

For a theory of fever the following takes precedence over anything we have ever read. On page 344 there is the account of a dialogue between A. T. Still and his brother, a graduate in medicine from a Chicago University of Medicine. The brother asked, "How do you account for fever? How do you account for a cold head?" And A. T. Still replied: "In proportion to the velocity with which the heart brings the electricity that is generated in the brain, the temperature is high or low." This is so absurd that one can hardly imagine how such a cult can have any following, and the greed for money a good deal also.

On page 87 there is an account of the death of his three children in the year 1864, caused by meningitis, and the author speaks of the doctors giving medicine and the minister praying, but pills and prayers failed to drive the enemy away from Still's home. Then he goes on to state that this set him thinking, and he arrived at the conclusion that there was in the system a remedy 'to cure all infirmities.' If we turn to near the end of the book, at page 280, we find an account of the death of his son Fred, whose picture indicates that he would be about twenty years of age. By this time Still had matured his osteopathic methods of practice, but nevertheless Fred died. In this case, as in the cases ill with meningitis, the angel of death refused to be driven away. We are told in another part of the book that osteopathy never meets disease with a flag of truce. Judging by the number of wonderful cures recorded in Still's autobiography, it does seem strange that at the end of the book he has to record the death of his son Fred; and on page 38 we find this sentence, "Death has declaimed and proclaimed that its fiat changes not." This is a most remarkable admission from the founder of osteopathy, with its record of whooping-cough cured in a few days, of diphtheria and mumps in a few minutes, of flux in a night, of drunkenness by pushing the abdomen and twisting the back, of seventeen hips set in a day, of five hundred labors without a mishap, even of hair grown on a bald head.

The last thing we shall refer to is the story about four cranks, contributed by a friend, and given a place at the end of the book. The first crank was Columbus, with his theories about the ocean; the second was Watts, with his speculation on the power of steam; the third was Morse, with telegraphic visions; but the greatest crank of all was the fourth, namely, A. T. Still, who has given us osteopathy. Here is how the writer puts it: "But the first three cranks, and in fact, all cranks, waned into insignificance when an M.D., a student of anatomy and science, about the year 1870, threw away his pill-bags and declared that drugs were unnecessary. He declared that osteopathy was a science by which all diseases flesh is heir to could be cured." This writer forgot to mention the case of Fred, the son of A. T. Still.