

THE PANIC

I asked my Uncle Sam the other night what he thought had caused the panic which we are having. He replied, 'Yes, the panic, my son, that stir up they're having over you in New York. It's a sorry affair, sure, as you live it's a sorry come off. No real need for it, sir, no need for it, I say. Your Aunt Lummie (that is what you Uncle Sam calls his sister, Columbia) was saying the other day that she had been looking for it. I told her that a panic was one of the things that expectations would be sure to hatch out, and some of the women are always a-looking for things that nobody ought to have. At least, that's my notion, son. 'But you want to know what fetched on this panic? Foolishness, son, nothing but an over crop of foolishness. Some years ago I met old John Bull one day and he was growling around and I asked what was ailing of him, and he bowed that he had an old man living out on the edge of London in a little house in a back street, and this old feller was always a-writing books and other things, and said in one of his papers that there were something like twenty-five millions of people on the island, mostly fools. Well, I said what ails you about that? He bowed that that word fool didn't make him feel good. I said, well, you needn't pester yourself about that, for you ain't got a monopoly on that breed of folks. I claim to have a good size crowd of that sort to my own credit. 'Now, son, foolishness is a mighty expensive luxury, sure as you live it comes high. When a feller begins to play the fool he had better be sure that he has got a big surplus. It takes stuff and piles of it to enjoy foolishness. And here's where the rub comes. Most of the fellers who say that it ain't got the stuff to afford it. That's my notion, son. 'A panic ain't naturally due in a country where crops are big and there's more work to do than there's folks to do it. No, sir, I say a panic ain't due in this country, but it's here all the same. It has been fetched on foolishness, new fangled foolishness at that son, yes, new fangled foolishness. There has been a powerful sight of foolish talk and foolish legislation going on in these parts. It's a epidemic of smart Alecks. 'There's a notion broke out in this country that you can do everything with a stick. So there's no end to the making of new laws, laws on everything. They done got to the point where they expect me to be always a-going about the land a-nursing of everybody and a-overseeing of everything. They say times we changed, but I'm sure to think they have but I'm sure to think they are a common nurse of the country, no sir, I ain't. I told my superintendent that all this stuff about reforms didn't have the right ring in it to me. And it don't, son. Now reforming a country ain't a easy job, no, sir, it ain't a easy job. That's hard work, and have to do it with a little feller. It takes mighty big folks to reform a country. I always look at the size of the feller who talks reform. Sure as you live you can't make a big crop with a yearling calf hitched to the plow. That's my notion, son. 'Yes, I told my superintendent, Mr. Roosevelt, that he was going into this here reforming job he had a big task on his hands. If you don't believe it, ask Captain Cromwell and Parson Luther. They had experience. But I don't see anybody in these parts their size. I told my superintendent all this. Now I ain't saying that there ain't any cause for reform. But you have got to be a sick man by jumping on him with your feet. I ain't got any objection to reform, but I don't put much store by a reform that's full of bad temper and wild talk. No, sir, that looks more like advertising a feller's goods on his daddy's tomb-stone. Comotion ain't reforming, son, sure as you live, it ain't. A feller jumping up and down in his tracks ain't a leader, he's just a fussy idiot. 'But somehow the people like to see the feller doing these idiotic stunts. These light-weight reformers are mighty popular, sure as you live they are. And they've been going about talking reform and a-going to Legislatures and making of laws, and then going back and talking more reform, and going to Legislatures and making more laws till the time is done arrived that nobody knows where he is, and he's afraid to breathe for fear he'll be breaking up his law. He's scared to have anything for fear some feller'll say he stole it, and prove it on him. So we've got for breakfast a whole nation of scrambled brains. That's what fetched on this here panic, at least, that's my notion, son. 'But Lummie was a reading of the papers, but I'm this morning about the papers, and I noticed that there wasn't carry one of the big and noisy reformers over there in New York putting up any money to stop the gang who wanted their stuff out of those banks. I told Lummie now's the time for them to show they ain't patent medicine hucksters, sir, now is the time to show they ain't. Mr. Morgan and the other folks that have been needing a drenching with this reform concoction are standing by the country, but I ain't heard tell of the reform makers sending a hand to the log rollers. I think it's about time to look after the reformers like we look after old man Amour's beef. They call themselves trust busters and, son, they've about proved that that's about all they do bust. Pulling up reforms before they get ripe is a mighty particular business, it sure is. 'Yes, sir, foolishness has brought it all about. There's been no much talk about ghosts till the folks got to believing in them, and went a-lying at their own shadows thinking they were specters. Foolishness is a dangerous thing, son, sure as you live it is. You don't need much of it in your business, and the less you have the more likely you are to get on. At least, that is my notion, son. NED.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE HEAD

Methodist Conference in Good Church... Report of Eastern Department of Rev. J. C. Gay, Special to The Observer. Spencer, Nov. 9.—The fourth quarterly conference for Spencer Methodist church was held here last night by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Gay, at which reports for the year's work were made by the pastor Rev. J. C. Gay. The church was shown to be in excellent condition and the annual election of a board of stewards resulted in the selection of the following: W. H. Burton, A. W. Hill, W. H. Young, S. E. Ladd, H. W. Holt, M. L. Smoot, J. E. Kennerly, J. R. Thomas, M. N. Hoyle and K. H. Hartsfield. A. W. Hilde was re-elected superintendent of the Sunday school. The following resolution was unanimously passed by the conference: 'Resolved, That the quarterly conference of Spencer M. E. church, South, place itself on record as being greatly pleased with the work of Rev. J. C. Gay as pastor of this church for the past four years. His sermons have been forceful and original, fearlessly delivered and are believed to have been productive of great good in this community. He himself in an unusual way to the members of the church as well as to all the people of the town. The conference and board of stewards are convinced that the work of Rev. J. C. Gay with sincere regrets but feel that he will be equally successful in any pastoral charge to which he may be sent by the conference. It was ordered that a copy of the resolution be furnished Mr. Gay by the secretary, Dr. L. S. Smith. During his pastorate Rev. Mr. Gay has been heard by large and appreciative congregations. The church membership has been increased by 100 members and many improvements made on the church building this year, including new windows, repainting inside and out, the heating of the church, and the erection of new parsonage has also been erected on the church lot and is one of the best of the kind in the conference. Miss Lillie Mae Tomlin, the attractive and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Tomlin, of Statesville, has returned to her home after visiting friends here. Miss Nell Templeton went to Charlotte Friday afternoon to visit Mrs. John McNeely. Mr. Henry Ramsey, of Charlotte, was a visitor in town this week—places Mulla and Edna Stewart are visiting in Davidson this week—Rev. E. F. Bealy returned to Mooresville Wednesday evening after a trip to the western part of the State—Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Craven, of Hopewell, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John A. Craven. The county high school at Harmony, opened Tuesday with about 30 pupils. Mr. J. W. Van Hoy is acting as principal until Mr. Morgan, of Frank's county, arrives, when Mr. Van Hoy will be succeeded by Miss Jessie Nicholson is the third teacher. The people at Scotts are the kind of folks who take hold of a good thing when they have an opportunity. Two hundred dollars will be set aside from their local tax fund to secure a like amount from the State for the support of a county high school there. They are commencing work on an additional building and until it shall be completed the school will be taught in the house they already have. Presiding Elder J. H. Weaver, of Statesville, was here Tuesday and Tuesday night and preached in the Methodist church and conducted the local quarterly conference of the church year. The finances of the church were found to be in good shape, and all indications are that a full settlement will be made. Don't be discouraged if other remedies have done you no good. Try Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the greatest blessing to suffering humanity. The surest protector against disease. 25 cents. Tea or Tablets. R. H. Jordan & Co.

CRIMINAL ASSAULT CHARGED

Turner Whitsett Placed on Trial at Reidsville on Serious Accusation. Special to The Observer. Reidsville, Nov. 9.—Turner Whitsett, colored, was arraigned for trial in the Superior Court at Wentworth yesterday morning on the charge of having killed the wife of a local merchant. Whitsett is the son of Miss Edna Johnston, the 18-year-old daughter of the late James Johnston, in the yard of her home early one morning a few weeks ago. The attempted assault, it will be remembered, occurred in one of the principal residence sections of Reidsville. Upon a description of her assailant given by Miss Johnston, Whitsett was arrested, and before she recovered from a severe nervous shock to attend a preliminary hearing the authorities thought best, as a precautionary measure, to put Whitsett in the Raleigh Penitentiary for safe keeping. Early this week he was brought back here and given a preliminary hearing before Mayor Montgomery and bound over to court. Whitsett employed Gildewell & Lane to defend him. He contends that he went to Greensboro on an early train the morning he was arrested, and returned at 8 o'clock. When he was captured that morning near the race track he was mounted on a bicycle and going in the direction of Greensboro. He has the State arrest that Whitsett has been hanging around the Johnston home for several weeks, asking questions of the children in the room Miss Johnston occupied and the hour she arose in the morning. Junior Order Exercises Yesterday at Davidson. Special to The Observer. Davidson, Nov. 9.—Interesting exercises were held Monday at the public school by representatives of the Junior Order United American Mechanics. The principal speech was made on the occasion by the Rev. J. C. Gay, pastor of the Methodist church, who also spoke. The Davidson Orchestra furnished delightful music.

MR. WATSON NOT SURPRISED

Commissioner Watson has just received a telegram from Washington to the effect that it will be impossible, owing to official matters of pressing importance, for Secretary Wilson to attend the Southern States Convention in Columbia this month, but that he will have here in his stead Assistant Secretary of Agriculture W. M. Hayes, to represent him and deliver the address assigned to the Secretary. This address has been arranged on the programme for the 19th, but it is probable that this will be changed to the last day of the convention, the 22d. Assistant Secretary Hayes is an able man and is perhaps the most wide-awake and alert agricultural worker in the United States to-day. His addresses are always of an extremely high and interesting order, and it is fortunate for the association and those who attend the sessions that Secretary Hayes can be here. MR. WATSON NOT SURPRISED. 'This warning of the Vienna government against immigration to the South is simply the same old story over again,' said Commissioner Watson, to-day, in discussing a press dispatch. 'With such antagonism in all the countries of Europe the only wonder is that we are able to induce any man from any nation but some one from the Southern States. It does not take a wide spread of the imagination to see whence come the antagonistic influences that bring about this systematic trading of the South. I encountered it at the very outset of our work in Scotland, and it was only by vigorous action that we prevented an official promulgation against South Carolina in Great Britain. Just such a notice as this was issued against Virginia. I found it in Belgium; I found it in Holland; I found it in Germany, and in the countries of the Scandinavian Peninsula, and two-thirds of the time I have spent in Europe, has been devoted to going straight to these several governments and to the publishers and insisting upon even partial justice. I have almost worn myself out fighting this kind of a campaign abroad, and so far as South Carolina is concerned his warnings will not be permitted to go unchallenged for I propose to take the matter up officially through the State Department at Washington with the Austrian government fortifying such statements of truth as we make ourselves with our own voluntary letters from Austrian subjects as has been written by Mr. Palmer and given to the press. 'The most deplorable part of this campaign of persistent misrepresentation and slander is that it is undoubtedly due in large measure, to influences in this country, the weight of whose hands the South has been feeling in several other ways in the last decade.'

CHEROKEE FARMERS MEET

Directors Farmers' Warehouse Association Hold Meeting and Postpone Building of Warehouse. Special to The Observer. Gaffney, S. C., Nov. 9.—The directors of the Cherokee Farmers' Warehouse Association met to-day in the court house. Owing to the stringency in the money market, it was decided to defer building the warehouse on their lot which was recently purchased from R. A. Jones until next summer. The directors were empowered to employ a man to solicit additional stock, as the association will need about \$200 additional to perfect their plans. That the farmers are in earnest was evidenced by the fact that a number of those present expressed themselves to the effect that they were willing to double or even quadruple their subscriptions rather than let the enterprise fall through. Rev. John P. Matheson, who has been supplying Limestone Presbyterian church for the past four months, has accepted a call to Washington, Ga., and will leave Gaffney the first of December for his new field. The Presbyterians of Gaffney will give him up with much regret, as he is a splendid preacher, and a most excellent pastor. Dr. B. B. Stedley, who has been in Gaffney, looking after special course in surgery, has returned to Gaffney, and resumed his practice which had been looked after by Dr. M. E. Burnham during his absence. Dr. Burnham, as returned to his home in New York. Mr. J. M. Nelson, who was burned out in Gaffney some time ago, will resume business here as soon as he is able to secure a suitable building in which to place a stock of goods. The people of Gaffney are glad to know that they are not to lose Dr. Nelson. No mention has been made of the fact that some of the chrysanthemums which were exhibited at the local exposition last Tuesday measured twenty-three inches in circumference. Let us speak of men as we find them. Let us praise only what we can see. Let us remember that none can be perfect unless they are first honest. W. H. Jordan & Co.

17th-York Marriage Announced

Special to The Observer. Concord, N. Y., Nov. 9.—An announcement has been made of the approaching marriage of Mr. N. F. York and Miss Edna Pitts, which will take place Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's father, Mr. C. A. Pitts, on North Spring street. Mr. York is one of this city's most progressive and prominent business men, for many years at the head of the York & Wadsworth Hardware Company and secretary and treasurer of the York Furniture Factory. He is well known throughout this section of the State, and is brother-in-law to Mr. John Young, of this city, and Mr. J. F. York, of Charlotte. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. C. L. Miller, of Hickory, and will be witnessed by only a few intimate friends and relatives of the two families. After the marriage vows have been said, the couple will start for a tour of ten days, and will visit many of the most prominent cities.

THE PANIC

I asked my Uncle Sam the other night what he thought had caused the panic which we are having. He replied, 'Yes, the panic, my son, that stir up they're having over you in New York. It's a sorry affair, sure, as you live it's a sorry come off. No real need for it, sir, no need for it, I say. Your Aunt Lummie (that is what you Uncle Sam calls his sister, Columbia) was saying the other day that she had been looking for it. I told her that a panic was one of the things that expectations would be sure to hatch out, and some of the women are always a-looking for things that nobody ought to have. At least, that's my notion, son. 'But you want to know what fetched on this panic? Foolishness, son, nothing but an over crop of foolishness. Some years ago I met old John Bull one day and he was growling around and I asked what was ailing of him, and he bowed that he had an old man living out on the edge of London in a little house in a back street, and this old feller was always a-writing books and other things, and said in one of his papers that there were something like twenty-five millions of people on the island, mostly fools. Well, I said what ails you about that? He bowed that that word fool didn't make him feel good. I said, well, you needn't pester yourself about that, for you ain't got a monopoly on that breed of folks. I claim to have a good size crowd of that sort to my own credit. 'Now, son, foolishness is a mighty expensive luxury, sure as you live it comes high. When a feller begins to play the fool he had better be sure that he has got a big surplus. It takes stuff and piles of it to enjoy foolishness. And here's where the rub comes. Most of the fellers who say that it ain't got the stuff to afford it. That's my notion, son. 'A panic ain't naturally due in a country where crops are big and there's more work to do than there's folks to do it. No, sir, I say a panic ain't due in this country, but it's here all the same. It has been fetched on foolishness, new fangled foolishness at that son, yes, new fangled foolishness. There has been a powerful sight of foolish talk and foolish legislation going on in these parts. It's a epidemic of smart Alecks. 'There's a notion broke out in this country that you can do everything with a stick. So there's no end to the making of new laws, laws on everything. They done got to the point where they expect me to be always a-going about the land a-nursing of everybody and a-overseeing of everything. They say times we changed, but I'm sure to think they have but I'm sure to think they are a common nurse of the country, no sir, I ain't. I told my superintendent that all this stuff about reforms didn't have the right ring in it to me. And it don't, son. Now reforming a country ain't a easy job, no, sir, it ain't a easy job. That's hard work, and have to do it with a little feller. It takes mighty big folks to reform a country. I always look at the size of the feller who talks reform. Sure as you live you can't make a big crop with a yearling calf hitched to the plow. That's my notion, son. 'Yes, I told my superintendent, Mr. Roosevelt, that he was going into this here reforming job he had a big task on his hands. If you don't believe it, ask Captain Cromwell and Parson Luther. They had experience. But I don't see anybody in these parts their size. I told my superintendent all this. Now I ain't saying that there ain't any cause for reform. But you have got to be a sick man by jumping on him with your feet. I ain't got any objection to reform, but I don't put much store by a reform that's full of bad temper and wild talk. No, sir, that looks more like advertising a feller's goods on his daddy's tomb-stone. Comotion ain't reforming, son, sure as you live, it ain't. A feller jumping up and down in his tracks ain't a leader, he's just a fussy idiot. 'But somehow the people like to see the feller doing these idiotic stunts. These light-weight reformers are mighty popular, sure as you live they are. And they've been going about talking reform and a-going to Legislatures and making of laws, and then going back and talking more reform, and going to Legislatures and making more laws till the time is done arrived that nobody knows where he is, and he's afraid to breathe for fear he'll be breaking up his law. He's scared to have anything for fear some feller'll say he stole it, and prove it on him. So we've got for breakfast a whole nation of scrambled brains. That's what fetched on this here panic, at least, that's my notion, son. 'But Lummie was a reading of the papers, but I'm this morning about the papers, and I noticed that there wasn't carry one of the big and noisy reformers over there in New York putting up any money to stop the gang who wanted their stuff out of those banks. I told Lummie now's the time for them to show they ain't patent medicine hucksters, sir, now is the time to show they ain't. Mr. Morgan and the other folks that have been needing a drenching with this reform concoction are standing by the country, but I ain't heard tell of the reform makers sending a hand to the log rollers. I think it's about time to look after the reformers like we look after old man Amour's beef. They call themselves trust busters and, son, they've about proved that that's about all they do bust. Pulling up reforms before they get ripe is a mighty particular business, it sure is. 'Yes, sir, foolishness has brought it all about. There's been no much talk about ghosts till the folks got to believing in them, and went a-lying at their own shadows thinking they were specters. Foolishness is a dangerous thing, son, sure as you live it is. You don't need much of it in your business, and the less you have the more likely you are to get on. At least, that is my notion, son. NED.

THE PANIC

I asked my Uncle Sam the other night what he thought had caused the panic which we are having. He replied, 'Yes, the panic, my son, that stir up they're having over you in New York. It's a sorry affair, sure, as you live it's a sorry come off. No real need for it, sir, no need for it, I say. Your Aunt Lummie (that is what you Uncle Sam calls his sister, Columbia) was saying the other day that she had been looking for it. I told her that a panic was one of the things that expectations would be sure to hatch out, and some of the women are always a-looking for things that nobody ought to have. At least, that's my notion, son. 'But you want to know what fetched on this panic? Foolishness, son, nothing but an over crop of foolishness. Some years ago I met old John Bull one day and he was growling around and I asked what was ailing of him, and he bowed that he had an old man living out on the edge of London in a little house in a back street, and this old feller was always a-writing books and other things, and said in one of his papers that there were something like twenty-five millions of people on the island, mostly fools. Well, I said what ails you about that? He bowed that that word fool didn't make him feel good. I said, well, you needn't pester yourself about that, for you ain't got a monopoly on that breed of folks. I claim to have a good size crowd of that sort to my own credit. 'Now, son, foolishness is a mighty expensive luxury, sure as you live it comes high. When a feller begins to play the fool he had better be sure that he has got a big surplus. It takes stuff and piles of it to enjoy foolishness. And here's where the rub comes. Most of the fellers who say that it ain't got the stuff to afford it. That's my notion, son. 'A panic ain't naturally due in a country where crops are big and there's more work to do than there's folks to do it. No, sir, I say a panic ain't due in this country, but it's here all the same. It has been fetched on foolishness, new fangled foolishness at that son, yes, new fangled foolishness. There has been a powerful sight of foolish talk and foolish legislation going on in these parts. It's a epidemic of smart Alecks. 'There's a notion broke out in this country that you can do everything with a stick. So there's no end to the making of new laws, laws on everything. They done got to the point where they expect me to be always a-going about the land a-nursing of everybody and a-overseeing of everything. They say times we changed, but I'm sure to think they have but I'm sure to think they are a common nurse of the country, no sir, I ain't. I told my superintendent that all this stuff about reforms didn't have the right ring in it to me. And it don't, son. Now reforming a country ain't a easy job, no, sir, it ain't a easy job. That's hard work, and have to do it with a little feller. It takes mighty big folks to reform a country. I always look at the size of the feller who talks reform. Sure as you live you can't make a big crop with a yearling calf hitched to the plow. That's my notion, son. 'Yes, I told my superintendent, Mr. Roosevelt, that he was going into this here reforming job he had a big task on his hands. If you don't believe it, ask Captain Cromwell and Parson Luther. They had experience. But I don't see anybody in these parts their size. I told my superintendent all this. Now I ain't saying that there ain't any cause for reform. But you have got to be a sick man by jumping on him with your feet. I ain't got any objection to reform, but I don't put much store by a reform that's full of bad temper and wild talk. No, sir, that looks more like advertising a feller's goods on his daddy's tomb-stone. Comotion ain't reforming, son, sure as you live, it ain't. A feller jumping up and down in his tracks ain't a leader, he's just a fussy idiot. 'But somehow the people like to see the feller doing these idiotic stunts. These light-weight reformers are mighty popular, sure as you live they are. And they've been going about talking reform and a-going to Legislatures and making of laws, and then going back and talking more reform, and going to Legislatures and making more laws till the time is done arrived that nobody knows where he is, and he's afraid to breathe for fear he'll be breaking up his law. He's scared to have anything for fear some feller'll say he stole it, and prove it on him. So we've got for breakfast a whole nation of scrambled brains. That's what fetched on this here panic, at least, that's my notion, son. 'But Lummie was a reading of the papers, but I'm this morning about the papers, and I noticed that there wasn't carry one of the big and noisy reformers over there in New York putting up any money to stop the gang who wanted their stuff out of those banks. I told Lummie now's the time for them to show they ain't patent medicine hucksters, sir, now is the time to show they ain't. Mr. Morgan and the other folks that have been needing a drenching with this reform concoction are standing by the country, but I ain't heard tell of the reform makers sending a hand to the log rollers. I think it's about time to look after the reformers like we look after old man Amour's beef. They call themselves trust busters and, son, they've about proved that that's about all they do bust. Pulling up reforms before they get ripe is a mighty particular business, it sure is. 'Yes, sir, foolishness has brought it all about. There's been no much talk about ghosts till the folks got to believing in them, and went a-lying at their own shadows thinking they were specters. Foolishness is a dangerous thing, son, sure as you live it is. You don't need much of it in your business, and the less you have the more likely you are to get on. At least, that is my notion, son. NED.

THE PANIC

I asked my Uncle Sam the other night what he thought had caused the panic which we are having. He replied, 'Yes, the panic, my son, that stir up they're having over you in New York. It's a sorry affair, sure, as you live it's a sorry come off. No real need for it, sir, no need for it, I say. Your Aunt Lummie (that is what you Uncle Sam calls his sister, Columbia) was saying the other day that she had been looking for it. I told her that a panic was one of the things that expectations would be sure to hatch out, and some of the women are always a-looking for things that nobody ought to have. At least, that's my notion, son. 'But you want to know what fetched on this panic? Foolishness, son, nothing but an over crop of foolishness. Some years ago I met old John Bull one day and he was growling around and I asked what was ailing of him, and he bowed that he had an old man living out on the edge of London in a little house in a back street, and this old feller was always a-writing books and other things, and said in one of his papers that there were something like twenty-five millions of people on the island, mostly fools. Well, I said what ails you about that? He bowed that that word fool didn't make him feel good. I said, well, you needn't pester yourself about that, for you ain't got a monopoly on that breed of folks. I claim to have a good size crowd of that sort to my own credit. 'Now, son, foolishness is a mighty expensive luxury, sure as you live it comes high. When a feller begins to play the fool he had better be sure that he has got a big surplus. It takes stuff and piles of it to enjoy foolishness. And here's where the rub comes. Most of the fellers who say that it ain't got the stuff to afford it. That's my notion, son. 'A panic ain't naturally due in a country where crops are big and there's more work to do than there's folks to do it. No, sir, I say a panic ain't due in this country, but it's here all the same. It has been fetched on foolishness, new fangled foolishness at that son, yes, new fangled foolishness. There has been a powerful sight of foolish talk and foolish legislation going on in these parts. It's a epidemic of smart Alecks. 'There's a notion broke out in this country that you can do everything with a stick. So there's no end to the making of new laws, laws on everything. They done got to the point where they expect me to be always a-going about the land a-nursing of everybody and a-overseeing of everything. They say times we changed, but I'm sure to think they have but I'm sure to think they are a common nurse of the country, no sir, I ain't. I told my superintendent that all this stuff about reforms didn't have the right ring in it to me. And it don't, son. Now reforming a country ain't a easy job, no, sir, it ain't a easy job. That's hard work, and have to do it with a little feller. It takes mighty big folks to reform a country. I always look at the size of the feller who talks reform. Sure as you live you can't make a big crop with a yearling calf hitched to the plow. That's my notion, son. 'Yes, I told my superintendent, Mr. Roosevelt, that he was going into this here reforming job he had a big task on his hands. If you don't believe it, ask Captain Cromwell and Parson Luther. They had experience. But I don't see anybody in these parts their size. I told my superintendent all this. Now I ain't saying that there ain't any cause for reform. But you have got to be a sick man by jumping on him with your feet. I ain't got any objection to reform, but I don't put much store by a reform that's full of bad temper and wild talk. No, sir, that looks more like advertising a feller's goods on his daddy's tomb-stone. Comotion ain't reforming, son, sure as you live, it ain't. A feller jumping up and down in his tracks ain't a leader, he's just a fussy idiot. 'But somehow the people like to see the feller doing these idiotic stunts. These light-weight reformers are mighty popular, sure as you live they are. And they've been going about talking reform and a-going to Legislatures and making of laws, and then going back and talking more reform, and going to Legislatures and making more laws till the time is done arrived that nobody knows where he is, and he's afraid to breathe for fear he'll be breaking up his law. He's scared to have anything for fear some feller'll say he stole it, and prove it on him. So we've got for breakfast a whole nation of scrambled brains. That's what fetched on this here panic, at least, that's my notion, son. 'But Lummie was a reading of the papers, but I'm this morning about the papers, and I noticed that there wasn't carry one of the big and noisy reformers over there in New York putting up any money to stop the gang who wanted their stuff out of those banks. I told Lummie now's the time for them to show they ain't patent medicine hucksters, sir, now is the time to show they ain't. Mr. Morgan and the other folks that have been needing a drenching with this reform concoction are standing by the country, but I ain't heard tell of the reform makers sending a hand to the log rollers. I think it's about time to look after the reformers like we look after old man Amour's beef. They call themselves trust busters and, son, they've about proved that that's about all they do bust. Pulling up reforms before they get ripe is a mighty particular business, it sure is. 'Yes, sir, foolishness has brought it all about. There's been no much talk about ghosts till the folks got to believing in them, and went a-lying at their own shadows thinking they were specters. Foolishness is a dangerous thing, son, sure as you live it is. You don't need much of it in your business, and the less you have the more likely you are to get on. At least, that is my notion, son. NED.

THE PANIC

I asked my Uncle Sam the other night what he thought had caused the panic which we are having. He replied, 'Yes, the panic, my son, that stir up they're having over you in New York. It's a sorry affair, sure, as you live it's a sorry come off. No real need for it, sir, no need for it, I say. Your Aunt Lummie (that is what you Uncle Sam calls his sister, Columbia) was saying the other day that she had been looking for it. I told her that a panic was one of the things that expectations would be sure to hatch out, and some of the women are always a-looking for things that nobody ought to have. At least, that's my notion, son. 'But you want to know what fetched on this panic? Foolishness, son, nothing but an over crop of foolishness. Some years ago I met old John Bull one day and he was growling around and I asked what was ailing of him, and he bowed that he had an old man living out on the edge of London in a little house in a back street, and this old feller was always a-writing books and other things, and said in one of his papers that there were something like twenty-five millions of people on the island, mostly fools. Well, I said what ails you about that? He bowed that that word fool didn't make him feel good. I said, well, you needn't pester yourself about that, for you ain't got a monopoly on that breed of folks. I claim to have a good size crowd of that sort to my own credit. 'Now, son, foolishness is a mighty expensive luxury, sure as you live it comes high. When a feller begins to play the fool he had better be sure that he has got a big surplus. It takes stuff and piles of it to enjoy foolishness. And here's where the rub comes. Most of the fellers who say that it ain't got the stuff to afford it. That's my notion, son. 'A panic ain't naturally due in a country where crops are big and there's more work to do than there's folks to do it. No, sir, I say a panic ain't due in this country, but it's here all the same. It has been fetched on foolishness, new fangled foolishness at that son, yes, new fangled foolishness. There has been a powerful sight of foolish talk and foolish legislation going on in these parts. It's a epidemic of smart Alecks. 'There's a notion broke out in this country that you can do everything with a stick. So there's no end to the making of new laws, laws on everything. They done got to the point where they expect me to be always a-going about the land a-nursing of everybody and a-overseeing of everything. They say times we changed, but I'm sure to think they have but I'm sure to think they are a common nurse of the country, no sir, I ain't. I told my superintendent that all this stuff about reforms didn't have the right ring in it to me. And it don't, son. Now reforming a country ain't a easy job, no, sir, it ain't a easy job. That's hard work, and have to do it with a little feller. It takes mighty big folks to reform a country. I always look at the size of the feller who talks reform. Sure as you live you can't make a big crop with a yearling calf hitched to the plow. That's my notion, son. 'Yes, I told my superintendent, Mr. Roosevelt, that he was going into this here reforming job he had a big task on his hands. If you don't believe it, ask Captain Cromwell and Parson Luther. They had experience. But I don't see anybody in these parts their size. I told my superintendent all this. Now I ain't saying that there ain't any cause for reform. But you have got to be a sick man by jumping on him with your feet. I ain't got any objection to reform, but I don't put much store by a reform that's full of bad temper and wild talk. No, sir, that looks more like advertising a feller's goods on his daddy's tomb-stone. Comotion ain't reforming, son, sure as you live, it ain't. A feller jumping up and down in his tracks ain't a leader, he's just a fussy idiot. 'But somehow the people like to see the feller doing these idiotic stunts. These light-weight reformers are mighty popular, sure as you live they are. And they've been going about talking reform and a-going to Legislatures and making of laws, and then going back and talking more reform, and going to Legislatures and making more laws till the time is done arrived that nobody knows where he is, and he's afraid to breathe for fear he'll be breaking up his law. He's scared to have anything for fear some feller'll say he stole it, and prove it on him. So we've got for breakfast a whole nation of scrambled brains. That's what fetched on this here panic, at least, that's my notion, son. 'But Lummie was a reading of the papers, but I'm this morning about the papers, and I noticed that there wasn't carry one of the big and noisy reformers over there in New York putting up any money to stop the gang who wanted their stuff out of those banks. I told Lummie now's the time for them to show they ain't patent medicine hucksters, sir, now is the time to show they ain't. Mr. Morgan and the other folks that have been needing a drenching with this reform concoction are standing by the country, but I ain't heard tell of the reform makers sending a hand to the log rollers. I think it's about time to look after the reformers like we look after old man Amour's beef. They call themselves trust busters and, son, they've about proved that that's about all they do bust. Pulling up reforms before they get ripe is a mighty particular business, it sure is. 'Yes, sir, foolishness has brought it all about. There's been no much talk about ghosts till the folks got to believing in them, and went a-lying at their own shadows thinking they were specters. Foolishness is a dangerous thing, son, sure as you live it is. You don't need much of it in your business, and the less you have the more likely you are to get on. At least, that is my notion, son. NED.

THE PANIC

I asked my Uncle Sam the other night what he thought had caused the panic which we are having. He replied, 'Yes, the panic, my son, that stir up they're having over you in New York. It's a sorry affair, sure, as you live it's a sorry come off. No real need for it, sir, no need for it, I say. Your Aunt Lummie (that is what you Uncle Sam calls his sister, Columbia) was saying the other day that she had been looking for it. I told her that a panic was one of the things that expectations would be sure to hatch out, and some of the women are always a-looking for things that nobody ought to have. At least, that's my notion, son. 'But you want to know what fetched on this panic? Foolishness, son, nothing but an over crop of foolishness. Some years ago I met old John Bull one day and he was growling around and I asked what was ailing of him, and he bowed that he had an old man living out on the edge of London in a little house in a back street, and this old feller was always a-writing books and other things, and said in one of his papers that there were something like twenty-five millions of people on the island, mostly fools. Well, I said what ails you about that? He bowed that that word fool didn't make him feel good. I said, well, you needn't pester yourself about that, for you ain't got a monopoly on that breed of folks. I claim to have a good size crowd of that sort to my own credit. 'Now, son, foolishness is a mighty expensive luxury, sure as you live it comes high. When a feller begins to play the fool he had better be sure that he has got a big surplus. It takes stuff and piles of it to enjoy foolishness. And here's where the rub comes. Most of the fellers who say that it ain't got the stuff to afford it. That's my notion, son. 'A panic ain't naturally due in a country where crops are big and there's more work to do than there's folks to do it. No, sir, I say a panic ain't due in this country, but it's here all the same. It has been fetched on foolishness, new fangled foolishness at that son, yes, new fangled foolishness. There has been a powerful sight of foolish talk and foolish legislation going on in these parts. It's a epidemic of smart Alecks. 'There's a notion broke out in this country that you can do everything with a stick. So there's no end to the making of new laws, laws on everything. They done got to the point where they expect me to be always a-going about the land a-nursing of everybody and a-overseeing of everything. They say times we changed, but I'm sure to think they have but I'm sure to think they are a common nurse of the country, no sir, I ain't. I told my superintendent that all this stuff about reforms didn't have the right ring in it to me. And it don't, son. Now reforming a country ain't a easy job, no, sir, it ain't a easy job. That's hard work, and have to do it with a little feller. It takes mighty big folks to reform a country. I always look at the size of the feller who talks reform. Sure as you live you can't make a big crop with a yearling calf hitched to the plow. That's my notion, son. 'Yes, I told my superintendent, Mr. Roosevelt, that he was going into this here reforming job he had a big task on his hands. If you don't believe it, ask Captain Cromwell and Parson Luther. They had experience. But I don't see anybody in these parts their size. I told my superintendent all this. Now I ain't saying that there ain't any cause for reform. But you have got to be a sick man by jumping on him with your feet. I ain't got any objection to reform, but I don't put much store by a reform that's full of bad temper and wild talk. No, sir, that looks more like advertising a feller's goods on his daddy's tomb-stone. Comotion ain't reforming, son, sure as you live, it ain't. A feller jumping up and down in his tracks ain't a leader, he's just a fussy idiot. 'But somehow the people like to see the feller doing these idiotic stunts. These light-weight reformers are mighty popular, sure as you live they are. And they've been going about talking reform and a-going to Legislatures and making of laws, and then going back and talking more reform, and going to Legislatures and making more laws till the time is done arrived that nobody knows where he is, and he's afraid to breathe for fear he'll be breaking up his law. He's scared to have anything for fear some feller'll say he stole it, and prove it on him. So we've got for breakfast a whole nation of scrambled brains. That's what fetched on this here panic, at least, that's my notion, son. 'But Lummie was a reading of the papers, but I'm this morning about the papers, and I noticed that there wasn't carry one of the big and noisy reformers over there in New York putting up any money to stop the gang who wanted their stuff out of those banks. I told Lummie now's the time for them to show they ain't patent medicine hucksters, sir, now is the time to show they ain't. Mr. Morgan and the other folks that have been needing a drenching with this reform concoction are standing by the country, but I ain't heard tell of the reform makers sending a hand to the log rollers. I think it's about time to look after the reformers like we look after old man Amour's beef. They call themselves trust busters and, son, they've about proved that that's about all they do bust. Pulling up reforms before they get ripe is a mighty particular business, it sure is. 'Yes, sir, foolishness has brought it all about. There's been no much talk about ghosts till the folks got to believing in them, and went a-lying at their own shadows thinking they were specters. Foolishness is a dangerous thing, son, sure as you live it is. You don't need much of it in your business, and the less you have the more likely you are to get on. At least, that is my notion, son. NED.

THE PANIC

I asked my Uncle Sam the other night what he thought had caused the panic which we are having. He replied, 'Yes, the panic, my son, that stir up they're having over you in New York. It's a sorry affair, sure, as you live it's a sorry come off. No real need for it, sir, no need for it, I say. Your Aunt Lummie (that is what you Uncle Sam calls his sister, Columbia) was saying the other day that she had been looking for it. I told her that a panic was one of the things that expectations would be sure to hatch out, and some of the women are always a-looking for things that nobody ought to have. At least, that's my notion, son. 'But you want to know what fetched on this panic? Foolishness, son, nothing but an over crop of foolishness. Some years ago I met old John Bull one day and he was growling around and I asked what was ailing of him, and he bowed that he had an old man living out on the edge of London in a little house in a back street, and this old feller was always a-writing books and other things, and said in one of his papers that there were something like twenty-five millions of people on the island, mostly fools. Well, I said what ails you about that? He bowed that that word fool didn't make him feel good. I said, well, you needn't pester yourself about that, for you ain't got a monopoly on that breed of folks. I claim to have a good size crowd of that sort to my own credit. 'Now, son, foolishness is a mighty expensive luxury, sure as you live it comes high. When a feller begins to play the fool he had better be sure that he has got a big surplus. It takes stuff and piles of it to enjoy foolishness. And here's where the rub comes. Most of the fellers who say that it ain't got the stuff to afford it. That's my notion, son. 'A panic ain't naturally due in a country where crops are big and there's more work to do than there's folks to do it. No, sir, I say a panic ain't due in this country, but it's here all the same. It has been fetched on foolishness, new fangled foolishness at that son, yes, new fangled foolishness. There has been a powerful sight of foolish talk and foolish legislation going on in these parts. It's a epidemic of smart Alecks. 'There's a notion broke out in this country that you can do everything with a stick. So there's no end to the making of new laws, laws on everything. They done got to the point where they expect me to be always a-going about the land a-nursing of everybody and a-overseeing of everything. They say times we changed, but I'm sure to think they have but I'm sure to think they are a common nurse of the country, no sir, I ain't. I told my superintendent that all this stuff about reforms didn't have the right ring in it to me. And it don't, son. Now reforming a country ain't a easy job, no, sir, it ain't a easy job. That's hard work, and have to do it with a little feller. It