

Painting a Picture

Under Cupid's Guidance

By ANDREW C. EWING

The most beautiful lake in the world is Como and the most beautiful bay the bay of Naples. Both have been the scene of many a story, real and fictitious; both have attracted visitors from all parts of the world. The beauty of the former bursts upon one at once; that of the latter is of slow growth. Como is always much the same; the bay of Naples is ever changing.

Sorrento, overlooking this beautiful bay, is built on a circular ledge of rocks some three hundred feet high, following the curvature of the shore. There are hotels and villas fronting the water, some of them built in the center of orange groves. One morning a gentleman emerged from one of these hotels, sauntered down a walk, plucking an orange by the way, and at the end stood upon a marble balcony looking down upon the waves far below. Yachts and fishing boats were rocking on the surface, and from the island of Capri a little steamer was bounding along toward Sorrento.

A young lady had set up an easel on the balcony and was attempting to transfer the scene to canvas. The gentleman paused a short distance behind her and looked at her work. Conscious of his presence, she turned.

"Pardon me, signorina," he said in Italian and was about to walk on when she said in English:

"I don't understand Italian."

"Ah, you are an American, I perceive!"

"Why not English?"

"We Americans are easily distinguished from the English by our accent. Permit me to compliment you on the way you are getting on with your picture."

"I am not getting on at all."

"You have sketched your outline very well."

"But how shall I get that deep blue of the water, how that delicate veil of mist that hangs over Capri and almost hides Ischia farther on?"

"Your work will be the more difficult because you cannot get the same scene on two consecutive days. Tomorrow the water will be perhaps a pale green, then a light instead of a dark blue, as it is today. Quite likely even by noon we shall have Ischia resting on a sea of quicksilver."

The girl leaned back in her chair discouraged.

"I would advise you to put in such parts as will not change, then select a certain coloring to transfer to your canvas. If you can get it in before it changes, be it so; if not you must get in as much as you can, then wait till the same conditions come again."

"Exactly the same conditions will never come again."

"You are right. But you don't need to copy. An artist doesn't do that. He takes a landscape, a model, any subject you like, and idealizes it. His intention is not to get something better than the original, but something better than the result of an attempt to transfer the original to canvas."

"If I could only get a title of what we see before us on the canvas I should be satisfied."

"Are you an amateur or a professional?"

"I simply desire to make a picture to sell on my return to America to help out the expense of my trip abroad."

"Well, don't be discouraged. With your permission I will criticize your work as you proceed. I am a professional critic and may help you."

"Thank you very much, but I doubt if I can produce anything worthy of your criticism."

Acquaintances are formed very easily between tourists, especially where they are fellow countrymen, and Edward Minard improved upon this beginning to become quite friendly with Lucia Gifford. True to his promise, he coached her in her effort to transcribe some of the various phases that the bay of Naples takes on. From the window of his room he could look out upon it, and often when it assumed the conditions she was trying to get he would send her word, and she would hurry to the balcony to take advantage of the situation.

At times she would rest from her work by riding out on the road winding up the heights lying southwest of the town. At others she would stroll with friends among the shops picking up bargains in lace or silks. Occasionally on returning from some of these trips her work would look better to her than when she had left it. Minard told her that this was because before going out she saw it through tired eyes. When she came in she saw it through rested eyes. But she noticed the greatest improvement on her return after a couple of days' absence while on a visit to Paestum. It seemed to her as if viewing her picture after her arrival that she had done far better than she had supposed in getting that misty effect of the atmosphere, that cerulean blue of the water. Moreover, she was gradually getting on to the canvas not any of the conditions she had seen, but something conceived, something more capable of being represented in paint. She asked Minard how she could have done it, and he told her that it was part accident and part her own artistic invention, though the former could not exist without the latter.

Miss Gifford, as all sojourners at Sorrento do, made many excursions, and whenever she returned she invariably saw her work through new eyes. She was very much encouraged, even delighted. But when she stopped to consider the matter she concluded that her improvement must be due to the criticisms passed upon her work by Minard. "There may be artistic ability in me," she said to him, "but it would never come out without your drawing it out."

At last the painting was finished, and Miss Gifford took her departure for Naples. Minard advised her to offer her picture in Rome when she arrived there rather for the purpose of displaying than selling it, for the chief purchasers of pictures in Italy are Americans, and they usually buy those which bear the names of artists who have made a name.

Minard joined her in Naples, where instead of painting they visited the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum together and the gallery where-in are deposited so many art treasures found under the ashes thrown over them 2,000 years before by Vesuvius. Miss Gifford preceded her new found friend to Rome, and before her departure he kindly offered to pack her painting for her. She kindly accepted his offer, and when he returned it to her properly boxed he gave her the name of a dealer in Rome, with whom he advised her to leave it on exhibition.

And so it was that the accidental meeting of these two persons at Sorrento was renewed at Naples, and since travelers from the south of Italy must go north it was likely that they might meet all the way up to Milan. And at every parting it was evident that the next meeting would be more cordial.

When Miss Gifford reached Rome she called on the dealer, and he sent her to her hotel for the picture. Soon after this when she saw it framed she was astonished at the remarkable change the framing had produced in it. It was the same scene, but under the influence of the surrounding gilt it was simply beautiful. It seemed to require the illuminating properties to bring out the colors.

The next time she went into the shop the dealer informed her that her painting was sold.

"Sold!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, signorina. You directed me to sell it, did you not? It has not yet been removed. If there is any mistake please let me know it at once. In case of a picture like that I don't wish to make a blunder."

"How much did it bring?" asked the artist, aghast.

"Forty-five hundred francs."

"Forty-five hundred francs?"

"Yes, signorina. Are you disappointed?"

"How did you get so much for it?"

"The artist is a rising young American who is making a name."

"What name?"

"E. Minard."

"Minard?"

"Yes, signorina. The signature is genuine, isn't it?"

Miss Gifford stood mute for a few moments, staring at the dealer, then told him to let her see the picture. He took her to his packing room and showed it to her, putting his finger on the name in the lower left hand corner. E. Minard.

Miss Gifford stood looking at the few daubs that spelled "Minard" for a long while without speaking. A light was slowly creeping in upon her brain. Two emotions met and mingled. There was disappointment that she had not proved herself an artist and pleasure that her friend had imposed upon her to her advantage, for she saw that he had substituted his own picture for hers. There was another emotion more in evidence than either of the other two. Surely a man who would do such a thing for a woman must have for her more than a friendly interest.

"Is it all right, signorina?" asked the dealer.

"All right? Oh, yes, of course, it's all right."

"I will give you the money less the commission."

"Certainly."

Miss Gifford took the bills he handed her and left the shop. Minard had given her his address in Rome and had asked her to send him her card on her arrival. She sent it at once, and the same evening he called upon her.

"Mr. Minard, why did you impose upon me?"

"How impose upon you?" he asked shamefacedly.

"About the picture."

"Pardon me," hanging his head.

"How did you manage it?"

"Well, when you went out to drive or to walk or on excursions while at Sorrento I feed the maid to bring me your picture and improved it a bit. Meanwhile I was painting the same scene myself. Then you made it very easy for me by giving me your picture to pack. I packed my own and kept yours. Mine has perhaps a money value above yours, but yours has a value to me beyond price."

She had sent for him to hand him the money she had received from the dealer, but these last few words had a meaning that changed the situation. He declared that the picture she had painted was of far more value to him than the one he had painted himself. The exchange was in his favor. He begged her to permit it.

Nevertheless, since his painting had produced enough money to pay for her trip, she could not reconcile her conscience to accepting it till the matter was compromised by her throwing herself in with her own imperfect work. This was considered as an equivalent bonus, and the couple were married before they left Rome.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

BIBLE STUDY ON ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD TO THEM.

Genesis 46:28-47:31—June 15.

"To them that love God all things work together for good."—Romans 8:28.

SO JACOB and all his family left Canaan, the Land of Promise, and at the invitation of Pharaoh through Joseph, they located in the land of Goshen, suitable to their business, which was that of herdsmen and shepherds. Joseph went in his chariot to Goshen, and there met his father Jacob, whom he had not seen for many years; and Joseph wept.

Then came the official presentation of Jacob and his family to Pharaoh. Joseph was careful that they should make no mistake. He therefore let the king clearly know that their occupation was that of shepherds and herdsmen; for the Egyptians despised that business, and would keep themselves separate from the Hebrews. Thus the land of Goshen would be almost like a separate country from Egypt.



Jacob Presented to Pharaoh.

Jacob at this time was one hundred and thirty years old and quite feeble. Brought into Pharaoh's presence, Jacob blessed him, in the sense of asking the Divine blessing upon him. Thus the family of Jacob, now called by their new name, Israel, became firmly established in Egypt. Jacob lived seventeen years thereafter, during which Joseph and his people, the Israelites, were in favor with Pharaoh and the Egyptians.

Our lesson relates especially to God's willingness and ability to make all the experiences of His people work out for their good. This naturally suggests that we inquire in what way Jacob's life experiences were to his welfare. The Scriptures declare, "Jacob have I loved; Esau have I hated [loved less]." God's Love should be distinctly seen manifested in some way, in making all things work for good to Jacob and his family. The question is, How? Can we see how Divine favor operated for the welfare of Jacob and his family?

How Did God Bless Israel?

Jacob, having become heir of the great Abrahamic Promise "In thy Seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed", straightway seems to have gotten into trouble. He fled from home, leaving everything to Esau. He served his uncle Laban for seven years, that he might have Rachel for his wife. But Providence permitted him to be cheated, and he was obliged to serve seven years more for her. Time and again Laban changed his wages, endeavoring to get the best of him. Thus Jacob was thrown into competition with his uncle, to protect his own interests.

Finally, with the fruit of many years' toil, he returned to Canaan, fearful of Esau, whom he placated with a rich present. Later, he lost his wife and was bereft of Joseph, his beloved son. Then came the famine, the recovery of Joseph, and the incidents of today's lesson. Later on, that very move into Egypt appeared to have been disastrous, for the Egyptians enslaved the Israelites.

Finally they were delivered, only to have trying experiences in the wilderness for forty years. Then it was a gradual matter to get possession of Canaan. Then they had wars, pestilences, famines, captivities, rebellion, until they were carried away to Babylon. Later on, a few returned. By and by, Jesus came, and was repudiated by all except a few. Then God repudiated the nation. Gradually trouble and anarchy came upon them, until as a nation they went to Hades—nationally they fell asleep. They have been asleep for more than eighteen centuries, while personally they have been persecuted in many nations.

To understand how God's blessing was identified with Israel's experiences, we must glance at the experiences of other nations, and then look also into the future. Egypt, Assyria, Philistia and other nations which flourished in Israel's day have either been merged with other peoples or blotted out by natural processes. But Israel exists, even though nationally in Hades, Sheol, awaiting a national awakening and resurrection. That awakening is already arousing dry bones from despair, and pointing forward to a future day of blessing and prosperity.

The trying experiences of Israel tended also to develop noble characters, strong in faith and loyal to the core. St. Paul enumerates some of these. This selecting process continued down to Jesus' time, and found a glorious company, though small. God found the people He sought. These faithful ones of Israel are the ones for whom all things worked together for good. The time is near, we believe, when these will constitute Messiah's earthly representatives in ruling and blessing all mankind.

Throughout the Gospel Age, God has been selecting a Spiritual Israel from amongst all nations. These, too, have had bitter experiences—opposition from Satan, the world and their own flesh. These Spiritual Israelites are heirs with Jesus of the spiritual phase of the Messianic Kingdom.



Israel's national awakening arousing dry bones of despair.

SPIRITISM SAID TO BE DEMONISM.

A most interesting little brochure has recently come off the press setting forth with Bible proofs that the communications received by and through Spiritist Mediums is of Demon origin. The writer traces his subject through the Scriptures from the time when certain of the holy angels became disobedient. He proves from the Scriptures that these fallen spirits personate the human dead, with whose past history, spirits, though invisible, are thoroughly acquainted. He shows that they also frequently personate the Creator and the Redeemer, commanding their deceived ones to pray, do penance, etc. This, however, is merely to lead them on and to bring them more thoroughly under demonic control. Sometimes by breaking down the natural barrier, the human will, they possess their victim, and rule him more or less to his ruin—frequently sending such to the mad-house. Numerous illustrations, Scriptural and otherwise, are given. The price of the little book is but five cents; it should be in the hands of all interested in Spiritism or who have friends interested therein. Enclose stamps to the Bible and Tract Society, 17 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Royal Trains.
Few people know that the passage of a royal train is guarded almost every yard of the way by the journey of the sovereign short or long. Many people laugh when they read of lines upon lines of soldiers being drawn up along the railway metals in Russia when the czar travels, but the same thing practically occurs in England, says the Pall Mall Gazette, only without the ostentatious display of uniforms. The line over which the royal train is to pass is quite as effectively guarded, though to all appearance there is nobody there.

Why Waste Words?
"Hello! Is that you, John?"
"Yes."
"Did you go to the store and order the things I spoke about when you left home this morning?"
"Why, to tell you the truth, Maria"—
"That's all. Goodby."—Chicago Tribune.

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AND USE

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