

So the call for volunteers has gone forth. The recruiting office at 25 East 22d Street is ready to receive the names.

The story is told that in some parts of England young women go about with white feathers, which they pin on every able bodied man of military age who has not yet joined the army. Who among the able bodied and able minded young men and women in the Reformed Church is willing to receive the doubtful honor of being decorated with the white feather? From my experience among them for the last two years I am ready to say that there are none. In fact, they have offered themselves to the recruiting officer and he has had to tell them, "I cannot take you now, as there is no money for supplies and equipment." Who is showing the white feather, the young men and women who stay at home because there is no money to send them, or the churches and the individuals who do not supply their share of the money necessary to send and equip the recruits? No Britisher has ever grudged the government the millions needed for the building of the effective fleet. And shall we not open hearts and hands to give ourselves and all we have so that reinforcements in abundance can be sent at once to those hard pressed on the far flung battle line.

To-day I told my boys in the school in Kuwait that I was to have some cheap benches made for the school as there was no money for good ones. One of them spoke up and said, "Why, you have lots of money in your Mission. Whenever one of our people in America dies he bequeathes one-third of his possessions to the Mission." Would it were true, and that it were given freely before the hand of death wrenched it from us.

One of the Least of These—His Sisters

MRS. ELEANOR TAYLOR CALVERLEY, M.D.

One day a well-to-do Arab of Kuwait sent for me to make a professional call on his sick wife. She was one of two wives for whom the man had to provide separate houses, because of the hatred the two women bore to each other. I found the patient lying on a mattress spread on the floor, feverish, sad and discouraged. There seemed to be no reason for her fever. Her ten-day-old son was a lusty little fellow, and the mother seemed to have nothing radical the matter with her. We had been friends for some time, and it did not take Fatima long to tell me the real cause of her illness. She had been taken away from her home in Yemen, hundreds of miles from Kuwait, a pretty girl of twelve or thirteen, and sold to her husband in Kuwait. At first his admiration and favor had made her happy, but the hatred of her partner wife soon took away the joy from her marriage. When she was ill, and unable to amuse her husband, he stayed away from her house and showered all his attentions on the other wife. The little sick woman, a frail, gentle creature, lay on her mattress in her gloomy room thinking of her happy childhood in her pleasant home in Yemen. She longed for her mother and father, her brothers and sisters. She might not hope ever

to see them again. There was no one to love her in this lonely spot. Her husband did not love her as she loved him. She had given him her whole life, but now in her need of sympathy she found him forgetful of her. And so she lay and grieved and sighed and suffered, poor, pretty little mother, until the neighbors thought her condition serious.

As I took my leave from the patient I was met outside her door by the husband, bland, smiling, apparently solicitous as to the welfare of his wife. What was my diagnosis? What remedies would I suggest? He looked at me in surprise when I told him the cause of the trouble, as plainly as I could, and laughed when I exclaimed, "Thank God, I am not a Moslem woman!"



MRS. CALVERLY AND HER TWO CHILDREN

Perhaps you will say "We have sadder cases than that in our own country." Yes, that is true. But the difference is this. In our country a man cannot have two wives without being punished for it by the law. With us it is not even a question of religion only. The law itself requires that a man consider the rights and feelings of his wife. In Arabia neither law nor religion troubles itself with such unimportant subjects as these.

The man of whom I have just told you was perhaps the best, most moral Moslem I know. His conduct is exemplary, according to Moslem standards. He had only two wives, whereas his religion allowed him four. He did not beat his wife; he had a right to do so, for she was his property, just as was his horse. He might have divorced her with a word because she was discontented. He continued to provide her shelter, food and raiment. He even called in a doctor when she was sick; few Moslems would do that. He represents the best which Islam has to offer to women. His wife was fortunate among Arab women.

American women—what have you been doing to-day? Think over the details of your happy and interesting life. Think of your pleasant, comfortable home, and compare it with the gloomy, barren room in which that woman—a fortunate woman for a Moslem—lay. See your table strewn with books and magazines. She had not a book and could not have read a word had she possessed a book. Moslem women are not considered worth educating.

Remember how your family gathered around the breakfast table. Your husband sat at one end and you at the other, while the bright faces and lively conversation of your children filled your cup of happiness to overflowing. That Moslem woman has never known such joy. Her husband would not condescend to eat with a woman. She can eat with her daughters and the women servants. If her husband happens to be dining at her house he must be served first and she may eat what is left.

How proud you were of that blooming daughter as she came home from school and told you of her studies, her athletic achievements, her good times with boy and girl friends, her hopes and ambitions! That Arab woman has a daughter, too, a timid little girl not yet old enough to be required by Moslem custom to wear the veil. No school life will she have, no athletic games, no companionship with youths and maids of her own age. She will seldom, if ever, be allowed to leave the four walls of her house. She will be expected to sit beside her mother and drink coffee and smoke cigarettes, perhaps, while listening to the gossip of neighbor women about the latest birth, marriage, divorce, death—or, even more interesting, the latest scandal. She will learn to listen unblushingly to conversation not fit for any ears; but, should a strange man enter her courtyard, quick as lightning she will draw her black cloak over her face. Her plans, her ambitions—what will they be? If you ask her she will tell you that her ambition is to do what her parents think best for her. If you win her confidence she will whisper to you the yearnings of her heart. A lover she dreams of—a handsome young knight who will make her his first and only wife—and who will cherish her even when her youth has passed. Yes, believe me, that is the fondest dream of the Arab maiden's heart. In reality her husband is more than likely to be an old and dissipated man who has had many wives and will have many more. She will be sold to the highest bidder, to a first cousin preferably. She will have no voice in the matter—and will never meet the bridegroom until after the wedding ceremony has been performed.

Christian women, thank God that you were not born to the lot of Moslem women! May our thankfulness not content itself with mere words of gratitude. You and I can bring to our Moslem sisters the abundant life which Christ brought to us.

Our Foothold in Arabia

MISS A. E. FARRER, SCOTCH MISSION, SHEIKH OTHMAN

"There is probably no place on the whole surface of the habitable globe more utterly arid and dreary to the eye than Aden." Thus said Keith-Falconer more than thirty years ago. Yet in this uninviting spot he began what he hoped would be his life-work, and his memory has since been kept fragrant by the few workers sent out here under the United Free Church of Scotland, while his name is now perpetuated by the hospital in Sheikh Othman, ten miles inland from Aden.

The voyage from England to Aden takes twelve days; from there we may be driven in a camel *gharri*, or in the more modern motor car to our mission bungalow. Here is nothing luxurious, but we are thankful for the few palm trees, and for the bright little birds who cheerily sing us a welcome.



VIEW FROM HOSPITAL AT SHEIKH OTHMAN

Our day begins early, for at five o'clock we are astir, ready to enjoy the ever glorious Eastern dawn. By 6.30, after the orders for the day have been given, and our simple home set straight, a start is made in our shaky *gharri* for the hospital. In a few minutes we come to the *suk* or market. Here are to be seen hundreds of camels resting after their long journey from the interior, laden with skins, green food, dates, grain, wood, coffee, etc. The Arabs who have brought them lie about anywhere, some asleep on native string couches, some lazily feeding the camels, many lying on the ground. Their dress consists of a long strip of material wound round their loins, the rest of their body being well greased with cocoanut or olive oil.