

## Block's Tearoom Striking

Neo-Classic Plan Carried Out in Furnishing New Feature.

BY BEATRICE BURGAN

Society Editor

SOFT patter of conversations, tinkling of china, crystal and silver are the muted accompaniment to luncheon and tea in the new Wm. H. Block Co. tearoom. Thick carpets, indirect lighting in a neo-classic scheme, leather cushioned chairs and crisp frocked waitresses form the setting.

Since the opening this week, many feminine shoppers have paused there for luncheon.

Mrs. John Sloane Kittle, sitting in one of the eggshell leather seats around the curved wall at one end, chatted with Miss Elizabeth Watson, just back from a West Indies cruise. Miss Watson was joined by Mrs. Roemler-Kinnaird.

Their table like all the larger ones in the center of the room was finished in natural curly maple, and covered with a cream luncheon set. Glassware appointing the tables is varied—some as blue, some lavender, and others red or crystal.

To create a home-like atmosphere, stenciled banded china was omitted in favor of a flower wreathed design.

The room, described as the Terrace, has an out-of-door effect achieved by a burnished silver leaf ceiling. Steps leading from the terrace into the tearoom are bordered by laurel trees.

As background for the curved wall are photographic murals of outdoor scenes, to be tinted in natural colors. Large green pillars separating the pictures are bordered with gold stars.

Four quartz windows separate the room from the men's dining room, where they can exchange business conversations without the distraction of feminine chatter, models, or dress furnishings.

The decorative scheme appeals to men because of its solidity and simplicity. The walls are covered with copper-hued panels in squares, bordered with silver reproductions of transportation facilities, against a burgundy background. The progress of steamships, trains and airplanes is depicted. A large mural at one end is a reproduction of a Speakeasy scene.

The furniture also has a masculine air. The chairs are cushioned in copper leather instead of eggshell, and have arms. The lines are eucu and green and the china is heavier and without floral patterns.

Mesdames Arch Grossman, Herbert Duckwall, I. C. Dehaven, Thomas Kaufman, R. D. Brown and Ray Mulvihill enjoyed a luncheon party in the tearoom following one of the private style shows this week.

Mrs. Pearce Calton and daughter, Miss Frances Calton, Terre Haute, came with Mrs. Charles Stone.

Mrs. Willa Kuhn, working on the Indiana Saddle Horse Association's "Wild Oats" ball Saturday, and Mrs. Donald Carter, concerned with preparations for the Civic Theater's "Front Page" ball, dined and compared their committee activities.

Mrs. Virginia Moorehead Mannion, who has been busy with legislative activities of the Indiana League of Women Voters, also turned from the rush for a quiet luncheon hour.

Mrs. Geneva Nelson, former Highland Gold and Country Club hostess, is responsible for the tempting dainties which appeal to women, and the more substantial dishes which satisfy the men.

### SORORITY IS TO HOLD INITIATION

Formal initiation services are to be held tonight at a dinner dance in the Columbia Club by Beta Chapter, Omega Kappa Sorority, under direction of Miss Emma Wolfanger.

Initiates are to include Misses Doris Deal, Ellen Leepar, Mildred Johnson and June Waters.

### HORIZONTAL

Answer to Previous Puzzle

REMBRANDT	DUTCH
LORE	WOOD SOLE
C BOMB	NAIL PAL
AL CART	DEAD P.M.
RICHNESS	DIRE E
EMEU DATE	RIVET
BIRD R	PEW
B LEE	VAN RHE
OS SEND	NEB
EROS PS	REMBRANDT
ERROR EPOS	HAR
PAINT	OLYO
HIMSELF	POLO



Mrs. Paul Lee Hargitt

PHOTO BY W. H. HURLEY ASHBY, FRPS



Miss Shirley Cudlipp

PHOTO BY PHOTO-CRAFT



Miss Nancy S. Kalleen

PHOTO BY DEAHMEST T. TAYLOR

## Gorgeous

### BEGIN HERE TODAY

Toby Ryan, 19, is a young woman in the jewelry counter of a large Manhattan department store. On her way to work during the crowded morning rush hour, Toby collides with a good-looking young man. She murmurs apologies and purries on.

Lates that morning she poses for some photographs to be used in a store advertisement. Miss Gladys Hattie, a professional photographer, tells Toby she has a "camera face." He selected her instead of Maureen Ball to pose for the pictures and Maureen, 14, employed at the Jewelry counter.

Tim Jamison, the young man with whom Toby collides on the street, tells a friend about the encounter. Tim does not know Toby's name but he makes a bet with a friend that within 24 hours he will have a date with her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

### CHAPTER THREE

IT was a side street down which Toby Ryan made her way—a street brightly enough lighted, but away from the noise and glare of the avenue. She walked quickly. Half way down the block there was a drug store; Toby turned and went inside.

The boy behind the soda counter looked up at her, but Toby passed him without a glance. She went to the rear of the store and entered a telephone booth.

There was a thick directory, with battered pages open on the shelf. Toby turned the pages until she found the one she was looking for. At the top, in small black letters, was the name "Finklewick, L."

Apparently it was not Mr. Finklewick, his telephone number or street address that interested the girl. She glanced at neither. But there was something else on that page—a half sheet of paper on which, scrawled with a heavy pen, were these words:

"Same time and same place. And please wear a pink geranium pinned to your left shoulder. My memory is failing—Bill."

There was nothing cryptic about the message to Toby Ryan. "Same time" meant 6 o'clock. "Same place" was a cafeteria a few blocks distant. And "Bill" could be nobody else in the world but William R. Brandt.

That nonsense about wearing a pink geranium! Toby grinned, reading the message once more. There was always some foolishness in notes from Bill. It was one of the reasons she liked him. He was different from any one she had ever known.

Bill had thought Bill was rather good looking. He had crisp, crinkly blue eyes, and she like the way he wore his hat, the least bit back from his forehead as though he had jammed it on in a hurry.

He was tall—an inch or so under six feet—so that his square shoulders were not too broad.

He was a young man who might have played football (he had), but looked as though he would be better at basketball or tennis.

THE acquaintance between the two hadn't progressed beyond this point—in fact, it hadn't progressed at all. Toby left Jackson Heights after her aunt's death.

She had tried a number of rooms in houses before she found the small third-floor rear that was such a bargain.

Toby had so many things to think about after that—looking for work, trying to save nickels and dimes, remembering that, no matter how disagreeable the customer is always right—she hadn't given a thought to Bill Brandt.

And then one day as she was leaving Bergman's for a breath of air at her lunch hour she suddenly saw a familiar pair of broad shoulders. The next moment she recognized them. It was the young man from Jackson Heights!

Bill saw Toby, too, and hesitated.

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