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Ceiling-high pulleys permit easy height adjustment for handsome fixture of three suspended globes used over corner sofa group.



It's Bad for What Ails Me



by Dick Emmons

Art by Bob Bonfils

I AM AT A COMPLETE loss to explain what has happened to the Florence Nightingale in women. It used to be that when the lord and master so much as bumped his crazy bone, he was ceremoniously tucked under the eiderdown and waited upon hand and foot by his wife, who would scurry about the house whimpering quietly. The children would talk in low whispers and the shades would be tastefully drawn.

Things, I regret to report, have changed. At least around the Emmons chalet. It is now necessary to come down with a certified case of bubonic plague to get even a sidelong glance of sympathy around here.

This whole miserable state of affairs became lucid for me when I arose one morning aching in every corpuscle. The idea of putting bare foot to cold floor left me shaken.

"Honey," I groaned, "call the office, will you, and tell them I have contracted St. Vincent's disease. I shall also require the services of specialists from Boston; and, of course, a suitable breakfast in bed."

My wife looked at me sourly and eased off to the kitchen without commenting.

"A brace of eggs, over lightly, a slab of ham, a stack of warm toast, and a jug of piping-hot coffee ought to do it!" I called after her.

I had just blissfully picked up my copy of "Dirk in the Dark" when our three children discovered that Daddy was in bed. The six-year-old twins, Dave and Dick, hit me amidships, and Ann, our 10-year-old, landed somewhere below my knees.

"Let's have a pillow fight!" Dickie squealed.

"A pillow fight!" Dave chorused, timing a well-aimed blow to emphasize his statement.

"Wait a minute, kids!" I pleaded, "Daddy's sick and