

Opportunity's Bald Head

By MARGARET RICHARDS

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With a weary little sigh Margaret Huston pushed aside the closely written pages. It was no use. The story would not go.

For six months now she had written stories—clever, harmless little things which her friends easily could have forgiven her had she not insisted upon regarding them all as legitimate "material." She moved in a world of fiction; she revolved in situations; inept plots ran riot in her brain.

But today as she pushed back her chair and walked with graceful, impatient movements to the open window, she found no solution to her problem. The story was at a standstill. Up to this point it had progressed smoothly enough. After a series of vicissitudes of the kind peculiar to young authors of the hero had boarded an eastern bound express at San Francisco. The heroine, a victim of divorce and equally satisfying misfortunes, had unwittingly taken this same express at Denver. What the result would be was obvious, but it was right here that the hero failed to rise to the occasion with his customary alacrity.

"It all sounds so out of place, somehow, on a train," murmured the fair author, wrinkling her pretty forehead perplexedly. "He could not do the usual way." She examined reminiscently, as various pictures of moonlit purlies and palm shadows were flitted across her memory. "It is a situation that would have to work itself out." A sudden thought stained the white skin beneath her eyes. "Oh, no, I never could do that," she whispered, while the soft breeze fanned her hot cheeks. "But it would only be in the interest of art," she murmured to herself. "Artists must sacrifice themselves to their work." And John Sherwood's doom was sealed.

Short, sharp puffs of escaping steam, a jolt, a sharp vibration, and the New York train steamed slowly out of Andeley-on-Irland.

All unawares that he was but a pawn in his fair lady's game, John Sherwood leaped forward in his seat and regarded her with wondering, wide-open eyes. This sudden graciousness, this unexplainable nervousness, the flushed, half-averted face, bore but one interpretation to his eager lover's heart. She was inexpressibly dear to him, this tender, capricious maiden; how dear he had never before quite dared to say, but now—

They had found seats on the river-side. The setting sun shot a quivering crimson shaft across the water and crowned the opposite mountains with soft golden light. She made mental note of the yellow splendor. Of course there was no river in her story, but western mountain ridges belted in sunset glory would be a fitting background for her heroine's impassioned appeal.

John leaned toward her. "Margaret," he said impulsively, "did you ever hear why Opportunity is supposed to have a bald head?"

"She turned her head with a resentful little gesture. He hesitatingly hesitated. No bald head, even that of Opportunity, had a place in her picture of youth and shifting golden lights and passionate appeal; then, remembering her role of heroine, she nodded with a forced little smile.

With a faint grudging protest the train stopped at Dobbs Ferry. A girl with two small children in tow entered the car, behind her trailed a woman in somber widow's weeds. Margaret rejected the children as being too sticky, but the sunset, the widow's garb of woe in sharp contrast to the hero's impassioned appeal—

"Because Opportunity's head is bald," went on John's dogged voice, "no one can grab him from behind—after he has passed, you know—but in front his hair is long."

"Oh," she cried faintly. "Would he never have done with that lead?" All her artistic sense arose in mute rebellion. Even the dimpled, red and white-restrained to sweet disdain.

"Hastings," shouted the conductor. The train slowed down gently—stopped—puffed slowly on again. John, too deep in his struggle with opportunity had missed the signs of gathering storm to his fair lady's face, rushed on to his impending doom.

"Is long," he repeated, "so the only way to get hold of him is to grab him when you meet him."

Absence of the sweet graciousness of an hour ago in the fair face beside him warned him of the fatal futility of his words, but he blundered on, red and embarrassed, to his unhappy end. "And so this—today—being with you—is my opportunity—and I want to grasp it and you," he finished hoarsely.

"Tonkers!" All about them, next to go One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street! With short, sharp puffs of protest, the engine prepared for its quick run into New York.

She looked dreamily out of the window. The golden light had faded, like her errant fancy, and the Palisades stretched blue gray in the gathering dusk. She was tired of it all—of John, her stories—everything. His words had stirred faint, dreamlike possibilities in her heart, but that she did not know.

"I suppose I've made a mess in raring it," he went on, embarrassment and passionate determination struggling together in his voice, "but I—"

She turned to him in a little gust of indignation. "Yes, you have made a mess of it," she whispered hotly. "You might have done it differently."

You have spoiled it all—my story—everything." She sat erect and ruthless; a riding sob shook her voice, but she promptly choked it back.

With a clearer, vital hope that he had not heard right, John looked speechlessly at her flushed, indignant face. She could not have meant it all—she would turn and explain away his doubts in her pretty, impulsive fashion—and then he slowly realized that her silence answered him.

Riverdale, Spuyten-Duyvil, King's Heights, High Bridge—Hundredth and Twenty-fifth street! shouted the brakes aggressively. An aged man came slowly down the aisle, beamed on the young couple and seated himself in front of them. He arranged the blind to his satisfaction, rubbed his spectacles, took out a newspaper and, laying his hat on the seat beside him, leaned back in his corner with a long drawn sigh of comfort. Excuse for one long wisp of white hair in front his head was absolutely bald.

A smile suddenly crept into Margaret's eyes. The recollection of her mouth twitched convulsively, the dimple in her chin displayed itself in sudden sympathy; she glanced swiftly at her companion. Then the smile on her lips died away and her heart stood still.

He was evidently hurt to the quick. His face—John's laughing face—was grim and stern; his mouth was one straight, unfeeling line. She had broken his heart. Not that alone, but he knew now just how unworthy she was of his great, honest love. Not yours strong long eyes. She was nothing to him now—nothing to John—just she had thought she did not love him.

"Oh, John, I do! I do!" she whispered brokenly.

He turned, however, to a sweet, flushed face, raised timidly to a sweet, blue eyes, wet with unshed tears, but full of tender light, that met his bravely and in that long glance the veil of misunderstanding between them melted away.

In low whispers—her slim, gloved hand held tight in his—she told him all her foolish, airy fancy, but when she begged him humbly to forgive her she stopped her with quick, loving words. "My sweetest—my precious sweetheart," he said softly, his low key, unfeeling voice above the hum of the train. "Do you not understand? I love you—this is enough. It seems to me I have always loved you, but I did not say so for you—until today—and now."

The lights of the great city flared in the sky as the train glided smoothly into the city and Central station. Under cover of the "conductor" she pressed his lips lightly to her gloved fingers, then regarded her with radiant, triumphant eyes.

The old gentleman in front carefully covered the head so like Opportunity's own and beamed on them in parting benediction. Margaret flashed him an answering smile. "You are eloquent enough now on all events," she said with sudden mischievousness.

"I admit that I was pretty bad," he laughed, "but don't you think that for a heroine you yourself were rather—"

"You seemed to be getting along nicely when a sudden change for the worse was noticed on Sunday evening, but not until after a consultation of physicians on Monday evening was the seriousness of her illness known."

Mrs. Maiman was born March 29, 1856, in Chicago, the eldest of a family of six children of Philip and Dorothy Gieseler, who moved to Des Plaines in 1858, where they resided for eleven years, after which they moved to a farm in the Town of Cuba, since which time Mrs. Maiman, then but thirteen years of age, has been favorably known to many of our people.

October 27, 1872, she was united in marriage to Mr. Henry Maiman, and to them have been born six children, all surviving their mother except one, a daughter, Clara, who died at the age of fourteen.

Mrs. Maiman was a good wife and a fond mother, and few homes were more to a mother's industry than hers. Nor did the duties of home keep her from assisting others who were in need and were worthy of help, and much of her attention was given to the poor, to whom she proved a good friend in times of need. Industry and hospitality were, too, very strong traits in her character, and though preoccupied with her own family, she always found time and room for friends who came within her home. A niece and nephew, children of Mr. Maiman's brother, were quite as much at home in their uncle's house as they could have been under their parent's roof. When death left little Yvonne Haas motherless Mrs. Maiman took her home and was an indulgent mother to her until death called her to her reward.

The deceased was a devout Christian woman, a Roman Catholic, and for many years assisted with the devotional music of the churches at Fremont Centre, Volo and in the church in Wauconda.

Usually of good health, every duty was punctually performed, and she found a pleasure in doing her whole duty in the church as well as in the home.

Her death came as a great surprise, and many outside the immediate family feel the loss keenly.

The funeral was held at the Fremont Centre Catholic church on Thursday, Sept. 20th, at 10 o'clock. Rev. Father Thiel saying solemn high mass, and being assisted by Rev. S. F. Woulfe of Wauconda as sub-de-

WAUCONDA MENTION.

Pine fall weather.

H. J. Barker was a Chicago visitor Tuesday.

Pin Arps of Palestine spent Sunday with friends in our village.

Dr. C. W. Towles transacted business in the city Monday.

L. E. Malman went to Waukegan Tuesday, to spend a week's vacation.

Ray Sampson of Waukegan spent Sunday with friends in our village.

Miss Jean Burgess of Chicago is a guest at the home of Mrs. Harrison.

Rev. A. J. Brasted of Lisbon, N. D., is spending a few days with friends in our village.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Green and family of Chicago are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Green.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Price and family of Waukegan, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives and friends in our village.

Mrs. Hutchinson and son Joseph of Harrington, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barker of Chicago, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Graham Monday.

Mrs. John Welch and little daughter who had been spending the week at the home of H. Malman and family returned to her home in Waukegan Sunday.

We are now to utilize our long-cherished hope of again having decent walks. The contract for cement walk on the south side of Main street from the Public Square to Warden's corner was let to Pless & Co. of Chicago at 15 cents with the curb, and 22 cents for the regular walk. Work began Monday and will be rushed to completion as rapidly as possible. The old walk which is being torn up will be used for repairing the other walks.

John Elanek who has been out in the wild west for the past year returned home Thursday. He reports a fine country and has proved up on his claim of 100 acres about 20 miles west of Fort Pierre, S. Dakota. He reports Mr. and Mrs. Waette and family well and that Otto has also proved up on his claim. There was a report a few months ago that all would lose their claims by default, but it appears that matters turned out better, and we congratulate these people upon their good fortune.

Obituary.

Died, in the home in which she had resided for the past thirty years in Wauconda, at 8 o'clock Monday morning, September 26, 1905, Mrs. Mary A. Maiman, aged 49 years 5 months and 27 days.

She had been ill but a short time, and seemed to be getting along nicely when a sudden change for the worse was noticed on Sunday evening, but not until after a consultation of physicians on Monday evening was the seriousness of her illness known.

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con, who also delivered the funeral services, which was full of consolation for the sorrowing family.

Besides her own family there were present at the funeral all her brothers and sisters, except one, her father, Gieseler, of Lena, Ill., who was not able to attend.

Dear mother, thy troubles all are over, May angels greet thee on the other shore; Thy griefs were torn, though dearly bought on earth. Where'through mourning friends aught thy worth; Thy cross be borne from pain and sorrow free. Peace be thy reward through all eternity.

Full of Tragical Meaning

are these lines from J. H. Simmons, of Casey, Ia. Think what might have resulted from his terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: "I had a fearful cough, that disturbed my night's rest, I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it, until I took Dr. King's Cough and Cold, which completely cured me." Instantly relieves and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases; prevents grip, influenza, pneumonia. At Harrington Pharmacy, druggists; guaranteed: 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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Will Meet Saturday.

The regular meeting of the Cook County Teachers' association will be held in the Association Auditorium, corner La Salle street and Arcade court, Saturday, October 14, at 10:30 a. m. Dr. Hamilton Spence will address the meeting. Subject: Bureau His Lyrical Poetry, Music; Grammar Grade Pupils, Gleeclub School, The Country School section will meet as usual at 1:30 p. m. Miss Nash will occupy the first half of the time with music, after which Assistant Superintendent Farr will talk to the teachers on "The Price of Professional Success." Do not forget the committee on memory games: Eva A. Smedley, Evanston; W. H. Hatch, Oak Park; J. H. Hell, Morgan Park. Send them your selections.

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—"Yes!"

—"Yes!"

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—"Didn't you? Well, why don't you read The Chicago Evening Post?"



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