

ENROLL

Nov. 2 to 11



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Reel them off - "Rio", Gibraltar, Ceylon, Yokohama - all the great ports of the world - are they only places on the map to you - or are they ports where you're going sailing from the high seas with every eye along the shore turned admiringly at you in ship - your ship! Every ocean has a United States ship sailing for some port worth seeing.

If you're any call to you for a full life - join, and color all your years ahead with memories of things worth seeing - with knowledge worth having - with an inexhaustible fund of sea tales and adventures picked up ashore and

afloat that will make you a welcome man in any company.

Work - safe, and a man's work - it is among men.

Play? Well, rather, with a bunch of men who know how to play. These comrades of yours carry in their ears the sounds of great world cities, of floating ovens of swashing seas - sounds you will share with them and that will never die away.

And when you come home, you'll find life ashore with level eyes for Uncle Sam trains in self-reliance as well as self-respect. The Navy builds straight men - no mollycoddles.

Relief for two years. Excellent opportunities for advancement. Four weeks' holidays with pay each year. Shore leave in all the land sights at ports visited. Men always learning. Good food and first class outfit free. Pay begins the day you enlist. Get full information from your nearest recruiting station. If you do not know where the nearest recruiting station is, ask your Postmaster. He knows.

Shove off! - Join the U.S. Navy

OLD AGE STARTS WITH YOUR KIDNEYS

Science says that old age begins with weakened kidneys and digestive organs. This being true, it is easy to believe that by keeping the kidneys and digestive organs cleansed and in proper working order old age can be deferred and life prolonged far beyond what is enjoyed by the average person.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been relieving the weakness and disability due to advancing years. It is a standard old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil is enclosed in odorless, tasteless capsules containing about 5 drops each. Take these as you would a pill, with a small swallow of water. The oil stimulates the kidney action and enables the organs to throw off the poisons which cause premature old age. New life and strength increase as you continue the treatment. When completely restored continue taking a capsule or two each day. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will keep you in health and vigor and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not wait until old age or disease have settled down for good. Go to your druggist and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Through aches. But remember to ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand, in sealed packages.

A Business Girl

By WALTER JOS. DELANEY

He was the son of the president of the bank, but Alleen Drury did not know that. He was so pleasant, so smiling, so accommodating that she considered he would grace any social or business position. Once a day regularly Alleen had to go to the institution to deposit cash and checks for Truitt & Company, whose stenographer she was.

She always went to the window of the assistant-paying teller, after he had one day politely handed to her an exquisite white rose that reposed in a glass tin bowl filled with water on his desk. He had noted her admiring gaze and she accepted the trifle with a smile of genuine pleasure. The next day his kindness was accentuated by giving her a small bouquet of variegated pansies.

So after that it was always a little floral offering, or a brief friendly chat. Alleen's sweet face had enchanted the young bank man and she looked forward to her daily visit to the teller's window.

Alleen was receiving a careful business education from Truitt & Co. They were precise and systematic people. She had sense and aimed to excel and they trained her implicitly. The senior partner called her to his office one day.

"Miss Drury," he said, "on your way to the bank just drop in on Martin Rolfe. He will you and present this bill for \$1,200. I sincerely think he will pay it as he is very early on the rocks. If he doesn't, tell him we shall apply some pressure for the collection at once."

Alleen was fully familiar with the Rolfe account and needed no further instructions. She found the man in his office and noticed that part of its furniture had disappeared. Alleen was a keen observer and analyst and fancied she detected sure signs of business trouble.

Rolfe began his usual excuses, but Alleen was clear and firm. Finally he filled in a check for \$1,200. It was drawn on the Atlas National, with which Truitt & Company also carried their account. Alleen signed a receipt and left the office, but at the head of the street stairs, phased as she caught a remark from one of two men loitering near by.

"Sure Rolfe is in his office?" he spoke.

"Dead-sure," was the response of his companion. "We gain nothing by delay. Serve the notice of foreclosure on what of his furniture he hasn't sold and get to the bank and garnish his account. I tell you the man is next door to bankruptcy and is getting ready to jump the city."

"Mercy me!" breathed the startled Alleen. "I won't lose any time in getting this check cashed."

She reached the Atlas National quite out of breath and anxious and excited. She was experienced enough to comprehend that she was in a race against risk and possible loss, with time, the essence of the pending transaction.

Alan Britton looked up with a smile of welcome as Alleen's sweet face was framed by the metal bound window of his cage. His quick eye detected her agitation and expressed solicitude. Young Britton glanced at the check presented, then at Alleen as if to indicate that the bit of paper conveyed some arousing ideas of his mind.

"Twelve hundred," he read. "I am pretty sure, Miss Drury, that Mr. Rolfe has less than that amount to his credit account, but I will see."

Alan called a messenger boy and handed him the check with the direction: "Tell the bookkeeper to give me the cash balance of Martin Rolfe," and in a moment or two the boy with the check and a slip of paper upon which the bookkeeper had written the figures: "\$1,150." How Alleen knew this, was that with a suggestive glance Alan placed the slip so she could not help but read it. She was business woman enough to take the hint, bestowed upon him a direct smile and passed on to the window of the receiving teller. She had selected \$50 in currency from her own deposit money.

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