The Convalescents

By W. E. Hill

"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 flatfooted 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 not hunting antiques this morning for Mrs. Klip-Wopp, the multi-millionaire. See the Spanish armchair she's getting. All iron and needlepoint and very rare in account of the claw feet and the crown, which bequest chair royalty. This type of chair is known as a squarer chair because of its narrow proportions. As soon as Mayene makes sure the deal isn't up to any dirty work in connection with her 20% commission she is going home and back to her bed.

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

Setting up. It's a sure sign that a patient is really on the mend when said patient begins to pick flaws in the heroine 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!

A doctor's waiting room full of convalescents who are being treated for depression, flatulence, diarrhea, and washed 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 magnesium 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.

A night nurse kind of less down on her job when the convalescent period sets in. "Call me, dearie, if you want anything, now won't you?" she croons 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?"

The depressed feeling that follows the flu has hit Francine a terrible wallop. Beasts about all the suicides and thinks how bad everybody would feel if she did away with herself. One 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.

The relapse. Just one of those unlucky flu convalescents who get 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.