

## THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOME OF REST FOR NURSES.

The Princess Christian Home of Rest for Nurses engaged on naval and military work is located at West Lodge, Hadley Wood, Middlesex. Mr. Mosely, C.M.G., has lent and financed most generously his own beautiful home for this purpose. It would be difficult to find a more ideal spot for tired nurses. A white Georgian house surrounded by 250 acres of land at once suggests repose. The approach is guarded by a magnificent avenue of ancient elms, some alas! stretching out dying arms to the sky, as though appealing against the sentence that comes to man and tree alike. Others in every stage of autumn glory are just now shedding golden showers with

dining-room, where the long table laid for lunch had a most hospitable appearance. Magnificent carved oak and paintings by eminent artists adorned this room, and through the wide windows on all sides there was a beautiful outlook. We sat here and chatted with our hostess, who told us many interesting things about the house and its purpose. It is emphatically a home with Mr. and Mrs. Rogers as host and hostess. Mr. Mosely also spends a good deal of his spare time there. There are no rules or regulations, except a request for punctuality at meals. The invitations cover every expense, even including laundry and cab fares from the station, which is about a mile away. Since the opening of the house for its present purpose, two hundred nurses have received hospitality there. Only those are received who need rest, or are convalescent,



THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOME OF REST FOR NURSES, WEST LODGE, HADLEY WOOD.

every light breeze. Only ten miles from London! No sound greeted our ears as we walked the considerable distance from the lodge to the house, but the lulling whispers of these ancient sentinels. Arrived at the house, which stands on the site of a shooting box belonging to James I, and in the neighbourhood of the once famous Enfield Chase, we were admitted into the large square hall, some of the oak of which is said to date back to the seventeenth century.

The hostess, Mrs. Rogers, lost no time in welcoming us and placing herself at our service to do the honours of her domain. We can support the testimony of one of the nurses: "We are received with a smile and sent off with a smile." A capital thing in these sorrowful times.

Mrs. Rogers conducted us to the spacious

but we heard whispers of breakfast in bed and other comforting things *si opus sit*. With the exception of two double-bedded rooms, each nurse has a room to herself. The personal belongings of the occupants bore testimony to their various positions. On one bed was lying the scarlet cape of a military Sister, while another proclaimed its owner as a member of Q.A.I.M.N.S.R. In the restful drawing-room some of the guests were writing letters and chatting, while before the cheerful wood fire was seated a charming figure with a cloud of fair hair spread out to dry. If we had had a camera.....!

The nurses were as friendly as their hostess, and we were soon in a circle round the fire talking busily. It was not surprising that the subjects of our conversation were the delights of the home

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