



It will interest Civilian readers to know that the "Swan Song" was written by "Low Rate" on board the R.M.S. "Adriatic" while on his way overseas on military service. "Low Rate" has qualified as Flight Lieutenant in the Aviation Corps, and in this very important branch of the service hopes to do his bit.

SWAN SONG.

I'm bidding adieu,
 To the friends, staunch and true,
 Who have honored, by reading this page,
 The fellow whose pen
 Has p'raps sprayed, now and then,
 Its whiteness with thoughts sad or sage.
 For those who've been fair
 A well-wishing prayer
 Comes stealing from depths of my throat,
 Whilst I freely forgive
 Those others who live,—
 The fellows who've cursed all I wrote.

I've taken to wings
 On a thing made of strings
 Propelled by a motor thru air.
 I've started abroad,
 And I trust to the Lord
 I'm permitted to do my wee share.
 They'll mount me a gun
 To go seeking the Hun,
 Who has made of fair Europe a hell;
 And whatever you say
 Of the thoughts I've let stray,
 I know you're all wishing me well.

I'm going to fly
 Thru the limitless sky
 With a thing that is feeble and frail;
 Where the chances of death
 Come as fast as one's breath,
 But I swear that I never shall quail.
 I've a duty to do,
 And in parting from you,