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Origin of the Term 'Dude'

Gerald Leonard Cohen

Missouri University of Science and Technology, gcohen@mst.edu

Barry A. Popik

Peter J. Reitan

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ORIGIN OF THE TERM 'DUDE'

Gerald Leonard Cohen

Barry A. Popik

Peter J. Reitan

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Gerald Leonard Cohen
Barry A. Popik
Peter J. Reitan

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DEDICATION

To the memory of Robert Sale Hill (1850-1922), whose January 14, 1883 poem 'The Dude' introduced a word which instantly became one of the most popular items in the English slang lexicon.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

(G. Cohen): As mentioned below, in chapter 1, Barry Popik and Peter Reitan have made major contributions to the study of the origin of *dude* – Popik’s contributions appearing in various *Comments on Etymology* working papers and Reitan’s appearing both there and in his online blog items. When it came time to prepare the collected material for presentation as a book, I immediately invited them to be included as co-authors; this book would not have been possible without their contributions over the years.

Mention should also be made of the late David Shulman (1912 - 2004), who contributed to the first *Comments on Etymology* issue on *dude* (Popik, Shulman, Cohen 1993). Shulman was an independent scholar, who researched various subjects in lexicography and for the last 30 years of his life was prolific in contributing antedates to the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

I am also grateful to etymologist Anatoly Liberman (U. of Minnesota) for his strong interest in the *Comments on Etymology* working papers on *dude*, especially the past several years, when the *dude* material was undergoing its second compilation. However, I hasten to state to him, to my co-authors, and to the others who provided various information that any possible shortcomings of the present compiled work are solely my responsibility.

Specific contributions of numerous individuals to the study of *dude* are acknowledged throughout the book. Many are participants in the American Dialect Society listserv, which covers a wide range of topics connected with English speech and is an extraordinary source of information and feedback. To name just a few participants: Jonathan Lighter deserves special thanks, both for bringing new information to the study of *dude* and, more broadly, for his lifelong dedication to the study of slang. Ben Zimmer deserves gratitude for his always interesting ‘Word on the Street’ column in the *Wall Street Journal* (including one on *dude*), as does the late Allan Metcalf (1940-2022). Metcalf had a lifelong interest in word origins (including *dude*) and

provided professional assistance and encouragement to me since the early 1970's. I am deeply indebted to him.

Also, the late Reinhold ('Rey', 1936-2019) Aman was editor of *Maledicta* and as the name of his journal indicates, he specialized in abusive language. His expertise was very helpful in clarifying a particular matter in *dude* research that did get into abusive language (see below, pp. 17ff.). Incidentally, we never met, but he was always willing to help, and I considered him a friend.

I am very grateful to my university's excellent librarians, who have been essential to my research, and to the excellent print-shop staff for the fine job they have done in printing my material over the years. To my department chair (Dr. Audra Merfeld-Langston) and two campus administrators who in recent years have served either as dean (Dr. Stephen Roberts) or interim dean (Dr. Kate Drowne), I extend my deep gratitude for their support.

I compiled the manuscript for this book but consider Popik and Reitan as equal partners in researching the topic. Both are independent scholars, i.e., they are not university faculty, but I stand in awe of all they have accomplished in lexical studies.

Gerald Cohen
Missouri University of Science & Technology
July 2022

CHAPTER 1: OVERVIEW

‘The Dude. -- ‘The New York correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, a sort of “Man about Town,” notes the introduction of a new word into the language. It is d-u-d-e or d-o-o-d, the spelling not having been distinctly settled yet. Nobody knows where the word came from, but it has sprung into popularity within the past few weeks, and everybody is using it.’

The Daily Astorian [Oregon], March 28, 1883, p. 1/1

ROBERT SALE HILL’S 1883 POEM *THE DUDE*, KEY TO THE ETYMOLOGY OF *DUDE* BUT LONG OVERLOOKED

This book is a compilation of material relevant to the etymology and early history of *dude* – a project which began in the early 1990’s, soon followed by Barry Popik’s discovery of Robert Sale Hill’s Jan. 14, 1883 poem, *The Dude*. That all-important item for the etymology of *dude* had surprisingly fallen almost immediately into obscurity, both for the writers of 1883ff. who wondered about the origin of the term and for all lexicographers and scholars prior to Popik. For example, neither Paoletti’s 1980 dissertation on popular humor and dress nor Richard A. Hill’s 1994 article “You’ve come a long way dude – a history” mentions Robert Sale Hill’s critically important 1883 poem. A key point of the present book is that Robert Sale Hill is the single most important person for the entrance of the term ‘dude’ into standard English.

Popik and I, together with the late David Shulman, published our first *Comments on Etymology* working paper on *dude* in 1993, and twenty years later Peter Reitan joined in by providing very valuable additional information. Our research on *dude* is very much a team effort.

Hill’s 1883 poem triggered a vast outpouring of articles/poems/cartoons on the social phenomenon of the dude. The dudes of that era were young, vacuous, brainless, wealthy Anglomaniacs who drew widespread amusement and ridicule for their slavish imitation of British dress and speech. For the dudes, very much under the influence of

Oscar Wilde, this imitation represented the height of refinement, but they were alone in this assessment.

The 1883ff. outpouring of articles/poems/cartoons about them brought *dude* into the English lexicon and firmed up its position there. And still, the word might have faded away with the eventual fading away of the dude craze itself, but in a metamorphosis that could rival the development of caterpillar into butterfly, *dude* acquired new meanings [e.g., in ‘dude ranch’; via surf lingo: ‘guy/fellow,’ an expression of shock or approval (*Dude! That’s really cool!*)]. Calling someone a dude in 1883ff. would have been an insult, but nowadays calling him a *dude* belongs to hip culture.

Although the word’s entire history is no doubt interesting, the focus of the present book is on the part the three co-authors have been researching, viz., the first (1883ff.) stage. *Dude* is a surprisingly broad topic, and despite whatever else remains to be done, the time has come for us to publish in book form what we have already collected.

To return now to Robert Sale Hill and the obscurity his 1883 poem had fallen into, even the obituaries of him are silent on his role in introducing *dude* into standard English. Peter Reitan, who prepared the biography of Hill that appears in this book as an appendix, replied (in a private message) as follows to my question about the obituaries:

‘No, the obits did not mention Dude. The obits in the US appear to have come from a letter from his wife to her sister in Baltimore, copied in other papers. Brief, no discussion of his life or work.

‘Other than the note on the cover of his Wall Street book, and the few comments early in 1883, I haven’t seen anything connecting him to Dude, or anything by him mentioning it.

Interestingly, after Hill’s 1883 poem *The Dude* appeared, there was curiosity almost immediately as to the term’s origin, but no one took the logical step of contacting Hill to ask him. He was socially active in New York City and hence readily accessible and could have provided the answer.

STARTING POINT FOR *DUDE* ATTESTATIONS IS 1883

As highlighted in chapter 2, the earliest attestation of *dude* is 1883; none of the supposed pre-1883 attestations pan out. This is striking. The *Historical Dictionary of American Slang* (*HDAS*; all praise!) lists three pre-1883 attestations for *dude*, and at first glance this seems justified; but a close analysis shows they must all be withdrawn. And for other suggestions of a pre-1883 term *dude*, no attestations exist. None! So the starting point of *dude* (or its variants, e.g., *dood*) is 1883, specifically Robert Sale Hill's poem.

One may object that the *Oxford English Dictionary*, 3rd edition (*OED3*) presents two supposedly pre-1883 attestations, but those two attestations turn out to be in error:

1877 F. REMINGTON *Sel. Lett.* (1988) 15 Don't send me any more [pictures of] women or any more dudes. Send me Indians, cowboys, villains or toughs.

1879 A. F. MULFORD *Fighting Indians* (ed. 2) vi. 26 What a difference between the real soldiers we now met, and those paper collar dudes at Fort Snelling!

Details on these two items are presented in chapter 2, but here now is a summary:

For Remington's supposed 1877 letter mentioning 'dudes,' *OED3* relied on *HDAS*, which relied on Splete & Splete 1988, which relied on Crooker 1910. But Crooker 1910 does not specify the date of that letter. And in an 1892 letter Remington treats 'doods' as if it were a striking piece of slang, while in the supposed 1877 quotes he handles the term (*dudes*) as if there was nothing at all unusual about it. The matter-of-fact use of the term would fit with a later date.

And for the supposed 1879 *dude* in Mulford's *Fighting Indians* (2nd ed.) Reitan, in an excellent piece of sleuthing, showed that the publisher of this second edition wasn't born until 1886. The publisher, for whatever reason, provided an incorrect date!

WHERE DID ROBERT SALE HILL GET THE WORD 'DUDE' FROM?

The short answer to the question just above is: Probably from a combination of *Yankee Doodle* and British *fopdoodle* (British slang; silly dandy). Independent scholar Sam Clements in a Feb. 15, 2004 email to the American Dialect Society listserv suggested *Yankee Doodle*, drawing attention to an April 5, 1879 account of Nathaniel Hawthorne's son returning from Italy and wearing long curls – whereupon ‘Concord boys plagued him in the usual tough way of boys. They called him “Sissy” and “Yankee Doodle,” and finally they ridiculed the poor lad till he petitioned for a barber to cut off his locks.’

Just as a reminder, Yankee Doodle was the country bumpkin who stuck a feather in his cap and imagined himself to be the fashion equivalent of the elaborately dressed young 18th century Englishmen (with elaborate, sometimes grotesquely large wigs) known as macaroni.

So *Yankee Doodle* almost certainly played a role in Hill's use (probably his creation) of *dude*, and for at least a decade Popik and I thought *Yankee Doodle* was the sole factor. But Peter Reitan later pointed out that Robert Sale Hill came from England and was therefore familiar with a British slang term *fopdoodle* (a silly, foppish figure). *OED3* gives only two attestations of *fopdoodle* (both from the 17th century), but Reitan found various attestations from the mid to late 19th century (see below, chapter 3). So *fopdoodle* still existed in British slang during Hill's lifetime, giving Hill the opportunity to be familiar with it (as well as *Yankee Doodle*). There was also simply *doodle* (fool, simpleton), but *doodle* alone would not fully capture the essence of the 1883ff. dudes, since their slavish imitation of British dress was an important part of what made them look silly.

In another vein, a contemporary of R.S. Hill (W.A. Croffutt, 1883) wrote, “‘Dude’ is a corruption of dodo,’ probably in reference to the prominent role played by the dodo in Hill's poem. As for determining whether ‘dodo’ possibly played an important role in the etymology of dude, two interpretations have arisen among this book's co-authors:

1. My (G. Cohen's) readout of the situation is that Croffutt gives no indication he received the 'dodo' information in conversation with Hill. Instead of 'dude' (via an alternate spelling 'dood') deriving from 'dodo,' it seems more likely that *Yankee Doodle* and *fopdoodle* played the key roles in the origin of 'dude,' and then in parlor-game mode Hill connected 'dood' (dude) with *dodo* (based on their common alleged feature of stupidity).

2. Reitan countered that Croffutt might in fact have gotten his information on 'dodo' directly from Hill. In an email titled 'A Note about Croffutt and Possible Connections to Robert Sale Hill,' Reitan says:

'While it is true, as you write in chapter 1, that Croffutt gave no explicit indication he received the "dodo" information from Hill, Croffutt's February 1883 letter to the *Chicago Tribune* strongly suggests he may have been in close personal proximity to Hill at about the same time as the "dodo" comment. In the paragraph immediately following his "dude" discussion, Croffutt mentions "private theatricals." In the next paragraph, he discusses what seems to be a first-hand account of a private theatrical attended by notables, including Mrs. Potter. She was the head of the private theatricals company with which Robert Sale Hill performed regularly. Was Hill at the theatrical? Did he talk to Croffutt? Who knows, but he was possibly in the same room with him just before publishing his first account of Dudes, and making his comment about "dodo".'

In any case, I believe *Yankee Doodle* and *fopdoodle* retain their central roles in the etymology of *dude*, probably with an assist from *doodle* (fool); Reitan himself brought *fopdoodle* to Popik's and my attention. Perhaps *dodo* should be thrown into the mix, but if so, I think *dodo* would be best considered an ancillary factor despite being very much on Hill's mind as he wrote his poem (Reitan sees the influence of *dodo* as more important than merely ancillary). The readers of this book are free to choose.

R.S. HILL'S VISIT TO KNICKERBOCKER CLUB AND THE LISTLESS APPEARANCE OF MOST OF ITS MEMBERS

W.A. Croffutt's Feb. 25, 1883 letter to the *Chicago Tribune* provides some insight into what in the dude's behavior rubbed R.S. Hill the wrong way: 'An Englishman of athletic habits and stalwart frame, named Hill, after visiting the Knickerbocker club lately, was so struck with the listless appearance of most of the members that he wrote to the [newspaper] World and classified them as "Dudes." It may have been a breach of his privileges as a guest; I am not discussing that. ...'

Reitan, who discovered the Croffutt letter, has added a few more thoughts on Hill's critical view of the dudes:

1. Reitan agrees with Croffutt's comment that Hill's being an athlete might help explain his disdain for the unimpressive physique of the 1880's dudes, e.g. (from Hill's poem):

'...just below the coat is seen,
Where muscles ought to be, sir,
A pair of pipe stems, cased in green,
Skin-tight and half-mast high, sir.'

Cf. also:

'They do not care for cruel sports,
Like foot-ball, cricket, gunning,
But lemonade they drink by quarts,
....''

2. Hill's parents (both father and mother) left him a legacy of nobility of character in connection with British military activity in India, and this could help explain his total disdain for the vacuous dudes he saw in New York City.
3. Since Hill came from England, he knew firsthand the true character of the British men he admired -- so far removed from the character of the ludicrous NYC dudes with their strange Anglophile imitations -- and perhaps this awareness provided him with an extra impetus to write his 'Dude' poem ridiculing them.

I agree with Reitan's points just above but would like to go a step further. Note point #2's, mention of the nobility of character that Hill received as a legacy in connection with British military activity in India. With such a proud British background Hill likely objected to the dudes not simply because they looked ridiculous but because by their Anglo-maniac dress, speech and lackadaisical behavior they presented themselves as following the best of English refinement. This must have struck Hill as a slander to his native country; he did not see the dudes as representing anything favorable in British culture/refinement/manhood. Note the poem's last verse, which seems a bit over-the-top in its anger against the dudes:

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

Why such vitriol against a harmless group of young men? Two verses earlier Hill mentions that ‘Now “Oscar’s” crossed the ocean,’ i.e., Oscar Wilde has returned home from his 1882 lecturing tour in the United States. In the next verse Hill wishes the dudes would all leave the country and go far, far away:

‘If only they would fly away
And settle out in China,...’

Then in the final verse comes Hill's burst of anger, which one can see building up towards the end of the poem; clearly he was deeply offended (not merely amused) by the dudes, and he is best seen as venting when he wrote his poem and sent it off to the newspaper. His British background must have played a role in this anger, and one might wonder: If Hill had been a native-born American or had immigrated from any country other than England, would he have written the poem *The Dude*? I suspect not, and the English lexicon would be poorer by one word.

OSCAR WILDE

Oscar Wilde (mentioned in Hill's poem) had without doubt at least some influence on the dudes. Here is part of what the 1966 *Encyclopedia Britannica* says about him:

‘At Oxford he adopted what to undergraduates appeared the effeminate pose of casting scorn on manly sports, wearing his hair long, decorating his rooms with peacock’s feathers, lilies, sun-flowers, blue china and other *objets d’art*, which he declared it his desire to “live up to,” affecting a lackadaisical manner, and professing intense emotions on the subject of “art for art’s sake” – then a newfangled doctrine which J.M. Whistler was bringing into prominence. Wilde made himself the apostle of this new cult. At Oxford his behavior procured him a ducking in the Cherwell, and a wrecking of his rooms, but the cult spread. Its affectations were burlesqued in Gilbert and Sullivan’s travesty *Patience* (1881). As the leading “aesthete,” Oscar Wilde became one of the most prominent personalities of the day; his affected paradoxes and his witty sayings were quoted on all sides, and in 1882 he went on a lecturing tour in the United States....’

As with Oscar Wilde, affectations and a lackadaisical attitude were key components of the dudes’ behavior, and examples abound in the articles and cartoons about them.

MATERIAL ON THE 1883ff. DUDE CRAZE

The 1883ff. dude craze, with its outpouring of articles/poems/cartoons about the dude was an extraordinary social phenomenon, and for the ready access of future researchers chapter 5 presents varied material which the authors compiled on them over the years.

Incidentally, bearing this material in mind, I would respectfully suggest that *OED3*’s editors re-examine their definition of *dude*, meaning #1:

‘A man who shows an ostentatious regard for fashion and style in regard to dress or appearance; a dandy, a fop.’

This definition is only partially correct. By defining dudes merely as fops (and nothing more) *OED3* overlooks several of their important characteristics, primarily their Anglomania in speech/dress/behavior, their vacuousness, listlessness, and stupidity. If the dudes had been

merely fops, the dude craze would not have occurred, and *dude* would likely not be in the lexicon.

PETER REITAN'S BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT SALE HILL

So much of the origin of *dude* is connected to Robert Sale Hill and his poem *The Dude*, and so little direct evidence exists as to what he was thinking when he used (or more likely) created the term, that we need to glean as much information as possible from wherever a bit of insight might be found. A key potential source would be a biography of Hill's life, and Reitan has provided a major service in preparing one. We learn from it that Hill came to the U.S. from Britain and therefore would have been aware of British *fopdoodle*. We also learn of the legacy of nobility of character Hill's parents left him in connection with British military activity in India, and this turns out to be relevant to Hill's somewhat over-the-top denunciation of the dudes at the end of his poem.

We learn too of some things that Hill did NOT do, e.g., he never had any connection with Salem (New Hampshire) or Green Bay (Wisconsin), where a newspaper account or two allege that *dude* or a variant existed pre-1883. We also learn that with two exceptions (one of them likely still in 1883), there is no written mention from Hill (or anyone connected with him) about his Jan. 14, 1883 poem *The Dude*, even though it certainly deserved mention, at the very least in his obituary. It seems clear he did not attach lasting importance to the poem and this in itself is interesting. He must have known he was responsible for the 1883ff. dude craze and the entrance (or at least popularization) of the term 'dude' in American English, but after 1883 there is no sign he cared much about this. And we learn about his athletic interests, which no doubt formed part of his macho attitude reflected in *The Dude*.

* * *

CHAPTER 2

DUDE: EARLIEST ATTESTATION IS 1883; NONE OF THE
SUPPOSED PRE-1883 ATTESTATIONS PAN OUT

ROBERT SALE HILL'S POEM ON DUDES – *THE WORLD*
(NYC NEWSPAPER), JAN. 14, 1883, p. 9/5

The start of *dude* in NYC, 1883 comes with the following poem by a little-known poet, Robert Sale Hill, preceded by an explanatory note in brackets by a writer or editor of *The World*. Incidentally, a few words are illegible or barely legible, but these uncertainties are removed by reading a reprint of the poem drawn to my attention by the late David Shulman:

Robert S. Hill, *The History and Origin of the Dude*, 9 pp.
Illustrated, no date, but WorldCat says 1883.

Here now is the Jan. 14, 1883 (p. 9/3) item in *The World*:

‘The True Origin and History of “The Dude”’

‘[The following “pome,” somewhat inscrutable by THE WORLD, is published as of probable interest “to whom it may concern,” like A. Lincoln ‘s Niagara letter to Horace Greeley]¹:

Long years ago, in ages crude,
Before there was a mode, oh!
There lived a bird, they called a “Dude,”
Resembling much the “Dodo.”

Its stupid airs and vanity
Made other birds explode, so

¹(G. Cohen): This bracketed statement appears in the newspaper, which describes the poem as ‘inscrutable’ because the term *dude* was still unknown in NYC (elsewhere too) and because many New Yorkers were at best only slightly familiar with the young men whom Hill’s poem denounces. Hill’s preface to his republished poem promises to provide clarification. And ‘to whom it may concern’ probably refers merely to anyone concerned with the issue Hill writes about.

They christened it in charity
First cousin to the “Dodo.”

It plumed itself in foreign plumes,
And thought home products no-no
For idiocy it ranked with “Lunes,”
And hence surpassed the “Dodo.”

When Darwin’s theory first saw light,
“The dude” he tried to think of,
But monkeys being far more bright,
He made the missing link of.

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

In form and feature rather young—
Somewhat resembling man, sir—
They flit about and speak a tongue
That is not worth a d—n, sir.

Their features, first I would explain
Are of the washed-out order—
Mild dissipation, feeble brain
With cigarette smoke border.¹

Their feathers o’er their brow they bang,
Their cheek resembles leather;

¹‘cigarette smoke border’ – i.e., the dude gives off a puff of cigarette smoke that circles up and around the back of his head; illustrated in the undated reprint of the poem; see below, p. 61.

Their style, inclusive, is in slang,¹
The “Strike me with a feather.”

Their father’s cuff² supports a hat—
The head just seen between them;
A coachman’s riding coat at that
Envelopes all and screens them;

Save just below the coat is seen
Where muscles ought to be, sir,
A pair of pipe stems, cased in green,
Skin-tight and half-mast high, sir.

To this please add a pointed shoe,
Verandas built around it;
A necktie, either white or blue,
C’est fini, if you doubt it.

¹(P. Reitan): For the meaning of ‘slang’ here, bear in mind *OED3*’s item *slang*, n.³, meaning 1b: ‘The special vocabulary or phraseology of a particular calling or profession; the cant or jargon of a certain class or period,’ and note *OED*’s 1871 example:

‘G. ELIOT’ *Middlemarch* (1872) I. I. xi. 172 Correct English is the slang of prigs who write history essays. And the strongest slang of all is the slang of poets.’

For Hill’s poem I read ‘slang’ to refer to the slang expression ‘strike me with a feather’ in the next line. I read the stanza to say that the Dudes’ style is (as one might say in slang), the style worn by the types of people one would associate with the slang expression, ‘strike me with a feather,’ namely effete, snobbish people, perhaps; people you could knock over with a feather. There are a few examples of the expression on HathiTrust. The feather imagery relates to their being birds, and is played with more later, when the Dudes are said to float upwards off the hall floor because they are so light.

²‘father’s cuff’ = a collar.

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've learnt to fly, sir. —

And there in flocks upon the ave
For ladies they're but slim beaux,
You see them flitting o'er the pave,
With arms—or wings—akimbo.

They have their nests, also a club¹,
Alas, so misapplied, sir,
Like other birds they love light grub,
For beef's to them denied, sir.

Of stairs their club-house¹ 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
With ribbons held together,
And after being nursed, the Pets
Are blown home on a feather.

They hardly breathe, they are so light;
A smile their coat it creases,
And one who laughed the other night,
Was carried home in pieces.

They do not care for cruel sports,
Like foot-ball, cricket, gunning,

¹(P. Reitan): I.e., the Knickerbocker club, which (thanks to its numerous dude members) served as the inspiration for Hill's poem.

But lemonade they drink by quarts,
Their girling's¹ "real stunning!"

The Brush Electric Lighting Co.
Have cased their lights in wire
For fear, attracted by the glow
They'd set their wings on fire.

Imported "dudes"² 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 the chance, the girls will say
To hunt up something finer.

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

ROBERT SALE HILL.'

¹*OED3*: 'The action or practice (by a man) of consorting with women or seeking out female company.'

²Imported 'Dudes' vs. native 'Dudes' (two lines later). The importation could only have been from Britain, and Reitan (private email) wrote: 'I understand the line about their being "shy" as meaning they are not easily found anymore, and understand "now 'Oscar's' crossed the ocean," to refer to Oscar Wilde having returned to England, departing December 27, 1882. Now that he's left, it's hard to find any imported "Dudes," but we still have native dudes, who are learning to fly [i.e., try to behave] like their British "Dude" models.' -- Oscar Wilde was the leader of the 'aesthetic' movement and visited the United States in

DUDE – NONE OF THE PRE-1883 ATTESTATIONS PAN OUT

With excellent research, Barry Popik traced the currency of *dude* to the above 1883 poem of Robert Sale Hill. And as the term burst onto the scene, the reactions of several newspaper writers indicate clearly that it was a novelty; even the spelling was uncertain (*dood* vs. *dude*).

Popik and I were therefore startled to see three pre-1883 attestations of *dude* in the standard reference work on American slang, viz. *HDAS*: **1877** in F. Remington's *Sel. Letters* 15: Don't send me any more [drawings of] women or any more dudes.

1878 Mulford *Fighting Indians* 16: Company C, 20th Infantry, was at that time composed of dudes soldiers, pets of dress parade officers.

1881 in Aswell *Humor* 359: Compare...the feeble arm of a New York dude to the muscles of a Roman gladiator! But never change the name of Arkansas! Hell *no*!

These three quotes, if accurate, not only pre-date 1883; they present *dude* as a seemingly current term, an integral part of the language, rather than at best a very marginal lexical item. Something does not jibe here. How can *dude* be a lexical novelty in 1883 but a standard term in 1877? Note Popik's incredulity on this point (May 9, 1994 letter to me):

'So the famous artist Frederic Remington wants no more drawings of women and dudes in 1877? When he was 16 years old??...How does "dude" escape *Puck*, *Chic*, *Harvard Lampoon*, *Texas Siftings*, etc. until 1883 if it existed earlier?'

A second look at the three pre-1883 cites is called for, and it turns out that none of them pan out. In Popik & Cohen 2013 we thought that only one of the three is valid (Mulford 1879), but Reitan 2014a disproved this latter one too. This was an extraordinary piece of research on Reitan's part, since the 1879 date is specifically (and mistakenly!) given at the end of the text (no date is indicated on the title page).

1882. Evidently his effete eccentricities must have seemed like the epitome of culture to some impressionable young men in both the U.S. and Britain.

QUESTIONING *DUDE* IN ASWELL'S 1881 VERSION OF THE
FICTITIOUS SPEECH 'CHANGE THE NAME OF ARKANSAS?'

James R. Aswell was born in 1911, and the book he edited, *Native American Humor*, appeared in 1947. On pp. 359-360 he presents an anonymous item titled 'Change the Name of Arkansas?', which Aswell dates at 1881. How do we know the date is really 1881? We don't; the article is anonymous, and we are not told in which 1881 publication it supposedly appeared. Here now is the item presented by Aswell; for *dude* see parag. 4:

'CHANGE THE NAME OF ARKANSAS?'

Anonymous

'When some foolhardy Arkansas legislator, stung, perhaps by perennial bumper crops of jokes at the expense of his State, proposed that its name should be changed to something more dignified, a colleague, supposedly named Cassius M. Johnson, arose and trumpeted:

"Mr. Speaker! You yaller-bellied rascal! For the last thirty minutes I've been trying to get your attention. Every time I caught your eye, you've wormed and squirmed like a hound dog with a flea in his hide. Sir, I say damn you!

"Fellow Gentlemen! you may go and tear down the honored pictures from the halls of the U.S. Senate, haul down the Stars and Stripes, desecrate the grave of George Washington and his Uncle Bushrod, curse the Goddess of Liberty, and knock down into the dust the Rights of Man – but your crimes would noway compare with what you proposed to do when you would change the name of Arkansas!

"Change the name of Arkansas? Hell fire no!

"Compare the dog fennel to the flaming sunrise – the discordant croak of an old bullfrog to the melodious tones of the nightingale – the classic strains of a Mozart to the bray of a Mexican mule – the feeble arm of a New York dude to the muscles of a roman gladiator! But never change the name of Arkansas! Hell, *no!*

“Hide the stars in a lard can, put out the sky to soak in a gourd, hang the Mississippi River on a clothes line, unbuckle the belly band of Time, and turn out the sun and moon to pasture. But you will never change the name of Arkansas!

“The world will again pause and wonder at the audacity of the crop-eared, whomper-jawed, half-breed, mean-born, whiskey soaked hyena who has proposed to change the name of Arkansas! He has just started to climb the political banister and wants to knock the hayseeds out of his hair, pull the splinters out of his big feet, and push on up to the governorship. He may make it, may purely blunder like a blind bull to that high-office, but –

“Change the name of Arkansas! Hell, Sir, *no!*”

1881’

Popik & Cohen 1997a presented the above item, and soon afterwards the late *Maledicta* editor Reinhold Aman confirmed for us that the supposed 1881 attestation of *dude* in Aswell’s 1947 book is not authentic. See just below:

MAY 15 1997 LETTER FROM REINHOLD AMAN

‘Dear Jerry,

‘In *COE*, vol. 26, no. 7 (April 1997) you quote on pp. 4-5 the text of ‘Change the Name of Arkansas’ by Anonymous, 1881.

‘This version is a heavily censored and shortened version of another one published in *Maledicta* II (1978), pp. 229-230, which in turn was reprinted by permission from Vance Randolph’s *Pissing in the Snow and Other Ozark Folktales*, Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1976.

‘Example of censorship:

1. Your version: “the bray of a Mexican mule – the feeble arm of a New York dude to the muscles of a roman gladiator!”
2. Uncensored: “the foul quintessence of a Mexican burro’s fart! Can all the power of this assembly enlargen the puny penis of a Peruvian prince to a ponderous pagan prick, or the tiny testicles of a Turkish tyrant to the bulky bollix of a Roman gladiator?”

‘I know you are interested in the word *dude*, which is missing from the original (?) version, tale no. 69.

‘Vance’s *Pissing in the Snow* is annotated and shows variants, which may lead you to more info about *dude*.

‘Best wishes,
Rey’

VANCE RANDOLPH’S UNCENSORED VERSION OF ‘SENATOR JOHNSON’S GREAT SPEECH’ IN HIS BOOK *PISSING IN THE SNOW*, 171-173.

(G. Cohen): The speech is followed by comments from the annotator of the 1976 edition of the above-mentioned book, and its reprinting begins just below. Also, I am grateful to U of Illinois Press for notification that this speech is in the public domain.

‘69. Senator Johnson’s Great Speech

*‘Told by H. A. Converse, Little Rock, Ark., December 1949.
He had a manuscript copy of the speech, but recited the
whole thing from memory.*

‘One time there was a goddam Yankee moved to Arkansas, and got elected to the Legislature. The first thing he done was to put in a bill to make Arkansas rhyme with Kansas, just because it is spelled that way. The Arkansawyers got pretty mad, of course, so they begun to stomp and holler. There was one old man that hollered louder than anybody else, and finally the rest of ‘em quieted down to hear what he had to say.

“Mr. Speaker, God damn your soul,” says he. “I’ve been trying to get the floor for thirty minutes, but all you do is squirm around like a dog with a flea in his ass! I’m Senator Cassius F. Johnson from Johnson County, where we raise men with peckers on, and the women are glad of it. Why, gentlemen, at the tender age of sixteen them girls can throw their left tit over their right shoulder, and squirt milk up their ass-hole as the occasion demands! When I was fourteen years old my prick was big

as a roasting ear, the pride and joy of the whole goddam settlement. Gentlemen, I could piss half-way across the Ouachita!”

‘Everybody clapped when they heard that, but the Speaker began to holler “Out of order! Out of order!” and pounded on his desk.

“You’re goddam right it was out of order,” says Senator Johnson, “otherwise I could have pissed clear across the son-of-a-bitch! That’s the kind of folks we raise in Johnson County, gentlemen, and we ain’t never been dictated to by nobody. And now comes this pusillanimous, yellow-bellied Yankee who wants to change the name of Arkansas. Why, Mister Speaker, he compares the great state of Arkansas to *Kansas!* You might as well liken the noonday sun in all its glory to the feeble glow of a lightning bug’s ass, or the fragrance of an American Beauty rose to the foul quintessence of a Mexican burro’s fart! Can all the power of this Assembly enlargen the puny penis of a Peruvian prince to a ponderous Pagan prick, or the tiny testicles of a Turkish tyrant to the bulky bollix of a Roman gladiator? Change the name of Arkansas? Great God Almighty damn! No, gentlemen! Hell fire, no!

“What the goddam hell is things a-coming to, anyhow? Why, gentlemen, it’s got so a man can’t take down his pants for a good country shit without getting his ass full of birdshot. Change the name of Arkansas? Great God Almighty damn! You may piss on Jefferson’s grave, gentlemen. You may shit down the White House steps, and use the Declaration of Independence for a corncob. You may rape the Goddess of Liberty at high noon, and wipe your tallywhacker on the Star Spangled Banner. You may do all this, gentlemen, and more. But you can’t change the name of Arkansas! Not while one patriot lives to prevent such desecration! Change the name of Arkansas? Hell fire, no!”

‘History don’t tell us what happened after that, but everybody knows the Yankee’s bill was killed, dead as a whore’s turd in a piss-pot. Them son-of-bitches up North think the whole thing was just a joke, and some of ‘em claim Senator Johnson didn’t make no speech at all. But every true-blooded Arkansawyer knows that Senator Cassius M. Johnson jumped into the breech that day to save the Bear State from treason and disgrace. We ain’t going to forget it, neither.’

[X749.2.2]

COMMENTS FROM THE ANNOTATOR OF THE 1976 EDITION OF THE BOOK IN WHICH THE ABOVE VERSION OF ‘SENATOR JOHNSON’S GREAT SPEECH’ WAS PRESENTED.¹

‘Randolph’s own documentation of this piece is excellent. He observes that the controversy about the pronunciation of Arkansas is discussed, with rich documentation by Allen Walker Read (*American Speech*, VIII, 42-46). There is no official record of a senator named Cassius M. Johnson, or any evidence that such a speech was ever made in the Arkansas Legislature. It has been delivered at private parties, in bars and bawdy houses all over the country. Watered-down versions have been printed by Allsopp (*Folklore of Romantic Arkansas*, II 87-89), Travis Y. Oliver (*Vanity Fair*, XLI [September 1933], 57), Norwood (*Just a Book*, pp. 26-27), and many others. Masterson (*Tall Tales of Arkansas*, pp. 180-185, 352-354) devotes an entire chapter to this oration and prints several unexpurgated fully documented texts.

Legman, *Rationale*, II, 755-758, presents an extensive discussion of the story, pointing out that such mock parliamentary speeches are an outgrowth of the liberties allowed in the Saturnalia, and the prototypes of this kind of speech existed at least as far back as the early sixteenth century. He further observes that one of Masterson’s texts, almost identical to that from Randolph’s informant, had been sent to him by a relative of Mark Twain; he conjectures that the piece might have been written by Twain as a bit of satire when the pronunciation of the state name was formally established by the Arkansas Legislature in 1881.

The speech also has been recorded on an unlabeled, unnumbered 78 rpm disc, issues and sold “under the counter” in the late 1940’s.’

¹The following comments of the 1976 annotator are presented immediately after the speech.

QUESTIONING FREDERIC REMINGTON'S 1877 ATTESTATION

Since *HDAS* relies on Splete & Splete for the 1877 Frederic Remington *dude* quote, a look at that book is in order. On pp. 14-15 we see reprinted several letters of Remington's to a Scott Turner. Splete & Splete presents an explanatory paragraph (p. 14):

‘Julian Wilder, a cadet and fellow classmate at Highland Military Academy, spoke of Remington's strength from the experience of injuries received in a wrestling match with him...This same Wilder had a friend in Augusta, Maine, named Scott Turner, who shared Remington's passion for drawing. Turner's letters to Wilder contained sketches that Remington saw. This led to an exchange of letters between Turner and Remington, although they never met.’¹

In the letters presented, one specifies the date and writer's address as:

Highland Military Academy

March 3, 1877.

The others present: [Highland Military Academy 1877]

i.e., essentially the same information but in brackets. That means the date is assumed to be 1877. Can it be proven to be 1877?

Here now is the relevant letter as presented in Splete & Splete; it follows a heading in bold type:

FREDERIC REMINGTON TO SCOTT TURNER

‘[Highland Military Academy 1877]

‘...I hope you will excuse the blots I got on the upper end of this sheet. They don't mean anything in particular, but I wish you would make some similar ones on your return letter. Draw me a

¹Splete & Splete presents a footnote here: ‘The letters appear in Crooker, Orin Edison, “A Page From the Boyhood of Frederic Remington.” *Collier's Weekly*, Sept. 17, 1910, p. 28.’

good picture, only one, and I'll be your slave forever. Give us a little battle between the Russians or Turks, or Indians and soldiers...

'Don't send me any more women or any more dudes. Send me Indians, cowboys, villans or toughs. They are what I want.'¹

NOTE REMINGTON'S USE OF QUOTES AROUND SLANG ITEMS OR EXPRESSIONS

Remington was conscious of what constituted slang and put such items in quotes in his letters, e.g.

p. 14: '...I can spoil an immense amount of good grub at any time in the day. I am almost as bad as Wilder, who is acknowledged to be the "baddest" man in school in that line...'

p. 15: '...I never had a picture taken which showed my fine points. Besides, it costs like sin for me to have my "fiz" got inside of a camera, as they have to put a coal sieve in front of the box to keep it from cracking the glass.'

p. 166: '...I did'nt² tell you why I have to hurry home from San. F. but I got a chance to make \$40,000 and I "rolled my tail"...'

REMINGTON WRITES "DOODS" (WITH QUOTE MARKS) IN 1892; HENCE STILL SLANG TO HIM THEN

Splete & Splete (pp. 150-151) presents an 1892 letter of Remington's, p. 151:

'...They were the only people who march in full kit – the regulars did not and infantry who don't are no good – they look like soldiers and not like "doods"...'

¹For 'dudes' see the line above. Also: 'villans' – spelling: sic.

²Spelling (*did'nt*): sic.

The sentence just above with “doods” is interesting. Remington, in writing “doods”, is treating the term as if it were a striking piece of slang, while in the supposed 1877 quotes he handles the term (*dudes*) as if there was nothing at all unusual about it; the matter-of-fact use of the term would fit better with a later date. And as Popik asked in 1994 (see above, p. 15), if *dude* existed already in 1877, how did it escape all the humor magazines of the day?

SPLETE & SPLETE 1988 RELIES ON CROOKER 1910 FOR REMINGTON’S 1877 LETTER WITH *DUDES*, BUT CROOKER DOES NOT SPECIFY THE DATE OF THAT LETTER, AND NOBODY NOW SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE THE LETTER IS.

How do we know that Remington’s letter with *dudes* was written in 1877? We don’t. It’s not even clear if the supposed 1877 *dudes*-letter is in fact one letter or perhaps two. Here is the relevant part of Crooker 1910:

‘At another time, when sending a letter liberally decorated with silhouette sketches, Remington wrote:

“I hope you will excuse the blots I got on the upper end of this sheet. They don’t mean anything in particular; but I wish you would make some similar ones on your return letter. Draw me a good picture, only one, and I’ll be your slave forever. Give us a battle between the Russians and Turks, or Indians and soldiers.”

‘Even this early in his life Remington’s artistic nature cried out for action. He never relished studies in still life, nor would he ever draw a ship or a woman, subjects of which there is no trace even in his boyhood sketches. “I never painted but one woman,” he said once, “and I washed her out of the picture.” Turner often sent him sketches of men and women in evening dress. His comments showed his dislike of both. “Don’t send me any more women or any more dudes.” He wrote, “Send me Indians, cowboys, villa[i]ns or toughs. These are what I want.”

‘...From the Highland Military Academy Remington went to the Yale Art School.’

Crooker also comments:

‘In the autumn of 1876, a somewhat bashful, large-framed youth, not yet sixteen years of age [i.e., Remington] presented himself at the Highland Military Academy, Worcester, Massachusetts. ...Frederic Remington spent two full academic years at the Academy....’

SEARCH FOR CLARIFICATION

In Cohen (1997a: 8) I wrote that two immediate questions are before me: Where is Remington’s correspondence with Scott Turner now held? And in case it is no longer preserved, how did Orin Crooker have access to that correspondence in 1910?

I first turned to the Owen D. Young Library (St. Lawrence University, Canton, NY 13617 and received a kind reply from Ms. Lynn Ekfelt, University Archivist:

‘January 27, 1997

‘Dear Dr. Cohen:

‘Unfortunately, I can’t be of much help with your “dude” problem. We have no correspondence in our collection between Remington and Scott Turner. I also checked the microfilm of correspondence owned by the Remington Museum in Ogdenburg – again no Scott Turner. Perhaps you might learn something about the present location of the letters if you contacted the Splettes directly...

‘If the letters were written while Remington was at the Highland Military Academy, then we can date them pretty definitely, since he went to the academy in the fall of 1876 and started at Yale in the fall of 1878. I did look at those “Dear Dude” letters in our collection. They were from Eva Remington to Horace Sackrider and all were written during the 1880s,....’

I am of course grateful to Ms. Ekfelt for her reply and followed her suggestion by writing directly to Marilyn and Allen Splete. I am grateful too to the Splettes for their reply:

‘March 2, 1997

‘Dear Dr. Cohen:

‘Thank you for your letter of February 7 regarding Frederic Remington’s

use of the word “dudes” in his correspondence with Scott Turner while at Highland Military Academy.

‘We cannot validate the whereabouts of the actual letter as we cited the Crooker article as our source. We obtained the cite from Harold McCracken’s first book on Remington, FREDERIC REMINGTON: ARTIST OF THE OLD WEST, J.B. Lippincott co., Philadelphia, 1947, p. 28. McCracken obviously used the Crooker source also. We have a copy of the original Crooker article. I do not know how Crooker got the copy of the letter to Turner or where it might be now. However, since Remington’s correspondence with Turner took place during the Highland period, there seems little doubt that Remington used that word then.

‘We scoured our letter collection and are sorry to say we couldn’t pinpoint the location of the letter.

‘We can say for sure that in 1888, Remington’s wife used the word “dude” in several letter salutations to Horace Sackrider, whom she called “dude.”

‘Good luck on your research. We look forward to your publication.
Sincerely,
Marilyn and Allen Splete’

BOTTOM LINE

The bottom line in the search for the letter with Remington’s 1877 mention of ‘dudes’ is that nobody seems to know where it is. And there is no way ‘dude’ could have been a well-recognized term to Remington in 1877 (and therefore to other people too) without also turning up elsewhere prior to 1883, at least in the humor magazines. And Remington’s 1892 letter mentioning “doods” (in quotes) as if it were a lexical novelty would be very strange if Remington was thoroughly familiar with ‘dudes’ already in 1877. I do not know just what is going on with Crooker and the alleged 1877 ‘dude’ letter, but I do know that its ‘dude’ statement cannot be regarded as reliable evidence for the dating of the term.

PETER REITAN: *DUDE* DOES NOT APPEAR IN EITHER THE FIRST (1878) OR SECOND EDITION OF MULFORD'S *FIGHTING INDIANS*; 1879 DATING OF SECOND EDITION IS INCORRECT

It took a while to straighten out the issue of *dude*'s non-appearance in Mulford's *Fighting Indians*, but it is now clear: Mulford's work can no longer be cited as providing a pre-1883 attestation of the term. Here is what happened:

Jonathan Lighter's *Historical Dictionary of American Slang* gives an 1878 dating for *dude*:

'Mulford *Fighting Indians* 16: Company C. 20th Infantry, was at that time composed of *dude* soldiers, pets of dress parade officers.'

I am grateful to Lighter for later clarifying to me that the quote comes from the second edition but is absent from the first one. The first edition appeared in 1878, and the date given at the end of the text of the second edition is 1879. The issue now seemed entirely clear: Lighter found the 1879 attestation and evidently assumed it was already present in the first (1878) – a minor oversight but still leaving an apparently pre-1883 attestation of *dude*.

A LOOK AT THE PAGE ON WHICH THE (SUPPOSED) 1879 *DUDE* APPEARS

Mulford 1879 was now the one clear remaining source of pre-1883 *dude* in the U.S., but I was already puzzled about something: The meaning of *dude* here (spiffily dressed man) differed markedly from the 1883ff. one (brainless, young, somewhat effeminate anglo-maniac in dress and speech). Mulford (2nd ed., supposedly 1879: 16) says in regard to Company C, Twentieth Infantry:

'I must say that they were the meanest lot of Regulars it was ever my lot to come in contact with,...

These are the same ones he describes soon (same page) as ‘dude soldiers, pets of dress parade officers.’ From 1883 on, the association of dudes with any form of guts/meanness/machismo was inconceivable. Only possible exception: Mention of ‘Fifth Avenue dudes’ being among ‘Teddy’ Roosevelt’s ‘Rough Riders,’ but this was tinged with humor; the term was still derogatory (see below, pp. 75-79).

Here now is page 16 from Ami Frank Mulford’s *Fighting Indians...*, 2nd edition, revised (date given at end of the text: 1879):

16 SEVENTH CAVALRY

CHAPTER FOUR

At Fort Snelling, Minn.—Recruit Disciplined—A Trip to Minne-Ha-Ha Falls—On the Move—Fun at Fargo
Cars Searched for Ducks—Railroad Accident.

FORT SNELLING, Minn., is situated on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri river, and was at that time was garrisoned by Company C, Twentieth Infantry, and I must say that they were the meanest lot of Regulars it was ever my lot to come in contact with, or to be connected with in any manner.

They kept us recruits busy from *Guard Mount* until *Retreat*, digging cellars, drawing dirt, grading, setting out trees, sawing wood, etc.

A recruit “kicked” against doing this kind of work day after day. He said to the officer in charge of the work:

“I did not enlist to farm and use the pick and shovel. I enlisted to carry a gun and march like any other soldier.”

He got the *gun*, and with it a knapsack containing about fifty pounds of brick, which he had to carry on parade for three days, when he was glad to take a pick and shovel and resume farm work. He never after that made a “kick” although he ventured a deal of “cussing” on the side.

→ Company C, 20th Infantry, was at that time composed of dude soldiers, pets of dress parade officers. I never heard any of them to growl but once. That was one morning at *Guard Mount*, when the guard were marched in review, and the wife of the Commanding Officer, who was on the porch with their baby as the paraders passed by, told him to “Trot them around again, Pa.; it pleases the baby! Hear him laugh!”

We lonely and homesick recruits laughed in our sleeves when we overheard expressions of indignation among the “baby entertainers” over the incident.

REITAN'S 2014a ARTICLE ON MULFORD'S SUPPOSED 1879
'DUDE' ATTESTATION

In a remarkable development Reitan demonstrated that the 1879 date mentioned for Mulford's second edition is inaccurate. The article appears in *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 43, #8 (May 2014), pp. 2-3, reprinted just below in its entirety:

DUDE: ITS EARLIEST ATTESTATION THUS FAR (1879) IS UNRELIABLE; THE PUBLISHER (NOT BORN UNTIL 1886) PROVIDED AN INCORRECT DATE OF PUBLICATION

Peter Reitan

pjreitan@hotmail.com

BS in Physics from Bucknell University

JD from University of Michigan Law School

Jonathan Lighter's standard work on American slang (*HDAS*) presents three attestations of *dude* prior to Robert Sale Hill's 1883 poem which catapulted the term into national prominence:

1877 in F. Remington's *Sel. Letters* 15: Don't send me any more [drawings of] women or any more dudes.

1878 Mulford *Fighting Indians* 16; Company C., 20th Infantry, was at that time composed of dudes soldiers, pets of dress parade officers.

1881 in Aswell *Humor* 359: compare...the feeble arm of a New York dude to the muscles of a Roman gladiator! But never change the name of Arkansas! Hell *no!*

The 1877 Remington date and the 1881 Aswell date have already been shown to be unreliable; [see above, pp. 15-25]. That leaves just one pre-1883 attestation of *dude*, viz. Mulford 1878, or more precisely, the second edition of his book (1879). Jonathan Lighter had already clarified to Cohen [see above, p. 26] that Mulford's *dude* attestation does not appear in the first (1878) edition but rather in the second one (1879).

The publication date of the ‘Second Edition,’ however, is unclear. Although a page following the end of the text states, ‘Second Edition Revised by A. F. Mulford 1879,’ The title page does not list the publication date, printing date, or copyright information as is typical of most books. A closer look shows that the actual date of publication must have been later, perhaps much later.

Every version of Ami Frank Mulford’s *Fighting Indians*, ‘Second Edition Revised by A. F. Mulford 1879,’ mentioned in WorldCat or available online names ‘Paul Lindsley Mulford, Corning N.Y.,’ as publisher. Paul Lindsley Mulford appears to be Ami Frank Mulford’s son who was not born until 1886. There was no Paul Mulford or Lindsley Mulford in the 1880 census. The 1940 census, however, lists a Paul Lindsley Mulford (born in 1886) living in northern Pennsylvania, near Corning, New York. Burial records show that a P. Lindsley and an A. F. Mulford are buried in the same cemetery plot in Horseheads, New York, near Corning, New York, suggesting a familial relationship, presumably father and son.

Paul Lindsley Mulford apparently published the ‘second edition’ of *Fighting Indians* in the 1920s or 1930s. The auction catalogue for the Ben E. Pingenot collection lists the publication date as 1925. Several WorldCat entries describe 1970s reprints of the second edition as a ‘[f]acsimile reprint of the 1925 ed., which is the 2d ed., revised by A.F. Mulford in 1879, but unpublished till 1925.’ Another WorldCat entry lists the second edition as having a publication date, ‘ca 1930.’

Paul Lindsley Mulford does not seem to have been a professional publisher; I was unable to find any other books attributed to him, and the 1940 census lists him as a forester. He appears to have privately published a new edition of his father’s book, incorporating revisions purportedly made in 1879. Whether by inexperience, oversight or design, he omitted the publication and printing information. He may also have been mistaken about when the original was revised. Since the revisions were not published until long after the author’s death, they could have been made at any time.

We know that *dude* was not used in the original (1878) version, and that all of the ‘1879’ revised versions were not published until much

later, so clearly caution is called for in regarding the 1879 ‘dude’ attestation as authentic. Unless one can identify an 1879 revision that was clearly printed before 1883 and which names a publisher who is not Ami Mulford’s son, the use of *dude* in the Mulford reprint does not demonstrate pre-1883 use. The first demonstrable use of *dude* is therefore Robert Sale Hill’s poem of January 1883.

* * * *

A second item by Peter Reitan (2014b) rejecting a pre-1883 attestation of *dude* appeared in *COE*, May 2014, vol. 43, #8, pp. 4-5, and I now reprint it in its entirety:

ANOTHER SUPPOSED 1879 SOURCE OF ‘DUDE’ WAS
WRITTEN LATER (‘THERESA AND SEBASTIAN’ PLAY): 1885

Peter Reitan

In a major surprise, all three of the pre-1883 attestations to *dude* presented in Jonathan Lighter’s standard work on American slang (*HDAS*) turn out to be unreliable. Popik & Cohen 2013 previously showed that two supposedly pre-1883 attestations are unreliable (F. Remington *Sel. Letters; Aswell Humor*). My article above, [pp. 20-22], shows that the third attestation (Mulford *Fighting Indians*; 2nd ed.) is also unreliable.

In the course of researching the publication date of Mulford’s book, I came across what appeared to be yet another pre-1883 attestation of *dude*. The cast of characters for Albert Brewster’s obscure play, *Theresa and Sebastian, or The Tyrolese; a Drama of War*, includes an ‘English Dude, a Cockney tourist.’ He is described as being dressed, ‘as a dude; dandified, provided with a cane and eye-glass.’ And a researcher may be forgiven for thinking the date of publication is 1879.

The cover of the book reads, ‘Published by the Author,’ and lists the printer as Francis, Valentine & Co., Printers and Engravers, 517 Clay Street, San Francisco. Copyright information provided on the page

following the title page reads: ‘Entered According to Act of Congress in the year 1879, by Albert Brewster, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.’ The Library of Congress’s online database agrees, listing the date of publication as 1879.

So there it is, 1879, even though everything we now know about *dude* indicates it was at best in very limited use in the U.S. prior to Robert Sale Hill’s 1883 poem and virtually unknown throughout the English speaking world.

‘How ironic,’ I thought at first. I had debunked one pre-1883 attestation of *dude* only to discover another. In a double-twist of irony, however, I quickly debunked the apparent pre-1883 date of *Theresa and Sebastian* too. The digital photocopy of *Theresa and Sebastian* that I found was made from a physical original from the Library of Congress. The Library of Congress date-stamped the original when it was received, and the stamp is visible and legible, although faint, on the digital photocopy. Electronic enhancement of the image more clearly shows that the book was stamped as received at the Library of Congress on August 28, 1885. The purported ‘1879’ date is therefore incorrect.

It is not clear how or why the dates do not match up. Albert Brewster published at least two other plays, and the printed copyright dates of those plays agree with their respective Library of Congress date-time stamps. The Francis, Valentine & Co. printers printed a number of other publications about the same time, and the dates do not appear to raise any red flags. In any case, *Theresa and Sebastian* does not reliably attest to the use of *dude* prior to 1883.

* * *

ANOTHER POSSIBLE PRE-1883 DUDE? MEYERS’ 1914 RECOLLECTION ABOUT 1854

In a 1/20/1997 letter to me, Jonathan Lighter mentioned:
‘...By the way, the complete bibliographical reference to the 1913 cite in *HDAS*, which alleges pre-Civil War currency *dude* is the

autobiography by Augustus Meyers, *Ten Years In the Ranks, United States Army* (New York, Stirling Press, 1914).

‘This is the only citation I have noted that asserts, with any seeming credibility, so early a currency for *dude*. But Meyers’ reminiscence may be in error, having been written so long after the event.’¹

Lighter’s caution about Meyers’ reminiscence being written so long after the event (60 years) is certainly warranted, especially since we no longer have even a single reliable pre-1883 attestation of *dude*.

A SUPPOSED 1858 ATTESTATION OF *DUDE* DOES NOT PAN OUT: THERE IS NO *DUDE* IN *THE ADVENTURES OF VERDANT GREEN* (1858ff.)

Here now is one more instance of a supposed pre-1883 attestation not panning out: 1858, in *The Adventures of Verdant Green*.

Volume 1 of that book was republished under the title *The Dude, or The Adventures of Verdant Green*, and it is easy to get the impression that this title existed already in the pre-1883 printings. For example, WorldCat presents the 1866 edition of *The Adventures...*, and under the same entry says:

‘Vol. 1, published also under the title: *The Dude, or The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green*.’

It turns out, though, that volume 1 was first reprinted with its ‘The Dude...’ title only in 1883, and the date marked on the Library of Congress copy is specifically May, 1883. Clearly, the publishers were trying to capitalize on the 1883 dude craze by bringing the new term into the title of their book, even though the main character was neither a

¹(G. Cohen): Lighter is referring to the following entry in his *HDAS*: 1913 Meyers *Ranks* 19 [ref. to 1854]: He spent much time in “primping” himself and the boys called him “the dude.” --- Incidentally, *HDAS* says ‘1913,’ but in WorldCat the book’s date is 1914.

dandy nor a dude; he was dressed as a young Englishman because he *was* a young Englishman.

Incidentally, too, I read carefully through volume 1, and the text contains no *dude* or even *dandy*. Bottom line: there is no *dude* in Bradley's/Bede's book.

Here now (pp. 34-35) are two pages from that book containing 'dude' in the title. But note the 1883 date. And, incidentally, note on the second page how the publishers play on the dude craze of that year with two puns: 'Adventures of A. Dude' and 'His Famous After-Dinner Speech At The "Dude Drop" Inn.'

[See below, pp. 34-35 for two pages from *The Adventures Of Verdant Green*.]

THE DUDE

OR

THE ADVENTURES OF VERDANT GREEN

WITH

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

Bradley



NEW YORK:

Copyright, 1883, by

G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers.

LONDON: BENTLEY & CO.

MDCCLXXXIII.

WIT

[Price, 50 cts.]

WISDOM AND WICKEDNESS

HIS FAMOUS
AFTER-DINNER SPEECH
AT THE
"DUDE DROP" INN

Or, the Adventures
of
A DUDE



"Genium anidies (cheers),—I meangene-
lum. ("That's about the ticket, old feller!")
from Mr. Bouncer.) Customd ayam plie speak.
I—I—(hear, hear)—feel bligod drinkmysl. I'm
fresman, genelum, and prow title (loud cheers). My-
fren Misserboucer, fallowmeocallm myfren! ("In course,
G'glamps, you do me proud, old feller!") Myfren Mis-
serboucer sezume fresman—prow title, sureyon (hear, hear).
Geniumun, werall jolgoodfies, anwe wogohotilmorra! ("We
won't, we won't! not a bit of it!") Gelmul, I'm fresmal, and
namesgrel, gelmul (cheers). Fanyul downsawor, herescardinpock
'ltellm! Misser Verdalgree, Braseface, Oxul fresmal, anprowtitle!
(Great cheering and rattling of glasses, during which Mr. Verdant Green's
coat-tails are made the receptacles for empty bottles, lobster's claws, and other
miscellaneous articles.) Misserboucer said was fresmal. If Misserboucer want-
sultme ("No, no!"), herescardinpockltellm namesverdalgree, Braseface! Not
shameontgelmul! prowtitle! (Great applause.) I doswalthaul Misserboucer! then-
waysee sultme? thasaww lwalknow! (Loud cheers and roars of laughter, in which
Mr. Verdant Green suddenly joins to the best of his ability.) I'm anxoful fresmal, gelmul,
'fmytral Misserboucer loume callmaso. (Cheers and laughter in which Mr. Verdant
(Green feebly joins.) Anweerall jolgoodfies, anwe wogohotilmorra, an I'm fresmal, gel-
mul, anfanyul downsawor—an I—doafeel quiwel!" This was the termination of Mr.
Verdant Green's speech, for after making a few unintelligible sounds, his knees sud-
denly gave way, and with a benevolent smile he disappeared beneath the table. * *

SALEM, N.H. AND GREEN BAY, WI. ALLEGEDLY HAD
PRE-1883 *DUDE*

Peter Reitan has drawn my attention to several 1883 newspaper items pertaining to *dude* which allege a pre-1883 existence of *dude* in Salem, New Hampshire or Green Bay, Wisconsin, but as he, Popik, and I are well aware, no attestation of pre-1883 ‘dude’ or a related form like *dood/doody* has appeared anywhere in print. None! However, if by surprise, an unnoticed document shows up with pre-1883 *dude/dood(y)*, its use would be very limited (e.g., in the small town of Salem, N.H.), and how would Hill have learned of it? He never visited the places where pre-1883 *dude/dood(y)* supposedly existed.

Here now is the relevant material.

APRIL 8, 1883: *SPRINGFIELD* [MASSACHUSETTS]
REPUBLICAN ARTICLE

(Title): ‘Where the Word Dude Came From.’

‘The just now popular word *dude*, meaning an empty-headed, languid-mannered young swell who bangs his hair, proves to be no foreign importation, but like many another expressive term, to be of good New England parentage. The word (pronounced in two syllables) has been used in the little town of Salem, N.H. for twenty years past and it is claimed was coined there. It is common there to speak of a dapper young man as a “*dude of a fellow*,” of a small animal as “a little *dude*,” of a sweetheart as “my *dude*” and of an aesthetic youth of the Wilde type as a *dude*. But how the word attained so sudden and widespread a notoriety puzzles Salem. Its revival at New York is credited to a disgusted Englishman, who remarked, after visiting a rich club, that the young men were all “*dudes*”.’

(G. Cohen): Notes:

- a. We have not been able to find the April 8 issue of the *Springfield Republican* article that contains this ‘dude’ item. But Reitan located a snippet of it (with the date), which coincides with the corresponding part in the reprints.
- b. In the last sentence the ‘disgusted Englishman’ must have been R.S. Hill, and the Knickerbocker Club was the rich club where many or all the young men were all ‘dudes’. Besides W.A. Croffutt’s 1883 item identifying the Knickerbocker Club as such, Reitan emailed me some general remarks about the club, and here is the gist:
 - ‘If you recall, we've seen a couple references with an anecdote suggesting clubmen looking out the window at a dude coined the word.
 - ‘There was a news item about members of the Knickerbocker Club ogling an oddly dressed dandy outside their window in about September of 1882, before “Dude” appeared in print, and without using the word. There’s some discussion about the members of that club being particularly Anglophilic. Also, numerous early references to dudes specifying that members of the Knickerbocker Club were especially prone to being dudes, of the specific type that was first used, suggesting that they copied the style of the original dude they watched passing by their windows.
 - ‘It is possible that the comments about the clubmen possibly coining the expression watching someone out their window was based on this earlier gossip column item. There are also some connections that can be made suggesting that R.S. Hill ran in some of the same circles, and would have been familiar with them, even if he wasn't quite as wealthy as them¹.’
- c. Numerous reprints of the April 8, 1883 *Springfield Republican* article appeared in the coming weeks, some with attribution, e.g.,

¹(G. Cohen): Incidentally, Hill may have encountered them socially, but there would have been little or no interaction; he clearly regarded them with contempt.

1. *The Times* (Philadelphia), April 10, page 2
<https://www.newspapers.com/clip/75375379/the-times/>
2. *Middlebury Register and Addison County Journal*, April 27 1883, page 6, col. 4 (at bottom). Attribution at end:
'*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*'
3. *Green Bay [Wisconsin] Advocate*, April 26, 1883, page 2.
Reitan tells me (private email): 'It is the same as *Springfield Republican* (as reprinted in *Philadelphia Times* April 10, plus an additional sentence: "We shall presently discover that dude is a good old English word that has been current among the people of remote provinces. The survival of such words in New England is not uncommon.'
Reitan also recently found a Green Bay item which picks up (incorrectly) on *dude* having a long ancestry (*Green Bay Weekly Gazette*, May 12, 1883, page 1):
'Dude turns out to be a word for years past in use in Salem and other old New England towns – a survival of old English.'

APRIL 14, 1883 *NATIONAL REPUBLICAN* (WASHINGTON D.C. NEWSPAPER) BASED ON THE APRIL 8 *SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN* REPORT

Reitan's 2015 blog presents the following item (identified in his blog's endnote iii) and comments that it is clearly based on the account in the *Springfield Republican*:

'If the *Springfield Republican* is to be credited, the word "dude" (pronounced in two syllables) is not a new one and is not of English origin. It has been used in the little town of Salem, N.H. for twenty years past and it is claimed was coined there. It is common there to speak of a dapper young man as a "dude of a fellow," of a small animal as a "little dude," of a sweetheart as "my dude," and of an aesthetic youth of the Wilde type as a dude. But how the word attained so sudden and widespread a notoriety puzzles Salem. Its revival at New York is credited to a disgusted

Englishman, who remarked, after visiting a rich club, that the young men were all “dudes”.’

National Republican, April 14, 1883, p. 4, col. 7.

APRIL 25, 1883 ARTICLE IN *SPIRIT OF THE AGE*
(WOODSTOCK, VERMONT), p. 3/1

This item appears in a column of various light-hearted news items and contains no title or attribution. And the author who seems to identify himself as the ‘Square (with initial apostrophe), says:

‘Have you found out what “dude” means yet? It puzzles a great many, even the ‘Square. Well, the word dude, pronounced in two syllables (du-de) means an empty-headed, languid mannered young swell who bangs his hair; an aesthetic youth of the Oscar Wilde type; or as the young lad has it, “my dude of a lover.” It will doubtless be incorporated into the next edition of the dictionaries. The ‘Square says it is a dreadful mean word.’

Note the first two sentences:

‘Have you found out what “dude” means yet? It puzzles a great many, even the ‘Square.’

The second sentence indicates clearly that *dude* was a new term in the Woodstock, Vermont area. Woodstock is about 100 miles west-southwest of Salem, N.H., where allegedly (according to the *Springfield Republican*) ‘dude’ had been in existence for twenty years.

Also, when The ‘Square says that *dude* ‘is a dreadful mean word,’ this must be understood in the context of calling someone a dude. The term itself was a subject of considerable amusement.

MAY 3, 1883, *GREEN BAY ADVOCATE* ITEM CLAIMS
‘DUDE’ IN LOCAL HIGH-SCHOOL USE BY 1861

<https://www.newspapers.com/clip/51095170/green-bay-advocate/>

The May 3, 1883 *Green Bay Advocate* item below was apparently motivated by a slightly earlier *dude* item. On April 26, 1883 the *Green*

Bay Advocate (p. 2) reprinted the *Springfield Republican's* April 8, 1883 *dude* article with two additional sentences:

‘We shall presently discover that *dude* is a good old English word that has been current among the people of remote provinces. The survival of such words in New England is not uncommon.’

On the same day as the *Green Bay Advocate's* *dude* item appeared (April 26, 1883), Green Bay resident L.A. LeMieux wrote his *dude* piece that appeared in that newspaper on May 3. I owe all this information to Peter Reitan, and here is the May 3 item:

Green Bay Advocate, May 3, 1883, page 3. ‘The returns are not quite all in yet on the word “*dude*,” but enough has been received so that we begin to regard it as venerable for its age. We even have suspicions that the master builders of the tower of Babel used it in regard to their workmen; they would set down a hod of brick and take out their pocket combs and mirrors to comb their hair on their way up the tower.

Editor Advocate: - Your article on the word “*dude*” calls to mind the fact that, the more you live the more you find by Oscar Wilde¹ and; [sic: the clause ends in ‘and;’] but there is no new thing under the sun: *Dude* was a common expression among the boys at Green Bay high school as early as the year 1861, to my knowledge, for I attended there some twenty or twenty-two years ago and heard the word hundreds of times. I don’t know how often I heard it but it must be a great many times, for nearly all the boys used it.

‘Having been familiar with it so long I certainly hadn’t the least idea that it is a new word until the *Chicago Times* so informed its readers a few weeks ago.

‘In my boyhood days we pronounced it *du-de*, as if spelled *doody*, accenting the first syllable, and by it we meant a dull, foppish boy, more given to showing off than to work or study. I set up no

¹(G. Cohen): sic; i.e., ‘the more you live the more you find by Oscar Wilde’; LeMieux must have known that Oscar Wilde deserved some credit for the behavior/mannerisms of the dudes.

claim to high classical education, but it is my humble opinion that the word dude, or more correctly *doody*, is a corruption or derivation of *doodle*, a trifler, a supposed contraction of *do little*. (See *doodle* in Webster's Dictionary.) I may be wrong, but that it was so derived is quite reasonable, and as to dude or doody being a word born a few weeks ago, why I cannot see it.

L. A. LeMieux. Seymour Wis. April 26th 1883.

PROBLEM: LEMIEUX LIKELY DID NOT ATTEND HIGH SCHOOL IN 1861. HE WAS ONLY EIGHT YEARS OLD THEN.

If taken at face value, LeMieux's story about 'dude' being in existence already by 1861 seems plausible; he attended Green Bay high school and reports confidently that all the boys there used the term.

Now, setting aside the questions why pre-1883 'dude', if it existed, never made it into print and how R.S. Hill might have picked up the term in the U.S. after his arrival from England, how reliable can we judge his assertions to be?

The short answer is: Not very. Reitan checked further and found that LeMieux was born in 1853, which means he was only 8 years old in 1861, when he says he attended high school. Something doesn't jibe here, and Reitan addressed this issue in an email to me:

'And L. A. Lemieux, the Seymour correspondent, appears to be a real person, with brothers and a widowed mother living in Green Bay. Whether he went to high school in Green Bay in 1861 is another question. If he went to high school at age 16 in 1861, he would have to be about 38 years old in 1883.

'But he was born in 1853, which makes him only 30 in 1883, and 8 years old in 1861. Is it a misprint or typo, intended to be 1871? Is it a fabrication, meant to put a local spin on a viral topic? (There was a lot of that going on in the late-1800s). Or was he a savant who went to high school at age 8? Or did high school mean something else at the time? We may never know.

‘Lucius Augustus Lemieux, born 1853, died 1917, buried in the Seymour, Wisconsin cemetery.

https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/60321794/lucius-augustus-le_mieux

‘I believe it's the same L. A. Lemieux, who was the Seymour correspondent. Those dates are consistent with other dates about his life - he was still alive in 1916, and when his wife died in 1921, she was referred to as a widow, which lines up with the 1917 date.

His brother died at the age of 18 or 19 in 1878, which would make their age difference about 6 years which is plausible. He was chummy with the *Green Bay Advocate* staff, and when he married in 1901, his wife was described as the sister of a Green Bay newspaperman, last name Fox.

‘L. A. Lemieux was a druggist from nearby Seymour, whose brothers all lived in Green Bay. He later served as postmaster and put himself through optometry school and started prescribing eyeglasses. He was chummy enough with the editors of the *Green Bay Advocate* to “crack a few jokes” with them in their offices.

[items]:

L. A. Lemieux cracks a few jokes at the Advocate office. *Green Bay Advocate*, July 6, 1882, page 3.

L. A. Lemieux was a druggist from Seymour. *Green Bay Advocate*, August 17, 1882, page 3.

L. A. Lemieux’s brother drowns. *Green Bay Advocate*, July 4, 1878, page 3. At about 10 o’clock on Monday evening last, Edmund LeMieux, a young man aged 18 or 19 years, was drowned while bathing in East river near the Main street bridge, in this city. He was a painter by trade, was the son of a widow and brother of L. A. LeMieux, Seymour, and Joseph LeMieux, of this city.

L. A. Lemieux marries the sister of a Green Bay newspaperman. *Appleton Crescent*, October 12, 1901, page 1.’

GENERAL OBSERVATION ON THE *GREEN BAY
ADVOCATE* 'DUDE' ITEM

(G. Cohen): I agree with one of Reitan's musings about LeMieux's above item: 'Is it a fabrication, meant to put a local spin on a viral topic?' The paragraph preceding LeMieux's discourse sets the stage for light-heartedness by presenting some malarkey (about the tower-of-Babel workmen taking out their pocket combs and mirrors to comb their hair on their way up the tower.)

LeMieux hops into the discussion with a bit of humorous folksy wisdom in immigrant dialectal pronunciation ('the more you lif the more you fint by Oscar Wilte'). And then he argues in effect that the Midwest (here represented by Green Bay) is in no way inferior to the Eastern U.S. (here represented by Salem, N.H.) with respect to having *dude* in its lexicon already for twenty years. Salem, N.H. reportedly had 'dude' for the past twenty years, and so now Green Bay is going to show it too had *dude* for the same length of time. (LeMieux specifies twenty or twenty-two years as if he didn't remember just what year he graduated from high school.)

And since LeMieux was writing in Green Bay about *dude* being spoken by all the boys in Green Bay high school, many of his high school fellow-students (still very much alive) must have been aware that his statement was malarkey, made with a twinkle in his eye.

CHAPTER 3
DUDE: MATERIAL FOR ITS ETMOLOGY

A LOOK AT *YANKEE DOODLE*

EVIDENCE FROM AN 1879 *BOSTON HERALD* ARTICLE:
'YANKEE DOODLE' AS A TERM TO RIDICULE A DANDY

Evidence that 'Yankee Doodle' could be used to ridicule a dandy was spotted by independent scholar Sam Clements (see *COE* April 2004, pp. 2-3), who shared the following passage with the ads-1 listserv (2/15/2004); note the reprinting is from a New England newspaper:

5 April 1879 *Burlington (IA) Weekly Hawkeye* 6/4

(Reprinted from the *Boston Herald*)

Title: 'Concord Reminiscences About Thoreau, Hawthorne and Emerson':

'Julian Hawthorne [Nathaniel's son] came home from Italy when a very small boy. He wore long curls, and the Concord boys plagued him in the usual tough way of boys. They called him "Sissy" and "Yankee Doodle," and finally they ridiculed the poor lad till he petitioned for a barber to cut off his locks.'

MAY 1883 *CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER* ARTICLE

(vol. 13, no. 10, pp. 27-28)

SUGGESTS *DUDE* DERIVES FROM *YANKEE DOODLE DANDY*

Barry Popik discovered the *Clothier and Furnisher* article and reported on it in Popik & Cohen (1997:2-3 and 1998:1-2). Until Reitan's 2015 blog appeared we thought that article provided the solution to the origin of *dude* but now see its suggestion as only part of the solution, (still important); in Popik & Cohen 1998 we altered the article's suggestion a bit and proposed the following etymology:

Yankee Doodle Dandy produced a blend of *dood(le)* and *dandy* to 'doody' in some New England towns prior to 1883; and *doody* was shortened to *dude* (one syllable) by 1883.

Thanks to Peter Reitan we now know that Hill came from England and was probably influenced by British *fopdoodle*. We also see clearly that no pre-1883 attestations of *doody/dood/dude* have been found anywhere and that the wording ‘in some New England towns’ was altered from ‘in the small town of Salem, N.H.’ (as appeared April 8, 1883 in the *Springfield Republican*, with reprints in other newspapers). In addition, the entire *Clothier and Furnisher* article might be the reprint of a newspaper article we have not yet located.

But with all that said, we remain interested in the article’s view that *Yankee Doodle Dandy* played a role in the origin of *dude*. That part of the article remains significant for us. As for *dude* allegedly appearing pre-1883 in Salem N.H., I contacted the Salem N.H. Historical Society to see if its members had any evidence of *dude* being used in their town pre-1883, and the answer is no. The news of their town being connected to *dude* in 1883 newspaper articles came to them as a surprise. My thanks to their Society for the clarification.

Incidentally, Robert Sale Hill is the key figure in the origin of *dude*, and Reitan’s biography of him contains no indication that Hill ever visited Salem, N.H. or had any other connection with that town. So if *dude* did exist pre-1833 in Salem, N.H., (and there is no evidence it did), it would have arisen independently in Salem and in Hill’s creative mind.

Here now is the *Clothier and Furnisher* article with footnotes added already in Popik & Cohen 1998.

‘DEFINITION OF THE WORD *DUDE*

‘In answer to a correspondent, the editor of the New York Journal of Commerce says that it is impossible to give an ‘exact definition of the word “dude” that shall express the various ideas in the minds of those who use it. It is not exactly slang, *but has not rooted itself in the language*¹ and has not, therefore, a precise and accepted meaning. *The word pronounced in two syllables as if spelled*

¹(B. Popik): my italics. The remark points to a recent origin of *dude*. Italics in the rest of the paragraph are mine too.

“dood-y”¹ has been in occasional use in some New England towns for more than a score of years. It was probably born as a diminutive of dandy² and applied to the feeble impersonators of the real fop.³

‘It was employed to describe a young man who had nothing particular in him but an alimentary canal, but who was very careful of his exterior adornment, especially in the tie of his cravat, the selection of his watch chain and appendages, the curl of his hair, and the fit of his trousers; one who eschewed not only all useful occupations, but also any violent exercise; who was too languid in his manner to speak with anything but a drawl or a lisp; who affected special refinement, but lacked the chief essentials of manliness. In the last year or two⁴ the name, now generally sounded to rhyme with rude, has been applied to one who, in addition to the characteristics we have described, makes a feeble attempt to imitate the manners of some effeminate young nobleman about whom he has read in a foreign novel, but turns out to be only an emasculated penny edition of the despicable character he is trying to copy. The name is doubtless applied in familiar speech and in the press to some who have not all the essential features we have drawn; whatever may be the variations, there is one attribute common to

¹(G. Cohen): ‘*dood-y*’ -- this points to a connection with *dandy*, also expressed directly in the article’s next sentence.

²(G. Cohen): ‘diminutive of *dandy*’ – Yes! But rather than thinking of a diminutive –*oo-*, it is better to think of a type of blending, with –*oo-* coming from *Dood(le)*.

³(G. Cohen): my italics. – ‘feeble impersonators of the real fop’ – this describes Yankee Doodle quite nicely. He was the country bumpkin who stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni; i.e., by sticking a feather in his cap, he imagined himself to be fashionable like the young men of his day known as ‘macaronis.’ *Webster III* says of *macaroni*: ‘a member of a class of traveled young Englishmen of the 18th and early 19th centuries that affected foreign ways.’

⁴(B. Popik): No. Make that the last month or two.

all – they exist without any effort to recompense the world for their living.’

MIKE VUOLO: DERIVATION OF *DUDE* FROM *DOODLE* WAS EVIDENTLY FIRST PUT FORTH IN 1900 BY ALFRED NUTT BUT THEN WITHDRAWN FOR UNCLEAR REASONS

(First presented as Vuolo 2014; note: *doodle* ‘fool’ could exist independently of *Yankee Doodle*)

Mike Vuolo formerly worked at Slate.com and hosted an occasional podcast about language called Lexicon Valley. In January 2014 his podcast spoke about ‘dude’ and the research that Barry Popik, Sam Clements and I have done on the term.

In our correspondence, Vuolo drew an item to my attention that I had overlooked (Nutt 1900b). It does not change the interpretation of *dude*’s etymology, but I present it now to give credit where credit is due. Nutt 1900b indicates that he had previously (Nutt 1900a) suggested that *dude* might derive from *doodle*, and he is therefore the first to suggest that etymology, even though he then inexplicably withdrew it:

‘...In view of Mr. Janvier’s statement [that the American pronunciation of *dude* rhymes with *nude*] my suggestion as to some possible connexion between *doodle* and *dude* of course falls to the ground.’

Mike Vuolo (Jan. 8, 2014 e-mail) joins me in puzzlement:

‘But I’m a bit confused by Nutt’s final sentence. He writes, “In view of Mr. Janvier’s statement, my suggestion as to some possible connexion between *doodle* and *dude* of course falls to the ground.” Why?? Janvier says that Americans pronounce *dude* to rhyme with *nude*. Why would that argue against a “connexion between *doodle* and *dude*”? What am I missing?’

Here is Nutt’s entire letter:

‘THE ETYMOLOGY OF “DUDE”

‘My friend Mr. Thomas A. Janvier tells me that the current American pronunciation makes *dude* rhyme with *nude*, and that he has never heard

the word pronounced otherwise. Thus the American pronunciation is the same as the English. Does not this fact show that Prof. Skeat's proposed etymology is inadmissible? If we assume that the hypothetical Low German *dutt* or *dutte* reached the American journalist orally, he would have heard something between *doodt* and *düdt*, nothing that he could have noted down as *dude*. If, on the other hand, the word was introduced into print by a German, whence the orthography with a *d* instead of a *t* or *tt*? In view of Mr. Janvier's statement, my suggestion as to some possible connexion between *doodle* and *dude* of course falls to the ground.

ALFRED NUTT'

In 1883 several cartoons played on the presence of *dude* in *Yankee Doodle*, but it is unclear whether the cartoonists thought that *dude* actually derives from *Yankee Doodle*, or whether they linked *dude* with *Doodle* only after *dude* arose. I therefore hesitate to attribute primacy of discovery to the cartoonists and prefer to see it remain with Nutt.

PETER REITAN: DON'T OVERLOOK *FOPDOODLE*

(G. Cohen): Peter Reitan drew my attention to the obsolete British term *fopdoodle*, which *OED3* treats very briefly:

† **fopdoodle, n.** **Etymology:** < *fop* n. + *doodle* n.
Obsolete.

A fop, fool, or simpleton.

16.. in *Ashm. MS.* xxxviii. 145 b Bee blith Fopdoudells.

1664 S. Butler *Hudibras: Second Pt.* ii. iii. 202 Where sturdy
Butchers broke your Noddle, And handled you like a Fop-doodle.

OED3 presents only two examples of *fopdoodle*, both from the 17th century, but Reitan 2015 found seventeen more (presented below) with an 1888 suggestion (below, p. 51, item #19) that *fopdoodle* might have played a role in the origin of *dude*; Barry Popik and I had previously dealt only with *Yankee Doodle* playing a role. But Reitan points out that the originator of *dude* (or at least the great popularizer of the term),

Robert Sale Hill, had come to the U.S. from England and was therefore very possibly influenced in his thinking by British *fopdoodle*. As mentioned above (pp. 4-5, 45) most likely both played a role.

ATTESTATIONS OF 19TH CENTURY *FOPDOODLE*

OED3's attestations of *fopdoodle* are both from the 17th century, but Reitan provided me with various examples from the mid to late 19th century:

1. *Daily Delta* (New Orleans), September 5, 1847, page 2. . . . we of course meant, as any fopdoodle with the brains of a cockchafer might understand . . .
2. *Raleigh Register*, June 7, 1851, page 2. Mr. Spokesman Fopdoodle, with much pomp and flourish, emphatically responds.
3. *Indiana Herald* (Huntington, Indiana), July 2, 1851, page 1. The rush to Saratoga Spring, N. Y., is just now setting in. Hurry up, fop-doodles! Fashion calls you on.
4. 1855: *The Yahoo; a Satirical Rhapsody*. "Lord Fopdoodle" (twice in book).
5. Hugh Fairon MacDermott, *Poems: Epic, Comic, and Satiric*, San Francisco, Published by the Author, 1857, page 20. (Poem, "Dogberry Critic", theatrical critic as fopdoodle)
As blacksmiths would a sculptor or painter,
Those fopdoodles attempt to portray,
With the greatest minuteness, the ranter,
The acts and the scenes in the play.
6. 1859: Henry Shutts, *Tobacco: A Satire, by a Non-Sucker*, New York, 2nd Edition, 1859, page 25:
Yet we have shown how Lawyers may be made;
To each Profession that applies and Trade,
And hence we find abounding thick as poodles,
Your empty, idle, popinjay fopdoodles;
These are the same with driveling dandies, nearly;
(Pardon us if we're speaking too severely,)
And dandies are but "upper-ten" baboons,

Whether in Petticoats or Pantaloons;
If in the latter the chaps always are
Stuck up to t'other end of a segar.

7. 1867 in *The Guardian*, page 140. Character named “Mrs. Fopdoodle.”
Twice.

8. *Rock Island Argus*, June 26, 1861, page 2. He is a miserable
fopdoodle who did his best to defeat Judge Douglas, to break up the
democratic party and destroy the union.

9. *Marysville Enterprise* (Marysville, Kansas), May 25, 1867, page 2.
George Francis Train, the sensational fop-doodle, sends a “flaming”
dispatch from some point on the Omaha railroad that he is “shooting at
antelope from the windows of the train, traveling at the rate of forty
miles an hour.” Two other examples of “fop-doodle” with respect to the
train are from the same Marysville paper.

10. 1872: *The Mercersburg Review*, volume 19. There Prophets,
Apostles and Heroes may change to martyrs; whilst fop-doodles and
fools may ride at John Gilpin’s rate.

11. *Brooklyn Times Union*, June 24, 1875, page 1. Example of good
mudslinging by Dr. Tichborne Kenealy, as published in *Gentleman’s
Magazine*. Includes, “Meacock, buzzer, poor fop-doodle, You’re a
pretty first-floor lodger!”

12. *Chicago Tribune*, November 20, 1879, page 9. If the Toadeaters,
Fopdoodles want a Nation, with all the Imperial paraphernalia

13. *Chicago Tribune*, November 28, 1879, page 6. If this foot-licking
fop-doodle meant anything by his telegram, he meant that Grant will be
given far higher than Presidential power in 1885.

14. *Splendid Advantages of Being a Woman*. 1878. Discussion of
fopdoodles from Hudibras, discussion of other words for Dandies over
the years.

15. 1881: *The Sunflower (poems)*. *The Dandy*.

The Dandy – pshaw! The funky mess –
Conceited, powdered noodle,
With naught of value but his dress, -
A noddy, a fopdoodle.

This rara avis strutting goes
On end like human creatures;
That vacant shell behind the nose
Is shaped like human features.

16. *Superior Times* (Superior, Wisconsin), January 10, 1885, page 3. It seems that the Fopdoodle of the Inter-Ocean can as easily stoop to plagiarism as he can to falsehood.

[Several more “Fopdoodle” references in same paper, apparently relating to someone writing opinion pieces]

17. *The Superior Times* (Superior, Wisconsin), May 16, 1885, page 2. In the Duluth Tribune of Sunday last “Kanuck” tells us what is the matter over in Canada, and what makes the war. His explanation is not at all like the Fopdoodle explanation for this side of the bay, but is quite as silly.

18. *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, February 5, 1888, page 2. The Dude of Other Days. An English Variety Called the “Fopdoodles.” From *Chambers Journal*. [Similar to 1878 Splendid Advantages of Being a Woman].

19. *Times Picayune* (New Orleans), January 18, 1888, page 4. In early English times dandies were known as “fop doodles.” Butler mentions them in his “Hudibras.” –[*Chattanooga Times*.] That is right. From doodles came dudeles, and finally dudes and dude. It is English, you know.

LAST NAME *FOPDOODLE*

Reitan’s 2015 blog includes the following:

‘The word, “fopdoodle,” was used on occasion as the last name of a dandy-like character:

Lord Fopdoodle or a Sir Dilberry Diddle, who has hurried to be in time at a grand dinner-party of Corinthians. . . .

“What taste!” cries Lord Fopdoodle; “c’est unique!”

“Par Dieu!” exclaims Lord Froth, ‘c’est magnifique!”

The Yahoo; a Satirical Rhapsody, New York, H. Simpson, 1833, pages viii and 77 (reprinted in 1846 and 1855).

‘The play, *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*, first produced in London in 1896, has a character named Fopdoodle, a “fop, suitor of Violet.” [Gross 1896]...’

REITAN’S JULY 4 / JULY 6, 2020 EMAILS; SECOND ONE SEES ‘FOPDOODLE’ AS IMPORTANT FOR THE ORIGIN OF ‘DUDE’

Here are two emails Reitan sent me about *fopdoodles*; see especially the second one.

JULY 4, 2020

From: Peter Reitan <pjreitan@hotmail.com> / **Sent:** Saturday, July 4, 2020 10:16 PM / **Subject:** Fopdoodles

‘There are a number of “fopdoodles” or “fop doodles” on newspapers.com in the decades before 1883.

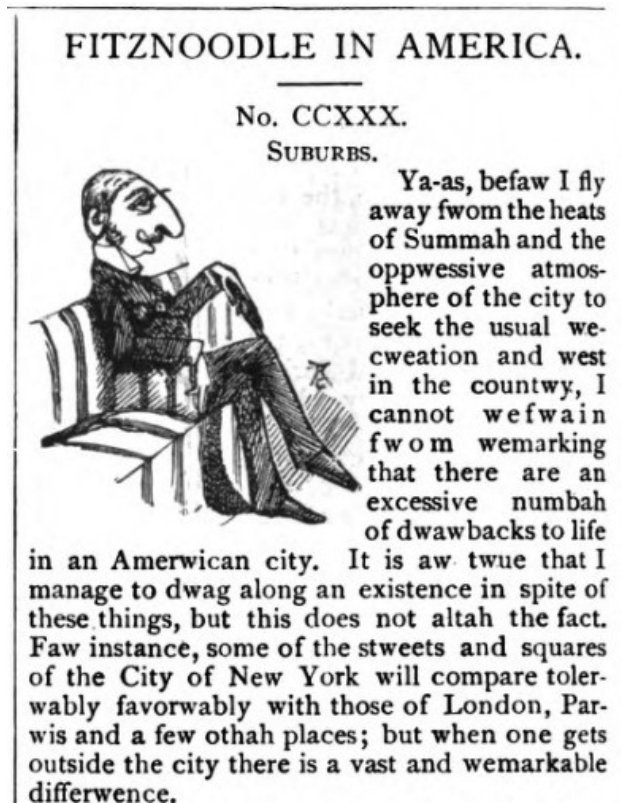
‘It was known to be from *Hudibras*, which was regularly in print and, I believe, was part of standard university English repertoire at the time.

‘George Francis Train was referred to as a fopdoodle on several occasions.

‘One thing I refer to in my *Dude* blogpost [2015] was a regular character in *Puck* magazine, who affected an English accent and was known as Fitznoodle, in an apparent allusion to Fopdoodle.

[G. Cohen]: Here is Reitan’s 2015 reference to *Fitznoodle* in *Puck*; and note: *noodle*, like *doodle* could mean ‘fool’):

‘In the years immediately preceding and following 1883, the best-known “Fitznoodle” may have been the character from *Puck* magazine’s weekly column, *Fitznoodle in America*; a series of supposed letters to England about American society; written in a phonetic, exaggerated English accent like a “Dude.” Although Fitznoodle was purportedly English, not American, and was married, and probably older than the standard “Dude,” he nevertheless displayed the English style, habits, and speech associated with “Dudes,” and other silly, English, or wannabe English, dandies.’



Puck, Volume 11, Number 277, June 28, 1882, page 266.

‘[And note] this speculation from 1888 making a possible connection between *fopdoodle* and *dude*.’

[G. Cohen: Reitan then sets forth the Jan. 18, 1888 item from the (New Orleans) *Times-Picayune* and *Chatanooga Times* item, presented above (p. 51, item #19). Also, after a preliminary draft of this topic was prepared for *COE*, Oct./Nov. 2021, Reitan remembered a relevant item in *American Notes & Queries*, vol. 4, #12, Jan. 18, 1890, p. 137:

Dude (Vol. ii, pp. 93, 118, 143; Vol. iv, p. 82) – There surely could be no great violence done to rules of linguistic science if we were to connect this word with *doodle* or *fop-doodle*, a fool or fop. The plant doodledoo (Vol. iv, p. 82) appears to be so named from its flaunting colors. (Cf. Cock-a-doodle-doo.) Skeat, in discussing the word *dodo* (Port. *Doudo*, a dolt, a fool), compares it to the English *dude* (“Etym. Dict.,” p. 800).]

JULY 6, 2020

From: Peter Reitan pjreitan@hotmail.com / **Sent:** Monday, July 6, 2020 11:58 AM / **Subject:** Re: Fopdoodles

‘One other thought I’ve had is that “Yankee Doodle” itself might have been influenced by “Fop Doodle” or “Fopdoodle.”

If “Dude” is an American affecting British fashion and habits, so also might “Yankee Doodle” be an American affecting British fashions and mannerisms; a Yankee Fop Doodle, but not really a fop, just a Yankee Doodle.

Since Macaronis were essentially Fops or Fopdoodles, when an American Yankee put a feather in his hat, he was seen as a pale imitation of a British Fopdoodle – a Yankee Doodle, as opposed to an Englishman who might be a genuine Fop or Fopdoodle.’

DOODLE

From Reitan’s 2015 blog: ‘The word “Doodle” meaning a foolish person, existed before the word “Fopdoodle.” It was still listed in a slang dictionary [Grose & Clarke] in 1811:

“*Doodle*: A silly fellow, or noodle: see *Noodle*. ...”

‘Like “Fopdoodle” and “Fitzdoodle,” the word “Doodle,” alone, also had a history of being used as a silly name. The characters “Doodle Sam” and “Doodle Time” were characters in *A Yankee Eclogue* in 1813¹; “Lord Diddle Doodle” was the name of a musical nobleman in 1775²; and “Squire Noodle and his man Doodle” were the characters in the Tragi-Comi-Farcical Ballad Opera, *The Generous Free-Mason: or: The Constant Lady* in 1730.³

¹*The Spirit of the Public Journals*, vol. 17, 1813, page 169.

²Joel Collier, *Musical Travels Through England*, London, G. Kearsly, 1774, p. 30.

³John Lampe, *Amelia. A New English Opera*, London, J. Watts. 1732. The play is described in a list of operas in the back of the book.

PETER REITAN: FEB. 25, 1883 *CHICAGO TRIBUNE*
ITEM BY W.A. CROFFUTT

(G. Cohen: Since Robert Sale Hill is the key to finding the etymology of ‘dude,’ and since outside of his Jan. 14, 1883 poem there is not much to go on, we must glean whatever we can from the material we do have. Of special interest is the item by W.A. Croffutt, since he was aware of R.S. Hill and very possibly crossed paths with him socially. The following item was spotted by Peter Reitan.)

(Title): ‘The Genus “Dude” in All His Manifestations of Gorgeous Idiocy.’

‘NEW York. Feb. 22 – [Special Correspondence] – Do you have dudes in Chicago? Do you know what a Dude is? We have a good many here. They make no end of fun. A Dude is not necessarily a “masher,” not generally a snob, not exactly a fop – but a sort of compound of all three, with a delicious dash of simplicity and feeble-mindedness added which makes him a very amusing creature indeed. He is never a profligate; in fact, he is occasionally a bashful Sunday school habitué. The chief characteristic of his personal architecture is a very empty garret.

‘The word “Dude,” which seems to be passing into the vernacular of the street, is an importation. An Englishman of athletic habits and stalwart frame, named Hill, after visiting the Knickerbocker club lately, was so struck with the listless appearance of most of the members that he wrote to the World and classified them as “Dudes.” It may have been a breach of his privileges as a guest; I am not discussing that. But it is a fact that since that time Dudes have been discovered thick upon the street, and the genus is coming into vogue. The Dude generally scorns personal exertion and activity. He has a rich father. He wears a long Newmarket overcoat reaching to the tops of his shoes, and turning up around his head, and on the summit of this woolen cylinder sits a shiny hat with a tremendous bell crown. They do no business to tire their

flaccid intellects withal, and they carefully avoid conversation. “Dude” is a corruption of dodo.

[G. Cohen: the article continues extensively with other NY gossip items and concludes with the author’s surname.]

CROFFUTT’

BACKGROUND ON W.A. CROFFUTT

(G. Cohen): Reitan emailed me background information about Croffutt, and the key portion comes in its final paragraph, which I have italicized.]

‘W. A. Croffutt was a guy who wrote “New York Letters” that appeared in a number of different newspapers.

He signed letters to an Indianapolis paper Jerome.

He is known to have written an account of Lincoln making comments to a General disagreeing with the General's position that he should return former slaves to loyal plantation owners and farmers. In 1876, he was described as a “western reporter,” writing letters to New York papers about western issues.

He wrote a book about the Vanderbilts, apparently with their cooperation.

A couple weeks before writing about Dude, he wrote an interesting piece about “150 of the cream of New York society – the sort of people whose names you read in notices of the swell parties” attending a speech by a communist encouraging the destruction of all ownership of property in favor of state-controlled property - the audience applauded him, and a number of millionaires got up to speak briefly in favor of the proposition.

He later moved to Washington DC and wrote letters from DC, and was at least for a time an editor of the *Washington Post*.

He also wrote the occasional poem.

Of all of the people who wrote about the origin of Dude, early in the Dude craze, he seems like the one who is known to have close access to the types of people who were known as Dudes. His may be the one early commentary on the subject with a first or second hand account of the origin. The Springfield Republican cited portions of his letter.

Later articles, which were reprinted numerous times in many papers appear to be derivative - some of them mentioning "dodo," some of them mentioning the disgusted Englishman, some of them adding the detail that it came from English music halls. I consider that last detail as possible, if not likely, manufactured by someone rewriting the details earlier written by Croffutt. Just a speculation based on the apparent identity of the person who coined it as an Englishman. Later articles paraphrased articles that were themselves derivative of earlier articles, and they get more and more removed from the source, like a game of telephone.'

* * * *

PREFACE TO HILL'S REPUBLISHED 'DUDE' POEM MAY INDICATE HE IS LIKELY THE ONE WHO CREATED THE TERM.

Hill's Jan. 14, 1883 poem 'The Dude' was republished soon after its original appearance, this time with illustrations by an artist plus an expanded preface and humorous addenda prepared by Hill. The title of the 9-page work is 'The History and Origin of the Dude,' altered slightly from the original one (Jan. 14, 1883; 'The True History and Origin of "The Dude".') Hill also made a few minor alterations in the text of the reprinted poem itself; in one instance, 'football' was altered to 'baseball'. The work is undated, but WorldCat says 1883.

Hill had evidently taken umbrage at the Jan. 14, 1883 editor's description of his poem as 'somewhat inscrutable' and therefore set out to clarify matters (preface: 'I sincerely trust that any mystery which may still linger about this delicate creature christened the Dude, will be satisfactorily cleared up.')

This reference to the Dude being 'christened' is interesting. The dude phenomenon itself (in clothing, speech, etc.) was recent. Oscar Wilde's visit to the U.S. was in 1882, and U.S. cartoons mocking the wearing of tight trousers by young men evidently also first appeared in 1882. We now know that the first written attestation of *dude* was Jan. 14, 1883 (Hill's poem in *The World*). So Hill's referring to the dude

as being christened seems to point to the term receiving its name only recently rather than being adopted by Hill as a word already in use.

The word ‘christened’ also turns up in the second verse of Hill’s poem; likening the Dude to a bird, Hill writes:

Its stupid airs and vanity
Made other birds explode, so
They christened it in charity
First cousin to the “Dodo.”

This christening of the Dude as ‘First cousin to the “Dodo”’ was definitely done by Hill and must therefore have occurred in the recent past. Most likely, he was also the one who christened ‘this delicate creature’ as ‘Dude,’ i.e., he created the term (based on *fopdoodle*, etc.); no indication is given that anyone else might have been the one to create or popularize it.

Here now is what Hill wrote to accompany his republished poem:

‘Preface

‘On Jan. 14th, 1883, to quote the New York World.
“The following Pome,” somewhat inscrutable by the world, is published as of probable interest to whom it may concern, “Like A. Lincoln’s Niagara letter to Horace Greeley,”¹ although inscrutable to the World [newspaper], the world of Society quickly availed themselves of what has since proved a popular title for a being who haunts the clubs, cafés and streets of our Metropolis ; and in presenting this little work, illustrated by a well-known artist, I sincerely trust that any mystery which may still linger about this delicate creature christened the Dude, will be satisfactorily cleared up.

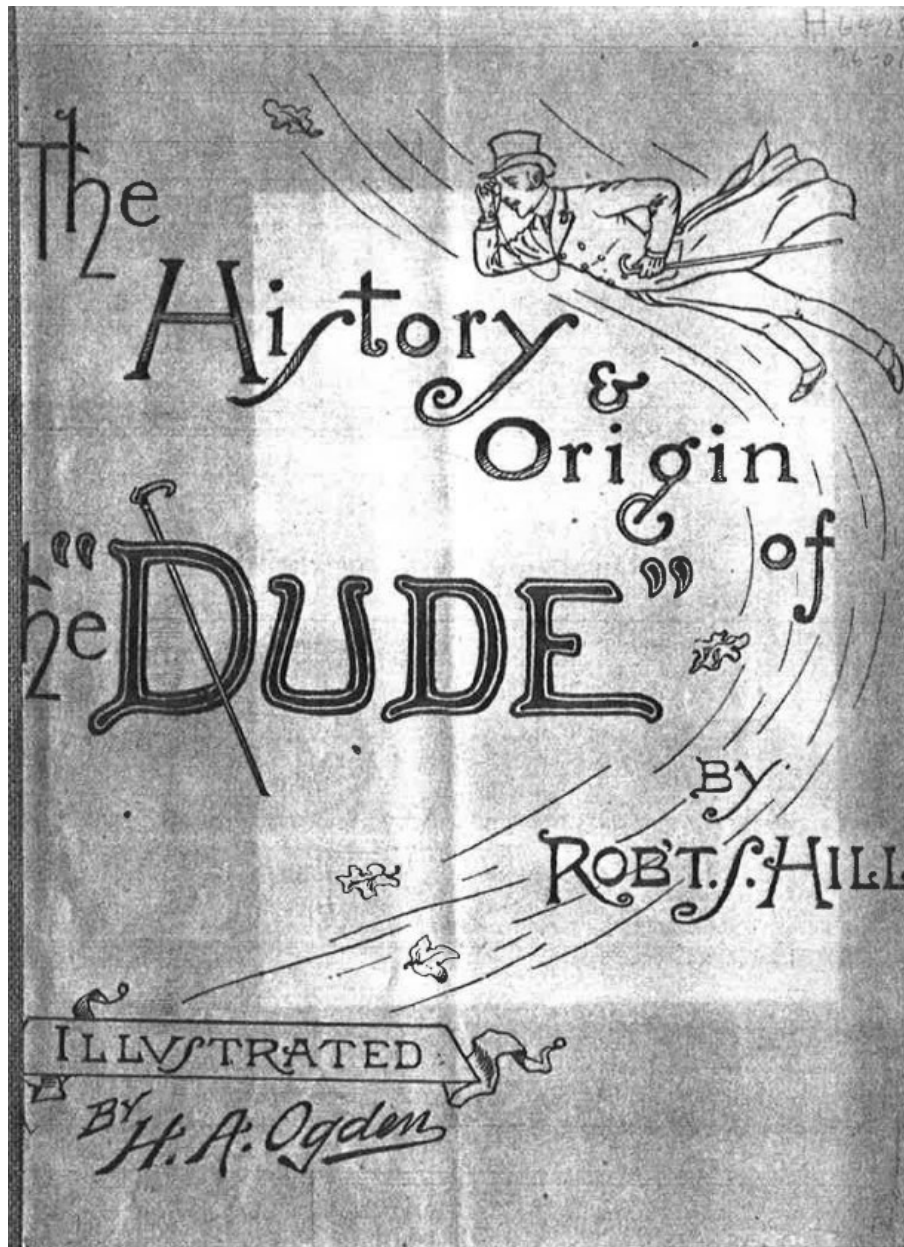
‘Since writing the original poem, several novel characteristics in the lives of these extraordinary bipeds have come to light, and I have

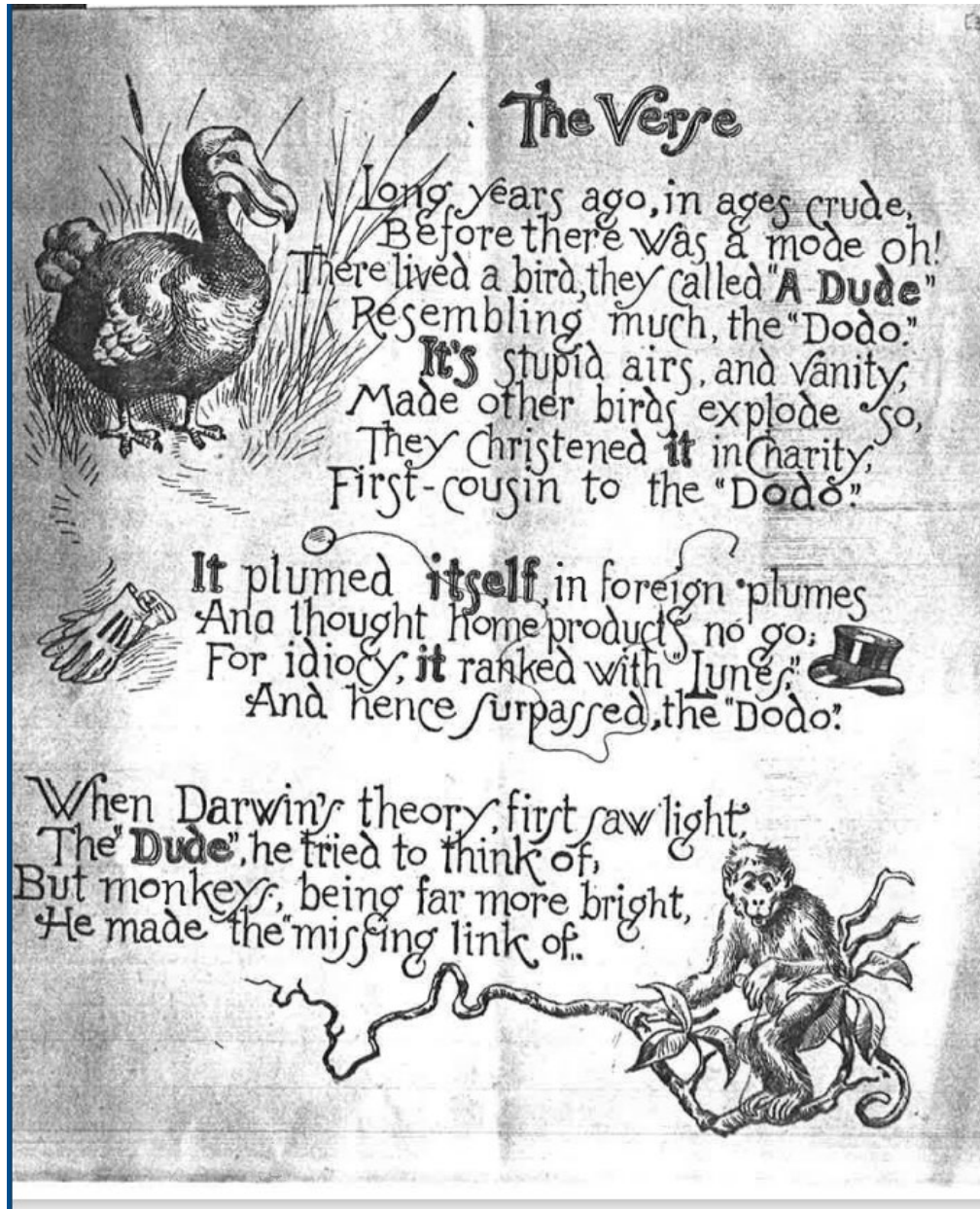
¹This first sentence up to ‘Horace Greeley’ is quoted from the *New York World’s* preface to Hill’s Jan. 14, 1883 poem, but then the rest of the preface to the republished poem was added by Hill. Hill also made a minor change to the first sentence (typo?): Instead of THE WORLD (i.e., the newspaper) the republished version writes in lower-case letters ‘the world’.

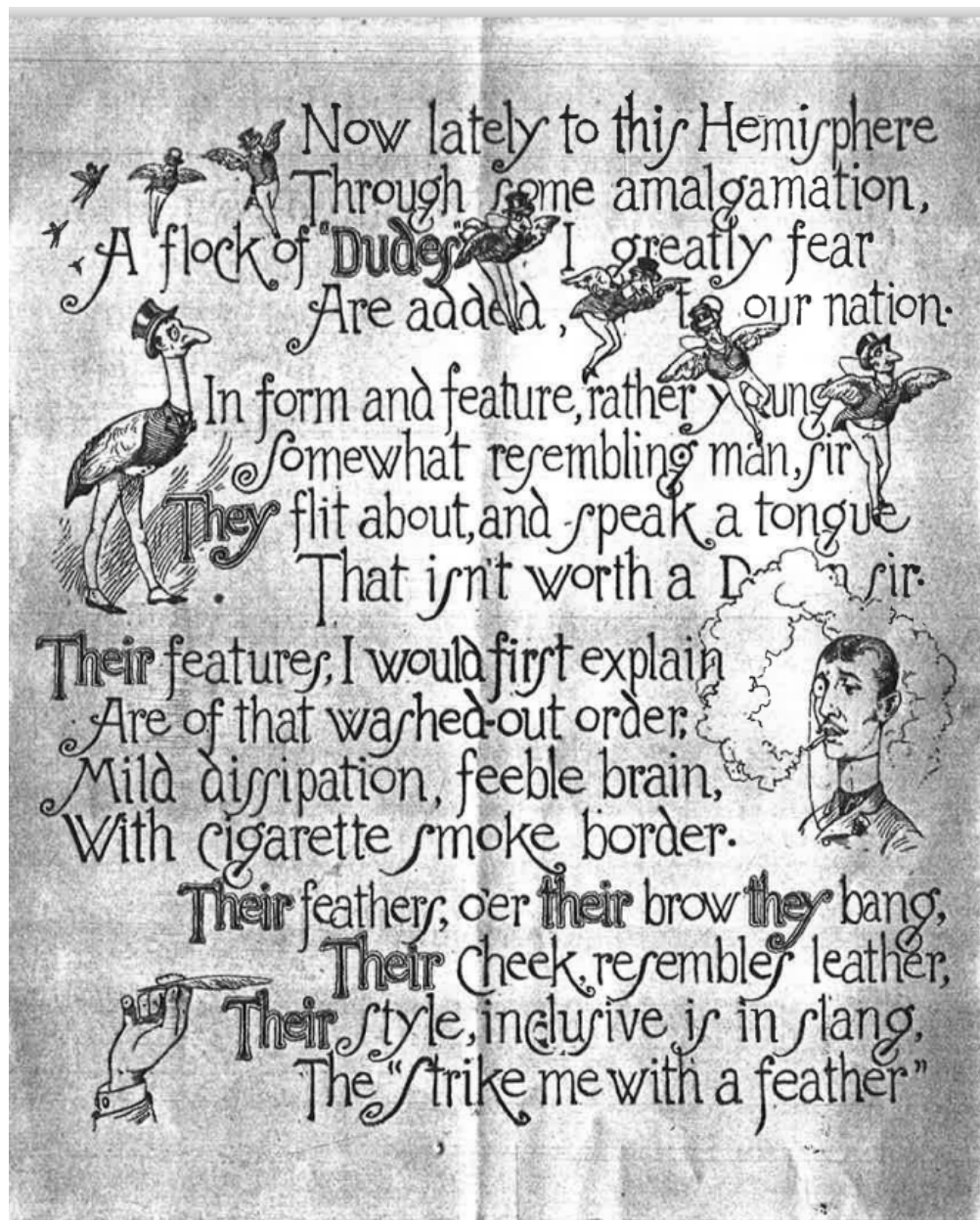
therefore ventured to submit them to the general public in the shape of an addenda [sic: addenda as singular noun].

Robert Sale Hill'

Here now is the reprint of Hill's poem with its illustrations added. The addenda to his republished poem are presented below, pp. 182-185.





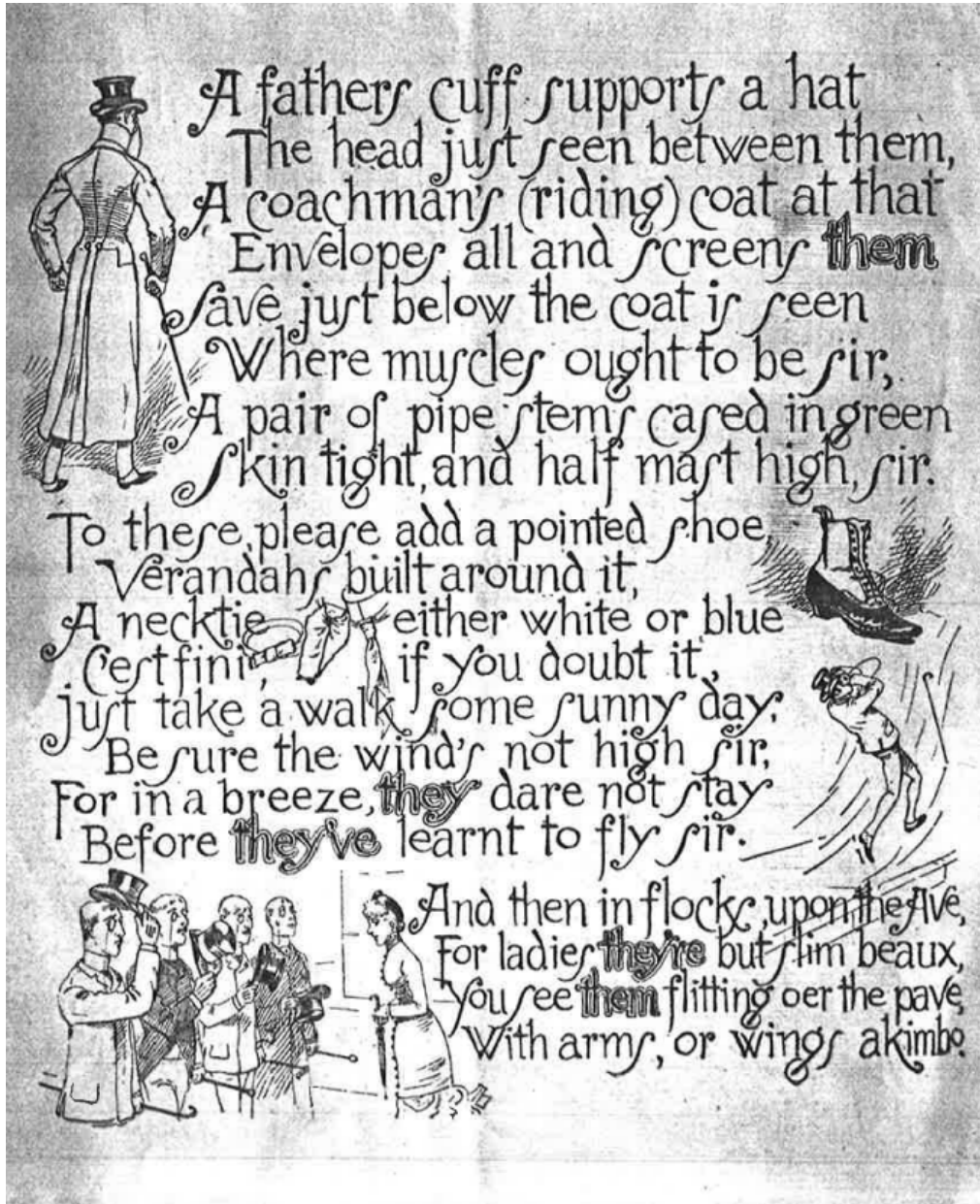


Now lately to this Hemisphere
Through some amalgamation,
A flock of "Dudes" I greatly fear
Are added, to our nation.

In form and feature, rather young
Somewhat resembling man, sir
They flit about, and speak a tongue
That isn't worth a D. sir.

Their features, I would first explain
Are of that washed-out order,
Mild dissipation, feeble brain,
With cigarette smoke border.

Their feathers, o'er their brow they bang,
Their cheek resembles leather,
Their style, inclusive is in slang,
The "Strike me with a feather"

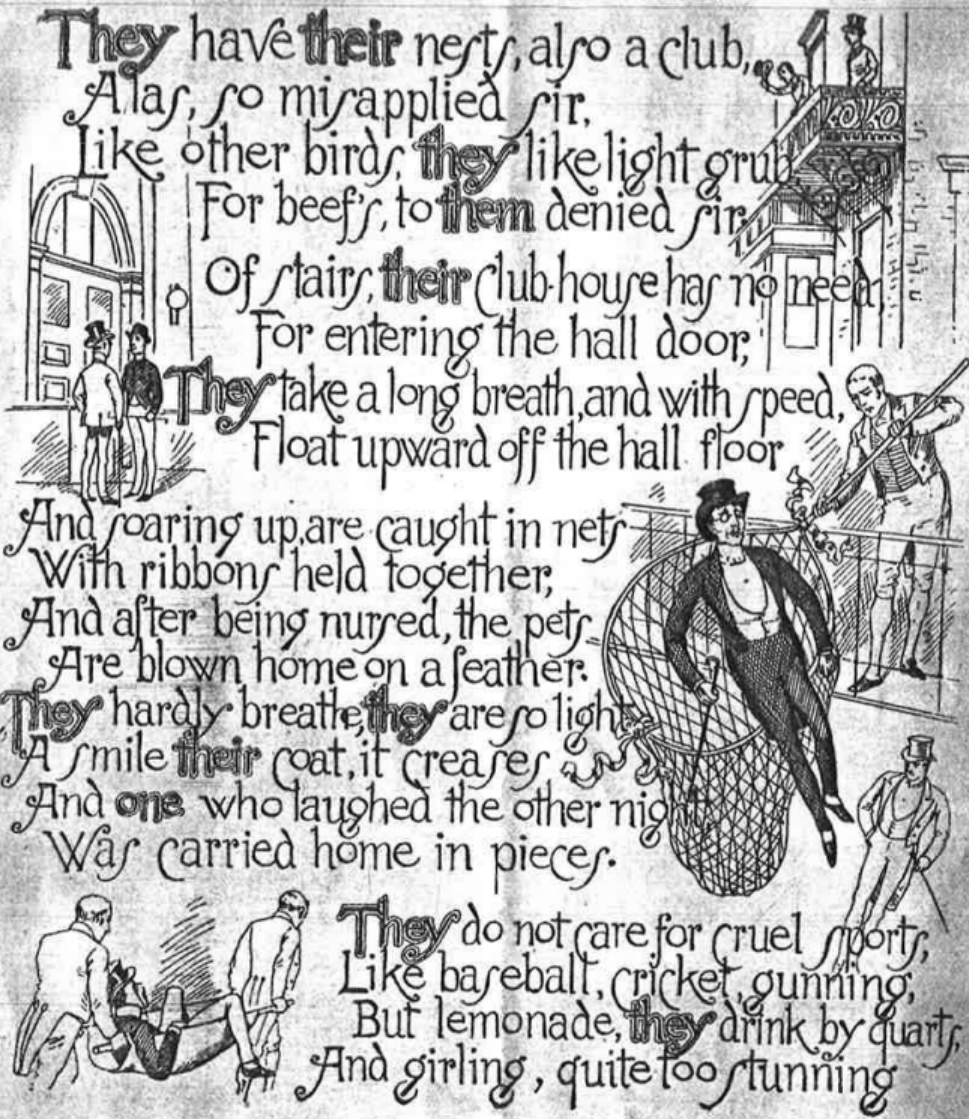


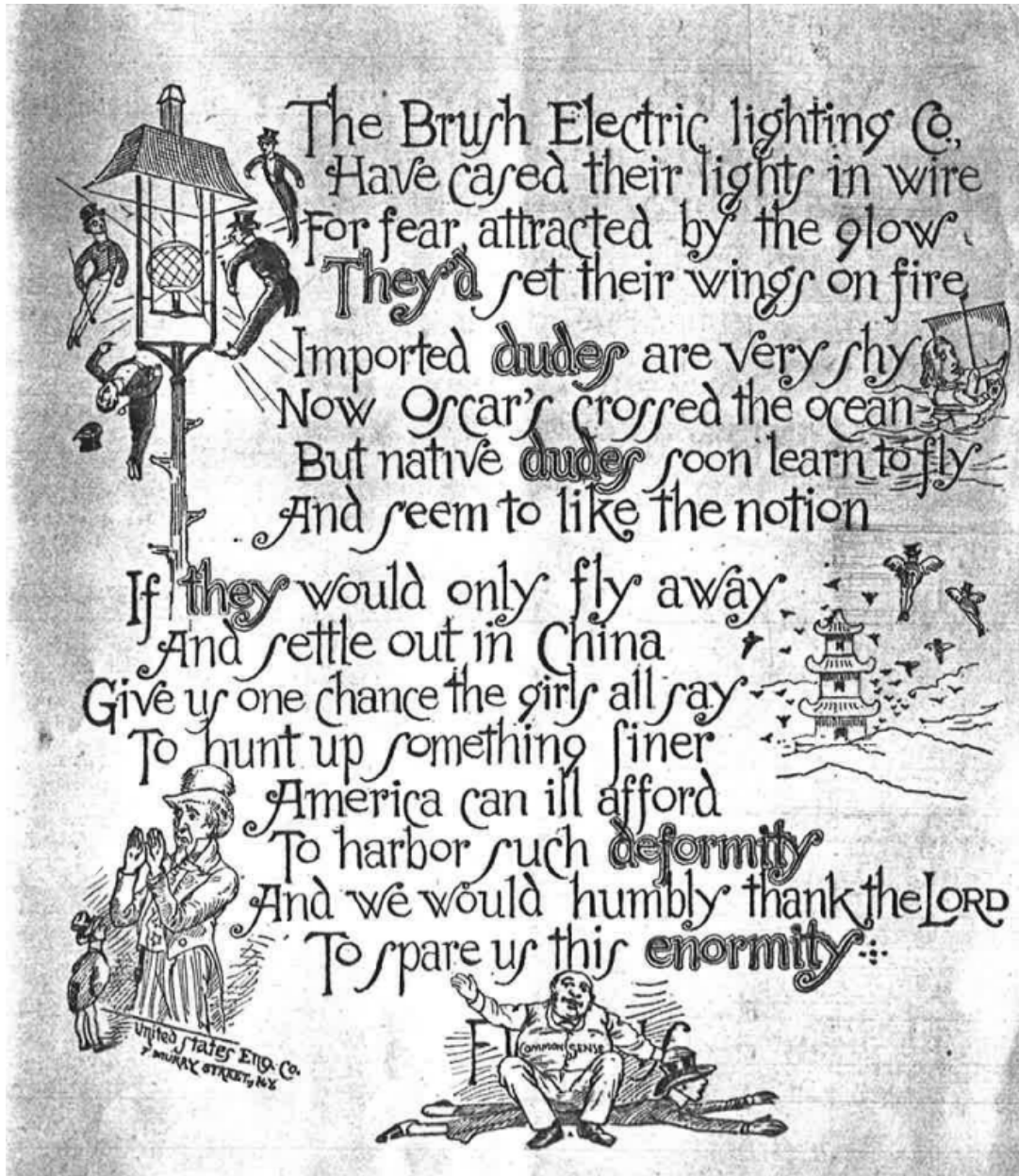
A fathers cuff supports a hat
The head just seen between them,
A coachmans (riding) coat at that
Envelopes all and screens them
Save just below the coat is seen
Where muscles ought to be sir,
A pair of pipe stems cased in green
Skin tight, and half mast high, sir.

To these please add a pointed shoe,
Verandahs built around it,
A necktie either white or blue
Cert fin 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've learnt to fly sir.

And then in flock, upon the Ave,
For ladies they're but slim beaux,
You see them flitting oer the pave,
With arms, or wings akimbo.

They have **their** nests, also a club,
Alas, so misapplied sir,
Like other birds, **they** like light grub
For beef's, 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 upward off the hall floor
And soaring up, are caught in nets
With ribbons held together,
And after being nursed, the pets
Are blown home on a feather.
They hardly breathe, **they** are so light
A smile **their** coat, it creases
And **one** who laughed the other night
Was carried home in pieces.
They do not care for cruel sports,
Like baseball, cricket, gunning,
But lemonade, **they** drink by quarts,
And girling, quite too stunning





[Note: The words on the shirt of the heavy-set man sitting on the prone dude are COMMON SENSE.]

CHAPTER 4
THE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB (NEW YORK CITY) AS
THE STARTING POINT OF THE DUDE PHENOMENON

‘The Knickerbocker Club, of New York, is now called the “Dude” Club, “Dude” means snob.’

The Times-Picayune (New Orleans, Louisiana), March 8, 1883, page 2.

INTRODUCTION BY G. COHEN

Reitan’s 2021 blog presenting information he discovered about NYC’s Knickerbocker Club is a highlight of research into the origin of *dude*; the club played a key role in the origin of the term *dude* and provided at least some impetus for the early spread of dude behavior itself (in dress/speech/listlessness). The high-society young male members of that club were the ones who inspired Robert Sale Hill’s mocking poem *The Dude*, and any details on just what the club was like are very welcome. Items which Reitan located relevant to this topic are presented below, and any comments about them (unless bracketed with my name) are to his credit.

Also, for the first item I have used italics to highlight a few noteworthy sentences.

MATERIAL FROM REITAN 2021

1. *Chicago Tribune* (Chicago Illinois), Sept. 1882, page 5:

‘A NEW YORK SWELL.

‘The Last Importation with Quizzing Glass, Untanned Shoes, and Green Trousers.

New-York Letter to Washington Star.

‘The society man of the present day in New York usually inspires a sentiment of sympathy or pity in the heart of the casual observer, so very uncomfortable does he look in trying to be stylish. A man of fashion

some years ago, when loose garments were the thing to wear, presented an easy and breezy appearance, but now he cannot be stylish without being uncomfortable. The terms are synonymous. *This was brought forcibly to my mind today by the appearance of the son of a wealthy Wall street banker.* I don't suppose he would care if his name was published, as he is used to seeing it in all of the society papers, and is the acknowledged leader of the more exclusive society men of New York, but I won't give it this time. His brother, who is in Washington during the session of Congress, never achieved distinction as a society man, or in any other way indeed, except in fighting a former Secretary of State. Nor was his father ever much of a society man. *He, however, lives for nothing else. He has just returned from England with an entirely new and absolutely correct wardrobe, and has already begun to exhibit it.* He is short, but fairly well formed, and he constantly wears the single glass, while his accent astonishes Americans—and Englishmen, too, I fear. When I saw him he was coming around the corner of Twenty-eighth street into Fifth avenue, *and the windows of the swell little Knickerbocker Club were alive with weak-looking faces, convulsively holding the single eye-glass, and gazing eagerly at the latest imported clothes.* The young man (he is about 30) did not walk easily. He had on a pair of dead black shoes, with untanned leather tops. They were decorated by fancy stripes along the side of the foot and over the toe, and were so absurdly narrow that they looked like deformed feet, and rendered the movements of the young man far from graceful, though he struggled hard to preserve appearances. His legs were covered by a pair of trousers that were simply amazing, so tight were they cut. It would almost be impossible to sit down without splitting them across the knee, as far as can be judged from appearances. They were as tight as eel skin all the way down, fitting around the ankles as snugly as a stocking. This remarkable exposé of a man's developments is not advisable when his legs are not up to the standard. The trousers in question were a very light green with dark stripes. Above them was a vest that stretched from the chin to a line just even with the hip bones, and was cut straight across. The vest was of light material and looked odd. It was so extremely short. The cutaway coat was bottle green, and fitted like a

jersey. It was indeed a trial of the tailor's art in one sense, but it is far too tight to be becoming. The sleeves were nearly as tight as the trousers, and the coat tails were very long, hanging as far down behind as the knee. He wore a collar that lapped over in front, and was certainly higher than any other collar I ever saw in America. It forced his chin up in the air, and caused the sunlight to scintillate on his single glass. Around the neck was a green scarf with a hound's head in diamonds for a pint. Above it all was one of the huge English Derby hats with a great curling brim and heavy crown. He wore yellow gloves and carried a stick with a twisted handle by its lower end, so that the handle dropped nearly to his feet. The vacant stare completed the effect, and he limped along while the others envied him! This is no ideal sketch, but a faithful picture of a leading society man in New York in the year of Our Lord 1882.'

[G. Cohen: Reitan has suggested that the young man described above, a sort of proto-dude, was August Belmont, Jr., which is certainly possible (although not yet proven). The writer says the young man of the story 'is about 30', and we know that of August Belmont Sr.'s three sons, August Jr. was the only one who was 30 years old (or near it) in 1882.]

* * *

2. An early example in a magazine written and published in New York City [G. Cohen: *Puck*] did not limit "Dudes" to the Knickerbocker Club, but did designate the neighborhood of the club as the 'principle' habitat of the recently named 'creature,' the 'Dude.'

Puck, Volume 13, Number 315, March 21, 1883, page 38.
Fitznoodle in America: 'Dudes.'

[See next page.]

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXIII.

DUDES.



Ya-as, the othah day, while I was smoking wathah vigorwously a Weina Victorwia, a verwy eccentwic fellow with whom I have a slight aw acquaintance gwavitated toward me and said:

“Aw Mr. Fitznoodle, have you

the slightest ide-ah what a dude is?”

[G. Cohen: Reitan then skips to the last paragraph with its mention of The Knickerbocker Club, and gives the direction: ‘Read as though spoken in a mock wanna-be-English dialect.’]

“Ya-as,” I bwoke in, aftah I had listened attentively: “I entirely compwehend. I know the species of cweachah you allude to. He is pwincipally to be found in the Fifth Avenue, in the neighborhood of the Knickerbocker Club. It is almost impossible to be in erwah wegarding him; faw if his dwess is not too *pwononcé*, there is an air of consciousness about him and an aw affectation of speech that at once pwoclaim him a “dude.” Poor fellows, I think of them maw in sorwow than in angah aw.

[G. Cohen: For easy reference, I now present the entire Fitznoodle item. See next page.]

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No. CCLXXIII.

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Ya-as, the othah day, while I was smoking wathah vigorwously a Weina Victorwia, a verwy eccentwic fellow with whom I have a slight aw acquaintance gwavitated toward me and said:

“Aw Mr. Fitznoodle, have you the slightest ide-ah what a dude is?”

I gazed at him with suppressed astonishment depicted in my countenance, and weplied that I nevah wemembahed hearwing the expwession.

Mrs. Fitznoodle then interwupted us, and observed that durwing the last few aw months she had heard severwal young ladies who are supposed to be in society he-ah wefer to “dudes,” and she found invarwiably that they meant objectionable young sparks.

“Ah,” said my fwiend: “I see, then, that the word is curwent. I shall pwocceed to explain what is its pwecise meaning.”

I was obliged to listen out of me-ah politeness, although I had not asked faw the information. Besides, I don’t see how it can be a pwopah English word wecognized in our set, because I nevah heard of its being aw used at home, ye know.

“A dude,” this fellow said: “is not pwecisely a dandy, nor a fop, nor a snob, nor a cad, but he has something of the qualities of all of these. He is generwally young. When he is ovah twenty-five or twenty-six, it would scarcely be pwopah to call him a dude; he is then fast qualifying himself faw a fool. The

pwincipal feachah that betwys the dude is his dwess. It is always verwy smooth, verwy tight, verwy pwim—the exact wepwoduction of the colored illustwations of the fashions that tailahs publish everwy month.

“The dude has his hai-ah hanging like a fwinge ovah his forehead. He we-ahs a verwy stiff collah completely encircling his neck. His hat is much too large faw him, while his coat is widiculously small and short, and is buttoned high up and extwemely tightly. He has a pwactice of sticking out his elbows, and one wondahs how he can evah manage to sit down in the skin-fitting twousahs that he we-ahs.”

“Ya-as,” I bwoke in, aftah I had listened attentively: “I entirely compwehend. I know the species of cweachah you allude to. He is pwincipally to be found in the Fifth Avenue, in the neighborhood of the Knickerbocker Club. It is almost impossible to be in erwah wegarding him; faw if his dwess is not too *prononcé*, there is an air of consciousness about him and an aw affectation of speech that at once pwoclain him a “dude.” Poor fellows, I think of them maw in sorwow than in angah aw.

FULL SOON the merry wren
Will be singing in the glen,
And a-flying through the heaven’s purple vaults;
And the ducklets in a flock
On the pond will gaily rock,
And old Bock will be the emperor of malts.

Blue were her eyes, her neck was veined in blue;
And, oh so sweet she was that all the summer
I sit and moan her absence—for a plumber
Charmed her from me, and left me but to rue.
So since, to win the shining pistareen
Played Judas she, my beautiful Corinne,
My spirits also are, as may be seen,
Ultramarine. E. W.

3. *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, March 25, 1883, page 2.

‘Across the river in Brooklyn (then still its own city), members of the Knickerbocker Club embodied the “sort of swell” now called a “dude.” It seems to me there is something bland and uncommonly superior about the complaint of some of the swell young members of the Knickerbocker Club that they really cannot endure Delmonico’s

and the Café Brunswick any more because the resorts are becoming too common. . . . The only thing we can do for them is to put them on an island by themselves, where they can commune with each other and know nothing of the common herd. It won't be long before there is a revolt against this sort of swell or "dude," as he is now called from all sides. . . . The result will be an uprising on all hands before long, and the "dude" will be unceremoniously kicked out of the best clubs and hooted at when he shows his head in the theaters and concert halls.'

4. And even when the word "Dude" was not used, a description of the clothes worn by a Knickerbocker Club man matched the clothes then commonly associated with a "Dude":

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, April 15, 1883, page 1:

'You can tell a Knickerbocker Club man as far as you can see him. He affects the English to an appalling degree, wears collars that reach to his ears, skin tight trousers, a single glass, a bell crowned hat and toothpick shoes.'

5. Months and years later, the reputation and name were still frequently associated with the Knickerbocker Club:

Daily Arkansas Gazette, November 4, 1883, page 4:

'To the Knickerbocker dudes without sense enough to take care of the fortunes left them by the tanners, shoemakers, butchers and soap-boilers who kindly consented to act as their grandfathers, having been "in trade" is just too horrible to contemplate.'

The Kansas City Times, December 28, 1884, page 1:

'When Chauncey De Pew was making a little speech at the Nineteenth Century club the other night, he told a story of having asked a young member of the Knickerbocker club, the dude club of New York, which he would rather be General Sherman or General Grant or a member of the Cotillion [(a club that hosted formal dance parties)], whereupon the prompt reply was that he would rather take the latter horn of the dilemma.'

The Times (Philadelphia), June 14, 1885:

‘High standing in society is a condition precedent to membership. For this reason much fun has been poked at it. The members are said to sit of an afternoon in the bow window on the Fifth avenue side of the club-house sipping tea, and it has also been called the Dude Club. . . .’

8. *Memphis Daily Appeal*, May 22, 1887, page 10:

‘The Knickerbocker is hardly as representative a club as the Union, because in the latter there is a larger number of distinguished men drawn from various ranks. It is, however, the swell club of New York, in the sense that it is the most exclusive. One has to have high standing in New York society to become a member of it. Much fun has been passed at it. The “dude club” is one of its names, and it has also been said that its members sit in the bow windows on the Fifth avenue side of the club house and drink tea, and they have been pleasantly referred to as “stuffed dudes.” But, after all, the fact remains that it is exclusive from a society point of view. . . . The limit of its membership is 300 – that of the Union, 1000.’

STUFFED DUDES

9. The reference [in item #8 just above] to ‘stuffed dudes’ sitting in the window was in keeping with their listless image, but also started a rumor that the club actually kept ‘stuffed dudes’ in the window. The rumor took on a life of its own and became a running joke for years. One of the earliest accounts of the rumor, from *The New York Times*, suggested that the club’s reputation for listlessness was misplaced:

The New York Times, January 23, 1887, page 4:

‘The children of the neighborhood who play on the sidewalks believe a story that has been told them by some jocular servant to the effect that there are “stuffed dudes” displayed in the windows of the Knickerbocker Club, from the fact that the members of the club who sit in the windows and gaze on the passing pageant of youth and beauty appear to be inanimate. No reasoning can

dissuade the children from this idea, and one member has promised to take his little girl into the club some morning so that she can see for herself that there is no truth in the story. It may be added that the dude abounds in the Knickerbocker, which is notwithstanding one of the cheeriest and pleasantest clubs in the city, with an excellent cuisine. Inside as well as outside the club house is one of the handsomest in the city.’

10. The spate of negative publicity may have caused the club members to take a break from window-sitting:

The New York Times, March 6, 1887, page 14:

‘Since the “stuffed dudes” vacated the windows there is no visible signs of occupancy about the Knickerbocker Club.’

11. But the notion of ‘stuffed dudes’ persisted for years, spawning jokes and imitators:

The Tennessean (Nashville, Tennessee), February 16, 1888, page 3:

‘I examined with especial attention the collection of stuffed animals on exhibition in the National Museum. It is better than a menagerie, without the smell, as a visitor remarked. The keeper states that the collection will be very nearly complete when they shall have succeeded in putting a stuffed dude in the collection.’

DUDES FROM THE CLUBS.

12. *Sterling Daily Gazette* (Sterling, Illinois), March 26, 1888, page 2.

‘How They Look on Dress Parade – A Brief Interchange of Words – The Oglers.’

‘Fifth avenue is all alive in the brisk movement of a gay winter afternoon. Up and down the driveway rolls an endless procession of vehicles, whose trappings fill the air with frosty music. Up and down the footways pass an endless chain of pedestrians, stepping smartly and with heads well up. The display of winter toilets [(fashion)], pet dogs and pretty faces is a sight to be remembered among the experiences of the town. One can hardly blame the

members of the Knickerbocker club, therefore, for gathering at the windows of the club house, but one can surely wonder how it was that in the face of this vital and moving scene they can preserve the stolid, cane sucking immobility on which the club seems to have a patent. If there is anything more imperturbable in the world than a Knickerbocker club man on dress parade I should like to know of it as a matter of curiosity. The children of the neighborhood are said to call them stuffed dudes, and there is reason in the childish conceit. As they pose at their places of vantage and squint at the smart girls and modish matrons going by through their single eye glasses, there is, apparently, nothing alive about them. They might be tailors' dummies or the wax figures at the Eden Musee. Even when they speak to one another it is a monosyllable, without opening their mouths more than enough to let the words escape.

"Fine gel, old fel."

"Dem fine."

"Ged! Heah's Syypes' gel."

"Dem fine gel, Syypes' gel."

"Dem fine."

And so on to the end of the club vocabulary, which is all similarly adjusted.'

GIRLS SCARED BY A STUFFED DUDE.

13. *Chicago Tribune*, February 5, 1895, page 7.

'Students Put a Scarecrow in a Secret Society Lodge Room.'

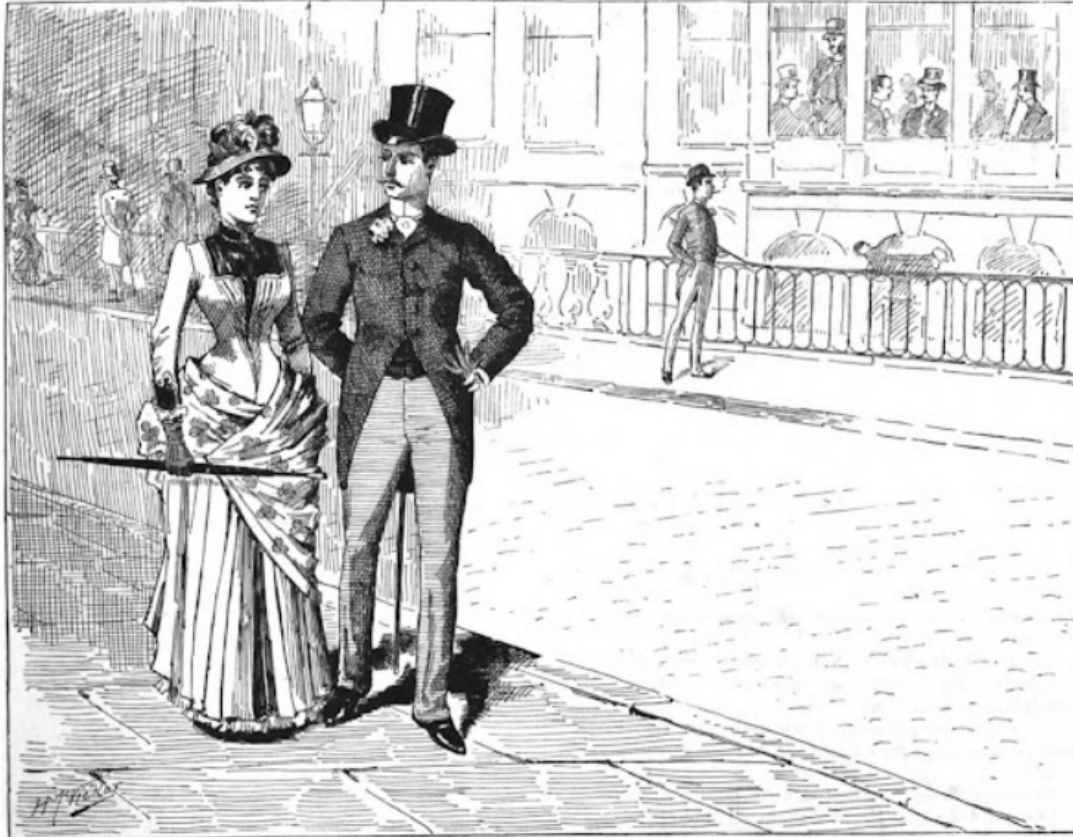
'Several Northwestern University students entered the sacred domain of one of the secret societies of young women of the university last week and placed therein a man of straw. Dressed in faultless attire and placed in such an attitude as to denote a state of beastly intoxication, his discovery was followed by feminine screams and a wild scramble.'

14. *Kansas City Star*, February 24, 1897, page 5.

'It was a standing joke for some years that there was an agreement among certain of the younger members that they should take turns

at sitting at the front windows so as to prove to the world at large that there was at least one solitary soul within its precincts.'

15.

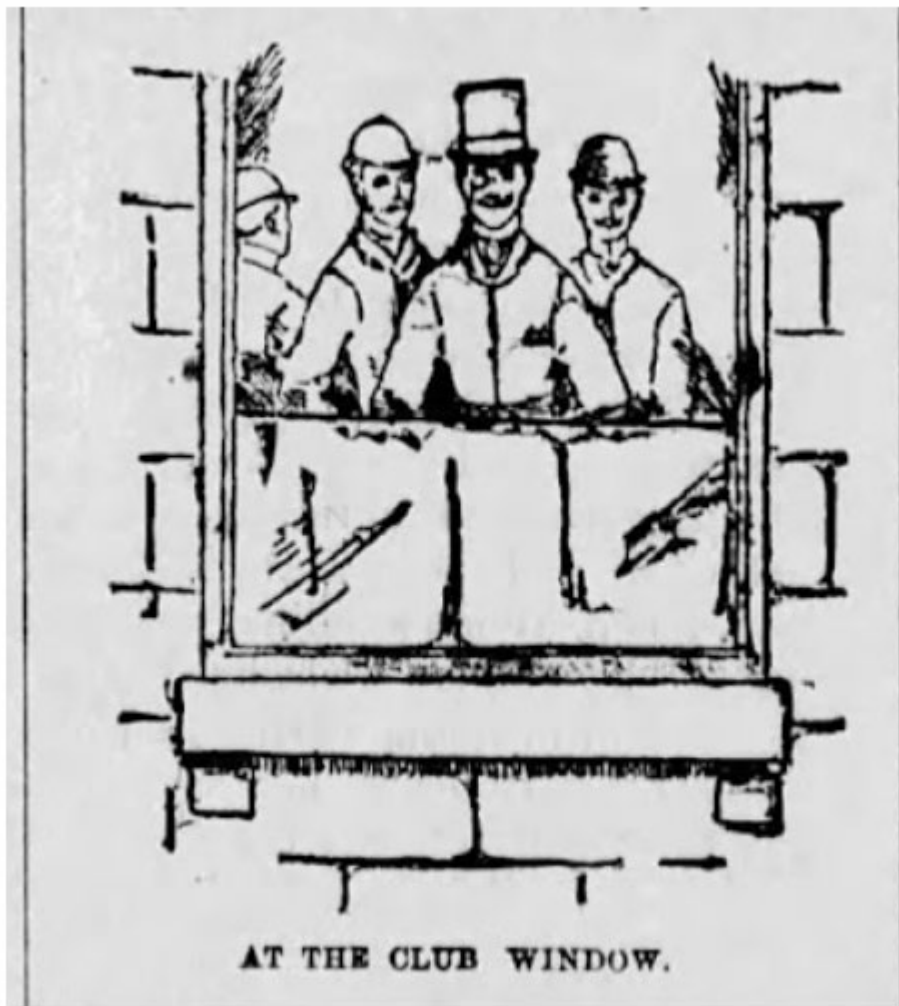


A FACT.

Young Lady (gazing for the first time upon the windows of the Knickerbocker Club): WHAT A LARGE FAMILY OF BOYS THERE IS IN THAT HOUSE!

[wording under picture]: **A FACT**

Young Lady (gazing for the first time upon the windows of the Knickerbocker Club): WHAT A LARGE FAMILY OF BOYS THERE IS IN THAT HOUSE !



Sunday Ledger (Topeka, Kansas), July 1, 1888, page 2.

POST-1883ff. DUDE PHENOMENON: 'DUDE' MEANING HAS CHANGED

This book concentrates on the 1883ff. dude phenomenon, but some additional information in Reitan's 2021 blog deserves to be included. We see a few members of the Knickerbocker Club turning up in Theodore Roosevelt's 'Rough Riders' and referred to as 'Fifth Avenue dudes' but in character having nothing in common with the 1883ff. dudes.

Here now is Reitan's 2021 presentation:

“ROUGH RIDER” DUDES

‘Despite the long-running reputation of Knickerbocker Club members as listless “Dudes,” the stereotype may have been misplaced, at least for some of its members. During the Spanish-American War, for example, future President Theodore Roosevelt recruited a regiment of volunteer cavalry, primarily “rough riders” and cowboys of the American Southwest (Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas) but supplemented by about fifty “Fifth Avenue Dudes,” some of them members of the Knickerbocker Club.



‘The “Dudes” caused disappointment among the cowboys as soon as they swung off the train. The cowboys expected to see Saratoga trunk, but instead every man carried his entire paraphernalia in one hand. As soon as the men arrived at the regimental camp, one of them selected a bucking claybank horse for a ride into town. The cowboys expected to see him go flying into the air, but after a few jumps and plunges the buckner had all he could manage, for his rider was Craig S. Wadsworth, one of the best polo players in America.

Among the “Dudes,” as the cowboys insist upon calling the new recruits, are Basil Ricketts, son of the late General Ricketts, who served a two years apprenticeship on the Colorado cattle ranch; Hamilton Fish, Jr., another noted polo player; Horace Deveraux of Colorado Springs, one of Princeton’s foot ball team; William Tiffany of New York, a social favorite and a leader of cotillions in exclusive circles; Kenneth Robinson, of the Knickerbocker club; Reginald Ronalds, half back of Yale’s foot ball team; and Hollister, the Harvard sprinter. There are about fifty of these

college bred clubmen, but their wealth and influence will secure them no special consideration in the regiment. They are all chummy with the far westerners this morning.

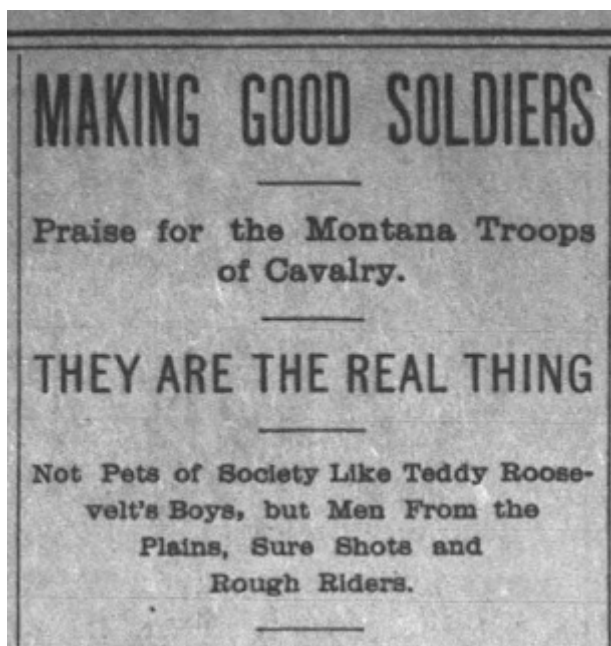
El Paso Herald, May 11, 1898, page 1.



Knickerbocker Club member, “Kenneth Robinson Making Soup for his Fellow Fifth Ave Dudes and the Cowboys.” *The Boston Globe*, May 30, 1898, page 3.

‘Given the high profile of their leader, Colonel Roosevelt, the high social standing of many of the New York recruits, and the spectacle of the presumably soft society swells mixing it up with Wild West he-man types, the press gave the regiment a lot of attention even before they saw combat. Some of the coverage was critical of the suitability of the city “Dudes” for Army life or combat.

‘A correspondent of the *New York Herald* ridiculed the “valets,” “golf sticks” and “polo sticks” brought into camp by Roosevelt’s “Fifth Avenue dudes,” comparing them unfavorably to the “genuine Simon Pure cowboys and plainsmen” of a regiment of volunteer cavalry from Montana.’



One of the most spectacular incidents of the war with Spain has been provided by “Teddy” Roosevelt and his band of “rough riders.” Dispatches from the South teem with the doings of the strange conglomeration of Fifth avenue dudes and so-called cowboys until one grows heartily sick of it all. When Colonel Roosevelt resigned his responsible post as assistant secretary of the navy to raise his band of terrible warriors, the more conservative of his friends did not hesitate to indulge in hostile criticism. They argued, and not without good grounds, that it was, to use a bit of expressive slang, a “grand stand play.”

And we in New York have grown quite hysterical over the doings of the redoubtable “Teddy” and his kid-gloved cohorts, unless, perchance, we have been gifted with a sense of humor, in which event we have been quietly amused. . . .

There are no valets in the camp of Colonel Grigsby’s Third regiment at Chickamauga. There are no golf sticks and polo clubs to be kept in order. . . . There are no pampered sons of the rich in

this outfit. These men do not look upon their enlistment as a holiday jaunt.

The Anaconda Standard (Anaconda, Montana), June 20, 1898, page 10
(from *The New York Herald*).

‘When they performed well under fire, a supporter called for those who had published the jokes about the golf clubs and valets to retract their statements. And despite the fact that only a few of the Rough Riders may have been members of the Knickerbocker Club, the name of their club appeared in the request.

Some of the comic paragraphers who wrote of the Knickerbocker Club dudes and the college swells of the Rough Riders organization, and their imaginary valets and golf clubs, ought, in decency, since the fight at Guasimas, to go out and hang themselves with remorse.

‘The Rough Riders’ Fight at Guasimas,” Richard Harding Davis,
Scribner’s Magazine, Volume 24, Number 3, September 1898, page 267.’

ONE MORE 1883 ‘DUDES’ AND KNICKERBOCKER CLUB ITEM

See below, pp. 81-82, for a humorous item titled ‘The Disastrous Fate of Three Dudes,’ published in the newspaper *The World*, Jan. 15, 1883, i.e., the same newspaper that published Robert Sale Hill’s poem ‘The Dude’ and *only one day after* that lexically momentous event. It clearly didn’t take the humorists long to pick up on the new word.

The action of the (obviously) fictitious event in the Jan. 15 article is centered on dudes in the Knickerbocker Club.

All the other dude/Knickerbocker Club items in this chapter were provided by Peter Reitan, who pointed out the importance of the Knickerbocker Club for the origin of *dude*. The Jan. 15, 1883 spoof was noticed a few decades ago by Barry Popik.

CHAPTER 5
THE 1883ff. DUDE CRAZE, WITH ITS OUTPOURING OF
ARTICLES/POEMS/CARTOONS

After Robert Sale Hill's Jan. 14, 1883 poem, *The Dude*, appeared, the vast outpouring of 1883ff. articles/poems/cartoons on the dude brought this word into the English lexicon and firmed up its position there. These numerous items also provide insight into the nature of the dude, and this chapter compiles much of what the authors have collected over the years.

JAN. 13, 1883, ONE DAY BEFORE ROBERT SALE HILL'S
POEM A *NY MIRROR* GOSSIP COLUMNIST DESCRIBED THE
DUDES BUT WAS NOT YET AWARE OF THE TERM

This is striking. One day – just one day! – before Robert Sale Hill presented his poem on dudes, a writer for the *NY Mirror* (a drama newspaper) wrote about the type of men very soon to be labeled as such, although the term *dude* evidently did not exist for her.

Of course, if a gossip columnist ('The Giddy Gusher') for a drama newspaper is unaware of a term for which she feels a special need and which is also pertinent to the theatre, that term can at best enjoy very limited use in her city. The relevant passage (*NY Mirror*, Jan. 13, 1883, p. 2, parag. 4) is:

'Sam Sondheim is a constant source of comfort to me in a theatre. I noticed him Monday night. There were a half dozen young snips in his neighborhood, dressed within an inch of their silly lives. Their little pink pipe-stem necks stuck out of more shirt collar and open-front vest and shiny broadcloth dress-coat than would make a French ball. And the broad-shouldered, manly Samuel planted a brown business suit among 'em that showed up the physical imperfections of the surrounding ships as a headlight does the switchman's tallow dip.'

EXAMPLES OF THE 1883ff. DUDE CRAZE, WITH INSIGHT PROVIDED INTO THE NATURE OF THE DUDE

Dude caught on quickly, although Robert Sale Hill's role in popularizing it somehow soon fell into oblivion. Journalists writing about *dude* within a month after the publication of his Jan. 14 poem in the well-read *World* could wonder about its origin without any mention of Hill or the poem.

In any case, by April 27, 1883, the *Daily Graphic* noted without exaggeration:

'There is a craze for writing about the "dude." It is now at its maximum.'

For example:

SPOOF IN *THE WORLD*, Jan. 15, 1883, p. 5/4:
'THE DISASTROUS FATE OF THREE DUDES'

'Great excitement was caused yesterday in the clubs by the news of a great disaster resulting from the publication in *THE WORLD* yesterday of what was intended to be a harmless lecture in verse on the natural history of the Dude. It appears that the versified lecture in question was read by a lady in Fifth avenue, not far from the Knickerbocker Club¹, to a circle of her friends. She did not perceive at the time that it was listened to with singular attention by a very large Maltese cat of diabolical intelligence, which had long been her special pet. The cat shortly afterwards stealthily left the room and the house, and it was learned last evening that it flitted across the street and evading the watchfulness of the porter, entered the Knickerbocker Club. In the course of the afternoon the wily and ferocious animal intercepted no fewer than three most interesting Dudes on their flight from the floor to the ceiling of the main hall,

¹(G. Cohen): As Reitan has pointed out in chapter 4, all (or almost all) Knickerbocker Club members were dudes.

slaying and devouring them all in succession, so that not even a feather of either of the victims remained. A reporter of THE WORLD was sent last night to gather the particulars of this melancholy event from Judge Monson, but the judge could not be a *en*.¹

The grief of the club is intense, and it is thought that the building will be hung with crepe today. The names of the slaughtered Dudes are suppressed out of regard for the feelings of their families.’

NEW YORK MIRROR, Feb. 24, 1883, p. 2/5: ‘THE DOOD’

‘During the past few days² a new and valuable addition has been made to the slang vocabulary of the period. It is not only likely to rival in popularity the favorite word Masher, but it gives early promise of entirely superseding it. We refer to the term “Dood.” For a correct definition of the expression the anxious inquirer has only to turn to the tight-trousered, brief-coated, eye-glassed, fancy-vested, sharp-toes shod, vapid youth who abounds in the Metropolis at present. He is a Dood. Where or how the name originated we cannot say. Whether it is vulgarly and ungrammatically derived from the verb “to do” and is indicative of the frequency with which the youth belonging to the class in question is taken in and done for, or whether it is a bold attempt to foist the extinct dodo upon us by a shallow transposition of two letters, is a mystery. In any case, we could go to the French for “jeunesse dorée,” or to the English for “crutch-and-toothpick brigade;” but neither importation satisfactorily filled the bill. “Masher” answered the purpose fairly well; but it was too broad in its scope, embracing old as well as young men, and suggesting no distinction in the matter of dress. The discovery or invention of Dood should be hailed with joyous acclaim, and so long as the species which it gave birth³ exists so long may it last.

¹(G. Cohen): Sic: *a en*. Clearly a misprint, possibly for *seen*.

²(G. Cohen): Evidently the incubation period, which started Jan. 14, lasted about five weeks, with the birth (i.e., widespread acceptance of *dude/dood*) coming shortly before Feb. 24, 1883.

³(G. Cohen): Sic; should be: ‘...which gave it birth...’

‘The Dood is oftenest seen in the lobbies of our theatres on first-nights. He puffs cigarettes or sucks his handled-silver tipped cane¹ in the entr actes, and passes remarks of a not particularly intellectual character on the appearance and dresses of the actresses. His greatest pleasure lies in taking a favorite actress or singer to supper at Delmonico’s or the Hotel Brunswick—places he briefly calls “Dels” and the “Bruns”—where he will spend his papa’s pelf with a lavish hand, and feel thoroughly delighted with the investment if some of his “sassiety” friends have seen him in the footlight favorite’s company. He hangs about stage doors in a coupe, and meekly endures the jibes and jeers of the carpenters and supernumeraries, who derive great pleasure from making fun of him. The actresses often accept the Dood’s callow attentions, for they know that there is no possible risk of compromise attached to being seen with harmless fledglings of that breed. They eat his suppers, drink his wine, ride in his turnout – and give him in return the prestige that he obtains among his fellows from being recognized as “solid” with the women of the state. Occasionally the Dood gets involved in difficulties of a character that he did not bargain for. Sometimes he elopes, sometimes he marries some fair charmer who, he finds is not near so fair nor so charming when his papa withdraws that financial backing which he has always been accustomed to expect. Then he plays prodigal son, and papa goes into the Stock Exchange, makes a happy [re]turn and sends the amount to his unwelcome daughter-in-law, who agrees to a quiet separation from the Dood.

‘Experience has proved that Doods have not an atom of honor or manliness in their disposition, and actresses should realize sooner or later that they cannot afford to squander their valuable time on such despicable little creatures. They may be harmless in one sense; but their candies, flowers, quail, Pommery Sec and carriages are all indigestible, and combined with the unhealthy providers thereof, are sure to bring on

¹Cf. *The NY Evening Post* (March 3, 1883, p. 3): ‘...and a cane ...which should, we believe, properly have a silver handle....’

moral dyspepsia.’¹

BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE, Feb. 25, 1883, p. 1/1:

‘Life in New York’

‘A new word has been coined. It is d-u-d-e or d-o-o-d, the spelling does not seem to be distinctly settled yet, but custom will soon regulate it. Just where the word came from nobody knows, but *it has sprung into popularity with the last two weeks*,² so that now everybody is using it. It means a masher, and yet it means something more than a masher. “For instance, a masher may be young or old, he may mash by virtue of his politeness, or his accomplishments, of his wealth, beauty, eyes, nose or fame; he may be a man of mature years, an old man, a young man or a boy. In speaking of mashers one is never sure exactly what sort of man is meant. There is a class of mashers in New York who will now have a definite place in the language of the town as dudes. A dude cannot be old; he must be young, and to be properly termed a dude he should be one of a certain class who affect the Metropolitan theaters. The dude is from 19 to 28 years of age, wears trousers of extreme tightness, is hollow chested, effeminate in his ways, apes the English and distinguishes himself among his fellowmen as a lover of actresses. The badge of his

¹(G.. Cohen): This article in the *NY Mirror* evidently appeared as part of that newspaper’s crusade against various abuses; the heart of the article is its final paragraph, quoted just above. Also, cf. a letter to the editor, *NY Mirror*, Feb. 17, 1883, p. 6/5:

‘You have no idea how eagerly every word in THE MIRROR is read now-a-days by every person in any way interested in theatrical business. Since it has begun in earnest to advocate necessary reforms it is our “guiding star.”’

This popularity of the newspaper contributed to other publications picking up on *dood/dude* and using it frequently.

²(G. Cohen): my italics, which emphasize recentness of the term, although Hill’s poem appeared Jan. 14, 1883 and a spoof on dudes appeared already the next day.

office is the paper cigarettes, and his bell crown English hat is his chiefest joy. They are seen in large numbers at the theaters, where they form one of the interesting features of the evening entertainments. They are offensive because they blow cigarette smoke in ladies' faces and monopolize the bar between the acts. As a rule they are rich men's sons, and very proud of the unlimited cash at their command. They call all actresses by their first names and affect extreme familiarity with all things pertaining to the stage; but in reality they know very little personally of the men and women of the dramatic profession. Still the dude always poses as a particular favorite of the reigning theatrical celebrity. They are a harmless lot of men in one way, for they are too shallow pated and weak to accomplish any harm, but they are sometimes offensive. No dude is a real dude who does not talk to a fellow dude in a loud voice during the play; also no dude who respects himself ever takes a lady to the theater. They run in pairs and compare notes between the acts. The most eminent dude in New York is the son of a Wall Street broker of considerable wealth. This dude is the pet apostle of the order. He has been in more scrapes with actresses than any other man in town, and his name has been muddied up with half a dozen dirty scandals. Recently he married a girl who was singing here in an English opera troupe while his intellect was somewhat muddled through cigarette smoke or something of that sort, and his father had to pay the woman some thousands of dollars to get her to agree to a separation from the prospective young millionaire. It was accomplished after some difficulty and she left the English opera troupe, went to England and the last time I heard of her she had married a wealthy barrister in Manchester. The steamer had scarcely left the dock when the dude became involved in another row which resulted in his father sending him off to California under the care of a friendly lawyer for a six weeks' trip. The old man would give anything to have his son show a little more discretion in the matter of public scandal, but he cannot give him advice with much grace, because the father himself was in his younger days a wonder of the most malignant type. So whenever he charges his son, the son looks at him and smiles softly and asks him about the days of yore. The word dude is a valuable addition to the slang of the day.'

NY EVENING POST, March 3, 1883, p. 3/2-3:
'THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DUDE'

'When a foreign term is suddenly naturalized we may be sure that there is something in the atmosphere of the place of adoption which makes it convenient and useful. *Dude* is said to be originally a London music-hall term,¹ but it has been transplanted here, and its constant use shows that it is for some reason well fitted to take a permanent place in the vocabulary of fashion.

'*Many of our readers may not know what a dude is, and some of them, perhaps, do not even suspect his existence*². The allusions to him in the press are of that sort which seem to imply contempt – as in the case of the story bearing evident marks of reportorial invention, of a dude pursued up Fifth Avenue by a cat³ -- and yet are, at the same time, obscure.⁴ We shall, therefore, to guard against all misconception and suspicion of unfairness, describe what we understand a dude to be.

'A dude, then, is a young man, not over twenty-five, who may be seen on Fifth Avenue between the hours of three and six, and may be recognized by the following distinguishing marks and signs. He is dressed in clothes which are not calculated to attract much attention, because they are fashionable without being ostentatious⁵. It is, in fact, only to the close observer that the completeness and care of the costume of the dude reveals itself. His trousers are very tight, his shirt-collar, which must be clerical in cut, encircles his neck so as to suggest that a sudden motion of the head in any direction will cause pain; he wears a

¹(G. Cohen): The alleged London music-hall use of *dude* is thus far unattested.

²(G. Cohen): my italics. Evidently *dude* had not yet come to the attention of all literate sections of the NY populace.

³(G. Cohen): Item in *The World*, Jan. 15, 1883; reprinted above, pp. 81-82.

⁴(G. Cohen): Why obscure? They seem clear to me.

⁵(G. Cohen): Hardly. Cartoonists were about to have a field day depicting the dude.

tall black hat, pointed shoes and a cane (not a “stick”), which should, we believe, properly have a silver handle, is carried by him under his right arm, projecting forward at an acute angle, somewhat in the manner that a sword is carried by a general at a review, but with a civilian mildness that never suggests a military origin for the custom. When the dude takes off his hat, or when he is seen in the evening at the theatre, it appears that he parts his hair in the middle and “bangs” it. There is believed to be a difference of opinion among dudes as to whether they ought to wear white gaiters. For reasons we shall presently give, the better opinion is that it is wiser and safer not to do so.

‘The dude must not be confounded with the Anglomaniac, for though a dude may be an Anglomaniac, an Anglomaniac is not necessarily a dude. It must be admitted, however, that there is in any adolescent Anglomaniac the germ of a dude.

‘A dude cannot be recognized by his conversation, for he has none; and in society as at present organized, this negative mark is not distinguishing, because the number of people of any kind who have any is admitted to be small and steadily decreasing.

‘The dude is evidently the social successor of the swell, the fop, and the dandy, but the type is a different one, and it is in this fact that the social interest in him mainly centers. The fashionable types which preceded him – the fops and the dandies of our fathers’ and grandfathers’ time, and the swell of our own – were evolved in an “environment” which does not any longer exist. They devoted themselves to fashion, but it was in a different spirit from that shown by the dude. They regarded exaggeration and extravagance as a legitimate fashionable aim; they brought buoyant animal spirits to the task. Any one who looks at a picture of a fop or dandy of fifty years ago, will see that overdoing the fashions was his ambition. If clothes were important, the more display they made, the brighter the colors, the more numerous the jewels, the more picturesque the whole, the better. That successor, the swell, at any rate down to a short period since, inherited these traditions, though he did not improve upon them. He struggled against his fate. Peg-top trousers helped him for a time, and so did the fashion of wearing clothes of many colors, and that of swinging a huge bludgeon in walking, while

they lasted. But his tale, too, is told, and he has been succeeded by the dude, who actually reverses all this.

‘The dude’s object is not to exaggerate fashions, but to make them less and less noticeable. He acts as if his desire was not to attract attention to himself by any of the peculiarities we have described.¹

His grave, tight costume, his clerical collar, and his general demeanor produce almost the impression of a protest against fashionable folly. He never laughs aloud, or looks gay, as his predecessors used to do. A high-spirited, hilarious dude would be a contradiction in terms. The old race of fops, dandies, and swells enjoyed life, though perhaps in a misdirected way. There is no evidence that the dude enjoys life at all. His manner is that of a young man who has a mission of some kind, from which he is determined that the frivolity of the world should not turn him aside.

‘There is something very pathetic and at the same time interesting about the development of a social type of this kind in our busy, noisy, pushing civilization. Society is, as everybody knows, in a highly critical state. Its exclusiveness, its etiquette, its decorum, is threatened on every side. New people who know nothing about the traditions of good taste in dress and manners, are crowding into it by means of money, the newspapers invade the privacy of home, and worse than all, a large portion of society encourages them to do so, because newspaper notice has become one of the avenues to social success. Society, which hitherto has preserved and handed down from one generation to another the traditions of refinement, has developed a distaste for refinement and an appetite for vulgarity, which is the explanation, of course, of the fact that no satisfactory answer has ever been returned to the question: “What is society coming to?”

‘Under these circumstances it is easy to see why the fop, the dandy, and the swell no longer propagate their kind. In our period extravagance

¹(G. Cohen): But they did try to attract attention to themselves by their behavior at the theater; cf. the observation above (p. 85) in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* article, Feb. 25, 1883: ‘...No dude is a real dude who does not talk to a fellow dude in a loud voice during the play.’

such as they perpetrated would lead to their being confounded with their enemy, the cad. This was impossible so long as society excluded the cad. He could prowl round outside and imitate the extravagances of his betters, but he belonged to the vulgar world. With the great headway that vulgarity is making in good society the cad is procuring his admission to it in large numbers, and in extravagance, hilariousness, loudness, and noise, the cad can always “give points” to the man of refined taste. Had the type which we are considering gone on developing in the old way, there would soon have been no means of distinguishing between a cad and any one else. Probably in time “cad” would have been used as a term of approval or endearment just as “fellow” is now. But nature, in her usual beneficent manner, has provided a way out of the difficulty. As animals sometimes protect themselves against the attacks of their enemies, not aggressively, or by developing new and formidable weapons of attack, but by developing means of escape and obscurity, so in the struggle to save refined taste and to escape the cad, society may develop a type which the cad cannot overwhelm or vanquish. The dude seems to be such a type. The cad may appear to have been completely successful, but lo! While he is apparently victorious, *the meek, silent quiet and refined dude appears by his side, and we see that it is he who is handing down the traditions of “good form”*¹ to future generations. The cad may gnash his teeth, but he cannot be a dude, for it is not in his vulgar nature. Verily, the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the

¹(G. Cohen): My italics. Silent? Good form? Cf. above, p. 88, fn.) and the above-reproduced *NY Mirror* item (pp. 82-83), Feb. 24, 1883: ‘The dood is oftenest seen in the lobbies of our theatres on first nights. He puffs cigarettes or sucks his handle-silver tipped cane in the *entr actes*, and passes remarks of a not particularly intellectual character on the appearance and dresses of the actresses.’

Cf. too, *NY Mirror*, April 7, 1883, p. 2/1, ‘At the Theatres,’ parag. 2: ‘The most original feature in the performance is the introduction of a pair of Dudes, who wince and giggle after the manner of the real article’ – re: comedy *The Muddy Day*.

strong; but if our view of the subject is correct, the self-respecting dude, who cares more for the cause than for the lusts of the eye, will never overdo the part, and consequently should not wear white gaiters.’¹

BROOKLYN SUNDAY EAGLE, March 25, 1883, p. 2/1:
‘New York City Life: Notes from the Metropolis’

‘It seems to me there is something bland and uncommonly superior about the complaint of some of the swell young members of the Knickerbocker Club that they really cannot endure Delmonico’s and the Café Brunswick any more because the resorts are becoming too common. It becomes a question what we shall do with the young men of this stamp. If they find that the surroundings of Delmonico’s which is frequented by the best people in America, are too common for them, it will be found impossible to suggest a substitute. The only thing we can do for them is to put them on an island by themselves, where they can commune with each other and know nothing of the common herd. It won’t be long before there is a revolt against this sort of swell or “dude,” as he is now called from all sides. *His conceit, his overbearing manners, his impertinent stare, the coolness with which he monopolizes the whole of any place of amusement he may visit, the way he stares women out of countenance, and drawls out insulting remarks about people who surround him, render him decidedly obnoxious.*²

The result will be an uprising on all hands before long, and the “dude” will be unceremoniously kicked out of the best clubs and hooted at when he shows his head in the theaters and concert halls.’

BROOKLYN DAILY TIMES, April 2, 1883, p. 2/3
‘The Dude’

‘Our language has been enriched by a new word: the “Dude.” The

¹(G. Cohen): This *NY Evening Post* article was reproduced a few days later in *The Nation*, March 8, 1883, vol. 36, pp. 206-207.

²(G. Cohen): my italics.

article to which the name applies is not new, however, it is an old thing in a new dress and a high collar. The Dude, in short, is a fop, a little more awkward, a little more lifeless, a little more stupid, a little more negative than the average fop of the last decade, and a great deal more English. If the Dude's weak nature is susceptible of feeling emotion, it doubtless vents itself in grief that his father and mother had not taste and sense enough to be born in England to permit him to be born there also. England is a very nice little country in many respects, but she does not feed us, clothe us, make our laws, elect our congressmen, prescribe our medicines, build our homes, design our monuments, work our mines and farms, or provide us with newspapers, Star route trials, billiard matches, Roscoe Conklings, Ben Butlers and such like. Then why is it incumbent upon us to walk like Englishmen, talk like Englishmen, dress like Englishmen eat English dishes, strike English attitudes, and drive English "cobs" in English dog carts, with an English footman in English livery sticking on behind, if he can make out to stick? Why not, for a change, introduce some fashions and customs from France or from Ireland, from Russia, or even from Africa? There is an inherent objection to English things because of their clumsiness. The English walk is too much like the walk of a coal heaver to be graceful. English clothes are too square of cut and too big of pattern to look well. English manners are too solemn – conservative, yet self-assertive to be pleasant. The vehicles of the English style rumble and jolt like artillery caissons, and weigh about as much. Even the English walking stick is twice as heavy as it need be. For this social subservience of American to England, the "Dude" is in large part responsible.

'The original Dude probably reasoned out his ease thus: "Nature has placed me in surroundings that I am superior to. There is no royalty in this *dem* country, you know, and no nobility. Every blessed hod carrier, and every blooming fellow that writes books and paints pictures has the same right to vote and all that sort of thing that I have. If I can't have rights that such people don't have I can dress so as to show that I don't want them to think me as one of their vulgar set." So the Dude patterns himself after an English Lord, as he supposes (but, in reality copies the manners of a London cad), and is happy. Nothing is so absurd that it

cannot find followers and thousands of weak-minded youth have followed the original Dude and turned English. They had no particular motive for so doing. The fashion had been set, and that was enough. Yet let us not be too severe upon the Dude. By this intense Anglicism he brings certain Americanisms into agreeable relief. Besides you can have any amount of innocent fun with him; for, as you see him on the streets and at the opera, he is one of the most laughable creatures that ever strayed about loose. What larks they would have with him out West! In some of the mining towns of Colorado and Nevada, when a man appears in a “biled shirt an’ a plug hat,” the male population swarms out and follows the overdressed person to his destination. If a single plug hat can awaken such enthusiasm, with what unbounded delight would the Dude be greeted! Nothing but a present to the Dude of a gay coat of feathers dipped in *pix liquids* and a free ride on a rail would relieve the hilarity of the mining population. Yes, the Dude has his uses, and some day they will be discovered. Fifth avenue would be sad and solemn, indeed, if it had no Dudes to perambulate its sidewalks and arrest the attention of the Irish housemaids.’

THE MORNING JOURNAL, April 9, 1883, p. 2/3
‘The Dudine’

‘It is a proof of the active character of the prevailing female that the dude has only been in existence a few months, and we now have the dudine. In all essential points she is the exact counterpart of her male type, except that, with a woman’s subtlety she has gone a degree deeper in vacuousness. It must, however, be acknowledged that the dudine has a more rational basis of existence than the dude. She is a living protest against the over intellectuality of American women, and exactly represents in terra-cotta colors, the beautiful vegetation which a great many men fall in love with. She clings, weeps, sighs, and giggles. She is trussed, harnessed, pinioned, pinched, laced and compressed. She has reduced the problem of existence to a flirtation behind a fan. She walks with the aid of a chiropodist. She eats with the aid of pepsin and hot

water. She sleeps with bromide of potassium. She exercises in an elevator. She plays Camille in her dreams and eats caramels and reads Zola when she is awake. She is a sort of bow of promise in the social sky that the continent will not be overpopulated.’¹

THE MORNING JOURNAL, Sunday, April 15, 1883, p. 2/5:
‘The Latest from Dudeville’

‘Our special correspondent in Dudeville reports that since the general row about Théo and her flowers matters have been very quiet among first-class dudes. The report at Mrs. De Mornington Curlington’s breakfast party that Charley DeBoise had sucked the head off his new cane, is not authoritatively contradicted by the family, and several perfectly reliable gentlemen have acknowledged their willingness to testify that the head of the new cane was loose when he bought it. The project of starting a dudes bulletin at the Brunswick Hotel has fallen through.

‘Théo, it was understood at one time, had expressed her willingness to take stock in it. But several of the tailors who were to advance the principal amount of money have concluded to postpone the enterprise until fall. It is thought that Henry Irving will bring in an entirely new set

¹(G.. Cohen): *The Morning Journal* article ends here. It is reproduced in the *Rockland County Journal*, May 12, 1883, p. 9/1, with a few extra sentences]:

‘It is impossible for any observing man in society, no matter how old he may be, not to recall from his earliest social experiences the memory of a woman, aged anywhere from twenty to forty, whose dress and manners were conventionally correct and tame, whose gaze was bland and meaningless, and whose husband, if she married, sometimes drank himself to death, but was far more likely to elope with some other woman, to the utter astonishment of his wife. Only conceit, ignorance, serenity and money enough to dress on are necessary to the production of a dude; can any one be so blind as to deny that the gentler sex possesses enough of these qualities to entitle it to representation?’

of street manners, and a great many dudes have put off ordering their trousers until they see how the legs are to be used in the new stagger. The flight of Gus and Willie, Lexington-ave dudes, with Archie and Frank, of Madison ave., is in some danger of bringing on a sectional feeling between these two streets. There always has been a strong rivalry existing on the part of the powerful dudes of the two avenues. The Madison-ave. dudes invented lemonade with an egg in [it], and are said to paint the inside of their ears. The Lexington-ave. dudes, on the other hand, have always confined their genius to pants and shoes, and have brought the tightness in the market to such a condition that some of them have stopped their circulation altogether.

‘With regard to the little scene opposite Delmonico’s the way I heard the story was this. Théo got somebody to walk a lot of the Lexington-ave. dudes up and down on the opposite side of the Fifth-ave., in front of the hotel, while she and a number of the French girls from Grau’s company peppered them with putty-blowers through the blinds, and the Madison-ave. fellows sat in the café and howled.

‘The latest society gossip is lively. Willie F., who broke his face last week, has sent it to Paris to have it repaired.

‘George W. has had his front hair out. This is reliable, and I heard on the Albermarle that Lou Wallace had taken his mustache off, but I couldn’t trace the rumor to any trustworthy source.

‘The sad story about Lou Pendergast fainting in front of the Madison Square Theatre is too true. But by promptly unlacing his trousers and cutting his shoes he revived.

‘The pet scheme of getting up a dudes’ gallery at Sarony’s has fallen through.’

(*BROOKLYN*) *SUNDAY EAGLE*, April 22, 1883, p. 1/2: (Supp.)

‘The Dude’

(Philadelphia Press)

“‘What is the dude, papa?’” she said
With sweet, inquiring eyes,
And to the knowledge seeking maid,
Her daddy thus replies:

A weak mustache, a cigarette
A thirteen button vest,
A curled rim hat – a minaret –
Two watch chains cross the breast.

Two pointed shoes, two spindle shanks,
Complete the nether charms,
And follow fitly in the ranks,
The two bow legged arms.

An empty head, a buffoon's sense,
A poisoning attitude;
“By Jove!” “Egad!” “But aw! “Immense!”
All these make up the dude.’

(BROOKLYN) SUNDAY EAGLE, April 29, 1883, p. 2/6:
‘In the Spring’

‘Now the young man saves his cash,
And lunches straight on hash,
So's to be all sound for Coney Isle;
For when summer breezes blow,
He will to the sea side go,
And with his dudette spend his pile.

First, he'll catch on a spring suit,
And a spring style hat to boot,
For in summer time this youth he is a masher.
And he'll paralyze the gang,
With his “awful English” bang,
As he struts along the avenue a slasher.

With a fine cut straight cigar,
He will stand before the bar
And talk upon “events” to come and past;

In his mind he'll bet galore,
Hundreds, thousands, or still more,
Just to give it to the boys that he is fast.

And in short this hard up dude
Will be thoroughly imbued
With the high and mighty functions of a swell,
And with all outside his set
He will try and run in debt,
And the end of that poor dude – ah, who can tell?

NY DISPATCH, May 6, 1883, p. 7/5; 'Our Weekly Gossip'

'Our contributor "Jack Franc" presents to the gossipers

THE BALLAD OF THE DUDE

(After Gilbert)

Jeer not the lovely Dude,
With scorn disgusting.
Nor taunt him as a prude,
For he's so trusting.
He swallows Bass's Ale
With face so wan and pale,
At him you must not rail,
Tho' his pants are bursting.
Sweet Dude,
Neat dude,

When curiosities are sought,
You'll certainly be bought
For the vulgar multitude.
Good dude. Charming Dude.
He is devoid of brains
As the merest midget.
Leave him his pretty canes
And the choker rigid.
Legs just as lank and spare.

Disport in Madison Square,
As in the fragrant air
Of swollen Bowery
Bad dude
Sad Dude.
In a window you should hang
Or a toyshop with your bang.
And by the throng be viewed.
Proud Dude. Yearning Dude.

JACK FRANC.'

NY MORNING JOURNAL, May 6, 1883, p. 2/7:

'Voice of the People'

(subtitle): 'Dudes of Other Days'

'To the Editor of *The Morning Journal*

'When I was forty years younger than now I was a frequenter of the Old Bowery Theatre, where one of my enjoyments was hearing Daddy Rice sing negro melodies, and the chorus at the most popular was "Dude, ah; dude, ah; dude, ah, day." About the same time I was a reader of Byron, the poet of the period, whose works were all the rage – especially "Don Juan." I did not then realize, but I do now, the fact that the cynical club-footed poet had the audacity to call Ireland's greatest patriot (O'Dynamite Rossa was not yet in the world) a Dude. If you doubt this, just look at that bitter tirade of Byron's provoked by the reception of George IV, in Ireland just after the death of Queen Caroline. It is entitled "The Irish Avatar," and is usually omitted in modern editions:

"Ever glorious Grattan, the best of the good,
So simple in heart so sublime in the rest
With all which Demosthenes wanted in Dude¹,
And his rival or victor in all he possessed."

'Then, too, in "Don Juan," the poet has a Dude as the charming and innocent Dudu, condemned to be put into a sack with Juan and drowned

¹(G. Cohen): Byron actually wrote here 'endued.'

because Haidee was jealous of her.

“Why, a hundred years ago, when I was a young man, the very grass was be Dude with dew; the flowers were in Dude with perfume, and I was en Dude with a passion for running after the girls. Indeed, Dude is an old affair.

‘Then when it comes to woman, have we not the famous George Sand, whose real name was Madame Dude-vaut? She was gifted with many of the qualities of the modern dude, but especially with one, which the dude of today does not possess – she had brains.

‘Four centuries ago the peasantry of Holland had a harvest song which ran: “Yanke, dudel, doodle down
Didle, dudel, lanther,
Yanke, viver, vooven, vown,
Boter milk and tanther.”

And this incomprehensible jangle was the origin of our national “Yankee Doodle.” Give the dude a chance.

BAYARD.’

NY MORNING JOURNAL, May 8, 1883, p. 1/7:

‘Boss Dogs’; (subtitles): ‘Aristocrats of the Kennel Ready to be Admired’ ‘Canine Dudes¹ – Toy Dogs – Champion Ugly Bulls Courtly Spaniels – Lordly St. Bernards – Exquisite Pugs’

‘Many dudes came down Madison-ave. last night led by dogs, as if a new kind of fashionable blind man had made Murray Hill his headquarters and was descending on the city from the select social centre. At the Twenty-seventh-st. entrance to the Madison Square Garden the fashionable young men encountered swell young ladies, whose carriages stood at the pavement, and whose arms overflowed with pugs and Italian greyhounds. Eleven hundred cosmopolitan dogs inside

¹Incidentally, this article might (key word: might) help illustrate the origin of the expression *put on the dog* ‘be showy.’ In the 19th century (and perhaps earlier), dog shows were evidently a supremely aristocratic event, and the participating dog owners ‘put on the dog’ in both senses: they put the dog on display and went the limit in showiness/luxury.

the big building discussed till a late hour, in a score of different languages, the formal opening of their convention this morning, filling Madison Square with a din and making sleep an open question at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. At last, as the dogs arrived they were given baths, a custom which might be made general, to include delegates to political conventions.

LADIES' DOGS

'The central part of the garden is filled with cages for ladies' pet dogs. In some instances the cages are elaborately fitted up, having Brussels or Axminster carpets, costly cushions, red or blue drapery, and lace curtains. In one cage the dog's name is embroidered in silver on a pale blue ribbon. A highly voracious visitor claimed to have seen a cage which contained several pictures, a bird cage and some embroidered mottoes.

'Of the aristocratic and beautiful fox terriers, favorites of the nobility in England, and hence sure to become favorites of the trades-people of New York, there are fifty-five on exhibition this year. At the first bench show in the city there were only two, one of which was probably a collie and the other a spaniel.

BIG DOGS

The noble St. Bernards, with their fine forms and leontine faces, are well represented. Some of those at the show were raised on milk by the monks in the mountains of Switzerland...'

BROOKLYN DAILY TIMES, July 7, 1883, p. 4/2:

'What is The dudine?'

(subtitles): 'A Consideration of its Characteristics and Origin – Is it of the dude Family? – the Tight Pant and the Pelisse.'

'To the Editor of the Brooklyn Times:

'Dear Sir: Philosophers of one sort or another have been considering with gravity the origin and nature of a new social phenomenon, called the dude (*Dudus Americanus*); and the speculations have not failed to

elicit much of real sociological value. As is customary in such discussions, many very ingenious theories have been advanced, and have been supported by arguments that read like pages from Spencer. For instance, it has been held that it was of the genus *pithecus*, and of South American extraction. This hypothesis was based on the strong physical likeness between the two species. The general demeanor of the quadrumanous mammal, in the luxurious precincts of his tropical home, is in such close harmony with the manners and habits of the dude, especially in cases where it has not reached full maturity, that one cannot but receive the theory with some respect. A very strong claim, however, has been made by those who advance a newer hypothesis. These theorists hold that a still closer likeness entitles the *Dudus Americanus* to be classed as a direct descendant of the *Dudus Britannicus*¹; though it may be added that this school does not openly deny the South American origin of the English species, a fact which the supporters of the first named theory have not failed to note and chuckle over as a practical confirmation of their argument.

‘But in the midst of this scientific tilt – which it is a pity poor Darwin did not live to witness – does it not occur to you as remarkable that none of these scientists should have undertaken to classify, or even to courteously recognize a creature of a more remarkable sort? I refer to the dudine.

‘We have in the dudine a species much more numerous, much more complex in organization, and much more mystifying in its habits. The dudine is frequently seen in the society of the dude; in fact, neither appears to best advantage in the absence of the other. A pair, or a group of three, dudes, is one of the most affecting phenomena in nature. The peculiarities of the species are then emphasized by repetition, and the

¹(G. Cohen): Behind the mock-scientific terms *Dudus Americanus* and *Dudus Britannicus* lies the suggestion that *dude* was a British term prior to its appearance in the U.S. But since the writer speaks a few lines earlier of ‘a new social phenomenon,’ the American dude evidently differed in some significant way(s) from his British counterpart.

effect is unspeakably touching. But it is not until the dude, ambling as may be best allowed by the stingy limits of its incommodious raiment, finds a contrast in the sylph-like presence of the dudine, waddling nervelessly in its pelisse, that the two remarkable types shine in most conspicuous splendor.

‘The points of likeness between the dude and the dudine are somewhat striking. The chief of these is a general clinging effect, an effect of swaddling, an effect of being prepared for Egyptian interment. The most notorious garment of the dude is the Tight Pant (in the dude dialect called: “twowzer”), of which one is worn on each leg. Their most striking effect is to throw the feet (bipedalia) into wonderful relief. The Tight Pant is fabled to be of French origin. If we go back one hundred years or more we may find something like a confirmation in the person of M. d’Artois, whose “twowzers” are memorable; since even Carlyle has paused a moment to remark that he had breeches “of a kind rare in the world, of a fabulous kind”; and quote M. Mercier as saying: “Four tall lackeys hold him up in the air, that he may fall into the garment without vestige of wrinkle; from which vigorous encasement the same four, in the same way, and with more effort, have to deliver him at night.” Who shall say that the opulent in the secret recesses of his nursery, is not, in these newer days, treated in precisely the same manner?

‘I have said that the dudine has a pelisse. This garment, you must know, clings very tightly; so tightly as to almost, if not quite rival the effect of the tight pants. The indigent artist dismisses his \$3.50 model (*nudus*), casts his eye through the window and beholds in the ambulatory dudine the human form (such as it there is) fully revealed. It is a garment that encases the whole figure to the neck, narrowing about the heels of the dudine until a decided mermaid effect is produced, and the poor creature must wriggle painfully to get up any locomotion at all. If you have never seen a dudine you will not know of the peculiar action of the arms during locomotion. They are encased with a skin-tightness almost incredible, and keep up a series of delirious swings entirely independent of the action of the lower limbs. Aside from its revelations,

the pelisse is not, in its modern form, an interesting garment, though it would be difficult to conceive one better suited to the slender dudine. By slender dudine I would not be understood as implying that there is any other sort of dudines. All dudines are thin; it is a characteristic of the species. If a dudine should by some unaccountable evolution, become podgy, it is clear that she must lose caste in the dude world, and become, as a dudine, entirely extinct. Here, it may be observed, enters a distinction between the species. The dude sometimes gains flesh without losing the character of a dude. I have seen one who attained a weight of 200 pounds; but he died. A dude of a greater weight than this has never, I am told, been seen by daylight.

‘I have said nothing about the origin of the dudine, as I had no other motive in setting forth these thoughts than to stimulate scientific investigation. I would take it as being entirely improper to assume that the two species, though possessing so many characteristics in common, were intimately related. The dudine appears to be an entirely new growth. The gregarious instinct, so conspicuous in the dude, is largely, if not entirely wanting in the other creature. As many as three dudines are seldom seen in a flock, though they are often beheld in pairs; while on the other hand a whole mob of bilious dudes, strutting about in palid inanity, is not an infrequent sight in the city streets. The voice of the dudine is pitched higher than that of the dude and has a more penetrating sound. I have heard two of them cackle in a public conveyance in a manner to shatter ordinary nerves. It is a feature of their speech that both cackle at the same time. This fact might lend force to a theory that they are descended from the aquatic fowl of the genus *anser*.¹ The dude does not cackle. Its languid garrulity, like the imbecile simper, is entirely its own, and any attempt at counterfeit, like feigned insanity, is not difficult of detection.

‘The dudine should be investigated, because it is multiplying exceedingly. The warm weather has called forth many that have hitherto been hidden from the public eye. I will await with interest the result of the investigation.

BROOKLYN, N.Y. June 5, 1883. J.B.

¹(G. Cohen): *anser* = goose (Latin).

CHARLES HAMMETT JR.'S *THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DUDE*, 1884.

‘THE DUDE’

‘(This Edition limited to Two Hundred. Kiote Press. Copyright.)

‘Springing from a cryptogamic origin this animal was mentioned in the old song “Yankie¹ DOODLE, Dudie, Dude!” and is alluded to in most of the ballads of days gone by, forming the principal character in the Scandinavian legends from which recent poets have drawn: “Mary had a little lamb,” “Puss in boots,” “The house that Jack built,” “There was a little man and he had a little gun” and most of those verses entitled: “Mother Goose’s Melodies.”

‘Wholesale in taking and retail in giving, he comes from the Saxon word Dad-Dead-Dude.

‘Fool’s title page and wisdom’s colophon, the root was originally to Do; but it soon degenerated into Did, and speedily found itself among the embarrassed members of the human family, “Dued,” with which it has ever since been classed; merely transposing the vowel, for more comfortable reasons, and evolving into the Dude of modern times.

‘Raw in intellect this creature’s mother was a Sharp and father a Flat; is it then surprising that he should be a “Natural”?

‘A perpetual alibi, he has aimed at nothing all his life and – missed it! being the impersonation of self-assurance and the embodiment of conceited arrogance: forgetful of a kindness and ever mindful of a slight. If, as the Germans say, pain is an excess of self, what an amount of suffering he must have endured every day of his life.

‘Narrow minded as to knowledge and surcharged with useless information; big in little things and little in big ones, he publishes flattery and whispers revenge – brave in a crowd yet afraid to be alone with his own thoughts.

‘Composed of a thin mind and a thick skull, it is as difficult to drive an idea into his brain as to force one out; for, with a vacant stare, his laugh a gurgle, sigh a yawn and walk a shuffle, if his “looks” struck in, he would drop dead.

¹(G. Cohen): sic: ‘Yankie’, with –ie.

‘Impressed with his own superiority; weakened by brandy and strengthened by water; with a policy inversely as the square of principle, and an intelligence the mere function of a shrunken body; he may soliloquize, but never converses. He believes in himself yet doubts the existence of a God.

‘Soft-headed and hard hearted – the only man with a gizzard – he claims more and gives less than the brute creation, and can be neither scanned nor parsed – having a Greenwich of his own which admits of no other observatory – but follows a private latitude of morals, and a public longitude of indebtedness.

‘With the mental development of an Aztec; the cerebellum of a goat; the limbs of a skeleton and the habits of a gorilla, he seems to think that the Decalogue was created expressly for the exclusive punishment of the female sex.

‘Rude by nature; hot headed and cold blooded, he is the maximum of cruelty with the minimum of responsibility; and remembering only what may affect himself, falls back on silence as his greatest safety; knowing that if his future were to be like his past he would have no present.

‘Of no use to any one; pleased with nothing, and placed on earth merely to add to the number of inhabitants and the statistics of the population – good food for epidemics – saving the deaths of more worthy citizens, he is incapable of distinguishing between snub and snob; and is unable to see how contemptible it is to insult one who can not afford to resent it, forgetting that a gentleman is one who has consideration for the feelings of another. It would not pay to quarrel with him however, for one would have to raise him up before he could be knocked down.

‘Tolerated for his inherited wealth; courted as a specimen; known by his clothes, and forgotten when not in sight, he drips into a chair and oozes along the streets. Poured out over society he is ladled into bed.

‘Endorsed by no one he is fatigued before he has done any thing, and empty when filled by himself.

‘This hybrid’ – lowbred – human vacuum – polished parasite – nothing framed – bioplastic s-e-l-l – physical echo – moral torso, and social runt is the shortest distance between the two given points of origin

and demise on record. Nursed as a sign post he will be buried as a tombstone.

‘His birth a surprise – his life a farce – his death a relief – he exhales purity without having absorbed even morality; leaving, in zigzag outlines, a flimsy map of his uneventful life as a warning to those who would be healthy wealthy and wise.

‘Inefficient though grasping, and held together morally and physically by atmospheric pressure only; after an existence of toadying self-indulgence, he gathers up the fragments of a misspent life, to bestow them on a married partner, from whom he deducts, on his bill of exchange, fifty per cent for credit, not cash.

‘Sad in the midst of gayety; underdone as to manners; overdone as to vapid selfishness; exhausted by vacuity and oppressed with ennui, he foists his triple extract of nonentity upon some too confiding woman, being himself a mere matter of form; and now, fed from the shambles of decayed thoughts, he is indebted to his dinners for his popularity; to his cook for his dinners; to his money for his cook and to his wife for his money.’

STUDENT PUBLICATIONS AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

In 1993 I checked the student publications of Columbia University (NYC) to see if the students there played any role in the development of the term *dude*.¹

(1) *Acta Columbiana*, April 10, 1883 (starts p. 169), p. 191:

‘THE DUDE’

Who strolls the Ave. each afternoon;
Who whistles airs all out of tune;
And dons short coats cut quite too “soon”?

The Dude.

¹(G. Cohen): My thanks to Hollee Haswell for her 1993 assistance with the 19th century student publications *Acta Columbiana* and the *Columbia Spectator*. At that time she was Curator of *Columbiana*; Low Library, Columbia U.

Observe his form. You can, for he
Wears pants as tight as tight can be –
(And pants for notoriety),
The Dude.

Who's stiff as statue cut in wood;
Can't bend, and wouldn't if he could;
A sort of nothing twixt the bad and good?
The Dude.

Who wears his hair all nice and banged;
And says, "By Jove, that Mrs. Langt-
Ry's chawming quite,¹ or "I'll be hanged"?
The Dude.

Who drives a tandem through the park;
Says, "Life's aw, such a jolly lark"
(Perhaps the dude's the long-sought "Snark")?
The Dude.

Who goes to receptions, teas;
Who smirks a smile at friends he sees;
And, for his health, sips sangarees?
The Dude.

Who dresses in the latest style;
Declares, "The weathah's thimply vile";
And lisps some dainty swear, the while?
The Dude.

Who's neither fool, nor knave, nor sage;
This funny speck on nature's page –
Conundrum of the modern age?
The Dude

T.N.?

¹(G. Cohen): Mrs. Langtry was a beautiful, popular actress of this era.

- (2) *Acta Columbiana*, April 10, 1883, p. 193:
‘COLLEGE NOTES
Beastly Dude---Dandelion.’
- (3) *The Columbia Spectator*, April 13, 1883, p. 181;
Cartoon: ‘Taken in the Act’:
(Young man in formal attire enters; young woman and her mother have their back to him as they face a mirror and straighten out their hair.)
‘YOUNG TRESDUDE¹ (The first arrival at one of Mrs. Beaumonde’s¹ “evenings”): Ah! That’s what they all do, is it? I’d better not intrude, though; I shouldn’t like to embarrass them.
MISS B. (seeing him in the glass): “Oh, is it only you, Mr. Trèsdude. Don’t be alarmed, but come here and tell Mamma if her back hair is straight.”
- (4) *Acta Columbiana*, May 4, 1883, p. 208:
‘College Notes – “The dude” by T.N. in the last ACTA was copied in the *Sun*. Has the *Sun* repented of its article against ACTA’s verse?’
- (5) *Acta Columbiana*, May 21, 1883, p. 222: ‘College Notes –
‘HE (in the restaurant): “What shall we have? Shall I order some oysters, or what?”
SHE: “Do, dear.”
WAITER: “Dude ear! Is it on the bill? We have lamb’s tongue and calves feet, but I don’t think Dude ear is down.’

¹(G. Cohen): *très* ‘very’; *beau monde* ‘high society’ – (French).

*THE HARVARD LAMPOON*¹

- (1) *Harvard Lampoon*, Oct. 12, 1882, p. 12: ‘What to Don’t: the freshman’s Vade Mecum’

verse 5: Don’t drink that horrid beer my boy,
Nor smoke that big Havana.
Don’t swing that cane and cock that hat
In that conceited manner.’

verse 8: ‘Don’t wear tight boots with pointed toes,
And trousers you can’t sit in,
But get a pair of sweet sixteens
Your feet with ease can fit in.

- (2) *Harvard Lampoon*, Nov. 10, 1882, p. 30: [entire item]:
‘Why is Snodkin’s collar like a free lunch?
Because it’s a stand up all round, of course.’¹

- (3) *Harvard Lampoon*, Dec. 1, 1882, p. 42: ‘Assorted Misery Rhymes’:
VI. ‘With pins on his waistcoat
And points on his toes,
You can tell any Yale man wherever he goes.’

- (4) *Harvard Lampoon*, Dec. 1, 1882, p. 48: Cartoon:
‘Proud parent: rather tight trousers of yours, Charles?
Charles: Yes father.
PP.: How did you get ‘em on? Shoe-horn?’

¹(G. Cohen): A few of the quotes here are from 1882. Even though *dude* was not yet current in the U.S., some of the dude’s characteristics were already the subject of humor.

(5) *Harvard Lampoon*, March 9, 1883, p. 17: ‘A Fable For The Times’:
‘The giraffe answered...that their race had always been neck and
shoulders above the rest of the world.
“Not only,” went on the giraffe, “can I see over everybody’s head
in a crowd, but my long neck serves another purpose, for I can
wear one of the new style of New York collars¹.”’

(6) *Harvard Lampoon*, March 23, 1883, p. 29: cartoon of a young man
with a collar from just above the knees to just below his nose¹; plus
cane, top hat, and pointed shoes; i.e., he is a dude. A poem says:
‘There was a young man named Van Bruce,
Whose friends deemed him somewhat obtuse,
When arrayed in his collar
(Which cost half a dollar)
He resembled a large charlotte russe.’²

(7) *Harvard Lampoon*, April 6, 1883, picture entitled ‘Those Tight
Boots.’

(8) *Harvard Lampoon*, April 20, 1883, p. 42: ‘The Dude and Dudelet’
‘To an Old Air³

I

‘A Dude and a dudelet on the beach
Upon the beach so sandy.
The dude, he wooed, the dudelet cooed,
And nibbled Maillard’s candy.
Lanky dude and Dudelet dear,
Lanky Dudy dandy.

¹(G. Cohen): The high collar was a feature of the dude’s attire.

²The charlotte russe consisted of sponge cake at the bottom of a
cylindrical container and then a big portion of whipped cream on top. It
was very popular.

³(G. Cohen): i.e., Yankee Doodle Dandy.

II

He always knew the proper thing
In ties, cigars, and brandy,
And wore his trousers very tight,
Which made his legs look bandy
Lanky Dude and Dudelet dear,
Lanky Dudy dandy.

III

The Dudelet was in perfect form,
Her slender waist so handy, ---
She said she'd be his little Maud,
He said he'd be her Andy.
Lanky Dude and dudelet dear,
Lanky dudy dandy

IV

And so they were in wedlock bound
With graceful toasts post-prandi-
al. She is still a Dudelet dear,
Correct, exclusive and he
Remains a lanky Dude, I fear,
A lanky dudy dandy.

(9) *Harvard Lampoon*, May 4, 1883, p. 53: 'By the Way':

“Don't you think the dude is almost played out?” asked the Ibis.¹

“Yes,” said Lampy, stroking his dainty moustache; he must be sick of life by this time.”

“Yes, or 'Life'² sick of him” said the bird.’

¹(G. Cohen): The ibis (type of bird) and Lampy (court jester) exchange witticisms and observations in the issues of the *Harvard Lampoon*.

²(G. Cohen): *Life* was a humor magazine; not the same as the famous *Life Magazine*.

(10) *Harvard Lampoon*, Feb. 26, 1897, p. 199.¹

‘This long line of men existed since the world began.
And surely different stages of refinement there’s enough:
At one end, neat and ‘feminate, the well-dressed ladies’ man;
At the other, standing resolute, the true South Boston tough.
Now I admire gentleness in all of those I can
And dislike to take unwanted or even give a cuff,
*But your sweetly fashioned being is but pretence for a man.*²
Whilst the other, though unlovely, is to no extent a bluff
If I got into trouble or a scrap of any kind,
I’d want no dainty gentleman back to back behind,
Who fears a stain on his pretty hands or a bleeding, busted nose
Whose tiny peevish spirit shrinks from dealing tiny blows,
But a man who joins a scrimmage with a healthy sense of fun,
And one you needn’t hunt for as soon as things begun.
Who loves to stand along their quiet fighting for a spell –
A man who knows how to use his fists, and knows it rather well.’

NY MORNING JOURNAL, various short items

(1) *NY Morning Journal*, April 26, 1883, p. 2/7: ‘Looted Laughter,’
item #7:

‘If you meet a “dude,” hold your breath, or it may blow him away.’

(2) *NY Morning Journal*, April 27, 1883, p. 2/7: ‘Looted Laughter,’
item #2:

‘A dude with a boil on his nose is considered a very distressing
spectacle.’³

¹(G. Cohen): The dainty, fashionable man described here is clearly a
dude, although the specific term is not used.

²(G. Cohen): my italics. This was the main rap against the dude.

³(G. Cohen): Somehow the humor of this escapes me.

- (3) *NY Morning Journal*, April 29, 1883, p. 2/7: 'Looted Laughter,'
item #3

'It is said that when a cricket alights on the neck of a New York dude he screams louder than the girl who sees a snake at a picnic.'

- (4) *NY Morning Journal*, May 1, 1883, p. 2/7: 'Looted Laughter,'
item #6:

'If the originals cannot be induced to pose for the purpose, how would it do to shoot the Indians and hereafter model cigar signs from dudes.'

- (5) *NY Morning Journal*, May 8, 1883, p. 1/6: 'The Dude in the Presence of Nature':

'Nature smiled beautifully yesterday, and she was nowhere more pleasingly reflected than in Central Park. There the fresh-opening buds were spreading into crisp green leaves and the green sward was never brighter. The fountains were bubbling and the lakes were rippling. Children in gay dress prattled and romped about. And amidst all this there stood a dude. He seemed enraptured with the scene.

Suddenly his lips parted, and in accents mild he remarked,
"It's beastly gwand, isn't it."

- (6) *NY Morning Journal*, May 12, 1883, p. 2/7: 'Pulse of the People,'
item #3: 'Dude Tell Him

'To the Editor of the Morning Journal.

'Would you be so kind as to let me know in the correspondent's columns of your paper the meaning of the word Dude.

PATRICK FENTON'

THE DAILY GRAPHIC (NYC)

- (1) *The Daily Graphic*, April 4, 1883, p. 244/4:

"'Is ours a great nation?'" asks the Salt Lake Tribune in some trepidation, evidently having Keifer, Dukes, the Saints and the dudes in its mind.'

(2) *The Daily Graphic*, April 14, 1883, p. 316/4; 'THEY SAY
...That the negro dude is alarmingly prevalent in Washington.
...That when the Rochester Post-Express uses the headline "Men,
Women and Things," it probably means "Men, Women and Dudes."'

(3) *The Daily Graphic*, April 16, 1883, p. 324/4: 'TOPICS UPPER-
MOST'
'Dudes fight duels with feathers, if the Buffalo Express is correctly
informed.'

(4) *The Daily Graphic*, April 18, 1883, p. 340/5: 'FROM NEAR,
FAR, AND ELSEWHERE.'
'That "the dude is a cultured hoodlum" is a discovery made by the
Washington Capital.'

(5) *The Daily Graphic*, April 21, 1883, p. 364/4: CONFESSSION OF A
DUDE'

'I wonder what there is in me
That makes folks smile as I go by,
My air is good, my clothes fit well,
They cannot think I am a guy¹
And yet they smile. How very rude!
I may have faults; but I'm a Dude.

They are not Dudes themselves. Ah, there
The trouble is. We Dudes are born;
We stir the envy of the throng,
To which, thank Heaven, we don't belong.
Not of the vulgar multitude
Are we. Who would not be a Dude?

It is my comfort and my pride
To know that what I am I am

¹(G. Cohen): i.e., a fool

And what we are – what are we
Anyhow? By Jove, I'd have to cram
To learn, and learning's not my mood.
Who learns can never be a Dude.

I know I have no brains –
They must be very hard to get –
And brains would never, never take
In our select, exclusive set.
We care for better things, imbued
With all that glorifies the dude.

The german¹ I can lead, I bang
My hair: I wear my trousers tight;
I dote on Chambertin; I hate
To read or think; I pass the night
At clubs; in short, I love the nude,
Though Art is not the dudest Dude.

To be a Dude is my whole aim,
A dude is chic, is nobby, swell,
To feel that Life's a dreadful bore,
Creation's self an awful sell,
The swellest thing from our point view'd
Is to recede from Man to Dude.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE'

(6) *The Daily Graphic*, April 26, 1883, p. 402, cartoon; THE DUDINE'

(7) *The Daily Graphic*, April 27, 1883, p. 404/1; various items:

'*Truth* objects to the word "dudine," fearing it may be corrupted into the invitation "do dine." This facetiousness ought to kill the word at once. Let it die as speedily as possible.

¹(G. Cohen): The german is a dance.

‘There is a craze for writing about the “dude.” It is now at its maximum. It won’t make any difference. Put the dude down and he’ll come up in some other shape. He has flourished in all ages.

‘When members of the Assembly get to calling each other dudes and blank¹ scoundrels, it is time for the Legislature to adjourn. There is even the danger that they may go to work and prove the assertion.

(8) *The Daily Graphic*, May 1, 1883, p. 428/4: ‘Facts About Prominent Persons’:

Item #3: ‘Inspired with a generous desire to do justice to the dudes, the *Philadelphia Press* gravely announces that O’Donovan Rossa is not a dude.’

Item #7: ‘The *Courier-Journal* is disgusted because Herr Most, who has talked more blood and thunder than any European visitor this country has ever welcomed, has not yet slaughtered even a dude.’

(9) *The Daily Graphic*, May 2, 1883:

(a) p. 436/1: ‘Mrs. Blaine’s mention of President Arthur as a New York dude in the White House is regarded as a great triumph for the dudes.’

(b) p. 436/4: ‘The natural historian of the *Cleveland Leader* looks upon the dude as a successful attempt to show how great an ass could be created in human form.’

(c) p. 436/2: ‘Hints about coquettes: give the devil his due and the coquette her dude – coquettes are like cats; they love petting... [etc. etc.] -- *Baltimore Day*.’

(10) *The Daily Graphic*, May 5, 1883, p. 460/4; ‘Men and Women’:
[item #7]: ‘The Indianapolis *Times* calls William Winter “a conceited cockney and a journalist dude”.’

(11) *The Daily Graphic*, June 2, 1883, p. 469/3-4, ‘The Modern Fool’:
‘The dude is a fool. That as far as we can make out is the definition in brief of the new creature of the old affectations which has

¹(G. Cohen): sic: ‘blank’ perhaps a misprint for ‘black.’

taken possession of our thoroughfares and to some extent of our poorer society.

‘Now the fool is old. He comes in new guises and whiskerless as a result of limited existence; but let him come how and when he may he is a fool still. They had him in cap and bells in the old days; but then he had wit and he smoothed a few of the many ways of existence and was admired even if he was not loved. They had him in Beau Brummel as to absurd fashion; and later in Beau Hickman, who was bright merely as he aped a respectability which he knew he had not and for the studied sedateness with which he received his half dollars as a penalty of introduction to his greatness. They had him in George Jones, whose death was the climax of a long and rather amusing, but on the whole, if one has a desire to respect human nature, a considerably humiliating joke. The dude is a fool, and the fool is a dude. Here is merely our old friend under a new banner – the old friend who has been our companion at parties and brought the blush of shame to our cheeks; but at the same [time?] the old friend who, fool as he is and always has been, has been the favorite of the prettiest girl and has sent us into the outer atmosphere whimpering at the emptiness of the world and whining that that person of golden and gentle voice has less intellect than the dude himself.

‘After all, the dude is a great and possibly a good man. He is a dude, and he advertises himself as a dude. He is a fool, and he has pride in his foolishness. Herein is that splendid philosophy which makes the most of one talent, or perhaps of no talent at all. The dude has pointed shoes, and how much more peculiar are they than small waists? He has a high hat with a rather broad brim; but is it not a matter of small custom that gives to conventional persons a low hat with a narrow one? He has a studied expression of unavoidably vacuous wisdom; and what is that but the expression in another shape of the person who attends church as a matter of duty, or the expression in still another shape of the eminent theatrical critic who never smiles at the stage joke, and who laughs sardonically at the serious theatrical situation? The professional dude is an honest wretch – we must say

that for him. He knows he is a fool, but he has not the foolishness that makes one try to be something or somebody other than the thing and person for which the Lord designed him. He is a sensible person. He is filled with wisdom, this fool. If it had been designed that he should stand still, looking at his toes for a thousand years and finally ejaculating with the earlier Bismarck, “Vhell, I don’t see dot dem ish not all richt,” he would have done so patiently; but as it has been ordained that he shall circulate himself among men and women, winning the disgust of this one and the admiration of that one, it cannot be said that he does not understand and appreciate his mission.

‘It is doubtful whether the dude is as great a fool as the large public that criticizes him – present company excepted and this article barred out. The wise man takes small note of a stretch of barren sand and has eyes only for that part of the sky which has color in it...[etc. etc. etc.]

‘...The most pronounced of dudes was Benjamin Disraeli, and one day he became Premier of England; and it is just possible that some day the greatest of dudes will become the greatest of fools that are popularly suspected of being sensible men.’

(12) *The Daily Graphic*, June 4, 1883, p. 656/3: ‘An “Anti-dude girl” gives the following well condensed definition:

A too-too glove,
Of yellow hue;
A stovepipe hat;
A toothpick shoe;
A stylish coat;
A languid drawl;
A watch so big;
A cane so small;
A “sweet” moustache;
A pompadour;
A “dude” is this,
And nothing more.’

(13) *The Daily Graphic*, June 8, 1883, p. 688/1:

(a) ‘We expect lively not to say gratifying news. Several dudes contemplate suicide because of the sudden disappearance of the dudes’ pet, and there is fascination in the question “Who shall be the first to jump from the big bridge?”’

(b) ‘Miss Lillian Russell – or Mrs. Helen Braham – is a spoiled pet. Admired by the dudes and paid high salaries by managers, her silly little head has been turned and she thinks she can be discourteous and dishonorable and still make money and remain popular...’

(14) *The Daily Graphic*, June 20, 1883, p. 772/1:

‘The *Atlanta Constitution* says Perry Belmont is a Democratic dude. Dear, dear! Why, Perry isn’t Democratic, is he?’

(15) *The Daily Graphic*, June 25, 1883, p. 843/3; item #4 in ‘The Wicked, Wicked, World’:

‘President Arthur’s son is known at Princeton College as the “Lion dude” and as “the precious thing.”’

MORE ON THE DUDE AS AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SOURCE OF HUMOR: ITEMS FROM HUMOR MAGAZINE *THE HATCHET*¹

Hatchet, Dec. 1, 1883, p. 4/1: ‘William Waltah Phelps, the dude Member from New Jersey, who will sit on the republican side, wrote ex-Speaker Keifer, wanting him to decline to receive the empty honor of the Republican caucus nomination for Speaker. Keifer declines to decline. But that wasn’t a smart scheme of William Waltah’s to call attention to his eminent fitness to be the recipient of an empty honor? Empty honor, empty man. A good fit.’

¹(G. Cohen): *The Hatchet* was drawn to my attention by Barry Popik, and I then read through all the issues in search of *dude* material.

Hatchet, Dec. 15, 1883, p. 7/6: 'Dudes in a Dilemma.'

'Scene – sidewalk near the Brunswick:

First dude, with embarrassed yet impressive smile: August, my dear boy, I really do believe I have broken a corset lacing. Have you an extra one with you?

Second dude, with an expression of awe and horror: Really!, why, Algernon, I hain't; but if I had, where could you fix it? See, all those giddy gyurls across the street are looking at us.

---*Boston Courier*.'

Hatchet, Dec. 15, 1883, p. 7/6: 'The Dude and His Whiskers.'

'The agonies of mind which young men undergo in deciding what variety of whiskers is best suited to their particular style of beauty are well known, but seldom has the question been confronted with such methodical determination as by a New York youth, whose experience is thus related by his Ethiop barber: "De styles now am de mufstaash, mutton chops, and de English split chin. A young man 'ployed me to block out de free styles fur him, so he kin hab' 'em shabe off one by one to so see w'ich o' dem styles he look de bes' in. W'en they was all growed he 'feered to hab any one ob 'em shabe off, 'cause mebbe dat be de one wot suit his 'plexion bes'. Dat young man struggle wive dem 'w'iskah fur free munce, an' den he order' em all shabe off. Den say 'Raise me a mufstaash.' I riz him a mufstaash, an' he hab' his pictur' took. Den he want his mufstaash took off, an' English split-chin riz. W'en dat was riz he go wiv dat an' hab his pictur' took. Den off come de English split chin, an' we grow de mutton-chop. W'en he gets a likeness o' dat he put dem free pictures in a row an' look at 'em a minute. Den he frow 'em on de flo' and flop hissself in dis cheer, an' holler out, 'I looks lie de debble in 'em all, I does. Shabe 'em off!' An' he nevah wo' no w'iskah 'tall atter dat."

---*Boston Journal*.'

Hatchet, Dec. 15, 1883, p. 5/4: 'Dropped To His Little Game'

'Dude to tailor – If you'll have my clothes finished by Friday, I shall be forever indebted to you.

Tailor – If that’s your little game you’ll never get them.’

Hatchet, Dec. 15, 1883, p. 5/5:

‘The howling swells of New York get all their clothes from England. They are no better and don’t fit as well as would clothes made by an American tailor of the first-class, like Barr, but then they are so awfully English, dawn’t you know.’¹

[For cartoon ‘Mrs. Langtry and the Dudes’ see below, p. 121.]

¹(G. Cohen): sic: ‘knew.’

Mrs. Langtry and the Dudes.



1st Pennsylvania Avenue Dude.—
Aw! Baw Jawve! Deah boy! Not
seen the Langtwy? Vewy extwawny,
baw Jawve! But you cahn't let her
go without seeing her; don't y'
knew?

2d Dude.—That's not the ideah,
old chappie; but, Would it be the
pwopah capah to let her go without
seeing me, don't 'y know?

Hatchet, Dec. 15, 1883, p. 6/4: ‘Boston Dudes.’

‘Mr. Fitzaugust Somerset-Ashburton, Boston’s champion exquisite, has been missing from his accustomed haunts for some months, but turned up yesterday, and was at his usual post of duty in the lobby of one of our leading theaters in the afternoon. There he was met by an associate in the gilded fraternity that he adorns, who hailed him with enthusiasm and agitated with vigor the two languid digits which Mr. Somerset-Ashburton extended to him.

‘Well, Fitz, old boy,’ exclaimed his friend, “glad to see you back again. All ready for the winter campaign, eh? And where have you been keeping yourself all summer?” “Aw, so glad you’re glad,” responded the noble Somerset-Ashburton. “I’ve been staying abroad this summer, studying, and deucedly hard, too, I assure you.

“Studying!” exclaimed his friend, who had never heard of anybody in his distinguished coterie who thus employed himself. “And pray what have you been studying?” “Art, me deah boy,” returned Mr. Somerset-Ashburton. “I’ve visited all the famous galleries of Europe, making particular observations in the departments of sculpture. Improving me attitudes, don’t you know. I’ve long felt that the boys didn’t give a proper amount of attention to such matters. Nothing like the antique for affairs of that sort, me boy,” – and yawning profoundly in a way which at once suggested the pose of the Laocoon, he leaned up against the wall in the attitude of the Piping Faun, and regarded the ladies as they passed in to the entertainment. – *Boston Journal*.’

Hatchet, Jan. 12, 1884, p. 5/4: ‘Our Dear Dudes.’

“Washington is quite a paradise for coachmen,” said a stranger to a friend of ours the other day.

“How so?”

“Why, on almost every street on a fine day you can see them with their plug-hats and long frock-coats promenading and enjoying a liberty and distinction which I do not find to be theirs in any other city through which I have passed in the course of my extensive traveling. They seem also to be the especial pets of the ladies, who contribute to their conspicuousness by receiving their apparently insinuating attentions.”

“Why, bless your soul,” said our astonished friend, “you are certainly laboring under an hallucination. Coachmen in this city live under the same privileges and enjoy only the liberty accorded to men of their vocation in other places.”

“Well, to illustrate – to make clear to your mind what I have observed on many occasions – there, across the street, goes one of those fellows now. The lady who has just recognized him and to whom he has just doffed his hat, I learn, is one of Washington’s society belles. See, he accompanies her down the street, and their conversation seems to be mutually pleasant, judging by their actions. Now, I say in no city in which I have been would such a state of things be tolerated.”

“My dear sir,” said our friend, who began to tumble to¹ the noise, “the young man to whom you called my attention, and of whom you have spoken so disparagingly, is a society light, leader of the german², and a member of an aristocratic family, and you have been deceived by the resemblance of his outer garment to that of the liveried Jehu. Why, sir, the overcoat which caused you to have such a wrong impression is the newest thing out; it is called the Newmarket.

“Of course, I am glad you have undeceived me about this matter,” said the departing stranger, “but I am not the only one who has formed the impression that the fellows who wear that kind of a coat are coachmen.””

Hatchet, Jan. 19, 1883, p. 2/2: ‘President Lincoln and the Dude’.³

‘Dr. Batesman tells a story of the late President Lincoln. He was at one time pitted against a gentleman who was very precise in his dress as well as manners and oratory, and who made, as Lincoln thought, a marked effect upon the jury. But Mr. Lincoln had been observing him,

¹(G. Cohen): ‘tumble to’ (cant) = discover, perceive; understand.

²(G. Cohen): ‘german’ = type of dance.

³(G. Cohen): *Dude* is an anachronism here. The term did not emerge into popular consciousness prior to 1883. Also, the well-dressed lawyer in this anecdote is far too eloquent (and presumably intelligent) to qualify as a dude.

and saw a flaw in his usually faultless attire.

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said “Old Abe,” when he rose to speak, “the gentleman who has just spoken has made a strong argument. He has quoted the law and evidence, and it is not for me to say that he is wrong. He may be correct in all he has said. But I want you to take a look at him. Look especially at his upper half, and then, gentlemen, tell me if any man who comes before you with his standing collar buttoned ‘wrong end to,’ with the points sticking away out behind his ears, may not be altogether mistaken in his arguments?”

‘The plan was successful. Mr. Lincoln had broken the spell which the eloquence of his opponent had thrown over the jury, and he won the case.’

Hatchet, Jan. 19, 1884, p. 5/1: ‘Our Colored Dudes.’

‘Washington has dudes and dudes, but its colored dudes will carry off the cookey from all creation. They are legion, but of a particular pair we will speak fully. They are always together. The curly pate of the one invariably accompanies the mahogany complexion of the other. The tall one’s name is Ginger Dotell and the short one swings the corners as Ananias Tumble. Ginger’s trousers are always very tight, his coats are always very short and his collars are always very high – they come high and he must have ‘em – and his shoes are always very pointed. Ananias is a sawed-off reproduction of Ginger but he sports a spring cover in addition which fits him as previously as day before yesterday. They were standing at Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue yesterday when a colored barber came along and spoke to them. They nodded to him and when he had gotten out of hearing Ginger said:

“Dyar boy, dese hyar wulgar fokeses mus’ be kep down inter dare places.”

“Deed now, choppy, ole boy, but you is cert’ny right,” answered Ananias.

“Now dat dere nigger wot jiss parsed along,” continued Ginger, “is er gitten too flamlllyah. Jiss ter think dat we two gennermens, dyar boy, cyant stan’ on dis co’nah widout some missable, lo-down indiwidoal

wot cuts ha'r and shaves pussons come erlong an' hez de owdashusness ter speak ter we."

"Cert'ny is orful, ole choppy," said Ananias. "We cert'ny mus' be mo' tickler an' scirumspec' in dem pussons wot we reorganizes. Fus' thing we knows, sum er dese yere trashy coons wot drives kerridges will be er speakin' to us."

'Just then a ragged little bootblack sidled up and shouted.

"Look hyar Ginger an' Ananias, my siser Sal she say ef you don't fotch back dem brasslets wot you tuk offer her wrasses she'll git out a such war'nt fur you, dats wot!"

'Ginger and Ananias disappeared in a hurry and when last seen were trying to determine how to get a pair of place bracelets out of hock with four toothpicks and a ten cent piece with a hole in it.'

Hatchet, Feb. 2, 1884, p. 1/2-3: 'The Foreign Dude.'

'A couple of frowsy-looking specimens of the yeomanry of Virginia clad in the regulation uniform of chip hat and horse blanket were noticed on the Avenue the other day. They seemed unaccustomed to the hurry and bustle of the city streets, and were disposed to "admire at" every thing they saw. They had just settled into an open-mouthed contemplation of the contents of Galt's windows when one of them nudged the other and pointed to an approaching promenade. It was young Senor don A—N—. He was dressed in the full dude regalia – bulbous hat, single eye-glass, cuff-collar, Newmarket, attenuated cane, and toothpick shoes. The Sacred Soilers gazed at the apparition as it passed and disappeared down the street. Then one of them broke silence. "By gum, Sanders," said he, "we all's having bad luck. We allus see something when we ain't got no gun.'"

Hatchet, Feb. 2, 1884, p. 4/5: 'The Delicious Dudes.'

'Last Sunday THE HATCHET man was in a street-car when two deliciously sweet dudes, beautiful in bell-crown hats and Newmarkets, go in. One of them said:

"Aw, ole chappy, doosed chilly, ye knaw. Went to –aw—chu'ch this mawnin and got –aw- chilled through. Just nibbled a hot Scotch, ye

knaw, to wa'm me up, ye knaw."

"Yaas," returned the other. "Hot Scotch, deah boy, is rather heating, ye knaw; but, ye knaw, I nevah –aw – drink them. I –aw – enjah them awfully, ye knaw, by just, ye knaw, setting one befoah me and –aw – inhaling the aw- fumes, down't ye knaw."

'Then silence reigned, and THE HATCHET man yearned for a cage and a forty-foot tent.'

Hatchet, Feb. 9, 1884, p. 8/3: 'Trash'

Mr. Didymus Dudimus Dash
Has a baseball-match mustache
About the size and stiffness
Of a sore eyed cat's eyelash,
Which nine-on-a-side mustache
Intercepteth not his hash –
The only thing that *could* abash
Mr. Didymus Dudimus Dash.



“Don’t think that I am brash,”
Says Mr. Didymus Dudimus Dash.
As he ambles down the Avenue
Intent upon a mash –
“But just hear the little female hearts
All ‘round me going ‘smash,’
With the tintinnabulation
Of a shattered window sash.”

Mr. Didymus Dudimus Dash,
It is said, is sometimes rash
Enough to risk his life and worse
Than to squander all his cash
On the soothing but seductive drink
The “Angels” call a “smash,”
Or “cocktails,” “punches,” “sours,” “straights.”
Or other balderdash –
And generally contrives to swim out all right
Without making too much splash.

But Dash he most irrat-
Ionally swears that he will pash¹
The head of the chap who runs the bar
At the very well-known Nat-
Ional Gin-Mill down stairs in the Capitol,
Just merely because a fash-
Ionable drink of “cold tea” made
Mr. Didymus Dudimus Dash
FULL AS A GOOSE.

Hatchet, Jan. 26, 1884, p. 2/6: ‘Anglophobia.’

‘As the social distemper known as “Anglomania” is now attracting considerable attention the following verses bearing on the subject may

¹G. Cohen: sic: pash (= bash).

be found worthy of republication. They were written several years ago¹ by Nellie G. Cone, and were published in the *Century Magazine*.

‘An American Sketch.

I.

His heart is all of English oak,
His trousers all of English kersey,
He always rows the English stroke –
And yet he came from North New Jersey

II.

He docks his horses’ flowing tails,
He drives an English cart, with Buttons;
His head is like the Prince of Wales,
His eye-glass like the Earl of Mutton’s.

III.

His satin scarf is Oxford blue.
And cut-away his English coat is.
And when he speaks, oh, English, too,
The difficulty in his throat is.

IV.

He calls his cousins’ dresses “frocks,”
And rides upon an English nag
To hounds – although the English fox
Is started from a pudding bag.

¹(G. Cohen): Since this was prior to 1883, *dude* was not yet popularized (or evidently even in existence), and it therefore does not appear in the poem.

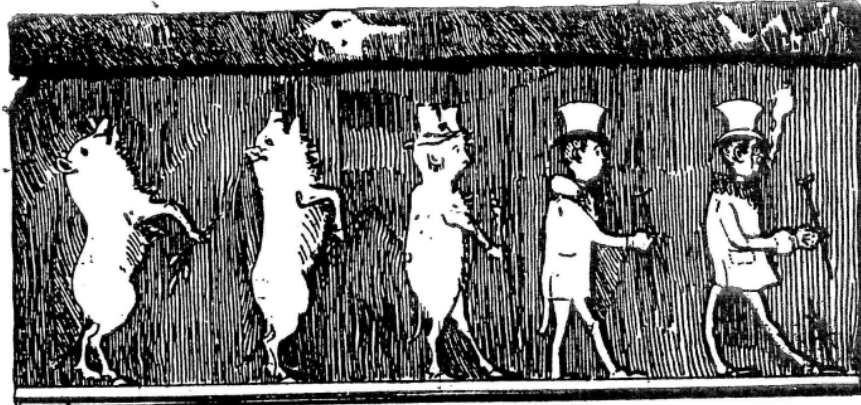
V.

“I, Edmonds Jones,” he writes his name;
And yet, if you’ll believe me, sirs, he
Was known as “Jim Jones” when he came,
Some years ago, from North New Jersey.’

Hatchet, Feb. 16, 1884, p. 2/5: ‘A Dog Which is a Dude.’

‘About noon yesterday as a young man of the genus dude, evidently a stranger in our city, was strolling down Fourteenth street toward the Avenue he paused, languidly drew a cigarette from the recesses of his peculiar-fashioned coat, and listlessly lighted it. After the violent exertion of a single puff and the incidental accompaniment of an inhalation, his right hand feebly clasping the nicotine anti-christ between the tips of its thumb and forefinger dropped limply to his side and he toddled on with the graceless ease of the Eastern dude. A fool-looking, overgrown pointer dog of about nine months watched the proceeding from behind a tree-box and with an eager look in its active eyes made a sudden dart in the rear of the callow youth and with a delicate but successful swoop snapped the cigarette from the startled stranger’s fingers, and with a bound scudded across the thoroughfare toward F street, with a self-satisfied wagging of its tail happy either in the possession of the dude-food, or in the noble conviction that it had saved a life. The shocked young man jumped into a doorway with an alacrity that was astonishing in one so apparently enervated, but after being reassured by the disappearance of the dog relapsed into his normal dreamy state and lispig, “Well I vow!” dove down into the recesses of his garment again, fished out another cigarette, and continued his toddling promenade.’

THE EVOLUTION OF THE DUDE.



What is a dude, my pretty maid?
I've questioned the air and thus it said:
"A dude is a weak and anomalous thing
With very thin legs that it gaily doth swing
As it ambles along in a Newmarket coat,
With a seven-inch collar caressing its throat.
It stands on the corner attempting to mash
The girls as it pulls at a feeble mustache.
It says 'Aw, now, weally,' and 'Chummy, I say,'
And it tries to be English in every way.
It smokes cigarettes and it wears pointed shoes,
And it calls on the 'barkeep' for 'lemonade stews.'
And—where did it come from? oh, questioner mine,
It just evolved, my dear, from a swine."

Here now is the above poem in larger print:

What is a dude, my pretty maid?
I've questioned the air and thus it said:
"A dude is a weak and anomalous thing
With very thin legs that it gaily doth swing
As it ambles along in a Newmarket coat,
With a seven-inch collar caressing its throat.
It stands on the corner attempting to mash
The girls as it pulls at a feeble mustache.
It says 'Aw, now, weally,' and 'Chummy, I say,'
And it tries to be English in every way.
It smokes cigarettes and it wears pointed shoes,
And it calls on the 'barkeep' for 'lemonade stews.'

And—where did it come from? Oh, questioner mine,
It just evolved, my dear, from a swine.

Hatchet, Feb. 23, 1884, p. 8/3:

‘A SELECT ALPHABET

Of Titles of Honor and Distinction in One Syllable for the
Studious Youth of America

A is an *Ass* and *B* is a *Bore*,
A Bum and a *Bilk*. What could you ask more?
C is a *Cad*, a *Chump* or a *Cop*—
→ *D* is a *Dude* who will never “drop.”
E’s not so easy, but say a *Bad Egg*,
The sort that the “gods” at a “stick” sometimes peg.
Or better an *Elk*, a species of *Stag*,
Who is said from the shrubbery to capture the rag.
F is a *Fake*, a *Fright*, and a *Frump*,
And *G* is a *Guy*, a *Gawk* and a *Gump*.
H is a *Ham*, from the stage not a sty –
K is a *Krank*, -- and that does for *I*.
J? To be sure. Why *J* is a *Jack*,
For further descriptions see *A* further back
L is a *Lush* and *M* is a *Mash*,
N is a *Nob* who is apt to be “brash.”
O is an *Owl* of solemnest mug.
P is your *Pard*, a *Prig*, or a *Plug*
Q – let me see whatever that is;
Oh! – *Q*, why of course – why that stands for *Quiz*.
R is a *Rat*, a *Runt*, or a *Rough* –
S *Snob* or *Snide*, and *T* is a *Tough*.
U is your *Uncle*, for short called your *Unk*,
Who gets your sleeve-buttons day after a drunk.
V is a vagrant, “sent up” as a *Vag*,
And *W* a wicked and venomous *Wag*.

X, Y and Z are the *Mob* and the *Gang* –
Boys, let them alone; they're given to Slang.

Hatchet, March 8, 1884, p. 1/2:

'Upon his heels why doth the dude
The tiny horseshoes wear?
Because their weight doth keep him from
A-sailing up in air.

Hatchet, March 8, 1884, p. 3/2:

THE DEATH OF THE DUDE.

By H. C. Dodge.

Who killed the Dude?

"We with our pen," said the
newspapermen, "We killed the

Dude." Who saw him

die? "I," said

O'Barber, "for I was

his barber. I saw him die."

Who caught his blood? "I," said

the poodle; "When I bit the noodle. I
caught his blood." Who'll make his shroud?

"I," said the tailor; "for I was his jatter; I'll make

his shroud." Who'll dig his grave? "I will, bedad,"

said his washwoman, glad, "Oll dig his grave."

Who'll carry the link? "I," said his waiter:

"tho' I was his hater, I'll carry the link."

Who'll be the Parson? "I," said his 'Uncle,

whose nose was carbuncle, "I'll be the

Parson." Who'll be the clerk? "I, with

my slate," said the bartender great.

"I'll be the clerk." Who'll carry him

to the grave? "I," said the cop,

"for I've lifted the fop; "I'll carry

him to the grave." Who'll bear

the pall? "I," said his hatter:

"he owes me - no matter. I'll

bear the pall." Who'll be

chief mourner? "I," said

his landlady; "board nev-

er paid he; I'll be chief

mourner." Who'll toll

the bell? "I," said the

boy, "and I'll give her

much joy; I'll toll the

belle." Then over his

grave all the pussy

cats mewed, a

mourning the

death of the poor

little dude.

—Chicago Sun.

Hatchet, March 8, 1884, p. 2/4: ‘A Dude Downed by a Dog.

“Did she satiate herself?” inquired a dude of the colored messenger by whom he had sent some fruit to the object of his affections.

“No, indeedy, boss! She didn’t say she ate herself. She just said dated Mallyger grapes would be so nice to feed to her dear, sick Fido.”

‘The dude resolved to kick the life out of that pet Spitz.’

Hatchet, March 15, 1884, p. 8/5: ‘New Mash in Town.

‘A dude of the latest and most approved fashion stood before Willard’s sucking his cane and meditating an appropriate couplet to accompany a bouquet to Miss Terry. A young newspaper man noted for his love of fun approached him and said:

“Have you got on to the new mash?”

“No, replied the dude brightening up; what’s her name?”

“Sour mash,” replied the journalist and gently led the dude to Joe Rickey’s saloon.’

Hatchet, March 22, 1884, p. 8/1-2:¹

‘The Story of Cassandra, or the Mermaid’s Mash
by Sidnefus

There dwelt ‘neath ocean’s waters
A nymph with golden hair,
One of Neptune’s charming daughters,
The fairest of the fair.

Her eyes were blue as skies o’erhead
Her teeth were rows of pearls,
Her lips were like two rosebuds red,
Her voice like other girls.

¹(G. Cohen): This is a poem about a dude’s nightmare. The poet/artist here is Sidnefus, whose humor was directed at dudes elsewhere in the *Hatchet*. The pictures, scattered throughout the poem, are presented together in this reprinting (pp. 137-138).

All fish were at her beck and call,
From whale to savage grampus
And if they disobeyed at all
Cassandra raise a rumpus.

The princess ruled the ocean,
Absolutely, you can bet it,
And where she took a notion
Made things hum, and don't forget it.

Her chariot was the pink-lined shell
Drawn by dolphins tandem;
She had no liveried footman swell,
Cassandra couldn't stand 'em.

The gentle mermaid oft arose
To sea-beat rocks above her,
And sat without a stitch of clothes
That mortal could discover.

And sitting in the sunset glow,
She watched the wing-like sail
Of distant trade-ships moving slow,
And dried her beauteous tail.

One eve Casssandra sat alone
Upon the rocks so bare,
And listening to the ocean's moan
She combed her banged hair.

But soon before her startled eyes
An object did appear ,
And then the nymph did recognize
A mortal drawing near.

She sought to dive, but ere she could
A youth with faint mustache
And outstretched arms before her stood,
Cassandra'd made a mash.

His clothes were of the latest style,
His umbrella silk;
On his head he wore a shining tile¹,
His hands were white as milk.

“Oh, go not, gentle maid,” he said,
Into the treacherous water.”
She hesitated, though the maid
Well knew she hadn't oughter.

But then he looked so harmless that
She couldn't be so rude,
And so upon the rocks they sat –
The mermaid and the dude.

Then talked the nymph and sang so sweet
Of mermaids' life below,
That his poor heart did wildly beat
When she prepared to go.

“Oh, leave me not, fair one,” he cried
With evident emotion,
“For if thou wilt not be my bride,
I'll drown me in the ocean.”

“Rash youth,” she cried, “I never can
Become what you would wish,

¹(G. Cohen): 'tile' is slang for 'hat.'

For don't you know you're mortal man,
And I a half-bred fish!"

"But Cassy, dear, don't you suppose
That I can be a whale,
And have a fountain on my nose,
And a bifurcated tale?¹

Alphonso, dear, then be it so,
No longer can we tarry,
But to my parents we must go
And see if we can marry.

Then down through water fathoms deep
The dolphin horses go,
And little fishes come and peep
At timid Alphonso.

And Neptune gives a welcome hand
Upon his daughter's mash,
And deeds him lots of swampy land,
But gives him little cash.

Then on the wedding night a ball
Is given the happy pair,
And sharks and porpoises and all
Indulge in a regular tear.

But as Alphonso's arms embrace
His bride in mazy waltz,
A monster stares him in the face
Alas! Cassandra's false!

¹(G. Cohen): sic: tale.

For she, his love, is now deformed,
Her hands are cross-cut saws;
She and her guests are all transformed
To crabs with savage claws.

Alphonso's waist is circled tight
He writhes with fearful pain,
While crabs for tender pieces fight
With all their might and main.

The youth awakes and yells with fright,
And for the paregoric grabs;
Too much champagne at the club that night
Too many soft-shelled crabs.'

[Four illustrations accompany the preceding poem, two reproduced on this page (137), two on p. 138.]:



Wing-like Sall.



The Mermaid and the Dude.



Cassandra's False.



Awakes and Yells With Fright.

Hatchet, April 5, 1884, p. 8/2:



Flirt with me, play with me,
But don't be wude,
Remember I am a
Washington Dude.

Hatchet, March 29, 1884, p. 5/3-4:



Hatchet, April 12, 1884, p. 2/4:

'A theatrical troupe that had been advertised to play "Lady Audley's Secret" in an Indiana town had among its "artists" a well-defined dude. Inasmuch as nothing of the kind had ever before inhaled the ozone of that particular portion of Hoosierdom, "it" raised great commotion. An old resident, after eyeing "it" closely, asked a bystander what the curiosity was.

"Why," was the reply, "that's Lady Audley's Secret."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because nobody, with the exception of Lady Audley, knows what it is!:

Dick Slocum'

Hatchet, April 12, 1884, p. 5/5:



Keepah! Cawn't you hunt me out another stick? Something light, you know. Something I can handle, you know.

Hatchet, April 12, 1884, p. 4/6; 'dudes' appears in line 3 of poem:

JUST OUT, OR, THE SPRING OPEN-
ING.

An Eas er-Egg-stacy.



I'm the very youngest hen
In this wicked world of men,
Bantam-cocks, dudes, cranks and—thanks
—Ben Brewster.

I'm a downy debutante,
See how I palp and pant,
And indeed, indeed I couldn't be induced
to—

For I really do not choose to—
And most positive refuse to—
You should know I am not used to—
Be introduced to—
Any rooster.

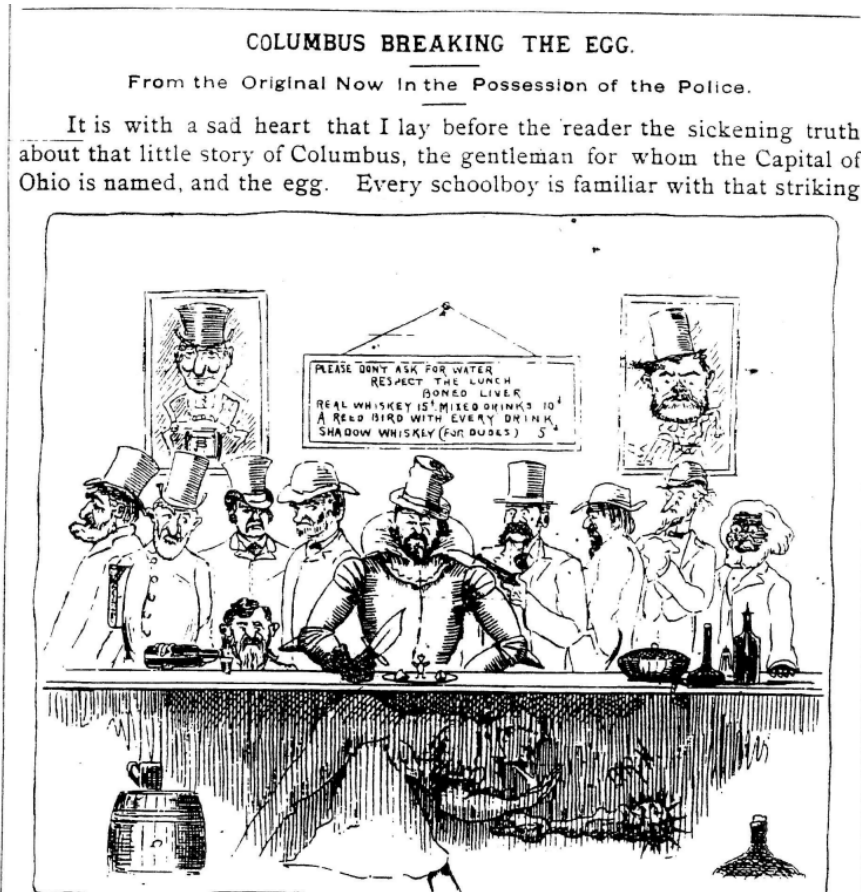
Let me rather shed a tear
For my brothers, sisters dear
Who will ne'er survive the shell—and
well—now, come let

Me mourn my numerous cousin
Who brings thirty cents a dozen,
And is boiled, poached, scrambled, fried,
and made in omelette.

For their gallinaceous boomlet
Met a prematurish doomlet
And they've got a first-floor roomlet
('Twas thus woven in Fate's loomlet)
In the tomblet.

Hatchet, April 19, 1884 p. 5/3-4; *dude* on last line of sign in cartoon, which says:

PLEASE DON'T ASK THE WAITER FOR WATER
RESPECT THE LUNCH
BONED LIVER
REAL WHISKEY IS 15¢ MIXED DRINK 1¢
A REED BIRD WITH EVERY DRINK
SHADOW WHISKEY FOR DUDES 5¢



print in which the confusion of the noblemen, as Mr. C. forcibly sets the egg on end, is so graphically depicted.

Alas, it is only the foolish tale of a vain historian. There is nothing in it—in the story, not the egg.

Columbus wrote a vile hand. During his American trip he cabled letters home to the *Madrid Evening Howl*. In one of these letters he stated that at Washington he opened in the presence of several persons in an eating-house an indisposed egg containing young. The intelligent W. U. operator, being unable to read the "copy," let his virgin imagination out, and produced the noblemen yarn.

To save any punster the trouble, jokes about "eggs-actly" are declared off.
FRANK RICE.

Hatchet, April 26, 1884, p. 1/1: ‘Liquid Puns by the Staff.

‘One of The Hatchet force came in the other morning with a pair of new dude shoes incasing his pedals.

“Ah, haw,” grunted the big editor. “I see you have a ‘pint’ in your shoes.”

“Yes, said the slim contributor. “But a ‘pint’ in one’s shoes is better than a quart in one’s stomach.”

“And a gallon your knee is better than either,” said the “big man.”

‘There are now two vacancies on the staff of this journal.’

Hatchet, April 19, 1884, p. 3/6:

‘The connecting link between a man and a monkey is “the dude.”
Murder will out. – *Carl Pretzel’s Weekly*’.

Hatchet, April 19, 1884, p. 3/6:

‘A beautiful maid of Ravenna
Got mashed on a dude named McKenna,
But the poor little fop
Got blind drunk on pop,
And she told him to go to Gehenna
--*Bismarck Tribune*.

[For next *Hatchet* item see below, p. 144.]

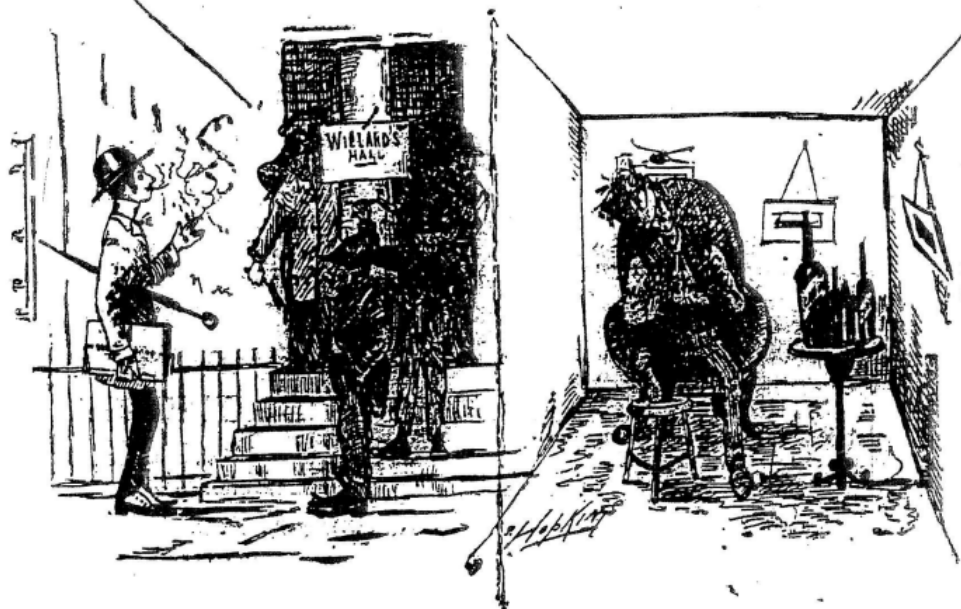
Hatchet, April 26, 1884, p. 8/2-3:

Where the Dudes Originated.

Captain John W. Pickle, Passenger Agent of the C. B. & Q. R. R., was up among the Pennsylvania Dutch last summer. One day an old Dutchman said to him:

"Shon, vat's de meenin' ouf de doot, unt vere he gums vrom?"

AT THE CONVENTION.



Our Dude Artist Went to the Convention. The Next Day He Seemed Slightly Fatigued.



"I don't know anything about dudes," said the sour Captain, sweetly.

"Vell, den," said Hans, "I dells you: de doots gums vro n de olt gundry. Dere vas de doot ouf Vel-linkdon, de doot ouf Yorg, de doot of Gonnaut, unt all dem udder doots."

Hatchet, April 26, 1883, p. 6/3:

This is a dude
his ears pro-
trude in most

expansive mag-
 (O) nitu0de his0 col (O)
 lar of the late
 st date surrou
 nds a ne
 ck
 a
 t
 t
 e
 n

uate, ten inches
long at any rate. A
gaudy tie surrounds his throat
below this comes a cut off coat
with far more buttons than
ago at. Neath all the rest
here is his vest with pla ted
wa tch chain, not the best
 these spindles 
 are his
 le gs
 you see
 his pa
 nts are
 tig ht
 as tig
 ht can
 be and
 fit him
 tigh ter
 th an
 his skin
 his spin
 die legs
 be nd
 out and in his feet
 the size of a coal bin.

That is a Dude.
—P. Nuckle in Scissors.

Hatchet, April 26, 1884, p. 5/1:

A DUDINE.

No doubt you've seen
The fair Dudine
Who bangs her hair
And has an air
Fit for a queen.



There's nothing green
In this Dudine,
For she has eyes
That speak her wise,
And wit that's keen.

She's just eighteen
Is this Dudine,
And she will flirt
Where it doesn't hurt,
I ween.

SIDNEFUS.

Hatchet, May 3, 1884, p. 8/2:



Hatchet, May 24, 1884, p. 8/4:

‘There was a dudine named Bella
Who got mashed on a dudish young fellah,
The fellah was tall and she was quite small
And so they “doubled up” together.’

* * * * *

‘There was a young party named Mollars
Who worked every week for \$2.
When they asked “What do you
With your salary do?”
He replied, “Why I spend it for collars.”’

* * * * *

‘HE

‘He a bicycle can ride,
Gracefully, it’s not denied,
Grand Master dude, ‘tis understood,
He writes sonnets full of soul;
But lug in a hod of coal
His light *physique* admits he never could.’

Hatchet, June 21, 1884, p. 2/1: ‘THE MASHER’

My girl is smitten by a dude –
A sixteen-carat dude –
Cadaverous and slim and tall
And elephantine shoed;
And the legs are hardly sizeable
To which his pants are glued.

Good-bye, false girl! Good-bye, good-bye!
My heart throbs on serene.

I soon shall seek my statuesque,
Warm blooded, fair dudeen,
And her kisses are not a whit less sweet
Than are thine own, I ween.
TAL.'

Hatchet, June 28, 1884, p. 7/4: 'T-meri-T
The correct tea for married people – Conjugali-t.
For unmarried people – Affini-t.
For engaged people – Felici-t.
For taxpayers – Inevitabili-t.
For customers – Quantit and Quali-t.
For entertainers – Hospitali-t.
For guests – Reciproci-t.
For editors – Abili-t.
For correspondents – Brevi-t.
For humorists – Originali-t.
For newspapers – Diversi-t.
For subscribers – Punctuali-t.
For doctors – Debili-t.
For undertakers – Mortali-t.
For lawyers – Technicali-t.
For judges – Digni-t.
For juries – Equi-t.
For criminals – Captivi-t.
For inventors – Ingenui-t.
For young ladies – Amiabili-t.
For young men – Reliabili-t.
For companions – Ami-t.
For pretty girls – Vani-t.
→ For dudes – Insipidi-t.
For barbers – Loquaci-t.
For reporters – Veraci-t.
For actors – Versatili-t.
For book agents – Verbosi-t.

For spring poets – Obscuri-t.
For our neighbors' children – Incurrigibili-t.
For old maids – Antiqui-t.
For old bachelors – Oddi-t.
For museums – Monstrosi-t.
For children – Hilari-t.
For youth – Impetuosi-t.
For old age – Respectabili-t.
For husbands and lovers – Probi-t and sinceri-t.
For wives and sweethearts – Puri-t and chasti-t.
For the colored brother – Equali-t.
For nobody – Adversi-t.
For everybody – Prosperi-t.
For the United States – Uni-t.
To avoid prolixi-t, the rarist but greatest of all is Chari-t.
-- *Vanity Fair.*'

Hatchet, June 28, 1884, p. 6/5: 'Things That Are Not.

There are no birds in last year's nest,
dimes " " " vest;
coals " " " bin,
points " " " pin.
-- *N.Y. Morning Journal.*'

There is no strength in last year's cheese,
oil " " " greese; [spelling: sic]
curl " " " hair,
fun " " " "tear"

There is no wit in last year's jokes,
style " " " "pokes";
sweep " " " broom,
power " " " boom.
-- *WASHINGTON HATCHET.*'

There is no cash in last year's "pools,"
sense " " " fools;
"flirt" " " " prudes,
→ dearth " " " dudes.

-- *Wilmington Sunday Star.*

There is no fiddle in last year's drinks,
mash " " " winks;
pleasure " " " hugs,
gin " " " jugs.

-- *Gorham Mountaineer.*

There are no oysters in last year's soup,
hens " " " coop;
dollars " " " subscriptions,
drinks " " " prescriptions.

-- *Dexter Eye*

There is no news in last year's cable,
truth " " " fable;
spray " " " billow,
spring " " " pillow.

-- *THE HATCHET.'*

Hatchet, June 28, 1884, p. 7/4: 'His Last Words'

'He is a member of the Dude Club, and there was a bad light in his eye as he came into the editorial lair.

"I've got one for you," he chirruped.

"Put it under a glass case," growled the *sanctissimus sanctorum*:
"the air might hurt it."

"What's the difference," he went on, "between the Goddess of Liberty and a detective? One is always on the dollar and the other is always on the scent." So he died.

-- *Denver Inter-Ocean.'*

Hatchet, July 12, 1884, p. 6/5:

‘A Paris dude blacked his moustache with stove polish and then courted his girl on Sunday night. On Monday morning her face looked like a map of Indianapolis, with railroads running from her mouth to her ears, and the soda with which she bleached her hair took all the color out of his coat-collar. – *Paris (Ill.) Beacon*’

Hatchet, July 19, 1884, p. 2/4: ‘A Thrifty Dude.’

‘He was a dear little dude and came tottering through the broiling sun under the shade of a big black derby.

“Hello, Cholly,” he piped out to a passing friend; “do you catch on to my black hat? All the boys are wearing ‘em in Nye Yock.”

“Looks as if it might be a trifle hot and heavy for this weather,” said he addressed as “Cholly.”

“Betcher it’s lighter than that white dicer of yours.”

“All right. For cigars?”

“Let her go.”

‘So after lunch (which, by the way, “Cholly” paid for) they dropped into a store and weighed the hats. Sure enough – possibly from association with the little dude cocoanut it covered – the black hat was the lightest.

“Never mind the cigar,” said his dudeship; I can’t smoke the beastly things. I’ll take ten cents.”

‘And he did.’

Hatchet, July 19, 1884, p. 7/3: ‘A Dreadful Calamity.’

[re: two dudes, although ‘dudes’ is not mentioned.]

‘A What, escaping from its keepers, was walking down the street, and occasionally mingling in a feeble way with the Human Beings who jostled by, when it met a lonely It, surrounded by a Newmarket.¹

“Ah, deah boy,” said the What, “tevah’s mattah with you? Twousahs bag like a sailahs, don’t y’ know?”

“Alas,” replied the heart-broken It. “Dweadful, isn’t it? Y’ see, they

¹(G. Cohen): i.e., by a type of fashionable overcoat.

came home new lawst night, don't y' know, and my valet, he pulled them on the tongs to stwetch them and he's made perfect bags of them, don't y' know? An' I just want to die, deah boy, 'pon honnah, I do now."

'And shedding a tear as large as a pea, the unhappy It was drowned in its briny depths.'

-- *Hawkeye.*'

Hatchet, July 19, 1884, p. 5/3:

'THE THING AND THE DU DEEN.'

'Miss Du Deen, seeing a Gilt-Edged Thing pass up Connecticut Avenue, asked her Pa to catch it and preserve it in a Glass Case.

"My dear Vassar Graduate," replied the Fly¹ Papa, "that is not an Entomological Specimen. It is the "Shape" of a Statement Department Dude."

Hatchet, Feb. 22, 1885, p. 3/1-2:

'An exchange says that the sale of cigarettes to children in Missouri is forbidden by law. It is not stated whether this involves the second childhood of the dude.'

MORE CARTOONS

As mentioned above (p. 86), cartoonists had a field day depicting the dude. More examples appear on the following pages.

¹(G. Cohen): The cant word 'fly' means 'in the know, sharp, aware of what's what,' e.g., a 'fly cop' would know who the criminals in his area are, what they look like, the tricks of their trade, etc.

THE HARVARD LAMPOON.

29



THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN NAMED VAN BRUCF,
WHOSE FRIENDS DEEMED HIM SOMEWHAT OBTUSE.
WHEN ARRAYED IN HIS COLLAR,
(WHICH COST HALF A DOLLAR,).
HE RESEMBLED A LARGE CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

The Harvard Lampoon, March 23, 1883, p. 29.
See above (p. 109, fn. #2) for a description of a charlotte russe.
The high starched collar (here exaggerated), cane, and top hat were
trademarks of the dude.



Proud Parent. RATHER TIGHT TROUSERS OF YOURS, CHARLES?
Charles. YES, FATHER.
P. P. HOW DO YOU GET 'EM ON? SHOE-HORN?

Dialogue below cartoon:

Proud parent: RATHER TIGHT TROUSERS OF YOURS, CHARLES?

Charles: YES, FATHER.

P.P. HOW DO YOU GET 'EM ON? SHOE-HORN?

The Harvard Lampoon, Dec. 1, 1882, p. 48.

Dude is unattested before Jan. 1883, but the stylish very tight pants (a trademark of the dudes) were already being ridiculed in 1882.



BROWN OF MANCHESTER WRITING HOME:

"You would be astonished at the large number of English now visiting New York. Reginald and I took a walk down Broadway the other day, and we noticed that almost every other fellow seemed to be an Englishman."

Quote under title BROWN OF MANCHESTER WRITING HOME:

"You would be astonished at the large number of English now visiting New York. Reginald and I took a walk done Broadway the other day, and we noticed that almost every other fellow seemed to be an Englishman."¹

Harper's Weekly, March 24, 1883, p. 192.

¹(G. Cohen): The dudes imitated what they took to be the finest features of British fashion.



THE NEW BIRD.
ORNITHOLOGY.

Dodo, Dudo, Dudu, Doudo, a bird of the genus DIDUS.
Dides, a genus of birds including the *Dude*.

[Sign above cage: DUDES
Imported Native Species
Sign below cage: THE NEW BIRD
ORNITHOLOGY
DODO, DUDO, DUDU, DOUDO, a bird of the genus DIDUS.
DIDUS, a genus of birds including the DUDE.]

Harper's Weekly, March 31, 1883, p. 208.

This cartoon reflects the view in Robert Sale Hill's Jan. 14, 1883 poem that the dude resembled the dodo (phonetically and by their stupidity).



SOME AUTHENTIC DUDESQUE POSITIONS.

The above can only be obtained under the following conditions:

1. An absolute obliteration of the shoulders by an English tailor.
2. A stick or staff a great deal too long for the bearer.
3. A queer and inexplicable working of the right leg, which, when at rest, appears ever so much longer than the left.

TEXT UNDER 'SOME AUTHENTIC DUDESQUE POSITIONS'

'The above can only be obtained under the following conditions:

1. An absolute obliteration of the shoulders by an English tailor.
2. A stick or staff a great deal too long for the bearer.
3. A queer and inexplicable working of the right leg, which, when at rest, appears ever so much longer than the left.'

Harper's Weekly, April 28, 1883, p. 271.



Robert Sale Hill "History and Origin of the "Dude", reprint of his Jan. 14, 1883 poem with a similar title in *The World*. The reprint is illustrated by H.A. Ogden. This cartoon appears right after the title page.

The French words under the coat of arms say: 'MUCH MONEY BUT LITTLE BRAINS.' The French word for 'little' here is misspelled: 'peut' (= can, is able) rather than 'peu.' The error may be intentional, helping to portray the dude as only semi-educated.

PETER REITAN: ADDITIONAL EARLY MATERIAL ON *DUDE*¹

March 3, 1883: *Evening Star* (Washington DC). New York Letter in the Boston Advertiser. ‘A Funny Kind of Swell, The Product of Metropolitan Life Who is Known as a “Dude.” “I saw a “dude” at Newport last summer, at whom people were laughing very much” [This quote indicates—as is already well known-- that dude fashions were in vogue before the word.]

March 6, 1883: *The Wheeling Daily Intelligencer*. Reprint of March 3, 1883 article from *NY Evening Post*. ‘The Dude, Being in Fact the Latest Society Dodo. Evolution of the name – said to be “originally a London music hall term.”’

March 10, 1883: *Evening Star* (Washington DC). Reprinted from *NY Graphic*. ‘Dude poem, The Gallant of the Period.’ A singular swell’s the all-conquering “dude.”’

March 13, 1883: *New York Tribune*. Report on Chauncey Depew’s lecture, “A Summer’s Driftwood,” mention of dude. ‘In Regent st., London, I met a howling swell one day who was walking in a most surprising manner. I was told that it was sir Thomas – making a new style of walk. (Laughter.) When I returned to New York soon after and was riding up Fifth-ave., I saw two young men with tight fitting clothes, pointed-toed shoes, Grecian bends and arms akimbo – the exact counterparts of Sir Thomas. I asked, “What are those?” (Laughter.) “Those,” my companion replied, are “dudes.”’ (Prolonged laughter.)’

March 22, 1883: *The Sun* (New York). Rogers, Peet & Co. advertisement about overcoats mentions that, ‘the now celebrated “dude” wears his overcoat too short because he is a “dude.”’

March 29, 1883: *The Weekly Democratic Statesman* (Austin Texas). Article about the dude. ‘[H]e arrays himself in a hat seven sizes too large for him, and in a sack overcoat (generally cream-colored) about thirteen inches shorter than the dress coat underneath.’

¹(G. Cohen): Quotes and cartoons in this section were first compiled by Reitan (mostly in his 2014c article) and are valuable for adding to the overall picture of the dude.

April 5, 1883: *The Weekly Democratic Statesman* (Austin Texas). Joke. A sick dude goes to a doctor and asks what's wrong with him. "From pointed shoes, elevated shirt collar, too-tight trousers, Newmarket coat, and general idiocy," responded the doctor.'

April 11, 1883: *New York Tribune*. 'Almost a Duel Between Two Dudes.' [Story about a fight between two dudes who were both vying for the affections of a singer, Madame Theo]

April 16, 1883: *New York Tribune*. 'The recently famous word "dude" has been in common use in the little town of Salem, N. H. for the last twenty years. The people there apply the word to those bucolic swains who aspire to be the village fops. All such conceited and brainless young men are spoken of as "dudes," the word being pronounced in two syllables. How the word became transported to the metropolis, and why it attained such a sudden popularity, are questions that a philologist alone perhaps can fully solve.'"¹

April 16, 1883: *The Sun* (New York). 'A Talk With A Dude' – satirical, mock interview with a dude. Portions reprinted in *The Evening Critic*, April 18, 1883, and *The South Kentuckian* (Hopkinsville, Kentucky), May 8, 1883.

April 18, 1883: *The Evening Critic* (Washington DC). Article, "What's a Dude?" – a satirical "interview" with a dude. (actually a reprint of parts of the April 16 article from *The Sun*) "You take what was once known as a swell; or a fop, or a dandy, and it was never absolutely necessary for him to be a gentleman." "In England we have a landed aristocracy; in America the aristocrats are popularly known as dudes, y'know." The article mocks the anglophile dude's affectation of an English accent, and differentiates a dude from a swell, as swells dressed ostentatiously.

¹ (P. Reitan): Various versions of the April 8, 1883 item about 'dude' being in common use in Salem, N.H. were reprinted in more than 30 newspapers. However, there is no evidence to support this pre-1883 usage. See above, pp. 36-39.

April 20, 1883: *The Evening Critic*. From *Philadelphia News*. Mock etymology given in response to a letter to the editor asking about what dudes are: “Dude, as we once before stated, is derived from the Greek word dudos, which in turn comes from the Sanscrit dud, meaning fool, idiot or jack.” “A dude consists of a nondescript hat, short oversack, cutaway coat, pipe-stem trousers and toothpick shoes. The clothing is sometimes a little animated, as if it inclosed something which was really alive. . . . The age of his body is anywhere between 15 and 20, but his brain is seldom over 8 months old. He passes his life imagining that all men fear him and all women adore him.”

April 21, 1883: *Public Ledger* (Memphis, Tennessee). “Is dude a word of two syllables, and is the word, like its subject, of Lunatican origin?”

April 22, 1883: *New York Tribune*. “Dudes, Cads and Boys.” Article describing and differentiating among dudes, cads and boys.

April 26, 1883: *The Evening Critic*. Poem - The Critic Abroad: “The dude, the dude, Belongs to a brood of birds like the phil-a-lu; He struts the street, With picket-toed feet, And slings a cheap bamboo. . . .”

April 29, 1883: *Daily Globe* (St. Paul, Minnesota). “The word dude (du-de, pronounced in two syllables) is getting to be a very current and popular word, and will certainly have to be duly rendered and defined in the next edition of Webster unabridged.”

The item then includes a version of the Salem New Hampshire story.

May 1, 1883: *The Sedalia Weekly Bazoo* (Sedalia, Missouri). Humorous article about dudes, with a cartoon. Nothing resembles dudes “except two other strange creatures called respectively the “Masher” and “La de dah.”

May 3, 1883: *The Newberry Herald* (South Carolina). In a story about the sailing of ships at the start of the summer season in New York, a description of dudes: “The “dude,” you must be aware, is a creature of modern New York. You’ll see him in Chicago by-and-bye. He dresses in tight pants, very tight cut away coat, a high collar with a delicate silk scarf, far away down the throat, but the collar so high that the fellow himself has the appearance of a jackass looking over a white wall. The “dude’s” hat is in shape of a bell, and the cane he carries – in fact, a

dude must at all times be caned – is very delicate with an exquisite knob. Aside of this the dude assumes the cockney manner of speaking, “and you know” and is an institution *sui generis* which you must see to be able to admire. His numbers are rapidly increasing in New York and any one entering a café or a theatre finds himself surrounded by dudes.”

May 5, 1883: *St. Tammany Farmer* (Covington, Louisiana). “At breakfast the other morning a New York dude declined a piece of shad. He had been told that fish food made brain, and he did not want to unfit himself for the position he held in society.” (also in *Sacramento Daily Record-Union* (May 17, 1883), crediting *Norristown Herald*.)

May 5, 1883: *Daily Globe* (St. Paul, Minnesota). Dudine article: “The dudine is the name applied to the female dude. The dudine wears a mashed gooseberry colored hat and a high collar, and her clothes are made to fit tight. She carries a sharp-pointed parasol in lieu of the dude cane, and is often accompanied by an English pug terrier.” Also: May 18, 1883: *Semi-Weekly Interior Journal* (Stanford, Kentucky).

May 8, 1883: *The South Kentuckian* (Hopkinsville, Kentucky). Article about dudes. Collection of comments and descriptions from many other sources. “Everyone thinks he has seen a dude, but when the dude of one is compared with the dude of another there is such a wide difference that a doubt is raised as to whether the dude has yet really been identified.”

Lists descriptions from other sources for comparison.

May 11, 1883: *The Iola Register* (Kansas). A New York dude fell under a Broadway omnibus wheel the other day and was completely sub-dude. – *Lowell Courier*.

May 11, 1883: *The Wheeling Daily Intelligencer* (West Virginia). A poem that mocks dudes, “The Beautiful Dude”, from *Boston Folio*. “Oh the dude, the beautiful dude! Who stands in a commonplace attitude About the doors of the big hotels, And picks his teeth ‘mong the languid swells, Or lounges about the theatre doors, Watching the crowd as it outward pours, Glancing, Ogling, Winking always At the ladies leaving the matinee. . . .”

May 19, 1883: *The San Antonio Light* (Texas). Professor Katzenberger gave his son the pet name dude before he knew what a dude was, then

changed the name when he read about dudes, “My son,” said he to the Light yesterday, “has too much brains to be a dude.”

May 19, 1883: *Daily Los Angeles Herald*. Story about a baboon who died in the Philadelphia zoo. The baboons, “postures and gait were exactly like the current American imitation of the London swells, and he showed just about enough intelligence to complete the likeness.”

May 24, 1883: *The Vancouver Independent* (Vancouver, Washington). Poem, “The Dude,” from *Philadelphia Press*. (This is the same as *(Brooklyn) Sunday Eagle*, April 22, 1883, which also cited the *Philadelphia Press*).

May 24, 1883: *The Iola Register* (Iola, Kansas). Joke about New York dude in Philadelphia: “. . . as I came down the steps of the Broad Street Station a dozen men began exclaiming: ‘Hansom! Hansom! Hansom!’ in such a loud tone of voice that I could not help overhearing.”

May 25, 1883: *Bismarck Tribune* (Dakota Territory). Joke: “New York dudes now ride mules along the avenues. Much has been said and written against the impenitent, misguided American mule, but this is the unkindest cut of all.”

May 26, 1883: *The San Antonio Light Supplement*. Story about dudes in barber shops. “Fops have always been a nuisance in barbers’ shops, for they keep decent men waiting for a shave while the barber puts on all the capillary frills that are called for, but, says a New York paper, the advent of the dude has made matters still worse.” “No mistake is ever made in dressing their hair according to the latest styles – the “Piccadilly parting,” the “Bois de Boulogne bang,” and the “Francesca da Rimini frill,” – as the tastes of the several dudes may dictate.”

May 31, 1883: *The Austin Weekly Statesman* (Austin, Texas). “Mrs. Blaine designates the president as “the New York dude in the White House.” Now we know just what Mr. Blaine thinks about him.”

June 2, 1883: *Saturday Press* (Honolulu, Hawaii). Satirical article about dudes, includes poem “My Boy Cactus – A Valentine,” by a Mrs. Negus, apparently recently deceased, of Hawaii. “What is that, mother? The dude, my sweet. They fitted him out on some Frisco street. Go thou, my son, go likewise, do, And you shall be called a dudu, too.”

June 5, 1883: *The News and Herald* (Winnsboro, South Carolina). Joke: “Aw, I hev such a dwedful cawld in me head,” remarked an Ivy street dude, as he stroked the tender tip of his nose yesterday. “Better than nothing,” was the witty but cruel response of a Peach street maiden who heard him.”

June 13, 1883: *Evening Star* (Washington DC). The Russianized Dude. Story of a man who travelled to England and became a dude, but then travelled to Russia, changed his style, and came back a Russianized dude.

July 21, 1883: *The Pacific Commercial Advertiser* (Honolulu, Hawaii). Poem, The Dude and Dudelet, reprinted from the *Harvard Lampoon*. “Lanky Dudy dandy.” [See above, pp. 109-110.]

July 28, 1883: *Evening Star* (Washington DC). Yankee dude’ll do joke, citing *Brooklyn Eagle*. “Charly, dear, I’ve heard so much about dudes I want you to get me one.” Charley smiled at her innocence, but resolved to humor it. “Would you prefer a French dude?” he asked. “I think not,” she answered, squirming coyly. “How would a German dude suit?” “I don’t think it would suit at all. I don’t understand German.” “Well, what shall it be, then?” It was her turn to smile as she said, with an arch look: “A Yankee dude’ll do.”

July 29, 1883: *The Dallas Daily Herald*. Another version of the Yankee dude’ll do joke.

August 2, 1883: *Dodge City Times* (Dodge City, Kansas). Poem, A Plea for the Dude, from the *New York Sun*. “The dandy of these latter days Has much that men may rightly praise; For he, with all his vapid ways, is something new.”

August 8, 1883: *The Forest Republican* (Tionesta, Pennsylvania). Poem, The Delighted Dude, from the *New York Morning Journal*. “My dainty, namby-pamby grace, Sphinx-like face, And mincing pace Remove me far from the human race”

August 11, 1883: *The Pacific Commercial Advertiser* (Honolulu, Hawaii). “Honolulu has lost its dude but still retains its dandy, who, rejoicing at the departure of his opponent, appeared on Tuesday afternoon in town and on the wharf most aesthetically attired in a green silk coat, dark silk skin tight unmentionables, and a stove pipe hat. If to

gain notoriety is the man's object he certainly succeeds in his endeavors."

August 11, 1883: *The Pacific Commercial Advertiser* (Honolulu, Hawaii). "Honolulu progresses with the rest of the civilized world and now possesses two real live dudes who disport themselves languidly through our streets." Continues with an account of a conversation purportedly overheard between them.

September 22, 1883: *The Sun* (New York). Rogers, Peet & Co. advertisement, "The Yankee Dood'Le Do." [See below, p. 179.]

October 3, 1883: *Omaha Daily Bee* (Nebraska). Advertisement for new dude styles in store: The Dudes Have Come. J. J. Bliss will take pleasure in showing you the real New York dude, with largest, finest and cheapest line of Millinery and Notions west of Chicago.

October 23, 1883: *The News and Herald* (Winnsboro, South Carolina). "Yes," said Mr. Tawmus, who is a very swell young man, "that dude song of Roland Reed's is a nuisance. The pesky thing gets to running in your head and the first you know you're walking along the street singing: 'I'm a dude, ha, ha!' and folks are laughing at you."

Roland Reed had been playing in Cheek since early 1882; they added the song some time in late 1883; advertisements and notices for Cheek in early 1883 do not mention the song.

October 24, 1883: *Daily Globe* (St. Paul, Minnesota). Advertisement describing character in a play: Sir Chauncy Trip. The New York Dude in J. H. Farrell's farcical Comedy, A Friendly Tip. A review of the play appeared on October 28.

November 2, 1883: *The Columbian* (Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania). "A dandy – or a "dude," we would call him now"

December 8, 1883: *Evening Star* (Washington DC). From the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Farewell to the Dude. "The time has come for the departure of the dude."

December 19, 1883: *Evening Star*. From the *Brooklyn Eagle*. 'The Fall of the Dude. No one can view the fall of the dude with anything but satisfaction. Of all the swells, he has been the most nauseating. The old-fashioned fop was a creature of gorgeous plumage. He may have been effeminate and silly, but his attire was brilliant and his manner

gentle. The swell, who came later, was a high liver, a good fellow and a bustling, busy and happy man of fashion. But the dude was a silly, simple, negative, disagreeable, shy, reserved and stupid creature. His parallel was never before seen in the history of the world.’

* * *

1884 ITEM ON *DUDE* IN THE HUMOR MAGAZINE *PUCK*
(vol. 15, no. 371, April 16, 1884, p. 101)¹

Title: ‘The Dude Philologically’

‘A Report Of An Ethnological-Etymological Discussion at Our Club.

‘The Professor pushed away his wine-glass and spoke from the Presidential chair. In our club the President literally keeps the chair until the hour of adjournment, and we always leave our monthly dinner at midnight precisely.

‘The old gentleman speaks scholastically – even in the club, that republic where rank and externals go for naught – and as he began we felt that our evening’s topic was to be announced.

“Gentlemen, the exuberance of our local vocabulary has within a year or so been enriched by a new word which has become a concrete and recognized atom in the language. The cursory and evanescent slang of the streets rises into temporary prominence, and unless fortified by the subtle something which while defying definition yet compels current usage, sinks into oblivion or survives only in the provinces. The surviving to which I refer is *Dude*, and its meaning, as I understand it, is a young man chastely dressy, obtrusively quiet, lady-like and brainless. Am I thus far correct?”

‘There was the usual pause; it was broken by one of our invited guests – one evidently not familiar with our club etiquette, and, sad to say, not at all an elegant conversationalist.

¹(G. Cohen): Peter Reitan discovered this item, which (with a humorous veneer) examines and rejects various possible foreign derivations for the word ‘dude.’

“You’ve landed on it the first time! A Dude is one of them fellers that hasn’t got brass enough to be a swell, but who wants to top the crowd. A sort of dandy crossed on a preacher, without any goody-goody, you know, but thinks he’s mashin’ the girls all the same. You see plenty of ‘em on the Elevated.”

‘Our Orientalist stared at the speaker. The Doctor of Divinity looked amused. The General blushed – even to his glazed scalp.

‘The Professor, after a moment’s silence, recommenced.

“I had hoped, gentlemen, to learn the origin of this unfamiliar but evidently valuable word, but I confess myself at fault. As the definition seems to embrace a certain dressiness in the Dude, I had thought to find its origin in *duo*, which, under certain conditions might mean simply to *put on* or to *clothe*. But I confess that this hardly satisfies me. The Latin *dudum*, although quite classic, seems as to its meaning, *a short time ago*, to be too remote – compelling a completion of the sentence, as: *A short time ago he was a fool of a boy.*”

‘The Interpreter, who will persist in smoking cigarettes, rolled one and breathed out:

“To make a bad pun, *sin duda*, it can not come from any of the Latin dialects, excepting perhaps the French. May not some enamored damsel (for our respectable guest said that the dude engaged himself in the conquest of the female heart) have rapturously said to her well-clad swain, “*Deux! Deux! Cher bon comme je t’aime,*’ par exemple?”

“Possibly,” remarked the Banker: “but if you will excuse me a little” – “I think, more probably, some *Fräulein* of my nationality has familiarly addressed her pretty lover – all so fine with his silver-headed cane and elbows-outwardly-curved—as *Du*, leaving aside the more ceremonious *Sie.*”

‘The guest again spoke:

“That’s it, and I’ll bet money on it! I know a dude who sings at the piano, and I’m blamed if he hasn’t got a Dutch song: ‘*Du, Du, liegst mir im Herzen,*’ or some such mud! I never got fixed on that before!”

‘The Orientalist this time stared at the unlucky guest until the member who had introduced him blushed like an *Evening Telegram*.

‘The guest put his feet on the next chair, and stared back without emotion.

The Orientalist began to speak slowly, and without removing his gaze from the offender:

“*Dude*, in the Russian, stands for a small pipe – oddly enough the same word comes in Keltic familiarly as *dhudeen*. Now, although this may be translated as a slender thing a little bored, I hardly think it originated the word *dude*. The Japanese *dodo* (there is no absolute sound of *du* in that tongue) comes nearer, as it means something akin to traveling together, and we know, or believe, that Dudes do travel together exclusively. For example, it is perfectly good Japanese to say: *Baka futatz do-do mosh – masz*.”

“Oh, Lord!” groaned the guest: “give us small change for that!”

‘Our Orientalist replied sternly:

“The translation, if that is what you ask for, is: *Two fools travel together*. The moral I recommend to you is – never walk with a dude.”

‘The irrepressible [sic, add ‘one’] remarked complacently to the member sitting beside him:

“Getting cocky, isn’t he?”

“Now,” continued the Orientalist: “I bring you to a derivation which I believe to solve the problem. Hindostani, the spoken dialect of our parent tongue, Sanskrit, contains the exact word in *dúdh*, meaning *milk*, and *dúah se churáná* means *to wean*. A dude is thus clearly a young man not weaned from his natural state of self-complacent idiocy.”

‘A murmur of applause went around the table. The invited one (who really must have been flushed with the Volnay, although we are moderate drinkers at the club dinners,) remarked with dogmatic gravity:

“You fellows know a lot about words and stuff that I don’t; but I know a dude every time. A dude is a young squirt who wants to make his clothes brag of costing a lot of money with having ‘em flashy, you know. He wants to suck a silver-headed cane, an’ make believe he don’t see any one. He isn’t exactly on the English, you see, because he can’t stand thick shoes an’ rough cloth; but he wants to look like a feller bang up away from Americans. He’s like an Episcopalian dandy barbered to look like an English groom, an’ he’s got a colic in his elbows. His head

is stuffed with Excelsior, and he thinks the girls lay awake o' nights and cry about him. He'd rather take Paris-green¹ than to walk on Fifth Avenue with his aunt from the country, an' he just knows enough to be ashamed of the old lady's grammar."

'The club adjourned in silence. MARAT.'

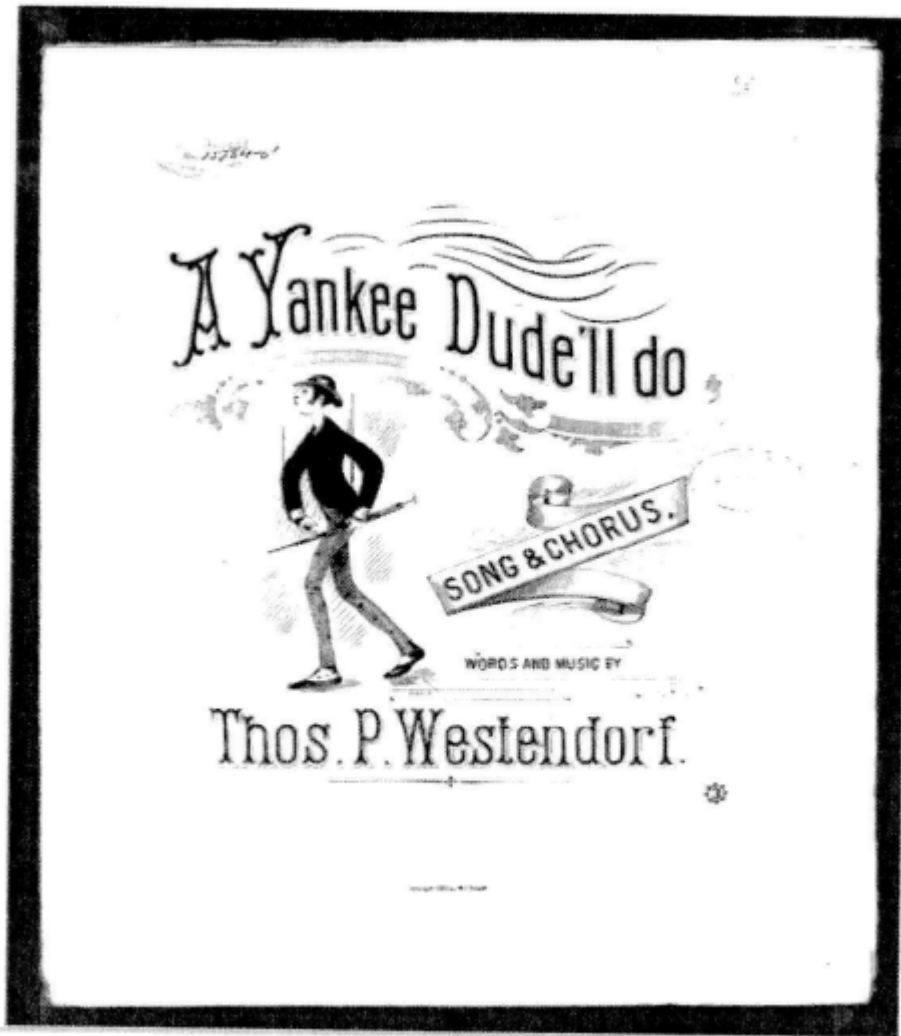
1884 ARTICLE IN NEW YORK WORLD:
'WHERE DID "DUDE" COME FROM?'²

'Who invented the word dude? Why, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, or else the traditions of the Union Club are way off. A dozen explanations have recently been printed upon this important subject. It is assuming in the provincial press the consequence of the hoary conundrums about "Beautiful Snow" and William Patterson. The simple fact is that Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, who is distinguished by a deep contempt for effeminacy in either dress or manner sat one day at a window of the Union Club, gazing abstractedly upon Fifth avenue. Other members occupied other windows, also contemplating the passing show. Along came a very much overdressed youth with so affected a manner and so mincing a gait that involuntarily one of the clubmen began humming an accompaniment to the step, thus: "Du, da, de, du—du, da, de, du." "That's good," exclaimed Mr. Oelrichs, with a sudden inspiration. "I wondered what to call it. It ought to be called a dude." And dude it has been called, and all the imitators and varieties of it ever since.

¹(G. Cohen): a poison.

²(G. Cohen): Peter Reitan spotted this item in 2014, in *The Buffalo Commercial*, Buffalo, New York, 12 Oct. 1886, p. 2/5, where it is identified as reprinted from the *New York World* (newspaper).

VARIOUS CARTOON/PICTURES OF THE DUDE, 1883



Westendorf 1883. (sheet music)

· LIFE ·



CONCERNING THE DUDE.

Columbia: HERE, BRITANNIA, TAKE THIS THING. HE IS A CONSTANT MORTIFICATION TO ME, AND AN OBJECT OF CONTEMPT WITH HIS BROTHERS. AS HE IS ASHAMED OF HIS NATIVE LAND AND PREFERS YOU TO HIS OWN MOTHER, IT IS A PITY YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE HIM.
Britannia: NO, NO, MY DEAR, I WILL NOT DEPRIVE YOU OF SUCH A CITIZEN—AND THAT THING AT BEST IS BUT A CHEAP IMITATION OF AN ATROCIOUSLY BAD ARTICLE.

Life, volume 1, Number 14, April 5, 1883, pages 163-164
[Text under the cartoon]: CONCERNING THE DUDE

Columbia: HERE BRITANNIA, TAKE THIS THING. HE IS A CONSTANT MORTIFICATION TO ME, AND AN OBJECT OF CONTEMPT WITH HIS BROTHERS. AS HE IS ASHAMED OF HIS NATIVE LAND AND PREFERS YOU TO HIS OWN MOTHER, 'TIS A PITY YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE HIM.

Britannia: NO, NO, MY DEAR, I WILL NOT DEPRIVE YOU OF SUCH A CITIZEN – AND THAT THING AT BEST IS BUT A CHEAP IMITATION OF AN ATROCIOUSLY BAD ARTICLE.



INFANT CHORUS.
"HOOP DE DUDE-N-DUDE."

Life, Volume 1, Number 18, May 3, 1883, p. 209.

[Text under the cartoon]:

INFANT CHORUS,
"Hoop De Dude-n-Dude."



PRESENT.
Do OR Du.
Remnant of the Dodo.

PAST.
DUN.
The result of an over
done, dreary existence.

PERFECT.
DUDE.
A parasite from Yankee-
dude-l.

Life, Volume 1, Number 19, May 10, 1883

[Text under cartoons]:

PRESENT

Do OR Du.

Remnant of the Dodo.

PAST

DUN

The result of an over
Done, dreary existence.

PERFECT

DUDE

A parasite from Yankee-
dude-l



HARD TO PLEASE.

Miss Priscilla : ISN'T HE PICTURESQUE !
Mr. William Dude : PICTURESQUE, YES—BUT WHAT AN ASS HE MUST HAVE BEEN TO WEAR SUCH AN UNCOMFORTABLE MACHINE AS THAT ABOUT HIS NECK, JUST FOR THE SAKE OF BEING IN THE FASHION !

Life, Volume 1, Number 13, March 29, 1883, p. 153.

[Text under the cartoon]:

Miss Priscilla: ISN'T HE PICTURESQUE?

Mr. William Dude: PICTURESQUE, YES—BUT WHAT AN ASS HE MUST HAVE BEEN TO WEAR SUCH AN UNCOMFORTABLE MACHINE AS THAT ABOUT HIS NECK, JUST FOR THE SAKE OF BEING IN THE FASHION!



AN APRIL FOOL.

“SAY, MISTER, I’M GIVIN’ IT TO YER STRAIGHT WHEN I TELLS
YER DER’S SOMFIN HANGIN’ ON TER DE BACK OF YER COAT.”

Life, Volume 1, Number 13, March 29, 1883.

[Text under the cartoon]:

AN APRIL FOOL.

“SAY, MISTER, I’M GIVIN’ IT TO YER STRAIGHT WHEN I TELLS
YER DER’S SOMFIN HANGIN’ ON TER DE BACK OF YER COAT.”

This is a cartoon of a dude without the word ‘dude’ being used to describe him. He is identifiable by his tight pants, pointy shoes, high collar, cane, short coat and top hat, plus the reference ‘Fool.’ The intended humor here: the dude seems unaware that the tails of his formal attire are not covered by the short coat.



INDUCTIVE REASONING.

Mr. Wm. Doodle: YES, MISS FROST, I ALWAYS WEAR GLOVES AT NIGHT; THEY MAKE ONE'S HANDS SO SOFT.
Miss Frost: AH! AND DO YOU SLEEP WITH YOUR HAT ON?

Life, Volume 1, Number 18, May, 1883

[Text under the cartoon]:

Mr. Wm. Doodle: YES, MISS FROST, I ALWAYS WEAR GLOVES AT NIGHT; THEY MAKE ONE'S HANDS SO SOFT.

Miss Frost: AH! AND DO YOU SLEEP WITH YOUR HAT ON?



EXEMPLARY.

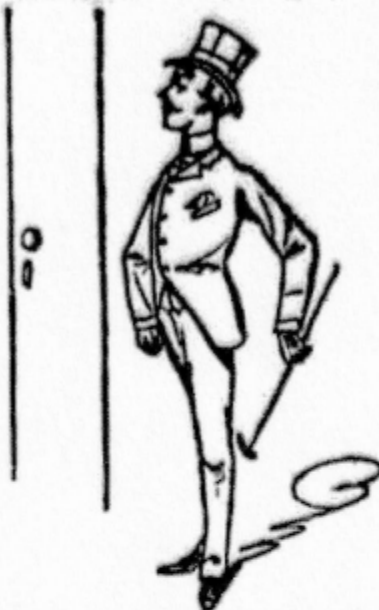
A DAME who was over particular,
Seized forcibly by his auricular,
A self-engrossed dude
Who appeared to her rude,
And spoiled his correct perpendicular.

Life, Volume 1, Number 13, March 29, 1883, p. 155.

[Text under cartoon]:

A DAME WHO WAS OVER PARTICULAR,
SEIZED FORCIBLY BY HIS AURICULAR,
A SELF-ENGROSSED DUDE
WHO APPEARED TO HER RUDE,
AND SPOILED HIS CORRECT PERPINDICULAR.

THE SUN, S



"THE YANKEE DOOD' LE DO."

THE YOUNG MEN ALL KNOW WHAT "CORK-SCREWS" ARE--WE MEAN THE HARMLESS KIND OF CORKSCREWS MADE OF WORSTED--SO CALLED BECAUSE OF THE PATTERN WHICH FANCY HAS EXAGGERATED INTO A RESEMBLANCE TO THE SPIRAL TWIST OF A SURE-ENOUGH CORKSCREW. THESE GOODS ARE THE MOST FASHIONABLE FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, AND ARE HAVING A GREAT SALE.

AS THE "YOUNG BLOODS" SET THE FASHIONS AND LEAD OFF THE SEASON WITH NEW CLOTHES, WE ARE EARLY IN THE FIELD WITH OUR STOCK OF YOUTH'S SUITS--FOUR-BUTTON CUTAWAYS AND SACKS--MADE OF FINEST GOODS OF ALL SORTS; AND WE ASK THE BOYS IN TO LOOK--PREPARATORY TO ORDERING.

Rogers, Peet & Co

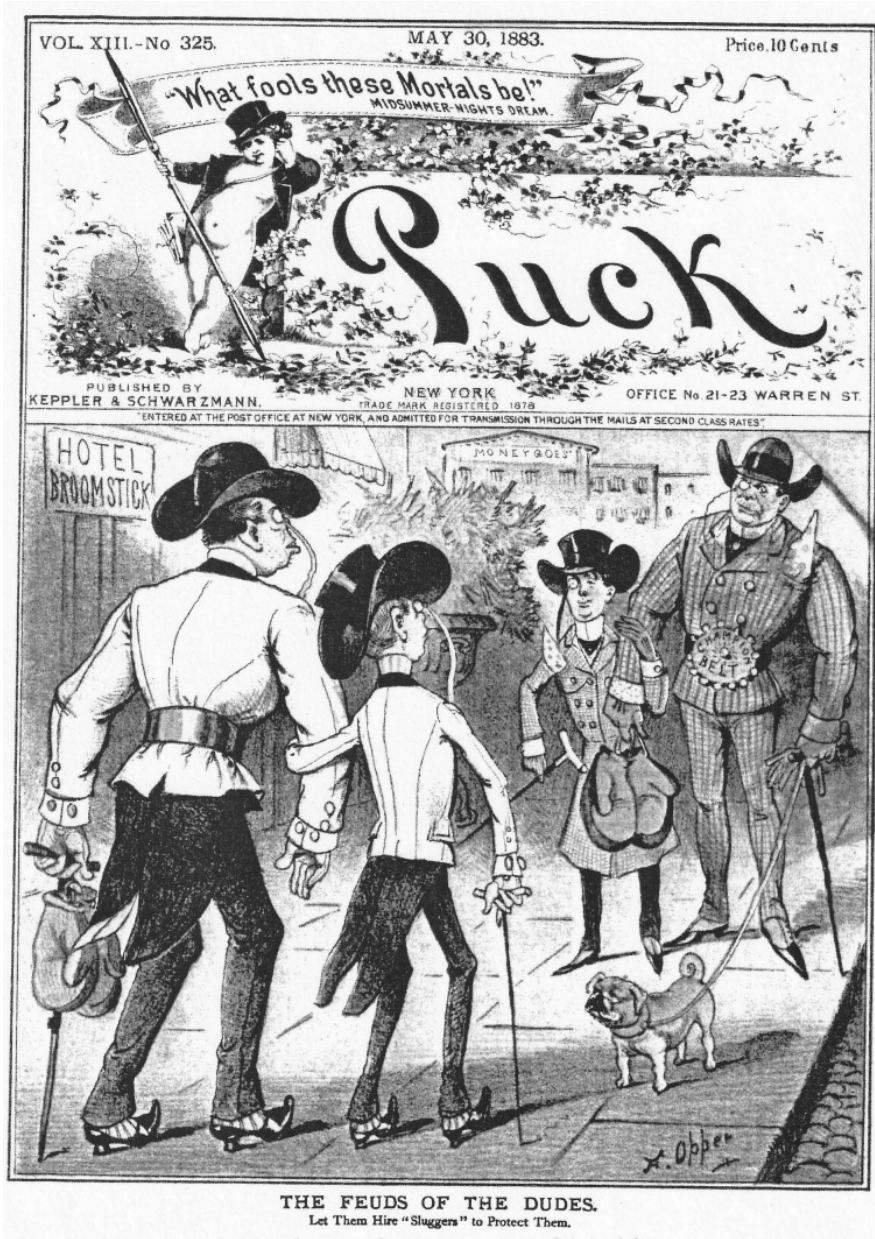
CLOTHES, HATS, AND SHOES,

549-575 BROADWAY,

OPPOSITE

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

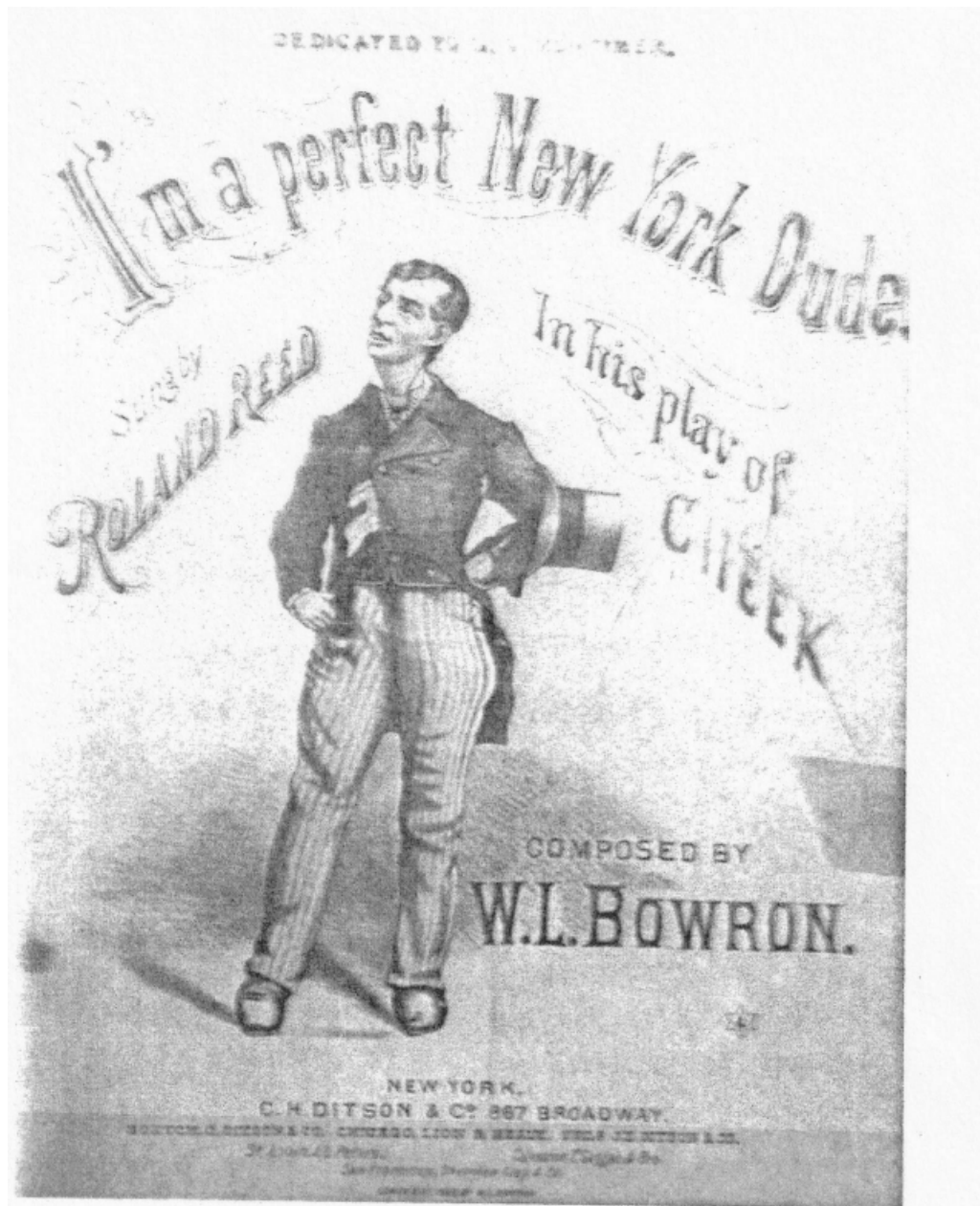
The Sun (New York City newspaper), September 22, 1883, p. 4.
Note the ad's title: "The Yankee Dood' Le Do."



THE FEUDS OF THE DUDES.
Let Them Hire "Sluggers" to Protect Them.

[Text under cartoon]:
THE FEUDS OF THE DUDES
Let Them Have "Sluggers" to Protect Them.
Puck, May 30, 1883

[And note: HOTEL BROOMSTICK (left side of cartoon), a pun on 'Hotel Brunswick,' one of the dudes' favorite haunts.
MONEY GOES (building in background, center of cartoon).
CHAMPION BELT (award worn by 'slugger' on right side of cartoon; see abdomen area.)]



Note Peter Reitan's cited entry (plus comment) above, p. 88): October 23, 1883. *The News and Herald* (Winnsboro, South Carolina). "Yes," said Mr. Tawmus, who is a very swell young man, "that dude song of Roland Reed's is a nuisance. The pesky thing gets to running in your head and the first you know you're walking along the street singing, 'I'm a dude, ha, ha!' And folks are laughing at you."

[P. Reitan comment]: 'Roland Reed had been playing in Cheek since early 1882; they added the song in June 1883; advertisements and notices for Cheek in early 1883 do not mention the song.'

SECTION TITLED ‘ADDENDA’ IN ROBERT SALE HILL’S REPUBLISHED POEM ‘THE DUDE’

Hill’s republished poem (undated but WorldCat says 1883) contains the material presented above, pp. 57-64, plus the cartoon of a dude whose coat of arms has the inscription

BEAUCOUP D’ARGENT, MAIS PEUT¹ DE CERVELLE.

Then come the preface to the poem plus the poem itself (with illustrations) – see above, pp. 57-64 – and finally a section titled ‘Addenda.’ As mentioned above (pp. 58-59), this section is preceded by a brief explanatory note from Hill:

‘Since writing the original poem, several novel characteristics in the lives of these extraordinary bipeds have come to light, and I have therefore ventured to submit them to the general public in the shape of an addenda’ [sic: addenda as a singular noun].

Here now are those addenda:

‘Addenda

‘Further researches into the Ancient History of Dudedom have elicited the following facts:

“The Dude Cocktail”

‘A strictly temperance drink, highly recommended to Pairs and afternoon teas, invented by the skillful propounder of soothing beverages at a popular uptown hotel.’

‘Recipe

‘Take an ordinary champagne glass thoroughly warmed, half fill it with tepid croton water, insert a small lump of sugar (“loafer” sugar), stir gently, and when dissolved, float upon surface the soft down feather
‘Of late, however, the Dudes have discarded the cocktail, and in a

¹(G. Cohen): sic; see above, p. 159, for the cartoon and the suggestion that the misspelling might have been intentional.

sovereign manner are opening “Sovereign Extra Dry,” a champagne which excites their dried up little natures, and sends them flying fancy free, owing, not owning the Earth.

“The Dude Walking Stick.”

‘A very heavy hammered silver shapeless head, one end of which should be just large enough to accommodate itself to an ordinary sized Dude’s mouth. The stick must be light, either of Bamboo or Malacca.

“The Dude Smile.”

‘A very difficult and somewhat dangerous attainment. When perfectly mastered, it is made evident by an almost imperceptible crease in either cheek, which, however, neither distorts the features nor disarranges the bang. In practicing, it is as well for Dudines to divest themselves of the Dude Collar, or disastrous results may ensue.

“The Dude Walk”

‘The true Dude swing can only be attained by inclining the body forward, at an angle of 45, arms to be extended on either side, so that the elbows may collide comfortably with passers-by. The knees should bend imperceptibly, if at all.

Stepping over camp stools in a dark room is most excellent practice.

“Dude versus Dudile.”

‘These terms can best be explained by the late victory of the young Dude over the parent bird at their favorite club.

‘In which the younger bird succeeded in driving the Parent Dudile from his own particular corner, notwithstanding the fact that it was generally allowed to belong to him, and that he regarded it as his own feathered nest. The chatter of the young Dudes in congratulating each

other on their success is said by the employees of the Brunswick to have been too awful for anything.

“Dude Terms.”

‘The “Dudile:” --- Ancient Dude; very scarce, but still fresh.

The “Dudelette:” --- Female Dude; not as rare as we would wish.

The “Dudeen:” --- Spelled by many authorities “Dudine;” a dark swarthy complexioned Dude. Some writers have traced the origin of the Dudine to the short, black Irish pipe; but had there been any truth in this, dynamite would have settled the question.

The “Masher:” ---- A very vulgar type of Dude, if such a thing could exist without infringing on the original patent.

“The Dude:”

*** The only living representative of what Balaam rode upon ***

Finis’

CHAPTER 6 BRIEF SUMMARY AND GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

An overview of the whole topic appears as chapter 1 of this book, but here now is a brief summary of the book's main contributions to the origin of *dude*:

1. There are no attestations of the word prior to 1883, and in early 1883 there were several statements about the word having appeared very recently. Determining this absence of *dude* pre-1883 was enormously important, permitting attention to focus on the real start of *dude*, viz., Robert Sale Hill's Jan. 14, 1883 poem 'The Dude.' (NB: *OED3*'s two pre-1883 attestations of *dude* are incorrect.)
2. Hill's 1883 poem, discovered by Barry Popik, was a momentous event in the etymological study of *dude*, rendering obsolete everything else previously written on the subject. We now had the first attestations of *dude*, the literary work that introduced it, and the name of the man who wrote it. And we had the new task of trying to figure out where Hill got the word from.
3. In this regard, independent scholar Sam Clements pointed to evidence that *Yankee Doodle* might be the source (Nathaniel Hawthorne's son as a small boy wore curls and was ridiculed by other boys as 'Sissy' and 'Yankee Doodle'). Clements is apparently correct, but it turns out that a second source likely played a role too.
4. That source was provided by Peter Reitan, who, in preparing the only biography we currently have of Hill, pointed out his British origin and the British slang word *fopdoodle* (silly-looking fop). Reitan also drew attention to British slang *doodle* (fool). So Hill was likely influenced both by *Yankee Doodle* and *fopdoodle*, and of course he would also have been aware of the independent word *doodle*. Reitan believes too that the dodo, mentioned prominently in Hill's poem, played an important role in the origin of *dude* (see Reitan 2015), but Popik and I do not agree on this latter point; the readers are free to choose.

5. Reitan also drew attention to the Knickerbocker Club as the place where Hill, evidently as a guest, saw numerous silly-looking foppish young men whom he then labeled 'dudes' in his Jan. 14, 1883 poem. And the poem's mention of 'club' and 'clubhouse' no doubt refers to the Knickerbocker Club. Almost certainly it was Hill's visit there that inspired him to write his poem mocking the dudes, with the unintended consequence of setting off a dude craze in newspapers and magazines and thereby introducing a new word into the lexicon.

* * *

Here now are a few general observations:

LANGUAGES IN ITS SOCIAL CONTEXT

Dude illustrates clearly that at least some words and expressions can be understood only in their social context. And to truly understand a language, a linguist must be to some extent a social historian.

IN PRAISE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

It would be good if a mini-encyclopedia could be compiled listing everyone we can determine who contributed (or helped contribute) a word or expression to the English language and briefly describe that contribution. Presently such works are of the Name-Into-Word variety, e.g., Pyrrhus, whose name appears in *Pyrrhic victory*. A more complete treatment would include people like Robert Sale Hill, who very possibly created the term *dude* and for certain popularized it in his 1883 poem.

Is it possible to really understand the history of a language without knowing the individual contributions (intended or otherwise) that went into the language? If the history of science would be very incomplete without mention of the individuals who contributed to it, why would the history of a language be different in this regard?

CONTRIBUTIONS OF POETRY TO THE LEXICON

Dude is a reminder that poetry can play a role in expanding the English lexicon, in this case through Robert Sale Hill's poem 'The Dude.' The questions now arise: how many other such contributions are there, and what might we learn from compiling and analyzing them? For just one example, there is *namby-pamby*, known to derive from Henry Carey's 18th century poem *Namby Pamby*, which mocked fellow poet Ambrose Philips. Philips' grave offense in the eyes of Carey (and others): he had groveled by writing childish poems about infants in an effort to ingratiate himself with the infants' wealthy fathers (discussed in Cohen 1993.) Other poets picked up on Carey's childish reference to Ambrose (Philips) as Namby Pamby (cf. the childish *Georgie Porgie*), especially Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift, much like the 1883ff. cartoonists/writers/etc. picked up on Hill's use of *dude* and ran with it.

* * * *

APPENDIX

PETER REITAN: BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT SALE HILL

INTRODUCTION BY G. COHEN

So much of the origin of *dude* is connected to Robert Sale Hill and his poem *The Dude*, and so little direct evidence exists as to what he was thinking when he used or created the term, that we need to glean as much information as possible from wherever a bit of insight might be found. A key potential source would be an account of Hill's life, and Reitan has provided a major service in preparing one. We learn from his biography that Hill came to the U.S. from Britain and therefore would have been aware of British *fopdoodle*. We learn too of the legacy of nobility of character Hill's parents and grandparents left him in connection with British military activity in India, and this turns out to be relevant to Hill's somewhat over-the-top denunciation of the dudes at the end of his poem. We also learn some things that Hill did NOT do, e.g., he never had any connection with Salem, New Hampshire or Green Bay, Wisconsin, where, according to a few newspaper accounts, *dude* or a variant supposedly existed pre-1883. We furthermore learn that with just two exceptions, there is no written mention from Hill (or anyone connected with him) about his poem *The Dude*, even though it certainly deserved mention, at the very least in his obituary. It's as if he later considered *The Dude* as unworthy of being mentioned along with his other, more serious poems, perhaps stemming from the contempt with which he regarded the dudes themselves. And we learn about his athletic interests, which no doubt formed part of the macho attitude reflected in *The Dude*.

There is much in the biography that is not directly relevant to *dude*, but I prefer to present Reitan's treatment *in toto*. An overall treatment of Hill's life should be recorded permanently somewhere, and a book on the origin of *dude* seems an appropriate place to do so.

Incidentally, the Hill biography just below is a slight revision of Reitan's 2021 item about him. And instead of footnotes his treatment has endnotes.

BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT SALE HILL

Peter Reitan
pjreitan@hotmail.com

Robert Sale Hill introduced the word “Dude” into the language with his poem, *The True History and Origin of the “Dude,”* first published in January 1883. The poem satirized the frivolous, idle young sons of America’s Gilded Age millionaires as silly, weak-minded and physically weak Anglophiles, who wore imported clothing, affected British manners and speech patterns, and avoided physical activity.

Robert Sale Hill bore a passing resemblance to the people he mocked. He was a young man of thirty-two at the time, ran in the same social circles, came from a family with money, social standing and prestige, and spoke with an “indistinct utterance which is neither English nor American.”

But the similarities ended there. He was not stupid, idle or lazy. He had success as an actor, poet, writer, athlete, investor, entrepreneur, customs official, international banker and international broker. He was involved in at least one broken engagement, which may have made him seem frivolous, but he married that same woman after the death of his first wife ten years later, so perhaps he wasn’t as frivolous as it may have seemed at the time. And whereas the original “Dudes” merely affected the manners, dress and speech of the Englishmen they admired, he came by his “indistinct” accent honestly.

Robert Sale Hill was an Irish-born Englishman, with generations of family history in Northern Ireland on his father’s side of his family (the Hills), and generations of family history in India on his mother’s side (the Sales). The Hills were connected to a hereditary title with estates near Londonderry, Northern Ireland. The Sales were connected to several generations of military officers and bureaucrats of the East India Company. Robert Sale Hill was born in Dublin, Ireland, educated in Berkshire, England, and lived in London, New York City, Helena, Montana, Tacoma, Washington and Hong Kong, before returning to London. He died on the Island of Jersey in 1922.

The Hills of Ireland

Samuel Hill, the first of the Hills in Ireland, moved there from Buckinghamshire in about 1642, to serve as the Treasurer of Ireland under Oliver Cromwell. In 1779, King George III awarded Robert's great-grandfather, Sir Hugh Hill, the hereditary title of the 1st Baronet, of Brook Hall. His estate included 230 acres of land in County Londonderry, 969 acres in County Donegal, with "seats" at Brook Hall in Culmore and St. Columb's Cathedral in Derry. The Brook Hall Estates were sold to the Gilliland family in 1852, but the baronetage has passed down for eleven generations. Robert Sale Hill's uncle George was the 3rd Baronet, and his first-cousin Major Sir John Hill was the 4th Baronet. Sir John Alfred Rowley Hill is currently the 11th Hill.ⁱ

The Hill Baronets had a coat of arms and a motto. The coat-of-arms included a "chevron erminois between three leopards' faces" below a crest of a "talbot's head," with a studded collar. The motto, "Ne Tentés aut Perfice," translates loosely as the Yoda-esque expression, "Perfect, or never try, your plan" ("Do or do not; there is no try." – Yoda.).



Ne tentés, aut perfice.

If you ascend the hill of strife,
Or journey down the vale of life;

Whether you climb th' adventurous steep,
Or boldly o'er the ocean sweep,
Or calmly on its surface creep,

'Tis perseverance proves the man.
"Perfect, or never try, your plan."

Amicus, A Translation, in Verse, of the Mottos of the English Nobility and Sixteen Peers of Scotland, in the Year 1800, London, Robert Triphook, 1822, page 38.

The Hill family also included prominent clergymen. Robert Sale Hill's grandfather, Reverend John Beresford Hill, a son of the 1st Baronet, missed out on the title due to his birth order, but became the Prebendary of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, the national cathedral of the Church of Ireland.

Reverend John Beresford Hill's older brother, Sir George Fitzgerald Hill, the 2nd Baronet, served at various times as Clerk of the Irish House of Commons, Colonel in the Londonderry Militia, Lord of Treasury for Ireland, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland and the Governor of St. Vincent and Trinidad. But when he died without an heir, the title passed to his nephew and namesake, the Rev. John Beresford Hill's oldest son, Sir George Hill, the 3rd Baronet. This placed Reverend Beresford Hill in the rare position of being the son of, brother to and father of a Baronet, without having been a Baronet himself.

Reverend Beresford Hill's grandson (Robert Sale Hill's first-cousin), the Right Reverend Rowley Hill (a son of the 3rd Baronet), also missed out on the hereditary title due to his birth order, but held the religious titles of Vicar at Sheffield, Bishop of Sodor and Man, and the Canon of York. His brother, Major Sir John Hill, became the 4th Baronet.

The Hill family also included someone with a non-hereditary title. Robert Sale Hill's brother, Rowley Sale Sale-Hill, followed in his father's footsteps in the military, rising to the rank of General and being made a Knight Companion in the Order of Bath. Curiously, Sir Sale-Hill and his son (another decorated military officer) were made the subjects of a small newspaper filler of no apparent news interest that was widely reprinted throughout the United States in 1903.

Sir Rowley Sale Hill is one of Britain's most popular old war veterans. He joined the Bengal army in 1856 and served through the terrible Indian mutiny. He also served under Lord Roberts in Afghanistan. His one boy, a chip of the old block, lately got five clasps to his South African medal.

The Times Dispatch (Richmond, Virginia), June 20, 1903, page 4 (and many other newspapers).

Sir Rowley Sale Sale-Hill used the same motto as, and a coat-of-arms nearly identical to, the ones associated with his cousin's Baronetcy.



Robert Sale Hill did not have a title, a coat-of-arms, or a motto, but the cover-art on his original "Dude" poem included a coat-of-arms with a dodo and an ass instead of a Talbot and jaguar, a top hat instead of a knight's helmet, dollar signs instead of ermine tails, and a motto ("much money, but little brains") that sounds more like something out of *Spaceballs* than *Star Wars*. He may have been making fun of the silly trappings of his own family's aristocratic lineage, as well as the American "Dudes" who affected the silly trappings of British aristocracy.



Detail from the cover art of *The History and Origin of the Dude*.
The motto reads (in French), “Much money, but little brains.”

A poem he published several years later may shed some light on his personal attitude toward inherited titles, wealth and fame.

Life's Highest Title.

Life's but a span. The tidal wave of death
Sweeps down all barriers of wealth and fame.
And levels every thing with icy breath,
Leaving to rich, and poor alike, a name.
“What's in a name” bequeathed through dead men's deeds,
If the recipient lets its luster wane?
The rarest flower may be raised by seeds
But 'tis the gardener's skill which rears the same.
What's in a title? Accidental birth
Oft gives the proudest rank to idle mind,
While honest poverty may prove its worth

By rising to be ruler o'er mankind,
What then are titles, wealth, or worldly fame,
Thrown in the balance with eternity?
They crumble like the dust from which they came,
And seek the region of obscurity.

Be your own gardener, then, and weed the soil
Which God hath given. So it if you can,
For when Death scatters all your years of toil
He leaves unscathed God's highest title:
"Man." – Robert Sale Hill, in *America*.

The Daily Times (Davenport, Iowa), December 22, 1890, page 3.ⁱⁱ

The Sales of India

The Sale side of Robert Sale Hill's family lacked a direct connection to a hereditary title, although his mother's aunt Frances married one – the 7th Baronet of Roydon Hall. But even without inherited titles, his mother's parents earned titles for military action in Afghanistan, after a long career with action in India, Burma, and Mauritius.

Born in 1782, his grandfather, Colonel Robert Henry Sale, joined the 26th Regiment of Foot (infantry) as an Ensign in 1795, at the age of 13. He was promoted to Lieutenant in 1798, transferred to the 12th Regiment of Foot in 1798, and promoted to Captain in 1806 and major in 1813. He was transferred to the 13th Regiment of Foot in 1821, where he spent the rest of his career. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1825, Colonel in 1838, and brevetted to the local rank of Major-General in India in 1839.ⁱⁱⁱ

Colonel Sale was known as "Fighting Bob Sale" and the "Hero of Jalalabad." He was knighted twice over, as Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in 1839, and again as Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath in 1842, following his actions in withstanding and eventually breaking the Siege of Jalalabad.

Streaming after the colours With "Fighting Bob" we go,
Our step is firm, our spirits light, To smash up our dusky foe.
Jellalabad can't hold us, We're ready for any deed,
We'll follow the colours quickly, We're of the British breed.

Hampshire Telegraph and Naval Chronicle (Portsmouth, England), March 21, 1885, page 10.

A poem written in his honor following his death in India, in action against the Sikhs in 1846, also identifies his wife as a hero:

Thou too, right valiant English heart,
That 'mid the conquering foe,
Though woman, playedst the hero's part,
Still darker hours must know.
If prayers and tears could purchase life,
A nation's might avail,
And give thee, glorious from the strife,
Once more to welcome Sale.

“On the Death of Sir Robert Sale, Killed in Action Against the Sikhs,”
Weekly Standard and Express, March 11, 1846, page 4.

Robert Sale Hill's maternal grandmother, the Lady Sale (born Florentia Wynch), was known as “heroine of Cabul.”^{iv} While Colonel Sale was under siege in Jalalabad, his wife stayed behind in Kabul, Afghanistan where she witnessed and what was arguably the greatest military catastrophe in British history, when nearly “the entire force of 690 British soldiers, 2,840 Indian soldiers and 12,000 followers were killed”^v in the retreat from Kabul. A small number of people, mostly officers and their wives – about 100 in total, were spared by being taken prisoner of Akbar Khan and held as hostages for nine months. Lady Sale and her daughter Alexandrina were among the hostages, but only after Lady Sale was shot in the wrist while fleeing with the troops on horseback, and her daughter's husband, Lieutenant Sturt, was killed.

Lady Sale's journal entries and letters became part of the official history of the war, and were collected and published as a popular account of the war after her return to England. Of her, it was said that, “She showed such intelligence, judgment and firmness that so excellent an authority as the Duke of Wellington said that if she had been in command the army would not have been lost. She was not in command, however, and routine generals, who blindly trusted the treacherous Afghans, went headlong on to disaster.”^{vi}



Akbar Khan, sketched by Lieutenant Vincent Eyre.^{vii}

She also showed poise under pressure. When Akhbar Khan asked her to write to General Nott, to ask him not to advance toward Kabul, “the heroine immediately wrote, ‘*Advance Nott!*’”^{viii}

After her release from captivity, someone wrote a song in her honor.

“Lady Sale. – ‘Come, weave the laurel wreath for her,’ NEW SONG, written on the heroic conduct of Lady Sale in Affghanistan [sic, 2 ff’s, formerly acceptable spelling], by Edward J. Gill.”^{ix}

Come, Weave the Laurel Wreath for Her!

Hark! Through the mountain pass the trumpet rings,
While fell destruction hovers on its wings.

Like serpent stealing, see, the Indian creeps,
And Britain’s bravest ‘neath the cold turf sleeps!

Yet woman bids defiance to the band,
And “No Surrender” echoes through the land;
Once more awake the sounds with vengeance rife.

For Britain triumphs in the glorious strife.

J. Diprose, *Diprose’s Royal Song Book*, Third Edition,
London, J. Diprose, 1845, page 35.

When Sir Robert and Lady Sale returned “home” shortly after her release from captivity, they were celebrated as national heroes. At a formal dinner in their honor, she wore a turban, perhaps one similar to one she was sketched wearing while in captivity.



Lady Sale, sketched by Lieutenant Vincent Eyre.^x

[T]he[y] suddenly struck up “See the conquering hero comes,” and immediately afterwards a tall thin lady, robed in black, with a white turban on her head . . . entered the gallery, and the whole company rose and received with acclamations the heroine of the Khyber Pass and Gundamuck – the noble-minded, English-hearted Lady Sale.

Berrow’s Worcester Journal (Worcestershire, England), August 22, 1844, page 1.

It may, however, be a misnomer to refer to England as their “home.” They had both spent most of their careers and lives in India, and both came from families who had been in India for multiple generations.

Sir Robert Henry Sale was the son of a Colonel R. Sale, who was “for many years an active officer of the East India Company.”^{xi} The elder Colonel Sale served as the “Commander at Vellore”^{xii} and died there in 1799.^{xiii} The nickname of the city of Vellore is “Second Madras,” because of its proximity to the city of Madras (now known officially as Chennai), where his wife’s family had lived for generations.

Lady Sale’s father, George Wynch, lived in Fort St. George in Madras (now the seat of the Tamil Nadu legislature) as early as 1855.^{xiv} He later held some responsible administrative positions with the East India Company in Madras.^{xv}

Her grandfather, Alexander Wynch, was in India as early as 1737,^{xvi} and later served as the Governor of Madras. Her grandmother, Alexander Wynch’s first wife Sophia, was the daughter of Edward Croke, the Governor of Fort St. David, about 100 miles south of Madras.^{xvii} When her great-aunt (Sophia’s sister, Begum Johnson) died in Calcutta in

1812, she was memorialized as “the oldest British resident in Bengal, universally beloved, respected and revered.”^{xviii} Their mother, Lady Sale’s great-grandmother Isabella (nee Beizor) Croke, was an Indian-born Portuguese woman who may (or may not) have had some Indian ancestry.^{xix}

Lady Sale did, however, spend a significant amount of time in Britain as a child, so she wasn’t completely unfamiliar with her nominal homeland. She returned from India with her father in 1799^{xx} to live at his estate in Clemenstone, in Glamorganshire Wales.^{xxi} King George III appointed her father to serve as Sherriff of Glamorganshire in 1807.^{xxii} And she was educated at “one of the first seminaries in London.” She educated her five daughters in India, including Mrs. Sturt, who spent nine months in captivity with her, and Robert Sale Hill’s mother, Catharine, who married Captain Rowley John Hill.^{xxiii}

Colonel and Lady Sale returned to India following their brief stay in England. He died in combat in the “Battle of Mudke” a few years later, in December 1845. She is said to have had the opportunity to leave their home base at Ambala due to the risk of attack, but “said she would remain and share the fate of the last soldier’s wife there.”^{xxiv} Despite her husband’s death, the British won the battle and she did not have to share his fate.

She remained in her adopted homeland for nearly a decade after her husband’s death. She left India for health reasons in 1853, and died shortly after arriving in South Africa.

Robert Sale-Hill’s father, Rowley John Hill, was born in 1806, the second son of the Reverend John Beresford Hill. Like his father and nephew, he missed out on the Baronetcy awarded to his brother George, pursuing a career in the military instead, spending nearly his entire career with the 4th Regiment, Native Infantry, in northern India and Pakistan.

Rowley John Hill was made an Ensign in the army in 1828, and in 1829 was attached to the 4th Regiment, Native Infantry (NI), stationed in Oudh, in north-eastern India. In 1839, “Ensign Rowley Hill, of the 4th Regiment Native Infantry” was reassigned from “the 1st Regiment of Infantry to the 1st Regiment of Cavalry, in the Oude Auxilliary [sic, -ll-,

formerly acceptable spelling] Force as subaltern.”^{xxv} He was still in the cavalry in 1842 when his wife, “the lady of Capt. Rowley Hill, 6th Irregular Cavalry” gave birth to their fourth child in Ambala.^{xxvi} In early 1849, he was the “2d in Comd. – Acting Comdt., 6th Irregular Cavalry, Saugor.” He arrived at his final duty station at Rawalpindi, Pakistan, in December 1849.

The circumstances or cause of his death are unclear, but Captain Hill died in Bombay, India in November 1850, less than a month after his son Robert was born. It is not known when or why his mother moved back to Britain, but she was at her sister-in-law’s home in Ireland when she gave birth to her son Robert in October 1850.

Robert Sale Hill in Britain

Robert Sale Hill was born in Ireland on October 11, 1850, the fifth child of Captain John Rowley Hill and Caroline Catherine Sale. Since his father spent his entire career in India and Pakistan, and their fourth child was born in India, Robert was likely the first child in several generations, on either side of his family, to be born in Britain.

Births. . . . On the 11th inst., at Granite-lodge, Kingstown, the lady of Captain Rowley Hill, commanding 5th Irregular Cavalry, Mooltan, of a son.

The Morning Chronicle (London), October 16, 1850, page 8.

Robert was born at “Granite Lodge,” Kingstown, Ireland (now known as of Dún Laoghaire), in County Dublin, Ireland. The “Granite Lodge” was the home of his uncle, Joseph Tromperant Potts, Esq., who was married to Rev. John Beresford Hill’s first-born daughter, Mary.^{xxvii} The Granite Lodge was (and may still be)^{xxviii} located at the southwest corner of Lower Glenageary Road where Corrig Road turns into Eden Road.^{xxix} If the original house, or any portion of it, is still standing on that corner, it may be considered the home of the “Dude.”

Robert Sale Hill attended a boarding school in Crowthorne, England. He enrolled at Wellington College during the Lent Term of 1862,^{xxx} and stayed through the summer of 1867.^{xxxi} The school was “specifically founded to provide an almost-free education for the sons of Army

officers who died while serving, and although it also admitted other students, these ‘Foundationers’ as they were called made up a large part of the student intake.” Robert was admitted as a “Foundationer” and paid only “£10 per year when the full fees were £80 to £100 per year.”^{xxxiii}

While at Wellington, Robert lived in Beresford Dormitory, named after William Beresford, 1st Viscount Beresford of Beresford.^{xxxiii} Robert was a 2nd Cousin, 3x removed, of the Viscount, through his grandfather’s (Reverend John Beresford Hill) grandmother (Sophia Beresford Lowther), the wife of Sir Hugh Hill, 1st Baronet. The connection may, however, have been merely coincidental. Robert was nominated for his spot in the school by Edward Law, 1st Earl of Ellenborough, who served as the Governor-General of India from 1842 through 1844, during the time Colonel and Lady Sale became famous for their exploits in Afghanistan. When Robert attended Wellington, “the College was divided into the ‘Classical School’, in which boys learned more Latin and Greek, and the ‘Mathematical School’, in which they learned more modern subjects such as Maths and modern languages, although still some Classics. Robert was in the Mathematical School,”^{xxxiv} which may explain his success later in building his nest egg on Wall Street (although marrying the daughter of a Wall Street broker may also explain some of that nest egg).

The school does not have any record of his athletic or artistic accomplishments at school, but the school presumably helped lay the foundation for his success years later, as an athlete, writer and actor.

During his stay at Wellington, his mother listed her address as “St. Leonard’s, Penge, Surrey.”^{xxxv} “St. Leonard’s,” sometimes referred to as “St. Leonard’s House,” appears to have been the name of a residence, not a church or convent as its name might suggest. It was located at the intersection of “Adelaide-road and Penge-lane,” which apparently correspond to Queen Adelaide Road and Penge Lane, in the neighborhood of Penge, on a current map of the city.^{xxxvi} As of May 2021, a Nepalese and Indian restaurant called Himalayan Kitchen stands on that corner. If his mother Caroline were to return today, she might feel at home with

the types of food she may have become accustomed to during her time in northern India with her husband, Captain Rowley John Hill.

It's not clear whether she owned or rented, but a partial description of the home suggests that St. Leonard's may have been large enough to accommodate more than one family.

Three substantially built, detached residences, situated close to the Railway Station, including St. Leonard's House, possessing ample accommodation for a family, and having nine bed and dressing rooms, three reception rooms and a large

London Evening Standard, October 2, 1879.

St. Leonard's House appears (at least at one time) to have been under common ownership with a number of other buildings on the same block. In 1882, someone advertised an auction of leasehold estates for "22 private residence, Nos. 1 to 20 Queen Adelaide Road and St. Leonard's House and Hamilton House, whole producing £1400 per annum."

In any case, it is not known when Caroline Sale Hill left Ireland, how long she stayed in London, or when she left. She died in Bedford, England in 1890. Because of her position as a generational bridge between two prominent military officers, her death was considered newsworthy, and reports of her death even made it into some American newspapers.

Mrs. Caroline Catherine Hill, second daughter of the late General Sir Robert Sale, G.C.B., whose gallant defense of Jellalabad against the Afghans nearly half a century ago was the one redeeming feature of the take of our terrible disasters in the passes of Cabul, and whose wife, Lady Sale (Mrs. Hill's mother), a captive in the hands of the Afghans, wrote a thrilling narrative of the sufferings of herself and her fellow-captives during their memorable adventures. Mrs. Hill's husband was Captain Rowley John Hill, an officer in the Bengal Irregular Cavalry. Her marriage was celebrated on January 2d, 1835, and she became a widow in November of 1850. The second of her four sons is Lieutenant-General Rowley Sale-Hill, C.B., a distinguished officer of the Bengal army who is engaged in the task of defending the military reputation of his grandfather, the hero of Jellalabad.

--- *The Leeds Mercury* (West Yorkshire, England), August 12, 1890, page 5; *Baltimore Sun*, August 28, 1890, page 3.

As for her son, Robert, he disappears from the historical record after leaving Wellington College in the summer of 1867 and reappears a decade later in New York.

New York City

In what may be the earliest reference in print to Robert Sale Hill, he is a bit player, the “first walking gentleman,”^{xxxvii} in the stock acting company of the Academy of Music in Buffalo, New York.

Academy of Music.

The Company and the Stars for the Coming Season.

The regular dramatic season at the Academy of Music will open on the 18th inst., with Mr. Lester Wallack in the beautiful drama of ‘Rosedale.’ The lessees, attaches, members of the dramatic company, and the stars and combinations already engaged for the season are as follows:

...E. A. Locke, comedian.

George B. Waldron, leading heavies and character.

J. E. Egberts, leading juvenile.

J. B. Everham, first old man.

E. E. Eberly, second old man.

R. S. Hill, first walking gent. . . .

Buffalo Evening Post, September 9, 1876, page 3.

Although not identified by name here, the reference to “R. S. Hill, first walking gent,” is consistent with a description of Robert Sale Hill’s early professional acting career as the “second walking gentleman” at Daly’s Theatre in New York City.

An example of how amateur theatricals lift men into social prominence is furnished by Robert Sale Hill. He now spends his summers at Newport, and is quite the go everywhere. No amateur performance is considered perfect without him. On the stage, he has the ease of a Bowery clothing dummy and the grace of a manikin. He has always been fond of acting, and once enjoyed a brilliant theatrical career as “second walking gentlemen” in Daly’s Theatre. He was then known as Bob Hill. His acting consisted in walking in from the wings clad in a square-cut and woody frockcoat, recently ironed breeches, gorgeous patent-leather boots, waxed moustache, and well-plastered hair. He went down into Wall street

and made money. He is at bottom a genial, good-hearted and generous fellow, and well liked among his friends. He plays cricket with some swell young Englishmen, and has acquired the manners of an actor off the stage. He seems to be perpetually on parade. Every night he is rehearsing somewhere, and he probably appears in twenty plays during the season. He is the best known of our amateur actors in New York.

The Times-Democrat (New Orleans), February 17, 1884, page 4.

He may have arrived in the United States even earlier, and performed in places other than New York State. A review of a satirical performance of “Hamlet” in 1874 in New Orleans, for example (the character of Claudius is referred to as the “Carpet-bag King of Louisiana”), lists an actor named “R. S. Hill” in one of the “other roles.”^{xxxviii} In 1877, a man named “R. S. Hill” appeared in Toronto, Canada as a member of Warde & Herbert’s English-Comedy Company.^{xxxix}

If Robert Sale Hill were not already based out of New York City before 1877, his association with Warde & Herbert’s would have given him an opportunity to get to the city. Fred B. Warde, one of the managers of Warde & Herbert’s, was a serious actor. In 1876, he was described as the “Leading Tragedian, Booth’s Theatre, N. Y.,” and played De Mauprat opposite Edwin Booth’s Richelieu and Othello opposite Edwin Booth’s Iago in a touring company with Edwin Booth.

By 1883, Robert Sale Hill was no longer a professional actor. He had reportedly made some money on Wall Street and had become part of the social set; summering at Newport and Lenox, and acting alongside Cora Urquhart Potter, the wife of financier James Brown Potter, of the investment bank Brown Brothers & Co.

Mrs. Potter and her informal company of amateur actors performed regularly at charity events in New York City. Robert Sale Hill performed with her at events to raise money the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund (to build the pedestal for the Statue of Liberty),^{xl} the Home for the Destitute Blind,^{xli} the “Hampton schools” (a boarding school for Native American children),^{xlii} the New York Orthopedic Dispensary and Hospital for Crippled Children,^{xliii} and a charity that provided “a home for the poor girls who work in the factories and places of like nature, and others of

their class are in the evening taught the various duties of housekeeper.”^{xliv}

They also took their show on the road, performing in Pittsfield and Lenox, Massachusetts during the Berkshires season. At a benefit for the “House of Mercy, the only hospital in the Berkshires,” Robert Sale Hill did what he was unable to do as a professional; he played the lead, as the Marquis in Feuillet’s “The Portraits of the Marquise,” in which he gave a “finished and elegant interpretation of the part of the Marquis.”^{xlv}

He also played the lead in several performances of “Romance of a Poor Young Man,” and the male lead in “The Moonlight Marriage,” opposite Mrs. Potter. Ironically, the same week the originator of the “Dude” performed “Romance of a Poor Young Man” at the Madison Club Theatre, a man named George Riddle (described as an “accomplished and delightful reader) performed a sketch entitled, “A Cure for Dudes,” in the same theater.^{xlvi} The sketch, written by John T. Wheelwright, is a conversation between a young woman and a “Dude” at Bar Harbor, Maine, in which the woman finally rids herself of a pesky “Dude” by threatening to introduce him to her parents to arrange marriage.^{xlvii}

An advertisement for his performance in “The Moonlight Marriage” at the Madison Square Theatre lists Mrs. August Belmont as a ticket agent and member of the Executive Committee organizing the benefit for the Home for the Destitute Blind. Ironically, her son, August Belmont, Jr., was a member of the Knickerbocker Club, the home of the original “Dudes” who were said to be Robert Sale Hill’s inspiration to coin the word in the first place.^{xlviii}

The word “Dude,” which seems to be passing into the vernacular of the street, is an importation. An Englishman of athletic habits and stalwart frame, named Hill, after visiting the Knickerbocker Club lately, was so struck with the listless appearance of most of the members that he wrote to the World and classified them as “Dudes.”

“New York Gossip. The Genus “Dude” in All His Manifestations of Gorgeous Idiocy,” *Chicago Tribune*, February 25, 1883, page 9. (reprinted in *The Shreveport Times*, March 2, 1883).

Several months before the publication of Sale Hill’s original “Dude”

poem, August Belmont, Jr. may have even helped introduce the fashions that would come to be known as “Dude” fashions.^{xlix}

When I saw him [(August Belmont, Jr.)] he was coming around the corner of Twenty-eighth street into Fifth avenue, and the windows of the swell little Knickerbocker Club were alive with weak-looking faces, convulsively holding the single eye-glass, and gazing eagerly at the latest imported clothes.

Chicago Tribune, September 27, 1882, page 5.

In addition to acting, Robert Sale Hill recited poetry or read essays, sometimes with women acting out little vignettes illustrating the piece. At Lenox, for example, he staged a synchronized “fan drill,” in which “twelve young girls dressed in the costume of the period . . . danced a minuet and went through the exercises of the fan, in which they had been carefully drilled by Mr. Hill.” The performance was based on Addison’s comic essay, “the Use of the Fan” (1711), which represents a woman’s fan as her weapon, and imagines women drilled in its use, as soldiers are drilled in the use of firearms.

Women are armed with Fans as Men with swords, and sometimes do more Execution with them: To the End therefore that Ladies may be entire Mistresses of the Weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young Women in the *Exercise of the Fan*, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions that are now practiced at Court. The ladies who carry Fans under me are drawn up twice a Day in my great Hall, where they are instructed in the Use of their Arms, and exercised by the following Words of Command,

Handle your Fans,
Unfurl your Fans,
Discharge your Fans,
Ground your Fans,
Recover your Fans,
Flutter your Fans.

The Spectator, Number 102, June 27, 1711, reprinted in, *The Spectator*, Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Donald F. Bond, Volume 1, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1965, page 495.

At the Madison Square Theatre, he appeared as the Prince, and Mrs. Potter as the Princess, in an adaptation of Tennyson's poem, "The Princess."^l At Pittsfield, Massachusetts, he read Tennyson's "A Dream of Fair Women," in which, "as each are mentioned, lo! They appear, - in costume, in attitude, in expression, the heroines they represent. Helen of Troy, (Mrs. James Brown Potter); Iphigenia, (Miss Ada Smith); Cleopatra, (Miss Florida Yulee); Jephtha's daughter, (Miss Lemist); Fair Rosamond, (Mrs. Frank Worth White); Joan of Arc, (Miss Lawrence); an exhibition of beauty, of costuming, of artistic realization of the characters presented such as Pittsfield never saw before"^{li}

In October of 1886, Robert Sale Hill performed at Tuxedo Park during its first full season in operation. He performed "Good Night Babette," one of Austic Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain," with Mrs. Frank W. White.^{lii} Coincidentally, Mrs. Potter's husband is widely believed to have introduced the first "Tuxedo" jacket at Tuxedo Park that same month (hence the name).^{liii} Consequently, Robert Sale Hill may have been one of the first people in the United States to see a Tuxedo.

Although some of his amateur reviews were generally positive, one reviewer explained why he never had much success as a professional.

Mr. Robert Sale Hill has the same defect, combined with an indistinct utterance which is neither English nor American, and which, with the conventional restraints which hedge the amateur, make his lovemaking about as tender and impassioned as a clam's.

The Sun (New York), April 20, 1884, page 6.

In a critique of amateur actors who want to turn professional, Robert Sale Hill was mentioned by name as an exception to the rule that such amateurs are generally insufferable.

Of all bores the amateur actor who is about to become a professional is the most pestiferous. Why it is that such a man cannot see that the fact of his going on the stage is not a matter of life and death importance to men who are so unfortunate as to know him. Capable and clever amateur actors like Mr. Robert C. Hilliard or Mr. R. S. Hill, who act as a diversion and who usually find something else to talk about than their histrionic experiences, are not

open to the charges that are made against the majority of amateur actors. --- *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, January 11, 1885, page 2.

Ironically, the one other amateur mentioned alongside his name in that article was a man named Robert C. Hilliard. Hilliard famously contended with Evander Berry Wall in a widely publicized battle for the title, “King of the Dudes.” The “battle,” such as it was, was fueled primarily by a newspaper writer named Blakely Hall who, like Hilliard, was from Brooklyn, with Hill acting essentially as a publicist for Hilliard who was then in the process of turning from amateur to professional. He also promoted Hilliard with a fake feud with Lilly Langtry and her boyfriend, Freddy Gebhard, in which she is said to have pushed Hilliard from the stage after he accused Gebhard of insulting his woman friends in a theater box.

The latest press dispatches bring glad assurance that Mr. Bob Hilliard has kindly consented not to spill Mr. Freddy Gebhard’s personal gore.

Mr. Hall has been working it very fine for the Brooklyn amateur actor of late. He has skillfully narrated the series of triumphs over Berry Wall which led to Mr. Hilliard’s recent coronation as King of the Dudes. --- *The Buffalo Express*, November 19, 1887, page 4.

But whereas Bob Hilliard, as he became known, may have aspired to be a “Dude,” at least for promotional purposes, Robert Sale Hill was said to have been, “nothing of the dude.” The comments appeared not in a review of one of his plays, but in a report about one of his other passions – cricket, and also describes his success as a writer.

Mr. Robert Sale Hill, a handsome and manly young Englishman, who is also a fine cricketer and enjoys the game and all other athletic sports. Mr. Hill is a man of many accomplishments. Besides being a very clever actor, as all will acknowledge who have seen him play with Mrs. Potter and others, he wields a facile pen, has written some unusually good dramas, which it is to be wondered he has not acted in himself with Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Andrews, or some of the attractive amateurs. Mr. Hill also writes clever verses. I came across one on “Old Love-Letters” not long ago in a book of random poems, which ought to be republished.

Possibly Mr. Hill does not realize how good his poems are. We are seldom fair critics of our own work. While a thorough gentleman, understanding these qualities to their fullest degree, he is nothing of the dude. These are the kind of Englishmen always welcome to our shores. Mr. Hill is the son of an officer of the English army long since dead, and the nephew [(actually first cousin)] of the Bishop of Sodor and Man in England.

Chicago Tribune, May 23, 1886, page 14.

Robert Sale Hill was a very good amateur cricket player, at least by American standards; a leading member of the Staten Island Cricket Club of New York City.

Under the captaincies of E. J. Stevens, Robert Sale Hill and Cyril Wilson, the cricket record of the club has been most successful, and at present time there seems to be as strong material for the future welfare of the game as ever there was during any period of its existence. --- "The Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club," *Outing*, Volume 11, Number 2, November 1887, page 104.

His name appears in box scores of cricket matches every year from 1882 through 1887, frequently as one of the top scorers on his team.

R. S. Hill treasurer of Staten Island Cricket Club, also lists his statistics. "Of those who played in a majority of the first eleven matches, E. Kessler leads with an average of 12-75, R. S. Hill being second with 8-11. In Second Eleven matches, R. S. Hill is third, with 7-66. In the first eleven bowling, E. Kessler took the lead with an average of five runs to a cricket; R. S. Hill third, with 7-50. --- *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, February 19, 1882, page 3.

The Staten Island Cricket Club hosted a team from England in 1885. Twenty years later, Robert Sale Hill would host an American team visiting England. But the photograph below is not from one of the England-versus-the-USA matches in 1885, but from a Fourth of July match two years later, between English and American members of the club – the "Staten Island annual match, Americans against English . . . a club match."^{liv}



1887

Club Match—American versus English

Randolph St. George Walker, *History of the Staten Island Cricket and Tennis Club, 1872-1917*, New York, H. R. Elliot & Co., 1917, page 4.



This image may be Robert Sale Hill, based on comparison with his photograph on the frontispiece of his 1892 collection of poetry.

Although there are few intimate details of his life in most of the references to Robert Sale Hill in print, some of his own writings may offer a glimpse or two into his personal life. His poem, “Old Love Letters,” for example, is written from the point of view of a young man in love with a woman whose parents opposed the relationship. He left her behind, “struggled in foreign countries” to “seek a fortune,” amassed an “ample fortune,” returned home “to claim my own,” but he “was too late” – she was dead.

Too late – a little black-edged letter,
Written and sealed with dying breath,
Contained these words, “I’ve loved you ever,
And have been faithful unto death.”
Her parents offered consolation,
Asked me to share with them my grief.
I fled their presence, with thanksgiving,
And sought in solitude relief.
Here in my chamber, with her letters,
A ribbon, and a lock of hair,
I speak with her, for she’s in heaven,
And heaven is reached by earnest prayer.
And now perhaps you think I’ll marry,
Forget the past, and happy be.
No; to her memory I’ll be faithful,
As unto death she was to me;
For well I know, although in heaven,
Where earthly ties all must forget,
She is so pure, God will forgive her,
If, robed in white, she loves me yet.

“Old Love Letters,” Robert Sale Hill, from the collection, Gus Williams, *Fireside Recitations*, New York, De Witt, 1881, page 60-63.

If the poem were autobiographical, it was not the only time he lost a loved one to an early death. His first wife died in 1891, at the age of 22.

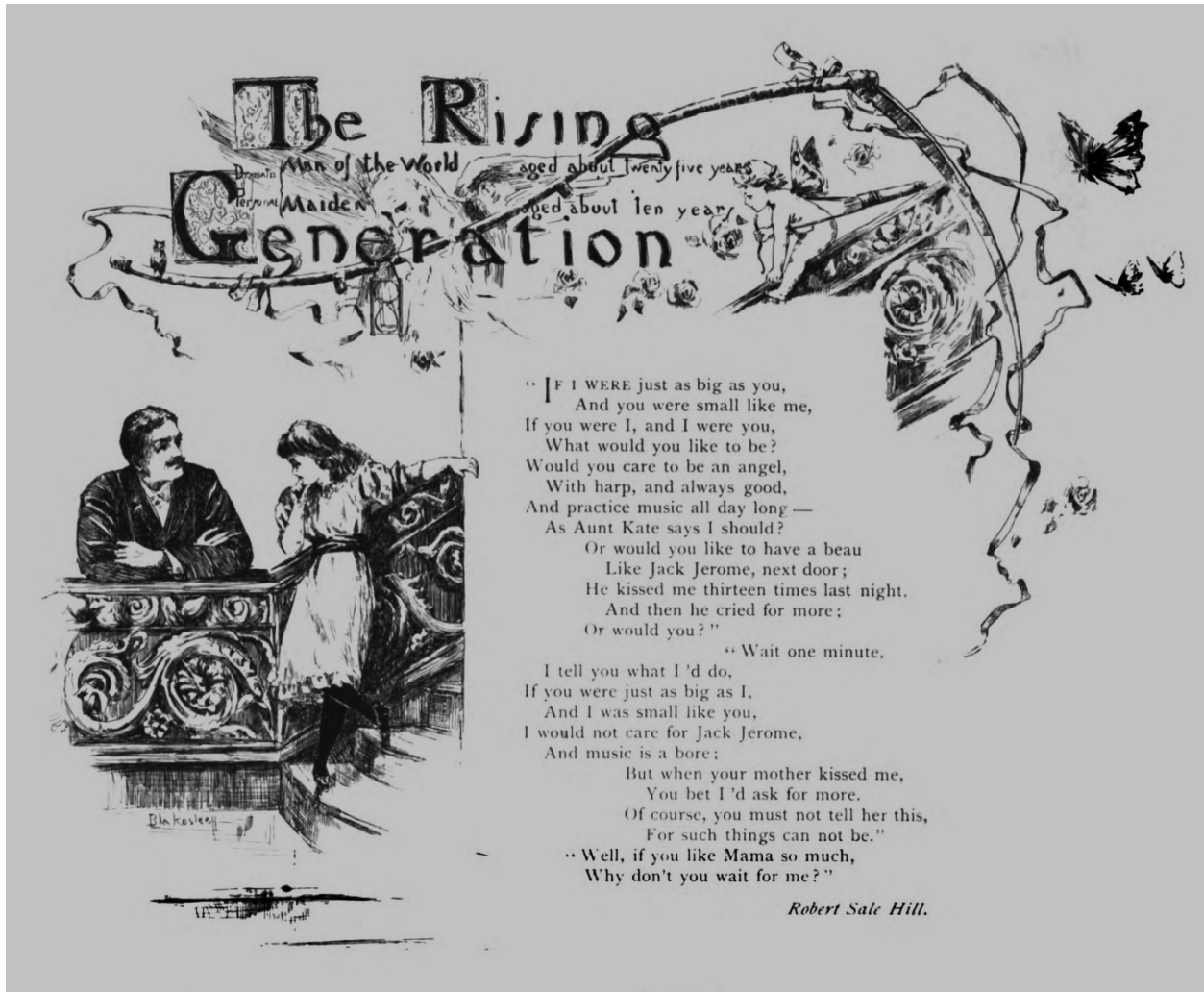
Robert Sale Hill’s engagement to Sarah Randolph “Sadie” Foote was society news in New York City in 1886 – she was a grand-niece of the

former Governor Randolph of New Jersey and daughter of a prominent Wall Street broker.

The engagement is announced from New York of Mr. Robert Sale Hill and Miss Sadie Foote, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick w. Foote of 57 West Nineteenth street. Miss Foote was one of the debutantes of the past winter, and is a very attractive girl. Mr. Hill is one of the most popular amateur actors, and in fact is the *jeune premiere* of the New York amateur stage. The wedding will take place in November. --- *The Boston Globe*, May 23, 1886, page 13.

Robert was more than twice her age when they married; he was thirty-six, she was seventeen – a difference of nineteen years.^{lv} The age difference calls to mind another one of his poems, “The Rising Generation,” published in the humor magazine, *Puck*, in 1891. The poem is written as a conversation between a “Man of the World, aged about twenty five years” and a “Maiden, aged about ten years” – four years closer in age than Robert and Sarah. The young girl starts the conversation:

[For image of drawing with poem, see below, page 212.]



" IF I WERE just as big as you,
And you were small like me,
If you were I, and I were you,
What would you like to be?
Would you care to be an angel,
With harp, and always good,
And practice music all day long —
As Aunt Kate says I should?
Or would you like to have a beau
Like Jack Jerome, next door;
He kissed me thirteen times last night.
And then he cried for more;
Or would you?"

" Wait one minute,
I tell you what I'd do,
If you were just as big as I,
And I was small like you,
I would not care for Jack Jerome,
And music is a bore;
But when your mother kissed me,
You bet I'd ask for more.
Of course, you must not tell her this,
For such things can not be."
" Well, if you like Mama so much,
Why don't you wait for me?"

Robert Sale Hill.

"If I were just as big as you,
And you were small like me,
If you were I, and I were you,
What would you like to be?

Would you care to be an angel,
With harp, and always good,
And practice music all day long —
As Aunt Kate says I should?
Or would you like to have a beau
Like Jack Jerome, next door;

He kissed me thirteen times last night,
And then he cried for more;
Or would you?"

"Wait one minute,
I'll tell you what I'd do.
If you were just as big as I,
And I was small like you,
I would not care for Jack Jerome,
And music is a bore;
But when your mother kissed me,
You bet I'd ask for more.
Of course, you must not tell her this,
For such things can not be."

"Well, if you like Mama so much,
Why don't you wait for me?"

Robert Sale Hill.

Puck, Volume 29, Number 754, August 19, 1891, page 411.

Whereas Sarah Foote may have inspired his poetry, her father may have inspired his prose; a satirical how-to guide to investing, "How to Lose Money on Wall Street," published in 1886.

Frederick W. Foote started his career as a clerk in the Sub-Treasure, under John J. Cisco, then the Assistant Treasurer of New York. Cisco invited Foote to join his firm, John J. Cisco & Son, bankers, first as manager and later as a partner.^{lvi} Cisco had been at one time a government director and treasurer of the Union Pacific Railroad, and their firm was active in railroad stocks.^{lvii} The town of Cisco, Texas is named for him (or the firm), as a result of his involvement in the Houston and Texas Central Railway. Presumably, Frederick W. Foote was talented and made a certain amount of money, but his career was not without some failures.

In 1883, Foote and 1,200 other stockholders (including, famously, Oscar Wilde) were victims of a famous, fraudulent investment scam,

“Keely’s Motor,” a sort of perpetual motion machine, which attracted otherwise sensible investors – the *Theranos* swindle of its day. And within a year of the founder’s death in 1884, John J. Cisco & Son descended into insolvency. The troubles appear to have been caused in part by financial machinations by the railroad magnate, C. P. Huntington, and exacerbated by panic on the part of at least one investor.

This depreciation had been caused by the action of Mr. C. P. Huntington, who, having obtained control of the road, allowed a default on the January coupons of the first mortgage bonds, and then bought up the coupons through his Southern Development company. Mr. Dos Passos could suggest no explanation of Mr. Huntington’s course, except a desire to secure a lien on the road prior to the principal of the first mortgage bonds.

Wilkes Barre News (Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania), January 17, 1885, page 3.

The newest and most startling phase in the failure of John J. Cisco & Son, the bankers who were thought to be founded upon a rock, and whose downfall created such an alarm in financial circles has been brought to light. . . .

. . . Mrs. Edward H. Greene, wife of the ex-President of the Louisville & Nashville, hastened the collapse. . . .

[An insider connected with the affairs of the firm told a reporter]: “Mrs. Green caused the suspension of the firm. She had banked with the firm for over twenty years and had used the firm in many ways. She was an old friend of John J.’s and thought the firm sounder than the Bank of England. Several days ago she heard, while temporarily stopping at Bellows Falls, Vt., the rumors affecting the firm’s credit. Her reason forsook her. She had \$500,000 on deposit with the firm and in its vaults were \$25,000,000 in Government, railway and other valuable securities. She immediately penned a note demanding that her balance of \$500,000 be transferred to the Chemical and one or two other banks.”

Ottawa Weekly Republic, February 12, 1885, page 1 (from the *New York Morning Journal*).

Robert Sale Hill explained the purpose of his satirical guide to investing in the introduction.

I will undertake to solve the problem, which so many have fruitlessly attempted, namely: "How to make money on Wall street," by first proving how easily it can be lost, and then leaving it to your own common sense to define the very best and only sure method left by which it can be made.

Robert Sale Hill, *How to Lose Money on Wall Street, a Chapter on Wall Street in Four Parts and a Moral*, by R. S. H., Author of "The Dude," New York, G. W. Dillingham, 1887, page 5.

The book is laid out in four chapters, "Manipulation," "Statistical Information," "Sure Points," and "Avarice and Obstinacy." The chapter on manipulation appears to describe something similar to the methods Huntington used to devalue Cisco's railroad stock before reacquiring it under another corporate entity.

Let us suppose that "A" owns numberless railroads and has millions at his command, while at the same time he has good grounds for believing a certain road has more brilliant prospects than the rest. Does he go directly to his friends, and those interested with him in his schemes, and say "the stock of this road is cheap, for the improvements I purpose making will greatly enhance its value?" Oh no – he first calculated what these improvements will cost, and then calls a meeting of the directors, when it is unanimously agreed that the road is not earning sufficient money to defray the suggested improvements, therefore it will be expedient to issue a new bond. This is accordingly done, and at the same time the cappers of the game, or shall we say the confidence men are instructed to belittle the property and talk vaguely of the possibilities of a receiver being appointed, &c. The result being that small holders hasten to sell their little holdings which the aforesaid pious directors quietly absorb, and having by this eminently square and honorable transaction, secured the widows mite, the honorable boar suddenly discover that the road is an invaluable adjunct to another road well and favorably known as a sure dividend payer, and *hey presto* the magician's wand is waved again. The confidence men are once more called out, rumors of a great consolidation are

bruted abroad, a four per cent dividend is almost assured, the stock begins to jump, and the lambs, not already too closely shorn, begin to play around the resuscitated bauble, and rush in pell mell to secure the prize; the stock advances, the rumors spread, the public buy, the directors sell, and the bubble bursts, only to be again inflated, when a fresh lot of lambs are fat enough for the butcher's knife, or shearer's shears.

How to Lose Money on Wall Street, pages 7 and 8.

But he didn't place all of the blame on Huntington. Sale Hill appears to pin some of the blame on his father-in-law.

[W]hen two years ago the president of one of New York's oldest banks advanced the capital intrusted to his care, to promote schemes which promised fabulous returns, it would be paying a very poor compliment to his business education and sagacity to say that he was not perfectly well aware such results could not be attained by simple and honest business methods, nor can it be justly inferred that any individual who invested money on such terms, and with the hope of such results, was any less culpable, unless indeed, he was utterly ignorant of business.

How to Lose Money on Wall Street, page 8.

It's not known how well the criticism went over at his in-laws' house, but he and his wife left town the following year.

Robert Sale Hill disappeared from the society, entertainment and sports columns of New York City newspapers after 1887, only to re-appear in the society, entertainment and sports columns of Helena, Montana, the following year.

Helena, Montana

In Helena, he resumed many of the activities he had pursued in New York City. He played cricket.

BEATEN BY HELENA.

The Butte Cricketers Get Laid Out by the Helena Boys.

The Butte cricketers have got home from Helena and report that

while they had a nice time, they got badly beaten by the Helena eleven. . . .

The players were as follows: . . . Helena Team – R. S. Hill. . . . In the second innings Helena scored 93. Hill (18), Nicholson (22), Stuggs (16) and Kane (10), batting in good form.

The Butte Daily Post (Butte, Montana), August 13, 1888, page 4.

He formed a literary society, and gave public readings of original poetry.

NEW LITERARY SOCIETY.

A society called the English-American Literary society were handsomely entertained by Dr. Leiser at his rooms in the opera house building, on Thursday evening. . . . Robert S. Hill recited finely an original poem, possessing much merit. . . . Those present were Gen. Greene and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Hill

The Independent-Record (Helena, Montana), February 3, 1889, page 2.

He and his wife both acted in plays.

[See below, p. 218, for an announcement of a play in which Robert Sale Hill and his wife both acted.]

Ming's Opera House,
JOHN MAGUIRE, - - - - - Manager.

ONE NIGHT ONLY,
SATURDAY, JULY 19.

First production in Helena of H. J. Byron's Sparkling Comedy,
OUR BOYS

By the Dramatic Branch of the
ENCORE CLUB.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Violet Melrose, - - -	Mrs. Robert Sale Hill
Mary Melrose, - - -	Mrs. Lambertson
Clarissa Champneys, - - -	Mrs. F. R. Wallace
Belinda, - - -	Miss Glenton
Perkyn Middlewick, - - -	Mr. F. R. Wallace
Sir Geoffrey Champneys, - - -	Mr. G. R. Metten
Talbot Champneys, - - -	Mr. Robert Sale Hill
Charles Middlewick, - - -	Mr. A. M. Thornburgh
Podules, - - -	Mr. V. Fortune

The Independent-Record (Helena), July 18, 1890, page 2.

He was elected President of a tennis club while producing an Opera. Robert S. Hill has been elected to fill the vacancy as executive officer in the tennis club . . . Mr. Hill is to devote his energies to the east side ground, and it is to be hoped he will exert himself in the matter as soon as the "Erminie" rehearsals are over and not permit the grass to grow under his feet.

The Independent Record, April 21, 1889, page 2.

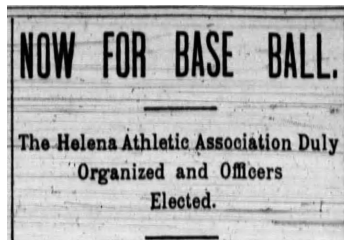
THE OPERA "ERMINIE."

A Financial Success and the Promoters Pleasantly Remembered. Financially the three performances of "Erminie" given by the Encore club were a success

To Mr. R. S. Hill, a valuable and handsome carving set with solid embossed silver handles.

The Independent-Record, May 22, 1889, page 4.

He was a charter member and first Secretary of the Helena Athletic Association and helped organize a new baseball team.



. . . The following officers were then unanimously elected: . . .
Secretary – R. Sale Hill.

The Independent-Record, April 12, 1890, page 5.

And he adopted the customs of his new country, volunteering for the decorations committee for Helena's Fourth of July celebrations.

His new surroundings also gave him something new to write about. *Outing* magazine published two of his stories about hunting in the Rocky Mountains. In "Lost in the Rockies; A Midwinter Hunt" (January 1891), he gets separated from his hunting party and lost in a snow storm. With the light fading and temperature dropping, he stumbles across an abandoned cabin. He spends a cold, wet night in a drafty cabin and makes his way back to his friends the next morning. His account of the reunion suggests he was a religious man.

[See below, p. 220, for excerpts of the first article.]

LOST IN THE ROCKIES; A MIDWINTER HUNT.

BY ROBERT SALE HILL.



WHAT do you say to taking a week off in the mountains with the chance of getting some sport and perhaps a shot at big game?"

This question was put to me one bright sunny day in the middle of December, 1889, by a friend whose vocation was the pursuit of Blackstone, but who, like myself,

hastily got my traps together in a weather-beaten valise, in which my wife, with true womanly solicitude, secreted a variety of articles which could only prove useful as a reminder of home. We started out at daybreak in a wagon provided by Jim West, an old-time hunter and prospector, who owned the cabin at the head of Avalanche Gulch, where for a week at least we were to make our home while in pursuit of black tail, bear or whatever else in the shape of game it might be our good fortune to come across. Jim's son Bill, a lad of fifteen, also accompanied us.

Jim West was a true type of a Western mountaineer, and at the early age of seven had begun to earn his salt by driving wagons across the trail at a time when these

Our meeting was a strange one; little was said, but the tones of Harley's voice as he said, "Thank God, old man, we have found you alive." Still ring in my ears, and the grip of Jim's hand spoke volumes. A drink of whiskey and a sandwich revived me greatly, and I was able to tell them my experience as we made our way back to Jim's hut; Jim said that in all his wanderings he had never even guessed as to the existence of such a cabin, while Harley simply then remarked it was providential; but when we got back to Jim's cabin, and while he was preparing me something to eat, Harley, his voice breaking with emotion, told me of a sleepless night spent in prayer to the only Power that could save me, and in this grand belief he had grounded his faith. Jim had given me up, for, as he said, no mortal power could save a man who was lost in the Rockies on such a night.

"Lost in the Rockies; A Midwinter Hunt," Robert Sale Hill, *Outing*, Volume 7, Number 4, January 1891, page, 277.

In “Rocky Mountain Echoes,” his hunting partner misses their only shot at a big horn sheep when a boulder slipped out from under his feet as he was taking aim. Their Swedish guide, Ole, got off a shot, so it wasn’t a complete loss, but they were disappointed that they weren’t able to get their own.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

By Robert Sale Hill.

Had the unfortunate boulder not given way we would have had a fair chance to show our skill, but as it was we were compelled to be content with the result of Ole’s fine ram. . . .

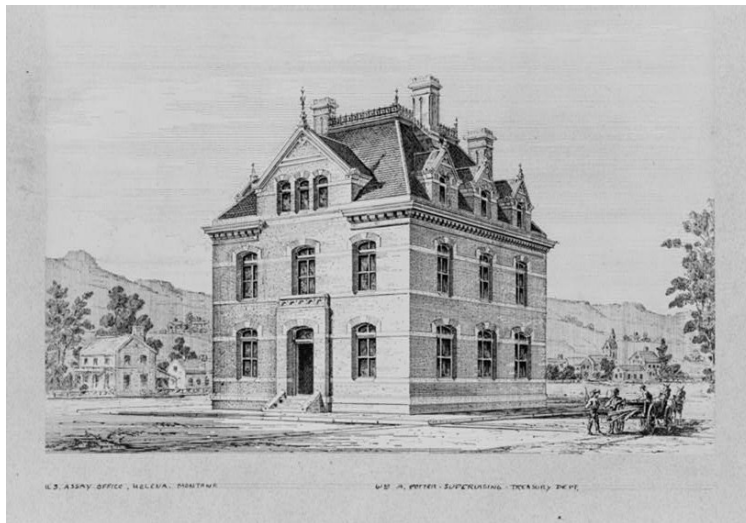
Next day we made another attempt and failed to locate game.

Mountain sheep are too wary to allow novices to redeem mistakes. Eternal vigilance is their motto when once the tell-tale bark of the Winchester has stirred the tongues of Rocky Mountain echoes.

“Rocky Mountain Echoes,” Robert Sale Hill, *Outing*, Volume 26, Number 6, September 1895, page 452.

When he wasn’t writing, performing or playing, he had a job with the Federal government, as a “deposit clerk” at the United States Assay Office. The United States government’s assay officer received “gold and silver bullion, for melting and assaying, to be returned to depositors of the same, in bars, with the weight and fineness stamped thereon.”^{lviii}

[See below, p. 222, for picture.]



U.S. Assay Office, Helena, Montana. Helena Montana, None. [Between 1875 and 1900?] Photograph. Library of Congress, <https://www.loc.gov/item/2006676354/>.

Helena, Montana was located in an important mining region, and its assay office was one of only six in the country at the time. So if you see an old western film in which bad guys rob a train or stagecoach loaded with gold or silver bars, it's not unreasonable to imagine that those bars (or the gold or silver in the bars) could have passed through the hands of the person who coined the word "Dude."

One of his bosses at the assay office was a man named M. A. Meyendorff.^{lix} Meyendorff is variously described as the "Superintendent" or the "Melter" at the assay office. The position of "Melter" was one of two jobs, in addition to "Assayer," that were subject to Presidential appointment and the advice and consent of the Senate. Meyendorff had high-placed political connections in the United States and came from a family with a history in Europe that rivaled the Sales and the Hills for titles and notoriety.

Michael Alexander Meyendorff, or "Count" Meyendorff as he was locally known, was born in Poland in 1848 to a family with a long line of actual Barons and Counts.^{lx} The Meyendorff family is said to have been made Swedish Barons in the 17th Century. In the mid-Nineteenth Century, there were several titled Meyendorffs. A Baron Alexander von Meyendorff was a respected geologist. Baron Felix Meyendorff served the Emperor of Russia as the Ambassador to the Vatican.^{lxi} A Baron

Peter von Meyendorff was at one time the Russian Ambassador to Austria-Hungary.^{lxii} And Franz Liszt exchanged letters with a Baroness Olga von Meyendorff.^{lxiii}

Baron Felix von Meyendorff famously insulted the Pope, resulting in Russia and the Vatican severing diplomatic ties. The dispute started with the Pope criticizing Russia for treating Roman Catholic clergy in Poland poorly. Count Meyendorff responded, insisting that the Emperor of Russia only treated them poorly because they were armed agents of the resistance, not for any theological grounds, which resulted in the Pope issuing a declaration ordering the Polish people to submit to Russian rule, and for the Roman Catholic clergy to stay out of politics.^{lxiv}

The disagreement escalated two years later when Meyendorff accused several Polish Bishops of being revolutionaries. He topped it off by telling the Pope, face-to-face, that “Poland, Catholicism, and revolution are one sole and indivisible trinity,” prompting the severing of diplomatic relations.^{lxv}

It’s not clear where on the family tree Michael Alexander Meyendorff of Helena, Montana fell, or whether he was actually entitled to a title, but he was not on the same side, politically, as his Russian diplomat relatives. Meyendorff was expelled from school at the age of thirteen for rebelling against Russian rule of Poland. He joined the Revolutionists in 1863, participating in two battles against the Russians. He was caught and spent eight months in prison, before being sent into exile in Siberia. His brother was taken from his bed and executed without a trial.

Meyendorff had a half-brother, Colonel Julian Allen^{lxvi} (perhaps changed from Alliwiski^{lxvii}), who helped organize a Polish Regiment in New York at the beginning of the Civil War,^{lxviii} and was later on General Sherman’s staff. He brought his brother’s case to the attention of Abraham Lincoln, who started the diplomatic ball rolling. After Lincoln’s death, the American Ambassador to Russia, Cassius M. Clay, fought for his release. Eventually his sentence was changed from exile in Siberia to exile in the United States.

Having escaped war, execution and exile, M. A. Meyendorff lived a much more peaceful existence in the United States. He arrived in the

United States in 1866 as (what he described as) a “ward of the government.” He enrolled in the University of Michigan and graduated with a degree in Civil Engineering in 1870.

After college, he took jobs building railroads, first in St. Louis, and later with the Northern Pacific, which landed him in Helena, Montana in 1873. He moved back east for medical treatment after breaking a hip, and wound up working for the Department of the Interior in Washington DC in 1875. He eventually moved to St. Louis to open the United States Assay Office there, later transferring back to Helena, Montana where he had once built railroads. In 1884, Meyendorff went on the campaign trail to stump for the Republican Presidential Candidate, James G. Blaine, frequently speaking to Polish groups.

In early 1891, Robert Sale Hill’s wife, Sarah, served punch at a social function in Helena.

Mrs. Phelps gave an elegant reception on Thursday afternoon in honor of her guest, Miss Taylor. . . .

A number of ladies assisted Mrs. Phelps. . . . Mrs. Robert Sale Hill served a tempting beverage from a magnificent bowl, in the hall. . . .

The young ladies seen flitting here and there served in their most charming manner.

. . . Mrs. Hill, terra cotta velvet and pale turquoise blue China silk.

The Helena Independent, February 1, 1891, page 3.

Mrs. Phelps’ fancy party was Mrs. Sale Hill’s last hurrah in Helena. In the next newspaper column over from the article about the party was a notice about their plans to leave the city.

It is regretted that Mr. Robert Sale Hill and family are to move to Tacoma. Mr. Hill’s stories, which have been complimentarily noticed both here and in England, were becoming a source of pride to Montana. It is to be hoped that he has become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Rockies that he will not soon forget them.

--- *The Helena Independent*, February 1, 1891, page 3.

It may also have been her last hurrah – ever. She died in May of 1891, leaving him with a three year old son to care for alone. The

circumstances and cause of death are unknown, but she is buried with two sisters in a Foote family plot in Morris County, New Jersey.^{lxix}

He married again, likely after he moved to Tacoma in early 1891, and before June 1892, when “Mrs. R. S. Hill” attended a “pleasant tennis tea” at a tennis club in Tacoma.^{lxx} His new bride was not someone he met out West, but an old flame to whom he had once been engaged.

A cryptic comment in a report of his marriage to Sarah Randolph Foote hints at the existence of the previous relationship. Someone attending the wedding commented that this time he had “actually married,” suggesting that it was not his first flirtation with marriage.

Mr. Robert Sale Hill, well known and much admired as an amateur actor, was also married on Thursday to Miss Sara Foote – “actually married,” as a young lady pensively remarked when she reached the door of the church – from which it may be inferred that the bridegroom had contemplated matrimony on previous occasions and from a different standpoint. Mr. Hill is an Englishman and a grandson of Sir Robert Sale of the British army, who distinguished himself in India.

The Sun (New York), November 14, 1886, page 8.

The comment is likely a reference to his engagement, three years earlier, to Miss Helen Harrison of Baltimore.

The engagement of Mr. Robert Sale Hill, a grandson of the late Sir Robert Sale of the British army, to Miss Helen Harrison of Baltimore, is confirmed.

The Sun (New York), November 11, 1883, page 5.

The engagement may have been “confirmed,” but the wedding was not; it would have to wait until after the untimely death of his first wife in 1891. Their ultimate reconciliation so quickly after the death of his first wife suggests that whatever the original, underlying cause of their break-up was, they parted on friendly terms. And although no one recorded the reasons for the break-up, reports of family trouble in Baltimore after their engagement suggest external factors unrelated to their personal relationship may have played a role.

Helen's mother died in January 1885, leaving her nearly-seventy year old father, George Law Harrison, with a minor son at home to care for.^{lxxi} Helen, then twenty-nine, was the oldest of four surviving children with his second wife, Helen Troup Davidge. Her sister Margaret had a two-year old at home, and her sister Henrietta was not quite twenty. Her brother George Law Harrison, Jr. (the first boy after eight girls with two wives) was thirteen years old. It is possible that she took over the caretaker role of her mother after her death, which may have put a crimp in her own romantic relationship.

Things took a turn for the worse when her father died nine months later. Her brother came under the jurisdiction of the Orphans' Court,^{lxxii} and she was named guardian.^{lxxiii} She remained in that role until at least May 1891, when he was twenty years old.^{lxxiv} He would have reached the age of majority by 1892, freeing her to marry her ex-fiancé, now a widower with a three year-old son.

His wife's death was not the only tragedy Robert dealt with in Helena. In 1890, he was one of the last people to speak with a friend before his suicide, and first person called to the scene after his friend shot himself in what may have been just minutes later.

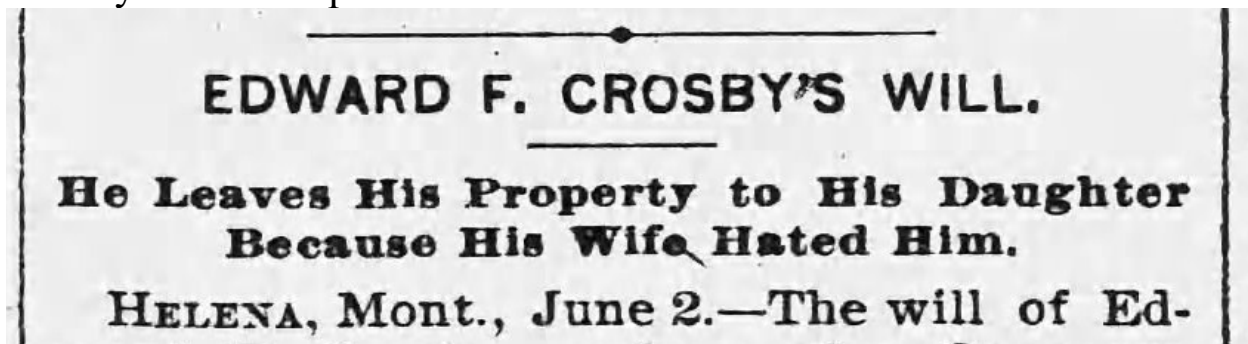
After supper on May 16, 1890, a Helena attorney named Edward F. Crosby went to Robert Sale Hill's home at 723 Spruce Street (since been renamed Holter Street^{lxxv}), chatted "in a pleasant way" for a few minutes, borrowed some papers and a novel, and went home.

There is no definite knowledge as to what occurred from that time until the fatal shot was fired. Through a friend Mrs. Crosby stated that her husband came into her room, bade her good night and then went to his room across the hall in the second story of the house. A few minutes later she heard the shot and rushing into her husband's room saw him lying on the floor. Hastily donning a wrapper, she went down to Mr. Hill's residence and told him what had happened. Mr. Hill came immediately back to the room where Crosby was lying dead. . . . A bullet hole was through his breast and near the bed was an American double action bulldog revolver

of 44 calibre. An open drawer in the washstand indicated that the weapon had been hastily taken from its place.

The Independent-Record, May 17, 1890, page 1.

The revolver may have been “hastily” taken from the drawer, but the act may have been planned in advance.



The will of Edward F. Crosby, nephew of ex-Governor Crosby, who committed suicide May 16, has been filed for probate. It disposes of \$200,000. It throws some light upon the cause of Crosby's suicide. After giving all his property to his infant daughter, he says the reason for leaving his property to his daughter was because his wife hated him.

The Buffalo Commercial (Buffalo, New York), June 2, 1890, page 1.

But his wife was not left empty-handed. His life insurance company made a public showing of ignoring the no-suicide clause of its policy, and paid the \$10,000 policy in full. Never let it be said that insurance companies don't have a heart

[See below, p. 228.]

THE LIFE ASSURANCE

—OF THE—

• **Late Edward F. Crosby.** •

Commendable Action of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.

**THE EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES.**

**No. 120 Broadway, New York.
President's Office.**

**To the Rt. Rev. L. R. Brewer,
Bishop of Montana, Helena,
Montana:**

Dear Sir — . . .

It is a cardinal principle of the management of this Society, that no advantage shall ever be taken of technical rights when the equities would require the opposite course.

Acting upon this principle, we cheerfully comply with your request, and have to-day instructed our manager at Helena, Mr. T. H. Burke, to take the necessary steps for the payment of the policies on the life of Mr. Crosby.

The Independent-Record, June 25, 1890, page 1.

Edward F. Crosby arrived in Montana in 1883 from the East Coast, likely New York City. His father lived on Broadway in New York City, and he and his wife visited Staten Island in 1889, so it is possible that he had an acquaintance with Sale Hill before he arrived. It's also possible that they merely struck up a new friendship based on mutual interests.

Like Robert Sale Hill, Crosby was a man of letters. In addition to his job as an attorney and real-estate investments, he worked for "Eastern magazines and newspapers," even while living in Helena. It's not clear in what capacity he worked for newspapers, but he did write at least one story published in a newspaper in Helena in 1883. It was a Faustian tale entitled, "The Voice,"^{lxxvi} in which the narrator is tormented by a voice from a floating, disembodied head of a Satyr, which promises him "fame, wealth, power, and . . . the added inducement of love," if he would kill his father. He does so, only to have the voice torment him with guilt after the fact. He lands in jail, becomes critically ill, and looks forward to his own death.

Impelled by the voice, I unconsciously found myself at the door of my father's room. A red mist seemed to come over my eyes. I heard the voice saying:

"Gold, love, power."

I remember striking violently with something I had in my hand. Then I have a dim recollection of kneeling at the side of the sofa, beside my father's form (strange that he did not move or utter a cry) and holding a vial to catch the blood that was gushing from his side.

It was done.!

. . . The face has never left me. Often have I tried to strangle it – to stop the accursed voice that has never ceased to cry, "Murderer! Patricide!" and to paint the tortures of the damned to me.

I am getting weaker; my life is drawing to a close. Oh, for oblivion! For Rest from my fate! I defy your gibbering voice. I defy your distorted face. In death I defy you.

“The Voice,” Edward F. Crosby, *Helena Weekly Herald*, March 8, 1883, page 1.

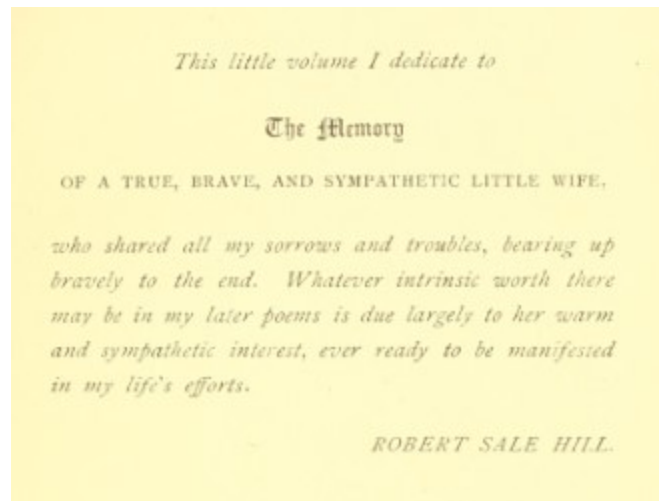
Robert Sale Hill was in Tacoma by May of 1891. One of the first references to his life in Tacoma ties him to a real estate investment in Montana. An advertisement for land sold by the Castle Land Company in May of 1891 lists “Robert Sale Hill, Broker, Tacoma, Wash.” as a purchaser. The town of Castle is now a ghost town which, famous for its once being the home of Calamity Jane, who opened a restaurant there with her husband in the early 1890s.^{lxxvii} It’s intriguing to imagine that the originator of the word “Dude” could have sat down for lunch at Calamity Jane’s restaurant while scouting out, or looking after, his plots of land.

Tacoma, Washington

In Tacoma, Robert Sale Hill resumed his familiar lifestyle, joining the Tacoma Athletic Association,^{lxxviii} playing tennis, publishing poetry and hunting stories, and acting in amateur theatrical productions for charity.

He lived in Tacoma when he privately published a collection of his poetry. The frontispiece of the book has a photograph of him with his son, Robert Sale Hill, Jr., and the book was dedicated to his late wife.





This little volume I dedicate to the memory of a true, brave, and sympathetic little wife, who shared all my sorrows and troubles, bearing up bravely to the end. Whatever intrinsic worth there may be in my later poems is due largely to her warm and sympathetic interest, ever ready to be manifested in my life's efforts.

Robert Sale Hill

Robert Sale Hill, *Serious Thoughts and Idle Moments*, Privately Printed, Cambridge, England, University Press: John Wilson and Son, 1892.

He was also involved in some capacity with the Tacoma & Steilacoom Railway Co.,^{lxxix} and was named the Vice President and General Manager of the Commercial Electric Light and Power Company.^{lxxx} The two projects may have been related, as the Tacoma & Steilacoom was an electric railroad.^{lxxxi}

The Commercial Electric Light and Power Company ran into difficulty as a result of a misunderstanding over fuel for the plant. They arranged for a mill company to take half the stock in the company, in exchange for building a power plant on the mill grounds. As part of the agreement, the Power Company believed they were to receive free fuel from the mill, whereas the mill surprised them with a bill.

In the aftermath of the dispute, the city issued a public letter directed personally to Robert Sale, demanding that his company remove their transmission wires from city-owned poles.

Electric Light War.

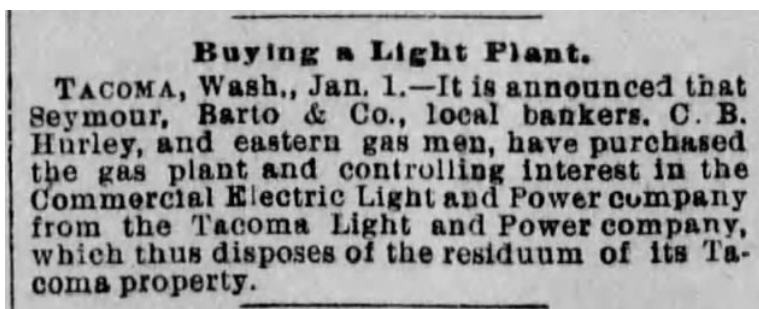
Tacoma, Oct. 9. – A war between the city and the Commercial

Light and Power company is on and from the enthusiastic manner in which the managers of the city's fight have entered upon the campaign it would seem that the fight is on to stay. . . .

Robert Sale Hill, general manager of the Commercial Light & Power Company. – Dear Sir: You are hereby notified to remove all wires belonging to your company from the poles owned by the city of Tacoma before October 25th.

The Capital Journal (Salem, Oregon), October 9, 1893, page 1.

His company was essentially dissolved by 1895.



Buying a Light Plant.
TACOMA, Wash., Jan. 1.—It is announced that Seymour, Barto & Co., local bankers. C. B. Hurley, and eastern gas men, have purchased the gas plant and controlling interest in the Commercial Electric Light and Power company from the Tacoma Light and Power company, which thus disposes of the residuum of its Tacoma property.

Los Angeles Herald, January 2, 1895, page 2.

Hong Kong

The failure of his business venture may have prompted him to seek greener pastures again. The family left Tacoma in 1895 for Hong Kong, where he had been offered a position as a customs clerk.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sale Hill are to make their home in China, Mr. Hill having connected himself with the Hongkong customs.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer, July 21, 1895, page 10.

They actually did make the trip,^{lxxxii} but did not stay long. They were in England by 1898, where they would remain.

Miss Mattie Baker will sail from England on Monday for New York. While in London Miss Baker was the guest of Mrs. Robert Sale Hill, who formerly lived in Tacoma.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer, May 22, 1898

London

In London, Robert Sale Hill lived a few blocks from Buckingham Palace, at 70 Victoria Street S.W. His name and address in London

were listed in the Royal Red Book, the Royal Blue Book and (surprisingly) the New York Social Register.^{lxxxiii} He worked at Brown, Shipley & Co., at 123 Pall Mall.



The London Office—Pall Mall

The London Office of Brown, Shipley & Co., 123 Pall Mall. John Crosby Brown, *A Hundred Years of Merchant Banking, a History of Brown Brothers and Company*, New York, private printing, 1909.

Brown, Shipley & Co. was the London branch of Brown Brothers & Co., the American bank, coincidentally (or not?) connected to the family of his one-time acting partner, Cora Urquhart Potter. A comment in a history of the bank describes the position he held.

Mention should also be made of H. J. Metcalfe, who looked after the Travelling Credit Department in Founders' Court for many years during the summer months, from 1865 to 1893. He was succeeded by Robert Sale Hill, who is now in the Pall Mall office.

John Crosby Brown, *A Hundred Years of Merchant Banking, a History of Brown Brothers and Company*, New York, private printing, 1909, page 164.

In 1907, when a record number of American tourists spent a record amount of money in England, Robert Sale Hill was interviewed for his take on the invasion.



[By Cable to the Chicago Tribune.] [Copyright: 1908: By the New York Times.]

London, Aug. 31. – To all appearances there are as many American tourists in London as ever. . . . The amount of money the invaders left behind them also is unprecedented. As to how much this is, the estimates vary from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000

. . . .

Robert Sale of the Brown-Shipley company, a banking firm which carries a large proportion of American accounts in London, also is terrified at the enormous sum spent in England in a season by Americans.

“While I believe \$100,000,000 to be a fair approximation of the amount of credits carried here by American visitors, I don’t think the actual expenditures surpass \$75,000,000,” he said. “The day is past when the traveling American spends the entire letter of credit. In a hurry he cables home for more. He doesn’t squander money now as he did, say, five years ago. Then everything seemed cheap to him and he spent money right and left. Now he has become experienced. Moreover, prices have gone up.

“Our traveler pays and expects to get his money’s worth. He treats a letter of credit as he would a bank account at home and often

takes a portion of it back with him to the states. The amount spent here this year unquestionably is greater than ever before.”

Chicago Tribune, September 1, 1907, page 6.^{lxxxiv}

In addition to hosting American friends from Tacoma, the Sale Hills entertained travelling American cricket clubs and American diplomats and military personnel.



Thanks to the good offices of Robert Sale Hill, who for many years was identified with the defunct Staten Island Cricket Club, the courtesies of the United Arts Club in St. James Street have been extended to members of the Philadelphia cricket team now in England.

--- *The New York Times*, July 12, 1908, page 25.

Commander Edward Simpson, naval attaché to the United States Embassy at London, and Mrs. Simpson, formerly of Washington and Baltimore, gave their first dinner party in their official capacity last week at the Hotel Ritz. . . . [T]he guests included . . . Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sale Hill, the latter formerly Miss Harrison, of Baltimore; . . . the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid . . . ; Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle and Lady Fremantle, Lieut. Commander Chester Wells, U. S. N., and . . . Capt. Sydney A. Cloman, military attaché of the embassy. . . .

The Washington Herald (Washington DC), July 27, 1909, page 5.

And Americans visiting London entertained him. An item in the *New York Times* noted that two visiting Americans had generously offered

their yachts for his use during his summer vacation in 1909. (*The New York Times*, July 4, 1909, page 21, continued on page 22).

Robert Sale Hill has gone to Bournemouth for a two weeks' holiday. Duncan Ellsworth and G. Louis Bossevain have both offered him the use of their yachts.

---*The New York Times*, July 4, 1909, page 22.

Robert Sale Hill left Brown, Shipley & Co. in 1910, to join the London offices of Harris, Winthrop & Co., a relatively new American investment firm.

HARRIS, WINTHROP & CO.'S LONDON OFFICE.

London, March 21.—Ivy Lee, formerly publicity manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., is now established in Throgmorton street as the London manager of the New York Stock Exchange firm of Harris, Winthrop & Co. Robert Sale Hill, who is very well known to many traveling Americans through his long connection with the banking firm of Brown, Shipley & Co., has also joined Harris, Winthrop & Co.

Robert Sale Hill, who is very well known to many traveling Americans through his long connection with the banking firm of Brown, Shipley & Co., has also joined Harris, Winthrop & Co.

Commercial West, Volume 17, April 2, 1910, page 13.

Harris, Winthrop & Co. was formed in 1906, when Henry Rogers Winthrop, the treasurer of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, resigned to form a partnership with the firm, J. F. Harris & Co., of Chicago.^{lxxxv}

[See just below, p. 237, for image of Harris, Winthrop & Co. newspaper ad.]

**AMERICAN
SECURITIES**

" WE beg to announce that we have just published a pamphlet containing a brief description of the different kinds of American Securities, together with information as to the manner of dealing on the New York Stock Exchange. We shall be glad to send a copy of this pamphlet to those interested.

HARRIS WINTHROP & Co.
Members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, 15, Wall Street, New York.
London Office: 24, THROGMORTON STREET.
Telegrams: "Hathrops, London." Telephone: 878 C.Y.

The Times (London), May 13, 1910, page 13.

The firm had offices in New York, Chicago, London and Paris, offering access to American markets through most of the major US stock and commodities exchanges.

HARRIS, WINTHROP & Co.
15 Wall Street, New York
The Rookery, Chicago
24 Throgmorton Street, London, E. C.
23 Rue de la Paix, Paris

**STOCKS
BONDS
GRAIN
COTTON
COFFEE**

MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange Chicago Board of Trade
New York Cotton Exchange Chicago Stock Exchange
New York Coffee Exchange New York Produce Exchange
Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce

Chicago Inter-Ocean, Feb. 2, 1912, page 8

Robert Sale Hill died on the Island of Jersey in 1922.

SALE-HILL. -- On the Island of Jersey, England, ROBERT SALE-HILL, husband of Helen Troup Harrison, of Baltimore. [New York papers please copy.] 21e

Baltimore Sun, April 21, 1922, page 17.

ROBERT SALE HILL

Notice of the death of Robert Sale-Hill, 67 years old, on the Island of Jersey, England, about April 7, was received Thursday by Mrs. Mordecai D. Tyson, 909 Cathedral street, in a letter from her sister, Mrs. Robert Sale-Hill, widow of the deceased. Since their marriage at Old St. Paul's Church 25 years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Sale-Hill (nee Helen T. Harrison) have been living in England. Mrs. Sale-Hill is a sister of Mrs. Thomas M. Dobbin, Mrs. Henry Rowland and Mrs. Tyson, all of this city.

Baltimore Sun, April 22, 1922, page 13.

ENDNOTES TO BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT SALE HILL

- ⁱ Timothy Belmont, “The Hill Baronets,” LordBelmontinNorthernIreland.blogspot.com, May 22, 2020. <https://lordbelmontinnorthernireland.blogspot.com/2014/05/the-hill-baronets.html> (accessed May 17, 2021); Joseph Foster, *The Baronetage and Knightage*, Westminster, Nichols and Sons, 1881, page 312.
- ⁱⁱ Apparently first published in the weekly magazine, *America*, it was reprinted in numerous newspapers and appeared in his self-published collection of poetry, *Serious Thoughts and Idle Moments* (1892).
- ⁱⁱⁱ *Freeman’s Journal* (Dublin), April 26, 1842, page 4.
- ^{iv} *The Hampshire Advertiser* (Southampton, England), February 25, 1843, page 2.
- ^v “Battle of Kabul and the retreat to Gandamak,” BritishBattles.com (<https://www.britishbattles.com/first-afghan-war/battle-of-kabul-and-the-retreat-to-gandamak/>) accessed May 14, 2021.
- ^{vi} *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, August 1, 1880, page 4.
- ^{vii} Sir Vincent Eyre, *The Military Operations at Cabul, Which Ended in the Retreat and Destruction of the British Army, January 1842, With a Journal of Imprisonment in Affghanistan*, London, J. Murray, 1843.
- ^{viii} *The Star of Freedom* (Leeds, England), October 22, 1842, page 26.
- ^{ix} *The Morning Post* (London), December 22, 1842, page 1.
- ^x Sir Vincent Eyre, *The Military Operations at Cabul, Which Ended in the Retreat and Destruction of the British Army, January 1842, With a Journal of Imprisonment in Affghanistan*, London, J. Murray, 1843.
- ^{xi} *Courier and Argus* (Dundee, Scotland), March 3, 1846, page 2.
- ^{xii} *Morning Post* (London), March 13, 1802, page 4 (“Died at Bath, Mrs. Sale, relict of Colonel Sale, late Commander at Vellore.”).
- ^{xiii} *The Asiatic Annual Register, or A View of the History of Hindustan, and of the Politics, Commerce and Literature of Asia, For the year 1799*, London, J. Debrett, 1800, pages 180-181 (“Asiatic Annual Register, 1798-9 . . . Deaths. . . . May 11, at Vellore, Col. R. Sale.”).
- ^{xiv} Records of Fort St. George, Diary and Consultation Book (Public Department) 1755, Volume 84, Madras, Superintendent, Government Press, 1942, page 358 (“Fort St. George, December, 1755, List of Inhabitants Fort St. George not in the Honourable Company’s Service Anno 1755 . . . Children . . . George Wynch.”).
- ^{xv} In 1766, George Wynch put his name to a letter protesting the appointment of Sir George Pigot as the military governor of Madras in place of his father, Alexander Wynch. The letter was written by East India Company “servants” who described themselves as “Members of a civil government.” *Copies of Papers Relative to the Restoration of the King of Tanjore, the Arrest of the Right*

Hon. George Lord Pigot, and the Removal of his Lordship from the Government of Fort St. George, Volume 1, 1777 page 448. In 1795, he wrote a letter detailing observations from an expedition to find a “gun road” at a place called “Talamalee.” James Anderson, *Miscellaneous Communications, Published by James Anderson*, Madras, W. S. Cooper, [1795], Page 52.

^{xvi} *Diary and Consultation Book of 1737*, Madras, Government Press, 1930, page 184 (Alexander Wynch’s name appears in a “List of Persons not on the Service of the Honble United East India Company at Fort St. George, as of December 24, 1737.”).

^{xvii} *List of Inscriptions on Tombs or Monuments in Madras*, Madras, Government Press, 1905, page 24.

^{xviii} *The Bengal Obituary; or Record to Perpetuate the Memory of Departed Worth*, London, W. Thacker & Co., 1851, page 5.

^{xix} “Edward Croke’s wife, Isabella Beizor (c. 1710-80), was a Portuguese Indian creole, thus giving [their great grandson Lord Liverpool] a trace (probably about one sixteenth, but maybe less) of Indian blood.” Hutchinson, Martin, *Britain’s Greatest Prime Minister: Lord Liverpool*. “It is true that [Lord Liverpool’s] maternal grandmother was a Calcutta-born woman, Frances Croke . . . there is no evidence that her half-Portuguese mother, Isabella Beizor, was Eurasian.” Brendon, de Vyvyen, *Children of the Raj*.

^{xx} *The London Chronicle for the Year 1799*, Volume 85, London, G. Woodfall, 1799, page 605 (“The following is a correct list of passengers on board the homeward-bound East India fleet, waiting for convoy at St. Helena . . . Ship Dover Castle. – George Wynch, Esq; Mrs. Wynch; Major Wynch . . .”).

^{xxi} *The Caledonian Mercury* (Edinburgh, Scotland), December 10, 1842, page 1 (This noble and heroic lady . . . is a native of Glamorganshire, and spent the earlier part of her life at Clementstone House, near Brigend, in which neighbourhood she is well remembered as the amiable and benevolent Miss Wynch.”). The “Clemenstone House” is now operated as a bed and breakfast. George Wynch appears to have taken title in his Glamorganshire property, in part, by an act of Parliament. On August 5, 1803, the House of Commons voted on something called “Wynch’s Bill,” by which “certain Farm and Lands . . . in the County of Glamorgan” appear to have been placed in George Wynch’s name, in “Exchange for a certain Farm and Lands at Great Gonerby . . . in the County of Lincoln.” Journals of the House of Lords, 43 Geo. III., page 381

^{xxii} *The Morning Chronicle* (London), February 7, 1807, page 3 (“The following is the List of Gentlemen pricked for by his Majesty. . . to serve the office of Sheriff for the ensuing year: - South Wales . . . Glamorganshire – George Wynch, of Clementstone, Esq.”); *Saint James Chronicle* (London), January 7, 1843, page 2

(“George Wynch, Esq, of Clementson, in Glamorganshire, one-time Sherriff, is her father.”).

^{xxiii} *Berrow’s Worcester Journal* (Worcestershire, England), September 10, 1853, page 4 (“No expense was spared in the education of an only daughter, which was conducted at one of the first seminaries of that day in London. . . . To this it may be added, that Lady Sale herself educated her five daughters in India.”). “First” here appears to refer to a leading seminary, as opposed to the first in time. After her death, several outlets published an account of her life praising her for her accomplishments despite not having had a formal education. In response, her “nearest relative” put out a press release, of sorts, setting the record straight.

^{xxiv} *The Exeter Flying Post* (Devon, England), March 5, 1846, page 2.

^{xxv} *Calcutta Monthly Journal and General Register*, Series 3, Volume 4, January-June, 1838, *General Register* page 27.

^{xxvi} *Londonderry Sentinel* (Northern Ireland), November 19, 1842, page 3.

^{xxvii} *Freeman’s Journal* (Dublin), March 9, 1848, page 4 (“Marriages On the 2d inst, at Southampton, Joseph Tromperant Potts, Esq. of Granite Lodge, county Dublin, to Mary, relict of the Rev John Henry Potts, and only daughter of the late Rev John Beresford Hill, of the county of Londonderry.”).

^{xxviii} A real estate listing site still labels a home located at that corner as the “Mews Granite House.” Google Maps labels a building located on the southwest corner of that intersection as “Granite Mews,” the “Granite House, Apartment 3,” or “Granite Lodge,” depending on where the cursor hovers over the property at that corner.

^{xxix} *Thom’s Directory of Ireland* (1850) lists Joseph Potts, Esq. at Granite Lodge, Kingstown Road, Glenageary. *Gentleman’s and Citizen’s Almanack* (1849) lists Joseph Potts, Esq. at Granite Lodge, “Glen-na-geragh road, Kingstown.” *Old Maps Online* links to a map in the Harvard University, Harvard Map Collection (Harvard University, Harvard Map Collection, G5784_D8A1_1853_D3_5941748497), showing Dublin in 1853. A road (apparently corresponding to the current Corrig Road where it turns into Eden) passes east-west through a neighborhood labeled, “Corrig,” in Kingstown, and intersects with a road (apparently corresponding to the current Glenageary Road) running north-south from Kingstown harbor in the direction of a neighborhood labeled, “Glenagary.”

^{xxx} *Register of Wellington College, for the Years 1859-1873*, Wellington College, Geoge Bishop, 1873, page 15.

^{xxxi} E-mail from Caroline Jones, Archivist of Wellington College, dated May 20, 2021. Ms. Jones was gracious enough to respond to a request for information regarding Robert Sale Hill’s time at Wellington College, providing information

about the school, the circumstances of his enrollment, and a photograph of the students in his dormitory.

^{xxxii} E-mail from Caroline Jones, Archivist of Wellington College, dated May 20, 2021.

^{xxxiii} E-mail from Caroline Jones, Archivist of Wellington College, dated May 20, 2021.

^{xxxiv} E-mail from Caroline Jones, Archivist of Wellington College, dated May 20, 2021.

^{xxxv} *Register of Wellington College, for the Years 1859-1873*, Wellington College, George Bishop, 1873, page 15; E-mail from Caroline Jones, Archivist of Wellington College, dated May 20, 2021.

^{xxxvi} The minutes of the proceedings of the Metropolitan Board of London (1868) refer to the reconsideration of an application for a permit “erect a conservatory at the side of St. Leonard’s House, at the corner of Adelaide-road and Penge-lane.”

^{xxxvii} *Parlor Tableaux and Amateur Theatricals*, Boston, J. E. Tilton & Co., 1866, page 292 (“The gentleman who plays the secondary young-man’s parts is called the first walking gentleman.”).

^{xxxviii} *New York Clipper*, December 26, 1874, page 310.

^{xxxix} *New York Clipper*, June 23, 1877, page 102.

^{xl} *The New York Times*, April 26, 1883, page 4.

^{xli} *Life*, Volume 3, Number 68, April 17, 1884, page 216.

^{xlii} *Brooklyn Union*, May 3, 1885, page 7.

^{xliii} *New York Times*, January 7, 1884, page 4.

^{xliv} *New York Times*, February 22, 1885, page 3.

^{xlv} *Chicago Tribune*, September 23, 1883, page 12.

^{xlvi} *New York Times*, January 7, 1884, page 4.

^{xlvii} “A Cure for Dudes,” *George Riddle’s Readings*, Boston, Walter H. Baker and Co., 1888, page 29.

^{xlviii} “Knickerbocker Dudes – a Window into the History and Origin of ‘Dude,’” Early Sports and Pop Culture History Blog, April 26, 2021, <https://esnpc.blogspot.com/2021/04/knickerbocker-dudes-window-into-history.html> .-

^{xliv} “Knickerbocker Dudes – a Window into the History and Origin of ‘Dude,’” Early Sports and Pop Culture History Blog, April 26, 2021, <https://esnpc.blogspot.com/2021/04/knickerbocker-dudes-window-into-history.html> .

^l *The New York Times*, April 26, 1883, page 4.

^{li} *The Pittsfield Sun*, September 27, 1883, page 2.

lii “Gotham Gossip,” *The Times-Picayune* (New Orleans), October 16, 1886, page 2. Following the death of her husband, Mrs. Frank W. White would marry all-around sportsman, Foxhall Keene, who medaled in polo the 1900 Olympics, competed in the U. S. Open golf tournament, contested for the Gordon Bennett Cup in automobile racing, and reached the semi-finals of the U. S. national Championships of tennis as an amateur. And, since her maiden name was Lawrence, she may also have been the “Miss Lawrence” who appeared as Joan of Arc in “The Princess,” three years earlier.

liii “125th Anniversary of the American Tuxedo, Part I: Origins,” Peter Marshall, MyTuxedoCatalog.com. <https://www.mytuxedocatalog.com/blog/125th-anniversary-of-the-tuxedo-part-i-origins/>

liv “Athletic Events of Various Kinds to Occur Shortly,” *The New York Times*, July 4, 1887, page 8.

lv The 1880 census lists a Sarah Foote, the daughter of Frederick Foote, a banker in New York City, as eleven years old.

lvi Obituary of Frederick W. Foote, *New York Times*, May 15, 1889, page 5.

lvii *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, January 16, 1885, page 2.

lviii “An Act revising and amending the Laws relative to the Mints, Assay-offices, and Coinage of the United States,” February 12, 1873, Forty-Second Congress, Session III, Chapter 131.

lix “The Assay Office Roster,” *The Independent-Record*, March 11, 1891, page 8.

lx The biographical information about M. A. Meyendorff comes from three sources which generally agree with one another: “The Friend of Adopted Citizens,” *Greensboro North State* (Greensboro, North Carolina), July 10, 1884, page 2 (featuring quotes from an interview with Meyendorff); *History of the Class of '70: Department of Literature, Science and the Arts*, University of Michigan, 1921, pages 138-144; and M. A. Leeson, *History of Montana, 1739-1885*, Chicago, Warner, Beers & Co., 1885, page 1237.

lxi “Meyendorff, a Russian family, originating in Saxony,” *The American Cyclopaedia: a Popular Dictionary*, Volume 11, New York, D. Appleton and Company, 1875, page 484.

lxii Hartmann, Stefan, "Meyendorff, Peter Baron von" in: Neue Deutsche Biographie 17 (1994), S. 288 f. [Online-Version]; URL: <https://www.deutsche-biographie.de/pnd118783599.html>.

lxiii *The Letters of Franz Liszt to Olga von Meyendorff, 1871-1886*, Harvard University Press, 1979.

lxiv “Rome and Poland,” *Reynolds's Newspaper* (London), September 18, 1864, page 1.

^{lxv} “The Pope and Baron Meyendorff,” *The Leeds Mercury* (Leeds, England), February 9, 1866, page 4.

^{lxvi} Julian Allen Scrapbook, 1860-1878, University of North Carolina Library. <https://finding-aids.lib.unc.edu/00013/> (“Colonel Julian Allen came from Russian Poland to New Orleans, La. in 1849, lived in New York from 1850, aided the United States government in connection with Sherman's occupation of Savannah, Ga., and settled after the war near Statesville in Iredell County, N.C., where he was prominent in farming.”).

^{lxvii} Compare, M. A. Leeson, *History of Montana, 1739-1885*, Chicago, Warner, Beers & Co., 1885, page 1237 (Alliowski), with *History of the Class of '70: Department of Literature, Science and the Arts*, University of Michigan, 1921, page 142 (Allen).

^{lxviii} “58th Infantry Regiment – Nickname . . . Polish Legion . . .,” *New York State Military Museum and Veterans Research Center*, <https://museum.dmna.ny.gov/unit-history/infantry-1/58th-infantry-regiment>.

^{lxix} Date of death of “Sarah Randolph Foote, wife of Robert Sale Hill,” listed as May 8, 1891. Findagrave.com (<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/16181092/sarah-randolph-hill>).

^{lxx} “Society at Tacoma . . . Pleasant Tennis Tea,” *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, June 12, page 12.

^{lxxi} Genealogical information for the Harrison family taken from, “Genealogies of Four Families of Dorchester County: Harrison, Haskins, Caile, Loockerman,” *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Volume 10, Number 4, December 1915, page 384.

^{lxxii} *Baltimore Sun*, September 16, 1885, page 2.

^{lxxiii} *Baltimore Sun*, October 13, 1885, page 4.

^{lxxiv} *Baltimore Sun*, May 14, 1891, page 6 (“Orphans’ Court - . . . of . . . Helen T. Harrison, . . . guardians’ accounts passed.”).

^{lxxv} Compare a current map of Helena with a map from 1887. “Map of Helena, Lewis and Clarke Co., Montana, 1887,” *Montana Memory Project*, <https://www.mtmemory.org/digital/collection/p15018coll5/id/756/rec/10>.

^{lxxvi} “The Voice,” Edward F. Crosby, *Helena Weekly Herald*, March 8, 1883, page 1.

^{lxxvii} “Castle Town Ghost Town,” AtlasObscura.com.

<https://www.atlasobscura.com/places/castle-town-ghost-town> (accessed May 25, 2021).

^{lxxviii} “Tacoma Sporting Notes. Athletes Give an Exhibition Before Admirers,” *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, December 14, 1891, page 3.

^{lxxxix} *State of Washington, Second Report of the Secretary of State, 1892*, Olympia, Washington, O. C. White, State Printer, 1893 (“Robert Sale Hill, Filing and recording certificate increase stock Tacoma & Steilacoom Railway Co.”).

^{lxxx} Herbert Hunt, *Tacoma, Its History and Its Builders; a Half Century of Activity*, Volume 2, Chicago, Clarke Publishing Company, 1916, page 139.

^{lxxxxi} <https://townofsteilacoom.org/209/Timeline>

^{lxxxii} *The Japan Weekly Mail* (Yokohama, Japan), April 13, 1895, page 3 (“Passengers Arrived . . . Per British steamer Victoria, from Tacoma, Wash., via Victoria, B. C.: . . . For Hong-kong: - Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sale Hill, Master Robert Sale Hill . . .”).

^{lxxxiii} Same address listed in Kelly’s *Royal Blue Book: Court and Parliamentary Guide* for the years 1905, 1906 and 1908, Webster’s *Royal Red Book: or Court and Fashionable Register* for the years 1906 and 1908, and the *Social Register of New York* for 1911.

^{lxxxiv} Note: “J. Bull” in the headline refers to “John Bull,” a then-common nickname for England, distinguished from the nickname of the American counterpoint, “Brother Jonathan.”

^{lxxxv} “To Leave the Equitable, H. R. Winthrop, Treasurer of Insurance Co., Will Be a Broker,” *The Baltimore Sun*, December 6, 1906, page 11.

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‘From earlier sense, fastidiously dressed man, dandy; probably from German dialect *Dude* fool.’
- Barnhart, David K. and Allan A. Metcalf 1997. *America In So Many Words*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. --- p. 174: *dude*. The pre-1883 dates here (1877, 1879) are based on accepted research at the time of publication, but later research revealed those dates to be incorrect.
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<http://boston1775.blogspot.com/2013/11/does-dude-derive-from-doodle.html>
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The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman, 3 vols. in 1. Vol. 1 published also under title: *The Dude: or the Adventures of Verdant Green*.
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‘*dude*... A slang term which has been the subject of much discussion. It first became known in colloquial and newspaper use at the time of the so called “esthetic” movement in dress and manners, in 1882-3. The term has no antecedent record, and is

probably merely one of the spontaneous products of popular slang.

‘There is no known way, even in slang etymology, of “deriving” the term in the sense used, from *duds* (formerly sometimes spelled *dudes*; see *dud*), clothes in the sense of “fine clothes”; and the connection, though apparently natural, is highly improbable.’

Clements, Sam – See Cohen 2004.

COE = *Comments on Etymology*.

Cohen, Gerald 1993. Towards a comprehensive treatment of *namby-pamby*. *Studies in Slang*, part III (= *Forum Anglicum*, vol. 20), pp. 75-99. – illustrates that a poem can produce a new lexical item and therefore has this in common with R.S. Hill’s poem ‘The Dude.’ But ‘dude’ is not mentioned in this 1993 article.

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_____ 2004. *Dude* from *Yankee Doodle* – confirming evidence from an 1879 newspaper article. *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 33, #7, April 2004, pp. 2-3. – (discovery made by Sam Clements)

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_____ 2017. Material for the study of *macaroni* ‘dandy.’ *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 46, #3-4, Dec. 2016/Jan. 2017, pp. 20-32. – (does not directly treat ‘dude,’ but the dude and macaroni were similar in being foolish-looking foppish young men).
----- For more items by Cohen, see below: Popik, Shulman & Cohen 1993 and Popik & Cohen (1997a, 1997b, 1998, 2013).

Cohen, Gerald, Barry Popik, and Peter Reitan 2020. Revisit to *dude*, part 1: Earliest attestation is 1883; none of the supposed pre-1883 attestations pan out. *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 50, #2, Nov. 2020, 36 pages.

2021a. *Dude* revisited, part 2: British (obsolete) *fopdoodle* ‘fop/fool/simpleton’—possible relevance for *dude*. *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 50, #5 (Feb. 2021), pp. 9-22. (G. Cohen): In this article I compile material by Peter Reitan.

2021b. *Dude* revisited, part 3. (See Reitan, Peter 2021a: Biography of Robert Sale Hill)

2021c. *Dude* revisited, part 4: Material for its etymology. *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 51, #1-2 (Oct.-Nov. 2021), 31 pp.

2022. *Dude* revisited, part 5: The 1883ff. *dude* craze, with its outpouring of articles/poems/cartoons. *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 51, #5-6 (Feb.-March 2022), 119 pp.

Collier Joel 1774 *Musical Travels Through England*. (London: G. Kearsly). p. 30 (for the humorously named musical nobleman ‘Lord Diddle Doodle’)

Cralle, Trevor 1991. *The Surfin’ary: A Dictionary of Surfing Terms and Surfspeak*. (Berkeley, California: Ten Speed Press).

Croffutt, W. A. 1883. The genus ‘*dude*’ in all his manifestations of gorgeous idiocy, (This is the first item of a long article by Croffutt titled ‘New York Gossip’), *Chicago Tribune*, Feb. 25, 1883, p. 9/1-2.

Crooker, Orin Edison 1910. A page from the boyhood of Frederic Remington. *Collier’s Weekly*, Sept. 17, 1910, p. 28.

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‘People started to use the word *fopdoodle* in the 17th century. It was a combination of *fop* and *doodle*, two words very similar in meaning. A *fop* was a fool. A *doodle* was a simpleton. So a *fopdoodle* was a fool twice over. Country bumpkins would be called *fopdoodles*. But so could the fashionable set, because *fop* had also developed the meaning of “vain dandy”. Dr. Johnson didn’t like them at all. In his *Dictionary* he defines *fopdoodle* as “a fool, an insignificant wretch”.’ *Fopdoodle* is one of those words that people regret are lost when they hear about them.’

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'Doodle: A silly fellow, or noodle: see Noodle...'
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- Hawkins, Stan 2016. *The British Pop Dandy: Masculinity, Popular
Music and Culture*. NY, London: Routledge. (first published 2009 by
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American Speech 69.321-327. (Richard Hill was unaware of Robert
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origin of the dude. 9 pages, illustrated by H.A. Ogden. New York:
Rogers & Sherwood. Besides the illustrated poem there are a preface
and two pages of humorous addenda.

Kiesling, Scott Fabius 2004. *Dude. American Speech* 79.281-305.

Knoll, Robert E. 1952. The meanings and suggested etymologies of 'dude.' *American Speech* 27.20-22.

pp. 21-22: 'Hugh Morrison of Mays Landing, New Jersey, ... has generously supplied me with an interesting passage from an article in the *Illustrated London News*, July 14, 1883, by G. A. Sala, the Victorian littérateur and traveler and man about town. Sala writes:

"From another American paper I learn that the 'just now popular word, *dude*—meaning an empty-headed languid-mannered young swell, who bangs his hair' – is no foreign importation, but is of good New England parentage. The word, pronounced in two syllables, is a word that has been used in the little town of Salem, New Hampshire, for twenty years past, and is claimed as coined there. It is common to talk of a dapper young man as a 'dude of a fellow,' of a small animal as 'a little dude,' and of a sweetheart as 'my dude'."

Lampe, John 1730 *Amelia. A New English Opera*, London, J. Watts.

(for the humorously named characters 'Squire Noodle and his man Doodle' in the 'Tragi-Comi-Farcical Ballad Opera' *The Generous Free-Mason or, the Constant Lady*)

The play is described in a list of operas in the back of the book.

(*The*) *Lantern* 1884 (p. 9 col. 1; author not cited): The 'Dude'.

<http://digital.olivesoftware.com/Olive/APA/Ohio/SharedView.Article.aspx?href=OHI%2F1884%2F01%2F01&id=Ar00901&sk=DC44E90D&viewMode=image>

'Newspaper paragraphists seem to consider the word "dude" of recent origin. On the contrary, it is very ancient Gaelic, and classed among cant words. Then the word dudes or duds signified clothing. In a dictionary of slang and cant words, published in London in 1865, on pages 16 and 126, can be found the word used with this significance. It is well applied to a case of barely animated humanity in exceedingly good clothes. It is simply a case of clothes—"a dude."

Lawler, Kevin – See above: Cohen, Gerald 2014.

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(G. Cohen: The three dots are present in the title.) Oxford U. Pr. --- p. 145: 'The slang in common use today is not ancient. Yet we are seldom able to explain how it came about. Many verbs denoting mockery are of questionable origin...The same holds for... derogatory or comic appellations like *dweeb*, *dud*, *dude*, *nerd*, and *bloke*,...'

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2012a. Oh Dude, you are so welcome. Oxford

University Pr., blog, Feb. 22.

<https://blog.oup.com/2012/02/dude-word-origin/>

2012b. Dudes, dandies, swells, and mashers. Oxford

University Pr., blog, April 11.

<https://blog.oup.com/2012/04/word-origin-dude-dandy-swell-masher/>

Life – humor magazine started in 1883, just in time for the dude craze.

Selected items:

Life, vol. 1, #13, March 29, 1883, p. 147; joke: 'Upon what should the Dude be fed? Upon dew drops, of course.'

Life, vol. 1, #13, March 29, 1883, p. 149, cartoon of a dude (without the word), short coat and pointy shoes.

Life, vol. 1, #13, March 29, 1883, p. 155; dude limerick and cartoon (bowler, cane, monocle, tight pants): 'A Dame who was over particular, Seized forcibly by his auricular, A self-engrossed dude Who appeared to her rude, And spoiled his correct perpendicular.'

Life, vol. 1, #14, April 5, 1883, pp. 163-164; cartoon Statue of Liberty giving dudes back to England which does not want them.

Life, vol. 1, #17, April 26, p. 204. Mock quotes, replacing words in famous lines from literature with the word dude, for example: 'How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good Dude in a naughty world.' Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, act v, sc. 1, whose actual quote is: 'How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.'

Life, vol. 1, #19, May 10, 1883, p. 221; Cartoon, grammar joke:

Present (Do or Du; remnant of the Dodo); Past (Dun; the result of

an over done, dreary existence); Perfect (Dude; a parasite from Yankee dude-l.)

Lighter, Jonathan 1994. – See above, *HDAS*.

McCracken, Harold 1947. *Frederick Remington: Artist of the Old West*. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Metcalf, Allan A. – See above: Barnhart, David K. & Allan A. Metcalf.

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New York: Stirling Press – chapter 1, p. 19 (quoted in Jonathan Lighter's *HDAS*):

‘1913 (sic) Meyers *Ranks* 19 [ref. to 1854]: He spent much time in “priming” himself and the boys called him “the dude.”’

Minter, Richard 2019. Keep calm and carry on, dude. (subtitle):

Britain's new prime minister introduces his countrymen to a very American word. *Wall Street Journal*, July 20, 2019, sec. A, p. 15.

Mulford, Ami Frank 1878. *Fighting Indians in the 8th U.S. Cavalry, Custer's Favorite Regiment*. Corning, N.Y.: Lee – (2nd edition, with major revisions: 1879). --- NB: Reitan 2014a points out that the stated publication date of 1879 must be inaccurate, and hence the supposed earliest attestation of *dude* in this second edition cannot be from 1879. See also Reitan 2014b.

Nutt, Alfred 1900a. The origin of ‘dude.’ *The Athenaeum*, Oct. 13, 1900, p. 481.

_____ 1900b. The etymology of ‘dude.’ *The Athenaeum*, Nov. 3, 1900, pp. 580-581.

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1998. More on *dude*. *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 28, #1, Oct. 1998, 43 pp. – pp. 1-2: Etymology of *dude* finally seems clear.
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2013. *Dude* revisited; a preliminary compilation. *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 43, #1-2, Oct.-Nov. 2013. 129 pp.
- Popik, Barry, Gerald Cohen, and Peter Reitan 2020 – See above: Cohen, Popik, and Reitan 2020
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- 2014b. Another supposed 1879 source of *dude* was written later ('Theresa and Sebastian' play): 1885: *Comments on Etymology*, vol. 43, #8, May 2014, pp. 4-5.
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- 2014c. More on *dude*. *Comments on Etymology*, May 2014, vol. 43, #8 (May 2014), pp. 6-22. – (pp. 6-12: Various 1883 attestations of *dude*; pp. 12-22: Various cartoons/pictures of the dude, 1883.)
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History Blog; (subtitle:) *Tracing the origins of now-familiar (or forgotten) tid-bits of pop-culture.*

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_____ 2021b (April 26). Knickerbocker Dudes - a Window into the History and Origin of ‘Dude.’ in: *Early Sports and Pop Culture History Blog*; (subtitle:) *Tracing the origins of now-familiar (or forgotten) tid-bits of pop-culture.*

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- speech. *Dude* was originally a German rustic term for a fool.’
(*The Times-Picayune* (New Orleans, Louisiana) 1888 (Jan. 18): p. 4,
col. 1: ‘In early English times dandies were known as “fop doodles.”
Butler mentions them in his “Hudibras.” -- [*Chattanooga Times.*]
That is right. From doodles came dudeles, and finally dudes and
dude. It is English, you know.’
- Vuolo, Mike 2014. (Slate.com podcast on ‘dude’):
[http://www.slate.com/articles/
podcasts/lexicon_valley/2014/01/lexicon_valley_the_etymology_and_early_
history_of_the_word_dude.html](http://www.slate.com/articles/podcasts/lexicon_valley/2014/01/lexicon_valley_the_etymology_and_early_history_of_the_word_dude.html)
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- _____ 1997b. Oogification in American English slang.
Verbatim, vol. 3, #4, Feb. 1977, p. 5.
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Published: Shaw, W. F., 1883, monographic. Genre: sheet music;
from: Music Copyright Deposits, 1870-1885 (Microfilm M 3500).
Also available through Library of Congress Web Site as facsimile
page images. Google link:
<https://www.loc.gov/item/sm1883.15784/>
- Wrinkle* (University of Michigan humor magazine). Items below were
spotted by Barry Popik:
Vol. 1, Dec. 1893 (Christmas issue), p. 66 shows a picture of a dude
(identifiable by his monocle, high collar top hat, pointed shoes
and cane. Underneath): “I DON’T THINK.”
Ibid. (Vol. 1, Dec. 1893, p. 66): ‘Antiquity of Jokes.’ [The second
one is:
‘B. C. 65 – Xerxes, meeting Socrates at a Summer Dude party,
astonishes his nibs by enquiring “Where does she work?”’
- Vol. 2, no. 8, March 1, 1895. Title: ‘Her Dough’:
‘Flora – “How can you marry that Chapper? He’s an awful
Dude.”
Mabel, *the engaged one* -- Oh, I’ll have him subdued before
long”.’

Vol. 2, no. 12, May 7, 1895, p. 193. Brief article on the dude, including cartoon of two dudes, one sucking the handle of his cane. Among the comments: ‘What a blessing after all is the *genus* dude. ... what an inane, harmless creature he is. ... [By his purchase of clothes he] makes employment for scores of people and in this way at least is a public benefactor. Long reign the dude, with the assistance of his guardian.’

Vol. 2, no. 15, June 15, 1895, p. 243. (Cartoon of three dudes; one is monocled, one is smoking a cigarette, and one is sucking the handle of his cane. The following dialogue occurs; spelling below: sic):

“I DIED NEARLY AT A JOKE THISTH MAWNING.”

“WHAT WAS IT, ALFRED?”

“OH, I DON’T KNOW, YOU KNOW, ME VALET
TOLD ME IT [syntax: sic] AND OF COURSE IT WAS TOO
DEEP FOR ME TO UNDERSTAND.’

Zimmer, Ben 2020. The 19th century roots of a bodacious term. (sub-
title): *Dude*. *Wall Street Journal*, Sat./Sun., Sept. 5-6, section C,
p. 2/1-5.

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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Barry Popik, born 1961, is by training an attorney and by avocation an independent scholar on Americanisms, with a vast output of research over the past thirty years. He has co-authored three books with Gerald Cohen (*Studies in Slang*, vol. 6, 1999; *Origin of the Term 'Hot Dog,'* with David Shulman as third co-author, 2004; *Origin of New York City's Nickname 'The Big Apple'*, 2nd ed., 2011) and is probably the leading U. S. authority on food terminology. His website (barrypopik.com) shares his lexical observations on a wide range of lexical topics (over 30,000 entries at last count), and his items on food terminology are being catalogued by the Library of Congress. He has contributed over a hundred items to the *Comments on Etymology* working papers, including the probable solution to the origin of 'I'm from Missouri, you've got to show me.'

Peter Reitan was born on Staten Island in 1961 and raised in Decorah, Iowa. He has a BS in Physics from Bucknell and a JD from the University of Michigan. Following a varied career as a lifeguard, Navy officer, power plant operator, litigator and patent attorney, he is now engaged in detailed research into word origins and popular culture, sharing his results online. His work has been cited in the *Stanford Law Review*, the *Paris Review* and the *Wall Street Journal*. In addition to his research on *Dude*, he has made contributions to the understanding of the origins of Alfred E. Neuman (the humor magazine mascot), the invention of the toilet plunger and cornhole (the bean bag game), and the history and origin of a number of familiar expressions, including *hootchie cootchie*, *hokey pokey* and *zilch*.

Gerald Cohen was born in 1941 in New York City. He majored in Russian Civilization at Dartmouth College (1958-1962), received a Diploma in Slavonic Studies from Oxford University (Linacre House, 1963) and then studied Slavic linguistics at Columbia University (Ph.D., 1971). He is Professor of Foreign Languages at Missouri University of Science and Technology, where his research interests shifted primarily to etymology. He has edited the working papers *Comments on Etymology* since 1971, and his two most recent books are *Origin of 'Kibosh'* (co-authored with Stephen Goranson and Matthew Little, 2017) and *Origin of the Term 'Jazz'* (2015).