The Birth of the Integral

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IF you wish to know the secrets
Of the Editor-in-Chief—
How he gleans his grain with labor,
How he binds it in the sheaf,
How he threshes it in patience,
How he blows the chaff away,
What he uses for the graining
'Ere you eat of it to-day,
I can give to you an inkling
Of the method and the thought,
I can tell you in a figure
How the miracle is wrought.

If you have a complex function
Which you want to integrate,
You must mould it as you need it,
And the work thereof is great.
You must have the terms consistent;
You must know its form, and see
That the differential element
Is in its place, as it should be.
Then must limits be determined,
'Ere the process is begun;
Finally the integration,
And the operation's done.

Given, then, a mass of papers,
Deluged with a sea of ink,
And required their integrations—
Editors were made to think.
First, the mass must be worked over—
Organized in shape anew,
For its form must be consistent,
To its purpose fit and true.
Next, the worker to each fragment
Adds the factor of his thought,
Adds the element that's needed
'Ere the summing can be wrought.

He must know the scope and limit
Which to give the finished work;
This precedes the integration,
All this toil he must not shirk.
Finally, there comes the summing,
Comes for toil fruition meet,
Finished is the integration—
Lo, the "INTEGRAL" complete.

—ANONYMOUS.