

The "Higher Education" of Horse

Under a "Strange Hold" the Horse Cannot Run Aways.

Punishment Has No Place in the New System of Training

A COLLEGE course for horses—that is what is being established in many places in America. In other words, the Baucher method of training is being adopted. Comparatively new to this country, it has long been in use on the continent of Europe, and accomplishes truly wonderful results.

Briefly, the Baucher method substitutes science for brute force; kindness for cruelty. It teaches the horse to balance himself, to carry himself properly, and to place himself in position to execute whatever command the rider may give him. It enables the rider to control his mount at all times, to make rebellion impossible.

Punishment has no place in this course of education. Instead, the interest and sympathy of the horse are enlisted. He is taught to be obedient, not ruined by the cruel and injudicious use of whip and spur.

OUR English cousins, from whom much of our horsemanship is inherited, have always frowned on the higher education of the horse. They teach him to walk, trot and canter, to back and sidestep, and perhaps to rotate on his front and hind feet. That is about as much training as they consider necessary or advisable. If he takes kindly to it, well and good. If he doesn't, he is frequently ruined by punishment.

Our western methods are even harsher. A green pony is corralled, a huge saddle thrown on him, a cruel bit jammed into his mouth, and then a cowpuncher climbs aboard and tortures him into submission with a quirt and rowsels that bring blood. After he has been thoroughly subjected, he learns to round up cattle. He braces himself when a steer is roped, and keeps the lariat taut. This completes his education.

Directly the opposite of these methods is that of Baucher, which has long been in use on the continent of Europe, and which is gaining ground in America. What it accomplishes may be seen by visiting the farm of George McMenamin, near Valley Forge, Pa.

When a stranger walks down the road leading to his house, the horses in a field to the right come over to the fence to inspect the newcomer. If he manifests a friendly interest they will poke their noses over the fence to be petted. And when he leaves, after having seen horses of many breeds put through their paces, he will recall that not one of them has shown the slightest fear of a human being.

In fact, this humane system of horse training is much in line with modern methods of reforming human criminals. It has been found, especially with young offenders, that punishment within four walls usually makes them worse. But when they are put both to school and to work on farms, where they get healthy exercise and wholesome fresh air, their bodies develop and their minds lose their criminal tendencies.

So, when a bad horse is to be reformed, he is taught to use his muscles to the best advantage. At first he tries to rebel. But he finds the trainer ready for him. Suppose he tries to run away. Suddenly he finds his head and neck held in such a position that he can't run. There has been no cruelty to rouse his high spirit to further rebellion. He has been scientifically conquered, and he yields gradually to science, where torture would have turned him into a veritable wild beast.

HEAD THE "BALANCE WHEEL"
"The head," Mr. McMenamin will tell you, "is the governor, or 'balance wheel,' of a horse. The cardinal principle of Baucher's method is to teach him to balance himself. In his natural state he carries no burden. Therefore, when you place a man on his back, you must teach him to carry himself so that his center of gravity falls over the saddle is placed."
"Then, when you have a duty for him to perform, you must teach him to balance himself so that he can perform it. You must control his head and limbs by controlling the muscles that move them. Wait a moment, I'll show you."
While he was talking he was in his carriage house, a small place, not over sixteen or eighteen feet wide, and not much longer. He went to the door of a box stall nearby, opened it, and said:
"This is a thoroughbred stallion."
Ordinarily a thoroughbred stallion is no gentle animal. But this fellow stands his head out of the door in quite a friendly fashion. He allowed himself to be saddled without exhibiting the least trace of nervousness. And when Mr. McMenamin mounted, he proceeded to center in small circles, to back and sidestep as easily as if he had been a polo pony.
"Just notice," said the trainer, "that he handles as easily with the heels as with the hands." And with that he allowed the reins to loosen, and by touching his spurs to the big fellow's side, put him rapidly through his paces, with no hesitation and never a mistake.
It might be well to remark here that the trainer's spurs serve only to signal to the horse. In place of the usual notched wheel they contain only pennies, which cause not the slightest discomfort.
"I'll show you another horse," said Mr. McMenamin, after he had kept the thoroughbred stepping around lively for several minutes. "This fellow," as a big bay hunter was led in, "was so bad when I bought him that no one could ride him. I got him cheap, and here his eyes twinkled. But just see him now."
For a few minutes the hunter stepped around the small ring with a little show of rebellion as the thoroughbred. And then the junior McMenamin, a wee mite of a child, happened along.
Immediately the older McMenamin dismounted. "Come here, Joe," he said, and the little fellow was boosted into the saddle.
After the stirrups had been knotted up so that the

F. Baucher Originator of the System Riding His Horse Parisian.

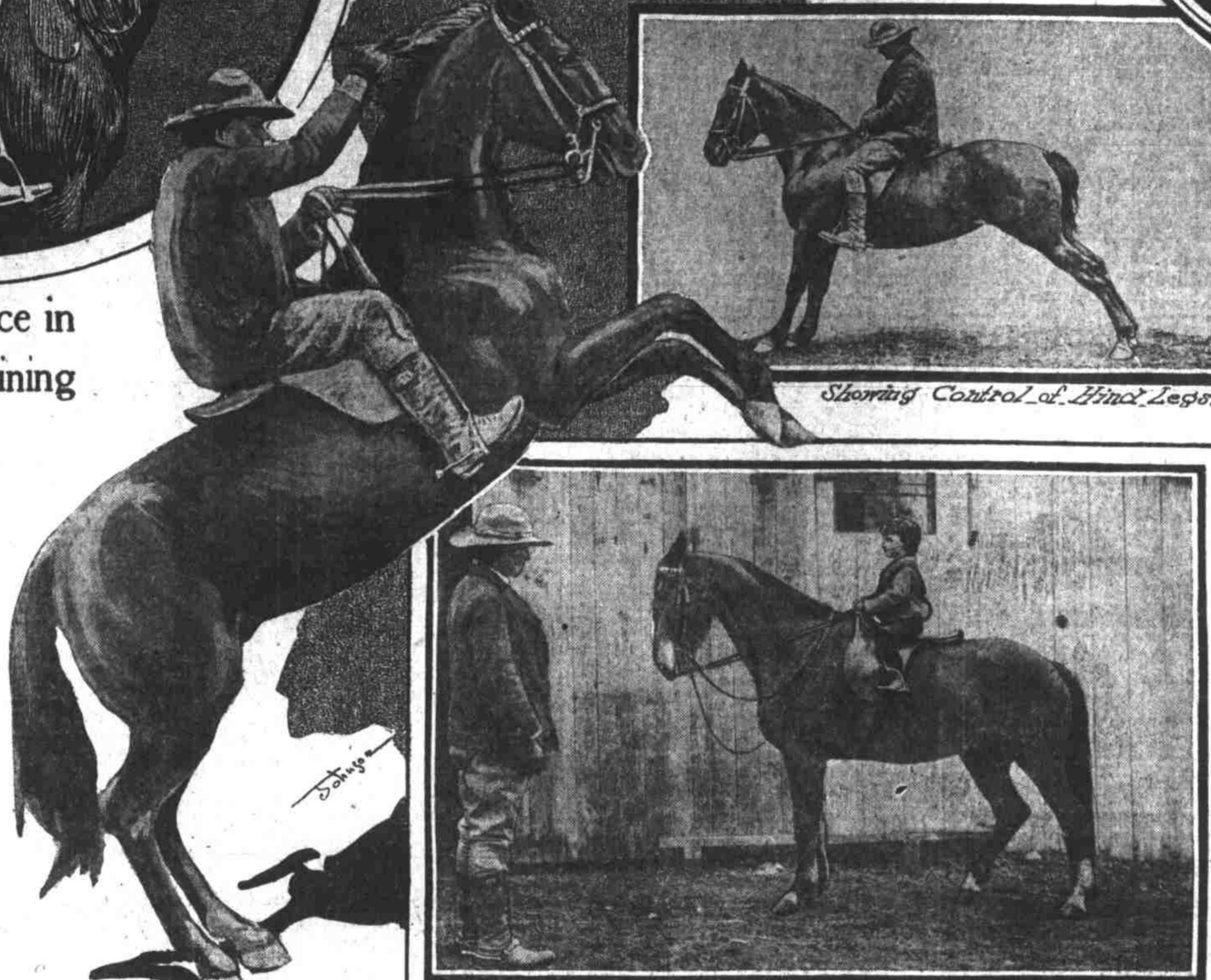
fat English saddle, they could budge neither him nor the horse. When they acknowledged the failure and allowed the rope to slacken, he said:
"Pull again."

This time the horse moved forward just a step. The rope was still slack. Forward, to the right, to the left—it was always the same. The horse followed the movements of the men so closely that it was impossible to exert the slightest force.

"Now, if I was a policeman, I could kill you," laughed the trainer, as he started at one of the men. Running away was out of the question. Twisting and turning, forward and back, the horse was always at his shoulder.

"Here's another example," said Mr. McMenamin, as he trotted from the stable toward his house. "Notice how quickly I can stop this mare"—he was on a heavy-boned hackney—"without using the reins."
Up the road he came at a gallop, with his arms folded. Then suddenly he dug his spurs into her sides. Instantly she came to a halt. A less well-trained horse would have gone to its knees, but this one only kicked up her heels a bit. The feat is often performed. But in this instance its marvel was in its ease and rapidity.

These things serve to show what higher education will do for a horse. And yet his college course, as a rule, is not long. Three months is an ordinary term, as



Lifting a Thoroughbred by His Mane.

Both Under Instructions.

boy's feet could reach them, the horse's head was turned to the rear wall, and the trainer commanded:
"Right." The hunter sidestepped to the right wall until he got the command, "Left," and then he sidled to the other wall. "Clear around!" and the sidestep became a canter in a small circle. Thus, for a few moments the "reformed" hunter went through various evolutions at the word of command, his head, a large part of the time, being turned from the trainer.
After this the erstwhile bad horse was taken out in front of the carriage house to be photographed. With the little fellow still in the saddle, he submitted to the operation—as soberly as a judge.
"Now come into the field," said Mr. McMenamin, "and we'll do some jumping." And while two jumpers were being saddled, he discussed the Baucher system with reference to its fitting horses for whatever work may be required of them.
"It is extremely valuable," he said, "for training horses for police work, and has already been adopted by several large cities. You see, a policeman should have his horse under perfect control at all times and should have the utmost possible freedom of motion for himself. With the Baucher training, he can control his horse as readily with his heels as with his hands. Furthermore, he can handle his mount quickly and in a small

space. For instance, in training a horse, a room sixteen feet square is plenty big enough. I never use a larger space than that, even when I am out of doors.
"In the next place, the training will fit them for learning any special duties that may be required of them, such as following an officer who is forced to dismount, or standing still at the word of command until he returns. And once they learn these things, they never forget them. No matter how big the crowd or how tight the place an officer may find himself in, he can always depend on placing his horse wherever desired, and need never fear that the animal will become panic-stricken.
"Take jumping, for instance. You see lots of horses that begin to fret the moment they see a hurdle. That is because they have not been taught how to handle themselves in getting over it. They may have force enough to drive themselves over. But that is not jumping. A jump should be like a wave of the ocean—without beginning or ending—just a gradual swell carry himself up to the hurdle, to take the position that will enable him to get over it with the least possible effort and exertion, and to land easily.
"That is the beauty of the Baucher system—it teaches a horse balance. He keeps himself in balance all the

time. He adjusts himself naturally and easily to whatever task he is set.
"It is the same in driving. The horse has balance. It is just as necessary that he should be in balance to produce his best possible gait while being driven as it is when he is under the saddle. It is just as necessary that he should yield willing obedience when he is in front of a man as when he is under him."
By this time the hurdles were reached, and Mr. McMenamin said:
"To give you an idea of the adaptability which training produces, I want you to see this horse jump. He is a standard-bred trotter."
With that he started toward a hurdle at a trot. The horse was tall and strongly built, and he stepped out as if he had been in a show ring. There was no fretting, nor any change of gait. When at the hurdle the big fellow simply gathered his hind legs together and literally hopped over the rails at four feet six.
The jumping over, Mr. McMenamin proceeded to give a few exhibitions of the practical value of the Baucher method of training as applied to police work.
"I can trace the horse and myself," he said, "so that you can't pull me out of the saddle."
With that he tied a rope around his body, and three men took hold of it. But although he was in an almost



Keeping Front Legs Under Control.

against three or four years for human beings. Of course he may take a post-graduate course, of indefinite length. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to tell how high he may be developed.

Diseases that Lurk in the Money

"I WILL take all the microbes that come with a dollar bill, no matter how many," remarked a man recently. He hadn't much faith in the belief that money carries poison.

Yet money—paper money especially—may be one of the best disseminators of disease. According to a recent report made by the director of the research laboratory of New York, he found, upon microscopic examination, that an average piece of paper money, moderately clean, carries 22,500 bacteria.
An average dirty bill will have upon it something like 73,000 bacteria. Not all bacteria, of course, are harmful, but in such a number as 73,000 are many that menace the public health.
VERY few people will refuse to accept money of any kind, whether it may seem to be "tainted" or not. The filthiest kind of notes are taken in the course of business, are carried in the pocket for indefinite periods and passed on to others as though they were absolutely germproof.
The mediums of exchange known as money do not afford especially good feeding grounds for microbes while in their virgin state. A note directly from the treasury or a coin fresh from the mint is virtually sterile, so far as its ability to spread disease is concerned. It is only when a note or a coin has passed from hand to hand that it gathers elements of danger: it acquires filth, and in that filth may lurk all sorts of possibilities for ill to those handling it.
It may, and generally does, become a breeding ground for a great variety of germs, many of them those of dangerous diseases.
Authorities of the United States government are not unaware of these conditions. Uncle Sam makes an effort

to keep his paper money fairly clean; every year he redeems something like \$800,000,000 worth of old, worn, greasy, dirty bills, replacing them with new money.
Even at that the average issue of paper money remains a considerable time in circulation. The average period of duty of the dollar bill is twenty months, while the five-dollar bills remain in circulation nearly three years each. Bills of higher denominations remain longer in the hands of the public.
It is in the bills of smaller denominations—those of one dollar, two dollars and five dollars—that disease germs are more apt to lurk.
The grocer, the butcher or the butler man has more or less unclean fingers; he retires more or less greasy on them while he works and waits on his customers. He cannot stop to wash or wipe his hands every time money is handed him; he takes it, puts it in his drawer, and later takes it out, again to make change for another customer.
His intentions may be the best, his general efforts at cleanliness beyond reproach. Yet if the bill that is given him is full of germs, many of them are transferred to his fingers.
A little later he handles a piece of meat, a package of butter or some other commodity the customer calls for. It is not his fault especially that the germs are thus passed on to the innocent customer. Yet it may be so.
The dirty dollar bill leaves a trail of menace behind it wherever it may go. Many foreign laborers keep their money in leather belts strapped about them as

toil in the heat and sun; the bills become saturated with perspiration, perhaps.
They may pass into the hands of the street car conductor or the keeper of the corner grocery store. They may have come from a room in a tenement in which scarlet fever, diphtheria or other malady. The germs of typhoid fever may be conveyed in that way from the room of a patient to an innocent passenger on a street car.
Some contagious disease may attack yourself or your children—scarlet fever, diphtheria or other malady. You are puzzled as to its source; you may place the blame everywhere or anywhere except on the money you have handled.
Many women of the lower classes make purses of their stockings; they carry money in those receptacles next to the skin. If the bills contain germs when placed there, the perspiration may be counted upon to make a better culture medium for the microbes of disease.



UNDER COMPLETE CONTROL
It is in this spirit of investigation that he does his training. While he may discover as to the meaning of the horse's future to determine. But one thing is certain—he has already obtained complete control of the muscles. Every part of their bodies acts upon his will. In his hands a horse virtually becomes a part of him.
He touches his spur to a horse's side. The equine foreleg and hind leg come forward, every muscle contracted. Or he touches both sides lightly, with great vibratory motions. The hind legs respond and stretch backward, to the exaggerated pose shown above. Of clean-bred, well-formed hackney mares he is riding drive exactly what he wants, and does it.
Similarly, he applies his spurs to the sides of a thoroughbred stallion. Quickly enough to produce a motion that he has been lifted by his mane, as shown in the illustration, the great, good-natured fellow "charges"—ears on his hind legs as if he were going to jump over a house. But he comes down again, as lightly as a feather. Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of all is that horses shown off by Mr. McMenamin was their spirit. In particular was a half-bred hackney by the late A. Cassatt's great stallion, Cadet, upon whom Mr. McMenamin exhibited the "strange hold." He was as "steady" and high strung in appearance as many a "head horse." Yet he never offered to disobey a command.
Not many people would have the patience to handle such a high-bred animal to such a high state of control without taking the heart out of him. But in the case of Mr. McMenamin, he finds such tasks both his work and his recreation. He hasn't taken a vacation in twenty years, because he says he has never needed one. His human companionship has the numerous people to visit his farm.
"I like people who are interested in horses," he says. "It takes a good fellow to be a good horseman. He is a very good example of the truth of his own saying."