

she was in agony, and would die unless help came. But Ida was helpless as any college girl in America, before this need, and the man went away sorrowful.

Later in the day another came, a poor low caste man, and begged her in the name of all the gods to come to his poor house and save his wife, who was in a similar condition, with no one to aid. Again she refused, saying she could not, she had not been trained.

That night from the Brahmin quarter at one side of the town, and from the out-caste hut at the other, came the wailing for the dead, with the beat of the tom toms. The bodies of the two young wives with their little babies were carried to the burning ground. **Ida Scudder had heard her call.**

She came back to America, entered the Cornell Medical School, and after graduating returned to Vellore, where she has given thirty-six years of service to the women and children in Vellore and the villages for miles around.

Today Dr. Ida Scudder is President of the Vellore Medical School, a fine low-lying white building that is striking in its simplicity and very attractive. It is built around an open court, where during the cool weather flowers grow in profusion. Palms and hanging baskets of ferns decorate the arches which separate the wide verandas from the court, and take away the feeling of this being a hospital and dispensary.

Inside are two large wards, one where poor patients are admitted and treated free of charge, and one for caste people who can afford to pay very little. Besides these, are one or two rooms for the wealthier patients who pay a good fee. The beds are very comfortable, with wire spring mattresses, but as the Hindus are accustomed to sleeping on the floor, it is difficult to get them to remain in bed at first. They much prefer the hard floor. They feel they are being put on shelves and are very afraid of falling off. Each patient, unless destitute, brings either a relative or a friend to look after her and cook her food. Sometimes the nurse comes into a ward to find the patient under the bed while the relative is serenely occupying the place of the patient. It is impossible to keep

wards and patients as we do in this country. The nurses do the best they can and the wards are very clean and neat. The floors are concrete and easily washed, and walls are constantly whitewashed. Each patient has her locker with a little white cloth on top. The dressing wagon is in its place and the medicines in regulation order; charts are as neatly kept as in any well regulated hospital at home.

The native girls in training for nurses look very picturesque and attractive in their pink jackets and pure white sarees. Their bare feet enable them to be quick and noiseless in their movements.

Surrounding the dispensary there are twelve acres of ground, on which three new hospitals are in the course of construction, a Maternity Block, a Children's Hospital, and a Surgical and Medical Building. Each hospital is to be a separate unit and all to be connected by covered passages. When completed this institution will accommodate over three hundred people.

Perhaps the most unique feature of Dr. Scudder's work is the weekly trip to Gudiyam, a large city twenty-three miles from Vellore, where a branch dispensary has been opened in a little room built back of the church. A motor given the Doctor by a friend is used for this journey. And so great is the interest the nurses take in this trip, that there is quite a rivalry among them as to whose turn it is to accompany the Doctor.

You may imagine the Doctor and her assistants climbing into the auto, driving the twenty-three miles, performing the necessary operations awaiting them, then driving back to Vellore. That would seem a pretty full day; but the twenty-three mile drive and the operations at the end of it are a very small part of the day's work. A start is made at six in the morning with the motor packed so full of medicines and appliances that there is hardly room for the Doctor and her assistants. The first stop is made about six miles out on the wayside. A crowd is waiting here—the lame, the halt, the sick, the blind—just such a crowd as awaited our Lord 1900 years ago on the wayside of Palestine.

Under the shade of a tree, with the motor

(Continued on page 56)