The Loving Cup

Original Toasts
Original Folks

Edited by Wilbur D. Nesbit
THE LOVING CUP

Original Toasts by Original Folks

Robert

from

J. P. O.

Merry Christmas

1913
THE LOVING CUP

HE Loving Cup—We fill it up
With happiness and song,
With cheer and smile and jolly while—
All things that here belong.

We pour them in—all things akin,
To fill it to the brim;
It all is glad—there's nothing sad,
For sorrow cannot swim.

So here it is—'Tis mine and his;
May every wish come true.
We fill it up—The Loving Cup—
And pass it on to You!
The Loving Cup
Original Toasts
by
Original Folks
Edited by
Wilbur D. Nesbit

Published by
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Chicago
TO
THE FOLKS WHO SAY IT
AND MEAN IT

EIGHTH EDITION

Copyright, 1909
By P. F. Volland & Co.
Chicago
BY WAY OF THANKS

So far as the Editor knows, there never has been published a book containing purely original toasts. For that reason he is very grateful to the hale good folk who so readily and willingly furnished him the sentiments he requested from them. Considerable experience as a participant in public dinners—as a diner—has convinced the Editor that in this our world of today we have orators and wits who are as clever as any whose names have been enshrined in history or in anecdote. The Editor believes the contents of this little book sustain his assertion. So far as he knows, none of the toasts herein printed have ever before been published in book form, if in any other way. And for that reason, also, he is grateful to the authors. It is no wonder that after-dinner speaking in America is of a higher degree of excellence than that of any other land, when we find a host of prominent men and women who graciously drop their daily work long enough to write for us some bit of verse or prose that makes us either smile or sigh, but always goes to the heart.

We do not think this is as complete a collection of original toasts as will yet be made. Beyond doubt every reader of this book has his favorite sentiment or toast—his own personal expression of friendship, good-fellowship, good cheer, optimism, or any of the
other elements of gladness in the world. If he will write it and send it to the Editor, at the address of the publisher, he will be doing a kindness not only to us, but to his fellows. Good-fellowship is like a loving cup; it must be passed around to make it of value. It cannot be an individual possession; it must be shared with all.

Mr. James Montgomery Flagg, when called upon, arose from his seat at the speakers' table and expressed himself thus:

A TOAST TO NERVE

Here's to the nerve of old Daniel,
Of Peary, and Blondin, who've passed;
But the nerve of our Wilbur D. Nesbit
Has got 'em all lashed to the mast!

However, here's to Flagg—long may he waive!
And here's to the good folk who have made this book, to those who permitted us to use their names and to those who preferred modest anonymity. May every splendid wish, every blessing, every sunlit bit of gladness they have wished for others be given to them a thousand fold.

—The Editor.
THE LOVING CUP
Original Toasts by Original Folks

ONE PORTION OF TOAST

YOU ask a little Toast of me? Why yes!
I’ll specially prepare a bit for you.
I’ll bake a nice fresh Loaf of Friendliness,
And when ’tis done I’ll cut a slice or two,
And on the Fires of Fellowship and Cheer,
Fanned by the Breeze of Steadfastness in Storm,
This will I grille till toasted it appear,
And on the Cloth of Good-Will serve it warm.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

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GIVING AND KEEPING

THE love you give away is the only love you keep.

—Elbert Hubbard.

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TO MAN AND WOMAN

HERE’S to man—he can afford anything he can get. Here’s to woman—she can afford anything that she can get a man to get for her.

—George Ade.
THE SOUL AND SELF

The very best and worst of us
Are more alike than different;
The last, before the first of us,
Shall march in God's great plans;
Wherefore, in all good sanity,
I offer you this sentiment:
The Heaven of Humanity,
God's Fellowship and Man's!

--- Wallace Rice.

A TOAST FROM THE RANGE

Here's to all the good fellows of yesterday who
rode on the spur and not on the bit, but may others—oh well,—let it go. —Frederick Remington.

TO THE KIDS

Toast a tyrant band,—skoel in sacred chorus!
Slaves to our command,—czars who trample o'er us,
Devotees of wrath; source of half our troubles;
In whose cyclone path cost of living doubles,
Harmless as the doves; butts of fierce invective;
Life's true spice, and Love's unconfessed objective,
Gods of our best selves, bidding us confess 'em;
Fairyland's true elves,—TO OUR KIDS, GOD
BLESS 'EM! —Burgess Johnson.
THE LOVING CUP

US AND THE OTHERS

Here's to us, and all of us, and each of us that's here,
And here's to all we each would have a-drinking with us here.

—James Blomfield.

*

TO BOHEMIA

Here's to Bohemia. Let us drink it with a vim,
And drown the petty cankers that try to make life dim.
Fill the cup to overflowing. Have done with every care,
And laughing drain the tankard
Each other's joys to share. —Bruce Amsbary.

*

TO JULIA WARD HOWE

(Written in response to a call for a four-line contribution, from the members of the Boston Authors' Club, on Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's 86th birthday.)

Olt Oldt Fader time must be cutting some dricks,
When he calls our good President's age Eighty-six.
An Octogeranium! Who would suppose?
My dear Mrs. Julia Ward Howe the time goes!

—Chas. Follen Adams.
THE LOVING CUP

OPTIMISTIC BILL

Take yo' pile on jus' one die
'N if yo' lose don' whine 'n' cry
S'pose the game don' come out right
Sure to win some other night
Buck up, be a spc't

If de mare yo' backed to win
Broke her gait 'n yo' los' yo' tin,
Hol' yo' head up good 'n' high
You'll wear di'mon's by and by,
Buck up, be a spo't!

If yo' honey throws yo' down,
T'wont help none to mope 'n frown.
Other gals as sweet as Sue
Dyin' to grab holt o' yo'!
Buck up, be a spo't!
—Elizabeth Gordon.

TO MYSELF

You've heard of Jim,
You know of Sim,
And other Fords of high degree,
But Sim's a slat,
And Jim is fat,
And—the only really classy Ford is me.
—Sewell Ford.
TO THE ABSENT ONES

Let us drink to those who are not with us tonight. May some taste of our cheer and merriment come to those who, for one reason or another, could not join us; may those whom business called away meet success in their endeavors; may those whom love called away be crowned with happiness; may those whom illness has kept from us have the blessing of good health, and that speedily. And to those who are in far countries, may the subtle current of friendship carry to them our heart-born messages of fellowship and faith. And to those who are in that "far, far country," whose voices it seems at times we can almost hear in the murmuring of the breeze at twilight, in the laughter of the breeze at dawn; whose faces come to us in the dreams that hold us through the long hours when we sit and think upon old times, in the inglenook; whose hands we sometimes almost touch as we reach to the dim veil that hangs between this our world and that world of theirs beyond the mountain peaks that stand between time and eternity—to them let us drink the love and friendship which, because it is love and friendship, is as eternal as the stars and as undying as the soul. Let us send to them over and over every happy word and thought, every smile, every gladness they gave us while they were with us, for to them it is given to know that when we are happy here they may be happier there. God bless them! The absent ones who are always with us!
TO OUR ANCESTORS

HERE'S to our fathers and our mothers:
The pioneers, the brave and
Cheerful souls who built
Their cabins in the clearings
And watched the smoke curl up
In the great wide sky,
And felt just as patriotic for
Their humble, rustic homes
As e'er did Princes for their castles
Or millionaires for mansions grand.

—Robert G. Cousins.

★★★★

A TOAST

HERE'S to thee and thine,
And to me and mine,
Good Fellowship—
Good Friendship—
For all ye time. —Maclyn Arbuckle.

★★★★

HERE'S TO IT

HERE'S to "something-or-other" from you—
A nod or a smile, or a clasp of your hand;
Even a kindly thought will do—
So long as its "something-or-other" from you.

—R. H. Davis.
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE American people! The mightiest force for good the ages have evolved! They began as children of liberty. They believed in God and His providence. They took truth and justice and tolerance as their eternal ideals and marched fearlessly forward. Wildernesess stretched before them—they subdued them. Mountains rose—they crossed them. Deserts obstructed—they passed them. Their faith failed them not, and a continent was theirs. From ocean to ocean cities rose, fields blossomed, railroads ran; but everywhere church and school were permanent proof that the principles of their origin were the life of their maturity. God did not make the American people the mightiest human force of all time simply to feed and die. He did not give them the brain of organization and the heart of domination to no purpose and no end. God’s work for us in the world is not finished; His future missions for the American people will be grander than any He has given us, nobler than we now can comprehend. And these tasks as they come we will accept and accomplish as our fathers accomplished theirs.—Albert J. Beveridge.

TO THE CHRISTY GIRL

“HERE’S to my girl—whose face would stop a clock! It is so very fair, that even time would linger there.” —Howard Chandler Christy.
THE LAST AND BEST

Here's to your last girl,
Here's to your best girl,
Here's to the last and the best;
Here's to the old loves,
Here's to the new love,
Here's to the one who has cost you the rest.
You may sometimes forget them,
Sometimes regret them,
Dreaming of nights that are gone;
May your last girl
Be your best girl;
Here's to both in one. —Will M. Hough.

THE HELPERS

Let us pay tribute and do honor to our great musicians, our great physicians and our great philosophers. They have brightened our lives, lightened our ills and heightened our understanding. Yet let us not forget that there is no music like to love, no physician like to laughter, and no better philosophy than the philosophy of good cheer.

—James Elliott Defebaugh.

GOOD COACHING

Win if you can, lose if you must; but learn to take your whippings without a whimper.

—Walter Camp.
A VAGROM TOAST

HERE'S to you whom I never knew! I have waited for you at many a corner and have caught glimpses of you far ahead of me in many highways and lanes. You have, in gipsy fashion, left green boughs to mark the trail for me where the ways part. You have sent me cheering messages by returning comrades, and at times I have caught whiffs of your pipe or heard echoes of your song, as you marched blithely ahead of me in the red dawn or gray, star-filled dusk. We never meet or clasp hands, but you are as true as a shadow: I never doubt or question you. You lead me like a winged hope over many a weary mile. So here's to you—peace and love to you, wherever you are tonight, my best of friends—the friend I never had.

—Meredith Nicholson.

★ ★ ★

SO BE IT!

AY your loving cup be always brimming full, with never an enemy to jog your elbow and make the cup spill over.

—Edwin O. Grover.

★ ★ ★

FROM THE "REAL BOY."

T ain't the feller whitch can sware the fearfulest that is the best fiter.

—Henry A. Shute.
THE TOAST OF MERRIMENT

GOOD humor, let’s have more of it,
Let’s spice the wine of life with wit,
The little day we tarry here
Let flow the sunshine of good cheer;
Find not in sober sense such zest,
We have no time for quip or jest,
Nor o’er our tasks so roundly bent
We drink no toast to Merriment.

Oh, you whose sober self is gowned
With gloom, and who so oft has frowned
A smile would scarce find resting place
Upon your worn and wrinkled face,
Let loose a laugh to tell the world
Your heart’s dried substance has not curled
Like a wormed nut, to rattle in
Your mouldy shell of bone and skin.

And you whose soul is so engrossed
With duns and dollars, drink the toast
And let your honest laughter teach
Your stunted sense the sweeter speech
Of merriment. From your tired head
Remove the gallows-hood of dread
Lest you should miss a wage or fee,
And wear this cap and bells with me.
A thousand years your mummied skin
Will have no seed of laughter in,
And in your sober grave find rest
All undisturbed of quip or jest;
So be not sullen, sordid, dull,
An ever walking funeral.
But laugh, for you and Laughter, when
You part may never meet again!

—James W. Foley.

TO CALPURNIA

Here's to Mrs. Caesar—a good woman, but misguided. She wanted to be above suspicion.
She should have been above Caesar.

—George Ade.

A WISH FOR YOU

When fulfillment has crowned every wish you could wish;
When full to the brim and o'erflowing the dish
Held out for your joys; when your every prayer
Has brought in reply all you asked—and to spare;
When the world has done all the kind things that it could to you,
May it then have but barely begun to be good to you!

—Strickland Gillilan.
TO THE BANQUETER

GOD be praised for banquets, and the spirit of banquets! It is only at them that everybody's views are right; that everybody is the friend of everybody present; that no man has a grievance or a bitter memory or a revengeful thought; that all are eloquent and all attentive. No man without a good digestion and the good fellowship to imbibe the true spirit of the banquet board belongs there. Without these he had better stay at home, for he is no better than a fly in the milk jug if he is a banqueter with dyspepsia, or cynicism, or opinion:—He spoils the good thing he cannot enjoy or appreciate. —John S. Wise.

THE PARADISE FLAT TOAST

MAY our house always be too small to hold all our friends. —Myrtle Reed.

TO HUMANITY—MINUS ONE

SO all-embracing is my love
For thee, my fellow men,
The wine-cup I would hold above
And drain and drain again;
One and one only halts my glass—
Who posts this sign: "Keep Off the Grass."
—Arthur Chapman.
TO THE AMUSING ANECDOTE

HERE'S to the joke, the good old joke,
The joke that our fathers told;
It is ready tonight and is jolly and bright
As it was in the days of old.
When Adam was young it was on his tongue,
And Noah got in the swim
By telling the jest as the brightest and best
That ever happened to him.
So here's to the joke, the good old joke—
We'll hear it again tonight.
It's health we will quaff; that will help us to laugh
And to treat it in manner polite.

—Lew Dockstader.

ALL IS VANITY

"ALL, all is vanity," the preacher sighs;
And in this world what has more right than wrong?
Come! let us hush remembrance with a song,
And learn with Folly to be glad and wise.

—Madison Cawein.

IF some people were as good as they are agreeable,
and some people were as agreeable as they are good, the world would be a much better place to live in.

—C. E. Kremer.
Here's to those who live on because—they have died.

—Anna Morgan.

To One's Good Friends

Ho, brother, it's the handclasp and the good word and the smile
That do the most and help the most to make the world worth while!
It's all of us together, or it's only you and I—
A ringing song of friendship, and the heart beats high;
A ringing song of friendship, and a word or two of cheer,
Then all the world is gladder and the bending sky is clear.
It's you and I together—and we're brothers one and all
Whenever through good fellowship we hear the subtle call,
Whenever in the ruck of things we grip the helping hand
Or see the deeper glow that none but we may understand—
Then all the world is good to us, and all is worth the while;
Ho, brother, it's the handclasp and the good word and the smile!
DECEIVERS EVER

Here is to her who's good as a saint,
Whose words and good deeds plainly show it,
And here's to the fair little charmer who ain't
Though she never permits us to know it.

—S. E. Kiser.

HERE'S TO A PARD

Then here's to the man on trail this night; may
His dogs keep their legs; may his grub hold out; and may his matches never miss fire.

—Jack London.

MAY HE HAVE BOTH!

Here's to the fellow who makes us laugh;
Who makes us forget our sorrow.
May he have a good, big bank account,
And friends who never borrow. —Felix Agnus

A CREED

Would'st contentment thou keep within thy heart?
Then care not what thou hast, but what thou art.
And keep thee true to what is best in thee,
And true to her thou Lovest; pray that she
May love thee, too. Then laugh at all the rest;
No other God need'st thou; thou hast the best.

—Cleveland Moffett.
TO OLD GLORY

A HEALTH to Old Glory! For page upon page
We may read all the story of glorious age,
We may hear in the rustling of its sweeping folds
The wonderful promise it held and still holds,
The faith that makes strong, and the hope that makes
true—
The strength of the red and the white and the blue.
We may hear it, and know it, and feel it, and see
All the pride of the past and the glory to be,
The red growing redder, the blue growing bluer,
The stars flashing clearer and dearer each day,
And the red and the white and the blue all the truer—
A health to old Glory—the flag of today!

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MAKING IT PERFECT

HERE'S to contentment:
I wish it for you—
An honest endeavor
In all that you do;
A horse in the stable,
A dog in the yard—
And this makes it perfect:
A wife that's your pard!

—Will J. Davis.
THE LOVING CUP

HEAVEN IN KENTUCKY

MAH idea of Heaven, sah?
W'y ah should say a spot
Whah roses fo' an endless space
Mix with fo'-get-me-not.
Whah mint grows in abundance, sah,
An' rum grows even moah;
An' ah could sip mah julep, sah,
Beneath some vine-clad doah,
With yo' sah, as mah company
To sheah mah comfort's crumb.
That's as neah to Heaven, sah,
As ah should ca'ah to come.

—John Edward Hazzard.

THE BEST SPORT

HERE is no game that is more exciting or pleasurable than the game of finding friends.
If you really look for them, they will pop up in the most unexpected places, and if you only know it, you have within yourself a lodestone that will attract friends to you.
The woods are full of friends waiting to be found.

—Charles Battell Loomis.

SOME people air bound to have their own way even when they don't know what ut is.

—C. E. Kremer.
OUR CASTLES IN SPAIN

COME, here is a toast to our Castles in Spain;
Their turrets and towers so distant and gray;
The road to their portals is burdened with pain,
But with hope in our hearts and with souls undismayed,
May we ever march forward; doubting not, nor afraid,
In the hope we may reach them some day!

—Mrs. Leslie Carter.

* * *

TO YOU AND THE WORLD

THIS is an old world,
And it is getting older;
This is a cold world
And it is getting colder—
Save when such folk as you
Help make it younger,
And by your friendly faith
Help make it warmer;
So here's to you and to the world—
May you have all of it that is good for you.

* * *

THE PHILOSOPHER

THIS world is what we make it, and
They say we're a long time dead,
But here's to the man who makes the best
Of the things before him spread.

—Elbridge Hanecy.
TO THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

A BILLION brutal jokes are made
By brutal men on you;
They jest that they are sore afraid
Of all you'll say or do.
Yet never since the world began
Have they been worth a straw—
There never was a happy man
Without a mother-in-law.

Who sets the household all to rights?
Who takes the place of cook?
Who walks the floor with baby, nights?
Who, like the babbling brook,
Goes on forever doing good
Without a fault or flaw?
Who is it? Be it understood
It is the mother-in-law!

So here's to her! Long may she wave,
None other equals her,
And 'tis a most ill-mannered knave
Who casts on her a slur.
In Adam's fall we sinned all—
This moral we must draw:
Poor Adam had not had that fall
Had he a mother-in-law.
OF FRIENDSHIP

THE friend I love is like the cool, salt sea,
With spacious days of large tranquility,
When on my heart his wordless comforts lie
As on the utter sea rim rests the sky;
And like the sea for wrath he is, and strong
To launch his surges on the cliffs of Wrongs;
But most I love him for his deep sea spell
Of unguessed secrets that he may not tell;—
So I have seen him stand and look afar
Beyond the twilight, to the evening star,
And like the ocean’s haunting lure for me,
Deep in his eyes I read a mystery:
For he whose soul we fathom to the end
Becomes our servant then, and not our friend.

—Walter Pritchard Eaton.

TO THE LIVE ONE

HERE’S to that gay youth, the spender
Who esteems it a pleasure to pay,
And who’d rather have said
“There’s a live one that’s dead”
Than be a dead one and living today.

—Watterson R. Rothacker.

A HELPFUL MAXIM

EARLY to bed and early to rise, and you’ll meet
very few of our best people.

—George Ade.
THE DISCOVERER

COOK found the pole
And he is praised;
He set the whole
Round world amazed—
But I've done more
Than Cook could do,
Because I have
Discovered you!

THE SCARCEST THING IN THE WORLD

BEING serious is a Trade; but taking one's self
too seriously is a Profession, and most of us
are expert in both lines.

A glass, then to the Saving Sense of Humor that
forbids its possessor from working at the Trade or
practicing the Profession—the Saving Sense of Hu-
mor, the Scarcest Thing in the World, that jogs its
lucky owner every morning and sends him along with-
out sham, hypocrisy or pretense, so that each day he
is what he is.

—Samuel G. Blythe.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING

BEFORE marriage, a woman thinks a man is bet-
ter than he is. After marriage, she thinks him
worse than he is. So, here's to woman, whatever she
thinks about man, whatever he is.

—Albert Bigelow Paine.
THE SIX AGES OF THE TOAST

The sweet babe drinks a toast, with a bottle to his face,
But when he reaches twenty-one he strikes a faster pace,
Drinking to his lady love in draughts of sparkling wine,
And life’s golden aureole to him is all divine.
At forty he’s still going, but has turned away from fizz—
Takes whiskey straight, with just a little dash of pink in his;
The good young age of sixty will disclose him toasting still—
But not so much the ladies; the “boys” now fill his bill.
And when he reaches eighty—now this must be just a guess,
But ask if he’s still toasting—why, I’m sure he’ll answer “Yes!”

L’ Envoi:

Delving in the great hereafter, it is safe to make a bet
That if called up via wireless, he’ll declare he’s toasting yet. —E. W. Miller.

* * *

T ain’t the feller whitch wares the best close that is the best feller. —Henry A. Shute.
TO THE DOERS

To the men at the outposts, far from us this day, doing the big work in a big world. Lonely campfires must flash their only cheer, and scant is the barrier of human companionship that stands between them and bitter memories. These are the men who are spanning the torrents with the bridges that shall tremble beneath the march of Civilization, and crowning the mountain passes with the ribboned steel that means the end of things primeval. Through their works they send us daily a message of faith, loyalty and courage, and now let us pause to heed.

—Arthur Chapman.

WHAT GOOD?

We may do without song, we may do without wine And bravely contrive to be human, But, though she may blight your whole future and mine, What good would life be without woman?

—S. E. Kiser.

TO OUR FOES

They spur us on to the achievements for which our friends praise us.

—James H. Channon.
A TOAST

TO woman, source of every curse,
   And every comfort man endures;
   You bring relief as well as grief;
   What one has caused another cures.

—Cy Warman.

WHEN the love of truth for truth’s sake—this poetic idealism, this intuitive perception, this growth from within—has been awakened and cultivated, thoughts live and are transmitted into endless forms of beauty and utility. —Luther Burbank.

OF KINGS AND POETS

THE king was clad in his robes of state
   While a poet sang at the palace gate;
   The monarch was great and rich, they say,
   While the poet was blind, and begged his way.

Now the years have come and the years have gone
   And the throne has crumbled the king sat on,
   And the king and his kingdom are called to mind
   Alone by the rhymes of the poet, blind.

So it seems that only the lasting things
   Are the themes of which the poet sings,
   And if you would live in the after times
   Then figure somehow in a poet’s rhymes.

—Thomas D. Knight.
ONLY

DRINK to me only with thine eyes—
Those eyes that sometimes wink!
And winks, you know, to our surprise
Oft spice a harmless drink.

Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will drink with mine—
Wink to me, only, with thine eyes
And I shall not repine.

* * *

TO HAPPINESS

GOOD HAPPINESS! A foreign port, we think,
toward which we proudly steer,
Our sails all set, our bows afoam.
Mere pleasure is the reef ahead, my lads. Helm
down, haul taut the gear.
Our port of happiness is Home.
—H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

* * *

TO FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP'S a thing to conjure with;
Friends make life glad, its pathways sunny;
I've never lost one, and I hope
I'll never need to borrow money.
—Judd Mortimer Lewis.
THE RONDEAU OF RICHES

If I were rich and had a store
Of gold doubloons and louis d'or—
A treasure for a pirate crew—
Then I would spend it all for you—
My heart's delight and conqueror!

About your feet upon the floor,
Ten thousand rubies I would pour—
Regardless of expense, I'd woo
If I were rich.

But as I'm not, I can but soar
Mid fancy's heights and ponder o'er
The things that I should like to do;
And as I pass them in review
It strikes me that you'd love me more
If I were rich.—Henry Louis Mencken.

HERE'S TO CONSCIENCE

May it wake up to hear us toast it, and then go
To sleep again.

THE NEXT DAY

The world would be dismal and lonely
And barren of friendship and laughter
If people forever thought only
Of the dawn of the gray morning after.

—S. E. Kiser.
TO A DEPARTING FRIEND

HERE’S to the joys of friendship,
And here’s to the friend who has the bad taste
to leave us.
May our good wishes follow him wherever he goes,
May fortune lie in wait for him,
May happiness dog his footsteps,
May success pursue and overtake him,
May he be doomed to a long life and merry,
And if he ever goes to a warmer place than the one
he holds in our hearts tonight,

* * *

A WISH

MAY life be full of hope and praise,
All smiles, without a tear or sorrow,
And may our best of yesterday
Be bettered by our worst tomorrow!
—Frank M. Morris.

* * *

DUTY

THERE’S an hour for toil and an hour for thought,
And there’s also an hour for play;
But always find time in the weary old world,
To make some one smile every day.
—Robert Mackay.
BEFORE THE ROOSTER CROWS

FILL up the spaces of the Night with jest,
Here where the vintage of Good Cheer is pressed;
Life's but a Tavern where we rest awhile
And each in turn must entertain the Guest.

The Road is long that leads from Yesterday,
And few the Joys that linger by the way,
So while the tongue may yet articulate
Let's toast a Friend and moisten up our Clay.

To you, and you, good fellows of the quill,
Belongs the Homage of the Wine I spill;
Here's looking at you from the Rosy Side,
And may you never lose a Dollar Bill.

Tomorrow, in the Paths we long have trod,
You plan, mayhap, to make your Little Wad.
Tomorrow! Ah, Tomorrow, we may be,
Old Omar sings, deep down beneath the sod.

And so Tonight, before the Rooster crows,
I hail you all Good Fellows to your nose;
And better this than laying Flowers to fade
Upon your Bier when you turn up your Toes!

So fill again, and call the Waiter back
'Ere Phoebus urge his Steed around the Track.
May Fortune smile upon you hour by hour
And deal you all the Face Cards in the Pack.

—Robert Rexdale.
THE LOVING CUP

THE JOY RIDE

HERE'S to the auto that takes us out,
With a honk and a whizz and a whoop and a shout;
Here's to the auto that whirls us on
Till we can't remember how far we've gone—
And a bolt comes loose
And raises the deuce,
Or a tire blows up
When we hit a pup,
Or the fitful spark
Grows cold and dark,
Or we break the springs
And some other things
That are there to twist and to break and crack—
Then—
Here's to the horse that pulls us back!

TO WOMAN

FOR jewels you are said to care
With uniform persistency,
But one you shun, a jewel rare,
The jewel of consistency.

—William Allen Wood.

THE HOME WISH

THEY say that walls have ears. May these four walls of ours hear only laughter and kindly speech.

—Myrtle Reed.
TOAST FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Leviticus 25:10.

"Hallow the fiftieth year"—so Moses said:
For they for half a century have been led
By God’s good hand along life’s upward slope,
Reaching at length this golden crest of hope,
Full well may pause and glance a moment back,
Then, thankful, take again the upward track.

"Hallow the fiftieth year!" the year of gold,
By bards and prophets heralded of old!
Life’s rosary of half a hundred years
Told, one by one, with joys and prayers—and tears—
Meet now in this, which clasps the holy chain,
And in this hour you live them all again!

"Hallow the fiftieth year!" Servants of God
Who life’s long road together thus have trod.
Your children rise and honor you today,
Friends with this golden milestone mark your way.
So long a path for two to walk as one!
And yet but yesterday these years begun!

"Hallow the fiftieth year!" God grant you still
Years with us yet to work His holy will.
The countless centuries in the land of bliss,
When God has given you all the joys of this!
There fifty years shall seem a moment’s play—
For there a thousand years count but a day.

—William E. Barton.
GIT SOMETHING T' LOVE

If yer as lonesome as lonesome kin be
Git something t' love.
If only the hard things in life you kin see,
Git something t' love.
If all th' things 'round you seem empty an' cold;
You feel pessimistic an' winkey an' old,
Don't worry and grumble and cuss 'round an' scold,
Git something t' love.

W'ether it's children, er chickens er trees,
Git something t' love.
Er horses er women er yeller back bees,
Git something t' love.
Don't close yer heart up t' nature an' things.
Th' world sometimes grumbles, but mostly it sings;
Jes' take my tip, man, and see what it brings—
Git something t' love.—John Edward Hazzard.

THE SONG

HERE'S to the song and the voices strong
As they roll out the word and the tune,
To sing the praise of the best of days,
The days that are gone too soon.
For of all the rest those days are best
Which friendship's gatherings bring.
So here's to such, let your glasses touch
With friends, and the songs they sing.
—Angus S. Hibbard.
A WOMAN'S TOAST TO MEN

Men—since Eden's days they pet us,
   Vow we are their guiding lights;
Men—how soon then they forget us
   And go roaming 'round of nights.
Men—the masters of creation,
   Ruling all the people thus;
Men—pray show me any nation
   That is not in quite a muss!
Men—the hope of our tomorrows,
   Our ideals, and—ahem!
Men—companions in our sorrows—
   And the cause of most of them.

TO THE GIRLS

Here's to the pretty girl,
   Here's to the witty girl,
Here's to the short one, here's to the tall;
   If we can't have the comely one
Pray let us have the homely one,
For any old girl beats no girl at all.

—Joe Cone.

GENERALLY SPEAKING

GENERALLY speaking toasts are better than roasts. I wish that I could help you, but my head is as thick as a pumpkin and when I shake it I hear the seeds rattle, and it is a lot easier to make a roast than a toast. —William Allen White.
DUM VIVIMUS

Now with the marriage of the lip and beaker
Let joy be born! And in the rosy shine,
The slanting starlight of the lifted liquor,
Let Care, the hag, go drown! No more repine,
At all life's ills! Come, bury them in wine!
—Madison Cawein.

There's only one good drink, and it costs nothing.
—Tudor Jenks.

THEIR RESPECTIVE NEEDS

"Man wants little here below,"
A car in which to spin.
But woman wants the auto
And
the
man
thrown
in!—Walter Pulitzer

SUCCESS

The ability to minister to those we love.
—John Barton Payne.

May our end be equal to our father's.
—George Alfred Townsend ("Gath").
MONEY ISN'T ALL

YOU don't need wealth to be content;
True happiness comes not with cash;
Your bank account will not prevent,
Your gladness going all to smash.
Wealth is a handy friend, I'll own,
'Tis good to have it on the string,
But don't depend on wealth alone,
For money's not the only thing.

You may have scads of the long green,
And be accounted mighty poor;
A happy life is seldom seen
Where riches flock about the door.
The millionaire has doubts and fears,
A song of joy he'll seldom sing;
Wealth helps to build some great carcers,
But money's not the only thing.

The happy life is that which lives
In sweet contentment, day by day;
Which to the hearts about it gives
A word which cheers them on their way.
Wealth has its niche to fill, I'll own,
And joy to some 'twill help to bring;
But Love has riches overthrown—
No, money's not the only thing!

—E. A. Brininstool.
TO THE MAN OF GRIT

HERE’S to the fighter who fights a good fight,
    And here’s to the fighter who wins.
Here’s to the fighter who fights with his might
    Yet although he loses still grins.

Here’s to the fighter who fights a good fight,
    Who winning or losing fights fair.
Here’s to the fighter who fights in the light—
    Such fighters need never despair.

Once more to the fighter who fights a good fight,
    Who fights on the square when he must,
The fighter who fights for a cause that is right—
    The kind of a fighter we trust.

—Victor Rosewater.

A CLINK

HERE’S to the glass, and here’s to you,
    And here’s to the cork to pull—
May the glass do its duty the evening through
    And be empty when you are full!

NOTHING ELSE

HEY say that nothing in this world is more beautiful than woman, therefore it is true that nothing in this world is perfect.

—C. E. Kremer.
JOYOUS ADVICE

Advice was made to give away,
And joy was made to borrow—
Oh, friends, be borrowers today
And generous tomorrow—Theodosia Garrison

TRUE PHILOSOPHY

Faith and Despair, alternate Joy and Pain
Infuse into the heart so much of care.
So much of Sorrow's lonely weight to bear,
That life at times can hear no happier strain
Than the dull beating of our pulses. Where
Is then one hour of rest in this vast throbbing main!

To lie upon a hillside and forget
The world and all its wanton mockery,
'To feel 'tis joy enough to think and be,
Disdaining this poor load of vain regret—
This were, forsooth, higher philosophy
Than with a thousand idle thoughts to fume and fret!
—Dr. Geo. F. Butler.

ON A BIRTHDAY

Many happy returns of the day of your birth:
Many blessings to brighten your pathway on earth;
Many friendships to cheer and provoke you to mirth:
Many feastings and frolics to add to your girth.
—Rob't H. Lord.
HERE'S TO ALL OF US

"HERE'S to all of us."
—Sir Thomas Lipton.

WELL! WELL!

HERE'S a toast to our good, loving wives—bless 'em all—
They comfort us in our sorrows
By pointing beyond today's darkening pall
To the sunshine that waits on the morrows.
They go through our pockets at times when are heard
Our snores with the night voices blending,
But not for the cash they may find—how absurd!
But to see if our pockets need mending.
Their smiles would the heart of an anchorite win,
Their kisses are sweetly delicious;
They know no "affinities" ever butt in—
But they're sometimes a little suspicious.
—James Barton Adams.

TO THE DREAMER

HERE'S luck to the dreamer of dreams—
To the builder of castles in Spain;
May the castles endure, unmortgaged and free,
The dreams all come true, and wherever he be
May the soul of goodfellowship reign.
—James O'Dea.
TO A VIOLINIST

THY subtle art defies the law of speech,
Now should each drop in this full goblet’s shine
Join with its brother in a song to teach
The world that Music’s very soul is thine,
What sweeter proof that, since the world began,
The law of Harmony hath ruled the spheres
To be reflected in the heart of man
Than this, the tribute of our rapturous tears!
Who shall dispute the palm with thee tonight?
The Great Composer’s seal on thee is set,
And from thy Strad in waves of rainbowed light
Stream glittering notes to join the stars that fret
The arching vault of heaven’s cerulean blue,
And all the air is eloquent of you.

—Charles Eugene Banks

OMAR REvised

A BOOK of “Auto Rules” underneath the Bough,
A Stalled Machine, a Busted Tire, and Thou
Beside me lying in a Slushy Ditch—
Ah, Slushy Ditch were Paradise enow!

—Walter Pulitzer.

THE LAW

MAY it ever be a synonym for Justice.

—Orrin N. Carter.
GIRLUS AMERICANUS

(A Roast.)

HERE'S to the dearest
Of all things on earth.
(Dearest precisely—
    And yet of full worth.)
One who lays siege to
    Susceptible hearts.
    Pocket-books also—
    That's one of her arts!
Drink to her, toast her,
    Your banner unfurl—
Here's to the priceless
    American Girl!

—Walter Pulitzer.

TO THE MOTHERS

LET us drink with a will to the maidens
(Who make for us paradise,
Let us drink to the gold of their tresses,
To the blue of their wondering eyes;
And now, when the toasting is ended
Let us forthwith the goblets refill—
And drink to the Mothers—God bless them!
Come! a toast and a drink—with a will!

—Marie Beatrice Gannon.
TO THE UNCHANCED

THIS toast of mine is not to those
Who after fighting well have won,
And not to him who bravely goes
To meet defeats the weak would shun;
But here’s to them denied applause,
For whom no flags will ever fly,
Who have not won nor failed, because
They’ve never had a chance to try.

—S. E. Kiser.

TO THE BOYS

HERE’S to the men who eat and drink,
Here’s to the men who sit and think,
The tippler and the teetotaler rare;
For some are good who answer “nay,”
And some are good who drink all day,
And all are good sometime, somewhere.

—Joe Cone.

THE LITTLE THINGS

A LITTLE kindness shown each day
To help make glad some heart;
A little patience at mistakes
Where anger’s apt to start;
A little smile for those who plod,
’Neath loads, up life’s steep hill—
If these won’t win a little pass
To Heaven, nothing will.

—Bide Dudley.
THANKSGIVING

For every day of life we’re living,
   Thanksgiving!
For friends assembled ’round this board,
   Thanks we’re giving.
For riches added to each hoard,
   Thanks we’re giving.
For every blessing, great and small,
   Thanks give we all! —Ida E. S. Noyes.

A THEORY

My theory regarding after-dinner speakers is that, inasmuch as nature intended only one man in every ten or twelve thousand to be an after-dinner speaker, and as about one man in every ten or twelve tries to do it whenever he gets a chance, there should be a Board of Commissioners in each State to examine applicants and issue licenses to those who can qualify for after-dinner orators. None others should be permitted to speak. —F. Oppen.

A TOAST YOU ASK

As girls must ever be the toast of men,
   What fitter, better theme for loving pen
In all this life
Than this: let those within my voice’s call
Pay tribute to the dearest girl of all—
   My girl—my wife!
   —Roland Burke Hennessy.
FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY

HERE'S to you on the stage of life—
Where really most is mimic strife,
Where most of us are playing parts
With all our minds and all our hearts—
Here's to you!

Here's hoping that the route you get
May lead you on to better yet,
That anywhere that you may go
You find you always have a show!
Here's hoping!

—George W. Lederer.

A PRUDENT TOAST

AT the punch bowl's brink,
Let the thirsty think
What they say in Japan:

"First the man takes a drink;
Then the drink takes a drink;
Then the drink takes the man."

—An unpublished Toast by Edward Rowland Sill.

A PRESCRIPTION

LOVE one woman, all children, and some men.

—Tudor Jenks.
THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS

Come, fill up your glasses, my comrades,
And have just another with me.
We've toasted the wives of our bosoms
And sweethearts across the sea.
We've toasted all manner of women
At home and in distant lands,
Now let me be host—
And give you this toast:
The woman who understands.

The woman you don't need to lie to,
The one who always plays fair.
The woman who knows more about you
Than God does, and still can care.
The woman who if you run crooked,
Pulls you up with firm, cool hands;
Who chooses a mate,—
And runs with him straight.
Here's to the woman who understands.

—Elizabeth Gordon.

GOOD MORALS

A man should be honest and upright and true—
No divvy nor graft nor dishonest intent;
But unless he's a chump who cannot catch on
He'll find out a way to make thirty per cent.

—M. Quad.
TO YOU AND ME

We're not each other's sweethearts
And don't expect to be
So here's to both our sweethearts
And here's to you and me.

—Hans Moss.

FRIENDS

A woodland stream and a trout or two
A fellow you know, and a crazy canoe;
A flask that passes from hand to hand,
And a hearty "Here's how!" that you both understand.
God's days, in truth, and they thrill you through,
When you know that chap, and the chap knows you.

—John R. Rathom.

TO THE UNPREPARED

Then here's to him who never
Attempts a stunt that most
His hearers think is clever—
A regulation toast.

—Franklin P. Adams.

HOME

Home, that place which none falter to enter, and
which all are loth to leave.—F. C. Harbour.
TO ONE OLD MAN

HERE'S to that one old man who sits in every company, who having lost the most of youth still clings to its ideals, and looking back can say to himself that he never practiced idolatry before material success, or refused quick sympathy for honest failure.

—Victor Murdock.

THE SPEED LIMIT

MAY your time never go too slow,
Nor your money or your motor car too fast.

—Alice French (OctaveThanet)

THE MAN-TOAST

I DRINK to the grip of your hand,
I drink to the light in your eye.
The light that awakened—
The hand that cemented—
Our friendship which
Never shall die.

—Charles H. Burras.

TO THE SEA WITH THE BORES

LET us throw all bores into the deep sea and thereafter fish no more.

—Helen Pitkin Schertz.
TO OPTIMISM

Let us drink to Optimism, that indefinable something which in our moments of adversity and sorrow enables us to view the yesterdays and todays through glasses tinted with the dawn of the morrow and its luring promise of what may be.

—Watterson R. Rothacker.

WHERE IS SHE?

Here's to the woman who knows no fear Of the censor that's called Society; Who is wonderfully versed in affection's lore; Who will love you rich or love you poor; Who forgets past kisses and asks for more, Of Love's infinite variety!

—Hector Fuller.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUIY

To wed or not to wed— That is the question. Whether 'tis better To remain single And disappoint a few women— For a time; Or marry And disappoint one woman— For life!

—Walter Pulitzer.
HERE'S TO YOU, MY FRIEND

HERE'S to You, My Friend:
I wish you happiness—full rounded happiness—
The glee that fills the youthful heart,
The joy that throbs with eager expectation,
And wanes not with fulfillment;
The modest exultation which accompanies
Achievement; the happiness of health
With all its rich and radiant glow of
Rollicking invigoration;
With peace of undisturbed, restoring
Sleep, or dreams of restful pleasantness
And beauty—such happiness I wish you—
The happiness that holds all things—
The length and breadth and depth
Of perfect life.

—Robert G. Cousins.

* * *

WHEN called upon thus suddenly
For sentiments or toasts
The few ideas that I possess,
Flit instantly—like ghosts.

The only thing I think of now—
That seems at all worth saying
Is—Here's to you! May you soon receive
The gifts for which you're praying!

—Charles Frederic Goss.
TO THE AMERICAN

YOU are an American—remember that. And be proud of it, too. It is the noblest circumstance of your life. Think what it means. The greatest people on earth—to be one of that people; the most powerful nation—to be a member of that nation; the best and freest institutions among men—to live under those institutions; the richest land under any flag—to know that land for your country and your home; the most fortunate period in human history—to live in such a day. This is a dim and narrow outline of what it means to be an American. Glory in that fact. Your very being cannot be too highly charged with Americanism.

—Albert J. Beveridge.

A HOUSE BLESSING

MAY blessings be upon your house,
    Your roof and hearth and walls;
May there be lights to welcome you
    When evening’s shadow falls—
The love that like a guiding star
    Still signals while you roam;
A book, a friend—these be the things
    That make a house a home.

—Myrtle Reed.

SO live that when your life shall end all men may say, “I’ve lost a friend.”

—Tudor Jenks.
TO EROS

HERE'S to Eros!
Hail the fledgling,
Come with Spring from Winter's snow,
Seeking out unwary victims
For his quiver and his bow.
Men and maidens, lift your voices—
Sweet the pain his arrow gives—
Nature now with us rejoices
That Eros lives.

Godlet strong as the great thunderer
Who Olympus' height calls home,
Sometimes said to be a blunderer,
Son of her born of the foam—
Soft the cord with which you bind us;
From your thrall no fugitives;
What though darkening grief enwind us
When the heart knows

SOME people air born broke, some get broke an
some, loike mesilf, air broke an don't know
ut. —C. E. Kremer.

A SMILE is the same in all languages.
—Tudor Jenks.
A WORTH WHILE TOAST

LET'S toast the ladies, if you please,
The mayor—the moon—the Japanese—
And ev'ry flag that braves the breeze
With kow-tows evident. It
Might be a novelty to stand
And drain a glass—strike up the band—
To the man who always shakes your hand
As if he really meant it.

—John R. Rathom.

HERE'S TO JUST SO MUCH

HERE'S to "just so much"—
It's what we love,
It's what we hate,
It's what we started with,
It's what we've got,
It's what we'll finish with,
It's what we want,
It's what we get,
It's what we never expect to get,
It's what we do,
It's what we leave undone,
It's the amount of good in us,
It's all the bad in us,
It's what we hope for hereafter.

—Jean C. Havez.
HE WHO HESITATES

A CHAMPAGNE glass,
   A woman’s lips,
Oh, they go well together.

When sparkling wine
   Young beauty sips
If a man question whether

It’s wise for him
   To rest his gaze
Upon a sight which troubles.

He hesitates,
   He’s lost, he stays,
And buys a million bubbles.

—Elizabeth Gordon.


SMILE

SMILE, smile—smile, just smile!
   Don’t wail or sigh or moan or cry—
   It’s not worth while.
The road to Luck is paved with Pluck,
   It may be many a mile
But you’ll cover it quick
If you’ve learned the trick
   To smile—just smile.

—L. Frank Baum.
THE VEXER

A HEALTH to the fellow who listens
And laughs as he listens as well.
There are fellows galore
Who "have heard that before"
And to talk to such fellows is—distressing.
—John U. Highinbotham.

***

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT

ONLY stupid selfishness, of which jealousy is the
most extreme expression, keeps us from the true
joy of living—living in the lives and the works of
others. That is the real Life Eternal.

—Bolton Hall.

***

FRIENDSHIP

HERE'S to the friends that I love best,
To those who have always stood the test;
To the friends I love who are tried and true,
Friends that are old, and those that are new.
Life at its best to most is a trial,
'Tis friendship that makes life worth while.

—E. K. Orr.

***

BREAK MY BONES BEFORE YOU

'I BREAK my bones before you.'" (A real Japanese salutation. It refers, of course, to the
severest sort of genuflection.)

—John Luther Long.
THE luckiest of us can't command
    From Fate, each time, a winning hand.
So here's to the man who every minute
Plays a bad hand for all that's in it.
    —Albert Payson Terhune.

TO HER VALENTINE

TELL me, who is my Valentine?
    His name and state who can divine?
If e'er his shade encounter thine
Give him thy pallet, bid him dine,
Pledge him in draughts of golden wine,
To all his tales thine ear incline,
And ask him, ask my Valentine,
Lest in despair I fret and pine,
If he is mine, and only mine!
    —Harriet Monroe.

BEGIN RIGHT

THERE never was a day so drear,
    But had some gladness in it,
There never was so sad a tear,
    But loving smiles might win it;
There always is some way to cheer,
    If we will just begin it,—
So let's keep always glad New Year,
    Start out this very minute!
    —Ethel Colson.
AROUND THE LOVING CUP

The verses on this and the next three pages are selected from the toasts read during the passing of the loving cup at various dinners of the Forty Club of Chicago.

TO A DOCTOR

WHEN judgment day arrives, and all
The doctors answer for their sins,
O, think of what they'll get who bring
The howling triplets and the twins!

TO A TENOR

HE does not sing the old songs—
Nobody wants him to
Because there are so many
He warbles that are new.

TO A REAL ESTATE MAN

HE will sell you a lot and build you a house
And lend you the money. That's right.
But he won't lay the carpets or furnish the meals
Or sing to the babies at night.

TO AN IRISHMAN

IF every man could make himself
An Irishman, each one would do it.
But since that can't be done, 'tis well
To try to be the next thing to it.
TO A YANKEE
OU can always tell the English,
You can always tell the Dutch,
You can always tell the Yankees—
But you can’t tell them much!

TO A LUMBERMAN
E’LL sell you lumber, from a beam
Clear down to just a little peg.
If you are off your feet, then go
And get from him a wooden leg.

TO A RHYMESTER
IS brow is high; his hair is long,
So he must be a poet.
And pretty soon he’ll burst in song
And do his best to show it.

TO A GOOD FELLOW
HE gods bestow their gifts on men
With many a curious twist and whim;
They handed out an armful when
They chose the gifts they gave to him.

TO A COMPOSER
F music is the food of love
This may in truth be said:
He aids a lot, day after day,
In keeping love well fed.
TO TWINS
HERE'S to the one
And to the other—
But which one is
The other's brother?

TO A BON VIVANT
ALTHOUGH he has not crossed the sea
From any far-off foreign strand,
Though born among the brave and free
Bohemia is his native land.

TO A PLAYWRIGHT
IF he had written Hamlet, there
Is one thing which we know full well:
He'd have allowed the prince to get
The girl before the curtain fell.

TO A GUEST
HERE'S something I would like to say
But what I cannot think,
So stand up, comrade, anyway—
And drink, confound you, drink!

TO A TOASTMASTER
AN ambidextrous man is he;
Watch closely, and you'll understand.
A wonder in his way—you see,
He can toastmast with either hand.
KISER’S TOAST TO DAVIS

This loving-cup verse, read at a Forty Club dinner, was written by S. E. Kiser in honor of Will J. Davis, and by many people is considered the best brief expression of friendship ever written.

LET this on Time’s eternal scroll
Of him be largely penned:
He never sought to harm a soul
And thousands called him friend.

FROM A MINISTER

IF sometimes we forget awhile
That life is short and man is vile,
We do so, be it understood,
Because salvation’s in a smile
And godliness in brotherhood.

TO THE OPTIMIST

SOME men are born to sadly frown,
Some men to praise and some to scoff;
But whether he is up or down
He wears the smile that won’t come off.

TO THE ANGLER

A FISHERMAN, ’twixt you and I,
Will very seldom tell a lie—
Except when it is needed to
Describe the fish that left his view.
"LEST WE FORGET"

HERE'S to the speakers, with eloquence thrilling;  
Here's to the Toastmaster, witty and wise;  
Here's to the Menu, the inner man filling;  
Here's to the Songs, which all good fellows prize.

These, with the flowers, the music, the lighting,  
We praise as the parts of a banquet complete.  
But there is one feature we long have been slighting,  
And here I now give it its due, just and meet.

Here's to the Good Fellow—rank-and-file banqueter!  
Patient and pleasant; his part is not small.  
His cheers enthuse us—but what is still better,  
It's his per-plate money pays for it all.

—William P. Williams.

* * *

TO THE LAST WORD

HERE'S to the last word—it's all some women  
ever get out of life.—Marjorie Benton Cooke.

* * *

L’ENVOI

THEN brim the goblet and quaff the toast  
To a friend or two,  
For glad the man who can always boast  
Of a friend or two;  
The fairest sight is a friendly face,  
The blithest tread is a friendly pace,  
And Heaven will be a better place  
For a friend or two.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.