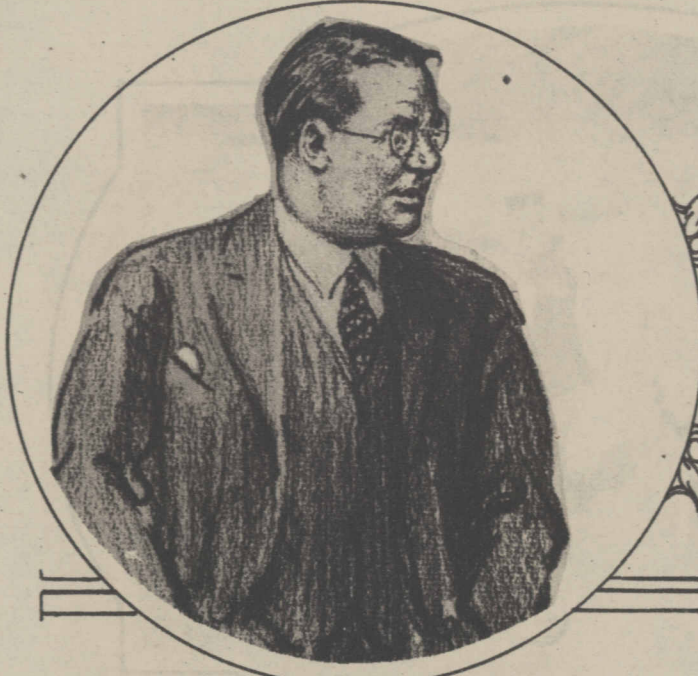


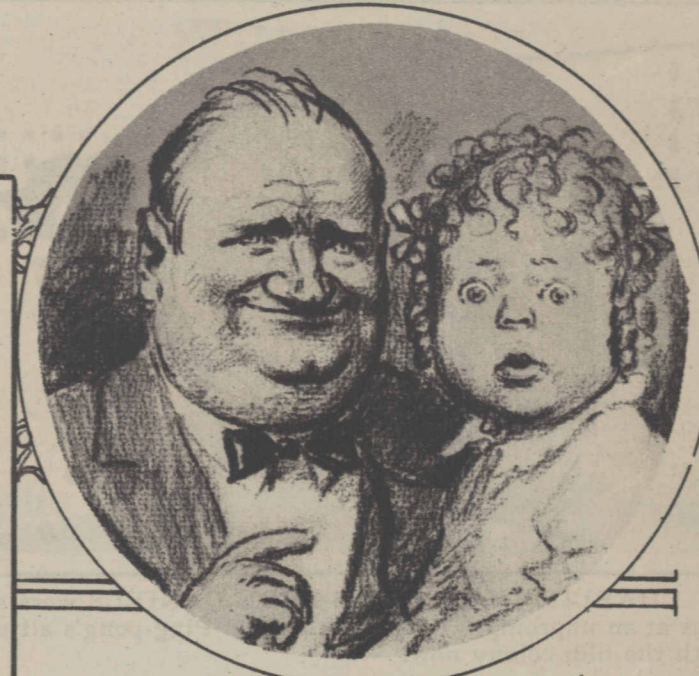
The Old Home Town

By W. E. Hill

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The good will delegate. A great home town booster is Art, the Rotary boy. "No, sir," says he, "the city hasn't a thing to offer we haven't got right here. Why, look at our traffic. We have right now bigger and better traffic jams here in the home town than in any of the big cities!"



Local politician, who believes in doing big things in a big way, about to kiss a baby for publication in the home town news sheet.

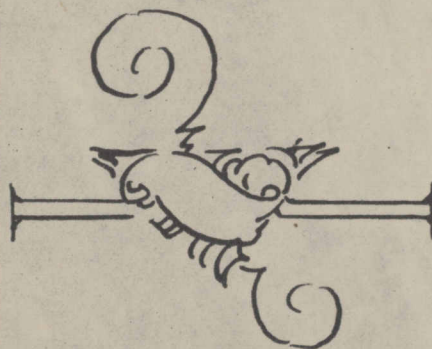


Loretta Marie Grace Brophy, the popular hello girl of the Commercial House, has a few choice ideas on life in the home town. "I'd hate to tell you what I think of this burg," says Loretta Marie. "I'm too much of a lady. At least I try to be one, but it's awful hard, big fella, being refined around this dump!" Loretta Marie hasn't been the same girl since last yuletide. It seems she wrote Santa Claus for a white rabbit coat and he sent her a nice warm sweater. Enough to warp any girl's outlook.



Even the widow ladies who used to hang out a "furnished rooms" placard have gone ritzy with the times. Now it's "Rooms for Tourists," along Main street, and many of them.

The little gray home in the west side suburb. Prevailing architectural designs are pink mail order Spanish, Hollywood Colonial, and Atlantic City Tudor. Pay your installment and take your choice.



(Right). Gay night life in the old home town, showing Howard, the boy from the 5 and 10, and Flo, the belle of the 25c to \$1, about to break into the St. Louis stomp on the dance floor of Paradise ball room.



Robina never got away from the home town. She had to stick around to look after her mother, who was always ailing, and her great aunt, Sophy, who had been threatened with diabetes, and had had to watch herself pretty carefully. Robina is a great reader. Right now she is on her way around to the library to take out "The Sheik" for a fourth reading.



Mr. Loganberry, the popular jeweler, and his charming wife, together with the three Loganberry offspring, Irving, Nettie, and Violet, are waiting, tired but happy, for the bus home, after a shopping trip that included all the chain stores.



They sold the old home on Laurel avenue; but, as any of the older residents will tell you, Laurel avenue isn't what it used to be.