



Mathematics Clubs

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MATHEMATICS CLUBS

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All reports of club activities, suggestions, topics with references, and other material of interest to clubs should be sent to E. H. C. Hildebrandt, State Teachers College, Upper Montclair, N.J.

CLUB TOPICS

The following play was written and produced by Professor A. Marie Whelan of Hunter College of the City of New York. It would seem that many clubs might be interested in including it in their year's program, hence its publication at this time.

It Can't Happen Here

A mathematical musical farce

Time: The present.

Scenes: All action takes place in a mathematics class-room.

Note: Professor Math slips from his rôle of Professor into the rôle of Pure Mathematics, to suit his convenience, and without warning or apology.

Prologue

(Prof. Math strides onto the stage. He wears a crown, and sings the following song. Tune: I'm Called Little Buttercup.)

Math: I'm King Mathematics, Engaged in dramatics.
Your pardon I humbly request.
Your patience I ask for;
Don't take me to task for
A deed that I do by request.
I've strayed from my limits,
And for these few minutes,
I fear I am not at my best.
My rôle is not writing, or acting, or fighting.
My kingdom's a haven of rest.
Through infinite spaces, Through far distant places,
On wings of Logic I climb.
No body to stay me, No object to sway me.
My kingdom's the reach of the Mind.

(Exit)

ACT I.

Scene I. (The Mathematics class is gradually assembling. The last bell has not yet rung. One student is sitting at a desk, looking dejectedly at a test paper. A second student approaches her.)

Helen: What is the matter, Jane? You look like your last hope is gone.

Jane: So it is! Look at that, Helen! Another "F"! I don't know what I am going to do.

Helen: Don't let it discourage you too much. I understand that practically everybody flunked this time. It was a pretty hard test.

Jane: All tests are hard for me. I have taken this course three times already, and I don't know any more about it *now* than I did the first time I took it. I am a graduating senior, but I won't graduate if I don't pass this course. And

I haven't a Chinaman's chance. But what is the use of talking to you? You'll never understand. I suppose you got "A" as usual?

Helen: Yes, I did.

Jane: I don't know how you do it.

Helen: Perhaps I work harder than you do. Why don't you try working a little harder?

Jane: It wouldn't do me a bit of good—and I don't believe in wasting my work. I like proper return for my labor, thank you. Once in a blue moon, I think I have caught on to something—but when I try to use it, it seems that it doesn't apply. I gave up long ago. I think it is all nonsense anyway. What do you see in it? Why do you work so hard?

Helen: I don't mind the work. I love it.

Helen sings: (Tune: Tit Willow.)

Of work in Math'matics, I'll never complain.
For I love it! I love it! I love it!
And the thrill that it gives me, I'll never explain.
But I love it! I love it! I love it!
If a problem is difficult, all the more fun,
And the pleasure I get, when at last it is done.
OH, the thrill that I feel, when the battle is won!
I love it! I love it! I love it!

Jane: From work in Math'matics, I'll always refrain,
For I hate it! I hate it! I hate it!
Of the pain that it gives me, I'll ever complain.
And I hate it! I hate it! I hate it!
And the silly old battles of A, B, and C!
Does it matter who wins, When the loser is ME?
OH, the thrill that I'll feel,
When at last I am free!
I hate it! I hate it! I hate it!

Chorus: (The entire class repeats Jane's song.)

Jane: Well, Helen, it seems that the majority opinion is with me. (*Reflectively.*) Majority Opinion. Say, that gives me an idea!

(*The bell rings. The students hurry to their seats, as Professor Math enters the room.*)

Prof. Math: As usual, I must take the attendance. Will you please sign your names on the slip of paper, that I shall pass around?

(*Prof. Math hands a slip of yellow paper to a student in the first row. The student signs it and passes it along. In the meantime, Jane cautiously slips a similar piece of paper to her neighbor. Both papers are seen to pass from student to student, until Jane's paper reaches the front row. Prof. Math, thinking that it is the attendance slip takes it from a student, who is obviously reluctant to let him have it. The words on it catch his attention and he reads them aloud.*)

Prof. Math: A meeting is called of the students in this class to discuss a plan to ensure that everyone in the class shall pass the course.

Room: 1-125 Time: 12:15

DON'T FAIL TO COME!!!!

(*Addressing the class*) Very interesting, indeed! No signature, unfortunately. Who wrote this notice? (*No one answers.*) Come now, don't be back-

ward. My only reason for wanting to know **is** to congratulate the author. I am delighted to find out that someone is taking this serious problem seriously. I assure you that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to pass every student in this class. But I must admit that the probability of that happening is very small—considerably less than one-twentieth, in fact. (*Pauses a few seconds.*) Well, it seems that my curiosity is not to be satisfied. So let us get down to work. Judging from the last test, I have decided that a little review of elementary algebra is in order. Mary, will you go to the board, and solve this equation;

$$x^2 - 2x = 0.$$

(*Mary goes to the board and solves the equation, using the Quadratic Formula.*)

Prof. Math: Why didn't you solve it by factoring? Here, let me show you.

(*Prof. Math solves equation by factoring.*)

Mary: Those are the same answers I got, Professor.

Prof. Math: I did not say that your solution was *wrong*, Mary. See here. Suppose that you wanted to go some place, and that you could get there by bus or subway train. Suppose also that you would have to wait one half-hour for the bus, but could get the subway train immediately. What would you do?

Mary (innocently): I would wait for the bus, Professor. I don't like the subway.

(*General laughter.*)

Prof. Math (joining in the laughter): Well, you certainly flattened my point! Incidentally no wonder you are late so often. Anne, go to the board, now, and solve this equation:

$$x^2 - 2x - 2 = 0.$$

(*Anne presents the following solution:*)

$$x^2 - 2x - 2 = 0$$

$$x^2 - 2x = 2$$

$$x(x - 2) = 2$$

$$x = 2$$

$$x - 2 = 2$$

$$x = 4$$

Prof. Math (sarcastically): I suppose *you* never heard of the Quadratic Formula?

Anne: I *do* know the Quadratic Formula, Professor. (*Rattles the formula, parrot-like.*) That is right, isn't it?

Prof. Math: Quite right! May I ask why you did not use it?

Anne: I thought you didn't *like* it. So I solved it exactly the way you did *that* one. (*Pointing to the preceding problem.*) I only wanted to please you.

Prof. Math: Very obliging of you, I'm sure. For your information, you did *not* please me. Far from it! There ought to be a law against that kind of algebra. What am I saying? There is a law against it. You look like a failure to me. I've certainly got *you* on my list.

Prof. Math sings: (Tune: They'll None of 'Em Be Missed.)

Since someday it will happen that my failures must be found,
I've got a little list! I've got a little list!
Of Math'matical offenders, that forever do abound—
And who never will be missed.

Who never will be missed.

There's the ever present nuisances, who dare be late for class
 All those who murder Algebra, and cannot draw their graphs.
 All students who neglect their work, and cut my quizzes flat.
 All students who, in finding roots, find roots, like *you*, like *that!*
 All students who use standard forms, where standard forms don't fit.
 They'd none of them be missed! They'd none of them be missed!

Chorus: He's got us on his list! He's got us on his list!
 And we'll none of us be missed! We'll none of us be missed!

(*Curtain*)

Scene II. (*Time: 12:15. Several students are discussing the proposed meeting.*)

Ruth: Who called this meeting, anyway? Do you know, Anne?

Anne: I don't really *know*—but I think it was Jane. The paper seemed to start from her direction. It was stupid of you, Mary, to let Prof. Math get his hands on it.

Mary: Go ahead and blame me. What else could I do? I bet you wouldn't have done any better. Anyway no harm is done. He did not find out who wrote it.

Anne: No, he didn't. It might have been a bit exciting if he had found out that Jane started it—that is—if she did start it. Here she comes now. Let's ask her.

Ruth: Hello, Jane. Are you the one who called this meeting?

Jane: Yes, I did. But I don't want Prof. Math to find out that I did. I do think you might have been more careful, Mary.

Mary: I tell you that I couldn't help it. Anyway, I don't see why you didn't admit writing it. He said he only wanted to congratulate you. (*Laughter.*)

Ruth: You *are* a simpleton, Mary! Congratulate her indeed! He'd have taken her apart. What is it all about, anyway, Jane? I am having a Physics test, next hour, and I really should be studying now—but my curiosity got the best of me. I warn you. It had better be good. Get on with it—everybody is here, I think.

(*Jane goes to the desk, and addresses the meeting.*)

Jane: The meeting will please come to order! As you see, I have taken it upon myself to call this meeting. You shall know my reasons. I understand that nearly everybody in this class flunked the last test in Mathematics. I want the exact figures. How many got "F" on the last test? Let's have a show of hands.

(*Everyone, except Helen, raises her hand.*)

Jane: It is worse than I thought!

Ruth: I don't think I agree with you. I think the fact that so many flunked is a good sign. After all, he can't very well fail the whole class.

Jane: Don't kid yourself! You don't know him! He'd fail us all without a qualm, just to uphold his silly old standards. I tell you the case is desperate. And desperate cases require desperate remedies. I know exactly what the trouble is. Prof. Math has too much power! Take my case, for instance. He has the power, and he'll undoubtedly use it, to fail me in this course.

And what is the result? I don't graduate.—All my plans for the future are destroyed. My whole life, perhaps, is ruined. And all for what? To uphold his inhuman standards. I ask you: Is it *right*? Should any one person have that much power? Again, I ask: *Is it right*?

Cries from all directions: NO! NO! NO! It isn't right!

Anne: But what are you doing to do about it?

Jane: I'll tell you. This autocratic procedure must be abolished! It is upheld by ancient custom, *that*, I know—But TIME MARCHES ON!—And I tell you the time has come for the students to take into their own hands the power to regulate their own assignments, and to determine the mark they shall receive for their work. Time does march on! And the time is HERE—TO-DAY—To abolish the AUTOCRAT OF THE CLASS-ROOM! (*Cheers.*)

Jane: And what shall we substitute for him? I'll tell you—The answer is—MAJORITY RULE! (*More cheers.*) And how shall we establish Majority Rule? I'll tell you that too—We'll form a—UNION!

Excited cries: Yes, yes, let's form a Union!

Jane (continues): Yes, we will form a Union. I'll be the leader—After all it is my idea and I'll draw up a contract. With you 100% behind me, Prof. Math will be compelled to sign it. But I must have 100% *support*! The contract will specify that our assignment shall consist of only one problem a day; and that the grades in the course shall be determined by a Majority Vote of all the students in the class. Of course (*laughing*) by mutual agreement among ourselves, that will mean that we will all get "A."

Anne: I think it is a wonderful plan—but if we can go that far, why not go a little farther, and abolish assignments, altogether?

Jane (with absolute sincerity): Don't you think that would be a little one sided?

Anne: Perhaps it would—after all a contract does imply something mutual.

Ruth: Jane, you said that you would have to get 100% support. I don't think you'll get it. Helen, there, won't join our Union, I'm sure of that.

Jane (grimly): She won't, eh? We'll see about that. (*Marches up to Helen, and grips her firmly by the shoulder.*) How about it, Helen? Will you come in with us?

Helen: Of course I won't. Why in the world should I? What would I get out of it? I always get an "A" anyway—an honest "A." And as far as the work is concerned, well I like to work.

Jane: Do you hear that, Girls? Nice public-spirited citizen, she is! She likes to work, and as long as she gets her "A," what does she care if we all flunk—Well, we have a name for her kind, haven't we? (*Hisses and boos.*)

Mary: I do think you are a little selfish, Helen.

Ruth: Selfish?—That is too mild a word for her. She is a Public Enemy! Public Enemy Number One! (*More boos.*)

Anne: I'll tell you what she is—She is a (*Pausing*) REACTIONARY!

(*The crowd takes up the word "Reactionary," dinning it into Helen's ears. Helen shows signs of weakening.*)

Jane: I'll tell you what she really is—an INTELLECTUAL ROYALIST! (*Boos and hisses.*)

(*Jane chants dramatically, always with menacing gestures toward Helen.*)

Jane: She's an intellectual royalist,

A mathematical loyalist,
She'd block us if she could.

Anne (taking up the chant):

Selfish-hearted adversary,
Dyed-in-the-wool Reactionary
Opposed to the public good.
Opposed to the public good.

Chorus (repeats above adding):

Down with all Reactionaries,
Down with all our adversaries,
Opposed to the public good!
Opposed to the public good!

Helen (tearfully): OH, STOP! Please STOP! Don't hurl those dreadful words at me. Those words, those awful words, I can't stand up against them. I give in—I'll join your Union.—What do you want me to do?

Jane: Exactly what you are told. I am the Leader.—You back me up in every action.—Well, Girls, now that we've taken care of Helen, we are ready for a vote.—All in favor of forming a Union, say "AYE." (*All say "AYE."*) Opposed? (*None.*) The motion is carried. Well the first step is accomplished—very successfully accomplished too—100% Unionized! Girls, we're going places!

Song by Jane: (Tune: Funiculi, Funicula.)

Jane: I think it well indeed, to form a Union.

Chorus: And so do I, and so do I.

Jane: I think our failure lies in our disunion.

Chorus: And so do I, and so do I.

Jane: And why, why should I spend my time in slaving,
The whole day long, the whole day long?
To strike a valiant blow for Student Freedom.

Is far from wrong!

Chorus: Is far from wrong!

Hearken, Hearken, Union wins the day.

Hearken, Hearken, Union points the way,

To get an "A," to get an "A," to get an "A," to get an "A"!

Union points the way, we'll Unionize, we'll Unionize!

(*Curtain*)

ACT II

Scene I. (*Professor Math is standing at his desk, considering the contract which has been presented to him. The students are lined up behind Jane, who is standing to the left of the desk.*)

Jane: Sign the contract, Professor Math. You have no other choice. You have got to sign the contract!

Chorus: (Tune: For He's Going to Marry Yum-Yum.)

You have got to sign the contract!

Resistance is idle, your anger, pray bridle.

I think you had better succumb-cumb-cumb,

And sign on the dotted line.

In this matter, we'll brook no delay, delay.
 It's no use to fight it, for now we're united,
 And bound to have our way, our way.
 You've got a good bargain at that.
 In this matter, we pray you admit, admit;
 There's nothing to do but submit, submit.
 For now we're united, there's no use to fight it,
 There's no use to fight it. And you've got a good bargain at that.
 For we'll give you one vote in the class.
 We'll give you one vote, one vote in the class.
 We'll give you one vote, one vote in the class.
 In the class, in the class, in the class, in the class!

(*Prof. Math signs the contract, and hands it to Jane.*)

Prof. Math: Here is your contract, signed on the dotted line. It seems I had no other choice. I bow to your greater numbers. Let me congratulate you on the the success of your plan—that is, on its apparent success. You must forgive me, if I quote some old proverbs; “Things are not always what they seem” and “He who laughs last, laughs best.” I warn you that your Union is not going to accomplish all that you hope for—Now, don't misunderstand me. I am not opposed to Unions. Far from it. For some problems, they seem to be the only solution. I might say that they are a standard form of solution—but, like all standard forms, they don't fit all cases. Incidentally, that is something that I have tried to teach you—not very successfully, I confess. Well, Experience is said to be a very effective teacher. In the meantime, if it is not opposed to the will of the Majority, perhaps you will be seated. I understand that you have done one problem for today.—Jane, will you be kind enough to put your solution on the board?

(*Jane goes to the blackboard and presents a solution that is obviously wrong. Her errors compensate, however, and she obtains the correct answer.*)

Jane: My problem is to solve the system of equations:

$$\frac{y-1}{x-2} = \frac{3}{5} \quad (1) \qquad \frac{y+1}{x-5} = \frac{5}{2} \quad (2)$$

I did not *need* the second one. Using the first

$$\frac{y-1}{x-2} = \frac{3}{5}.$$

First “*you say*,” $\frac{y}{x} - \frac{1}{2} = \frac{3}{5};$

then “*you say*,” $\frac{y}{x} = \frac{3}{5} + \frac{1}{2}; \quad \frac{y}{x} = \frac{3+1}{5+2};$

then “*you say*”: $y = 4, \quad x = 7.$

Prof. Math: Well, the answer is right, to be sure, but that is the only thing right about it. I never saw such a ridiculous piece of Algebra in all my life! You certainly get zero for that recitation!

(*Prof. Math picks up his roll-book. Jane stops him as he is about to record a grade.*)

Jane: Just a minute, Professor—You forget our contract. I call for a vote. How about it, girls? Was my problem right or wrong?

(Chorus of cries): Right! Right! Entirely Right!

(Jane takes the roll-book from Prof. Math's hands and records her own grade.)

Prof. Math: *(Picking up the book and reading aloud.)* 100%! Yes, *(violently)* 100% WRONG! AH, Truly, I am deposed!

(Sings: Tune: A Wandering Minstrel.)

Unhappy Monarch, I. I bow my head in sorrow.

I never dreamed a morrow, would see me to students submit.

They solve all problems wrong, through every error ranging,

My noble laws they're changing, to please their feeble wit.

To please their feeble wit.

(Sits down and drops his head on the desk.)

Chorus: Unhappy Monarch, Aye! He bows his head in sorrow,
He never dreamed a morrow, would see him to students submit.
We solve all problems wrong, through every error ranging.
His noble laws we're changing, to please our nimble wit,
To please our nimble wit.

(Curtain)

Scene II. *(Students are standing in groups about the room. Others are seated, apparently working.)*

Jane: Well, Girls—Today is the BIG DAY! Think of it, we'll all get "A"! You can thank me for that.

Mary: I can't think of anything else. I feel a bit nervous, to tell you the truth,—like I was standing on a volcano that might blow up any minute.

Jane: Nothing is going to blow up here. Not a chance of it! Don't worry. Everything is under control.

(The bell rings. Everyone is seated as Prof. Math enters the room.)

Prof. Math: As today is the first school day of the month, the first thing on the program is the distribution of grades. As I call your names, will you please come forward to receive your mark for last month's work. To relieve your suspense—I will tell you in advance that every student will receive an "A." It may seem a bit ungracious not to offer congratulations on this remarkable achievement, but I offer none.

(Prof. Math calls each student by name, and presents each with a large cardboard "A". Each student holds up her "A" so that the audience can see it. On the back of the cardboard is a large "F" not visible to the audience.)

Jane: Come on, Girls, I think this calls for a celebration! Let's sing our song!

Chorus: I thought it well indeed to form a Union.
And so did I, and so did I.
I thought our failure lay in our disunion.
And so did I, and so did I.
For why, why should we spend our time in slaving,
The whole day long, the whole day long?
To strike a valiant blow for Student Freedom,
Is far from wrong, is far from wrong.
Hearken, Hearken, Union won the day
Hearken, Hearken, Union showed the way,

We got an "A," we got an "A," we got an "A," we got an "A"!
 Union showed the way, we got an "A," we got an "A"!

(While the students are singing, Prof. Math goes to the board, and writes in large letters: $Y = X - 100$. As the students sing the last phrase, they hold up their cards, which they have cautiously reversed, so that the large "F" is now visible to the audience.)

Mary: Anne! Anne! you *didn't* get "A". You got an "F"!

Anne: It is an "F"! You got an "F" yourself! Look, look! So did Jane—Everybody got an "F." Even Helen got "F"!

Jane: We'll see about this! He's let us down! Are we going to let him get away with this? He has broken his signed contract!

Ruth: But he didn't break the contract—He gave us all "A." I know he did.

Anne: Ruth is right. He certainly gave us all "A." That is all he contracted for.—We've got to be fair!—But, I would like to know what happened to our "A's"?

Helen: If you would really like to know—I'll tell you. He worked a transformation. I saw him do it.

Prof. Math: (Tune: *Henceforth All the Crimes*.)

It still remains true, that whatever you do,

The record is bound to reveal it.

Unite, if you must, but don't put your trust,

In Union's might to conceal it.

If you really want "A"—There is only one way

You can get it and part with it never.

For the record won't lie, though you try till you die.

And Truth is triumphant, forever!

No, the record won't lie, though you try till you die.

And Truth is triumphant forever!

(Prof. Math gets his old crown from the desk and puts it on his head.)

Prof. Math (holding up the contract): I now declare this contract abrogated—and tear up this scrap of paper. (Pauses a few seconds.) The class is dismissed for today. You are not prepared to get any value out of it. AND—The assignment for tomorrow is—(Another pause) Page 125, the first FIFTY problems! (Groans from the class.)

(Curtain)

Scene III. (Jane and Helen are talking. The rest of the class is seated.)

Helen: Nice mess you got us into! I hope you are feeling proud of yourself! First "F" I ever got in my life!

Jane: It will do you good.—Give you some understanding about the way the other half lives (laughs). Other half? I mean the other nine-tenths.

Helen: Well, I warn you, if you have any other crazy schemes to try, you can count me out, right from the start. Once is enough for me, more than enough. The next time I'll have more backbone. I'll keep in mind that old truism: "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me."

Jane: Oh, yes? That may be old, all right. But it certainly is no truism. Whoever wrote it, did not know much, if you ask me. Words hurt all right—worse than sticks and stones—They hurt you right down where you live!

Helen: Hurt, or not, they are not going to make me participate in any more of

your wild plans. If you'll take my advice, you will settle down to work in earnest. Prof. Math is too smart for you. You might as well admit it.

Jane: He was too smart for me this time, I'll admit that—But it may be different the next time. I'll get him yet!

(*Sings:* Tune: *Toreador.*)

Hark to my warning, I will get him yet!
I'll get him yet! I'll get him yet!
I, another plan will devise. I will take his crown!
Perhaps, this very day, I'll bring him down!
AH! I will get him yet!

Anne: (*As Jane finishes last bar*) Look out, Jane, or he'll get you now. Here he comes!
(*They take their seats. The bell rings and Prof. Math calls the class to order.*)

Prof. Math: Before I go on with the advance work, I will devote a little time to answering questions on today's assignment. Are there any questions? Yes, Jane, what is your question?

Jane: It isn't about the assignment, Professor,—It's a more general question. Would you mind telling us what good this course is. What practical value it has for us?

Prof. Math: How often have I heard that question!

(*Sings:* Tune: *Yankee Doodle, with one slight change in the music.*)

'Tis absolute futility, to question my utility.
I never have to work. I never have to work.
I have no reality, in sense or sensuality,
And mundane tasks, I shirk, and mundane tasks I shirk.
The stupid questions, students ask!
So sure they're taking me to task:
What good I do? And am I true?
Such woeful ignorance!
I am pure non-SENSE—(*Interrupted by Jane who springs to her feet shrieking dramatically.*)

Jane: He's NONsense! He admits it himself! He's NONsense! I knew it all the time!

(*Chorus of excited cries NONsense! NONsense!*)

Prof. Math (*making his voice heard above the clamor*): I said "Non-SENSE." (*His words make no impression on the excited students.*)

Jane (*chanting dramatically*):

He's nonsense! He's nonsense! I knew it all the time!

Anne: But he handed such a line!

Ruth: And such awful condescension—
We thought our comprehension
Was in error.

Jane: He's worked us to the limit.
Every hour, every minute,
Spent in terror
That we would flunk the course.

Chorus: He's worked us to the limit
Every hour, every minute,
Spent in terror

That we would flunk the course,
That we would flunk the course.

Chorus: Tune: Farmer in the Dell.

But we won't flunk the course, No, we won't flunk the course.
HI, HO, we'll lay him low. There won't be any course!

(The group crowds around Math, concealing him from the audience. When they spread out again, Math is seen lying motionless, on the floor.)

There isn't any Math. There isn't any Math.
HI, HO, we've laid him low. There isn't any Math!

We've won the victory! We've won the victory!
HI, HO, we've laid him low, and set all students free!

We've set all students free, we've set all students free!
HI, HO, away we go. We've set all students free!

(Serpentine off the stage, still singing.)

(Math comes to life, and rises slowly to his feet.)

Math: Dead, am I? So they think! Poor deluded creatures,—will they never learn that I cannot die—I, who am immortal? Crushed to the earth, I rise again, as always I shall rise. *(Pauses, and walks up and down, meditating.)* So they have abandoned me.—Well, let them go. They never spoke my language! MY language? They can't speak the English language. That was the trouble. Yes, they've gone—but they will be back. As soon as they find that they need my help, one by one back they'll come, these bread and butter students. But not one will come seeking me for my own sake. Not one? Ah, I am wrong—I forgot, always there are EXCEPTIONS! I won't be deserted long.—But for the present, I am alone.

(Sings: Tune: Tit Willow.)

In this world of my own, I am never alone.
And time does not drag unduly.
My beautiful laws admit of no flaws,
And no one is ever unruly.
Though wars wage without, and the battle cries shout,
Here Order holds sway, undisputed.
No factional strife makes a discord of life,
For each has his limits computed.

(As Math finishes his song, the students are heard approaching, cheering.)

Math: They are coming back! I'll play dead a little longer. It would be a pity to spoil their fun.

(The students serpentine on to the stage, shouting and cheering.)

Chorus: (Tune: Whistle While You Work.)

We've done away with Math. We have swept him from our path.
We've laid him low, and now we go, to celebrate in song.
Oh, sing the whole day long! Oh, sing a joyful song!
Good news we bring. Rejoice and sing,
And let the echoes ring!
No Algebra to do, no Trig to bother you,
No Differential Calculus
To spoil the lives of all of us—

We've done away with Math. We have swept him from our path.

OH, HO, HO, HO— Away we go.

We've done away with Math.

(As the students finish singing, an excited group rushes upon the stage. They are: The Dean, Physics, Chemistry, Business, and the Bursar.)

The Dean: Stop this noise, immediately, and take your seats. What is this all about? It can't be true—that nonsense Helen told me—that Math is dead! Oh, *(catching sight of Math, lying on the floor)* it is true! Math is dead! What are we going to do?

Physics: I don't know what *you're* going to do. Speaking for myself, I might as well shut up shop, and go home. I can't get along without Mathematics.

Chemistry: Don't expect much work from *me*, either. I need Mathematics to help me in my line.

Business: And me—What am I going to do? I tell you—I'll go bankrupt without Math!

The Dean (wringing her hands): Oh, what are we going to do? Jane, you wicked girl,—you are responsible for this terrible situation. You are expelled—pack up your things, and go home!

The Bursar: You might as well face facts, Dean—we'll all have to pack up and go home—I can't run the college without the help of Mathematics.

Anne: Oh, look, look! Who is this coming?

Ruth: Why it is the World—and he is lame! He's wearing crutches!

Jane: Oh, what have I done—what have I done! Why didn't someone tell me Math was so important?

(The World reaches the center of the stage. He wears a large globe over his head, and supports himself on crutches.)

Jane: (Tune: Robin Adair.)

Who has done this to thee? Poor crippled World.

Thy wings are torn from thee, poor crippled World.

Oh weep and mourn with me, because all hope is fled.

The World on crippled feet, for Math is dead!

(Math rises to his feet. Excited cries, and cheers as the group realizes that he is alive.)

Prof. Math: Cheer up, World, I am not dead. The report of my death was greatly exaggerated. I am very much alive, as you see. I must admit that it makes me very happy to see you all so happy about that fact.—Jane, you have done me a service. Thanks to you, Mathematics comes into his own, at last. I thank you—and by the way I'll thank you to surrender my crown.

Jane: Take your crown, King Mathematics. Truly you are a King.

Chorus: (Tune: Melody in F.)

King Mathematics comes into his own.

Our hearts enthrone him, Our voices own him,

Beautiful dreamer, whose dreams oft come true,

Moulding the World anew.

So great his powers, the gifts that he brings,

Because of him, the World has wings.

Marvels of Nature forever unfurled,

Truly He rules the World.

The End.