

upon the amount of drug stock. This, crude as it was, served, in its enforcement, to put many masqueraders out of business. It is important for the younger generation to realize that this is a work largely in their hands to carry on. They will appreciate the helpful coöperation of physicians, which it would seem not difficult to obtain. If these two work together seriously and in sympathy there is no reason why the end above indicated should not be finally obtained.

I am encouraged to believe that the younger generation are beginning to realize that they have before them important constructive work for pharmacy. That they have begun to comprehend this is shown by their expressions. One of this group gave an address in one of the pharmaceutical meetings of the west a few months ago in which he expressed emphatically that it is now high time for the younger graduates in pharmacy to assert themselves in the direction of building for the betterment of our vocation. Mr. P. A. Mandabach, secretary-treasurer of the National Drug Clerks' Association—under the caption of: "Bring Pharmacy into Its Own"—points to the fact that the constructive idea is uppermost in the drug clerk fraternity. Let us hope it is. Mr. Mandabach, in his article, suggests a code of ethics. In section 7, he declares that in recognizing the dignity of the profession: "Those who follow Pharmacy must be educated to a higher degree, etc." I would suggest an addition to this code (section 7) that those who follow pharmacy should meet, in their establishments, a certain standard in equipment and maintenance of the dispensing department of drug stores. As a consequence we would have then at least one dependable pharmacy in every village of any size.

SOME BOSTON DRUGGISTS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.*

BY E. L. PATCH, BOSTON, MASS.

Emery Souther opened his store on the corner of Green St. and Lyman Place in 1845. One of the principal features of his announcement was a page given to the merits of leeches imported direct from Smyrna, applied personally by a representative of the store at any time.

He also featured among other things Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumes, Tooth, Nail and Hair Brushes, Physicians' Prescriptions, and Soda Water.

He had learned the business with James Fowle, corner of Leverett and Green Sts. For the first year he was obliged to pay a stipulated sum for the privilege of apprenticeship. For the next three years he worked for his board, sleeping in the cellar with the rats.

At this time he came in contact with many of the old citizens of the town. He had frequent talks with Major Thomas Melville about his part in throwing the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. Major Melville had quite a sample of the tea which had lodged in his shoes. This he kept as a souvenir.

He was also entertained by many of the Major's stories of fire fighting. He was one of the volunteer fire fighters, and kept up his interest until he was 81 years of age.

* Reminiscences by the author, presented by request at the City of Washington meeting, A. Ph. A., 1920; the author was president of the Association in 1893, and became a member in 1872.

Mr. Souther told of an exhibition given in Bowdoin Square to prove the possibility of burning coal instead of wood. Before a large crowd, masses of coal were ignited in a sheet iron frame. He was the pioneer in the introduction of rectified Cod Liver Oil for medicinal purposes. He had a refinery at Chatham, Mass., and shipped quantities to New York. Later on he entered into some arrangement with New York dealers, through which he lost control of the plant. He also featured a medicated Cod Liver Oil candy, which he recommended for coughs, colds and relief of phthisis.

Mr. Souther had the old roster of the Derne Street School, which gave the standing and scholarship of several old Bostonians. In 1828 Wm. M. Everts led his class with a mark A-1. He seemed to have maintained this prestige throughout his professional career as a New York lawyer, and as Secretary of State under President Rutherford B. Hayes. Charles Sumner had good marks, but not quite as good as Everts'.

Mr. Souther remained in the Lyman Place Store 40 years. When the building was torn down on account of street widening, he was obliged to re-locate at 67 Green Street. Later on Staniford Street was widened, and he removed to the corner of Green and Staniford Sts.

When the writer first came to Boston, about 50 years ago, beyond Mr. Souther's store on Green Street was the Sampson Mansion, some distance back from the street, with a fine garden and orchard in front of it. At the lower end of Green Street, near the corner of Chambers Street on the left hand side, was a sizable orchard. Opposite the Sampson Mansion was a large church, which was afterwards converted into a box factory.

Mr. Souther was original in fitting up the store. It had many peculiar features. For gas fixtures, he had solid brass brackets, 15 to 18" long, projecting from the wall. They were original in design, consisting of flying dragons with the gas jets projecting from their mouths. They weigh about 10 pounds and are now doing duty as electric fixtures in the home of one of his sons.

Mr. Souther took great pride in his business, and was a recognized authority by the older physicians of the West End.

SAMUEL M. COLCORD.

One of my earliest acquaintances in Boston was Mr. Samuel M. Colcord, then of Carter, Colcord and Preston, wholesale druggists, Hanover Street.

I was sent to the store for goods. While waiting, an elderly gentleman approached me and called my attention to cases of cardamoms and rhubarb that occupied the center of the store. I was a little in doubt as to whether he had an interest in imparting information to a green country boy or was amusing himself at my expense. A little later I learned from the prospectus of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy at which I matriculated that he was president of the institution. Then I learned that his knowledge of drugs was very extensive and that his interest in that direction had led him with a few others to organize the American Pharmaceutical Association in 1851, that he was a past-president and past-treasurer.

The firm of Carter, Colcord and Preston dissolved, Mr. Carter forming a co-partnership with Mr. Wiley and Mr. Colcord entering the firm of T. Metcalf & Co.

He maintained the interest he had early taken in me, and I came to know him well and to admire him for his kindness of heart, his fixity of purpose and his high ideals in relation to pharmacy.

He told me of the bad condition of the drug market, the flood of inferior drugs and preparations and the total lack of standards which led a few men to organize to bring about a better state of things.

He was a great admirer of Wm. Procter, Jr. and Dr. E. R. Squibb and was eloquent in their praise.

I remember with what concern I went before Mr. Colcord and his associates on the Board of Trustees for my final oral examination for my diploma. I recall Mr. Colcord, Henry W. Lincoln, Charles A. Tufts, Geo. F. H. Markoe, James S. Melvin, Joel S. Orne, S. A. D. Sheppard, Thomas Hollis, and B. F. Stacey. I was questioned for nearly two hours upon my thesis, prescription terms and methods of compounding, synonyms, chemical and pharmaceutical problems, and Mr. Colcord finally wound up by asking for definitions of *Mercurius dulcis*, Turlington's Balsam, Trooper's Ointment, Iron Ball, White Precipitate, Red Precipitate, Flake White and others of a long list.

I could see that he dominated the Board of Trustees and his opinion counted for much. S. A. D. Sheppard acted as secretary and I was quite amused later at reading a copy of his records.

Every member of the Board of Trustees named above was a member of the American Pharmaceutical Association and the list includes four presidents, three vice-presidents and three treasurers.

Mr. Colcord was such an earnest, loyal advocate of the Association, one could not be long associated with him without becoming a member. I believe his conscious and unconscious influence was a powerful factor in the development of pharmaceutical progress.

COL. ORMAND F. NIMS.

One of the most remarkable of the Boston Druggists I knew fifty years ago was Col. Ormand F. Nims, whose store was on Cambridge Street. I had read of his wonderful career as commander of Nims' famous light battery in the Civil War, and looked up to him with reverence.

My acquaintance with him was very pleasant, and I felt honored when he visited me in my office and chatted of the old days. If I remember correctly, he was ninety-four years of age the last time he called. He purchased quite an order of pharmaceuticals, insisted upon paying cash, and took them home himself. He was the most perfect illustration of independence and quick, positive decision that I ever met.

Eight days after receiving the call to service he had turned over his business to the lady who was to be his wife, and was on the way to the front. For three years and five months he commanded the battery upon many a hotly contested field and was always there with the goods. His place in American history is secure. Later he was attached to the quartermaster's department at New Orleans and made as fine a record purchasing steam fire engines, copper sheathing for ships, and other supplies, including hospital requisites, as he had made on the battlefield.

On returning to Boston, he took charge of his old store. He discontinued

the sale of patent medicines, soda water, cigars and liquors. He declared that he would not sell rum for a thousand dollars a minute.

His store had the same old fixtures and implements which it was equipped with in 1857. It was painted white, and he boasted that it had not been repainted since it was opened. He cleaned the paint from time to time, and always kept the store immaculately clean.

I am sorry that I did not make a note of some of the incidents of his Civil War career which he was coaxed into telling occasionally. He was a good "old school" pharmacist, and a grand specimen of a man.

Not having cigars in stock, a large sign in the rear of the store reading "No Smoking in This Store" did not embarrass him as a similar sign did a druggist who sold cigars.

DANIEL HENCHMAN.

On the opposite side of Cambridge Street a little above Colonel Nims' store was one of the old landmarks, the store of Daniel Henchman. It was an old building, and fitted up in the old style. Instead of modern balances he used the old-fashioned beam scales; those used for selling being very large and occupying a large space on the counter. Instead of the modern shelf bottles, he used the old-fashioned containers of light blue earthenware. His herbs and drugs were kept in jars with a metal cover. The syrups were kept in urns with a metal cover and side outlets from which to pour them. We have in our possession samples of the old shelf ware which he used.

Mr. Henchman was well known to all the older dwellers of the West End. He was a fine looking old gentleman, somewhere about 75 or 80 years of age. He told us of his early manhood when he was condemned to die of tuberculosis. Calling attention to his ruddy cheeks, his fine build, and his activity at his time of life, he would ask if it was possible for us to believe that he had passed through such an experience.

Further down Cambridge St. on the right hand side at the corner of North Grove St. was a store kept by George Colton, a gentleman rather past middle life, and a very conscientious druggist, keeping a neat and carefully conducted store. Just below his store at the foot of North Grove St. was the old Harvard Medical School, an ancient structure that was no credit to the University. Students were admitted from high school or upon an examination equivalent to high school graduation, and graduation followed a three years' course. There were a great many students from the country and Provinces. In showing a stranger about the building, the things that were principally interesting to the students were the scene of the murder of Prof. Parkman by Prof. Webster, and the various places where portions of the body were disposed of. We remember attending an interesting lecture by Prof. Oliver Wendell Holmes upon the anatomy of the eye, illustrated with specimens passed around the class.

The comparison of this old building with the wonderful collection of buildings at present occupied by the Medical School on Huntington Ave. with their extensive equipment for instruction, and a comparison of the requirements for admission and graduation with those of the present-day calling for an A.B. degree for entrance and four years' extended course of instruction with a very broad op-

portunity for clinical experience, for graduation, is a fair type of the progress that has been made in professional instruction during the last fifty years.

At the corner of Cambridge St. and Blossom St. was a store that had been kept formerly by an Englishman, Mr. Butterworth. We had an opportunity fifty years ago of looking over his sales record during the period of the Civil War, when it was not uncommon for this corner drug store to have sales of \$200.00 to \$300.00 a day. There were entries like the following:

1—Bottle Lubin's Perfume.....	1.25
1—Cake Lubin's Soap.....	0.75
1—Package Lubin's Powder.....	0.35
1—Hair Brush.....	2.50
1—Hand Mirror.....	2.00
1—Buffalo Horn Comb.....	1.25

In those days a druggist did not have to compete with department stores, chain stores, or cut prices.

FORWARD, NOW, TOGETHER!

A Message From the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

The time has come for all of us in America to move forward—unitedly and with determination—into an era of sound prosperity.

We are due to come into our own. Now is none too soon.

We must make up our minds to go ahead—flash this signal all along the line.

The way is open if our will is strong.

The wheels of industry will turn in response to our commands, expressed in terms of action.

It is up to you, to all of us, to say the right word and do the right thing to stabilize business. Stability waits on activity plus faith that all is well—faith in ourselves, in one another, in business.

Faith is the very foundation of prosperity. Make it the cornerstone of your thinking and of your action.

To-day, let us start putting our shoulders to the wheel, all together. Let us work a little more, think a little harder, buy without forebodings—and sell with a conscience. We must keep a clear eye out for the other fellow's interests as well as our own.

The one rule that assures a full measure of prosperity is the Golden Rule. It is simple, sure, safe. Work this rule and let it rule your work.

Some say there has been a breaking down of faith by the recent scramble to "get while getting is good." Even if that is so, we must dismiss from our minds that phase of reaction from war endeavors and declare for new, high standards.

Nothing tangible is holding us back. The fundamental factors making for prosperity are all favorable.

At core American business is solid.

At heart American men and women are courageous.

We must show the world, each other, ourselves, what American spirit really means.

Forward, now, together, confidently!

The message is printed because it is timely, and a number of the thoughts are applicable to Association work.

JUNIOR PHARMACOLOGIST EXAMINATION.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for junior pharmacologist. A vacancy in the Hygienic Laboratory, Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., and vacancies in positions requiring similar qualifications, at \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year, or higher or lower salaries, will be filled from this examination, unless it is found in the interest of the service to fill any vacancy by reinstatement, transfer, or promotion.

Application should be made before April 5, on Form 1312, to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.; the Secretary of the United States Civil Service Board, Customhouse, Boston, Mass., New York, N. Y., New Orleans, La., Honolulu, Hawaii; Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa., Atlanta, Ga., Cincinnati, Ohio, Chicago, Ill., St. Paul, Minn., Seattle, Wash., San Francisco, Calif.; Old Customhouse, St. Louis, Mo.; Administration Building, Balboa Heights, Canal Zone; or to the Chairman of the Porto Rican Civil Service Commission, San Juan, P. R.