

gratis. Even the Turks, in the last few years, are coming to appreciate the value of Christian pharmacists and make use of their drugs.

Passing through a reception-room, in which some chairs, covered over with white cloths, and one of the tall, white porcelain Roumanian stoves are the principal objects of attention, the main ward is shown. Black iron bedsteads, in two rows, line the walls, each with the sheet sewed to the inside of the blanket, as is the South European custom. What the purpose of this may be in a hospital—where these upper sheets must needs be changed constantly—it is difficult to discover. Precedent, however, is omnipotent in the Orient, and since sheets have been sewn on thus ever since the divan was abolished by the infidel, not even the hospitals care to depart from the rule. Beside each bed is a night-table, as there is likewise in every hotel bed-chamber in the cities of south-eastern Europe, with decanter, glass, cup and spoon—and, most surprising to one who has made a tour of benighted internal Turkey, a carton, recording the progress of the disease—as modern as many in use in the States themselves.

From this ward of twelve beds, given over to the men and children, another smaller ward, of three beds, to be used by patients immediately after an operation, is shown; a door leading on into the operating room itself, with the operating sofa, sink and case of instruments. The floor is of stone, and windows admit abundant light. In fact, one is loth to believe his senses on entering here, so great is the contrast with the primitive Oriental life one sees outside. One doctor calls here daily, but in case of need, as has been said, the hospital possesses the right to impanel all Greek physicians in Monistir-province.

Following the encircling hall around the building the visitor is shown the wash-rooms, for everyone is forced to bathe on entering, and then the bed-

room for the women—fitted as is that of the other sex. Pale and listless women are numerous here, lying about drearily, in loose gowns of black, with a white flower-pattern, and a blanket wrapped about. Despite the pain that is evident, and the distress, it is a fact beyond dispute, that many of the folk are better off here, protected by imperial writ, than when in full health at home and at the mercy of the Turk.

Not that the Turk is cruel as a rule. As a matter of fact, I would rather be alone in a company of Turks than in a company of almost any other

of the south-European nationalities, but here and there there is a miscreant, and, when perpetrated on the defenceless infidel, his misdeeds go unpunished. Even the wary physician is forced to confess that, beyond eye-troubles, the principal complaints of either sex among the inmates are wounds.

Combined with the hospital is the infirmary and adjoining apartment, where a row of old women are lying on their beds or squatting on the floor, Turkish fashion, chattering for dear life, and resembling any other coterie of old women—save that they are shoeless, one and all. At one end of the room a coarse table, with plate and ruder napkin



WATER SELLERS NEVER RINSE THEIR GLASSES.

for each is placed, the whole company reminding us of the typical poor-house of Dickens' day. Throughout, the hospital excites wonder at its equipment, cleanliness and apparent reign of content. There is, however, one suggestion that might be made, and that is that while the reception-room windows look out upon the garden, with the town of terracotta roofs beyond and the distant mountains of brigand-land hidden or uncovered by the mists, the rooms of the sick give view directly on the small cemetery, with its surrounding wall and the tombs, each with a cross at one end—a view not particularly inspiring to the very sick.

But that is just one of the many little points Turkish hospitals are still to realize.

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