4. A. Cayley, A memoir on the theory of matrices, Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, 148 (1858) pp. 17-37.
5. F. G. Frobenius, Über vertauschbare Matrizen, Sitz. Preuß. Akad. Wiss. Berlin (1896) pp. 601-614.
6. J. Hefferon, Linear algebra, Orthogonal Publishing L3C (2017).
7. C. D. Cantrell, Modern mathematical methods for physicists and engineers, Cambridge University Press (2000). Appendix I in unpublished chapter at
http://ko.fmf.uni-lj.si/cantrell/CH-C-D-Cantrell.pdf
8. K. Hoffman and R. Kunze, Linear Algebra, Prentice Hall (1971).
10.1017/mag.2020.4 DAMJAN KOBAL

Department of Mathematics, Faculty of Mathematics and Physics, University of Ljubljana, Jadranska 19, 1000 Ljubljana, Slovenia e-mail: damjan.kobal@fmf.uni-lj.si

The answers to the Nemo page from November 2019 on polygons were:

1. George Eliot The Mill on the Floss Chapter 6
2. Charles Dickens Bleak House Chapter 43
3. Henry James The Portrait of a Lady Chapter 15
4. W. M. Thackeray Memoirs of Mr Charles J Yellowplush

Chapter 6
5. R. D. Blackmore George Bowring: A Tale of Cader Idris

Chapter 1
6. G K Chesterton William Blake

Congratulations to Martin Lukarewski, Henry Ricardo and Bryan Thwaites on tracking all of these down, and apologies to the second of these for omitting his name from the list in November. This month our theme is the hyperbola. The quotations are to be identified by reference to author and work. Solutions are invited to the Editor by 23rd June 2020.

1. She is trying to idealise what we vulgarly call deformity, which she strives to look at in the light of one of Nature's eccentric curves, belonging to her system of beauty, as the hyperbola, and parabola belong to the conic sections, though we cannot see them as symmetrical and entire figures like the circle and ellipse.
2. As the last car passed, I was whirled into the air by the rebound of the rafter. "Heavens!" I said, "if my orbit is a hyperbola, I shall never return to earth." Hastily I estimated its ordinates, and calculated the curve. What bliss! It was a parabola! After a flight of a hundred and seventeen cubits, I landed, head down, in a soft mud-hole.

Continued on page 43.

