

"We've been bearing east for many days and must be near the coast,
This cabin here has just been built, and I wonder who's the host."

With wonder staring from our eyes, we knocked upon the door.

When we heard the inmates start to rise, we wondered more and more.

Then the door swung rudely open, and a voice said, "Vat you vant?"

Are you come to see if I vos steal der spruce tree from der swamp?

Dey shase me from oudt der Yourip, und I vant some place to hide.

Vell, vhy you stand there und look und stare—vhy not you come inside?"

Astounded beyond the use of words, both Bill and I felt ill. Whom do you think we found in the north but famous Kaiser Bill.

In the thickest haze of great amaze we stepped right in the door, and another shock awaited there—Von Hindie on the floor!

There were other four within the camp—I do not know their names;

They told us then that they came north in connection with some claims.

Molybdenite, they said it was, they had got some few years back—

A deal with politicians to balance up the pack.

Now Kaiser Bill looked slightly grieved, but was calm right to the core,

His face looked down in thoughtful frown, with eyes like an angry boar.

Then he raised his hand, his one good hand, and pointed to the east,

Saying, "Over dere in Orngland they vos calling me 'der beast.'"

He stepped up to the cabin door, with official Prussian stride, Then blurted out with anger, "Has dot scoundrel, Vilson, died?"

Yes, I vill told to you dot story, Von Hindenburg und me, Of von scoundrel vots called Vilson—he dinks he own der sea.