

CONCERNING ONE OMAR KHAYYÁM

[NOTE: It is the literary custom at the present time for a writer to sign as much of his name as space will permit.]

IN Nishápúr, a city of the country Khorássán,
 By the sun-kissed Elbruz mountains, where twelve thousand rivers ran
 In laughing, noisy shallows, or in dumb and silent deeps,
 Through fields of blazing tulips, from lofty green-clad steeps;
 Where the eglantine and lily, and the rose that never fades,
 Filled the lazy air with fragrance, and the purple evening shades
 Were tremulous with music when the bulbul, from its tree,
 Sent forth its murmurous love-song in liquid melody—
 A thousand years ago the stars looked from their sapphire throne
 And saw a man who sought to make their secrets all his own;
 Who raised his eyes to Heaven and swept his flying pen
 In poesy athwart the doubts and hopes and fears of men.
 "Who art thou?" asked they, wondering. He answered them: "I am
 G. ud-din Abul Fath Omar Ibn Ibrahim al-Khayyám."

POSTSCRIPT: His first name was Ghias, but there was so much danger of the ignorant Sufis pronouncing it "Guy us," which Mr. Khayyám wouldn't have done for the world, that he parted his name in the middle and got along with the rest of it as best he might.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.



KEPT THEM SEPARATE

NIPPER—I never let my politics interfere with my religion.

TUCKER—Well, why should you? You never let your religion interfere with your politics.



UNWORTHY OF IT

MABEL—And another thing, Fred; father's salary has been doubled.

FRED (*who has been accepted*)—You don't tell me! What have I done, dearest, to deserve all this?



AMBITION is a balloon that carries no parachute.

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL

By J. D. Daskam

STRICKLAND pushed his chair back a trifle and looked down the long table. The air was warm and perfumed with the Parma violets scattered over the glossy linen. The candles threw lovely shadows on the shoulders of the women, whose eyes grew brighter as the dinner advanced, and whose soft, high voices babbled unceasingly, until his senses, long used to the silence of the plains, fairly ached with the steady din.

Such a strange party! But Bobby Henshawe always asked just the people he wanted, whether they were chorus girls or Vere de Veres, and he knew any number of either class. To-night, except for the four or five women and the men next them, who, he said, represented the effete aristocracy, and seemed to have been imported to give tone to a company a little more bohemian than even he had yet essayed to manage at one time, there were no faces that Strickland had ever seen before. That meant little, of course. He had been two years away and utterly cut off from a life that puzzled and wearied him now in all its flippant, foolish phases.

How had he lived for twenty-five years among these clever, idle, futile, grown-up children, working so ceaselessly to amuse themselves, flying so feverishly from the *ennui* they dreaded so pitifully! It seemed to him a very sad thing that such handsome, able women, such clever— What were they laughing at?

"I shall certainly tell it. If Bobby wants to leave the table, he may. Hold his hand, somebody, and calm

his nervous starts. Do sit still, Bobby, and don't make such faces!"

Bobby smiled hopelessly. "Oh, tell it, then, and for heaven's sake, Parker, cut it short!" he growled. "They know it, anyhow."

"But we *love* it so!" A beautiful gypsy leaned dramatically across her neighbor's plate and pursed up her lips at Bobby. "It makes me so happy just to know that such heavenly things can really happen!"

"Certainly," said Parker, "that's the way we all feel. You see," to the table generally, "Bobby had engaged to get Daisy Koster to come up from the play and take tea with Miss Richards and a few friends, just as she was, in her costume, you know, and sing us a song. Of course, Miss Richards couldn't ask her, but Bobby, unfortunately for his subsequent reputation, could, so he pleasantly agreed to sit through the *matinée* and bring her back. You all know," with a dramatic gesture, "how truly amiable is the character of our dear Robert, how easily urged to little deeds of kindness he is, how—" Here laughter drowned the narrative, which proceeded, nevertheless, audibly to a few, for they appeared to be understanding when Strickland finally heard again.

"Of course, Bobby was vexed. He hadn't expected such a reply, and he had told Dick Streeter to come around on the strength of Daisy's consenting. You know Dick looks just like Arthur, whose duties as rector rather interfered with his accompanying his brother. So when our dear Robert went to church with the family, and also went to sleep—in that respect unaccompanied by his dear ones, let us