$3,000.00 IN CASH

AWARDS TO

INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL SUBSCRIBERS

Educational Savings Contest

THE CONTEST The Indianapolis Journal Newspaper Co. proposes to place a savings bank with as many of its subscribers as desire it. In order to lend them great encouragement to save their money, it will award $3,000.00 in cash to those subscribers who can most nearly estimate the amount of money saved in Journal banks within a year by 500 of these subscribers picked at random.

Purpose and Conditions of Contest

This contest is purely educational and is undertaken to arouse interest in the starting of a savings account and anyone who subscribes for the Indianapolis Journal one year and who does not open his bank or permit it to be opened, or demand the receipt of key from The Journal before the expiration of the year or before the year's subscription is paid for at regular rates, except for the purpose of depositing his money in a trust company, can participate and shall be eligible to estimate for the awards mentioned below.

THE JOURNAL WILL AT NO TIME HAVE CUSTODY OF YOUR MONEY. IT IS ALWAYS IN YOUR OWN HANDS.

To the nearest correct estimate		$1,000
To the 5 next nearest correct estimates	$100 each	500
To the 20 next nearest correct estimates	25 each	500
To the 25 next nearest correct estimates	10 each	250
To the 100 next nearest correct estimates	5 each	500
To the 250 next nearest correct estimates	1 each	250
Four Hundred and One Awards		$3,000

Everyone will have an equal chance at the $1,000 first award or one of the other 400 awards. Even should you not be successful you will have the satisfaction of having started the savings account that may be the nucleus of a snug fortune. In case of a tie the money will be divided equally.

Money Now Deposited

The money is now on deposit with the Fletcher National Bank and is held by it for no other purpose than to pay the awards and cannot be touched again until the Committee on Awards orders the bank to pay it over to the successful contestants. THIS WILL INSURE ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS TO ALL.

Information That Will Help You Estimate

500 depositors picked at random deposited during the year 1903 with the Marion Trust Co., the Central Trust Co. and the Security Trust Co., all of Indianapolis, $48,633.09. This was an average of $97.27 to each person.

Your estimate will be on 500.

The Journal will undoubtedly put out several thousand of these banks with its subscribers. It will require great skill and thought to successfully estimate the relative saving abilities of ordinary Journal readers, many of whom are not saving any money, and those who have already acquired the habit of saving money.

The Committee on Awards

The following very prominent men of Indianapolis will serve as the Committee on Awards: Chas. E. Coffin, President Central Trust Co.; Hon. David E. Sherrick, Auditor of State; Preston C. Trusler, Secretary and Treasurer Marion Trust Co.; Hon. Frank S. Roby, Judge Appellate Court of Indiana, and A. M. Ogle, Treasurer Security Trust Co. The high character and standing of these gentlemen is a guarantee to all of the merit of The Journal's novel and commendable enterprise.

How the Contest Will Be Decided

The Treasurer of The Indianapolis Journal Newspaper Co. will tabulate, for the use of the Committee on Awards, the names of all the subscribers whose banks are presented at the Journal office for opening on or before September 1, 1905, and will show opposite each name the exact amount contained in each bank when presented. The Committee on Awards will pick at random 500 of these accounts, the total of which will be the basis for the awards. No one of the Committee on Awards is in any way connected with The Indianapolis Journal, nor can anyone of the Committee, or any member of his family, or any employe of The Journal, be a contestant.

One of our solicitors will call on you within a day or so. You will be delighted when he explains our proposition in full. Everybody who goes in will have money---actual coin---that he hasn't got now. The Journal's novel enterprise is absolutely new and is the most attractive newspaper proposition ever put before the public. It is not in any sense a premium scheme.

$3,000 in Cash Awards to Indianapolis Journal Subscribers

Little Brown Studies of 'Bout Town Happenings

By LOUIS W. JONES

The Joys of a Children's Outing.

NOW is the witching hour of spring, when the trees are feathered with tender green and wild flowers carpet the earth—and churchyards yawn in a genial invitation to the foolish to enter after they have spent an afternoon reclining on the sweet, new grass. Now is the time of year when the watchful parents, who have successfully guarded their little flocks during the winter from colds, grippe and tonsilitis, proudly lead them forth to the woods or parks to partake freely of inflammatory rheumatism and sore throats as they sit on the soft wet mosses—just as Mamma Duck, with the unerring instincts of her race (that sixth sense which Ernest Thompson Seton, or Ernest Seton Thompson, or whatever his name is, loves to dwell on), leads her little brood into the icy water, where all of the darlings may enjoy a grand swim before dying of cramp and other duck troubles.

The park-bound cars were often filled with happy groups this last week—joyous folks loaded down with baskets containing good things to eat. Later on in the day the city-bound cars would bring the picnickers back to town loaded down this time with withered wild flowers and fruit branches that were jammed into the eyes and noses of the other passengers, who had not been a-Maying. "Teacher" was often at the head of these little excursions. A certain school ma'am started out one afternoon as the captain of a merry band of youngsters. She was full of enthusiasm, was Teacher—the enthusiasm which the gentle spring-time engenders. She would "point out nature" to these sweet, eager seekers after knowledge and she would combine for them an afternoon of pleasure with an afternoon of profit.

When the youngsters left the car upon arriving at the park they marched in splendid order, with Teacher in command, across the broad stretch of green sward. The innocent prattle of the little girls as they hurried along, swinging their baskets, and the merry laughter of the clean-faced boys, caused Teacher to say to herself that it was a great good which she was accomplishing. But this fond dream was to be of short duration. For soon, a short distance away, a saucy little rabbit put in an appearance. He winked his eye at the boys, turned up his nose at the girls and waved a challenge to everybody with his wicked little tail as he slipped off into the underbrush. And lo! Teacher was left alone, deserted and forgotten, while the boys were off like a shot and out of sight in an instant, and the sweet-natured maidens were tearing after, praying that they might, at least, be in at the death. Teacher, a little nettled, succeeded, in the course of a half-hour, in getting her forces together again and had just finished a lecture in a voice full of tears and extracted a promise from the youngsters "that they would stick right by her side," when, with a whoop of glee, one boy caught sight of the boats on the stream. He gave vent to an ear-splitting yell, which was taken up at once by his companions, and the little army of innocents dashed excitedly down the hill, paying no attention to Teacher's strenuous objections.

Teacher arrived at the foot of the hill just in the nick o' time to yank one infant out of the water where he was standing in his shoes and stockings, haul out two of the little girls from a private canoe and shake the breath out of the "hatefulest child alive," who had deliberately tried to push the two little girls overboard. That this excursion had been planned expressly to obtain wild flowers and drink in the sweet, fresh air, teacher now attempted to hammer into the heads of the little angels, but the dears paid not the slightest attention

to her. What did they care for wild flowers and fresh air when there was so much else to claim their interest? They had gone back to nature and become barbarians, and so Teacher worked and toiled and wrestled with this band of savages all the afternoon and finally was compelled to give up the great object of the day—"Chats on Wild Flowers and Birds with the School Children." She learned that her real duties were to rescue the drowning, shield the weakest from the "fittest," protect the property of the city from being totally destroyed—the trees from being mutilated and the fences from being torn down. Everybody at the Park hated the blessed little lambkins. Every hand was raised against them. But what cared they? The girls chattered and howled and shrieked and the boys sent forth ear-splitting whistles through their fingers, threw stones at the people in the boats and "swiped" things from each other's lunch baskets until Teacher was driven to distraction. When she finally bundled them all on to a homebound trolley car she collapsed utterly and felt that if she escaped being taken down with brain fever before the next morning, she would at least die of nervous prostration before the week was out.

A May Day.

The weather man said, "Warm and fair."
We donned our light-weight underwear,
And then the weather man made bold
To raise the warning, "Clear and cold."

We put aside our negligee,
Preparing for a chilly day;
But while we lingered on the spot
The indications changed to "Hot."

We bought tan shoes and summer clothes
And hats of straw, and goodness knows
That we were ready for the heat,
When came the message, "Rain and sleet."

Our heavy underwear we sought,
And the rain-coats we quickly bought,
Umbrellas, too, we got, and said:
"Now let the cold wave come ahead!"

We then called up the weather man,
Requesting, "Tell us, if you can,
When to expect the wintry air?"
The weather man said, "Warm and fair."

A Progressive Rehearsal.

The Nickelplate Quartet held one of its memorable practice meetings one evening last week at a malt-nutrine emporium on West Washington street. The first tenor, who is also the director of the organization, had called the meeting for the express purpose of perfecting a certain "barber-shop chord" which had fallen flat upon the occasion of the quartet's debut before the Sunday Evening Pleasure Club.

"There's something the matter with our harmony when we reach that chord," the tenor explained, as he blew the foam from his Chicago bowl, "but I'm derned if I can make out what it is. Sometimes it seems to me that it must be Bill, and then again it strikes me that its Charlie who's at fault. The chairman of the entertainment committee said that, so far as he could make out, it wasn't no fault of any certain one of us, but that, as a musical organization, we lacked team work. He said that what we most needed was 'oneness of purpose,' and that he couldn't engage us for any more concerts until we learned to hit it off better together. I was going to punch his head at first, but the more I thought about it the more I come to the conclusion that he was right. The truth is, gents, that we must give more attention to them rich harmonies that come in the middle and at the end of a song. I've figured it out that if you come in strong at the middle and a little bit stronger at the end it don't make so much difference about the rest of the piece.

"There's lots o' good quartets in this here town, and we're going to lose out unless we practice harder. The chairman of the entertainment committee last Sunday night said that the real cause of that fight between them two guys was our song, 'Mother's Picture on the Wall.' They got to arguing about the way we sung it. Both agreed that we sung it rotten, but one of 'em said that we had the right idea, while the other said that we couldn't 'a' sung it right if we'd practiced on it all our lives. The guy that stuck up for us said that all we needed was rehearsals, and the other feller said that we ought to be pinched. That's what led to the scrap. Now, gents, that sort o' thing won't do. If we're going to keep up this here Nickel-plate Quartet we must get down to business and learn to sing them hard chords right. We must get our heads together and find out just where we're wrong. There must be a right way and a wrong way, and it looks like we've been hitting the wrong way. Now, let's start in to-night with that 'Mother' song, and when we come to them barber-shops just let the melody ooze out gently at first to sort o' feel the way, and if we find it's all right, let it out strong."

And with these preliminary remarks the rehearsal began. The meeting was marked by earnestness and praiseworthy determination, and it is pleasing to record that the Nickel-plate Quartet will be given another trial at the Pleasure Club a week from next Sunday night.

A Feminine Farewell.

She said, "Good-bye," and kissed her friend.
I thought the meeting at an end,
As she up-street her steps did wend,
With that "Good-bye."

But no! her steps she soon retraced.
The other, too, about had faced.
They rushed together and embraced,
And said, "Good-bye."

They lingered for a moment more,
To say some things they'd said before—
Then wondered what they tarried for,
So said, "Good-bye."

But just as one had turned to go,
She breathed the exclamation, "Oh!"
And added, "Don't forget, you know,"
And said, "Good-bye."

The other, who had moved three feet
Along the busy, crowded street,
Came back to say, in accents sweet,
"Good-bye, good-bye!"

And so I left them standing there—
Such pretty girls, so young and fair—
Blockading traffic on that square,
To say, "Good-bye."

The Union National Bank solicits your business; facilities second to none. William J. Richards, president.

Railroads Benefit Greatly by Latest Telephone Appliances

The Telegraphone Makes It Possible to Use the Same Wire for Talking and Sending Messages...Introduced by H. F. Hill, of the Central Union Company

GENERAL MANAGER H. F. HILL, of the Central Union Telephone Company, who recently came here from Cleveland, has introduced a device here which the majority of railroads have adopted, and, judging from the present outlook, it will be a success in every particular.

This new instrument is called a railroad composite, but is more commonly known as a telegraphone, and is an arrangement by which the railroads are enabled to use their telegraph wires for telephone purposes. This instrument does not interfere with the wires being used for dispatching, and, in fact, it is so arranged that dispatches can be sent over the wires while they are being used to talk over.

For many years an instrument of this kind has been experimented with, but not until about a year ago was anything like a successful instrument made. Since the working principle has been discovered and the whole arrangement found to be practical another improvement has been made, and the composites that are now used are much simpler than those that were first put in service.

The advantage of the composite is that it can be used over a ground wire without interfering with the telegraph service. It was no trouble to make an instrument which could be used for talking over these wires, but trouble was experienced when the bell rang in calling for a person. However, after much experimenting this difficulty has been overcome.

To operate the composite an exceedingly strong battery is used. When it is desired to talk through this instrument, a person has simply to press a button, and that rings the bell. The railroads have a code of signals such as is used by the telephone company on party lines. Each station has a certain ring, and to call this particular station one has simply to press the button the required number of times.

The first composite that was used had a crank attachment, and this had to be turned until a very high power of speed was attained. This generated the ringing current, but the button has done away with this with the high power batteries attached and is more convenient to operate.

Over the ground wire, such as is used by railroads, a person can talk for a distance of 150 miles, and if this instrument was put on a metallic circuit there would be no limit to the distance one could talk. The railroad officials are finding the new arrangement very advantageous to them, from the fact that it does away with much letter writing, for the heads of various departments can talk directly to the men on the different divisions.

Another great advantage in these composites which will be shortly introduced is what is called a portable set. This is a complete telephone which is arranged in a neat box and can be easily carried. It is to be put on the trains, and when a wreck occurs the conductor, by fastening a long-jointed bamboo pole, to which the telephone is attached, to the wire overhead, can establish complete connection, and it is an easy matter for him then to talk to the nearest station.

It is said that these portable telephones will greatly simplify matters in railroading, and if an engineer is in doubt as to his orders, he can easily put the pole together and get a connection and call up and find out the real interpretation of his orders. It is said that it will not be many months until every train leaving Indianapolis will be equipped with one of these devices.

As it is now almost every road here has a number of the large composites in use over the different divisions, and while it is contended that these instruments will never do away with dispatching, they will do much toward giving the men more direct orders, and with the portable set, which can be carried on the trains, will have much to do with lessening the number of wrecks.

"Light of the World" Manuscript Owned by Deakin, of Chicago

He Was a Warm Friend of Sir Edwin Arnold for Many Years While Both Lived in Tokyo, Japan...Reminiscenses of This Great Man of Letters

SINCE the death of Sir Edwin Arnold it has come to be known that the manuscript of "The Light of the World" is in Chicago, and is owned by Henry Deakin, in the Fine Arts building. In an interview with the Journal's representative, Mr. Deakin said:

"Sir Edwin Arnold and I were warm friends for many years. He was an extremely interesting man, with a fascinating personality. I lived in Yokohama, while Sir Edwin resided in his country house in Azuba, a delightful suburb of Tokio. It was a beautiful place, with large shade trees, flowers and shrubbery. He did much of his writing out of doors, and I can still see him distinctly as he sat at a table on the lawn with the sunlight and shadows playing across him while he worked on the manuscript of his epic.

"We frequently exchanged visits. He was in every sense a man of the world, a traveler, a brilliant conversationalist. Being a journalist by profession, his point of view was extensive. I knew his sons and his daughter, and our intimacy extended through the years until his death. After I left Yokohama I went first to San Francisco and then to Chicago. Sir Edwin visited me here and I met him in New York."

SHOWS ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

Mr. Deakin then brought out the manuscript of the "Light of the World," handling it affectionately. The poem was written by hand on legal cap, and bound for preservation. It showed infinite care and infinite patience in preparing copy for the publisher. In such a manuscript the reader would have no doubts about the meaning of the writer, nor should he have the liberty to choose between phrases. Yet in spite of his exact care, Sir Edwin found that editors had views of their own regarding his theme, and along with the manuscript may be seen a letter in which the poet begs his friend to deal diplomatically with the publishers and prevent the editors from changing the epic, using an introduction alien to the poem, and illustrations that were not in keeping.

"'The Light of the World' was written in the 80's," said Mr. Deakin. "It followed 'The Light of Asia,' which had produced a sensation in the literary world. After the first draft of 'The Light of the World' had assumed shape, Sir Edwin Arnold proceeded to copy the work by hand. This was a tremendous task, but from beginning to end the firm, large handwriting does not vary. The pages are as neat as those of a model schoolboy.

"Imperative phrases are written in letters half an inch in height, and occasionally printed and underlined. He took a boyish delight in illuminating initials of cantos, and left spaces for them. Then, too, he has a childish decoration on the cover.

"When the work was completed he arranged with me to place it before the American public. Here is a telegram which was sent me from Tokio:"

The formal slip was taken from a package of more than one hundred letters which Mr. Deakin had received from the writer. It contained the simple statement: "All American rights of my new poem, 'The Light of the World,' sold to Mr. Henry Deakin, of Yokohama. Manuscript hence per steamer Gaelic, June 25."

"The manuscript reached me in due season," continued Mr. Deakin, "and I had decided to send it on to Funk & Wagnalls later. A contract had been made that the manuscript should be returned to me, to become my personal property, after the publication of the work. Here is a letter from Sir Edwin containing a statement to that effect.

CARE IN SENDING MANUSCRIPT.

"I thought the material too precious to send through the mails and decided to intrust it to a special messenger. I knew a reliable young man adapted to the purpose, gave the package to him and paid his expenses from Yokohama to New York and return and a salary besides, the entire expense of sending the work to the publisher amounting in the end to about $2,000.

"'The Light of the World,' as you know, brought its author more fame, but he not reach the honor he desired. He aspired to be poet laureate, and rashly vowed that if he did not attain the honor he would shake the dust of England from his feet and become a Japanese subject. His unpopularity with Salisbury lay in the way of preferment, and that was one of the reasons why he failed.

"I prize the manuscript of 'The Light of the World' as highly as any treasure in my collections. It is of priceless value to me, but I shall gladly show it to anyone who cares to examine it. Many letters in our correspondence are extremely interesting reading, and throw considerable light on the impulsive and versatile nature of this remarkable man."

Chicago, May 21. J. E. W.

He Passed It Up.

John Sharp Williams, the Mississippi congressman, was approached by a young Washington reporter, who said: "Your name has been mentioned in connection with the presidency, Mr. Williams. Are you a candidate?" The Southern joker looked the young fellow over for a moment and then said gravely: "I was, but I had to give it up. Several districts in Mississippi have come out strong for me—Yazoo, Shabuta, Narkeeta, Stein's Siding and others—and things seemed all right until Mrs. Williams came here. She asked me some questions about my presidential boom and then she laid down the law. 'Now, see here, John,' she remarked. 'I don't want to hear any more about it. You know that with my sick headaches I couldn't possibly live in the White House.' So I passed up the presidency."