

The chairman introduced as the next speaker Robert L. Swain, president of the AMERICAN PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PHARMACY DEDICATION ADDRESS.

BY ROBERT L. SWAIN.

“All below is strength, and all above is grace.”—Dryden.

A contemporary wrote that “Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather.” It is most gratifying to note that the AMERICAN PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION, more than a century and a half later, resorted to the same source in planning and building this home. And the arts have given lavishly that the home might be a perfect thing. Elegance, charm, grace, all of these have conspired to create something of surpassing loveliness. To gaze upon this building is to look into the very countenance of art itself. A strange feeling of exaltation and humility comes over us as we speak of it as home.

And so we assemble here this morning to dedicate this, the American Institute of Pharmacy, as the home of the AMERICAN PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION. It is indeed a most happy occasion. The whole thing seems so supremely as it should be. For more than eighty-two years, the ASSOCIATION has been in existence, but for all of this period she has been living with members of the family. During all of these years, she has been looked after by loyal sons, who have taken enough of their busy lives to see to it that she was sheltered properly, and cared for as her interests and activities demanded. First, she made her home with a famous son in Philadelphia in 1852. In 1853, she moved to Cincinnati, and back to Philadelphia in 1858, and on to New York in 1859. In 1862, she returned to Philadelphia, but went back to New York in 1863. Returning to Philadelphia two years later, she remained there until 1894. In that year, she came to Baltimore for an extended visit of fifteen years. For three years, she graced the city of Scio, Ohio, and from there journeyed to Chicago, where she remained until 1925. From 1925 to 1934, she again favored Baltimore. On the first day of this year, she moved over to Washington, and proudly, and it must be admitted a bit belatedly, came in as mistress of her own home. As loyal members of the family, we claim our kinship with a feeling of pride. We seem to sense that there is something fine in belonging to her household. As we shower her with congratulations, we confess to a feeling of superiority ourselves as we note that she has acquired a home in surroundings heretofore reserved for the immortals.

What a matchless scene! The setting of this building alone is sufficient to stir us to the depths of our very souls. It is majestic in the fullness of its meaning. The ages seem to converge to this very point. The hopes, the struggles, the deep yearnings of countless centuries seem to press close to us as we assemble here. Here we stand very near to the nation's heart. Here we seem to be a part of her proud traditions. Here her great teachings seem to take on new life, and to shine with the splendor of the sun.

The Capitol of the United States, sitting in quiet majesty at the other end of the Avenue, serves to emphasize the full significance of this undertaking. The

banner, which so proudly floats above it, has always been an emblem of promise to the peoples of the world. From the earliest days, this country has been devoted to principles of justice and right. Her institutions have been expressive of the hopes of a free people, and dedicated to a betterment of all human relations. Wars of aggression or oppression do not blot her history. Rather she has shed her blood lavishly that the world might enjoy liberty and security. May she become the example of all lands. "Let us have peace."

We are almost within the shadow of the Washington Monument, this monument of clear, sharp outlines, symbolic of the righteousness of his character, and the symmetry of his life. His life rose to such supreme heights that it has been said "the test of progress of mankind will be in the appreciation of the character of Washington." As we gaze upon his classic obelisk, we almost catch the words of Lincoln as he pours out his heart to the only American greater than himself: "To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on."

In front of us looms the Lincoln Memorial. I never stand before this edifice, but I recall the devout lines from Milton: "Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament." This memorial is a sacrament. It stands a tribute to one whose great heart beat for humanity, and whose blood was poured out upon the altar of national unity. To him, perhaps as to no other, the world turns in its hours of distress and pain. It brings its tears to his very feet. It looks into his great eyes for compassion and understanding. It was he whose life embraced all life, and whose death teaches how impossible it is for eternal truth to die. It is beyond the power of the human mind to think of Lincoln as dead. His life, his principles, his great soul are as enduring as the stars. He belongs to the ages and to us. As we tune our minds to his this morning, we sense the full, deep rhythm of his heart as he pours out his soul to an anguished people. "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; and this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

But a short distance away, over the Arlington Memorial Bridge, lie the nation's dead. There, enshrined forever, are those whose lives were devoted to the principle that this country should be a covenant with ages yet unborn; those whose death inspires us to keep the faith, to keep unspotted and unstained the banner for which they died, and under which we live and move. As we begin to understand all that our history means, all that it teaches and confounds, all that it builds up and destroys, we become more able to chart the real from the unreal, and to march in tune with the nation's faith and destiny.

This building, so aptly named the American Institute of Pharmacy, seems to have been conceived for erection on this very spot. Its design is the portrayal of an artist's soul. It had its inspiration in a lofty sentiment. It is a beautiful dream translated into matchless marble. Some great mind has said that architecture is frozen music. Certainly it can be nothing less. No one can gaze upon

these classic walls without thinking great thoughts, dreaming great dreams, and daring to do great deeds.

I have seen this building rise stone by stone. I was here when the first spade was pushed into the ground. I have watched the patient labor with which this building became an actual thing. The process has been a bit mystifying to me. I can see how the architect, in the rarified atmosphere of his own mind, might dream this dream. I can see it take form and grace in the deep recesses of his own soul. It is here that the artist lives; it is from such endless things he draws his inspiration. I confess frankly, however, that the process by which the dream emerges in deathless stone remains a mystery. It is nothing short of making reality out of unreality, and of translating infinity into the finite. It is because of the subtlety of the process that I have a profound respect for the man who deals with the material side. He, too, must see poetry in brick and stone. He, too, must possess the mystic touch that transmutes the baser metals into gold.

To me this building becomes a symbol, a symbol of a profession devoted to the eradication of disease, and to a betterment of the conditions under which we live. It symbolizes the countless ages through which pharmacy has trudged side by side with man as he pulled himself along the highways of the past. It symbolizes the tenets of professional doctrines which have demanded higher and ever higher standards for drugs and medicines. It symbolizes the quiet faith of the research worker as he crystallizes his imagination and creative skill into new products for the alleviation of pain. It symbolizes the determination and patience of the pharmaceutical educator as he pours out his life in training others for their great responsibilities. It symbolizes the obligation of pharmacy as it bends to the task of conserving and improving the public health. It is a symbol that pharmacy will be as true to the future as it has been to the past.

Aside from the beauty of its surrounding and the quiet grace of its design, the American Institute of Pharmacy will be devoted to the development of pharmacy, and for a betterment of its professional service. It will become a veritable workshop for the advancement of those sciences upon which the public health so largely depends. It will house promptly, so I fervently hope, all those agencies concerned with professional phases of pharmaceutical work. I hope that pharmaceutical education will make its headquarters here, and that the legal side of pharmacy, as represented by the examining boards, will also seek a place here.

I look forward to the time when these walls will embrace a well-rounded, efficient and forward-looking pharmaceutical program. There are many studies of the most far-reaching importance which need to be organized, systematized and carried out without undue delay. There are research studies of great bearing upon the United States Pharmacopœia and the National Formulary, as national legal standards for drugs and medicines, which should be begun. The drug industry and the Government should look here for the scientific work upon which drug standards rest, and for the technical directions under which they are to be achieved. Unfolding of the picture indicates just what a magnificent destiny confronts us.

Unfolding of this picture also discloses our individual responsibility. It challenges us to give our best thoughts and talents to our profession. It is a crying demand to measure up to our responsibilities to ourselves and to be diligent in meeting our obligations to the public health. In a large measure, this mag-

nificent undertaking will fail if it does not kindle an inextinguishable fire in our professional consciousness. Not only must this building rightfully portray our calling, it is necessary that we, too, measure up to the same standard and assume, in no small part, the same task.

As we dedicate this building, we should, in an equally large measure, dedicate ourselves. There is a vast work to be done within our own ranks. There are those who have wandered off into strange lands, and are bowing down to strange gods. There are those who would tear down rather than build up. There are those who scoff at professional ideals, and who deny the existence of high professional principles. There are those who would destroy the intrinsic things for which pharmacy stands.

We need a greater devotion to fundamental things. We need to see beyond the purely materialistic point of view. We need to grasp the bigness of the task which gives us a real place in the fight against disease. We really need to think great thoughts. We need to feel just what one great soul must have felt when he said that "every calling is great that is greatly pursued."

As we become aware of the vastness of this project, as our hearts begin to beat in harmony with its great ideals, as we catch a glimpse of the immensity of the principles for which it stands, let us, too, become dedicated to the great tasks remaining before us. Let us resolve that this edifice shall really be our image! Let us be determined to be worthy of it. May we never forget that the American Institute of Pharmacy is dedicated to those who have contributed their knowledge and endeavor to the preservation of public health and to the further advancement of science in pharmacy.

Chairman Hilton thanked President Swain.

In introducing the next speaker, Chairman Hilton referred to the outstanding work in Government development and the beautifying of Constitution Avenue and other sections of Washington for which Mr. Charles Moore is the directing head and which is making the City the most beautiful in the world. He also referred to him as a friend of this organization and as chairman of the Fine Arts Commission.

RELATION OF THE INSTITUTE TO THE WASHINGTON PLAN.

BY CHARLES MOORE.*

The original plan of Washington designed by L'Enfant in coöperation with President Washington was reaffirmed and extended by the Senate Park Commission of 1901. That plan maps main elements of the scheme of development you now see in progress. The Lincoln Memorial, one of the chief features of the large plan, has now taken its place among the chief monuments of the world. The building, like the man, belongs to the ages. On its inner walls are carved Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural, heart-born thoughts expressed in diction comparable with Pericles's immortal oration over the Greeks who fell at Thermopylæ.

Into the sphere of architectural influence exercised by the Lincoln Memorial this Pharmaceutical building comes. By virtue of patient and sympathetic co-

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