

## A CHAT WITH BERTHA WALTZINGER

Over a chicken-patty and a cup of coffee served in the best style and atmosphere, I had a charming little chat with Bertha Waltzinger a few days ago. To be more correct I should say Mrs. George Boniface, but somehow her girlhood name is quicker to the tongue and nearest to the heart. Of course you know she is to appear at the Majestic theater next week. Naturally, womanlike, I was crazy to know something of what she is to sing, and I, important to womankind, what her costumes are to be.

"My costumes? Well, just a simple little wash dress and a cunning little poke-bonnet with the prettiest pink rose-buds. I do love the little hat. For my first song I'm going to sing a waltz number—a song especially written for me by Van Alst, ne and Williams and called 'My Sunbeam' is to be my second number. For the close I'm going to change to a Dutch costume and sing 'Gee, I Wish I Had a Bean,' 'Route' and a medley of popular songs in German."

That sounds good, doesn't it? It is the hardest thing to capture Miss Waltzinger long enough to make her talk about herself, she is such a hustling, cheery piece of femininity, but once get her started on New York and the prominent actor-folk of the day and she is vastly entertaining. For an hour she talked of plays and players, and incidentally told a few facts about her self. I gleaned that she made her first success with "The Bostonians," and followed this by three seasons as prima-donna with De Wolf Hoyer. Next she served in the same capacity for Jefferson De Angelle, and later played for six months at the Casino theater, New York, in the original "Floradora" production. This followed by her marriage to George Boniface, one of the few real comedians of the day. Since then Miss Waltzinger has spent her time traveling with her husband and appearing in vaudeville at intervals.

She is one of the few among Madison's stage aspirants who has made a bright success. Speaking of Broadway attractions she told of the big suc-



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cess accorded Sidney Ainsworth who has been at the Gaiety theater in "The Fortune Hunter" for the past twenty-one weeks, with every indication of remaining there until the summer is upon us, she said: "Sidney is a 'scream!' He's too clever for any thing in the part. To me it is high above anything he's ever done before. You know it's a comedy part and he certainly makes good in it." And she laughed heartily over the remembrance of the Madison boy's cleverness.

"I've got to go, there's my car—come over and see me. Goodby, dearie!" And with a coaxing pull at her chic red turban and an over-shoulder toss of her lynx furs she was out of the front door and down the street. And I suppose I never will know whether she believes in woman's suffrage and art for art's sake or not.

G. W. V.