

The Kallikak family: A study in the heredity of feeble-mindedness.

## *Classics in the History of Psychology*

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### **The Kallikak Family: A Study in the Heredity of Feeble-Mindedness**

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#### **CHAPTER IV**

##### **FURTHER FACTS ABOUT THE KALLIKAK FAMILY**

Although the foregoing facts, figures, and charts show conclusively the difference between good heredity and bad and the result of introducing mental deficiency into the family blood, yet because it is so difficult actually to appreciate the situation, because facts and figures do not have flesh and blood reality in them, we give in this chapter a few cases, graphically written up by our field worker, to show the differences in the types of people on the two sides of the family. These are only a few of the many, but are fairly typical of the condition of things that was found throughout the investigation. On the bad side we have the type of family which the social worker meets continually and which makes most of our social problems. A study of it will help to account for the conviction we have that no amount of work in the slums or removing the slums from our cities will ever be successful until we take care of those who make the slums what they are. Unless the two lines of work go on together, either one is bound to be futile in itself. If all of the slum districts [p. 71] of our cities were removed to-morrow and model tenements built in their places, we would still have slums in a week's time, because we have these mentally defective people who can never be taught to live otherwise than as they have been living. Not until we take care of this class and see to it that their lives are guided by intelligent people, shall we remove these

sores from our social life.

There are Kallikak families all about us. They are multiplying at twice the rate of the general population, and not until we recognize this fact, and work on this basis, will we begin to solve these social problems. The following pictures from life have been prepared by our field worker, Miss Elizabeth S. Kite, and besides giving an idea of the family, they will also show something of her method, and enable the reader to judge of the reliability of the data. On one of the coldest days in winter the field worker visited the street in a city slum where three sons of Joseph ([Chart IX, section D](#)) live. She had previously tested several of the children of these families in the public school and found them, in amiability of character and general mentality, strikingly like our own Deborah, lacking, however, her vitality. There was [p. 72] no fire in their eyes, but a languid dreamy look, which was partly due, no doubt, to unwholesome city environment. In one house she found the family group -- six human beings, two cats, and two dogs -- huddled in a small back room around a cook stove, the only fire in the house. In this room were accumulated all the paraphernalia of living. A boy of eleven, who had been tested in the school previously, was standing by the fire with a swollen face. He had been kept home on this account. In a rocking-chair, a little girl of twelve was holding a pale-faced, emaciated baby. In the corner two boys were openly exposing themselves. The mother was making her toilet by the aid of a comb and basin of water, set on the hearth of the stove; a pot and kettle were on top. The entrance of the field worker caused no commotion of any kind. The boy with the swollen face looked up and smiled, the mother smiled and went on with her toilet, the girl with the baby smiled, the boys in the corner paid no attention. A chair was finally cleared off and she sat down, while everybody smiled. She learned that the husband made a dollar a day and that the girl next older than the child of twelve was married and had a baby. Another younger girl was at school, the family having been at last able to provide her with shoes. The girl of twelve [p. 73] should have been at school, according to the law, but when one saw her face, one realized it made no difference. She was pretty, with olive complexion and dark, languid eyes, but there was no mind there. Stagnation was the word written in large characters over everything. Benumbed by this display of human degeneracy, the field worker went out into the icy street.

A short distance farther on, she came to the home of another brother. The hideous picture that presented itself as the door opened to her knock was one never to be forgotten. In the first home, the type was no lower than moron. One felt that when winter was over and spring had come, the family would expand into a certain expression of life-but here, no such outlook was possible, for the woman at the head of this house was an imbecile. In one arm she held a frightful looking baby, while she had another by the hand. Vermin were visible all over her. In the room were a few chairs and a bed, the latter without any washable covering and filthy beyond description. There was no fire, and both mother and babies were thinly clad. They did not shiver, however, nor seem to mind. The oldest girl, a vulgar, repulsive creature of fifteen, came [p. 74] into the room and stood looking

at the stranger. She had somehow managed to live. All the rest of the children, except the two that the mother was carrying, had died in infancy.

The following is a story of Guss, whose position will be found on [Chart IX, section A](#).

When young, he married a normal girl who belonged to a decent family, but had no education. After a few months the mother of our Deborah came to visit them. She was then a young girl, ready to associate with any man who would look at her. The two behaved so badly that the wife turned her out. This was the first knowledge the wife had of the character of her husband. She lived with him ten years or more. In that time he did not average three months' work out of twelve, so she had, practically, to support him and her ever increasing family. She knew that he was untrue to her, but there was no way to prove it. At last she seemed to grasp the situation. She began to believe that there was something wrong with him mentally, -- wrong with the whole family, -- so she decided to leave him. She took her six living children, rented another house and turned him adrift. He went at once to live with a feeble-minded girl belonging to a low-grade family of [p. 75] the neighborhood. Soon after this girl's child was born he left her, becoming promiscuous in his relations. At one time, he and two of his cousins spent the best part of two days and nights in a tree to elude the police, who were searching for them and another man, all of whom had been accused by a girl then in confinement. When the other man was caught and made to marry the girl, they came down.

In 1904, this scion of the Kallikak family, Guss, went off with a gypsy camp and was married to one of the women. For some time he stayed with the camp, following them into another State. In the neighborhood where they located, a murder was committed which was fastened upon the gypsies and finally settled upon him. A great sensation was raised in the papers about it. He was arrested, but finally cleared of the charge, though not until he was effectually cured of his love for gypsy life.

In 1907, -- and here comes the most infamous part of the story, -- a minister married Guss to his own first cousin, a woman of questionable character. The witnesses were Guss's sister and her husband. Every one concerned, except the minister, knew that around the corner, in a little street, so near that at certain hours of the day the shadow of the church spire under which [p. 76] they were standing fell upon it, was a house in which Guss's lawful wife was living and working to support his children. The minister, too, might have known, had he taken the least trouble, and thus have been spared the ignominy of uniting two such beings with this travesty of the blessing of heaven. Soon after their union, this couple ceased to live together -- Guss going off with another woman and his wife with another man.

The field worker was not able to locate Guss, but she found that a minister farther

up the State had, in 1910, married his late wife to the man with whom she was living. The couple, however, had gotten wind that some one was looking for them, so when the field worker arrived, she found that they had moved on, leaving no address.

The following story shows the continuation of these conditions into the next generation:--

It was considered desirable to see the illegitimate son of Guss, who had been born to the feeble-minded girl after Guss had been turned adrift by his lawful wife. This child had had, when young, a severe attack of scarlet fever which deprived him of his hearing. He had been admitted into a home for deaf children, but the mother had taken him out. It was learned that [p. 77] this girl had married her own cousin and that the pair were living on the outskirts of a country town, with this deaf boy and four of their own children.

Arrived at this place, the field worker first sought the school where these children were supposed to go, hoping to obtain some light on the question of their mentality and also to learn their school record. She found that they so seldom attended school that the teacher could give very little information regarding them. By dint of persistent inquiry, the family was discovered living in the back shed of a dilapidated country tenement.

It was a bitter, cold day in February and about eleven in the morning when the field worker knocked at the door. Used as she was to sights of misery and degradation, she was hardly prepared for the spectacle within. The father, a strong, healthy, broad-shouldered man, was sitting helplessly in a corner. The mother, a pretty woman still, with remnants of ragged garments drawn about her, sat in a chair, the picture of despondency. Three children, scantily clad and with shoes that would barely hold together, stood about with drooping jaws and the unmistakable look of the feeble-minded. Another child, neither more intelligent nor better clad, was attempting to wash a few greasy [p. 78] dishes in cold water. The deaf boy was nowhere to be seen. On being urgently requested, the mother went out of the room to get him, for he was not yet out of bed. In a few moments she returned. The boy with her wore an old suit that evidently was made to do service by night as well as by day. A glance sufficed to establish his mentality, which was low. The whole family was a living demonstration of the futility of trying to make desirable citizens from defective stock through making and enforcing compulsory education laws. Here were children who seldom went to school because they seldom had shoes, but when they went, had neither will nor power to learn anything out of books. The father himself, though strong and vigorous, showed by his face that he had only a child's mentality. The mother in her filth and rags was also a child. In this house of abject poverty, only one sure prospect was ahead, that it would produce more feeble-minded children with which to clog the wheels of human progress. The laws of the country will not permit children ten years old to marry. Why should they permit it when the

mentality is only ten! These and similar questions kept ringing through the field worker's mind as she made her way laboriously over the frozen road to the station. [p. 79]

Early in the course of this investigation, it had been learned that the father of Deborah's mother had come, when a young man, to the prosperous rural community where his daughter was living at the time of our investigation. The informant could not say whence he had come, but the name of a person was given who was supposed to know. Many fruitless attempts to find this person were made before the object was attained. When at last discovered, she turned out to be an elderly lady of refinement and culture. Strangely enough, long afterwards it was learned that she was connected with the good side of the Kallikak family, but was all unconscious of the relationship which existed between it and the degenerate branch. She was delighted to go back in memory and recall impressions made on her mind in youth.

She had been raised in B---, a town at the foot of a mountain chain upon whose top the grandfather of Deborah's grandfather, Martin Kallikak Jr., had always lived. When she was a little girl, he was a very old man. She remembered being taken to drive, when a child, and seeing the old hut on the mountain, where he lived with his strange daughters, "Old Moll," "Old Sall," [*sic*] and Jemima. The dilapidated dwelling, with its windows bulging with rags, formed a picture she had [p. 80] never forgotten. There were in her mind floating memories of great scandals connected with these women and their lonely mountain hut. The father went by the name of the "Old Horror," and as she remembered him, he was always unwashed and drunk. At election time, he never failed to appear in somebody's cast-off clothing, ready to vote, for the price of a drink, the donor's ticket.

This information, coming when it did, seemed amazing and carried with it the probability of establishing the certainty of defect transmitted through five generations. But the town in question was remote and the probability of finding any living person able to give accurate information seemed so slight that nothing further was done in this direction for many months.

In the meantime, the families of the fifteen brothers and sisters of Deborah's grandfather had been worked out, and the names of several living relatives back in the mountain ascertained. The time was ripe.

Appealing for a night's lodging at the home of a retired farmer, the field worker was fortunate enough to be received. As the hostess was showing her to a room, she asked tentatively, "You have lived in B--- a long time!" "About sixty-five years," was the pleasant reply. "So, then, you know something of most of [p. 81] the old families?" "There are not many old residents of B--- with whose history I am not familiar." Then followed a few cautious questions in regard to the Kallikak family which drew forth answers that soon convinced the field worker she was on solid ground and could advance without wasting time in needless precautions. At

this juncture, the supper bell rang. In the dining room the acquaintance of the host was made. When the meal was over, the couple turned their united attention to the problem put before them. "Why," the host began, when he comprehended what was wanted, "do you know that is the worst nest you're getting into, in the whole country? The mountains back here are full of these people; I can point out to you where every one of them lives." Then he turned to the table and began to sketch a map of the mountain roads which must be followed next day. In the midst of this he paused, as though an idea had come to him, then he said hesitatingly, "You see, it's really impossible for a stranger like you to find all these people. Some of them live on obscure back roads that you could hardly get at without a guide. Now, my time is of no value, and if you will permit me, I will gladly serve in that capacity myself." Needless to say, his services were thankfully accepted, with the [p. 81] result that nearly two hundred persons were added to Deborah's family chart.

This proved, however, only the beginning of the study that has been made of the family in the vicinity of B---. Numerous visits to many homes, always from the center of the genial couple's house, have made the field worker such a well-known figure among these people, that they long ago forgot what little surprise they may have felt at her first visit. "You're one of the family!" was frequently asked her at the beginning. "No, not really, only as I know so many of your cousins and aunts and uncles, I thought, since I was in B---, I would like to know you." This usually sufficed, but if it did not, the field worker was able so to inundate the questioner with information about his own relatives, that before she was through, he had forgotten that anything remained unanswered. The relation once established, no further explanation was necessary. She was able to go in and out among them, study their mentality, awake their reminiscences, until finally the whole story was told.

Besides members of the family, numerous old people were here and there discovered who were able to add materially to the information otherwise obtained. One shrewd old farmer who was found tottering in from [p. 83] the field proved to be of especial service in determining the mental status of Martin Kallikak Jr. In introducing herself, the field worker had spoken of her interest in Revolutionary times and of having come to him because she had been told that he was well informed as to the history of the locality. "Yes," he said, with excusable pride, as he led the way to the kitchen steps descending into the garden, "not much has happened in this place for the last seventy years in which I have not taken an active part. Do you see that tree there?" and he pointed to a fine maple that threw its luxuriant shade over the path that led to the barn. "The day my wife and I came here sixty years ago, we planted that tree. It was a little sapling then, and see what it has become!" After much more talk she cautiously put the question, "Do you remember an old man, Martin Kallikak, who lived on the mountain edge yonder?" "Do I?" he answered. "Well, I guess! Nobody'd forget him. Simple," he went on; "not quite right here," tapping his head, "but inoffensive and kind. All the family was that. Old Moll, simple as she was, would do anything

for a neighbor. She finally died -- burned to death in the chimney corner. She had come in drunk and sat down there. Whether she fell over in a fit or her clothes caught fire, nobody knows. She [p. 84] was burned to a crisp when they found her. That was the worst of them, they would drink. Poverty was their best friend in this respect, or they would have been drunk all the time. Old Martin could never stop as long as he had a drop. Many's the time he's rolled off of Billy Parson's porch. Billy always had a barrel of cider handy. He'd just chuckle to see old Martin drink and drink until finally he'd lose his balance and over he'd go! But Horser -- he was a case! I saw him once after I'd heard he was going to marry Jemima. I looked him over and said, 'Well, if you aren't a fine-looking specimen to think of marrying anybody!' and he answered, 'I guess you're right -- I aren't much, but I guess I'll do fer Jemima.'

"Such scandals as there were when those girls were young!" he continued. "You see, there was a fast young set of young men in B--- in those days, lawyers, who didn't care what they did. One of them got paid back, though, for Jemima wanted to put her child on the town, and they made her tell who was its father. Then he had to give something for its support, and she gave it this man's full name. I saw him one day soon afterward and he was boiling with rage. All the comfort I gave him was to say, 'I don't see but what you're getting your just deserts, for if anybody wants to play with the pot, they must expect to get blackened!' [p. 85]

"By the way! Do you know that old Martin had a half brother Frederick -- as fine a man as the country owned -- who lived about twenty miles from here! You see, Martin's mother was a young girl in Revolutionary times when Martin's father was a soldier. Afterwards he went back home and married a respectable woman."

"Did you ever see the mother of old Martin?" the field worker asked. "No, she was dead before my time, but I have heard the folks talk about her. She lived in the woods not far from here. Dear me!" he went on, "it's been so long since I've thought of these people that many things I forget, but it would all come back to me in time."

Two daughters of Jemima lived in B---. A little study of [Chart V, sections A and B](#), will place them in their relation to the rest of the family and give the chief facts of their lives. Little more need be added. One of them was early put out to service and later married a cobbler to whom she has borne many children. She is not known to have had any illegitimate off-spring, but if she escaped, her daughter has made up for her deficiency in this respect. The other sister grew up in the mountain hut with her mother, and was living there when her grandfather died. Her husband and [p. 86] most of her children are defective, but there are two by unknown fathers who are normal. One of these, a girl of considerable ability, supports herself and mother in a decent way and is respected by her townspeople. The mother is tall, lean, angular, much resembling Jemima, except that the latter was even more masculine. Many are the living inhabitants of B--- to whom the old woman was a well-known figure, for she often came down into the

town bringing berries to sell, her large feet shod with heavy boots, her skirts short, while her sharp, angular features were hidden in the depths of a huge sunbonnet. She thus formed a striking picture that could not easily be forgotten.

A third daughter of Jemima had gone to Brooklyn to live, and the question kept repeating itself, "What will she be like?" and this all the more because of the uncertainty of the parentage on the father's side. Perhaps he was a normal man. Perhaps this will prove to be a normal woman and so break the dead monotony of this line of defectives.

In a back tenement, after passing through a narrow alley, the home of this woman was found. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. After climbing a dark and narrow stairway, one came to a landing from which a view could be had of the interior of the apartment. [p. 87] In one room was a frowsled young woman in tawdry rags, her hair unkempt, her face streaked with black, while on the floor two dirty, half-naked children were rolling. At the sight of a stranger, they all came forward. The field worker made her way as best she could, across heaps of junk that cluttered the room, to a chair by an open window through which a breath of outside air could be obtained. On the bureau by the window a hideous diseased cat was curled in the sunshine. The mother, Jemima's daughter, was not at home, but the woman who had presented herself was her daughter, and these were the grandchildren. The woman's feeble-mindedness made it possible to ask her question after question such as could not have been put to a normal person. Her answers threw a flood of light upon the general depravity of life under such conditions. When the mother at last arrived, she proved to be of a type somewhat different from anything before encountered in this family. She appeared to be criminalistic, or at least capable of developing along that line. Unfortunately, the visit could not either be prolonged or repeated, so that no satisfactory study was made.

In the city, the individual is lost in the very immensity of the crowd that surrounds him, so that his [p. 88] individual actions, except such as he himself chooses to reveal or can be made to reveal, are lost to the people about him; therefore there was little hope of obtaining much side light on the problem here presented. During the short interview the older woman showed unmistakable signs of wanting to appear respectable in the midst of her depravity, something quite characteristic of the high-grade moron type in the family. She was friendly and distinctly more intelligent than her daughter, but there was little more will power or ability to cope with the problems of life. One of her daughters had disappeared off the face of the earth a few years before -- there had been a baby -- that was all they knew. She was working at Coney Island. One day she came home and, when she left the next morning, it was the last they ever saw of her. A brother of the girl had also disappeared in much the same way.

The field worker left the tenement with the positive assurance that environment without strict personal supervision made little difference when it was a question

of the feeble-minded.

Owing to the courtesy of the County Superintendent and the intelligent cooperation of the teachers, it was possible to apply the Binet tests to all the descendants [p. 89] of Martin Kallikak who could be found in the schools. The request for this had been made in a way to give no clew to the particular purpose underlying the search. By selecting from every class one or two bright pupils to take the tests along with the dull ones, all personal element was eliminated. As children everywhere are found to delight in the tests, only those who were not called out were disappointed.

A morning was spent in a schoolhouse situated on the top of a bold, rocky ledge that went by the picturesque name of Hard Scrabble. It was within a quarter of a mile of the ruins of Martin Kallikak's hut, and a number of his descendants were enrolled among its pupils.

One of the grandsons of "Old Sal" lived on a farm near Cedarhill, several miles farther up the ridge. This man, Guss Saunders by name, had been reported to be the father of a large family. Nothing, however, had been learned of him beyond the facts stated, and therefore the inference was that he had turned out better than the rest of his brothers. It had been to determine this matter that the long ride was undertaken.

Arrived at the farm, the question of the mentality of this family was quickly answered. Desolation and ruin became more apparent at every step. The front of the large farmhouse was quite deserted, but follow-[p. 90]ing a few tracks the back door was reached. Such an unwonted spectacle as a visitor attracted instant attention. The door opened, revealing a sight to which, alas, the field worker was only too accustomed. She gazed aghast at what appeared to her to be a procession of imbeciles. The tall, emaciated, staggering man at the head braced himself against a tree, while the rest stopped and stood with a fixed, stupid stare. Quickly regaining control, the field worker said pleasantly, "Good afternoon, Mr. Saunders. I hope you don't mind my intruding on you this way, but you see I am looking up

the children of the neighborhood, and I was sorry not to find any of yours in the Cedarhill school to-day." He at once thought he had to do with a school inspector, and his answer bears no setting forth in print. It was an incoherent, disjointed, explosive protest against school laws in general and fate in particular. It was mixed up with convulsive sobs, while his bleared, swollen eyes brimmed over with tears. The field worker began to feel real sympathy for the man, although she knew that he was drunk and that drunkards are easily moved to tears. "Oh, I am sorry for you," she said; "your wife then is dead, is she?" "Yes, she's dead!" he answered with a wild gesture, "they took her right out of that room -- they said they'd cure her, if I'd let [p. 91] her go. You can see the doctors in B---, they know all about it -- they'll tell you what they done -- they took her away, and she never come back-Oh!" Stifling his sobs, he went on, "And now they say I am to send my children to school - and what can I do? Look there!" pointing to a lump of humanity, a girl who, at first glance, had thrown her imbecilic shadow over the whole group, making them all look imbecilic -- "do you see that girl! She's always fallin' into fits, and nobody can't do nothin' with her." Breaking in here, the field worker said, "But, Mr. Saunders, you ought not to have the burden and the care of that girl; she could be made so happy and comfortable in a place where they understand such cases. You ought--" The field worker could get no farther. His eyes suddenly assumed a wild, desperate look and he burst out, "No, no! They'll never get her. They tried it once, but they didn't get her. They took my wife away and she never came back -- they'll never get her!" A few soothing words to allay the storm she had unconsciously raised, another expression of sympathy, and the field worker drove away, pondering deeply the meaning of what had been seen and heard.

We have come to the point where we no longer leave babies or little children to die uncared for in our streets, [p. 92] but who has yet thought of caring intelligently for the vastly more pathetic child-man or child-woman, who through matured sex powers, which they do not understand, fill our land with its overflowing measure of misery and crime? Such thoughts as these filled the mind of the field worker on the ride home.

Arrived at B---, her first care was to obtain an interview with the doctor who had attended Guss's wife when she died. She found him ready to explain all he could of the family which he had always known and attended. "The mother," he said, "was a kind-hearted, simple-minded soul, who tended as best she could to the needs of her family." The epileptic girl, he explained, had always been a great care, and the doctor himself, aided by several prominent citizens, had taken the trouble to complete all necessary arrangements for having her admitted to the epileptic colony at Skillman. The father, however, could never be made to give his consent. The mother was still quite young when she was carrying her eleventh child. Some accident happened which threatened her with a miscarriage. The doctor was summoned. He saw that it was a serious case and sent for two other physicians in consultation. It was decided that an immediate operation was necessary, if the woman's life was to be saved. They suc-[p. 93]ceeded in persuading Guss to allow her to be removed to the hospital. Their efforts, however, were unavailing; she died under the operation.

On the outskirts of B lived the owner of the Cedarhill farm worked by Guss Saunders. He proved to be an intelligent man, with an admirably appointed home. He was keenly alive to the needs of the family, about which the field worker came to inquire. "The pity about Guss," he began, "is that he can never let drink alone. Why, do you know, if I paid that man wages, he'd use every cent for rum. I ceased giving him money long ago, for if I had, the town would have had to look after his children. I give him credit at the store, and they supply him with what he needs."

The foregoing glimpses of the defective branch of the Kallikak family must suffice, though the field worker's memory and notebook contain many similar instances. In turning to describe the other branch of the family, two difficulties confront the writer.

First, the question of identification. The persons already described are either gone and have left nothing behind them by which they can be identified, or, if living, will never recognize themselves in this book.

The opposite is true of the good family. Some of [p. 94] them will recognize themselves, but the public must not discover them. To insure this, the writer must refrain from telling the very facts that would give the story its most interesting touches.

The second difficulty is that a description of the activity of a normal family of respectability and usefulness is never as interesting as the bizarre experiences of the abnormal.

Hence the reader will find in the following sketches only such facts as will show the thoroughly normal and regular family life of the intelligent citizens of a commonwealth.

In a certain village of New Jersey, lying picturesquely on the crest of a hill, is a graveyard where Martin Kallikak Sr. and several of his immediate descendants lie peacefully at rest. He had in his lifetime a great passion for the accumulation of land and left large farms to most of his children. These farms lie in the vicinity of the aforesaid village. Some of them are still in the possession of his descendants, while others have passed into strangers' hands. On the hill above this village is a stucco farmhouse in a fine state of preservation. It belonged to Amos -- lineal descendant of one of the colonial governors of New Jersey and to Elizabeth, daughter of Martin Kallikak Sr. The farm is, at present, in the possession of the widow of Elizabeth's grandson, the latter having been a minister in New York City. In renting the farm, the family has always retained a wing of the house, which, although remodeled, still presents much the same appearance as in the days of Amos and Elizabeth. There is the same fireplace, the same high-backed chairs, the clock, desk, and china cupboard. Every summer the family has come back to the old place to enjoy the country air, the luscious grapes and other fruit planted by their ancestor.

On another hill, less than two miles distant, lives a granddaughter of the same Amos and Elizabeth. Her father had been, in his day, one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of the community. In an old desk, part of his inheritance from his mother, was found a number of valuable papers belonging to the Kallikak family. One of these is the famous deed of the original purchase made in 17-- by Casper Kallikak, signed by the governor of the colony. These papers the daughter guards with great pride. She is a woman of ability and manages her large farm with admirable skill. The splendid old homestead, which has been remodeled and fitted up with all modern conveniences, was built by her mother's ancestor. Although she is deeply interested in all family matters, she has been too much engrossed in business affairs to have given this subject much attention. A daughter of hers, however, who has inherited the taste, has been able to make up for her mother's lack in this respect. The young woman is now married, and her oldest son bears the united name of his two ancestors, the colonial governor and Martin Kallikak.

Miriam, the oldest daughter of Martin Sr., married a man who was a carpenter and a farmer. Although of good family, yet, for some unknown reason, he was not personally acceptable to Martin or his wife. Miriam died when only thirty-six years old, and her husband married again. In his will, Martin makes no mention of his grandchildren by this daughter. They have been respectable farming people,

but have never held the same social position as the other members of the family.

Martin's third daughter, Susan, married a man descended from a family conspicuous in the colonial history of New Jersey and which counts among its members one of the founders of Princeton University, while a collateral branch furnished a signer to the Declaration of Independence. One of Susan's sons is still living, having attained the advanced age of ninety-eight. He is a resident of the town that bears his family name and has always been conspicuous as a loyal and upright [p. 97] citizen. To-day, the old man has quite lost his mental power but retains his courteous manner and placid gentlemanly countenance.

In a central region of northern New Jersey, remote from any direct line of travel, lies a town named for one of the families connected with the earliest settlement of the colony. This family rose to distinction in many of its branches, but honors itself chiefly for having produced one of the most brilliant advocates of the cause of Independence of which New Jersey can boast. He was descended on his mother's side from the first president of Princeton University and took his degree there before he was sixteen years of age. From this family, Martin Kallikak's youngest son, Joseph, chose his wife. It is interesting to note that the descendants of this pair have shown a marked tendency toward professional careers. One daughter, however, married a farmer, and most of her descendants have remained fixed to the soil. Another daughter married a prominent merchant, and this line, having been fixed in the city, has produced men chiefly engaged in mercantile pursuits; but the sons, of whom there were five, all studied medicine, and although only one of these became a practicing physician, their children have carried on the family tradition in this line. [p. 98]

On the outskirts of another New Jersey town, in a beautiful old homestead, inherited from his mother, lives a grandson of Frederick Kallikak, oldest son of Martin. He is a courteous, scholarly man of the old school. His home is rendered particularly attractive by the presence of his southern wife and two charming daughters. In his possession are numerous articles belonging to his great-grandfather. This gentleman manifested such an intelligent interest in giving information in regard to his family that it seemed a question of honor to inform him as to the purpose of the investigation, laying bare the facts set forth in this book. He proved to be, perhaps, the one man best qualified in the entire family for entering into an analysis of its characteristics, and this he did freely, in so far as it would serve the ends of the investigation.

Another descendant of Martin Kallikak Sr., a grand-daughter of his youngest child, Abbie, had been previously informed regarding the same facts. This lady is a person not only of refinement and culture but is the author of two scholarly genealogical works. She has, for years, been collecting material for a similar study of the Kallikak family. This material she generously submitted to the use of the field worker. In the end she spent an entire day in the completion and revision of [p. 99] the normal chart presented in this book. No praise can be too high for such

disinterested self-forgetfulness in the face of an urgent public need. We owe to these two persons most of the information which has made possible the study of the normal side of this family.

Of Martin Kallikak Sr., himself, the record of many characteristic traits has been preserved. As stated in another chapter, his father died when he was a lad of fifteen. The father, in his will, after enumerating certain personal bequests to his wife, recommends the selling of the homestead farm, in order to provide for the education of his children. There is a quaint document still in existence, in which Martin Kallikak, having attained his majority, agrees to pay £250 to each of his three "spinster" sisters, still minors, in return for a quitclaim deed of the homestead farm. This was a considerable burden for a young man to assume, but it seems to have given him the impetus which later made him a rich and prosperous farmer.

He had joined the Revolutionary Army in April, 1776. Two years later he was wounded in a way to disable him for further service, and he then returned to the home farm. During the summer of enforced idleness he wooed and won the heart of a young woman of good Quaker family. Her shrewd old father, how-[p. 100]ever, refused to give his consent. To his objections, based on the ground that Martin did not own enough of this world's goods, the young man is recorded as saying, "Never mind. I will own more land than ever thou did, before I die," which promise he made true. That the paternal objection was overruled is proven by the registry of marriages, which gives the date of Martin's union with the Quakeress as January, 1779.

The old Bible of Casper Kallikak, one of the family heirlooms, is in the possession of a Reverend Mr. ---, who is descended from Casper through the line of one of his daughters. This Bible was bought in 1704 and is still in an excellent state of preservation, for, although time-stained, the pages are intact and there still may be seen in legible handwriting the family record penned so long ago. On a flyleaf, is a quaint verse in which old Casper bequeaths the volume to his eldest son, bidding him, "So oft as in it he doth looke" remember how his father had "aye been guided by ye precepts in this booke," and enjoining him to walk in the same safe way.

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