

Plain Philosophy

By "COC"

Don't you despise one of these fellows who approaches you confidentially and tells you how if he didn't consider him if one of your best friends he could never tell you about it, etc., and then he starts in and describes each and every one of your various faults and flaunts them in your face and revels in them, and leaves you feeling like a liar, thief and blackguard? Don't you hate him ever after? Notwithstanding their many protests of friendship, I don't think they have any. And the worst of it is that you can't "get to them" in the right way. They are generally so stuck on themselves that mere words will not suffice and assault and battery sends you to court. But many times the satisfaction of "climbing your dear friend's frame" is worth the hard earned shekels that the unfeeling justice divorces you from. Oh, isn't it awful?

And don't you like that fellow who comes up to you on the street when you've had a little hard luck, and slaps you on the back and holds out his hand and tells you how well you're looking. Maybe he slips in a little something about your virtues, and nary a word of your faults, and you leave him feeling the sun shines just as brightly as it always did, and the birds sing just as sweetly, and it's a pretty good old world after all. Say, don't you simply love that sort of a fellow? It's that sort of thing that makes life worth living. Get in with the good word. Say it now to the first fellow you meet and don't wait until he's turned up his toes and say it at his funeral. What this world needs is more taffy and less epitaphy.

I note that Teddy Roosevelt has put one over again on the stand-patters down in New York state. I wonder if there's any man on the continent that really has an inside knowledge of that man. Who can forecast with any degree of certainty what he'll do next. One day the papers have him sticking a knife into his Excellency Bill Taft, and the next day the two are having a veritable love feast. The plutocrats say he is a muck-raker and the socialists say he is of the plutocracy. But the large majority of the middle class, the bulwarks of the nation, will cheer their eye-teeth loose for Teddy, and as long as he has them whooping it up he ought to come out all right.

"It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes along like a song,
But the man who's worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

From all this smile talk that I constantly indulge in don't get the idea that I'm one of those placid mortals who wouldn't let their spirits get ruffled for a farm. There's a time to smile and pass unpleasant things off, there's a time to sit tight and not commit one's self one way or another, and there's a time to get up on your hind legs and holler and tear things loose generally. But we'll all have to admit that the pleasantest situations are those in which we may smile. But I sure do like to see a man, or a woman, tear loose and make things hum when he, or she, has sufficient provocation.

I just ran across a new's item that's rather interesting. It states that a great

many Englishwomen have taken to toads for pets. The item explains that they are so delightfully ugly and blend so well with Oriental furnishings in vogue at present. (I should think they would). Others pass up the toads and lavish their affections upon spiders. (Nice companionable sorts of birds are spiders). But the news item assures us that they make the best kind of pets, so we'll let it go at that. It states that they are adorable companions. (Getting pretty slushy). And then we come to the amazing news that the Countess of Warwick is very fond of a pet ant-eater. Wonder whether she prefers it stewed, roasted, fried, broiled or fricasseed?

She also revels in the company of a small elephant and a marmoset. (Now what the deuce is a marmoset?) that she carries on her arm. This thing has me curious. I'm going right in to the dictionary and find out what Webster has to say about it. Well, I'm back and the mystery is as deep as ever, but let's probe it. Here's the definition: "Marmoset, a grotesque figure, a monkey, an ugly little boy." It's a crouch that none of these high-brows would be carrying around an ugly little boy. That would incline too much toward humanity. That reduces the mystery to the monkey and the grotesque figure, but as a monkey is rather a grotesque figure I guess it's safe to decide on the monkey. Nice thing to have around. Another startling announcement. The Princess Troubetsky, (whoever she is), finds joy in a pet wolf. (She'll be lucky if she's not found in it some day). But here's the crowning touch to the item. "The vulture had spread in England." (Unfeeling journalist, to leave us in suspense and not tell us how and why they are used.) Aren't you glad that you are just a plain, common-place person?

There is an old story that is a favorite in the Southern States. It's about an aged darkey who was giving his experiences at a revival meeting. His theme was the efficiency of prayer. "The trouble is," he said, "that 'bout half the time we doan pray for the right sort of thing. Now I'll jus' give one of my 'periences. You all know about those fin white Plymouth' Rocks ob Majah Brown's. I dun prayed and prayed for the good Lawd to sen' me one of those until I gits tired ob it. Den I prayed fer de Lawd to sen' me to git one ob dose chickens. And he dun sen' me the ve'y nex' night."

I don't know as the old darkey proved much about the real efficiency of prayer but his experience sure sets us some morals. It's alright to pray for power to get things done but when we start to petition Heaven to have some one else to do what we want done He's not going to give the prayer favorable consideration. And I don't blame him. Pray for power to live right and try to accomplish your tasks in the proper way by yourself. By the way, that binder that is still out in the field can never be prayed under cover. Get busy.

Some Sense to This

"He loves me, he loves me not," murmured the romantic summer boarder.
"You must have picked a thousand daisies to pieces to-day," remarked the old farmer.
"Possibly I have."
"Couldn't ye play the game just as well with potato bugs?"

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Our readers should be very careful when sending photos to THE GUIDE to see that a full description of the scene and the name and address of the sender is plainly written on the back of the photo, also whether or not the photo is to be returned. Unless this is done there are very strong likelihood of errors being made. Many photographs of houses and barns sent to THE GUIDE are spoilt by not having scenery included. This is a hint for amateur photographers to make their work artistic. We are glad to receive attractive photographs of farm scenes (but not threshing scenes), farm stock, and especially pure bred horses and cattle.

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