

American as Bride Sought by King Zog

Albanian Monarch Desires Tall, Fair Queen. Who Is Rich.

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR
Times Special Writer

SINCE Barbara Hutton was out for adventure in a big way, it is too bad she didn't wait a few years. She might have won a crown instead of the dubious title of a wandering Russian prince—than which there is nothing more common. King Zog of Albania now trumpets the news to whom it may concern that he is in the market for an American bride.

She must be fair and tall, and she must bring in her baggage a bagatelle of one million dollars a year, at least. According to the dispatch, she must also have intelligence and courage. She would need plenty of both. The finances of this small mountain kingdom are in a bad way, since none of the larger European nations has been willing to play angel to it. And the atmosphere of the country, with its blood feuds, brigands and prevalent Mohammedan faith, in which Zog shares, is like that of a primitive pre-Christian country.

King Zog hasn't had much luck finding a consort in Europe. Not that he is a failure with women. He seems to have an even greater mania for the feminine heart than King Carol of Rumania. But for various and sundry reasons European royalty does not consider him eligible.

Makes Gallant Admission

Zog, in his queenless and heirless state, with his kingdom threatened for lack of funds, gallantly insists that he has always had a fatal penchant for American girls. He is said to have requested a former American minister to draw up an inventory of prospective brides. What better occupation for an idle diplomat? But nothing seems to have come of any overtures the minister may have made in this country, so now Zog virtually advertises for an American consort.

Let's see what he has to offer. He is one of those handsome daredevil creatures at home only on the battlefield or in a lady's boudoir. He could probably give cards and spades in the art of love to the best paid gigolo in New York.

His mountain kingdom may be primitive, but the haunts of Vienna and Bucharest have seen him often enough. The trouble is that his love-making might be so unorthodox as to be unacceptable even to an excitement-eating American heiress. It ought to be easy enough for the impossible she to go in for the Mohammedan faith, American women of the restless leisure class love to dabble in the occult. I give you the galaxy of women, including a Vanderbilt, who worship at the feet of the Omnipotent Oom in his Nyack (N. Y.) stronghold.

Stays Wed to Maharajah

I give you, too, Nancy Miller, of Seattle, who embraced the Hindu faith when she married the Maharajah of Indore. She has stayed married longer than any one expected. The Maharajah may have in the past played fast and loose with women, but Nancy seems to have kept him under the conjugal roof.

What King Zog needs is a woman with the spirit of a Lady McBeth. It is rumored that he has cut his way to the throne with his sword. And there are signs that the bloody work is not yet finished. The periodic attempts that are made from time to time on his existence would add considerably to the spice of palace life.

I shouldn't care for the assignment myself, but I can think of more boreome roles for a young American heiress whose New York orbit is limited by night clubs. Zog would be a great trial as a husband. He has a catholic taste in women, ranging from gardeners' daughters to diplomat's wives. It is rumored that he tried to abduct a lady of the diplomatic corps. But if a woman were strong-minded enough she

TANGIO

BEGIN HERE TODAY:

Treasure McGuire, at 18, is a hostess in a San Francisco night club. But this environment has not been able to stain her character or sour her outlook on life. In the night club she has won the heart of Juanita Deane, another hostess, who is inspired by the fact that Treasure is a girl who has diverted from the usual path of a young business man.

Treasure, however, is in love with Juanita's brother, Anthony, who is 20 and who has none of the dissipated sophistication of his elder brother. But she had not known of the infatuation of these two. His mother, Treasure's aunt, had been repulsed by him. But on a new year's eve he returned to the night club. Treasure saw him in conversation with Juanita and when Tony came in, Rudolf goes to his table. Tony and Treasure had planned a drive to the new year, but she receives a note from Tony.

NOV GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"SOME one has been talking to R. If I try to stay he will cause a scene. Hang around as long as you can, Sweet. I'll come back if possible. I love you."

Treasure read the hastily scrawled words and again, Juanita had told Rudolf about his brother's constant attendance at the night club, but even so was that any reason for his causing a scene? And why was the younger boy so afraid of him?

Puzzled and unhappy, she tucked the note inside the bosom of her dress against the warm flesh. At least he hadn't gone away without explaining to her. But he had gone. When she returned to the dance floor she saw that his table was vacant.

"Hang around as long as you can," Tony had begged. She would do that but how those long hours dragged! How miserably tawdry it all seemed! This effort to be merry on the part of persons who so obviously had no reason for celebrating the advent of a New Year.

When the sun came she was still dancing. It was the moment she had planned to spend in Tony's arms. Instead she found herself surrounded by drunken, weary, revellers in crumpled, untidy clothes.

The women with rouge standing out in blotches upon their cheeks, looked years older than they had the night before.

Even Treasure's blue eyes were circled with fatigue. The smile she wore felt as if it had been stamped across her lips.

Anthony did not return. When the last table had been deserted and there was no possible excuse for waiting any longer Treasure went to the check stand for her hat and coat. Juanita's eyes met hers.

"Happy New Year," she sneered. Treasure did not reply. If it was to be war between them let it be war. But the words seemed an evil omen. Would the New Year bring happiness as they had planned or would it continue as it had started?

Sobberly she turned toward the door to be stopped by Patsy. "The club's going to be closed for a week," he said.

The information surprised her, but she added, "Have to make some repairs, and this seems to be the best time for it."

So that now if Anthony sought her here he would not find her. He knew where she lived but she had asked him not to come to the house since her father's scolding. For the first time since she had started to work at the club she had Nyack (N. Y.) stronghold.

might be able to manage him, as they say his deceased mother did. Zog's American wife, if he finds one, will find it hard to adjust herself to Mohammedan ethics. We Christians of the Western world are ruthless in a hundred ways in our relations with our fellow men. But we are not so cavalier about spilling blood.

Lady McBeth, you will remember, said that all the perfumes of Arabia could not cleanse her small hand. But among the Mohammedans a breach of hospitality or the breaking of a pledge is a worse transgression than murder. A European or American living among them must have a very upside down feeling.

Unfortunately for Zog few women have a Richard Harding Davis sense of adventure. If more did Zog would have had an offer by this time hot as the sun in the sky.

Handkerchief of a kingdom, by it is one of those pivotal Balkan states. If Zog should fall, and if his sworn blood enemies should upset the entente which he has set up with Italy, another war tremor would shake Europe. Zog's queen would have a box seat at the conflagration, although her act might soon be over.

no one to take her home. Never had she been so weary but she could not afford a taxi. She stood on the corner waiting for a car feeling bedraggled and forlorn. Dreading a possible scene with her father when she reached home. But although he eyed her disapprovingly he made no comment as she dragged through the living room into the kitchen where her mother was cooking breakfast.

Ellen, who was feeling better every day, looked up with a smile which changed to concern. "Goodness me, Treasure, what's the matter?"

The girl sank into a chair by the table sighing, "I'm tired. May I have a cup of coffee?"

Ellen poured it for her whispering, "Didn't Tony bring you home?"

"No, he couldn't wait." She drank the coffee gratefully and fell into bed to sleep until 4 o'clock. When she awakened the room was dark and cold. With an unprecedented sense of foreboding she felt that all was not well with Anthony. Perhaps she would send him away. Perhaps she was never to see him again! Her overwrought nerves snapped and she broke into tears.

Ellen's voice roused her. "What's the matter honey?"

"Nothing," she sobbed. It was the usual situation reversed. Always before it was Treasure who had done the comforting but it made Ellen strangely happy to be able to take the quivering little figure in her arms, saying gentry, "Tell mama all about it."

Treasure couldn't do it. It would have been impossible for her to put the confusion of doubt and longing in her heart into words but her mother's loving presence consoled her just as her own childhood sympathy had so often strengthened the older woman.

AFTER she had bathed and dressed she felt better and as if to reward her for this renewed optimism Tony suddenly appeared before the door driving his mother's car.

Her father saw him first. With smoky blue eyes narrowed to a glint he stated, "That's wop's not coming in my house again."

"What does it matter?" Treasure thought running for her hat and coat, answering, "All right, papa! Wondering if he would forbid her going out. If he does I'll go anyway," she decided.

She met Tony at the door and without inviting him in cried, "I was just coming out."

"But the worst is yet to come," he warned her. "After he got home he told my mother and they threatened I didn't quit seeing you to take away my allowance."

"But don't you work in father's factory?"

"Not yet, although I'm supposed to start the first of this year."

"Well, then," she said triumphantly. "They don't even have to let me do that until after my birthday," he reminded her, "I'm in their power."

He looked so dramatic as he said this she made her think of Carlos. Only Tony was infinitely dearer, of course.

"Never mind, darling," she said attempting to comfort him. "But I do mind," he cried tempestuously. "They can't treat me like that. Even if I'm not of age, I'm not a child. Yet, if I come to the night club again Juanita is to telephone Rudolf."

"And my father won't let you see me at home."

"You see. There's no other way."

"I had to see you, Treasure."

"I know," she babbled almost delirious with joy at seeing him. "But you don't know, darling! It's all so much worse than you can possibly imagine," he cried tragically.

She stared at him then feeling again that uncanny sense of foreboding but he did not explain until they were away from the house driving towards the ocean. When he finally spoke his voice was ragged with emotion.

"Do you trust me, Treasure?"

She put her hand over his on the steering wheel. "You know I do!"

"Enough to do what I ask no matter how unreasonable it may seem?"

"You wouldn't ask me to do anything wrong, Tony?"

It was not a question but a statement—an innocent confession of faith.

"Of course not, Sweet! It's like this but I will begin at the beginning. Juanita told Rudy all about us last night. You probably guessed that."

"I was afraid of it."

"Well, why did you ever since you wouldn't go home with him that night but he'd never dreamed I'd been seeing you. He'd been drinking, too, of course, and he made threats as he always does when he's angry. If I hadn't gone home with him he'd have raised such a row I didn't dare risk staying."

"That was all right, dear. I understood."

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