

THE EXPLORER

Then in a horrid deep crevasse I'll hide me for
a year,
And you can go to gay New York and tell
them that you fear
You can't find me on land or sea, no matter
where you look,
Fresh from the snows, you then can pose as
good old Doctor Cook.
Go! break the news to Mrs. Cook and tell her
she's a "wid."
And all my scientific notes are in an "Igloo"
hid;
Then don't you see, Commander P., while
you are Doctor Cook,
In my warm bag I'll get á jag, and finish up
our book.
The Polar night is my delight, but when
you've told my dearie,
Across the pack I'll hustle back and say I'm
Robert Peary;
This joint stock game will bring us fame, and
seems to me quite funny,
We'll swear we both have found the Pole and
make a pile of money.