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WOMEN OF THE THREE BRANCHES OF FAMOUS ROTHSCHILD FAMILY ARE COMELY, CHARITABLE, SIMPLE OF SPEECH AND BIG OF BRAIN

Frau Gudula Mayer, First of Line, Sets Wholesome Fashion.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—Ever since the name of Rothschild became great in the world of finance the three branches of the family in Germany, France and England have had another important distinction in common. The Rothschild women Europe over are, and were generations ago, good to look at, kindly of disposition, simple of speech and big of brain. Gudula Schnaffer Mayer, mother of the first rich Rothschild, started this fashion in the family. She was a good old lady who lived in a back street in the Frankfort ghetto long after her sons were striding on toward fortune. Back of her house, still preserved, is the little shop where her husband commenced the business that formed a foundation for her sons' great enterprises.

Frau Gudula could never be induced to leave her home among the Jews of Frankfort, and she held a tradition unto her death that if she waxed proud and ambitious as her sons waxed rich their luck would turn and the money leave the family. So she made herself comfortable and lived on alone in the house where her children were born. She did many charities and mixed freely among the important people of Frankfort, who became, as years passed, the friends of her children. But she made them accept her as she was or not at all. Her fashionable daughters-in-law came in their carriages to the ghetto and the old lady, worthy mother of so vallant a house, let them in herself and let them out again. Frau Gudula was known among the chosen people for years after her death as one of the particular mothers in Israel. The name so generally applied to her during her lifetime, Mother Mayer, clung to her memory.

Mother Mayer, who never knew the gentler title, "Rothschild" (red shield), adopted as it was by her successful son from the sign that hung above his first business house, has bequeathed many of her fine qualities to the ladies Rothschild of to-day. Those born Rothschilds are women of much the same type as she. The present Baron's wife was his cousin, and there is no more zealous worker for poor Jews in London than she. By a curious coincidence the women who have become Rothschilds by marriage have numerous traits of character in common with those of the Rothschild blood.

ALL SHY OF PUBLICITY.

It is a common saying that there never was a mean-tempered woman in the entire Rothschild family. This is strikingly true of the English branch. For amiability and royal tact England knows no superior to Lady Rothschild. Mrs. Leopold Rothschild is a close second to her sister-in-law, the Baron's wife. Lady Battersea, Lord Rothschild's cousin, and a daughter of the late Sir Anthony de Rothschild—she who is president of the National Union of Women Workers—dispenses charity enough for the entire Rothschild connection and both she and her lovely sister, Mrs. Eliot Yorke, are ardent workers in the cause of temperance. Miss Alice de Rothschild, also a cousin of Lord Rothschild, is the spinster of the family and persona grata with the Queen of England. She is what is known as a thoroughly good sort, although famous neither for the suavity of Lady Rothschild and Mrs. "Leo" nor for the public philanthropies of Lady Battersea and Mrs. Eliot Yorke. Of the younger generation of Rothschilds, Lady Crewe and Lady Sybil Grant, the daughters of Lord Rosebery, are the leading lights. The mother of these ladies was Hannah Rothschild, who was tremendously rich; and, furthermore, there is a general supposition that Miss Alice Rothschild, who inherited her vast wealth from the King's friend, "Ferdy" Rothschild, will leave it to the "Rosebery girls." Neither Lady Crewe nor Lady Sybil Grant is beautiful, but they are clever, good-natured women, who, like Lady Rothschild, have a genuine repugnance to publicity of any kind.

Then there is pretty Mrs. Clive Behrens, Lady Rothschild's only daughter, who married her kinsman. Mrs. Behrens is her mother's partner in all labor connected with the synagogue. Her wedding at the great house in Piccadilly a few years ago is said to have collected more royalties and rich folk than any similar function ever held in London.

INVENTED THE "WEEK END."

Lady Rothschild, wife of the head of the Rothschild family in England, has achieved one success as an entertainer which places her quite outside the rank of English hostesses. Not even the Duchess of Devonshire can take to herself the credit for the setting of such a fashion as the "week end." Lady Rothschild undoubtedly made the Friday-night-to-Monday-morning visit in the country the diversion it now is for the English aristocracy. From the aristocracy it went to the middle classes and thence to the lower, so that her ladyship has practically done a kindness to the entire nation. Tring Park is occupied by Lord Rothschild and his family only two months out of the year, but the great show place is open for week end house parties almost year in and year out. Lord Rothschild delights to gather his political and business friends about him on these occasions and everybody who is "anybody" some time or other attends a Rothschild week end party.

Lady Rothschild is the frequent hostess of royalty, both at Tring Park and at 178 Piccadilly, the magnificent town residence of the family adjoining Apsley House, the home of Wellington. But no matter what the occasion, Lady Rothschild maintains a rigid simplicity of dress. Her favorite evening costume is gray satin, voile or chiffon, and her jewelry rarely exceeds two pieces. One of these is a diamond spray hair ornament and the other a string of pearls. The pearls, fitting closely about the neck, are of great value and are graduated until the center one is reached. It is a huge, pear-shaped thing and is one of the many priceless gems in the Rothschild family.

Lady Rothschild shares one taste in common with the King of England. Her favorite flower, and Lord Rothschild's as well, is the Malmaison carnation. This carnation is frequently used in decorating the King's private dinner table. On one occasion when the King and Queen attended a ball given at the Rothschild town residence, Lady Rothschild used her ingenuity and contrived decorations which the then Prince of Wales said were as beautiful as anything he had ever seen in a London house. Blooming peach trees were "planted" throughout the mansion and both the color and scent of the blossoms were so accurately reproduced that it seemed as if one were in a peach orchard. Lady Rothschild is famous as a friend of the newspapers. Although she never on any occasion permits the publication of her photograph, she goes out of her way to give desired information. In her unwillingness to have her picture go the rounds, Lady Rothschild is like all the ladies of the Rothschild family. Lady Sybil Grant was not photographed in any newspaper until just previous to her marriage, when she yielded to the pressure brought to bear on the family.

DEVOUT WORSHIPER.

Lady Rothschild is a devout attendant at a modest house of worship in Bayswater and when recently some of the brethren collected the Jewish hymns written in late years they dedicated the volume to Lady Rothschild. Her ladyship is fond of walking about London and often "takes the tube" downtown and thence a bus to "the city," where some of her charities are located.

But above society and above charity Lady Rothschild's particular hobby is her son, the Hon. Walter Rothschild. This young man, who will some day be Lord Rothschild, is no lover of smart society. He is said to look like a farmer, and certainly he loves country pursuits better than town. He, too, enjoys his father's well equipped dairy at Tring, although his own famous zoological musuem takes precedence of the dairy. The Hon. Walter is a great traveler and has personally collected strange animals from all quarters of the globe. The latest addition to his museum is an assortment of 1000 strange fleas. He has offered $5000 for a peculiar specimen of the flea family, known as the Arctic flea, hitherto uncaught by any Englishman. Mr. Rothschild long since commissioned an Arctic whaler to hunt for this little insect and when the captain of the whaler returned flealess sent out an expedition for the special purpose of flea-catching. That expedition is still en route. The flea is found on the Arctic fox.

SON A GREAT TRAVELER.

The Hon. Walter Rothschild, in between his flea-catching, is a member of Parliament. He is the man who boldly wore a white straw "plug hat" in the House one day, and to the amazement of all the rest of the House continued the use of it throughout the summer session. Although a young man of great activity, the Hon. Walter Rothschild is not strong. His delicate health has made it necessary for him to travel a great deal, and in the annual trips he makes to the south of Europe and other civilized countries his mother is his companion. Lady Rothschild, however, does not accompany her son when he goes animal hunting and flea-catching.

Tring Park, greatest of the residences of the Rothschilds, was built by the present Lord Rothschild to suit his own fancy. It is a mammoth building, square and comfortable. It is stored with art treasures, although the most precious Rothschild pictures are in Piccadilly. The conservatories and private zoo are Tring Park's claim to highest distinction. The zoo, next to the Duke of Bedford's, is the finest collection of its kind in England. The conservatories belong particularly to Lady Rothschild and the dairy to the Baron himself. Tring Park is one of a circle of Rothschild residences running along the boundary line between Hertfordshire and Buckingham. The family preserves its clannishness phenomenally. Five of their palatial country residences are within a few miles of each other.

KNOWS HER OWN MIND.

Miss Alice de Rothschild, who inherited her vast wealth from her brother, the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, is perhaps the cleverest of the Rothschild women. She is a wit and an after-dinner speaker of no small reputation. Good-natured though she is to a degree, Miss Alice has a tongue that spares not. Since her brother's death she superintends the running of her vast estates with a vigorous hand that keeps the place and the servants in strict order. Miss de Rothschild takes a walk about the grounds of Waddesdon Manor every morning when she is in the country. She carries a little trowel with her, and when she sees an offending weed on the instant digs it up. Her dress is always simple. She is a plain, elderly lady, and clothes concern her little. With the exception of the least ornamental of evening gowns Miss de Rothschild's wardrobe consists principally of straight sack coats and short skirts.

Miss Alice de Rothschild was much criticized in the neighbornood of Waddesdon Manor at the time of her brother's death for doing away with what was known as "open day" at the manor. Baron "Ferdy," who was as good natured as he was rich, let the country people and anybody else who wanted to enter the house and grounds one day a week. Miss Alice believed that more benefit is derived by selecting one's guests and entertaining such as need the entertainment with the same lavishness of hospitality as is given to the most important person who comes there. Miss de Rothschild has but to like a poor girl who comes within her notice, and presto! she has invited her to Waddesdon Manor for a change of air and needed rest. A certain chorus girl, neither very talented nor very beautiful, once attracted Miss Rothschild's attention. She sent behind the scenes, got acquainted with the girl and took her home with her. She has ever since stood the girl's friend. Unlike many of her wealthy family, Miss de Rothschild indulges in little public charity. She does her kindnesses to individuals.

BEAUTIFUL "MRS. LEO."

Then there is the beautiful "Mrs. Leo" Rothschild. She is of Italian birth, but she has taken to English life enthusiastically. She is more strictly a "society woman" than Lady Rothschild. She was the chaperone of Lady Sybil Grant when she made her debut as Lady Sybil Primrose, and now that her sons are grown fine young men she is seen about with them a great deal. She dresses in what some one has termed "a neat, unobtrusive style." Mrs. Leo's skill as a rider is proverbial, and as a patron of the opera she has no superior in enthusiasm. Many American women who during the English meeting of the International Council of Women were entertained at the Tring Park garden party by Lady Rothschild will remember that Mrs. Leo, the personification of dainty face and figure, stood by Lady Rothschild all afternoon and shook hands with all the guests.

TRING PARK WHERE LADY ROTHSCHILD INVENTED THE "WEEK END."

WADDESDON MANOR WHERE ALICE de ROTHSCHILD HOLDS SWAY.

ONE OF THE ROTHSCHILD WOMEN OF ENGLAND, WHOSE ACTIVITIES AS PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF WOMEN WORKERS ARE BENEFICENT, AND TWO OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE NUMEROUS ROTHSCHILD RESIDENCES.

AMERICAN WOMAN IN LONDON DOES SMART ENTERTAINING AT HER PRETTY TOWN HOUSE

Mrs. Henry Higgins, Who Was Formerly Mrs. Breese of New York, Is Particularly Popular in the "Opera Set."

LONDON, Sept. 19.—Mrs. Henry Higgins, formerly Mrs. Breese of New York, and Miss Parsons of Columbus, O., has been doing some smart entertaining at her pretty town house near Portman Square. She has now, however, gone with her family to their place in the country near London and will have a number of house parties. Mrs. Higgins' eldest daughter, Miss Eloise Breese, is making quite a stir since her recent debut. She is an excellent talker and an extraordinarily good horsewoman. The younger Miss Breese will be out soon and Mrs. Higgins' boy, who comes between the sisters, is now of age.

Mrs. Higgins is as strictly "in it" as any American woman in London. She is an intimate friend of Lady de Grey, Lady Charles Beresford and others of "the opera set." Until her marriage with Mr. Higgins, five years ago, the then Mrs. Breese, rich and pretty, was besieged with offers of marriage. Her vogue in Rome and in Paris was one which smart people remember. She could have had a title many times over had she desired it. But instead she came to London and met again Harry Higgins, solicitor, musician, devotee of the opera. Higgins was a suitor of his wife while she was still Miss Parsons. His love lasted and after her first marriage and many years of widowhood, Mr. Higgins, himself a widower by then, renewed the suit and won.

Mrs. Higgins is sister-in-law to that clever lady, Miss Polly Higgins, whose dinner table talk is the admiration of all who hear it. Miss Polly has long since passed matrimony up for good. She delights in being a maiden lady. She lives alone, in a tiny little house on the borderland of Chelsea. But the tiny little house is the scene of innumerable gay gatherings. Miss Polly Higgins cares naught for dress, but she has great friends, notably Lord Rosebery and his daughters.

Lady Constance Mackenzie, whose recent polo playing in the United States won her the admiration of all beholders, has reached India in the course of travels. Lady Constance expects to return to England in the winter and will then go to America again. She is said to have adopted the United States. Its freedom appeals to her more than any of England's ceremonial. Lady Constance is heiress to her sister, the little Baroness Cromartie, who holds her title in her own right, and who is a "literary lady." Lady Constance evidently intends to imitate her sister in that particular. She is going to write the history of her travels. Both these girls, who have led rather untrammeled lives, are wards of the Dukes of Sutherland and Argyle, and these gentlemen have trembled frequently at the escapades of Lady Constance. She has always ridden astride and in the most masculine attire. At deer stalking she is adept and her hunting tours into the wilds of India are even now exciting the young lady's friends. She is still in the early twenties. Of schooling and chaperonage Lady Constance has endured little. The Duke of Sutherland and the Duke of Argyle have given up their attempts to force conventional education upon Lady Constance.

Contrary to rumor Embassador and Mrs. Choate have no intention of giving up the house they have so long occupied in Carlton House Terrace. Instead of buying a big country place and moving into it this season they are still in town, and with the exception of week-ends will remain at home for the present. Recent visits to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and to Lady Battersea at Overstrand, near Cromer, were "week-ends."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry White are at Carlsbad for Mrs. White's health. Mrs. White's friends in London are all sorry she is not quite well. Her social career here has been one series of triumphs. Her daughter, Miss Muriel White, inherits her mother's social facilities and is the intimate friend of several almost royal ladies.

J. Ridgely Carter, second secretary of the embassy, is still in town, on duty. Mrs. Carter has gone to Paris and will not be in London much until the late autumn.

Although the coronation last year probably drew to England more Americans than ever before the supply of pond-crossers seems to be unlimited and it is estimated that 120,000 Americans have been in Europe this summer. The extra weight of this invasion is felt especially at the American embassy in London owing to the universal desire to visit the Houses of Parliament. For several years it has been the custom to admit the public to the buildings on Saturday afternoons when the bodies were not in session, but in order to enter at other times a ticket from one of the members or from one of the embassies has been necessary. Since few Americans happen to be personally acquainted with a real lord or M. P. the dingy offices under the American flag in Victoria street have been kept hustling. There has been hardly a day during the last few weeks that the number of applicants for tickets at the American embassy has fallen below a hundred. Now a notice just inside the door informs you that the Embassador's supply of tickets for the season has run out.

The latest addition to the Duchess of Bedford's private zoo at Woburn Abbey is a dwarf pony two and a half feet high. This little creature is being taught by her Grace the Duchess to accompany her all over the Bedford estates. It runs along like a dog, and many persons, seeing it from a distance, think it just a collie or some other dog of moderate size. The Duchess of Bedford visits her hospital at Woburn every morning and she intends teaching the pony to wipe its feet on the doormat in order that it may accompany her on her rounds of the wards, visiting the patients.