Two things I want to mention. The staff authorized me to ask you if you would be willing to arrange for the purchase of either a microscope for the hospital, or to get at hospital expense a high power objective for your own microscope, so that I can have the use of three for my Bact. class. Also will you bring a duplicating machine for the hospital? I have used the Girl's School one and have about worn it out. Any machine that you thought to be adequate would be quite all right, but we would prefer one that would save us more time.

Cordially yours,

This is just to send a little Christmas greeting from the mission field for we think out here, where one lives in a state much more primitive than the most Hooverish family in America, that the gift of the heart is more valuable than many curios, especially since the hard-hearted Post Office forbids so many things that almost nothing is left that may be sent for a gift. We were astonished when we saw in the morning paper the startling announce-ment that the U.S.P.O. had made such generous arrangements for the conveyance of Christmas presents that articles sent by the first of December would arrive in time for Christmas, and then went on to say that all articles of cotton, linen, or wool were prohibited; that no curios or jewelry, ancient vases, or other odds and ends such as we love to send to our friends are allowed. That being the case it is a little hard to be enthusiastic about the generosity of a benevolent government.

It is difficult to write about the little spot of the earth's surface which we inhabit, when all our thoughts and likely also those of everybody else are soaring away to the condition of Europe and the promise that it brings. But if you are ever to know anything of my work here it will be through my telling you of it. These days are not full of medical work as is usual in the month of November; for the robbers are very bad this year and people do not dare to leave their homes, even to be sick. Last year we had many women during the month of November for they had by that time gotten all their crops harvested, all their winter clothes made, and had a well earned leisure in which to be sick. For this race is ill only according to seasons and crops, and not as we Americans are when the flesh is weak. Today there came a very funny old lady. The nurse saw her sitting in the chapel and went to ask her what her illness was. She replied in scorn that she had no illness; that she had come to get her wooden leg! Then it came out that I had amputated her foot last May and had told her at the time that it would be several months before her stump would be able to bear the weight of her body; so she concluded that we were a wooden-leg shop and that all she had to do was to come and demand a new leg.
Then we started to explain matters and assured her that we were not such a place, but that if she would buy the wood we would make the leg, and she could come at a certain time and get it. I had forgotten up to this point that she had been rather refractory last spring, but when she began stating her case today I remembered. It took a whole day to persuade her to stay in the hospital that time, then it required another to get her consent to operation. We got it and prepared to operate, but just as we got her on the operating table she decided not to have it done, for there had never been anyone in her village who had but a single leg, and she was sure that they would laugh at her. We did not care for further argument, so the next day, we told her she might as well go home, for she would not accept treatment and was only wasting her money staying in the hospital. So we dressed her in her own clothes, sent for her relatives, and after a very ceremonious farewell, escorted her to the door. But just as she got to the door her mind changed again, and she decided to have the leg off. And I was not surprised by the things she said. For when she came and almost insisted on entering the hospital, we had to tell her that it was useless to stay in the hospital in order to have a wooden leg applied. "Not let me stay in the hospital!" "For what do you think I came all this distance? Was it just to go home again? I will not go home. Besides there is no one at home to take care of me. I'll stay here. Also there is no way to get home, the cart in which I came has already returned. No I'll have to stay. Moreover, if I did go home, who would be there to take care of me? My husband is older than I am, and I just have to crawl around the house. I cannot use these things (pointing to her crutches) and I am always falling and hurting myself. No sir, not a step will I stir until I have that wooden leg!" At that point I retired to let the nurse do the talking for awhile. And it was a diplomatic move, for then I got back to find her reconciled to going home, reconciled to buying a willow root and sending it to us to have her leg made. And they were like the Germans, only waiting for me to come and arrange the details of the armistice.

As fate would have it, just at that time the carpenter came along with a leg he was making for another woman. The kind we make are just pegs, crude but rather effective. So the old woman insisted on trying on this leg; moreover, it had to be tried sitting, standing would not do at all; and just about this time she noticed that it had no more feet on than her crutches had had. Then she entirely lost faith in our wooden-leg shop. She would have none of it. Unless we could make her a handsome bound foot on the wooden peg, she would have no face to go among the people of her village. She was sure to be an object of derision. Evidently we who are citizens of the world have no adequate idea of public opinion in a village of seventy inhabitants. Up to the time when she came here last spring she had never been