The Mayor's Suitcase

By B. C. CRAVEN

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THE train pulled into the Craryville station and pulled out again. In the brief instant that it paused, two suitcases were tossed off and two passengers descended.

The bags were very similar—of brown leather with corners reinforced in brass—but their owners were as unlike as a rose and an elm tree. One was Miss Margaret Hawthorne, bound for a dance at the Craryville Country club; the other, young Simon Baldwin, mayor of Mansfield, guest of honor at the chamber of commerce banquet at the Hotel Mohawk.

At the baggage-room counter they nearly bumped elbows yet neither was actually aware of the other. Margaret was intent on her imminent meeting with a recently acquired fiance, one Cyrus Underhill, while his honor was mulling over the climax of the speech he was scheduled to make.

Yet it was not very long afterward that each was reminded forcibly of the other.

Margaret, who had been asked to spend the week-end with Cyrus' Cousin Amelia, had gone up to her room and, kneeling on the floor, opened the suitcase and flung back the cover, only to utter a little shriek of consternation.

There lay within, carefully folded, a man's tuxedo; a pleated shirt; a collar; a black unmade bow tie; two spotless handkerchiefs.

Vaguely she recalled that there had been another passenger to alight from the train besides herself.

Well, there was a remote possibility that he might have discovered sooner than she the mistake and that, had he done so, he might have returned her bag at once to the station.

Margaret looked over the contents of the suitcase before her, but there was nothing to help her establish the identity of the man to whom they belonged.

Hastily, she put on her hat and coat again, went downstairs, and with a hurried word of explanation which Cousin Amelia only half understood flew out of the house and down the street to the corner where presently she caught a car.

Margaret had not yet seen Cyrus. But then she had not expected to. In the very letter which the postman had handed her that morning, as she was leaving the house, he had said that pressure of work at the office would probably detain him until seven or eight o'clock.

The baggage master proved a disappointment. No, no one had returned any suitcase. No, he could not possibly say who had hers. There had been several.

"Are you looking for somebody, miss?" the young bootblack who ran a stand on the platform had sauntered in and was trying to get the drift of the conversation.

"I am looking for the owner of this suitcase," said Margaret.

The youngster walked around the article in question, hands in his pockets. "I sure have seen that very grip before," he said earnestly. "It belongs to his honor, the mayor of Mansfield!"

"Mayor of Mansfield! But this is Craryville!"

"Well, he's a great traveler. Speeches and dinners all over the country. I used to be in the Mansfield station and every time he was going anywhere the mayor would get a shine from me."

"But how can I—why Cy!" If Margaret looked for Cyrus to take her in his arms, she was disappointed. Nor could her amazement at his unexpected appearance blind her to the fact that something was the matter. "Why, Cy, wherever did you spring from?"

"I called the house, Margaret, to see if you had arrived safely," said Cyrus stiffly. "Cousin Amelia said you had gone back to the station and that right after you left a man had telephoned from the Hotel Mohawk and said he must talk with you at once!"

Margaret clutched her fiance's arm. "Oh, he must be waiting there. Call a taxi, Cy. It's the mayor of Mansfield!"

But Cyrus did not budge. "Just why should the mayor of Mansfield, or, for that matter, the governor of the state, be waiting at the Hotel Mohawk for the girl I am supposed to be engaged to?"

"How masculinely stupid!" Margaret thought. But there was no time to waste. "Get a taxi at once, dear," she insisted. "And I'll explain all about it on the way."

Twenty minutes later Margaret was talking with the mayor himself. "I'm so sorry, Miss Hawthorne, that you should have gone to all this trouble. I wished to make sure you were really at that address before dispatching a boy with your suitcase."

"But how," inquired Margaret, "did you know about that address at all?"

"There was a letter on the very top," said his honor, with a smile, "from Cyrus. Believe me, however, I skipped everything but the address at the very end!"

"Wasn't he adorable!" sighed Margaret, some hours afterward, dancing dreamily in Cy's arms to the strains of a seductive waltz.

"Wasn't who—look here, Margaret, cut it out. I happen to know that fellow's married and got three kids!"

That he knew nothing of the kind, didn't, under the circumstances, worry Cyrus.

WORTH CONSIDERING WATSON

A Boston landlord complains that whenever he tries to collect rent from a certain tenant he is thrown downstairs. We're not up on these matters, but maybe the fellow doesn't want to pay his rent.

NONTRANSFERABLE

Teacher: 'Tommy, come up here and give me what you've got in your mouth.'

Tommy: 'I wish I could—it's the toothache.'

Refracting Telescopes Are Difficult to Make

Most people think of a telescope as a long tube with a lens in one end and an eyepiece in the other, says Literary Digest. In instruments of this kind, known as refracting telescopes, the light is gathered by a large lens and focused in an eyepiece. Very large astronomical telescopes make use of another principle, that of reflection, because of the difficulty of making successful large refracting telescopes. In reflecting telescopes the light from distant objects is collected by a huge concave mirror, called the speculum, and focused on a smaller mirror, which in turn transmits the light to an eyepiece. When used for taking photographs the eyepiece is replaced by a camera.

Since the light-gathering power of a telescope mirror is proportional to its area, the bigger the mirror the more useful it will be—within certain limits. Thus, a 100-inch mirror should theoretically be able to "see" four times as much as a 50-inch one. The 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson sees about as far as light can travel in 300,000,000 years.

Ancient British Village

The village of Cuddington, Surrey, England, is more than 1,250 years old and history records the existence of the place in the year 675, with the passing of Athelstan and Edward the Confessor. The neighborhood was famous from the reign of Henry VIII to that of Charles II as a center of royal festivities. In the Sixteenth century Henry VIII fenced in some 1,600 acres of park and built Nonsuch palace, where for nearly two centuries the revels of the court was held. Later Queen Mary sold Nonsuch to the earl of Arundel. Afterwards it was possessed by Queen Elizabeth, and it was here that the ill-fated earl of Essex was arrested prior to his removal to the Tower of London. In 1670 King Charles gave the palace to Barbara Villiers, who dismantled the castle and sold the contents.

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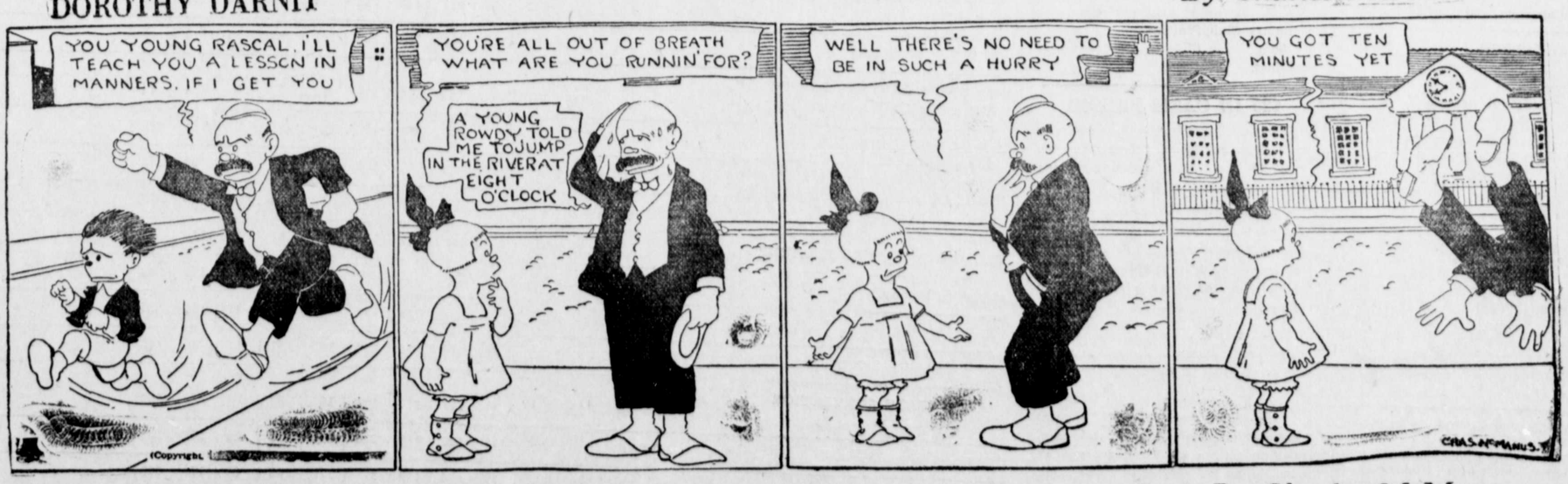
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