"The Man Without a Country"

By Edward Everett Hale

I suppose that very few casual readers of the New York Herald of August 13 observed in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

"Nolan—Died, on board U. S. Corvette Levant, Lat. 2 degrees 11 minutes south, longitude 131 degrees west, on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinaw waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the Herald.

My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the Levant who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, The Man Without a Country."

Many Never Knew His Name.

For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three-years' cruise, who never never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the esprit de corps of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also.

I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the naval archives when I was attached to the bureau of construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowinshields—who was in the navy department when he came home—he found that the department ignored the whole business.

Whether they really knew nothing about it or whether it was a "Non mi recordo" determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

Death Ends Cause for Secrecy.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be A Man Without a Country.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright, young fellow, at some dinner party, I think.

Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver.

The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequitted affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge.

Burr Came as Conqueror.

This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him.

That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, tho he did not yet know it, he lived as A Man Without a Country.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the house of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then house of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi valley, which was farther from us than Puget Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for spectacles, a string of court-martials on the officers there.

One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it and would have obeyed any order to march anywhere with any one who would follow him had the order been isgned, "By command of His Exc., A. Burr." The courts dragged on.

Big Flies All Escaped

The big flies escaped—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"D——n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served thru the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness.

He, on his part, had grown up in the West in those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality.

Had Taken Oath of Loyalty.

Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the Army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century or more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedick Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say—

Laughed at His Sentence

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court. The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there."

(To Be Continued.)

Keet's Murdered Baby

This is another picture of Lloyd Keet, 14-months-old son of J. Holland Keet, Springfield (Mo.) banker, who was kidnaped on May 30, and found dead in a well near there on Saturday.

Thin 'Em Out, Says Evans

"Thin 'em out," says M. O. Evans, supervisor of school garden work.

"Lettuce, beets, carrots and turnips in many gardens need it badly. Many people showed commendable energy in preparing and planting gardens. Similar energy is not apparent in thinning out thickly planted rows of the above mentioned vegetables," he adds.

"More time is now being lost by delay in thinning than was gained by haste in planting. Lack of necessary space is greatly retarding the growth of many gardens. Most people know this, but few of them practice it.

"It is not necessary or advisable that the plants be now given the whole space they will later need, but they should be thinned to at least one inch apart as soon as possible after they are an inch high. It will then be an easy matter later on to remove the surplus remaining.

"Persons often excuse their lack of energy in thinning on the ground that probably there will not be any too many plants left by the time the pests are through with them. Pests cannot be relied upon to do proper thinning for us. They are more apt to make a clean sweep than to merely destroy the surplus. Proper and timely thinning should be done regardless of pests, and the pests fought with the best means at our disposal."

ST. LEO'S SCHOOL BOYS GIVE DRAMA

The classical drama, "Elma," will be given Wednesday evening by the boys of the St. Leo's school. The play centers about "Elma," the last Druid to survive after the time of Caesar. How he is killed because he refuses to forsake his religion, is beautifully told in the play.

Don't try to Cover up a bad Complexion! *clear it with*

Resinol Soap

If your complexion is rough, red or pimply, don't try to cover up the defects! It deceives no one and only makes bad matters worse. Begin today to clear your skin with Resinol Soap.

Just wash your face with Resinol Soap and hot water, dry and apply gently a little Resinol Ointment. Let this stay on for ten minutes, then wash off with more Resinol Soap. In a very short time you will usually find your skin becoming beautifully soft, clear and velvety.

Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists. Try them and see how beneficial they are not only for the skin but for the hair, too.

SAFETY FIRST

Lost Articles

We maintain a LOST ARTICLE DEPARTMENT, where articles left upon the cars are turned in until the owner calls for same.

We have now in our possession baby carriages, suit cases, umbrellas, dinner pails, groceries, shovels, lumber, cans of paint and numerous other articles, all of which have been left upon the cars and which are being held awaiting the rightful owners.

If you think you have left your bundles or packages upon the cars, call at the Lost Article Department 1306 A street, or 'phone Main 1055.

Tacoma Railway & Power Co.

Kotik, the Seal Puppy

Kotik and his baby seal companions. Above, a "pod" of yearlings.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Next year the government may begin the commercial killing of seal on the Pribilof islands in the Bering sea—seals worth many millions for their silky pelts aone.

This will mark another chapter in the history of the most interesting creature of the animal kingdom—a history featured by international crises, by bloodshed, adventure and intrigue. And always it has been to match some woman's sparkling eyes with a coat of silken fur.

The story of the seal from puppyhood to the killing grounds is told in this and two following stories.)

BY A TIMES CORRESPONDENT

ST. PAUL, Alaska, June 11.—Kotik, as the Aleuts call him, is the first of last year's seal pups to haul up on the world's biggest rookeries here.

Already grown from black, chubby cubhood to the sleek litheness of the yearling, he has just two more years to live.

That is to say he is a male seal baby, destined, because his breed is the most beautiful thing that swims, to grace some woman's shoulders with his pelt.

In two years he will be "prime," and a man with a long stick, an Aleut whose wrist is sure, will—

But that is the end of the story. And Kotik is still near the beginning; Kotik and many thousands other pups born on the islands of the Smoky sea.

These puffing little sea babies quickly learned to scuttle under the big boulders of their rookeries to avoid the lunging charge of the big "Beach Masters" who fight almost incessantly to protect their harems.

Kotik is already superior to his small fellows who are just taking their first hesitant swimming lessons, accompanied by the slim mothers on such excursions as the jealous males permit.

Other than that the youngsters do little but sleep and suckle and grow fat, or play at biting their mothers.

I watched them from the rocky cairn where the white fox has his den. Kotik's hulking father, fiercest of the bulls, muttering and charging back and forth, would not let me get closer.

In addition to the care of his mother and father, Kotik is protected by several white revenue cutters, watching for poachers; by Agent Harry Clifford Fasset and his assistants; by Aleut guards with rifles—by the whole machinery of the U. S. departments of treasury and commerce.

Kotik's life is mighty precious just now. And it will be for the next few years. After that. Well—the shoulders of a pretty woman with sparkling eyes must have proper garniture.

(More Tomorrow.)

MANY TO GET U.W. DEGREES

(Special to The Times.)

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, June 11.—Three hundred and thirty-eight seniors are being graduated from the university this week. It is the largest class yet sent out by the institution. The diplomas will be presented Wednesday, when the graduation exercises are held in Meany hall at 10:30 o'clock in the morning.

The names of the graduates from this section include:

Tacoma—Mildred E. Baker, Mildred O. Binnings, Lois Jane Catton, Stacy V. Jones, Florence W. Purdy, Henry O. Wheeler, Gladys Cornell, Leotta Foreman, Mabel June Meyer, Helen M. Doud, Harry P. Hansen, Joseph R. Blunt, Arthur H. Berens, Walter T. Brewer, Frank A. Erspamer.

Ellensburg—Jeanette M. Twyman, Jessie M. Home, Wilbert S. Slemmons, George J. Vandenberg, Glenn Everett Dyer.

North Yakima—Curtis R. Gilbert, Harry Morton Wirt, Jesse R. Himmelsbach, Raymond C. Hunt.

South Bend—Katherine Caley.

Aberdeen — Horace L. Cook, George B. Miller, Margaret Anne Wilson.

Lake Bay—May C. P. deCrane.

Littell—Walter L. Doty.

Enumclaw—Freda Louise Eckhart, Alfred P. Johnson.

Montesano—Reynold D. Jackson, Percy S. Sparks.

Buckley—Charles W. Stewart, Charlotte C. McHugh, Jennie C. Whitmore.

Puyallup — Russell H. Dean, Marcus W. Manson.

Sumner—Charles W. Beaver.

TIRPITZ SUFFERS BAYONET BUMPS

Von Tirpitz and the rest of the German leaders are getting their bumps from students at the officers' reserve camp at Plattsburgh, N. Y. The man who started the U-boat terror is here shown in effigy for bayonet practice by the rookies.

The Kosine Treatment for

EPILEPSY

should be used by all who suffer from this nervous disease. The Kosine Treatment relieves all fear of the attacks so frequent in cases of Epilepsy or Fits. We want the most skeptical to try Kosine, for the success of the treatment in the past has proved it to be of unusual merit.

Large bottle $1.50. If, after using, you are not entirely satisfied your money will be refunded. Booklet giving complete dietary, etc., free on request.

French Drug Co., 1156 Pacific and 1101 Broadway.

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

WHAT RETAILERS PAY

Poultry.	
Live ducks	12c to 14c
Live hens	16c to 17c
Geese, dressed	12c to 14c
Butter, Eggs, Cheese	
Wash. creamery butter	39c
Oregon butter	38c
Fresh ranch eggs	35c
Washington cheese	25c
Swiss cheese	31c
Cream brick cheese	30c
Meats (Dressed)	
Heifers	17c
Mutton, wethers	19c
Hogs	22½c
Steer beef	17½c
Ewes	18c
Yearlings	20c
Fancy veal	16c
Fruit.	
Lemons, box	$3@4.50
Bananas, lb	5c
Oranges, box	$2.50@3.25
Grapefruit, Florida	$6.75
Grapefruit, Cal.	$2.75
Strawberries, crate	$2.25@3.50
Cherries, box	$1.50
Vegetables.	
Potatoes, local	$90@100
New potatoes, lb.	6½c
Onions, lb	2½@4c
Carrots, new, lb.	3¼c
Lettuce, local	$1.15
Lettuce, Cal.	$2
Rutabagas	$1.50
Cucumbers, doz	75c@$1.50
Beets, sack	$2.50
Tomatoes, crate	$2.50
Cabbage, local	4c
Celery, crate	$2
Cauliflower, crate	$1.85
Spinach, lb.	8c
Rhubarb, lb	2½c
New peas, lb	7c
Asparagus, Kennewick	$1.15
Artichokes, dozen	$1
Radishes, doz. bu.	25c
String Beans, lb.	11c
New turnips, lb.	2c
Flour.	
Pyramid	$12.05
Drifted Snow	$12.05
Occident	$13.80
Olympic	$12.05
Lyon's Best	$13.80
Keystone Fall Wheat	$13.20
Hay and Grain.	
Corn, ton	$71@72
Bran, ton	$36
Oats, ton	$57
Barley, ton	$53
Shorts, ton	$29
Timothy, ton	$34
Wheat, ton	$89
Alfalfa, ton	$26
Scratch food, ton	$79

TURN TO THE CLASSIFIED WANT ADS ON PAGE 7 FOR RESULTS. SEE PAGE SEVEN.

Squirrel Food

THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR ANY MISHAP

By Ahern