

Mad End of the Banished Beauty

Ordered from Her Castle by the Baron She Loved, Vienna's Loveliest Dancer Shoots Her Way Back to His Side and—Is Slain

PRAGUE.
THE wages of love is—death. So beautiful, stary-eyed Rosa Wittner, famous Viennese dancer and actress, found out when Baron Richard von Geymueller, Bohemian nobleman, ousted her from his castle they had shared for years.

Rosa is dead. The Baron lives. But probably with the sickening sensation of a man who has come out of a nightmare, only to find the real world more sorrowful than the dream. For when love turns to hate and the hated loved one dies, love often returns—in vain.

The romantic tragedy of Rosa and the Baron has stirred Czechoslovakia more deeply than any event since the war. Their affair of the heart had endured so long that even for the most

Schratt, beloved favorite of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, made her most signal successes. Many moderns saw in lithe Rosa Wittner a sort of reincarnation of that vanished charmer.

Certainly Baron Geymueller fell an instant prey to the beauty, the distinction, the grace of Fraulein Wittner. And none of the difficulties that beset the average man smitten with a stage star met him, since the no-



REMORSEFUL

Baron Richard von Geymueller, Bohemian Nobleman, Who Fell a Prey to Conscience Following His Love Affair with Rosa Wittner, Beautiful Dancer, and Ordered Her from His Czechoslovakian Castle. She Returned, Upbraided Him, and was Killed by the Police in a Wild Melee.

trait-laced minds in Prague it had acquired a aura of respectability. Then, too, often though not always, there is the added interest in wealth and beauty afflicted through infatuation. And that the Baron is one of the richest men in Central Europe, and that Rosa was one of the most lustrous creatures ever born, no one can deny.

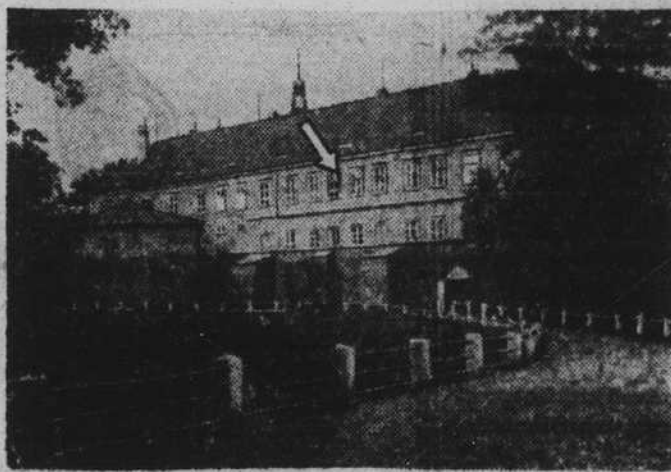
The beginning of the romance was conventionally unconventional. There were all the time-honored, classic ingredients of such a meeting. The Baron had gone up to Vienna from his huge Czechoslovakian estate, Castle Kamenice and Lipou, for relaxation and amusement. He had, not unnaturally, sought diversion at the play, and at the Burg Theatre—intimate home of frothy farces and musical harlequinades—he first saw Rosa.

The Burg is not frequented by the excessively sober-minded. It is the playhouse where the sprightly Kathie



bility are honored in all social observances behind the scenes.

The long and the short of it was that the Baron awakened in Rosa's breast emotions kindling like his own. He persuaded her—without a great deal of difficulty—to abandon her career and accompany him to his remote castle. There they ensconced themselves, and there they gave themselves up to such a whirlwind of mutual adorations as one encounters only in the flavorous novels of the nineteenth century French rom-



Stately Castle Kamenice, near Prague, Where Rosa and the Baron Dwelt in Perfect Harmony for Several Years. Arrow Indicates Window of His Study, Where the Final Fatal Quarrel Occurred

Time—several years—passed. To the world's eye, Rosa and the Baron continued at the same pitch of emotion that had marked their affair from the start. Rosa's stainless beauty, the Baron's courtly devotion, seemed unaffected by the passage of a long period. Everywhere, in Czechoslovakia they were referred to as the "immortal lovers."

But a subtle serpent had entered their Eden. It took, not the usual

form of jealousy or weariness, but of a guilty conscience. The Baron had been, before he met Rosa, a man of the most scrupulous rectitude, of the most delicate moral impulses. In the first wild onslaught of his passion for Rosa he had laid aside his early repressions like an outmoded coat. Youth and the fire in the blood had banished—for the

time being—the code puritanical.

But as the years rolled on and gray streaked the russet in her sweetheart's hair, Rosa's lord and master began to feel the pincer-like twinges of his neglected pieties. Brooding, he meditated whether this situation was not violently in defiance of churchly precept. The fruit of his reflection was the determination to break off with Rosa. But he dreaded to tell her what he had decided.

She seemed to sense something ominous, for she at last demanded of him what was the matter. He told her she must quit the estate. "Our love was a beautiful crime," he cried. "It must end."

Rosa received the shock with sur-



LOVED TOO MUCH

The Lovely, Sombre Features of Rosa Wittner, Viennese Dancer, Shown Through the Heart During a Brawl of the Baron's Estate.

loneliness. He had given orders the Rosa was never to be admitted again. But she had come armed. With the carefulness of desperation, she shot her way through a cordon of servants entered the ancestral main hall; then wounding two lackeys, she confronted the aghast Baron in the drawing room.

A furious quarrel ensued. In the meantime the police had arrived and when Rosa, by this time on the verge of madness, put a bullet into one of them, the others gave chase, firing as they ran. One of the shots took effect. She sank mortally wounded on the terrace. Half an hour later she died.

Her coffin was carried to the grave without a single mourner in attendance. The Baron was too unnerved by the tragedy to move from his bed, and Rosa's family refused to leave Vienna for the final rites.

A simple shaft adorns Rosa's grave. The inscription reads, "Hier ruht ein Frau die zu viel geliebt hat." (Here rests a woman who loved too much).

Was it at the Baron's order that the legend was chiseled on Rosa's tomb? Perhaps. For him, at any rate, the wages of love is—grievous repentant life.

prising coolness. Submissively she let her maid pack her bags and prepared to depart. But a sudden counter-impulse besieged her as her foot was on the doorstep. She turned toward the Baron and with outstretched arms implored him not to sever their love affair. He was adamant, and refused.

That night Rosa returned to the castle where the Baron sat in sombre

Adapt Yourself to Team Play—Stone's Advice to Youth



CHARLES A. STONE

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The ABC's of General Knowledge

Qualities Which Children Like Best in Parents

Based on a Survey Made Among 792 High School Students in an Average-sized Town in the Middle-West

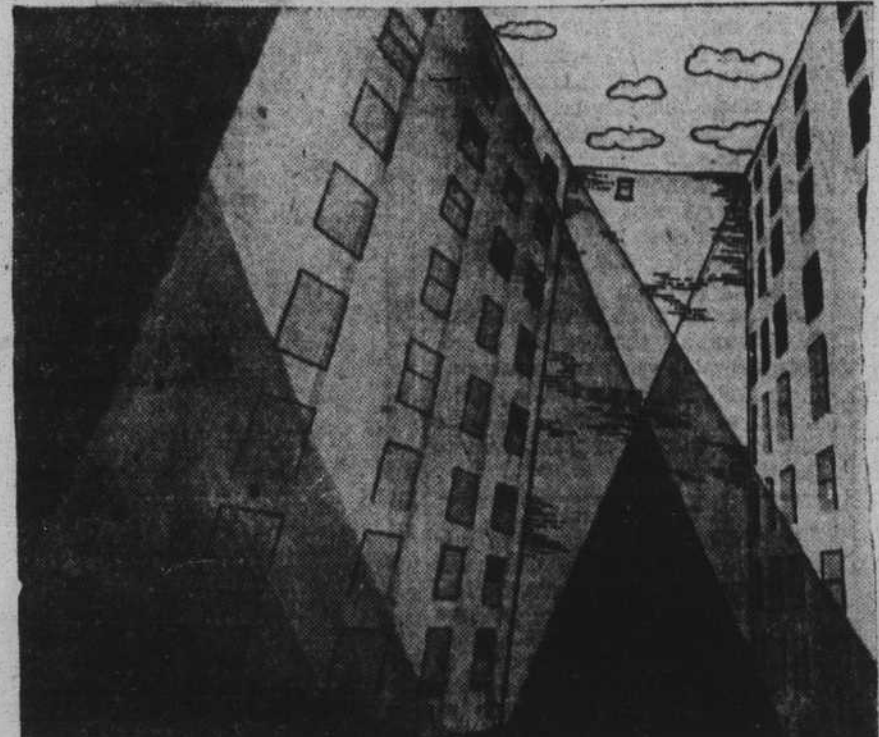
Source: "Middletown," by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd, Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Chart By FRELING FOSTER

TRAITS DESIRED IN FATHERS		TRAITS DESIRED IN MOTHERS	
Companionship Is Especially Desired in a Father.		The Home-Making Ability Is Especially Desired in a Mother.	
Spending Time with Them	Times Mentioned	Being a Good House-keeper	Times Mentioned
Spending time with them to read, talk and play... 453		Being a good cook and house-keeper... 435	
Respecting their opinions... 301		Spending time with them to read, talk and play... 298	
Being a college graduate... 111		Never losing temper or nagging... 228	
Never nagging about what they do... 95		Being a church member... 199	
Total of these five... 1,215		Respecting their opinions... 183	
Other traits mentioned... 353		Total of these five... 1,341	
Respecting Their Opinions... 1,368		Other traits mentioned... 243	
Being a Church Member	Being a College Graduate	Never Nagging	Respecting Their Opinions

By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet-Artist

Perspective (On the Riverbank)



"A Square of Blue Is All I Have for a View"

ACROSS the court from where I sit Is a wall of bricks. The length of it And its breadth and height and a square of blue Stuck on its lofty summit Is all I have for a view. The sun? I have no light from it.

The whole year through I sailed at the wall. I hoped it would suddenly crumble and fall For darkening the day and blocking the view And I wished with spite For the wreckers' crew To crash from my sight. But I left my dwelling and traveled a while

THROUGH city and country mile on mile. And now I am back again to fix My gaze on the wall And the same old bricks. And I love them all.

For any minute I can treat My eyes to a visit each way free Of trees and streams and a swelling sail Of a dinghy racing before a gale, And I hear the music of surging surf And feel the rhythm of galloping feet. The wall has lost its gloom for me Since I myself have learned to see.

