

# American Vaudeville Stage Has Only One Alice Lloyd

*England May Possess Equal of Famous Comedienne, at Orpheum Past Week, But Eager Theatrical Managers of New York Have Never Been Able to Discover Her.*

By EDGAR H. THOMAS.

"GOOD-BYE," the fair Alice sang out, as she smiled the smile that costs The Orpheum circuit \$1,300 a week. "Good-bye. Say anything you like about me, but don't make it rough."

We were just about to leave Alice Lloyd's dressing room at The Orpheum the other afternoon. Manager Carl Reiter had deserted us after having laughed three times out loud at the expense of our handsome young cartoonist. "Dok."

"Just one thing, more, please," Alice hurried to say. "Do not under any circumstances permit yourself to say I'm fat—because I'm not. Really, now, look at me yourself. What do you say?"

What is a man going to do in a time like this? We confess to having given her careful scrutiny. Who wouldn't? And that the lovely little comedienne may not have further worry about it—that the brutal, horrid truth may not be crushed to earth, we hasten to declare she is not fat.

She is what one might call plump—that's all.

As we came upon the scene for a little chat with The Orpheum's headliner, whose charms have been touted over two continents during the last four years, Miss Lloyd was laughing most heartily. She and Mr. Reiter, apparently, were having a little joke. Possibly, we thought, he had been telling her one of those stories.

"Soiy, this is too funny to keep," Miss Lloyd said, looking in the direction of The Orpheum manager. (We were quite aware of that.) "Mr. Reiter introduced me to an artist fellow, y' know, and said his name was Dr. Hager.

"Are you a doctor, I soiy? I soiy to him.

"No," says he, "I'm a reformed dentist."

"Just then, y' know, he hopened his mouth, and, bless me 'part, he 'adn't a tooth in 'is 'ead."

"That's why he's a cartoonist," offered Mr. Reiter blithely. "He lost his teeth in a dentist's chair, so he made up his mind that when it came to pass where he couldn't trust fellow members of the profession, it was time for him to get out of it."

No, "Dok" was not present when this was said, otherwise it would doubtless be proper to refer to The Orpheum party as "the late lamented, Carl Reiter."

We plan studiously to avoid our artistic playmate throughout today and tomorrow. We know what he would have to say, and, besides, we have never cared for profanity except when some excruciatingly funny jester has stolen our cigarettes.

"I soiy, take a peek at me clothes," says Alice, as she points to the wall of her dressing room, which resembled the main display space of a theatrical costume establishment—only it didn't, for, when we came to think about it, we doubt if these places have gowns like Alice Lloyd wears.

The very ideal Fancy one peek sufficing to look over enough clothes to fill a hall-room to overflowing! We were asked to do in a moment what should have been an afternoon's job.

"They're wonderful," we gasped. Of course, we didn't know a thing about it aside from the fact that they looked good enough for an angel, and that we would awfully hate to meet her tailor, if we were at all responsible. Uh! Visions of jail—and no bail!

"How many are there in all?" was asked.

"Only forty," Miss Lloyd yawned. "I thought perhaps I would not need any more on this trip."

Imagine! Imagine a woman worrying along a few short weeks with such a trifling number of gowns! Preposterous, isn't it?

"Oh, I 'ave more at 'ome," said Miss Lloyd, detecting the look of astonishment which went jumping over our visage. "These are only a few little things I brought with me."

Guess when Miss Lloyd goes for a regular trip she takes a freight car with her, that her things may not be hampered for room.

But to quote a very original little thing. "Clothes don't make the woman." This applies to Alice Lloyd as much as to one or two more who are now sitting on top of the stage.

Alice Lloyd is not a comedienne, unless you wish to call her so merely because she sings songs of a comic turn. To be sure a tragedienne would not be a riot as a singer of funny songs; but, on the other hand, Miss Lloyd is not being paid thirteen hundred odd dollars every week for being a comedienne. Nor is it because she is such a grand little singer.

Alice is permitted to look the treasurer in the face every seven days without blushing chiefly because she has exceptionally good songs, exceptionally good looks, exceptionally pretty gowns, and an exceptionally winsome personality. The latter asset is the key to the secret.

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"Are you as popular in London as in this country?" we asked her.

"No," she replied. "I am just what they call a nice turn."

If American audiences thought the same, Alice would not be drawing her salary in such generous proportions.

When this little girl of fair hair and face first came to New York four years ago, and in one night jumped from the bottom to the top of the bill at Percy William's Colonial Theatre in that city, a veteran dramatic critic remarked:

"Alice Lloyd is a very charming singing comedienne, fair to behold and ingratiating in manner; but one may find a thousand Allices in England."

Just then no one was prepared to doubt the truth of this assertion, but a little later, when Miss Lloyd was the vaudeville hit of America, the busy variety managers hurried in an attempt to prove it. Since those days many others have passed; many English girls have come to our shores; some have been successful, others have not. But there has never been another Alice Lloyd.

Vesta Victoria, who came before, in some cities was a knockout; during her seasons in the land of Uncle Sam, she made several songs famous. In New York and San Francisco she was a sensation. The rest of the country did not rave about her. Why? Chiefly because she was too coarse.

Alice Lloyd has delighted millions of theatregoers, not in two cities, as did her predecessor, but over a territory which stretches from one ocean to the other. Why? Largely because of her personality.

This thing we call personality is a mighty hard quality to define. In the case of Miss Lloyd it is a subtle something, which lingers somewhere between a pretty face, a winning smile, and a mischievous eye and a bewitching manner and carriage. Of course, one should be successful with such qualities as these. Alice has them all.

Even more than on the stage, upon which she trips and glides as lightly and gracefully as a fairy, she is the incarnation of the graces in her dressing room. As she talks to you her hands are raised and poised in exquisite, unconscious charm; her lips part in a smile that would gladden the heart of a Welfare Leaguer; her words, deftly chosen, with a delightful English accent, drop from her mouth, as softly and gently as flakes of snow upon the mountain tops.

"And do you really like America as well as the interviewers say you do?" we questioned.

"Yes; quite as well—perhaps better," Alice answered. "I would be an arrant fool did I not. I love your country—all of it, particularly the West and Northwest."

"You are better appreciated here, then?"

"That is one reason why I hold you Americans so dear to me 'eart. Have you not given me all that I 'ave? America has spelled success, fame and fortune for me. Naturally, I am grateful."

As we chatted further the actress went back over the early days of her experience. Her mother was an actress before her, and it was she who placed her on the stage. Before that Alice, as a child, had danced, gleefully, to the tunes of the hurdy-gurdys in the London streets. Some years later came the chance to come across the Atlantic and offer her ability in exchange for American dollars.

"I have always blessed the day which brought me to New York," she said in this connection.

Alice Lloyd is but one of nine children in the Lloyd family, all of whom are now living. There are Marie, Rosie, Grace, Daisy, Annie, Maude, Sidney and Johnny. Five of these are now on the stage. Marie and Rosie have both been received with high favor in the East.

Other taught us all to sing and dance," is the way Alice accounts for it. Hundreds were tried over; some suit, others not. Those which she is using at present were written for her by two Englishmen, Bennett Scott and George Arthurs. In private life Miss Lloyd is the wife of Thomas McNaughton, who appeared here on the same bill with her last year.

## Amusements This Week

ORPHEUM—Advanced vaudeville.  
MAJESTIC—Vaudeville.  
ALHAMBRA—Tonight and all week, matinee today, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Emma Thursting in "The Girl Faffies."  
LOIS—Dark.  
PANTAGES—Vaudeville.  
STAR—Musical Comedy.

MOORE—Dark.  
GRAND—Tonight and all week, matinee today, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, "Time, Place and the Girl."  
SEATTLE—Tonight and all week, matinee today, Wednesday and Saturday, "What Happened to Jones."