IT is a strange coincidence that has brought within the compass of a few weeks the home-going of our two great medical pioneers in the India field, already so linked together by the circumstances of their lives. Across the sea, at the Medical School in Vellore, India, stands the President's Home and Guest House of the school, named the Kugler-Woerner Building. In the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, in the city of Philadelphia, hangs a tablet in honor of Dr. Anna S. Kugler and Dr. Lydia Woerner, "pioneer medical missionaries and hospital builders in India," both of whom were students in that institution; and two scholarships in the same college, given by the Lutheran Woman's League of Philadelphia, further join and commemorate the names of the two doctors. Many Philadelphians will remember the mass meeting in October, 1925, when the gift of these scholarships was announced, while Dr. Kugler and Dr. Woerner sat side by side on the platform, and each in turn addressed the great assembly.

It is not the purpose of this article to tell the story of their work. Dr. Kugler has told her own story in her book, "Guntur Mission Hospital." The story of Dr. Woerner is related in this issue of LUTHERAN WOMAN'S WORK in an article by her co-laborer, Rev. Rudolf Arps, who helped her in the construction of the hospital. Some likenesses and differences in these two stories are all that can be pointed out here.

It is worth noticing that each of these two doctors was called upon in the beginning of her Indian life to do a kind of work different from that for which she had been prepared. It is well known that when Dr. Kugler went out, the Church at home was not yet convinced that medical work was feasible in our mission, and she had to go first as a teacher. It is strange to read today the report, written two years after she reached India, "Much credit is due to Dr. Kugler, who has taken a great interest in the first two lower Primary boys' schools, but with all her efforts she has to report but indifferent success," or to see the quaint old picture of her, in a plumed hat, distributing prizes to a girls' school.

To Dr. Woerner, during her first year in India, came a like experience through the unavoidable departure on furlough of Miss Agnes Schade, leaving no one else to take her place in the management of the Central Girls' School in Rajahmundry. It is a sign of the consecration and adaptability of both doctors that they accepted the task without complaint, but were always ready and eager to return to their chosen work.

Dr. Kugler went out to India sixteen years earlier than Dr. Woerner, and had to pass through some of the earlier experiences of the pioneer. Being a foreigner and a Christian, she was of course considered unclean even by the people who begged her services; they used to burn red peppers in the house after her departure, to drive out the evil spirits introduced by her presence; and she writes of herself: "She very soon became an adept in placing the medicine bottle on the floor, for she knew that it had been defiled by her touch, and that nothing but the earth could make it fit to be handled by the ceremonially clean hand of a Brahmin."

Her experience reversed that of the Apostle Paul at Lystra, who was first worshipped and then stoned; for she was first shunned as unclean, and then regarded by many as a goddess, with power to kill or to make alive. Dr. Eleanor Wolf Stewart writes, "I remember the opinion of some who said, and earnestly believed it, that Dr. Kugler could cut off one's head and sew it on again, and the patient still live." Doubtless she performed many operations that seemed just as miraculous to the simple-minded patients and their marvelling friends.

Both doctors had to begin work with no
building and little equipment, and both had to gather the funds for their hospitals largely by personal effort. In either case, it was the tremendous faith of the doctor in the need for such service to the women and children of India, and the call of God to the Church at home to make it possible, that gave power to her appeal for funds. Some one has noted that Dr. Kugler’s initials spelled the word “ASK,” and she herself laughingly accepted the acrostic, saying, “Yes, I always was a good beggar!” But it was not of men only that they asked; both were women of prayer, and believed implicitly in the efficacy of the program, “Ask God, and tell people.” So our two great hospitals in Guntur and Rajahmundry came to be. Our doctors prayed and talked them into existence.

A volume could be made of the stories of those whose lives have been touched by these two wonderful women. To Dr. Kugler was given a space of almost fifty years to leave the impress of her personality on the people of India, and we know some of the fruits. Greater even than the honor of the Kaiser-i-Hind medal bestowed on her by the Government, is the tribute of the Rajah who translated the gospel into Telugu, because of his deep reverence for the “saintly character” of the Christian doctor who had cared for his wife and children. But higher yet is the honor paid her by those of many castes, unknown to us by name, who have said, “If there is a Christ, then Pedamma (the doctor lady) is surely His re-incarnation.”

To Dr. Woerner was granted a short space of twelve years to serve abroad, and then nineteen years to suffer at home. She was truly a martyr of medical missions, from the day when the terrible infection contracted in the operating room put an end
to her activity in India. But she was the missionary doctor to the end. Her sister in Florida writes, in response to a question about her work there:

"Dr. Woerner was a simple country doctor, willing to help day and night, white and black, people living far and near, over a large area of sparsely populated section. They loved her dearly, and are distressed that in all these months since she has been ill, they are still without medical aid and drug stores no nearer than seventeen miles."

Over each of these modest, unselfish, but gloriously beautiful lives may well be written the words which form the motto of Guntur Hospital:

"Ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

Dr. Lydia Woerner's Work in India

Rev. Rudolf Arps, B. D.

W e, the intimate lovers and friends of our foreign mission field, are confronted once again with the wise interference of the hand of the ruling Master of our Church. What is time and distance to Him? What our planning and scheming? He disposes of it all as He wills! Two of His helpers, whom He had called and appointed for the same work in the same field as pioneers of healing the sick and physically ailing in His name, He has called away at the same time into His heavenly abode where He has prepared a place of well deserved rest for them: our Dr. Kugler right from the field of honor in the midst of her beloved Telugus, and our Dr. Lydia Woerner from the uttermost corner of her beloved native country, somewhere in Florida. We can have but the kindest remembrance of these two pioneer workers, beginners of a great original enterprise on our foreign mission field.

The writer was in India when Dr. Woerner arrived, and we both left India in the same year, 1911, for the purpose of recovering our health. The writer was allowed to return, but the good doctor never did return.

Dr. Woerner arrived in India in the year when Dr. Kugler opened her great hospital in Guntur, in 1899. But since 1883 Dr. Kugler had already worked for this great goal in India. Great and good things move slowly, particularly so in India. If Dr. Lydia had had her way, the Rajahmundry Hospital would have been there in 1901; but it was not before 1902, that she was able to start her Dispensary, and not before 1911 that the much-desired Hospital was finally accomplished; and that was the year when she left.

Let me relate a few things my India diary and my memory bring back to me as far as the life of Dr. Woerner on our Indian Field is concerned. Her arrival there came to pass at an unfortunate time and period of the history of our Mission: a constant arrival and return of new and old missionaries, causing a rather unsettled condition. No sooner had the doctor arrived than she plunged into the study of the language, which has a sobering effect on the eager newcomer. But she soon adapted herself to all of it, with easiness and humor. And she found herself already inside of one year in the midst of a work which she had not intended to come for. Miss A. Schade, our very efficient Girls' School Superintendent, was forced to take her furlough and there was no one to take her place during the year 1901. We know there was nothing that Dr. Woerner was not always ready to tackle wholeheartedly, when help was needed. Dr. Edman had returned the preceding year and it was with his help that she succeeded during this busy year of 1901 in securing a site and house in Halkett's Garden, outside of Rajahmundry, a place which was to be
the future home for our doctor-ladies and close to the present hospital. The writer of this had to leave on his first furlough during this year, returning with his wife in December, 1902, to Rajahmundry, enjoying on arrival for quite a time with five others the very great hospitality of Dr. Woerner in the rather small “Medical Home,” here at Halkett’s Garden.

In the following year of 1902 Dr. Woerner was enabled to start and open her Dispensary, Miss Schade having returned to her school work. The location of the Dispensary in the center of the town was no doubt ideal, but it was a comparatively small and insignificant building; and yet it was here that Dr. Lydia did her real God-appointed work, where she established and developed her efficiency and fame. A record says that in the year 1904, 9,000 patients went through her hands. She was always cheerful and kind herself, never ceasing in ready and prompt help. Her big horse and cart have often caused a sigh of relief to a multitude of all castes and classes. And in the busy hours at the Dispensary it was always: “Next come first, all in line!” I was once a witness of how the wife of an English judge patiently waited until the long line of native women of higher and lower caste, who had come before her, were first dismissed.

In April, 1903, the Isaacsons and Dr. Edman left India, the latter not to return. Before the year came to a close, we succeeded with a big bargain, purchasing eight acres of additional ground at Halkett’s Garden in front of our Medical Home. Who was filled with greater rejoicing than Dr. Woerner? We were all glad for her. Alas, how often differ our proposal and God’s disposal. Still, this very year we built a new missionary home at Dowlaishwaram and a new houseboat for Dr. Harpster. “We can easily get the money for our Hospital, our people at home are just waiting and ready for it,” these and many other remarks of this character were so natural to the good doctor.

Three long years went by. Other missionaries went and came. In January, 1906, Dr. Woerner made a little trip with us on the mission boat into the Dowlaishwaram District. She enjoyed it: the silent moving of the boat, the mighty shade trees on either side of the canals, the long walks through the beautiful rice fields, the visits to the congregations and villages. She conquered the hearts of all classes of people, wherever she approached them. Not a few knew her from the Dispensary. Sitting in front of the boat in the cool of the quiet evening she said: “I am going home this year and on my return I will bring the money and you will build the new hospital for us.” Because we were at that moment in such good mood—which we by no means were all the time—my diary says, I promised her all the help I could afford, provided she procured the necessary funds and provided she would not be able to find a better man, when the time was there.

She was not able to go with us more than a few days. We brought her back with the boat to the nearest road, where her big horse and cart were waiting for her. On parting she presented me with eighty rupees for my work in Dowlaishwaram.

On April 4, 1906, Dr. Woerner left for America. During her absence her successor married one of our missionaries, two other missionaries left the field for good and at the end of the year two older missionaries returned. Meanwhile we read and heard of the extraordinary and successful effort Dr. Woerner made in behalf of her hospital in her home country. “Ah, leave it to her,” we said to each other. Only on one occasion she was severely interrupted through a violent accident near Toledo, which might have cost her life. However, she soon recovered and sent us the message to India: “On this occasion I learned that one can do on one’s knees other good things but pray.” Because lying wounded herself on her knees she healed the wounds of others, who were severely injured under debris.
Very typical of Dr. Lydia. The whole mission field of India was talking a long time of it, and when she at last arrived again in India on January 28, 1908, accompanied by an additional doctor-lady, the enthusiasm at the railway station knew no bounds with natives and missionaries alike. The doctor deserved all of it. And she brought the old vitality, courage and hope along. And the money! “And now, you just wait!”

In April Miss Monroe and Miss Wahlberg left. In July, good Miss Swenson of wonderful memory died. At the end of 1908 Dr. Nilsson arrived from America with another helper. Dr. Woerner closed this year with a record number of 17,000 patients in her Dispensary. On December 28, the same year, arrived our two Commissioners, Rev. Dr. Benze and Prof. Foss, for a visitation of our field. In one of their last official meetings with us the writer was asked to remain another year on the field for the purpose of building the new hospital.

Then followed again one farewell meeting after another. Our Commissioners left in February, 1910, Dr. and Mrs. Harpster in April and Miss Schade in June, whereas in December our sainted Miss Monroe returned once again to the India field. My diary says that Dr. Woerner had at this Christmas a celebration with over 200 caste children. So we must not forget the untiring good she did among the Eurasian families, of whom there were quite a number in Rajahmundry and Dowlaishwaram.

And now at last came the great year of 1910, the great hospital year, the final goal and ambition of good Dr. Woerner, after so much effort of so many years, after so much worry and disappointment, setbacks and hardships. Now at last the longed and prayed for “Hospital for Women and Children” was really in the building, and at last completed in the beginning of 1911. Were not those preceding years only a preliminary step to lead up to what was now before her, thus far only an air-castle, now at last a real thing and fully accomplished, representing the real purpose and object she had come for into this great country of her beloved Telugus? In April, 1911, the builder left Rajahmundry on furlough. God allowed him to return. But shortly after he left India, in the same year, Dr. Lydia Woerner left India never to return! How sad and pathetic! May each one of us find by our own experience that in spite of it all, all things work together for good to them that love the Master!

Recollections of Dr. Lydia Woerner

Agnes I. Schade

For a number of years before Dr. Woerner arrived in Rajahmundry in 1899, a certain class of people in the town were becoming rather impatient with us for delaying in having a woman doctor come out to our mission. Some patients were sent to Guntur, but the distance was considerable (over 80 miles) and the modes of travelling in those days, tedious.

At one time, Dr. Kugler was brought to Rajahmundry and addressed a large audience of Hindu and Mohammedan men on medical work for women, telling all about her work in Guntur. The men were enthusiastic over the cause and voiced their desire that Rajahmundry should soon enjoy the same blessing. Their sincerity was proved by the fact that Dr. Kugler took home with her a very generous contribution in money for her work.

During 1900, while Dr. Woerner was studying the language, the calls for medical aid were so numerous that her studies were very much interfered with, for she could not refuse to help. So she went to Guntur to be able to study without disturbance.
There she would also have the opportunity of observing the work of Dr. Kugler.

In the spring of 1901, it was found that I must take my first furlough after ten years and three months, so it was arranged that Dr. Woerner should take charge of my school for nine months, I arranging the staff of teachers so that she would need only to supervise. She took great interest in the school as she always did in every phase of the mission work. She was very active in the Sunday School during that time. She continued her language studies and had worked up a medical practice in the town by the time I released her from the school in December, 1901.

She very soon opened a dispensary (I do not have dates) in a rented building. There were only four patients the first day, but the number very soon increased so that after some time the small quarters were often crowded, and she was rushed and hurried (but never worried, always cheerful) with a hundred patients. "A smile costs nothing" was a saying of hers, and she had a gift of seeing the bright side of things. She saw the humorous side, too, so that under the most serious and distressing circumstances, many times she was able to see the ludicrous which would give her relief from the otherwise great mental strain under which she was laboring. For instance, think of a woman in confinement lying on a rope cot in a room about six by eight feet, dark, for the small door is closed and there is no window. And imagine the doctor, how she would welcome the old live hen tied to one leg of the cot and always running between her feet! Or think of the door when opened, opening right on to the street and then a crowd of nude urchins gathering about the door—to see. Then see Dr. Woerner take in hand the first thing available and scatter the crowd! Or again, she gives order that a certain patient should have hot fomentations on the abdomen. She called later and saw a stream of water issuing from a drain pipe. Frightened, she hastened into the house, and behold, there stood the man pouring cold water on the abdomen. I can imagine the burst of Telugu that man had to hear.

In connection with her dispensary, she organized a Sunday School for the girls and boys of the neighborhood. It grew until she had over one hundred enrolled. It was much in favor with the people and contributed its part toward opening up homes to the medical missionary. Having no hospital, she naturally worked up quite a practice in the homes. And only those acquainted with circumstances in the Hindu home, whether rich or poor, can realize the difficulties connected with such a home practice.

In course of time another house, nearer to the doctor's bungalow, was rented to be used as a beginning of a hospital. It could accommodate from ten to fifteen beds, I think. The first patient was a girl of eleven or twelve years of age who required a very serious operation. The operation seemed successful, but a change occurred and the girl gradually grew weaker. Dr. Woerner, fearing the worst, was not willing to have her die in the hospital because of the effect it would produce, it being her first case; so she planned to take her to the bungalow. It was vacation time, so I took the patient in my carriage to the bungalow and stayed the night with Dr. Woerner, and next day, too. During the forenoon, while the doctor was at the dispensary, I was obliged to send for her. She came hastily and excited, and looking at her patient, said, "I'll give you this one chance yet." The girl lingered through the day and into the night until three o'clock when she quietly passed away.

Then in the early dawn, the relatives, bowing under the hand of fate, formed the funeral procession and with shovel and lantern in hand carried away the body, wrapped in a mat.

The medical work developed and Dr. Woerner was considered a very capable physician and was held in high esteem. She found a large place in the hearts of the people, both high and low.
After moving to the Medical Home, she established in the bungalow a Sunday School for the Eurasian people which was interesting, well-attended and much appreciated by the people.

On returning from her first furlough in 1908, she was enabled to build the much-needed and long-hoped-for hospital, but was not permitted to enjoy it many years; for in 1911 she was obliged to leave her beloved work on account of serious illness. After her return to America she was honored with the Kaiser-i-Hind medal by the Government of India.

What a Folk School Would Mean in the Watauga Mission

Cora Pearl Jeffcoat

If you have been living in the beautiful, Blue Mountains, where is the Watauga Mission, for the past seven years, then you know what is taking place. If you have not lived there, you cannot know the changes that have come. From visits, statistical reports, the reading of articles, and from other sources you may gain some idea, but more probably it will be far from the situation as it is. Even we who have stood here beside the changes can scarcely believe the progress that has taken place.

Paved roads have found their way, snake-like, up valleys, over mountains, around ledges, banishing to the scrap heap the picturesque ox-cart and the springless covered wagon. The truck and automobile of modern travel have come in to take their places. Telephone lines have struggled through the thickets of mountain laurel and rhododendron, over the ridges and ranges binding the mountain towns and settlements to the cities that dot the plains below. The radio is to be found in the most prosperous homes, bringing culture and recreation. The little town of Boone has increased its population 600 per cent. Instead of toiling through impassable mud on its main road, now one glides along over paved streets. Light and water are some of the conveniences. In case of fire the modern siren may be heard, and presently the fire truck is seen. Telephone and telegraph connections may be had anywhere in the United States. All these changes in seven years, Unbelievable! Seven years ago this beautiful mountain country was cut off from the rest of the world with no improved highways and no rail connections. The only mode of travel during the winter months was a two horse wagon, horse-back, or a-foot.

Now the highway of progress runs right before the door of the mountain cabin. Into what changes this progress has hurled these people of the mountains! Untrained and without the guidance that is needed they have been thrown suddenly into the swift stream of progress. Their ox-cart methods are out of date; the patch of corn or cabbage on the mountain side will no longer suffice for the family with its new wants. The dingy cabin with one window and one door or no window at all begins to look antiquated to them; homespun and calico appear cheap when compared with the modern things they now see in the show windows. The little schoolhouse and the leaning church seem disgraceful. However, women still labor like slaves in the fields and over the furrow, the children struggle on like servants in many instances, and the income of many of the families is very small. Statistics of 1929 show that the average yearly income per family for this mountain section is only $80. It is true they have made rapid strides. What they need now is a chance; all they ask is an opportunity to make their way; some one to show them how, to direct them and to give them words of encouragement and help. Truly they know the