

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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Farm Bureau Notes

IN THE LIMELIGHT

The County Agent is a much discussed man throughout America at the present time. His duties are being outlined to him by many who have personal interests to be served.

There are those who will cite individual cases when a County Agent may have been over enthusiastic in serving the commercial interests of his farmer friends, and by such a line of argument proceed to condemn the whole Extension service.

There are those who hold up their hands in holy horror at the prospect of Government officials (County Agents) unionizing agriculture by lending their aid in the organization and development of farmer organizations.

There are those who state most emphatically that the County Agent's efforts should be restricted solely to encouraging the production of more and more food from the farmers without any regard to economics.

In the meanwhile the influence of the Extension service continued to grow. The immediate needs of those served by the Extension men will determine the plan of work. During the war the major project was production and America answered the call without a whimper. The Extension forces led the way without opposition.

As the wounds from the great world conflict began to heal, the American farmer found the outlet for his products restricted and as a result, prices dropped far below cost of production.

Therefore the major project for the American farmer now is not production but economical distribution. The Agriculture Extension Forces are endeavoring to serve the immediate needs of their constituents. Their efforts along economic lines is the result of a direct demand from rural America. The Extension Forces are again leading the way but in this case the path seems not to be paved with roses.

HENRY R. FAUSCH,
County Agricultural Agent.

BAND CONCERT PROVES TO BE A BIG SUCCESS

The band concert, given by the Red Cloud Concert Band, last Friday evening, in the Besse Auditorium, was a grand success and consequently very pleasing. It was of a high class character in every respect and the interpretations of the classics by Bandmaster Betz, were without fault.

The soloists did themselves proud in the manner and style in which they played their solos. M. A. Merce, being the first soloist to appear showed his technic in triple tonguing and this one number was well worth the admission charged to hear the concert.

S. Hardman was the vocal soloist and sang with pleasing effect.

R. P. Newhouse was third soloist to appear and the pleasing manner in which this young man played the saxophone, showed a great future for him.

The fourth and last soloist to appear was J. B. Fuller, who was clarinet soloist with Kilties sixty piece band. Mr. Fuller, for his solo selected, Scene And Air, from Lucia Di Fondort. This gentleman rendered his solo in a most artistic manner.

The band was augmented by five capable and efficient selected musicians, namely, A. E. Nelson, first trombone; Ross Taggart, bass; Mr. Jackson, snare drum; Messrs Fuller and Patasic, clarinet.

This band will give another big concert about March 1st.

NOVEMBER WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Observer Chas. S. Ludlow reports the mean temperature for November 39 degrees; maximum 79 on the 4th and 5th and minimum 5 degrees on the 18th. Total precipitation .12 of an inch, with only a trace of snowfall. There were 18 clear days, 7 partly cloudy and 5 cloudy. The prevailing wind direction was from the northwest for 12 days. Rainfall since January 1st is 18.28 inches.

Embarrassing Situation.
My most embarrassing situation happened when I was a young girl. Our Sunday school gave a picnic in the woods and I attended, wearing a white dress, and carrying a green silk parasol. Unfortunately, a rain came up and after it was over my dress was as white as my parasol.—Chicago Journal

BETSY'S CHANCE.

By MOLLIE MATHER.

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Betsy served coffee at Mrs. Tabor's select table, and though the day was so hot that Betsy's hair twisted in an old curl on her forehead, the girl's eyes had a merry light as though her task were part of some humorous game. The aristocratic appearing old gentleman at the head of the table looked up with a sympathetic smile, as Betsy bent over him.

The cheer of her countenance was in refreshing contrast to the petulant or bored expressions of the other guests.

"Well," asked the old man in the low tone which only she might hear, "who are you today? A happy hostess serving refreshment at one of her own entertainments? Or just a little sister of mercy dispensing good?" Mrs. Tabor did not allow her maids to converse with her guests, but the aristocratic old gentleman was a privileged person.

"I am," Betsy smilingly whispered, "acting a famous dining room scene where a society princess goes disguised as a waitress." The old gentleman laughed enjoyably.

"I knew it," he exclaimed, "Upon my dresser—did you tidy my room this morning, Betsy?—I left a book for you. 'Little Songs and Impersonations.' Thought you'd enjoy it."

"Betsy!" said Mrs. Tabor coldly.

Later she complained to the old gentleman.

He came upon Betsy just before afternoon tea was to be served on the lawn of Tabor House. She was reading his book and singing over it.

"If you could have studied," asked the old gentleman, "what would you have liked most to be?"

"A musician," the girl answered promptly, "a singer," her eyes glowed.

Mr. Humphrey took a ticket from his pocket. "The hotel entertainer who condescends to amuse us this evening at Tabor House gave me this," he said. "I believe that he is supposed to both play and impersonate in song. I prefer to remain this evening in my room with my papers. Won't you take the ticket of invitation and go, Betsy?"

"I'd love to," the girl eagerly cried, then her brightness vanished. "But Mrs. Tabor would object."

The old man flocked the geraniums impatiently. "You might at least listen from an upper hall," he suggested.

So when the downstairs lights were brilliant, when the noted tenor's voice came to her there high in her corner, Betsy, the little waitress, listened, thrilled. And next day the old man discovered her repeating the program in the big tower deserted room while dust mops lay idly upon the floor.

"Betsy," asked the old gentleman gravely, "what will you choose for your vocation in life? You cannot go on in this way, you know, with just tenpins and dusters."

As he spoke both turned to find the young entertainer standing inside the doorway. He had evidently been there unobserved for some time.

"Tenpins and dusters?" he repeated, "while your remarkable talent lies dormant?"

"You think," the older man asked quickly, "that Miss Blair would be able to make good at music?"

"I think," the musician enthusiastically declared, "that she is a find."

Betsy fled from the room, all joyously embarrassed, but the two remained discussing her promise. When she came to speak to her old friend some days later, the girl's eyes were wide with visions and she spoke as one unable to believe the wonder of her own words.

"This Mr. Morris Bernard," she explained, "is going to make it possible for me to study for a career. There is a fund, he tells me, placed in his own music master's care, for instructing pupils of promise. That money may be expended on my education. Through Mr. Bernard I have been the fortunate pupil selected. When my concert engagements become reality then I may restore that fund for the benefit of another. Is it not wonderful, this, my golden opportunity?"

So little Betsy went far to the great city, across the great ocean. And the old man, growing ever older but never less kindly, stayed on at the Tabor House.

From across the waters came word of the girl's assured success, little clippings from papers which she proudly sent him. But her letters in answer to his interested inquiries seemed ever to carry a vein of sadness.

"Our musician," she wrote at last, "you remember Morris Bernard? Well, he has loved me always. It seems, since that first day, while I—my heart must have flown to meet his that night, as his voice came to me there on the stair. But he has deceived me, and I cannot marry him. The money donated for my education came not from an established fund, the great master confidentially admits, but was merely a personal gift from one interested. So until I can pay back all that Morris Bernard deceptively gave, he must suffer, unknowing my refusal to marry him."

Betsy's old friend did not wait to answer that letter. He sent a telegram instead.

"It was I who donated that money," he stated. "It was my one satisfying pleasure. I ask but one reward: That you will come with your husband to sing for me."

And Betsy wired: "Coming as soon as Morris can be made my husband."



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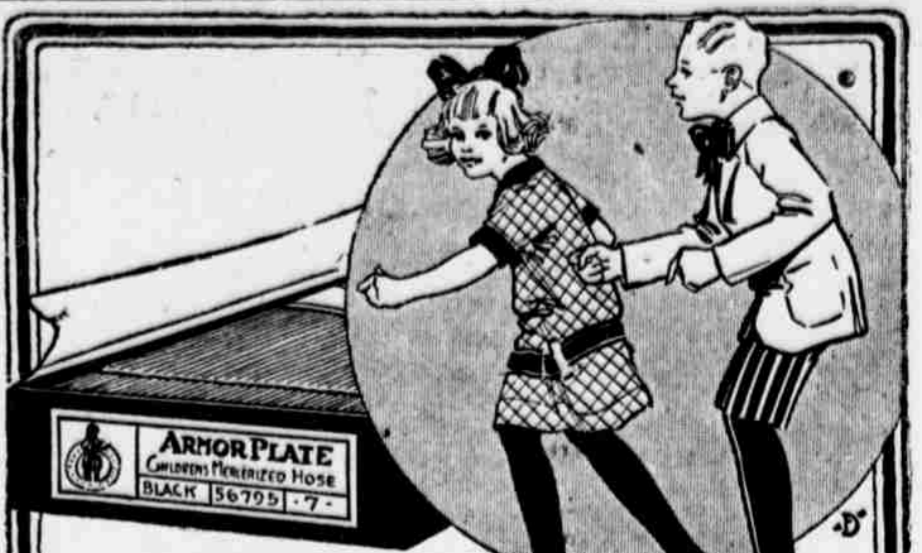
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