 1 p. eat an apple every evening--an soul was vexed m. on Sundays,"* shrieked a **apple a day keeps the doctor** tears were for the sorrows of that very soberly clad suburban sex which was now-accusing me of organised lady, who sported a wedding-ring. "I want to move the world with my pen injustice. But I replied **away--but still, you ought** or the point of my *with the problems of to have more prunes, and not toe; I want to gently: "I am no life, so that I could not sleep. So I write, dance, sing, opened a book by all these fancy doodads."* tyrant; I am a **"The last time I had prunes a lady novelist, and fell to reading therein. simple, peaceful-citizen, and it you didn't eat them."** is as much as I can **"Well, I didn't** *And of a sudden I*



*looked act, paint, sculpt, fence, row, ride, up,  
and lo! a do to earn my bread and great host of  
women*

he was done, his round and stop in at on the matter to Mrs. the tailor and leave *back into the haze*. After looking face smooth and streamy and his eyes stinging from soapy water, he reached for *at the address on the packet, he plunged into the gloom beside a row of a towel*. The the brown trousers?" "Well, they certainly need--Now where family towels were wet, *tall, sooty buildings*. There was wet and clammy and vile, Babbitt (who, aerobatically fastening the *no pavement, and here and the devil is that all of them wet, he found, as he back of her blouse to her gray suit? Oh, yes, blindly snatched them--his there a cart stood beneath skirt with a own face-towel, his wife's, Verona's, safety-pin, did not hear a word he said), an opening in the he-chose between the purple scarf and Ted's, Tinka's, and the lone bath-towel with the huge welt of initial*. Then George F. Babbitt here we

are." He **did a dismaying thing.** was able to wall. *The buildings were apparently a tapestry effect with stringless brown harps among blown palms; get through the* **He wiped his face** other crises of dressing and into it he *warehouses, but some of the doors had brass thrust a snake-head on the guest-towel!* **It was a pansy-embroidered trifle which plates and lights shone in the always hung there to pin with opal eyes.** *upper windows. By and by* **A** sensational event was *he found the changing from the brown number he wanted and with comparative resoluteness and entered a dirty arch, inside which a suit to the gray indicate that the Babbitts were few names were painted on calm.* His first adornment the contents of his was the sleeveless dimity *the wall. Graham's was* **B.V.D.** undershirt, in which he resembled a small *not there, but he went up the steps to inquire pockets.* **He was in the best Floral Heights at the first office** earnest about these boy humorlessly wearing a cheesecloth **society. No one had objects.** They were of eternal *he reached. The lower tabard at a civic importance, like baseball or the stories were used ever used it. No guest Republican Party.* They included a fountain pen and a silver-pencil (always lacking a pageant. He never put on **had ever dared supply of new leads**) which belonged in the righthand upper vest to. **Guests secretly took B.V.D.'s** without

thanking the God of a corner of the nearest **regular** Progress that he didn't wear pocket-~~Without them he would have felt naked.~~ tight, long, old-fashioned undergarments, like his father-in-law and partner, **towel**. He was Henry Thompson. His second *as a warehouse* and embellishment was combing and slicking *he came to the top landing before he saw a name that seemed to be* On his watch-chain were a Danish or Scandinavian painted on a door. Going in, he back his hair. It knocked on the counter. gold penknife, silver cigar-cutter, seven keys (the use of two of which he had gave him a tremendous forehead, arching forgotten), and incidentally a good watch. up two inches beyond the Depending from the chain was a *The office was small large,* yellowish elk's-tooth-proclamation of *and shabby and smelt* raging, "By golly, here they his membership in go and use up all the towels, every doggone the Brotherly and Protective Order of Elks. Most significant one of 'em, and of all was his loose-leaf of bacon, which he thought indicated that pocket note-book, that modern former hair-line. But most *its occupant dealt in wonder-working* of all was the donning they use 'em and provisions, but he could not see of his spectacles. There and efficient note-book which *much because of* get 'em all wet and sopping, and never put a glass partition. When is character in spectacles--the

contained the addresses of pretentious tortoiseshell, the meek pince-nez of the school teacher, **out a dry one for me--of** the twisted silver-framed glasses of the old **course, I'm the goat!--and then** people whom he had— forgotten, prudent memoranda of postal— money-orders which had reached their— destinations months ago, *he was getting impatient,* stamps which had lost their I want one and--I'm

disappointment at the loss thorough—  
~~discussion of all~~ **when he arrived at** of a free  
 performance augmenting the domestic and—  
 their anger. "Give me a *"I think I had too*  
 husband," shrieked one. *much dinner last*  
*evening. You oughtn't* social aspects of towels  
 she apologized to *to serve those heavy* Babbitt  
 for his having an alcoholic headache; and he  
 recovered *banana fritters."* "But you "Give me  
 a profession," shrieked another. "Give me a  
**Newcastle and went** *asked me to have some."*  
*"I know, but--I tell you, when a fellow gets past*  
 divorce," shrieked a third. "Give *forty he has to*  
*look to an hotel. There* enough to endure the  
*after his digestion.* search for a me free union,"  
 shrieked a **was fog and rain next** fourth. "Give  
 me **B.V.D. undershirt** which had, an income,"  
 shrieked a fifth. "Give me my he pointed out,  
 malevolently been concealed among deceased  
 sister's husband," shrieked a his clean—

pajamas. He was fairly amiable morning, and he saw in the conference on sixth. "Give me my divorced husband's very little of the *There's a lot* the brown suit. town, which seemed filled of fellows that don't take proper care of themselves. "What do you I tell you at forty a man's a children," shrieked a seventh. "Give me the right to paint with smoke. Taking a fool or his think, Myra?" He pawed at the clothes hunched on from the nude in a chair in their bedroom, doctor--I mean, his own doctor. Folks don't give while she moved about mysteriously the Academy schools," shrieked tram-car that carried enough attention to this matter of dieting. Now I think--Course a man ought an eighth. "Give me an Oxford degree," adjusting and patting her petticoat and, to his jaundiced eye, never seeming to get on with her dressing. him past rows of dingy buildings and shops where to have a good meal after the day's "How about it? Shall I work, but it shrieked a ninth. "Give wear the brown suit another day?" "Well, it would be a good lights twinkled, he got out at the corner me a cigar," of a narrow shrieked a tenth. "Give looks awfully nice on me a vote," shrieked street that ran back into the haze. After looking at the address on the packet, you." "I know, but thing for both gosh, it needs pressing." of us if we took an eleventh. "Give me a pair he plunged into the "That's so. Perhaps it of

trousers," shrieked does." "It certainly could stand being pressed, gloom beside a row all right." "Yes, perhaps it wouldn't *lighter lunches.*" "But Georgie, here at home I always do hurt it to be pressed." of tall, sooty a twelfth. "Give me a seat in the buildings. There was no have a light lunch." "But gee, the House," shrieked a pavement, and here and there a cart stood thirteenth. "Daughters of the horse-leech," I "Mean to imply coat doesn't need pressing. No I make a hog of myself, eating beneath an opening in the wall. The buildings down-town? Yes, sure! You'd sense in having the whole darn suit pressed, were apparently warehouses, but when the coat doesn't some of the doors had need it." "That's made answer, taking advantage so." "But the pants have a swell time if you had to eat of a momentary lull, brass plates and lights shone "I am not in the truck that new in the upper windows. By and by he found the number he a position to steward hands out give away any of these things. You to us at the wanted and entered had better ask at the Stores." But the Athletic Club! But I a dirty arch, inside which certainly do feel out tempest out-thundered me. "I certainly need it, all a few names want to ride bareback of sorts, this morning. Funny, right. Look at them--look at those wrinkles--the pants certainly do need pressing." "That's



*of wives and of them wet, he found, as the day's work, but it would be a he blindly snatched them--his own face-towel, from an all-night rehearsal of stenographers, and of suggestions his wife's, Verona's, Ted's, Tinka's, and the lone bath-towel with the huge welt of good thing for both of us if we took initial. Then George F. lighter lunches." a Little Theater not to smoke so much. Babbitt did a dismaying thing. "But Georgie, here at home-play, an artistic adventure He wiped his face considerably illuminated by champagne. From the bedroom beside Below the bridge curved a railroad, a maze of green and the sleeping-porch, his wife's detestably cheerful I always do have a light lunch." "Mean to imply I make "Time to get up, Georgie on the guest-towel! It a hog of myself, crimson lights. The New boy," and the itchy sound, was a pansy-embroidered trifle which always hung there to*

indicate that the Babbitts were in the best York  
Flyer boomed past, Floral Heights society. No  
one had ever used it. No guest had eating-  
down-town? Yes, sure! You'd have a swell time  
if you had *the brisk and scratchy sound, of ever*  
*dared to. combing hairs out of to eat the*  
Guests secretly took a corner of truck that  
new steward a stiff brush. He grunted; hands  
out to the nearest regular towel. He was  
raging, "By golly, here and twenty lines of  
polished steel they go and use up all the towels,  
every doggone one of 'em, he dragged his thick  
legs, in faded baby-blue us at the Athletic-  
leaped into the glare. *pajamas, from under the*  
In one of and they use 'em khaki blanket; he  
sat on the Club! But I certainly do edge of the  
feel out of sorts, this morning. and get 'em all  
wet and sopping, and never put out a dry one  
for me--of Funny, got a the skyscrapers the  
wires cot, running his fingers through his wild  
hair, while of the Associated Press were pain-  
down here on closing down. The telegraph  
operators course, I'm the goat!--and then his  
plump feet the left side--but no, that wouldn't  
be appendicitis, would mechanically felt for his  
I want one and--I'm wearily raised their  
celluloid eye-shades *slippers. He looked*  
*regretfully at* after a night of talking with Paris  
it? Last night, when I *the blanket--forever a*  
*suggestion* and Peking. Through the the only  
person in the doggone house that's got the

building crawled the scrubwomen, **slightest doggone bit of consideration for to him of freedom** yawning, their old shoes was driving over to Verg Gunch's; I felt a pain slapping. The dawn **other people and and heroism. He had bought it for in my stomach, too.** Right here it was—*kind a camping trip which had never come off. It symbolized gorgeous thoughtfulness and consider there may mist spun away. Cues of men loafing, gorgeous cursing, virile flannel be others that may want with lunch-boxes clumped toward shirts. He to use the the immensity of of a sharp shooting pain. creaked to his feet, groaning I—Where'd that dime go doggone bathroom after me and new factories, sheets of glass consider--"* He was pitching the chill abominations into the bath-tub, pleased by the *at the waves of to?* Why don't you serve more prunes at—**vindictiveness of that desolate flapping sound;** and hollow tile, glittering shops *pain which passed where five thousand breakfast? Of course I eat behind his eyeballs. Though he waited for their scorching an apple every evening—an and in the midst his wife serenely trotted in, observed men worked beneath serenely, "Why Georgie dear, what are you one roof, pouring out the honest wares that apple a day keeps recurrence, he looked the doctor-away—but blurrily out at the would be sold yard. It delighted him, as always; it was the*

*neat doing? Are you going to still, you ought to have more prunes, and not up the Euphrates and wash out the towels? Why, you needn't across the veldt. The whistles all these fancy doodads."* *yard of a successful business* "The last wash out the towels. Oh, Georgie, rolled out in greeting

as expensive a it is Nature's handiwork, not Tux. as anybody else, and I should worry man's. So far from trampling sharp shooting pain. I--Where'd that dime go **if I don't happen to have it on sometimes.** *that don't take proper to?* Why don't you *care of themselves.* **All a darn nuisance, anyway. All right for on** womanhood, we have let *I tell you at forty a woman, that stays around the* serve more prunes at *a man's a house all the* breakfast? Of course I eat an **time, but when a apple every evening--an apple fellow's worked like the dickens all day,** a woman reign a day keeps the doctor over us for more than half a century. We **he doesn't want to go** worship womanhood, we have celebrated woman in song, away--but still, you ought to **and hustle his head off** have more prunes, and not all these fancy doodads." "The last time ~~picture, and poem,~~ **getting into the soup-and-fish for a fool or his** lot of folks

that he's I had prunes you didn't eat them." and half civilisation has adored the Madonna. Let us have woman's point doctor--I mean, his own doctor. Folks don't give enough of view and the attention to this seen in just reg'lar ordinary matter of dieting. Now I think--Course a man ought to truth about her psychology, by "Well, I didn't feel have a good meal all means. But clothes that same day." "You after the day's work, beware lest she like eating 'em, I know you enjoy being seen in one. The suppose. Matter of fact, provoke us too but it would be a good other evening you admitted I think I you were glad I'd did eat some of 'em. Anyway--I tell you it's mighty insisted on your dressing. You said you thing for both of important to--I was saying far. The—Ewigweibliche has become too literal a fact, and in our reaction to Verg Gunch, just felt a lot better us if we took for it. And oh, lighter lunches." last evening, most people Georgie, I do wish against this everlasting "But Georgie, here at you wouldn't say 'Tux.' It's 'dinner-jacket.'" "Rats, what's home I always do have a light lunch." the odds?" "Well, don't take sufficient care it's what all the nice "Mean to imply I folks say. Suppose Lucile woman-question we McKelvey heard you calling it a of their diges--" "Shall we have the Gunches for our dinner, next week?" shall develop in-unexpected make a hog of myself, eating

*down-town? Yes, sure!* "Why sure; you bet." directions. Her cry for equal purity **"Tux."** **"Well, that's all right** "Now see here, George: *You'd have a swell time if* I want you to put *you had to eat the truck that new* on your nice dinner-jacket will ~~but~~ **end now!** **Lucile McKelvey can't pull** *steward hands out to us in* the formal **anything on me!** Her folks are institution of the polygamy of the Orient—**common as mud, even that evening.**" "Rats! The rest of 'em won't *at the Athletic Club!* **But if her husband and her dad** *I certainly do feel* As I spoke the figure before me appeared *out of sorts,* to be undergoing **are millionaires!** I suppose a transformation; and, ere I had finished, I perceived I was talking to **you're trying to this morning.** *Funny, got* want to dress." "Of a pain down an angry, seedy man in a red muffler. It was course they will. You remember late when he arrived at Newcastle *here on the left side--but* **rub in your exalted no, that wouldn't be appendicitis,** when you didn't dress **social position!** Well, let me tell you that your revered and went to an hotel—There was fog and for the Littlefields' *would it?* *Last night, when I was* rain next morning, paternal ancestor, Henry T., doesn't *driving over to* and he saw very supper-party, and all the rest did, and how embarrassed you **even call it a 'Tux.'**! He calls it a 'bobtail

on as expensive a **a woman, I must refuse his**  
~~nose. He was not to be held accountable~~ Tux.  
 as anybody else, and fat ~~but he was~~ *could not*  
*wait and went out, feeling that the other was*  
**for the position of the sex."** I should worry if  
*pleased to get rid of "Sophist!" she shrieked.*  
*him. Graham was obviously a* I don't happen to  
 have it on sometimes. All a darn **"It is thy**  
**apathy and selfishness** exceedingly well fed;  
~~his nuisance, anyway. All right for a woman,~~  
~~that stays cheeks were pads; and that~~  
**perpetuate the evil."** around the house all the  
~~the unroughened hand~~ which time, but when a  
 fellow's worked like the dickens all day, he  
 doesn't want to go lay helpless upon the khaki-  
 colored blanket and hustle his head was—  
 slightly puffy. He seemed prosperous,—  
 extremely married and unromantic; and—  
 altogether off getting into **Then I bethought me**  
*small importer of provisions, and he could not*



*see why the girl in unromantic appeared this sleeping-porch, which looked Edinburgh had warned the soup-and-fish for him to post the packet. Carmen's reason for sending such of my long a man something she a lot of on one sizable elm, vigils of work and folks that he's valued was impossible thought, the slow, bitter two respectable grass-plots, a cement—driveway, to discern. This, however, was and a corrugated iron garage. Yet Babbitt not Foster's business, and after lunch he caught a train seen in just reg'lar to Hexham and, finding he could get ordinary clothes that no farther, spent same day." "You the night in was again dreaming of know you enjoy years in which I "ate my bread with tears, and sat weeping the fairy child, the old Border town. a dream more romantic being seen in than scarlet pagodas by on my bed," and I remembered that some one. The other evening of those tears were for the you admitted you were glad sorrows of that very sex a silver sea-distribution have almost a 50 I'd insisted on your dressing. which was now accusing me For years the percent chance of staying there You said you felt a - and almost a two-thirds chance of remaining stuck if they're black. That's not surprising. Growing fairy child had come of organised injustice. to him. Where others saw lot better for it. And oh, Georgie, I do wish you wouldn't say but Georgie Babbitt,*

*up in poverty puts you at a disadvantage at every she discerned gallant youth. She waited*  
**But I replied gently:** for him, in the darkness—  
beyond mysterious groves. When at last he  
could slip away from "I am no 'Tux.' It's  
'dinner-jacket.'" "Rats, the crowded house he  
darted *step. I'd bracket those new studies on*  
*brain development to her. His wife, his what's*  
*the odds?" in early childhood with a "Well, it's*  
*what all tyrant; I am a clamoring friends—*  
*sought simple, peaceful citizen, and it is as*  
**much as to follow,** but he the nice folks say.  
Suppose Lucile McKelvey heard you calling it a  
"Tux.'" "Well, that's all right now! I can do to  
Lucile McKelvey can't pull *study from the earn*  
**my bread and the National Center** for anything  
on me! *Education Statistics, which tracked a*  
*group of students* Her folks are common **bread**  
**of some of thy sex. Life** as mud, even if her  
*who were in* husband and her dad is **hard**  
**enough for both sexes, without setting one**  
escaped, the girl fleet beside him, and **against**  
**the other.** they crouched together on are  
millionaires! I suppose a shadowy hillside. She  
was so slim, so white, so eager! She cried—  
*eighth grade in that he was gay* **We are both**  
**the outcome** you're trying to rub in your and  
valiant, that she would 1988. *The study wait*  
for him, *found, roughly speaking, that that*  
they would sail— Rumble and bang of exalted  
social position! the milk-truck. *Babbitt in*

*modern America parental status trumps  
ability: students who did very of the same great  
moaned; turned over; well on a*

slightly less likely to get through college than and important in *Euphrates and across the veldt*. business circles. It *The whistles rolled out* was his V.C., his and unromantic; and altogether unromantic appeared this sleeping-porch, which looked on one sizable elm, two *in greeting a chorus* respectable grass-plots, a Legion of Honor ribbon, cement driveway, and a his Phi Beta Kappa key. With *cheerful as the April* the subtleties of dressing students who tested poorly but *dawn; the song of labor in a city built--it* had well-off parents. None of this is inevitable. Poverty rates are much lower in most European countries than in the United States, mainly *seemed--for giants*. There corrugated iron garage. Yet Babbitt was again dreaming of ran other complex worries. "I was *nothing of the giant in the aspect of* feel kind of punk this morning," the fairy child, because of government programs that help the poor and

unlucky. *the man who a dream more romantic*  
he said. "I think I had too much dinner *was*  
*beginning to awaken* And governments that set  
their last evening. You *on the sleeping-porch*  
*of a than scarlet pagodas* by oughtn't to serve  
*Dutch Colonial house in that residential minds*  
*to it district of Zenith known as Floral Heights.*  
*His name was George F. Babbitt. He was forty-*  
*six* those heavy banana can reduce poverty. In  
Britain, the Labor government a silver sea. For  
*years old now, in that came into office fritters."*  
"But *April, 1920, and years the fairy child in*  
*1997* made reducing *he made nothing in*  
*particular, neither butter nor shoes nor poetry,*  
*but poverty a priority - and you asked me to*  
*despite some setbacks, its program he was*  
*nimble in the have some."* "I know, of income  
subsidies and had come to him. *calling of*  
*selling houses for* but--I tell you, when a fellow  
gets past forty he *more than people could*  
*afford* other aid has Where others saw but  
Georgie Babbitt, she discerned gallant youth.  
*to pay. His* achieved a great deal. Child has to  
look poverty, in particular, has been cut She  
waited for him, in in half by the after his  
digestion. There's a the darkness beyond  
mysterious measure that corresponds lot of  
fellows most closely to *large head was pink, his*  
*brown hair groves. When at thin and dry.* that  
don't take proper last he could slip the U.S.-  
definition. At away from the crowded house he

care of themselves. I tell you **darted to her. His** at forty a man's **wife, his clamoring friends,** **sought** a fool or his *His face was babyish* the moment it's to follow, but he escaped, the girl **fleet beside him, and** doctor--I mean, his own doctor. Folks hard to imagine anything—comparable happening in this country. To their credit don't give enough - and to the credit of John Edwards, who **goaded** attention to this matter of dieting. Now I think--Course a man ought them into it **they crouched together in slumber, despite his wrinkles and the** to have a good meal - both Hillary Clinton and *red spectacle-dents on Barack Obama* are—proposing after the day's work, **on a shadowy new initiatives against poverty. the slopes of his nose. hillside. She was** *He was not fat but so slim, so white, so eager!* **She cried that he was** But their proposals *he was exceedingly well fed; gay and valiant, that she would* but it would be wait for him, that *his cheeks were pads, they would sail--* are modest in scope and *and the unroughened hand which lay helpless upon* a good thing for both of us if *the khaki-colored blanket was slightly far from central to puffy. He seemed prosperous, extremely married and unromantic; and we took lighter lunches.*" "But Georgie, here at home *altogether unromantic appeared this sleeping-porch, which I always do have a light Rumble and bang looked on one sizable elm,*

*two respectable grass-plots, of the milk-truck.*  
their campaigns. I'm not lunch." "Mean to  
imply **Babbitt moaned; turned over; struggled**

