

Fashions and
Personals

SOCIETIES and THE HOME

Theatres and
ConcertsAlice Decides To Contest
City Seat On Moron Ticket

Has An Interesting Time With the Photographer As He Attempts To Take Her Campaign Face.

"The way I look at it," said Alice thoughtfully, studying the already familiar features of a Liberal-Conservative candidate on a election card that had just been handed in at the door, "the way I look at it, the people who are running for parliament would have a lot better chance if they did not put their pictures on the cards."

It was this conviction that sent Alice out the very next day to the photographers to have her picture taken.

"For if people would vote for people that looked like that," said Alice, "it's simply impossible to say how they would vote for a person that looks like me."

"I want a picture to use in my political campaign," Alice explained to the photographer, as she took her seat in his studio. "Something that will appeal to the whole body of the electorate—they say our nation do almost anything with photography nowadays—I wonder if you could show in my photograph that I am a believer in the O. T. A."

"Why certainly," said the photographer. "You might just assume a serious expression."

"That is, I believe in the O. T. A. as long as it is the will of the people," said Alice.

"Keep the serious expression," said the photographer, "and slowly close the left eye."

"Must indicate something," said Alice. "They say a really good photographer can indicate practically everything about a person in their photo. I would like, if it were possible, for my photo to show that I am strongly in favor of public ownership; that I believe in a safe, sane administration; that I will advocate the development of our national resources; and that I am a constant reader of the Free Press?"

The photographer said that nothing could be simpler.

"I suppose it would not cost any more to throw in an expression to show that I am a great admirer of Mayow Wenise," suggested Alice, who is a very thrifty girl.

Not a cent extra. The photographer assured her that it would be practically impossible to keep it out of the picture. There was silence for a few minutes, while he disappeared under his little black hood, and quitted through the camera at Alice's political ensemble.

"And while you are at it—you see I want this to really be a great success—while you are at it, you might just show in the photo that I have entered the campaign at the urgent

request of my friends and have nothing whatever to gain from election," said Alice.

Can Relax At Last.

Yes, this would go in too. The photographer assured Alice that when he had finished she would not be able to tell her head from her political platform. He worked over it all afternoon, arranging and rearranging sittings, but finally it was completed, and Alice was able to relax her features.

"It was a lot of work, but I don't grudge the time," said Alice. "Because, in politics the pose is everything."

"I suppose you are a Conservative," said the photographer, as he stepped at last from under his black hood. No, Alice was not a Conservative.

"A Liberal then I take it," said the photographer, as he stepped at last from under his black hood. No, Alice was not a Liberal.

"A Liberal-Conservative, nor an Independent, nor a Labor representative, nor a Progressive, nor a member of the U. F. O."

"I'll tell you what I represent," said Alice in a burst of confidence. "I represent the Moron group."

The photographer staggered slightly. "The Moron group?" he cried. Alice nodded.

"I thought of representing the non-voters," she said. "Because someone said there were more non-voters than voters, but finally I decided to represent the Morons, because I read in the paper that some one said 75 per cent of the population were Morons, and when my photo is finished, I want to have it show that I am a constant reader of the Free Press?"

"Well, well," said the photographer. "And what riding are you nominated in?"

"Why, I have not been nominated at all," replied Alice.

"But if you have not been nominated you can't run," the photographer pointed out.

It took him half an hour to convince Alice that she was out of the elections, and when she finally realized she was so terribly disappointed that she simply cancelled her order for the photograph.

"But wasn't he awfully mad, after spending all afternoon taking them?" asked the girl friend, when Alice related the incident to her afterwards.

"He seemed to be at first," answered Alice. "But I guess he got over it, because when I was leaving he told me I was probably the most conspicuous Moron in London."

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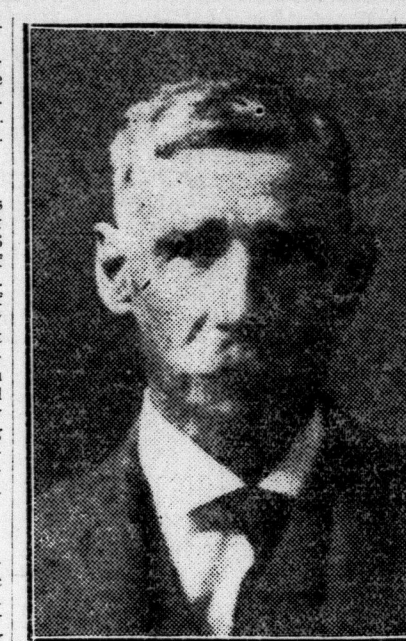
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MRS. ROBERT TAGG,

who leaves Monday for Toronto, where she will represent the London Daughters of Scotland at the big Sons of Scotland convention, which opens there on that day.

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