

THE GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

AUTHORESS BELIEVES SHE HAS LIVED BEFORE

WHAT is your impression of a hospital?
A smell of ether?
Groans and shrieks?
Barnes to the point of discomfort?

Growsome looking scissors and knives awaiting their chance at the unhappy victim?

If you think that is a correct picture of a hospital your ideas need re-furbishing for you are painfully behind the times.

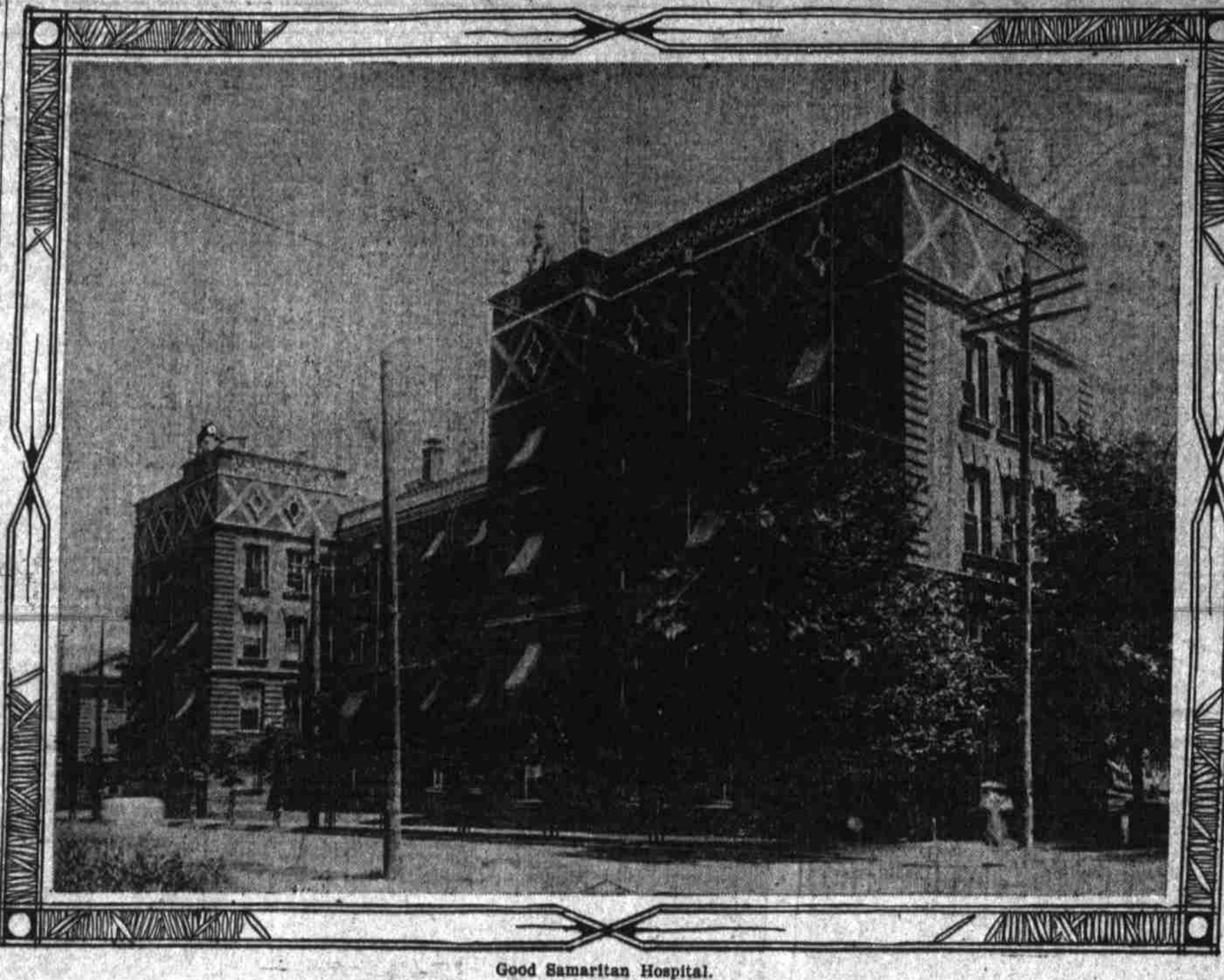
Take a car to Twenty-third and Lovejoy—or, better still, approach the hospital from Twenty-second street and walk toward the building under great ivy-wrapped trees which have been growing for hundreds of years. Breathe in the fragrance of the garden flowers and the magnolia blossoms showing white among the glossy leaves—see the convalescents enjoying such refreshing nights and days as one would expect to find only many miles from the heart of a city or resting in the sunshine upon the broad verandas and realize that the picture that you had in mind is not at all of hospital life.

One cannot cross the threshold of Good Samaritan hospital without a thought of the thousands who have come here in pain and weakness to issue thence in health and to take up again the business of living with renewed vigor. One who gives but a passing thought to such things cannot but realize something of what this institution has meant to the city in the many years since its doors were first opened to the sick and hopeless.

Three Thousand Patients.
It is safe to say that few people in the city could make an accurate guess at the number of patients treated every year at this one hospital. Not to prolong this phase of the matter, let the annual report speak. The last annual report shows for one year the number of patients treated and discharged to have been 3,000. This left 162 patients still in the hospital undergoing treatment.

This, however, does not mean that all who apply have been received, for at times the hospital is so crowded that applicants must be turned away. It is this condition which makes it imperative that the new wing be built next spring.

All nationalities are represented among the patients. To quote again from the last report these nationalities



Good Samaritan Hospital.



Mrs. Elinor Glyn.

By Agnes Weston.
(Copyright by Curtis Brown.)
LONDON.—There are some novels which arouse in one a strong desire to know their authors, while others—good books though they may be—leave a reader comparatively indifferent concerning their creators.

To the former class belong the stories of Elinor Glyn. No discriminating reader of the delightful "Visits of Elizabeth," for example, can have failed to receive the impression that the woman who wrote it possessed a strong and decidedly engaging personality.

This is emphatically the case, too, as I am able to testify, as to the result of a delightful visit which I recently paid to this beautiful English society woman turned authoress, who, as readers may be aware, is known in private life as Mrs. Clayton Glyn.

It was raining when I was ushered into the entrance of the quaint pavilion which she has built for herself in the garden of Esher Hall, her husband's country house in Essex. Mrs. Glyn is of the most ordinary appearance outside, and one is in no way prepared for the deep into eighteenth century France which one gets when the brown-paneled hall.

Hall Represents Autumn.
"The hall represents autumn," Mrs. Glyn said, when explaining her schemes of decoration to me. "The first view of me gives the impression of autumn," she added, smiling. "I am in the autumn of life—the Indian summer, I believe you call it in your country—so the first view of my house gives an autumn note, too."

"I must not linger too long here," Mrs. Glyn said, "as I have more to show you," and she opened the door into her salon.

"This is spring," she said, "because the soul is ever young if one wishes, and here I write and dream."

It was indeed a vision of spring, even on that rainy day. The walls are paneled and carved with garlands of roses, the tone of dove gray, with the carvings in white relief. Everything in it (except one offending Louis XV bureau, which has been condemned), is Louis XVI.

"I don't like things which have no meaning, even in decoration," Mrs. Glyn said. "The curtains, for example, do hold up the drapery of the curtains. If you pulled one tassel it would all come down. Banal things bore me, everything should have some meaning to justify itself," she added, "but now you must see my summer!" and she took me through a curtained doorway and into the most wonderful room with which I have ever seen.

A small, square room with a very tall window in it, carved and paneled in the same way as the salon—the white relief on dove gray—but the furniture is all gilt here, and the curtains and bed drapery of the most beautiful shade of rose pink shot glass silk.

"This is the summer, too, but a cool summer," Mrs. Glyn said. "There is no gold here, all the fittings and things are silver. I like to feel gay and happy and pretend it is always June when I wake, that is why my bedroom is the summer, but where one bathes it must be cool."

The curtains and drapery are here a wonderful shade of blue, a little paler than "Natter" blue. In the heavy silks and cords which keep them in place are bunches of roses of more wonderful pink and blue shades. Above the bath and the center of the window drape there are silver baskets full of them.

The carpet is blue and the paneling, instead of being gray with white relief, is white with the carving in gray. It is quite the loveliest bathroom I have ever seen, and I can understand why it is so popular with the ladies, into her maid's room, a little lower of fresh, rosy cheeks, we came

through into the hall and on to the salon again, where my hostess asked me to sit down and talk.

"I built this just to please myself," she said, "with money which got from one of my books, 'The Vicissitudes of Evangelists,' I think it was."

Lived Twice Before.
"I am sure I have had two previous lives," she said, "one in Athens in the time of Pericles and the other in the reign of Louis XVI. I feel that I was suffocated in the revolution!"

"What makes you think this?" I asked.

"Because those two periods have from my earliest memory been subjects of deep interest to me. I have acquired almost every detail about them with a very little study. My interest in Greek art and Greek ideas amount to a perfect mania. The history of other periods I have learned as a lesson only. Knowledge of these two periods seems to come to me with perfect ease, and all interest ceases with the revolution, though in the abstract the character of Napoleon should be one of immense attraction to me."

"May I ask what you are writing now, Mrs. Glyn?" I said.

"I have just written a strange book," she replied, which I feel sure will be a very roughy criticized, and a woman with a passionate Slav nature, and a beautiful young Englishman, the sort one sees in dozens of at every big London ball."

"Why will it be roughly criticized, then?"

Peculiar Situation.
"It deals with a peculiar situation; see, this is the book," she said as she picked up a typewritten copy. "I should like you to read it, but I want you to see her—my heroine—as I do, a strange, fierce Slav underneath, with a wonderful polish, but a passionate realization of the primitive instincts of nature. One must think of her at Lucerne, weary, at the end of all things, with the thought of her hideous life with her brutal husband—suddenly seeing this young Englishman whose family she knows about, and whose likeness to his uncle, whom she may perhaps have admired in her own girlhood, awakes in her some emotion. Then I want you to feel the effect of love on them both, how it turns from captives to the highest form in her until her great desire is to reproduce his likeness. How with the most passionate and physical emotion she mingled over the soul in her tender touches of sentiment, and always exactly in line with vast aims and desires for future greatness. The immense rush of passion in Venice comes of the knowledge that soon they must part."

Love Opens Eyes of Soul.
"In him love opens the eyes of his soul, so that he sees the time in everything. Then I want you to notice the effects of the two griefs upon him—the first one with hope undefined but ever present, making him in every way raise himself to be more worthy of his eyes, even in his prowess as a hunter; the second, and eternal one, of death, paralysing him and turning him into a statue until his soul awakes again with the returning spring of her spirit in his heart, and the consolation of the child, essence of their love in the child."

"You have an advantage in knowing the world you write about, Mrs. Glyn," she said. "So many people only find into the environment of their characters."

"And so what they write about does not ring true," she answered. "I could not more give a study of the social atmosphere of the suburbs than the atmosphere of Paris, as I have never seen any of them. The only way to make a picture of the world is to see it with the author's eye, is to describe accurately something which one intimately knows."

"I wish you would come to America, Mrs. Glyn," I said. She smiled delightedly as she answered, "I intend to, if all goes well this autumn. I am an American, they are so fine, and Ambrosine's grandmother said, 'they can see with their eyelashes.' I have numbers of American friends."

other patients. It is easy to see the logic of this and how much advantage is gained by both sides.

The patient is relieved of anxiety as to his or her behavior on coming out from the anaesthetic and the other ward occupants, especially those who are about to undergo some similar ordeal have not this example before them.

Endowments by Individuals.

Beds have been endowed in the hospital by individuals and by organizations. The British consulate supports one bed for British subjects. The Short memorial bed is supported by the young ladies of St. Stephens church. Trinity church has an endowment fund for a free bed.

Two brass memorial tablets in the hallway testify to the fact of the endowment of two beds in commemoration of Queen Victoria. One of these was endowed at the time of the queen's jubilee when she had reigned for 50 years. The other was endowed 10 years later at the time of the diamond jubilee.

The nurses' home stands just across the street and the nurses receive their training here in the hospital under the careful tutelage of the superintendent of nurses and her assistant and through lectures by the physicians and surgeons at the hospital. The course of training occupies three years.

In the private rooms patients receive their visitors and it is cheerful to catch glimpses through open doors of great bunches of roses in the rooms and "ministering angels" bending over the beds and talking to their loved ones.

There is one suggestion which comes to the mind of the visitor at the hospital, and it may not be a pleasant one, but it is a suggestion which is constantly in the mind of the patient.

Automobile Nuisance.

No—you would not suppose that people would be so thoughtless as to be noisy when near a hospital, would you? But they are. You would not suppose that merry-making parties passing by in trolley-ho would not too their horns to give the patients loud greeting, when it is so easy to remember that some one may be lying very low—almost at the door of the great change that we call death.

It is a mysterious and sobering thought that even as one is passing by somebody's loved one may be losing the grasp on life and slipping out into the great sea of eternity.

Yet motorists go by on Lovejoy street as if there were no such thing as sorrow or pain in all the great world. They do not think. They toot the horn and buzz the sparkler, or they alight and come in to see some friend and leave the machine out there under some one's windows, puffing and smoking. Why not alight farther down the street? We didn't think.

Don't, friends, if you have a few bunches of fire crackers to spare, take them to the hospital to set them off. Don't cheer the sick with blasts of your horn and honk-honk of your motor car. Sick people like to be cheered, I know, but not in that way.

No Visitors There.
"Except the American and Scotch whaling ships," said a Hudson's bay man recently to the Leader representative, "we are the only vessels which go to the bay; and none go so far south as we do. The company has a number of stations in those waters—Fort Chimo, in Ungava bay, and then, further round, Fort Victoria, East Main Fort, Rupert's House, Moose Factory, Fort Albany, and Port Nelson. Some of the stations are only open in the summer season, when the Indians and Eskimoes come with the results of the season's hunt."

"Of course, we get no visitors there—an occasional explorer or a missionary, perhaps—and I suppose the life of the fur traders is pretty much as it was when the forts were first established centuries ago."

"I should guess it is the most desolate and melancholy land on the face of the earth, and no man dare face it in winter, unless he is armed with a life's experience of the place and its dangers."

There seems to be no doubt, too, but for the beneficent Hudson Bay company it, then the land suddenly went out a second time, and she noticed a light

of the loss to his owners he landed at Moose Factory, in James bay. He traveled 300 miles with a crew of Indians and a birch canoe, up the Mi-samahi river, through country hardly known, till he reached the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad; whence he could wire to his company's office at Lime street.

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Adjoining the surgery is the anesthetizing room, where the patient is prepared for the operation, being carefully and kindly guarded from seeing the various implements and objects connected with his approaching operation. The patient is wheeled or carried into this room, is given the anesthetic and is then placed upon the operating table, having seen nothing of the preparations. A room with rows and rows of shining tools is also near, where the implements are placed behind glass doors after being sterilized. Another feature which commends itself is the retiring room, where after the operation patients come out from under the anesthetic without incurring the scrutiny of

the loss to his owners he landed at Moose Factory, in James bay. He traveled 300 miles with a crew of Indians and a birch canoe, up the Mi-samahi river, through country hardly known, till he reached the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad; whence he could wire to his company's office at Lime street.