

The Hospital Children's Prize.

We have awarded the Prize of Half-a-Crown for a little essay, by a child in hospital, to Cissie Herridge, aged 12, of The Children's Sanatorium, Holt, Norfolk, and Consolation Prizes of One Shilling each to Harry Edler, of the Hospital, Princess Alice Orphanage, New Oscott, Birmingham, aged 13 years, and to Florence Sparks, of St. Peter's Home, Kilburn, aged 12 years.

The papers of the following little folk have an honourable mention, as they are all very nicely written, and well expressed: Frank Kidman, West Kent General Hospital, Maidstone; Alfred George Morris, Martha Rosinus, and Ernest Bonney, Alexandra Hospital, East Clandon; and Mary Denholme and Harry Bridges, East Suffolk Hospital, Ipswich.

Cissie Herridge was awarded the Prize because, though ill herself, her little paper showed so much affection for her fellow creatures, the dear beasts and birds; Harry Edler because he proves himself a very wise little fellow, "never to be at a loss how to pass his time," and Florence Sparks because she is evidently a very domesticated little woman.

HOW I AMUSE MYSELF IN BED.

I have a lot of things to amuse me in bed. First, I can watch the squirrels jumping and playing in the trees; once I saw two for quite a long time; we put nuts out for them. Then the pheasants, I can watch them eating, and see their lovely colours. I am very fond of needlework, and helped to make two pinafores. When I am on the balcony I can watch the birds, blue-tits, chaffinches, black-caps, and wag-tails. We put fat for the blue-tits, and it is funny to watch them hanging on the fat. We put grain for the chaffinches, and water for the wag-tails. I also like to see the blue-tits at a half cocoanut that we put for them; they soon eat it. I read a lot, and am occupying some of my time by writing this essay. I make dolls' clothes for the little children's dolls. I watch the ploughman ploughing the field, and we wrote a letter to him because he kicked his horses; he does not kick them now. We have a little dog here, named "Gipsy," and we have great fun in hiding biscuits and chocolates for her to find. She hunts down our beds and under our pillows until she finds them, and when she does she eats them up quickly. I watch the children playing in the garden, and often wish I could join them. We have a donkey and cart, and the donkey is let out to run in the grounds. Sometimes she rolls on the ground like a kitten, and then she makes me laugh. I have been up twice, and I went for a ride.

CISSIE HERRIDGE.

I have been in bed several months now, but I hope to be able to get up and go out again soon. There are some nice hyacinths in my ward on the window-sill, and I watch them grow bigger and bigger every day. There are five of them, and they are now in full bloom. Two of them are white, two are pink, and the other one is blue. I do a good deal of reading, and I knit scarves and cuffs with wool that I have sent me from home. A kind friend sent me a lovely stamp-album, and the sisters that live here give me foreign stamps, so that I can amuse myself while lying in bed by sticking them in their right places in the album. I sometimes amuse myself by looking through the window and watching the little birds, and I watch the boys and girls at play in the green fields. I amuse myself by drawing pictures, and then painting them. I also colour pictures with crayons. Another patient that is in the same ward as I am, has lent me a book of poems, which I am trying to learn off by heart. I sometimes model with Plasticine, a box of which I had given me at Christmas as a present. In the box there were five long sticks of Plasticine, and three tools, besides a little book with all the directions in it. So I am never at a loss as to how to amuse myself.

HARRY EDLER.

I have been ill for five years with hip disease, and am not able to get up at all, but I am able to do a great deal to amuse myself and to pass the time, so that the day never seems long. I generally read after breakfast until about nine o'clock, and after I have washed and had my wounds dressed, I spend the time until dinner doing lessons or cutting out and making clothes for my doll. I make lots of pretty clothes, bonnets, and hats out of pieces of stuff given to me by ladies. Some days the children who are up come and bring their dolls over to my bed, and we have a game at hospitals, and put the dolls to bed, putting splints and extensions on them, and dressing their wounds. Other days we have dolls' tea-parties, and we have sugar and milk biscuits, butter, sweets, chocolate, tea, cocoa, oranges, bananas, and grapes. I make puddings and cakes for our dolls, and then Sister cooks them for me. I paint books and cards then I stick the cards in a scrap book. I knit and crochet and arrange flowers in vases. Sometimes I have a basin of water, and wash my dolls' clothes, and play with my dolls' house, and clean its windows and furniture once a week. I make little dolls' beds out of match boxes. We learn a lot of very pretty action songs. I write letters and sing.

FLORENCE SPARKS.

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