

Making Sacrifices for Others

By FRED L. HOLMES

LOVE for his fellow man—that strange mystery that links the human and the divine—has unfolded a world lesson for self-sacrifice in the life of Ira B. Dutton. He has been a plain, clean-hearted man.

For forty-three years he led the life of youth, Civil War soldier and business man. Then he changed his course, as in mid-ocean. He veered his bark to a port from which no traveler returns and for thirty-four years he has labored as a lay-missionary at the leper colony at Kalawao on the island of Molokai, Hawaiian territory—labored that others might live.

Because he turned aside from the world's commercial paths; because he faced a living death while others faltered to make the sacrifice, his story will live on. For him the Pacific fleet during the Roosevelt administration turned aside from its ocean route to pay him homage. And in all these years he has not received a cent of compensation for his services; never left the scene of his labors.

The sacrifice that Ira B. Dutton has made in those years in caring for the lepers, is rivaled only by the work of his predecessor, Father Joseph Damien, who died April 15, 1889, from the disease contracted at the island while caring for others. The burden of the work then fell upon the Wisconsin Civil War officer, who had entered the field three years before. Brother Dutton is a lay-missionary, not a priest.

Robert Louis Stevenson made the story of Father Joseph Damien's sacrifice live in history and literature by his remarkable essay on the subject written after a visit to that little colony. The story of Brother Dutton's work itself reads like a medieval romance. He was born at Stowe, Vermont, April 27, 1843, and at the age of four moved to Janesville, Wisconsin, with his parents. When a boy he worked in a printing office and later in a book store. He attended Milton Academy in 1857. On September 9, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company B, Thirteenth Wisconsin Infantry, and at the close of the war he had reached the position of captain. A comrade recently described him as a "smooth-faced, boyish-looking young man, very courteous—an ideal young soldier that others could well emulate."

The war over, he worked for two years in construction work at the national cemeteries at Shiloh and Corinth; for six years he was in the employ of the Louisville and Nashville railroad at Memphis, Tenn., and for the following eight years he was in the War Department as investigation agent and claim adjuster.

Unknown to his many friends he had for several years taken a deep interest in studying religious questions. His announcement in the spring of 1883 that he intended to engage in church work came as a complete surprise. Some of the ways of the world had changed his course. On his fortieth birthday he was baptized as a Catholic in St. Peter's Church, Memphis, taking the name of "Joseph," and immediately entered the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemane, Ky.

An incident in Dutton's life has been made the basis of that tragic story by James Lane Allen, "The White Cowl." After twenty months' study, Brother

Dutton decided that his work was in the field of philanthropy. It was while staying at Redemptorist Monastery in New Orleans, 1866, that he read of Father Damien's work at the leper colony and the appeal of the martyr priest for assistance. That decided his career.

With his own money he embarked at San Francisco for the Hawaiian Islands, never again to set foot on his native soil; obtained permission of the ruling dynasty and of the Catholic bishop to aid Father Damien and entered the service, July 29, 1886.

In the colony where the annual death rate is about one to seven, Brother Dutton took up the work that has since brought the recognition of presidents and government officials. The leper colony was established on Molokai Island by the Hawaiians in 1866. It occupies a tongue of land comprising about 6,500 acres, that juts into the sea, surrounded on three sides by the ocean and on the back by a natural, perpendicular wall from 2,000 to 4,000 feet high. The institution is under the direction of the government board of health and all lepers or those on the islands suspected of having the disease are brought there. To the colony once a week comes the boat with mail. No curiosity seekers are allowed.

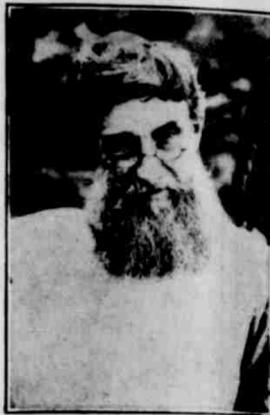
The squalid conditions that were found by Father Damien, the Belgian priest, when he entered the work in 1871, have been changed. According to Brother Dutton, there is a clean city, with white streets, comfortable homes and a fine water system. One of the last reports show that 645 lepers are under treatment of which 371 are males and 274 females. To date, 1,148 patients have been treated there.

When Father Damien died of leprosy, April 15, 1889, the burden of the work fell to Brother Dutton. The priest, who for years had acted as carpenter, sexton, teacher, and attendant of the sick, was buried in the churchyard near the scene of his labors. Others have since come to the aid of Brother Dutton. Under his direction the Baldwin home, a gift of a wealthy planter, has been erected for the care of orphan boys, helpless cases and blind lepers. This home is in charge of Brother Dutton. Women and girls afflicted with the disease are in charge of the Franciscan order, which has a mother house at Syracuse, N. Y. Mother Marianne is the director.

From all over the world Brother Dutton has gathered books and pictures, according to his letters, for the entertainment of the lepers. The home has a library and veranda for entertainment. That he is a prodigious writer of letters is evidenced from the many that have been received by Wisconsin people. In one recent letter he said he was nearly a year behind in his correspondence and in another he recently wrote that occasionally he works all night, after his duties of the day are done. Night brings the quiet hours to read papers and write, he recently told one correspondent. For years Brother Dutton refused to



This is the place provided by the United States for the inhabitants of the Hawaiian Island afflicted with leprosy.



BROTHER JOSEPH DUTTON

take a pension from the government for his war service. Not long ago he read in a Memphis, Tenn., paper that the St. Catherine Industrial School at Memphis was sorely pressed for funds. He ordered the government to turn over to the school the twenty-six years of pension money that had accumulated.

For his own services he receives no compensation. When the United States Government gained possession of the Hawaiian Islands in 1898, he wrote that a general attempt was made to cut down expenses.

"I had the laugh on officials," declares one letter, "in that they could not cut me down, for I have never accepted any pay at all."

President Roosevelt specially honored the "Saint of Molokai" when the Atlantic fleet under command of Admiral Charles S. Sperry was being sent around the world in July, 1908. Because of his "services as soldier and humanitarian," a detour was made from Honolulu and the fleet paraded with flying colors before the leper settlement. From his meager laboratory in recent years Brother Dutton has been able to furnish much information to physicians who are hopeful that the cure for the disease can be found. The United States Government has built a modern leprosarium near the beach.

Brother Dutton has kept cheerful and the Baldwin home under his direction has become an oasis of love and peace in this island of misery. Thus far he has escaped the disease so many others have contracted while attending the suffering. To the biennial visitors of the Hawaiian territorial legislature he declared:

"For not a million dollars, nor all the money men could count, would I leave my home here now."

To a man who complimented Brother Dutton on his sacrifices, he replied:

"You speak of making sacrifices; that you make none. Ah, my dear sir, I make no sacrifices whatever; I have always declared that from the beginning. On the contrary, the only feeling I have is one of gratitude for being permitted to do this; to do a work that has some good result."

Why "Pick At" Canada?—By E. W. THOMSON

FIFTY-THREE THOUSAND native-born Canadians served in the Northern army of the Civil War. The population of the Canadian Provinces was then under three millions. Probably hatred of slavery, rather than devotion to the Union, drew most of them to the ranks.

Such survivors of them as returned to Canada after the war were more or less ostracized all their remaining years by the "Tories" of Canada, who had sympathized with Jeff Davis, even as "Grits" or "Reformers" or "Liberals" sympathized with Father Abraham. Our dear Tories endlessly suspected the returned veterans of Grant and Sherman of being "annexationists," though their staunch Canadianism ought to have been inferred from the fact that they preferred residence in their own country to life in the more prosperous republic, to say naught of the fact that many of them were volunteers against the invading Fenians of 1866 and 1870, even as I was, though ever a sympathizer with Home Rule for Ireland.

I often have wondered, and have heard other Canadian Civil War veterans express wonder at the utter foolishness of that element of United States politicians who have ever desired "annexation," or the voluntary entrance of Canada into the Union, yet they never neglected any opportunity to "knock" Canada, even as they are now doing in regard to the independent status accorded to this dominion by the treaty, the peace league, and President Wilson. It has ever seemed as if those politicians hated Canada so bitterly as to be unable to refrain from hindering their own desire for annexation. It would seem that they have never pondered the sound lesson inculcated by the good, old fable of the Wind and the Sun striving to make the pedestrian lay aside his protecting cloak. To this he held closer the more the wind blew. He cast it aside when the sun shone warmly.

Soon after the close of the Civil War I heard and saw the starry flag cheered in the theater of "Tory"

Toronto by a great majority of the audience. Next year the anti-Canadian politicians of Washington proceeded to abrogation of the then existing reciprocity arrangement which was swiftly amalgamating Canadian with American interests in trade and manufacturing. In 1866 the same politicians slyly watched the Fenians gathering at and near Buffalo, N. Y., for the raid which they made against Canada in June of that year. In 1870 Fenian raiders were winked at again by Washington when preparing the raid near St. Albans, Vermont. All claims of Canada for damages by these raids were contemptuously rejected by Washington. During the next ten years Ottawa, under both Tory and Grit ministries, tried over and over again to obtain a renewal of reciprocity. In September, 1878, our Tories, turning protectionist, won the general election, because the Canadian resentment at bludgeoning from Washington regarding tariff and fisheries had become so strong.

Before 1890 had arrived our Tory government again sought reciprocity and was again refused. The government won the election of 1891 because it became obvious (the secret history of the case still remains unpublished in my possession) that unrestricted reciprocity was being promoted by Blaine and Butterworth, as a method of bringing annexation to pass.

One of the earliest moves of Laurier, after obtaining power at Ottawa in 1896, was to seek reciprocity. His rejection at Washington was so rude that he publicly vowed he would never again seek that boon to both countries. But he did seek it in 1911 when wise Mr. Taft was President.

The Taft-Fielding pact was negotiated. It was beaten at Canadian polls. Why? Simply because the many years of bludgeoning by Washington had roused in a majority of Canadians a resentment which our Tories worked up to the point of furious refusal of almost the very bargain that our great Tory premier, Sir John Macdonald, had striven long to obtain. To

me it seems that Canada then cut off her nose to spite Uncle Sam's face, amiable too late, after having been so long unfriendly.

Came the World War. Still the Taft-Fielding pact remained offered by Washington. This fact was gradually helping toward kindly relations between the two countries. In 1917 came the great republic's hearty participation with Great Britain, Canada and their Allies in the hideous fight. Such affectionate feelings mutually and swiftly grew until never before were Americans and Canadians so heart-united. From this the closest relations possible, short of political union, might well have been reasonably expected to come soon.

Then the same cantankerous Washington elements, that had formerly so long bedeviled the natural, neighborly kindness, lodged in the circumambient ether howls declaring that Canada, despite all her enormous sacrifices and valor in the war, must not be permitted national status in the peace league.

The extreme foolishness of that howl may be accurately estimated by any person politically trained or educated who reflects that one vote in the council of the league by the United States or any other nation cannot but be influential in proportion to the population, wealth and inherent power of the voting members. Just so the vote of a billionaire on a directing board must outweigh the votes of small stockholders.

Potentially the United States, as a member, would guide the peace league. Nothing can be more certain than that. With what effect on Canadians? Surely that of drawing them into closer and ever closer neighborly good will. What do they see? A desire at Washington to lodge one more kick on Canada—just for spite! So it seems to more than one Canadian Civil War veteran. And the course seems to us even more idiotic than that of the Italian firebrands who, instead of welcoming the Jugo-Slav neighbor to Fiume and thereby gaining a devoted ally for Italy, have done all possible to establish a relentless enemy on her border.