

Oxford, 23 June, 1914.

Dear Jacobs;

Poor Rupert Norton is a sad loss. We also have had a cable from Barker, and I have had letters from his sister in London, saying that it was an unusually severe attack of typhoid fever. He will be greatly missed in the Hospital. I always had a warm spot in my heart for him, and we got on so well together.

Kelly writes from Norfolk that he is attending the funeral of his old assistant Ramsay, which I am afraid it means that it is Otto Ramsay of Yale; He died of aseptic pneumonia.

When are you coming over to England? I do hope we shall see you. It is nice to hear that Mrs. Jacobs is so much better. We are having the usual busy spring season - just at present in the midst of examinations. This evening we have all the Pages coming, as to-morrow he gets his honorary degree at the annual celebration.

Did you see that they wished me to take poor Anson's place as senior Member of Parliament for the University? Both parties were ready to nominate me as an independent member, but politics have no attraction for me. We are in a nice mess here with the Irishmen. I wish they could tow the island out to mid-Atlantic, and let the Orange and Green fight it out between them.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. Osler.

Love to Mrs. Jacobs.