

them the fundamental principles? In a magazine of few pages there is no room for repetition of the rudiments. We ourselves cannot comprehend how any one can be willing to stick a pin through an insect without possessing a short shelf of books to tell what it is, why it is, how its life is passed, what are its relationships. The writer recalls perfectly his own first entomological experiences. A little girl in frail health had been taught by an older brother to collect and try to study. To help her the writer took the net and pursued butterfly and dragonfly. The first evening came the first earnest perusal of the first book. It was Comstock's Manual. It gave the order and the family, and had wood-cuts illustrating typical forms. At each chapter there was a delightful essay by Anna Botsford Comstock in general terms that a child could understand. Long before there had come to hand books by a Brooklyn artist who used to love his daily walk behind the Flatbush waterworks, where the watershed was so protected that Nature found her free sway. Wm. Hamilton Gibson wrote most of his papers for Harper's Magazine, but all were subsequently reprinted in quarto book form with the hundreds of illustrations from thumb-nail sketch to full page plate. Most of these are probably out of print years ago, but every copy found in second-hand bookshop should be bought and treasured. The late Henry G. McCook many years ago wrote a duodecimo called "The Tenants of an Abandoned Farm." The wood-cuts were rough but they had their charm, telling of spiders, ants, and a host of others. A few years ago a new edition appeared, with some changes and a different title. All these preach the sermon of the infinite beauty of the great All Out Doors.

Every stranger who in the last two years has wandered into a meeting of the New York or the Brooklyn Entomological Society has been influenced thither by some book. Chief among them have been the volumes of the late J. H. Fabre, a Frenchman, now almost all translated into English. This wonderful man, overlooked by the world almost to the hour of his death in extreme old age, found and studied the infinities of animate creation in his own back yard. In a forty foot square countless creatures are born, married and died (just like humans). How much more did this impoverished Apostle of Nature accomplish than some