

lingers lazily in the bosom of a lake. The sun sinks. Flying clouds partake of his parting glory. Shadows deepen. The distant hills grow blue—then purple. The glory of earth is repeated in the sky, and the waters, like tempered steel in varying hues, fade from red to orange, from orange to yellow, from yellow to steel, and finally sleep in the deep blue of night. And the peace of Nature enters our hearts.

SAMUEL ALMAN, JR., '05.

THE SIGNAL CORPS.

In the Signal squad one sees
Invalids of all degrees,
Some long and thin, some short and stout;
And some who can't complain about
Weakness of body, find
Religious scruples well designed
To keep them out of prosy drill
So they may exercise at will.
With many limpings, often feigned,
Of which outside they ne'er complained,
They crowd around the Captain's door
To be assigned to Signal Corps.
Ah! me, what pains these weaklings take,
But only pains the Hep to "fake."
They get a somber doctor book
And through its contents slowly look
Until they all the symptoms know
Of some disease; then straightway go
And get a physical exam
For which they did so neatly cram.
Of course they pass it with an A,
And full of smothered joy, away
They hie to have an hour's fun
At football, baseball, or with gun
To tramp across the country side,
Returning just at eventide.