

ISOLATED 40 YEARS

Aged Recluse Is the "Lonesomest Man in the World."

James Moodie, Only White Inhabitant of Urea Island, on Visit to Brother Will Return to South Sea "Kingdom."

New York.—The "lonesomest man in the world" sailed from New York recently aboard the steamship Baltic of the White Star line. James Moodie of Urea Island, near Caledonia, in the south Pacific, claims the distinction of being the most lonesome man. For nearly forty years he has been the sole white inhabitant of the south sea isle, and so seldom has he met men of his own race that he has almost forgotten the language of his parents.

It was nearly a half century ago that Moodie, an adventurous Scotch lad, engaged in the south sea island trade. He found Urea Island to his liking and established a trading post there. Only at long intervals has he been visited by white traders, seeking copra and other products of the islands.

During the many years he has been on Urea Island his family has died off one by one, until today he can claim but a single living relative, Robert Moodie of Loanhead, Scotland, a brother. James Moodie has not seen this brother in thirty years. They parted as mere youths and in a short time will meet again, grizzled and gray.

When Moodie first went to Urea Island he took with him a violin that had previously been the possession of his father, and he carried the fiddle under his arm.

"This violin has been my constant companion for more than half a lifetime," said Mr. Moodie before he sailed. "I have been and still am the most lonesome man in the world, and had it not been for my fiddle I do not know how I should have lived. At the present day I am the only white man on Urea Island, but as long as I have my violin I do not care. As the years have gone by I have grown more and more accustomed to being alone."

"We get the mail at Urea Island about once every six weeks, and so from time to time I learn of the world's progress and the death of my friends and relatives. They always seem to be dying, and suddenly the thought came to me that my brother and I were the last of our family, and so I packed up my fiddle and set out for my home in Loanhead, Scotland."

"The only people I have talked with for years and years are the natives, and I have almost forgotten my mother tongue."

FRANKLIN STATUE FOR HARTFORD



This model of the statue of Benjamin Franklin, made for Hartford, Conn., by Paul Bartlett, the American sculptor, was exhibited recently in the Paris salon.

"Ever since I arrived in the United States I have been astonished beyond measure, especially by the horseless vehicles and other luxuries of travel. I have kept track of the world's progress in the newspapers and periodicals, but I never realized what it all meant until I landed in this country. "I am going home to Scotland for a few weeks and then I am going back to Urea with my fiddle, and there I will remain until the trumpet calls me to my everlasting home."

guardroom. I have the names of the officers who did the beating. Driscoll tried to complain to the superintendent about it, but was not permitted. A number of the Clinton county officers who were dismissed by Colonel Scott have come back and been reinstated.

"Discipline in Sing Sing prison is in a deplorable state. Prisoners are doing as they please. You can hear the noise from the cell block way up in the village. The prison is full of dope and whiskey brought in by keepers for a little money. Recently a prisoner threw a bowl of soup in Warden Kennedy's face and got away with it."

"MOVIES" CATCH TWO LOVERS

Normal School Pupils Suspended on Eve of Graduation for Disobeying Rules.

California, Pa.—A moving picture which showed them sitting on a rustic bench in a mossy glen of Hazel park was the cause of Miss Kathryn Boyd, a co-ed, and B. H. Crago, a student, being indefinitely suspended on the eve of their graduation at the State Normal school here.

Miss Boyd is one of the most prominent of the younger society set in McKeesport. She and Crago went to Brownsville for lunch. On their way they stopped in Hazel park and sat down in a cool place to rest.

While they were telling each other things that the world has no right to know, a moving-picture photographer who was procuring scenes in the park happened in the glen. Without the couple knowing it, the photographer quietly "took" them and departed.

A new film shown at the Arcade Theaterium here caused a sensation. Many of the normal school students recognized the principals in the picture, and the news reached the faculty, who immediately suspended the couple on the ground that they had broken the rules by going out together after having been warned not to do so.

RICH MAN A PAPER HANGER

Dons Overalls, Labors All Day and at Night Enters Gay Life in French Metropolis.

Paris.—Followers in Paris of the doctrines of the late Count Tolstol are interested in the example set by a Russian of great wealth, a Paris correspondent writes. Alexis Savaroff, who spends one-half his day as a man of fashion and the other half as a paperhanger, earning \$12 a week.

M. Savaroff does not carry his master's precepts so far that he denies himself the pleasures offered by his wealth, but he believes, and tries to affirm by his life, that each man ought to do his share in the world's unpleasant work.

He arrives at his job each morning in his automobile, gets into his overalls and begins work. He is employed by a St. Petersburg firm of contracting interior decorators and lately was promoted to the position of foreman.

When the whistle blows at the end of the day Savaroff returns home and there begins his life of social prominence and obligation.

He has been doing this for six years and declares himself happy and contented.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

An Unending Procession of Many Strange Gifts



WASHINGTON.—Thousands of gifts, from millionaire and laboring man, constantly remind President Wilson that, though he is constitutionally precluded from receiving presents from prince, potentate or foreign power, the people of his own country do not forget him. In unending procession the gifts have come. The stream of gifts to the new president started on the day of his induction into office. It will continue with more or less intermittence until the day he ceases to be president of the United States. The gifts are marked by a catholicity of choice that is truly amazing.

These unknown friends of the chief executive do not confine the mediums by which the gifts are sent to any one carrier; in fact, the methods chosen to send them, large and small, are almost as varied as its possible.

A favorite method is the old and tried "personal messenger" plan, whereby strenuous efforts are made to deliver the gift in person. The proposed donor, or his agent, will search the very heavens, as well as

the earth to find a plausible excuse to get by the watchdogs of the secret service and Secretary Tumulty and take the "little token of affection and esteem" to the president in person.

If the distance is too great for the giver to reach Washington—or if he has no acquaintance here—or if he cannot prevail upon his congressman to present the gift for him—it will be reluctantly trusted to the tender mercy of the express companies or the mails. During the present administration the favorite method of sending the smaller articles to the White House has been by parcel post. Larger packages from unknown senders are always opened at a safe distance from the executive rooms, to provide against unpleasant possibilities.

The nature of the gifts varies in such a way that the president might possess a good start toward collecting a museum of curiosities or even establishing a zoological park. Pamphlets and books enough to furnish a good-sized library accumulate every few weeks. Just for the sake of variety a mud turtle, sent by admirers on the eastern shore of Maryland, was found, carefully wrapped, in the morning's mail one day not long ago. The reptile had not been harmed in any way and was immediately turned loose in the expanse of the White House grounds, where he may thrive for many years.

Grave and Logical Treatise on Reformed Sea Talk

IT has been gravely and logically urged that the substitution of "right" and "left" for "starboard" and "port" in the navy makes it much easier for inexperienced men to learn to steer. How many other changes could be made with a similar end in view?

For instance it surely must rasp the nerves of the green landsman on a warship to hear an officer during gun drill snap out the command "Silence." How much better it would be for the officer to say in a bland and soothing voice, "Gentlemen, will you be kind enough to come to order?"

The next command has always been "Cast loose and provide." This has a rude twang. How much prettier it would be to say, "Friends, prepare this piece of artillery for use against the enemy and bring up the ammunition from downstairs."

During the silent watches of the night one hears on the warships now such dialogues as this:

"Masthead there!"
"Aye, aye, sir."
"How does that light bear now?"
"Two points and a quarter off the starboard bow, sir."
"Wouldn't it be better if it were something like this:"



"Friend Jones, are you awake?"
"Yes, indeed, sir."
"Well, then, will you be kind enough to tell me in what direction you see that light?"
"The line of its direction, sir, is about thirty feet to the right of the flag pole on the front end of the ship."
"And when the lookout first sees the light, instead of dropping the brusque exclamation, 'Light, ho!' down on the deck like an anarchist's bomb, why shouldn't he mellifluously ejaculate, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I see a light.'"
More power to Josephus Daniels and his policy. With a little diligence and patience such terms as "slush-bucket," "squeezeee," "handy-billy," "Johnny Legs" and "gangway" may be translated into English that any land-lubber in the navy or outside it can understand.

Only One Who Could See All That Was Going On



A SOCIAL atmosphere was given to an Avenue car by the majority of the passengers, who were obviously out for an early evening ride.

The one serious person aboard was the motorman, who kept a firm grip on his lever and looked ahead with ever-watchful eye.

Each time the car stopped for a minute to let passengers get on or off people scuttled across the track without the least apparent fear of being run over, and even when the big thing was whizzing along women who were only a few yards ahead would sprint in front of it as if they revealed in the risk—not counting an occasional man who looked as if he

might be sensible enough to realize the disadvantages of injury or sudden death. This reckless flirtation with danger surprised at least one passenger who sat on a front seat and could see what was going on.

"Say, motorman, I'm a stranger in this burg. What's the matter with the people here; taking chances as if the car couldn't hurt 'em if it tried? First thing you know, you're going to be stopped by an inhabitant or two under the wheel. Do you folks go on like this as a regular thing? And don't you ever have to make use of your coroner?"

"Habit, I guess. I suppose they know we are keeping a sharp lookout all the time. When I've come near an accident I can't sleep well for nights thinking of it—hi there!"

The motorman stopped his just-started car with a mighty wrench that jerked it to a standstill.

Otherwise a young person in white ratine, with high-heeled slippers and a floppy Panama, would have had her name in the papers next day—in the death notices.

Family of 13 Triumphs Over Civil Service Law

THIS is a story of how a meritorious case and a family of thirteen put one over the civil service commission. After six years of waiting, Richard T. Underwood of Pennsylvania has almost reached the goal he won through an examination.

A bookbinder, Mr. Underwood passed in 1907 an examination that entitled him to appointment in the government printing office at \$4 a day. There was no vacancy, but his family, consisting of a wife and ten children, required support, so he accepted the place of laborer in the post-office department at \$600 a year.

Underwood was promoted Feb. 1, 1908, to an assistant messenger's position at \$720 a year.

It was discovered that before he could be promoted to a higher salary, which he deserved, in Mr. Hitchcock's opinion, it would be necessary for him to pass another civil service examination. Lack of education in youth made this impossible, so Mr.



Hitchcock wrote the facts to the president, urging that Underwood be excepted from the requirement because of his value to the department and the eleven other reasons, the wife and ten children. July 27, 1912, Mr. Taft directed his promotion without examination.

Governor Dockery recommended Underwood's promotion to \$1,000 a year, effective July 1. Postmaster General Burleson has made the necessary order. Meantime a daughter, born in February, increased Underwood's family to thirteen.

Libby's Luncheon Delicacies

Dried Beef, sliced wafer thin, Hickory Smoked and with a choice flavor that you will remember. Vienna Sausage—just right for Hot Dogs, or to serve cold. Try them served like this: Cut two bread in thin slices, spread with creamed butter and remove crust. Cut a Libby's Vienna Sausage in half, lengthwise, lay on bread. Place on top of the sausage a few thin slices of Libby's Swiss Pickles. Cover with other slice of bread, press lightly together. Arrange on plate, serve garnished with parsley sprays. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



TANGO The new White Striped Madras Ide Silver Collar

Nebraska Directory

THE PAXTON HOTEL

DEVELOPING and FINISHING

Not how cheap but how good. We employ experts only. We get all there is on a film. If you wish high class work you must come to us. MEGATH STATIONERY CO., Omaha, Neb.

Almost as many women's heads are turned by flattery as by peroxide.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

Some people believe in doing only one thing at a time, and then do the wrong thing.

A man ought to feel satisfied with himself when he feels that everybody else is.

Suitable Retreat. "Where do you suppose the dove of peace goes when it is frightened away?" "I suppose, to some pigeon hole."

Richness Personified. Ikey—Fader, vot means a "pluto-crat?" Fader—One of dem fellers dot's so rich he needn't to fall any more.—Puck.

Summer Hats of Shavings. Many of the handsomest summer hats worn by women all over the country are made of shavings.

It seems that Japan is a thriving center for this shaving industry and wooden ribbon of this sort appears in various forms, some presenting a satiny finish and others resembling silks and crepes.

About twenty per cent. is sent here in the shaps of wooden ribbons, while the rest is worked up into the familiar "chip brand."

Some years Japan sends \$1,000,000 of this material into this country. It appears that the American women like the product better than European, for the United States is her largest customer. The material is snelly dyed and is so thin and flexible that exquisite effects can be produced.

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A Sweet, Crisp, Delicious "Bite-To-Eat" Post Toasties

Dainty bits of pearly white corn, perfectly cooked and toasted to delicate "brown."

Usually eaten direct from package with cream and sugar.

Or, sprinkle Toasties over a saucer of fresh berries—then add the cream and sugar—a dish to remember.

Post Toasties are sold by Grocers everywhere.

BREAK HONEYMOON BY VISITS

Kaiser's Daughter Has to See Her Mother and Bridegroom Wants to Consult Father.

Berlin.—Berlin society is astonished at the haste required of Princess Victoria and her husband, even on their honeymoon.

They stayed only two days at Hubertusstock, then they hurried to Potsdam in order that the Princess might have a chat with her mother, the Empress. Then after a few days in the mountains they moved to Gmunden so the Prince might talk with his father, the Duke of Cumberland. Then they returned to Berlin and took part in



Emperor William's jubilee celebrations. Afterward they went back to Gmunden. Finally the Prince has been ordered by the Emperor as commander-in-chief of the Prussian army to rejoin his regiment at Rathenow shortly.

A Berlin newspaper remarks that the head of a banking firm would make the honeymoon easier for a junior bank clerk than Emperor Wil-

ham makes it for his daughter and his son-in-law.

SAYS CONVICTS RUN PRISONS

Strikes and Fights Are Very Common, Released Clinton Man Asserts—Discipline Bad.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—That wonderful system in state prisons by which prisoners manage to keep one another posted on the news of the day despite intervening bars, bolts, and corridors, is illustrated by an ex-convict's statement giving the up-to-date news in three New York prisons. The statement was made by James Ryan, alias James Root, on his release from Clinton prison, and is as follows:

"During Blake's investigation of the prisons there were numerous fights and dangerous assaults on both convicts and officials. Since the appointment of John B. Riley as prison superintendent the prison discipline has been destroyed and there is trouble everywhere.

"The Clinton county officials and convicts from Clinton county have the run of Clinton prison. The officers from Clinton county call the out-of-town officers 'carpetbaggers,' which is the cause of numerous fights between them.

"In the tin shop at Clinton prison, during the latter part of May, one man named Rooney threw a five-pound weight in a young man's face, with the result that he is disfigured for life.

"On another occasion, in the early part of June, a man named Smith—a colored man—tried to kill an officer named Von Gorder. In all the Clinton shops the men are constantly fighting and discipline is a joke.

"I forgot to mention that Smith, the negro who ran amuck at Clinton, caught Von Gorder around the neck and slashed him several times while the officer was opening his cell in the morning.

"At Sing Sing prison not long ago the inmates in the knitting shop sent word to Warden Kennedy that unless he removed an officer named Hill they would not work. Warden Kennedy yielded and put Hill on night duty. It is a common occurrence for the prisoners to send word to Warden Kennedy demanding the removal and shifting of officers.

"In Auburn prison there have already been three strikes among the prisoners in the weaving mills.

"A man named Driscoll had some trouble with a keeper in Clinton prison, and as the warden and deputy were away at the time the Clinton county officers pulled him into the