

ting. There is seldom any hesitation in utterance or obstruction in the flow.

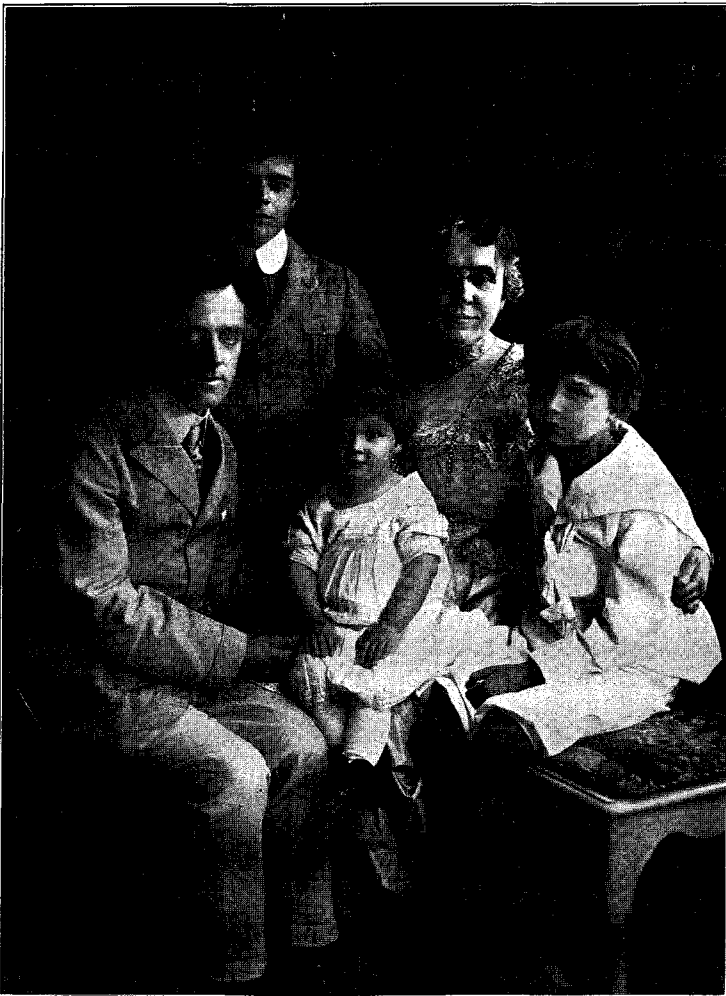
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Mr. and Mrs. John Martin wrote their new book, *Feminism*, at their camp in the Adirondacks, in

**Authors of  
"Feminism"** the very same house where Maxim Gorky wrote his book *Mother-*

*hood*, while he was their guest. This camp was originally established by Mrs. Martin as an imitation of Brook Farm, and for a dozen years the most radical spirits in America were found there dur-

ing the summer months: Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Rose Pastor Stokes, Anson Phelps Stokes, Morris Hillquit, Mrs. Stanton Blatch, Leonard Abbott, Elbert Hubbard and his wife, Mrs. Raymond Brown, now Second Chairman of the New York State Suffrage Committee, Prof. Herron, before his self-exile to Italy, Florence Kelly, Lillian Wald, and Mrs. Frederick Nathan. Discussion of all sociological subjects, and especially of socialism and the woman movement, was almost continuous. In those days Mr. and Mrs. Martin were



MR. AND MRS. JOHN MARTIN AND THEIR FAMILY IN THEIR STATEN ISLAND HOME

counted among the supporters of women's most advanced claims. They came to believe, however, that the movement was losing balance and shading rapidly into anarchism. Mrs. Martin's inquiries into human progress in her book, *Is Mankind Advancing*, convinced her that anarchistic freedom for woman, the goal of *Feminism*, means racial deterioration. At the summer Brook Farm the visitors undertook to do two hours manual work each day, and to live coöperatively. Even the weekly washing was done together, with the men wearing aprons assisting in what usually turned out to be a washing day frolic. Wood chopping, bridge building, and path cutting were a wholesome change for brainy radicals with flabby muscles who learned for the first time what manual work meant. Mr. Martin has served five years on the New York State Board of Education, and he lead the opposition to the so-called "Equal Pay Law," and to the demand that women teachers should not be required to resign when they had children. It was from the porch of the Staten Island home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin that H. G. Wells viewed the scene which he describes in his *American Impressions*. He there slept in a room which Charles Dickens before him had occupied.

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Despite a very distinct literary personality of his own Theodore Watts-

#### Old Familiar Faces

Dunton is probably best remembered on account of his intimacy with Algernon Charles

Swinburne. The two met first in 1872. Swinburne was then thirty-five and Watts-Dunton thirty-six. In 1879 they went to live together at "The Pines," in Putney, and from that date were never parted until Swinburne's death thirty years later. In no literary friendships has the bond been closer. "Watts-Dunton's first act every morning," we are told in the introduction to *Old Familiar Faces* (E. P. Dutton and Company), "was to visit Swinburne in his

own room, where the poet breakfasted alone with the morning newspapers. During the morning the two would take their daily walk together, a practice continued for many years. 'There is no time like the morning for a walk,' Swinburne would say, 'The sparkle, the exhilaration of it. I walk every morning of my life, no matter what the weather, pelting along all the time as fast as I can go.' His perfect health he attributed entirely to this habit. In later years he would take his walks alone."

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The anonymous writer of the introduction quotes Lord Ronald Gower on Swinburne's remarkable powers as a talker. Of a luncheon at "The Pines" in 1879, Gower wrote: "Swinburne's talk after luncheon was wonderful. What, far beyond the wonderful flow of words of the poet, struck me, was his real diffidence and modesty; while fully aware of the divine gifts within him, he is as simple and unaffected as a child." But conversation at "The Pines" was not always of the serious things of life. It very frequently partook of the playful, when the guests would be kept amused with a humour and whimsicality, cauterised now and then with some biting touch of satire which showed that neither Swinburne nor Watts-Dunton had entirely grown up. Reading aloud was also a favoured form of entertainment. Swinburne was a sympathetic reader, possessed of a voice of remarkable quality and power of expression, and he would read for the hour together from Lamb, Dickens, Charles Reade, and Thackeray.

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In *Old Familiar Faces* Theodore Watts-Dunton talks of the Rossettis, Dante Gabriel and Christina Georgina, George Borrow, Tennyson, Dr. Gordon Hake, John Leicester Warren, William Morris, and Francis Hides Groome. Borrow he remembered as one who as a vigorous old man never had an equal. At seventy years of age, after breakfasting at eight o'clock in Hereford Square, he would walk to Put-