

## I

### STUDIO TALK

**T**HREE men sat smoking their after luncheon cigarettes in Andrew Garvie's big studio in the Rue d'Assas, overlooking the green stretch of tree tops in the Luxembourg garden.

While well furnished, as suited the abode of the rich Michigan lumberman's son and the successful artist, it was lacking in the frippery of bric-a-brac with which many younger men surround themselves.

For Andrew Garvie had been working nearly ten years in Paris, strenuous years of toil that had brought him recognition from his peers and from those to whom he looked as his masters.

He had already had a mention at the Salon, and this year the betting was strong in the studios and cafés of the Quarter that his *Theodora* would win him a second medal at the coming Salon.

Some people called him a neutral-tinted man, but they were those who failed to understand how much of the more intense side of his nature went into his painting, leaving a surface that seemed to belong to the mere society man such people thought him.