

The Convalescents

By W. E. Hill

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"And there was a woman I heard of last week who had flu terribly and got up too soon and both her arches snapped, and now she'll have to go flat footed all her life." Marjorie knows a lot of swell stories about things that have happened to people who were careless and went out before they should have during an attack of flu.



Up and about. Poor Mayene! She was laid low, like so many of us with flu, but got up next day because they needed her at Mayene, Inc., Interior Decorations. Just has to keep going. She's out hunting antiques this morning for Mrs. Kiki Wopp, the multi-millionaire. See the Spanish armchair she's getting. All iron and needlepoint and very rare on account of the claw feet and the crown, which bespeak chair royalty. This type of chair is known as a squeeze chair because of its narrow proportions. As soon as Mayene makes sure the dealer isn't up to any dirty work in connection with her 20% commission she is going home and back to her bed.



A doctor's waiting room full of convalescents who are being treated for depression, flatulence, drabness, and morbid liver as a result of the flu. "Yes, doctor," comes a voice through the open door, "I've taken the pills regularly and the soda after meals and the magnesia and the tonic and milk and every day vegetables, and yet I wake up with the most frightful gas on my stomach—" This is just a sample of what a trained nurse in a doctor's office has to look at and listen to day in and day out.



Just a big bundle of convalescent boy, who has used argyrol wisely but not too well.



A night nurse kind of lets down on her job when the convalescent period sets in. "Call me, dearie, if you want anything, now won't you?" she coos before settling herself for the night hours. But, like as not, if you summon her she'll ask plaintively: "Couldn't you have thought of that before I got fixed for the night?"



Sitting up. It's a sure sign that a patient is really on the mend when said patient begins to pick flaws in the heretofore perfect nurse. For instance, the sound she makes chewing a bit of toast or the sight of her sucking an orange will arouse the sleeping beast in a patient, sure as anything!



The relapse. Just one of those unlucky flu convalescents who got up too soon and is getting very little sympathy for it. There seems to be an idea in the family circle that poppa doesn't think of any one but himself, and that he took more cold on purpose.

The depressed feeling that follows the flu has hit Francine a terrible wallop. Reads about all the suicides and thinks how bad everybody would feel if she did away with herself. Some day, when her sister Cora has been meaner than usual, Francine is going to climb into the artificial ice plant and freeze herself to death. This beautiful thought of death seems to comfort Francine strangely.