

PRELIMINARY REPORT ON A GIFTED JUVENILE AUTHOR*

By LEWIS M. TERMAN and JESSIE C. FENTON

Data on gifted children have been accumulating at Stanford University since 1911: In 1915 one of us published a brief summary of facts relating to 54 children testing above 120 IQ, and certain additional material relating to 31 who had an IQ of 125 or above (Terman: "The Mental Hygiene of Exceptional Children," *Pedagogical Seminary*, 1915, 22, 529-537.) In 1916, with the assistance of Margaret Hopwood Hubbard, more systematic work was undertaken in the locating, testing, rating of gifted children. In *The Intelligence of School Children* (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1920) fairly extensive data were reported on 59 cases, most of whom tested above 140 IQ. From 1917 to 1919 little was accomplished, owing to the interruption caused by the war, but during the last two years the work has occupied somewhat more than half the time of a research assistant. Our files now contain test records and other data on nearly 200 gifted children, most of them above 140 IQ. These are being followed up from year to year and as many as possible are given re-tests. At present the entire plan of work is being revised preparatory to gathering extensive psychological, educational, social and biological data on 500 to 1,000 of the most gifted children in California. An important feature of the plan is to follow up as many of these cases as possible for a period of at least ten or twenty years. One of the most interesting of the children thus far studied is the gifted juvenile author described in the following pages.

Betty Ford was born in San Francisco, January 21, 1912. Her four grandparents were of Swedish, German-French, English, and Scotch descent, respectively. There is nothing especially remarkable in her family tree. The mother is a woman of more than average intelligence and of considerable musical ability. The father is a physician and the author of the "Ford Stitch," favorably mentioned in standard texts on surgery. Betty is an only child.

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In Betty's baby-book, kept by her mother, we find the following entries:

Weight at birth, 11 pounds, 15 ounces.

Weight at 20 months, 31 pounds.

At 7 months began to walk about in her "walker."

At 19 months said everything clearly and knew the alphabet.

At 20 months put together block puzzle pictures.

At 22 months enumerated birds up to 12 in a picture.

In view of her intellectual precocity it is interesting to note that Betty's earliest memories, if we can accept her own testimony, date back to the time when she was still fed by bottle, at the age of about 12 months.

Betty's parents say that they first learned of her ability to read when they discovered her, at the age of 4½ years, reading Heidi, a book of about fourth grade difficulty. At five she read such books as Silas Marner and Charles Lamb's stories. By her eighth birthday she had read approximately 700 books, many of them twice. For the last two years she has read on an average at least eight hours a day. She reads rapidly and with complete absorption. Instead of finishing one book before proceeding to another, she prefers to keep three or four going together. At the age of eight her favorite authors included Shakespeare, Burns, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Scott, Poe, Victor Hugo, Thackeray, Dickens, Cooper, Mark Twain, Barrie, Conan Doyle, Kipling, R. L. Stevenson and George Eliot.

At the age of 30 months Betty began making up little stories about rabbits, frogs, fishes and squirrels. At 33 months she composed little jingles in rhyme. Stories and jingles continued to appear from time to time, but before the sixth birthday only a few were recorded. When she was six years old she was given a typewriter, and with its assistance and stimulus she was soon well launched on her literary career. By the age of eight she had written more than 100 poems and more than 75 stories, together enough to fill a volume of 200 or 250 pages.

We first saw Betty in November, 1919, when she was 7 years, 10½ months old. Since that time we have spent approximately thirty hours with her, giving her tests, showing her about the University or visiting with her in her home. Six weeks before her eighth birthday she tested 14-10 by the Stanford Revision; IQ 188. Her vocabulary at that time was approximately 13,000 words, which is not far from the median for Stanford University freshmen. Her score on the Army

Beta test was 71, which is about the norm for 14 years. Thus her IQ measured by a non-verbal scale is 175. By the National Intelligence Tests she graded above 15 years (score, Form A 152.8, Form B 123), and by the Terman Group Test considerably higher (score, 151, Median for Grade 12). On the Trabue Completion tests, B and C, her score (17.5) equaled the median for third or fourth year high school pupils. She took the memory span test for digits (oral presentation) with a class of 21 graduate students, beating ten and tying four. Her extreme memory span is 9 digits, direct order, and 7 digits, reversed order. On the Kelley construction test, which was given her by Dr. Kelley, her performance resembled that of a normal child of nine or ten years. On the various types of tests found in the Stanford Revision, the National, the Terman Group and Beta, her performance runs fairly even, though not perfectly so. She is at her best in vocabulary, information, language completion, and memory, and at her worst in tests involving arithmetical processes.

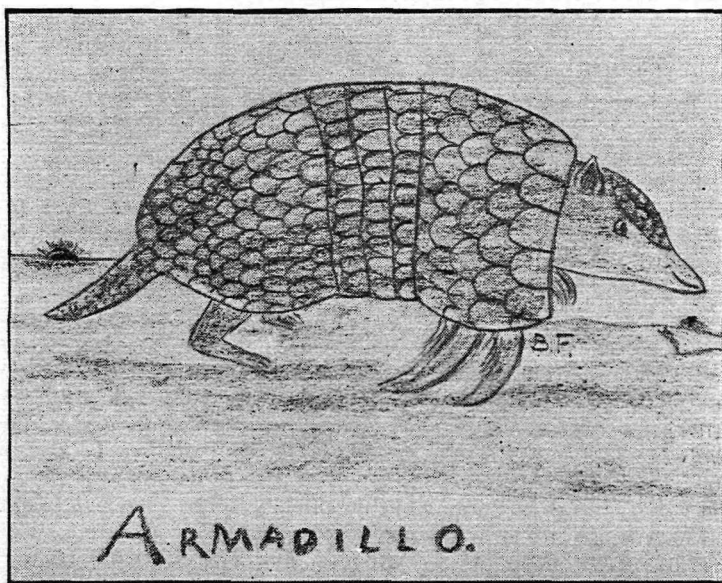
Betty has never attended school, but for nearly two years she has had about two hours a week of private instruction in dancing, French and German. During the last year her mother has given her, intermittently, a small amount of instruction in arithmetic, usually not more than an hour a week. On the Woody tests for addition, subtraction, multiplication and division her scores correspond to the medians for grade 5. On the Kansas Silent Reading test she scores at median for the 11th grade, on the Thorndike handwriting scale at median for 8th grade, on the Starch Grammatical Scale (A) at median for 8th grade, on the Starch Punctuation Scale (A) at median for 6th grade, on the Teachers College Spelling Scale (List 16) at median for 8th grade, on the Grier tests of information in zoology and physiology considerably better than the standards given by Grier for second term high school pupils, and on the Abbott-Trabue test of poetic appreciation at the median for second year college students.

As a test of Betty's poetic ability, five of her poems, selected by a dozen judges as her best, were chosen for comparison with twelve other poems, including the following: three from a published volume of poems written by Stanford students, three by Longfellow (one of them written when the author was 9 years old and one when he was 13), one by Tennyson, one by Blake, one by Blanden, one by Wordsworth, one by Herrick, and a juvenile poem by Shelley. These twelve poems and five of Betty's with names of authors omitted, were arranged for order of merit by 46 Stanford students (chiefly

seniors) enrolled in advance classes in versification, Browning, and composition. In the combined rank order, based on the ratings of the 46 judges, Betty's five poems held ranks 8, 9, 10, 11 and 14. For each of her poems the mean deviation of the 46 rankings from the average rank was between 2.5 and 4.1.

The rank orders based on the combined ratings were as follows:

1. Monterey: Stanford poem by Glenn Arthur Hughes
2. Song: Stanford poem by Dorothy Gunnell Jenkins
3. Shaneen: Stanford poem by James Leo Duff
4. Snowflakes: Longfellow
5. The Eagle: Tennyson
6. The Battle of Lovell Pond: Longfellow (Written at age 13)
7. The Song the Grass Sings: Blanden
8. My Prayer: Betty Ford
9. After the Rain: Betty Ford
10. The Clouds: Betty Ford
11. Joy: Betty Ford
12. March: Wordsworth
13. The Wildflower's Song: Blake
14. The Rainbow: Betty Ford



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15. To Violets: Herrick

16. Mr. Finney's Turnip: Longfellow (Written at age 9)

17. The Cat in Distress: Shelley (Written at age 8)

The selection of poems for rating demands a word of explanation. In general, poems were selected which were not too unlike Betty's in content, which were presumably not well known by the judges, and which were relatively brief. Three were selected because they were juveniles. The five of Betty's were selected by about a dozen graduate students as being among her best. Three of the five were judged by Betty as among her best.

It will be noted that the first three places are won by Stanford poems. This may be entirely due to the fact that they were probably known to a good many of the judges, though they are not without considerable merit. Two of the juvenile poems by well known authors are rated at the bottom of the list, but one of the juveniles by Longfellow is given fourth place. We reproduce some examples of the seventeen poems, those of Betty in their original spelling and punctuation.

SONG

(Stanford poem Rank 2)

There is life in the green of the hills,
There is joy in the mist in the hollow,
Where the song of the meadow lark thrills,—
Up, my heart, follow

There is joy in the song of the sea,
There is life in the dip of the swallow,
And the voice of the world calls to me,—
Up, my heart, follow

THE EAGLE

(Tennyson Rank 5)

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls

MY PRAYER

(Betty Ford. Rank 8. Written at age 7 years, 6 months)

Oh, Master of fire, Oh Lord of Air,
Oh God of waters, Hear my prayer.
Oh, Lord of ground and of stirring trees
O God of Man and of pleasant breeze
Dear Father, Let me happy be
As happy as a growing Tree

TERMAN AND FENTON

AFTER THE RAIN

(Betty Ford. Rank 9. Written at age 8 years, 10 months)

Birds carol glad and free,
 All about joy you see,
 After the rain!

Each little throat swells glad,
 None can be ever sad,
 After the rain!

Moss is a velvet green,
 Grasses of silken sheen,
 After the rain!

Blue is the sky above,
 Everything smiles with love,
 After the rain!

Birds serenade the sun,
 Each little songster one,
 After the rain!

Flowers smile back at him,
 No one can e'er be grim,
 After the rain!

And so let Nature prove,
 In all is God's great love,
 After the rain!

THE CLOUDS

(Betty Ford, Rank 10. Written at age 7 years, 3 months)

The Clouds are soft white feather beds
 On which the fairys lie
 the fairys all look down on us
 as they come floating by

but when the clouds grow angry
 they throw the Fairys down
 The fairys are so happy
 to visit at our town.

Ques

What are the fairys?

Ans.

Raindrrops!

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THE RAINBOW

(Betty Ford. Rank 14. Written at age 7 years, 3 months)

The rainbow of Diana
Is shineing in the sky
The sunbow of Apollo
has not just yet come by.
Oh shine again
thou lovely rainbow
the dark'ning
Twilights coming now
thy brother's waiting
O'er the sea
He hath not yet come
home to thee.

A CAT IN DISTRESS

(Shelley. Rank 17. Written at age 8)

A cat in distress,
Nothing more nor less:
Good folks, I must faithfully tell ye,
As I am a sinner,
It waits for some dinner
To stuff out its own little belly

You would not easily guess
All the modes of distress
Which torture the tenants of earth;
And the various evils,
Which like so many devils
Attend the poor souls from their birth.

Some a living require,
And others desire
An old fellow out of the way;
And which is the best
I leave to be guessed,
For I cannot pretend to say.

One wants society,
Another, variety.
Others a tranquil life:
Some want food,
Others, as good,
Only want a wife.

But this poor little cat
Only wanted a rat,
To stuff out its own little maw;
And it were as good,
Some people had such food,
To make them hold their jaw!

Betty can sometimes be persuaded to improvise a story or poem on a subject selected by another person. In such cases she dictates it, often more rapidly than one can take it down in longhand. One improvised poem of 16 lines she dictated to one of us in 2 minutes and 50 seconds. Twenty-one university students in an advanced class in versification were allowed fifteen minutes in which to write a poem on the same subject. This test was given by the regular instructor as a class exercise. The poems were then typed and given to 35 judges to be ranked in order of merit. In the combined ranking Betty's poem held sixth place. Besides Betty's, we reproduce the best and the poorest written by the university students.

A TALE OF OTHER BLACKBIRDS THAN THE ONES IN THE KING'S PIE

(Betty. Written at age 8)

Four and twenty blackbirds
 Seated on a roof
 One did peck his neighbor
 His neighbor grunted, "OOf"
 The neighbor also, he got mad
 And pecked another bird,
 His neighbor also wasn't glad
 And said a naughty word
 This neighbor pecked another yet,
 The neighbor vowed he'd not forget;
 took vengeance on another fowl
 And raised a long and doleful howl.
 Then that one turned without a word
 And pecked the very lastest bird,—
 So all the birds got in a quarrel
 Because of one ungodly fowl

Moral If you do good, the good will be mirrored in those around you. Also, if you be bad, the bad will be imitated by those around you.

BLACKBIRDS

(Rated poorest among the verses by university students)

I sat on a window sill,
 The sun was shming bright;
 A row of blackbirds chattering, fill
 My mind with thots all right.
 But to tell what I have in mind,
 Is harder by far, than to guess
 What the twitter of those birds mean,
 As they spatter their words about

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I gaze on their pointed faces,
And see by twirls and grimaces,
The creatures are poking at us,
We who think we are smart,
At our expense and display,
Fun of the grandest sort
One calls us worms, creatures that live in the clay,
Another like grass dried up like hay.

BLACKBIRDS

(Rated best among the verses by university students) ·

Out there on the roof in the sunshine
Twelve blackbirds are stopping to rest.
Their merry chirping and chatter
Perchance, speak of spring and a nest.

We sit at our desks near the window,
And painfully, patiently try
To keep our eyes fixed on a lesson—
Our minds on some old "Poly Sci"

Oh, why cannot we, like the blackbirds,
Sit out in the bright morning sun
And muse on the coming of summer
When all of our lessons are done?

But we cannot fly like the blackbirds
Far into the deep, azure sky—
Instead,—we may soar after knowledge
And mount after learning so high

The majority of Betty's poems have been composed in less than ten minutes. The sight of a rainbow or sunset, or robin, perchance some experience while at play, or a suggestion from her reading, brings a flash of inspiration which sends her post haste to her typewriter. Recently, however, she has come to prefer dictation, because it leaves her freer to think. Hardly a word is changed during dictation and few afterward. Few false starts are made. At times she dictates more rapidly than anyone can write in longhand. While dictating her voice is low and her words run into each other so that they are hard to catch. Meanwhile she walks, skips or dances about over the room. Her stories are composed much less rapidly than her poems, perhaps at an average rate of 300 or 400 words in a half hour.

Betty's prose compositions have not been rated, but on the whole they seem to be about as remarkable as her poems. Both stories and poems show a prolific imagination, a lively sense of humor, and keen powers of observation. Her diction is usually good, but her sentence structure often shows carelessness and in poetry her meter sometimes limps. We repro-

duce a brief prose poem, a few lines of description from a story entitled "The Honeymoon," a fairy story, and one from a series of nature stories entitled "Stories the Alphabet Told" (one for each letter of the alphabet, written as a Christmas present to us).

FAIRY DEFANITION

(Written at age 7 years, 11 months)

Fairies are the fancies of an imaginative brain,
Which wearying of earthly realities aspires to
create beings liveing only in thought
endowing the spirits thus created
with all genius for giving

HAPPINESS

P. S. I wonder why grown-ups scoff at faries
And believe that angels have wings
I don't think one is any harder to
Believe than the other,
Do you?

PARAGRAPH FROM "THE HONEYMOON."

(Written at age 7 years, 10 months)

"They stopped a moment to watch the sunshine glistening on the stream and to watch the suckers, trout and minnows darting through the water. Once they caught sight of an eel. The forest was so interesting that day. At last after gazing a long time at the silvery fish they again entered into the wilderness. A little bunny scurried across the path, a robin chirruped, a little squirrel came so close they were almost afraid of him, a cow mooed afar off, a pair of grouse scurried across the road even as the rabbit had done. A keen looking fox slunk along to the east. Once they heard a bear growl. Once a gentle eyed fawn rushed close past them. A pair of quail with frightened calls rose from some brush and flew over their heads to the other side. Once they came across the nest of some baby goldfinches."

WHY THE DAISY HAS A GOLDEN HEART AND ROSY PETALS.

(Written at 7 years, 2 months)

ONCE the Daisy had no heart. Not even a sign of one. One day as she was loudly bewailing her fate like this—Ah me, Would that I had even a tiny stone to take the place of a heart. Would that—At that moment the Sun came by. What are you alasing about little one? he said with a jolly laugh. Alas the daisy replied, I am weeping because I have no heart. Ho, Ho, laughed the Sun. "Is that all?" THAT is easily remedied. You know the sun is all made of gold, so he pulled out some of his hair and fashioned it into the loveliest little golden heart you ever saw and laid it in the breast of the daisy. There little one, said the jolly sun. There take that and whenever you'r glad that you have a heart think of your old friend, the Sun, and he sailed away. (But the dear little daisy was modest and so timid and shy that what do you suppose she did,—She folded her petals tight around her golden heart. But in the morning she grew a little bolder and opened her pretty petals and all the flowers said, how wonderful the daisy has a golden heart.

End of part I

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PART II WHY THE DAISY HAS ROSY PETALS.

Little Daisy stood in all her beauty and the sun came by, there was a little butterfly on a sunbeam—snow-white with spots of gold like the daisy herself—So she called out—

"Little butterfly dearest come down and talk with me. But the butterfly did not hear. She called a second time—Then the butterfly heard and foulding his wings dropped right down on the daisy's petals. Oh you beautiful thing he said, you beautiful thing. And the Daisy blushed for joy—and ever since then the daisy has her rosy tinge.

Moral. the things we hope for may come to pass.

STORK

(Written at age 8 years, 10 months)

S stands for Stork who brings babies 'tis said,
But before any see him, he's back safe in bed.

Sallie Stork and Sammy Stork were heart-broken. They had been married some weeks ago, they had built a nest, but Sallie had laid no eggs as yet. "Oh dear," they bewailed in concert, "What will become of us if we have no children? Oh dear, oh dear, we must have some children, we must. But at last one day, Oh joy, could it possibly be? There in the nest lay a big, white egg. What should she do! Oh they were in paroxysms of delight.

They waited a long while and happy day, who came out of the egg but little Susan. Oh happiness! "Mamma," she inquired, in a sweet stork lisp, "Where am I? What's happened to me? The last thing I remember is good St. Nicholas taking me to one of the angels who put me in a tight white crib. What happened then, mamma, wont you tell me?"

"Well," her mother answered, "I don't exactly know, but it appears to me that when the angels put you into the egg, that's what it seems to me the crib was,—they brought you down and put you in our nest."

"Well, that's nice," said Susan, I'm sure I couldn't have found a better mother in heaven. You know there aren't generally any storks up there."

"Aren't there?" her mother answered, "Well I'm glad of that for perhaps if there had been many, you wouldn't have come down to us, you darling." "Indeed," chipped in Father Sammy, "I don't believe they could have brought us a finer young Stork.

So the days passed happily along and Susan grew tall and big and soon learned to fly.

At length one day she suggested to Sammy and Sally, "Why cant we take a trip up to Heaven now, I'm sure my wings are strong enough, why not?"

"Very well," Father Sammy answered, and Mother Sally agreed, "If you want to we will do it. When shall we start?" He enquired of her

"Why not start to-day?" suggested their neighbor, Susie, brightly, who had come in for a little chat.

"Why not?" answered Susan, who was no longer little, "So here we go," and they soared high up in the sky, Susie included.

Finally they got there. All at once Susan gave a cry of joy—"St. Nicholas," she cried, and flew rapidly to-ward him. He was a jolly roly-poly fat man "Why if this isn't Susan!" he cried gladly.

"My but you've been away a long time But we are in great trouble," he went on, "I really dont know what to do. The angels are all busy taking down babies or watching over others and there are four human babies who have just arrived and have to be taken to their mothers. What shall we do? You know we're all occupied. The worst is that one cant take them alone, or I might do it, but they live in different parts of the world, one in Chicago, one in Hong-Kong, one in Amsterdam and one in Petrograd; and they all have to be delivered to-day C O. D. The charge is 10 Lbs of happiness C. O. D. Except the mother in China, she only pays five because they dont love girl babies in China as much as the boys. But as its the only Chinese vociferous here, it will have to go, I suppose."

"I'll take the Chicago one," offered Susan.

"That's nice," cried old Santa. "Very obliging of you I'm sure The address is, 1589 Lover Lane."

"Dont count me out of the game," intercepted Susan "I'll pack the squaller of China."

"Well that address," said old Santa, "is XYZ Ching Chong Joy Path"

"I'm sure I'll help too," remarked Mother Sally. "Give me the little Dutchman. I've heard that little Dutch babies aren't as noisy as the others"

"Oh yes they are," St. Nicholas laughingly assured her, "But if you wish you can take charge of that fellow," and she flew off to get the baby.

"Well I guess I'll take a chance if the others do," Father Sam decided "And as the baby Russian is the only one left, I'll take that."

"All right, that's on Lovesky Lanesky. Deliver it to the Countess Cuddlesky," and stooping with difficulty he pasted on the youngster's stomach, a label bearing, "Glass,—With care," and Sammy flew off

"There" said old Santa drawing a big sigh of relief, "I do wonder when they'll come back."

In a little while Susan came back. "Gracious goodness, that woman gave me 20 Lbs and didn't ask for the change," she remarked as she settled down beside him.

Old Santa laughed with satisfaction "Well she was certainly generous she must be a millionaire at the joy bank"

In another minute back came Susie. "You said that woman should only be charged 5L but she handed over 25L. Let that 'not loving' stuff be forgotten, why I bet if I had waited long enough she'd have given me five million.

And then came Sally. "Ten pounds did you say? She handed over ten hundred it seemed to me Gracious they must have a million millions of happiness by the way they spend it.

At last came Father "Aren't the Russians generous? You said ten pounds, didn't you? They gave ten thousand and offered to give more if I'd wait a little

"I've enjoyed the trip so much," Susan timidly hinted,

"That I think we might" (from Susie)

"Be the Saint's (this from Sallie)

"Messengers." (this from Father Stork.)

"That's right," and they looked at each other in satisfaction "That's right" Old St Nicholas approved, "We'll take you into our service," And ever since the storks have had no occasion to be idle!

Moral The only blissful joy, you know,

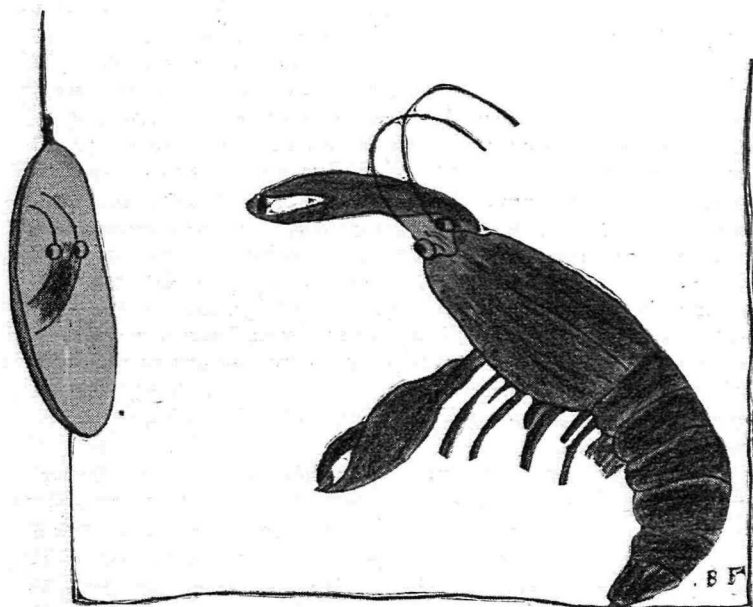
Is, in making some other one's happiness grow.

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Stork. Family—Ciconiidae, are large and white except the extremities of the wing tips, which are black. Their food consists of frogs, birds, reptils and insects. Storks build their nests on chimneys, trees or high rocks. The eggs are white. Its common name in Dutch means, 'Bringer of Good.'

Many of her poems and stories she has illustrated with colored crayon or pencil drawings. Some of these give evidence of considerable talent. Her pictures are never copied directly. If she needs a model (as for some animal picture) she finds as many different pictures as she can and then makes her own, using the best features from each model, together with such changes and additions as suit her purpose. She draws very carefully, making many corrections; then, when she is at last satisfied, she traces her final outline with carbon paper in order to secure a neat copy, and colors it with crayon.

Very frequently she appends to story or poem a "moral," well pointed and aptly expressed. One not knowing her might attribute this moralizing tendency to priggishness, but



LOBSTER

it is really due to her playful enjoyment of the intellectual gymnastics involved in generalizing a situation or incident.

Although Betty's compositions show a wide range of interests, there is a marked preference for themes relating to nature. Classification of 86 poems gave the following result: nature poems (descriptive and appreciative), 44; reflective poems, 11; prose poems, 8; homely poems, or poems of everyday affairs, 7; love poems, 6; occasional poems (Christmas, election-day, etc.), 4; plays and extravaganzas (one a play of 1,500 words), 3; unclassified, 1. Of 65 prose compositions, 31 are nature stories of the *pourquoi* type ("Why the bunny has a white cotton tail," "Why the daisy has a golden heart and rosy petals," "Why the owl loves the moonlight," "Why the thistle has thorns," etc.), 25 are animal stories (in a collection entitled "Stories the Alphabet Told"), 6 are fairy tales, 1 a narrative story of 1,500 words (entitled "The Honeymoon") and 1 a detective story of 2,500 words.

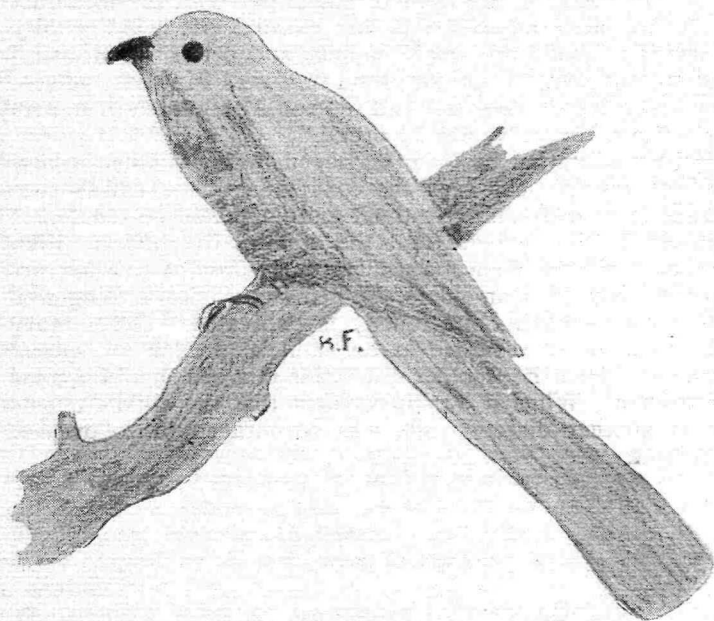
It is not possible at present to make any quantitative statement regarding the degree of originality which characterizes Betty's work. Of course no one would expect to find the compositions of a child of eight years entirely lacking in derivative character. Not infrequently one comes upon familiar themes and even familiar phraseology. There are so many common elements in the poetry and in the stories of all ages that the most creative of writers can hardly hope to strike many new notes. Absolutely original thoughts are perhaps even more rare in literature than they are in science, because literature is older and more universal than science. It would be psychologically absurd not to recognize it as inevitable that such an impressionable and sensitive child as Betty should draw many of her inspirations from her reading. Occasionally, though very rarely, her voracious memory seems to have swallowed entire sentences, but there is no reason to believe that her borrowings have exceeded the limits of unconscious absorption.

Except for slight myopia, Betty has no known physical defects, and has never been seriously ill. She sleeps soundly from 10 to 11 hours a day. At the age of 8 years and 2 months her height corresponded to the standard for 10½ years, her weight to the standard for 9½ years, her grip to the standard for 10 years, and her lung capacity to the standard for 8½ years. It is perhaps because of her unusual activity that she prefers to play with boys rather than with girls. In doll play and other ordinary occupations of girlhood

she has shown only moderate interest. Her ambition is to be a physician and a writer.

Ratings of Betty on 46 physical, intellectual, emotional, volitional, social and moral traits were secured from the mother and from a school teacher who had known the child intimately since babyhood. The ratings were made on a scale of 1 to 5, 1 being defined as "very superior," 2 as "superior," 3 as "average," 4 as "inferior," and 5 as "very inferior." The average of the mother's ratings was 1.43; of the teacher's ratings, 1.47. The mother's ratings included only two as low as "average" (those on intellectual modesty and communicativeness). The only rating by the teacher as low as "average" was that for beauty.

Our own rating on the traits which we have had a chance to observe would not differ greatly from those of the mother



CUC KOO.

or teacher, although they might be somewhat lower on intellectual modesty and social adaptability. In neither of these traits, however, does there seem to be any marked inferiority, if one makes due allowance for the difficulties which are inevitable in such an extraordinary case of intellectual precocity. It is probably this, chiefly, which explains the fact that she prefers the companionship of children who are either several years older or several years younger than herself. The mother's habit of restricting her associations with children of her own age has doubtless tended to confirm this natural but not altogether wholesome preference. There is no evidence that when she does play with other children there is any marked difficulty of social adjustment. Doubtless Betty knows that she has talents which other children do not have. She is too intelligent to be kept in ignorance of the fact. But if she is conscious of her superiority she gives little evidence of it. The mother has tried to imbue her with the idea that if she has been endowed with any unusual gift it is her duty to use it to make the world happier and better. "Mother," she said one day, "I am not proud because I can write verses; they just come themselves. But if I could only learn to control my temper, then I would be proud."

Betty's education has been managed by her mother, whose guiding principle has been the conviction that a child's confidence in its own ability to think and do should be sedulously cultivated. She believes that the abilities of children often atrophy for lack of encouragement or because of the destructive criticism of their elders. When Betty does a thing well she is commended. Spontaneity is cultivated. Her literary ability cannot be regarded as an artificial product of special training. It was her mother's ambition that she should become a musician. When it became evident that the child's talents lay in another direction she was encouraged to follow her own bent.