

## Text 32

### The Babbitt's House

The Babbitts' bedroom was a masterpiece among bedrooms, right out of "Cheerful Modern Houses for Medium Incomes". Only it had nothing to do with the Babbitts, nor with anyone else. If people had ever lived and loved here, read thrillers at midnight, and lain in beautiful indolence on a Sunday morning, there were no signs of it. It had the air of being a very good room in a very good hotel. One expected the chambermaid to come in and make it ready for people who would stay but one night, go without looking back, and never think of it again.

Every second house in Floral Heights had a bedroom precisely like this.

The Babbitts' house was five years old. It was all as competent and glossy as this bedroom.

It had the best of taste, the best of inexpensive rugs, a simple and laudable architecture, and the latest conveniences.

[...]

In fact there was but one thing wrong with the Babbitts' house: it was not a home.

Sinclair Lewis 1885-1951, *Babbitt*, 1961