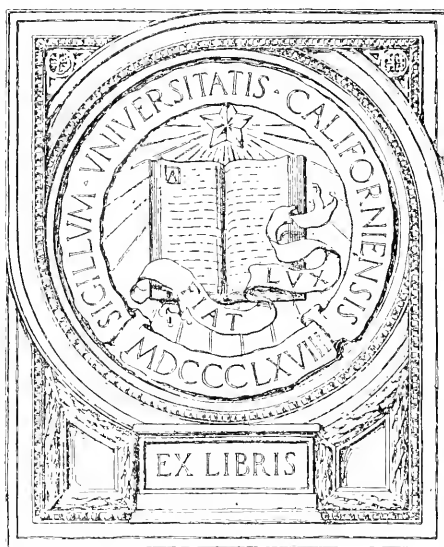


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Some Doings

of the

Omar Khayyám Club
of America



ROSEMARY PRESS BROCHURES

SOME DOINGS OF THE
OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB
OF AMERICA

A TOAST TO THE DEAD
AND
BOOK NOTICES

ALSO LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE ROSEMARY PRESS



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1922

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OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB
OF
AMERICA

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1922
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President

PROF. CHARLES ROCKWELL LANMAN

Secretary and Treasurer

CHARLES DANA BURRAGE



Annual Session

Young's Hotel, Boston

APRIL 1, 1922

PROEM

In 1921 the Club issued a quite full account of its activities in a volume entitled "Twenty years of the Omar Khayyám Club of America." This book was placed in some 125 college and public libraries of the United States. As it is unlikely that any further large volumes will be called for, the Club officers propose to exercise their privilege of issuing, from time to time, when so inclined and the occasion seems to require it, separate unconnected brochures, similar to this.

This affords a simple method for preserving literary papers, poems and attractive artistic efforts that may be furnished by members at Club sessions. Founded upon congeniality and common interest in Omar, the Club thrives through the years, its full blown rose of blood hue in the ancient Persian vase never lacking at its meetings.

TO OMAR KHAYYAM

The varying seasons come and go again—
Snow, blossoms, fruit and then—the snow again!
But memories sweet of those we love
Live ever as rivers flow and flow again!

So thou, our Omar, tho' we never heard thy voice,
Dost make us in thy written magic word rejoice!
We're here to drink in dear fraternal cheer
In fragrant wine, with roses ministered, most choice!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

A BALLADE OF GREETING

By Henry Harmon Chamberlin

After a meeting of the Omar Khayyám Club of America at Worcester, Nov. 26, 1921. Read before Chile Club, Dec. 10, 1921.

(1)

Though Drudgery to his use our being bends
And Gain and Fame vouchsafe no anodyne,
Yet many a cheerful moment makes amends
When we in goodly fellowship combine.
When Ellis smiles and tells you he feels fine,
Grinnell and Crandon turn their hearts to play,
And Chamberlin the Transcript doth resign,
There's naught can take those memories away.

(2)

The rosy crowned hour enchantment lends
To Omar and his gospel of the vine.
Dole, with jovial pun, his genius blends,
And Eben's orient soul with joy doth shine;
And Lanman, as from rich Golconda's mine
Brings nuggets of old wisdom, grave and gay;
By happy chance, I met you, comrades mine,
And naught can take your memories away.

(3)

The proverb says, "Old books, old wine, old friends."
But sometimes empty seems the printed line.
Bereavement for us all, some day portends.
Years take our Youth and Congress takes our wine.
But though ten thousand ills our spirits pine,
And drain our lives of promise, day by day,
We'll meet Fate's challenge with this countersign:
"You cannot take our memories away."

Envoi

Burrage, our bounteous prince, whose kindly shrine
We visit, pilgrims on a holiday,
While lives the soul that makes men half divine,
Time cannot take your memory away.

TO CHARLES D. BURRAGE

*Read before the Omar Khayyám Club of America by William B
Scofield, April 2, 1921*

He may be happy whose desire is but to please himself—for though his purpose may not fully be achieved, it surely will be prospered now and then; but if the day should come when he grows weary of himself, then will he strive no more for anything but fall to ruin and to mould.

He is often happy whose one thought is for his friends. He shall know full days of willing sacrifice; and yet his friends may turn from his sweet ministry and then how shall he, rejected, face the coming days?

He only is secure who strives to please himself *and* friends; who gains *and* gives. Then, if his good gifts are prized he says—“’Tis well!” And if his bounty pleases none he says—“’Tis well, for it was service that I loved”; and if his friends depart he still says “It is well, for the ever satisfying task abides with me and I will still labor for my pleasure and for theirs. That task shall be my staff and shield and comrade to the end.”

Sad, severed from the sea, a raindrop sighed,
And, smiling gently, thus the sea replied,
“*A part* of God are we, but seem *apart*
When Alif, moving, doth our union hide.

GEORGE ROE.

A SAGE'S COUNSEL

Maintain thy stature in men's eyes. If driven
On Fortune's breakers hope not to be shriven.
Crimes, vices, follies, these may be condoned;
Misfortune only may not be forgiven.

We know rich Dives is a boor, debased and dissipated,
And that by men of caliber a brainless knave he's rated.
He's vicious, but he's liberal; and when we chance to meet him
With unrestrained urbanity and deference we greet him.
Poor Lazarus, who ranked us all in qualities and merit,
Who seemed all gifts of Fortune and all virtues to inherit,
Has lost his wealth, his health, his grip, and though we can't de-
spise him,

We meet his greeting with a nod, and barely recognize him.
The reason is not far to seek: 'Tis POWER we're respecting;
The powerless and useless wight, 'tis he whom we're neglecting.
Dives may be of service, his propensities alarm us,
While Lazarus, now down and out, can neither help nor harm us.

There's Croesus, whose vast wealth is gained by profiteer oppres-
sion;

Resentful millions through the land succumb to his obsession.
The searing brand of Greed on every enterprise he touches,
With just enough respect for law to keep out of its clutches,
Injustice, misery and hate have marked his operations,
No golden rule or moral law disturbed his machinations.
Retired from trade he hides behind the leanest of devices,
Claims that his wicked partners fix low pay and graceless prices.
A word from him, and their predations would be dissipated;
They but pursue the policies that he inaugurated.
He seeks to square extortion with sonorous contributions
To scientific, cultural and pious institutions.
These and a sycophantic press extol his benefactions,

And voices long attuned to praise would chorus the decision
 With smothered scorn in craven hearts ignoble victims cower
 In base subservience before the golden shrine of Power.

But should calamity befall, misfortune overtake him,
 And on the whirling wheel of Fate should tardy Justice break him,
 We'd hear resounding howls of exultation and derision,
 And voices long attuned to praise would chorus the decision
 That, shorn of power, the helpless wretch should hang as high as
 Haman;

That his career is paralleled by that of the highwayman
 Who would assuage the pangs of conscience that he winces under
 By doling to the needy a large portion of his plunder.
 His philanthropic record would be scoffed at or forgotten,
 The common verdict be pronounced—Croesus was always rotten;
 And Croesus, humbled, wrecked, despised, a figure to disgust one,
 Confessing to his sordid soul the judgment was a just one,
 Would shrink beneath the world's disdain and, sensing his pollu-
 tion,

Dread lest just Heaven hath in store more drastic retribution.
 And here is Vado: He a mighty industry hath founded;
 On straight, sound business principles his processes are grounded.
 He stands for even justice to himself and to his neighbor,
 Holds Capital should have its due, and so should faithful Labor.
 He figures out an equitable course and straightway sets it;
 He pays full toll for service, demands full return, and gets it.
 His hold on righteous measures and square dealing ne'er relaxes;
 He asks no favors, wrongs no man, and doesn't shirk his taxes.
 His fertile brain is constantly evolving great emprises,
 The common good an element in all that he devises.

To him his neighbor is the man his sphere of action reaches.
 He neither sits in judgment nor admonishes nor preaches.
 He mouths no moral platitudes, proclaims no smug vagaries,
 Supports no futile charities, no meddling missionaries,
 Dictates no creed, exacts no pledge, lays down no rules of action,
 And leaves to each man's judgment the pursuit of satisfaction.
 The benefits which he bestows involve no sacrifices
 Of pride or independence, and diminish crime and vices.

Contented workmen, happy homes and comforts he's assuring,
 Blessings substantial, practical, ennobling and enduring;
 For he whose influence benign doth fill an ample roster
 Of homes with wholesome attributes which peace and plenty foster
 Doth benefit posterity more than all contributions
 To scientific, cultural and pious institutions.

Should revolutionary forces swamp him in reverses,
 Wails, heartfelt, Heaven-reaching, would drown Greed's exultant
 curses,
 And multitudes of loyal souls would honor, love and bless him.
 No sore regrets, no fears, no pricking conscience would distress him.
 Courageous, undismayed, submissive without vain repining
 To Fate's decree, no whit his sturdy manliness resigning,
 Failure would not dishearten him nor poverty disable;
 With mind and vigor unimpaired and will indomitable
 He'd buckle down and win success in some new high endeavor,
 For spirits such as Vado's hold their poise and force forever.
 Derided by the predatory powers and their minions,
 Esteemed by all right-minded men who form their own opinions,
 His venerated name is writ on Honor's fairest pages,
 And Vado's enviable fame will ring clear through the ages.

My son, I have no fear you'll follow Dives' base example,
 And Croesus' methods you'll disdain, for reasons clear and ample.
 Keep Vado's noble record well in mind, and emulate him,
 Heed not the fulminations of the profiteers who rate him,
 Nor weakling journalists who harp on small peculiarities,
 Ignoring great achievements and good works more blest than char-
 ities.

Go, seek Success; with constant zeal and diligence you'll find it;
 But let not its attainment leave a slimy trail behind it.
 The quest of pow'r through wealth and fame is laudable ambition.
 Since Wisdom is the greatest pow'r, the richest acquisition,
 Seek Wisdom first. She'll bid you lay a solid, sane foundation
 On self-respect, the golden rule, fair play and toleration.
 Then search out Opportunity with clear and piercing vision,
 And when you see it grapple it with promptness and decision.
 'Tis in the open, everywhere, you've but to recognize it,

And if of clean though humble aspect welcome it and prize it,
 And bend your tireless energies through every wakeful minute
 To its exploitation, and get all that there is in it.
 Should its return be light regret and disappointment smother;
 You'll find one opportunity will guide you to another,
 And in good time you'll strike a lead that will develop treasure
 That crowns your labors with success in satisfying measure—
 In satisfying measure, since in every operation
 You've borne in mind the golden rule, fair play and toleration.

One underlying purpose prompts all men's directed action;
 Of all ambitions, hopes, desires, the goal is Satisfaction.
 From youth to hoary age we strive unceasingly to gain it,
 Though do our best and be our best we never quite attain it.
 The unjust, the uncharitable, slaves of greed who covet,
 The hypocrite, the debauchee, know very little of it,
 And even kindly Vado, prudent, just, serene, successful,
 Right worthy of its solace, knows long sleepless hours distressful.

But be your best and do your best and you may well deserve it,
 May reach a point near to the great objective, and preserve it.
 No grim dread of reverses, no disaster, can appal you;
 A lofty soul will be your stay whatever may befall you.
 Should the capricious goddess frown, misfortune overtake you,
 Your labor and high hopes prove vain and wealth and health for-
 sake you,
 If for a time disheartened don't let anybody know it,
 If keenly conscious of your disadvantages don't show it,
 And don't, like nerveless Lazarus, repining and despairing,
 Feel down and out, or lose your grip, however ill you're faring.

Let his experience and fate enlighten you and warn you.
 Some, fawning in prosperity, may now ignore or scorn you;
 An old-time friend may pass you by as though he never knew you;
 And don't expect a helping hand to be extended to you,
 For, rated an unfortunate, your salt has lost its savor,
 And only the potential can command or merit favor.
 But, dignified and calm of mien, suave, cordial, unaffected,

MAINTAIN YOUR STATURE IN MEN'S EYES, and you will be
respected

By all discriminating souls who recognize in merit
More excellence than in the store men gather or inherit;
And though the thoughtless rabble, Power's votaries, may slight
you,
A consciousness of rectitude will solace and requite you.

STEPHEN MAGISTER.

When Allah saddled first the Steeds of Heaven,
 Decked shining Jupiter and Pleiads Seven,
 Our lot was fixed in Destiny's Divan,
 Then why blame us for what the Fates
 have given?

Eden Francis Thompson.

آن روز که تو سن ذلک زمین کردند
 و اراکیش مشرقی و پیر زمین کردند
 همین بود نصیب ما در دیوان قضا
 ما را چه کنیم بقیامت ما این کردند

I.

From Nothing springs the wondrous Soul sublime
 That, clothed in human form, on Earth appears,
 And staggers briefly on amid the years,
 Knows Life's mysterious throb, its joys, its fears,
 And then is lost in the abyss of Time.

II.

Yet naught within the range of human mind,—
 No force is lost tho' changed in form and name—
 The smallest atom ne'er aught else became—
 The Summer's heat in Winter is the same
 Altho' 'tis fled and we are left behind.

III.

Thus know we well 'tis not a final goal
 Life reaches when the hour has come to die,
 When man has drawn his last expiring sigh
 And loving hands have closed the sightless eye,
 Forever lives, though endless ages roll,
 The Force of Life, the great mysterious Soul.

GEORGE ROE,

San Antonio, Texas.

**TWENTY YEARS OF THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB OF
AMERICA**

From the Boston Evening Transcript, April 2, 1921

(With five illustrations)

**The Boston Organization Celebrates Its Twentieth Anniversary
With Another of the Notable Luncheons for which It Has
Become Famous**

By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin

Today the Omar Khayyám Club of America, whose membership is chiefly in Massachusetts and whose meetings are held in Boston, celebrated its twentieth anniversary in its annual luncheon at Young's Hotel. At the luncheon there was laid down as a memorial of the occasion a handsome book bound in blue paper, signed by the club's officers, which records the club's proceedings, its progressive membership and official staff, and the artistic triumphs through the score of years of its existence.

The Omar Khayyám Club is revealed by this record as an entirely original sort of organization. It is described in the "foreword" of the volume, by Mr. Charles Dana Burrage, the mainstay and Amphitryon of the club, as "an association of men, mostly professional, who believe in good fellowship and who are interested in the Orient in one way or another, and more particularly in that 'King of the Wise,' the astronomer, philosopher and poet, Omar Khayyám." The genesis of the club, as it is further explained in a little historical sketch which the book contains, has been attributed to an observation of Sir Richard Burton, while dining one evening at Lord Coleridge's, that the meetings of learned Oriental societies had "too much pedantry and too little of the social quality." The Boston Omar Khayyám Club cuts out the pedantry and promotes the social quality, though not at the expense of real Omarian lore, to which it has made important contributions.

Lore of the Tent Maker

Though the meetings of the club are marked with delicate and seemly conviviality, they have been signalized by such papers or other contributions as Professor William Edward Story's highly original essay on "Omar as a Mathematician," presented at the session of the club of April 6, 1918, and to the club there has been submitted the original commission on vellum, given in 1810 by King George III, to Sir Gore Ouseley, British Ambassador to Persia, which resulted in Sir Gore's obtaining certain Persian manuscripts which included the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, and which, therefore, ultimately resulted in the addition of this priceless outgiving to English and other European literatures.

The Omar Khayyám Club's literary and research side is not forgotten in its devotion to the admirable social principles of the Tent Maker. Rare editions, illuminated or de luxe issues of the poet, manuscript treasures and other matters connected with Omar are regularly laid before the club and enjoyed and considered by it. Verses or essays are read on all occasions. The club is a perpetual memorial to the poet.

Art in Menus

Every year, too, under Mr. Burrage's generous patronage, the Omar Khayyám Club goes in for menus and souvenirs which are treasured as keepsakes or as objects of art in themselves. Every one of the twenty recurring years of the club's existence has been signalized in this manner. Some of these souvenirs are memorable. For example, the club menu for 1920 bore a reproduction of the impressive painting of the philosopher, with a maiden at his feet presenting the cup of wine, by Fred A. Demmler, who died in the service in France in 1918, which is copied on this page. The "Club Vase," a genuine Omarian Persian curio (richly produced on orange) is illustrated in this souvenir volume. The menus are always original works of art. A feature of several of the meetings has been the presentation of miniature editions by Mr. Burrage. There is always, at the meetings of the club, a feast for the eye and the brain as well as for the "inner man."

Omar's "Discoverer"

The illuminated vellum which bears the commission of King George III. to Sir Gore Ouseley (pronounce it Ooze-ly), which gave us all the Rubaiyat, would in itself be a monument to Omar Khay-yám, if the club were not its own sufficient monument. Its history is quickly told. It is in the form of a letter from King George to the Shah of Persia apprising him of the nomination of Sir Gore Ouseley as ambassador to his court. Manifestly to impress the King of Kings, it is surrounded with an arabesque illumination, and bears a representation of the royal British crown and the monogram of King George. And it reads as follows:

Sir, My Cousin: I have received Your Royal Highness's kind Letter from Tabriz on the subject of Captain Paisley's arrival at Abushhest, and the possible injury both States might sustain from the supercession of Sir Harford Jones by an Envoy from the Governor General of India. I derive great satisfaction from this demonstration of Your Royal Highness's Friendship and regard for my welfare,—Mirza Abul Hassan has no doubt long since informed Your Royal Highness how truly I lament the unfortunate circumstances which have occurred with respect to Our Royal Mission to the Court of Teheran. These Events have originated in error and misapprehension: I have employed every effort to prevent the recurrence of such Misfortunes. Accordingly I have appointed an Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary directly from Myself to the King of Persia. My Ambassador will be responsible to this Government for his conduct and although directed to co-operate with the Executive Government of India so far as His own judgment and His instructions from My Ministers will warrant he will not however be in any manner under the control of the Indian Government. —I have selected for the situation of Ambassador at the Court of Teheran My Trusty and well beloved Sir Gore Ouseley, Baronet, a Gentleman whose Knowledge of your Language, Customs and Manners peculiarly qualify Him for that appointment and whose Conduct and Character entitle Him to general respect and consideration.—Having the fullest con-

fidence in My Ambassador's Judgment and Discretion, I trust that the first Intelligence I shall have the pleasure of receiving from Your Royal Highness after the arrival of My Ambassador at Persia, will apprise Me of the renewal of that Harmony which I hope will subsist for Ever between the States of Persia and Great Britain.—I pray God to take Your Royal Highness into His best Care and Protection. I am with every Sentiment of Affection and Esteem,

Sir, My Cousin,

Your Good Cousin,

George R.

At My Royal Castle
at Windsor, 11th July, 1810.

Romance of a Bit of Vellum

On the authority of this document Sir Gore Ouseley, who was an expert in and a collector of Persian literature and art, went to Persia, and loaded himself up with a lot of Persian things—particularly with manuscript poems. After his return to England Sir Gore presented this collection to Oxford University and it became a part of the Bodleian library. Here, years after, Professor Edward Byles Cowell was attracted by the splendor of an illumination on a manuscript; he investigated, and found that it contained the Rubaiyat of Omar. Some of the quatrains he translated, and called Edward FitzGerald's attention to them. Afterward, his interest whetted, Cowell found other quatrains of Omar in Calcutta, and he reviewed the subject in the Calcutta Review in March, 1858. FitzGerald published his first edition of the Rubaiyat in 1859.

"Today," says the book of the "Twenty Years of the Omar Khayyám Club," "this bit of vellum (the Gore Ouseley Commission), so interesting for the train of circumstances that followed it, reposes side by side here in Boston with a rare copy of the Calcutta Review of March, 1858; Ouseley's "Persian Literature," FitzGerald's 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th editions, Hay's address before the Omar Khayyám Club of London, Edward Heron Allen's book containing a facsimile of the Bodleian manuscript, a rare copy of the Calcutta manuscript of Professor Cowell's, and hundreds of less

important editions." But for the commission, it is true, the Rubaiyat would never have found their way in this available shape to Europe, and the FitzGerald translation might never have been made.

Omar's Boston Followers

The wealth of Omar material which, in the collections of They do not let considerations of scholarship or connoisseurship members, is constantly available to members of the club, is immense. The personnel of the club itself is, so to speak, a very personal thing. It has included, and includes, a number of learned men, authors and connoisseurs. At its reunions, it has many guests. One who has been its guest on divers occasions might feel himself justified in saying that the club exists for its guests. In a sense, it does, but, first of all, it exists for its members. Even old Omar existed for them and their pleasure. run away with their pleasure on any occasion. By this consecration of the principle of true conviviality the Khayyámites honor Omar better than they could honor him in any other way, because they have learned from his well-known Rubaiyat that this is precisely what he would have them do. They are the "Guests star-scattered on the Grass"—not yet beneath it; they know that Omar's glass stands there with theirs, and they conceive of him as putting it cheerfully to his lips. It is a kind of a way to give him a good time. If they came over-saturated with learning they would hardly be able to hold anything else and nine-tenths of Omar's philosophy are in his gospel of good fellowship.

Nor is there ever the slightest disharmony found in this organization between the Omarian as the convive and the Omarian as the scholar. Its founder, Eben Francis Thompson, of Worcester, is, since 1919, its president; and the club has, as it were, stood over his monumental translation of the whole of Omar Khayyám's quatrains—a formidable volume, very much more extended, of course, than FitzGerald's very free version, and very different. A great Orientalist whose erudition illuminates the club is Professor Charles R. Lanman, of Harvard, whose amazing services in this line are known to all scholars. The officers of the club have been as follows: Presidents, Nathan Haskell Dole, 1900-1917;

Charles Dana Burrage, 1917-'19; Eben Francis Thompson, 1919-'20; vice presidents, Ross Turner, 1900 to his death in 1915; Charles R. Lanman since. Secretaries, Eben Francis Thompson, 1900-1920; Charles Dana Burrage, 1920. Treasurers, Eben Francis Thompson, 1900-1903; Charles Dana Burrage since.

OMAR KHAYYAM IN AMERICA

Twenty Years of the Omar Khayyam Club of America. Worcester Men in the Club

(From the Worcester Gazette, June 1, 1921)

Omar Khayyám, Persian philosopher and poet, established a cult immortally cherished by the choice souls of successive generations. Omarians are generally gentle, always genial; and, when opportunity offers, joyfully congenial. For evidence, see "Twenty Years of the Omar Khayyám Club of America," just published.

One evening in 1887 Sir Richard Burton, the "Arabian Nights Man," when dining at Lord Coleridge's, observed that the learned Oriental societies had too much pedantry in evidence at their sessions, and not enough plain ordinary good fellowship. It was from this suggestion that Mr. Eben Francis Thompson of Worcester got the idea, put into operation years later, of a club of Omarians "on the basis of good fellowship as well as Oriental learning, with the good fellowship as the predominant feature."

Mr. Thompson made this suggestion to Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, who had been his instructor in Greek. The two men had studied Oriental literature, and especially Omar, together. Mr. Dole received the suggestion with enthusiasm, and the result was that the Omar Khayyám Club of America came into being.

The first meeting of this jovial fellowship was held at Young's, in Boston, on Saturday, March 31, 1900. March 31 is the birthday of Edward FitzGerald, patron saint of the Omarians. The annual meeting of the club on this date is known as the Festival of Saint Edward. The record of this meeting reads: "From the Persian vase in the table's center with its one rose of Kashmir

to the various items of the menu from chilo to Shirazi wine and Persian rose leaves the session was distinctly Omarian. It is singular, too, that at this meeting the mystic number of nine persons were present just as at the first dinner of the London club the same number participated. Dole exhibited the manuscript of the Greek version which had been made by Professor Crawley of Bradfield college, Berkshire, England, and also displayed a copy of the first American edition."

It was a delightful session. Laurence C. Woodworth sent an edition of Tennyson's poem to FitzGerald, privately printed by the Brothers of the Book in commemoration of FitzGerald's 91st birthday. Dr. William E. Story, Worcester's genial mathematician, produced a copy of Omar's algebra. Col. Higginson was delightfully reminiscent and talked about Omarians past and present, dwelling wistfully on those to whom might be applied Omar's lines.

"Some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before
And one by one crept silently to rest."

Mr. Thompson read some extracts from the complete translation on which he was then working.

Members of the club have written many well-known books about Omar and renditions of his immortal poetry. In a poem read at one of the meetings, Mr. Dole paid this high honor to Mr. Thompson's translation:

Hail to you Omar, friendliest of the Sages,
Your message cheers us, ringing through the ages:—
Our Eben Francis has translated it
In golden verses crowning creamy pages.
In somewhat different vein is this metrical outburst:

The Cardinal

On his high throne a cardinal sat,
Cogitating on this and on that;
"Omar Khayyám," quoth he,
"Has nothing on me

For I have my own Rubyhat.
 Not FitzGerald nor Thompson," he said,
 "Nor Dole, Whinfield nor Roe are ahead ;
 As surely as they
 I am truly O. K.
 For my Rubyhat is much red!"

Which goes to show that Omarians are not as continuously cold and austere as less scholarly folk might think.

One of the finest things in the book, Omarian only as it serves to show the working of the ancient Persian's spirit in modern minds dealing with modern subjects, is the poem on Lincoln, written by Mr. William Bacon Scofield of Worcester, and read at the meeting of April 5, 1919 :

Somehow I think that in the near Beyond
 He sits and broods o'er all this human strife
 And that new furrows line his kindly face,
 Full sad enough from his own weary life.
 While the great heart, that throbbed for others'
 care,
 Still thrills in pity for us, even there.

A poem by Henry Harmon Chamberlin, also of Worcester, was read at the meeting of March 31, 1917. It is called "The Price," and mourns the betrayal of the Brotherhood of Man in the war :

Brother of Death, Sin's crowned and armed birth,
 How long shall this new Anarch reign on earth.
 Unsmitten of Thy thunderbolt, O Lord?

Another citizen of Worcester who contributes to the book is Dr. Story, who at the session of April 6, 1918, read his paper on "Omar as a Mathematician." He said: "It seems to be commonly assumed that Omar was by profession an astronomer and that with him pure mathematics was only a side issue. . . . Omar's greatest original contribution to algebra is the complete classification of the cubic equation. . . . Apparently also, he considered the binomial theorem for positive integral exponents. He says, 'I have taught how to find the sides of the square-square, of the square-cube, of the cube-cube, etc., to any extent, which no one had

previously done.' . . . All things considered, I am inclined to think that Omar Khayyám was the most original and, therefore, the greatest of the Saracen mathematicians."

This history of "Twenty Years of the Omar Khayyám Club of America" is a volume to delight those who are acquainted with the mechanical mysteries of bookmaking, and to give pleasure to all bibliophiles. It was made under the most painstaking direction of Charles Dana Burrage. It is bound in blue paper over heavy board, with a white saddle lettered in gilt. On the side is the title in gold lettering, and a grape design on the rich blue paper.

Text and pictures are on right hand pages only. A fine, white deckle-edge paper is used. There are finely executed reproductions of menus used at the club dinners; they would interest any friends of the curious and the beautiful. Other prints show some of the club members; the FitzGerald medal struck by the club, and volumes of translations of the great Persian's poems.

The book is dedicated to Eben Francis Thompson, of Worcester, "lawyer, wit, prince of good fellows, Shakespearean scholar, art lover, poet, author, and first translator from the original Persian of the complete quatrains of Omar Khayyám." Mr. Thompson's son, Harold R. Thompson, a Harvard graduate of the class of 1919, did much of the illuminating that beautifies the volume. The seal of the club, reproduced on the title page of the book, is suggestive of the hour glass within the revolving wheel, symbolic of the Omarian philosophy. It is printed in a red of the true Oriental tone, and anyone who has had anything to do with printing in color will appreciate from it the care that has been taken in every detail of this book. It could not have been an easy matter to get that ink.

The volume is in its own way a masterpiece of art, for it presents charmingly the Oriental touch of color without which it could hardly have been made an appropriate embodiment of the club's record. The blue end-papers and a henna sheet with a chaste reproduction of the club's Omar case are in delightful harmony. Oriental books of the old times were often made of leaves of different colored papers bound up together.

A poem in verse says:

Reserve your censure; do not criticize
This book; 'twas only meant for friendly eyes.

It would be hard to criticize the volume adversely. As only 275 copies were made, we are too much favored in being permitted to use a copy for the delectation and edification of our readers to indulge in any comment but that of praise, even if such comment were possible.

It is good for America that it has men who can find the time, amid the hurly-burly of modern life, to study these philosophers of long ago, and keep burning in the world the lamp of their wit and wisdom kindled in earlier ages. Worcesterians may be proud of the part that citizens of this town have had in the pleasant work of culture.

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB AND THE FOREIGN ORIENTAL SOCIETIES

It would seem to be well to preserve in the club annals the following account, taken from the Boston Evening Transcript of Tuesday, October 4, 1921, of the meeting of the delegates from the foreign Oriental societies with the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, for the reason that the Omar Khayyám Club of America entertained, through the week, such of the delegates as were not otherwise taken care of in their houses by the members of the committee, that they gave the delegates a lunch at Young's Hotel on Wednesday, followed by a long drive into the country, and also a banquet at the Harvard Club, Friday evening, at both of which meetings, President Charles R. Lanman of the Club presided most acceptably. The Club also presented various souvenirs to each of the delegates.

American Academy and the Orientalists

Boston will be the scene this week of a remarkable international assembly of men of science, representing a field of deep learning. The meeting will mark the reception here, at the house of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 28 Newbury street, of the visiting Orientalists of France, England and America. The steps by which the work of Oriental scholars all over the world have become organized, and their leading representatives have come together in Boston this week, afford a record of great interest.

The president of the Société Asiatique, Emile Senart, member of the Institute of France, believing that the work of Oriental students might be greatly furthered by organized co-operation and mutual helpfulness, appealed to the venerable president of the Royal Asiatic Society, the late Lord Reay, former governor of Bombay, for his aid in bringing about the desired organization. By the labors of Mr. Senart and Lord Reay, this plan was carried through, and an agreement effected as between the Asiatic societies of France and Great Britain. By the efforts of Mr. Senart and Professor Lanman of Harvard (the latter, since 1908, a corresponding member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, of the Institute of France), a similar understanding between these societies and the American Oriental Society was also effected. The first joint session of the three societies was held at London in 1919, and the second at Paris in 1920.

In 1922 the French Society will celebrate the centenary of its foundation, and in 1923 the British Society will follow suit. Unless a joint session is held with the Americans in the present year of 1921, an opportunity for such a meeting will not recur until 1924. Accordingly, in the spring of this year, the American Academy sent to the European societies an invitation, at the instance of Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow of Boston; Professor James H. Breasted of the University of Chicago; Mr. Charles Dana Burrage of Boston; Professors Albert T. Clay and Charles C. Torrey of Yale University; Dr. Arthur Fairbanks, of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Professors James R. Jewett, Charles R. Lanman, George Foot Moore and James H. Woods of Harvard University; and Professor Duncan B. Macdonald of Hartford Theological Seminary, to meet with the members of Class III of the Academy, on the 24th of June, 1921, or at such later time as might appear to the societies concerned more convenient, and at the House of the Academy in the city of Boston. Class III of the Academy includes the sections for theology and philosophy and jurisprudence, for philology and archaeology, for political economy and history, and for literature and the fine arts. No one of these subjects is without intimate and vital relations to the fields of investigation cultivated by the Orientalists.

This meeting, it was explained, was proposed as a continuation of the series of joint meetings of Orientalists begun at London in 1919 and continued at Paris in 1920.

It was further noted in the invitation that through the devoted labors of one of the fellows of the academy, Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, there is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts a collection of Japanese paintings and other works of art such as is not to be found elsewhere outside of the Island Empire. Moreover, the Museum contains the finest examples outside of Egypt itself of the sculpture of the best period of the Old Egyptian Empire. Especial care will be taken that the delegates shall have the best possible opportunity to see and profit by these collections.

The Academy's invitation met with the most prompt and cordial acceptance from the French and British societies. The Italians were compelled reluctantly to decline. The days for the joint meeting are Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct 5-7. The delegates representing the French society are Paul Pelliot, member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of the Institute of France, professor at the Collège de France, and Alexandre Moret, conservator of the Musée Guimet in Paris and director of the studies at Ecole pratique des Hautes Etudes. The delegation from the Royal Asiatic Society are Dr. Arthur E. Cowley of Magdalen College, Oxford, the head of the Bodleian Library, and Dr. Stephen Langdon of Jesus College, Oxford, professor of Assyriology. Other British Orientalists are Dr. Weld-Blundell of Queen's College, Oxford, whose special field is South Arabian and Nubian, and Mr. Lee-Shuttleworth, long resident in India and the Western Himalaya and interested in the study of the countries bordering on Tibet.

The delegates of the American Oriental Society are its president, the Assyriologist, Dr. James B. Nies of Brooklyn; Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow of Boston, to whose persistent labors and fine enthusiasm is due the collection of Japanese paintings and other works of art which are among the proudest boasts of our museum; Professor Breasted of Chicago, Egyptologist and historian of

Egypt, and director of the museum; Mr. Charles Dana Burrage of Boston, busy corporation lawyer but also a lover of flowers and of Persian poetry, founder of the Omar Khayyám Club of America and for many years its president, a devoted and most successful collector of everything relating to Omar; Dr. Albert T. Clay, professor of Assyriology at Yale; Professor A. V. W. Jackson of Columbia, student of the literature of Persia from the time of the Zend Avesta till now, and Professor Torrey, the Arabist of Yale.

Professor George Foot Moore of Harvard, the author of the two monumental volumes on the History of Religions, was, at the time the invitation was sent out, the vice president of the academy for Class III. To that position his honor, Chief Justice Rugg of the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth, has meantime succeeded, while Professor Moore has been elected president of the academy in succession to our chemist, Professor Theodore William Richards. The opening session will begin at ten o'clock tomorrow, Oct. 5, at 28 Newbury street, in the beautiful and commodious and dignified house of the Academy, a gift to the Academy from Alexander Agassiz and his sons.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts will give to the people of Boston an opportunity to hear of the marvelous discoveries of Professor Pelliot during his explorations in Chinese Turkestan from 1906 to 1909. The dryness of that arid region has wonderfully conserved the relics of ancient Buddhist art (painting and sculpture) and even of products of textile industry. The excavations of the sand-buried towns have yielded archaeological results of first importance in their bearing upon the history of the contacts of diverse civilizations and religions in Central Asia during the early centuries of our era. Even of a language, the Sogdian, which was wide-spread from the confines of Persia to the frontiers of China, but of which we knew nothing a few years ago, Mr. Pelliot has brought back documents which enable his colleague, Professor Meillet of the College de France, to construct a grammar, now soon to appear.

Professor Pelliot's lectures (in English) at the Museum will be illustrated by pictures of some of the most remarkable of his archaeological and artistic finds. The first will be given on Monday, Oct. 10, at 5 P. M.

J. E. C.

CHAMPAGNE SONG OR THE WINE OF VICTORY

[Read at the annual dinner, 1918, of the Omar Khayyám Club of America]

Still wine hath an intimate fire
 That gratefully tickles each vein ;
 But the springtime of youth and desire
 Bubbles up in the wine of champagne.

Chorus:

Bubbles up in the glass of champagne, my boys,
 Bubbles up in the sparkling champagne, my boys,
 Bubbles high in the golden champagne, my boys,
 The sparkling, golden champagne.

With shot and with shell and the terrors of Hell,
 The Germans swept over the Aisne,
 But the spirit of France broke their onward advance,
 And dashed all their hopes in Champagne.

Chorus:

Then here's the poilus of Champagne, my boys,
 Who scattered the Boche in Champagne, my boys,
 From the Marne and the Aisne to Champagne, my boys,
 When red grew the grapes of Champagne.

They gave up their lives for their children and wives,
 But they shed not their lifeblood in vain,
 For the world they made free over land, over sea,
 By the battles they fought in Champagne.

Chorus:

Then here's the Poilus of Champagne, my boys,
 Who laid down their lives in Champagne, my boys,
 To the living and dead in Champagne, my boys,
 Let's drink to them all in champagne.

For the loved ones that mourn, they no more may return,
A tear for each bumper we drain;
But we at the height of this festival night,
Let our hearts be as light as champagne.

Chorus:

Then here's to the merry champagne, my boys,
And here's to the gallant champagne, my boys,
And the glory of France in Champagne, my boys,
The glorious, victorious champagne.

HENRY HARMON CHAMBERLIN.

POEMS

On receiving copies of "Twenty Years of the Omar Khayyám Club of America."

IOWA STATE LIBRARY

Des Moines, Iowa,
May 24, 1921.

Mr. Charles Dana Burrage,
85 Ames Building,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Burrage:—

Please accept and convey to the Omar Khayyám Club of America and the Rosemary Press my thanks for the beautiful volume kindly sent our State Library, entitled "Twenty Years of the Omar Khayyám Club of America."

Its interesting reading matter, combined with the perfect printing and exquisite binding, fill me with delight. I took it home with me last evening, and under its inspiration wrote a quatrain, a copy of which I enclose. I am sending a copy to the Atlantic. Though it may not be up to grade as to poetry, I am sure you will appreciate the spirit which prompted it.

Yours very truly,

(signed) JOHNSON BRIGHAM,
State Librarian.

FACING THE EAST

On Re-reading "The Rose Garden of Omar Khayyam"

Though far removed in spirit, time and space
From the Rose Garden of my early dreams,
The westering wind of summer evening seems
To press the scent of roses 'gainst my face.

JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

To the Editor,
 Twenty Years of the Omar Khayyám Club of America :

You ask the reader not to criticize
 The Book you only meant for friendly eyes.
 Ingrate, indeed, must be the one who'd brook
 Aught but the kindest words upon your Book!
 But may not criticism be in friendly view?
 And serve to call your inspiration forth again?
 Wise Omar said it well for all to read—
 'Tis Fellowship that lets our Life proceed.
 Your happy Book now adds another link
 To his strong chain of evidence, I think.
 And since 'tis Friendship makes our life worth
 while,
 The chronicle of Friendship's tear, or smile,
 For future man to keep and read again,
 Is worthy subject for your worthy pen.
 'Tis plain you generous are, as well as wise,
 And know the objects that all men most prize
 Are those in which themselves with toil have
 wrought
 The precious product of their own hard thought,
 So you have kept a store of pages white,
 Whereon each one of us may paste, or write,—
 Mayhap of interest to himself alone—
 The things that really make the Book his own,
 So now, though I have dared to criticize
 You see 'tis but the view of friendly eyes.

CHARLES HEYWOOD STRATTON.

Washington, D. C., May 27, 1921.

When, on that Summer day at Twin Oaks, you
First brought th' immortal Omar to my view
I gave the deathless quatrains scarce a thought—
Ah, 'twas but very little then I knew!

But as, from time to time, I read them o'er
Their beauty grew upon me more and more.
And now I hope that I may be enrolled
With the Elect who've entered in the Door.

'Tis pleasant, then, to place upon the Shelf
With all my Omars, prized above mere pelf,
This handsome Book of those who love the Poet;
Which shows so much also of your own Self.

GEORGE C. STRATTON.

Washington, D. C., May 22, 1921.

A TOAST TO THE DEAD

April 2, 1921

To our members who have passed beyond the veil that hides the Infinite, and solved the last great mystery of Life.

Edward H. Clement

Gracious man of letters, ready writer, for many years Editor of the Transcript, a genial companion, lover of good books, a keen appreciator of the genius of Edward FitzGerald.

Edward Livingston Davis

A representative citizen of Worcester, ardently and sympathetically interested in literature and the Fine Arts.

Richard Henry Winslow Dwight

A patriotic American, and a profound student of history.

Frank Palmer Goulding

Charter member of this Club, great lawyer, a leader at the Worcester and Massachusetts Bars, a most generous and knightly gentleman, a devoted friend to the poor and oppressed, brilliant orator and advocate, a delightful and polished writer, untimely taken from us, mourned without ceasing.

Edward Palmer Hatch

Clean-souled, brave and loyal, a friend to all, generous, loving, greatly loved, one of Nature's noblemen.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson

An heroic National figure, commander of a colored regiment in the Civil War, an eloquent and persuasive Unitarian Minister, and apostle of liberty, a famous essay writer and nature lover, student, scholar and powerful moral preacher, friend and co-equal of FitzGerald, Norton, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, Sanborn, Whittier, Dana, Margaret Fuller, one of the pillars of our Club whose meetings he never missed.

John E. Hudson

Genial, book loving, well read, a Prince among business men, a great corporation lawyer-manager.

Andrew Lang

Non-resident member of London, famous English poet, author and critic, admirer of Omar, friend of FitzGerald, known to and loved by all the world.

Charles F. Libby

Great lawyer, leader of the Maine Bar, President of the American Bar Association, lover of books, a faithful attendant on our meetings for many years, a tried and true friend.

Arthur Macy

Charter member, loved and loving, a rare and radiant soul, a wise and faithful follower of old Omar, a graceful poet and brilliant author.

Charles Hardy Meigs

Non-resident member of Columbus, Ohio, who with infinite skill and pains produced the Miniature Omar now so treasured.

J. Russel Marble

Merchant Prince, high minded citizen, a practical and generous man of affairs.

Prof. M. H. Morgan of Harvard

Keen, incisive, with a great passion for learning, most companionable of men, a lover of Omar.

Bernard Alfred Quaritch

Non-resident member of London, whom we of this Club delighted always to meet as man, bon vivant and scholar, a brave and loyal friend, world figure in the book marts and exchanges, a great book genius, a worthy son of a great father, who was FitzGerald's publisher and friend.

William F. Russell

A quiet old-fashioned English gentleman, who easily won our hearts, a man of the world, versed in the ancient and mystic lore of Clubs and in the manners and customs of the Orient, a valued member.

Prof. H. Morse Stephens

Of the University of California, a great teacher and author, loved as few teachers are, a power for good on the Western shore.

Ross Turner

Charter member, Vice-President of this Club for fifteen years, great painter and artist, ardent and enthusiastic flower and book lover, gentle, refined and true, whose illuminated Omar ranks as among the most beautiful of all.

In enduring memory of these friends and comrades we annually, with humble and contrite hearts, in solemn appreciation of the glorious beauties of their lives, speak the seven hundred-year-old lament of Omar in FitzGerald's magnificent rendering,

“For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.”

CHARLES DANA BURRAGE.

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Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Dedicated to the delegates from the *Société Asiatique*, *Royal Asiatic Society*, *Sociéta Asiatica*, and *American Oriental Society*, in joint meeting with American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at Boston, Mass., Oct. 5th, 1921.

Twenty copies, bound in full blue morocco, hand-tooled in gold, with inlays of red and green morocco, with jade jewel inset, put in case. For the Omar Khayyám Club of America. Miniature edition.

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