
THOMAS
WALLACE KNOX
HORSE
STORIES,
AND STORIES
OF OTHER
ANIMALS

Thomas Wallace Knox

Horse Stories, and Stories of Other Animals

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CHAPTER I.

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A HORSE OF HIS OWN.

"I wish I had a horse of my own," said Charley Graham, as he saw one of his friends riding on a

pony which had recently been presented to him by his father.

“And I'd like one, too,” exclaimed his brother George.

“Well,” said Charley? “suppose we ask father about it. Perhaps he'd give them to us, when he knows Henry Johnson has one.”

“That's so,” was the reply, “as I've heard him say he believed in boys knowing how to ride.”

There was an animated discussion as to the probabilities of the granting of the request, and also as to the best form of presenting it. It was agreed that the petition should be made that evening, shortly after dinner. The youths were good students of human nature, and had observed that Mr. Graham was in his best humor after partaking of a satisfactory meal. In this respect he was not unlike the rest of the world.

Charley and George were two youths with whom the readers of “Dog Stories and Dog Lore” are already acquainted. Their adventures in rearing and training two dogs, a Newfoundland and a Black-and-tan Terrier, are familiar to many young people. We are about to learn of their experience with horses and other quadrupeds, and will join them in listening to stories of animal intelligence in various parts of the world.

Mr. Graham received the request of his sons with a complacency that greatly encouraged them, but, before giving an answer, he questioned them as to their knowledge of horses. It was not very extensive, to be sure, as it was limited to a knowledge of the horses then in the stable, and none of these had been trained to the saddle. Next he asked

them how they would treat the animals in case they should become the possessors of what they wanted.

“I would treat them kindly,” replied Charley, “and I am sure George would do the same. We have got along so nicely with Rover and Dash, by always treating them kindly, that we believe the same plan will do with horses. Are we right?”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Graham; “the horse has a great deal of affection for his master when the latter is his friend, though perhaps not as much as the dog. Horses may be taught to do a great many things; they vary in intelligence and disposition, like dogs, and men too, for that matter. Where they are intelligent and of good disposition they are capable of an amount of training that will surprise most people.”

“Here is a story which I found to-day in a newspaper,” continued the gentleman, “which will illustrate what I was saying about the intelligence of the horse. It is told by a writer for *Every Other Sunday*, about a favorite animal that was called Jane. The author of the story says:

“'She was large and strong, a good carriage horse, obedient to the least touch of rein or inflection of voice, and so gentle that she was the best possible playfellow for our youngest, a child of ten years, who was never happier than when in company with Jane.

“'Little Emily was not long in learning to harness after she once made Jane's acquaintance; and the great horse would bend her head down meekly while the child, mounting a chair, succeeded after great effort in putting on the bridle. Again Jane would stand with quiet patience while her little mistress tried to curry her, combed out her long

mane and tail, patted and hugged her, ran about and under her, or climbed up for a ride on her broad back.

“'One fair spring day we went for a long drive in the woods. It was so mild and lovely under the oaks and pines, and we found such treasures of flowers that we lingered and lingered, and were tempted to explore some grassy unused wood roads that looked especially inviting. In so doing we lost our way, and before we could again find the open country road the sun had set. Jane started off for home at a good pace; but it was distant several miles, and the darkness gathered fast. It was a cloudy, starless evening. Soon we could not see distinctly even the horse's length in front of us; but we knew Jane could be trusted, so we gave her a loose rein and let her take her own way. She was trotting briskly along a quiet lane, when suddenly she stopped. We could see no approaching team or any obstacle in the way, so bade Jane go on. To our astonishment the horse, for the first time in all our experience of her, refused to obey. She paid no attention to rein or voice, and only tossed her head a little at the unwelcome touch of the whip. We could see that she kept turning her head, and looking back at us in a gentle, wistful way. Clearly something was wrong. The driver threw down the reins, and springing from the carriage, walked up to the horse's head. Then the mystery wras explained.

“'A few paces in front of Jane, seated right in the wheel-rut, was a little child,—a curly-haired, blue-eyed baby of two years. He was patting the earth with one little hand, and looking up in a sweet, wondering way at the great horse, looming above him through the dusk. He was not directly in

the horse's path; Jane could have passed him easily enough. How could she know that the swift-turning wheels behind her, which she herself could not? see, would reach and harm the child?

“'Our good Jane! How glad we were of the disobedience that had troubled us so much a moment before! How we stroked and petted and praised her, even before we lifted the pretty baby from his perilous position, and carried him to the nearest house, with injunctions to the young Irish mother, who had many children about her, to take better care of the youngest!'”

“That's a very nice story,” said Charley, as his father paused. “I've read something like it in an English book; it was about a gentleman that was riding one night along a road and happened to be hit on the head by a projecting limb of a tree. He was stunned by the blow and fell to the ground. The horse went at once to the house he had started from, which was about a mile away; the family had gone to bed, but he made such a noise at the door as to rouse them. When some one came out he turned around and immediately led the way to where his master was lying senseless in the road.”

“And I've read about a horse,” remarked George, as his brother paused, “that showed its gratitude to a lady that had befriended it. It was in an open piece of ground near her house and the poor animal's shoulder was raw and bleeding. She coaxed him to come to her by giving him pieces of bread, and then she covered the wound with some adhesive plaster which she spread on a piece of leather. Then the horse went to grazing again, evidently feeling very much

better. A little while afterward the horse's master came and led him away.

“The next day the horse came again to the lady's gate, and after looking around a while he put his head over it and whinnied. The lady went out and found that the plaster was gone from the sore spot; she put on another, and the next day the horse came again for the same attention, which was given. After that the plaster remained and the horse recovered. Ever after that when he saw the lady he showed his gratitude by whinnying and then rubbing his nose very gently against her. Sometimes he came to the gate and called her, and she used to go out and pet him, which seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure.”

“After those two stories,” said Mr. Graham, “I think you ought to have the horses you want. I'll buy them for you in a few days, and in the meantime we'll go to the training school for the horses of the New York Fire Department and see how they educate the animals there.”

Charley and George were delighted with the prospect of having horses of their own, and waited with some impatience for the purchase of their steeds. The day after the conversation just narrated they accompanied their father to one of the engine-houses and afterward to the training school. They were greatly interested in what they saw there, and Charley afterward wrote an account of the visit. He was assisted by a reporter for one of the newspapers whom he happened to meet in the engine-house, and we are permitted to copy the following from their story:

“The engine house was a big square room, smelling horsey and strong, yet was scrupulously clean and neat and resplendent with the polished steel and brass and the painted woodwork of the engine and hose-cart and chiefs wagon. In this particular engine-house the hose-cart happened to be in the front of the room, before the street doors, with the horse stalls on either side of it, against the sides of the room. The stalls were parallel with the hose-cart. Back of the hose-cart was the engine, big and shiny, with the 'ready' steam hissing into it through pipes from the boiler below. The chiefs cart was at one side of the engine, and in a corner of the room was the fuel wagon. In the side stalls stood two magnificent white horses—silent, motionless, but with ears erect, and wide open eyes watching the foreman and the strangers and apparently very anxious to join in the conversation.

“Suddenly a jingle bell in the room beat a lively rattle, and the fire gong began to ring out an alarm. The firemen slid down from upstairs on the polished rods of brass which stretched from the ground floor through scuttle-holes into the firemen's sitting-room, and took their several stations. The man on 'house watch' counted the gong strokes. As the electric snap on the bits of the horses in their stalls were unfastened, the horses jumped to their places at a bound, down came the hanging harness upon them, and collar, headstall and reinbit were fastened by ready hands in less than two seconds. Before the gong stopped sounding, engine and men and horses were ready to rush into the street if the alarm should turn out to be a call from their part

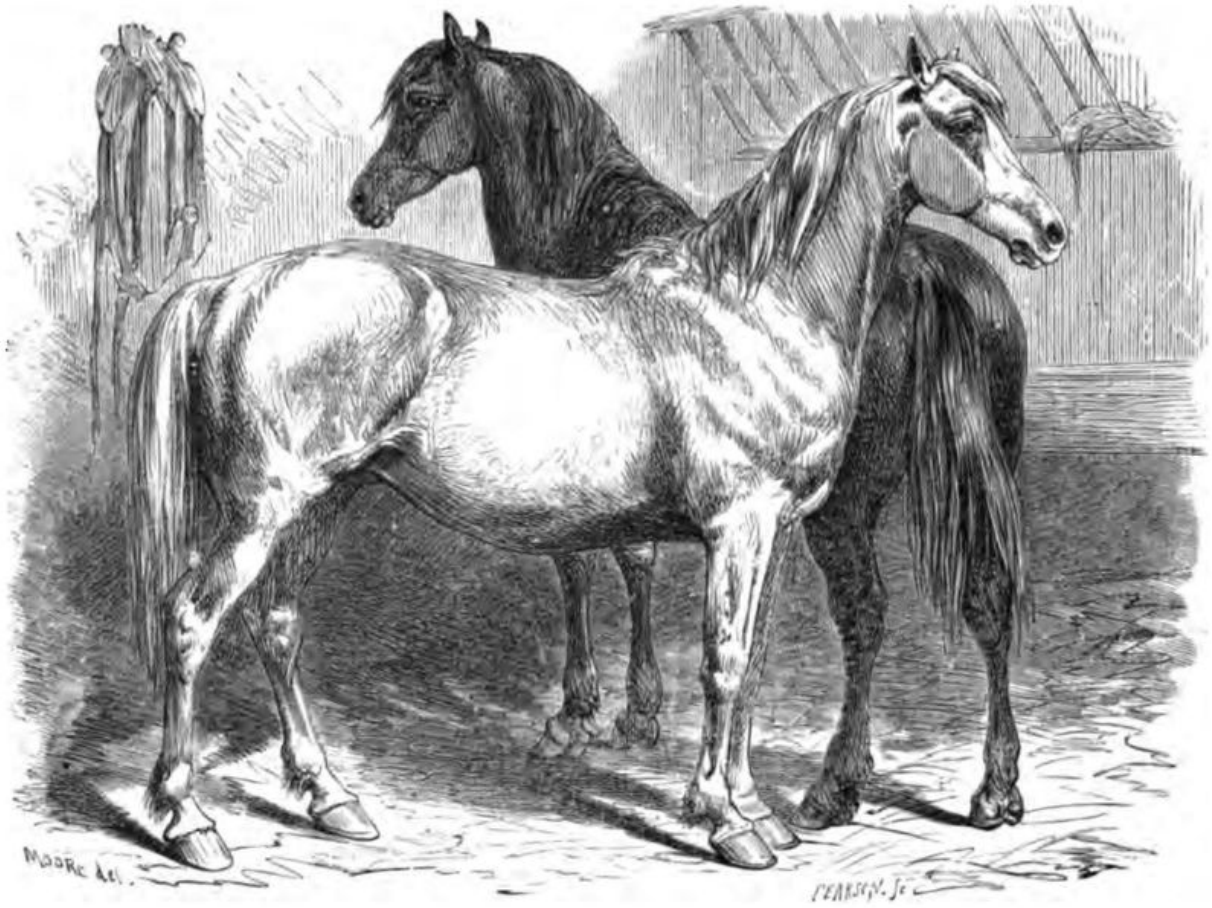
of the city. The alarm did not so turn out, and all went back to their places."

On the way from the engine-house to the training school in Harlem, Charley asked how the horses were obtained and where they came from. On this point the newspaper man enlightened him.

"The horses are generally selected," said he, "by Captain Joseph Shea, who has charge of the training school, or by one of his assistants. They only deal with dealers whom they know to be trustworthy, and who have, in fact, furnished most of the horses to the department for years. Strength, agility, intelligence, kindness—these are the traits the buyers look at.

"When a horse has been picked out, he is sent to the training stables, and Captain Shea takes him in hand. The horse is set to tugging big loads, is punched, examined, trotted and exercised generally for fifteen days. Captain Shea has an old fire-engine at his quarters, and the horse is drilled with this, too, and is taught to notice and to mind the gong. If Captain Shea doesn't like the horse, the animal is sent back to the dealer or his former master. No horses are bought except on probation. If the horse seems to be a good one. Captain Shea sends him to some engine-house for practical trial. There the horse is made to do the same kind of work that other horses do, and if after fifteen days more the officer in command of the company doesn't like him, back he goes to the stables. It he is a very bad or stupid horse, the department rejects him finally. But the department has other uses for horses, of course, besides that of tugging engines and trucks to fires. It needs horses

for supply wagons and in its repair shops, and in a great many other places, and if the horse can be used at all he is put at these kinds of work.”



WAITING TO BE TRIED.

When our friends reached the training school they were cordially welcomed by Captain Shea, to whom Mr. Graham presented a letter of introduction. Then they were shown through the establishment, and during the visit the Captain talked in a very interesting way about the intelligent animals which he had in charge.

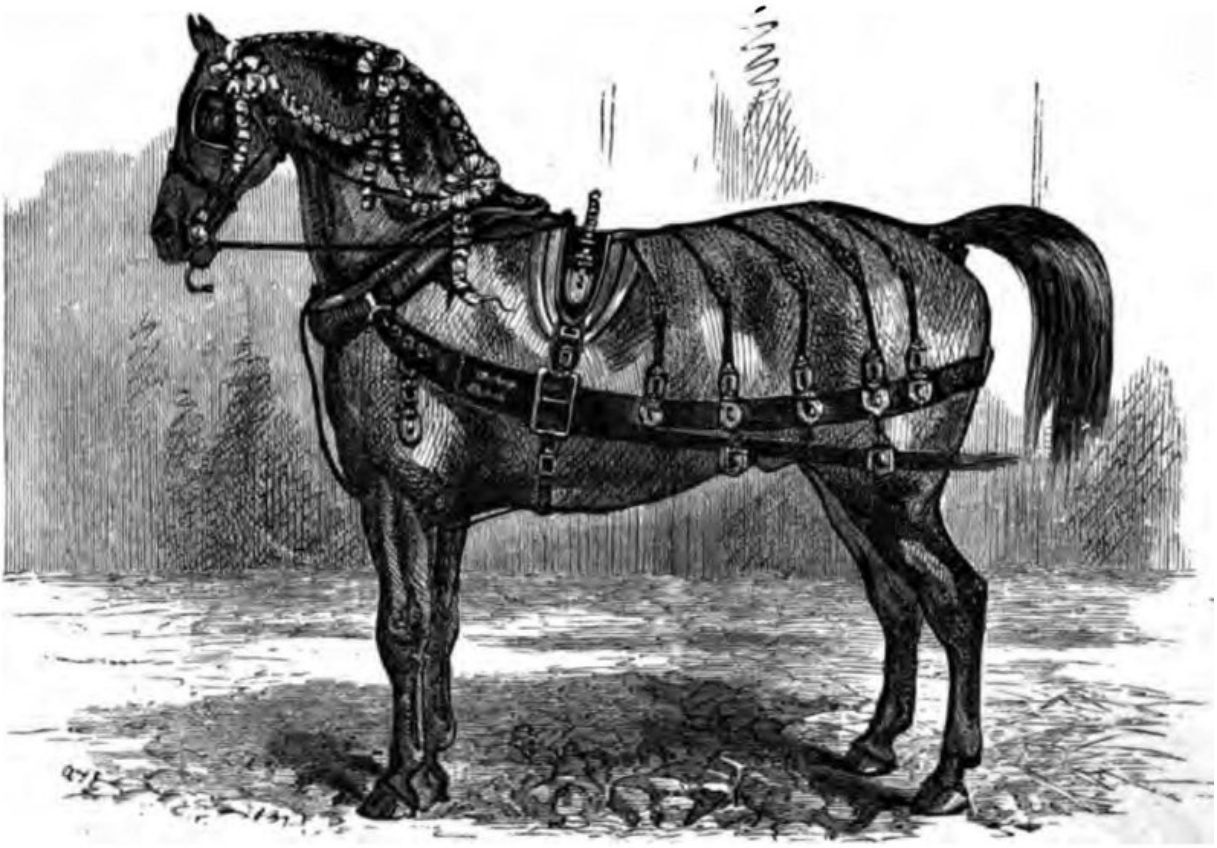
“Some horses are kind o' dead like,” said he. “We coax 'em and show 'em over and over again what to do, but it's no use—they never know anything. Then an intelligent horse is sometimes vicious, and though very quick at

getting to fires has some trick or other, so that we always have to be on the lookout. But a horse, if he's got the making of a good fire-horse in him, generally gets to learn his business in about three months. I have come to believe more and more that a horse is about as intelligent as a man. We can let some of 'em out in the street, and when they hear the gong sound they'll come back to the engine-house and get by the pole in a jiffy. Now you take a good horse for a tender, he don't wait for his driver to get into the seat, but out he goes when the engine goes, driver or no driver. A good tender horse'll never be more than 100 feet behind the engine as he goes down the street.

“A horse comes to know his feeding times, and he gets restless and uneasy when those times come, though I suppose all horses do the same. A fire-horse gets so accustomed to regularity, though, that he knows when he ought to be fed just as if he could read the clock. The driver generally feeds and takes care of the horses, though he consults with the company officer about what he shall give 'em. He puts the feed in the forward corner of the stall, opposite the corner across which the horse has to rush to his engine. Otherwise the latter corner would get slippery, and the horse would stumble as he dashed across it.

“One of the hardest things we have to teach a horse is to leave his food and get to the engine when the gong sounds. It's a good test of the stubbornness or docility of a horse, whichever way you've a mind to put it, whether he'll do this or not. There are a great many horses in the department that wont do it. Most of those which will, are the old horses. It annoys a real spirited horse to run out to the pole every

don't get a chance to snap the collars, and at noontime it's generally a race between the men and the horses to see who gets to the pole first."



DRESSED UP FOR AN OCCASION.

"Do the horses know the difference between false alarms and real ones?" Charley asked.

"Why, certainly," was the reply, "a horse knows he's going to a fire. I know he does, and every man who knows anything about a fire horse knows so too. With all their mad rush as they go down the street they are cautious, and they don't rely on the driver's rein to tell time the gong strikes and not start with the engine. He frets and worries and whinnies and acts just as teased as a horse can. They get to know some signals though, and they play us some cute tricks. Now, at noon every day every engine company gets

the time on the gong from headquarters, and the horses come out as usual. But some of 'em get to know that they never go out of the house on that signal, and they whirl around after coming to the pole and get back to the stalls again. The men who have to snap the collars have to be mighty quick or they them when to turn out of the way of an obstruction. They get to know the location of hydrants in their district and they pull right up to them. They can tell when they're coming near a fire just as well as the driver can, and when they smell the smoke or see the blaze they give a lively tug on the engine. I think a horse can tell whether it is a big fire or not, too. The noise of other engines they hear going to the fire excites them. When they get to the fire, too, they're alive, you bet. You know the place of a horse on a tender at a fire is at the back of the engine. Well, when a horse has pulled the tender right up to the burning building, so that the men can use the hose, after the hose is unwound the horse will turn and trot back to its engine, just as unconcernedly as can be, and will pick its engine out from all the others.

“It's a queer thing about the likes and dislikes horses will take. They are just as queer about that as men and women are. Of course, horses are of all kinds and some will let anybody pet 'em and some wont let anybody come near 'em while they are in the stalls. But often a horse will take a great notion or a great aversion to some one man in the company. I was in a company once six years with a team of horses, and one of the horses would always kick at the assistant foreman whenever he got a chance. Sure as death, whenever Dick got behind that horse, the horse'd raise on

him. Dick was a kind, good enough feller, too. That same horse'd let any other man in the company do what he wanted with him.

“A good many of these stories are true about horses that have been in the service of the department and mustered out, minding the gong when they happen to hear it, and getting excited and going to fires when an engine passes them on the street. I remember once driving an engine down Broadway on the run, and we passed an old, worn-out, miserable-looking horse on one of the street-cleaning department's carts. The man who was loading the cart had just, put an ash can on the cart wheel as we passed, and was getting ready to dump it. The old horse pricked up his ears, gave a big snort, and started after us pell mell, scattering the ashes right and left. He was an old fire-horse, sure enough. We turned a corner, and I don't know whether they ever stopped him or not. A good many of our horses go into the streetcleaning department when we get through with them. We keep horses till they get pretty old, though, if they are good ones. Old horses know the ropes so well that they are good to have around, but, of course, we can't keep 'em always, and they lose their snap after a while.”

“That reminds me,” said Mr. Graham, “of the story of a horse that had been in an English cavalry regiment and was sold in his old age and put to the prosaic work of hauling a common cart. One day some cavalrymen were exercising and were rather taken by surprise when a horse dragging a cart laden with sand came among them and took his place in line as though he belonged there. The carter who owned the horse came rushing after him, and when the officer

scolded him for what the animal had done the poor man protested that he couldn't tell why he did it. The horse started at the sound of the trumpet and his owner was unable to control him.

“Inquiry into the history of the horse showed that he had been for a long time in the cavalry service, and the officers were so well pleased with his performance that they bought him for a good price and relieved him from dragging a cart for the future.”

“There are many stories of the same sort,” continued Mr. Graham, “all tending to show that the horse has an excellent memory. In one of the books there is a funny anecdote of how a clergyman's wife was once dragged around in her carriage by a horse that had belonged to an artillery company. She had gone in her carriage to witness an artillery parade, and when the company began its evolutions the horse could not be restrained but joined in the exercise. Round and round he dragged the lady in spite of her screams and also in spite of all that the driver could do in his efforts to check the steed. It was not a graceful performance for a clergyman's wife to be engaged in, and the animal was sold and sent elsewhere very soon afterward.”

“Yes,” said Captain Shea, “and there's the old chestnut of a story about the war-horse that had been sold to a milkman and was used by his daughter for carrying milk to customers. She had a can of milk hung at each side of the saddle and used to go around in this way to serve out the article where it was wanted.

“The same thing happened as in the other cases. There was a troop of cavalry getting ready for the parade, and as the trumpeter gave a signal the milk-horse went in and took his place in the ranks; the girl couldn't stop him and he didn't seem to mind the fact that he wasn't at all equipped like the rest. The milk-cans were not exactly a part of a cavalryman's outfit, but that wasn't any affair of the horse. He knew the bugle-call and was obeying orders.”

On the way home from the training school of the fire department several other stories of the same sort were given, but as they were all illustrative of what we have mentioned it is hardly necessary to repeat them. It is proper to say that the memory of the youths was a great deal freshened by what they heard, and they did their part in recalling stories of equine intelligence.

“While you are waiting for your horses, as I may not be able to find suitable ones immediately,” said Mr. Graham, “you had better give your attention to some of the books which tell about these animals.”

“What books shall we get, father?” said Charley, when the foregoing suggestion was made.

“There are several excellent works about horses,” was the reply, “but I will not give you a large number at the start. There is a large volume called 'The Book of The Horse,' by Mr. Sidney, which I would advise you to get, and there's 'Horse and Man,' by Rev. J. G. Wood, the author of Wood's 'Natural History' and kindred works. 'The Book of The Horse' is a companion to 'The Book of The Dog,' and tells a great deal you will wish to know; it not only describes the different varieties of the horse but gives directions for

arranging their stalls, caring for them in health and illness, training them for the saddle or to harness, and for nearly everything belonging to the animal we are discussing. You'll find enough in it to keep you busy for some time."

Mr. Graham wrote an order for his bookseller to deliver these books to the boys, and as soon as they obtained the volumes they had no thought of anything except to peruse the pages. What they learned in the course of their reading we will ascertain in the next chapter.

On their way home the youths met Mr. Webb, the gentleman who had given them so much advice relative to the training of Rover and Dash. They told him about their father's promise and he congratulated them on their good fortune.

As they were separating Mr. Webb told them he had just received a letter from an old friend, George M. Elwood, of Rochester, New York, who was like himself a great lover of dogs. "He tells me an interesting story about a dog," said Mr. Webb, "and I know you will enjoy it. Dogs and horses go together," he continued, "and this dog story will equal any horse story that you are likely to hear."

So saying he drew a letter from his pocket and read the following extract:

"About the year 1840 my father, James L. Elwood, then living in Rochester, N. Y., owned a very fine dog that enjoyed a considerable degree of local celebrity.

BONAPARTE.

He rejoiced in the ambitious name of Bonaparte, being familiarly called 'Boney,' which latter name described him very nearly, for he was a monster, standing over thirty inches high at the shoulder. In markings and make-up he is said to have closely resembled Landseer's 'Distinguished Member of the Humane Society.' He was remarkable for his

intelligence as well as his unvarying good temper and was a prime favorite with young and old in the then little city, especially among children, toward whom he, in common with most members of his race, exhibited great affection and devotion.

“Among those who bear this noble animal in affectionate remembrance, many stories are still told illustrating his unusual sagacity and reasoning powers. The possession of this latter faculty by dogs is, I know, doubted by many, who ascribe all evidence of it to 'instinct,' whatever that may be besides reason, but that it does exist and manifests itself by the same processes that it does in the human animal, every true lover of a good dog religiously believes and mantains.

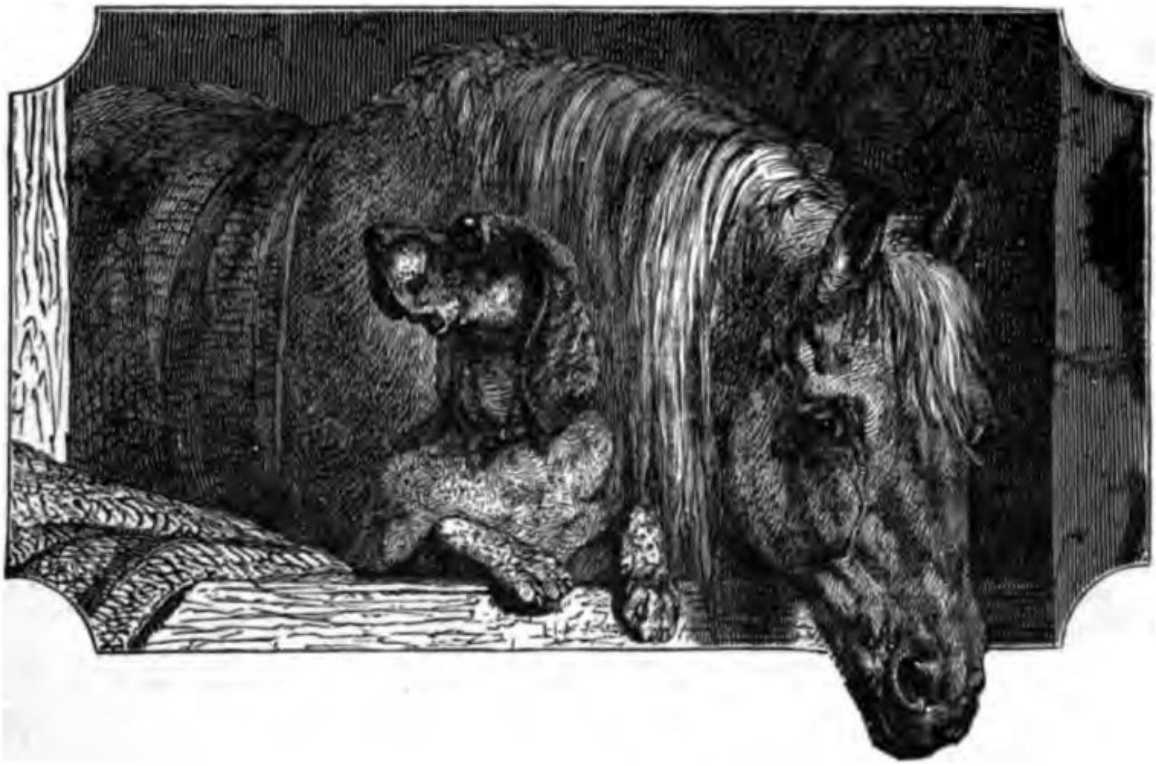
“The following incident will serve to illustrate 'Boney's' thinking' faculty, and I may say, parenthetically, that the facts herein given are thoroughly vouched for by those who remember the circumstances in detail. My father was, at that time, engaged in a banking office located, on the Court-house Square. In those more honest times bank robbery had not reached its present degree of refined skill, and it was the habit of his associate and himself, on going to dinner at mid-day, simply to turn the key in the safe, leaving the bank open, with no other guard than 'Boney,' who remained on duty until their return.

“One day, during this noon hour, two well known business men and customers of the bank chanced to meet on the side-walk in front of the office. They had some business transaction, in which one wished to pay the other a considerable sum of money. It was proposed to step into the bank, where, outside of the counter, was a table with, chairs

for the convenience of customers, and there complete the transaction, which was accordingly done. While one of the gentlemen was engaged in writing a receipt, the other produced a large package of bank bills and proceeded to count out the required sum. 'Boney' got up from where he was lying, and, knowing both of the gentlemen, came over to where they were sitting, wagging his huge brush in friendly recognition and stood watching their proceedings. When the first gentleman had finished counting the bills, he pushed them across the table to the second, saying 'There, I think you will find that right.' At that moment the dog lifted his huge paw and laid it squarely on the pile of bills. There was no demonstration of unfriendliness on his part, but a quiet air of such firm determination that neither gentleman felt inclined to meddle further with the money. In vain they coaxed and ordered him to 'Go lie down, sir!' and there the three sat for nearly an hour. At the end of that time, to the infinite relief of at least two of the trio, my father came in, and as soon as he reached the table, 'Boney' took down his paw as quietly as he had placed it there and went back to his accustomed rug. The money was paid and receipt passed without any farther attention on his part, and the gentlemen departed, their annoyance at the awkward delay in their affairs entirely cancelled by their admiration for the dog's sagacity.

“Now I do not presume to infer that 'Boney' really knew the value of the money, as such, but he did understand that it was a commodity which was not allowed to change hands in that office except in the presence of some duly authorized representative of the bank. I think any one, who accepts the

fact, will be prepared to believe that the dog recognized his duty, as he understood it, to firmly insist that no money should be transferred until the return of some duly accredited and responsible party.”



CHAPTER II.

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Pitting up the Stables—Loose Boxes and their Uses—Stable Fittings—Light, Ventilation and Drainage—Cobweb and Major—How to tell a Horse's Age—Do Horses understand Language?—Starting a balky Horse—The Horse that knew the Doxology—Horses telling Time by the Clock—Famous Horse Trainers: Rarey, Gleason, and Sullivan the Whisperer—How Cruiser was Tamed—Horse-breaking in Texas—“Creasing” Wild Horses.

Mr. Graham told his boys they might fit up the stable for their horses in whatever way suited them best; he gave them this permission in the confident belief that they would thereby be led to learn more about the animals and their needs than if the stables were turned over to them already fitted. The correctness of his judgment was shown by the earnestness with which the youths proceeded to inform themselves on the subject.

“There's plenty of room in the stable,” said Charley, “and so we'll have a 'loose box' for our horses in addition to the ordinary stalls. Mr. Sidney says it is desirable to have one box for every two stalls and therefore one box will be enough for us.”

“How large shall the box be?” George asked.

“Not less than twelve feet by fourteen if we have the space for it,” was the reply, “but even a much smaller box is better than none at all. Where space is limited one of the stalls may be made into a box by putting a gate across the end of it. A space large enough for a horse to turn around in,

so Mr. Sidney says, is of great advantage sometimes to a sick, or very tired horse, or to one that is obliged to be idle several days at a time. When horses are in good health and steady use they haven't much need of boxes, and as we propose to keep our horses healthy and use them, too, one box will be enough for both of us."

Then came the question of ventilation, which did not require a long debate. The youths were agreed at the start that horses as well as other animals require plenty of light and air; Mr. Graham had been of the same opinion before them, and had built his stable upon intelligent principles. It was on a dry foundation, was well drained, no unsavory gutters or sewers near it, and the windows were numerous and well arranged. He had taken especial pains with the windows and his orders to the grooms were very strict as to the proper ventilation of the stable.

"Unless you watch the grooms closely," said Mr. Graham to Charley, "you'll very likely find them keeping the windows of the stable closed when they should be open. Grooms like to heat their horses into a condition of moisture in order to give their coats a silky appearance, and their best way of doing this is to keep the windows closed and the air foul. The colonel of an English regiment has said on this subject that the horses of his command live in stables that are constantly open to the air, and consequently are very rarely out of sorts; the same gentleman has a pack of hunting horses at his country seat, and his manager keeps them in stables that are close and hot. The hunters are constantly sick and he attributes it to the bad air in which they are confined."

“Some people use deodorisers about their stables,” the gentleman continued, “but I have always found that when cleanliness and fresh air are insisted upon no deodorisers are needed. With a stable properly ventilated, well-paved, and kept at all times clean the horses will be in good health and disinfectants may be thrown away.”

Charley was exercised in mind as to the best form of feeding and drinking arrangements for his horse, and pondered some time on the subject.

The result of his deliberation was that he chose a trough with a rack at one side, the former for grain and the latter for hay. The tie, or fastening, for the horse was a patent one so arranged that the slack of the halter was taken up by a sliding weight inside. Mr. Graham had lost a valuable horse some years before by the animal becoming entangled in a long halter, and ever after that he had his stables provided with fastenings that would render entanglement impossible.

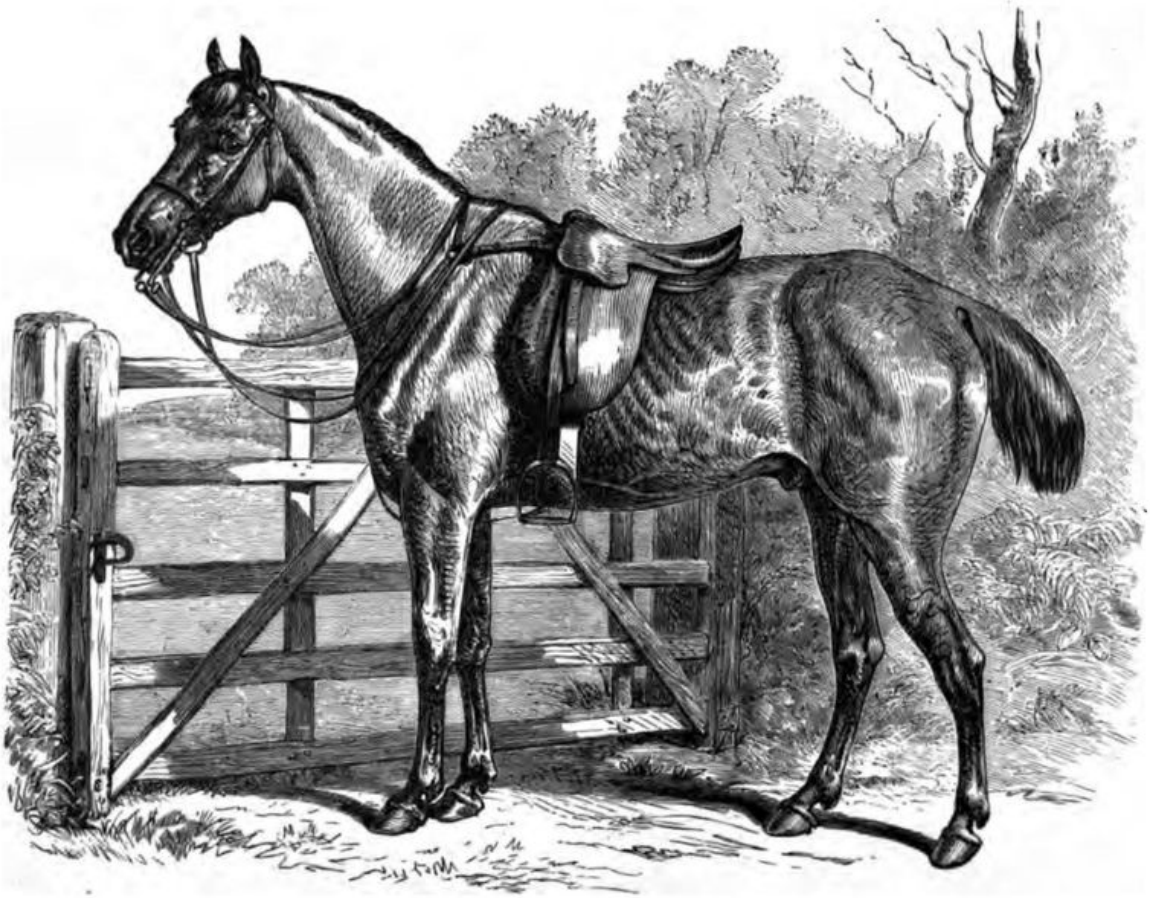
At the suggestion of the groom the headstall was provided with several inches of chain next to the animal's head, so as to discourage any possible inclination he might have to bite it. Some horses will use their teeth on anything, and if they once succeed in gnawing off their halters and getting loose it is not easy to break them of the habit.

Various articles for use in the stable were procured and made ready by the time the horses were bought. When the animals were sent home the two boys could hardly stay out of the stable long enough to take their meals, so anxious were they to see that proper attention was given to their prizes.

INDICATIONS OF A HORSE'S AGE BY HIS LOWER JAW.—1, EIGHTEEN DAYS; 2, THREE YEARS; 3, SIX YEARS; 4, NINE YEARS.

Charley's horse was a medium sized animal and was said to have come from Kentucky. The first question of the youth was as to the age of the creature, to which Mr. Graham replied that he must find out for himself.

This was a subject that had not been investigated; it demanded immediate study and away went Charley to his books again. In a few days he considered himself competent to tell a horse's age, and his practice on his own steed showed that he was not far out of the way.



COBWEB, CHARLEY'S HORSE.

“But do you know, father that I'll have to violate a very old injunction,” said Charley, as he proceeded to the study of the subject.

“How so?”

“You gave me the horse, did you not?” queried the youth.

“Certainly,” replied Mr. Graham.

“Well, then,” quoth the boy with a smile, “Isn't there an old adage that says 'never look a gift horse in the mouth'?”

“Yes,” the father answered, his face reflecting the smile of the son, “but all rules have their exceptions, and we'll make one in the present case.”