

for the sidewalks on which they walk. They would have the further advantage of having more expert care, for a number of experts working together can accomplish a great deal more good than one doctor who would possibly only have to send his patient on to another physician specializing in a particular field of medicine.

The state could use part of these same funds for public health. The public could be educated in preventing illness; public sanitation would have more possibility of being assured.

According to this plan, those doctors who wished to could retain their private practices on the fee system for those of their patients who still wished treatment by their own personal doctors. Even this system will be changed somewhat following the war, whether state medicine is adopted to a great extent or not. Doctors will no longer maintain private offices, but will group together with four or more in an office, arranging hours that don't conflict, managing to use common

equipment, and having only one office girl for the whole group. In this way, office upkeep expense is reduced to a minimum, equipment used by all in the office costs much less, and these doctors have the benefit of each other's advice. According to some plans, the offices will even provide laboratories in which the doctors can experiment.

The majority of the good American doctors today are in the armed services. These doctors have become accustomed to working together and they have had good equipment. Many of them have closed their offices completely, and a large number of these will have no desire to go to great expense to reopen their offices and buy up-to-date equipment (for that, too, is constantly changing). These men have stated preferences for state medicine or, at least, for group work. If it is what the physicians wish and if it will benefit society as much as I believe it will, state medicine is something which we all must consider a necessary part of our future.

Fashions Of Spring

BARBARA BARD

*The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has
spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.*
(William Wordsworth)

Queenly spring is here in her cloak of moss-green, trimmed with folds of orchid, white, and yellow. Her fair head is crowned with a golden, glowing sun, and a pale

blue and white veil. She brings with her a treasure chest, lavishly filled with natural beauty. Her warm soul gently penetrates through the long, raw winter's cold.

Spring is like a spectacular fashion show, known and seen only by those who appreciate her grace and fantasy. Nature style shows are very different from ours. Their styles do not have to be constantly changing to remain popular. They are simple and conservative while, at the same

time, very pleasing to look upon. The same thing every spring season does not become a monotony, but instead becomes only more and more beautiful.

The stage for the show is placed in a wooded valley far away from the busy, uninterested city. It is pleasantly cool in this intimately hidden glen. As I walk toward the entrance, I find a pathway strewn with waxy, white lillies of the valley that seem to advertise this coming review of nature. At the entrance I see the musicians preparing their orchestrations. The music is plentiful and is partly supplied by a rippling stream, whose waters are gurgling over boulders which obstruct their smooth, flowing path. It sounds like the magical, tinkling tone of ivory piano keys.

The other musicians are attired in soft plumage of various contrasting shades. The cardinal is the maestro. His explosive red suit is set against the blackish-green of a nearby pine tree. The woodpecker, resplendent in his black frock coat, white ascot tie, and red hat, provides the percussion instruments. The soft coo-cooing of the gentle brown-speckled doves becomes the light sentimental strain of a harp. Meadow-larks in brown and yellow add the soothing lyrics of the violins. Kingly bluejays, angry because of their unimportant role, give volume to the various notes.

There is much squeaking and shrilling while this industrious orchestra is tuning up. Suddenly everything is ready. No longer can I remember the cold snow and sleet of winter, for before me there is such a dazzling spectacle of warm, vibrant beauty that I do not want to think of anything as ugly as winter can sometimes be. The birds, their feathers fluffed and groomed to the utmost perfection, stand poised in their various places around me to begin

a formal welcome to spring.

Slowly, yet excitedly, I dare to intrude upon this lovely interlude. Quietly and unobserved, I sit down on a mossy-cushioned mound and lean against a tree trunk. The wild flowers of spring are before me in vivid array.

First on the program is evening wear by Madam Naturale. The violet family is modeling the princess-like finery.
*A violet by a mossy stone half hidden from
the eye!
Fair as a star when only one is shining in
the sky.*

(William Wordsworth)

The pure, tiny, white violet stands shyly in front, introducing her sister to the fresh new season. She is modeling a sweet, unsophisticated gown. Next the regal purple violet enters. She comes carrying her proud head high. This alluring sophisticate stands dressed in a five-tiered velvet top of deep purple declining into a contrasting, slender-throated green stem. Demure and serene, the yellow violets make their entrance. They are the tallest in the family and carry their height with ease and assurance.

*The yellow violets' modest bell peeps from
the last year's leaves below.*

(William Cullen Bryant)

They are wearing small heart-shaped evening hats in pale yellow, lacily lined in purple. Madam Naturale has once more created three spring favorites.

The sport parade is coming out now. Forest green appears to be the most predominate shade this year. The bloodroots are first and their appearance suggests the strength and staunch rigor found in sports-loving people. Dressed in forest green and hunter's red they look very striking. These two bloodroots are dressed as twins. They have on two piece suits with a full top of green outlined in red. Their skirts are

simple and of solid green.

The bloodroots are closely followed by jack-in-the-pulpit. She is a "tomboy" as exemplified by her name and looks radiant and aggressive in an entire suit of green with cool green accessories.

There is a thorn in at least every bush, and on the other side of the tree trunk against which I am leaning is the always uninvited poison ivy. She comes like a demon, seeming ruder this year than last. She is bent upon unpleasantness for those unfortunate enough to come into contact with her. Insanely jealous of the charm and beauty she can never possess, she de-

lights in making people suffer. "Ivy" is climbing over the tree trunk and crawling along the ground. She cannot sit or stand quietly during this delightful performance so graciously given by spring. Her three-fingered hands greedily grab the ground.

The show is ending. The spring models are framed inside draperies of fingery, overhanging branches. They daintly stand, slightly swaying either in keeping time with the slowly fading music or with the caressing breeze. Dusk is gradually descending like a curtain. The docile blossoms nod their heads in grateful appreciation of their success.

Informal Interview

BETTY JEAN WIRTH

While eating dinner at the Indianapolis Athletic Club the other evening, we noticed an old gentleman dining alone next to us. His loneliness was so apparent that we invited him over to our table. We were quite surprised to find that we had a celebrity in our midst when he joined us. The old gentleman was Meredith Nicholson, American essayist and novelist.

Mr. Nicholson moved to our table with great muscular difficulty and as he sat down said, "You know I'm crippled." While Rog talked to him about current affairs, I had a chance to study the old gentleman. Mr. Nicholson was well up in years and to me was the picture of a kindly old gentleman. His hair was snow-white and his eyes a faded blue. He was excessively nervous and smoked one cigarette after another. The one question I asked him about his literary career was "How did you start to write?"

Mr. Nicholson said, "When I was a boy in Crawfordsville, I and a companion decided we'd never get any place if we didn't learn shorthand. Shorthand led me to newspaper work, for I covered lectures and political addresses for different papers. While working on newspapers, I wrote essays and books on the side." Then he asked me, "Have you read any of my works?"

I replied that I was acquainted with some of his novels, "The House of a Thousand Candles" and "A Hoosier Chronicle," but not his essays.

Meredith Nicholson interrupted, saying, "I don't want to be remembered for my novels, for I don't feel that they are my best work. I would rather be remembered for my essays, for I feel they express much more my writing ability." During our discourse he repeated the same thought again and again and again, "You