

7 BEST SHORT STORIES BY **SHERWOOD ANDERSON**

EDITED BY AUGUST NEMO



TACET BOOKS

7 BEST SHORT STORIES

Sherwood
Anderson

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August Nemo

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[The Author](#)

[A Man of Ideas](#)

[An Awakening](#)

[An Apology for Crudity](#)

[Hands](#)

[The Egg](#)

[The Man In The Brown Coat](#)

[The Other Woman](#)

[About the Publisher](#)

The Author

Sherwood Anderson (September 13, 1876 - March 8, 1941) was an American writer, mainly of short stories.

He was born in Camden, Ohio, the third son of Erwin M. Anderson and Emma S. Anderson. After the father's business went bankrupt, they were forced to move often. The family's difficulties led Anderson's father to alcoholism while his mother died in 1895. Partly because of this, Anderson was motivated to make nibbles to help his family.

He moved to Chicago, Illinois near his brother Clyde's house. He worked hand-in-hand until the turn of the century, when he enlisted in the army and participated in the Spanish-American War in Cuba. After the war, he worked with his brother at a publishing house in Springfield, Ohio. Anderson studied at the Wittenburg Academy. Eventually, he holds the copywriter's job in Chicago where he was successful. In 1904, he married Cornelia Lane, daughter of a wealthy Ohio family.

He was the father of 3 children and moved to Cleveland, Ohio where he set up a delivery service and a painting firm. However, in November 1912, he "disappears" returning four days later a nervous lapse. He describes this as "an escape from his material existence," which elicited praise from his fellow writers, who used his "courage" as an example.

A Man of Ideas

HE LIVED WITH his mother, a grey, silent woman with a peculiar ashy complexion. The house in which they lived stood in a little grove of trees beyond where the main street of Winesburg crossed Wine Creek. His name was Joe Welling, and his father had been a man of some dignity in the community, a lawyer, and a member of the state legislature at Columbus. Joe himself was small of body and in his character unlike anyone else in town. He was like a tiny little volcano that lies silent for days and then suddenly spouts fire. No, he wasn't like that—he was like a man who is subject to fits, one who walks among his fellow men inspiring fear because a fit may come upon him suddenly and blow him away into a strange uncanny physical state in which his eyes roll and his legs and arms jerk. He was like that, only that the visitation that descended upon Joe Welling was a mental and not a physical thing. He was beset by ideas and in the throes of one of his ideas was uncontrollable. Words rolled and tumbled from his mouth. A peculiar smile came upon his lips. The edges of his teeth that were tipped with gold glistened in the light. Pouncing upon a bystander he began to talk. For the bystander there was no escape. The excited man breathed into his face, peered into his eyes, pounded upon his chest with a shaking forefinger, demanded, compelled attention.

In those days the Standard Oil Company did not deliver oil to the consumer in big wagons and motor trucks as it does now, but delivered instead to retail grocers, hardware stores, and the like. Joe was the Standard Oil agent in Winesburg and in several towns up and down the railroad that went through Winesburg. He collected bills, booked orders, and did other things. His father, the legislator, had secured the job for him.