

SAFETY SECTION**Unlabeled Bottles**

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ *

Maria and Susana are sisters. They have a little brother who is very dear to them. Maria is in the seventh grade while Susana is in the sixth. Gonzi, their baby brother, is but a year and a half old so he has to stay at home with the maid while his sisters are at school. Their parents are both working and are out the whole day.

One Monday, noon, after coming from school, Maria noticed something unusual with Gonzi. His eyes were red and swollen.

"Inday," she called the maid. "What happened to Gonzi's eyes?"

"I don't know ma'am," replied the maid.

"My! he has sore eyes," said Susana.

"Yes, his eyes are infected. Let me see what we can do. I see. Run along and get me the bottle of argyrol from the medicine cabinet. Get the medicine dropper and a piece of cotton." Maria ordered the maid. The maid ran to the cabinet but went back empty handed.

"Where is the medicine? The cotton the dropper? Maria shouted.

"I do not know wh . . ."

"What? You do not know? How stupid!" shouted Maria angrily before the maid could finish what she was to say.

"But . . ."

"But what? Stupid! It is at the extreme right on the bottom shelf. I placed it there yesterday. Get it. Quick."

The poor maid, afraid to make her mistress mad, went to the cabinet again. At the ex-

treame right on the bottom shelf were two similar bottles. The maid could not determine which one to take. There were no labels on them.

"Extreme right," she said to herself. "I'm sure she meant this," and she took the bottle at the extreme right; got the dropper and a piece of cotton, and took them to Maria.

"There you are. You got it at last," said Maria as she took the bottle and dropper from the maid. She put some medicine into the medicine dropper and was ready to drop some of it into Gonzi's eyes, when suddenly Susana stopped her.

"Wait! Wait, sister. That might be the wrong medicine," cried Susana. "Last night while sharpening my pencil I cut my forefinger. I got a bottle of tincture of iodine from the cabinet. It

had no label on it. It looked like the one you are holding now. Will you smell it and find out?"

Maria put the mouth of the bottle near her nose. She turned pale. That was not the right bottle. It was the bottle of iodine.

"Inday!" cried Maria. "Why did you give me the wrong bottle?"

"I only followed your instruction. That was the bottle at the extreme right of the bottom shelf. I was about to tell you of the other bottle but you did not give me the chance," humbly replied Inday.

"All right, get me the other one," Maria said in a subdued voice, feeling ashamed for what she had said and done.



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