



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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A Fifty-Thousand-Dollar Editorial—

EVERYBODY, OF COURSE, expects us to say something about Justice of the Peace Penney who had us arrested this week for criminal libel and furthermore brought a \$50,000 suit against us. But Penney is running for a political job next spring—which one we can't recall at this moment, and it doesn't matter anyway, because he'll never get it—and we hate to give him the publicity that he is evidently seeking.

Justice Penney is, of course, ridiculous. He probably always will be. Merely because we point out a technical violation of the law in his court, he gets peeved. Men of the type of Penney do not "desire no publicity" for their errors. Men of the calibre of Penney (really, we hate to be giving this fellow this publicity because he doesn't deserve it) never like papers of the type of Miami Life.

We could, if we were a mind to, give this little justice of the peace what he deserves.

We could mention about him renting part of his office to professional bondsmen. We could mention his assessing cost charges against discharged defendants in violation of law. We could mention the tricks his court has played upon unwary negroes. We could mention Penney's connection as coroner in nearly 100 inquests and his violation of law in nearly every one, and we might mention something of the scandals connected with the bonds he o. k'd.

But we won't. He is simply of the order that is passing out in Miami—slowly, but surely. He is so certain to quit office, or be kicked out of it, in the early future, that we don't feel like tromping on him too much.

His statement to the Daily News about running for office makes us laugh. Really, we hollered.

If Mr. Penney got two votes for any office in Dade county, he'd surely be accused of repeating!

Hard On the Newsboys

FOR SOME reason, best known to himself, City Manager Wharton, shortly before he left office, made a ruling that worked a hardship on the newsboys of the city. He had the police department do away with the boxes and seats used by the boys to rest while selling their papers.

There is hardly any reason why the newsboys should not have a seat on their own corners. Some arrangement should be made whereby the boys could provide corner stands and seats to sell their wares from. The average citizen buys his paper from the boy on the corner and that boy should not be forced to stand all day long so as to be there when the citizen wishes to purchase a paper.

Miami is losing all city ways as far as the streets are concerned. With the introduction of ordinances doing away with this and that the people are beginning to give the streets a wide berth. This is bad for the storekeepers as well as the smaller merchants—the newsboys.

Let's all get back to a reasonable way of thinking again. Miami is no overcrowded metropolis. Let us make our streets picturesque. Erect kiosks for the retailing of newspapers and add another touch of color to our colorful streets.

To Tip, Or Not to Tip?

GET your dollar ready and become a member of the Anti-Tipping Society. That is, if you are one of the people who protest daily against this practise.

Tipping is becoming a nuisance; in fact, it has long been a nuisance that should have been eliminated from our lives. There seems to be no real cure for it. Societies have been started to combat the evil but they have always fallen flat, for some reason or other.

We should really approach this tipping business from the point of view that it is un-American. No healthy, decent American can take a tip tendered by a customer and still retain his self-respect. If we can make the accepters of tips see that they lower themselves by so doing, the anti-tippers will find the going easier.

All workers should be paid a living wage. None should have to depend on the misplaced generosity of patrons to fill the pay envelope. When a man eats he should get service without paying ten per cent extra for it—in the form of a tip.

FROM the looks of the box score, it seems that the Orlando baseball team was in better form by.

Transportation Is Rotten

TRANSPORTATION in Miami and Miami Beach is getting worse every day. Since the Florida Power and Light Company made up its mind to do all the transportation here we have had indifferent service.

Jitneys and private bus lines have been bought, chased or frozen out. And for what? So that the power company can carry a few people on the stupid old trolley cars they have crawling around a few of our streets.

With the elimination of competition Miamians are getting the worst transportation ever given in this city. If the Florida Power and Light Company is to have all the transportation franchises they should be made to give some sort of service. Not good service—we couldn't expect that from them—but just ordinary poor service. At present the service is rotten.

The only real service in the city is given by the few private bus lines still operating.

How long will it be before the octopus puts them out of business?

NOW LET US BLOW!

ON THIS date one year ago a West Indian hurricane headed straight for the south part of Florida and registered a bull's eye on Greater Miami—with disastrous effect—the next day, September 18.

Last year the wind did the blowing—this year we can blow about what we've done since that time, and we have something to blow about.

No sooner had the storm passed than we became a community of willing workers and started to rehabilitate. We acted like honest-to-God human beings and undid the destruction of nature in record time. What we did immediately after the storm is a monument to the bravery and resourcefulness of the people of Greater Miami.

What we have done since is another monument to the indomitable spirit and business ability of the people who dwell in this part of the United States.

Miami—wrecked and broken on September 18—arose to a thriving city again. In record time the tangled tons of wire was sorted out; our water supply was purified; and living became a pleasure again. Wreckage disappeared as if by magic. Workers started to repair buildings. Every roof was dotted with workers who were stopping leaks—repairing the covering. Tottering walls were pulled down—with wonderful speed new walls grew in their place.

We did well. We did better than any other people in any other nation could have done. And we did not stop there.

When we breathed again, we started in to finish what we had begun.

In the twelve months that have elapsed since the big blow we have erected \$20,000,000 worth of buildings—including a 27-story courthouse and half a dozen skyscrapers; we have laid 40 miles of sewers at a cost of \$900,000; 15 miles of sidewalks at a cost of \$100,000; 40 miles of paving at a cost of \$2,000,000.

We have planted hundreds of trees in our parks; created the most wonderful bayfront fairyland of tropical vegetation; made new docks and dredged our harbor at a cost of millions.

We have opened up dozens of streets, put in miles of street lighting and built a world-famous highway—Biscayne Boulevard.

A new railway has reached the city, new stations and freight sheds built and everything made ready to handle the passenger and freight traffic without loss of time.

Our bank clearances almost reached the half billion mark; our per capita savings in the banks is nearly \$700. We have a right to blow about it.

Miami Beach, almost flattened by the wind and washed away by the ocean, has come back a more beautiful city than ever before.

It has issued 196 building permits with a value of \$2,422,159; built a \$250,000 city hall, a large storage warehouse, and is building a new casino and Bath Club.

A \$3,000,000 seawall is being built; Carl G. Fisher has done wonders over at Terminal Island; the Fisher interests have sold \$600,000 of original holdings for cash payments; its delinquent tax list was very small.

Thousands of palm trees have been planted in Lummus Park; hundreds have been given away by the city and thousands of plants with them to help beautify the city; all the city parks have been landscaped; a recreational forum has been formed in Flamingo Park; the city has acquired a municipal golf course; laid 11 miles of sidewalks; built about 170 homes—and one apartment house.

A police and fire alarm system has been installed; new transportation arrangements made; new car tracks laid; and the whole beach front beautified.

We have a right to blow about it.

In Coral Gables, where the strict building regulations keep down the loss, the flattened trees were all propped up again in less than a week; window panes were put in and the city tidied up in record time.

Its hospital cared for those injured in other districts; it refused help from the Red Cross, but gave them a building to work from for other districts.

Since the hurricane it has issued building permits for \$4,345,795; finished the million-dollar Douglas entrance; started three new church buildings, and a city hall; and built hundreds of homes that have nearly all been sold before construction was completed.

The largest coliseum in the south is nearing completion; 157 miles of sidewalk have been laid; 87 miles of paving is finished; 12 miles of parkways added to the city's highways; six acres of parks landscaped; 53 miles of water main laid and five miles of storm sewers; eight miles of canal cut, and a \$2,000,000 dredging contract is changing the landscape in the Biscayne section.

And it has all been done without increasing the taxation.

Bank deposits work out at a per capita division of \$1,500.

Yes, we have something to blow about.

Let's Economize

THE Dade County Commissioners, sweating under a strain of heavy expenses, notify the public that they are now on the verge of inaugurating an epidemic of economy which shall hit high and low. They have told the county solicitor where to head in, and soon other county departments will feel the axe.

Let's look into this matter a little. Let's study out the problem and reason out the why of all this safe and sane economical streak which has so lately developed. Perhaps then, Dade County voters might be a bit more economical when another election comes around.

Homestead had a bank. It was quite an institution while it was going. Indications seem to point to the fact that most anyone could go there and get a loan, putting up real estate or a wheel-barrow for security.

Eventually Dade County's commissioners heard of this bank. They deposited \$80,000 of the county's money there on securities passed on by the State Comptroller. But the bank needed more money. So the county, liberal and good-hearted, deposited \$268,062.50 more of the taxpayers' money, without any better security than \$61,500 worth of Bankers Trust Company certificates (the Manley Banks of Atlanta, which went broke) and the balance of \$206,562.50 was secured by mortgages and notes.

Of this last sum of \$268,062.50, the State Comptroller never vouched for a cent. And the county commissioners put it there without following the instructions of Section 1560 of the Revised General Statutes of Florida, which state security for county deposits must be secured by federal, state, county or municipal bonds, or guaranteed by a legalized surety company.

So now the commissioners wish to economize. That is, they do not wish to spend any of the money coming in, but they are dead willing to assess Dade County with a new \$3,000,000 bond issue which will go for bulkheading Miami Beach's ocean front, about 85 per cent of which is owned by private interests, and of which Miami alone must pay \$1,800,000.

Our only hope is to get new officials in before the old ones let everything go.

Doctors Continue War

DADE county medicos met in the Woman's Club on Friday night and fired the second gun in the 20-hour-a-day war. Mrs. B. M. Tuller, who has operated a physicians' exchange and nurses' register for the last seven years, has been thrown into the discard. Another registry office has been started with Adele Hampton, who runs a vocational bureau. Mrs. Tuller has run an excellent organization for the doctors at the small cost of \$4 a month, and several medical men owe her many months' fees. The Dade County Medical Association has connected up with this new registry at a cost of \$2.50 per medico. They are advertising for nurses who are willing to work twenty hours a day. They are going to reduce the price of being sick, they say, but are not willing to take any less for their own work. Mrs. Tuller will have to register doctors who are not members of the association if she is to remain in business. Her nurses will not be of the 20 hours-a-day kind but will be thoroughly competent women who will be right on the job—even if the doctor isn't.

Creating a Payroll

MIAMI is after industries. Miami wants a payroll to keep the city busy and prosperous during the slack season. One day there will be no slack season and this payroll business won't cut so much ice, but at present it is essential that we keep all the industries we have in good working condition.

Several owners of manufacturing plants in this city have dropped in to see us during the last few weeks. They are all worked up about not being able to induce the banks to take care of their payrolls for a short time. The business is good, they say, but collections are slow. They really only need a few hundreds to tide them over the present depression.

Some banks tell them to try a certain finance corporation to raise a loan. This finance company is willing to lend. The rate they charge is only five per cent—per month. Which works out at something like seventy per cent a year, when the interest has been compounded.

Miami is striving for a larger payroll and cannot take care of the one it has now. The banks simply refuse to make loans just at present. They might be right, as far as that goes, but it seems hard on the merchants and manufacturers.

Perhaps some of those people who have money hidden away in safety deposit boxes might take a chance on some of the manufacturers. Personally, we don't think they would be taking any chance at all.

A MIAMIAN, commenting on the mosquito barrage, says he drove over to the beach with his girl and after lingering a while discovered he had five flat tires.

Tie Dum

"They played the fife lowly,
"And drove the hearse slowly,
"As they carried poor Wen Phillips away."

THE DAY was one of those dark and dismal affairs, reminiscent of the days when the boll weevil completely dominated Georgia. Traffic policemen, injured as they were to hardships, were arched in various shelter spots in an attempt to escape the wet rain which continued to pour down. Street cars were late and shoppers were beleaguered and marooned, without the price of a "\$2.00 an hour" car. Stock salesmen for prospective oil wells were as quiet as a row of ex-renal estate men staring at a collection plate. The amalgamated association of apartment house owners subscribed several months' rent for bouquets to be immediately dispatched, while Coast Guard boats trimmed their upper decks and pulled the teeth from all three-pounders, and the city commissioners, pouring over plans of how to fill an empty treasury, listened in amazement to the news and shared and aired their views on whether to invite the W. C. T. U. for next year's convention.

It was a day previous to the worst you ever met. It was an ominous day, with black cats making faces at a crazy moon, and hoptoads crouching on jitney busses.

It was the day of Fate. The tragic heartrending moment had arrived. The sheriff, assisted by his corps, was at hand. He sought and found Wen R. Phillips, the brazen editor of Miami Life, who permitted the king of peace court justices to read the truth, and thereby ruffled the feelings of his majesty to such an extent that the Honorable H. W. Penney had to go into another justice's district where warrants cost ten dollars and plead for one under a sad tale of woe.

So that's the story, readers. You now know why the milkman was late and your light bill mounted as the light faded.

Read this tale and weep. Perhaps some day you, too, may act les majeste.

Round the Town with ROD

WHO'LL GET THE EGGS? LAST week Mr. Pieper, his wife and children, were haled in to Municipal Judge Cowart's court on a warrant charging the purloining of two chickens. And darn well-bred white Leghorns were the fowls, as testified to by both Mr. Pieper and the complainant, a Mr. Schriver, who vowed he knew them by name and feathers.

Judge Cowart admitted his utter inability to split such a lovely pair of chickens between five people, especially as the two were in mourning for a brother which had been served banqueted style at one of the little Pieper's birthday parties.

Monday, Justice of the Peace Dale Payne, off from his daily labor in John B. Orr's concrete factory, came home tired and weary. His constable, Hinson, showed him a warrant, two chickens, Mr. Schriver, and the complete Pieper family. Mr. Schriver was under arrest for trespassing and petit larceny which meant that the chickens had again disappeared from the specially-built coop prepared by the skill and craft of the Pieper family.

Judge Payne took the dusty tomes from his shelves. He looked into corpus habes, corpus delicti and was fairly on the road for looking for some spirits of ferment when the happy thought struck his mind. He looked at Constable Hinson. He looked at the plaintiffs and the defendant.

He then smiled as he wrote out an order turning the interpretation of the matter over to the county solicitor's office and bound Mr. Schriver over on a \$150 bond that he give head and ear to the decision which most likely Judge Tom Norfleet will have to render.

And Constable Hinson took the chickens to care for and to keep until decision is rendered as to ownership. But what procedure to follow should the chickens escape or be served as stew the judge knoweth not.

AH, SPRINGTIME! ACCORDING to my informant, and the news bears all the marks of truth, Asheville, N. C., was the scene of a great event this week, which, according to the prevailing fashion, is worthy of quote here.

An amalgamation of great business interests took place. Though the four hundred of New York have for years kept what was Caesar's for Caesar, the parties in this affair still have and hold within their power the ropes surrounding their own domain.

Miss Inez Meredith, the bonding queen of Dade county, known throughout the Florida domain, took unto herself a husband. The husband, too, is familiar to the rank and file, for he is the head of the Florida Surety Company, labeled as a "million-dollar" corporation.

Now you have the story of how Inez Meredith did go to the North Carolina resort and did there and then take unto herself a husband by the name of L. S. Dillingham for better or worse, and did then and there form a great trust to operate in the professional bonding field.

FEAST FOR FIGHT FANS FIGHT fans will have all the fight they want in one night next Thursday at Biscayne fronton. Besides the usual card of fights the management has installed an \$800 radio outfit and a \$350 power loud speaker from which will be broadcast the Tunney-Dempsey scrap in Chicago. The broadcasting will be done from the ringside by Graham McNamee and J. Andrew White.

Work has started on the new stadium for the Miami Sports Club and the arena will be finished some time early in November. The seating capacity will be 15,000. The grand stand, which will be covered, will hold 8,000 and the bleachers about 11,000. James H. Reynolds, president of the club, says that the stadium will be used on three days of the week for bicycle races and the price of admittance will be from 50 cents to a dollar and a half.

Boxing at Biscayne fronton is under the auspices of the Harvey Seeds Post of the American Legion and the prices there are of the popular variety, \$2 being the highest.

The president declares that some of the big time boys will be here this winter if the club gets the right sort of support. Jack Delaney and Jack Sharkey are both going to figure in bouts if the business warrants bringing such talent here.

The Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

MIAMI LIFE'S battle to keep heavy trucks off Biscayne Boulevard won... but Judge Penney's \$50,000 suit isn't... County Commissioners again threaten to give causeway to Miami and Miami Beach... Jitney bus ordinance still held in abeyance... Inez Meredith and L. S. Dillingham forget grievances and marry... Court of Crimes wades through 265 cases... mostly estreatures of bonds occur... Judge Brown warns justices of fight to keep better records... F. E. C. official states passenger traffic to Miami is the heaviest in history for this time of year... Jackson Memorial Hospital reduces staff... Controversy rages as to who named the Tamiami Trail... most people more interested in the question of when it will be finished... Liquor market stagnant... so is the liquor... you'd better hire a private chemist... County Commissioners and County Solicitor argue about who's to pay bills... we know, it's the taxpayers... Dredge gets tired trying to raise Yacht Esmeralda and sinks alongside her... School children getting anxious for opening... Miami coolest big city in the U. S.... other towns have heat waves... Hugh Martin has good card for next Monday's fights at ball grounds... Miami Sports Club to stage bouts and give ringside returns of Tunney-Dempsey fight on September 22 at Biscayne Fronton... Mayor Grethen of Hialeah strips Officer Maddox of his star... Republicans quiet this week... threaten to start newspaper... all they need is the money... Miami Coliseum to open in November... it's in Coral Gables... Dollar Day a success... lots of money taken out from the old socks... City Manager Snow won't play politics... says he is employed by the City of Miami and he'll work only for it... Anniversary of hurricane... do you remember it?... Much complaint about receiverships continues... may be investigations... MORE NET WEEK.

ISA SEEKER (Special Investigator)

Mr. Cratze Binswisher, First National Bank, Four Corners, Iowa. Dear Mr. Binswisher: You did right in writing to me as to what information was now at hand for the winter. The cost of this will not be much to you but as an Special Investigator you will know that I'm giving you the best information regardless of the cost which will be fifty dollars and no cents which you can send by return mail or wire me by either of the companies and by the time you receive this information your wire and money for fifty dollars and no cents should arrive here.

You can wire the money to me direct for I always use a disguise when calling for money so that none of the common city dicks like Cordell or Rose or Wilkerson and the other etals fathered by that Guy Reeves can tell Eddie to take this letter and write it down.

For this winter season which will start as soon as some tourist cars and local streets are torn up a special time will be had by all who attend and I shall give you in strict confidence the names and addresses of a few select men who still aren't afraid to trust a man for a pint or two and I get no commission whatever regardless that Combs says his home is ready for a big season if Hialeah doesn't close up.

There will be many bands here this winter although they don't all play music. Personally why a tourist who is trying to find a good time should have to listen to music is the same as Abie's Irish Rose to me and I do not believe you will be bothered much unless you have an ear for music.

You do not need to bring much baggage when you arrive here if you manage to get by Jacksonville. Them bums up there are liable to tell you not to go further than here for the reason us people might pick you out for an airplane and bring you down but pay them no attention. Baggage interferes considerably should you stop at one or other of our hotels. An Iowa man

Manual. And that ought to be a good scrap. ODAH IN DE COT TWO of Miami's fair ladies went Hialeahing last week. They tried to enter the race track and were jockeying for position, when Chief of Police Ewing came by. He became immediately interested and offered to act as guide for the pair. Though not seeking any personally-conducted tours, they followed the chief.

The chief, a big friendly fellow, gave them a well-ventilated chamber and plenty of wholesome though plain food at the city's expense.

Monday, Mayor Grethen, who also is the municipal judge of Hialeah, listened to complaints. Among those appearing were the two Miami girls.

Testimony proved something or other. One of the defendants objected to part of it. She threatened the witness with bodily harm. Chief Ewing stepped in between, and for his trouble and peace-making proclivities, received a very nice pocketbook—alongside his head.

So that's why his eye is black and he hasn't combed his hair of late. LIKE OLD TIMES DOLLAR DAY was a great success. From all appearances everybody in Greater Miami discovered a dollar in the bottom of his old clothes and came town and spent it, last Wednesday. The streets looked like they did in 1925 when Miami was the most important place in the world.

EVERYBODY'S CORNER

The contributions below are from readers of Miami Life. If you are asking payment for contributions be sure to enclose self-addressed and stamped envelope so that we can return your effort promptly.

The "Rose Mahoney"

Damned old piece of junk, Rat infested and eaten by worms, You stand there against the sky Like a leper in a nun's room. Reminiscent of dirty niggers

And unclean men Carrying alcoholic bodies To unclean women From port to port.

A sluggish old hulk, Out-dated and out-lived. You floundered thru seas Like some putrid mummy— No wonder Nature

Used a forceful hand. And yet you stand Against the sky Like a leper In a nun's room.

—C. W. Fath.

What, No Waves?

THE United States Customs men had an idea this week. Although not much came from it, still it was an idea, and credit is hereby given.

Customs Officers Bedenbaugh, Hogeboom, Anderson, Albany and Palmer, assisted by Boatwain Christensen of the coast guard, journeyed down along the keys on Wednesday. They found the spot they were seeking, and waited.

They soon discovered they were trespassing in a private domain. The mosquitoes were holding their regular national convention and objected to any visitors. So the boys started jiggling and squirming, which antics attracted the attention of four men who were hauling about 25 gallons of gasoline for an outboard motor.

The four men put off in two boats to escape the mosquitoes. The customs men followed, with the exception of Albany. He was too fat and Christensen thought he would sink the boat.

By and by a noise was heard. Two of the strange men looked up. They saw a strange seaplane swooping above. The government men also saw the plane. The government boat followed the two strange men. The two strange men, friendly sort of fellows, waved at the man in the seaplane. Perhaps the aviator thought they were telling him not to land his plane as baracuda, sharks and mosquitoes were terrible. Suddenly the plane hit the water. The government men went toward it with the intention of giving it the once over. Probably having heard of bold bad men of the Spanish Main, the aviator took to the air. The customs men gave him a salute of many volleys.

And then, chagrined because the aviator wouldn't let them look over his pretty flying boat, the customs men arrested four men, saying they interfered with officers by waving at a plane which they suspected contained contraband liquor. U. S. Commissioner turned two of the men loose, and held the other two under \$500 bond each as per se.

So if you go out on the ocean, don't wave back at the sea. You'll get pinched under Article 65.

TIRES \$100,000 Stock Balloons and Everything ALL THE POPULAR WELL KNOWN BRANDS ON HAND 30x3!—Guaranteed \$4.95 Other Bargains DON'T MISS PAUL'S 1233 N. E. Second Ave. And New York to Key West "We don't keep tires—we sell 'em"

SOUTHWEST—7-room house, garage; well built; gorgeously furnished; over \$4,000 worth of furniture; price, \$11,000. 7-ROOM HOUSE, well located; price, \$4,000; easy terms. 2 HOMES, 3 and 4 rooms, well furnished, price, \$4,000; cash required, \$500. Williams, 252 Hialeah Arcade.

Your Opportunity IT'S GOING HIGHER OIL in CUBA BUY STOCK NOW IN PROVEN FIELDS CUBAN-AMERICAN PETROLEUM CORP. 722 HUNTINGTON BLVD., PHONE 5733.

COMBS FUNERAL HOME MIAMI'S FIRST FUNERAL HOME Established 1896 Phone 8405 W. H. COMBS CO. 130 N. E. SECOND AVE. - MIAMI

CAP'S COLUMN

MR. R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, resting between meals, informs this writer that he has entered his two twin sons, Absolutely, the elder, and Positively, the younger, in an art school, and would I please give Billye Sibert Miller, the instructor, and her 131 Shoreland Arcade studio a writeup, so that she would hold off presenting Mr. Greeby with a bill until he had sold his equity in the new subdivision west of Crossstania?

The writer, in order to humor the famed eel trainer, said he would. In fact, a stroll brought me to the studios. Miss Miller has a wonderful painted set of china, which would come in quite handy were she to get married; she has various works of art about the walls and in the process of completion; she has several likable pupils who show signs of talent; and she is in a fair way to do a good business if Miamians will send their children down and have them taught something else besides sticking pins on their teacher's seat.

Miss Miller, she ain't much bigger than a fair-sized easel, states that Absolutely and Positively show all their father's genius, and if they don't turn out to be fine red-curb painters she's mistaken in their father's traits.

Condensations Crowds throng local amusement places as merchants mourn lack of business... Dollar day fills Flagler street with hurrying multitudes holding tight to family socks... Jack Edwards adds "mammy pal."

Three Pleasant Hours \$1.00 Every Sunday 2 to 5 P. M. Boat DIXIE will leave Pier No. 8, foot of N. E. 3rd St., for a non-stop sight-seeing trip on Biscayne Bay, showing all points of interest.

aver" to Miami's vocabulary... two boxing bouts scheduled this week... Sock 'em, boys... Southern Dairies sales sheets show rumored daily increase in population to be a fact... their business is based on the number of people here... Burdine's got the effect of Dollar Day without offering any dollar specials... showing that business is the reward of prestige also... Dempsey-Tunney fight returns to be given out at Roseland Thursday... you can dance between blows... Hilty says Miami Life is not a newspaper... other people think differently... Pirates' Den opens again in the Spanish Village... Walter Reid says he's going to sell some hotels on the beach this winter... his office is now open, waiting for business... Don's Drug Sundries, on N. E. Second avenue, has a soda girl who's both a blonde and a brunette... Casares wins Miami ball team popularity contest... and Banks' Benrus watch... Frank Ray has some brand new fall suits that just came in... Carl Fisher will be back November first... famous last words—"SO I TOOK THE \$50,000."

THE PIRATE'S DEN is open again at the Spanish Village. Which leads one to inquire: "How about the pie rate at the Pirate's Den?" And the answer comes back ten cents a cut. Now, do they cut a cut with a cutlass? No, we get again, but they cut less at other places. No wonder the pirates were feared.

EDNA PARK pulled off the best piece of acting this week in "White Cargo" that we have seen this accomplished little girl do in quite some time. "I am Tondelero," said Edna, and everybody in the audience agreed with her. Which means that if Edna will play more parts like this she will have packed houses the rest of the

TIPS—(THE MIAMI IDEA) Miami has the opportunity today to secure a million dollar's worth of the best publicity ever brought out. Miami draws tourists from every section. In the last few years many have not returned to Miami on account of the high rates—tips have come in for their share of debate. Think what it would mean to Miami if the word is broadcast throughout the country that Miami is a "Non-Tipping City." The First Resort City in the World to Take This Step You can scarcely realize in dollars the value this publicity will bring. You cannot estimate the additional thousands of tourists this will attract. Many employees are asking a sure living wage paid in a respectable manner, rather than the hazard of a charity to be wheeled out of a preening public. Think it over. Join the Anti-Tipping Association today and help make Miami the "Non-Tipping City." Membership fee only \$1.00. Give application to our representative or mail to Headquarters, 1014 Realty Board Building PAUL A. MOTES, President.

season. Jack Edwards, Theo. Hudgins, and Walter Kniffen are doing some mighty good work, as the size of the audiences at the Fairfax will testify.

The management of the Capital Theatre deserves a lot of credit for bringing Olive Borden, in "The Joy Girl," here this past week. All outside scenes were shot at Palm Beach and Miami, many of them in color, and the result was a single refutation to those persons who were marked that good pictures would not be taken in Florida, because of light difficulties. We stole a look-on at the booking sheet of pictures coming to the Capital during the next few weeks, and they will bear waiting for. Marion Nixon's voice is a nightly attraction. This talented young singer gets a good hand every time she comes out.

On Thursday night the trustees of the Y. M. C. A. held one of those evening-you know. It was a case of BOYL, but nobody wanted to break the noble eighteenth. They were AWOL—that is All Wet and Out o' Luck. When the gallant boys get together for an evening's entertainment and iced tea is the only liquid refreshment, there is likely to be another war started.

EXCURSION! Sunday—twin-crew Yacht Mueschla, leaves Pier 6, foot of N. E. 3rd St., at 2 P. M. to Sand Key—20 miles south on Biscayne Bay. Return 6 P. M. FARE \$1. CHILDREN FREE!

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Your Will— A Legal And A Sentimental Document Suppose your sole heirs were a son and daughter—the son grown and prosperous, the daughter an invalid. If you should leave no will, the Florida intestate law would give these heirs equal shares of your estate. That would be legal—but would it be humanly just? The intestate laws can make no allowance for the particular circumstances of individual heirs, but your will can. Therefore, whatever the number of your heirs, and whatever their circumstances may be—make your will, and in it provide both a legal and a sentimental settlement of your estate. Biscayne Trust Company Affiliated with Bank of Bay Biscayne No State Income or Inheritance Taxes in Florida