The True Origin and History of "The Dude." [The following "pome," somewhat inauthentic by The World, is published as of probable interest to whom it may concern, like A. Lincoln's Niagara letter to Horace Greeley.]

Long years ago, in a cruel, crude,
There lived a bird they called a "Dude,"
Hermaphrodite of the air.

Its stupid airs and vanities
Made other birds expel it, so
They christened it in charity
First cousin to the "Doom."

It pleased itself in foreign plumage,
And throbbed its heart piously,
For blest it ran with "Loves,"
And hence surmounted the "Doom.

When Darwin's theory first saw light
"The Dude" we tried to think of,
But monkeys, being far more bright,
Became the missing link of.

Now barely in this hemisphere,
Through some australism,
A flock of Dudes, I greatly fear,
Are added to our nation.

In form and feature rather young,
If not, a rising man, sir—
They sit about and speak a tongue
That is not worth a d—n, sir.

Their feathers, first I could explain,
Are of the washed-out orders—
Half dissolution, see the brain,
With cigarette-smoke border;

Their heads o'er their brow they hang,
Their cheek reddens the leather;
Their style, inclusive, is in slang
Their "strike-me-with-a-leather.

Their fur is a support of the hat—
The head just seen between them;
A coachman's riding coat at that
Envelopes all and scrimmages them;
Save just below the coat is sewn,
Where muscles ought to lie, sir,
A tail of pipe-stemmed, in great,

Of which I might go on, sir,
To take glance into a pointed nose,
Verandas built around it;
A hecaton, either white or blue,
Ever so.

If you doubt it
Just take a walk some sunny day—
Be sure the wind's not high, sir,
For in a breeze they dare not stay
Before they're learnt to fly, sir.

And there in fields spread the are,
For lawns they're but slim beaux,
You see them moving o'er the wave,
With arms or wings—humbug.

They say their nests, also a club,
Also, so misapplied, sir,
Like other birds they love light grub,
For beetles to them denied, sir.

Of stairs their club-house has no need,
For, entering the hall door,
They take a long breath and with speed
Float upwards off the hall floor.

And soaring up are caught with nets
By riffraff held together.

And, after being burned, The Pets
Are blown home on a feather.

They hardly breath, they are so light;
A smile their coat it creases;
And one who last the other night
Was carried some in picture.

They do not care for crusts sports
Like fox-tail, cricket, gunning,
But lemonade they drink by quarts,
Their gutting "real strongling!"

The Brush Electric Lighting Co.
Have chased their lights in ware
For fear, attracted by the glow,
They'll set their wings on fire.
Imported "Dudes" are very shy,
Now "Oscar's" crossed the ocean,
But native "Dudes" soon learn to fly
And seem to like the notion.

If they would only fly away
And settle out in China,
Give us one chance, the girls all say,
To turn up something finer.

America can ill afford
To harbor such deformity,
And we would humbly thank the Lord
To spare us this enormity.

Robert Sail Hill.