

THE STAGE "Foxy Quiller" Is Rather Tame.

A MAN who writes more or less truthful and interesting theatrical news for one of the daily papers of this city recently published a very pretty little story designed to indicate the extent of the success scored by the new Smith and De Cover opera, "Foxy Quiller." According to this scribe, the librettist, Mr. Smith, when he saw his work designated on the programme of the Broadway theater as "Foxy Quiller (in Cocca), instead of plain "Foxy Quiller," as he had written it, waxed exceedingly wrath and at once sought the manager. He demanded to know by what right that gentleman had presumed to take liberties with the title of his opera. Again according to the scribe, he was somewhat mollified when the manager informed him that he and his partner had been so greatly pleased with the success of "Foxy Quiller" that they contemplated having a series prepared in one country, then in another, and so on ad lib.

drawn preparatory to the road tour, it is well enough to adopt this practice with caution which are of such unusual excellence and necessity of such great cost as to make it impossible to carry all of the good people on tour, but when this is done it is manifest fraud in all that the original cast is given. It is my opinion that the manager who will refrain from these practices will do to his permanent pecuniary advantage.

INDOMITABLE PLUCK OF MME. EMMA EAMES.

Clara Munger, the Boston music teacher's crack pupil is Emma Eames, and the account she gives of the opera singer's beginnings is interesting and less apocryphal than many of the tales which are told of Mrs. Story. In fact, this one is probably wholly true. "When Emma Eames first came to me, her voice, naturally a good one, had been seriously injured. Her own mother was a singer, but if she taught the daughter the system she employed was bad. "My new pupil told me frankly about her ambitions; they seemed so lofty and so impossible of achievement that I discouraged her. I told her I would have to give her the severest treatment known to accomplish the complete restoration of her voice and that the responsibility would be hers. I shall never forget her reply. "I will take all the responsibility," she said, "for I mean to sing in grand opera, and nothing but death or a paralysis of the vocal chords shall stop me." Well, she began, and at once I knew a new kind of pupil had arrived.

CYCLE RACING Versus MOTOR RACING

George A. Banker, the Famous Cyclist, Tells Why He Has Deserted the One For the Other

EVERY athlete, whatever the line of sport in which he is most skillful, at length finds himself at that period of life when, instead of constantly increasing in proficiency, he is going back. In such sports as baseball, track athletics, football and cycling there is no such thing as standing still in the case of a man who goes in for breaking records or attaining the highest excellence. He must either improve or deteriorate.

My opinion is that an athlete should retire when he is at his best and not continue competing when on the decline, thus running the risk of being defeated by rivals whom in his prime he could have won from with ease. I believe I have reached that point in my career and consequently have determined to retire from bicycle racing and only engage in the future in motor races, in which I shall not have to depend on my own speed and stamina to win.

Now, as everybody knows who pays attention to cycle racing affairs, I have given the best years of my life to that sport. When but 14 years of age, I started in and won my first race, and since then I have been almost constantly engaged in racing, both in America and abroad. I am now only 26 years of age, but I have been at sprint racing every season except the greater part of 1894, when I had a very serious attack of typhoid fever at Nice, which illness, by the way, came near being the end of me. This is a longer record than that of any other living rider. During that period I have captured at one time or other nearly every one of the big annual professional events that are held in Europe and have met and defeated every one of the world's fastest cyclists who have ridden in Europe during the past four or five years.

I went to Europe in 1894 and campaigned as a professional with Zimmerman and Wheeler. Previous to that I had won in this country several important amateur races, including the big mile open at Hartford in 1893 and some state championships. Zimmerman's record in Europe that year was extremely sensational, as will be remembered, and I would like to state right here that the Jersey Skeeter's peer on the bicycle track when he was in his prime has not yet arisen. Zimmerman was the idol of the French people when he was racing abroad, and I must say that they know how to treat their favorites; for there better than in any other country.

I have brought with me from France a machine of the gasoline type, with which I propose to enter the racing game in this country next season. This machine, I believe, is the fastest in the world. It will travel at a rate of 50 miles an hour. It is a tricycle called the Perfecta and is fitted with two Bosch motors of six horsepower each, which are an absolutely new departure in their line. When choosing this machine, I had several of the best makes on a track. For half an hour they raced against each other, and the one I have brought with me defeated all the others with signal ease. I shall devote a good deal of time during the coming summer to perfecting myself in the use of this machine and in improving it in every way. Then some time early next year I will issue a challenge to all the fastest motor cyclists in America, including A. C. Bostwick, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Kenneth Skinner, Alexander Winton and Albert Champion.

My machine broke the record in the recent great road race from Nice to Marseilles, in which the winner beat the time of the express train between those two cities by two and one-half hours. Motor racing in France is ahead of that sport as carried on in this country because of the far better condition of the roads over there. It is no uncommon thing for a whole French family to start in an automobile and take a journey right across the country, which would be an impossibility in America.

If motor racing is to be carried on in this country to any great extent, the promoters of the sport will have to construct special tracks, as the ones now in existence are far too dangerous. Tricycles will always be the favorite style of machine for racing of this kind, because two wheeled machines slide too much, especially in wet weather. Those who are unacquainted with the construction of these motors often wonder how slipping and the breaking of axles are prevented. In the middle of the axle there is placed a differential, by means of which the wheel on the outer

side of the track can travel much faster than its mate and thus prevent the machine slipping to the bank.

I have been asked to state whether I prefer racing in Europe or in my native land. As I have practically done no track work in this country for six or seven years, I am far better acquainted with European methods. Over these I don't use pacemakers in short distance events, such as a mile or one or two kilometers, which accounts for the different ways practiced abroad. In France they hold back until the last 200 or 300 yards, and then "pump" for all they are worth, whereas here a competitor has to go for the whole of the last quarter. I have made a study of racing conditions in Europe, while I am unfamiliar with those of this country. In Europe Major Taylor is regarded as America's premier cyclist, and if all accounts of him be true, he is indeed a phenomenon.

The fastest short distance bicycle racer in Europe, in my opinion, is Jaquetin, although Meyer, who won the grand prize of the exposition, value \$3,000, the biggest purse of the year, certainly runs him a close second. Jaquetin is the most gritty and nervy racer I have ever seen. Before a race he always strips himself to his pedals, and if he cannot get hold of his legs with sufficient purchase he binds his hands with tire tape to get a firm enough grip. When Cooper entered the match race against Meyer and Jaquetin last summer, I warned him to look out for Jaquetin's tremendous work. In spite of this, however, when the latter started out he left the American champion far in the rear before he could make a spurt. I am now making arrangements to have Jaquetin come over here for the indoor season, and if he does I may race with him on a tandem, in which style of racing has been my partner on the continent.

During my career I have made practice while in training not to work too hard, but have always made it a point when traveling through different parts of Europe to visit all the interesting places that I could possibly make arrangements to see. Unlike a great many racing men, I have saved the greater part of my earnings, but on the other hand, I have not been hands with tire tape to get a firm enough grip. When Cooper entered the match race against Meyer and Jaquetin last summer, I warned him to look out for Jaquetin's tremendous work. In spite of this, however, when the latter started out he left the American champion far in the rear before he could make a spurt. I am now making arrangements to have Jaquetin come over here for the indoor season, and if he does I may race with him on a tandem, in which style of racing has been my partner on the continent.

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George A. Banker, Pittsburg

COULDN'T CARRY THE NAME.

When the late Benjamin F. Butler had been recalled from New Orleans where he had been in charge after the civil war, old General Jim Steadman of Ohio was appointed his successor.

Now, the old governor was a great lover of sport, particularly horse racing, and he played a trump card for popularity when he reopened the Jockey Club track.

The governor liked to plunge a bit, and his system of betting was simple. He always played the horse with the shortest name, regardless of its price in the auction pools of those days. So when he saw listed a colt named Faro he played him for full on account of the brevity of his name. Now, Faro was not esteemed the equivalent of a modern day 100 to 1 shot, but notwithstanding that circumstance he won about \$25,000 of other people's money.

He made it his business to see the owner of Faro and arranged another race for the following week. The owner was pleased with the governor's interest. He became so proud and excited, in fact, that he decided to bestow upon the lucky equine a more distinguished name. So it was King Pharoah that was entered for the special race in place of Faro.

The governor was furious, and he said plain things to the owner. Finally, however, he decided to play King Pharoah for all the coin he had intended to put on Faro.

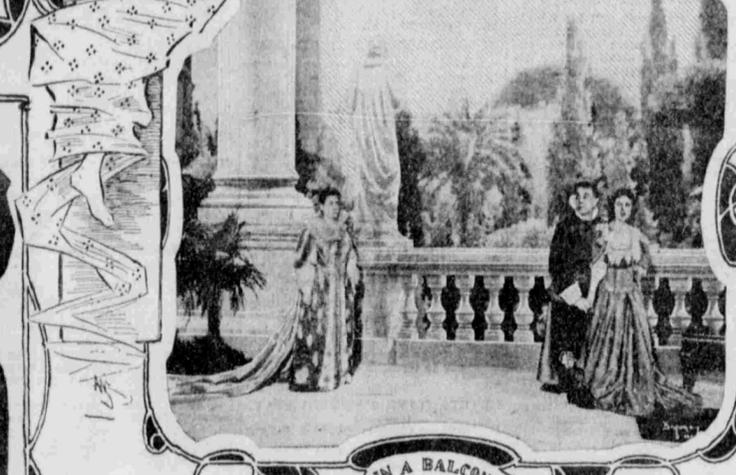
Well, King Pharoah didn't come in one, two, three, and to the day of his death General Steadman always declined that the colt couldn't carry the weight of the syllables added to his original name.



SCENE FROM "FOXY QUILLER" PHOTO BY BYRON, N.Y.



GRACE CAMERON IN "FOXY QUILLER" PHOTO BY SCHLOSS, N.Y.



"IN A BALCONY" PHOTO BY BYRON, N.Y.

This was not such a very bad little press agent story, though not such a very good one either. The greatest trouble with it is that it lacks a basis of fact; so far, at any rate, as the theater-going public is concerned. No extra guards are needed at the Broadway theater to keep the crowds away, and at those who have succeeded in getting into the house I have yet to find one who was unqualifiedly pleased by what he saw and heard inside. In short, "Foxy Quiller" so far from being a phenomenally good opera, is not even a fairly good one. The most that can be said for it is that an attempt at real satire has been made, and, even though it has failed, the fact that the librettist meant well ought to count in his favor. The humor is of that delightful machine-made brand which is liked by those persons who object to having surprises sprung upon them, and in "Foxy Quiller" you know pretty nearly all that is to come as soon as a character appears.



JEROME SYKES AS "FOXY QUILLER" PHOTO BY LUKASZ, N.Y.

The music is bright in spots, and if the spots were only close enough together all would be well, but they occur at exasperatingly remote intervals. There are, however, several airs which are pretty, and at least one which is destined to win considerable popularity. The stage management is painfully accurate and therefore frightfully conventional. The director has evidently labored under the absurd delusion that it is necessary to keep either the arms or the legs of the chorus people moving every minute they are on the stage. Mr. Jerome Sykes is funny in his heavy, chubby way, but he appears frightfully out of place in an opera in which the librettist has even attempted to introduce satire and in which there is little opportunity for horse play, which is unquestionably Mr. Sykes' forte, if he has a forte, aside from his very excellent voice.

as a curtain raiser to any play which was unduly short. The illustration shown herewith is made from a flashlight photograph. It depicts the scene wherein the middle-aged queen, who imagines that she is beloved by Norbert, when that individual has really been trying to tell her that he wishes to marry her ward. Constancy, surprises the lovers together and realizes the frightful mistake she has made. This precedes the tragedy in which the outraged monarch who has thrown her pride to the winds and confessed her love for one of her subjects retires to send the guards to the man, who, it is to be presumed, is taken to his execution.

The playlet as interpreted by Mrs. Le Moyné, Mr. Ous Skinner and Miss Eleanor Robison is dramatic in the extreme, though it is easy to imagine that in the hands of a less gifted trio it might be made almost farcical. It is a sort of blasphemous dramatic work and requires the correspondingly delicate treatment which the gentleman and ladies in question certainly gave it.

No work was too severe, no toll too arduous, no exercise too fatiguing. Her voice came up wonderfully under it, as you will know when I tell you that in 12 months Emma Eames was singing at the Boston symphony concert.

Right here an interpolation may be made to the effect that Gerike, the leader of the symphony, proposed to her, but, dreaming of a greater career, Emma Eames refused him. From Boston the singer, who wasn't over 21, went to Paris, where she studied with Marchesi for a short while. Their relations broke up in a row, for Emma contended that the celebrated teacher was ruling her voice. The next heard of the strong-willed American woman was that she had met the director of the Opera Comique and got a chance to debut. "Faust" was the opera. The debut was wonderfully successful, and all the world knows the rest.

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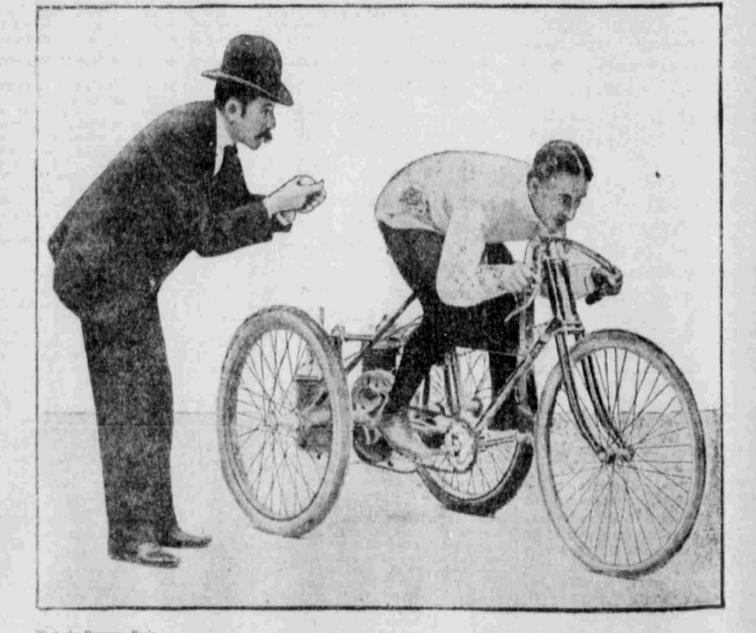
I think I may claim without being

WANTED CASH IN ADVANCE.

The Yorkshireman is proverbially a good business man, and the following story in connection with one of the celebrated teachers is worth repeating. The other day he accepted a chance wheelman just as the latter was about to ride down to (his) an unknown hill, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Say, master, art is goin to ride down there?" "Yes," responded the cyclist. "What for two pun ten?" "What for?" gasped the cyclist. "Well, ye see," said the Yorker, "ma huss is at 't' bottom of 't' hill, and 't' railings cost me two pun ten." "What's that to do with me?" asked the wondering wheelman. "Jest this: Every asskickist what rides down that hill knocks ma railings down with his head, and as 't' last idols were used afore Ah would collect damages Ah'm jest goin to take 't' money at ta top." The cyclist smiled a sickly smile, handed over a "drink" and walked down the hill.

actor is James Booth Roberts, who is 85 years of age. Clyde Fitch is writing a new play of simple country life, which William A. Brady will produce after the holidays. Charles Kean first introduced the episode of the return of Henry V into London after Agincourt, which is retained by Richard Mansfield as one of the spectacular features of his version. Mildred Holland, since her first starring tour, has excited much interest



GEORGE BANKER ON HIS NEW 12-HORSEPOWER RACING AUTOMOBILE.

Foxy Quillo, the quintessence of all human intelligence. Jerome Sykes, Pezette, a Cordon with a vendetta on his back. Julius Steger, Ned Roscoe, captain of a ship trading in the Spanish main, in love with the Spanish girl, in love with the Spanish girl, in love with the Spanish girl.

Wilmington Block, a registered gentleman. Harry McLaughlin, the world famous Bayou Beau Brummel. Sophie Zink, the world famous Bayou Beau Brummel. Sophie Zink, the world famous Bayou Beau Brummel.

There remains to be just now a greater death of really money making stars than has ever been known in the history of the American stage. This has naturally given the foreigners an opportunity. John Hare is with us now; the Kendalls and Irving were here last year; the Metropolitan Opera company is composed almost exclusively of foreigners; Sarah Bernhardt and Cosetta will soon be drawing the American shekels, and Martin Harvey, to say nothing of Beerbohm Tree and Forbes Robertson, are reported to be booked for American tours next season. Duse is also said to be contemplating a visit, and, altogether, it looks as though most of the money to be drawn into the theaters during this and the coming year will find its way into the pockets of foreigners. This may be due in the fact that we have few really great artists, though most students of the drama are inclined to the opinion that it is due to the one man policy in theatricals which prevails here at the present time. This advances mediocrity beyond its just place, but puts a tax upon real ability which it is unable, with the lack of business sagacity, which is the almost inevitable accompaniment of genius, to overcome. ARTHUR CRISPIN. New York.

Stanislaus Strango has decided to call his newly made dramatization of the latest novel by the author of "Quo Vadis" "Twist Cross and Sword". Harry Lacey may revive "The Still Alarm" this season. Joseph Jefferson's present season is his sixtieth on the stage, and he is giving "Die Meistersinger" was recently given with Dutch text in Amsterdam for

the first time and was enthusiastically received. Jessie Bartlett Davis is going abroad shortly to sing in London. Lillie Thurlow, leading woman of William Greet's "Sign of the Cross" company, wears a costume that seems to be the height of simplicity, and yet it takes longer to put it on than would any creation of Worth. It consists of

a piece of white silk crape 12 yards long that is draped and held in place at every performance by over 100 pins. Professor Henri Agoust, the head of the Agoust family, is an American citizen. He first visited this country in 1887 with the Hanlon-Lees. Professor Agoust, with his daughter and two sons, has repeated his European success, and he has been seen in "The Star and Garter" at the Metropolitan. Possibly the oldest living American

and admiration for her talent, versatility and charming personality. It is owing to her unceasing efforts to improve and perfect that her play, "The Power Behind the Throne," has developed into such a great success. Over \$100,000 has been subscribed for a popular theater in Paris, and companies are now being engaged. Harry B. Smith will write for Daly's theater, New York, a play to be based upon Charles Dana Gibson's series of

pictures called "The Education of Mr. Phip." Otis Skinner is one of the first, if not the first of American actors, to receive an honorary college degree. More than five years ago Tufts college, at Somerville, conferred upon him the degree of master of arts. The following has been printed as the ages of some famous theatrical people: Frank Burdand, 55; W. S. Gilbert, 54; Charles Wyndham, 44; Henry Irving, 62; Herman Merivale, 61; Clement Scott, 53. Fessie Leslie, the original Little Lord Fauntleroy, who started so successfully as a child, the colt couldn't carry the weight of the syllables added to his original name.

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