

Come In! Join the Seckatary Hawkins Club!

Contest on "fish story" for this week



DEAR CLUB MEMBERS:
We boys have been spending a lot of our time down in the shade of the old willow trees that hide the cool banks of Cave River. Good fishing, there. And maybe you think we haven't caught some. Oh,

boy! I had a catfish as big as my arm last Saturday, and Shadow Loomis says he caught one twice as big. I didn't see Shadow's catch,

but I'll bet it was a fish story, anyhow.

Let'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 sit 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 "Hercules," and by the easy manner in which the majority of our club members solved it we know it was too easy.

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 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 words "A Fish Story."

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, Aug. 29.

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

FIFTEEN 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

all jumbled together, and this is what it looks like: And now we adjourn for another week.

A L O G S U N K M E

There you are! It's in keeping with our contest this week—a big fish. As soon as you have placed the letters in their right places, you will have the name of a fish. Try it now, and see how long it takes you to figure it out.

Yours fair and square,
Seckatary Hawkins

Three Drawings Win Cash

Three of the five winners of cash prizes in the contest on "Playmates" earned their rewards by entering drawings. First prize, \$3, went to an essay by J. R. Hoban, jr., 11406 Clifton Boulevard; and second, \$2, to a drawing by Elnora Rodenbaugh, 6419 Union Avenue; Gertrude Schrier, 102 E. Baird Avenue, Barberton. The three prizes of \$1 each went to Grace Montclair Avenue; Josephine Parks, and to Margaret Dupper, 574 E. 107th Street, and Jean Garrison, 444 McKinley Avenue, Salem, both for drawings.

two tickets each to one of the Loew theaters: Paul Willis Hogue, 2076 E. 88th Street; Alex Hirach, 10524 Tacoma Avenue; Rose Smith, 10515 Earle Avenue; Dina Licciardi, 3532 E. 142d Street; Carrie Turayskie, 6419 Union Avenue; Gertrude Schrier, 901 Eddy Rd.; Elmer Arndt, 1717 Cliffview Road; Eugenia Miller, 3110 Ohm, 3342 E. 145th Street for verses, 1346 Webb Road, Lakewood, and Avis Newport, 1589 Wagar Avenue, Lakewood. Checks and tickets will be mailed to the winners.

The following ten were awarded

A Life for Sale

back of the masked man, his fingers clutching the other's throat.

"Here, give me a hand, Creighton!" called Bunny Chipstead.

A minute later the Secret Service free-lance tore the mask from the face of the man whose wrists he had manacled.

"Jarvis Stark," he said, "I arrest you for the murder of Sir Simon Baste."

CHAPTER XXXVI

IT WAS to a deeply interested gathering of police chiefs, Cabinet Ministers, and other high Government officials in the office of Sir Robert Heddingley that Bunny Chipstead told his story.

"In the first place," he stated, "it is my firm conviction that the report of the eminent alienists who are now

examining him will give the opinion that Mr. Jarvis Stark is mad. He has been seriously unbalanced, in my view, for some time past."

"Mad!" The Prime Minister of England turned to the speaker with an impatient gesture. He looked as though he found it difficult to take Chipstead's words seriously.

"Naturally, when my friend Sir Robert Heddingley asked me some weeks ago to give him what help might be possible in this perplexing affair, which had already assumed very grave proportions, I was anxious to do what I could. That it was not an ordinary criminal with whom we had to deal was apparent. I early realized that the person directing this campaign of systematic blackmail was a man highly placed himself. He was a man who moved in circles where the most exclusive information could be obtained.

"This conclusion was forced home to me by the fact that, only a few hours after I had received Sir Robert's confidence, a warning not to interfere in the matter was delivered at my flat.

"Calling at Scotland Yard the following day, I made a rather queer discovery. Whilst talking to the Deputy Commissioner a clerk entered the room and placed some typewritten documents on his desk. Although not wishing to be inquisitive, I could not help noticing that the machine used for these reports was fitted with the type known as elite. Now, although machines fitted with this type are very common in the United States, not many English business men employ them. I believe also that such machines are not favoured in your Government offices?"

The Home Secretary spoke for his colleagues.

"That is so."

"There were two other coincidences which made me regard those re-

ported with some significance," continued Chipstead. "One was that the letter w was out of alignment, and the second that a green ribbon had been used." He paused to look round the room, and then added: "In the unusual communication I had received some hours previously the machine used had been fitted with elite type, a green ribbon utilized, and the letter w in the word 'warning' was out of alignment.

"What interested me more than the typescript on his desk was Jarvis Stark himself. The man, I had always heard, was odd in his manner, but his behaviour that morning was so peculiar that I could not help retaining the memory.

"After leaving the building, an idea, so bizarre as to be credible in only the most sensational novel, came to me: what man in London was in a better position to become a Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard?"

"I will not waste time by narrating how I kept Stark under constant supervision, but after a while it became plain to me that he must be the directing force behind this gang of crooks.

"It was an extraordinary discovery to make, but I waited because I wanted absolute proof. Bit by bit I obtained this, until it became perfectly clear that an outwardly re-

spectable Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard was also an exceedingly dangerous criminal, who, within a few months, had gained such a hold over the Underworld that he was the recognized 'big noise' of crime. For the explanation of this phenomenon you must listen to your experts."

Two hours later Creighton walked

with Margery Steers in the peaceful garden of Roughmoor.

As they turned the corner, the sun came out from behind a cloud and shone full upon them.

To them both, as they stood silent, it was a symbol: from the darkness they had passed into the light.

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THE END

Buddie and His Friends

By Robert L. Dickey



Stop Whiskey!



Wife Cured Him of the Whiskey Habit

"No, thanks—no more booze for me. I used to be a hard drinker. Spent my money for 'moonshine' while the family went hungry. I was fast becoming a wreck, despised by self-respecting people. My wife changed it all. She sent for Golden Treatment and gave it to me secretly in my tea and coffee. The results were amazing. I lost all desire for liquor. I can't touch it. I am my real self once more, healthy, happy, prosperous."

FREE Any woman who wants to try the Golden Treatment for the sake of a loved one in the toils of drink can have a **FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent in plain, sealed wrapper. Just write to Dr. J. W. Hines, Co., 2742 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Radio Plane

PILOTLESS planes have been made successfully to loop the loop by wireless control from the ground in recent experiments in England, says Popular Science. The mechanical pilot's "brain" is a radio receiving set within the plane designed to interpret and act upon impulses transmitted from a ground control station. The "muscles" are tiny compressed air motors, actuated by the master radio set. These operate the controls.