

Excerpts from

James Leroy Nixon's

The Spirit of the P.S.C.:

A Story Based on Facts Gleaned at the Chiropractic Fountain Head

Volume 14, 1920

James Leroy Nixon describes the philosophy from a student's perspective in the format of a story, with dialogue. This makes all of his descriptions of Innate and Universal more colloquial and thus a fascinating glimpse into the social life of the students immersed in the 3<sup>rd</sup> wave of philosophy.

"In writing the following story the author has been actuated solely by a strong desire to convey to the public a more intimate knowledge of actual conditions at The Palmer School of Chiropractic, the great Fountain Head of that new and wonderful science which seems destined to revolutionize the art of healing as applied to the human body and eventually bring to the inhabitants of the earth, it is not improbable, a return of that remarkable longevity which seemingly attached to our earlier forbears. So much of misrepresentation has been circulated through the direct or veiled activity of Medical professional jealousy, that it is only fair to those deluded ones who have believed the vaporings of selfish detractors, that they be given a true picture of the actual life of the school; the extent of its educational resources, the personal characteristics and charm of its capable faculty; the scope of its curriculum; the cosmopolitan character of its student body and the marvelous results which have attended the application of its art....

(p.4)

"That of itself is evidence of greatness, Ah believe," said Jack.

"Yes," Clawson returned, "and it was the courage born of right living and a broad perspective, that enabled Elbert Hubbard to die heroically as he did. Following along the Chiropractic philosophical idea, one might say that Innate found in him a most efficient vehicle of expression."

"Well, partner, yeh're pretty deep for me, but Ah reckon Ah understand what yeh're driving at. Yeh mean that Universal Intelligence found a natural coordination between the Innate mind and the Educated mind of Elbert Hubbard, not usually possessed by the average individual."

"Something like that, Jack. Nearer to the creative idea. But to tell you the truth I'm getting somewhat into the fog of doubt as I study the normal cycle as explained by Doctor Craven."

"What's bothering yeh?" Jack asked with a smile. "Ah think the Professor is pretty clear in his analysis."

"Well, what do you think of this?" Clawson asked, hitching his chair nearer to his companion and emphasizing his words by rapid gesture with his hands. "Our philosophy teaches that all life; all force in the body; all power to function proceeds from Universal Intelligence, as reflected in the brain by Innate Intelligence. That power of the various organs properly to function is sent by Innate over the line of impulse through the periphery to the tissue cells and in this manner the metabolism of the body is kept up. In plain language, Innate Intelligence is nothing more or less than the life of the body, having its headquarters in the brain, sending out its constant stream of vitality to keep the machinery of the body in motion. Am I right?"

"That's about as Ah understand it," Jack replied, hesitantly. He could not quite grasp the sudden philosophical turn the mind of Clawson had taken.

"Now, then, if Universal Intelligence is the supreme force, God, the Supreme Being, the designer and creator of all things, and Innate is the reflection simply of Universal Intelligence, what becomes of a

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human life when it quits the body? From the viewpoint I have suggested, life is no more, no less than a reflection of Universal Intelligence first expressed in the embryo, gradually developed and sustained from the same source until final dissolution. When that occurs, what becomes of the reflection, the life? Does it wander like a vagrant gleam of light through eternity's space, or does it follow the more natural and reasonable course of returning to the fountain head to be again absorbed by Universal Intelligence, much as the sailor returns a bucket of sea water which has served its purpose in washing the decks, back to volume of the ocean?"

For a moment Jack made no answer. He had been watching Clawson with surprise, not unmixed with apprehension while he had been speaking. Now he arose and going over to the elder man's side, placed his hand inquiringly upon his gray hair.

"What's the matter, partner? Don't yeh feel well? They say the flu is getting a strong hold for the season's campaign. Ah do hope yeh ain't going to be ill!"

"Oh, quit your fooling, Jack!" Clawson protested. "I'm entirely serious. This, you understand, is a conjectural hypothesis. It's not an attempt to refute the idea of the immortality of the soul, but an argument in its support. Wouldn't it be immortal if it returned after performing its mission here in some human frame, to be taken up and reabsorbed by the great Universal Intelligence from which it had originally come? Wouldn't it now?"

He gave Jack a friendly slap on the back and turned his attention for the moment to refilling his pipe.

"Yeh'r getting hold of the subject from a new angle to me," Jack said, resuming his lounging attitude on the bed. "Why don't yeh ask Craven about that?"

"I'm going to," Clawson answered. "It's new ideas, they tell me, that pleases both B. J. and the instructor. You spoke of the fact that when B. J. talks to the students, he always says something that makes one think. He certainly proved the truth of that estimate when he wrote his philosophy. It certainly opens a broad road to conjecture and investigation which may lead into entirely new realms of reasoning. Now as for this suggestion I have presented. Humanity in general bases its faith on the Scriptural writings. What do we find there? Something like this: 'For the body shall return to dust, and the spirit to God who gave it.' To continue the argument, what does that mean? What is the spirit? Life; the soul; the immortal part of man! If when it leaves the body it goes back to its source, then it must return to Universal Intelligence, to be absorbed into the great source of all things as the bucket of water is absorbed by mother ocean; losing its individual identity, but remaining an atom of that supreme something. Such an idea might be accepted by the profound thinker with consistency. We have long since abandoned the idea of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, such as the clergy of my boyhood used to some advantage in their revival efforts; why may we not with equal reason question the supposition of a literal Heaven with streets of gold and gates of pearl? What do you think? Understand, Jack, I'm not trying to destroy any images, simply talking for argument's sake. Is the idea altogether at variance with the teaching of Chiro philosophy?"

"Well, partner, Ah don't know sometimes what to think! Just when Ah begin to believe Ah've got the idea down pat, along comes some suggestion which sort of upsets my former analysis of the subject. Ah'd really like to have yeh take it up with Craven and see what deduction he'll make. He's a shrewd reasoner, no doubt about that."

"Oh, I shall, never fear," Clawson answered. "He has shown a willingness to explain all questions that are presented. You have noticed that sometimes the entire period has been occupied in answering inquiries handed up by the students. He meets my idea of a capable teacher." (p. 67-9)

"Ah hope yeh have not been disappointed," said Jack, regarding Clawson with earnest inquiry.

"Disappointed?" said Ralph. "Far from that! After the first three adjustments, my conscious self began to assert its restored sovereignty. It was as if memory's hand went back into the obscurity of the past and dragged out and posted up for my inspection one by one, those connecting incidents which have already served partially to bridge the gloomy gulf of my forgetfulness. Daily I can feel my hold upon that past becoming more and more tangible. Daily my mental vision appears to grow stronger. There are still many things I would know that have not yet been revealed, but I sincerely believe that Innate Intelligence is urging on the educated brain to increased effort at more clear interpretation. I feel absolutely certain now, that eventually I shall be able to clear up all the doubts and uncertainties, and come into full possession of that clear retrospect which will answer all questions and remove all doubts. I already feel like a new man. It has been much like being put away in a tomb under a mistaken impression of death, only to be rescued at the eleventh

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hour and restored to life and action. But for all the great benefit I am deriving from the art of Chiropractic, I feel confident I should never have considered the matter of adjustments as a relief from this strange incoordination, had it not been for the appearance of what I, at the time, believed to be a spiritual visitation of the one woman who had blessed my life. Is it not wonderfully strange that the inspiration should have come immediately on my entering the school and on the day that I began my regular course of study of the science through which I was to find the road to recovery?"

"Why, the whole story sounds like a fairy tale," said Jack. "If it ever becomes known publicly, it will be a clincher for those wooden-heads who maintain that the science is a dream of ignorance. Have you ever said anything to B. J. about this?"

"Not a word; to no one except what I have just told you. Even my adjuster does not know why I urged him to take the atlas and other cervicals. To tell you the truth, I expected that were I to tell them why, they would shake their heads, in doubt of my sanity! I wanted to be sure, and once I am fully restored, as I have every reason to believe I shall be, I shall be quite willing to tell it to the world."

"Well, yeh certainly have my best wishes that the time may come speedily," said Jack. "Ah realized up there in Uncle Jerry's room that yeh were hard hit, but Ah hadn't any idea it was Innate giving yeh a lift into the right road. Reckon Universal Intelligence had something to do with it, after all."

"I am not prepared to dispute that," Clawson returned, "but it is taking the real Chiropractic course—retracing. Is it not remarkable that the first thing I accurately remembered was the explosion in which I was hurt, and after that the incidents leading up to the accident, in recessional."

"Ah say, partner, Ah have one request to make of yeh," said Jack. "When Beatrice—Miss Ralston, comes back, which will be about May first, Ah want yeh to take her for an adjuster. They tell me that though she hasn't been at it long, she's one of the best in the school."

"But I shouldn't like to change, so long as I am being benefited," Clawson returned.

"Ah have a special reason," said Jack, "and Ah know yeh'll never regret it. Can't yeh promise me, partner?"

"Yes, I will, Jack! I'd do almost anything to please you, my dear boy!"

"Thank yeh, partner. Yeh'll be happier later on to think yeh consented."(p. 124)

"He found Clawson waiting his return somewhat impatiently. Perhaps with a whisper from Universal Intelligence, Innate had been sending strange mental impulses to those nerves which had been so long impinged. To Clawson's educated mind had come new and suggestive impressions. He could not rid himself of the idea that the coming visit to Dr. Black promised revelations to him of a most vital character. Their possible nature he could not define, and yet he was obsessed with the feeling that a crisis in astonishment on entering Clawson's room, at sight of the really distinguished looking man who awaited his coming. His white hair and moustache, his black eyebrows, under which his steel-gray eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy; his pale but strongly featured face all stood out with striking effectiveness above the black coat and expansive shirt-front.

Acting upon Jack's suggestion he had slipped into a dress suit, which so changed his ordinary appearance that Jack paused his life was approaching." (p. 185)

"So, carefully avoiding distressing details, adroitly but omitting no main facts, he told her.

For a time she sat apparently deep in thought, after he had finished. There was no indication of surprise in her handsome face or clear eyes. Finally she said:

"Do you know, Ralph, I have been wondering if the same influences which gave you back your memory would have benefited John Feldman. There is no doubt he possessed many of the finer qualities, but there must have been a strain of degeneracy in his make-up. He showed this as a boy, as you remember. As he grew older, the baser instincts came to predominate. I've been studying the subject of chiropractic philosophy and have found it very interesting. This question has come to me: Might not the bad cements of his nature have been induced by incoordination, which, long continued, resulted in a chronic condition of mental incompetency which finally dominated his actions? What is your opinion?"

"Well, Margaret," said Ralph, admiringly, "you certainly appear to be getting the idea. I'll say yes to your question. I don't believe there can be a doubt that had he as a child, or at the first symptoms of viciousness, been given proper adjustments, his entire after character might have been changed. I really am of the opinion that future developments of B. J. Palmer's effective methods will lead to fully as remarkable

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results as you have suggested. Why not? We who have studied the new science; who have been able in a measure to interpret the teachings of our philosophy, believe that Universal Intelligence created the human body a perfect machine, possessing at birth all the natural forces necessary to a perfect development along the lines intended by that Supreme power. Deviation from that plan can come only as the result of incoordination. Taken in time, those incoordinations may be reduced by proper adjustment, restoring the bodily machine to that ideal over which Innate was placed in charge."

"Then in time we should have an entirely new type of citizenship, providing all children were given Chiropractic attention as they developed?" Margaret asked.

"That should be the result," Ralph answered, "though it might take several generations to accomplish the full reformation. There would be incoordinations of heredity to overcome, which no doubt would prove the strongest obstacle to speedy readjustment of conditions. Really, the future possibilities of Chiropractic are more remarkable even than the secret wrung by chance from nature by Dr. Palmer's father. I think that B. J. himself believes that his remarkable art is still in its infancy. Even his building plans indicate that. Today there is no student in his school who is studying as hard or as conscientiously as the president of the institution."

"I have found it a most absorbing subject," Margaret said. "Walter and Beatrice have both been enthusiasts, and even before coming here I had become impressed with the idea that in giving his new art to the world, Dr. Palmer had conferred an inestimable blessing upon suffering humanity. I have been almost tempted to myself enroll as a student." Ralph laughed.

"I couldn't spare you the time now," he said. "Had you been here to start with me, it might have been different, but now—well, I shall need you to help me in my work. You will be my inspiration and for your sake, dear, I shall certainly succeed! But each year we will come back to Davenport to attend the lyceum and gauge the progress which is being made by the wonderful institution on the hill, for the annual lyceum is a faithful barometer of P. S. C. conditions. This year it will be the greatest gathering of Chiro that has ever occurred, although last season Davenport was awakened out of her Rip Van Winkle sleep by the strength and enthusiasm shown by lyceum guests."

Rapidly the days rushed on. Graduation exercises were being discussed by those who were soon to launch out on the sea of professional endeavor." (p. 196)

"Then came the all-important day. At the appointed hour the beautiful chimes on the Administration building rang out a glad anthem, telling to the people not only of Davenport but of Rock Island and Moline that 500 students of B. J. Palmer's school had proven their faithful and effective application to the elaborate curriculum of the big Chiro college, and were forming in procession, clad in somber cap and gown, to march to the big assembly hall to receive their rewards of merit, the prized diploma.

Then the march up the aisles, past the seats they had so long and studiously occupied, now holding double their number of fresh, eager, aspiring classmates, who must wait for another commencement day before they, too, could march to the platform with that proudly conscious feeling of duty well performed.

Following the long line of graduates came the members of the faculty, clad in dress suits, their faces beaming with pleasure at the fine appearance of the student body which for so many long months they had directed into the paths of scientific knowledge.

Bringing up the rear, came B. J. and Mabel. As the graduates, each at his respective seat upon the temporarily extended stage, stood in respectful attention as the faculty moved slowly down the hall to the front, a roar of applause, almost deafening in its intensity, went up from the body of the hall, continuing until the marchers had grouped themselves at the center of the platform, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in front, and the president had raised his hand for silence. Then suddenly a the storm of applause had burst, it ceased.

Exercises were brief but impressive. After a short but forceful address by B. J., in which he congratulated the members of the class upon their success and praised them for their diligence, as well as giving them practical advice to guide them in the great work for humanity upon which they were about entering, the graduates formed in single column, marching before the assembled faculty, each being handed his or her diploma by Dr. Palmer; each receiving from their former instructors, the men whom from long and intimate association they had come to love and esteem, hearty congratulations and best wishes for successful, profitable and pleasant field experience.

Then the chimes again rang out their silvery toned notes of a gladsome welcome to the full-fledged Chiro, and student friends crowded forward to add their good wishes to all that had gone before." (p.197-8)