

samplers to be sent home when finished to fond mothers or presented to adoring nurses.

Some are reading, older children these; some are building houses with bricks on wooden bed tables, and a few with a scientific turn are making models from pieces of paper, a bit of newspaper does as well as anything else.

And it is marvellous the ingenuity sometimes shown here.

The present craze is the copying in miniature of a newly imported gramophone.

A piece of paper twisted into a cocked hat fixed on to the top of a little square box made from another piece of paper and the thing is done, and "nuss" is begged to pass it round for inspection.

Hospital property in the shape of toys collected, children keep their very own private belongings in the lockers beside their beds.

Tea if fine enough and warm enough on the verandah, and after tea bed-making, fresh nurses having taken the place of the afternoon nurse.

Not much bed-making you say. Oh! I don't know, crumbs have to be brushed out of beds, and shirts and jackets changed, and then we are all cosy and comfortable for the night.

Hush! silence during bed-making, and the small delinquent subsides with a twitter like a little bird settling in its nest.

But we must not forget the poor deserving nurses' tea, only this time we will stay in the ward and listen to all that is going on.

Games commence, Charlie shuts his eyes and relates what he sees.

"I see," he says, "cabs, and motors, and trains, and horses, and lots and lots of people," and then the next boy shuts his eyes and all listen attentively whilst Harry tries to outdo Charlie in wonders.

Or, perhaps, they are all going a-hunting to-day.

All bang together with both hands on each side of their mattresses, and a shout of "Off goes bunny rabbit's head."

Bang, bang, bang, another triumphant shout of "Off goes old man fox's head," and so on.

The real hunt often passes the hospital windows, and hence the game.

Or, perhaps they are talking of the Christmas of a few weeks back.

Of the stockings filled with good things found on Christmas morning at the bottom of each bed.

Or of the snowball stuffed with presents for everyone that was rolled into the ward on Christmas afternoon.

Or of the kind ladies and gentlemen who came to see them on Christmas Day and brought

with them such a beautiful present for each child.

Or of the New Year's tree—a most wonderful tree—for it arrived folded up like an umbrella, and opened out like one, too; and it stood in a box that when it was wound up not only played tunes, but turned the tree round and round, and when the last candle had burnt out and the last toy had been given the tree just came quietly out of its box and folded up neatly like an umbrella again.

A shout of "Nusses," in from tea, greets the first nurse appearing in the ward door, and so the evening work continues.

A bed or two to be made perhaps, extra dressings, fomentations, hands and faces to be washed, temperatures, supper, talking, perhaps the gramophone, cheerfulness and jollity, go on uninterruptedly until the hour of seven, then prayers and a hymn, and the ward settles down to silence and to sleep.

Half-past nine o'clock, the last day nurse wends her way off duty, and the night nurse appears again upon the scene.

And what a scene, a veritable garden of sleep truly, spite of suffering and sorrow, gay with scarlet blankets, and warm firelight and brightly shining brass.

And so the weird hours begin to go round.

Hush! is that a child crying? Here is another figure in the ward, a figure just out of bed wrapped in a dressing-gown, in slippers and with hair loosely pinned up, but with exceedingly pitiful eyes and tender hands, doing all that she can for the little sufferer.

"My leggie, my poor leggie, Matron, Matron!" pants the child.

"Nurse, get me a fomentation," then out of the ward and back again upstairs to bed slips the dressing-gowned figure, and nurse goes on with her work.

I wonder what she is thinking of as she packs the snowy dressings in the steriliser.

Perhaps of poor little Eva, a very dear little girl who, after a short life of great suffering, borne with cheerfulness and patience, has been taken to a better world.

With regard to Eva, Nurse had quite an adventure one night. She was taking her midnight meal in the ward kitchen, when she thought she heard someone tapping gently at one of the glass doors of the ward. Rather frightened, she went over and peeped out, she could just make out the policeman's uniform in the dark, so she opened the door to see what he wanted.

"How's little Evie?" whispered the policeman, "I couldn't see her in her corner."

Poor little Eva had become so much worse

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