

## VAUDEVILLE

her experience with the *soldats Américains*—got her “animals” mixed—“you have my goat, I have your goat, et—tie ze bull outside,” and so on. I am crossing Irene and Fay here because I think them similar, only I must say I think the magic was greater in Fay, because possibly Fay was the greater student of emotion. Fay had the undercurrent, and Irene has perfected the surface. If Irene did study Fay at any time, and I say this respectfully, she perhaps knows that Fay went many times to Paris to study Rejane. The light entertainer is, as we know, very often a person of real intellect.

If you want distinction, then, you will get it in the presence of Ella Shields. Her “Burlington Bertie” is nothing less than a chef d’œuvre; “Tom Lipton, he’s got lots of ’oof—he sleeps on the roof, and I sleep in the room over him.” Bertie, who, having been slapped on the back by the Prince of Wales (and some others) and asked why he didn’t go and dine with “Mother,” replied—“I can’t, for I’ve just had a banana with Lady Diana. . . . I’m Burlington Bertie from Bow.” Miss Shields shows also that she can sing a sentimental song without slushing it all over with saccharine. She has mastered the droll English quality of wit with real perfection. I regret I never saw Vesta Tilley, with whom the old tops compare her so favourably. Superb girls all these, Fay, Ella, Cissie, Vesta, as well as Marie Lloyd, and the other inimitable Vesta—Victoria.