

THE YOUNG WOMEN

A DISPENSARY OPENED NEAR VELLORE

Dr. Findlay Writes of the Extension of
Her Work

A few days ago a letter came to Dr. Scudder from a village twelve miles from Vellore, signed by twenty-nine of the leading men of the place, and asking that we open a dispensary there. That village has no doctor, nor have some seventy surrounding villages, with a total population of 80,000. They also promised to supply a house for the dispensary if we would place an Indian nurse there who would be available all the time, and have a doctor come out once a week. It is a place Dr. Scudder has long wanted to help and the medical work will enable the Indian pastors who go out there to preach, to get more of a hold on the people, and will open up new homes to them.

So last Saturday we went out to see the place and make the arrangements complete. One great thing the British government has done for India has been the making and keeping up of good roads all through the country, with great shade trees along the side.

The road out to Pallikonda is an especially beautiful one, with the paddy green fields stretching out to the blue hills on either side. There are many villages all along the way, and going out we picked on about seven places where we thought the people from nearby villages could gather, bringing their sick to the roadside to be treated by the doctor from the motor ambulance, as she goes along.

Gypsies are about the same the world over in dress and appearance. We met a crowd of about 100 coming along the road into Vellore that day. Their worldly possession they had tied on the backs of tiny donkeys; and these seemed to consist chiefly of old rags. There were a few funny little rope-strung cots or chairs, I don't know which you would

call them, on top of the clothes, and often on top of that again an old or infirm one of their number. One old man astride a donkey, his feet almost touching the ground, had an old sheep across the donkey's back, in front of him. The donkey was about half the size of his load.

By the roadside, some three miles from Vellore, is an old Mohammedan palace, now more or less in ruins. It figures in a book of Mrs. Penney's—"Mixed Marriage." In the shade of these old walls we are going to make our first stop for a roadside dispensary. A few miles further on, the sloping converging walls of a Hindu temple mark Viringapooram, a large town of considerable historic interest. Here we expect to work up a large dispensary, but just by the roadside at present.

Arriving in Pallikonda, we were met by a dignified Mohammedan gentleman, the one who had gotten up the petition, a man whom even his Hindu fellow-citizens admit to be a very fine public-spirited man. He, with a crowd of other men and boys which soon gathered, escorted us around to several different houses, which they suggested we might use. The first was a couple of small rooms behind the Khilafat reading room, being used as a storehouse for straw just now, but which they offered to fix up. These we scorned as much too small, and not at all suitable for their nice Goshu women to come and wait in. We finally settled on a fairly respectable four-roomed house with open court in the centre. None of the rooms have any windows at present and there is a lean-to on the front of the house built of straw-mats, where the owner's horse resides. But the place has possibilities and is central. So they have promised it to us in a month—as soon as the present occupant moves out.

In the meantime we are to use the Brahman Public Reading Room. This is