meant but vague and often metaphysical theories of the kindergarten philosophers.

It is from the individual study of infants that we have learned most and in detail. I showed in a former article how the child repeats the history of the race in its prehistoric and even prehuman stages; how it is born most helpless because physiologically the youngest of all animals, so that its period of education or apprenticeship to life is most transforming, and the influence of the environment as compared with heredity is given such an unparalleled influence upon its development. The animals below us are born vastly more mature, and hence are far less plastic to their surroundings.

The child must learn to grasp and oppose its thumb. Its loud cry shows that its parents have long been able to protect it and to forage for food as far as its voice could reach. Were this otherwise, the human infant would be silent as are the young of most animals, especially of those that are most preyed upon. The infant paddles with good swimming movements, if held in tepid water, during the first few weeks of life, as if rehearsing a remote aquatic stage of the race. It clings to a cane, supporting its whole weight, because its tree dwelling forebears had to do this or fall to their death; although before the end of the first six months this power is in large degree lost. All the vast array of facts of which these are only a few samples are of the very greatest scientific value as contributions to the stages by which man was evolved. But as they have less practical import, I leave them here.

An Epidemic of Studying

NEXT came the many studies of vast masses of school children conducted by Professor Earl Barnes of the Leland Stanford University, on such topics as children's memories, ghosts, their reactions to various kinds of stories true and fairy, plays and games, interests, attitudes toward animals, pets, punishments, their letters, money sense, ideals of vocation, drawing, their religious notions, concepts of truth, war, etc., all of which were intensely suggestive for both parents and teachers.

By this time the issuing of questionnaires had become almost an epidemic. I collected and have bound several volumes of these on all sorts of topics and by all conditions of people. To answer some of them would require a lifetime, and not a few were utterly unanswerable if all the scientific men of the world had focused their knowledge upon them. The early and middle '90's were also the period of overorganization, from which the work grievously suffered. At least eleven States and probably hundreds of local associations were formed, with officers and constitutions. A number of new journals and other serials were started and failed. The movement was now rank and lush enough to lift scores of incompetents into more or less prominence, and hundreds of insignificant "contributions" appeared.

But the nemesis came in a cyclone of criticism, which was also no less overdone. It was called cruel to the child, and all sorts of preposterous extravagances and often immodesties were charged against the students of children in large headlines, especially by the "yellow journals." A luckless woman normal teacher once took a baby into her class room for harmless demonstration of reflexes, and in a few days was famous or notorious the country over. A distinguished professor who taught his own children in the country and weighed them and their food, was held up to execration as an unnatural parent. Another vowed amid the applause of Boston teachers that as for himself, he and his wife would love rather than study their children. Another urged that no good could come of the movement unless every step of the study was personally conducted by an expert. The orthodox academic philosophers saw in it all only an "unorganized mass of meaningless facts. We study men and women, not babies," they said. Others saw no good in the work because it was not recognized in any academic faculty in Europe, assuming that because it was largely American it must be vain.

I have a rich scrapbook collection of epithets and arguments used against the movement which would now be cruel to recall and so I forbear. But on the whole the criticism did good. It shook off mere camp followers, and made us all more careful.

Europe Became Interested

STEADILY, however, the quality of the work improved, and the quantity of good work increased and stood out from the bad. Within the last five or eight years, England, France, and now most thoroughly Germany, have taken up the work of child study with the greatest earnestness and enthusiasm, and with rich results. All over the civilized world new journals, societies, and scores of university chairs devoted to it have been instituted. Medical men have realized that they knew too little of children's diseases; philologists, that many of the fundamental principles of linguistics could be solved only by scrutinizing the speech development of infants; anthropologists find here new keys with which to unlock the secrets of primitive people. Criminologists have given us a rich body of knowledge on juvenile crime and vice. Evolutionists generally realize that here a new and higher psychic story is rapidly being built upon the foundations laid by Darwin. Educators have slowly understood that it would be well to know something of the beings they have to teach. Clergymen found out that adolescence revealed the natural basis, and even the very essence of conversion, and that at this age all that was most vital in religion was also most spontaneous.

Already the exact and fruitful published memoirs have a bibliography of thousands of titles, and the field has become so large that no single expert can command all the knowledge in it, but must specialize to certain lines. The critics of a dozen years ago are mute, and the representatives of the old static logical introspective way of studying the human soul have read their *Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin*, and are in the selfsame state of mind and await the same fate as did the advocates of creationism and changeless species and the other critics of Darwin a dozen years after his greatest work had appeared.

I wonder if this country has ever been the scene of a more novel or significant chapter of culture history? No historian has yet entered this rich field, although one is greatly needed. The movement began entirely outside academic circles, and has forced its way to a commanding position within them by its own inherent merits and despite bitter opposition. I could supply a choice list of professors who a few years ago condemned it all, root and branch, but who now offer "pedological courses," not entirely because it is now "made in Germany," but also because they find that the interest of their students, which is always the best material for prophecy, is drifting from the old abstract themes and methods to these new genetic fields so rich for both thought and life. For nearly two decades this country has led the world; but now there is a growing danger that we shall be outstripped by our Teutonic colleagues.

What Has Been Learned

SHOULD this be the case, there is at least one advantage that will rest for a long time with us, viz., we are already well on the way to apply the results and to bring the spirit of child study into both the home and the school. We have learned to respect the naiveté of children, to consult their spontaneous interests, and have learned that their fundamental nature and instincts cannot be transformed, and that we must adapt and adjust the subject matter and methods of instruction, our modes of discipline and regimen, to their nature and needs. To this insight, our academic institutions predispose us. We have learned that children's intuitions and interests are a truer guide than tatters of reason and the blind momenta of convention and tradition.

In the contributions which child study has made and is about to make to the welfare of the future of humanity, I believe it is no extravagance to say that in the judgment of the future historian it will compare with the Renaissance or the Reformation. The literature for, as well as on, childhood is being reconstructed, and those who are now coming really to understand the child that is set anew in our midst, and who have realized that to have ministered to the rising generation is the highest service we can render humanity, are themselves rejuvenated and growing young again against the tide of years by finding that life has a new zest.

THE WIT OF WU TING FANG

By CLARENCE L. CULLEN

Drawings by F. Foster Lincoln

WU TING FANG is to return to Washington as the Ambassador from China. Washington will be glad to shake hands again with him. He left a cavity when he went away from there. Wu had a way about him. He said things. He asked things. He was the main quiz of the diplomatic corps. During all his waking hours he was ringing up and inquiring for more information. He wanted to know. He desired the answer. He pined to get at the inside works. He hankered to remove the cover. He ached to ascertain what made the social, economic, legislative, executive, and diplomatic wheels go round. And he was just as keen to ascertain exactly why you had grayish blue eyes instead of brown ones.

Wu was the Indurated Interrogator right enough. Similarly he was the Incarnation of Inquisitiveness. Did you make as much as five thousand a year? No? Well, why not? You looked and talked as if you ought to make that much, maybe more. That was Wu. His interest in you, in everybody, in everything, was profound and personally conducted. The superficial appearance, the answer on the mere surface, didn't satisfy him. He sought the meaning that snuggled way down deep in the midriff. He couldn't be dodged, ducked, flagged, sidetracked, or stampeded. He rode herd on you till he penned you in the corral, and there you were. You had to come through with the answer or answers. There was no other way out. And the answers had to answer; otherwise Wu wouldn't be satisfied. If you tried to wriggle or crawfish, he knew it. He impaled you with his keen eye, focused to a pin point through the almost totally closed lid, and you gave up. You told him all about it. Wu's honorable ancestors must have invented the Third Degree, he himself was so adept at it.

Wu could even make a secret service man tell all about it. That's what he did to Chief Wilkie. Mr. Wilkie is not a garrulous person. He almost never talks about the secret service when he gets away from his office; but Wu herded him under the shelter of a flapping marquee at a lawn fete in Washington one spring night. When it was all over, Mr. Wilkie was conscious that he had been subjected to the pumping of his life, and that he had yielded to it. Wu dragged it all out of him. Mr. Wilkie didn't want to say anything about it, but Wu worked his little way and his by no means little will upon the top man of the secret service. He did it affably, ingratiatingly, with ornate courtesy; but he did it—that was the main point, as Mr. Wilkie himself observed when he emerged from the hypnosis and began to feel chagrined over his involuntary Wu-manufactured loquacity.

Working Wu on a Reporter

WHEN Wu was in Washington before, the Washington correspondents had a stock frame-up which they used to work with invariable success on the new correspondents who drifted along to the Capital. It was called the "Wu job." Many a bright new correspondent felt that he had got his initiation into his new berth when he went against the Wu job.

It was simple enough. The new man would be complaining that there wasn't anything new in the feature line in Washington for the ambitious correspondent, fresh in Washington, to tackle.

"Well, I'll tell you what would be a good thing," one of the oldtimers would then suggest. "Get a talk out of Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Ambassador. Get the right sort of stuff out of Wu, and it'll be a knockout. He's there with it too, if you only go at it right. Lots going on just now in our relations with China. Wu likes new faces too. It's your chance,—double-leaded talk with Wu about the open door and the present state of the Chinese Empire and all like that. Go to it!"

The new man would "go to it."

A couple of days later he'd look up the chaps who had put him up against the Wu job, wearing a suspicious and grouchy glare in his eyes.

"That was a fine scheme you cut-ups fixed up on me, wasn't it?" he'd begin, breathing hard.

"What?" they'd ask him with solemn innocence.

"That chippish suggestion of yours that I go and pick some stuff out of Wu," the new man would growl wrathfully.

"Well, didn't you get a fine lot of stuff out of him?" they'd ask him, trying to hold on to themselves.

"Ye-eh, great!" the new man would burst out. "Great lot o' stuff! I found out from him that I needed to have my teeth fixed—he told me that. I was told about the slight cast in my left eye—he advised me to consult an oculist about it. Then he invited me to stake him to a dissertation on the real reason why male persons of the Occident have their trousers creased. Then he told me he considered that I had an incompetent barber—my back hair, he observed, reminded him of the back hair of a Russian muzhik. When I led him up to the Chinese open door question, he told me that he had never been afraid of a draft from open doors or windows, though he had noticed that most Americans were—and why? When I asked him if there was danger of any future Boxer outbreaks, he asked me which of the two I considered the better boxer, Jeffries or Corbett? When I asked him how

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"Tummy Bad, Your Excellency?"