

## WOMEN IN PHARMACY.

THE PUBLIC DEMANDS MEN BEHIND THE COUNTER.

Many Women Study the Business, But Get Off Into Other Lines of Work, Where Their Knowledge is Useful—Some Have Been Very Successful.

The most practical women pharmacist in New York today is the old body who fixes up the salves and ointments that are peddled about down on the wharves and back street landings where the fishing smacks come in, said a man to whose desk comes world wide knowledge of druggists and apothecaries interests. 'That woman never looked into a book of pharmacy in her life, uses only experience and old wives' testimony to compound by, but her prescriptions are in constant demand and are considered absolute cures for the most aggravated fish bites and cuts that a sea and river craftsman is heir to. There isn't any woman medicine mixer anywhere that does the amount of business she does. I'm not joking. Here are the facts:

There were five women in my class at college when I graduated in pharmacy seventeen years ago. There have been more than that number in every class the college has graduated since and a half dozen in other colleges and schools of pharmacy have been turning out women pharmacists regularly every year all this time, yet you can trace but very few of them in the profession today. This is a leading supply house for chemists, and druggists' materials. Our books show pretty well all that goes on in the country in this line, and the salesmen who go out from here keep track of the small fish and little fellows, commercially considered, in the out-of-the-way places and back country towns. At the utmost there are not at this moment a half dozen women in the legitimate drug business in this country. Women do well as doctors and the trained nurse ranks are over-crowded, but they fight shy of practical pharmacy as a profession. They go into it enthusiastically, study hard while at college, take medals and class honors for proficiency, graduate with great credit and then—just do nothing apparently or next to nothing with the knowledge gained. You can walk all over the town, for instance go into all the main streets and side streets and suburban streets and you won't find a single drug store in which a woman is serving except in the capacity of cashier.

Two sisters kept an apothecary shop in a far East Harlem district for a while, but they quit, either went into something else or got married. There was a Fourth Avenue shop handed down to a woman pharmacist at her father's death, and she ran it for two years with fair success. Now her husband's name is over the door. One woman is assistant manager of the drug department in a department store. She sees the drummers, orders goods, keeps track of stock and looks after the salesgirls under her, but every bit of this could be done without taking a degree in pharmacy. The medicines and tonics and the pills and plasters lotions, cream and ointments that she deals in all come sealed and ready for sale just as packages of made up petticoats, or lemon cakes, or soap thread would come. It takes only business knowledge and method to do what she is doing. Another woman pharmacist is employed in a chemist's supply house to superintend the girls who seal stopper, be-ribbon pack and tie up the perfumes and dentists' goods, and who also make attractive the household remedies, pain relievers, infant's syrups and glassed and canned powders and toilet accessories. She has no chance at the important compounding part of the work.

'Now, the Northwest and the Middle States boast of some woman druggists,' he added. The star woman dealer in the business is located in one of the prominent buildings of a big Minnesota town and from her letters, the questions she asks as to new goods and methods and the size of her orders, I take her to be wide awake and thriving. She is twenty eight years old, unmarried and all for business, the drummers report. Another well established woman druggist has a good trade in a Connecticut town and there's one in Illinois. A young woman keeps a drug shop in her own cottage at a summer resort. She shuts up each winter, but does good business in summer, especially in 'feetings' drops and mosquito lotions.

Thousands of girls and young women are employed steadily in the wholesale drug and patent medicine houses all over

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the world. There are whole factories full of them, some situated in country settlements where rent is cheap for the plant and its working people and some in crowded city quarters, but all of these women are at merely mechanical end of things, doing the outside adornment work for which small fingers are especially fit. They work at long board tables with little flame lights in front of them, convenient for sealing and pasting. They have delicate tools to work and are more or less dexterous and indispensable. Some of them work for fifteen and twenty years at the trade, beginning when mere children in short frocks, but they have a fixed limit of wages, little chance of advancement and have no more idea of the character and composition of the fluids and solids they are sealing and packing than the girls who work in the silk factory next door or who sew on cloaks or make bonnet frames.

'People don't take to the idea of a woman druggist. There's no accounting for it, but they don't.' The public at large likes to have a man put up his prescriptions and would take exception at having to ring up a woman druggist at night or go to her for the hundred and one things outside of the business that a drug store stand sponsor for. On the surface it looks as if pharmacy were a business admirably suited to feminine strength and adaptability, just the proportioning of water and physics, the right reading of the Latin symbols and directions, and the keeping of things orderly and ship shape, as any housekeeper must do every day. But the public prefers a man for this purpose and apparently would rather have women ministers and real estate agents, women stock brokers than women druggists. This discrimination is all the queerer because woman from old Colony days down was always an acknowledged professor of herbs and steeped tea helps and health nostrums. In days when drug store didn't pay or hadn't been thought of, Grandma Goodheart's colic mixture, or Mother Bigfamily's cure for rheumatism or swollen limbs or heart faintness was known and applied for locally, by all sufferers and their friends. Indeed there was so much demand for these panaceas that men got to making them and disposing of them on a regular business basis. Now the public won't let the women do this work, no matter how many diplomas they may take or how plainly they may prove their ability to run a drug store.

'It has been my observation that a thorough schooling in pharmacy fits a woman admirably for success in other lines,' the speaker continued. 'There's a young woman running a pure-food delicatessen shop on an up-town avenue who makes twice the income she could get in pharmacy. Her course at college instigated further study in chemistry especially when she found exactly how limited her chances would be in the drug branch of the science. She made a study of preservatives, also of mould, fungi, and the conditions that belong especially to food chemistry. She probed into all the matter of adulterants. The pure food faddists are thick in the land. The rich residents send their servants to order from the delicatessen shop keeper, but they drop in often themselves for a talk on their favorite hobby, and she has goods and ideas to suit the case. Each season she adds a new department to her stock to suit individual orders. One customer she has lived at an expensive apartment house in the neighborhood, but he eats nothing on the regular caterer's list, only health breads, health soups, health milk, butter, cheese, especially labeled and dated eggs, and even health grapes and fruits received through Miss B.'s clients. A woman who graduated in the same class with Miss B. has a delicatessen business on the same order in a Western town. They both write to us for knowledge of experiments made by Berlin and Vienna professors as to the proof or refutation of certain facts in their line. And this knowledge is not so much for actual use in their business as for hints to their patrons when they come in to chat serving to keep up interest in the pure food campaign.

'A young pharmacist graduate is now sole agent for a big medicated soap syndicate. She's a bright girl and her agency is no two-penny affair. She sits in a pleasant, well-furnished office and plans

circulare and advertising hits. A number of young men and women of her own picking, bustle for her through such territory as she directs and altogether she is a successful woman agent and getting a big salary. 'I know I'd never get anywhere in pharmacy in a big city,' she told me once, 'and I wanted to live in a big city, so I got this chance and put into it all the knowledge I had, and could get, and all the business tact and influence I could command. I should like to have a business of my own, of course, but this is next door to it and I have a good deal my own way.'

'A number of women pharmacists can be found in the cleaning and coloring business. Up to a few years ago the cleaning of fine goods shops were few in the big towns and were mostly in the hands of foreigners, French women and Germans with a taste for painstaking work of the sort. Women's and children's outer garments especially have become more and more costly and commercially valuable of late years, and sewers and bonnets, mantles and walking jackets that cost from \$25 and \$50 all the way to half a thousand are well worth being cleaned and renovated. The business of the field is divided a while ago and American women, some with knowledge of chemicals and taste for experimenting in that line, have gone into it with success. The secret process in the cleaning trade are being brought out all the time for trial on delicate, light-colored silk or kid and new washing powders and dirt vanquishers to be used on fine wool goods. How to take out blouses and grease spots without destroying color or texture or what to use to make the tint come back and the new gloss return after cleansing are questions well worth study, and energy. It is not an uninteresting business nor as small a matter as it used to be. Curtains, upholstery and rare carpets all come in for attention and the woman proprietors have a good field.

'Some women graduates in pharmacy have won a success in the inventions and patents line, getting over their bath, toilet and curative apparatus and attachments in all-rubber goods that have paid fairly well. They didn't study rubber nor practical workings of this sort in their pharmaceutical course, but their being baffled in success that way turned their wits in another direction and they accomplished something. Others have got out cosmetics, skin beautifiers and youth preservers and an acquaintance, a middle aged woman who studied pharmacy after she was a widow, was in here only yesterday to say that she had had great success with an insect exterminator that she originated and was selling. She said it wasn't strictly pharmacy, but touching on it as near as she could get.

'A few women pharmacists have evolved into trained nurses all the better and more thorough for their schooling. A few have gone further and become physicians, and of course the usual number have been headed off by matrimony and become pharmacists—extraordinary to the household.'

## SOME NEWSPAPER ANECDOTES.

Julian Ralph Tells Some of His Experiences Since he was a Correspondent.

Julian Ralph is a noted correspondent, a budget lecturer and a popular writer. He tells many anecdotes of his newspaper life and a few of them have found their way into the Saturday Evening Post. Here are some of his interesting stories.

'Journalism has put me on the pleasantest footing with more than one President of the United States. The first President I came to know was General Arthur. Four or five of our correspondents were sent to St. Lawrence to report his experiences upon a fishing trip. We lived in the same hotel with him, and in the morning he shared with us the Muskalonge or the bass he caught on the previous day. And once it came about that he waited upon me as if he had been the humblest man in the land.

'With another correspondent I had been kept up late at night telegraphing, and then had stayed up still later over a midnight supper. When we came to the hotel it was past midnight and the entire house—except the windows of the President's suite of seven rooms—was dark and lifeless. His windows were still brilliantly lighted, for it was his habit to work or read until very late at night. We tried all

the doors, and when we came to the last one, President Arthur opened it and let us in. We apologized profusely, but he only smiled and said that his negro boy was very tired and gone to sleep he thought he would rather let us in himself than disturb his servant.

'You have found very agreeable society here,' he said.

'No,' we replied; 'we have been telegraphing.'

'Don't tell me that,' he insisted; 'you telegraph only about six, and I have done nothing for twenty-four hours. I prefer to envy you, and to believe that you have found some one's society very charming.'

'To give an idea of the rigid discipline of a modern newspaper establishment, I will recall the trivial fact that when I was new and green upon the staff of such a paper I once missed a train which I had been ordered to take. 'Impossible!' exclaimed the editor, when I reported the fact.

'Let me tell you, sir, that reporters upon this paper never miss trains.' A month passed before I could feel that this offense was forgotten, and during that month how many facts of persistency and enterprise I performed in order to get back a good opinion of myself! Most of these performances were never heard of by my superiors.

'I remember that I was very much elated over being trusted with such an important task as reporting the execution of a negro murderer at Hempstead, Long Island. I will not dilate upon the horror of seeing such a sight for the first time, or tell how that feeling was increased by the fact that the murderer and I recognized one another as old acquaintances—for he had been a vagabond who idled about the neighborhood where I had lived as a child. He even made a comical face at me as he passed on his way to the scaffold. When the last scene had been enacted and I was leaving the jail in a leisurely way, I spied another reporter, upon a rival paper, running at full speed across the plain to get to the telegraph office ahead of me. He was an old hand and I was a boy. He worked for rich employers and could pay to keep the telegraph busy for hours, so that I would not be able to send in a word of my report.

'I had no other advantage except what came of being younger than he. I ran after him with all my might, and presently when we were neck and neck, the plain became a sheet of ice, glacial, smooth as window glass, difficult to pass over even at the slowest pace. Still we forged ahead. Presently we came to a depression—a gully—and he kept on the level ground while I ran into the cutting. He was beating me; my strength and wind were giving out. Just when I thought I must allow myself to be beaten and disgraced, I saw him slip and slide, and in another second he had fallen down the tail side of the gully to lie stunned and torn and bleeding at my feet.

'I am hurt,' he cried; 'will you help me to the village?'

'Will you give me the first chance at the telegraph?' I asked.

'Yes, I am beaten; I acknowledge it,' he answered.

'So I helped him to the town and looked after him—but took care to send my report in ahead of his.'

The same spirit engendered by the strict discipline of modern journalism actuated Thomas B. Fielders of the Times, in New York, and later of the Pall Mall Gazette, of London. He had boarded an ocean steamer at the Quarantine Station in New York harbor, and had obtained the news for which he had been sent, but when he tried to return to his office he was told that he could not leave the ship until the next morning. What do you suppose he did? Seeing a sailing vessel sliding along far below, but close to the tower side of the ship on which he was a prisoner, he leaped over the rail and down upon the deck of the moving vessel. Thus he alone of all the reporters on that errand was enabled to reach the city with his news. 'Follow your copy if it blows out of the window' is the order printers always give to their apprentices. 'Get what your sent for if you have to go through fire and water' is the corresponding injunction of the old hands to the new ones in journalism.

Not the Stomach's Enemy.

One of the most striking characteristics of the late Rosa Bonheur was her good common sense, and an illustrative anecdote is now being told of the great French painter.

At the outset of her career, Mademoiselle Bonheur dropped her hair and adopted the garb of a working man in order that she might visit menageries and zoological gardens for the purpose of close study of the animals she desired to paint.

In woman's dress she could not have gained admittance to such places; she had, therefore, a good reason for discarding it. But when eccentricity, and not necessity, prompted other girls to follow her example, she had something pointed to say.

When presiding over a school of design in Paris, the pupils being girls, the artist was disgusted with the class because, imitative of their teacher, the young women had cut their hair short.

'Good gracious!' she exclaimed, when she saw them. 'How you all look! This is not a class of boys. You silly creatures, let your hair alone, and do your best to retain all the advantages of your sex.'

## FEWER ROBBERIES NOW.

(CONTINUED BY FANN KERR.)

got back to his own State, organized a band, and for some years terrorized a large extent of country. He was killed by rangers in a running fight in the eastern part of the State. From San Bas to Rabe Barrows stretched a long line of knights of the road, some of them showing great ability and others not. In general they were reasonably successful, making much more money than they could have earned in legitimate pursuits, and so long as they kept clear of murder, there was nothing worse about them than a sentence to the penitentiary, provided always that they did not resist peace attempting their arrest. In such cases they were invariably killed.

One of the most celebrated of them was Brock Cornett, also of Texas, better known as 'Captain Dick.' The Southern Pacific railway was his special prey. He robbed its trains five times in a year, always obtaining a respectable booty. On one occasion he cut off the car of an express messenger who had resisted him and subsequently mailed them to his victim. After holding up a train east of Del Rio, he kept in dress for an hour an aged maiden school teacher and compelled her to dance upon the prairie to loud cowboy ditties, accompanying himself on a guitar. Captain Dick was killed across a stump fire by Alford Albee, who shot him through the heart for a reward of \$2,500. Rabe Barrows affected the Texas and Pacific road, but occasionally switched to Illinois Central. On a train of this railway in 1868 he killed Chester Hughes, a passenger who resisted and therefore fled fast from the gallows. He was captured finally in Alabama and killed while endeavoring to escape.

Of all the bloody men on the road, indubitably the shrewdest and one of the boldest, was John Sontag, of California. He was trapped and shot in Sierra Nevada but not till he had sent four detectives to their long account. He seemed to have a genius for detecting detectives and liked to kill them. His pasting left but one band of organized train robbers in the country. This gang was composed mostly of the famous Dalton brothers, a family of dead shots, which had the peculiarity of shooting rifles always with the rifle below the hip. Holding the gun in this way, Bill Dalton would account for three men in ten seconds at a distance of two hundred yards. He was nothing less than phenomenal, and only a shade better than his kinsmen.

The Daltons began their career near Tulare, Cal., where they held up an express train and forced the engineer to break open the safe for them. They got \$10,000. Their most noted exploit was stopping and robbing a train which carried an armed guard of twenty men. This was done near Adams, Indian Territory. The robbers kept such a tight hold that the guards did not dare to show a head and the express car had been gutted. One passenger was killed and several wounded by the flying bullets. After their celebrated raid upon the bank in Coffeyville Kan., then they fought an entire town, Bill Dalton was the only one of the brothers left alive, the other two having fallen then. He was killed in the south part of Indian Territory not a great while afterwards in single combat by a man much his inferior in quickness and accuracy.

It was ten years after train robbery became a common enough crime before the lone robber made his appearance. The first instance of the kind was the braiding of Express Messenger Nichols on a Rock Island and Pacific train near Joliet, Ill. His assailant was captured, but for some reason was not hanged. He is now doing time in the penitentiary. Sometime afterwards, near Pacific, Mo., one man bound and gagged an express messenger named Fotheringham and took from the safe \$100,000. This individual's name was Witrook, but he was much better known as 'Jim Cummings,' under which alias he wrote many letters to the newspapers while evading arrest. He was finally captured and served a term in the penitentiary. Almost all of the money was recovered, Witrook having been kept too busy dodging to spend much of it. Equally daring was the exploit of Oliver Curtis Perry, who gained entrance to a New York Central express car at Syracuse intimidated the messenger, abstracted \$25,000 from the safe, pulled the bell cord and, when the train slowed, jumped off into the darkness.

The first successful attempt with dynamite was made in 1889 near Glendale, Mo. Four masked men blew open an armored car and got \$50,000. Two of them, Hodgepeth and Syds, were arrested and convicted. So effective was the use of the explosive upon this occasion that it may be said to be the parent of all subsequent dynamite robberies. In two years a sick of it became as much a part of the robber's outfit as his pistol.

Probably the most unsuccessful attempt at train robbery in all the annals of the craft occurred at a water tank five miles southeast of El Paso, Tex. in 1888. The east-bound Southern Pacific passenger train stopped there one night to fill the boiler. The large door of the express car stood wide open and inside was a messenger known to associates as 'Windy Smith.' His lamp was unlighted. Two men came two men, evidently new to the business, who stood on the prairie, peered into the dark interior and called upon whom ever might be there to throw up his hands. Smith, being totally invisible to them, picked up a shot gun, poked it within three feet of them and calmly killed them both.

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