

AMONGST the papers and magazines which arrived on Friday by direct mail was *Woman*, and from that bright little journal I extract the following set of resolutions for the new year:—

BY A WIFE:—

Even when I have been proved right, I will not say 'I told you so.' I will not make him selfish and absurd by servily waiting on him.

I will not make the house too hot (or too cold) for his bachelor friends.

While ready to take sympathetic interest in his correspondence and business affairs, I will never show curiosity about them.

BY A HUSBAND:—

I will not go to sleep after dinner, unless she does so first. I will never advise her to do anything like 'Mrs Somebody Else.' I will not dole out money to her as a favour, and moreover oblige her to ask for it first.

I will not insist on putting my fingers into the smaller domestic pies.

BY AN ENGAGED GIRL:—

I will not speak of my fiancé as 'he' 'till 'twas.

I will not tell my friends that I am 'sure they will like him when they know him.'

I will not ostentatiously play with and display the engagement ring.

I will not consider myself privileged to be a nuisance to the whole rest of the world.

These were the prize-winners in a competition for the best set of good resolutions for the three personages mentioned.

THERE have been several attempts in the past at internationalising magazines and magazine literature. A more ambitious effort is (says the *Speaker*) about to take shape in the trilingual *Cosmopolis*, published in London by Fisher Unwin, and simultaneously in New York, Paris and Berlin by publishing houses of the highest order. It is to be circulated extensively on both sides of the Atlantic, and to contain articles in the English, French and German tongues by writers of real eminence. The list of contributors includes Sir Charles Dilke, Mr Andrew Lang, Mr Edmund Gosse; M. M Paul Bourget and Le Myre de Viliers (the latter on Madagascar, of course); Dr. Theodor Barth, a well-known German Liberal journalist and politician; and Professor Mounssen. Mr A. B. Walkley is to chronicle the progress of the drama in England; Mr Jules Lemaitre and Dr. Anton Bettelheim are to perform the same office respectively for Germany and France. Moreover, the politics of the three nations concerned are to be dealt with in a monthly chronicle—a much-needed addition to current literature which has often been begun but for the most part has come to a speedy and untimely end. We wish *Cosmopolis* every success in the good work of promoting international intercourse, and trust that it may some day develop into something more polyglot still.

NAPOLEON is (as Mr Jerome observes) not an intellectual game, but then, as he says, you can always be sure of making up a table of 'Nap,' for everybody plays it, and the ways of playing it are varied and peculiar. One of its latest developments is known as 'Jam' or 'Fork'em Nap,' and is Purchase or Ecarts Nap, with a re-arrangement in respect to stakes. Nothing less than three can be called, but if you go four you are bound to bid for part or the whole of the pool, in addition to the usual stakes. If you fail you pay in the amount of your bid against 'Kitty,' or take it out if you succeed. In calling for a following player can overcall you also with four, but with a higher risk against the pool, and he again can be overcalled in a similar manner by any player who has not declared or passed. A 'Nap' call must go for the full pool limit, and, of course, supersedes anything else. Should all the players 'pass,' the card stakes are doubled on the next round, and remain fixed at that price until a call is successful, when they revert to the original figure.

This privilege of backing your chance for what you think it worth is distinctly good. Those ghastly impositions, the 'Wellington' and 'Blucher' calls, should never be adopted in this, or, indeed, in any other form of the game. It would be fair enough if a player could go 'Wellington' or 'Blucher' right away, but they can only be declared as overcalls, so that the first hand with an absolutely unbeatable five can bid no higher than 'Nap'—the lowest five call—to see perhaps the pool with treble stakes swept away by a much inferior following hand. It may probably be of interest to mention that the 'Wellington' and 'Blucher' calls were originated by card-sharps for the purpose of either overcalling their victim's 'Nap,' or when the cards had been 'readied' against him, to drive him up to call 'Blucher,' and so mulct him in treble stakes all round.

IT is astonishing how uncharitable and how villainously unjust the majority of us are concerning other people's doings. When the late Bishop Luck built the very fine residence in Ponsonby which is identified with his name, there was much carping and sneering on the part of those who were unacquainted with the Bishop, and who imagined that his object in collecting money

for a Bishop's palace was a selfish one, a mere desire to provide himself with a sumptuous and luxurious abode free of cost. Those who personally knew the late Bishop never, of course, suspected any such unworthiness; indeed, the very idea was one to be smiled at, for Bishop Luck was one of the most rigid and severe ascetics who have ever lived in the colony. For his successors he built the fine residence in Ponsonby, spending upon it large sums of his own private means, and leaving it to them absolutely. Another example of the Bishop's generosity and love of the beautiful is the magnificent altar which he presented to the Church of the Assumption, Onehunga. This truly magnificent work of art is composed of the rarest specimens of marbles and other ornamental stones. Its cost before erection in the colony was, I understand, over £600. It is without doubt one of the handsomest altars in New Zealand. Pictures of both the altar and the interior of the church in which it stands are given on page 199.

### 'GRAPHIC' LEAP YEAR COMPETITION.

THE GRAPHIC, as will be seen on page 204, offers a prize of £1 to the woman who sends to this office the best answer to the often asked question, 'How far may a woman go to encourage a man to propose marriage?' There should be plenty of good and some amusing answers to such a question. The competition is not one that needs many rules, but attention is drawn to the following condition:—

Answers should be as brief as possible, and must in no case exceed fifty words. A short and pithy sentence is far more likely to carry off the prize than a long one. Competitors must send their real names and addresses, as well as a *nom de plume*.

Envelopes containing answers must be addressed

'Leap Year Competition,'

'GRAPHIC' Office,

Auckland.

and must reach this office not later than March 31st.

If the winner has any strenuous objection to seeing her name in print, we will endeavour to arrange that only the *nom de plume* shall appear.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE FOR COLONIAL BOOKBUYERS AND BORROWERS.

BOOKS marked thus (\*) have arrived in the colony, and could at the time of writing be purchased in the principal colonial bookshops, and borrowed at the libraries.

For the convenience of country cousins who find difficulty in procuring the latest books and new editions, the 'BOOKMAN' will send to any New Zealand address any book which can be obtained. No notice will, of course, be taken of requests unaccompanied by remittance to cover postage as well as published price of book.

It is requested that only those who find it impossible to procure books through the ordinary channels, should take advantage of this offer.

The labour involved will be heavy and entirely unremunerative, no fees or commission being taken.

Queries and Correspondence on Literary Matters Invited.

All Communications and Commissions must be addressed

THE BOOKMAN, Graphic Office, Auckland.

The *Education of Antonia* is a work which places Miss F. Emily Phillips in the very first rank of the lady novelists of the day, and in some, not unimportant, respects it puts her in advance of even Mrs Humphrey Ward and Miss Sarah Grand. She has probably a more impartial mind than the latter; she is carried away by no enthusiasm of hatred or exaggerated regard; while for those rare qualities in her sex, wit and humour, she not only eclipses Mrs Ward, but there is no woman, with the possible exception of Mrs George Moore, whose light is not diminished before her.

In Antonia Miss Phillips has drawn a wholly delightful character, a girl with whom all the male personages of the book may fall irretrievably in love without raising the reader's bile or summoning any other emotion than that of sympathy. She is a girl, in fact, it would do any man good to fall in love with no matter what was the event. 'Scatter-brained' is Antonia's definition of herself; in other words she has a lightning-like perception that carries her to the extreme end of a subject, while those around her are merely stumbling on the threshold. In addition to this charming central figure the book contains a wealth of splendid character drawing. Colonel Owen, John and Owen Tenterden, their cousin George Tenterden, are all life-like and vigorous creations. George is particularly well done.

Some of Mr Tenterden's little peculiarities did not tend to make him an ideal travelling companion, descending, watch in hand, at every station with such playful irony as—'Don't let me hurry you, guard. We

are only three minutes late as yet, and you may as well make it up to ten.'

Nor did Antonia really admire that disposition which made Mr Tenterden very careful not to give the porter more than twopence for carrying their bags, and, generally, cut necessary largesses very fine indeed, so that all the coachmen and waiters who had any experience of him looked sad when they saw him coming—an exacting master and a careful gen as looked twice at every sixpence and made it threepence if he could. But although like Mrs Gilpin, he had a frugal mind, Mr Tenterden was at the same time a very magnificent bashaw, with what seemed to the girls quite regal views as to the accommodation proper for his party, and a fastidiousness about his cookery. . . . These were merely Antonia's private criticisms, not uttered even to Mary, and their expedition was considered by all three to be a brilliant success. Mr Tenterden returning, as he had started, in bland good humour.

Outside George Eliot it is rare to find such drawing of the male creature by a person of the opposite sex. George, however, is only one of the minor characters, and it is in his cousins John and Owen that Miss Phillips shows her real greatness. Even the famous lady above-mentioned never drew a more manly figure than John Tenterden, and even his democratic brother Owen, with his rare beauty and poetic tendencies—perilous with temptation as such a character must be to a woman—is a man every inch of him.

George Tenterden is a wealthy mill-owner. His cousin John is managing a branch factory for him.

Antonia was sitting in the deep bayed window of the hall while the three men were talking together. She could only gather that George Tenterden was full of pleased satisfaction with John, but pressing upon him at the same time some course he skillfully avoided committing himself to. She did not understand the fragments of conversation that came to her about piece-work, lists of prices, 'speeding-up' the engines, trades unions, but she was interested in Owen's thunder-cloud of expression, and waited every moment for the lightning.

'You can pretty well dictate to your hands here,' said George Tenterden; 'that's the beauty of it. Why, do you suppose we are all going afield out of the town?'

'Working out a bigger system than you have ken of, I should say,' said Owen not very civilly.

The lightning began to play a little, and presently Antonia heard George Tenterden say angrily, turning to John, 'Why, he's mad! He's as mad as a March hare! What d'ye mean by such foolery, Owen?' he cried. 'The hands are a long sight better off than the masers. They have not got to pay their own wages!'

Owen started up, 'No? Then where do their wages come from? Who does pay them?'

John smiled, 'Come, George, we'd better quit,' he said coolly. 'The young 'un will jaw to all time if you give him such a lead as that.'

Antonia is an artist whose pictures are not particularly successful.

Her next sketch was in the old avenue, and there Owen came to carry her easel and box.

'I feel as if I had been set too difficult a copy,' said Antonia.

'I thought it was a translation you were about,' said Owen, 'into French.'

Antonia glanced indignantly at him, but presently putting her square brushes in a row upon the grass made confession.

'It is true,' she said, 'I am not thinking so much of what I see as how to see it in someone else's manner. But one must always begin that way.'

'The utility of the process depends upon who the someone is, does it not?' asked Owen.

'It is Mrs Tomkins,' said Antonia, meekly. 'She has been in Paris, and I hate her, but her work is ever so chic.'

'And you think the everlasting hills might really be made chic?' said Owen. 'How they should rejoice and clap their hands together.'

'Oh, it is so difficult to talk to anyone who does not understand about art!' objected Antonia. . . . You people who don't know all think there's such a divinity doth hedge the artist, but he is only a professor of sleight-of-hand. There is Kingsley talking of Raphael with his spirit of beauty painting over and over again that simple thing, the mother and her child, and always unable to realise his vision of it. I suppose he did it, in fact, because it paid well. Draw the head oval and arch the eyebrows and you say, "How saintly!"'

Antonia sketched in little heads to illustrate her lecture.

'Put the lines in square; that's Michael Angelo; how powerful! Raphael's tricks are out of fashion just now,' said Antonia, 'and other men are in; but is there really more what you call truthfulness in one set of tricks than in another?'

'And that is how the gospel is preached in Chelsea?' asked Owen.

I would willingly linger longer over this clever and charming volume, which I put down with regret, and in the hope of again meeting the author at no distant date.

\* 'Education of Antonia': F. Emily Phillips. Maconnell and Co. 3s 6d cloth; 2s 6d paper.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S BILLY PILLS is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs in either sex. Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in boxes, 4s 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors. Sole Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG Co., Lincoln, England.