

WOMEN'S SECTION, AMERICAN PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION

THE WOMAN IN HER OWN PHARMACY.*

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The woman in her own Pharmacy has unlimited possibilities to permeate her personality through her establishment.

There is nothing that can quite take the place of the woman in her own home and there is therefore a wonderful opportunity for the woman who does not manage her own home, to put so much of her self into the next best thing, her Pharmacy, for since that is this woman's choice it has now become her shrine.

To my mind, the personality lent from an individual to an establishment is a chief essential to success. There must be an air of good fellowship, an atmosphere of harmony, a service of worth, merchandise of merit, courtesy in abundance and reliability staunch and true; also a dignity about the place that merits respect and confidence and at the same time a freedom sufficient to bespeak a sincere welcome to every in-comer, be he purchaser or guest. These are virtues that are as priceless as rubies.

Now, then, for business. I shall take first, for discussion, the prescription business, for that is the primary motive for choosing pharmacy as a profession, a true, noble calling in behalf of humanity for which woman is particularly adapted.

The deftness of a woman's hand, coupled with that steady clearness of eye and brain, untainted by either liquor or tobacco; the resolve to win for herself the goal to which she has aspired; the human heart in her, maternal in its instinct to be ministering unto some needy body and soul; the genuine fineness of her character, equip her with an ability which will make for success, just as surely as the night must follow the day.

There is no such thing as failure to the woman who wills. Her love for human kind, her knowledge gained, her ability sufficiently displayed, her confidence imposed, she, the woman in her own pharmacy, now has herself in her own hand quite as much as in the hand of the public, whose faithful servant she has now become. For after all it is the service we are able to render that makes life really worth while. The hand that knows not service for another knows not the meaning nor the joy of life.

To indulge in the work of a chosen art becomes such a real pleasure that every department lends a new interest and inspires such zeal that the woman in her own pharmacy is not content unless she can have a hand or at least an eye at all of it. It is her pleasure as well as her privilege to work now here, now there, and to shift in turn the clerks employed, to the various tasks at hand.

The prescription department then is the chief realm of glory. The accuracy of the trained pharmacist develops that skill which thrills one with pride as the mortar, pestle and graduate yield the "Elixir of Life" from that mysterious prescription case.

The rubber goods department is one which should be kept in charge by a competent lady clerk or trained nurse, so the woman in her own pharmacy usually

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has that business well developed and waits upon most of the customers for those needs.

Then, passing on to the stationery department, a woman is a good judge of qualities of paper, styles of papeteries used, and what is suitable for all classes of correspondence, by all ages and sexes. What she lacks in information along this line she makes it a point to find out. One can learn something new every day. To be a good salesman requires thorough knowledge of the goods to be sold.

There is much pleasure in the buying of stocks of various kinds sold in drug stores, in the arrangements and displays, besides the actual selling of the goods. Meeting people, and constantly studying their faces and ways, adds a great deal of interest to the business.

We now arrive at the toilet goods case, where woman alone reigns supreme. Who can dare say that a man can sell boxes of powders and creams, touching upon the shades of marvelously delicate tints so peculiarly adapted to each individual need, wherein lies the mystic magic of charm to make my lady beautiful, as well as the woman in her own pharmacy? Why, she has nearly all the business of her town, for she knows not only the best kinds, and the best purpose of each article, but something of the texture as well as the formulæ of the wonders compounded by her own hands. For these, too, stand on her shelves and in the cases beside the widely advertised kinds and enjoy a widespread sale, as a result of her personal recommendation.

The sundries are well selected and well arranged. The knowledge of composition and the methods of manufacture are part of the mental equipment which enables the woman to tell why her line of sundries are better than others.

Then comes the soda fountain. Cleanliness, quality, and service are three assets that are absolutely essential to the success of this department. And who can better keep their eye on the cupboard of the soda fountain than the woman in her own pharmacy? It takes a woman to see into the corners, to palatably and economically dispose of the bits of jellies and jams, for as such are the fruits of the fountain to her. There is a great opportunity to make the fountain dainty and attractive, which eventually makes for more business.

The last thing a man usually buys on his way out of the store, if he does not happen to come in for that express purpose, is a cigar; so now it's time for my lady pharmacist to step quickly to the cigar case and put out the choicest cigars that appeal to the taste of man. How can she know the brands, the shapes and the shades of the filthy weed she would not touch but which has, mysteriously hidden within itself, that distinctly pleasing aroma? Why, she masters that in the same way that she masters anything else in which she is earnestly interested (even her husband, when she gets one). She studies the tobaccos, the way they are grown, harvested, and finally rolled, twisted, pressed and wrapped into the wonderful results of cigars. Then she learns how to buy them and later how to sell them. Finally, she learns which cigars are her customer's particular brand, shape and shade and wins his favor, smiles and custom by presenting to his choice just what he wants. That is why he likes to trade with the woman in her own pharmacy.