Come In! Join the Seckatary Hawkins Club!

Contest on “fish story” for this week

DEAR CLUB MEMBERS:

We have been spending a lot of our time down in the shade of our white oaks that hide the cool banks of Clive River. Oh, how I wish we had a clubhouse! And maybe you think we haven’t caught some. Oh, but I had a catch of big ones on my last Saturday, and Shadow Joonah says I caught quite a nice eight. I didn’t see Shadow’s catch, but I’ll bet it was a fish story, any how.

Lett’s have a contest in which the title will be “A Fish Story.” Write a story or a verse, or draw a picture, or if you can’t do that very well, just set down and write a long letter and tell me about “A Fish Story” that you remember. That’s all there is to it.

Last week our password was “Herules.” This week it is ‘ ’ in which the majority of our club members solved it we knew it was too good. So here goes for a much more difficult job. The letters, as usual, are

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

A NEW CONTEST EVERY WEEK

Prizes will be awarded every Sunday for the best 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, or a picture done by a member of your 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 words “A Fish Story.”

Write on one side of the paper only.

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

All contributions must bear the writer’s full name and address.

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, Aug. 29.

The awards will be announced in the Plain Dealer Fiction and Feature Section of Sept. 9.

FI F TEN PRIZES: One of $3, one of $2, three of $1 each.

To each of the next 10: One pair of seats to one of the Loew theaters.

A Life for Sale

back of the marked man, his Siggers clutching the other’s throat.

"Here, give me a hand, Creg-"thorn," called Bussy Chipstead.

A minute later the Secret Service freeman tore the mask from the face of the old fellow whose writ he had managed.

"Oh, Creg-"thorn," he said, "I arrest you for the murder of Simon Sinte."

CHAPTER XXXVI

I WAS to a deeply interested gathering of police chiefs, Cabil-"not Ministers, and High Government officials in the office of Sir Robert Hedgaddery that Bussy Chipstead told his story.

"In the first place," he stated, "in my first conviction that the report of the innocent alien who are now examining him will give the opinion that Mr. Jarvis Stark is mad. He has been seriously unbalanced, in my estimation, for some time past. Stark, the Prime Minister of England turned to the speaker with an intensity of feeling. He knew that in the end he could only be surprised. He knew that he was not in the least afraid of it if he never found out the cause. The Prime Minister had not been surprised, and the letter w in the word "warning" was out of alignment. What was written on the typewriter on his desk was Jarvis Stark himself. The man had, I say here, was not in the least afraid, but his behaviour that morning was so peculiar that I could not help retaining the memory.

"The building, an idea, as bizarre as to be described only in realizable terms, had itself been the recognised "big noise" of crime. For the explanation of this has been more mysterious and more powerful than I imagine. I am told that the reason that this has been more mysterious and more powerful than I imagine.

Two hours later Creg-"thorn walked toward the palace of the Duke of York's Island with Margery Steers in the peaceful garden of plants.

Stop Whiskey!

Wife Cured Him of the Whiskey Habit

"No, thanks—no more for me. I think I have saved my money for something while the family was happy. I had just enough for the Golden Tremendous Ball and give it to the good old lady. I feel the results were amazing. I lost all desire for liquor. I can’t touch it. I am my own self once more. Happy, prosperous."

Radio Plane

FLIGHTLESS planes have been granted a new lease on life by wireless control from a flying control tower erected in Kansas City, Mo., by E. W. D. A., says Popular Science. The mechanical "boat," or "carrier" in a radio receiving set within the plane designed to intercept and call upon radio telephones transmitted from a ground control station. The "mule" is operated by the master radio set. These operate the controls.