



# HOW LOVE ROUTED THE 3 LADY MUSKETEERS OF ART!

Famous Illustrator Elizabeth Shippen Green Wasn't Proof Against the Persuasive "Raising a Family" Suggestion, and So the Delightful Sisterhood of the Rose Tree Inn Is Now No More.



One of Elizabeth Shippen Green's Delightful Women Drawn to Illustrate "The Enemy"—But the Real Enemy, Declared the Sisterhood, Is a Man.

LIKE a three-legged stool with one leg gone is the "Red Rose Inn." The "Red Rose Inn" is, or rather was, the home of the three best known women artists in the country—Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green, Miss Violet Oakley and Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith.

The "inn" was not only their home but the citadel of their beloved Art. Located in a secluded section not far from Philadelphia, it was not only admirably suited for the bachelor existence to which the girls had committed themselves, but it likewise protected their Art from outside dangers. Not even Cupid, with all his wiles and cunning, could ever cross its threshold.

At least so thought these three bachelor girls when they took possession of the beautiful old tavern. In the most solemn manner, individually and collectively, they vowed that never, no never, would they forsake their Art nor each other—no, not even for love!

That was eight years ago. Now, Elizabeth Shippen Green is Elizabeth Shippen Green no longer. Last week she became Mrs. Huger Elliot. That is why "Red Rose Inn" to-day is like a three-legged stool with one leg gone.

The pretty story of the comradeship of these three lady musketeers of art might never have been told but for its unexpected disruption by the marriage of Miss Green. The rout of the knights of the palette and brush is the more complete in that it was Miss Green who suggested the compact. Cupid may well feel proud of his signal victory.

Miss Green was never really a man-hater, but she decided long ago that to give full expression to her art she must live for her art alone. One day in 1903 she happened to sound her two closest chums, Miss Oakley and Miss Smith, on the subject, and found that their sentiments were about the same as her own.

"Why not let us combine forces," she suggested, "and consecrate our lives to art?"

"The very thing!" agreed the others in unison.

"Well, I know the best place in all the world where we can carry out our purpose," declared Miss Green. "It is at Cogges, in the Cresheim Valley. It's called the Red Rose Inn, and it's just the dearest place! We will rent the place jointly and can devote the rest of our lives to art without fear of outside influences."

Arrangements were easily made and the three girls were soon settled in the old tavern. Their only intercourse with the outside world was such as was incidental to the disposal of their work. Every one of them won distinction.

Miss Oakley became famous through her work on the State Capital Building at Harrisburg, and Miss Green and Miss Smith achieved phenomenal success as delineators of children and other characters for the magazines and children's books.

Miss Green's work is now appearing exclusively in the Harper publications. Through the courtesy of that publishing house some of her most characteristic drawings are reproduced on this page.

In 1907, while the compact was still in force, the Harpers commissioned Miss Green to illustrate a story appearing in Harper's Magazine. This story, prophetically enough, was called "Raising a Family."

At the time both Miss Oakley and Miss Smith were much perturbed at the sinister portent of Miss Green's assignment.

"I hope the time will never come, Elizabeth," said Miss Oakley, severely, "when you will illustrate this story in any other way than through the expression of your art."

"Well, the ideal I should say not!" responded Miss Green, indignantly. "Do you suppose for a moment that I would forsake art for matrimony? Never!"

This assurance satisfied the other two for the time being, and was no doubt perfectly sincere, for at that time Miss Green was not even acquainted with Mr. Elliot, but at the same time the incident occasioned more or less misgivings upon the part of her comrades.

"We ought to keep a strict watch on Elizabeth," declared Miss Oakley



"And there was their cherished companion, just forgetting all about her vows. Art! to the Rescue!"



Miss Green, Drawn by Violet Oakley, One of the Bereaved Sisters-in-Art.

to Miss Smith, "she is so romantic, you know, and might fall us."

But as the years went by and their unreasonable suspicions bore no fruit, the girls began to feel reassured.

There were times, of course, when one or the other of the trio would leave the studio for a short period to pay some social visit, and on such occasions the other girls in their lonely fortress would spend sleepless nights until the return of their comrade for fear that she might forget her vow and fall by the wayside.

"I've really got to spend a few days at Philly, girls," Miss Green, perhaps, would say. "Will you hold the fort till I get back?"

"Yes, yes, of course," the others

"Raising a Family," One of a Series of Prophetic Pictures Dealing With Domesticity Which Miss Green, Now Mrs. Elliot, Drew in 1907.

would chime in, "but don't you think you had better repent the oath of allegiance before you go. It gives one so much strength, you know."

And then the three, it is said, each with palette and brush in hand, in solemn accents would repeat a quaint vow which, perhaps, ran something like this:

"While red is red and blue is blue To art may I be ever true To art alone I'll give my life; No man shall ever call me wife."

How potent this simple formula was may best be judged by the fact that it stood the test for eight years. No one is able to tell how it finally lost its charm, but a few months ago Miss Green's absences from the inn became more and more frequent and lengthy. Her comrades became suspicious. They learned, with misgivings, that Elizabeth was spending altogether too much time in Providence, and although the notes she sent them were written on the letter heads of the Rhode Island School of Design, they began to fear that she was more interested in the gallant director of that school, Mr. Huger Elliot, than in the art which they worshipped in common.

"We'll put her to the test when she comes back," the two conspirators decided. "We'll make her repeat the vow as soon as she arrives, while the influence of her trip is still upon her."

The scheme worked. Upon her return, Miss Green was asked to make the vow.

"Well, girls," she faltered, "I hardly think that is necessary. I'm always willing to take the vow when I go away, the same as you do, but we have never thought it necessary to repeat it upon our return."

"But I'll repeat it now," said Miss

Smith, "and I haven't been away at all."

"And so will I," protested Miss Oakley, "and what's more, Elizabeth, you might as well 'fess up at once: you're afraid to take the vow because you intend to break it. Isn't that so?"

Miss Green couldn't keep it in any longer.

"Yes, girls, I'm sorry, but I'm engaged. I'm going to get!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't say the word!" moaned Miss Oakley.

"How could you do it, Elizabeth, you bad girl!" wept Miss Smith.

"And after all these years, too," added Miss Oakley.

"And who is he, and is he a blonde or a brunette, and is he an artist, and how long have you known him?" womanly curiosity overcoming for the moment her outraged devotion to her art.

These and the many other questions along the same line which followed in quick succession the happy Miss Green answered at great length, but space forbids a full record of her answers.

When their curiosity was satisfied, however, her two comrades returned to their attack upon her for her deserting of the cause. During the days and weeks that followed they repeatedly begged her to reconsider her purposed marriage, but she was steadfast.

"For the sake of old times, Elizabeth, if not for art, give up the idea!" they pleaded, but it was all in vain.

Last week the ceremony was performed at the studio. The bride's two comrades were present, but tears drowned the smiles they tried to summon for the occasion, for the strains of the wedding march sounded in their ears like a funeral dirge, and, as the last wedding guest left that night, the two artists, palettes and brushes in hand, stood sadly in the centre of the floor and repeated their weakened vow:

"While red is red and blue is blue To art may I be ever true To art alone I'll give my life; No man shall ever call me wife."

And there was a significant emphasis on the "me."



"The Mansion."—A Dream of Miss Green Before She Decided to Wed.



"And instantly I was in love."—Another Prophetic Picture by Miss Green.