

## A FEW DAYS IN THE WAR ZONE.

*(Concluded from page 412.)*

I doubt if the names of the now historic rivers, the Marne and the Aisne, and the valleys watered by their springs, were known to even a sprinkling of our nurses before the war. Alas! we are not an educated people, and the classes from which our workers come have neither leisure nor money for *le grand tour*, and the enrichment of life which ensues, but the immortal valour of those who fought the Battles of the Marne and of the Aisne is now enshrined in the heart of every British nurse, and every inch of the ground over which

is the one undeniable fundamental law of World Peace. Let Potentates and Powers realise that no world is worth living in where man is born of the bondwoman of uncultivated mind, who inherits the instincts which have left her destitute of the jewels of knowledge. Of the shibboleths of democracy and liberty we women have heard enough. Give Humanity Justice, and let the devil take the hindmost. That is our mood.

Three years ago someone interested in the work of British nurses in France sent me a letter, which began: "We found the poor lost sheep trembling on the quay. All might be well if it were not for their beastly insularity."

I replied: "Do not blame our nurses for their lack of opportunity. Give them a chance and they will make good."

And they have.

During a recent visit to Paris — but that is another story.

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Just now we are travelling from Dormans to Château Thierry, and near by the Marne is still flowing full gloriously. We pass from the Department of the Marne into the Department of the Aisne, and we have visions. The very names conjure up the Shadows of those Immortals, "The men of the Old Army who Saved England," of whom it has been written:—\*

"When at last the morning of a new life has dawned upon the world; when the day is set for the Kings and Captains of the People humbly to kneel with the Nation before the throne of the Great Protector of the Universe, and there to offer up their prayers of thanksgiving—then, too, let England remember.

"For in that mighty concourse shall a place be set apart—a place of highest honour that all men may see, and seeing, may remember—

\*"The Marne and After," by Major A. Corbett-Smith.



A UNIT OF F.F.N.C. SISTERS.  
MISS ELLISON AND DR. BAUDOUIN IN THE GARDEN, HÔPITAL DU  
COLLÈGE, CHÂTEAU-THIERRY.

the "Men of Mons" passed is sacred to us for all time.

We are always hearing of the horrific issues of war; but make no mistake about it, this war is, and will be, the most stupendous benefaction to women as a sex, though individually this generation is paying the price in heart-break for the regeneration of the world. For the world is never going to attain the highest altitude of civilization until women—north, south, east, and west—are freewomen, and "wars and rumours of wars" will not cease until the tyranny of sex is overpast. That

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