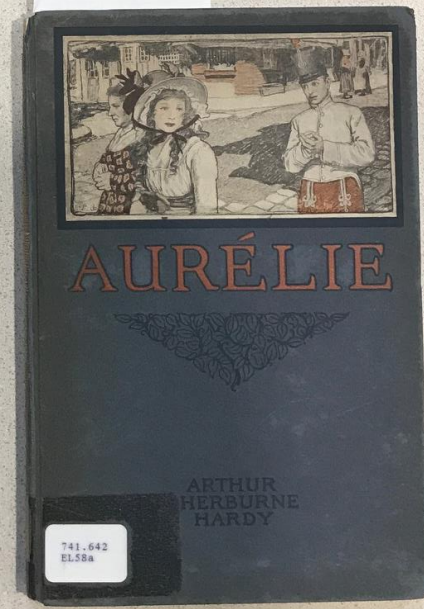
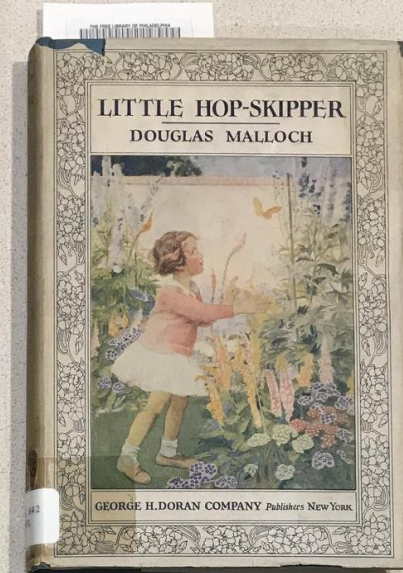
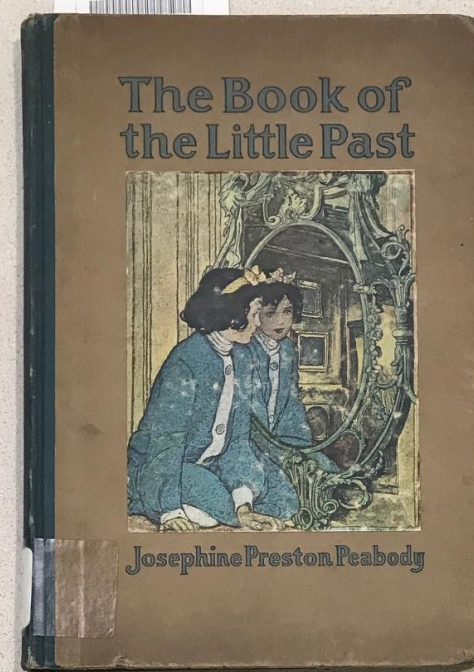




A Rose at *Harper's*: Elizabeth Shippen Green's Working Methods and Sources

Laura Fravel

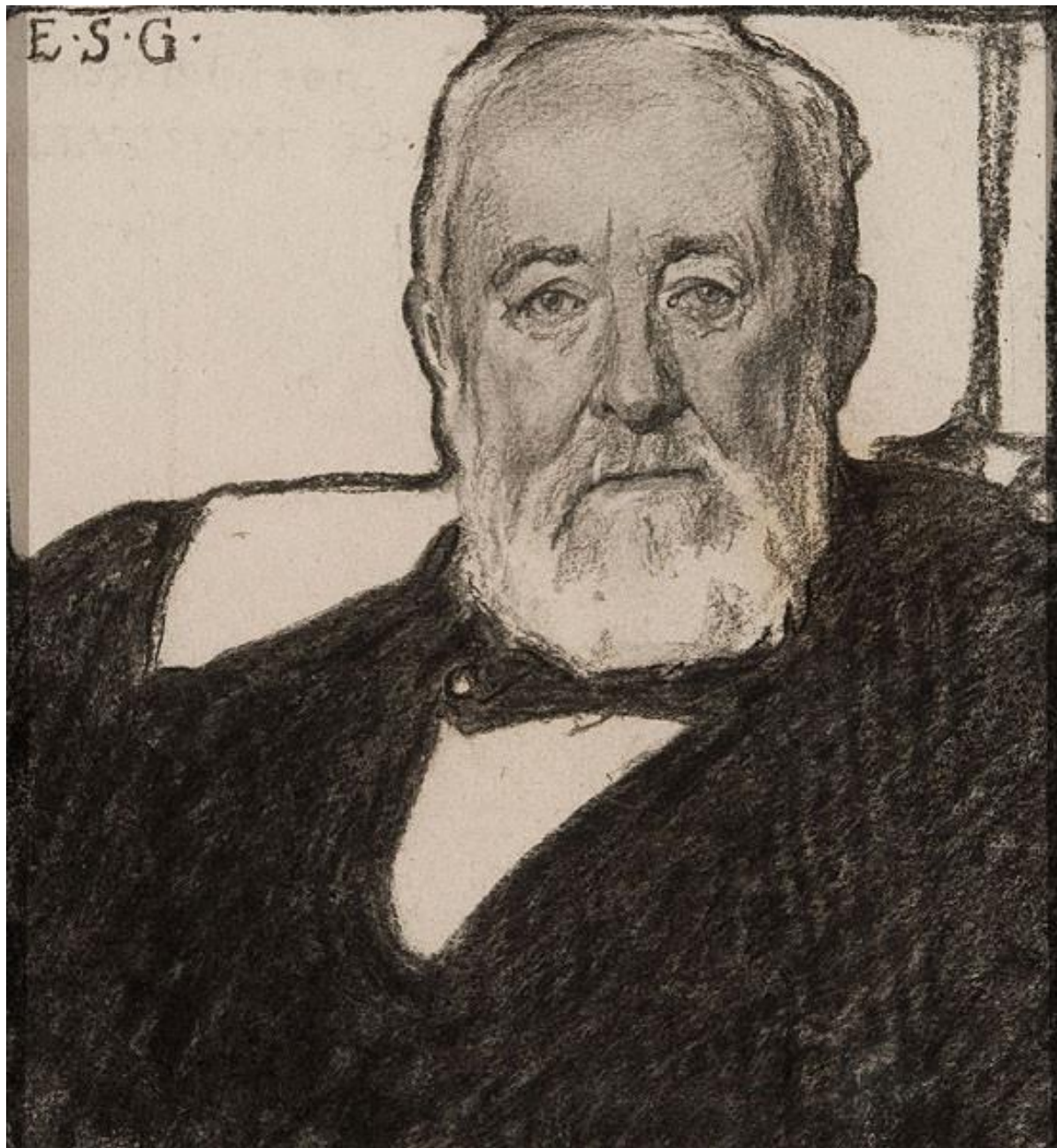
Curatorial Research Assistant (American Art)
Drawings, Prints & Graphic Design Department^[L]_{SEP}]
Cooper Hewitt, Smithsonian Design Museum



Books Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1902 <i>The Old Country House</i> by Richard Le Gallienne | 1922 <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> by William Shakespeare |
| 1903 <i>Songs of Bryn Mawr College</i> | 1922 <i>Tales from Shakespeare</i> by Charles and Mary Lamb |
| 1904 <i>The Castle Comedy</i> by Thompson Buchanan | 1924 <i>Order of Revels—May Day, Bryn Mawr College</i> |
| 1904 <i>River-Land</i> by Robert W. Chambers | 1924 <i>A Daughter of the Rich</i> by Mary E. Waller |
| 1905 <i>Rebecca Mary</i> by Annie Hamilton Donnell | 1926 <i>Little Hop-Skipper</i> by Douglas Malloch |
| 1908 <i>The Book of the Little Past</i> by Josephine Preston Peabody | 1928 <i>A May and November Correspondence</i> by Arthur S. Hardy |
| 1910 <i>The Flowers</i> by Margarita Spalding Gerry | 1928 <i>Order of the Pagent—May Day Bryn Mawr College</i> |
| 1911 <i>The Mansion</i> by Henry Van Dyke | 1930 <i>Life in Elizabethian Days</i> by William Stearns Davis |
| 1912 <i>Aurélie</i> by Arthur Sherburne Hardy | 1930 <i>Mother Carey's Chickens</i> by Kate Douglas Wiggen |
| 1912 <i>Maker of Rainbows</i> by Richard Le Gallienne | 1932 <i>Order of the Revels—May Day, Bryn Mawr College</i> |
| 1913 <i>The Coryston Family</i> by Mrs. Humphry Ward | 1935 <i>Kipling Collection</i> by Ellis Ames Ballard |
| 1914 <i>Diane</i> by Arthur Sherburne Hardy | 1936 <i>May Day, Bryn Mawr College</i> |
| 1916 <i>Helen</i> by Arthur Sherburne Hardy | 1947 <i>An Alliterative Alphabet</i> by Huger Elliott |
| 1919 <i>The Cart of Many Colors</i> by Nannine LaVilla Meiklejohn | |





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.

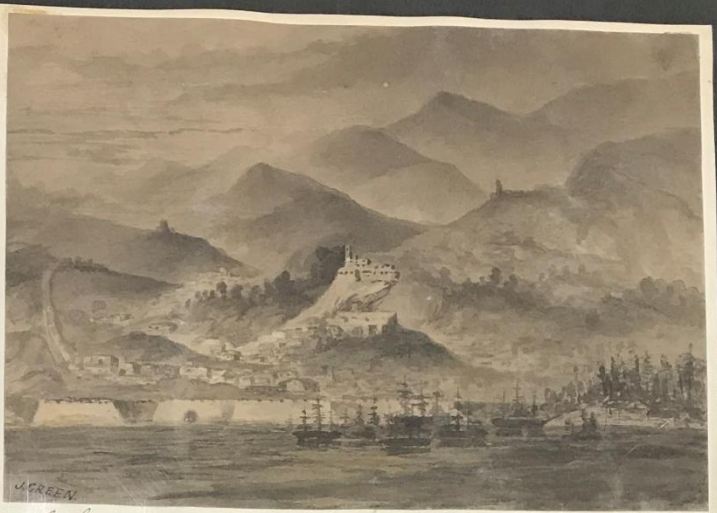
Jasper Green's "Red Run, Ralston" (106), a charming scene of wood and water, compares favorably with two landscapes in a similar vein by the veteran George Hetzel, "A Nook in the Alleghenies" (85) and "View near Kittanning, Pa." (201)—no small praise.



51. RED RUN. JASPER GREEN. 106.

Academy of Fine Arts. Phil.
Exhibited in 1881

See Phil. "North American"
of April 4-1881



La Guyra View
Sketched January 19th 1854



Dutchman's Run & Mountain Road to Mr. Lutz's Colliery.
Near Ralston Pa.
Sketched July 1879.



Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott, 189- / Clayton Stone Harris Studio, photographer. Charles Scribner's Sons Art Reference Dept. records, 1839-1962. Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.



Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott, 189- / Clayton Stone Harris Studio, photographer. Charles Scribner's Sons Art Reference Dept. records, 1839-1962. Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.



Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott, 189- / Clayton Stone Harris Studio, photographer. Charles Scribner's Sons Art Reference Dept. records, 1839-1962. Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.

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!

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 long and smooth and fair;
But oh! she made me comb them till
I'd pulled out every hair!



HER eyes will open or will shut,
So she can sleep or wake—
She made me stick them with a pin
Until they had to break!



By pressing on a little knob,
She would quite loudly cry—
Until she made me break it off
To find the reason why!



I 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.



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 AND HER STIFFLY STARCHED COLLAR



THIS LITTLE GIRL WAS FOND OF WEARING A STIFFLY STARCHED COLLAR WHICH FASTENED WITH A COLLAR BUTTON



UNTIL ONE DAY SHE FOUND SHE COULD NOT GET IT UNBUTTONED - THE COLLAR WAS SO STIFF



SHE PULLED AND PUSHED BUT WAS FINALLY FORCED TO WEAR IT WHEREVER SHE WENT



IT DID NOT ALWAYS SUIT THE REST OF HER COSTUME BUT SHE WAS AN OPTIMIST AND MADE THE BEST OF IT



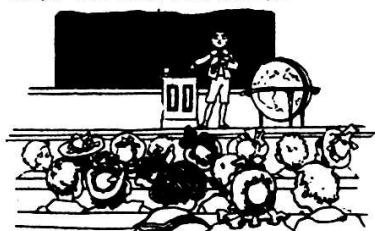
IT INTERFERED FRIGHTFULLY WITH HER EDUCATION AS SHE HAD TO BE SENT TO THE WASH WITH HER COLLAR



AND IN THE WINTER TIME SHE FREQUENTLY CAUGHT COLD FROM EXPOSURE



BUT ONE DAY A BOY WITH A GREAT MIND SAID, "WHY DON'T YOU CUT THE BUTTON-HOLE OPEN?" AND EVER SINCE SHE HAS WORN A RIBBON BOW



AND THE BOY HAS BECOME A GREAT SCIENTIST AND EVERYONE SAYS "ISN'T IT WON-DER-FUL! ISN'T IT MAR-VEL-LOUS!"

VOL. I

No. 21.

The Sunday Magazine

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ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK (N. Y.) POST OFFICE, MARCH 13, 1898.



AND IN THE WINTER TIME SHE FREQUENTLY
CAUGHT COLD FROM EXPOSURE

THE JESTER

Copyright 1890, by The Jester Publishing Co.

VOL. III. No. 59.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 16, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



EVERY BUD HAS ITS THORN.

HE: *Utter's blasé and bent on being witheringly sarcastic.* I ASSURE YOU, MISS JACQUEMINOT, I GET THOROUGHLY RATTLED WHEN I TALK TO A DEBUTANTE, JUST LOSE MY HEAD COMPLETELY Y'KNOW.

SHE: *Indeed? What a pity.* WELL, CHRISTMAS IS NOT FAR OFF, AND PERHAPS SANTA CLAUS WILL TAKE PITY ON YOU AND BRING YOU SOME PRESENTS OF MIND.

MARCH

EASTER NUMBER

1894

SUNBEAMS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS





HAT OF ROUGH STRAW
Trimmed with Mercury Wings.



HAT OF ROUGH STRAW
Trimmed with Mercury Wings.



MADE HAT
With Fan Crinkled Brim, Up-standing Flowers,
and Rose Set on the Forehead.



STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
PHILADELPHIA.



THE WHITE SUMMER FROCKS

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

THE prettiest of all summer frocks is the white one. It adapts itself to all ages, and by a little care to material, decoration and design may be elaborate enough for an evening gown or simple enough for street wear. Muslin, plain and embroidered, nifty, piqué, vicuña lawn and all are the present favorites. The muslins show crescents, stars, dots and wavy outlines in green on the white ground. If a dash of color be added it may appear in the ribbon on the silk lining. The skirts oftenest the ple but wide angel-shapes, those who are inclined to be conservative have almost invariably the full arranged in tiers of small ones on each side and front width on each hip.



A DOTTED MUSLIN. ANOTHER white gown suggests a dotted muslin, and has three rather full ruffles of the edged with narrow lace. T laid in tucks that are stitched the neck to the bust; then t again gathered in at the waist. The collar is a stem-green with a flaring bow that the loops seem to stand side, although they come in. The very full sleeves are tucked and then drawn into narrow, each brightened by a bow of t ribbon. Of course, such a gown is intended for house or. When money is not a question, two or three underskirts of silk to be put on under the gown. Although they cannot cotton goods, still among those of mohair considered special

SYMPHONY IN BLUE. IT is made of a over a silk skirt. The usual flaring tained, and on the starting from the skirt on each side, pale blue taffeta are drawn up a above the knees how carefully attention so that they of being appliqued is made of the draped softly by pale blue silk. at the back as w front, is a strap bon, which is dr shoulder and tie broad loops and ward and h they rest on sleeves. T blue ribbon, tied like skirt and sh sleeves are l the arms at with fans o and knots o The sash is ribbon, loop

SUITABLE MOURNING COSTUMES

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

HE wearing of black is so common among women nowadays that those women who are in mourning are using more crape on their gowns than ever before. It is curious that, while fashions may

FOR A PARENT A SUITABLE costume to be worn by one who has lost a parent is made of Henrietta cloth. The skirt is quite plain, though it flares in the usual fashionable manner. The bodice is a jacket-shaped basque with a fitted back and flaring fronts; under this in front is a waistcoat of black crape, closing with hooks and eyes. The shawl collar and revers of the jacket are faced with crape, 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 crape over them. The edge finish at the wrists consists of three pipings of crape. With this would be worn a small



A SUITABLE HOUSE GOWN

crape bonnet, with a crape 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 draped bodice, confined at the waist by a belt of folded crape, and finished at the neck by a folded collar of the crape. The full sleeves shape in to the arms, and have deep cuffs of crape reaching almost to the elbow. A small hat of felt trimmed with dull black ribbon is proper for a young girl.

MOURNING COSTUMES

WHEN the first year of mourning

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 crêpons 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 crêpon 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 ribbon with a flaring bow in the back. A jacket having an aigrette of black at the back and black satin ties is worn with this toilette. Black glacé 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



FOR THE SLENDER WOMAN

FOR the slender woman who wishes to wear the loose jacket I would advise the one with the box-plate in the back starting from the neck, as this disguises the entire figure.

Straps of velvet or galloon trim these loose jackets very smartly.

A typical jacket showing the strap decoration is made of stem-green cloth, and is rather short, coming barely below the waist-line. The back is in a double box-plate fastened on to a fitted yoke, while the front is plain and perfectly loose. Starting from each shoulder seam, and coming over the front and down it, is a strap of stem-green velvet. Just below the shoulder the cloth is cut, the strap passes under the narrow strap of the cloth formed by the cutting, comes out and is finished at the end in a sharp point just above the edge of coat. The sleeves are rather full, laid in groups of box-plates and shape in to the arm.

Another coat made after this design is of heliotrope cloth, and has straps—for this has two on each side—of gold galloon. The coat first described closed invisibly with hooks and eyes. The heliotrope coat was buttoned down in front with small gold buttons that harmonized with the galloon.

SOME BLACK COATS

A QUIET but elegant black coat is made of what is known as dress serge, which is rather lighter in weight and less heavy in effect than the serge usually chosen for coats. This has a yoke both back and front of black satin overlaid with dense embroidery, caught here and there with tiny flies wrought out in jet, and that are strongly suggestive of innocent spiders caught in an elaborate web. The collar is of folded satin, is quite high, and here and there upon it are medallions of the lace that proper is of the serge, fastened on to the yoke in four box-plates at both back and front. No hem is visible, and the heliotrope silk. The sleeves are full, but shape in to the arms, and each has as a finish five folds of satin and crape.

THE EARLY AUTUMN COATS

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN



THE cloths best liked for the autumn coats are the smooth-stemmed and hunter's green, dull olive, Mazarin.

ANOTHER jacket is of blue cloth and fitted shape in to the back and front, fastening in front with hooks and eyes that are, of course, of the same material.



Violet Oakley, Jessie Willcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Henrietta Cozens, ca. 1901 / unidentified photographer. Violet Oakley papers, 1841-1981. Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.



Elizabeth Shippen Green, Violet Oakley, Jessie Willcox Smith and Henrietta Cozens in their Chestnut Street studio, ca. 1901 / unidentified photographer. Violet Oakley papers, 1841-1981. Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.



After Violet Oakley, *Plastic Club Special Exhibition of the Work of Jessie Willcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Violet Oakley*, 1902. Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Plastic Club Records.



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)





An Old Country House

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

PERHAPS, dear reader—if you will excuse an old-fashioned a 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 neat row of suburban cottages facing a bit of old woodland which will defied the steadily encroaching town. 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 pansies against the well-clipped yews.

"We must have equalizer roses," said Perdita.

"Certainly," I said.

"*La France, Anna Olivier, Gluon de Dijon, Etouffe de Lyon, and, of course, Marichal Nod,*" 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 nocturnes ripening in the sun."

"And pear-trees," I said, "in a trim attitude of crucifixion."

"We shall have to look after the wasps and curwigs," 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."



"Will it be necessary to protect the asparagus?" I asked.

And then we both laughed, for our dream had not yet advanced even as far as a single curwig. We had not even consulted a house-agent.

"Take your breath," said Perdita, "set up a stick, and ride in the direction it falls with."

"But I refuse to the asparagus."

"But, whatever you do, don't forget the sun-dial," cried Perdita, as I sped away in the green direction of Surrey.

Now, though of course Perdita and I knew nothing about it, it had happened that, about a month before, in the very house Perdita was dreaming of, an old bachelor gentleman had died. He was a great Shakespeare scholar, afterwards learned from one of the church-worshippers, and somehow we got to think of him as a sort of Edward Fitz Gerald. A bookish, easily old man, fond of staring and talking to children, we decided then to have him. He had lived in the old house for nearly thirty years,

had sat with his pipe looking out upon this village green before either of us had been born. We have always felt a sort of gratitude to him for keeping the house for us so long. If he had died even a few months earlier—as an old friend might have been forgiven for doing, for he was up on eighty—we could not read in the churchyard—we should certainly have missed it. And now that we really live in it, and Perdita has her narrative and white pansies, and we set our clocks by a sundial, we sometimes catch our breath as we think how terribly near we came to losing it. Only yesterday Perdita gave a little shudder, and bawled as I called the wren.

"You never will guess," she replied, "but I just thought of that fat man who walked in front of us from the station the first day we came to look over the house, and who we were sure was walking straight to take it before we did. Do you remember?"

Indeed I did, for I never felt as done of anything. He was the only passenger except ourselves by the train, and he



waited eagerly, just as people do when they are going to look over a house they dread some one else is going to take. He looked gorgeous too—a man who would keep horses, we said—a man who would build a house, give the landlord twice the rent he asked just to get the place. . . . (rich men always do this). Therefore you can imagine our relief when he turned off sharp to the left half a mile from our village. As far as we were concerned, there was no other enemy in sight, though we almost doubted to set eyes on the dream-house, but the "To Let" notice should be missing from the windows, and a long city of painters and paper-hangers in the old rooms.

But not. We were safe as yet, though we had many reasons to go through before the old house really became ours. Of course, the people of the world, we offered the landlord less than he asked, and were very next day when the agent told us how two colonels and one general were already after it, then who were willing to spend quite large sums on the place. Indeed, I signed the agreement with a



burnt, and the two colonels and the general shivered hunches in our shoulders. We felt quite sorry for their disappointment.

II

We are sometimes asked if we don't fear ghosts. Perdita once made a charming answer.

"Of course," she said, "if it were some terrible ghost with its head under its arm, I should be frightened; but if one day I were to meet some wretched poor shaver on the staircase, some wandering unhappy soul, I should only be sorry for it, sorry to have stumbled on its miserie."

And I am sure Perdita spoke the truth.

As a matter of fact, an old house would hardly be worth taking without its ghosts. Not, of course, dreadful visible ghosts such as Perdita spoke of, but those unquiet, or rather suggestions of memories, those hints of long-abandoned habits, those marks of ancestral character no longer looked, which a young

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born minute in the maximum. You may only miss it by ten.

The fault—if fault it can be called—is, of course, with the sun, not with the dial. As every encyclopedia knows, the sun, compared with the stars, is something of an idler. He takes an average of some four minutes a day longer than the stars in his daily round. The stars may be relied on to a second. But while, in a sense, the sun is usually punctual, his is that subtle punctuality which has the appearance of superfluity. So to say, he is always punctually late. This is one of those conditions of being a dial—instead of a sun—which it is useless for the most beautiful bright-faced dial to complain. And, after all, an average unpunctuality of four minutes a day is nothing to make a fine about, there is something endearingly human about it.

Not Greenwich time, but garden time. The time which he sends to time as superior to that made by city clock as milk from the cow is superior to milk from the can. Each minute of it is superior to a town minute as a new-laid egg is superior to a forty-day egg. It is so to speak, real unadulterated time, time running pure as the running brook, and possibly purer, time which knows of wild flowers, like the honey in the month, time when hours and quarters are shared by birds, and whose minutes are ticked by grasshoppers.

No many hours must I read my book?
No many hours must I take my pipe?
No many hours must I contemplate?
No many hours must I spend my day?

No to the good time of the dial will sport; or say that?

No many hours must I read my book?
No many hours must I smoke my pipe?
No many hours must I walk abroad?
No many hours with my children play?
No many hours with my mother talk?

It is the natural clock by which to do the beautiful work of life; the clock, as Lamb beautifully said, "appropriate

AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

47

for every plant and flower to spring by, for the birds to ascertain their silver workings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by." As that music which took Hall's fancy on a sundial near Venice declares—*Here we measure our seconds—it only counts the sunny hours.* And these it counts with a gracefulness that makes our toilers the inevitable record. It is not, like the clock, a Casanova crying aloud of the self-same end, interrupting our happy hours with grim reminders that they are surely passing. It is only too glad that we should forget, and sometimes, with the confidence of a friendly clock, it affects that time is not passing at all, or at least it carefully refuses to tell us that we have already entered our appointed hour in the sun. This friendly characteristic of sun-dials is sometimes frustrated by mortal people who will insist on the accurate, neat, and inevitable kindly dial with hapless reminders of our mortal state. Sun-dials should have cheerful mates. Here is one I made for Perdita's.

Sailor and sun—no two our lives are made.
Yet think how great the clock, how small the shade!

The optimists here in, I fear, somewhat too association. Yet better be optimistically cheerful than uncontentious after the manner of a duck-head. Here is a homely simile of such wise-providence:

Be honest, say that? Well, then, let it
Should be a glutton at the feast of life,
And eat and eat, and eat till the glass
Will fall. Content has down his back and
Lies.

Were one careful to celebrate sun-dials after the manner of Lamb, would one might greatly produce many opinions and authorities in their favor; and I confess that I never look at our sundial without thinking of the good King Hamlet, whose life was prolonged by the dial, but more particularly by the sun, and "O Lord, by these things in the life of my spirit." He cried the King of Denmark in deadly fear that his hour had come, and that he should "behold some more



pathetic imagination, piously materializes.

The nearest we have as yet come to a ghost apprehensible by the senses, was a ghost that appeared, so to say, to our noses—the ghost of an old man's tobacco. It met us almost as soon as we entered the house on our first visit. It was unmistakably present in the room to the left of the hall, which has now been transformed into Perdita's boudoir. It disappeared with the daintily new paint and the Perdita wallpaper, and though I have since sat alone in the room for hours at a time, I have observed no trace of it. A jar of Japanese put-pourri seems to have overpowered it forever.

For this I confess I am sorry. For what more pathetic ghost than an old man's tobacco! I wish now that I had chosen the room for my study, for then it need not have been hushed, but might have mingled, indeed, with congenial company. Perdita's cigarette smoke is hardly so potent as her presence, and there can be little doubt but that that old ghost would strongly disapprove of Perdita's smoking at all.

Yes! I think we might have done so much for our old professor—allowed lodging, so long as it cared to stay, literally for his kindly old hearth in one of our rooms. We have more rooms than enough



Elizabeth Shippen Green (Mrs. Huger Elliott), *The Planet* (Illustration for Richard Le Gallienne's "Perdita's Simple Cupboard"), 1902. Charcoal and watercolor with varnish on illustration board, 24 5/16 x 15 1/2 inches. Philadelphia Museum of Art, Gift of the artist, 1951-86-1.



Top: Elizabeth Shippen Green in her studio at the Red Rose Inn, c. 1903. Archives of American Art.
Bottom: "Miss Green at Work: Miss Oakley in Background," Photo by D.F. Jamison, Cincinnati, O., published in "The Red Rose" by Mary Tracy Earle, *The Lamp*, Vol. XXVI No. 4, May 1903. **Right:** Elizabeth Shippen Green sketches in her studio at Cogslea. Collection of Jane and Ben Eisenstat.



Elizabeth Shippen Green, *The Library*, 1905. Watercolor, oil, and charcoal on illustration board, 27 3/8 x 16 3/8 in. (69.5 x 41.6 cm). Delaware Art Museum, Samuel and Mary R. Bancroft Memorial, 1935, 1935-45. Illustration for "The Mistress of the House," Harper's Monthly Magazine, August 1905.





"THEY WERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS"



Left: Elizabeth Shippen Green, "They Were in Each Other's Arms," illustration for *Rebecca Mary* by Annie Hamilton Donnell (New York: Grosset & Dunlap Publishers, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers, 1903).

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



Left: *Won't you eat just one more kernal (sic), Thomas Jefferson?* ca. 1905. Charcoal on board. Published in *Harper's Magazine*, June 1905. Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress. LC-USZ62-54785 ; LC-USZC4-9398 (9) Gift of Mrs. T.P. Huger.

Right: *Girl kneeling*, n.d. Gelatin silver print. Collection of Ben and Jane Eisenstat





Elizabeth Shippen Green, *She was lying back, watching him, in the great chair*, 1906. Watercolor on illustration board, 23 ¼ x 14 1/8 in. (59.1 x 35.9 cm). Delaware Art Museum, Samuel and Mary R. Bancroft Memorial, 1935, 1935-47. Illustration for "Tiphaine la Fee," by Warwick Deeping, in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, April 1906.

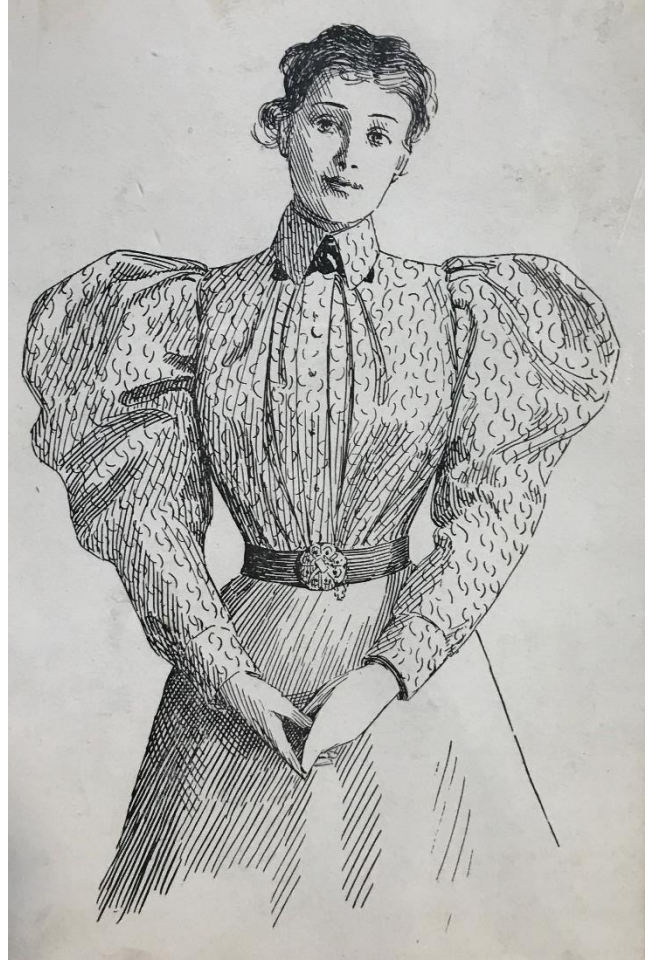


Elizabeth Shippen Green, "All misery, Antoine! And now I live beneath a sword," c. 1907. Philadelphia Museum of Art, Gift of the Philadelphia Water Color Club, 1941-99-47.





Gisèle, ca. 1908. Watercolor and charcoal.
Published in *Harper's Magazine*, October 1908.
Prints and Photographs Division, Library of
Congress. LC-USZ62-53874 ; LC-USZC4-1374 (7)





Elizabeth Shippen Green and Huger Elliott, October 1911 / unidentified photographer. Edith Emerson papers, 1839-1981, bulk 1894-1971. Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.

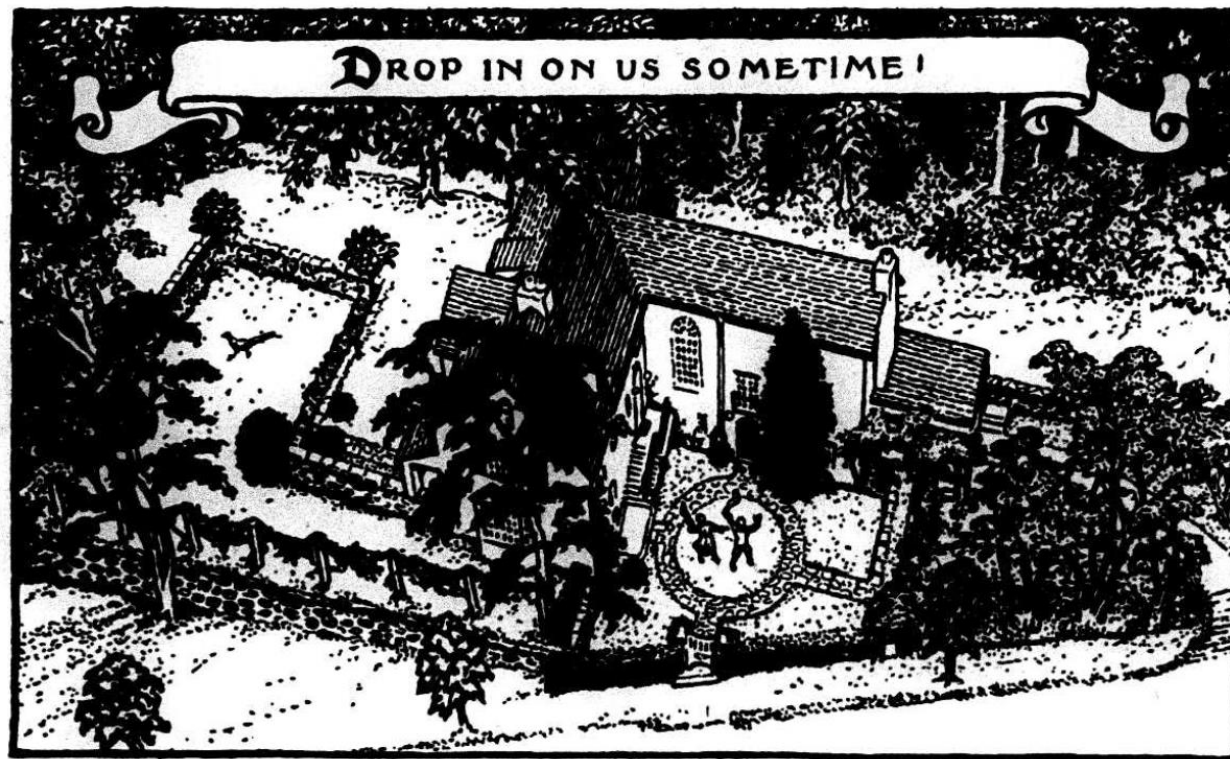


Greeting
from ELIZABETH & HUGER ELLIOTT

Little Garth

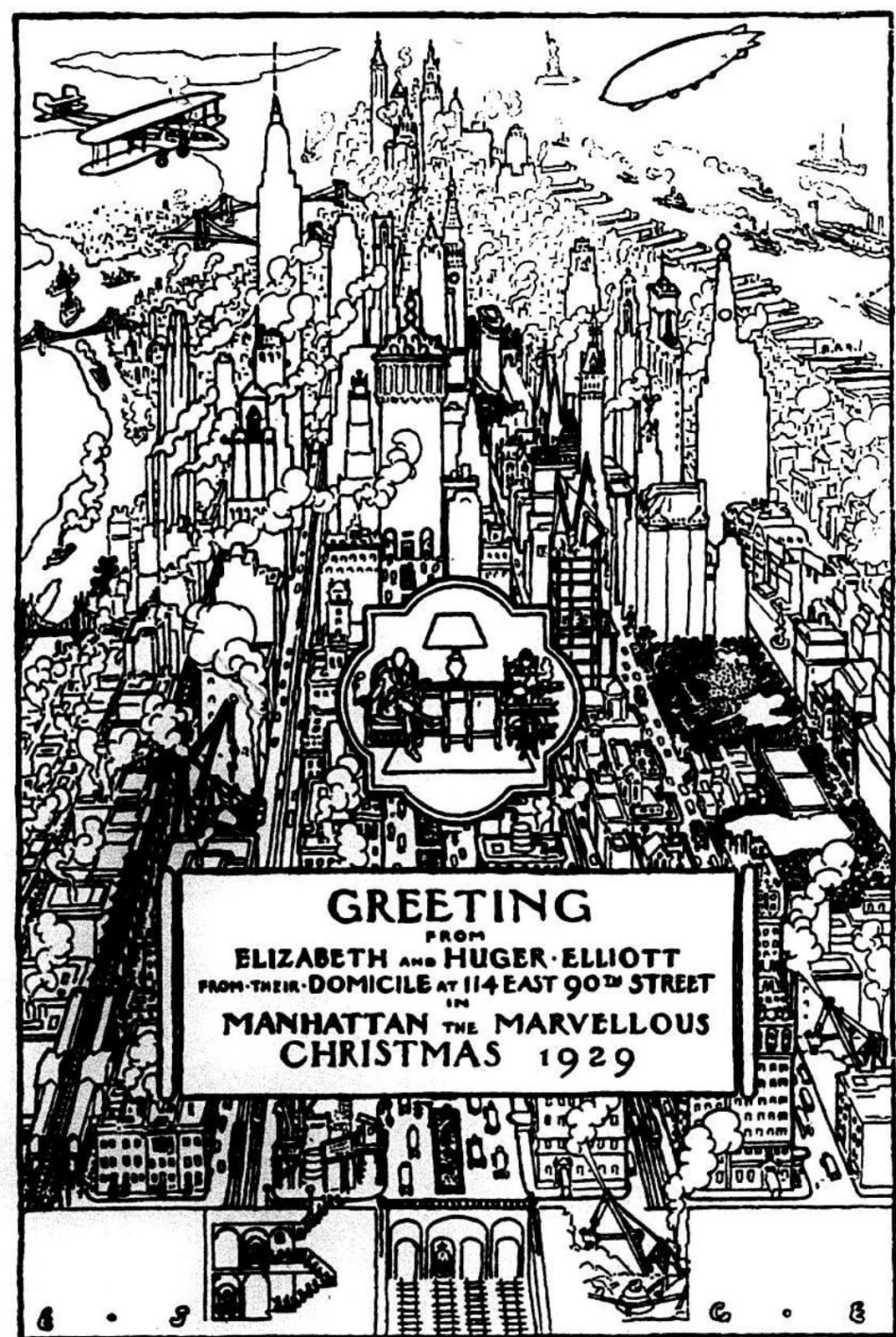
CRESHEIM ROAD ABOVE ALLEN LANE
PHILADELPHIA

CHRISTMAS 1922
~ ALSO 1920 • 1921 ~



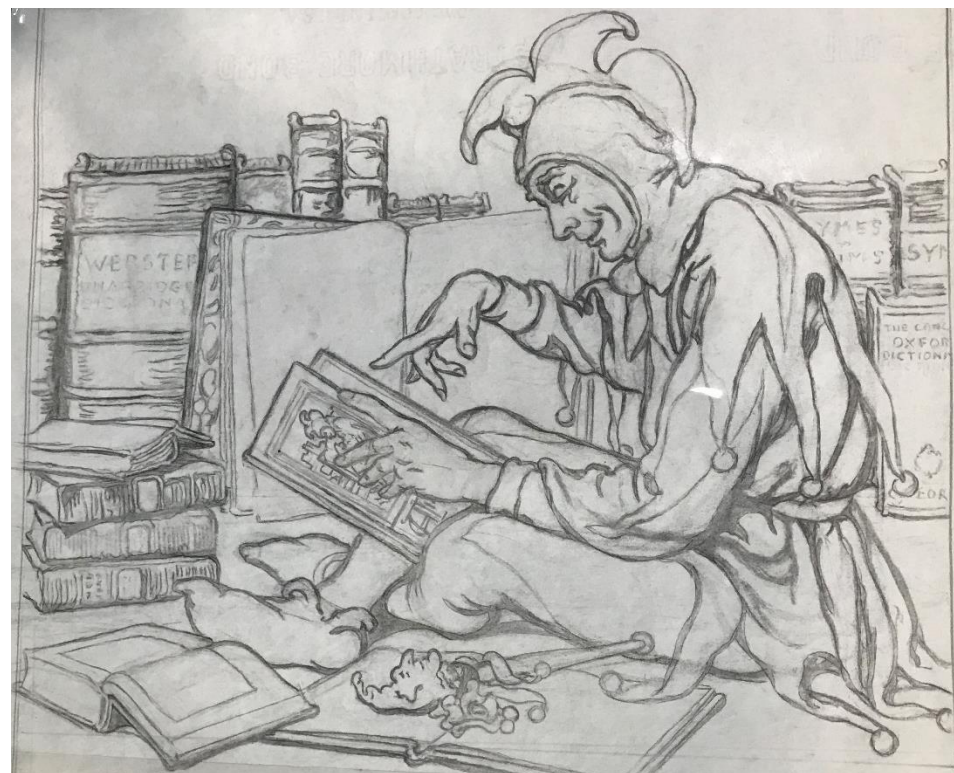
*We know the joke is old—but the place is full of Antiques
—including ELIZABETH and HUGER ELLIOTT—
who send their 1946 CHRISTMAS GREETINGS from
LITTLE GARTH—CRESHEIM ROAD & EMLLEN ST. PHILADELPHIA 19 PA.*

CHRISTMAS 1928
 ELIZABETH and HUGER
 ELLIOTT send GREETING
 in the Gothic manner from
 their tower on Manhattan
 Island at 114 East 90th Street





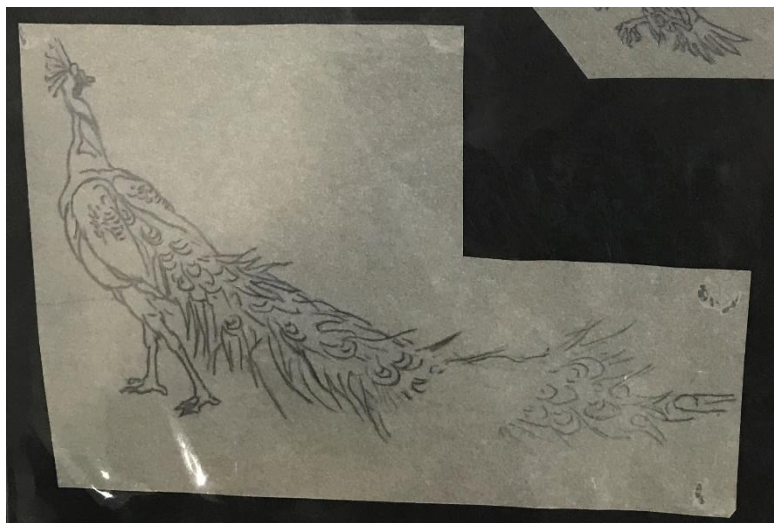
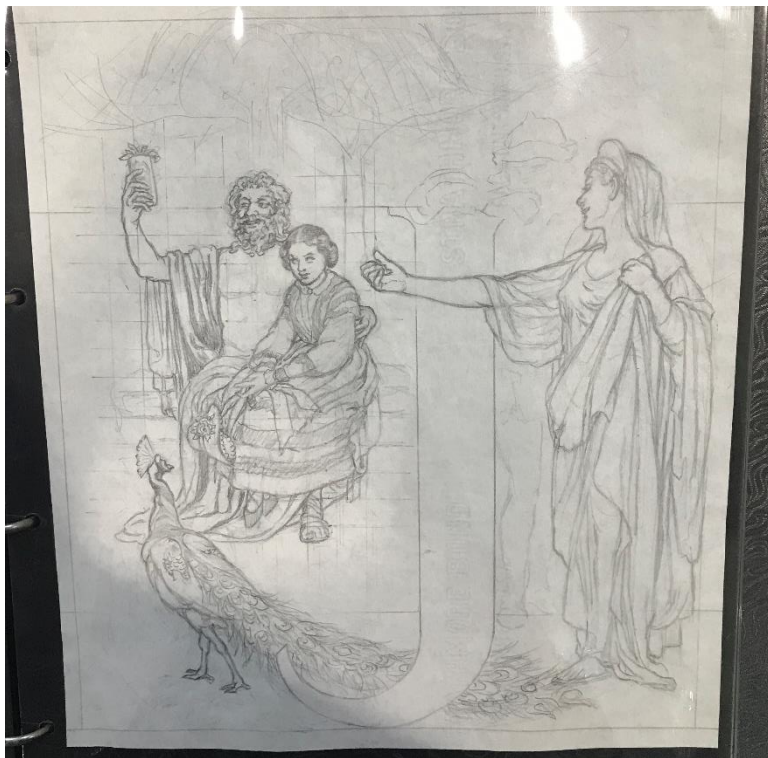
An alliterative
Alphabet
 aimed at adult
 Abecedarians



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.

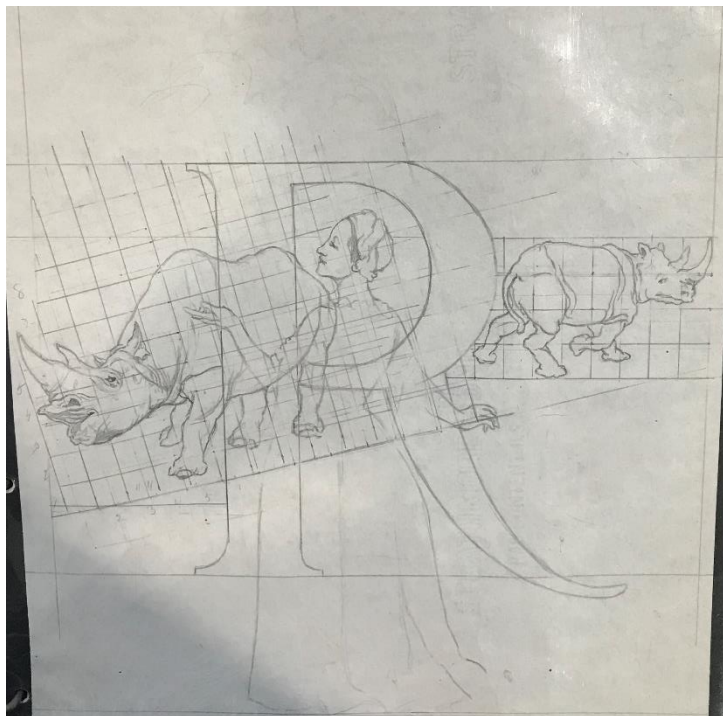
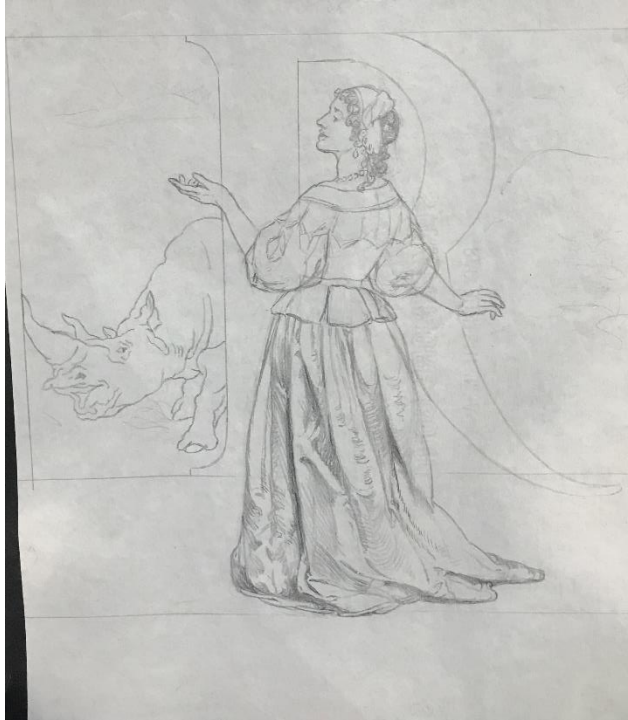




LA Marquise de **R**ambouillet
Found herself in danger
A **R**aucous, **R**abid brute appeared
A **R**ude, **R**epellent stranger:
"Ah, ha" she said "L'ESPRIT will
win the day."

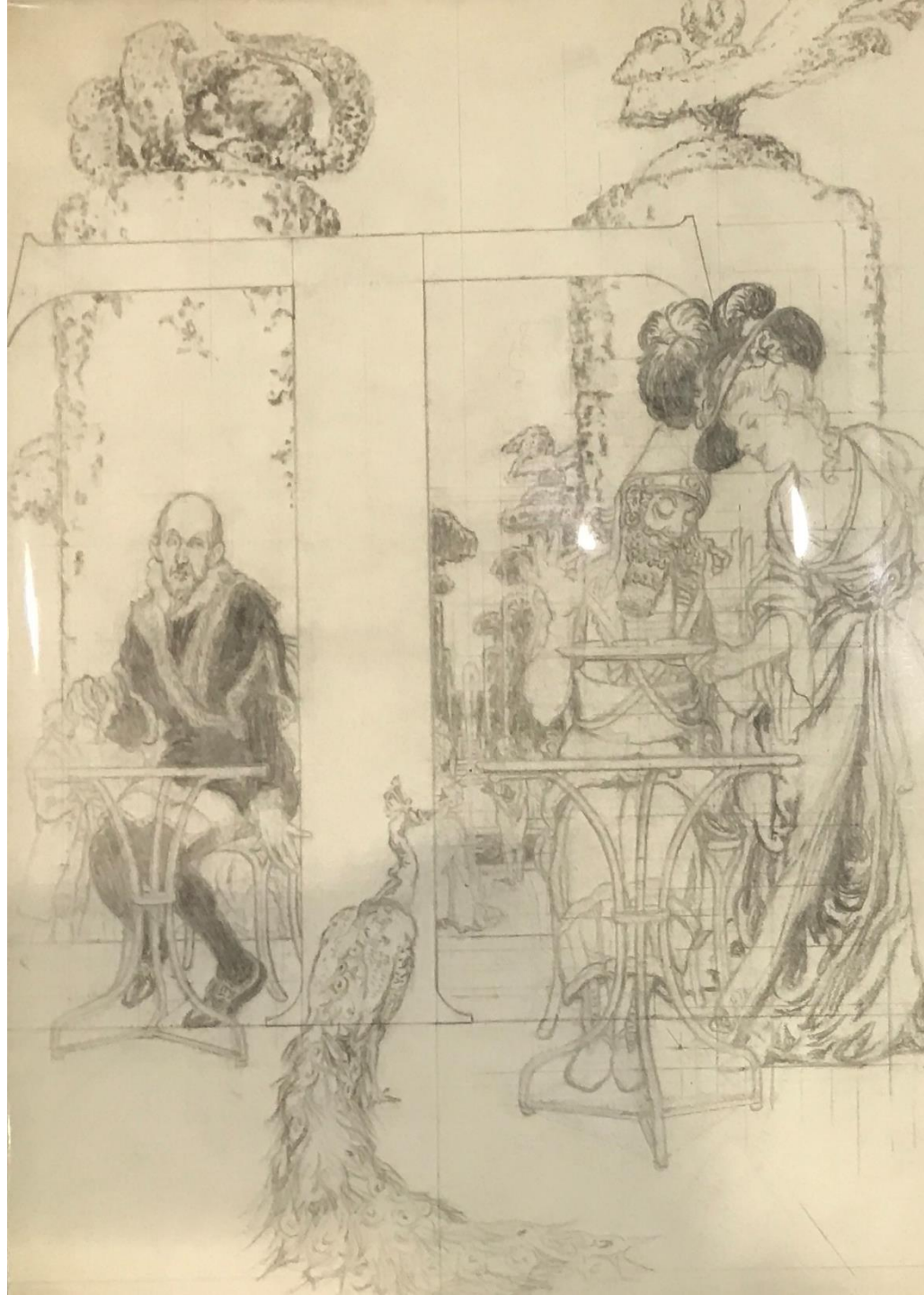
So
She spoke of **R**ollo, **R**uskin,
de **R**eszke in his buskin,
She **R**hapsodized of **R**acing,
Of **R**uth, of **R**eindeer chasing,
Receiverships, and **R**aleigh,
Of **R**iver-crabs so crawly,
Of **R**unes, **R**eforestation,
Of **R**aeburn's penetration,
Rinaldo's jubilation,
Of Jekyll's **R**e-creation,
Of **R**ubens.....
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*.





7 7/8" or more

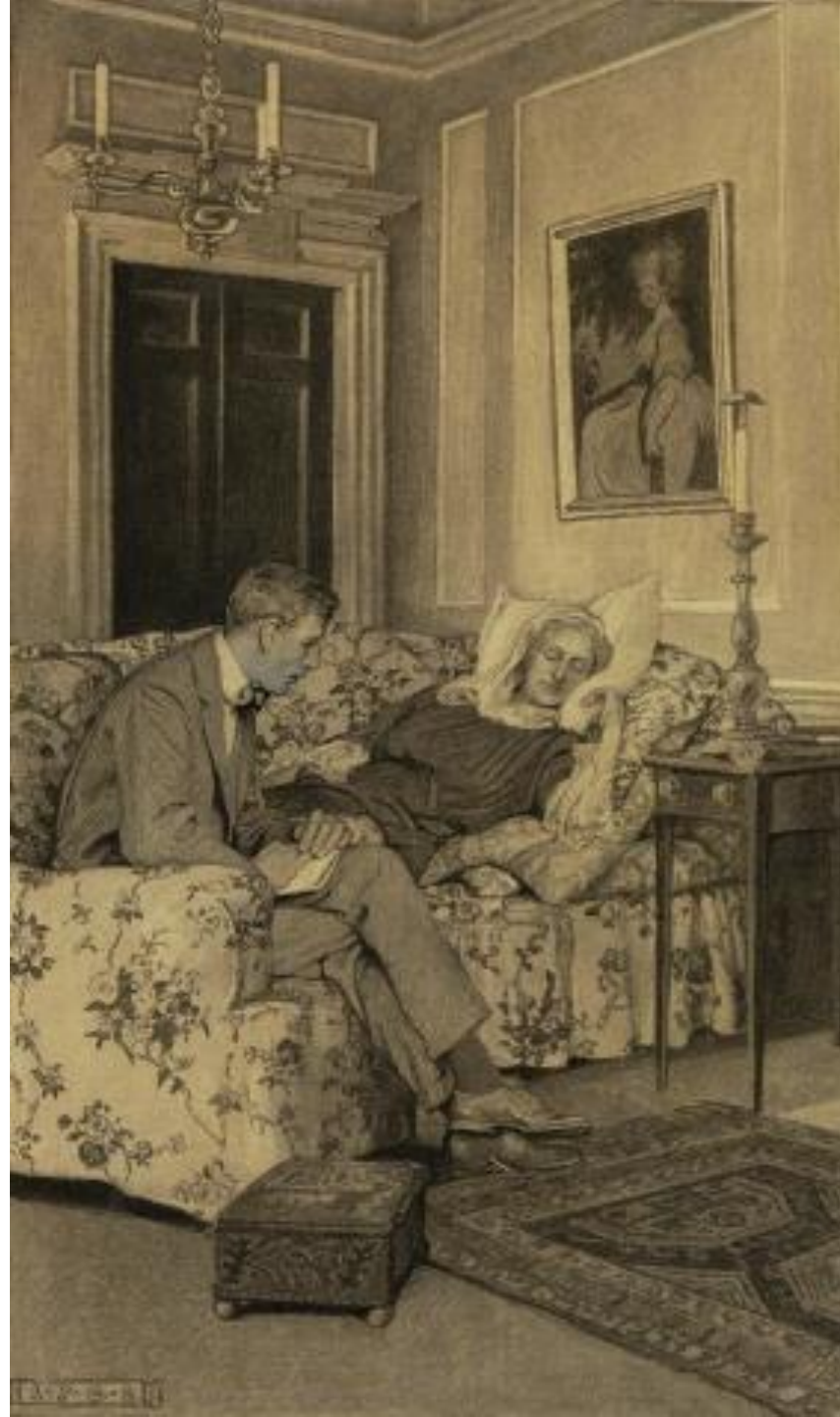
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70.0





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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