



Dr. Wright Spurns Greatness

Dr. Joseph Wright sat on the veranda of his home, opposite the church green, in the calm of a summer evening, puffing vigorously on a black stogie to keep away the battalions of mosquitoes which were advancing from all quarters. The mosquitoes were bold but the doctor was persistent and after several disastrous attempts to penetrate the smoke screen which enveloped his gray head, they withdrew in disorder and he was left alone with his satirical reflections on life's little ironies.

Sad to relate, the doctor was not in his usual good humour. The mosquitoes were the least of his troubles. After a most disturbing night, he had repaired to his garden patch to make the shocking discovery that thieves had stolen all the scallions, his favorite relish.

More serious was his disagreement with his painter friend, Ivanowski, in the afternoon. Ivanowski had dropped in to say that at last he had convinced his friend, Paderewski, the Polish statesman and pianist, who was troubled with pains over his eyes, to dismiss the specialists who were doing him no good, and "try his family physician, Dr. Wright of Westfield. He's an oculist and a physician and he will help you. And," Ivanowski had added emphatically, "Paderewski approves. You will go to see him some day next week by appointment. He is very busy, you understand, doctor, very busy."

Of course the doctor understood. He appreciated the interest of his painter friend and it was hard for him to refuse him; but, he couldn't go to the city to examine the piano player because he never traveled during dog days. He doubted if there was anything seriously wrong with him. He should ease up in his work; watch his diet; probably his troubles were imaginary. Most temperamental people were bothered with imagina-

tion when they ate wrong food and worried about themselves. Doctors were the worst cases. If they had a slight bellyache, imaginary symptoms of every known intestinal disorder developed. He was getting that way himself.

He could be just as emphatic as his painter friend; he would not go. But he'd be glad to give Mr. Paderewski a thorough going-over if he would come to Westfield. He could see him any day but Wednesday; unless it rained cats and dogs he went fishing on Wednesdays. He remembered regretfully, Ivanowski's parting words: "You are making a big mistake, my friend. It is a great honor to attend Paderewski. He is one of the great minds of his time. You should go."

His painter friend was right; he should go. He didn't care about doctoring Paderewski, but he liked the painter and didn't want to offend him. Now, he wouldn't come to see him any more.

To his surprise, Ivanowski had returned within an hour. "I've arranged it," he declared. "You will go with me to one of Paderewski's recitals at Carnegie Hall. We will take the early afternoon train and I'll arrange for you to see him alone at his hotel. The concert is in January. There will be nothing to bother you then, my friend—no dog days—no fishing—so!"

Ivanowski was gone before he could answer. Smart fellow; usually had his way. Well, there was no hurry. By the time winter rolled around, Paderewski's anatomy would be out of kilter in some other place, and he wouldn't want to see a plain country doctor. Anyway, he'd be hanged rather than go to New York in a snow storm. Privately, he hoped it would snow in January*.

* Note: It snowed.