

England last summer and I asked him what he thought of the horses which North had sent to the Chicago derby.

"I don't believe that they will be able to do anything," was his reply. "They are not acclimated and English horses can do little in America for the first year. The tracks are hard for them and they cannot do themselves justice. North has some horses which are good in England, but if I am not mistaken they would be considered second-rate in America. England can make a better strain of blood than we can and we go there for our thoroughbreds, but we can breed better horses here, put new life into them by feeding and take them back and beat them on their own track."

\$57,000 ON THE BROOKLYN SUBURBAN.

"Speaking of business again, Mr. Daly, do you ever bet on your horses?"

"Yes, I do," was the reply, "but I don't put my winning and losing down to the profit or loss of my stables. I invest in bets upon my horses just as I would on stock which I thought was going up. I back them for what I think they are worth and I made \$57,000 on the Brooklyn suburban last year, but this matter goes into my private expense account and it is not set down against the horses."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

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To grow old gracefully, one must commence when very young; it is like dancing, swimming, or speaking foreign tongues—a thing not to be perfectly acquired suddenly, or if begun too late.

I am constantly amused with a sort of sorrowful amusement at hearing the very just criticisms which many young people pass upon the disagreeable old persons whom they encounter; while their criticisms are well founded, they do not realize that they are every hour of the day forming and solidifying habits which shall eventually render them "disagreeable old people."

The pretty young girl, all bloom and dimples, who relates in a musical voice the misdemeanors of her schoolmates, and criticises their conduct, dress, and appearance, is called, at worst nothing more than "discriminating" or "very particular." I have heard such girls praised highly by blind parents or relatives for their comments upon their companions. Yet this same habit indulged in by some withered grandmother, whose face is hard and whose voice is harsh, wins universal disapproval.

"Grandma is so hypercritical, so fault-finding, so censorious; she has no sympathy with young people!" cries the blooming grand-daughter, who, ten minutes later, will tear to tatters the character or costume of some companion with her sarcastic comments. She does not realize that every time she indulges this habit she takes one more step toward that hideous goal of disagreeable old age.

The extremely well-behaved young girl, who has never been tempted and who cannot understand how another could commit a folly, is certain to become the most censorious of old women. If she does not develop into a cruel,

malicious tongued scandalmonger it will be a wonder. Nothing is so easy as the descent from uncharitableness to malice. As a young girl she prides herself upon her love of morality and good behavior; all her friends speak of her as "such a strict girl" in her ideas. No one would think of appealing to her for sympathy or advice in an hour of temptation, but she is respected for her high ideals if feared for her severity. As an old woman she is simply held in abhorrence, and her name becomes a neighborhood synonym for cruel judgment.

Criticism of our frail fellow-beings is a vice which takes possession of us like a stimulant or a drug, once we encourage it. It may begin in our high moral standard and our hatred of sin, but once it becomes a habit, we indulge in it for the pleasure it gives us. It is a bad habit in the young; in the old it is intolerable; for nothing renders old age interesting or lovable save sympathy for the young and charity for the erring. It is strange that we all do not grow charitable as we grow old; as we learn more and more of our own frailties and more and more of the temptations and illusions of life we ought to become more and more tender and pitying. One can be sympathetic without encouraging vice and wrongdoing, or cloaking sin.

The girl with no object or aim in life save to "have a good time" and outshine her companions must speed forward to a miserable old age; for after a certain time we become unsatisfied with, or grotesque in, a pursuit for gayety, and if we have formed no other tastes or learned no other occupation there is a wretched outlook for us.

The witty girl is one who makes rapid strides toward unlovable old age—I mean the girl whose bright arrows of wit are almost always tipped with the poison of sarcasm. American society teems with such girls. A quick brain, a ready tongue, a fondness for repartee sends the laughter-making retort straight to its mark, no matter what sting may follow it. So long as the possessor of this dangerous gift is young and charming she is a social favorite. Even those who are stung by her shafts of wit forgive her freely because of her youth and charm, and only over-sensitive people accuse her of malice. The great majority join in the general laugh, and her bright *bon mots* are repeated and tossed about until they become neighborhood proverbs. They create an occasional enemy, and they cause a great many little hurts. But the witty girl is so pleased with her own wit that she does not stop to think about that. She cultivates her gift, and seeks for opportunities in which to exercise it. Whenever she meets a new person, she studies him or her with the direct purpose of finding something to be witty over. If she possesses the powers of mimicking she is liable to indulge in it behind her dearest friends' back out of sheer love of making people laugh. As she grows older, the bright ebullitions turn acid and bitter. What was once sharp wit becomes biting sarcasm. People wince more and laugh less. Her friends decrease in number and her enemies multiply. She is a sarcastic, bitter tongued old woman, dreaded and disliked by every one. But she did not become so all at once. Her first arrows of wit, which were tipped with sarcasm, laid the foundation of her disagreeable old age. When she allowed herself to

ridicule and mimic unoffending people just to raise a laugh, she chose the pathway that leads to unattractive and unlovable old age.

The petted daughter and society belle usually builds an indestructible and solid masonry of ugly old age for herself in her youth, and all her friends, relatives, and admirers lend a helping hand.

"She rules us all," says the doting mother before the daughter is out of short clothes. "There is no such thing as denying her anything. Why, her papa would bring down the roof over our heads if we should refuse her anything she asks for." As she grows into young-ladyhood the same false idea of devotion governs the parents. She is petted, praised, and waited upon, and encouraged in every selfish whim. Her comfort and pleasure are paramount to all other considerations. She is so pretty and charming that her extreme selfishness is not observant to the casual eye. She is a belle and a favorite while she is young; but she makes a poor wife and a worse mother, and a most detestable old woman. She has never known what it was to give up anything for the sake of others, and she is forever thrusting her "nerves," and her "sensitive feelings," and her whims in the way of others' enjoyment.

All her relatives dislike her, and strangers abhor her. Yet she is the same sort of old woman that she was child and maiden; only, the blossom and leaves of youth having fallen away, the bare brown branch of selfishness is more fully revealed.

There are more disagreeable old men than women in the world, because women, as a rule, are obliged to practice more self-sacrifice and unselfishness and patience in early life than men practice.

Men who have ruled their households, wives, children, servants, and employes by a rod of fear rather than love during youth and middle age make very unpleasant old men. Mentally and physically incapacitated from inspiring fear, they are unable to inspire anything but hatred or the pity which springs from scorn.

Unable to rule, which has been the source of their happiness in earlier years, they pass their old age in carping criticisms and fault-finding of those who succeed them.

The children who have formerly obeyed them only through fear now ignore their wishes and fail to show them the respect due to gray hair—a respect impossible to feel where there are no qualities to inspire it, but which good breeding and humanity ought to impose in seeming.

It is all very well to talk about the love and respect we owe our ancestors, but those are emotions which cannot be prompted by duty. If old people render themselves absolutely unlovable, it is not in the power of their children or grandchildren to love them; but it is possible for those descendants to treat them with kindness, consideration, and patience. An old man who has lived a grasping, mercenary, selfish life cannot expect to be respected on account of his gray hairs; but out of self-respect his children and relatives ought to show forbearance and kindness. The sons and daughters of such a man will bemoan the fact that their father is so capacious and unlovable, while at the same time they indulge in habits and cultivate qualities in themselves which