

## O ART!

*Unconventional Poses of  
Painters, Writers and  
Musicians, on and off  
duty in the Summer of  
1917*



WE have heard Percy Grainger, tone-poet on the piano, Australian composer, etc., play a Bach Fugue in a godlike style and reel off his Irish lyrics on the piano. We have met him in drawing-rooms and noted the big, red hands of the man and the cherubic look on the face set around by an aureole of hair that was never rivalled by any pianist except Paderewski. And we have admired Percy because he is a genius and a gentleman. In Uncle Sam's khaki and cowboy hat, patriotically playing the saxophone at \$30 a month in the U. S. Coast Artillery Band, we admire him yet more, but ask our Imperial cousin one question:

What barber—if not of Seville—got that aureole mop of hair?

ONLY by reading these words can you know that the picture directly above is not just an ordinary gang of hoe-men. These knights of the hoe are all—except the youth with the gun, who has shot the ground-hog—a few of the members of the Arts and Letters Club, of Toronto. You recognize by the way they handle the hoes couchants that they are all artists. Their method of handling the hoe rampant has been shown in other unpublished photographs.

These painters, writers and architects lunch every day down town in their own club room. Some while ago it was discovered that you can't go on raising the price of an artist's lunch in order to break even in the kitchen. He will stop taking lunch if you do.

So in order to keep the Arts and Letters Club lunch from making its exit, the club management decided to reduce the cost of the raw material used in the kitchen. They rented ten acres nine miles north of Toronto, and called for volunteers to work the land. They put in two acres of potatoes and a large assortment of less pretentious vegetables, including artichokes and lettuce. Whereupon some wit—even artists are sometimes wits—amended the name Arts and Letters Club to read Artichoke and Lettuce Club.

The demure man sitting at the right corner is F. S. Challener, who makes it his main business to paint frescoes, proscenium arches for theatres and wall panels for great hotels. Among the things he has done for thousands upon thousands from all parts of Canada to behold are the proscenium arch in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, the panels in the Royal Alexandra, Winnipeg, and those in the Hotel Macdonald, Edmonton. Sometimes he does heads and figures for illustrations in the Canadian Courier. The artist standing just behind him is Herbert S. Palmer, O.S.A., who paints

sheep better than any other Canadian artist, and goes in strong for pastoral landscapes, with an occasional break into the modern dramatic method. The artist sitting under him is E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., the well-known portraiteur who has painted more Canadian portraits than any other man living or dead. Grier was the second President of the Arts and Letters Club. He is passionately addicted to gardening at home, is an expert on mushrooms, and a member of the Mycological Society. Grier is wearing overalls. He also does occasional heads for the Courier. His latest portrait of a distinguished Canadian is that of Dr. A. S. Vogt, past conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, who, as a member of the A. L. C., was also entitled to appear in this picture as a man with the hoe.

The man just behind Grier is George Reid, R.C.A., a past-president of the Royal Canadian Academy. Reid has been an expert on the land question ever since he painted that historic farm picture—now in the Victoria Museum at Ottawa—Foreclosure of the Mortgage.

Diagonally down from him towards the woodchuck is Andrew Sharp, a well-known architect who, among other public edifices, designed Convocation Hall for the University of Toronto.

The man with the sailor hat and the cigarette is C. W. Jefferys, President of the Ontario Society of Artists, well-known illustrator for books and magazines, newspaper cartoonist, painter of the prairies, and the most expert pen-line artist in America.

The overalled person at his right is Ivor Lewis, designer and illustrator.

The man with his hand on a hip is M. O. Hammond, city editor of the Toronto Globe, and author of the book, Confederation and Its Leaders.



CARUSO does not like German. He has always refused to sing Wagner because, to his mind, it is not tenor art, nor lyric, and gives a man no chance against a thundering orchestra. Caruso is off to Rio Janeiro, to sing at something like \$7,000 a night, instead of the \$3,000 he gets in New York.



THE blest pair of sirens—music and poetry—shown above, are dancing a duo-minuet to express the joy of living. In ordinary life they are members of the Woman's Art Association, Toronto.