



ing about what an interesting case Mohammed Ali was, who had a cataract removed from his eye and who was interested in the gospel message for a time and then left never to be heard from again; or how pathetic the case of the little girl Fatama is, in the women's ward, but as one listens to pathetic tales for four or five days a week and fights for the life of several operative cases lingering at death's door, when perhaps one or two of them passes into the Great Beyond, it is difficult to grind out the same thing, and one's literary powers are apt to remain undeveloped.

This time, however, a resumé of the Busrah medical work is wanted, as well as a glimpse into the future, to tell you a few of the difficulties overcome and opportunities met which have brought our work here to its present proportions and gives it its bright prospect for the future.



LANSING MEMORIAL HOSPITAL—SIDE VIEW

My present knowledge of Busrah dates from 1906, when I was assigned here for language study. Even then, although I had been a year at Bahrein, I saw the great contrast between the two places, and with it Busrah's greater possibilities for hospital work. Bahrein, on a comparatively desert island, with its greatest resources the pearl fisheries, which are always a gamble; Busrah, in the lap of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, where today one can see that in a comparatively few years its population should increase four-fold and this rich country not only support this large population but give its share of produce to the world's market.

Until two years ago hospital work was carried on under great difficulties in buildings which we had to rent at the exorbitant sum of \$450 per annum. Then the physician in charge was constantly in danger of Government interference, because no permission for a hospital had ever been obtained from Turkey, and it was not seldom that the Turk-

ish doctors tried to prevent Dr. and Mrs. Worrall from performing operations. Dr. Worrall was always successful in averting these attacks, for his friendship with some of the higher officials rendered him more or less immune. However, such a condition was intolerable, as there was sure to come the day of a Pharaoh, who knew not Joseph.

During the years 1907 and 1908 Rev. Van Ess and myself were on good terms with the Governor, and as the young Turkish party had only recently come into power, we thought we could try to obtain the necessary iradé, or permission, from the Dar Es Saada, or house of happiness, as Constantinople is called by the Arabs. So, instead of going to India on vacation in the summer of 1908, I left by sea for Constantinople, and arrived after a month's voyage, only to besiege the sublime porte for six weeks with little visible result. However, before leaving, they promised me at the American embassy that we should have our desire, and not long after returning to Busrah the new Governor brought us word that the iradé had been granted and that he would be pleased to be present at the laying of the cornerstone. Miss Susan Lansing, of Albany, had already given money for the building, so our hopes were at last realized and the local authorities could no longer disturb us when our new hospital was finished.

The Lansing Memorial Hospital has been open for nearly two years, and, although it is in the midst of the date gardens and far from the city proper, yet our faith that the people would come in spite of the distance has been realized, and now we are obliged to turn people away because of lack of accommodation in the wards.

So as we look at the future of Busrah and the hope that its hospital and its staff have of playing a large share in the bringing about of a healthier and a cleaner Busrah, we have faith, although the odds are tremendous and the conditions here unsanitary in the extreme, that we shall be able to do our share in showing the people how to keep free from disease, how to prevent the spread among them of malaria, cholera, plague and dysentery, the scourges of the East.

The credit that the hospital should have in helping the women of this country is by no means small. Women have been and still are held to be of little worth here, and as they flock in ever-increasing numbers to the woman doctor they are learning that they do not need to suffer as they were obliged to, and as this gospel of health spreads so the gospel of peace on earth good will toward men is preached abroad by word and deed many times a day among the Arab women of Arabia.

The present imperative need for our hospital is a trained nurse, and we have already been authorized by the Board to pay the salary from hospital receipts. At the present time we are patiently awaiting applicants. Mrs. Bennett has more than she can do with clinics, as large and often larger than those on the men's side, and operations, but in addition to this she must superintend all the native nurses and dresses, and see that from twenty to thirty patients have clean linen for their beds and that they receive the prescribed diet. Then there are out-calls, where she has to go several miles by boat or carriage. Altogether the old adage that a "man works from morn till setting

sun, but woman's work is never done" is as true out here as at home. If we could have a trained nurse to superintend the nursing of the hospital, we could do better work for the patients and be in better shape for work ourselves.

At the present time there are thirty-one patients in the hospital. Twenty-five of these are surgical and six medical. As I write, in the last of March, we have seen over five thousand patients since November 1, and just now the clinics are often over one hundred a day. Two days each week are reserved for operations and there are at the present time more cases for operative work than we can manage.

Dr. Van Vlack, who is Michigan University's representative with us in the medical work at Busrah, is studying the language, but has already helped a good deal in operations, and lends us a hand when we are overpressed with work.



MEN'S WARD — LANSING MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

This year we are planning to improve the mission grounds generally. We have just finished a rather attractive entrance at the river front with cement steps and brick pillars, and are building a road for five hundred feet or more back to the hospital entrance. In the hospital we are completing a water system and intend to lay marble floors throughout, as the bricks create such quantities of dust that our aseptic surgical work is endangered thereby. The operating room has been splendidly equipped from a gift from students of the University of Michigan. The improvements in the hospital and grounds have all been paid, however, from the medical receipts of last year.

This year has also seen started a small work for lepers. There are scores of them here, but we find it difficult to segregate them because the common people care little for the disease until the individual becomes loathsome, and so many lepers wander among the people unrec-

ognized for many years. We are treating two at the present time and have built a thatched hut for them not far from our own property. The disease is incurable, but yields successfully to palliative measures, and at the same time they have a chance to hear often of the Christ who has power to change their vile bodies into a likeness to His glorious body. Busrah Medical Work has wonderful opportunities before it, and God will give us results in His own time.

ARTHUR K. BENNETT.

## The Minaret and the School-bell

### I.

The well-known rule for rabbit-pie, which begins with the words "First catch your rabbit," may well be applied to the rule for making a school in Turkey, "First get your permission." There is much unwritten history concerning all the mission enterprises which have been attempted within the jurisdiction of the Sublime Turkish Government, and perhaps the founders of schools, more than any one else, could tell many tales. Of petitions pigeon-holed until a "more convenient season," of weary, fruitless pilgrimages from one vague official to another, of long waits in Government offices, of interminable delays and puttings-off, of prolonged correspondence with the powers that be, or were, in Constantinople—all such things as are best calculated to break the spirit of an eager American, to wear out his patience, dampen his ardor, and try to the uttermost his faith.

The first approach must be made to local officials. If by rare good fortune they are friendly, the application slides through and a recommendation is sent on at once to the head Bureau of Education in Constantinople; but if, as is far more likely, they are time-serving individuals, whose sole interest is in their purses, the permission is a matter of months or years. They are fearful of offending local sentiment and making themselves unpopular, and they are equally fearful of jeopardizing their position with the Government, so they take refuge in the evasions, prevarications, subterfuges and postponements of which the Turk is past master.

With the permission must be presented the proposed curriculum, the names of the teachers, their diplomas, and also a statement of the house where the school is to be held. This of course necessitates leasing a house before the application for permission is made. If the permit is refused and the missionary is left with an expensive house on his hands for a year or more, it is a matter of no concern to his friend the Turk.

After a weary time the matter is settled locally, and the request for permission is passed on to Constantinople, with the recommendation that it be considered. Now it is necessary for the long-suffering missionary to communicate with the American ambassador there, and request that the matter be followed up and the petition safely presented