

Frankfort-on-the-Main---A City of Bankers



FIRST ROTHSCHILDS' BANK.



GERMAN WORKMEN USING AMERICAN TIME REGISTER.

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FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, April 29.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The Rothschilds have closed their Frankfort bank and removed its business to Paris.

The head of the Paris branch was here not long ago. He said he saw no reason for banking on sentiment, and that the Frankfort business could be done by the Rothschild agents in Berlin and by their houses at Paris and London. This means the breaking up of the establishment upon which the great Rothschild fortune was founded, a fortune which is supposed to amount to more than \$1,000,000,000.

I rode down this morning to the Jew quarter, where the original Rothschild began business along about the time of our war of independence. It is numbered 148 Jew alley. It is a lean building of four stories and an attic, picturesque to an extreme. Its windows are of small panes set in black sashes, and its four front doors are the same as when the leading bankers of the past came here to borrow money. It is situated in the Jewish quarter, and surrounded by buildings as old as itself. There are many old clothes men nearby, and Jewish children swarm the street. I am told that the house still belongs to the Rothschilds, and that it will stay in the family.

It is not generally known that the United States had much to do with the Rothschild fortune. We have sold the family tens of millions of dollars' worth of our bonds, and its different branches have enormous interests in industrial America. They took \$15,000,000 worth of bonds when Cleveland was president, and I venture to say they still own some of our best railroad stocks. They have interests in our copper mines and gold mines, and also in our leading industrialists.

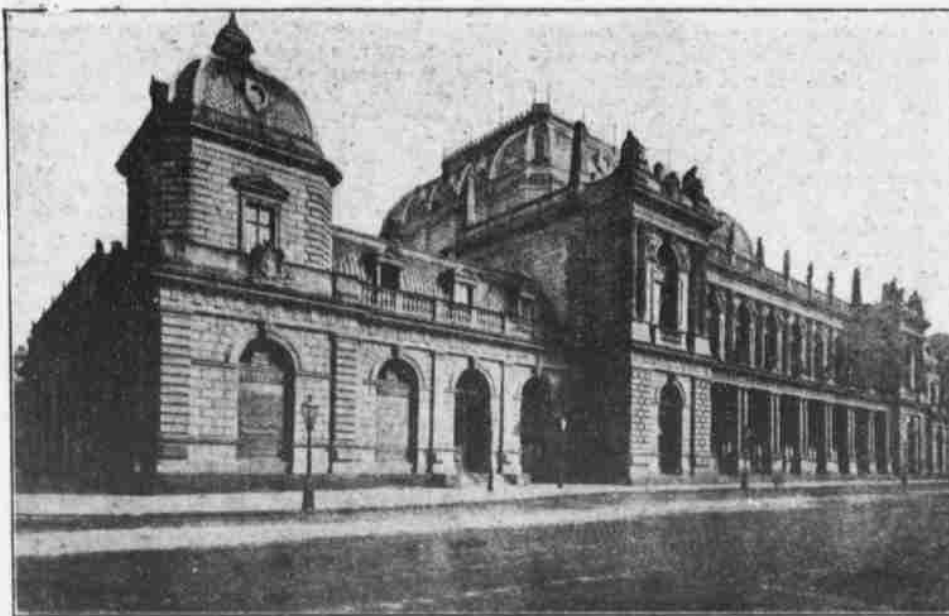
Such investments have been made during recent years. The beginning was more than a century ago. When George III. fought against us in the war of independence he employed about 17,000 Hessians, and for their services he paid one of the little German monarchs the enormous sum of \$20,000,000. This was William IV., Landgrave of Hesse, one of the thriftiest rulers of his time.

This money was still in hand when Napoleon began his victorious marches over Europe, and in order to prevent its capture and consequent loss, William IV. gave it over to the care of Mayer Amsel Rothschild. As the story goes, the money was brought in a carriage one night to this old house and handed over. The loan was kept secret, and it was seven years before it was repaid, with interest at the then low rate of 2 per cent per annum.

It is said that Rothschild kept his money in a big safe, so arranged that it could be lowered and raised like a dumb waiter, but so that when dropped there was no sign of its absence. According to one report, when the safe was dropped to its lowest point it was hidden in a well of water, and as the contents were chiefly gold coin they were not injured thereby.

However this may be, old Mayer Amsel did not let the money lie idle. He was a shrewd investor and he put it so that it bred faster than Australian rabbits. He already had an excellent knowledge of the leading financial institutions of Europe. At the age of thirteen it is said he knew every business man in Frankfort and just what he was worth. Now he was older and had had much experience in banking. He invested the money so safely that he was able to return it intact when it was called for and this so pleased his imperial creditor that he became his banker thereafter. He made millions and was able to start his five sons in an international banking business.

The eldest, Anselm, was kept at Frankfort to succeed him. The second, Solomon, went to Vienna and established a bank there



THE BOURSE AT FRANKFORT.

which is still one of the strongest of the world. Nathan Mayer came to England and opened a bank at Manchester, which he afterwards removed to London. The fourth son, Charles, founded a house at Naples and the fifth established one at Paris. All of these banks worked together. The children of the different sons intermarried and the fortune has as far as possible been kept intact. The descendants of each son have their own property, but as far as financial investments are concerned any one can rely upon the others to help him.

Today the English branch is perhaps the most important, the Naples and the Frankfort houses having been discontinued. This was founded by Nathan Mayer Rothschild who was a cloth merchant in Frankfort a part of his life. Much of his cloth was brought from England, and the trade in certain patterns was controlled by one man who had crusty business methods and who for some reason or other refused to deal with young Rothschild. The result was that Rothschild went to Manchester to buy goods. He at once saw the opportunities for money making there and stayed and opened a bank. The bank paid. He moved it to London and did better and at the end of five years was worth \$1,000,000.

He then went into speculation on a broad scale. He bought and sold stocks, and at the time of the battle of Waterloo made \$5,000,000 in one day out of advance news of Napoleon's defeat. He sat on his horse and watched the battle, and as soon as he saw that Napoleon was defeated he rode post haste for the English channel. He had relays of horses and galloped night and day. He paid \$400 to a boatman to carry him across to England and then he took the horses and galloped on to London. When he came on the stock exchange he looked sad and in strict confidence told how Blucher had been defeated by Napoleon, neglecting to mention Napoleon's defeat later on. The result was that stocks went down like a shot, and Rothschild through his secret agents was able to buy enough to make this enormous sum.

This Nathan Rothschild had several principles of business success. He believed, like Andrew Carnegie, in putting your eggs into a single basket and watching that basket. At one of his dinners a guest said to him that he hoped the Rothschild children would not be fond of money and business to the exclusion of more important things. Said Rothschild:

"I want them to give mind and soul, heart and body, everything to business, and I think this the only way in which they can be happy. I believe in sticking to one

business. If you have a brewery, stick to it, and you will soon be the greatest brewer in England. If you are a banker, do the same, and if you are broad enough in your ideas you can get to the top of the banking business. One thing you must remember, and that is you have got to be bold and cautious to make a fortune, and that when you have it it will take ten times as much wit to keep it as to make it."

Again he said: "I make it a principle never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. I have seen many very clever men who have not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds good, but if they cannot get on themselves how can they do good for me? Nothing breeds success like contact with success."

The Rothschilds have handled millions in the shape of loans for the great countries of the world. They have taken government bonds by the bushel and peddled them out by the piece. They have placed more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of securities for Great Britain within the last 100 years. They have placed \$250,000,000 for Austria, \$200,000,000 for Prussia, \$400,000,000 for France \$300,000,000 for Italy and smaller amounts for the different South American states. Indeed, until recently, they have had almost a monopoly of such business, but they will have it no more. Europe can now raise money in a score of ways that were not known a half century ago. Its savings bank systems swallow up vast amounts of government bonds, and there is plenty of outside capital. The United States is in the banking business, and it can easily send or bring money across the water. The Rothschilds are still powerful, but their power is on the wane.

Frankfort has long been noted as a financial center. It has more banks in proportion to its population than any other city of Europe, and it has been a school for the bankers of the world. There are many bankers in the United States who have come from here; and, indeed, it is said that if you find a German banker anywhere on earth you can scratch his back and the Frankfort colors will appear.

This town is substantial. It is noted for its rich men, and it has a score or so of millionaires who live on their incomes, and whose investments are scattered all over the world.

Frankfort looks wealthy and modern. It has wide streets lined with new buildings, notwithstanding it was an important point at the time of Charlemagne and a Roman military station nineteen centuries ago. In the middle ages it was a great fair town, and it was then that it probably fell into the banking habit which has paid so well.

Our national capital is interested in its new union railroad station which is to cost millions. Frankfort is only a financial capital, but it has already a railroad station which cost \$8,500,000. It has a new postoffice, new theater, a new stock exchange and a large number of new hotels. Its finest streets, the Zell and the Kaiserstrasse, compare favorably with those of Berlin and Cologne, and it is noted for its parks and public gardens.

On account of its wealth and business connections Frankfort forms a good headquarters for the American invasion. Many kinds of our goods are sold. The Deering Harvester company has an office on Kaiserstrasse, and the McCormicks have also their agents here. American typewriters, sewing machines and desks are found in different parts of the city, and there is one large store which sells only American shoes.

During my stay I have called at the offices of the Leopold Cassella & Co. dye works, which are among the largest of the world, and had a chat with its manager. While there I was taken through the counting room, containing hundreds of clerks. In each room were desks from Grand Rapids, and attached to each desk by a hinged shelf so that it could be shoved aside when not wanted was a well-known American typewriter. The classification of the correspondence was in file cases from Cincinnati, and the manager as he shoved them to me said he could not see how they had ever been able to do business without the American file system. Said he:

"You Yankees are wonderful. You systematize things so that one man can do the work of three. We formerly kept our letters in copy books and spent hours in looking up one series of correspondence. Now the original letters and the copies of our answers are filed away together in one of these cases, and we can find the whole thing at once."

It was through this man that I was able to go through one of the great dye factories of Germany. Leopold Cassella & Co. have a big dye establishment within a few miles of Frankfort. Their factories cover many acres and they employ in the neighborhood of 2,000 hands. The firm is well known in the United States. It has a house in New York, another in Lyons, one in Russia and a fourth at Bombay.

Until within a few years ago the chief dyes of the world came from England. Then the Germans learned the secret of their manufacture and improved upon it. They sent our travelers all over the world, and adapted their goods to the needs of different localities. They now practically monopolize the trade, and you find German dyes everywhere, in Asia, South America, North America and Australia. The Chinese will take none but German colors, at least I was told so during my last visit to that country, and it is much the same with the East Indians and other peoples of the orient.

Taking a carriage I drove with Mr. Bassler, one of the Cassella employes, out to the factory. It consists of about twenty acres of enormous buildings, with high smokestacks above them. Everything is dirty and smoky, and I might also say smelly, for as you approach the establishment the air is laden with odors. The streets between the buildings are filled with tubs and hogsheads of curious compounds, and everywhere you look you see some new process going on with sooty-faced or rather dye-faced men watching it. Here the men are lifting great barrels of liquid and pouring it into vats half filled with other liquid, which is being so stirred by machinery that it seethes and bubbles like a witch's caldron. As the new stuff flows in the color changes. It becomes a light yellow, a brilliant scarlet, or perhaps an ultra-marine blue. The men know just how much is needed, and also that if there is too

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