

Beds all finished by nine o'clock and the ward clear for sweeping, then dusting and brass polishing, and so work goes on until luncheon time.

First the children's lunch and then at the sound of the welcome bell, the nurses proceed to the dining-room where letters, and bread and butter and jam, are all devoured with equal avidity.

Lunch over, dressings begin and more polishing, for the sun must see his face in everything.

Next in the march of the day's events, comes the children's dinner—a most important affair—when bibs to save bright scarlet jackets, plates,

beds would be out on the verandah, and then the ward would not look so pretty.

After dinner, more sweeping and tidying up and the toys are given out; now the good children get their reward, for the naughty ones will have to wait until the afternoon nurse comes on duty at two o'clock.

Thump, thump, thump, up and down the ward; that is somebody learning to walk on crutches. Here comes nurse holding him carefully behind.

"Now lift your foot as you turn, Charlie, and do not turn round on your heel."

Dear me, the pride and anxiety of nurse when he can walk a few steps alone.



THE ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL, EAST CLENDON.

meat, pudding, coddly (cod liver oil), and sweets all go round in their turn.

A pretty sight it is, the long ward filled with bright interested children's faces, for they are all very interested in what is for dinner I can tell you.

Some are lying down in bed, but some, the more convalescent ones, are sitting up.

All have nice little bed-tables, with nice white fringed cloths, and white aproned, white capped smiling nurses are going hither and thither up and down the ward.

We are fortunate to-day because it is so cold and wet and windy, otherwise nearly all the

"Look, Georgie," she says to one curly-headed boy whose crutch education has just begun, "Won't it be nice when you can walk without crutches?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" replies Georgie, gazing first in wide-eyed amazement at his nurse, and then with great admiration at a big boy hopping nimbly down the ward on his wooden supports.

"Much nicer to walk on crutches."

And what of these who are lying in bed all day for months, years, or perhaps for ever in this world.

Some are working industriously at wool

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