

When Wishes Come True A Mathematics Play*

IN TWO SCENES

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COSTUMES

SCENE I

Dick: A clown suit.
Father Mathematics: A long, flowing black robe decorated with various mathematical symbols cut from gilt paper.
Katherine: Coat and hat.
Ruth: (second entrance) An apron over an ordinary dress.
Other Characters: Ordinary clothes.

SCENE II

Divisor—Multiplier: A triangular paper hat, the front of which is blue with ' $\frac{3}{2}$ ' on it in white and the back of which is white with ' $\frac{2}{3}$ ' on it in blue. A mask worn on the back of the head. A dress the front of which has a blue skirt and white waist with ' $\frac{3}{2}$ ' on it in blue and the back of which has a white skirt and blue waist with ' $\frac{2}{3}$ ' on it in white.
First Traffic Cop: A silver star. A "club" made of a stick wound with blue paper and surmounted by a silver icosahedron. A red hat shaped like a frustum of an hexagonal pyramid, part of which is turned back for a brim. The brim is decorated with black mathematical symbols.
Second Traffic Cop: A gilt star. A "club" surmounted by a gilded dodecahedron. A hat like that worn by the First Traffic Cop.
 $2X$, $3X$, X , $4X$, $5X$, 6 , 7 : Each has an appropriate cardboard placard. Each carries a square cardboard sign fastened to a piece of wood similar to the handle of a fan. On one side of the cardboard is a black positive sign and on the other side, a black negative sign. The one carried by $5X$ is made of two separate pieces of cardboard fastened together with paper clips. Flowing robes of various colors are attractive but not indispensable.
 X^2 : A crown. A flowing robe. A placard

with x on it. A sign like those carried by the various X 's.
Positive: Flowing robe. White placard with large green plus sign on it.
Negative: Flowing robe. White placard with large red minus sign on it.
Positive Parenthesis: Green flowing robe. One wears a large parenthesis cut from black cardboard on the right arm; the other wears one on the left arm.
Negative Parenthesis: Red flowing robes. Black parentheses like those worn by the positive parenthesis.
Herald: White trousers. A colored cape. A herald's hat if desired.
 A , B , and C : Working clothes. Appropriate cardboard placards.
 D : A cardboard placard with D on it. Clothes that give appearance of an old man.
Inspector, Collector, Messenger: Ordinary suits.

CHARACTERS

Marian Brown—A high school girl.
Bill Brown—Her brother, home from college.
Ruth Brown—Their sister.
Dick—A high school boy.
Father Mathematics—Friend of Humanity.
Bob—Friend of Marian.
Johnny Brown—The younger brother.
Katherine—Friend of Marian.
Members of Mathematics Family.
Divisor-Multiplier.
Two Algebra Traffic Cops.
 X , $2X$, $3X$, $4X$, $5X$, 6 , 7 , X^2 .
Positive, Negative.
Negative Parenthesis (2 people).
Positive Parenthesis (2 people)
Herald.
Inspector.
Messenger.
Collector.
 A , B , C , and D .

SCENE I

Setting: The living room of the Brown family. The necessary articles of furni-

* Given for an assembly program by the Mathematics Department of Holland High School, Holland, Mich.

ture include a davenport, two easy chairs, a telephone and telephone stand, a radio, a floor lamp, and a small table or stand. The table contains a dictionary. A newspaper and a magazine or two are on the davenport. There is a doorway at each side of the stage and the curtains at the back are so arranged that a person can pull them apart and enter from the rear. When the curtain rises, Bill is sitting in one of the easy chairs, reading a newspaper, and Marian is on the davenport, studying.

MARIAN: Listen, Bill. If the sides of a quadrilateral are extended each its own length and the ends of the prolongations . . .

BILL: Say! Don't you know that this is my vacation?

MARIAN: Know it? How could I help it? Haven't I heard it enough times! If Dad wants you to put a shovel of coal in the furnace or Mom even suggests that you drive a nail, it's, "If you knew how hard we engineers have to work at Michigan . . ."

BILL: Well, we do work hard.

MARIAN: Is that so? At what?

(Ruth enters R. and looks among the newspapers and magazines on the davenport while Bill and Marian continue their conversation.)

BILL: Math., for one thing.

MARIAN: But you claim you like math.

BILL: But can't a fellow work hard doing what he likes?

RUTH: Where's the crossword puzzle page?

BILL:
(Searches for the page and hands it to her.)
Here, take it, but don't ask me about African antelopes or titles for legendary kings.
(Silence for a moment. Ruth sits down and immediately becomes absorbed in the crossword puzzle. She consults the dictionary occasionally.)

MARIAN: Say, what does the bisector of an angle of a triangle do to the opposite side?

BILL: Huh? Oh, it . . . it divides . . . say, Sis, that dress is pretty nifty.

MARIAN: Since it's taken you just two years to find it out, you can save your compliments. They won't do me any good anyway. Miss Reeverts* said we had to use supplements in this problem. If I had my way . . .

(Dick, dressed in a clown suit, enters L. turning a handspring or making a cart-wheel.)

Just who do you think you are?

DICK:

(Bows.)

"A fool, sir, at a woman's service."

(Bows.)

BILL: A fool, 'tis evident, but which fair lady have you chosen thus to serve?

DICK: Miss Lindsley. It's just this way. She has to have somebody to take the fool's part in a Shakespearean play next year. She says that with practice I might do.

BILL: You might do all right, but just where did she get the idea that you need practice to play the part of a fool?

MARIAN: I'd much rather you'd play the part of a wise man and help me with this geometry problem. Just what did she say to do with these triangles?

DICK.

(Sits down long enough to glance at the problem. Rising.)

Why ask me?

(Bows.)

†"Oh, geometry, geometry!

A 'solid' study, you'll agree;

And what care I how 'plane' it be,

If it be not plain to me?

"And angles!—If your brain's 'acute,'

Your work is right and sure to suit.

But if you chance to be 'obtuse,'

To toil and weep, is not much use."

MARIAN: Come on, Dick. Be serious half a minute, won't you? Look here, how am I ever going to prove these arcs equal?

* Names of local people should be substituted in this and similar places.

† *The Mathematics Teacher*, December, 1926.

DICK: Why not ask Noah? He specialized in arks.

(Ruth looks up from the crossword puzzle.)

BILL:

(To Ruth.)

Just come to, Ruth? The time is a late winter afternoon. The place is the living-room of the Brown family on the planet Earth. The characters . . .

RUTH: Just this once, Bill, please, . . .

BILL: Oh, all right, but I warn you right now that I'm not going to look in half a dozen encyclopedias.

RUTH: What's an appropriate title for a knight named Kell?

(Dick saunters over to Ruth's chair, looks over her shoulder etc. during the next few speeches.)

BILL: An appropriate title for a knight? Let's see. You call a knight 'sir', don't you?

RUTH: Oh, I've got it. Sir Kell—circle. (Fills in the word.)

Now maybe we can get number three—a bus but not a taxi.

BILL:

(Ponders, then his face lights up.)

How about a rhombus? It's not exactly a taxi but how it taxes our sweet sister's brain.

DICK:

(To Bill)

Well, I bet you don't know this one even if you have taken calculus. What's a tall coffee pot in use?

MARIAN:

(Laying down her book.)

Give it to me and I'll see that it's in use. I'm starved.

BILL: A tall coffee pot in use? Who sprang that one? It sounds like one of Mr. Led-dick's brain teasers.

DICK: Yes, he stopped right in the middle of a sentence about Pythagoras to test Harry Irvin's fitness for domesticity.

BILL: Thanks for the hint—hypotenuse, of course, high pot in use.

DICK: What hint?

MARIAN: Anybody that knows anything about Pythagoras . . .

DICK: But I don't. That's not a fool's job.

RUTH: Next I suppose you'll want a name for an angle that won't give up.

MARIAN: Well, I give up.

RUTH: Triangle.

DICK: Speaking of triangles, how is the Overbeek-Notier-Bosworth triangle progressing?

MARIAN: Irene seems almost equally inclined to both. One of them needs to invent a longer line.

BILL: Yes, a girl always objects if a fellow takes the shortest distance between two points when he's taking her home from the show.

RUTH: Well, there are plenty of triangles. Renetta Shackson, Bud Hertz, and Ted Essenburg form another.

DICK: Art Elferdink acts as if he were trying to make a quadrilateral out of it.

MARIAN: And the way the sophomore girls talk, you'd think La Verne Scheerhorn was the center of a polygon with an infinite number of sides.

(The telephone rings.)

Hello,—Yes, Katherine?—Dick is here.

—No, he hasn't. He's been too busy getting rid of his surplus intelligence.—

Would Bob and I like to go to Grand Rapids to the South game with you and Dick? I'd just love to. Has Dick asked Bob yet?—Then everything is all settled.—6:15, yes, that's O.K.

RUTH:

(Rising.)

Now, Marian, you know very well that Dad said you couldn't go to another thing until you got that geometry made up.

MARIAN: Well, I've got just nine more problems to do.

RUTH: Nine more to do! That means you've done one in the last four hours.

MARIAN: And I promised Mother I'd make a cake. Make it for me, won't you?

(Ruth frowns.)

I'll let you wear that new blouse of mine.

- RUTH:
(Reluctantly.)
Well . . .
(Exits R.)
- MARIAN:
(To Dick.)
You'd better run along now. I've got to work and you've got to fool.
- DICK:
(Rises and bows elaborately.)
The fool ever does the queen's bidding.
(Bows.)
*“If you plant cube roots in the ground,
what grows?
And where has polygon, who knows?
And where does an angle get its degree?
And is it B. A. or Ph. D?”
- MARIAN: Aren't you ever going? I'm sick of your brand of humor. You'll be singing the multiplication tables next.
- DICK:
(Exits L. but returns to say tormentingly.)
*“Could the powers of x make a treaty,
pray?
And does heat expand a binomial,
say?”
(Marian hurls a book after him. He ducks, and disappears. She resumes her studying. Father Mathematics enters very quietly at the rear. Neither Bill nor Marian notices him.)
- MARIAN: How I hate geometry! Yes, and arithmetic and algebra, too. I wish I never had to see or hear or be benefited by another bit of mathematics.
(Bill rises and starts to go.)
Why, where are you going, Bill?
- BILL: Out of your sight before you banish me, too.
(Exits L.)
- FATHER MATH:
(After a pause during which Marian studies.)
Pardon me for not ringing the bell but you see I came in by way of the fourth dimension. And, of course, since you are merely a three dimensional creature you
* *The Mathematics Teacher*, Dec. 1926.
- couldn't see me until I chose to reveal myself.
- MARIAN:
(Who has risen and appears startled.)
Who are you and why did you choose to reveal yourself at all?
- FATHER MATH: I'm Father Mathematics.
- MARIAN:
(Aside.)
As if I didn't have troubles enough already!
- FATHER MATH: And I came to grant your wish.
- MARIAN: My wish? To banish mathematics?
- FATHER MATH: Yes, but with a few restrictions.
- MARIAN: I suppose that I'll have to do those problems first.
- FATHER MATH: No, indeed. You needn't do them until you really want to. I'll withdraw mathematics if you'll consent to my doing it gradually and . . .
- MARIAN: Yes, go on.
- FATHER MATH: And if you'll let me so control the situation that it won't be necessary for any one to die for lack of mathematics.
- MARIAN: Imagine anyone's dying for lack of mathematics! It wouldn't affect even Miss Reeverts that much. And I don't have to do those problems?
- FATHER MATH: That is the agreement. Do you consent?
- MARIAN: Who wouldn't? Be sure to take away those awful numerical computations, ratio and proportion, locus of points,—how I hate that stuff—and
(Looks in book.)
regular polygons. We're just ready to start them.
- FATHER MATH.
(Sits.)
That's a big order but I promise.
(Looks at watch.)
In five minutes I shall begin withdrawing the many branches of my family from duty.
(The doorbell rings and Marian goes to

the door just as Bob enters L. with his violin case.)

MARIAN: Hello, Bob. I see you brought your violin. You'll have to help me celebrate the fall of mathematics. Come, play your gayest tune.

BOB:
(Bewildered.)
But . . .

MARIAN: But I'm forgetting my manners. You've never met Father Mathematics before, have you?

(They exchange greetings.)
He's promised to withdraw mathematics from the world—Oh, not quite all of it and not all at once—And I needn't do those pesky problems.

FATHER MATH: Quite true.
(Glances at watch.)
But let's talk of other things. I'd like to hear that violin. Won't you play it for us now?

BOB: I'd be glad to.
(He takes violin from case while Marian and Father Mathematics seat themselves. As he plays they listen with evident enjoyment for about three minutes. Then Father Mathematics looks at his watch, rises reluctantly, and touches the violin lightly. Immediately discards being. Bob looks puzzled and tries to play as usual.)

MARIAN: Is something broken?
BOB: I don't know what's the matter.
FATHER MATH: Perhaps I can explain. I agreed to take away ratios. Now musical harmony depends upon the ratio of the frequencies of the vibrations set up. You don't want ratios. So I don't see how you can have harmony.

MARIAN:
(To Bob.)
But you don't have to know all about ratios in order to play, do you?

BOB: No, but I guess they are there just the same.

FATHER MATH: Aren't there—now, you mean.

MARIAN: Well, I didn't know that math. had anything to do with beautiful music

(Bob puts away his violin and sits down.)

FATHER MATH: It has much to do with all beauty.

RUTH:
(Enters R. wearing an apron and carrying a mixing bowl and egg beater.)
You know those flowers we bought as a surprise for mother?

MARIAN: Yes, what's happened to *them*?

RUTH: They were just as fresh as could be when I started making the cake and when I looked just now the petals were all falling off.

MARIAN: Some more of your ratios, Father Mathematics?

FATHER MATH: No, this time it's regular polygons. The tips of the petals form one. Of course you know that most artificial designs are based on geometry, but much of the beauty in nature depends on my laws, too.

RUTH: What queer talk! Everything's queer around here. Every measuring cup in the place breaks when you look at it. By the way, did you order those groceries Mother wanted?

MARIAN: No, I forgot. I'll telephone right away.

(Ruth exits R.)

BOB: Don't be too sure of that.
MARIAN: Why, what do you mean?
(Attempts unsuccessfully to telephone.)
I guess you're right. Turn on the light, won't you?

(Bob rises, goes to floor lamp and pulls the cord without results.)

No light either.

BOB:
(Turns radio dials.)
And of course the radio won't work. There's a lot of mathematics connected with electricity, you know. I've seen all sorts of equations in a book about it.
(Sits down again.)

JOHNNY:
(Enters L.)
Hi, everybody.

MARIAN: You're just in time, Johnny.

Won't you go to the store to get some groceries? The phone's out of order.

JOHNNY: Sure, I don't mind. What do you want?

MARIAN: Eggs, for one thing.

JOHNNY: How many?

MARIAN: Well . . . er . . . oh . . . some. I can't tell you how many. And sugar . . . some of that, too, . . . and quite a lot of potatoes and a few rolls and . . . well, never mind the rest.

JOHNNY: Say, what's the matter with you? Mom always tells a fellow how much to get.

MARIAN: Well, there used to be numbers but there aren't any now.

JOHNNY: Oh! Boy! No more multiplication tables! Well, so long.
(Takes out a large candy bar and unwraps it very deliberately.)

MARIAN: Just a bite, please. I'm famished.

JOHNNY: Can't do it, Sis. If there aren't any numbers, there's no such thing as division.
(Takes a huge bite and grins mischievously at Marian as he exits R.)

RUTH:
(Enters R.)
What's wrong with the recipe books? I know one thing; there'll be no cake in this house for supper to-night.
(Exits R.)

KATHERINE:
(Enters L. dressed for the street, and sits down in the nearest chair as she talks.)
Just came in to tell you that the Grand Rapids trip is all off.

MARIAN: What's the matter now, Katherine?

KATHERINE: Something's wrong with the headlights on the car and not a garage in town can fix them. All the mechanics would do was to jabber about mathematics.

BOB: Are you sure it's just the headlights? Of course the reflecting surface is the locus of points which . . .

MARIAN:
(Wrathfully.)

So that's some more of your work, Father Mathematics. I think you're mean.
(Bursts into tears.)

FATHER MATH: Don't feel too badly. There won't be any game anyway.

ALL: No game!

BOB: That's right. They can't keep time or count score.

KATHERINE: But couldn't they just play anyway?

FATHER MATH: No, indeed. The path a basketball makes comes under locus of points too.

MARIAN: How I hate the very word locus! It always makes me think of the ten plagues of Egypt.

BOB: Well, isn't it time we did something? The banks will all be closed; bridges will collapse; lots of factories won't be able to run. Father Mathematics, what are your terms?

MARIAN: Yes, what are they? I'll promise anything. I'll even work those problems.

FATHER MATH: We might have a truce to talk things over.

MARIAN: Well, I'm the one to blame. So the rest of you needn't stay unless you like.
(Bob and Katherine exit R.)

FATHER MATH: First, I'm going to ask you to take a trip with me. Travelling is really very easy when you ride in the Fourth Dimension Dirigible.

CURTAIN

SCENE II

Setting: The Land of Mathematics. The stage is bare. As the curtain rises, Marian and Father Mathematics are walking slowly across the stage from the right.

MARIAN: Perhaps the trouble has really been that I don't know enough about the mathematics family.

FATHER MATH: Wouldn't you like to meet some of them?
(Divisor-multiplier enters from the rear of the stage and walks backwards.)
I see one of my daughters coming now.

Miss Brown, may I present Divisor $2/3$?
(Divisor bows and shakes hands backwards.)

Some people think her a trifle awkward but that's because they look at her the wrong way. Really we couldn't accomplish much without her.

(Divisor turns around.)

And here is Multiplier $3/2$.

MARIAN: But I don't understand. I thought you said her name was Divisor $2/3$.

FATHER MATH: So I did and so it is. Don't you see that she's two people in one? Sometimes her mask frightens the children but after they once see that she's really the agreeable Miss Multiplier, they don't mind her at all.

(Divisor-multiplier exits slowly R.)

ALGEBRA TRAFFIC COPS:

(Enter briskly L. and bow.)

We are the Algebra traffic cops.

(Bow.)

(Sing.)

*In the running down of signs,
We are the winners every time.
We show negative the place to go.
We run across a careless sign
And then we jerk him roughly out
of line.

'Tis the duty of a cop.

If they will follow our direction
And will act with circumspection
Remembering very well the laws by
Math. laid down,

Then all in harmony may dwell
With no one in a stuffy cell, you
know,

It is the duty of a cop.

(Bow.)

And we are the algebra traffic cops.

(With a flourish they take up positions on opposite sides of the stage. X , $3X$, $2X$, X^2 , $5X$, and $4X$ enter R. 7, 6, Positive, Negative, and all the Parentheses enter L.)

* Parody on "The Duty of a Cop" from the operetta, "Pickles," H. T. Fitzsimons Co., Music Publishers, Chicago, Illinois.

FATHER MATH: You recognize my numerical children, don't you?

(7 and 6 nod pleasantly.)

And these are Parentheses—they always come in pairs, you know—

(They bow.)

And these are some of the various X 's. They all do double duty for each one carries two signs.

(X and $5X$ rush up to Marian and display signs.)

MARIAN: How do you do, Positive X and Negative $5X$. I remember you.

(To Father Mathematics.)

I've met all of them before, I think, except the tall one with a crown. Just who is he?

FATHER MATH: Oh, I supposed you knew.

That's X raised to a power. The minute he puts on his crown—we mathematicians call it an exponent—well, you should see him expand.

HERALD:

(Enters R. Blowing a trumpet.)

Hear ye! Hear ye! The algebra inspector is on his way.

TRAFFIC COPS: Parentheses formation.

(The other characters step briskly to positions to form

$$+x + (x^2 - 2x + 6) - (4x - 7 + 5x) - 3x.$$

The parentheses stand sideways in such a way that the arm with the parenthesis on it is toward the audience. $4X$, 7, and $5X$ take a sharp look at Negative before they step within the parentheses and reverse the signs which they carry. The traffic cops see that the line formed is straight, that the signs are held correctly, etc. Then the inspector enters R.)

FIRST TRAFFIC COP: Ready, Positive Parenthesis?

POSITIVE PARENTHESIS: Ready, your honor.

SECOND TRAFFIC COP: Ready, Negative Parenthesis?

NEGATIVE PARENTHESIS: Yes, your honor.

(The herald plays and X steps forward. There is a pause. He plays again while Positive and Positive Parenthesis step to

the back of the stage and X^2 , $2X$, and 6 step forward. There is a pause. The herald plays a sharp warning note, pauses slightly, and plays again. Negative and Negative Parentheses step back. $4X$ and 7 reverse their signs and they and $5X$ step forward. $5X$ appears to be day-dreaming. There is a pause. The herald plays again while $3X$ steps forward.)

SECOND TRAFFIC COP:

(Grasps $5X$.)

$5X$, I arrest you in the name of the law.

$5X$: What law?

TRAFFIC COP: The law of signs. You were in the *Negative* parenthesis, you know. (Takes him to Father Mathematics.)

FATHER MATH: Guilty or not guilty?

$5X$: Guilty, your honor. Please pass sentence at once.

FATHER MATH: $5X$, since you fail to appreciate the privilege of being able to change your sign, I sentence you to forfeit your negative sign. From now until June 17, you may have only one sign, and you must take it with you wherever you go.

($5X$ hands over his negative sign.)

INSPECTOR: I sustain the verdict.

(The X 's and 7 step to the back of the stage. The herald, playing as he goes, and the inspector exit L. A messenger enters L. and hands Father Math. a telegram.)

FATHER MATH: There's trouble at the Electrical Research Bureau in Washington, and they want help. I fancy that what they need is a few parentheses, the powers of X , and perhaps the numerical relations.

(Looking at watch.)

There's a train at 8:15, you'd better take that.

(The Parentheses, 6 , 7 , and X^2 exit L. Collector enters R. with two butterfly nets.)

Oh, here comes the collector from the mathematics museum. Something for you, sir?

COLLECTOR: May I have your stray X 's today?

FATHER MATH: Yes, though I hate to part with them.

$2X$:

(As $2X$, $3X$, and $5X$ display their respective signs.)

None of us are stray.

$3X$:

We just balance one another.

COLLECTOR: Then I'll not detain you.

($2X$, $3X$, and $5X$ exit R.)

So you're left alone, $4X$ and X . Then you may come with me.

(Throws a butterfly net over the head of each and they exit R. The traffic cops walk off L. singing the first few lines of their song.)

FATHER MATH: Perhaps you'd like to meet someone who could tell you about A , B , and C . The algebra books are full of their adventures.

MARIAN: Adventures? Oh, you mean those awful problems in which A , B , and C pump water into cisterns, run races, chop wood, and invest their earnings?

(D enters L.)

FATHER MATH: Yes.

(To D who is walking across the stage.) Oh, Mr. D , won't you tell my friend something about A , B , and C ? You've known them a long time, haven't you?

D : †Ever since they were little fellows in brackets. We used to call them John, William, and Henry in those days. Haven't you read about their marble tournaments? Sure you have. A always won four times as many marbles as C . How he used to boss poor little C around! The college sheiks, they say, have called in three foreign experts, Alpha, Beta, and Gamma, but A , B , and C still do piles of work for common folks. Isn't this C coming now?

C :

(Enters R. coughing.)

† This and the following speeches follow quite closely the ideas and the conversation in "A, B, and C" from "Literary Lapses" by Stephen Leacock.

- Hello, *D*, how are you these days and what are you doing?
- D*: I scratch around in my garden a little, raise a common denominator or two and grow a bit of logarithm. In harvest season I extract a few roots. Occasionally, too, Durrell and Arnold call me in for demonstration purposes, but I'm getting too old for hard labor.
(Exits *R*.)
- B*:
(Enters *L*.)
Well, *A* just beat me in a rowing match. I had a start of forty-five strokes but he managed to overtake me at the second bend. And to-morrow all Mr. Carter's classes have to figure out his rate per minute.
- A*:
(Enters *L*.)
Say, fellows, Mr. Leddick has found three cisterns in his back yard, and he says we can have until to-morrow night to pump water into them. I bet I can beat you both. Your cistern leaks a little, I think, *C*.
- B*: Why don't you take the leaky one for a change? Don't you know that *C*'s all in?
(*C* coughs at intervals.)
- A*: Then Mr. Carter wants us to come over to mix up some salt solutions.
- B*: And I suppose that *C* and I will have to carry pails and pails of water while you'll take the one that needs three and eight-nineteenths pounds of salt.
- A*: While we're waiting for the Leddicks to finish supper, we might chop wood for Mr. Riemersma.
- B*: Look here, *A*, *C* isn't fit to chop wood.
- C*: I might try but I'm afraid I won't be able to work even a fourth as fast as *A*.
- B*: I'm going to fetch a doctor. He's in bad shape.
- A*: You've no money to fetch a doctor.
- B*: I'll reduce him to his lowest terms. That'll fetch him.
(Exits *L*.)
- A*:
(After a pause.)
If I walk twice as fast as *B*, I can beat him there yet.
(Exits hurriedly, *L*.)
- FATHER MATH:
(Laying his hand on *C*'s shoulder.)
Don't worry, *C*, we won't let anything happen to you, you're too valuable a man to lose.
- MARIAN: I think so too. We'll just have to keep the whole family.
(All characters appear on stage. The traffic cops see that they arrange themselves in orderly fashion and direct them in singing.)
(Tune: "We're loyal to You, Illinois.")
We're loyal to you, Father Math.
We're working with you, Father Math.
We're sure we can do
Every problem clear through,
For we know we need you, Father Math.
So bring on your work, Father Math.
We'll never say shirk, Father Math.
Our task is the finest ever,
Lead us in our endeavor,
Lead on for us, Father Math.

CURTAIN

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