

Low Society. By Robert Halifax. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35.

Low Society is a misnomer. To be sure the scene is laid in Barking Town, and the story opens in a retail meat shop with a shawled customer dickering for an infinitesimal scrap of bacon; it is true that some of the characters are vulgar and grasping and muckminded; but there is the life of genuine kindness, of gentle folk bearing adversity with courage and dignity, the light of a lambent humor playing about semitragic situations, and the refreshment of finding a very real generosity and ideality in an extremely unpromising quarter. George Baversham is so human in his mingled egotism and desperate shyness, the self-sufficiency and much of the harshness and crudity of a very young man, combined with the chivalry and impulsive goodness of a sweet-natured boy. His tiffs with his sweetheart, Selina, are not to be taken seriously; we feel sure that he is acting upon some deep theory of the way to anticipate domestic dissension by proving himself master of the house before he has a house in which to act the benevolent despot. His masculine struttings are simply funny. But George is a gentleman, in spite of the author's implication in the title *Low Society*. It is much better company than we have kept in many more pretentious novels of the season.