fresheggs all the year 'round? Protest-
cracklingthrough the whole winter?
snowy lard for a whole year, and delicious
hold me in thrall. Not so bad either
with which they regard their doctor, all
the "homefolks" and the homely worship
practitioner?
specialistsneeringlyrefersto the general
and the littlerural hospital? Why the
try doctors, moved into city practice,
have often wondered why so many coun-
in the noonday or afternoon of life. I
enough to compete with my citybrother
a green graduate, mercifullyoverlooked
move into the country that took me in as
I shall be kind enough not to regret my
practice, which is hardly probable, I hope
people adequate hospitalization?
not high time we are thinking of ways,
towns of 10,000 population or less, is it
is practiced in the country and country
which would be out of the question if
the patient were treated in distant city
community receives the educational values for sane and health-
living; and physicians are encouraged
to locate and remain in rural districts
modern facilities for self-improve-
are available.
After all, 90 per cent or more of this
great land of ours consists of "the coun-
so called. Then considering the fact
that 90 per cent of the medical art prac-
ticed in this land of 120,000,000 people
is practiced in the country and country
towns of 10,000 population or less, is it
not high time we are thinking of ways,
means, and measures to give our country
people adequate hospitalization?
Should I ever decide to take up city
practice, which is hardly probable, I hope
I shall be kind enough not to regret my
move into the country that took me in as
a green graduate, mercifully overlooked
my early mistakes, and finally gave me the
opportunity for becoming proficient
enough to compete with my city brother
in the noonday or afternoon of life.
I have often wondered why so many coun-
drivers, moved into city practice,
criticize so severely the country doctor
and the little rural hospital? Why the
one-time country doctor turned lordly
specialist sneeringly refers to the general
practitioner?

The long, quiet sunsets of the prairie,
the simple rugged unaffectedness of the
"homefolks" and the homely worship
with which they regard their doctor, all
hold me in thrall. Not so bad either
the country sausages, delicious chops,
snowy lard for a whole year, and delicious
cracklings through the whole winter?
What about a whole half beef for $15.00,
fresh eggs all the year 'round? Protest-
ing chickens and patriarchial turkeys
that patients shyly bring in, along with
all varieties of fresh vegetables, that
have not passed coins of time in cold
storage?
A country doctor's life is not half bad.
Life is what we make it whether we live
in the country or in the city. Maybe the
worries of life and the returns are a little
less in the country, as compared to those
in the city, but the country doctor who
has a capacity for humor and for the
poetry of life has a good time. I hope
within the next few years to make it
possible for my city doctor brother to
come vacationing with me where he will
find the city hospital moved to the coun-
try.

Manhattan sketch

In the American wing of the Metropolitan

By Elgin E. Groselclose, '20

Almost the first objects to attract
the attention of the observant eye
at the Metropolitan Museum of
Art are the graceful turnstiles set in the
center of the broad and imposing en-
trance. While these delightful pieces of
later Americana will provide posterity
with an interesting relic of a statistical
age, their present useful purpase is that
of registering the number of visitors to
the galleries—affording thereby a scien-
tific measurement of the artistic interest
of the American people. In 1929, no less
than 1,297,604 persons passed through the
turnstiles.

While it is not possible to catalog each
visitor geographically, it is estimated that
something like 354,000 of this number
were from points west of the Mississippi
river. It seems that persons from the un-
confined spaces of the West regard these
outstretched fingers with dislike and try
to avoid them, either by glaring them
down or by politely ignoring them; and
by taking a check of such, a percentage
was determined from which the above
figure was computed. This estimate is
open to question however as no allowance
is made for the number of New Yorkers
who mistook the turnstiles for subway
entrances.

In observation, bearing not one way or
the other upon this abrupt question, but
interesting nevertheless, is that a great
number of these free born Americans
from the West are later to be found gaz-
ing studiously at the exhibits of the
American Wing—along with large num-
bers of distinguished white haired ladies
with Southern accent, second generation
Germans, first generation Jews, college
students, interior decorators, antique deal-
ers, and delegations from Soviet Russia.
In fact, there is a perfectly enormous in-
terest in Americana, and it is doubtful
whether it is surpassed by the current
vogue for Maya pottery or modernistic
interiors.

It is natural that there should be such
an interest in Americana. With British
economic missions coming over to ex-
amine our commercial methods, Soviet
missions waiting on the doorstep of Hen-
ry Ford, South Americans studying our
currency, and all the world either envi-
ing, admiring or pondering American
civilization, it is to be expected that those
peculiar influences which have produced
it should be the subject of study and
examination.

In this series of rooms, constructed of
the original materials or authentic rep-
licas, and furnishing with historical ex-
amples, arranged in chronological order,
is presented a growing order of the ar-
tistic expression of our nation. Besides
the current and increasing interest among
connoisseurs and craftsmen in these earlier
forms—the Baron Steigl glass, the Paul
Revere silver, the drum tables, the hook
rugs, the fire irons—these treasures of our
immediate past possess priceless value to
posterity as the first fruits of the civiliza-
tion which will probably dominate the
next five hundred years.

While the grandest treasures of the
Metropolitan's collection nor its finest ex-
amples of art are not to be found here—
nothing can rival the divine Raphael at
the head of the Grand staircase, and the
Egyptian collection is unsurpassed out-
side of Cairo—the completeness of the
exhibit gives it a charm unequalled else-
where in the museum.

But greater than the aesthetic interest
of the American Wing is its appeal to
the fundamental instincts of the race.
It is a collection of artistic treasures
set down among the people to whom
they belong and by whom they are
cherished. These memorials of the
early days of our nationhood, rever-
cently gathered and carefully arranged
—so human, so understandable—awaken
feelings far closer to the bosom than the

(Continued on page 263)
sonality lingers with us as an abiding, stimulating, ennobling motive for righteous living and more devoted service to the public good.

Let us, therefore, find comfort in the thought that the immortality of his influence here will parallel his immortality in the Great Beyond.

### MANHATTAN SKETCH

(Continued from page 243)

charm of a gracefully turned four poster or pewter creamer. Here are the rooms in which our forebears lived, here is a collection of utensils of those used by our fathers in the covered wagon days of not so far back; here is the attic chamber of the nation, stored with memories of its boyhood.

Splendid as are the Metropolitan's other collections, it is yet true that an object of art or archaeology loses much of its beauty and poetry when transposed to a strange land and exhibited to a strange people. It is pathetic or inspiring to see a group of visitors standing around the mutilated torso of a Greek divinity—a forlorn fragment of what had once been a glorious piece of sculpture, hacked by time, forgotten, sold, carried from its virgin setting to occupy a pedestal in a cold formal gallery. A sense of the harmonious and proper may be offended at the view of an Egyptian queen who has been torn from her repose of four thousand years in the rock tomb of the Egyptian valley to be exhibited in a glass case before an alien people and in a manner so heedless of the respect she once commanded.

How much more inspiring than the Venuses of the Louvre is the archaic clothed Aphrodite that still remains in the little museum on the Acropolis where she can look out upon the still magnificent ruins of the Parthenon and feel at home among the shattered remnants of the age which gave her form. How much of grace does the Egyptian chariot in the Florence museum lose in comparison to its replica at Cairo where its curves appear to have caught the essence of motion from the atmosphere of the Nile and to reflect the movement of the swaying palm trees.

Perhaps an added reason for the American Wing is a certain consideration for the archaeologist of the future. Without it as an authentic guide to this civilization what a task they would have, digging in the crumbled ruins of upper Manhattan, a thousand years or so hence, and coming across these transported relics...
of Greece and Egypt, to determine just what manner of people it was which erected such towering buildings, used turnstiles and adding machines, wrapped and preserved its dead in linen, dressed in flowing robes and traveled in two wheeled chariots!

ADDITIONABLE OUTLAW

(Continued from page 241)

gleamed, and the death glaze over his eyes did not extinguish the burning defiance there. Even in death he seemed defiant and unbeaten. He had fought and died silently, though mangled by the pack. He lay there on the prairie with his long yellow-grey hair matted with blood and saliva, and his lips still drawn back from his fangs.

Each time one looks upon such a scene, he feels admiration for the little wolf that fights against such odds so grimly and silently. As he is the embodiment of cunning, fleetness and courage, one feels that such a death is a disgrace, and unfair to such high courage. One attempts to forget, as he stands there, that this little wolf's long quavering howl is the very voice of the night prairie, and tries to remember only that his victim is a chicken thief and a bandit.

MIT BUSINESS UND MITOUT

(Continued from page 240)

records posterity will never know whether Arab, Inc., was a good buy or not. Perhaps posterity may never even care. Anyway the Arabs went back into the desert, commonly known as nomads' land.

Following the Arabs (and if you haven't read the "Sheik" by this time, you wouldn't follow them anyway) came the guilds. The guilds must not be confused with the "golden age" mentioned before.

The guilds operated their business on a direct-from-manufacturer-to-consumer basis-cutting-out-the-middleman. Their homes, apartments or shops were their factories, sales rooms and delivery departments. In these days, the speak-easies have taken up the same idea and are making a splendid profit, we understand.

The guilds did well enough in a small way and branched out into many lines. You probably have heard of the theater guild.

After the guilds came the Industrial Revolution. And how they came after the guilds. The cotton gin was invented, the steamboats roved the rivers, streams and oceans, the loom was a reality, steam engines puffed on ribbons of steel, sewing machines hummed. CAME DAWN.