

Miss Briggs Specializes in Portraits

Young Artist to Display Work for Two Weeks Beginning Monday.

BY BEATRICE BURGAN

Times Woman's Page Editor
Miss Briggs, young portrait artist, likes people. She is quick to detect the changing emotions in the expression of their faces. As she rides on a street car she unobtrusively searches their faces for dominating characteristics; occasionally she is so impressed by their faces that she invites the individuals to pose for portraits.

Miss Briggs, who works in her studio at Lyman Bros. store on the Circle, uses the pastel medium to express her conception of her subjects. She likes to use pastels in portraits of children and women, because she believes the lightness and freshness of color is appropriate to reproduce their delicate features. She prefers using oil in portraits of men.

"Oil is more appropriate to portray the heaviness of men's features," she remarked.

In the few months that she has been in her studio at Lyman's she has painted approximately 150 portraits. Many of her subjects have been children whose parents have been pleased with the deftness with which she has caught their fleeting moods.

Explains Method

"I fortunately have a good memory," Miss Briggs said. "The minute my subjects—particularly in the case of children—come into my studio I observe their faces closely. I make note in my mind of their characteristic expression. If they are difficult subjects, I can resort to my first impression of them and achieve a close likeness."

Miss Briggs has developed a "way" with children, and she generally succeeds in diverting their attention from themselves and thus dispels any self-consciousness.

She has made a definite effort to choose backgrounds suitable for her subjects, and she particularly has been successful in the background which she chose to set off the features of Mrs. Grier Showell. This portrait with 21 others will be on display for two weeks in the Lyman galleries beginning Monday.

In the exhibition will be portraits of Joan Fox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Fox; Mrs. Orien Fifer; Betsy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Calvert; Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Duckwall; Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fowler, and Helen and Anne, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cole.

Paints Mother's Portrait

Only last week she completed an oil portrait of her mother, Mrs. C. C. Briggs, and it will be in the exhibit. She also has painted Harold Ames Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ames; Joan and Suzanne Frenzel, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frenzel; Anne and Jane Johnston, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Johnston, and Perry and Alice O'Neal, children of Mr. and Mrs. Perry O'Neal.

After Miss Briggs studied for four years at the John Herron Art Institute, she enrolled at the Philadelphia Academy of Art. She exhibited in the recent Junior League show and will enter the Indiana artists exhibit at the Museum.

Card Parties

St. Anthony's Men's Club will hold its regular Sunday night card party at 8 in the hall, Warman-av and Vermont-st. The public is invited.

Card party will be held at 8 tonight by the Mothers' Club of the English-ay Boys' Club at the hall, 1400 English-av. Mrs. Jerry Mathews is chairman.

Golden Rule chapter, Order of Eastern Star, will sponsor a card and bunco party at 8 tonight at the home of Ms. Alice, 909 N. Bradley-st. Mrs. Florence Herman is chairman of the chapter ways and means committee.

January Cycle of the Good Will Club of St. Joseph's Church will entertain with a card party at 8:15 tomorrow in the parish hall, 619 E. North-st. All games will be played. Miss Bridget A. Meehan, chairman of the committee in charge, will be assisted by Misses Mildred Kline, Mary Ryen, Loretta McManamon, Margaret Fitzgerald, Gertrude Fox, Louise Weilhamer, Elizabeth Forre, Mary McConahay, Tillie Suess, Mary Barrett, Magdalene Forre, Mary Gallagher, Esther Commons and Bess Sullivan; Mesdames Anna Feener, Michael Weilhamer, George Putts and Margaret Tritzelli.

TANGO

By VIDA HURST
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ROGISTER AND TRIBUNE SYNDICATE

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Treasure, May 18, 1934—Her name is beauty to her grandmother, who had been a chorus girl, together with her mother and five younger brothers. Treasure is the third of the nine, club as a hostess, though she is but 18. When her father returns, he is not wages though her wages are mainly tips, and she continues her distasteful occupation. The girl, however, is a friend to her mother, who is seriously ill following the birth of a healthy child. Treasure attracts the none too welcome attentions of Rudolf Molinari, rich and popular, who previously had been the "property" of Juanita. Before another hostess, Treasure, Juanita, hates her. Oliver Keith pianist in the club orchestra, is a worshiper but you're a goddess." "Sit up here on this old stump," he begged, lifting her.

She looked down upon him smiling, and he pretended to be annoyed. "Not like that! Goddesses must look very supercilious and solemn." Kneeling at her feet he touched the tip of a dusty shoe with his forehead.

"I'm doing you homage," he explained, "and now I'm going to pay my vows." Snatching a handful of ferns he laid them, a featherly tribute, in her lap and swung himself up beside her. "I'm tired playing," he said. Then like a little boy, "Kiss me!"

As she lifted her mouth to his lips the woods seemed to burst into a chorus of applause, like the clapping of unseen hands. Then there was silence, significant, pregnant—as if even the trees were waiting.

"I love you so much," Tony whispered so that they must have heard. "What are we going to do about it?" "I don't know," she answered. The boy's voice was low and pleading.

"You love me, Treasure?" "Yes!" "Enough to marry me?" "Yes!"

"I won't be 21 until next September," he frowned. "And I won't be given my share of the estate until then."

"We can wait," she said softly. "I can't, though," he replied impatiently. "It will seem like a hundred years."

"What else is there to do?" she asked something the dark hair away from his troubled forehead.

"I've my allowance," he said doubtfully. "It's only \$150 a month, but I suppose we might live on that."

That was more than her father made to support a family of seven. "Well I should hope we could!" Treasure replied firmly.

"The only thing is, if I get married they'll probably take it away from me."

"They?" she questioned.

"My mother and Rudy. They're the administrators of the estate."

Treasure laughed.

"The sweater and skirt I wore to school. They're fresh clean." Ellen was disappointed.

"Seems as if you'd ought to doll up more to go out with such a swell young man."

Treasure laughed.

"Not to walk in Muir Woods, Mama. Besides he's seen me dolled up at the club."

Something told her it would make no difference to Tony Molinari what she wore that day. And she was right. His hungry eyes devoured her as she entered his car and they drove away. It was cold and foggy in the city but both hoped the sun would be shining across the bay. Absorbed in her companion, Treasure did not see that her father had come to the window to watch them depart.

He had left the room when Tony entered it, for which she was grateful, because he might have caused a scene. Might even have said she couldn't go. Unconscious that his suspicious eyes were following them, Treasure settled down into the seat with a happy little sigh.

"Glad to be getting away for awhile," Tony asked.

He had no idea how glad she replied, adding, "I haven't been to Muir Woods for two years."

She felt shy with him today. As if their conversation needed to catch up with their kisses. So many things she wanted to know about him and wanted him to know about her. But while understanding and sympathetic he seemed to have no curiosity about her surroundings or background.

She told him of her mother's illness but not about her father's desertion. She was too deeply ashamed of it and of him to discuss it unless it was necessary.

And Anthony, who seemed unobservant of her reticence, rambled on about himself. His mother was, Treasure gathered, rather a formidable person but good hearted withal.

"Mother let me have her car again today. I can't have one of my own until I'm 21," he explained.

Mother had also, it seemed, permitted the Chinese cook to prepare a lunch for them.

"I told her a friend and I were going to take a hike in Muir Woods so she had Wong make sandwiches."

"That will be lovely," she cried, much impressed by his casual mention of a servant.

But by the time they had crossed to Sausalito all the feeling of familiarity had gone.

THE sun was shining just as they hoped and Treasure took off the beret she wore and let the warm wind blow across her hair. The sense of adventure was strong in her as the car tore down the highway. Never in all her 18 years had anything so delightful happened to her.

They parked the car outside and laughingly carried the lunch to a table where they ate as if famished. All about them redwood trees, hundreds of years old, quivered and筛选ed filtered sunlight upon the girl's fair head. The spirit of the woods seemed to lift benignant hands to bless them. Not a word

of love had been spoken but Treasure knew it was only a question of time.

When they had finished lunch they walked hand in hand beneath the high arch of branches. It was the Sunday before Christmas and not the season for hiking, so that they seemed to have the entire vast grove to themselves.

"It's like a temple, isn't it?" Tony asked softly.

She had never seen a temple, but the fancy pleased her.

"And we're the worshippers?"

He answered seriously, "No, I'm a worshiper but you're a goddess."

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Miss Stilz Weds Today at Church

Charles T. Harden Takes Bride; to Live in Evansville.

Armloads of lilies, gerbera, junc-

quills, anemone, freesia and forget-me-nots, in light and dark shades, were carried with the light and blue chiffon afternoon gowns worn by Mrs. Stanley Cain and Mrs. E. Y. Brown at a wedding ceremony read today at the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church.

Miss Margaret Stilz, daughter of J. Edward Stilz, and Charles T. Harden, Evansville, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Harden, Jr., Kennard, exchanged marriage vows in the McKey Chapel in the presence of their families and friends. The bride was graduated from National Park Seminary, in Washington, and from Butler University and is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority.

Mr. Harden, a Purdue graduate, is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

The gowns of Mrs. Cain and Mrs. Brown were fashioned alike with dolman sleeves and with shirred bodices gathered into braided chiffon bands at the necks. The back bodices were slit to the waists and the skirts flared into slight trains.

Bride Wears White Satin

Intricate sleeves were designed on the bridal gown of ivory satin. From the slight cowl neckline the cap sleeves ended in small cuffs. Long tight sleeves came from points over the hand and ended in turned-down cuffs. Her tulle veil came from a cap formed of the satin and satin bands, and her flowers were Johanna Hill roses with a gardenia centerpiece. The bride was given in marriage by her father.

Already difficulties seemed to be piling up in front of them. Barriers which love would have to surmount. But it would. True love such as theirs could overcome anything, Treasure assured herself.

She said good-by to him and walked into the house feeling so securely confident that "God was in His Heaven" but she had forgotten that she had yet to deal with Mike McGuire.

"It's time you were getting here," he shouted. "Where have you been all day while your mother lies in her bed?"

(To Be Continued)

LUNCHEON GIVEN

BY MRS. STRAUSS

Members of Chapter G. P. E. O. Sisterhood, had luncheon today with Mrs. Arthur L. Strauss, 2120 N. Mer