

THE TOSS-UP



WHAT old cynic was it said beauty is only skin deep? Here's a lady whose beauty is almost common gossip in England; startling enough for a painter. The particular style makes no difference; might not suit every finicky old bachelor, but surely would get that smothered "O-oh!" from a vaudeville house. Actress? Oh, no; except that the Countess of Cromer happens to be one of the best known noblewomen in England's great smart set learning from the war to help humanity better than most of those who kick up such a rumpus against the bluebloods. She is known among the war relief organizations as the Good Angel. "Handsome is that handsome does" is quite superfluous in her case. Thousands may rise up in a restless democracy to call her blessed—the beautiful Countess of Cromer.



HIPOLITO IRIGOYEN, President of Argentina, thinks Count Luxburg, the Hun minister at Buenos Ayres, is the Latin name for a "rotter." Luxburg was mixed up with Sweden in getting messages through to Berlin. Irigoyen blandly handed him his passports.

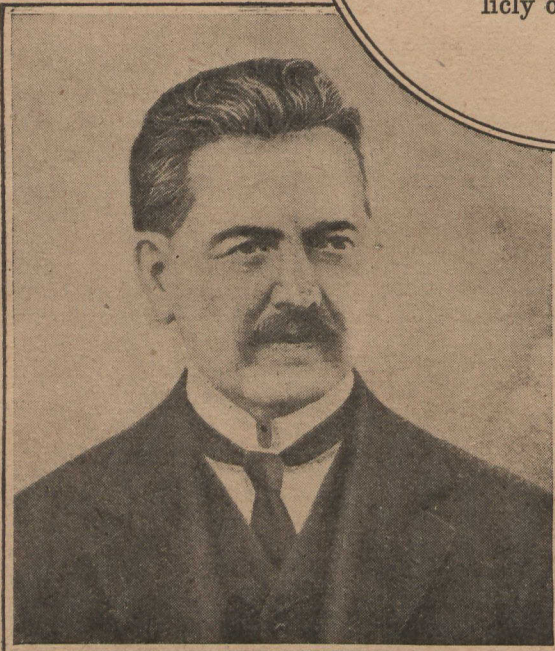
OUR rather smooth friend, Henry Miller, permits his most recent cabinet photo to appear in The Theatre. Why? Well, to begin with, Henry is just as good-looking as ever; and as a mere incidental he is to make another dent in hardshell New York with a new play this season. What? Oh, yes. Last season was positively his last on the Great Divide and he can't possibly put Daddy Long Legs on the road again. What a pity somebody can't adapt for him one of the stories of the late—O Henry?



ACTORS, musicians, humanitarians and other busy folk are all interesting to some people. Sometimes it's a toss-up whether the man or woman off stage isn't as much of an actor as the man that's on. Anyway there's a good reason for each of these interesting people being displayed so publicly on this page.

NEVER believe that the new play coming on with George Arliss in the title role won't be one of the niftiest bits of technique ever staged. What it is—not to be given out yet. Personally, we should prefer him in a revival of Disraeli.

DON'T say the lady below is too plain for anything, or admit that she has "something good" about her face and all that before you find out what role she has taken on. American, you recognize that at once from her type-expression; no doubt unmarried, a business woman, capable, energetic, direct, as systematic as a time-clock. Yes, all of these you may tag on to the personality of Miss Antoinette Funk—no stage name, either—who was asked by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo to take over a big heft of work in connection with the new Liberty Loan, the \$2,000,000,000 item. Miss Funk is executive vice-chairman of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee; chairman, Mrs. McAdoo, who admits that Miss Funk has big personal qualities for the office in her great enthusiasm, business ability and power as a public speaker.



ANOTHER brilliant musician gone into khaki. A while ago it was Percy Grainger, our Australian piano genius, playing saxophone in a U. S. Marine band at \$35 a month, giving up \$1,000-a-night concerts. Now it's Albert Spalding, American violinist, who was to have played in Canada this season; war being declared, enlists as an air-man. Not to fly? Oh, no, he's past the age limit. But Albert speaks four languages. He joins the Foreign Department of the Aviation Corps at Mineola, Long Island, as interpreter. Two weeks ago Sunday he played in khaki at the Metropolitan Opera, New York. Raymond Hitchcock introduced him—clever Raymond. Telling the 400 and the 4,000 how his friend Albert was cancelling \$30,000 worth of contracts to work for Uncle Sam at \$80 a month. Remembering that our friend Grainger, of the \$35-a-month saxophone, is getting two months' leave of absence, part of the time to play in Canada at \$1,000 a night—sh! Spalding has that bridge burnt. He expects to follow the Aviation Corps to France shortly.



WHEN Miss Delia Davies, Vice-President of the Open Air, Red Cross, Hunt Club Horse Show put her hunter over the barrier, she knew that the eyes of society were upon her. The lawn and the paddock and part of the grandstand were crowded with a congregation of a pinkish hue and all animated by a benevolent purpose—to raise more money for the Red Cross. One of the most critical spectators would be Mr. George Beardmore, M.F.H., President of the Show. Society took a fresh-air treatment in place of the customary races. And the Horse Show, under the auspices of the Hunt Club, was a hazard very worth while.