from the skin robe worn by the savage came elaborate costume; from the digging stick, the steam play, from the carrying strap around a woman's forehead, the present advanced method of transportation; from the bow and arrow, the rifle and the projectile. This book is a study of those first simple tools used by early man, and whence arises by inventive power the industrial progress of to-day.

Prof. Mason is not in accord with sociologists who believe that man's first art was imitative. The anthropologist seems to begrudge early man any inventive faculty. Take what is the arm of the humblest of the races of man—the Australian. Where could he have got his boomerang from? Was his dress asserting itself to his circular hoop. It is a study of animated conceptions, so to speak. There is one absolutely absurd print, the silliest attempt at sketching—probably the picture of a little girl and her little doll, drawn certainly by the doll.

The text of "The Yellow Book" is varied. Mr. William Watson's opening poem, "Hymn to the Sea," has two extraordinary lines in it:

Who, from the commune of air, cages the volatile song;
Here to capture and prison some fugitive breath of thy descent.

Mr. H. D. Trail's "The Papers of Basil Ffliam," in quite meaningless, and Mr. Henry Harland's "Rosemary for Remembrance," namby-pamby. Mr. G. S. Street tries to write down Meredith. A fairly neat paper is Mr. Maurice Barling's critique on Anatole France. There is, too, an original story of M. Anatole France, entitled "L'Évêche de Tourcoing," which shows how the Abbé Guettrel, through the conniving of the Prefect, was likely to become a Bishop. The text of "The Yellow Book,"
though not amusing, is less colored, say, with a jaundice yellow, than are former issues of this nondescript series.