

60 years ago. Extensive mining operations go on in the neighbourhood of this little town; there being no less than twelve mines, mostly gold! The need for a good up-to-date hospital is apparent. St. Anne's, which has a capacity for 75 beds, fulfils the requirements. There is a good theatre, besides two surgeries and a very fine dispensary. The patients are well cared for by four female nurses, three male, and one religious Sister on every floor "Knights of Columbus," "Benevolent Protective Order of Elks!" were the mysterious inscriptions I read over the doors of some private bed-rooms, which indicated that those Societies had respectively furnished the rooms as a contribution to the Hospital. The situation is perfect and a lovely view of the inland sea and the beautiful mountainous islands which sprinkle it, is seen from the windows. The most picturesque figure in the building, was the old French porter aged 94! who, by the grace of charity, "does what he can" and is made happy in the doing; he is in reality being cared for by the good Sisters for the remainder of his long life. He retires to bed very early, where we were taken to see him; he seemed to take our untimely visit quite as a matter of course, and gave us a smile of welcome. A shrill whistle from the steamer reminded us that she was getting up steam, so we hurried away.

THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE HOSPITAL, SKAGWAY.

The very word conjures up the story—so full of romance and tragedy—of the great gold rush—"the trail of '98." It is the threshold of the Yukon Country; the gateway through which passed that great company in their mad rush through an unexplored country, when the lust of gold was upon them. Hundreds of men and horses perished on the way. It once had a population of 10,000; the latest census gives it at 700. A sleepy little town, with a whole street of empty houses and shops and the grass growing in the main street through which the railway runs to the head of the Yukon river. Geographically it is like a beautiful little Swiss valley with mountains towering all round.

The little hospital, containing only eleven beds, was built in 1897, and is partly supported by the Railway Company.

Again calling at the wrong time! the Superintendent, Miss Paterson, a Scotch woman, welcomed us kindly. She was wearing a spotless white gown, like all Graduate Nurses, including Superintendents. It is a two-storied building of warm, red wood, which seems to suit the scenic beauty of the place. The pretty garden of flower beds and green lawn is bisected by a mountain stream.

For some time Miss Paterson did all the work of the hospital! One wonders why the committees of cottage hospitals appear to expect the superintendent to be a woman of four times the strength of any other woman. It is obvious that this stupid mental attitude is not peculiar to

England. When Miss Paterson was on the verge of breaking down, she was, at long last, given some help, and we found her rejoicing over the services of a bright young girl whom she was training.

It is not a free hospital; the patients are charged 12s. 6d. a day; maternity cases the same plus £4. Small though it is, it has all the requirements of a modern hospital, including an X-ray room, and such beautiful beds and white bedsteads and white enamelled walls, just a cosy little hospital in a superb situation; but its days are numbered, the authorities have decreed that this picturesque little building is to be replaced by a more pretentious one.

BEATRICE KENT.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MISS M. A. BUCKINGHAM.

The funeral of the late Miss M. A. Buckingham, Matron of the Queen's Hospital, and of the 2nd Birmingham War Hospital, Hollymoor, took place at Kensal Green Cemetery, on Thursday, December 9th. In accordance with the desire of the relatives, the service was a quiet and private one, but amongst those present, besides the near relations, to pay a last tribute of respect to their colleague, who during her professional career had gained widespread respect and affection, were Miss L. Pumphrey, Assistant Matron of the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham; Miss E. H. Ashford, representing the Queen's Hospital Nurses' League; Miss Beatrice Cutler, representing the National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland and the Trained Women Nurses' Friendly Society; Mrs. Walter Spencer, representing the Matrons' Council; Miss M. Brey, the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses; Miss Cox Davies, President of the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses, in all of which societies Miss Buckingham was an honoured member. Miss E. H. Becher, R.R.C., Matron-in-Chief Q.A.I.M.N.S.; Miss E. M. Musson, President of the General Hospital, Birmingham, Nurses' League; Miss Thomas, Matron of the Dudley Road Infirmary, Birmingham (at present a War Hospital), and Miss M. S. Rundle, Matron of No. 1 General Hospital (T.F.), Camberwell.

The service in the chapel and at the graveside was taken by the Rev. A. F. Thornhill, of Rotherfield (uncle) and the Rev. R. Bullock, of St. Matthew's, Surbiton. The coffin, covered by the British flag, on which rested lovely flowers, was followed by the relatives, the rest of those present having taken their seats before the arrival of the funeral procession.

In a downpour of rain the body was committed to the grave "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection," but some of those present lingered to take a last look at the grave and at the wealth of flowers which surrounded it. In all some sixty crosses, wreaths, chaplets, and other floral tokens had been sent. In addition to those

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