

sions recently every bed in the hospital has been occupied, and the management committee have decided to enlarge it at as early a date as possible. The workmen in the shipbuilding department of Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxim have decided to increase their weekly subscriptions.

At the annual meeting of the subscribers to the Glasgow Western Infirmary Lord Provost Primrose said the directors felt there was a pressing necessity for increased accommodation. A new wing was an imperative necessity, and he commended this to the attention of all good citizens. Mr. Dickson, Chairman of the Infirmary, remarked that they had usually from 300 to 400 people awaiting admission to the Infirmary, and at least two-thirds of these cases required immediate attention.

The St. Andrew's dinners in the metropolis this year have been noteworthy for the profusion of Scotch stories, which in several cases fairly set the tables on a roar. Some of them have an ancient ring, but there is one that is perhaps not generally known. A doctor was attending a dangerous case where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon, he said to Donald, "I hope your master's temperature is much lower to-day than it was last night." "I'm no' sae very sure aboot that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this mornin'."

The little town of Zakopane, in Galicia, which has acquired the name of "The Davos of the Carpathians," has just witnessed the opening of a sanatorium for consumption equipped in the most modern style.

The idea was first conceived by the well-known Polish author Henri Sienkiewicz and by Paderewski, the great pianist. The latter has contributed large sums to the building fund.

Zakopane lies in a broad valley, bounded on the south and north respectively by the Tatra Mountains and a long hill called the Gubalowka, which shelters it from cold winds. The air is remarkably pure and dry, and even in winter it is possible to feel too warm in the sunshine.

Believers in "Christian Science" probably have not enough intelligence to realise that their Temple of Delusion has been blown to fragments by its own builder, but for the exploiters of its squalid rites it must be clear enough that the end has come. For the official organ of the Eddyite conspiracy promulgates an order from Mrs. Eddy herself for all her book-agents, commonly known as "healers," to cease the treatment of contagious diseases!

The returns of deaths from wild animals and snakes in India during 1901 have just been published, and in both cases an increase is indicated. Snakes are said to have killed 22,810 persons, as against 22,393 in 1900, but the *Navy and Army* points out that many of these deaths are probably cases of ordinary poisoning in out-of-the-way villages, which the village headmen have not thought it worth while to make a fuss about. These returns, therefore, may be regarded as untrustworthy, but the fact that 1,859 persons were killed by wild animals, as against 1,429 in 1900, is rather serious. Tigers are the principal offenders, having killed 1,171 persons, of whom 162 lost their lives in a single district of the Central Provinces.

## Half a Week in Washington.

### THE FIELD OF THE DEAD.

A tender autumn day. Once more we cross the Skeleton Bridge, this time on the way to Arlington, and enter the historic grounds by the Sheridan Gate.

To readers of American history, Arlington House, built by the stepson of Washington—ultimately the home of his descendants, the Lees—which, together with all its lovely lands, is now consecrated to those "who gave their lives that the country might live," is quite familiar; at least it is so to those who absorb history with the aid of imagination.

At Arlington sleep 16,000 soldiers who died in the War for the Union. It is consecrated ground, to which come thousands every year to do honour to these unforgotten heroes. It is a worthy pilgrimage. Just as one may not comprehend in its fulness the outward and material beauty of Washington who has not looked upon the city as a part of the noble prospect from Arlington, so he has not caught the finer essence of what Washington stands for as the Capital of the Nation who has not within the sacred precincts of Arlington Cemetery been brought closer to the four years of sacrifice, and felt his sympathies quicken at the contact.

Through the gateway one comes at once under the shades of forest oaks; a well-kept path leads gently upwards, stone steps placed here and there. One seems to have entered an enchanted world, so supreme is the silence; even the cunning softly-gray squirrels, fearlessly playing with fallen acorns, skip noiselessly on the mossy sward and peep at us unabashed.

The mansion stands on the brow of the hill, whose slope stretches away a half-mile to the Potomac, 200 feet below. When Lafayette was a guest at Arlington House he pronounced the prospect from its portico one of the most beautiful on earth. The traveller of to-day, although coming like Lafayette from distant lands, stands also rapt in admiration. The view is wide and far-reaching, but the City of Washington is ever its central and commanding feature. Federal City and National Cemetery stand here close together, and look each upon the other. This is well. For if it must needs have been that the men who rest at Arlington should die for their country, what more fitting than that in the bivouac of the long night they should sleep on the heights overlooking the Capitol itself, close to the heart of the nation they gave their blood to maintain?

Arlington House is but one century old, and yet what comedy and tragedy have there run riot. The portico, with its great Doric columns, was modelled after that of the Temple of Theseus.

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