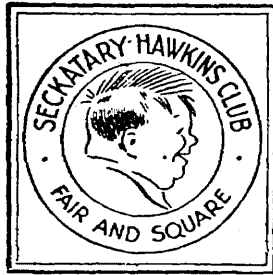


Come In! Join the Seckatary Hawkins Club!

Everybody Get Into Contest on Baseball!



DEAR CLUB MEMBERS:
From now on every nice sunny day is going to turn our thoughts to the coming baseball season. Already many groups of boys are gathering on the vacant lots or in the hollow and practicing up for the summer contests. How quickly the thrill of slamming out the old pill comes back to you! You step up to the plate. Your

jaw squares! Your heart pounds against your ribs. You grip your old bat till your knuckles are white. Then you feel a surging determination to clout out a homer, to land your team victorious. Oh, boy! What a thrill it is! And that's why I know you are going to like our contest this week.

too. Your story, verse or drawing must be about "baseball." Not only do the boys enjoy this great American sport, but most of our girls are enthusiastic rooters for one team or another. Even watching a stirring game of baseball gives as much enjoyment to some as the actual playing does.

So get busy, now, and send in your best work.

Our password last week was a hard one, wasn't it? But we have some real geography students in the club judging from the number who solved it correctly. It was "Aconcagua," a volcano in the Argentine Republic and the highest point in the western hemisphere.

You can't find the answer to this week's password in a geography or a history, but I'll bet you will all

MEMBERSHIP BLANK

Fill out this blank and enclose a two-cent stamp for your club badge, and mail to Seckatary Hawkins, Room 516, Plain Dealer.

Seckatary Hawkins:

I wish to be enrolled as a member of the SECKATARY HAWKINS CLUB. I am enclosing a two-cent stamp for my club badge.

Name

Age

Street address

City..... State.....

Names of new members of the club are in another section of this paper

A NEW CONTEST EVERY WEEK

Prizes will be awarded every Sunday for the best letter, story, drawing, essay or poem submitted by a member of this club

Here Are the Rules

This week's Seckatary Hawkins club contest announced by the Plain Dealer is for a letter, a story, a verse or a picture done by a member of this club. If you are not a member of the club use the membership blank on this page to join.

The title of every article submitted in this contest must contain the word "baseball."

Write on one side of the paper only.

Your composition must be original, done without any assistance from older persons.

All contributions must bear the writer's full name, address and age.

The judges will be members of the Sunday Plain Dealer staff and their decision will be final. No manuscripts or drawings will be returned.

Contributions must be addressed to Seckatary Hawkins, Room 516, Plain Dealer, and must arrive not later than noon Wednesday, March 23.

The awards will be announced in the Plain Dealer Sunday Magazine of April 3.

FIVE PRIZES: One of \$3, one of \$2, three of \$1 each

be able to decipher it quickly. As it stands now, it looks like some foreign language:

ROGERV LARENAD EX

But when you have changed the letters around a few times, and put them in their right places, you will have the name of a famous baseball player. That should be apple pie for most of you, because we're all more or less baseball fans, and every one knows this man.

And so we will bring our meeting to a close for this week. This spring weather is an awful temptation, and after talking to you about baseball, I've got the fever myself, and I'm going out and have a little game with the boys in the hollow. Remember, I'll be looking for a letter from you or something for the contest.

Bye, till next week.

Yours, fair and square.

Seckatary Hawkins

Winners in Contest on Subject "Spring"

First prize in the Hawkins Club contest announced March 6, on the subject "Spring," was awarded to Dina Licciardi, 3532 East 142d street, Cleveland. Her essay has earned her \$3.

Second prize went to James Henry Grow, 704 East 96th street, Cleveland. He will receive \$2 for a drawing.

The three other prizes, of \$1 each, go to Anita Greenwald, 4348 West 23d street, North Olmsted, O., and Nancy Jenkins, 9917 Newton avenue, Cleveland, for verses, and to Helen F. Patterson, 790 Highland avenue, Sharon, Pa., for a drawing.

Checks will be mailed to the winners.

Desert Marigolds

Continued From Page Thirteen

sleep," he muttered. They heard him slam the outer door of the end room as he took his bedroll out into the starlit darkness.

Janet rose. "We'll all be up so early it's hardly worth going to bed, but I want a nap, at least," she smiled. "You'll find your bed ready," she told the stranger. "You'll be all right here, Mr. Avard?" Avard was to sleep in the little sitting room where they had been chatting.

"Sure," Avard answered, while Verne, saying, "I'll fetch your cot and blankets, Miz Hickey," carried them through the room into the kitchen, and came back to his seat. Janet, saying good night, disappeared, closing the door behind her.

The telephone jangled and Avard, nearest, answered it. It was a call from headquarters. Hanging up after a short talk, he lamented:

"I've got to clear out. That Fort Worth buyer's at the Home Ranch to look at heifers first thing in the mornin'."

"Hey!" The buyer from Kansas City exclaimed, "I want to bid on them heifers myself. Tell you what, Avard: I'll drive you over in my coupe, it's warmer than your roadster. I'll go run it out of the shed right now. What say?"

"Fine."

As the buyer stepped out, Avard turned to Verne and spoke gravely.

"Dave, do you want me to go on sendin' sixty-five dollars a month of your wages to Blackwater?"

"Yes."

"Out of eighty! Dave, you're not bein' fair to yourself; you need a new saddle and some new clothes—a

chance to have a good time now an' then."

"I reckon I can get along."

Avard looked at him half-scornfully, half-pityingly, then flared. "It makes me sick, Dave, the way you're lettin' that woman of yours ride you! Now, don't get sore; let me talk plain. You know she ain't fit to be your wife, an' why you let her go on makin' a dern fool of you I can't see!"

Janet, not yet asleep, heard Avard's hot protest, but not Verne's low, carefully restrained reply. Then the buyer's car rattled up to the door, his voice called above the engine's clatter:

"All ready, Avard."

Verne followed Avard outside to stand a moment talking, then the car shot off. Going back into the sitting room to put out the light, he stood in thought for a while. Avard meant well in his blunt, plain spoken way, so he couldn't resent what had been said. But Avard didn't seem to understand that when a man made a promise to a woman before a preacher to endow her with all his worldly goods "till death do us part," he had to live up to it. It wasn't for him to try to squirm out of it just because Greta didn't want to leave town. She was ailing, too, and oughtn't to get too far away from that osteopath who was doing her so much good with his "manipulative treatment," as she wrote. Some day, when she got well, she'd come back and share her husband's life. She'd promised that.

Verne blew out the lamp, and very quietly, so that he wouldn't waken

Miz Hickey, closed the door and started for his bunk.

As he stepped outside the row of marigolds caught his attention, and he remembered his promise to water them. He hesitated, then turned his steps to the windmill. Filling the bucket that stood there, he carried it back up the slope and poured the water, carefully and slowly, at the roots of the plants. As he worked, the window of the end room went up and Janet spoke to him:

"Mr. Verne, don't do that. Go straight to bed."

Hickey's sleep was broken by the sound of the buyer starting his car. From where he lay in the saddle room, some fifty feet from the house, he heard the man call to Avard, and then Verne's voice talking to the two. The car sped off, and Joe listened for Verne's step going to the garage, realizing that for some reason the other two had left the camp. He did not hear them. Had he gone back into the house, was he there, with Janet?

Hickey lay absolutely still, straining his ears . . . the sound of a carefully closed door, then soft footsteps veering away, next the sound of their stealthy return, a window going up, Janet's voice, these he heard. The words she spoke were indistinguishable, as was Verne's reply. Again the soft steps moving off apparently in the direction of the windmill. There was a locked toolhouse near the mill, the key to which Verne carried! Were those two walking, very quietly, away from the house?

The strain grew intolerable as

Hickey's long-cherished doubts changed to conviction. He worked himself swiftly out of his bed-roll in a frenzy that was none the less cautious. Without waiting to pull on his boots, he thrust a pistol under the waistband of his overalls and took the bullwhip from his saddle. It would be a bullet for Verne, and the lash for Janet!

Coming out of the saddleroom, he thought he could distinguish his wife and Verne moving toward the windmill; a vague, moving shape, certainly, that might be the two in a close embrace. He dodged swiftly round the kitchen end of the house, crouching at the corner to wait until they should disappear into the toolhouse. The bullwhip, coiled, he grasped in his left hand, his right rested on the butt of his old plow-handled forty-five. A great surge of self-pitying anger shook him, choked him. He trembled, thinking, miserably, maybe this was God's punishment for the sins of his youth. God, whom he had never believed in, using his lovely, fresh young Janet and this truck-horse, Verne, to punish him! He must steady himself before starting the quick, cat-footed rush upon them . . .

The sound of slow footsteps returning from the windmill puzzled him. Drawing back, he tried to account for them; he peered again, made out the foreman's bulk. The man walked alone, carrying something. His steps halted under the end room window. Hickey stepped out of sight.

"Please go to bed, Mr. Verne. It's awfully late." Janet's voice came distinct to her husband's ears.

"All right, Miz Hickey. Just this bucketful." There was the sound of water being sloshed over the ground.

Janet's voice again, and it held a note of yearning tenderness.

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Verne. I just couldn't bear to have those marigolds die. Joe loves 'em so!" The window closed.

Hickey straightened, grew cold. Through stiff lips came a muttered: "S'pose I'd 'a' shot him!" He had to put a hand against the wall to steady himself.

In the brief period before Verne finished emptying the bucket and went off to his bunk, Joe looked into his soul and saw the evil thing it had become. Later, lying in his bedroll, relaxed, achingly happy though sick with self-shame, the plains wind crooning through the cracks of the saddle room, he tried to see clear, to understand this woman who had been given him. He sensed, if dimly, that love was the very breath of life to her, various, sweet and overflowing. Besides the lover-passion that would be his until one of them ceased to breathe, there were endless degrees of innocent, protective love for all lonesome and needing creatures. He might as well be jealous of her marigolds as of her!

"Damn my ornery soul to hell!" he muttered, unconscious of the profanity of the words. "I'm a-goin' to be good to her! I'm a-goin' to be good to her always," he repeated, like a little song. "You'll see, Janet, you sure will. I'm a-goin' to be mighty good to you, Janet."

Smiling, he dropped to sleep.