

THE NEW PLAY Kolb and Dill Only Stage Cousins of Weber and Fields.

By motoring up to the Circle Theatre in their diamond studded cars Weber and Fields—linking the names for old times' sake—may see themselves as San Francisco has been seeing them ever since Kolb and Dill decided that their names belonged in front of a theatre and not over the door of a delicatessen shop.

From time to time rumors have reached here that Weber and Fields were these imitations, that they had no right whatsoever to themselves, and that Kolb and Dill had every right to that distinction except the trifling one of birth. Be that as it may, as Mr. George W. Munroe remarks when he pauses for breath at the Theatre, Kolb and Dill are here at last to speak for themselves in delicatessen dialect. They "offer" at the Circle a boom-piece called "Lonesome Town." Choice corner seats may be secured by Mr. Weber and Mr. Fields with the stage money that made them famous, for they need only identify themselves by acting a short change scene at the box office window to be taken for granted and "passed" through the door.

When you stop to think that Weber and Fields are so old that they don't "do" themselves any longer, you are interested, and perhaps amused, to see that Kolb and Dill do not share this silly notion, and that they are "doing" them to crowded houses. Time flies in Manhattan, but it settles down for a comfortable stay on the "slope."

For years Kolb and Dill have been picking Weber and Fields for the San Francisco trade, and local pride in their enterprise has been so great that on various occasions loyal citizens have raised the question: "Why are Weber and Fields?"

Now we, on our side, might twist the query and send it howling across the continent were it not for the fact that we can find the answer by going to the Circle. We can take our local pride with us and watch it swell as we see in Kolb and Dill the sincerest form of flattery, for they are not the destroyers, they are the preservers, of Weber and Fields. They cherish what "Joe" and "Law" have cast off—the chin whiskers and the close shaven coat, the generous stomach and the stinky wale.

It is like old times in "Lonesome Town," though Weber might say: "By golly! if I—"

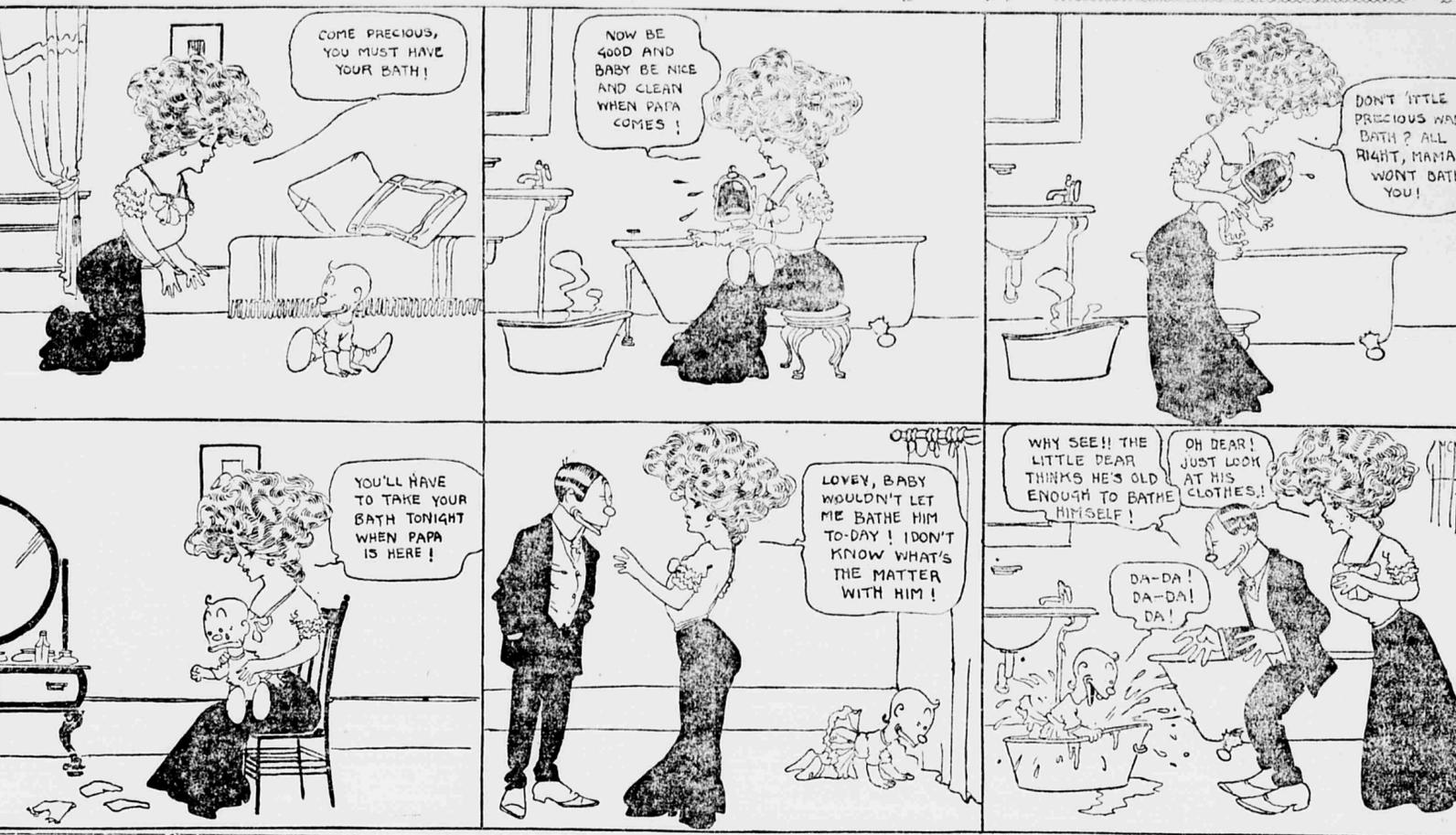
And "Law" might beg: "As a friend, from the heart out, I ask you—"

To all of which you could say, gently and kindly: "Perish the thought! Yes, perish a couple of thoughts!" There is really no cause for alarm. Kolb and Dill haven't stolen Weber and Fields. They've merely borrowed a few of their old clothes, the long-serving salter bottle, and a trick or two of speech and gait. They have done no more than other have done. Broadway below Fifty-ninth street would not laugh itself tired over them, but Broadway just above Fifty-ninth street will doubtless continue to hail them as stage cousins of Weber and Fields with the same glee that last night's "big house" took in their earnest attempts to be funny.

Old jokes were treated with the greatest consideration, and the venerable salter bottle was given every opportunity to share honors with its champagne running mate. There was no soda fountain to drown memories of the past. All was as it used to be—and the audience was glad from its palms to its feet. Kolb and Dill made every word of their dancing, and got through their songs with several encores to their credit. The tall one of the "team" suggested Fields at times, but the round one missed Weber's simple note of childish trust and seemed to listen to everything he said.

Mrs. Maude Lambert was a Chicago widow who almost married every man in "Lonesome Town." She was called Mrs. A. Marvellous Wonder—and she was, in black. She stopped flirting long enough to sing "When the Moon Plays Peek-a-Boo," but the moon had sense enough not to come out, evidently having decided to take no chances. "Lonesome Town" is livelier than it sounds, and it has found a good site at the Circle. CHARLES DARNTON.

The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus



This Story Began Saturday, Jan. 18. The New East Lynne A Great New York Romance. BY CLARA MORRIS, Author of 'A Stage Life,' 'A Pasteboard Crown' and Others.

(Copyrighted, 1907, by Clara Morris.) SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Philip, a young New York physician, who lives with his erratic, brilliant grandfather, Prof. Keith, is about to marry Daphne, an acknowledged beauty. His grandfather, in sending Daphne a pearl necklace the day before the wedding, addresses the gift to her in her married name, which is considered a bad omen. Philip manages the business affairs of an invalid cousin, Mrs. Marr, whose beautiful daughter, Olive, secretly loves him and is madly jealous of Daphne. It had been Prof. Keith's hope that Philip and Olive might some day marry. The Professor warns Philip of the danger of marrying so beautiful a woman as Olive. Philip laughs at the warning and the wedding takes place. "Tark" Boden, a millionaire who has wasted his life in extravagant dissipation, has fallen in love with Daphne, but she is seemingly unaware of his suit and adoration. Three years pass, during which Daphne's beauty increases, and Philip has a little daughter, who is the "out Professor's" dot. Philip is again warned that so beautiful a wife must be carefully guarded and never neglected. dejection about Olive's age passed with it. Though she felt a faint touch of surprise when Mrs. Marr having called Olive to say good-by, the girl after an instant's hesitation kissed Philip twice with great energy, and as they drove away Daphne remarked: "There is a somewhat womanly ardor in that 'little girl's' endearments!" And Philip answered, "Oh, she parted from me in a huff, and that is just her babyish way of reinstating me in her good graces—that's all!" And now Olive was eighteen and a permanent member, as I have said, in the Keith family. She was still angular, she had handsome chestnut hair and brown eyes that were quick alert, bright, and when she felt well—merry. She had a wide, wonderfully expressive mouth, but instead of being fair with the milky whiteness that goes naturally with such coloring as hers, she had the pallor of illness, and the pale lips of an anemic, and though the doctor often treated her for dyspepsia, sleeplessness, neuralgia and the like, it was only Daphne's proud, calm eyes that took note of a secret emotional unrest, feverish, hectic, that made Olive's manner changeable, uncertain, running from extravagant hilarity to sullen depression. She was not pretty, and her character was as yet undeveloped, as was her figure. She was often guilty of small vulgarities, but as they were entirely of manner, not vulgarities of nature, they were held to be curable. And yet with all this, Daphne felt some dangerous quality in the girl, some impish power to influence people to do her will. She showed a strange lack of delicacy and reserve in her bearing toward Philip, whom she counseled at nausium, and whose comings and goings she, at eighteen, still emphasized by the embraces familiar to her childhood—save on occasions of her frequent inexplicable anger, which in one instance, at least, Daphne had traced to the witness-

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

Introduced by Letter. Dear Betty: I WAS introduced by letter to a young lady with whom I have been conversing several weeks since I wrote you for me to write to a young lady whom I have never seen? Is it right for me to send this young lady a small token of friendship, as her birthday falls this month? M. C. F. I think as you were introduced by letter that there is no harm in writing to the young lady, or in sending her a birthday present. Wait for Him. Dear Betty: A YOUNG man has been calling on me for the last three years. During that time he showed that he cared for me. Recently he said that he couldn't afford to get married for quite some time to come, for he would like to be in business of his own before he entered that stage of life. Shall I wait for him? My age is nineteen and his is twenty-two. A. A. If you seriously care for him wait for him. You are both young enough to wait several years. A Rude Young Man. Dear Betty: AM keeping company with a young man whom I dearly love and know that he loves me. One evening while at an entertainment he joined some of his friends, leaving me all alone the whole time, and when it was time to go home he would not accompany my friends and myself, giving no special reason. I would not like to give him up, as I love him most devotedly, and this is the first time he has acted in this

He Loves His Cousin.

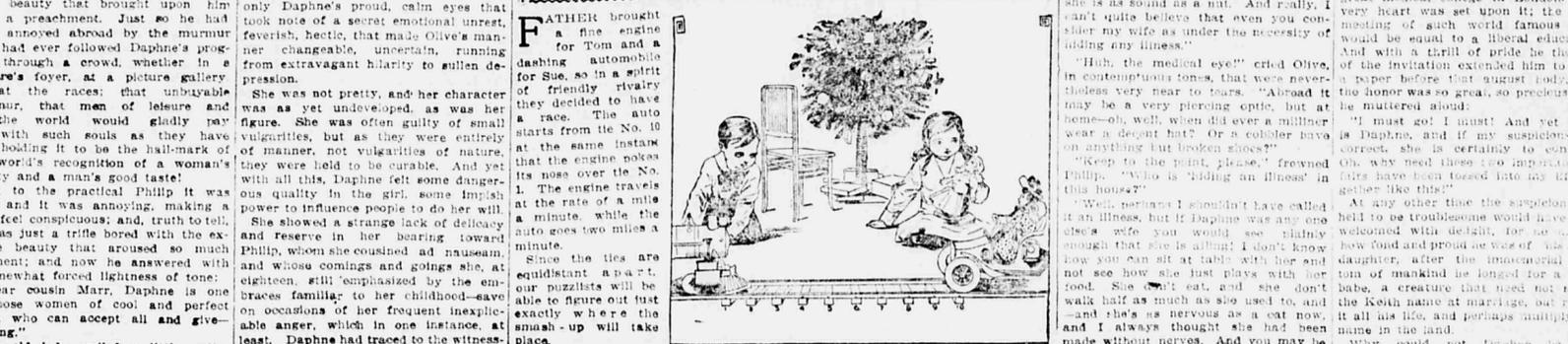
Dear Betty: I HAVE been keeping company with a young lady for about five years who is a first cousin of mine. Was about to make arrangements to be married when I was informed that it was improper for first cousins to marry. Can you tell me if this is so? J. J. Marriages of first cousins is allowed in New York, though I do not think it advisable. Cease Calling. Dear Betty: I HAVE made the acquaintance of a young lady, who invited me to call, which I did a few times in a social way. But her intentions, from what I can see, are purely matrimonial. I would like to put our acquaintance to an end. How can I do it? I don't call any more. Make excuses when she invites you to her home and she will soon see that you are not a good matrimonial candidate. The Translation. "NOW, Willie," said the bad boy's mother sternly, "it's time you realize the futility of struggling against the inevitable. Do you know what that means?" "Yes!" replied the boy promptly, "it means they ain't no use you washin' my face an' hand, 'cause they'll only get dirty again!"—Philadelphia Press.

A Camping-Out Cut-Out



DIRECTIONS: Cut out all the objects carefully; then arrange and paste them down upon a piece of white paper 6 by 8 inches in size in the form of a picture. Now take your pencils and draw in your subject—whatever pleases you most. Him for a Subject—Let us suppose some member of our Art Club has asked Uncle Huncle to go camping. Rover, the dog, is not going to be left behind. I presume there is part of a large tent showing in the front of the picture, of course you are to put this in yourself. If you like. You will find pots, pans, and all sorts of things necessary to make up a fine camping outfit, even the whole club go on this camping-out picture trip together and enjoy it according to their own ideas. When a picture is finished mail it to "Children's Editor, Evening World, P. O. box 1044, New York City."

Collision Puzzle.



Tootsie and Her Cat, Smilax By M. F. Neale

