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The Advocate

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ILLUSTRATED FFATURE SECTION- May 14, 1932

Them Clothes! Take Off

By NELLIE LATHROP HELM

Manuel was in disgracy

As he sat on the edge of the sorch, digging his bare toes into the said, he thought about the happenings

of the mosning. Why had he been tempted by those "white trash" boys to get down into the dusty road and play marbles? In his Sunday clothes, tool And why, oh, why, had his grandfather and grand-mother clime along and found him thers? And worst of all, why did they come along just as those bad words fell from his lips? He did not often second only when

He did not often swear-only when things happened that called for strong language, and even then he usually was careful that no cne-that is no one that counted-should hear him. But "Pappy" and "Mam-my" of all people!

Of course he could not go to church. His clothes, so clean whet he left hime, now so gray with dus - his bands, also, and his face streak 1.0 ed with gray where those same gritty hands had hastily wiped the streaming perspiration!

But added to these were Pappy's words—still ringing in his ears— "You can go home, sur. A young ge'man what can swar' like that ain't no call to go to church. De debil gwine take care o' him. Go home, sur!" JAAR"

home, surl Pappy's slow calm was far more to be feared than a more explosive wrath. Manuel could only obey. When he reached home he ex-changed his Sunday clothes for the lower shirt and baggy trousers hung by one suspender of week-day wear, which did not call for shoes and stockings. Then he went to work to remain damages.

by one subpender of week-day weak, which did not call for shoes and stockings. Then he went to work to repair damages. With much inward suffering he brushed his suit, folded it carefully, and laid it on the best-bed. A hole in the knee of the stocking that Mammy had washed and darned with such care caused Manuel to shudder. However, by rolling them and turning the top of one down over the roll as his grandmother always did the hole as well as the rather rusty appearance of their once black aurface was concealed. The shirt was beyond his skill. It would have to remain for the regular washing, a silent witness to the depth to which he had fallen. When the shoes were polished and put in their usual week-day abiding place, he went out on the porch. But he could not sit there, doing nothing but dig his tess in the sand. His thoughts were not pleasant com-pany. He looked around. The wood-box was empty. He filled it and cut an armful of kindling. He filled the bucket with fresh water from the well. He looked at the sun. It was past non. Church was out. Then he saw Johnny and Cindy coming along the lane, closely followed by his grandfather and "Aunt Charity" to the rest of their world. "Johnny," called Uncle William when he was seated tilted back com-<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>



down the and downeed be areally from the base of relief. At least he know where the the theore without severed in him the the baser ance without severed in him the baser have been discovered in him the clothing, Manuel could only chair. He was prepared for a whittled his switch. Thad been subjected to it, for he was and condition go. But now his grand condition go. But now his grand chasm which it seemed impossible to close. If Pappy had only whipped him But he had not, and Manuel tossed with dubious fears. Finally the shelf the water and the magning and the had not, and Manuel tossed with dubious fears. Finally the shelf the water and the tearn figure before him, sat on the edge of the rocker, his muscles and perspiration standing on the days of the edge of the rocker, his muscles and full of slender switches from the dark against the house, say its bed the days and sawe met" prayed Manuel. Tappy gwine whop me how, shor." And yet with the dread of the the water of the tow which the dread of the form the dread of the context the the stering figure before him, sat on the days of the edge of the rocker, his muscles and the operpart of the days of the context first from the kitchen. Date will and the was stripping the leaves, the days and the tow with the dread of the context for the days of the days of the rocker, his muscles and perspiration standing on the kitchen. Date will charity from the kitchen. Taw, chile!" exclaimed Aunuel for yo' got on day is a start of the say belong and dont let mease yo' so estravisant wid clothes, interpired the say the beave at the maxing of the say that fo' yo' got on day the maxing of this hyere generation.

duds if yo' wants dem." Manuel drew them on over his own suit. Then, the old loose shirt and baggy trousers that were ones John-my's but had been handed down to him for every day, were pulled on the one suspender was fastened or-curely by a null run through the button hole, over all went his old coat and he was dressed. "Whar yo' going?" asked Uncle William as the two boys paysed out the door.

Manuel knew only to do as hc was bid. Owing to his unusual amount of clothing, any change of position was fraught with difficuity, but he managed to place himself stiffly on the edge of the chair. He felt no inclination to rock. Mon't whop me twel I argifies wid "De time for argifyin am gone." "De time for argifyin arm gone." "Pappy." he begged, with a cour-"Pappy." he begged, with a cour-inclination to rock.

"We's gwine do de feedin." an-swered Manuel with assumed cheer-fuinesa. "Johnny can do de feedin." was the reply. "I has other bizniz for the reply. d to discussed a server a said.

fulness.
"Johnny can do de feedin," was the reply. 'I has other bizniz for you to tend to dis mawnin. A ge'-man what is old nuff and big nuff to swar' like yo' can ain't no call to feed stock ob mine."
It had come! The crisis was at hand. But he was ready.
Slowly he turned back while John-ny went to the barn alone.
"Take a cher, sur," said Uncle William. "Take de rockin' chair. It is de most comfable for a young ge'man to set in."
Manuel knew only to do as he was
"Do time for argifyin am gone,"