

Miami Life

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A FAMILY PROBLEM
Editor, Miami Life:
Will you please print this in your paper, which, to my way of thinking, is the best journal in Miami.

I have at last found, according to my opinion, and that of all my friends, the lowest and meanest man in Miami. My wife and I were at a night club the other night and we met a man who has always been respected by the whole community. He was drunk and was with a crowd of common men and women, having, as he described it, "a hell of a good time." At the same time this man's wife, who is an adorable little woman, and who, in the early days of their struggles went to work day by day to help them keep the wolf from the door and to save enough money to get ahead, is now undergoing an operation of a serious nature in the hospital, while he is entertaining in their lovely home.

I wish the readers of Miami Life to give me their opinion. Can I invite this man to my home again? Is he a fit associate for decent people? I hate to cut him, as my wife is very fond of his wife, and all of our mutual friends admire her so, and I don't want to hurt her.

A SUBSCRIBER.

In The Editor's Mail

OURS USE ICE BOXES
Editor, Miami Life:
I have been an admirer of your paper since the first issue, and never miss a line of it, but let me offer a suggestion, as I hate to throw the paper away after reading it. Mr. Kent Watson has changed his bright Beacon into a nice little Miami Beach Sun, and it just fits my pantry shelves perfectly. Can't you do likewise?
E. G.

FOR AMERICA FIRST AND ALWAYS.
Miami, Fla., Jan. 10, 1928.
Editor, Miami Life:
A certain incident happened yesterday at Miami Beach which deserves your attention.

Senate Bill No. 295, of the Acts of 1927, gives apartment house owners a lien upon the goods and chattels of tenants residing in the building for unpaid rents and advances. It also makes the removal by the tenant of his goods without the payment of all such indebtedness a criminal offense punishable by not less than three months in jail or \$50, nor more than one year in jail, or \$1,000.

Yesterday in a South Beach apartment a situation occurred, explained by the statute, wherein a tenant was removing his goods and chattels from the premises when he owed rent and a laundry bill advanced by

Editor, Miami Life:
The writer is a young lady resident of Miami of five years, and a subscriber to Miami Life. I beg to take the liberty to request that you have written up an item which would serve to spread public indignation throughout the city on the following topic:

It has become almost impossible for a lady to go about with her husband, or for a girl to go about with her fiancé at night without the public embarrassment brought about by "public street jades" (ladies of the evening). They sit in front of one on the street cars, buses, etc., and continually turn around and endeavor to attract attention of the gentleman escort, much to the embarrassment and thorough disgust of the young lady; and I think it is about time that a district be established, or some other way devised which would tend to keep these public nuisances in one section, and not permit their monopoly of Miami Beach and Miami, for both cities are infested with them.

Please use your own language and give the public an article which may help the cause along, at least nothing can be lost by trying.

Yours very truly,
ANONYMOUS.

controversy, he allowed the tenant to disturb the peace, use profane and abusive language, and to commit an assault, and then refused to intervene for the landlord in protecting her lien by saying that he had no time.

A violation of the above mentioned statute was being perpetrated; in other words, a crime was being committed, and a police officer, knowing that such was the case, allowed a crime against the laws of this state to be committed practically in his presence.

The property owners deserve some consideration, especially since they are the ones that pay the salaries for the police force, but it seems that a property owner cannot have his property protected by the police force of Miami Beach, which is more interested in arresting motorists who accidentally happen to have but one light burning than in preventing actual crimes from being committed.

There is no question but that a police officer has the authority to prevent the commission of any crime, even if the crime is against the laws of the state, especially when it is about to be committed in his presence.

This situation has been going on for some time at the Beach and deserves considerable publicity, as the administration does not seem to care to remedy the same. I prefer that you do not mention my name in this matter, but I desire that you give this incident some publicity.

Very truly yours,
R. W. G.

COSMOPOLITAN BUNCH
Editor, Miami Life:
Is Miami still under the Stars and

Stripes? I am an American, born forty-eight years ago, and was quite surprised to see a foreign hand leading the parade last Saturday. Why was not the American Legion band in the lead, where they should have been? It is bad enough that we have to take Scotch (not in bottles) twice a day in the park. I have been in all the large cities in the United States, and I know that there are thousands of real good bands in this country. Why the imported stuff? Especially when we have better.

Are those Scotch citizens? Have they a legal right to play here by the season; and the songs that they think are new I heard when a boy.

Give us home brew—to hell with the imported stuff!

—FOR AMERICA.

The WOFFORD

Directly on the Ocean
With Bathing From Your Own Room on Private Bathing Beach
A Charming Hostelry, with Home-like Appointments, Congenial Social Atmosphere and an Exceptional Cuisine
Music by Morris Stulmaker and His Orchestra
Moderate American Plan Rates

LOOKING BACK
Over Miami Life Files

January 17, 1925

A One-Horse or a 400-Horse Town?

Some of our ministerial friends are lifting their resonant and dignified voices against supperclubbing, Sunday dancing, horse racing and other alleged pitfalls that Miami is said to be stumbling into this season. And, probably from instinct, the main outcry is against the race track.

Miami today is not a one-horse town, say what they will. And do Miami preachers want to see it a one-horse town? Well, for one thing, we don't believe that even the most ardent reformers would want to go back to a one-horse town preacher's pay.

Miami has a most reasonable and tolerant public. Sometimes it leans a little too much toward tolerance, but it is better to lean too much that way than to lean toward intolerance. Come to think about it, Miami's tolerance is probably one of Miami's greatest assets. For tolerance inspires the friendship of everybody who visits in Miami.

There are fine men in Miami who are opposed to horse racing and betting, but they have repeatedly declared they would do nothing to obstruct a sport in which so many others appear to take such evident enjoyment. And that seems to be the attitude of the non-racing public in Miami—and will continue to be the attitude, as long as general conditions are as dignified and as restrained as they were on the opening days of this week.

January 17, 1925.

Eliminating the Miami River

Some time ago Miami Life suggested that the river be filled in and another channel be constructed to provide an outlet either to the north or south of Miami in less congested areas than the downtown section. Since then, we have received so many commendatory letters on this subject that we are certain our solution of the traffic problem is very close to being the logical solution.

We have one amendment, as one of our readers has suggested. The river need not be filled in. It needs only to be declared un navigable by the war department, which would do away with drawbridges. Undoubtedly the war department would consent to this, if Miami dredged another outlet just as practicable for navigation as the present river.

This would eliminate the most serious objection to Miami Life's plan—the ruination to much valuable waterfront property.

This is something for the city plan commission to work on.

January 2, 1926.

Love in a Lumber Camp
BY JOHN KIMBLE

A gripping story of romance, intrigue and adventure in the wilds of Florida, full of the richly colored descriptions, sparkling dialogue and profound philosophy that have made Mr. Kimble what he is today. Passed by the Miami Chamber of Commerce, the Florida Federation of Music Clubs, and the Dugout.

NIGHT had fallen in the Florida village, but eggs were higher than ever. The stars came out and a gentle hail began to fall in northeastern Nebraska. Nevertheless the town clock struck seven. You couldn't fool the clock.

Brilliantine, the beautiful daughter of Rowdy McGee, the hard-boiled mill boss, stood on the verandah of their cottage in the midst of the clearing. It was called the clearing house. This was quite appropriate, as McGee in his youth had worked in a bank for many years. It was a sandbank, but no one knew any difference. McGee then had been engaged in making sandbags for prominent newspaper publishers, but he had quit while still young and gone into the mill sauce.

"I am still young," he had said, in talking the matter over with his pick and shovel, "and this is a sordid occupation. Besides, newspaper publishers aren't using sandbags as much as they used to. They nearly all switched over to apple-sauce.

So he had come to Florida with his infant daughter and settled in the little mill town where he rose rapidly, every morning. Brilliantine had grown into a striking young woman. In fact the only things in town that were more striking were the town clock and the mill workers' union.

As Brilliantine stood on the verandah, young Pietro Olaf McManus walked up and bowed stiffly. He was a big stiff, anyhow. He played buzz-saw in the mill band.

"I love you," he said simply.

"The hell you do!" replied Brilliantine, blushing prettily.

"I do, too," said Pietro.

"You don't neither," said Brilliantine.

"I do."

"You don't."

"Do."

"Don't."

They might have carried the conversation further—out to the ash can, perhaps, but just then a deafening crash was heard.

"What's that?" cried Brilliantine.

"Somebody crashing the gate at the Embassy Club," suggested Pietro.

But he realized immediately that he was wrong. It was really the price of admission tickets to the Red Grange football game dropping, far to the southward, in Miami. In the distance they could hear faint cries of anguish from the folks who had paid \$13.20 three days before for their tickets.

Pietro reverently removed his hat from the gate-post.

"Poor devils," he said softly and stood for several moments with bowed head. His legs were slightly bowed also. It was a

to this day that she cast chicken-feed about her, which may be the truth, for the girl had plenty of grit and chickens are notoriously fond of grit. However that may be, Pietro advanced a step toward Rowdy.

"I am advancing one step," he said curtly. "Please do not ask for any more on account."

Rowdy knit his brows, using the Palm Beach stitch. He was a patriotic Floridian.

"What are your intentions?" he demanded, toying with his slingshot.

"I have proposed to your daughter, sir," said Pietro haughtily.

"Ah! And what did you propose?"

Pietro's hand flashed back to his hip as he intended to shoot. Rowdy fired his slingshot, striking Pietro between the eyes with a stone. The young man staggered, then produced his hip flask and returned the shot.

"Have a little shot," he said to Rowdy. Rowdy took the shot and then he staggered, too.

"Now we're even," hissed Pietro. He turned toward Brilliantine.

"Marry me," he pleaded. "Marry me, or I shall commit race suicide."

Brilliantine nodded. She was fast asleep. That was one good thing about Brilliantine—she was never fast when she was awake no matter how she might be when she was asleep.

The town clock struck seven again.

You couldn't fool the clock.

above all else in hiring waiters and attendants.

This week's toll was large. One woman laid out by a pop bottle and her assailant rendered unconscious; another woman slapped and her dress torn from her by an irate man, presumably her husband (he did it so unconcernedly); a young fellow's cheek smashed in by another young buck; an elderly man's eye blacked by a young husband for nothing more than a drunken, and most general wink; a tipsy manufacturer doubled up by a blow to the midriff by a blonde, bob-haired Amazon—these were a few instances of misbehavior on New Year's Eve.

A rather amusing thing happened at the Rainbow Gardens the other night when a young matron stumbled and she and her partner fell very awkwardly. Two plain-clothes men seized the young man and started him for the door. The husband ran up, fists doubled, and started to crown him. It was only by a completely sober mien that the young man got off without a beating; he finally convinced all concerned that he had not knocked the girl down.

January 3, 1925.

OUR GENTLE BOYS AND GIRLS

The Miami dance and supper club crowd seems to have a rough-house complex lately. Fist fights, boisterous arguments, man-and-wife embroglios have become more numerous than ever before—in fact, I don't remember of seeing anything like this in seasons past except at cheap roadhouses. Now scarcely any reputable place is free from disorder and managements are beginning to demand physiqye

THE
"MIAMI FIVES"

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SPRING STYLES
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EVERY EVENING (Sunday Included)
These delicious Fairy-Flake Doughnuts are ready for you. Red Hot.
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It is just as easy as in your own pantry. You get the right brand at the price you know is right. Follow the bright aisle to the smiling shelf for happiness in marketing.

PIGGLY WIGGLY

touching moment, so Pietro touched Brilliantine. And there on the rickety porch of her father's house, she shuddered her love for the young Englishman under the million and one stars that peeped from the inky sky.

"Such a silent night!" she murmured after a moment.

"I prefer the Club Lido myself," said Pietro gently, "but shall be as you say."

Brilliantine lowered her head. She lowered it in a basket, so that it would not break. It was the only head she had and she needed it to eat with, hence she was extremely careful. But the operation was completed without mishap. Miss Happ was the bookkeeper, but she does not figure in the story. She does all her figuring in the office and she has a swell figure, too. It is what you might call an official form.

Well, just as Pietro had kissed Brilliantine and replaced her head, Rowdy McGee stepped out on the porch with a loaded slingshot in his hands.

"Aha!" he growled. Rowdy was a great growler. He had rushed so many growlers in his day that he had unconsciously fallen into the growling habit. Nebuchadnezzar, the bulldog, set up a loud barking. Living in a lumber camp with trees all around barking was instinctive with him. But Nebuchadnezzar didn't know that he was a dog. He thought he was a human being. The idea was, of course, preposterous.

Brilliantine cast about her hastily. There are those who swear

to this day that she cast chicken-feed about her, which may be the truth, for the girl had plenty of grit and chickens are notoriously fond of grit. However that may be, Pietro advanced a step toward Rowdy.

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The town clock struck seven again.

You couldn't fool the clock.

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Who advertises too much is as bad as the merchant who advertises too little.

We advertise when we want to inform the public as to the WHAT, the WHERE and the WHEN.

For example: We are selling our entire stock at reduced prices—that is the WHAT.

The place is our retail store at 40th Street and N. W. 2nd Avenue—that is the WHERE.

And the time is now—that is the WHEN.

STORE OPEN
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NO C. O. D.
NO EXCHANGES

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SPEND THIS WINTER
AT THE
Biscayne Collins Hotel
HALF A BLOCK FROM THE OCEAN

ROOMS With bath, attractively furnished and decorated. **\$1.50**

SPECIAL WEEKLY AND MONTHLY RATES

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136 Biscayne Ave. Miami Beach

Lindbergh - - - Fog
- - - MIAMI
AVIATION

Miami can show even Lindbergh something unique in American aviation.

In his recent tour of the Union, Colonel Lindbergh was behind his schedule just once—and then because of a fog.

What a tribute to Miami's airport future.

Such a thing as a dense fog is unknown in Miami. Once or twice a year, for ten minutes in the morning, there may be a touch of fog in Miami. But no more.

Miami was the first home port reached by the "Good Will Fliers" on their return to this country—a significant fact.

With a fog-free climate where fliers can train the year round in comfort, with good land and seaplane landing places already in existence, with Government air mail service taking form, and with enthusiastic support for flying already organized here, Miami's future as an airport is a certainty.

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Biscayne Trust Company, Affiliated
Forward—With Miami's Oldest Bank
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits More Than \$2,250,000.00

Let our Travel Department help you plan your trip American Express Service.

MORE ABOUT UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL

Editor Miami Life:

THE writer read with interest the letter of W. E. G. relative to getting another football coach at Miami University.

The writer witnessed many practice sessions when the men were being drilled in tackling the dummy and Courtney usually tackled the dummy about twice or three times as an example for the rest to follow.

The huddle system for calling signals was originated to be used when the cheering and noise was so great that oral signals could not be heard.

Courtney was a bad passer all season. A good coach would have corrected this in Courtney.

Oh, my! Oh, my! I could write for a week and not cover the subject of lack of coaching.

Forward passing was pitifully attempted about one-quarter of each game, even though the opponents' line outweighed Miami's line and backfield 20 to 30 pounds to the

Advice to those who violate the 18th Amendment

Get your supply in quick. All the Prohis, Customs Officers, and Coastguardsmen seem to have escaped the frozen North and are wintering in and about Florida.

man. Material? What better material would one want in Rod Ashman, the left end? He played a wonderful individual game on defense. He was really better than any end that played here during the season.

Among other duties, a coach develops players. Lyons was an experienced high school player. He was ruined this season at Miami University.

Courtney was a bad passer all season. A good coach would have corrected this in Courtney.

—A CASH CUSTOMER AT THE STADIUM

Miami Life is read—not skimmed

VILLAGE SANDWICH SHOP SPANISH VILLAGE Sandwiches and Real Chili Phone M. B. 835

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ESTABLISHED SEVEN YEARS CARLTON'S CAFETERIA "THE HOME OF GOOD EATS"

Havana TOURS DAILY CHOICE OF ROUTES Direct Boat or via Overseas Railway.

United Tour Co. 170 S. E. FIRST ST. Phone 5597

Tomorrow Night 8:30 P. M. Sunday, the 15th ALBERT SPALDING America's Foremost VIOLINIST

WHERE TO GO A Review of Amusement Places in Greater Miami

ADA WILLIAMS, who is Miss Williams and Miss Florida, is appearing in "Helen of Troy," now showing at the Olympia Theatre.

The Garden Players, now holding forth at the Garden Theatre at Miami Beach, are all to the good. We saw them in "Cradle Snatchers," and they put on a real, live show.

Talking about stage plays, the Greater Miami Music Association will produce "The Mikado," Gilbert and Sullivan's most popular light opera, at the Coliseum on Thursday, February 16.

Full Course Dinner Every Evening 5 to 8-50c VARNEY'S PURE FOOD RESTAURANT Self Service 35 N. E. 1st Ave.

"A Real Place" "Where You Can Enjoy Night Life at its Best" 101 CLUB North Miami Beach At 71st Street

Ocean Drive Casino ON THE OCEAN AT FOURTEENTH WAY CAL GREEN and His Chicagoans Dine and Dance Every Evening

WANTED Acts and Entertainment that have not appeared in every corner and nook in Miami See "DOC" BENJAMIN BROADWAY BOOKING BUREAU

INSIST ON BLUE MOON THE TANG O' THE TROPICS PALE DRY GINGER ALE America's Best Mixer

Finest DANCE EVERY NITE Lucky ROSELAND Dances Every Nite SOUTH MIAMI BEACH Plenty of Dance Partners — Admission 10c

Dine at the BLUE RIBBON RESTAURANT Delicious, wholesome food 33 N.E. 2ND AVE. BETWEEN FLAGLER & FIRST ST.

WHAT'LL CLIFF DO? Just wait until Cliff Reeder finds out the number of 2-cent stamps necessary to mail back amounts contributed by Miami-ians who hoped to secure the Democratic convention.

On January 18, Florida's most exclusive place of entertainment will open its doors for on that date the Embassy Club starts its 1928 season.

bloom in the spring—keep the date in mind.

On January 18, Florida's most exclusive place of entertainment will open its doors for on that date the Embassy Club starts its 1928 season.

"Abie's Irish Rose" will be played at the Temple Theatre for three weeks, commencing Sunday night, January 22.

HOTEL COUNTRY CLUB Country Club Estates—Miami—Fla. PHONE WEST 3 Miami's newest and most unique Hotel located on the city's finest Golf Course—adobe architecture, cool, cloistered porches, hand-made furniture, steam heat.

The Roney Plaza Casino and Pools ON SUNDAY Will Offer a Program of DIVERSIFIED WATER SPORTS Music by the Roney Plaza Casino Orchestra Luncheon and Afternoon Tea Served in the Casino and on the Bathers' Balcony

This company will be one of the principal traveling companies that has toured the United States during the last year.

If you want to be re-energized, see and hear Swami Yogananda, who will discuss on Yogoda in the Scottish Rite Temple, beginning tonight.

One of the night clubs that is drawing a crowd is the Monte Carlo, opposite the Biscayne Fronton.

The well known Silver Slipper,

OLYMPIA SUN—MON—TUES The World's Funniest Comedy Team WALLACE BERRY RAYMOND HATTON in "Wife Savers" WED—THRU—SAT

Gloria Swanson Famous Characterization of "SADIE THOMPSON" From "RAIN"



SEE YOU At The BISCAYNE KENNEL CLUB "On the Dixie"

EVERY NIGHT 8:30 o'Clock EXCEPT SUNDAY SEVEN GREAT RACES

How to Get There From Miami, follow the Dixie, north to 115th St. and turn right at the big sign, or go out N. E. Second or Seventh Avenues.

Club Balboa Fourth and Collins Avenue : Miami Beach Opening Tonight UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT WITH Chester Alexander Miami's Sidesplitting Comedian, formerly of Jungle Inn BILLY PEEL (Basso of the Deep C's) RHODA FREED (Mistress of Blues) TEDDY GORDON (The Lindbergh of Hoofers) AND Frank Madden and His Orchestra

WHAT A THOUGHT! It is denied that the new coast-guard fleet was sent here to gather refreshments for the Presidential Special bound for Havana.

22nd avenue and 14th street, opens its doors tonight. The owner is operating the place this year and has engaged Evans Burrows Fontaine to dance, and she sure can entertain.—Ask "Sonny" Whitney.

EVERGLADES BOAT TRIP Up Miami River, Landing at Indian Village and Alligator Farm Twin screw YACHT MACUSHLA leaves pier 6, City Yacht Basin, N. E. 3rd St., daily, 2 P. M. Tickets at the boat. Round Trip, \$1.00

CAPITOL ALL WEEK The Height of Motion Picture Perfection WILLIAM FOX Presents THE HEAVEN With JANET GAYNOR and CHAS. FARRELL PLEASE ATTEND MATINEES to Avoid Evening Rush

The Frolics "America's Most Beautiful Night Club" Present ERNIE YOUNG'S "SCANDALS" FEATURING Margaret White, the Dynamic Star of All Nite Clubs, Simmes-Babette, Sensational French Dance Team Ackerman and Dick, Acrobatic Dancers

Temple Theatre Week Commencing Sunday, Jan. 22 N. W. 3rd and N. River Dr. Seat Sale Thursday, January 19, at Red Cross Drug Co. THE WONDER PLAY

ANNE NICHOLS' LAUGHING SUCCESS "ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" The play that put G-in humor Now playing its 6th year in New York City

Frank P. Ford announces the fourth formal Opening Dinner Dance of THE EMBASSY CLUB Wednesday Evening, January 18th, 1928 Norma Gallo in sensational dances, Clark & McCullough's Ramblers Dorothy Deeder in whirlwind toe dances, Earl Carroll's Vanities Marian Marchante Greenwich Village Follies George Marshall and Grace Hill in exhibition dances, Club Lido, New York Rex Reynolds Director of Entertainment Gene Fosdick's Orchestra Brooke John's Ross Fenton Club of New York