

My of the Victory Ball

Persistently Hide Her Real Drove Her to Self-

entries are made in the spaces allotted to the bride's father's name and rank.

Her age on the certificate was entered as thirty. If this be correct it contradicts her claim to Hapsburg paternity. The Meyerling tragedy took place, as stated above, on January 30, 1889. Had Mrs. Steane been the daughter of the Baroness Vetsera she must have been born before that date, and would consequently have been nearer thirty-one years old than thirty at the time of her marriage with Captain Steane. On the other hand, of course, the age given on the certificate may not have been correct.

She alleged that after the Meyerling tragedy she was sent out of Austria by the Government in charge of a priest, who took her to America. Afterward she was cared for and educated in various convents, most of her girlhood being passed in Toronto, where she was known as Alma Vetsera.

It was while Alma was in Toronto that she met a young cadet of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and, with the wonder of the great world outside the convent walls hardly out of her eyes, she married him. His name was George Osborne Hayne.

After Alma's marriage to Mr. Hayne the two lived in Montreal at the Windsor Hotel, and were received at many of the best houses in the city.

At this time Alma was only seventeen years of age, and she showed every promise of being a very charming and winsome woman. Her beauty and attractive manners, together with the faint shadow of sadness which even then occasionally darkened her generally happy temperament, all combined to make her the pet of Montreal society.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayne visited Austria and tried to obtain from the authorities recognition of Mrs. Hayne's claim to be the daughter of Crown Prince Rudolph. Their efforts failed, and during the same year, 1911, the Austrian Government issued an official pronouncement stating that as no child was born as a result of the infatuation of the Crown Prince for the Baroness Vetsera no person could genuinely claim such ancestry.

After a brief period it became apparent that all was not roses in the married life of the young couple. A little boy was born to them, and very soon after this event Mr. Hayne went to New York, leaving his wife behind in Montreal.

During her husband's absence Mrs. Hayne met a young man named Justin B. McDougald, who lived in Montreal, and the two became close friends.

Mrs. Hayne decided to institute divorce proceedings against her husband, and for this purpose she went to New York. Young McDougald followed her and remained in her company. Mr. Hayne took counter-proceedings. This was followed by the return to Montreal of Mrs. Hayne and young McDougald.

On their return to that city the young man's father interposed. He induced his son to accompany him to St. Benoist Joseph Asylum at Longue Point, and had him detained in order to give him time to reflect over his conduct.

While there he wrote several piteous letters to Mrs. Hayne, telling her of his plight and imploring her to assist him to escape. This led to a most exciting fight for freedom.

Through the connivance of Mrs. Hayne a file was smuggled to the incarcerated young man by means of a box of candy.

A night was decided on for the escape. The bars that kept McDougald from freedom were to be cut, the young man was to lower himself quietly to the grounds below, where a conveyance waited at the asylum gate to bear him away to the woman he loved.

The attempt proved a failure, however. The sound of the file against the steel of young McDougald's prison bars was heard by the keen ears of the asylum warders, and the bid for freedom was frustrated.

Further piteous letters were sent from the prisoner to Mrs. Hayne, begging her to discover some other way to help him out of his plight.

A second attempt was made. On a dark night a few days later a high-powered motorcar bearing three or four friends of the young couple travelled to Longue Point to reconnoitre the place, with a view to making an effort to release the young fellow on the following night.

Shortly before midnight of the appointed day a big touring car containing five men arrived noiselessly on the scene. The guards of the asylum, however, were not asleep, and soon the challenge was given to those who

A graceful photograph of the mysterious suicide taken a few weeks ago in London

were seen to be crouching in the shadow of the asylum gate.

No satisfactory answer being given, the guards opened fire on the party. This was returned by the would-be rescuers, one of whom emptied a chamber of revolver shots on the custodians of the institution.

A general alarm resulted; lights began to appear about the grounds and reinforcements beat off the attack. The would-be rescuers clambered back into their car and disappeared into the darkness.

Accepting the hopelessness of quixotic rescue, Mrs. Hayne decided to appeal to the law to assist her cause, and applied for a writ of habeas corpus demanding the asylum authorities to "deliver up the body of Justin B. McDougald."

When the case was called the asylum brothers did not appear, but Mr. McDougald, Sr., was in court on their behalf. The case was adjourned so that the brothers might appear.

After the adjournment Mrs. Hayne appealed to the young man's father and agreed to accompany him to the asylum. What transpired on this journey has never been revealed, but on the way Alma agreed not only to make no further fuss about the young man's incarceration, but even agreed to persuade him to remain there of his own consent until his father agreed to his release.

A new romance of a different type entered Mrs. Alma Vetsera Hayne's life after her divorce and her removal to New York. It was then that she met and married young Donald Shields Andrews, a senior student at Yale, son of

her maintenance and education on condition that she should be taken away from Austria and that the secret of her parentage should never be revealed.

It was no secret that some of the most prominent young noblemen of England and officers of the army, men of a superior type to those noblemen who offer their hearts to Gaiety girls, were ardent suitors for her hand. Captain Cedric Sebastian Steane, although a handsome young man of wealth, several years younger than herself, was by no means the most distinguished of her suitors.

With characteristic impulsiveness she married him soon after he appeared in her circle, leaving the rest of her friends and admirers amazed at her suddenness.

And then she killed herself for some undiscoverable reason within three months of an idyllic honeymoon.



Pretty Alma Vetsera, as she called herself, in a recent photograph taken in the photograph studio of Lallie Charles, and her little son, "Bunny" Hayne

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Andrews, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Shields was at the time engaged to Miss Elizabeth Strong, of his own city. Social history says that Mrs. Hayne first met the young man through his fiancée, Miss Strong, whose friendship she made while visiting at Camden, S. C.

At Camden Alma Vetsera heard all about Miss Strong's engagement to marry the young Yale undergraduate, Donald Shields Andrews. The trusting Ohio fiancée was unreserved in her adoration of her charming and brilliant guest. When Alma Vetsera left for New York it is said that Miss Strong wrote to her fiancé, giving a glowing description of her new friend, and ended:

"Be sure you call on her. You'll find her a perfect love. Your devoted Bea."

Young Andrews proved to be an obedient fiancé. He called on Mrs. Hayne at her studio apartment, Central Park South, New York. He found her attractions quite up to Miss Strong's specifications. About a week after the meeting, which little Miss Strong engineered they went to Mamaroneck and were married there on

April 27, 1915, and sailed for Europe.

Two months later the deserted little fiancée learned that Donald Shields Andrews had returned from Europe alone; that he did not return to Yale to be graduated with the rest of his class, but that he did have a heart-to-heart talk with his father and was later found doggedly at work in the paternal copper mines in Michigan.

Again divorced, Mrs. Hayne became a permanent resident of London, and her social popularity increased rapidly. Her various matrimonial experiences were considered no bar to her admission in the highest circles.

She dressed in exquisite taste and without regard to cost. One woman who knew her estimated that she did not spend less than \$50,000 a year on her clothes.

And here lies one of the many mysteries of her life. From her earliest days, even before any of her numerous marriages, she had been abundantly supplied with money. She once told a friend that the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria had furnished \$1,000,000 for