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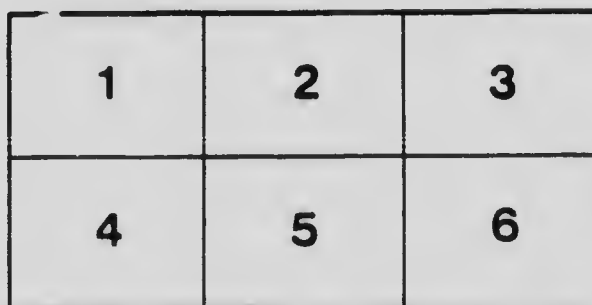
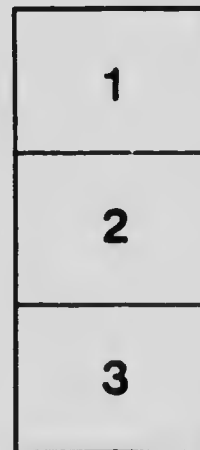
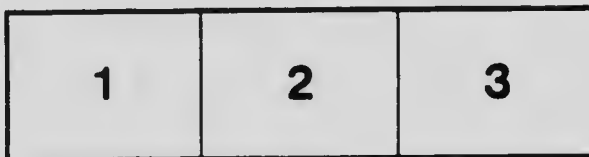
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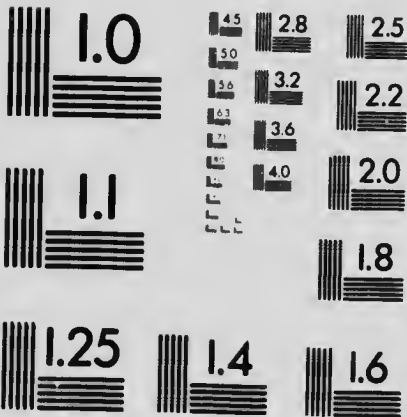
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# WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

EDITED BY  
JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

GALLANTS, LADS, BOYS, HEARTS OF  
GOLD,— ALL THE TITLES OF GOOD-FEL-  
LOWSHIP COME TO YOU! — SHAKESPEARE

Toronto  
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NEW YORK

Ah! the things he might have said,  
Quoting authors long since dead,  
Some epigram appropriate—in rhyme.  
Ah! the hit he might have made  
And the scores he could have paid  
If he'd only said the right thing at the time!  
—Albert Chevalier; "The Orator's Lament."

## GOOD FELLOWSHIP — THE WHITMAN IDEAL.

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble;  
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone  
upon;

I will make divine magnetic lands,  
With the love of comrades,  
With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the  
rivers of America, and along the shores of the great  
lakes, and all over the prairies;

I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each  
others' necks;

By the love of comrades,  
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve you, ma  
femme!

For you! for you, I am trilling these songs,  
In the love of comrades,  
In the high-towering love of comrades.



I confidently expect a time when there will be seen, running like a half-hid warp through all the myriad audible and visible worldly interests of America, threads of manly friendship, fond of loving, pure and sweet, strong and lifelong, carried to degrees hitherto unknown—not only giving tone to individual character, and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic and refined, but having deepest relations to general politics. I say Democracy infers such loving comradeship, as its most inevitable twin or counterpart, without which it will be incomplete. in vain, and incapable of perpetuating itself.

I hear it charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions.

But really I am neither for nor against institutions,  
(What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction of them?)

Only I will establish in the Mannahatta and in every city of these States inland and seaboard,

And in the fields and woods, and above every keel, little or large that dents the water,

Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,  
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

—Walt Whitman.

## FRIENDSHIP—THE ANCIENT ROMAN CONCEPTION.

Now friendship is nothing else than a complete union of feeling on all subjects, divine and human, accompanied by kindly feeling and attachment; than which, indeed, I am not aware whether, with the exception of wisdom, anything better has been bestowed on man by the immortal gods.

And while friendship embraces very many and great advantages, she undoubtedly surpasses all in this, that she shines with a brilliant hope over the future, and never suffers the spirit to be weakened or to sink. Besides, he who looks on a true friend, looks as it were upon a kind of image of himself: wherefore friends, though absent, are still present; though in poverty, they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead, they are alive; so entirely does the honor, the memory, the regret of friends attend them.

Let this, therefore, be established as a primary law concerning friendship, that we expect from our friends only what is honorable and for our friends' sake do what is honorable; that we should not wait till we are asked; that zeal be ever ready, and reluctance far from us.

—Cicero.

FRIENDSHIP—THE NEW ENGLAND CON-  
CEPTION.

Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know.

The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive, and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## THE STEIN SONG.

Give me a rouse, then, in the May-time,  
For a life that knows no fear!  
Turn night-time into day-time,  
With the sunlight of good cheer!  
For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table and a good song  
ringing clear;  
For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table and a good song  
ringing clear.

Oh, we're all frank and twenty  
When the spring is in the air;  
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,  
And we've life and love to spare;  
And it's birds of a feather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table and a heart without  
a care;  
And it's birds of a feather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table and a heart  
without a care.

# GET TOGETHER

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For we know the world is glorious,  
And the goal a golden thing,  
And that God is not censorious  
When His children have their fling;  
And life slips its tether  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellowship  
of spring;  
Then life slips its tether  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellow-  
ship of spring.

When the wind comes up from Cuba  
And the birds are on the wing,  
And our hearts are patting juba  
To the banjo of the spring,  
Then life slips its tether  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellowship  
of spring;  
Then life slips its tether  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellow-  
ship of spring.

—Richard Hovey.

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## GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

How oft as we sat 'round the board,  
My dear old friends and I,  
We drew from Memory's sweet, sad hoard,  
Enough to make us sigh.  
And merry wit was silenced there,  
By some vague haunting thought,  
Which seemed to fill the very air  
Around; unbid, unsought.

And so may this sweet, happy hour,  
My dear new friends, I pray,  
Be like some book-pressed fragile flower,  
That Youth has lain away;  
And when life's book is widely spread,  
This sweet but faded hour,  
Will bring sad thoughts of moments fled,  
As does the wilted flower.

But let us drink a merry toast,  
Let's drink to now and here,  
Good fellowship shall be our boast,  
In either woe or cheer!  
O'er joys we've had, why sorrow brew?  
Why live in days gone past?  
We'll drink to friends both old and new,  
Just so our friends are fast.

—J. P. Delaney.

## THE GOOD FELLOW'S SHORT GUIDE.

A PHILOSOPHER'S RULES FOR  
GOOD FELLOWS.

Your father begot you, and your mother bore you. Honour them both. Husbands, be faithful to your wives. Wives, forgive your husbands' unfaithfulness—once. No grown man who is dependent on the will, that is the whim, of another can be happy, and life without enjoyment is intolerable gloom. Therefore, as money means independence and enjoyment, get money, and having got it keep it. A spendthrift is a fool. . . . Never get excited about causes you do not understand, or about people you have never seen. Life is a struggle with either poverty or ennui; but it is better to be rich than to be poor. Death is a terrible thing to face. The man who says he is not afraid of it lies. . . . The future is dark. I should like more evidence of the immortality of the soul. There is great solace in talk. We—you and I—are shipwrecked on a wave-swept rock. . . . Let us constitute ourselves a club, stretch out our legs and talk. We have minds, memories, varied experiences, different opinions. Sit, and let us talk, not as men who mock at fate, not with coarse speech or foul tongue, but with a manly mixture of the gloom that admits the inevitable, and the merriment that observes the incongruous. Thus talking we shall learn to love another, not sentimentally, but fundamentally.

—Samuel Johnson; [As codified by Augustine Birrell.]

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## A POET'S RULES FOR GOOD FELLOWS.

To ride abroad, redressing human wrongs,  
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,  
 To honour his own word as if his God's,  
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
 And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
 Until they won her; for indeed I know  
 Of no more subtle master under heaven  
 Than is the maiden passion for the maid,  
 Not only to keep down the base in man,  
 But teach high thought, and amiable words  
 And courtliness, and all that makes a man.

—Tennyson.

## A WIT'S RULES FOR GOOD FELLOWS.

1st. Live as well as you dare. 2nd. Go into the shower-bath with a small quantity of water at a temperature low enough to give you a slight sensation of cold, 75° or 80°. 3rd. Amusing books. 4th. Short views of human life—not further than dinner or tea. 5th. Be as busy as you can. 6th. See as much as you can of those friends who respect and like you. 7th. And of those acquaintances who amuse you. 8th. Make no secret of low spirits to your friends, but talk to them freely—they are always worse for dignified concealment. 9th. Attend to the effects tea and coffee produce upon you. 10th. Compare your lot with that of other people. 11th. Don't expect too much from human life—a sorry



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business at the best. 12th. Avoid poetry, dramatic representations (except comedy), music, serious novels, melancholy, sentimental people, and everything likely to excite feeling or emotion, not ending in active benevolence. 13th. Do good, and endeavour to please everybody of every degree. 14th. Be as much as you can in the open air without fatigue. 15th. Make the room where you commonly sit, gay and pleasant. 16th. Struggle by little and little against idleness. 17th. Don't be too severe upon yourself, or underrate yourself, but do yourself justice. 18th. Keep good blazing fires, 19th. Be firm and constant in the exercise of rational religion.—Sydney Smith; [From a letter to a friend, February 16, 1820.]

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumping on your back  
His sense of your great merit,  
Is such a friend, that one has need  
Be very much his friend indeed  
To pardon or to bear it.

—William Cowper.

I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

—Stephen Grellet.

Playfulness is a good means of softening social distances. A stiff, grave man is always in danger of being feared too much. On the other hand, as the self-love of many people is suspicious in the extreme, you must expect that your innocent playfulness will often be mistaken for ridicule.

—Sir Arthur Helps.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and, he would add, of the most dangerous kind, too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelve-month, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger,—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined, viz.: A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.

—Laurence Sterne.

My creed is this: happiness is the only good. The place to be happy is here. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to help make others so.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Hate is a bad spirit to face the world with, my boy.  
Hatred is heavier freight for the shipper than it is for  
the consignee.

—Augustus Thomas; "The Witching Hour."

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,  
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said:  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped—  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words, would all be put aside,  
And so I should be mourned to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,  
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,  
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.  
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.  
Forgive! O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!  
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

—Robert C. V. Meyers.

Friendship by its very nature consists in loving,  
rather than in being loved. In other words, friendship  
consists in being a friend, not in having a friend.

—H. Clay Trumbull.

**WHEN GOOD FELLOWS**

Many men, suspected of being good fellows, have, when the evidence was summed up, proved an alibi.

—R. G. Knowles.

Ah! how seriously . . . I have thought . . . of the terrible folly of ever quarreling with a true friend on good-for-nothing trifles!

—Charles Dickens.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.

—Shakespeare.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into a relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Keep your undrest, familiar style  
For strangers, but respect your friend.

—Coventry Patmore.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

# GET TOGETHER

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One makes one's own happiness only by taking care of the happiness of others.

—Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.

Mutual brotherhood means mutual service.

—Lyman Abbott.

Such help as we can give each other in this world is a debt we owe each other.

—John Ruskin.

It is not enough to love others; we must let them know that we love them.

—J. R. Miller.

May we ever be able to serve a friend and noble enough to conceal it.

—Anonymous.

Make one person happy each day and in forty years you have made 14,600 human beings happy for a little time at least.

—Anonymous.

Only those who forget others find life troublesome.

—Agenor de Gasparin.

To believe in men is the first step toward helping them.

—Anonymous.

To disdain is only too easy, not so to understand; but in him who is truly wise there passes no thought of disdain but it will sooner or later evolve into full comprehension.

—Maurice Maeterlinck.

The thought, "I am poor and thou art rich," ought never to enter to interrupt the flowing of human souls toward each other.

—Lydia Maria Child.

As to the value of other things, most men differ; concerning friendship all have the same opinion. What can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power and resources, to procure other things which are bought by money—horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases—and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life?

—Cicero.

Anybody, providing he knows how to be amusing, has the right to talk about himself.

—Charles Baudelaire.

If I unwillingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any, . . . . . I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.

—Shakespeare.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.

—Theophrastus.

In the choice of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care; we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance,—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil,—almost to chance.

—Sir John Lubbock.

Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Is it not the first duty of those who are happy to tell of their gladness to others? All men can learn to be happy; and the teaching of it is easy.

—Maurice Maeterlinck.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

If the world is going wrong,

Forget it!

Sorrow never lingers long—

Forget it!

If your neighbor bears ill-will,

If your conscience won't be still,

If you owe an ancient bill,

Forget it!

—Anonymous.

If instead of a gem or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a rich thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give. —Anonymous.

He gave my self-respect a slap on the back and I stood up.

—Augustus Thomas; "The Witching Hour."

The worst use that can be made of success is to boast of it. —Sir Arthur Helps.

I don't translate my own convenience into other people's duties. —George Eliot.

You can help your fellow-men. You must help your fellow-men. But the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be. —Phillips Brooks.

Praise loudly; blame softly.

—Catherine II.



# GET TOGETHER

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Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

—James Russell Lowell.

To think a thing to be noble and enduring is to  
make it so.

—Marcus Aurelius.

Our friends see the best in us, and by that very fact  
call forth the best from us.

—Hugh Black.

Deep malice makes too deep incision;  
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed.

—Shakespeare.

There are cases where men are so self-absorbed, so self-centered, that they take the friendship of others, their kindly thoughts and friendly deeds, without return. They classify themselves among the ungrateful men. Well! was this a matter of bargain? Did you give so much love, that so much more might be paid back to you? No, indeed! It was into the common stock that you paid. It was not this man, one little partner, who was to repay you. It was the good God's work you were carrying forward, not merely A's life, or B's. Be sure, then, that you have not failed.

—Edward Everett Hale.

When we come suddenly in a crowded street upon the careworn features of a familiar face—crossing us like the ghost of pleasant times long forgotten—let us not recall those features with pain, in sad remembrance of what they once were, but let us go back a pace or two to meet it once again, as that of a friend who has beguiled us of a moment of care, who has taught us to sympathize with virtuous grief, cheating us to tears for sorrows not our own—and we all know how pleasant are such tears.

—Charles Dickens.

All things on earth are conventions. One of these conventions is that one must forgive—forgive at every instant—forgive always. One must grant forgiveness to things, forgiveness to people, forgiveness to life; otherwise one could not live.

—Henri Meilhac.

Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key.

—Shakespeare.

Take the trouble of inquiring about him whose conduct has offended you.

—Moliere.

One lives badly who lives for self alone.

—Alfred de Musset.

How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips  
Like man new made. —Shakespeare.

Have no friends not equal to yourself.  
—Confucius.

It is best not to try to get the best of your best friend.  
—Anonymous.

A real friend is one who will tell you of your faults  
and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand  
and heart in adversity. —Horace Smith.

Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not  
for what can be gotten out of it. When two people ap-  
preciate each other because each has found the other  
convenient to have around, they are not friends, they are  
simply acquaintances with a business understanding.  
To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek  
the end of a rainbow for its bag of gold. A true friend  
is always useful in the highest sense; but we should be-  
ware of thinking of our friends as brother members of  
a mutual-benefit association, with its periodical demands  
and threats of suspension for non-payment of dues.  
—Trumbull.

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, let there be truth between us two forevermore. It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did not thus or thus, I know it was right.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

No man can think well of himself who does not think well of others.

—Anonymous.

To understand everything is to forgive everything.

—Gautama.

Let us not talk ill of our enemies. They only, never deceive us.

—Arsene Houssaye.

Keep doing, expect little from others, but cherish confidence in their good-will. Be thankful.

—Anonymous.

To give pleasure to a single heart by a single kind act is better than a thousand head-bowings in prayer.

—Saadi.

Friendship consists in forgetting what one gives, and remembering what one receives.

—Dumas fils.

If I can stop one heart from breaking  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Into his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

—Emily Dickinson.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

A friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double.

—Jeremy Taylor.

The poor, the humble, and your dependents, will often be afraid to ask their dues from you: be the more mindful of it yourself.

—Sir Arthur Helps.

What comes from the heart goes to the heart.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

There is no satisfaction comparable to that of making one's neighbor happy.

—Mme. d'Epinau.

Don't save all your smiles for the parlor. Use a few  
in the kitchen. —Anonymous.

Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little.  
—Shakespeare.

Power dwells with cheerfulness.  
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and  
are famous preservers of youthful looks.  
—Charles Dickens.

'Twixt optimist and pessimist the difference is droll;  
The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist the hole.  
—Fugitive Rhyme.

My friend is that one whom I can associate with  
my choicest thought. —Henry David Thoreau.

There are sufferings which sympathy may not make  
lighter. —Lamennais.

It is an excellent means of gaining the heart of others  
to submit and trust in it. —Michel de Montaigne.

Be of good cheer. —Jesus.

XXV TOASTS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.  
—“Taming of the Shrew.”

A health, gentlemen,  
Let it go round.  
—“Henry VIII.”

Salutation and greeting to you all.  
—“As You Like It.”

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.  
—“All's Well That Ends Well.”

Fair thought and happy hours attend on you.  
—“Merchant of Venice.”

I wish all good befortune you!  
—“Two Gentlemen of Verona.”

A flock of blessings light upon thy head.  
—“Romeo and Juliet.”

You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend: This to confirm my welcome:  
And to you all good health.

—"Henry VIII."

God's benison go with you; and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

—"Macbeth."

The best of happiness, honour and fortunes keep  
with you."

—"Timon of Athens."

Joy, gentle friends, joy! and fresh days of love  
Accompany your hearts.

—"Midsummer Night's Dream."

Each day still better others' happiness,  
Until the heavens, enjoying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

—"Richard II."

Fair be all thy hopes,  
And prosperous be thy life, in peace and war.

—"Henry VI., Part I."

Come, I will go drink with you.

—"Henry IV."



May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
Ever belov'd, and loving.

—"Henry VIII."

The grace of Heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

—"Othello."

You have deserved  
High commendation, true applause, and love.

—"As You Like It."

Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;  
And we like friends will straightway go together.

—"Julius Caesar."

Fill the cup and let it come,  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

—"Henry IV.," Part II.

Fill, till the cup be hid.

—"Antony and Cleopatra."

Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee.

—"Coriolanus."

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Let's drink together friendly, and embrace.

—"Henry IV.," Part II.

I wish you all the joy you can wish.

—Merchant of Venice.

Brutus: Give me a bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Cassius: My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius; till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

—"Julius Caesar."

Come, let's all take hands;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

—"Antony and Cleopatra."

**MEETING AND PARTING.**

True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd:  
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

—Alexander Pope.

We say we exchange words when we meet. What  
we exchange is souls.

—Minot J. Savage.

We just shake hands at meeting  
With many that come nigh;  
We nod the head in greeting  
To many that go by,—  
But welcome through the gateway  
Our few old friends and true;  
Then hearts leap up, and straightway  
There's open house for you,  
Old friends,  
There's open house for you!

—Gerald Massey.

"Stay" is a charming word in a friend's vocabulary.

—Bronson Alcott.

Kisses are so bitter, and so sweet, to lovers bidding  
farewell.

—D. Bikelas.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence; else  
who could bear it? —Anonymous.

Oh, here's to other meetings,  
And merry greetings then,  
And here's to those we've drunk with,  
But never can again. —Major.

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes;  
O, drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,  
An angel touched its quivering strings;  
And whispers, in its song,  
“Where hast thou stayed so long?”  
—Henry W. Longfellow.

He went: the morning twinkled dim;  
I woke, and lay a while abed  
Thinking what I would say to him.  
Then I remembered he was dead.  
—The Spectator [London.]

The pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting  
again. —Charles Dickens.

## THE ROADS.

So many, many roads lie traced  
Where wanderers may stray—  
Roads twining, weaving, interlaced,  
Roads sorrowful and gay.  
Running through countryside and town  
They climb the mountain steep,  
Through storied realms of far renown  
Unceasingly they creep.  
When silver moonlight floods the nights—  
O hark! across the sea  
These roads, the wanderer's delights,  
Are calling you and me.  
Singing their challenge sweet and clear  
For wanderers to roam;  
But, all at once, I only hear  
The road that leads me home.

—Alice Cary.

Do not keep the alabaster box of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my body, I would rather they would bring

them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without flowers, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness and love emanating from sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends while they are yet among the living. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened heart; flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

—George W. Childs.

#### THE HEART'S HEARTH.

I ceased to love him long ago,  
 I tell myself so every day,  
 But, deep within my heart, I know  
 There is no truth in what I say.  
 And when we meet again by chance,  
 My eyes, that smiled in other years,  
 Can scarcely give him glance for glance,  
 For they are filled with sudden tears.  
 So, sometimes, when the fire is dead,  
 And all the dancing gold is gone,  
 Above the ashes gray as lead  
 A faint heat lingers on.

—Sara Teasdale.

O Absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love!

—Shakespeare.

## IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known, when your kind eyes  
Met mine in parting, true and sad—  
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,  
And earnest, rather, more than glad—  
How soon the lids would lie above,  
As cold and white as sculptured stone,  
I should have treasured every glance—  
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,  
What mystic, distant, silent shore,  
You calmly turned your steadfast face,  
What time your footsteps left my door,  
I should have forged a golden link  
To bind the hearts so constant grown,  
And kept it constant ever there—  
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you  
Drew near the ending of the fight,  
And on your vision, fair and new,  
Eternal peace dawned into sight,  
I should have begged, as love's last gift,  
That you, before God's great white throne,  
Would pray for your poor friend on earth—  
If I had known. —Anonymous.

## OLD LOVES.

Louise, have you forgotten yet  
The corner of the flowery land,  
The ancient garden where we met,  
My hand that trembled in your hand?  
Our lips found words scarce sweet enough,  
As low beneath the willow-trees  
We sat; have you forgotten, love?  
Do you remember, love Louise?

Marie, have you forgotten yet  
The loving barter that we made?  
The rings we changed, the suns that set,  
The woods fulfilled with sun and shade?  
The fountains that were musical  
By many an ancient trysting tree—  
Marie, have you forgotten all?  
Do you remember, love Marie?

Christine, do you remember yet  
Your room with scents and roses gay?  
My garret—near the sky 'twas set—  
The April hours, the nights of May?  
The clear, calm nights—the stars above  
That whispered they were fairest seen  
Through no cloud-veil? Remember, love!  
Do you remember, love Christine!

Louise is dead, and, well-a-day!  
Marie a sadder path has ta'en;  
And pale Christine has passed away  
In southern suns to bloom again.



Alas! for one and all of us—  
Marie, Louise, Christine forget;  
Our power of love is ruinous,  
And I alone remember yet.

—Henri Murger.

[Translation by Andrew Lang.]

### COUNSEL.

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,  
But for one night though that farewell should be,  
Press thou his hand in thine; thou canst not tell  
How far from thee  
Fate or caprice may lead his feet  
Ere that tomorrow come. Men have been known  
Lightly to turn the corner of a street,  
And days have grown  
To months, and months to lagging years,  
Before they looked on loving eyes again.  
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears,  
With tears and pain.  
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,  
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true  
The palm of him who goeth forth, Unseen,  
Fate goeth too!  
Yea, find thou alway time to say  
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,  
Lest with thee henceforth ever, night and day,  
Regret should walk.

—Mary E. M. Davis.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee  
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
From eyes unused to weep,  
And long, where thou art lying,  
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven  
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow  
To clasp thine hand in mine,  
Who shared the joy and sorrow,  
Whose weal and woe were thine—

It should be mine to braid it  
Around thy faded brow;  
But I've in vain essayed it,  
And I feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,  
Nor thoughts nor words are free,  
The grief is fixed too deeply  
That mourns a man like thee.

—Fitz-Green Halleck.

Why will people insist on seeing one off? It is the cruelest kindness which well-intentioned friends can inflict. It's bad enough at any time to say "goodbye" quietly; but to have it emphasized by shouts, and the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, sticks, handjs, and other wavable objects, adds a weight to the heart, and swells that irritating anatomical enigma, the lump in the throat.

—Albert Chevalier.

In the twilight  
We parted,  
In the night,  
Broken-hearted.  
We dreamed a sweet dream.  
Then we met and we parted  
Again, broken-hearted.  
But—dreams come again.

—Lucine Finch.

Life, we have been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'T is hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps, 't will cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time,  
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good-morning.

—Anna Letitia Barbauld

Life is made of ever so many partings welded together.  
—Charles Dickens.

Men must endure  
Their going hence: even as their coming hither.  
—Shakespeare.

Tonight you give me the roses  
And kiss me a last adieu;  
Tomorrow they all will wither  
And I shall be gone from you—  
But as long as the world has roses,  
As long as love shall be—  
I shall think of tonight forever  
And all that you are to me.  
—F. E. Weatherley.

Another year has joined his shadowy fellows in the wide and voiceless desert of the past, where, from the eternal hour-glass forever falls the sands of time. Another year, with all its joy and grief, of birth and death, of failure and success—of love and hate. And now, the first day of the new o'erarches all. Standing between the buried and the babe, we cry, "Farewell and Hail!"  
—Robert G. Ingersoll.

EATING AND DRINKING.

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both! —Shakespeare.

Salt your food with humor, pepper it with wit and  
sprinkle over it the charm of good fellowship. Never  
poison it with the cares of life. —Anonymous.

All of these things a man, I believe, may forget,  
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet  
Never, never, oh never! earth's luckiest sinner  
Hath unpunish'd forgotten the hour of his dinner!  
—Owen Meredith.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happi-  
ness of man than the discovery of a star.  
—Anonymous.

When turkey's on the table laid,  
And good things I may scan,  
I'm thankful that I wasn't made  
A vegetarian. —Edgar A. Guest.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. —Proverbs, xv, 17.

Bitter is a dinner of herbs where love is. Give me a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

—As revised by Anthony Hope.

Oh, better, no doubt, is a dinner of herbs,  
When season'd by love, which no rancor disturbs,  
And sweeten'd by all that is sweetest in life,  
Than turbot, bisque, ortolans, eaten with strife.

—Owen Meredith.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

—Benjamin Franklin.

As much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting; and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it. —Robert Burton.

We may live without poetry, music and art;  
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;  
We may live without friends; we may live without books;  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?

He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?

He may live without love—what is passion but pining?

But where is the man that can live without dining?

—Owen Meredith.

# GET TOGETHER

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God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks.

—John Taylor.

Here's to the two great American birds! May you always have one on your table and the other in your pocket—the turkey and the eagle. —Anonymous.

But if, out of humor and hungry, alone,  
A man should sit down to a dinner, each one  
Of the dishes of which the cook chooses to spoil  
With a horrible mixture of garlic and oil,  
The chances are ten against one, I must own,  
He gets up as ill-tempered as when he sat down.

—Owen Meredith.

“He was very fond of pickled walnuts, gentlemen. He said he always found that, taken without vinegar, they relished the beer.”

—Charles Dickens.

This bottle's the sun of our table.

His beams are rosy wine:

We, planets, that are not able

Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound!

You'll soon grow bright

With borrow'd light,

And shine as he goes round.

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again.

—Shakespeare.

## SAUSAGE.

You may brag about your breakfast foods you eat at  
break of day,  
Your crisp, delightful shavings and your stack of last  
year's hay;  
Your toasted flakes of rye and corn that fairly swim in  
cream,  
Or rave about a sawdust mash, an epicurean dream.  
But none of these appeals to me, though all of them I've  
tried—  
The breakfast that I liked the best was sausage mother  
fried.

Old country-sausage was its name; the kind, of course,  
you know,  
The little links that seemed to be almost as white as  
snow,  
But turned unto a ruddy brown, while sizzling in the  
pan;  
O, they were made both to appease and charm the inner  
man.  
All these new-fangled dishes make me blush and turn  
aside,  
When I think about the sausage that for breakfast mother  
fried.

When they roused me from my slumbers and I left to do  
the chores,  
It wasn't long before I breathed a fragrance out of doors



## GET TOGETHER

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That seemed to grip my spirit, and to thrill my body  
through,

For the spice of hunger tingled, and 'twas then I plainly  
knew

That the gnawing at my stomach would be quickly sat-  
isfied

By a plate of country sausage that my dear old mother  
fried.

There upon the kitchen table, with its cloth of turkey red,  
Was a platter heaped with sausage and a plate of home-  
made bread,

And a cup of coffee waiting—not a puny demi-tasse  
That can scarcely hold a mouthful, but a cup of greater  
class;

And I fell to eating largely, for I could not be denied—  
O, I'm sure a king would relish the sausage mother fried.

Times have changed and so have breakfasts; now each  
morning when I see

A dish of shredded something or of flakes passed up to  
me,

All my thoughts go back to boyhood, to the days of long  
ago,

When the morning meal meant something more than vain  
and idle show.

And I hunger, O, I hunger, in a way I cannot hide  
For a plate of steaming sausage like the kind my mother  
fried.

—Edgar A. Guest.

A glass is good, and a lass is good,  
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;  
The world is good, and the people are good,  
And we're all good fellows together.

—John O'Keefe.

Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all un-  
kindness.

—Shakespeare.

Of drinking wine, Johnson said: "Wine gives great pleasure; and every pleasure is of itself good. It is good unless counterbalanced by evil. A man may have strong reasons not to drink wine; and that may be stronger than pleasure. Wine makes a man better pleased with himself; I do not say it makes him more pleasing to others. Sometimes it does. But the danger is, that while a man grows better pleased with himself, he may be growing less pleasing to others." —Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

In an honest tavern let me die,  
Before my lips a brimmer lie,  
And angel choirs come down and cry,  
"Peace to thy soul, my jolly boy."

—Walter de Mapes.

Wine in moderation—not in excess, for that makes men ugly—has a thousand pleasant influences. It brightens the eye, improves the voice, imparts a new vivacity to one's thoughts and conversation.

—Charles Dickens.

Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish,  
and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him  
drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery  
no more. —The Proverbs of Solomon, xxxi, 6, 7.

**THE PROVERB IN SCOTCH.**

Gie him strong drink until he wink,  
That's sinking in despair;  
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,  
That's prest wi' grief an' care:  
There let him browse, and deep carouse,  
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,  
Till he forgets his loves or debts,  
An' minds his grief no more.  
—Robert Burns.

We'll drink tonight with hearts as light  
To loves as gay and fleeting  
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
And break on the lips while meeting.  
—Charles Fenno Hoffman.

Here's to champagne, the drink divine,  
That makes us forget our troubles;  
It's made of a dollar's worth of wine  
And three dollars' worth of bubbles.  
—Anonymous.

Bitter indeed must be the cup that a smile will not  
sweeten.  
—Anonymous.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

If on my theme I rightly think,  
There are five reasons why I drink,—  
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,  
Or lest I should be by and by,  
Or any other reason why. —John Sirmond.

And let the Loving-Cup go round,  
The cup with blessed memories crowned,  
That flows whene'er we meet—my boys.  
No draught will hold a drop of sin,  
If love is only well stirred in  
To keep it sound and sweet—my boys,  
To keep it sound and sweet.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The first glass for myself; the second for my friends;  
the third for good humor; and the fourth for mine ene-  
mies.  
—Sir W. Temple.

There's many a toast I'd like to say,  
If I could only think it;  
So fill your glass to anything,  
And, thank the Lord, I'll drink it!  
—Wallace Irwin.

A long life and a happy one,  
A true wife and a pretty one,  
A cold bottle, and another one.  
—Anonymous.

A bumper of good liquor  
Will end a contest quicker  
Than justice, judge or vicar ;  
So fill a cheerful glass,  
And let good humour pass.

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

**The Army Toast—"How!"**

[This toast was probably derived from the New England salutation, but by some held to be of Indian origin. The story is told that a cavalry officer, being questioned by a lady as to the significance of the word, explained the derivation as follows: "Madame, when I was at West Point, I was taught that HO with a small 2 under the 'H' is the chemical symbol for water, and every one knows that 'W' stands for whiskey."]

**The Navy Toast—"Glad to see you aboard."**

Wine is as good as life to a man, if it be drunk moderately: what is life then to a man that is without wine? for it was made to make men glad.

—Ecclesiasticus xxxi, 27.

Then fill the cup, fill high! fill high!  
Let joy our goblets crown;  
We'll bung Misfortune's scowling eye,  
And knock Foreboding down.

—James Russell Lowell.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Here's to Old Adam's crystal ale,  
Clear, sparkling and divine,  
Fair H<sub>2</sub>O,  
Long may you flow!  
We drink your health (in wine).

—Oliver Herford.

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Desirous of calling Johnson forth to talk, and exercise his wit, though I should myself be the object of it, I resolutely ventured to undertake the defense of convivial indulgence in wine, though he was not to-night in the most genial humor. After urging the common plausible topics, I at last had recourse to the maxim, in vino veritas, a man who is well warmed with wine will speak the truth. Johnson: "Why, sir, that may be an argument for drinking, if you suppose men in general to be liars. But, sir, I would not keep company with the fellow who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him."

—Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Nor shall our cups make any guilty men;  
But at our parting, we will be as when  
We innocently met. No simple word  
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board  
Shall make us sad next morning: or affright  
The liberty that we'll enjoy tonight.

—Ben Jonson.

The wine in the bottle does not quench thirst.

—Anonymous.

I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from a feast or painted landscapes on the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dews of night, the wealth of summer and the autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the "Harvest Home," mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the star-lit dawn, the dreamy tawny dusk of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

One drink is plenty;  
Two drinks too many,  
And three not half enough.

—W. Knox Haynes.

Fill the bumper fair;  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of care  
Smooths away a wrinkle.

—Thomas Moore.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

As for the brandy, "Nothing extenuate";  
 And the water, "Put naught in in malice."

—Douglas Jerrold.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again;  
 The plants suck in the earth, and are,  
 With constant drinking, fresh and fair.  
 The sea itself, which one would think  
 Should have but little need to drink,  
 Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,  
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.  
 The busy sun (and one would guess  
 By his drinking fiery face no less)  
 Drinks up the sea, and when he's done  
 The moon and stars drink up the sun;  
 They drink and dance by their own light,  
 They drink and revel all the night.  
 Nothing in nature is sober found,  
 But an eternal health goes round.  
 Fill up the bowl then, fill it high!  
 Fill all the glasses there, for why  
 Should every creature drink but I?  
 Thou man of morals tell me why!

—Abraham Cowley.

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if  
 it be well used; exclaim no more against it.

—Shakespeare.



ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

Come! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go  
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow.  
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,  
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.

The purple globe clusters their life dews have bled;  
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed;  
For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines  
That were garner'd by maidens who laughed through  
the vines.

Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,  
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here  
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,  
Long live the gay servant that laughs at us all.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HE NEVER DID.

If ever I marry a wife,  
I'll marry a landlord's daughter,  
And sit in the bar all day,  
And drink cold brandy and water.

—Charles Lamb.

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,  
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.

—Shakespeare.

A soft drink turneth away company.

—"The Cynic's Calendar

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## WHEN THE JULEP'S RIPE.

(A Rhapsody and a Recipe.)

Ole marster's feelin' mighty fine,  
 En I kin tell what's on his min';  
 In cose de race time has to do  
 Some little wid his feelin's, too,  
 But dat what's mos'ly pleasin' him  
 An' puttin' him in sich good trim  
 Is sompen of another stripe—  
 Hit's dem mint juleps gittin' ripe.

'Fo' long you'll hear him callin' me,  
 An' sayin': "Go, you scamp, an' see  
 Ef you ca' fine some mint dat's fit  
 To make a julep; en ef hit  
 Is high ernuff fur dat, w'y take  
 Dem talles' sprigs en go en make  
 Dat soothin' draff, en bring it here,  
 En you'll have easy times dis year."

Den I gwine take er lump er two  
 Er nice cut sugar—hear me th'oo—  
 En 'solve it in some water—um!—  
 Den take erbout er gill er rum,  
 En' bout three fingers whisky straight,  
 En mix 'em all—now ca' you wait?  
 Den jis' fo' sprigs er mint in dar,  
 En han' him dat mint julep, sah.

Hit do me good to see him drink,  
 En smack he lips, an' set an' think

How long dat mint is gwine ter las'!  
But hit'll go, mos' monst'ous fas'.  
An' all dat time I gwine to be  
Right close to him, whar I kin see  
Him smoke dat big old cawncob pipe,  
En 'joy dem juleps when dey's ripe.  
—William Lightfoot Visscher.

And fill them high with generous juice,  
As generous as your mind,  
And pledge me in the generous toast—  
The whole of human kind!  
—Robert Burns.

The old word swink  
Means work, I think;  
It rhymes exceeding well with chink;  
Then here's to "swink,"  
That we may clink  
The wherewithal a while to drink.  
—Alfred Brenn.

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Come, Thaliarchus, now dispel the cold,  
Spare not the faggots, make a roaring fire,  
Bring out the jar of Sabine four-year-old,  
Let plenteous draughts of wine good cheer inspire.  
—Horace.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## R-E-M-O-R-S-E

The cocktail is a pleasant drink.  
 It's mild and harmless—I don't think.  
 When you have one, you call for two,  
 And then you don't care what you do.  
 Last night I hoisted twenty-three  
 Of these arrangements into me.  
 My wealth increased, I swelled with pride;  
 I was pickled, primed, and ossified.

## R-E-M-O-R-S-E!

Those dry martinis were too much for me.  
 Last night at twelve I felt immense;  
 To-day I feel like thirty cents.  
 At four I sought my whirling bed,  
 At eight I woke with such a head.  
 It is no time for mirth or laughter—  
 The cold, grey dawn of the morning after.

I tried to pay for every round;  
 I spoke on subjects most profound.  
 When all my woes I analyzed,  
 The bar-keep softly sympathized.  
 This world was one kaleidoscope  
 Of purple bliss, transcendent hope.  
 But now I'm feeling mighty blue—  
 Three cheers for the W. C. T. U.

## R-E-M-O-R-S-E!

The water wagon is the place for me.  
 I think that somewhere in the game

I wept and told them my real name.  
My eyes are bleared, my coppers hot.  
I try to sleep, but I cannot.  
It is no time for mirth or laughter—  
The cold, grey dawn of the morning after.  
—George Ade.

The corkscrew—a useful key to unlock the storehouse  
of wit, the treasury of laughter, the front-door of fellow-  
ship, and the gate of pleasant folly. —From the French.

Some say three fingers, some say two;—  
I leave the choice to you.  
—John Hay.

Here's to mine and here's to thine!  
Now's the time to clink it!  
Here's a flagon of old wine,  
And here we are to drink it.  
—Richard Hovey.

I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's  
pleasure, I.  
—Shakespeare.

Now, then, the songs; but, first, more wine.  
The gods be with you, friends of mine!  
—Eugene Field.

A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry.  
—Ecclesiastes x, 19.

## THE CLINK OF THE ICE.

Notably fond of music, I dote on a sweeter tone  
Than ever the harp has uttered or ever the lute has  
known.

When I wake at five in the morning, with a feeling in my  
head

Suggestive of mild excesses before I retired to bed;  
And a small but fierce volcano vexes me sore inside,  
And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur that  
seemeth a buffalo hide—

How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses  
fall

At the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up  
the hall!

May blessings be showered upon the man who first de-  
vised this drink,

That happens along at 5 a. m., with its rapturous clinkety-  
clink!

I never have felt the cooling flood go sizzling down my  
throat

But what I vowed to hymn a hymn to that clinkety-clink  
devote!

So now, in the prime of my manhood, I polish this lyric  
gem

For the uses of all good fellows who are thirsty at 5 a. m.  
But specially for those fellows who have known the pleas-  
ing thrall

Of the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up  
the hall.

—Eugene Field.

SMOKING AND DREAMING.

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.  
—Rudyard Kipling.

Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,  
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!  
—Lord Byron.

The man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like  
a Samaritan.  
—Bulwer-Lytton.

ACROSTIC.

To thee, blest weed, whose sovereign wiles  
O'er cankered care bring radiant smiles,  
Best gift of Love to mortals given!  
At once the bud and bliss of Heaven!  
Crownless are kings uncrowned by thee;  
Content the serf in thy sweet liberty,  
O charm of life! O foe to misery!

—J. H.

## ON SMOKING.

O, yes, I'll agree that a good cigar  
Just after a meal is great;  
Or even a pipe would do me at times,  
And I wouldn't hesitate  
To light up a stogie when pipes are shy;  
Or, if stogies are hard to get,  
Perhaps, for the sake of a smoke, I'd up  
And tackle a cigarette.

And yet, from the stogies to fine cigars,  
Clear back to the cheap cheroot,  
I can't for the life of me find a smoke  
That honestly seems to suit.

So turn the world back to my youth again,  
And show me a place to hide;  
Then give me a hunk of some good rattan,  
And there is where I'll abide,  
And dream of dreams that glorify  
The soul in peaceful rest,  
And fall asleep with forty-two  
Burnt matches on my chest.

Let's quaff the fumes so fragrant,  
Let's puff, and taste, and smell  
The sweet, inspiring virtues  
Of a cotton umberel.

—Rowland C. Bowman; "Freckles and Tan."

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He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. —Bulwer-Lytton.

My cigarette! Can I forget  
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,  
Sat in the shade the elm-tree made  
And rolled the fragrant weed together?  
I at her side, beatified,  
To hold and guide her fingers willing;  
She rolling slow the papers snow,  
Putting my heart in with the filling.

My cigarette! I see her yet,  
The white smoke from her red lips curling,  
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,  
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purling!  
Ah, dainty roll, whose parting soul  
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,  
I, too, would burn, if I could earn  
Upon her lips so soft a pillow.

—Chester A. Snyder.

The fact is, 'squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosopher. It's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, than any other blessed thing on this universal earth.

—Sam Slick, the Clockmaker.

## THE PIPE YOU MAKE YOURSELF.

There's clay pipes an' briar pipes and meerschaum pipes  
 as well;  
 There's plain pipes and fancy pipes—things jest made to  
 sell;  
 But any pipe that can be bought fer marbles, chalk, or  
 pelf,  
 Ain't ekal to the flavor of the pipe you make yourself.  
 Jest take a common corn cob an' whittle out the middle,  
 Then plug up one end of it as tight as any fiddle;  
 Fit a stem into th' side an' lay her on th' shelf,  
 An' when she's dry you take her down—that pipe you  
 made yourself.

Cram her full, clar to th' brim, with nachral leaf, you  
 bet—  
 'Twill smoke a trifle better for bein' somewhat wet—  
 Take your worms and fishin' pole, and jug along for  
 health;  
 An' you'll get a taste o' heaven from that pipe you made  
 yourself.

—Henry E. Brown.

For thy sake, Tobacco, I  
 Would do anything but die,  
 And but seek to extend my days  
 Long enough to sing thy praise.

—Charles Lamb.

## A BACHELOR'S INVOCATION.

When all my plans have come to grief,  
And every bill is due,  
And every faith that's worth belief  
Has proved itself untrue;  
And when, as now, I've jilted been  
By every girl I've met—  
Ah! then I flee for peace to thee,  
My darling cigarette.

Hail, sorceress! whose cloudy spells  
About my senses driven,  
Alone can loose their prison cells  
And waft my soul to heaven.  
Above all earthly loves, I swear,  
I hold thee best—and yet,  
Would I could see a match for thee,  
My darling cigarette.

With lips unstained to thee I bring  
A lover's gentle kiss,  
And woo thee, see, with this fair ring,  
And this, and this, and this,  
But, ah, the rings no sooner cease  
(Inconstant, vain coquette!)  
Than, like the rest, thou vanishest  
In smoke, my cigarette.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

**WHEN GOOD FELLOWS****WITH PIPE AND BOOK.**

With pipe and book at close of day,  
Oh, what is sweeter, mortal, say?  
It matters not what book on knee—  
Old Izaak or the Odyssey,  
It matters not meerschaum or clay.

And though one's eyes will dream astray,  
And lips forget to sue or sway,  
It is "enough to merely be"  
With pipe and book.

What though our modern skies be gray,  
As bards aver—I will not pray  
For "Soothing Death" to succor me,  
But ask this much, O Fate, of thee:  
A little longer yet to stay  
With pipe and book.

—Richard Le Gallienne.

**MY PIPE.**

When love grows cold, thy fire still warms me;  
When friends are fled, thy presence charms me.  
If thou art full, though purse be bare,  
I smoke, and cast away all care!

—German Smoking Song.

## THE SCENT OF A GOOD CIGAR.

What is it comes through the deepening dusk,—  
Something sweeter than jasmine scent,  
Sweeter than rose and violet blent,  
More potent in power than orange or musk?  
The scent of a good cigar.

I am all alone in my quiet room,  
And the windows are open wide and free,  
To let in the south wind's kiss for me,  
While I rock in the softly gathering gloom,  
And that subtle fragrance steals.

Just as a loving, tender hand  
Will sometimes steal in yours,  
It softly comes through the open doors,  
And memory wakes at its command,—  
The scent of that good cigar.

And what does it say? Ah! that's for me  
And my heart alone to know;  
But that heart fills with a sudden glow,  
Tears fill my eyes till I cannot see,—  
From the scent of that good cigar.

—Kate A. Carrington.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Little tube of mighty power,  
Charmer of an idle hour,  
Object of my warm desire,  
Lip of wax and eye of fire:  
And thy snowy taper waist,  
With my finger gently braced;  
And thy pretty swelling crest,  
With my little stopper press'd,  
And the sweetest bliss of blisses  
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

—Isaac Hawkins Browne.

When a blanket wet  
Is solidly set  
O'er our hopes prematurely grown;  
When ambition is tame,  
And energy lame,  
And the bloom from the fruit is blown;  
When to dance and dine  
With women and wine,  
Past poverty pleasures are—  
A man's not bereft  
Of all peace, if there's left  
The joy of a good cigar.

—Norris Bull.

IN WREATHS OF SMOKE.

In wreaths of smoke, blown waywardwise,  
Faces of olden days uprise,  
    And in his dreamer's reverie  
    They haunt the smoker's brain, and he  
Breathes for the past regretful sighs.

M. m'ries of maids, with azure eyes,  
In dewy dells, 'neath June's soft skies—  
    Faces that more he'll only see  
    In wreaths of smoke.

Eheu, cheu! how fast time flies,—  
How youth-time passion droops and dies,  
    And all the countless visions flee!  
    How worn would all those faces be,  
Were not they swathed in soft disguise  
    In wreaths of smoke.

—Frank Newton Holman.

## LIVING AND LOVING.

Give thanks you have lived so long.

—Shakespeare.

## LIFE.

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame, and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is



taught and learned again, Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of a birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold—of honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knee and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all things, high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breast of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon

where the dusk is waiting for the night.—At last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss. —Robert G. Ingersoll.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
Life's but a means unto an end, that end  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God.  
—Philip James Bailey.

. . . It takes a lifetime of close intimacies to convince each of us of our absolute, essential loneliness; to make us feel that speech is only clamour, that intercourse only means points of contact, that solitude is often our only substitute for peace. —Mrs. Rentoul Esler.

Methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain.  
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
—Shakespeare.

How vain is life—  
A little love,  
A little strife—  
A fleeting smile,  
A passing sigh,  
And then—Good-bye.

How brief is life—  
A ray of light,  
A cloud of gloom,  
A gleam of hope  
To make it bright,  
And then—Good-bye.

—Old French Song.

A little work, a little play  
To keep us going, and so—good day!

A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing, and so—good night!

A little fun to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing, and so—good morrow.

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! And so—good-bye!

[A variant on the same, translated by George Du Maurier,  
and serving as the epilogue to "Trilby."]

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## IT'S LIFE.

If your plans go wrong,  
As they sometimes will,  
And the hours seem long  
As you climb the hill;  
Remember, my friend,  
'Tis a part you play.  
You'll find in the end  
A brighter day.  
It's life.

If a heart grows cold  
That warmed to you,  
And a friend you hold  
To be staunch and true  
Has faithless turned,  
Take heart, my friend;  
'Tis a lesson learned,  
With a bitter end.  
It's life.

You may win great fame  
And wealth today;  
Or taste of shame  
And deep dismay.  
You may lose or gain,  
May rise or fall,  
Both joy and pain  
Must come to all.  
It's life.

For every smile  
    There is a tear;  
For every mile  
    Both hope and fear;  
When some are gay  
    Some must be sad;  
Along our way  
    Are good and bad.  
        It's life.

Whate'er may be  
    Your share of woe  
Next day may see  
    You come to know  
A joyful heart  
    And perfect rest;  
So play your part  
    And do your best.  
        It's life.

—Edgar A. Guest.

I live for those who love me,  
    Whose hearts are kind and true;  
For the Heaven that smiles above me,  
    And awaits my spirit too;  
    For all human ties that bind me,  
    For the task by God assigned me,  
    For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

—G. Linnæus Banks.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

Who bides his time—and day by day  
Faces defeat full patiently,  
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,  
However poor his fortunes be,—  
He will not fail in any qualm  
Of poverty—the paltry dime  
It will grow golden in his palm,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet  
Of honey in the saltiest tear;  
And though he fares with slowest feet,  
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;  
The birds are heralds of his cause;  
And, like a never-ending rhyme,  
The roadsides bloom in his applause,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not  
In the hot race that none achieves,  
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought  
With crimson berries in the leaves;  
And he shall reign a goodly king,  
And sway his hand o'er every clime  
With peace writ on his signet-ring,  
Who bides his time.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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**CARPE DIEM.**

Live while you live, Life calls for all your powers;  
This instant day your utmost strength demands.  
He wastes himself who stops to watch the sands,  
And, miser-like, hoards up the golden hours.

—William Henry Hudson.

I do not care so much where, as with whom, I live.  
If the right folks are with me I can manage to get a good  
deal of happiness in the city or in the country. After all,  
a palace without affection is a poor hovel, and the mean-  
est hut with love in it is a palace for the soul.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Try not to be worried,  
Never get flurried,  
Do not allow yourself to be hurried.  
As long as you are able to attend  
To that code of existence,  
You will never be buried.

—R. G. Knowles.

Beautiful is young enthusiasm; keep it to the end,  
and be more and more correct in fixing on the object of it.  
It is a terrible thing to be wrong in that—the source of  
all our miseries and confusions whatever.

—Thomas Carlyle.

## GONE.

"Gone is the freshness of my youthful prime;  
Gone the illusions of a later time;  
Gone is the thought that wealth is worth its cost  
Or aught I hold so good as what I've lost;  
Gone are the beauty and the nameless grace  
That once I worshiped in dear Nature's face.  
Gone is the mighty music that of yore  
Swept through the woods or rolled upon the shore;  
Gone the desire of glory in men's breath  
To waft my name beyond the deeps of Death;  
Gone is the hope that in the darkest day  
Saw bright tomorrow with empurpling ray;  
Gone, gone, all gone, on which my heart was cast,  
Gone, gone forever to the awful Past;—  
All gone—but Love!"

Oh, coward to repine!  
Thou hast, all else, if Love indeed be thine!

—Charles Mackay.

Captain Etienne de Bouvray to Fifi, as she presses his  
rose to her bosom:

"Ah! lucky rose to lie there,  
If only for an hour,—  
To live there like a lover,  
To die there like a flower."

—Henry Blossom; "Mlle. Modiste."



# GET TOGETHER

[81

## LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
Tis just what you are and do;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

Madeline S. Bridges.

After all, life is like soda-water. Childhood, effervescence, corked down and wired; manhood, some sparkle, more vapidty; old age, empty bottle, cart it away with the rubbish.  
—T. W. Robertson.

The dawn of Life is the starting point of a journey which carries us through the stations of Pleasure, Pain, Prosperity and Poverty, always arriving in time at the Terminus—Death.  
—R. G. Knowles.

May you live all the days of your life. —Swift.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## IF SOMEBODY LOVES YOU.

If somebody loves you,  
You cannot be sad;  
You've cause for rejoicing,  
You've cause to be glad.  
You've a subject for song,  
As you journey your way;  
If somebody loves you  
You ought to be gay.

If a curly-head baby  
Of four is your pride,  
Chattering gaily  
Along by your side;  
All trouble should vanish  
All care disappear;  
If the baby who loves you  
Is pattering near.

If you've an old mother  
Who loves you today;  
Your life should be merry,  
Your work should be play.  
For think of the motherless  
Children there are;  
Who still plod the roads  
Leading ever so far.

If somebody loves you,  
A wife or a child;

A mother or father,  
A friend who has smiled,  
And taken your hand  
In a friend's helping way;  
You ought to be merry  
You ought to be gay.

For love, after all,  
Is the purpose of life;  
The purpose of struggle,  
And turmoil and strife,  
If somebody loves you  
Why worry and sigh?  
For love we are living,  
And love cannot die.

—Edward A. Guest.

We shall be equal at the last,  
Be classed according to life's natural ranks,  
Fathers, sons, brothers, friends, not rich, nor wise,  
Nor gifted.

—Robert Browning.

Those who never philosophized until they met with  
disappointments, have mostly become disappointed  
philosophers.

—Sir Arthur Helps.

The record of a generous life runs like a vine around  
the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act  
is now a perfumed flower.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## A QUESTION.

My heart, I will put thee a question,  
 Say, what is love, I entreat?  
 Two souls with one thought between them,  
 Two hearts with a single beat.

And say whence love comes hither?  
 Here he is, we know, that is all.  
 When he goes tell me how and whither?  
 If he goes 'twas not love at all.

And what love loves most purely?  
 The love that has no self quest.  
 And where is the deepest loving?  
 Where love is silentest.

And when is love at its richest?  
 'When most it has given away.  
 And what is the tongue love useth?  
 The love that it cannot say.  
 —H. I. D. Ryder; from the German of Halm.

“Oh, Judge, you pin hope upon such slight things.”  
 “That is what hope is for—the frail chances of this  
 life.” —Augustus Thomas; “The Witching Hour.”

Kindness, which is the moral health of minds, is in-  
 dispensable to the life of all. —P. J. Stahl.

You are confusing "being in love" with love itself. The one is common to vulgarity, the other rare, at least between men and women. It is the best thing life has to offer. But I have noticed that those who believe in it, and hope for it, and refuse the commoner love for it, generally—remain unmarried.

—Mary Cholmondeley; "Diana Tempest."

There's no dearth of kindness  
In this world of ours;  
Only in our blindness  
We gather thorns for flowers!  
Oh, cherish God's best giving,  
Falling from above!  
Life were not worth living,  
Were it not for love.

—Gerald Massey.

Well, love's a fine thing, take my word for it. It keeps the men from grumbling when nothing else will; except, of course, the grace of God, though even that don't always seem to have much effect when things go wrong with their dinners. —Ellen T. Fowler; "The Farringdons."

Before we can bring happiness to others, we must first be happy ourselves; nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it on others.

—Maurice Maeterlinck.

Immortality is a word that Hope through all the ages has been whispering to Love. The miracle of thought we cannot understand. The mystery of life and death we cannot comprehend. This chaos called world has never been explained. The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges, and on shadow rests. Beyond this we do not know. Fate is speechless, destiny is dumb, and the secret of the future has never yet been told. We love; we wait; we hope. The more we love, the more we fear. Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall. All paths, whether filled with thorns or flowers, end here. Here success and failure are the same. The rag of wretchedness and the purple robe of power all differences and distinction lose in this democracy of death. Character survives; goodness lives; love is immortal.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

It is so ridiculous, the fuss they make in praise of youth. Why, everybody had it once, and nobody can keep it long.

—T. W. Robertson.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,  
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.

—Philip James Bailey.

Some there are that have no silence, and that kill the silence around them, and these are the only creatures that pass through life unperceived.

—Maurice Maeterlinck.

Love! blessed Love! if we could hang our walls with  
The splendors of a thousand rosy Mays,  
Surely they would not shine so well as thou dost,  
Lighting our dusty days.

Without thee what a dim and woful story  
Our years would be, oh, excellence sublime!  
Slip of the life eternal, brightly growing  
In the low soil of 'time. —Alice Cary.

Love is a strange thing that will not be controlled,  
that will have nothing to do with conveniences, that will  
not be governed by reason, that may go to the worst and  
leave the best—a thing altogether beyond our ken.  
—Mrs. W. K. Clifford; "Love Letters of a Worldly  
Woman."

O lady, there be many things  
That seem right fair, below, above;  
But sure not one among them all  
Is half so sweet as love  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dante is terrible, but he has disgusted nobody with  
Hades because he has placed in it all those who have  
loved. —Arsene Houssaye.

My country is the world; my countrymen are man-  
kind. —William Lloyd Garrison.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## THE CHOP HOUSE IN THE ALLEY.

Talk about old Roman banquets,  
 Blow about old Grecian feeds,  
 Where those ancient, paunchy warriors  
 Toasted their heroic deeds!  
 They were gustatory classics—  
 Still a longing I confess  
 For the chop house in the alley  
 When the paper's gone to press.

Peacock tongues are very dainty,  
 Served upon a golden plate,  
 Crowns of roses for the victors,  
 While the whipped barbarians wait!  
 Let old Horace sing their praises—  
 Still a longing I confess  
 For the chop house in the alley  
 When the paper's gone to press.

There we sit for hours together,  
 Wit and laughter never fail.  
 Up from cellars dim and dusty  
 Yellow Henry brings the ale.  
 There we sit and chaff and banter—  
 Envy no old heathen's mess,  
 At the chop house in the alley,  
 When the paper's gone to press.

Delve in problems philosophic—  
 How did Adam lose his rib?



What's the chance of war in Europe?  
Has the Herald scooped the Trib?  
Let the millionaire grow sadder,  
While my credit grows no less,  
At the chop house in the alley,  
When the paper's gone to press.

Till, untimed by eyes that sparkle,  
From the lake the sun leaps up,  
And, 'mid many a roaring banter,  
Big Steve drinks his stirrup-cup!  
Those were days we all remember,  
Those were nights we all must bless,  
At the chop house in the alley,  
When the paper's gone to press.

—Henry M. Hyde.

There is a certain mental and physical state wherein  
everything in us is abolished, in our mind, in our heart  
and in our senses, ambition, duty, past, future, habits,  
necessities—at the mere thought of a certain being. I  
call this state Love.

—Paul Bourget.

There are snow peaks in your heart,  
And a grayness that is cold,  
But wisdom comes with loving, sweet,  
And all your moods my love can meet—  
Because my love is bold.

—Lucine Finch; "Two in Arcadia."

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Give all to love;  
Obey thy heart;  
Friends, kindred, days,  
Estate, good-fame,  
Plans, credit, and the Muse,  
Nothing refuse.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Love passes quickly, and passes like a street Arab,  
anxious to mark his way with mischief.

—Honoré de Balzac.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

—Shakespeare.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring.

—Bayard Taylor.

It is only one side of morality that unhappiness throws  
into light; and the man whom sorrow has taught to be  
wise, is like one who has loved and never been loved in  
return.

—Maurice Maeterlinck.

May each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy.  
—Charles Dickens.

Something the heart must have to cherish,  
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,  
Something with passion clasp, or perish,  
And in itself to ashes burn.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Man desires above all to be loved, and when he meets one who loves him sincerely he very seldom refuses either his love or his admiration.  
—Paul Sabatier.

To loaf is a science, to loaf is to live.  
—Honore de Balzac.

Life is but to live with honor. —Calderon.

A good deed is the best prayer.  
—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Love is like red-currant wine—at the first taste sweet, but afterwards shuddery.  
—T. W. Robertson.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

To be happy is only to have freed one's soul from the  
unrest of unhappiness. —Maurice Maeterlinck.

Love seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care,  
But for another gives its ease,  
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.  
—William Blake.

Love is the only good in the world,  
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,  
Or brain devise, or hand approve.  
—Robert Browning.

The human heart is large enough to contain any  
amount of happiness. —T. W. Robertson.

The one eternal lesson for us all is how better we can  
love. —Henry Drummond.

Many things summed up in one word—love.  
—Moliere.

A proof that experience is of no use, is that the end  
of one love does not prevent us from beginning another.  
—Paul Bourget.

I did hear you talk  
Far above singing; after you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched  
What stirred it so. Alas! I found it love.  
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.  
—Thomas Carlyle.

Death comes not to the living soul,  
Nor age to the loving heart.  
—Phoebe Cary.

To love and win is the best thing; to love and lose the  
next best.  
—William Makepeace Thackeray.

A man loved by a beautiful woman will always get  
out of trouble.  
—Voltaire.

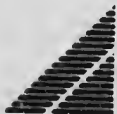
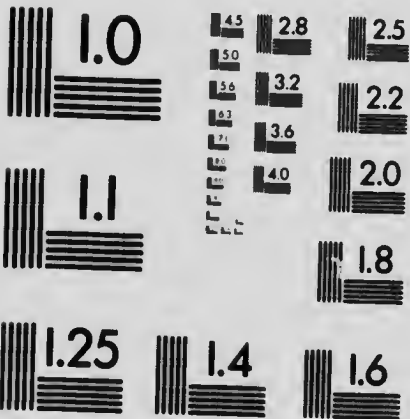
Tell me whom you love, and I will tell you what you  
are.  
—Arsene Houssaye.

Suffering is the true cement of love.  
—Paul Sabatier.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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## PLAYING THE GAME.

## THE KING OF GOOD FELLOWS.

At the end of term I came to London. Around me seethed swirls, eddies, torrents, violent cross-currents of human activity. What uproar! Surely I could have no part in modern life. Yet, yet for a while it was fascinating to watch the ways of its children. The prodigious life of the Prince of Wales \* fascinated me above all; indeed, it still fascinates me. What experience has been withheld from His Royal Highness? Was ever so supernal a type, as he, of mere Pleasure? How often he has watched, at Newmarket, the scud-a-run of quivering homuncules over the vert on horses, or from some night-boat, the holocaust of great wharves by the side of the Thames; raced through the blue Solent; threaded les coulisses! He has danced in every palace of every capital, played in every club. He has hunted elephants through the jungles of India, boar through the forests of Austria, pigs over the plains of Massachusetts. From the Castle of Abergeldie he has led his Princess into the frosty night, Highlanders lighting with torches the path to the deer-larder, where lay the wild things that had fallen to him on the crags. He has marched the Grenadiers to Chapel through the white streets of Windsor.

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\*New King Edward VII.



He has ridden through Moscow, in strange apparel, to kiss the catafalque of more than one Tzar. For him the Rajahs of India have spoiled their temples, and Blondin has crossed Niagara along the tight-rope, and the Giant Guard done drill beneath the chandeliers of the Neue Schloss. Incline he to scandal, lawyers are proud to whisper their secrets in his ear. Be he gallant, the ladies are at his feet. Ennuye, all the wits from Bernal Osborne to Arthur Roberts have jested for him. He has been "present always at the focus where the greatest number of forces unite in their purest energy," for it is his presence that makes those forces unite.

—Max Beerbohm.

Is it so small a thing  
To have enjoyed the sun,  
To have lived light in the spring,  
To have loved, to have thought, to  
have done;  
To have advanced true friends, and beat  
down baffling foes?

—Matthew Arnold.

Hold up your head! You were not made for failure, you were made for victory: go forward with a joyful confidence in that result sooner or later, and the sooner or later depends mainly on yourself.

—Anne Gilchrist.

## VITAI LAMPADA.

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight—  
Ten to make and the match to win—  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
An hour to play and the last man in.  
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—  
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—  
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—  
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,  
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.  
The river of death has trimmed his banks,  
And England's far, and Honour a name,  
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:  
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,  
While in her place the School is set,  
Every one of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget.  
This they all with a joyful mind  
Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
And falling fling to the host behind—  
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

—Henry Newbolt; "The Island Race."

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**INVICTUS.**

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods there be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishment the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul!  
—William E. Henley.

Enthusiasm is the life of the soul. —Anonymous.

Pray that the right may thrive. —Shakespeare.

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## ODE TO GOLF.

"Delusive nymph, farewell!"

How oft we've said or sung,  
When balls evasive fell,  
Or in the jaws of "Hell,"  
Or salt sea-weeds among,  
'Mid shingle and sea-shell!

How oft beside the burn,  
We play the sad "two more";  
How often at the turn,  
The heather must we spurn;  
How oft we've "topped and swore,"  
In bent and whin and fern!

Yes, when the broken head  
Bounds further than the ball,  
The heart has inly bled.  
Ah! and the lips have said  
Words we would fain recall—  
Wild words, of passion bred!

In bunkers all unknown,  
Far beyond "Walkinshaw,"  
Where never ball has flown—  
Reached by ourselves alone—  
Caddies have heard with awe  
The music of our moan!

Yet, nymph, if once alone,  
The ball hath featly fled—

## GET TOGETHER

[99

Not smitten from the bone—  
That drive doth still atone;  
And one long shot laid dead  
Our grief to the winds hath blown!

So, still beside the tee,  
We meet in storm of calm,  
Lady, and worship thee;  
While the loud lark sings free,  
Piping his matin psalm  
Above the grey sad sea!

—Andrew Lang.

I would like to make a few remarks on "orthodox billiards." The fact is that the whole world is a table, we are the balls and Fate plays the game. We are knocked and whacked against each other,—followed and drawn—whirled and twisted, pocketed and spotted, and all the time we think that we are doing the playing. But no matter, we feel that we are in the game, and a real good illusion is, after all, it may be, the only reality that we know. At the same time, I feel that Fate is a careless player—that he is always a little nervous and generally forgets to chalk his cue. I know that he has made lots of mistakes with me—lots of misses.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

I wish, I can, I will—these are the three trumpet notes to victory.

—Anonymous.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

To set the Cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the prize,  
To honour, while you strike him down,  
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;  
To count the life of battle good,  
And dear the land that gave you birth,  
And dearer yet the brotherhood  
That binds the brave of all the earth—

—Henry Newbolt.

[From "The Island Race." Copyrighted. Published by permission of The John Lane Company.]

## TO ARCADY.

What men are ye who speed along  
The dusty road this summer day,  
Riding together, twenty strong,  
Up hill and down in bold array,  
As in the times of Border fray?  
"Knights of the whirring wheel are we."  
And whither are ye wending, pray?  
"We are on the road to Arcady."

O merry cyclists that, with song  
And laughter, pedal onward, say  
How, in a world where chains go wrong,  
Where tires collapse, and screws give way,  
Ye still can be so blithe and gay?  
Are all your duns at rest that ye  
Can sing and laugh so lightly? "Nay,  
We are on the road to Arcady."

"Leaving with joy the busy throng  
We fly to haunts of faun and fay,  
Where seldom horn and cycling gong  
Startle the squirrels at their play,  
And wake the owls in ruins gray.  
Away from town, like birds set free,  
We take our flight; we cannot stay,  
We are on the road to Arcady."

Envoy.

Prince! there are few beneath your sway  
More blest than these who call to me;  
Gliding by hedges white with May,  
"We are on the road to Arcady."  
—William Weaver Tomlinson.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

The dusky night rides down the sky,  
And ushers in the morn;  
And hounds all join in glorious cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn.  
And a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws  
Her arms to make him stay;  
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;  
You cannot hunt today."  
Yet a-hunting we will go.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,  
Their steeds they soundly switch;  
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out  
And some thrown in the ditch.  
Yet a-hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,  
And sweeps across the vale;  
And when the hounds too near he spies,  
He drops his bushy tail.  
Then a-hunting we will go.

Gond Echo seems to like the sport,  
And joins the jovial cry;  
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,  
And music fills the sky.  
When a-hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,  
Poor Reynard ceases flight;  
Then hungry, homeward we return,  
To feast away the night.  
And a-drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn  
Prepare them for the chase;  
Rise at the sounding of the horn,  
And health with sport embrace.  
When a-hunting we do go.  
—Henry Fielding.



**OUR KIND OF A MAN.**

The kind of a man for you and me!  
He faces the world unflinchingly,  
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,  
With a knuckled faith and force like fists:  
He lives the life he is preach'ng of,  
And loves where most is the need of love;  
His voice is clear to thè deaf man's ears;  
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears;  
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,  
And the widow's prayer goes up for him;  
The latch is clicked at the hovel door  
And the sick man sees the sun once more,  
And out o'er the barren fields he sees  
Springing blossoms and waving trees,  
Feeling as only the dying may,  
That God's own servant has come that way,  
Smoothing the path as it still winds on  
Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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With malice toward none, with charity for all, with  
firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let  
us strive on.

—Abraham Lincoln.

Fight when you are down; die hard,—determine at  
least so to do,—and you won't die at all.

—James H. West.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## WITH GOOD STEEL RINGING.

When the wan white moon in the skies feels chilly,  
 And wraps her 'round with a rifting cloud;  
 When the poplar stands like a monster lily,  
 That swings and sways in a silvern shroud;  
 When you don't get up with the lark at dawning,  
 But snooze and slumber till twelve instead,  
 And vow by the fire in the evening yawning,  
 'Tis really too chilly to go to bed;—  
     Sing Tan-tarra-ti,  
     A-skating we hie,  
 Where good ice bends 'neath a frosty sky.

There are tiny waists you may put your arm 'round  
 (Don't attempt it on land—that's all!),  
 And white warm hands you may clasp till charm-bound,  
 (Just in case they should chance to fall);  
 There are tresses trailing and bright eyes glowing,  
 Lips that laugh when you lend a hand,  
 And dainty ankles they can't help showing  
 (Quite by accident—understand!),  
     Sing Tan-tarra-ti,  
     A-skating we hie,  
 The jolliest sport in the world, say I!

As a yacht that bends with the wind's wild wooing,  
 And dips white wings in the waves that swirl,  
 We bound and bend with a glad hallooing,  
 And curve and circle and wheel and whirl;

As a ship that sweeps with her wet sail swinging  
 When storms are spent past the harbor bar,  
 We glide erect with a good steel ringing,  
 We skim like swallow or shoot like star.  
     Sing Tan-tarra-ti,  
     A-skating we hie,  
 Like curiew winging we wheel or fly.

You may chant of cricket and tell of tennis,  
 Or yarn of yachts, till you both get warm;  
 You may talk of travel, and Rome and Venice,  
 And brag of boating or croquet's charm;  
 But summer has gone, and, with all your prating,  
 The grapes are sour, for they hang too high;  
 So hurrah for winter, hurrah for skating,  
 The jolliest sport in the world, say I.  
     Sing Tan-tarra-ti,  
     A-skating we hie,  
 With the good steel ringing like wind we fly.  
                                     —Coulson Kernahan.

God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!  
 Be swift like lightning in the execution; . . .  
 Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, and live.  
                                     —Shakespeare.

**WHEN GOOD FELLOWS****RHYMES FOR HARD TIMES.**

Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night,  
There's a star to guide the humble;  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Though the road be long and dreary,  
And the end be out of sight;  
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning;  
Perish all that fears the light,  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Shun all forms of guilty passion,  
Fiends can look like angels bright,  
Heed no custom, school or fashion,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

—Norman McLeod.

THE SILENT GOODFELLOW.

THE PUP DOG'S OPINION OF THE QUICK-TEMPERED MAN.

I'm a pup dog and I know it,  
And it's like as not I show it,  
For my nose is cold, and wrinkles  
Mar my beauty, sir, like fun;  
And my hide is loose and wopsy,  
And my feet go flipsy-flopsy  
When I run.

Yes, my bark is rather rusty  
And my tail is short and dusty,  
And a melancholy tincture  
Taints my spirit most the while;  
But I'll work out my salvation  
Like the rest of all creation,—  
Work and smile.

Yet I'd rather be a yeller  
Wopsy pup dog than the feller  
That, because he mashed his finger,  
Up and kicked me black and blue.  
Countin' all things in together,  
I would ever so much rather,  
Wouldn't you?

—Rowland C. Bowman; "Freckles and Tan."

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## DECALOGUE OF A GOOD DOG.

**FIRST.** Be kindly toward all, giving love to but few and full love to One. Love seldom, for many loves weaken your powers and put falsehood into your heart.

**SECOND.** Greet all Friends with the eye-light of gentleness and smiles and a "greeting wag," if you feel inclined, and so make the day sunny-warm.

**THIRD.** Do not bear about with you the Stiff Tail of Suspicion, or the Black Bristles upward, thereby opening many hearts to distrust.

**FOURTH.** Make friends—for the more you have the greater will be your power and the happier your days; but never slobber or cringe in making them; a wet mouth or a servile twist accomplishes nothing.

**FIFTH.** When in Foreign Parts be ever alert, using your gathered wisdom in all your affairs; but keep out of dark holes, where cats often lurk, or other unprofitable things.

**SIXTH.** Go about your business with modesty and dignity, but with an erect Tail and a certain purpose of doing it all—and honestly.

**SEVENTH.** Keep your nose out of the track of a Row. Never sniff to find a fight, but pass around the place. Nothing is ever gained in a looked-for mix-up.

**EIGHTH.** Fight but seldom in all of a life-time, but when you do, let it be for self-defense or in the cause of justice. Fight hard, guarding your throat and Honor.

**NINTH.** Eat enough to keep you well, and get some extra good things if you can, but carefully avoid gorging. A crowded stomach makes an empty head.

**TENTH.** Seize all the joy you can that robs no other. Sleep in peace, play in jolly earnest, wag well and mean it, and finally, be happy always.

The more I see of dogs the less I think of men.  
Whoever beats dogs loves not man.

—Arsene Houssaye.

When a man's dog turns against him it is time for his wife to pack her trunk and go home to mamma .

—Anonymous.

The affection of your dog is unfailing and unobtrusive. If you are sad, so is he. If you are merry, no one is more willing to leap and laugh with you than he. To your dog you are never old. To your dog you are never poor. Whether you live in a palace or a cottage, he does not care, and fall you as low as you may, you are his providence and his idol still.

—Anonymous.

Man, creature of God, who taught you friendship? A dog. Who taught you hatred? A man.

—Arsene Houssaye.

**A dog is the only thing in the world that loves you better than he does himself.**

—Anonymous.

### WITH A WORD FOR THE HORSE.

**That bundle of sentient nerves, with the heart of a woman, the eye of a gazelle, the courage of a gladiator, the docility of a slave, the proud courage of a king and the blind obedience of a good soldier. The companion of the desert and the plain; that turns the moist furrow in the spring in order that all the world may have abundant harvests; that furnishes the sport of kings; that, with blazing eye and distended nostrils, fearlessly leads our greatest generals through carnage and the smoke of battle to glory and renown; whose blood forms one of the ingredients that go to make the ink in which all history is written, and that finally mutely and sadly in black trap-pings pulls the humblest of us all to the newly sodded threshold of eternity.**

—Dr. Kane.



**SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.**

Here's to our sweethearts and wives, God bless 'em;  
May our sweethearts soon be our wives, and our wives  
ever our sweethearts. —A Navy Toast.

**THE MAID I LOVE.**

The maid I love ne'er thought of me  
Amid the scenes of gaiety;  
But when her heart or mine sank low,  
Ah then it was no longer so.  
From the slant palm she raised her head,  
And kist the cheek whence youth had fled.  
Angels! some future day for this,  
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.  
—Walter Savage Landor.

You women are so kind, and in your kindness have such wise perception; you know so well how to be affectionate and full of solicitude without appearing to be; your gentleness of feeling is like your touch—so light and easy that the one enables you to deal with wounds of the mind as tenderly as the other enables you to deal with wounds of the body.  
—Charles Dickens.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Not from the whole wide world I choose thee,—  
 Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!  
 The wide, wide world could not enclose thee,  
 For thou art the whole wide world to me.  
 —Richard Watson Gilder.

## THE CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

The clover blossoms kiss her feet,  
 She is so sweet,  
 While I who may not kiss her hand  
 Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,  
 She is so blest,  
 I'm jealous of its arms of gold;  
 Oh that these arms her form might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,  
 She is so fair!  
 Let flowers and sun and breeze go by,  
 O dearest! Love me or I die.

—Oscar Laighton.

You are so dear; so dear,  
 That all things else seem dear,  
 The wonder of our loving  
 Has made all else seem dear!  
 —Lucine Finch; "Two in Arcadia."

And that's a mistake girls always make. They begin the heavenly. It's not a bit of use being heavenly with men. Just you remember that you must take 'em as they are or leave 'em.

—John Oliver Hobbs; "The Sinner's Comedy."

#### PROPOSAL.

The violet loves a sunny bank,  
The cowslip loves the lea,  
The scarlet creeper loves the elm;  
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,  
The stars, they kiss the sea,  
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,  
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,  
The lily's bride o' the bee;  
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth—  
Shall I wed thee?

—Bayard Taylor.

All true deep feeling purifies the heart;  
Am I not better by my love for you?  
At least I am less selfish; I would give  
My life to buy you happiness!

—Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## HOME.

Two birds within one nest;  
 Two hearts within one breast;  
 Two spirits in one fair,  
 Firm league of love and prayer,  
 Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch  
 A hand upon the latch;  
 A step that hastens its sweet rest to win,  
 A world of care without,  
 A world of strife shut out,  
 A world of love shut in.

—Dora Greenwell.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
 They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
 —Shakespeare.

I meet her on the dusty street,  
 And daisies spring about her feet;  
 Or, touched to life beneath her tread,  
 An English cowslip lifts its head.

—Henry Timrod.

To love, to sacrifice all and to be forgotten—that is  
 woman's saga. —Henrik Ibsen; "The Pretenders."

## GET TOGETHER

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I loved thee for that dear, deep lovingness  
Resting within thy tender, brooding eyes;  
I loved thee for thy wealth of womanhood,  
Thy quiet questionings, thy sweet replies,  
Thy patient brows that knew no bitter mood.  
—George Francis Armstrong.

It has been such a day as that, thou knowest, when first  
I said I loved thee; that long, sunny day  
We passed upon the waters,—heeding naught,  
Seeing naught but each other. —Philip James Bailey.

For two alone, there in the hall,  
Is spread the table round and small;  
Upon the polished silver shine  
The evening lamps; but, more divine,  
The light of love shines over all;  
Of love that says not mine and thine,  
But ours, for ours is mine and thine.

They want no guests, to come between  
Their tender glances like a screen,  
And tell them tales of land and sea,  
And whatsoever may betide  
The great, forgotten world outside;  
They want no guests; they needs must be  
Each other's own best company.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## MY OLD DUTCH.

I've got a pal,  
A reg'lar out-an'-outer,  
She's a dear good old gal,  
I'll tell yer all about 'er.  
It's many years since fust we met,  
'Er 'air was then as black as jet,  
It's whiter now, but she don't fret,  
Not my old gal!

## Chorus.

We've been together now for forty years,  
An' it don't seem a day too much;  
There ain't a lady livin' in the land  
As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch!

I calls 'er Sal,  
'Er proper name is Sairer,  
An' yer may find a gal  
As you'd consider fairer.  
She ain't a angel—she can start  
A jawin' till it makes yer smart:  
She's just a WOMAN, bless 'er 'eart,  
Is my old gal!

Sweet fine old gal,  
For worlds I wouldn't lose 'er;  
She's a dear, good old gal,  
An' that's what made me choose 'er.  
She's stuck to me through thick and thin,

When luck was out, when luck was in—  
Ah, wot a wife to me she's been,  
An' wot a PAL!

I sees yer, Sal—  
Yer pretty ribbons sportin'!  
Many years now, old gal,  
Since them young days of courtin';  
I ain't a coward, still I trust  
When we've to part, as part we must,  
That Death may come and take me fust,  
To wait . . . my pal!  
—Albert Chevalier.

Happy, happier far than thou  
With the laurel on thy brow,  
She that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely but to one on e  
—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

Here's to the woman who has a smile for every joy, a  
tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an  
excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, an  
encouragement for every hope. —Sainte Foix.

To our shame a woman is never so much attached to  
us as when we suffer. —Honore de Balzac.

## TO HARRIETT.

Here at the halfway House of Life I linger,  
Worn with the way, a weary-hearted singer,  
Resting a little space;  
And lo! the good God sends me, as a token  
Of peace and blessing (else my heart were broken),  
The sunbeam of thy face.

My fear falls from me like a garment; slowly  
New strength returns upon me, calm and holy;  
I kneel, and I atone—  
Thy hand is clasped in mine—we lean together—  
Henceforward, through the sad or shining weather,  
I shall not walk alone.

—Robert Buchanan.

A weak white girl  
Held all his heartstrings in her small white hand;  
His youth, and power, and majesty were hers,  
And not his own.

—Jean Ingelow.

I think we had the chief of all love's joys  
Only in knowing that we loved each other.

—George Eliot.

You smiled upon me and I thought it was spring, and  
my heart put forth the flowers of Hope. —Petrarch.



**A man marries:—  
Through ambition,  
Through kindness,  
Through anger,  
Through disdain,  
Because he is bored,  
Through folly,  
For a wager,  
Through honor,  
For interest,  
Because of his youth,  
Because he is ugly,  
Through Machiavelism,  
Through necessity,  
Through obligation,  
Through love,  
After a quarrel,  
Through gratitude,  
Through wisdom,  
By testament,  
In accordance with usage,  
Because of old age,  
Through zeal.**

—Honore de Balzac.

**Where we love is home,  
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts,  
Though o'er us shines the jasper-lighted dome:—  
The chain may engthen but it never parts!  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.**

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han';  
 In every hour that passes, O;  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O.

## Chorus.

Green grow the rashes, O;  
 Green grow the rashes, O;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O,  
 An' war'ly care san' war'ly men  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:  
 The wisest man the worl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O:  
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

—Robert Burns.

"Well, I holds with folks getting married," argued Mrs. Bateson; "it gives 'em something to think about between Sunday's sermon and Thursday's baking; and if folks have nothing to think about, they think about mischief."

"That's true; especially if they happen to be men."

"Why do men think more about mischief than women do?" asked Elizabeth.

"Because, my dear, the Lord made 'em so, and it is not for us to complain. They've no sense, men haven't; that's what is the matter with them."

—Ellen T. Fowler; "The Farringdons."

The ring so worn, as you behold,  
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold:  
The passion such it was to prove;  
Worn with life's cares, love yet was love.

—George Crabbe.

The body of a woman's born of bliss and beauty.  
Only one thing is fairer—that's her soul.  
—Cale Young Rice; "A Night in Avignon."

I remember the only wise thing I ever did,  
The only good, was to love thee.

—Philip James Bailey.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
 Here's to the widow of fifty;  
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus.

Let the toast pass,—  
 Drink to the lass,  
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;  
 Now to the maid who has none, sir;  
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
 And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;  
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry;  
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
 And now to the damsel that's merry.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
 So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,  
 And let us e'en toast them together.

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

I love everything that's old; old friends, old times, old  
 manners, old books, old wine; and I believe, Dorothy,  
 you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

—Oliver Goldsmith.

## THREE KISSES.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed  
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,  
And ever since it grew more clean and white,—  
Slow to world-greetings,—quick with its “Oh, list!”  
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst  
I could not wear here plainer to my sight  
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height  
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed  
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!  
That was the chrism of love, with love’s own crown,  
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.  
The third upon my lips was folded down  
In perfect, purple state! since when, indeed  
I have been proud and said, “My Love, my own.”

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

There is the kiss of welcome and of parting; the long, lingering, loving, present one; the stolen, or the mutual one; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow; the seal of promise, and the receipt of fulfillment. Is it strange, therefore, that a woman is invincible, whose armory consists of kisses, smiles, sighs and tears? —Anonymous.

The secret of managing a man is to let him have his way in little things. He will change his life when he won’t change his boot-maker.

—John Oliver Hobbs; “The Sinner’s Comedy.”

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## A KISS WITHIN THE CUP.

There is no gladness in the glass  
 Unless thou pour for me;  
 But taste it first before it pass,  
 And I will drink with thee;  
 For if those lovely lips of thine  
 . Have breathed upon the brim,  
 I swear that I will drain the wine,  
 Although it reach the rim.

Oh, who could bear to say thee nay,  
 When thou hast kissed the cup?  
 Or who would turn the other way,  
 When thou hast filled it up?  
 For oh, the cup has kept the kiss  
 And carries me a share,  
 To show me all the wasted bliss  
 Thy lips have lavished there!

—Translated by Jane M. Sedgwick.

Jenny kissed me when we met,  
 Jumping from the chair she sat in:  
 Time, you thief! who love to get  
 Sweets into your list, put that in!  
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
 Say I'm growing old; but add,—  
 Jenny kissed me!

—Leigh Hunt.

## GET TOGETHER

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## A RECIPE.

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,  
 Hidden, ever and anon,  
 In a merciful eclipse—  
 Do not heed their mild surprise—  
 Having passed the Rubicon.  
 Take a pair of ruby lips;  
 Take a figure trimly planned—  
 Such as admiration whets.  
 (Be particular in this);  
 Take a tender little hand,  
 Fringed with dainty fingerettes,  
 Press it—in parenthesis;—  
 Take all these, you lucky man—  
 Take and keep them, if you can.  
 —W. S. Gilbert.

## THE WIMMIN!

So let us all; yes, by the love which all our lives rejoices,  
 By those dear eyes that speak to us with love's seraphim  
 voices,  
 By those dear arms that will infold us when we sleep  
 forever,  
 By those dear lips that kiss the lips that may give answer  
 never,  
 By memories lurkin' in our hearts an' all our eyes be-  
 c'immin',  
 We'll drink a health to those we love an' who love us—  
 the wimmin! —Eugene Field.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## "TO THE WOMAN THAT'S GOOD."

[The Elk's Toast.]

Ho, gentlemen! Lift your glasses up,  
Each gallant, each swain and lover!  
A kiss to the beads that brim in the cup—  
A laugh for the foam spilt over!  
For the soul is aflame and the heart beats high,  
And care has unloosened its tether.  
"Now drink," said the sage, "for tomorrow we die"—  
So, let's have a toast together!  
Swing the goblet aloft, to the lips let it fall,  
Then bend you the knee to address her,  
And drink, gentle sirs, to the queen of them all—  
To the woman that's good—God bless her!

A youth is a madcap, and time is a churl,  
Pleasure calls and remorse follows after;  
The world hustles on in its pitiless whirl,  
With its kisses, its tears and its laughter.  
But there's one gentle heart in its bosom of white—  
The maid with the tender eyes gleaming—  
Who has all the wealth of my homage tonight,  
Where she lies in her innocent dreaming.  
And a watch over her my spirit shall keep,  
While the angels lean down to caress her,  
And I'll pledge her again in her beautiful sleep—  
The woman that's good—God bless her!

Ah, Bohemia's honey is sweet to the sip,  
And the song and the dance are alluring!



The mischievous maid with the mutinous lip  
 Has a charm that is very enduring!  
 But out from the smoke wreaths and music and lace  
 Of that world of the tawdrily clever,  
 There floats the rare spell of the pure little face  
 That has chased away folly forever.  
 And I drain my last toast ere I go to my rest—  
 O, fortunate earth to possess her—  
 To the dear, tender heart in the pure, white breast  
 Of the woman that's good—God bless her!  
 —Anonymous.

Whoever embarks with women embarks with a  
 storm; but they are themselves the safety boats.  
 Arsene Houssaye.

"Thy tears o'erprize thy loss! Thy wife  
 In what was she particular?  
 Others of comely face and life,  
 Others as chaste and warm there are,  
 And when they speak they seem to sing;  
 Beyond her sex she was not wise;  
 And there is no more common thing  
 Than kindness in a woman's eyes.  
 Then wherefore weep so long and fast,  
 Why so exceedingly repine?  
 Say, how has thy Beloved surpass'd  
 So much all others?" "She was mine."  
 —Coventry Patmore.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Kisses tender, kisses cold,  
Kisses timid, kisses bold,  
Kisses joyful, kisses sad,  
Pass the bowl or I'll go mad.

—Oliver Herford.

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Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;  
The goblet hallows all it holds, what e'er the liquid be,  
And may the cherubs on its face, protect me from the sin  
That dooms me to those dreadful words, "My dear,  
where have you been?"

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

For there are two heavens, sweet,  
Both made of love,—one inconceivable  
Ev'n by the other, so divine it is;  
The other, far on this side of the stars,  
By men called home.

—Leigh Hunt.

Precious fingers, precious toes,  
Precious eyes and precious nose,  
Precious chin and precious lip,  
Precious fool that lets 'em slip.

—Anonymous.

## GET TOGETHER

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She is the most delightful of God's creatures,  
Heaven's best gift, man's joy and pride in prosperity,  
man's support and comfort in affliction.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

'Tis said that absence conquers love;  
But oh! believe it not.  
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,  
But thou art not forgot.

—Frederick W. Thomas.

A woman who has made fun of her husband can love  
him no more.

—Honore de Balzac.

I simply say that she is good,  
And loves me with pure womanhood.  
When that is said, why, what remains?

—Joaquin Miller.

"Ah! Valere, all men say the same thing to women;  
all are alike in their words; their actions only show the  
difference that exists between them."

—Moliere.

Sweethearts and wives—may they never meet.

—Another Navy Toast.

## NOT FORGETTING SISTER.

A sister is a sort of sweetheart who doesn't require attention; a kind of housekeeper you can't fall in love with; an agreeable spinster you can't marry. In short, a sister is as nice as—well, as somebody else's wife, without being so dangerous.

—T. W. Robertson.

I do believe a brother's love  
For a sole sister must exceed them all.  
For see now, only see! there's no alloy  
Of earth that creeps into the perfect'st gold  
Of other loves—no gratitude to claim;  
You never gave her life, not even aught  
That keeps life—never tended her, instructed,  
Enriched her—so, your love can claim no right  
O'er her save pure love's claim: that's what I call  
Freedom from earthliness.

—Robert Browning.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

SIT CLOSER, FRIENDS.

Sit closer, friends, around the board!  
Death grants us yet a little time.  
Now let the cheering cup be poured,  
And welcome song and jest and rhyme,  
Enjoy the gifts that fortune sends,  
Sit closer, friends!

And yet, we pause. With trembling lip  
We strive the fitting phrase to make;  
Remembering our fellowship,  
Lamenting Destiny's mistake,  
We marvel much when Fate offends  
And claims our friends.

Companion of our nights of mirth,  
When all were merry who were wise,  
Does Death quite understand your worth,  
And know the value of his prize?  
I doubt me if he comprehends—  
He knows no friends.

And in that realm is there no joy  
Of comrades and the jocund sense?  
Can Death so utterly destroy—  
For gladness grant no recompense?  
And can it be that laughter ends,  
With absent friends?

O scholars! whom we wisest call,  
Who solve great questions at your ease,  
We ask the simplest of them all,  
And yet you cannot answer these!  
And is it thus your knowledge ends,  
To comfort friends?

Dear Omar, should You chance to meet  
Our Brother Somewhere in the Gloom,  
Pray give to Him a Message Sweet,  
From Brothers in the Tavern Room.  
He will not ask Who 'tis that sends,  
For We were Friends.

Again a parting sail we see;  
Another boat has left the shore,  
A kinder soul on board has she  
Than ever left the land before.  
And as her outward course she bends,  
Sit closer, friends! —Arthur Macy.

Our English word "friend," in its Anglo-Saxon form, is freend,—"one who loves." Etymologically the word "friend" and "lover" are synonymous, as are the words "love" and "friendship." —H. C. Trumbull.

Not to be with you, not to see your face,  
Alas for me then, my good days are done.  
—Lord Tennyson.

**FRIENDSHIP.**

A ruddy drop of manly blood  
The surging sea outweighs,  
The world uncertain comes and goes;  
The lover rooted stays,  
I fancied he was fled,—  
And, after many a year,  
Glowed unexhausted kindness  
Like daily sunrise there.  
My careful heart was free again;  
O friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee alone the sky is arched,  
Through thee the rose is red;  
All things through thee take nobler form,  
And look beyond the earth.  
The mill-round of our fate appears  
A sun-path in thy worth.  
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair;  
The fountains of my hidden life  
Are through thy friendship fair.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Friendship is a word, the very sight of which in print  
makes the heart warm.

—Augustine Birrell.

No life is so strong and complete,  
But it yearns for the smile of a friend.

—Wallace Bruce.

## O NEAR ONES, DEAR ONES.

O near ones, dear ones! you, in whose right hands  
 Our own rests calm; whose faithful hearts all day  
 Wide open wait till back from distant lands  
 Thought, the tired traveler, wends his homeward way!

Helpmates and hearthmates, gladdeners of gone years,  
 Tender companions of our serious days,  
 Who color with your kisses, smiles, and tears,  
 Life's warm web woven over wonted ways,

Young children, and old neighbors, and old friends,  
 Old servants,—you, whose smiling circle small  
 Grows slowly smaller, till at last it ends  
 Where in one grave is room enough for all;

Oh, shut the world out from the heart you cheer!  
 Though small the circle of your smile may be,  
 The world is distant, and your smiles are near;  
 This makes you more than all the world to me.  
 —Bulwer-Lytton.

How wondrous is a friend, the gift of neither Heaven  
 nor earth, yet coveted of both! If the "archangels veil  
 their faces," is not the sacred diffidence on this sweet be-  
 half?  
 —Emily Dickinson.

Friendship, one soul in two bodies.  
 —Pythagoras.



## I LIKE THE NEW FRIENDS BEST.

Old friends are 'most too home-like now.  
They know your age, and when  
You got expelled from school, and lots  
Of other things, an' then  
They 'member when you shivered  
The town an' broke the lights  
Out of the school 'nen run away  
An' played "Hunt Cole" out nights.  
They 'member when you played around  
Your dear old mommy's knee;  
It's them can tell the very date  
That you got on a spree.  
I don't like to forget 'em, yet  
If put right to the test  
Of hankerin' right now for 'em,  
I like the new friends best.

—Ben King.

To all my friends I leave kind thoughts.

—From the Will of John Brougham, Comedian.

A friend! What is a friend? My friend is he who laughs with me, who weeps with me: one who encourages, praises, rebukes; who eats terrapin an' turkey or bread and salt with me: who comes to me at the wedding feast, or stands with me beside the coffin: who listens to my hopes, my fears, my aims, my despair: who rejoices in my successes: who does not despise me in my misfortunes.

—Chicago Tribune.

## WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,  
In sunshine and in shade;  
Since first beneath the chestnut trees  
In infancy we play'd.  
But coldness dwells within my heart—  
A cloud is on thy brow;  
We have been friends together—  
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;  
We have laugh'd at little jests;  
For the fount of hope was gushing,  
Warm and joyous, in our breasts.  
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,  
And sullen glooms thy brow;  
We have been gay together—  
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together—  
We have wept with bitter tears,  
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd  
The hopes of early years.  
The voices which are silent there  
Would bid thee clear thy brow;  
We have been sad together—  
O! what shall part us now?

—Caroline Elizabeth Norton.

He has the substance of all bliss,  
 To whom a virtuous friend is given;  
 So sweet, harmonious, friendship is,  
 Add but eternity, you'll make it heaven.

—John Norris.

Only a shelter for my head I sought,  
 One stormy winter night;  
 To me the blessing of my life was brought,  
 Making the whole world bright.  
 How shall I thank thee for a gift so sweet,  
 O dearest Heavenly Friend?  
 I sought a resting-place for weary feet,  
 And found my journey's end.

Only the latchet of a friendly door  
 My timid fingers tried;  
 A loving heart, with all its precious store,  
 To me was opened wide.  
 I asked for shelter from the passing shower,—  
 My sun shall always shine!  
 I would have sat beside the hearth an hour,—  
 And the whole heart was mine!  
 —Friedrich Ruckert.

“Wal'r, my boy,” replied the captain, “in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, ‘May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!’ When found, make a note of.” —Charles Dickens.

Forsake not an old friend: for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine: when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

—Ecclesiasticus ix, 10.

I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul remembering my good friends;  
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

—Shakespeare.

A friend may be often found and lost, but an old friend can never be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

—Samuel Johnson.

Here's to the friends we class as old,  
And here's to those we class as new;  
May the new grow to us old,  
And the old ne'er grow to us new.

—Anonymous.

O wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
That has such people in it.

—Shakespeare.

SPEAK TO ME.

Why turn away, when I draw near,  
 Why cold today? Once I was dear,  
 Then thy heart stirred, and flushed thy brow,  
 Never a word welcomes me now.  
 Now thy hand lies, listless in mine,  
 Once it replies spake love divine!  
 Cold as if we never had met,  
 Can it then be, hearts can forget?  
 Ah! speak to me, speak, be my heart heard,  
 Or it will break, for one poor word:  
 No vow to bind, no pledge I seek,  
 Only be kind, speak to me, speak.

One idle day, thou did'st deplore,  
 Some castaway on desert shore;  
 T'was but a tale by poet feigned,  
 Yet, thou did'st pale, silent and pained,  
 And thou did'st moan, sad, sad to be,  
 Utterly lone by the bleak sea!  
 My life is drear, I, castaway,  
 Give me the tear, thou shed'st that day.  
 Ah! speak to me, speak, be my heart heard,  
 Or it will break for one poor word.  
 No vow to bind, no pledge I seek,  
 Only be kind, speak to me, speak.

—H. B. Jamie.

Friendship is the most perfect of the sentiments of  
 man because it is the freest.

—Lacordaire.

## A LOST FRIEND.

My friend he was ; my friend from all the rest ;  
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast.  
No door was locked on altar, grave, or grief ;  
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief ;  
The hope, the sorrow, and the wrong were bare,  
And ah, the shadow only showed the fair.

I gave him love for love ; but, deep within,  
I magnified each frailty into sin ;  
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,  
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.  
Reproof became reproach, till common grew  
The captious word at every fault I knew.  
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore  
With patient love the touch that wounded sore ;  
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,  
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I who knew him best,  
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test !  
Cold strangers honoured for the worth they saw ;  
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.  
At last it came—the day he stood apart,  
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart ;  
When carping judgment and uncertain word  
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred ;  
When in his face I read what I had been  
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late! Too late! Oh, could he then have known,  
When his love died, that mine had perfect grown;  
That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised,  
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn—a man must hold his friend  
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

He who does not feel his friends to be the world to  
him, does not deserve that the world should hear of him.

—Goethe.

Old books, old wine, old nankin blue,  
All things, in short, to which belong  
The charm, the grace, that Time makes strong—  
All these I prize, but (entre nous)  
Old friends are best.

—Austin Dobson.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved  
by others I would almost say that we are indispensable;  
and no man is useless while he has a friend.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Love is flower-like;  
Friendship is like a sheltering tree.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min',  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
 And days of lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine,  
 And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,  
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp,  
 And surely I'll be mine,  
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

—Robert Burns.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatched, unfledg'd comrade.

—Shakespeare.



YOU'VE BEEN A FRIEND TO ME.

My bark of life was tossing down  
 The troubled sea of time,  
 When first I saw your smiling face,  
 When youth was in its prime,  
 Then life's dark hours were turned to light,  
 My sorrowed heart was free,  
 And since that time, I've always found  
 You've been a friend to me.

Misfortune nursed me as her child,  
 And loved me fondly, too,  
 I would have had a broken heart,  
 Had it not been for you.  
 Kind words were whispered softly sweet,  
 But glad I could not be,  
 Until I found that you had been  
 A faithful friend to me.

The light of hope from your bright eyes  
 Dispelled the clouds of strife,  
 And shed their rays of sunshine down  
 My weary path in life.  
 I now look back upon the past,  
 Across life's stormy sea,  
 And smile to think, 'mid all life's scenes  
 You've been a friend to me.

I'll ne'er forget where'er I roam,  
 Wherever you may be,  
 If ever I have had a friend,  
 You've been a friend to me. —Anonymous.

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the at-  
tacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,  
I dream'd that was the new city of Friends,  
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust  
love, it led the rest,  
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that  
city,  
And in all their looks and words. —Walt Whitman.

## THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

The scholar only knows how dear these silent yet elo-  
quent companions of pure thoughts and innocent hours  
become in the season of adversity. When all that is  
worldly turns to dross around us, these only retain their  
steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse  
of intimates languishes into vapid civility and common-  
place, these only continue the unaltered countenance of  
happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship  
which never deceived hope nor deserted sorrow.

—Washington Irving.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied.

—Samuel Johnson.

## GET TOGETHER

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Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend.  
—Shakespeare.

Here's to Fraternity! With all the word conveys of  
want relieved,  
Of friendship, help and sympathy, both given and  
received.  
Comrades to all the world, we stand, as men full oft  
have stood,  
But pledge, instead of King or State, the Bond of  
Brotherhood. —Bina M. West.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be  
times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has  
only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too  
many. —Bulwer-Lytton.

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?  
To find one good, you must a hundred try.  
—Claude Mermet.

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,—  
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

—William Cowper.

The savage man Friday, in the great story, becomes a man—he is a different creature after he wins the friendship of Robinson Crusoe. —Edward Everett Hale.

Ohne bruder kann man leben, nicht ohne freund.

—German Proverb.

To owe an obligation to a worthy friend is a happiness.

—Pierre Charron.

Think of me as your friend, I pray,  
For else my life is little worth:  
So shall your memory light my way,  
Although we meet no more on earth.

—William Winter.

My treasures are my friends.

—Constantius.

## GET TOGETHER

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How sweet 'twill be, though joys are thwarted,  
And smiles rebuked by sorrow's sigh,  
To think, however friends are parted,  
At least that friendship cannot die!

—William Winter.

Woman is the natural friend of man. Every other  
friendship is feeble or suspicious.

—De Bonald.

Friendship lives on its income, love devours its capital.

—Arsene Houssaye.

I believe the main purport of these States is to found  
a superb friendship.

—Walt Whitman.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his  
old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

—John Selden.

## SINGING AND SIGHING.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate,  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for any fate. —Lord Byron.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming;  
The people shall be temperate,  
And shall love instead of hate,  
In the good time coming.  
They shall use, and not abuse,  
And make all virtue stronger;  
The reformation has begun;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming;  
Let us aid it all we can,  
Every woman, every man,  
The good time coming.  
Smallest helps, if rightly given,  
Make the impulse stronger;  
'Twill be strong enough one day;—  
Wait a little longer. —Charles Mackay.

**This world that we 're a livin' in  
Is mighty hard to beat;  
You get a thorn with ev'ry rose,  
But ain't the roses sweet!**

—Frank L. Stanton.

Strike with hand, of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with music sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

**Out of the midnight  
I hear you singing!  
O, my Beloved, I hear you singing.  
And, though I silent must lie,  
My heart sings with your heart,  
My heart sings with yours!**

—Lucine Finch; "Two in Arcadia."

## LOVE NOTES.

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,  
The lark's is a clarion call,  
And the blackbird plays but a box-wood flute,  
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all the joy of life,  
And we in the mad spring weather,  
We two have listened till he sang  
Our hearts and lips together.

—William Ernest Henley.

How they rise before us!—the sweet reproachful faces of those whom we could have loved devotedly if they had been willing to be straightforward with us; whom we have lost, not by our own will, but by that paralysis of feeling which gradually invades the heart at the discovery of small insincerities. Sincerity seems our only security against losing those who love us, the only cup in which those who are worth keeping will pledge us when youth is past.

—Mary Cholmondeley; "Red Pottage."

Here's to the tears of affection,  
May they crystalize as they fall,  
And become pearls, so in after years  
To be worn in memory of those whom we have loved.

—Anonymous.



**I LOVE YOU SO.**

The Merry Widow Waltz.

Golden glowing lamps are throwing light above,  
While the swaying tune is saying love, love, love!  
And the feet of dancers  
Sound it as they go.  
Don't you hear them say  
My dear, I love you so!  
And with the music's chime,  
My heart is beating time,  
As if to give a sign  
That it would cry, Be mine, be mine!  
Though our lips may say no word,  
Yet in the heart a voice is heard  
That seems to whisper soft and low,  
    I love you so!  
Love that hovers over lovers speaks in song,  
In the finger's clasp that lingers close and long,  
And the music answers  
Swaying to and fro  
Telling you, It's true, it's true  
    I love you so!

—Adrian Ross.

Yesterday's yesterday while today's here,  
Today is today till tomorrow appear,  
Tomorrow's tomorrow until today's past,  
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.

—Anonymous.

## OH, THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING.

Oh, that we two were Maying,  
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze,  
Like children with violets playing,  
In the shade of the whispering trees.

Oh, that we two sat dreaming  
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,  
Watching the white mist steaming,  
Over river and mead and town.

Oh, that we two lay sleeping  
In our nest in the churchyard sod,  
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,  
And our souls at home with God.

—Charles Kingsley.

The sun is the flame of the desert,  
And you are the flame of my heart!  
Dreary indeed is the desert unsunned,  
And dreary without you, my heart.

—Lucine Finch; "Two in Arcadia."

One good, hearty laugh is a bombshell exploding in the  
right place, while spleen and discontent are a gun that  
kicks over the man who shoots it off.

—T. DeWitt Talmage.

**JUST A WISH.**

Here's a merry Christmas to all. To those who are grief-stricken today, may their grief be no harder than they can bear. To those in the peril of sickness, may this day be a turning point for better health. May those blest with riches know the delight of having bestowed comforts and cheer upon their less fortunate neighbors. May those in poverty and 'distress be enabled to feel the thrill of the true Christmas spirit and enjoy above all the knowledge that the world is a bright place and that its people are not unthoughtful and not unwilling to share the joy and good will that this day signifies. May there be no broken hearts; no sorrowing mothers; no grieving wives; no weeping children. In a word, we wish every one a merry Christmas in all that the day and the phrase typify.

—Edgar A. Guest.

With Thee my thoughts are calm and sweet,  
Without Thee they are wild and sad;  
With Thee my life is all complete,  
Without Thee it is stormy mad.

—P. A. Snecke.

The sweetest music is not in oratorios, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth and courage.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

**WHEN GOOD FELLOWS****YOUR MISSION.**

If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey,  
Up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley,  
While the multitudes go by.  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along;  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

—Anonymous.

Laughter is the mind's intonation. There are ways of laughing which have the sound of counterfeit coins.

—Edmond de Goncourt.

One must work, if not by choice, at least by despair, since it is less annoying to work than to be amused.

—Charles Baudelaire.

## A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Oh, where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come?  
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,  
The heart that beats so gaily now,  
Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,  
Joy's sparkling smile, and sorrow's sigh,  
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth,  
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep  
A hundred years to come,  
No living soul for us will weep  
A hundred years to come,  
But other men our lands shall till,  
And others then our streets will fill,  
And other birds will sing as gay,  
And bright the sunshine as today,  
A hundred years to come.

—William Goldsmith Browne.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Trust no prayer nor promise;  
 Words are grains of sand:  
 To keep your heart unbroken,  
 Hold it in your hand.

—Adelaide Procter.

Like to the damask rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on the tree,  
 Or like the dainty flower in May,  
 Or like the morning of the day.

Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had;  
 Even so is man, whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out and out, and so is done!

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
 The gourd consumes, the man he dies.

[Lines carved on the tomb of Alderman Humble in Southwark Cathedral, London.]

There are at least some well-disposed men in the world.

—Charles Dickens.

Have you not sometimes seen happiness? Yes, the happiness of others.

—Arsene Houssaye.

Perhaps it will all come right at last:

It may be, when all is done,

We shall be together in some good world,

Where to wish and to have are one.

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

When I look at these faint records of gallantry and tenderness; when I contemplate the fading portraits of these beautiful girls, and think, too, that they have long since bloomed, reigned, grown old, died, and passed away, and with them all their graces, their triumphs, their rivalries, their admirers; the whole empire of love and pleasure in which they ruled—"all dead, all buried, all forgotten," I find a cloud of melancholy stealing over the present gayeties around me.

—Washington Irving.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,

It's the things you leave undone,

Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache

At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten,

The letter you did not write,

The flower you might have sent, dear,

Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;

I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.

—Rossetti.

## SANS SOUCI.

God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world!

—Robert Browning.

If I were king—ah love, if I were king!  
What tributary nations would I bring  
To stoop before your sceptre and to swear  
Allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair.  
Beneath your feet what treasures I would fling:—  
The stars should be your pearls upon a string,  
The world a ruby for your finger ring,  
And you should have the sun and moon to wear  
If I were king.

Let these wild dreams and wilder words take wing,  
Deep in the woods I hear a shepherd sing  
A simple ballad to a sylvan air,  
Of love that ever finds your face more fair.  
I could not give you any godlier thing  
If I were king.  
—Justin Huntly McCarthy; "If I Were King."

The most completely lost of all days is the one on  
which we have not laughed.  
—Anonymous.



TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
 Old Time is still a-flying:  
 And this same flower that smiles today  
 Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,  
 The higher he's a-getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run,  
 And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,  
 When youth and blood are warmer;  
 But being spent, the worse and worst  
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
 And while ye may, go marry:  
 For having lost but once your prime,  
 You may forever tarry.

—Robert Herrick.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help;  
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.

—Shakespeare.

God . . . meant  
 I should be, as I am, content,  
 And glad in His sight, therefore glad  
 I will be. —Robert Browning.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded hives of men;  
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,  
And spoiling and building again,  
And I long for the dear old river,  
Where I dreamed my youth away;  
For a dreamer lives forever  
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming  
Of a life that is half a lie:  
Of the faces lined with scheming  
In the throng that hurries by.  
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor  
I would go where the children play;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity  
For the burdens the rich endure:  
There is nothing sweet in the city  
But the patient lives of the poor.  
Oh! the little hands too skillful,  
And the child mind choked with weeds!  
The daughter's heart grown willful,  
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! From the streets' rude bustle,  
From trophies of mart and stage,  
I would fly to the wood's low rustle  
And the meadow's kindly page.

Let me dream as of old by the river,  
And be loved for the dream alway;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

And as a pious man advised his friend, that to beget mortification he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death: so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord: and let the blessing of St. Peter's master be with mine.

—Izaak Walton.

We should be as happy as possible and our happiness should last as long as possible; for those who can finally issue from self by the portal of happiness, know infinitely wider freedom than those who pass through the gate of sadness.

—Maurice Maeterlinck.

To him in vain the envious seasons roll,  
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.

—Anonymous.

## BOHEMIA.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land,  
For only there are the natives true,  
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.  
The prizes of traffic and state are won  
By shrewdness of force, or deeds undone;  
But fame is sweeter without the feud  
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.  
Here pilgrims stream with a faith sublime  
From every class and clime and time,  
Aspiring only to be enrolled  
With names that are writ in the book of gold;  
And each one bears in mind or hand  
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.  
A scholar first, with his book—a youth  
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth,  
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,  
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay,  
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,  
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—  
And the player is king when the door is past,  
The plowman is crowned and the lord is last.  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

We all change, but that's with Time; Time does his  
work honestly, and I don't mind him. A fig for Time!  
Use him well, and he's a hearty fellow, and scorns to  
have you at a disadvantage. —Charles Dickens.

Let us hope that one day all mankind will be happy and wise; and though this day never should dawn, to have hoped for it cannot be wrong. And in any event, it is helpful to speak of happiness to those who are sad, that thus at least they may learn what it is that happiness means.

—Maurice Maeterlinck.

**THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST.**

Give me no home 'neath the pale pink dome of European  
skies,  
No cot for me by the salmon sea that far to the south-  
ward lies;  
But away out West I would build my nest on top of a  
carmine hill,  
Where I could paint, without restraint, creation redder  
still!

—Eugene Field.

Here's that you may live a hundred happy years,  
And I may live a hundred less one day;  
For I don't care to live any longer  
When all you good fellows have passed away.

—Richard Carle.

One may live without bread, not without roses.

—Jean Richepin.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

—Charles Lamb.

Son of Latona! Hear my vow;  
 Apollo, grant my prayer:  
 Health to enjoy the blessings sent  
 From heaven; a mind unclouded, strong;  
 A cheerful heart; a wise content;  
 An honored age; and song.

—Horace.

Happiness is rarely absent; it is we that know not of  
 its presence. —Maurice Maeterlinck.

Hang Sorrow! Care will kill a cat—and therefore  
 let's be merry. —George Wither.

The cares of the day, old moralists say,  
 Are quite enough to perplex one;  
 Then drive to-day's sorrow away till to-morrow,  
 And then put it off till the next one.  
 —Charles Dickens.

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,  
 Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,  
 Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs—  
 Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?  
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,  
 Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer—"No."  
 —Charles Mackay.

A peace above all earthly dignities;  
 A still and quiet conscience. —Shakespeare.

**KNOCK AND KNOCKABO' 'T.**

There is humor in all things, and that is the truest philosophy which teaches us how to find and to enjoy it.

—W. S. Gilbert.

The Jack of Spades and the Queen o' Clubs  
Walked one night on the promenade deck,  
While the King played poker  
Down below in the smoker,  
Putting up blues to win a white check;  
For his luck was poor and the King dismayed,—  
But little knew he that the Jack sashayed  
Arm in arm to and fro with the Queen up above,  
A-squeezin' of her hand and tellin' of his love!  
Says the Jack to the Queen, "You're my all in all;  
We must ever stick together tho' the heavens fall."  
"There's but one thing to part us,"  
She lamented with a blush,  
"We couldn't stick together  
In a Royal Flush."

—Anonymous

If it wasn't for the optimist the pessimist would never know how happy he isn't.

—The Chicago Daily News.

## MR. BILLINGS OF LOUISVILLE.

There are times in one's life which one cannot forget,  
And the time I remember's the evening I met  
A haughty young scion of Bluegrass renown,  
Who made my acquaintance while painting the town;  
A handshake, a cocktail, a smoker, and then—  
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

There flowed in his veins the blue blood of the South,  
And a cynical smile curled his sensuous mouth;  
He quoted from Lanier and Poe by the yard,  
But his purse had been hit by the war, and hit hard;  
I felt that he honored and flattered me when—  
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I wonder that never again since that night  
A vision of Billings has hallowed my sight.  
I pine for the sound of his voice and the thrill  
That comes with the touch of a ten-dollar bill;  
I wonder and pine; for—I say it again—  
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I've heard what old Whitter sung of his Maud,  
But all such philosophy's nothing but fraud;  
To one who's a bear in Chicago today,  
With wheat going up, and the devil to pay,  
These words are the saddest of tongue or of pen:  
"Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten."

—Eugene Field.



**IF I SHOULD DIE.**

If I should die to-night  
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,  
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—  
If I should die to-night,  
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—  
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"  
I might arise in my large white cravat  
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night  
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,  
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,  
I say, if I should die to-night  
And you should come to me, and there and then  
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,  
I might arise the while,  
But I'd drop dead again.

—Ben King.

[From "Ben King's Verse." Copyrighted. Published by permission of Forbes & Company.]

I'm growing old and older,  
Every year;  
I can see my finish clearer,  
Every year;  
Hoary hairs are growing thicker,  
Less capacity for liquor,  
And I'm growing more a kicker,  
Every year. —Anonymous.

## WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

## THE CUP.

Whene'er I hear the gurgling flask,  
Gladly on life my fancy lingers;  
When I behold the strong-hooped cask,  
Fate, in thy face I snap my fingers.

Art thou surprised, then, when I say:  
Only to Bacchus, god of wine,  
Only to Bacchus will I pray,  
He only shall my heart divine?

Glowing with wine and glad with song,  
Mocking the world, I loudly laugh;  
Thou art the one that rights all wrong,—  
Fill up the cup and bravely quaff!

Wine, thou has taught me, sorrow-laden,  
Grief to give o'er, hope to renew;  
To withstand the wiles of the maiden,  
Fair as the rose bedecked with dew.

So, at the last, when Death shall call,  
Bidding me haste his steps to follow,  
Ere in thy arms, O Grave, I fall,  
Boldly I'll ask for one more swallow.  
—From the Hungarian of Petöfi.

The reason why men who mind their own business  
succeed is because they have so little competition.

—Anonymous.

**THE PESSIMIST.**

Nothing to do but work,  
Nothing to eat but food,  
Nothing to wear but clothes  
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,  
Quick as a flash 't is gone;  
Nowhere to fall but off,  
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,  
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,  
Nothing to weep but tears,  
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,  
Ah well, alas! alack!  
Nowhere to go but out,  
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,  
Nothing to quench but thirst,  
Nothing to have but what we've got;  
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;  
Everything moves that goes.  
Nothing at all but common sense  
Can ever withstand these woes.

—Ben King.

[From "Ben King's Verse." Copyrighted. Published by permission of Forbes & Company.]

## ALL ABOARD.

All aboard for the water wagon!  
Reservations for seats today;  
At the first of the year  
We sail from here—  
Climb onto the water dray.  
We've a cartload of seltzer waiting.  
We've cases of ginger ale,  
And lemon sour,  
Of wondrous power,  
And pop in an ice-filled pail.

All aboard for the water wagon,  
Climb onto the seats so high;  
Avoid the rush,  
And the midnight crush  
When the old year says "Good-bye!"  
Get up on the water wagon,  
Get up on the vichy dray;  
Take an early start  
For the water-cart  
And travel the rumless way.

—Edgar A. Guest.

I want to reform all right, I believe in reform. But first I want to have the fun of falling, and falling hard. I don't want to take my remorse first when I start in to take the halter off for a pleasant evening.

—Augustus Thomas; "The Witching Hour."

Some take their gold in minted mould,  
And some in harps hereafter,  
But give me mine in tresses fine,  
And keep the change—in laughter.

—Oliver Herford.

No use puttin' up yer umbrell' till it rains.

—Alice Hegan Rice.

Three B's there be, three busy B's,  
Together go always:  
Two of them cater to my ease,  
The third curtails my days.

The twain are comrades staunch and true  
The other makes me ill:  
The Bottle and the Bird are two,  
The third B is the Bill! —Anonymous.

The heyday of youth isn't in it with the pay day of  
manhood. —The Chicago Daily News.

The only man who never makes a mistake is the man  
who never does anything. —Theodore Roosevelt.

The bon vivant was receiving an impressive lecture on the evil of drink. At its close he smiled, shook his head, and said, "Ah well, my friend, I have seen many a pleasant party round a table, but I have never seen one round a pump."

—Anonymous.

Though confidence is very fine,  
And makes the future sunny;  
I want no confidence for mine,  
I'd rather have the money.

—Anonymous.

## THE GOLDEN DAYS.

## THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! Those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—  
That tuneful peal will still ring on;  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

—Thomas Moore.

Life has its crystal days, its rare hours of a stainless beauty, and a joy so pure that we may dare to call in the flowers to rejoice with us, and the language of the birds ceases to be an unknown tongue. Our real life as we look back seems to have been lived in those days that we love so tenderly.

—Mary Cholmondeley.

## THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,  
As it flows through the realm of Tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
A broader sweep and a surge sublime  
And blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!  
And the summers like buds between  
And the years in the sheaf—so they come and they go  
On the River's breast with its ebb and its flow,  
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the River Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago,  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—  
They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer,  
There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that she used to wear.



There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the River is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,  
All the day of our life till night,  
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,  
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.  
—Benjamin F. Taylor.

#### THE DAYS WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE.

With pensive eyes the little room I view,  
Where in my youth I weathered it so long  
With a good fellow, a staunch friend or two,  
And a light heart still bursting into song;  
Making a mock of life and all its cares,  
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,  
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs  
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.  
To dream long dreams of beauty, love and power  
From founts of hope that never will outrun,  
To drain all life's quintessence in an hour,  
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

[Spoken by Mr. N. C. Goodwin as Richard Carewe in Henry V.  
Esmond's comedy, "When We Were Twenty-One."]

## YESTERDAYS.

I wonder in what Isle of Bliss  
 Apollo's music fills the air;  
 In what green valley Artemis  
 For young Endymion spreads the snare:  
 Where Venus lingers debonair:  
 The Wind has blown them all away—  
 And Pan lies piping in his lair—  
 Where are the Gods of Yesterday?

Say where the great Semiramis  
 Sleeps in a rose-red tomb; and where  
 The precious dust of Caesar is,  
 Or Cleopatra's yellow hair;  
 Where Alexander Do-and-Dare:  
 The Wind has blown them all away—  
 And Redbeard of the Iron Chair;  
 Where are the dreams of Yesterday?

Where is the Queen of Herod's kiss,  
 And Phryne in her beauty bare;  
 By what strange sea does Tomyris  
 With Dido and Cassandra share  
 Divine Proserpina's despair;  
 The Wind has blown them all away—  
 For what poor ghost does Helen care?  
 Where are the Girls of Yesterday?

Alas for lovers! Pair by pair  
 The Wind has blown them all away:

The young and yare, the fond and fair:  
Where are the Snows of Yesterday?  
—Justin Huntly McCarthy; "If I Were King."

I drink it as the Fates ordain it;  
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;  
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
In memory of dear old times.  
—William Makepeace Thackeray.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past  
us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit  
us, and we only know them when they are gone.  
—George Eliot.

To the sessions of sweet silent thought  
Summon up remembrance of things past.  
—Shakespeare.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,  
They have changed from the old to the new;  
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,  
There never was change in you.

Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,  
Since first we were friends—yet I hail  
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,  
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.  
—Thomas Dunn English.

## A MOTHER'S QUESTION.

When I was a boy, and it chanced to rain,  
Mother would always watch for me;  
She used to stand by the window pane,  
Worried and troubled as she could be.  
And this was the question I used to hear,  
The very minute that I drew near;  
The words she used, I can't forget;  
"Tell me, my boy, if your feet are wet?"

Worried about me was mother dear,  
As healthy a lad as ever strolled  
Over a turnpike, far or near,  
'Fraid to death that I'd take a cold.  
Always stood by the window pane  
Watching for me in the pouring rain;  
And her words in my ears are ringing yet:  
"Tell me, my boy, if your feet are wet?"

Stockings warmed by the kitchen fire,  
And slippers ready for me to wear;  
Seemed that mother would never tire,  
Giving her boy the best of care,  
Thinking of him the long day through,  
In the worried way that all mothers do;  
Whenever it rained she'd start to fret,  
Always fearing my feet were wet.

And now whenever it rains, I see  
A vision of mother in days of yore,

Still waiting there to welcome me,  
As she used to do by the open door.  
And always I think as I enter there  
Of a mother's love and a mother's care;  
Her words in my ears are ringing yet  
"Tell me, my boy, if your feet are wet?"  
—Edgar A. Guest.

## MEMORY.

As a perfume doth remain  
In the folds where it hath lain,  
So the thought of you, remaining  
Deeply folded in my brain,  
Will not leave me: all things leave me:  
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go,  
Other moments I may know  
That shall waft me, in their going,  
As a breath blown to and fro,  
Fragrant memories: fragrant memories  
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain  
In my heart where they have lain,  
Perfumed thoughts of you, remaining,  
A hid sweetness, in my brain.  
Others leave me: all things leave me:  
You remain.  
—Arthur Symons.

## OLD FRIENDSHIP STREET.

Love led me to an unknown land and fain was I to go  
From peak to peak a weary way he lures me to and fro  
On narrow ledge and dizzy height he dares my way  
feet—

I would that I were back again to walk Old Friendship  
Street.

It's there one knew the level road, the even grass-green  
way;

My brain grew never wildered there, my feet might never  
stray;

But here I quarrel for the path with every soul I meet  
I would that I were back again to walk Old Friendship  
Street.

It's here I find no gracious hand to close within my arms  
But there one never raised a song to find he sang a hymn  
And always at a neighbor's hearth were kindly glances  
seat—

I would that I were back again to walk Old Friendship  
Street.

I'm sick of awful depths and heights, I'm sick of storms  
and strife;

I'll let love lead for bolder folk and take my ease in  
I know whose voice will hail me first, whose welcome  
be sweet—

It's I am going back again to walk Old Friendship Street

—Theodosia Garrison

## WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
 Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
 I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
 For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
 For what avails this eager pace?  
 I stand amid the eternal ways,  
 And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
 The friends I seek are seeking me;  
 No wind can drive my bark astray,  
 Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
 I wait with joy the coming years;  
 My heart shall reap where it hath sown,  
 And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw  
 The brook that springs in yonder heights;  
 So flows the good with equal law  
 Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
 The tidal wave unto the sea;  
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
 Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

## THE ORCHARD LANDS OF LONG AGO.

The orchard lands of long ago!  
O drowsy winds, awake, and blow  
The snowy blossoms back to me,  
And all the buds that used to be!  
Blow back along the grassy ways  
Of truant feet, and lift the haze  
Of happy summer from the trees  
That trail their tresses in the seas  
Of grain that float and overflow  
The orchard lands of Long Ago!

Blow back the melody that slips  
In lazy laughter from the lips  
That marvel much if any kiss  
Is sweeter than the apple's is.  
Blow back the twitter of the birds—  
The lisp, the titter, and the words  
Of merriment that found the shine  
Of summertime a glorious wine  
That drenched the leaves that loved it so,  
In orchard lands of Long Ago!

O memory! alight and sing  
Where rosy-bellied pippins cling,  
And golden russets glint and gleam  
As, in the old Arabian dream,  
The fruits of that enchanted tree  
The glad Aladdin robbed for me!  
And, drowsy winds, awake and fan



My blood as when it over-ran  
A heart ripe as the apples grow  
In orchard lands of Long Ago!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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#### OLD AGE.

Time is pressing on us now,  
Sowing wrinkles on each brow;  
If we must grow old in sooth,  
Keep we all we can of youth;  
But each step we take seems bringing  
Flowers in wild profusion springing,  
More than we can hope to hold,  
Friends, this is not growing old.

Sparkling juice and merry song  
Gayly chase the hours along;  
Guests around our table may  
Whisper that our locks are gray,  
What care we if rosy wine  
Tells us of a youth divine,  
If our hearts are never cold;  
Friends, this is not growing old.

Does a laughing, roguish eye,  
Snare us, as in days gone by,  
Hinting, in a saucy fashion,  
Age is scarcely meant for passion—

Less we love the less we spend,  
Of a mistress make a friend,  
Careless if she smile or scold;  
Friends, this is not growing old.

If in spite of merry cheer  
Age should try to catch us here,  
Let us boldly, bravely meet him,  
All together we must greet him;  
So by our fireside, whenever  
Old age comes, we'll all together  
Jeer him back into the cold;  
Friends, this is not growing old.

—Pierre Jean de Beranger.

This is the best day the world has ever seen. To-  
morrow will be better.

—R. A. Campbell.

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# GET TOGETHER

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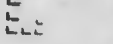
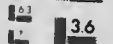
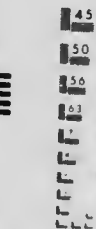
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To the Virgins  
To the Woman  
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