

braced my head against the hour hand
 and my feet
 against the minute hand and stopped the
 mechanism the captain
 drew his sword and pried off all the top
 crust gentlemen
 he said yonder cockroach has saved the
 ship
 let us throw the pie overboard and steam
 rapidly away from
 it advised the starboard ensign
 not so not so cried the captain yon gal-
 lant cockroach
 must not perish so gratitude is a tradi-
 tion of the
 british navy i would sooner perish with
 him than
 desert him all the time the strain was
 getting
 worse on me if my feet slipped the clock
 would start again
 and all would be lost beads of sweat
 rolled down my forehead and almost
 blinded me something
 must be done quick said the first assist-
 ant captain the
 insect is losing his rigidity wait said the
 surgeon

and gave me a hypodermic of some pow-
 erful east
 indian drug which stiffened me like a
 cataleptic but i
 could still see and hear for days and
 days a council
 of war was held about me every after-
 noon and wireless
 reports sent to london save the cock-
 roach even if
 you lose the ship wirelessly the admir-
 alty england must
 stand by the smaller nations and every
 hour the
 surgeon gave me another hypodermic
 at the end
 of four weeks the cabin boy who had
 been
 thinking deeply all the time suggested
 that a plug of
 wood be inserted in my place which was
 done
 and i fell to the deck well nigh ex-
 hausted the next
 day i was set on shore in the captains
 gig and
 here i am.

archy

So far as I know, America has made just two entirely original contributions to the world's types of literary and dramatic art. These are the humorous colyum and the burlesque show. The saline and robust repartee of the burlicue is ancient enough in essence, but it is compounded into a new and uniquely American mode, joyously flavoured with Broadway garlic. The newspaper colyum, too, is a native product. Whether Ben Franklin or Eugene Field invented it, it bears the image and superscription of America.

And using the word ephemeral in its strict sense, Don Marquis is unquestionably the cleverest of our ephemeral philosophers. This nation suffers a good deal from lack of humour in high places: