

ASK MEDAL FOR GIRL WHO RISKED LIFE FOR CHUM

Heroism of Mary Buhner May Gain Recognition From Carnegie Committee.

TAMPA, Fla., July 19.—Application has been made for a Carnegie hero medal for Miss Mary Buhner, heroic young girl swimmer. Miss Buhner risked death by drowning, or in attack by a barracuda, in a vain effort to save the life of her chum, Miss Dorothy McClatchie. Miss McClatchie bled to death from wounds on her left leg and thigh while the two girls were swimming about a mile beyond the Recreation Pier.

Ready to Return

They had made the swim and were getting ready to return when Miss McClatchie cried out a shark had bitten her foot off. An examination showed the foot was still there, but her leg had been cut to the bone in two places as if by a razor, severing the main artery. Miss Buhner began swimming toward the shore, towing her companion and tried to attract the attention of a passenger steamer, but could not make any one see their plight. Eventually some one from the Recreation Pier put out in a rowboat.

When the boat reached them Miss Buhner was exhausted from swimming for twenty-five minutes and keeping her companion from sinking. Miss McClatchie, although unconscious from the loss of blood and water in her lungs, was still living, but died while being taken to a hospital.

Inseparable Friends

Miss McClatchie and Miss Buhner were inseparable friends and had planned to be roommates at college. They were both athletes and members of the St. Petersburg swimming club. Both had won many prizes. Miss McClatchie had many athletic accomplishments, arising from her determination to have a sound physique, in spite of the fact her mother, sister, and brother were invalids.

A few moments after Miss McClatchie was struck by the fish she began to feel weakness resulting from the loss of blood. When she felt herself growing unconscious she said: "Kiss me, Mary; I'm gone!"

"Oh, no, Dot! Just float and I'll tow you in!"

Likes Convention Reporting



MRS FANNY S. SWEENEY

Mrs. Fanny S. Sweeney, president of the Master Reporting Company, which has offices in Cleveland, New York and Chicago with home offices here, has reported important conventions for eight years. At 15 she was a stenographer and for several years before her connections with the Master Reporting Company she demonstrated stenotype machines.

All sorts of interesting jobs have fallen to her lot, from reporting the conventions of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, which she has done for seven consecutive years, to reporting the State firemen's convention now in session here.

She has had numerous interesting experiences and has visited most of the cities in the country. But while she is extremely interested in her job, she speaks most enthusiastically of her little 3-year-old daughter who, she says, asked for a typewriter for Christmas next year.

"This work" says Mrs. Sweeney, "is an education in many ways and is an especially ideal field for women. It brings one in contact with the brightest minds in every field of endeavor and involves occasional trips over the country.

"I have known many young people who learned all the essentials of

speech-making from reporting conventions. Yes, I have often reported the remarks of very interesting people. I often cover Billy Sunday's addresses and that certainly is 'some job' because you practically have to follow him all over the platform.

"Women's conventions are the most interesting, particularly if you can cover them several consecutive years. When they are organizing it is amusing to see how little they know about parliamentary law. The next year it will be remarkable what sturdy politicians they have become."

after the Witch, "if it is Hansel and Gretel, you promised to bring them here and have some ice cream sodas."

"No I won't forget," the Witch cried as she ran through the farms.

"Let us hunt around and maybe we can find a lollipop field or something almost as good," suggested Raggedy Andy.

"Look at this funny bush of flowers," Sinbad cried when the little party walked across the field toward a wood.

Raggedy Ann picked one of the flowers and handed it to Sinbad. "Just you taste that one, Mister Sinbad," Sinbad said.

"Mmm! Isn't it good," he exclaimed.

"Indeed it is," Raggedy Ann laughed, "they are Lady-fingers." And she picked a lot of the Lady-fingers and passed them around. "They are filled with raspberry jelly," said Raggedy Andy.

"And here are a lot of cream-puffs growing in the grass just like mushrooms," said the Fuzzywump.

And as the ice cream sodas had made Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and the Fuzzywump and Sinbad very hungry, they all sat in under the Lady-finger bush and ate and ate.

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"They must be right," said Sinbad, "for I never even heard of ice cream before, nor have I ever heard of the United States. What is the United States?"

"If I had a geography here I could easily show you," said Raggedy Ann, "but I am afraid that I cannot tell you what it is except that it is a very nice place without kings or anything like that."

"You see, Mister Sinbad, you and Mrs. Witch are people in a story and the stories are in a magical book belonging to the Fuzzywump. And when we grew hungry the Fuzzywump opened his magic book to the Hansel and Gretel story and when we saw Hansel and Gretel eating pieces of the Witch's candy house the Fuzzywump, his little Puppydog and I jumped into the book and ate pieces of the candy house."

"And now we do not show how to get out of the magic book," said the Fuzzywump.

"Don't you know how to work magic, Mrs. Witch? Can't you magic us out of the magical book?" asked the Fuzzywump's cross-eyed Puppydog.

"I do not know the first thing about magic," said the Witch, "you see who wrote the story about Hansel and Gretel just called me a Witch, but they did not write anything about me working magic."

"I guess if they had, you would not have escaped from the Witch's coop," chuckled Sinbad. "But maybe we can find a way to get you out of the magic book."

"Some one is nibbling on my candy house," the Witch cried, "I must run home at once."

"Don't forget!" Raggedy Ann called

VIENNA ARTISTS OPEN WORKSHOP ON 5TH AVENUE

Exhibit Work of Wiener Werkstaette in New York Showrooms.

By MARGARET ROHDE.

To make good wiener schnitzel and The best of wiener wurst is in the Wiener art; versed; so the Wiener Werkstaette now, Upon the Avenue.

Has the other arts and crafts On view for me and follow.

Larger than life and twice as jaun- diced, the golden man is the dominat- ing male at the exhibition of Vien- nese art now being shown in New York.

Alas, not only will this golden idol be found to possess clay feet, but a scratch on his surface will reveal the disillusioning fact that his 14-karat qualities are only a thin veneer of gold leaf. Lurie, the artist who created him, feels some credit is due the golden man, however, for being the largest terra cotta figure ever made.

Treasure Quest's End

Almost all quests for treasure, dear to both feminine and masculine hearts, can be ended at this Wiener Werkstaette of America. Exquisite laces, hand-blocked silks, enamels, ceramics, glass, ivories, jewelry, hand-tooled leather, gold and silver articles, paintings and wall paper are only a half of the twenty-two lines of art shown here to introduce the work of the Viennese artists to the American market.

There are 1,000 of these young artists, both men and women, connected with the Wiener Werkstaette of

SCARAMOUCHE

• by Rafael Sabatini

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

Andre-Louis observed the ashen pallor that now overspread the face of his opponent.

"I think you begin to realize, mon- steur, what Phillippe de Vilomir must have felt that day at Gavriell. I

desired that you should first do so.

Since that is accomplished, why here's to make an end."

He went in with lightning rapidity. For a moment his point seemed to La Tour d'Azur to be everywhere at once, and then from a low engagement in sixte, Andre-Louis stretched forward with swift and vigorous ease to lunge in tierce. But to his amazement and chagrin La Tour parried it just too late. But striking the blade in the last fraction of a second, the Marquis deflected the point from the line of his body, yet not so completely but that a couple of feet of that hardened steel tore through the muscles of his sword-arm.

To the seconds none of these de- tails had been visible.

The sword fell from the suddenly relaxed grip of La Tour d'Azur's fingers, which had been rendered powerless, and he stood now disarmed, his lip in his teeth, his face white, his chest heaving, before his opponent, who had at once recovered.

Andre-Louis at last roused himself, sighed and turned away to resume his garments and left the ground at once.

As with Le Chappeler, he was walking slowly and in silent dejection toward the entrance of the Bois, where they had left their carriage, they were passed by the calèche conveying La Tour d'Azur and his seconds.

And thus it was that he was the first to return, and seeing him thus returning, apparently safe and sound, the two ladies, intent upon preventing the encounter, should have assumed that their worst fears were realized.

Mme. de Plougastel attempted to call out, but her voice refused its office. She attempted to throw open the door of her own carriage, but her fingers groped clumsily and ineffectively with the handle.

She found her voice at last and at the same moment signaled to the driver of the calèche to stop.

"Mademoiselle de Kercadiou is with me. The poor child has fainted."

Moved by a deep solicitude for Mademoiselle de Kercadiou, de La Tour d'Azur sprang up, despite his wound.

And thus it happened that when a few moments later that approaching cabriolet overtook and passed the halted vehicles, Andre-Louis beheld a very touching scene. Standing up to obtain a better view, he saw Aline in a half swooning condition—she was beginning to revive by now—seated in the doorway of the carriage, supported by Mme. de Plougastel. In an attitude of deepest concern, M. de La Tour d'Azur, his wound notwithstanding, was bending over the girl, whilst behind him stood M. d'Ormesson and the mademoiselle's footman.

"My God!" he cried aloud. "What must she have suffered, then, if I had killed him, as I intended?"

It only served to add to his concern that she could so easily have won his consent to the thing she asked. If only she had told him what now he saw, that she loved M. de La Tour d'Azur.

CHAPTER X

M. de La Tour d'Azur was seen no more in the Manège—or, indeed, in Paris at all.

The rumor ran that he had emigrated. But that was only half the truth.

The whole of it was that he had joined that group of noble travelers who came and went between the Tuilleries and the headquarters of the emigres at Coblenz.

Everything From Vienna

Everything now shown in the exhibi- tion is for sale and everything comes from Vienna save the gorgeous

Futuristic furniture and quaint han- ging lights which Mr. Urban has de- signed himself and had executed here.

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