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ments of oblique angled demons, while his great right hand is grasping the tangent and cycloidal curves which compose his Mathematical thunderbolt. There at his feet, with the hydraulic drops in a steady flow down his cheeks sits Burnham Willie. There also sit Simpson and Agnesi, vibrating and gyrating under the strain of their emotions. There they sit, waiting for the words of praise and eulogy of our farewell to Mathematics.

But alas, alas; that at this supreme moment both memory and words fail me. How can I, how shall I say farewell? What expression is there that will convey my feelings over the demise of Mathematics. Shall I, in the language of Cicero, say, "Vale?" No. Shall I say, as the Frenchman, "Adieu?" No. Shall I descend to plain everyday English and say, "Good-bye?" No. These are all too cold in the light of what is going to happen to-night. We have terms more picturesque than these; terms more in symmetry with the beautiful form of Mathematics. Shall I say, "Fade away?" No. For you all are determined that the light of Mathematics shall not fade to-night. Shall I say, "Skidoo?" No. I am certain that the profundity and deep philosophy of that eloquent word is beyond the comprehension of your cerebellum. Shall I get down to plain figures and say, "tw ——" If I must say it let me say it in the language of our departed friend: The mean of 22 and 24, the square of 529, the tangent of 87.51° . But no, even these words, expressive and solicitous as they seem, will not do justice to my feelings; they are too obsolete to be applied to one so progressive and advanced as Mathematics. Oh, for a word. Oh, for an inspiration!

Superb! Magnificent! Behold "Bunkidoodle!" What a wealth of lofty thought there lies in that simple expression, "Bunkidoodle." What a world of golden ideas it