

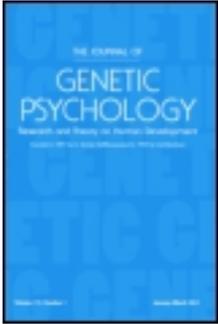
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Fletcher B. Dresslar Ph.D. ^a

^a University of California, USA

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A MORNING'S OBSERVATION OF A BABY.

By FLETCHER B. DRESSLAR, Ph. D., University of California.

The following notes of the doings of a healthy active baby boy, were written more than six years ago, and are the results of an attempt to describe four hours of his life.

At the time they were written he was 13 months and 19 days old.

As I have read these notes over from time to time during these intervening years, each reading has impressed me more and more with the feeling that this method of observation is full of interest, and that perhaps, if it were employed oftener, it would bring a better appreciation of the child as an organic unit than can be attained through the use of the analytic methods now prevalent.

For the sake of science, analysis and generalizations must be made; but for the sake of an appreciation more or less indefinite, yet vital and helpfully significant, I believe this naturalistic method will prove itself useful.

While these notes were being made no one but the ordinary members of the household were present, and hence no unusual element was introduced. The fact that writing was going on, was in no way disturbing; for this was of daily occurrence. Furthermore, there was no attempt in any way to experiment upon the child under observation. He was permitted to run about at will, and his actions were interfered with only in natural and necessary ways just as they would have been had he not been the center for this unusual amount of attention.

January 19th, 1895.

He awoke at 8 o'clock, which was half an hour later than his usual time for getting up, and for a few minutes seemed a little drowsy from oversleep. He looked at me when brought into the sitting-room, and stretched his hands to be taken. For a few minutes he was quite still, but while he was being bathed he looked about the room and began to laugh. His bath finished, he took a little milk, but seemed not to be hungry. After five minutes of comparative quiet he resisted his mother, called to me and wanted up. He then reached for his rubber nipple and offered his bottle to his mother. He was satisfied when she smacked her lips, and made a careless pretense at

taking the milk. This action on her part gave him evident pleasure. "How does the sun come down?" she asked. Whereupon he looked out of the window, and, on seeing a neighbor's child, grunted and pointed toward him. He watched the child for a few moments and then began on his own accord to "pat a cake" for him, finishing it with a cooing laugh. As the servant girl left the room, he said "bye-bye;" but again turned toward the window saying "baby" repeatedly; tiring of this he again tries to feed his mother with his bottle; on seeing a piece of soap, he smacked his lips as if he had an idea that it was good to eat; hearing the paper rustle he turned to see, and called out "papa;" sees a lighted oil stove and points to it, smacking his lips; begins to stretch, then imitates his mother who grunts for him; throws up a little of his milk, making a characteristic sour face; turns again to the window and calls "baby;" points toward the next room, saying "ooh" repeatedly; fusses a little when his outside dress was being put on; imitates his mother who attempts to make fun for him by saying "ooh-o;" gets his brush and brushes his hair from back to front, using his right hand; plays with the brush and sings cooingly to it; puts the handle of the brush in his mouth; calls "papa," on my leaning back in the chair; blows at the brush; laughs at his mother sneezing; while lying on his back he imitates the crowing of a cock in the next door-yard, and in doing so he gets the pitch, time and accent; as he is carried into another room he looks longingly at his wagon; sees his image in a mirror, and says "baby;" drops the brush and says "ooh-o," giving the usual accent; takes a decided interest in having his stockings put on; strikes his mother with the brush, using his right hand; drops the brush and then wants to get down; leans over to look for the brush, but is soon at play with his foot; tries to pull off his stocking, grasping it near the toe; begins to sing "Peek-a-boo," singing the first phrase correctly; looks toward the neighbor's and "pats a cake" for the child, which he knows belongs there, all of the time jabbering with delight; blows and spits, moves his lips without making a noise, and apparently gives his attention to this evident experiment; inspects his rubber nipple while fingering it; sitting with his mother near the window; he takes occasion to pound it, and then calls "baby;" discovers that his nails in contact with the wire screen make a noise, scratches, laughing heartily the while; tries to imitate the sound of the pencil as I move it over the paper; looks for birds at his mother's suggestion, and says "bob-bi" ("bob-white." He had been told a story of the quail); gets down on the floor, walks five feet to me, wants my book, compromises by riding my foot; gets off, goes six feet to the window, "moos" in imitation of a cow, as the result of a

suggestion that he look for the cow; climbs up on his mother's lap; fusses when put on the stool, crying with evident anger; is pacified by his bottle, and drinks with delight, turning his bottle high in the air, his left hand further out than the right; sits in his chair quietly taking his milk. (It is now 8.35 o'clock.)

Upon finishing his breakfast, he plays with the bottle; reaches in vain for his basket; hears a cat and looks in the proper direction for it; takes his bottle and "ta-ta's" to it; drops it and says "bye-bye;" pats the tray to his chair, runs the index finger of his left hand along the edge of the tray, and examines intently a little crumb in the corner; his mother comes in and gives him a comb; takes it in his right hand, combs above his ear from back forward; plays with the comb by fingering it; talks to it and then puts it in his mouth; looks at me, then resumes his play, apparently unconscious of all going on around; turns the comb over and over in his hands; strikes his table with it, using his right hand; listens intently to a conversation between his mother and the servant; grunts in response to a suggestion from his mother; rubs his nose with his left fist; turns to watch his mother leave the room, all the time fingering the comb and his own hand; watches his mother dust the chairs, and *seems* to wonder why; hears the cat mew outside, and imitates her, making a tone similar in quality, pitch and time; is given a tin box, and is pleased to finger over it even while looking in another direction; fusses to get out of his chair, but is quieted by a bright ring; fingers it, but does not look at it much; jabbars to his mother who has come near; picks up an ordinary pin, using the thumb and index finger of his left hand; places the forefinger of his right hand on the point of the pin, and tries to tell his mother that it is sharp, or at least that it pricks; hears the cat and imitates it again; upon the cat mewing loudly and with much uneasiness, he seems to be wonderingly afraid; is taken from his chair to the window to see the cat, but as she had gone, he looks for her with a far away expression on his face; asks his mother to blow out the oil stove, making himself understood in this by pointing to the stove and blowing; thoughtfully looks out of the window, then turns to his mother and scratches her; she asks "shall I cry?" and thereupon *he* cries bitterly; looks out of another window, and, seeing smoke coming from a chimney, begins to blow; "how does the smoke come out?" is asked, and in reply to this question he blows again somewhat more vigorously; then imitates a neighbor who smokes, by a different kind of blowing movement, the one he invariably used at this time to announce that the neighbor was in sight; tries to imitate his mother when she says "bottle;" looks at the pictures in a magazine

with much interest; turns the leaves and talks in imitation of reading; looks at the picture of a man with his hat on, and says "bye-bye;" in response to the question "where is mamma?" points to the picture of a woman, and then kisses it; gets down on the floor, walks to the oil stove, and blows toward the flame; mamma says "burn, burn," he then retreats to me, pulls me, pointing to the stove, blowing; walks twenty feet, turns the pages of a book for a moment, then returns to the stove and blows; goes to his mamma and brings her to blow, walking meanwhile twenty-five feet; dances, falls, rolls over in play; turning around, gets up, walks ten feet, turns to the left, walks twenty feet; climbs on my chair, then blows at the stove; gets down, walks twenty feet, turning to the left; blows through his nose in play, walks ten feet, turns to the left, and plays with the piano stool; asks his mother by pulling, grunting and pointing, to play on the piano; upon her beginning to play, he dances; moving his body in rhythmic movements up and down; upon his mother ceasing to play and turning about on the stool, he takes hold of her and faces her toward the piano twice in succession; dances again to the music; walks sixteen feet, turning to the left to blow at the stove; attention attracted by a vigorous piece of music, and after a moment of listening goes on with his play; music changes, and attention reattracted; walks eight feet, and climbs into my lap; after the lapse of a few seconds gets down, goes to the piano, walking seven feet; sits down and listens to the rain falling; crawls under the drapery of the piano, and at a suggestion plays at "peek," laughing heartily at the resulting sport; at a suggestion he hastens to hide, but cannot wait long enough to be found; on his mamma leaving the room, he goes to the piano, turns the stool, and pulls off the cover; walks twenty feet, turns to the left, runs twenty feet; comes to me, grabs my book, and jabbars to me about it; examines the book thoughtfully, then turns and blows at the stove; bites my book, but upon hearing a table squeak he runs toward it; mamma comes in, calls him bad boy for pulling off the stool cover, and tells him to replace it; he puts it on, then immediately throws it off again; takes his mamma to the piano, seats her for playing; walks twenty feet; keeps accurate time to the music by characteristic squatting movements; the music changes time, whereupon, after two or three unrelated movements, he adjusts his motions to the music; upon the music ceasing he runs fifteen feet to my chair, climbs up singing; gets down, walks fifteen feet, pulls some clothes off a chair; mamma says "bad boy," and tells him to pick them up; he starts to run away, but is caught, and through imitation assists in picking up the things; walks ten feet, gets a bright ring, talks to it, and crawls

under his bed; he is taken out, and runs ten feet toward me; imitates my coughing; runs fifteen feet, turns to the left, walks back fifteen feet to me, climbs up, then straightway gets down again; starts to crawl under the bed, but at "no, no," from his mamma, he hesitates and shows by his manner that he begins to know that he should not disobey; walks ten feet, turns to the left, returns six feet and sits down; after a few seconds he gets up, gets a book, and then sits down and begins to turn the leaves, using his left hand for this action; gets up and carries the book to me (six feet), and points to the picture of a cat; finds another cat, and smacks his lips; finds and points to the picture of a rooster, making the same smacking movements again; points to the picture of an old woman; finds an owl, and imitates the hooting of the owl; (He had been told a story about an owl, in which the hooting had been imitated.) Finds the picture of a cow, and immediately moos; finds a bird, and says "bob-bi" (Bob-white), sees a rooster and crows in imitation; watches interestedly while the leaves of the book are being turned; finds another rooster and crows in imitation; sees the picture of a cow and moos repeatedly; takes the book, turns the leaves, finds and studies closely the picture of two little girls; tires of this, and is attracted by the falling rain; sees a horse and smacks his lips; (It is my feeling that this peculiar smacking movement is a sort of trying to talk, and is a more advanced form than "la, la," or the "ta, ta.") It is now 9.30.

Standing up with his fingers in his mouth he says "tuck-a, tuck-a, tick-a, tick-a;" reaches over, gets a paper and pencil, and, as the result of a suggestion, gets down, sits on the floor, takes the pencil in his right hand and scribbles; (It is well to say that the suggestion mentioned was merely that he write; the adaptations were all his own.)

He then lies down on his belly, jabbering, and kicks up his heels; jumps up, points to the rain dropping off the porch roof; goes closer to the window, turns around four times; and sits down to write with a pencil; gets up, but straightway sits down again; scribbles from left to right; gets up, puts the pencil in his mouth, walks ten feet to me and tries to write on my note book; gets down on his knees and pounds the floor; gets up, walks ten feet, turns to the left, and runs twenty feet away from his mother who comes to put a dry bib on him; mamma calls him to look at the rain, but he is too busy pulling at the sofa to give any attention; topples over, gets up, climbs on the lounge, and stands on the back of it, bracing his back against the wall; sees a smoke and blows at it; watches a wagon a half block away, then is attracted by the beating rain; sees the neighbor baby through the window, and laughs with glee;

finds a dead fly, and examines it quite minutely with a look of wonder; waves his hand to his mother, and at her suggestion throws a kiss at her, using his right hand; upon his mother's approaching, he fondles her a moment, then turns away, saying "bye-bye;" sees the baby again through the window, laughs, and jabbers to him, calling loudly for him to hear; gets down, walks five feet to the window, and attempts to climb up so that he can see out; sits down, jumps up and dances with forward upward motions of the body; walks ten feet to his mother and bites her while playing, and laughs heartily; refuses to lie on the couch with her, gets a magazine, plays at blowing through his nose; walks ten feet back to the couch, throws down the magazine, pulls at the couch, is taken up, uses a handkerchief, resists further interference, and kicks vigorously to get down; walks nineteen feet, sits down and plays with a tin can; kicks repeatedly with his left foot, gets up, gets his wagon, and with his left hand pulls it ten feet; takes it in his right hand and pulls it back and forth a number of times, making the blocks in it rattle loudly; pushes it eight feet into another room, lets go, sits down, gets a rubber doll, gets up and brings it to me to make it cry; in so doing walks ten feet; turns, runs twenty feet into the kitchen, resists his mother who wishes him to return; turns to the left, runs twenty feet to me; fondles and jabbers to me, then runs back fifteen feet where his food is being prepared; gets his bottle, and drinks greedily while he walks fifteen feet, neglects the invitation of his mother to sit on her lap while taking his food, and cries angrily when she goes to him and takes him up. (It is now 9.40 o'clock.)

He lies on his back and takes his food somewhat hurriedly; hears the postman's whistle, and looks toward the door, still continuing to take his food; kicks repeatedly with his left foot, grows careless with his bottle as his hunger is satisfied, drops it and does not seek for it.

During and after a change of clothing he takes especial delight in pulling at his stockings, and playing with his right foot; talks in a jabbering way, and in a low tone to his foot, showing well developed power to use his tongue as he repeats many times what sounds like "tickle, tickle, tickle;" pulls his mamma's hair, sees a fly at a distance of four feet, demands to be taken in reach of it, whereupon he attempts to put the index finger of his right hand on it. He then gets down "talking" and kicking vigorously; sits down on the floor, and finally lies flat on his belly: gets up almost immediately, walks eight feet, climbs on my chair, sings, gets down, turns to the left, walks three feet, gets his wagon, sits on the floor and plays with it a half minute; gets up, walks eight feet, sits down plays with a bottle, using his right hand for the cork; knock

the bottle over, picks it up, puts the cork in properly, using his right hand to guide the cork; gets up with the bottle in his hand, immediately sits down, gets a tin can, rattles it, crawls to the bottle, gets the cork, takes the bottle, can and cork to his mother, walking eight feet; works to replace the cork; turns to the left, walks eight feet, sits down, gets up with some dirt on his finger, makes a hawking sound to attract his mother's attention to the fact, walks ten feet, turns to the right, returns at his mother's solicitation (walking fourteen feet), and is visibly pleased when the dirt is removed; turns to the left, walks three feet, sits down, gets his wagon, draws it four feet, stoops and rolls it back and forth, using his right hand; sits down on one knee, and leaning on one hand, continues to roll the wagon back and forth rhythmically for more than 50 times; then lies flat on the floor and continues to roll it back and forth; this was kept up as before for more than 50 times; during this time he exhibits an unusually sober mood; then lies still more prone, kicking with his left foot; after almost a minute of this gets up on all-fours, then, supporting himself upon one hand, he again moves the wagon back and forth; lies down, picks at the carpet, and kicks with his right foot; crawls three feet, gets up, laughs, turns to the right, gets his wagon, carries it in his left hand twelve feet; sits down, gets a book, brings it to me, walking nine feet; looks at the book, smacks his lips, says "oh!" turns the leaves of the book, finds a bird and says "bob-bi." (It is now 10.15 o'clock.)

He continues to turn the leaves of the book, saying "uh!" uh!" throws himself up and down over the book; is told to read, and begins to jabber; papa says "ta-ta-ta," in imitation of reading, and the baby readily takes the suggestion and says "ta-ta-ta;" pretends to read a letter picked up from the floor, all of the time looking intently at the paper, though his eyes are evidently not focused on the paper, but for a further distance; turns about, pulls the table cover; gets down, whines, and is taken up; papa says "love me;" whereupon he puts his arms about his papa's neck, hugging and grunting in imitation of former suggestions given him by his elders; he is put on the table, and, as a consequence, emits a chuckle of delight; gets a book, sits back jabbering as he turns the leaves; gets up on his knees, still looking at the book intently; sings the first phrase of "peek-a-boo." repeats many times; gets on his feet, calls out in a loud commanding tone (rooster-on-the-fence fashion); looks closely at his papa's head resting on the table, and seems to question this strange action; throws himself down on the table and looks up at his photograph on the wall, and says "baby;" blows through his nose in a snuffing fashion; shakes my book apparently for mere exercise; turns on his stomach,

approaches the edge of the table, kicks vigorously with his right foot; sits up, looks at the book, offers it to me, watches me write, snuffles again, and smiles at it; blows through his nose more vigorously; throws himself around to the other side of the table; spits, or sputters, and, at a suggestion, blows his nose into a handkerchief; lies down, sits up, slides about, opens and closes the book; sings and sputters, gets up, falls over; to get him off of the table without making him cry it is necessary to make this action a part of a game (one to get ready, etc.); walks eight feet, gets a bottle, sits down, turns to the right, gets up, sees his mother at the sewing machine, turns to the left, walks ten feet into another room, turns to the left, walks twenty feet into another room, plays with the piano stool, drops a bottle which he had picked up, exactly imitates his mother who says "bad boy;" picks up the bottle, sits down and bites at it; crawls to the left with the bottle in his right hand; gets up, leaving the bottle, and walks twelve feet to his mamma, gets his food bottle, turns to the left, walks back twelve feet to the other bottle; tries to fit a cork into a tin box, crawls under the piano cover, and strikes the piano with a bottle; is pulled out, and accepts the discipline good humoredly; lies on his back taking his food; gets up, walks eight feet, tries to blow out the oil stove, turns to the left, walks eight feet to the piano, crawls under the cover, comes out when bidden, gets his doll, makes it squeal; gets the cork and the tin box and again tries to fit them together, chattering all of the time, ending with dentals; gets up, plays the piano with his right hand; sits down, gets up, sits down. (It is now 10.40 o'clock.)

Gets up, plays the piano with the cork, pounds the piano; mamma objects; he takes his left hand, strikes the keys more gently, listening to the tones dying away as he holds down the keys; walks six feet, picks up a bottle, walks ten feet, turns to the left, returns to me, walking six feet, and singing Peek-a-boo; puts his hand in my pocket, breaks a pencil point, and, when told "no! no!" runs to his mother, sits by her side, and, in reply to a question of how papa spanks, slaps his hands together, laughing heartily; gets the bottle, walks four feet, bangs the piano keys, and in response to a demand to stop, crawls under a table; gets out, gets a metal cork, wants to strike the piano with it; is forbidden, bumps his head, whines, dares to strike the piano, and, upon being reproved, cries bitterly; is purposely attracted to another thing, he soon ceases crying, walks ten feet to the stove, blows at it, returns, gets his mother, leads her to the stove, wants her to blow the flame; (in all this walks twenty feet); cries when his face is bathed; is taken up, looks out of the window contentedly for a moment, gets down on his knees on the floor with a bottle of food; on

seeing his mother use her handkerchief he blows vigorously through his nose, putting his head up to her so that the handkerchief might be used; upon being told that the stove is hot, goes close to it, puts out his hand cautiously, and grunts significantly, as if to say: "it must not be done;" walks ten feet, stoops, picks up a piece of cork; walks fifteen feet, watches his mother put coal on the fire; turns to the right, walks six feet, listens to directions intended for the servant; prattles, turns to the right, walks ten feet, sits down, gets his wagon, talks to it, all the time nodding his head; gets up, carries his wagon ten feet, using his right hand; sits down, tosses the wagon about, gets up, walks fourteen feet, turns to the right and walks in another direction ten feet, jabbering (dentally) meanwhile; mamma makes inquiry of him, but he gives her no attention; walks six feet, sits down, gets up, walks around to the left, singing; playfully submits to having his clothing changed, while lying on his back kicking his feet high in the air; bites his bottle until his teeth are heard to grate harshly; bib gets in his way, and he cries out angrily; drops the bottle, and calls attention thereto by pointing and muttering; blows in his throat, and on his hand to make a hawking sound; sits up and tries to pull the buttons from his mother's dress; stands up and tries to pull the drapery from the mantel, and, in reply to his mother, who tells him that unless he is careful he will pull the clock down, he imitates its tick; sits down patiently listening to two or three Mother Goose rhymes; gets down, walks ten feet, gets a rubber tooth brush, brings it to me to have me put it in my mouth; I said "rub your teeth;" he immediately put it in his mouth and began rubbing his teeth; follows his mother into another room, walking twenty feet; is put back, and cries disappointedly; but when the door is not opened in reply to this tearful entreaty he goes to another door to get in; finding this door open he eagerly goes in to his mamma (walks thirty-five feet); I call him, but evidently suspecting the purpose of my call, he runs ten feet in the opposite direction, gets the fire shovel, cries when it is taken from him, but is soon pacified by being told a story in a very emphatic way; laughs heartily while the tears are still filling his eyes; is taken to a table, and gets on it with evident satisfaction; finds his book, sits down and looks at the pictures; papa says "let's have a time;" to this invitation he gives no heed and runs to his mother; then hides, and when found seems somewhat nervous and whines; runs behind a chair, peeks out, wants pencil and paper; goes to papa still entreating, walking in all twenty feet; wants a letter; imitates his papa whistling by making a humming sound; finds his wagon, enjoys watching his doll thrown into it; crawls over his papa who has stretched himself on the floor; walks to

wagon fifteen feet; gets bottle and stopper, puts these in his wagon, and when the bottle topples over he laughs merrily; turns to the right, walks twenty feet, stands with his fingers in his mouth; shakes the writing desk, hums, gets books, and pretends to read; these are taken away, but he does not seem to care; finds his papa hid behind a curtain; walks fifteen feet across the room; points his right index finger toward his chair; is bidden to get a cushion from a chair; starts to obey, but returns as if in doubt, and then on a second thought gets it and brings it to me (walks thirty feet); stoops to put his head on it, then lies down on it, kicking up his heels and jabbering gleefully; is taken with hiccoughing; imitates himself, and smiles when I imitate; pulls the pillow down when I try to hide my face with it; gets up, sits down on the floor; is bidden to replace the cushion on the chair, obeys and puts it on the proper chair without further direction; returns to me, walking thirty feet in the rounds; goes to the piano to watch the process of pinning on the cover; walks again to me, then back to the stool (thirty feet); sits down, gets up, tries to pin the cover just where he had seen his mother pin it; gets up, walks fifteen feet, turns around, and at his mamma's oral suggestion dusts the chair with a cloth; stops to observe the stirring of the fire. (It is now 11.30 o'clock.)

He now goes to a door, and at a suggestion dusts it with his cloth; then without further suggestion he goes to another door and dusts it (six feet); turns to the left, walks ten feet, goes into the kitchen and back, walking ten feet; stops, turns slightly, walks eighteen feet, stoops, picks up a crumb; turns to the left, walking in a zig-zag line twenty feet, turns to the left, comes to beg me to open the door of the kitchen; on his mamma leaving the room by another door he follows through three rooms to the kitchen, in all walking fifty feet; returns the same way (fifty feet); wants a bite of apple, then goes back to the kitchen as before (fifteen feet); from there he goes into another room and back, walking sixty feet; tries to feed his mother some apple through the window pane, and seems much astonished at his failure; upon his mother's entrance he follows her contentedly until she picked up her hat; he then ran before her to the door (thirty feet), fully expecting her to go out; when she sits in a chair he shows his disappointment very clearly; soon forgets, turns back, walking fourteen feet; gets a book, turns to the right, goes to mamma, but getting no attention there turns to his wagon (nine feet), plays a moment, then picks up a rug, drags it six feet, returns (six feet), sits down, plays with the wagon; cries and seems much disappointed when his mother leaves the room; runs to the door through which she passed, and from there to another door, all of the time crying peevishly,

but at my calling to him he comes to me, meanwhile walking forty-one feet; sits on my lap until his mamma returns; then gets down quickly, runs to her, and upon getting a bit of banana is at ease; returns to me eating, having walked meanwhile thirty-nine feet; goes back fifteen feet to the door, sits down, smears the door with his banana; gladly permits his hands to be washed, gets up, walks fifteen feet, imitates his mamma cleaning the door; returns to the kitchen, twenty feet, and cries when he is carried back; runs again toward the kitchen door, and beggingly entreats his mother to open it; upon her going away he comes to me, attracts my attention, then goes toward the door, pointing with his right index finger, and smacking his lips, meanwhile walking thirty feet, then turns to the left, takes an interest in the preparation of the table for luncheon; stands up, pushes the table, moving it along on the floor; comes around behind the window curtain, peeps, saying "uh!" with the usual intonation; walks ten feet; gets impatient for luncheon, goes to the kitchen door, returns, fondles me, meanwhile walking thirty feet. (It is now 12 o'clock.)

It is not my purpose to attempt a summary of these notes, for they have been presented as a sort of mental cross section, and have their chief value in their approach to a truthful description of the activities of a baby for the time indicated. That they fully and exhaustively describe, no one could for a moment contend. And yet it will not be denied, I think, that there is an approximation here not found in analytical studies. Things are related in the mind, and mental values can be properly assigned only when they are estimated in the light of these relations.

The writer does not wish to discourage in any way analytical methods, or for that matter any attempts which promise to bring us nearer to the truth concerning the significant activities of child life; but wishes merely to suggest that the general attitude of mind resulting from watching and describing, as carried out in this study, is of real and vital importance to those who would deal with the conscious and physical development of children.

It is a method primarily for the naturalist; but honest eyes and faithful hands may bring out of it even for the scientist, data in which the facts are hedged about with their true relations.

As I have said above, it is not my purpose to summarize these notes, but to be satisfied with the indefinite mental precipitate which the reading of such an account might induce.

And I want to state distinctly that the following statements (save one) are in no sense scientific conclusions; they are

merely expressions of a few personal reactions to the data recorded above, and set forth purely as suggestions.

1. In four hours this baby incidentally walked a total distance of 1,697 feet; nearly a third of a mile. I say he incidentally walked so far, for by no means did this activity represent the prevailing one. Compared to the arms, the lower limbs were yet quite rudimentary in their action. (He had been walking only two months.)

If the amount of energy exhibited by this baby during these hours could be estimated in foot pounds, the result would be truly astonishing; but to him who sees in all this activity nature's method of prompting to perfect and unified development, the most wonderful fact which will appear will be the educational significance of the motor activities and impulses.

2. The clearly marked and predominant fact here exhibited is the responsiveness of the motor activities. External stimulus is immediately answered by motor activity, even though at first these responses are uncontrolled and purposeless. It seems natural for the child to begin its education in vague faulty trials, and to eliminate gradually the errors as its powers to think and act develop and co-ordinate. The habit of attempting to "get it right," seems to be one of the first and most important habits.

3. Inhibition is measured in large part by ability to consider; to send the stimulus out by way of a longer route.

4. Out of sight or hearing, or touch, at this stage, is almost immediately out of mind.

5. There is no further *immediate* need for a given stimulus, when it has discharged through its characteristic activity. Interest in it wanes until some sort of a restoration takes place.

6. The imitative function begins very early to establish social habits, as well as to control ways of behaving in general. Some of this is conscious, but much of it is unconscious.

7. The unconscious recognition of the pitch, quality, and time elements of tones, suggests important functional preparation for speech, which is just beginning. Power and desire to imitate sounds represent a very important foundation for the demands of the immediate future. Good models even at this stage are of the utmost importance.

8. Evident pleasure and satisfaction are derived from rhythmic movements. It seems to take longer to exhaust the motor supply when the response is rhythmic than when it is continuous.

9. He undertakes to *do* almost anything and everything which appeals to him. (At the time in which I am writing these last sentences—six years later than the "notes" were written,—this tendency is present in a more marked degree.)

The practical difficulties of the doing never occur to him until he begins to carry out his ideas; and even then the discrepancy between the ideal and the finished product seems to disturb him very little. He has just now gone to bed—but not to sleep,—all ablaze with the feeling that to-morrow he is to make beautiful pottery, very like that which he has seen and questioned about this afternoon.

He has rarely shown the slightest discouragement in self initiated activity, even though all attempts to realize his ideals have issued in nothing but the completest failures, viewed from the standpoint of results.

The faith of childhood is wonderfully refreshing, and withal very suggestive; for it reminds us that the "substance of things hoped for" is found chiefly in the growth that comes through normal and interested endeavor to accomplish something.

This further suggests that in the education of children we ought to emphasize the efferent processes more than the finished product; and that we should see to it that this efferent process is of a spontaneous character. A kindergarten, for example, ought to be judged by the faith which dominates the children in their *attempts* at constructive work, and not primarily by the things which the children make.