

A PHARMACEUTICAL APPRENTICESHIP IN AMERICA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

JOHN URI LLOYD, PHAR. M.

The Chairman of the Educational Section of the American Pharmaceutical Association, Mr. Frank H. Freericks, has asked me to record for this meeting my experiences, fifty years ago, as an apprentice in pharmacy. I think that all will agree that a paper such as this, being necessarily personal, should be written in narrative form, and in the first person.

I cannot recall when, from my earliest years, I did not know that I was destined to be a druggist. Whether this decision on the part of my parents was made from observation of my natural bent, or whether I followed, as intelligently as I could, a path that seemed to them most advantageous in those days, I cannot tell. But events, even before my birth, were such as naturally to indicate that this should be my chosen life work.

My father's profession of Civil Engineer, in which, in "York State," he had achieved considerable success, brought him, in 1853 into Kentucky as Surveyor of a railroad to be lined from Covington to Louisville. Bringing his family to Kentucky he located, temporarily, near the line of survey, in Burlington, Boone County. Unsettled financial and political conditions brought the railroad to a standstill, and my father and mother, (a Webster, of the Massachusetts Websters), opened a school which became, practically, a cosmopolitan educational institution. We always had, as "boarders," children from distant sections of Kentucky, and for the conduct of such a school I may say, in passing, my parents were unusually well qualified. Both were highly educated, and both had, in their Eastern home, been very successful teachers. Col. Henry S. Dean, an ex-Regent of Michigan University, now living in Ann Arbor, as a boy of fourteen attended the Academy of West Bloomfield, N. Y., of which my father was the Principal. Of him, Col. Dean says:

"I have always remembered Mr. Lloyd, (father of John Uri), with a great deal of affection, for I think he did more for me, as a boy, than any other teacher I ever had. He had a way of impressing things upon a boy that other teachers did not have. He did all the correcting in a school of several hundred, but he did not use corporal punishment. His methods of disciplining were very original, and very effective. On Saturday afternoons he was accustomed to lecture to the pupils, usually on some scientific subject of interest, and while attendance at these lectures was voluntary, they were so interesting that the pupils all wanted to attend. One of his most severe punishments for misbehavior during the week, was the loss of the privilege of being present at the Saturday afternoon lecture, so that it became a common thing in the village, when a boy or a girl was seen on the street during the time of the lecture to ask, 'What have you been doing this week? What rules have you been breaking?' I was in his school for a year, and never, in all my school days, did I have another teacher whom all the pupils loved, as they did Mr. Lloyd. They seemed to have all confidence in him. He believed in

fair play, which is a very necessary thing in dealing with a boy."—By Margaret Stewart, Secretary of John Uri Lloyd.

Rearing three boys and fitting them for a life work under the rather primitive conditions then prevailing in our section of Kentucky was no easy accomplishment, but the constant effort of my parents was in the line of inculcating in those under their charge, ethical ideals of future citizenship and usefulness in life. Our home training was ever in the line of impressing upon us useful lessons, and even at the table, conversation was of a kind to lead a youthful mind to quick and accurate judgment concerning topics of importance.

My apprenticeship in pharmacy may thus be said to have begun in my home years, for even when I was too young to be properly enrolled in the class in chemistry in the school, my interest in that subject was such that, when the class was reciting, I had thought for nothing else, and at home I was guided into home experiments, in which such exhibition substances as oxygen, hydrogen, etc., were made conspicuously entertaining. I of course had no apparatus, such as glass tubes or retorts, but the very lack of such appliances led me to exercise ingenuity in finding something to take their place. I well remember how connected stems of the pumpkin vine were made to furnish a delivery tube for gases generated in an old-fashioned, conical ink bottle, to a pneumatic trough improvised from my mother's dish pan, a pumpkin stem that curved naturally, forming the bend over its edge, my mother's quart camphor bottle being borrowed, (surreptitiously), to collect the gases generated in my back-yard laboratory.*

Another influence in my early life, that had a deep influence upon my later course of action, was the fact that both my parents were tinctured with the Thomsonian doctrines of New York and New England, and through bitter personal experience, were antagonistic to bleeding, salivation and like processes. Myself a sufferer for years in early childhood from asthma, which resisted all treatment from the doctors, an appeal for help was made for the home treatment commended in New York, and my first relief from the affliction was obtained from the Lobelia Pills made by my grandfather Lloyd, on his kitchen table in North Bloomfield, New York, after the Thomsonian formula. This, doubtless, had its influence in later years, when it became necessary for me to choose between pharmacy according to regular methods, and pharmacy as applied to the minority school.

When I reached the age of fourteen, my parents decided that the time had arrived when I should make an active beginning in pharmacy proper. They were united in the opinion that *thoroughness in preliminary work*, directly designed to fit one for a life vocation, was the first essential for success, and although they did not underrate the value of a college education and were in a financial position to send me to college, they feared that if my school education were made the first requisite, I would not be willing to begin at the bottom in pharmacy, a thing they believed to be essential in the training of a pharmacist, and that I would thus be

* All this is recorded in my extemporaneous remarks at the Boston meeting, 1912. My old "Comstock's Chemistry," and my "Fownes' Chemistry," now on the shelves of the Lloyd Library, may be considered as the foundation stones of that Library.

diverted from my life work. Though highly educated themselves, they felt that such opportunities as came from schools could be better accomplished after I had grounded myself in the preliminary work of the pharmacist.*

Seeking a Situation.—The winter of 1863-4, my father was teaching in Florence, Kentucky.† I was then too young, too inexperienced, and I will add, too “green,” to be permitted to go alone to the city to look for work. After the decision that I must now begin my apprenticeship, every Saturday morning, (vacation day), my father and I would start to Cincinnati in the local milk wagon, the only passenger conveyance to the city. Leaving home at 4 a. m., we would wander about the city until the drug stores began to open. Then, going from one to another, my father would ask, “Do you need a boy?” Constant disappointment followed until, one day, Mr. W. J. M. Gordon, at the corner of Eighth Street and Central Avenue, (then “*Western Row*”), much to my delight, answered, “Yes.” My father and he together made the arrangements for my apprenticeship, I an eager, much interested listener. The arrangement was as follows:

I was “bound” for two years, to an apprenticeship to “learn pharmacy,” beginning, as both expressed it, “at the bottom,” which I soon found to mean, literally, *at the bottom*. My day was to begin at seven o’clock in the morning, when I was to be at the Post Office to get the mail and take it to the store. Every morning I was to sweep the store, clean up the soda counter, wash all the glasses, wash the bottles for the prescription counter and case, clean the graduates and mortars used in compounding prescriptions, once a week wash all the windows, run of errands as necessity required, fill the soda syrups and wait on the soda counter, and at odd times, put in my time filling and folding Seidlitz Powders. For performing these duties, I was to receive \$2.00 a week the first six months, \$2.50 the next six months, \$3.00 the third six months, and \$4.00 the remaining six months.

Of the several boys in that establishment, I was the only one thus apprenticed. The others were simply employed, and received much higher pay than came to me, their object being only the usual returns that come from business. We boys could not agree in that my small pay did not result from my inferiority, a phase of the question that was to me somewhat humiliating. Then, too, I came from Kentucky while yet “the war” was in progress, when one coming from Kentucky into Cincinnati was demerited. Again, my dress at the beginning of my apprenticeship was not in accord with that of the other boys in the store. Among other things, I recall that in my section of Kentucky, it was customary for both men and boys to wear shawls in cold weather, and also in the rain. The shawl with which I came prepared, was a gray, heavy, country-made woolen shawl. Altogether it was a good protection from the cold and rain, but to my surprise, the boys of the establishment made this shawl, of which I thought much, the occasion for side remarks that were not very pleasant to me, and once, at the very begin-

* Dr. T. L. A. Greve, that accomplished Cincinnati pharmacist, often discussed with me this phase of pharmaceutical education. He fully agreed that my parents took the proper view of the problem.

†Known as “Stringtown,” in my folk-lore studies of Northern Kentucky.

ning of my apprenticeship, when one day I started down town on an errand, Mr. Gordon suggested that it was not cold enough for a shawl! Looking back, I can see that he naturally felt a pride in his establishment, and felt that an apprentice boy wearing a shawl, was not exactly in good form.

As we left the store of Mr. Gordon that first morning, after the terms on which I was to enter had been settled, my father's parting remark was, "Mr. Gordon, be sure to see to it that whatever Johnnie attempts to do, he does right! If he does anything wrong, see that the work is done, over and over, *until it is right*. These words Mr. Gordon never forgot, as I learned from sad experience during the two following years. Many a window did I repolish as Mr. Gordon would say, "Remember what your father said. Do that again."

On our way home that day, my father stopped before a fruit stand at the corner of Fifth and Elm, on which were displayed the first bananas I ever saw. Pointing to them he said, "Johnnie, you must learn to deny yourself such as these. You must learn to pass, and not stop. The boy who cannot deny himself pleasures when young, will probably not have the chance to do so, when old. You are here to learn the drug business. This city has many attractions for a boy, other than fruit. Be very careful to make no bad companions. Do not go anywhere you would not like your mother to know about." That I profited by these suggestions, at least in part, is evidenced by the fact that for two years I passed that fruit stand daily, and never once did I stop.*

An attic room in a cheap boarding house, 199 East Third Street, eight blocks from the store, was secured for me. Here I lived during my first year, and was then taken to room and board with Mr. Gordon's head Prescription Clerk, Mr. Riefsnider, in the home of professor E. B. Stevens, Dean of the Miami Medical College, and Editor of the *Lancet and Observer*. As I look back, I see that this arrangement was not by chance, but that every effort was being made, by all concerned, to fulfill the arrangement made with my father. My duties seemed to be onerous and the hours were long, beginning at seven in the morning, and the first six months extending to nine at night, when, so tired was I that I could scarcely drag my feet to my attic room on Third Street. Every third Sunday I was allowed the day off, for the purpose of visiting my home in Kentucky. On these weeks, I was permitted to leave the store Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and there being no regular conveyance at that hour, I usually walked to my home, ten miles back of Covington. Very often I walked back again Monday morning, in time for business. Often I lugged a carpet sack, carrying my clothes, which were washed and mended at home.

Most exacting was Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Riefsnider was not less so. No one spared pains in teaching me the "rudiments of pharmacy," but sometimes I felt that my duties, such as scrubbing the floor and washing the windows, were far from the drug business. My work was hard, but I made no complaint, and at the end of my first six months was highly elated when my salary was raised to \$3.00 per week, instead of the \$2.50 agreed upon.

One by one, opportunities were given me to learn the "business." Very awk-

* Bananas at that time sold for ten cents each, or two for fifteen cents. Not for two years did I indulge in the luxury of a banana!

ward was I to begin with, but very observing, and I flatter myself, rather expert at learning, and I quickly fell into the processes that at that time marked the beginning of an apprenticeship in pharmacy. The charging of the "Soda Fountain" became early a part of my duties. As I revert to this experience, I comprehend the danger I ran, from the complicated copper apparatus used to generate the gas, by means of "marble dust" and sulphuric acid. The pressure was eighty pounds, and the apparatus not new, but with the audacity of inexperience, I daily went through the process.

In the line of real pharmacy came, after some months, first, the reading of prescriptions, and the learning of the tables of weights and measures, with their uses. Standing by the side of the head clerk when he filled prescriptions, I watched him make the compounds, and had the reasons for the various mixtures explained to me. At last I was permitted to make the measurements for simple prescriptions, such as a mixture of Syrup of Squills with Syrup of Ipecac, and pour the mixture into the bottle, whilst Mr. Riefsnider watched the process, wrote the label, and numbered the prescription. I was drilled in the rolling of pills and in the selection of excipients, in the making of the medicinal syrups then in use, and in the beginning of pharmacy, as pharmacy was then practiced. That was the day of heroic medication. The spreading of plasters was continuous, and that process I soon learned. I would give much, now, for the old "Plaster Iron" I so frequently used in making the "Strengthening Plasters," "Diachylon Plasters," and above all, "Blistering Plasters," (Cantharides), to fit different parts of the body, such as the back of the neck, or behind the ears, all these being with us, constant necessities. In these rudiments, by reason of the help and advice continually given me by my preceptors, I soon became proficient, and when my two years of apprenticeship had passed, I found myself capable, in the absence of other clerks, of waiting upon the front store, and of "selling" simples, such as "senna and manna," epsom salts, and other remedies called for over the counter, and even of compounding simple prescriptions, where there was no question as to my understanding the same. By this time I had learned to make emulsions, to compound pills by means of the best excipients, to make suppositories with paper cones, in the old-fashioned way. In fact, I was fairly proficient, for an apprentice of two years' experience. I was also taught that I must become conversant with the natures of drugs, and especially of the poisons. I was taught, verbally, the qualities of the different agents, and I put in all my spare time, (none too abundant), in reading the Dispensatory. My chief opportunity for study came on Sunday, for on that day no business was permitted in Mr. Gordon's establishment, other than the compounding of prescriptions and the dispensing of legitimate medicines. No toilet articles were sold; no soaps, no soda drinks, nothing outside of medicine, formed a part of our Sunday business.

The time of my apprenticeship was much enlivened by almost daily encounters with the other boys and the under clerks. The fact that I was country bred did not escape their notice, and they took their own methods of initiating me into city ways. Once, in the absence of Mr. Riefsnider, who would not have tolerated such a process, one of the clerks sent me with an empty graduate to the hardware store two squares down on Central Avenue, for a pint of vinegar. As I returned

with the empty graduate through the front store where Mr. Gordon sat at his desk, he said, "Where have you been, Johnnie?" I replied, "To the hardware store, for vinegar." Said he, "They do not carry vinegar in the hardware store, here." Said I, "Where I was raised, every store carries everything, and when I was told to go to the hardware store for a pint of vinegar, I thought that was the place to go." Mr. Gordon smiled, and said nothing more.

In those days, all the employes were given the privilege, the middle of each morning, of a glass of soda. I was accustomed to suck my glass of lemon soda through a glass tube. One morning, when I placed this in my mouth, I found it coated with sulphate of quinine. Apparently not noticing anything wrong, I drank the bitter draught, and that joke failed.

It may be asked, "What has such as this to do with an apprenticeship in pharmacy?" Let me reply by saying that no incidents connected with my apprenticeship stand more conspicuous in my memory. I recall especially one boy, much larger and stronger than myself, who took particular pains to annoy and persecute me. I was undersized, rather feeble, and physically not his equal, as I found by experience. This having been settled, he should have known that, on honor, he was then bound to let me alone. In Kentucky, the boy who fought and was fairly whipped, was to be protected against such a bully as he. I dared him to go down into Kentucky, where I could beat him with the rifle, if I was not his equal with the fist, and I told him that until he dared face me fairly with a gun, I considered him a coward. I would give much to learn what has become of that boy, and what kind of a man he made of himself.

Gradually, as the days passed, the *drilling* that I got in different directions, interspersed with an occasional fight, made me self-reliant, as well as good-naturedly antagonistic, and before my two years of apprenticeship had passed, I had learned to take my own part, while in the things that should be learned, I was equal to any of the junior clerks. The lessons I learned were, in after life, invaluable to me. Thrown upon my own resources, almost an ostracised human being by reason of my Kentucky home and country dress and manners, I was made to take care of myself in the face of resistance such as comes to few.

My Second Apprenticeship.—But as yet I was not a *druggist*. Appreciating this fact, with Mr. Gordon's consent I apprenticed myself a second time to Mr. George Eger, an accomplished German pharmacist at the elbow of the canal, opposite the "Mohawk Bridge." At that date in Cincinnati, a drug clerk, to be proficient, needed to understand the German prescription business. With Mr. Eger I began over again, *from the very beginning*, for in Mr. Eger's opinion I had not as yet advanced very far in pharmacy. During the entire time of this second apprenticeship, my salary was three dollars per week, and board, for I had the privilege of boarding with the family of Mr. Eger, who occupied rooms over the store. Again it became my duty to wash the windows, graduates and mortars, and once a week to scrub the front store, a duty which was occasionally enlarged to the scrubbing of the kitchen, which thus became a part of my pharmaceutical duties. With Mr. Eger I had the same opportunity as with Mr. Gordon of visiting home every third Sunday, and in addition to this, I had the privilege of attending Professor Roberts Bartholow's lectures on chemistry at the Ohio Medical Col-

lege. These Mr. Eger felt were to me a necessity, and to his care in this direction I owe much.

With Mr. Eger, I was especially to be taught prescription pharmacy. He taught me not only the natures of the different drugs, but their doses and actions. He himself was extremely particular in this direction, and never did he fill a prescription till he was sure that the dosage was correct. In case he was not sure, he looked it up in the authorities then used, and I once saw him spend an entire hour hunting up the dosage of some obscure substance. After I myself began filling prescriptions under his care, he enforced upon me the same rule, and I was required not only to know the dosage of each remedy mentioned in a prescription, but the amount that would be an overdose. It was then the custom, among German physicians, in writing a prescription that carried a substance in what was, under ordinary circumstances, an overdose, to place above the prescription the "square root" sign, thus certifying to the fact that the prescription stood as it was meant to be.

As an apprentice with Mr. Eger I studied each night, beginning at eight o'clock, the Dispensatory record of some drug selected by him. The next night I wrote from memory a description of that drug, including its origin and history, its uses and doses, and if a poison, its antidote. The next evening he would review what I had written the previous night, criticising and correcting it, emphasizing oversights. Then another drug was named, to be studied in like manner. With Mr. Eger I learned every detail possible in the handling of medicines, the compounding of prescriptions, the making of tinctures and syrups, and the powdering in an iron mortar and sifting of crude drugs, for in those days we powdered our own drugs. All this I was forced, or I might say, was permitted to learn, in this second most exacting apprenticeship, embracing, in the aggregate, practically everything that came in the direction of pharmacy in Cincinnati. At the end of this period, Mr. Eger informed me that he considered me competent to engage anywhere as a prescription clerk, and indeed I would have been dull, could he not thus have expressed himself. He was accomplished in languages, science, medicine and pharmacy. He had accepted the responsibility of making me a pharmacist. Conscientiously, for months, he had drilled me in the art. We came to be companions. As a teacher, he was not less concerned in fitting me for my profession, than was I as a student. He considered his reputation at stake, and that he must fulfill his part. I came to understand that I, too, had a responsibility, and that unless I learned pharmacy, I would discredit both Mr. Gordon and Mr. Eger.

The stores of both Mr. Gordon and Mr. Eger were the headquarters for physicians. Discussions concerning drugs and pharmaceutical preparations, old and new, were constant. The uses and doses of remedies were alike the part of pharmacist and physician. With every prescription, I was taught to study the Dispensatory and other books of reference, to see if the dose was correct. More than once, in after years, did this watchful care serve the interest of the physician. But *only in emergency cases* did either of these preceptors ever presume to give an ailing person a remedial agent. They held that the *prescribing* was the part of the physician. This became my invariable rule, and during my entire course as prescription clerk, some fifteen years in all, I cannot recall ever breaking this rule.

At the conclusion of my work with Mr. Eger, he wrote me a recommendation that I much prize, as I do that of Mr. Gordon. I then returned to Mr. Gordon's employ, Eighth and Central Avenues, where the opportunities for business progress were greater. As Mr. Gordon did not then need my services as a clerk, he gave me at first a position as a "supernumerary clerk," in which I served, without salary, for the experience. But within a few weeks, one of the assistant clerks resigned his position, and I took his place, at six dollars a week. My salary was gradually raised to ten dollars a week, which seemed to me a very lucrative return, considering the fact that all this time I had been learning a professional business, in which I proposed to spend my life. Let me add that I take not a little pride in that, from the time my salary reached the sum of six dollars per week, I saved a goodly portion, each week.

Including these four years' apprenticeship, I clerked for nearly fifteen years, until, under the auspices and the advice of physicians whom I regarded as qualified to direct me wisely, I finally, considering myself still an apothecary, united my efforts with manufacturing pharmacists. It was during the '70's that my devotion to chemistry and pharmacy, and my acquaintance with medical subjects connected with pharmacy, led Professor John King, M. D., author of the *American Dispensatory* and other publications, to arrange with Mr. H. M. Merrell that I should take charge of the laboratory of H. M. Merrell & Company, my salary being fifteen dollars per week, which was gradually increased to twenty-five dollars. I will add that my chief reason for accepting this position, (which Dr. Stevens and others approved), was the great, unworked field of plant remedies, chiefly American, used by the Eclectic physicians. Indeed, Dr. King had made this his principal plea in urging my acceptance of the arrangement.

As a completion to the record here given I will state that I passed an examination before the Cincinnati Pharmacy Board, the first established in Ohio, and that I attended the first meeting of the Ohio Pharmaceutical Association, called for the purpose of forming a State Society. Every two years since the date of my first examination I have renewed my certificate, and am yet a licensed Ohio pharmacist, though I fear I would be sadly in need of another apprenticeship course, were I to attempt to become a clerk in a modern apothecary shop. My two brothers, Nelson Ashley and Curtis Gates, likewise took the apprenticeship method of learning the pharmacy business. Both served for years as drug clerks, both are registered pharmacists in Ohio, and neither has allowed his certificate to lapse.

Resume.—It need not be said that I now comprehend, as I could not then, that the greatest advantage in my training as a pharmacist, came to me through the thoroughness of the drilling I received, beginning at home, and the exacting methods of my preceptors. Under these I learned self-reliance and restraint, in directions that otherwise would never have come. The very rivalries between the other boys and myself were useful, even the occasional rough usage that came in the beginning of my efforts. Sometimes, on my infrequent visits home, I would be utterly discouraged. But my mother would comfort me by teaching that after a time I would be free,* and have a business for myself that would make

*The word "free" is used in its sense as applied to a bonded apprentice.

me a living. Back I would go to work, hopeful and ready to meet whatever came, and I will add, always something new *came*.

I often wonder if the boy of today appreciates the educational opportunities at his command, such as the Colleges of Pharmacy, the Universities, the pharmaceutical journals, the Society meetings, the shorter hours, and the greater recreative opportunities, with which the present seems to me to contrast so markedly with the days of my apprenticeship. I wonder, too, if the apprentice of today, and the pharmacist as well, comprehends the advantages he enjoys over him of times gone by. Then, our time was largely spent in preparing remedial agents, such as tinctures, syrups, wines and vinegars, for incorporation into prescriptions. To make these, we were forced to grind and powder the crude drugs. We were busy rolling pills, making emulsions, spreading plasters, preparing suppositories and like agents that, before the days of the pharmaceutical factory, were a daily necessity. Well do I remember when *atropine* was introduced, for dilating the pupil of the eye. It came to us in the form of the alkaloid itself, and the pharmacist made it soluble with the exact amount of dilute sulphuric acid required, a very delicate process. The favorite prescription of physicians, (this was before the day of professional oculists), was one-half grain of atropine, water one ounce, sulphuric acid q. s. to make a solution. Bear in mind that this was for use *in the eye*.

In reviewing those days long past, I prize above all else, notwithstanding the hardships I then endured, the four years of personal drilling from my accomplished preceptors. To their pains-taking care, and to the habits of close observation and industry they engendered in me, I feel I owe a large measure of whatever success I have attained, as well as the privilege of contributing to pharmaceutical advancement. Well do I recall one of the visits Mr. Eger paid to my laboratory some years later. With great pride I brought to him specimens of interest, and explained my manipulative processes. Placing his hand on my head, he said, "Johnnie, I once taught you in pharmacy; now you are teaching me!" Could any apprentice have received a greater reward for his efforts? Nor can I express the pleasure that came to me in after years through the friendship of Mr. Gordon. He it was who introduced me to the American Pharmaceutical Association where, each year that I am privileged to attend, a host of friends greet me, though now, alas, a host of those who once were friends, are now missing. Very painful to me are some phases of these meetings. I see many faces unseen by others, to my ears come voices no others hear.

As a conclusion to this paper may I not, in the spirit of gratitude, present the portraits and brief biographies, written in 1894, of my two masters in pharmacy, W. J. M. Gordon, and George Eger, whose memories I so deeply revere?



WILLIAM JOHN MACLESTER GORDON,

was born in Somerset Co., Md., December 25th, 1825. When a lad, he entered as an apprentice the pharmacy of his cousin, Dr. J. W. W. Gordon, in Baltimore. While there he studied Chemistry in the University of Maryland, under Prof. Aiken. In 1848 he removed to Cincinnati. He was young, ambitious, persevering, energetic and capable. Beginning as a retail pharmacist, he soon branched into manufacturing, the firm being W. J. M. Gordon & Bro. He established the pioneer Glycerin factory of the West, and soon his name became known over the entire country as a manufacturer, a pharmacist, and wholesale druggist. Within a period of five years his factory was burned to the ground four times, and he ultimately gave up the drug and medicine part of his business, confining himself to Glycerin, making large amounts of a quality second to none in the world. Mr. Gordon still gives this business his personal attention and carries a warm feeling for his early study, Pharmacy; about the only vacation that he takes, being to attend the meetings of the American Pharmaceutical Association.

Mr. Gordon has been President of the American Pharmaceutical Association and has always held official positions in that organization. In his energetic prime no man was more worthy of emulation, now, when of mature age, no man commands a deeper regard. He is an ardent worker in the Episcopal Church, a kind father, a genial conversationalist and a citizen of whom the community has ever been proud. To his family, consisting of a wife, three daughters and one son, Mr. Gordon has devoted his life. As an apprentice, I received from him my first pharmacy instruction, and deem it an honor to offer this tribute of respect.—J. U. L.



GEORGE EGER,

was born August 7th, 1836. He was educated in Rottweil, Ellwangen and Ehingen. He entered the drug business as an apprentice in Esslingen, Germany, and after apprenticeship clerked in Stuttgart, Germany, and Geneva, Switzerland. Coming to America in 1855, he located at Madison, Ind. From there he went to Terre Haute, Ind., and then to St. Louis, Mo., after which he returned to Europe and attended a term in the University of Tuebingen, then returned to Covington, Ky., where he married. In 1863, he located in Cincinnati, on Central Avenue, near Mohawk Bridge.

Mr. Eger has more than once been elected President of the Cincinnati College of Pharmacy, and since its organization has been a continuous devotee to its interests. He has often contributed thereto from his private resources, and has every year served either on the Lecture Committee, the Examination Committee, or as a Trustee of the Institution. He is a member of the American Pharmaceutical Association, and a conspicuous example of many apothecaries who love their calling, not alone because of material returns, but also on account of the unselfish devotion they bear to a cause they love.

Mr. Eger has a family of seven children, and in addition has adopted five orphan children. A conscientious apothecary, he still delights in his work, and it is with pleasure that I recall the pains with which, after my course with Mr. Gordon and while I was still an apprentice, he instructed me in the details of the art.—J. U. L.

These sketches were written in 1894. Since that date both Mr. Eger, (1900), and Mr. Gordon, (1909), have died.—J. U. L.