Heir to Austrian Throne Assassinated: Wife by His Side Also Shot To Death: Earlier Attempt on Their Lives Failed

New York Tribune – June 29, 1914

**Francis Ferdinand, Nephew of Emperor Francis Joseph, Killed in Bosnian Capital an Hour After Warding Off Bomb Which Injures Score.**

**Slayer a Servian [Serbian] Socialist**

**Volley from Revolver Hits Archduke and Duchess of Hohenberg as They Are Driving Together in Automobile in Town of Sarajevo-New Heir, Charles Joseph, 27 Years Old.**

Sarajevo, Bosnia, June 28. – The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were shot to death today in the main street of this, the Bosnian capital. Bullets from a magazine revolver in the hands of an eighteen-year-old youth riddled the heir apparent and his wife, and thus completed the grim task a madman had unsuccessfully attempted only a few hours before by hurling a bomb at the royal automobile.

Another terrible chapter has thus been written into the tragic and romantic history of the House of Hapsburg, and tonight the aged Emperor lies prostrated by the news in his summer place at Ischl.

The flying bullets struck Francis Ferdinand full in the face. One tore its way into the Duchess’s body. Another pierced the great artery in her throat. As the blood gushed from her neck she fell senseless across her husband’s knees.

An instant later he, too, sank to the floor of the car in a heap. Both were rushed with all speed to the palace. But no help was of avail. They died a few moments after they arrived.

**ASSASSINATION CAREFULLY PLANNED.**

The assassination had been carefully planned. It was while the heir to the Austrian throne and the woman he had loved so well were on their way to the town hall that Nedeljo Gabrinovics, a journeyman printer, slung a smoking bomb at the royal automobile. It was while they were returning from the hall, perhaps an hour later, that Gavrio Prinzip [sic], a high school student, stood at the corner of Rudolfstrasse and poured his fusillade into the helpless couple. Again, an unexploded bomb was found a few yards away from the scene of death. It had been flung in a corner by another madman after he learned of the success of Prinzip’s attack.

**ARCHDUKE WAS INDIGNANT.**

After the bomb exploded the Archduke and the Duchess proceeded to the City Hall. The automobiles were fleet and the news had not yet filtered through the crowd in waiting. Indeed there had hardly been time to telephone. So the burgomaster was astonished when he met his royal guests at the door to have his customary address of greeting interrupted by the snapping words of Francis Ferdinand:

“Herr burgomaster, we come to pay you a visit and bombs are thrown at us. It is an insult!”

Then his princely dignity overcame his indignation and he paused and said:   
“Now you may speak.”

After the ceremonies the Archduke and his wife announced that they would visit the wounded members of their suite in the hospitals on their way to the palace. They set out in their car, this time protected by a cordon of police. They drove rapidly down the Franz Josefstrasse and were nearing Rudolfstrasse when Prinzip, a pale faced boy - indeed, a mere stripling, but with all the zeal of a fanatic shining in his countenance - popped out of the front rank of the crowd like a seed from an orange. No one seemed exactly to realize what he meant to do. It was as real and as unreal as a moving picture.

**MAGAZINE REVOLVER USED**

Just as the automobile slowed up on the turn into the Franz Josefstrasse the boy raised his arm from his side. The sunlight struck on the dull steel of the magazine revolver and soldiers leaped to grab the youth, but before they reached him he had accomplished his deed. It was with extreme difficulty that he was rescued from the infuriated crowd.

The first attack was filled with all the dramatic intensity and suddenness with which the successful and unsuccessful attempts on the lives of European monarchs have been attended. Sarajevo was en fete to welcome Francis Ferdinand and his wife. It was a triumphal procession. Flags fluttered in the soft wind and garlands hung from the windows. A great throng of picturesquely soldiers that held them good naturedly in check at the railway station where the couple were expected.

*New-York tribune.* (New York [N.Y.]), 29 June 1914. *Chronicling America: Historic American Newspapers*. Lib. of Congress. <<http://chroniclingamerica.loc.gov/lccn/sn83030214/1914-06-29/ed-1/seq-1/>>