

The Flu Germ

By W. E. Hill

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"Oh, but, Hattie," comes the voice from the phone, "I don't believe you were as sick as I was. Even my toes throbbled and my finger nails were loose and—" etc., etc., etc. It's very difficult to discuss flu symptoms over a telephone, because no sooner has Clara begun to tell Hattie about the hot and cold flashes that racked her than Hattie interrupts to tell Clara all about the screeching in her ears and how the medicine seemed to be worse than useless.



The inoculation. "We never dreamed he had mumps, doctor! We thought it was just his inoculation taking." Those people who are the happy recipients of a jab in the arm against flu watch eagerly for symptoms of "taking." Anything from whooping cough to a broken ankle is looked upon as nothing more than a flu inoculation taking successfully.



Mr. Fred Bitter, Mrs. Bitter and their lovely daughter, Miss Frieda Bitter, are getting over the flu in their two room apartment in a family hotel. The hotel is very ritzy below stairs but not so good above the lobby, the ceiling being about five feet high and the rest to scale, so that three people therein are never far apart. First Mr. Bitter gets a little better and then Frieda and Mrs. Bitter reinfect him, and then no sooner do Frieda and mama begin to look up than Mr. Bitter reinfects them, and so it goes.



Paul is forever forgetting his handkerchief and causing no end of worry in a crowded public conveyance and such by snuffing loudly. A nervous person can almost hear the germs cry "Whoopee!"



At the first symptoms of flu, and even before, Mitchell, the home remedy boy, will rush for the flaxseed poultice, the mustard, the hot ginger tea and the oil of the castor bean.



Dorothy and her mother are frightened to death by crowds, children with running noses, and open faced sneezing! Dorothy keeps away from everything crowded except theaters, and her mother keeps out of everything except the department stores during the flu epidemic. Both are very careful not to go near a crowded church, because you know they air them so seldom. A terrible man has just sneezed on Dorothy's neck and her mother is going to write to the Evening Boil about it the minute they get home.



No party is a success this winter without two or more guests who have been down with flu and are just up from a bed of pain. They are easily detected because of the chapped look around the nose. After spreading a few healthy germs they go home to a relapse and more flu.



Good Nurse Connelly is one of those girls who look on the bright side every hour of the twenty-four except during those when "Night Nurse Sleeping" is attached to her door. Believes in never alarming any one. "Oh, he's just fine today," gurgles Miss Connelly over the phone; "just fine! Of course, sinus infection pulls him down and he gets pretty wheezy toward night, but otherwise he's just fine, as lively as a cricket all day!"