A Rose at *Harper’s*: Elizabeth Shippen Green’s Working Methods and Sources

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Books Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green

1902  The Old Country House by Richard Le Gallienne
1903  Songs of Bryn Mawr College
1904  The Castle Comedy by Thompson Buchanan
1904  River-Land by Robert W. Chambers
1905  Rebecca Mary by Annie Hamilton Donnell
1908  The Book of the Little Past by Josephine Preston Peabody
1910  The Flowers by Margarita Spalding Gerry
1911  The Mansion by Henry Van Dyke
1912  Aurélie by Arthur Sherburne Hardy
1912  Maker of Rainbows by Richard Le Gallienne
1913  The Coryston Family by Mrs. Humphry Ward
1914  Diane by Arthur Sherburne Hardy
1916  Helen by Arthur Sherburne Hardy
1919  The Cart of Many Colors by Nannine LaVilla Meiklejohn
1922  Much Ado About Nothing by William Shakespeare
1922  Tales from Shakespeare by Charles and Mary Lamb
1924  Order of Revels—May Day, Bryn Mawr College
1924  A Daughter of the Rich by Mary E. Waller
1926  Little Hop-Skipper by Douglas Malloch
1928  A May and November Correspondence by Arthur S. Hardy
1928  Order of the Pagent—May Day Bryn Mawr College
1930  Life in Elizabethian Days by William Stearns Davis
1930  Mother Carey’s Chickens by Kate Douglas Wiggen
1932  Order of the Revels—May Day, Bryn Mawr College
1935  Kipling Collection by Ellis Ames Ballard
1936  May Day, Bryn Mawr College
1947  An Alliterative Alphabet by Huger Elliott
Elizabeth Green, Portrait of the Artist’s Father, Jasper Green, c. 1900. Charcoal on paper, 8 x 7 3/8 inches. Woodmere Art Museum, Gift of Edith Emerson, 1954.
Jasper Green's "Red Run, Ralston" (106), a charming scene of wood and water, compares favorably with two landscapes in a similar vein by the veteran George Hebert, "A Nook in the Alleghenies" (80) and "View near Kittanning, Pa." (201)—no small praise.

51. RED RUN. JASPER GREEN. 106.

Academy of Fine Arts, Phila.
Established in 1881

Lee Phlip, "North American" of April 4-1881

Sketches July 1879.
NAUGHTY LADY JANE

MY Lady Jane's been bad to-day,
She really is a fright,
And all because I've tried my best
To do the thing that's right!

YOU see she has such lovely curls
So shiny and smooth and fair,
But oh! she made me comb them till
I pulled out every hair!

NEVER yet have seen a doll
So bad as Lady Jane
It's very wrong in her, I think,
To give her mother pain!

BUT never mind, my Lady Jane,
I love you, don't I, dear?
Although I have to do the things
That make you look so queer!

Written and Illustrated by Bessie S. Green.
The Strange Adventures of a Little Girl

A Story Without Many Words

ELIZABETH SHIPEN GREEN

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The Sunday Magazine

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AND IN THE WINTER TIME SHE FREQUENTLY CAUGHT COLD FROM EXPOSURE
EVERY HED HAS ITS THORN.

Mrs. Arbuckle: How are things with you?

Mrs. O'Reilly: I'm doing well, thank you. I've been busy with my garden and my children.

Mrs. Arbuckle: That's nice. I heard the weather is going to be beautiful this weekend. Are you planning to go outside?

Mrs. O'Reilly: Yes, I am. I think it's going to be a perfect day for a picnic.

Mrs. Arbuckle: Sounds like fun. Enjoy your day.
THE WHITE SUMMER FROCKS
By Isabel A. Mallon

SUITABLE MOURNING COSTUMES
By Isabel A. Mallon

FOR A PARENT

A SUITABLE costume to be worn by one who has lost a parent is made of black crepe. This is quite plain, though it is very elegant and fashionable. The bodice is a jacket-shaped basque with a fitted back and flaring front; under this in front is a waistcoat of black crepe, closing with hooks and eyes. The high collar and revers of the jacket are faced with crepe, while the stock of the waistcoat is of dull black ribbon. The sleeves are the wrinkled ones that fit the arms, but they have flaring caps of crepe over them. The edge finish at the wrists consists of three pipings of crepe. With this would be worn a small crape bonnet, with a veil reaching just below the waist. A girl of fifteen, wearing mourning for a parent, a brother or a sister, would have a gown of Eudora cloth made with a flaring skirt, a shaped bodice, confined at the waist by a belt of folded crepe, and finished at the neck by a folded collar of the crape. The full sleeves shape into the arms, and have deep cuffs of crepe reaching almost to the elbow. A small hat of felt trimmed with dull black ribbon is proper for a young girl.

THE COMPLIMENTARY MOURNING

Complimentary mourning, assumed for a distant relative or a dear friend, is, in reality, black worn for three months. For this purpose crépons in deep waves are specially liked. Black mohair is also permitted for the black that is to be worn three months. A complimentary mourning costume shows a flaring skirt of crépon with a short basque of the same material. The full sleeves, that shape in to fit the arms, come to a point over each hand, and just above each point is a bow of black satin ribbon. Black satin ribbon in pipings outlines the basque, terminating under loops on each side of the back, loops so arranged that one stands up and one lies down on each side. The collar is a stock of black satin with a flaring bow in the back. A net having an illusion of black at the back and black satin ties is worn with this toilette. Black glad gloves are proper and are chosen in preference to the undressed kid. In complimentary mourning black silk trimmed with jet may be worn in the house.

After a widow has laid aside her veil and wishes to appear at some special affair she may, with propriety, wear a dull black...

Life was made for love and cheer, ca. 1904. Watercolor and charcoal on board. Published in Harper's Magazine, September 1904. Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress. LC-USZ62-56041; LC-USZC4-1542 (4)
I

Perhaps, dear reader—if you will excuse an old-fashioned manner of address, not inappropriate in the connection—perhaps it has not happened to be one of your dreams to live in an old house. Perdita and I, however, almost as soon as we dreamed of keeping a house together at all, had agreed that, if possible, it must be an old house. Of course, to live together was the main thing, though we could afford no higher rent than that of a hollow tree in the forest; but to live together in an old house would be best. It was a dream that had to wait. Waiting is said to be good for dreams. Meanwhile we did not live in a tree in the forest, but in a little red brick box, one of a tract of suburban cottages facing a bit of old woodland which still defied the evidences of succession. Things had prospered with us the year or two in the little red brick box, and the dream of the old house came back. An old house with an old garden—cut trees, a lawn of green velvet, and a sun-dial. Already I knew that Perdita saw herself on that lawn in the spring sunshine, leading a flower by the hand, with the sun-dial and two white peasocks against the well-dipped yews.

"We must have espalier roses," said Perdita.

"Certainly," I said.

"La France, Anna Olivier, Grands de Bijou, Étoile de Lyon, and, of course, Maréchal Niel," said Perdita, dreamily.

"It will be like growing beautiful words," said I—"publishing little books of rose leaves."

"And we must have old brick walls, with peaches and nectarines ripening in the sun."

"And near trees," I said, "in a trim attitude of crucifixation."

"We shall have to look after the wasps and earwigs," said Perdita; "they are terrible with the peaches."

"We must have nets," I said, vaguely.

"To keep off the birds, you mean—yes. We must have nets for the strawberries."

Right: Reference photograph taken by Green for *Rebecca Mary*. Collection of Jane and Ben Eisenstat.

Right: Girl kneeling, n.d. Gelatin silver print. Collection of Ben and Jane Eisenstat
Come play with us at Little Garth and we will tell all the pleasures we have seen of Cresheim Valley's woods and streams or where the Wissahickon gleams.

Greetings from Elizabeth & Huger Elliott
Little Garth
Cresheim Road Above Allen Lane
Philadelphia
Christmas 1922

We know the joke is old but the place is full of Antiques including Elizabeth and Huger Elliott who send their 1946 Christmas Greetings from Little Garth - Cresheim Road & Emlen St. Philadelphia, Pa.
An alliterative Alphabet aimed at adult Abecedarians
WHEN Jacques mourned to Juno
What fools these mortals be
She Jeered "You mean Immortals
Indeed—you’re telling ME?"
And Jerked her thumb at Jupiter
Beneath a Judas-tree
Jocosely drinking Juleps
Jane Eyre upon his knee.
La Marquise de Rambouillet
Found herself in danger
A Raucous, Rabid brute appeared
A Rude, Repellent stranger:
"Ah, ha" she said "L'ESPRIT will
win the day."

So
She spoke of Rollo, Ruskin,
de Reszke in his buskin,
She Rhapsodized of Racing,
Of Ruth, of Reindeer chasing,
Receiverships, and Raleigh,
Of River-crabs so crawly,
Of Runes, Reforestation,
Of Raeburn's penetration,
Rinaldo's jubilation,
Of Jekyll's Re-creation,
Of Rubens......
but the beast had slunk away.
In Tasteful, riparian
Trim Topiarian
Setting our dear Lady Teazle we see
The BEAU MONDE, delighted
Had all been invited
A gallant and gay entertainer was she.
Theotocopuli
She Treated most coolly
But Tiglath-Pileser had Tarts
with HIS Tea.
Left: Drawing, As She Saw Marcia Her Face Lit Up, Illustration for “The Coryston Family: A Novel,” 1913; Designed by Elizabeth Shippen Green (American, 1871-1954); Charcoal and grey oil paint, varnished on paper, mounted on illustration board; 75.1 x 50 cm (29 9/16 x 19 11/16 in.); Gift of John C. B. Moore, 1960-132-2.

Right: Drawing, He Sat Still, Studying His Mother’s Strong, Lined Face, Illustration for “The Coryston Family: A Novel,” 1913; Designed by Elizabeth Shippen Green (American, 1871-1954); Charcoal and grey oil paint, varnished on paper, mounted on illustration board; 74.5 x 50 cm (29 5/16 x 19 11/16 in.); Gift of John C. B. Moore, 1960-132-1.
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