

when one feels that he is not taking the trouble to make half as much out of a story as its possibilities would warrant. In his preface to this new volume he frankly draws a comparison between it and Frank Norris's *Moran of the Lady Letty*, praising the latter at his own expense. There is a certain superficial resemblance between the two books. In both of them a man and what Mr. Norris delighted in calling a Man's Woman voyage through southern seas on an adventurous quest after wealth and treasure and have fierce conflicts with a piratical band bent upon the same quest. But here the resemblance ceases. Frank Norris's story was a species of modern saga with the breath of the mythical and the superhuman blowing strongly through it. *Yellow Men and Gold* is frankly a tale of adventure, rather extravagant, rather stimulating and here and there verging upon burlesque. One cannot help rejoicing now and then in the sheer audacity of it, a perfectly impossible yarn of course, but one that you cannot afford to miss if you have a spirit of adventure and a sense of humour.

Chinamen play a prominent part in another current volume, *Yellow Men and Gold*, by Gouverneur Morris. It is an exasperating fact that Mr. Morris has never taken himself as seriously as he should; but there is no question of his ability to write even