

**Good
Fellowship**

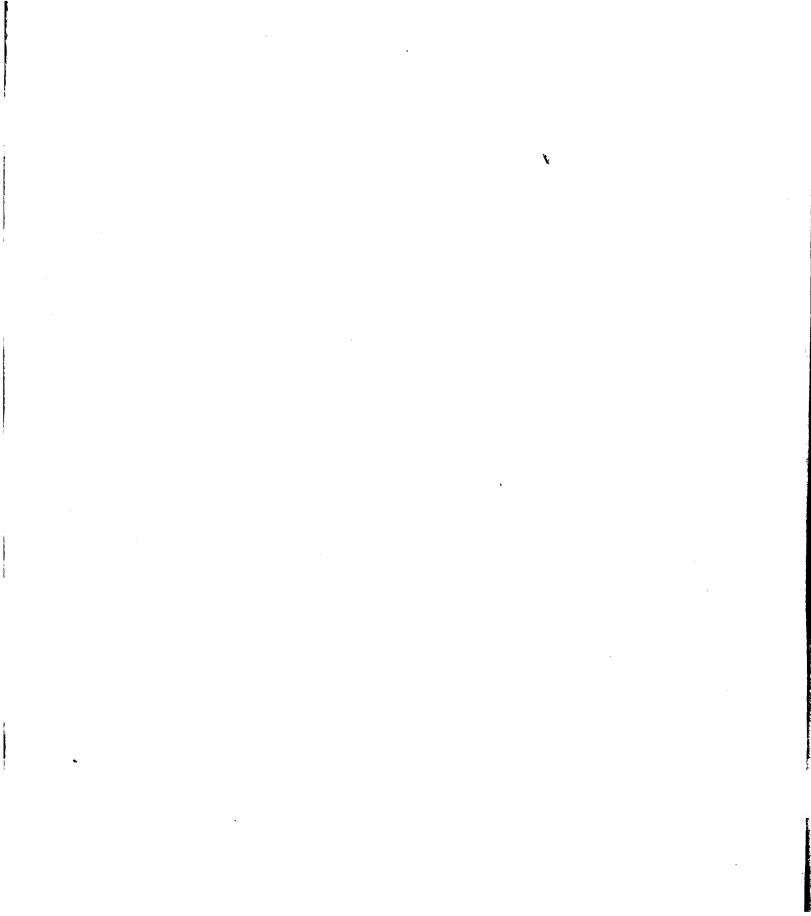
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December 1904 and May 1905
by
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THE GOLDSMITH BOOK & STATIONERY CO.
PUBLISHERS
WICHITA, KANSAS

Picked up here and there. Some were waifs, some were strayed—and may-be—some were stolen, while the parentage of others are acknowledged before the whole world. Credit has been freely given all these.

To the compiler it seemed they were worthy to be "bunched." All who believe with him that Life at its worst is as good as we deserve, and that our Mission is to get the best out of our respective lives, cannot but be most grateful to the bright minds who have produced such splendid thoughts to cheer us.

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD



Contents

Turn the pages and see



Illustrations

Close your eyes and think of
the Past, the Present, and an-
ticipate the Future.

With the Compiler

Let us drink a toast to those
God-Inspired Characters
whose lives prove that they
make the Happiness of Others
the basis upon which they
build for their own happiness.

My Toast

The following lines, whose author I know not, express the sentiment of my trust in God, my purpose always to look upon the bright side of life, and to think well ever of my fellow men.—

"Then, whatever winds may blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so."

"My little bark is not alone:
Ten thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
May drive another with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
So I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way:
But leave it to a Higher Will,
To stay or speed me—trusting still
That He who launched my little bark
Will never, never fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To bring me, every danger past,
Into the desired haven at last."

Then, whatever winds may blow,
My heart is glad to have it so.
Blow it East, or blow it West,
The wind that blows—that wind is best.

Cordially to all,

FRANK N. LYNCH.

To you, my cheerful friend—to you, who seem to be an exquisite architect forever building up the castle of happiness out of all the losses and crosses and wrecks and ruins that fate may throw about you:—to you who can always see the silver lining to every cloud, who can poignard your sorrows and share your joys, and laugh and sing, and be content, and still keep up the fight till life's rugged journey ends.

J. D. HOUSTON

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

'To those who passed me on the highway and gave greeting, and whom I shall never meet again; to the possible friends who came my way, and whose eyes lingered as they fell on mine, may they ever be eager with youth and strong with fellowship; may they never miss a welcome nor want a comrade.'

—*Anna Strunsky*

I drink 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.

—*Thackeray*

"Here's to you, my dear.
And to the dear that's not here, my dear,
Were she here, my dear,
I'd not be drinking to you, my dear."

"May we never murmur without cause, and never have cause to murmur."

"Good fortune attend each merry man's friend,
Who doeth the best he may,
Forgetting old wrongs with carols and songs
To drive the cold weather away."
—*Old English*

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And the same flower that blooms today,
Tomorrow may be dying."

"My Rosary"

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My Rosary, My Rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end,
And there a cross is hung.

O memories that bless and burn,
O barren gain and bitter loss,
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross; Sweetheart, to kiss the cross,
—Robert Cameron Rogers

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

"May the best day that we have seen be worse
than the worst that is to come."

While there's life on the lips,
While there's warmth in the wine,
One deep health I'll pledge,
And that health shall be thine.

—Owen Meredith

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Yesterday this Day's madness did prepare
Tomorrow's silence, triumph or despair;
Drink, for you know not whence you came, nor why;
Drink, for you know not why you came, nor where.

—*Omar Khayyam*

See the mountain kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

"May you live as long as you like,
And have all you like as long as you live!"

"So closely love and passion blend
Their limits we cannot define;
One hardly knows they've reached the end
Until they've passed the line."

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love
And beauty all concentrating like rays
Into one focus kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart and soul and sense in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse ablaze,
Each kiss a heart quake—for a kiss' strength,
I think, must be reckoned by its length.

—*From Lord Byron's "Don Juan."*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Use, do not abuse; neither abstinence nor excess
renders a man happy.

Voltaire

Here's to you, Charles Dana,
May you live one thousand years,
To sort'er keep things lively,
In this vale of human tears.
And here's that I may live
One thousand years too,
Did I say "a thousand years?"
No, a thousand, less a day;
For I should hate to live on earth,
And learn that you had passed away.

A little book of Western verse
Charles Scribners Sons

—Eugene Field

Let's live in haste; use pleasures while we may:
Could life return, 'twould never lose a day.

—Herrick

Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

—Byron

"May the sunshine of plenty dispel the clouds of
care."

And who, 'mid e'en the fools,
But feels that half the joy is in the race
For wealth and fame and place,
Nor sighs when comes success to crown the chase?

—The Kasidah

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Oh promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew,
Those first, sweet violets of early spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be;
Oh promise me, oh promise me!

Oh promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise;
Hearing God's message while the organ rolls,
It's mighty music to our very souls,
Of love less perfect than a life with thee;
Oh promise me, oh promise me!

Oh promise me that when with bated breath,
I wait the presence of the angel, death,
You will be near me, guide my faltering feet,
And softly breathe these words in accents sweet.
Come sometime to me from that distant shore,
Caress and comfort as in days of yore,
Triumphant over death our love shall be;
Oh promise me, oh promise me!

—*R. de Koven*

"I'd trust my husband anywhere," she said;
"My faith in him is full, 'tis satisfied;
I know that all his thoughts are fair," she said—
"I know he'd put temptations all aside.

"I know that he is strong, sublime," she said,
"I know that all his love is mine, for 'ere;
I'd trust my husband anywhere," she said—
"Unless a woman happened to be there."

—*S. E. Kiser*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"We'll drink to love! Love, the one irresistible force that annihilates distance, caste, prejudice and principles; Love, the pastime of the Occident, the passion of the East: Love, that stealeth upon us like a thief in the night, robbing us of rest, but bestowing in its place a gift more precious than the sweetest sleep! Love is the burden of my toast. Here's looking at you!"

"Here's to love and unity,
Dark corners and opportunity!"

You were the first—you taught my heart the song
Of olden wonder, and my pulse the long,
Sweet thrill of rapture; showed me paths of dream,
And laid across life's dark a silver gleam—
You were the first.

You are the last—though other women knew
The other years, yet it was only you
Who left me lonlier than when you came;
Ah, love, my dying lips shall call your name!—
You are the last.

—Charlotte Becker

"The ladies! Our arms are their defense,
Their arms our recompense."

"Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses,
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best."

Jest a wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue,
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Keep a mopin' day by day;
Dull; in everybody's way;
Folks they smile and pass along,
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong,
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Room's so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there;
Jest can't stand the sight of it,
Go out doors and roam a-bit,
And the woods is lonesome too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress,
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
Softly like your footsteps' sound;
Violets like your eyes so blue—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes. The birds awake.
(Used to sing so for your sake)
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats.
Seem to feel your absence too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Evenin' comes. I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door;
Seems just like you oughter to be
There to open it for me
Latch goes tinklin' thrills me through;
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Jest a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again,
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

—*Frank Staunton*

Unless you can think when the song is done
That no other is soft in its rhythm
Unless you can feel when loved by one,
That all men else go with him,
Unless you can know when upraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving,
Unless you can say—for life—for death,
Oh fear to call it loving.

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you,
Unless you can love as the angels may
With the breath of Heaven betwixt you,
Unless you can know that his faith is fast
Through behooving and unbehooving,
Unless you can die when the dream is past,
Oh never call it loving.

—*Mrs. Browning*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"Had I but known long years ago
The deep unrest, the weight of woe,
The pain of having loved you so;
Had I but seen through mists of years
My bitter sacrifice of tears—
Had I but felt as I do now
These scars of sorrow on my brow,
No seeds of promise had I sown,
My life were not so weary grown,
Had I but known.

Had we but known—that summer day
We wandered forth, the primrose way,
Our love would wither and decay!
Had we but felt one hour like this—
A barren time without one kiss—
Had we but seen that we could stand
Parted forever in love's land,
We had not suffered to atone
We had not sighed, apart—alone.
Had we but known."

When one loves and love meets no return,
There is no pain that in the heart can burn
More bitterly unquenched by tears,
And smouldering lie through dreary years—
Like love unloved.

When one loves, and love meets warm return,
There is no joy which the heart can yearn,
Will make the world so beautiful, so fair,
As when love's incense fills the air—
When love is loved.

—*Minnie Alcynous Dawson*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"My character may be my own, but my reputation belongs to any old body that enjoys gossiping more than telling the truth."

"May your joy be as deep as the ocean,
Your trouble as light as it's foam."

"Here's that ye may never die nor be kilt till ye break your bones over a bushel of glory."

Cease, man, to mourn, to weep, to wail;
Enjoy thy shining hour of sun;
We dance along Death's icy brink,
But is the dance less full of fun?

—*The Kasidah*

I drink to the general joy of the whole table!

—*Shakespeare*

Why long for the absent, sigh for the past?
The sweetness of life from first to last
Is the sweet that stays with us, and ever is near,
Be it wine that sparkles, or wine that glows,
White as the moonlight, or red as the rose—
Let us pour it and drink it as fast as it flows,
To the sweetest of sweets—the sweets that are here!

—*John McNaught*

"No chord of music has yet been found
To even equal that sweet sound
Which, to my mind, all else surpasses
The clink of ice in crystal glasses."

To Beauty Eyes

I want no stars in Heaven to guide me,
I need no moon, no sun to shine,
While I have you, sweetheart, beside me,
While I know that thou art mine.
I need not fear what e'er betide me,
For straight and sweet my pathway lies;
I want no stars in Heaven to guide me
While I gaze in your dear sweet eyes.

I hear no birds at twilight calling,
I hear no music in the streams,
While your golden words are falling,
While you whisper in my dreams,
Every sound of joy enthralling,
Speaks in your dear words alone;
While I hear your fond lips calling,
While you speak to me my own,

I want no kingdom where thou art, love,
I want no throne to make me blest,
While within thy tender heart love,
Thou wilt take my heart to rest.
Kings must play a weary part, love,
Thrones must ring with wild alarms;
But the kingdom of my heart, love,
Lies within thy loving arms.

—F. E. Weatherly

"Life is love the poets tell us,
In the little books they sell us;
But pray ma'am what's of life the use,
If life be love, for love's the deuce?"

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"Here's to the only true language of love: A kiss."

Here's to those who love us—
If we only cared,
Here's to those we'd love—
If we only dared.

—*Century Magazine*

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 would I fling:—
The stars would 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.

—*H. H. McCarthy*

"Love makes time pass—time makes love pass."

"Here's to love a thing divine;
Description makes it but the less.
'Tis what we feel but cannot define,
'Tis what we know but cannot express."

Entreaty

Last night I dreamt your golden hair
Lay soft against my face;
And that your little hand in mine
Had found a resting place.

I dreamt your girlish lips met mine
And that your dewy breath
Did whisper thoughts against my face
That would give life to death.

Oh! Little maid whose girlish lips
Are sweeter than May dew,
Just lean a moment on my breast
And make that dream come true.

-Ira Allen, Jr

Since we parted yester-eve,
I do love thee, Love, believe
Twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer,
One dream deeper, one night stronger,
One sun surer; thus much more
Than I loved thee, dear before.

-Owen Meredith

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink;
Good wine—a friend—because they're dry,
Or lest they should be bye and bye—
Or any other reason why.

-Aldrich

At the age of sixty to marry a beautiful girl of
sixteen, is to imitate those ignorant people who buy
books to be read by their friends.

-Ricard

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"The good die young—
Here's hoping that you may live to a ripe old age."

Drink today and drown all sorrow;
You shall, perhaps, not drink tomorrow;
Best while you have it, use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

—*Beaumont & Fletcher*

*Eat, drink, be merry; seize the present hour;
Deem not the future, holds a fairer flower."

But we? Another shift of scene,
Another pang to rack the heart;
Why meet we on the bridge of Time
To change one greeting and to part.

—*The Kasidah*

"May we have the wit to discover what is true,
and the fortitude to practice what is good."

Come fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter, and the Bird is on the Wing.

—*Omar Khayyam*

"May our purses always be heavy and our hearts
always light."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"We said that we would forget, dear heart;
We would bid bood-bye and would go our ways,
Leading us steadily far apart,
And would woo no visions of yesterdays,
'Twas easy, it seemed, the resolve to make;
'Twas harder, I grant, the resolve to keep—
For Memory, soon or late, will wake,
Keen as it was when it sank to sleep.

I thought I had triumphed; your step, your face,
I dreamed I had left them behind at last;
Forgotten the thrill of your warm embrace,
Forgotten the hours of the tender past.
But sudden, today, 'mid the hurrying throng—
The careless, joyous one lost to view—
Were whistled the notes of an old sweet song,
And straight I was crying for you—just you!

And it all came back. Ah, how strange, how strange.
That, no matter how hard we try and try,
A love, once given, through stress and change
Lives on forever and will not die,
A smile in the crowd or a voice half heard,
A poise of the head or a well-known strain,
A jest, a laugh or a subtle word—
And the years of forgetting have been in vain."

Love isn't as water, you sip it like wine, and
grow giddy and wild with the tasting.

—Geraldine

"Platonic affection is a vegetarian diet of love."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber window, sweet!"

Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each choosing each through all the weary hours
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal,
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden
flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

—*Edwin Arnold*

He said when first he saw me,
Life seemed at once divine,
Each night he dreamed of angels,
And every face was mine;
Sometimes a voice in sleeping
Would all his hopes forbid;
And then he'd waken weeping—
Do you really think he did?

—*Charles Swain*

"Two-thirds of life is spent in hesitating, and the
other third in repenting."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Here's to the woman that 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*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge thee mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.

—*Ben Jonson*

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter—
Sermons and sodawater the day after.

—*Byron*

A book of verses underneath the Bough,
A jug of Wine, a loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
O Wilderness were Paradise enow!

—*Omar Khayyam*

"Here's to the love that lies in woman's eyes,
And lies!—and lies!—and lies!"

Though in this rapid transit age
To shorten all things is the rage;
Though novel, sermon, poem and play
Grow briefer with each hurrying day,
One bulwark still defies endeavor—
A kiss is just as long as ever.

—*Life*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"I sat thinking last night of friendship;
That quality so rare in man;
That word oft used, more often abused
By mankind through a whole life's span.
I dreamed of an ideal friendship,
Of a life growing sweet and calm,
When a man served friends, not selfish ends,
And the lamp and I smoked on.

"I pictured my friend as I'd have him,
For whom I would lay down my life;
A steadfast friend on whom to depend
Thro' life's battle of storm and strife,
The friendship of which I was dreaming
To one so seldom e'er comes,
'Tis a greater rarity than Christian charity,
So the lamp and I smoked on.

"Lamp and Pipe, shall we stop our smoking,
And give up the search in despair;
Or still look through the leaves of Life's book,
Till we find such a friend somewhere?
Shall we ever find one, I wonder?
A friend so sturdy and strong?
Yes, we will; some day, I ween;
If not, we can dream—
So the lamp and I smoked on."

Once more fill a bumper—never talk of the hour;
Our hearts once united, old Time has no power.
May our lives, tho' alas!—like the wine of tonight,
They must soon have an end,—to the last, flow as bright!

—Tom Moore

"Here's health to the maiden and health to the dame,
And health to the gay little widow, the same;
May the maid become dame, the dame widow, and then—
May the widow be made to get married again!"

"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."

Thou art not my first love, I had loved before we met,
And the memories of that first love are dear to me yet,
But thou art my last love, the dearest and the best,
And my heart would shed its outer leaves and give to Thee, the rest."

The Bubble winked at me and said;
"I wonder if you'll miss me, brother, when you're dead."

—Oliver Herford

Why should the gods have sent you at twilight?
Life is too late with me now for a lover,
Melted away are the mists of my morning,
And love-time is over.

Why should the gods have sent you at twilight?
Nay, my friend, nay; for shadows grow deeper,
Yet to dream of your love shall make the grave's midnight
Sweet to one sleeper.

—Anne Reeve Aldrich

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

My Briarwood Pipe

I know of a victim of slander and wrong,
Whose virtues are great, but unheard of in song;
Whose name over earth is an emblem of peace;
Whose mission below with Time only shall cease,
It has clung to me faithfully, year after year,
It has brought to me solace and comfort and cheer,
Until it seems now for memorial ripe;
Though only a plain little Briarwood Pipe.

As the fumes of tobacco arise from thy bowl,
Contentment and peace bringing swift to my soul,
I praise thee but weakly to call thee a type
Of comfort and rest, little Briarwood Pipe.

We honor promoters of thought that is best;
We hail with delight all true sources of rest;
We welcome whatever can bring to the old
A placid contentment not purchased for gold,
That influence gentle, which calms a man's mind,
Matures his judgment, helps make him more kind,
We long to possess; and yet these are a type
Of some of thy virtues, sweet Briarwood Pipe.

How cheerful the glow that illumines thy bowl!
Men have found much of good in that bright little coal!
Ah! they are, indeed, of a singular type,
Who seek to defame thee, sweet Briarwood Pipe.

Men hurry too much in this short little life!
They murder existence with struggle and strife!
They reach out for wealth, and accumulate store,
And fail to enjoy it in grasping for more!
Now, is it not better to live more at ease,
To make others happy, to study to please,
And leave no estate but a memory ripe,
With kind words and deeds—and a Briarwood Pipe?

What charities grand first took form in the roll
Of pretty blue smoke that arose from thy bowl!
Ah! thou art indeed for memorial ripe,
Little Briarwood Pipe! Little Briarwood Pipe!

—Chas. F. Hardy

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Let us drink to the thought that where'er a man roves
He is sure to find something that's blissful and dear;
And that when he is far from the lips that he loves,
He can always make love to the lips that are near.

—*Tom Moore*

"Here's to blue eyes, brown eyes, to hazel eyes and gray;
But what are the eyes I drink to today—
No matter the color; O, here's to the eye
That laughs when I laugh, and cries when I cry!"

Snatch gaily the joys which the moment shall bring,
And away every care and perplexity fling.

—*Horace*

Boys flying kites, haul in their white winged birds,
But you can't do that when you're flying words;
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

—*Will Carlton*

The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on;
Nor all your piety nor wit can lure it back,
To cancel half a line of it—
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

—*Omar Khayyam*

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

—*Samuel Coolridge*

Pleasures are like liquors, they must be
drunk, but in small glasses.

—*Romainville*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"If we had parted when the first chance word
Was spoken, when the first gay smile was given,
Before the deeper founts of life were stirred,
Before the veil that wrapped our eyes were riven,
Loose locked light dropped, no meaning in their
touch,

We might have parted then with frank regret;
And my poor heart have never ached so much
As now it aches this still September day—
To feel that thou art vanished from my sight,
No more to see thee on thy lonely way,
No more to wait thy coming morn and night.
If we had parted ere we came to know
Love's lesson, learned a little year ago.

If we had parted while our lips were free
From sweet, close kisses which have altered life
For me too surely, and I think for thee,
How calm had been the parting, now so rife
With tears, with vain heart-burnings and despair;
Yet, shall I chide thee dear? Or shall I chide
Fate, that close linked us in so fond, so fair,
So brief a union and does now divide?
I think not so. I keep my sorrow free
From chiding, though I say fare-well today
To the last glimpse of youth, of love, of thee,
And I turn my face toward a darkened way.
Ah, had it never known love's magic touch,
I think my poor heart would not ach so much."

Partake of love as a temperate man partakes of
wine; do not become intoxicated.

—*De Mussett*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

" Strive not, dear love, to hide from me thy pain,
I know thou lov'st and are not loved again,
So I love thee, yea, just as much in vain,
Shrink not then, love, we bear a common pain.

We two alone and chilled, stand side by side,
By a grief severed, by a grief allied.
The dearth, a snow-clad moorland, stretches wide,
And we are far apart—though side by side."

Not from the whole wide world I choose thee—
Sweatheart, 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 rose that is sweetest and fairest
Is the bud that is killed by the frost;
And the love that is dearest and rarest
Is the true love we just have lost."

" I have missed what I sought; yet I missed not
the whole,
The best part of love is in loving. My soul
Is enriched by its prodigal gifts. Still to give
And to ask no return, is my lot while I live."

"All love may be blindness—but where are love's
eyes?
All love may be folly—love seldom is wise.
All love may be madness—was love ever sane?
All love must be sorrow, for all love is pain."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"Woman—she needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself!"

{ "Here's to the girl that's good and sweet,
Here's to the girl that's true;
Here's to the girl that rules my heart—
In other words, here's to you!"

"'Go ask Papa,' the maiden said,
But the young man knew that her Papa was dead;
He also knew the life that her Papa had led,
And he knew what she meant when she said,
'Go ask Papa.'"

"The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with love
For you, and you, and you."

Here's to that most fascinating woman, the widow
of some other man.

—*Carolus Ager*

"On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean;
Pickles get and salad, both,
Let them each be fresh and green,
With small beer, good ale and wine,
O, ye gods! How I shall dine!"

"The memory of a great love can never die out of
the heart."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

If I could have my dearest wish fulfilled,
And take my choice of all earth's treasures too,
Or choose from Heaven whatso'er I willed—
I'd ask for you.

No man I'd envy, neither low nor high,
Nor king in castle old or palace new,
I'd hold Golconda's mines less rich than I—
If I had you.

Toil and privation, poverty and care,
Undaunted I'd defy, nor fortune woo;
Having my wife, no jewel I'd wear
If she were you.

Little I'd care how lovely she might be,
How graced with every charm, how fond, how true;
E'en though perfection, she be naught to me
Were she not you.

There is more charm for my true loving heart
In everything you think, or say, or do,
Than all the joys that Heaven could e'er impart—
Because its you.

From N. Y. Sun, April 8, 1883.

H. A. Freeman

Blush, happy maiden, when you feel
The lips which press love's glowing seal;
But as the slow years darklier roll,
Grown wiser the experienced soul
Will own as dearer far than they
The lips which kiss the tears away!

—Elizabeth Akers

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

One kiss from all others prevents me,
And sets all my pulses astir,
And burns on my lips and torments me:
'Tis the kiss that I fain would give her.

One kiss for all others requites me,
Although it is never to be,
And sweetens my dreams and invites me:
'Tis the kiss that she dare not give me.

—*James Russell Lowell*

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you, see, I love you!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Since the sweet knowledge I possess
That she I love is mine,
All nature throbs with happiness,
And wears a face divine,
The woods seem greener than they were,
The skies are brighter blue;
The stars shine clearer, and the air
Lets finer sunlight through,
Until I loved, I was a child,
And sported on the sands;
But now the ocean opens out,
With all its happy lands.

—*Charles Mackay*

"Love letters are the froth of affection."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

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

~~Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may!~~
The tomorrow's life too late is—live today!

—Herrick

Here's health to you and wealth to you,
Honors and gifts a thousand strong;
Here's name to you and fame to you,
Blessings and joy a whole life long!
But, lest bright Fortune's star grow dim,
And sometime cease to move to you,
I fill my bumper to the brim,
And pledge a lot of love to you!

—Nannie B. Turner

"Bohemians are those who not only love pleasure without regard to conventionalities, but all who appreciate good fellowship, whether without or within the pale of convention."

There is no Good, there is no Bad;
These be the whims of mortal will;
What works me weal, that call I good,
What harms and hurts I hold as ill.

—The Kasidah

"Beware of him who talks much of his virtue."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

It is something sweet when the world goes ill
To know you are faithful and love me still;
To feel when the sunshine has left the skies,
That the light is shining in your dear eyes;
Beautiful eyes, more dear to me
Than all the wealth of the world could be.

It is something dearest, to feel you near
When life with its sorrows seems hard to bear;
To feel, when I falter, the clasp divine of your
Tender and trusting hand in mine;
Beautiful hand more dear to me
Than the tenderest thing on earth could be.

Sometimes, dearest, the world goes wrong,
For God gives grief with his gift of song,
And poverty, too, but your love is more
To me than riches and golden store;
Beautiful love until death shall part
It is mine—as you are—my own sweetheart.

—*Frank L. Staunton*

“The mind hath a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.”

Alas with advancing years
Wrong loses half its flavor;
To be improper ceases by itself to satisfy.

—*Anthony Hope*

“ ‘Solitude is sweet,’ but I like someone to whom
I may whisper—‘Solitude is sweet.’ ”

Fate

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
 And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
 Each of the others being, and no heed;
 Yet these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
 Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
 And all unconsciously shape every act
 And bend each wandering step unto this end,
 That one day out of darkness they shall meet,
 And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

But two shall walk some narrow way-of life
 So closely side by side, that should one turn
 Ever so little space to left or right,
 They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
 Yet those with groping hands that never clasp,
 With wistful eyes that never meet, and lips
 Calling in vain on ears that never hear,
 Shall wander all their weary days unknown
 And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate.

—*Mrs. Susan Spalding*

Thou wouldst be loved, if so,
 Then from thy present pathway part not.
 Be everything that thou art,
 Be nothing that thou art not;
 So with the world, thy gentle ways,
 Thy grace and more than beauty,
 Will be an endless theme of praise,
 And love a simple duty.

—*Poe*

“Sentimentality between two good fellows is foolish.”

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"After man came woman—and she has been after him ever since."

{ "Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true,
Here's to the neatest one,
Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them all in one—here's to you."

Parting is such sweet sorrow.

—*Shakespeare*

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears;
Tomorrow!—why tomorrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years!

—*Omar Khayyam*

"Drink to the press, but do not press to drink
The gentleman whose task is 'slinging ink.'
They're usually men of sober views,
And never should be full—of aught but news."

Here's to the chaperone!
May she learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid!

—*Oliver Herford*

"May our eyes be no keener when we look upon
the faults of others than when we survey our own."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is
attended,
There's now—only now—and no past. There's
never a past; it has ended.
Away with the obsolete story and all of its yester-
day sorrow,
There's only Today, almost gone, and in front of
Today stands Tomorrow.
—*Eugene Ware*

“What is remembered dies, what is written lives.”

“Here's to the land we love, and the 'love' we
'land.'”

Ah, love me sweet with all thy heart,
Thy mind, thy soul, and all thou art,
And hope to be—love me with love
That naught beneath the heavens may move;
Yet, say not wherefore: Say not why
Thou lovest, since in these do lie
The seeds of death to love,—but say
Thou lovest and must love always;
For should thou love some witching grace
Of word or manner, form or face,
Should the heart's worship thus be bought
By any gift that time has wrought,—
So art thou false to love's poor creed,
And like to fail in sorest need,
But love for love's dear sake I pray
Then—thou shalt love me, sweet, always.

—*Zitella Cocks*

Twixt Man and Man

I.

My dear Mrs. Kenneth: This goes to you tonight with a box of arbutus blossoms—the flowers you told me you loved best. As your flowers I thought of them as I searched the woods for them. You will not refuse them a welcome. Let them tell you, if they can—if anything can—of my reverence for you. Their fragrance is but faintly typical of the sweetness your life has breathed upon mine. In the presence of these pure blossoms—in your presence I tremble as I allude to the last dance on the lawn.

Perhaps you will forgive me the exquisite joy of that half-hour in the moonlight, when I tell you that since yesterday, when I learned the truth, my hair is almost white. You were so young; you had come all the way from Washington, I did not catch your name, and then when you were chosen maid of honor, I felt sure. I am a worldly fellow Mrs. Kenneth, but I think as I sit writing here alone tonight, that in that other world where souls are unveiled, you will not blush to have inspired the worship of even a worldly fellow's heart—the worship my heart will always give you.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN THURSTON

March 8, 1902.

Calumet Club, New York

II.

My dear Mr. Thurston: Your box of arbutus came last Sunday morning, Dolly, my wife, died the night before. When I read your letter, I laid the blossoms in her hands. I, too, am a worldly man. I had grown used, I fear, to the precious things of life. I cannot put a finger on my regrets—I never knowingly hurt her, but as your letter lies before me now, it comes to me with bitter pain that I did not always worship on my knees.

In that world where souls are unveiled, Dolly sees clearly now, and it may be that she knows you loved her best. God forgive me: She was worth the homage of both our lives. Her death leaves me quite alone. When you are in Washington you can find me at the University Club.

RICHARD KENNETH

March 12, 1902.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"He told me the old, old story
Until I believed it true—
We were married—
Then: Any old story would do."

What we have done, and would we had not,
Looms dark beyond our fears,
What we would do and know we cannot,
Bears down our tottering years.

—*Edward Carpenter*

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

—*Shelley*

Reason dictates; judgment writes;
Wisdom approves what's writ;
Love with his dart, puts all to flight,
Laughs and erases it.

—*Albert F. Peters*

What is first love worth
Except to prepare for a second?
What does the second love bring?—
Only regret for the first.

—*John Hay*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
Who can call today his own—
He, who, secure within, can say;
"Tommorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today."
Be foul or fair, be rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed
In spite of fate are mine!
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
And what's been,—has been, and I've had my hour.
—*Horace*

Do what thy manhood bids thee do;
From none but self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest dies
Who makes and keeps his self made laws.
—*The Kasidah*

Here's to the best in this generous land;
The faults of our brothers we write in the sand;
Their virtues on tablets of love we engrave;
Their good name unsullied, strive always to save.
—*William Ferguson*

Then fill the bowl—away with care,
Our joy shall always last—
Our hopes shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.
—*Tom Moore*

"May we never have friends, who, like shadows,
keep close to us in the sunshine, only to desert us
on a cloudy day or in the night."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

A sunbeam and a drop of dew
Lay on a red rose in the South;
God took the three and made a mouth,
 A sweet red mouth,
 And gave it you,
The burning baptism of his kiss
That fills my heart with heavenly bliss.

A dream of truth and love came true,
Slept on a star in day-break skies;
God mingled these and made two eyes,
 Two true, brown eyes,
 And gave them you.
The high communion of his gaze
Still fills my heart with deep amaze.

—Madison Cawein

If the rose in the garden over the way
Beckons and nods the live-long day,
If only to you its sweetness is shown,
If only for you its beauty is grown—
What do you care what the world may say,
If your heart owns the rose just over the way?

If only to you doth the heart unfold,
If only to you love's story is told,
If only for you the blush and the kiss—
If only for you this exquisite bliss—
What do you care what the world may say,
If your heart owns the rose just over the way.

—Katherine Elwes Thomas

Forgotten

Forgotten you?—well if forgetting
Be thinking all the day,
How the long hours drag since you left me—
(Days seem years with you away.)
Or hearing thro' all the strange babble
Of voices, now grave, now gay,
Only your voice: Can this be forgetting?
Yet I have forgotten you say,
Or counting each moment with longing,
Till the one when I'll see you again.
If this be forgetting, you're right dear,
And I have forgotten you then.

Forgotten you?—well, if forgetting
Be reading each face that you see,
With eyes that mark never a feature,
Save yours as you last looked at me.
Forgotten you?—well, if forgetting
Be yearning with all my heart,
With a longing half pain and half rapture
For the time we never shall part.
If the wild wish to hear and see you,
To be held in your arms again,
If this be forgetting, you're right, dear
And I have forgotten you then—

—*Eugene Cowles*

"Not to enjoy ones youth when one is young is to imitate the miser who starves beside his treasures."

Who ever has loved knows all that life contains
of sorrow and of joy.

—*George Sand*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

They tell me, love, when children go to rest
Held in the arms they know and love the best
They then sleep sweetest, longest—until late
When conquerer Day rides through Dawn's golden
gate.

If when I die, your lips should mine caress,
And your two arms around me warmly press,
I should lie late on Resurrection morn,
Till Gabriel blowed impatient on his horn.

—*S. W. Gillilan*

A wind from Hesper falling
Fast in the wintry sky,
Comes through the even blue,
Dear, like a word from you,
Is it good-bye?

Across the seas between us,
I send you sigh for sigh,
Good night, sweet friend, good night:
Till life and all take flight,
Never good-bye.

—*William Ernest Henley*

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

“I throw a kiss across the sea,
I drink the winds as drinking wine,
And dream they all are blown from thee—
I catch the whispered kiss of thine.”

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"I have known many women, liked a few,
Loyed but one,—so here's to you!"

If I were a raindrop and you a leaf,
I would burst from the cloud above you,
And lie on your breast in a rapture of rest,
And love you—love you—love you.

If I were a brown bee and you were a rose,
I would fly to you love, nor miss you;
I would sip and sip from your nectared lip,
And kiss you—kiss you—kiss you,

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Three Women*

Let those love now who never loved before,
And those who always loved, now love the more!

—*Parnell*

"Let's be gay while we may,
And sieze love with laughter;
I'll be true as long as you,
And not a moment after."

"Here's to woman, who in hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
But seen too oft—familiar with her face,
First we pity, then endure and then embrace."

"He who loves not wine, woman, or song
Remains a fool his whole life long."

"Here's to love—sweet misery."

Silence

"I know what silence means!"
It is to live alone from day to day;
To listen, too, for a long-loved voice alway;
To yearn and yearn, and be unsatisfied,
Because there is no loved one by my side—
 This is what silence is.

To feel soft shadows kissing on my face,
To miss a long desired, dear-loved one's face;
To strain the hearing for a single word;
To learn the anguish of hope long deferred—
 This is what silence is.

I might have music every day in the year;
Might hear young voices rising sweet and clear,
Flinging soft laughter on the summer air
But since the voice beloved would not be there—
 I know what silence means,

To sit in crowds and of them make no part;
To feel the sick pain gnawing at my heart;
To have no hopes, no wishes, no desires,
Light up the embers of long dead fires—
 This is what silence is."

Drink not the third glass which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list, and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor,
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

—*William A. Alderson*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Why must we meet? Why must we part?
Why must we bear this yoke of Must,
Without our leave, or askt or given,
By tyrant fate on victim thrust?

—*The Kasidah*

"Here's to the Have-beens, the Are-nows and the
May-bes."

Thou art ever a favored guest
In every fair and brilliant throng—
No wit like thine to make a jest,
No voice like thine to breathe a song.

—*Tom Moore*

"Be good; let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And thus make life, death and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song,"

The moment passed is no longer; the future may
never be; the present is all of which man is master.

—*J. Rousseau*

In the desert a fountain is springing;
In the wild waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
That speaks to my spirit of thee.

—*Byron*

"May wine brighten the rays of friendship, but
never diminish its lustre."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"Here's to thee, my gentle dear,
And may your eyelids never shine
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear
Than bathes it in this bowl of mine."

"Hail the Wine that wakens laughter
From the cellar to the rafter,
Leaving care to follow after—
Leading him a pretty chase!"

"For all, and all, on land and on sea,
In camp or court, who are not,
Who never were, nor e'er will be
Good men and true—WE CARE NOT."

"Would that I loved you not so much,
So bitter the mad love seems;
For your hands I hold and your lips I touch—
Only in dreams, in dreams.

I drift your way on a lonely sea,
Where never a bright star gleams;
And I hear your sweet voice calling me—
Only in dreams, in dreams,

Only in dreams with a sob and a sigh;
Where never the morning beams;
Must I live to love you a whole life long
Only in dreams, in dreams?"

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"Here's to God's first thought, 'Man!'
Here's to God's second thought, 'Woman!'
Second thoughts are always best,
So here's to Woman!"

Pleasure has its time; so, too, has wisdom. Make
love in thy youth, and in old age attend to thy
salvation.

—*Voltaire*

You may prate of the virtues of memory
Of the days and joys that are past,
But here's to a good forgettery,
And a friendship that cannot last!

You may talk of a woman's constancy,
And the love that cannot die,
But here's health to a woman's coquetry,
And the pleasure of saying "good-bye!"
—*An Autograph Toast at the Wayside Inn*

"May we kiss whom we please
And please whom we kiss."

Here's to Love, the worker of miracles. He
strengthens the weak and weakens the strong; he
turns wise men into fools and fools into wise men;
he feeds the passions and destroys reason, and
plays havoc among young and old!

—*Marguerite de Valots*

Never a lip is curved in pain
That cannot be kissed into smiles again.

—*Bret Harte*

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

The inner half of every cloua
Is bright and shining,
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

—*Alice Wellington Rollins*

Strange—is it not?—that the myriads who
Before us passed the door of darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover, we must travel too.

—*Omar*

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all!
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
To warm the heart, to charm the sight—
Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night.

—*William A. Alderson*

“There is another life I long to meet;
Without which life, my life is incomplete,
Oh, sweeter self, like me art thou astray,
Trying with all thy heart to find the way to mine—
Striving with all thy might to find the breast,
On which alone can weary head find rest.”

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"May your soul be in glory three weeks before
the devil knows you're dead."

"Don't worry about the future,
The present is all thou hast,
The future will soon be present,
And the present will soon be past."

"Opportunity is the cleverest devil."

When Father Time swings round his scythe,
Entomb me 'neath the bounteous vine,
So that its juices red and blythe,
May cheer these thirsty bones of mine.
—*Eugene Field*

"I drink to one, and only one,
And may that one be she
Who loves but one, and only one,
And may that one be me!"

Friends of my youth a last adieu!
Haply some day we meet again;
Yet ne'er the self same men shall meet;
The years shall make us other men.
—*The Kasidah*

"Here's to the whole world, for fear some fool
will be sore because he's left out!"

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"Forget thee? If to dream by night, and muse on thee day by day
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in an hour,
If busy fancy blending thee with all thy future lot,
If this thou call'st 'Forgetting,' thou, indeed shalt be forgot."

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace,
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light,
I love thee freely as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise,
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith:
I love thee with the love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life! And, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

The One Thought

"We have most of us heard of that sweet wedded bliss—
Of two hearts that are beating as one,
And two souls with a single thought sealed with a kiss
And have wondered, perhaps, how 'twas done.

But those who have been by experience taught
This effect is not hard to explain,
For in most of the cases that 'one single thought'—
Is—'I wish I were single again.'"

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"Good Bye, God Bless You"

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold, and seems to reach
Way down into our feelings.
That some folks deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so—
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "Au revoir," "Adieu ma chere,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says, "Good-bye, Good bless you."

This seems to me a sacred phase,
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful.
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function.
And all day long with pleasing song

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

It lingers to caress you:
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-bye, God bless you."

I love the words, perhaps because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me;
She put her arms around my neck,
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no words of grieving.
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But kissing me, she said good-bye
And asked our God to bless me.

—*Eugene Field*

A Little Book of Western Verse
Published by Charles Scribners Son.

MCCORMICK PRESS



WICHITA, KANS.