

**Excerpt from Anzia Yezierska, “Children of Loneliness” (*How I Found America: The Collected Stories of Anzia Yezierska* [New York: Persea Books, 1991], pp. 178.)**

“Oh, Mother, can’t you use a fork?” exclaimed Rachel as Mrs. Ravinsky took the shell of the baked potato in her fingers and raised it to her watering mouth.

“Here, *Teacherin* mine, you want to learn me in my old age how to put the bite in my mouth?” The mother dropped the potato back into her plate, too wounded to eat. Wiping her hands on her blue-checked apron she turned her glance to her husband, at the opposite side of the table....

“All my teachers died already in the old country,” retorted the old man. “I ain’t going to learn nothing new no more from my American daughter.” He continued to suck the marrow out of the bone with that noisy relish that was so exasperating to Rachel.