

office business, a graduate came in, told the people I was only a student, had no license to practise; told me he had picked Scarth out for himself and that he was going to stay and that I had to get out. I was as big as he—for I am nearly six feet and weigh a few over two hundred—but I got.

“In the following spring, as soon as I got my valedictory off my chest, I made tracks for Scarth; and this time with my diploma in a quarter-cut oak frame, I went prepared to stay. I ran that ‘sucker’ out of Scarth in less than a year and I have been there ever since. The past four years I have always kept an assistant. Practically this is my first holiday in eight years. I didn’t think he used me right when I was there as a student. Might have said to stay on and make all I could, for he knew I would be going in two months’ time anyway,” and Dr. Ferdinand Lord settled back in his chair as unruffled as though it were but a day since he had despatched his opponent.

“But what keeps you there now?” questioned the host. “Why not sell out and get into your home city? Haven’t you had enough of roughing it?”

“I have. But I like those country people, primitive farmers, miners and lumberjacks though they be. There’s lots of the simple life—plenty of room to move about; what you call go, excitement. I’d miss the long drives, the mud and the slush of the spring and the fall, the deep snow, the drifts, the sleet, the blizzards, the cold stormy days, the rainy nights. You parlor fellows don’t know—have no realization of the satisfaction there is in doctoring in the northland,” and the big, strong, robust country practitioner gave vent to a loud guffaw, which rattled the glasses on the table and banged up against the beamed ceiling—and started an electric bell ringing in a distant room.

Said the other city man: “One thing, Ferd, you’re not troubled much with quacks, osteopaths, Christian Scientists, dead beats and others of such ilk.”

“Am I no?” exploded Ferd. “By the same token I could tell you a Christian Science story, only it would take too long, and my little friend here from the country, ‘Shorty,’ as we used to call him, might feel jealous that he didn’t get a chance to scintillate.”

“Don’t mind me. I’m (hic) enjoying myself,” gurgled he responding to the name of Shorty.

They all settled down more comfortably in their arm chairs while Dr. Lord lighted a fresh cigar.

“It was the month of January, 19——well, I had been practising in Scarth three and a half years.