

whole atmosphere was as different from that of the forlorn place we had just left as the West is from the East.

These girls, instead of intoning the Koran, are studying the Life of Christ. Instead of reading Mohammedan tradition, they are learning the wonderful structure of the human body, and the care that must be taken of it. They are rediscovering the world in geography class; and they are preparing themselves to be better housewives and mothers in the work that they are learning with hands as well as heads. Of the forty girls now enrolled, they are almost without exception contented in their work and show a natural aptitude for it.

Some wise people tell us that Mohammedanism is best for the Mohammedans, that Christian civilization can never be assimilated by the Orientals, and that they are better off as they are. If such could visit the Turkish Government School for Girls of Busrah, and see where the wives and mothers of the future are being trained, and then could come and compare with it our "School of Hope," I wonder if they would continue to think as they do? I wonder?

Pen Pictures of Women's Medical Work. Busrah

MRS. A. K. BENNETT.

"Welcome, welcome, Khatun, here we are," I hear myself accosted thus as I am about to ascend the veranda steps at the Hospital, and turn to greet two River Arab women, mother and daughter evidently, the latter with a flat tarred basket on her head. They are both robust and hardy, with sun-browned faces, clad in brown home-spun abbas, patched here and there, barefooted, the younger woman with thick plain silver anklets. "Here we are, we have brought her to you" saying which they by united manoeuver, deposit the basket on the veranda. There is a curled-up bundle on one side, and on the other a dish of cooked rice. I ask what they have there. "Why it's the baby, we have brought her to you"—and the older woman pours out a tale of how her daughter has had numerous children, apparently healthy enough, but who have died successively for no known reason. So they have come that I may see this one and perhaps give the mother medicine so that the child may grow up and not die. A fat sleeping infant, large for three months, is disclosed on unwrapping the nondescript bundle; she is apparently cheerful and happy, lacking nothing. Advice is given and cheerfully received, and my last glimpse of the group shows the basket again poised on the mother's head, the baby crying lustily at being consigned to oblivion once more.

II. I am seated at my desk on a clinic morning, an Arab woman comes in when her name is called; she is the wife of a tiller of the soil on one of the large estates down the river belonging to a prominent Busrah man. Her veil lifted, I see a sweet patient face, somewhat anxious, and showing traces of illness. She is polite in her manner, and uses good language in telling her trouble. On examination I find that she is suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis in the early stages, but

of a fairly active type. I prescribe for her and direct her carefully as to eating, manner of life, etc. She listens intelligently, and notes each point, promising to do as told. As I finish she breaks forth with appeal in her eyes, "Khatun, Oh, Khatun, shall I get well? My daughter is already weeping for me as for one surely going to die. Five others in our family have gone before me of the same disease." I can but tell her to carry out my directions faithfully and with good courage trusting in God who gives healing. She is one of many who come for treatment for this dread disease; so often it is a losing fight with them and they know it, hence it takes strong faith and courage to persevere.

III. Here is a young girl in the women's ward. Her mother is black, but the girl shows a large mixture of Arab blood. In her own words she says,—“I fell from the stairs, for five days I could walk, then my knee began to hurt and I cast myself upon my bed and lay down. I will be your slave, I will kiss your feet if you will make me well.” A large destructive abscess had formed, the bone of the thigh had been destroyed, and amputation seemed unavoidable. But the mother begged me to wait and see if it would not get well with present treatment. The girl has the fortitude of an older woman, and seldom cries out during the painful manipulations of dressing. One day I was told that she was crying and sobbing after I left her. I returned and sought to comfort her, asking if I had hurt her. “No, no, it is not that, but I am thinking that it will not get well, and I shall never walk again. My mother cries over me, and I can not bear it.” Her sobs are soon stilled and she smiles through tears. Another day I gave her a doll to while away the long hours. A little later I asked her what she was going to call it, thinking she would give it some common name. She said, smiling brightly, “I'll call her 'Light of my face.'” The child has a sweet vein of poetry in her nature, and shows a depth of feeling and imagination quite unexpected in one of her class.

IV. In a rattly carriage over bumpy muddy roads, and after threading my way carefully down a narrow lane, I arrive finally at the home of a patient I have hitherto treated in the dispensary only. She is the wife of a Persian merchant, a delicate, tired little person but usually cheerful and hopeful withal. I find her stretched on her comfortable pallet in the middle of the best room of the house, a huge wadded counterpane over her and a charcoal brazier radiating heat beside her. Her two boys, equally her torment and pride are there with her, as also her husband, whom I see for the first time. She has a little fever only, but is greatly cast down and worried, for her time is not far off and she fears that she may die as did her dear sister a year ago. A few minutes of quiet talk with her, reassuring her that all is well and that she has no cause at all to worry, calms and restores her to a peaceful frame of mind. And I go away feeling that although my excursion in the inclement weather was not needed so greatly medically, it was decidedly worth while to bring comfort to a troubled heart which had learned to trust me.

V. One of the private rooms is occupied by a young Jewess, a gentle timid woman, once very pretty, but now thin and wasted from

a long illness. She is making a slow but steady recovery after an operation which was absolutely necessary, but from which she shrank with unnamed horror until the last moment. She had to be coaxed, petted, scolded, frightened into it, and was induced to undergo it finally by my saying that she must leave the Hospital and that I would treat her no further otherwise. But now she is happy and grateful, and returning hope of life is beginning to give a fresher color to her sallow face. It takes peculiar patience to deal with this race, any one of whom Friday evening after sunset will not strike a match or hold a light or lift a finger to help in the treatment of one ill.

VI. I am called for by a retainer to visit the wife of one of the Sheikhs of Zobeir. I have previously seen her in her home and she has come to Busrah for necessary treatment. I am somewhat surprised at this for the Sheikh himself told me it would be impossible for various reasons for her to stay in Busrah. Before entering the house the man informs me that it will be desirable for me to complete her cure in six days as that is the longest that the Sheikh can allow her to remain. I am ushered into a large room only partly furnished, as they are camping so to speak. Rich rugs and gold-embroidered pillows give it an air of luxury however. My patient, a portly lady, comes forward to greet me smilingly. We sit down and she tells me that she has come to undergo the treatment I advised: having overruled her husband's objections, and gained her way. "The Bey says, I must return in six days; we will stay six days, then I will write him and tell him that I am going to stay six days more." She says this with an air of mischievous assurance not usually seen, even among the women of the higher classes. We became good friends during the days that follow, she is a pleasant acquaintance, as well as a good patient; her happy confidence speeds her cure. She goes back to Zobeir after something more than six days, restored to her health. Her return is hastened by a peremptory order from her husband; she would like to stay longer, but even she dare not disobey a direct order.



