

Why the Shah's "Bad Boy" Was Ordered Home From Monte Carlo

A Bachelor Dinner for Four Sounded Perfectly Proper Until the Persian Ruler Heard About the Nymphs Who Came in Their Golden Barge with the Coffee and Cigars



An Intimate Snapshot, Taken at Monte Carlo, of Prince Hassan Mirza and His Friends. The Prince Is Standing with His Arms Folded. Mlle. Liette Dinis Is Sitting in the Sand. In the Chair Is Count Giovanni Vanutelli.

By LIETTE DINIS

(Parisian Beauty and Light Opera Prima Donna)

THE tongues of international gossip have been set wagging at a great rate by the sudden recall of the gay young Prince Mohammed Hassan Mirza, heir-presumptive to the Persian throne, from what was to have been a long summer outing at Monte Carlo.

Surrounded by a group of boon companions, he had been enjoying the season to the full, when suddenly, in the midst of the gaiety, a peremptory official telegram arrived from the Shah, ordering him back to his regiment at Teheran.

It was a mystery scandal that created a lively interest, not only on the Riviera, but in Paris and New York as well, for the young Persian Prince, on his former visits to the French capital, has been a familiar figure both to Europeans and Americans who are in touch with social and diplomatic life on the Continent.

Since my own recent arrival in New York I have heard even here a number of whispered versions of what went on behind the scenes at Monte Carlo before the young Prince was "sent home" like a bad boy—but the true story, I am sure, has never been told until now.

What I am going to tell you, you can believe—every word of it—for I was in Monte Carlo when it all happened, and was present myself at some of Prince Mirza's lavish parties, though I did not attend the wildest ones.

We were all in the same group, playing together on the beach and in the Casino. We knew each other well. We had intimate mutual friends, and what I did not see with my own eyes I learned first-hand from others who had been present on the actual occasions.

It was not one episode, but three—each wilder and more fantastic than the other—that caused Prince Mirza's family to recall him, "bag and baggage," at the height of the season.

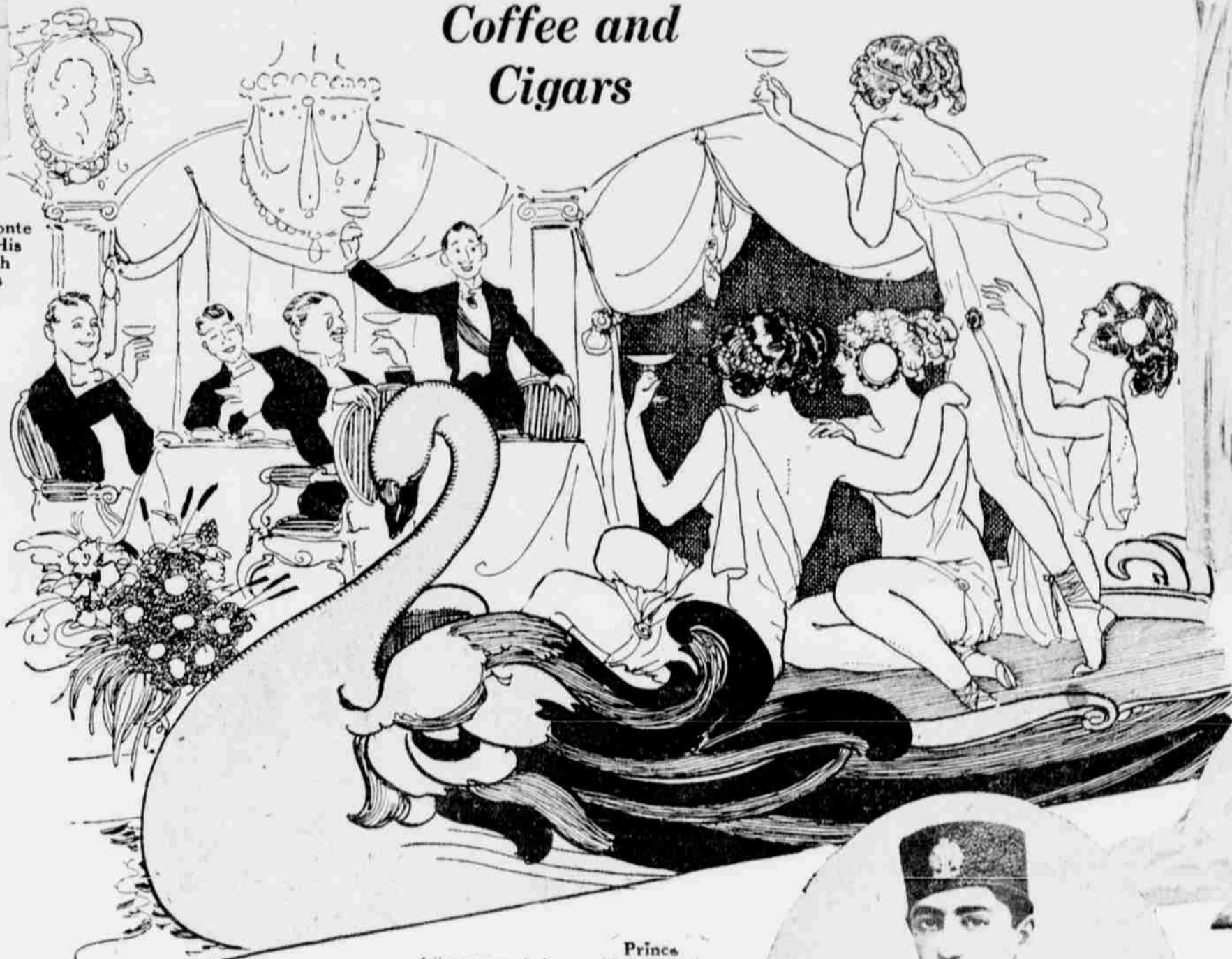
I think you may agree with me, when you have heard what the three episodes were, that Prince Mirza's actions can best be described with such adjectives as eccentric, fantastic, wild—rather than vicious or wicked.

But who knows? I have never quite understood what you call Anglo-Saxon morals, and perhaps you will think the Prince Mirza was very wicked, indeed.

The first of the episodes which caused annoyance to the young man's royal family back in Teheran, was a studio "bachelor party," in which Prince Mirza deliberately set out to "stage" a supper which was to be "more sensational and unique" than anything Monte Carlo had seen.

I was invited to participate in the climax of this festivity, but declined when I learned the kind of costume I was expected not to wear. The following afternoon, however, I had all the details from the Prince's

Another Monte Carlo Snapshot, Showing Prince Mirza with Mlle. Dinis, Count Vanutelli and Other Friends.



"... A barge floated in, on which reclined four superbly beautiful 'nymphs,' garbed—well, garbed as nymphs and dryads."

foliage-screened doorway that led to an adjoining apartment, there was an artificial stream with real water on which white swans were swimming.

In this beautiful setting the four young men sat down to sup. But despite the beauty of the setting, the delicious dishes and the heady wines, the Prince's three guests, toward the end of the supper, began to find themselves a little bored.

It was all very lavish and wonderful—but it was scarcely gay—at least, not gay by the standards of the young Viscount Maximilien.

And presently, when the other two

The Shah of Persia (Who Recalled the "Bad Boy" from Monte Carlo), Strolling with the Duke of York.



Prince Mohammed Hassan Mirza, Heir Presumptive to the Persian Throne, Whose Escapades Earned Him the Nickname of "The Shah's Bad Boy."



Mlle. Liette Dinis, Parisian Beauty and Prima Donna, Who Tells the Astounding "Inside" Story of Why Prince Mirza Was Recalled to Persia.

studio, where it came to rest. Rising slowly from their flowery couches, the lovely "nymphs" alighted and began a classic dance.

At first they danced languidly, but presently the music and dance became more animated until it reached a climax in a bacchanale.

When this story reached Prince Mirza's family, they warned him that he mustn't repeat such a performance if he wanted to remain on the Riviera.

"All right," said the gay young Oriental, "I promise to repeat it. I'll think up something else."

And the next stunt with which Prince Hassan shocked even Monte Carlo, you could never guess. He smoked hashish—publicly on the beach!

Presently the fumes of the drug began to work. Seizing several serviettes, which he draped as a short skirt around his bathing suit, he crowned himself with a ladies' sun-hat and proceeded to execute a most grotesque and comical dance—half "hula" and half snake dance. Naturally, this incident caused a riot, and the immense "guffaw" that went up finally reached the ears of the Persian court, and once more naughty Hassan Mirza nearly embarked for home.

But although he was forgiven once more, it was not long before the Prince committed another faux pas which set the tongues wagging anew. Hassan suddenly became infatuated with Miss Fopha Horassov, daughter of a Rumanian banker, and one day while strolling with the young heiress he suggested that they sit on a bench and rest a while. Suddenly the young Prince proceeded to make cave-man love to the beautiful girl, grasping her roughly.

Passers-by on the Boulevard de l'Observatoire, believing the girl in danger, called a "garde champêtre" (forest police), who took the girl under their protection and upbraided the young Prince for his conduct. Owing to the important rank held by the parents of the young people a great effort was made to hush things up, but the account of the episode leaked out little by little, and the Persian court, finding the situation unbearable, recalled Hassan, bag and baggage, back to Teheran, with orders to rejoin his cavalry regiment.

secretly having a dull time of it, but anxious to be polite to their hosts, were stifling their yawns, the Viscount said.

"My dear Prince Mirza, your woodland glade and stream are chaste, classic and beautiful—but don't you think the atmosphere would have been improved and made more realistic by the addition of a few equally classic and beautiful nymphs and dryads?"

At this very moment the stream began to glow with a radiance from an invisible spotlight, soft music began to be heard from the distance, and the prow of a boat emerged from the foliage with which the doorway at the end of the stream had been screened.

It proved to be a barge, decked with flowers, and reclining among them were four superbly beautiful "nymphs" garbed—well, garbed as nymphs and dryads.

By degrees the barge moved slowly down the stream to the end of the spacious