



The moon gate of the Maryknoll mission compound at Tung On

An American Doctor In South China

By Fr. Otto A. Rauschenbach, M.M., of St. Louis, Mo., pastor of Tung On, South China



development of a medical mission.

But, while our separated brethren are equipped with well-built, well-organized, and well-staffed hospitals, our modest start is merely a dispensary. Moreover this dispensary, situated at Tung On, is, as yet, merely a makeshift—both as regards the building and the equipment.

Fortunately we have a few benefactors, who have enabled us to struggle along somehow; but they themselves are poor missionaries, dependent on the charity of others, who also have projects of their own to further.

Why a Medical Mission?—

"But, why a medical mission at all?" you ask.

First of all, for the missionaries themselves, scattered over a vast territory,

and living as isolated individuals, with means of travel and of communication very primitive. Frequently missionaries become too ill to be moved, and then there is only one alternative, to bring a doctor to the sufferer.

Secondly, a Mission should have some medical center where natives can be trained to care for the local dispensaries, thus freeing the priests for their special work.

As time goes on, apt subjects should be given a more intensive medical training. The ideal medical workers in China would be native Catholic doctors, able to diagnose without too much difficulty the seemingly strange diseases from which Chinese patients say they suffer.

Not long ago the officials of a Government hospital in the Kongmoon Vicariate asked the local Maryknoll missionary to take over the care of the institution. If the Maryknoller had had at his disposal a native Catholic doctor,

"'Father Price rings true to every test of sanctity', was the characterization of one who had long trained young men in the religious life."

—America.

(See page 252)

he would have been able to accept the offer, which promised much for the good of souls.

Medical care of the sick and infirm is as much a normal activity of the Church as are missions themselves. It has existed at all times, and in every clime; and we cannot afford to neglect this form of the apostolate in China.

A Makeshift not Sufficient—

It should be understood at the outset, however, that China is not a "hocus-pocus" land. It is not enough to go through the gesture of running a dispensary, by painting the natives up with iodine. Any one with such a fanciful idea of the mentality of the average Chinese is making a mistake.

You may make a show of talking John Lee, in the next block, into the illusion that you are his long-lost brother, just because you leave three cents on the counter when you get your collars; but get him in his native habitat and try to talk him out of an acute pain in the pit of his stomach, and you'll have a man's size job on your hands. You simply must "deliver the goods", here as everywhere.

We do not aim to please so much as to cure (the greater part of the time

the cure, while in the process, does not please); and, when you work a genuine cure, you win a genuine friend.

The Problem—

The problem over here resolves itself, for the moment, into one of dollars and cents. Dr. Blaber has been with us six months, and during that time medicines, bandages, and so forth, have cost two hundred dollars a month. Quinine, one item alone, has had to be purchased to the amount of twenty-eight thousand grains.

In the six months, we have treated at the dispensary nine thousand two hundred and fifty cases—roughly fifteen hundred a month.

Results—

How many Baptisms can we trace directly to medical work? No man can argue thus, and have a fair knowledge of mission conditions and mission activities. It is not possible to calculate with mathematics, which is an exact science, a moral influence for good on a given district or community. The relation of cause and effect, in dealing with human motives, is so involved as to defy analysis.

We might work up ever so many possible cases to prove the efficiency of dispensaries as a mission activity; but who can definitely say, in the salvation of souls, how much is due to human endeavor, and how much to grace, pure and simple?

Dispensaries have ever been a means of conversion, through contacts; and without contacts, in a pagan country, there are simply no conversions—short of a first class miracle. Such first class miracles are extremely rare, since God usually works through human means.

The Future—

Now that we have weathered the first six months—usually the hardest, in many respects—what of the future?

We have launched our medical mission, which, poor and insignificant as it is, reveals consoling possibilities. We should not stop short of at least one well-equipped, modern hospital for Maryknoll-in-China, with dispensaries at every mission. But, what of the funds?

Well it is the peculiar earmark of the missionary that he has unbounded faith



WAITING FOR THE DISPENSARY DOORS TO OPEN
Dr. Blaber's reputation for skill and kindness draws to the mission pagans from far and near

in Divine Providence; that is the very reason for his presence in the mission field.

I am confident that He Who has sent us our pioneer doctor will not withhold from our medical apostolate the "wherewithal" for further development.

Charity must begin at home, but it would be shamefully ungenerous of it to stay there; it will languish and die if it does. It must go forth and allow its light and warmth to comfort others even at the cost of some inconvenience and suffering.



DR. HARRY BLABER, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., IN HIS SOUTH CHINA DISPENSARY
Dr. Blaber has as assistant and interpreter a bright young Chinese whom he plans to train for medical work

CALLS FOR \$1 A DAY.

Why The "Foreign Doctor" Left Times Square

By the Most Rev. James Edward Walsh, M.M., of Cumberland, Md., Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission, South China



This was not the first sampan he had climbed into that day; but he hoped it would be the last, as it put out from the shore to take him to the big junk in the middle of the river



THE man in the sampan was not in a particularly good humor. Apart from the fact that as a missionary he was supposed to absorb unperturbed any amount of vexation, there was certainly no reason why he should be.

He lifted his sun helmet to mop the perspiration that was running down his face. His suit of white drill was wet through in big patches where it clung more closely to his sweating body, and in other places it was smudged with dirt. This was not the first sampan he had climbed into that day. Yet he hoped it would be the last, as it put out from the shore to take him to the big junk in the middle of the river. Before he had time to reflect on his troubles, the trip was over.

"Careful there with that baggage," he shouted to the sampan woman, as she moored to the junk and prepared to hoist both passenger and baggage aboard. "Heaven knows it cost me enough trouble already," he mumbled to himself. "If this old lady will just dump it all in the river now, my day will be complete." But sampan women know their business, and this time there was no hitch. A minute later the young foreigner was trying to find a place for

himself and his boxes amid the sprawling forms that seemed to take up every available inch of the junk.

The Comprador—

"Got any room on here?" he asked the harassed comprador, after he had tracked down that much sought for in-

dividual. The comprador stopped, sighed, then smiled.

"Well, not much, for a fact. We're very crowded. Still, I'll find a place for you. You're the priest from the Catholic Mission, aren't you? What have you got in those boxes?" The comprador, glad of a respite, was unexpectedly pleasant.

The foreigner sighed with relief. "Here's a human being, anyhow," he thought. "Guess he'll fix me up some way." Then aloud he replied to his new acquaintance. "I'm from the Catholic Mission, but I am not the priest. I am a doctor."

"Oh, doctor, eh? That's good. Maybe you have got medicine in all those boxes?"

"No mistake," shot back the young man. "Also I had plenty of trouble getting it this far." . . . He stopped. His stock of Chinese was not equal to recounting the tale of his woes, so he crushed the impulse to try to pour it out upon this sympathetic listener. Besides he had been promised places on junks before, only to see the accommodations fail to materialize. He thought he had better press the point. The comprador became all action, and, after combing the crowded boat, finally got him settled in a few square feet of room on the top of the deck. Most of the space was taken up by petty officials and soldiers, so that, tired as he was and longing to stretch out, he

THOSE MISSION TRUNKS

Would you like to help fill one? There is still time before the trunks and their eighteen owners head for the East. Anything from toothbrushes to portable typewriters will be most acceptable, so do not hesitate because you feel unable to send a large gift.

A few suggestions are: Altar, table, and bed linens; Blankets; Underwear; Toilet articles; Flashlights; Kodaks; Boy Scout knives; Fountain pens, Portable victrolcs; Vestments; Books.

FORWARD THE MISSION CAUSE;

could only perch himself upon one of his boxes and hope that he would be able to stick out the four hour trip down river. At least he was seated, and could relax a little bit. He stretched and yawned, mopped his streaming forehead again, and settled himself for another endurance test.

A Great Life—

"Surely is funny," he meditated, as the events of the morning passed in review before his tired brain. "I come to this place to help these people—and Heaven knows they need it—and yet they seem to make everything hard for a fellow. Goodness knows it's trouble and expense to go to Hong Kong and buy all this medicine to cure their thousand and one ills, but, man, that isn't anything! I've been waiting and fussing around that Customs all morning; and, after tearing everything open and no end of trouble, they soak me a heavy duty for medicine that I'm going to give away. As if that wasn't enough, then this special Tax Bureau has to come along and tear it all open again. They are ignorant enough to try to make me pay a wine tax on iodine! Back and forth in sampans, hiring coolies, packing the stuff all over the place, and not finished yet. What galls me most is the miserable government. It ought to be doing something for its poor people. Instead it spends all its time causing trouble to the few folks who are doing something to help. Great life, all right. In America I'd probably get this medicine free from the dealers. Or at least have no more trouble than to write a check. Here it's not enough to be a doctor, but I have to be a coolie in addition, and pay through the nose besides." The doctor sighed, mopped his face, looked around. His eye began to note his fellow passengers. The crowd of officials and soldiers grouped on the deck had already noted him. He became conscious that they were commenting upon himself.

An Old Story—

"All these foreigners only come over here to steal our country," one self-satisfied little sparrow in foreign clothes was saying. "They pretend to do good by helping the people, but they

really want to turn their hearts so that foreign nations can easily steal China." He stopped for breath and looked around his admiring audience for approval, which they heartily vouchsafed by various laughs and grunts.

Others took up the theme. For a few minutes a chorus of protests against foreign invasion was voiced by the company of patriots. One burly military officer finally capped the discussion by an outburst. "Ought to kick them out," was his straightforward and soldierly sentiment. "Got no business in our country. This is China, isn't it?" He was pleased with his rhetorical question, and repeated it. "I am asking you, is this China, or isn't it?" He looked around in triumph. He had positively won this argument of his own making, such as it was, for nobody disputed his statement.

By this time the other passengers were enjoying the tilt at the foreigner. But the doctor was saying nothing. He had heard all this many times before, and was not particularly surprised. He was too wearied to care much, anyhow. His tired mind conned a few sentences of rebuttal in his newly acquired and unwieldy Chinese, but he hoped he

would not need to use them—perhaps his critics would turn to another topic of conversation before he felt obliged to defend himself.

Fortunately the boat began to move. This proved a sufficient diversion. Everybody suspended their immediate concerns to repeat to one another that the boat was under way. This was not surprising, as the long delays incidental to travel in China make the actual starting of any conveyance, long deferred and wistfully desired as it usually is, an event of the first magnitude. Another less pleasant diversion followed immediately in the appearance of the comprador to collect the passage money.

The doctor paid his fare, and received a ticket. The comprador then turned to the party of officers. Stony stares were their sole contributions to his yawning basket. He shook the basket in front of them. "Buy your tickets," he repeated. "We can't run a boat on air. No ticket, no ride. Company's orders." He appeared to mean it, but he was only going through a pantomime. He knew from long experience what little chance he had of getting money from this class of pas-



DR. HARRY P. BLABER, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., THE FIRST AMERICAN PHYSICIAN TO WORK OVERSEAS WITH MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS, HAS PROVED TO MANY A PAGAN OF SOUTH CHINA THAT HE "HAS A HEART"

BUT RATHER THE CONSTANT STREAM



THE LINE-UP AT THE DISPENSARY DOOR

In spite of Father O'Connor's protestations, the doctor excused himself to look over his patients. "I'll just glance in to see if there's anything urgent," he said

sengers. His debtors ignored him. Finally, one waved him aside with a grunt. "On official business," he said. "For the Government. Go and get the money from the magistrate, if you like." A laugh went up; and the comrador, defeated, now addressed himself to the second little farce of attempting to wheedle half fare out of the group. He met again with a dismal failure. Protesting vehemently, he gave it up as a bad job, and hobbled over to continue his quest among the other passengers.

The Doctor's Chance—

This little passage at arms had centered the attention of all on the group. The doctor saw his chance. He yawned, smiled, and remarked drily to the huddled forms crowding the deck: "These are the men who said I was stealing from China, a while ago. You may have noticed that I paid my fare in real money, according to justice. I do not steal peoples' things, neither do I steal rides on boats. Did you see any of these people paying their fare? Seems to me they ought to look closer to home when it comes to the subject of stealing."

The doctor stopped, resisting an impulse to add that he would give their whole wretched country for one sight of Times Square. The crowd snickered, and would have roared but for guns strapped on the crestfallen soldiers. A joke at their expense was hugely appreciated, but was not to be enjoyed boisterously. Their enjoyment was not unmixed indeed with a certain wonder at the doctor's boldness, and some speculation as to how his antagonists would receive this outspoken comment. The doctor rather wondered also.

A Swan Dive—

Suddenly all was forgotten. Passengers were scrambling to the rail. Evidently, something was forward out in the river. The doctor sauntered over to the rail in the general curiosity. A soldier had capsized a little sampan, and was floundering in the water. He recalled having seen the fellow sculling out to the junk with the last batch of officers. Late, and fearing to miss the boat, they had simply grabbed somebody's sampan and sculled it out themselves. This lone soldier had the job of taking it back; but he knew nothing

about a sampan, and had managed to capsize the thing.

It was too evident that he did not know how to swim. He did not even seem to have sense enough to grasp the upturned boat. There were several sampans in the vicinity, but they appeared to be serenely unconscious of the soldier's plight.

Keeping his eyes on the man in the water, the doctor began to kick off his shoes. He turned to the officers. "There's your soldier being drowned," he cried. General apathy met this appeal. "Too bad," one man replied, and shrugged his shoulders. The doctor turned back to the rail. No sampans near. The soldier was going under.

The doctor's coat was off. "I wonder how much water there is here," he thought, as he got one foot on the rail. "The junk must draw six or seven feet," he comforted himself. "I'd better make a shallow one, though." There was no time to ask any questions. The passengers looked up in amazement, as a white form flashed through the air. The doctor jumped well out to clear the sampans still clustered around the junk; and, falling into a perfect swan dive, cut the water without a ripple. But scarcely a split second later there was a wave of spray, as he shot almost clear of the water with the impetus of his twenty foot flight; he could have dived in a bathtub. "I suppose I'll have to lug this bird a mile to shore," he grumbled to himself, while his powerful strokes ate up the distance to the still struggling soldier.

Vaguely he recalled having heard somewhere that the sampan people would take no part in saving a drowning person, for fear of offending the water devil. "Just like that old junk not to wait for me, too," he muttered. "Oh, well, it's no worse than dragging them out at Asbury Park." He smiled as he thought back to the hectic summer vacations he had spent as a life guard at the beach.

The Rescue—

The soldier had kept up so far merely by the frantic thrashing around of despair. Unable to swim and weighted down with his ammunition belt, he

struggled more and more feebly. The upturned sampan had drifted away from him. He was too panic-stricken to notice his rescuer. With the doctor ten yards away, he gave a despairing yell, and went under. "Thanks, old boy," grinned the doctor. "Save me a little trouble." At the same instant he took one sweeping stroke and dived, catching the soldier on the way down. A minute later the doctor was hanging to the upturned sampan with one arm, while with the other he clutched the unconscious soldier by the collar of his jacket.

The junk had stopped, and a sampan was making its way over from it. The boat people were loath enough to have a hand in cheating the river spirit of its victim, but the peremptory orders of the officers on the junk had overcome the scruples of at least one sampan lady, and the doctor watched her approach with relief. "That's what I call considerate," he said to himself, putting aside thankfully his vision of a mile swim, towing his soldier. "After all, I'm pretty tired."

Sentiments Change—

Back on the junk, he and the half-drowned soldier were quickly fixed up with borrowed Chinese trousers and cups of scalding tea. The doctor's former critics were now bosom friends. "Has a heart, has a heart," was the general comment.

"Wonder what they thought I had before? Would anybody without a heart be found fooling around a place like this?" grinned the doctor to himself. "Well, after all, they simply don't know, I suppose. It must take a long time for them to realize what brings us among them."

The Dispensary—

His day was not yet over. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the little port where he had to debark for his mission. More trouble and fuss with the baggage, much persuasion to secure a rickety car for the ride to the mission, and finally at dusk he arrived wearily home.

"Anybody in the dispensary?" he queried of Father O'Connor, as the pastor rushed out to greet him.

Father O'Connor took one look at his disheveled appearance. "Never mind

A GOOD INVESTMENT

"Maryknoll books are a credit to the Catholic Church of America," writes a priest friend. "I wonder how you can produce such excellent volumes at so low a price." See page 228.

the dispensary, old man. What you need is a bath, and a square supper. I'll take care of the baggage. Come along here."

But there was a considerable line-up at the dispensary; and, in spite of the other's protestations, the doctor excused himself to look over his patients. "I'll just glance in to see if there's anything urgent," he said.

"There's one thing urgent around here, and that's for you to rest a bit," shot back Father O'Connor. Both smiled; they understood each other. The doctor often proffered this same advice to the priest; but, as is the way of young men, neither one ever paid the slightest attention to it.

He treated a few of the pressing cases, and put the rest off until the next day. "Too bad about you," he said wearily to his last patient. "You ought to be in a hospital; but we 'rich

Americans' haven't got any, so that's that. Well, go home and go to bed, anyhow. Leave your address with the catechist, and, if my horse isn't lame, I'll try to ride out tomorrow to give you more treatment."

A Full Day—

A bath, supper, and a pipe tempered the doctor's fatigue; and he felt refreshed as he sat on the veranda discussing the day's happenings with Father O'Connor, before turning in for a well earned sleep.

"Yes, it takes time," Father O'Connor was saying. "These poor people don't know what it's all about. How can they be expected to understand the charity of Christ? Or to fathom the motive that drives a man to spend himself for the least of His little ones? But it must have its effect; time will bring it out. By the way, old man," he turned to the doctor, "if you put in many days like today, it won't take long, either. What do you say?"

"Well, Father," smiled the doctor slowly, "for a fact, it was a pretty full day." He laughed. "Come to think of it, I just about gave them every argument in my repertoire, anyway."



TREATING A PRESSING CASE

"Leave your address with the catechist," the doctor told the old Chinese, "and, if my horse isn't lame, I'll try to ride out tomorrow to give you more treatment."

GIFTS MEAN REAL SACRIFICE FOR CHRIST AND SOULS.

Maryknoll Leper Work

Extracts from letters written by Fr. Joseph A. Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., who is laying the foundations of Maryknoll leper work in South China



WHERE THE HOMES OF THE LIVING ARE BUILT OF COFFIN WOOD

The largest of the three leper hamlets now ministered to by Maryknollers in South China occupies cemetery lands just outside the city of Sun Wui. When the people of Sun Wui unearthed their dead to put the bones in big jars for permanent keeping, the lepers salvaged the coffin wood for fuel and to build their miserable huts. The hillside back of the hut in this picture is dotted with graves. The child seated before the hut is the son of a leper, but so far no signs of the disease are visible on its little body



FATHER Joseph A. Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., Maryknoll's pioneer apostle to the lepers, sends from the Society's Kongmoon mission field in South China the following message: "We have had so many

pressing duties in the last couple of months that it has been impossible to write the promised article for THE FIELD AFAR, much as I have desired to do so. I am enclosing herewith three personal letters which cover the end of our first half year of leper work. You may find in them something which

would be of interest to FIELD AFAR readers."

Father Sweeney's letters contain much that is not merely interesting but inspiring, and we are happy to offer our readers the following news of Maryknoll leper work.

Homes of Coffin Wood—

All goes well in the leper work. We now have under our care nearly one hundred of these outcasts. They live in three leper hamlets, the largest of which occupies cemetery lands just outside Sun Wui, a town that has sent many laundrymen to the United States. This is the only land allowed to the lepers of the district.

The former misery of the inhabitants of this cemetery hamlet was typical of the state of all leper outcasts in South China. All were beggars on the verge of starvation, and anaemic after years

of hunger. Every foot of ground around them was occupied by the dead.

When the people of Sun Wui unearthed skeletons to put the bones of near relatives in big jars for permanent keeping, the lepers salvaged the coffin wood for fuel. (We have often boiled water at our dispensary with old coffin wood.) The coffin tops were used by the lepers as walls for their huts.

The lepers' bed mats or the burlap bags which served as such were on the bare earth. A cake of soap was unknown to them. Around this graveyard settlement where everything, even the soil, was diseased flies swarmed like locust plagues. We have discouraged them with Lysol, but they are persistent flies.

A Man in a Million—

We have built for these lepers new temporary homes, huts of bamboo and palm leaf, which are showered often with Lysol. They enjoy regular meals, baths, frequent changes of clothing, and daily dressing of their ulcerations.

Doctor Blaber (a young Catholic physician of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is laboring with the Maryknoll missionaries of South China) visits them and gives them more attention than could be bought in the best ward in Bellevue Hospital. A man in a million is Doctor Blaber, an ideal foundation on which to build the medical work of leprology.

We are helping the lepers to overcome every type of disease besides leprosy before we start fighting that. Treatment for leprosy requires good health otherwise.

The First Baptism—

At Toi Shan we have over twenty-five lepers. Among them we had our first Baptism when the oldest patient (once an honored grandmother and afterwards an outcast beggar on account of the disease which came in her last years) died as holy a death as any a lifelong Catholic.

We began work at Toi Shan in October. Progress was slow at first, due to difficulties raised by officials and by people in the neighboring village. These difficulties are in order now. New houses, clothes, and bedding have been supplied, as well as wholesome meals. Doctor Blaber has cleaned up many dis-

eases in this group, and a start on leprosy treatment has been made. Our Brother Gregory Brennock, brother of the late Father Thomas L. Brennock of the New York Archdiocesan Charities, is now at Toi Shan giving expert care to the lepers.

Maryknoll's Father George Bauer ministers to the third group, near Chiklung.

Personal Tragedies—

Some of the dwellers in our leper hamlets are infants who, though born of leper parents, are as healthy and spotless as the kiddies on Campbell's Soup cans. Other inhabitants are ulcerating from head to foot—or in some cases to the ankle joint, where the feet have fallen off.

As our patients emerge from their degradation we find in each a human being and a personal tragedy. There is for instance a boy of five, a lovable little lad with hardly a blemish on him. However, his parents diagnosed his leprosy readily and sent him off to wander and die. A "hard-boiled" soldier saw him starving and brought him to us. One little girl twelve years of age, with features horribly distorted, has been chased around as one would not drive a sick cat or dog.

Every one of these sufferers is worth while, and, best of all, the pagan public observing the resurrection of the lepers is showing more interest in the Church.

The Promised Land—

The three groups of lepers mentioned above will probably be the first to receive asylum at our permanent leper colony, which we hope will soon be organized on the mountains which overlook the southernmost mouth of the West River. Bishop James Edward Walsh has almost completed negotiations with the government for a free grant of this site, where there will be whole square miles of high healthful land, fishing, swimming, transportation facilities—everything but winter sports.

Bandits and pirates have kept the place uninhabited. Guarded by sea, river, and mountains, it is the promised land for the lepers. For the rest of us it will be delightful when we are looking at the sunset of life to gaze from one of the hillsides at the beautiful city

FOR the support of one of the Lepers whom Maryknoll is harboring in South China only three dollars a month is needed. This is surely a charity dear to the Sacred Heart of Him Who for our sake was thought as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. —Isaias 53,4.

which Brother Albert Staubli, our Maryknoll architect *par excellence* in South China, is planning to build there for a thousand lepers.

The Bishop of Kongmoon has appointed another Maryknoll missionary, Father Francis Connors, of Peabody, Mass., to this leper work. The interest of the Bishop in his lepers and his influence with Chinese officials have given us a good start, and the future seems assured.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Edith Fielding, Sister of Charity—
By Lady Cecil Kerr. The inspiring story of how the daughter of an English Earl left the beauty of her stately home for the service of Christ in the persons of His poor and later was led by her burning zeal for souls to volunteer for the missions of China. Published by Sands and Company, London, England. Price two shillings.

The Chinese, their History and Culture—
By Kenneth Scott Latourette, D. Willis James Professor of Missions and Oriental History in Yale University. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price of the two volumes, \$7.50.

Tony—
By Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

Indulgences, What They Are and How They Can Be Gained—
By Rev. Placid Schmid, O.S.B. Published by Lawrence N. Daleiden and Co., 617 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. Price, 25¢.



DOCTOR HARRY BLABER, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., AND TWO OF HIS LEPER PATIENTS

"A man in a million is Doctor Blaber, an ideal foundation on which to build the medical work of leprosy." Some of the large jars containing the bones of Sun Wu's dead are visible in this picture. They are guarded by the lepers

Maryknoll Medical Missions

By Fr. Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., and Fr. Francis Connors, of Peabody, Mass., Maryknollers assigned to the Society's leper work in South China



DR. HARRY BLABER, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., "THE BEST FRIEND A LEPER EVER HAD"

Dr. Blaber tends the lepers of South China not in a spick and span hospital, but amid temporary palm-leaf houses and odors of gangrene, death, vermin and dirt



MARYKNOLL Medical Missions became a modern reality when Doctor Harry Blaber of Brooklyn volunteered to supervise this work for Bishop Walsh of Kongmoon.

The Doctor inherits an instinct for medicine from generations of M.D. ancestors. His grandfather was widely known for medical skill and his mother was pharmacist and chemist for the grandfather. Three of his uncles were high medical officers with our armies in France, and one, Colonel Lawrence, associate of Colonel Bill Donovan, Father Duffy, and Joyce Kilmer, was with New York's old fighting 69th. Doctor Harry seemingly inherits also the instincts of these four great men of the regiment, for when he came to South China he un-

dertook a task which demanded the character of that doctor, that fighter, that priest, and that poet who lived his poems.

Rube-Goldberg Inventions—

Just out of internship he arrived with his books, his microscope, and a few instruments. Bishop Walsh, who never

has seen supply match urgent demand, met the Doctor with no promise of easy practice ahead. The Bishop, of course, had no funds for a hospital. He had only the price of a few drugs and a small house in the mountains of Tung On. But he had the man, and the man began to organize a hospital with a sufficiency of nothing, save trust in Providence and confidence in Blaber. He partitioned the little house into consultation room, clinic, surgery, ward for six in-patients, pharmacy, and laboratory; and with the help of mountain artisans he furnished each department.

The laboratory, which he himself equipped, was of special interest. Here the sterilizer was made from an old trunk, inside of which he put a compartment insulated with old newspapers, woolen rags, chicken feathers, and other poor heat-conductors. A pipe shooting steam to the compartment came from a big Chinese kettle with lid soldered above and charcoal fire below. The still was made of large kerosene tins, fitted with kettle and coil. The incubator for cultures was another big tin set in a great water jug, to which a kettle sent enough steam through a tube to keep constant warmth. But these Rube-Goldberg inventions worked for their inventor.

The Doctor's Staff—

Just as crude as the materials from which he fashioned his laboratory apparatus were the human materials from which he formed his staff—youngsters from farms with an average of three years' schooling, who had never heard of germs or the circulation of the blood. The Doctor had to quickly master their language in order to deal with them. One exception, a fine intelligent character who had given years to assisting missionaries, at first acted as the Doctor's language teacher, interpreter and understudy. But him the Doctor sent to American medical schools on the salary which Bishop Walsh, disregarding all protests, insisted on paying.

Less than a year and a half after this unpretentious opening of a hospital the writers visited it, and found the institution functioning like a good machine. Chinese nurses in clinic and surgery were handling instruments, bandages, and drugs as deftly as American

THE LEPER WORK GROWS

MARYKNOLL'S Father Joseph Sweeney and Father Francis Connors now have under their care in South China 120 leper patients, for each of whom \$3.00 must be found every month to supply the bare necessities of life.

nurses—at least when the doctor was in sight. The young pharmacist was filling oral and written prescriptions with precision. The budding bacteriologist was making all the ordinary chemical and microscopical tests. The doctor, keeping a sleepless eye on all of them, was talking Chinese from morn till night, eliciting symptoms from crowds of mountaineers who insisted that disease came from devils and adverse winds howling in their anatomies or from unlucky stars and bad joss. Often he was called on foot far out of the little town, and never have we seen any foreigner break down the barriers of Chinese village prejudice as quickly as Dr. Blaber. The villagers soon learned that if they gave him a fighting chance he would lead them back to health and ask not even a word of thanks for it. "Maan I Shaang" (Dr. Blaber, in Chinese) became a household word among the poor.

At Toi Shaan—

After nearly three years, Bishop Walsh found himself with a few dollars and immediately he built a tiny hospital at the geographical center of his mission field, the big city of Toi Shaan and the logical center for medical work. Here Doctor Blaber began all over again under very trying difficulties. His staff, bent only on making ready money, went back to their villages to practice on the natives what they had learned from the Doctor, and he had to start training another group. A few anti-foreign people of influence in Toi Shaan tried by several dark means to prevent both missioner and doctor from gaining a foothold there. And besides, there were forty men in the town who claimed to be doctors of medicine, most of whom must have gone to a printing shop for their degree. At least they had little medical knowledge, and no medical ethics.

The sick flocked to the "intruder", so that he was practicing fifteen and sixteen hours a day. Here, for the first time, he charged fees. The great majority of his cases, the poor, paid nothing or only a nominal fee—five cents, which included cost of drugs, for the hospital filled all its own prescriptions. The few well-to-do paid the ordinary fee, which hardly afforded income

"The sword hangs over my head, but I have no fear. God has taken pity on my weakness and filled me with Himself, so that I am happy and even joyous."

—Bl. Théophane Vénard.

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enough to keep up the big stock of medicines needed for the non-paying patients.

Attack and Counterattack—

The forty medicos became incensed because they could have extracted much

more from the poor and exacted much from the wealthy. They held their fire until a Chinese soldier was brought to the hospital with a bullet deep in his infected abdomen, and with one chance in ten for recovery. The patient died some time after removal of the bullet. Then came the poison gas attack from the medicos, who treat none but healthy patients. Soon anonymous articles carefully evading libel laws appeared in anti-foreign newspapers, accusing a certain "foreign devil" of poisoning patients and of every crime but horse-



DR. BLABER SPENDS SUNDAY. SUPPOSEDLY HIS DAY OF REST, TOILING FOR THE LEPERS OF SUNWUI. BESIDE THE DOCTOR IS FR. JOSEPH SWEENEY, M.M., AND A MARYKNOLL BROTHER, ALSO AN APOSTLE TO THE LEPERS, STANDS ON THE RIGHT

FOR AT LEAST ONE DAY THIS YEAR.



IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT THE TECHNIQUE OF AMERICAN HOSPITALS AND CLINICS IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD, AND DOCTOR BLABER HAS BROUGHT IT WITH HIM TO THE TOI SHAAN TINY SACRED HEART HOSPITAL. AMERICAN PATIENTS WOULD SCARCELY ENJOY THESE BEDS AND PILLOWS, BUT IT IS THE CUSTOM OF THE CHINESE TO SLEEP ON PLANKS AND TO REST THEIR HEADS ON HARD WOODEN OR LEATHER "CUSHIONS"

stealing. A mob collected at the gates, and the doctor's life was threatened. But his enemies soon found that the foreign doctor was a better fighter than forty, a man who did not know fear, as we could have told them, for we have seen the Doc in tight places.

Once we went out to sea with Doctor Blaber and two Chinese sailors, looking for a location for our future leper asylum. Soon after we put out from shore our twenty-foot boat was washed from stem to stern in a northeast storm. Our Chinese sea dogs grew pale and pious, and begged us not to venture further. But the Doc put them into the only two life-belts we had aboard, and steered for the outside. We finally landed at a likely place on an uninhabited island. As we walked up from the beach a palm-leaf hut appeared, and twelve pirates came out of it. On an island not far off we had found four skeletons. But the Doc, unarmed, walked so casually up to the pirates, and acted so much as if he were their chief, that they soon were giving us all information about the place, allowing us to depart as easily as we came. Colonel Donovan would

have appreciated the Doc's intrepidity and nerve.

Adherence to Great Traditions—

The hospital after its first year is still a small one of twenty beds. The operating room is narrow, with white-washed walls. One window, partly shaded from curious neighbors, lights it. Two electric bulbs on the ceiling and

WHAT ARE HIS CHANCES?

In a recent letter, Bishop Walsh of Kongmoon writes:

"By the way, what are the chances of picking up a second-hand motorcycle in the U.S.A. for Dr. Blaber? He does not want a car, as motor cars must pay the prohibitive road tax, whereas motorcycles go free. It would enable the Doctor to multiply himself on out calls, while saving him wear and tear besides."

"If you could pick up a second-hand gift somewhere for us, it would surely be a most acceptable present to our medical staff."

flashlights in the hands of nurses are the illuminating system. The table was superannuated at a Canton hospital before the Doc bought and repaired it. The instruments are nearly all gifts of the Catholic Medical Mission Board. The sterilizer is a Montgomery Ward fireless cooker. One water tap fed by a hand pump at the well, via a tank on the roof, gives all the washing facilities.

But surgical sterilization of everything is observed and the asepsis is that of a great hospital, for the doctor personally oversees all that occurs in the place: sterilization of persons, instruments, gowns, and gauze; preparation of patients, drugs, lighting, anaesthesia; and all post-operative work, which often interrupts his night's sleep. It is well known that the technique of American hospitals and clinics is the best in the world, and the Doctor has brought it to Toi Shaan. But he must check constantly plumber, cook, nurses, orderlies, pharmacist, bacteriologist, anaesthetist, and all assistants.

All are well trained, but only the bacteriologist has anything like a hospital sense of responsibility. Colonel Lawrence as a Doctor could appreciate his nephew's adherence to the great traditions of the American Medical Association, while exercising an inborn surgical skill.

The Poor and the Degraded—

Many cases come when all native medicines and doctors have failed. The patient might have one chance out of four with any surgeon. If you save him, all right; but if you don't there are watchers waiting to cry "poison" and "murder".

On the other hand, there is often touching appreciation. One typical case we have seen was the weak child of a ricksha coolie, agonizing with a large stone in a bladder already infected. Neatly the Doctor removed a stone as big as a hen's egg, but the little patient had come late and lingered on the verge of death. Three or four times a night the Doctor broke his sleep to help the little one, and after a month the child walked off hale and hearty, while the father accompanying had more money in his pocket than when the child entered the hospital. Suddenly he turned back to the doctor and said: "Take

my youngster, I give him to you. You have done more than I have ever done for him. You could not do more if he were your own child." And he meant it, although for that month he had spent the night with his child. Every ricksha coolie in town would smile at you after that case. The child's family and friends have since become fervent catechumens.

Besides his mission to the poor a doctor has other duties in common with a priest. People go to him to confess to him, for instance; and Dr. Blaber has his share of those who come to tell of ills which are usually disgraces as well as diseases. These he hides so that only one assistant in the hospital may know of them. But we could not be long associated with his work without sensing them in a general way, and we realized that many whose physical diseases were due to moral faults came both sick and penniless for long, expensive treatment. These the Doctor could virtuously ignore. But he chooses to treat them as kindly and generously as the rest.

Added to all the Doctor's clinic and hospital work are lengthy trips to the country, on foot, bicycle, and bus. Then every evening he gives an hour's lecture to his staff and to others interested in medicine.

Joyce Kilmer Would Understand—

But the work in which we know him the best is that for our lepers. Before Bishop Walsh formally launched us on a career among the lepers, Doctor Blaber had already given treatment gratis to out-patient lepers in his clinic, and to a group in a nearby hamlet. We stepped in to continue work in that hamlet, under his guidance. Later, when we took charge of a much larger leper settlement located in the vast cemeteries of Sun Wui, the Doctor began to visit every Sunday. Sunday should be his day of rest, but he enjoys it by leaving Toi Shaan at 6:00 A.M., and traveling three hours to Sun Wui. There, after Mass and breakfast, he has steady work until the return trip which brings him home at dark. On occasion he has journeyed six hours in an emergency case, to save only a leper outcast from the brink of death. Often he performs for these poor unkempt derelicts the lowest offices that nurse or orderly is ever

THE ANNUITY PLAN

THE missionary builds for eternity. Do you?

The Maryknoll Annuity Plan provides you with income for time and eternity. Inquire.

called upon to handle. And this labor is not in a spick and span hospital, but in one of our temporary palm-leaf houses amid odors of gangrene and death, vermin and dirt. To the uninitiated there may be no romance in this. But Joyce Kilmer would understand, and probably write poems about it.

Thinking in Terms of Lepers—

Doctor Blaber is extending his work to clinics in neighboring towns. One or two clinics will mean his supervision of dispensaries already founded by Maryknoll missionaries. Besides, he will establish a tuberculosis sanatorium for the poor, as soon as a site can be obtained. His patients will live in matchsheds made of bamboo and palm-leaf, since no funds for permanent buildings are available.

Two assistant doctors, and Brother Gregory, M.M., R.N., all recently added to his staff, are indicative of the growth of Maryknoll medical missions.

We have our own work and worries, with 120 leper patients for whom \$360.00 must be found each month to supply the bare necessities of life; but in the midst of our own financial cares we must pause to pay tribute to the Doctor, who will hate the publicity, but who needs and merits whatever financial support it may bring him. We who think only in terms of lepers urge assistance for Doctor Blaber's work as earnestly as for our own. He is the best friend a leper ever had.

BOOK RECEIVED

Judaism, Christianity, and Germany—

A translation from the German of His Eminence Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich. These five addresses, delivered by Cardinal Faulhaber at Munich during the Advent season of 1933, have become world-famous, and excerpts from them have appeared in all the great newspapers. Published by the Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.50.



A MISSION PRO-CATHEDRAL
Bishop James Edward Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., Vicar of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission, in whose field Doctor Blaber is working, has an unpretentious but interesting little Pro-Cathedral. It exemplifies in a pleasing manner the adaptation of Chinese architectural art to Christian purposes

CALLS FOR \$1 A DAY.

Maryknoll Pathfinders in Fields Afar

Another Maryknoll "First"

THE list of Maryknoll "firsts" is now quite lengthy, but some among them never lose their thrill. So it is that we learned with special interest that our Father William M. O'Brien, of Chicago, Ill., is the first Catholic priest to have celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in Hoping, a historic city of the Maryknoll Kaying Prefecture in South China. Father O'Brien writes:

I am now located in a city, which is quite a step-up from a market town. While this is not a large city, it glories in its history. The city wall is still intact for the most part, but directly opposite my window a large breach gapes down, blown through ten years ago or more by local rebels who in attacking the city set off a coffin full of powder under the wall. The city's politics are, and always have been, as devious as its streets. However, many topographical improvements have been made within the last few years. The streets are paved and the shops have all put on false fronts. Many local men were in the Nineteenth Route Army, and a beautiful "cement" shaft has been erected on a nearby hill to the memory of those who fell at Shanghai. Bus roads are going to be opened up, and a bus is already running to a town five miles away. A shop has opened recently that rents bicycles by the hour or day.

But the most interesting advance of all to us is that the old city now has a Catholic church for the first time in its history. It is nothing more than an abandoned old Chinese house that is supposed to be haunted by suicide and ill luck, but, put in repair, it is now a fairly suitable combination church and rectory. It is located at the back of the street, quite hidden; but it will soon become known, and its humble beginnings and lack of "face" will only the more redound to its glory later on, when the mustard seed gets growing.

I am probably the first priest to have celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in the city of Hoping. There was never a native Catholic resident in the city, that I know of. A traveling pottery mender

first interested some of these people in his Faith two years ago, and they invited me to make the beginning of a Catholic mission station in Hoping. I sent both a man and a woman catechist to instruct the new prospects, and have spent a week in every month here myself, in the homes of the new Christians and in a small house in the city which we rented for temporary quarters. Already we have a hundred and forty some baptized Christians. The prospect



FATHER SIMON LEI, THE FIRST CHINESE PRIEST TO BE ORDAINED FOR THE MARYKNOLL KONGMOON MISSION IN SOUTH CHINA, GIVES HIS BLESSING TO A FORMER FELLOW-SEMINARIAN OF HIS OWN RACE. LIKE FATHER JOHN DEL FATHER LEI WAS ORDAINED ON JUNE 29, 1934. HE IS A NATIVE OF YEUNGKONG, THE TOWN WHERE MARYKNOLL'S FIRST MISSIONERS BEGAN THEIR LABORS FOR CHRIST IN 1918

for the spread of the Faith in Hoping is very good, but at present we can't make much of an attack.

Not on Speaking Terms

THE following graphic account of a missionary's "reward" comes

A PERPETUAL Maryknoll Membership—\$50—will entitle you to many spiritual advantages during life and after.

from Maryknoll's Father John C. Heemskerck, once of Hillegorn, Holland, and now pastor of Sun-chong in the Society's Kongmoon field of South China:

Little Ka Loat, twelve year old daughter of the blacksmith, fell ill suddenly and seriously. I called over the telephone Dr. Harry Blaber, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is directing our *Sacred Heart Hospital* in Sunning City. He responded at once, bringing with him Brother Gregory, who in case of need might stay overnight in Sunchong. Sunning City is twelve miles distant from Sunchong, an hour's ride by the local bus.

Before the Doctor arrived, the parents, not wishing to have the girl die at home, had her carried to the Mission, for they despaired of her life.

The Doctor came, made his diagnosis, found it to be meningitis and forthwith returned to Sunning City to get the necessary instruments for a spin 1 tap, the only thing that might save her life. In order to get to Sunning City and back again to Sunchong to give the injection and then return again to Sunning the same afternoon, he had to hire a car; but he spared neither time, medicine, sacrifices, nor money and made seven special trips in six successive days.

He saved the child's life and, besides the labor it entailed, it cost him \$40 on medicine and carfare.

Chinese doctors in the country districts are good in cases of little ailments that eventually would heal of themselves anyway. In serious cases they are good for giving hope and consolation to the immediate relatives of the patient, while the patient, patiently or otherwise, gradually succumbs to the excellent treatment because the doctor's instructions were not carried out. In either case they are good for taking in plenty of money.

Dr. Blaber, seeing the people poor, charged them nothing; and, as a reward for all his trouble, little Ka Loat when she was recovering refused to speak to him. She would not forgive him the pain of the needle, and never vouchsafed an answer to anything the Doc-

tor asked her.

"Guess our little friend is not on speaking terms with me," said the Doc, "but I'll be happy if she pulls through."

Starting From the Ground Up

BRIEF word of a valiant venture for Christ and souls comes from Father Arthur J. Cunneen, of Framingham, Mass., since 1932 in our Maryknoll Wuchow Mission of South China. He says:

I am setting out to open a new mission at Pok Pak, a district of 300,000 pagans and *one* Catholic. As yet we have no house or anything there, so I shall have the thrill of starting from the ground up.

Pray for me that I may be kind, patient and Christlike, so that the pagans may see in me a true representative of Holy Mother Church.

Opening a House at Lipu

FATHER Joseph W. Regan, of Fairhaven, Mass., and Father Arthur C. Lacroix, of Newton, Mass., are stationed at Pantien in the Maryknoll Wuchow Mission, South China. This sector of the Mission was taken over comparatively recently from the Paris Foreign Mission Society. Father Lacroix relates as follows a bit of pioneering undertaken by Father Regan and himself:

It was decided that we should endeavor to open a house of prayer at Lipu, an important junction which connects Liuchow and points south with Kweilin and Pinglo.

We started out in a pouring rain, keeping with difficulty our footing on the slippery paths between the rice fields. The bus station reached we embarked for Pinglo, where we spent the night. We had to forego saying Mass the following morning, as there was no clean or suitable place in the hotel.

The bus for Lipu started at six-thirty. Everything went well for a few hundred yards, then came a hill and a stall. A few parts were taken out and cleaned, after which we set out at a speed that might cash our insurance policy at any minute. We had tried the Thunderbolt and Lightning Roller Coasters back in the good old U.S.A.,



JUNG KANG, A NORTHEASTERN OUTPOST ON THE YALU RIVER OF THE MARYKNOLL KOREAN MISSION FIELD, IS NOT EASILY ACCESSIBLE. HOWEVER, IT HAS BEEN REACHED BY THE UBIQUITOUS "HENRY" AND BY A MARYKNOLL TRAIL BLAZER, FR. PATRICK H. CLEARY, OF ITHACA, N. Y.

but that thrill was tame compared to this. The matter of a forty or fifty foot drop on a curve did not make the driver think it was necessary to slow down. St. Paul went through many

and various dangers, but he never had a bus ride in China. Before we reached Lipu we had three or four stalls and breakdowns.

The ancients of the village promised



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION COMPOUND AT TUNGON, SOUTH CHINA, IS BACKED IN AMONG FANTASTICALLY PICTURESQUE MARBLE MOUNTAINS. THE CHINESE IN THE PICTURE ARE CARRYING AWAY PIECES OF MARBLE FOR AGRICULTURAL LIME. TUNGON'S PRESENT PASTOR IS FR. MARK CHURCHILL, OF MASON CITY, IA.

IS IN A POSITION TO HELP,

Chinese Nurses For The Maryknoll A1

Doctor Blaber, Maryknoll's pioneer medico at Sacred Heart Hospital, Toi Shaan, describes the



MARYKNOLL opened its Training School for male nurses at Sacred Heart Hospital, Toi Shaan, on November thirtieth. During the past five years we have been giving some practical training to a few boys who acted

Kei Shaang had been suffering cleared up, Father Tierney asked me if I could find work for the boy. I needed a porter in the hospital, so I offered him the job. He started to cry, and said he wanted to go back home and take care of his cows. I wrote to Father Tierney saying that the boy was not willing to work in the hospital. Three

was spotless, he had time to assist in caring for the patients. At first, he was allowed to carry trays. Then he was taught to bathe the patients and take pulses and temperatures, and finally, he learned to give out medicines. Then we decided that he should be graduated from the position of porter to that of nurse. He was admitted to the lectures given in the evening on anatomy, physiology and practical nursing.

What a help this boy is to me now. If I mention the name of an operation to Kei Shaang the night before it is scheduled to take place, he will have all the necessary instruments and the proper kind of suture material sterilized. He himself will be scrubbed up in his sterile gown and gloves with all the sterilized instruments laid out on the table at the time set for the operation.

I have another nurse who is one year younger than Kei Shaang. He has been with me since 1933 and is almost as helpful as Kei Shaang. He has had some lectures in anatomy, physiology and practical nursing, but he too is



as nurses in the hospital. We had also trained some boys sent to us by priests from various sections in the interior. Experiment proved that preliminary education was absolutely necessary, and now we demand that the boys finish the equivalent of grammar school before entering our school of nursing.

The head nurse of the hospital is a boy named Kei Shaang. Father Tierney sent him to me in 1932, about one month after we opened the Sacred Heart Hospital. He came as a patient. At that time, he was about fifteen years of age. The trip to the big city of Toi Shaan was the first he had made out of his native village. The large two and three story buildings with an occasional electric light shining in the windows fascinated him. The ride in the train was the greatest thrill in his life.

When the ear infection from which

Above: Dr. Blaber, M.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., with Dr. Bagalawis, M.D., a Filipino, at Sacred Heart Hospital, Toi Shaan.

Right: Father Joseph Sweeney, a Maryknoll Brother, and Doctor Blaber with the lepers. The Maryknoll Leprosarium, with 307 inmates, is the second largest in China.

days later, the boy's mother came and had a long talk with him. She then told me that he was willing to start work immediately.

That day the floors were swept and scrubbed as they had never been before. The sinks and taps were polished. All tables were washed and the windows were at last free from dust and dirt. As time went on, the country bumpkin gradually became used to the ways of the big city and lost that most terrible of all illnesses, homesickness.

The boy became so quick in his work that after everything in the hospital



All Apostolate of Mercy

describes the Maryknoll plan of action.

starting the nurses' course.

The curriculum of our school is the same as that in the majority of hospitals in the States. Dr. Ch'an, my assistant, is principal. Chinese law requires a Chinese to be head of each and every school in China. Mrs. Blaber and I are the instructors. At present, Mrs. Blaber cannot do much because she is handicapped by the language. We hope that she will know enough Chinese by next summer to start the course of practical nursing. This year, Dr. Ch'an is teaching anatomy and physiology. Mr. Kwan, a Chinese medical student, is teaching chemistry, and I have taken on bacteriology and pathology. We have not registered the school with the Chinese government, but we hope to be able to do so by September, 1937. It is important to have this done, otherwise the nurses' diplomas will not be recognized by the government. Government recognition will be imperative later on when our graduates go from village to village acting as nursing catechists.

Our hospital is small, having only twenty-two beds, and the number of

Right: Dr. Blaber, M.D., who has been working with Maryknoll Missioners in China since 1930.



Below: The doctor with his wife and baby, Patricia Ann.



the clinics. If they are pleasing in the eyes of God, He will give us the means to continue them.

The opening of the male nursing school is but the beginning of a fulfillment of Maryknoll dreams. The ideal which some of us see on the far horizon is as follows: a central hospital, both for male and female patients; a tuberculosis sanatorium associated with the hospital, because tuberculosis is rampant in this section of China; dispensaries within a radius of twenty miles of the hospital; a training school for male and female nurses; and a school for midwifery. These dreams seem very real, although we realize that their fulfillment is for the future—possibly the far distant future. The money needed for these medical establishments is more urgently in demand at present for the opening of new missions, a catechist school, the seminary and the leprosanarium.

out-patients is also very small. To give our nurses opportunities for fair training, they must see many more patients than we have at the present time, so we are going to open six dispensaries within a radius of twenty miles. Our students will visit each of these with us once a week, spending about three hours in each clinic. We shall treat only the very poor in these dispensaries giving medicines at the nominal charge of 2¼ cents per patient. In this way, we shall attract a large number of patients and give our nurses an opportunity of seeing many varieties of diseases. Benefactors in the States have made these dispensaries possible. Father Broderick, of Chicago, sent us money to buy a secondhand car. It will enable us to visit the dispensaries with scarcely any loss of time. Other benefactors have provided two months' rent and supplies for these dispensaries. We are not worrying about the future support of

What a thrill it will be to see nurses, with their training and catechetical studies completed, start out into the villages. After gaining friendship by their knowledge of medicine, these nursing catechists will preach the Catholic doctrine. The charity and ability of these nurses will doubtless win many pagan souls for Christ.



DISPENSARIES — NEED SPONSORS AND SUPPLIES. WILL YOU SHARE IN THIS APOSTOLATE OF MERCY?