

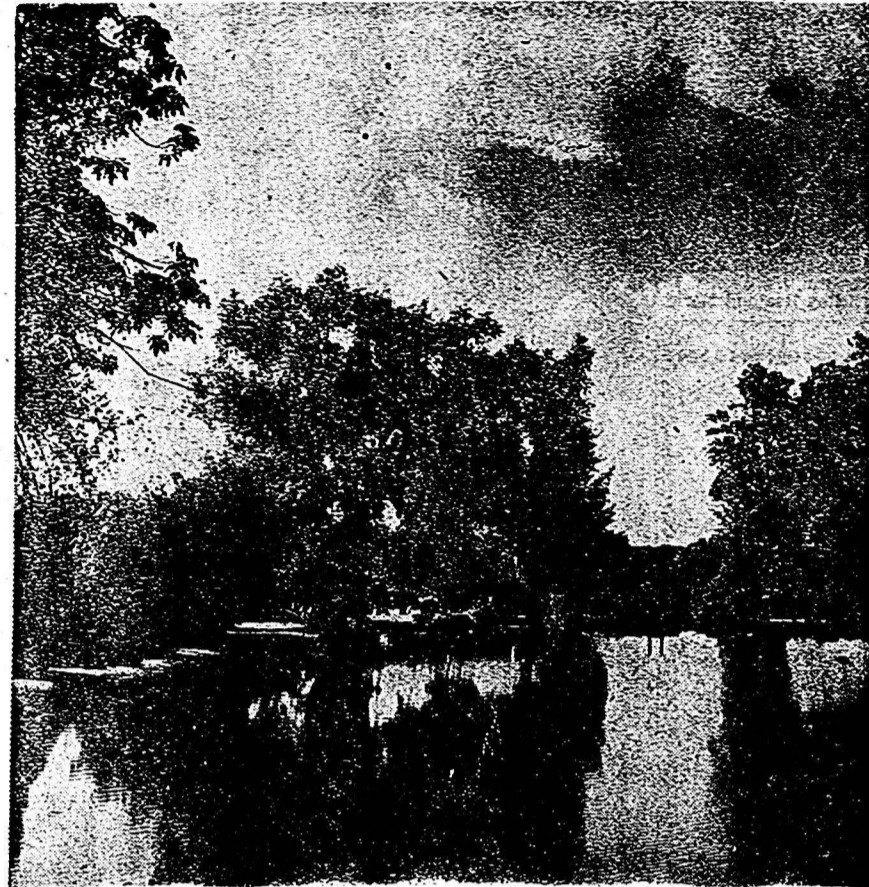
A PICTURE GALLERY OF WEEKLY NEWS



"Lass Chinatown"—Over 4000 Chinese gathered in Pleasanton, to see 19-year-old Fanny Don, crowned Miss Chinatown 1949. The University of California co-ed receives a \$250 wardrobe and a trip to Hollywood along with the title.



The Large And-The Small Of It—Six-year-old Philip Giustino can hardly reach around that full-sized accordion he's balancing. But don't let him fool you; two years ago, when Phil was only 4, he gave an accordion concert at Carnegie Hall in New York. Professionals have high praise for his skill on the instrument.



St. Lawrence River Near Prescott, Ont.



No More Ice?—Marcia Dreury works in an ice show. But like everyone else she likes a day off once in a while when she can swim in the pool. Marcia limbers up before hitting the surf where she's "cooling off" from her job as ice chorine.

A few weeks later, the appalling news reached the capital that the bodies of the two lovers had been found in Rudolph's hunting lodge at Mayerling, in the Vienna woods. Rumor crowded on rumor. The Prince was dreadfully mutilated—the girl's relatives had attacked and killed him, and Marie had committed suicide. Darker rumors followed, the Emperor, faced with his only son's absolute affirmation that he would publicly marry the girl, had had them both murdered.

Some believed that Marie was married and her husband, driven insane by jealousy, had killed them both. It was said to be a Jesuit plot to prevent the Prince from divorcing his Catholic wife in favour of an anti-Catholic girl. A story went round that a group of Hungarian nobles had done the deed for political reasons.

An official announcement was instantly put out from the Palace to say that the pair had committed suicide. No comment was offered or officially permitted.

Gradually, rumor hardened into an account said to have originated from Prince Philip of Sax-Coburg, Rudolph's closest friend, who was a member of the hunting party at the lodge when the tragedy took place. This young man was supposed to have said the Rudolph had written to the Pope, frantically seeking annulment of his abandoned marriage with Princess Stephanie and permission to marry Marie monastically; the Pope had sent a Cardinal to acquaint the Austrian Emperor with the situation. The Emperor had stonily refused even to have Marie presented and ordered his son to break off the relationship immediately; and Rudolph, driven to the madness that always hovered near the Hapsburgs, had shot Marie and then himself.

Every person connected with the affair, whether guest or servant, was hurried under military escort to Vienna and sworn to secrecy. The official dossier put together by the Austrian Secret Police was excluded from the State archives. A personal letter to the dead Prince, who is said to have told some story of having visited his master's room across the English Channel, and the lovers dying, slashed with a razor that was still on the blood-soaked floor, was apparently imprisoned and disappeared.

Francis Joseph lived on, a tragic and lonely old man. His wife, Prince Rudolph's mother, said to have been the prettiest and wittiest Royalty who ever lived, was stabbed to death by an anarchist a few years after her only son's dreadful end. The Emperor's brother Maximilian was murdered in Mexico, and his wife went mad. Francis Ferdinand, named heir to the Austrian Throne after Rudolph's death, was assassinated with his young wife on June 28th, 1914, and the deed plunged the world into war.

Lingering on to the age of eighty-six in his war-split country, Francis Joseph, lonely and tragic, turned more and more to his old friend, the actress Katharina Schraitl. He told her all his secrets and she wrote them down in her diaries, and looked the diaries in the strongroom of the most powerful bank in Vienna.

Time passed; Austria-Hungary was dismembered. Another war, and the Russians came thundering through the streets—the hein-apparent who hate Royalty and always try to drag it in the dust of scandal and derision.

One day, the Russians sent for Katharina Schraitl's diaries. They were just one day too late. "Thieves had entered that strongroom in the night; the diaries that told what really happened to the Prince Charming and the infatuated girl... were gone."

And so Europe's most tragic love story remains just one more mystery.

SUICIDE PACT—OR MURDER?

A Viennese Bank reports the theft from its vaults of an iron safe, and all Austria is set talking. For the safe contained secret papers that probably held the truth of a hushed-up Royal mystery. The Austrian Emperor's heir and a girl were found dead in a hunting lodge. Everyone was sworn to secrecy; papers were destroyed; the only clue lay perhaps in an Austrian actress's diaries. Now those diaries have been stolen.

When thieves broke into a strong-room of the bank vaults they took neither money nor jewels. A safe deposited by an actress was removed; everything else was left. This safe contained some of the actress's jewelry, but only some old diaries.

The actress was Katharina Schraitl, and she was a close friend and confidante of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who died in 1916. To her alone, it was said, the old Emperor told the truth about the tragic death of his son and heir, the Crown Prince Rudolph of Hapsburg. Now all Vienna is saying that Katharina's diaries have been abstracted and destroyed to preserve State secrets that might have shown how the Emperor had his son murdered, writes Frank Stuart in *The Bit*.

Princess and Poet Sixty years ago, in Old Vienna's musical comedy world of husar uniforms, Strauss waltzes and Danubian flirtations, there was a Prince Charming, Rudolph of Hapsburg was thirty-one, only son of the Emperor. He was a poet who nobody understood. His imperial parent decreed that the young man should be a soldier, but Rudolph spent his time in the woods writing sonnets. He was alternately a Prince of boon companions and almost a despairing madman. He hated and despised the pompous Austrian Church dignitaries; fought like a trapped animal against the Emperor's decrees that forced him to behave as a soldier should.

When he was twenty-three his father forced him to marry Stephanie, lovely daughter of the King of the Belgians. She timidly adored him, for he was handsome, brilliant, witty, travelled. Softened by her charm, he made his first attempt to settle down.

Old Emperor's Schemes Fate was against him. His wife had a daughter—and then could have no more children. Infuriated the old Emperor urged a divorce and remarriage to secure male succession to the throne. Servants were paid to set jealously aloof between the young couple.

Hurt and almost maddened, Rudolph began one of the most scandalous sets of whirlwind liaisons that even the immoral Hapsburgs had ever known. Nobody was safe; his attentions turned from the wives of Ministers and officers and the young daughters of his friends down among whores and tradesmen's wives. Of fatal attraction to

women of all ages, he seemed to meet no resistance. There were ugly rumours and ugly happenings, with inconvenient husbands and fathers beaten up or, rumour said, even put to death.

One day, as the young Prince lounged in the Palace, a secretary mysteriously delivered him a letter. It was from Baroness Maria Vetsera, a seventeen-year-old daughter of a financier. It was a strange letter, passionately imploring the Prince to check his mad career and prepare for his Royal destiny. With an adolescent girl's infatuation, the little Baroness offered to devote her life to him if she could ever serve him.

The secretary pointed out that the girl was a wonderful beauty, blue-eyed, idealistic.

The story goes that the Prince, through his secretary, arranged to meet the girl one evening. When he drove up to the spot she was waiting, trembling, and he took her into the Vienna woods.

What happened between the thirty-year-old poet, heartbroken and immoral, making his tragic protest as the iron of Royalty entered his mind, and the blue-eyed dreamer who was ready to give herself, body and soul, to reform him? Or did she really want to reform him? It will always remain a mystery.

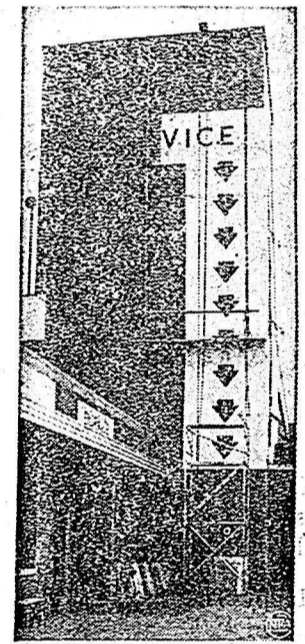
Peering Eyes Whispers They met again—and again. The peering eyes and curling tongues that whisper knew about the affair as soon as it began. Perhaps the secretary talked. They were very soon informed. For the moment they did not care. One girl was much like another. The woman who had been his mistress was dead.

But it did not pass. In the white and golden drawing rooms where fashionable Vienna danced and laughed and gossiped, they began to talk of "Little Marie." It was rumoured that she was passionate, sensual, but kind. They said she would not be shaken off, that she had become a dangerous nuisance. That was how Rudolph and the diaries, and looked the diaries in the strongroom of the most powerful bank in Vienna.

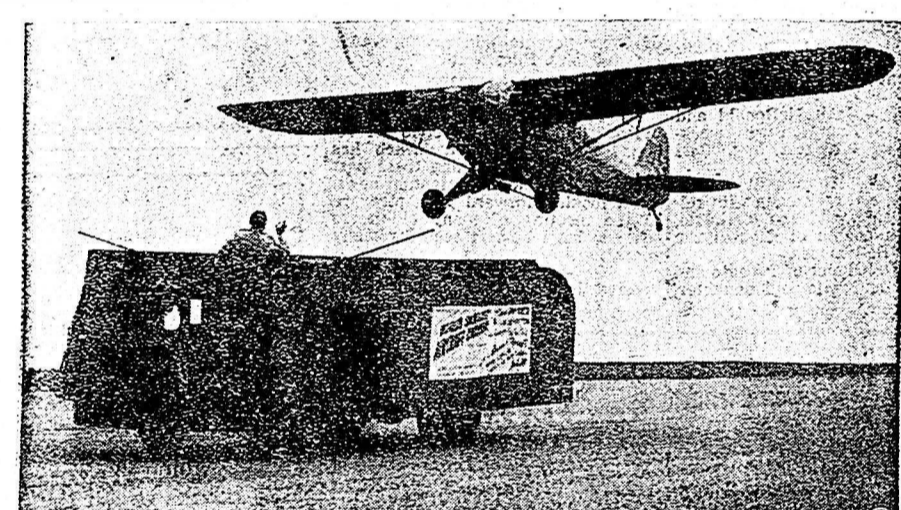
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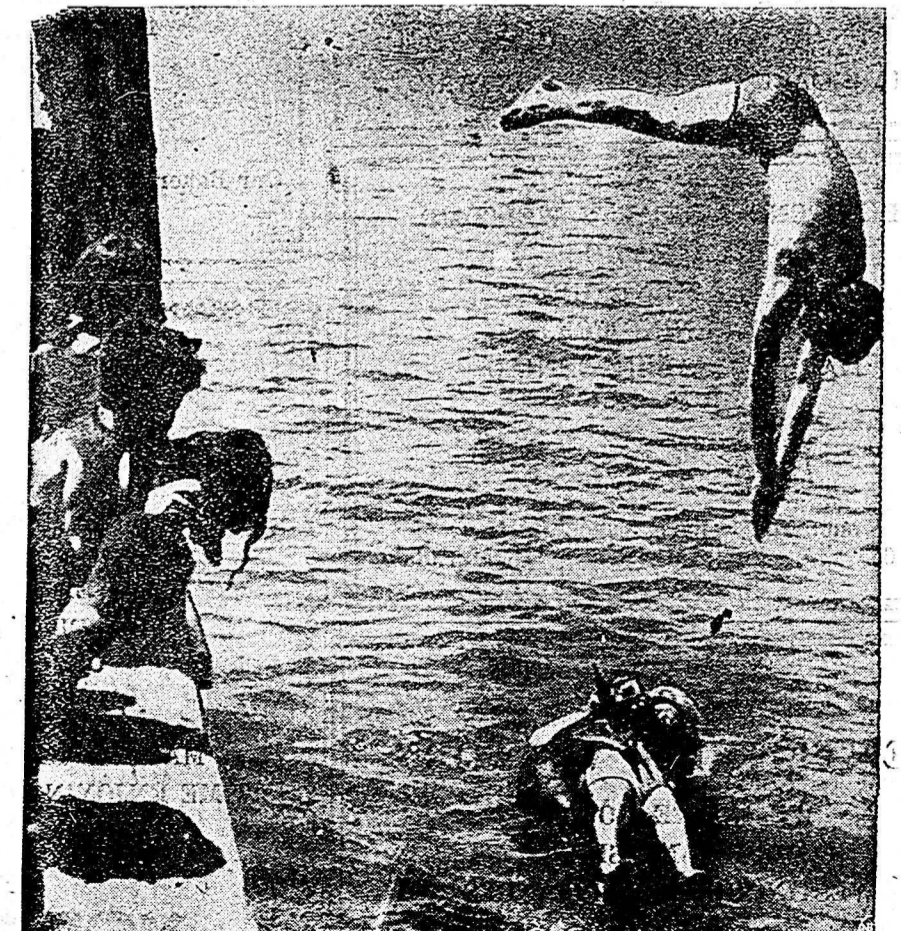
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Chicago's Fall Of It?—Chicagoans gazed in wonderment at this sign—VICE, with large red arrows pointing to an entrance. What the amazed gazers didn't know was that workmen, erecting the sign on an auto agency building, quit for the weekend and neglected to spell out the word "SERVICE."

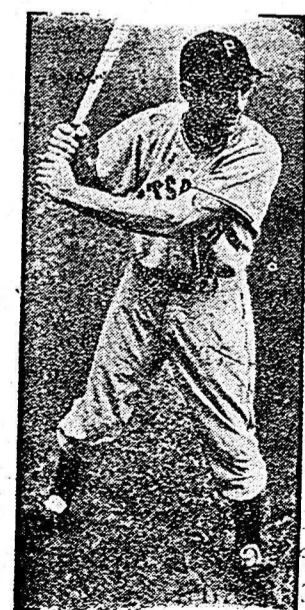


Landing On A Dime—Lt. Comdr. Richard Schram lands his Piper Cub on the "world's smallest aircraft carrier"—an eight by 17-foot platform mounted on a truck. Schram performed the stunt as a prelude to an air show.



Nice Work, and He's Got It—

Pictures of kids diving into a river are pretty standard newspaper equipment during hot waves. But it's usually hot work for the photographer. So photographer Maurice Maurel got a bright idea. And here he is getting the unusual angle—and cooling himself in the Hudson River.



ROOKIE SENSATION—Dino Restelli, 24-year-old rookie, who recently graduated from the San Francisco Seals to the Pittsburgh Pirates, shows the batting stance which has already brought him acclaim. In his first 10 trips to the plate, the promising young outfielder manufactured six homers, and 14 hits out of 40 batters at bat.

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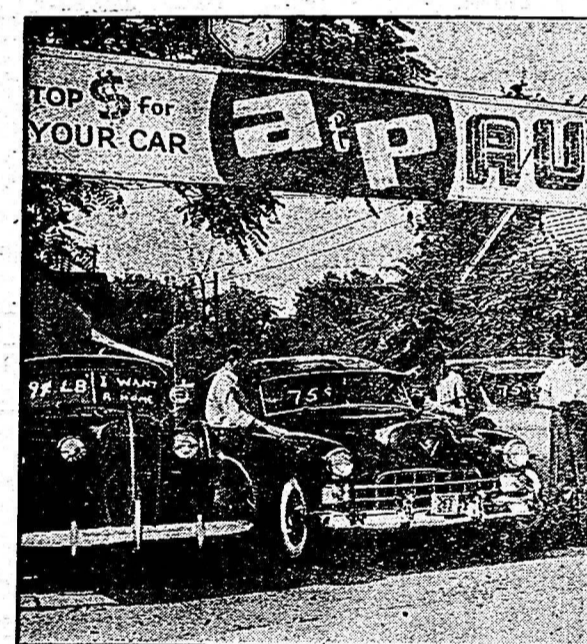
Only One Of 'Em—Edith Mae Zilli, 19, is just one of 35,000 contestants in the annual "Miss Stardust" contest. But if they all look like Edith, the big field for the world's largest beauty contest won't be narrowed down too much.



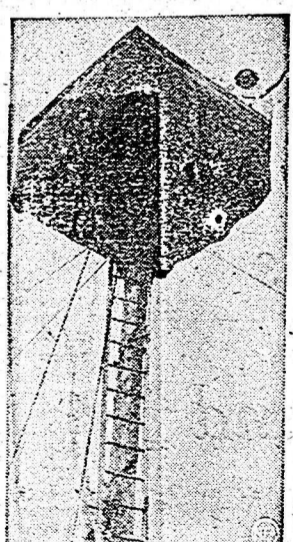
Trout Pond Near Preston, Ont.



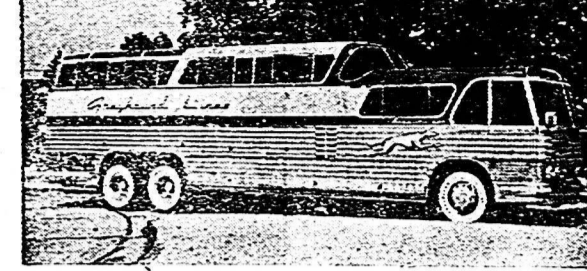
SOME SWIMMER—Emerging from New York Bay, Shirley May France manages to look fresh as the proverbial daisy after swimming 16 miles from the Battery to Coney Island. The 16-year-old schoolgirl is getting ready for her attempt to swim across the English Channel. If she makes it, Shirley will be the first American woman to do so since Gertrude Ederle performed the feat in 1926.



Bargain Day—That sign on the car in the center doesn't mean what you might think; it's not really selling for 75 cents—just 75 cents a pound. The novel idea of cars-by-the-pound works out about the same as the ordinary retail price in the end, but the novelty of the idea has increased business by 50 per cent, according to the dealer.



No Vacancy—This six-foot square platform, 55 feet above a Revere, Mass., street, holds Mrs. Arthur Ellis, 24. The reason she's up there is because she can't find an apartment for her family. Mrs. Ellis says she'll stay up on the pole until she finds living quarters.



Test Run For Scenicruiser—The last word in highway bus travel, this Greyhound Lines "Scenicruiser" starts out on a trial spin. The 43-passenger coach is air-conditioned and equipped for music. Passengers ride above the level of passing cars in the streamlined vehicle, which is only one foot higher and five feet longer than old-style buses.



Traveling In Style—Dumbo gets a helpful hoist as he climbs into the back seat of a car on his arrival at LaGuardia Airport, after a plane trip from Africa. Dumbo weighs a mere 200 pounds. But give the little fellow time—he's only a year old.

Ordinary Looking Yet A Monster

In the year 1868, in the town of Roubaix, near Lille, in France, there lived M. Jean Kinck and his family. He was devoted to his wife and his six children; but underneath his prosaic, businesslike exterior he hid, none the less, a tiny jewel of romance. He had been born in Alsace, and it was his constant desire and ambition to return one day to his native country and become a landowner there.

His wife, however, was averse to this, so like the intelligent gentleman that he was, he had given up talking about his project, and merely continued to hug it in secret as a day-dream which could never be realized. One day, however, he met in the town of Roubaix a young man of the name of Troppmann, and within a very short time the two were close friends.

Troppmann was at this time just 20, a good-looking fellow with a boyish face and an extremely attractive baritone voice, so that he was a welcome visitor to the Kinck household. And he had, in addition, one other quality which made him irresistible to his host, he was incurably romantic. He had the most attractive and picturesque outlook on life in general, and he was enthusiastic to a degree over Kinck's scheme for buying that dream property in Alsace, writes Harold Dearden in "Answers."

So well were things going, in fact, for Kinck, that he had himself, he said, gone to Paris where he visited the entire family to join him.

Troppmann would take care of the whole thing. The eldest son, Gustave, went off to get the money from the obstinate postmaster in Alsace, but even his papers were not in order, and the cash was not forthcoming. So he wired to Troppmann in Paris saying what train he should arrive by, which enabled Troppmann to make a few small arrangements for his entertainment in the shape of the purchase of a pickaxe and shovel.

Troppmann met his guest at the station and took him to his hotel, and, apparently feeling for the young man's loneliness, he urged him to write a letter to his mother, inviting the whole family to join him in Paris and naming the train they were to come by on the following day.

Here they rested a moment, for the day was hot and Kinck was not a little breathless with both exercise and excitement. They had brought with them a bottle of wine, and nothing could be more natural, therefore, than that Troppmann should suggest opening this, and drinking to their success.

Troppmann was able without the least difficulty to fortify the wine with a little prussic acid which he had brought with him for the purpose.

Victim Number Two Kinck drank and dropped dead where he stood; so Troppmann rifled his pockets at his leisure and buried him in a ditch. Thus Kinck's day-dream came true at last, and he ended his days in Alsace.

Troppmann next returned to Cefny, where he wrote to Madame Kinck. He wrote, he said, on behalf of her husband, who had injured his hand and so could not use a pen, and he gave her certain instructions which she was to carry out implicitly. She was to cash a cheque which he enclosed, signed by her husband, and send the money to Troppmann at the post office in a town near his home.

Troppmann was going on splan dilly, the letter said, and Troppmann was a dear fellow. Thus encouraged, Madame Kinck sent the money; but the postmaster refused to let Troppmann have it, since he had no papers to prove his authority. So Troppmann wrote again, and this time the eldest son of Kinck was told to collect the money and bring it to Troppmann in Paris. This letter was even more encouraging than the last, for in it Kinck, whose hand was still unfortunately disabled, urged the family to spare no expense, for Troppmann had given him a million.

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The simplest way to have the new pocket-book Flaps, on a cool flatterer, with those long lean lines you're always looking for. Scalloped neckline yokes! Pattern 4792 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 36 takes 36 inches bust. Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighth-st. St. New Toronto, Ont.

manner, but his story was distinctly marred next morning by the discovery of the body of Gustave and the positive statement of experts that he had died before his mother and the rest.

This really did upset Troppmann. For the first time, on viewing his handwriting, he showed signs of emotion, and he at length confessed everything. Under his guidance, the body of M. Kinck was discovered, and from that time onward the trial and sentence of Troppmann was merely a formal pretense to his execution.

This wholesale killer proved himself a model prisoner while awaiting the end, as indeed, have others of his kind before him.

His calm, as well as his charm of manner, never deserted him. He positively endeared himself to his warders, to whom he was in the habit of sending little poems of gratitude in return for their many kindnesses. Practically the only defence put forward by his famous counsel, Lachaud, was a plea for insanity, and this being rejected, Troppmann went to the guillotine.

On analysis, Troppmann presents a very interesting picture of that which would probably be diagnosed today as a "high-grade mental defect" or "moral imbecile," although it is likely that he represented rather that borderline type of the criminally foolish egotist.

But it is doubtful if there is, in the whole gallery of murderers, a more monstrous figure than Troppmann. His youth, his air of boyishness and engaging candor, and his singularly pleasant tone of voice, would seem to give the lie to all our preconceived ideas as to what a murderer should look like. But he was, in reality, typical, for in appearance he was a perfectly ordinary person.



"Loaded"—Movie actress Vera Ralston sports a young fortune in jewels. The ear-rings, necklace and bracelets, from a Hollywood antique collection, are valued at \$250,000. They are supposed to have been given to the Empress Josephine by Napoleon. The necklace alone contains 20 square-cut diamonds, ranging in size from 1.5 to five carats each.