

kat entered the palace, now a house of mourning. At times there was not room to stand or sit down, for every bit of space was taken up with visitors, and this lasted for three days. The final act was a feast prepared for all the visitors, and this was the last tribute to the memory of the departed Sultan.

A Trip to Amara

MRS. H. R. L. WORRALL

At ten forty-five A. M. word was brought that the river steamer would leave Busrah at one P. M. The question was, could we get packed and on board at that time? Knowing that things do not always move on schedule time in the East, we thought we could. At least we were at the ticket office at one, and were told that the boat would not leave for two hours. After exchanging Indian rupees for Turkish majedies we went on board. My husband used the time of waiting to go to the custom house to see if he could not get out the drugs bought for the trip. They had been two days there, and for long hours he had used all the known means at command to try to get them through. But two days' work is not long, really, for getting things out of Turkish customs. Unfortunately some new officials had come recently and the price of the necessary tips was not yet definitely known. So although apparently the actual business had been seen to, the boxes emptied, and a list of the drugs made, all the necessary red tape gone through with, the boxes nailed up again and all that was apparently needed was the signature, yet it seemed that nothing could be done in two hours to get the job finished. So he had to give up the idea of going properly supplied with drugs on this medical trip and trust to some small traveling cases of tabloids. The hope was that the native helper in Busrah, who had been with the doctor looking after this business, could see it through the next day, and the drugs could be sent up on the next steamer. The two hours of waiting proved to be four. It was hot and trying, and there seemed no cool spot anywhere, though it was already the middle of October. But finally at sunset we started, but it was too late to see once again the reputed site of the garden of Eden at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates. But the river at Busrah and for miles above and below the city is beautiful always, and we enjoyed to the full the lovely groves of date palms. Then night settled down and it was time for dinner. This partaken of, we sat on deck a while, but as there were no lights and no moonlight, we soon retired for the night. The cabins were very small, each one contained one bunk. One had a washstand, the other none. Our dreams were not interrupted except occasionally when the barge on either side of the steamer would bump against the river bank at some narrow part of the winding river. At such times the gentle flowing of the water and the lapping on the banks soon lulled us to sleep again.

After two nights and a day we arrived at our destination. Amara is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Tigris. Beyond the boat landing is a bridge of boats. This is so arranged that if large Arab boats or river steamers wish to pass, a section of the bridge is swung

to the side and afterward chained again in place. An Arab lives in a hut on the rude planks covering the tops of the boats and stretched between. So he is ready to open the bridge day or night.

The river steamers are anchored very close to the shore. One simply walks over a plank from the iron barge of the steamer to the land. When one compares landing at Amara with that at Bahrein it is very simple. At Bahrein, the sea is so often rough. Sometimes the steamers anchor miles out from land. If the sea is rough it may take several hours to go to or from the steamer in a native sailboat. Even with good weather it needs an hour. If the tide is out one must mount a donkey with a native saddle, and to the new-comer it seems as if the next moment one would surely fall off. By the time one has safely arrived, one feels as if one would never wish to leave the shore again rather than have to go through the same experience. But at Amara, one steps off from the plank to the shore, goes up a short flight of steps, and, behold, you are on the main street. It seems as if most of the people of the town have come to see the arrival of the steamer. This is no doubt the event of the day at Amara. The Mission house is only



AMARA: OUT-STATION ON THE TIGRIS, 150 MILES FROM BUSRAH

one minute's walk from the landing. Entering the house, one goes up the narrow stairs to the two small living rooms and soon feels quite at home.

As Mr. Pennings, the pastor, was already occupying the Mission house, his Arab cook soon had tea and Arab bread for us. Then our plans were made. Mr. Pennings kindly offered to go to live with the colporteur, Sarkis, in his room and give us the use of the Mission house for the medical work. We were very grateful for this.

Soon after our arrival the sick began to hear that a doctor had come and gradually they came for treatment. We had taken no medical helper along and soon we were busy with patients. Day by day they increased till just before we left the total number of men, women and children patients in a day amounted to about a hundred. Yet we had only traveling boxes of tabloids and were often in difficulty to supply suitable remedies. We would tell the people that surely the drugs would come on the next steamer, but the time wore on and nothing came except word that the drugs could not be secured from the customs for any reasonable sum. A few days before we left, Dr. Bennett

kindly sent us a few drugs from his stock, for which we were very grateful.

Our quarters were very small to see so many patients. But the way we managed was this: At about seven thirty A. M., when we were quite ready, we would ask the servant boy how many patients were waiting downstairs. He would say about twelve or fifteen women and about the same number of men. I would tell him to bring all the women and children up at once, so that they would not have to wait among the men. The men would come up one at a time and be treated in the outer court. The women would be seen in our sitting room. I would read and explain some verses from the New Testament, and have prayer and sometimes a hymn. They listened well. Then I would write their names, give them a slip of paper with their number on and sometimes containing their prescription, but if it were a complicated case I kept a history paper with the treatment, history, diagnosis, etc., on it. Then I would give medicines to each patient, dismissing them one by one. Then I would ask the boy how many more there were waiting. He would say about a dozen. These would come up and I would try to have a prayer service with them, but after they had waited for me to finish the first lot they would be too impatient to listen. So I had to be satisfied to hold one service. After treating the second group others would come till all were finished. Most of the cases were not seriously ill, but a number needed special treatment, and some

required operations. They seemed quite willing to be operated on if we had only had a place in which to take in in-patients. A few were old friends whom we had treated in Busrah, and almost all knew of the Busrah medical work. For this reason they were eager for treatment and were very grateful. Some who were able to pay did so, and during the three weeks the fees from the men's and women's medical work amounted to forty dollars. As no operations were



A WATER CARRIER IN ARABIA

done, and only a few medical calls were made, it seemed as if medical work at Amara could soon be made self-supporting. Some were quite willing to pay for operations. But it did not seem fair to operate on them when he had no one to nurse them afterward, and no proper place in which to care for them. So we told them to go to Dr. Bennett at the Busrah hospital, if we should not be appointed to Amara for next year.

The people were so friendly and kind. We planned to visit all the women that we could in their homes. We were received cordially and enjoyed the visits very much. Toward the end of our stay many invitations were received to visit different women patients in their homes, but our time was too limited to accept many of them.

At one home we were very interested to meet a Turkish woman who

had been in Tripoli before the Italian war began. Then they went to Constantinople and were married and her husband had been appointed to a post in Amara. They had been there only six weeks. Now their appointment had been changed to Busrah, and they were leaving in a few days. Her stepdaughter was a beautiful little Turkish girl, as fair as most European children, with gray eyes and brown hair and pink cheeks. We hoped that she could be persuaded to attend the girls' school in Busrah, but although we went to see her several times while we were at annual meeting, we could not overcome her apparent timidity enough to even persuade her to visit the school. Her mother and father know how to read and they seemed to want the child to go to school, but the Eastern custom is to never force a child to do what it does not wish to, so she may continue to lead a very lonely life at home while she might be having such a good time in school and learning day by day. Another very interesting Turkish woman was very fair, with blue eyes. She was fairer than most Americans. She was from Constantinople, and could read Turkish, and we afterward sent her a Gospel. She seemed so glad that a woman doctor had come to Amara, as she said that when a woman was sick there the women of the place knew nothing to do for her and of course she could not go to the Turkish man doctor.

The people all seemed very eager to have an American man doctor come to Amara, and wished to get up a big petition from all the chief people of the place to send to the annual meeting, asking that we be appointed there. We discouraged this, fearing that if the request were not granted it would embitter them. But we felt that there was a very good opportunity for medical work in Amara, and if a doctor were stationed there no doubt many of the Bedouin Arabs would come into touch with the Mission's work, as so many of them come to do their trading in Amara.

It was with real regret that we said good-by to the place, hoping that it might be our good fortune to be appointed there for the next year.

During our visit to Amara, a telegram suddenly came one day telling of the expected visit of Rev. Frank Eckerson. He came and his visit was a great pleasure. It was very good of him to come so far out of his way to see this out-station and to cheer us up. We shared with him our primitive quarters and Arab food, and he seemed to enjoy it all. We were sorry that he could not stay long enough to take some trip right out among the Arab tribes.

While he was there we were invited to visit the Sabean quarters. The Sabeans are followers of St. John the Baptist. Their occupation is to make beautiful articles of silverware decorated with antimony. The process is a secret. One of the Sabeans, who has been kindly disposed toward the missionaries for some years and says he wishes to be a Christian, invited us to his house. So we went, and after talking with them we had the opportunity to sing a hymn and talk of Jesus to the women and children. There were about thirty of them gathered around. Then the men who were sitting on the other side of the court, gave us some graphophone music. We were surprised to find that they had some European pieces in the collection. Refreshments were then served, consisting of fresh warm milk, sweetened.

We were so encouraged by seeing how many children there were in this quarter that we determined that the next Sunday we would try to start a Sunday school there. But it was impossible, as we were called out at the time set for Sunday school to see a very sick patient. Each day we tried to find time to go, but it was not till Friday that we had the opportunity. When we went we had such a nice time with the children, and some of the Sabean boys learned the first verse of Jesus Loves Me, in Arabic, very quickly. So we went again on the next Sabbath and had a nice Sunday school. Some of the boys then learned the second verse. The Sabean man promised to gather them together after we went and to continue to teach them more of the hymn.

May the love of Jesus soon take possession of the hearts of all in Amara and in all Arabia.

The Arab Woman's Dress

MISS SARAH L. HOSMON, *M.D.*

The woman's number of the Neglected Arabia will not be complete without an article on the fashions of the Arab women. She is most fortunate in not having to alter the model of her clothes, for her fashions do not change, although they vary some in different localities. So if she moves from Bahrein to Busrah she will dress a little different from the women of Bahrein. The same thing will also occur if she moves to Kuwait or Maskat. Since I have been only among the Bahrein women I shall write about them.

At first I did not think their dresses were pretty because they are made of such loud and contrasting colors. But after I had been here sometime on this desert island, where we do not see any colors, I learned to admire the women's dresses very much. Of course, you know they do not show their gowns on the streets. If they are outside their houses they wear long black capes or cloaks that cover their heads as well as their bodies. They all have the one solid appearance of black out in public.

The Arab woman's wardrobe is in direct proportion to her husband's social rank and his finances. Perhaps you will be interested in knowing how the wealthy woman dresses. When she is completely attired she hasn't as many pieces of clothing as the western woman. I should here explain I am describing her as she dresses in the winter season only.

She wears about five pieces of clothing when she has completed her toilette. First she wears a "sirwall" or pantaloons that are long and tapering down over her ankles. These are sometimes of silk or satin. The ankles are finished off by bands of silver embroidered work that make a pretty trimming. Over this she wears a "distasha" which is a plain close-fitting gown with high neck and long, tight sleeves. It is narrow in width and the length is near to the ankles. The sleeves have pretty broad cuffs of silver braid-work, some pretty