

They were taught how to distinguish a severed artery from a vein, and instructed that in the former case a tourniquet was to be placed between the cut and the heart, while in the latter case one would be required on each side of a wound. A tourniquet, they knew, was made by tying a handkerchief as tightly as possible about the injured limb and then twisting it with a stick until the pressure was sufficient to entirely stop the flow of blood.

Their attention having been turned to the subject of emergencies, they were always eager to add to their store of valuable knowledge. They learned how to rescue one from the water when the ice was too thin to bear their weight; they practised on each other the art of resuscitation, in order that they might be prepared for a possible drowning. A new bit of "emergency knowledge" was eagerly welcomed by them, such as the information that the best way to get a fly or insect out of the ear was by holding a lighted lamp where the blaze might attract it. If this failed, warm water or oil was to be poured into the cavity.—Rose Wood-Allen Chapman



The Ginger Bread Man

"Mollie," called her mama from the kitchen door.

"Yes'm," answered Mollie from behind the wood-pile, where she was building bark huts for her dolls.

"Come here, dear."

This time Mollie did not answer her mother: but she said setting her largest doll—Miss Cynthia Bly—down so hard on a bark bench that she fell over backwards, "I expect, if folks's mothers were little girls, they wouldn't like to be 'coming here' all the time." But Cynthia, who must have been shocked into silence by this very naughty speech, made no reply; and Mollie picked her up and seated her more gently, so that this time she was able to keep her balance.

Presently the call was sounded again.

"Mollie, I want you."

"In a minute, mama," said Mollie, fretfully.

Mollie built up the side walls of another hut, put on the roof, placed her tiniest doll—little Peg—inside, and then rising slowly,

walked toward the house, dragging one foot after the other.

Mama was not in the kitchen, so Mollie went on to the sitting room, and there she found her sewing by the window.

She did not look up as Mollie entered or take any notice of her whatever as she came and stood beside her chair.

"What do you want, mama?" she asked finally, in rather a low voice.

"Nothing, Mollie," she answered, without looking at her.

"But you called me, mama, and said that you wanted me."

"And so I did, ten or fifteen minutes ago; but I do not want you now."

Now, though Mollie had not cared what her mother wanted her for when she called her, she immediately became very curious, and so she said:

"Would you mind telling me what you wanted me for, mama?"

"No," answered her mother, looking up at her this time. "I wanted to give you a ginger bread man that I baked for you."

"Oh!" cried Mollie, her eyes shining, for she dearly loved ginger bread men. It was such fun to play with them and eat them up.

"May I have him, please, mama?"

"No, Mollie," answered her mother; "I called you twice, and then gave him to little Jack, who came with some parcels from the store."

"Oh, mama!" and with her head in her mother's lap, "Oh, mama, mama! why didn't you tell me? I do so love a ginger bread man!"

"Yes," said mama, sadly, "I know you do, and that is the reason I made him for you. I did not tell you what I wanted you for because it is right to obey instantly, and not for the sake of the ginger bread man."

Her mother lifted Mollie into her lap, and smoothed the golden curls tenderly.

"Cynthia," said Mollie an hour later, when she had gone back to her play behind the wood-pile—and even then there was the sound of tears in her voice—"Oh, Cynthia, if I had minded mama when she called, there might have been just the very loveliest ginger bread man that you ever saw leaning up against your bark bench!"—Exchange