

## 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 row-boat.

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!"

## Social Activities

Gamma chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta will entertain Aug. 2 with a "Pansy Party" at the home of Miss Leora Floyd, 445 Park ave.

Members of the Kiwanis Club will have a dinner-dance Thursday evening at Ma-Loo's country place.

Mrs. William H. Hussey, 34 E. Thirty-Sixth St., has gone to northern Michigan for a three weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brandt, 3560 N. Pennsylvania St., with Mr. and Mrs. William Cooper, Mrs. Henry Smith and Mrs. Anna Busch, are visiting in California. They will return next month.

Miss Dorothea Reissner, 2925 N. Delaware St., is visiting in Greenfield.

Mrs. T. J. Driscoll and children, 3129 N. Illinois St., left this morning for a visit in Bluffton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Benton and Miss Rachel and Miss Mildred Benton with Miss Betty Fischer, are the guests of Miss Irene Mahoney, in Alexandria, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Miller, Miss Mary Anne Miller and Addison Miller of the Hotel English, with Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Skeene have motored to Michigan where they will spend several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Wehrman, 1663 Broadway are spending the summer in Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. William Clevenger will return to their home in the Winter Apartments after a two-weeks trip through the West. Mrs. Clevenger before her marriage was Miss Louise Weaver.

M. L. Newburger, Twenty-First and Illinois Sts., has returned from a cruise on the Great Lakes.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Homer R. Elliott, U. S. N., son of Mrs. Belle Elliott, 29 N. Richard St., to Bertha Irene Pape of Pensacola, Fla. Mr. Elliott is stationed in Pensacola now. After Sept. 1 the young couple will make their home in Indianapolis.

Miss Dorcas Campbell, formerly of this city, now in the New York Charity Organization Society, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Bertha Campbell, 4110 Rockwood Ave.

## Likes Convention Reporting



MRS. FANNY SWEENEY

Mrs. Fanny 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 last 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

## The Raggedies

"These are the first ice cream sodas I ever tasted," Sinbad told the Witch. "I don't see why we never discovered this red ice cream soda water fountain here before," said the Witch. "I wonder if Hansel and Gretel knew it was here?"

"No, they didn't," said Raggedy Ann. "For they told us they have never tasted ice cream sodas either."

"Well," said Sinbad, "I have traveled all over the world, but I never heard of ice cream sodas before."

"That is strange," Raggedy Andy said. "Why, in every town in the United States you can find ice cream soda water fountains."

"But you forget, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann said, "Mister Sinbad and Mrs. Witch are only people in the stories of Hansel and Gretel and Sinbad and the Sailor, and the stories were written long, long before ice cream was invented. That's what Hansel and Gretel said."

"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 Fuzzypump. And when we grew hungry the Fuzzypump 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 Fuzzypump, his little Puppypod 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 Fuzzypump.

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

"I do not know the first thing about magic," said the Witch, "you see who ever 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

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 lollypop 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 did.

"MMMMM! 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 Fuzzypump.

And as the ice cream sodas had made Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and the Fuzzypump and Sinbad and the cross-eyed Puppypod very hungry, they all sat in under the Lady-finger bush and ate and ate.—Copyright, 1922, by Johnny Gruelle.

Everything New Vienna  
Everything now shown in the exhibition is for sale and everything comes from Vienna save the gorgeous Futuristic furniture and quaint hanging lights which Mr. Urban has designed himself and had executed here.

## VIENNA ARTISTS' OPEN WORKSHOP ON 5TH AVENUE

Exhibit Work of Wiener Werkstaette in New York Showrooms.

By MARGARET ROHE.  
To make good viennese schnitzel and the best of viennese woodwork is not the only art in which the Viennese are versed. And so the Wiener Werkstaette now, upon Fifth Avenue, has put the other arts and crafts on view for me and you.

Larger than life and twice as jaundiced, the golden man is the dominating male at the exhibition of Viennese 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. Lurid, the artist who created him, feels some credit is due the golden man, however, for being the largest terra cotta figure ever made.

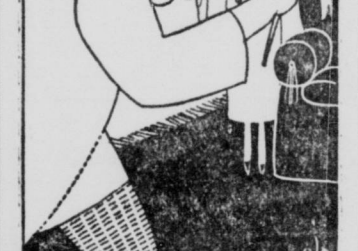
**Treasure Quest's End**

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

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."



Vienna. The plant occupies an entire block there where they all work, each one individually and independently, developing his own inspirations.

Joseph Urban, who designs theatrical scenery, used to be one of them when he was a youthful artist in Vienna. He still has their interests at heart and since the post-war hard times have threatened to crush out their little group he conceived the idea of starting a branch Wiener Werkstaette in New York where the original work could be brought over, exhibited and sold to advantage for the struggling artists back home.

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## 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, monsieur, what Philippe de Vilmorin must have felt that day at Gavrilac. 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'Azyr 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 d'Azyr parried the stroke; infinitely more to his 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 that a couple of feet of that hard-driven steel tore through the muscles of his sword-arm.

To the seconds none of these details had been visible.

The sword fell from the suddenly relaxed grip of La Tour d'Azyr'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 Chapelier, 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 caiche conveying La Tour d'Azyr 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 to obey. She attempted to throw open the door of her own carriage, but her fingers fumbled clumsily and ineffectively with the handle.

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

"Madelmoiselle de Keradadiou is with me. The poor child has fainted."

Moved by a deep solicitude for Mademoiselle de Keradadiou, de La Tour d'Azyr 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 Alene 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'Azyr, his wound notwithstanding, was bending over the girl, whilst behind him stood M. d'Ormesson and the madame's footman.

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

If only she had used candor with him, 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'Azyr.

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## Marriage A La Mode

In winter the marriages of Nicaraguan Indians last longer than in summer for they are determined by the fire.

The priest leads the bride and groom to a ceremonial fire and instructs them in their duties. When the fire is out the two are legally married. Naturally, the season regulates the size of the bonfire.

Hotel Plougastel, Rue du Paradis. Is that it?"

"That is correct," she answered. There was a long moment of silence, during which she studied certain pencilled entries against the name.

"The barriers are closed to all who cannot prove the most urgent and satisfactory reasons for wishing to pass. You will wait, madame, until the restriction is removed."

Rougane's astonishment turned into dismay when they told him what had taken place.

"A passport from without would do equally well," he announced. "I will go back to Meudon at once. My father shall give me two permits—one for myself alone, and another for three persons—from Meudon to Paris and back to Meudon. I re-enter Paris with my own permit, which I then proceed to destroy, and we leave together, we three, on the strength of the other one, representing ourselves as having come from Meudon in the course of the day. If I go at once, I shall be back tonight."

"But how will you leave?" asked Alene.

"I? Pooh! My father is mayor of Meudon. There are plenty who know him. They will pass me through. It is quite simple."

His confidence uplifted them again. The thing seemed as easy as he represented it.

"Then, let your passport be for four, my friend," Madame begged him. "There is Jacques," she explained, indicating the footman who had just assisted them to alight.

Rougane departed confident of soon returning, leaving them to await him with the same confidence. But the hours succeeded one another, the night closed in, bedtime came, and still there was no sight of his return.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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## Ginger Ale Salad

By BERTHA E. SHAPIRO, Cooking Authority for NEA Service and Columbia University.

2 tablespoons granulated gelatine 2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1/2 cup cold water Few grains of salt  
1/2 cup boiling water 1 cup ginger ale  
1/2 cup sugar 2 cups mixed fruit

Soak the gelatine in the cold water one-half hour. Add sugar and boiling water, lemon juice, salt and ginger ale. Allow the mixture to cool, over ice if possible. When it begins to set add fruit. Turn into a wet mold, or molds, and let stand several hours. Unmold on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise, to which beaten cream has been added.

Molded salads for luncheon or supper when served with mayonnaise or beaten cream may be both salad and dessert. Sandwiches of plain bread and butter, or toasted cheese sandwiches, are good to serve with these salads.

Any kind of fruit may be used, or a combination of several fruits, except fresh pineapple—that prevents the jelly from stiffening—but canned pineapple is all right.

Any of the prepared acid fruit gelatines may be used. This recipe calls for plain gelatine. The fruit combination may be marshmallows cut in small pieces, bananas, oranges, strawberries and canned pineapple.

(Cut this out and paste it in your cook book)

## A Special Offering

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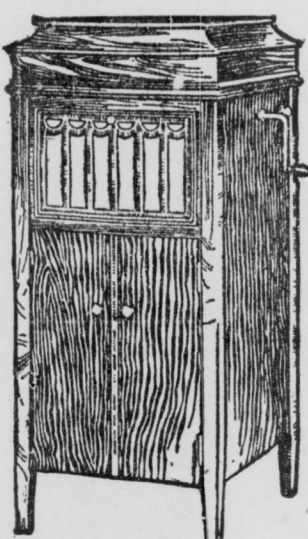
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