

Ak Knights to Sally Out for Memberships

One Dozen Majors of Operations to Extract \$10 Each From 6,000 Stray Subjects of Quivera.

In days of old when knights were bold they fared forth in armor into the world of adventure to conquer those who crossed their path. Their weapons were the sword and lance. And history tells those boys wielded ticklish spears.

Beginning tomorrow, Omaha is to be a field of battle for the dozen loyal knights of Ak-Sar-Ben. Instead of horses, those knights who have been dubbed by King Ak, majors of operations, will march through the city to round up at least 6,000 stray subjects of his royal highness. Instead of spear and sword, the majors and their workers will wield a wicked stroke with pencil in hand to get the signatures of the subjects.

Anyone escape? Not if Maj. Everett Buckingham has to staddle a mountain canary and use a lasso.

"I'll be a horn-backed toad if I miss anyone in my section," he boasted.

"They'll be dead if I don't capture 'em," added Maj. Charles E. Black. So when the dawn sheds a rosy glow over fair Omaha tomorrow King Ak's underestudies will sally forth.

They are: Randall K. Brown, J. E. Davidson, Charles E. Black, Charles L. Saunders, Everett Buckingham, Louis C. Nash, Willard D. Hosford, W. R. Wood, John W. Gamble, Gould Dietz, Arthur P. Guiou and J. D. Foster.

Maurice Tourneur will leave for England in April to direct the production of "The Christian," and will be followed two weeks later by the cast, which is not yet announced. Hall Caine has himself prepared the scenario and will take an active part in the filming.

Former Nebraskan Is Gloria's Lead



Richard Wayne, a capable actor, and Gloria Swanson share honors in "Her Husband's Trademark," at the Strand theater this week.

Young Wayne, who is shown in a love clinch with Gloria, hails originally from Beatrice, Neb. He studied to be a musician at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, then went to Europe for a two-year finishing course. When he visited the Pacific coast the movies "got" him.

The Gold One

(Continued from Page Eight.)

The Sargeant portrait of John Battie stared firmly out of the shadows. They were coming up the stairs. With a nervous start that was unlike Robert, as it would have been unlike John before him, he got to his feet and awaited them; a big, solid figure of a man, standing before the mantel. Frank ushered her in with a touch of ceremony. Curious. And curious, as well, that she should wear a simple suit and a plain straw hat! Though there was nothing cheap about her. Nina Bernice had the gift of smartness. Most curious, she smiled sensitively, uncertainly.

"She carried a small parcel; he saw that. The letters, of course! And a book bound in leather. The principal difficulty lay in his throat. It was going to be difficult to speak; perhaps impossible, at first. And confused, elusive memories floated like vapors in his brain. He didn't like that, for perhaps his greatest pride had been in that machine-like brain. He indicated chairs.

"She took that one by the wall; sat very still, with her little feet together. Robert found his voice; heard himself asking rather harshly (just as he would have asked such a question at office on a busy day).

"Well, what's this all about?" The two others exchanged a glance. Why, he asked himself, was Frank, by any chance, not playing fair?

Deliberately, then, with her slender, pretty fingers, she untied the string and opened the parcel. Sure enough, there were the letters!

"He interrupted with 'Well, how much do you want for them?'"

"At this sharp attack she seemed to sink a little way into the chair. But after a moment she resolutely straightened her shoulders.

"Come-out with it! If we've got to talk business, let's talk business! I've got to compete with a yellow newspaper, I presume!"

"Bob," Hildreth cut in, "you really mustn't bully Miss Bernice."

And, after a silence, she said, in a low voice. "It's been a pretty hard thing to do, coming here. But it seemed the best way. First I want to give you these letters. As many as I can tell they are all there. Of course, if there should be any more, I'll send them to you. And I'm turning over all the other things to Mr. Hildreth in the morning."

"Miss Bernice is going to be married," Hildreth explained, clumsily.

"O!" This from Robert. "I thought you might have noticed my ring," she went on. He saw it now; a platinum band, set with emeralds and a diamond.

"You're going to be married!" "Yes, I shall leave the stage. I have not felt happy about the past, but I shall simply have to make the best of that. I have found a new philosophy," glancing down at the leather bound book, "that has changed the whole course of my life."

"But there are colored threads," Robert heard himself saying that, and stopped short.

"Of course. In every life. I understand that. Certain different threads." She smiled, shyly, as a child sometimes smiles, and her eyes glinted. "But I am going ahead on a new footing. Marriage is a job. I'm going to try to make good at it, that's all I can say. I know, at least, now that the only happiness lies in giving up absolutely. I am doing that. Gladly. I hope to have children."

The wistful smile flitted again across the delicately pretty face.

"That's all I can say—I'm going to try to make good at it. And the first step was to clear this"—she indicated the letters—"all up. I couldn't leave it to any one else to do."

Her voice faltered. She glanced over toward Hildreth, moved as if to rise from the chair, hesitated, then did get up.

"I think," she murmured, "if you don't mind, I'll just go now."

"She was moving toward the door when Robert intercepted her with outstretched hand.

"She seemed about to flutter around him and out the door, but then, hesitating, she let her hand rest in his. And he was gazing gloomily down at her.

"So you have found a philosophy?" he said.

"Yes-yes!" Her voice was a whisper, but with a returning firmness.

"No, Nina. No. But I envy you your fine simplicity."

"It comes down to faith," said she. "Yes. That's it. It comes down to faith. Some sort. Faith in something or other. I'm afraid my faith has been only in myself." His voice softened and his eyes filled. "But I wish you, Nina, every, every happiness. I'm sure you'll make good!"

He released her hand. "In that book." She nodded. "Peace? You've found peace?"

This time she nodded brightly, strongly. "I wish," he mused, "I could find peace."

"You can! Will you let me send you this book?" He slowly shook his head; slowly. "Thank you," he said, turning abruptly. "Have you any idea where I could find Adrian; get in touch with him somehow?"

"I think he's right down stairs, Bob."

"Downstairs!" "He came up the front steps just as we did."

"Weakened? I wonder." He caught himself. "Frank, the first thing in the morning please settle Adrian's trouble with that hotel."

"You'll pay it, Bob?" "Yes. And one other matter. Better make a note of this. There's an old race track out named Tim Mul-lane. Was a jockey once. The detective people can find him, somewhere between Canada and Mexico. He'd be where there are horses, if he's alive. I owe him \$11,200. Find him and pay it. Good night."

He rang as they crossed the threshold. To Stephens he said shortly: "Why did Mr. Adrian come back?"

"As a favor to me, sir." "Thank you, sir." "I'm so sorry, sir. I hope I haven't overreached myself—gone too far, sir. But I left very bad over his trouble, and I didn't know but what my servants might be able to make up a—"

"Ask Mr. Adrian if he will see me again, Now."

"Thank you, sir." The boy seemed to have aged. His complexion was nearly gray, and there were deep circles under his eyes.

"I appreciate what you're doing," he began.

"O, you—"

"Mr. Hildreth was just telling me." "I realize that I was in the wrong. There was a long silence.

"Shall you still be considering that voyage?"

"The young man nodded.

"Why?" "O—discipline. A real job. And a complete change. Got a big fight ahead of me. May as well start all fresh."

"Would you mind changing over from the Isthmus and Pacific line to one of our ships?"

"Better not. The other's more important. I've been going through a hell of an evening. Guess I'm changing—fast. But I seem to see my way clearly enough now."

"Can I do anything for you before you sail? A little money—"

"No, thanks. Start clean."

"Well, good luck!" "O, I'll look you up again to say goodbye. Good night now."

"Good night."

Robert was a long time on his knees before the fireplace, reading and burning those old letters. The task finally done, he rang for Stephens. After a wait he rang again. His knees were stiff with pain. For the third time he rang.

There was a shuffling sound in the hall. Then Stephens appeared, in a nightgown and a knitted blue night-cap, his bony feet thrust into carpet slippers. He was rubbing heavy eyes.

"Stephens!" "Yes, sir."

"You needn't bother to put the flowers in Mrs. Battie's room in the morning. I'll do it myself."

"Thank you, sir. That be all, sir?" "That's all."

It was 3 in the morning. Robert sat on the edge of his bed balancing one shoe in an unsteady hand, wondering about faith.

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Erich Von Stroheim Says He Understands Women

A new type of villain has appeared. No more do the galleries reverberate with the hiss of the beetle-browed, bewiskered villain as he corners the tearful heroine and demands the "papers." No longer does



Desmond the Desperate stalks through act after act or reel after reel, running the gamut of human villainies. Jago is passe. Legree has had his day. "It's the monacle and came that now holds sway." The Perfect Villain. It has remained for Erich von Stroheim, author, director and principal actor in "Foolish Wives," to create the perfect villain—a parlor

the most expressive of canes. You'll Hate Him. No curses soil his lips—only the dainty suspicion of a lip stick and the delicate perfume of his cigaret. He never gets blue with rage—the color of his cheek could never pale. In fact, he is a sartorial, tonorial model, whose manners are impeccable. You hate him because of his he-vaup methods.

"TIZ" FOR FEET

For Sore, Tired, Swollen, Aching or Tender Feet



Good-bye, sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, tender feet, tired feet. Good-bye, pain in corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "Tiz" is magical, acts right off. "Tiz" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use "Tiz" and wear smaller shoes. Use "Tiz" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. A few cents buys a box of "Tiz" at any druggist or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. Beware of imitations!

Radium Halts Debility of Age

Banishes Infirmities of Advancing Years and Makes the Evening of Life a Period of Active, Contented Enjoyment.

A paper read before a scientific convention some months ago created world-wide interest. It said in part "radium rays caught in sugar of milk, made up into tablets and taken internally seem to work miracles and their results, especially among old people are nothing short of marvelous." These rays caught in the small Nuxatium sugar of milk tablets traverse the blood stream and revive latent energies as nothing else has ever done, according to several hundred who have experienced their marvelous effect. Many of these were chronic invalids for years, men and women far advanced in life who were supposed to be beyond the age when medical effort could accomplish much. And yet these little Nuxatium tablets gave them new energies, surges of pain, a calm, restful outlook, a revival of interest in passing events, a desire for activity, jaded appetites became keen again, red blood corpuscles increased by 150,000 in forty-eight hours and thus there is a most beautiful passing of declining years in contented enjoyment.

One of the principal causes of old age is the hardening of the arteries due to increasing blood pressure. This the Nuxatium tablets prevent. Their effect on the human system is startling. The invalid characteristics of advancing years vanish. Jaded appetites become keen again, red blood corpuscles have increased, acute pains disappear as if by magic.

A number of leading druggists have already put these marvelous Nuxatium tablets in stock.

They are put in vials of 210 tablets and the price is \$1.50 per vial. Reports from a large number of professions and business people who have used the Nuxatium tablets indicate that a veritable fairland of science has been revealed. Their possibilities are still undreamed of. You will be sure to find the Nuxatium tablets at the following drug stores:

Haines Drug Co., Sherman & McConnell, Boston Drug Co. and Green's Pharmacy.

Don't Grow Old Before Your Husband

Science Now Shows What Often Causes Premature Loss of Youth, Beauty and Attractiveness and Makes Women Fretful, Nervous and Run-Down

If Your Face Is Haggard, Thin, and Pale, Try This Simple Home Remedy Which Often Makes Women Look and Feel Years Younger and Surprisingly Increases Strength and Energy

Thousands of women are like the woman in this picture. They have grown old much more rapidly than their husbands. The roses have faded from their cheeks, they are weak, pale and careworn at a time of life when they should still be filled with buoyant health and radiant with youthful beauty—pale, thin watery blood has fastened its grip upon them and is gradually sapping their health, vitality and beauty. In most cases men safeguard their health, better than women by eating coarser foods, being more out of doors and leading more active lives, therefore keeping their blood strong and vigorous. For want of good blood a woman may look and feel old at thirty; pale, haggard and all run-down—while at fifty or sixty, with good health and plenty of rich red blood, she may still be young in feeling and so full of life and attractiveness as to defy detection of her real age.

For the purpose of enriching the blood and helping to create millions of new red blood cells, there is nothing like good old Nuxated Iron. Physicians usually prescribe two five-grain tablets after meals. Nuxated Iron directly increases the activity of the blood making organs and supplies true red blood food, thus increasing the power of the body to transform lifeless food matter into living cells, flesh and tissue.

FREE

For those who are thin or emaciated in appearance and wish something to help increase their weight, arrangements have been made with druggists to give a large \$1.00 package of Nuxated Iron and Compound Yeast Vitamins absolutely free with each bottle of Nuxated Iron that you purchase. In taking Vitamins with Nuxated Iron always take Vitamins Tablets before meals and Nuxated Iron after meals. Weigh yourself before you start, note especially the color in your lips and cheeks, the lines in your face and the tired look around your eyes; then weigh yourself again after ten days and see how much you have increased in weight and improved in color and appearance.

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