

嘉莉妹妹

SISTER CARRIE

中英对照全译本

[美] 西奥多·德莱塞 著

Theodore Dreiser

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



世界图书出版公司

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美国文学卷

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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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1. The Magnet Attracting: A Waif amid Forces

一. 巨大的诱惑：流浪的冲动

When Caroline Meeber boarded the afternoon train for Chicago, her total outfit consisted of a small trunk, a cheap imitation alligator-skin satchel, a small lunch in a paper box, and a yellow leather snap purse, containing her ticket, a scrap of paper with her sister's address in Van Buren Street, and four dollars in money. It was in August, 1889. She was eighteen years of age, bright, timid, and full of the illusions of ignorance and youth. Whatever touch of regret at parting characterised her thoughts, it was certainly not for advantages now being given up. A gush of tears at her mother's farewell kiss, a touch in her throat when the cars clacked by the flour mill where her father worked by the day, a pathetic sigh as the familiar green environs of the village passed in review, and the threads which bound her so lightly to girlhood and home were irretrievably broken.

To be sure there was always the next station, where one might descend and return. There was the great city, bound more closely by these very trains which came up daily. Columbia City was not so very far away, even once she was in

当卡罗琳·蜜波登上那辆下午驶往芝加哥的火车时，她的全部行李包括一只小旅行箱，一个廉价的仿鳄鱼皮提包，一小纸盒午餐和一个黄色皮夹，里面装着她的车票，一小片写有她姐姐在范布伦街上住址的纸条，还有 4 美元现金。那是 1889 年的 8 月。正值二九年华的她，美丽而娇羞，充满对青春的懵懂幻想。不管离愁多深，现在反悔可没什么好处。和妈妈吻别时，她就掉下了眼泪。火车咔嗒咔嗒地驶过爸爸白天工作的面粉厂时她又哽咽了。看着车窗外不断向后退去的村子里熟悉的一草一木，她伤感地叹了口气，那维系着她与她少女时期和故乡的纽带就这样无可挽回地割裂了。

当然了，前面总会有下一个站口，随时都可以下车打道回家。芝加哥是个大城市，每天都有火车往返与它和其他城市之间，所以就算她去了芝加哥，哥伦比亚城也不会离得太远。那请问几小时或是几百

Chicago. What, pray, is a few hours – a few hundred miles? She looked at the little slip bearing her sister's address and wondered. She gazed at the green landscape, now passing in swift review, until her swifter thoughts replaced its impression with vague conjectures of what Chicago might be.

When a girl leaves her home at eighteen, she does one of two things. Either she falls into saving hands and becomes better, or she rapidly assumes the cosmopolitan standard of virtue and becomes worse. Of an intermediate balance, under the circumstances, there is no possibility. The city has its cunning wiles, no less than the infinitely smaller and more human tempter. There are large forces which allure with all the soulfulness of expression possible in the most cultured human. The gleam of a thousand lights is often as effective as the persuasive light in a wooing and fascinating eye. Half the undoing of the unsophisticated and natural mind is accomplished by forces wholly superhuman. A blare of sound, a roar of life, a vast array of human hives, appeal to the astonished senses in equivocal terms. Without a counsellor at hand to whisper cautious interpretations, what falsehoods may not these things breathe into the unguarded ear! Unrecognized for what they are, their beauty, like music, too often

英里又算得了什么呢？她看着那张写着姐姐住址的小纸片思索着，过了一会儿转而凝视着窗外快速后退的绿色麦田，思绪纷繁，隐约臆测着芝加哥会是怎样的一个城市。

如果一个女孩在 18 岁离开了家，她就会面临两种选择：要么会节约俭用，然后生活走上上坡路；要么会沾染大都市的恶习，然后堕落。在那种环境下，是不可能站在这两者中间的灰色地带的。这个城市本身就充满了狡诈的诡计和圈套，更不用说那些虽然微小但道貌岸然的恶痞了。还有些巨大的诱惑力来自于那些看上去情真意切，甚至还具有良好修养的骗子。有时万千霓虹闪烁都比不上一瞥含情脉脉的醉人眼神。可以说，一颗天真无邪的纯洁心灵多半是被这种具有神奇力量的魅惑所毁灭的。喧闹纷繁的市区，人头攒动的街道还有错落拥挤的高楼大厦，生活用这些模棱微妙的方式拨动着人的心弦。倘若没有一个引导者在身边悄声为这些涉世未深的年轻人敲敲警钟，解释这些状况，那他们那没有防备的耳朵可是什么样的谬误欺骗都会听信的！不谙世事的年轻人看不透这些华丽下的本质，就好像听音乐，人们先是卸下防备，继而意志变得薄

relaxes, then weakens, then perverts the simpler human perceptions.

Caroline, or Sister Carrie, as she had been half affectionately termed by the family, was possessed of a mind rudimentary in its power of observation and analysis. Self-interest with her was high, but not strong. It was, nevertheless, her guiding characteristic. Warm with the fancies of youth, pretty with the insipid prettiness of the formative period, possessed of a figure promising eventual shapeliness and an eye alight with certain native intelligence, she was a fair example of the middle American class — two generations removed from the emigrant. Books were beyond her interest — knowledge a sealed book. In the intuitive graces she was still crude. She could scarcely toss her head gracefully. Her hands were almost ineffectual. The feet, though small, were set flatly. And yet she was interested in her charms, quick to understand the keener pleasures of life, ambitious to gain in material things. A half-equipped little knight she was, venturing to reconnoitre the mysterious city and dreaming wild dreams of some vague, far-off supremacy, which should make it prey and subject — the proper penitent, grovelling at a woman's slipper.

"That," said a voice in her ear, "is one of the prettiest little resorts in Wisconsin."

弱，最后沉沦下去。

卡罗琳，或者称其为嘉莉妹妹——这是家人给她起的爱称，已初具观察和分析能力。她有些利己主义，但不是很强烈。不管怎样，这是她的性格特点。她充满了青春的幻想，还处在成长期的她已是个美人胚子了，她的玲珑曲线已初露雏形，双眸里闪烁着某种与生俱来的聪慧光芒，她是美国中级阶层的典例——第三代移民。她对读书不感兴趣，书本知识不多。直观上还是有些缺乏教养，举手投足也还不够温文尔雅。她的双手几乎没什么一技之长，脚虽然小巧但也没走过什么远路。但她对自己的美貌还是很感兴趣的，能很快了解生活更大的乐趣，热衷于追求物质满足。她就像个没有完全装备好的小骑士，冒险前往这个未知的神秘城市进行侦察，胡乱憧憬着有一天能征服这个城市，令它在她脚下诚惶诚恐，俯首屈膝。

“那儿”，有个声音对她说道，“是威斯康星最美的小景点之一。”

“Is it?” she answered nervously.

The train was just pulling out of Waukesha. For some time she had been conscious of a man behind. She felt him observing her mass of hair. He had been fidgeting, and with natural intuition she felt a certain interest growing in that quarter. Her maidenly reserve, and a certain sense of what was conventional under the circumstances, called her to forestall and deny this familiarity, but the daring and magnetism of the individual, born of past experiences and triumphs, prevailed. She answered.

He leaned forward to put his elbows upon the back of her seat and proceeded to make himself volubly agreeable.

“Yes, that is a great resort for Chicago people. The hotels are swell. You are not familiar with this part of the country, are you?”

“Oh, yes, I am,” answered Carrie. “That is, I live at Columbia City. I have never been through here, though.”

“And so this is your first visit to Chicago,” he observed.

All the time she was conscious of certain features out of the side of her eye. Flush, colourful cheeks, a light moustache, a grey fedora hat. She now turned and looked upon him in full, the instincts of self-protection and coquetry mingling confusedly in her brain.

“是吗？”她有些紧张地回答道。

火车刚从沃基肖站驶出，她刚才就注意到身后有个男人，感觉他一直在盯着她浓密的头发。他有些坐立不安，直觉告诉她这个男人对她越来越感兴趣。少女的矜持和在这种情况下下的惯例都告诉她不能随便搭腔，但这男人以前屡试不爽，每每都能征服别人的大胆和独具的吸引力占了上风，她回答了。

他探过身子，把胳膊肘搭在她的椅背上，继续讨人喜欢地滔滔不绝。

“是啊，那儿是芝加哥人最喜欢的度假胜地了，宾馆也是一流。这地方您不熟悉吧？”

“哦，不啊，挺熟悉的。”嘉莉回答说，“是这样的，我就住在哥伦比亚城，但这儿我还从没来过呢。”

“这么说，这是您第一次来芝加哥喽？”他猜道。

她一直用余光注意着这个人的相貌，面色发亮，双颊红润，浅浅地留着抹胡子，还戴着顶灰色的软呢帽。她转过脸来面对着他，脑子里本能的自我保护意识和与生俱来的妩媚风情乱糟糟地混在一起。

"I didn't say that," she said.

"Oh," he answered, in a very pleasing way and with an assumed air of mistake, "I thought you did."

Here was a type of the travelling canvasser for a manufacturing house – a class which at that time was first being dubbed by the slang of the day "drummers." He came within the meaning of a still newer term, which had sprung into general use among Americans in 1880, and which concisely expressed the thought of one whose dress or manners are calculated to elicit the admiration of susceptible young women – a "masher." His suit was of a striped and crossed pattern of brown wool, new at that time, but since become familiar as a business suit. The low crotch of the vest revealed a stiff shirt bosom of white and pink stripes. From his coat sleeves protruded a pair of linen cuffs of the same pattern, fastened with large, gold plate buttons, set with the common yellow agates known as "cat's-eyes." His fingers bore several rings – one, the ever-enduring heavy seal – and from his vest dangled a neat gold watch chain, from which was suspended the secret insignia of the Order of Elks. The whole suit was rather tight-fitting, and was finished off with heavy-soled tan shoes, highly polished, and the grey fedora hat. He was, for the order of intellect

"我可没那么说。"她说。

"哦,"他用十分惹人喜欢的腔调装着认错,"我以为您没来过呢。"

他是个专门为生产厂家推销产品的旅行推销员——他们这类人在那时被人们用俚语称为“皮包客”。他们还有个新名字，这个名字是1880年开始美国人普遍用来准确形容那些衣着光鲜，举止优雅，善于博得易为之动容的年轻女子好感的人——“花花公子”。这人穿着棕色的有条纹格子图案的羊毛西装，是当时的新款，但现在就很常见了——鸡心领背心，露着里面白色和粉色条纹的笔挺衬衫。从他大衣袖子里露出同样款式的钉着大大镀金扣的亚麻布袖口，上面还镶着大家常说的“猫眼”黄色玛瑙。他的手上还带着好几个戒指——其中一个是在沉甸甸的印章戒指，这枚戒指是从来不离身的。他的背心上挂着一根精致的金表链，表链那头拴着兄弟会的秘密徽章。整套服装裁剪相当合体，脚上还蹬着双擦得锃亮的棕黄色厚底皮鞋，头上戴着灰色软呢帽。他就像个才华出众的人，很有魅力。但不论他如何表现自己，你可以确信嘉莉妹妹在看到他的第一眼已经被他深深吸引了。

represented, attractive, and whatever he had to recommend him, you may be sure was not lost upon Carrie, in this, her first glance.

Lest this order of individual should permanently pass, let me put down some of the most striking characteristics of his most successful manner and method. Good clothes, of course, were the first essential, the things without which he was nothing. A strong physical nature, actuated by a keen desire for the feminine, was the next. A mind free of any consideration of the problems or forces of the world and actuated not by greed, but an insatiable love of variable pleasure. His method was always simple. Its principal element was daring, backed, of course, by an intense desire and admiration for the sex. Let him meet with a young woman twice and he would straighten her necktie for her and perhaps address her by her first name. In the great department stores he was at his ease. If he caught the attention of some young woman while waiting for the cash boy to come back with his change, he would find out her name, her favourite flower, where a note would reach her, and perhaps pursue the delicate task of friendship until it proved unpromising, when it would be relinquished. He would do very well with more pretentious women, though the burden of expense was

我要记下他这类人最成功的习惯和方法的最突出特点,以免他们就此消失。衣装得体,当然这条是最重要的,要是没了这身衣服他们可什么都不是。第二,健美的体态,对女性充满欲望。他心里从不考虑这个世界上的问题或是力量,驱使他的并非是对财富的贪婪,而是对声色之乐的贪恋。他的方法总是很简单,主要就是胆大,当然毫无疑问,还有一份对情色的欲望和赞美。就让她和一个女人见上两次吧,他准能为她把丝巾系系紧,可能还会亲昵地直呼她的小名儿。在大百货公司他也如鱼得水。要是他注意上哪个年轻小姐,趁收银员给他找零的工夫他就能搞清楚她的名字,她最喜欢的花,然后就会给她递个小纸条,接下来他可能就会开始展开攻势,得到对方芳心,玩腻了,就不了了之了。他对那些自命不凡的女人可有一手呢,哪怕他得大把大把地花钱。举个例子吧,走进一个车厢后,他会挑个感觉可以下手的女性身边的位子,接着问她要不要把帘子放低点。在火车清空月台准备出发之前他便会让列车员给她拿来脚蹬。过一会儿在他们聊天过程中他还会给她找本书来读,再往后,

a slight deterrent. Upon entering a parlour car, for instance, he would select a chair next to the most promising bit of femininity and soon enquire if she cared to have the shade lowered. Before the train cleared the yards he would have the porter bring her a foot stool. At the next lull in his conversational progress he would find her something to read, and from then on, by dint of compliment gently insinuated, personal narrative, exaggeration and service, he would win her tolerance, and, mayhap, regard.

A woman should some day write the complete philosophy of clothes. No matter how young, it is one of the things she wholly comprehends. There is an indescribably faint line in the matter of man's apparel which somehow divides for her those who are worth glancing at and those who are not. Once an individual has passed this faint line on the way downward he will get no glance from her. There is another line at which the dress of a man will cause her to study her own. This line the individual at her elbow now marked for Carrie. She became conscious of an inequality. Her own plain blue dress, with its black cotton tape trimmings, now seemed to her shabby. She felt the worn state of her shoes.

"Let's see," he went on, "I know quite a number of people in your town.

他便开始了恭维逢迎，添油加醋地讲讲自己的经历，极尽殷勤之事以赢得对方的赞许，要是再有点儿敬重那就更好了。

女人有一天真该出本穿衣哲学。甭管多年轻的小姐对着装都是很有见地的。在男人服饰这个问题上有条难以捉摸的微妙界线，这条界线决定了女性会向哪些男人投去欣赏的目光。一个男人一旦属于这条界线之下，他就别指望女人的青眼有加。还有条界线，看了界限内这些男人的穿着会让女人开始研究起自己的穿着来。现在嘉莉身边的这个男人就是这条界线内的一个。她不禁感到相形见绌。她那裁剪简单的蓝色裙装，上面只有一根黑色纱带做装饰，这让她显得太穷酸了，她脚上的鞋子也穿得很旧了。

“我想想，”他接着往下说，“我在你们镇上还认识不少人呢，有衣

Morgenroth the clothier and Gibson the dry goods man.”

“Oh, do you?” she interrupted, aroused by memories of longings their show windows had cost her.

At last he had a clew to her interest, and followed it deftly. In a few minutes he had come about into her seat. He talked of sales of clothing, his travels, Chicago, and the amusements of that city.

“If you are going there, you will enjoy it immensely. Have you relatives?”

“I am going to visit my sister,” she explained.

“You want to see Lincoln Park,” he said, “and Michigan Boulevard. They are putting up great buildings there. It’s a second New York – great. So much to see – theatres, crowds, fine houses – oh, you’ll like that.”

There was a little ache in her fancy of all he described. Her insignificance in the presence of so much magnificence faintly affected her. She realized that hers was not to be a round of pleasure, and yet there was something promising in all the material prospect he set forth. There was something satisfactory in the attention of this individual with his good clothes. She could not help smiling as he told her of some popular actress of whom she reminded him. She was not silly, and yet attention of this sort had its weight.

商摩恩洛斯还有绸缎商吉布森。”

“哦，您认识他们？”她打断道，想起来自己每每都会在他们的橱窗前恋恋不舍。

他总算知道了点儿她所感兴趣的方面了，便巧妙地顺着聊下去。过了一会儿，他干脆在她座位旁坐下来，谈天说地，什么衣服销售，他旅行过的地方，芝加哥，还有在芝加哥找乐子的地方。

“要是你到了那儿，肯定会喜欢那儿的。你在那儿有什么亲戚吗？”

“我去看我姐姐。”她解释说。

“你一定要去林肯公园看看，”他说，“还有密歇根大道，他们正在那里兴建高楼大厦。简直就是个小纽约——很繁华，能大饱眼福——戏院啦，川流的人群啦，漂亮的楼房啦——真的，你肯定喜欢。”

他所描绘的这些一下子刺痛了她的心。那一切富丽堂皇让她有感而发，原来自己是如此卑微。她原是这样孤陋寡闻，她目前所拥有的所谓快乐根本不算什么，但从他对整个物质世界的描述中她看到了希望。而有这样一个穿着体面的人向她献殷勤，也是能让自己得到些满足的。当嘉莉听到这个人说看到自己让他想到了一位女明星时，嘉莉忍不住飘飘然地笑起来。她并不傻，但这样的恭维还是很有分量的。

“You will be in Chicago some little time, won't you?” he observed at one turn of the now easy conversation.

“I don't know,” said Carrie vaguely – a flash vision of the possibility of her not securing employment rising in her mind.

“Several weeks, anyhow,” he said, looking steadily into her eyes.

There was much more passing now than the mere words indicated. He recognized the indescribable thing that made up for fascination and beauty in her. She realized that she was of interest to him from the one standpoint which a woman both delights in and fears. Her manner was simple, though for the very reason that she had not yet learned the many little affectations with which women conceal their true feelings. Some things she did appeared bold. A clever companion – had she ever had one – would have warned her never to look a man in the eyes so steadily.

“Why do you ask?” she said.

“Well, I'm going to be there several weeks. I'm going to study stock at our place and get new samples. I might show you around.”

“I don't know whether you can or not. I mean I don't know whether I can. I shall be living with my sister, and –”

“Well, if she minds, we'll fix that.” He took out his pencil and a little pocket note-book as if it were all settled. “What is

“你会在芝加哥待些日子，是吧？”轻松地聊了一阵子后他转了话题，问道。

“还不知道呢。”嘉莉含糊地说——她一下子意识到他可能在这里找不到稳定的工作。

“那总有几个星期吧？”他注视着她的眼睛问道。

现在他们之间可不是只有语言交流了。他在她身上看到了那难以名状的魅力和气质。她看出这男人对自己有些感兴趣，这种兴趣是让女人又爱又怕的。她很单纯，虽然这是因为她还没学会女人掩饰自己真实情感的那套矫揉造作。在有些事情上，她的确大胆得很。要是她曾有过一个聪明点儿的朋友，那这位朋友真该告诉她千万不能那么直直地和男人对视那么久。

“为什么这么问？”她问。

“哦，我会在那儿逗留几个星期。我要去给我们公司看看货，再拿点新样本，我可以带你到处转转。”

“我不知道你可不可以，我是说我不知道我自己可不可以，我得住在我姐姐家，而且——”

“这样啊，要是她不同意的话，那我们就想想办法。”他掏出一支铅笔和一个小本子，就好像他们都

your address there?"

She fumbled her purse which contained the address slip.

He reached down in his hip pocket and took out a fat purse. It was filled with slips of paper, some mileage books, a roll of greenbacks. It impressed her deeply. Such a purse had never been carried by any one attentive to her. Indeed, an experienced traveller, a brisk man of the world, had never come within such close range before. The purse, the shiny tan shoes, the smart new suit, and the air with which he did things, built up for her a dim world of fortune, of which he was the centre. It disposed her pleasantly toward all he might do.

He took out a neat business card, on which was engraved Bartlett, Caryoe & Company, and down in the left-hand corner, Chas. H. Drouet.

"That's me," he said, putting the card in her hand and touching his name. "It's pronounced Drew-eh. Our family was French, on my father's side."

She looked at it while he put up his purse. Then he got out a letter from a bunch in his coat pocket. "This is the house I travel for," he went on, pointing to a picture on it, "corner of State and Lake." There was pride in his voice. He felt that it was something to be connected with such a place, and he made her feel that way.

定了一样，“你在那儿的住址是什么？”

她在她的皮夹里摸索着那张小纸条。

他从裤子后袋里掏出一个鼓鼓囊囊的钱包，里面装满了单据，还有几张火车票据和一沓美钞。她被深深打动了，以前向她献殷勤的那些男人们可没有一个人有过这样的钱包。真的，她还从没和哪个阅历丰富又如此活力健谈的男人这么近乎呢。那钱包，那双锃亮的黄棕色皮鞋，那身精神的新式西装，还有他行事的作风，好像让她隐隐约约地看到了她未来的世界，在那个世界里，他便是中心。光是想想他会做的事，她便觉得开心。

他拿出一张考究的名片，上面印着“巴莱·嘉业公司”，左下角印着“查理·H·德鲁艾特”。

“这是我的名字，”他把名片递进她手里，指着他的名字说，“这个词念‘杜-埃’，我父亲是法国人。”

她盯着那张名片时，他便收起了钱包。然后他从大衣口袋里的一摞信件中抽出来一封。“这儿是我此行的目的地，”他指了指上面的图片接着说，“在斯台德街和湖滨大道的交叉路口那里。”他的语气里透着点儿骄傲，他觉得能和这样一个地方扯上关系很了不起，他试图也让她