

"The Man Without a Country"

By Edward Everett Hale

(Continued From Our Last Issue) Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young sailors and Vellandighams and Tainalls of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the nonprofessional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The Government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him?

What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, the I do not know but I expose myself to criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Details of Nolan's Death Here is the letter: "LEVANT, Latitude 2 degrees 2 minutes south, Longitude 131 degrees west. "Dear Fred—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near.

"The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom a thing I never remember before. He had led the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in his stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old Intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the

poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. "I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The Stars and Stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightning blazing from his beak, and his feet clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay.

"Quaint, queer old names were on it in large letters: 'Indiana territory,' 'Mississippi territory' and 'Louisiana territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; 'he has carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

Begs to Hear of Country. "Oh, Danforth," he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now—Stop! stop! do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in now, Danforth. "I thank God for that, tho I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine. But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who years ago explained, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God Bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he had me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on shore, tho the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.'

"Then he went back—heaven, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun, the day we took Java—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wish it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. "Did you do anything he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West?' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought, 'Fort Adams must be a ruin now. It must be at old Vicksburg's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he; 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it—of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs—of inventions and of books and literature—of the colleges and West Point and the Naval school—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robin Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years! "I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty, said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.'

"Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian and the exploring expedition; I told him about the capital, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Library, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion.

"Prays for His Country "And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian Book of Public Prayer, which lay there, and said with a smile that it would open at the

right place—and so it did. "There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. "Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most favorably we beseech Thee with Thy heart to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States and all others in authority—and the rest of the Episcopal collect: 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated these prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

Doctor Finds Nolan Dead. "But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: "They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city."

"On this slip of paper he had written: "Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: "In Memory of "Phillip Nolan, "Lieutenant in the Army of the United States. "He loved his country as no other man has loved her, but no man deserves less at her hands." (THE END.)

Aviatrix Is Flower Girl At Big New York Charity Show



When she isn't flying, Glauria busies herself doing something for war relief or other charities. Here she is selling flowers at the festival given by New York's bohemians to the MacDougal alley artists. The New York society took prominent part in the fete, proceeds of which go to charity.

Stadium Boy Graduates In U. S. Marine Uniform

A touch of the military was added to the Stadium High school commencement Friday night, when Fred Taylor, the salutatorian of the class, appeared on the platform with his class in a uniform of the U. S. marines. Fred obtained a short furlough from Bremerton to attend the exercises.

Louise Godfrey took Taylor's place as speaker on the program, because of the uncertainty of Taylor's being able to attend commencement.

Others who took part in the program were: Dorothy Chesley, Irl DuFrane, David More, Thelma Bunker, Norton Younglove and Catherine Flecher. The graduates were: Elizabeth Allen, Marion H. Andrews, Julia Gladys Auning, Helen Arkley, Henry H. Armstrong, M. Anne Arndt, Helen F. Bachrach, Helen F. Backstrom, Joanna F. Ballou, Elizabeth Barclay, Marjann Beecher, M. Jean Belch, Nathaniel B. Bender, John H. Berg, Kate Billings, Edith Pearl Bissell, Helga Kathryn Bjorklund, Milton N. Bjorklund, John Clinton Bole, Lytton W. Boyle, Helen Pauline Bradley, James Everett Buckley, Thelma Bunker, Harry Buren, Olive Burns, Burdett B. Busselle, Blanche Byers.

Charles Calhoun, Charles Cardinier, Arthur G. Carlson, Margaret Cassels, Robert D. Chisholm, Harrison P. Clark, Jeannette Clauson, Roscoe B. Coon, Artus W. Coutts, George Covell, Margaret Craig, Marjann Morse Cromwell, Edith Cunningham, Edward Henry Cushman. Grace Davidson, Grace Davis, Nellie E. Davis, Mary Katherine Dempsey, Glenn C. De Renzy, Katherine Dirdicksen, Adalalde C. Disbrow, Daisy Doering, Mary Patricia Donnellan, Edward F. Drake, G. Harold Driskell, Irl DuFrane.

Erma E. Eberly, Hattie Windelin Egan, Marie A. Egan, Chester A. Emerick, Paul Leland Espy, Catherine E. Foy, Edith A. Forsberg, Veronica M. Foye, Helen J. Freeman, Rae Elizabeth Friars, Kenneth Fulton. Lee Garrison, Catherine Gaylord, Jeanne Geiger, Margaret H. Ghorley, Ray Gibson, Louise Hamilton Godfrey, Stewart Good, Marcus W. Gordon, Albert E. Graham, Harold H. Granrud, Warrick E. Graves, Don Griffith, Edith A. Foy, F. Hague, Vincent S. Hartman, Electa Havel, Delmar B. Haverkamp, Maxwell C. Hayden, Reuben A. Hedberg, Mildred Adele Hill, Harry N. Hokanson, Bertram Horn, Katherine Hunt, Archie L. Hutchinson, Gertrude L. E. Huth, Ellen Hyder. Vera E. Jeddick, C. Arthur Johnson, Clifford E. Johnson, Ethel M. Johnson, Hilda Catherine Johnson, Juanita Kathleen Johnson, C. Morrison Johnson.

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

Church Topics for Tomorrow

First Church of Christ, Scientist—Both services, "God, the Preserver of Man."

Church of the Holy Communion—Morning, "Excuses;" evening, "The Gift of Healing," by Rev. H. H. McGinnis.

First Methodist—Morning, "The Compassion of the Christ" by Rev. T. J. Gambill; evening, "Phoebes of Today," by Miss Edna R. Klein.

First Christian—Morning, "Religion and Vacations" by Rev. Hermon P. Williams; evening, missionary play by the primary, junior and senior departments of Sunday school.

Immanuel Presbyterian—Morning, sacrament of the Lord's supper will be observed; evening, "What is Faith?" by Rev. R. H. Milligan.

First Presbyterian—Morning, "The Christian's Possession;" evening, "Modern Business and the Gospel," by Rev. C. W. Weyer.

Mason Methodist—Morning, services to be in charge of the Sunday school in a patriotic program.

Swedish Tabernacle—Morning, "What It Costs to Be a Follower of Jesus;" evening, "Seducing Spirits and Doctrines of Demons," by Rev. H. Sundquist. A brief program of song and praise will be given.

Associated Bible Students—Afternoon, "The Invisible Things of God."

Trinity Methodist—Morning, Children's Day program by Sunday school; evening, "The Equation of Man and Money in the Industries," by Rev. Jay C. Dorwin.

St. Luke's Memorial Episcopal—Morning, sermon by Rev. F. T. Webb.

St. Andrew's Episcopal—Evening, Rev. F. T. Webb gives first of the sermons on the Bible, its sources, manuscripts, versions and the subject of errors.

First Congregational—Morning, "The Church an International Organization," evening, people's mass meeting, with a patriotic musical. The pastor will answer national and local subjects. The 44th anniversary will be observed in the morning.

Bismarck Methodist—Morning, "Education;" evening, Children's day program by the Sunday school.

Epworth Methodist—Morning, "Education;" evening, Children's day program by the Sunday school.

Hear Gamble Case Monday

Ray Gamble, who is charged with having liquor in his possession with the intent to sell, will be tried Monday morning before Judge Card.

E. W. Rankin, who is charged with giving liquor to minors, will be tried Tuesday before Judge Card. Rankin was Verne Ashford's companion on the night Ashford ran down and killed Mr. and Mrs. Warren McVoy.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF -



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

Traffic Violations

In the interest of safety, this company requires its trainmen to report all cases they may observe of reckless driving of automobiles and violations of traffic ordinances.

Whenever such report is received, as a warning and as a matter of courtesy, a letter is addressed to the owner of the machine involved, instead of reporting the breach of traffic law to the police department.

In the event of a second violation by the same party, however, the report with names of witnesses are forwarded to the police authorities.

Regard for the safety and rights of others, demands that we obey traffic laws, and we are sure that a majority of citizens and careful drivers appreciate this action in the interest of Public Safety.

TACOMA RAILWAY & POWER COMPANY

Mary Pickford and Harold Lockwood

In the Greatest of All Film Classics "Tess of the Storm Country" Starts Tomorrow MELBOURNE

Squirrel Food

Benny Wins This Argument Without Loud Talking

THE TREES HAVE A CLONE WHICH THITS THEM INTO SCAPION SHAPE

CAUSING THEM TO SQUEEZE OUT RESIN THUS VARNISHING THEMSELVES

THEN THE TREES ARE CHOPPED, TAKEN TO A FURNITURE FACTORY RESULT

By Ahern