

patent facts connected with the subject, especially emphasizing the necessity of an efficient secretary, properly remunerated, as being necessary for the success of associations.

THE PLEASURE AND SATISFACTION OF CONDUCTING A PROFESSIONAL PHARMACY.*

BY THOMAS ROACH.

A friend of mine met me on the street the other day and said "Tom, you are a queer fellow. I understand that you have a drug store where you haven't anything for sale but drugs—how the Sam Hill do you get along doing that kind of business?"

Of course, Bill was trying to be funny with me, but in his question and its import is wrapped a world of meaning to me.

Aside from the hope of at least a little financial reward in the days that are yet to come (which I will speak of later), the greatest joy and pleasure that I get out of the new venture is being able to indulge in doing the things that I have wanted to do ever since my early days in pharmacy.

I have never felt that I was very much of a merchant, especially from a volume-merchandising standpoint, but have always enjoyed working at the prescription case, and at this time would rather do that one thing than anything else, as far as labor is concerned. So from the standpoint of a vocation, I was just coming into my own when my shop was opened.

Possibly I could describe the pleasure of such a business better by noting the absence of some of the things that have been my drug store surroundings in other stores that I have owned or been connected with.

It always grated on my nerves to invite customers into my drug store to have their prescriptions filled, and then have them pass between twenty-five soda tables to get to the prescription case. This was especially irritating when people remarked "Is this a drug store or a restaurant?" It did not soften matters much to reply that we were trying to operate an "ultra-modern drug store."

The "jelly bean loafers" are others of the "Genus Drugstorious" I fondly miss. Those who hung around in the front aisles of the store, and on week-ends overflowed in the front door and sidewalks, buying but very little, and by their very intruding presence keeping away from our store many possible customers whose refinement bade them seek to do their drug store buying in places not infested by such an audience, for indeed the presence of the before-mentioned many times took on the nature of a very critical audience.

Another thing to be noted as absent is the patent medicine advertising that I was expected to run over my name. I could never keep from feeling, every time I let my name appear at the bottom of a proprietary remedy ad, that I was at least tacitly endorsing the preparation, regardless of the extravagant claims that were sometimes held out for it.

Carrying water on both shoulders is an easy job compared to the druggist's lot when he is asking the physician to send him his prescription business, and then

* Section on Commercial Interests, A. Ph. A., Baltimore meeting, 1930.—No discussion.

advising the public through patent medicine advertising that it is unnecessary to consult the doctor.

While I am on the subject of advertising, we take pride in the class of copy we are using in the newspapers. While it is not altogether original, it is personal, and each ad carries a direct message—to the point that our shop is the place to have prescriptions filled. Most of the advertisements carry the message “to consult the physician first;” nothing is used in the messages of which a doctor would not approve.

Conducting a prescription shop places the pharmacist in a position so that professional men treat him more as their equal, and I think they feel more like consulting him on many questions relative to which he can be of assistance to them, than they do a man who is busy at least half of his time looking after matters that are entirely foreign to drugs and medicines.

It has been a source of satisfaction to me to have the time (which this kind of business enables me to have) to really get acquainted with my family, and spend my evenings and Sundays at home, or at least not at the store.

As to its financial success—we have now been operating a year (April 1930), and the balance sheet is beginning to show up in black letters instead of red. I had figured that if we were able to do this in a year we would be doing well. Every month has shown an increase except August and January.

The first year's record leads me to believe that from here on it will prove a modestly profitable undertaking, sufficient to take care of the writer and his family in the station of life they now occupy, but not enough to be burdened by the worries of “lots” of money.

After all, the greatest joy and satisfaction one can get out of life is in serving our fellow men in the place where we can be of the greatest service, and my belief is that in this I have found my place.

YOUR GUEST—THE DRUG STORE CUSTOMER.*

BY W. BRUCE PHILIP.

I believe in devoting all effort to improving the man. When we improve the man, we improve everything that man makes. Improve the pharmacist and we improve the drug store. One question before pharmacy to-day is “How can we keep the independent drug store independent?” My answer is “improve the independent man; the store then takes care of itself.”

Mr. Independent Drug Store Man, I am going to talk about you, but in order that we can be on common ground, for I am an Independent Drug Store Man, let's talk about our best friend—our customer. Without him we do not exist.

Our Guests.—Is there in our home, apart from members of our family, anyone that brings to us greater joy than our guests? Do we not, regardless of how we feel or think, put our best foot forward and make them feel the pleasure we experience at their coming? We greet them instantly as the bell rings. We open wide the door. We take them by the hand and assure each one that we are glad to see them. We make them feel at home. We make them comfortable in every

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