



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Jesse James Was A Gentleman!

The leech is found in the water. Every school boy knows it sucks the blood of others. It is a product of a mysterious nature and knows no other manner of preserving itself. Therefore, we can excuse the leech. The shark is found in the water. It is also a product of a mysterious omnipotence and lives by eating smaller denizens of the deep. We can also excuse the shark.

But what of the loan shark,—the contemptible, vile and honorless fellow who outleeches the leech and makes the water shark a gentleman in comparison? What of the type of "business" that sucks the blood of fathers with struggling families to support, of widowed mothers with hardly enough bread for their brood to eat? In brief, what of the nefarious loan shark!

Compared to this bloodless and heartless product of civilization, the sewer rat is a thing of culture and refinement. Compared to this monstrous orgre of parasitism, the late John Dillinger was a noble soul. Dillinger, at least, was frankly a bandit and a scourge with a poor twisted brain. But the loan shark is a respected member of society; we know some who actually attend the House of God and pray for the saving of their souls.

The time has come for a house-cleaning of local loan leeches, — or salary buyers who feed upon the bodies of our unfortunate citizens. This newspaper has called the attention of the authorities to this polite form of gangsterism and we herewith demand that action be taken immediately. We have focussed the spotlight of exposure upon many of these lice and their hiding places is no longer a secret. It is now open hunting season on loan sharks and MIAMI LIFE expects the authorities to take cognizance of the fact.

This city is now a veritable hive of loan companies. Almost every office building has from one to three sharks waiting to bite whoever enters their portals. And what a bite! The U. S. mints, with all their elaborate machinery, does not make money any easier than our local money-lenders. With a small capital, which they usually promote from some supposedly legitimate bank, they

reap a harvest of golden coin—over the maimed and tired minds of poor devils who must have immediate money for some emergency. Perhaps a harried father with a sick child, or a mother with a crippled babe who needs an operation.

Once in the hands of financial Torquemadas, the harassed victim squirms for months to release himself. He knows naught of the laws of usury, he knows nothing of his rights. If he fails to pay and pay promptly, he is informed in a very subtle manner that if he does not pay the principle and the interest by a certain date, his employer will be informed and this usually scares the poor soul to extra efforts to pay off. And what an interest! Not a legal interest, understand, but what amounts to nothing less than financial peonage to the unfortunate victim. But the borrower does not know that he is being bled. The loan shark hurls the harpoon and the victim about bleeds to his or her financial death.

The legal rate of interest for this form of banditry is 3½ per cent per month. But are the bleeders satisfied with such a small amount of blood? Hell, no! They add various carrying charges and other imaginary expenses, all of which is added to the legal interest, making the entire transaction a farcical hold-up of the worst kind.

If you are in the hands of one of these financial termites, and they threaten to inform your employer, tell them to go to it. In turn, you might threaten to tell the authorities—and then observe how quickly they cease firing.

This intolerable condition should be rectified by some statements now doing service at Tallahassee by presenting an immediate bill prohibiting the existence of such cancerous businesses and thus gain the everlasting respect and esteem of the large majority of our citizens. And we venture the prediction that the first statesman to offer this bill will be conceded a front place in the affections of his constituents and the people throughout the commonwealth. Moreover, there is not the slightest chance of the bill being killed or sidetracked. No legislator would have the courage to vote against it.

Bradley Monopoly or Legal Gambling

So cometh the summer. The season of King Grits and Queen Gravy. We natives have watched the strangers come within our gates, pile up the Golden Coin, and depart, leaving us naught but odd pennies.

Of course, things could be different. We might, via the use of ordinary intelligence, add considerably to our summer activity and prosperity. Instead of sitting upon the mourners bench, watching the procession of poverty go by, we might do something about it. In fact, we CAN do something about it. We can and we SHOULD raise cain about it!

Now, what can we do that will assist at

The Age of Reason Has Arrived

We've heard enough of the glories and the profits of horse and dog racing. Our daily newspapers, slugged into silence via the advertising and even donation route, have not informed the people of Dade county apropos the true facts in the case. We are tired unto death of hearing that our winter prosperity depends upon the operation of racing. We know, if we know anything, that both horse and dog tracks are mere barnacles and leeches of the first declension.

They tell you that these tracks bring millions of dollars into Dade county every year. They fail to tell you that they also take these same millions out with them, with considerable local coin to boot. As a "cover," they peel off a sickening sum to charity. This makes them pure and wholesome and is supposed to gain the good will of the simple souls who have not figured the business out in the proper light.

The local business men who are banded together to fight the chain stores and sales tax should make the fight against the dog tracks a prior issue. The safety of their bread and their butter is in that direction. This is so obvious that even school children should be able to comprehend it.

As to just what, precisely, the state gets out of these tracks, let us examine the evidence at hand: First, the horse tracks pay the state only 2½ per cent, while their "take" is 7½ per cent, plus the breakage. As to the dog tracks, they generously hand the state 2½ per cent while their "take" is 12½ per cent. Very nice mathematics, in favor of the dog tracks!

MIAMI LIFE suggests, with considerable emphasis, the dog plants pay the state an extra 5 per cent, making a total of 7½ per cent.

They now earn more than one hundred per cent on their investment a season, and if they are cut 5 per cent, they will continue to make approximately sixty per cent, a fair return for the most vicious of all RACKETS.

As to the statement of Mr. Joseph E. Widener, before the passing of the pari-mutuel bill, that his track would operate only five days per week—well, you know that is nonsense. The track has operated six days per week throughout the season, although no one has challenged his original promise to run but five.

Among the very tasty fairy tales now current is the one that local citizens do not patronize the tracks in habit-forming quantities. They will tell you that the moneyed tourist is the sheep that is sheared. May we not call your attention to the Saturdays at the tracks, both dog and horse, when the attendance is approximately double that of the week-day crowds? Where, may we enquire, do these extra people come from? Why, they come from the local shops, and they are poor clerks or small wage-earners who cannot afford to lose a dime of their money.

While on the subject of local clerks, et al, playing the races, it is stated on very excellent and reliable authority, that hundreds of local clerks have tapped the cash tills in an effort to win money at the dog tracks.

Incidentally, have you observed that we have no healthy night sports in this sector, except the dog tracks—which is only healthy for the operators? This is the ideal spot for, say, a six-day bike race, ice skating tournaments, championship fights and the like, but promoters of such sports are not able to compete with the sinister competition of the greyhounds.

When the racing eminentos state that our large crowds are due chiefly to horse and dog racing we must disagree firmly and with facts. One outstanding fact was the Stribling-Sharkey fight of several years ago. This sporting event not only drew a record gate, but the millions of dollars worth of free publicity it gained throughout the nation has never been equalled by even nineteen dog tracks.

To sum up, MIAMI LIFE urgently pleads with the legislators and senators now in session at the capital to put an end to this deliberate and systematic robbery of the public by at least amending the pari-mutuel bill before it does irreparable damage to the vicinities in which they are located.

least five thousand people to live humanly in this sector during the lean months? Well, first we must legalize gambling and permit certain licensed spots to operate all summer. This is now against the majestic law of the Empire State of Florida. It would also annoy the regal governor of the said Empire State of Florida, the Right Honorable or maybe the Wrong Hon. David Sholtz.

You may recall the magic name of Col. E. R. Bradley. This eminent hombre is not a famous author, scientist or even statesman. He is a famous or rather infamous gambler of the first line. First line is quite right. The Colonel puts it on the first line and that line is in the vicinity of Tallahassee. Is any mind so juvenile as to believe that Bradley is permitted to operate because the governor likes the shape of his head or the cut of his pantaloons?

Ladies and gentlemen of Dade county, you must be aware that Col. Bradley operates his giant palace of chance because he has a direct pipe-line connection with the state capital. If the governor knows naught of the felonious machinations of Bradley, the Supreme Sucker Shaker of the East Coast, we may well believe that the governor is a veritable Alice-In-Wonderland. Bradley has been in operation for decades. He is never closed. Others in his line would like to do the same things as the coy Colonel, but the law swoops down upon them with a wild whoop. In the language of the vulgate, they are sloughed. Is it because Bradley pays such a high protective tariff to Tallahassee that he is able to dictate that the rest of South Florida should remain closed? We suspect that it is. Furthermore, we KNOW that it is.

Meantime, our grits and grunts are becoming scarcer. The food and clothing and shelter that might go to at least five thousand of our local folk—people now on the Federal relief—is not forthcoming. Bradley hogs it all. And we MEAN precisely that.

But now cometh the rumblings of discontent. The people of this county of Dade want to know—they DEMAND to know — WHY one man, Bradley, can dictate the gambling policy of the State of Florida. They want to know WHY one bribe is not as good as another. They want to know WHY gambling is not legalized, thus placing a substantial sum into the state coffers for the benefit of ALL the people, instead of a substantial sum into the hands of a FEW men who happen to rule the political roost.

Of course, the governor will veto any bill to split the loot with Bradley. The legalization of gambling will make less thieves in our public offices and more honest money in our public cash drawers. This will naturally assist the over-burdened taxpayers and cause political malfactors to work for their own living for a change.

LEGALIZE ALL FORMS OF GAMBLING OR STOP ALL FORMS OF GAMBLING!

Sparks of Life

California millionaire commits suicide because of the heat. We could stand a lot of heat with a million dollars.

Bakers talk of raising bread prices, now that wheat has gone up. Weren't they the same fellows who claimed the price of wheat was only a small factor in the selling price of bread during the days of the dime loaf?

Rudy Vallee says he "vibrates" his notes. That reminds us; we need to renew ours.

Nude dancer is fined in Chicago. That was a raw deal.

We read that Mahatma Gandhi will soon start a new fast. Most of us are on the same old one.

We envy those affluent Miamians who leave here soon and spend the summer in the mountains. They won't have to listen to any mountain music.

A British motorist advocates brightly painted autos as a safety aid to pedestrians. Yes, we've tried using brightly painted pedestrians long enough.

Wife says in divorce suit that her husband embarrassed her by pulling bristle out of his teeth. She has no kick coming. He isn't as bad as the old fellow who pulls his teeth out of his bristles.

What this country needs is more people with fewer ideas about what this country needs.

MARBLE MACHINES ARE NOW SLOT MACHINES

(Who Said Miami Is Closed?)

Operators of marble boards evidently have no fear of the law in Miami. Cash has supplanted merchandise in payment of such prizes as are won and little or no effort is being made to mask an operation which is gambling regardless of any other cognomen applied by the operators.

Every drug store, soda shop, cigar store and barbecue stand has its full quota of marble boards and punch boards and the industry has become a major one. Several former slot machine owners have discovered the vast possibilities in the marble board field and are reaping a rich harvest of nickles from contraptions which are as "strong" if not stronger than the much despised "one armed bandits."

As might be expected in such a situation, a fight for territory has been started and bitter words and blows are frequently exchanged between heads of the various syndicates in the battle for lucrative "spots." Best "spots" are those around the high school buildings and in the downtown arcades. The high school "kids" are fascinated by the rolling marbles and offers of cash prizes for skill and throngs in the arcades are always willing to drop a few "jits" to watch the marbles roll. The punch boards, now run in "serial" form offering tremendous prizes for lucky numbers, get the few dimes left from the marble boards—AND THE CITY OF MIAMI DOESN'T COLLECT AS MUCH AS \$1,000 A YEAR FOR ALL OF THE BOARDS IN EXISTENCE.

Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed when her sweetie from Boston told her he couldn't see her for three weeks because it was lent. She knew he would get it back sometime.

Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed when her boy friend told her he was lonesome. She knew he could always go out to the Torch Club and get a cordial.

Miami Life

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LEST PROHIBITION RETURNS

Ever since Dutch William came to the English throne in 1686 and encouraged the distilling of Holland gin in an effort to turn an honest penny into the kingdom's cash register, alcoholic beverages have been inextricably mixed with government finances.

FORECAST FOR NEXT WEEK

Sixteen drunks will be brought into the police station and claim they were manhandled by McCreary's pawns. . . . Forty-five landlords will reduce their rents from one hundred dollars to ten bucks per month.

HIP! HIP! HOORAY!

Lysander, hail! Immortal man, Bright light of bygone times, To you I warble this paean, Or better, pen these rhymes.

Hail, Amru! Famous man until Mean praise no longer give; The deeds that gave you glory will, I feel, quite certain, live.

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The SOCIAL WHIRLED

Mr. Bill Roach, who was escorted over the county line some months ago, returned to town and Mr. Sergeant Eddie Melchen would be happy to get in touch with him.

Mr. Loot Mathis, formerly captain, denies trying to fix the jury on the Tribune trial. "The Tribune," stated the Cap, "is a little pal of mine."

Mr. James, the eminent Carson, is practising law again. "I should run for governor again," remarked James, just so only forty-five newspapermen could hear him.

Mr. Sonny Shepherd expects to be a Daddy in the near future. "If it's a boy," said Mons. Shepherd, "I will name it Biltmore. If a girl, I will call her Mayfair."

Mr. Bondsman Slatko is still Slatkoink hither, thither and likewise you.

Mr. Clyde Heil is thinking of studying the lives of Blue Beard and the Sultan, account of the latter gentlemen handling their women in fine style.

Mr. Walter Early—or is it Oily?—says he does not like scandal sheets because they used to crack down on his pet rackets in ye olden days.

Mr. Sam, the buxom McCreary, occupied two seats at headquarters recently. "I haven't lost none of my heft," stated Sam to a reporter, who didn't work for the Tribune.

Mr. Ex-Judge Collins is still on a vacation.

Due to our tourists all leaving town at once, seven hundred hotel and apartment house owners would like to get in touch with some paying customers before the tax certificates are sold.

Miss Jefferson Bell is still ringing at the Herald.

Mr. Dick Holdworth expects to complete his journalistic course in a few years. "Then I can go back to the News or Herald," stated Mr. Dick.

Mr. Roddy Burdine, who operates a department store, held a sale one day last week.

Ninety-six cops bought Woolworth dictionaries recently in order to discover what a Cossack is.

Mr. E. J. Sparks hasn't bought

any more old barns for movie houses lately due to the fact that George Hussey hasn't found any for him to purchase.

The quiet season is upon us, local Crackers having removed their step-ins and laid them away in moth balls till next fall.

Mr. Harold Wilson continues to 'feel' home.

Due to the high cost of shotguns, few infants have been named Winchester or Remington this semester.

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Campus Chatter at Miami U.

Seniors are rejoicing in the fact that they will be out of school two weeks before the underclassmen, thus making it a mere five weeks till their cares will be over.

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dent body. . . . Joe Rose succeeds Stanley B. as head of the Phi Eps. . . . Art Brooks has received a good deal of praise for his portrayal of "Death" in the last production.

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DIRECT FROM THE TRACK WITH Jockey Jimmy

JOCKEY JIMMY HAVE DE GRACE (Maryland) opens Monday, April 15 for its Spring meeting of 12 days. The horses now at Bowie will be moved over for a try at the purses at the "Graw" as this track is known to the regular race follower.

WARNING Every year about this time a certain number of fake tipsters, fake turf publishers, touts, etc., enter the racing game up north. Many of them leave the employment of legitimate turf publishing companies.

HAVRE DE GRACE (Maryland)—ARAB is ready for the word; BROMIDE works prove this one is fit; CHIEF MOURNER ran well in Florida; DON'T BLUSH is at peak form now; LOFTY LADY throw out the last race; LYN EYE once again for this good one; MASKED BELLE should make amends at the "Graw"; PRINCE ABOTT needs distance for best effort; RED JOHN has been knocking at the door;

TEXAS (SECRET REPORT) WIRE ARLINGTON DOWNS (Texts)—PINGAI; PAT C; HIGH FINANCE; INFLATE; JAMES BOY; JOHN BANE; LADY LA MARNE; MISS DIAVOLO; MISS ETERNAL; ROYAL ROVER; RIZLA; SOUTH GALLANT; SWEEPPOGAN; TOO BUSY; VANITA; B VIRBET.

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