

A GIPSY POET

NO one knew whence he had come. Only, he had stood one day, a slight, black-haired, black-eyed boy, on the doorstep of a publisher's office, shy to enter or to retreat, with a little manuscript volume of poems in his hand. By some chance the publisher himself happened to come out on his way to lunch, and asked what the lad did, waiting there on his threshold. On hearing the boy's reply, and glancing for a moment through the volume that was timidly held out to him, he took him to his club, gave him a good lunch, and asked a number of questions. He confessed afterwards that he had learned nothing except, what could be seen at once, that the boy was of an odd kind. Of what kind he decided as soon as he had read the poems.

In a month's time the little book was published, and the grace, the finish, the freshness of the songs in it ensured at least a critical success. There was something in this little book that had not been written before, something of the open road seen from other eyes than those of townsman or the ordinary country poet. The