

Lord Knutsford's reminiscences, "In Black and White," published by Edward Arnold & Co., will be read with interest by many members of the Nursing Profession, not only because the book is very pleasantly written, and Lord Knutsford as "the Prince of Beggars" in the hospital world is a notable figure, but because as the protagonist of anti-registration for over a quarter of a century, they have frequently come into contact, and crossed swords with him.

The book, like the portrait of the author, which forms the frontispiece, has charm, *bonhomie* and also humour, and a spice of devilry, and its dedication is characteristic: "Dedicated to the man I have known longest and loved most — myself." At the same time, throughout the book, the author gives us the impression that if he loves the man, he has a very modest estimate of his capacity, and, indeed, underrates it. He tells us "I have lived a life full of interest to myself, and possibly some of those who have the endurance to read more than a few of these pages may be encouraged to discover that it is quite possible to have a certain measure of success without the brain power which they, and I so often envy in others. . . ."

"I have never undertaken any work I did not feel that I could do, and I have tried to live by the wise saying of a Westmoreland man to Charlie Cropper, my brother-in-law, 'Aa've never been beat by a job yet, because a'a always make it a rule to give over before a'am beat, and rather'n be beat wi' a job a'a would go away and leave it.'"

Perhaps the exception which proves the rule in Lord Knutsford's case is the part he played in relation to the State Registration of Nurses. We well remember his standing up in the House of Lords when the Nurses' Registration Bill was going through, and frankly acknow-

ledging, "I am a beaten man." He says singularly little about that losing game in the prosecution of which he spent so much time and energy which might usefully have been devoted to a better cause, and the only members of the nursing profession of whom he seems conscious are Miss Nightingale, for whom he has real hero-worship, and the late and present Matrons of the London Hospital.

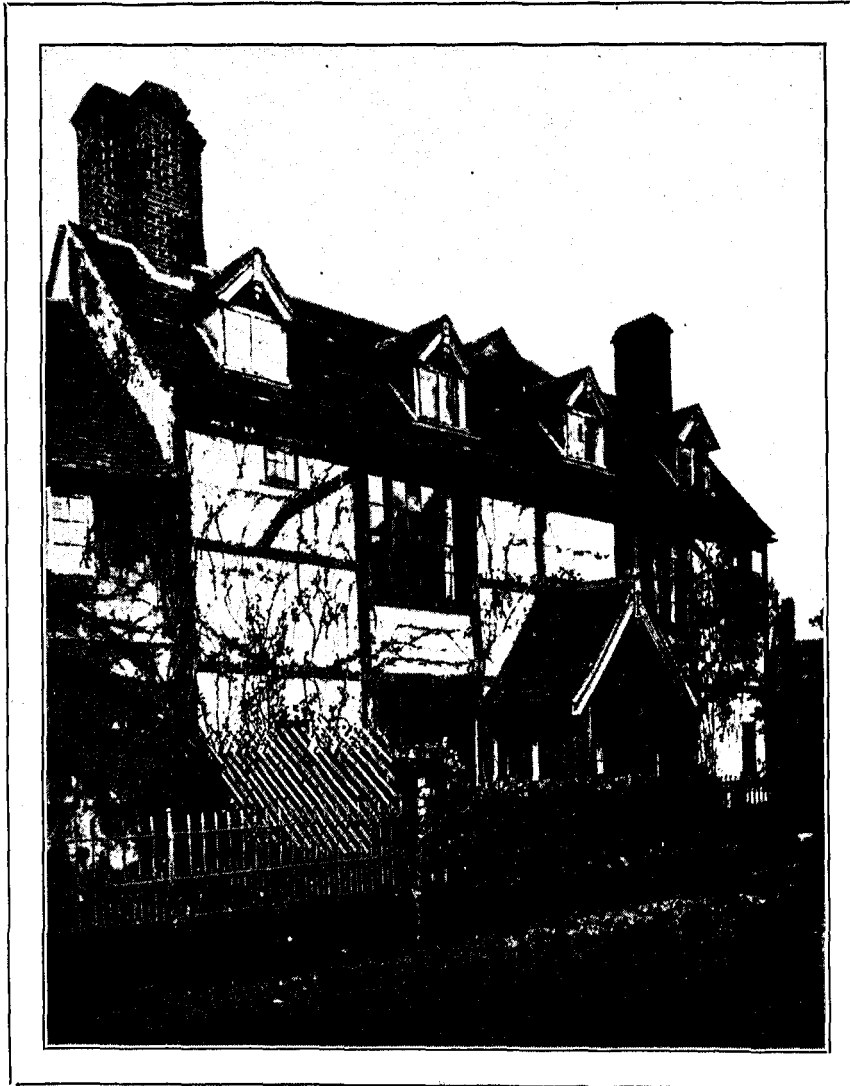
A story Lord Knutsford tells against himself is, that when Chairman of the Poplar Hospital, the then Matron

was very ill, and the doctors said she could not live through the Saturday night. As he was going away the following Thursday, he went off to Brompton Cemetery, arranged all the details for her funeral on the following Wednesday, including a touching circular to the working men, which commenced "Our dear Miss Vacher has passed away." But she rapidly recovered, and Lord Knutsford writes: "I found myself the possessor of a piece of freehold land measuring 8 feet by 3 feet, and 2,000 printed circulars announcing her death."

One more story is all we have space to quote.

"To be resourceful is a great asset for a nurse, and I remember one—I have lost sight of her now—who

ought to have gone far on that account. She has however never nursed me! A group of our nurses were up for their Pass and Honours examination and, as usual, two beds were provided, each with its 'patient,' a small convalescent boy, from one of the wards. The examiner went up to one bed and told the candidate that she was to imagine that the patient had had an accident and had been brought in with a fractured base—what would she do? She was nervous and could not collect her thoughts, so the examiner very kindly, wishing to give her every chance, left her and went off to the other bed to start another candidate. He came back to find the



BARTHOLOMEW MANOR, NEWBURY, BERKSHIRE.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)