

INTRODUCING ARCHY
From the editorial page of
The (New York) Evening Sun
March 29, 1916:

The Sun Dial

The Query of the Hour.
Justice Hughes,
What are your views?

When Villa is captured, they will
take him to Washington and read to
him all the laudatory remarks the
members of the Wilson Administra-
tion made about him a couple of years
ago and watch him laugh himself to
death.

The Scarlet Fever germ is cross
And full of cranky notions,
And everywhere he takes his seat
He raises red emotions.

Dobbs Ferry possesses a rat which
slips out of his lair at night and runs
a typewriting machine in a garage.
Unfortunately, he has always been
interrupted by the watchman before
he could produce a complete story.

It was at first thought that the
power which made the typewriter run
was a ghost, instead of a rat. It
seems likely to us that it was both a
ghost and a rat. Mme. Blavatsky's
ego went into a white horse after she
passed over, and some one's personal-
ity has undoubtedly gone into this
rat. It is an era of belief in com-
munications from the spirit land—
there is Patience Worth, and there is
the author of the Letters of a Living
Dead Man, and there are many other
prominent and well-thought of ghosts
in touch with the physical world to-
day—and all the other ghosts are be-
coming encouraged by the current at-
titude of credulity and are trying to
get into the game, too.

We recommend the Dobbs Ferry rat
to the Psychical Research Society. We
do not pretend to know anything
about the Dobbs Ferry rat at first
hand. But since this matter has been
reported in the public prints and
seriously received we are no longer
afraid of being ridiculed, and we do
not mind making a statement of
something that happened to our own
typewriter only a couple of weeks
ago. We came into our room earlier
than usual in the morning, and dis-
covered a gigantic cockroach jump-
ing about upon the keys.

He did not see us, and we watched
him. He would climb painfully upon
the framework of the machine and
cast himself with all his force upon
a key, head downward, and his weight
and the impact of the blow were just
sufficient to operate the machine, one
slow letter after another. He could
not work the capital letters, and he
had a great deal of difficulty operat-
ing the mechanism that shifts the
paper so that a fresh line may be
started. We never saw a cockroach
work so hard or perspire so freely in
all our lives before. After about an
hour of this frightfully difficult lit-
erary labor he fell to the floor ex-
hausted, and we saw him creep feebly
into a nest of the poems which are al-
ways there in profusion.

Congratulating ourself that we had
left a sheet of paper in the machine
the night before so that all this work
had not been in vain, we made an ex-
amination, and this is what we
found:

expression is the need of my soul
I was once a vers libre bard
but I died and my soul went into the
body of a cockroach
It has given me a new outlook upon
life
I see things from the under side now
thank you for the apple peelings in the
wastepaper basket
but your paste is getting so stale I cant
eat it
there is a cat here at night I wish you
would have
Removed she nearly ate me the other
night why dont she
catch rats that is what she is supposed
to be for
there is a rat here she should get with-
out delay
most of these rats here are just rats
but this rat is like me he has a human
soul in him
he used to be a poet himself
night after night I have written poetry
for you
on your typewriter
and this big brute of a rat who used to
be a poet
comes out of his hole when it is done
and reads it and sniffs at it
he is jealous of my poetry
he used to make fun of it when we
were both human
he was a punk poet himself
and after he has read it he sneers
and then he eats it
I wish you would have that cat kill that
rat
or get a cat that is onto her job
and I will write you a series of poems
showing how things look
to a cockroach
that rats name used to be Freddy
the next time freddy dies I hope he wont
be a rat
but something smaller I hope I will be
the rat
in the next transmigration and freddy
the cockroach
I will teach him to sneer at my poetry
then
dont you ever eat any sandwiches in
your office
I havent had a crumb of bread for I
dont know how long
or a piece of ham or anything but apple
parings
and paste leave a piece of paper in your
machine
every night you can call me archy

We have left a piece of paper in our
machine every night since, as Archy
requested. But up to date nothing has
come of it. We begin to fear that
Freddy, his rival bard, has caught
Archy unawares and eaten him. It is
an interesting problem—and one we
refer to the transmigrationists—as to
whether Freddy's personality would
be influenced by Archy's after Freddy
had eaten Archy.

But the whole thing, we must ad-
mit, has left an unpleasant impression
on us. Are poets never to be at peace
with one another? Do literary jeal-
ousies endure forever? We will have
to put the case of Freddy and Archy
up to some of Hermione's friends.

DON MARQUIS.