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February Twelfth
Volume 4, Number 5.

Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

5 Cents a Copy in Greater Miami.
All Other Cities in U. S. 10c. One
Dollar and Fifty Cents for 6 Mos.

How Do You Like Our Dirty Linen?

NO MATTER how clean an appearance we get up for our winter visitors, somebody always gets into our laundry bag along mid-season and gleefully parades our dirty linens before the view of our guests when we're not looking. This season it makes us madder than it has any season previously because, say what you will, we're doing much better than the most optimistic soul expected three or four months ago.

Here a federal clean-up looms, with the possibility of a lot of prominent people hereabouts going to jail, with all the consequent headlines in northern papers. Our own officials, supported by our tax-money, choose this time of all times to launch a vigorous crusade against gambling and close up all the pretty wheels and tables that have been allowed to run for months on slack business and which had begun to delight northern moneyed-men lately.

The city takes downtown streets from quick-moving jitneys and turns them over to huge, snail-like busses, thus giving the Electric Light and Power Company virtually a monopoly on downtown traffic.

The grand jury gets ready to show up city and county officials on rotten expenditures.

The street department contributes with a frenzied tearing-up of streets probably unequalled in years. Principal bridges closed up almost without warning. Tourists who used to be allowed to get by

Won'tcha Be—Our Valentine?

HAVE you sent your Valentines out yet? Monday's the day, you know. We're sending out quite a few this year. For instance, 16 of them go to the grand jury now in session. Then, of course, there were the usual ones—a comic for Frank Wharton about being on the grille and afraid to jump into the fire; some to the county commissioners illustrated with large hearts and big arrows and Cupids and "I Love You" sprawled all over them and signed "Union Labor"—just our little joke, you know. And then, we've sent that old maid comic Valentine to Our Little Nell with that little couplet on it, you remember, the one that goes—
"You may have a billion dollars,
Oh, Darling Little Nell,
But when it comes to beauty,
You sure look like Hell."
But the one we like best of all is the one we are sending to our boy friends over on the Trib.
It has a photograph of a dollar bill on it.

on last year's licenses until time to go back north to buy home-state licenses now have hordes of deputy sheriffs hounding them. Heavy purchases of red paint have finally enabled Greater Miami officials to paint the last remaining block of free curbing, we understand.

Oh, you can't beat Miami people for optimism. Every winter they seek further proof that tourists will come here regardless of the degree of hardships they must endure. Every winter the people who provide our only excuse for existence here are subjected to an acid test, and this winter it seems to be acider—or, perhaps, more asinine.

We have just about come to the conclusion that we ought to give them a real thrill this winter. So

far the clean-ups, crusades and investigations smack too much of petty politics and petty graft. Bootlegging and gambling are, after all, mere misdemeanors. They don't warrant the attention they are receiving. The Miami public, which in every campaign has noted the way candidates try to cultivate rather than condemn the men who operate popular liquor and gaming resorts, has long since learned to smile indulgently at these sporadic reform movements.

Let these officials start something big. Now if they sincerely started investigating reports that the always-protected Palm Island Club pays most liberally, from the low to the mighty, for the privilege of operating the Monte Carlo of South Florida to the exclusion of all other gambling places; that there is wholesale bribery of the legislature on race-track legislation; that the Miami Electric Light and Power Company is paying off a considerably number of public and private parties to better secure the entire public service of our city in its grasp—well, we might begin to sit up and take notice.

But, of course, this will not be done. Our public officials will continue, as heretofore, to camouflage real issues by petty raids and petty reforms that don't mean anything. The solution of course is to elect honest, capable and sincere officials. But, if we know anything about Dade county politics, this will never happen.

And so that's that.

Our 131,000 Population

REMARKABLE as it may seem Miami Life got a few caustic criticisms because it declared Miami didn't need 131,000 population—that everybody who can't support himself or find a job here ought to leave.

A city official furnishes us some tangible proof. Miami, with its 131,000 population, has as many or more restaurants, groceries, meat markets, soda fountains and fruit stands as Cincinnati, with a population of about 600,000.

According to figures given out by the city license bureau, Miami has 544 restaurants registered, 584 groceries and meat markets; 206 cold drink stands (and a hundred or two more that haven't taken out licenses); 218 soda fountains; and 50 wholesale vegetable and fruit dealers. Cincinnati has 650 restaurants; 900 groceries and meat markets; virtually the same number of soda fountains as Miami; and no cold drink stands.

Can you figure it out?

Grand Jury Investigations

JUDGE Atkinson tells the grand jury to investigate the expenditure of public moneys by the public officials of the city and county. He also tells them to get down to the rock bottom and if there is anything to indict about, to go right ahead and indict.

There might be quite a bit of corruption in the expenditure of public moneys in this county, a condition not at all uncommon in boom communities where the motto is "get it done, who-in-hell cares what it costs?" With as much money as there was in the past few years, it is quite possible that some of it was mis-spent in the grand rush of those hectic times.

It is even more certain that there was plenty of incompetence—and still is—in the handling of public moneys and where there is incompetence, there is plenty of room for corruption to creep in. Small men, barely capable of holding civic positions in a small community are very much lost when the place grows up past them.

If this grand jury really gets to the bottom of things, the report will prove mightily interesting reading, even if it then goes the way of so many grand jury reports.

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY—



Phillip M. A. Mug,
Retired Barber,
From Evansville, Ind.,
Stopping at the Stag Hotel.

Mr. Mug was born in Newburgh, Indiana, several years ago, and moved to East St. Louis with his parents in 1893. He learned the barber's trade and engaged in barbering until the 1925 Miami boom; sold real estate from his barber shop stand at 212 Main Street, Evansville, Indiana; member of the Evansville local barber's union and several Miami real estate syndicates. He is not married. He retired from active business after acquiring quarter interest in the leading barbershop of Evansville; is a depositor in City National Bank of that place; a subscriber of the Evansville Courier, and is buying a home on Division Street in Evansville.

He is an authority on baseball and is a contributor to many well-known magazines such as Whiz-Bang, Hot-Dog and the Police Gazette. While here he contributed a nickel every day to the Miami Herald. His favorite sports are motoring in jitneys out Flagler street, hunting new hair tonics, and bob-haired blondes.

Surcharges and Overcharges

NOT so many weeks go by without a few protests coming in by mail over the extra charges assessed by the telegraph companies for telegrams delivered inside the city limits. The extra charges range up to half a dollar, depending, apparently, upon the way the delivery boy is feeling at that particular moment.

Somebody got charged half a dollar the other day because the boy "had trouble finding that address!" These overcharges are relics of the days when everyone was holding up everyone else in Miami and they certainly should be taken off right now.

The kind of service handed out here surely doesn't rate even the regular charge, let alone these bonuses.

The Cart and the Horse

WE READ with interest that the Miami Chamber of Commerce wants to bring in 10,000 families and put them to farming on ten-acre Everglades tracts.

That is of course a sizeable proposition, rather too sizeable for 10,000 families are too many to handle off-hand by even a Chamber of Commerce. Once the farming possibilities in the Everglades are assured by proper drainage, no one will have to go about advertising for farmers to move in: there'll be a land rush like those of the pioneer days.

If the Chamber of Commerce can bring order out of the chaos surrounding Everglades drainage and can open the Everglades, it will have accomplished more for humanity than any other agency in the state.

But if it starts at the other end and dumps 10,000 families on ten-acre tracts in the 'Glades, has those 10,000 families marooned by floods for a few years while the work of reclamation and drainage goes forward, it will make more enemies than it could ever make friends in a thousand years.

Besides, ten acres aren't so very many to make a living from for a family, even in the supposedly rich 'Glades lands.

Let's just get the Everglades ready first. This talk of million in population, this shrieking for people, people, people, no matter what kind, as the great aim—the ultimate in success doesn't mean a thing. The C. of C. perhaps was responsible for bringing thousands here last year when there were no accommodations, no work for many—and thousands of enemies were made for the city.

Let's get things ready for them—and when they come they'll stay and be the kind of citizens we need. Miami will never have to cry for people if Miami can take care of them right when they come here.

That New High School

FROM the "plat" the new Miami high school is going to be a wow. It will cost more than a million dollars and when completed, will be about the best in all Dixie. It will have equipment and facilities ahead of those in many colleges.

It isn't a far cry to the days when schooling ended for most of us with the eighth grade and a million dollars for a school building—a high school building—would have been sufficient cause for a sanity test.

And, say, won't a million dollar building project be a welcome thing this summer?

Who'll Start First?

FOLKS out in the Northwest section were well pleased to hear the other day that many of their streets were to be paved this summer and that the sewer and water extensions so long lacking there were to be provided.

And then their joy was turned to fear—now they are wondering if the city will follow its usual procedure of putting down the nice new streets first—And then tearing them up in a couple of weeks to put down the sewers.

It Must Pay Somebody

THIS battle over the jitney busses has brought out a lot of interesting points. It makes one sort of wonder just why the railway company is willing to pay the jitney men \$500 apiece for their right to operate.

According to the testimony, the city owes the railway company some \$200,000 for losses suffered in operating the busses under the 30 cents a mile guarantee. Running the jitneys off the streets isn't going to make that much difference: the bus lines most certainly won't show a profit without jitney competition.

Can it be that the railway company is afraid that the jitney men, in their fight, will stir up enough rumpus to have the whole bus agreement thrown out as unconstitutional and so is willing to buy off the bus drivers at \$500 per? The city denies that it is putting up the \$500 bills—and no one, after reading the bus company's agreement with the city would believe that the bus company is buying off the jitney men out of the goodness of its heart or to "improve traffic conditions in the city of Miami."

People would think a whole lot of our commissioners who are trying to shove all the blame on Mr. Wharton in this matter if they, and Mr. Wharton, would come right out, admit they were buncoed in the deal and would either try to have the deal with the railway company called off or tell the real reason they are trying to chase the jitneys off the streets.

We all know it, anyway.

"YOU May Belong to Somebody Else, But Tonight You Belong to Me" was written by a Miami property owner who has to make a second payment tomorrow.

Where to Get Money?

THE Miami Chamber of Commerce advocates the buying of Miami-made goods. They're urging everybody to trade in Miami. It's a wonderful idea they've hit upon—except for one thing. They haven't figured that about half the population hasn't got any money.

After analyzing the situation thoroughly, it appears to us that the chamber of commerce ought to start at the bottom, when they begin advocating. For instance, they could do a mighty lot of good by advocating and urging building contractors to use Miami laborers instead of importing them from outside towns. We'd hate to print the exact number of local union laborers out of work, and the number of out-of-town non-union laborers on the various jobs about the city.

Doughnut Championship Contest

SPONSORED by the South West Central Miami Chamber of Commerce (annual dues \$25, payable now, to help put S. W. C. Miami on the map), the first annual international doughnut eating championship contest will be staged in the administration building of South West Central Miami, March 17. Entries can be made now.

Chamber of Commerce officials feel certain that a home bred will win the title; thousands of them have been in training for many months now and none of them have ever reached their capacities, they say.

Contributions are now being received at the C. of C. headquarters to pay for the doughnuts to be consumed. It is estimated that indigent Miami real estate dealers alone will be able to consume 1,456,000 at one sitting.

The North East Central Miami Chamber of Commerce is now working out plans to run a coffee drinking contest immediately after the doughnut championship.

Virtually the same field will enter both events.

What Everybody's Asking Today: —When'll the Prohi Undercover Men Really Uncover?

What Will They Hit?

Drillers Digging Down Deep All Right But What About the Man Who Invested in Lease?

MR. WALTER L. GREENE, who secretaries for the Miami Realty Board, has come forth into print with warnings against an impending oil speculation. He states an epidemic like unto the real estate boom might be just around the corner, and so, for the safety of investors it is best that they wait until something shows up.

Miami Life, being inclined to view the situation from all the sidelines, and realizing that there may be many sons of Ham hiding in the old lumber pile, happened to have a loose reporter on hand and commissioned him to get the truth about leases.

Herewith, to-wit, and gleanings from the inner circle:

Forty-two miles west of Miami on the Tamiami Trail, a well is going down. It has now reached a depth of 2,500 feet. The backers of the project, owners of the well, and holders of the 20,000 acres surrounding the center of activity are Miami men. They are prominent. Among them are Thomas J. Peters, B. B. Tatum, Ray Parker, Captain Jaudon, and Mr. Tichenor, Mr. Romfh, and Mr. Gilman are reported to be interested in the well.

A very high-grade of sulphur water has been struck, with a pressure of 1,500 pounds. What makes the pressure? According to the oil men, it is probably either gas or oil.

The leases now being sold in Miami are pure, simon unadulterated speculative propositions. The title to the land is good. Leases range from \$3 to \$40 per acre, depending upon how close to the drilling operations the land is. One-eighth royalty goes to the land-owners. If oil is struck, the speculators are rich. If not, they've gambled and lost.

Miami Life is not desirous of encouraging speculation. Neither does it wish to stop legitimate attempts to secure a great asset for the state. Legitimate oil lease promoters, representing the owners of the land on which the drilling operations are being pushed, cannot be criticised when they inform

speculators just what an investment means.

Mr. Shaw, one of the men in the leasing game, is an old-time oil man. He shows credentials from most of the big fields in the country, and he demands that Mr. Greene produce testimony and evidence that oil is not in Southern Florida. He claims salesmen state the case to every prospective speculator in an oil lease. And that there is no such thing as fraud in connection with a "wild cat" drilling operation.

The whole matter will be sifted before Judge Penney when a purchaser of an interest in one of the leases appears against some of the oil lease-sellers.

Anyway, if there's oil in these diggings, let's have it soon. The drillers state that the next three weeks should tell the story.

Read "Progressive Marriage," a story of Miami Life by Bonnie Busch.—(Advertisement)

In the County Poorhouse

(Author's note: None of the characters is entirely imaginary.)

I
Alas for Aloysius
Algernon Bentz,
Who formerly boasted
His wealth was immense.
His plans were ideal, but
He lacked good sense;
He swore that he never
Would lower his rents.

II
Mickey, skilled in engineering
Sees his earnings disappearing.
He'd surveyed, with fine
precision,
Every leading subdivision.
Afterwards, with laughter
ghoulish,
People told him he'd been foolish.
All his clients paid him off in
Equities. He's bought his
coffin.

III
Bereft of his grand riches
Sits old McWhorter.
He tried to sell sandwiches
Priced at a quarter.

IV
And now we see—pitiful!—
Bootlegger Butz,
Who once had a city-fall
Buying his stuff.
He was coining the money.
Bought a new ship,
But—wasn't it funny?—

The Old Reliable Prescription Drug Store
Congress Pharmacy
Over Four Years in Same Location
101 N. E. Second Ave.
Phone 6968. We Deliver.

On its first trip.
Just after he'd bought it, 'twas
Sunk, full of shot.
The coast guardsmen that it
Was somebody's yacht.

V
Here sits and mopes, the live-
long day
That loud ex-realtor McBray.
A dozen lots this booster
bought.
And cocky as a rooster that,
He'd hold till second payments
came,
And then unload on some rich
dame.
He wasn't greedy for the pelf—
Just all the profit for himself.
The saddest words of tongue or
pen
Are surely not "It might have
been."
The saddest story ever told
is this, my friends: "He could
have sold."

Miami Life is Read, Not Skimmed.

—LITTLE GERALDINE—
When they told Little Geraldine that they would have to shoot her dog because it had hydrophobia and wouldn't drink water, she just laughed and laughed because she knew they'd have to shoot a whole lot of other gay dogs she knew, then.

last built up enough will power to resist it):
"The real individual billionaire, they say, is no less than modest John D. Rockefeller, Jr., THE SON OF HIS FATHER."

TO SEE BETTER
—SEE—
SMITH
THE
MIAMI OPTICAL CO.
OPTICAL SPECIALIST
40 N. Miami Ave.

NO SCANDAL HERE, ANYWAY

The grand and glorious Herald, our little ray of sunshine, at last clears up a moot point and sets at rest one more threat of scandal in the following erudite discussion in its column editorialettes. (NOTE: a friend submitted it; we have at

OUR job!

Our job is something bigger than simply making money by lending it at interest—

Depositors' protection must come first!

That's the rule here, and we make no exceptions!

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A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORE

Valentine Gifts For Valentine's Day

"I love you!"—how much easier to say it with a gift. A flower for a feminine shoulder, a bracelet or a pin, perfume or handkerchiefs—whatever the remembrance, it conveys your message d'amour delightfully.

At Burdine's you will find hosts of charming gifts—and all of them at moderate prices. Make your selection early Monday morning—remember—it's Valentine's Day!

Give a Valentine Book
Of all gifts—none more welcome than a book. Broze around our book shop on the second floor and you'll surely find something that you'll feel assured will be a fitting Valentine for your Valentine. Dreads and Drolls by Arthur Machen, \$3.50. The Whispering Gallery by an Ex-Diplomat, \$3; War Birds, the Diary of an Unknown Aviator, \$3.50—these are but a few suggestions.

"Coeur en Folie" Perfume
The gift of fragrance is flattering to the fastidious Miss Valentine. She would far rather her Apollo send her perfume than quantities of roses in bud. "Coeur en Folie" was intended to be given on February the 14th—it is encased in a heart-shaped container and tucked away in a heart-shaped lacily lined box, \$18.

Pearls Tell of Love
Pearls have a secret—one that they share only with lover hearts. Whether they be pink or creamy white—whether they be 60 inches long or choker festoon in style—indestructible pearl beads speak a low language of love. We have an attractive assortment at \$1.95, other pearl bead novelties up to \$25.

Lovable Silk Stockings
Van Raalte's sheerest, finest hose are none too good for your Valentine. She will rhapsodize over their transparency, their perfect fashioning, their distinctive tinting. Full-fashioned chiffon tip-top to toe—in shades of moonlight, peachbloom, flesh, light pink, atmosphere, evenglow, French nude, grain and silver. \$4 the pair.

Handmade Linen Kerchiefs
The lady of your heart has a warm spot there for beautiful handkerchiefs of finest linen. Her young heart will prize the cautious handwork which they display, the beautiful embroidering and net edge attentions. Also some strikingly attractive kerchief squares of softest crepe de chine, \$1.75, \$2.75 and \$3.25 each.

New Silk Gauntlets
Right on your finger tips—the answer to your Valentine worries! A pair of spick, span new silk gauntlet gloves just arrived at Burdine's hardly a day or two ago! Jaunty turn down—saucy turned up cuff styles—fringed, embroidered or contrastingly banded. In white, peach, sunset, French nude and pongee, \$1.75 and \$2.50 the pair.

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17,200 New Telephones

More than 17,200 new telephones were added to the Bell Telephone System in Florida last year.

This was the largest telephone station gain ever made in the State of Florida, and required the best efforts of a highly trained organization.

To keep pace with Florida last year required telephone additions and replacements costing more than \$9,500,000.

There are now 91,000 Bell telephones in Florida, and your service is more efficient and more valuable than ever before.

DAVID LAIRD, Florida Manager

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THE RONEY PLAZA HOTEL

'On the Atlantic'

EUROPEAN PLAN
A LA CARTE DINING SERVICE

Music by Armellini's Orchestra
W. G. McMEKIN, Manager

Do You Run a City-Owned Car?

It Might Save the City Some Money if You Turned it in and Got a Cheap Runabout to Make Those Inspection Tours, Don't You Think?

BOUNDING tax rates have caused many Miami property holders to gasp in wonder as to where all of the money is going, have caused them to wonder why it is going to take so much more money to operate the city in the coming years than it did last year.

Miami Life has shown—or is showing—how the terms of the bus agreement existing between the city of Miami and the Miami Beach railway company mean a drain of possibly a quarter of a million dollars a year, a sum which would not have been lost by the city had it been astute enough to drive a better bargain.

At the same time, it appears that the city could save a considerable sum in another field of transportation.

Have you ever noticed a nice seven-passenger sedan rolling down the street some night, well filled with the whole family—and an "X" on the license plate? That "X" signifies that it is an automobile belonging to the city of Miami. There are probably 400 or more city-owned cars and trucks in Miami.

Of course, the city needs a lot of automobiles to do its business. But does it need seven-passenger sedans? Not very many, we think. And practically every city car should be plainly marked. Some of them are but those belonging to department heads are, for the most part, unmarked. And they, for the most part, are sedans or sport roadsters, costing thousands of dollars more than runabouts of inexpensive make.

It does seem right there that many thousands of dollars could—and should be saved. The city should check over every department, over every car. It should eliminate seven passenger sedans, sport roadsters and install in their places the cheaper cars—roadsters.

There is no attempt on the part of the city to limit the cars to use for city business only. Of course there may be ordinances and all that but, by common consent, they have been non-operative.

Many driving-city-owned cars are in their offices the greater part of the day, they use the cars for little else than driving home and to work—and for any private use in the off hours. Of course,

Election's Coming

Editor Miami Life:
While you are on the subject of treatment of our Public Utilities to the Beach, give us a little space. I am in the City of Miami (not my fault), my taxes increased over 500 per cent (how), and yet neither the city nor any of her pets knows that we are there. One block north of 56th street and close to the Dixie, but we pay a dime when our calls go south of 56th No, that's not all—when a prepaid telegram comes to my house, it costs me fifty cents to get it. Delivery charge.

The street in front of the house was had enough when the county had charge of it, but it is a darn site worse now. We pay a premium on light service and then don't get it all the time.

Thank the Lord we don't have to rely on the city for water, because if we did we would be out of luck.

I can think of a hundred reasons why we should not be in the city limits, but not one reason for being there.

C. A. F.

The Road To KNOWLEDGE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: To stimulate interest in Miami and its Miampians, Miami Life has instituted this department. A large number of these things will be printed. To anyone guessing the correct answers to all of them, a valuable prize will doubtless be given if anyone can be found who is willing to give it. In case no one will give a prize, we will give an autographed copy of Miami Life to the winner, but all entrants must deposit five (\$5) cents with the cashier. To help those who are a little weak mentally, we will print hints from time to time, when we happen to know the correct answers ourselves.)

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION:—Who said: "This shall be the center of Miami in 20 years."

Hints to this week's puzzle question: Ask any 20 people you meet down town where they think the center of Miami's residential district will be in 20 years and disregard their answers. This will limit the field considerably. Consider only the territory they didn't

specify. Find the name of a mayor of a city who will admit that the center of Miami won't be in his city in 20 years. That'll help. If all else fails, get into your automobile, head it southwest, blindfold yourself, start driving and when it runs out of gas, ask the first person who is developing that region. You'll guess it sure then.

WANTED GIRLS TO ENTER CONTEST FOR SELECTION OF MISS MIAMI

The winner will receive, at the option of the judges, \$500 in cash prizes or a trip with chaperon to Atlantic City. Payment to enter Miss America contest. Applicants must be girls between ages of 16 and 25 who have never been married. Register at 514 Exchange Building, Miami.

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Restaurant—Moderate Prices—Music
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BEGINNING TUESDAY EVENING FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

THE RONEY PLAZA HOTEL

Will inaugurate a series of
Special Dinner Dances
For
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS
MUSIC FOR DANCING
By Armellini's Roney Plaza Orchestra
Service will be ala carte
Tables may be had by reservation only
W. G. McMEEKIN, Manager

LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT, ELEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT, DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA, IN CHANCERY.

CHARLES MEYER and MARTHA MEYER, ER, his wife, Complainants, vs. JULIAN E. LATHAM, et al., Defendants.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE ORDER OF PUBLICATION

It appearing by affidavit appended to the bill filed in the above stated cause that W. W. GOUCHER and GEORGE M. RUBEN, two of the defendants therein named, are non-residents of the State of Florida and that their places of residence are unknown, that there is no person in the State of Florida, the service of a subpoena upon whom would bind such defendants, and that W. W. GOUCHER and GEORGE M. RUBEN are over the age of twenty-one years, it is therefore ordered that said non-resident Defendants be and they are hereby required to appear to the Bill of Complaint filed in said cause on or before Monday, the 7th day of March, A. D. 1927, otherwise the bill will be taken as confessed by said Defendants.

It is further ordered that order be published once a week for four consecutive weeks in the MIAMI LIFE, a newspaper published in said County and State.

This, January 21, 1927.
GEO. F. HOLLY, Clerk of Circuit Court.
By E. W. TRAMMELL, Deputy Clerk.

(Circuit Court Seal) SAMUEL CAPLAN, Solicitor for Complainant.

LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT, ELEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT, DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA, IN CHANCERY.

CHARLES MEYER, Complainant, vs. LILIAN G. RIFFA, et al., Defendants.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE ORDER OF PUBLICATION

It appearing by affidavit appended to the bill filed in the above stated cause that JOSEPH ALPERN and MRS. JOSEPH ALPERN, his wife, and B. C. HAMMOCK, three of the Defendants therein named, are non-residents of the State of Florida, and JOSEPH and MRS. JOSEPH ALPERN are residents of the City of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, that the residence of B. C. HAMMOCK is unknown; that there is no person in the State of Florida, the service of a subpoena upon whom would bind such Defendants, and that JOSEPH ALPERN and MRS. JOSEPH ALPERN and B. C. HAMMOCK are over the age of twenty-one years, it is therefore ordered that said non-resident Defendants be and they are hereby required to appear to the Bill of Complaint filed in said cause on or before Monday, the seventh (7th) day of March, A. D. 1927, otherwise the allegations of said bill will be taken as confessed by said Defendants.

It is further ordered that order be published once a week for four consecutive weeks in the MIAMI LIFE, a newspaper published in said County and State.

This, January 21, 1927.
GEO. F. HOLLY, Clerk of Circuit Court.
By E. W. TRAMMELL, Deputy Clerk.

(Circuit Court Seal) SAMUEL CAPLAN, Solicitor for Complainant.

The Newest Modes of DRESSES

All Are Fashion's Latest Decree
Each the Ultimate in Style



at a Phenomenal Price Reduction That Will be of profound appeal to every Woman and Miss.

Sports Frocks
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Evening Frocks

Formerly \$49.50 and \$55
Now \$39.50

Maybelle

Importer, Inc.
277 E. Flagler St.
Opposite Royal Palm Park

Known Factors of Motor Car Merit NOW IN

OLDSMOBILE SIX

(ONLY 1 TO 4 OIL CHANGES A YEAR)

- L-Head Six-Cylinder Engine
- Dual Air Cleaning
- Four Wheel Brakes
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- Three-Way Pressure Lubrication
- Double-Valve Springs
- Fall Automatic Spark Control
- 32x3.25 Balloon Tires
- Double-Offset, Low-gravity Frame
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"That the American family may have, at a moderate investment, a car that gratifies their finer tastes as well as satisfies their every need."

- Crankcase Ventilation Oil Filter
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- Honed Cylinders
- High-Velocity, Hot-Section Manifold
- Silent Timing Chain
- Thermostatic Charging Control
- Balloon-Geared Steering
- Twin-Beam Headlights, Controlled from Steering Wheel.
- Duce Finish
- Beauty of line and complete appointments of Fisher Bodies



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MOTOR CAR SUPPLY COMPANY
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Work in congestion but live in comfort

JUST because the old economic factor makes it necessary for you to work in a congested city is no reason you have to live in congestion. Make your home on Miami Beach, just a few minutes from Miami over two causeways with ample transportation.

Hotel accommodations are delightful, prices are stabilized and you will get the rest your day's work demands at the Beach.

Apartment house rentals have been decreased forty percent. There is a nice apartment for you. The housing Bureau in the Chamber of Commerce Building at the Beach end of the county causeway will put you in touch with it.

Live at the Beach!

MIAMI BEACH CHAMBER of COMMERCE

WOFFORD

Directly on the Ocean at 2nd St.

Perfect cuisine, homelike appointments, charming social atmosphere. Private bathing beach. Dancing nightly in new Spanish Tea Garden with syncopation by the Music Weavers. Special Tea Dansants Sunday afternoons, 4:30 to 6.

Moderate American Plan Rates

William Penn Hotel

Miami Beach European Plan
110 Rooms 110 Baths

Two blocks from the ocean, in the heart of shopping district. Attractive rates, single or en suite.

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June to October
REXEMERE CLUB HOTEL HOTEL CHURCHILL
Stamford-in-the-Catskills, N. Y.

7 years

The years of a mother's strongest influence are only seven.

In those vital years, a motor can take the mother's place in the laundry for two cents an hour; sweep her house for less than two cents an hour; sew, or wash dishes at incredibly low cost. It is her cheapest servant.

Give electricity more of Your routine tasks.

Let us show you ways in which you can use more electricity to advantage and save health and beauty and give you more time to enjoy home life.

FLORIDA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

SUNSHINE SERVICE

GAS ICE

MIAMI LIFE IS READ—NOT MERELY SKIMMED.



PUBLISHED AT 117 HALCYON ARCADE, MIAMI, FLORIDA, BY MIAMI LIFE, INC., PHONE 37737 -- MIAMI BEACH OFFICE, 343 JEFFERSON AVE., PHONE 535

February Twelfth
Volume 4, Number 5.

Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

5 Cents a Copy in Greater Miami.
All Other Cities in U. S. 10c. One
Dollar and Fifty Cents for 6 Mos.

How Do You Like Our Dirty Linen?

NO MATTER how clean an appearance we get up for our winter visitors, somebody always gets into our laundry bag along mid-season and gleefully parades our dirty linens before the view of our guests when we're not looking. This season it makes us madder than it has any season previously because, say what you will, we're doing much better than the most optimistic soul expected three or four months ago.

Here a federal clean-up looms, with the possibility of a lot of prominent people hereabouts going to jail, with all the consequent headlines in northern papers. Our own officials, supported by our tax-money, choose this time of all times to launch a vigorous crusade against gambling and close up all the pretty wheels and tables that have been allowed to run for months on slack business and which had begun to delight northern moneyed-men lately.

The city takes downtown streets from quick-moving jitneys and turns them over to huge, snail-like busses, thus giving the Electric Light and Power Company virtually a monopoly on downtown traffic.

The grand jury gets ready to show up city and county officials on rotten expenditures.

The street department contributes with a frenzied tearing-up of streets probably unequalled in years. Principal bridges closed up almost without warning. Tourists who used to be allowed to get by

Won'tcha Be—Our Valentine?

HAVE you sent your Valentines out yet? Monday's the day, you know. We're sending out quite a few this year.

For instance, 16 of them go to the grand jury now in session. Then, of course, there were the usual ones—a comic for Frank Wharton about being on the grille and afraid to jump into the fire; some to the county commissioners illustrated with large hearts and big arrows and Cupids and "I Love You" sprawled all over them and signed "Union Labor"—just our little joke, you know.

And then, we've sent that old maid comic Valentine to Our Little Nell with that little couplet on it, you remember, the one that goes—

"You may have a billion dollars,
Oh, Darling Little Nell,
But when it comes to beauty,
You sure look like Hell."

But the one we like best of all is the one we are sending to our boy friends over on the Trib.
It has a photograph of a dollar bill on it.

on last year's licenses until time to go back north to buy home-state licenses now have hordes of deputy sheriffs hounding them. Heavy purchases of red paint have finally enabled Greater Miami officials to paint the last remaining block of free curbing, we understand.

Oh, you can't beat Miami people for optimism. Every winter they seek further proof that tourists will come here regardless of the degree of hardships they must endure. Every winter the people who provide our only excuse for existence here are subjected to an acid test, and this winter it seems to be acider—or, perhaps, more asinine.

We have just about come to the conclusion that we ought to give them a real thrill this winter. So

far the clean-ups, crusades and investigations smack too much of petty politics and petty graft. Bootlegging and gambling are, after all, mere misdemeanors. They don't warrant the attention they are receiving. The Miami public, which in every campaign has noted the way candidates try to cultivate rather than condemn the men who operate popular liquor and gaming resorts, has long since learned to smile indulgently at these sporadic reform movements.

Let these officials start something big. Now if they sincerely started investigating reports that the always-protected Palm Island Club pays most liberally, from the low to the mighty, for the privilege of operating the Monte Carlo of South Florida to the exclusion of all other gambling places; that there is wholesale bribery of the legislature on race-track legislation; that the Miami Electric Light and Power Company is paying off a considerably number of public and private parties to better secure the entire public service of our city in its grasp—well, we might begin to sit up and take notice.

But, of course, this will not be done. Our public officials will continue, as heretofore, to camouflage real issues by petty raids and petty reforms that don't mean anything. The solution of course is to elect honest, capable and sincere officials. But, if we know anything about Dade county politics, this will never happen.

And so that's that.

Our 131,000 Population

REMARKABLE as it may seem Miami Life got a few caustic criticisms because it declared Miami didn't need 131,000 population—that everybody who can't support himself or find a job here ought to leave.

A city official furnishes us some tangible proof. Miami, with its 131,000 population, has as many or more restaurants, groceries, meat markets, soda fountains and fruit stands as Cincinnati, with a population of about 600,000.

According to figures given out by the city license bureau, Miami has 544 restaurants registered, 584 groceries and meat markets; 206 cold drink stands (and a hundred or two more that haven't taken out licenses); 218 soda fountains; and 50 wholesale vegetable and fruit dealers. Cincinnati has 650 restaurants; 900 groceries and meat markets; virtually the same number of soda fountains as Miami; and no cold drink stands.

Can you figure it out?

Grand Jury Investigations

JUDGE Atkinson tells the grand jury to investigate the expenditure of public moneys by the public officials of the city and county. He also tells them to get down to the rock bottom and if there is anything to indict about, to go right ahead and indict.

There might be quite a bit of corruption in the expenditure of public moneys in this county, a condition not at all uncommon in boom communities where the motto is "get it done, who-in-hell cares what it costs?" With as much money as there was in the past few years, it is quite possible that some of it was mis-spent in the grand rush of those hectic times.

It is even more certain that there was plenty of incompetence—and still is—in the handling of public moneys and where there is incompetence, there is plenty of room for corruption to creep in. Small men, barely capable of holding civic positions in a small community are very much lost when the place grows up past them.

If this grand jury really gets to the bottom of things, the report will prove mightily interesting reading, even if it then goes the way of so many grand jury reports.

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY—



Phillip M. A. Mug,
Retired Barber,
From Evansville, Ind.,
Stopping at the Stag Hotel.

Mr. Mug was born in Newburgh, Indiana, several years ago, and moved to East St. Louis with his parents in 1893. He learned the barber's trade and engaged in barbering until the 1925 Miami boom; sold real estate from his barber shop stand at 212 Main Street, Evansville, Indiana; member of the Evansville local barber's union and several Miami real estate syndicates. He is not married. He retired from active business after acquiring quarter interest in the leading barbershop of Evansville; is a depositor in City National Bank of that place; a subscriber of the Evansville Courier, and is buying a home on Division Street in Evansville.

He is an authority on baseball and is a contributor to many well-known magazines such as Whiz-Bang, Hot-Dog and the Police Gazette. While here he contributed a nickel every day to the Miami Herald. His favorite sports are motoring in jitneys out Flagler street, hunting new hair tonics, and bob-haired blondes.

Surcharges and Overcharges

NOT so many weeks go by without a few protests coming in by mail over the extra charges assessed by the telegraph companies for telegrams delivered inside the city limits. The extra charges range up to half a dollar, depending, apparently, upon the way the delivery boy is feeling at that particular moment.

Somebody got charged half a dollar the other day because the boy "had trouble finding that address!" These overcharges are relics of the days when everyone was holding up everyone else in Miami and they certainly should be taken off right now.

The kind of service handed out here surely doesn't rate even the regular charge, let alone these bonuses.

The Cart and the Horse

WE READ with interest that the Miami Chamber of Commerce wants to bring in 10,000 families and put them to farming on ten-acre Everglades tracts.

That is of course a sizeable proposition, rather too sizeable for 10,000 families are too many to handle off-hand by even a Chamber of Commerce. Once the farming possibilities in the Everglades are assured by proper drainage, no one will have to go about advertising for farmers to move in: there'll be a land rush like those of the pioneer days.

If the Chamber of Commerce can bring order out of the chaos surrounding Everglades drainage and can open the Everglades, it will have accomplished more for humanity than any other agency in the state.

But if it starts at the other end and dumps 10,000 families on ten-acre tracts in the 'Glades, has those 10,000 families marooned by floods for a few years while the work of reclamation and drainage goes forward, it will make more enemies than it could ever make friends in a thousand years.

Besides, ten acres aren't so very many to make a living from for a family, even in the supposedly rich 'Glades lands.

Let's just get the Everglades ready first. This talk of million in population, this shrieking for people, people, people, no matter what kind, as the great aim—the ultimate in success doesn't mean a thing. The C. of C. perhaps was responsible for bringing thousands here last year when there were no accommodations, no work for many—and thousands of enemies were made for the city.

Let's get things ready for them—and when they come they'll stay and be the kind of citizens we need. Miami will never have to cry for people if Miami can take care of them right when they come here.

That New High School

FROM the "plat" the new Miami high school is going to be a wow. It will cost more than a million dollars and when completed, will be about the best in all Dixie. It will have equipment and facilities ahead of those in many colleges.

It isn't a far cry to the days when schooling ended for most of us with the eighth grade and a million dollars for a school building—a high school building—would have been sufficient cause for a sanity test.

And, say, won't a million dollar building project be a welcome thing this summer?

Who'll Start First?

FOLKS out in the Northwest section were well pleased to hear the other day that many of their streets were to be paved this summer and that the sewer and water extensions so long lacking there were to be provided.

And then their joy was turned to fear—now they are wondering if the city will follow its usual procedure of putting down the nice new streets first—and then tearing them up in a couple of weeks to put down the sewers.

It Must Pay Somebody

THIS battle over the jitney busses has brought out a lot of interesting points. It makes one sort of wonder just why the railway company is willing to pay the jitney men \$500 apiece for their right to operate.

According to the testimony, the city owes the railway company some \$200,000 for losses suffered in operating the busses under the 30 cents a mile guarantee. Running the jitneys off the streets isn't going to make that much difference: the bus lines most certainly won't show a profit without jitney competition.

Can it be that the railway company is afraid that the jitney men, in their fight, will stir up enough rumpus to have the whole bus agreement thrown out as unconstitutional and so is willing to buy off the bus drivers at \$500 per? The city denies that it is putting up the \$500 bills—and no one, after reading the bus company's agreement with the city would believe that the bus company is buying off the jitney men out of the goodness of its heart or to "improve traffic conditions in the city of Miami."

People would think a whole lot of our commissioners who are trying to shove all the blame on Mr. Wharton in this matter if they, and Mr. Wharton, would come right out, admit they were buncoed in the deal and would either try to have the deal with the railway company called off or tell the real reason they are trying to chase the jitneys off the streets.

We all know it, anyway.

"YOU May Belong to Somebody Else, But Tonight You Belong to Me" was written by a Miami property owner who has to make a second payment tomorrow.

Where to Get Money?

THE Miami Chamber of Commerce advocates the buying of Miami-made goods. They're urging everybody to trade in Miami. It's a wonderful idea they've hit upon—except for one thing. They haven't figured that about half the population hasn't got any money.

After analyzing the situation thoroughly, it appears to us that the chamber of commerce ought to start at the bottom, when they begin advocating. For instance, they could do a mighty lot of good by advocating and urging building contractors to use Miami laborers instead of importing them from outside towns. We'd hate to print the exact number of local union laborers out of work, and the number of out-of-town non-union laborers on the various jobs about the city.

Doughnut Championship Contest

SPONSORED by the South West Central Miami Chamber of Commerce (annual dues \$25, payable now, to help put S. W. C. Miami on the map), the first annual international doughnut eating championship contest will be staged in the administration building of South West Central Miami, March 17. Entries can be made now.

Chamber of Commerce officials feel certain that a home bred will win the title; thousands of them have been in training for many months now and none of them have ever reached their capacities, they say.

Contributions are now being received at the C. of C. headquarters to pay for the doughnuts to be consumed. It is estimated that indigent Miami real estate dealers alone will be able to consume 1,456,000 at one sitting.

The North East Central Miami Chamber of Commerce is now working out plans to run a coffee drinking contest immediately after the doughnut championship.

Virtually the same field will enter both events.

What Everybody's Asking Today: —When'll the Prohi Undercover Men Really Uncover?



CASA GRANDE—The play house on the Dixie. Jimmie Hodges splashing fun with some one else's bank roll. And how!

MERRICK'S COUNTRY CLUB—In the Gables. The sky, the stars, the palms, Jovial Jun and his Synchopating Troubadors. Biltmore service—and atmosphere.

MONTMARTE—At rest.

LA VIDA—In Hialeah. Give this little club a hand, folks, for they're sure striving to please.

SIXTY CLUB—In the Helene hotel. A most pleasant surprise awaits you when you visit this most charming supper club at the Beach. Happy Joe King is the master of ceremonies. Arnold Johnson's "60" Club Orchestra plays excellent dance music. Margaret Cook and Dorothy Dey, a couple of snappy girls, dance cleverly, dressed lightly. The Wellman sisters offer harmony as sweet and pleasing as the moving ball on the green. Clever Cele Santon, hostess. Atmosphere, fun, gaiety.

ANTILLA—Where the bridge clubs meet. Here, what's what in Miami's 400 parlevous to the strains of Jo Astoria's clever band.

CAPITOL THEATER—Entertainment most satisfactorily delivered by Meyer and Wolfson, two clever showmen. A dollar show for a half.

BISCAYNE FRONTON—Old Spain's national game presented in a million dollar palace of sport. There, nightly, descendants of the old Sid swing valiantly at the goat skin pellet. Their skill calls forth the admiration of the multitudes who throng to see them and the mutuels gleam the stray shekels as Ruth gleaned the fields.

CINDERELLA BALL ROOM—A magnificent palace of pleasure dedicated to the dance. More beautiful in its appointments than the Halls of the Ancients.

MIAMI BEACH GARDEN THEATER—Clever mountebanks headed by the finished actor, Leo Carillo, presenting excellent repertoire. So good have their performances been that notwithstanding the location of the Gardens, they are playing to crowded houses nightly. We heartily recommend this company to you and feel that if you miss next week's performance of "The Bad Man," that you will have missed the cleverest bit of entertainment offered to Miamians this season.

WEIMERS TAVERN—Frankie and Johnnie out for a frolic. A hot dog atmosphere. Park your car in the shadows with the ghosts of the Fritz hotel. Low cover charges. Good food.

OLYMPIA THEATER—Worth the price of admission without a show. A high class symphony orchestra and first run pictures. Take in regular doses.

RONEY PLAZA POOLS—The "ole swimmin' hole" touched with a magic wand. The spot on the beach to wear the one-pieces.

RAINBOW GARDENS—At the foot of the causeway. A moderate priced night club, prettily decorated, presenting a very nice show.

RONEY PLAZA CASINO—Next to the Roney Plaza. Perfect service and the most reasonable prices in town. And as to atmosphere, it has nothing else but. Come over and meet Manager Milne, Arnold Johnson, "himself," and his good orchestra, and stroll in the moonlight while the sad sea waves help you sing "the story" to the Sweetest Thing.

BISCAYNE KENNEL CLUB, SOUTH MIAMI KENNEL CLUB, and SMITH'S HIALEAH PLACE—Presenting the world's fastest coursing hounds, trained to the minute, to furnish you with thrills over the jumps and on the flat.

It Must Be So Florida's most important springs this one— Mr. Child, former ambassador to Rome, defends former presidents against gossip and scandal in an article in the current Collier's Weekly. In his article he says Mr. Harding once told him in Marion, Ohio:

GRAVES THREATENED Telephone Warns Governor He Has 30 Days To Live.

MIAMI LIFE'S BEST JOKE OF WEEK Me and another guy were watching the beard giving changes in weights, jockeys, equipment, etc., when he up and says—"Say, who'nhell is this bl'nkers that's riding number six."

THE GREY BEARDS HELP Some men are born lucky, others mistake motorcycle cops for Western Union messengers.

Through the Alleys of Miami

OUR one best bet at the Biscayne Kennel Club for next week is COOL CARESS.

The greatest spendthrift we've ever heard of is the yacht owner who spends two cents to send a letter to Washington complaining about coast guardsmen firing upon his yacht.

Now that Biscayne Boulevard Avenue is open we can watch for a new routing of those five-ton buses.

Last week a man reported to the police that his automobile had been stolen January 15. When asked why he hadn't reported it sooner, he said he thought the finance company had it.

Coming out of the Miami Beach Gardens the other night where Lombardi, Ltd., had been presented, we overheard a man say that he was disappointed because he thought it was to be a railroad play.

That fuss they're raising about milk prices in Miami sure sounds

Just To Help Out

A COUPLE of prohibition men walked into Miami Life's office the other day. They said they wanted a copy of the paper in which we published liquor prices. They said that Mr. Lee, the state prohibition director, wanted it. Next day, one of our trained investigators discovered that it was possible that the prohibition leader was preparing to present the paper to the federal grand jury with the expectation of getting Miami Life indicted for something or other.

Merely to bring the liquor prices up to date, we here-with submit a revised list of liquor prices as gathered hurriedly by our experienced staff

| | |
|-------------------|---------|
| Gin | \$ 4.50 |
| Canadian Club | 7.00 |
| Black and White | 7.00 |
| Baccardi | 7.00 |
| Johnny Walker | 7.00 |
| Apricot Walker | 10.00 |
| Champagne | 10.00 |
| Benedictine | 10.00 |
| Old Particular | 7.00 |
| Long John (pints) | 3.50 |
| German Beer | 1.25 |
| Hialeah Rye | 4.00 |
| Old King Cole | 8.00 |

(Note: Baccardi and German beer are very scarce, but barring a rough sea, there should be a good supply next week.)

good, but we're still paying two bits, plus, a quart.

The following ad appeared in the Female Help Wanted column of the Herald Monday morning: "Wanted—20 laying hens. White leghorns preferred. Phone 8754."

Municipal Judge Stoneman is leaving in June for an 11-week trip to Europe. A former traffic vio-

Miami Transit Co. BUSES to Horse Races Leave at N. E. 2nd St. and 2nd Ave. and N. E. 2nd St. at Central School Every Five Minutes Fare 50c

THE LOW DOWN

On the Week's Happenings

Grand jury in session * * * Prohibition officials active * * * Real estate boom about to begin * * * Lots of rumors about town . . . but no steady boarders * * * Jimmy Cox denies that he will become Republican * * * Evelyn Nesbit's night club met fate we predicted two weeks ago * * * Sheriff Chase declares war on gambling * * * Arnold paints a lot more red curbs * * * German beer is mighty scarce * * * Herald prints more classified ads than Tribune * * * Cool Caress wins race * * * That jitney bus trial might expose some of our city officials unless they're successful in getting it stopped pretty quick * * * Fleetwood Roof opens in winter style * * * Another gasoline war is in sight * * * One more day until tomorrow * * * Inez Meredith is in New York * * * Flagler street auctioneer sells \$45 gold watch for \$11.50 * * * Monday is Valentine Day * * * Frank Wharton denies knowing anything when grilled in circuit court * * * Prohibition shake-up predicted several weeks ago has occurred . . . Keese has been sent to Tampa * * * Abe Aronovitz, volunteer estreated bond collector, resigns . . . no results * * * Roney Plaza Casino celebrates first birthday with crowd of 500 * * * Downtown theater manager threatens to employ non-union musicians because union newspaper criticized him * * * That oil well hasn't come in yet * * * They're selling nickel sandwiches at the race track . . . for 20 cents * * * County commissioners make another promise to repair holes in the new causeway paving job * * * Two deputy sheriffs expect to lose their jobs next week * * * Winter season is here . . . coast guards begin annual target practice on private yachts * * * Jockey Club officials propose 15-day extension when present meet is over * * * MORE NEXT WEEK.

lator friend of ours called up and asked if the judge couldn't be induced to visit the Thousand Islands and spend a week on each island.

Read "Progressive Marriage," a story of Miami Life by Bonnie Bush. (Advertisement)

VALENTINE Whether it's cold Or whether it's hot, We have to weather it Whether or not.

Just to call your attention to it, Abraham Lincoln was born 118 years ago February 12. Us Northerners always remember such dates.

An advertisement in the daily papers states that the Jockey Club is giving away stable manure. We're glad that they are giving something away.

"Annual Beauty Show is Fixed for Opa-Locka," says a Daily News headline. That's what we heard about the one at Atlantic City last year.

ARE YOU A FRIEND OR DON'T YOU LEND?

"Florida This Week" says that "A good summer faces the people of Florida . . . old farms are being worked to a finish." So are old friends.

Prove it to Yourself! That We Are Showing The Most Beautiful Shoes in Town

—LATEST CREATIONS IN— "Black Patent," "Water Lily," "Silver Tinsel," "Pastel Parchment," "White Kid."

Attractively Priced 8.50 to 12.50

AAA to C Combination Last

FRENCH BOOT SHOPPE 209 Halcyon Arcade

Miami Jockey Club



RACE COURSE, HIALEAH

January 13th to March 5th, 1927

Seven Races Daily

(Except Sunday)

Rain or Shine

First Race, 2:00 P. M.

Admission, Including Government and Hialeah City Tax, \$2.30

Special Race Train Direct to Track, Leaving F. E. C. Miami Station at 1 P. M., Returning After Last Race

Why pay more for your tires when you can buy "GOODRICH" at a BIG SAVING Blackwood-Rose Tire Co. 2201-23 W. Flagler WE KNOW WE KNOW TIRES