

A KINDERGARTEN FOR MULES

MARY K. MAULE
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"MULES," said "Uncle Dan" Boyington, "are like women—they have never been understood."

The statement was received with laughter, but the old horseman bravely held his ground.

"Folks may laugh all they're a mind to," he declared stoutly; "but I've made a study of 'em—mules, I mean—not women—and I am sure there's not one person in a hundred knows anything about the real character of a mule. I know, because for the past 20 years I've made it the business of my life to teach and study horses and mules, and I guess there are not many men in this country that know much more about them than I do."

There was no disputing that, for "Uncle Dan" Boyington, as he is familiarly known throughout the horse and cattle country of the great west, has devoted the best part of his life to teaching and training animals and is now making it his special work to show horse trainers and "bronco busters" how they may accomplish their aims in a more thorough, a more scientific, and a more human method, by educating and not breaking the spirit of the animals.

"I have always loved all animals," continued Mr. Boyington, "but the way I first got interested in mules was by watching them when I was head horseman with the Barnum and Bailey circus and seeing the amount of intelligence and good, hard common-sense they brought to bear on their work. Now you may not know it, but an animal has as much what you might call 'system' in his work, as a man. Nearly every one works differently; and it is the man who knows this and who lets them use their own intelligence and judgment that gets the most and the best work out of them. If the contractor who is employing a gang of men stood over them with a whip, and lashed and cursed them every time they lifted a hammer or struck a pick differently from the way he would have done it if he was doing the work, I don't believe he would get ahead very fast with his job; do you? The good boss watches his men and many a time he learns from them how to improve his own methods.

"It's just the same with animals; if you watch those you are working with, many a time they teach you. Now I often noticed how intelligently a mule went at his work—yes, I knew you'd smile at that. But what I mean is that he always seemed to go at it deliberately and in a quiet, determined way, as if he had thought it all out and knew just what he was going to do, and exactly how he was going to do it. Now that is my own method of working, and I got to kind of respecting the mules for it. Often in loading and unloading the circus wagons I've seen a mule use the greatest intelligence, sometimes extricating himself and his load from a difficult or awkward position with far more common-sense and judgment than were shown by his driver."

"After awhile I made up my mind that a mule was not stupid, he was only slow; that he was not obstinate, he was only cautious.

"One night a crowd of us were talking things over, and one of the fellows, a Missourian, made the old comparison about somebody's being 'as dumb as a mule.' I resented it and said right out that mules were not 'dumb,' or stupid either. All the rest of the crowd declared they were, and that got my dander up, and right then and there I put up a hundred dollars and made a bet with the Missourian that I could take a bunch of common work mules, picked up anywhere, young or old, broke or unbroke, and in six months I could drive 'em anywhere I wanted to go without lines, bridle or halter, and have 'em understand every word I said to them.

"Of course the fellows all hooted at that; but I put up the money with the boss, and started right in to pick up my bunch of mules. I'd been intending to get a bunch together anyway and I thought this was a good time to do it. Well, I picked up my little mules, about 20 of them, all over the country. Some I paid only a few dollars for. Some of 'em were little fellows, scarcely more than colts, others were poor, old, battered creatures, scarred and lamed with years of brutal service and sold off in their old age for a mere song. When the show went into winter quarters I took my little bunch of mules down into the country, and out in a big open pasture I began what I like to call my 'mule school.'

"I had made up my mind before this that mules were intelligent; but nobody was more surprised at the way that bunch developed than I was myself. I've spent my whole life out on the plains, working with and associating with animals—a good deal more than I have with men—and I had by this time thought out a kind of system about the way an animal ought to be taught.

"I believe the first thing a person ought to do in training any animal is to awaken its interest, then its love. Then, when your pupil has learned his first and best lesson—trust—you are



A LESSON IN POLITE DEPARTMENT

ready to begin his education. I don't believe in driving an animal to learn. I think all kinds of learning ought to be a pleasure, and I began to teach my little mules by playing with them. They soon grew to like our little games as much as I did and I was simply astonished at how they learned."

"Why," said the visitor who for the first time was visiting the mule school, "that is Froebel's system."

"Whose system? Froebel? Who was he? An animal trainer? Never heard of him. No; I don't know anything about systems or anything like that, all I know is what I studied out from nature. I believe every animal thinks, and the first thing I do after I have got him to love and trust me, is to awaken his intelligence. I believe in letting men, children and animals do their own thinking. I never use a whip in training my animals, and I never scold or shout at them. I tell them what I want, talk to them, show them, pet them, and when they make even an attempt to do what I tell them, I praise and reward them liberally. The first time your horse or mule puts out his nose to your hand or raises his foot at your command is like the first time your baby picks out the crooked S or the round O—it is the A, B, C of his education.

"When I have shown my pupil how to do a thing once or twice I appeal to his reason. I give him time and let him work the thing out in his own mind. Often I have left the corral after a lesson, and when I returned I would find the mules trying to do by themselves the thing I had been teaching them. You would be surprised how quickly they get the idea. One of the very first things a man who works with animals should find out is that every animal has its own individuality, its own ideas, thoughts, plans and feelings, and that these should be counted upon and respected.

"When a man is training a mule he ought to study its character and disposition. All horses—or mules—can't be taught alike, any more than all children. Some animals need more patience, more care, more time to master their lessons than others. Some, like some children, are backward and diffident, and these have to be cheered, encouraged, petted, praised and rewarded more than others. I am a great believer in rewards, anyway, and always have my pockets full of apples and sugar for my pets. They soon learn to know it, too; why, I have a little mule out there—but perhaps—" with a modest smile, "perhaps you would like to see my mule school?"

When the visitor had given an enthusiastic assent, she was led to a big green pasture where, scattered over its velvety expanse, 20 or 30 mules were grazing quietly.

The professor of this novel school used no bell to call his pupils to their duties. Walking up to the bars he called musically: "O-ya, o-ya, o-ya," and before the echoes of his voice had died out on the sunny morning air the mules were galloping toward him from every part of the field, kicking up their heels and braying joyfully as they came.

"Now line up there, boys," he said, speaking in a low, pleasant, conversational tone, "and show the lady what fine scholars you are."

The rough, shaggy, long-eared creatures crowded up to the bars, rubbing their heads against the "professor's" shoulder, nipping at his ears, nuzzling his neck, and showing, as plainly as dumb creatures could, how much they loved him.

They were wonderfully intelligent, those plebeian and unlovely little mules, marvelously intelligent at their clever and amusing tricks, their intricate maneuvers, the varied and surprising knowledge they displayed. They marched and counter-marched; drilled as skillfully as a troop of soldiers; counted and spelled; waltzed and polkaed; teetered on a plank; sat up like dogs on their hindquarters, and answered questions by nodding and shaking their funny, shaggy heads; chewed gum in imitation of the

young ladies they had seen on the street; pretended to faint, and would not come to until revived with sundry caresses and lumps of sugar; and a multitude of other amusing tricks that made in part the cleverest animal performance it was ever the visitor's fortune to witness.

"But how did you ever accomplish it?" was asked in astonishment, "these are just common, ordinary mules, and yet they display almost human intelligence. I never imagined a mule could learn so much."

"A mule," replied the "professor" with a pleased smile, "knows more than you, or I, or many other people imagine. He not only knows, but he remembers. I could go away now and not see these little fellows for ten years, and at the end of that time if I were to come back they would not only remember me, but they would recollect every one of the tricks I have taught them. It would take me all day, and more, to show you all they know. They learn not only from me, but from one another. When I teach anything to one the rest seem jealous. They look on with the greatest attention, and the first thing I know half a dozen are doing the tricks I taught only one; and when I laugh or seem pleased they kick up and gambol about, exactly like a lot of little boys who thought they had done something exceptionally smart.

"I think," he went on presently in a thoughtful tone, "that the world has been overlooking a very useful factor in its misunderstanding the mule. It is my experience that no animal brings more common-sense and intelligence to bear on its work than a mule—if he is only given a chance. A horse and a mule are very differently constituted. A horse is quick, nervous, high-strung, and both acts and comprehends much quicker than a mule. A horse would rush into danger without stopping to investigate, while a mule would not. A horse learns much more quickly, but he also forgets much more quickly than a mule. The reason so many people think the mule stupid and obstinate is because he is cautious and slow to make up his mind. But if you will give him time and let him convince himself a thing is all right, he will never forget it and he will never again hesitate to do that thing or go into that place."

Making the Best of a Good Thing.

When King Edward was last at Cowes the coxswain of his yacht, having been more than usually careful in looking after Queen Alexandra's comfort, was summoned to the royal presence. The queen, presenting the man with a guinea, said:

"Now, my friend, what will you have to drink?"

"Why," please your majesty," says the coxswain, "I am not thirsty."

"But," said her royal highness, "you must have a drink with me. What shall it be, a dram, a glass of grog, or a tumbler of punch?"

"Why," said Jack, "as I am to drink with your royal highness, it wouldn't be good manners to be backward, so I'll take the dram now, and will be taking the glass of grog while your majesty is mixing the tumbler of punch for me."

Rural Innocence.

After showing the old farmer around the college grounds they rested a while on the campus.

"And now," drawled the old man, slowly, "I'd like to see the cattle pen."

"Cattle pen?" asked the guide. In astonishment. "Who ever gave you the idea that there was a cattle pen connected with this college?"

"Why, my son Ezra. He wrote that all the boys up here were buying Boston bulls."

Discrimination.

"Bliggins' baby has beautiful golden locks."

"Then it's a girl," replied Mr. Sirius Barker.

"How do you know?"

"Only girls have golden locks. If it had been a boy you'd say it was red-headed."

The KITCHEN CABINET

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OSH BILLINGS' philosophy: "We should be careful how we encourage luxuries. It is but a step forward from hoe cake to plum puddin', but it's a mile and a half by the nearest road when we have to go back again."

Cooking and the Nurse.

Until recently, cookery has not been a part of the training of nurses, and it is one of the most important of subjects. It is not necessary that she know how to differentiate the fine points of a diagnosis; but it is necessary and vital that she should know how to cook an egg properly, prepare a broth, or a piece of toast, knowing the why and the wherefore of the perfect operation.

In convalescence, often there are no medicines prescribed by the physician, the work of building up the system depending wholly upon food administered, so then it becomes a most important part of the nurse's business; the knowing how to prepare and serve foods in an attractive, appetizing manner.

If she boils a steak it should not be a matter of luck; but of scientific accuracy.

We talk too much about having luck in our cookery. There is no such thing. Good luck means knowing how, and when we know how, by meeting the conditions, there is no such thing as bad luck.

A nurse should know much about the composition of foods and what treatment is best suited to each article to render it both palatable and digestible.

The chemistry of foods is a broad and an important subject. It should have a large place in her training as a nurse.

What a blessing she is in our homes. Let us not forget that she is human and needs the rest and comfort that other mortals do.

Veal Loaf.

Grind three pounds of veal and one-half pound of salt pork. Mix with two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of cracker crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a bit of mace, pepper and allspice, and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Put into a tin or mold, press hard, unmold and pour over it a beaten egg, sprinkle with crumbs and set in a moderate oven and bake two hours. Baste with butter and water.

II



SOME one feels dejected, or "Tis cloudy for a while The sunshine may come back again. If you or I but smile, Or I should snarl and fret, A storm would soon be raging that We should not soon forget." —Pauline Frances Camp.

The Odoriferous Bulb.

"We come now to the root of the matter."

Something is due to the much despised, often maligned, yet nevertheless wholesome onion. Does it raise them in our estimation when we study their pedigree and find that they belong to the beautiful lily family? Those who tolerate the onion are horrified at the mere mention of garlic in polite society.

The French are fond of garlic, and they also know how to use it wisely. The reason it is so distasteful to many is the wholesome way some cooks have of using it. Garlic should never be anything but a suggestion, and that is the secret of French cookery.

They know how to use a bit of this, a dash of that, in combination so attractive that it is hard to distinguish any one flavor.

Onion, shallot, leek, garlic and chive all belong to the same family.

The chive, shallot, leek and garlic are more commonly used to give flavor to food. The leek and onion are used commonly as a vegetable. Onions are rich in flesh forming elements, are soothing to the mucous membrane, and are otherwise medicinal.

To prepare onions for cooking pare them under water and avoid the weeping which they commonly cause.

As a vegetable, onions may be served in a vast number of ways. If one has never eaten an onion roasted, unpeeled, by throwing it into a bed of coals, served with a generous portion of butter, with pepper and salt, there is something yet to try.

Onions fried in pork or bacon fat are considered a great delicacy. It is said that Napoleon's fondness for this dish was the cause of his death.

Coated with fat, as they are when cooked in this way, they are very hard to digest.

Onions fried with sour apples give a variety in serving the vegetable that is generally liked. Cooked tender and served with a white sauce and half a cupful of grated cheese, they make a wholesome dish.

Nellie Maxwell.

No Danger.

Dr. McCree—My dear Mrs. Good man, how could you bring out a young child on such a day as this, with such a strong east wind blowing?

Mrs. Goodman—Ah, doctor, you will always have your little joke. How can a child of this age possibly know what wind it is?—The Pitts.

DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

When the kidneys are sick, the whole body is weakened. Aches and pains and urinary ills come, and there is danger of diabetes and fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and impart strength to the whole system.

Mrs. M. A. Jenkins, Quanah, Texas, says: "I was so badly run down that the doctors told me there was no hope. I was so low my relatives were called in to see me before I died. Different parts of my body were badly swollen and I was told I had dropsy. Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life, and made it worth living."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WELL, WHY NOT?



Jimmy Crow—Say, maw! Mrs. Crow—Yes, my son. Jimmy Crow—If flies can fly, why can't crows crow?

WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limb, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there. I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope.

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times, but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I did decide to use the Cuticura Remedies and I tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1909."

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-in-law and I know well how she suffered and was cured by Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 321 E. 89th St., New York, N. Y., Secretary of Deutsch-Ostrower Unt-Verein, Kampfer Hebrew Benevolent Society, etc."

Hopeless.

"Your store is no good, sir! I asked for lace curtains last week, and I couldn't get 'em."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And I asked for silk socks yesterday, and I couldn't get 'em."

"That's strange."

"And today I asked for credit and can't even get that. Is this a regular store, or what?"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional Cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Or Else Burn.

Andrew Carnegie apropos of his epigram about the disgrace of dying rich said at a dinner in Washington:

"Why should any one die rich? There are no pockets in a shroud, and as for the man who'd like to take his money with him, why, even if he managed to do so, it would only melt."

A Good Butcher.

There's a good butcher in Dayton: His clothes, his aprons, his shirts are always so clean and white that people who buy their meats of him know that meat must be clean and good. We don't need to name him right out, but his wife uses Easy Task soap and the cleans butchers' clothes, aprons and linen.

An egotist is a man who is more interested in himself than he is in the tariff question or the price of food stuffs.

DOCTOR YOURSELF When you feel a cold coming on by taking a few doses of Dr. Dorr's Peppermint Cure, it is better than Quinine and safer. The large 50c bottles are the cheapest.

It is foolish to be up to date on somebody else's money.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay



Grantville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R. F. D., Grantville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

Trial Bottle Free By Mail

FATS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Trial Bottle of Dr. May's Epileptoid Cure.

It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Guaranteed by New Medical Laboratory Under Pure Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 18971. Please write for Special Free Trial Bottle and give A.G. and complete address. DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York.

Please mention this paper. Druggists fill orders.

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Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Fully vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner. Distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature: *Beutwood*

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Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at druggists or by mail.

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:

"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. Food is cheaper and climate better for the purpose. Your market will improve faster than I can imagine. Wheat can be grown up to the 60th parallel (800 miles north of the international boundary). Your vacant land will be taken at a rate beyond present imagination. We have enough people in the United States alone who want homes to take up this land." Neely

will enter and make their homes in Western Canada this year. 1909 produced another large crop of wheat, oats and barley. In addition to which the cattle exports was an immense item in the province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as lands held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions. Adaptable soil, beautiful climate, splendid schools and churches, and good railways.

For settlers' rates, descriptive literature, "Last Best West," how to reach the country and other particulars, write to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

H. M. WILLIAMS, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio (Use address nearest you)

70,000 Americans

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If afflicted with eye trouble, use Thompson's Eye Water