

Is the Court House Building Unsafe?

Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Perhaps the Plaster Will Hold It!

PLASTERING is under way at Dade County's new court house.

That is, they are taking on a few plasterers each morning and firing them at night.

Last week a threat was made to pull the carpenters off the job unless the plasterers got busy.

There's a reason, of course.

You see, when the foundations were placed for this 27-story building, 10-foot-deep holes were excavated in the top rock. This top rock is only about 18 feet thick. Piles were driven into the remainder of the rock, and then right through it into the quicksand that lies below.

Now the tower is sinking. As the quicksand gradually packs the tower will sink further and further into the ground. Very slowly, of course, but, nevertheless, it will sink—unless something is done about it.

At present, efforts are being made to stop this sinking. Struts, braces, brackets—anything that will prevent the tower from disappearing into the middle of Florida—is being used.

Eventually a 10-foot floor of concrete will have to be placed to hold the footings and stop this sinking.

Why not do it now and make a good job of it before it gets so bad that it will cost a fortune to save it. After that we can get on with the plastering.

IF EVER pilots earned their money they now are doing so. Between submerged islands, dredges, pipe lines, cables, derelicts and rest stations, Biscayne Bay now appears as the champion maze of the universe. Yet at that only two boats went aground this week.

Harbor Patrol Needed

MIAMI needs a harbor patrol. The cost would approximate \$5,000 a year and would save the city more than twice that amount.

The need of a patrol is granted by harbor authorities. A patrol would have saved the sinking of the Prinz Valdamer. A patrol would take care of all harbor troubles that happen each day, and which the harbor authorities are powerless to attend to. It would have jurisdiction in the city docks, along the bay to Cocoplum Beach, up the Miami river to the city limits, and north on the bay to Little River.

A large amount of thieving has been going on in the docks and on the river lately, that calls for police protection for boat-owners.

One of the greatest effects of a harbor patrol would be the prevention of dumping oily bilge into the harbor. Years ago Miami harbor was full of palatial yachts. Today they are in cleaner waters. So much oil and trash is allowed to float around that yacht-owners are giving our harbor a wide berth.

Miami needs a harbor patrol.

WE ARE noble-hearted, generous and a lover of our fellow-men. Consequently when the Herald states its campaign to remove vessels from the harbor is showing results we'll keep quiet. But, oh, Rose, and Prinz, and Nohab, we thought you were mad at Miami Life! Now we are content.

It Was Dry Work

THE yacht Esmeralda is still at the bottom of the harbor and wasting a lot of space at the city docks. The City of Miami admits spending \$4,500 on trying to get rid of it. Probably it has spent more. Private individuals have spent a lot of money, making a total of something like \$15,000 on trying to raise the vessel. And it is still sunk.

When it went down in the hurricane last September it had in bond, under government seal, a large quantity of fine liquor. Divers discovered this and the stock has disappeared. A large amount of it went down the thirsty throats of men who were in the vicinity of the wreck when the liquor was discovered.

That is probably why the boat remains at the bottom of the harbor.

They couldn't get her high and dry with so much liquor on board.

A City Graft

MIAMI MERCHANTS have a legitimate growl. That growl is directed against the City Commissioners, and that is where it should be.

Every year, when the season is on, Miami is visited by a group of gyp merchants; merchants of the get-it-and-run order. They plaster the main street with enticing signs that passers-by might be led into the trap. They are the winter "Auction Sales." For the privilege of operating they pay into the city a license of \$25.00 per day for each flim-flam store. The city collects this money with a full knowledge that it is countenancing a fraud—a fraud against the legitimate, all-the-year-round merchants. And last year a total of \$6,681.25 was collected from these "auctioneers" by the city.

There is no excuse for it, either legal or because the license fee aids the city treasury. The fact is that the high license fee is collected from easily hoodwinked customers who might have received dollar for dollar value had they patronized legitimate merchants. Thus the legitimate merchant also suffers.

Whatever apology the city commissioners or the city attorney

Over the Hump—And Gold in Sight!

READ OVER Pilgrim's Progress again, just for curiosity. Or, if you remember it, contrast Pilgrim with us. Really, he had a primrose path compared to the rocky, treacherous road we've been traveling for the last 18 months. No one who looks back over the last year or two of Miami's history can fail to conclude that Pilgrim, so far as sacrificing himself for a cause goes, was a piker.

Two years ago we started along the Broad Highway to Health, Wealth and Happiness. It looked awfully good then. There were gorgeous rainbows leading us on. Cooling zephyrs from the Gulf Stream invigorated us. A tropical sun shed its blessings on us. And, as we went along, we picked up plenty of gold pieces every day by merely saying, "Yes, I'll sell." We went forward, ambitions rampant and hopes iridescent.

When we least expected it, we encountered bogs. The road sank—and we with it. It was even worse than our county commissioners could have anticipated. Then, about a year ago, came the Great Washout. Our buggy wagons careened into the ditches. Most of us—because, you know there were a quarter million of us then—plunged into the worst Slough of Despond that any of John Bunyan's heroes ever imagined. Our wardrobes became dish-rags our bank accounts liabilities; and our spirits were less than one-half of one per cent by volume.

Talk about Mississippi pipe-clay, Alabama sand, Georgia red roads after a rain, Omaha tornadoes, California earthquakes, Ceylon typhoons; reminisce on cattle stampedes or hostile Indians around your immigrant train; wax warm on your deluges and exoduses; brag about your Dayton flood and your San Francisco earthquake and the Galveston bath—throw all this in and add, if you please, a lot of misplaced subdivisions supervised by strayed hot dog stands and an epidemic of struggling, pray-it-won't-rain autoists—consider all these things and you won't even begin to conceive

what kind of road we pilgrims have stumbled over for many, many months.

But we pilgrims plodded on. True, our ranks were sadly depleted. Thousands took the fine detours by way of New York and Chicago and St. Louis and Pittsburgh. A great many took the Atlanta detour.

But we kept to the main road, regardless of its conditions—because pilgrims must always stick to the straight path. Up and down grades, through the debris,

About Landlords

THERE is only one relief for long-suffering tenants in Miami. And that is a legislative enactment requiring landlords to give three months' notice before increasing rents or ejecting patrons.

In other states, such notices must be given. Otherwise, tenants may keep their houses or apartments or hotel rooms another year.

Which is as it should be in Florida.

past the pessimistic yodels of the detourers, scorning the frizzled trees and uprooted telephone posts and trackless railroads and ghosts of houses, we plodded. And then we started to climb. Our eyes were on that hump in the far distance. We knew that if we ever got over that hump we'd see something.

Well, we're just about over it now. We newspaper guys are usually ahead of everyone in any procession, whether bridal or funereal. And so we naturally get the first glimpse of the beautiful vista ahead.

Those green hills and dales in the near-distance look fine. We see no poor-house. We've passed several in the last few months, but there are none ahead. As a matter of fact—and we don't want to be too hasty with our optimism—it looks like there might be gold in them thar hills. And we're not talking about the Shrine gold-sands or gilded Elks' teeth. We're talking about the rich gold mine we used to take every year and that we knew was just beyond the hump we've been seeking for a long time.

There's at least \$80,000,000 in gold in those hills ahead—and our mayor, Ev Sewell, will corroborate us. And if we don't get all of it this season, we'll get most of it. If we don't, we're darned poor pilgrims. And we couldn't be poor pilgrims, or we would have detoured like most of the others did. Anyway, we're at the hump—probably over it. And there's gold in sight to cheer us the rest of the way.

Getting Ready to Gyp Them

THE much vaunted booklets for hotel and apartment rates are now in the city. There is a deplorable number of the apartments followed by the words: "On application."

Now this points to a sudden raising of apartment rates if the threatened flood of tourists hits the city. These apartments are giving no rates because the owners are getting ready to yegg the tourist, if there is enough of him.

They are going to be sadly left. A Florida city has omitted the names of apartments from its advertising where the owners refuse to give winter rates.

Miami should have done likewise. This winter we are going to have a lot of tourists here. But we must treat them right or this will be the last winter they will be with us.

The city commissioners should do something. Make them post rates or give the maximum.

We cannot afford to take chances with a lot of yegging owners of apartment houses. This is our year to come back.

Our mayor might show a better example. For instance, he owns the Albina apartments, and he gives the "on application" sign in one folder and quotes the rates "\$125 - \$150 a month" in the booklet. From all accounts they are not worth that amount.

Let us be sane and sensible this year. Let us get the tourists here and treat them white. Let us lay the foundation for many years of prosperity.

ACCORDING to a late edition of the Miami News headline: "Another game will beat the champion Cardinals." Evidently the News makes no distinction between a Cardinal and a Pirate.

Clear the Boulevard

BISCAYNE BOULEVARD is quickly nearing completion. But, up to the present time, no effort has been made to remove those dangerous island lights from the center of the street.

These islands have been the cause of many accidents. The lamps are white and they should be some other color, if they must stand there.

The best cure for these nuisances is to tear them up and throw them in the bay.

And the time to do it is before any more cars are smashed up by running into them at night.

SEVERAL of Miami's star corner spouts are back for the season. We are glad to see them, although we know they are not producers. Rather, they are but so many more mouths to feed. At that, they may have more difficult pickings this year. For they forgot to pay when they left, and they came back because they were broke.

Will Keep Him Busy

THE county solicitor has sent out a notice to the sheriff and all justices of the peace and their constables that co-operation is needed in the ranks of law-enforcing officers.

The document brings to the notice of the law-enforcers some of the abuses that Miami Life has been fighting during the last few months.

Many things have been done in the name of the law in Miami that were open to criticism. Perhaps this notice of the county solicitor will call a halt on some of these abuses.

The county solicitor is to be complimented on his action in the matter. Now all he has to do is see that the sheriff, justices of the peace or constables live up to the letter of the law.

THIS morning Manager Reynolds of the Miami Sports Club received a wire from Leo P. Flynn, manager of Dempsey. Flynn promises to give an answer tomorrow as to whether Jack Dempsey will fight in Miami or not. Here's hopin'.

Justice! And His Name Is Morrow

A BOOTLEGGER at the beach is arrested on a liquor charge. He puts up a bond of \$150—and forfeits it.

Another bootlegger is arrested on the same charge, puts up a \$150 bond, and appears. He is fined \$150 and sentenced to 60 days in jail.

The first bootlegger gets by with \$150. The second, obeying the law, not only loses \$150, but has to spend 60 days in jail.

Moral: Always forfeit your bond. For there is justice in Dade County. We don't want to mention his name, but his initials are Grover Morrow.

THE Lions of Miami, some 1,400, have gone on record in favor of a half-million-dollar convention hall, which would average about \$360 per Lion; the pleader for the American Bankers' convention asked the city to appropriate \$40,000 for that affair, which would total about \$30.00 per visitor. An impertinent subscriber rises to inquire about an appropriation for local taxpayers, say about a nickel apiece.

can offer in favor of the plan, we reiterate that it is nothing but a bit of graft which the city levies against those who have made Miami what it is.

NOW we know the official winter season is drawing nigh: A sign painter at work on N. E. First street diligently kept going until the large gilded letters on the window blazoned forth "Real Estate."

To Keep the Wheels Turning

ON THE NIGHT before the cops began picking up the drivers who were running their cars without proper lights, the following conversation was held between an Ethiopian and a blue-coated minion of the law at West Flagler and Second avenue.

Cop: "Say, boy, where's your tail light?"
Rastus: "Boss, I ain't got none."
Cop: "And you haven't headlights, either. You've got to get that fixed right away. How come you're running dark?"
Rastus: "Boss, you see it's thisaway. I hadda sell ma battery to buy me some gas."

What Everybody is Saying Today: —Well, The Landlords are Going to Gouge as Usual!

MIAMI LIFE

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS
Advertising contracts are solicited and accepted by the business office—or by any representatives of "Miami Life" subject to Editorial approval. The Editors reserve the right to reject any contract accepted by the business office or its advertising staff—to cancel same at any time after acceptance—and to refuse publication of any advertisement thereunder at any time such advertising is considered by them as unreliable or undesirable.

TRADE PRINTING
UNION COUNCIL
MIAMI, FLA.

No Transportation Yet!

TRANSPORTATION on Flagler Street is terrible. In fact there is practically no transportation west on Miami's principal street. The only means of getting anywhere on that street is by street car. These antiquated vehicles are filthy dirty, unsanitary and wouldn't be allowed to operate in any other city.

Not one of them has been disinfected in ten years. All over the city it is the same. You have to wait for a long time, no matter where you are going. If you board a street car it takes you all day to reach your destination.

Now that the Florida Power and Light Company has the transportation business almost tied up, let us give them the rest of the city and we can move back North.

Because we have two railways now, and can move in that direction without trouble.

WHAT HE FOUND OUT

Editor Miami Life:

While investigating conditions in Miami during the past few months one item affecting the development of Miami has appeared quite prominent and I am sending this letter to you with the request that it be published solely for the best interests of Miami, as it constitutes, in my opinion, the greatest liability in Miami. Let us examine the short record of the chief executive of Miami to see if he is liable or responsible for anything.

When he was president of the Chamber of Commerce he is reported to have worked hard for Miami's growth, and is alleged to have been responsible for the lavish expenditures made by that organization during his reign. This habit was perpetuated by his successors with the result that the Chamber of Commerce is practically reduced to bankruptcy. While he was in control of spending the Chamber of Commerce money for stippled style booklets, and other similar foolish items, everything was O. K., but when the Chamber of Commerce dipped into politics and defeated him for the office as one of the directors, everything about the Chamber of Commerce was all rotten. Even at that he wasn't so far wrong as to the chamber's actual condition.

But, any man who occupies the position of chief executive of a community should be big enough mentally to be above stooping to the dirty trick of wrecking the Chamber of Commerce simply to "get even" with them for not electing him as director. By afterwards taking the publicly money out of the hands of the Chamber of Commerce and placing it with his own publicity committee, he usurped his powers as mayor, even though the men selected were able ones. However, they did not demonstrate their ability by selecting a hotel clerk as the director of publicity.

Sending the booklet contract to another city proved the mayor knew who had been his friends in the past, yet this amount of money spent in Miami would have made a nice revolving fund to be used in paying many debts past due.

Years ago, when Miami was a small town where you had to chase the "gators off the sunny front porch of the store before you could open the door for business, the mayor was a big man in a little town, and conducted a thriving trade with the Seminole, conchs, crackers, negroes and other widely traveled (Dade county) tourists who came his way. His store was one of the largest in the county and the headquarters of the chair-leaning committees who passed judgment upon the poor damned Yankees who happened to get off the beaten road into Miami. Now that Miami has been (over)built into a city large enough to house at least 200,000 and is spending real money to advertise this fact, the most unfortunate part is the chief executive has not changed his viewpoint in the least, and is still thinking in terms of the small town times when he was chairman of the chair-leaning committee. If he had been a real merchant, with up-to-the-minute ideas of salesmanship, instead of having a fifty-foot front store of only two stories, he would have a place which would reflect the ability of the owner by means of an imposing structure; such as another store

of much more recent origin has in operation.

In a conversation last week the mayor stated Miami did not want the "mass tourists," as he called them, but did want the "class tourists," with money. In other words, so far as he was concerned, he would rather sell a pair of balloon pants to some loafer who had to ask his dad for spending money, than to handle overalls, jumpers, work shirts, gloves and other articles sold to workmen who are not offended by the smell of honest sweat. He seems to forget that the man who stays in Miami all the year is the man who provides his share (sometimes more) of the publicity money which is spent so freely for stippled style booklets with which to attract the tourists, and save the city for the hotels, largely.

That statement about "class" tourists proves the little progress some men make and it may surprise His Honor, the Lord High Mayor, that St. Petersburg had a splendid season last year, and has a good season every year, because they recognize over there that the "mass" tourist is the "class" tourist is the one who stays longest in one place, while about from place to place, and whose money is largely spent with the hotels, who in turn have to send most of it back north to apply on to his big mortgage which is worrying the life out of the owners of the palatial hotel. Go over to St. Petersburg, mayor, and investigate conditions there before you go off half-cocked with such foolish statements, and you will not find the hotels there being subjected to foreclosure proceedings, etc.

When a business concern finds it has a liability it takes prompt steps to remove or correct the liability. The obvious duty of Miami's citizens is to secure as their chief executive head a man who has proven executive ability enough to recognize the fact that no city can prosper by having good business for three or four months a year, and then loaf the rest of the time. Opening an office in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York City, at a monthly cost of \$200, isn't going to overrun Miami with the much needed tourists this winter.

Miami's greatest liability is the present executive head of the city, and he should be replaced by a man who has lived long enough to have absorbed enough horse sense to know that he is liable once in a while to be on the wrong side of the fence in making a decision, and not to be as stubborn as the proverbial ox when the other fellow's opinion does not agree with his.

No business or city can make healthy growth under such conditions, any more than a person can derive pleasure riding in a car with a flat tire. It is time for Miami to stop at a service station (the election booth) and get rid of the flat tire which is now impeding her progress.

Miami is a wonderful city, has a still fair wonderful future, but it has also the most aggravated case of "Subdivision Blues" that the writer has seen in all Florida, and all citizens should forget trying to bring back the so-called good old times of 1915, by means of a real estate boom, and get to work forming an organization which would set forth the industrial and agricultural possibilities of this section in order that a year's "round stream" of money may be circulated in the city; instead of having it in a state of "a feast or a famine."

OBSERVER

Verse or Worse

"BE A SELF STARTER"
(Author Unknown)

Be a self starter! Don't wait for the boss!
Roll up your sleeves and dig in!
The time you spend waiting will all be a loss!
You were made for a winner! Begin!

Be a self starter! Let other men wait
'Till the boss tells them to go;
But you be the worker who sets his own
gait.

If you wait on the crowd, you'll be slow,
Don't wait for the boss! Be the man in
the lead!

The followers land on the shelves,
In shop and in office, the men that we
need.

Are the fellows who think for themselves.

The Three Musketeers

Three bold men, daredevils were they,
Who journeyed to far off Cuba one day.
Said they: we will put a fast one over the
Spicks,
And outsmart those babies with a few of
our tricks.

'Tis an oil lease we're after in the land of
bananas,
Whispered the three Musketeers as they
called for Havana.

What they'd use for money seemed to
trouble the three,
For they knew 'twould be impossible to get
the land free.

I have solved it, said one, and everything
is jake,
I'll surprise all of you the kind of an deal
I will make.

I've a marvelous PEARL NECKLACE
worth twenty-eight grand,
And we'll trade this in on their old burned
out land.

But, to their amazement, surprise and cha-
grin, they were told,
"he's gonna win."

In the land of fair Cuba PEARLS would
not pass for gold.

We must have good mazuma, coin that is
real,
Said the foxy old Spick, before we'll go on
with the deal.

Alas, here's a warning to all good boys
and girls,
Who might try to buy leases with a big
string of PEARLS. —J. W. D.

Through the Alleys of Miami

A COLORED man owns a piece of property near the Seaboard station on N. W. Seventh avenue, that coming business center of Miami. A hotel corporation wants to erect a large hotel on this property, we understand, but the colored owner of the land asks a quarter of a million dollars for his holdings. As this price is a trifle high the Seventh avenue district will probably be without this hotel for many years to come.

She was just a simple country girl, one of those demure little things unwise to the temptations of a city. But her new-found boy friend told her about a wonderful opportunity. "Put two dollars on this horse. He can't lose." So the trustful maiden sought out an honest bookie. No, this is not a fairy tale. "Bookie," she says, "I want to bet two dollars on this horse." "Why, that horse is scratched," replied the bookie. "I don't care if he's got a busted leg, he's gonna win."

Peeking In Police Court

KIPLING wrote a great story, "The Light That Failed." Over three hundred motorists had to tell the judge about the same thing when they got pinched for failing to have them lit.

A man was arrested for driving under the influence of liquor. "What is your name?" asked the desk sergeant. "I have no name. My mother forgot to name me." "Well," said the judge, "we'll just call you '75 and costs and 5 days."

The standing alibi of those unlucky ones caught driving while under the influence of liquor is that they just had two bottles of home-brew. The best advice we know of is to tip all such drivers to the Greeby Hicough School, and take the course in hilatosis. A good hilatosis breath will whip most any policeman.

"And This Is Florida"

(From the Tampa Times)

HERE is something from The Plant City Courier of a few weeks ago that is worth reading and digesting:

"Back in the so-called and well-known 'boom days' was frequently emphasized a phrase—'and this is Florida.' Today, as we stand near the far-edge of the period of depression which followed the cessation of real estate speculation, Floridians more and more recognize the true worth of their state. Now when things are supposed to be dull in Florida, it is well for us to take note of our real position, with regard to other sections and states. In making such an analysis there is no better barometer to judge by, than that of building, and there are fewer more stable indicators of building activity than the records of the use of concrete in construction work.

"Few Floridians, lacking positive evidence, would credit the statement that Florida leads the nation in the use of any line of building materials. Few Floridians have any conception of the tremendous strides of constructive activity which have been made throughout the length and breadth of the state, since the binder boys folded their gaily striped sales tents and sought other fields. Yet, despite this failure to recognize the importance of our construction activity, that activity has gone forward steadily. It has gone forward without the blare of brass bands, or the syncopating strains of jazz-era auctioneers. Investors who planted their dollars in Florida soil, during the days of the upward surge in realty dealings, have planted other dollars on their purchased realty, to put their combined investments upon an income-earning basis. In addition to the activities of investors who are erecting new business houses, factories and homes, the length and breadth of Florida has been covered throughout the past two years with an unprecedented activity in state, county and municipal improvement programs. Millions upon millions of dollars have been expended, and are now in process of expenditure, in the bringing of visioned dreams to a state of permanent reality. From no less an authority than the Portland Cement Association, a national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete, we learn that in the year 1926 Florida used more Portland cement per capita, than any other state in the union. Also, Florida was only exceeded in rank as to the total amount of cement used, by 10 states, namely: New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, California, Michigan, Ohio, New Jersey, Missouri, Indiana, and Wisconsin, in the order named. In Florida, during 1926, 3.30 barrels of cement per capita were used. California ranking second per capita, with 2.93 barrels and Michigan third with 2.44 barrels per capita. Florida actually used 2.68 per cent of the total amount of cement used in the nation during 1926.

"During the year 1926 motor vehicle registrations jumped to 462,376, from a 1925 total of 316,845. This made a gain of 46 per cent for the year, which put Florida at the top of the list in this important item. This was, however, a duplication of the 1925 record, when Florida led the nation with an increase of 62.4 per cent in increase of automobile registrations.

"While the records show that Florida's license charges against motor vehicles do not rank at the top of the list—the average license charge in this state being moderate, as compared to some other

Life's Best Joke of the Week

THE big box which the Ryan Motor Car Company shipped to themselves and informed the public that it contained one of the new Ford cars.

commonwealths in the union—it is shown that the total average receipts per car, in Florida, from the license and gas tax, runs higher than in any other state, or \$45.34, of which \$2,487 is derived from the gas tax. This figure is most nearly approached by North Carolina, with a total of \$44.63 of which the gas tax totals \$20.22.

"These facts and figures above quoted, are irrefutable evidence of the progress of Florida. They are submitted for what they are worth—and it is a great deal, unless our ideas of true values are badly warped. They are representative of the Florida of today, being taken from the records for the year 1926, when the ebb-tide had slowed state activities down to the lowest pitch yet noted since the upward trend of Florida's fortunes a few years past.

"And this is FLORIDA."

This is a splendid picture of Florida—made so because it is true to fact.

And there is not a word in it about climate and location. Yet it is well nigh impossible to think of Florida without thinking of them. Florida has tried the "high pressure" methods, to her fill. She doesn't want any more of them. But she will continue her growth and development because of what she has, what she is, and what she is capable of being made into.

Florida is distinctly all right. Intrinsic values here are sound. Possibilities here are unlimited. It goes without saying that Florida will continue to grow and prosper.

THINGS I'D LIKE

TO KNOW

Wasn't Capt. Felix disappointed when he found out that he couldn't take a new bride to Cuba with him?

If Bruce Thompson of Nassau had any success with Judge Okell?

If Handsome likes carnations and if he had a good time at the Piggy-Wiggly convention?

If Joe is as popular with the ladies in Memphis as he was with those in Miami—Help Yourself?

If the cashier girl paid her bet . . . and if she really cut her lips . . . and if the winter season is on now that she wears hose?

When Shay will get down to business with that boat or has he quit?

When Claude will make that next trip?

When the friends next door will give the housewarming?

What Sam and Bob did with the Baby Lincoln?

If Louis De Santis intends to answer that letter?

If Pete and the gang are coming down and when?

If the twelve ladies giving the "hen" party at the Glickman will kindly pull the shades next time?

If we could have the bookings of the blonde dancer at the birthday party for this coming winter?

If Harry Leach wasn't glad to get back home?

Where the Ben Franklin and Dollar Savings banks have moved to?

What the "Coolidge for President"?

dent" club boys will do now . . . and will the joiners get their dollars back?

If the manicurist in Jimmy's shop really scratched herself?

If things are quiet out on the Tamiami Trail since the lieutenant got mad?

When Lillian is coming back . . . and will she remember Cliff?

If the Piggy-Wiggly visitors didn't get a lot of ideas from the Clarence Saunders stores?

If Miami amateur golfers will take advantage of the Tropical Golf Tournament to be staged in January over at Nassau?

What the Tamiami oil well core really showed . . . and why it is so secret?

Who the pretty girl was Ted talked to . . . and why did Bob rubber so . . . ?

If the Bahaman government won't order coast guardsmen away from British waters . . . and protect their best-paying customers?

If Kent Watson was really dead . . . or why all the wagons at 2 a. m.?

What has become of Tom Stewart?

If Katie enjoyed the show at the Ball Park?

Whose red-haired baby boy the

young lady in the Southwest section entertained a few weeks ago?

Why Georgianna has convenient trouble with her teeth since her dentist is in Tampa?

Since when is Paul Berlenbach claiming the middleweight championship?

If Mary, Bob and Sam had a good time coming down from Jacksonville?

Why "Red" is so deadly in love at first sight . . . and with whom?

The EXCLUSIVE SHOPPE
HIGH CLASS DRESS MAKING
(Sample Dresses in Stock)
NOW LOCATED AT
107 S. E. First Ave.
Opposite Y. W. C. A.

FIVOLI
SLIDE KELLY SLIDE
Playing October 11 and 12
Comedies and Novelties
Admission: Children, 10c; Adults, 35c

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This bout can be held either late in November or early in December

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The finest Sports Arena and Cycledome in the South is being erected on West Flagler Street, near Grapeland Boulevard, and will be completed early in November with seating capacity for 18,500, financed to completion. If you lovers of clean sport believe that a Dempsey-Heenev bout, and future bouts of the same caliber, will help Miami and make some money for yourselves, do your part and help us raise enough money to increase the present arranged capacity from 18,500 to 30,000.

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P. S.: You'll be pleasantly surprised at the progress we've already made in the construction of our magnificent new plant. Drive out Flagler Street, just beyond Grapeland Boulevard, and see for yourself.

Greeby To Establish Hiccough School

Famed Philanthropist to Endow Institution Which Later May Develop Into University; Credit Goes to Miami as Leader in Upward Movement.

MR. R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, professor of emetics at Fulford University, again has taken a step forward to boost Miami and its cultural attainments, he informed a Miami Life reporter who visited him in his luxurious suite aboard the Nancy Hanks.

"Miami needs culturing, and I'm willing to take this step forward and fill this great need," said Mr. Greeby. "I shall start this School of Hiccoughing—yes, we shall have mail-order scholarships, for many of these Hialeah students will not be able to attend our daily classes, and it wouldn't be right to allow a bright young fellow to indulge in hiccoughing without proper training—and I look forward to a great and vast attendance, especially in the co-ed department.

"With the great amount of belching now going on and the winter season approaching, it's a crying shame to leave such talent go to waste. The greatest trouble hiccoughers have nowadays is how to hiccough proper. There's great variety of hiccoughs and there's very few masters of the art. In fact, it's nearly a lost art.

"I shall have special lecture halls set aside to learn embryo belchers the fine points of the game. There will be no intermingling, for it would not be fair to a student of Hialeah rye to give him a course in Gibley gin hiccoughing. The tone and harmony is entirely different, and a gin belcher has not got the same amount of stomach control as a Hialeaher, especially beginners.

"At great expense I shall import some of Europe's best hiccoughers, that the students may gather first-hand information, and, if necessary, I shall bring my own knowledge into the ken—whatever that is—of the students.

"I do not desire no publicity in the matter, but would rather you learn your readers of the opportunity sort of sub rosa that they may be prepared to enter at once. "Graduates in hiccoughs will be presented with a hand-engraved diploma with the school motto thereon. It is a pretty thing, and was suggested by Rufus Bartlett, one of the very best hiccoughers in existence. It goes:

"Hi! hi! hi!
Heave it like a brick!
Belch! belch! belch!
We don't do nothing else!

"Training classes for beginners will start next month on the upper deck of the Nancy Hanks, which I have secured through a pull which I have with City Commissioner Harry Platt. I said to Mr. Platt, 'May I have the Nancy Hanks?' 'Sure,' said Mr. Platt, 'take her away. I don't want her.' So I have fitted this boat up and will have a regular place without no cover charge to visitors. All visitors will be given a free hiccough meal, the which is a sample:

- Boiled Bromo Selzer
- Sauce Salsipatica
- Consomme of Enos Salts
- Shredded Sal Soda
- Lime Sour a la Epsom
- Aromatic Ammonia Spirits en Casserole
- Salted Coffee Sour Sweet Milk

"Is this course open to all, Mr. Greeby?" inquired the reporter, desiring information.

"It is," said Mr. Greeby, "and four out of five should take it, especially them Listerine garglers. My wife—and you know she was one of the first graduates in Hialeah, although she still has a trace of it—is going to enlist, I mean enroll. If you wish to enter I can give you a cheap rate as I gave Kent Watson. He's the editor of the Miami Beach Beacon, and is going to take the full course. All you need to do is to get me five students and I'll enroll you free, provided you put up in my hands now five dollars."

"I have no five dollars," said the reporter.

"Well," said Mr. Greeby, "how much have you?"

The reporter, sensing an opportunity, said, "I haven't got a cent."

Little Geraldine, noticing the perplexed look on her foster father's face, and trying to help him out, began laughing and laughing. "Maybe you haven't got a scent now," she said, "but if you attend the old man's school you'll have several."

The reporter left just as Little Geraldine dove over the side.

The Flapper

We're glad of your freedom
From corsets and such:
You really don't need 'em
(Or not very much);
We like your tailored stockings,
Your skirts to your knees;
So don't mind the knockings
Of old fogies, please.

Your gay slangy banter
Has vigor and charm.
The pace that you canter
Gives us no alarm.
But "Why" we are sighing,
'Tis why do you plan,
And seem to be trying
To look like a man?"

The old moribund flat form,
The close-shaven neck,
The boyish bob (that form
Of hair-cut's a wreck),
We wish that is manish,
The masculine lid—
How things almost banish
The charm of you, kid?

We men are dull creatures,
You're bright, debonair.
We copy the features
Of clothes that we wear?
We foolish young female,
Although you may pant
And struggle to be male,
Thank heaven—you can't!
—BILL VEN.

"SAMMEH OF MINSK"

By "Doc" Benjamin

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

Eppis-Oat Twenty-furr.

VELL, wot I should tell you, but lest wick so I wuz filling sick. Hm-m-m-m, I tell you, I didn't know wot wuz wid me de metter? I wuz filling rodder inexpressed, so I tutt wot I'll wizzit ah doctor.

So in de cuss of our conversation, he feeshed from me out dot I am itting too moch mitt. He claims dot de rizzion why I got influences of de vowels is beuz I dunt itt enough wajitables. So he put me on ah strictly wajitable dite—

an I paid him two dolliz for de wizzit.

Vell, its wuz ah hodd job to haunt opp ah Veterinarian Restaurant. But I found one anyhow. It wuzn't rilly ah strictly veterinarian place; dot is, sometimes when you fill dot your hott wants ah little mitt, so de restaurant kipper somtimes slips in ah little mitt when de doctor isn't looking. Anyhoe, is got there somm frash wajitables wid crimm wid Yes, we got no bananas!

Vell, franklin spicking, I'm filling moch batter since I itt wajitables—and it's chipper, ain't you? Hm-m-m-m, chippness reminds me!

Yesterday I sinn odwertized ah odwertizmint, so; "Will play in dis theater, hall dis wick, de famous Russian dancer Madam Yoomus Comova wot she commes direct from de Petrograd Theater, wot she'll gonna execute ah few dances. She is de most popular Anesthetic dancer in de world!"

Of all de dances wot I like de bast, give me any time ah anesthetic dancer! Phooy, they dance so nize, wid riddim, hm-m-m-m, when it's danced nize, hm-m-m-m, you could rilly fall ahshlp. Hm-m, I'll wuck ah mile to see ah anesthetic dancer.

Vell, so de day of de dance, I went to de bobber shop, took ah shafe wid ah hacutt, wid ah message an I had my nails manipulated an I looked like ah rill shick! So I mochted to de ticket-hoffice for my tickets, are you?

Wuz sittink in de ticket-boet phooy wot ah nize pitch! Mayb, she wuz ah Judgia Pitch, who knows? So I wuck straight opp to her an say so, "Hollo! I want ah preserved sit in de foist role, are you? Money no objection!"

She looked on me like I wuz crazy. So ahgain I repitted, "I hesked you for one preserved sit in de front role. I got to sit wery close to de Russian dancer. Hm-m-m-m!" It simmed like it took her trickwadders from an hour to give it to me. In de minntime wuz stending in de beck of me, ah lung line wid henxious pippel.

In ah shutt time wuz opened de doors an de kraut wuz shoving in. I tooked mine sit an who cares now for Gulf, hah?

SOON got dock de theater an de stage got leet opp wid soch, phooy, wot funny dock lights! An I tutt wot its wuz gonna be all leet opp?

De huckestra stotted to play hovertures wid dis an dot an in de minntime wuz going my hott peeter wid petter until et lest Madam Yoomus Comova treep lightly on de stage wid sawven wails. Yes, wid sawven wails!

So she danced. Yi-yi-yi, how she danced! An she danced sommore. Soddently it fell donn ah wail. I got nervous perspiration!

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yi-yi! Ooh! Hoboy! Aint she got ah fine figger, hm-m-m, wot ah nize fumm she got. I could just sit here ah whole day lung wid looking on her wid looking on her. Ooh wot ah nize . . . wot's dis! Is losing anudder wail?

Ooh, I tink I'll go donn on my neice an pray dot God should forgive me for being in ah plaze like dot. It's gattin dot! An now it's gattin still docke! Wot's going on?

De music is sonding wicker. De lights is fleeccker. I'm gattin population of de hott. Hoboy. I'm not incinerating but I'm gattin ah little irrigated. Hm-m-m, so is too moch for me. Wot'll gonna be? Wot'll gonna be? Ooh mine God, Madam Yoomus Comova . . . when you got time . . . oh Russia, why do I love you? Phizz Madam Yoomus Comova, wot is dis?

Phooy, wid ahgain phooy, who pulled don de curtain, hah? I'll reputt dot to de manager. Who pulled don de curtain? Dot's ah shame. I want back my money. It's ah jeep! It's wuzn't feenished de dance. It's ah jeep! Who pulled don de curtain? Hah?

S'lung folks, see you ahgain next wick!

(To be continued)

They All Read It
TWO grey-haired flappers, 65 and 70 years old—or thereabouts, on the West Flagler street car on Saturday night. They sure got a great kick out of the Rose Mahoney column in last week's Miami Life. Two young men arguing over a copy of Miami Life at the corner of Flagler and Twelfth streets, saying front page poem showed that Miami's most important weekly had gone Republican. Root beer stand on West Flagler: beer pusher saying Miami Life editorial about school kids was right and something should be done about it.

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The Devil Horse in
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Good News Travels Fast
Several experienced oil operators, who own their own equipment, read last week about my contemplated trip to Texas for an oil rig, and have opened negotiations here with me with a view of bringing their equipment direct to my leasehold, which lies between the Tamiami Trail and the Gulf Coast, and proceed to drill at once.

This, along with certain other financial plans which have matured in the meantime, makes me reasonably sure of quick action, and I am now in position to make very attractive offers to substantial investors. Call personally at my new office, 173 E. Flagler Street, near N. E. Second Avenue, or I will meet you by appointment.

CONRAD MEYER
New Address: 173 East Flagler Street, Miami, Florida

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IT BEING UNDERSTOOD that at any time should oil or gas in paying quantities be discovered in this test well that this subscription will constitute an option for ten days from such discovery for five times the amount of stock which may have already been paid for under this subscription for the undersigned subscriber to purchase same should said subscriber desire to exercise said option. Should drilling operations cease and the well be abandoned by this Company then this subscription is automatically cancelled from the date of such abandonment and is of no force and effect.

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Signed, PROF. LOUIS SLATKO

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WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
Ramon Navarro
in
"The Road to Romance"
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BILLIE DOVE
in
"The American Beauty"

Just Looking 'em Over

Editor Miami Life:

This letter is about nothing in particular. It is being written merely because Bernard Shaw advises us never to resist an impulse. Should any of our distinguished gentry resent the personal digs, just remind them that it is all meant in a spirit of fun, to help fill some of your editorial space.

God bless mamma, papa and Senator Stokes. The noble senator rendered two great services to our glorious state. Firstly, we are indebted to him for the appointment of W. L. Freeland as circuit judge. In the language of old Caesar, "Verbum Sap!" Secondly, the noble senator succeeded in putting through an amendment to the state constitution abolishing forever all taxes on incomes. There followed a rush of plutocrats, Democrats, and real estate salesmen to Miami, such as had never occurred in history. And, oh, what a rush was there, my countrymen! To this land of milk and honey—the place to spend your money, and no taxes on incomes.

We, the public, more gullible than the most gullible of gulls, fell for it. It was not because of your toga, oh Senator, nor because of your perspicacity that you put this over, but because we were stupid enough to take the bait and swallow the hook. We proved once more that Barnum was right, and that it is impossible to exaggerate the stupidity of the public.

In place of a tax on incomes, we pay about two dozen other taxes. Thus, we pay a tax of five cents on every gallon of gasoline. We pay taxes on real estate, personal property taxes, occupational taxes, poll taxes, federal taxes, drainage taxes, school taxes, and what not.

But, Senator, your amendment turned out to be a boomerang. It killed the goose that laid the golden egg. You not only abolished the tax on incomes, but you succeeded in abolishing our very incomes, as well as our source of income. Where, in all Miami, today is there a man who has an income? Find one for me and I will give you a lot free of charge, subject only to a purchase money mortgage, and to a paving lien.

John, we implore you, please restore the tax on incomes. If you do this, who knows, perhaps the incomes may come back? Would to God I had to pay an income tax of a couple of million dollars! It would make me tremendously happy. That is the kind of a citizen I am.

While I think of it, Mr. Editor, don't let Judge Penney's suit scare you. Get a good lawyer, like Abe Aronowitz, or one with an eyebrow mustache and a Harvard accent, and he will see you through. A fellow like Robinow—do you suppose his name ever ended in "vitch"—would probably be glad to defend you free of charge, in order to get a little publicity. But don't worry. The worst that can happen is that you may have to go to jail. In that case, you will at least be sure of three square meals a day, and I promise to bring you cigarettes, and such liquor as I can afford to buy.

But that is neither here nor there, let us come back to Spencer's first principles. Now that the Lions have gone back to the jungle and now that the Ahepans have returned to their Grease, and all the summer boarders have gone home, and none of the winter visitors have yet arrived, it is high time that we stop to take stock of ourselves.

When, in the course of human events, a family manages to have a few days of privacy, without boarders, friends or relatives around—mosquitos don't count—it becomes very desirable to talk things over, so that "we can clear the atmosphere." (That is an excellent phrase used by diplomats and Doc Dammers, but I have often wondered what it means.)

A few months ago Chief Lylin' Booster Burwell began to rare and tear and roar about the Lyons Convention. Our Judge Pompador made so much noise that people believed him when he said there were fifteen or sixteen thousand Lyons coming to Miami. All of the hotels opened up, and the railroads put on extra trains, but alas and alas, there were no Lyons—a few tigers (blind), a leopard or two, and several hundred jackasses in Lylin's skins. All told, there may have been as many as one thousand, but if we had only remembered the Chief Lylin' Booster's earlier tactics, we would have been spared a keen disappointment.

When elected President of the Chamber of Commerce, do you recall how, like Caesar, he thrice put by the crown when it was offered to him, before he finally accepted? Being an editor, Wen, you should, and undoubtedly you would, be reminded of mighty Caesar by such Chamber utensil tactics. But when Judge Pompador, with his leonine jag, I mean shag, at first refused the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, I was reminded of Blondie's favorite expression: "Don't—Stop."

Well, anyhow, with Chief Lylin' Booster Burwell for our Chambermaid, as a citizen and tax payer of Miami, I would like to know when, as, and if we are going to have another hurricane. In the golden days of the "Boom," when we signed them up on the dotted line, I used to hear about "When, as, and if"; and now I am obliged to confess that the knowledge of these three words is all that I have left from the Wreck of the Boom.

The bigger success because the Hellens at least had a glorious time of it. They had three brass bands, Turkish fezes with a blue tassel (that blue tassel was a wow), plenty of liquor, and Ahepa food. But seriously, my fellow citizens,

People You Meet

ONE glance is enough to prove that she comes from Indiana.

She has that indefinable something about her that speaks eloquently of good butter and corn as staples of diet.

She is a jolly girl with a nice round face, white teeth and a disarming smile. She is reminiscent of Logansport or Terre Haute. She wears her clothes with that distinct Indiana touch. She fills them well, but not to overflowing.

You meet hundreds like her in Muncie and South Bend, Peru and Evansville.

She can be found in Fort Wayne and Lafayette. She can be found with some slight differences in Indianapolis.

She is a well fed, sensible young woman. The kind that makes a good wife; cooks a good meal; and always has the beds looking as if the linen arrived fresh from the laundry that morning.

She loves Miami because it is so different from home. She adores the winters here because she is fed up on the cold slush of her home state.

Next to her home town, Kokomo, she believes that Miami is the best city in the United States.

for the good of the Republic, do you think we ought to encourage another such convocation?

Take my own case. Being a bachelor, I am obliged to eat in public restaurants, because there are no private ones. So the week that the Greeks went on a spree, I nearly starved to death. The public restaurants were deserted. In one place, I found a bowl of stale oyster crackers on the table and a bottle of Heinz's catsup three-quarters full. (Don't conclude from this that I was full.) But the crackers were covered with fly specks. As man to man, I ask, should we encourage marathon waiters to drop their work in order to attend conventions, and thus make me starve to death? Remember, Wen, I am a one hundred per cent American; my father fought in the Spanish-American war, and my grandfather was in the Confederate Army. His grandson—that's me—fought in the Great War and now belongs to the Harvey Seeds Post of the American Legion. Considering all this, is it fair to have the Greeks starve me to death?

Now, don't misunderstand me. I am a great admirer of the Greeks. Pythagoras, Socrates, Xenophon, Zylusko and I are old friends. Once I knew how to conjugate Greek verbs. I was acquainted with Venus-de-Milo. I could recite poetry like "Zoe mou zas agapo." Yes, I may as well tell you, since the advent of Babe Ruth as king of swat, I even know "Homer." So you can understand why I have a great deal of respect for the art of the ancient Greeks, and for the money making ability of the modern Greeks. With the exception of Jerry Galatis, they knew enough not to speculate in Florida real estate.

But really, Wen, let's not encourage any more gatherings of the Ahepans. The first thing you know they might organize a Greek KKK, or one of these Greeks might wish to exercise the right of free speech, and then where will we be? That brings me to Americanism. That's what Charlie Mills stands for, and I am for Charlie and his "Forty Horses." They all stand for one hundred per cent Americanism. Not one of them knows what it means, but if Charlie is for it, I guess it is all right.

Very truly yours,
GIUSEPPI BACCIGALUPO,
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Now get this straight: I am a one hundred per cent American; but I would like to know how it differs from a ninety per cent kind of American. I don't dare mention a greater discount than ten per cent for fear of the usury law.

If one hundred per cent Americanism means changing your name from Muller to Mills, or to some other Anglo-Saxon name, then Count Pulaski, Carl Schurtz, Edward Bok, and a few others who have retained their original family names, are not one hundred per cent Americans. On the other hand, I recall reading of a notorious Chicago gangster who had committed several murders in his lifetime, whose name had originally been Pasqualino Varino—could anything be more beautiful—but which, in order to become Americanized, he changed to Patsy White—would you call him a one hundred per cent American?

Or how about the one hundred per cent American who will not even take the trouble to vote on election day? When summoned for jury duty he will find every conceivable excuse, in order to shirk. He takes absolutely no interest in public affairs, violates every law that he can safely violate without getting caught, e. g., bootlegging, etc., and when it comes to paying taxes he does not hesitate to swear to false returns in order that he may not have to pay the government more than a nominal amount. Yet this type of citizen will remove his hat and yell "Hurrah" whenever the flag goes marching by, and he will not hesitate to inform you on every occasion that he is a one hundred per cent American.

Just among ourselves, as friends, what do you honestly think of nonsense of this kind? A man of the type which I have just mentioned recently wrote a letter to the editor of a prominent newspaper, which letter was published, in which he protested that Roscoe Pound and anyone else who dares to think freely, and much less to express his views openly, should be run out of the country. In other words, to be a one hundred per cent American you must think, act, dress, live and walk as the mob. Should you have any original ideas of your own which might be of benefit to the community it would be un-American to speak up. This may be hot stuff for the one hundred per cent American, but for me, I prefer chili sauce.

I suppose that I have already talked too much as it is, but there is one other topic which might be mentioned in this writing, and that is the proposed city auditorium in the Bay Front Park. This could be made a great revenue-producer and a source of prosperity. Instead of having the city finance it every voter in Miami should buy a share of stock in the enterprise. After the building is completed we should make it a rule to exclude foreigners and to employ only home talent. At the same time we should refuse to sell tickets of admission to any but citizens of Miami. Suppose now that Edna Park or some other domestic organization staged a play in the auditorium? The receipts from the box office would come from Miamians. The stage carpenter, the electrician, and the entire force who are paid salaries, and members of the company would be Miamians, so that the money would stay right here in our own home town, and in this way we would have a perfect circle. Ultimately, we might even taken in each other's washing and organize another spark plug factory.

Enough for now. If ever I am again attacked by *Cacoethes scribendi*, I will write you some more drivel.

FOR SALE
Class of German Police Pups
A wonderful litter of this well-bred from famous sire and dam can be inspected and purchased at Bob Hanley's, 241 Meridian Ave., Miami Beach. Hamilton Boy, son of Eric von Gratz, ten-week Sire. Owner, Al Pratt, Seminole Kennels.
Katrina von Hagan, of Rin Tin blood, dam. George J. Christie, owner, Miami Beach.
A deposit on any pup in the litter will hold same and on day of delivery pup will be free of worms and inoculated against prevailing ailments.
GEO. J. CHRISTIE, Breeder.

FURNITURE REFINISHING
Repairing and Upholstering
I wish to announce to the public that I am now at leisure to do your furniture reconditioning. Each order, large or small, will receive my personal attention.
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Tell yourself and the world about Miami in half an hour as Miamians themselves little know it today.
The best way Miamians have today of investing 75 cents.
Burdine's, Fosters', and leading newsstands.

THE WORLD'S MIAMI
Miami Sales Office
152-8 E. Flagler

Startling Information Given Snow

By Isa Seeker, Investigator

Mr. City Manager Welt Snow, City Manager, Miami.

I have heard of your difficulties in re that Renshaw manager over at the beach and you have not as yet sent me in them fifty dollars and no cents for an investigation of some which you should have done so if you wished to have the inside of what's going on outside of your office even if the boats still are in the harbor.

For fifty dollars and no cents which is the regular summer rate regardless of what inventories show I shall investigate the boats in the harbor and give you all the dimensions and hows by which they can be moved if at all and my suggestions are worthy of the money which should be in cash and not in one of them new bond issues.

I have this day formed my plans for moving the boats which I shall tell you upon receipt of them fifty dollars and no cents and the method of closing the government cut is one of them for the gov't gets too much of a cut as it is the big stiff and when the cuts are closed the water will naturally be squeezed out of the bay which would be a good thing too for I dropped a dime off the causeway one time and I might be able to locate should all the water get out of the bay in which case you could see exactly where the boats are and you could set them afire while the water was gone and when the cuts were opened the water would be surprised I'd say so.

Another method which would probably work out would be to paint the sides of them docks which the Clyde line aint got and no parking signs put up or no dockage and wouldn't let them boats say let's get out of here and move to some good locality or reserve the spots for tugs only or put fire-plugs alongside and then they would leave.

There are so great a number of ways which these things can be done that it is strange the city commissioners haven't thought of them before but what can be expected of a city commissioner is he supposed to think after he gets in office I say not.

The tactics you have employed of locking up the city's machinery and only letting it out on orders would have been lots better had them

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Tito & Roger, Inc.
Ornamental Iron Works
Common (Voting) Stock
Par Value \$100

Will be sold at this time to secure cash to meet pay-roll needs. This company is shown entirely solvent by S. D. Sergeant's and Co.'s audit. Funds secured from stock sale will be used as working capital to expedite contracts which must be completed by Jan. 1.
This offer is an excellent, non-speculative investment. For information communicate with
ROSS MACLELLAND
Tito & Roger, Inc.
228 N. E. 11th St. Phone 22680

The Breakers Song

A mile away from the salt sea spray
You can hear the breakers roar;
As all day long they sing their song
To the sandy, grass-grown shore.
And the songs they sing are of everything,
Of the stars and the moon at night;
Of sailors' bones, under coral stones,
Of the blazing northern light.
When the wind grows high the breakers try
To batter and bruise the land,
They snarl and roar down the wind-blown shore
And clutch with a mighty hand.
They throw at the earth, with boisterous mirth
Bright shells from the depth of the sea;
Then with mighty roar sweep up the shore
And take back their gifts with glee.
Then ashamed, in a way, of the tricks they play,
They sing her a lullaby sweet;
And bring gold from their stocks under coral rocks
To lay it at her feet.
While a mile away from the salt sea spray,
You can hear the breakers roar.
As all day long, her favorite song,
They sing to the beautiful shore.

VIRGINIA DAY RALSTON,
Miami Beach, Fla.

X-city managers done the same with a whole lot of the employees before the boom busted and the budget went to smash but the winter season is coming along and

The Magic City Book Store
219 N. E. Second Avenue
Books of Consequence on all Subjects
Cleopatra's Private Diary (Thomas), \$2.
Kitty (Deering), author of Sorrell & Son, \$2.50; Nuptials of Corbal (Sabatini) \$2.50
Rental Library — Latest Books

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ROSS MACLELLAND
Tito & Roger, Inc.
228 N. E. 11th St. Phone 22680

them tourists may still prove to be our succors.
Another good way to remove them boats would be to offer a speed race and give a prize to the winner and the Esmeralda and the Nohab and the Prints Valdemar and the Rosey could all go after the prize and they could race through the drawbridge which would be raised and when they got through they couldn't get back account the draw being closed and let them go on over to Miami Beach and join them other wrecks.
All these methods I can give you and the only costs would be fifty dollars and no cents except what expenses might be incurred in looking over the lay of the water. I know you will be satisfied if any of these methods succeed so I will await your cash order.
ISA SEEKER.

DENTIST
Dust Vulcanite Best Vulcanite PLATES As Low As \$12.50 Guaranteed
My Prices Are Reasonable My Examination Is Free
Crowns as low as \$6.00
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Gas with Oxygen or Novocain for Extraction of Teeth Without Pain
Get my advice and my price on your work before having your teeth attended
DR. SILVERN
1207 W. Flagler Street
Hours: 9 A. M. to 7 P. M.
Sundays from 10 to 12 A. M.
Phone 4034
Plenty of Parking Space
"Out of the High Rent District"

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"The Best by Test"
In a \$500 silver you can go clean from Miami to Jax, but in a \$35 tub you can go clean from one year's end to another.
TUBS 35"
Crane, Standard and Kohler Bath Tubs, Lavatories, Closets and Sinks
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MIAMIGRAMS
The heavy seas lately have been rough on Miami Beach!

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YACHT
VALCOUR
PRICED LOW
This well known tourist fishing boat made big money last season
BROKERS CO-OPERATE
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OYSTERS IN SEASON
Meet your friends in the delightful Bohemian atmosphere of—
MATHAY'S
Spanish Village, Miami Beach
Phone M. B. 835

THEY ARE HERE!

JOHN B. STETSON'S FALL HATS
We are now showing these famous Hats in all the new, attractive styles and shades, selling for \$8 to \$26.
Also other dependable and reliable standard lines.
We have served men of Miami with honest merchandise "for thirty-seven years."

A. Louis & Son
"Good People to Trade With"
22 South Miami Avenue
Just a Little South of Biscayne Bank

The University's Sophomore Year

THE UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI now enters upon its sophomore year. With its first year full of courageous accomplishment a matter of record, classes started Monday in Greater Miami's greatest institution of higher learning, for another year which bears abundant promise.

The University is Greater Miami's—and it is yours, whether you attend it as an undergraduate, whether you attend its afternoon, Saturday or evening classes as an adult expanding your store of knowledge—or whether you enjoy its benefits as a citizen or as a business man or woman.

The University is permanent. Last year it started. This year it is upon its way—a well-charted pathway of usefulness to Greater Miami, to South Florida, to America, and to our Latin neighbors in the republics of South America to whom its advantages as a Pan-American seat of learning are very real.

The University is of wide benefit to Greater Miami in an economic as well as in a musical, artistic and academic sense. It bids fair to become more and more Greater Miami's greatest industry. It means much in developing material wealth as in broadening the dissemination of the wealth that lies in knowledge and education.

It is significant of progress in Greater Miami that the University starts its second year with a larger student body. It is even more significant that, in taking its place in community life, its facilities are more widely extended to every adult. The University of today is not solely concerned with the education of the high school graduate; it takes into its scope the public at large.

Miami's University

The University of Miami begins the second year of its career as an institution of higher learning with prospects ripe and the confidence of the educational world well won. Opening last fall under unfavorable conditions and trying circumstances, the university rounded out its first year with a graduating class of four students, and with the work of every department on a par with that done in other colleges and universities throughout the country. The wise execution of carefully laid plans has shown the mettle of those who direct the affairs of the university and has won for them the admiration and confidence of everyone.

This year, more students than expected are applying for admission to the university. A complete curriculum of sophomore courses is offered, as well as additional advance work. The school of law and that of fine arts have increased their staffs and the number of courses offered. The plans of every department are of larger and more extensive scope.

But it is not all easy sailing. There are many problems still to be solved that will require the energy and resourcefulness of the board of regents, the faculty and the many others who have at heart the future of this splendid institution.

Miami can do no less than to give generously and enthusiastically of its support to the task that lies ahead of President Ashe and his loyal colleagues this year. It is encouraging to note that the rank and file of the citizens of Greater Miami are beginning to realize the real worth of their university which should be listed as one of Miami's most valuable assets.

This is in every sense the people's University. In the late afternoon and evening classes, dealing with the widest range of subjects, at any hour that fits anybody's convenience, it offers the most enviable opportunity to the Greater Miamian to add to his store of knowledge those things most useful in his business and cultural pursuits—teaching, accounting, business law, literature, philosophy, business economics, money, credit and banking, credits and collections, real estate, languages and medieval and modern history. There will also be fine concerts under the aegis of the Miami Conservatory of Music, which is a great factor in the University.

The University is accessible—rapid transit cars from the very heart of downtown Miami to Coral Gables stop at its doors. Upon the playing field, in the realm of student-body activities, in every way—it means more to the development of this territory than any other single factor. It is Your University.

CORAL GABLES
The Miami Riviera
SALES AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
Administration Building, Coral Way, Coral Gables

Offices in All Florida Cities

From the Press Box

QUITE a gang of fans at the Ball Park last Monday. Business seems to be looking up in the fight business. And a good card made the crowd glad that they were there. Kid Simpson and Harry Harris opened the ball with a snappy scrap that ended in Harris handing the kid a K. O. In the third event, Bob Ingersol got a few pointers in boxing from Al Roberts, but the effort was too much and Bobby bobbed up as winner.

The best fight of the evening was when Johnny Conley and Jackie Mason mixed it in a ten-round battle, Conley piling up the points all through. Mason was dangerous all the way but Conley was a little too fast for him. If Conley had taken advantage of all the openings he could have slipped in one of his famous uppercuts and put Jackie to sleep.

GONZALES and Tenner staged a rough and tumble in the main event and went the ten rounds. Tenner was at a great disadvantage, being seven pounds lighter and ten years older than his opponent. But he put up a good showing against the younger fighter, slipping in several left hand jabs that hurt. Gonzales wore his opponent down and won by a fair margin.

Martin and Armstrong would do well to look around and get a few judges and a new referee. If any one of the men he has knows anything about the fight game they manage to keep it a dark secret. Perhaps the boxing commission will get busy before the fans decide to pass up the future fights.

WITH a good electric board and an announcer working overtime, baseball returns can be followed in comfort at the Paramount theatre. It costs you fifty cents to get in but once inside you are among men who eat, sleep and dream baseball. Haven't seen so many enthusiastic fans in ever so long. It's worth the four bits to go in and watch the fans get excited. Don't bet on the next play, though. The man who wants to make the bet might be a telegrapher and get the sound of the instrument before the play is shown on the board.

The Miami Sports Club organization is tearing things up at the site of the new stadium on West Flagler street near Grape-land boulevard. The work that has been done there in the last few days is an eye opener. Drive out on Flagler and see what this outfit is doing to help along the sport game in Miami. They are selling stock—if you want to get in on something good.

JIMMY SULLIVAN, Eau Gallie knockout artist, will meet Sailor Crowe of Newark, N. J., as the main attraction of the Coral Gables Post, American Legion, fight card to be staged at the Ball Park Monday night. Sullivan has recently rocked his twenty-second victim to sleep, putting his man over the top rope in the first round at Melbourne last Friday night. He is piling up a record that will soon make Big Ben Pound look like a novice. Sailor Crowe is a willing youngster hailing from Jersey, he having a reputation of fighting as fast as the mosquitoes can bite there. Crowe has won twelve straight starts, beating boys like Eddie Bridges, Battling Benson, Young Rischer, John Martone, Alex Hackman and others. The matchmakers announce that several four, six and eight-rounders will complete Monday's show, Harry Harris meeting Young Dominick, Al Roberts swapping punches with Armand Rodriguez, Kewpie Mann exchanging wallops with Tom Crowley and one more bout to be added.

A Few Paragraphs From Percy

WELL, the much heralded Miami hotels and apartments booklet is here. It is a gaudy piece of color printing which closes down to the size of the usual railway folder. After giving it the once over we know why it could not have been printed in Miami. The reason is that no Miami printer has such bad taste and such a disregard for clashing colors as the Record company of St. Augustine. The front cover is an inartistic mess. It shows a stiff-looking male chasing a plump bathing girl into the blue ink. The green palms behind are terribly green, and the whole effect is hideous.

The split covers, which will be the first to show up when the tourist picks a folder from the stand, are both as terrible as the front cover. Biscayne boulevard is shown with 70-foot royal palms running down the center strip. Why misrepresent the boulevard? It is a beautiful place without having an artist imagine a whole lot of landscaping that doesn't exist. The coloring on these two covers is atrocious.

INSIDE, the pages are printed in black with an overline in red. That is, except on those pages where the printers forgot all about the red overline and printed it in black. The half-tones of hotels on several pages are all right but more modern photographs might have been used. For instance, the Halcyon Hotel is shown as it was two or three years ago, before they built the village around it. Rates at hotels and apartments are given. At least, some of them are given. All the big hotels are followed by "On Application," "Reasonable," or "Apply." Dozens of the apartments are followed by "On Application." As a price guide it will be a great help to the intending tourist.

For the information of visitors this booklet shows the Spanish Village to be situated at Miami Beach and Hialeah. It gives Ray's Stage Hotel, whatever a stage hotel is. Lots of the hotels are followed by a blank space where the rates should be. Altogether it is a very useful work. "It's cheaper to spend your winter in Miami than to stay home and buy coal" is printed on several pages. References to saving the coal bill occur throughout this folder. Coal, coal, coal. Just as if the average Miami winter visitor gives a continental damn about coal. This booklet should have carried Miami's message of health and sunshine. It should have said: "Live in Miami and save doctor's bills." Why bring in coal?

AN EFFORT will be made, when the city commissioners meet on Monday, to have the curb wholesale market done away with. This market, which is held each morning at the city market, S. W. Second avenue, is one of the reasons why we get vegetables and fruit more or less cheaply in this city. If it is done away with a whole lot of Dade county farmers will go broke—and we will pay more for the stuff we eat. The other wholesalers, those who get in about three carloads of California fruit

"MISS FLORIDAS" STAGE SCRAP OVER OFFICIAL STATE STANDING

One Beauty Declares Other Hasn't a Leg to Stand On

AFFIDAVITS claiming that Miss Ada Williams, Coral Gables beauty contest winner, who went to the International Pageant of Pulchritude at Galveston last May as "Miss Florida," is only 14 years old and won the title of "Miss Florida" through misrepresentation, have been forwarded to Los Angeles where Miss Williams is engaged in a legal battle with Miss Myrtle Manon of Miami, who claims the title of "Miss Florida." The battle of beauties which is attracting the attention of California was started two weeks ago when Miss Manon arrived in Los Angeles after annexing a state beauty contest held in the Cinderella Ballroom here. Miss Williams was already in Los Angeles with her mother seeking a motion picture berth.

According to a petition filed by Miss Manon's attorneys, Bingham Gray, Charles Deffenbach and I. E. Newman, Miss Manon was attacked by Mrs. Ada Williams, mother of the Coral Gables beauty, and forced to sign a paper relinquishing her claims to the title of "Miss Florida." According to Miss Manon, she was informed by Mrs. Williams she would "be put in jail immediately" if she refused to sign. The attorneys for Miss Manon in their petition filed in Superior Court before Judge Walter S. Gates, sought to restrain Mrs. Wil-

MIAMIGRAMS
Dishes and douches . . . both need hot water.

liams from publishing the signed statement. By way of retaliation Miss Manon filed suit for a restraining order to prevent Miss Williams from using the title "Miss Florida," claiming that the contest won by Miss Williams in Florida was a "closed" affair open to girls representing Public theaters. She also claimed that Miss Williams was only 14 years old at the time of winning the contest which was in violation of the rules which specified all contestants must be at least sixteen years old. An affidavit from Winchester, Ky., showing Miss Williams' age to be 14 is in the hands of Bingham Gray together with affidavits from R. B. Crossland of Miami, who conducted the contest won by Miss Williams and also conducted the contest won by Miss Manon.

The case was originally scheduled for a hearing September 30, but was postponed a week when Miss Williams' lawyers introduced several new affidavits which Miss Manon's lawyers asked for time to study. A second postponement was granted this week pending the arrival of additional affidavits.

According to dispatches from Los Angeles, the Coral Gables Chamber of Commerce had wired Judge Gates that Miss Williams was the "only Miss Florida" selected this year.

Crossland, who stands in the peculiar position of having conducted both contests declared today that the Coral Gables Chamber of Commerce refused to recognize Miss Williams at the time of her victory and refused to assist her in her Galveston campaign. He also said the contest won by Miss Williams was a more or less "closed" affair while the contest won by

be made to have all this work finished while the tourists are here. Workers will be imported. And, next year, when the dust has settled, the Miami permanent workers will be able to starve all winter again, waiting for the building program.

THE Los Angeles papers are having a lot of fun out of the two Florida beauties who are scrapping about who is the "official" Miss Florida. Miss Myrtle Manon declares that her legs line up perfectly and that the legs of Miss Ada Williams don't meet, even if continued indefinitely. The girls almost came to blows about it the other day but one of those providential California earthquakes came along and shook them apart.

MIAMIGRAMS
My daddy calls me pep . . . I'm about to yearn.

TALK MIAMI—
Cross-State Canal
—POINCIANA
Sea Level—Ocean to Gulf
Committee Hdqrs., 253 W. Flagler St.

Brunswick Agency
Special Prices on
Musical Instruments
Complete Repair Department
CRITCHLOW MUSIC CO.
134 N. E. First St.

LUMBER
Complete stock including Sash, Doors,
Millwork and Roofing
The J. A. McDonald Co.
35 S. W. 2nd St. Phone 23196

Tulloss Tire Co., Inc.
Goodrich-Silvertown
22nd Avenue and W. Flagler
Vulcanizing — Free Road Service

Cheap Place to Live

MIAMI holds the record as a cheap place in which to spend one's life.
You can sleep among the palm-trees and then go over to the incinerator and get a loaf of bread for breakfast.
But Miami Beach beats it hollow.
There you can sleep on the beach and get up next morning and breakfast on the sand which is there.

Miss Manon was open to all girls of the state. He said in his opinion Miss Manon was the rightful "Miss Florida" and his affidavits forwarded to Los Angeles are said to have favored Miss Manon. He admitted Miss Williams is only 14. Bingham Gray, head of Miss Manon's legal staff, is Jack Dempsey's lawyer and one of the most brilliant on the Pacific coast. When the case was postponed for the second time this week he grew wrathful at a second postponement and shouted at the Williams aggregation in the courtroom, "Bring on your legalities, we've got the legs."

Miss Manon is finding much favor with Los Angeles newspapers and newspaper men because she is not taking the affair seriously. In a statement generally broadcasted throughout the state she said, "Ada Williams' legs are not straight. They do not come together all the way down. I'll challenge her right in court."

In fighting against a second postponement Gray declared he believed the Williams forces sought "more time so Ada could get in 'some road work' to meet the offered competition. The case is giving Florida much publicity as both girls are continually surrounded by photographers and newspaper men. It is expected the final hearing will be held either Saturday or Monday.

New Songs Featured

ERDELL MUTCHLER, prominent Miami musician and conductor, has just completed a special symphonic arrangement of "Doc" Benjamin's new song, "Miami, I Miss You."

Mr. Mutchler, in commenting upon the new number, said, "It is a very catchy melody and because of its smooth rhythm, 'Miami, I Miss You' will be an instantaneous hit."

In view of this statement, officials of the various civic clubs have been interviewed for the purpose of adopting the new number as an "official" Miami song.

The number soon will be featured on the stage of the Olympia theater, under the able leadership of Walter Witko and his Olympians.

Few people get tired of life—nobody ever gets tired of Miami Life.

Phone 3-5274
MIAMI POULTRY & EGG COMPANY
FRESH KILLED POULTRY
STRICTLY FRESH FARM EGGS
1145 S. W. 8th Street Miami, Fla.

B. Pollock, M. D.
Has Resumed Practice at His Office
31655-36 E. Flagler Street
MIAMI

Last Opportunity
Take Advantage of It!
This Ad Saves You \$2.50 on a
EUGENE
Permanent Wave
All Work Guaranteed
No Charge for Special Scalp Treatment and Setting. Expert Haircutting.
Olympia Beauty Salon
10 S. E. 2nd Avenue

DANCE EVERY NITE
ROSELAND
Art Kozlik's Radio Orchestra
Broadcasting Over WQAM
ADMISSION 10c
SOUTH MIAMI BEACH
NEW BAND

THE DIRTIEST JOB—
about painting your car is getting the old paint off—preparing the surface to receive the new coat.

HAVE US DO IT!!
Our business is paint removing—getting cars in shape for the painter, amateur or professional, to work on. We do not do painting, but we will gladly give the car owner who plans to paint his car himself the benefit of our knowledge and experience.

Chassis and Motors Steam Cleaned.
Miami Paint Removing Co.
15th Street and N. W. 7th Avenue

THEY TELL ME

THAT Chief Quigg finally achieved a great ambition and made the Herald editorial page.

THAT Grandpa Lou had a great time at the party on Monday night

THAT Al Weiss, jr., at last has agreed to take better care of that little toothbrush on his upper lip since his friends wrote him up in the Life last week

THAT Louis, Lucille, Lauretta and another party went riding without inviting Frank and "Red"

THAT "Pistol Pete," the ambulance driver, tried to make a street car draw up alongside the curb

THAT Mary has dropped the study of monkeys . . . they learn so fast

THAT Pat won a dollar but had a hard time collecting it . . . and the loser had to tap the till

THAT of the 300 motorists pinched for driving with improper lights no two had the same story to tell the judge

THAT Bruce Thompson of Nassau called on Judge Okell . . . but didn't say what luck he had

THAT the Miami attorney who went to Nassau to startle the natives was startled himself by a request from the government . . . he left

THAT Judge Spitzer went to

Just as good? No Better!!
La Cantina
Spaghetti Specialists
237 Halcyon Arcade

Iron and Brass Castings
Machine Work
Sash Weights and C. I. Washers
C. H. LYNE FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.
105 N. W. Fifth St. Phone 5840

TWO BLACK CROWS
Parts 3 and 4
Columbia Music Store
228 N. Miami Avenue

DON'T FAIL TO VISIT THE White Belt Dairy
NEW DOWNTOWN BRANCH OPENS
Monday Morning
With a Full Stock of Dairy Products.
Sandwiches, Etc.
136 SEYBOLD ARCADE

DANCE EVERY NITE
ROSELAND
Art Kozlik's Radio Orchestra
Broadcasting Over WQAM
ADMISSION 10c
SOUTH MIAMI BEACH
NEW BAND

THE DIRTIEST JOB—
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Chassis and Motors Steam Cleaned.
Miami Paint Removing Co.
15th Street and N. W. 7th Avenue

MIAMIGRAMS
Daddy calls me sandwich . . . I'm half-bred.
Fort Lauderdale for business . . . and got a bunch
THAT Lauretta and Joe weren't so much to each other as people thought they were
THAT Myrtle looks as sweet as ever . . . it must be the climate
THAT Frank has moved his office . . . and has joined the Rover Boys
THAT the girl thinks Phil is the sweetest boy . . . but she doesn't like Holt

New Fall Styles Now Showing



Frank Ray
204 E. Flagler St.

Going Out of Business

THE CENTURY CLOTHING STORE

We decided to quit business.

Entire stock of high-class Clothing, Furnishings and Hats must be sold regardless of cost.

Fixtures and Show Cases for sale.

Sale now going on. Come and attend early.

THE CENTURY CLOTHING STORE

63 E. Flagler St.

New Fall Fabrics

Fall Paris Openings—

stress the elegant feminine mode and sponsor:

Velvet

the basis of the new mode. All kinds featured from transparent to printed and plain. \$6 to \$12.50.

Satin

Contrasting sides employed in satin crepe, \$2.95 to \$4.95. Heavy, stiff satin, smart for evening, \$3.95.

Tweeds

Especially chic for sports wear when combined with velvet. \$1.95 to \$2.95.



Sketched:

Butterick pattern No. 1637. One of the new silhouettes featured at the Fall Paris Openings. Note the irregularity of hemline and surplice closing.

—SECOND FLOOR

Burdine's

Icemen Warmly Greeted by Snow

CITY MANAGER SNOW will hand out a warm greeting to the visiting icemen when they reach here Monday. They will probably get the drift of his remarks, for he is out to hand the city over to them and let them slide.

Some of them will probably get a skate on, and others will thaw out in the salubrious climate of the Magic City. We hope that none of them get sore when the night clubs charge them a dollar for a small bowl of cracked mechanical refrigerator ice.

Some will play golf and take their scoring machines with them. Others will take the core-puller when they sally forth for there might be a scarcity of corkscrews. We hope the can-filler at the local oases is working good and that the head pressure will not be too great the morning after.

Some speeches will be made, so take your gas separator with you to stop the back pressure from the platform.

After the night session take a trip to Miami Beach and you'll find the brine cooler.

I could do better than this, but I am ammonia amateur.

Round the Town with ROD

THE RENT BOOM CONTINUES

TEN years ago the Century Clothing Company opened for business at 63 East Flagler street. The store was one of those 25x100 affairs. Rent was paid to R. T. Daniels. To show doubters how Florida, particularly Miami, has kept pace with all modern ideas, the following statistical table is quoted:

1917 the rent was	\$150 per mo.
1918 the rent was	150 per mo.
1919 the rent was	250 per mo.
1920 the rent was	250 per mo.
1921 the rent was	250 per mo.
1922 the rent was	350 per mo.
1923 the rent was	350 per mo.
1924 the rent was	600 per mo.
1925 the rent was	600 per mo.
1926 the rent was	1,200 per mo.

The above schedules were from September 30 until the following year. Thus the Century Clothing Company is going out of business. The owner, Mr. Plant, things the boom is over, but he claims his landlord doesn't know it.

EXPRESS SURCHARGES

IF YOU happen to live at Miami Beach your express package will be delivered to you for an extra cent a pound. Thus, if you have three trunks, weighing 400 pounds, shipped by express from some outside point you will have to pay \$4 to have them delivered at a Miami Beach address.

The same applies to parcels for delivery in Coral Gables, but another carrying company handles them between Miami and that city.

Isn't it about time that the American Express Company opened offices in both Miami and Coral Gables? Offices where the shipments would be delivered without extra charge. As far as Coral Gables is concerned the Seaboard line will take care of that but there is apparently no relief for Miami Beach.

WILL START TO LEARN

BRUCE THOMPSON of Nassau was in town this week. He came here with an idea. To me it seems funny, as I've never shot anything but African golf. What he purposes to do may be of interest to the readers of this column, so I'll explain it.

The "Tropical Tournament! Ain't that a name? Well, the sporting proposition is this: Nassau wants to encourage Americans in the grand and glorious game of golf. They are going to offer a trophy which even Bobby Jones would be envious of.

Only amateurs will be allowed—which by the way, takes in most of us. But the idea will receive hearty co-operation from all the golfers of Dade county. They think they can play golf; so do the Nassauvians; but the Nassauvians are putting up a wonderful cup. Are we going to lag?

The answer is no. Let's come back with the idea and aid in promoting international good feeling, regardless of the liquor which is supposed to come from there.

Kent Watson of the Miami Beach Beacon, and Tub Palmer, please take notice.

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY—

HARRY LEACH of the Paramount enterprises is back. He is the fellow who directs the Olympia and most of the other theatres in Miami and wayports. The Mr. went loose some time ago and took unto himself a wife. Mrs. Leach is a beauty. I have seen her once or twice and envied that lucky Harry. He always gets the best. He and his new boss have been on a honeymoon tour. They visited the famous rock pits of Ojus, the conch fishing grounds off Soldier Key, the Pennsylvania Sugar Refinery out past Hialeah, which Harry said was a waste of time as he had a whole bundle of sweetness himself. Then, just for a novelty, they took a trip to some place named Europe and came back. All the employees of the theatre greeted the couple. The office was decorated with near real flowers, and two of the hired help got so enthusiastic over Harry's smile and the lovelight beaming from his eyes, that they asked for a raise. After which Harry came down to earth. Bon voyage!

The Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

EX-GOVERNOR CATTS to arrive in Miami October 14th . . . he is again a candidate . . . Police ordered to be more courteous as winter season approaches . . . Red paint again appears on curbs . . . Man gets fined \$60 or 60 days for trying to slip a city prisoner a bottle of hooch . . . Herald editorials still peppy . . . won't Judge Stoneman be surprised . . . Coastguard boats hold target practice while chasing run-runner over near Miami Beach . . . Miami University football team to swing into action . . . the university is the only one in the U. S. whose team has never been defeated . . . 230 motorists pay \$4.24 each . . . improper lights . . . Criminal Court opens next week . . . felony cases only . . . County solicitor's office gets after slot machines and punch boards . . . Not much news about liquor market . . . prices normal . . . hooch same . . . Nassau Tropical Golf Tournament to start in January . . . they challenge Miami amateurs . . . Means, who is accused of taking city money, goes back to stockade . . . his bondsmen couldn't get any more money out of him . . . Harry Leach of the Paramount enterprises, returns from his honeymoon . . . Rumored that city will remove delinquent boats from harbor . . . Piggly-Wiggles end convention . . . claim Miami's skyline reminds them of New York . . . Waite, the run-runner who was alleged to have been killed in a battle with coastguardmen, declared officially dead . . . it takes a long time to kill people in Florida . . . Railroads claim travel to Florida is heavy . . . landlords smiling as November first nears . . . MORE NEXT WEEK.

CAP'S COLUMN

THE Gautier Company is supplying free ambulance service now. So, when you have an accident, and have one puff of breath left, call for Gautier's. Free ambulance service is something new here and will be something for you to write home about.

CHILD'S restaurant will be opened in the old Boca Raton building on East Flagler street shortly. Workmen are making \$50,000 worth of alterations to suit the new business. In a short time we will see the youth in the window flipping hot cakes. It looks difficult to us, but it's only child's play to them.

We struck a mystery the other day. On a window near the Flagler street bridge we noticed a bird drawn on the window. It looked like a blue jay, or a cuckoo, or something. So we investigated. We found that it was a falcon. Now, a falcon was a bird that was used for hunting by the knights of old. But this falcon is an automobile with a Knight engine, and is built by the Stearns-Knight people. It is a snappy little car retailing from \$1,000 to \$1,250.

CONDENSATIONS.

CAPITOL THEATER inaugurates "Greater Movie Season," starting this week . . . you can see the complete Sunday program on Saturday night . . . go and get the edge on your friends . . . business is picking up . . . The Two Black Crows are cawing part 3 and 4 at the Columbia Music Store, on N. Miami ave. . . White Belt Dairy opens a lunch room in Seybold Arcade . . . from the cow to you . . . Miami Sports Club fighting to bring Dempsey to Miami . . . look out, fighting cops . . . There are a lot of heavyweights out at the Lyne Iron Works, on N. W. 5th St. . . Dr. Pollock says the boys had a good time while he was away . . . Tivoli Theater is with us again . . . we repeat, business is getting better . . . Frank Ray is showing his complete line of fall suits . . . and they sure look good . . . can we charge one, Frank . . . Gautier Funeral Service establishes a free ambulance service . . . break your arm in Hialeah and they'll tow you home . . . Romono's news stand and record shop on E. Flagler, a bright cheery place . . . Critchlow Music sold a lot of records this week . . . almost broke one . . . Bird Road Ice

A READER OF MIAMI LIFE

MIAMIGRAMS Says I to the tomatoes . . . catsup.

RUSHING THE SEASON

Editor Miami Life: Here is some interesting information about our friends the Florida Power & Light Company. Please note the attached papers. September 6. Bill allows discount if paid on or before September 27. September 26. Bill is paid. September 27. Delinquent notice is left. Doesn't it seem the power company is rushing out their delinquent notices a little too fast? W. A. S.

MIAMIGRAMS

Gold in your mouth . . . why I can't even get meat.

USE MORE ICE MADE IN THE PURE WAY BY

PURE WATER ICE CO.

7254 N. W. Second Avenue Phone North 1187

ICE IS JUST RIGHT

Ice provides just the proper moisture to best preserve your food-stuffs. Fresh vegetables will wilt upon being taken from a refrigerator in which the cold air is too dry.

Never Stint Your Ice Box

A Full Ice Box Furnishes the Most Economical Refrigeration. QUALITY ICE — COURTEOUS DRIVERS — FULL WEIGHT ICE HAS NO SUBSTITUTES

SEMINOLE ICE DELIVERY, Inc.

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Serving the Refrigeration Needs of

HIALEAH ICE CO.

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Co. has a former chef from Sherry's who makes real ice cream, and how . . . we sampled all the flavors . . . Kamp Kun-N-Go has come, but not gone . . . Hallowe'en's not so far off and the Miami Paper Co., on N. W. 10th St. is ready with the celebration materials . . . you'll be bewitched . . . Chicago-Miami Orchestra's playing to beat the band . . . Roseland Ballroom establishing a radio band . . . and it's a mean one . . . the microphone connected with WQAM will be in the ballroom . . . dance close and shout a word edgewise to the folks up North . . . The boxing line-up Monday at the ball park better than usual . . . there will be no more fighting cops . . . Paint your car yourself and save money; the Miami Paint Removing Co., on N. W. 7th Ave. does the dirty work and all you have to do is slip on the paint . . . Dr. Jones has hotted-footed it to 344 S. W. 12th Ave. . . he's a foot specialist . . . It's hard these days to get a silver spoon in your mouth, but Dr. Silvern, on W. Flagler, will put a gold plate there . . . Miami Oil and Natural Gas Co. holding in the Trail . . . rumor has it that that well looks lively . . . Miami Art Shop has everything to suit your palette . . . Grandma's Kitchen

makes good apple pie . . . you'll like their crust . . . Try a couple of yards of spaghetti at La Cantina . . . Exclusive Shoppe has a new line of dresses . . . or do you call 'em undresses these days? . . . If you want a good egg and want it bad, try the Miami Poultry and Egg Co. . . they're fresh, but the clerk isn't . . . Where did Edna Park . . . Century Clothing Company is going out of business . . . claim they can't keep clothes a century; they buy 'em out in a week . . . Famous last words . . . "THE ICE BUSINESS IN FLORIDA IS SITTING PRETTY. LOOK AT ALL THE FROZEN ASSETS!"

DEMAND "BRICO" Pure Ice Cream

Made by the former chef of Sherry's, New York. BIRD ROAD ICE CO. Ponce de Leon Blvd (at Bird Rd.) Phone Coral Gables 557

ICE

Electrically made under strict sanitary conditions. Visit our plant and let us show you why you too should use our product.

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ICE MAN'S LIFE

Published Every Now and Then by Peninsular Ice Co., 645 N. W. 18th St.

Volume 1. Number 10. Saturday, October 5, 1927

Again Peninsular Ice Wins

For the operation of electrical-chemical refrigerators in a certain Miami grocery store for the month of September the power bill alone was \$93.37. This did not, of course, cover the cost of water for keeping the outfit going, nor anything for interest on capital invested, insurance, taxes, maintenance, depreciation, etc.

In the same chain a similar store in size, character and volume of business was supplied with refrigeration by Peninsular Ice, the total expense of which was only \$69.30 for the month, or a saving over mechanical refrigeration of at least 33.1-3 per cent in operating costs alone.

Furthermore, it has been proven time and again that real ice refrigeration keeps their perishable food products in much better condition for sale—just cold enough, dry enough and moist enough to preserve the natural freshness and flavor.

Wide-awake grocers and butchers who have given the most careful thought to keeping down expenses are coming to the conclusion that the high cost of living and the high business mortality rate in their line may be in some measure boosted by unwise investments in highly touted substitutes for ice.

Peninsular service men will be glad to discuss economical refrigeration for any kind of business.

Welcoming the New Arrivals

At this season hundreds of new people arrive in the city of Miami every day. They are returning vacationists, tourists, home-seekers. Also a lot of our permanent residents are moving. Nothing is quite so cheerless in the newly opened home or apartment as an empty refrigerator, particularly when the family has just finished a long and tiresome journey by auto or train. In such a time the Peninsular iceman shines.

All you have to do is grab the nearest telephone and call 2-1297. At any hour of the day our special delivery service will have a big block of clean, crystal clear pure ice in your box within a few minutes—no waiting to get a power connection and start up a miniature ice factory—no muss, no fuss, no worry—no long time contract—no special obligations to anybody.

The old family ice box is a real constructive force in home-making—it generates and radiates good health and good cheer in the untold measure. Treat it right by keeping it always filled with Peninsular ice.

A Word About Weight

The Peninsular Ice Company, in common with every other reputable organized ice manufacturer, is pledged to Purity, Full Weight and Good Service, and this company spares no expense or pains in trying to live up to this pledge.

Every block of Peninsular ice will weigh, when it leaves our plant, approximately 320 pounds. Each block is carefully "scored" or marked off with deep saw marks into 25 and 50-pound divisions, every one of which provides even weight to allow for certain shrinkage on the truck or wagon while enroute to the customer.

Very seldom will the user find more than 2 per cent shortage in the weight of any piece of ice bought off one of our deliverymen—most of the time he will get more than he pays for. We are endeavoring to show our good faith to the public in this matter of weight and we believe that our trade will support the statement that we are very successful in this effort.

Remember, Mr. Merchant or Manufacturer, that this "trade at home" idea puts money into your cash register. The Peninsular Ice dollar is a busy worker right here in Miami three hundred and sixty-five days every year. Our pay-rolls represent hard workers, steadily employed the year round—they care regularly, wear good clothes and buy the things you have for sale—and they have the income to pay for them.

Taxes When you see one of the sturdy, attractive well kept "Peninsular" wagons or trucks on the streets do you consider what it stands for in the way of taxes? Each one of these vehicles represents an annual contribution to the city, county and state of more than three hundred dollars in taxes and licenses of all kinds. And these taxes have all been PAID in cash. You see the results in our streets, schools, public improvements and governmental activities of all kinds.