

THE HEROES OF MOLOKAI

Men and Women Who Devote Their Lives to Lepers

American Frontiers of Father Damien's Self-Sacrifice—A Syracuse Clergyman and a Former Officer of Our Army Who Have Their Homes Among the Lepers.

The Rev. Dr. Edson G. Wheeler has returned to his home in Pomona Valley after a visit of five months to the Sandwich Islands. He travelled for the Pacific Island Missionary Society. After much trouble Dr. Wheeler got permission in Honolulu to visit the leper island of Molokai, in the Hawaiian group. He was accompanied by a physician, delegated for the purpose by President Dale of the Hawaiian republic, and he was required to obey implicitly the decision of the physician as to where he should go and how much he might come in contact with the lepers.

'The part of Molokai occupied by the lepers,' said Dr. Wheeler, 'is about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, and contains about 15,000 acres. The Pacific Ocean beats upon the shores on three sides, and a huge, precipitous range of cliffs cuts off the view on the fourth side, and makes escape an impossibility. The climate is soft and balmy. Bananas and oranges grow wild. The island is better managed under the Dole administration in the new Hawaiian republic than when the monarchy was in power. The sanitary conditions are better, and better houses and food are provided for the wretched people, who are never to leave the island and seldom to see their friends and relatives. The Roman Catholic church has done more than any other denomination in the way of alleviating the lot of 1,240 residents of the leper colony. Everybody knows of the sacrifice made by the late Father Damien, who went to Molokai in 1874, when he was a young, healthy, and finely educated young priest, to make his home among the lepers and to die there. The good that Father Damien did in Molokai can hardly be expressed. Even in the midst of pain and helplessness through the literal rotting away of his hands, he went about daily visiting the diseased and dying and cheering the lepers. There are in the leper colony now two Roman Catholic priests, who have cheerfully accepted the risk of disease and given up their lives to comparative imprisonment, because they were inspired by Father Damien's example. Besides, there are six catholic sisters from New York and Pennsylvania, who went to the island last winter to live there until released by death, because they think that it is their mission to minister to the girls and women at Molokai. The methodists have built a little wooden church in the colony in the last two years, and there is service there every Wednesday and Sunday by a clergyman named Winters. He lives alone on the remote part of the island and goes to the colony to preach and pray. He is a very charitable man and draws no pay for his services. Besides he sends quantities of food and clothing to the lepers every holiday season. I believe he came from Syracuse, N. Y., where he inherited a small fortune. He believes that by extreme and ceaseless care he can avoid becoming infected with leprosy, and that he may thus be able to minister to his diseased flock longer and better than the catholic missionaries, who resign themselves to fate among the lepers.

'The native Hawaiians comprise over 90 per cent. of the lepers at Molokai. I saw about a dozen men of American birth among the diseased residents on the island. They had lived in the Sandwich Islands for years, and had become lepers. There are some Chinese and Japanese and a sprinkling of Englishmen and Germans. The leading physician in Honolulu (a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York), told me that the disease is no doubt inoculated where there is an abrasion of the skin. The Hawaiians have a dish of half-baked raw fish and roots—known as poi—and from one large vessel a whole family and all the family friends eat at one time. A leper may be among them, and even he may not know that the disease is in his blood. He dips his hand into the food, and it is very easy to see how another may thus contract leprosy. Pipes used by several persons also spread the disease. Then, too, the native Hawaiians live in silt and have no idea of hygiene and pure air. Leprosy seems to defy all rules, both in appearance and development, and there are many people at Molokai who are sure that they did not have the disease when they were put under arrest as suspected lepers and sent to the island to live a living death, and who say that they soon contracted leprosy on the island.

'While I was at Molokai I spoke in the afternoon from the pulpit in the little Methodist church. The physician who accompanied me told me that I should not shake hands with any one there, and should keep in the fresh air all the time. The seats in the church are rude benches, a few of which have backs to them, where the disabled lepers may sit. The open door and the windows looked out upon the black soil and volcanic rocks that compose the island, and I could hear the ocean roar as it beat upon the rocky shore about us. There were about 200 people in the congregation that assembled to hear me. I think every American-born man on the

island was there, one or two Englishmen, and the rest were Hawaiians, about equally divided as to sex. There were several men and women not over 25 years old there, and I pitifully observed a few boys stranger assemblage ever gathered to hear the Gospel preached. Every one bore the stamp of the disease. I spoke in English, for that is now a common language all over Hawaii. When I had finished a middle-aged Kanaka arose in his seat to pray. He spoke and thanked the American for coming to Molokai so make the life of the lepers more cheerful. He said that he hoped I would tell all the world what a frightful thing leprosy is, and urge the smart men to study their big book and try to learn some way to cure the disease. He said that he had been there nine years, and that he hoped and prayed his wife and children in Honolulu would never know what he had suffered because of his doom away from all he had loved. One or two other persons spoke in broken English in the same strain, so that the assemblage fell to weeping, and I closed the meeting as soon as possible.

'After the meeting my friend, the physician, and I went out for a walk about Molokai. We saw the disease in every stage as we walked past the hospital grounds and looked in through the open doors of the hundreds of little whitewashed cabins that the Hawaiian government has had built for the exiled sufferers. It does not seem possible that a person can live there a week without contracting leprosy. But I have been there two years, and have not yet shown any symptom of the disease, but they live as carefully and neatly there as they did in America. The lepers live cheaply at home, but they are all an uncleanly class. Some of them have married leper women at Molokai and have begot children. Several old men were pointed out to us as having been in Molokai twenty-five years. The oldest leper there is a woman, who was brought there in 1802, when a young woman. She has been an opium eater for years, and says it has checked the disease in her.

'The best known man at Molokai since Father Damien died is Charles E. Dutton. His life of self-sacrifice is scarcely known outside of Hawaii. He was once an officer in the United States army, and was born and raised in Columbus, O. He inherited a fortune and travelled abroad. A dozen years ago he became converted to Christ, and resolved to give his life to following as closely as possible in his Master's steps. He heard about Molokai and the people sent there to a living death, and he went to Honolulu, then to Molokai, knowing that he could never leave the island if he once made his home there. The physician who accompanied me introduced me to Mr. Dutton, who is known by the Kanaka lepers there as the 'Good White Man.' He is a quiet man, tall, unusually well read in the old standard literature, and especially church history. He says he knows he has incipient leprosy, for he feels the characteristic numbness at times in his feet and fingers, but he prefers not to speak about it. He lives in a little five-room cottage on the outskirts of the leper settlement and has the place well furnished. He has a library of several hundred books and a great quantity of engraved letters that he picked up in his travels. One room at his home is lined with shelves, and there are enough bottles and cans and boxes of medicines to stock a country drug and di-tionary. His whole life is devoted to the amelioration of the lepers and to bringing them the blessings of Christianity.

'Since I saw and knew what that man Dutton is doing for the Master's cause, my opinion about the whole catalogue of the heroes of the world has been very much altered. He sits with the sick and dying, he nurses them, studies their distress, and administers medicine for relief; he cheers them and he plans pleasure for them. He says his heart has been moved by the score of Kanaka boys and girls in Molokai who have been transported to the island, and vainly believe that some day they may go back to their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers. He plans games for the little fellows, but they are so badly leprosy that it is hard to find any game in which all may participate. Baseball, football, and such physical sports are out of the question with the unhappy children. Every morning he puts on a blue blouse and overalls and goes down to what he calls his workshop, a small frame house with a number of benches and some dishpans filled with warm water. Miserable, decrepit lepers come hobbling in until the benches are filled. Mr. Dutton, with true religious courage and sympathy, bathes the horrific sores in the hands and applies fresh salve and bandages to another, helps another to an easy chair for a long rest, and does all that he can to make their existence easier to bear. A Cincinnati woman has presented him with a large music box, and while he is attending to these poor people, some of them box plays waltzes by Strauss—a strange piece of sarcasm.

'I have been asked many times since I was at Molokai as to how much physical pain the lepers suffer. I believe there is comparatively little pain about the disease. Several lepers, who had lost parts of their deadened as the disease is contracted, and that the loss of a foot or a hand is not painful. The Hawaiians are a peculiarly happy juvenile race of people, and what would be an unbearable calamity to Americans is taken with resignation by them. The only cases of suicide at Molokai among all the 5,000 people who have been there

first and last, have been of white people. The lepers have all the company of the house. They keep moderately busy all the time. They sing and tell stories plenty of clothes and bedding, churches, a reading room and good enough homes. They have organized a band of musicians among them and some are quite good performers. The Catholics have erected several plain pavilions, like hospital wards, with kitchen and dining room attached. The sisters try to induce the leper girls to occupy these quarters, designed for the comfort, and they are comfortable. As a usual thing, the girls would rather enjoy the perfect freedom of the separate private cottages than be under the rules and restrictions of the Church.

A VICTIM OF SCIATICA.

UNABLE TO WORK THROUGH STROG AND WILLING.

The Sufferings of a Well Known Guelph Citizen—Could be Moved About Without the Aid of a Stick—Again as Strong and Healthy as Ever.

There is perhaps no business or occupation that any man could follow that is more trying to the health—particularly in the winter—than that of moulding. A workman leaves the shop with his clothing wringing wet from perspiration, and a cold wind chills him to the marrow, making his ready mark for lumbago, sciatica and a man of more than ordinary strength, and to continue at his work must always be in good health, for the moulding shop is no place for an invalid. Sciatica by no means an uncommon affliction for men of this craft, and once the dread disease has lanced a victim he seldom shakes himself free from it again. In fact some people declare that it is incurable, but that it is not we are able to testify by a personal interview with one once afflicted with it, thanks to his timely use of the famous remedy in Guelph than Chas. W. Waldren, for he has lived in Guelph almost continuously since he was three years of age, and Waldren is a moulder, and has worked at that business for 22 years; and besides, being noted as a steady workman, he is a well known fact here that Mr. Waldren had to quit work in January 1896, on account of a severe attack of sciatica, and for eleven weeks was unable to do a tap. Mercury reporter called at his residence one evening to learn the exact facts of the case. Mr. Waldren, when spoken to on the subject, replied quite freely, and had no hesitation in crediting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with his remarkable recovery. 'I am not one of those people who are seeking newspaper notoriety,' said Mr. Waldren, 'but I have been snatched from death's door, March 30th, when I started again, I was confined to the house with sciatica. It was located in my hip and would shoot down my leg to my foot and was very painful. I could not move about the house without the aid of a cane, and then only with great pain. I was told, less as far as doing my work was concerned, that I felt strong and well again, and then never felt depressed, for beyond me feel very much better, and anxious to be about. I am a member of three benefit societies, from which I drew pay, viz: The Three Links, Rymond Benefit Society. People came to see me, and of course everybody recommended a sure cure. I didn't try half of them, but I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using two boxes I noticed an improvement, and I kept on using them. When I had used six boxes I had finished the 8th box, and I never felt better in my life.

'Have you noticed any recurrence of trouble since?' queried the reporter. 'I have not,' he replied, 'suffered a single day since.' Mr. Waldren has worked in all the moulding shops in the city, and was never in his life laid off sick as long as he was from the attack of sciatica. He is hardly knew what it was to be sick, and is of that tough wiry nature that he can stand much greater physical strain than most people would imagine. Almost any per- Waldren said, as the reporter got up to leave, 'I only hope some poor fellow who has suffered as I did may notice my case and get relief as I did.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Daughters of the Sun. A wonderfully ambitious course of study says Harper's Bazar, is that pursued by the Chicago women's club called 'The Daughters of the Sun.' Their object is to study thoroughly every country the sun shines on, and beginning where 'old Sol'

OUR Graduates Occupy the Leading Positions. THE ST. JOHN SUMMER COLLEGE. In almost every office in Saint John, and our motto is still Excelsior. The diploma for excellence of our exhibit, showing thorough and practical methods of Business Education, was awarded us at the late Saint John Exhibition. Students can enter at any time—the sooner the better. Send for Catalogue and Short-hand Circulars. Oddfellows' Hall, S. Kerr & Son.

Realism, says the Glasgow (Scotland) News, is the great thing in acting nowadays, and the latest instance of it in Glasgow is at the Princess' Theatre, where the remarkable vigor and strength shown by Mr. John Glendinning in the capture scene in 'Rob Roy' culminated the other night in an unbroken incident, one of Captain Thornton's troopers being hurled over the footlights into the orchestra. The unhappy super frightened the musicians a good deal more than himself, but when he got upon the stage again, quite unhurt, a great burst of laughter rang through the house at the humor of the thing. The subjugation of 'Rob Roy' is not yet.

A laughable incident happened at a concert at the Sheffield Albert Hall on a recent Saturday night, says the Nottinghamshire (Eng.) Express. While Miss Gertrude Bingham was singing a man in the gallery was talking loud enough to be heard, and he did not heed the remonstrances of those near him. The next turn was Professor Fenton Cross, a clever sketcher and shadowgraphist. The man in the gallery continued his talk. 'I don't know your name,' said Mr. Fenton Cross, 'but I will draw your portrait,' and in ten seconds he sketched an unmistakable profile of a donkey. The audience cheered the joke heartily, and the noisy member of the audience was silent for the rest of the evening.

The Advance of the Fashions. 'Coming Styles designed by the Great Customers of Europe' is the title of a most artistic brochure just issued by the Cortocelli Silk Company of St. John, Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg. Within its covers are contained two full page colored designs from each of the leading couturiers of the fourteen great cities of Europe, i. e., Paris, London, Berlin, Frankfurt, Brussels, etc., Florence, Moscow, Glasgow, Dublin, Liverpool. The illustrations show the style, material and color of the different gowns, jackets or cloaks exactly as they appear when made up, and as they anticipate the coming modes, are accurate in every detail, the publication is of course of much value to the dressmaker, the store-keeper or the lady of fashion. Price 20 cts., and 2 cts. extra for postage.

What a number of anniversaries the world is celebrating! exclaims a Paris correspondent of the London Court Journal. One centenary, which, although it will not be marked by any celebrations, is nevertheless, a remarkable one, falls at the end of the year. In the year 1796 the tayan de poole, or high hat, was introduced into France, which country has therefore endured it for one year longer than most of its neighbors. Although Frenchmen are still its most ardent supporters, it is unlikely that even in France it will endure to celebrate a bi-centenary.

A German paper contains the following advertisement: 'Any person who can prove that my topic contains anything injurious to health will have three boxes sent to him free of charge.'

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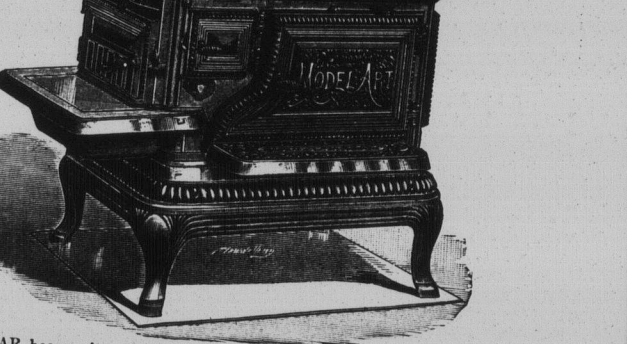
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