

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. VI, No. 18.

WATERVILLE, ME., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYAM.

One of the books to be found on the shelves of every book-seller and of almost every book-lover is the *Rubáiyát* Of Omar Khayám, Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. The very name is suggestive to one hearing it for the first time. Suggestive of what? One does not know, but it must mean something, one can tell that by the sound of it, and it has an impressive look when printed. Few people who have not read the book, and possibly a good many who have read it, know that the name means merely "Verses (Quatrains) Of Omar, The Tent Maker."

Omar Khayám was the son of a tent maker and was born at Naishápúr, in Khorasan, Persia, in the latter half of the eleventh century and died in retirement there in the first quarter of the twelfth. He is known as the Astronomer Poet of Persia, for he was a great astronomer, scientist, and mathematician as well as a poet. He first became known to Europeans through a work on mathematics, written in Arabic. Familiarity with his poetical works followed, and as early as the seventeenth century they were translated into English by Dr. Thomas Hyde. Omar's fame as a poet rests mainly upon the appreciation his works have gained among his European admirers, for at no time has he been highly esteemed by his fellow countrymen. This seems to have been largely due to the fact that old Omar was a woful skeptic. He was about as much of a Mohammedan as some of our own writers are Christians. In his own day, his *Rubáiyát* were regarded with holy horror by all devout Mohammedans, as Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" was regarded by our forefathers. In later years his works have been neglected; and largely forgotten in his native land, much as those of such poets as Oeceleve and Gower in our own. Persians consider them hardly worth reading. And so poor old Omar, with his *nom de plume* of Tent-maker, would have fallen into hopeless oblivion if he had not been rescued and brought to a foreign land. It remained for Edward Fitzgerald to transplant this Persian exotic and bid it bloom in the fields of English literature.

Edward Fitzgerald, or Edward Purcell, as he was known until in his tenth year his father took the coat of arms and name of the Fitzgerald's, was born in Bredfield, Suffolk, England, in 1809 and died in 1883. His parentage was Irish on both sides, which perhaps accounts for his irrepressible humor and for the many eccentricities which were characteristic of him, but there was also a strain of Norman blood in his family, to account for his poetry.

He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and while there he was an intimate friend of Thackeray and Tennyson. The latter dedicated the poem "Tiresias" to him in a poem beginning:

"Old Fitz, who from your suburb grange,
Where once I tarried for awhile,
Glance at the wheeling Orb of change,
And greet it with a kindly smile."

Fitzgerald's tastes were always literary, but he was of all men most modest and retiring about his own literary merit. His first edition of the "*Rubáiyát*," published in 1853, was given to the publisher as a present, and was published without the name of the translator. One of Fitzgerald's Cambridge friends was Edward Cowell, a great Persian

scholar with whom he delved among the old Persian authors. Part of Fitzgerald's interest in Persian literature seems to have arisen from his whimsical adoption of the old philological theory that Iran and Erin are identical. Those who know best, tell us that Fitzgerald translated not so much the words as the soul of the old Persian, and that his genius has made changes and additions so skillfully that it is impossible to tell without careful reference to the original where Iran leaves off and Erin begins. He has kept the spirit of the Persian and produced from it one of the most delightfully fascinating poems in the English language.

There are one hundred and ten quatrains or *Rubáiyát* in the poem, if it can be called poem in the strict sense of the term. There is no plot, no sustained unity to the verses, except the Epicurean idea of the shortness of life, the littleness of man and his knowledge, and the wisdom of seeking pleasure while life may last. Any attempt to read the *Rubáiyát* as a connected, developed whole results only in confusion; they make much better sense if taken out of their surroundings and read by themselves. The reason for this is apparent when it is understood that in the original they are a set of moralizings upon the same general subject, and grouped according to the last letter of the rhymes, those quatrains whose rhymes end in "a" being in one group, those ending in "b" in another and so on. To attempt to understand them as a whole, a unit, is as useless as it would be to try to understand Proverbs as a unit. That is, one can not see the connection between the different sets of *Rubáiyát*, because there is none, except the general one before mentioned. The sentiments expressed remind one much of Horace, and Fitzgerald has rendered them into English with a grace and felicity of expression that is truly Horatian. But there is an element in them which never entered into Horace's poetry, that of dissatisfaction with the world and with self, a half unconscious longing for something higher and better. Horace was a cultured Roman gentleman, who lived on the smooth side of life and was never troubled by his conscience. Omar Khayám had thought himself through and clear of the shams of his religion, and he could find nothing but a blank beyond. Then in the bitterness of conscious failure and poverty of existence he stood aloof and ridiculed the conceptions of religion held by his contemporaries.

It might at first be supposed that Christianity would have satisfied his wants, for he mentions it among "The two-and-seventy jarring sects," but his knowledge of it came only through the First Crusade, and through scattering devotees he may have met. Neither source could have been very inspiring or influential, for the first was in the point of the sword, and the second, in ignorant pilgrims whom he would regard as idolaters. Hence, running through all his Epicurean philosophy, gay and reckless though it often is, there is a note of bitterness, the discord of a soul out of harmony with itself and God. His philosophy can not hide his troubled conscience.

Understood in this way, "*Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayám" is not only a valuable book, but one whose charm increases with every reading.

BASKET BALL.

Hot Game in Orono Saturday Night—Dispute over Score.

The warmest basket ball for the winter to be played in the gymnasium of the University of Maine, occurred Saturday night when the Maine freshman team faced the '06 aggregation from Colby. The score as announced at the end was 15 to 13 in favor of Maine. Maine magnanimously agreed to throw the score out, as a dispute arose; but the matter was amicably settled finally and the game was awarded to Maine.

At the end of time in the second half, many who were keeping score for amusement found the count 13 to 12 in Colby's favor. Maine's scorer said 13-13, however, and the game was resumed. Maine threw a goal almost immediately and the contest ended. The all important factor in settling the dispute was whether Aborn had thrown a foul goal, counting one, during the first half. It was finally agreed that he did, and the atmosphere cleared.

It was a shoulder to shoulder race straight through both halves, and the result was a turn of the hand until Maine threw the deciding goal after the tie. In many instances the playing was sensational, Aborn especially distinguishing himself for cleverness and reckless work. Few fouls were made and the utmost good feeling seemed to prevail between the contestants. Excitement ran high in the second half, especially, and cheering was constant and loud. The attendance was large, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, there being many present from Bangor and Old Town.

The manager of the Maine freshman team neglected to procure an official scorer and timer. If these important officials had been present, Colby would not have questioned the result for a moment.

The lineup is as follows:

U. OF M., '06.	COLBY, '06.
Paige, i.f.	r.f., Teague
Owen, r.f.	i.f., Willey
Wilson, c.	c., Coombs
Aborn, l.b.	r.b., Abbott
Worcester, r.b.	l.b., Briggs
Carver, r.b.	

Score—Maine, 15; Colby, 13. Goals from field—Briggs, 3, Aborn, 4, Willey, 2, Abbott, Carver, Paige, Wilson. Foul goals—Aborn and Coombs.

COLBY VS. GARDINER.

Colby added another to her string of scalps by defeating the Gardiner team 25 to 8. This is the second game she has won from Gardiner this year, the first being a hotly contested one. The collegians have forged steadily ahead since the opening of the season and the results of Tuesday night's game are the logical outcome of the faithful training which the team has kept up. This basket ball team must certainly be regarded as one of the most successful organizations that ever represented Colby, for it not only wins games but makes money. Basket ball is the one branch of athletics here which keeps out of debt.

The sport of the evening began with a half played between the Junior and Freshman teams. The pace was hot and fast, but the Juniors seemed unable to hold it, and had to yield, 8 to 0.

This was followed by a ten minute wrestling bout between Hawes and Arey of '08. There were five falls, and Hawes,

winning three, was declared the winner. The match caused a good deal of amusement and was very interesting to the spectators.

The big game now began, and it was soon evident that the collegians had the better of the argument. The first half ended 8 to 4 in favor of Colby. In the second half Gardiner was left hopelessly behind, and all the interest in the game centered in Colby's tries at goal. Enough of them were successful to bring the score up to 25 to 8 before the end of the game. For Colby, Joe Teague and Lewis played the best game, the former throwing 9 goals and the latter, 3. For Gardiner, Scott and Straffin did excellent work.

It was decided not to play off the last half of the Junior and Freshman game.

The scores and lineups are as follows:

JUNIORS.	FRESHMEN.
Bryant, i.f.	i.f., Abbott
Ames, r.f.	r.f., Briggs
Tolman, c.	c., Willey
Cowing, l.g.	l.g., Spencer
Buck, r.g.	r.g., Ross

Score—Freshmen, 8; Juniors, 0. Goals from floor—Willey, 3, Ross. Referee—Glover. Timekeeper—Cox. Time—10 minutes.

COLBY.	GARDINER.
J. Teague, i.f.	i.f., Willey
Lewis, r.f.	r.f., Scott
Coombs, c.	c., Straffin
W. Teague, l.g.	l.g., Osborne
Bartlett, r.g.	r.g., Haygood (Rafferty)

Score—Colby, 25; Gardiner, 8. Goals from floor—J. Teague, 9, Lewis 3, Willey, Scott, Straffin, Rafferty. Goal from foul, Bartlett. Referee—Newenham. Timer, Cox. Time, 20 minute halves.

DELTA UPSILON BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the New England Delta Upsilon Club was held at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston on the evening of Friday Feb. 27. Two other Delta Upsilon banquets were held the same evening, one by the New York Club at the Manhattan hotel in New York, and the other by the Albany Club at Albany. Greetings were exchanged by telegraph and all felt that it was indeed a D. U. evening.

The brothers gathered at the hotel at 6 P.M., and an informal reception was held. A business meeting followed at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Pres., LaRue Vredenburg, Rutgers, '77; Vice Pres., Guy H. Holliday, Harvard, '89; Hon. Vice Pres., Hon. Wm. Travers Jerome, Amherst, '82, Hon. Wm. H. P. Faunce, Brown, '80, E. C. Moore, Marietta, '77; Secretary, M. S. Getchell, Colby, '08; Treas., W. L. Currier, Harvard, '87. Directors, Nathan A. Tufts, Brown, '00, Joseph W. Cowles, Cornell, '90, A. P. Soule, Colby, '70, C. M. Thorne, Northwestern, '00, C. B. Wheelock, Cornell, '76.

After the business meeting there was some business coming to the banquet in the dining room, and it was once more demonstrated that D. U's are men of great capacity.

The post-prandial exercises were of a high order, possibly all the higher because of the entire absence of wine and tobacco smoke. The voice of old New England was answered by the voice of far away California, and the flattered "r's" of the Bostonian were caught up and rolled out by the man from the sturdy Middle West. There was no lack of wit or wisdom or music and the hours of the night sped too quickly away. It was with a sigh of regret that we heard the voice of the toastmaster warning us that the banquet must close, and that another year must elapse ere we could continue the program.

THE COLBY ECHO.

Published every Friday during the college year by the students of Colby College.

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We contemplate a new arrangement in regard to the work devolving upon the several members of the editorial board, or rather a more definite arrangement. As matters now stand, the editor-in-chief is responsible for the whole paper, and if on Wednesday morning the literary editors have not filled up their space, and the news editors have not filled theirs, the editor-in-chief must sit down and write the major part of the paper himself. It is needless to say that this is not a very satisfactory arrangement, either to him or to the public. It is quite enough for one man to have in charge the general supervision, the correction of the proofs, and the editorials; to have more is to be over-burdened and over-crowded. The scheme proposed is to allot a certain space to each class of editors, for example, three columns per week to the news editors, four to the literary editors and so on, making each class entirely responsible for its space. In this way, the work can be evenly divided and made easy for all, and the character of the paper will be improved.

THE MUSICAL CLUBS.

The first public appearance of the Glee and Mandolin-Guitar clubs occurred last Thursday evening at the Tacconet Club House in Winslow. The occasion was a box sociable given by employees of the Hollingsworth and Whitney Co. Two of the three numbers assigned to the boys on the program were rendered by the Glee Club, after which its leader found it suddenly necessary to go home, so the last was given by the Mandolin Club. All three numbers were heartily encored. After the entertainment the boys availed themselves of the bowling alleys, billiard tables and supper, to have a good time.

On Friday evening the "combined organizations" were driven to Sidney for the first regular concert. Owing to a complicated system of tail-chasing, we were late in getting started, and consequently late in arriving. Although the curtain did not rise until nine o'clock, the large audience was thoroughly good-natured, and no doubt thought themselves well repaid for waiting. The following program was given:

PART I.

The Passing Regiment, Macy
Glee Club and Orchestra.
Reading, Mr. Maxfield.

Creole Belles, Lampe
The Mandolin Club.
Cavatina, Bohm
Mr. Brunel.
Kentucky Babe, Geibel
The Glee Club.
PART II.
Diana, Oriental Serenade, Luders
The Mandolin Club.
Piano Solo, Mr. Daggett.
Stein Song, Bullard
The Glee Club.
Scène de Ballet, De Beriot
Mr. Brunel.
Our Director, Bigelow
The Mandolin Club.
Grand Finale,
The Glee Club.

The concert was followed by a supper, which filled a long-felt want, after which came an informal dance. In the small hours of the morning and also in a gentle rain—we started for home, and after a seemingly endless time, during which we were induced to keep our heads above water only by the cheering remarks of Cy Tap, we reached the "bricks" at five o'clock, ready for an early breakfast.

But little can be said at present in criticism of the work of the club, as they are still in a preparatory stage. The leaders are working hard, and most encouraging progress is being made. Mr. Brunel's violin solos need no comment here. Mr. Daggett's piano solo was excellently rendered, while Mr. Maxfield's reading was a pleasant surprise to every one. Altogether, every indication seems to point toward a successful trip in the spring vacation.

COLLEGE MEN IN DEMAND.

College men who are in a position to know, say the demand from employers for young graduates to begin work this summer with a view to learning the business and working their way upward is unusually large. In fact at present it seems to exceed the supply. Hapgoods, of 250-257 Broadway, New York, a concern which makes a business of finding right men for right places and right places for right men, is having difficulty in securing enough 1908 graduates to supply the demand. One large manufacturing concern in the West wishes Hapgoods to furnish twenty-five bright young college men to begin work in its offices about July 1, and offers splendid inducements to men who are willing to start at the bottom of the ladder. Seniors thinking of entering commercial or technical work should write for booklet.

Crabtree, '06, left Wednesday night for a week's visit in Boston and vicinity.

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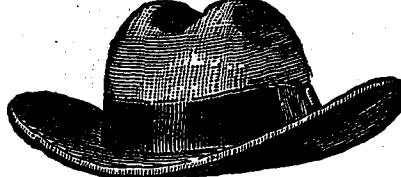
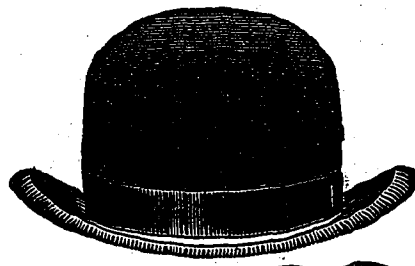
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"O student, go and get your lessons learned,
And get your lessons learned,
And get your lessons learned,
Or you will sorry be!"
The student's head was full of dreams of fame,
And not a word learned he.

The shrewd and wily Profs. his measure took,
His scanty measure took,
His scanty measure took,
As calmly as could be;
Then made some ciphers in a little book—
And no more pull had he.

Oh, was his standing A or B or C,
Or was it even D,
Or was it even D?—
And full of fear was he;
But when the dreaded rank-bill came, he groaned,
For 'twas not even D!

His dreams were o'er; he now began to plug,
Both day and night to plug,
Both day and night to plug,
To get at least a D,
He plugged so hard he had no time to sleep,
So nevermore dreamed he.

M. L. H., '05.

THE PROFESSOR'S DILEMMA.

Prof. Lane sat at his desk in a brown study. An open letter lay before him, which was evidently the cause of his reverie, for he now and then glanced at it with a thoughtful pucker in his brow. It was not a long communication, and read as follows:

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 15, 189-.

Prof H. W. Lane,
Onoro College.

DEAR SIR:

As you can see from the enclosed folder, it is our business to furnish college students with themes, outlines, essays, orations, and other literary aids. We have heard of your excellent work in this line, and should be pleased to have you furnish us with a half dozen short sketches of not more than 1200 words, for which we will pay \$—. Of course, care will be exercised that none of this work comes into your vicinity. Awaiting your early favorable reply,

Yours very truly,

The Northwest Literary Bureau.

At first sight it may seem strange that the professor should give such a letter a moment's consideration. But the truth of the matter was this:

Herbert Lane had graduated from the University three years before with the highest honors of his class, having won especial approval by his excellent work in the English Department. After a year's graduate work he had accepted the position of Professor of English and History in the little inland college at Onoro, hoping that it would prove the stepping stone to a larger and more important work. His five years in the University had left him heavily in debt, however, and his present salary was so limited that he was able to reduce the burden but slowly. The offer of the Northwest Literary Bureau was a tempting one, therefore, for the sum offered was generous and meant the immediate wiping out of his most pressing liabilities. Hence the professor's indecision.

He was well aware of the existence of such institutions, and knew that they did an extensive business, yet the idea of aiding them in their work was distasteful to him, and it was only his peculiar circumstances which led him to consider the alluring proposition.

For a half hour he sat thus debating the question with himself. At length he pulled forward writing materials and penned a hasty reply, accepting the terms offered and promising to forward the essays at an early date.

A year went by. The little transaction with the Northwest Literary Bureau had almost faded from Prof. Lane's mind, except as an occasional twinge of remorse came over him. He was no longer at Onoro, but had accepted a

position at a much more important institution in another state.

The college year was drawing to a close, and the members of the Junior class were preparing their essays in competition for the Harvey Memorial prize of one hundred dollars. By virtue of his position as head of the department, Professor Lane was chairman of the committee of three appointed to award the prize. The day for submitting the essays arrived, and a dozen or more carefully typewritten manuscripts were placed in the professor's hands.

That evening as he sat down to give them a preliminary reading, Professor Lane made a startling discovery—the very topmost essay in the pile, bearing the name of the brightest man in the class, was one of the set which he had written for the Northwest Literary Bureau a few months before!

With a feeling akin to consternation he read the familiar words. What was he to do? He could not in justice to the other competitors allow that essay to stand in the trial. Nor could he cast it aside without giving his reasons for so doing. Yet how could he accuse the student of wrongdoing when his own conduct was not above reproach?

And his colleagues on the awarding committee—how could he inform them of the situation, without forfeiting their esteem and respect—perhaps even his position?

The more he studied the problem the more firmly he became convinced that there were but two ways out of his dilemma: he could make a full explanation to his fellow judges, or could entirely suppress the essay. For an hour he debated the question, and then came to a decision. But what that decision was, we leave for the reader to conjecture.

CHIPMAN, '06.

ALUMNI NOTES.

M. S. Getchell, '93, A. P. Soule, '79, M. H. Long, L. L. Workman, H. E. Pike, F. W. Thyng and F. P. Hamilton all of '02, attended the D. U. banquet at Boston.

George S. Stevenson, ex-'02, has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard. Mr. Stevenson has done splendid work at Harvard and will have earned his A. M. in June, only three years after leaving Colby in his sophomore year.

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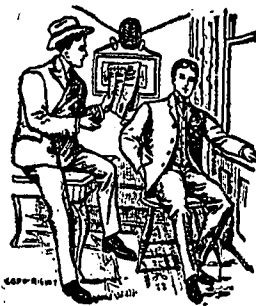
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For catalogue apply to
ALFRED MITCHELL, M. D., Dean.
BRUNSWICK, ME., July 10, 1902.

FROM THE CLUB OF CHEERFUL LIARS.

It has been a long time since I have been able to visit the Liars' Club, and when I dropped in the other night, I hoped that I might find opportunity to tell about my Aunt Sally's broadcloth, but it was no use, that everlasting Liar from Aroostook was there and I couldn't get a word in edgewise.

"Did I ever tell you," he began, "about my uncle Dudley's pigeon roast? Well, you know the pigeons used to flock by thousands every spring and fall. I've heard uncle Dud say that he had seen days and days when the flocks hid the sun all day long, and the fanning of the wings cooled the thermometer down below zero. Why—but I was going to tell about his big roast. Uncle Dud lived in a log hut in a big clearing, and right by the hut was an old stub birch with one great horizontal limb about 20 feet long sticking out toward the cabin. The boys used to jump off the roof and catch it and the family used it for a fire-escape. I've played on it many a day. Well, one night in the fall Uncle Dud was awakened by an awful racket, it sounded like thunder, and still it didn't. Uncle Dud thought the world must be coming to an end. He poked his head out of the window and the air was full of flapping wings, the ground was covered and the old birch was literally buried with wild pigeons. He reached for his gun, but remembered that he had neither shot nor ball. He did have some powder though, and he began to look for something to put in his gun with the powder, for it would never do to miss a shot at all those pigeons. He managed to find a small iron wedge, and dropping that into his gun-barrel, he poked her out through the window and blazed away into that old birch tree. When the gun went off she knocked Uncle Dud over, but he got up and stepped out to see what he had killed. The pigeons were fluttering away in huge clouds and at first he thought he hadn't killed anything, but when he came to look at the tree he saw that great limb covered from end to end with live pigeons, as thick as they could sit. Fly away! No sir, they couldn't fly. The old gun had sent that wedge right into the end of the limb and split it open. The wedge slanted up and went out, and the limb shut together on the pigeons' toes. There they were, every one of them, caught by the toes.

Of course Uncle Dud couldn't use so many himself, so bright and early next morning he sent the boys off to the neighbors to invite them to come right off to his pigeon roast. Then he set the old tree afire and when the neighbors arrived, the pigeons were just dropping down, nicely roasted, leaving their toe-nails in the tree. What! You don't see how he could burn the tree without setting the cabin afire? Didn't I tell you that tree was a fire escape? You don't know how to appreciate the point of a good story, any how. I'll have you understand that there were liars in Aroostook before Pulpit Harbor was ever settled. You may know how to dig clams, and like "tomally" but you can't lie with the artists, let me tell you."

I saw that it was no use to argue, for when that Aroostook cub gets started there's no reason in him. When I left he was droning away about raising cranberries from the seed. Said he bought some Cape Cod cranberries, shelled out the seeds and planted them in one of his bogs. Pretty rapid growers they were, for according to his story it took them just seven years to a day, to a minute, and, he thought, to a second to come up. That's about the Aroostook rate any how. I can beat him lying, and he knows it. If I ever get a chance to tell about my aunt Sally's broadcloth other people will know it too.

OLOSS GRONZEL.

CAMPUS CHAT.

Eva Plummer, '06, was in Hallowell over Sunday.

Gilman, '05, made a short visit to Boston last week.

Bryant, '04, is out again after an illness of a few days.

R. F. Brunel spent Sunday at his home in Portland.

Miss Jenks, '03, spent Sunday with friends in Hallowell.

Susan Weston, '06 spent Sunday at her home in Madison.

Mrs. Alice Sawtelle Randell, Colby '88, is visiting her mother in this city.

Miss Carolyn Hoyt of Haverhill, Mass., spent Thursday with Miss Stover, '03.

Wm. M. H. Teague has been spending a few days at his home in Warren, Me.

Harriet Cleveland, '04, celebrated Washington's Birthday at home in Skowhegan.

Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Frew left on the three o'clock Monday afternoon for Burlington, Vt.

Misses Stover, '03, and Mower, '04, entertained a few of their friends at 12 Center street on Monday evening.

The Glee, Mandolin and Guitar clubs assisted in the entertainment at the Taconnet Club House Thursday evening.

Teague and Brunel, '03, and Tolman, '04, went home Saturday to be present at the annual municipal elections on Monday.

Thomas, '03, returned Monday from Boston where he attended the New England banquet of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

Prof. W. H. Eaton, instructor in mathematics at Higgins Classical Institute, has been visiting friends on the campus and about town for a few days.

Perkins, '04, who has been on a six weeks' pleasure trip to southern California, has returned home. He will not resume his studies at Colby until next term.

The society known to the world at large as the Nameless Six met at 58 Pleasant street Thursday, Feb. 19. The evening was spent in the usual enjoyable manner.

We are glad to see an awakening interest in THE ECHO on the part of the student body. Several voluntary contributions have been received lately, through the mail and otherwise, for all of which we are very grateful. If the college will only get behind THE ECHO and push, it can be made a paper of which we shall all be proud.

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