PRINCE OF WALES' CHUM BRINGS HIS BRIDE TO AMERICA FOR "DEMOCRATIC HONEYMOON"

Lord Mountbatten, Cousin of King of England, and Wife Here on "Kids' Frolic"

JOY of the newlyweds—old-fashioned housekeeping!

And youthful Lord and Lady Mountbatten are not going to miss this favorite indoor sport, even though they are wealthy beyond all casual computation and are related to Kings and Queens.

Scrubbing floors, dishwashing and cooking, says Lady Mountbatten, are her long suits, for didn't she take a domestic science course at Links?

Lord Mountbatten believes in work, too, "and when we get home again," says he, "I am going to my work, and Edwina will do the housekeeping."

They reached New York this week on the liner Majestic, "for our second honeymoon," as Lord Louis himself puts it.

They will tour America for three months. They will be the guests of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and then they will leave for overseas again.

One must reconstruct all preconceptions one cherishes about royalty and blue blood after meeting Lord Mountbatten and his bride, who was Edwina Ashley, England's wealthiest girl, whose fortune is estimated at fifty millions of dollars.

If one expects Lord Louis and his Lady to be aloof, stiff, formal, difficult to meet, proud and haughty as weathercocks, one is due for a shock.

Lord and Lady Mountbatten walked down the Majestic gangplank to Pier No. 59 looking like any two rather well-to-do happy and very young lovers.

Rather excited, rather flushed, they worried a little about their baggage. On board, he in his yachting cap and she in a sports dress of orange, they had been great favorites.

"They danced like two children," fellow passengers said. "They strolled the decks together, they stood out under the full moon as any other sweethearts in the world would aboard ship. They were charming. So democratic!"

"Democratic" seems to be the most frequent word America uses to qualify those alien folks who are natural, unaffected, amiable.

And "democratic" fits the twenty-one-year-old Lord and his twenty-year-old bride like a glove on a slim, white hand.

Servitors at the Hotel Their Only Formality

At their temporary apartment in a fashionable New York hotel, the only formalities about them are the hotel servitors, whose noses can't help tilting a little higher and whose manners grow more and more cavalier on the advent of such personages.

Lady Mountbatten sat on a divan in the attractive apartment, her legs curled girlishly under her. Before the divan was a round table spread with a light lunch.

She is a fairly tall young woman, with pink cheeks and brown hair.

Lord Mountbatten looks a bit like the Prince of Wales, whose aide he was during that gay young future King's tour to the four or five corners of the world. He wore a dark, well-fitting suit. His cheeks are as pink as his bride's. He is much taller; like his father, Prince of Battenberg, at one time First Lord of the King's navy, he stretches into the six-foot level.

He reached out a long arm and fastened a firm grip over the hand of his visitor. Should one bow to the Lady? One hadn't a chance to. Lady Mountbatten held forward her hand. Was one to kiss it? Or shake it? One wondered, but finally one shook it, and it seemed to be what was expected.

Lady Mountbatten remained on the divan. And it might have been the most proper way for the visitor to greet anybody on any occasion. At any rate, it was a most charming, unaffected way.

So unaffected were they that at least one of them—the head of the household—seemed a trifle shy. They were both excited, wearied a little by their trip and the exigencies of landing; they were both anticipatory of their three months in a new and exciting country. And they both were newly married. Enough, certainly, to excite them, even make them diffident.

"Let us go over in this corner and we'll not disturb Lady Mountbatten," said Lord Louis. And for a moment he sat on a chair. But not for long. Not only to answer calls on the phone, not only to open the apartment door when a visitor came, did he get up at intervals from that chair; but he got up sometimes because he was so boyish, he couldn't sit still.

"My name is Louis Mountbatten," he said, "and I must tell you about that name. It isn't really mine. Originally it was Battenberg, but during the war all the German names of Englishmen were changed. You know, of course, that most of the English—the Anglo-Saxon—stock is of German origin.

He's a Great-Grandson of Queen Victoria

"I was born at Frogmore House, Windsor, on June 25, 1900. Queen Victoria was my great-grandmother."

And Lord Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas Mountbatten has other relatives quite as interesting as that old motherly Queen. His cousin is the present King George, and so is the King of Spain.

"I took my elementary schooling at Lockers Park and then entered the Royal Naval Academy at Osbourne. In 1914 I went to Dartmouth Royal Naval Academy, and in July, 1916, I went to sea in the H. M. S. Lion. I was a midshipman" — he pronounced it "mitchman"—under Admiral Beatty. In 1917 I transferred to the Queen Elizabeth.

"Later I was on Submarine K-6, of the Grand Fleet. In command? Heavens!"—or he may have said "Good Lord!"—"No! Then I got a ten-day leave and I toured the Western front. Next they put me second in command of the destroyer Portsmouth, of the escort flotilla. During that period I escorted many American troops across the Channel to France, and fine fellows they were!

"That I did for more than a year and then matriculated at Christ's College, Cambridge."

In 1920, on the Renown, Lord Mountbatten accompanied the Prince of Wales on his first long tour.

"I was what you over here would perhaps call naval aide to the Prince," he said. "And we toured India and Japan. And in India, at Delhi, I met Edwina Ashley."

On the golf links at home

Some say that was the beginning of their romance. Others insist that the marriage had long been contemplated. Once on a time Edwina Ashley was believed to be the likeliest bride for the dashing Prince of Wales himself.

"Edwina was staying at the Viceroy's at Delhi. From there she went home, and I went with the Prince to Japan."

The young man paused for a moment, then rose from his chair. There wasn't anything for him to get up for, excepting his own "nerves." He smiled at his Lady sitting over on the other side of the room on the divan, as if to reassure her that neither of them was dreaming, but were actually only beginning the first lap of a three-month vacation. Then he sat down again.

"We were married, you know, on July 18, of this year, at St. Margaret's, close by Westminster. The Prince of Wales was our best man."

The young man paused again here to add modestly and apologetically: "I wouldn't tell you all that, but I know what newspapers like to print."

He didn't, you see, want any one to imagine he was putting on "side." He is a very likable young man.

"And my nieces, the little Princesses of Greece, were in the bridal party."

Wedding Second Only to That of Princess Mary

As a matter of fact, the wedding was second only in importance to that of the Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. King George and Queen Mary were there. And after the wedding a reception was held at Brook House, the Park Lane mansion, which is part of the bride's inheritance from her grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel. This house is an immense five-story palace, for which 800 tons of marble were brought from Italy. It was built about fifteen years ago by Sir Edward, and all London popped its eyes over the magnificence of it. One room in it, the Roman dining room, will accommodate 100 guests.

The newly made man and wife then honeymooned in Spain, as guests of King Alfonso, and on September 27 sailed for America.

"We leave immediately for Niagara Falls," resumed the Lord. "That's the Mecca for honeymooners, isn't it? I didn't know that, but now that I do, there seems to be all the more reason in the world for going there."

From Niagara Falls they will go West to Chicago and then to Humboldt, in Nevada, to inspect mines in which Lady Mountbatten holds a controlling interest. They will tour the Grand Canyon, then return to Florida, where the young husband hopes to get in a couple of days of tarpon fishing. Their last week will be spent with Cornelius Vanderbilt in New York.

"We've arranged our trip so that we'll return home before Christmas. I must return to my post on the Repulse at that time, for my leave will have expired."

By this time Lady Mountbatten had walked to her husband's side. She leaned over the chair. He looked up at her and said:

"Now you ought to say something about your life."

He turned to his visitor.

"My wife's name used to be," he began, "Edwina Ashley. E-D-" he hesitated. "How do you spell your name, Edwina? With two d's?"

"No, with one," she replied.

They both were on their feet now, taking a turn about the room. One might even go so far as to suggest that they frolicked mildly about the room, like youngsters possessed, and on their first picnic.

"My wife was born on November 20, 1901. She is twenty-one years old." Lord Mountbatten let go the secret with the frankness of a child. Lady Mountbatten, for they now faced each other, looked at him inscrutably for a moment, but said nothing. She is not yet old enough, anyhow, to be really sensitive about her age.

"She was born then," continued the husband, "and she went to school, and she got married and that seems to be about all of her life history so far."

And Lord Mountbatten, smiling, took a step sideways, and one to the rear, and came forward again, swinging his arms. It wasn't calisthenics. It was merely an unconscious expression of how good to him life was and how inviting the prospect of this long honeymoon.

Interested in Politics? No; He's in the Navy

"I went to school at Links, East Bourne, and then at Albrine. I took a course in domestic science. Oh, yes," she laughed, "scrubbing the floors, washing dishes, cooking and everything. Did I like it? No, I hated it then. But one has to learn those things."

She beamed at the young boy who is her husband, and he beamed back.

"Are you interested in politics, Lady Mountbatten?"

Before she had a moment to do more than laugh at that Lord Mountbatten brightly interrupted:

"The British Navy has nothing to do with politics. I am in the navy, and she's my wife!"

It explained everything emphatically. Lady Mountbatten, if you please, is not interested in politics. She is profoundly interested in the navy and in her husband, but not in politics. Fact of the matter is she doubtless likes scrubbing floors better than politics, and what more could any husband wish of his wife?

"When I get back to England I'm going to work and my wife will keep house!" At which they both laughed lightly, but democratically.

Indeed, Lord Mountbatten, who is a lieutenant—pronounced "leftenant"—is very much interested in what he calls his work.

"I don't care two hoots," says he, "what you call me." He speaks so of his title. "I am an officer in the royal navy. I'm too busy most of the time to worry about whether I'm a Lord or a Commoner."

And he is a chip of the old block in that respect. His father, Prince of Battenberg, admitted he was infinitely more proud of being in a squadron flying the British flag than of the "minor distinction of bearing a handle to my name."

"This, you know, isn't exactly my first visit to your country. I came here with the Prince of Wales, my cousin, but we only touched California then."

On their transcontinental tour they will be the guests of Colonel Robert M. Thompson, of New York, who was a friend of Lord Mountbatten's father.

Battenberg, which was the name the present Lord's father used up until, under King's warrant, it was Anglicized, is a German principality of recent origin. The title was first granted to the issue of the marriage of Lord Mountbatten's grandfather, Prince Alexander of Hesse, in Prussia, and a beautiful Russo-German Jewish girl, Julia von Hauke, lady-in-waiting to the former Czarina of Russia.

Lord Mountbatten's father was the third child of this marriage, and he in turn married Princess Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England.

There is little, therefore, if any British blood running in the veins of this very British-looking honeymooner to America. His blood is German, with an admixture of Russian Jew. And strangely enough, his young wife also is partly of Jewish descent.

Battenberg a Second Cousin of Former Kaiser

Under the patronage of Queen Victoria the late Prince of Battenberg, cousin once removed to the former German Emperor, developed most successfully. He left his native home in Austria for England, to be naturalized there in 1868, when he was only fourteen years old.

His progress was at first slow. He was twenty-three years in the navy before his promotion to a captaincy. Finally, however, his ability was recognized and he was appointed first sea lord in 1912.

In 1914, Prince Louis, as all other Englishmen of German origin, became a dupe for yellow journals. No charges were made against him, but implications not to be misunderstood as to the possible loyalty of a man so high in the British naval service whose origin was German were broadcast.

It was admitted that the Prince was the "soul of honor," but that his relationship with the Prussian royal family rendered him subject to gossip and unfounded suspicions and limited the possible service he might do for his adopted country.

In October, 1914, therefore, the Prince sent the following resignation to Winston Churchill:

"I have lately been driven to the painful conclusion that at this juncture my birth and parentage have the effect of impairing in some respects my usefulness on the Board of the Admiralty. In these circumstances I feel it to be my duty as a loyal subject of His Majesty to resign my office of First Sea Lord, hoping thereby to facilitate the task of the administration of the great service to which I have devoted my life and to ease the burden laid on His Majesty's ministers."

The resignation was immediately accepted, but with regret. He was then appointed a member of the Privy Council by King George.

The title which the present Lord Mountbatten holds is one "of courtesy." In 1917, when all the peerage of German origin and titles were doing it, King George persuaded Prince Louis to drop his Battenberg titles and take the name of Mountbatten, with the rank and titles of Viscount Alderney, Earl of Medina and Marquis of Milford Haven. The victim of "spy mania" and unfortunate prejudice was in this manner admitted to the British peerage. He died last autumn. It is of interest that "Mountbatten" is the name of the little headland overlooking the eastern harbor of Plymouth, from which Drake sailed.

Lady Mountbatten is granddaughter of one of the great Jewish bankers of London, Sir Edward Cassel. He was the son of a Cologne banker, Jacob Cassel, and went to England when he was a young man. He soon became one of the financial powers in England, with interests extending over the entire world. After his friend, the Prince of Wales, became Edward VII, King of England, Mr. Cassel was given his knighthood, and was appointed to be the King's financial adviser.

On the crowning of King Edward Sir Edward signalized the occasion by a gift of $1,000,000 for the establishment of a hospital for consumptives. The hospital bears the name of the King.

He later endowed a million-dollar fund for the benefit of impoverished Englishmen living in Germany. Sir Edward was not admitted to the peerage. His only child married Wilfrid Ashley, a grandnephew of Lord Palmerton.

It has been rumored that Sir Edward, some while before he died, looked forward to the marriage of his granddaughter to royalty. In his will, although he had bequeathed the famous Parkland street palace, Brook House, to his sister, he stipulated that in the event it should be required for royal residence she should surrender it. And she has surrendered it.

"We are going back to Brook House when our honeymoon is over," said the young man.

And they may be going back to take up housekeeping, but there are grave doubts. No doubts at all that they are going back to live there, but doubts whether it is possible to do light or any sort of housekeeping in a home of palatial proportions.

It will require a retinue—an army—of servants to keep the place tidy. There will be no usual spring cleaning in that house, and her ladyship certainly won't have the opportunity of dusting even the smallest corner of it alone.

And the thought leads one to rumination. This couple have all the appearance of newlyweds; they have the same sort of enthusiasm about this new and glorious venture with each other as Sally and her beau around the corner have. Lady Mountbatten wants to do little tricks for her lord and master, but she can never hope to do some of the humble ones.

Her great wealth and her position make it more or less impossible—mostly more. She won't cook him delicious ham and eggs in the morning and then enjoy his pleasure over them with the intriguing consciousness that he is eating what her own hands helped fry. She'll never darn his socks o' nights while he reads the evening paper at his study lamp. She'll never have the supreme joy of ordering him down the cellar to bank the furnace fire or put the cat out.

No, she'll press buttons. And from a thousand and one corners of their great house servants will come to do her bidding.

It almost makes one weep for these fortunate, and at the same time unfortunate, folks—weep, and, because of the complexity of human nature, envy them a little.

But money and royalty can't take all their joys away from them.

"I love the out of doors very much," cried Lady Mountbatten. "Riding especially."

There's nothing remarkably significant about that, excepting that her enthusiasm suggested that she liked riding better than the drawing room, and that's a hopeful sign. At bottom, Lord and Lady Mountbatten are homebodies. They are two, pink-cheeked, boyish-looking homebodies.

One finds oneself sentimentally dreaming about them as one does about any other garden-variety bride and bridegroom—dreaming about them and yet wondering, too, what compensation the good gods give to newlyweds whom the world and its curiosity won't let alone, whose love-nest is no isolated cabin, but a palace with servants—and servants—and servants.

Lady Edwina Mountbatten

Lady Mountbatten

The bridal party: Left to right, standing, Princess Margaret, Lord Louis Mountbatten and Lady Mountbatten, the Prince of Wales and Princess Theodosia; seated, Miss Mary Ashley, Miss Joan Pakenham, Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper and Princess Cecilia; seated in front, Princess Sophia

The newlyweds on their arrival in the United States

Royal Navy and Not Politics Is Chief Interest of Young Nobleman, Who Was Companion of Future Ruler on Tours