The Flashlight Group
By W. E. Hill

This lovely lady is going to be a disappointed bride. Just as soon as she feds out they took the flashlight photo while she was not having up her make-up a bit. Yes, sir, it's a Valentine party, and she's dressed to represent some sugar boy's Valentine.

The comedians. The three boys standing in the rear are being too funny for words. The organ on the right is shrilling. "Shove if you must this old gray head, but spare my precious knit, she said!"

Retired actress, at the bouquet of the Better Theater League, looking natural for the flashlight photograph.

Already at the speaker's table. Reading from the left, at this uplifting dinner given by "The Better Theater League," we have a dramatic editor, a society lady, a successful clubwoman, and a business man from the newer east. As soon as this flashlight has been taken, one and all will rush and get down to the real business, which is the uplift of the intellectual side of the drama. The dramatic editor will speak on "Scenes Without Bricks," the substance of which is to show that without playwrights the theater cannot exist, and vice versa. (This is a very tense moment—all are being posed for the flashlight.)

And these are the highly nervous people who are fearful lest they shut their eyes when the flash goes off. Which is just what the clown, dear him, has gone and done.

The front pageUpper. Just one of those gay parties that group themselves on the floor in the immediate foreground.

For the next seven days and nights they will buy every edition of every paper, hoping to see themselves in the picture section.

"When they see the picture one will say to the other, "O, dear, why did they take it before we were ready?"