WONDERFUL SHAKESPEARE BALL IN ALBERT HALL, LONDON

Members of the Nobility Impersonate Their Ancestors—The Hall a Gorgeous Sight—Queen Bess's Court—Notable Men and Women in Costume.

IT WOULD be impossible to imagine anything more Shakespearian even in the Albert hall than the ball in aid of the fund for a National theatre in memory of Shakespeare. The balcony was covered with a green cloth to represent a Tudor garden, and beneath the grand tier were arbors of clipped yew forming figures of birds. Cypresses arose from the top gallery. On the floor of the vast hall Queen Elizabeth was enthroned, and the characters of twenty-three Shakespeare plays were dancing quadrilles in front of her, as also were Amazons, lovers, and Tudor duchesses. Several of the ladies were descendants of the house of the character they represented. The Duke of Somerset impersonated his ancestor the great Protector. The Duchess of Hamilton, who (by marriage) is of the Stuart blood royal, was Mary Queen of Scots, and wore the ring presented by Queen Mary to the Duke of Hamilton on the night before her execution. Then there were swarms of Shakespearian characters sitting in boxes and on the balcony seats. Beefeaters in the ancient costume held the doors. Then in the true Shakespearian vein—the "Midsummer Night's Dream" vein, not the Christopher Sly vein—there were real princes and princesses and grand dukes looking on at the mumming. On the floor, however, real duchesses and countesses were acting Shakespearian duchesses and countesses. The resource of the thing was astonishing. Mr. Anthony Rothschild was the King of France and Mr. Burdett-Coutts was the Earl of Bothwell, while Moonshine and Moth were the daughters of a duke.

The hall was really a gorgeous sight. One uses the phrase often, but here one really understood the meaning of it. The brilliant costumes of the Royal party in the full dress they had worn at the King's banquet were outdone by the Shakespearian mimes, just as real people grow dim beside Shakespeare's fiction. Cloth of gold, lapis blue, deep orange, emerald green, cardinals' cloaks, silver armored kings, golden Cleopatras—even the orders and costumes of the Prince of Siam and the Turkish Prince and the Archduke Charles Francis, of Austria, and the Infante of Spain, and a host of other grandees could not outshine them. Yet the two Royal boxes were very overpowering. In front sat six princesses, of whom Princess Patricia of Connaught was the most beautiful. The German Crown Princess, the Princess Fushimi of Japan, and the Princess of Montenegro were among the others. Behind them sat the German Crown Prince and a shining cascade of other princes and highnesses, Indian princes, South African and American millionaires and their wives and daughters wearing all their diamonds, and English society in the wide modern sense of the word crowded the other boxes.

Queen Bess's Court.

To a fanfare the great act of the night began. First the floor was cleared by the beefeaters with lines of rope. Then forty-four ladies and gentlemen, twenty-six of whom are said to be descendants of Queen Elizabeth's court, appeared walking with great dignity. This was very effective, the period being the best in our history for pageant representation with its splendid color and breadth and simplicity of outline. In the centre of her courtiers walked Queen Elizabeth in pale blue and white silks and in a right plenitude of jewels. Mrs. Arthur James was certainly more handsome than Shakespeare's patron. At a signal the whole company stopped, turned round, and curtsied to the royal boxes. It was all beautifully done. Then the Queen enthroned herself at the head of the hall with Lord Burleigh (Mr. Victor Cecil) at her side, and the complete Shakespearian procession appeared and filed past her, making obeisance, and to each she gave a gracious bow and Lord Burleigh a sagacious nod. The courtiers had lined up in double ranks behind the throne, and even Mary Queen of Scots and her court lined up beside them. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, at whose inspiration the whole pageant was arranged, Lady Salisbury, Lady Essex, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were in this company, which represented persons ally at Shakespeare's time.

Headed by a bearer with a symbol and legend of the characters of each play marched in to appropriate music, and after the circuit of the hall took their allotted place. Of one's multitudinous impressions one can only remember that Mr. F. E. Smith as Hamlet was so well advised as to forget Yorick's skull, and that the Duke of Marlborough was no less than Shakespeare, and that at the end of the pairs of "lovers" there walked, solitary and gay, Miss Lillah McCarthy in a hooped dress of ribbed gold and orange with an orange plume falling over her dark hair, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." In the "Much Ado About Nothing" group who should appear as Benedick but Sir George Alexander, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason was Balthasar. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (which was the Duchess of Wellington's party) Miss Muriel Wilson was a very noble Hippolyta, and the singing fairies were both marchionesses. Lady Mond's party was "Richard II." with Sir Alfred Mond as John o' Gaunt and Mr. Somerset Maugham as the Earl of Northumberland. "The Tempest" was very pretty, with Lady Hastings as Ariel and Lord Lewisham as a really nice Caliban. King Lear was Mr. Jacques Blanche, the artist; Antonio was Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Othello was Mr. J. St. Leo Strachey, Rosalind was Miss Margaret Halstan, the Prince of Verona was Mr. Hemmerde, and Duke Frederick was Sir Ian Hamilton. In short, everyone was somebody. That was the point of the whole affair. It was an edition de luxe of Shakespeare.

A Real Masquerade.

After the quadrilles were over the scene on the floor was even more wonderful. All but the very grandest grandees came down from their boxes, and the state of affairs became very puzzling. It was five chances to one that the pale blue riband and the medals on the breast of the man beside you were a real order and real medals, that the Indian prince with the furiously colored clothes and big rubies was a real Indian prince with real rubies; out of the 4,000 of us there must have been some plain, sound, ordinary men; but it certainly did not seem likely. Ladies with golden crowns appeared in the boxes, and so did mock Indians and Turks, and the fantasy reached every corner of the hall. The real and the counterfeit were mixed together in a glittering mass, and, to add to the mystery, you had, as I said before real duchesses impersonating stage countesses. Altogether the Coronation fashion, and social emulation had contrived circumstances so that this was a real masquerade, the like of which London will hardly see again. And as one drove away in the dawn the sense of the unreal continued, for here and there in the quiet streets one came on groups of little men raising gigantic golden crowns on the face of buildings and nailing golden lions on Venetian masts.—J. B. in the Manchester Guardian.

COOKING IN PAPER BAGS DISCOVERY OF A LONDON CHEF

M. Soyer Would Have Housewife Throw Away Her Pots and Pans—How Paper-Bag Cooking is Done.

M. SOYER—none other than the famous Soyer, chef of the Brook Club in London, and one time master of the kitchen of the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle—makes his bow to the housewives of Europe and America and delivers to them this message:

"Throw away your pots and pans, discard your broilers and roasting dishes, and do your cooking in paper bags. Do not hesitate. Do not marvel. Do all your cooking except, maybe, the brewing of your tea and the boiling of your soups, in paper bags. Believe me," so M. Soyer concludes his call for the enfranchisement of all cooks, "it can be done."

Of course, M. Soyer does not thus lift the veil upon a new light in the art of cookery and then decline to explain the simplicity of his system of paper bag utility in culinary art. So firm is he in his new faith that he has written a little book to tell about how he solved the problem of substituting paper for agateware in the oven and to give to housewives, chefs and servants everywhere directions for the use of the paper bag and recipes for the concoction of many bagged dishes.

M. Soyer says himself triumphantly that for fifteen years he has been experimenting with the cooking of viands in paper, and that now the secret is revealed in all its completeness and practicability.

Here is the incident in the kitchen of the dowager duchess that led the present chef of the Brook Club on his Columbian voyage of discovery:

"One day, having covered a piece of fish with foolscap, I instructed the kitchen maid to add the sauce. She put in too much. By and bye the paper vessel began to bubble up, and before I could interfere it exploded with a bang. When I came to examine the fish I found it was beautifully tender. This gave me an idea. 'I wonder whether I could cook by steam?' I said to myself. Without a moment's hesitation I put some meat, vegetables and a little water into an envelope and laid it on an iron shelf in the oven. The inevitable happened. The paper got burned and soon afterward it exploded."

Nothing daunted by this first failure, but brimming with the idea that somehow he could overcome the difficulties of cooking in paper, the dowager duchess' chef continued to try experiments with the dowager's supplies and at his own home. Sometimes, as he says in his little book, he used to get out of bed at 2 o'clock in the morning to put in a little concoction, enveloped in paper, in an oven.

He did not overcome the tendency toward explosions, but not for years could he rid his dishes of the savor of paper which was their inevitable portion. He even challenged a German chef who had invented a special oven for cooking by indirect heat, to a test before the National School of Cookery in London. The German used his new oven and M. Soyer used only his simple paper bags. The judges awarded the palm to him even though all of the dishes he turned out had the unpleasant taste of paper. Not until very recently did the experimenting chef find reward for his labors, when a firm of paper manufacturers turned out for him a special paper bag which was tasteless and chemically pure. Now with this bag M. Soyer is doing marvels and setting the way for the accomplishment of like marvels by others.

"I am not really surprised at the interest which the new cookery has aroused," he says, in comment upon the vogue which his experiments have set. "Clearly it is calculated to effect a decided improvement in the health of the nation. What housewife has not had to lament the fact that her meat has been badly cooked or that her cooking has involved a prodigious amount of labor? With paper bag cookery there is no likelihood of an imperfectly cooked joint. There will be no pots or pans to clean, the drudgery of the kitchen will be abolished."

M. Soyer claims excellence for his discovery on three counts. On account of the cleanliness of paper bag cookery it is hygienic; because of the lack of waste connected with it it is the most economical mode of cookery; because of the conservation of the flavor which it guarantees it makes the food most palatable. Here is another commendable feature:

"Paper bag cooking for dwellers in flats and single room is the solution of many a difficulty. One of the chief drawbacks to flats has been the difficulty of avoiding the smell of cookery. In the small flat kitchen there is little space for pots and pans. None is needed for paper bag cookery."

Now as to the method: The Brook Club's chef does not claim that the use of his paper bag alone guarantees perfection in the finished product. Good cooking requires time, skill and a proper attention to the mixing of the concomitants whether one cooks in a saucepan or a paper bag. The use of the bag does not abrogate any of the rules for perfect cooking. It only simplifies and perfects the methods.

As to the kind of a bag that must be used M. Soyer has no doubt. The Soyer paper bag is undoubtedly the only perfect one. Having a cooking bag then one follows these directions:

Select a bag that fits the food intended to be cooked.

Grease slightly the inside of the bag except in case of vegetables or when water is added. For beginners it is advisable. Butter, lard or drippings may be used.

When the food has been prepared for the bag place the same on the table and lift the uppermost edge of the bag while you insert the contents.

Fold the mouth of the bag two or three times and fasten with a clip. It is desirable to fold the corners of the bag so as to secure as near as possible a hermetical closing.

Any oven will do for paper bag cooking, the discoverer asserts. There is little difference whether the oven be heated by coal, gas or electricity. To find out when the food in the bag is cooked all one has to do is to make a little hole in the paper and look in. In the case of many articles a slight touch on the bag will instruct the experienced cook as to the condition of the cooking food within.

In order to facilitate the work of the housewife unaccustomed to the use of the paper bag the Brook Club's chef gives freely of his store of culinary knowledge. In his book, which is published in the United States by Sturgis & Walton, M. Soyer sets forth a long list of recipes.

For instance, if a cook would dash off a roulade of beef a la Neapolitaine she has only to do this:

Take a pound of cold roast beef, free it from skin and fat, etc., and pass it through the mincing machine. Add to it six ounces of finely minced (cooked) ham or bacon, fat and lean together. Season highly with pepper and salt. Add a teaspoonful of finely minced olives, a few drops of tabasco, a teaspoonful of parsley, a little grated lemon peel and a dust of nutmeg. Mix all together, then add to it four ounces of previously cooked macaroni, which has been cut into one-inch lengths and tossed in a little butter. Mix again. Add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, and finally the whites whipped to a stiff froth. Mix thoroughly; roll up in a piece of clean well-greased paper, place in the bag, fold and clip, put on the broiler and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

Here is another paper bag recipe, whose catchline will appeal to any housewife:

Tough Old Fowl—This can be sent tender to the table if treated as follows: Clean, truss and stuff according to taste. Put five spoonfuls of dripping or butter upon the breast. Place in the paper bag. Allow one hour and forty-five minutes to two hours and a half, according to the size of the bird in question, in a moderate oven. The old rooster will appear on the table like a spring chicken, more serviceable than has ever been known in the history of cooking.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

THE centenary of William Makepeace Thackeray is deserving of such national notice. He was one of the many men who made the Victorian age illustrious. What the spacious days of Elizabeth did for the drama the reign of Victoria did for the novel. And amid men who contributed to its lustre Thackeray occupies a most prominent place.

Born in Calcutta.

Thackeray was born on July 18, 1811, in Calcutta, India, where his father was a customs collector in the employ of the English Government. His ancestors had lived and died in the making of the Eastern Empire; they had done their work quietly, and had performed those deeds of simple heroism which benefit a people, but bring their authors little fame. In 1815, the year of Waterloo, his father died, and in the following year, William, who was only a child, was sent to England to be educated. His mother remained in India for five years. The boy was lonely and sensitive, and his memory of this early period, pathetic and tear-bedimmed, followed him through life.

He Saw Napoleon.

One incident in his voyage home was never affaced. The ship that brought him called at St. Helena, where Napoleon was then an exile. "My black nurse," Thackeray wrote many years later, "took me for a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden where we saw a man walking. 'That's he,' said my nurse; 'that's Napoleon. He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands upon.'" Little did the boy know that years later he would give in "Vanity Fair" one of the most graphic pictures of Waterloo ever penned! His childhood in England was not precocious. He was just an ordinary little boy, quiet and gentle, delighting always to draw pictures. His early history is much like that of Clive Newcome in his own novel.

At the age of eleven Thackeray was sent to the Charterhouse School, the famous school of Addison and Steele, by his father. He left the university with money and dreams. He went to Germany, where he met Goethe; he showed his admiration for the German hero of democracy by purchasing Schiller's sword. He endeavored to study law in London, but he could not settle down to the dull routine. Journalism then lured him, and he started two different newspapers—The National Standard and the Constitutional. Both were poor investments; his bank failed, and Thackeray found himself almost penniless, plunged suddenly from plenty to poverty. He faced the crisis calmly. For a time he became an art student in Paris, but he soon took up work in London on Fraser's Magazine and Punch as a cartoonist. Dickens, then famous, was in search of a sketch artist to furnish drawings for his "Pickwick." Thackeray, hearing of his need, drew the sketches, and endeavored, in his want, to sell them to Dickens, to whom he was unknown. Dickens repulsed him with scant courtesy.

His Great Tragedy.

Thackeray's greatest tragedy was in his home life. In 1837 he married Isabella Shaw, and for a few years, although he had to struggle for bread, he lived a happy home life with his wife and three baby girls. Carlyle gives us a vivid picture of him at this time: "A big, burly man, six feet two or three, with a mass of hair unkempt, a high stock about his neck—a half monstrous Cornish giant, writing for his life." But soon the cloud settled on his home. His wife became ill; in 1840 she became hopelessly insane.

At the age of thirty, Thackeray found himself with a broken home. He died in 1863 after a brief and broken life.

Thackeray's rise to fame was slow. His evolution as a writer may be summed up in the three words: Fun, truth, and love. He came at a time in English life when men were struggling for liberty, when the great masses of the people were calling for their rights. He saw the pettiness of the snobbish, so-called aristocratic society around him, and he resolved to chasten the follies of his age. He despised cant and sham; he saw clearly the mystery of life.

Fun, Truth, and Love.

The weapons he used to remedy the follies of his time were fun, truth, and love. He first used fun in his burlesques, like "Mrs. Perkins' Ball," a humorous picture of debutantes in his own day and ours. In "Vanity Fair" he endeavored to tell the truth about life. It is a merciless, terrible picture of the world of society-seeking and selfishness. In his later works, like "The Newcomes" and "The Virginians," his method changes. He stresses the good in life. He writes like a kindly, old man, looking back upon life, and his pictures are enshrouded in a mist of love for mankind. In the "Roundabout Papers" we see the real Thackeray, the boy who wept over the "Scottish Chiefs," the old man who could stop on the street and play with children.

A hundred years after his birth the forces on which he heaped his scorn and satire are still against us, but in putting the snobbishness of society and the pettiness of selfish men in their true light, Thackeray's work will always be a potent force.

BOY'S REMARKABLE CHUTE RIDE.

A 7-year-old boy, Walter Gustavage, had a thrilling experience at Girardville Pa., one day lately. A chum dared him to jump over the mouth of an air shaft at one of the colliery mines, and on making the attempt he miscalculated the distance and went whirling down the chute 470 feet into an excavation. He escaped with nothing more than a few bruises. When the boy disappeared into the opening his companion spread an alarm and rescuers were lowered into the hole with ropes, but could get no response to their calls. An hour later when those on the surface had given up the boy for dead, a loader boss appeared on the surface with the lad in his arms. He found him on a gangway platform crying from fright, but practically unhurt.

MOSQUITO KILLS A MAN.

A mosquito bite was responsible for the death of Henry Wendebaum, the other day in a hospital at Brooklyn. About two weeks ago Wendebaum, a man of 42, was sitting on his front step when he was bitten on the right wrist by a mosquito. The wrist swelled and Wendebaum scratched the lump with his finger nails. Blood poisoning set in and caused his death.

BRITISH BULLDOGS SAVED EUROPE

Their Aid to Spain Was the Rock on Which Napoleon Split.

REV. T. B. Gregory writes in the New York American: One hundred and three years ago—July 11, 1808—Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the great Napoleon, entered Madrid as King of Spain. Shakespeare says: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. Joseph Bonaparte, in the case before us, stood in the latter category—his greatness was "thrust upon him" by his illustrious relative. He did not want the crown of Spain—he fought hard to keep it away from him—but Jupiter Pluvius at Paris insisted upon his accepting it, and from the decree of that demigod there was no appeal.

Poor Joseph soon found out the truth of the saying, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." The bauble that Napoleon had placed on Joseph's head would not stay there, for the very throne itself was shaken by the most terrible of all forces, the indignation of an infuriated people. The people of Spain were determined that they would not be thus played with by the Corsican adventurer, and as one man they rose against the King that had been forced upon them.

That rising of the Spanish people was destined to be the rock upon which the mighty Napoleon's power was to split. Having placed his brother on the throne, he could not very well desert him when he was attacked by the people, who did not want his rule. So the French legions were sent in the Peninsula, under Soult and Victor, who had all that they could do to hold their own against the Spaniards. Napoleon himself then assumed the direction of affairs, and in a little while Joseph was back again upon the throne from which he had been ejected. Napoleon thinking that all was settled, quitted the Peninsula, leaving his marshals to look after things.

But the great Emperor was reckoning without his host. Wellington, the British bulldog, was on the ground with several thousand other British bulldogs, and having taken hold they would not let go. They hung on, through victory and through defeat, until finally they wore the French out, crowning their heroic resistance with the great triumph at Vittoria in the spring of 1813.

Vittoria decided the Peninsula War, and Joseph retired altogether from his kingdom. The farce was over. The subborn resistance of the Spanish people, backed by the heroic valor of their English allies, had won the day, and the king-maker was fairly checkmated.

But the end was not yet. Leipsic was on the way, which was to lead to the Titan's first abdication and exile in Elba, and the return from Elba, and the "Hundred days" the last of which was to be the day of Waterloo. And Waterloo was won by the men who had learned in the Peninsula War that the French were not invincible, but could be beaten, and beaten again. That same British bulldog, Wellington, who kept Joseph Bonaparte from being King of Spain, sent the great Napoleon to St. Helena while Joseph came over to the United States, where by his splendid manners, he made a host of friends, and, departing, left behind him a most delightful memory.

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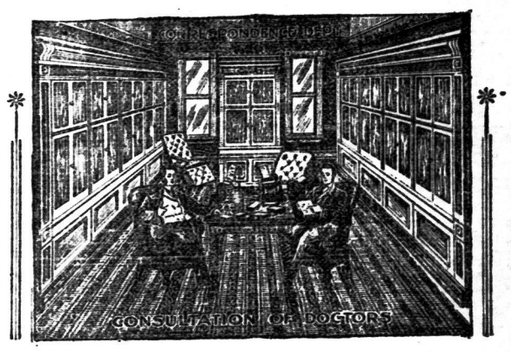

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