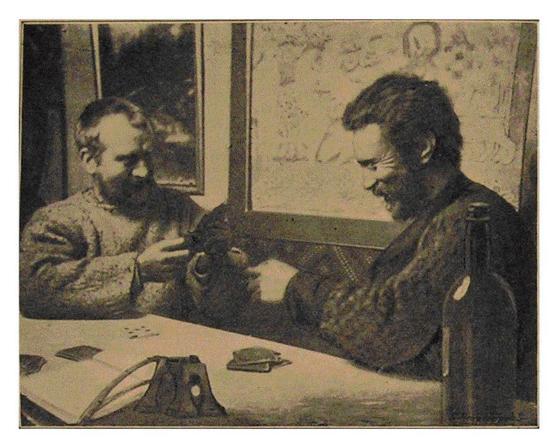
They would stake their lives if they were able, boys. Amundsen, again,
Looks at these two men,
Shakes his head and sadly goes to bed, boys.*



A LIVELY GAME OF CARDS

(From a Photograph)

Sverdrup, Blessing, Hansen, and our Mohn,† boys,
Say of "marriage," "This game is our own," boys;
Soon for them, alas!
The happy hour is past;
And Hansen he says, "Come away, old Mohn!" boys.
"It is getting late,
And the stars won't wait,
You and I must up and out alone," boys.

- * Refers to the fact that Amundsen hated card-playing more than anything else in the world. He called cards "the devil's playbooks."
- † Nickname of our meteorologist, Johansen, Professor Mohn being a distinguished Norwegian meteorologist.