

marque. 7s. 6d.

**CHARLOTTE'S ROW.** By H. E. Bates. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

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Though this is the work of a sensitive and gifted writer, it is not wholly successful as a novel. It is rather a series of scenes from slum life inadequately linked together. The various episodes capture our interest but do not hold it, and when the end is reached we are still waiting for some of the threads to be unravelled and other loose threads drawn into the fabric of the story.

Why for instance does Mr. Bates open a chapter by telling us that a train passed over the bridge at Charlotte's Row shortly before eight o'clock on Sunday evenings, if this fact is to have no significance in his story? We should like to pierce the mystery of Adam's parentage, and have more than a peep into that fascinating naturalist's shop. Mr. Bates relies on hints, faint suggestions and under emphasis. It is a rare fault. His descriptive writing is admirable, and the whole is underlaid with subtle sympathy.