



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

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Where Are Our Strong Men, Anyway?

"THERE'S SOMETHING terrifying to me about Miami lately," a prominent woman said to us the other day. "Something sinister, something cruel that I can't explain but can only feel has developed in the last few years. It's in the atmosphere and I'm sure everybody who has lived here a few years has felt it."

"Please do not think I am against Miami, or that I am thinking about leaving," she added. "I love it. Its sunrises, sunsets, beaches, waterways, foliage, breezes, warmth, spirit are incomparable."

"But—
"What about these sinister influences that we don't seem able to escape?"

"Mother Nature is the only thing out in the open in Miami. All the rest is intrigue, fraud, graft, jealousy, avarice and deception."

"These secret influences sicken me. There is a taint to nearly all our daily transactions. I really have a feeling that there is someone constantly stalking me, that someone is constantly seeking my ruin."

"Police cars or motorcycles with lights out trail you at night. The slightest trouble you get into lures an army of 'fixers' who claim they can bribe anybody in the county. Certain wealthy realty developers hire out-of-town politicians to control elections."

"There are gangsters and confidence men about us, waiting for the slightest opportunity to nail us to the cross. The Bacardi and Scotch we pay \$6 a bottle for is manufactured in Hialeah and Patzenhoffer, for which we pay a dollar a bottle, can be produced in Miami for two cents."

Who Gave the Order?

SEMINOLE Indians have been warned against hunting in the closed seasons. They have also been told that a close season for many years will be placed on certain game in the state. This is a fine piece of official stupidity. The Seminoles, who have no reservations, cost the government not one red cent; and are a quiet and rather picturesque tribe just want to be left alone to live their own quiet lives. This attempt by game wardens to stop hunting will, if enforced, starve the Seminoles. They rely on what they kill for food and clothing. The state need never fear for depletion of game as far as the Seminoles are concerned. A small band of Seminoles, as once happened, camped near a rookery where white men had killed a lot of egrets, leaving the young to die in the nests. They camped there because the young egrets would die unless fed. These Indians caught minnows and climbed the trees to feed the young birds. Seminoles will not kill the young of any animal or bird. They would sooner go hungry than kill a doe with a fawn running at its side.

Taxes Too High

LAST week Dr. E. J. Woods wrote a letter to the city commissioners complaining about the excessive assessment on several lots he owns. In it he pointed out that the taxes were even more than the year before though the assessment was supposed to be reduced. Assessment on a certain lot quadrupled in one year. It was assessed by the city at \$4,100. The doctor tried at the First National Bank and at several loan offices to raise \$1,000 on this property, which is free and unencumbered, and could not do it. Then the city assessor put the assessment up to \$6,000 and the doctor complained. City Manager Wharton, at that time, allowed that it was too high and promised relief. When the doctor saw the assessment for this year he threw two fits—it was \$8,500. Mr. Green, the city assessor, admitted that it was a mistake—but the taxes were more than the year before. To quote Dr. Wood's letter:

"It is the height of folly for an assessor to lose his head when a boom, engineered by a bunch of real estate sharks and bloated newspaper corporations for their own gain, takes place. An assessor should be an experienced man with good common sense who is not in danger of being stampeded into fixing assessments ridiculously high because of the antics of crazy real estate dealers and their paid minions—the big newspaper corporations."

Doctor Wood has several parcels of land and all of them are taxed at a high rate. More than twice as much as they could be sold for under the best circumstances and three times or more what they would bring at a forced sale.

Finishing his letter to the commissioners with a protest against F. B. Stonemen, who holds the position of municipal judge and editor of the Miami Herald. He quotes Mr. Stonemen in one of his editorials to this point: "A shoemaker should stick to his last." He believes that, when things are so quiet in Miami, Judge Stonemen should either be a judge or an editor and allow some other person to make a living on the other job.

Our Publicity Man Goes On the Job

(Introducing Mr. Phelps, Who Is Supposed to Use His Journalistic Skill to Bring Millions of Tourists Here Next Winter.)
(Mr. Phelps Meets a Prominent Miami Editor)

Phelps—"Now what is it you fellows want?"

Editor—"Just a good break, Mr. Phelps. In other words, don't let all the good stories break after our press time. Don't give the morning paper a long story and us a short story. And, if I may advise you, don't give us a long story and the morning paper a short one. Treat both of us square and we'll be satisfied."

Phelps—"Let me ask you something. What do you consider a newspaper story?"

Editor—"Lord! You got your job as being a publicity expert. Don't you know what a newspaper story is?"

Phelps—"Well, I don't. I never worked on a newspaper."

Editor—"What about the northern newspapers you're supposed to send stories to this winter?"

Phelps—"Oh, that'll take care of itself."

After the editor had been resuscitated, Mr. Phelps blithely added that this was merely a detail that would be worked out in time.

"The county commissioners, whom we elected, seem to be run by two lawyers, whom we didn't elect and don't even know by sight. Our newspapers are governed by whims, financial obligations and advertising contracts, instead of by public conscience. Lawyers secretly jeer the courts—and the courts tell despicable stories about the lawyers."

"Useless improvements are rushed; needed improvements are ignored. For no reason at all, in a time when living costs are cheaper than ever, the school board pay flappers \$180 a month for teaching girls and boys slightly younger to spell 'Cat' and remember the last four letters of the alphabet."

"There is one man in Miami who makes a specialty of fixing juries; another convoys favored liquor crafts from Bimini to the government cut. There is a group of shieks who prey on elderly, wealthy women and claim to have the protection of the powers that be. Northern firms have quit send-

ing salesmen to sell supplies to the city; they are now sending politicians.

"Editorial writers persuade us to recommend staggering bond issues. The bankers immediately sell the bond issues, put the bond money in their banks at nice interest—and do not spend any of it for a year or two. The editorial writers forget the bond issues after they are sold."

"Highways are built to benefit private interests. Plans for new streets are known to a favored few many months before the improvement is announced so that they may gobble up all the choice locations before the hoi-polli get wise. Street car extensions, public parks, locations of new schools and public buildings make fine realty profits—for those so favored."

"The national power trust steals in, negotiates the most astounding series of contracts for light and power and gas and transportation and water ever perpetrated on an American city—and then blithely charges two, three, four times higher rates than it charges in northern cities."

"Politicians openly brag of graft. Political offices are sought for revenue, not public service."

"It seems that there is nothing clean and sweet and wholesome in Miami any more except Mother Nature. The clique that controls the rest of the order of things cannot corrupt here. She, and she only, is keeping me here, as she is keeping many others. But won't there come a time, as things are going, that lovers of Miami will be driven away by these secret, sinister influences?"

"Mr. Editor, for Miami's sake, why don't strong men come forth and battle these powers of evil?"

And we echoed, "Why don't they?"

Hick Transit

SEVEN inky, greasy Herald pressmen were sauntering south on Miami avenue the other morning. They were full of eats, for they had just filled the inner man and were going back to work. Presently they paused by a well-lighted window and began to admire the snappy marine hardware on display. Enter the william. "What you fellows doing here?" says a voice attached to a blue-coated minion of the law. "Window shopping," came as one voice from seven pressmen. "Then you gotta come along with me," growls Officer Hicks—his name should be Hick—and seven inky, etc., pressmen were herded down to Mr. Quigg's bastle. It is much to the credit of Officer Hicks, Hicks, we mean, that he did not draw a gun, produce a blackjack or blow his whistle. "Hep, hep, hep," he chanted as the string of ink wasters proceeded to the place where the rooms are built of steel. At the police station explanations were in order, the pressmen were known and turned loose. Officer Hick, Hicks, we mean, said that once there was a gang of thieves at the Herald building and he was only playing safe. Somebody should give Officer Hicks a medal—he is so good at meddling with people who are minding their own business.

Still, J. P.'s Must Live

F. E. EDWARDS is a negro. He was arrested during a raid on a home-brew emporium and charged with vagrancy. His hearing was held before Justice of the Peace H. W. Penney. He was found not guilty and released.

In releasing the defendant, Justice Penney said: "You are discharged. No warrant was sworn out against you. So the costs in this case will be \$11.48, instead of \$16.48. I have been authorized by the county commissioners and the county solicitor to collect this money and thus save the county the work and expense. Have you \$11.48?"

"No, sir. But I have \$37 out at the stockade."

"Well, you get \$11.48 and I'll sign a release order."

County Solicitor Taylor, being questioned as to the case emphatically denied that he had ever issued instructions to justices of the peace to collect cost money from discharged defendants.

The attorney for the County Commissioners, C. C. Small, also vigorously denied any such instructions.

Then the law was consulted.

Article 16, Section 9, of the Constitution of Florida, reads as follows:

"Sec. 9. In all criminal cases prosecuted in the name of the State, when the defendant is insolvent or discharged, the legal costs and expenses, including the fees of officers, shall be paid by the counties where the crime is committed * * *"

Revised General Statutes, State of Florida, 1920:

Section 6166. Acquitted Defendant Not Liable for Costs.—No defendant in a criminal prosecution who shall be acquitted or discharged therefrom shall be liable for any costs or fees of the court or any ministerial office, or for any charge of subsistence while detained in custody. * * *

Perhaps justice might apply to the justice.

Get Haulover Fixed

DADE COUNTY, more particularly Miami Beach, and most particularly north beach developments have lost untold millions because of the failure of the Baker's Haulover commission to repair the bridge that links Miami Beach with the north.

It begins to look like the persons responsible are going to be lynched. As the winter season approaches, the irate roar of landholders and taxpayers in the vicinity forecasts serious combat. And they can't be blamed.

Although nearly a year has passed since the Baker's Haulover bridge was wiped out by the hurricane, not even an engineer has been appointed, a plan drawn, or the highway repaired to emancipate Miami Beach. Although it was found two or three months ago that \$4,000 would provide approaches to the bridge now standing in the middle of the whirling stream, even this hasn't been started.

Let's start on the temporary bridges immediately. They'll cost only \$4,000. And, makeshift as they'll be, they'll at least give our tourists, as well as home folks, an opportunity again of driving up and down the most wonderful stretch of ocean-front property on the Atlantic seaboard.

EVIDENTLY "Clean-up Week" did not affect all people—or rather fish. West Flagler, for instance, between 621 and 637 on that highway is located a fish market and other necessities of life. The only thing cleaned there was a fish or two.

Who's To Blame?

SO FRED OSIUS must spend a year in the pen for driving his car off the causeway and killing two people?

Well, what about the officials of the Florida Power and Light Company who authorized rails nine inches above the pavement that caused Osius' car to go into the bay? And the public officials who allowed the Power Trust to get by with it?

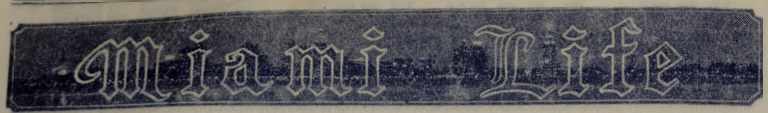
What about the policemen who ordered little Marvin Miller to Jackson Memorial Hospital several miles away although the physician's wife who took him there said his heart was still beating and vainly insisted on first-aid treatment?

And what about the negligence of county commissioners who have steadfastly refused to put up safeguards on the bay sides of the causeway despite increasing accidents?

It looks like this case warrants a lot of investigations, not from Fred Osius' standpoint, but from the people really responsible for the accident!

ALL OF US WILL THANK YOU!

WHILE YOU ARE Enjoying This Paper, Kindly Keep in Mind that While MIAMI LIFE is Ostensibly Operated for the Benefit of the Public, It Is Really Run for the Purpose of Buying Groceries for the Publisher, the Publisher's Wife and Baby, the Business Manager, the Advertising Manager, the Plant Superintendent and Family, the Circulation Manager and Family, and a Dozen or More Other Good and Loyal Employees and Their Wives and Children. And Groceries Cost Money. Without Advertising We Can't Make Money. Therefore, Even If You Can't Be Convinced That Advertising in Florida's Greatest and Largest Weekly Pays, Advertise Anyhow. Then You May Be Sure of Reading MIAMI LIFE Every Week In the Dull Months Ahead of Us. Help! Help! Help!



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Governor Martin and His Critics

(From the Miami Labor News)

IT IS TO BE DOUBTED if many read the speeches delivered by Governor Martin and Herman Dann in their debate of the Everglades bonding question...

Very likely there are those who will not overlook any opportunity to handicap the chief executive at every turn...

When men who have millions invested in the Everglades give voluntary and unqualified approval to the plan which the governor is sponsoring for completing the work...

While such methods as have been employed by the Miami afternoon paper are despicable in the extreme and have little weight with thoughtful people...

Everybody who had taken enough interest in the matter to inform himself knew this and the only conclusion possible in the circumstances is that the Daily News either did not wish to know it or wilfully misrepresented the purport...

If the News has a shred of decency it will acknowledge its error and do all in its power to make amends for the damage it has done...

A Fight Fiasco

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say that we always have favorable comment to make on the Monday fights, and suggests that we razz the poor bouts.

This correspondent asks us to protest against the cutting out of the "ladies free with an escort" arrangement that brought good crowds to the Ball Park.

Monday's program of fights was the worst of the season. It was bad from the beginning and if possible got worse until the final winner take-all fiasco.

In future the fights will be under the auspices of the Coral Gables American Legion Post.

A Few Paragraphs From Percy

FROM all accounts Miami has made a mess of the airport business and Key West, alive to the situation, will gather in the kudos.

up with city health officials and nothing they could tell us altered our opinion in the least. At the present time the organization is under fire from the city department.

Miami's twin airport, which is about the poorest piece of cheese the city has ever wished on itself, will be about as effective as a wingless airplane without an engine in it.

CAP'S COLUMN

HE KNOWS FLEAS—

HENRY RUDICH, who came to Miami about three years ago, invested in some pretty lots which he viewed on a brightly colored map, has found himself a new hobby.

Having traveled over most of the globe, and talked with most everyone he met, he decided to enter the bird, parrot, monkey, goldfish and live dog market.

Being interviewed by myself, he admitted understanding bird and monkey language, even going so far as stating that the wag of a Spitz' tail up and down, meant the next woman who came in and desired to trade her pet canary for a full-talking parrot was liable to get bit.

Anyway, when Henry is not cleaning cages and trying to capture a monkey which broke out of a box, his wife is dodging falling cages, and trying to ring up cash sales.

The place is worth a visit.

IT'S THE O.G.

TWO months ago a new restaurant man came to town. He strolled in the Halcyon arcade, noted a busy restaurant and made inquiries. He discovered a place

Why, Oh Why

THERE seems to be a diversity of opinion as to which day of the week is best on which to hold the half holiday. Butchers close on Wednesday, most of the stores close on Thursday, and quite a number of offices, etc., close on Saturday afternoon.

Why can't the merchants, professionals, butchers, bakers and all the rest of the tradesmen get together and settle on one certain day to close up for the afternoon? Echo answers, why?

It's about time that Miami got wise to itself. It has supplied other cities in the north with immense payrolls in the past and should be getting the benefit of

A Give Away

ARCHITECTS of the city are having a discussion just now over the city commission's stand on the auditorium plans. The architects want a competition among local men, if possible, or among all architects, under the rules and regulations laid down for such competitions by their national organization.

The trouble is probably due to the fact that the city commission, following their lead of passing the printing of the tourist folder to their friends in St. Augustine, has already tend giving the job to So, if picked the architect they intend hold a competition, it will only be for the purpose of eliminating Miami architects.

They should be called the City Give-Somebody-a-Commission.

the moneys spent now. To say that a thing cannot be done in Miami is just so much applesauce. Anything, in reason, can be done here. There will never be a lithographic plant, an offset printing plant, or a copperplate plant here unless the orders for these classes of printing are kept at home.

Last week we had a little to say about the Florida State Restaurant and Hotel Association. We intimated that they were on the path of a little easy money and we received a call from one of the officials to try and correct this impression.

A Challenge to C. E. Barrett

Proprietor of the American Shoe Shop—and President of the Shoer Shoe Repairers, for an open debate at any place and time set by Mr. Barrett and let the PUBLIC be the Judge and let the Public say that the stand taken by Marshall's Shoe Factory, Inc., J. R. Marshall, President is not fair, I will close my shop and leave Miami for my politics in business has always been to meet the times and conditions with a price that is fair and honest.

TO THE PUBLIC OF MIAMI: Please read this article carefully and decide for yourself if you want low prices or high prices in the Shoe Repair Business in Miami.

TWO BUSY MEN: I FOUND two business men in Miami that were doing all the business they could, and then some. The owner of the A. & W. root beer stand on N. E. Second avenue, the man who started the nickle sandwich game, and Mr. Brill, who has taken over a non-paying restaurant in the first block west of the tracks on Flagler street.

THIS LOOKS GOOD: DO YOU want to be good looking? Then get a pair of cheaters from the Keene establishment. Brother Keene of the "keen sighters" is an optimist, as well as an optometrist. He declares that business is looking up and in fact looking everywhere through his glasses.

THE JOLLY ROGERS: ON SECOND thought, Brother A. & W. and Brother Brill should be made members. And they are hereby admitted.

ADD THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW—

- The little blonde at the Casa Grande Apartments. ing pictures, and charge admission. How "Rube" gets acquainted with so many attractive blondes. If Virginia misses her elderly admirer... and his high powered motor. Why B. doesn't get a striped bathing suit. What Glen did about the perfume. How the party made out Saturday night and why Jane took the buggy ride. Why is the lady dressed in red that must have a ringside seat. When Bill and Marg will give that party and what about the eats. How much it cost the party driving home Monday night on Coral Way. If Maurice got home safely from that beach party. If the carload with Z. managed to get the chop suey. Who opened with two cork-screws. If the little hotel stenographer got her notes mixed intentionally. Why Little Nell doesn't let all of her meter readers take a vacation. 72 unit apartment, 45 hotel rooms, well financed, will trade. Miami Beach, 35 unit apartment well financed, will trade for anything valuable. W. L. WILLIAMS, 252 Halcyon Arcade Phone 36840.

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW ?

- If G.'s newly acquired shyness and demureness is just a pose... and if so, for whose benefit. Where Rose gets her haircuts... and how often. What turned Sam against peanuts. What kind of a get rich proposition A. W. is trying to promote now. How Pauline received the news. If the ex-chorus girl from the big city has serious designs on the middle aged widower. If a certain matron is convinced now that she didn't wreck the life of the man from Hartford. Why Walt doesn't have a public exhibition of those interest-

- ation at the same time... a permanent vacation. When Polly is taking her vacation... and where she is going. What Catherine thought of the man from the wide open spaces. Where and how Paul B. lost his bathing suit. If H. S. L. is still the same charming heart-breaker he was before his South American trip. Why Harold doesn't let his friends know he is in town. Why Charlie G. doesn't marry one of those numerous wealthy widows who are always pursuing him. Why R. passes himself off as a single man. Why Hank felt that he needed to apologize for the crowd he was with Saturday night. If Betty will wait till the last minute again soon to see if E. is going to ask her for a date before she makes another one.

Eventually you'll find your way here. You can't escape us. The best people fill up. The Village Beer Garden Phone M. B. 835 1249 Espanola Way

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MEYER-KISER BANK INDIANAPOLIS SOL MEYER, President SOL S. KISER, First Vice President July 18, 1927. Mr. Wen Phillips, Miami Life, Miami, Florida. Dear Sir: I have before me a copy of "Miami Life" under date of July 9th in connection with an article written about the Floridian Hotel located in Miami Beach. It might be possible that you, like Henry Ford, did not see the article before it was printed—but it surely is slanderous, and a retraction from you should be made. In the first paragraph of your article you say the Floridian Hotel during Mr. Sheehan's management kept pretty well filled at reasonable rates. Let us agree to that. You also say that the manager and the guests were satisfied. I will agree that the guests must have been satisfied or else we would not have had outstanding bills at the present time aggregating in excess of \$3,000 that are absolutely a total loss to the hotel company. I will also agree that Mr. Sheehan is a man of most pleasing personality, but that don't pay the expense of operating the hotel. You further state the public will not pay the boom rate of interest on boom mortgages. Under Mr. Sheehan's management we couldn't have paid interest on a thirty-cent mortgage, and had it not been for the receiver borrowing money to pay for incidentals the hotel would have been closed during the season of 1926. Inasmuch as this hotel was not ready for occupancy until March of 1926, it was kept open during the summer season merely to advertise itself and not for revenue. Many of the guests did leave the hotel because they did not pay their bills, but in one instance one of our prominent guests acted as the hotel porter during the last winter in order to meet his board and room bill contracted during Mr. Sheehan's management. He was honest enough to work himself out of debt. Another of Mr. Sheehan's friends acknowledged to me that both he and his wife had eaten their heads off at the expense of the Floridian Hotel, and that they had eaten more than five hundred meals without paying a dollar—and that's the kind of guests we had under Mr. Sheehan's management. Now as to the rent-boom ory, this is also slanderous and if you can show me any place where the rents were boosted to more than a nominal price then I shall not have anything further to say. The rates at the Floridian during the months of January, February and March were 50 per cent less than at the Roney Plaza, and decidedly lower than at the Ponce de Leon, both of which are on an equal basis with the Floridian Hotel. As a matter of fact, our rates at the Floridian Hotel for the three months did not average \$6.00 per day per room, whereas hotels such as the McAllister and Columbus, I am advised, charged that much during the summer season. The Floridian Hotel cost the Cherbinos interests in excess of \$1,500,000 and the value of the building under reconstruction, if it were to be built today, would cost just about 50 per cent of this amount. A fire-proof hotel, such as the Floridian, costs \$4,000 per room without the furnishings, and a first class hotel cannot be built for less than that amount. Under these conditions, I sincerely trust you will "see the right" and give us the same space in a complete retraction in the next issue of your paper. Respectfully, SOL MEYER

