

was dispensed in a big envelope made by ourselves out of stiff manila paper. I am quite sure large paper envelopes were not purchasable on the market in those days.

SODA WATER.

Yes, we had a Tuffts Fountain, and after I had learned how to make syrups and charge fountains I voted it a nuisance. On circus days and at county fair time, people stood in line to drink our soda water, which had the reputation of being the best in town. The washing of the glasses and the slop made at the fountain led to a washing scheme which was conceived by the Colonel and which was not a success. Two hundred glasses, the thick kind, were purchased, the idea being to wash the glasses at a special sink in the rear of the store and bring them forward in trays clean and shining. The plan worked well in a rush with about three boys to keep the glass supply from failing and provided they kept out of the way of the dispenser. But if business lulled the glass washers had little to do and became "stand arrounds" on expense. Only on big days did we work this plan, and on account of its complications the confusion of running to and from behind the counters, it was abandoned.

In 1873 I attended the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and when I returned the Colonel one day remarked—"Well, I suppose you know it all now?" The question was kindly put, for the Colonel's great heart would not brook unkindness. "No," I said, "I don't know it all, but I know more than I would have known under your teaching." "Good, Good," he shouted. "You'll come through." But it was Mike O'Hare who said the right thing. "Where have you been so long, Johnny?" asked "old Mike." "Been away to pharmacy college," I replied. "That's right," said he, "make a farmer of yourself."

THE STATE LEGISLATURE.*

BY W. H. COUSINS.

Caesar had his Brutus, Job his boils and Caranza his Pancho Villa, yet none of these much-touted martyrs ever hovered 'round the corridors of a State House and sought to get the attention of the Honorable Jason Jawsmith, chairman of the Committee on Public Health. The trivial demands of the craft of Pharmacy are nothing compared with the howling needs of the populace. Nine-foot bed sheets, the lengthening of women's dresses at both ends and the tax on cigarettes are the average State solon's idea of saving the country and keeping it from going to the dogs the shortest route.

The State Legislature is the most brutal joke of the age, made up, as it is, mainly of an aggregation of unconscious comedians, who, in their serious contemplation of themselves, put Don Quixote to shame. When Heck Rogers of the Cactus and Greasewood "Deestric" strokes his whiskers, he imagines the seismograph is having a convulsion in Greenwich Observatory, and when approached

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on the subject of Pharmacy puts on a pouter-pigeon aspect, leaving the impression on the poor human caterpillar who dared approach him that he can not be bothered with small things. I have been handed everything from a lemon to a block of ice big enough to cool Lake Michigan while trying to get an opportunity to tell the powers that were, that I believed the man who practiced Pharmacy in a wagon should be under the same requirements as the man who practiced Pharmacy in a drug store. It seems that the pharmacist of this country is a kind of legislative step-child, who asks for bread and is given a stone. He pleads for a fish and gets a snake. I call to mind at this time the hard work of a legislative committee in a southern State last year. This committee sought to regulate the itinerant vender of medicines, they made a long, hard fight, they gave up much time and money in the effort, and after it was all over and the smoke of battle had cleared away, instead of placing the vender under the same restrictions that pharmacists are under, the Legislature reduced his tax 50 percent.

A State Legislature is a collection of human curios and would furnish many tips for comic opera if the composers of this mental diet for the tired business man but knew it. We believe that the legislators will eventually fix it so that the pharmacists will have to employ legal counsel by the year in order to avoid breaking some of the idiotic, Welsh rarebit dreams that they have written into the statute book. They seem to view us in much the same light as a rustler is looked upon in the cattle country. We get more attention in the form of prohibitive laws than the burglar and the confidence man; when revenue is needed they add a few links to the endless chain that now reaches nearly to the bottom of the druggist's boots. However, in the State Legislature we are getting what we pay for. You can buy whiskers, bald heads and huge equators for little money, but when you go into the market to buy brains, you will have to come loose from some coin. The average State legislator's remuneration is not as much as is paid a union bricklayer, and a plumber wouldn't sleep on the job for what is paid a solon who assumes half the responsibility for the behavior of Atlas.

A State Legislature has more views regarding the best way to save the country than a frightened cayote has notions. Colonel Songbottle, of the Rocky Creek District, is threatened with passing a bill to rescue working girls from work, and is ready to pour out eloquence, enthusiasm, blood and various and sundry flagons of "40-rod" in order that this admirable draft may become a law on our statute books. Another comes to the forum with a heart full of sympathy for the comfort and well-being of Jersey cows, and is ready to wade in blood to his eyebrows in order to put his antitick measure under the Governor's nose for his signature. There is the chap with a deep-seated hunch that every community should have its mosquito inspector and a 'steen million dollar appropriation for research work in the investigation of the diseases of humming birds. At about this juncture, Percy Pinchback screws the single barrel spectacle a little deeper into his starboard lamp and moves immediate consideration of the bone-dry bill. Percy having just regaled himself with a cup of warm tea and an order of lady fingers, feels fit as a fiddle and hard as nails, and is panting for a roughhouse with the wet element. Percy bears a strong facial resemblance to a hatchet and his idea of being real downright mean and doing something bloody blooming rough,

"donchar knaw" is to eat breakfast food for dinner. Nevertheless, in this instance he has started something that it will take fourteen weeks to stop.

Any time the bone-dry bill is mentioned, above a cathedral whisper, legitimate interests are relegated to the twilight sleep, while the wets leak tepid atmosphere, anent personal liberty, and the drys sing "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight." All this has such a salubrious effect on the chairman of your legislative committee. One day he stands with his foot on the brass rail and his pulley-bone on the mahogany until he is pie-eyed, and has his system fastened to a real raz-ma-taz Jack London jag that screams for aspirin and hollers for spirit of ammonia, appealing to the wets to support the Pharmacy Bill. They fall on his neck and say in loud, vociferous voices, "Thas all right, bo, are we with you? I should shay sho." The next day he makes a drag to get the drys to support the Pharmacy Bill. He has to drink water, discourse learnedly on the effect of alcohol on posterity, discuss elaborately and at great length the final perseverance of the saints and he delivers an oral thesis on the church *versus* the stage. The brethren are unanimously in favor of supporting the Pharmacy Bill. The chairman is much pleased, in fact he is tickled almost into convulsions, especially if he be a new man at the game. He wends his way slowly to his hotel, where he locks the door, hangs his pajamas over the transom, pulls down the blinds, disconnects the telephone in order to light a cigarette without getting caught in the act as he meditates, peering through the curls of tobacco smoke, he seems himself, down by the sea, like Alexander the Great, filling a large bandana full of briny tears because unconquered worlds are not to be had any more. He readily discerns why the fool killer passes up State capitols. It's because he doesn't want to wilfully neglect the rest of the world, and of the two jobs he chooses the lesser. Our chairman even laughs out through the armholes of his vest when he thinks of how he has put something over the State Legislature that has been hanging fire for all of these years, he views himself as a smooth manipulator of men, delivering wets and drys, tied in bundles and laid in rows. He doesn't know that a kiss of good-bye and a "God bless you" doesn't mean that the Pharmacy Bill is passed any more than it means that asafetida has lost its odor. Our hero is not allowed to gloat long over his brilliant achievement. He is called to the committee room on a bright, sunny morning, to witness the demise of the Pharmacy Bill. It is chloroformed for legislative operation, and dies on the table. As he journeys homeward he feels just like the chairman felt last session, the session before, and all other sessions at which a Pharmacy Bill was sponsored.

Infant mortality among the Pharmacy Bills in my extensive legislative practice has been nearly 100 percent. Like a Roman mother, I have stood first at the cradle and last at the grave. I have seen them born, full of hope and health. I have seen them wither and die, with a dull thud, like a campaign pledge hitting the tidal wave of prosperity, while a weak, sickly measure for the protection of stingless mosquitos grew and thrived under the blessed sunlight of committee room sanction. Semi-annually, for many years, I have stood by and wept silently as one of these legislative babies christened "Pharmacy Bill" passed to the scrap heap of broken hopes. Bill always looks the part; he has the makings of a statute, but his young life is of but a few days and full of trouble, he is strangled to death of hot air in that fatal nursery, the committee room. Your chairman may be

able to unbutton the time lock at any hour in the 24, he may know how to jimmy the latest model vault and scale the tallest porch on the boulevard, but if he ever breaks into the committee room and gets the Pharmacy Bill out, he will have established a precedent and should be pensioned for life.

There's another feature of the legislative chairman's dealings with the State Legislature that is just as pleasant to him as a bone felon on his trigger finger, and that is to have a druggist howl himself hoarse because the legislative committee didn't accomplish anything. This druggist went right on making suppositories in a very tranquil and unconcerned way while the legislative committee was sitting up nights, sweating blood and begging him to help. He shows his gratitude like a foot-pad who beats his victim unmercifully because he didn't have more money. Probably so many sins would not be laid at the door of the State Legislature if the pharmacists of this country would help the legislative committee. Owing to the presence of ladies, I am unable to express fully my views of certain State Legislatures.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE TO CONTROL GAS OPERATIONS.

The following statement is authorized by the Secretary of War:

The organization of the Chemical Warfare Service has been completed. Henceforth all phases of gas warfare will be under the control of the Chemical Warfare Service commanded by Maj. Gen. William L. Sibert.

Heretofore chemical warfare has been carried on by divisions in the Medical Department, the Ordnance Department and the Bureau of Mines. All officers and men who have been connected with offensive or defensive gas warfare here will be responsible to the Chemical Warfare Service. The field training section at present is under the Corps of Engineers.

DEFENSIVE WARFARE.

Defensive warfare has been under the control of the Medical Department. This work has consisted of the designing and manufacture of masks both for men and animals and the procurement of appliances for clearing trenches and dugouts of gas.

Offensive gas warfare consists principally of manufacturing gases and filling gas shells. The work has been under the direction of the Ordnance Department.

The new department will take over the work of chemical research for new gases and protection against known gases which has been carried on by the Bureau of Mines. All testing and experiment stations will be under the direction of the Chemical Warfare Service.

The responsibility of providing chemists for all branches of the Government and assisting in the procurement of chemists for industries essential to the success of the war and Government has been intrusted to the Chemical Warfare Service.

All chemists now in the Army will be removed from their units and placed under the authority of the Chemical Warfare Service. Newly drafted chemists will be assigned to the Chemical Warfare Service.

Authority to assign enlisted or commissioned chemists to establishments manufacturing for the Government has been granted to the new section.

A. PH. A. MEMBERSHIP PRIZES FOR MISSOURI PHARMACISTS.

Henry D. Llewellyn, of Mexico, gave two prizes of A. Ph. A. membership during his administration as president of the Missouri Pharmaceutical Association. He now offers an additional two for the year 1918-19. These prizes are open to all members of the Mo. Ph. A. In order to obtain one, it is necessary to get in on the honor list with a large number of new members for that association. Each Llewellyn prize pays one year's dues in the American Pharmaceutical Association. If the winner is not a member, he will be recommended for election. If he already belongs to the A. Ph. A., his dues will be paid by Mr. Llewellyn for one year.