

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

MONISTIR HOSPITAL.

BY FELIX J. KOCH.

Over in the Balkans—now that the war is about ended—the hospitals and the nurses are having their hands full, and interesting places, indeed, are some of those to which the injured and the sick, after their lengthy exposures, are being taken as fast as the native means of conveyance permit. If the great hospitals of London possessed a document giving them the right to impel every Christian physician in the metropolis for his services when required—heedless of whatsoever urgent call for a doctor there might be outside—we should have a situation analogous to that under which is operated the modern Greek hospital at Monistir, in Macedonia—beg pardon, it's in Servia now, since the war—possibly the most modern hospital in the entire Turkish Empire, excepting only those of Constantinople.

Obviously Macedonian conditions call for hospitals. Even before the recent war, when the lordly Turk felt so inclined, he possessed absolute and complete power, both legally and *de facto*, to mis-treat the Christian subjects of the Padi-Shah, and when these, in return, take revenge, there is a massacre, the burning of villages, misery, wounds, and diseases due to exposure, galore. It is for such times, primarily, that the Christian peoples need their hospitals.

To understand these conditions, however, it must be recalled that in Turkey all non-Mohammedans are extra-territorial. That is to say, to continue our analogy, it is as it would be if all the Greek-Christians of Warwickshire and Devonshire, &c., were not directly subject to the sheriffs of the county, but to the head of the Greek

Christian or the Bulgar Christian church of the entire country, who would have his seat at the national capital, and there provide each as best he could for his flock. The result is that the Turkish governments play off the various Christian "congregations," as they are termed, against one another—now favouring this one or that one, and always the weakest, in order to incur jealousy and keep the Christians wrangling among themselves, so that they do not bother the Moslem.

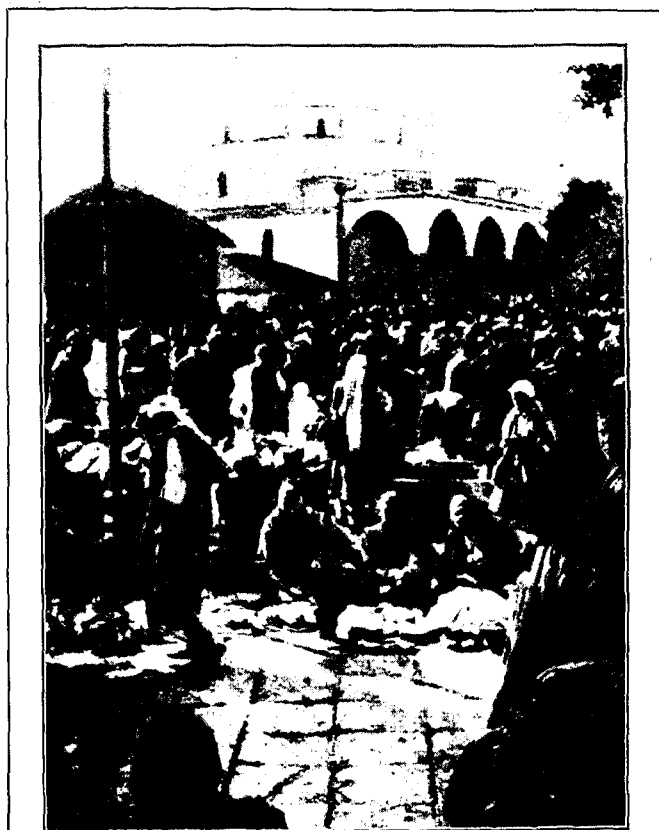
The result of this subtle diplomacy is the hospital at Monistir.

When, for some reason or other, it was deemed wise to propitiate the Greeks of that province—capital, whose greatest call on the world's attention came a few years ago, when the Russian Consul was shot by a sentry—the imperial *firman* was issued and the hospital arose. Not that the Turks gave the money—that would be going too far—but they, in their goodness, allowed it to exist. The funds then came, very largely, from a young Greek Christian of the vicinity, who had accumulated vast fortunes in Egypt, and from the other co-religionists of the province.

On our visit to this hospital we passed from a street of over-

hanging harems into a pretty garden, crossing a path edged with magnificent chrysanthemums, dahlias, petunias and geranium, to the main building itself, a massive structure of stone, with a small cupola summer-house at one side.

The central doorway gave entrance upon a sort of lobby, from which doors led off, and in the corner of which a man, with a huge bandage about his eye (the result of a street foray) was the first object to excite attention. Above him a marble tablet, engraved with Greek characters, recorded the names of the donors to the hospital fund, and beyond, a door opened into the apothecary's shop, from which not only the patients here, but the sick of the city are given their drugs



A CHANCE FOR GERMS ON FOOD:
OPEN MARKET PLACE.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)