

keeping on with his work for the storekeeper, which latter paid our store-bill all that summer. But the work was hard and oats were almost unobtainable, and our horses began to fail, and got rapidly worse, till within a fortnight of each other, they died. That was a very heavy loss. We got one new horse, when the mare died, but he was young, and at first I always had to go and help my husband hitch it up, and I was never comfortable while he was away with him. When the second old one died we got a team, making three altogether. One we have now, but the other we returned as soon as possible, as nothing would make her work. The other two went fairly well together, though I never went out with them without being very glad to get safe home. Later on we traded the young one, and then we had to get rid of that, and finally buy another young horse, which is turning out a very nice animal. After our troubles with the horses were over for the time we just went on quietly, I staying at home most of my time, and looking after my chickens—as many of them as the wolves left me. The first year they were very bold; they would come within fifty yards of the house and would walk off with any unfortunate hen that might be in reach. About August we got the first cow, a present to me from my father and mother, and we also got a small pig, so we might be said to be fairly launched on our "Farm Life." In November my little son was born. Though the house was not so cold as the first one, still it was quite cold enough for a young baby; and after Christmas, when really cold weather set in, we often got our bed downstairs and kept the fires—we had two stoves in a room sixteen feet by twelve feet—going all night. One day we had a blizzard, and at night we could not keep warm anyhow. We hung blankets and shawls on lines round the stoves, and I sat with my feet under one stove and my back near the other with a fur

cloak on, and then was not even comfortably warm. The next morning we swept up a dustpan full of snow that had drifted in during the night. It was soon after this, and during the cold spell, that we were invited and went to a party—my first Manitoba party. It was very comic. There was a decided majority of the male sex, though it seems to be a rule in Manitoba that every gentleman takes his own particular lady. The music, however, was the most amusing part of the whole business. One or two young men brought fiddles, and there was a piano in the house. That night I learnt what "chording" means. The fiddle does the principal part of the music (?), which consists of about three notes over and over again, while the fiddler keeps time with his foot; the unfortunate pianist, who has not the least idea what is coming next, has to play chords, which sometimes are, but mostly are not, in tune with the fiddle. The cold that night was intense. My husband and I and the baby were staying in the house, and when we got home the next day we found everything solid, even the clock had stopped on account of the intense cold.

We frequently went out on Sundays that winter, and why we did not all catch fearful colds, I don't know. We used to go back to an icy cold house, and I often left the baby wrapped up in his outdoor things for nearly an hour before I dared undress him. We returned one Sunday to find our dog—a retriever pup—had been very busy retrieving my chickens. There were several lying round the house. We discovered it before breakfast on Monday, and my husband found he had one cartridge left, so before his wrath cooled, he led out the pup and shot it. We had only just got a rifle, and I am afraid I hoped he would miss; but he did not go very far away, and as the dog sat up and begged, he shot it at once.

(To be continued.)

KATE GREENAWAY.



KATE GREENAWAY. (A portrait hitherto unpublished.)

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has lost one of its friends and an occasional contributor of pictures in Kate Greenaway, who died on November 6th, 1901, at her residence, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, a pretty picturesque house designed for her by Norman Shaw. It will doubtless be a surprise to many of her admirers to be told that Kate Greenaway was her real name, not an assumed one, as many supposed. One young person tried to pass herself off to the public as K. G.; the same contemptible fraud was tried in connection with the names of Sir Walter Scott, George Eliot and Mrs. Henry Wood. K. G. began her art work very early in life, and attended art schools before she was in her teens, and was a very conscientious, earnest, patient worker; later she went to South Kensington, where Miss Thompson, Clara Montalba, Helen Paterson, and Miss Backhouse were fellow students. Her first book printed in colours was *Under the Window*, published 1879. She spared no pains in her endeavours to get the figures and groups to her liking, and always designed and made the quaint little garments for her models before drawing them, having first made sketches to get an idea of what she intended to produce. *Under the Window* was such a success that it was followed in 1880 by the *Birthday Book for Children*, with nearly four hundred illustrations. *Mother Goose* came next, then *A Day in a Child's Life*, with music by Myles Birket Foster, "Little Ann" and other poems by Jane and Ann Taylor, *Language of Flowers*, *Mavor's Spelling Book*, *Marygold Garden*, illustrated and written by her, a *Painting Book* and *A. Apple Pie*, a *Book of Games*, and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, one of her best and most important books. It is from this last-mentioned book that our frontispiece is taken, by kind permission of Messrs. F. Warne, the publisher.

Kate Greenaway had a very interesting personality, and was extremely fond of the country and of flowers, and could draw them beautifully, and always liked those best of a more simple form—not orchids nor begonias; she loved daffodils and roses, and few things gave her more pleasure



"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."]

EDMUND EVANS, PRINTER.

[LONDON.

A SPECIMEN PAGE OF MISS KATE GREENAWAY'S WORK.

From the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." (F. Warne & Co.)

than a cospse yellow with primroses. Her favourite time of year was when apple-trees were in blossom; she especially liked them when they were in the garden of a picturesque farm or cottage. One such cottage at Hambledon, Surrey, she particularly admired, where a green door had faded to a peacock blue. She liked only blue and white skies; stormy effects gave her no pleasure. In one of her early letters from Mr. Ruskin, he asks, If she likes blue skies? In the same letter, If she believes in fancies? In ghosts? In principalities or powers? In Heaven? In anywhere else? They corresponded very frequently, and she often enjoyed visits to him at Coniston. They had much in common, and had many subtle resemblances to each other in their likes and dislikes.

"The sincerest form of flattery" (imitation) annoyed her, and did her reputation harm, as her many imitators went beyond, in fact out-Kate-Greenawayed Kate Greenaway, in their caricatures, and many people did not know one from the other. She herself was waiting in a bookseller's shop at Hastings, and a lady came in and asked for Kate Greenaway's books. The shopman spread a handful out before her. The lady asked, "Are those all by Kate Greenaway?" The man assured her they were; Kate Greenaway was near enough to see that not one was her work.

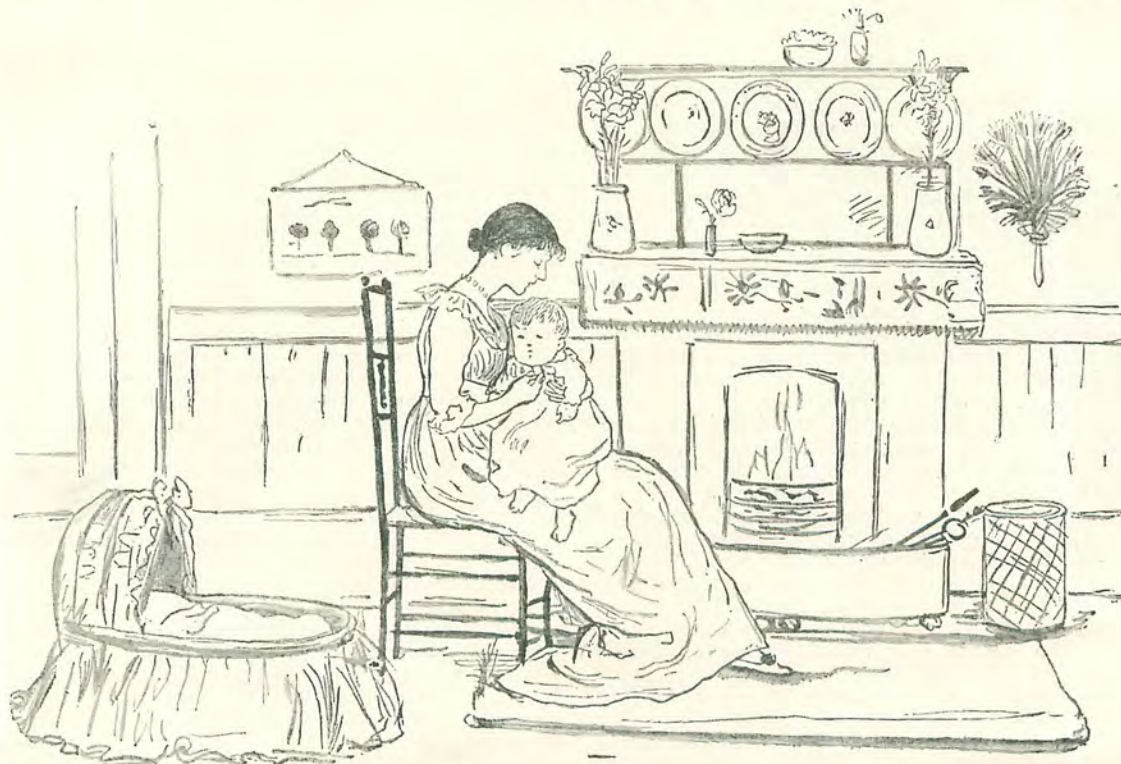


K.G.

A hitherto unpublished sketch by K. G.

She had a very affectionate nature, very tender-hearted—seeing even an insect in pain wounded her. She could not tolerate flies caught in traps, or see a beetle or spider killed. Seeing a mouse in a trap tempted her to set it free; in fact, the "cruelty of nature" in the animal world quite troubled her. Dogs and cats recognised this quality by showing their devotion and imposing on her good nature. She would never even scold them. This was simply kindness—not indicating a weak nature. She was decidedly a strong-minded woman.

In the house at Witley, where she constantly stayed when the children were small, she frequently made little



K.G.

A hitherto unpublished sketch.



Hitherto unpublished.



Not before published.

sketches to please them—a few of which are reproduced here for the first time. When staying there, she enjoyed picnics to Blackdown and the beautiful country round, and in one of her letters from London said she was looking forward to a veal pie on Hindhead, which then was a wild common with very few houses.

She was always a welcome visitor, a true and constant

friend, and her loss will be greatly felt by those who had the privilege of her friendship.

Kate Greenaway's art had even a greater vogue in Paris, where the shops vied with each other in exhibiting it, and the little children toddling along the boulevards with their nurses used generally to be dressed in what were known as "Kate Greenaway" costumes.

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

STUDIES and pieces for the pianoforte, for the Local Examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, in 1902. Local centre examinations, senior grade, List B. The following six pieces can be obtained, in one volume, in Augener's edition, No. 6505e, price 1s.

Studies.—Bennett, Study in B flat, Op. 11, No. 3. Moscheles, Study in D flat, Op. 70, No. 21. Rheinberger, Fugue in G minor, Op. 5, No. 3.

Pieces.—Grieg, first movement of Sonate in E minor, Op. 7. Händel, Gigue in A, from Suite I. Chopin, Mazurka in B flat minor, Op. 24, No. 4.

Of the six pieces chosen for the above examination next year, the first is by an Englishman, the second by a Jew, the third by an Austrian, the fourth by a Norwegian, the fifth by a German, the last by a Pole.

In the year 1837, Sterndale Bennett, then in his 22nd year, made his first appearance as pianist and as composer before the most critical audience in the world, that of the *Gewandhaus* in Leipzig. He was unknown to fame, and prejudice was rampant. Outside the doors, Schumann was accosted by a fellow musician who, looking with scorn at the programme, exclaimed bitterly, "*Ein englischer Componist, kein Componist!*" (An English composer, no composer!)

Some two hours later the colleagues met again, and Schumann, with sly humour asked, "*Ein englischer Componist?*"

"*Und wahrhaftig ein englischer!*" (And truly an angelic one) came the ready answer. Bennett's position was won. This "angelic composer" has given us our first study, and a proof of his angelic quality at once presents itself.

The study by Moscheles (our second piece) is directed

entirely to our muscles. The master explains himself, "This study is designed to promote a delicate, pearly and flowing touch."

Rheinberger, who supplies our third piece, goes deeper. From him we have a Fugue, and the first essential to the right interpretation of a fugue is Mind.

Bennett's study is written in the form of a capriccio, and a capriccio, as Ernst Pauer has told us, "ought to float in the air, as it were, and should appear entirely ethereal; its whole essence is sport, jest, hilarity, and brightness."

A glance at the list of members of the Fidelio Club will show that emotion is the preponderant quality amongst them, and this being so I expect that the "angelic composer" will fare best at their hands. Take then these pleasant words of Herr Pauer's to heart, Fidelians, and when you have overcome the technical difficulties, let your study "float, as it were, in the air." M.M. $\frac{1}{2}$ = 96 will be quick enough; some editions give a more rapid *tempo*, but I do not think such advisable. There is no sense in sacrificing clearness to speed. The composer has given us no indication of the tone power desired by him, but at the third bar a *crescendo* is marked. Now you cannot make a *crescendo* from a *forte*, so I take it he means us to begin *piano*. And this will be quite in character with what follows. Practise each hand separately. The fingers of the left hand must move with perfect regularity, and must not be lifted too high. They should glide over the keys. Now let the melody marked *crescendo* float above them with a lingering grace at the fourth bar. Of course the semiquavers in the treble will be as soft and unobtrusive as those of the bass. Only the melody must sing.

Play the two semiquavers in the bass against the three in the treble at bar 4 and afterwards, in the manner