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An Edition of Ellen Glasgow's "Between Two Shores"

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An Edition of Ellen Glasgow's "Between Two Shores"

A Thesis

Presented to

The Faculty of the Department of English
The College of William and Mary in Virginia

In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of

Master of Arts

by

Lucia Wallis Smith

1992

APPROVAL SHEET

This thesis is submitted in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the degree of
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ABSTRACT

I have prepared this edition to reconstruct the intended wording of Ellen Glasgow's short story "Between Two Shores." The edition presents new information on the publication history of the story, revealing unauthorized variants between Glasgow's final draft of the story and the magazine version, and further stop-press correction after its first printing in McClure's Magazine.

The apparatus of this edition is a record of all the versions of "Between Two Shores" that my research discovered, allowing for the complete reconstruction of every text using the historical collation.

Through the creation of this edition, I have brought to light information about Glasgow's early career that will be useful for Glasgow scholars and have added to information about the editorial policies of McClure's Magazine that will be invaluable to other textual editors.

An Edition of Ellen Glasgow's "Between Two Shores"

TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION

The following edition of Ellen Glasgow's short story "Between Two Shores" is the result of my discovery of a previously unexamined autograph manuscript of the story in The University of Virginia's Alderman library. My research of the story's publication history, which included correspondence with all libraries¹ that hold any Glasgow papers and collation of all printed versions, has shown that there are many differences between the autograph manuscript version of the story (the only one that can truly be said to be authorial) and the censored and revised version that was eventually printed in McClure's Magazine.²

Revealing these changes is not just a technical exercise, however; the revisions profoundly affect Glasgow's themes. The revised version offers only a partial presentation of Glasgow's vision of the story. I have chosen to create a text based on the guidelines of the Center for Editions of American Authors (CEAA) endorsed by W.W. Greg, G.T. Tanselle and Fredson Bowers. The CEAA approach strives to create an authorial edition of a text through methodical examination of all surviving documents--ultimately producing a clear text edition with all variants recorded in a detailed apparatus. A clear text CEAA edition of "Between Two Shores" gives a precise record of the young author's early attempts to write as a realist, and

shows her beginning to explore the themes and subjects that will dominate her work all her life: the issues of sexism, power, independence, marriage, and religious faith from the unique perspective of the Southern woman.

These issues are not only the subject of her work but also the circumstance of her life. They are at the root of the censorship of her story. The realities of sexism and the politics of publishing are clearly behind the differences we see in her draft and the published version. Her publishers revised her early work at their whim, introducing such irrelevant substitutions as "porpoise"³ for "dolphin."⁴ The unconventional original version of "Between Two Shores" is a testimony to Glasgow's struggle for self-determination in her literary career.⁵ Not only is it a story which examines a woman's place in society, but it is also a story in which Glasgow entertains new ideas for the short story, experimenting with realistic speech and commonplace occurrence. Many of these experiments are expunged from all previous published versions. This edition preserves the story as Glasgow probably submitted it to her publisher.

Editing Theory

In creating this edition I have adhered closely to the editorial method outlined by Thomas Tanselle, whose goal is an edition that attempts to recreate the author's intention. There are other approaches to the creation of editions, many of which oppose any appeal to authorial intention. Two of

the most compelling are by writers who have traditionally been associated with literary theory rather than textual scholarship: Jerome McGann and Michel Foucault. McGann approaches works as the product of a combined effort between author, publisher and, ultimately, reader. His view is that a work is a collaboration or a compromise between writer, editor and the public. An edition should do more than present solely the intention of the author; works are "fundamentally social rather than personal or psychological products."⁶

Foucault's examination of the authorial text goes further, even seeing the author as an impediment to the discourse. He eliminates what he calls the "integral author" in order to "analyse the subject as a variable and complex function of discourse."⁷ By transforming the integral author into an "author function" Foucault is able to examine the way the author operates as a unifying principle that also serves to exclude and limit the discourse. "Author function" replaces the concept of any "author" who can be said to have intention. By removing "author" as the mind behind the discourse, Foucault can examine the other forces that shape it--linguistic, political and social.

McGann and Foucault and other theorist/editors question an editorial method that, at the last, produces an authorial text. Despite these objections to textual scholarship's

traditional emphasis on the author, literary theory and textual editing are becoming reconciled on one point: the recognition of the value of examining textual production. As Tanselle says, "No one can reasonably claim...that the texts of works as they in fact appeared in successive printings and editions over the years are not important for historical study or that publication is not a social process."⁸ Despite his own commitment to the importance of authorial intention, Tanselle does not maintain that textual scholarship can be used only to pursue this goal. There is no reason that textual study cannot be used to expose the unacknowledged ideological assumptions in the development of a work or the "political history of the technology of print culture."⁹

CEAA guidelines offer a sound empirical approach to identifying and categorizing the variants found in the study of a work. This is the clearest and most straightforward way of presenting the autograph manuscript of "Between Two Shores" and the related variants I have discovered. Admittedly, the text created using this method results in an author-centered text, but no revisions are made "silently." Every variant is preserved and can be recreated from the extremely detailed apparatus the method requires. In other words, the entire publication history is retained in the apparatus, which can be used to reconstruct any state of the work in its publication history. This kind of edition does

not exclude other approaches to editorial theory. Such an edition contains the raw material for a text that might emphasize the work as a social collaboration, or one that might reveal the work's veiled ideology. The elements for these editions are all present and waiting for an adherent of McGann or Foucault to take advantage of them.

The Alderman Variant

While making the detailed examination of all of the texts of the story as prescribed by the CEAA, I discovered that there was more to this project than I first perceived. At first it appeared that there were only two versions of "Between Two Shores"--Glasgow's manuscript and the published McClure's version, the story's only publication in Glasgow's lifetime. When I compared several different copies of the February 1899 issue of McClure's (a seemingly unnecessary step but one that is part of the CEAA's procedure), I found that they did not correspond with each other in at least one important reading. It is unusual to find differences between printings of the same month of a magazine; apart from the significant effect the additional change has on the story, from the standpoint of textual editing it is a fairly important discovery. Stop-press corrections of magazines are complicated and expensive, but the February 1899 McClure's owned by the University of Virginia contains a variant reading, an additional deletion, that the McClure's at the College of William and Mary and the University of

Illinois do not. At some point after the issue was partially distributed the publishers must have felt considerable pressure to change the sentence "'You shall love me,' he said, 'and right be damned!'"¹⁰ to "'You shall love me,' and right may go!'"¹¹ It is puzzling, considering the many other changes McClure's made, that the offending "damn" was ever included in the published version at all.

McClure's and Crane

There have been other instances in which McClure's took liberties with the text of a young author's work.¹² In his edition of Stephen Crane's Tales, Sketches, and Reports, Fredson Bowers notes the same McClure's editorial policies I have seen in my research of "Between Two Shores." In the apparatus to "In the Depths of a Coal Mine," which was first syndicated by McClure's, Bowers calls attention to many differences between the preserved draft manuscript and the printed text. He charges that the changes made by McClure's in the article were intended to improve its style, but suggests that many of them do not. The unneeded revisions, he says, "tinker with the expression"¹³ of the article. One such revision is McClure's persistent substitution of "a" for Crane's characteristic "this." Another change from the manuscript even creates a run-on sentence.¹⁴

Bowers has also discovered that McClure's omitted an entire section of Crane's article that describes the exploitation of miners. Bowers establishes that these

revisions were made because of McClure's fear of offending big business, despite the magazine's original desire that Crane expose the deplorable working conditions of miners. Bowers' assertion that McClure's editorial policy is intrusive and irrational is confirmed by my similar findings in "Between Two Shores." In both pieces McClure's has introduced changes that range from small points of house style to larger reworkings, or censorings, of passages that could offend readers. In his Crane edition Bowers also aims to remove McClure's editorial interpolations and to restore what the author originally submitted to the magazine.

Glasgow's Manuscript

Richard Meeker, the editor of The Collected Short Stories of Ellen Glasgow, says that it was Ellen Glasgow's early practice to send out her final draft of a story to be typed. In the 1890s, possession of a typewriter was not as commonplace as it is now. It may have been her practice, as it was Crane's, to send the manuscript to Paul Revere Reynolds, their shared literary agent, who supplied typing services for his clients. The manuscript seems to be a copy Glasgow prepared for the typist or a copy she prepared for her own records. If this manuscript is the copy submitted to a typist, it is one that was returned; if it is a copy made for her records, it was made from the copy for the typist. In either case, the manuscript is the most authoritative version in existence: it most closely records

Glasgow's intentions for the story. No other manuscript versions have come to light.

The manuscript is a very clean draft, apparently re-copied from another draft. There are few deletions. Although there are crossed-out words, these deletions are clearly 'slips of the pen' (for example, "when" has been accidentally written for "where" and then crossed out),¹⁶ rather than revisions. The manuscript is significantly different from actual rough drafts of Glasgow's that I examined; these are heavily marked-up, and contain extensive rewritings.¹⁷ Glasgow perceived the work as a finished product, which she painstakingly copied over word-for-word.

Glasgow's Letters

The autograph manuscript has been tentatively dated 1898 by the Alderman Library,¹⁸ but I would set the date as 1897, primarily because of a letter, also at Alderman, from Glasgow to Reynolds, dated in her hand November 1897.¹⁹ In this letter she discusses a note McClure's has sent to her and asks her agent if he thinks they should send "one of the stories" to McClure's before "disposing of them." The story referred to here is probably "Between Two Shores," since it is the only story she ever published in McClure's. I have selected the autograph manuscript as my copytext because I believe that it is the final draft of the story as she intended it.

Several of Glasgow's letters, such as the November 1897

letter, show that early in her career she tended to to abdicate control of the publishing of her short stories to Reynolds. It is probable that she did not play as large a part in the later stages of the publication of her stories (with the exception of the stories she revised for The Shadowy Third) as she did in the preparation of her novels. This may be because of inexperience on her part, but it may also be because she undervalued her short stories. Ironically, her short stories, especially The Shadowy Third, still remain popular while her novels have largely fallen out of vogue.

There is very little correspondence between Glasgow and Reynolds about the short stories, but what Glasgow does write is significant. She is frustrated and disheartened by the reception her stories get in the magazine market. In a January 1898 letter to Reynolds she again expresses her feelings about the short stories:

I do not in the least feel it is your fault that the short story has not sold. The trouble is that I am a novelist, not a writer of short stories; in putting them upon the market I am trying to pass my least good work upon the public. This is my point of view and this is why I asked you to return it.²⁰

Almost fifteen years later, in 1913, she tells Reynolds in a letter that she will give up writing short stories altogether:

As for short stories--well, I've tried

hard to interest my self in them, but I simply can't. The work is so tiresome that I'd rather not have the money they bring than try to write them.²

Taking into account the feelings she attests to in these letters, I do not find it implausible that she was inattentive regarding the publication of her short stories. Because of Glasgow's inattention, or on his own recognizance, the publisher's editor took a free hand with the punctuation, paragraphing and spelling of "Between Two Shores," and censored it even further in a stop-press correction. Because of the fate of the story after being submitted to McClure's, the magazine version cannot be said to reflect the author's intention. It is not, therefore, my copytext.²²

Glasgow's Accidentals

My text has, accordingly, followed the accidentals of Glasgow's autograph manuscript because I believe the particular paragraph divisions, punctuation and spelling reflect the author's intention better than the revisions in McClure's. The punctuation and spelling changes in McClure's were probably made to make the text conform to house style. These decisions, however, often change the meaning of her words and the flow of her story. For example, the repunctuation of this sentence and the addition of a paragraph division change its meaning :

"I shall change my seat," she

began; then the steamer lurched and she swayed and grasped the arm he held out.²³

"I shall change my seat," she began.

Then the steamer lurched and she swayed and grasped the arm he held out.²⁴

The changed punctuation makes the sentence choppy, and the added paragraph makes the relation between the interruption of the speech and the lurching of the boat less obvious. While these are subtle changes, they combine to alter the story drastically and, on the whole, do not improve it. At best, many of the changes are pointless.

McClure's Censorship

Material deemed offensive by the McClure's editor makes up a large part of the omissions from the autograph manuscript. The editor did not take into account the importance of the deleted material for the story's development. The pointed omission of all the minor profanity in the text and the deleted passage on page three, which I presume was considered risqué, have been restored in my edition. There is an entire passage that is not included in the McClure's version describing the comments of some "vulgar Irish Americans"²⁵ about the female anatomy. When restored, this passage provides a touchstone for the behavior of Lawrence Smith. When Lawrence's profanity is deleted, this connection is erased. His outbursts, too, are intended to establish his unusual volatility. Without these

points the structure of Glasgow's story is not as clear. Lawrence becomes less threatening to Lucy and more a part of the tiresome routine she left in America. Restoring this material makes the characters less one-dimensional and more coherent.

The Apparatus

One of the most valuable aspects of using the CEAA guidelines for the preparation of an edition is that all variants are preserved and the reader may reconstruct all versions of the text using the apparatus. While I have presented one version of the text, I have maintained a detailed record of all other states of the text. These can be found in the historical collation of accidentals and substantives at the end of my edition. I have retained variants which are neither accidentals nor the result of censorship. These are minor rewordings and corrections of errors such as the substitution of "an" for "a"²⁶ or the addition of missing end-quotes.²⁷

In The Collected Short Stories of Ellen Glasgow, which Richard Meeker compiled after Glasgow's death, he makes no mention of the manuscript in Alderman, although he seems to have examined the Glasgow papers there. Despite his access to these materials, his version of the story is an unexamined reprint of one of the magazine versions with no attempt to reconcile any perceived differences between them or any acknowledgement of the manuscript.

Meeker is clearly interested in presenting authorial versions of Glasgow's stories in The Collected Short Stories. His approach, however, is inconsistent. Apparently the stories that Glasgow revised for the 1923 collection, The Shadowy Third, were carefully examined and collated (Meeker says in his introduction, "I am very grateful to Miss Judith Van Dietrich for patiently collating the various versions of the stories"²⁸), but neither he nor his staff applied this scrutiny to "Between Two Shores" and other stories not included in The Shadowy Third. Instead, Meeker says, "[t]he four unreprinted stories are presented just as they appeared in their respective magazines"²⁹. If Meeker had collated several issues of the February 1898 McClure's he would have found the same interesting differences between them that I did.

His presentation of another story also at Alderman, "The Professional Instinct", is also inconsistent. In the preface to The Collected Short Stories, Meeker thanks Alderman Library for the free access to the Glasgow papers there. The papers have clearly been invaluable in his discovery and reproduction of the manuscript of "The Professional Instinct", which I also saw in Alderman. But, unfortunately, he has reprinted the manuscript in an imprecise way. He silently corrects perceived typographical "errors and flaws," but includes some of Glasgow's own changes in brackets within the text. He does not explain

his definition of flaws, so without actually retrieving the manuscript at Alderman, it is difficult to get a complete idea of its contents from The Collected Short Stories. It is also curious that in his examination of the Alderman Glasgow papers, Meeker doesn't seem to have examined the manuscript of "Between Two Shores." The manuscript of "Between Two Shores" is a far cleaner, more final version than "The Professional Instinct" manuscript, and one would have thought it would have piqued his interest. The examination of this manuscript and the collation of several copies of the magazine would surely have enriched his collection's presentation of "Between Two Shores."

Unlike the version in The Collected Short Stories, my text of "Between Two Shores" that follows is, in effect, the autograph manuscript version transcribed, an easy-to-read clear text edition, followed by an apparatus that records the variants between the autograph manuscripts. All versions and variants are preserved for the reader. This presentation of the manuscript version illuminates Glasgow's growth as a writer, the high-handed editorial procedure of McClure's Magazine, and the value of examining a text minutely.

Ellen Glasgow

Between Two Shores.

She was leaning against the railing of the deck, gazing wistfully down upon the sea of faces on the landing below. She wore a skirt and coat of brown cloth, and her veil was raised in a white film above her small hat. In the crowd clustering about her, eager for the last glimpse of friends, she looked shy and nervous, and her brown eyes were dilated in alarm. Despite her thirty years there was something girlish in her shrinking figure--a suggestion of the incipient emotions of youth. The fine lines that time had set upon brow and lips were the results of the flight of undifferentiated days and lacked the intensity of experimental records. One might have classified her in superficial survey as a woman in whom temperamental fires had been smothered rather than extinguished by the ashes of unfulfilment.

To existence which is a series of rhythmic waves of the commonplace she offered facial serenity; to life which is a clash of opposing passions she turned the wistful eyes of ignorance.

A tall girl, carrying an armful of crimson roses, pressed against her and waved a heavily scented handkerchief

to someone upon the landing. On the other side a man was shouting directions in regard to a missing piece of baggage. "I marked it myself," he declared frantically. "It was to have been shipped from New Orleans to the Cunard docks. I marked it 'not wanted' with my own hands, and, by Jove, those dirty creoles have taken me at my word!"

She rested her hand upon the railing and leaned far over. Down below a pretty girl in a pink shirt waist was kissing her gloved finger-tips to a stout gentleman on deck. An excited group were waving congratulations to a bride and groom, who looked fatigued and slightly bored.

She yawned and bowed her head to avoid the spokes of a black parasol sheltering the lady on her right. For the first time she recognized in this furtive shrinking a faint homesickness, and her thoughts recoiled to the dull Southern home, to the sisters-in-law who made her life burdensome, and to the little graveyard where the husband she had never loved lay buried. The girl with the crimson roses jostled her rudely, and from behind someone was treading upon her gown. The insipid heat of the July sun flashed across her face and in a vision she recalled the sweeping pastures of the old plantation with the creek where the willows grew and the thrushes sang.

Then the odor of the heavily scented handkerchief half sickened her. From the crowd some one was calling to the girl in tones of reassurance. "See you in London? Of course.

Booked for Campania sailing twenty-sixth." Suddenly the steamer gave a tremor of forewarning and a volley of farewells ascended from below. "Pleasant voyage!" called the man to the girl beside her. "Pleasant voyage!" called some one to the lady on her right. Then she realized that she was alone and for the first time regretted that her father-in-law had not come. When the news of his delay had first reached her and she had volunteered to start alone, she had experienced a vivid elation. There was delight in the idea of freedom--of being accountable to no one--of being absolutely independent of advice. Now she wished that she had a[n] acquaintance who would wish her godspeed, or shout an indistinct pleasantry from the crowded landing.

The steamer moved slowly out into the harbour and the shore was white with fluttering goodbyes. The girl still waved the scented cambric. Then the distance lapsed into gradual waves of blue.

She left the railing and stumbled over a group of steamer chairs placed midway of the deck. Two men, lolling in the door of the smoking-room, were discussing the prospects of the voyage, and their words, interspersed by exclamations, reached her ears in fitful gusts.

"A good week out and not a pretty woman cruising," drawled an Irish American who was stout from large indulgence and hoarse from slight abstinence. His companion laughed.

"I can't answer for the women," he whispered, "but I'll wager there're a deuced nice pair of feet on board with ankles to match. Saw them come on."

"Hump! I never cared about a woman's foot unless she was on a bicycle. What was the owner like?"

"Can't say. Was a girl. But, by Jove, those boots were beauties. I'd know 'em among a thousand."

"I'll go five pounds that you don't see 'em between here and Liverpool."

"Done. The wager is mine if I have to exchange places with the deck steward and wrap up every woman in rugs--"

"I'll be hanged if five pounds isn't dear at that price. Did you ever notice that a woman on shipboard is a woman in the rough. It's a pity providence isn't as good at polishing as at designing. A man deuced knows his business much better."

"That reminds me of a jolly story I heard the other day. Have a brandy and soda and I'll--"

She gave a shudder at the vulgarity of things and went inside, followed by the eyes of the Irish American and a smothered criticism. "Good eyes. Pity she hasn't more air--- air's the thing."

She descended to her stateroom, which was in the center of the ship. At the door she found the stewardess, who inquired if she were 'Mrs. L. Smith'?

"That is my name, and I am going to be ill, I know it."

"Lie down at once. And about this bag. I thought it would give you more space if I put it in the gentleman's room. He hasn't much luggage." Lucy Smith looked up in mystification.

"But it is mine," she explained, "and I want it."

Then the boat gave a lurch and she undressed and climbed into her berth.

The next day, after a sleepless night, she struggled up and left her stateroom, the stewardess following with her wraps. At the foot of the stairs she swayed and fell upon the lowest step.

"It is no use," she said plaintively. "I can't go up, I can't indeed." The stewardess spoke with professional encouragement.

"Oh, you're all right," she remonstrated. "Here's the gentleman now. He'll help you."

"Isn't there but one gentleman on board?" Mrs. Smith began, but her words failed.

Someone lifted her and in a moment she was on deck and in her chair while the stewardess wrapped her rugs about her and the strange man arranged the pillows under her head. Then they both left her and she lay with closed eyes.

"Perhaps you would like yesterday's Herald?" said a voice. She started from an uncertain doze and looked around her. Some hours had passed and since closing her eyes the sea had grown bluer and the sun warmer. A pearl colored foam

was glistening on the waves.

"I beg your pardon," she replied, turning in the direction from whence the words came, "did you speak?" The man in the next chair leaned towards her, holding a paper in his hand. He was tall and angular with commonplace features lighted by the sympathetic gleam in his eyes.

"I asked you if you would like a Herald?" He repeated. She looked at him reproachfully.

"I am ill," she answered.

He smiled, "Oh. I beg your pardon," he said. "You didn't look it, and it is so hard to tell. I offered a lemon to that gray green girl over there and she flew into a rage. But are you ill in earnest?"

"I shouldn't exactly choose it for jest," she returned, "though somehow it does make time pass. One forgets that there are such divisions as days or weeks. It all seems a blur."

"But it is very calm."

"So the stewardess says," she answered, aggrievedly, "but the boat rocks dreadfully."

He did not reply, and in a moment his glance wandered to the card upon her chair. "Odd, isn't it?" he questioned. She followed his gaze and colored faintly. The card read: "Mrs. L. Smith." Then he pointed to a similar label upon his own chair, bearing in a rough scrawl the name, "L. Smith."

"It is a very common name," she remarked absently.

He laughed. "Very," he admitted. "Perhaps your husband is Lawrence Smith also."

The smile passed from her lips. "My husband is dead," she answered, "but his name was Lucien."

He folded the newspaper awkwardly. Then he spoke:

"Nicer name than Lawrence," he observed.

She nodded. "A name is of very little consequence," she rejoined. "I have always felt that about every name in the world except Lucy. Lucy is mine."

He looked into her eyes. Despite her illness they shone with a warm fawn-like brown. "I think it a pretty name," he said, "it is so soft."

"It has no character," she returned. "I have always known that life would have been different for me if I hadn't been called Lucy. People would not treat me like a child if I were Augusta or even Agnes--but Lucy!"

"People change their names sometimes," he suggested. She laughed softly. "I tried to. I tried to become Lucinda, but I couldn't, Lucy stuck to me."

"It wouldn't be so bad without Smith," he remarked, smiling.

"That was a horrible cross," she returned. "I wonder if you mind Smith as much as I do."

At first he did not answer. To her surprise his face grew grave and she saw the haggard lines about his mouth which his smile had obscured.

"It was a deuced good chance that I struck it," he said shortly, and opened his paper.

For a time they sat silently. Then as the luncheon gong sounded and the passengers flocked past, he rose and bent over her chair. "You will have chicken broth," he said distinctly. "I will send the steward," and before she recovered from her surprise he left her.

A little later the broth was brought and soon after the steward re-appeared bearing iced prunes.

"The gentleman sent you word that you were to eat these," he said. And she sat up in bewilderment and ate the prunes silently.

"You are very kind," she remarked timidly when he came up from the dining-saloon and threw himself into the chair beside her. For an instant he looked at her blankly, his brow wrinkling. She saw that he was not thinking of her, and reddened.

"You were kind--about the prunes," she explained. "The prunes?" he repeated vaguely. Then he brought himself together with a jerk.

"Oh, you are the little woman who was sick--yes; I remember."

"They were very nice," she said more firmly.

"I am glad you liked them," he rejoined and was silent.

Then he broke into an irrelevant laugh, and the line upon his forehead deepened. She saw that he carried an

habitual sneer upon his lips. With a half frightened gesture she drew from him. "I am glad that you find life amusing," she observed stiffly. "I don't."

He surveyed her with a dogged humour.

"It is not life. My dear lady, it is--you."

She spoke more stiffly still.

"I don't catch your meaning," she said, "is my hat on one side?"

He laughed again. "It is perfectly balanced, I assure you."

"Is my hair uncurled?"

"Yes, but I shouldn't have noticed it. It is very pretty." She sat up in offended dignity.

"I do not desire compliments," she returned. "I wish merely information."

Half closing his eyes he leaned back in his chair, looking at her from under the brim of his cap.

"Well without comment, I will state that your hair has fallen upon your forehead and that a loosened lock is lying upon your cheek--no, don't put it back. I beg your pardon--"

A pink spot appeared in the cheek next to him. Her eyes flashed.

"How intolerable you are!" she said.

The smile in his eyes deepened.

"How delicious you are!" he retorted.

She rose from her chair, drawing herself to her full

stature.

"I shall change my seat," she began; then the steamer lurched and she swayed and grasped the arm he held out.

"I--I am so dizzy," she finished appealingly.

He put her back into her chair and wrapped the rugs about her. As she still shivered, he added his own to the pile. When he placed the pillows beneath her head, she noticed that his touch was as tender as a woman's. The sneer was gone from his lips. "But you will be cold," she remonstrated from beneath his rug.

"Not I," he responded, "I am a tough knot. If the fiery furnace has left me unscathed a little cold wind won't do more than chap me." His voice had grown serious, and she looked up inquiringly.

"The fiery furnace?" she repeated.

"Oh, predestined damnation, if you prefer. Are you religious?"

"Don't," she pleaded a tender light coming into her eyes, and then added, "the damned are not kind--and you are very kind." Her words faltered, but they chased the recklessness from his eyes.

"Kind," he returned, "I wonder how many men are left in America who would uphold that--that verdict--or how many women for that matter." Her honest eyes did not waver.

"I will stand by it," she replied simply.

A sudden illumination leaped to his face. "Against

twelve good and true men?" he demanded daringly.

"Against a thousand--and the President thrown in."

He laughed a little bitterly.

"Because of the prunes?" he was looking down into her face. She reddened.

"Because of the prunes and--and other things," she answered.

A ghost of the sneer awoke about his mouth.

"And I'll be damned if I ever did a meaner thing than about the prunes," he said, hotly.

Then he turned from her and strode with swinging strides along the deck. That evening he did not speak to her. They lay side by side in their steamer chairs, watching the gray mist that crept over the amber line of the horizon. She looked at his set and sallow face, where the grim line of his jaw was overcast by the constant sneer upon his reckless lips. It was not a good face, this she knew. It was the face of a man of strong will and stronger passions who had lived hard and fast. She wondered vaguely at the furrowed tracks he must have made of his past years. The wonder awed her and she felt half afraid of his grimness growing grimmer in the gathering dusk. If one were in his power how quietly he might bend and break mere flesh and bone. But across the moodiness of his face she caught the sudden warmth of his glance and she remembered the touch of his hands--tender as it was strong. She moved nearer, laying

her fragile fingers on the arm of his chair.

"I am afraid you are unhappy," she said.

He started nervously and faced her almost roughly.

"Who is happy?" he demanded sneeringly. "Are you?"

She shrank slightly.

"Somehow I think that a woman is never happy," she responded gently, "but you--"

He leaned toward her, a swift change crossing his face, his keen glance softening to compassion.

"Then it is dastardly unfair," he said. "What is goodness for if it does not make one happy. I am a rough brute and I get my deserts, but the world should be gentle to a thing like you."

"No, no," she protested, "I am not good."

His eyes lightened.

"Any misdemeanours punishable by law?"

"I am discontented," she went on, "I rage when things go wrong. I am not a saint."

"I might have known it," he remarked, "or you wouldn't have spoken to me. I have known lots of saints--mostly women--and they always look the other way when a sinner comes along. The reputation of a saint is the most sensitive thing on earth. It should be kept in a glass case."

"Are you so very wicked?" she asked frankly. He was gazing out to sea, where the water broke into waves of deepening gray. In the sky a single star shone like an

emerald sitting in a fawn-colored dome. The lapping sound of the breakers at the vessel's sides came softly through the stillness. Suddenly he spoke, his voice ringing like a jarring discord in an harmonious whole.

"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he said, "and I guess he wasn't far wrong. Only if I was a single devil he was a legion steeped in one. Good God, what a scoundrel he was!"

The passions in his tones caused her to start quickly. The words were shot out with the force of balls from a cannon, sustained by the impulse of evil.

"Don't," she said pleadingly, "please, please don't."

"Don't what?" he demanded roughly. "Don't curse the blackest scoundrel that ever lived--and died."

Over the last word his voice weakened as if in appeal.

"Don't curse anybody," she answered, "it is not like you."

He turned upon her suspiciously.

"Pshaw! how do you know?"

"I don't know. I only believe."

"I never had much use for belief," he returned, "it is a poor sort of thing."

"And yet men have suffered death for it."

Above her head an electric jet was shining and it cast a white light upon her small figure buried under the mass of rugs. Her eyes were glowing. There was a soft suffusion upon

her lashes--whether from the salt spray or from unshed tears, he could not tell.

"Well, believe in me if you choose," he said. "It won't do any harm even if it doesn't do any good."

During the next few days he nursed her with constant care. When she came out in the mornings she found him waiting at the foot of the stairs, ready to assist her on deck. When she went down at night it was his arm upon which she leaned, and his voice that wished her "goodnight," before her state-room door. Her meals were served outside and she soon found that his watchfulness extended to a host of trivialities.

It was not a confidential companionship. Sometimes they sat for hours without speaking and again he attacked her with aggressive irony. At such times she smarted beneath the sting of his sneers, but it was more in pity for him than for herself. He seemed to carry in his heart a seething rage of cynicism, impassioned if impotent. When it broke control, as it often did, it lashed alike the just and the unjust, the sinner and the sinned against. It did not spare the woman for whose comfort he sacrificed himself daily in a dozen minor ways. It was as if he hated himself for the interest she inspired and hated her for inspiring it. He appeared to resent the fact that the mental pressure under which he laboured had not annihilated all possibility of purer passion: And he often closed upon a gentler mood with

burning bitterness.

"How about your faith?" he inquired one day, after a passing tenderness, "is it still the evidence of virtues not visible in me?"

She flinched as she always did at his flippancy.

"There is circumstantial evidence of those," she replied, "sufficient to confound a jury."

There was a cloud upon his face.

"Of the 'ministering angel' kind, I suppose," he suggested.

"Yes."

"Your judgement is warped," he went on. "Do you expect to convince by such syllogisms as: It is virtuous to make presents of prunes. He makes me presents of prunes. Therefore he is virtuous."

She looked at him with wounded eyes.

"That is not kind of you," she said.

"But my dear lady, I am not kind. That is what I am arguing for."

Her lips closed firmly. She did not answer.

"Is the assertion admitted?" he inquired.

Her mouth quivered. He saw it and his mood melted.

"Do you mean to say," he asked adjusting the rug about her shoulders, and regarding her with an intent gaze, "that it makes any difference to you?"

The fragment of a sob broke from her.

"Of course it makes a difference," she answered, "to-- to be treated so."

His hand closed firmly over the rug and rested against her shoulder.

"Why does it make a difference?" he demanded.

She stammered confusedly.

"Because--because it does," she replied.

His face was very grave; the hand upon her shoulder trembled.

"I hope to God it does not make a difference," he said. "Look! there is a sail."

They rose and went to the railing, following with unseeing eyes a white sail that skirted the horizon. At the vessel's sides some dolphins were playing on the waves. She leaned over, her eyes brightening, her loosened hair blowing about her face in soft loosened strands. There was a pink flush in her cheeks.

"I should like to be a dolphin," she said, "and to skim that blue water in the sunshine. How happy they are."

"And you are not?"

The flush died from her cheeks.

"I? oh, no," she answered.

He leaned nearer; his hand brushed hers as it lay upon the railing. "Did love make you happy?" he asked suddenly.

She raised her lashes and their eyes met.

"Love?" she repeated vaguely.

"That husband of yours," he explained almost harshly, "did you love him?"

Her gaze went back to the dancing dolphins. A wistful tremor shook her lips.

"He was very good to me," she replied.

"And I suppose you loved him because he was good. Well, the reason suffices."

She looked at him steadily.

"Because he was good to me," she corrected. Then she hesitated, "but I did not love him in the way you mean," she added slowly, "I know now that I did not--"

"Ehh!" he ejaculated--half absently; and then: "How do you know it?"

She turned from him, looking after the vanishing sail, just visible in the remote violet of the distance. "There are many ways--"

His eyes rested upon the soft outline of her ear, half hidden in her blown hair.

"What are they?"

She turned her face still further from him. "It made no difference to me," she said, "whether he came or went. It wearied me to be with him--and I was very selfish. When he kissed me it left me cold."

His gaze stung her sharply.

"And if you loved someone," he said, "it would make great difference to you whether he came or went. It would

gladden you to be with him, and when he kissed you it would not leave you cold?"

"I--I think so," she answered.

He bent towards her swiftly; then checked himself with a sneering laugh.

"I'll give you a piece of valuable advice," he said, "don't allow yourself to grow sentimental. It is awful rot."

And he threw himself into his chair. He drew a notebook from his pocket, and when she seated herself he did not look up. There was a gray cast about his face and his lips were compressed. She noticed that he was older than she had at first supposed and that the hand with which he held the pencil twitched nervously. Then she lay watching him idly from beneath lowered lids.

An hour later he looked up and their glances met. With sudden determination he closed the book and replaced it in his pocket.

"You look pale," he remarked abruptly.

"Do I?" she questioned inanimately. "I don't see any reason why I should not."

"Perhaps--so long as it is not unbecoming to you."

"Why will you say such things?" she demanded angrily, "I detest them!"

"Indeed? Yes, pallor is not unbecoming to you. It gives you an interesting look." She rubbed the cheek next him with the edge of her rug until it glowed scarlet.

"There!" she exclaimed in resentment.

"That gives you a radiant look," he remarked composedly.

Her eyes flashed.

"You will make me hate you," she retorted.

He smiled slightly, his eyes half sad.

"I am trying to," he responded.

She stamped her foot with impatience.

"Then you won't succeed. I will not hate you. Do you hear? I will not!"

"Is it a question of will?"

"In this case, yes."

"Do you hate as you choose--and love?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied, "I hardly think I could hate you if I would. Despite your--your hatefulness."

"Not though it were a part of wisdom?"

"Wisdom has nothing to do with--"

"With what?" he questioned.

"With hate."

"Nor with love?"

"Nor with love."

He shook himself free from an imaginary weight, passing his hand across his contracted brow.

"Then so much the worse for hate," he responded, "and for love."

As she did not answer he spoke fiercely.

"When you love, love a virtuous, straightaway plodder," he said. "Love a man because he is decent--because he is decent and plain and all the things that the romancers laugh at. Love a fool, if you will, but let him be a fool who goes to his office at nine and leaves it at six; who craves no more exciting atmosphere than the domestic one of house-girl worries and teething babies. If you ever find yourself loving a man like me, you had better make for the nearest lamp post and--hang--"

"Hush!" she cried, her cheeks flaming. "How--how dare you?"

Her voice broke sharply and she fell to sobbing behind her raised hands.

"My God!" he said softly. She felt his breath upon her forehead and a tremor passed over her. Then his hand fastened upon hers and drew them from her eyes. He was panting like a man who has run a race. She was looking straight before her. A small homing bird alighted for a swift instant on the railing near them, scanning suspiciously the deserted corner--and she knew that that bird would be blazoned upon her memory forever after. Then she felt the man's lips close upon her own.

"You shall love me," he said, "and right be damned!"

II.

She stepped out upon the deck, her eyes shining. He

met her moodily.

"Shall we walk up into the bow?" he asked.

She nodded. "This is our last evening," she said. "We will make it long."

"However long we make it there is always to-morrow."

Her face clouded. "Yes, there is to-morrow," she admitted.

She fell into step with him, and they walked the length of the deck. Once she lost her balance and he laid his hand upon her arm. When she recovered herself he did not remove it.

"We will go far up," she said, "we will look straight out to sea and forget what is behind us."

"Can we forget it?" he asked gloomily.

She smiled into his face.

"I will make you," she answered. "Put your hands upon the railing--so--and watch the boat as it cuts the waves. Is it not like a bird? And see the stars are coming out." The salt spray dashed into their faces as they leaned far over. A wet wind blew past them and she put up her hand to hold her hat. Her skirts were wrapped closely about her and her figure seemed to grow taller in the gray fog that rose from the sea. The ethereal quality in her appearance was emphasized. He drew away from her.

"You are too delicate for my rough hands," he said.

"Am I?" She laughed softly, then a rising passion

swelled in her voice. "I should choose to be broken by you to being caressed by any other."

His face whitened.

"Don't say that," he protested hoarsely.

"Why not, since it is true?"

"It is not true."

A half moon was mounting into the heavens and it lit the sea with a path of silver. A pearl colored mist floated ahead of the steamer, fluttering like the filmy garments of a water sprite. A dozen stars hung overhead.

"But it is true," she answered. Her words rang clearly with a triumphant note. For a time he did not speak. In the light of the half moon she saw the deepening furrows upon his face. His hands were clenched.

"There is time yet," he said at last, "to withdraw a false play. Take your love back."

She trembled and her lips parted.

"I cannot," she replied, "and I would not."

He stretched out his arms as if to draw her towards him, and she faltered before the passion of his glance.

Then he fell back.

"What a mess you are making of your life," he said.

But his warming eyes had reassured her. "The mess is already made," she responded.

"But it is not," he returned. Then he summoned his flagging force, "and it shall not be."

"How will you prevent it?"

"By an appeal to reason--"

She laughed. "When was love ever ruled by reason?"

"By proofs."

She laughed again: "What proof ever shattered faith?"

"Great God!" he retorted passionately. "Stop! think a moment! Look things in the face. What do you know of me?"

"I know that I love you."

"I tell you I am a devil--"

"And I do not believe you."

"Go back to America and ask the first man you meet."

"Why should I respect his opinion?"

"Because it is the opinion of the respectable public--"

"Then I don't respect the respectable public."

"You ought to."

"I don't agree with you." Again he was silent and again he faced her.

"What is it that you love in me?" he demanded, "it is not my face."

"Certainly not."

"Nor my manners?"

"Hardly."

"Is there anything about me that is especially attractive?"

"I have not observed it."

"Then I'll be hanged if I know what it is!"

"So will I."

He sighed impatiently.

"No woman ever discovered it before," he said, " though I've known all sorts and conditions. But then I never knew a woman like you."

"I am glad of that," she responded.

"I would give two thirds of my future--such as it is--- if I hadn't known you."

"And yet you love me."

He made a step towards her his face quivering. But his words were harsh.

"My love is a rotten reed," he said.

Then he turned from her gazing gloomily out to sea. Across the water the path of moonlight lay unrolled. Small brisk waves were playing around the flying steamer.

Suddenly he faced her.

"Listen!" he said.

She bent her head.

"From the beginning I have lied to you--lied, do you hear? I singled you out for my own selfish ends. All my kindness, as you call it, was because of its usefulness to me! While you looked on in innocence I made you a tool in my hands for the furtherance of my own purposes. Even those confounded prunes were sent to you from any other motive than sympathy for you--"

She shivered, supporting herself against the railing.

"I-I don't understand," she stammered.

"Then listen again: I needed you and I used you. There is not a soul on this boat but believes me to be your husband. I have created the impression because I was a desperate man and it aided me. My name is not even Lawrence Smith--"

"Stop!" she said faintly. For an instant she staggered towards him; then her grasp upon the railing tightened. "Go on," she added.

His face was as gray as the fog which shrouded it. "I left America a hunted man. When I reach the other side I shall find them still upon my tracks. It is for an act which they call by an ugly name; and yet I would do it over again. It was justice."

"I don't think I understand yet," she said.

"I have led a ruined life," he went on hurriedly, "my past record is not a pretty one--and yet there's no act of my life which I regret so little as the one for which they are running me down. It was a deed of honor though it left blood upon my hands--"

"Have pity," she sobbed.

"I reached New York with the assistance of a friend--the only man on earth who knows and believes in me. He secured a stateroom from an L. Smith who was delayed. I took his name as a safeguard, and when I saw yours beside me at table, I concluded he was your husband and I played his part

in the eyes of the passengers. It succeeded well." He laughed bitterly. "Lawrence was a guess," he added.

Then before her stricken eyes his recklessness fell from him.

"My God; if I could undo this," he said. "I would go back gladly to stand my chances of the gallows--"

A sob broke from her. "Hush," she said wildly, "have you no mercy--none?"

"You must believe this," he went on passionately, "that at the last I loved you. You must believe it."

She shook her head almost deliriously.

"You must believe it," he repeated, savagely, "if I could make you believe it I would lie down to let you walk over me. You must believe that I have loved you as I have no other woman in my life--as I could love no other woman but you. You must believe that, evil as I am I am not evil enough to lie to you now. You must believe it." He put out his hands as if to touch her, but she shrank away.

"No! no!" she cried. And she fled from him into the obscurity of the deck.

All that night she sat up on the edge of her berth. Her eyes were strained and she stared blankly at foam breaking against the porthole. Thought hung suspended and she felt herself rocking mentally like a ship in open sea. She saw her future brought to bay before the threatening present and she glanced furtively around in search of some byway of

escape. The walls of the little state-room seemed closing upon her and she felt the upper berth bearing down. She sobbed convulsively. "It was so short," she said.

When she came upon deck the next day the steamer was drawing into Liverpool. She wore a closely fitting jacket and carried a small bag in her hand. Through her lowered veil her eyes showed with scarlet lids as if she had been weeping.

The crowd of passengers, leaning eagerly over the railing, parted slightly and she caught a glimpse of the English landing, peopled by strange English faces. A sob stuck in her throat and she fell hastily into a corner. She dreaded setting foot upon a strange shore.

She heard the excited voices vaguely as she had heard them seven days ago upon sailing. They grated upon her ears with the harsh insistence of unshared gaiety and made her own unhappiness the more poignant.

"Why, there is Jack," rang out the voice of a woman in front of her. "Lend me the glasses. Yes, it is Jack! And he came up from London to meet me."

Then the steamer drifted slowly into land and the voyage was over. She saw the gangways swung across and she saw a dozen men stroll leisurely aboard. Yes; the end had come.

"There is no harm in goodbye," said a voice at her side.

She turned hastily. He was looking down upon her, his eyes filled with the old haunting gloom.

"Goodbye," she answered.

He held out his hand.

"And you will go home like a sensible woman and forget?"

"I will go home."

His face whitened, "and forget?"

"Perhaps."

"It is wise."

She looked up at him, her eyes wet with tears.

"Oh how could you?" she cried brokenly, "how could you?"

He shook his head.

"Don't think of me," he responded, "it is not worth the trouble."

The hand that held her bag shook nervously.

"I wish I had never seen you," she said.

Then a voice startled them.

"So you have gotten your wife safely across, Mr. Smith," it said, "and no worse for the voyage. May I have the pleasure?" It was the ship's surgeon, a large man with a jovial face. "I am afraid it was not the brightest of honeymoons," he added with attempted facetiousness.

She looked up her face paling, a sudden terror in her eyes. A man with a cablegram in his hand passed them, glancing from right to left. He stopped suddenly, wheeled

round and came towards them.

All at once her voice rang clear, she laid her hand upon the arm of the man beside her.

"It is a honeymoon," she said, and she smiled into the surgeon's face, "so bright that even sea sickness couldn't dim it; you know it has lasted eight years--"

The surgeon smiled and the strange man passed on.

Someone took her hand and they descended the gangway together. As she stepped upon the landing he looked down at her his eyes aflame.

"For God's sake," he said, "tell me what it means?"

Her glance did not waver.

"It means," she answered, "that I am on your side--- forever."

His hand closed over the one he held.

"I ought to send you back," he said, "but I cannot."

"You cannot," she repeated resolutely.

Then her voice softened.

"May God bless that detective," she added fervently.

Across the passion in his eyes a gleam of his old reckless humour shot.

"And it was only an official of the customs after all," he said, "but may God bless him."

Historical Collation--Substantives

The following texts are referred to: AMS (autograph manuscript); UVA (McClure's Magazine. February 1899: 345-352. Alderman Library, University of Virginia); W&M (McClure's Magazine. February 1899: 345-352. Swem Library, College of William and Mary); UI (McClure's Magazine. February 1899: 345-352. University of Illinois); CSS (The Collected Short Stories of Ellen Glasgow. Ed. Richard Meeker. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State, 1963 24-38).

18.26 forewarning] AMS; warning W&M Uva UI CSS

19.17 deck. Two men...air's the thing." (18.20)] AMS; deck.

(17.17) (section omitted) (18.21) She descended W&M
Uva UI CSS

21.23 Some hours] AMS; Hours W&M Uva UI CSS

22.1 from whence] AMS;~ whence W&M UMA UI CSS

27.7 "And I'll be damned if I ever] AMS; I never W&M Uva UI
CSS

28.25 sitting] AMS; set W&M Uva UI CSS

28.26 breakers] AMS; waves W&M Uva UI CSS

29.5 Good God] AMS; (omitted) W&M Uva UI CSS

32.12 dolphins] AMS; porpoises W&M Uva UI CSS

32.14 loosened strands] AMS; soft brown W&M Uva UI CSS

32.16 dolphins] AMS; porpoises W&M Uva UI CSS

33.1 dancing dolphins] AMS; water W&M Uva UI CSS

36.21 "and right be damned!"] AMS W&M CSS; may go Uva

41.12 omitted] AMS; She was shivering as from a strong wind
Uva W&M CSS

41.19 "Have pity," she sobbed.] AMS; Her quivering face was
turned from him. W&M Uva CSS

42.23 brought to] AMS; brought at W&M Uva CSS

43.8 a glimpse of the] W&M Uva CSS; a glimpse of^ AMS

43.19 into land] AMS; to the landing W&M Uva CSS

44.23 cablegram] AMS; telegram W&M Uva CSS

45.19 his eyes a gleam] AMS; his eyes shot W&M Uva CSS

45.21 "And it was only an official of the customs after all]
AMS; "It was a Cook's man after a tourist," he said,
"but God bless him." W&M Uva CSS.

Historical Collation--Accidentals

- 17.7 her,] AMS;~^ W&M Uva UI CSS
- 17.7 friends,] AMS; ~^ W&M Uva UI CSS
- 17.9 years] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS
- 17.16 extinguished] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS
- 17.18 existence] AMS;~, W&M Uva UI CSS
- 17.19 commonplace] AMS;~, W&M Uva UI CSS
- 17.19 life] AMS;~W&M Uva UI CSS
- 17.20 passions] AMS;~,W&M Uva UI CSS
- 17.24 side] AMS;~, W&M Uva UI CSS
- 18.5 railing] AMS;~, W&M Uva UI CSS
- 18.7 finger-tips] AMS; fingertips W&M Uva UI CSS
- 18.10 (paragraph) She] AMS; (no paragraph)~ W&M Uva UI CSS
- 18.17 behind] AMS; ~,W&M Uva UI CSS
- 18.19 face] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS
- 18.20 plantation] AMS; ~,W&M Uva UI CSS
- 18.22 (paragraph) Then the] AMS; (no paragraph) W&M Uva UI
CSS
- 18.24 reassurance.} AMS; ~,: W&M Uva UI CSS
- 19.4 alone] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS
- 19.8 no one--] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS
- 19.12 harbour] AMS; harbor W&M Uva UI CSS

19.13 goodbyes] AMS; good-byes W&M Uva UI CSS

19.21 stateroom] AMS; state-room W&M Uva UI CSS

19.22 stewardess] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

19.25 bag,] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

21.3 paragraph) "But] AMS; (no paragraph)~ W&M Uva UI
CSS

21.4 lurch] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

21.8 swayed] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

21.10 plaintively,] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

21.13 (paragraph) "oh] AMS; (no paragraph) ~Univ W&M Uva
UI CSS

21.17 her] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

21.18 Chair] AMS;~, W&M Uva UI CSS

21.21 Herald] AMS; 'Herald' W&M Uva UI CSS

21.22 doze] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

21.23 passed] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

21.24 pearl colored] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

22.5 Herald] AMS; 'Herald', W&M Uva UI CSS

22.7 (paragraph) I am] AMS;(no paragraph) ~ W&M Uva UI
CSS

22.10 gray green] AMS; gray-green W&M Uva UI CSS

22.10 there] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

22.12 returned,] AMS;~; W&M Uva UI CSS

22.13 somehow] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

22.16 answered, AMS; ~ W&M Uva UI CSS

22.19 (no paragraph) "Odd] AMS; ~(paragraph) W&M Uva UI CSS

23.1 answered,] AMS; ~; W&M Uva UI CSS

23.2 spoke:] AMS; ~. W&M Uva UI CSS

23.7 illness] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

23.8 warm] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

23.8 fawn like] AMA; fawn-like AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

23.8 (paragraph) "I think] AMS; (no paragraph)~ W&M Uva
UI CSS

23.16 me.] AMS; ~" W&M Uva UI CSS

23.22 grave] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

23.26 Then] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

24.5 broth,] AMS; ~? W&M Uva UI CSS

24.5 brought] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

24.18 yes;] AMS; --- W&M Uva UI CSS

24.21 rejoined] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

25.4 (paragraph) "I AMS;(no pararagraph)~ W&M Uva UI CSS

25.11 (no paragraph) "I wish merely] AMS; (paragraph) ~
W&M Uva UI CSS

25.13 eyes] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

25.16 (paragraph) "Well] AMS; ~ (no paragraph) W&M Uva UI
CSS

25.20 (paragraph) "How] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M Uva UI
CSS

25.22 (paragraph) "How] AMS;(no paragraph) ~ W&M Uva UI
CSS

25.25 (paragraph) "I shall] AMS; (no paragraph)~W&M Uva UI
CSS

25.25 began; (no paragraph) then AMS; begin. (paragraph)
 Then

24.1 (paragraph) I--I]AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M Uva UI CSS

26.2 chair] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

26.3 shivered] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

26.9 unscathed] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

26.13 (no paragraph) "The fiery] AMS; (paragraph) ~ W&M Uva
 UI CSS

26.17 added,] AMS; ~: W&M Uva UI CSS

26.22 matter.]AMS; ~? W&M Uva UI CSS

26.20 (paragraph) "I will] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M Uva
 UI CSS

25.2 (paragraph) "Because] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M Uva
 UI CSS

25.3 She (no paragraph)] AMS;(paragraph)~ W&M Uva UI CSS

25.4 (paragraph) "Because] AMS;(paragraph) ~ W&M Uva UI
 CSS

25.9 (paragraph) Then] AMS;(no paragraph ~ W&M Uva UI
 CSS

25.9 her] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

25.16 passions] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

25.19 awed her] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

25.19 grimness] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

25.21 power] AMS; ~, W&M Uva UI CSS

25.26 (paragraph) "I am] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M Uva UI
 CSS

28.1 nervously] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

28.4 (paragraph) "somehow] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa
UI CSS

28.5 gently,] AMS; ~; W&M UVa UI CSS

28.8 (paragraph) "Then it] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa
UI CSS

28.9 happy.] AMS; ~? W&M UVa UI CSS

28.14 (paragraph) "Any] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

28.16 went on,] AMS; ~. W&M UVa UI CSS

29.10 (paragraph) "Don't] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

29.12 died.]" AMS; ~? W&M UVa UI CSS

29.13 (paragraph) Over} AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

29.17 (paragraph) Pshaw!] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

29.19 returned,] AMS; ~; W&M UVa UI CSS

29.21 (paragraph) "And] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

29.22 shining] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

29.25 lashes--] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

30.1 said.] AMS; ~; W&M UVa UI CSS

30.2 harm] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

30.6 night] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

30.7 leaned,] AMS; ~^ W&M UVa UI CSS

30.8 outside] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

30.12 speaking] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

31.4 (paragraph) "There] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

31.7 (paragraph) "Of] AMS; (no paragraph) ~W&M UVa UI CSS

31.20 it] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

31.21 asked] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

31.25 (paragraph) "Of] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

32.1 rug] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

32.8 (paragraph) "I hope] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa
UI CSS

32.16 (paragraph) I should] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa
UI CSS

32.20 (paragraph) "I?] AMS;(no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

32.24 (paragraph) "Love?] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa Univ
Il CSS

33.7 Me] AMS; me W&M UVa UI CSS

33.8 hesitated,] AMS; ~. W&M UVa UI CSS

33.9 not--] AMS; ~. W&M UVa UI CSS

33.10 ejaculated--] AMS; ~^ W&M UVa UI CSS

33.16 (no paragraph) His] AMS; (paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

33.23 (paragraph) "And] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

33.24 went.] AMS; ~? W&M UVa UI CSS

34.4 (paragraph) I'll] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

34.4 said,] AMS; ~; W&M UVa UI CSS

34.8 face] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

34.13 up] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

34.16 (paragraph) "You] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

34.25 (paragraph) "There!] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa
UI CSS

35.3 (paragraph) "You] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

35.5 (paragraph) "I] AMS; (paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

35.7 (paragraph) "Then] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

35.10 (paragraph) Her] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

35.10 sharply] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

35.19 Then] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

35.26 (paragraph) "Shall] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

36.16 see] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

36.18 them] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

36.22 her.] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

36.24 softly,] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

36.25 voice.] AMS; ~: W&M UVa UI CSS

36.2 (paragraph) Don't] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

38.5 half moon] AMS; half-moon W&M UVa UI CSS

38.6 pearl colored] AMS; pearl-colored W&M UVa UI CSS

38.11 half moon] AMS; half-moon W&M UVa UI CSS

38.16 (paragraph) "I cannot] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa
UI CSS

38.17 arms] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

38.19 (paragraph) Then] AMS;(no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

38.20 life,] AMS; ~! W&M UVa UI CSS

39.9 America] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

39.16 (paragraph) "What] AMS;(no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

40.1 (paragraph)"No] AMS;(no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

40.5 two thirds] AMS; two-thirds W&M UVa UI CSS

40.8 her] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

40.14 (paragraph) Suddenly] AMS;(no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

40.20 me!] AMS; ~. W&M UVa UI CSS

40.25 (paragraph) I--I] AMS; (no paragraph)~, W&M UVa UI CSS

41.3 man] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

41.9 side] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

41.22 stateroom] AMS; state-room W&M UVa UI CSS

42.7 "You] AMS; AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

42.21 suspended] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

43.7 (paragraph) The crowd] AMS; (no paragraph) W&M UVa UI
CSS

43.10 throat] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

43.12 (paragraph) She] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

43.14 gaiety] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

43.20 across] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

43.23 (paragraph) "There] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

43.23 goodbye] AMS; good-bye W&M UVa UI CSS

44.3 (paragraph) "And] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

44.10 (paragraph) "Oh] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

44.12 (paragraph) "Don't AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

44.16 (paragraph) "I wish] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa
UI CSS

44.19 (no paragraph) It] AMS; (paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

44.22 (paragraph) She] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

44.22 up] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

45.2 (paragraph) "It is] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

45.3 it;] AMS; ~. W&M UVa UI CSS

45.7 to-gether] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

45.8 her] AMS; ~, W&M UVa UI CSS

45.11 (paragraph) "It] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

45.14 (paragraph) "I] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

45.17 (paragraph) May God] AMS; (no paragraph) ~ W&M UVa UI
CSS

45.19 humour] AMS; humor ~ W&M UVa UI CSS

NOTES

1. I contacted all libraries with Ellen Glasgow collections in search of documents concerning "Between Two Shores". None was located. The libraries and research centers I corresponded with were the following: Humanities Research Center, University of Texas; Wollman Library, Barnard College, Columbia University; American Academy of Arts and Letters, New York; Newberry Library, Chicago; University of Nevada, Reno. I also wrote to the editor of The Ellen Glasgow Newsletter asking for information on the story. None was found.

2. Samuel Sidney McClure was the editor of McClure's Magazine from June 1898 to August 1913.

3. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores," Barrett Collection 5060 (7225-A) Alderman Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, f.21..

4. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores," McClure's Magazine (1899): 349.

5. Glasgow's struggles with the mores of her publishers began when she tried to find one for her first novel The Descendant. In The Woman Within she says she was told by a representative of Macmillan and Co. to "Stop writing and go back to the South and have some babies." (Ellen Glasgow. The Woman Within. [New York: Harcourt, 1954] 108.) When the novel was finally published anonymously it was generally assumed to be the work of a male author because of its daring subject matter, concerning an illegitimate man and his artist mistress. Glasgow reports being told by a relative that he was shocked "that a well brought up Southern girl should even know what a bastard is, much less write a book about one." (Ellen Glasgow. A Certain Measure. [New York: Harcourt, 1943] 9.)

6. Jerome McGann, A Critique of Modern Textual Criticism. (Chicago: Chicago UP, 1983) 43-44.

7. Michel Foucault, "What is an Author?" Textual Strategies: Perspectives in Post-Structuralist Criticism, Josue V. Harari ed and trans. (Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1979)

148-168.

8. G. Thomas Tanselle Textual Criticism Since Gregg: A Chronicle 1950-1985 (Charlottesville: Virginia UP, 1987)

9. Katie King, "Bibliography and a Feminist Apparatus of Literary Production," Text 5 (1991): 91.

10. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores," Barrett Collection, f.19.

11. Ellen Glasgow. "Between Two Shores." McClure's Magazine: 350.

12. Stephen Crane. Tales, Sketches, and Reports. ed. Fredson Bowers. Charlottesville: Virginia, 1973. 930.

13. Stephen Crane, 927.

14. Stephen Crane, 923.

16. Ellen Glasgow, The Collected Stories of Ellen Glasgow, ed Richard K. Meeker (Baton Rouge: Louisiana UP, 1963) 254.

16. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores," Barrett Collection, f. 2.

17. Ellen Glasgow, In This Our Life (Preface--rough draft). Barrett Collection 5060, Alderman Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

18. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores." Barrett Collection, f.1.

19. Ellen Glasgow, letter to Paul Revere Reynolds, November 1897, Barrett Collection 6161, Alderman Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

20. Ellen Glasgow, letter to Paul Revere Reynolds, January 29, 1898, Barrett Collection 6161, Alderman Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

21. Ellen Glasgow, letter to Paul Revere Reynolds, 1913, Barrett Collection 6161, Alderman Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

22. The rationale I have followed in choosing the manuscript as my copy-text is upheld in the writing of Gregg, Bowers and Tanselle on the subject. In Tanselle's chapter "Gregg on Copy-text and American Literature," from his Textual Criticism Since Gregg, he discusses the advisability

of choosing an early manuscript when evidence of authorial revision in other stages is missing. "Such would seem to be the safest course in most instances, since the author's responsibility of a later reading--especially in accidentals--is normally less certain than is responsibility for an earlier one. At least it reflects his, rather than someone else's intensions [sic]. The editor's critical judgement--his literary taste exercised in the light of his intimate knowledge of the author and all known relevant external evidence--must finally determine the case." (40).

23. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores." Barrett Collection f. 12.

24. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores." McClure's Magazine 347.

25. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores." Barrett Collection f. 4.

26. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores." Barrett Collection, f. 24.

27. Ellen Glasgow, "Between Two Shores." Barrett Collection, f. 9.

28. Glasgow, The Collected Stories vii.

29. Glasgow, The Collected Stories v.

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