

No New-Rich Need Apply!

Embarrassing Plight of the King of Spain's Two Charming Princess-Cousins Who Are

Advertising in the "Want Columns" for Handsome Young Husbands— "Vanderbilts Preferred"

The Impoverished Princesses' Disinherited Brother, ex-Archduke Leopold, Now Plain Herr Woelfling, and His Housemaid Bride, Fraulein Maria Ritter.



"TWO royal princesses, sisters, aged 23 and 26, desire friendship and eventually marriage, after mutual tests, with English or American gentlemen, who must be young, wealthy and handsome. No upstarts or new-rich need apply. The princesses are accomplished but very poor. A meeting could be arranged for August. Address: Post Office Box 31."

IN a mean little room on the top floor of one of the cheapest flats in Zurich, Switzerland, sit two forlorn beauties of the once glorious House of Hapsburg, waiting for some Yankee Lochinvar to come and rescue them from poverty and possible starvation.

They are the Archduchess Margaret and the Archduchess Maria Antonia of Austria. Once they were the feted darlings of the proudest court in Europe. Now, though still young and beautiful, they are in such straits they are advertising for husbands. Yet even in their extremity remains one haughty, regal touch—"No new-rich need apply!"

Their naive anonymous advertisement, published in several Swiss and German newspapers, attracted the attention of an American correspondent. He answered the "ad" and arranged a meeting, expecting to stumble on a practical joke or expose an impostor.

To his amazement, he discovered that the "two royal princesses" were, in American slang, "the goods"—daughters of a famous Austrian archduke, royal princesses of Bourbon on their mother's side, cousins of the ruling King of Spain!

"Yes," admitted the Archduchess Margaret bravely, "I'll marry an American. But I want a millionaire who's young and has a good family. One of those Vanderbilts, for example."

"I will, too," chimed in the Archduchess Maria Antonia, "but I don't want some old vulgar person who made his money out of the war."

After he had talked to them for a while the American correspondent decided the plight of the two poor princesses isn't so much a comedy as it is a tragedy—a drama in which two young girls reared in opulence were plunged suddenly into exile; then, fleeing at midnight from a Spanish palace, found the world a cold, harsh place even for princesses; and, unable to go back and helpless to go forward, decided it was better to trade their titles for a fortune than to starve to death.

Their father, Archduke Leopold Salvador, was a member of the ruling house of Austria and one of the richest nobles in Europe before the war. Their mother was Princess Blanche of Bourbon, eldest daughter of Don Carlos, pretender to the Spanish throne, who led an ill-fated insurrection to make good his claim in 1872-78.

Of the ten children of the Archduke and his beautiful Spanish wife five were daughters. The youngest of these are Margaret and Maria Antonia. From babyhood they were brought up in the expectation that some day they would wed a prince or a duke or a baron, at least. They were schooled in all the arts and graces. They can speak seven languages. They can paint, sing, ride, dance, motor, shoot, and do everything but work.

Work! Ten years ago, when Margaret was sixteen and Maria Antonia was thirteen and the Hapsburgs were monarchs of their land, the world would sooner have expected an Austrian archduchess to stand on her head and sing ragtime than to jiggle a typewriter's keys or hire out as a housemaid. Yet that is exactly what Mar-



Photographic reproduction of the Venturesome Matrimonial "Ad" of the Two Royal Princesses Which Appeared in the "Want Columns" of Various Swiss and German Newspapers. A Translation of This "Ad" Is Given at Left.

garet and Maria Antonia have tried to do in the past month—and failed.

When Archduke Leopold Salvador fled from Vienna with his family at the collapse of the empire, he sought his wife's country, Spain. And his wife's kinsman, King Alfonso gave sanctuary to the refugees. He presented them with one of his spare palaces and, in effect, told them to make themselves at home for as long as they desired.

The palace was at Barcelona—a gloomy pile of masonry which had been in the Bourbon family for a century or more. Here the Archduchesses Margaret and Maria Antonia were imprisoned as effectually as those two little princes of England who were murdered many years ago in the Tower of London.

Margaret and Maria Antonia had nothing to do save wander all day through gloomy tapestried chambers, wishing they had been born daughters of peasants. The Archduke, exile or no, was a proud man. In his St. Helena he strove to keep up the same conventions he had in Vienna. His daughters could not venture onto the streets unless chaperoned by their duenna. None was meet to associate with them save royalty—and royalty in Barcelona was very scarce just then.

A new catastrophe added to the loneliness of the two little princesses. Their favorite brother, Leopold, went to Switzerland for a pleasure trip and got married. His bride was Fraulein Maria Ritter, a housemaid in a Berlin family, and though she was created a Baroness when she became the wife of a Hapsburg she was an impossible person in the eyes of the Archduke Leopold Salvador.

The Archduke Leopold Salvador could not understand, let alone accept, the new spirit of democracy abroad in the world. And he was utterly appalled when his son, Leopold, led a commoner to the altar.

"He is my son no longer!" shouted the Archduke. "You are not to speak to him or write to him or even mention his name again."

That was hard lines for Archduchess Margaret and Archduchess Maria Antonia. They had hoped Leopold would bring his young wife home to Barcelona. She would have been a very welcome diversion in their humdrum days. Now they not only had lost this prospect, but the laughter and chatter and camaraderie of their brother—Margaret and Maria Antonia rebelled. They asked their royal mother for permis-

sion to take a short trip to Switzerland. But their royal mother was horrified. The idea of two Austrian princesses touring alone through Europe! The thing was unheard of. And not all the arguments Margaret and Maria Antonia could advance about the "new freedom" and "things are different nowadays" could change their mother's mind.

Then Margaret and Maria Antonia did a very daring thing for princesses. One of their few amusements in the Barcelona palace was taking drawing lessons. They had a young Spaniard for a teacher. He was a romantic youth, and when Margaret

and Maria Antonia broached their plan to him his eyes snapped and he agreed.

Thus, on a moonlight night in May, Margaret and Maria Antonia crept down the back stairs of their grim prison, carrying a dilapidated carpet bag between them and a hundred yards from the palace found their drawing teacher waiting in an automobile.

The flight was not discovered till morn-

ing. By that time Margaret and Maria Antonia had ridden fifty miles northward to another station, and were half way to Madrid on a train. Their co-conspirator had arranged everything. They had two passports, made out in the names of "Donna Maria" and "Donna Eulalia de Henestra," and on these they got to Paris and thence crossed the Swiss border.

They telegraphed their brother. At the Zurich station they tumbled into his arms and the arms of his commoner bride, bubbling over with the success of their adventure and declaring they were "going to get real jobs" and "be just like real girls."

The new happiness of Margaret and Maria lasted less than a month. By that time they had exhausted every resource, Zurich was crowded with refugees like themselves. Princesses who sought work were a drug on the market. They tried to write for the newspapers. But they couldn't compete with the Kaiser, Ludendorff, the Crown Prince and twenty other illustrious exiles. They tried the stage, but even the chorus was full of ex-crowned heads. They tried clerking, but they didn't know how to clerk. When they had made the rounds

of shops and offices time and again, and could only answer, "Nothing—except be princesses" when they were asked "What can you do?" Margaret and Maria Antonia went back to their boarding house and cried.

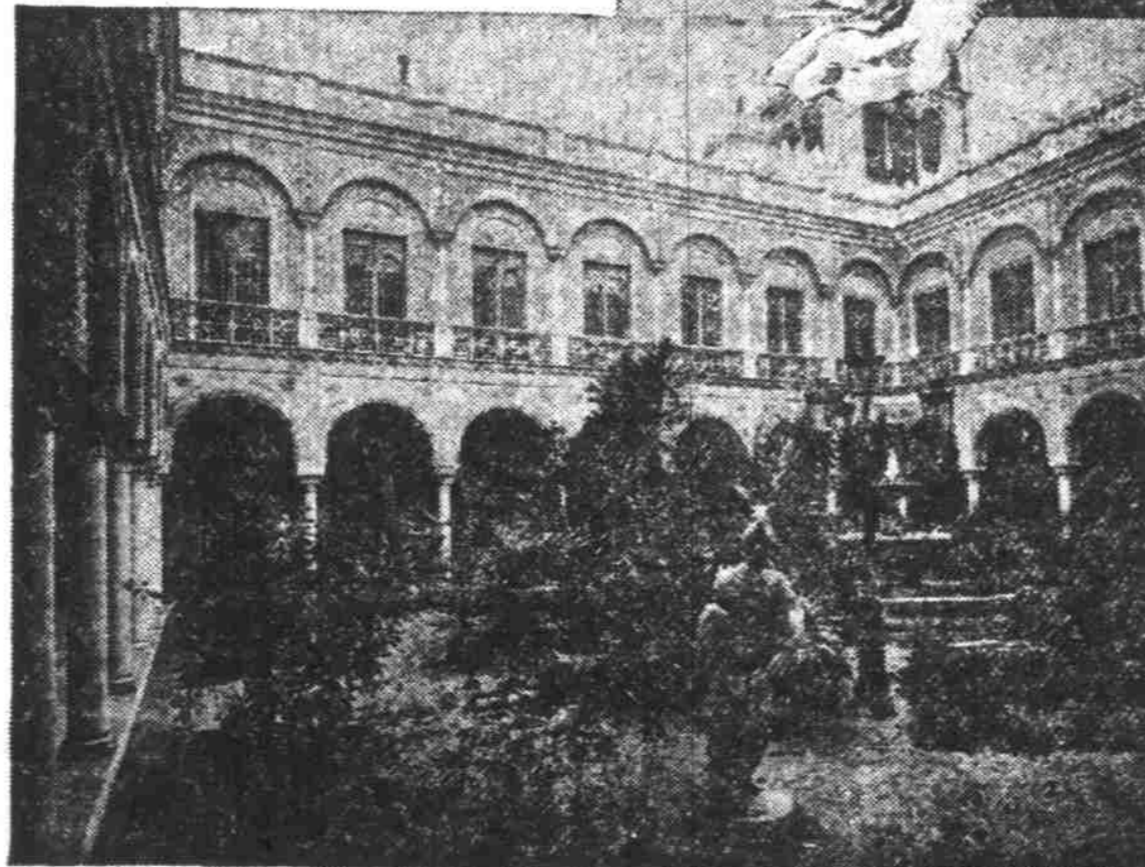
Their brother would have helped them, but he had affairs of his own that kept him busy. He was still in the Austrian military service, having adopted the name of Herr Woelfling and thrown in his lot with the new government. And his fur-rough over, he returned to Vienna.

Their dream shattered, their situation desperate, Margaret and Maria Antonia wrote home to Barcelona, praying forgiveness. The Archduke Leopold returned their letters unanswered. That was the final blow. Margaret and Maria Antonia moved from the boarding house to one of the cheapest flats in Zurich. They took almost the last of their dwindling funds and bought space in the newspapers. They had only one asset left—their names. If they couldn't get jobs, they might get husbands.

"We're poor, but we're princesses," cry Margaret and Maria Antonia. "Doesn't anybody want to marry a Hapsburg?"



Archduchess Margaret (at Left), and Her Younger Sister, Archduchess Maria Antonia, Who Would Prefer Handsome, Young and Rich American Husbands to the Drudgery of Housework.



The Old Bourbon Palace at Barcelona, Spain, Where the Two Princesses Found Shelter Following Their Flight from Austria During the War, and from Which, Later, They Escaped One Moonlight Night.

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