Passing of the "Old Doctor"

A. G. Hildreth, D. O., Macon, Mo.

(Memorial address at funeral services of Dr. A. T. Still, at Kirksville, Mo., Friday, Dec. 14, 1917.)

We have gathered here to-day to pay our respects and to perform the last duties to all that is left mortal of one of the most loved of men. We should come, not to grieve, but to rejoice with him over the change that has taken place in accordance with the great life principle, natural law, in which he has believed implicitly and which he has taught so beautifully and of which he was the greatest exponent of his age.

A few weeks before Mother Still passed on, when she was nearing the end we all knew was coming, it was my privilege to be in Kirksville, and I shall never forget a little interview that took place between the "Old Doctor" and myself. It was late evening and we were out in front of the home on the lawn. Knowing the great trial just before him, I said, "Daddy, how your boys wish there was some way that they could bear a part, at least, of the great burden that now rests upon you in this trial hour of your life." A to my surprise he said, looking me straight in the face, "You boys need not worry over me, for over twenty years I have been teaching natural law to you and to the world, and Mother's going is only the fulfillment of that natural law; another step in the progress of her life is being fulfilled; a change from mortality to immortality; she has lived a good, useful life, and the time has come for her to pass on into greater usefulness; her change is but the fulfillment of life's divine plan; I would be a rank coward to break down now." Those of you who were present at the time of her passing cannot help but remember how well he bore his burden. That was but one of the many examples of his most wonderful fortitude, of his indomitable will power, of his undying faith—no, not faith, but knowledge of life—that has contributed so much to his great life's work.

Death, when it comes, is always more or less of a shock, let it come when it will, whether it be in early life—which it should not according to the teachings of this great man who lies before us—or whether it comes when well beyond the allotted time, death leaves heartaches that are hard to bear and vacant places that cannot be filled. It is difficult to understand why they should be. Yet for this dear man, who has left his family, his friends and the world such a heritage, such a vast wealth of everything good, we should not grieve, for the reason that we know could he speak to us to-day through the veil that divides this life from the great beyond he would say we should rejoice with him in the change, after so many more years have been allotted to him than to most men on earth—wonderful years in which to enjoy, as few men have been privileged to enjoy, the fruits of his own life's work.

God has been good, so good to him; while it is true that his burdens were great and seemingly at times heavy almost beyond the power of human endurance, yet it is also true that in his case, as in thousands of others, the trials and hardships and heavy burdens seem to have been the needed fire through which he must pass to purify the metal in the man, to best fit him and qualify him for the high purpose of the great work.
he was to accomplish. He has been the instrument wisely chosen in God's hands to give to the world a new treatment for the cure of disease. It was through the study of the human body and his knowledge of its divine perfection when in normal condition that led him into the wonderful field that eventually gave to the world the science of osteopathy.

You—his friends and neighbors—know the history of his struggles, you know as no others can, or ever will know, his real worth. As a friend, a neighbor and a citizen you have known him, enjoying a rare privilege, and one which the entire world in time will envy you. His personality and his work have made the little city of Kirksville so dear to so many of us, and made it the best known city of its size throughout the civilized globe; Kirksville is known as no other city can ever be known; it is the birthplace of osteopathy, a science that in a quarter of a century has become a world influence. It was due to him and to his efforts through the growth of the school made possible by his discovery that Kirksville has made the prosperous, splendid growth it has. He was your neighbor, this city's most distinguished citizen, one of the big men of this State and of the United States, one of the world's most noted discoverers and humanity's greatest benefactor. Wonderful discoveries have been made and we to-day enjoy as the people of no other age have ever enjoyed conveniences and comforts and privileges that were not even dreamed of fifty years ago. We owe a debt of gratitude to the great brains of the men who have made the conditions of to-day possible, but to Dr. Andrew Taylor Still all the people of all the nations of the earth will ever be under lasting obligations. For what do privileges amount to, or all the wealth of the earth count, without health? He has given to mankind the simplest, most common sense, rational treatment of disease that has ever yet been discovered, a scientific method for the cure of disease, hence, he is, as time will prove, humanity's greatest benefactor. You who have known him so intimately and well may not be able to comprehend all of this statement, but time will prove its correctness.

Countless thousands scattered all over the world know through experience the power to heal in those dear hands of his, and all of these same thousands who know of his passing away are mourning with us to-day, and, too, are grateful that he lived. More than six thousand men and women who have been educated as physicians in the schools that have taught the science discovered by him know as no other people can the real worth of his work. Hundreds of them, nay, all of them, have been given opportunities that could never have been dreamed of through other channels of life. Ah, the influence of his existence has been felt by more people and in more ways than any other man of this age, and the beauty and the glory of it all is the far reaching effect of this influence, which has never failed to enrich the lives of those who came in contact with it. He has brought hope into hearts and health into lives where only despair existed. Talk about statues to our dead created from soulless marble and stone, he has created in the living, throbbing human hearts of men a monument that is destined to last forever; marble and stone may crumble and decay, but not so his memory and the influence of his wonderful life, they are destined to live forever.

The family said it was his request, as well as theirs, that I make this talk. His last task assigned to me, so sweet, so dear and so valued, but, oh, so hard to perform. Only those of you who have known him and these sons and daughter well can know how intimately and how closely interwoven his life and theirs and mine have been through this great profession that he has left as a heritage to mankind, and few, if any, can realize how tame words seem, how far short they fall in expressing what my heart feels and so longs to pour forth at this hour.

To this family who stand so near and dear to me let me say, first, to the daughter who has given so unselfishly of her life to him and his every want for years, that no daughter could have done more than she has, and that her demonstration of filial love, devotion and self-sacrifice will ever be a lasting example of duty wonderfully fulfilled by those who know of the all she has passed through. And to those sons, upon whom has fallen the mantle of his great life’s work, you should not grieve; you knew him as no other could have
I will give the shadow and the nutrient plants: between this world and the world of the dead.

Amongst the dead names, "Zemman," "Ein Sinn" "
To live in the house near to the life thread. But you are the thread is being filmed.
The silence of the dead, the dead being filmed.
And knowledge is taking the place of life. Of that we are speaking, death.

My eye is in the place of blind, seeing knowledge.
For the soul of the one in darkness is drawn. And a lot of gifts are to be given as rewards. On the peace of wealth of the world's last youth.
My soul: a longer tomorrow, our minds are thinking.
The weak and poorer, we are thinking.
And our heart for God in the heart of living.
It is so we are learning the Book.

And certainly the God of the heart of a leader.
And we are in the way that is above.
In the past, without any doubt, with the secrets of truth and love.
And the secrets of life and death.
For the life and living of philosophy, we are.
For the life we take them here.

Now being and having, and being to judge
With the intellect in God's service will.
Tell the story more through the day, besides us.
Not taking in love, when our heart is small.
Tell the God of the life's being right.
This the peace when the world's right.
Now knowledge is taking the place of life. By that we are thinking.

The way, desire of Godliness to your heart of child who loves you dearly, we give you up to a better life, truly. When a God-knowledge shall all be well with you.
SOME PERSONAL TRAITS OF DR. STILL

CARL P. MCDONNELL, D. O.,
Chicago, Ill.

MY acquaintance with Dr. Still began in the late summer of 1894 when I went to Kirkville to take up the study of osteopathy. My first meeting was probably a typical one of those days. He had just finished a four-hour period, beginning at 7 in the morning, of treating patients and was ready for a ramble of an hour or two in the woods below the infirmary. I was invited to accompany him. Dr. Patterson had just introduced me, saying I was a prospective student. As we walked along he talked of various things aside from osteopathy. It was one of those experiences that many have thoroughly enjoyed. For Dr. Still was a rare observer of nature. Nothing apparently escaped his notice. No doubt he received much refreshment in this way. But beyond all he was a child of nature. He saw far beyond the mere objects. Everything to him seemed to be literally pulsing with life, of which the inner meaning was sought, analyzed and arranged after a certain order of cause and effect and its relationship to the universe. Nothing was isolated. There was order and a certain completeness, subject to the law of change, in his scheme of life. Natural history and astronomy evidently had especial fascination. Many a striking biologic conclusion worked out in his actual experience with disease received added confirmation due to his keen observation and understanding of wild life.

To a student, I think his love of work, aside from his store of exact knowledge, was most noticeable. Sixteen hours a day seemed to be his usual time spent in study, experiment and demonstration. But I am certain it was never irksome. He got pleasure from his work. His mind was not a single track. His thoughts embraced extensive researches. Books on science interested him provided they were not too much padded with theory. Actual facts and pertinent observations were the features that commanded him. He was a master of painstaking detail.

At this period the patients were treated and the classes held just across the street from the present buildings. The infirmary was being completed, consisting of the central portion of the present school, a building at that time of beautiful architectural lines. I believe nothing could have pleased Dr. Still more than the erection of this structure. It was substantial evidence of a thorough going establishment, representing a culmination of years of toil, struggle and every form of discouragement. This in one sense was the material answer to his many carping critics, and probably the only answer a number could really understand. His buoyant and youthful nature held full sway, and we saw Dr. Still at his best. His sincerity and simplicity stood out in bold outline, and these qualities, in my opinion, added many years to his life. The truth to him was something sacred. This is not to say that he was not appreciative of honors, provided they were not f oscusive, but riches and favors in the ordinary sense would not interest him.

To analyze a character at best always leaves a certain coldness and flatness. For this reason I am referring to a few personal characteristics. The courage and fortitude of a man when he meets adversity probably constitutes the real test. Of this in reference to Dr. Still osteopathic history has touched upon. I first met him when his star was well in the ascendency. Material prosperity, another crucial test, aside from his scientific arrival, was well within his grasp. Of this I was a frequent spectator; it went without stint to innumerable charities and to the good of the profession. And with it all he never forgot an old friend.

His professional work was a delight, unqualified, I believe, to this day, though I am reasonably certain there is no good reason why it should not be. There is only one way to make a thorough-going osteopath, and this he impressed upon us day after day, and that is to really know anatomy and continuously develop and educate the tactile system by actual experience. Now descriptive anatomy and dissection and textbook physiology and pathology and histology have their places, but they can never be substituted for osteopathic applied anatomy. This is the sine qua non that was drummed into us day after day and by the actual and personal instruction of Dr. Still. For in those times he spent several hours every day examining and treating patients. One
Mr. Still was recently proved at the annual roundtable discussion to have the ability to execute extremely complex procedures with a high degree of proficiency. His technique is widely admired for its surgical and aesthetic precision. In this context, the importance of Dr. Sarante's case is emphasized, as it requires expert judgment and skills.

Mr. Still's personal help to students

Cheung Thomas, Tin Pui, Li C.
New York.

Mr. Still is a very important person to me, as his guidance and advice have been instrumental in my development as a student. He has always been available to answer any questions I have, whether they be related to my studies or personal concerns. His knowledge and experience are immense, and I have learned so much from him.

I have always admired Mr. Still's dedication to his work and his commitment to teaching. He is a true role model for us all. Thank you, Mr. Still, for all that you do.
the students, in intimate and friendly contact with them.

His kindly wit, his dry humor, his genial kindness, his great wisdom, his uncompromising stand upon the truth he had discovered, all these endeared him to us. His rough clothes, his tophoos, his stick and slouched hat, his disregard of collar and tie, all typical of the man and his impatience with formality and convention, meant more to us than would have meant the finest raiment and the most suave deportment. A Chesterfield could never have discovered osteopathy.

We all know that Dr. Still never stopped studying osteopathy. We well remember how, when a new idea held him all else was for the time forgotten, and he lived and slept with this idea until he had shaped it and squared it and built it into its place in the science which was to him the breath of life. His active mind never wearied in its search for more truth. This should be an example for us all.

I never saw him give a hard treatment or a long treatment. In our own eagerness to relieve a patient we are rather prone to forget this, and may do too much, often with the result of driving the patient away rather than helping him.

It is remarkable how much Dr. Still knew. No matter what advances the years have brought in the science, and they have been many, indeed, always we find the text for them in something he has said or did.

Medical men and other skeptics are fond of predicting the decay or absorption of osteopathy, but to the well-grounded osteopath it becomes more apparent as time goes on that medical science as a whole is slipping up more and more in conformity with the basic truth that Father Andrew saw.

He never loved the dollar. He left that for the other fellow. He never would exploit osteopathy financially or look to his own wealth in this world’s goods. Had he done so osteopathy might very likely have died with him. Helping the sufferer, expounding the truth, giving to the world a great new curative science, that was reward enough for him.

Like all truly great, he was simple in his habits, and in his whole life. No one could imagine Dr. Still striking a pose, or “running a bluff,” or calculating his own advantage, or scheming to harm an enemy. Of whom could it be said more truly that “the good men do live after them”? He sowed fields for others to reap, and planted orchards the fruit of which others shall enjoy in all the long years to come.

THE MENTALITY OF DR. STILL

W. BANKS MEACHAM, D. O.
Asheville, N. C.

I FANCY that much will be written about the life, the character, the work and the philosophy of the “Old Doctor.” I envy those who can write personal recollections from contact with Dr. Still in life.

Because my association with him in life has been limited to a few hours, and because my college days were not inspired by his virile personality, I can speak only of that which I have found in his works and his teachings—his mentality.

Walt Whitman, in literature, to my mind is a counterpart of Dr. Still in science—both rough exteriorly; original, creative, iconoclastic mentally. Both deep lovers of humanity, but not unwilling to tear away conventionalism and prejudice which humanity has set to mark the metes and bounds of its mental progress.

Herbert Spencer wove his science from gossamer threads of thought on a loom of logic. Darwin took the facts gleaned from one corner of the field of natural science and revolutionized the method of handling all facts in every science. Newton lives through his law that shows the attraction of physical masses for one another. These men observed, meditated and formulated.

Dr. Still observed the facts of disease, he meditated on the known mechanical laws of the universe, he formulated a philosophy not from logic—but nevertheless, logical—and from this philosophy or thought he created a system of therapy in consonance with every then known and yet discovered fact of physiology and anatomy.

Spencer fabricated an ethical state, Darwin catalogued the creative steps of the Almighty, Newton formulated one universal material law. But Dr. Still’s mentality observed, formulated then created, and, beyond all this, he steps into the laboratory of disease and by his creative technique proves the efficacy of his creation.

No wonder the disciples of Dr. Still are
The settled character

Robert T. Terrv, M.D.
New York

There are a few cases of idiopathic...
ject; as the stomach is to the body, so is the womb and the placenta to the fetus; so also is the physical body to the spiritual.

His sense of humor is of the same origin. Humor is the power to see from two different points of view at the same time. Seeing from the opening of the angle, his mind saw the contrasts at the ends of the divergent lines very clearly. This gave him remarkable power of putting a whole philosophy into a phrase. There never was a dry expression in the class when the Old Doctor lectured. "You step on a cat's tail—is the cat nervous? He howls at the mouth—anything the matter with its mouth?"

But the incident that I will longest remember, and that has meant most to me is one that is not inappropriate at this time when the shock of parting is so recent in our minds. We had been discussing the future life, survival after death, spiritual bodies, and that class of phenomena. His voice assumed the gentle tone of the patient teacher:

"Tuck, you trust life?" the tone was a question.

"Why, life is a very wonderful thing—" I began, feeling for his meaning, when he interrupted:

"No, no; you trust life—" and he paused. Again I essayed some sort of an answer. He broke into it again:

"You trust life, trust death!"

Never was a more complete religion, philosophy, metaphysics, poetry, common sense, and consolation packed into five words.

DR. STILL'S HUMANITY
Hugh L. Russell, D. O.
Buffalo, N. Y.

While men love to investigate and roam about in deep and boundless forests, they sometimes get lost, and then it is that they are glad to come and sit and rest in some little open spot by the side of a laughing, rippling stream whose course they can follow and in its music rest and be glad. So it was with this philosopher and thinker, Dr. Still. The hard and lonely journeys he had taken into that far country of undiscovered truth never wearied him enough to take away from him that beautiful human touch which endeared him to all men and made him the most delightful of companions. When my brain grows weary and I stagger under the load of trying to follow him in some of his journeys into the heart of truth, I can always find a resting place in the memory of his personal human side. His love for mankind was of that type that suffereth long and is kind, and while he would never willingly injure the feelings of any one, or put them in an embarrassing position, it was a rare pleasure for him to crack a joke or do anything that would be productive of real merriment.

The morning after our graduation I got up very early, and going out of the house noticed written on the lead colored steps, in large letters of yellow chalk, "Dr. Sarah E. Russell and her assistant. Office hours all day." While studying out why and by whom it was written I looked round the corner of the house and beheld this wonderful face wreathed in an impish smile while he witnessed my wrath. And days after he would laugh gently to himself, and being asked for the cause of the merriment, would say, "It was the expression on your face while you were reading the sign on the steps."

The richest and sweetest part of his human side was the supreme happiness he derived from doing even little things for others and this he never forgot, it really seemed to be part of his life that was always seeking and finding expression, and I think it rested his ever working brain and kept his soul warm and young. I can see him now, in my mind's eye, in the very early morning coming across the lot, between his home and mine, walking erect, hateless, the wind brushing back from his clear cut brow, his thick glossy hair, his face smiling like the morning, as he held well out before him a glass pitcher of very thick fresh cream. And as he entered the house he said to Mrs. Russell, "Here, Sis, is some skimmed milk," and when Mrs. Russell would say, "Daddy, that is not skimmed milk," he would laugh and say, "Yes, it is, for I saw Ma when she skimmed it." Then he would stride back across the lot, and rich as the cream was you forgot all about it and remembered only the richness of his smile and the grace with which he blessed you.

The closeness of his life to nature made him acquainted with all her different moods. Her trees, flowers, birds and animals seemed to be to him an open book. He knew their
This is not a page from a document. It appears to be a page of text that has been printed or copied. The text is not clear enough to read and does not contain any legible words or sentences. It is difficult to determine the context or content of the page due to the lack of readable text.
When the dear Old Doctor lay so quiet and majestic in his coffin, his little granddaughter Laughlin, of only a very few years, was about to leave the house prior to his funeral, and before going up to the coffin, kissed him, and speaking to him as if alive, said he would be gone to heaven when she returned and not to be lonesome, but find grandma, and remember that she would come and see him when she was ready, and in her sweet childish message demonstrated her confidence and nearness to the great man before he fell asleep.

I recall one day sitting with him alone under a tree when he was leading me over the trail he blazed unaided, save by the hand of God, in the long, lonely search for the science that he was called to discover and work out, in speaking of those who refused to listen or search with him he would excuse them by saying, "They were afraid of what they could not understand." But when he spoke of those who along the journey had shown him kindness, love or sympathy, he would pour out his very soul, and with his great loving arm around my neck, he said, "It is a wonderful thing to be truly loved by mankind and to love mankind. Remember, you are a student in the university of the Infinite, in whose library there is but one book, and that book is man. Study it."

And so when I think of this grand old man of God I am drawn very close to him in remembering his love for mankind and how he treasured, above all else, the love of his fellow man.

**DR. STILL'S REGARD FOR WOMAN'S ABILITY**

_Jenette Hubbard Bolles, D. O._

_Denver, Col._

My first contact with Dr. Still can hardly be classed as a personal recollection, as it occurred when I was an infant of a few months. In the terrible border warfare days a band of bushwhackers visited our house, took the horses and anything else that they wished, and in cold blood shot my father, leaving him for dead.

Among the neighbors and friends who called to offer aid and sympathy was Dr. Still, whose home was but eight miles away. Soon after he moved to Missouri, and it was many years before I saw or heard of him again. I was a young woman when my second meeting with him occurred, and again it was a misfortune to one of my parents, this time my mother, that brought me into touch with this wonderful man. My mother had been afflicted with paralysis, and in our efforts to find relief for her we heard of a "queer old doctor" in Kirksville, Mo., who was making some very remarkable cures. After some correspondence it was decided that I should take my mother to Kirksville, prepared to stay from three to six months. I little thought what this decision meant to me, that it was to decide the whole course of my future life.

My first interview did not impress me very deeply. The doctor was apparently more interested in inquiring about old friends and places in Kansas than in the patient, but his keen eye and alert mind were taking in more than either of us imagined. He began immediately to treat my mother, and we became daily visitors to the little old cottage, which was then the sole home of osteopathy.

One morning while I waited for my mother I sat in the little waiting room that had once been the "parlor" of a three-room cottage. The rough bare floor, the wooden chairs, the disconsolate looking people made a dreary scene. One woman especially had a most dejected air and seemed to be in severe pain. She told me she had been suffering from terrible headache for seven days, and the pain nearly maddened her. I watched her go into the other room with Dr. Still, and in a short time she returned, looking like another being, like a soul released from purgatory. I asked her how she felt. "Oh," she said, "the pain is gone." Her radiant face proclaimed the truth of her words. "But what did he do?" I asked in amazement. "Oh, he just took hold of my neck and yanked it," she answered. I was filled with wonder and astonishment, and "was struck by the splendor of a sudden thought:" Why couldn't I learn to do these things. In fear and trembling I broached the subject to Dr. Still and met the most cordial and hearty response. In reply to my question if a woman could do these things, he answered promptly that "a woman can learn to do anything that a man can do."

This idea was a deep conviction with Dr. Still. Soon after, when the first class was
WHAT MR. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.

WHAT MR. ST. STILL MEANT TO THE SCHOOL AND STUDENT BODY

M. A. S. B. M. E. D. D. O.
ality and rugged candor shaped their destiny and spurred them to their remarkable early growth.

He defined osteopathy over and over with simple directness, and urged his students. "You should ever remember that osteopathy adheres strictly to the well defined and immutable laws of nature, and it is an unerring Deity who wills it so."

Over and over again he repeated to his followers that the human body is a machine and osteopaths are engineers. To be a good osteopath was to know the human body.

The profession grew, the school grew, and instead of attempting to bear the burden he soon stepped out of the active work and aided the school and profession by his advice and encouragement only. In 1899, seven years after graduating his first class in osteopathy he was able to say, "Twenty-five years ago I was alone in all the work. I had no one to help, but many to hinder. But a change has come; I have a fully equipped school with those whom I have trained to lead the classes as teachers and operators; this has taken the burden in that line. To have lost my trained anatomist at the beginning of my school would have been to have lost all. There are others now that can and will take the place of him or any one who may sicken or choose to leave. We miss them but a few hours, for just as good stand in the ranks as led the last charge. Their drill has been to prepare them for all places, more so of late than in former years. If I should die or absent myself for a time my place would be filled. Each year we are stronger and better qualified. This school is no one-man institution that would fall if 'Pap or Tom or Jim' should die or go off."

Dr. Still was 65 years old when he started the American School of Osteopathy, and its building shows the wisdom of his nature years. Built on the solid foundation of osteopathy it is well calculated to withstand the ravages of generations of changes.

He so imbued his followers with the idea of investigation that almost before the American Osteopathic Association was on its feet the profession started raising money to endow a research institution.

As Dr. Still grew older he gradually withdrew from active work in the school and profession, but not until he was past 80 years old and had completed his book on the practice of osteopathy did he entirely withdraw himself from active service.

For nearly ten years the profession and the osteopathic schools have been building and growing upon the principle he laid down, and not on his personality, wonderful though it was.

That "the prophet is not without honor save in his own country" seems not to be true in the case of Dr. Still. Yet I fear that we who were nearest to him failed to appreciate his true worth. On the day of the funeral a man remarked to me, "Dr. Still will be a greater man dead than he ever was living."

It has been true of all great reformers, they have appeared greater after death than before, and their works have grown and multiplied.

So with osteopathy and Dr. Still. The man is dead, his discoveries live after him. And we, the thousands who knew and loved him, are going to enlarge as a memorial to him a science of healing based on the truths he discovered. Now that the responsibility is on us and not on him we will build stronger better and more earnestly than we ever did before.

We will make our great profession a living memorial to his desire to heal the sick and afflicted, and the school he founded the material evidence of his desire for knowledge of the human body.

Dr. Still's body lies moldering in the tomb, but like his friend, John Brown, his soul is marching on.

DR. STILL'S INDIVIDUALITY
H. L. CHILES, D. O.

The first time I saw Dr. Still, a few days after my reaching Kirksville in the summer of 1899, he was riding home from the country perched high on the driver's seat of a farm wagon. He jumped down with the agility of a man in his prime and went into his unpretentious home. A few days later, perhaps a little gushing and green, I undertook to introduce myself to him on a crowded stair of the school. I told him that I had the honor to have been born in the same State that gave him birth, that I had followed in residing in Tennessee and now was out in Missouri to be
The Medici were very much interested in the work of Vesalius and his colleagues. They had heard of the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.

The Medici were very impressed with the work of the anatomists and were eager to see it for themselves. They commissioned a copy of Vesalius' work and sent it to the Medici for inspection.
Dr. Still's Individuality—Chiles

CHEF HAD PREPARED AND TOOK INSTEAD A BOWL OF BREAD AND MILK.

His appearance at the Denver meeting in 1905 en route to which he was slightly hurt, was a compliment to the profession, and he intended it to be such, and perhaps it was a coincidence that the proofs of his theories of the effects of spinal lesions were first shown on the screen at that meeting. Three years later—the great day of triumph came to him—when on his eightieth anniversary the largest number of the profession which has ever assembled met under the tent in his little home town when the portrait by the great artist was presented. Addresses by representatives of the profession, addresses by educators, his neighbors and State officials were made. Flowers were presented in profusion; all honor and recognition was directed to the Old Doctor, when every heart was touched and many eyes dimmed as the hero of the hour took up the choicest bunch of flowers and going across the stage placed them in the lap of the faithful wife who had been spared him to see that great honor.

When he could count eighty-five years to his credit we met with him again. But in the meanwhile the wife had gone and a fall and illness had greatly enfeebled him. Then the miniature of the Zolnay statue was displayed, and the Old Doctor reviewed the mammoth parade and spoke with the old-time vim to the crowd in the big tent. Then as always before he came in he was ready to speak at once, no matter what the feature of the program was. He had a message—a thought had come to him—and he wanted to deliver it.

The last time I saw the Old Doctor was on the eve of his eighty-eighth birthday, when two or three of us called to pay our respects. Bodily strength had largely failed him, but as he lay on the treating table in his spacious home he was the same independent, indomitable soul as he refused with the imperiousness of a king efforts to assist him in arising, yet he was as kindly, as bright and humorous as in his best days. I say best days—I mean days of physical vigor, for Dr. Still saw to it that his spirit never grew old. His hair and beard were greatly thinned, and the strength and nobility of that face and head impressed me as never before, and I shall take the impression of that last visit to Dr. Still with me until all impressions made in this life fail.