



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

5 Cents a Copy in Greater Miami
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Shall Printing Presses Roll—AWAY?

AND THE VERY first act of the new city publicity committee was to consider the awarding, without competitive bids, of the city's booklet printing contract to an outside concern—moreover, to an F. E. C. concern.

The printing of the city booklet amounts to only \$32,000. Thirty-two thousand dollars isn't a great deal of money, but it would go a long way toward keeping local printing plants, employing a class of people who are an asset to any community, from going into bankruptcy.

This paper, for instance, owns and operates the General Printing Company, one of the largest printing plants in the South, and admittedly one of the finest. Its payroll amounted to nearly \$100,000 last year. That payroll keeps many families who vote, own homes and pay taxes. That payroll helps increase the population of Dade county, thereby providing more "boost" material for the city's publicity agents.

Yet we are not trying to get this contract. We weren't even invited to bid on the job. But there are several printing plants in Dade county that want the job, that are able to handle it, and that need it. It is in their behalf we're writing this editorial.

A private concern could be excused for going out of Dade county for cheap prices. But there is absolutely no excuse for this municipality seeking bargains, whether it is in connection with printing, paving or painting. Cheaper prices, of course, can be obtained outside of Dade county. But doesn't it cost more to live in Dade county than in St. Augustine, where the F. E. C. railroad operates the favored printing plant? Aren't rents higher, city administrations more extravagant, taxes more staggering, necessities of life more absurdly priced, than anywhere else in Florida? And aren't these conditions largely due to our city fathers who inflict \$14,000,000 bond issues on us at a time when we're groaning under the weight of every conceivable burden that was ever thrust upon a citizenry.

The publicity committee should be the last group to go outside of Dade county to seek low bidders. Responsible as they are for present conditions in Miami, they, instead, should steadfastly endeavor to preserve home industry, save reputable Dade county concerns from receiverships, and keep that dollar—that dollar we're all anxious about—circulating in Miami, where we'll all have an opportunity of seeing it once in a while. Shall printing presses roll for Miami—AWAY from Miami?

WEATHERMAN GRAY denies that the United States government has appropriated \$7.65 for a new set of hurricane flags. He is positive in his assertion that the old ones can still be used.

Causeway Car Lines

THERE has been great haste in the last few days to get a fence up along the sides of the causeway. Much is being talked about a foot-high curb. Trees will be planted all along the sides. Everything will be done to prevent an automobile from running into the bay. But the street car lines, sometimes flush with the paving, sometimes more than a foot above the ground, will be left that way to remain a menace to drivers.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

(Little Nell doffs a hat to Mr. Tennyson)

Half a volt, half an "amp,"
Half a watt onward
All through the heat of the summer
Thundered the meters.
"Forward the Light Brigade!"
"Charge for the juice" they said
All through the heat of the summer
Thundered the meters.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there bill unpaid?
Not though the users knew
Someone had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to pay and sigh
As through the heat of the summer
Thundered the meters.

Bills to the right of them,
Bills to the left of them,
Bills in front of them
Came by the carload;
"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Oh, what a charge they made!
All through the heat of the summer
Thundered the meters.

—JOE C. COPPS

Mr. Helser, We Are Sorry

IF WE had the facilities we should have, we'd be able to give you the low-down on Mr. Helser's dismissal—call it resignation, if you like—from the Chamber of Commerce.

We're certain there is a real story back of it. But due to hard times, we're not able to investigate the Chamber of Commerce as we should.

We only know that Charlie Helser is a fine fellow, a capable executive, the finest secretary the Miami Chamber of Commerce ever had.

This paper hopes that he connects with some firm or institution that will appreciate him.

NOW that the Martin-Dann debate is over, it is likely that many citizens will spend the next year debating about who won.

They Are Still With Us

OF LATE, due to some cause or other, probably the lack of business, several agencies have argued about the need of an improvement in Miami. They claim that a clean up and a paint up week are necessary to put Miami back on the map.

Dr. Ziebold knows, or he should know, that rents have been reduced to a point in Miami below that offered in any other city. The city official also knows that vacant houses are scattered all over the city at rates which even astonish the Chamber of Commerce.

Is it possible that some influences are at work which still permit the continual operation of the tourist camps surrounding Miami? Are they not an eyesore and a detriment to the city? Is it not a fact that the people residing in these camps lack that necessary civic pride which aids a city's progress?

Or are they maintained because the city officials are afraid of resultant complaint from the owners thereof, or is it the same old story of influence which protects at the cost of those citizens who have been so lax as to let such officials direct the destinies of a city in its swaddling clothes?

WELL, anyway, that Martin-Dann Everglades drainage debate proved to a great many persons that a certain portion of the state is in LIQUIDATION.

The Osius Verdict

THE VERDICT brought in by the jury in the Osius case came as a surprise to Miamians, the surprise being that any Dade county jury had nerve enough to find a wealthy and influential citizen guilty of manslaughter.

We are not interested in punishing Mr. Osius. He's probably had punishment enough, mentally and physically. We were merely interested in seeing that his case was made an example to prevent, if possible, reckless driving on the causeway.

The finding was a distinct victory for law in Miami. It has demonstrated that wealth and influence count for naught when lives are jeopardized. It has demonstrated that there is still justice in Dade county—and officials with nerve enough to administer it.

Treat 'Em Right

MIAMI will have the Shriners' convention next year. And the Elks will hold their convention here next year. An effort is being made to bring the Rotary convention here in 1929. At Paris, next September, an effort will be made to bring the Legion convention here next year. Altogether, it looks like a good year for conventions coming. All well and good. Now, people, this convention business is good stuff. It is worth going after and worth retaining. Miami has a chance to be the great convention city of the country. Only. When conventions are being held in the city there must be no overcharging; no gypping of the delegates and visitors. Miami has killed one golden goose and she must quit the rough stuff if she wants to prosper. The Magic City must become a reasonable place to hold conventions in. Prices must be kept down so that the delegates and visitors will go home full of praise for the Magic City. Most of the hotels and apartment houses have reverted back to the original owners or the mortgage companies. Prices must be based on the present valuation of property, not on the inflated values of a year or so ago. Miamians must get out of the reprehensible habit of considering the visitors and tourists in dollars and cents. Miami gave the Lions a good time. There were not many of them, it is true, but what there were went back home with praise for the Magic City on their lips—and that is the best advertising we get. Let us start in to make them glad to come, glad to stay with us and glad to come back. They will leave a lot of money behind them but that is not the main point. Let's give them good value and a good time.

MIAMI BEACH police spend several hours a day practicing revolver-shooting up on La Gorce Island. But so far as we know not even an hour a week is spent instructing them in the uses of the pulmotor, rescuing drowning people, or first-aid. Several officers tell us they don't even know whether the two beach pulmotors, purchased at the angry behest of the citizenry a year or two ago, are located.

They are carefully trained in the method of taking a life. But they know little about saving a life.

Two Landing Fields

NOT satisfied with one landing field to make Miami an airport two sitqs have been secured by the city. One is at Hialeah, and will be used for aeroplanes; the other is on the Venetian causeway and will be used for hydroplanes. These two fields have been leased at one dollar a year. And that's about all that sort of arrangement is worth. Double lighting, marking and equipping is going to cost more money than these "free" fields are worth.

THE justices of the peace of Dade county have organized. They are determined to improve business. Any member cutting warrant rates from \$10.00 to \$9.98 will be summarily dealt with.

To Keep Them Amused

NEXT year when all those conventionists are here what are we going to do to keep them amused. Thousands will attend and their opinion of Miami will be based on the reception they receive and the amount of diversion they can get in the Magic City. Staging a big time fight would help some and bring a lot more down here. Many amusements will have to be arranged for the visitors, and now is the time to start arranging them.

A CLASS Paper With MASS Circulation!

CAN YOU FIND, anywhere else in the United States, a class paper with a mass circulation, such as **MIAMI LIFE** has? A paper printed with such care, so typographically perfect, using such excellent paper stock and inks, so teeming with items of LOCAL interest, with such vigorous editorials and humor and constructive criticism and absorbing stories; a paper that so strikes the fancy of a great metropolis like Greater Miami that it is "sold out" within two or three hours after issuance; a weekly paper that has as many readers as the biggest daily in Miami; a paper whose immense circulation never has required the stimulus of prize contests and which does not even have to employ street carriers to get it into every home in Miami; a Miami paper that has the "reader interest" of the greatest magazines!

To You Who Are Not Advertising With Us: When you drive several blocks to your favorite newsstand to buy **MIAMI LIFE**, when you ward off your family until you read every line of it, when you show it to everybody who comes to visit you, and when you carefully preserve it for weeks and weeks—Remember, 80,000 or more people in South Florida are doing the same thing. IT'S **THE** paper that's destined to be Miami's finest advertising medium!

Miami Life

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

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LOOKING BACK Over Miami Life Files

February 14, 1925.

Can We Afford to Lose Carl Fisher?

IT BEGINS to be apparent that the four years' warfare waged by E. G. Sewell upon Carl G. Fisher's development of Miami Beach harbor has reached a rather grave crisis, one serious enough to alarm all Miamians who give a tinker's dam about the future.

It is becoming too evident that the strife will wind up either in the elimination of Sewell or the retirement of Carl Fisher. Does either prospect appeal to you?

To state the situation baldly, if Ev Sewell continues to embarrass Fisher, we'll pick up our paper some morning and read that Carl G. Fisher has taken himself and his empire-building elsewhere in Florida.

Don't you think we'd better leash Ev up for a time while we weigh this possibility? It's bound to come. Not that Fisher has made any such threat. He's not that kind of person. But our common sense tells us that he will no longer tolerate the obstacles, big and little, serious and petty, that Ev Sewell (through the Miami Chamber of Commerce) has placed in his way for several years. And we know that every resort in Florida is offering him every sort of inducement to leave Miami Beach.

The latest affront is a protest by the Miami Chamber of Commerce against the proposed sale of a three-acre piece of ground at the bay entrance to the Peninsular Terminal Company, which needs the land for the proposed development of Miami Beach's harbor. The Miami Chamber of Commerce, mind you, opposes Fisher's getting it; the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce unanimously endorses its sale to Fisher.

Sounds petty, doesn't it? Well, it is petty—just about the most childish thing, the most tactless thing, the most harmful thing, that the Miami Chamber of Commerce has ever been guilty of. Further, it puts the two chambers of commerce on record before the war department as enemies. A mighty poor policy!

It is silly, ludicrously contentious, on the face of it. It is without justification. It is typically Sewellian.

Were any big developer but Carl Fisher seeking this islet, Ev Sewell would be making trips to Washington to enable him to get it. We can easily imagine the huge credit he would take for interesting new capital in Miami.

But because Carl Fisher seeks it—and Ev resents the possibility of anyone else getting the glory for our harbor development—he opposes the sale, no matter what the cost.

Ev isn't hard to understand. His ego—and vindictiveness—are well known. But we can't understand the attitude of the level-headed directorate and membership of the Miami Chamber of Commerce. Their mesmeric leader seems to have deprived them of reason, sense of justice, or appreciation of Fisher's status in Miami development.

Does anyone have to be reminded that Carl Fisher is the outstanding developer of Florida today; that he is one of the most dramatic city-builders in the United States; that his name is linked throughout the north with Miami's development more than that of any other person?

All that Miami Beach is today can be traced directly to Fisher; also, a great deal of Miami's development. He has spent millions in Miami Beach, and he has made millions for himself; but he has made many, many millions more for other people. He has been responsible for bringing more people of wealth and fame to Miami than any other man in this section—we'll go further and assert that more credit is due him for the list of notables now at Miami Beach than to both chambers of commerce combined.

He is an asset whose value is almost incalculable. An astute New York banker says \$50,000,000; others say more; and he'd be worth even more to Tampa, Palm Beach or St. Petersburg.

Is it possible that Miamians don't realize this? And, if they do, is it possible they will continue to subject him, whose worst sin seems to be doing too much for Miami Beach, to further affronts, insults and embarrassment?

JUST IN JOSH

TODAY'S FASHION NOTE:

The slim silhouette will still be popular in Miami circles this summer as the vogue of dieting continues. It will be especially noticeable among realtors. Belts are being worn tighter this season.

Thousands of Tampa cigar workers staged a sympathetic strike Thursday in protest against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Probably on the basis of the old proverb that if you take away enough rope, you can't hang a man.

The Miami post office celebrated its 14th anniversary this week. In commemoration of the event, three bags of mail were sent to the dead letter office, seven real estate firms were forbidden the use of the mails because of non-payment of postage, all available letters addressed to the Northeast section were delivered promptly to appropriate numbers in the Southwest section, and postage due stamps were playfully affixed to all Nobsomarsilk hoovers circulars.

The mail carriers were given a half holiday Thursday. Joyously they prepared picnic suppers, and went for a long walk about town.

Our new city manager, Doc Ziebold, has been slashing municipal salaries in a most un-Whartonlike fashion. It is even rumored that the pay of the city commissioners is to be cut to 98 cents.

But seriously, he has been so rash as to make some of the chair-warmers' vacations official ones; and has reduced the pay

PARADOXICAL

Miami should make a good convention city—it is so unconventional.

of others. Oooh, la, la, Ziebold thing!

When interviewed at a late hour last night, Horatio G. Hassenpfoof, prominent local realtor, stated that he had just decided not to take a summer vacation this year. He admitted that it was most encouraging to find conditions too active to permit him to leave. "Three different times," he stated, "I had started to depart, but each time a brakeman—I mean, a client—persuaded me that my presence was urgently required in the city."

A friend of his, Lucien Blyful, corroborated his statement. "I see no reason to complain of slow business conditions. Business, I may say, is pressing." Mr. Blyful thoughtfully touched his iron with a wet finger, and went energetically to work.

"Yonder," remarked the man with the horn-rimmed glasses, "is Prof. Twityll of the University of Miami. He is the leading educational genius of the country, and its most popular professor."

"How come?" inquired the quiet man whom nobody had noticed before, or after.

"Professor Twityll, sir, is the first man in any college to head his examination questions with the title, 'Ask Me Another.'"

—D. W. M.

Sam Peeper's Diary

JULY 16.—This morning awakened by a loud knocking at the door. It was the landlord asking for rent. I told him I wasn't in, and he went away. Took a stroll past a new restaurant. Went in and congratulated the proprietor. Besides breakfast I managed to borrow fifty cents. Business is surely picking up.

Did go into the laundry and secured my last month's bundle. Informed manager that three of my silk shirts were missing. He gave me \$6.00 for the alleged missing shirts and I therewith paid unto him the sum of \$4.85 due on the bundle. With the dollar fifteen I partook of a hearty meal and bought for myself two nicker cigars. Business appears better.

Attended the place where shifting pictures are shown. Asked the usher if I might inspect the building as my wife had lost therein a ring of great value. He let me in and while he went about looking for the alleged lost ring a remarkable picture was viewed by myself. Better times apparently are coming.

By means of waving my arms a motorist who passed in a car gave heed and a ride to myself. The trip across the causeway was much enjoyed. By accepting a cigar from the driver we became fast friends. I did give unto him the name of my favored bootlegger, and escorted him to the place that he might not be mistaken. I accepted of his offer to have a drink. By conversing with him quite a bit I did gather information he was of a certain college. We drank to his alma mater. Although it was my turn to make thereof a purchase, I had neither checkbook nor money with me. He graciously advanced me the sum of five dollars and we partook of another imitation. An important engagement having to do with business called him away. I regretted to see him depart. Money seems more plentiful.

A lady, which one would describe as of the blonde type, passed along the roadway. By use of my knowledge of the fair sex I inveigled her to accompany me back to the chateau of the favored bootlegger. Therein we had many fancy concoctions. As she had an appointment with her husband, and as the money which I possessed had entirely disappeared, I bade her a fond evening just as the bartender presented a bill for the last round. Although the bartender made loud noises, I did give him but little heed. If business picks up on the morrow I shall return.

Returning to my domicile I was astounded to discover I had company. It seems that the sheriff did desire to see me, and had dispatched a personal representative that I might find the way. The representative, a burly sort of fellow, crowded me on the way over to visit the sheriff. I restrained myself from doing him bodily harm, as I did not wish to give offense unto the sheriff. He read me a paper from my former landlord



Winner Take All

TOMMY MADDEN and Ben Spivey are going to battle in the main event Monday night at the Ball Park on a "winner take all" basis. Madden has fought here twice, defeating Dorland on one start and losing to Baby Stribling on the other. It was while training for the Stribling melee that Spivey started angling for a winner take all bout with Madden.

Ben was engaged as a sparring partner for Madden, but in a workout the first day Spivey claims that he slapped Madden all over the ring and that the West Virginian would not box with him again because Ben was showing him up.

Spived tried for a match with Madden but met with no success as Madden's manager told the Georgia boy to get a reputation first, all of which helped to get Bens' anger up to the point that he is willing to defeat Madden or lose his end of the purse trying.

Dandy Kid Dorland will meet Battling Boyd over the ten-round route as the semi-final. A complete list of preliminaries will be announced later.

and did take me to the sheriff's country residence, a large place, fenced and towered, with many man servants thereabouts. He did open up a gate and escort me inside the grounds, being gentleman enough to see that I passed in first. The sheriff was not there so I was told that I might await his arrival. I was given permission to await in a large anteroom tenanted with groups of men. It was not so gallantly furnished, but I did not further worry. Instead I seated myself on a soft wood divan and soon passed into slumber.

In the morning my shoes and a newly laundered shirt had disappeared. I shall tell the sheriff about this as soon as he appears.

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

If Lora E. ever found out who wrote the two poems she found in her mail box

Why Mac is so shy in the presence of ladies

Why Grace dropped out of the crowd

How Ike liked to be an "also ran"

When Gil expects to "culmi-

"ELECTRICITY AND WOMAN"

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—Exciter.
If she gets too excited—Controller.
If she talks too long—Interrupter.
If she is willing to come halfway—Meter.
If she will come all the way—Receiver.
If she wants to go farther—Conductor.
If she wants to be an angel—Transformer.
If you think she is picking your pockets—Detector.
If she proves your fears are wrong—Compensator.
If she goes up in the air—Condenser.
If she wants chocolates—Feeder.
If she sings inharmoniously—Tuner.
If she is a poor cook—Discharger.
If her dress unhooks—Connector.
If she eats too much—Reducer.
If she is wrong—Rectifier.
If her fingers and toes are cold—Heater.
If she gossips too much—Regulator.
If she fumes and spatters—Insulator.
If she becomes upset—Reverser.

nate his romance," and if he hadn't better hurry

If Fergie won the championship . . . and if so what his title will be

Why M. T. has taken such a dislike to a certain polly parrot

If Bob can't find someone who can give him her telephone number

How C. B. gets away with parking his car on a red curb downtown all day . . . or if it is only talk

How Ruth enjoyed the truck ride Tuesday evening

When the two middle aged Romeos will get another night out

How George and Hank got back in time for the last act

When Laura will take that much talked of trip to the Philippines

If C. R. is really related to the famous family of Atlanta

Why Louisa thought the situation was "ambiguous"

What Will did with the two green bathing suits

If Jane will take a ride to the groups of men. It was not so gallantly furnished, but I did not further worry. Instead I seated myself on a soft wood divan and soon passed into slumber.

How many took a buggy ride

with the same lady last Saturday evening at Steve's party

If the taxi driver had anything to do with that holdup . . . and if Flip is wise

Why gentlemen prefer blondes . . . and if Lila can answer the question for us

When will Steve get that car put in shape

How a certain party liked the judge's decision

How Earl and Happy are getting along these days

How Doris is enjoying married life

Where Margery is keeping herself

When Opalocka will take over

that song that we have had the pleasure of hearing

Why both Otto and Bill were at the station last Friday morning to meet the lady

Why J. D. says that everything is going to be all right now

When the grandstand will be finished out at the ball park

When Syd will pop the question

Where Steve C. found his hat . . . and if he recognized it when he did find it

Why Sam took his chauffeur along

If Hugh is going to put those huge watermelons on the market

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Deluxe

DANCING DINING ENTERTAINMENT

ARE YOU AWAKE to the TAMAMI TRAIL

JAMES E. CALKINS, ex-President of the Florida Senate, noted corporation attorney and statesman, last year through Coral Gables advertising, authorized the statement that one of the prime influences prompting his purchase of a home in Coral Gables, was because the Tamiami Trail would soon be completed. He was sure it would bring tremendous activity in the development of traffic from coast to coast, and considerable development and increase in values south and southwest of Miami. He as a senator had aided in determining part of the Trail's route from the West Coast, through Monroe County.

Miamians, those of you who are awaiting some signal, as to the trend of values—look to the Tamiami Trail! Great progress is being made upon its construction. Contract for the last link has been awarded and the work is under way. The Tamiami Trail—in 1928—will bring Miami more than 200 miles nearer for the vast tourist traffic which arises in the middle western states, than any present route. And it is a fact that the greatest volume of Miami's tourist traffic originates in these middle western states.

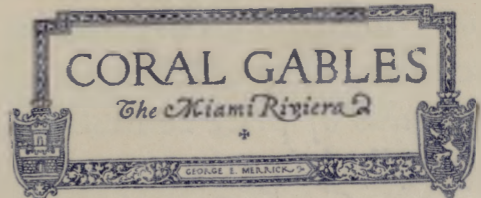
Coral Gables, the gateway from Miami to the Trail, and vice versa, is bound to experience the impetus. It will enjoy with Greater Miami, the present traffic down the Florida East Coast; it will have the stimulated traffic from the middle western states and down the Gulf Coast, from the Gulf Coast to the Atlantic—plus the enormous shuttle traffic to and fro across the state.

Coral Gables is Greater Miami's most beautiful, most arresting and dominant development; the center of its leaders' homes; the outstanding sports center—the center of its artistic and cultural life. It is not necessary to argue the benefits to Coral Gables, the potencies of rising values, arising from the Tamiami Trail.

The obvious thing for Miamians to do is to make their investments in anticipation of the Trail's completion—to be in a position to share in its benefits.

The judgment of Senator Calkins is an example. We suggest your consulting Coral Gables Sales Corporation TODAY.

Prices of our properties held for sale through Coral Gables Sales Corporation probably never will be lowered.



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in the

City of Miami

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DUGALD C. HILL

Fine Silks and Cotton Dress Goods

25 Lorraine Arcade

Greeby Starts Suicide Club

Membership to Be Select; Unmarried ex-Real Estate Salesmen Barred; Dues to Be Paid Five Years in Advance, and All Known Methods of Pulling the "Dutch" Act Will Be Given Charter Joiners.

MR. R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, back in Miami from a big fishing trip on the causeway, announced to a Miami Life reporter who discovered him in his palatial suite on the Roosevelt hotel roof garden, that he had at last succeeded in promoting something that the average Miami had long longed for.

"Not desiring no publicity in the matter, yet I must tell you of this great boon," said Mr. Greeby as he solemnly stroked the tail of Richard, his pet alligator. "Miamians

need a first-rate suicide club. There are enough citizens in this town who should be willing to pay five years' dues in advance and thereby gain knowledge of all the best ways to kick off.

"As soon as a member joins this club he is immediately wiped up.

If he desires to go west by chewing ground glass, he is put on a diet of raw grits. This has the same effect on his teeth as the glass and toughens him for the real ordeal should he suddenly make up his mind to go.

"Them that wish to jump off of high buildings are prepared for an early and efficient demise by riding on the Miami Beach busses.

"Should they wish to cut their throats neat and dispatch-like, a safety razor blade is thrust into their hands and by practicing shaving without a holder, much knowledge of that method is gained.

"Shooting will be lots easier for prospective suicide-members. Instead of the old system of tying a string to one's toe with the other end of this club will walk up to Miami policemen and whistle 'Marching Through Georgia.' This is one of the club's best bets."

"Mr. Greeby, is it true that you have made a deal with the banks for a loan?" queried the courteous reporter.

"I shall tell you all about that. Have you a match? Thanks. Let me have one of your cigarettes so I can light the match. Knowing the banks had lots of money I thought I would get one of them roll loans. But when I called up, they hung up.

"Any time one of them bankers tries to get in the Greeby Suicide

Club he'll be blackballed. They may own the finances but this suicide club is my own idea, and only well-referenced members will be allowed in. This club will not be like the Miami Athletic and the Progress clubs. It will be representative of the metropolis of Dade county, and to insure successful suicides I have elected myself president and treasurer.

"As to committing suicide by inhaling gas, or by electrocuting, no honest member of the Greeby Suicide Club will be allowed to do so. The Florida Power & Light Company would probably immediately attach any suicide's corpse for a gas or electric bill should he leave that way. The members, not knowing just how much gas or juice would be consumed to send them on their way to the Styx, could not pay in advance.

"Those who wish to use gas will be taken to the incinerator plant, and, at no cost at all, they can pass out. Wednesday will probably be the best day there. That's cornbeef burning day.

"Instead of signing off by electricity, members will be handed a brand new hundred-dollar bill when they signify they are ready to go. The shock will kill them and the bill is safe. You don't know where I can get a hundred-dollar bill for this great need, do you?"

The reporter, wondering where he could get a fifty-cent piece, beat it for the door.

"Say," part-shotted Greeby, "it won't be much use for any prospective members who wish to starve themselves to death to join this club. They've had too much practice the past year in Miami. And them sandwiches just seem to toughen them up. You might tell your editor to write an editorial on this club. I'll give him a free membership if he does."

The reporter, alarmed at Greeby's speech, did a Randall.

Wants Tax Reduction

EDITOR MIAMI LIFE:—The writer is a consistent reader of The Miami Life and knows that your attack on the Florida Power & Light Company's exorbitant rates is prompted by the best motives. However, the results are working contrary to the object desired inasmuch as the renters have impressed upon them the high rates charged and are insisting that the apartment house owner furnish light and heat.

The result is you can hardly rent an apartment in Miami today unless you furnish light and heat and this would be alright if you did not have to rent the apartment at a price so low that the owners can't maintain their property.

Now the city and county derive their incomes from the taxes on the property as the principal source of revenue, and it is getting so that many well located apartment houses, that have always been considered desirable, are finding it necessary to close up entirely.

I know you stand for the best interest for the community and urge your efforts to bring about a situation where the property owners can exist. There is no place in the country where they furnish light and heat and also the places completely furnished at such a low rental.

It seems that "the powers that be" ought to go after the Florida Power and Light Company and get the needed reductions on both power and light and gas so that the people can exist, for this overcharge is doing as much to hurt the town as anything else except the exorbitant and ridiculous city and county tax assessments.

When the taxes are adjusted according to the true value of the property and the light, heat and gas rates are reduced to what they should be, then Miami will again take its lead in the march of progress and prosperity and good will will prevail.

MIAMI CITIZEN

WEEKLY MARKET LETTER

BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE—SAUSAGE

Compiled By ADOLPH MULEHEIM OF MULEHEIM BROS. Wholesale & Retail, Butter & Eggs, Etc. 1001 East Flagler Street, Miami, Florida

AS I was delivering a 42-lb. head of Gruyere Cheese to the Y. W. C. A Cafeteria, the headwaitress said she thought Bill Burwell, president of the Chamber of Commerce and prominent railroad lawyer, would vote against a resolution by the Chamber of Commerce that the City of Miami present the Seaboard Air Line with a freight ferry transfer line from here to Cuba so as to enable them to compete with the F. E. C. Key West ferry. I told Oscar about this and he said he heard that the recommendations

would be tabled if it came before the City Commission, even if Mayor Sewell advocated it and Cliff Reeder opposed giving them anything more free gratis for nothing. Uncle Sigmund said that he was going to buy one of them Seaboard farms from Lon Crow and Cliff and raise him (Uncle Sigmund) some garlic and horse-radishes.

Coming out of Dirty Louie's after delivering some C. O. D. Limburger, I met Rastus, the leader of Howard's Whispering Orchestra of Gold. He said he had just heard

Herbert Mase tell the world in a S. E. First Ave. sandwich shop, that he (Herb.) had just gotten back from having come in answer to a telegram from Ed Romfh in which Ed said that he and Ev wanted Herbert to take charge of the city publicity fund. He said Herb said he would take the job just as soon as he got over his being indisposed from scotchiteineituis. Louie said he hopes that Herb will call another confidential meeting of the laundrymen and reduce back the price of collars where they were before the last two raises. He said he had just heard that the two sick laundries which the association was trying to make well, were still so sick it wouldn't matter anymore.

One of the bus boys at the All-States Hotel Coffee Room, where I was delivering some bolona, said that he read in Jefferson Bell's column where she had told the Lion from Alabama, at our recent convention, for him to come back here this winter and he could get a fine meal at Child's. Oscar says if Miss Bell took the Lion's address, he'd better wire him not to come this winter but wait until 1930. Oscar says before that time, he will stand treat for all Lions who eat at Child's.

Casually dropping into the spacious kitchens of the Urney Arms, I found the third asst. chef screaming hysterically because a Miami insurance man had threatened to leave the place because his double order of Muleheim's Grade 3 Yard Eggs didn't come up to his expectations. After stepping into the dining room and explaining to Stem that he had no business ordering 'em poached and suggesting scrambled eggs, I went back to the chef to ask him what he meant about seeing the announcement of the firm of Lee & Brooks. That must have been reading some of this stuff about cleaning up and that the weed must go, etc. Fred must be going to spend all his time publicizing and legislating.

After finding nothing in the MORNING paper about a fatal Miami Beach fire which happened at 1 a. m., me and Oscar wonder if the Herald ain't slipping something over on us. We wonder how early in the evening a morning paper can go to press and still be a morning paper. Oscar says Olin ought to remember the hurricane and trip abroad.

Uncle Sigmund got into an argument with the bartender at the Wee Tippee Tavern and made him admit that Arnold is the best traffic director that Miami has had in forty years. At the Testimonial Dinner in honor of Fred, Earle and Joe, me and Oscar sat between Frank Shuts and Joe Smoot. Oscar said he thought the song of Harold Wilson's entitled "Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie" was better than Uncle Charley Leffler's speech, "It's a Long, Long Lane that Hath No Turning," but the thing I liked the best was Newt Lummus' rendition

of that delightful little sentimental ballad, entitled, "Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown, whatcher gwiner do when de rent come round."

The blond waitress at the Seaboard's Two Million Dollar Flagler St. Station said that she heard that Jackson Memorial Hospital was going to put in a p. a. y. e. turnstiles. She said with these gates in operation, no more Miami policemen without actual cash in their pockets could force their way in with threats of gun play, even if they were rushing to get their wives in so that future Miami cops could be born.

Me and Oscar and Uncle Sigmund has been appointed a committee of three to go over to Miami Beach, Florida, and find out Mr. Wen Phillips' choice for city manager of Miami, Florida. It is requested that we should also ask him to forget about Dr. Lowry. Since the people want summer band concerts and the city is too poor to buy them, me and Oscar wish to make this proposition: if other prominent firms like Burdine's, Sewell, Red Cross Pharmacy, Daily News, the Herald, etc., will each pay for one night of Mutchler's Band, Muleheim Bros. will buy a night. If this is agreeable with Roddy, Ev, Byron, Ross and Olin, then me and Oscar is ready to shoot.

Jake Litchenstien, the sandwich man at the Klan Restaurant, said that Father Sebastian told him that the city commissioners were going to appropriate sixty-two dollars to buy an awning for the First Avenue side of Charley Hill's Cigar stand so that Cliff's office would be nice and shady. The Neuchattel and the Schmal-kaldin, as well as Philadelphia Cream market seems firm but may break if Judge Blanton disposes a Miami publication before Friday. This may be an opportunity for small investors to buy Snapps.

Yours faithfully, ADOLPH MULEHEIM, By Special Appointment, Cheese-tiere to H. M. E. G. S.

Frank's Magic
Grows in Popularity day by day
Don't forget the LINDBERGH puzzle is here
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OLYMPIA
"REFRIGERATED"
SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY
JOHN GILBERT
IN
"Twelve Miles Out"
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY
BELLE BENNETT
IN
"MOTHER"
FRIDAY, SATURDAY
"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"
ALL WEEK
FAIRFAX Parade Revue
Musical Comedy, Vaudeville and Feature Pictures

"Uncle Joe" Standaeu

The oldest man in point of service in Florida prohibition circles is "Uncle Joe" Standaeu. His experiences, many and varied, often reached the point where they developed into superb acting, that some violator of the law might be captured.

Several years ago, in the vicinity of Tampa, there was a report of a moonshine manufactory which had troubled the Federal men for a long time. Though they had searched every neighborhood the exact location and the culprit manufacturing the "white mule" could not be located.

Standaeu was assigned to the case. Assuming the nonchalant expression of a turpentine buyer he went out into the woods. He finally came to a building in which a revival meeting was going on. Being religious he went in and discovered himself in the midst of a Holy Roller meeting.

He became interested and went back several times. The preacher, noting the stranger, invited him to address the brethren. Several times "Uncle Joe" spoke to the flock. He gained the preacher's confidence. The preacher took "Uncle Joe" into his

The next day the still was located and the preacher confessed to being the man who operated the affair outside of preaching hours.

THEY TELL ME

THAT Judge Morrow proved that "a woman pays" when he fined the young lady for backing into a car and putting a pizza scratch on a fender

THAT Dell is offering a reward for the return of his address book . . . and a certain picture

THAT Eleanor brought back at least one remembrance from her Atlanta visit and she's wearing it on her left hand

THAT neighbors of a Miami Beach attorney are wondering if he uses "Casey Jones" for setting up exercises

THAT Myrtle Mannon, the Miss Dade county, went over big in that song hit with Roy Parks at the Olympia this week

THAT it's strange none of those ambitious motorcycle policemen never happen to be on the job when the automobiles

164 Days Until Christmas
290 Days Until Shrine Convention
The Elks are coming—Date not settled

come speeding across LeJeune road from the side streets near Utopia

THAT Cliff is mighty quiet for a newly engaged man

THAT the grandstand will be finished out at the ball park in time for Sunday's game

THAT "Speed" may be looking around for a new nick-name soon

THAT the colored men working on Little Nell's car tracks at South Beach certainly waste a lot of time and breath serenading . . . and cause a lot of annoyance into the bargain

THAT the handsome sheik who wears a mustache and drives a green Lincoln has been missed at his favorite haunts lately

THAT Heinie shouldn't have much trouble dating up the fair members of the League

THAT it seems like old times with part of the county cause-way torn up again

THAT Maurice recovered in short order, and the bandage is most becoming

THAT Betty's imitation of Helen Willis would make a good cartoon

THAT a certain young miss seemed right embarrassed about

that purchase at the downtown drug store

THAT Bernice has her own ideas as to who wrote that fake message . . . and why

THAT Helen B. doesn't seem so fond of the new arrangement after all

THAT Little Nell seems to have lost her popularity with the newly organized League of Women Voters of Coral Gables

THAT Harvey and Jud don't seem to remember much about their four-day visit to Cuba

THAT Alice can't see what difference it all makes after all

THAT Jack H. evidently does not belong to the Benedict Club

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BIRD CAGE and STAND
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While They Last.
In three colors: Green, Blue, Red

CLEARING OUR STOCKS—CLEARING THE MARKET

July Sale

Beginning Monday, July 18th; Second Floor

2,000 Yards Silks \$1.59

40-inch Plain Radiums.
40-inch Plain Wash Satins.
40-inch Plain Crepe de Chine.
40-inch Ombre Georgettes.

40-inch Printed Georgettes.
34-inch Striped Washable Crepes.
33-inch Plain Silk Broadcloths
Other silks at special prices.

Men's Athletic
Union Suits 79c

Whiting and Davis
Mesh Bags \$2.35

\$1 to \$1.50 qualities. Cut full and tailored in six durable fabrics, including English broadcloth, madras and soisette. Round necks and one-button crotch. Sizes 34 to 46.

50 CENT PLAYING CARDS
Special 35c or 3 for \$1

Burdine's
A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORE

"Hey, 'Pop,' Did He Arrive?"

(This has to do with Mr. Ex-Postmaster Randall of Hialeah. The P. O. inspectors had him pinched for an alleged shortage of funds. He was released on a \$25,000 real estate bond. His preliminary hearing was last Thursday. He did not show up, so the matter was continued until Monday at 10 a. m. before U. S. Commissioner Spitzer.)

COMMISSIONER SPITZER: "Gents. The hour of ten a. m. this morning has arrived. Let us proceed in an orderly manner and question this Mr. Randall. Step up, Mr. Randall."

Mr. Randall, evidently aggrieved at something, does not step up. A careful search of the room, both on and under the chair, fails to disclose his whereabouts. A bondsman was observed peeking in the window. In one hand he had a basket lunch while in the other he held a one-way ticket to—(owing to etiquette the name of the Bahamas island will not be mentioned.)

BONDSMEN: "Say, Mr. Courtney, how far's Gun Cay?"

Mr. Courtney does not know. But he recommends the bondsman step into Bar-sally's drug store and buy a map.)

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY POOR: "Your honor, will you kindly call the prisoner in? I've rode all the way from Jacksonville on that blinky-blankety F. E. C., and when I get my mileage from the government Miami may have a new postoffice already built."

JUDGE McRAE (representing Mr. Randall): "Judge, this is the first client I've ever petitioned for who didn't show up. Last week he was in Georgia. I've wired the American consul there, and have pled with him to issue passports to Mr. Randall so that he might come back here and be tried. Why not drop this case and try another?"

U. S. COMMISSIONER: "This man not showing up, I shall estreat them bonds. The government now owns 32 lots fit for a good duck pond or a nice aquarium. I would suggest the coastguard take a boat and stake out a claim."

BONDSMAN: "That reminds me. Where do those Nassau boats sail from?"

U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY: "I would suggest that you raise the bond of Mr. Randall to \$50,000."

The commissioner does so, but no one refers to the bond. Three editorial writers of the Tribune are seen in a heated debate with a red-headed lady lawyer. The man Russell, to whom they are speaking, does not wish her name mentioned.)

BONDSMAN: "Let's see. If the boat goes to Bimini, you give one of them Conchs three dollars and he'll take you down to Gun Cay. Maybe 'Pop' Nestle will board and room a fellow long enough to grow a beard. What the government wants with Florida land is beyond me. Why don't they buy some acreage of their own? Let 'em try to grow some vegetables on the stuff, the sandflies will eat 'em up."

A New Champ

YOUNG MANUEL left no doubt in the fans' minds as to who was the better man on Monday night at the Ball Park. Starting from the bell he gave Mr. Osmer a few pointers on boxing and took seven rounds by a handy margin. Which pleased the fans considerably.

Osmer came back in the seventh round and broke even and in the ninth he also made an effort to come back. The tenth round was all Manuel's.

Joe Miller and Pete Sarron gave the fans a good show and Miller finished an easy winner. Johnny Conley gave a real fight with the tough young Johnny Dundee. Dundee had all he could do to keep from second place.

Jimmy Ellis and Bobby Burke gave six fast rounds with Ellis winning the verdict. The first four rounds of the evening saw young Samuels and Jack Hudson, brother of the Fighting Cop, mix it and Hudson took a lot of punishment and seemed to like it. If the boy is handled right he'll go a long way, but it will be difficult to get two champions out of the one family.

Monday's bill is the best that has been given for many a moon and Messrs. Armstrong and Martin should keep that sort of thing up. Nobody objects to good cards at the Monday fights.

All I Remember

It seems so long ago since we were parted
And shadows fail to dim sweet memories
I wonder if, by now you're broken hearted?
Or if, perchance, you have forgotten me?

All I remember through the lonely years,
Just like a pearl in an ocean of tears,
Once that I loved you, I'll never forget;
All I remember, though you may forget.
R. V.

ONE DOLLAR IN HAND

We have just discovered why there has been so little dealing in real estate of late in the Miami district. Nobody can find that dollar that is given "with other valuable considerations" when deeds are issued.

Miami Life is read—not skimmed

Round the Town with ROD

HE'S ALL RIGHT TAILORING ROBERT SINGERMASTER, who tailors for a living, had an idea this week. Being one of the charter members of the Miami Athletic Club he thought he would establish a fishing record for the other two members to shoot at. Picking out that part of the Atlantic ocean which buffers Key Largo, and taking his wife and that orangeade man along as his guests, he started out.

The report of his great catch is as follows, the cuss words being left out:

"Key Largo, mosquitoes; fell through trestle while trying to save wife's umbrella; skinned knee and damaged customer's breeches, which I was wearing before completing alterations; ferry boat got lost; orangeade man fell in ocean, said he was dodging mosquitoes; got a fish on end of line, pulled in line, discovered real estate "for sale" sign on end; wife threatens to divorce me if I suggest any more fishing trips; orangeade man won't talk to me; national mosquito week being held in Key Largo this month; hereafter I fish on causeway."

The rest of the notes were undecipherable. His wife denies she pushed him off bridge. He denies he fell off. The bait didn't last long. Gilbey's never does.

OIL WELLS

That oil well on the Tamiami Trail appears to have blown up—for the present at any rate. Work has apparently ceased there and will remain ceased until some more money is collected to continue the work. While that was only to be a test well, and the men putting up the money were public spirited individuals who were willing to spend a few dollars on the well, the stopping of work is unfortunate. Conrad Meyer, however, is about to do some drilling a little further west. He purchased a lease on some land near the west coast and put up a bond to insure the drilling of a well. At present he is putting on a pre-organization sale of stock in the well, the money to be placed with the Southern bank in a special fund. Wildcat wells are always a gam-

How to Get a Coon Coat

GO to north woods. Prepare Christmas dinner. Invite all the raccoons in north woods. Secure a member of the Miami Chamber of Commerce to make an after-dinner speech. Coons will realize that they are wasting their time in the woods. Will decide to go to Florida. Will borrow money and leave skins as security as they won't need them in Florida anyway. Coons will go broke in Florida. Won't be able to redeem skins. Use some of the skins for your coon coat. Sell others at big profit. Make big money and get coon coat also.

—Carnegie Puppet.

ble, of course, but the only way we can find out if there is "oil in them thar Everglades" is for some of us to dig down for the wherewithal to do the drilling. If oil is found those who have a finger in the pie will get a nice slice of the profits. If it isn't found, then the stockholders will lose a little money and somebody else will start drilling. One day they will get oil. And, oh, boy!

OUR BALL TEAM

Miami dailies should wake up to the fact that we have a ball team in the Florida State League. While the morning sheet carries a box score the evening paper carries only the bare results of the previous day's game. While admitting that the National and American leagues are the real major ones they should take second place to the Florida State League in the standing column, instead of any old place the makeup man likes to put them. A little boosting of the local team might help the players to feel better and would help the attendance. Let's support the home team.

PROTECT YOUR VALUABLES

So many people go north for the summer, lock up their homes and put the cat out, expecting to come back a few months or weeks later and find everything intact—and the cat sitting on the back step. When they come back they often find that prowlers have been through the house and have annexed all the portable valuables they could lay their hands on. Valuable carpets, toilet articles, vases and ornaments all go. The moral is—put your valuables in storage before you begin touring in the northern latitudes.

In the Editor's Mail

WHO GETS IT? Editor Miami Life: The jitney drivers pay so much money to the lawyers to grease and oil the machinery so that they will be allowed to run on the city's streets, and it does no good. They paid \$2,500 last winter and \$500 more a month ago and since then another \$1,000 for this oiling and greasing of the city machine. And now they have to get off the streets. Who gets the long green? The drivers only take in five or six dollars a day. I get damn tired trying to find out why we get nothing for our money. A DRIVER

The Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

SHAKEUP looms in Florida prohibition circles . . . J. H. Lee, administrator, first to go . . . Elks' convention assured for Miami . . . Government agents busy destroying liquor stored in Withers' warehouse . . . Governor Martin appoints W. F. Brown as judge of court of crimes . . . Dave Heffernan gets civil court of record position . . . J. R. B. Clemmons reported slated for other civil court . . . Mayor Ev Sewell fails to put over deal sending Miami printing to St. Augustine . . . Cliff Reeder appears to be watchdog of new city commission . . . he investigates . . . Cleanup week starts Monday . . . but the tourist camps are still eyesores . . . Ex-Postmaster Randall of Hialeah disappears . . . he failed to attend his preliminary hearing on charges of embezzlement . . . bond of \$25,000 estreated . . . County Commissioner Watson threatens to give causeway to Miami . . . Osius' trial results in verdict of guilty . . . jury recommends light fine . . . his car went off causeway killing two people . . . Executive Vice-President Helsel of Chamber of Commerce resigns . . . that body seems to be courting Ev Sewell's friendship . . . Great debate held in St. Petersburg . . . City employe alleged short in his accounts . . . Means quite a bit to the city treasury . . . write your own on this . . . Jitneys now under control . . . Liquor market quiet . . . prices drop . . . plenty of bad stuff in market . . . Charles Dillon, brother of Representative Dillon, appointed as county detective by Solicitor Taylor . . . he succeeds Joe Lockridge . . . Miami-Cuba air mail line bids asked . . . Miami Beach trims budget . . . MORE NEXT WEEK.

"SAMMEH OF MINSK GABAIRNYEH"

By "Doc" Benjamin

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Eppis-Oat Feefitin

VELL, wot I should tell you, but somn pippie think wot I'm ah pugilist from justice wot I'm ahswy so lung from MeYamee. But dots not de true! I was seek wot I nidded ah rast so I tutt wot I'll gonna go to Noo Yawk wot on de same time I will odwise Meyer Wucker wot he should loin to run Noo Yawk like how werunMeYamee, yi-yi-yi!

So I stotted to take opp haxercise, wot itch munnink I go to ah swell athletic geranium wot I do my Daily Doesnt'. I tell you its ah swell geranium wid dumbbells, wid hindian clubs, wid boxink gloves, wid hoars wot you row wid, wid ah pouching beg, wid hall kinds de latest ideases.

I'm, now its just ah wick wot Vell, going to de athletic geranium an I tell you, already I fill like ah new bunn baby, hm-m-m-m!

Lest wick so I wuz went bathink in Cooney Island. Hm-m-m-m, I tell you, dot Bich dunt compare wid our MeYamee Bich! I never saw so march blitched blounds on one Bitch like now I saw on dot Bich. Hot dugg wot piches, yi-yi-yi! An they wear soch latest cremations in bathing suits. All de latest wid de newest cremations you could see motching on de budd-wick wot ich girl wears wid it, ah smile.

Vell, I niddn't tell you wot I got ah razzing resaption. De pipples consisted wot I should be de Judge from de bathink suit an beauty contess. Phooy was it ah beautiful countess!

Diss wuzn't ah lady countess; its wuz ah bathing beauty countess. Its wuz ah countess wot itch indiwijial tries to be batter dan de next indiwijial wot maybe de udder indiwijial is got maybe ah batter suit—maybe wot its ah newer cremation, aint you? So de one wot she's got ah batter suit, so dot one wins de countess, see?

VELL, wot I should tell you, but its wuz ah hodd time to pick ott de bast one so I culled time-out for de cowntess on account from dockness.

Betwin wisiting shows on Broadway, wid judging bathing countesses, wid odwising Meyer Wucker, I tell you I got ah rill hodd time here in Noo Yawk. Vell, I'll gonna be ahgain ah gasst creetic for ah new show wot its compused only from cross goils, wid fenceh lags wid faces. Gradually so they'll become Primar Doners hefter they loin to be cross goils.

When I tich de Budd of Haldermen how to run de City, so I'll gonna sit donn for ah rast. An hefter dot, so I'll gonna comm beck to MeYamee, wot I promise wot I'll never go ahway from humm.

Vell, lest wick I wuz terribly irigated when I wuz told dot de pust-office in MeYamee dunt know there beezness. I wuz tod dot ah latter wuz sent to me in MeYamee and de pust-office sant beck dot latter wid ah mock on it wot it said, "Return to sander; not known by dis address."

"See," he said, "wot kind pust-office you got there? Wot kind seestem you got, hah? I'm leffing on you an MeYamee!" Vell, I wuz so irigated on dot remokk wot I tutt I'll gonna become historical. I didn't like dot incinerating remokk. Vell, I didn't heet him becuz he wuz ah wick-hotted men and I had symphony on him. But dot's ah true story about de pust-office.

Vell, I'll see you ahgain next wick. (To be continued)

A Few Paragraphs From Percy

BISCAYNE BOULEVARD, that wonderful highway that is destined to be one of the most famous in the world, will soon be like the causeway and some of Miami's street. Heavy trucks, loaded with Ojus rock, use it for a speedway. It won't take much of that sort of thing to make the boulevard paving look like the Atlantic on a rough day. There is supposed to be a ruling that this road is to be barred to heavy truck traffic. If this is so some of those jolly cycle cops of ours can find something useful to do in keeping this sort of traffic running somewhere else.

Those light standards on the boulevard are anything but artistic. That pale and sickly grey makes them almost invisible at any time of the day or night. To be in keeping the standards should be painted orange with black trimming. There is no purpose in trying to make them invisible. We spent money to have that special design and we should paint them to bring out the artistic shape of them. While orange and black are anything but quiet colors, they suit Miami. The Magic City is a riot of color and the lamp posts should match it.

Above Thirteenth street, where the bases of the standards are placed and the rest of them lying on the newly-planted grass, something should be done to please residents. The bases are carefully capped with waterproof paper tops and hurricane lamps might be placed on these to help illuminate the street. Nothing in Miami ever gets finished. The causeway is a perpetual paradise of repairs. Streets are paved so far and a period put to the work. The entrance to the Venetian causeway is nicely finished but cars have to come down a narrow and badly paved street to get to the entrance from N. E. Second avenue. How about a little action on getting a few of the bad pieces eliminated and the place made to look like a complete city?

The city has engaged an efficiency expert at a cost of \$9,000 to put the offices in the city hall in order. This expert and his gang of snoopers is delving into the city's affairs and recommending changes and improvements. Why couldn't the city have saved the \$9,000 and had the heads of departments get busy and do the cleaning up? And if they couldn't do the job—well, fire them out. Bringing somebody into the city to tell us how to run it is about the same as sending all the city's work outside to be done.

A new city manager will probably be brought in from some other point. Why, nobody knows. We have several men right here who would make good city managers. One of them, Welton Snow, is a wizard at organization, as war records show. He is an engineer, knows all about building, streets and sewer work. He is a level-headed individual and has lived in Miami for seven years. He has held high positions in several civic organizations and is well known. We don't know him but we've heard a lot about him. Probably, if he

Miami Life's Best Joke of the Week

Miami Beach citizens enjoyed a very peaceful time this week. Most of the police officers were in Miami, having been subpoenaed for the Osius trial.

was approached on the matter of being the new city manager, he would turn it down. It wouldn't be possible to get such a useful citizen to take the miserable job.

An organization, calling itself the Florida State Hotel and Restaurant Association, is yegging the owners of eating houses for a contribution of ten to twenty dollars for proection. They tell owners that they will prevent them from being closed up by city inspectors. As they have nothing to do with the matter it seems that someone has discovered another way of making a little easy money.

Miami has received the offer of two landing fields, one in Hialeah and the other on the Venetian causeway, the cost to be \$1 a year. With two fields the city's airport will be a scattered arrangement. No good can come of this scattering of landing places all over the local map. The cost of fitting out two fields; the cost of lighting them and lighting two guide ways leading to them will be great. It is hoped that some arrangement can be arrived at to make the airport of Miami well within the city limits. The Diner Key site is about the best there is. If this place was extended into the bay to make it large enough it would be the ideal spot. In the meantime the city will go ahead with its two inefficient fields and all the work will have to be done over again within a year.

Transportation in Greater Miami is still getting, if possible, worse and worse. The rapid transit cars are few and far between and the schedule is slow. Street cars wander where they please and prospective riders must look up the almanac if they wish to take a trip on one of them. No time table could be comprehensive enough to contain a complete schedule. Now that the city is about to eliminate the jitneys, that is if they do not lose in the appeal, the transportation facilities will get worse. A time is coming when there will be nothing to be transported on except your own motor car and the street cars. Well, what's time to a Mianian these days?"

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"The South's Most Intriguing Rendezvous"

Admission to Members Only.

When you spend your Money for locally made goods you get a Second Chance at the Same Old Dollar When that Dollar goes Out-of-Town it's "So Long Letty."

General Printing Co.

343 Jefferson Ave., Miami Beach Phone 535

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OWNED AND OPERATED BY MIAMI LIFE COMPANY

Bughouse Notes

J. GERALD NEWSTEINZ announces the invention of a revolving spool. Thread instead of being rolled one way can now be utilized from both ends according to Mr. Newsteinz. It is expected that this invention will materially aid navigators flying across the ocean should their pants rip.

Miss Dolly Vernacular, one of the four Vernaculars residing here, entertained last night by chewing up her mattress. Outside of biting the assistant warden's finger off at the second joint, the affair was quite dull.

The messhall was the scene of an anniversary last Sunday. The gleeful company, in appreciation of the fifteenth consecutive breakfast of cornbeef hash, engaged in a delightful skit of plate throwing. Later the funmakers sojourned to the hospital accompanied by the entire faculty.

R. Lewis Whittler, author of the famous book, "Why Should We Be in Here, While Others Are Out?" announces that he has submitted an essay to the Ladies' Home Journal on "How to Raise Children After You Are Married." Mr. Whittler is one of the most popular bachelors here.

The laundry workers, formed of members formerly employed in Miami, greatly gladdened the other guests in a button-pulling contest. The Bughouse officials did not arrive until the show was over.

Percy Platsmith, a dentist who recently arrived, pulled a great one Tuesday evening. While seven of his roommates held two guest guards he entertained the assembly by extracting the guestguards' teeth, and then

BOXING

Ball Park, N. W. 16th Ave. and Third St. Monday, 8:45 P. M.

WINNERS TAKE ALL TOMMY MADDEN

vs. BEN SPIVEY

DANDY DORLAND

BATTLING BOYD

Price \$1.10, \$2.20 and \$3.30

gave each one an apple to chew on.

Hearing that operatic companies were in need of trained voices, all the guests serenaded the warden by an all-night howl last Wednesday. The warden, thinking there was a fire, playfully turned the hose on the crowd. Although dampened somewhat, the melodious voices practiced until 3 a. m.

Concluding last week's entertainment was the astounding feat of Mrs. Glotz. A prize having been offered for the most daring and awe-inspiring act, she won the same by reading aloud a Herald editorial.

Good Milk Is Worth the Price

THE MIAMI HOME MILK PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION is an association of Dade County citizens, supplying milk to the Pasteurizing Plants of Greater Miami.

We believe you want and demand good wholesome home-produced milk, which you are now getting, but are in danger of losing, if the milk distributors do not receive a selling price that will enable them to pay us a fair price for our milk.

We are in full accord with them that they must receive twenty cents (\$.20) per quart retail and eighteen cents (\$.18) per quart wholesale to be able to pay us a price that will permit us to remain in business.

For your own protection support Dade County milk producers by a fair price for their products.

The Miami Home Milk Producers Association

B. G. BLACKBURN, President

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