

this growing tendency is alarming. We differ as to its bearing on the administration of the Food and Drugs Act. I am quite as sure that an ordinary jury is not the proper body to decide such technical questions as the identity, purity and quality of drugs, as Mr. French is to the contrary. Decision by a properly qualified body is no more bureaucratic than by an unqualified one, as the common jury certainly is.

Very truly yours,

H. H. RUSBY.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.*

W. H. COUSINS, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.

Every desirable achievement has its price. Every step forward costs effort. The chap who said, "There is no excellence without great labor," was not an amateur in the game of life. The man who said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of success," had cut the cards in the great game until he knew whereof he spoke, for verily no man was ever born with this much wisdom. Such philosophy comes only from those who have had the tutorship of necessity, that grim teacher who is dean of the school of experience in which not only fools but even the wise must learn the hard lessons of life. In fact, we are mostly fools until we go through the hardships that are thickly strewn along the road to success. Success is not a stationary attainment; it is forever moving away from its pursuers, and its luring call of work, work, work, comes with every waking moment and in dreams. The amassing of a million dollars may not mean success. The million that means success is the earned million that came little at a time through unceasing vigilance and hard work, and not the million that came accidentally when fate was loafing on the job. Eternal vigilance and hard work will put the poorest business on this continent into pay dirt as a profit-maker. Eternal vigilance is head work. There are many better pitching arms in the big leagues than the twirling wing of Christy Mathewson, but greater heads there are none. Success in business is a big game that works head and hands to full capacity. Hands cannot win without head work. Head will never score working alone. Brilliant ideas are born only to die in an unsystematized business that needs arranging from the curb to the alley. The store that looks like first money in a clean-up contest will never get anywhere if the want book and the advertising are overlooked. Every business that is approaching success must have at least one man whose judgment is supreme. He is a kind of a court of last resort. He has observed, worked and toiled. No detail has escaped his eagle eye or his lightning powers of discernment. He has seen things happen and things that have happened once do not have to happen again to remind him of the effect that comes from a certain cause. Once in a great factory on whose pay roll were thousands of men, with many experts and each supposed to possess all the information that went with his job and to be able to cope with any situation that might arise, it happened that the belt on a big machine was slipping and the operator of the machine did everything he knew to do, to no avail. The master mechanic of the plant was called and exhausted his collection of tricks

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of the trade, including the pouring of sticky belt dressing on the belt to make it hold the pulleys, but it continued to slip. After all had given up in despair, they went to the private office of the "Old Man" who had established the factory more than thirty years ago. The problem that had baffled the expert was laid before him and he solved it in two minutes; in three words he said, "Tighten the belt." It matters not how small the business nor how large, there must be "an old man" (or a young one) who knows things and holds himself personally responsible for everything that happens and never makes an excuse when things go wrong or takes credit when they go right. No business ever succeeded where nobody carried responsibility. How many successful business men could you find in the whole world who would buy a business, employ enough clerks to operate it, and go away and leave it expecting to succeed? Success depends mainly on the man. Some men would arrive at success in spite of all the obstacles that can be piled into their paths. The man who succeeds must pay the price. He must play the game for blood. He must not muff the grounders, beef at the umpire or play to the grand stand. Any time he takes his gun eye off of the works a long fly will slip out of his mit and old "Compet" across the street puts one by for a home run. In "eternal vigilance" eternal means what it says. Not semi-weekly or every now and then, but every minute. The chap who thinks he has bought success and the goods are not delivered, did not pay for it. The money was not on the mahogany. He mistook eternal for occasionally. He loafed at the plate until the umpire called two and swiped at the third one, and missed it seven feet. I call to mind a hot-house confection who smokes, swears and wears men's clothes, who thought he had a half-Nelson on success. He blew up recently, and when the smoke had cleared away it was found that he owed various firms scattered along from Augusta to Galveston a matter of twenty-eight thousand dollars for drug-store merchandise that a burglar would move back into the store if he found them on the curb. This lad was not allowed to succeed. He was sandbagged by environment. He has a good heart inside of him, and if his heritage had been poverty, success would have been his. The old birds of the pill game would have held him up as a shining example of the man who whipsawed fate and won in spite of hardships and a muddy track if he had only been born poor. His old man was too strong with the bank parchment when Willie was being rubbed into condition for his life's work in a college of pharmacy. He propagated and grew an idea that the big thing in the knowledge works was to put a large-size crimp in father's standing at the First National. He buckled down and boned in school sometimes when he was not too busy passing out the coin and got away with the pure white lambskin with the gold freckle down in the corner. Father got a bill for the damage, the figures of which looked like the number on a Rock Island coal car. The invoice was for clothes, books and laboratory apparatus, with enough incidentals to pay for the college campus at the rate of a hundred bucks the front foot. Father merely groaned and asked for exchange on New York. The bank clerk thought he had bought an ocean liner or a railroad. When Willie fell off the three-forty-five limited, father was there to take a look at his Golden Calf. The old gentleman looked at him with one of those long, searching glances that he was always wont to bestow on a likely-looking piece of real estate that in a few years would grow a crop of installment-plan bungalows that would pay

seven hundred *per cent.* profit. Now Father had sat in where it took gold eagles by the shovel-full to stay and had threes beaten to a whisper. He had put thirty to one on a pony that died on the track with slow fever. He was an inexperienced man at coming loose from coin in hunks. But as he gazed on Son he classified him as the most expensive luxury he had ever tried to maintain. As he thought of him and looked at him his Daddy Nature softened and his affections got mushy. He said to himself: "Ain't he my boy? Ain't he a son of his little mother? Didn't he bring home the bacon? Ain't he got a sheepskin from the college and a clearance from the State Board? Will I let him go out and fight fate for success like I did? Not on your petrified likeness. By the eternal heck, I never piked and I won't commence it now. I'll buy him a drug store with gold fixtures and a private office." The latter decision was the bomb that sent Willie's chances of success Hadesward. Father bought the store and Willie bought everything that was for sale by the entire drug trade. It was the old story, with the sheriff in the last act. It took Willie just two years to erase his John Henry from Bradstreet's book of batting averages and give the creditors the sand bag square on the bean. Willie did not intend to do it, but he could have steered an ocean liner across the Atlantic just as easily as he could pilot the big store with the big expense account toward success. In paying for success money is not a legal tender. Grilling experience, bloody perspiration and sleepless nights are some of the things exacted of the man who would burn his John Henry into the exclusive scroll.

Really successful pharmacists in most cases began with a sink full of unclean vials in the tender years of childhood, and by putting every moment that can be spared from sleep to the task of getting information on the game, finally in the afternoon of life are able to retire from the tile and spatula and spend the gloaming finding out what has happened in the world during their exile. They know the great Remington, but never heard Tolstoi. They are familiar with Wilhelm Bodemann, but not wise to Elbert Hubbard. The sweet-faced bride of former years, now a gray-haired matron, on a Sunday morning in spring leads him into a church where a kindly faced minister extolls the joys of the great beyond and the beauty of the golden city; and in the daze he is catching himself wondering what rent the best corners will bring, and if the cigarette tax is the same in heaven as in San Antonio.

Alfred Henry Lewis told the whole story when he made his "Old Cattleman" say: "Success in life hain't in holdin' a good hand, but playin' a poor one well." I have seen more wrecks that were attributable to bad buying than to any other one cause. Many a little drug store that would be a miniature mint if the proprietor could be satisfied with his own profit instead of trying to get the jobber's profit also by buying more goods than he needs to save a small discount. A small retailer is beginning to get in the game when he learns to buy a gross of Sal Hepatica for eight dollars instead of paying ninety for it.

This wonderful feat is accomplished by buying each dozen with the same eight dollars with which he bought the first dozen. A jobber's 2% each month beats a manufacturer's five, once a year. Of course, there are several thousand other things to do in the retail drug business besides the buying. Any man in the business is entitled to pull a bonehead occasionally, but must not pull the same one

twice. There is no primrose path that leads to success. Primrose paths lead elsewhere; especially is this true of the retail pill game. Success never fluctuates in the market. Fate is a square dealer and sells it to all of us at the same price. Sometimes it leaves us with flighty heads and nervous hands, but when we win there is a sweet satisfaction in knowing that we beat the game. Every man in the game has more brain than he uses, more ability than he shows, and is capable of more effort than he spends. Every successful man must study his business if he is to know it. He may know it to-day, but he must keep his eye on the signals or won't know it to-morrow. Every bit of power, both mental and physical, that the human dynamo will generate and apply is THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

STATE NARCOTIC LEGISLATION.

(EDITORIAL COMMUNICATION.)

THE enactment of the Harrison Act marks an epoch in the history of narcotic legislation. It furnishes a new and original method of controlling the manufacture, sale and use of narcotic drugs, through the U. S. Treasury Department. It is both a police and revenue measure. It is intrastate as well as interstate in scope, covering both the states and the nation, and to a degree, if not altogether, it eliminates the necessity for state narcotic laws.

The Harrison Act, with its system of registration and recording, is an experiment in narcotic legislation, and the results will be studied with deep interest, both at home and abroad.

Each state has its sovereignty. The Harrison Act cannot abridge or interfere with the operation of the laws of any state respecting the manufacture, sale and use of narcotic drugs unless such laws are in direct conflict with the Federal statutes.

There is a general tendency on the part of the states to amend existing narcotic laws, or enact new ones, along the lines of the Harrison Act, and this attitude raises a very important question:—

Is it desirable *at this time* for the states to legislate, or is it not more desirable, in view of the experimental nature of the Harrison Act, and the possibility that Congress may amend it at the next session, to await the results of the experiment, and then amend or delete?

At the March meeting of the Philadelphia Branch, A. Ph. A., a resolution was offered by Dr. F. E. Stewart, seconded by Professor J. P. Remington, and carried unanimously: "That the Philadelphia Branch of the American Pharmaceutical Association hereby suggests to the Senate and House of Representatives of Pennsylvania that further legislation regarding the possession, sale, distribution and dispensing of habit-forming drugs be held in abeyance until a proper trial shall be given to the recently enacted Harrison Act intended for the control of the same, and that, therefore, further action regarding the bills now before the Senate and House relating to this subject be postponed in accordance with this resolution."