

dashed up to stop the horses and seized the reins at the horses' heads. She was dragged for some way, lifted off her feet, and her clothes torn, but she clung on to the reins until a Mr. Jacobs came to her assistance and stopped the horses.

The deputy-Coroner said one often heard in the coroner's court of cases of courage, but he thought this was a remarkable one.

"It must," he said, "be a great pleasure to Miss Lang that she was able to act so promptly. She must have acted with the greatest promptitude, courage, and resource. I am sure all those connected with her and were responsible for her up-bringing must be very proud of her.

"It is a great pleasure to us to find an Englishwoman performing such a courageous act. It was a quick, courageous act. She might well have been badly injured, and she must have realised that as well as we do."

Mr. Connolly, for the Southern Railway, associated himself with the deputy-Coroner's remarks, as does also THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING. Miss Lang's modest opinion of the episode is that "what she did was simply the result of her training and that any trained nurse would have done the same."

The Mayor of Southwark, Mr. F. C. Savage, on June 27th, at a meeting of the Council, presented an illuminated address to Miss Lillian Lang.

Miss Lang was called into the Council chamber and presented with the address amid the loud applause of the members. The Mayor said that he had wished to make a personal gift to Miss Lang, but he had been informed that it was not permitted by the Guy's Hospital authorities.

Miss Lang said simply: "Thank you, Mr. Mayor"—and the ceremony was over.

Later in the week, at Guy's Hospital, Miss Lang was personally thanked by Mr. Gilbert Szlumper, Assistant General Manager, on behalf of the Southern Railway, and presented with an illuminated address, a travelling clock, and a banknote as an appreciation of her gallant action.

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING congratulates Miss Lang on her courage and escape from injury.

There is no trained nurse who has grappled with more difficult work, or met the buffetings of fate incurred in its discharge with greater fortitude and courage than Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Volunteer Director of the Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service. Recently we received the Quarterly Bulletin of the Service containing an open letter from Mrs. Breckinridge, in which she wrote "ever since my back was broken in November 1931 the doctors have said that I needed a minimum of three months' holiday, in order to effect a complete recovery. Owing to the difficult times through which we have been passing, it has just not been possible for me to leave the work for more than two or three weeks. There is still, however, almost constant pain from torn ligaments and muscles, and whenever I am tired, which is often, the pain is really uncomfortable . . . Doctors in consultation, all agree that a three months' holiday is absolutely essential to prevent a chronic condition.

I am leaving the work, therefore on June 1st and not returning until September 1st."

Within twenty-four hours of our receiving this intimation Mrs. Breckinridge herself appeared at 39, Portland Place, bearing, it is true, the stigmata of blows received in honourable warfare, but as ever, affectionate, full of life, hope, courage, and of vision for the future.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Universities Mission to Central Africa in the Great Hall of the Church House the Rev. F. M. Trefusis from the diocese of Nyasaland—a doctor as well as a priest—told how Mohammedans sedulously foster the idea that the medical missionary is a terrible person who "gets a man in bed, lops off his leg, and, while he cannot get away, pumps Christianity into him." The speaker paid a splendid tribute to the nurses of the Mission, whom he described as the backbone of the medical work. It falls to them to make diagnoses, administer anæsthetics and injections, make up prescriptions, perform operations, and deal with such diseases as malaria, sleeping sickness and leprosy. Sad to relate one heroic nurse had, while tending the sufferers in the diocese of Masasi, contracted leprosy, like Fr. Damien before her.

Happily the outlook of sufferers from this terrible disease is much more hopeful than in the days of Fr. Damien, when cure was unknown, thanks to modern medical research both alleviation and cure are possible when it is treated in the early stages.

Mrs. Florence Ann Stephen, a nurse from England who gave evidence in the United States in a case in which the will of Mrs. Florence Pratt, disposing of an estate of £1,000,000, was contested by her sister—who alleged that the testatrix was not mentally sound when she made it—gave instances of Mrs. Pratt's eccentricities, amongst them being that "Mrs. Pratt, when walking one day by a lake at Le Vésinet, near Paris, took off a pearl necklace worth £20,000, and, handing it to her, said, 'There's a present for you.' Mrs. Stephen refused to accept the necklace, saying that it should go to the Pratt family. Mrs. Pratt replied: 'If you don't take it I shall throw it into the water.' Eventually, however, the witness persuaded her to put the necklace into her bank."

Mrs. Stephen's action was, of course, entirely wise and correct.

The interesting announcement is made that the English translation of the reminiscences ("La Guerre des Femmes") of Mlle. Louise Thuliez, one of the fearless companions of Edith Cavell, is to be published shortly by Methuen under the title "Condemned to Death." Mlle. Thuliez was herself condemned to suffer the extreme penalty, but the sentence was commuted to one of transportation with hard labour.

Shortly after the Armistice M. Clemenceau conferred the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre on Mlle. Thuliez for her heroic services to the Allied Armies in the invaded regions of Northern France, describing her as a "model of the purest patriotism." In her forthcoming book Mlle. Thuliez describes, in addition to her war experiences, her life in the women's prison at Siegburg. The book has a preface by General Weygand.

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