I owe a special debt of thanks to the traveling women whose lives and writing inspired this project and who continued to captivate me with their spirit and often with their wit through the long process from research to dissertation to book. Mentors at Emory University’s Institute for Women’s Studies helped to start me on the right path, and I am deeply grateful for the guidance of Martine Watson Brownley, Mary Odem, Kimberly Wallace Sanders, and Mark Sanders. Especially, I am indebted to Frances Smith Foster for providing me with a model of scholarship and professionalism that I will carry with me. I offer special thanks to the librarians and staff members who have helped me in my own travels to recover these women at Duke University’s Sallie Bingham Center for Women’s History and Culture in the Rare Book, Manuscript, and Special Collections Library; Howard University’s Moorland-Spingarn Research Center; Trinity College’s Watkinson Library; and Harvard University’s Schlesinger Library. I am grateful to my editors at The Ohio State University Press, Heather Miller and Sandy Crooms, copyeditors Maggie Diehl and Ben George, as well as to the anonymous readers who offered excellent advice and feedback.

The insightful critiques offered by friends and colleagues have improved this manuscript at every turn; I thank Chloe Wheatley, Todd Vogel, and Laura Micham especially for their time, energy, and scholarly generosity. Elizabeth Engelhardt has filled the roles of mentor and best friend with style and inspiration. Without almost daily long-distance phone calls I would not have had the energy to keep going.
Without her critical reading and editing, her hands-on tours of archives, and her advice on writing conference papers, book reviews, and articles, I would be a much poorer scholar—thank you so very much for sharing the brain.

“Over the Rainbow” was the song my mother and grandfather sang to me, offering promises of adventure and of a home that would always welcome me after my travels. My mother, Melody Bernhardt, shared books and stories and heroines with me, and I still love Jo March and Edna St. Vincent Millay because they are our secret. My dad, Lee Bernhardt, taught me to take risks and to celebrate my discoveries. Without him, I never would have believed I could make a layup or hit a three wood or send postcards home from a café overlooking the Cinque Terre. My sister, Amy, has taught me that travel and adventure should figure in our lives on a regular basis. She lent her skill, vision, and style to the book’s cover, and I am honored by her generous gift. Amy and I inherited our travel bug from our grandfather, Buck Schaub, who explored as much of the world as he could and taught us to be endlessly curious. From my grandmother Lillian Schaub I learned to make a chocolate cake that tastes like her kitchen, and every time I make it, which is often, I am reminded that home and family sustain me. My grandparents Marie and Otto Bernhardt gave me Southern roots, which sent me first to Wake Forest and then to Atlanta. Beryl Steadman, my mother-in-law and research assistant, shares my passion for literature and has even shared my trips to archives and libraries.

My most special thanks is reserved for my husband, Tim Steadman, who has made our family and my work our shared priority and made it possible for me to write and think and teach. He offers the special gift of his love and support when he backs up my computer, when he lovingly puts our daughter, Emily, to bed on nights when I teach—and in too many other ways to count. Emily has been my inspiration for finishing the book—I hope someday she will be inspired to set off on her own adventures and maybe even to write about them. I am sure that her baby brother, Lucas, will follow close behind, and I can’t wait to see where they go.