



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Save Little Nell, You Boy Friends!

AN APPALLING TRAGEDY seems to have taken place at city hall and they're trying to keep it out of the papers. It's a little too late for Miami Life to get all the facts this week, but we'll try to do better next time.

It seems that J. W. O'Donnell, chief inspector in the city department of weights and measures and who has been devoting his time lately to testing the power trust's water, gas and electric meters, has made himself obnoxious by butting into Little Nell's private business.

Without her permission, or the permission of the powers that be, he has examined her pulses—rather, her meters—and found them running high. Some meters, of course, are doing only a 27 to 45 per cent clip over and above their regular speed, while others are 600 per cent above normal. Consequently, O'Donnell has enabled many people to make Little Nell give them back their money. One apartment house owner has already received a refund of about \$1,300 for overcharges.

In consequence, O'Donnell has been asked to resign. And he has firmly refused to do so.

Now, we would suggest that the city commission investigate and ascertain who asked O'Donnell to resign, and why.

By the way, do you remember the pre-election promises of the city commissioners regarding the power trust's iniquities?

THE SCHOOL children at Shenandoah school are in revolt. It appears that about all they can secure at the school is a plate of soup, bread pudding and rice. As the youngsters sometimes want ice cream, pie or food such as they are used to they are raising a protest about it. One wonders if the dieticians who spring the bread pudding on the students ever eat any of it themselves?

The Noon Hour "Rush"

AMOTHER suggests to Miami Life that the young boys who hang around high school at noon hour laughing, whistling and generally making a nuisance of themselves, should either be forced to attend school or should be placed in a reform school. She declares that these boys hang around the school waiting for noon and the girls rush out, falling over each other in their attempt to reach their particular sheiks. This mother believes that the practise is demoralizing. But what are the school authorities doing about it? What does the cop on the corner do about it? Nothing, probably. Perhaps it would be too much to ask the school authorities to look into this matter. But somebody should do something, and it should be done at once.

WELL, they're paving the causeway again. You remember that old story of the doctor who had a son who also was a physician? The father was going abroad. "Son," he says, "I'll give you a patient to start your practice with. She's a Miss Jones, that old maid up the street." The father went to Europe and came back in about three months. "Well, son, how's business?" "Npt so good, dad. But I cured that Miss Jones." "What! Why you big boob; for 10 years she has been my source of income! And I gave her to you so you could start a bank account. And then you go cure her!"

The Cake Spoilers

MIAMI BEACH housewives are up in arms about the Florida Power and Light Company. Most of the cooking there is done on electric stoves. During the last month or so the current has been running up and down the scale—and a lot of good food has been spoiled. The oven heats up, then the current drops—result, a spoiled cake or a soggy pie.

ERNEST AMOS and three friends have been indicted by a special jury at Sanford. Comptroller Amos is charged with malpractice in office. Well, now, just think of that.

THE HOMESTEAD LEADER infers that some head of a Dade county law-enforcement body is aiding and abetting in the operation of slot machines and liquor joints in that town, and claim he should have a 20-year ball and chain fastened to his leg. Now it seems strange, but what's the matter with the local officers of Homestead? Isn't there a constable, a deputy-sheriff and a local police force there? Do the county officials with headquarters in Miami have to go down there and point out the law violators? Why blame it on the other fellow when the local officers are blind?

THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS pulled a fast one some months ago. They had been paying \$5 per day to the Jackson Memorial Hospital for each county patient sent there. Then they discovered that the county home in Kendall had a very capable hospital. They started to send patients there, and they discovered that, for the sum of \$2.37 per day, the patients got just as well and ate just as well as the \$5 Jackson hospital.

LANDLORD RISES TO INQUIRE

Editor, Miami Life:

This for your low rent campaign:

I own a fine house on Collins avenue, at Miami Beach. It is in a good location, well downtown. I pay \$1,000 a year taxes on this house. I want to rent it at \$1,200 for the winter season and \$600 for the summer. At that rental it will not return me five per cent on my investment—if it is occupied for the whole twelve months.

What about the landlord's side in this matter? And what in hell is an owner of property going to do, with constantly mounting taxes, and tenants unable to meet rental requirements?

A. C.

About Miami

MIAMI IS MIAMI. It is to American cities, and Chicago, what a one-piece bathing suit was to Milo de Venus. Her skyline (Miami's, not Milo's) reminds one so much of New York, and past due notes. Its climate—ah, sweet fumes of gauva gravey—that clings! January is like June. Always balmy, always cool. Cool, even in summer. In fact, bill collectors report it too cool. Maybe it is the breezes from our nifty ocean; maybe it is the frozen assets of the Dade Security Company. Quite a chill, quite a chill; the passbook reads \$1,750, and the new Fords nearly ripe. But let us forgive, and try to forget. Ya, we do have storms once in a while—last year it was the hurricane, and this year it was the booklet being sent out of town. Still it might be worse; haircuts are down to 10 cents, and the government (such as it is) in Washington still lives. Think of our nights—our wonderful, tropical night club nights—with the air full of nectar and the closed cars full of necks. Miami, my, my; oh, my Miami! On with the dance, let the poker chips fall where they will! Such hospitality, and taxes. Come on Fez, Miami sez—orthographically awful, but it should get results, and we need the grand old green scum. Anyhow, the tourists are coming, bless their hearts, and the bigger their heart the more the blessing. Miami, radiant queen of a throne of splenic splendor gazes fondly northward and rises to proclaim to a cock-eyed world that folk desiring complete satisfaction should come hither. Miami has the goods; all she craves now is customers who prefer sunshine to chillblains; coconuts to cough drops. Come on kind people, our palms—those that grow and those that itch—are ready for you. Apartment rates are guaranteed to be all you are willing to pay.

Little Nell, Publisher

THE Florida Power and Light Company is not content with its electricity and transportation monopolies, and so Little Nell has dipped her tentacles into mimeograph ink and gone into "journalism"—in a rather round-about fashion—to find out what she can about how some of the newspapers in this district can be subsidized.

Through instigation of George R. Hilty, who sits on the advertising throne for the Florida Octopus, mimeographed weeklies (they really are weeklies) have been started at Miami Beach and Coral Gables. The Miami Beach literary abortion, seeking to compete with Kent Watson's Miami Beach Beacon, is called "Booster Bill." The Coral Gables mimeography, seeking to fight Johnny Montgomery's Coral Gables Riviera, is called "Town Talk."

The object of the publications is to find out all that can be found out about Dade County newspapers, so that the reports may be sent to Joe Gill, without Joe knowing how they have been obtained, or whether the machinery of his organization have been used to obtain such information on the "low down" about the newspapers.

We doubt very seriously whether Mr. Hilty is as clever as Governor Martin thought he was when the Florida Power and Light Company had him placed on the Educational Survey Commission.

Political Peeps

SHERIFF HENRY CHASE has a happy and economical idea. In fact he believes he is on the trail of an innovation. Election for county offices coming up next spring, and every other block turning forth a candidate, has prompted him to an expedient which might be adopted by all other candidates to their mutual satisfaction and financial gain.

There being ten or twenty candidates for the office of sheriff and Henry himself being desirous of continuing in the position, he believes all candidates should bunch together and go on a group vote-soliciting tour.

For instance, the candidates for sheriff would all chip in and hire a big bus. Each one would have his name attached to his coat, and they would then drive off to the various suburbs and give the natives a treat, and then all chip in their pro rata cost of the trip.

Henry wants to drive the bus. First, he would take the candidates to Homestead. "Voters," he would say, "here's a bunch and parcel of men seeking election to the mighty office of sheriff of Dade County. Give them the once-over. You can readily see what is awaiting you should you make an error and vote for any one of them. Therefore, I, being the driver, which shows I of the whole crowd am the only one to be trusted, will give you some good advice: Keep what you've got. And that's me."

With such a plea Henry believes he can knock his opponents for a row of the well-known ash cans. He says it's the best idea ever promulgated. All he has to do is to get the other candidates in the same frame of mind. The names of the other candidates who have agreed to the proposition follow:

Something To Think About—And Act

ACCORDING to information secured from reliable sources, Miami clinics and physicians treated some 1,300 cases of venereal diseases last month. The patients ranged from school children under the age of 12 years to old men and women.

This subject is not a very nice one to read about, neither do we care to write about it, but if by so doing the various civic organizations, social clubs, parent-teachers' associations and every other group interested in good health and cleanliness can be brought to quick and vigorous action, the result will be worth all the unfavorable publicity we might get.

THE COMMUNITY CHEST held a drive this year. Funds were solicited for the purpose of all charitable organizations. Most of Miami's good fellows subscribed to the drive. That is, they had their names put down for certain amounts. The only thing they forgot to do was to come through with the money. The Community Chest now needs money. If you've put your name down as a contributor pay up. Don't be a welcher.

Much Power and No Light

A SHORT time ago a large number of auto drivers were rounded up by the police and assessed \$4.85 each for faulty lights on their cars. One car owner tried to tell the desk sergeant that his lights had been fixed that morning and that he held a receipt from a local garage for the work. He was laughed at. Service with a big smile stuff, you know. Every owner was fined except one. That truck was brought in because it had no tail light. In fact it had never had a tail light, and there was no place for the little red glow. But the police sent the truck away to its garage for, you see, it belonged to the Florida Power and Light Company.

AGAIN proving Miami is a great winter resort. A tourist drifted in last week. He immediately sauntered over to the city charities department and asked for the clinic. "What do you want?" The man pulled out three prescription blanks. "A doctor in Georgia gave them to me. I had no money so I beat my way down here, knowing you people would take care of me."

Fifteen Days— Till November 1

IT IS QUITE obvious that another season approaches. The signs are as unmistakable as the "Bock Beer Today" placards that used to presage spring in the north. We're almost there.

The landlords, as usual, are the first to tip us off. They blandly inform us that on November first—the more charitable ones are going to wait till November 15th or December 1—our rents will be doubled or tripled. Six or eight months ago we were thrilled to the warmth of landladies' smiles. But now they have their usual October icy stare that chills even the bones of poor devils who are only making a hundred or so a week.

Back we go, in a few days, from our comfortable \$50-a-month apartments to the servants quarters for the winter—just the time we'd like to put on the dog and live like white folks. Just a few days more, and we, who stick it out all the year round to provide something for the census-takers and politicians and bond-issue promoters to work on, will be cottage-hunting in Ojus, Homestead or some other place on the outer fringe of Miami's notorious winter prices. Cheering, isn't it, to read in the papers how much rents are being reduced this winter—and get a notice a few minutes later that you'll have to pay \$150 a month instead of \$65? But, of course, there are those three or four-day conventions of the Elks and Shriners next May and June to justify an immediate increase in prices this fall! And, besides, as Ev Sewell insists, this is nothing but a tourist town and we must live for them and make sacrifices, and all that sort of thing.

And, my! how the shops are springing up! All the bankrupt, worm-eaten, fire-damaged merchandise the East Side stores can spare is pouring into Miami and the brokers in their holes-in-the-wall will make only a thousand per cent profit on it—which profit they'll promptly take back to Hester street or East New York. All of which will, of course, make the permanent stores happy and help out their financial conditions.

A new newspaper is being promoted daily to gobble up part of the gravy the permanent publications, which have been starving for the last year, have been anxiously awaiting. Seasonal meat-shops, restaurants, honky-tonks and soda fountains are springing up along the highways and by-ways to further the interests of the ptomaine industry in Miami. Maxwell street clothiers, South street hatters, Decatur street fruit vendors, Beal street hawkers, are packing up right now to join our happy little family. The auctioneers are probably already on the way; and the peripatetic pulpiteers are already developing Miami evangelistic complexes.

After all, we wouldn't mind these perennial evangelists saving us, if they'd only save us from these fly-by-nighters.

It's pretty tough to be a permanent resident of Miami, a permanent business man, a permanent publisher, a permanent tenant. It's fine to live in Miami in the summer and cheap—but there's no money to be made. In the winter, when there is money to be made, someone else comes in and takes it.

Oh, well, we should be satisfied, we suppose. It'll be wonderful to see again a thriving city under gorgeous skies, the beaches swarming with the elite of the land, the great and the near-great at the races, and the hotels and apartments teeming with population—even if we do have to sleep in garage apartments!

Use Your Bean

(Answers to these unintelligent tests should be on page 25. Try and find them.)

1. How many empty store buildings away from the business district will the new (maybe) auditorium be erected?
2. What Miami evening newspaper regards Governor Martin as an antediluvian insect?
3. What Miami morning newspaper regards certain Miami evening newspaper as subject to de lunatico inquirendo?
4. Who wrote the postcard reading: "Having a great time; wish you were here?"
5. Name within \$17,000,000 the amount of free advice given daily as to how Miami should advertise?
6. Give comparative values of Miami sunshine, moonshine and brick of grape wine?
7. Who wrote the song, "The Sun Shines Bright in Miami?"
8. What other wild animals will be in Miami next summer?
9. Is it unlawful to eat spaghetti, and if not, why not?
10. What mayor in the most southerly mainland city of the United States goes to the window and makes a bow every time there is a clap of thunder?

Round the Town with ROD

CAN HE DO IT, CHIEF? A PRIVATE and personal knife fight took place last week...

NOTHING NEW

JOE ASTORIA sneaked away a short time ago and hid him to New York. He was looking for something good in the musical line...

TO MAKE RECORDS

One thing I never could understand is why Coral Gables doesn't capitalize on Joe Astoria. Joe is so well known and his orchestra is so famous...

THEY ALSO HAVE HEARTS

The county commissioners met Wednesday. A group of undertakers were on hand—which seemed fitting—for the purpose of reaching an understanding as to the burial of paupers...

NOW OPEN Pirates' Den In the Spanish Village Phone M. B. 2900 Sea Food Steaks Chops

ALWAYS FIFTY-CENTS ALWAYS COOL! CAPITOL Complete De Luxe Show Saturday Mid-Nite Show Sunday Through Wednesday JANET GAYNOR

Announcing the Opening of Our New Store 101 N. E. 1st Ave. Facing Postoffice Catering to the better dressed men of Miami

The Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

WEATHERMAN GRAY goes to Cuba and vicinity... probably to find out where hurricanes have gone... Dr. Oscar B. Beer dies... great favorite in the American Legion...

of planting them three deep and encasing bodies with nothing but fence rails for caskets.

The commissioners were in favor of decent burial. But they wanted to know the cost. Up spoke Coombs of the well-known funeral home:

"Gentlemen, I have this statement to make, I believe that every person is entitled to a Christian burial according to his religion. I believe the county commissioners and the city officials should spend the two or three dollars extra and give unto the unfortunate that sacred right to which they are entitled."

And the commissioners dittoed the suggestion.

THE "CHAIN" GANG We all know that the county

OLYMPIA

SUNDAY—MONDAY—TUESDAY Adolphe Menjou in "THE GENTLEMAN FROM PARIS" WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY AILEEN PRINGLE NORMAN KERRY in "Body and Soul"

Hear Ye Hear Ye Hear Ye

Were you one of the lucky ones that attended the first three days of our

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY SALE

Remember! this Sale ends in Ten Days, and if you miss the Bargains we are offering during this Event you have no one to blame but yourself.

Never again will an opportunity like this be given you.

Remember this sale lasts given you. The Men's Shop 18 N. E. First St. Opposite First Nat'l. Bank

other has been ignited from the stub. In this way two matches will operate the jail for a whole day. I don't know what penalty is inflicted by this "court martial," as it is called, but I hear it is severe.

WILL STOP TOURISTS According to H. H. Mase, president of the Florida State Hotel Association, many people will pass up Florida this winter because they are afraid that they will be served with papers in suits seeking to collect payment for real estate bought during the boom.

THE EUGENE METHOD Olympia Beauty Salon 10 S. E. Second Ave.

DANCING Every Night Pavilion Royal Thousands of people have passed through the doors of this dancing place since the opening night. All have left acclaiming Pavilion Royal the coolest, most comfortable, having the best music and floor in Miami.

stockade is a fine place to spend a few pleasant weeks away from home—but we didn't know there were so many rules and regulations.

For instance, a severe penalty awaits the prisoner who allows his cigarette to go out before an-

CALICO CAT N. W. 7th Ave. and 30th St. Lonesome? Do You Dance? No One to Go With? Then Spend the Evening Here—20 Dainty Hostesses to Make Your Evening a Success.

Goodyear Tires Willard Batteries FOR ALL TYPES Automobiles, Trucks and Busses A Complete Service Station JOHNSON TIRE & BATTERY CO.

101 One Hundred and One Club 70th ST., AT ALBACORE DRIVE MIAMI BEACH "The Bright Spot of America's Playground" ANNOUNCEMENT TO MEMBERS Formal Opening of 101 Club Saturday Evening, October 22nd. Special Entertainment. Drive to 71st Street on North Miami Beach—you can't miss the 101 Electric Sign. OPEN TO MEMBERS ONLY

Phone Reservations At Any Hour STEAKS CHOPS Announcing The Re-opening of The CABIN 101 S. W. 2nd Ave. Opp. El Commodoro Hotel Phone: 3-6415 Our Specialty Sunday Chicken Dinners PLATE LUNCHES SEA FOOD Under Direction of "Chicken" Jack

something else to keep them away, and spring it before the end of the year, we won't be able to find our "season" with a microscope. Few people get tired of life—nobody ever gets tired of Miami Life. An ad in Miami Life is worth two in the dailies. Miami Life is read—not skimmed

BOXING Ball Park, N. W. 16 Ave., 3rd St. Monday, 8:45 P. M. PAUL BERLENBACH vs TOMMY ROBSON Boston Mauler 10 Rounds to a Decision Auspices Coral Gables Post 98 American Legion

CROSSLAND'S PLATE 50c LUNCH Passed 100% by City Food and Sanitary Inspector 20 S. E. First Ave. Just a few steps from Flagler. Mary Lucille Hopkins Announces the Opening of The Mary Lou Party Shop Confections Party Favors Gifts 200 S. E. First Avenue PHONE 2-3158 CLYDE COURT BLDG. Miami, Florida

An Urgent Appeal To Everybody Who Would Like To See Oil In Florida

This week I have nothing new to report except that negotiations to get drilling machinery on my large leasehold between Tamiami Trail and the Gulf Coast are progressing favorably, also the plans made to finance the drilling of my well are well under way.

IN THE MEANTIME I am glad to devote the rest of the space reserved for me in this issue to URGE you to give your fullest co-operation to the "Tamiami Well." I am not connected with the Miami Oil and Natural Gas Company, who are drilling this well, except that I bought a few shares of their stock last week. This well has been drilled to a depth of over a half mile. It has shown OIL twice. It has shown gas and has been drilled to a depth of 2,781 feet. There is casing set to a depth of 2,014 feet. More casing is needed. It is absolutely essential that this casing be set to the present level and that additional casing be on hand.

MIAMI A PAYROLL CITY DON'T LET US LOSE THAT OPPORTUNITY Let us all together help to put the TAMAMI WELL over. For our own benefit. The men in charge are of the highest type, they know their business and if it is humanly possible to bring in that well on the Trail, THEY WILL BRING IT IN.

IF THE WELL COMES IN AND DON'T FORGET How much will you take for your \$10 share? Faithfully yours, CONRAD MEYER, 173 East Flagler Street

An Open Letter to the Public by the Ben Franklin Savings Institution, Inc.

COMPTROLLER ERNEST AMOS went to the newspapers, he stayed in the courts. After having had a perfectly splendid time in his newspaper posing, the comptroller was ready to march down the hill, and so accepted the offer which our institution had made before the mandamus proceedings were brought to let him see our thrift records to verify our discontinuance of that department. He no longer asked to see all of our books, records and papers. We had won the day quietly and without a claim. We had fought for a principle and had won. We claimed that we were not under his supervision and he was ready to concede it. We claimed he had no right to snoop about our books and papers and records and he was ready to concede it. He had to save his face. We were ready to let him do it, so as to shorten the time within which he could play politics with our institution. And to save his face we stipulated to do those things which we had already done or were doing. We agreed to let him look at our thrift records—we had offered that before the mandamus proceedings; we agreed to pay off our thrift accounts—we had been doing that long before the mandamus proceedings were brought in carrying out a vote of our Board of Directors last June; we agreed to strike out the word "Savings" from our name—this came as a voluntary suggestion from us, as we found the word "Savings" a liability for us, for anything smacking of Amos supervision was a liability. We gave the comptroller plenty of rope. He has had his fling. And now that he can play no more politics with us, he will have to look for something else to divert the public mind from Homestead. The comptroller by his mandamus proceedings did us a good turn. It is now definitely settled that we are free from his interference and political monkey shins. It is definitely established that we are a business institution doing business in a business way and managed by business men and women. And that people having financial dealings with us will not have their dealings known to the comptroller and his examiners, or any other outsiders, and that our books and papers and records are as private as that of any other private business corporation. We are here to stay and help Miami people. We will continue our policy of being an institution with a heart. We invite all having financial difficulties and all wanting financial advice to come to us. We are an institution of real service to the people. We have a wide awake, efficient and trustworthy manager in our Vice President, Simon Swig, and look forward to becoming one of the leading financial institutions in the state. And while we have won the day for principle and right we still lament the situation of having a politician in the chair of the comptroller, for that department should be free from politics, and the sooner the department is rid of politics the more quickly will public confidence be restored. H. W. Penney, W. G. McRae, A. F. Dulis, H. Levitt, E. N. Sudlow, F. W. Symmes, A. R. McAdams, M. E. Hawkins, Charles K. Harrington, Directors of the Ben Franklin Savings Institution, Inc., 138 Washington Avenue, Miami Beach; 409-411 Olympia Building, Miami, Florida.