



WERRY WINDY, DON'T CHER KNOW !

In a poetical joust in which the Noble Knights of the Grades took part, prizes were awarded to the following masterly efforts:—

INVENTION'S MASTERPIECE, OR
THE FLYING DUDE.

Queried one: Have you seen
The new Flying Machine
That ascends to a great altitude?
I am sure you'll confess,
In producing the dude
From whatever side viewed,
That our science has met with success.

He's assumed every right
That belonged to the kite;
He has ruined the *site* of balloons;
Rendered him destitute
Who sold the parachute
By his donning such wide pantaloons.

The discomfiting breeze
Passes up at his knees,
Then he feels himself raised from the street.
But when coming down
He ne'er falls on his crown,
For his weight is contained in his feet.

The drunkard gets high
On potations of rye;
The aeronaut on hydro-gin;
But the dude is "set up"
Without taking "a sup"—
He gets high, for he "has nothing in."

He's a wonderful bird
We may say in a word—
So airy, so light and "too too";
You will see him each day
Passing over your way
As he's pictured above in the view.

—LIGHTHEAD O'GALE.

"EXCELSIOR."

"You grow'ling low-minded, whyplod in the mud,
Seeking food;
Were you wise,
You would rise
To the skies
Like a *bird*,"
Quoth the Dude.

"Can you tell me what made Henry Longfellow cry:
Excelsior, youth!
If he meant not in sooth,
To inculcate the truth
That we mortals were destined to fly?"

'Tis a difficult thing
For a man to take wing
While his brains keep him down, I'll allow;
But, his not very hard
To follow the bard
In his teaching when once you know how!

Do you know of a dude
Who can long remain glued
To the street where he walks to and fro;
Nor be caught by a wind,
Blowing up from behind,
Stretching his pantaloons
As coal-gas would balloons,
Bearing far out of sight
This commodity light,
Giving passage to wisdom below.

If his taste you admire
And conceive a desire
Of o'er-topping the spire,
Then, procure you a cane and a suit
That the breeze may inflate
And your burden translate
With the ease of a huge parachute.

—FITFUL MCBREEZE.