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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE point of this Fresh Air Number of LIFE is to improve the facilities for getting

fresh air into children.

The freshening of the air is attended to out-of-doors on a large scale by qualified authorities, who have it washed and agitated and put through other processes of purification as needed.

What is desired is that air, so treated by experts, shall be used for the freshening of children.

This process, partly chemical, partly economic, calls for time, work, MONEY and organization.

If the readers of LIFE will find and apply their share of the money, the other necessities will be supplied by persons who keep them in stock, and the Fresh Air and the Children will get together.

A GREAT friend of Children, of Fresh Air, and of health was Sir William Osler of Toronto, Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Oxford, whose life, by Harvey Cushing, just out, runs through two fat volumes of about 700 pages apiece and good-sized pages at that. That makes a good deal of reading, but it is very remarkable reading, for Dr. Cushing had a very remarkable subject. To read about Osler is to feel for the time being that the most important thing in the world is the practice of medicine and the next most important is the collection of books. Everything Sir William touched became fascinating. Contact with him, especially for young doctors and medical students, was like contact with the bones of Elisha. He vivified and vitalized the things he gave his mind

to. A wonderful man, the greatest doctor of his day and a continuing force of profound importance in medicine!

The book about him is big, as said, but no part of it is dull. There is a great deal in it about medicine, a great deal about book collecting, a lot about the war, a lot about doctors in general and Sir William in particular, and much more. It has been put together with affection and understanding. Labor has not been grudged to it, nor will time be grudged to the reading of it. Dr. Cushing really has brought Osler to life for us, and so doing has let loose a great stimulant in the world and really done a service to mankind.

THE sudden death of Sargent, coming along at the time of the appearance of the Life of Osler, connects in a way these two remarkable men. And there is a connection. One was the first doctor of his time; the other was the top painter, and both of them were products of transplanted stock. Osler was born in Canada of British parents; Sargent in Florence of American parents of the English breed from Boston. Sargent, born, schooled and trained in Europe, lived mostly in London, but remained all his life an American citizen and never lost interest in it. He was really American in his heart and mind as well as by birthright, which is why he did not long ago become Sir John Sargent or Lord Sargent. Sir William Osler, schooled and trained in America, lived in Canada and the United States till he was fifty-five. His great work was in Philadelphia and Baltimore. He was a great American, one of the greatest, but in his heart English. He went to Oxford like a child to his mother.

Here you have two first-class men,

very wonderful men, head men in their respective work, in whom England and the United States, Europe and America are mixed up beyond all power of disentanglement.

SARGENT had, beyond any other man of his time, the power of conferring distinction upon his fellow creatures. That is a power that belongs to great painters. Distinction is in request and that is one of the things you want to buy when you pay somebody to do your portrait. You do not always get it, but from Sargent you did get it in a remarkable degree. His great pictures immortalized their subjects. His good pictures imparted distinction whether they embellished or disfigured. Any picture by his hand took the sitter out of the common ruck and gave his visage at least a marketable value.

Really that is a remarkable power that painters have. Who is that old woman cutting her nails that Rembrandt painted? Heaven knows, but she is immortal. Think what the Italian painters did, Leonardo especially, in visualizing religion and its messengers for us. We see with their eyes, considerably we think their thoughts, using their minds or being used by them just as we are used by the minds of the great writers and of the great spirits generally.



DEAN INGE is here and an interesting visitor. He lodges just at this moment of writing with Col. Fairfield Osborn, and if he finds himself stuffed and mounted and on exhibition in the Natural History Museum he will have nothing to complain of but his own rash confidence. Meanwhile he is doing a course of lectures at Yale.

The Dean is a good writer, a good speaker, a good scholar and not so gloomy as report makes out. He slams some things, calls divine healing "humbug," despises Spiritism and says it is "thoroughly bad," which makes one feel that he is much like other folks in not knowing about the things he does not know about. One wishes that so able and important a mind might have benefited by transplanting as Osler and Sargent did. The Dean needs to burst his shell of erudition and blossom out with new hopes, but St. Paul's Churchyard and the *Morning Post* will hardly bring them to him.

E. S. Martin.