

### THE CANADIAN NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

Many nurses who met Miss Flora Madeleine Shaw, R.N., at the International Congress of Nurses in Helsingfors in 1925, will wish to unite with us in congratulating her on her election to the important position of President of the Canadian Nurses' Association.

Miss Shaw is of Scottish descent, Canadian by birth, and a Graduate of the Montreal General Hospital Training School for Nurses while she was subsequently Sister-in-Charge, Assistant Matron, and Instructor (Sister-Tutor) in the School of Nursing, and started the first Preliminary Course in Canada in 1906.

During our visit to the United States and Canada in 1901, we had the pleasure of being taken round the Montreal General Hospital by Miss Shaw, a most instructive guide, and were specially interested in the operating gowns worn by the doctors and nurses and other scientific methods in connection with Nursing.

Miss Shaw has been Superintendent of Nurses at the Women's Charity Club Hospital, Boston, Mass. Matron (Home Sister) and Instructor in Domestic Science at the Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing, New York, and,



MISS FLORA M. SHAW, R.N.  
President of the Canadian Nurses' Association.

since its establishment in September, 1920, has been Director of the School for Graduate Nurses, McGill University, Montreal. We wish her much happiness, and fruitful work during her term of office as President of the Canadian Nurses' Association.

### NURSES' ASSOCIATION OF CHINA.

Miss Cora Simpson, Secretary of the Nurses' Association of China, in an interesting article in *The American Journal of Nursing*, writes that the Congress of the International Council of Nurses to be held in Peking in 1927, will be different from all former ones. Members of the Congress will not only be the guests of the Chinese Nurses (the nurses of the hostess country) but will find colleagues from every land to welcome them. The Nurses' Association of China is, says Miss Simpson, the most "International" of any of the Nurses' Associations of the World.

The Hospitality Committee, of which Miss Alice Powell is chairman, is planning for the entertainment of guests in the beautiful Yen Cheng University, now in course of construction. It is five minutes' walk from the Summer Palace Grounds, one of the "fairyländ" spots of the world.

### FULHAM HOSPITAL.

The very name of Hammersmith Broadway is sufficient to give to some of us a sense of weariness, a sort of mental picture of a traffic, turmoil and restlessness, much in character with the civilisation of our particular age. Here, as it were, one gets a sort of panoramic interpretation of the struggle to maintain existence and to have to reconnoitre Hammersmith Broadway is, to many of us, an infinitely less joyous adventure than that of threading one's way through Piccadilly Circus from, say, the Haymarket to Shaftesbury Avenue. In that journey there is a kind of gay hazard in avoiding the taxi, which seems to shoot into your way from nowhere, and the circling buses appear to assume a more jaunty, less utilitarian air in a neighbourhood where pleasure seekers mingle more with those on business bent. But in Hammersmith Broadway the sprightliness of Piccadilly is lacking. There is a dullness, a lack of alertness, in the folk you encounter here where the buses and tubes and trams disgorge incessantly crowds which, with machine-like diligence, stream immediately towards other buses and tubes and trams. The weariness of such an unceasing, monotonous rush, forwards and backwards, backwards and forwards, may account, to a considerable extent, for the number of accidents, especially among children, which, we are informed, is characteristic of the district. From the Broadway you walk through other streets, with dreary looking buildings, given up to all sorts of activities, essential to the life of a community; you jostle along the somewhat narrow pavement amid the rumble and noise of lorries and vans, cars, and buses, as they pass over the cobbled street on their way to cross the Broadway and if you "keep to the left," for a certain distance, you land at last at the gates of the Fulham Hospital in St. Dunstan's Road the appearance of which, with its great solid looking blocks and wide boundaries, seems to testify to its ability to meet the demands of the district it serves.

In the entrance hall of the Hospital you get the impression that everyone is ready for, expectant of, some fresh emergency; in the long corridors, too, you are constantly meeting evidences of unceasing activity when, quite suddenly, a door is opened and you have entered Kate Greenaway's country. A dozen or more of tiny people are all around you, all clamouring to shake hands, some with two hands outstretched, and it seems worth while, after all, to have looked on Hammersmith Broadway and trudged, footsore, along the pavements to get such a welcome to Greenaway land. They are such joyous little people these with their welcome in their faces and in their small uplifted hands. "I never allow kisses" says Miss Allbutt, the Matron, a lesson in hygiene which some nurses would do well to absorb. Then she told us of how Greenaway land came to be in Fulham Hospital. The Guardians consider that it is advantageous, both to the children and to the nurses in the Hospital, if children, under three, who come under their protection, are kept in some department of the Hospital rather than in the workhouse; therefore these children are provided with their own nursery, while the nurses get an opportunity of gaining a practical knowledge of infant welfare work during their hospital course. All the children are weighed weekly and the most approved methods of feeding are adopted; each child has its own towels, and as soon as ever it is old enough to be taught how to use it, its own toothbrush. The night and day nurseries are attractive in their extreme simplicity with light walls and doors with high handles. Each little inmate is clothed in small trousers and a pretty short white knitted frock made, we were informed, by the Sister-in-Charge who is justifiably proud of the manners and health of the small community over which she rules. The great joy of the day is teatime, when the white frocks are dis-

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