

OUT WEST

PECULIAR POLAR PUBLISHING PROPOSITION.

Come into my "Igloo," my dear Commander
P—

The snuggest little "Igloo" that ever you did
see;

When safe inside our sleeping bags we'll write
a lovely book,

And I will be Commander P— and you be
Doctor Cook.

We'll tell the world how we unfurled "Old
Glory" at the Pole,

And how from old Cap. Bernier's store our
Arctic lore we stole;

I'll lunch off twenty Husky dogs, while you
can chew up nine,

In cases such as that, of course, the credit
must be mine.

Then me and you in our "Igloo" will tell of
Eskimo,

And dream we travelled forty miles when 84
below;

We'll tell of awful darkness and everlasting
light,

Where ice and cold knock out our old friend
Mr. Farenheit.