

The Rommany Stone. By J. H. Yoxall, M.P.
New York: Longmans, Green & Co., \$1.50.

How long is it since we have had a gypsy story with the real Rommany flavor? A story where the characters ride and steal and fight so much in the glamour of the moonlight that to read of them is like stepping back a hundred years into an age when Love masqueraded sometimes as a prince, and sometimes as a barefooted vagabond in a gypsy tent! The scene is laid in Derbyshire, England, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and, from the artistic standpoint even, a more delightful narrative would be hard to find. There is nothing vague or uncertain in the out-

line and development of the tale in spite of the starlit stage. The solid English earth echoes distinctly beneath the hoof beat of every horse. In the camp each character stands out like a gay pastel against the firelit rim of the night. An indescribable charm, a freshness characterizes the whole conception that is delightful. And the curious thing is that the story is written by a "Member of Parliament," who is *not* Sir Gilbert Parker. Now there is a general impression on this side that Sir Gilbert is the only man connected with that distinguished body who can write an acceptable novel, but while the Honorable Mr. Yoxall may not be able to command so grave a situation or create such effects in human tragedy, he has in compensation a faculty for creating the most romantic characters with a fine fidelity to all the vagrant Rommany traditions, the poetic gift of sweetening the night life of these people with the scent of dew, and the charm of magic. "The Wizard's Knot," an Irish folklore tale, is the only book that has appeared during the past two years in which the author shows the same keen, wild wisdom for interpreting the superstition of primitive types.

