

**THEIR HUSBANDS'
WIVES. HARPER'S
NOVELETTES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649261048

Their husbands' wives. Harper's Novelettes by William Dean Howells & Henry Mills Alden

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS & HENRY MILLS ALDEN

**THEIR HUSBANDS'
WIVES. HARPER'S
NOVELETES**

Their Husbands' Wives

Harper's Novelettes

EDITED BY
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
AND
HENRY MILLS ALDEN



Harper & Brothers Publishers
New York and London
1906

1255
H 259
+

Introduction

In a certain sense all wives are Their Husbands' Wives, but in naming their little collection of tales, of varied interest but of single purport, the editors have had peculiarly in mind those wives who perpetuate in the latest woman the ideal of the earliest. It is an ideal which shines alike through the tender humor of Mr. Clemens's charming fantasy of the primal world, Mrs. Stuart Phelps's romance of our great, every-day, latter-day life, Mrs. Roach's interesting study of the truest and most modern of types, Mr. Pottle's rather grimly faithful portrayal of a situation far more frequent in marriage than has been owned, Mr. Hibbard's delicate divination of the secret of a woman's soul, and Mrs. Ellery Channing's hopeful and delightful hypothesis in a region of the heart perhaps too little explored by practical science.

M906482

Introduction

What is this ideal, then, in a word? But it cannot be put in a word. It can only be suggested in two or three. We ourselves should say it was that of a sort of Impatient Grizzle, who achieves through a fine, rebellious self-sacrifice all the best results of the old Patient one's subjection. It is the wife who has her will only the better to walk in her husband's way. That, or something like it, is the ideal of this group of delightful women, so differently dutiful, so freshly, so winningly, so defiantly, at times, devoted.

It follows that they are all American women, not excepting Eve herself, whose Eden now stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Her wifely instinct was prophetic of the only daughters of hers who are as free and natural as she and who seem not the less constant in their allegiance to their several Adams because they have always within their reach the baleful deliverance of the divorce-courts. Their bond is the passion of which fiction is never tired, and which in the home of its least restraint has been turned here to the light with a different opalescence from each incidence of the skies.

W. D. H.

MARK TWAIN

EVE'S DIARY

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

COVERED EMBERS

ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

LIFE'S ACCOLADE

EMERY POTTLE

THE BOND

GEORGE HIBBARD

THE EYES OF AFFECTION

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"THE MARRIAGE QUESTION"

Eve's Diary

Translated from the Original

BY MARK TWAIN

SATURDAY.—I am almost a whole day old, now. I arrived yesterday. That is as it seems to me. And it must be so, for if there was a day-before-yesterday I was not there when it happened, or I should remember it. It could be, of course, that it did happen, and that I was not noticing. Very well; I will be very watchful, now, and if any day-before-yesterdays happen I will make a note of it. It will be best to start right and not let the record get confused, for some instinct tells me that these details are going to be important to the historian some day. For I feel like an experiment, I feel exactly like an experiment, it would be impossible for a person to feel more like an experiment than I do, and so I am coming to feel convinced that that is what I *am*—an experiment; just an experiment, and nothing more.

Then if I am an experiment, am I the whole of it? No, I think not; I think the rest of it is part of it. I am the main part of it, but I think the rest of it has its share in the matter. Is my position assured, or do I have to watch it and take care of it? The latter, perhaps. Some instinct tells me that eternal vigilance is the price of supremacy. [That is a good phrase, I think, for one so young.]

Everything looks better to-day than it did yesterday. In the rush of finishing up yesterday, the mountains were left in a ragged condition, and some of the plains were so cluttered with rubbish and remnants that the aspects were quite distressing. Noble and beautiful works of art should not be subjected to haste; and this majestic new world is indeed a most noble and beautiful work. And certainly marvellously near to being perfect, notwithstanding the shortness of the time. There are too many stars in some places and not enough in others, but that can be remedied presently, no doubt. The moon got loose last night, and slid down and fell out of the scheme—a very great loss; it breaks my heart to think of it. There isn't another thing among the ornaments and decorations