



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

VOL. 9, NO. 42

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# VICE WANTS ROWLAND

## Dog Tracks Doomed In Massachusetts

### Miami Life Writer Finds New England Bitterly Opposed To Dog Track Racketeers Despite New Pari-Mutuel Bill

By TOM STOWE

**D**OWN in Miami a week-kneed, spineless citizenry stands around and does nothing while the city is being raped, looted and plundered by thieving dog race track racketeers.

Up here in Massachusetts where a little ragged band of Minute Men had the guts to shoot hell out of the whole British army and tell King George to take his "tea" and stick it in a pigeon hole, things are much different.

It is true, Massachusetts went to sleep last year and let crooked racketeers slip over a pari-mutuel bill, but no one is asleep now and hell is popping.

The clever racketeers who turned their hooks on Massachusetts after Connecticut gave them the cold shoulder and told them in no uncertain terms that Connecticut "wanted no part of them," put the Massachusetts pari-mutuel bill and referendum over by spending filthy money like water among the drags and tramps of the minority. Decent citizens, never dreaming the bill would pass, simply failed to go to the polls.

Blood suckers representing racing interests painted a rosy picture for Massachusetts. They told of thousands of out of state visitors who would be lured to the race tracks. They painted, in lurid colors, the vast income which would be derived for the state and which would surely lower taxes. They promised to give employment to thousands whose names are on relief rolls and promised to bring to the state, a sport of Queens.

Although the dog tracks have been in operation only a short while, Massachusetts has already found out what Miami has known for several years. Instead of a steady stream of millionaire visitors the pari-mutuel windows are haunted by poor clerks, dish-washers and laborers who can ill afford to lose their hard earned money. Many cases of employees stealing to procure money to wager on dog races have already been reported. Business houses in the metropolitan cities instead of being packed with the "promised" visitors are deserted during the hours when dog racing is in progress and credit departments are swamped with delinquent accounts as money is poured into the greedy maws of race track racketeers instead of being applied to accounts as promised.

Massachusetts is having its first year of legalized racing—and its last. Representative McDonald of West Springfield has already introduced a bill in the legislature calling for a referendum in 1936 instead of 1938 as originally provided for in the pari-mutuel bill and support of the new bill is being given from all parts of the state. A referendum in 1936 appears sure and when the matter is put to the voters again, dog racing is doomed in Massachusetts.

Three tracks are in operation at Revere Beach, Dighton and West Springfield. The Revere Beach track is operated by the same clique which controls the St. Petersburg, Fla., track and practically all employees have been imported. Massachusetts newspapers have given the dog tracks a stony stare, and accorded them very little space. Ministers all over the state have taken up the fight from their pulpits and business men are practically unanimous in declaring that dog racing must not continue in the State.

It is too bad that the Massachusetts legislature didn't send a committee to Miami to study conditions before taking action on the pari-mutuel bill. It would be well for any state to send its committee to Miami and find out the devastation, ruin and havoc brought about by dog racing. On the other hand

it is too bad Miami hasn't a few citizens with the courage of our staid old New Englanders who have declared war on dog racing and won't quit until they have run the thieving racketeers out of the state.

## Marble Boards Gaming Devices Says His Honor

**C**ONFIDENT that the Supreme Court will knock the slot machine bill higher than a loan shark's interest, Miami city officials are gridding their loins for a deadly crusade against all forms of mechanical gambling devices within the next ten days.

"There is no doubt in my mind that marble machines are gambling devices in the same category as slot machines," declared Mayor A. D. H. Fossey, yesterday, "and when the Supreme Court ruling is handed down July 20, we will go into action. In the meanwhile the police are searching every nook and cranny of the city for one-armed bandits and destroying them whenever and wherever found."

City Solicitor Abe Aronovitz has the same opinion about marble boards. He has repeatedly requested any person knowing of any gambling or paying of prizes in cash on the machines to make a report to his office and has promised vigorous prosecution. The fact that marble boards have been licensed by the city does not remove them from danger of prosecution. The new bill legalizing slot machines also includes marble boards and all other mechanical gambling devices and the Supreme Court's ruling will include them as well as the old fashioned slot machines.

## Rambles AND Rumbles

**HENRY BALDWIN** and the late Gordon Carr were once Miami's most colorful pair of young lawyers and almost inseparable. Upon one occasion, according to the story, they were lounging in the Municipal Court room when a negro was arraigned upon a charge of stealing chickens. Judge Frank B. Stoneman upon learning the negro was not represented by counsel advised him of his rights and informed him one would be appointed by the Court if he desired.

"There are two lawyers sitting there," he said, pointing to Henry and Gordon, "and there is another one outside in the hall." The negro looked at Baldwin and Carr for half a minute and turning back to the Court said, "Judge Ah thinks Ah'll take the one outside."

A colorful scenario could be written about Judge H. F. Atkinson, senior circuit judge and probably the most eminent jurist in Florida. For years Judge "Ad," as he is lovingly known, has kept lawyers on the jump trying to keep up with him as he wanders all over the premises during a trial.

It is not at all unusual for him to step down from the bench in the midst of a red-hot argument and take a seat in the jury box or sprawl in a chair at the reporter's table. He has even been known to wander down into the spectator's section and stand in the courtroom door. His greatest delight, however, is to leave the bench, light a cigar and stand in a window watching a panorama of passing traffic six stories below. No matter where he may be in the courtroom he never misses a word that is said and has fewer reversals by the Supreme Court than any jurist in the state. (Continued on Page Two)

**DEFINITION**  
Biscayne Boulevard is a space between gas stations.

## APPOINTMENT OF ROWLAND MEANS RETURN OF TAMMANY AND HAWTHORNE

**J**OHAN ROWLAND must NOT be appointed Chief of Police. Hawthorneism, terrorism and Little Tammanyism must not return to Dade county. John Rowland, an insignificant Tammany trained tool, taught to jump at the bark of his master's voice and thoroughly contaminated with Hawthornism, is totally unfitted to be entrusted with a job as important as Miami's Chief of Police, or any other job of importance.

For several weeks Little Tammany and the Miami Daily News have conducted a subtle, underworld campaign, to install Rowland as chief of police. The campaign has even assumed "long distant" proportions and Andrew J. Kavanaugh, newly appointed Safety Director, has been wheedled BY LITTLE TAMMANY into giving his "long-distance" approval of Rowland. Unless something is done immediately, it appears probable that City Manager L. L. Lee will make the appointment.

John Rowland first became a "sleuth" when he accepted a position as "investigator" for the State Attorney's office. State Attorney VERNON HAWTHORNE TOOK ORDERS FROM LITTLE TAMMANY AND ROWLAND TOOK ORDERS FROM HAWTHORNE. BE BECAME A PUPPET AND A TRAINED OFFICE BOY.

As a crime investigator John Rowland is Dade county's outstanding joke. He couldn't find a horseshoe in a plate of hash or a skunk in a telephone booth. During the years he blundered along filling inkwells and polishing medals for "Virtuous" Vernon and posed as a "sleuth." Dade county ran red with blood. Murderers, thugs and notorious criminals laughed at his childish tactics and went on their way plundering, killing and raping.

**ALVIN KARPIS, AMERICA'S PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1, SPENT A PLEASANT VACATION IN MIAMI, PROBABLY STEPPING ON ROWLAND'S FEET AND ROWLAND DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL HAD EVER BEEN IN MIAMI UNTIL HE READ IT IN THE NEWSPAPERS.**

Sig Baar, prominent business leader, was shot down in cold blood. Everyone in Miami EXCEPT JOHN ROWLAND knows who killed him, yet an arrest has never been made in the case. ROWLAND ASSISTED IN CONDUCTING THE INQUEST THAT TEN DIFFERENT WITNESSES TOLD TEN DIFFERENT STORIES YET HE DIDN'T HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO PUT HIS FINGER ON THE MURDERER.

Two elderly women were slain, tied together and their bodies left on the beach. Rowland investigated and as usual nothing happened.

Leo Bornstein, gambler and racketeer, was shot down in the hallway of an apartment house. John Rowland never found out who did it.

"Skeets" Downs, another Miamian identified with gamblers, was taken for a "ride" and his bullet riddled body found in a ditch. Rowland never had a clue.

Dan Wallace, prominent realtor, was beaten to death in his apartment. Mr. Rowland investigated and nothing happened.

Harry Sidmore, most notorious jewel thief in America, stole nearly \$250,000 worth of gems at Miami Beach and Rowland didn't know he was even in Florida until a New York detective arrested him.

A dozen other cold blooded, premeditated murders were perpetrated while Rowland pretended to be a crime investigator yet HE FAILED TO DISCOVER THE MURDERERS. As a matter of fact Rowland never, during his entire period of investigation, EVER ACCOMPLISHED ONE SOLITARY OUTSTANDING FEAT IN CRIME DETECTION, and that is the sort of man Little Tammany wants for a police chief.

Little Tammany is not interested in running down murderers or checking crime, Little Tammany WANTS A POLICE CHIEF WHO WILL TAKE ORDERS AND PROTECT LITTLE TAMMANY INTERESTS. John Rowland is that man and LITTLE TAMMANY WILL LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED TO HAVE HIM INSTALLED.

The records left behind by "Virtuous" Vernon when he was kicked out of office are more than sufficient to forever condemn John Rowland as an alleged crime investigator. They reveal hundreds of unsolved crimes; contain shameful confessions of childish blunders in preparing evidence and presenting a damning array of corruption and "fixing." The hand of LITTLE TAMMANY throws a bloody shadow over the silent files which Rowland would give much to destroy.

John Rowland must NOT be appointed chief of police. His appointment would be a catastrophe and an open invitation to crooks and murderers to carry on their nefarious trades in Miami. He has always taken orders, INDIRECTLY FROM LITTLE TAMMANY AND IF HE IS APPOINTED HE WILL BE SO OBLIGATED TO LITTLE TAMMANY THAT HE WILL HAVE TO CONTINUE TAKING ORDERS TO HOLD HIS JOB.

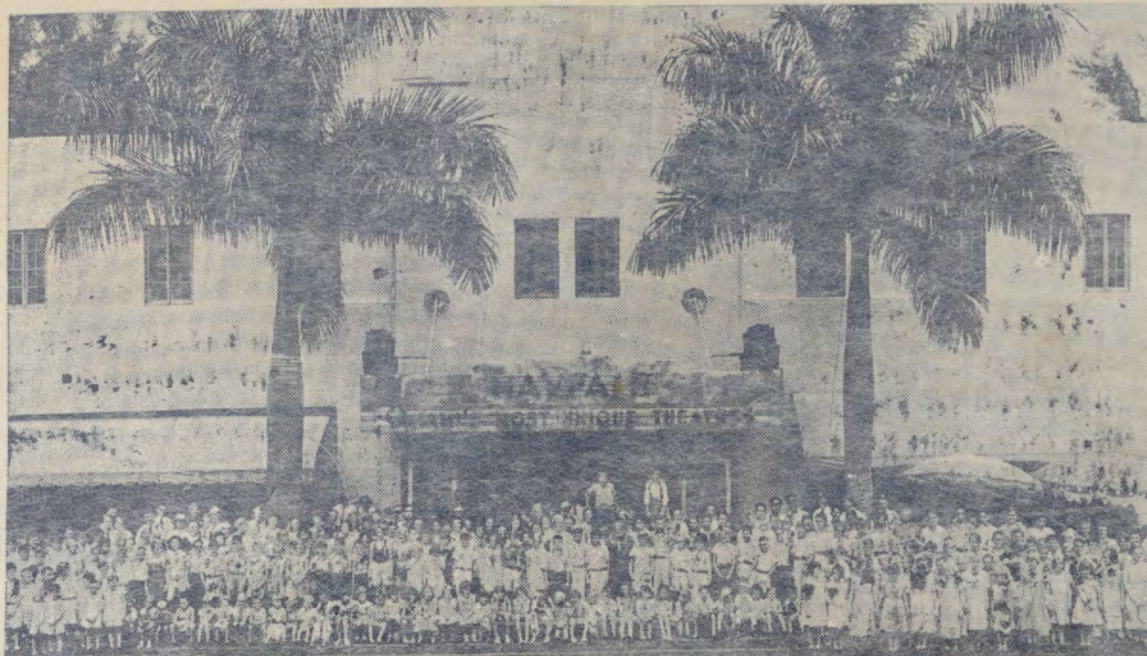
MIAMI LIFE has nothing personal against John Rowland. As an ordinary citizen he isn't a bad fellow, but as a Tammany Tool he simply will not do. There are dozens of men in Miami far better fitted for the job than John Rowland and any one of them is acceptable to MIAMI LIFE, and the public in general, so long as they are free to enter office, unfettered to Little Tammany.

## MARRIED TEACHERS MUST GO SAYS BEACH SCHOOL BOARD

**N**O MARRIED school teachers in the Miami Beach schools in the future. The Miami Beach board of education has wisely decided that all future school marns shall be lassies unfettered with the yoke or responsibility of matrimony.

It might pay the Miami board of education to follow the example set by the educators across the bay. Half of the principals in Miami schools are married women and in twenty-one instances both husband and wife are employed in the schools. In other instances three members of the same family are employed as teachers and principals and dozens of unmarried teachers especially trained for such positions are unable to find employment. Statistics have long revealed that unmarried teachers are far better qualified than married women as both teachers and principals and Miami is one of the few remaining cities in the United States where married woman are tolerated. Very few of the married teachers in Miami possess college degrees or have taken courses in modern training such as are given the younger and unmarried teachers. At least fifty new jobs could be created in Miami schools by eliminating married teachers and double and triple members of the same family.

## Kiddies Enjoy Picture at Beautiful Mayfair.



These 325 happy youngsters have just witnessed the picture "Ginger" in the beautiful Mayfair Theater as the opening event of MIAMI LIFE'S big Annual Picnic and Outing... Story on Page 3.

**ATTENTION! MR. KAVANAUGH**

YOU have been appointed Safety Director of Miami. You are to assume your new duties shortly and a new Chief of Police is to be appointed to work with you.

The name of John Rowland has been suggested and we understand that you have given your "long distance" approval to such an appointment.

Mr. Kavanaugh, MIAMI LIFE pleads with you to withhold your sanction until you have arrived in Miami and have investigated the record, ability and political obligations of John Rowland.

You will find, we are convinced, that he is not the man for the job. You will find that he is a tool of Little Tammany and the Miami Daily News and that he is not capable of performing the duties of a police chief.

We are further convinced that he is so thoroughly contaminated with Hawthornism that it would be impossible for him to shake off the stink and stain of that association and that you will want no part of John Rowland after you have investigated.

MIAMI LIFE tells you, Mr. Kavanaugh, that Rowland is probably the world's worst crime investigator. The records of the state attorney's office will prove to you that a score of cold blooded murders were perpetrated during the period that Rowland posed as an investigator and that he was totally incapable of solving them.

If you can find one single outstanding achievement of John Rowland during all of the years he was being contaminated by Hawthornism, in the matter of crime detection, MIAMI LIFE will withdraw any and all objection to Rowland's appointment.

MIAMI LIFE does not intend to try to dictate to you, as our new Safety Director. MIAMI LIFE wants to assist you and cooperate with you in every way possible. We realize that you are a stranger and we feel that if we can guide you or advise you in any way that you will appreciate our motives.

Here is one thing you may not know. The best chief of police Miami ever had was H. Leslie Quigg. He was "framed" by Little Tammany and "persecuted" by "Virtuous" Vernon Hawthorne, and eventually removed from office. He is still the most capable man in Miami for the position of police chief.

When you step from the train in Miami next week we DARE YOU TO WALK DOWN FLAGLER STREET and ask the first TWENTY MEN YOU MEET WHETHER THEY WOULD LIKE TO SEE H. LESLIE QUIGG REINSTATED AS CHIEF OF POLICE. If fifteen of them don't support him enthusiastically, forget the whole matter but—Please Mr. Kavanaugh, don't let Little Tammany cram John Rowland down your throat.



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MIAMI "BEACH" DISAPPEARING

"SPEND your winter vacation at Miami Beach. Loll on our golden sands and splash in our glorious surf."

Thousands of pieces of beautiful, alluring literature sent out by the Miami Beach publicity department each year depict miles and miles of beautiful beach dotted with gay, care-free bathers, laughing surf board riders and comely mermaids. All the visitors have to do is find the above described beach.

Approximately fourteen blocks of ocean front is still open to bathers. The rest has been gobbled up by greedy property owners who use everything from concrete retaining walls to barb-wire fences to keep bathers away.

Sometime the citizens and property owners of Miami Beach will awaken to realize that their beach is one of their most valuable assets and become more zealous of their natural wealth. They will build a board walk extending for miles. They will sweep aside private obstructions and build a roadway along the beach for motorists.

It would take money to do this but after all Miami Beach is the richest city in the world, according to its size and millions could be raised overnight for such a project. Of course property owners now monopolizing the beach by blocking it off would kick like Texas steers at having their property condemned and taken from them but such protests as might be raised now would be feeble indeed to the protests which will inevitably follow if they continue to keep snatching more and more of the few straggling blocks of ocean front which still remain.

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FAIR MEMORIES

Where are the girls of yesteryear, Charming dames of joy and cheer? Have they passed forever, gone for aye, Those merry maids, just born to play?

There was South Beach Maude, A delightful gal; Never tricky, seldom bored, A regular pal.

There was Alice of Allapattah, Vivacious from tip to toe; Your money didn't matter, She was always rarin' to go.

There was Buena Vista Bess, A buxom, joyous blonde— She'd e'er accept a caress, And torridly respond.

There was Hialeah Mabel, Every inch a queen; She'd drink you 'neath the table, And never did she scream.

Where are the girls of yesteryear, Charming dames of joy and cheer? Have they passed forever, gone for aye— Those merry maids, just born to play? —T.T.

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Greeby Takes Reporter For Ride

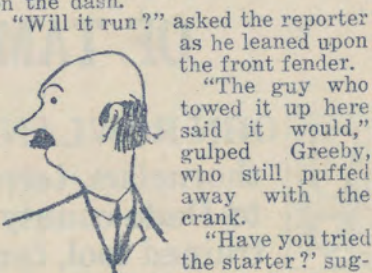
WINS AUTOMOBILE FOR WRITING LYDIA PINKHAM TESTIMONIAL; CRUISE ENDS WITH R. HAMMERHEAD IN PADDY WAGON

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who claims to be the first man ever left holding the sack in a snipe hunt, was cranking the Greeby automobile when found by the MIAMI LIFE reporter this week.

"I do not desire no publicity," shouted the eminent one, taking a swipe at Absolutely and Positively, the Greeby twins who were under the hood writing campaign speeches for Stuckie.

"Where did you get it?" queried the reporter as he gazed with amazement at the antique.

"He won it for writin' a testimonial for Lydia Pinkham's Compound," grunted Mrs. Greeby as she fiddled with various switches on the dash.



"Will it run?" asked the reporter as he leaned upon the front fender.

"The guy who towed it up here said it would," gulped Greeby, who still puffed away with the crank.

"Have you tried the starter?" suggested the news-hawk, as the fender dropped off and deposited him in the gutter.

"He never thought of that," giggled Little Geraldine, the adopted daughter, as she crawled from under the relic with a pair of spark plugs and the cam shaft.

Greeby silenced her with a well timed blow and tossed her through a hole in the top into the back seat. "Get in," shouted Greeby motioning to the reporter, "we'll go for a little spin."

"Ixnay, Ixnay," gulped the reporter hastily trying to remove his foot from the running board.

The motor started with a roar as Greeby accidentally hit the right button in experimenting around and the chariot jumped eleven feet the first hop. The reporter's foot rammied through the running board and he clung to the side of the car as it headed toward a fire plug.

"Stop it," shrieked Mrs. Greeby grabbing the steering wheel. The reporter lost a square foot of skin as the bus ambled by the fireplug and jumped across the sidewalk toward a telephone pole.

"Get your hands off that wheel," yelled Greeby. "Stop it, stop it," wailed his better half giving the wheel a mighty jerk.

The wheel came off and was dropped by the wayside as the car careened off the telephone pole and rambled around the corner of a one-way street. The wild ride halted abruptly a moment later when the antique crashed head on into a police cruiser.

"What the hell is the big idea," bellowed the driver of the police car as he unloaded and surveyed the wreckage.

"It got out of control," gulped Greeby removing a coil and half an inertube from his face. "Out of control?" shouted the copper. "I should say it did. You are going the wrong way and on the wrong side of a one-way street. You ain't got no license plates and there isn't a brake on the whole dang thing."

"It ain't my fault. The old battleaxe jerked off the steering wheel."

"Ain't that nice," grunted the copper pulling out his summons book.

"Say you ain't gonna give me no ticket, are you," shouted Greeby, I'm a good friend of Vernon Hawthorne. You can't do this to me."

"Please, Mr. Officer, don't give me no ticket," plead Mrs. Greeby who visualized her spouse being in jail where she couldn't work him over with an axe handle when she got him home.

"It wasn't his fault, honestly. He didn't know what he was doin' because he is drunk and besides this is a stolen car and he ain't used to driving it."

"Thanks for the nice ride. I enjoyed it very much," gushed the reporter untangling himself from the defunct running board and grinning gleefully as Greeby was loaded into a patrol wagon.

Miami Life is Read— Not Skimmed

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Grifters GRAND MARCH

THE old fellow who goes from office to office, with a card stating that he is crippled. He will tell you that he is a former millionaire and an Oxford graduate. So was Dillinger and the James boys. . . . The Lady of the Evening who just landed from Chicago with a sad tale of three children to support. Some believe it, some do not. Those who do not, win. . . . The slick young man who sells socks at three-for-a-dollar. Labels on inside read "\$1.00. They are fake and Kress sells about the same crapla for two-bits a copy. . . . The slew of race-track touts who haunt bookie joints and street corners. They will swear you to sure-things for as little as a dime. And then you'll be stuck. . . . The bright young men who are working their way through college via magazine subscriptions. They have worked their way thru practically all the colleges in the U. S. All members of the Barnum faculty. . . . The team of clever birds who go from house to house, soliciting funds for the "Home For Homeless Children." They are very sanctimonious, inform you that they are also orphans, and reap plenty of sugar. . . . The young man who sells needles to housewives on an old sympathy gag, viz., he has his right hand wrapped in a quarter of gauze and in a sling. . . . He is a Whirled War vet—and so was Santa Claus. . . . Whining Winnie, from St. Louis, age between fifty and fifty-five, pan-handles, the back doors, asking for handouts. Pass her some food and she curses you for a cheap skate. She craves the cash—and the likker it will

Le Lian A. Krumm Marinello Beauty Parlor OFFERS Genuine Eugene Summer Croquignole A cool and practical mode—can be dressed, tailored or cluster of curls. Interesting summer price— \$5.00 Complete 147-149 N.E. First St.

HIALEAH NEWS

SINCE February of this year, there has been a very decided increase in tax receipts in Hialeah. A great number of persons, both local and out-of-town, have been redeeming tax certificates on Hialeah property. These certificates by no means represent only small parcels, many of them covering from six to twenty-four lots that had run delinquent for seven or eight years.

When asked yesterday for logical reasons for all this apparent renewal of faith in Hialeah's economic future, Mayor G. C. Parks ascribed it to the general forward movement of Hialeah which has been gaining momentum for the past three years. Astute industrial planners are taking a number of valuable factors into consideration in investing these tax certificates: the fact that Hialeah has two railroad trunk lines passing through it, the Seaboard Air Line and the Florida East Coast and that both have their terminal shops there; the ready accessibility to all airports; the opening up of Federal motor road 62-A which taps the richest truck farming section in all Florida; and last but not least a very low tax rate and an estimated extremely low water rate when the new municipal water works is completed.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Editor Miami Life, Professional Building, Dear Sir:

I wish every person in the United States could and would read your splendid editorial, "Insane & Unsafe," in this week's issue of MIAMI LIFE.

Hundreds of lives are snuffed out each year by Fourth of July celebrations and I am positive this year will be no different. I can see nothing wrong in observing and celebrating Independence Day in a sane, sensible way but the shooting of firearms and fireworks cannot, in any sense of the word, be described as either safe or sane. If your editorial defers just one person from becoming reckless and saves just one life you have done your part in a most commendable manner. I think your paper is the most interesting publication in Miami and I know that dozens of my friends feel the same way.

Sincerely yours, MRS. A. M. S.

Editor, Miami Life, Dear Sir:

Why don't you find out what has happened to the poor old special policemen used at the schools to protect children. They work during the school season for \$10 a week and are laid off all summer. It would seem that they might be taken care of during the tough summer months in so far as they earn so little during the winter. Yours truly, G. G. H.

Miami Life is Read— Not Skimmed

curb in a roadster and tried to pick her up. When she refused he became insistent and grabbed her arm as if to pull her into the car. "Do you know who I am?" she asked indignantly. "No, who are you?" leered the shiek. "I am the daughter of Police Captain —," she answered. Drooping her arm she shied gulped: "Do you know who I am?" "No," returned the girl. "Thank God for that," sighed the young man as he disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

DIRECT FROM THE TRACK WITH Jockey Jimmy

A SWEEPSTAKE for the benefit of sweepstakes was launched in New York Tuesday under the auspices of Mrs. Oliver Harriman's crusader organization for legalization of lotteries. The idea is to "become a member" for \$1, and compose a slogan for a painting by Howard Chandler Christy symbolizes lotteries. About 100,000 members are expected to enroll and 68 of them will share in \$20,000 prize money—for slogans. Mrs. Harriman, a social leader of Park Avenue, is a member of the wealthy Harriman banking family. Should their movement win and national lotteries be established the government's revenue would be so large that a lot of hospitals, children's homes, etc., will be built and re-opened to help the needy. The lottery money on sweepstakes now, is leaving America for foreign countries. Mrs. Harriman is to be congratulated in her fight to help Americans first.

JOCKEY JIMMY'S SECRET REPORTS (All Tracks) LAST WEEK'S SECRET REPORTS AGAIN UNCOVERED A FEW GOOD PRICED WINNERS: APPRENTICE, \$18.00; LATE DATE, \$21.60; ARMPFUL, \$4.50; CHEROKEE SAL, \$5.60.

This week, here are a few that should click first time out: BOBBY BUXTON; BROMIDE; CHRYSMUTE; CONTE; CLOIDH; DANCING CLOUD; EPIQUE; ENRO; EASIEST WAY; EPITAH; FABIUS; FLOTROCK; FULL TILT; GUNWALE; GLASTONBURY; GIFT OF ROSES; HENNESSEY; HUG AGAIN; KNOWING; LILLY MAY; LAIRD; LENA G.; LEAURUS; MA D FRUMP; MORNING MAIL; MUCK FURTL; METARUS; PARSLEY; PIPING HOT; RISKULUS; SUN ABBOTT; SUN APOLLO; SUN LURE; SUN CAPTOR; TORCH MAIDEN; TED HUSING; TIGER JOHN; THATAGAL; TINKLING BROOK; UP AND UP; WINGED FLIGHT; WISE ANNE.

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A Form of progression which RESTRICTS your losses and places no check on the amount you can win. I outline EVERY PLAY YOU MAKE IN ADVANCE.

Table with columns for Day (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday) and Horse Name/Amount/Result. Includes results like Green Flame \$15.60 (WON), Prince Abbott \$13.90 (WON), Air Line (3rd), Ladino \$5.80 (WON), Cancel \$17.10 (WON).

I receive from this NEW CONNECTION three horses daily and in turn relay them to my subscribers. THEY GUARANTEE THIS SERVICE TO ME. I GUARANTEE IT TO YOU. IT MUST WIN over a period of six days, or the next six days' service will be ABSOLUTELY FREE. You must play according to outline. Everyone receives the same horses, the same day they subscribe. No waiting. No delay. Don't wait to see the winners advertised. Be on them yourself. The first horse, Number 1, calls for \$1.00 straight play. The second, Number 2, calls for \$2.00 straight play. The third, Number 3, calls for a \$3.00 straight play. It is sufficient and this NEW TRIPLEX service is a big winner.

This TRIPLEX service is so gauged that the player must persevere and play the three horses exactly as outlined in order to obtain winning results and earn continuous weekly and monthly profits.

Terms for the TRIPLEX service covering a period of six consecutive days are \$5.00; for 12 days \$10. That's only a dollar a day. Out-of-town clients wire your remittance by Western Union or Postal Telegraph. City clients phone 2-8382 or 2-7797 and messenger will be sent out, or call in person.

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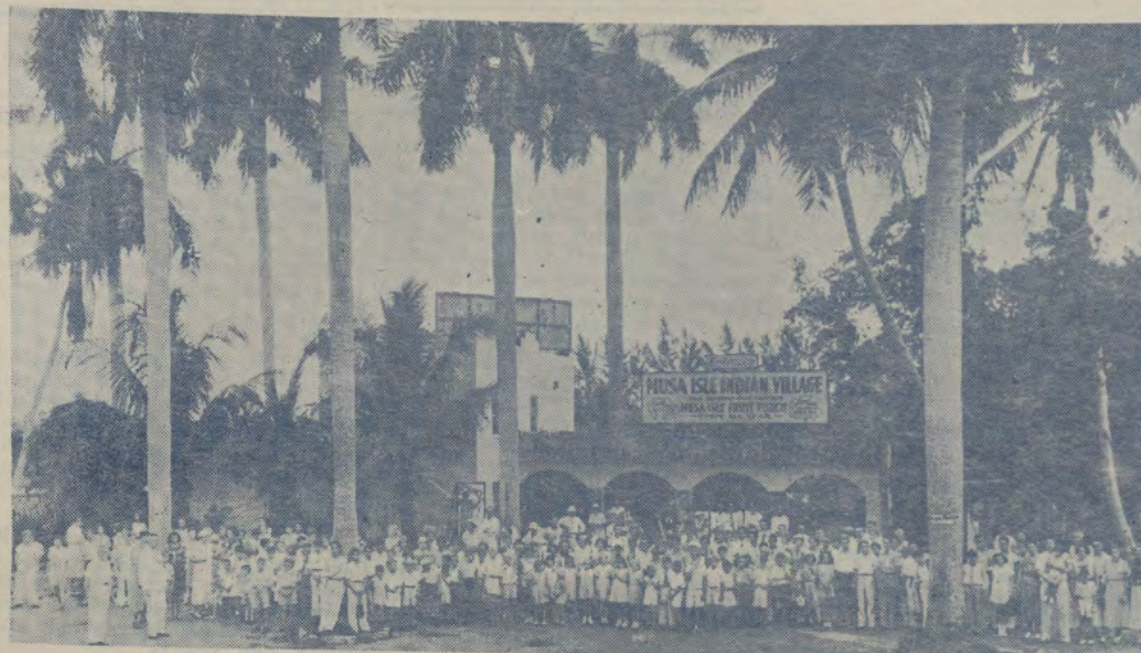
DAILY SPECIAL NEW YORK SERVICE (ONE HORSE A DAY)

Table with columns for Day, Horse Name, Amount, and Result. Includes results like Foggy Night (WON), All Forlorn (WON), Gibby's Choice (WON), Banish Fear (2nd), Royal Ballard (WON), Shot & Shell (Scratched), Listening (LOST), Ross (LOST), Happy Easter (WON), Gibby's Choice (WON), Sun Teatime (WON), Zulu Lad (2nd), Sun Abbott (Lost), Pursuit (WON), Rare Ben (Lost), Postage Due Entry (2nd) (place), Cold Shoulder (3rd).

This is the best possible release money can buy. It is guaranteed. If, for any reason, horse fails to win, that is win, not run second or third but win the next day's service will be given absolutely free until you get a winner. Could anything be fairer. This is the service that Wall Street, New York, plays.—Release sent to you in plain sealed envelope by messenger or call in person. 1 Days Release \$5.00 6 Days Release \$25 Jockey Jimmy 204 Professional Bldg. Miami, Fla. Phone 2-8382 or 2-7797



Orphans Visit Musa Isle On Independence Day.



All ready to visit Musa Isle and the Indian Village. Noon luncheon was served to MIAMI LIFE'S 325 little guests beneath the stately palms before the kiddies started to Miami Beach. Story on Page 3.

The SOCIAL WHIRLED

MR. GEORGE F. McCALL, of the Criminal Court McCalls, recently left Dade county—but not very much.

MR. EDDIE HARPER has returned from the country where he played baseball in a cow pasture. He says he quit after sliding into what he thought was third base.

MR. MARK MAX walked past Burdines one day this week and said Phooie!

MR. RODDIE BURDINE walked past the Mark store on eday this week and gave a Bronx salute but we don't know how to spell it.

MR. JOCKEY JIMMY sent \$20 to Detroit to bet on a horse in the third race. They sent him a telegram saying he would send him the horse.

MR. ROBERT PENTLAND checked up to see how many people were dead in Woodlawn cemetery. He found out they all were.

MR. "DOC" CANNON, printer and man about town, is manager of the PROFESSIONAL PRINTERS and says he would like to get some good printing jobs.

MR. JUDGE DAN GALEN walked from the Postal building to the Courthouse on First Street. He returned on Flagler Street and stopped to watch a dog fight.

MR. FREDDIE MOTT raced his Gables streetcar. The race was a tie.

DR. RALPH FERGUSON has returned from Terre Haute, Ind. He says the First National Bank, the Deming Hotel and the Wabash River are still running.

MR. JOE KNIGHT said he was going to stage a comeback. Mr. Buck Everett just smiled.

MR. H. H. HYMAN of the Florida Power & Light Company Hyman's looked very happy when he saw all the lights burning in Bayfront Park Thursday night.

MR. HENRY BERG was seen filling his fountain pen in the First National Bank one day this week. He said he was going to get a "spare" pen so he wouldn't have to go to the bank every day.

MR. EDWARD ROMPFH who keeps lots of money in the bank on account of not loaning it to people who would forget to pay it back, seems to be doing fairly well these warm summer days.

MR. SAMMY ALPERT of the First Street Alper's, went fishing one night last week. He didn't catch any fish but he did catch something when he didn't get home until noon the next day.

DR. DON W. SMITH, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. LeRoy Smith, of the Miami Smiths, has accepted the appointment of resident surgeon at Abington Memorial hospital in Philadelphia. A graduate of Tulane university, he served two years' internship at the graduate hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. S. LeRoy Smith, in having such a fine brilliant son.

MR. AND MRS. WHEELAN of the Fish Grill and Miami Beach Wheelans, are celebrating their 34th wedding anniversary today with a family reunion.

MR. AND MRS. SAM STEINBERG of the Rainbow Cleaning Steinbergs lost their pants last Sunday night. A burglar with a pass key got their "briches" while Mr. and Mrs. Steinberg were doing something else.

**Itching of ATHLETES' FOOT Relieved in minutes**

**Kurto**

ALLOW TO DRY 5 MINUTES

RED CROSS DRUG STORE

**HALCYON GRILL**

(ADJOINING HOTEL HALCYON)

Famous for PLANTATION STYLE MEALS

Breakfast: 25c-30c-35c-45c

Luncheon: 30c-35c-40c-45c-50c

Dinner: 30c-35c-40c-45c-50c

You Will Enjoy This Real Southern Cooking

**LECHICH'S FLOWERS**

Unexcelled Service by two sisters and a brother

200 N.E. First Ave. Phone 3-1725

In Minding Your Business

We Note

THE drug store at First and Flagler which offers the worst service in town. The soda dispensers are languid and insolent. They don't seem to care whether they wait on anyone or not. The cashier is worse than the soda squirts. She takes her own sweet time making change and acts as if she were doing the customer a favor to take her money.

The utilities company executive with the "itch." He scratches himself continually as well as vigorously and selects some of the damndest times and places to do it. He might take a hint if the girl employees in his office sent him a can of Plit or a bottle of Larkspur, whichever it is he needs.

The S. E. First street drug store manager who can't keep his hands off of women patrons. The store has already lost a dozen feminine customers because they didn't care for his indecent overtures and unless he abandons the practice he stands in grave danger of stopping a long, looping right hook, from some irate husband or sweetheart.

The N. E. First street chiseler who parks his red trucks despite the fact that ordinary tax-payers and citizens are promptly arrested for doing the same thing. Four or five trucks are promptly parked at the same time and remain in the restricted zone until the chiseler gets good and ready to move them. We suggest a new policeman for that block, or one who will do his duty.

The Olympia theater is supposed to be a place where patrons see and HEAR motion pictures. Near-sighted persons forced to sit down in front are invariably annoyed by morons who crackle cellophane candy wrappers and "smack" chewing gum. Just by way of aiding in the noise making the Olympia keeps a vending machine in the

"Where All Good Sports Meet"

**Rex Cigar Store**

GOOD SANDWICHES

GOOD BEER

GOOD SMOKES

Ladies Invited

115 N. E. 1st St. J. K. Fink, Prop.

MIAMI LIFE'S ANNUAL PICNIC BIG SUCCESS

MORE than 325 kiddies participated in MIAMI LIFE'S Second Annual Picnic and Outing July 4th, and Oh! Boy! did they have the time of their little lives. The youngsters came from all four corners of Dade county; a majority being from orphan's homes where picnics are memorable occasions and where one bright day, such as was July 4th, is long remembered. Activities started early in the day when a fleet of busses scattered in all directions to pick up the youngsters at various orphanages and at designated spots. As each bus was filled it headed for the beautiful Mayfair Theater where a special showing of "Ginger" had been arranged. Practically every seat in the big theater was filled when all of the kiddies had arrived and nothing was spared by "Sonny" Sheppard, manager of the playhouse, to make them feel at home. The children cheered and applauded and were in high spirits when the picture ended at noon and they emerged to pose for the official picture.

The youngsters piled in the busses again for a rapid trip to Musa Isle where they were greeted by Mrs. Chandler. Sandwiches and milk were served on the spacious lawn and the romping girls and boys were taken for a trip through the Indian village and the alligator farm. Many of them had never seen an Indian village before and all were fascinated by the alligators and natural scenery surrounding beautiful Musa Isle.

After the luncheon at Musa Isle a motorcade was formed, led by S. J. Shearer, director general for the picnic. The motorcade swept northward on Biscayne Boulevard to the 79th street causeway and thence to Miami Beach, passing beautiful Deauville and other scenic points of interest. A motorcade escort sent by Police Chief Perry Yorum of Miami Beach picked the motorcade up at North Beach and escorted it to Hardie's Casino for the picnic proper. All traffic was halted by the police while the kiddies disembarked from the busses and they whooped their way into the Casino where a veritable fairland awaited them.

Through the courtesy of Harry Geist and Miss Conrad all of the splendid facilities of the big casino were thrown open to them. They were furnished with locker rooms, bathing suits, towels and everything needed for a plunge in the surf. A corps of life guards arrived on the scene and within a few moments the whole picnic was

right out in the big Atlantic Ocean splashing and yelling for dear life. While the kiddies splashed, Messers Rosalsky and Abrams prepared the big chicken dinner and when the dinner bell sounded the response was really enthusiastic. Roast chicken, potato salad, creamed peas, apple sauce, fruit, cookies and a dozen other fancy trimmings were served. The youngsters gulped 40 gallons of chocolate milk at the first swig and then settled down to steady drinking as they attacked a mountainous pile of bottled drinks. Ice cream topped off the dinner menu and a majority of the youngsters were so full they couldn't even return to the surf. During the afternoon a field day program of athletics was carried out. Dorothy Mendelsohn, Mabel Mendelsohn and Levine Mendelsohn made a Roman holiday of the program as they won event after event. Eugene Sanders won the grand prize in the boy's division and Dorothy Mendelsohn was top prize winner among the girls. Clarence Smith and Eddie Townsend also won prizes.

The picnic ended at dusk when the youngsters, very tired, yet very, very happy, reluctantly gave up the picnic and entered the busses for a return. It was truly the end of a perfect day.

MIAMI LIFE wishes to thank all business men and women of Greater Miami who assisted or co-operated in any way toward making the picnic a success. On behalf of the youngsters MIAMI LIFE wishes to especially thank the following persons and firms: "Sonny" Sheppard, and the Mayfair Theater. The Dunn Bus company and the individual drivers whose courtesy and thoughtfulness contributed much to the picnic; Mrs. Chandler of Musa Isle; Harry Geist and Miss Conrad of Hardie's Casino; Chief of Police Perry Yorum of Miami Beach; Messrs Rosalsky and Abrams; Jerry Donovan and Joe Domnick, who supervised the field day program; Mayor Peacock of South Miami; Mayor and Mrs. Sparks of Hialeah; The White Belt Dairy; The 3-Cent Company; Southern Ice Cream Company; Graham Dairy; Miami Baking Company; Sebald Baking Company; Swift & Co.; Western Meat & Sausage Co.; Klefeker Produce Co.; Banana Supply Co.; Coca Cola Company; Nehi Bottling Co.; Florida Sugar Distributors; Bo's Sandwich Shop; John Powers; Hamilton Michelson Co.; Southland Motors Co.; and a score of others whose thoughtfulness turned a gray day into a red letter day for 325 underprivileged youngsters.

THEY TELL ME

THAT Cora Terwilliger is a dead ringer for Madge Evans, the movie star.

THAT police have been asked to check on activities in a certain southwest apartment and break up an illicit affair before somebody starts shooting.

THAT Lois finally got the ring she has been fishing for and is now worrying about the date for the wedding.

THAT the girl bicyclists have resumed morning jaunts on N.W. 17th Avenue and have given up the idea of horses.

THAT Nellie knows now she shouldn't sit in the sun four or five hours while fishing in the Gulf Stream.

THAT Uncle Luke and his night-time playmate and chauffeur, Cherry, almost ran into another parked car the other night, that meant plenty of serious business had they met, so said the girl in the other car, who happened to be looking over the side of the sedan.

THAT several taxi-drivers from the north, principally from New York, took in the town recently and they were the acme of politeness and how popular they became in a few days was something that the local yokels could not understand.

THAT Joe the Jew is sure doing the business at the corner of 11th Street and the Boulevard, even if he is charging a few cents more than his competitors.

THAT the exuberant and exotic Marguerite who has much to do with the care and attention given

to patients in the popular 6th floor Seybold building medical office is growing easier to look at daily

THAT Lena Alfman's sister, Betty, is putting on weight and beginning to like Miami and it looks as tho a lot of worth-while Miami men are beginning to appreciate her many charms including her bridge playing ability

THAT Mrs. Laird who operates a beauty parlor in the Halcyon Arcade has one of the best boosters for her work in the person of a scotch lady who is more than adept at reading the tea cups.

THAT Gordon Robinson is still maintaining his physical grace and poise, all of which is gratifying to his old friend, Whitey Ur, and his many friends

THAT Joe Michaels, custodian of the retail spirits in the big Flagler corner store, is telling one about a Chinaman with a toothache who remarked when asked what was the matter, said "too hurtz."

THAT Dorothy has hooked Henry good and no other girl can snatch him away.

THAT Alice, the girl with the fascinating eyes, has finally broken the ice with two of her boy friends

THAT Jacques Kennell Mitchell, erstwhile authority on many things of importance pertaining to ways of making money, is about to release a great story thru his publicity agent, BOS

THAT the John Martin forces seem to be making preparations to put John back in as governor thru the quiet selection of County Committeemen who it seems are instructed to talk out of the side of their mouth

Round The Town

A Miami grocery boy was one of the few persons who ever out-smarted Abe Silverman, famous bookie and gambler, and it happened right here in Miami in 1926. The grocery boy was sent to the Hialeah race track early one morning to deliver a load of groceries. While he was unloading his parcels a negro hostler spying a crate of apples in the truck decided to try his promotional powers on the delivery boy.

"Boss, ah cain give yo a sure winnah fo this afternoon," he said to launch his scheme to procure a couple of apples gratis.

"Whaddy mean?" queried the grocery boy who didn't know a race horse from a kangaroo.

"De race am all fixed. All yo has to do is bet a couple of berries and git yoself lots of money," responded the ducky warming up to the possibilities of the situation and edging nearer the box of apples.

"What is the name of the winner?" breathlessly asked the delivery boy, who had never seen or bet on a horse race in his life.

"Kings Ransom, in the fifth race," whispered the negro, snatching his apples and departing before the lad got his breath.

The grocery boy rushed back to town and hurriedly sought his boss with a plea that his wages which were due the following day, be paid that day instead. He fabricated about wanting to send the money home to his mother in Georgia and triumphed when he received an order for \$20 from the cashier.

With the money in his possession he didn't know what to do next. Instead of finding someone going to the track he sought a bookmaker and after a dozen frantic inquiries finally found Silverman in the lobby of the Roberts hotel.

"I want to bet \$20 on a sure winner," he exclaimed poking the money into Silverman's hand.

"O. K. Son," returned Silverman, "what is the name of this sure winner?"

"Kings Ransom in the fifth race, and how much will I get back?" almost shouted the grocery boy.

Abe scanned his Racing Form and chuckled. "Son, yo ought to get a million if that dog comes in, but yo'll only get \$420, because I only pay \$20 to 1," he said.

"I'll take it," replied the boy. "When can I get my money?"

"Right after the race. I'll have it all here for you in nice new \$5.00 bills," grinned Silverman.

The story might end here but it doesn't. Kings Ransom galloped in ten lengths ahead of the field to establish a track record, which still stands and the mutuels paid off \$170.40 for \$2.00. The grocery boy collected his \$420, quit his job and went back to his mother in Georgia. If he had bet the money at the track he would have received \$1,764.00 and he got his "hot" tip from a negro hostler who only wanted a couple of apples and who probably fell dead when the "sure thing" galloped in.

If your vacation happens, by any chance, to take you to California this summer you'll probably hear that famous Nevers-Carriedo story which is the pet and delight of all Californians.

It grew out of the celebrated Notre Dame-Stanford football game which was won by Notre Dame on the last play, when Frank Carriedo dashed through the entire Stanford team with only Ernie Nevers between him and the goal post. Nevers in a final desperate flying tackle, downed Carriedo on the last chalk line and both teams piled into the mess. The referee ruled that the ball was across the goal but Stanford players and fans always declared that it wasn't.

A few nights after the game a red-hot argument was in progress in the lobby of a Los Angeles hotel. A loud mouthed traveling salesman had the floor and was shouting, "I say the ball was over the line. Who says it wasn't?"

"I say it wasn't," interrupted a quiet tow-headed youth who had just entered in time to hear the tail end of the argument.

"So yo say it wasn't, eh?" belted the salesman seizing the newcomer by the coat lapels. "Well let me tell yo something son, I was sitting right on the fifty-yard line and saw the play clearer than anyone else. Where were yo sitting?"

"I was sitting on Frank Carriedo's neck," responded the tow-headed lad. "I'm Ernie Nevers." The ar-

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SIZE	12 WEEKLY PAYMENTS
30x3½	38 cents
4.40-21	44 cents
4.50-21	49 cents
4.75-19	52 cents

MIAMI LIFE SEEKS MIAMI'S MOST ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS LASSIE

ASKS READERS TO HELP SELECT HER FROM FIFTEEN LEADING BUSINESS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS

WHO is the most attractive working girl in Miami? MIAMI LIFE wants to find her and glorify her—award her with a free all expense trip to Havana or Nassau and honor her in every way possible. Will you help us find her?

We believe she will be found in one of the larger downtown business concerns, public buildings or in the offices of one of the public utilities companies. A systematic method of selecting one winner each week for the next fifteen weeks from among the business houses has been worked out. Individual contests will be conducted each week until fifteen preliminary winners have been selected. Pictures of the individual winners will be published each week as they are selected and when the entire fifteen have been chosen the pictures will all be published together and MIAMI LIFE readers asked to make the final decision.

Each week's contest will be confined to one building which will be designated on the ballot appearing in MIAMI LIFE. The first week's winner is to be selected from among the girl employees of the Red Cross Drug Store. A ballot for the first preliminary contest appears in the issue and a picture of the winner will be published next week. All votes must be postmarked not later than midnight, Wednesday, July 10, in order that the votes may be counted in time to procure the photograph of the lucky girl. The winner will be designated as No. 1. The ballot appearing in this issue may be used for voting for the Red Cross Drug Store girl; only, as each succeeding ballot will bear the name of the concern from which new winners are to be chosen.

There are no restrictions. Any girl employee of the Red Cross Drug Store is eligible and every reader of MIAMI LIFE is a qualified voter. There are no votes for sale or available except the ballots appearing in MIAMI LIFE and no subscriptions to be solicited. It's all very simple and MIAMI LIFE is sincere in its effort to find and glorify Miami's most attractive working girl.

Next week's preliminary winner will be chosen from among the girl employees of Burdine's and the third week's selection will be from the Florida Power & Light Company. The Mark store will be fourth and the Southern Bell Telephone Company fifth. Winner No. 6 will be chosen from the Courthouse and No. 7 from McGrory's. The Kress store will furnish winner No. 8 and Grant's store will provide No. 9. We believe the nurses at Jackson Memorial hospital should find No. 10 among themselves and then we will go to five big downtown buildings for the remainder. Number 11 will be selected from the Ingraham building; No. 12 from the Huntington building; No. 13 from the Seybold building; No. 14 from the Olympia building and the final one from the Security building.

Visit the Red Cross Drug Store some time before next Wednesday and look the girl employees over. Select the one who appears most attractive to you and mail in the ballot which appears in this issue of MIAMI LIFE. Be sure you mail it before midnight of next Wednesday in order that we may procure a photograph of the winner and publish it next week.

Beneath this slab, Lies Oscar Flimmin; He always called On married 'wimmin'.

There was a girl named Passion, I asked her for a date. I took her out to dinner, My God! how Passionate.

**THE AMERICAN "LANGWIDGE"**

HE was wandering along S.W. Fifth Street, a tattered wreck of a man. He needed at least two shaves and a flock of haircuts. His clothes were a la depression. And was he hungry!

Coming to a dignified C.B.S. house he went to the back door. Object: Food, or what have you in the ice box, lady? What may be called a bachelor lady opened the door. Behind her yapped two poodles.

"Lady," began Sir Tramp, "kin yer spare a man somethin' to eat?"

"I'll give you a nice meal if you wash my dogs," said the lady.

For a moment the gent looked dazed. Then he smiled wanly.

"Okay, lady," he said. "Take off your shoes!"

**LOCAL ENGINEER CHOSEN**

W. C. BLISS, a resident of Coral Gables, and a civil engineer in the state road department in Miami, has been tentatively appointed city engineer for South Miami in anticipation of that city's plans for their own municipal waterworks.

The waterworks site has been selected and price and terms



STUCKIE IS A CANDIDATE

ARTHUR WADSWORTH STUCKIE, nephew of Andy Gump, and political rival to R. Hammerhead Greeby for governor, was found by the MIAMI LIFE reporter this week coming out of Alpert's Restaurant. He was being assisted by Sammy Alpert and three bouncers. "Vote for Stuckie," he shouted addressing his remark to one of Bill Freys' red trucks parked beside a fire plug. "What's going on here?" queried the reporter. "On, me!" yammered Stuckie, "You just got here in time to get a scoop. These boys are all going to vote for me."



"On Yeah!" growled Sammy, depositing the popular candidate in the gutter. "Imagine trying to catch a check like that here." "Check?" bristled the reporter, "what kind of a check?" "This one," ejaculated Sammy extending the piece of paper to the reporter. "Drawn on the Sand Bank of Ojus and signed by W. E. Boise." "Isn't that," admonished the reporter, "you didn't cash it did you?" "Hell No!" shouted Sammy, "but he didn't ask me to cash it until he had eaten 90 cents worth of ham and eggs."

"Blurrp," exploded Stuckie grinning. "Excuse me, boys, it must be something I do." The reporter prevented a tragedy by removing the candidate from the scene of activities. "Well, how is the campaign coming along?" asked the reporter when they were out of the danger zone. "Fine, fine," replied Stuckie, stopping to sell a Moonvine to Dr. Camara, "Dan Mahoney is for me."

"When did he tell you that?" queried the reporter. "I went down to the News office to see him this morning," answered Stuckie as he ducked into the First National Bank to give Ed Kompf a few lessons on banking. "What did Mahoney tell you?" persisted the reporter anxious for a story. "He wasn't in," yelped Stuckie as he filled his fountain pen and crammed a few blotters into his traveling bag. "Say," he continued, "have you heard about the big argument over me between Ft. Lauderdale and Hollywood?" "No," yawned the reporter, "what's it all about?" "Each place claims me as a citizen. They are fighting about it."

"That is swell," answered the reporter, "which city won the argument?" "It ain't over yet," parried Stuckie. "Ft. Lauderdale says I live in Hollywood and the Hollywood yokels claim I live in Ft. Lauderdale." "I wouldn't call that much of a boost," replied the reporter. "It's a great boost," gleefully explained Stuckie, "they appreciate my great thyroid personality."

"How many votes do you think you will get?" asked the reporter mentally checking off the fingers of one of his hands. "I'll be unanimously elected when they find out about my platform," shouted Stuckie. "What is the principal plank in your platform?" "Tail lights for razor back hogs. Vote for Stuckie for Governor and three cheers for the Moonvine. Say how about a plate lunch. I've gotta get to the Seventy-ninth Street causeway and—"

But the reporter didn't hear him, being engrossed for the moment in meditation wondering how long Chattahoochee has been out of operation.

THAT Dan Stanley says things are really getting tough and Dan has been a good friend to a lot of them but he only did it a short time ago and if he will take it a bit easy he will be surprised at the turn of events.

THAT it is easy to tell what will happen after it has happened and that applies to a lot of those street corner blockers who stand in front of Barney's Book Place just opposite the old Post Office.

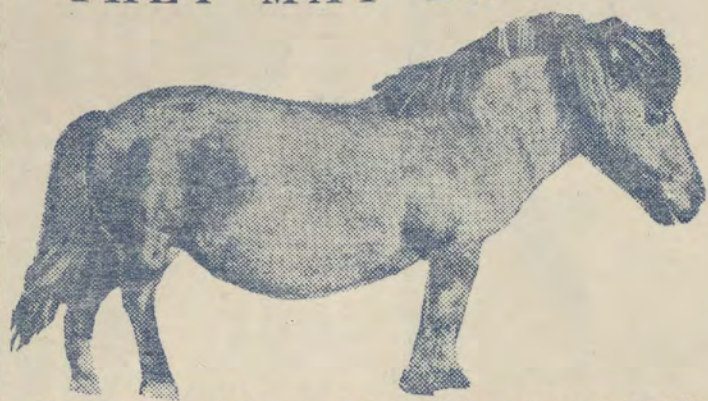
THAT Margaret Schwahn sends word that it is much more uncomfortable up in the northern part of Wisconsin than it is down here and that she is trying to sell the world's greatest pork sausage manufacturer on the idea of spending most of the year in Miami.

THAT Kathrine Ellingson is under the weather also and it is all due to the fact that the dampness of the north woods is not as invigorating as Miami Sunshine.

THAT little Jacqueline did so well in her first lesson under the capable guidance of Mae Rose that her mother, the interesting Lucille, that it is an inherited trait and is contemplating a series of winter lessons herself.

MIAMI LIFE IS READ—NOT SKIMMED

HORSES AS—THEY MAY BE



BELIEVE it or not the animal pictured above is a genuine billy-goat. He started life as a horse but constant association with R. Hammerhead Greeby and Arthur Wadsworth Stuckie changed his entire aspect. After being indicted nine times by Virtuoso Vernon and winning the Kentucky Derby he decided to become a billy-goat. He was found forty miles from land or water by a New York millionaire and taken to the millionaire's palatial home at the Seminole village where quarters were prepared for him in the bathroom. The millionaire's wife protested sharing the bathroom with the billy-goat and shouted at her husband, "You've got to get that animal out of there. The bathroom smells terrible."

"Think nothing of it, sweetheart," responded the millionaire, "he will get used to it." And that's how it all started. Horses as they once were; horses as they are now and horses as they will be 2,000,000 years from now.

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Campus Chatter AT MIAMI U.

SO some PEOPLE would like to know who writes this COLUMN. BOB was heard to remark that if he knew who wrote this column he could make some money for them... now, that's no way to find out who is spying on you... Why is it that MAL doesn't pay any attention to who drives up to Hupp's now even if they are in BLUE CARS... By the way if BETHOON doesn't quit hanging around Hupp's he is going to lose his high school personality... While the cat is away the mice will play... If JANE falls for BILL this summer what will that make MEL... HAROLD seems to be quite serious about RED HEADS lately... Oh, well, so long as EMILY doesn't object... Our tall, silent PI CHI, BRAD, left the other day... We were not around when he left so we don't know whether or not BETTY was there to kiss him good bye... you take a guess... Oh, say, ROXY, whose pin is that that you wear around here all the time... It looks like goodbye GONTERMANS... CRAGG seems to have found a new friend in MADELEINE... RUTH seems to think that she would be quite willing to marry now... my, my, what is to become of our Nell after all these years of single blessedness, and just who does she have in mind... Just as I predicted the PETROWS have disappeared from Hupp's... Hey, what were you doing the other night, STU, driving around the Gables all by yourself at 10:00 p.m... I see that COOKIE, our football hero, has forgotten to shave his upper lip for several weeks... all he needs now is a derby and a cane... Welcome back, STALTMAN, HEAD, and the rest of the BAND BOYS... I suppose we'll be seeing more of Keava now, huh CHARLES... Last week a fortune teller said that MYRTLE was contemplating marriage... now look here, you can't do that just when we are planning on such a big football season this fall... and by the way, is he tall and blonde like the others have been... JOE is making a pretty good bachelor, at least better than we had expected, while MARY FRANCES is away... At any rate he is remaining true to the DELTA TAUS and that is a record... This week we are gathering statistics and next issue will be able to announce just who the sweethearts of the summer PI CHIS and PHI ALPHAS are... That gives you a week to solicit good will, girls... BREDLAU, and CALLOWAY are still keeping the Chemistry Lab open... With ESTHER ANNE and JEANNE LOUISE working in the Lab across the hall that ought not to be quite so dull as one would imagine... JIMMY is still trying to find something to do... don't rush, girls, it's only for the summer... Look out BEYRL, when MARTY drops them he drops them flat... BILL seems hopeful about getting mail even yet... We hear that HECKY is to have a week's vacation and will be getting up Maryland way to see ATLAS... The Law School is still holding its own even if MILTON did leave when the spring term was out... EDNA seems to know all about him, though, so just ask her... FERRELL is still around but CHARLES is nowhere to be found... Perhaps he still likes the atmosphere down around Coconut Grove way where the SEARINGS are... Which reminds me that the ZITA PHIS are stepping around here this summer... We haven't been able to get any definite news about them yet but perhaps the next column will bring them around... PHYLLIS is still managing the lab very nicely without the help of MEYERS... EDDIE is really getting some work done around here since he has become a woman-hater. However, girls, I think with a little persuasion he could be brought to smile upon the gentler sex once in awhile... It won't do any harm for you to try, anyhow.

ANY product made of flour, when left in a warm place for any period of time, has a tendency to mold. So just as a warning to grocers and housewives—the grocer should not sell and the housewife should not buy, on a Monday morning, bread that has been left in the grocery store since Saturday night. Several cases have recently come to light of mouldy bread being sold with very harmful results.

ONE thing Miamians have to be thankful for this year is the absence of Dengue fever. For this Dr. McDonald and his stalwart bunch of workers, as well as those in charge of mosquito extermination, deserve all the praise that can be given them.

AS a general rule, the Unions have served a good purpose and most of their rules and by-laws for the guidance and rules of their members are good. But the "printing union," to use the name that all laymen understand, certainly look at things in a peculiar way. A local man, in good standing in his union, who operates his own printing press and out of which he merely ekes a living, recently lost a fairly good printing job because the union refused to permit him to place the union label on any of his work. The union officials stated that according to their regulations, he could not use the union label unless he employed at least one man... which would only mean he would have to shut down his press. So that payment of his union dues does not help him much.

A girl I adore, Is Lucy Bigger. Not much of a face, But what a figger!

MIAMI LIFE IS READ—NOT SKIMMED

THAT Mr. Duffey, the Irish Engineer, is about to handle some big jobs and use a lot of men under the supervision of the directing heads of the FERA.

THAT Francis Finn, mother of two charming youngsters, got a very uncalled for story in one of the dailies recently about her divorce action, which would not have appeared if the dumb reporter had only made a bit of an investigation.

THAT quite a number of our citizens must have paid a pretty penny to get their names in the old racket book "Whos Who"

TID-BITTERS

IF there is one man in Dade county who deserves credit for doing his job well, that is Warren Weimer, out of the Dade County Tax Collector's office. He has the difficult job of collecting delinquent occupational licenses, and he has the knack of making the merchants and professional men pay up and smile. All the more glory to him.

WHILE it is not generally known, there are several hundred boat salesmen in and around Miami, who derive a livelihood from the sale of all types of both power and sail boats. The business has grown to the point where brokers vie with each other in attempts to secure listings on boats for sale and the volume of sale and trade in this vicinity, in boats, is approximately 50 per cent that in automobiles.

NOW that the municipal election is over, and political friends have become enemies and political enemies have become friends, it might not be amiss to pause and give credit to the man who probably did more to defeat the three musketeers than any other man. This refers to Dr. A. J. Bertram, of the Democratic Executive Committee of Dade County. He banded together a group of Committeemen, residing within the City limits, and organized a house to house campaign which was very, very effective.

WE understand that a new detective agency has just opened its doors for business, and as its lure states that it equipped to take moving pictures of the subject under surveillance. Some of these summer widows and summer widowers who come down next winter for a little "Sub Rosa Fun" might find themselves pleasantly surprised when they return and the family decides to have its own moving pictures at home.

IS IT possible that certain landlords, who refuse at this time to make yearly leases on their property at nominal monthly rentals, fail to realize that with the addition of the new homes, hotels and

WESTFALL FLORIST 'You Buy Lower From the Grower' 1870 N. W. 27th Ave. at the River Phone 3-1777

apartments that have been recently constructed and those that are in process of construction, that there will be approximately 2,000 more rooms in Miami than there were last season?

WANTED: Young Hostesses and Waitresses APPLY AT PLAYBOY CLUB 1123 N.W. 36th St. Domino Fatts, Mgr. Must be high grade in keeping with our select patronage

formation given them by three or four of those guys wearing the jersey sweaters with the short sleeves and open necks

THAT there are two men who will not knock on the doors of their friends in Coconut Grove for a while at least and does that make the casual friends careful, particularly the women

THAT Jim Bewley has returned to the city after having spent some time in the suburbs of the Magic City teaching a lot of spunk how to mix drinks without spilling too much of the things that cost money

THAT Imogene sent Dan enough money to take a trip around the world and he only crossed the river to Boston and then in a row boat which he handled himself

THAT it is easier for the boys to take care of themselves in these days by putting up the cash with a good surety company and trusting for the best, than to take a chance with the ordinary bondsman who does not know what it is all about and not only gets the man in trouble, but himself too

THAT a large number of men who have been in various questionable businesses during the past few years in Miami have taken "French leave" and left a lot of towners holding the well known bags

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MIAMI LIFE IS READ—NOT SKIMMED

THEY TELL ME

THAT the police officer who toot up the bright idea for the radio-car patrol-men to check all houses where folks had left for a bit of a vacation and that they should check it once or twice a day, is in for a lot of criticism... and why not

THAT it is not so hard to tell the truth when both parties tell their side of the tale and for that reason the one told by Josie and the one Emmiline countered with made a perfect story for the man to duck

THAT George Summers is still smiling and staying with it and it looks as tho he may count himself in for one more before long, just because he thinks he can hold his breath long enough

THAT Eddie Harper is noticeable by his inconspicuousness, which is accounted for by his neglect to take care of some of the important people

THAT there are two bars in the downtown district where they actually buy a drink occasionally for patrons and their regular price for a 10-oz glass of beer is ten cents

THAT Fritz Sawyer, still one of the best authorities on dog racing, is the general manager of one of the most thriving wood yards in

Closed Saturdays Phone 2-2131 DR. R. S. AKERS DENTIST Office Hours: 9:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m. 1744 N. W. 36th St., Miami, Fla.

THAT Dorothy seems to be taking the new husband with a grain of salt and it is a swell break for him as his first two wives did not understand him and how Dorothy can make him happy is a lesson to all young wives

THAT a pair of cuties were bounced from their jobs at the Davis cafeteria for "knocking down"

THAT Charlie Cusick is doing very well in the north especially in Sarasota and is looking for a word from Joe Crews and so is Dan

THAT several of the best known younger boys who frequent the Coral Gables Country Club dances learned a lesson recently when someone, a bit older, put a couple of Mickey Fins in a bottle which they picked up and entertained their friends with

THAT some of the women who have gone to the horse books recently are about thru with the in-

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MIAMI LIFE IS READ—NOT SKIMMED

The Sportlife BY TOM STOWE

HENRY (HANK) O'DAY, veteran National League umpire, missed the third strike and the Great Umpire called him out. He went down swinging. O'Day, credited with making the most famous decision in baseball, died Tuesday. His death revives the famous "bonehead" play made by Fred Merkle away back there in 1908.

The Chicago Cubs and the New York Giants fighting a terrific battle all season wound up all even, with one more game to play. The "crucial" game found O'Day umpiring and turned out to be a bitterly fought struggle, right down until the ninth inning. The score was tied, two batters were out and the Giants had a runner on third base. Merkle, the next batter, drew a walk and Larry Doyle came to bat. Larry

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the fight, wanted the battle to go seven or eight rounds for the sake of the "pictures." He knew they wouldn't be worth a dime if Dempsey walked out of his corner and knocked Carpentier clear out of the arena, as he could have done. Rickard approached Dempsey on the subject and Dempsey agreed to "carry" Carpentier seven rounds. Carpentier, through some hook or crook, learned of the arrangement and started scheming. Knowing that he had nothing to fear during the earlier rounds he sailed in and "clipped" Dempsey on the button with everything he had in the second round. It didn't even faze the Manassa Mauler but it did make him mad. When the bell sounded to start the third round Dempsey swarmed all over Carpentier like a swarm of bees. Carpentier saw the writing on the wall and started looking for a soft "spot." He went down the first time he could find an excuse—and he stayed down—he was no geese, and realized his mistake of "clipping" Dempsey in the previous round.

THE second ranking "bonehead" play in baseball is credited to Heinie Zimmerman, formerly of the Giants, who chased the fleet Eddie Collins across the plate with the winning run in the final game of the world series. Bill Rairdan, catcher for the Giants, trapped Collins off of third base when he made a quick throw to Zimmerman. Collins headed for home with Zimmerman lumbering along after him. Rairdan squatted at the plate awaiting the throw which would cut Collins down, but it never came. Collins slowed down and gave Zimmerman a chance to catch up to him. He rated the pace nicely with Zimmerman desperately reaching to "tag" him all the way instead of throwing to Rairdan. Collins won the game and the series with the run which he scored.

THE biggest "bonehead" in horse racing happened in Old Kentucky in the 1921 Kentucky Derby when Col. E. R. Bradley's Behave Yourself crossed the wire a stride in front of his running mate, Black Servant.

Col. Bradley is reputed to have wagered more than \$100,000 on Black Servant. Behave Yourself was put in the race to set the pace and "burn out" Prudery, the only horse conceded to have a chance to beat Black Servant. At the beginning of the race Behave Yourself went to the front and set a blistering pace. Black Servant was rated nicely just in front of Prudery and the three horses turned into the stretch in that order. The jockey on Black Servant made his move at the head of the stretch and Prudery moved up with him. Jockey C. Thompson, on Behave Yourself, looked over his shoulder and saw Prudery but he didn't see Black Servant. He forgot all instructions to let Black Servant win the race and went to "bat." Behave Yourself responded and flashed across the wire a nose in front of Black Servant with Prudery four lengths back. Col. Bradley won the Derby but it is said to have lost more than \$500,000 which he would have collected on Black Servant.

THE longest run in college football is credited to Burke of Ole' Miss. The run, 109 yards, was made against Alabama, October 3, 1931. Burke caught the opening kick nine yards behind his own goal line and dashed through the entire Alabama team for a touchdown.

THE greatest "bonehead" play in college football was the famous Roy Riegals episode in the Rosebowl, playing for Stanford, intercepted a pass and tore out toward Southern California's goal line. The S. C. players pretended to chase him and Riegals mistook the groans from the Stanford rooters for cheers. Little Ernie Nevers, after a desperate chase, finally tackled his own teammate on the goal line to prevent a touchdown by inches.

THE most widely circulated gambling story in football concerns the famous "Nick the Greek," Angeles on the eve of the first Alabama-Southern California game in the Rosebowl. He had never seen a football game in his life and had no intention of seeing that one. On the night before the game he found S. C. fans offering 2 to 1 on Southern California and the odds were too tempting. "Nick" planked down \$20,000 on Alabama and won \$40,000. The night after the game "Nick" was found in the same hotel lobby explaining the "fine points" of the game to all who would listen and—he still doesn't know a touchdown from a referee's whistle.

BOXING offers plenty of "bonehead" stories. For instance Dave Barry's "long count" in Chicago when he gave Gene Tunney fourteen seconds to recover from Dempsey's wallop. Another episode which caused a big controversy was Firpo's knocking Dempsey out of the ring. Dempsey landed in the laps of half a dozen reporters and was shoved back into the ring where he won the fight. According to all rules, Firpo should have been declared the winner when Dempsey slid out of the ring. The biggest "bonehead," however, has never been told. It was pulled by Georges Carpentier in the famous "Boyles Thirty Acres" battle with Dempsey.

Everyone knew that Carpentier didn't have a chance against Dempsey. Tex Rickard, who promoted

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whom I believe to be the most attractive girl employed at the Red Cross Drug Store. Name..... (This vote is good until midnight, Wednesday, July 10th. Mail or deliver personally to Contest Editor, Miami Life, 295 Professional Building, Miami, Fla.)

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