

SISTER CARRIE

THEODORE DREISER



EDITED BY DONALD PIZER

A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION
THIRD EDITION

A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION

Theodore Dreiser
SISTER CARRIE



AN AUTHORITATIVE TEXT
BACKGROUNDS AND SOURCES
CRITICISM

Third Edition

Edited by

DONALD PIZER
TULANE UNIVERSITY

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Preface to the Third Edition

Theodore Dreiser (1871–1945) is one of the most controversial figures in American literary history. His life, as told by W. A. Swanberg in his *Dreiser* (1965), is a case study in how to disenchant friends and alienate almost everyone else. Embittered by his youthful poverty and often made cynical by his years as a newspaperman and magazine editor, Dreiser endeared himself to few and angered many. He was suspicious of most men and desired most women, and though he questioned the motives of others he seldom questioned his own. Dreiser's novels shared with the man a capacity to affront. From *Sister Carrie* (1900) to *An American Tragedy* (1925) they grew longer and seemingly more shapeless. The efforts of friends and editors had little effect on Dreiser's awkward, frequently clichéd verbiage. But despite these stylistic inadequacies, his best novels express a brooding insistence on the essential tragedy of life that has absorbed readers and critics for over a century.

Sister Carrie is universally recognized as a major American novel. My intent in this Norton Critical Edition is to provide an annotated text, a core of background and source material, and significant essays in criticism. The text is that of the 1900 Doubleday, Page and Company first edition. The basis for this choice is discussed in the Note on the Text at the end of this preface. In addition, a number of passages that Dreiser and his friend Arthur Henry cut from *Sister Carrie* before publication are provided in an Appendix to the text of the novel.

The footnotes to the text describe the location and nature of Chicago and New York theaters, restaurants, hotels, and so on, when this information is not apparent from the text, when it is historically or fictionally important, and when it does not involve a well-known landmark. It can be assumed that all places are actual places and that all names of persons are fictional, unless I note otherwise. Also, I have pointed out the sources of a few passages, though for the most part I have reserved such commentary for the Backgrounds and Sources sections of this Norton Critical Edition.

The emphasis in the Backgrounds and Sources sections is on Dreiser's sources for the principal characters and events of *Sister Carrie* and on the composition and publication history of the first edition.

The relationship of the novel to Dreiser's life and times is of great interest, as he was profoundly indebted in the themes of the work both to the circumstances of his own life and to the character of turn-of-the-century American experience. And Dreiser's difficulties with his publisher over the publication of *Sister Carrie* is one of the most infamous and iconographic events in early twentieth-century American literary history.

Much of the criticism of *Sister Carrie* that appeared during Dreiser's lifetime is primarily of historical importance. From the publication of the novel until his death in late 1945, discussion of Dreiser and his work was deeply colored by his symbolic role in the American cultural scene as he was either attacked as a prime example of "barbaric naturalism" or celebrated as a champion of artistic freedom. In addition, his radical social and political views often encouraged a polemical response to his work, especially during the last two decades of his life. It was not until Robert H. Elias's pioneering biography, *Theodore Dreiser: Apostle of Nature* (1949), and F. O. Matthiessen's critical study, *Theodore Dreiser* (1951), that Dreiser's life and fiction began to be viewed in perspective and with scholarly accuracy and detachment.

The Criticism section of the third Norton Critical Edition of *Sister Carrie* begins with three brief selections in which Dreiser himself comments on his intent in the novel. The four essays that follow, by Julian Markels, Ellen Moers, Robert Penn Warren, and Philip Fisher, all of which also appeared in the second edition, deal with such long-standing issues in *Sister Carrie* criticism as Dreiser's fictional artistry, his tragic conception of life, and his portrait of the modern American city. The final six essays are new to the third edition. Donald Pizer reviews the century-long critical preoccupation with *Sister Carrie* as naturalist fiction and offers a possible resolution of the issue, and Alan Trachtenberg explores the complex matter of Dreiser's "looming presence" in the work. The essays by Amy Kaplan, Kevin McNamara, Blanche H. Gelfant, and Cristina Ruotolo are related, each in its own way, to the contemporary critical emphasis on the writer's immersion in the beliefs, values, and cultural practices of his historical moment and thus his reflection of them, often unconsciously, in his work. Common to several of these essays is the issue of the nature and extent of Dreiser's endorsement of the consumerist ethos emerging out of the late-nineteenth-century industrialization and urbanization of American life. The extraordinary responsiveness of *Sister Carrie* to this major concern of recent critics is further testimony to the enduring significance of the novel.

A Note on the Text

Until the early 1980s, the text for new editions of *Sister Carrie* was invariably that of the Doubleday, Page first edition of 1900, since Dreiser during his life made only one change in this edition, in 1907, when he revised a passage in chapter 1 (see p. 3 below). The editors of the Pennsylvania Edition of *Sister Carrie* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1981), however, believe that Dreiser in his role as reviser of the prepublication typescript version of *Sister Carrie* censored the novel to make it more acceptable to a late Victorian audience. The text of the Pennsylvania Edition is therefore principally that of the handwritten first draft before Dreiser revised its conclusion (see p. 423 below) and before he and his friend Arthur Henry cut about thirty-six thousand words from the typescript. Both the interpretation of the prepublication history of *Sister Carrie* by the editors of the Pennsylvania Edition and their decision to substitute Dreiser's uncut holograph version for the first edition as the authoritative text of the novel were challenged by a number of reviewers of the Pennsylvania Edition. For a list of essays on the issue, see "*Sister Carrie: The Textual Controversy*" in the Selected Bibliography, pp. 607–11 below.

Despite the questionable claims of the Pennsylvania Edition, it does provide, in its text and apparatus, a valuable record of Dreiser's process of revision. In particular, it makes available the block cuts that Dreiser and Henry made in the typescript. Their intent in cutting the novel appears to have been principally to make a very long novel shorter. (Even in its cut form, *Sister Carrie* was 557 pages in its first edition.) Much of this omitted material therefore consists of commentary and scenes (largely in the Chicago portion) that duplicate or add little to themes present elsewhere in the novel. Nevertheless, because this cut material is indeed often fuller and therefore more explicit in its expression of these themes, it is of some interest to the critical reader of the novel. A generous sampling of the cuts made by Dreiser and Henry is provided in the Appendix that follows the text of *Sister Carrie*.

Contents

Preface to the Third Edition	ix
A Note on the Text	xi

The Text of *Sister Carrie*1

Appendix: Passages Cut by Dreiser and Arthur Henry in the Typescript Version of <i>Sister Carrie</i>	356
---	-----

Backgrounds and Sources I

CARRIE

Photograph of Emma Dreiser	374
<i>Chicago Mail</i> • He Cleaned Out the Safe	375
<i>Chicago Tribune</i> • Clerk and Cash	375
<i>Chicago Mail</i> • A Woman in the Case	376
<i>Chicago Mail</i> • A Dashing Blonde	378
<i>Chicago Tribune</i> • Hopkins Is Sorry	379
Theodore Dreiser • [Sisters and Suitors]	380
• [Emma's Elopement]	384

HURSTWOOD

Theodore Dreiser • [Downfall in the City]	387
---	-----

DROUET

George Ade • The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players and the Willing Performer	391
---	-----

THE CITY

Theodore Dreiser • [Chicago]	395
• [New York]	397
• Reflections	399
• Curious Shifts of the Poor	403

THE STRIKE

Theodore Dreiser • [A Street-Car Strike]	413
• The Strike To-day	414

Backgrounds and Sources II

COMPOSITION

Theodore Dreiser • To H. L. Mencken (May 13, 1916)	424
Dorothy Dudley • [The Composition of <i>Sister Carrie</i>]	427
<i>New York Herald</i> • "Sister Carrie": Theodore Dreiser	428

PUBLICATION

Frank Norris • To Theodore Dreiser (May 28, 1900)	430
• To Theodore Dreiser (June 8, 1900)	430
Walter H. Page • To Theodore Dreiser (June 9, 1900)	431
Arthur Henry • To Theodore Dreiser (July 14, 1900)	431
Frank Norris • To Arthur Henry (July 18, 1900)	433
Arthur Henry • To Theodore Dreiser (July 19, 1900)	433
Walter H. Page • To Theodore Dreiser (July 19, 1900)	435
Theodore Dreiser • To Arthur Henry (July 23, 1900)	436
• To Walter H. Page (July 23, 1900)	439
Arthur Henry • To Theodore Dreiser (July 26, 1900)	441
• To Theodore Dreiser (July 1900)	442
Walter H. Page • To Theodore Dreiser (August 2, 1900)	443
Theodore Dreiser • To Walter H. Page (August 6, 1900)	444
Arthur Henry • To Theodore Dreiser (August 1900?)	446
Walter H. Page • To Theodore Dreiser (August 15, 1900)	447
F. N. Doubleday • To Theodore Dreiser (Sept. 4, 1900)	447
Theodore Dreiser • To F. N. Doubleday (after Sept. 4, 1900)	448
• To Frank Norris (December 1900)	449
Frank Norris • To Theodore Dreiser (January 28, 1901)	450

LEGEND

<i>St. Louis Post-Dispatch</i> • Author of <i>Sister Carrie</i>	452
S. A. Everitt • To Theodore Dreiser (February 9, 1905)	454
Theodore Dreiser • To Fremont Older (Nov. 27, 1923)	455
F. N. Doubleday • To Franklin Walker (May 4, 1931)	459
Theodore Dreiser • The Early Adventures of <i>Sister Carrie</i>	459
Dorothy Dudley • [The "Suppression" Controversy]	461

Criticism

Theodore Dreiser • True Art Speaks Plainly	469
Otis Notman • Mr. Dreiser	470
Theodore Dreiser • To John Howard Lawson (Oct. 10, 1928)	471
Julian Markels • Dreiser and the Plotting of Inarticulate Experience	472
Ellen Moers • The Finesse of Dreiser	479
Robert Penn Warren • [<i>Sister Carrie</i>]	488
Philip Fisher • The Life History of Objects: The Naturalist Novel and the City	497
Amy Kaplan • The Sentimental Revolt of <i>Sister Carrie</i>	510
Alan Trachtenberg • Who Narrates? Dreiser's Presence in <i>Sister Carrie</i>	521
Kevin R. McNamara • The Ames of The Good Society: <i>Sister Carrie</i> and Social Engineering	537

Blanche H. Gelfant • What More Can Carrie Want? Naturalistic Ways of Consuming Women	554
Donald Pizer • The Problem of American Literary Naturalism and Theodore Dreiser's <i>Sister Carrie</i>	573
Cristina Ruotolo • "Whence the Song:" Voice and Audience in Dreiser's <i>Sister Carrie</i>	584
The Chronology of <i>Sister Carrie</i>	605
Selected Bibliography	607

Chapter I

THE MAGNET ATTRACTING: A WAIF AMID FORCES

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, 1889.¹ 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 Chicago.² 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! Unrecognised for what they are, their beauty, like music, too often relaxes, then weakens, then perverts the simpler human perceptions.

1. See *The Chronology of Sister Carrie*, pp. 605–06.

2. There is no Columbia City, Wisconsin. However, when Dreiser himself came to Chicago in the summer of 1887 to look for work, he left from Warsaw, Indiana. Columbia City, Indiana, is approximately twenty miles east of Warsaw.

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."

"Is it?" she answered nervously.

The train was just pulling out of Waukesha.³ 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.

"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."

3. About fifty miles north of Chicago; the resort was noted for its mineral springs.

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 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.⁴ 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

4. From this sentence to the end of the paragraph, Dreiser borrowed much of his wording from George Ade’s “The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players and the Willing Performer” (see pp. 391–94). In 1907 Dreiser revised the passage to read as follows:

Let him meet with a young woman once and he would approach her with an air of kindly familiarity, not unmixed with pleading, which would result in most cases in a tolerant acceptance. If she showed any tendency to coquetry he would be apt to straighten her tie, or if she “took up” with him at all, to call her by her first name. If he visited a department store it was to lounge familiarly over the counter and ask some leading questions. In more exclusive circles, on the train or in waiting stations, he went slower. If some seemingly vulnerable object appeared he was all attention—to pass the compliments of the day, to lead the way to the parlor car, carrying her grip, or, failing that, to take a seat next her with the hope of being able to court her to her destination. Pillows, books, a foot-stool, the shade lowered; all these figured in the things which he could do. If, when she reached her destination, he did not alight and attend her baggage for her, it was because, in his own estimation, he had signally failed.

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 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 footstool. 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. 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 realised 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.

"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 recognised the indescribable thing that made up for fascination and beauty in her. She realised 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 'round."

"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 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 green-backs. 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 lefthand 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.

"What is your address?" he began again, fixing his pencil to write.

"Carrie Meeber," she said slowly. "Three hundred and fifty-four West Van Buren Street, care S. C. Hanson."

He wrote it carefully down and got out the purse again. "You'll be at home if I come around Monday night?" he said.

"I think so," she answered.

How true it is that words are but the vague shadows of the volumes we mean. Little audible links, they are, chaining together great inaudible feelings and purposes. Here were these two, bandying little phrases, drawing purses, looking at cards, and both unconscious of how inarticulate all their real feelings were. Neither was wise enough to be sure of the working of the mind of the other. He could not tell how his luring succeeded. She could not realise that she was drifting, until he secured her address. Now she felt that she had yielded something—he, that he had gained a victory. Already they felt that they were somehow associated. Already he took control in directing the conversation. His words were easy. Her manner was relaxed.

They were nearing Chicago. Signs were everywhere numerous. Trains flashed by them. Across wide stretches of flat, open prairie they could see lines of telegraph poles stalking across the fields toward the great city. Far away were indications of suburban towns, some big smoke-stacks towering high in the air.

Frequently there were two-story frame houses standing out in the open fields, without fence or trees, lone outposts of the approaching army of homes.

To the child, the genius with imagination, or the wholly untravelled, the approach to a great city for the first time is a wonderful thing. Particularly if it be evening—that mystic period between the glare and gloom of the world when life is changing from one sphere or condition to another. Ah, the promise of the night. What does it not hold for the weary! What old illusion of hope is not here forever repeated! Says the soul of the toiler to itself, "I shall soon be free. I shall be in the ways and the hosts of the merry. The streets, the lamps, the lighted chamber set for dining, are for me. The theatre, the halls, the parties, the ways of rest and the paths of song—these are mine in the night." Though all humanity be still enclosed in the shops, the thrill runs abroad. It is in the air. The dullest feel something which they may not always express or describe. It is the lifting of the burden of toil.

Sister Carrie gazed out of the window. Her companion, affected by her wonder, so contagious are all things, felt anew some interest in the city and pointed out its marvels.

"This is Northwest Chicago," said Drouet. "This is the Chicago River," and he pointed to a little muddy creek, crowded with the huge masted wanderers from far-off waters nosing the black-posted

banks. With a puff, a clang, and a clatter of rails it was gone. "Chicago is getting to be a great town," he went on. "It's a wonder. You'll find lots to see here."

She did not hear this very well. Her heart was troubled by a kind of terror. The fact that she was alone, away from home, rushing into a great sea of life and endeavour, began to tell. She could not help but feel a little choked for breath—a little sick as her heart beat so fast. She half closed her eyes and tried to think it was nothing, that Columbia City was only a little way off.

"Chicago! Chicago!" called the brakeman, slamming open the door. They were rushing into a more crowded yard, alive with the clatter and clang of life. She began to gather up her poor little grip and closed her hand firmly upon her purse. Drouet arose, kicked his legs to straighten his trousers, and seized his clean yellow grip.

"I suppose your people will be here to meet you?" he said. "Let me carry your grip."

"Oh, no," she said. "I'd rather you wouldn't. I'd rather you wouldn't be with me when I meet my sister."

"All right," he said in all kindness. "I'll be near, though, in case she isn't here, and take you out there safely."

"You're so kind," said Carrie, feeling the goodness of such attention in her strange situation.

"Chicago!" called the brakeman, drawing the word out long. They were under a great shadowy train shed, where the lamps were already beginning to shine out, with passenger cars all about and the train moving at a snail's pace. The people in the car were all up and crowding about the door.

"Well, here we are," said Drouet, leading the way to the door. "Good-bye, till I see you Monday."

"Good-bye," she answered, taking his proffered hand.

"Remember, I'll be looking till you find your sister."

She smiled into his eyes.

They filed out, and he affected to take no notice of her. A lean-faced, rather commonplace woman recognised Carrie on the platform and hurried forward.

"Why, Sister Carrie!" she began, and there was a perfunctory embrace of welcome.

Carrie realised the change of affectional atmosphere at once. Amid all the maze, uproar, and novelty she felt cold reality taking her by the hand. No world of light and merriment. No round of amusement. Her sister carried with her most of the grimness of shift and toil.

"Why, how are all the folks at home?" she began; "how is father, and mother?"

Carrie answered, but was looking away. Down the aisle, toward

the gate leading into the waiting-room and the street, stood Drouet. He was looking back. When he saw that she saw him and was safe with her sister he turned to go, sending back the shadow of a smile. Only Carrie saw it. She felt something lost to her when he moved away. When he disappeared she felt his absence thoroughly. With her sister she was much alone, a lone figure in a tossing, thoughtless sea.

Chapter II

WHAT POVERTY THREATENED: OF GRANITE AND BRASS

Minnie's flat, as the one-floor resident apartments were then being called, was in a part of West Van Buren Street inhabited by families of labourers and clerks, men who had come, and were still coming, with the rush of population pouring in at the rate of 50,000 a year.¹ It was on the third floor, the front windows looking down into the street, where, at night, the lights of grocery stores were shining and children were playing. To Carrie, the sound of the little bells upon the horse-cars, as they tinkled in and out of hearing, was as pleasing as it was novel. She gazed into the lighted street when Minnie brought her into the front room, and wondered at the sounds, the movement, the murmur of the vast city which stretched for miles and miles in every direction.

Mrs. Hanson, after the first greetings were over, gave Carrie the baby and proceeded to get supper. Her husband asked a few questions and sat down to read the evening paper. He was a silent man, American born, of a Swede father, and now employed as a cleaner of refrigerator cars at the stock-yards. To him the presence or absence of his wife's sister was a matter of indifference. Her personal appearance did not affect him one way or the other. His one observation to the point was concerning the chances of work in Chicago.

"It's a big place," he said. "You can get in somewhere in a few days. Everybody does."

It had been tacitly understood beforehand that she was to get work and pay her board. He was of a clean, saving disposition, and had already paid a number of monthly instalments on two lots far out on the West Side. His ambition was some day to build a house on them.

In the interval which marked the preparation of the meal Carrie found time to study the flat. She had some slight gift of observation and that sense, so rich in every woman—intuition.

She felt the drag of a lean and narrow life. The walls of the rooms

1. In general, the South Side of Chicago was devoted to heavy industry, the West Side to light industry and to working-class and lower-middle-class homes and flats, and the North Side to middle- and upper-middle-class homes. The Hansons' flat is on the near West Side, close to the Chicago River.