

**A BLUESTOCKING IN  
INDIA: HER MEDICAL  
WARDS AND MESSAGES  
HOME, PP. 1-223**

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A Bluestocking in India: Her Medical Wards and Messages Home, pp. 1-223 by Winifred Heston

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# A BLUESTOCKING IN INDIA

Her Medical Wards  
and Messages Home

By  
WINIFRED HESTON, M. D.



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To  
**MY MOTHER**



THESE letters afford so personal a glimpse into a certain phase of life and work in a particular mission field that, in presenting them to the public, it has been deemed wise by the writer to change the names of the persons and places most concerned. She would also take this opportunity of expressing her gratitude to "Eleanor" for a kindly assistance in preparing the book for the press.

W. H.

## A Bluestocking in India

*On the Atlantic, Oct. 20, 19—.*

*My dear Eleanor :*

At last the bluestocking is launched upon her career, even as she is upon the briny deep, and with big and curious eyes is looking eagerly into the future for fame and name—not wealth, the Fates forbid!—but seriously, for usefulness and service to woman-kind.

I am all agog for experiences in any guise whatsoever, and as you have insisted upon my complete confidence as well as upon a record of my least impressions, I will try to keep you generally informed as to my progress towards the beatific state of the approved and perfect missionary.

Your letter to the steamer was a godsend. I received such a stack of farewell mail that I decided to read it in relays, and to-day, by good fortune, I turned up yours.

It was too bad we could not meet before I sailed, for I had so many things to say to

you; but what with the rush of your literary career and the strenuousness of my student life, it seemed to be absolutely impossible. Nevertheless, I want to tell you right now, that I can never forget nor cease to be grateful for the days of "auld lang syne," when you alone of all my friends refused to laugh at my aspirations. You took me seriously—more so, perhaps, than I did myself—and by doing so you encouraged me to believe in myself and in my possibilities.

All through the last four years I have had the same battle to fight among college mates, medics, doctors—in fact, every one, everywhere. My special friend among the medics used to say that I was a pretty specimen for a missionary, with my fondness for dainty dresses and things of the world generally, and was eternally asking, "Why don't you put on black and sober down a bit?" But I only laughed and tossed my head—until she began to speak slightly of the work, and then I whispered into her ear some of the agonies of a woman's life in the thick darknesses of heathendom, till she became very quiet, maintaining thereafter a strictly reverential attitude towards my future career.

In time I became quite inured to the jokes of the girls, and to such songs as :