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extra-sensory perception. One morning, long before his book or article could possibly have been known to his correspondent, Cary received the following script from Professor Monteiro of Brown University. It is, hopefully, just numero uno in a long line of fruitful additions to the Robinson bibliography.]

"THE PRESIDENT AND THE POET": ROBINSON, ROOSEVELT, AND *THE TOUCHSTONE*

By GEORGE MONTEIRO

In 1905 Edwin Arlington Robinson, then down and nearly out in New York City, received a most gratifying letter from the President of the United States. Theodore Roosevelt had recently been shown a copy of *The Children of the Night* (1897) and he had decided to tell the author that he liked his poems. Subsequent correspondence between the poet and the president resulted in Roosevelt's persuading Scribner's to bring out a second edition of *The Children of the Night* and, even more immediately securing a place for Robinson in the United States Customs Service in New York. The place was to be a poet's sinecure. "I expect you to think poetry first and Treasury second," he insisted in a letter to the poet. And so it would be until 1909 when, upon Roosevelt's leaving office, Robinson also left his sinecure. But for the poet the episode was decisive. As he wrote years later, to the President's son, "I don't like to think of where I should be now if it had not been for your astonishing father. He fished me out of hell by the hair of the head."

Roosevelt's generosity toward Robinson evoked a number of mixed responses in the public journals, among them *The Touchstone*, a short-lived periodical (five monthly issues, January through May 1906), published by Sherwin Cody in Chicago. Its first issue carries a satiric account of Roosevelt's intercession on behalf of one "Edward" Arlington Robinson (pp. 10-11) along with the "first printing" of a revised "Richard Cory" (p. 11). Reproduced in facsimile, primarily for the sake of the illustrations, both items are new to Robinson bibliography.

An Idyll of Little Old New York.

(President Roosevelt has appointed Edward Arlington Robinson, the poet, to a position in the Custom House, and he has also written a review of Mr. Robinson's poems for the *Outlook*.—Newspaper Item.)



IN THE DAISY FIELDS OF MAINE.

to be as enigmatic as Robert Browning, and thereby attracted the attention of one of our first families of literateurs. The distinguished patron of letters to whom I refer did not accept, publish, and advertise the poet's poetry. No! He did better than that. He got the poet a job in the Subway.

Just what this particular poet did with his first week's wages as a grubber in the earth I do not know, but I am sure of what I should have done had I been he: I should have gone down to Delmonico's restaurant and blown myself to the dinner of my life. (As a matter of fact, I hear that our poet only paid his landlady, whose bill was some years overdue.)

But the poet was not as grateful as he should have been. "Ten years of literary strife and struggle in New York, and all for this," quoth he, "to grub at a dollar and a half a day in the reeking filth of a city! Oh, noble marriage to the muse! Oh, consummate happiness for the poet!"

It really was terrible, but just here is where the fairy godmother comes in,—none other than our Teddy, tipping the beam at ten stone ten, but as light as a kitten in the impulses of his heart. As he glanced in his special car over the wonderful new subway, his impulsive eye lighted on the poet from Maine, and from that moment it was all up with both of them.

Now our Teddy, as we love to call him, is at a disadvantage. He is only President of the United States, and neither runs a publishing house nor owns a

Once upon a time there wandered through the daisy fields of Maine a poet shy. He loved, and wooed, and won the muse, and married her. Until then he had been happy; but having a wife, and so very capricious a beauty as the muse of minor poetry, he felt impelled to move at once to New York. There he lived in an attic on crusts of bread and pints of porter for many a long year,—he and his wife the muse.

Just why all poets go to New York I do not know. Perhaps they wish to be within the atmosphere of those true Americans, the millionaires. Perhaps the masterful egotism of the New York publishers fascinates them. All I know is that when I was a poet I resided in New York. As soon as I took to prose I had to move to Chicago.

In New York our poet learned



IN A NEW YORK ATTIC.

Monteiro: "The President and the Poet": Robinson, Roosevelt, and The Touchs magazine. On a few occasions he has even bucked the publishers himself. As a rule Teddy finds his time pretty well taken up with such practical matters as peace conferences, canals, and strikes. Matters of that sort he can polish off any morning before breakfast, but when it came to doing something with a poet, and a New York poet at that, he was stumped.



IN THE SUBWAY.

"Be consul to Paraguay," he said. "I hear it's quiet down there, and you can write poetry all day long."

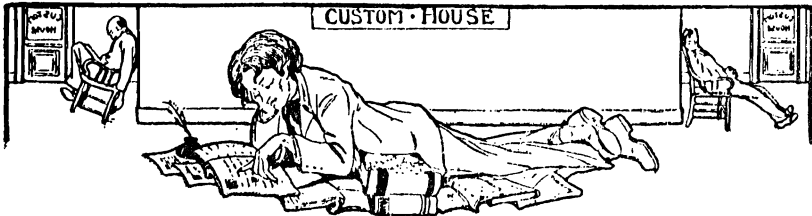
But the poet only shook his head sadly.

"I couldn't leave New York," he said, "dear old New York!"

"But I haven't any special jobs for poets in New York. How about Nice,—classic Nice?"

But still the poet shook his head. "I love New York,—dear little old New York!"

"And by George so do I," said Teddy in his hearty way, slapping the poet on the back and nearly knocking the breath out of him. "Go down to the custom house and sit on one of those comfortable reed-bottomed chairs, or lie on the floor if you like all day long." So there he went.



Since meeting the President, the Poet has slightly revised one of his poems, which we are permitted to print for the first time in any magazine.

JOHN ROCKEFELLER.

Whenever Rockefeller went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him.
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean, favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
And still he fluttered pulses when he said
"Good morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich,—yes, richer than a king,—
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

But one day Ida Tarbell crossed his track;
And then came Steffens, and that Boston wight
Tom Lawson, and the rest, and put him on the rack:
Since then we've given old John D. the sack.