

THE NEW DOCTOR

BY JACOB BROWN

WITH A DRAWING BY H. L. V. PARKHURST

THERE was a suggestion of the Celt in Cathcart's reddish hair and bluish eyes, and a Yankee keenness in the nasal lines. His chin was set, firm, beneath thin lips. He was an American, a Harvard M.D. and an ex-Philadelphia hospital interne, thirty years old. He was a driving, gripping sort of man who drove and gripped himself as well as others; altogether, one equal to his environment in this California foot-hill town between the belts of grain and gold, its life vigorous from the strength of each.

Now, closing Cyrus Drummond's gate after his first professional visit to the family, he wore a mood of elation. To become the family physician of the Drummonds was to live down the sobriquet, "the new doctor." Hitherto, they had employed old Carver. This time, however, Gavin, the youngster of twelve, having sustained a compound fracture of the left leg, the result of a dare to jump from the barn roof, Carver had been ignored, probably because of his growing fondness for liquor.

Cathcart had done a good job, and he knew it, and he hoped for further recognition. His hope was the more confident in view of the manifest approval which he had read in the little mother's anxious eyes—eyes that focused the whole of an ideally maternal nature—a blending of love and mind and will.

Ten weeks saw the boy again leading his cronies and Cathcart wondering just how big a bill the traffic would bear. Immediate dollars were as large as full moons to him, while the patronage of the Drummonds meant the highest standing in the region. Moreover, Cyrus Drummond and his money, though he was the richest man in four counties,

were notoriously adhesive. Finally he determined that, where the patient could meet it, his services must be taken at his own valuation; and Cathcart was not modest.

Cyrus Drummond was known to him, chiefly, by reputation. He was styled "the old man." The expression imported an age of sixty years, witnessed by white hair and flowing beard; a patriarchal dominance in wealth, politics, and religion, but no depletion of mental or physical powers; and, from the populace in general, a trace of affection and an abundance of fear. He owned the bank, besides mines, ranches, and roads; he named the Congressmen; he chose and dismissed the ministers of at least one denomination.

A week after the treatment of the boy had ceased, the old man entered the new doctor's office, ignored the offer of a chair, and asked the amount of his indebtedness, his left hand in his pocket proclaiming that he paid cash.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," said Cathcart.

The old man smiled a grim, slow smile, belied by a hardening in the eyes.

"That's altogether too much, young man. I won't pay it."

The Celtic in Cathcart began to glow.

"That is my charge, Mr. Drummond; I shall not come down."

"As you please, sir. I don't waste words or time. I'll not pay it;" and he turned and started to leave.

Cathcart had a dim remembrance, afterward, of having speculated, for a second, as to whether or not the broad shoulders of the man could go squarely through the doorway. He was, however, thoroughly angry and he did not hesitate for words.

"You will pay it, sir, and within twenty-four hours, or stand suit."

Cyrus Drummond turned again, confronted by the first man who had defied him in years.

"Young man," he said, the white beard undulating menacingly from chin to tip, "don't you know that I can make or break you?"

"Damn you, sir; you can do neither. Good day, sir!" and Cathcart walked into his private office, where he stayed until he heard the closing of the outer door.

The next morning he received a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. He did not need to be told that Cyrus Drummond had forbidden his wife to employ Dr. Cathcart again; nor was he surprised when two or three families, including that of one of the ministers, which he had come to regard as his own, reverted to Carver.

He was, however, quite unprepared, a month later, for another summons to the Drummond residence. Gavin brought the message and explained that his sister, Evelyn, had returned from college because of an epidemic of diphtheria, and that she had a very sore throat. On the way to the house, Gavin explained another matter.

"Father doesn't like you a little bit;" he said. "He swore you shouldn't come to the house again; but mother told him he could have any doctor he wanted, for himself, but that the family was going to have the best one in town, and that was you. And I think so, too."

Cathcart laughed and said he was glad to have Gavin for a friend; but he was thinking of the little woman with a will of her own.

"I'll bet you can fight."

The doctor's hearty laugh betokened the complete engagement of his attention.

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. I can fight, myself."

"Gavin," this rather decided, "it's wrong to fight. That is," he must not lie to the child, "unless in a good cause."

"We—ell, that's better than what my Sunday-school teacher says. She says I mustn't fight at all."

"Only when it is necessary in a good cause. You think about it."

They had reached the steps of the house and the boy stood below, not intending to enter. As Cathcart went in, he heard:

"I'll ask Evelyn about it. You'll like Evelyn."

But Gavin did not soon see his sister again. The sore throat was already a malignant and rapidly developing attack of diphtheria, and rigid isolation was necessary. Cathcart, however, saw her every day, and often twice and thrice a day, for nearly two weeks.

II

It did not take many days to justify Gavin's prophecy. A strong man knows his own heart, as he knows his mind, without doubting delay. But seeing her there, in the house of her father, forbade that he should show his feeling. Whether or not his conscious effort to regard the restriction was successful, Evelyn alone could tell; he could not.

But she was well now; he had made his last professional visit, and, returning from a long drive to the Sierra Mine, where he cared for the sick and injured under contract with the company, he stopped and left his horse tied to a tree while he gathered golden poppies. Farther on, he stopped again and went up a shady little glen, whence he returned with hands full of maidenhair fern.

Fortune favored him, and he found Gavin in front of the house. Giving the flowers to the youngster, he bade him take them to his sister, and drove on, chuckling at the lessening of esteem which had shown in the frank face of his messenger.

A week later Evelyn Drummond entered Dr. Cathcart's office just before the close of his regular office hours. The last patient preceding her had left, and he was glad, when he opened the door and saw her, that only she should see his countenance. That she should see it and read it did not embarrass him at all.

Her greeting was unperturbed gaiety, and the mischief in her eyes went well with her tailored suit and summer millinery.

"Don't doctors say 'How do you do?' to people in their offices?" she asked as he stood silent. "You always said it so professionally at the house."

He welcomed the lead.

"I shall never greet you professionally outside of your home, Miss Drummond."

"Well," she countered, "I came to see you professionally. I am returning to college to-morrow; and the faculty requires a physician's certificate from every student who has been ill, to the effect that she has quite recovered."

"I'll write it now," he said, entering his private office.

There was a bit of exasperation about her mouth as he retreated, and she followed him and stood at the door, which he had left open.

"May I look in while you are writing?"

"Of course, Miss Drummond; but you will find little to interest you."

She looked about her.

"You haven't a thing on your walls except your old diploma. Harvard men are so conceited!"

He swung round and faced her, reckless admiration in his direct gaze.

"I see a picture wherever I look," he said.

She ignored the remark and made out to read the Latin on his sheepskin.

He finished his paper and gave it to her, noting that all the mischief had left her face and that her eyes had resumed their habitual resemblance to her mother's.

"It was nice of you, Dr. Cathcart, to send me the flowers."

Confusion ruled his features, but it fled as he replied:

"I have to thank you for a reawakening to the existence of flowers."

"I didn't cause you to be thoughtful of your friends. But I must not keep you from your patients. Good-by;" and she held out her hand.

He did not deprecate her manner of leaving or seek otherwise to detain her. He did, however, venture a bold stroke as he formally touched her hand.

"May I write to you?" he asked.

She liked his way of ignoring the cheaper opportunities and of risking rebuff by more straightforward, and in reality more courteous, advances.

"I should like to have you; but—I'll ask mother. Good-by."

"Good-by," he said, closing the door after her and returning to his desk.

He thought of the girlish frankness with which she had referred his request to her mother, and he thought of her girlish moods, and he thought of the pictures on his walls and vowed that no others should displace them. How could he endure not to see her, were it not for those visions—the dark, abundant hair and the deep-blue eyes, crowning a face and figure all grace and delicately rounded slenderness?

To his surprise she wrote to him:

MY DEAR DOCTOR CATHCART: Mother says that father would not approve of our corresponding; so I take this means of informing you. One letter cannot make a correspondence.

But it is very stupid of you to quarrel with father, and I expect you to have made up with him by the holidays. Until then, good-by.

EVELYN DRUMMOND.

P. S. "It's wrong to fight." E. D.

In spite of the prohibition, he found the missive very sweet, and he took to carrying it about and reading it now and then when he was alone.

III

THUS, one day in flaming-leaved October, while on his way to the Sierra Mine, he had just replaced it in his pocket when he came to the beginning of the toll-road, over which lay the last half of his journey. It was his custom to stop and chat a moment with old Tom, the gatekeeper; but this time Tom was talking to Cyrus Drummond, who sat erect in his buggy behind the fast little sorrel he habitually drove. Cathcart kept his horse at a trot. Thinking of Evelyn, however, he was on the watch for a chance to make some advance toward friendliness, and he stopped, readily enough, when the old man threw up his hand in somewhat imperious signal that he should do so.

"How do you do, sir?" said Cathcart.

The answer struck sadly upon the strings of his good intention.

"I do well enough. Why don't you pay your toll?"

The doctor broke the habit of a lifetime and returned a soft answer.



ONE STEP AND ANOTHER AND HE WAS HALTED, A SIX-SHOOTER
LEVELED AT HIS BREAST

"My contract with the mining company provides that I shall not pay toll. The company is heavily interested in the road."

"Well, I'm interested, too; and I don't intend that you should have any favors."

"You'll have to settle that with the company, sir. Good day."

Cathcart hoped to get away before his temper broke; but as he finished speaking, the old man, whip in hand, jumped to the ground and seized his horse by the bit, leaving his own to the keeper.

"We'll settle it here and now!" he retorted. "You pay toll or you don't go on this road."

The insolent action loosed all the ire in Cathcart's nature and it flooded the more violently for having been dammed so long.

"I will go on this road and I won't pay toll! But first I'm going to tell you something. You've had things your own way in this region so long that you've come to think you own every man, woman, and child in it. You don't know a real man when you see one; you've got people and cattle and dollars all mixed up."

His anger and disgust had given an increasingly ugly rasp to his voice, and there was, finally, nothing in his manner and tone but temper and contempt as he said:

"Get out of my way or I'll drive over you!"

Cyrus Drummond towered, for a second, white and tense, at the horse's head. Then the whip in his hand was raised and he started toward the man who had reviled him. One step and another and he was halted, a six-shooter leveled at his breast.

Cathcart's lips barely parted as he said:

"One more step will be your last."

Time seemed imprisoned between their glaring eyes.

Then old Tom, holding the sorrel, quavered:

"You wouldn't shoot Cyrus Drummond!"

"You lie! I would! And if he ever gets in my way again, I'll do it without warning!"

Cathcart flicked the reins over his horse and drove on. Nor was his anger forgotten until he reached the mine and was confronted by the results of the premature explosion of a blast. Thereafter, a nightmare of broken bones and mangled flesh kept him at work until well into the following day; and it was not until he was on his way back to town, after a few hours of sleep, that his mind reverted to his meeting with Evelyn's father.

Cathcart was not subject to extreme nervous reactions; but the strain he had endured had left him unusually sensitive, and he felt poignantly a likeness between the effects of the explosion at the mine and the angry clash of wills between himself and Cyrus Drummond. Each had been disorganizing, disrupting, disintegrating. Instead of satisfaction at his victory, he was conscious of the moral crudity of the whole scene.

His spirits sank lower still when he thought of Evelyn, and he prayed that she might never know of what had occurred.

"I've got a longer row to hoe than I had before," he thought, "but I'll hoe it in spite of myself and Cyrus Drummond."

The weeks that followed were, fortunately, filled with work, the exacting and exhausting duties of the country doctor; and Cathcart, driving through heavy autumn storms or working late in his laboratory—he must do much of his own pharmacy and all of his bacteriology—gained in strength and peaceableness.

One night, just as he was about to go to bed, he was again summoned to the Drummond house. Mrs. Drummond met him at the door.

"Doctor," she said, "I've called you to see my husband. He is very ill."

Cathcart shook his head in protest.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Drummond; you don't know what there has been between us."

"Yes, doctor, I do know; but"—she came to him and, grasping the lapels of his great-coat, looked straight into his eyes—"I ask you to see him for my sake."

For her sake and for Evelyn he would see the devil himself.

"Of course," he said, "that settles

it; but I must insist on Dr. Carver being associated with me."

He would not risk being held solely responsible for the life of a man whom he had threatened to kill.

Cyrus Drummond greeted him with choking breath.

"Pneumonia," diagnosed the physician at a glance.

"Doctor, I'm a very sick man; and mother, there, has shown me that I have not been just to you. I offer you an apology."

"That," thought Cathcart, "would come with a better grace if you were not on your back and I were not the only reliable——"

But he conquered his impulse and said:

"We'll talk about that later. How long have you had this cold?"

IV

DAYS and nights of anxious care ensued. Both lungs of the patient were involved and pulse and temperature denoted a coming struggle of more than ordinary intensity. Oxygen was ordered and everything possible was provided to assist that unusually vigorous body when the critical hours should arrive. Cathcart came whenever he could during the day and with increasing frequency at night. Carver was there most of the time.

It was soon known throughout the county that the old man was seriously ill; and Cathcart, going about among the people, noted their genuine concern. Judging the man from the point of view of the laborer in mill and mine and field, or of the man who was straining every nerve to establish some new enterprise, or to keep one already established up to its full capacity for usefulness, or of the lawyer defending a disputed water or mineral claim, the delayed exploitation of which meant loss of opportunity to hundreds, or of the engineer, or of the politician, or of the shepherd of souls, Cathcart began to realize the vitally real worth of that achieving personality. Should he die, the essential interests of a whole region would lie in chaos, and progress would cease during a period of readjustment. Such men are natural forces; they act with the rigidity

of laws; the bitterness they engender is incidental to the necessary limitation of their natures. Cathcart came to see it thus.

He fought for the life of Cyrus Drummond with tenacity and skill. Six days had passed and the battle was undecided.

"It's all a question of vigor, of vitality, Mrs. Drummond," he said, "and your husband is a strong man."

He saw the anxiety, the love, the loyalty in her eyes, and he longed to allay her pain. He thought, too, of other eyes, so like them; and he wondered if they could ever be brought to show the same feeling for him.

The seventh day came and went and still the issue was ahead of them.

"If the crisis had come by this time, I should have had no fear," he said. "But Mr. Drummond is losing ground and there is no abatement of the disease."

"Do you think I had better——"

"Yes, Mrs. Drummond; you had better telegraph for your daughter."

He knew that her mother had written to her every day and that she held herself in readiness. Was her fear any the less, he asked himself, because she knew he was caring for her father? She would leave the city that evening and would arrive early the following morning—the morning of the ninth day, which would surely be decisive.

But while Cathcart was at dinner he received a message from Carver:

"Temperature rising alarmingly; pulse very bad."

It was coming. Evelyn would learn the decision when she arrived. He went straightway to the bedside of the patient.

All night long, with a finger on the old man's pulse, the new doctor and the old administered oxygen and plied the heart with stimulants. Could they keep the vital forces active until the myriads of bacteria had made their final assault, until the last and strongest wave of disease had spent its force? Human knowledge could not foretell. The little mother besought the source of all knowledge and all power, and the men of science did not despise her entreaties.

In the morning, just as the sun shot its beams down the long western slopes of the Sierras, Cathcart, weary of body

and heavy-eyed, came out on the veranda at the east side of the house. James, who had served the Drummonds for two decades, was driving past, toward the gate, the arched neck and lively step of the little sorrel telling of days of unwonted idleness.

"James," called the doctor, and the horse was reined to a standstill, "I'll drive to the station and get Miss Evelyn myself."

She left her car the moment the train came to a stop; and recognizing the sorrel and the buggy, she came quickly to where they stood, quite failing of surprise, however—such was the concentration of her thoughts—at the unexpected presence of the doctor. He helped her to the seat and, getting in beside her, permitted the horse to start, though holding him to a walk.

Her face, too, showed lack of sleep, and there were little tremblings of racking worry about her eyes and mouth.

The pressure of responsibility, which had weighed upon him, was lifted as he looked at her; and he thought only that he cared for her, that he wanted her; wanted her that he might care for her and protect her.

"Why don't you hurry, doctor? How is father? Tell me, quick."

"He was sleeping soundly when I left. The fever has gone. He will get well—Evelyn."

She took a little, gasping breath and her eyes closed and opened. The tension of her nerves relaxed and she leaned against the back of the seat, looking straight ahead. Then she cried softly; and Cathcart wondered at the absurdity of her carrying a handkerchief so inadequate to the demands now made upon it.

He, too, looked straight ahead, struggling with an impulse. Then his arm stole around her and he drew her to him.

MEMORIES

OF my ould loves, of their ould ways,
I sit an' think, these bitther days.

(I've kissed—'gainst rason an' 'gainst rhyme—
More mouths than one in my mad time!)

Of their soft ways and words I dream,
But far off now, in faith, they seem.

Wid betther lives, wid betther men,
They've all long taken up again!

For me an' mine they're past an' done—
Aye, all but one—yes, all but one!

Since I kissed *her* 'neath Tullagh Hill
That one gurl stays close wid me still.

Och! up to mine her face still lifts,
And round us still the white May drifts;

And her soft arm, in some ould way,
Is here beside me, night an' day;

But, faith, 'twas her they buried deep,
Wid all that love she couldn't keep,

Aye, deep an' cold, in Killinkere,
This many a year—this many a year!

Arthur Stringer

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

XIII—THE FUTURE OF STEEL

Opinions as to the Direction of Future Development—The Vastness of the Industry To-day,
and Its Expansion Through the Discovery of New Uses for Its Product—Cities
That May Become Capitals of Steel—The Battle Against Conservatism

WE have seen how a great business grows; how it enriches those who are loyal to it; how it builds cities, creates new industries, and pushes forward the progress of civilization. And now the final question is, What about the future of the American steel trade?

On this subject there are bulls and bears, as Wall Street would say. There are some who think that the steel business has been overstimulated and overcapitalized—that the great corporations will fall apart because of their size and their monopolistic nature. "Modern directorship is too irresponsible," say these men. "Directors do not direct. They watch the price of stocks and forget the making of steel. After this stock-company phase of our industrial evolution is ended, we shall go back again to one-man ownership and free competition."

Others—the large majority—think that the present situation is satisfactory and likely to continue for a long time. "There is enough of the trade organized to give stability," they say, "but not enough to create a monopoly. To go back to one-man plants is impossible, because of the competitive pressure that would destroy profits. And complete consolidation is not advisable, in spite of

its economies, because it would put the whole trade into the power of a single bureaucracy."

A third opinion—the most optimistic of all—is that of Carnegie. None but he is so idealistic. His dream is of a national, non-governmental, cooperative steel business, "with every workingman a capitalist and every capitalist a workingman." He describes this communism of labor as "the only safe system"—"a splendid vista."

A fourth possibility was suggested seriously by one of the Buffalo steel barons. "Carnegie is out of the steel business," he said, "but his millions are not. Suppose his heirs should take their income of fifteen millions a year and invest it in United States Steel stock whenever there was a slump in the price, how long would it take them to get control of the big corporation? Carnegie holds a first mortgage on the Steel Trust for perhaps one-third of its value, and it is not to be expected that the immense Carnegie fortune can be pushed easily out of the steel trade."

With regard to these varying opinions, the facts show, in the first place, that the greatest glory of the Steel Age is yet to come. We have climbed to a

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