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## THE INTEGRAL 1907

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conveys. What a multitude of gentle pathos and caring tenderness it exhibits. How expressive of the sweet sorrow of parting. So "Bunkidoodle Mathematics!" say I, and echo answers, "Bunkidoodle."

Good people, kind people, gentle people, understand; we are not here to bury Mathematics, but to cremate it; I have not come to praise Mathematics, but to roast it. If then, in the heat of my ardor, I say anything unseemly, I pray you, abide with me, for it is my burning feelings that must find a vent in their utterance.

Where is the revolt of the elements which, according to Shakespeare, should occur to-night? Where are the manifestations of Nature that should accompany the passing of Mathematics? When Cæsar died the Heavens blazed, graves yawned, ghosts shrieked, horses neighed. When William of Orange died the little children cried in the streets, strong men wept, his countrymen trembled and the State itself tottered. And now Math is dead, but there is no grief in Armour. In the words of Milton, "No one is here for tears; none to wail or knock the breast." Mathematics is no more, but all is quiet at Armour. Everything is as before. The Glee Club continues in its even tenor, the grass on Ogden Field is growing luxuriantly, the moon is shining, the stars keep on their twinkling, the air is balmy, the night is dry, though the year is at the spring. The night is beautiful! Ah, it is a fine night for a cremation.

And why should you not grieve? Has not Mathematics been your constant companion? Have you not shared its joys and sorrows, mostly its sorrows? And still you mourn not. The night is fast going, but there is no sign of mourning. As I look through the assembled populace I see but three tiers. But oh, I must weep for Mathematics, for