



“YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK”

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

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Storm Warning! Look Out, Politicians!

WELL, WHETHER it's due or not to this paper's steady campaign for the last three and a half years to shake Miami's electorate out of its apathy, our voters and taxpayers have at last awakened.

Last fall's elections at Miami Beach brought out nearly every qualified voter. Miami's municipal primary election this month polled seven or eight thousand more votes than were ever mustered before. Every candidate opposed to the Florida Power & Light Co. was nominated. There's a record-breaking registration for the coming general election. And last Wednesday night 15,000 or 20,000 people attended the racing rally in Royal Palm Park.

Times have changed. There's a new order in Dade county politics.

That Wednesday-night meeting interests us. Whenever a political problem such as pari-mutuel betting interests such a large percentage of our voters, there must be something doing. And when such a large group of voters rise to denounce our duly elected state representatives, it is time for every office-holder to have an inventory to decide whether he ought to represent himself or the people who took the trouble to stand in line for an hour or so then go into a sweaty polling booth to vote for him.

In the racing bill and the bill for the new county of Miami Beach, our duly elected representatives have proven they are not really representatives. Both bills provided for a vote—the racing bill for local option, and the Miami Beach county bill for a complete Dade county referendum. Could anything be fairer? And isn't it a fact that personal prejudice on the part of the representatives—or misrepresentatives, as it were—we worked so hard for last year

SCORE, AT LEAST, KILLED IN BLAST

(From the News May 18th)

MOST OF BODIES
IN SCHOOLHOUSE
ARE OF CHILDREN

Farmer Seen Lurking Near
Michigan Building
Sought

FOUR DYNAMITE
STICKS ARE FOUND

Man Under Suspicion
Recently Had Lost His
Farm

FOLLOWING out the same style of headline writing the News man who wrote the above captions would probably handle Coolidge's death like this:

COUNTRY, AT LEAST, MOURNS AT BIER

MOST PALLBEARERS
IN FUNERAL WEAR
MOURNING CLOTHES

Dynamite Fragments Found
in Gutter Near
Capitol

PRES. COOLIDGE
IS ASSASSINATED

Man Under Suspicion Is
Said to Have Lost
His Bomb.

has led to virtual defeat of these two bills that a majority of Dade county people are most interested in?

After all, why all this hullabaloo about racing and betting? We read over our Bible today and we find no prohibition in it about betting? It is not listed among the Ten Commandments. This inhibition about betting that our preachers have been trying to impose on us for many years seems to be an attempt upon the part of the clergy to improve on God's laws—and up to the present time they haven't got very far in Kentucky, Maryland, Illinois and some other states of the union.

And why should they?

Isn't wagering, or betting, or gambling the most natural thing in existence?

Anyone who says buying real estate in Miami during the boom was not a gamble is crazy.

As a matter of fact, there's very little we do in this human existence that isn't a gamble. Buying automobiles on installments, taking up oil leases, subscribing to insurance, driving on Flagler street—aren't all gambling? In almost everything we undertake we're gambling. Every man who sets up a business is betting his judgment is better than his competitor's. So why deprive some human beings who like horseflesh from the fascinating pastime of backing up their predictions with some greenbacks? The fact that there are a few weaklings who might steal from their employers in order to bet on racing should not warp our judgment; they'd steal anyway.

David probably bet some fellow citizen that he could hit Goliath in the eye; and Noah probably wagered an elephant or two that the flood was coming; and Samson undoubtedly risked several simoleons on his boast that he could tear down the temple in spite of his Miami Beach haircut. Is there any essential difference between betting on Sun Altos to pay money in the fifth race and a local church tearing down its well-built edifice and erecting a skyscraper thereupon in the hope that office-rent will pay for the building?

Hereafter, if we've got to have preachers represent us in the legislature, let's do the thing right and elect men who are really D. D.'s—and we could name several who'd be a lot fairer to the race track than this “business-man's ticket” we let slip in last fall!

The Lions Are Coming!

THE Lions' convention will be under way soon. It is going to be a big affair. It will bring more people to Miami at this time of the year than have ever been brought here before. Miami will be on probation while they are here and the returning Lions will carry back their impressions to other states. A splendid program has been mapped out. Everything is being done to entertain them. But—what about the city itself? If the city is a dirty spot or two. Empty stores if they have the interests of the city at heart; if they have time from their other business to bother about the Magic City for a few moments—then they should issue an ultimatum to the citizens to clean up and tidy the city before the Lions come. Just here and there throughout the city is a dirty spot or two. Empty stores should have the attention of the cleaner. All windows should be polished bright and all paint-work redone or washed. The city must be made to do its clean frock for the Lions are coming. Their impressions will do a great deal for Miami or will do it a lot of harm. Clean up, paint up, doll up. And after the Lions have come and gone—keep up the good work and make Miami the cleanest city in the United States. Just as it used to be before so many gave up hope.

Meter-ological Report

LAST JANUARY the Miami Life printing office was working three shifts—day and night—because business demanded it. The bill for electricity in that month was about \$90.

Since that time business has been gradually dropping off from the winter's peak and the shifts have been reduced to two and then to one.

As the work in the office declined during the spring and summer months the bill for electricity has gone up until last month when it was about \$149.

A protest to the Florida Power and Light Company brought forth a reduction of this bill to \$117. You see, the meter reader had inadvertently read one of the power meters as a light meter.

We dread the next electric bill for the current consumption has been much less this month. It's not right at all. Why, soon we will be paying as much as the average six-room residence does.

It is stated that the Florida Power & Light Company's motto is “Sunshine Service.” Can it be possible that they have made a deal with Old Sol and have got him sewed up for the next 29 years?

Round the TOWN with ROD

THIRTY CENTS
A NUMBER of complaints have been registered against the methods used by the city in collecting thirty cents a parcel for lots advertised in the delinquent tax list. When the owner has not paid his taxes at all he pays the extra thirty cents and lets it go at that. But there are other owners who pay their taxes, as one correspondent did, some time in April and are billed for a few of the extra thirty cent items. Almost a month before the first list was published one owner (who had already paid his taxes in full) was billed for sixty cents on two lots. An advertisement told owners they were allowed until May 1 to pay their taxes. Every owner who paid at that date would be billed for the advertising of his lot or lots. It is not much of an advertisement of the city's method of bookkeeping and sounds suspiciously like a holdup.

A CROWDED COURTROOM

The Collins' trial, in which the defendant confessed to the killing of both Mr. and Mrs. Nevers, with whom he lived out around 96th street, resulted in a verdict of manslaughter.

I attended most of the trial. It was not a dramatic affair. Rather it was one of morbidness and sordid details. The audience, composed largely of women seeking the sensational, and straining their necks to get a look at the well-groomed and fairly good-looking defendant—a defendant to all outward appearances the calmest man in the room—seemed to take pleasure in crushing and perspiring away for hours, in the hope that some choice morsel of the type featuring the Snyder-Gray affair might crop up.

Once, during the testimony of a waitress in an outlying road-house, it seemed that cherechez les femme was at hand, but it turned out to be a dud. The whole plot of the story lacked the ingredients of a sensation. It was merely the chronicling of a trio engaged in the manufacture of poor home-brew and who made the mistake of drinking the stuff themselves.

Weede Out the Constituents

J. S. RAINEY, county agent, received a query from Representative Fred L. Weede, inquiring as to just what the Dade county milk dealers wanted in the way of a tax on milk imported into Florida.

With milk selling at prices ranging from 22 to 30 cents, per quart, and half pints of cream retailing at 40 cents, an additional burden of five or ten cents might not be noticed by a consuming public already getting gouged from all sides.

Yet, the proposition shows in a way the great misrepresentation Miami and Dade county has been getting from its prize Tallahassee trio.

GOVERNOR MARTIN is now threatening to dry up the Everglades in spite of the Daily News. No wonder the Indians are moving out.

Deserted Gold Fields

POOR little kid!
You're stranded here aren't you?
Your crimson lips
That would trade a caress for perhaps a fortune
Or at least the safety of a comfortable marriage.
Are curled in defiance at a heedless world.
Your eyes still light
Beneath that frothy blonde hair.
You're stranded
But you won't admit it.
Will you?

AND you had such hopes when you left the little place called home

To make your career out of Miami.
You were going to cheat a little
On that thing called romance.
You knew what the cracked mirror told
You about yourself.
And the price man would pay.
You were coming to the gold fields of love
Because your blue-eyed hero who carried your school books
Taught you of the inconsistency of man.

POOR little kid!
What a thrill you had when you arrived here in midwinter.
The sun was bright and
So were your hopes.
You did it up right with your fancy bathing suit at the Roney Pools.
The tanned boy with the pointed mustache
Didn't take long to pick you out
And take you out
And soar your hopes to the high heavens.
It was nice when you found out who he was
And the other girls envied you
And you believed him.
Weren't their visions of summer mansions
With shining silver
And you behind the other silver candlestick on
That mahogany table?
You could stand a few years,
Long enough to salt enough away to never worry again.

THERE was a little doubt in your mind at the train time
When he promised to send for you.
The days wore on and
You tried to hit again.
Too bad it was too late.
You had played the losing game.
You still had the jig and dance left
And the wise cracks
And the small talk that those flash moments on Broadway
taught you.

BUT poor little kid,
Who is going to pay your carfare home?
Or are you going the other way
With fickle money in your stocking?

—JOE COPPS

POLITICS

THERE is one thing that we don't have to worry about. We didn't elect politicians to go to Tallahassee for us.

If Watson, Weede, Dillion and Wilson are politicians, a new rule book on the ways and means of ascending to a higher office or getting back on the old job will have to be written. The boys have kicked the old dogmas to the four winds and have succeeded in doing everything possible to prevent themselves from even becoming a delegate to a lodge convention again.

We might be wrong on this vote-getting procedure but if we had an eagle eye in the direction of the often abused ballot box we would at least attempt to convince our constituents that we were representing them. We would at least keep poised on the middle of the proverbial fence.

Here the boys have had a couple of straddling opportunities offered them. Still they are as bad off as Lindbergh on his non-stop flight to Paris. They're all over the ocean and may land in any spot to their serious disadvantage.

First, of course, comes the racing bill. Watson proposes and the other trio in the nosier house disposes. They can't see that by putting their OK on the local option measure, that must be submitted to the people of Dade county, they are not committing themselves to racing. The political wise would bluster out with the creed of self-determination. They'd have a logical apology to the long-haired who believe all race horses should be in corn-beef cans and would make a gesture towards those who snap their fingers at six dollars a race across the board at the Hialeah stadium.

They may probably heed the tremendous mass meeting in Royal Palm Park this week and leak the barn door after their political hobby horse has departed. But the voters at the next election will leave their little square on the ballot as clean as a Miami-laundryed shirt is of buttons.

Miami Beach wanted to have their own county commissioners (Continued on Page Four)

What Is Democracy?

(From Florida State News)

THE DADE county delegation has refused to introduce a bill in the general assembly for the creation of Miami Beach county. Proponents of the measure were extremely liberal when they asked their bill be offered with a county-wide referendum clause. There are only a few instances on record where counties in Florida were created under the referendum. Self determination is one of the bulwarks upon which democracy is founded.

We do not believe the Dade delegation is fair in declining to offer a bill giving the people of that county an opportunity to pass upon the question.

A Slow Motion Picture

ONCE upon a time there used to be fair transportation to the City of Coral Gables. All that is over now. If you want to go to the sister city you must have all sorts of time on your hands. It is hurting the Gables to some extent. People are leaving there and coming to live in Miami again because the transportation is so rotten.

The good people of Coral Gables are choking themselves to death, so to speak. If they want to prosper they must get busy and inject a little pep into transportation between Miami and that city. The rapid transit runs once in a while on a longer schedule than formerly. There are no busses that run into Coral Gables. The Flagler street car line is one of the most haphazard street railways in existence at this date.

Transportation in the Greater Miami district is about the worst in the world and it is time that something was done about it.

AN octopus was caught off Miami last Thursday. If the Florida Power and Light Company will arrange for transportation it can have its mascot back.

Beach Demands Are Fair

MIAMI BEACH is again giving the district a lesson in fairness. Blocked in their efforts to have Senator Watson introduce their measure to separate from Dade county, the beach delegation then requested the senator to amend the bill and provide a county-wide referendum.

Counties are generally created by a vote within the limitations of the proposed division but here comes a people so convinced that they are right in their stand, that they are willing to leave the decision in the hands of the citizens of Dade county.

It was a splendid loop-hole for Watson, but a bugaboo from the Dade commissioners shook a warning finger at him and he refused to introduce any new-county bill. He offered, however, to compromise with special legislation which would give Miami Beach the relief they are asking—and Dade taxpayers undoubtedly are going to set up a yell when they find out the cost.

As we have said before, we are not convinced that a new county would be the best thing just at this time but certainly our representatives should allow Miami Beach the privilege of placing its case before the voters of Dade county.

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

If Iry isn't having a lot of trouble trying to decide which one to propose to

When Handsome Harold is

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Mr. Goofey's First Reader

(With Apologies to Collier's)



Lesson #1

Who is this? This is old man Upkeep. Is he a rich old man? Yes, he is a very rich old man.

Lesson #2

What is this? This is a fire. What is burning? Money. Who's burning up money? Old man Upkeep. Why is he burning up money? Because he has money to burn.



Lesson #3

Who is this? This is a motorist. A smart motorist? No, a misguided motorist. What does he do? He supports old man Upkeep with his money. How does he give money to old man Upkeep? He leaves it somewhere.



Lesson #4

What is this? This is a causeway. Does old man Upkeep know about this causeway? Yes, this is where Misguided Motorist leaves a lot of his money for old man Auto Upkeep to find. Is it a long causeway? Yes, a very long causeway. Does old man Upkeep like long causeways? Yes, old man Upkeep is very fond of long causeways.



Lesson #5

What are these? These are two dimes. Whom do they belong to? They belong to Smart Motorist. Will old man Upkeep get these dimes? No, Smart Motorist will pay one of these for toll and save the other.



Lesson #6

What is this? This is where Smart Motorist will pay his toll. Is this a long causeway? No, this is Venetian Bridge—its two miles shorter. How will Smart Motorist save the other dime? By holding out on old man Upkeep.



make a lot of boy friends and if she's getting many party calls

Why Doc wanted to stay at the beach party Sunday night

Why McMann doesn't use his own car for such errands

Why it was better dancing on the deck of the little brown house on Alton road

How the tea room in Fort Dallas park got along Sunday morning

What Joe thought when the detective told him he would have to have a license the other night and how long it was before he realized that he was talking about the automobile

If Dave really likes the taste of Victrola records

If the blond was really curious about Joe's "It" and if she was disappointed

If the house with the stuffed fish in the dining room ever tells tales

If Harry's Sunday trips to the beach in his Chevrolet et al aren't often expensive

If Earl enjoyed her moonlight swim and if she is in favor of a certain law on bathing suits

If the "refined Mr. Frazure" ever found anyone desiring a chauffeur to drive north this summer

Where Dick B. lost his glasses and if he really is contemplating a trip to Atlanta to get some new ones

Why Happy sent Earl that S. O. S. message and what it contained

How a certain party liked the judges' decision

Why Armstrong won't let Martin introduce him to the bunch

Miami Life is READ—not skimmed

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WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

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in

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FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

LOIS MORAN

in

"Whirlwind of Youth"

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ALTHOUGH taxes form a large part of the cost of producing telephone service, this company does not object to paying its just proportion of the taxes necessary for the support of the government, the schools and other public institutions.

We do believe that telephone subscribers who supply the money will be interested in knowing what part of the money they pay for telephone service goes for taxes in the States of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee.

Our total tax bill in these States amounted to \$4,432,018 during 1926, an increase of 355 per cent since 1916, while the taxable property of the company increased only 142 per cent during this same period.

The combined tax and wage bill for last year reached a total of \$28,866,300.

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MIAMI LIFE IS READ—NOT SKIMMED

You Pays Your Money and Takes Your Choice

EDITOR MIAMI LIFE: I ask you, where did Percy get that idea that the editor of the "Miami Beach Beacon" had a hunch about the Democratic Convention. Doesn't Percy know that such a brilliant thought emanated from Mrs. D. A. McDougal, Democratic National Committeewoman for the State of Oklahoma? Anyone knowing Mrs. McDougal (and she is no stranger to Miami, having a home in Shenandoah, and having a splendid record of strenuous work done for the interests of Miami) can understand that action followed the thought, and she wrote to Mayor Ed. Romfh, who took up the matter with the Chamber of Commerce, and so on and so forth. Percy seemed so anxious to give credit for the idea to the originator, and seems to have failed sadly, so won't you just make this correction in your next issue.

HAROLD V. BROWN

EDITOR MIAMI LIFE: I notice that you are giving credit to a Miami Beach editor for starting the movement to bring the Democratic Convention here. This is entirely wrong. The first move in this direction was made by Senator Duncan U. Fletcher when he was here early this year. If you are anxious to give the credit where it is due you will publish this.

V. KAY

"SAMMEH OF MINSK GABAIRNYEH"

By "Doc" Benjamin

(Copyright, 1927, M. J. B.—Reproduction Prohibited)

EPPIS-OATE HATE.

VELL, wot I should tell you, pup pipples is spicken wot MeYmee is gattin' desoited. Yi-yi-yi! Lest wick so's wuz by me ah holiday. So I wuz tutt wot I'll go to de Bich wot I could go bathink hall alone. Vell, when I got to de Bich—hm-m-m-m, so wuz soch ah lodge kraut from pipples wot I tutt maybe its wuz ah rite!

So wuz ah lodge kraut from extinguished pipples. Dis kraut concluded soch pippel like Cholly Miller, wot he's ah nutted high-stapper; wid Jack Rescal, tsee wot, wot he's an extinguished musician; wot Tom, wid so moch more wot dis will gonna look like ah social register, yi-yi-yi!

So from hall dis pipples so I'm sure wot I'll gonna be collected for City Commissioner. Foist of hall, I promise dot we'll gonna have free rents! Wots de hidea wot we got to pay \$25 ah munt for five rooms wot it concludes ah slipping puch, wid ah dinink room, wid ah bad-room wid tween bads, wid ah kitchen, wid ah bath-room, wid huppen insenitary plumbing, wid ah grodge for your huttomobile, wid ah godden, wid poket floors. Wot hit hallso concludes Gezz, wid electric, wid furniture, wid linens, wid silver, wid daily mate service, wid ah janitor! Yi-yi-yi!

Where they gat soch noive from, hah? Nuh, nuh, nuh; when I'll gonna be de City Commissioner, I'll gonna promise you dot not only will you gat hall dot free, ubber you'll gonna gat yat somm money from de lendler wot you gave him

the privilege wot you're livink in his houze!

I'm stotting my champagne wid ah good pluffumm. Wote for me an gave me ah chence to prove wot I'll gonna do for MeYamee an bul-live me when I'm collected City Commissioner, so my success will gonna irrigate my hoppunnets wot its will show dem dot de pipples want there own candidate. Remember my pluffumm when you go to de poles to vote. I'm for de pipples wot they have suffered lung! I stend for Free Rent; wid Free oss rides; wid free gezz, light and power; wid free Benk loans; wid increases in de celery wid lass wot; de City to pay hall de tackses for de pippel wot hown de poor summer widowers wot there wives laft dem alunn.

Halls wot we should give to hall de woters free, ah Tan hacre trect from hoil lend; wid . . . vell, gave me your vote an if I dunt make for you dis lend of Pair-odice wot it'll gonna be ah Gairayden for de pipples, so my name wunt be Samme!

(To be continued)

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Greeby to Reduce Fat

Noted Dietitian Secures Exclusive Sanitation and Is Appointed Committee Member on Par With Ex-Real Estate

RHAMMERHEAD GREEBY, world-famous charge of the mess hall in the following appointed a committee of one by Chief Clerk of overweight policemen.

"Not that I desire any publicity in the case who was located by a Miami Life reporter in the 'but it is necessary that some good man take steps immediately, or else all the former jockeys from Joe Smoot's Hialeah place will be getting on the police force if men like Pat, Red and Soldier are not properly reduced."

Little Geraldine, the laughing foster child of Mr. Greeby, who was making mud pies and playfully tossing them at passing city busses, broke forth into laughter and remarked

that the three had already been properly reduced, but escaped serious results from the outbreak because some passing pedestrian chewing tobacco made a good shot. Greeby, highly incensed because

the old city commissioner had not provided sidewalk cuspidors, immediately made use of the large "Lot Edition" of the Herald, and forgot the interruption.

"I shall immediately install a dietian room in the north wing of the incinerator. All overweight policemen must report there and secure reduction calories. Only predigested food, which has been thoroughly tested by passing through all garbage drivers' hands, and been thoroughly incinerated, will be allowed on the training table.

"A sample of the menu, as recommended by Dr. Ziebold is as follows, but please don't mention it in the paper, for it might interfere with Doc's becoming the next city manager."

The reporter having promised not to mention it, Mr. Greeby, with the aid of his two twin sons, Absolutely, the eldest, and Positively, the youngest, submitted the following menu, printed on one of those "Elect a Business Man Commissioner" cards:

- BREAKFAST: Silo Juice, Radish Tops, Fried Croton Oil, LUNCH: Nothing, DINNER: Stewed Bran, Broiled Grapefruit Skins, 3-in-1 Oil Dressing, Boiled Hearts of Alfalfa, Brown Sugar Sauce, Crisp Rye Bread, Incinerator Browned, Iceless Water

"Smoking after meals will be positively prohibited," stated Greeby, "but I have no objection if the boys desire to take a few whiffs from the remains from some kosher banquet are being tested. The menu will be changed weekly, and the results will be published in all the leading papers. By this method it is expected that the police will be materially reduced.

"Fraud will be eliminated. That little fat fellow on the post office corner may think he's reducing by wearing a larger coat, but if he attends class regular he won't need to resort to such subterfuges."

The reporter, having secured all the information necessary regarding the police department, inquired of Mr. Greeby if it was a fact that the "Time for a Change League" was grooming him for Florida's next governor, but on advice of his counsel, Bob Taylor, refused to answer, except with the remark that the league would certainly be doing a great public good if it followed that suggestion.

"I do not desire no publicity in the matter, but some guiding hand should have charge of them. Everglades bond money, and the public would know where the money went



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THE PASSER-BY



A Few Paragraphs From Percy

THOSE six men who managed to get nominated for the election are going to be asked a lot of questions that are going to be jolly difficult to answer. In fact, several groups are getting ready with questionnaires that would make your hally old hair curl. Labor is getting ready with a broadside of "we want to know" among which will be one that will take a rap at civic departments. They want to elicit a promise from the nominees to the effect that they will, immediately on being elected, fire every married woman whose husband is already working or any married man whose wife is working full time in a city department. They want no two persons in one family raking in a pay envelope each week. It seems a good idea and one that will distribute money over a larger area. Here's hoping they'll have some success.

We have an expenditure requisition from the office of Our Little Nell referring to a piece of work done in Coral Gables. The figures are interesting. For instance, the total estimated cost of the job is \$692 and the estimated annual revenue \$480. This, according to this document, will leave \$240 as the net from operation. This is about 35 per cent on the initial outlay—a fair return, we'll say.

There's an increasing number of complaints about the cost of hair cuts and shaves to say nothing of shins, in this jolly old burg. While everybody wants to see the union worker get a living wage it is also necessary that the customers be allowed to live and indulge in a hair cut shave or shine as often as possible. There are far too many barber shops in this city. Quite a number are non-union shops. The non-union shops are cutting prices to some extent and giving a hurry-up hair cut or shave that is far from satisfactory. Here is one place where the local unions can help the city dwellers. Expensive hair cuts and shaves kill a lot of business. It is better to have a little less for the work and have a lot more work to do.

Work is just starting in Coral Gables on the new Seaboard station. It will be situated on Coral Way in the new addition to that city. Besides this novelty in railway construction plans are out and work will start soon on a new city hall. The city hall will be situated on Coral Way and will face down towards Ponce de Leon boulevard. The building will have a colonaded front in semi-circular form and will be one of the city's finest buildings.

Real estate is moving again and the prices are back to those in vogue in 1924. For those who have the cash many snaps can be picked up and are being picked up by discriminating buyers. Sales are not confined to any one part of Greater Miami. They are dotted all over the city and outlying districts. N. W. Seventh avenue will see a near boom in real estate activity within the next year. That is destined to be one of the busiest streets in Miami—and the time will not be long.

Vacation Excursion Tickets now on sale by Seaboard Airline Railway; for further information, Pullman Reservations, Descriptive Literature, etc., Consult Agents, phone 8161-6104.



SOLE AGENTS Sewell Bros. 72 E. Flagler St.

The Call of the Mild

Editor Miami Life:—I have been living in Miami since 1924 and have met quite a few very fine women—figuratively speaking—but all of them have been afflicted with the gimmies, more or less, especially since the boom. It seems that the girls still have the idea that every man they meet is a "three-inch steak man."

What has become of the good old-fashioned girl who was satisfied with a nice walk in the park and the promise of a ham sandwich?

What I am driving at is this: Why can't we boys organize a Walk and Promise League? Something has to be done. I, for one, can no longer afford two or three quarts of liquor, high-powered motors and expensive night clubs.

The city has anticipated the needs of the young folks. It has built a park on the bayfront. But no one seems to be deriving any benefit from it except "Our Nell" and a few gardeners who are on the payroll.

This park is ideal in every respect. There is always a good view of the moon shining over the rippling water; ample benches under beckoning palms; walks that wind through sunken gardens; in fact a more romantic setting would be hard to find.

Let's have some action on this Walk and Promise movement.

We agree with J. P. T. that a Walk and Promise League would help when the exchequer is low. The only trouble is that the cops would turn us out of the park at midnight, that being one of the rules. Also, the girl could not knit on Sundays as there appears to be an ordinance against knitting on the Sabbath in public. And a girl who would want to belong to the League would want to knit—just to keep her hands occupied. Then the ham sandwich might not appeal if her name was Rebecca. There are a few details to be worked out, but the movement has possibilities. With Biscayne rippling to the east; romance lurking in the shadows; and all those electric lights—love, honor and a bay would be the vogue again.

J. P. T.

Eagle Squawks At Our Nell

UNDER the heading of "Light and Power Essentially a Monopoly," The American Eagle, published at Estero, Fla., gives some facts and figures about Our Nell. The following is an extract from the leading article in the current issue:

The word "monopoly" is from the Greek "monos," meaning alone, and "polein," meaning to sell, therefore one having sole or exclusive selling right in a given territory. The stock of privately owned electric power and light monopolies is mainly held by non-residents to the territory in which they operate. Territory, as often an entire state, is controlled by subsidiary companies under varying names, these in turn being owned by giant holding corporations with headquarters in leading financial centers of the north. Thus the syndication of electric light and power plants in Florida began inconspicuously under the operations of the Southern Utilities Company—recently absorbed by a more powerful combination called the Florida Power and Light Company. While it is not, perhaps, widely known, the Florida Power & Light Company is in turn owned by the Electric Bond and Share Corporation, a gigantic holding concern that is said to own 140 electric light and power companies throughout the United States and foreign countries.



FRANK'S MAGIC

Will turn sadness into gladness. See him! 204 Halcyon Arcade

THEY TELL ME

THAT Chief Wood must have been in a great hurry to get back from his vacation, if the speed he was making across the causeway could be taken as a criterion

THAT great curiosity was manifested in the name of the man getting a permanent wave in a beach beauty shop

THAT Jack would make a good publicity man . . . if he doesn't fall down on the job again

THAT Latch and Bernice are a great little couple

THAT Jerry Weinberg won the about that insidious thing, which

ing on a recent report of the Federal Trade Commission as follows:

"The trade commission also uncovers financial control of these power corporations by certain banking groups that reap huge profits through their 'holding companies,' while the stockholders of the local power corporations have to be content with an 8 to 12 per cent return. The commission finds that some of these holding companies reaped from 19 per cent to 55 per cent profit in 1924 and from 21 per cent to 40 per cent in 1925, in addition to dividends on preferred stock and interest on mortgages. Many of these holding companies represent little or no actual cash investment, but are simply milking devices for profiteering on the power consumers of the country."

A recent innovation has been instituted in the selling of small blocks of stock in local or subsidiary companies to residents in the various operating localities, this being a very cleverly conceived plan to enlist local support and endorsement of the company, on the theory that a man's sympathies are usually in the direction where his money is invested. It will be noted, however, that no stock is being peddled of the holding corporations which make the big rake-off from the subsidiary light and power companies.

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LITTLE GERALDINE There was a heated discussion as to how much liquor a Scotsman could hold and Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed because she knew he would any given quantity.

men's beauty contest at the Biscayne fronton

THAT Mary and Mattie do not like their new apartment, or is it the restrictions

THAT Joe's new manicurist wants to be mentioned in this column.

THAT both of the fighting blondes have left Miami

THAT Eleanor should try to keep from crying when she knows that mascara runs

THAT Charlotte's new boy friend has an odd-shaped nose for an Irishman

THAT two certain prominent anti-racing league members were not opposed to racing some two years ago

THAT Al is rushing the little manicurist again—now that his parents are away for the summer

THAT Edith needn't have tried so hard to keep it a secret, for everyone knew about it

THAT J. B. evidently doesn't waste his valuable time reading advertisements, and so couldn't be expected to know anything

even his best friends won't tell him

THAT Harry J. is convinced now that a Ford is much easier to park than a Lincoln—also easier to buy as, etc., for

THAT Phil and Mary have about decided to change Mary's last name

THAT Florence has stopped wearing hair nets

THAT the Georgia crackers who are worrying themselves and everyone else with tidal wave predictions should go back to Georgia and the boll weevil

THAT Lillian must spend a lot of time digging up the past lives of her friends

THAT Tommy received what might be called a royal welcome when he arrived Wednesday after a three-day absence

THAT Jack doesn't seem as happy as he did a week ago,

but it's a long walk to Indianapolis

THAT C. M. R. is stepping out quite a lot lately considering the fact that he admits he is a confirmed woman hater

THAT it won't be long now until a lot of curious folks will find out just how serious Ted is in his attentions to the pretty little divorcee

Why— is the RED CROSS PHARMACY Miami's Busiest Drug Store

Graves Pharmacy Collins Avenue at Seventh Street MIAMI BEACH Prescription Specialists Expert Registered Pharmacists Always in Charge at This Store

Georgette —is Fashion's Choice for summer frocks \$14.95 Lending themselves so amiably to the mode of the moment, georgettes achieve a foremost fashion place. Likable for coolness and for comfort, they are at the same time adaptable to the most intricate style formulas. Both sports and more dressy frock types are shown in white and in pastel shades. Cool, Alluring 2-Piece Costumes Yes, most of them are two-piece styles because Fashion so prefers. New necklines, cleverly concealed plaits and embroidered jackets add interest. Sizes 14 to 40. —THIRD FLOOR

Gifts of Lingerie for Graduates and Brides You'd better be pulling on your "thinking cap" and deciding just what your present is going to be to Graduate or Bride-Elect of June! Surely you'll decide in favor of lingerie—it is the gift universally acceptable! Silk Dance Sets, \$5.95 Brassiere and step-in sets of silk crepe de chine, attractively trimmed in Val laces and nets. Other styles daintily piped in georgette bands of contrasting color. In white, Nile, flesh, and peach. Silk Teddies, \$5.95 Crepe de chine and georgette garments, bedecked with laces, strapped with ribbons, outlined at waist by ribbon ties. In soft shades of flesh, of pink and white. BURDINE'S THIRD FLOOR

Burdine's A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORE

The Seaboard Builds its Coral Gables Station

THE most convincing answer to which way the barometer of business reality and values is trending, is in the concrete instance that the Seaboard Air Line Railway has just let its contract to the H. & H. Construction Company, of Coral Gables, for the building of its Coral Gables main line station at Avenue P and Coral Way.

Railroads do not spend millions of dollars to reach communities that are dead or dying. Everybody is familiar with the spectacular struggle of the Seaboard to build into Greater Miami, to tap Coral Gables, and move on down to Homestead and the rich farming lands of the Redlands area. Only a few weeks ago the line to and through Coral Gables was completed and the first train welcomed in.

Now that the contract is let and work starting upon one of the most attractive, tropically beautiful stations in Florida—a station of Spanish architecture, adapted to the tropical situation which is the great builder of South Florida.

The main approach will be from Coral Way. Passengers arriving will find themselves immediately in a semi-tropical garden or patio with low enclosing walls—a patio planted in tropical shade trees and flowers, giving arrivals from the North the instant atmosphere of America's Only Tropics. The patio, a decidedly unusual feature, is 41 by 36 feet.

A screened porch or loggia leads from the patio to the principal waiting room, affording a pleasant open-air shelter. The loggia will be paved with Cuban tile and its ceiling will be vaulted. The main waiting room ceiling will be beamed with pecky-cypress. There will be a cast-stone fireplace, and the floor will be of Cuban tile.

A tower 50 feet high will have provision for a four-faced clock. The train-shed, 180 feet long, will be entirely covered with Cuban tile roof. In its entirety the station is a high example of the Coral Gables standard of beautiful and substantial building. Its frame is of reinforced concrete, its wall of stuccoed terra-cotta tile.

Railroad passenger service inevitably means an increment in the fundamental values of lots and homes in Coral Gables. Let Coral Gables Sales Corporation, Today, aid you in a wise selection of rightly-placed property—at prices that probably never will be lower than NOW.

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