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**Better Price Promised For The Cotton Crop.**

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E. W. Dabbs, president of the South Carolina State Farmers' union has issued a statement to the members in which he says with the proper cooperation that 15 cents per pound will be secured for two-thirds of the present cotton crop.  
"Never before that I can recall," says President Dabbs, "have we had better prospects of good prices for cotton. Sixty days ago cotton sold at 13-12 cents per pound at interior points. All of a sudden 'without rhyme or reason,' the market broke and it continued to go down until 10-12 cents was reached in the local markets. Not having the desired effect of stampeding the farmers like it has in the past, we see it steadily going up. Each day the 'wisacres' say it will break tomorrow. Each day they say Liverpool should come down six or seven points. Each day sees the report that Manchester continues to buy at higher prices than can be paid on this side. What does it all mean?"  
"If it means anything it means that cotton is in demand; that organization is telling, or that there is fear of it; that the farmers, the merchants and the bankers need but to pull together and we will see 15-cent cotton for two-thirds of this crop. It also means that they are working together more closely than ever before. Market slowly and the price is ours."

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Sometimes a girl gets a fine reputation for propriety, when in fact it's because she has a complexion that will kiss off.—Dallas News.

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**BOWSER IS HOT.**

He Takes a Walk and a Run to Cool Off. SEEKS REST UNDER A TREE.

But His Peaceful Reveries Are Ruthlessly Interrupted, First by a Constable and Then by Two Tramps—He "Legs" It Home.

By M. QUAD.  
[Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.]

IT was hot. Bowser mopped and perspired and wriggled about as they sat on the front steps. Finally he broke out with:  
"I don't know why in blazes we are squatted here instead of being at the seashore or mountains!"  
"You forget, my dear," replied Mrs. Bowser, "you decided early in May that you could not leave your business this year."

"But we might have run out to some farmhouse for a week."  
"Yes, but you showed me figures to prove that it was just about as hot out in the country on a hot day as it was in the city."

"The same old brick and mortar," he said as he looked up and down the street, "the same hot streets by day, the same noises at night. There is no nature in a city. Everything is artificial, even to the trees and grass. If I



"THE CRICKETS ARE SINGING THEIR CHEERY SONGS."

could get out somewhere and commune with nature for three or four hours it would seem more like living."  
"But you can surely take a day off."  
Mr. Bowser reflected for awhile and then suddenly exclaimed:  
"By the born spoon, but why haven't I thought of it before?"  
"Taking a day off?"  
"No; taking a night off. During the day one is full of business and doesn't notice it so much, but when night comes one longs for the peace and quietness of the country. I have seen nights in summer when I'd have given \$5 to hear the voice of a tree toad."

"Do you mean that you'd like to go out and stay at some farmhouse overnight?" asked Mrs. Bowser.  
"Farmhouse be hanged! I mean that I'd like to get beyond the sight and sounds of the city and pass the night under a tree. That would be getting close to nature. One could think and ponder and reflect. The soft rustle of the leaves, the chirping of the crickets, the low call of the night birds—all these things would touch a responsive chord in a man's soul. Say, I'm going to try it on this very night."

"You are so easy to take cold in your head, you know."  
"Never had a cold in my head in my life, and you know it. It will be useless for you to raise any objections."  
"I don't want to. If you want to go out and commune with nature I don't see why you shouldn't. What time will you return?"  
"Not till sunrise, anyhow. Think you'll be afraid to stay alone?"  
"Not at all. You had better take your revolver along. All is peace and love out in the country, but a pistol is a good thing sometimes."

"I want no weapons. Nature had nothing to do with the making of deadly weapons. I'll take along a half dozen cigars, and while you are sweltering here and being kept awake by whoops, screams and yells I'll be whispering with nature under the stars."

Mr. Bowser Starts.  
An hour later Mr. Bowser started. He took a suburban street car and rode four miles beyond the brick and mortar, and after walking along a country highway for forty rods he found a tree and sat down to begin the business of communing. It was a moonlight night, and the feeling was one of peace on earth and good will to men. He had brought along pencil and paper, and as he sat with his back to the tree he wrote:  
"This is something like it. I am beyond the rush and roar and wickedness of the city, and the change is wonderful. Just now I wouldn't strike a man if he called me a liar."  
"The crickets are singing their cheery songs. They seem to realize what I am out here for, and they welcome me. I don't know whether crickets have souls or not, but I feel in consonance with them."  
"Have just heard a tree toad. First I've heard in twenty years, and the sounds carry me back to other days. The song of the tree toad is an innocent one. I believe it would melt the heart of a convict and make a better man of him. I will write a letter to

the governor tomorrow and suggest that tree toads be introduced into state prisons."

The above line represents a break in Mr. Bowser's notes, caused by two farmers who came along in a wagon. When they saw him sitting under a tree with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth the team was stopped, and one of them called out:  
"You feller there, but what are you doing?"  
"What is that to you?" demanded Mr. Bowser as the song of the tree toad was forgotten in an instant.

Constable Butts In.  
"I'll show you what it is to me! I'm a constable, and it's my business to keep an eye out for such fellers as you. Looking for a chance to rob some hen-roost, I s'pose?"  
"You can s'pose any blamed thing you want to."  
"Mighty sassy, ain't you? Waal, I'll be back in about an hour, and if you are here I'll make it hot for you!"  
For the next fifteen minutes Mr. Bowser was so mad that he paid no attention to tree toads, crickets or rustling leaves, but he finally began to cool off and wrote:  
"I have just heard the song of a whippoorwill, and it was not mixed up with the notes of a hand organ or the yells of a street peddler. Mrs. Bowser will be sorry she didn't come."  
"The howling of the kine reaches my ear. I don't know what they want to low at night for, but the sounds are those of pastoral peace. I am an ass that I haven't spent every night this summer out here."  
"In the bushes not far away a nightingale has just broken into song. While his notes are beautiful, they are also sad. There is somehow a dreamy sadness about them that touches the heart and reminds one of—"  
"!!!!-??-?!!-??-?!"

Tramps Interrupt.  
This break in Mr. Bowser's notes was occasioned by two tramps who were "hoofing" it into town, but stopped when they saw him under the tree.  
"Hello, cully! What's doin'?" asked one.  
"You go on!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he identified them for what they were.  
"Eh, cully, what's de matter wid you?" was queried as they both drew nearer. "Say, Jim, de old baldhead is on to something good and don't want to let us in on de ground floor."  
"By thunder, but didn't I tell you to go on!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he scrambled up.  
"You did, cully, but we are in no hurry about it. Got a couple more smokers? Why don't ye give us de glad hand and make us feel at home?"  
Alas for the tree toads and whippoorwill and nightingales! Mr. Bowser called in. The tramps expected to pick a fuss with him and win an easy victory, but never were men more mistaken. He had them licked and on the run within five minutes. They mused him up some in return, but he sat down and lighted another cigar, and if he had been given half an hour to get over it the songs of the birds and insects might have appealed to his heart again. Only about ten minutes had gone by when the constable returned. He had with him in the wagon six stout yeomen, and as they all leaped to the ground the official said:  
"Now, then, you old sheep thief, will you move on or go to the county jail?"  
"How dare you apply such a term to me! Do you know whom I am, sir?"  
"I don't and I don't care! Come on, fellers!"

He "Beats It" For Home.  
There was but one thin for Mr. Bowser to do. He took to his legs and struck a 2-40 gait. The six took after him, but though he was short and fat, the tree toads and whippoorwill were encouraging him to do his best, and after he had been run a while the pursuit was abandoned.  
It was 2 o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Bowser heard soft footsteps on the sidewalk. They turned in at the gate and mounted the steps. Some one unlocked the door. Some one came upstairs. Some one undressed without a word, moving around on tiptoes, and some one fell into bed with a grunt, to turn his back and say to himself:  
"Thank heaven, she is asleep, and in the morning I will lie to her and tell her I had the best time in my life!"

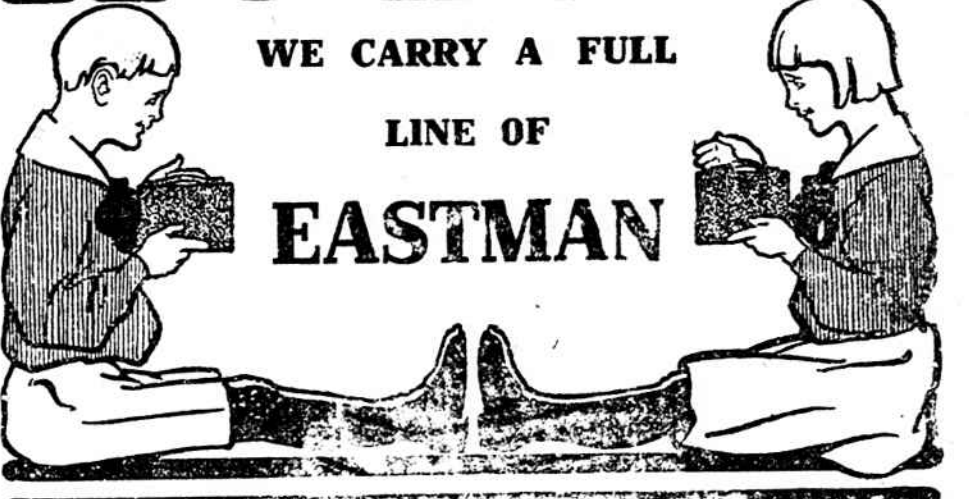
Dollars Versus Hairs.  
Gibbs—in a way I've as much as John D.  
Dibbs—Nonsense! Why, Rockefeller has a dollar for every hair on your head.  
Gibbs—Well, I'll bet I've a dollar for every hair on his head.—Philadelphia Press.

Big League Repartee.  
The baseball manager inspected the applicant for a job.  
"Well, young man," he asked, "what can you do?"  
"I can do something no other pitcher can. I'm a ventriloquist. I can throw my voice."  
"Nothing doing, my son. The umpire would call a howl on you every time."

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