Over the Bridge Table

By SUZANNE SMITH

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"CERTAINLY you have heard that Tom and Betty Linton have decided to forget their matrimonial disputes and carry on together," said Fanny Barton as she was dealing the cards at the Wednesday afternoon bridge club, meeting at her home. "I'm so glad. It would have been really tragic for them to separate with that lovely boy of theirs."

"Yes, I heard that they were reconciled. It happened at Atlantic City last month, didn't it? When Betty sent for Tom when the boy was ill?"

"Let's keep the conversation for over the refreshments, girls," suggested Hilda Bowns.

Fanny Barton followed Hilda's glance toward a boy sitting reading.

"Why not run out and play, Jack," suggested his aunt Fanny. "I'll call you when it's time for refreshments."

"I'd rather read this book, Aunt Fanny. And besides, mother or father might call and I want to be on hand to talk to them."

Later on Hilda Bowns said: "And now for the inside facts about the Lintons, while the refreshments are being served. I'd like to hear all about the case."

"Well," began Fanny Barton, "it certainly looked as though their married life was due for the divorce courts. At first they were ideally happy but then Tom made a lot of money and they stepped out. Later came the crash, and then the trouble started. Betty admits she was as much to blame as her husband. She had taken young Tom to Atlantic City and they had planned divorce action in the fall, and then Tom—the son—took a sudden turn for the worse down there—you know he's always been a delicate boy. Betty was panicky and telephoned Tom. The boy was delirious and tossed around in bed, and called for his father incessantly. Tom went down immediately and they didn't leave the boy's bedside for several days until he began to recuperate. He begged them to take him home and for them to stay there with him. That was the first time that either Tom or Betty realized that Tom Junior knew about their planned separation. It impressed both of them a great deal and they decided to try getting on together for young Tom's sake."

Cora came in with the refreshments and as she passed the boy, absorbed in his reading, she whispered: "Fruit punch, sandwiches and cakes for you Jack. Shall I bring them in here, or will you eat them on the porch?"

The boy closed his book and smiled up at his aunt's maid: "No, Cora, I think I'll take them in the kitchen. It will save you a lot of trouble."

When Jack had left the women for his refreshments in the kitchen, his aunt spoke. "I do hope Jack was too interested in his reading to hear what I said about the Lintons. You probably know that his parents—my brother Joe and Belle—are having the same trouble. He realizes that things are upset at home and is very sensitive about it. That troubled look in his eyes almost breaks my heart."

At dinner that evening, Jack announced to his aunt and uncle that he would like to go home.

"Uncle Harry can drop me at the corner of our street and I will surprise mother and father. I'm not feeling so well and I think I'd better go home."

It was just a little after seven the next morning when the telephone rang and the voice that reached Fanny was excited.

"It's Belle, Fanny. I—I just couldn't wait to tell you. Jack was sick last night but he's much better this morning, thank goodness. Joe sat up all night holding him and he's giving him his breakfast now. It was so strange and sudden. We called the doctor and he couldn't find anything wrong with Jack, but he tossed from one side of the bed to the other and acted delirious. He kept calling for both of us and he didn't get to sleep until some time after midnight. Neither Joe nor I slept a wink all night but he slept soundly until six this morning. But Fanny, what do you suppose he said, just before he dozed off last night?

"He said: 'If you love me and want to keep me, if you don't want me to be sick, then you both must stay right here with me—all the time.' Oh, Fanny, to think—" and Belle's voice broke in a sob.

"And now what?" prompted her sister-in-law amiably.

"Joe and I have talked everything over. We talked and talked last night while we sat in Jack's bedroom watching him. And we realize that we've been sort of selfish as far as Jack is concerned. We've gone along sort of blindly, I guess, not realizing that our quarrels were useless and stupid. Any way we decided for Jack's sake we'd make a strong effort to forget all our differences of opinion. I'm going to have the doctor come again this morning to see Jack."

"I don't think a doctor is necessary, Belle, dear. Don't spoil your new happiness—and Jack's—by calling in an outsider. Just pack up and go on your trip as soon as you can. And remember that Jack needs both of you, more than ever. I'm so glad to hear you've patched up all your troubles."

On her way back upstairs to her room, Fanny Barton smiled wickedly; "Praises be to the gossipy women that talk over other people's troubles at the bridge table," she said to herself.

JUST A SAMPLE

"And you don't know anything about religion?" queried the missionary.

"Well, we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here," replied the cannibal chieftain.

PRIMORDIAL MYSTERY

"That romatic Miss Passeigh says there is a secret connected with her birth."

"That's true—it's the date."

A WORD TO THE WISE

"If you were me, would you accept Jack?"

"If I were you, dear, I'd accept any one."

MILLINGTON

Miss Anna Jones returned last Sunday to Hyattsville, Md., after spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Jones.

Mrs. Maggie Lockerman wife of Andrew J. Lockerman died last Saturday at 1 p. m. at her home on W. Cypress St., after a lingering illness. The funeral was held at her late home on Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. with undertakers J. A. Tobin & Son in charge. Rev. A. W. Goodhand, pastor of Asbury M. E. Church, officiated and interment was made in Millington cemetery. Besides her husband, she is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Hanson Horsey and one grand-son, Hanson Horsey, Jr. The deceased was a sister of the late John P. Ahern.

Mr. Harry Higman and family spent tne week end with Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Baker, of Fruitland, Md.

Miss Florence Gale left last Tuesday for New Windsor, Md., where she has matriculated at Blue Ridge College.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bailey, of Philadelphia, spent this week with his mother, Mrs. Mary Bailey.

Mrs. Francis Ellery Fitch and three children, Francis, Jr., Charles and Arrelee, returned last Saturday to their home in Westport, Conn., after spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. John P. Ahern.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Thompson and little daughter, Jean, of Chester, Pa., visited her sister Mrs. Harry Higman last week.

Miss Emma Jones returned on Wednesday o last week to Catonsville, Md., after spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Jones.

Current Wit and Humor



SERVICE

The missionary smiled benevolently on the native tribe around him. "I will cure them of all cannibalism," he thought hopefully as he entered his hut. There he was joined shortly by a native.

"The king has sent me to dress you for dinner," said the native.

"Ah," smiled the missionary, "how thoughtful of him. You are the royal cook, I suppose."

"No," replied the native. "I am the royal cook."—Times of India.

DOING TIME

Mike: "I haven't seen my uncle Pat for ten years. Tell me what he's been doing all the time."

Ike: "Ten years."

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