Prof. Jesse Beery’s

A Course In

HORSEMANSHIP

Book 8 - Lesson Twelve

TEACHING TRICKS

To Teach a Horse to Say "Yes" and "No"
To Teach a Horse to Gallop, Walk and Trot
To Teach a Horse to Appear Vicious
To Teach a Horse to Jump, Stand Erect, Fire a Gun and Find a Handkerchief
To Teach a Horse to Carry an Article in the Mouth, to Kiss, to Mount a Pedestal, to Teeter-Totter
To Teach a Horse to Tell His Age, Add, Subtract, etc., to Lie Down, to Sit Up, to Drive Without Bridle or Lines, to Imitate a Balky Horse and to Waltz

History of "Cyclone" the Kicking Mule
Prices to Charge "Queen's Autobiography"

Originally Published in 1908


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TEACHING TRICKS

The most essential thing necessary for the trainer to possess, in teaching tricks, is an
unlimited amount of patience or self-control.

You cannot teach your horse a trick in a single hour or even in a single day; but only
by persistent efforts on your part. You must repeat one time after another until the
trick becomes a habit. In fact, the teaching of tricks is merely the forming of unusual
habits.

NEVER TRY TO TEACH THE HORSE TRICKS BEFORE HE THOROUGHLY
UNDERSTANDS THE CONFIDENCE LESSON

Give the first lessons in an enclosure and at the same spot each time, as the horse will
grasp your idea much quicker. When he will perform his trick perfectly at this place,
then take him to other places.

Types No. 2 and No. 4 are not suitable for a horse to be taught tricks as they are
inclined to be willful, stubborn or treacherous and ill natured. A combination of types
No. 1 and No. 3 makes the best trick horse. No. 1 gives you docility, kindness and
tractability, while type No. 3 adds the nerve and ambitious temperament, which
enables you to exhibit a horse with nerve and fire, and still he is obedient to your
commands. I will explain first, how the more easily taught tricks are conveyed to the
horse's mind. Always remember that the horse cannot
reason from cause to effect and
can only grasp your meaning by having an action associated with the command, and a
lesson must be repeated until firmly fixed. Never attempt to teach a horse but one
thing at a time, and have this point taught PERFECTLY before beginning another.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO SAY "YES"

Stand in front of him a little to his left side; take a pin and prick him very slightly on
the breast. The horse will imagine the slight pain was caused by a fly and will put his
nose down to chase it away. As soon as he makes a move toward his breast with his
head, caress him for it. Now repeat the pricking with the pin, and the caress as he
obeys you, until the slightest move will cause him to drop his head. Say "Yes" very
distinctly just as you prick him with the pin. Continue to say, "Yes" every time the pin
touches him and in a very short time he will learn that the word "Yes" means for him
to make a bow. Always caress him for bowing his head when told, and he will soon
perform the trick simply in expectation of this caress.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO SAY "NO"

This lesson should not be taught until several days after teaching "Yes" or the horse
will get confused in the two ideas.

Stand at the left shoulder; prick him lightly with a pin on the upper part of the
shoulder. He will shake his head because this is his method of ridding himself of a fly.
The very instant he shakes his head, caress him. Repeat until he will shake his head at
the slightest motion of your hand toward his shoulder. Say "No" very distinctly, every
time you prick him with the pin. Continue this until you reduce the pain to simply a motion of the hand toward the shoulder.
To perform these tricks, stand at the horse's left shoulder, facing the same direction. Ask him a question to be answered!

**TEACHING TRICKS**

"Yes," and make a slight motion toward his breast, which will cause him to nod his head or a motion toward his shoulder, will cause him to shake his head "No."

Continue these lessons until the horse will respond to signals when, you stand clear away from him. These tricks will make your horse appear intelligent to spectators who do not see your signals.

**TO TEACH A HORSE TO GALLOP**

Take him into an enclosure about 30 feet in diameter. Turn him loose and start him around the ring with the whip. After he has made several rounds, stop him and reward him by caressing. Take him to the same spot and start him again in the same direction, and just as you strike him with the whip, say, "Galloping." Stop him by stepping in front of him, caress him; start him with the whip and the command again, and continue to stop and start him until he will start off in a gallop at command, without the use of the whip.

**TO TEACH A HORSE TO WALK**

Turn the horse loose in an enclosure 30 feet in diameter and start him in a walk, going in the OPPOSITE direction from which you taught him to gallop. When he has walked around the ring several times, step in front of him and caress him. When he starts in a trot or gallop, say, "Walk," and step toward his head causing him to slow down.

Another method is to have your horse hitched up for ordinary driving. While the horse is trotting, give the command, "Walk," and immediately give a raking pull with the lines sufficiently hard to bring him to a walk. Repeat this action with the command until he learns it.

**TO TEACH A HORSE TO TROT**

While the horse is walking say, "Trot," and instantly follow the command with the stroke of the whip. Two or three commands with the proper action will cause the horse to start in a trot the instant he hears the command. If you wish him to respond readily to the commands, "Galloping," "Walk," and "Trot" as you give them interchangeably, give him a little further training in an enclosure.
The Apparently Vicious Horse

TO TEACH A HORSE TO APPEAR VICIOUS

About all that is required in teaching this trick is to tease the horse a little and then pretend to be afraid of him by running away. After he has learned that he can make you run, he will lay back his ears and act vicious whenever you act timid. When you stand your ground fearlessly, he will act as gentle and tractable as any horse. This is one of the easiest taught, yet most sensational tricks a horse performs.

The Jumping Horse
TO TEACH A HORSE TO JUMP

Nail a piece of wood 2x4x6 inches to the side of a building, 1 1/2 feet from the ground. Place one end of a smooth round pole 16 feet long on this block and the other end on a box the same height.

Do not teach this lesson until you have given the Confidence Lesson and taught your horse to follow you on a run.

Put on the Pulley Breaking Bridle, with the lead rope spliced so that it is 15 feet long. Take the rope in the left hand and your whip in the right and lead the colt in a run toward the rail, allowing the colt's nose to be almost even with your right shoulder. Be prepared to punish with the bridle and at the same time use the whip over the rump in case the colt refuses to take the jump with you. After he has made the jump two or three times without the use of the whip, take the end of the lead rope and when he will jump without you being directly at his side, remove the bridle.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO STAND ERECT

Put on the Pulley Breaking Bridle, under the ordinary bridle. Have a side rein on the bridle, and the back band of the harness on the horse. Rein the horse up tight. Take the bridle lead rope in the left hand and the whip in the right; stand directly in front of the horse, say, "Up" as you give slight jerks with the left hand and quick movements with the whip under the horse's chin. When he makes the slightest effort to raise his front feet, caress him. If he does not show any inclination, tighten the rein and repeat the command and actions until he will rise on his hind feet at the command. It takes patience to teach this trick, so handle him only a few minutes at a time.
While the horse is standing erect, he can often be encouraged to step forward on his hind feet by saying, "Come Here," and moving backward directly in front of him. Should he attempt to drop on his front feet, touch him lightly under the chin with the whip. Some horses are too weak in the hips and loins to walk while standing erect, and in this case do not try to compel them.

**TO TEACH A HORSE TO FIRE A GUN**

Fasten a gun, which should be a muzzleloader, firmly to a post or as high as the horse can reach. Tie a string to the trigger and a small wisp of hay to the string. Have the gun arranged so that by pulling at the hay, the trigger will snap. Do not have the gun loaded at first, so the report will hardly be noticed by the horse. When he begins to pull the hay in order to hear the snap of the trigger, then remove the trigger and tie a bright colored cloth to the end of the string. When he pulls the cloth, caress him. Put a cap on the gun and when the horse pulls the string the explosion will frighten him. Treat him kindly to convince him that the explosion is harmless. As soon as he pays no attention to the cap, then put in a small charge of powder, and as he grows accustomed to that, increase the charge until he will pay no attention when it is loaded. The teaching of this trick demands an unusual amount of patience.
TO TEACH A HORSE TO FIND A HANDKERCHIEF

Lay a handkerchief in your hand and put a little oats on it. Allow the horse to eat out of the handkerchief and he will naturally get hold of it. After he takes the oats, tuck the handkerchief containing the oats slightly under your coat. The horse will try to get at it, and will soon learn that he must take hold of the handkerchief if he wants any oats. Now put the handkerchief without any oats in it, under the edge of your coat. When the horse reaches for it, caress him and hand him a little oats with your other hand. In a few moments he will root his nose under your coat in an effort to get the handkerchief in expectation of the reward, and later simply for the caress.

TO CARRY AN ARTICLE IN THE MOUTH

This trick is easily taught after the horse knows how to find the handkerchief. Take a cloth and mash a part of an apple in it. Place it on the ground in front of the horse and tell him to "Bring It." He will pick it up in order to get at the apple and will follow you with it. Stop and caress him. If you wish him to carry a basket, wrap the same cloth around the handle, and when you repeat the command, he will associate the "Bring It" with the basket, and will pick it up and carry it to you.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO KISS

Stand in front of the horse, a little to the left, and give him a small piece of apple with the left hand. Next hold your hand close to your face and allow him to take another small piece of apple from it. Take a short stick three or four inches long and stick a small piece of apple on one end of it, and the other end in your mouth. As the horse reaches for the apple say, "Kiss." Repeat the command each time you want him to do the act. In a few lessons he will put his nose toward your mouth at the command "Kiss," without any reward except the caress.
TO TEACH A HORSE TO MOUNT A PEDESTAL

Make a strong platform five feet square and a foot high. Place one of the horse's front feet on it, and pinch the tendon of the other front leg, until he rests his weight on the foot, resting on the platform. Now lift the other front foot carefully, without exciting the horse, and place it on the platform. As soon as he rests his weight on both front feet, caress him. Have a little oats in your pocket so that when he obeys, you can reward him.

Have him get off the platform and repeat until he will walk toward it at command and place both front feet upon it. After he does this without resisting, take hold of the left hind foot and assist him in putting it on the platform also; then encourage him to put the other hind foot on the platform. After all four feet are on, caress him. Repeat until he will walk toward the platform and mount it with all four feet, at command. Use the word "Pedestal." When he will mount the pedestal readily then you are ready to increase its height.

Mounting Pedestal

Fasten a 2x4 scantling so it will extend upward a foot higher than the Pedestal, nail a board six inches square on the top.

When the horse will mount the pedestal at command, assist him in putting the left front foot on this post. Caress him when he does so. Keep his attention by rubbing him on the leg and talking to him, until you are ready for him to put the foot down, then say, "Alright," lift the foot and let it down. When he will place his foot on the
post as soon as he mounts the pedestal, then you are ready to elevate it by degrees. Finally he will place his foot upon a post as high as his shoulder.

Several years ago I had a colt taught this trick. Whenever he would get one front foot up he began reaching up with the other for a place on which to rest it. One day I had him at the blacksmith shop, and while the blacksmith was shoeing him, he placed the colt's foot on a clinching block. The colt immediately placed all his weight on one foot and raised the other high in the air to find a still higher place for it, frightening the blacksmith almost to death. Fortunately no damage was done.

**TO TEACH A HORSE TO TEETER-TOOTER**

Do not teach this trick until your horse has been taught to mount a pedestal.

Take three boards 16 feet long, 10 inches wide and 2 inches thick, nail them together so the teeterboard will be 30 inches wide. Lay teeterboard flat on the ground. Lead the horse over it until he is familiar with it, and will keep on the board without trying to step off on either side. Elevate the board by putting a block of wood under the middle of it. Put the Pulley Breaking Bridle on the horse and lead him on the board. When he reaches the middle, stop him and step on the board far enough in front of him so your weight will teeter him. Teeter very carefully so you will not frighten him.

He will soon learn to balance himself. Keep his attention by jerking carefully on the bridle should he attempt to jump off. When he gets so the teetering motion will not frighten him, lead him forward and stop him directly over the middle of the teeterboard. Take hold of one front foot and move it forward an inch or two. Have the horse so carefully balanced that by merely moving one foot backward or forward two or three inches, he will teeter. Keep this up until he will move his foot of his own accord. The instant he moves it or even shows an inclination to do so, caress him. You can now elevate the middle to a foot and a half, after a few lessons. Use the word "Teeter" each time you lead your horse toward the board. He will soon learn to teeter at that command. When ready for him to stop say, "That will do," and lead him off the board. Repeat, until he will walk off when commanded to do so.
TO TEACH A HORSE TO TELL HIS AGE, ADD, SUBTRACT, ETC.

Fasten a small tack in the end of a whip. Stand on the horse's left side, on a line with his shoulder about four feet away. Bend forward with the whip so you can prick him with the tack on the back part of the forearm. He will raise his foot and put it down with a thud. Have him do this three or four times, then caress him. Repeat until he will paw, lean slightly and point the whip toward the leg. When you want him to stop, raise the whip carefully and strike him under the chin with the whip lash. He will soon learn to stop pawing when you raise the whip.

Take the same position every time. He will soon learn to paw when you make a motion as though you were going to touch him with the whip. When you straighten up, he will stop. You can now ask him how old he is, or how many times six will go into eighteen, or how much five times four is, or any like question, and when he has pawed the required number of times, change your position, and he will stop.

My trick horse, "Charley" knew this as well as practically all other tricks. When I was traveling, instructing classes in horsemanship, and handling all kinds of vicious horses, I would have my horse brought into the ring, and, after showing his many tricks, I would say, "Now, 'Charley,' tell us how old that horse was that kicked so hard tonight." "Charley" would begin to paw. I would count so all could hear until I reached twenty-five or thirty, and then give "Charley" the signal to stop. This always created a laugh.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO LIE DOWN OR PLAY DEAD

Take the horse out on a smooth, grassy plot, or in a yard covered with straw. Put on the throwing outfit and lay him on his side as carefully as possible. When he tries to get up, roll him back and continue until he will lie quietly. Caress him, and give him some oats. Walk around him, then stop and caress him. Let him up after two or three minutes. Repeat until you can stand on the horse's right side, reach under him and raise the left front foot, draw his nose toward you, and he will lie down without a struggle. Now take your whip—tap him on the leg, just below the knee, and he will drop on his knees and over on his side. Repeat until he will lie down at command.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO SIT UP

After you have taught him to lie down, put an ordinary bridle on him, also a surcingle, and tell him to "Lie Down." Buckle a foot strap around each hind leg, below the
fetlock joints, run a safety rope through the ring in the surcingle, back and through the ring in the right hind foot, back and through the other ring in the surcingle, down and snap in the other foot strap.

Sitting Up

Get behind the horse, step on his tail, take hold of the bridle rein with the right hand, and while holding the rope in the left, say, "Sit Up," and at the same time give a little jerk on the rein. When the horse throws out his front feet and attempts to rise, he cannot because the rope keeps his hind feet forward, under him, and so brings him in a sitting posture. Now step forward and caress him. Make him hold this position for a minute or two, then ease up on the rope and say, "Get Up," and let him spring to his feet. Repeat until he will sit up at command.

TO DRIVE WITHOUT BRIDLE OR LINES

A man who owns a horse that he can drive without bridle or lines can get almost any price for him. Many concerns are looking for an opportunity to advertise some, or all, branches of their business in some odd, unusual way. Teach your horse to drive without bridle or lines and advertise your own business while getting paid for advertising for some one else's. Fair Boards are looking for special features like this and will pay well for it. There are innumerable ways for you to make lots of money with a horse that has been taught this trick.
The qualifications you need in order to train and control a high bred, spirited animal, in this manner, is a very strong will power and self-control. Give the horse a course of subjective treatment first. When he is under perfect control then turn him loose in an enclosure about twenty feet square and give him the Confidence Lesson. Continue with this until you can stand at one side of the enclosure, crack the whip, and say, "Come here," and the horse will obey you instantly. When he approaches you, wave the whip all about his head until he is familiar with it. When you have taught him this Lesson, put him away for that day.

The next day take him to the same enclosure, and teach him the signals of the whip as follows: Stand close to his right hip, take a short whip, tap him on the right shoulder, until he will turn his head in that direction. The instant he turns his head, step forward and caress him and hand him a little oats. Take your position again and continue the tapping and rewarding as he obeys. After a little, in his eagerness for the reward he will turn his head and take a step to the right when the tap is given. Caress him. In a short time the horse will know that when he is tapped on the right shoulder he must turn to the right. As soon as he understands this, put him away for that day.

The next day give a repetition of the lesson. Then teach him to turn to the left by the same method. Each side must be handled alike. Before trying to advance him further in his training, you should be POSITIVE that he turns to the right, and left, at the slight touch of the whip.

Next, put on an open bridle and a pair of short lines to reach only to his tail. These lines are to be used only to hold him back, if necessary, or to convey your idea to him. Your whip should not be over five feet long, and you should stand directly back of the horse. Take hold of the tail with the left hand, when not compelled to use the lines. Extend the whip directly over the horse's body, so the end will reach the middle of the mane. Hold the whip about two feet above the point of the shoulders. Say, "Get Up," and drop the whip so that the lash strikes him on the shoulder.

Drill him on this command until he will start without your saying "Get Up," as soon as he sees the whip is about to strike his shoulders. The next step is to teach the signal for "Whoa," Stand directly back of the horse with the lines and whip in your hands. Give him the signal "Get Up," allow him to go a few feet, say, "Whoa," raise the whip perpendicularly and give a wrench on the lines at the same instant. A few actions of this kind, and the horse will stop the instant the whip is raised, to avoid the action of the lines. The first few times he stops without the action, caress him.

After he knows that when the whip is raised it means to stop, raise the whip and give him a slight stroke with it about the neck, high up, and immediately raise the whip again. He will soon understand that when the whip is raised, he must stop immediately, or he will be punished. In this way you reduce the pull on the lines to the signal of the whip.

Now in order to have some "reserve" power in the whip, just as you want him to turn to the left, give a hard stroke on the left shoulder, low down, and immediately move the whip two or three feet in that direction. The same is true of the right side.

Next, secure a good whip, at least six and one-half feet long, and when he starts, turns
either to the right or left, and stops at signal, then you are ready to make your first drive.

Put on the safety rope, give the horse the signal to start, say, "Whoa," and, at the same instant give a signal with the whip to stop. At this very INSTANT pull on the safety rope and bring the horse down on his knees. Give him the signal to turn to the left, and if he does not respond INSTANTLY, pull on the rope and compel him to turn. Show him that you are master, and do your work, with the rope, so directly in unison with the action of the whip, that he will think that you can throw him down, whether you have the rope on him or not, if he does not obey.

Drive him in a large lot a few times before going on the road with him. The first few times you drive on the road put an open bridle and a pair of lines on him. You can sit on the lines and have them ready for instant use, should the horse fail to obey the signal of the whip. After he drives perfectly with the whip, and you have controlled him with it under excitement, you are ready to remove them and depend entirely on the signals of the whip. You are now ready to teach him to back.

Have the bridle and lines on for this. Hold the lines in the left hand and your whip in the right. When ready to back, raise the right hand holding the whip above your head so the lash will point straight back. The whip should be on an angle of 45 degrees and the signal to back should be a backward and forward motion. As you give this, give quick jerks on the lines, which will force the horse back. To teach him to back quickly, stand on the left side toward the hip, so the whip will reach over the horse's head. Tap him on the forehead several times, then immediately give a backward motion of the whip. Tap lightly at first, then a little harder, until he will step back quickly, then caress him. Repeat until he will back without having to strike him on the forehead.

The signal for "Steady," is to raise the whip about a foot higher than for ordinary driving: The horse will slacken because he is looking for the signal to stop. When he slows down, lower the whip to the former position.

I could control my trick horse "Charley" better with the whip than with lines. He was driven a year and a half before he ever had a bit in his mouth, I then taught him to drive with the lines, but always depended more upon the whip than them. If I was in a crowded street that demanded careful driving, I would drop the lines, and pick up the whip and control him with it.

Mr. Wilson Pierce, a particular friend of mine in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and myself had quite an experience. Mr. Pierce is a splendid horseman, and has always been interested in my work. One day he and I were driving "Charley" with the whip alone, along the principal street of Fort Wayne, and he made the remark that he could see how I could start my horse, turn him to the right or to the left and make him back, but for the life of him, he couldn't see how I could stop him in case of an emergency.

Just ahead was a wet place on the street and we were going at a lively trot. I said to Mr. Pierce: "Now suppose that wet place is a lady and I do not see her until I am within six feet of her, and see what happens." When within six feet of the wet spot I suddenly raised the whip, giving my horse the signal to stop. He was going at such
speed, that in his attempt to respond to the signal, his hind feet slipped and he turned over on his back. When he scrambled to his feet his head was toward the buggy. We jumped out and unhitched him; pulled the buggy back; repaired the broken harness; turned him around and hitched him up again.
Mr. Pierce will never be scared worse, or whiter when he dies. The first thing he said was: "Well, Beery, I see you did it, but I don't know any more than I did before."

**TO IMITATE A BALKY HORSE**

A great many people know exactly how to teach this act, but are not aware of it. Their skill is shown by one or two horses they have in the stable. Most owners of a balky horse, describe him this way: "There is nothing whatever the matter with the horse. He does not kick or bite. He never breaks a strap. He is perfectly gentle in the stable and everywhere, but sometimes—well sometimes he don't want to go." The owner has, unconsciously, used balky methods and taught his horse to balk.

To teach the trick: Have the horse hitched to a buggy with his head toward a building or a high fence. Give the command, "Get Up;" when he starts, set him back gently with the lines. Continue this until he shows some hesitancy about starting. After shaking the lines and slapping him on the hips lightly, caress him. If he understands what "Get Up" means, use some other command like "Go on," "What's the matter with you, you rascal," etc., until he knows you want him to balk, when you talk to him this way and shake the lines and slap him.

Do not try to teach the trick thoroughly in one lesson, or you might have trouble in getting him to start when you are ready to go.
My horse, "Charley," had this trick down to perfection, and balked without bridle or lines. He would turn his head around toward his aide and imitate the actions of a balker, and utterly refuse to go, even when hit around the neck with the lash of the whip, struck with a "stuffed" club, slapped on the hips, etc. When given the proper signal, he would move off quietly. I always gave exhibitions with him on the streets of the different cities where I was exhibiting, and after showing the crowds that would always assemble, how nicely he drove, turning to the right and left, backing, etc., at the motion of the whip only, I would ask if someone did not want to take a ride behind an "educated" horse, so they could tell their friends that they had ridden behind a horse that was driven without bridle or lines. There was always someone who was anxious to ride.

As soon as he was seated in the rig, I would stand up in it and say, "Now, Charley, take the gentleman a nice ride," and follow with "Go on you rascal." This was the signal for him to balk. He would throw his head from side to side, and show every indication of a balker. I would then slap him on the hips, and whip him about the neck (being sure not to hurt him), but he would refuse to go. I would then ask the gentleman to kindly step out for a moment, and as soon as he was out I would give Charley the signal to start and off we would go. I usually told the crowd, after the laugh died down, that after the gentleman had taken a course of lessons from me I was sure the horse would take him a ride.

**TO TEACH A HORSE TO WALTZ**

Put on the surcingle and crupper attachment. Buckle both tight. Then put a bridle with a side rein, and rein your horse up tight. Next, fasten a pair of short lines to the bit. Fasten both lines to the rings at the side of the surcingle, the right one two or three inches shorter than the left. Start the horse and keep him going in a circle to the right until he gets the idea, that, when pressure is applied to that side of the bit, he must whirl to the right.

Now fasten the left line a little shorter than the right and start the horse to the left. He will take up a short, choppy step, in order to keep on his feet. If he tries to go too fast, stop him. Tie the lines as you would a hitching strap so you can get hold of them, give a quick jerk, and untie. Sometimes a horse will become dizzy after whirling a few times and will fall. By having the lines tied so you can untie them quickly, he cannot hurt himself.

Repeat until he will waltz, or turn in a circle as soon as you put the appliances on him. Then fasten the lines so that both are exactly the same length, then start the horse whirling in a circle, to the right.

After he has made a whirl or two, step to his side and lead him forward two or three steps and start him whirling to the left. Repeat time after time, lesson after lesson, day after day until he learns that he must not only whirl twice to the right, but move forward a step or two, then whirl to the left, then to the right, etc. He will soon rear in order to relieve the pressure on his neck and mouth, as he whirls. If he does not, tighten the rein and lines until he does.

When you want him to stop, step to his left side, take hold of the bit and stop him. In a
short time he will get the idea that when you step forward, he must stop. When you can stop him without taking hold of the bit, caress him.
Do not get the idea that you are going to teach a horse to waltz in a few short lessons. It will take weeks. Sometimes it takes months. I have known men to spend two or three years teaching this one act alone. Be patient! Keep yourself and your horse in a good humor!

HISTORY OF "CYCLONE," THE KICKING MULE

The accompanying illustration is an artist's conception of "Cyclone," a mule that I purchased in Coshocton, Ohio, years ago. This mule was a handsome animal, perfect in form in every way with the exception of one front ankle, which was crooked from having had a hoof pulled off in a kicking scrape a year or so before I purchased her.

When I arrived at Coshocton, about the first animal I heard of was the "McGee Mule," as she was called. She had quite a remarkable history and a wonderful record for viciousness. She was small but well muscled and quick as lightning. When two years old she was taken into the coalmines and an attempt was made to drive her to one of the small cars used for hauling coal. She was naturally vicious, being a kicker, biter, and striker, and the treatment she received in the mines was not conducive toward making her better.

The result was that she became entirely unmanageable and made things lively for every one who tried to work her. She began to change hands from one mining company to another, and was owned by a half dozen different concerns by the time
she was six years old. When she was four years old, or a little past, she whipped out a whole bunch of men and took possession of one section of the mine, and would not allow anyone to go in or out. All kinds of methods were used to get hold of her, but without effect. Finally it was decided to run a loaded coal car down on her and get her out of the way. She was standing at one of the switch frogs right in the middle of the tramway track. A car was started down toward her. When she saw it coming she began to kick viciously and caught her front foot in the frog. The car was thrown off the track, and after the wreckage was cleared away, it was found that her front ankle and hoof were badly hurt. The owner turned her out to pasture. It took a year to grow on another hoof.

A man by the name of Robinson then purchased her and took her to his mine, some distance from Coshocton. He had many experiences with her that were startling and hair-raising. She finally became bad to harness. The only way she could be harnessed at all was to throw her and while she was down put the harness on her. If a crupper was put under her tail, she would kick until she would strip herself of the harness, so they finally gave up trying to crupper her. Finally she became so bad that none of the men would work her.

Her last "stunt" was to get her owner, Mr. Robinson, in one of the small "Cubby holes" (a small opening along the main track of the mine) and kept him there for two hours. His men missed Mr. Robinson and began hunting him and finally found him in the cubbyhole with the mule standing guard. Every time Mr. Robinson attempted to leave the hole, Mr. Mule would kick viciously at him. The miners finally clubbed her off.

When I reached Coshocton, she was turned out to grass on a farm about seventeen miles out of town. We made arrangements to handle her, and on the night she was brought into the tent it was literally packed with human beings. Not even small standing space was left.

The mule was led by three men who used long ropes, one on each side and one in front. We worked on her for an hour or more. She beat anything I ever saw to kick, strike, and bite. By snaring her at the feet, we succeeded in getting the appliances on her, and after an hour's work, we hitched her up and drove once around the ring. It was quite evident to me that she was far from being subdued. As it was growing late and I had already handled several horses, I unhitched her with the intention of handling her the next night.

After the exhibition her owner approached and asked me if I didn't want to purchase her. She was such a desperate case, small and wiry, and created such excitement and from that I concluded to buy her and carry her along as an example of incorrigibility. The transfer was soon made and the mule was mine.

After that we made no effort to train her. We carried her for six months or more, and exhibited her over several states. We did not claim that we would subdue her, but simply gave an exhibition with her. She was one of the best trick mules I ever saw—was already trained, for her tricks were natural. It was always evident to the audience that her ugliness was real, and that she was not taught as "trick mule" to perform her part in the play. But she would have killed us as quick as she would have killed
anyone else had we not been continually on our guard. After exhibiting in a town a few nights, we would tell the audience of the mule; have dodgers printed describing her and offer a reward of $10.00 to anyone who would put the harness on her. On the night she was to be handled, I would drive my horse "Charley" down the street, behind the band, and back of my rig would come three men leading the mule with long ropes. At two or three of the principal corners of the town I would have some one start as though they were going up to the mule, when she would begin to kick the air viciously, for she never allowed anyone to approach her without kicking at them.

After handling two or three horses at the tent on "mule night" as we called it, we would order the mule brought in. I would then again offer the $10.00 to anyone who would harness her. It is needless to say that we never had to pay it, but it was laughable to see how soon fellows who attempted to harness her, would get out of the ring; she would bite, strike and kick so viciously that they were glad enough to get away from her. My first assistant, Mr. C. Roy Coppock, would harness her, after the challenge had been open long enough, and would do the trick while she was biting, kicking, and striking viciously at him. The crupper would no sooner be under the tail than "Cyclone" would send the harness across the large tent, and the audience would be dismissed in the highest glee and good spirits.

We always kept her in a large box stall at some prominent livery barn, and instructed the men about the barn not to go into the stall under any consideration. Once in a while, some "smart" livery hand would try it, and was glad to get out when "Cyclone" would start after him. It was well that he did, for she would have killed him.

**PRICES TO CHARGE**

The prices for training horses will vary more or less according to locality. For instance, some graduates get $50.00 for handling a single horse; others get only half that amount. A great deal depends upon the horse's habits, the extent to which he is confirmed in it and his type or combination of types.

Some horses only have "minor" habits, such as bad to shoe, ride, groom, bad to harness, clip, etc. In cases of this kind, if the horse's combination of types is not bad, charge, say from $5.00 to $10.00. If the horse is a bad kicker, shyer or has any habit that will take several lessons to overcome, the following plan will be found very satisfactory, all things considered.

Make a charge of $1.00* per day for each horse, if the owner furnishes the feed. If you furnish it, add the cost of feed. If the horse happens to have a bad combination of types, requiring more work than ordinary, you are getting paid for the extra work. At the same time you are not charging the owner an exorbitant price, even if it requires a week's extra work to make it reliable. On the other hand, if the horse has a good combination of types and it only takes a few days to handle him, you are still getting paid for your work in proportion to the amount of time it takes to make the horse reliable.

* **Publishers note:** You may be interested to know that $1 in 1908 (when this book was originally published), adjusted for inflation, is worth $19.79 today in 2005 (the year of this electronic edition) so $10 a day would be equivalent to $197.90 today (in 2005).
I used this plan and have suggested it to a number of my graduates, who found it very successful and satisfactory. You can keep from eight to ten horses in training all the time and can be "cleaning up" from $8.00 to $10.00 per day in this way.

"QUEEN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

The evening following "Old Kate's" confession she ate her meal with greater alacrity than usual, for she had not forgotten that this was the evening her daughter, Queen, was to tell her the story of her life. Since Queen was two years old their lives had gradually diverged until it seemed that an impassable gulf had come between them. Now that she had told her story, the best she could, and Queen had promised to tell her experiences, visions of an unknown life, full of harmony and peace, seemed about to open to her starved existence, and she was anxious that Queen should begin.

Queen had scarcely begun when a nose appeared in front of the adjoining stall, attracting the attention of the horse to the left. Noses kept appearing thus in each stall, alternately, until the attention of the last horse was attracted. Queen had the respect and confidence of every horse in the stable. She was so beautiful and her manners so perfect, that all felt that Queen was the ideal to be sought by the horse kingdom.

If there was any uproar in the stables, it never proceeded from Queen's stall. If there was trouble between the men and some of the horses, Queen was never one of the horses. Her understanding of man's ways and language was so acute, that, to the horses, she seemed often to anticipate even men's wishes. So marvelous was her understanding that the horses could not help but notice that even the men acknowledged her superiority by always speaking to her in a low, kind tone. In fact it seemed that with the coming of Queen a new spirit had taken possession of the stables.

Roy Lamar, Mr. Lamar's son, had become the dominating character of the stables when Queen came in, and with his advent, Bill Temper and Pete had disappeared and more humane and thoughtful fellows had taken their places. Of course it was natural for the horses, in their simple way, to attribute all these changes to the beautiful disposition of Queen. Therefore, when word was passed along that Queen had something to say, all listened attentively. You would have been really interested if you could have seen and heard the graceful Queen tell her story of knowledge gained and ambitions attained. It was a story of conquests and triumphs that I gathered from the dainty tosses of the head, the sparkle of ambitious eyes and the triumphant arch of the neck. It was a language of harmonious action, that most men call signs, but which is one of the most eloquent of languages when understood. Queen began speaking mostly to her mother, but understood by nearly all the horses in the stable.

"The first two years of ray life you know very well, mother, for we spent those happy days together. It was a life of freedom spent in the pasture lot and in the barn. I have only a general impression of those days, for my body was growing and developing rather than my mind. I had a natural fear of all objects that I suppose you taught me, but how or when you did it, I do not remember.
It was the winter that I was coming two years old that my body became nearly developed and my mind awakened to my surroundings. I felt for the first time that I was equal to any of the horses about me in strength. I could run faster than any of them and could kick as high. I had never been touched by man and knew no restraint but the pasture fence. I was just a natural horse, with all a horse's instincts well developed, and backed by blood well selected for generations. I felt, mother, just as you say you did at the age of two years, but there our common experience ceases. It seems that your life has been a series of disappointments, while mine has been a continuous development.

One morning in March, Mr. Lamar and Roy came into the feed room and talked very earnestly for some time. I do not know what they said, for I did not understand a word of man's language then, but, after that Roy always fed me in the morning and evening and seemed to claim me as his own. He went away every day toward town until the corn was planted. I think he went where the boys all collect together in the winter time, for I have seen large crowds of them together in a large yard in town since. A week or two after he quit going away, he opened my stable door and drove me over into the little barn lot, where the sheep are kept in the winter. He came in and closed the gate. It frightened me very much to have a man in such a small place with me, and not be able to get away. I ran to the farthest corner, but he followed me.

After he had followed me around the lot two or three times and I was not quite so afraid of him, Roy said, "Come here," and something cracked very loudly that made me jump and tremble. I noticed for the first time that he had a long whip with him. I did not know what it all meant, so I tried the harder to keep away from him. He repeated his words several times, and each time the whip cracked. Finally I got into a
corner and Roy stood so that I could hardly get past him when that whip struck me around the legs, after Roy said 'Come here.' I did not know, of course, what 'Come here' meant, but I remember how I used to run to you, mother, when I was badly scared, and so I went up to Roy, for I was not as afraid of him as I was of the whip.

It must have been just what he wanted me to do, for he stroked my neck with his hand, which soothed me so much that I felt at once that I had found a friend. Roy started backwards, touching me on the shoulder with his hand, just as he said, 'Come here,' and then that whip touched me across the hips. I kept close to Roy, for somehow I felt that he would not hurt me. He backed around the lot, stopping every few yards and starting with the words, 'Come here.' I soon learned what 'Come here' meant. Whenever I started as soon as Roy said 'Come here,' the whip did not touch me. I will never forget how it surprised me when Roy got on my right side and turned the other way. It did not look at all like it did when we were going the other direction. Roy was very patient with me and seemed to understand that I would have to learn anew on that side. I soon learned to follow in both directions and to follow with my head at his shoulder when his back was to me.

He taught me about the whip that I had feared so much. I touched it with my nose and Roy rubbed it over me and swung it around in front of and over me, until I found that it would not hurt me, unless I did not do the proper thing. Roy took me in the larger barn lot and I followed him there, and from there we went around in the front barnyard, by the house. The men, seeing the women all out, stopped their work and watched us walk around. I do not know what there was so curious about it, but they seemed to think it was a wonderful thing that I should follow Roy without anything on my head.

While they were watching, Roy taught me to put my head in the halter. He first let me touch it and rubbed it all over my head to get me accustomed to it, for I had never seen one before. Then he drew away from me and said, 'Come here,' and held the halter a little in front of him, I stuck out my nose to touch it and he slipped it carefully on my head. He did this a few times till I learned to put my nose down into the halter. This made the people all laugh and they said something to Roy about 'Great success with such a wild colt,' and many other things that pleased Roy and made me more confident, for Roy stroked me frequently.

I was lead into the horse stall and tied here in this stall for the first time, and ever since I have been with the other horses. The next day Roy took me out and we walked around together for a few minutes, some of the men asking whether I had forgotten. Roy explained to them something about a horse's mind being different from a man's and that a horse did not have to think much, consequently when a thing was distinctly fixed on a horse's brain they never forget it, and that he was repeating the lesson to fix it more thoroughly on my mind.

We had walked together but a few minutes when Roy had me come to him and put my head in the halter, but this time he pressed my lower jaw inside the mouth with his thumb, and when I opened my mouth he slipped something smooth into it. I didn't know what it was, but I had learned in my first lesson that Roy would not hurt me, and so I did not try to get away, but only tried to spit it out. The bridle was slipped on and off several times in succession, until I got so I would open my mouth for the bit.
The headgear was put on my head so carefully that my ears were not hurt in the least. A strap was then buckled around my body and lines put in the bit. I tried at first to follow Roy, but by gently pulling on the lines, he taught me to keep my head away from him. I soon learned to obey the pulls of the line.

In the same careful, precise way in which he taught me 'Come here,' Roy taught me the meaning of 'Get up.' He said it so distinctly and so often used it that I could never forget it, and it seems that my muscles almost start sometimes at 'Get up,' without me thinking about it. Roy was careful that the bit was kept in the proper place, so that my mouth was not hurt in the least. As soon as we began to get tired, I was taken to the stable. My brain and nerves were in excellent shape to retain all I had learned. I had received caresses for what I had done correctly, and the whip had struck me whenever I did wrong, so I had distinct impressions of what was right.

I had a good night's rest with good feed, and good bedding, and after a good grooming the next morning, I was ready for another lesson. The lesson soon came, but it was only for a half hour. We did again the things that I had learned and learned in addition the new command, "Whoa." I was so restless at that age that I remember it was very hard for me to stand. The commanding tone and the firm pull on the lines made me obedient. The command was repeated several times, so that I could do nothing else but stop at the command. In the next lesson, Roy rubbed a pole over me and around my hind legs. I was afraid of it at first, for my hair was short and my skin sensitive. I touched the pole with my nose several times and found it would not hurt me. The pole was placed under my tail and across my hips, and gradually my tail was raised. It felt ticklish at first, but after it was repeated several times, I did not care for it. I wondered at the time why that was done, but in a few moments I found out.

"The harness was brought out, and after letting me feel of it, it was placed on my back. My tail was gently lifted, just as if to lay the pole across, and the crupper was placed under my tail. The rein was fastened so that I could not get my head down. The rein and the harness, together with being driven out into the front barnyard and out into the road rather confused me. Roy seemed to understand that a horse could think of but one thing at a time and, by repeating what I had learned, soon had my confidence restored.

"He drove me up to a buggy, which I touched. We then went around it and saw it from all sides. We then stopped to rest awhile and another man pulled the buggy around us. I watched it all the time. Roy always used a bridle that left me the use of my eyes, and I always have made good use of them and, I think, every horse should. Roy then rubbed a pole along my sides and across my thighs, and the buggy was pulled up close to me. This time a pole came along each side and was fastened to my harness. I was so intent on watching the buggy and those poles that I did not hear Roy say 'Get up.' His assistant pushed me sideways and started me with that buggy following close to me. It scared me so badly that I hardly knew what I was doing. The fellow holding my bridle and the calm, 'Whoa,' from Roy stopped me. We started and stopped a few times before I felt safe with the buggy fast to me.

"Roy then got in the buggy and drove to the left around the front lot a few times. When he turned to go to the right I did not want to go, for there was the pole pressing me on the side that I had not felt before, I had not the time to fully make up my mind
not to go, before Roy touched me with the whip, which decided me to go at once. It was much easier to walk around with only a surcingle than with a buggy, but, by Roy’s careful handling and patience, I soon learned to walk and turn with the buggy. I found that ‘Whoa,’ and ‘Get up’ meant just the same when hitched to the buggy as they did before.

"It pleased me very much to know that I was getting along so well in understanding Roy and learning something new each day. It must be great joy to men to learn so much, for it gives us horses such pleasure to be well trained. I never realized before, mother, why you have been so despondent and out of sorts with the world. I have seen many other horses that look so hopeless and discouraged, and I suppose it is because there is so little understanding between them and their masters. I have noticed, on the other hand, horses that look happy and contented. They have great pride in themselves and their carriages.

"The bond that binds them to their masters is strong. They respond to the slightest intimation of the lines or least change in the tone of the voice. It seems that after the first few lessons of my early training that Roy and I understood each other perfectly. Of course, there were many things for me to learn, but I felt the way was open for me to learn what I did not know. Roy always read my thoughts when I indicated by my ears and eyes that there was something that I did not understand, and always did the right thing to make me understand. He never left me to find out new ways without directing me in the best way to learn.

"An example of the thoroughness of his teaching was the manner in which he handled my feet. The lesson with the pole had taught me not to fear anything touching me anywhere on my body or legs. He lifted each foot and had me rest my hind foot backward on the point of the toe. He continued to drill me when he curried me, until I learned to know when he asked for my foot and lifted it up for him. He pounded each foot lightly with his hand, so I had no fear whatever when we went to the shop.

"I remember how it eased my feet to have the iron shoes protecting them from the gravel and stones. Had he not trained me in this way at home, where I was accustomed to being handled, I am sure I would have resisted under the fright caused by the flying sparks and strange noises all about me.

"These preliminary lessons, I am sure, saved me from many a bad fright, and probably kept me from forming many bad habits. I know that log down by Johnson’s woods, too, mother, and remember well the first time I ever saw it. It was the first drive we had taken on the pike. I had seen a few objects on the road that were new to me, but that log attracted my attention when we were some distance away. It is old and black with some green moss on it, now, and looks frightful. I was watching it closely and was nearly even with it when there was a crackling in the brush and Johnson's old black and white dog leaped upon the log with a yelp. It startled me so that I jumped some, and probably would have jumped some distance sideways if Roy's calm, confident, 'Whoa,' had not rung in my ears just as I was getting myself ready for the spring. Of course I stopped, and had no more than done so when I saw the dog. Roy talked to me quietly and with loose lines had me go up to the log and touch it. You can hardly imagine how foolish I felt when I saw what it really was.
"Roy had taught me to go up to frightful objects, before we left the barn that day by having me walk over papers and stand while all sorts of noises were being made. Of all things, though, that old buffalo robe hanging on the fence scared me the worst. It required all of Roy's ingenuity, I think, to get me close to it. I went a few steps and walked away. Once I had crept close to it, and when I blew my breath at it, it scared me so I nearly jumped back on Roy. I tried to run away from it, but he kept tight lines and kept my head towards it. After several minutes' work, I got close enough to it, that by stretching my neck as far as I could, I touched it. After I touched it a couple of times, I found it would not hurt me, and now when ever I see any big bugaboo and hear Roy's 'Take care, walk up to it,' I think of the old robe, and go up and touch it. A wet spot in the road frightened me when I first noticed it, but I went through it and stepped on it hard, and it did not hurt me in the least.

"Some distance further a large, white object loomed up before us. I looked from side to side with the intention of turning around and going back, but Roy encouraged me by his voice and made me to understand that he was master and must be obeyed. As the object approached it took one side of the road, while I walked on the other. When we came beside it, Roy drove me right up to it. I feared it and trembled, but Roy must be obeyed, and he had never fooled me into trouble. There was nothing to do but march up. I touched it with my nose and found it to be only a large wagon with a white top. I have touched so many strange things and always found them to be harmless, that I have overcome my natural fear and nervousness, and now have no fear of any object.

I did not like the looks of cars and automobiles when I first saw them. We were going to town one day, when, rounding a curve we came upon an automobile standing beside the road. A man was lying flat on his back underneath it, with only his feet
protruding. From the inside somewhere came a terrible pounding noise. I learned afterward it was an engine.

I was very much frightened at first, but Roy drove me right up to it and waited. With trembling limbs and dilated nostrils, I reached out and touched the automobile to see if it would hurt me. When I had satisfied myself that it was harmless, Roy spoke to me and we drove on. Now I am perfectly indifferent to automobiles and allow them to run close to me.

'Roy's sister, Rose, came to the buggy one evening, just as we were starting on our third or fourth drive, and said she would like to go along, that 'The colt was so well behaved.' Before going very far she asked to drive. Before Roy would let her have the lines, he told her she must first learn to drive; that the ease of the horse depended upon the driver. He taught her to hold the lines so that they would not be continually drawing against my mouth, nor so loose that she would have no control with them. He instructed her as to the different commands, that I knew and their meaning. Rose took the lines and drove me the remainder of that drive and did very well. Of course, I did not understand her as well as I did Roy, but in a few drives I understood her as well as I did him.

"Mr. Lamar and the farm hands said that Rose was quite a horsewoman. They praised Roy continually for his success in breaking 'Old Kate's colt,' as they called me often, and praised him yet more that he had done his work so thoroughly, that a woman could drive me. Even yet I hear men and women ask Mrs. Lamar and Rose, when they drive me to the city, if they are not afraid to drive such a high-spirited horse, when there is so much to be frightened at. Don't they know a horse well enough to understand that I must obey the commands that have been drilled into me, and that I understand a woman as well as a man when they talk the same language? It seems they do not or they would not ask such foolish questions."

Here Old Kate rushed against her stall, with mouth open and ears back, and said to Queen: "I see, daughter, that your path has been easy. You have not had any of the trials that really try the behavior of horses. You have never been in an accident or been mistreated."

Queen replied: "I can not say that I have been badly mistreated, nor that I have ever been in any bad accidents, but there have been some occurrences that were far from pleasant. A few weeks ago I was badly frightened, and came very nearly being killed. Rose and three other girls had driven me over to an uncle's to spend the evening. The evening was warm, and we did not start home until nearly midnight. We were coming down the valley road that crosses the railroad track with high hills on each side. It is a dangerous place and many men and horses have been killed there. I was trotting along very fast, for the girls were anxious to get home, when my keen ears heard in the distance the midnight express. I expected every moment that Rose would stop me and listen, but she was laughing and talking and did not hear the train, and, I suppose, did not think of the crossing.

"On I went, and nearer roared the train. We were only a few rods from the track and the train just around the curve, as near as I could tell from the sound. Would not the girls stop laughing and talking and check me before we got on the track? Maybe they
intended to get across, I thought, but I knew we could not. On I went, but as my head passed the cut, I saw the express coming only a few rods away. Just then the girls stopped talking and heard the roar and the headlight flashed on us. I was hastening across, since I had not heard the command to stop. I was within ten feet of the track, and the train nearly upon us. The girls screamed such screams as I never heard before, but in the roar of the train and the screaming of the girls, I heard the command, 'Whoa.' I set my feet. I was trotting so fast and the surrey pressed so hard that I slid nearly on the track. I turned my head sideways and the express whizzed by. It was past in an instant. The girls sobbed and cried. Why they did, I do not know. Rose clung around my neck, patting me and saying, 'Good, faithful Queen, you saved our lives by your obedience.' I told her, the best I could, that I was glad she had told me to stop and that she had saved my life, too.

“Now I am Perfectly Indifferent to Automobiles and Allow Them to Run Close to Me.”

"Roy has been very careful about who has driven me, and, consequently, I have not been badly mistreated. I have heard Roy tell his father that any horse can be spoiled by careless or abusive drivers.

"Early in the summer two young fellows from the city came to visit Roy, for a few weeks. The three boys often drove me to different places, and Roy was often complimented on his beautiful, well-trained horse. One afternoon I was hitched to the old spring wagon with two or three long poles in it, I heard Roy say something about being too busy to go along and asked the boys whether they understood driving. One fellow replied that he had had a great deal of experience with horses and knew how to handle them. I do not deny the first part of his statement, but we had not gone very far before I knew the latter part was false. Some people are like some horses; they know a great deal, but what they know is all wrong. Whenever he wanted me to go a little faster he gave me a jerk and a slap with the lines. He kept nagging me in that way, all the way to the river. My mouth hurt and I felt irritable till we got there. Roy always
hitches me in the shade and loosens my rein when we stop, but that fellow let me stand in the sun and left my rein just as if we were driving. The boys sat on the bank a part of the afternoon with those poles in the water. Later toward evening they went into the river and seemed to have a good time, for the water splashed a great deal, and I could hear them laughing and shouting. I whinnied several times for them to come and tie me in the shade, but they did not seem to hear me.

"It was about dark when they came to start home. When we started, one hit me a cruel blow with one of those long poles and only laughed when I jumped and took them swiftly out to the main road. The fellow kept nagging me with those jerks on the lines until I was very nervous and going at a great rate. The faster I went the louder the boys shouted and laughed. Every few steps the boy on the left side would prod me with the pole. I kept increasing my speed until I was going as fast as Roy had ever driven me. We were approaching the where those deep ruts are and I expected them to slow but they did not. When the front wheel struck the rut the boys bounced off the seat and yelled 'Whoa.' I stopped, and the boys nearly fell over the dash. One struck me with the pole and yelled, 'Get-up,' before they had time to straighten the seat and sit down. I suppose the lines were not straight for just as I leaped forward to hasten on, I received a sharp pull on one line that sent me to the side of the road far enough for the front wheel to strike a large stone. I saw the seat and a couple of objects, that may have been boys, fly up into the air and light over by the fence. By the time they lit, I was so far away I could not hear what they said."

Here Old Kate said: "Now you are running up against the real thing. You smashed the old spring wagon, didn't you? You should have knocked those boys out with your heels long before they were thrown out."

But Queen only continued; "The jerking on my mouth and the prodding of the pole ceased, and I soon took my usual gait and went home. Roy, Mr. Lamar and the women came running out, very much excited. They talked a few minutes and looked down the road. Roy then got into the wagon, turned me around and drove me swiftly back.

"We met the boys about a half mile from the ruts, carrying their poles and the wagon seat. Roy and the boys talked awhile, they put the seat in, and I heard the fellow, who had driven me, say that I was nervous and scared at something. It made me very nervous when they climbed in with those poles, but Roy took the lines, and by talking to me made me understand that those fellows would not be allowed to hurt me. I hardly think that Roy believed what the fellow said about me, for he never allowed him to drive me again.

"There is only one more incident that I wish to relate, and then I will have finished my brief story. It happened just the evening before those men tied those beautiful ribbons to my bridle. Mr. Lamar had driven me that morning to the county fair, and had with him Mrs. Lamar and the girls. Roy had taken special care of me, for he said he expected me to get first premium. I do not know what that is, but he had cared for me so well that I never felt better in my life. When we arrived on the grounds there were so many people and so much noise, that I kept my head very high and watched on all sides. There were banners and tents, and noises of all kinds. I felt somewhat nervous but knew nothing would hurt me.
"That evening all had gotten into the carriage and started toward home when they seemed to change their minds and turned toward another part of the fair grounds, where I saw a large round tent or something like that. The girls kept talking about a 'balloon.' There was a large crowd of people between us and the object, and many screeching noises all around us. A horse was tied here and there not far away. We did not stand there long when the people gave a shout and the big balloon went up in the air with something dangling from it that looked somewhat like a man. The horses about us tugged at their ropes and some reared and whirled around. I looked up, and there came that balloon directly over me. I had not seen such an object before. My legs trembled and the sweat broke out over me, Mr. Lamar talked to me but I was so scared I stood and pranced.

"Mrs. Lamar and the girls gave a scream from the carriage. I looked back, although I feared to take my eyes off the balloon, and there came a runaway horse, with no bridle, and a carriage hitched to it. The horse was panic-stricken, and was coming directly toward the carriage. Mr. Lamar spoke to me and I stepped up. The horse just missed our hind wheels and passed on to my right. Two women, a few feet from us, were knocked to the earth, by that horse and carriage. Men yelled, "Ho," 'Whoa,' 'Look out,' 'Get away there,' all about us. I never heard such an uproar nor saw people so excited as they were there. That aroused me the more. Excited horses and excited people make other horses and people excited.

"Some one yelled, 'Look our, Lamar,' and there came that horse, at break-neck speed directly toward me. I had not time to back, and a building was too close for the horse and carriage to pass. The runaway horse struck me near the shoulder. The shaft of the runaway horse slipped under my shaft band and bellyband, and broke both. The front wheel ran between my fore legs as the horse tore on in its mad flight. The carriage top bumped my head and disappeared in a crowd of people. Added to this was the confusion created by other frantic horses, the screams of women and children, and the commands of frightened men, I started to run. Anywhere, or any way to get out of that awful confusion.

"I had hardly given my first leap when in the midst of the din, I recognized Mr. Lamar's 'Whoa, Queen.' I stopped suddenly and the shafts flew up over my back and the crosspiece struck me across the hips. Again the welcome, 'Whoa, Queen,' soothed my overtaxed nerves, and Mr. Lamar stepped from the carriage and stroked my neck. How soothing that was, I can never forget, for the sweat was dropping from my limbs and my whole body trembled, I could hardly get my breath, and my heart felt like it would burst, I soon felt quiet and easy, for Mrs. Lamar and the children gathered around me and rubbed my nose and stroked my neck. I never saw Mr. Lamar so moved as he was that evening. When he came to my stall before closing the barn for the night he dropped in an extra handful of oats and stood rubbing my neck, saying something about, 'Faithful animal,' and 'Again you have saved the lives of my loved ones.' Then he stepped over in front of your stall, mother, and said, 'Poor Old Kate, how you have been abused and mistreated. What a noble horse you might have been if we had only understood you. It would have saved us many accidents and you many bruises.' He then said something about 'how much good those colt training lessons did for Roy and the entire household,' and passed on out of the barn and his lantern disappeared around the corner of the kitchen.
"Yesterday afternoon, while we were yet in front of the amphitheater, after the men gave me the ribbons a large, well dressed gentleman stepped up to Roy and asked if I was for sale. Roy replied that I was not. The gentleman said, 'You would part with her for three hundred dollars, would you not?' Roy replied that he considered me worth more than that if he should wish to sell me.

"The gentleman then offered four hundred dollars, but was promptly refused.

"This gentleman then said: "Mr. Lamar, you have a horse of remarkable beauty and intelligence. She is free from all blemishes and scars. Her age adds to her value. I have been searching for a horse for my wife and daughter that would combine beauty and high spirit with docility. I had begun to fear I would never find so rare a combination. The judges here today have decided your horse superior to all others in symmetry and spirit. Yesterday I saw the accident that happened to your father and family. I know now that your horse will stand all tests. For the sake of my wife and daughter I will raise my offer to five hundred dollars.'

"Roy turned and looked at me a moment and then turned to the man and said: 'Mr. Whitcomb, my mother and sister are just as much to me and to my father as your wife and daughter are to you. Twice this horse has saved the lives of my sisters. They think too much of her for me to sell her from them, and I can not accept your offer.'

"They talked a while longer, and I heard Roy tell Mr. Lamar that evening that Mr. Whitcomb had offered him fifty dollars to train his thoroughbred colt. I suppose that is why they are fixing up that other stall today."

The horses whinnied their satisfaction when Queen finished her story, and settled down in their stalls to dream of peaceful pastures and the dawn of the day when all men should seek intelligently to know their horses and apply sane and systematic methods to their education.