

One should note the profound ignorance of disease in the foregoing quotation, and the vastness of the boast that he had never failed to find all remedies in the body. Such a theory of diseases and their treatment is not one for criticism, but for despair; for it would be impossible to argue with one who holds to such views. According to A. T. Still there is a remedy in the body for every disease, and adjustment will set it free to act. This is illustrated on page 106, where he cured flux by manipulating the spine. Some would think that this looks like a dream (vision) of the night, already referred to.

But for something truly original let me quote this: "I have concluded, after twenty-five years of close observation and experiment, that there is no such disease as fever, flux, diphtheria, typhus, typhoid, lung fever, or any other fever classed under the common head of fever or rheumatism, sciatica, gout, colic, liver disease, nettlerash, or croup, on to the end of the list, they do not exist as diseases. All these separate and combined are only effects." One would like to know if this was also a vision; for it really looks like such. Again, one would like to know how he made his observations and experiments; and one does so regret that A. T. Still did not publish his methods in some learned transaction, or explain them before some scientific body. Does A. T. Still not see that if all diseases are only effects, then the effects become the things? His reasoning is similar to that of the Hindoo who supported the world on the back of an elephant, which, in turn, stood on a large turtle.

The following is so good that it should be often quoted: "God has no use for drugs in disease, and I can prove it by His works; I could twist a man one way and cure flux, fever, colds and the disease of the climate; shake a child and stop scarlet fever, croup, diphtheria and cure whooping-cough in three days by a wring of the child's neck, and so on." On page 97 he wails his fate that when he made these statements "all my good character was at once gone." No wonder. We have all visited institutions where each inmate recognized the foolish notions of all the others, but not his or her own. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and the little learning A. T. Still picked up by studying bones fell far short of any real knowledge of disease. The foregoing quotation is ample proof of how terribly wrong the views of the osteopaths are; for they all follow Still.

On page 98 we come upon what Still has to say about his brother, Rev. J. M. Still, and this is thrown in: "Hallelujah, Drew, you are right; there is money in it, and I want to study osteopathy." This is rich to perfection. "There is money in it." The whole make-up of osteopathy is "money," and a short-cut to make it.

On page 101 we come upon a conversation between Still and a lady.