

Our Weekly Rumor

Dog track men, jockey officials and Jai-Alai operators expect to recoup by running the various church socials around Miami during the dull summer months.

Power Combine Seduces Greeby

Announcement

The main sporting event of the coming week will be the race between the three mechanical rabbits of the three ex-dog tracks. The general direction will be north.



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

March Twelfth
Volume 4, Number 9.

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

What Everybody's Asking Today: —Have We Hit The Bottom Yet?

Stop! Listen and Vote!

IT MAY, or may not be of interest to the voting public of Miami to learn that there'll be a municipal election in April. It should be.

The men you elect this year are the ones who'll superintend the tearing up of streets for the next two years, who'll sign more contracts with the power Octopus, who'll run your favorite jitney bus operator out of business, who'll order more red curbs and who'll build more useless docks and harbors, who'll pass more iniquitous ordinances, and who'll float—and sell—gigantic bond issues in the face of panics and long before the money is actually required.

Remember this: For four years we've been run by a commission composed entirely of bank presidents. Peculiarly enough, all of them were grocers before they became bank presidents. Frank Wharton, the city manager, was a grocer. Leslie Quigg, chief of police, still is a grocer. Where Piggly-Wiggly and A. P. were, when municipal offices were being parceled out is something that's puzzled us for years. Anyway, it shouldn't happen again.

We need a representative commission—five men who'll represent Allapattah, Little River, Coconut Grove and the black belt as well as Miramar and the national banks. If we don't get such a commission, we'll have to look to Providence and our God of Good Luck to steer us safely for the next two years.

A Good Fair

TONIGHT winds up the annual Dade County Fair, a fair which has probably established a new record here, both for attendance and quality. The crowds were huge at all times and the exhibits were certainly above the ordinary.

What with all this agitation toward expanding our agricultural resources, the fair certainly was a fine indicator of what the possibilities really are here.

We're Stung Again

DADE county has long been the goat on this state gasoline tax law in which the county furnishes one-sixth of the tax collected and gets about one-sixtieth of the state's allotment of road funds. The state road department will hold its annual budget meeting in Jacksonville March 25 at which time it will tell Miami that of the nearly \$17,000,000 it will spend in its next budget, it will allow a few thousands to Dade county to continue the Tamiami trail to Monroe county and three and a half miles to Collier county.

This state gas tax allotment is one of the most unfair on the statutes and our legislators should raise plenty of noise about it at the April session of the legislature.

EDITORIAL suggestion: Simplify the title of the Florida Power and Light Company by calling it just the Florida Power Company. The word Light infuriates patrons.

FORECLOSURE SALES

'Twas in passing the court house slowly by,
That I overheard the master's cry,
In auctioning acre, home and lot,
Of those who had sadly over-bought,
So I hied me up those cold, stone stairs,
To where masters in chancery on box and chairs,
Were offering the parcels, forced to be sold
Some insidiously, other quite bold.
Now let me explain, to these un-taught,
Who have not learned, or never bought,
A slice or so of this tropic land
And boosted it up to beat the band.
What this wholesale mortgage foreclosing is,
That's crowding our courts, giving lawyers biz.
'Tis the way of clearing the title chain,
So the original owner can claim it again.
The sales are made on Court Rule Day,
Why it's called that, I can not say,
But hearing the naming of thousands of dollars,
Midst street car noises and other hollers,
It may be as taught in Sunday school,
The Rule referred to is the Golden Rule,
For figures by the bidders sold,
Remind one of the treasury gold.
'Twas really a most prosaic affair,
No reading sobs, or tearing of hair,
The usual verdict most often sold,
Was "To the plaintiff duly sold."
No tear-stained, widowed mothers there,
A blasted life of hope to bare,
The attorney was there, the man of culture;
The bargain hunter, and the business vulture,
So what it was I really saw,
Was the retaking of land under guise of law.
Judge and Master, and Sheriff, too,
Are taking lands from me and you.
The very last chapters are being writ,
In a book of hopes, now all for nif.
The street cleaner follows the wild parade,
The courts clean those who haven't paid.
HAMILTON DUTCHER.

Let's Have Two States—NEW Florida and Old Florida

FOR SOME TIME now, Miami Life or the Herald has, at various times when these north-Florida hard-shells imposed on us, demanded a division of the state. For we've had to suffer every sort of tax, mental cruelty and political hardship that sectional jealousy ever conceived of.

As a matter of fact, ever since we started outgrowing the alligator-swamp-fever scares, North Florida has done its utmost to ruin us. The millions our paradise lures every year have only more embittered the folks who brag about being the gateways to the One and Only Fountain of Youth. Every motorist who fails to stop at one of Nassau county's gyp filling stations, every F. E. C. passenger who fails to pay tribute to a Jacksonville porter, every shipload of tourists ignoring the north coast of Florida, every dollar that Tallahassee officials can't get a percentage out of only gets our legislators more peevish.

What's Watt

MIAMI leads the world in the production of watts, due to the valiant efforts of the Florida Power and Light Company. Their careful research work in the last two years, convinced them of the watt possibilities, and they immediately hired hundreds of trained watt hounds to lure the productive watts from their lairs. Then, expert breeders were imported to mate congenial watts, and cross breeding—for instance, the introduction of lightning bugs into the society of the higher type watt—bore out even the fondest hopes.

Although the watts go around a great deal, they are not noisy and power and light officials proclaim themselves at a loss to account for the animosity shown toward the watts in some quarters. "Save for Watt the Hell, every watt is well behaved," said one official. "We have watts in the very best families, they even go around in your churches. We are deeply grieved to hear of the formation of Kit-O-Watt clubs, the object of every member being to kill a watt, because they are multiplying so rapidly. Now, what's a poor watt to do?"

Politics

DADE COUNTY no more than finishes one election when another looms up. But in spite of all its politics, the voters never seem to get anywhere.

Here the city election, in which we are to elect three new city commissioners, looms on the horizon, and a lot of the boys are beginning to get rather enthusiastic about it.

Ed Romfh, the mayor, and J. E. Lummus are holdovers and we can't defeat them—yet, although the report is that Ed will resign immediately following the election, thus giving J. E. Lummus and the newly elected three commissioners the power to name his successor.

Political, financial and civic club cliques are meeting two or three times a week in an effort to fix up slates and it looks like there'll be fifteen or twenty candidates for the three offices in the coming primary election several weeks hence.

A pretty strong group of business men have already endorsed Henry Shaw, Cliff Reeder and James Donn—and they're going to be strong contenders. And H. Pridden, the Shrine potentate, is being boomed; likewise J. E. Junkin, Sr., a member of the commission that framed our present charter; Bob Kerr, Jimmie Gillman, present commissioner, Hugh Matheson, of Coconut Grove, John Withers, of storage fame, and several others too numerous to mention. John Carlisle, of the Eli Witt Cigar Company, was strongly recommended by almost every faction, but to date has refused positively to run. John, as a well-

(Continued on page 5)

has changed a bit since the days when everybody who couldn't pay his county school tax in Mississippi or Alabama stole a razorback and settled somewhere south of the St. Mary's.

Ever since we folks on the tip of Florida started doing our stuff, the state has been divided—socially and financially, if not geographically. North Florida could just as well be a part of Georgia or South Carolina or Alabama so far as the tourist, headed toward Miami or Tampa or Palm Beach or St. Petersburg, is concerned. (And 99 out of a 100 are.)

So why not get this long-sought-for division? They've finally killed the attractions that were bringing us the most money—horse racing, dog racing, and jai-alai, and at a time when so many other states are becoming tolerant. That one action alone should be enough to force us to the steps we have so long contemplated.

We can do it. We have the money—and we have influence.

Draw a line across the state from Tampa east to the Atlantic seaboard. And there you have divided Florida as it should be—and eventually will be—divided. South of this line is a wondrous empire, already powerful and self-sufficient, in spite of the fact that its possibilities are just beginning to be realized. Here is an empire that has grown more quickly than any other like area in history. Here is an empire "richer than the valley of the Nile," the greatest pleasure resort on earth, and already showing greater financial returns than the greatest oil or gold fields man has ever encountered.

Are we to be handicapped any further by a set of religious fanatics who seem hell-bent on total destruction of all those parts of Florida that have nerve enough to smile, produce and progress, and seek pleasure?

But let's not call it North Florida and South Florida. It should be NEW FLORIDA—and Old Florida!

Blood Always Goes With The Pound of Flesh

THERE are rumors in the air, rumors of an accounting—an accounting which forbodes ill for those who have invested their all in the erection of homes, apartment houses and hotels. For the Shylocks of the investment world, the ten percenters and bonus men of the money world, are coming. They are on the trail to collect.

Not alone do they clamor for principal, interest, and a few lawyers' retainers, but their grasping and greedy eyes want all. Buildings, land and furnishings, and they who have made our cities what they are, enduring bursting booms and hurricanes with the tremendous damage, are to be shunted into the bread line.

But Miami Life, ever a believer in "that coming lights cast their shadows before," merely mentions that extremes are dangerous things to meet, especially when conditions are beyond human control.

Advice, we can give it. Should the Shylocks wax too bold, we first suggest that they have plenty of protection for their wives and families in the form of life insurance, before they, too, in the dust descend.

Is This Funny, Or Are We Goofy?

FROM this morning's Herald: "It was brought out in the testimony that the purse for that race (meaning at Pumphrey) as contributed by the horse club was \$50. Spectators at the track contributed \$40 more to the purse, it was testified, without expectation of getting anything in return. Those who 'contributed' testified that they did so to 'help the horse owners.'"

Two Times Two Equals 44

WE KNEW the Florida Power and Light Company was going to get even with those policemen who have been arresting Power Company bus drivers for violating traffic rules. And here's the way they've done it:

The Power Company has charged the city of Miami the paltry sum of \$270,197.49 as a deficit in the bus contract and in turn the city had to reduce policemen's salaries to pay the bus company.

In one year's time, 2,701,970 people who should have ridden the Power Company's busses didn't, and the busses were compelled to drive 900,658.3 miles without a load, or, in other words, without enough fares to make up the 30 cents a mile guarantee promised by Mr. Wharton and the city commissioners.

Bsides the \$270,197.49 deficit the city had to pay there is another little matter of \$45,000 of taxpayers' money, which was used to build a garage to keep the busses in.

Of course it isn't much money to worry about, the contract only runs for 28 years, and if the annual deficit doesn't grow larger year by year, it will only amount to \$7,565,629.72—that is, unless another hurricane comes along and blows the roof off of that \$45,000 garage.

You folks may think you can hide that seven or eight millions of dollars we have left around here, but we'll bet the Florida Power and Light Company will eventually get all of it, even if they have to don a mask and use a blackjack.

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY—

ONE LUNG SHY,
Chow Mein Specialist,
From China via the Underground Route,
Stopping near Hialeah Canal.



One Lung Shy was born near the Central China Chop Suey Fields right after the Boxer uprising. His parents, converted by American missionaries, became wealthy through the bob-hair craze and the possession of a pair of shears, and bequeathed to One Lung Shy a great appetite and a ticket in the National Lottery, which failed to win. One Lung Shy embarked on a rice boat and landed in Cuba. By diligence and perseverance and skillful purveyance of the poppy seed, he soon amassed enough to pay for the trip to the United States, landing near Coconut Grove a few moments before the immigration authorities reached the scene. He was much amazed at Miami and believes it has a wonderful future. He is a member of the Ding Dong Tong and is registered at Miami Beach for the coming election.

What Everybody's Saying Today:

"If It's The Sheriff, I'm Not In!"

Greeby Lights On New Job

Famed Calculator to Fix Approximating Odds for Florida Power & Light Company "Patrons" During Approaching Drouth.

RHAMMERHEAD GREEBY, prominent mathematician, who started the sporting world as well as himself last season by proving himself the only man this side of Chattanooga, Florida, who could tell within six points of what the final pay-off odds on a given horse would be by merely looking at the figures posted on the approximating board of the Hialeah race track, will employ his uncanny abilities in a different direction this summer, it was learned this week by a representative of Miami Life.

Greeby has been offered the post of Chief Meter-Reader for the Florida Power and Light Company, and it is evident that the big lightning-calculator is in a frame of mind to accept the position. While Mr. Greeby would neither confirm nor deny the rumor definitely, being characteristically reluctant to discuss his private affairs in the press, it was pointed out that in addition to being an expert mathematician, arithmetician, geometrician and clairvoyant, all of which were necessary to his success at Hialeah, he has also an excellent knowledge of electricity. It has been learned through private channels that Mr. Greeby, in his youth, was tanned by the Chair of Applied Electricity at Sing Sing Academy, a fashionable boarding school for boys in New York state. He declined the place, however, just prior to leaving for the South, presumably for his health.

"Now this is a matter that I do not desire no publicity on," Mr. Greeby told a Miami Life reporter day before yesterday when the latter called upon him at the Greeby Jeeby Inn, his popular hotel located in the oil tank grove at South Miami Beach. "I will admit that I have been offered a job as Chief Meter-Reader for the Tight & Sour—I mean the Light & Power company—but as to whether or not I will accept it or not I have not yet got nothing to say, neither one way nor the other. You may state through the columns of your valuable paper—say, by the way, I wish you would tell your editor that I think Miami Life is the finest paper in the country." Greeby beamed, and rubbed his hands. "Of course, I am not no publicity hound," he continued affably, pulling down the top of the roll-top dice table at which he transacts most of the hotel's business, "and I wish Miami Life didn't interview me so much, and that they would also not use my picture so often, but I want to say that I think Miami Life is a great boon, whatever that is, to the community, and whenever I have got any news to give out I will always give it to you boys first."

Greeby donned his gas-mask and reached for the bag of selected cigars which he keeps locked in an airtight compartment of a desk for his friends, the police and guests of his hotel who are behind in their room rent.

"Take one," he invited cordially. The reporter took it to the window. "Now," resumed Mr. Greeby, "while I don't want nothing in the paper about this just yet, I will admit that I am considering the Bite &—I mean Light & Power job, because I expect it to be a dull summer here and a soft job like reading meters is just what would suit me. I could do most of my reading right in the office, simply by lightning calculation. All I would need would be a copy of Dun & Bradstreet and a daily report of the realty transfers showing which real estate men are doing the biggest business; plus maybe a peek at the income tax returns and a record of who is buying new Lincolns. The rest would be simple—just look them up in the phone book and mail out the bills. It would save a lot of time and labor for the company and the customers are going to kick anyway, so what's the difference?" Greeby chuckled.

"Besides," he added, "nobody in Miami will be able to pay their bills this summer anyway, for I predict a very dull summer. Would you like to interview me on the summer prospects, too? Not that I have got any desire to be featured up in the press, you know, but if they have sent you all the way over here to get a story it seems like I ought to send you away with something, anyhow."

As he uttered these words, there was a snicker from a corner of the office where Absolutely and Positively, Greeby's two twin sons, had been playing quietly on the black-jack table with Little Geraldine, his adopted and slightly eccentric daughter. The kiddies were laughing because they knew that if Greeby sent the reporter away with anything it would probably be a jag.

Mr. Greeby gave an illuminating

Our Big Chance

IF Frank Wharton is good to his word, and we believe that the Florida Power & Light company will back us up in saying that he is, Miami has a wonderful opportunity before it right now.

Listen to this from the Miami Daily News of Tuesday:

"No further general cuts in personnel are contemplated at this time, he (Mr. Wharton) added, but those who resign or are discharged probably will not be replaced."

Now if Frankie and Ernie and one or two others we know would only resign—

indication of the stern disciplinary hand he holds over the youngsters of his family and the fear and respect in which they regard him by striking them vigorously over the heads with a gin bottle.

"That's all right," he told the reporter, who had shown some alarm at the severity of the treatment. "It was empty. And besides, I have some more."

He shook his head discouragedly. "I have not got no idea of what I will do with those little imps," he sighed, examining a hole in his shirt made by a last tiny drop of the gin that flew out as he wielded the bottle. "There, I have told them day after day that they must not use that table for anything but blackjack and here, when I have a caller, I find them playing poker on it. They are an awful trial!"

At this there was another subdued titter from the children, because they knew that Greeby had been through some worse trials than that.

"Will the Greeby Jeeby be closed this summer?" the big hotel man was asked.

He replied in the negative. "I had been planning on burning it down for the sum—I mean closing it down for the summer," he said, "but I have decided to keep

DANCING, SUNDAY EVE. SHORELAND BALLROOM

open, as three of my five guests are going to remain for several months. However, part of the house will be closed. The left wing, which has been occupied by Mr. Smith, and the right wing which has been occupied by Mr. Jones, will be shut up, and Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith will be moved over to the center of the house, closer to the crap game. This will save them time when they go back to their rooms for more cash; it will save the house a lot of wear and tear on the carpets and it will increase the house's percentage by keeping the table busier longer." Greeby rubbed his hands greedily. "Vot I shoot tell you!" he exclaimed, laughing immoderately.

"You think it will be a dull summer all around?" the reporter inquired.

Greeby replied that in his opinion it would be very dull and that Miamians, who remained here to keep the Frigidaires running, would find time hanging heavily on their hands.

TO SEE BETTER



THE MIAMI OPTICAL CO. OPTICAL SPECIALIST 49 N. Miami Ave.

Talking Miamese

"Still and all it looks to me as though folks' gotta eat this summer same's always so maybe the little old joint'll pay us board'n room and cigar money until fall."

"Hey there, where's y're likker? Come on, now, ain't nobody running along this road at 5 o'clock in the morning that ain't got no likker. Hurry up."

"The longer they run, the better, I think. It's better to have a few hundred thousand folks in town than none at all."

"Damn, that's the second spring I've busted this month. Damn these streets, damn these—"

"Yeah, I gotta light. Gotta cigarette?"

"Say, doesn't he handle himself great? Boy, they slam those ten-

LITTLE GERALDINE

The girl next door said Geraldine ought to wear her skirts below her knees because they didn't look good, but Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed because there always were plenty of knocks around her knees.

nis balls right at him and he fires 'em back faster without blinking half an eye."

"Well, I'm saving up and maybe I can make it about the middle of April. Probably can get by for a summer up there and then by next

ATTENTION Architects, Artists, Engineers We have any article you need, including a modern Blue Print Plant, Photostat Dept., Picture Framing T Square & Triangle Co. 141 N. E. 2nd Ave. Phone 7851

fall, things should be about ripe down here."

"Well, she may be a blonde, now, all right, but you know that Listerine—or is it peroxide?—can do anything."

DANCING, SUNDAY EVE. SHORELAND BALLROOM

THE C. T. CO.

BONDSMEN Office, 307 Seybold Bldg., Miami, Fla. J. E. Courtney, Manager

Gus Bunnell, Agent 1349 N. W. 10th Ave.

Night Phones 9972-7003 Office Phone 31651

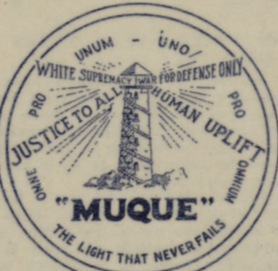
We Have Moved Our Law Offices

TO 627 Ingraham Bldg. LOFTIN, STOKES and CALKINS

The NIGHTINGALE

Famous Fried Chicken Dinners Italian Spaghetti

3 Blocks South of Tamiami Trail on Le Jeune Road CORAL GABLES



An International Fraternity

For information address P. O. Box 7355 Miami, U. S. A.

From Inside Out—

—the modern Miss is sheathed in subtle silks . . . in fineness incomparable. Her social footing is chiffon . . . her underthings subservient to the mode, yet piquant in color and in decoration. Never deviating from the principles of good taste, she selects her lingerie wardrobe at Burdine's—

—in the springtime mood

Teddies of Silk Crepe de Chine \$3.95

Deliciously boudoir tinted silk crepe de chine Teddies are the rule in wardrobes of style-guided femininists. Panels of lace, yokes of embroidered net, shoulder strappings of two-tone ribbon, are trimming notes. Also silk radium teddies.

Shown in shades of flesh, peach, Nile and orchid. The illustration is not an exact copy of merchandise. Teddies shown in our stocks have no ribbon tie at waist.

Crepe de Chine Gowns \$4.95

A beautiful quality of silk crepe de chine patterns new Gowns in nuances of orchid, flesh and white. Pleats, Fillet, Callet Val and German Val laces are used for the yokings and skirt outlining. Tied at waist with ribbon. Sizes 15, 16 and 17.

—BURDINE'S—THIRD FLOOR

Sheerest Chiffon Stockings \$1.95

- flesh
- pink
- alesan
- sandust
- sunset
- moonlight
- white
- atmosphere
- champagne

—from Phoenix. A misty sheer stocking of chiffon service weight. Strengthening lisle feet make for practical wear. Perfectly full fashioned lengths. A splendid value at \$1.95 the pair.

—BURDINE'S—STREET FLOOR

St. Patrick Favors

—cards, place cards, and attractive favors for St. Patrick's Day are available in our Stationery Section.

BOOKS

—Burdine's —Second Floor

Burdine's A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORE

ON YOUR TRIP NORTH

BE SURE AND VISIT THE ATLANTIC BEACH HOTEL It's Different ATLANTIC BEACH, FLORIDA 18 Miles from Jacksonville Phone, wire or write for reservations

FLY With HARRY ROGERS Anywhere—Anytime Foot 8th St. and Biscayne Blvd. Day Phone 3-5474—Night 6075

Sip and Bite Shop

Next to First National Bank on Flagler Street

Where you'll really enjoy eating. Highest quality food only — excellent one-minute service — harmonious surroundings.

No Tipping—Open 24 Hours Second Cup Coffee Free

ROBERT M. THOMSON

ATTORNEY AT LAW Wishes to Announce the Removal of His —LAW OFFICES— TO SUITE 700, INGRAHAM BUILDING

Miami Tire Co.

N. O. PENNY, President

We are a Miami institution pure and simple, owned and operated by Miami people, and we want to assure you that your business is both wanted and appreciated.

Everything for Your Car N. E. 2nd St. at Miami Ave.

Radio Supplies Phones 7666-7668



Repair Parts

We have the finest assortment of replacement parts in the South, on the second floor of our store. If you have never tried our Parts Department let's get acquainted on your next repair job.



The High Spot of the Season!

FLAMINGO COURSE MARCH 18TH AND 19TH BISCAYNE BAY MIAMI, BEACH

AMERICA'S fastest power-boats in a two-day program which race experts characterize as the best ever run in these or any other waters—more than 100 speedy entries of every type and size. Car Wood's "Miss America's" out for the salt water speed championship of the world; splendid space for spectators ashore and afloat . . . two days of speed and thrills in tropical waters while March winds howl back home.

STAY for the REGATTA

Live at the Beach!

Where All the Important Sport Events Take Place

MIAMI BEACH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

