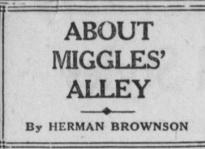
THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



(@ by Short Story Pub. Co.)

IS real name was Tim O'Hagan, but in Miggles' alley he was familiarly known as Shingles. This was because, while a bootblack by profession, he spent a large share of his life on the roof of a five-story tenement house, tending his baby brother. On this particular occasion, however, he rose above his calling of bootblack and nursemaid, and became a hero.

The region about Miggles' alley is not precisely a hotbed of heroism. Indeed, there is probably not a corner of America in which the povertystricken and depraved of all nations meet in such strength as here, where the social sewers from the four corners of the earth seem to empty themselves. But Shingles, looking down upon the streets from the high plane of the tenement housetop, saw more of the color, and whirl, and bigness of the streets than of their mud and meanness. He saw the circus parade as it swept gleaming by. He saw the crowd pouring through the neighboring streets-a black river of humanity. Best of all, he looked almost daily on the wonderful maneuvers of a fire company, whose engine house, opposite one entrance of the tenement more, this time so violently that, in house, was Shingles' favorite resort. On those rare occasions when he was free to ply his trade, Shingles earned several dimes and nickels, and incidentally many golden opinions, from the good-natured fire laddies, who recognized a kindred spirit in this mite of ten. And when chained by duty to his post on the roof, Shingles could, if he liked, exchange occasional salutes with the objects of his worship as they lounged in the street below. As for those moments when the alarm gong rang, and his friends at the engine house jumped into their places on the hose carriage or the hook-andladder trucks, and were whirled off to scenes of adventure, those were periods of combined pride and pain to Shingles. The pride was for his comrades; the pain that he, by reason of his ten years and absorbing occupation, was cut off from any share in these deeds of daring. Only in make-believe could he climb ladders and rescue people from burning buildings; and, while it was easy to play circus parade with the baby and pussy cat in a soap-box on rollers for the band charlot, the heroism of the fire laddles called for a greater exercise of talent. On this June morning Shingles mother, who was today engaged in scrubbing at one of the big insurance buildings on Broadway, left the youngster with his charge on the roof, screaming back strict injunctions to the boy to keep the baby amused. To this task Shingles addressed himself with an ardor born of the beautiful day and the necessity for some occupation for the long hours that stretched between now and supper time. What would he do to amuse the baby and incidentally himself? Why, "play fire." of course. His engine-house experience, joined to his observations from the roof, gave him a familiarity with the fire laddles' modes of operation that resulted in the most stirring realism. The baby seemed pleased, and listened with open-mouthed wonder, while big brother imitated the clatter and clangor of the engine gong or the hoarse shouts of the firemen. and gazed with special delight at Tim's astonishing climb up an imaginary ladder as foreman of the rescue corps. Indeed, he was so much amused by this new game that he did not wince while Shingles tied one end of the clothes-line around the tiny figure, puffing and blowing laboriously for imaginary smoke the while. Baby even thought it great fun, until brother bore him over the edge of the roof and began to let him down, down-a tiny morsel of humanity dangling five stories above the pavement of Miggles' alley. Then fun changed to fright, and baby set up a lusty howl. It was this scream that aroused Shingles from his realistic play to the grim earnestness of the situation. There was no ladder waiting below; there were no brave comrades-only himself. a mite of ten, clutching in his small hand the very end of the rope from which dangled the helpless figure of his tiny brother. Real fear gripped at the little fellow's heart. Slowly, painfully, he began to pull in that endless length of line. Inch by inch he brought that tiny, swaying figure nearer to the housetop. Then suddenly a knot in the rope caught in the iron railing. Cold perspiration rolled down the little fellow's cheek. Already his strength was failing him. To slacken a single foot meant to loosen his hold altogether. He tried to call for help, but the shrill little voice attracted no more attention than had the baby's feeble wail. In the neighborhood of Miggles' alley children lift up their voices in lamentation so often that nothing short of an alarm of fire or murder excites special notice. Suddenly, in this moment of agonizing terror, the boy was seized by an inspiration. On his left rose a large chimney. Around this the little fellow drew the taut rope, making it fast to the clothes-hook in the masonry. Then he rushed to the edge of the roof, and shouted: "Fire, fire, in Miggles' alley !" At this sound the firemen lounging in the sfreet below leaped to their feet. Looking up, they recognized the figure on the roof's edge as that of their little side a few of them for a change."

no false alarm, rushed into the engine house. A moment later the street below resounded with the rumble of trucks, the whang of gongs, and the rush of the surging crowd. In this focal point of cosmopolitan New York, where a quarter of a million people are located within a stone's throw of a common center, the elements of a stirring scene are always at hand. At the sound of the alarm, Chinamen crept from their basement bunks in Mott street-reeking with opium and dazed by the noise; long-haired Hebrews tumbled into the alley from their sweat shops; swarthy Italians came pell-mell from their hovels; and the Arab lost his fez, which, in the surging crowd, was trampled under foot. By the time that the engines and hook-and-ladder company reached the alley they found it jammed with a mass of excited humanity, whose eyes were focused upon a tiny white bundle that swayed in mid-air, 70 feet above the pavement. At once the firemen realized that they had been duped; but the necessity for effort did not escape them. Up shot the great ladders, one above another, and then an agile rescuer began the swift ascent, The crowd cheered in a babel of tongues; but as the climber reached the last few rounds, and began creeping out over the slender threads toward the precious prize, a hush fell upon the multitude. Now he was almost there-now he stood directly under the dangling mite-now he put forth his hand with extremest caution. The crowd stood on tiptoe. Not a soul breathed. Then, just as the strong hand touched the hem of the little frock, the child began struggling once

comrade, and, convinced that this was

the very moment of apparent safety, it slipped from the noose and fell. In that moment even the hardened faces of the multitude below, accustomed to sights of all degrees of danger and wickedness, blanched with terror; eyes bleared by drink or opium were shudderingly averted from the awful scene that seemed inevitable. Meantime the tiny bundle of humanity, in its wild plunge downward, struck a rope stretched across the alley hanging full of wet clothes. The strand, broke with the strain, and the child was lost in the flying mass of white. A few stray rags fluttered down-but the baby-? It had disappeared like a wraith. Strong arms outstretched to make a desperate effort to catch the flying waif fell helpless at many a side. The vast crowd stood speechless, dumfounded,

An instant later a deaf old Irish woman in the second-story tenement looked up from her work and gave a shrill cry of surprise as she saw crawling through the window that led from the fire-escape where she had just laid her feather-bed to air, an almost naked child with scarlet bars around its little body. "By all the saints together!" she cried, dropping on her



(6), 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Remember when heartsick and weary;

The sunshine comes after the rain, Tomorrow is time to be cheery-

Tomorrow we take hope again

Tomorrow the son will be brighter Tomorrow the skies will be fair; Tomorrow our hearts will be

lighter, We'll cast aside sorrow and care.

PICKLING TIME

Some good housekeepers can the prime ripe tomatoes when at-their



Chili Sauce .- Take three quarts of canned tomatoes, add six chopped green peppers, four white onions also chopped, one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of salt, two cupfuls of vinegar and the following ground spices: One tablespoonful of cinnamon, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, half a teaspoonful of cloves and allspice mixed. Cook all together for three hours, then bottle for winter use. This makes a thick sauce. By adding more vinegar a good catsup may be made.

Bordeaux Sauce .- Take two gallons of cabbage, one gallon of green tomatoes, one dozen medium-sized white onions, six red sweet peppers, all chopped fine. Mix one ounce of cloves, one-fourth pound of white mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed, one and three-quarters pounds of sugar. one-half cupful of salt, and one gallon of vinegar. Drain the tomatoes; cabbage and tomatoes are measured after chopping. Remove the seeds from the peppers. Cloves and alispice are tied in small bags. Boll 20 minutes. This makes 12 quarts.

Pickled Onions .-- Remove the outside skin but be careful not to break them. Soak 24 hours in strong salt water, wipe and put them into jars with pleces of red pepper. Allow enough vinegar to fill the jars and to each quart add a teaspoonful of mixed spices. Scald the vinegar with the spices, cool and fill the jars. Repeat for two days, cooling each time before pouring over the onions.

Jellies and Jams.

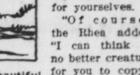
If a jar or two is put up when the fruit or vegetables are fresh, the





"I am white and I am beautiful," said the Rhea. "Everyone knows that."

"I am gray and I am beautiful," said Mrs. Ostrich. "I am black and I am beautiful." said Mr. Ostrich. "All of you, or rather both of you, are very stupid. You have to copy me. You can think of nothing new to say



"Of course." the Rhea added. "I can think of no better creature 'I Am a Beautiful for you to copy. "If you can't

Exquisite Bird." think of anything new to say or do, it is well that you

copy me." "You don't like yourself much, do you?" asked Mrs. Ostrich, in a rather sharp and cross tone of voice.

The Rhea didn't notice the tone of volce.

"You are mistaken," said the Rhea, "I do like myself a great deal."

At that toth ostriches laughed hard, for they knew full well that the Rhea was very fond of himself.

"You see," said the Rhea, "I am far more superior than you are.

"It is hard for me to live a long time. I am delicate and fine and dainty.

"I am a beautiful, exquisite bird, but not such a strong one, especially when away from my own native land." "You had better not boast so much.

for you are like us, only you are smaller," said Mrs. Ostrich.

"We are far bigger than you are, you poor, poor little dear."

"What care I for size?" asked the Rhen.

"I know I am only a little more than half your size, but I have truly beauiful feathers.

"To be sure, I am an ostrich. One of my family names is the noble one of Rhea, but our other name is that of South American Ostrich.

"That is the family to which we belong.

"I come from South America, as the family name tells you, if you don't know it anyway.

"You come from Africa. That makes a difference, I suppose. At least it does in our case. Whether it is because

I am South American and you are

"But I do know that I am smaller

knees, "if thot kid didn't rain down from heaven of'll niver say another pather noster as long as I live!" And it took the combined eloquence

of Shingles and his distracted mother to convince the old lady of the child's earthly origin.

Hard to Cope With Fire Beyond Reach

In a score of different places in these islands underground fires are smoldering. Some have been alight for many years and are fair imitations of volcanoes on a small scale. The fuel in most cases is coal.

A plt between Ayr and Girvan caught fire in 1847 and was still burning at the beginning of the present century. "The Steaming Bug," the country folk call it.

Landore, an important junction station near Swansea, was for some time rendered useless by an underground fire said to be burning in old chemical and metal refuse. The platforms were hot and the whole place was poisoned by fumes. The town of Dudley has suffered severely from a slow burning going on deep beneath its foundations, which at one time threw out fumes of deadly gas, half-poisoning many peo-

It is easy to understand coal catching fire, but more difficult to comprehend land blazing up. Yet this phenomenon happens quite frequently. Some years ago there was a remarkable outbreak at Halsall Moss, near ins. Cook five minutes longer and Birkdale. A potato farmer piled unslaked lime on one of his fields and set fire to the peaty soil that had been rendered bone-dry by a month of sun- of pears. Slice them in thin slices, shine. A wind got up and soon three add four pounds of sugar and oneacres were ablaze, the fire biting deep into the ground.

Two years ago there was a similar outbreak near Shrewsbury. The burning of a plle of brushwood started it. The fire caught into the roots of a great tree and five weeks later the tree crashed down. Then the whole earth was found to be afire, and the fire spread until winter rains put it out .--London Tit-Bits.

Degeneration

"The American people used to read Thoreau and Emerson. Today their gether, add one tablespoonful of salt, idea of intellectual enjoyment is to gloat over films of pretty girls in bottle while hot. bathtubs."

The Boston critic, Everett P. Wheeler, was addressing a women's union. He went on:

"A sight-seeing motor bus was gliding through Boston's historic streets. The man with the megaphone was raising the instrument to his lips for another spiel when a pretty girl gave his coat tail a yank and said impatlently:

"'Aw, say, cut out that heavy stuff. You've told us enough about the splendid Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston. Now can't you show us in-

work will be light and in a few weeks the fruit closet will be well filled. A cupful of raspberries added to three cupfuls of rhubarb with sugar

to make a rich sauce makes a fruit that has all the flavor of raspberry with the bulk of rhubarb. Strawberries, pineapple, in fact any fruit that is rich in flavor, added to rhubarb will extend the flavor.

Peach and Raisin Conserve .- Take four pounds of peeled peaches, three pounds of sugar, three cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of seeded raisins, one and one-half cupfuls of blanched almonds shredded. Slice the peaches, removing the stones, add the water and sugar and cook until the mixture thickens; add the almonds and cook five minutes longer.

Plum and Raisin Jam,-Cook six cupfuls of pitted plums in three cupfuls of water until they are soft, add two cupfuls of seeded raisins and four cupfuls of sugar and cook 30 minutes, or until the mixture is thick ; stir occasionally. Pour into jelly glasses and seal with paraffin.

Pineapple Marmalade .--- Pare and cut into small cubes one pineapple, saving all the juice. Add three cupfuls of sugar and the grated rind and juice of three lemons. Cook 30 minutes or until thick; add two cupfuls of raispour into glasses,

Chinese Pears. - Wipe, remove stems, quarter and core eight pounds fourth pound of Canton ginger cut into small pleces. Let stand over night closely covered. Slice three lemons, rejecting the seeds, add to the pears and cook slowly for two hours

Apple Catsup .-- Peel and quarter a dozen apples, stew them in a very little water until soft, then put them through a sleve. To a quart of the apples add one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of pepper, the same of cloves and cinnamon and, two mediumsized onions choped fine. Stir all toa cupful of vinegar, boil one hour and

Grape Marmalade .--- Wash and mash grapes. Cook slowly until soft. Force through a sieve until all but the seeds and skins has gone through. Rinse the seeds and skins with a little water and add an equal measure of sugar for the grape pulp. Boil 10 minutes until very thick.

Celery may be found in most salads : it not only adds flavor, bulk and vegetable acids, but it has a medicinal

value as well.

Lellie Maxwell



influence and secondly the distinctly

English atmosphere about many of the

Meyer et Cle have an attractive ar-

ray of rough-surfaced woolens, usually

combined with silks and having a de-

licious velvety nap. This house is

darkening the spring colors-bois du

cose, mauve, raspberry (frambolse).

reseda and sage greens, bright navy

and nattier blue, some belge and dull

orange and a little black being most

prominent. They make a satin-surfaced

wool out of goat's hair and slik for

Rodier, as always, has an interest-

ng collection of autumn materials.

oosely woven cloth with the beautiful

Kasha is replaced by kasha natte, a

ashmere weave of kasha. This artist

n cloth is creating some lovely kasha

juvetyns that are shaded from top to

pottom for coats and dresses. One

as New Ensemble Outfit

Cape and Frock Offered

sports, calling it capria.

new cloths.

Drecoll sponsors a sport ensemble consisting of a cape and frock instead of the usual coat and frock ensemble. This chic overplaid cape is of kasha. white, and has a novel scarf effect.

Styles in Garments for Little Girls and Boys

is very good.

Bolero Adds Interest

Small garments depend upon needlevork for individuality. A frock of checked gingham for little sister is smocked with linen thread and has collar and cuffs of white linen edged with color.

For the simplest form of smocking make chalk or pencil dots one-quarterinch apart on the wrong side of the material. Pass a thread through each dot in each row and draw up the

threads at one side. The material now resembles an accordion plaiting. The best effects are obtained by

inen.

match.

using a straight line of stitches at top and bottom and between each row of A development that adds considerably to the interest of the new models checks. This gives firmness to the is the attempt on the part of several work as well as a border for the design and is very easy to do-simply of the most exclusive designers to revive the bolero and in other ways to use an outline stitch, passing the bring back the natural waistline. To needle through the top of each plait. be sure, in many instances it is only Young brother's manly linen togs suggested in a most subtle manner. ind distinction in zig-zag bands of out-

but the indication of a line is unmisine stitch in yellow, copper and brown takably evident. By the way, linen still continues to And with the introduction of a be the smartest fabric for both boys waistline in its natural position, skirts and girls, although a very smart little have become fuller, but the greater amplitude is arranged in such a way cotton crepe, for a girl of eight, has skirt and tunic blouse bordered with that the effect is still slim and expoints done in a contrasting color of ceedingly graceful.

linen thread, with a twisted girdle to The bolero is a detail that has all the elements of novelty, for it is many Another charming frock of powderseasons since it has appeared in the olue crepe, with a tiny collar and vest ranks of fashion. Among the models of white, is shirred at the shoulders brought out the past spring/were two and wrists with golf-color linen thread, or three suits that exploited a short and fastens along one edge of the vest waistline jacket obviously inspired by with amber buttons,

the bolero, and later models also re-Yet another, of sage green crepe, has collar and cuffs of cream, and the designers to give this new line me." mocking of cream and black linen. | favorable consideration.

ver thread. Burafyl, the beautiful French interpretation of English men's wear worsted, is being made by Rodler for many autumn sports suits, which have been made into fall garments by the Paris couturiers. Pellisine, a suedefinished cashmere, is a beautiful new Rodier fabric, and this house has also many new materials with damask patterns in faint lines of white on wool. Among the colors very dark Veronese green, a full range of blue, many grays and a deep wine red stand forth most prominently.

Showing one of the very latest

sports fur coats, made of raccoon

skins, designed for the cold blasts of

fall and winter. It was among the fur

wraps recently displayed at a fashion

dull colors, and his kasha is gorgeous-

ventional done

show held in Chicago.

Embroidered Girdle Has Matching Tassels

A smart girdle for a frock is embroidered in color and has matching tassels. This has a very clever fastening-one embroidered end slips through a sash beneath the middle strap and comes out opposite its

mate, each point then snapping down neatly into place at the tassel. On the straight-line dress this girdle is worn rather low on the hips and is with a wide border of red around it. especially becoming to a tall girl. The dress is of red silk, trimmed with The emtroldery may be either red or blue or any color you prefer.

Feather stitching in fast color

and that I do come from South Amer-"My neck is long like yours and so ire my legs. "My body is covered with beautiful 'eathers and I am most certainly cousin of yours.

African I do not know.

"But at the same time I cannot help admiring myself for I am supposed to be handsome.

"Not only am I supposed to be handsome but I am handsome."

"Well, we won't argue the matter," said Mr. Ostrich, "for I am sleepy and I would like to doze in the sunshine. "That would be a far more pleasant thing to do than to argue the point."

"I would like to doze in the sunshine, too," said Mrs. Ostrich. "And I also think that would be a far more pleasant thing to do than to discuss size or beauty.

"Particularly now that these questions are all settled so completely by the Rhea."

"It sounds like a nice idea to me, too," said the Rhea

"Ah, you're my yousins, all right." he added. "We're

ca, where they had been torn, and of the warm sunshine that was also to be found in North America.

For the sun, they realized, belonged to more than one part of the world. The sun had a happy way of shining everywhere at some time or another.

The New Morality

Ferdinand Huxley, the well-known librarian, said in a Denver lecture : "The people are going back to the older novelists, to Dickens and Scott and Thackeray. Our new novelists have disappointed them. They don't like our new novelists' morality.

"This morality closely resembles the chorus girl's. A stage manager said to her at supper one night:

"'Could you love a man who was false to you?

"'No, oh, no,' the chorus girl answered. Then, after a moment's sllence, she added thoughtfully. 'But 1 veal an inclination upon the part of could be fals' to a man who leved

black linen thread, on gay colors is as effective as it is easy to do. Around all a lazy, stupid the hem line it is a charming finish for sort of family." the bottom of brief frocks. French The ostriches knots often make their appearance, did not object to frequently massed in a border effect this remark in of solid diamonds, and fagoting the least. worked in the same color as the frock Instead they all went to sleep and slept soundly, dreaming of their homes in South Mr. Ostrich. America and Afriin Fashions for Women

