

Cross, and came straight across the room to her, holding out his hand. The Little Madam told of the interview subsequently in her own words.

"I was about to rise, but he wouldn't allow it, and spoke to me in German. I always considered that I speak German as well as I do English, but I must have had a stage fright, for I could not speak a single German word.

"Will you please speak in English," I said, and he answered with a German accent, "I am surprised and delighted to see an American woman wearing the Iron Cross. I congratulate you. We consider it a great honour in Germany."

"Then he asked me how I received it, and I began to tell him that I really didn't deserve it, and that it was just my luck that I had it, when one of the women interrupted me and told him the whole story. . . . When she had finished he took both of my hands and said, "Baroness von Olenhausen, again I congratulate you, and I cannot tell you how glad I am to have had the pleasure of meeting you."

HOW THE LITTLE MADAM WON THE CROSS.

At the outset of the Franco-Prussian War, Madam determined to use her experience for the benefit of her husband's people, and set sail for Germany. After many disappointments she received an appointment as a nurse and remained with the German Army until peace was declared. She had many hairbreadth escapes and adventures, but the most exciting occurred after peace was declared and resulted in her receiving the Iron Cross.

When the order came to evacuate France, there were many German soldiers whose serious wounds made it impossible for them to be moved, and Madam was left at Orleans in charge of a hospital where there were thirty wounded men. A fortnight later, believing that her work was finished, Madam stepped into the diligence en route for Berlin, when a surgeon ran after her begging her not to leave, as sixteen men had just been brought in, and there was no one to care for them, so for a month she stayed on alone, every morning the mayor, who had promised her protection, accompanying her to the hospital, and at night coming again to take her home.

At last the time came for Madam to start at once for Berlin with her men. One of her patients had died, so there were fifteen to make the journey. On April 1st a strange procession moved through the streets of Vendome. First came three dump carts, each carrying a man who had undergone an operation the day before, and who lay on the straw, groaning with every motion of the cart, while behind was a diligence, on the floor of which sat a little American woman, surrounded by twelve badly wounded men, three of whom

rested their weary heads in her lap. It was bitterly cold, and the men were clothed only in their undergarments, with one blanket each. They shivered and wailed with the cold. The mayor had given them food enough for the day, and warned Madam not to stop at hotels, for fear of the angry peasants. So twice during the day the little procession halted in secluded places, and Madam distributed her rations and dressed the wounds of the amputated.

In the late afternoon they came to the railroad station where Madam had understood a German ambulance would meet them, but alas none was there, or expected till the next morning. However, they obtained shelter for the night in the barracks of the Château de Blois, conducted there by two brown Franciscan Sisters.

At daylight the sisters brought breakfast, and after the sufferers had eaten and their wounds had been dressed they were in better spirits. During the forenoon a messenger from the station brought news that the ambulance had arrived. The men were carried to the train and placed in an empty baggage car, and Madam was about to follow when the station agent pulled her out by the arm, saying: "There is no requisition for you. The requisition is for a surgeon." Madam drew herself up to her full height of five feet, and answered: "I am a surgeon!" She seized the paper, and signed it in a large, masculine hand, "Von Olenhausen." Then, before any one could interfere, she was in the car.

At a later stage of the journey they were roughly treated by a mob, while when they reached the station another disappointment greeted them, for there was no train in sight. Exhausted and discouraged, the men cried like children, but the Little Madam cheered them with war songs, and told them her most thrilling stories. Eventually the fifteen men, several of whom had received what had seemed mortal wounds, recovered owing to the care of the brave American woman, who was personally thanked by the Emperor William and presented with the Iron Cross with the black and white ribbon which attracted the notice of Prince Henry.

Wedding Bells.

The marriage is announced at the Cathedral, Bombay, of Miss Mary Bernard Colthurst, to Captain Frank Adeinsell Smith, I.M.S. The bride received her training as a nurse at the Women and Children's Hospital, Cork, during Miss Baxter's administration as Matron. She has many friends in her profession in America who will unite with those of the old world in good wishes for her happiness.

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