At sunrise November the twelfth there passed peacefully away, at his home “Brightside,” on the shores of Lake Roland, one of the foremost of the few greatest of American zoologists.

William Keith Brooks owed his early education in part to the excellent public school teachers of Cleveland, Ohio, and in part to such elements of his boyhood’s environment as his native bent led him to pick out and assimilate. Among such influences were collections of fossils, stored in a neighbor’s barn and the wonder of the flocks of carrier pigeons that still came over the lake to be destroyed by clubs and guns on the bluffs, darkening the air till school could no longer “keep.”

More significant yet were the self-made aquaria, and the back-yard pond that was sometimes visited by a migrating carrier pigeon and more often the source of rare delight in the study of the habits of aquatic insects. And it was there that was learned an indelible lesson of the power of reflexes and mechanisms, by the observation of a dragonfly that had lost most of its machinery except that of the head, yet continued to chew and swallow food, which, like the water drunk by Munchausen’s bisected horse, passed steadily out into the open void.

He was not given to athletic sports, though winning a prize for excellence in calisthenics. Contemplative and studious, he desired to enter college, but his mother did not approve and he began life in his father’s counting house. Here he ex-