

# Journal of Osteopathy.

The Object and Aim of Osteopathy Is to Improve and Advance Our Present Systems of Surgery, Obstetrics and Treatment of General Diseases to a More Satisfactory Position Than They Now Hold.

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DR. A. T. STILL.

## OSTEOPATHY DEFINED BY A. T. STILL.

It matters little at what point I commence my talk to you, for the subject of life has no beginning and is equally interesting at all points. I see this morning many strangers, strangers who have come to headquarters to learn something of this science which bears a new and unfamiliar name. You wish to know if its discoverer is possessed of intelligence and if the science itself has merit.

You wonder what Osteopathy is; you look in the medical dictionary and find as its definition, bone disease.

That is a grave mistake. It is compounded of the two words, Osteon, meaning bone, Pathos—Pathine, to suffer. Greek lexicographers say it is a proper name for a science founded on a knowledge of bones. So instead of bone disease it really means bone usage.

The human body is a machine run by the unseen force called life, and that it may be run harmoniously it is necessary that there be liberty of blood, nerves and arteries from generating point to destination.

Suppose in far distant California there is a colony of people dependent upon your coming in person with

a load of produce to keep them from starvation. You load your car with everything necessary to sustain life and start off in the right direction. So far, so good. But in case you are side-tracked somewhere so long that on reaching the desired point your stock of provisions is in no fit state to be consumed, if complete starvation is not the result at least your friends will be but poorly nourished.

So if the supply channels of the body be obstructed, and the life giving currents do not reach their destination full freighted then disease sets in.

What does an M. D. do in such a case? As a darkey would force a disabled mule to carry him by applying the whip, so a doctor of medicine attempts to use the whips of quinine and other stimulants to drive the blood through the body. By too severe an application of the morphine whip sometimes life is driven into death.

Under like circumstances an Osteopath would remove the obstruction by application of the unerring laws of his science, and ability for doing the necessary work would follow. As a horse needs strength instead of the spur to enable him to carry a heavy load. So a man needs the

freedom of all parts of the machinery power that comes from the perfect of his body in order to accomplish the highest work of which he is capable. After the heart receives the blood it sends it on to the brain to take on knowledge.

When you look at a skull you think "What a large cavity; what a quantity of brains I must have!" They say Webster had almost a half bushel. In the center of the brain is the corpus colosium looking like a half moon or a small stomach and here it is that mentality dwells. Of the contents of the skull one ounce is used for thought, the remainder generates power for nerves.

God would not be idiotic enough to send the blood to the brain for wisdom and fail to have a supply there. His intelligence is immeasurable and there is every evidence that mind is imparted to the corpuscles of the blood before it does its work.

Every corpuscle goes like a man in the army with full instructions where to go and with unerring precision it does its work whether it be in the formation of a hair or the throwing of a spot of delicate tinging at certain distances on a peacock's back.

God does not find it necessary to make one of these spots of beauty at a time, he simply endows the corpuscles with mind and in obedience to His law each one of these soldiers of life goes like a man in the army with full instructions as to the duty he is to perform. It travels its beaten line without interfering with the work of others. Now you say I am going to get God into trouble by making a statement claiming that each one of the five million corpuscles contained in a single drop of blood knows just what is expected of it. Is this blasphemy? No. As the troops of Gen. Cook obey his commands unflinchingly so God's infantry imbued by him with mentality go forth to fulfill their appointed mission in unswerving obedience.

You dare not assert that the Deity is inferior in power to a man of His own creation.

While speaking of the army let me say that I served as a surgeon under Fremont and I know what I am talking about when I say that a surgeon's outfit was complete when it contained calomel, quinine, whiskey, opium, rags and a knife. And if a patient had one foot in the grave and a half pint of whiskey in a bottle the doctor would work as hard to get the whiskey out of the bottle as to keep the foot from the grave.

Medical men administer old bourbon innocently for the sake of stimulating the stomach and as a result in the course of time many a man finds himself a drunkard in the ditch. It is the system which is wrong. As a child follows the advise of its mother so the medical student heeds the teachings of his Alma Mater.

From her walls he goes out instructed to give so many drops of a certain liquid to excite the nerves and so many drops of another liquid to quiet them. And so all the way through his path is laid out.

If after diagnosing, prognosing and prescribing the patient goes down, then wine and whiskey are administered to aid in rallying the weakened life forces.

If a council of the same school is called his course is commended. In just this manner the love of strong drink is instilled in many men and I tell you that if our national curse of drunkenness continues for a period of five hundred years God will have to send people in a balloon to repopulate the earth which will have degenerated under the influence of whiskey from a world of beauty to a bald knob.

My father was a progressive farmer and was always ready to lay aside an old plow if he could replace it with one better constructed for its work. All through life I have ever been ready to buy a better plow.

So when I found a way out of the big drunk of ignorance and superstition into which we were born—the belief that God was a poor mechanic and needed the help of medicine—then I was ready to walk in the more enlightened path. I fully realize how tough the old way was when I remember how they used to hold my nose and spank me to get to administer a dose of castor oil. Then they ask God to bless the means used for my recovery and I suppose this petition included both dose and blister.

Osteopathy does not look on man as a criminal before God to be puked and made sick and crazy.

It is a science that analyzes man and finds that he partakes of Divine intelligence. It acquaints itself with all his attributes and if the student of it does his work well and goes out with his brain full of its teachings instead of his pocket full of cardamom seed he will find by results that its principle is unerring.

God manifests himself in matter, motion and mind. Study well his manifestations! A. T. STILL.



Journal of Osteopathy.

A MESSAGE.

"Dear Pa, write for me I 'died' loving all,  
I am not dead, no not at all,  
I am now in a class of Opteology—  
We ask the grand 'Why?' without apol-  
ogy.  
Law is not the outgrowth of God;  
It is Nature and is great and good.  
FRED."

This message brief, yet beautiful and  
grand,  
Hath come to us from one beloved by  
all,  
He caught the far-off music of the Spheres  
And passed, for aye, beyond all earth-  
ly thrall.

How true the tender words, "I am not  
dead!"  
There is no death. His soul so won-  
drous, rare,  
Hath burst beyond the body's tiresome  
bounds  
As from its casket slips a jewel fair.

His spirit, clothed with potent majesty,  
Hath winged its flight to golden Sum-  
mer Lands,  
And knows not time nor space. A mes-  
senger  
Of good he is from the eternal strands,  
For lo, unto the Infinite 'tis but  
A step from flaming Southern Cross  
afar,  
Through all the brilliant worlds of Milky  
Way,  
To Boreal light and fiery Northern  
Star.

And so he comes again with loving word  
To one most dear; and all the quivering  
air  
Is full of a sweet Presence. Soul with  
soul  
Doth converse hold, more hallowing  
than prayer.

He tells of mental growth in lands be-  
yond;  
Of how the eager spirit-questions trend  
Upon the wondrous "Why?" The great  
First Cause,  
The summit of all Truth, their jour-  
ney's end.

His radiant eyes, grown clearer over  
there,  
Illumined by the glorious higher light  
See law, not as the outgrowth of our God,  
But resting back of all in Nature's  
might.

The law that holds Arcturus to his track,  
And guides Orion in his circling sweep,  
Gives birth to the tornadoes' deadly  
wrath  
And plants the tides in bosom of the  
deep.

Law paints the rainbow in the summer  
sky,  
It drives the storm-clouds through the  
darkling blue,  
Perfects the golden heads of waving  
grain  
And decks the emerald grass with drops  
of dew.

Law makes the lily's cup of waxen white  
And burns the rose's breast with drops  
like blood:  
This law no fiat is of man or God—  
'Tis born of Nature's heart and it is  
good.

The downward fall of leaf in autumn  
time,  
The shifting shore of yellow wave-  
kissed sand,  
The changing Seasons are alike con-  
trolled  
By Nature's law, immutable and grand.  
And e'en the law, "Thou shalt" or "Thou  
shalt not,"  
Takes root more deep than in a Be-  
ing's will,

If it be broke, though none accuse, a  
man  
Will stand condemned by self a culprit  
still.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, royal heart that throbbed with love  
for all!  
Oh, tender lips! Oh, eager, winsome  
eyes!  
Oh, helpful hands and willing feet that  
strayed  
Back once again to earth from Paradise  
To bring this precious thought! Could'st  
thou but stay  
And close within thy father's arms  
take rest,  
The while his soul drank deep its fill of  
joy  
From thine own soul as thou lay on his  
breast!

This may not be, for Heaven would miss  
a star  
So bright and pure But may thy  
spirit-voice  
Speak unto him and cheer the passing  
days  
Until in Life he doth with thee rejoice.  
TEDDIE.

Through all the darksome  
night I lay enchained by slumbers  
thrall but with the first faint  
flushing of the dewy morn I rose  
and wandered forth

All nature seemed to wait in  
hushed expectancy. With iron  
hand of will I barred the gate of  
memory, shut out the past with  
all its old ideas. My soul took  
on receptive attitude, my ear was  
tuned to Nature's rhythmic har-  
mony. Afar o'er billows of the  
briny deep I saw faint shafts of  
light arise enriching with a rosy  
tint the pallor of the dawn. I  
saw the red disc of the sun peep  
forth then spring, full orb'd and  
fiery, from nights embrace and  
kiss the world to waking beauty.  
My spirit was o'erwhelmed with  
the immeasurable magnitude of  
the Deific plan on which the uni-  
verse is constructed. Standing  
on the border land where waves  
from fancy's sea break on the  
shores of fact I saw with mental  
orb a beauteous vision in the sky.  
With pen of truth dipped boldly  
in imagination's ruddy ink I  
paint the picture as it came to  
me. High up in heaven's em-  
pyrean dome of blue I saw great  
Sirius, central sun of stillness  
reign and marshall all his starry  
host with skill. And as they  
wheeled and counter wheeled in  
air I saw among those myriad  
worlds a family circle all com-  
plete that seemed to dwell apart.  
This was our Solar System with  
its members fair. Although this  
group doth dwell in isolation the  
union between its members is so  
perfect that the slightest shock  
to one doth jar with harsh discord  
on each sister planet. The central  
figure of the group, mother sun,  
illumines space with her effulgent  
rays and lights the pathway of  
numerous children and grand  
children, too. She is a matchless  
mother and guides her children  
well, each one of them is polished  
to the highest point of perfection

known to skill, born without  
flaw, obeys willingly, hears every  
call, performs every part assign-  
ed it in the grand plan which the  
mother has on constant exhibi-  
tion.

Small mercury dwells close unto  
her mother's side as if she feared  
to wander far away lest she be  
lost in fields of space. She is ar-  
rayed in robe of vivid white with-  
out a spot to mar its purity.  
Venus, fair star that decks the  
morning sky and lights the even-  
ing's dusky breast, is the most  
brilliant of all the daughters of  
thesun. She glows with con-  
scious beauty and even dares to  
cast a shadow on the earth. She  
brings no child to gladden her  
mother's heart and help increase  
the starry progeny. The eldest  
child of all, Mrs. Uranus, is gUIL-  
ty of no such short coming. Al-  
though further removed she is  
never from under the watch care  
of the parental eye and brings  
the grand children in full view of  
old grandmother every few hours.  
days, months or years. Her  
family is well regulated and their  
movements always on time. I  
saw the gay, vivacious Mrs.  
Saturn with her many rings, she  
smiled on Jupiter, danced with  
mercury, burnished the moon  
and shed the light of her instruc-  
tion on her many children. Bold  
belted Jupiter, fiery Mars, far  
distant Neptune our own earth  
whose daughter, Moon, doth  
wax and wane with silvery light  
all these unfalteringly obeyed  
the slightest mandate of the lady  
sun and follow with unfaltering  
footsteps the line of march she  
has laid out for them. I saw the  
face of the dear mother shrouded  
by a veil of impenetrable mourn-  
ing as if her heart were grieved  
by some erring action of one of  
her beauteous family. But in an  
hour or two, as we count time,  
the dark shroud of seeming woe  
was lifted and revealed her face  
not shrunken nor disfigured but  
glowing with fresh brilliancy and  
with a sunny smile she sent this  
message to me on a ray of light  
—I was not garbed in mourning,  
one of my children simply stepped  
between you and my face as an-  
other one does between me and  
my fair grand daughter, lovely  
moon. All this I saw and more.  
I saw great stellar worlds give  
birth to other worlds. I saw  
these worlds live, grow and die  
and the offsprings thereof repeat  
in accordance with nature's law  
the same process of exhibition  
and retirement. Just as the  
children of men pass through the  
various phases of physical life.  
I beheld these glorious denizens  
of upper air in brilliant brave at-  
tire advance and to the refruent  
music of the spheres dance ryth-  
mically upon the floor of space.  
With reverential eyes I saw this

part of a whole whose beginning  
and end we know not! This  
branch of the Universal life that  
throbs and pulses through every  
vein of nature and guides each  
atom on its way throughout the  
countless ages of Eternity. This  
life is law and Osteopath its  
latest clause that teaches us its  
magnitude and doth direct and  
guide creations crowning work,  
the living man, unto his perfect  
right—unchanging health.

American School of Osteopathy.

Mrs. W. F. Smith and daugh-  
ter, Sarah returned from Kirks-  
ville, Mo., Thursday where Miss  
Sarah received treatment at the  
American School of Osteopathy.  
Miss Smith had not walked a  
step for five months before she  
went to Kirksville. She can now  
walk without the assistance of  
crutches or cane. Uncle Sam  
Mitchell who is at the same place  
sent us word that he is gaining  
rapidly; he sleeps well and has a  
good appetite. Mrs. Joe Yeakel  
has been there about two weeks  
and is greatly improved. Uncle  
John Bushart has just returned  
from his second trip: he can testi-  
fy for himself. The editor of the  
Echo was at Kirksville last May,  
and received great benefit by this  
wonderful treatment.

Dr. Still has many witnesses in  
this vicinity who can testify to  
the wonderful merits of this  
treatment. If you have an ail-  
ment which our doctors can not  
successfully treat, we advise you  
to go to Kirksville and be cured.  
—Bethany, (Ill.) Echo:

Fetching Him Around in the Style of the  
Backwoods.

A tourist who had the cour-  
age to undertake a horse-  
back tour in the backwoods of  
the West was taken ill while stay-  
ing all night at the cabin of a  
typical backwoodsman.

"I'll go an' git old Mag; she'll  
fetch ye round all right," said his  
host.

"Old Mag," who would certain-  
ly have been hanged for a witch  
had she lived in or near Salem a  
couple of centures ago, arrived  
at midnight.

"I know jist what ye need,  
young man," said she, "ye want  
first off to be bled and then blis-  
tered and then a good, strong  
onion poultice put to yer feet an'  
a right lively mustard plaster to  
yer back. Then ye want to take  
half a teacupful o' yaller dock  
bitters ev'ry hour an' a couple o'  
quinine pills ev'ry hour an' a  
pinch or two o' salts, an' if that  
don't fetch ye round we'll try  
givin' ye a sweat an' rubbin' ye  
from head to feet with goose  
grease and cayenne pepper. Yer  
a mighty sick man, but I kin  
fetch ye round if anybody kin."  
Detroit Free Press.



On Sunday, January 20th, the doors of the A. T. Still Infirmary were thrown open to the colored people of the city, many of whom availed themselves of this opportunity to examine the interesting features of this beautiful new building. When they had gathered in the Memorial Hall Dr. Still gave them a short talk as follows:—I have invited you here because among you there are men who helped to build this house. I wish more had come to stand under the shelter of the roof they helped to make. Doubtless those who are absent had in mind only the dollars to be received for their labor and gave no thought to the mission of the building being erected. This is the great Still house—to instil sobriety instead of drunkenness, to instil principle instead of guess work.

Last Thursday dedicatory exercises were held in this house. It was filled to overflowing and a larger regiment of people returned to their homes unable to gain admittance than I ever met on a battle field.

The room you now occupy is Memorial Hall—as named in honor of my son Fred, whose portrait you see on the wall. He was a bright intelligent boy, a boy known to you all, one who would not wear a ring upon his finger considering the skin which God had placed there is a rarer jewel than money could purchase.

He had hoped to carry the banner of Osteopathy far into the future, but as the result of an accident his health was impaired, and he left us in answer to Nature's summons.

You see these paintings, this flag of our nation—a flag of silken texture and expensive trimmings—these are donations from friends and show the kindly feeling of the people toward us.

Since the days of Magistus the delusion has flourished that man must swallow medicine to rid himself of disease. The people substituted their judgment for God's intelligence and in so doing created drunkards and lunatics.

The great Yankee Inventor of the Universe by the union of mind and matter has constructed the most wonderful of all machines—man—and Osteopathy demonstrates that He is fully capable of running it without the aid of whiskey, opium or kindred poisons.

Since the introduction of quinine 60 years ago fibroid tumors have increased at an alarming rate. This deadly substance enters into the system and causes the formation of an excrescence fed by the blood vessels. When arteries fail to feed it any longer, it begins to exude blood into the abdomen.

What then? The medical world says it must be removed by the surgeon's knife. The result is that 75 per cent of such cases die.

Osteopathy—a drugless science—finds the utero genital nerve made tight by the fastening of certain segments. It proceeds to reverse the order of things, starts the great splanchnic nerve into action, restores vitality and carries away the excrescence.

Take your choice between a system that produces tumors and one that destroys them.

In the days of slavery when you colored people had simple plantation remedies such as horsemint tea in case of sickness you recovered. Death was a rare visitor among your race. Now you play the fool like your white brothers, take strong medicine and die like rats.

Quit your pills and learn from Osteopathy the principle that governs you. Learn that you are a machine, your heart an engine, your lungs a fanning machine and a sieve, your brain with its 2 lobes an electric battery.

When the cerebellum sets this dynamo in motion, oxygen is carried through the system and vitalizes the blood, the abdomen, the eye, the entire man. Nature put this battery in you to keep the blood healthy and saits it with oxygen. The corpus collosium is the center of reason.

You do not use more than an ounce of brain for thought, the remainder is used in nourishing the vital forces. Use this ounce of brains to free yourself from the bondage of the old medical laws.

My father was a physician and I followed in his footsteps and was considered very successful in the treatment of cholera, smallpox and like diseases. When that terrible disease meningitis was slaying its victims by the hundreds all schools of medicine united in their efforts to conquer it but without avail. It entered my family and in spite of all medical skill death claimed four victims and our home was desolate.

Then in my grief the thought came to me that instead of asking God to bless the means being used it were far better to search for the right means, knowing if they were once found the results would be sure. \* \* \*

I began to study man and I found no flaw in God's work. The intelligence of Deity is unquestionable, its law unalterable. On this law is the science of Osteopathy founded and after struggling for years under the most adverse circumstances it stands to-day triumphant.

If I were at present called on to

give medicine I would be as much afraid of Dovers Powders as a darky is of a skeleton.

If I should give calomel I would do it with my eyes shut and I would want to keep them shut for nine days so uncertain would I be as to results.

If because I denounce drugs you call me a Christian Scientist go home and take half a glass of castor oil to purge yourself of such notions.

If you consider me a mesmerist a big dose of pills may carry the thought away.

I am simply trying to teach you what you are; to get you to realize your right to health and when you see the cures wrought here after all other means have failed you can but know that the foundation of my work is laid on Nature's rock.

What is the nature of the cases that come to us? Do you remember Lazarus? If so you will know that his food was crumbs and well mumbled crumbs at that. Well we are like Lazarus in that respect—we get the leavings of the medical world—their incurable cases.

We get men who have been tanks for the receiving of acid, iron and mercury—mercury which transforms their livers into cinnabar and makes of them rheumatic barometers sensitive to every weather change.

This same mercury in certain forms is a great friend to dentists for when taken into the system it hunts for chalky substances, seizes upon the teeth and oftentimes causes the girl of 17 to substitute china store teeth for the pearly incisors bicuspid and molars that nature meant to last a lifetime.

I have a pup at home and when he disobeys my laws I apply a switch to him as a reminder of his short comings. So Nature applies to you the switch of pain when her mandates are disregarded, and when you feel the smarting from this switch do not pour drugs into your stomachs but let a skilfull engineer adjust your human machine so that every part works in accordance with nature's requirements.

Think of yourself as an electric battery. Electricity is simply oxygen put in motion—when it plays freely all through your system you are well. Shut it off in one place and congestion may result, in this case an M. D. by dosing you with drugs would increase this congestion until it resulted in decay. He is like the Frenchman who lets his duck rot that it may boil the sooner. Not so does an Osteopath proceed he removes the obstruction, lets the life giving current have free play and the man is restored to health.

The one is man's way and is

uncertain, the other is God's method and is infallible. Choose this day whom you will serve:

#### OUR COUNTRY'S DANGER.

We have been trying as a nation to swallow a foreign element more rapidly than we can digest it. In Chicago great masses of the population have never become Americanized. Whole squads of men, says a highly reputable authority, are marched to the polls, who cannot speak three sentences of intelligent English, and have no sort of an idea of the United States and what it stands for. It is a crime against everything that is sacred in American civilization. We should restrict immigration, allowing it to come no faster than we can Americanize it. Let it come as fast as we can do that. There ought to be in this country no vote but the American vote. And no man ought to be allowed to wield the ballot unless in his heart and conscience he holds his oath of allegiance to the United States as superior to any other allegiance on the face of the earth. If any man places his religious opinions above his citizenship, he has no right to be a citizen at all. From the point of view of the citizen, the one supreme interest is the welfare of the country.

In voting there ought to be no distinction in regard to color, nationality, religion or sex, but one absolute condition of intelligence and devotion to the country's welfare. We are passing through a great industrial period of turmoil and unrest. The universal tendency is to accumulate business powers in the hands of a few. The smaller dealer is being swallowed up by larger corporations.

We are to believe in the future of humanity, because we believe in God. The world has not been going wrong from the first, nor is it going wholly wrong now. We are capable of shaping conditions, and humanity is advancing. We are trying to build here on earth the ideal republic. And so it is: one continual struggle and contest, warfare with the evil, within and without.—Ex.

The law of life is absolute. That wonderful, unknown and incomprehensible force which furnishes the power to move the machinery of all animate bodies is felt but not understood. Of ourselves we are unable to supply any one substance required in the economy of our bodies, yet there is a force within us which can select from the given materials such substances as are needed to form any part of the human system.—Dr. Still.—Marion, (N. Y.) Enterprise.



# Journal of Osteopathy.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

BY THE  
American School of Osteopathy,

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## OSTEOPATHY TRIUMPHANT.

We stated in the JOURNAL last December, that we should present a bill, to the General Assembly, asking that Osteopathy might be recognized, as a lawful mode of treating disease. We made the request, presented the bill, and by the aid and energy of many friends, both in and out of the General Assembly, the bill has passed both the House and Senate. This law permits graduates from legally chartered schools of Osteopathy, to present their diplomas for registration to the County Clerk of the County, and upon proof that the person presenting the same is the person named therein, and that he is of good moral character, the Clerk is required to grant to the applicant a certificate of registration, which entitles the applicant to practice. The Osteopathy is now on a legal equality in Missouri, with the graduates of the other so-called schools of medicine. The JOURNAL wishes to extend the thanks of the founder of this mode of treating disease; as well as teachers, students, graduates and friends, to all who have assisted in securing for this science legal recognition and equal rights. Prior to the enactment of this law, it was a penal offence, to treat disease as a physician, unless you were a graduate of some of the so called recognized schools of medicine; which meant Allopathic, Eclectic, or Homeopathic. To these schools a monopoly has been given, to manufacture all the physicians, and prescribe all the medicine. For centuries Allopathy has been supposed to represent all the theory and practice of medicine. To protect these schools of medicine, and

the graduates, from them, a system, of medical monopolistic laws, has been passed in most, if not all the States in the Union. The existence of such laws in the State of Missouri, made it necessary for Osteopathy to ask legislation, in the interest of this system, so equality might be given to the practitioners of Osteopathy. We believe these monopolistic laws are vicious. We are exceedingly rejoiced that our beloved State, our home by choice, is the first to break over the walls erected around the so called schools of medicine. May this good example become epidemic and sweep over the entire Republic. Legislation should not be invoked to build up systems or give monopolies, to any class of graduates. It should be in the interest of thoroughness in the education, mental and moral, of the graduates of all schools or systems of medicine. A higher standard of education in the profession is demanded. Instead of an entire class receiving diplomas, give to those only, who have honestly earned them. Let ignorance, drunkenness, dishonesty, fraud or deceit, be grounds, when proven, to declare diplomas revoked. Leave the citizen free to select his physician from any school or system, he may like, but legislate only on qualifications of practitioners, and let schools be restricted in granting diplomas to the qualified only; then quacks, montebanks, and charlatans, like class legislation will be things of the past.

We wish to apologize to the subscribers of the JOURNAL for not being on time with the February number of the JOURNAL. Our delay was occasioned by reason of the delay in getting our bill through the Legislature as speedily as we expected.

The practice of medicine is well represented by D'Alembert he says:—Nature is fighting with disease; a blind man armed with a club (that is a physician) comes to settle the difference. He first tries to make peace. When he cannot accomplish this, he lifts his club and strikes at random. If he strikes the disease he kills the disease, if he strikes nature he kills nature." Who has not watched beside the sick-bed of those who were by nature's ties near to them? When your family physician, would honestly tell you—I don't know what the effect of the medicine will be. I am

now prescribing. With manly candor, he tells you I can't tell whether it will alleviate or aggravate the disease. I am guided by text writers and my experience. But these all fail some times. The science of medicine is not exact. All honor to the conscientious physician, the fault is not his; the trouble lies in the uncertainty of the drug system and he can't tell whether the blow of his club will kill or cure.

### What Drugs Have Done.

Dr. Rush in his lectures in the University of Pennsylvania says, "Dissections daily convince us of our ignorance of the seats of disease and cause us to blush at our prescriptions—What mischiefs have we done under the belief of false facts and false theories! We have assisted in multiplying diseases, we have done more—we have increased their mortality.—Robison's Lectures, page 109.

### Medical Differences.

"Why should Allopathy and Homeopathy fight? Homeopathy is but an infant daughter of Allopathy, and has no reason to quarrel with her mother, than simply, that the old lady has become rather hardened in iniquity and gives with a more liberal hand the nauseating doses."

The Homeopathic system like the Allopathic pronounces fever disease and aims at its destruction. Also like the Allopathic, it uses promiscuously and without discrimination both medicines and poisons to effect its objects. All the real difference between these rival systems, consists in the quantity of the doses recommended and prescribed. Hence the mother should be tender with her infant daughter, who exhibits in small measure her defects, and the daughter should not be saucy to the mother, from whom she has derived her living and support."

### The Eloquence of Truth.

The recent speech of Henry Waterson, of Kentucky, at the annual dinner of the New England Society, in New York, on Forefathers' Day, was a notable one, with points and features that are worthy of special mention and long remembrance. The toast to which he spoke was "The Puritan and the Cavalier." He began with a touching reference to the late Henry Grady, and went on to say that the terms, Puritan and Cavalier, were in our country descriptive labels classifying North and South, mere verbal redoubts along Mason and Dixon's line, over which the extremists of other days held that there were no bridges. He said he found in the Encyclopedia of American Biography that Webster had all the vices that were supposed to have signalized the Cavalier, and Calhoun all the virtues that are claimed for

the Puritan. (Good!) The one typical Puritan soldier of the civil war was a Southern and not a Northern soldier, Stonewall Jackson. When he, the speaker, was in Boston he found there many things that suggested the Cavalier, and did not suggest the Puritan. He saw a civilization perfect in its union of the art of living with the grace of life, an Americanism ideal in its simple strength.

He appealed from the men in silken hose, who danced to music made by slaves and called it freedom, from the men in bell-crowned hats who led Hester-Prynn to her shame and called it religion, to that Americanism which reached forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. He appealed from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Norton to Holmes; and he appealed in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship, of that common origin, back of both the Puritan and the Cavalier, to which all of us owe our being.

"Let the dead past," said the speaker, "consecrated by the blood of its martyrs, not by its savage hatred—darkened alike by kingcraft and priestcraft—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach, the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be Tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand of God to guide the way with loving word; as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true religion and true patriotism—distrust of watchwords and labels, belief in our country and ourselves."

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"What did they say?"

"The corpse looked elegant."

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— AT —  
**SIGLER'S.**



**EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. STILL.**

When a man has a reputation, wide spread or national, then every wise-acre can remember something about that person in the past which they at the time regarded as genius in embryo. I remember Dr. Still at least twenty-five years ago, perhaps longer. I was only a boy living on a farm when I heard Mr. S. M. Crawford tell my father about a strange doctor who had come to Kirksville and who, by placing his hands on a person, could locate the seat of a disease or pain, and was said to do wonders. From time to time I heard miraculous stories about this man possessing supernatural powers, stories calculated to prejudice an intelligent mind against the man who was slowly but surely digging from the hidden mysteries of nature a science that has since proved a wonder.

Some time between 1873 and 1875 I was in Kirksville when some one pointing to a tall, stoop-shouldered, but pleasant looking person, said:

"See that man; that is the great Dr. Still!" and then with a sly chuckle and gesture toward his forehead, led me to believe that the person alluded to was wrong in the upper story. I met him frequently on the street and at first gave him a wide berth. Who would want to run against a crazy man or a dealer in the "black arts;" for from what was said about him, one might have thought he was a second Faust who had sold himself to Mephistopholes and was practicing necromancy. In 1876 I first became personally acquainted with him and found him a very different man from what I had been led to believe. I found him genial, good natured, kind hearted, and never complaining because people would not adopt his theories. I was then established in business in the city and he used to frequently come to my office and sit for hours at a time narrating army experience and talking politics or telling anecdotes.

I often wondered what he was doing and why his brow was so often corrugated with thought and his form bent as if seeking into forbidden mysteries. I began to hear of his performing marvelous cures, but as yet had little faith in the stories. I no longer regarded him as a dangerous person to associate with but as—well perhaps "a harmless crank" who might be permitted to run at large. The more intelligent did not at first believe the stories of his cures; the superstitious thought they were done by supernatural aid, and some pious old sisters gave it as their opinion that it was his satanic majesty who gave him power to "yank a man around and cure him of rheumatiz." I would be ashamed now to tell what my opinions were; it is sufficient to say they were "variegated."

One day he came to my office and

I complained of a "stitch in the brck." He asked me to bend over a chair, took me by the shoulders, neck or arms, and gave me a peculiar twist, sat down and told me an anecdote and I forgot all about the "stitch in my back." A few months later he told me he could put me on to a scheme for doing great good in the world and making twelve hundred dollars per month, but considering that my life work had been laid out in another direction, I did not take advantage of this offer. He took long journeys and often on returning would tell me funny stories of his experience and the queer people he had met, saying but little about himself or what he was doing. In 1889 I went to New York City where I spent a year. During the winter of 1889-90 I was at the large boarding house of Mrs. Blanc, a French lady, on 14th street, and became acquainted with many people who lived with her. Among them was a very intelligent lady who, on learning I was from Missouri, asked me if I had ever heard of that wonderful man, Dr. A. T. Still.

"I know him well," I answered.

"We live in the same town."

"He is the most remarkable man I ever met," she said.

"Where have you met him?" I asked.

"At Hannibal. I saw him perform one of the most marvelous cures since Christ healed the leper."

I was rather amazed at the lady's enthusiasm over "our harmless Kirksville crank." She seemed to see that I was not as credulous as she, and resumed:

"I don't believe you people in Kirksville appreciate what a wonder you have in your town. What do they think of him any way?"

"Some say he is crazy," said I. "He is always talking about bones, spinal columns and spinal cords and the like."

She laughed and answered:

"People said Morse was crazy when he began to talk telegraphy; others that he was possessed of a devil, but he proved to be the wise man and they the fools. Dr. Still will some day break away the barriers of entrenched ignorance and prejudice and startle the world."

I do not pretend to give the conversation in full, but the above is the substance of it. Shortly after this, meeting a friend who knew Dr. Still, I told what the lady had said, and distinctly remember the answer.

"Why, is that old crank known here?"

I am happy to say this friend has long since been converted to the new science. I must confess that I did not dream that this singularly eccentric man was a child of genius, all the while slowly, carefully and scientifically working out wonders that are to bless the world thousands of years after he and his incredulous friends have mouldered in the grave.

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It seems now that all at once the secret is out. Light dawned on the minds of the masses, and that light was the new science of Osteopathy. Wonderful results brought it about. All classes were convinced by stubborn facts. The sight of a man running through the streets, tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, offering to sell the crutches which his child had used for years, but which she no longer had occasion for, when the lame were made to walk, and thousands of hopeless cases restored to a new life, everybody understood what that "harmless old crank" had been doing all these years they were making him the butt of ridicule. He was soon unable to do one-tenth part of the work required of him and he took in students and organized a school for instruction in the new science, called the School of Osteopathy, and now Osteopaths are being sent out every year to do the world good.

According to Dr. Still the science is still in its infancy. He says: "If I die now, put on an extra shovel of dirt for the things I have failed to accomplish, but if I die eighteen months from now, cast off the added amount for new discoveries I hope to make."

When I recollect that all this hard study and scientific investigation was going on in our midst in spite of the ridicule and opposition of scientific men, who entrenched in theories always oppose free investigation, I feel like exclaiming with Puck in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "What fools these mortals are!"

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# Journal of Osteopathy.

## THE PEOPLE'S FORUM.

### Regulation of the Practice of Medicine.

To the Editor of the Capital:—

The "regular" medical schools of Kansas have combined and formed a sort of trust or medical monopoly and caused to be introduced in the Legislature a bill to regulate the practice of medicine. If it becomes a law no person in the state, not a regular or licensed physician, can heal or attempt to heal the real or imaginary ailments of suffering humanity without incurring severe penalties. Even midwives are prohibited from responding to the most urgent call of their sex under penalty of the law.

The most deplorable trait of human nature seems to be man's innate nature to tyrannize over his fellow man whenever opportunity offers. That such a law as this is wrong, cruel and un-Christian in principle and that it is flagrantly opposed to the spirit of liberty and progress every intelligent, fair-minded and disinterested person must admit. It is class legislation of the worst kind and is intended to benefit one class and endow it with vested rights while it invidiously persecutes and makes war upon another class and drives it from the state. The Legislature has no more right to establish a state school of medicine than it has to establish a state religion. Every argument possible to put forth in support of the former applies with equal and even greater force in support to the latter, for is not the immortal soul of infinitely more consequence than the body? For the state to assume the responsibility of caring for our bodies and leaving our souls to shift for themselves, looks too much like saving the chaff and straw and letting the wheat go to waste.

Should not a man have the same freedom to select his own doctor as he has to select his own preacher, lawyer or tailor? If he is incompetent to exercise the right of private judgment in one case, why not in the other? If the state should put a bib and diaper upon him and become his nurse and guardian in medical matters, why not be consistent and logical and declare him a natural born fool on general principles and guide and direct him as such in all the affairs of life? But, thank heaven, there are few, if any, men and women here in Kansas who stand in need of state guardianship.

If a man choose to employ a "quack" doctor, let him do so; it is his own affair. The state

does not pay the bill. The school of experience is the best of all. Without experience the child would never learn the law of gravitation, neyer learn to walk. Experience is all that makes a man a man. And by experience he will, if left alone by the state, sift out good doctors from poor and employ them; sift out the best systems of cure and patronize them. The good and wise doctor, rich and wise in experience, has nothing to fear. But whenever you find a doctor who is afraid of the "quacks" and "irregulars" and is red hot to have them put down by law it is a confession of his inferiority and of his inability to keep his end up in the race for public favor.

If humanity needs any protection in the matter of doctors it is from the inexperienced practitioner, both regular and irregular. The young doctor just released from school plus egotism, theory and rashness and minus experience, judgment and caution, but eager for the fray to go out and practice and experiment upon human kind, is the one from whom the state should protect its citizens. And yet it is this same "entered apprentice," younger class of doctors who are seeking by strategy to make a "corner" on "calls" and bulldoze the public into giving them a patronage which they are unable to win by their merit. No old doctor, and no good doctor, old or young, needs to go begging or gunning for patients, and no doctor, good or poor, young or old, with a drop of honorable blood in his veins, or a spark of noble manhood in his breast, would for one moment entertain the thought of accepting an unwilling patient, one who had been forced by the rack and thumb-screw of the law to give him his patronage.

For the old physician I have the greatest respect and love. As a rule he is one of the most useful members of society, a fatherly counsellor and an ever-ready helper to all in trouble who seek his aid. He has discarded and forgotten more than the average young doctor knows. In his hands your life is safe, for he has long since learned the great secret that cures are wrought by nature, under proper conditions, and not by the heroic application of drugs.

Hahnaman, the founder of one of the now "regular" schools of medicine, limited his medical potencies to the one-decillionth power of dilution or attenuation, which is practically no medicine at all, and yet his disciples, after enduring no end of persecution, are among those who are seeking to make it a crime for Christian and mental scientists and others

to treat diseases without the use of drugs. O, consistency, thou art a jewel!

It is not my purpose to discuss the merits of the various theories of cure, for they are legion. There are 143 distinct Bible sects in this country, and it is not the province of the state to say which is right and which is wrong. An honest difference of opinion is the glory of manhood. Let there be toleration, courtesy, liberty, charity, kindness and brotherly love. Without these there can be no civilization worthy of the name. The narrow-minded, intolerant man, the man who would prosecute and torture his brother man for opinion's sake, is a relic of by-gone days, but he is still with us, as active and crafty as ever in his efforts to destroy human freedom.

I ask every lover of liberty who reads these lines to write letters to our members of the Legislature protesting against the passage of this most pernicious and wicked measure. It is uncalled for as our laws already afford ample protection by making malpractice a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment and giving recourse for damages sustained.

I appeal to Republicans who claim to be the leaders in the march of progress and who proclaim hostility to tyranny, slavery and wrong in all forms; I appeal to Democrats who inscribe upon their banners the Jeffersonian doctrine, "equal rights to all and special privileges to none;" I appeal to the Populists and labor organizations who are the sworn foes of trusts, monopolies and vested rights; I appeal to the clear-sighted, broad-minded thinking men of all parties who believe in perpetuating the glorious heritage bequeathed to us by the framers of the constitution, and whose hearts beat warm with love for the principles of truth, justice and liberty, to raise their voices now in condemnation of this most insidious attempt to break down constitutional restrictions, rob the people of their cherished rights and foist a privileged nobility, as it were, upon us.

The whole purpose and end of government is mutual defense and the protection of man in the free exercise and enjoyment of their individual rights. Beyond this the state cannot rightfully go. The right to be treated when sick by a physician of one's choice is as sacred and inalienable as the right to breathe.

To despoil a man of that right is not only a crime against liberty, but a sin against God.

S. R. SHEPHERD.  
LEAVENWORTH, Feb. 5, '95.

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A statue was erected in New York City several weeks ago to commemorate the virtues and abilities of a man who served his fellow-men in an humble but useful capacity, whose splendid intelligence never received its richly merited praise until he himself could never hear the plaudits of this world—that man was J. Marion Sims. It is befitting that a statue of the great physician should be reared in the city which he loved so well, within the midst of thousands made happy by his ministrations

The study and practice of medicine is the most scientific profession of to-day and it is the most progressive. To be successful in such a profession requires industry as well as intellect, honesty as well as mental aptitude. There can be no jumping at conclusions, the knowledge acquired must be thorough, exact and accurate, or its whole mission and usefulness is lost. But like so many sciences medicine had its origin in the myths and traditions of antiquity; it was intermingled with the monotheism of the Jews, with the fire worship of the Persians, and in many countries its practice was limited to the sacred priesthood. The rude operations and therapeutic knowledge of the Ancients differ more widely from modern medicine than does the steam engine from the donkey, that historical beast of burden which carried the Great Physician far beyond the reach of his enemies in the sunny land of the Nile.

This century has witnessed nine tenths of the progress made in the study of medicine since the days of Esculapius. Jenner opened the era of progress with the discovery of inoculation, which vanished small pox, the great scourge, to a harmless mission of blood purifying, which converted a dreaded disease into a restorative agent. Sir James Y. Simpson accidentally discovered chloroform and inaugurated a new day in the practice of surgery—in fact Sir James Simpson may be regarded as the father of modern surgery for he made over half of its operations successful and possible. Had the physicians of a hundred years ago, known what is now known in regard to the treatment of disease what results might have been accomplished, what a triumphant victim Alexander Pope with his crooked back, which had to be held in place with stays, would have made Dr. Still. Byron might have lived, cured of that lameness which preyed so much upon his morbid sensitive nature, a blessing and not a reproach to the great land which gave him birth—and last but not least—what about the Science of Oste-

opathy, which cures by rectifying first cause, which seeks to prevent human frailties by placing every portion of human organism in correct relation to the whole. Is it a humbug? say you my medical Thomas, as well sit within the shadow of some eternally snow clad Chimborazo and declare that it is not high. There can be no discount upon success. Osteopathy is the latest development in the progressive study of medicine; a system which seeks to heal without the use of drugs, which has a logical reason for every operation, which will one day be the sole benefactor of sick and suffering humanity; God formed the body after His own image; Christ respected it by assuming it; and to ourselves we owe the high duty of preserving it, perfect and without blemish. This is the object and end of Osteopathy, surely it is a noble one.

SHANNON.

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A PHYSIOLOGICAL PUZZLE.

1. I have a trunk with two lids.
2. I have two implements of war.
3. Articles used by a carpenter.
4. I have a couple of good fish.
5. A great number of smaller ones.
6. Two lofty trees.
7. Fine flowers.
8. The fruit of a native plant.
9. Two playful animals.
10. A number of smaller and less tame ones.
11. A fine stag.
12. Whips without handles.
13. Weapons of warfare.
14. A number of weather-cocks.
15. The steps of a hotel.
16. Congress when a vote is taken.
17. Two students and ten grandees to wait on them.
18. Two fine buildings.
19. A product of the camphor and caoutchouc trees.
20. Two beautiful phenomena.
21. A piece of money.
22. Articles used by an artist.
23. An article used in crossing rivers.
24. A pair of blades without handles.
25. A letter finished with bows.
26. Secure fastening for the trunk.

ANSWERS.

1. Eyelids.
2. Cap and drums. [knee-cap and ear-drum.]
3. Nails.
4. Soles.
5. Mussels. [muscles.]
6. Palms.
7. Tulips. [two lips.]
8. Adam's apple.
9. Calves.
10. Hares. [hairs.]
11. Hart. [heart.]
12. Eye-lashes.
13. Arms.
14. Vanes. [veins.]
15. Inn-steps.
16. Ayes and noes. [eyes and nose.]
17. Pupils and tendons.
18. Templés.
19. Gums.
20. Iris.
21. Cents.
22. Pigment and palette.
23. Bridge [of the nose,]
24. Shoulder-blades.
25. Elbows. [L bows.]
26. Cords.



TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 2, St. L. & K. C. Mail	10:09 a. m.
No. 8, " " " "	Exp 12:04 p. m.
No. 22, Local Freight	12:45 p. m.
No. 98, Through Freight	11:43 a. m.

GOING NORTH.

No. 3, Ottumwa Mail	4:56 p. m.
No. 7, Des Moines & St. P. Ex.	3:30 a. m.
No. 21, Local Freight	12:45 p. m.
No. 97, Through Freight	9:20 a. m.

7 and 8 daily. 2 and 3 daily except Sunday. 97 and 98 carry passengers Sundays only.

Q. O. & K. C. R. R. TIME CARD.

GOING WEST.

No. 1, Mail and Express	11:30 a. m.
No. 3, K. & Q. Express	7:30 p. m.
No. 5, Through Freight	2:30 a. m.
No. 7, Local Freight	arrives 11:50 p. m. leaves 12:45 p. m.

GOING EAST.

No. 2, Mail and Express	9:15 p. m.
No. 4, K. & Q. Express	7:30 a. m.
No. 6, Stock Express	10:50 p. m.
No. 8, Local Freight	arrives 10:15 a. m. leaves 10:40 a. m.

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# Journal of Osteopathy.

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## PAIN AND REST.

From The Youth's Companion.

We are told that pain is nothing more than a nerve-irritation. It is experienced when any destructive process goes on in any part of the body, and may be felt in one part of the body while the source of it is in another. Thus headache may have its source in the muscles of the eye.

Pain, strange as it may seem, is really a protective and beneficial sensation.

In the case of a broken limb, extreme pain is caused by motion in that limb. Therefore, the sufferer, whether man or animal, tries to keep the limb at rest, which is the very condition requisite for its healing. Surgeons, indeed, have taken hints from nature in this regard, and in case of tuberculosis affecting joints find that the best results are obtained by rendering the joint motionless by means of splints, though the affection itself is often not very painful.

Pain from indigestion is relieved by temporarily lightening the diet, and giving the digestive organs less work to do. Even headache usually indicates a call for rest.

Pain due to an overtaxing of the nerve centre, that is, the brain, is usually the most difficult to combat, since here the cause is often obscure. In this state neuralgia—nerve pain—affects first one part of the body, then another. Nature's restorer, sleep, is courted with difficulty, and life's ordinary duties become burdens almost too difficult to be borne.

In this condition, nature's call for rest is best heeded by a complete change of surroundings. If the call is disregarded, serious consequences are likely to ensue. A vacation offers one of the best chances of recuperation. In fact, a regular indulgence in such forms of recreation is the best means of preventing this very condition, and should be looked upon not as the indulgence of a weakness, but as the performance of a duty.

In the natural course of events one adds to, rather than detracts

from, the years which may be given to active labors by devoting regular periods to rest.

Treat the body not as a mere machine, which wears out in any case after a certain number of years or months of work, but as a vital organism having the power of revivifying itself—capable of being hard worked, but demanding, too, times of recuperation.

## Twenty-Seven Liars.

Any mean thing ever said or thought of Rev. Sam Jones, the great Southern revivalist, is now and forever withdrawn. He is a brick. He deserves immortality. The Hartwell, Ga., Sun tells the reason of our changed opinion this way:

An unusual incident occurred at the close of Sam Jones' sermon at Pulaski, Tenn., the other day. Stepping down from the pulpit, folding his hands across his breast and looking solemnly over the audience, the great revivalist said:

"I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husbands for a month to stand up."

One old woman, apparently on the shady side of 60, stood up.

"Come forward and give me your hand," said the preacher.

The woman did so, whereupon Jones said: "Now turn around and let this audience see the best looking woman in the country."

After taking her seat the revivalist addressed the men:

"Now I want all the men in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their wives for a month past to stand up."

Twenty-seven great, big, strapping fellows hopped out of the audience with all the alacrity of champagne corks.

"Come forward and give me your hands, my dear boys."

Jones gave each one a vigorous shake, after which he ranged all of them side by side in front of the pulpit and facing the audience. He looked them over carefully and solemnly, and then, turning around to the audience, he said:

"I want you to take a good look at the twenty-seven biggest liars in the State of Tennessee."

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