

The Flashlight Group

By W. E. Hill

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This lovely lady is going to be a disappointed girlie. Just as soon as she finds out they took the flashlight photo while she was out freshening up her makeup 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 rogue on the right is shouting, "Shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare my porous knit, she said!"



Retired actress, at the banquet of the Better Theater Leaguers, looking natural for the flashlight photographer.



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 zealous clubwoman, and a business man from the money mart. As soon as this flashlight has been taken, one and all will relax and get down to the real business, which is the uplift of the intellectual side of the drama. The dramatic editor will speak on "Straws 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—every one 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, drat him, has gone and done.



The front page tangle. 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!"