

Mystery Mansion To Be Remodeled As Apartments

Ancient French Chateau Reproduced in N. Y. by Mrs. Waldo Known as "House of Aching Hearts."

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER.
Universal Service, Staff Correspondent.
New York, Nov. 2.—Progress has crept up Madison avenue as far as Seventy-second street and put the zero mark on this city's "mystery mansion."

Crowding the heels of wreckers, masons, carpenters, in romance, as she lives in spires and wrought stone balconies, slipping out of existence with destruction of the old Rhineland Waldo residence, which for a quarter of a century has stood upon a corner of the city's most fashionable neighborhood with shutters over dusty shades. For it is perhaps the only house in New York which never had a tenant.

Will Be Apartment.
According to an official of the building company which has taken it over, the house will be made over into the most modern type of apartments. Plans provide for as many as 14 apartments in the old pile, which was copied after a chateau in Normandy. The furnishings, said to be worth a fortune, were sold and removed a long time ago.

Is Unique Style.
The five-story house is of a style unique in this city. Running around the windows of the middle three floors is a balcony of heavy-carved stone work and sharp little turrets break the roof. The windows are small and iron bars protect those on the lower floor. A great iron lamp, from which the glass is broken, hangs cheerfully to the wide entrance.

The work of building proceeded slowly, according to the story, and was superintended by Mrs. Waldo in person. When it was finished she picked up the French chateau and, bringing them to America, put them down in her new home. The total cost, it is said, was \$550,000.

Has Been Unoccupied.
But she never enjoyed the palace she had created with so much care. Soon after it was finished her husband, Francis W. Waldo, died and Mrs. Waldo closed up the house and left it abandoned. Many times she was offered large sums for it, but she refused to sell. A few rooms in one corner were occupied by caretakers, who came and went; the remainder, with unwashed shuttered windows, seemed to stare at the street with sightless eyes.

No one knows exactly how the tale of "aching hearts" or the ghost woman got out. The janitor who opens the door long after the bell has jangled down somewhere in the stomach of the house, says that she knows nothing about ghosts, and adds that she has been there only a short time.

Mutiny Is Reported Among Moscow Troops

Copenhagen, Nov. 2.—A serious mutiny occurred in Moscow a few days ago, according to travelers who have arrived in Riga, Latvia, says the Politikon. The trouble commenced, the travelers report, among bolshevik soldiers in the suburb of Khodynka, who refused to proceed to the front unless supplied with new state issue uniforms. The soldiers sided with the troops and there was considerable disorder in the barracks and adjoining streets. Machine guns were brought into use, according to the travelers, and large numbers of troops were dispatched from the surrounding areas. Howitzers were placed in commanding positions and between 6,000 and 7,000 persons were arrested. Of these, the travelers assert, from 200 to 300 were executed. The ringleaders of the mutiny were not discovered.

Inmates of State Hospital Will Be Called Into Court

New York, Nov. 2.—A writ of habeas corpus requiring the production in court of 81 inmates of the Manhattan State Hospital was granted by Supreme Court Justice McAvoy, upon application by Louis Cohen, a lawyer, who has just been freed from the institution by the court as "sane" and "well balanced." Cohen failed in an attempt to have the court pass on the case of the men whom he said were "improperly detained and illegally committed" and are entitled to the right of suffrage. Their hearings were set for November 23, Justice McAvoy ruling that the hospital authorities should have time to prepare themselves to meet the allegations and to be represented by the state attorney general.

Retreat of Anti-Red Leader Planned, Embassy Asserts

Paris, Nov. 2.—The south Russian embassy here asserted that the retreat now being carried out by General Baron Wrangel, anti-bolshevik leader in south Russia, was in conformity with a preconcerted strategic plan by which he is supposed to concentrate his forces in the lower Dan and Crimean regions. These regions, the embassy said, would serve as the base of new operations which circumstances might make necessary. The embassy pointed out that General Wrangel had several times before used the same tactics with advantage.

France May Prevent Return of Constantinian

Paris, Nov. 2.—The French foreign office informed the Associated Press that France would not interfere in the Greek situation, unless former King Constantinian attempts to return to Greece. In such a case, it was added, "France will take such measures as are deemed necessary."

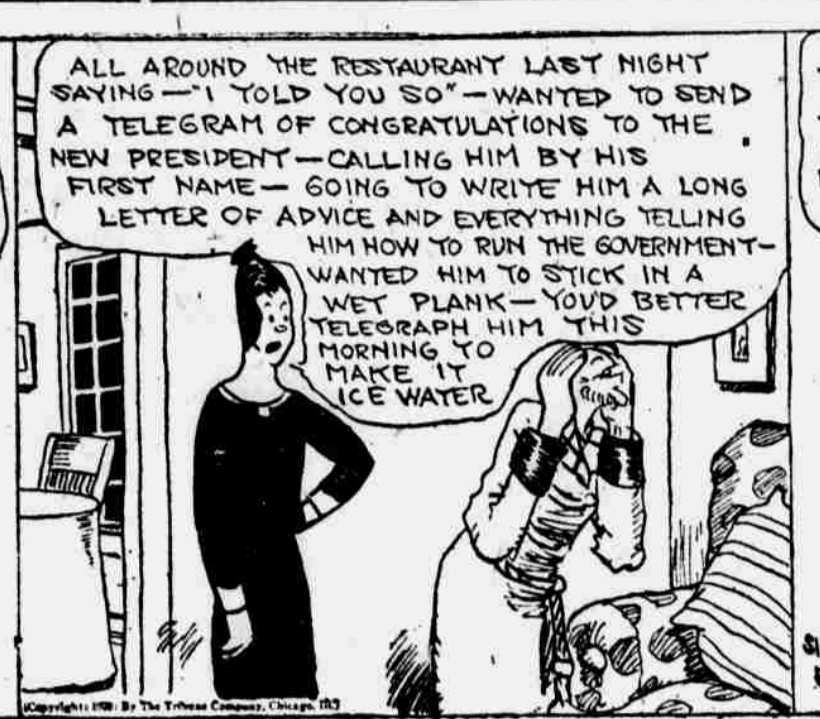
THE GUMPS—



O WELL, ANDY'S MAN WON



SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF BROWNIE BEAVER



Tricks THAT YOU CAN DO



More Truth Than Poetry



By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

THE AWAKENING

If it happens that you cherish the delusion
That you're educating rather up to date,
If you think you've learned knowledge in profusion
On all weighty modern subjects—only wait;
For your utter lack of learning will confound you;
You will find, in fact, you do not know a thing
When your little children once more gather round you
On returning home from college—in the spring.

You've been banking quite a bit on Herbert Spencer;
You've been quoting him with fond complacent pride—
Cut him out—you cannot get him past the censor
Who is polishing his golf clubs by your side.
You were strong for Lindley Murray's form of grammar,
You've employed it in your finest business prose,
But you'll find he gives an awful katzenjammer
To a maiden who is powdering her nose.

You were proud that Ivanhoe you've not forgotten,
Though the tale of course is somewhat over-long,
But on learning that the yarn is simply rotten,
You'll admit—if you're a father—that you're wrong.
You thought Hawthorne was a writer of romances
Which possessed a large degree of grace and charm,
But you'll find that these were only foolish fancies
When you're told that he was just a false alarm.

All the names on which you always placed reliance,
Which you thought would keep their fame well learning lives,
Master minds in every realm of thought and science
You'll discover are recorded now as flimsy.
You'll be told that you belong with Julius Caesar
And his band of low-brow Romans back in Gaul;
You will think that you're an out-of-date geezer,
That, in brief, you don't know anything at all.



CRACKING UNDER THE STRAIN
Prices may not be coming down, but they're not taking the hills on high gear the way they used to.

YOU CAN'T PLEASE 'EM
Four-fifths of the population isn't in school and wishes it was. The other fifth is in school and wishes it wasn't.

WE OUGHT TO BE READY FOR IT
It took us about three months to prepare for war, but we've been preparing for peace for two years now.

Lawyer Through With Wanderer

Chicago, Nov. 2.—Benedict M. Short, who put up such an amazing defense for Carl Wanderer that the jury let the confessed triple murderer off with a 25-year sentence, announced today that he was done and Wanderer would have to secure another attorney in his next trial.

The state hopes to bring him to trial inside of two weeks, this time for slaying the Canadian ex-soldier whom he had engaged to rob Mrs. Wanderer. The witnesses will be the same, but more care will be exercised in securing the jury.

The city is so indignant over the last verdict, that it will be a difficult job to secure a jury. The newspapers continue to exhort the jury for "its unthinkable" and "monstrous" verdict. This, too, may be one of the reasons why Mr. Short does not care to have anything further to do with the case.

Italy to Pledge Imperial Tapestries for Big Loan

Vienna, Nov. 2.—The reparations committee has authorized the government to pledge the famous imperial tapestries as security for a loan to purchase 60,000 tons of breadstuffs.

I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who regales you with my "wild" experiences. Why shouldn't I? They are all actual facts, the pure undistorted truth. You know that old saw about truth being stranger than fiction. There's that trip I once made to Chinatown, when I visited a chop suey joint during a Tong war. Would you believe it, a chink there has a long carving knife that took off my new derby and pinned it to the wall.

And then there's the time I got out of a little raid by jumping down the dumb waiter shaft.

What do you mean, I must have hit the pipe? Every word I say is true. If you don't believe me, I should worry. If you don't want to listen to my tales of personal adventure, don't try to josh me by asking foolish questions. They don't go over my head. I'm going to tell them whether you like them or not. It was added, "France will take such measures as are deemed necessary."

The Bee's Short Story

A Sense of Values. By A. MARIA CRAWFORD.

The Honorable Douglas McLein, whose Midas touch had lifted him to the exalted position of one of the greatest financiers of his time, was visiting in the little college town where he had spent the best years of his youth. And in acknowledgment of the great distinction which the townpeople felt that he was conferring upon them, a banquet had been arranged at the Wesley house, in the same low rafted room that had been the mecca for all the students at the university when he had been enrolled there.

Col. Benjamin Harris, partly because it was a party and partly because he had been chosen toastmaster, was sitting at the head of the banquet table, bright with bunting, flags and evergreens from the nearby mountains. He watched pretty girls, bearing heaped plates, go daintily from place to place. They were certainly going to show the respectable Douglas that they had a live town and that the inhabitants knew how to do things properly. He beamed upon those near him. They represented the most prosperous men of the community.

There was Adam Strong, who owned two river boats, farms and had the prize stock of the county. And there was Toller Martin, who operated a chain of successful grocery stores in every city and town of any importance in the state. Then there was Judge Malcolm, who had married the old maid sister of rich Benson, and who, by virtue of such wealth, had been put upon the bench quite as if he had a working knowledge of the law. On the whole, three-fourths of the money of the town was grouped around the distinguished visitor.

The Honorable Douglas spied a late comer slipping into his place at the far end of the table. "Why," he said, "there's Joe Riggsby, a white-headed as I am. I want to talk to him first of all." He leaned forward in an effort to bow in friendly fashion to the man.

"Yes, poor old Doc here," confided the toastmaster deprecatingly. "He's a flat failure and Joe had more sense back in the old days than all the rest of us put together. He just hasn't got it in him to make a success."

"Success?" repeated the visitor with a rising inflection.

"Yes, it's a great pity. Joe has never managed to get the swell practice of this town. He works only among the very poor and as a result, he lives in a tumbled down looking place that I know is mortgaged to the last dollar. He is the only one of our old intimates who hasn't made good."

Douglas McLein turned his quick, searching eyes upon the toastmaster. "Perhaps from some other viewpoint, Joe is not a failure after all, but the greatest success of any one of the old crowd."

Benjamin Harris chuckled a bit. Then he added, pensively, "Of course you and I can afford to be kind to him, but others might not understand. We agreed before you came to gather only the most worthwhile citizens around you."

It came time for toasts and the color had expanded to look as if he were in a fair way to burst with apoplexy. He waved his fat, pudgy arms, quoted bits of poetry, and dragged in the names of famous writers from Shakespeare down to Luke McLuke. After a lengthy speech, in which he had painstakingly sought to express ever higher ideals, especially the steel magnate at his right, he gave a final wave of his pudgy arms and to the obvious relief of all present, remarked, "We will now hear from the king of Wall street, 'the Honorable Douglas McLein."

The Honorable Douglas rose and began, "It is good to be back here again, to see you boys of swimming-hole days and foot ball melees. Back in those unforgettable days, we had a dashing, handsome leader. He was first in his studies, first in athletics. He was the ideal of our young hearts. Tender, generous to a fault, eager to help those of us to whom learning was hard, a man with the sympathetic understanding and comforting heart of a woman. Most of us early in life grew materialistic. We sought to express ever higher ideals, especially the steel magnate at his right, he gave a final wave of his pudgy arms and to the obvious relief of all present, remarked, "We will now hear from the king of Wall street, 'the Honorable Douglas McLein."

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF BROWNIE BEAVER

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY. CHAPTER IX

The Sign on the Tree

On one of Brownie Beaver's long excursions down the stream he came upon a tree to which a sign was nailed. Now, Brownie had never learned to read. But he had heard that Uncle Jerry Chuck could tell what a sign said. So Brownie asked a pleasant young fellow named Frisky Squirrel if he would risk asking Uncle Jerry to come over to Swift River on a matter of important business.

When Uncle Jerry Chuck appeared, he you have some chance of getting away then. But if they can't make a noise it will be much more dangerous for all of us forest-people."

If Tommy Fox hadn't happened to come along just then Uncle Jerry wouldn't have found out his mistake. But Tommy Fox soon set him right. As soon as he had talked a bit with Uncle Jerry he said:

"What the sign really means is 'allowed' instead of 'aloud.' It's spelled wrong," he explained.

"That's better!" Uncle Jerry cried. "Now there'll be no more hunting in the neighborhood and we'll all be quite safe." Farmer Greene is kinder than I supposed."

When Brownie Beaver heard that, he said good-by and started home. Once he told the good news to all his friends. He had leaped into the river and was swimming upstream rapidly when Uncle Jerry called him to stop.

"There's something I want to say," Uncle Jerry shouted. "I think you ought to pay me for reading the sign."

But Brownie Beaver shook his head.

"I didn't ask you to read the sign for me," he declared. "You read it for yourself, Uncle Jerry. And besides, you didn't know what it meant until Tommy Fox came along and told you. . . . If you want to know what I think, I'll tell you. I think you ought to pay Tommy Fox something."

Uncle Jerry at once began to look worried. He said nothing more, but plunged out of sight into some bushes, as if he were afraid Tommy Fox might come back and find him.

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Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

The Coroner of the Calif Ribs neighborhood and the Doctor from near Thunderbolt, seem to be getting awful thick, as they had their picture made together the other day. To tell which was which the photographer wrote before under the Doctor's and after under the Coroner's.

Yam Sims went to the photo gallery Saturday and had his picture taken. In the picture he looks kinder worried as he had sucked a lemon just before the camera went off.

Slim Pickens, after a rest of several months, has again set into going with the girls. The reason he stopped last spring was that he had run out of something to say.

Common Sense

Parents, don't try to make life too easy for children.

What you consider a kindness may be quite the opposite.

As long as you hand out money to your son or to your daughter they will make no effort to earn money, and they will have very little idea of the value of a dollar or \$5.

Put yourself in the place of your children.

If you could get money without work you would do it, and then spend it as foolishly as your children do.

If you will get some sort of a service as the price of money to spend and make them feel they earn it by earnest and hard endeavor, you will do the boys and girls a lasting good.

The reason for so many spend-thrifts in the world is largely a matter of training or lack of it.

Don't help your children to develop expensive tastes and then expect the mto have heart for saving money. Be consistent.

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TRAIN CHILDREN IN THE USE OF MONEY.

By J. J. MUNDY.

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Parents Problems

Should children be allowed to lend their sleds, etc., to the neighbors' children?

Yes, provided the neighbor's children are reasonably careful of the toys. Under the same conditions, the children might be allowed to accept the loan of the boys of their playmates.

AMUSEMENTS.

BRANDEIS TODAY MAT. & BUSINESS
A Comedy by Montague Glass

Business Before Pleasure
Potash & Perlmutter in the "Fillum"

Tickets: 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00
Tomorrow: Sol Dickinson's Yiddish Players.

Five Days Starting Sat. Eve., Nov. 6th

GERALDINE FERRAR

—IN—
"THE RIDDLE WOMAN"
A De Luxe Photoplay of Distinction
At Rehearsals, 25c; Evenings, 35c

Orpheum Circuit
Matinee Daily 2:15. Every Evening 8:15
Eddie Vogt & Co. in "THE LOVE SHOP," "CAHILL," "ROMINE," "SIDNEY PHILLIPS," "Follow On," Jackie & Billy; Harvard, Holt & Kendrick; Lucy Gillet; Topics of the Day; Kinolegrams.
Matinee 15c, 25c and 50c; Few 75c and \$1.00
Sat. and Sun. Nights 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c \$1.00 and \$1.25.

"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER"
Gayety
Daily Mat., 15c to 75c
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Annual Engagement of the

MAIDS OF AMERICA
MUSICAL BURLISK

Entire New Production in Evening
Dell With the Big **BOBBY BARRY**
gast Little Comedian. In Full Measure in Fun
Half Portion Size—Full Measure in Fun
Beauty Chorus of American Maids

LADIES' DIME MATINEE WEEK DAYS
Sat. Mat. & Wk.: Incomparable Mollie Williams in Person.

EMPRESS LAST TIMES TODAY
Charloff's Gypsies; Musical Dancing; Helvy and Brill, the two Peppy Peppers; Jax's Vacation, a farce-comedy by Chas. Graywin; Bush and Anderson, novelty act. Photoplay Attraction: "Girl of My Heart," featuring Shirley Mason.

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias
Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias

Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work

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SUN

GO TO MOVIE WEEK
Nov. 7 to 14

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

in
'MID-CHANNEL'

RIALTO

NOW SHOWING

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

in
'MID-CHANNEL'

GO TO MOVIE WEEK
Nov. 7 to 14

WILLIAM FARNUM

In His Big New Production
"Drag Harlan"

Official Moving Pictures of the New President on the Screen Today.

MUSE

TODAY AND THURSDAY

"The Adorable Savage"

The strange drama of a woman who forsook civilization for the primitive!

Strand

Robt. W. Chambers' Widely Read Novel
"The Restless Sex"

Marion Davis and All-Star Cast

GO TO MOVIE WEEK
Nov. 7 to 14

See want ads are best business getters