

States learning how to rub and manipulate. The fact that the best osteopathic curricula now include courses in microscopy and bacteriology, and in some cases pharmacy and materia medica looks as though the osteopath is abandoning his claim to absolute druglessness and as though it might yet be necessary for the best medical practice to include osteopathic therapy. The Lancet editor's own remarks on the Hodgins report are almost a confession of this cardinal principle pointed out by the Courier editorial of March 2. He says:

There is no gainsaying the fact that there is merit in physical therapeutics. The fact that it has not been taken up as much as it should have been has allowed it to fall into the hands of the ignorant or very imperfect operator, or the callous and mercenary exploiter. Because it is admitted that massage and manipulation are often very helpful, it does not follow that there is any merit in the theories the osteopath and the chiropractor have built on subluxations. . . . His Lordship then states that the trend of things points to one of two results—the osteopathic colleges will to all intents become medical colleges, or the medical colleges will adopt a course of physical therapeutics and thus supersede the osteopathic colleges.

How a medical doctor can become a convert to osteopathy is expressed in the following letter:

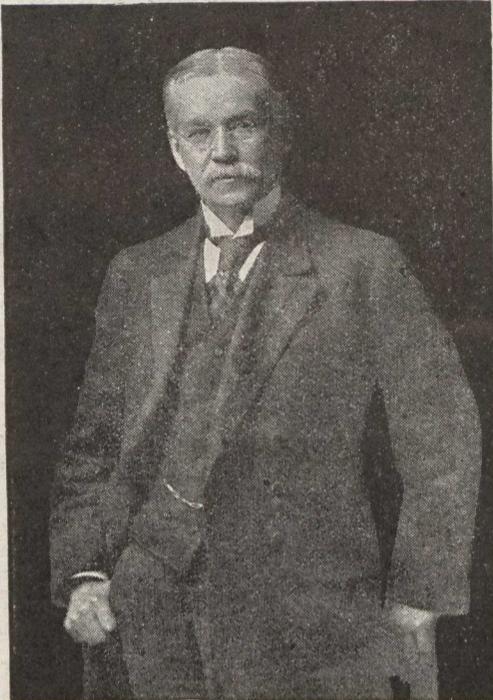
Editor, Canadian Courier:

Allow me to express my appreciation of the article in the last issue of the Courier. I was four years in medicine before taking up osteopathy, six years ago, and so know a little of "the other side of the question." Any stand you take in favor of a more liberal interpretation of the medical laws or the enactment of laws, reasonable and fair, and not dictated by a medical autocracy, is only a step in the right direction, and keeping abreast of the times. Osteopathy is a science! Be quite assured of that, sir! and one which appeals only to the intelligent and educated, never to the ignorant and superstitious. It is built on the proven facts of Anatomy, Physiology and Biology, and not on empiricism and guess-work.
E. A. ROE, D.O.

Why did this Doctor of Osteopathy abandon medicine? Not because he believed that his medical training was all wrong, but because he found as he thought a more effective way to practice it by means of osteopathic methods and principles. Any doctor who goes back on materia medica and all the complicated art of overcoming a thousand ailments to any and every known part of the body for the sake of becoming a "manipulator" or a "masseuse" would be a fit subject for a place where only mental methods fit the case.

And here is the reply of A Medical Man who wrote the article, "Make Doctors Civil Servants," the cause of so many letters from various angles and

of a good part of the Canada Lancet's argument. It is necessary to state that only the Christian Sci-



DR. ALEXANDER MCPHEDRAN is a medical veteran and a professor of medicine in Toronto University. Because of his eminence in physiological studies and materia medica he was elected President of the Association of American Physicians at the Convention in Atlantic City last month. Dr. McPhedran is a medical scientist. There is a vast difference between his medical knowledge and that of the outpost practitioner who makes Indians believe without trying to that he is a "medicine man." There is sometimes also quite as great a difference between people who pay doctors' bills for the same ailments. The scientific knowledge of Dr. McPhedran should be invaluable in the modern art of reducing disease to a minimum by raising the standards of public health.

ence letter of Mr. Lowe was published in reply to that article. The article by An Osteopath was in the hands of the editor before we had even decided

to use the article, "Make Doctors Civil Servants." It was instigated by our previous editorial in the issue of March 2, and by the fact that the Hodgins report referred to in that article was about to be made public:

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Criticisms of my former article, "Make Doctors Civil Servants," apparently from a Christian Scientist and an Osteopath, as usual with a disclaimer, assail the medical profession. Doctors reserve the human right to differ along with all other callings. Christian Scientists and Osteopaths are no more uniformly infallible and unanimous in their code and ethical relations than the "regulars."

How far our Christian Science friends are receding from Mrs. Eddy's doctrines we may judge from the published statement. We have every respect for the individual Christianity of members of that denomination. We even believe in faith cures as possible, but rare in actual occurrence; and that moral lives in some sense obviate disease. Instead of a mental delusion and "mortal error," modern disease is too objectively real, especially with communicable disease, to allow any religious sect to trifle with it. We have positive knowledge of one smallpox epidemic spread by a Christian Science family evading quarantine.

My proposal was not as interpreted by Mr. Lowe, to advocate compulsory drugging by an arbitrary medical "hierarchy." We are just as much against drugs as Dr. Osler or any other authority and have proposed the only possible way to eliminate this indiscriminate free use of drugs and inadvisable self-treatment by patent nostrums now practised by the public. Some people need compulsion to be sensible, and as such deserve to get it. There are hundreds of people in dire need of medical aid to-day, who resort to quacks and patent medicines, because they cannot afford the medical fees, or cannot any longer run a ten years' account. They cannot escape the alluring advertising of drug pirates or irregular quackery.

The greatest question to-day is—how to save people from sickness and injury. Prevention is better than cure; and the slogan of the modern doctor is naturally "prevention." He cannot afford to preach such a doctrine as long as his living depends upon a maximum of sickness.

Wherever the osteopath is honest enough to limit his range of applicability to the healing art, we fully accept him. Until that limit is fixed by definite standards of physical therapy, he has no un-

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THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PERCY CUMMINGS

WHEN Hiram Hookwell of Dundreary intimated that he might go to Ottawa with the farmers' crusade—"and then again he mightn't"—Percy Cummings, his hired person, became very much excited. At first he opposed the idea, because there were a large number of things on that hundred acres which in the absence of the proprietor might get out of order. A lively imagination conjured up kicking horses, sick cows, burned barns, lost pigs, hydro pump out of gear and all the water for the cattle to pump by hand; or the power might go off, or lightning might strike somebody in the field. Mr. Hookwell had grown up with the place and, as he said, not since the advent of a single animal then on the farm had he ever been absent for more than a trip to town, back the same day.

The moment Percy began to poohpooh the man's anxiety, Hookwell gave all the signs of not going at all. Whenever he seemed frightened of it and wanted to get instructions, Mr. Hookwell argued that after all he might go. And so it went on for a day or two until by many a secret confab with Mrs. H. it was decided that if Mr. Cummings—ahem!—felt himself capable of operating the plant, the boss might take the vacation.

Being a youth not without guile Percy said to himself that above all things he wanted Mr. Hookwell to go. He wanted the experience of being alone on a farm, to run things according to his own manly

WHILE Hiram Hookwell of Dundreary, was in Ottawa, the young hired man from the city encountered the great temptation.

By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

ideas, to be regarded by Mrs. H. as her protector and by the animals as the sole source of authority. Wherefore in his cunning Percy expressed all manner of doubts and fears, while at every point he asked questions as to what should be done in the case of this, that or the other, until the boss realizing that the youth had the thing at heart and was really not going to make an ass of himself, or sleep in the barn half the day, said,

"Oh well, I guess I'll go. There's no use asking any more questions."

Percy drove him to the Dundreary station in the nice little farm motor-car capable of seating four. Mr. Hookwell said he had no idea when he would be back; all depended upon how things went at Ottawa; but it would be two full days at least; if it was a late train he would either walk from the station or take the chance of a ride; if an early one he would telephone ahead and have Percy meet him.

"Righto, sir!" chuckled Percy and he buzzed away back to the farm at 30 miles an hour.

Percy's sole responsibility on the farm made him feel like a new man. He was the only big voice on a hundred acres. Every animal had to obey him. Only Mrs. Hookwell was his superior. Percy was glad she had charge of the milking. He sat on the

disc-harrow from eight a.m. until six p.m. with one hour off for dinner at noon, cultivating up a ten-acre field for corn, speculating on how lucky he was to have got broken in so easily and to have become of such tremendous importance at a time when farmers' sons were being drafted into service. It would be a month yet before he would have to report in the city for another medical examination. He had never felt so much like a physical man in his life.

In these two days of discing—a philosophic job—Percy indulged himself in a lot of vague dreams of his future. He would like to own a farm. He figured up in his mind what a man like Hookwell really represented in economics. That farm and its "plant" was worth not less than \$17,000. As a man Mr. Hookwell was a big factor; remarkable ability, strength, handiness, brains and morality. Yet from the encouraging remarks of the boss Percy did not despair that some day if he stuck to farming, he might be a good second-rater to the Hookwell variety, and with such a deal of machinery to operate he might do very well as a farmer on his own hook.

"Oh," mumbled the youth as he turned the Clydes, "I don't know that there's anything in the headwork of this farm that I can't learn if I want to."

As he mounted the knoll in the middle of the field and looked out over thousands of acres dotted with tolling teams, it seemed to him that a farmer

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