

Our Ten Dollar Prize Offer.

Last month, under the group of portraits which we reproduce here, we asked the question, "Who are they?" For the most novel answer we promised a cash prize of ten dollars. A great deal of curiosity and interest has been aroused; and an almost endless amount of otherwise unnecessary correspondence has been the only tangible result. A number of replies have been received—some of them quite *novel* too, but the majority of our

who have sent in their contributions, may, if they choose to do so, substitute others.

To give our subscribers an idea of what is wanted, we take the liberty of printing the following contribution by a reader who did not care to enter the general competition. In so doing we "give away" some of the names, but this does not matter. The prize-winner who beats the contributions already in hand will have to do considerably more than *name* the persons whose portraits appear.



readers appear to have misunderstood the offer and the conditions. To give all an opportunity of competing we have decided to extend the time until the issue of our March number. We repeat the offer here as it appeared in our last number:—

"Can you give their names? Three are poets—one living; four statesmen—one living; one inventor—living; and one novelist—living. For the *most novel* answer we offer a cash prize of ten dollars. The name of the winner and his or her answer will be published, and a check for the prize will be forwarded immediately. Every competitor must renew, or subscribe, or send a new subscription to the SUPPLEMENT for at least six months."

This month we must substitute *one year* for the *six months* in the above. The reason for this will be quite clear to those who have read the special circular which we send out in this number. Competitors

WHO ARE THEY?

Give me of your paper, quickly;
Of your pens and ink and blotter;
That I may solve a novel puzzle,
While the muse is yet upon me.

Tall and stately in the centre,
Just above grave Abe, the farmer,
And between James Garfield's portrait
And the portrait of the soldier,
Like a ruler of the people,
Like a gentleman of manners,
Stands our new friend Grover Cleveland.

To the right of all the others,
Looking at them half severely,
Looking at the men of letters,
And the statesmen brave and noble,
And above the great inventor
Who makes light grow bright and brighter,
Is the portrait of a lady
Who has helped her colored neighbors,
Who has spared a nation's sorrow,
By her clever negro stories.

Just above the soldier's portrait
And the portrait of the lady,