

answered 'In the Future. It is not quite two decades since Olive Schreiner penned these visions, and who shall affirm that they are not within measurable distance of realization.

To Budding Authors and Litterateurs in General.

We have received from Mr Fisher Unwin, 1 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C., a copy of "M.A.B." (Mainly About Books) and his spring list of new publications which include works in every department of literature. From time to time we have been keenly interested in the announcements in literary journals issued by various publishers whose bona fides were beyond question of their readiness to accept, if suitable, overseas manuscript, either fictional or otherwise; educational, descriptive, adventurous, romantic and humorous of overseas life and happening, and have before strongly advised such writers as could not find a market in this Dominion, to submit their manuscript to these firms, as, despite rumors of an over-flooded market, there is always an active demand for good and novel stuff.

An Open Letter.

Mr Fisher Unwin, in an open letter in M.A.B., after discussing the profitless controversy that has been distracting the minds of newspaper readers at Home of late, viz. What is the proper length of the world? (Just as though the length of the world mattered more than its human interest or its literary quality.) Mr Unwin, we are glad to see, takes the same view that whether a novel be 60,000 or 300,000 words in length, its success is assured if its interest, novel or literary quality is right. But venomous as nos montons. In making his spirited bid for overseas manuscript, Mr Unwin does not restrict the author or writer to depiction of the country he is then dwelling in. The scenario is immaterial. But Mr Fisher Unwin's standard is high as will be guessed from the fact that out of two fiction competitions which he held in England and in response to which some hundreds of competitors submitted manuscripts, only five were considered worthy of publication. Yet Mr Unwin is encouraging. He says: "Many people who have never written anything must often have asked themselves, 'Could I write a book?' Well, it has been said that everybody has a book in him, and this is especially true of those whose lives have brought them in contact with subjects for memoirs, essays, etc. Experiences of travel, or enterprise, even in many cases the record of a life devoted to one particular pursuit or profession, may be of interest and value; the archives of important old country houses and families are by no means exhausted, and even more humble collections of letters and diaries of past generations, would yield under skilful hands, much interesting information in

regard to old-time life which certainly ought not to be lost. In conclusion Mr Unwin says that if his notes suggest to any reader, any scheme for the writing of a book, he will be pleased to offer his opinion and advice on it. Next week we shall return to the "don't's" of Mr Unwin's letter, and his opinion of the decadence of the modern novel.

The Doctor's Christmas Eve.

Mr James Lane Allen's new book, which is the second of a trilogy that deals with and is said to be an attempt to overthrow marital conventions, has somewhat mystified the "Home" reviewers. This trilogy, says a leading American review, will be, when completed, the most daring analysis of certain aspects of marriage ever published by an American author. "It hints, as did 'The Bride of the Mistletoe,' at thoughts and deeds unmentionable, but it gives us no covert act or expressed opinion that brings them directly before the eye. It shows us again the doctor estranged from his wife, and apart in their own home, and it offers as explanation in the presence of a neighbour, the wife of the doctor's dearest friend, whom he longs wistfully for after all his chances of obtaining her are gone. It brings to life the two children of each family, a boy and girl in both instances, and it makes them the most sophisticated youngsters that have ever spread their wisdom over the pages of a novel. Their language is the speech of James Lane Allen, and their youth lies only in his assertion of it. . . . From chapter to chapter Mr Allen rambles discursively and incoherently through an inexplicable novel. At times it seems to be an incitement to prurency, but that of course cannot be Mr Allen's purpose." These strictures and comments of a still more forcible nature, seems inapplicable to the author of "The Chair Invisible." Though Mr Allen has advanced in the arts of his craft he has lowered, immeasurably, the standard of his ideals.

Books Received.

We have received from Methuen and Co., Eden Phillpott's latest book, "Demeter's Daughter," the scene of which, as usual, is laid on Dartmoor. Another book of interest is from the pen of Margaret Baille Saunders, and is entitled "The Bride's Mirror." Hindler and Stoughton are the books' publishers.

Some New Reprints.

Some new Macmillan reprints are Marion Crawford's "Sant Haria," and "Corleone," H. G. Wells' evergreen "Tono Bungay," and "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen." All these numbers have been immensely popular in the past. "Sant Haria" should be a good seller as it is the last of that famous series that dealt with the fortunes of the Sarcinesca family. Among new Nelson reprints are—Arthur Copping's amusing

book, "Dotty and the Gur'nor," Hilaire Belloc's splendid monograph on "Danton" and Dr. John Ken's "Memoirs, Grave and Gay."

Understanding.

"Dislike, with intelligent people, is evanescent; dislike is merely misunderstanding."

"Very few understand beauty; most of us remain content to enjoy it."—"The Lass With the Delicate Air," by A. R. Going Thomas. Lane. 6/.

The Typist's Reply.

"A girl was once doing some type-writing. The woman she was working for said, 'I rather object to ladies working for me. They always overcharge, and want to talk about their pedigree. Of course, my own family dates back to before the Conquest!'"

"'Before the Normans brought manners into England!' came the answer."—"The Romance of a Woman of Thirty," by Louise Mack. Alston Rivers. 6/.

Mr. Wells on Our Rule in India.

"The English rule in India is surely one of the most extraordinary accidents that has ever happened in history. We are there like a man who has fallen off a ladder on to the neck of an elephant, and doesn't know what to do or how to get down. Until something happens he remains. Our functions in India are absurd. We English do not own that country, do not even rule it. We make nothing happen; at the most we prevent things happening."

The Story of Burnt Njal.

A translation by Sir George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., from the Icelandic of the Njals Saga, with which a prefatory note, by G. V. Lucas, and illustrated, has been issued at 5/ net, by Mr. Fisher Unwin. This edition has been issued in order that Sir George Dasent's masterly translation of the greatest of Icelandic Sagas may become accessible to readers with whom a good story is the first consideration, and its bearing upon a nation's history a secondary one. For Burnt Njal may be approached either as a historical document, or as a pure narrative of elemental natures, of strong passions, and of heroic feats of strength. Some of the best fighting in literature is to be found within its covers. In this volume Sir George Dasent's preface has been shortened, and his introduction has been considerably abridged. In the text itself, however, not a word of Sir George Dasent's simple, forcible, clean prose has been touched.

A Large Order.

"On one occasion Sydney Smith, while joking critically at the unfinished portrait of a celebrated Nonconformist divine, said to the artist: 'Do you not

think you could throw into the face a stronger expression of hostility to the Established Church?'—John Bright: a Monograph by Barry O'Brien. Smith, Elder. 10/8 net.

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin.

Wealth is social in its origin, and should be used for social purposes.—Comte.

Anyone can take opportunities—you've got to make them.—Winifred Boggs.

There is much more competition in being rich than in being honest.—Spurgeon.

Ninety per cent of the visitors to a museum go in because it is raining outside.—H. D. Roberts.

The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the statesman is dead.—W. Donnan.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker arouse no mirth.—Pulitzer.

The danger of a little knowledge of things is disputable; but beware the little knowledge of oneself.—George Meredith.

To be happy is the first step toward being pious.—R. L. Stevenson.

Be good and you will be happy, though you may miss a good deal of fun.—Carrington.

The individual must be free to reach his best; the whole community must profit by his best.—Philip Thomas.

The darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.—Lord Averbury.

When you hear a man remark that accidents will happen, you may be pretty sure he has been doing something he shouldn't.—C. Simpson.

Many a woman makes up everything except her mind.—Shenck.

A true gentleman has no need of self-complacency; he simply feels rightly on all occasions.—Ruskin.

The fellow who boasts that he can take one drink and stop isn't always to be believed, not by a jugful.—Pulitzer.

If one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, it is not the fault of the woman next door.—George B. Deacon.

He who knows the value of truth, money, and success seems frank, generous, and modest to those who do not.—G. Bernard Shaw.

Self-help is a glorious thing and one of our numerous birthrights, but it should stop short of helping oneself to all the gravy in the dish.—William de Morgan.

How to develop the emotion of love in another is the great question of to-day—the art of making love. It needs a great deal of study and a great deal of practice.—"Record Herald."

The ancients did their utmost to prove that they issued from the gods; we do our best to demonstrate that we have descended from monkeys. What exquisite modesty.—"Journal," Paris.



AWKWARDLY EXPRESSED.

Gushing Lady: I hear you've been away for your health, professor.
 Literary Lion: Yes, I've been at Marienbad taking the baths.
 Gushing Lady: Really! that "must" have been a change for you!

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