

BITS OF LIFE'S MOSAIC.

(Written for THE COURIER.)

LIFE is a strange thing. We map out for ourselves a path strewn with flowers. We see a rosy future and with light hearts we go gaily along. But some day a great high unlooked for barrier rears its walls across our path. It is as forbidding as death. The rosy path we had hoped to tread has come to an end. On either side we see a thorny path. Darkness and anguish are in the place of the flowers and light. We cannot return; life is ever going ahead. The only way we can do is to push our way through the thorns. Our hands may be lacerated, our brows marked by lines deep chisled by the hand of care, but on we must go.

And now we are apt to weave a sable pall for the whole world. We think that because we are in sorrow that all the world is. But it is not so. There is sunshine and happiness everywhere. Our little sorrows are nothing, but to ourselves. The blackness that has entered our lives is but a tiny fleck in the great sable gown that this world's sorrow wears. We are selfish. This world has witnessed sorrows that reached as high as heaven and as low as hell. What are our petty little trials, our little heart aches? They are simply nothing. Even if the shades of night settle down and we see no ray of light at all, and even if the brown earth is heaped above our dead bodies it is nothing. It is simply one more life gone; that is all.

What if we must part from those we love better than life itself? It seems as though our hearts were being torn asunder. We look perhaps for the last time into the eyes that seem to devour ours with the passion of love, we press our feverish lips to lips that seem to cling to our own with a love that will never let go, and with a wild pressure of the hand and a voice choked with tears we say "good bye."

The days go by. We meet new friends. We love new faces. We are wrapped up in new scenes and new occupations. The old friends are forgotten. Sometimes we think of them as we look into the blue of the violet or the purple of a pansy, for there we seem to see the eyes of the long lost friend. Sometimes in the night the old friends throng about our beds and we live the old scenes over again. But the morning comes all too soon. The sweet vision fades, the cares of the day come in and the dreams of the night are gone and are no more to us than the sighing of the wind.

Change is going on everywhere. So today if you stand by the grave of your loved ones, or see for the last time a dear friend going out into the wide world, break not your heart. There may be a place beyond the tomb where you may meet again, but if there is not it is no matter.

As widening circles in placid waters grow
And in their outward ripples meet and touch
So have the circles of our lives, in such
An outward rippling seemed to meet and flow.
And as circles when they once have met
Seem more and more to grow as one, so pray
The circles of our lives may day and day
More closely merge 'till life's last sun is set.
And when our little circles break at last
Against the shining sands on heaven's beach
May our friendship bound by no small reach
In one eternal circle then be cast.

We were friends once. We had each other's confidences. We were in touch and sympathy. But we parted. The circles of our lives ceased to intersect. We became wrapped up in our own little worlds and forgot each other.

For memory sometimes brings us together once more with a line of verse, or the perfume of a flower, or a strain of an old song. The friendship that we thought eternal was but a fading flower that withered. The changing scenes of life shifted us hither and thither. New friends came and took the place of the old, and so the world goes on. Sometimes we grow hungry for the touch of the dear old hands and a look into the dear old eyes. But this is always at night, and night is a homesick time anyway. The morning comes, the sun shines, and the world pours its flood of light in upon us and we forget, forget.

Good-bye—the sun has set
Beyond the sea,
The darkness and gloom of night
Environ me.
Good-bye—the grass is wet
With falling dew,
And too my eyes are wet
Recalling you.
Good-bye—the wind blows cold
Across the sea,
And my leaden heart is chilled
And dead in me.
Good-bye—the decrees of fate
Are stern and sure,
We may weep and wail and curse
But must endure.
Good-bye—the sun has set
Beyond the sea,
The darkness and gloom of night
Environ me.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

IT DIDN'T PAY.

Ward McAllister's Book Was a Financial Disappointment.

Edward W. Bok: I was talking the other day with a New York man who was very close in his friendship with Ward McAllister, and he told me of the keen sense of disappointment which the famous social leader always felt at the failure of his book, "Society as I Have Found It." McAllister had great faith in his book, and firmly believed, as he often expressed while the book was being made, that it would have an enormous sale. To this friend with whom I was talking he once said that he believed that the book would net him \$50,000. The actual facts of the case are that he did not make \$5,000 out of it. As such books go, it was a success, but it was not the success that Ward McAllister believed it would be. He was not a vain man, but he had a supreme belief that the American people were simply waiting for his book, and that they would buy it by the thousands immediately upon publication. But they didn't even buy it by the hundreds, and Mr. McAllister never could satisfactorily explain its failure to himself. The edition de luxe, of which there was printed the magical number of 400 copies, was a success. It sold very quickly at \$10, and the last fifty copies were sold at a higher price. These books were bought by the fashionable set, but when it came to the great public buying the regular edition the sale could not be found to the extent hoped for. I have often wondered just how much of the book was really written by McAllister. During the latter years of his life the pen became a familiar object to his fingers, but when his book was published he had written very little. His individuality is unquestionably in the book, but that could easily be retained by some clever writer who knew the man. I have always felt that Miss Jeanette Gilder could tell more about the writing of Ward McAllister's book than any one, if she chose.

MCKEE RANKIN AFTER E. K. CRILEY.

E. K. Criley, formerly of Lincoln, who was in town a few days ago negotiating for a lease of the Lincoln hotel, accused McKee Rankin, the actor, of fraud, and that gentleman is most decidedly after Mr. Criley. In a recent interview in Kansas City the actor said: "I am getting ready to go to Topeka on Monday to play a week's engagement. We will not go far from this town, however. I am determined to stay here and push this suit against Criley, the manager of the Centropolis hotel. That man has done me a great wrong. If I live until the 14th of this month I will have been on the stage thirty-four years. I have made and lost fortunes. I have played all over this country and abroad, but Manager Criley gave me a new experience when he accused me of fraud. On account of this accusation all my engagements have been cancelled, so now I shall put in the time until my case comes up in court playing in the towns around here. We will stay a week in Topeka and from there go to St. Joseph. In a way I am glad of the delay as it will afford me an opportunity to put in more time on a new play I am going to write. Should my suit be continued or appealed I may stay here until fall."