THE THREE CORRESPONDENTS

By A. CONAN DOYLE

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THERE was only the one little feathery clump of dom palms in all that great wilderness of black rocks and orange sand. It stood high on the bank, below it the brown Nile swirled swiftly.

"Whew!" cried Mortimer, mopping his forehead, "you'd pay 5 shillings for this at the hummums."

"Precisely," said Scott. "But you are not asked to ride twenty miles in a Turkish bath with a field-glass and a revolver and a water-bottle and a whole Christmas-treeful of things dangling from you. The hot-house at Kew is excellent as a conservatory, but not adapted for exhibitions upon the horizontal bar. I vote for a camp in the palm grove and a halt until evening."

"It's palm trees or nothing," said Scott.

"Well, I suppose we must; and yet I grudge every hour until we catch the force up. What would our editors say if we were late for the action?"

"My dear chap, an old bird like you doesn't need to be told that no sane modern general would ever attack until the Jress is up."

"You don't mean that," said Anerley. "I thought we were looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance."

"Newspaper correspondents and traveling gentlemen, and all that tribe of useless drones, being an extract from Lord Wolseley's 'Soldier's Pocketbook,'" cried Scott. "We know all about that, Anerley," and he winked behind his blue spectacles. "If there was going to be a battle we should very soon have an escort of cavalry to hurry us up. I've been in fifteen and I never saw one where they had not arrange for a reporters' table."

"That's very well; but the enemy may be less considerate," said Mortimer.

"They are not strong enough to force a battle."

"A skirmish, then?"

"Much more likely to be a raid upon the rear. In that case, we are just where we should be."

"So we are! What a score over Reuter's man up with the advance! Well, we'll out-span and have our tiffin under the palms."

There were three of them, and they stood for three great London dailies. Reuter's was thirty miles ahead; two evening pennies on camels were twenty miles behind. And among them they represented the eyes and ears of the public—the great silent millions and millions who had paid for everything and who waited so patiently to know the result of their outlay.

They were remarkable men, these body-servants of the Press; two of them already veterans in camps, the other setting out upon his first campaign, and full of deference for his famous comrades.

This first one, who had just dismounted from his bay polo pony, was Mortimer, of the Intelligence—tall, straight and hawk-faced, with khaki tunic and riding breeches. The other—small, quick, mercurial, with blue-black, curling beard and hair, a fly-switch forever flicking in his left hand—was Scott, of the Courier, who had come thru more dangers and brought off more brilliant coups than any man in the profession, save the eminent Chandler, now no longer in a condition to take the field.

In spite of their friendship there was the keenest professional rivalry between the two men. Either would have sacrificed himself to help his companion, but either would also have sacrificed his companion to help his paper.

The third man was Anerley, of the Gazette—young, inexperienced and rather simple-looking. A leaning toward soldiering had sent him twice to autumn maneuvers, and a touch of color in his descriptions had induced the proprietors of the Gazette to give him a trial as a war special. There was a pleasing difference about his bearing which recommended him to his experienced companions, and if they had a smile sometimes at his guileless ways, it was soothing to them to have a comrade from whom nothing was to be feared. From the day that they left the telegraph wire behind them at Sarras, the man who was mounted upon a fifteen-guinea thirteen-four Syrian was delivered over into the hands of the owners of the two fastest polo ponies that ever shot down the Ghezireh ground.

Down the winding path which curved among the rocks the little train of baggage camels was daintily picking its way. In front rode the three Berberee body-servants upon donkeys, and behind walked the Arab camel boys. They had been traveling for nine long hours, ever since the first rising of the moon, at the weary camel-drag of two and a half miles an hour, but now they brightened, both beasts and men, at the sight of the grove and the riderless horses.

Scott was breaking eggs into a pan and rolling out a love song in his rich, deep voice. Anerley, with his head and arms buried in a deal packing case, was working his way thru strata of tinned soups, bully beef, potted chicken and sardines to reach the jams which lay beneath. The conscientious Mortimer, with his note-book upon his knee, was jotting down what the railway engineer had told him at the line-end the day before. Suddenly he raised his eyes and saw the man himself on his chustnut pony, dipping and rising over the broken ground.

"Hullo! here's Merryweather!"

"A pretty lather his pony is in! He's had her at that hand-gallop for hours, by the look of her. Hullo, Merryweather, hullo!"

"For God's sake, a drink!" he croaked. "My tongue is stuck to the roof of my mouth."

Mortimer ran with the water bottle, Scott with the whisky flask and Anerley with the tin pannikin. The engineer drank until his breath failed him.

"Well, I must be off," said he, striking the drops from his red mustache.

"Any news?"

"A hitch in the railway construction. I must see the general. It's the devil not having a telegraph."

"Anything we can report?" Out came three notebooks.

eral."

"Any dervishes?"

"The usual shaves. Hud-up, Jinny! Good-by."

With a soft thudding upon the sand and a clatter among the stones the weary pony was off upon her journey once more.

"Nothing serious, I suppose?" said Mortimer, staring after him."

"Deuced serious," cried Scott. "The ham and eggs are burned! No—it's all right—saved and done to a turn! Pull the box up, Anerley. Come on,

"I'll tell you after I've seen the gen-Mortimer, stow that notebook. The fork is mightier than the pen just at present. What's the matter with you, Anerley?"

"I was wondering whether what we have just seen was worth a telegram."

"Well, it's for the proprietors to say if it's worth it. Sordid money considerations are not for us. We must wire about something just to justify our khaki coats and our putties."

"But what is there to say?"

Mortimer's long, austere face broke into a smile over the youngster's innocence. "It's not quite usual in our profession to give each other tips," said he. However, as my telegram is written, I've no objection to your reading it. You may be sure that I would not show it to you if it were of the slightest importance."

Anerley took up the slip of paper and read:

"Merryweather obstacles stop journey confer general stop nature difficulties later stop rumors dervishes."

"This is very condensed," said Anerley, with wrinkled brows.

"Condensed!" cried Scott. "Why, It's sinfully garrulous. If my old man got a wire like that his language would crack the lampshades. I'd cut out half this; for example, I'd have out 'journey' and 'nature' and 'rumors.' But my old man would make a ten-line paragraph of it for all that."

"It's very kind of you to teach me all this."

"Well, it is a little unconventional, for, after all, we are here to score over each other if we can. There are no more eggs, and you must take it out in jam. Of course, as Mortimer says, such a telegram as this is of no importance one way or another, except to prove to the office that we are in the Soudan and not at Monte Carlo. But when it comes to serious work it must be every man for himself."

"Is that quite necessary?"

"Why, of course it is."

"I should have thought if three men were to combine and to share their news, they would do better than if they were each to act for himself, and they would have a much pleasanter time of it."

The two older men sat with their bread and jam in their hands, and an expression of genuine disgust upon their faces.

"We are not here to have a pleasant time," said Mortimer, with a flash thru his glasses. "We are here to do our best for our papers. How can they score over each other if we do not do the same. If we all combine we might as well amalgamate with Reuter at once. We have neglected no chance."

"I am not so certain of that," said Mortimer, slowly. "You are aware, of course, that tho a horse beats a camel on twenty miles, a camel beats a horse on thirty."

"What, one of those camels?" cried Anerly in astonishment.

The two seniors burst out laughing.

"No, no, the real high-bred trotter—the kind of beast the dervishes ride when they make their lightning raids."

"Faster than a galloping horse?"

"Well, it tires a horse down. It goes the same gait all the way, and it wants neither halt nor drink, and it takes rough ground much better than a horse. They used to have long distance races at Halfa, and the camel always won at thirty."

"Still, we need not reproach ourselves, Scott, for we are not very likely to have to carry a thirty-mile message. They will have the field telegraph next week."

"Quite so. But at the present moment."

"I know, my dear chap; but there is no motion of urgency before the house. Load baggles at 5 o'clock; so you have just three hours clear. Any sign of the evening pennies?"

Mortimer swept the northern horizon with his binoculars.

"Not in sight yet."

"They are quite capable of traveling during the heat of the day. Just the sort of thing evening pennies would do. Take care of your match, Anerly. These palm groves go up like a powder magazine if you set them alight. By-by." The two men crawled under their mosquito nets and sank instantly into the easy sleep of those whose lives are spent in the open.

Young Anerly stood with his back against a palm tree and his briar between his lips, thinking over the advice which he had received. After all, they were the heads of the profession, these men, and it was not for him, the newcomer, to reform their methods. If they served their papers in this fashion, then he must do the same. They had at least been frank and generous in teaching him the rules of the game. If it were good enough for them it was good enough for him. Anerly knocked out his ashes, and was turning toward his couch, when his eye caught something moving in the desert in the south.

It was a horseman riding toward them as swiftly as the broken ground would permit. A messenger from the army, thought Anerley, and then, as he watched, the sun suddenly struck the man on the side of the head and his chin flamed into gold. There could not be two horsemen with beards of such color. It was Merryweather, the engineer, and he was returning. What on earth was he returning for? He had been so keen to see the general, and yet he was coming back with his mission unaccomplished. Anerley picked up Mortimer's binoculars, and a foam-spattered horse and a weary Koorbash-cracking man came cantering up the center of the field.

Then as he watched them they dipped down into a hollow and disappeared. He waited, glass in hand, for their immediate reappearance. But minute passed after minute, and there was no sign of them. That narrow gully appeared to have swallowed them up. And then with a curious gulp and start he saw a little gray cloud wreathe itself slowly from among the rocks and drift in a long, hazy shred over the desert. In an instant he had torn Scott and Mortimer from their slumbers.

"Get up, you chaps!" he cried. "I believe Merryweather has been shot by Dervishes."

"And Reuter not here!" cried the two veterans, exultantly clutching at their notebooks. "Merryweather shot! Where? When? How?"

In a few words Anerley explained what he had seen.

"You heard nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Well, a shot loses itself very easily among rocks. By George, look at the buzzards!"

Two large brown birds were soaring in the deep blue heaven. As Scott spoke they circled down and dropped.

"That's good enough," said Mortimer, with his nose between the leaves of his book. "'Merryweather headed dervishes stop returned stop shot, mutilated stop raid communications.' How's that?"

"You think he was headed off?"

"Why else should he return?"

"In that case, if they were out in front of him and others cut him off, there must be several small raiding parties."

"I should judge so."

"How about the 'mutilated'?"

"I've fought against Arabs before."

"Where are you off to?"

"Sarras."

"I think I'll race you in," said Scott.

Anerley started in astonishment at the absolutely impersonal way in which these men regarded the situation. In their zeal for news it had apparently never struck them that they, their camp and their servants, were all in the lion's mouth. But even as they talked there came the harsh, importunate rat-tat-tat of an irregular volley from among the rocks, and the high, keening whistle of bullets over their heads. A palm spray fluttered down among them. At the same instant the six frightened servants came running wildly in for protection.

"WITH A RUSH AND FLUTTER THE ARAB BOUNDED OVER THE PROSTRATE CAMEL."

It was the cool headed Mortimer who organized the defense, for Scott's Celtic soul was so aflame at all this copy in hand and more to come, that he was too exuberantly boisterous for a commander.

"That's got home, anyhow," said Scott, as they heard a soft, splashing thud like a stone in a mud bank.

"Who's hit, then?"

"The brown camel that's chewing the cud."

As he spoke the creature, its jaws still working, laid its long neck along the ground and closed its large dark eyes.

"That shot cost me fifteen pounds," said Mortimer, ruefully. "How many of them do you make?"

"Four, I think."

"Only four Bezingers, at any rate; there may be some spearmen."

"I think not; it is a little raiding party of riflemen. By the way, Anerley, you've never been under fire before, have you?"

"Never," said the young pressman, who was conscious of a curious feeling of nervous elation.

"Love and poetry and war, they are all experiences necessary to make a complete life. Pass over those cartridges. This is a very mild baptism that you are undergoing, for behind these camels you are as safe as if you were sitting in the back room of the Authors' club."

"As safe, but hardly as comfortable," said Scott. "A long glass of hock and seltzer would be exceedingly acceptable. But oh, Mortimer, what a chance! Think of the general's feelings when he hears that the first action of the war has been fought by the press column. Think of Reuter, who has been stewing at the front for a week! Think of the evening pennies just too late for the fun. By George, that slug brushed a mosquito off me!"

"And one of the donkeys is hit."

"This is sinful. It will end in our having to carry our own kits to Khartoum."

"Never mind, my boy, it all goes to make copy. I can see the headlines—'Raid on Communications.' 'Murder of British Engineer.' 'Press Column Attacked.' Won't it be ripping?"

"I wonder what the next line will be?" said Anerley.

"'Our Special Wounded!'" cried Scott, rolling over on his back. "No harm done," he added, gathering himself up again; "only a chip off my knee. This is getting sultry. I confess that the idea of that back room at the Authors' club begins to grow upon me."

"We're having a 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush. I wish he would rush."

"They're coming nearer."

"This is an excellent revolver of mine if it didn't throw so devilish high. I always aim at a man's toes if I want to stimulate his digestion. Or, Lord, there's our kettle gone!"

With a boom like a dinner gong a Remington bullet had passed thru the kettle and a cloud of steam hissed up from the fire. A wild shot came from the rocks above.

"The idiots think that they have blown us up. They'll rush us now as sure as fate; then it will be our turn to lead. Got your revolver, Anerley?"

"I have this double-barreled fowling piece."

"Sensible man! It's the best weapon in the world at this sort of rough-and-tumble work. What cartridges?"

"Swan shot."

"That will do all right. I carry this big bore double barreled pistol loaded with slugs. You might as well try to stop one of these fellows with a pea-shooter as with a service revolver."

"There are ways and means," said Scott. "The Geneva Convention does not hold south of the first cataract. It's easy to make a bullet mushroom by a little manipulation of it. When I was in the broken square at Tamai——"

"Wait a bit," cried Mortimer, adjusting his glasses. "I think they are coming down."

"The time," said Scott, snapping up his watch, "being exactly 17 minutes past 4."

"Now sit tight, Anerley. They're off!"

They were, indeed. It was a brown man with a green turban who headed the rush. Close at his heels was a negro with silver earrings—a giant of a man—and the other two were only a little behind. As they sprang over the rocks, one after the other, it took Anerley back to the school sports, when he held the tape for the hurdle race. It was magnificent, the wild spirit and abandon of it, the flutter of the checkered galabeeahs, the gleam of steel, the wave of black arms, the frenzied faces, the quick pitter-patter of the rushing feet. He lay staring as if this was a show and he a spectator.

"Now, Anerley, now! Take the Arab!" cried somebody.

He put up the gun and saw the brown fierce face at the other end of the barrel. He tugged at the trigger, but the face grew larger and fiercer with every stride. Again and again he tugged. A revolver shot rang out at his elbow, then another, and he saw a red spot spring out on the Arab's brown breast. But he was still coming on.

"Shoot, you ass, shoot!" screamed Scott.

Again he strained unavailingly at the trigger. There were two more pistol shots and the big negro had fallen and risen and fallen again.

"Cock it, you fool!" shouted a furious voice, and at the same instant, with a rush and flutter, the Arab bounded over the prostrate camel and came down with his bare feet upon Anerley's chest. In a dream he seemed to be struggling frantically with some one upon the ground, then he was conscious of a tremendous explosion in his very face, and so ended for him the first action of the war.

"Good-by, old chap. You'll be all right. Give yourself time." It was Mortimer's voice and he became dimly conscious of a long spectacled face and of a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"Sorry to leave you. We'll be lucky now if we are in time for the morning editions." Scott was tightening his girth as he spoke.

"We'll put in our wire that you have been hurt, so your people will know why they don't hear from you. If Reuter or the evening pennies come up, don't give the thing away. Abbas will look after you, and we'll be back to-morrow afternoon. By-by."

Anerley heard it all, tho he did not feel energy enough to answer. Then, as he watched two sleek brown ponies with their yellow-clad riders dwindling among the rocks, his memory cleared suddenly, and he realized that the first great journalistic chance of his life was slipping away from him. It was a small fight, but it was the first of the war, and the great public at home was all athirst for news. They would have it in the Courier; they would have it in the Intelligence, and not a word in the Gazette. The thought brought him to his feet, tho he had to throw his arm around the stem of the palm tree to steady his swimming head.

There was a big black man lying where he had fallen, his huge chest pocked with bullet-marks, every wound rosetted with its circle of flies. The Arab was stretched out within a few yards of him, with two hands clasped over the dreadful thing which had been his head. Across him was lying Anerley's fowling-piece, one barrel discharged, the other at half cock.

"Scott offendi shoot him your gun," said a voice. It was Abbas, his English-speaking body-servant.

Anerley groaned at the disgrace of it. He had lost his head so completely that he had forgotte nto cock his gun; and yet he knew that it was not fear but interest which had so absorbed him. He put his hand up to his head and felt that a wet handkerchief was bound around his forehead.

"Where are the two dervishes?"

"They ran away. One got shot in the arm."

"What happened to me?"

"Effendi got cut on head. Effendi catch bad men by arms, and Scott effendi shoot him. Face burn very bad."

Anerley became conscious suddenly that there was a tingling about his skin and an over-powering smell of burned hair under his nostrils. He put his hand to his mustache. It was gone. His eyebrows too? He could not find them. His head, no doubt, was very near to the dervish's when they were rolling upon the ground together, and this was the effect of the explosion of his own gun. Well, he would have time to grow some more hair before he saw Fleet street again. But the cut, perhaps, was a more serious matter. Was it enough to prevent him from getting to the telegraph office at Sarras? The only way was to try and see.

But there was only that poor little Syrian gray of his. There it stood in the evening sunshine, with a sunk head and a bent knee, as if its morning's work was still heavy upon it. It would be a strain upon the splendid ponies of his companions—and they were the swiftest and most enduring in the country. The most enduring? There was one creature more enduring, and that was a real trotting camel. If he had had one he might have got to the wires first after all, for Mortimer had said that over thirty miles they have the better of any horse. Yet, if he had only had a real trotting camel! And then like a flash came Mortimer's words, "It is the kind of beast that the dervishes ride when they make their lightning raids."

The beasts the dervishes ride! What had these dead dervishes ridden! In an instant he was clambering up the rocks, with Abbas protesting at his heels. Had the two fugitives carried away all the camels, or had they been content to save themselves? The brass gleam from a little of empty Remington cases caught his eye, and showed where the enemy had been crouching. And then he could have shouted for joy, for there, in the hollow, some little distance off, rose the high, graceful white neck and the elegant head of such a camel as he had never set eyes upon before—a swan-like, beautiful creature, as far from the rough, clumsy baggles as the cart horse is from the racer.

The beast was kneeling under the shelter of the rocks with its waterskin and bag of doora slung over its shoulders, and its forelegs tethered Arab fashion with a rope round the knees. Anerley threw his leg over the front pommel while Abbas slipped off the cord. Forward flew Anerley toward the creature's neck, then violently backward, clawing madly at anything which might save him, and then, with a jerk which nearly snapped his loins, he was thrown forward again. But the camel was on its legs now, and the young pressman was safely seated upon one of the fliers of the desert. It was as gentle as it was swift, and it stood oscillating its long neck and gazing round with its large brown eyes, while Anerley coiled his legs round the peg and grasped the curved camel stick which Abbas had handed up to him. There were two bridle cords, one from the nostril and one from the neck, but he remembered that Scott had said that it was the servant's and not the house bell which had to be pulled, so he kept his grasp upon the lower. Then he touched the long, vibrating neck with his stick, and in an instant Abbas' farewell seemed to come from far behind him, and the black rocks and yellow sand were dancing past on either side. In spite of his aching head, Anerley could have cried out for pure physical joy as the swift creature beneath him flew along with him thru that cool, invigorating air, with the virile north wind soothing his pringling face.

He had looked at his watch, and now he made a swift calculation of times and distances. It was past 6 when he had left the camp. Over broken ground it was impossible that he could hope to do more than seven miles an hour—less on bad parts, more on the smooth. His recollection of the track was that there were few smooth and many bad. He would be lucky then if he reached Sarras anywhere from 12 to 1. Then the message took a good two hours to go thru, for they had to be transcribed at Cairo. At the best he could only hope to have told his story in Fleet street at 2 or 3 in the morning. It was possible that he might manage it, but the chances seemed enormously against him. About 3 the morning edition would be made up, and his chance was gone forever. The one thing clear was that only the first man at the wires would have any chance at all, and Anerley meant to be first if hard riding could do it. So he tapped away at the bird like neck, and the creature's long, loose limbs went faster and faster at every tap. Where the rocky spurs ran down to the river, horses would have to go round, while camels might get across, so that Anerley felt that he was always gaining upon his companions.

About 2 in the morning an enormous dispatch had come at last to an end, and the weary operator at Sarras had opened the door, and was lighting his pipe in the cool, fresh air, when he saw a camel plump down in the dust, and a man, who seemed to be in the last stage of drunkenness, came rolling toward him.

"What's the time?" he cried, in a voice which appeared to be the only sober thing about him.

It was on the clerk's lips to say that it was time that the questioner was in his bed, but it is not safe upon a campaign to be ironical at the expense of khaki-clad men. He contented himself therefore with the bald statement that it was after 2.

But no retort that he could have devised could have had a more crushing effect. The voice turned drunken, also, and the man caught at the door-post to uphold him.

"Two o'clock! I'm done after all!" said he. His head was tied up in a bloody handkerchief, his face was crimson, and he stood with his legs crooked as if the pith had all gone out of his back. The clerk began to realize that something out of the ordinary was in the wind.

"How long does it take to get a wire to London?"

"About two hours."

"And it's two now. I could not get it there before four."

"Before three."

"Four."

"No, three."

"But you said two hours."

"Yes, but there's more than an hour's difference in longitude."

"By heaven, I'll do it yet!" cried Anerley, and staggering to a packing case, he began the dictation of his famous dispatch.

And so it came about that the Gazette had a long column, with headlines like an epitaph when the sheets of the Intelligence and the Courier were as blank as the faces of their editors. And so, too, it happened that when two weary men, upon two footed horses, arrived about four in the morning at the Sarras postoffice they looked at each other in silence and departed noiselessly, with the conviction that there are some situations with which the English language is not capable of dealing.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS . . . . .

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good style, pretty and original in effect and not to elaborate for the ambitious amateur to reproduce.

BOY'S SUIT 4646

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The suit consists of blouse and trousers. The blouse is shaped by beans of shoulder and under-arm seams and includes full sleeves with roll-over cuffs and a belt that is passed under straps attached at the under-arm seams. At the front is cut a short opening that is concealed by the tie. The trousers are in knicker-bocker style, drawn up under the knees and allowed to droop.

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$1,000 IN GOLD DOLLARS FREE.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PUZZLE?

Each one of the three lines of figures IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT spells the name of a great city in the United States. This is a brand new puzzle and can be solved with a little study as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the cities instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc. throughout the entire alphabet. IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE THREE CITIES YOU MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF $1,000.0 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY for getting subscriptions for us. This you can do by giving up a little of your spare time. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have made out the names of these three cities, write them plainly on a postal card and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. It may take an entire evening to solve the three names, but STICK TO IT AND GET YOUR SHARE OF THE $1,000. A copy of our fascinating MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to every one answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send in your answer immediately. WE INTEND TO GIVE AWAY VAST SUMS OF MONEY in the future, just as we have done in the past, to advertise our CHARMING MAGAZINE. We find it is the very best advertising we can get to give away LARGE SUMS OF GOLD FREE. Here are the names and addresses of a few people we have recently awarded FREE GOLD PRIZES: Mrs. J. M. Lachlin, Twenty-third Street, Pittsburg, Pa., $130.00; Mr. O. P. Ackerman, Hill, N. H., $156.00; Mrs. Fred Peace, 146 Atkinson Street, Rochester, N. Y., $125.00; Mr. George Corbett, Five Islands, Nova Scotia, Canada, $80.00; H. C. Hare, 40 Wisconsin Avenue, Columbus, O., $1,750.00 (this includes the $500.00 Cabinet Grand Upright Piano); W. Kettle, 2705 Carson Street, Pittsburg, Pa., $190.00; Miss Martha Gregory, 3 Park Street, Norwalk, Conn., $106.00; Mrs. John Just, Box 7, Enfield, N. H., $110.00. We could go on and point to hundreds of names of people who have gained large sums of money from our contests, but only give a few names, as we desire the space to tell you all about THIS SPECIAL $1,000.00 IN GOLD FREE OFFER. The above solution can be worked out by an alert and clever person, and the reward is so handsome that it will amply pay you to TRY AND SPELL OUT THESE THREE CITIES. Brains and energy nowadays are winning many golden prizes. Study it very carefully and let us see if you are clever and smart enough to spell out the Three Cities. WE HAVE THE $1,000.00 IN GOLD. Have you the brains and energy? If you can make out the names of the three cities, send them to us without one cent of money. Remember that this is our $1,000.00 in Gold Free Distribution, and we don't want you to send any money. When we say FREE, we mean PERFECTLY FREE. We would rather take this way of advertising our excellent magazine than spending many thousands of dollars in other foolish ways. We freely and cheerfully give the money away. YOU MAY WIN. We do not care who gets the money. TO PLEASE OUR READERS IS OUR DELIGHT. The question is, can you solve the above unique proposition? If you can do so, write the names of the three cities and your full address plainly in a letter and mail it to us, and you will hear from us promptly by return mail. Money is a nice thing to have, because there are so many useful uses we can put it to. By a little extra effort someone will get the money we give away. Some lazy and foolish people often neglect these grand golden free offers we make and then wonder and complain about their bad luck. There are always plenty of good opportunities for clever, brainy people who are always alert and ready to grasp a real good thing. We have built up our enormous business by being alert and liberal in our GRAND GOLD FREE DISTRIBUTIONS.

We are continually offering our readers RARE AND UNUSUAL prizes. This special contest we consider one of the greatest offers ever made. Do not delay in giving this matter your immediate attention, and if you can spell out the three cities send your answer at once. $1,000.00 REWARD will be paid to any one who can prove that in the many Free Cash Contests we have conducted in the past years we did not do exactly as we agreed. We have a big capital, and anyone can easily ascertain about our financial condition. To pay out these big gold cash prizes is a pleasure to us. We intend to have the largest circulation of our high-class one-dollar magazine in the world. In this progressive age publishers find that they must be liberal in giving away prizes of great sums of money. It is the only successful way to get your magazine talked about. For instance, if you should solve the peculiar way we have of spelling the names of the three cities, and we should hand you a sum of money as a free prize, you would never stop talking about our magazine, now, would you? We POSITIVELY CLAIM that these three lines of figures, by our plan, do actually spell the names of three cities, and that a clever, brainy person, who can think and will patiently endeavor to solve how it is done, will be simply rewarded by sharing in our $1,000.00 in Gold Free Offer. Of course, if you are easily discouraged and are not patient and are not willing to spend any time in trying to work out the solution, you certainly cannot expect to win. This advertisement was not written for drones or idlers, who are not willing to give a liberal use of their time. We expect the reader to do some work and give it the time and attention it deserves. USE YOUR BRAINS. If you are successful in solving it, well and good. Write the names of the three cities and send them to us, and we will be just as much pleased as you are. We really desire some one to be successful, and as it does not cost you one cent to solve and answer this splendid Free Money Offer, it will be very foolish for you to pass it by. In all fairness give it some of your leisure time. SUCCESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the cause of FAILURE IS LACK OF INTEREST AND LAZINESS. So, dear reader, do not pass this advertisement without trying hard to make A SOLUTION OF THE THREE LINES OF FIGURES PRINTED IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the puzzle. The harder it seems the more patience and determination you should have. Courage and determination win many of the PRIZES OF LIFE. Your share in OUR FREE MONEY DISTRIBUTION depends entirely upon your own energy and brains. Don't delay a moment in TRYING TO SOLVE THIS PERPLEXING PUZZLE. Many of the people we have recently sent large sums of money to in our Free Money Distribution write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings, and saying that if we had not so strongly urged them to try to win they would not have been successful and would not have been the happy recipients of a large sum of money for only a few hours' effort. If all Anerley's gave attention to our grand and liberal offers. OUR BIG CASH PRIZES have gladdened the hearts of many persons who needed the money. If you need money you will give attention to this special offer at the very minute. If you solve it, write us immediately. DON'T DELAY.

THIS IS THE GREAT PUZZLE.

14	5	23	25	15	18	11			
23	1	19	8	9	14	7	20	15	14
3	8	9	3	1	7	15			

CAN YOU SOLVE IT FOR GOLD?

ADDRESS:

THE ROBINSON PUBLISHING COMPANY,

24 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.