

A Page of World Wide Interest From Lands Across the Seas

ROTHSCHILD WOMEN ALL "TAKE AFTER" MOTHER MAYER

Simple in Dress and Vigorous in Character and All of Them Remarkably Devoted to Charities—Masterful Proprietress of Waddesdon Manor and Her Daily Pilgrimage, Armed With a Trowel—The Hon. Walter Rothschild and His Search for a \$5,000 Flea.

Special Foreign Service. LONDON, Sept. 5.—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 an important distinction in common. The Rothschild women Europe over, and were generations ago, good to look at, kindly of disposition, simple of

speech and big of brain. Gudula Schaffer 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 Frankfurt 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 son's great enterprises.



LADY BATTERSEA.

Frau Gudula could never be induced to leave her home among the Jews of Frankfurt, 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 Frankfurt 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 valiant a house, let them in herself, and let them out again. Frau Gudula was known among the honest people for years after her death as one of the particular mothers of 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 today. Those born Rothschilds are women of much the same type as she. The present baron's wife was his first 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 the strikingly true of the British branch. For amiability and royal tact, England

rears, Lady Rothschild's only daughter, who married her kinsman, Mrs. Behrens is her mother's partner in all labors 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

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 museum 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 1,000 strange fleas. He has offered \$5,000 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 fleas sent out on an expedition for the special purpose of flea-catching. The expedition is still en route. The flea is found on the Arctic fox.

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 Where Lady Rothschild Invented the "Week End" 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

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 in the time or other attends a Rothschild week-end party.

Lady Rothschild is the frequent hostess of royal 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 where she is, Lady Rothschild maintains a rigid simplicity of dress. Her favorite evening costume is grey satin, voile or chiffon, and her jewelry is of the most simple. One of these is a diamond spray hair ornament, and the other a string of pearls. The pearls fitting closely about the neck and ears, and are graduated until the center one is reached. It is a huge pear-shaped thing and is one of the many priceless gems of 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's 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 own newspapers. In her own 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.

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 whole afternoon, and she is not content with a chorus girl, neither very talented nor very beautiful, once attracted Miss Rothschild's attention. She sent her to the manor, and she has not returned since. 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.

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 chaperon 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 she is 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.

Lady Battersea is better known as a philanthropist than any of her Rothschild kinswomen. This is largely because of her association with the National Council of Women Workers, an organization which brings her into touch with all the needs and conditions of educational and philanthropic enterprises. Her work is a trifle less distinctly Jewish than is that of Lady Rothschild, whose racial instincts are notably strong.

Gossip of American Interest. Mrs. Henry Higgins' Social Activities. Mrs. Henry Higgins, formerly Mrs. Breeze, of New York, and Miss Parsons, of Columbus, Ohio, 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 Breeze, is making quite a stir since her recent debut. She is an excellent talker and an extraordinarily good horse-woman. The younger Miss Breeze 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 Gray, Lady Charles Beresford and others of "the opera set." Until her marriage with Mr. Higgins five years ago, she then Mrs. Breeze, 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 Mr. Harry Higgins, solicitor, musician, devotee of the opera. Mr. 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 she has great friends, notably Lord Rosebery and his daughters. Mrs. Higgins' young son, Mackenzie, whose recent polo playing in the United States won her the admiration of all beholders, has reached India in the ship "The Leda." Mrs. Higgins expects to return to England in the winter and will then go to America again.

conservatories being particularly to Lady Rothschild and the dairy to the baron himself. Tring park is one of the circle of Rothschild residences running along the boundary line between Hertfordshire and Buckingham. The family preserves its cleanliness phenomenon. 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 enough 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 sharp 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 after-dinner speaker of no small reputation. Good-natured enough 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 sharp hand that keeps the place and the servants in strict order. 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