

'Stood two houses somewhat similar
O'er the fence were ladies talking
Busy with their harmless gossip.
One was tiny, one was little.
Yes, 'twas Hazel and Jell Herbin!
Jell about her Art was talking
Dainty food, she did prepare it
But her Woodman was so hungry
That he wanted food substantial;
So in tears she came to Hazel
For advice and consolation.
Down the walk there was approaching
With a "lordly" air, a youngster
And the little "guy" to Hazel
Passed a letter from the postman.
Hazel's face with joy was lighted
For she recognized the writing.
When the letter was read over
Talked they then about the writer—
Elmira Borden, Math. Professor
In a school for feeble minded.
After many trials and failures
Fourth dimension she'd discovered;
But Elmira, ever modest
Passed to Dr. Coit the credit
Claiming she had "got the picture"
While he helped her with the essay
Which she wrote in nineteen twenty.

'Then the Northland, cold and icy,
Came in my prophetic vision;—
There upon an island stranded
In this bleak and desolate country,
Was an airship lying ruined
With its wings all torn and shattered.
Puttering around this wreckage
Was a figure so familiar
That I knew at once 'twas Corey
Though his beard was long and shaggy.
(This was but his latest notion).