



Osteolib®

Vol. XV

The Old Doctor (1932)

L.E. Page

About the book...



Page describes his book as the story of a great man whose accomplishments and singleness of purpose and touching devotion to an ideal commands the respect of those who are capable of valuing achievement. He discusses how Still's courage was up to the challenge of the intense isolation and persecution he received. Page describes Still's life as the pioneer, dreamer, experimenter, teacher, and philosopher. He ends the book with a tribute to the man who founded Osteopathy. The author gives a clear picture of those factors responsible for Still's accurate thinking, keen observation and concentration. He discusses how these qualities developed through his experiences as a pioneer. Page describes Still as a dreamer who availed himself of vast resources of mental strength including dreams and visions he experienced. These experiences stimulated his desire for practical experimentation and his inexhaustible desire to find truth. Page also discusses Still's ability to successfully impart to others the entire essence of the practical applications of his theory.

About the author...



Dr. Leon Page (1894–1968) Boston native, was a physician, surgeon, scholar, author, and teacher. Before becoming an Osteopath he was a pharmacist. He was a professor of anatomy and surgery at the ASO and then began his own practice in Chicago, and was on staff at Chicago Osteopathic Hospital and Chicago College of Osteopathy. He is best known for authoring his book *The Old Doctor*.

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THE OLD DOCTOR

[IMAGE]

[IMAGE]

THE OLD DOCTOR
BY
LEON E. PAGE, D. O.
Author of "Manual of Clinical Anatomy,"
"Osteopathic Fundamentals," Etc.

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FOREWORD

Here is the story of a great man.

In some future generation an unbiased evaluation shall be placed upon the remarkable accomplishments of a man whose singleness of purpose and touching devotion to an ideal commands the respect of those who are capable of valuing achievement. Here is the story of a man whose courage was as great as the opposition and persecution was ignoble; a story of a man who paid the price of greatness in the coin of loneliness.

The story of his struggles, his persistent faith with himself and his final triumph constitute a tale of deep interest. The life herein portrayed is replete with rich biographical inspiration.

The story of the birth and development of an Idea—the full significance of which has yet to be told—is the absorbing story of Dr. A. T. Still. The inception and fruition of this Idea quite naturally occupies several epochs, each of which reveals a distinct psychological motive. These epochs the author has definitely placed and clearly analyzed as the arrangement of this book amply attests.

Starting with Dr. A. T. Still as the Pioneer, the author gives us a clear insight into the factors responsible for the accurate thinking, keen observation and concentration of the man whose life-story we are about to read. These qualities developed in him as a pioneer laid an essential foundation for the tasks yet to be performed.

As a constructive dreamer he availed himself of the vast resources of mental strength within himself, ever the mark of the touch of genius. If too much emphasis appears to have been placed upon that phase of his mentality which was characterized by dreams and visions, the reader need but consider for a moment the wealth of practical experimentation which they inspired.

As the Experimenter, Dr. Still became so by virtue of his indefatigable industry, his patience and his *ceaseless* search for demonstrable truth.

His possession of that rare ability to successfully impart to others the entire essence of the practical applications of his theory of therapeutics distinguishes him as a Teacher.

Finally, his tolerant regard for the opinions, beliefs and faiths of others and his calm reconciliation to death are assuredly the attributes of a Philosopher. EDWARD O. JOHNSTONE, D. O.

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THE OLD DOCTOR

THE OLD DOCTOR

I

THE PIONEER

Upon a hot summer's day in the year 1838 a lad of ten years was assisting his father in the ploughing of a field upon a little frontier farm in northeastern Missouri. For several hours he had been troubled with a severe headache. During the noon hour while the horses were being fed he decided that a few moments of rest in the shade of a tree might bring relief. In looking about for a means to secure comfort, his eye lighted upon the plough line hanging suspended from the limb of a tree. With the ingenuity which was characteristic of the frontier he fashioned this ploughline into a loop suspended between two trees, thus providing a swinging pillow. As he lay upon his back with the pressure of his improvised pillow beneath his neck, he noticed an almost instant relief from his headache. Soon he fell asleep. When he awoke a few moments later he was surprised to find all traces of his headache gone.

Little did the lad, Andrew Taylor Still, realize that in future days this apparently insignificant incident would stand out among the events of his boyhood. At the time he merely noticed that relief followed pressure on the back of the neck. Later he was to find out why.

Andrew was a typical frontier youth, physically strong and accustomed to the hardness of pioneer life. He was the youngest of three brothers and his father was well known in the neighborhood as the Reverend Abram Still, Methodist circuit rider, doctor and millwright. Andrew had seen much of the early West having taken the arduous seven weeks journey across the uninhabited prairie when his father had been "called" from Newmarket, Tennessee, to serve as "missionary" in the sparsely settled region of Northeastern Missouri. He could even remember the log cabin in which he had spent the first six years of his life in Jonesboro, Virginia, and the journey by ox cart from Jonesboro to Newmarket.

He was now, with his brothers, much occupied in carrying on the strenuous duties incident to life upon the little farm. Because of the frequent absences of his father, whose flock was scattered, most of the work of clearing the land and tilling the soil

fell upon Andrew and his older brothers. He accustomed himself to the frugalities of frontier life as he donned the plain homespun garments and partook of the simple diet. The atmosphere of his home life was essentially religious and his intermittent schooling was obtained from such itinerant preacher-teachers as could be induced to remain for a few weeks in the neighborhood. Educational facilities were meager and the sessions of school in the little log schoolhouse were irregular.

As the seasons passed Andrew grew strong and sturdy. His mind became alert and his senses keen as he trod the woodland and climbed the hills in search of game. As his powers of observation increased, the secrets of nature were unfolded before his searching eye. Especially interesting to him was the world of animate things. The small game which fell prey to his gun was examined with curiosity. He dissected the bodies of squirrels and rabbits and examined their minutest structure. He discovered that even the most complex creatures consisted of definite parts which had been skillfully put together and adapted to their particular purposes.

He collected the bones of various animals and tried to figure out in his mind reasons for their size and shape. He looked at the slender legs of the deer trying to discover, if possible, how it was that the nimble creatures were capable of taking such tremendously long, graceful leaps. This was no idle curiosity. There seemed to be something in his mental make-up which demanded answers to his questionings. There was a fascination about living things which was irresistible.

Not only was he an observer of nature but he also delighted in practical mechanics. Among his happiest hours were those spent in the workshop learning to use the tools with which his father fashioned wagons, furniture and the thousand and one things which must be made by hand in a country far removed from the factory. Hours spent in the workshop stirred that inventive genius which was to bear fruit in later years.

Before he realized it, the time approached when he must give thought to the place he should occupy in the affairs of the world. His contacts with the outside world had been few. His pioneer life had made of him a first-hand observer and an independent thinker. He was accustomed to drawing his own conclusions from facts as they appeared to him. He had not learned to think in the

formal grooves which characterised the mentality of those who were taught to revere the authority of bookish knowledge.

As for an actual occupation, there were few from which to choose. His father was millwright, preacher, doctor and, of course, farmer—which was not so much an occupation as a natural state of existence. His mechanical inclination led him to speculate upon the possibilities of becoming a mechanic with his own workshop. But he felt that the day of the jack-of-all-trades was passing. Goods were being manufactured by clattering machinery and, in that sparsely settled country; odd jobs were none too lucrative.

Of course, it would please his devout parents if he were to become an apostle of Methodism. But Andrew had encountered too much worldly chicanery among the self-chosen messengers of God to consider the ministry as a life calling. Already he had begun to see God in Nature and to comprehend dimly the ideas which were to constitute his mature religious belief.

There seemed to be nothing left but to follow the third of his father's occupations and become a doctor. There was something attractive about the life of a doctor. He had accompanied his father upon those little expeditions to log cabins where groaning women lay in the travail of childbirth. He was familiar with the mysterious contents of the little cowhide satchel stocked with powerful drugs which would cause writhing sufferers to fall into a quiet sleep. He had seen blood flow from ugly wounds and had helped to fashion rude splints for broken bones. Yes, he would be a doctor.

But there was no medical college which he could attend. His medical education must be gleaned from practical experience as assistant to his father and by reading such books on medical practice as he could secure. In the meantime he would pursue the occupation of farming and take advantage of such opportunities as arose to acquaint himself with the art of medical practice.

Taking unto himself a wife, he cleared a plot of ground and made a serious effort at fanning. He painstakingly planted sixty acres of corn and with his young wife awaited the harvest. But upon the fourth of July there came a most unpatriotic hailstorm and laid low the field of corn which had been tended with so much hope and expectation.

Apparent disaster may be a blessing in disguise. This mis-

fortune resulted in the Stills leaving the scene of their unproductive labors and journeying to an Indian settlement in eastern Kansas. Here the cholera ridden Indians provided a busy if not lucrative practice. An opportunity was thus provided for the young doctor to add to his practical experience and he felt that his decision to become a doctor had been a wise one.

Then came the first bitter experience of his life. Into his home there reached the devastating hand of Death and removed his wife. Sadly the sorrowing father and his three little ones returned to the home of his parents. But comfort and peace were not to be his. The country had been torn with internal strife and the topic of every discussion was the slavery question. Dr. Still cast his lot with the Abolitionists and because of his outspoken espousal of their cause was chosen by that section of the state to represent them in the first Kansas Legislature.

When war became inevitable and the ninth Kansas Cavalry was organized in 1861, Andrew T. Still was among the volunteers. Presently followed his advancement to the rank of a major. During the war he was appointed to serve on the army medical staff. The high mortality of the army camp epidemics of dysentery and typhoid fever saddened him and he began doubting the efficiency of the existing remedies. The farther he penetrated into the mysteries of medicine the more doubtful and dissatisfied he became. To his many questions as to the cause of various diseases he received but vague answers couched in formidable but meaningless phrases. Slowly but inevitably came the conviction that the drugs used were as deadly as the diseases they sought to abolish.

The war ceased, swords were sheathed and Major Still returned to his family. Again he resumed the practice of medicine.

As he conducted his busy practice his interest began to center upon the problems which he met as he endeavored to treat disease. Vague thoughts began to shape themselves in his mind as he pondered upon this insidious enemy which he must fight in the war that knew no truce. He determined that he would make a study of the human body and find out if possible how disease was brought about and how it might be successfully treated. Drugs he knew had so often failed in the hour of greatest need. Was there not some other way? The question grew more insistent as he pondered the wonder of life and the mystery of death. Still he pondered, mused—and dreamed.

II

THE DREAMER

Once having determined to make a systematic study of disease as to its causes and effects, Still began a search of the available medical literature of the day. He read such books as he could secure but they contained such a confusion of theories that he could get little satisfaction out of them. He continued to administer the usual drugs which were recommended for various ailments for lack of any other treatment which he might apply. But to him the whole system of drug administration seemed wrong in principle. He felt a sense of futility. But what could he do about it? He could not perform miracles nor could he allow his patients to drift along toward the black pit of death and lift no hand to the rescue. There must be, he felt, some form of treatment which would do what he always hoped might be accomplished with his drugs.

His knowledge of medicine was such as he was able to acquire by practical experience and reading. It was the custom in that day for country doctors to receive their professional training after the fashion of a trade apprentice. They "read" medicine as their legal brethren "read" law. Only in the larger communities could be found erudite "experts" who boasted a genuine medical diploma.

Having heard of a new medical college in Kansas City, Still decided that possibly the wise men who taught there might give him a clue to the answer to his perplexing problem. Accordingly, he went to Kansas City in search of wisdom and truth. But the search was unavailing and the experience disappointing. The college was small and ill-kept. His fellow students were a carousing lot who took their medical education lightly. Surgery was practiced without benefit of either anesthesia or asepsis. He encountered here a slavish devotion to meaningless formulae many of which had remained unchanged since their origin in the medieval laboratory of some obscure alchemist. His stay was brief. He had already learned the practical art of medical practice from his father and through his experiences in Indian settlements and army camps.

It became apparent that he must solve his problem alone. Out of his own experience he must devise a mode of practice which would seek to remedy the actual causes of disease rather than merely mask the effects. He returned to his Kansas home that he might continue to work out his problem in his own way. In the midst of this period of perplexity and doubt there occurred an event which was to change the whole course of his life. Out of the sorrow and defeat which lay before him there would emerge a new conception of life which would point the way to his life work.

An epidemic of spinal meningitis cast its blight upon the community of Baldwin, Kansas. A slow and horrible death awaited the victims of this monster which stalked relentlessly through the terror-stricken community, twisting the forms of children into grotesque and hideous shapes. The physicians worked feverishly. Remedy after remedy was tried in the vain attempt to stem the tide of death.

Suddenly the menace appeared in the Still family. The young doctor returned from the bedsides of others to find the eyes of three of his children unnaturally bright with fever. Quickly he examined them for the tell-tale spots which would show that the dread disease had attacked their little bodies. He looked with a cold fear in his heart for those muscular twitchings which would increase in strength until they convulsed the whole body. Now, as never before, he realized how helpless he was. He must stand at the bedside of his own little ones and see the clutching fingers of that dread disease squeeze from their bodies the last gasping breath. He became frantic. He called his colleagues from other bedsides and implored them to fight this demon. He prayed. He cursed the fate which would let his children die. But all in vain.

When the last shuddering convulsion had left each of the little forms forever quiet lie knew the meaning of utter and hopeless defeat. His best efforts had been to no avail. He hated those drugs for their impotency. He hated the whole system of medical practice with its pretensions to knowledge which must bow in defeat to the merciless onslaught of this insidious and diabolical disease. Grief drove every other thought from his mind.

For a time he gave himself over to despair. But in that period of anguish there was born in him a conviction that the world had need of a new conception of therapeutics which would enable man to carry on the fight against disease. He began to realize

that the problem was concerned with elements of life and death. It was not enough to attempt to devise means of covering and disguising the symptoms of disease. The real cause of disease must be found. It must be determined why the machinery of the body broke down.

To the solving of this problem he must devote his life. Some way must be found to enable the body to heal itself. Drugs had failed to meet the test in time of greatest need. Some new method must be worked out in which drugs played no part and which was in accord with the laws of nature. He ventured the suggestion to a few colleagues. But this unorthodox idea was received with uplifted eyebrows and a glance at his head as though by its shape it should betray the insanity which lay within. His theories and explanations were ridiculed. In vain he tried to explain that the body contained its own drug store and that to treat sick patients by giving them whisky and opium was but adding poison to a body already loaded with the poisons of disease.

Among those who listened to his theories was a bright-eyed girl named Mary. Between these two there arose a mutual understanding which ripened into love. Soon there was formed a life partnership which lasted through the troubled years which were to come. A quarter of a century later he paid this tribute to his faithful wife: "For over twenty-five years my wife, Mary E. Still, has given me council, advice, consent and has encouraged me to go on and unfold the truths, laws and principles of life . . . she received all truths and separated them from the doubtful, labeled, numbered and filed away each block and piece that fitted into the great building of man's life."

As he carried on his practice and expressed his half-formed ideas of a new conception of treating disease he received but scant encouragement. He came to be regarded as a fanatic given to dreaming and impractical ideas which he expressed in strange language. But within him was a confidence that among the maze of half-formed ideas which filled his mind would be found the key to the problem. He decided that if he could remove himself from the atmosphere of his skeptical neighbors and associates he might let his mind wander at will.

In order to secure solitude he and his wife moved to a "little prairie home with no teacher but the facts of nature, and no classmates but the badger, coyote, and my faithful mule." Here he

was free to ponder over the questions which beset him. He reread the medical books which he had collected and with his mechanical bent of mind studied the structure of the human body. He tried to picture in his mind the body as a whole and its relation to nature. He thought of God as a great Artificer who had created the world and the creatures which peopled it. Most wonderful of all God's handiwork was the human body which functioned with the smoothness of a perfect machine.

Ah! A machine. That was it. That was the thought which crystalized the vague ideas which had eluded him. With the conception of a machine to guide him he would invent a new and different treatment which would forever abolish drugs. He recalled his invention in previous years of a cradle device to be attached to a mowing machine which was now a standard part of the equipment of the reapers being sold by the Wood Harvesting Machine Co. Also he recalled that butter churn which he had made into a piece of machinery to ease the labor of churning butter with the old back-breaking hand paddle. It was true, to be sure, that no financial success had followed these efforts. The satisfaction was in the working out of the invention itself. Surely, by the application of mechanical laws to the correction of faulty body structure he could devise a practical and useful form of treatment.

With this definite objective in view he resumed his study of the mechanics of the human body. He found that charts and diagrams were helpful but he realized that he should have an actual body with which to work. But there were no well equipped anatomical laboratories to which he could gain access. There were no research funds available for such work as he must do. He decided that he should at least have a human skeleton. But it was no easy task to secure such human remains since most of the skeletons were safely buried with customary pomp and ceremony under six feet of ground in the churchyard. But how about the shallow Indian graves which might be safely pilfered on a moonlight night? From this source he would obtain the necessary bones. We can imagine the enthused doctor, spade in hand, trudging over the fields by the light of the moon on his strange quest. It was but the work of a few moments to expose the mouldering skeletons in their shallow graves. The bones were quickly gathered and taken home in a gunny sack which had been brought for the purpose.

With the bones spread before him he began to reconstruct the framework of the body always with the thought uppermost in his mind that he was putting together a marvelously intricate machine. In his imagination he clothed the bones with flesh and visualized the surge of life-giving fluids as they traveled their appointed courses throughout the body.

He gathered the twenty-six bones of the foot and ankle and assembled them in their proper relationships. He marveled again at the mechanical perfection of that flexible arch which sustained the weight of the body with each step. He fastened the bones together with bits of wire that he might study their relationships as they were moved on one another in executing the various motions of walking. He articulated the bones forming the knee joint and pictured in his mind the completed joint with its muscles and ligaments executing its perfect hinge movement. The hip joint was a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. How cleverly the rounded head of the thigh bone fitted into the cup-shaped depression on the hip bone so that the joint was a true ball and socket union permitting motion through a wide arc and at the same time strong enough to sustain the whole weight of the body.

He examined closely the nearly immovable joints of the pelvis. Of particular interest to him were those large joints by which the wedge shaped sacrum was fitted between the flaring hip bones. The textbooks of anatomy stated that these joints were immovable. But, if so, why were they placed there? He pondered over the problem and came to the decision that the books were wrong. He arose from his bench and, placing his hands upon those joints in his own body; twisted about to see if he could feel the motion which he knew must take place.

But the marvel of the whole structure was the spinal column. Twenty-four little irregularly shaped bones piled on one another like toy blocks! Here was a combination of flexibility and strength to delight the eye of any mechanic. He looked closely at these little bones. They were made according to a definite pattern which varied in certain particulars in different parts of the spine. He saw the projections to which he knew were attached the muscles which moved the body about. The joint surfaces were little flat planes which must slide upon one another with every motion of the spine. Through the center of each of these vertebrae was a hole

through which ran the spinal cord like a huge cable carrying the messages of the brain to the farthest outposts of the body. Then there were the tiny apertures which were formed between each two adjacent vertebrae as corresponding notches were fitted together. He visualized the life-giving nerves as they passed through these tiny openings on their way to destinations in muscles, organs and skin areas.

As he looked at these small apertures which transmitted the important nerve structures an idea occurred to the eager investigator. "If any of these bones of the spinal column were to become disturbed in their relationships the result would be obstruction to the structures passing through these little gateways." He moved the bones on one another and noted the degree to which these openings might be occluded. He wondered if the nerves might be pinched as these openings of the spinal column were thrown out of alignment. He had never encountered such a suggestion in his medical reading but his mechanic's mind could picture the possibility. "Can it be possible," he wondered, "for symptoms of disease to be caused by obstructions to the nerves or blood vessels as they leave the spinal canal?" There was no authority to which he might turn to decide the question. The answer must come from a careful study of the spinal columns of people suffering from various diseases.

We can imagine the eager doctor calling his wife who had probably gone to bed well knowing that it would be late before her husband left his pile of bones. She came, albeit with just a hint of timorousness at the gruesome collection of bones as they leered at her in the flickering lamplight. Together they piled the bones one on the other until there was a loosely articulated spinal column before them. Eagerly he explained how the nerves and blood-vessels emerged through these little holes. Through the remaining hours of the night they theorized and talked of how this mechanical perfection might be impaired through accident or illness. There was already a streak of light along the eastern horizon before the absorbed pair succumbed to sleep.

Day after day he worked with his skeleton. He thought of nothing else than to work out in his mind a mechanical theory which should account for diseases. He sat for hours working upon the elaboration of his idea. When he slept his dreams were always of his mechanical theory and the reform which might be brought

about in medical practice. He decided that his reconstructed theory of disease must be no half-formed hypothesis. It must be a complete philosophy of health which would explain the cause of disease and direct itself toward means for its removal. He would announce to the world that he had discovered the secret by which nature guarded health. He would forever disown drugs and never again would he be guilty of covering his ignorance by the use of poisons whose only effect could be to clog the machinery of the body.

In his dreams he saw his new system of treatment welcomed by the people of the earth who were tired of the worn out medical theories which failed to stand in the presence of serious illness. These visions were very real to him. They were the symbols of his subconscious mentality which was gradually working out his philosophy. Events in his past life assumed a special significance and one occasion in particular became the subject of an unusually vivid dream. It was sheep shearing time in Tennessee. He had set out to capture an ewe and in his eagerness to accomplish the immediate purpose he had been suddenly and in no gentle manner flattened out by the head of an irate ram. Now this ram became a symbol. He called it his "Ram of Reason." As he dreamed the symbolical ram became a spokesman offering sage advice and standing ever ready to charge upon him in carelessness or error.

He tried to explain his new theory to his friends and neighbors but they looked at him with uncomprehending wonder. They had always known him as an inventor given to dreaming, but they could not understand this new theory which he tried to explain. He spoke of a ram and mentioned visions of a new era in medical practice. The populace shook their heads and said that it was too bad that a promising young man like Dr. Still who had been a useful and public spirited citizen of their community should entertain such strange and impious ideas. There was little doubt, probably, that he was a trifle crazy, for did he not have visions of rams and entertain strange ideas of God? If God made the human body—as everyone knew—did he not also create drugs to be used in illness? How else could disease be treated? Did Dr. Still think he was greater than God? To go against drugs was to disregard the experience of man since the days of the Bible. And so the prophet came to be without honor in his own country.

Is it any wonder that the unimaginative farmers and townsfolk of Kansas should receive the recital of his dreams and visions with derision? To them these were the hallucinations of an insane man. We who can see those dreams partially fulfilled must not judge too harshly those critics who saw only a poor, idealistic and unsuccessful doctor who now had "no practice to speak of" and who "talked of uprooting the medical practice of the ages." How could they know that their town would be known as the birthplace of a new school of medicine and that this same Dr. Still would be remembered long after his critics were in their graves?

The skepticism with which Still's announcement was received was not unique. Columbus was bailed as a fanatic because he was a dreamer who said that the earth was round and talked of sailing west until he found land instead of the rim of the world. Galileo was imprisoned for impiety because in looking through his crude telescope he found four moons coursing their way quietly around Jupiter—contrary to ecclesiastical authority. At that very time the truth-loving Darwin was being hailed in England as a black atheist who said that monkeys had become men.

But the unbelief of the multitude could not shake the faith of Still that he had discovered the power which would overcome disease. He dreamed his dreams and listened to his "ram of reason." He became a figure to be ridiculed and was forced to endure with what grace he might that most annoying of all forms of harrassment, the gibes of children encouraged by their elders. He was told that the pious were interceding for the salvation of his soul at the weekly prayer meetings. He asked permission to explain his theories in the denominational Baker University to which he with his brothers had donated a large tract of land. His request was indignantly refused.

Had Dr. Still been a mere dreamer and had not his pioneer life accustomed him to meeting and dealing with difficulties, the discouragements of this period would have put an end to his ambition. But he was not all dreamer. There was the scientist about him which demanded demonstration and proof. Having confidence in the correctness of his theory he saw the necessity of putting it to practical tests. To do this required a practice which would provide him with patients upon which to work out his new ideas in treatment. He must perfect his mechanical treatment by

actual practice and the inhabitants of Baldwin would not trust their bodies to the prying hands of this fanatic.

It became apparent that it would be impossible to get a start in the face of the opposition which prevailed in Baldwin. Dr. Still decided that possibly it would be better to return to that "heathen" country of northeastern Missouri where his father had once been sent as a missionary.

It was with no regret that he contemplated leaving his persecutors behind and returning to the country in which he had spent the days of his youth. Whether or not his new neighbors would listen to his message was a question which experience would answer. No doubt entered his mind as to the correctness of his theory. When opportunity had afforded he had experimented with his patients and had met with gratifying success. He would boldly announce that a new system of healing had been discovered and, as opportunities for practice grew, he would perfect his new technique until he was a skillful mechanic of the human body.

With him would be his wife, loyal and staunch in her belief and faith. Together they would stand against the vexations and bitterness of the world. But there were four children now who must also be taken care of and finances were lacking. Some way would present itself by which they could take this important step for they were fighting side by side for the truth.

The task which lay before him was no easy one. The truths which he had accepted were the result of years of reflection and study. It was difficult to make people understand this philosophy of common sense which was such a radical departure from accepted ideas of medical treatment. They called him a dreamer forgetting that every man who makes a worthwhile contribution to human progress must perforce be a dreamer.

But to merely dream and visualize was not enough. He must become the inventor and experimenter. He must prove by actual demonstration to the satisfaction of all men that his theories were sound and had practical value. He must perfect his mechanical treatment so that all obstructions to the free circulation of the life-giving fluids of the body might be removed. He must learn how to assist nature to the fullest extent possible in the fight with disease. He must master the laws which governed body mechanics so that he could skilfully adjust all structural abnormalities.

With these objectives in mind Dr. Still left behind him the unfavorable surroundings of Baldwin, Kansas, and started for new fields. What lay before him he could but dimly guess. To the solving of his problem he would devote every energy. Behind him he would leave prejudice and error. Before him lay the road to truth. So Still the dreamer became Still the systematic and exacting experimenter—the scientist.

III

THE EXPERIMENTER

In order to appreciate the length of the stride which Dr. Still took and the beginning of the experimental phase of his development we must understand the state of medical practice in rural America in those days.

The idea which he had conceived—that the human body is a machine—was then a radical and startling innovation in medical thinking. The medical practice commonly employed by the country practitioner was a bunglesome process of endeavoring to drive out one unknown poison by administering another of a different sort but of equal potency. Exactly what the poisons were that infested diseased bodies and how they were formed, no one knew. An astonishingly long list of drugs was used constantly—many times with disastrous results. There were purges, emetics, blisters and strange concoctions akin to the contents of a witch's cauldron. Surgery was a bloody business with crude anesthesia and always haunted by the danger of sepsis and gangrene.

Light was just then beginning to dissipate the mists of ignorance which enveloped the practice of medicine in Europe. Lister was working on his theory of antisepsis which would permit surgery to advance by leaps and bounds. Pasteur was patiently working with his microscope and was laying the foundation for a new science of bacteriology. Virchow was delving into dead bodies to learn more of the havoc wrought by disease. Claude Bernard was finding out how the blood circulated and was tracing the intricate pathways of nerve impulses as they coursed to and from the brain.

But of all this Still and his contemporary country practitioners knew nothing. The theories which he had worked out were made independently of any inkling that the same problems were being attacked in Europe. His experiments were planned to meet the requirements of his own practice. He had already denounced current drug practice as wrong in theory and disastrous in application. The theory of treatment which he had worked out in his mind was proving applicable in actual use as he tried it out in the course of his practice.

Because of his isolation he was compelled to follow his search alone. This very circumstance was no doubt an advantage for he was guarded from the danger of being influenced and led astray by contact with more orthodox but shallower minds. There was no one to warn him of danger in his attempt to go against medical authority. Ignoring traditional medical influence he was free to follow wherever his search for truth might lead.

But the typically rural community of Kirksville, Missouri, of that day was not the most auspicious place in which to uproot the whole theory of medical practice and substitute a better one. To the inhabitants Dr. Still was just another doctor in the community. And to make the situation more difficult, his reputation had preceded him and already he was known as "a little queer" and a "dreamer." Moreover he was uncomfortably low in funds and had a large family to support.

Those were dark days. He traveled about the countryside applying his new treatment whenever the opportunity offered. To those who would listen he talked about his theory of treating the body by mechanical methods as one would repair a broken machine. There were times when the temptation was great to abandon his ideal and to revert to those medical practices which would be received without prejudice. He questioned with himself. Was it worth the privation and struggle which he knew lay before him to carry out the ideal which he had set? Would his new treatment be laughed to scorn and be buried under a heap of ridicule? Did he have the right to subject his family to privation for the sake of satisfying an ambition? Again the ever faithful wife gave him courage. "We will stand by you," she bravely announced.

He fitted up a little office in which was a strange piece of equipment. It was a table stoutly built, upholstered with leather and of a size which would permit a person to lie upon it outstretched. Then strange things began to happen in that little office. The adventurous souls who, out of curiosity, tried the new doctor were not asked to show their tongues and wait until a prescription should be written out. Instead they were placed upon this odd looking bench which was none too comfortable. Then began a physical examination such as they had never experienced before. Sensitive fingers were placed upon their backs and each prominence in their spinal columns carefully examined. They were bent this way and twisted that way while those fingers which seem-

ed to have eyes of their own, searched for tender spots. When a sensitive point had been found there was a quick movement accompanied by a wierd popping sound and the tenderness was gone. The treatment didn't last long—possibly five or ten minutes—but it was long enough to those folk who were suspicious of this crazy doctor who pulled and pushed instead of doling out pills and potions.

Anxiously he watched those first patients as lie awaited the reactions which his treatment had set up. But his anxiety was for himself rather than for his theory. He was persuaded that his theory was right. The question was—could he apply this theory to the best effect?

No doubt many of those first patients returned to their homes and took an extra liberal dose of their favorite tonic or bitters. Nor can we blame them over-much for their lack of faith. Nevertheless many of them returned—grateful for relief.

One day there came to him an anxious mother bearing in her arms a child suffering from what was known locally as "bloody flux." Here was a case which would give his new treatment a rigid test. If his theory were correct he should be able to check this overfunctioning bowel by pressure on the lower spinal nerve centers and the diarrhoea should then cease. Again he thought of the swinging pillow with which he had relieved a headache when he was a boy on the farm.

The child was laid upon the rude bench. Carefully those exploring fingers sought out the tender areas and contracted muscles. By gentle manipulation the muscles were gradually relaxed. Pressure was applied gently and steadily in those areas of the spine which his anatomical studies had told him controlled the nerve supply to the colon. The cramping diminished and the rigid abdomen became soft. The child was given back to its waiting mother with instructions for diet and care until another treatment should be given the following day. Anxiously he awaited the return visit. At the appointed hour he looked for the little patient. With a feeling of triumph he saw the little one walking up the path and the smile of the mother told him that he had won.

It did not take many cures of this sort to get the word passed around among the inhabitants that "Doc" Still was curing people of all sorts of diseases by a queer treatment which savored of gymnastics and black magic. It was rumored that he used no

medicines but merely gave what he called a "treatment." Such an idea was absurd on the face of it, of course, but it was generally reported that most of his patients were getting better. It was also reported that Dr. Still was "magnetic" by those who came in contact with him. It was thought likely that his results were due to a sort of "faith healing." He had queer religious ideas, too. He claimed to worship Nature and thought that God and Nature were the same thing.

As for Dr. Still, the success which rewarded his first efforts meant more to him than the beginning of a country practice or the relief from diarrhoea for some of his neighbor's children. It meant that his mechanical treatment was proving itself with practical application. It meant that a rational system of therapeutics must be worked out which could be used in the treatment of all diseases.

He realized that he must continue to study. There were many questions which must be answered. What was the relationship between the flow of blood through the arteries and veins and the normal function of the body? What part did the nerves play in the cause of symptoms? How far could he go in influencing the nerves and blood with his mechanical treatments?

Again he searched the medical books in a vain effort to find answers to these questions. The books had much to say about this and that drug but scarcely a word did they say about the part played by nature in the recovery from disease. They described the structure of the body in great detail but said nothing of the minor structural derangements which he had found so important.

It was apparent that his experimentation must be carried on without assistance. Most medical discoveries were made in stuffy laboratories amid a confusion of glassware and smelly concoctions. He still had the bones which he had dug from the Indian graves in Kansas. As for a laboratory, all he needed was his office and such patients as would submit to his new treatment. The body of each patient would be a laboratory beyond the dreams of the most expensively furnished workshops in Europe. This marvelous laboratory could take good Missouri corn and potatoes and make them into blood corpuscles, muscles, liver, bones and even brain cells. The energy derived from a square meal at the Bee Hive Restaurant might, by the magic of this laboratory, be transformed into muscular power and perhaps even into thoughts and ideas!

Each new patient became an experiment. He studied the posture and movements of the body. He applied leverages and exerted force in different directions as he worked on the bodies of patients over the treating table. He treated patients at every opportunity. He stood them against the wall and rotated their arms. He laid them on their faces and thrust at their backs. He twisted their legs about until he could feel movements in their lower spinal joints. Sometimes the patients objected to this seemingly rough treatment. More often they forgot the twists and thrusts in the realization that their symptoms were gone.

When he was not busy perfecting his technique in the little office he was thinking about another problem which must be solved before his system of treatment should be complete. How did people naturally recover from an acute disease? What made people sometimes get well of their own accord?

On hot midsummer afternoons he might be seen sitting under the shade of a tree surrounded by his bones and some dog-eared textbooks. Those who passed by looked at one another significantly and tapped their heads. "What new outlandish idea was Doc Still concocting now," they wondered. Occasionally a grateful patient would stop for a time and listen with wonder while Dr. Still explained the theory that the blood was the greatest healing power in existence.

The more he thought about the blood the more important it seemed to him. This was the river of life carrying in its current all that the Creator had intended for the maintenance of the body economy. He expressed his idea in the epigrammatic statement which was later to become famous. "The rule of the artery is supreme." It was the blood flowing to the seat of disease which brought about recovery. The most effective treatment, therefore, would be a method whereby the blood could be made to circulate without let or hindrance to the diseased tissues.

If the blood were the means by which disease was overcome, it was reasonable to suppose that a lack of freely circulating blood might be responsible for the beginning of the disease. That was where his mechanical theory of spinal obstructions found its application. He came to the astounding conclusion that his mechanical treatment could be used as effectively for fever diseases as in those chronic conditions which he had cured.

What would be the result of treating a patient who was car-

rying a high fever? With the use of drugs an attempt was made to deaden the nerves and to diminish the overactivity of the body. But was not this excess of activity an effort on the part of the body to overcome the disease? Would not it be a reasonable procedure to attempt a mechanical adjustment of all contracted muscles and locked or displaced spinal joints in order to clear the channels of the nerves and blood vessels for action? If his theory were correct—and he never for a moment doubted that it was—fever was an effort of the body to get more blood to the inflamed part and by its heat burn up the disease.

So Dr. Still awaited an opportunity to apply his principle of mechanics to fever diseases. By a process of reasoning he had arrived unerringly at the same conclusion which was to follow years of patient laboratory work by Ehrlich, Behring, Koch and other famous bacteriologists. He said nothing about side chains, phagocytes, amboceptors, antibodies and the rest of the classified agencies which today comprise the intricate science of immunology. By one clean stroke he cut to the heart of the problem and proceeded to demonstrate with direct evidence that his conclusions were right.

At last the opportunity for which he waited presented itself. He was called one day to the home of a patient who had received benefit at his hands. He found the little daughter of six years lying on the bed burning with fever. The flushed cheeks, the shallow breath coming in short, quick gasps and the muttering of delirium presented to his trained eye the unmistakable picture of the frequently fatal disease—pneumonia.

Here was a chance to put his theory to the test. He knew that pneumonia was a congestion of blood within the lungs and that the circulation became stagnant until the whole lung might become filled with a solid clot. If this circulation of blood in the lungs could be kept active the disease should finally be overcome. In some cases this occurred naturally. Why should some other cases die?

Gently he passed his sensitive hands over the little back and noted the rigid contractions of the muscles along the spine. With gentle motion he began to relax those muscles and to raise the ribs to relieve the tightness of the chest. Here was no pulling and twisting of stubborn joints, no forcible correction of spinal displacements, only the gentle manipulation which was necessary to

restore mobility to the rigid chest. Patiently he worked over the little body until he felt the structures become pliable under his fingers. At length the muttering ceased, the child sighed and fell into a quiet sleep. The heart no longer labored, little drops of perspiration moistened the dry skin and the heat of fever was gone.

At last the tired doctor straightened up. The child who but a half hour before lay gasping and muttering with delirium now, rested in a natural sleep. The anxious parents looked at him with just a little of awe and felt a great joy in their hearts. The doctor felt a thrill of triumph. Once again his theory had passed through the fire of a crucial test—and had emerged victorious.

Other cases of fever diseases followed as news of his success traveled. In some cases the results were less prompt. Sometimes it seemed as if the reaction would never come. But he found that with patience and care his fever cases could be made to respond to his treatment. His mortality rate was practically zero. Cases abandoned by medical physicians were, it seemed, almost snatched from the edge of the grave. He was sure now that his philosophy of health was complete. He began to visualize his new system of therapeutics as a revolutionary and significant reform in medical theory and practice.

The new treatment must have a name. The dominant schools of that day were allopathy and homeopathy. He decided that he would call his own system OSTEOPATHY because of the important part played in his theory by the bones. The word was already in the medical dictionary and meant disease of bone but to Dr. Still and his followers the word assumed a special significance all its own.

The fame of Dr. Still and his new science of osteopathy spread far and wide. Gone now were the days when financial disaster threatened. Gone now were the doubts and fears which had tested his faith. Calls came from distant communities as osteopathy was introduced to an ever increasing number of hopeful patients. His sons, now grown to manhood, were pressed into service.

The new mechanical treatment was becoming known, loved and hated. It was becoming known far beyond the confines of the little city of Kirksville, for the news of miracles travels fast and far. It was loved by those who had been condemned to lifelong illness by the best that medical practice had to offer and who

had been rescued from their plight by this new treatment called osteopathy. It was hated by those jealous guardians of medical tradition whose books said nothing of osteopathy and whose patients were leaving the consulting rooms empty.

If the wise men of medicine heard of Dr. Still and his osteopathy, they considered him of no importance. What could this backwoodsman who had never been to the great universities of the east know of the science of medicine? How could he cure people by rubbing the back? So they discredited such reports as came to their ears and listened for the next announcement from the laboratories of Europe where bewhiskered scientists were learning about germs.

The demands of practice soon began to exceed the physical ability of Dr. Still and his sons to carry on the work which was required of them. The stage of experiment had long been passed. Osteopathy had proven itself a complete system of treatment which might be applied to all diseases. The time was ripe to consider all means by which the science of osteopathy might be made available to the world at large. The time had come to begin teaching this great science to others that they might go out to relieve the sufferings of their fellow men. Dr. Still, the experimenter, must now become Dr. Still, the teacher.

IV THE TEACHER

If, as its enthusiastic founder hoped, osteopathy was to grow and become famous, it was necessary that disciples be gathered together and given instruction in the theory and methods of treating disease according to osteopathic principles. These disciples must be thoroughly instructed in anatomy, physiology and other fundamental studies. They must be shown how to give osteopathic treatment. Their education must be thorough, lest through ignorance they might do damage to their patients in their zeal to benefit.

Dr. Still realized that by the founding of a school in which osteopathic physicians might be trained it would be possible to spread the gospel of the new science far and wide. He even permitted himself to visualize the ever broadening influence of the science he had created. He saw in his mind's eye armies of enthusiastic followers marching forward to a glorious victory over disease and death.

But the days of dreaming were past. Some provision must be made for the actual establishment of a school. This was no simple problem. The time and attention necessary for the founding of an institution could hardly be spared from the full days of his busy practice. The organization of a proper curriculum was no simple matter in itself and the teaching of students who were ignorant of the first principles of anatomy and physiology would require both time and patience. It was apparent that assistance must be secured in order to carry his plans into execution. As if in answer to his wish, assistance came from an unexpected quarter.

A certain Dr. Smith, late of Edinburgh, Scotland, was traveling through the State of Missouri selling surgical supplies. He was a man of erudition and enjoyed the advantages of a thorough medical training, notwithstanding his temporary occupation as a vendor of surgical instruments. He had studied anatomy under the famous Cunningham of Edinburgh University and was thoroughly versed in current medical theory and practice.

As he traveled about the state accounts of Dr. Still and his new method of treating disease reached his ears. He was told of

marvelous cures reputed to have been brought about by this Dr. Still who called his new system of therapeutics osteopathy. He became interested. He decided that he would call upon Dr. Still when he should reach Kirksville and would look into this alleged new science of healing.

No sooner had he reached the little town and made a few discreet inquiries than he made the anticipated call. He found Dr. Still resting in the shade of the trees in his yard and was invited to "set" and state his business. He asked questions about osteopathy and the theory of the new treatment. He tried by sophistry to trick the doctor into unguarded statements which would betray an ignorance of medical science. But the answers to his questions were evidence of such clear and direct thinking that the visitor was amazed.

"You have discovered that for which all philosophers have sought for two thousand years and have failed to find!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Dr. Smith. He assured Dr. Still that as a student of medical science he was convinced that in osteopathy had at last been found the answer to the problem of treating disease without the use of drugs. He listened attentively as the quaintly expressed philosophy of Dr. Still was poured into his receptive ears. The afternoon waned and Dr. Smith asked to return that evening for further discussion.

When they met again Dr. Still confided to his newly discovered friend his plans for opening a school and the difficulties which confronted him. Dr. Smith expressed a desire to assist in any way possible in carrying out the plans which had been suggested. As a result it was decided that the former student of Cunningham should teach anatomy in the proposed school in exchange for practical instruction in osteopathic technique and principles. Together they would open the school with Dr. Smith giving the necessary instruction in the fundamental subjects and Dr. Still imparting the theory and practice of osteopathy.

Plans went briskly forward. A small building was erected to serve as a schoolroom. Word went out to the community that Dr. Still with the assistance of a trained anatomist from Europe was about to start a class in osteopathy. A charter was secured giving the institution legal recognition and the first class was matriculated. Aside from the sons and daughter of Dr. Still who wished instruction in anatomy there were ten members of the first class.

They began their instruction in the fall of 1892 meeting in the tiny "college" and receiving instruction from the "faculty."

Diligently those first students perused "Gray's Anatomy." They studied the skeleton which had been provided by the new professor of anatomy. Eagerly they listened to Dr. Still as he pictured for them the body as a machine. He made them realize that the body must be regarded from the mechanical viewpoint and that it must be studied as a whole rather than as a mere collection of unrelated parts. When they had learned something of the structure of the body from the skeleton and with the aid of their books on anatomy he introduced them to the actual living body. Under his guiding hand they learned the feel of the human tissues as they examined their "clinic" patients. Gradually they trained their fingers to feel the slight spinal irregularities which they came to know as "osteopathic lesions." Under the guiding hand of the master they learned how to apply leverages to the human body as they attempted to correct the derangements of the body structure.

After two years of study it was considered by the "faculty" that they might safely go out for themselves and try their wings. Their instruction had been as thorough as was usual with medical graduates of the time and in addition they possessed a means of treatment which was far more effective than anything which the most advanced medical student could obtain. But they had learned more than the mere art of osteopathic technique. They had caught something of the fire and zeal of their teacher. They were thoroughly imbued with the idea that the secret of successfully treating disease of whatever nature lay in the correction of faulty body structure.

The activities of Dr. Still had been observed. The news of the establishment of the school was not greeted with applause by the local medical fraternity. They saw in this movement a menace to their professional security. They anathematized Dr. Still and his "college" which was turning out "Doctors of Osteopathy." They branded the new doctors as "quacks" and charlatans. But others, too, were watching the rise of osteopathy. Influential citizens throughout the state were in sympathy with Dr. Still. That he had devised a treatment which was successful in actual practice was guarantee enough for them that osteopathy was entitled to official recognition. When a new charter was asked for

the continuance of the osteopathic school these friends rallied to the support of Dr. Still.

In spite of spirited efforts by opponents, the new charter was granted in 1894 and provided for the establishment of a "College of Osteopathy the design of which is to improve our present system of surgery, obstetrics, and treatment of diseases generally . . . to impart information to the medical profession . . . and to confer such honors and degrees as are usually granted and conferred by reputable medical colleges "

With the granting of this charter the growth of osteopathy took on an added impetus. New students clamored for admission into the American School of Osteopathy. Patients flocked to the new center of healing. Kirksville became a Mecca for the lame, the halt and the blind. The streets of the little town became cluttered with wheel chairs. Everyone talked of osteopathy and the wonderful cures of Dr. Still. Patients who came for treatment remained to become students of the new therapy. Each new class which enrolled in the school was larger than the preceding until, in 1898, there were two hundred freshmen students entering upon a two year course of study. It became necessary to erect a large building to serve as school and infirmary in order to accommodate the throngs of students and patients.

All of this feverish activity was dominated by the personality of the omnipresent Dr. Still. He was everywhere. He appeared at unexpected times in various class rooms to be sure that no heretical teaching was being fostered by some new professor whose medical training might cause him to misinterpret the less familiar viewpoint of osteopathy. He lectured to the students and visited the treating rooms and guided the hands of eager students who were learning the feel of the body structure. He treated the many patients who had come from far and near to receive his professional attention.

As he became a public figure, various mannerisms of behavior and dress became apparent. His tall spare frame was still carelessly garbed in the rough garments of his frontier days. Although physically active, he carried about with him a long staff which became emblematic of the shepherd guiding his flock. He still clung to the comfortable Missouri leathern boots. On state occasions he would deign to wear the dignified Prince Albert coat

but it must needs be a grand occasion indeed which would persuade him to add the superfluity of a necktie.

His attitude toward his students was paternal. He delighted in the salutation "Pap Still" and was always free with words of sound advice for his "boys" and "girls" as he fondly called his students. Because of this informal and intimate relationship he was able to instill into the minds of his followers the fundamental concepts upon which he had built his system of osteopathy.

To the public he was ever ready to explain his theories of osteopathy and frequently gave public lectures in Memorial Hall. In these lectures he explained to his hearers in simple direct language the principles upon which his science of osteopathy was built. He told stories of his early struggles and recounted the steps by which he had reached his final conclusions.

He illustrated his arguments with involved allegories couched in Biblical language. His expression was nevertheless forceful; and, by the very logic of his reasoning, he was convincing. He told of cures which had been brought about through his efforts and by illustrative cases of various diseases endeavored to explain how the principles of osteopathy were applicable to all curable conditions. Many times he entered the realms of philosophy and gave some inkling of his religious conceptions. He was fond of metaphorical expression and frequent figures of speech in which osteopathy became an army with its officers and privates. He denounced drugs but always refrained from futile and blustering abuse of the medical profession. These lectures were always well attended and carried an air of informality which was a delight.

Twice each year graduation exercises were held at the college and the degree D. O. was conferred upon those who had completed the prescribed course of study. The new osteopaths, armed with diplomas and having received "Pap Still's" blessing, ventured forth to carry the light of osteopathy to the far ends of the earth. As each new D. O. opened his office and displayed his shingle with the legend OSTEOPATH printed plainly in large letters he missed the encouraging contact of the "Old Doctor."

Each of these new graduates was in a sense a pioneer. In each community the new osteopath was put to a stern test. The people were unfamiliar with this strange therapy which looked with disfavor on drugs and resorted to methods which appeared to be a

form of glorified massage. The family doctor was sincerely skeptical of these apparently unscientific and "probably dangerous" osteopathic treatments. But there were always those people who had become discouraged after a futile search for relief who would try the new doctor. As these people began to receive relief from ailments which had resisted former attempts on the part of "regular medicine" they became converts to osteopathy.

The osteopaths themselves spurred on by the inspiration of hours spent at the feet of the Old Doctor treated their patients according to the principles which they had been taught. As they met with success their confidence increased. They became influential citizens of their respective communities and won the gratitude of their patients and the grudging respect of their medical competitors.

As the years passed the science of osteopathy began to develop the elements of permanency. Within ten years of the graduation of the first class there was hardly a town of any importance in the United States which did not list among its doctors one or more osteopathic physicians. Other schools were founded and added their graduates to the growing profession. Legal recognition was secured in the majority of states giving the new practitioners full protection as licensed physicians. In many instances much opposition was encountered from medical politicians but the testimony of influential laymen compelled recognition.

The institution at Kirksville continued to develop. The course of training became rounded out by the addition of such accessory scientific subjects as seemed advisable in the interests of higher educational standards. Soon the course of training was as complete as that received in the best medical institutions of the day. The faculty was enlarged and laboratories were equipped with the latest paraphernalia for scientific instruction. But with the addition of purely scientific studies to the curriculum the importance of the osteopathic viewpoint of disease was not forgotten.

Meanwhile medical science itself had been making significant advances. The work of Pasteur, Lister and Bernard had borne fruit. The nature of disease was more clearly understood. Old time empirical drug methods were falling into disuse. The practices which had driven Dr. Still to discover a new method of treating disease were now being abandoned by medical practitioners themselves. In their place was arising methods of preventive

medicine, modern asptic surgery and serum therapy. Drugs were still used but no longer as agents which possessed any curative value in themselves. The principle of the self-curing ability of the human body which had been announced by Dr. Still forty years before was just now being proven in the laboratory. As for the mechanical conception of the body upon which Dr. Still had built his osteopathic therapy, the medical scientists refused to recognize its place in the treatment of disease. Osteopathy still remained unique in its methods and continued to maintain its supremacy as a practical and effective method of treatment.

Gradually the infirmities of old age began to dim the eyes and hoarsen the voice of the Old Doctor. He spent fewer hours each day in the active work of the class room and clinic and sat for longer periods on his comfortable front porch where he could gaze upon the activities of the institution which he had built. As he took occasional trips to the class rooms and laboratories he saw his students manipulating strange chemical apparatus and peering through microscopes at microbes such as no one had ever seen when he began the study of his beloved osteopathy. His students were learning about the new science of immunity from books which explained in scientific detail the very theory which he had crudely expressed years before. He learned of a new antitoxin treatment for diphtheria which it was said reduced the mortality of that disease to a point below any which had been achieved by drugs. He smiled as he recalled his own experience in applying osteopathic treatment for that very disease. Had not he and his sons treated whole epidemics of diphtheria with a mortality rate lower than that reported by the serum enthusiasts? Why, he wondered, must these learned scientists go to the bother of tinkering with guinea pigs, sheep and horses to manufacture an artificial serum when he had demonstrated that the blood itself could be depended upon to make its own serum by the administration of a few well-timed osteopathic treatments?

To him the discoveries of the bacteriologists were but a confirmation of his own theories worked out during a period of forty years of study and practice. They served but to strengthen the position of osteopathy by explaining in a truly scientific way the results which had always followed his treatment. He was content. His dreams had come true.

In leisure hours now at his command he wrote an account of

his life and two textbooks on osteopathy. These were not highly technical scientific reports but were simple direct explanations of his theory. But osteopathy as he conceived it was too vast in its scope and too profound in its conception to lend itself to common expression. The author employed the metaphorical language he had used in his lectures. He used terms which were unfamiliar to those who were accustomed to peruse the contributions of scientific medical investigators. So while the books written by Dr. Still were an inspiration to his students who were accustomed to his method of expression, they failed to impress the professors of therapeutics in medical institutions. Only by understanding the man who wrote them could the true value of the works be comprehended.

As the visits to the school became less frequent because of physical disability the Old Doctor remained within the home "on the hill" where he could receive the visits of admirers and friends. The burden of continuing the development of the new profession must fall upon younger and stronger shoulders. Osteopathy, child of his brain, had grown and waxed strong. Henceforth it must survive by virtue of its own inherent truth.

And so the Old Doctor, who had been pioneer, experimenter, and teacher withdrew unto himself and became the philosopher.

V THE PHILOSOPHER

Time in its passing had laid but gentle hands upon the Old Doctor. He had seen more than eighty summers and winters pass. The stalwart body that had carried him across the plains as a boy and had permitted him as a youth to withstand the bitter toil of the pioneer farmer was still erect and active. Age had not more than tinted hair and beard with silver and had left unimpaired the brilliant mind which had brought him fame and success.

To those who came to listen he expounded the philosophy which had guided him along the road which he had traveled. He recorded many of his thoughts as he made the final revision of his autobiography. In these writings we may find the record of his distinctive yet profound appreciation of nature and man's part in the grand scheme of things. In his own peculiar way he voiced many sentiments which mark him as an original and deep thinker. It is in this philosophy that we may see the foundation upon which he erected his system of healing. In it, too, we may see the peculiar mental qualities which enabled him to anticipate some of the greatest discoveries of modern medical science with demonstrable theories of his own.

The heart of his philosophy lay in his view of nature as a whole. Like Spencer he begins by recognizing the limits of human comprehension. "The first discovery I made was this: that every single individual stroke of God came to me as the unknowable . . . The stroke of death—what do I know about this? I know nothing, therefore it is (to me) unknowable." As he viewed death so did he regard life, love and human aspiration. All of these were to him vast mysteries. Using reason as a guide he saw the necessity of forming a conception of God. Disregarding conventional ideas of creed and dogma he expressed his idea of God thus: "I saw by the force of reason that the word 'God' signified perfection in all things and all places. I began to investigate with the microscope of mind to prove that the perfection of Deity can be demonstrated in his works."

He found God in nature and expressed his reverence by a worshipful regard for Nature's manifestations. The formal rit-

uals of sectarian belief seemed to him narrow, selfish and trite conceptions. In Nature God was omnipotent and omnipresent. It was natural that he should be accused of atheism but to such charges he pleaded not guilty. "An observation upon our surroundings of budding trees, growing grass and opening flowers too plainly tells us that Intelligence guides, directs and controls this wonderful creation of all animate and inanimate things. Deity, the greatest of all creators, made this mighty universe with such exactness, beauty and harmony that no mechanical ingenuity possessed by man can equal the mechanism of that first great creation. Philosophy, astronomy, botany, zoology, anatomy and all natural sciences reveal to man these higher, nobler and grander laws and their absolute perfection. Viewed through the most powerful microscope no defects can be found in the works of Deity."

To him the human body was the masterpiece of all creation. The innate perfection of the human machine was the fundamental premise upon which he constructed his philosophy of health. "We see in man as we comprehend it the attributes of Deity . . . We see the result of the action of mind, therefore a representation of the Mind of all minds.... Do you find any principle in heaven, on earth, in mind, in matter or motion that is not represented by kind and quality in man's make-up?" Osteopathy to Dr. Still was not a mere empirical method of treating disease it was rather a necessary outcome of his philosophical reflections.

Years of meditation and study had been devoted to establishing in his own mind the relationship between man and Nature. Since the human body represented the most perfect of all creations the conclusion was inevitable that it must be self sustaining. "I believe that I can trust the principles that are found in the human body. I find what is necessary for the health, comfort and happiness of man, the passions and all else. We find all the machinery, qualities and principles that the Architect intended to be in man. Therefore let me work with that body from the brain to the feet. It is finished work and trustworthy in all its parts."

Having laid the broad foundation of mechanical perfection for the body it was but a step to the conclusion that the human body must contain within itself the remedy for disease. Thus he arrived at the first of the two great laws of health that the body is self sustaining and self healing. The second law was a natural corol-

lary of the first, that disturbed function must result from impaired structure. Since the normal human body was a perfect machine with all parts working in mechanical harmony, disease must result from any disturbance of the body mechanism.

To him disease of whatever kind was the inevitable result of structural abnormality. Symptoms were but the end result of improper function. Every symptom and every disease-ridden tissue were the result of definite causes which had disturbed the body machinery. In this conception of pathology he included all abnormal conditions which the physician must treat. "If the supply channels of the body be obstructed and the life giving currents do not reach their destination full freighted with health corpuscles, then disease sets in. "

The full significance of this recognition of the importance of the blood in maintaining a healthy condition of the body can only be appreciated by considering the work of those scientists who developed the modern science of immunity. Metchnikoff discovered the role played by the white corpuscles of the blood or "phagocytes" in the natural defense of the body against infection. Ehrlich by a series of remarkable experiments demonstrated the manner in which "antibodies" are formed in the blood of a person with an infection. Years before the work of these men and their followers Dr. Still had said "The rule of the artery is supreme." Without knowing anything of the mechanism by which the blood of an infected person is made immune he had reasoned that some such mechanism must exist. The very perfection of nature demanded that it must be so.

The elaboration of a method of treatment naturally followed these philosophical conceptions. It was necessary but to make a detailed study of diseased human bodies in order to discover where the structural fault might lie. The practice of osteopathy consisted in measures to remove and correct all such abnormalities wherever they might be found. What form the disease might take and what name should be given it were matters of minor importance. The all-important thing was to learn the location and nature of the "obstruction" which was causing it. That most of these obstructions were found along the spinal column was but an incidental discovery in the course of his investigations. Osteopathy was not a mere "spinal treatment." It was not a "method of treatment" at all. It was a principle upon which all treatment

might be based. It was a new and advantageous viewpoint from which to regard all disease and from which to direct all treatment.

Those who called upon the venerable Dr. Still and listened to the words which he spoke realized that they were in the presence of a true philosopher. If they were familiar with the recent advances in medical science they could appreciate how thoroughly Dr. Still had worked out in his own mind the answers to the problems which were at last being partially solved in the European laboratories.

That the medical world paid little heed to the medical philosopher who had founded osteopathy troubled him not at all. The fruit of his labor was before him. Osteopathy had withstood the storms and stress of its early existence. It had proven itself as a useful contribution to the healing art. The world might be slow in recognizing its true worth but nothing could invalidate the principles upon which it stood. He could look back upon the trail which he had followed and experience again the struggles and triumph. He could dream not of struggles which lay ahead but of victories which had been won. As he lay down to rest he could feel secure in the faith that the "God who demonstrates all his work" would solve the last great problem which remained.

VI THE TRIBUTE

It is mid-afternoon. The rays of the western sun cast a subdued light over the expansive living room of the mansion "on the hill." In this room the Old Doctor has spent many days since the feebleness of advanced years have made physical exertion impossible. Here he has talked with friends and recalled days past when osteopathy was as yet a dream to be fulfilled. In the center of the room is the rough table upon which the first experimental osteopathic treatments were given. Lying upon this table rests the Old Doctor wearied with the weight of years. He looks about him at the mementoes, scattered about the room, which have been sent to him from admirers from the ends of the earth. He looks at the elderly woman who has been his companion for several months and smiles. "I will sleep for a few moments," he announces in a voice of weariness. He closes his eyes.

As he sleeps there comes to him in a dream a vision of the past. Once more he is the barefoot boy upon the frontier farm. He is lying upon the ground with a pillow fashioned from a plough-line beneath his neck. The scene changes. He is again at the medical college at Kansas City and before him is an interminable list of drugs and remedies. Then there is heard the din of battle, the crying of the wounded and there appears to him the spectacle of war. A black cloud appears to envelop the scene. Dimly through the black vapor he sees the bodies of his children torn asunder by a grinning monster who leers at him. Triumphantlly the specter of death laughs and, with a bottle of medicine held mockingly in outstretched bony fingers, vanishes into the cloud.

Echoes of that laughter still ring in his ears as he sees before him the little college in Baldwin with doors closed and placarded by a huge sign which says, STAY OUT. There comes before his vision the face of a woman. It is a face lined with care but from those eyes there gleams the light of faith and love. Then there emerges a picture of the little office with its rough treating table—again he sees the faces of those first patients who came to him to seek relief. Then there appears before him the tiny school room with the first class gathered around the little table. He hears

again the booming voice of Dr. Smith as he stands before the class and describes the complicated structure of the body. The outline of the little structure seems to merge into that of a larger building into which a great crowd of people seems to be passing. They are asking for the Old Doctor. He greets them and is borne aloft on their shoulders to Memorial Hall. He stands before them and tells them of The River of Life. Gradually the vision fades leaving nothing but the picture of this silent river flowing steadily on. He feels himself floating along this stream and just ahead is a bend beyond which he cannot see. In the sky above him there appears the vision of a ram. It is the Ram of Reason. The voice of the ram seems to come to him clearly. "Fear not, for this river has no end. Yonder bend is but a deception. Beyond it may lie vistas such as you have never seen. "Gradually the current wafts him gently toward the mysterious bend in the river.

The silence of the quiet room where the Old Doctor lies sleeping is broken by excited voices. The Old Doctor awakes and, rubbing his eyes, looks about him. Beside him are his daughter, granddaughter and two sons. Friends of former days are there. Suddenly he remembers. This is the day of the unveiling of the statue of himself which has been raised by admiring friends.

Slowly he makes his way to the front porch where he has spent so many contented hours. Spread before him are the grounds and buildings of the institution which was the outgrowth of his mind. Massed in a swaying multitude are friends by the thousand who have come to do him honor. Before one of the buildings of the institution there is reared the shrouded form of a bronze statue moulded in the figure of the Old Doctor. It is the work of an artist who has caught something of the spirit, of the man and his great gift to mankind.

Eulogies are delivered with silver tongues of oratory while the expectant multitude awaits the lifting of the veil which shall reveal the symbol of a work well done. The smiling granddaughter of the Old Doctor pulls a cord and a mighty cheer arises as the likeness of the Old Doctor stands revealed. There is the broad-brimmed hat, the collarless shirt, the high boots and the guiding staff. With a feeling almost of reverence every eye is turned to the silent figure on the porch. He raises his hand and gives them his blessing. . .

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Wearily, but with triumph in his heart, the Old Doctor returns to the table in the quiet living room. The voices of the multitude fade away. Again he lies with closed lids. "Again he feels himself on the river of his dreams being gently but inevitably carried toward that bend in the stream beyond which he cannot see.

THE END

[IMAGE]

[IMAGE]