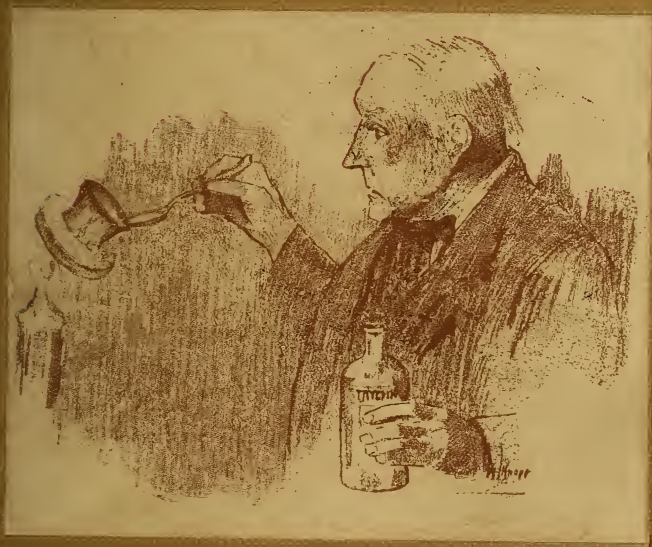


SOMETHING WRONG



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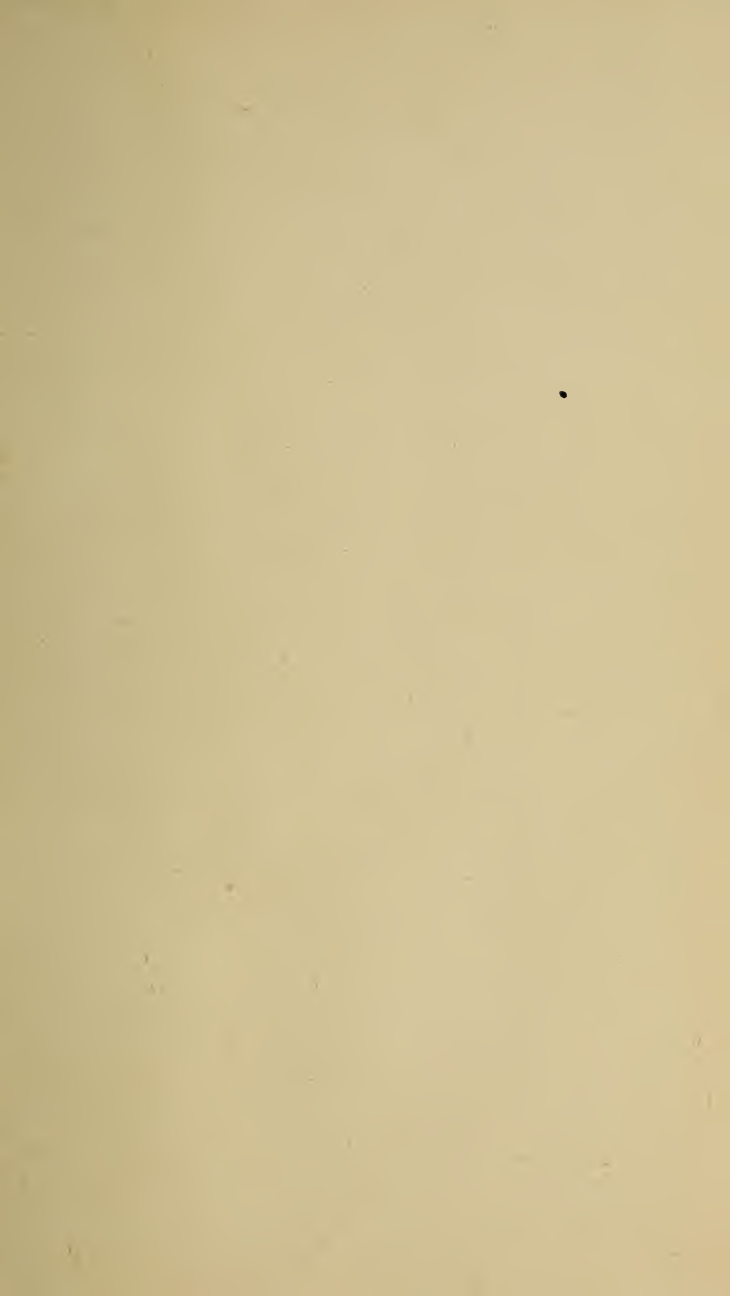


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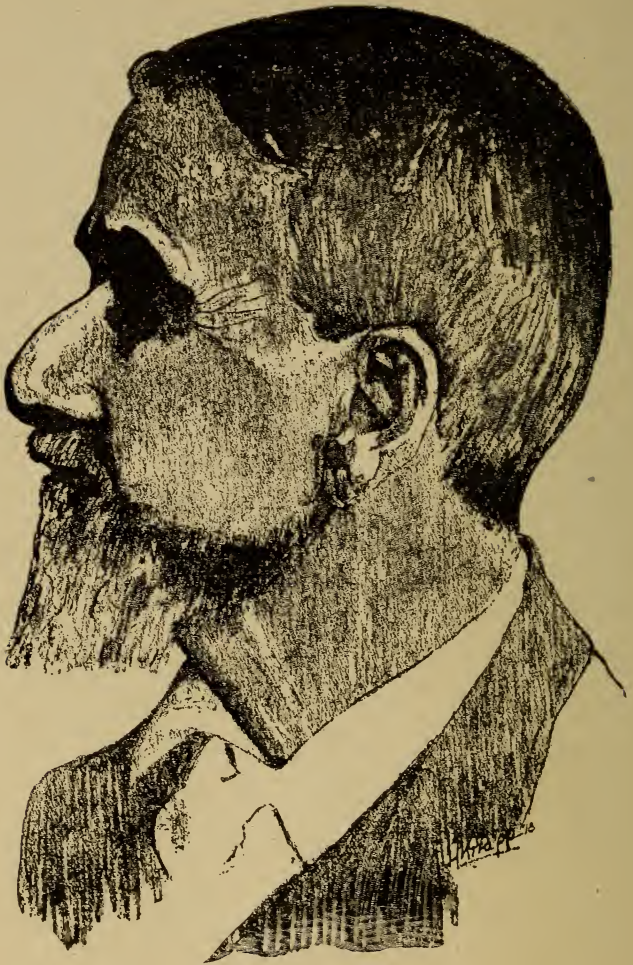
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SOMETHING WRONG



Dr. Andrew Taylor Still

SOMETHING WRONG

BY

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PREFACE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRIET E. KNAPP

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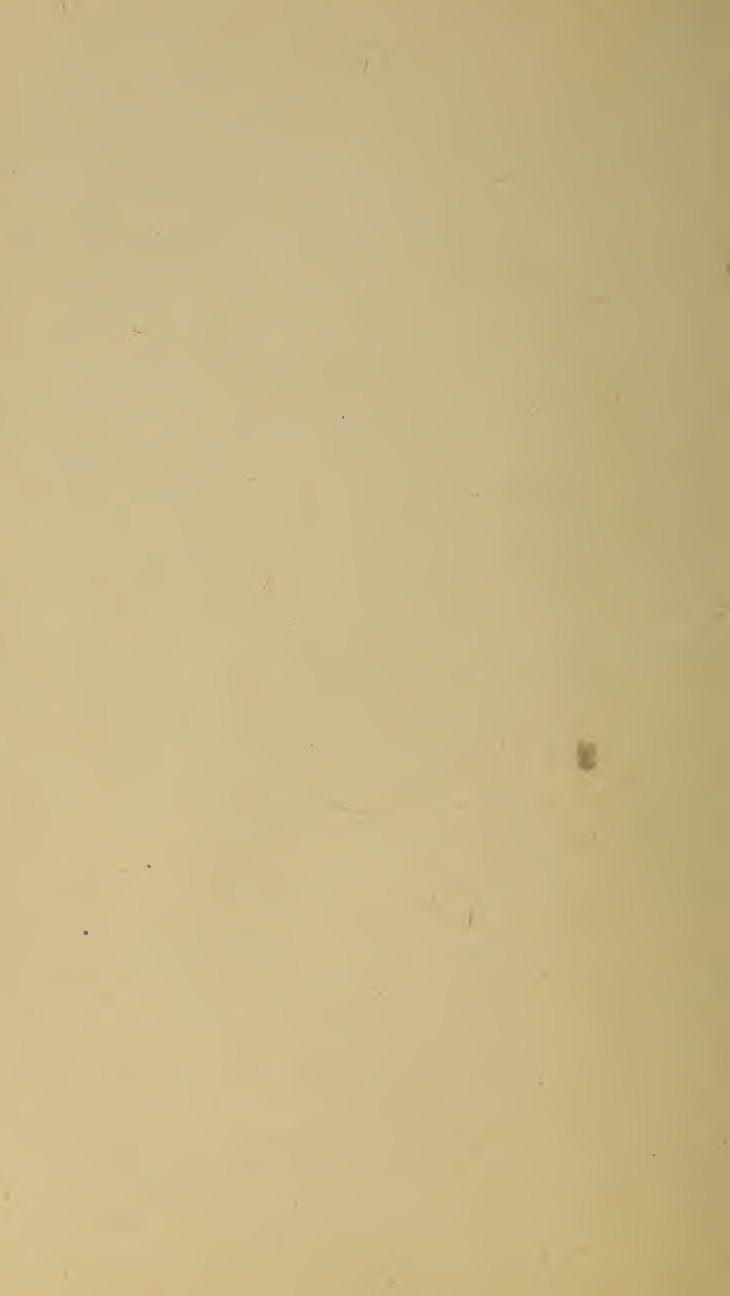
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DEDICATED TO
MY SON
GEORGE V. WEBSTER, JUNIOR



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PREFACE

BY J. DEASON, M.S., PH.G., M.D., D.O.

NOT without a true love for nature and a desire to investigate her intricacies can man ever appreciate the wonderful knowledge which she holds in store for him. The great students of nature to whom has been unfolded her great books of truth—the men and women of seemingly simple mind—have been content to study life's natural laws as they are.

Such a man was Luther Burbank, for he studied plant life in such a way as to learn to make plants do his bidding. So the science of growing combined varieties, most beautiful and most useful, was developed. Such a man was Charles Darwin, from whose studies and comparisons of animal life the theory of evolution grew. Such a man was Sir Francis

P R E F A C E

Galton, the father of eugenics. It was he who saw, in the transmission of inherited characteristics, a way to improve the human race. Another such man was Dr. A. T. Still. It was he who saw the body's greatest efficiency in the practical application of mechanical principles to the human machine. It was Dr. Still who first saw *something wrong* with the human engine when it failed to work properly and that condition which we call disease took possession of the body.

In the preparation of this little book it has been the author's purpose to teach its readers to think and to reason in terms of the relation of structure to function. Most teachers of physiology tell us that "man is a machine," and right there they practically throw the monkey wrench away, and from the introduction of that subject to its completion in the university, physiology is not taught from the mechanical viewpoint.

P R E F A C E

Dr. Webster has most clearly and interestingly explained the workings of the body machine and what it means when *something* goes *wrong*.

Time was when most people thought they needed a "tonic" at certain times of the year. Doctors thought so and advised it. Many still so advise, but the fact is the term "tonic" is not to be found in modern texts on materia medica or pharmacology. Likewise, calomel was once (and even yet by the uninformed) thought to produce an increased secretion of bile by the liver. It is now known that it not only does not do this, but actually retards such action.

A professor of pharmacology in a certain leading medical school recently told me that he now teaches but ten drugs, and that he believes that very few of these have any actual value. In a case of illness in his own family he advised neither drugs, vaccines, nor serums.

P R E F A C E

In these few facts there is ample evidence of many of the statements made by Dr. Webster. Learning new things is no easy task, but unlearning old things is even more difficult. In the process of mental evolution there is ever a constant struggle between reason and tradition. It is the osteopathic purpose to teach men and women to think in harmony with the evidence of science. Osteopathy appeals to those who read, who think, who reason.

SOMETHING WRONG

PART I

Something is *wrong* or things would go right!

When your automobile backfires, you know for a certainty *something* is *wrong*. Some small part needs adjustment. You naturally seek the services of the mechanic at the garage, if you are not a "fix-it" genius yourself. You or the mechanic or any other sane person would not dream that the condition might be corrected by pills deposited at intervals in the gasoline tank.

Suppose the farmer observes that his reaper is not tying the bundles of grain properly. He might be considered crazy if he tried to remedy the matter by putting a plaster on the knot-making mechanism.

When mother's electric washer will not run with the current on, does she send for the painter to decorate it with a new coat of paint? Absurd! Yes, but didn't that same mother smile an acquiescence when her daughter's sprained and dislocated ankle was painted with liniment?

Is it possible for the proprietors of human brains to be less reasonable regarding their own physical mechanism than they are about the disorders that appear in their everyday machinery?

Certainly, *something* is *wrong* or things would go right!

Man is a delicate vital organism. To harbor our spirits, the laws of mechanics are in copartnership with the laws of chemistry and the laws of life. The harmonious coöperation of each member of this firm conditions our tenancy. With the mechanism of our body perfect, the chemicals which our machine produces for its

own use will be faultless. Then the life forces will flow without interruption, providing for us a comfortable habitation.

You may not have thought from just this viewpoint about this little intricate assemblage of tissues you call yourself. If people cogitated as logically about their physical *something wrongs* as they do concerning the faults of man's inventions, many bodily infirmities would be correspondingly abbreviated.

The little ticks that spell hours and days and lifetimes are the music of a man-made instrument. If your watch is running too slow, would you subject it to the rigors of a cathartic, or would you be sensible and have some one acquainted with its anatomy do the needed fixing?

“Trauma” means an injury by violence. The members of the human family are subject to trauma throughout the hours that intervene between

their first cry and the final gasp. It would take a big diary to chronicle all the traumatic events that wrench and rack bones and sinews during the days of the average individual.

The human frame is made to withstand much stress and strain. Accidents may not leave an enduring consequence; yet often some structure by a mishap is forced from its normal relationships without its possessor being aware of the fault. Later he discovers *something wrong* with the daily program of some organ or part of his body.

The mechanism may also become deranged through fatigue, faults of habit, postural defects, results of infection, improper use or unnatural environment. Yet withal, injuries and strains, more or less severe, may be accounted the most frequent cause of disturbance to the mechanical structure upon which our health depends.

Nature has a way of hiding her

secrets from you and from me. Less than three hundred years ago no one knew that the blood circulated. A century back and germs were not on our visitor's list. Fifty years ago, no one ever thought of making general application of the principles of mechanics to correct the disorders of the body recognized as disease. Nature's treasured secrets are becoming common property. We are still learning—still in the process of evolution. The laws of aviation are as old as those of gravitation, but most of us can remember when the first flying machine featured the county fairs. The laws of bodily mechanics are as ancient as the race; now they are being applied to remedy human infirmities. Their principles are made available to the sufferer from physical derangement, through osteopathic discovery, investigation, and practice.

Disease is another name for per-

verted physiology — disordered function. Function, or discharge of duty, in man's body is just as impossible without structure as it is in an electric motor without definite arrangement of parts.

If you drive your car over an embankment, you will probably need some one who can adjust and repair. You would have small use for a chemist just then.

If your boy tumbles down the hatchway, it is decidedly the more likely that it is his mechanical structure, rather than his chemistry, that first suffers disturbance. The first indication, however, that *something* is *wrong* with your lad may be the discovery sometime later that his liver is shirking. Just a few ounces of reason sprinkled on the situation and it is easy to understand what that fall did to the mechanism controlling the functions of his liver.

It is apparently the liver, as a

manufacturer of chemicals, that is first discovered at fault, rather than the communicating tissues controlling that organ. The liver, faithful servant, obeys its governing mechanism, as does a locomotive the throttle. A man may be able to analyze star dust, but how would such training assist him either in finding or in adjusting a displaced tenth dorsal vertebra? That mischievous vertebra could be the one that had crossed nature's wires to the liver.

There was a man in our town. He is in the asylum now. He insisted on putting a little strychnine in his telephone whenever he could not ring central. His wife has a second rib twisted. It irritates the sympathetic nerve fibers to the heart. She takes a little strychnine now and then for her palpitation and is accredited sane. Funny, isn't it — two mechanisms — one an electrical contrivance, the other a vital mechanism, *something*

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wrong with both? Can you distinguish any great difference in the relative sanity which wishes to administer strychnine in each instance?

If we were not vital, physico-chemical mechanisms subject to structural and functional disturbance, the osteopath could not justify his calling.

Friends have just brought our sister home. She has been injured in a street-car accident. There are no open wounds, but she suffers pain. She must have a doctor at once. Which is the more logical, to call in attendance one taught to smother pain or one trained to relieve distress by correcting the mechanical basis for suffering? Wrongs should be righted, not blanketed!

[You would not expect a watch to perform its function as a chronometer, if it were not mechanically perfect. Function is manifest through structure — and only through structure. As a simple proposition in physics, when

the structure is perfect, function will be perfect. This is true to the last analysis — no scientist in his laboratory has been able to negative that proposition.

Life is energy; electricity is energy; heat is energy; yet none can manifest its energy except through some material structure. The body is the form through which our life is manifest. Its parts must be arranged perfectly or disorder and disease result.

When the water-wheel is not delivering the full power under normal head, the millwright would be beside himself to pour acid or alkali into the intake with a view to correcting the trouble. Rather, he wisely regulates the machinery in accordance with the laws of physics, and the wheel delivers its full power.

Whatever in the final analysis life itself may be, it is never manifest except through structure. Destroy or distort the structure and life's mani-

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festations are destroyed or distorted. This is true of the body as a whole, of each organ as a part of a body, and of each cell as a part of an organ.

The savage applied his incantation; the magician, his magic; the superstitious, his credulous practice; the faithful, his prayer; the drug vendor, his empirical remedy, but human bodies having *something wrong* with their structure have continued to be a source of torment to their possessors since the days of the cave men.

Johnnie fell off the fence, as Johnnies are apt to do. A month later his digestion was mysteriously impaired. Green apples and mince-pie both defaulted the responsibility. Dope or diet gave imperfect comfort. *Something* was *wrong* — had been wrong — ever since the fall. Johnnie's tongue or temperature or "tummy" did not indicate where the trouble was any more than a one-eyed automobile will tell you where the circuit



The savage applied his incantation

is broken. The man who located Johnnie's real difficulty knew the anatomy and physiology sufficiently well to locate a twisted rib interfering with the nervous pathways to his stomach. When the head of a rib was obtruding upon the sympathetic nerve to Johnnie's lunch basket, that stomach felt about as comfortable as does your foot when an obtrusion of similar character on the sciatic nerve puts "pins and needles" in your toes. The rib was "fixed." Johnnie ate normally and was well.

It takes a shopman longer to overhaul a car that has hurdled a stone wall than to tighten a bolt in the steering column. Disorders of the human mechanism vary from slight disturbances to general interruption of the activities. Some adjustments of structure can be made easily — others require more days of grace — many have been so neglected that the damage is beyond repair.

Disease has been comparatively free from an accounting to human understanding. Some of its codes, however, have been illuminated. The discovery of the mechanical causes as factors which produce symptoms, recognized as disease, evidently struck the mother lode in the mining operations for therapeutic truth.

Poisons are destructive to life. What logic can be found in the administration of a poison, even in infinitesimal portions, by any one interested in the preservation of life? Any substance (except water) without food value introduced into the human system is an irritant or a poison. The cells of the body react to a poison in their effort at self-protection. They try to eliminate or neutralize it. When the body is laboring under the handicap of disorder and disease what logical excuse can be forthcoming for adding to its embarrassment?

Education is training in the com-

prehension of life and its environment. Disease occurs in the environment of human tissues. Its interpretation is in terms of perverted physiology. Man's body being the scene of disease, then of what avail to chase a rattlesnake for its venom, invest in a little mercury, or extract a drop of poison from the ivy, with the idea of assisting a disordered structure to function properly? Any good seamstress knows that bottled snake-bites will not adjust by as much as a hair's breadth the tension on her sewing machine. Mercury has its service to perform for the comfort and preservation of the race, but what potency of mercury has ever been known to correct a displaced joint?

A typewriter will work with almost any kind of oil, or for a time without oil; but green oil or pink oil or sperm oil or mineral oil all appear incompetent to this useful instrument when

a type bar is bent. With the alignment disturbed, a mechanic and not an oil epicure should be conscripted.

Osteopathy is just another way to write opportunity. It affords the sick the opportunity of having the mechanical *something wrongs* corrected so that every little movement of every tiny cell in every lane or corner of the body will have perfect and natural freedom.

Who would direct a chauffeur to put a teaspoonful of any odorous, amber liquid in the radiator for the purpose of preventing a knock in the engine? Yet it was from a big brown bottle that I saw one chauffeur's "boss" swallow a teaspoonful of "something." He had been told that it would cure his hay fever. He did not know that the bones of his neck had slipped or that there were bony irregularities in his nose that actually needed fixing by an expert physiological engineer. He



A teaspoonful of "something"

had been told one thing. He had still to learn the others.

By the way, this telling game is a comfortable one for the teller; especially if the spokesman has on his side tradition, and on the part of his listener luxuriant ignorance and bliss. Most of us know only that which we have been told. Few of us uncover new truths for ourselves. Why believe all we are told? Why not put the plausible tale in the test tube with truth and reason? The reaction would often provide more glory for the tube than for the tale. Scientific ideas still penetrate the mind of the average individual a bit more readily than hailstones puncture a pavement. Columbus discovered this fact years before he embarked for his westward journey. It is human nature, you know, to oppose what is not understood. "We are down on what we are not up on."

Wigwag your eyebrows. Catch this

signal, for right here is where are listed a few of the workable mechanical toys in and about your joyful self. When you know about them, you will better understand. There are levers at every joint — hundreds of them in all. There is a pump under the breast. There are pulleys in the eye. There is a storage battery in the skull. There is a complete plumbing system, even to traps, valves, and vents. There is a sewage system perfect for every need. There is a filter at the kidney, another at the liver, and still another at the lung. At every gland there is a chemical factory — collecting and rearranging the materials needed by the body. Every organ is a living workshop having its mechanical, chemical, and vital relationships. None of these adaptive mechanisms grew from a bottle, nor can it be conceived how the contents of a bottle will recall their usefulness when once it is impaired.

Tissues we can examine. They are organic fabrics. Some of their properties chemistry has made known to us. But life itself has never been analyzed; it is known only through its manifestations in cell and tissue.

Atoms must obey chemical laws; forms must obey physical laws; effects must follow causes. As a source of physical disorder, the mechanical structure comes first, the chemical reactions second, and the vital reactions last. A failure of the mechanical foretells the failure of all; a failure in the chemical is impossible with normal structure and an adequate supply of raw materials. A failure of the vital is not possible without first a disturbance in one or the other of the basic sciences (physics and chemistry), through which it is made evident. Mechanical disturbances must then be the foundation of much physiological disturbance. There is always a discernible *something wrong*,

be the investigator adequately trained and the search sufficiently thorough to discover it.

Disease comes in one of several ways. Mechanical disturbance is undoubtedly the most frequent cause. Next in order is chemical disturbance through imperfect supply, the product of infection, or the intake of poison. Vital disturbances through exhaustion or inhibition are logically the least frequent sources of disease and frequently depend upon the first-mentioned causes.

The life processes, from a therapeutic viewpoint, may be considered relatively important in the order of our knowledge of them. Human knowledge, in its completeness, follows this order: first, the structure; second, the chemistry; last, the vital. Man knows less about the vital reactions in the body than he understands about the chemical reactions. He is less acquainted with the chemical reactions

than with the structural relationships. Why should he, then, even try side-stepping the better known, to tamper with the less understood, when disorder appears?

The disagreeable things of the world are passing. The mechanical millennium is coming. The binder has saved the backaches of the farmer. The vacuum cleaner has lessened the labor of the housewife. The electric car saves the time and energy of the commuter. The elevator saves much leg-weariness for us all. Progress not less significant is also to be found in the healing art. A wise man does not go for weeks with a rampant functional disorder of his intestines. He has the deranged mechanism fixed and the intestine behaves. He has learned that "costiveness" means *something wrong* and he goes to one who has studied the delicate mechanism involved to have the wrong located and corrected. There is *something*

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wrong with any man's information or judgment when he takes pills (chemicals) for an evident mechanical disorder.

Conditions have causes — be it in social, political, or physical life. No adequate remedy is available without a knowledge of causes. Osteopathy concerns itself with the birthplace of our ills — with the *something wrong*. It recognizes that the cause is most frequently structural, but may include other factors: environmental, occupational, dietetic, parasitic, etc.

A Missourian apprehended and first made general application of the principle of adjustment of structure as a prerequisite to normal function. Gross adjustments, such as the setting of dislocations, had been recognized and practiced for a long time prior to his coming, but the conception and application of this principle of adjustment to the minute anatomy was the product of the brain of Dr. Andrew

Taylor Still. All honor to him! He uncovered a fundamental biological truth which complements and unifies all other therapeutic truths gleaned by centuries of experience. He presented a system of therapy at once in harmony with anatomy, physiology, pathology, bacteriology, theology (God in man), and all other "ologies" whose foundation is demonstrated truth. He discovered that there was always *something wrong* mechanically somewhere in the body or disease and disorder would not be.

The logic of adjusting structure in order to normalize a function stood as an undiscovered continent on the face of the physical world until Dr. Still became the Columbus to demonstrate that scientific therapy was not a flat earth checkered with lands of experiment and waters of uncertainty, but a fine sphere — a complete whole.

The laws of life are harmonious. Dr. Still was right! Osteopathy is

right!! He formulated two laws which in their importance to the human race stand beside Newton's law of gravitation and Darwin's law of evolution. The first is that normal structure is a prerequisite for normal function, and the second is the law of the chemical immunity of the body. Both have absolutely stood the test of time and the investigations of scientific research. It was upon these fundamental principles and laws that he founded his school of healing. He choose to call the application of those laws, or his system of practice, "osteopathy." Its complete ramifications are not yet fully explored — but as a basic, biological, and therapeutic truth it has attained a place in science that cannot be disturbed.

Superstition, prejudice, hearsay, and ignorance long formed the four side walls for the stockade restraining general scientific knowledge of disease. Such knowledge seeks liberty in

this land of liberty. Issue its emancipation proclamation, so far as you personally are concerned. Tumble all your superstition, prejudice, hearsays, and lack of information out into your mental backyard and place a contract for a new home for ideas — not a stockade — with the well-rated firm of “Think & Reason.” They are architects of ability.

Just because a man cannot grasp the anatomical and physiological relationships that link a subluxated rib with asthma is no proof that such does not exist. Many mental engines stall at the osteopathic concept. Some even backfire and others let their rear wheels spin in the mud.

Mark this word about osteopathy. Weigh it in carats or tons, as you choose. She is a real therapeutic “tank,” stalls at no scientific evidence, and goes “over the top” to achievement and victory.

Show me the man who has studied

the body with the idea of mastering its mechanics and I will nod my approval to him as the man I would rather have, above all others, investigate my condition when *something goes wrong*.

An osteopath may be called a "fool and a fanatic," but he is hospitable to demonstrated truth. Sometimes he knows no more than to push a rib or vertebra through its normal range of movement and let a poor sufferer get well. Just catalogue, if you will, the things that might have been done to that unhappy individual in the name of "science" without so much as locating the offending rib. Knowledge is crowding out guesswork. The knowledge which osteopathy has given to the world pushes backward into history many general misconceptions of the origin and nature of disease.

The brainiest man in Wisertown can find few answers to human ills in

the pharmacopeia. Influences may be there detailed, but as answers they are as unpromising as fables in mathematics. Of the drug family, there are but three whom the osteopath delights to call his friends. The friendship is on scientific grounds. Their first names each begin with A, Antiseptic, Antidote, and Anaesthetic. They are noble sons of chemistry. They are subject to service to make life more tolerable for mankind.

Drugs as remedies are going the way of the ox-cart. It certainly is illogical and worthy of relegation to give a chemical "something" for a symptom when a definite mechanical cause can be found to account for the *something wrong*.

This little conversation took place in an osteopath's office after his patient had taken six months of treatment. She was a woman of thirty-five and had been relieved of suffering that had tortured her for twenty years.



Drugs as remedies are going the way of the ox-cart

She said, "Just to think, my doctor used to tell me such suffering was the 'heritage of woman.'" "

The osteopathic physician inquired, "Was he right?"

She replied, "No, it was the heritage of medical ignorance as to cause and effect."

Truth is always the sunlight, but there are lots of shadows — some of them exceedingly dense. He stands in a dense shadow who tries to put the laws of mechanics in a flask, under a porous plaster, or compress them into tablet form. Science says: "It can't be done."

To perceive correctly is the first requisite to straight thinking. Red ink does not make a love letter nor pink pills a remedy. Disease is disordered function. Structure determines function. When function goes lame, look to the structure for cause.

Reason is an attribute of man. It should be applied to the ills of man.



Science says, "It can't be done"

So it is, but much of the reasoning is not reasonable, it is based on imperfect observation of fundamentals. Truth should not be sought through the wrong end of the telescope. A look at the tongue gives one a poor idea of the twisted spinal joint that is indirectly impairing the activity of a kidney; to study the effect of dead "bugs" on the living body prepares one rather imperfectly to set a sub-luxated innominate bone.

Values make the race of life a gamble. Strange what a stake some will play at the game. There have been men who would pay more for a pedigreed calf, any day, than for the health and welfare of themselves or their children. Curious, is it not, how many bird, art, and literary clubs there are, yet what little value is placed upon club studies in matters pertaining to physical man? Would you not question the devotion of a parent for a child when the value

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placed upon a physician's friendship exceeded the value placed upon the comfort or even the life of a child? Such evaluation is not uncommon. Strange how esteemed tradition outweighs the values of scientific evidence!

If you are interested in life you are interested in osteopathy. Osteopathy aims that the structure through which human life is manifest shall be perfect in architecture — structurally as God intended.

PART II

Find it, fix it, leave it alone

— A. T. STILL.

FUNNY what a sacred sack of musty notions we delight to carry, consenting to neither a peek nor a puncture. Our sack may be weighty or light, yet *avoirdufois* does not determine worth. Values are appraised by those faithful old assessors, Truth, Utility, and Desirability. Their estimate on our treasured opinions may save us taxes.

Opinions grow in a peculiar mixture termed "mental soil." Our beliefs spring from a conglomerate clod of truth and untruth, information and ignorance, learning and teaching, knowledge and hearsay, investigation and prejudice, confidence and distrust, evidence and assumption, per-



*What a sacred sack of musty notions we
delight to carry*

ception and deception, progress and tradition, desire and satisfaction, choice and habit, fact and fancy.

The same soil will grow roses or ragweed. Blossoms depend upon the planting and care. Farmers break up their acres with the expectation of more profitable croppage. They have learned that occasionally to turn the sod frees useful ingredients. Every man is his own mental farmer. Enterprise prompts him to furrow occasionally his intellectual estate that he may harvest more practical opinions.

Epoch-marking ideas often do not receive a diplomatic welcome.

The views of Dr. Still with reference to disease were mental vaporings to those worshiping tradition. The practical service to man of the Doctor's observations are still being surveyed and charted. The mechanistic conception of structure and function is being proven the legitimate child of science.

SOMETHING WRONG

When the mechanism of man exhibits *something wrong*, its capacity for defense against fellow or microbe is correspondingly impaired. Imagine a man winning a boxing contest with a sprained shoulder or a woman putting typhoid or pneumonia to rout while the mechanism controlling her ductless glands is suffering serious mechanical disturbance.

Bugs and bacilli have their laws of life just as do men, animals, plants, and every living thing. When a vicious bug encounters a man, the game is played according to Darwinian rule — “The survival of the fittest!”

Law is the governor of life. Things do not click by chance in an orderly world. Health is not a product of guesswork and gambling. Existence, whether of a single-celled protozoan or of a countless-celled man, is ruled by law. We are physico-chemical mechanisms and as such must be subject to the rules of the biological game.

When our physical structure is disturbed, it must be promptly adjusted or it scores against health in this little sport called "life."

He who would be a John Burroughs of germdom must borrow the eyes of the microscope. Even then he will have to be a keen observer to record accurately the natural history, the life incidents, of many of our bug contemporaries. The sleuths on the trail of these little compromisers of human happiness are many. Bug biographies are being written. We have learned that man has both friends and enemies among the micro tribes. In fact, without the aid of some of these little friends he could not live. Without encountering the enmity of others few men die. Some of the enemy band, once defeated, make a lifelong truce with a man — for instance the germs of smallpox and most of those causing the diseases of childhood. Others agree to an

armistice of rather indefinite duration — influenza and pneumonia may be cited as examples.

The presence of the enemy germs, with their poisons that destroy, calls to action, for the preservation of the body, a defensive mechanism of which the ductless glands form the training stations and munition factories for the defenders. Antibodies are manufactured and used to bomb the invaders to destruction or rout. When the local training stations show unpreparedness for the enemy assaults, man must capitulate. With an adequate preparedness on the part of the body's defensive organization, the germs surrender. Preparedness implies mechanical perfection in all details, associated with the defensive organization.

Experiments are being made with serums, antitoxins, and vaccines whereby this military service of preparedness of one animal may be appropri-

ated by the other. Just as in war, the manufactures of one nation may be purchased for use by the military machine of another. In some measure these organic trading efforts have given promise of success. However, the biological and chemical reactions of each organism in the face of even the same enemy are so varied and involve processes so beyond the present powers of man to investigate, that only a measure of success has attended such experiments in biological commerce. In actual practice, osteopathy often proves its potency in assisting the defensive mechanism to operate successfully when serums and vaccines fail.

The intelligence inherent in each organism knows best its own defensive needs and limitations, and the primary requisite seems to be to have freedom from all obstructions so that it can make requisition from normal sources and continue to defend

itself successfully against hostile invasions.

In the battles of life, man, you see, is not the captain of his own defense. He forms just the battleground whereon is determined his existence or demise. All he can do is to increase his natural resistance and to clear the field for action. Over the marshaling of the soldiers (white blood corpuscles) and munitions (antibodies and antitoxins) he has no authority. Nature has wisely placed that outside the command of the will.

In the light of recent biological studies, the time-stained, popular notions of disease need the laundry. Yet some people seem to prefer the soiled linen of antiquated ideas.

The body presents, as a whole, a commonwealth of cells, a chemical caldron, an electrical instrument, a vital mechanism finished from the hand of the Creator. The efficiency of an electrical instrument is condi-

tioned upon its being structurally and chemically complete. The efficiency of a chemical manufacturing plant, in the course of a constant supply, depends upon each department doing its assignment with perfect freedom of motion.

The perfect relationship of parts and the food supply are the prime considerations for the effectual operation of the human organism. The fuel (food) for the boiler must be adequate in kind and quantity and the engine must have all its parts properly in place to convert the energy of the fuel into useful work.

Our mechanism is more delicate in its organization and operation than our Ingersolls, and it needs just as careful and infinitely more intelligent adjustment.

Demeriting deviations of the bodily structure may pass in obscurity beneath untrained fingers. A blind man reads a page of embossed dots.

Could you? The grasp of a penholder over a prescription blank is imperfect training for palpating many minor deviations from normal.

You do not need a sledge hammer to repair a watch, nor is violence an essential of corrective work on the frame of man. No one would expect a youngster to pull hard enough to set a dislocated shoulder, nor does it take the strength of a Sampson to establish normal mobility in some of the delicate articulations of the spine. Knowledge and judgment form the balance wheel in human engineering. The man who tells you that osteopathy spells "rough usage" is either void of intelligent osteopathic experience or perpetrates a deliberate falsehood.

Did you ever hear of some one being advised that they "could not stand it" to take osteopathic treatment, pugilistic tactics being implied? Just because you drive into

a garage is no indication that the foreman of that institution or his subordinates will unceremoniously attack your car with a sixteen-pound maul, merely for general results, giving the machine a sound beating-up from radiator to spare-rim. Four or more years of training ought to have imparted as much discretion to the osteopathic brain as an apprenticeship has to that of the garage mechanic. The proposition is simple. Find *something wrong* and fix it. That is what Mr. Automobile Expert does; that is what Dr. Osteopath should do. It suggests neither the sledge hammer nor the roped arena.

An osteopath is neither a hermit nor a miser, in this world of golden biological truth. He is a workman doing the obvious to assist nature.

Occasionally take council of reason. When you sit on a chair until your foot is asleep, will you wake it with an electric spark or will you stand and

SOMETHING WRONG

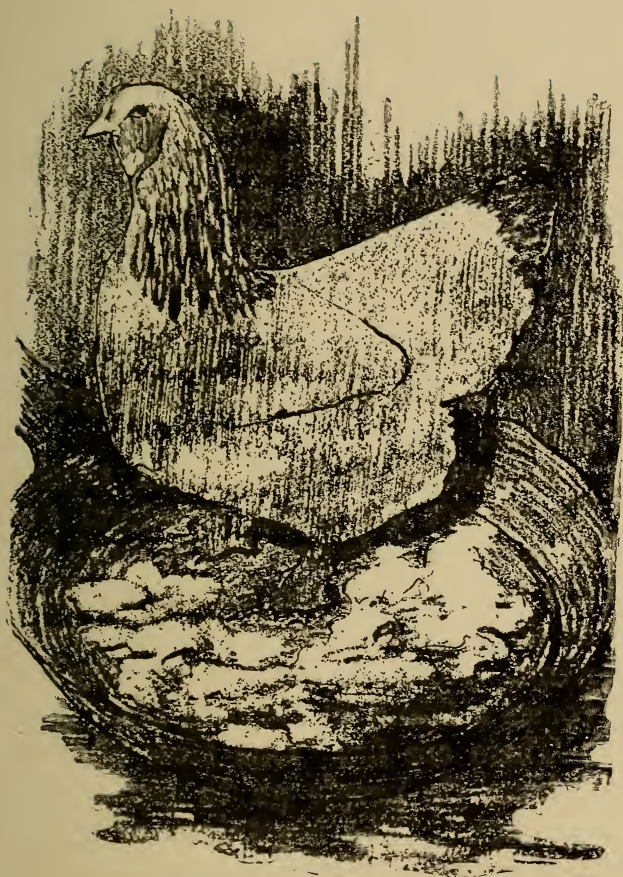
let the nerve message pass? When a slipped rib irritates the nervous supply to the stomach, will a white powder permanently calm your disquietude, or would it be more logical to adjust the rib? Suppose your shoulder was dislocated and you suffered pain in the arm. That pain is undoubtedly due to pressure on the nerves of the arm. You would not expect liniment to relieve the condition. The shoulder should be put in place. If a bone in the neck is slipped from its normal position, pressing upon the same nerve, although at a different place, would not the same principle of righting the *something wrong* apply? Electricity, liniment, baking, or pain killing are far from scientific procedures with the given premises.

The demand for osteopathic service — more and better professional equipment for rendering that service — has stimulated for osteopathy a tremendous institutional growth. Colleges, hospi-

tals, sanitariums, research institutes, clinics, associations, specialist groups, books, magazines, conventions are all the fruitage of this demand. It would take a large catalogue to list them all. These are each and all serviceable in the production, preservation, or dissemination of scientific therapeutic knowledge. They form the battle-line of militant osteopathy against the allied forces of less scientific therapy.

You have legs for ambulation; ears for captivating conversation; eyes for mental photography; brains for the manufacture of opinions. These were intended for the joy of your individual use. Joy is found in their exercise, for pleasure is a purpose of life. Use these truth-scenting organs to the point of pleasure in the reliability of the knowledge of yourself acquired. Better not borrow too many ready-made opinions on subjects of politics or health. Bliss thus acquired may prove but a camouflage.

Pianos are the product of a factory, so are osteopaths. The osteopathic factories are labeled colleges. There are seven between the Pacific and Boston Harbor. Each college has a conscience. Its faculty knows that "Osteopathy is knowledge or it is nothing." Education implies training. Training should be directed to the end it purports to serve. Man's engineer should naturally be trained in mechanics — human mechanics. This is what an osteopathic student catches in his brain-bucket at these intellectual fountains. The mental digestion of the student is in high speed for four years. He receives the hunch that the human machine requires a master-mechanic. He is determined to qualify and he does. He is not taught that a drug store is the beacon light to physical salvation, or that life operates except through structure. No chicks are hatched from scrambled eggs. The osteopath is instructed to



No chicks are hatched from scrambled eggs

find and correct the *something wrong* when life's harp is out of tune.

An engine may be damaged very quickly if certain bolts are allowed to go untightened. We give the nuts and screws attention on our locomotives; we should not neglect the joints in our own framework. The spine, with its complicated assembly of bony, ligamentous, muscular, and nervous tissue, is the switchboard of physical trouble.

Prevention is better than repair. To correct the minor structural defects of the body promises as much for the longevity of the human machine as do the minor repairs to the power plant. Herein is where osteopathy becomes a friend to the long life.

There are few "One Hoss Shays." Seldom do people go to pieces "all at once." The beginnings of illness are often "weak points" in the anatomy which, neglected, mean the foundering of the good ship "Health."

An aviator is not only anxious to have his eagle soar for the moment. He wants it to be kept in flying trim. We presumably desire the same of our little monoplanes. If we took as good care of our body as he does of his aircraft, to see that all parts are properly adjusted and all needs supplied, we would not be taking the aviator's chance on "keeping up" if *something goes wrong*.

The synonym for osteopathy is surgery. Surgery is described in Webster's dictionary as "The act and art of treating injuries or diseases by manual operations." This admirably describes the procedures of osteopathy applied to the correction of parts that evidence *something wrong*. Treating means adjusting and implies carefully and skillfully replacing the tissues to their normal relationships; not sledgehammer thrusts upon the delicate organic structures associated with the human body, not massage or rubbing,

—but just the above as defined under surgery.

Cases which actually require operative surgery are diagnosed as surgical and referred either to an osteopathic surgeon or a medical surgeon for such operative procedures as may be needed.

Partnerships began with the elements. For practical purposes, early in the earth's history, oxygen formed a partnership with two hydrogen companions and gave forth water. There are sixteen elements coöperating to form man. Partnerships of more or less magnitude have continued to be formed throughout the chemical, biological, and social world during the course of our evolution as reciprocal advantage has been apparent. The partnership of osteopathy and surgery came as a natural consequence of the mutual benefits to be obtained. What could be done by adjustment of structure need not be attempted by mutilation of form. That which

could not be accomplished by correction of relationships may be corrected by incision and repair. The partnership has been a success. This understanding between osteopathy and surgery leads to accomplishments impossible without coöperation.

A name does not determine value. Yet values may be determined by a name. Osteopathy was the name chosen by Dr. Andrew Taylor Still for the system of therapy he originated. In this day of imitations, deceptions, and impositions, look for the name. The statutes have thrown a protection about the word. It guides to those trained in human mechanics.

Counterfeit osteopathy bespeaks the worth of the genuine. Things of little value are not counterfeited. Spurious bank deposit slips are unheard of. It is the accompaniment of the slips, as they pass the teller's window, that are imitated. These imitations of genuine osteopathy appear under vari-

ous names and banners of uncertain hue. If you prefer shoddy when wool is available, help yourself. Wearing qualities offer better testimony than a shrewd salesman.

Osteopathy won its first credit marks by giving the "knock out" to disorders that had shaken their fists in defiance of every previous attempt to overcome them. A system of procedure that avails when tried as a last resort is even more satisfactory if tested when *something* goes *wrong* all of a sudden, as in the acute disorders. This is not a fairy tale. The evidence is sustained in the court of experience.

Laboratories are maintained for the investigation of such properties and activities of matter as are not discernible without special apparatus. Suppose we take a look at osteopathy under laboratory examination. At Chicago there is an institution whose every purpose is to put osteopathy

on trial. It is called the A. T. Still Research Institute. Every experiment on thousands of animals, every chemical and biological investigation that has been completed, has but served to substantiate the mechanistic theory as to the cause and cure of disease.

The history of osteopathy dates from June, 1874. It was then that there came to Dr. Andrew Taylor Still the first clear vision of the necessity for perfect structural relationships in the body in order that the organic functions might be normal. Years have gone and with them has passed "The Father of Osteopathy." His death occurred December 12, 1917, at the age of eighty-nine. He had lived to see his theories accepted by men given to scientific investigation. The truth which he discovered will contribute to human welfare so long as knowledge shall endure. A monument was unveiled in his honor at Kirksville, Missouri, in June, 1917,

but a greater monument is found in the hearts of truth-loving people who appreciate his discoveries leading to therapeutic reform.

Did you ever hear of a laboratory producing a drop of blood, an ounce of lymph, or even a tear, true to the chemical formula of nature? It has not been done — it is not likely that it will be accomplished. Nature knows best. Fix what is wrong and let nature have her own way.

Tonics are the greatest of deceivers. They substitute fantasy for reality. They do not add food or fuel values of consequence. They are like the theatrical villain who, coming to the stage widow under promise of great allurements, robs her of jewels. Don't be deceived by stimulants. They merely help you to squander your reserves more quickly.

A man might be hired very cheaply to pour chloride of lime down your sink. You might even do it yourself.

When sewer gas is leaking, and you know it, you want a plumber to overhaul the piping, not something which will quell the stench for a day. Chloride of lime may be cheaper than plumber's bills, but how about the consequences? Results rather than expense is a more becoming entry in the ledger of common sense.

Beginnings in life are small, as are the beginnings of the dissolution of life. It took us a long time to digest the theory that we and the anthropoid ape had a common ancestry. Science now tells us that that animal is a comparatively near relation. The real beginning of man was in the advent of life upon earth. First came the bacteria; later, the protozoa — the primary animal cell. So, in the dissolution of life, the item that concerns us more — in the cell there lies the origin of death. Cells of our body are constantly dying, and, so long as health obtains, are being replaced.

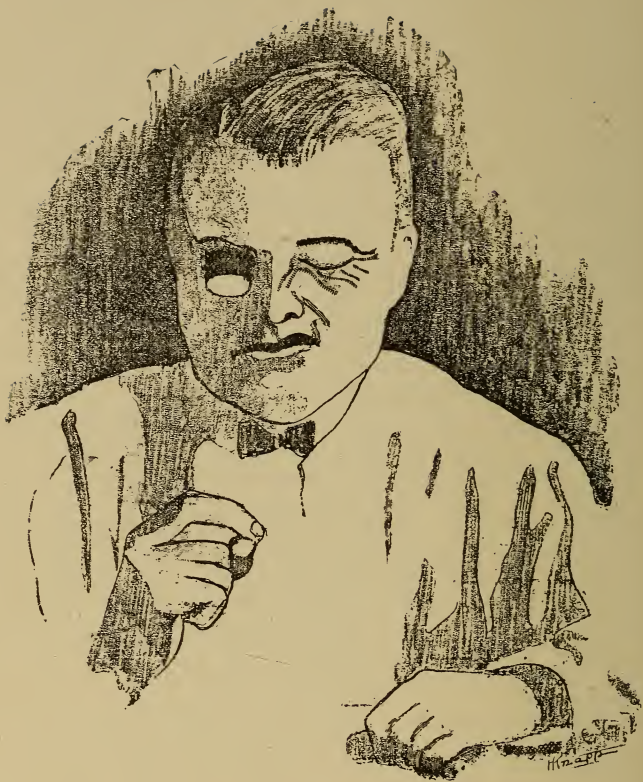
S O M E T H I N G W R O N G

If *something* goes *wrong* with any part of the body, shutting off the nutrition or drainage from a group of cells, the cells weaken and die, just as your finger — a multitude of cells — might die if a string were tied about it tight enough and long enough to strangle the circulation. Suppose that the group of cells so involved controlled a vital function, such as do the nerve cells to the heart, the lungs, kidneys, or the suprarenal capsules. Disease or disordered function would be manifest in the organ these nerve cells controlled, and unless something was done to relieve the situation the death of the organism as a whole would ensue just as surely as the finger would die if the string was not cut or loosened.

We are all dying, a cell or two at a time — our existence depends, like that of a popular magazine, upon continued individual renewals. There are supposed to be something like

twenty-six billions of cells in our dwelling-place. When they are all dead — so are we. The little dams across the river of life that arise from obstructions to the blood stream should be located early and removed if we are to be successful in deferring that unwelcome event.

Have you heard that an Osteopath “rubs”? The word was never spoken by one who *knows* osteopathy. Would you say a jeweler’s chief occupation was squinting, because he holds a glass with one eye and explores the vitals of your watch? He uses the glass to discover *something wrong*. So the osteopath explores with the hand (palpates) the parts of the body to locate trouble. He depends upon his sense of touch to enlighten him as to tissue relationships. His chief concern is not to rub where trouble has been found, but to correct. Rubbing, as a remedy, is massage, not osteopathy. The osteopath may prescribe



*Would you say a jeweler's chief occupation
was squinting?*

or practice massage, but when this is done it is administered as massage, not as the scientific adjustment of parts — osteopathic practice.

Fads are the children of fashion. They are not even second cousins of science. The high-brow who guessed osteopathy a fad was mistaken in the parentage.

Science is absolutely impartial. The laws of the universe were codified before man began to argue and assume. It is not what people say — be they professional or layman — that determines the verdict on the truth or falsity of osteopathic tenets; the evidence is an open book read by those who can interpret the language of nature.

The reactions of the body are both physical and chemical. It is the chemical action, reaction, and interaction of atoms in our bodies, that keeps us alive. Drugs are known as being chemically active. Therefore, it has

been thought that they were efficient in altering the reactions in the body when disease obtruded.

It is true that drugs may alter the reactions of the body. Observations and investigations, however, have shown that the production of such artificial reactions which are positively efficient in assisting the body in its defensive or reparative activities are almost as rare as goblins. The natural reactions are obscure. No one knows all about them. No one can have an understanding of the exact defects of the equations as to time and place, nor the kind or quantity of chemicals represented in any apparent deficiency. The body manufactures according to its own complicated chemical formulas. Call to witness the healing wound, the fountain of saliva, the repairing fracture, the lactating breast. Specialized cells take the elements from the food, first breaking down and then rebuilding them into new

compounds. If the body is structurally right, this will be done without hesitation to meet specific need. Correction of structure is indicated, rather than uncertain dosage, when disease is present.

Success is a goal that means much in any man's life. To reach success in our efforts to maintain or regain health means more than most other brands of achievement. The exhibit of disorders that have the words "successfully treated" written over them under osteopathic ministrations is large. One investigator put it this way, "Osteopathy has the greatest therapeutic agent known to science. That agent is simply nothing more than the adjustment of structure."

"How does an osteopath treat, anyway?" you may have heard some one asking. The answer has not often been complete or satisfying. The cloaking of the mechanism of the body in fat and fascia, muscle and

membrane has obscured from many just to what depth the vision of the osteopath might penetrate. The electrician repairing a motor or the engineer a locomotive is not so handicapped. The osteopath must know the anatomy so thoroughly that, under all masking of relationships, his mental view of the parts is clear. Visualizing the normal structures, hunting for abnormalities, he proceeds to "fix," in so far as he is able, that which he finds abnormal. He has no rule of conduct except to find and correct *something perceptibly wrong*.

Hitch one horse to each end of a wagon, when would you expect to reach your destination? Nature and drugs pull in opposite directions. Osteopathy and nature form a team. They pull together and arrive.

The staid old colt of progress often shies at new truth, but that does not prevent a thing being new and at the same time true. Osteopathy is not

new in the sense that it is experimental. Twenty-five years and more evidence that it has long passed the experimental stage. It is new, however, in comparison with the theory and practice of drug therapy.

The individual osteopath may be in error in a matter of diagnosis, technique, or judgment. Failure of the individual osteopath reflects no more upon the science of osteopathy than the farmer who fails discredits the science of agriculture.

Information never benefited a man to whom it was a stranger. The benefit comes to him who knows. To know of the mechanical basis of disease may mean life to him who understands when and where and how to seek for a practical application of that knowledge.

Osteopathy offers a peculiar service to crippled nature. Health is nature's plan materialized. You can begin at the cradle to see that normal struc-

ture is maintained. The laws of form, place, and function apply at all ages. No child is too young to have something corrected if it needs fixing—few are so old that it is not worth while at least to make the effort to maintain normal structural conditions.

Take the case of our babies; a tripod of causes support sickness in children. Malnutrition, infection, and injury form the legs of the tripod. Knowledge of the dietetic needs of the child cripples one leg, care and quarantine is the answer to another, and osteopathy is the logical desideratum for the third. With these props knocked from under, diseases of children drop from their high place of distressing frequency to more endurable levels.

Nature is no speed maniac. She is deliberate, but her plans carry. Haste is not a part of her program. The dignity of her stride is impressive. You might plant a garden and wish it to provide your dinner a week later.

You would be justly disappointed. Many a one with distorted structure and disordered function has been almost as impatient. He has looked, under treatment, for results in days when, if he knew nature better, his expectancy would have been gauged by months. This applies in many chronic cases where any process of repair must follow slowly as life builds — a cell at a time. The corrective requirements in any case corresponds to (a) the extent of the repairs to be made, (b) the ability of the body to secure and prepare the needed materials, and (c) the rapidity with which the débris may be removed.

As a little question of engineering philosophy, would you skim a pond or drain it? Would you try to “sweeten” a swamp chemically or by ditching? Would it be better to put sprays up the nose for a catarrhal condition or open the lymphatic and venous “drain cocks” beneath the

jaw? Treat to assist the tissues to maintain their normal resistance, and microbes must shift for themselves. Few cat-tails or reeds grace the marshes that have been effectively drained.

A theory is one thing; a fact is another. The theory of cough syrups does not look comfortable in the company of the fact that there often is an obstreperous rib irritating the nerves to the bronchial tubes or pleura.

Organs can take little excursions from home and duty as well as do bones and ligaments. Gravity is always busy. This old earth attracts a stomach, a pelvic organ, a kidney, a colon, just as it did Newton's apple. Unless there is adequate tissue tone, it will pull them from their place in the human plans and specifications. When *something* is *wrong* with them, it needs correcting as much as does any part of the frame that is twisted. The body needs food and "fixin'." It does not need a potion or poison.

You will not want to burden your mental freight-train with all the details of just how an osteopathic physician applies his art. General knowledge of the mechanical causes of disease and the result of treatment is sufficient. Sometime you may be sufficiently interested to sift to the bottom all the osteopathic information available. You may even have the honor, some day, of seeing your own, or your child's, or your grandchild's name on an osteopathic diploma.

Just one chain of events in a single case may be outlined to let you see the wonderfully complicated structure and function, also the extreme delicacy of adjustment and action-complex, which the body exhibits. Suppose, for instance, we follow as closely as we may the mischief trail along which travels the mind scouting for causes in such a condition as exophthalmic goiter. This disorder presents what we term a symptom-

complex, several evident errors of function acting simultaneously. There is protrusion of the eyeball (exophthalmos), swelling of the thyroid gland (goiter), and rapid heart action (tachycardia), nervous symptoms, and nutritional disturbance.

The osteopathic thinking machine operates either forward or in reverse. It reasons backward from symptoms to causes and forward from causes to effects. In a case of exophthalmic goiter presented, an osteopath applies logic thus: The thyroid is enlarged. It must be enlarged from one of several causes: either to meet the demands of greater activity, overstimulation, faulty drainage, accumulation of normal secretion, or overgrowth of tissue in the gland, etc. Physiology pictures for us the functions of the gland. Organic chemistry reveals something of the action and interaction of its products. Anatomy tells its nerve connections, blood sup-

ply, venous and lymphatic drainage. Each one of these anatomical structures contributing to the perfect action of the gland, the osteopathic fingers explore to locate possible trouble. Whenever palpable structural disorder is found the attempt is made to correct it. The success of the treatment depends upon the skill in locating or the ability to correct the *something wrong* (provided that there is not actual tumor formation or degeneration in the tissues of the gland; then it becomes a surgical condition).

The internal secretions of the thyroid influence the heart rate, are the controlling influence in the liberations of energy in the body, have an influence on the activity of the nervous and digestive systems and other functions not so well understood. So when the disturbance to the thyroid is corrected, the gland will function normally and govern as it should the activity of the other organs with

which it is associated nervously or chemically.

It is possible to trace, so far as known, the links between the disturbed activity and the faulty structural relationships in practically all disorders from baby's colic to grandfather's hardened arteries. The perverted physiological processes resulting in pathological changes are, however, often exceedingly complex. There are sixty or more recognized organic compounds which the body manufactures for its own use; a chemical disturbance in any one of these, and disorder more or less severe follows. The remedy is rarely to be found in attempting to supply from outside sources the deficiency, but rather an attempt to correct the interrelationships of the various parts of the mechanism is indicated. Then nature's remedies will be normally supplied from the body's own factories and storehouses.

There are few "specifics." They number but three or four. With these exceptions, no authorities affirm that drugs cure. Search the pages of modern medical literature for your own satisfaction, if you will not credit the statement. The trend of general scientific thought more and more approaches the osteopathic concept of the self-sufficiency of each organism. Each organism is capable of managing and prefers to manage its own affairs.

As for the adaptability of osteopathy, it, with its ally surgery, is prepared to provide scientific care for human ills, suffering only the limitations of the individual practitioner and the recuperative reserve of nature. Specialists have arisen devoting their time and attention to particular phases of the application of the osteopathic principles. This shows the breadth of osteopathic applicability and adaptability. It is not a system "good for one thing" or for "some things," but

its logic and treatment apply to each function and all structures wherever there is exhibited *something wrong*.

What a reflection on ability to locate mechanical disproportions to have a tailor or dressmaker be the first to observe a short leg, a high hip, a drooped shoulder, a flat chest, a curvature, when these conditions should have been caught in the mental camera of the "family physician." Ten to one, he had never scientifically investigated structural conditions, but kept wondering and experimenting as to whether powders, potions, or pills would remedy the result of such faulty structure.

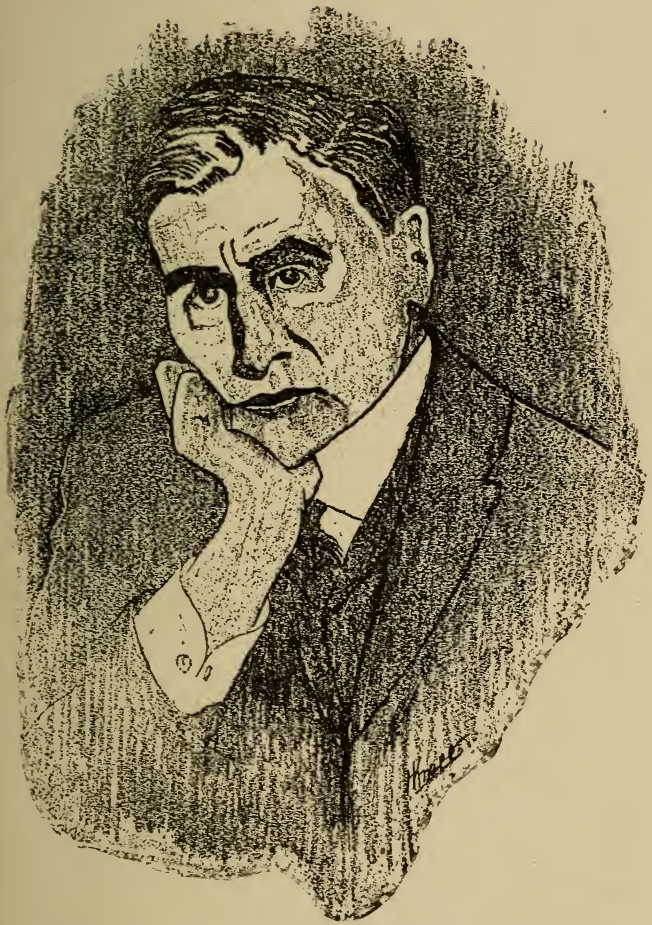
Would you like a simple, little definition to paste in your hat? Memorize this: *Osteopathy is the application of the law of adjustment to whatever may be interfering with the harmonious functioning of the human mechanism.* There it is, postage-stamp size. Like a stamp it carries far.



*They believe what they are told, from Santa
Claus to soothing syrup*

Nature is the great physician; man but a humble assistant. Few children can spell *incredulous* when they are five. They believe what they are told, from Santa Claus to soothing syrup. The idea of taking "something" for *something wrong* has often grown up with them. Unlike the obvious absurdity of an individual Santa Claus, the absurdity of the drug fetish grips their opinions, because for them the mystery of disease still holds. It is not surprising that it continues to do so, for opportunities for original, scientific investigation are, to the masses, denied. In the absence of personal investigation and knowledge, they must simply go on crediting what they are told.

The inquiring find the more rational way. Thought is the great emancipator of the individual and the race. A man is never too old to gather a few dry sticks of experience, kindle a fire, and thereby enliven his judgment.



*When the hum of your "works" doesn't sound
quite natural*

S O M E T H I N G W R O N G

Be it morning, noon, or midnight, when there comes a tap on the door of your consciousness that *something* is *wrong* somewhere with the working of your physical engine, *Think!* Thought and action has ever provided the adaptation and preservation of the race. Your approaching status may depend upon them at the moment.

It may be your carburetor is sputtering; it may be a grating of gears; it may be a cough in the muffler; it may be your clutch that is slipping; it may be your battery has short-circuited; but when the hum of your "works" doesn't sound quite natural you must realize that somewhere there is *something wrong*.

Just remember that what you need most of all, just then, is a mechanician; one trained to locate the mechanical troubles of your go-cart and fix them. Let that thought stick to your brain like a cocklebur.



Venture an inventory of that bag of notions

S O M E T H I N G W R O N G

Many a six cylinder has kicked and quit halfway on the highway of life because all the driver understood was to provide gasoline for the tank, oil for the crank-case, and water for the radiator. The added knowledge of "how-she's-made" and "how-she's-run" would not have permitted life's joy ride to be tempered or abbreviated.

Venture an inventory of that bag of notions!



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