

# Will a Woman's Wishes Twist English Politics?



Mrs. Asquith, called the "Queen of the Liberal Party"

## Why Suffrage Agitators Expect Much from the New Premier of Great Britain.

There have been some interesting headlines over cablegrams from England published in American newspapers since Herbert H. Asquith became the new premier of the British empire.

For instance, "Mr. Asquith Faces Trouble to Keep His Party Together; His Cold Temperament and Hostility to Radicals and Home Rulers Make His Task Difficult."

But more interesting are other headlines reflecting the spirit of other dispatches, such, for example, as, "Bannerman's Quitting Will Mean the Rise of Woman in Politics;" "Womanly Power Behind the New Premier."

And the strangest feature of the new situation is that the woman suffragists of England feel more encouraged under the new government than they have ever felt before, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Asquith, the new premier, is an avowed opponent of their aims and purposes.

Why, then, should they hope for success under the rule of an unfriendly—that is, at present unfriendly—prime minister?

The answer is simple: Their hopes center in the influence of Mrs. Asquith and of young Mrs. Harold John Tennant, the sister-in-law of the premier's wife. They hope and are beginning to believe that the hand of woman will at last twist English politics to their liking.

### SUFFRAGETTES IN A LONG STRUGGLE.

It isn't necessary here to tell of the long struggle for recognition made by the suffragists of England, of their hopes, efforts, near-triumphs, and final disappointments.

Within the last few months they have created greater stir and more dramatic situations in the "tight little island" than ever before; their demonstrations have become part of current world history; have been pictured, caricatured, and ridiculed, but have gone on, nevertheless.

Under the late premiership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman woman suffragists did not come into their own, as they expected.

They made every effort that could be expected of them, undoubtedly; there were demonstrations, parades, arrests, red-hot speeches, and all the other accessories of a suffragist campaign as it seems necessary to conduct in England.

But the powers that were could never be brought to realize what the leaders of the suffragist movement considered its pressing, immediate, importance. They refused to be impressed by delegations, mobs, and demonstrations. And there has been no woman closely connected with



FANCOAST



The Asquith Home in London.

the head of the government in sympathy with them for many years.

No one believes that the new premier, Mr. Asquith, is in sympathy with them. Indeed, throughout his career he has manifested strong opposition.

### HAS OPINIONS OF HER OWN.

But Mrs. Asquith has a wife who has opinions of her own; also a wife's sister-in-law who is warmly allied with the woman suffrage movement.

Ah! There is a possibility. It has been said of Mr. Asquith that he regarded his wife somewhat as he has viewed the opposition in the House of Commons; that he has kept his eye upon her, prepared at all times for emergencies.

Not that there was conflict between them—the home life and conjugal association of the Asquiths have been remarkably happy—but Mrs. Asquith, it seems, has a habit of expressing her own opinions and possesses a faculty of making a winning fight for the things in which she believes.

Speaking of the personality of the new English premier, a friend said recently:

"No man in English public life has a colder manner or a kinder heart. He is wholly lacking in cordiality, nor has he any trace of that personal magnetism which some consider, and wrongly so, as indispensable to a political leader. But he impresses one by his extraordinary lucidity of utterance and of intellect."

Mr. Asquith is the first lawyer to become prime minister of England for nearly a century. Spencer Perceval, who was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1812, was the last former member of the legal profession to be at the head of the government.

And few premiers since then have had such forceful wives to express their opinions of public matters at the home tea table, or in Claude lectures, as has Mr. Asquith.

Not that Mrs. Asquith is a shrew, or a disagreeably domineering person—she is a most charming woman and holds the love and admiration of her husband to the last degree. In that rests the hope of the suffragists.

Here are two views of Mrs. Asquith, one cabled from London to American newspapers, the other published in a well-known London journal. The first:

"The most energetic of all the English women in politics is Mrs. Asquith. Before her marriage, when she was Miss Margot Tennant, she vitalized some of the semi-political, semi-philosophical societies that have made great headway in England.

"Clever, volatile, spirituelle, a friend in her quick womanly sympathy, she served E. F. Benson as heroine for the novel of a season. More strangely still, she was the confidante of the rising men of both political parties—of Arthur Balfour and of Herbert Gladstone, of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, and of her brother-in-law, Lord Ribblesdale.

"Impartially she assisted all in their careers, until Asquith came along, middle aged as a suitor, young as a statesman, the man marked out as leader of a new Liberal party, the natural heir to Lord Rosebery.

"For his advancement Mrs. Asquith spares no labor, feels no fatigue. Wife of Henry Asquith, sister-in-law of George Wyndham, the leader of the most talented power in Mayfair, as wife of the next premier she will wield a tremendous power in English politics."

Here is the word picture given in a London newspaper the other day:

"The culminating touch to a season which is foreshadowed as of remarkable brilliancy will be given by the dominating influence of Mrs. Asquith as the prime minister's wife, hostess at his official residence, and head of all social and political entertainments. Not since the days of Lady Salisbury, ten years ago, has there been a lady to preside as the wife of our first statesman.

"Reared in an atmosphere of Liberal politics, in her early youth as Miss Margot Tennant, Mrs. Asquith was a protegee of Mr. Gladstone, who used to correspond with her, and was one of the many distinguished men who attended her wedding with the brilliant statesman then holding the office of home secretary.

"She has thrown herself with ardor into the advancement of the party of which her father, the late Sir Charles Tennant, was a staunch supporter. Not alone a thoroughgoing politician, Mrs. Asquith is conversant with every

branch of literature and art, and was at one time a brilliant amateur actress.

"Mrs. Asquith has already had some foretaste of the duties which await her in her new position. Always a very busy, active woman, giving her activities unreservedly to her husband's political career, she has, as the prime minister's wife, entered on a really strenuous life.

"To take Thursday as an average day. Her morning mail appeared as voluminous as her husband's; messengers and telephone calls interrupted her breakfast. Mr. Haldane was one of those who visited her at 11 a. m., callers awaiting her meanwhile on various urgent matters. Telegrams and replies to her letters next claimed attention.

"Following her daily custom, she managed to get a half hour's walk after midday, hurrying home to receive a few friends invited to lunch. More appointments, then out to pay visits or to attend various charity functions, the day winding up with a dinner at which a large circle of friends were entertained."

But it is not entirely through the influence of Mrs. Asquith that the suffragists of England hope for great advancement of their cause under the administration of the new premier. Perhaps they hope more than through any other agency to benefit by the active aid and comfort of young Mrs. Harold John Tennant, sister-in-law of Mrs. Asquith.

Mrs. Tennant is brilliant, scholarly, and tactful; she is devoted, heart and soul, to the cause of equal suffrage, and has fought many of its battles, although she has never taken part in public demonstrations.

Mrs. Tennant was one of his majesty's superintending inspectors of factories, a practical, brainy, enthusiastic young woman, when Harold John Tennant married her a few years ago. She was Margaret Edith Abraham, the

daughter, of Irish parents, who were well born but poor, and the girl was educated by one of the most scholarly English women of the generation, Lady Charles Dilke.

Later she became Lady Dilke's private secretary and dispensed the large sums Lady Dilke spent every year to build up trades unions for girls, and also to force the House of Commons to pass laws for the safety and protection of working women. Lady Dilke often said that Margaret Abraham had the finest mind she had ever encountered in a woman, and she took great pride in her protegee.

It was during her work as a factory inspector that she met the youngest son of rich Sir Charles Tennant. The young man had just entered Parliament, and had been appointed a member of the committee on dangerous trades, which, at that time, was endeavoring to revise the laws hedging the lead industry. Of late years Mrs. Tennant and Mrs. Asquith have been warm personal friends.

Said a recent dispatch from London: "Since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant have gone on with their individual pursuits as enthusiastically as before. But Tennant's best work in Parliament has been along the lines of his wife's work."

"He is Mrs. Asquith's favorite among the numerous children of Sir Charles Tennant, and it looks as if the suffragists ought to get a good deal with such powerful friends in the premier's family."

Mr. Asquith is not regarded by the suffragists as a subject of easy conquest. Mrs. Pankhurst, one of the suffragist leaders, remarked shortly after his appointment: "It is no use continuing a policy of persuasion with Mr. Asquith. He must be compelled to give women votes." But how?

Mr. Asquith is known as a man of strong likes and dislikes. Will he be influenced by the women closest to him to adopt a policy that he does not now, from all appearances, regard with favor? The future only will tell.



Herbert H. Asquith, England's New Premier

## BLIND ROMANCE THAT BROUGHT DISGRACE TO ROYALTY OF TWO ENGLISH NATIONS

ALL EUROPE is anxiously awaiting the next chapter in one of the most remarkable romances of modern times.

Will the Prince Joachim Albrecht, millionaire spendthrift and royal scandal maker, marry the actress, Marie Sulzer, by whom he has been entranced, thereby turning his back forever upon court favor, or will he accept his latest chastisement meekly and again seek the favor of his powerful cousin, the Kaiser?

There have been few such romances as that of Joachim and Marie—principally, perhaps, because the royal suitor's ardor has grown cold in much less time. Joachim's infatuation has survived a dreary banishment to Southwest Africa, all the opposition that his family and the Kaiser could put forth, and many vigorous methods of "bringing him to his senses."

And now, because he refuses to put aside his devotion to the somewhat elephantine actress, who is considerably his senior, he has been incriminately booted from the German army, has been degraded by express command of his cousin, the Kaiser, and is now virtually a wanderer on the face of the earth.

While the prince is by no means a pauper, he will lose heavily in money if he marries the actress who has fascinated him. Instead of about \$7,000,000, which would have been his from the estate of his father, the late regent of Brunswick, he will get only half that amount.

That, however, is not the principal question that is agitating the royal houses of Europe. There are not a few marriageable maidens remaining amid the royal families of the continent, and there are too few eligible men to go around. Then why should handsome young Prince Joachim,

thirty years old and likely to be received favorably at any court, deliberately throw away his career for the sake of a plebeian enchantress?

It is true that Marie Sulzer has a title—she is legally the Baroness Liebenburg—but her method of acquiring the distinction has not brought her into court favor anywhere.

The most amazing feature of the romance is suggested by the query everybody is asking. "What on earth does the prince see in Marie Sulzer that he is so desperately enamored of her?" Seldom has there been a match which better verifies the old adage about the blindness of love. She is verging on forty and nearly ten years older than her royal lover.

Marie—now the Baroness Liebenburg—is the daughter of a house porter who still pursues his humble calling, as far as known. As a child her playground was the street before her home; her education was limited, and, when still in her teens, she became a ballet dancer in a low-class music hall in Berlin.

In time she advanced so that she could play minor roles in light comedies in cheap theaters, and gradually rose to a position in the ranks of the Trianon Theater forces. It was there that she met Prince Joachim, a light-hearted, dashing young soldier, who was enamored of the theater and who attempted the writing of plays.

Love quickly succeeded admiration in the heart of the prince. Marie was delighted, because this was the most notable capture of all her career. Her humble birth, however, offered an obstacle to marriage. To overcome this difficulty the prince made strenuous endeavors to have the actress ennobled, but the Kaiser manifested stern opposition.

It was then that a most remarkable expedient was adopted. The actress had to have a title; not possessing it, she must buy it. But from whom? That was now the question.

To find the owner of a suitable title—who might be willing to place his coronet in the market—a matrimonial agent in Berlin was set to scouring Europe. Of course, it was argued, there were needy noblemen, any one of

whom would consent to lend his name to the intrigue at a price. This person was found at last in Baron Liebenburg, a poverty-stricken descendant of one of the most distinguished noble houses of Austria. He was endeavoring to maintain his high-born position on a miserable pittance of \$250 a year—\$150 being from a civil list pension and the remainder the pay of a minor post as assistant to a magistrate.

For \$250 Baron Liebenburg agreed to go to England and there marry Marie Sulzer. He was neither to see her before the marriage nor after. He was, in fact, immediately after the ceremony, to perpetrate such acts as would justify Marie Sulzer in obtaining a divorce. On the decree being granted he was to receive an additional \$375, making

the total price for his name \$7,500—a sum the actress could well afford to pay.

So immense seemed the fortune within his grasp that the poverty-stricken baron lost no time in hastening to England. The marriage took place according to agreement; the couple, who hardly exchanged a word, except for those necessitated by the marriage services, bade each other a curt good morning directly after the ceremony, and went their several and separate ways.

Immediately the actress, now the possessor of the coveted title, returned to Berlin and to the society of Prince Joachim. The baron who had sold his name remained in London to complete his part of the agreement. But when he applied to the marriage broker for the price of his honor, the broker refused, it is said, to pay over the amount due, and the baron was left almost penniless.

He returned to Austria, to find that his magnificent

salary—although important to him—had been cut off. Further, he was arrested by the military authorities because he had not taken part in certain army maneuvers to which he had been summoned.

During the summer months that followed he was hard put to keep body and soul together, and finally he was compelled to make representations to Dr. Markuse, Marie Sulzer's lawyer in Berlin. Since then he received every fortnight a remittance of \$7 from his titular wife, but this was stopped some time ago. The present condition of the unfortunate nobleman is a matter of conjecture.

Some time later it was announced that Marie Sulzer, Baroness Liebenburg, had obtained a divorce from her titular husband. It was believed that her marriage to Prince Joachim would follow promptly.

But, just as both expected the ringing of wedding bells, Joachim—a soldier in the German army and obliged to obey orders—was sent off to fight the black men who were resisting German rule in Southwest Africa.

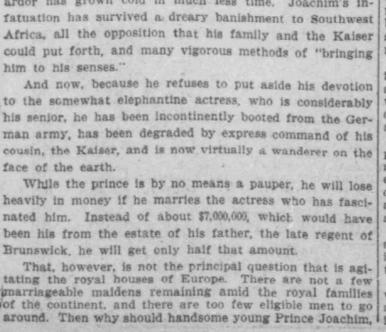
Joachim obeyed, but proceeded rather leisurely to his new field of duty. During part of the journey he was accompanied by the baroness-actress. Every one thought that a few years' stay in the far Southland, with new interests and not a little fighting to engage his attention, would cure him of his infatuation.

But no. When he returned to Europe recently, almost his first act was to cast himself again at the feet of his actress charmer.

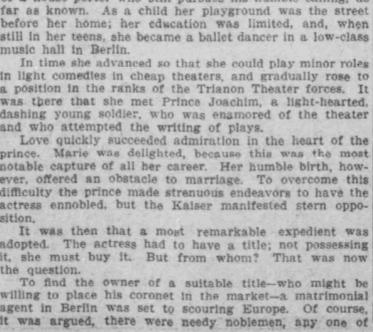
Then it was that the bottled wrath of the Kaiser broke loose. Joachim was publicly disgraced and kicked out of the German army.

His friends are sad and grieved; the mothers of not a few spinsters in royal families of Europe are inconsolable because of the further shrinking of the ranks of eligible bachelors; but Joachim may be happy.

Who knows? He is disgraced in his own land, but he has a considerable fortune remaining, and he looks to halcyon days in a modern Eden, even though his Eve is ten years his senior and a woman of a past.



Marie Sulzer, the Fascinator



Prince Joachim Albrecht