

## ACTION! Something must be done. Help! Police!

EDITOR MIAMI LIFE: DEAR SIR—IT HAS GOT TO THE POINT WHERE EVEN I MUST COMPLAIN. I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE. I LOVE MIAMI AND WORSHIP THE GOOD OLD TOWN, AND WOULD LIKE TO LIVE HERE, BUT I CAN NO LONGER STAND THAT TERRIFIC NOISE, BETWEEN SEVEN AND TEN P. M. SATURDAY NIGHTS, OF NATIVES TAKING A BATH.

A. TOURIST

# Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

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## FORGIVE US, TOURISTS (For We Know Not What We Do!)

**E**VEN THE STOUTEST hearts are quailing and the most confirmed optimistic wailing over the apparent "blue law" complex that has suddenly hit a few of our law enforcement officers. It provides an unexpected climax to the many woes this poor, graft-ridden community has suffered in the last two years. Coming right at this time, when the season is well on its way, and almost everybody trying to convince the world at large that we are still the good-natured, liberal community we always were, it is almost a tragedy.

We may now appreciate how the camel felt when the last straw was tossed upon its back.

This little flurry among local politicians, officeholders, and grouchers will cost Dade county millions of dollars in business. Of course, the six or eight, possibly a dozen, people who are responsible for it do not think so. And we, the voters, unfortunately have put them in such position that they can toy with these millions we need so badly.

We, the REAL people of Miami, aren't responsible.

Our revenue from tourists, as the Chamber of Commerce figures for the last eight years will show, grosses something like eighty million dollars for the January-February-March period. That revenue, as Miami Life has studiously and laboriously pointed out almost incessantly for four years, depends upon entertainment. Up until now we've lived up to our reputation for providing the best any resort city in the world could offer. We have actually been "the world's greatest playground."

This year we're different. No, we shouldn't say "we." The skies are just as blue, the bay just as colorful, the breezes just as healthful, the spirit of progress and beauty and industry is just as strong; and the people of Miami are just as fun-loving, tolerant, and hospitable as they ever were.

All this sudden virtue on the part of officers and politicians hereabouts that has resulted in the closing of the Jockey Club, dog racing, Jai Alai, and now, dancing later than 12 a. m. and 12 p. m. on Sundays, does not represent the true sentiment of Miamians. For Miami people have always been and still are and always will be the most tolerant folks on earth.

But it so happens, just like your political systems up north provide, we can't kick out officeholders at will. And we're too civilized to use the tar-and-feather method on officeholders whose tactics are all too obvious. This week this paper is tempted to break loose and tell the world the whole sordid story. But, for the sake of the "season," we won't rip the masks from some of these political hypocrites who suddenly find virtue in themselves—and just when the "pickings" of a good season are at hand.

The point we're trying to get at is that Miamians aren't to blame. It's simply a public servant or two we honored at the last election forgetting that his duty to the public is paramount. Nearly all of us want a whale of a season. We want everybody to have a whale of a time. We've got our arms outstretched to everybody coming to visit us this season—not in alms but in sincere welcome—and, unlike these few people we refer to, our palms aren't outstretched behind us. We may be spineless, but our hearts are in the right place.

Tourists, we take this occasion to apologize. The sky, the sea, the air—especially the air—are still yours. For the time being, we can't help the rest. And, after all, the sky and the sea and the air are worth the price of the trip down here, aren't they?

Accept our strongest apologies, customers. We'll try to make you happy, regardless!

### Songs of the Moment

#### ON THE PROPOSED CHEESE FACTORY

I think that no one ever sees  
A poem lovely as a cheese;  
A cheese whose fragrance, soft and rare,  
Is wafted damn near everywhere  
By day and night, indoors and out,  
And up and down and roundabout—  
Although they go so well with beer  
I still don't like to have them near.  
Poems are made from lines like these,  
But God knows what goes into cheese!

(NOTE: The writer is merely trying to be funny. He has no definite knowledge that a cheese factory is any more smelly than a fertilizer warehouse.)

#### MIAMI BLUES

WE'VE a climate, soft but bracing,  
But we haven't any racing;  
Somewhere else the dogs are chasing  
The rabbit made of tin.  
Boys and girls are still embracing  
Though a cashless year is facing;  
And grape juice is displacing  
Our daily tot of gin.

We're on a road there's no retracing,  
With most of us grimacing;  
And our boasted Bonifacing  
Has been kicked right in the pants;  
All the joy we are effacing,  
And the future is menacing;  
No more week-end interlacing—  
They've cut out the Sunday dance.

#### ON THE CICERO CITIZEN

THE town of Lummus, Chase and Roney  
Keeps itself refined and toney;  
Admission free for thee and me,  
But not for Scarface Al Capone.

#### ON PUBLIC SAFETY

THIS week and next, the papers say,  
Are safety weeks for drivers;  
When all must scan Kid Arnold's plan—  
Both town boys and arrivers.

The scheme's a simple one, indeed,  
No reason to forgive it:  
When you are tight—keep out of sight,  
My boy, or you'll regret it!

#### ON FINANCIAL CONDITIONS

THEY say that Mister Tunney  
Is the only guy with money;  
That the rest of us can hardly buy  
clean collars;  
This frightful situation,  
It's a gross exaggeration;  
Notwithstanding that the air is  
rent with hollers,  
There's hope on the horizon,  
For a burglar, enterprising,  
Robbed a house and got almost two  
thousand dollars!

THE traffic department gets very busy when a car happens to get parked on a wide street but allows double parking on both sides of N. E. First street, which is narrow. Law of compensation, or something like that.

### TOO MUCH COURTESY

**C**AN'T our local theater managers squeeze real hard and assemble enough milk of human kindness to relax the weird rules of professional etiquette which they have imposed on those excessively polite and excessively unfortunate young men who show us to our seats in the leading playhouses? No, really, I mean it. The terrifying courtesy with which one is now escorted down the aisles of most Miami theaters is rapidly become a matter of public concern, both on behalf of the theater-goers themselves and the poor but honest semi-acrobats who usher them to their places.

It seems a crying shame in this democratic day to take a hitherto, or even thitherto, decent American lad, pour him into a fancy uniform that has just about everything on it except electric light bulbs and cornucopias, then teach him to place one hand at his midriff, bend himself to an angle of about 85 degrees and remain thus appealingly posed until the customer has stumbled down the darkened aisle and fallen into his seat.

The uniform, perhaps, may be forgiven, but the naval salute and the back-breaking bow, never. This performance not only works a dangerous hardship on the usher's kidneys, but it must also sadly impair his self-respect, and I am quite sure it is distasteful to the patrons of the theater themselves. Such fulsome courtesy does not get a very hearty response from old Homo Miamianus, who is used to the democratic gesture, such as borrowing cigarettes from his postman and discussing ethics with the bootlegger. Homo feels somewhat bewildered under this onslaught of hospitality which he is powerless to fend off. He also feels far more conspicuous and important than he has any right to feel for a fifty-cent or even a dollar ticket.

Theater managers are supposed to be men of some imagination, yet look at the possibilities they have overlooked in this super-usher movement: they could have equipped these young men with whisk brooms with which to brush off the customer's shoulders before indicating the seat; a shoe rag; a dust rag to wipe off the seat carefully before the customer sits down; and perhaps even a small pair of scissors in case the customer should want his moustache trimmed up a bit before settling himself for the evening. Countless other like services could be performed.

Seriously, however, the managers must do something to curb this wave of politeness that they have allowed to invade our theaters, and try to bring the atmosphere back to normal. And as this observer sees it, there is only one choice of policy. That is to modify the amount of groveling required of the ushers or else to raise the scale of admission prices so high that the patron can honorably stalk these gorgeous flunkies to his seat without feeling slightly ashamed at accepting so much intense and aggressive politeness for only four-bits.

### Among Vultures We Don't Like—

**H**OW LONG is this professional receivership business going to be tolerated? One by one, sometimes ten by ten, Miami institutions go into the hands of these vandals every day. And in most cases for no reason at all, except that certain creditors, under the influence of a professional receiver, put the pressure on at the wrong moment.

Given time, most of them could work out of the hole that the boom collapse and hurricane put them in, but that of course couldn't put any money into the pockets of conniving receivers, courts and lawyers.

The Dade County Bar Association showed recently its capacity for community service by keeping one of our wealthiest financial institutions from going broke. But the bar association didn't go far enough. It can, and it must, stop this iniquitous practice.

Receivership laws are devised to help creditors of crooked and dying concerns—not going ones. Lately, however, the professional receivers have found it more profitable to prey upon the going concerns.

It's bad enough to think of a ghoulish preying over a corpse but it is unthinkable that any spirit, no matter how evil, would prey on something living—or wanting to live.

### Heartless Opportunists

**T**HREE boys met their death in Biscayne Bay last week and all this city sympathizes with the parents in their great loss. The funeral on Thursday was public, about three thousand attending, more than a thousand of them being fellow students. Service was conducted in the Alliance Tabernacle, which adjoins the Robert E. Lee school. At the tabernacle, Meade Bros., evangelists, are holding forth. While the funeral service was under way pink cards advertising these evangelists were thrown into the cars of the mourners who had parked in the vicinity. None but an organization like this would have done such a thing. If any business concern had done what the Meade people did it would have been severely condemned. But what can you expect from an aggregation that advertises "Sizzling, sensational sermons" to induce congregations to attend their jazzy religious meetings?

### Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Public!

THE city officials have heeded the plaintive cry of gasoline buyers. They have cut down the number of "For Hire" cars using the north side of Flagler street as a permanent and exclusive parking ground, and limited the number who may anchor there.

These little intricacies of a winter resort may not seem a matter of importance to the ordinary tourist, but to the average citizen who drives blocks and blocks looking for a moment's parking space that he might buy a toothbrush for

### A Bit More Faith—Without the Hammer

**M**IAMI and Dade County somehow seem to inherit quite a few of the world's grouches. There are, lurking within the shadows of the city a group who continually complain of conditions, and why our officials and regulators do not do something about conditions.

We have investigated the cause, and we find that there is no faith among those who should have faith.

Only 65 per cent of the taxes for the year 1926 have been paid in. Less than 25 per cent of the taxes of the year 1927 have found their way into the city and county treasuries.

If we are to continually hammer against our ill luck; if we are to raise our voices in righteous wrath, and tell our troubles to the world, perhaps we might do a bit better in improving our own hearths by paying in what is assessed against us.

Otherwise we're liable to become a race of knockers—without any listeners.



### War? All Right!" Says Greeby

Great Industrialist Believes Miami Can Get Carpet-Bag Factory Here If Break Comes; Florida to Remain Neutral With Reservations Reserved.

MR. R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who recently called up Gene Tunney without getting an answer, tried his luck with a Miami Life reporter, and the reporter lost, as usual. "Come over at once," said Mr. Greeby to the reporter, and the reporter went over to the Greeby-Jeeby Inn and found the famed owner preparing a little surprise.

"I am preparing a little surprise," said Mr. Greeby, "but do not say anything to the insurance companies or the fire departments, as I do not care for no publicity in this matter."

Greeby was very carefully filling up the cracks of the Greeby-Jeeby with gasoline and kerosene and covering up the apertures with old rags and copies of the Miami Beach Sun, as if he was getting ready to entertain a delegation of visiting firemen.

"Certain dispatches, the source of which I cannot reveal, lead me to believe that the time is about ready for another war," whispered Mr. Greeby. "Did you read what Senator Swanson of Virginia said about them senators trying to subdue us southerners again, and talking about us not letting our African vote being counted? Them senators seem to have everything but reasoning power. How can we let other voters vote here when our candidates have such a tough time raising poll tax money for our permanent votes?"

"If they want to have a war again, I'm for it. I have mapped out all the necessary plans and am only waiting for Jim Carson and Murrel to okay the same. Florida will remain neutral. The coast guard boats must remain away from our territory. We will sell ammunition, both leaden and liquid to both sides; we shall be glad to rent homes and hotels for hospitals—that is, if any vacant ones can be found. I will personally turn over the Greeby-Jeeby to either side which offers me the best amount.

"Strict enforcement of the prohibition act will be enforced while this war is on. No boats can bring liquor into this country unless they land in Miami, and I myself will tend to the unloading. It is not true that I shall sell the northerners nothing but gin. I will let them have the entire output of Hialeah rye, and after they hit that product for a while they won't be too proud to fight."

"No," chortled Little Geraldine, Greeby's adopted daughter, "but they'll be too weak!" Greeby, angered at being interrupted in his great discourse, immediately sent Little Geraldine to the top of the Roosevelt hotel to meet Swami, and continued his reveries:

"The time has come when things must be settled—" "How about that account you owe the Dugout?" whispered Mrs. Greeby as she painstakingly turned Joe Copps' shirt inside out and started picking.

Absolutely ignoring the voice of his spouse, Greeby led the reporter across the causeway and continued:

"Why, them northerners need a trimming. Look how they have failed to keep up their payments on our good lots! Look what has happened to Croissitania, Picture City, Fulford-by-the-Sea, and them Boca Ratons! All these things have injured our reputation, and

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Arrive St. Petersburg	8:40 A.M.
Arrive Ft. Myers	8:55 P.M.
Arrive Sarasota	8:20 P.M.
Arrive Venice	9:15 P.M.

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### COAST TO COAST LIMITED

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Arrive Sarasota	9:10 A.M.
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COACHES—DINING CAR—Through Pullman Sleeping Cars, to Tampa and St. Petersburg Daily. Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to Sarasota and Venice every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and to Ft. Myers and Naples every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

FOR PULLMAN RESERVATIONS, TICKETS, INFORMATION, ETC. CONSULT AGENTS

GRAND CENTRAL STATION, Seventh Avenue and 22nd Street, N. W. Telephone 6104-6105

CITY TICKET OFFICE, No. 26 Lorraine Arcade, Telephone 8161-8162

# via Seaboard AIR LINE RAILWAY

### HARD DRINK MARKET

(Our special investigator informs us that liquor prices will again advance, and that a great raiding squad—the one recently over in New Orleans—is ready to pay Florida a visit, as the climate of New Orleans, combined with tough breaks on the ponies, urges the boys to seek another clime. You'd better lay in a supply. Case lot prices are hereby given, as of Miami retail. Beach quotations are somewhat higher, probably account of more high-toned drinkers.)

BEER	
(72 Bottles to Case)	Putzenhofer (genuine scarce) 50.00
Amstel's (very palatable) 50.00	Bull Dog (very healthy) 50.00
Tennent's ('sgood) 50.00	
RYE	
(Mostly fair stock on market; but keep your chemist busy on G. & W., Four Roses, Canadian Club, and Niagara.)	
Seagram's 3-star 45.00	
Seagram's 40.00	
Lindsay's 40.00	
G. & W. 40.00	
Canadian Club 40.00	
Four Roses 40.00	
Niagara 40.00	
William Penn 40.00	
Mt. Vernon 100.00	
Big Hollow 100.00	
GIN	
Gordon's 35.00	
Gilbey's 35.00	
Burnett's 37.50	
Nicholson's 37.50	
Old Plymouth 40.00	
SCOTCH	
(If some of it tastes like soap, it may help your hialotosis. Local distilleries reported active.)	
Vat 69 45.00	
The Commodore 45.00	
McCallum's Perfection 45.00	
Lawson 45.00	
Dawson 45.00	
Old King Cole 45.00	
Haig and Haig 50.00	
Niagara 45.00	
White Label 45.00	
Chivas 45.00	
Clan Murray 45.00	
Chivas Liqueur Regal 60.00	
BACARDI	
(Watch Carte de Or; some of it tastes like naval stores.)	
Superior, 1873 70.00	
Carte de Or 50.00	
Gallon Jugs 22.50	

over to it with the horseshoes... did he think it was a horse... If Andrew has matches enough to smoke his pipe while he is working... Why George watches the mail so eagerly... Who bit Jack B. on the forehead... and why... If Peggy C. really enjoyed the game Wednesday... or could it have been better... If the Undertaker's Club is as good in school subjects as in telling jokes... Why the Oakland Coupe and its sole occupant are seen so much on Collins Avenue... How Treva spends long hours outside of school... Why Ted goes to Miami every night... and what's the attraction—blonde or brunette... Why Janice always moves the

chairs on the porch to one side, before going out at night... Why Jane has been accused of stepping out... and why the accusation was so late... Why Billy didn't keep her date on the Beach the other afternoon... If Tommye is sincere when she

### Bare Facts About the Naked Truth

Here's a Hot One

For a "sure thing" investor who wants to double his money and then have an income without any risk. Our client needs money, so will sell his 5 concrete block stucco bungalows and garages, all improvements, sidewalks, streets, etc., including corner—for \$11,000. Original cost of property was \$45,000. Buy these, then sell each house so much down and so much each month and 8 per cent interest. Can you figure your profit and income? Nothing like it ever offered in Miami.

### SEE KEENE KEEN SIGHT

132 Central Arcade Seybold Building

HARRY G. SHAW  
235 N. E. 1st Ave. Phone 6296

### WHERE GOOD FELLOWS MEET

## TURF SMOKE SHOP

118 Biscayne Ave. — Miami Beach

## "I couldn't keep house without it"

"For a time we tried to get along without a telephone. Henry thought we could save that much... but never again.

"It was the most ghastly feeling—to be absolutely cut off from everybody—not to hear the voices of one's friends except the few times I could get away from the house. And those tiresome trips to town—to do my shopping... Oh, now and then I'd use the neighbor's telephone, but it always annoyed them, and embarrassed me.

"After two harrowing weeks, Henry decided that the few cents a day we saved were not worth the worry of knowing baby and I were alone here without a telephone. And now that we have one, I'm more convinced than ever that I couldn't keep house without it."

### SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

Telephone rates are so low that the service of protection and convenience far outweigh the trifling cost. Ask our local office to install your telephone at once.

### Turn of the Tide

THE tide has turned at last! The skies are brightening, and the tempo of the Foreclosure Blues will soon change from adagio to a vivace to which the Merry Mortgagees will be dancing a lively polka ere long. Sackholders in the outlying subdivisions see a return of real estate activity for the near future, a vaster influx of tourists than ever before, and the chronic optimists among them are even going so far as to dig up and dust

offers to bet that her name will never appear in Miami Life... and what's the odds... Why the girl from Atlantic City made such a brief visit... and didn't she and Russell agree after all... Why "Pete" hasn't been seen around the Castle Hotel lately... Why Estelle makes such a good guard... If Eddie ever found out the alias of the pickpocket

### Live Baby Alligators Alligator Lamps Florida Souvenirs

KRAUSS NOVELTY SHOP  
28 N. E. Second Avenue

### At the Hour of Four

EVERY EVENING (Sunday Included)  
These delicious Fairy-Flake Doughnuts are ready for you. Red Hot.  
Fairy Flake Doughnut Co., Inc.  
2317 N. W. 7th Ave.

### FINE WATCH REPAIRING

Here Since 1913  
Karl Neuschwander  
123 Seybold Arcade

### 'Zat So

Mary had a little drink, Now Mary's going to die; When she imbibed she didn't know It was Hialeah Rye.

off their 1925 predictions of a local population of 200,000 by 1930 without the necessity or unpleasantness of annexing Ft. Lauderdale. Certainly no one will deny that the past week has seen a terrific change for the better in the municipal morale. The world, the United States, and South Florida are on the upgrade again.

### The Morris Plan Co.

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### FOR FANCY PASTRY

## CAKES FOR WEDDINGS AND PARTIES

SEE GOLDSTROM, AT ELECTRIK MAID  
666 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach

### EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE FAMOUS ARCH-TONE

# Red Cross Shoe

AAAAs to E 2 1/2 to 10

"EXPERT SHOE FITTERS"  
—TO WAIT ON YOU—  
**THE MIAMI SHOE STORE**  
201 N. Miami Ave. 201

# CORAL GABLES REJOICES

NOT since the building of Henry M. Flagler's railroad has any more important event transpired in the history of Tropical South Florida, than the event which took place Wednesday of this week—the opening of Florida's Overseas Highway across the Florida Keys. It is an event of the highest possible significance to every citizen and to every potential investor in Greater Miami. Coral Gables therefore rejoices. Henry Flagler's Overseas Railway gave to Miami its first distinct impetus. After a long interval during which Miami's growth was continuous, came the Seaboard Air Line Railway, adding to the southward trend of northern people seeking the sun. Those two events in South Florida's history have meant much to Greater Miami's progress.

Now comes an event ranking no less in economic importance and second to nothing as an index of present trend and future expansion and prosperity. The Overseas Highway, a motor road connecting Miami, Coral Gables, the Redlands—the southern terminus of the far-famed Dixie Highway—with Key West, virtually is completed, with ferries spanning the expanse of water yet unbridged by road. Wednesday a motorcade started from Miami, conveying officials of the three sister-cities, for Key West. Simultaneously a motorcade carrying officials of Key West and of Monroe County started from Key West, the southernmost tip of America—to meet the Miami Motorcade and escort it into the Island City.

Down through the scenic islands, the coral necklet of green-clad gems in a setting of azure sea, mysterious picturesque dots in an ocean laden with the glamor of old-time pirate romance, you may drive in the luxurious motor-car of today and witness scenes of exotic grandeur such as only the story-books have told. Its appeal to the tourist is irresistible.

But that is not all. It is significant of the southward trend, the great migration of northern folk to the lands of sunshine. It points the way to Cuba, to South America, with all that that implies. It takes no violent stretch of imagination to picture the auto-ferries which in the future must be available to ply between Key West and Havana, Cuba; nor to picture also the great 600-mile highway down the Cuban coast, already planned and financed by the Cuban Government. A new world is opening up to the motorist.

A new world, too, is opening to trade and commerce. The Pan-American Congress now in progress in Havana is a striking evidence of the looming importance of Pan-American relations and trade—with Miami, as suggested by Havana newspapers last week, ranking as "The Capital of Pan-America." The development of those relations and that trade must make Miami grow just as Flagler's railroad did. Today the railway and the highway represent parallel feeders for the growth of Key West, Greater Miami, and Tropical South Florida. They are reaching out to tap half a hemisphere, the development of which is but in its infancy; its richness incalculable.

Tropical South Florida, in building the Overseas Highway, is keeping pace with our day. Twenty years ago there was an automobile for every 146 families in the United States. Today there is an automobile for every six families. First-class, paved highways span America from north to south—and Florida's tremendous attraction in climate is nearer to the bulk of America's population and wealth than is any other developing region of even remotely similar character, in America.

Trade, commerce, tourists, wealth, growth—all follow the line of least resistance, of easiest access and quickest returns. The Overseas Highway logically must result in greater growth, in Miami. Miami's logical direction of growth is southward and south-westward, along the natural trend which is leading to South America's great resources.

Coral Gables stands astride the Overseas Highway—right at the Gateway—and must, by all economic logic, benefit in growth, in population, in increasing values, from the great development that it portends. Here in Coral Gables, geography itself is working for you. The opening of the Overseas Highway last Wednesday lends emphasis to your opportunity for investment in a home, homesites, business enterprise or commercial location.

Consult Coral Gables Sales Corporation—TODAY.

### Overnight Trip to Nassau on the "Princess Montagu"

The Queen of 'Em all  
Leaves Miami Wednesdays and Saturdays 4 P. M.  
Leaves Nassau Thursdays and Mondays 4 P. M.  
Arriving Early following morning  
Phone for reservations 2-3431

### PALM READING

## PRINCESS ZORAI'DA'S EGYPTIAN CAFE

Featuring the Following Specials:  
Assorted Egyptian Pastries or Dainty Plate Lunches and Turkish Coffee or Tea, including short Palm Reading Free \$1.00  
Afternoon Teas, Bridge Lunches, Private Parties, etc. Special \$1.00  
"Special Engagements by Appointment"  
123 S. E. Third Street  
Next to Dallas Park Apts.  
Phone 2-0561



# ISA SEEKER

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Ho

### ck Sleuth Seeks Solace from Civic Seers; Refuses To Be Roped In During Leap Year.

ISA SEEKER  
William Dews  
A-1 Investigator  
dear alibier

I am not asking you for any 50 \$ no 100 cents to do some investigation for me as I know you are in the same fix I am and have a hard time dodging your creditors and by the way they have a hard time catching you which makes us birds of a feather especially with the accounts I have outstanding and which I cannot collect on account of Bob Taylor suddenly becoming a pupil of Swami Yoganando.

If by chance you should receive this letter do not mention it to anyone but knowing that you have a great scent and are desirous of helping out a brother investigator I wish you would look into the following matters per se:

Kindly plant your dictaphone in Pompano and see who put that \$200,000 in the bank—I know it wasn't Lou Short but if it is another candidate for sheriff and you still wish to hold your deputy sheriff's badge see if he will advance me 50 \$ and no cents for an investigation. It has come to my attention that the wife I had last week has taken it up with her husband to badger me out of some money as none of my clients have paid in 50 \$ and no cents and as you have shown no brotherly love for a brother investigator—alho I have read your ad regularly in Miami Life—much to the discomfort of the business manager of the same paper—I thought mayhap you and I could get together like a bride and groom and have a good time. Therefore, I am writing you these words:

Lets I and you put out of existence all these gambling machines such as pay-as-you-enter Miami Beach cars ahead of time busses Tom's peanut machines take no chance rest rooms weigh yourselves before and after machines and let us put an inside man or woman in all Dade county laundries that we may know what came off recently.

"There are enough eggs in this county which we could crack to advantage providing proper gas masks could be secured and you with your talent minus my brains should make a cleanup providing city manager Snow puts us on the street cleaning department if you will kindly give me the list of candidates outside of Fred Pine and Tom Norfleet and Henry Chase and the Jewish synagogue backing Sydney Catts—but do not mention Aronovitz or Swartz be sure to show Wendler editorial in the Hialeah Herald and to copyright the same and offer to tell who took the liquor from Hialeah if the bill is paid.

Thus Mr. Dews we should be a great success especially with your

panacea for the real estate ills of Florida? If so, why keep it a secret. I am one of the thousands of Florida property owners—most of my holdings are in Dade County—who would give a great deal to be relieved of the anxiety I feel over my property. There is the heavy taxation, depreciation in value, loss of income, etc., on real estate investments here, and the impossibility of selling in this market.

Mr. Jones must have had something definite in mind when he spoke of adjustments which could be made. I am certain that thousands of people in Florida and in other states would be deeply interested to know of some real solution to the problem. I am down here from Philadelphia for a few weeks longer, and I would like to return north with the feeling that it is possible to make some kind of an adjustment.

I hope that this letter reaches the attention of Mr. Jones. If he has anything worth while to talk or write about along this line he is sure to have a large and appreciative audience.

H. J. EVANS.

#### HOW TO WIN PRIZES.

Editor, Miami Life: Can anything be conducted in Miami in an absolutely honest and unbiased manner? You may ask: Why this inquiry? The answer is the CAT SHOW at the Coliseum, Coral Gables, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20 and 21, 1928.

I am not a disgruntled owner, but an observer who attended on both days during the judging, and want to show the public, to whom the show was thrown open, and who were supposed to be allowed to compete for the various trophies offered—but were they? I cannot believe it from the things I observed.

I personally know of one entry—a pair of golden-eyed white Persians. I was in the home of the owner when an officer of the Magic City Cat Club called to see her about entering her cats in the show. Was with the young lady when she took her entrance fee and application to file with the foreman officer. Heard her ask if there was anything she should know about entering them, and heard the officer of the club say that she would see that they were entered as they should be. From the very first the club officer was told in my presence that the kittens were a pair. Were they so entered? They were not; notwithstanding the fact that the members of the Cat Club had been told in session two months previously that Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were giving a trophy for the best pair entered.

I, as an observer, saw several other pairs of kittens in the show, but the owners evidently had been told no more than had my friend, as they were not even taken to the judges' cage when the judging for this trophy was made. The donor of the trophy, rather than let the trophy go by default to the only person having a pair so classed (a member of the Cat Club), took from her own cage a pair of three weeks' old kittens and entered them, although they had originally not been so

#### Most Likely

I'm thankful that the sun and moon Are both hung up so high, That no intrusive hand can reach And pull them from the sky. If they were not, I have no doubt, That some "Reforming Ass" Would recommend they be torn down And light the world with gas.

A READER.

entered, and the same privilege had been denied to the owner of the pair of golden-eyed white Persians.

A second incident was after Mrs. Morgan had entered and won a prize for a neutered tabby. Another woman, whose cat had against all rules been taken from its place, brought her cat up to the judges' cage, gave its pedigree and insisted on a re-judging. She took Mrs. Morgan's first prize ribbon from her. When Mrs. Morgan returned from her lunch and made inquiry for her ribbon, the judging committee told her they would mail her a first prize ribbon. Can you beat that? Two first prizes given on the same class cat? The first prize ribbon belonged to Mrs. Morgan, as the other woman had her cat away from its appointed place at the time of judging.

The third incident was when the judging for the best kitten in the show took place. The judge called the numbers of the first prize-winners in the preliminary judging. Five kittens were placed in the judges' cages. The judge had already said that the two golden-eyed white Persians (male and female) were the best, when a member of the judging committee (herself a breeder of different strain white Persians), said for her ribbon, the judging committee told her they would mail her a first prize ribbon. Was it not strange that the judge, who had her list of first prize-winners right before her missed these other kittens, if they were first prize-winners in the preliminary judging? It certainly looked very strong to all those sitting around

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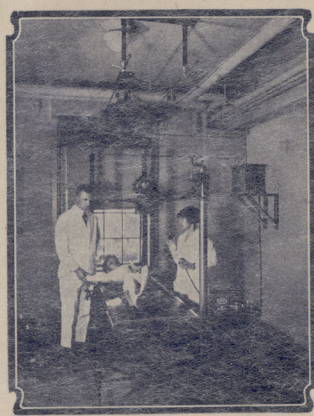
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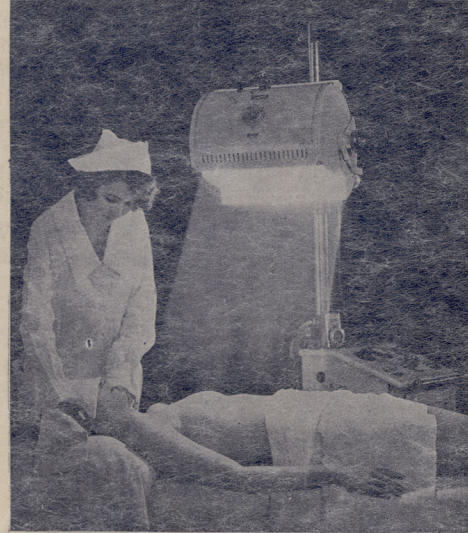
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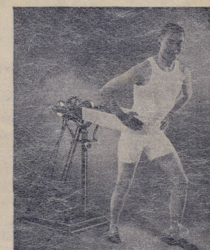
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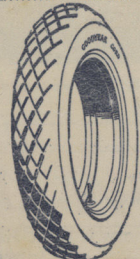
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70c Ovaltine	54c

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# Miami Life

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Miami Beach 535  
Miami Phone 37737.

WEN R. PHILLIPS, Editor and Publisher

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Foreign—1 year, \$3.50; 6 months, \$2.00.

Change of Address or Contributions must be received by Tuesday if intended for that week's issue.

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

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## Poor Transportation

A MOVEMENT was under way in the early part of this week to start carrying negroes on city busses. This was promptly stopped when it was discovered that residents wouldn't stand for it.

This matter of having negroes mingling with whites on public conveyances is leading to a number of protests from users of the street cars. No provision is made on any Miami vehicle for colored riders, the negroes being expected to take seats at the rear of the cars, if there is any space there. With the present inadequate transportation facilities the street cars are carrying full loads of passengers. This is especially true on the early morning cars where whites and negroes are packed into dinky little street cars similar to the ones used in two-by-four towns ten years ago.

There was a near riot on a Miami Beach car on Wednesday morning when a negro requested a white man to get up and give him a seat. In almost every crowded car white women are left standing while negroes fill the last few rows of seats at the rear of the car.

The Railway Commission inflicts a stiff fine on transportation companies that fail to provide a separate compartment of colored passengers. As far as we know there has been no provision of this kind on any street car or bus in Miami.

The solution to one problem would be to run early morning and evening cars for negroes only. Another solution would be to run street cars that are up-to-date and have a seating capacity of sixty persons instead of the miserable contraptions in use at the present time.

## One Would Be Enough

LAST Monday the Miami Chamber of Commerce blew up. From all accounts everybody got fired—to take effect April 1—except Mr. Carpenter, Miss Tegler and Mr. Matthews. The latter is in charge of the information desk, and is a brother-in-law of President Burwell. The blow-up came after a hectic season of trying to make the chamber work as it ought to without having the right sort of individuals holding office. Charles W. Helsler was worked out of it and Ev Sewell was worked into it—and yet it didn't work. Perhaps the move to start all over again is a good one. As far as chambers of commerce are concerned, this district can claim to be the birthplace of several of the tamest and most useless aggregations in the country. There are several in the Greater Miami area and not one of them is even fifty per cent efficient. What the chambers should do is amalgamate. Among the gentlemen who hold the destinies of Miami, Miami Beach, Coral Gables, Hialeah, South Miami, Miami Shores and Ojus, there should be enough to form one fair-to-good chamber of commerce. In the territory covered there ought to be enough money collected to carry on the work of one ordinary live and efficient chamber. Enough members—paid up members we mean—could be secured to at least purchase stamps and a moderate amount of stationery. There could be one director for each district represented and, with the resources pooled, these directors could map out a line of effort that would keep the district well advertised. An outstanding agency would willingly place the advertising—for a consideration—where it would do the most good. Why not forget all about trying to boost separate portions of Greater Miami and start in to boost it as a whole. It would cost less and get quicker and better results.

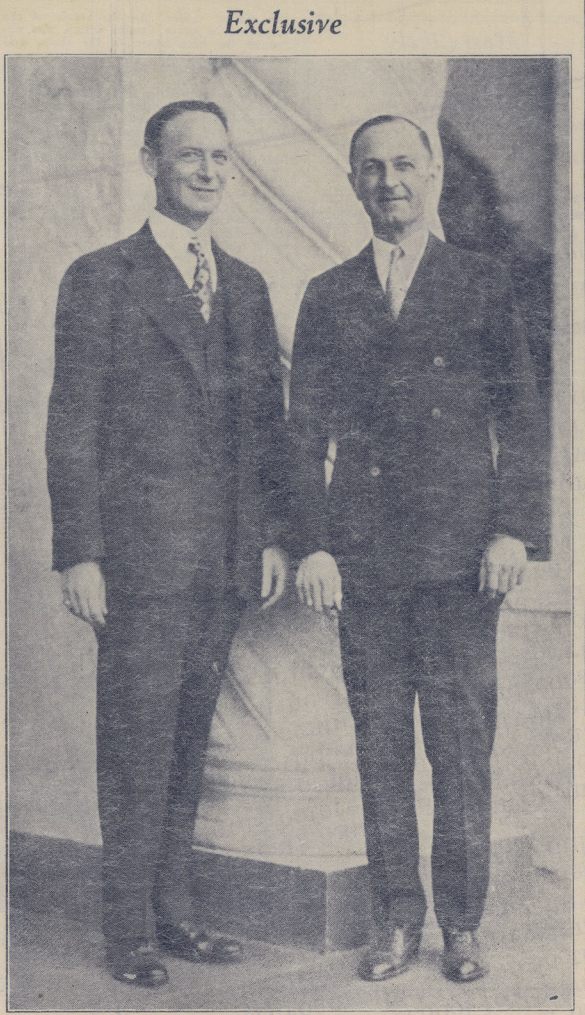
## Untidy F. E. C. Properties

WHATEVER else the Florida East Coast Railway does for the City of Miami, it certainly does little to help the artistic appearance of the town. Its tracks, crossing Flagler street, are untidy, have useless buildings and towers on them, and are no ornament to that thoroughfare. The two blocks of land between East Flagler and the Royal Palm hotel are untidy and not the least in keeping with the appearance of the bayfront. It would cost very little to plant a few palm trees along the tracks and to do some landscaping on the two vacant blocks. The station here is another eyesore that should be replaced with a building in keeping with the place. Why the F. E. C. should refuse to tidy up and spruce up its tracks, station and vacant lands within the city limits is a question that would be difficult for officials of that corporation to answer. The railway has made a lot of money out of Miami and should, at least, do something to make the Magic City more attractive.

## STAMP OUT THIS DEBAUCHERY

A NEW and vicious menace to the morals of the community has sprung up in our midst, and Something Has Got to Be Done About It. The Herald this week published a startling letter from Mr. L. I. Bagley, address unknown, in which he called upon Florida's Most Important Newspaper to head a movement to rid Miami of this viper which has raised its ugly head just as everybody is contentedly smiling at the thought that we are at last ninety-nine and two-thirds per cent pure and that nobody, either town boy or winter visitor, can legally spend his money for anything

besides sports coats, theater tickets, greens fees, and hot dogs. Mr. Bagley refers to a membership contest between a Miami Bible class and one at Long Beach, California, and points out plainly the sinister effects of this sort of competition, which we firmly believe is sponsored by the underworld as a substitute for pari-mutuel betting and the other corrodng vices which we have banished in favor of Tiddledewinks, Tit-Tat-Toe and Twenty Questions. Mr. Bagley confesses he came to Miami convinced that his morals would be safe from vitiating influences in view of the general uplift movement in Florida that



This is the only time Charlie Krom, manager of the Flamingo Hotel, and George Krom, manager of the Nautilus Hotel, have ever been snapped together. Other hotel managers in Dade County may come and go but the clientele of the Nautilus and Flamingo demands that these two most popular brothers continue to run Dade County's two best hotels forever. Left to right: George with the smile, and Charlie with the half smile.

has resulted in the elimination of horse-racing, dog-racing and Jai-Alai, but that he discovered the powers of evil at work under cover of this Bible class contest, bet his money—his good money—that might have gone into the coffers of the Flagler street clothing merchants or the Leach moving picture interests—on the Long Beach class, and lost. Now he wants drastic legislation against this insidious practice which, cloaked by the Church, is undermining the moral structure, if any, of our younger generation. Miami Life thoroughly agrees with Mr. Bagley. Stamp out this still-young vice as if it were a plague—even if it is necessary to close the open Sunday school to accomplish our end. Contests of any kind are vicious. They offer a medium for gambling which the harpies of the underworld are quick to bend to their own uses. Look at horse-racing and dog-racing. Think of all the immoral people with their \$125 suits and their filthy bankrolls (diameter four and five-tenths inches) who used to patronize the Hialeah tracks and wager money on the animals. It's all as plain as the nose on your face. If Miami is to be purified, let us purify all of it. Let us save our young people. Let us eliminate membership contests of all kinds. We want a nice clean city—one in which a man could safely take his mother, wife or sweetheart to church without misgivings. Where are the police—or anyhow, the Ministerial Alliance?

## IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

**HE FEELS HOMESICK.**  
Editor, Miami Life: I really don't know why I am writing this letter, but here goes. Every time I read the Life I feel homesick for Miami. This might seem unusual, as I only lived there for a year. Somehow your paper expresses the true feelings and the true life of Miami without the added flourishes and bunk which most newspapers delight in. Whenever I meet people who went to Miami and stayed there a few weeks and did absolutely nothing it gets me riled about their stupidity. They, and only they, are qualified to tell what Miami is, according to their notions. Why, if somebody visited their home town and then went away and expressed adverse criticisms, they would go crazy. Then why don't they consider a Miamiian's feelings? Perhaps this letter is a trifle mixed up, but it is the best I can do to express my true feelings of Miami, and I had to get rid of them—literally speaking. With best wishes for a happy and prosperous year to Miami and the one and only Life, I remain, Respectfully yours, SYD CASSYD. New York City.

**LIKES MIAMI BEST**  
Editor Miami Life: One of the most amusing things I ever read in your paper was the letter from Grace M. Wise, of 200 Claremont avenue, New York City. She evidently is not wise as her name indicates for there is no bigger pest in the world than the New York newsboys or men, who rush through the streets in groups of three or four at a time, crying "UXTRA! ALL ABOUT THE BIG MURDER!" or some such rot, but when you buy these "extras" there is nothing in them. As far as mosquitoes are concerned, if she has felt them in Miami probably they are some she brought down herself from across the Hudson. I have a home opposite hers at 181 Claremont avenue but prefer Miami. —A CONSTANT READER

**THE "CLOSE" SEASON.**  
Editor, Miami Life: Miami's would-be reformers are making progress. Brave! They have closed up the horse racing and dog tracks. The Jai-Alai games are but memories. A few months ago they attempted to put a ban on Sunday golf. Now they announce no dancing or night clubs on Sunday. Aye! The reformers' work is not yet completed. How about closing up the bathing beaches on Sunday? Yes, and pray don't forget the theatres, especially the shows where almost nude females (I cannot call them ladies) parade themselves before the footlights. Then, too, the fishermen shouldn't try their luck on Sundays, and, oh, yes, how about the numerous gambling houses hidden away in seclusion, and the so-called "ladies of the evening" should also have a ban or "brand" placed upon them. No; indeed, no! The Miami reformers have much more to do. Nay! Their work is hardly begun. The reformers have yet left too many past-times available, to attract winter tourists to Miami. It is true some of this vice and indecency should be stopped, but it is true also that these reformers are going a bit too far. The fact that they have gone too far is proven by the number of empty rooms in our largest and prominent hotels, Cuba, the West Indies, South America, California, and the French and Italian Riviera are this year entertaining many of our former winter visitors because Miami no longer offers to them the attractions they enjoy. Certain Miamiians are preaching about

making the Magic City a tourist mecca, yet they do not seem to realize that they are doing everything to discourage them from coming here. Friends of the writer in the north write that they are going elsewhere and many, in their social circles, are doing likewise. This year Miami is merely the base, or resting place for those going to and from Cuba and Nassau. Isn't it the truth? Ask the hotel managements and convince yourself. The reformers want to do something really worth while, and help make Miami a truly Christian center, why don't they get busy and help those who are trying so hard to produce the Passion Play for this city and establish it as a permanent annual institution? The Passion Play here would do more religious good for Miami than all these foolish political squabbles and unreasonable enforcements of blue laws. The Passion Play would give Miami serious food for thought and guide those to know what is right and wrong. The writer is not a religious fanatic, nor one sitting on a greased plank headed for hell. I believe in good, wholesome recreation and in Christian reverence—all in moderation. There is such a thing as too much religion, as well as too much gambling and fast living. I have never been accustomed to the "gray life" and never attended a dog race or a Jai-Alai game in my life. Only once have I attended a horse race, and then only to see the crowd, the excitement, and watch the ponies run. I have never played any game for money, but even so? (one can afford to pay for such amusements, I can not see whose business it is but those who want to run the risk of losing. Good, clean games of chance, with my mind, are all right; if one can afford to lose, but if one cannot afford to lose, then those who participate are just plain damn fools. As for golf or dancing, or any similar amusement on Sunday, what is the harm? I would think no less of my Maker for participating in such recreations on Sunday, than I would by reading the comic sheet of the newspapers. We are put on this earth to live; to work six days a week and on the seventh day we are supposed to rest; and is not almost any form of amusement or recreation art is not recreation but resting ourselves—after attending morning worship? If Miami's reformers are going to enforce all these silly blue laws, and if certain Miamiians are going to do everything possible to discourage the building of smokestacks, industries, etc., will someone please tell me just what we can expect for the future advancement of this beautiful, desirable city, blessed with wonderful climate and countless natural advantages for marvelous development. And for the benefit of the reader, I will say in answer to his or her possible inquiry: Yes, I do go to church in moderation; I do believe in my maker, and my creed is: "Do unto others as I would like to be done by." A MIAMIAN FOR MIAMI.

**WAKE UP, MIAMI!**  
How many magicians rule a Magic City? How long is SURET? Send answer to Miami Beach—

**THE WINTER PLAYGROUND.**  
But what can you play? With games of checkers at Y. M. C. A. or ping pong, and the music of the horse-shoe as it hits the stake? In Fort Lauderdale they passed the law forbidding the roosters from crowing. Now they are erecting a big factory to run day and night at Miami Beach. So many holding the sack—they are starting a big sack factory. Al Capone thought Short was too long, and left. Investigators find ample room in the hotels for the conventions, and plenty room in the restaurants to feed them. Might add couple thousand cooks and waiters still waiting. What does a county solicitor solicit when everything is closed?

**SELL OR TRADE—Lot near center of city:** 1925 model; cost \$22,500; will consider spare room, meal ticket, good pair of shoes or—what have you?

**MIAMI GETS THE SHRINERS AND ELKS—New Orleans,** with all its beautiful hotels and cafes, could not begin to take care of them. WHY? The city is packed with the elite of the nation. Scores of millionaires mingling together with the middle classes; streets are jammed; hotels packed; every business house doing a flourishing business; no vacant stores or glaring distress sales signs. The answer is: A beautiful race track with the best horses in America drawing capacity crowds of happy, laughing, spending tourists. A wonderful dog track, where the greyhound holds sway in the evening to the colorful throngs. Read about the big derby: Feb. 3 and wonder why you came down here to rest. You tell 'em, Life. A free band and a big city hall won't bring 'em down, or won't stop 'em on their way to Havana. I am a young man, only 56 years old, and as a kid I played marbles for keeps. Wake 'em up, shake 'em up, but for God's sake quit shaking 'em down. SHORTY.

## Verse or Worse

**DAY NURSERY RHYMES**  
East is East, West is West, Where's the miller? Who's got the best? Left foot, right foot, Any foot at all, The horse had no petticoat In going to the ball. Him and her You might have heard Thought each other The proper bird, But him and her Since have found They've traveled Over trampled ground. No!" she cried In accents wild, "I may love you, But he's not your child!"

## Service With a Smile

Editor, Miami Life: Just a word of praise for the charming little lady in the box-office at the Temple Theatre, now playing "Abe's Irish Rose." Think she is the most courteous cashier that I have ever dealt with and the sweet, smiling face she has when she persuades one to take a \$2.20 seat instead of a \$1.10 (which she did to me), and I liked it. If some of the other cashiers would take a few lessons from her in how to sell tickets the customers would go in feeling much more cheerful. Happened to be a patron in a local theatre here the other evening where they have legitimate shows, and on asking for a better seat nearly had my head bitten off by a very cross looking, impertinent WOMAN—not a sweet young smile that greeted me at the Temple and made me feel like I was glad that I had come, even though it cost me a \$1.10 more than I had intended to pay. A word of praise sometimes means a lot, so thought I would tell it to the Miami Life, as she is a "real cashier" and the Life is a "real paper." Kindly excuse mistakes, as I am not a typist, but a winter resortier, and if the young lady is single I would be very happy to make her acquaintance, as she deserves to be in some large city box-office where her smiles would amount plenty dollars for the company employing her. Her manager, whoever he is, should be highly complimented on having her. Will appreciate her knowing that she has at least been complimented by a rich northerner who cannot give his name other than AN ADMIRER.

# Welcome, Tourists!

YOU don't know how glad we are to see you here again this winter, even though your activities have been curbed somewhat by our politically wise and dollar foolish politicians.

The thrill that comes once in a year has again entered our hearts as we behold your license plates from New York, and Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and all the rest of the states flitting joyously down Flagler Street. We're mighty glad to have you living in our luxurious hotels and apartment houses, and sunning yourselves on our sun-drenched beaches. (Steve Hannagan, please note the adjective.)

But we're afraid that after you make the trip out to see what is being done in the way of development near your lot in Tamiami-by-the-Drainage-Canal that you bought in 1925, and have returned duly disillusioned, and after you've wiped up all the sun-drenchings on our beaches, there will be little else to make your stay one of joy and jollity.

But take heart! Miami Life will never fail you! John Martin, Bob Taylor, and other active crepe-hangers have not stated that they will stop Miami Life from being published this season.

Miami Life is yours to take to your heart and hold dear—to carry back north and put in your safe deposit box along with your stock in the Million Dollar Pier and your binder on that lot in Altos Del Mar Number 3.

Miami Life is the one ray of good cheer that shines for you this year through the tight lid on racing and the cloud of blue laws now hovering over our Magic City.

Get it early on Saturdays, for unless you hurry you'll find there won't be any more copies left. Take it to your bosom and nurse it, like the advertising department nurses its customers, keep it safely in your pocket along with your express checks, or you'll find even your best friend will steal it from you.



Prominent Arrivals at Greeby-Jeeby Inn

List of Arrivals Rivals Any Bookings Roosevelt Hotel Announce; Carl Fisher Tries to Entice Them Away

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. R. Hammerhead Greeby, who does not care for no publicity in the matter, the following list of guests at the Greeby-Jeeby Inn, located on South Miami Beach, Gulf Refining company's reservation, is announced to Miami Life readers.



Y. I. M. HAIRY, New Hope, Ala. Mr. Hairy is the noted inventor of the famous "Grow Your Own Hair" remedy.

HORACE NIBLICK, from Atlanta, Ga., who is in Miami to take the Georgia census.



MUGGSY RENAULT, Hollywood, Cal.: Mr. Renault, who has been taking a course in "How to Become an Usher in Your Own Home Town," has always begun to show traces of talent since his arrival at the Greeby-Jeeby Inn.

A. C. SMART, Raiford, Fla.: Mr. Smart, who has secured the con-



Miss Camisole Jones, Look-out, Miss.: Miss Jones was caught in a unique pose by the staff artist (the lucky stiff!).

MISS CAMISOLE JONES, Look-out, Miss.: Miss Jones was caught in a unique pose by the staff artist (the lucky stiff!).



THE TENT RESTAURANT at the Original Location 135 N. E. First Street

"Pop" Nesle

Nassau, where the freedom of Old England entices visitors, has taken toll of the 18th Amendment, which our painstaking caretakers thought we needed, and, through the courts of His Majesty, has inflicted on "Pop" Nesle a sentence of one year in jail for hi-jacking.

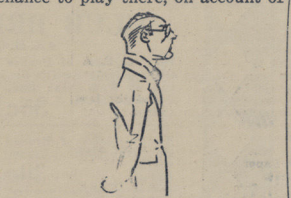
The court opinionated that Nesle was working with the coastguard of the United States—the coastguard which is supposed to prohibit smuggling of liquor into the United States.

The head of the coastguard immediately comes to the front with the statement that Christensen of the service did no wrong, that anything the members of that august branch of our service did was right.

If such faith is anything more than a sham, then why doesn't Christensen face the music in a court where he is bound to get a fair trial?

Are just the taxpayers, who make it possible for government officials to draw their rations, to be held responsible for law violations?

cession of the "Blue Room" at the Inn, and claims that very few Miami Beach citizens will have a chance to play there, on account of



lack of money, comes highly recommended. He has been indicted by some of the best juries in the country, but has never been hanged yet.

MISS CAMISOLE JONES, Look-out, Miss.: Miss Jones was caught in a unique pose by the staff artist (the lucky stiff!).

MUGGSY RENAULT, Hollywood, Cal.: Mr. Renault, who has been taking a course in "How to Become an Usher in Your Own Home Town," has always begun to show traces of talent since his arrival at the Greeby-Jeeby Inn.



though she had been there only three hours at the time of going to press. She has received many social invitations and is here shown preparing to step in to step out. Miss Jones is a home girl, and says she just loves to see a man smoke a pipe.

"A Real Place" "Where You Can Enjoy Night Life at its Best"

101 CLUB North Miami Beach At 71st Street

A Real Oyster House Has Opened at MIAMI BEACH

Chop Suey Cabaret SID JAXON The Versatile Accordionist

This India Influence

TWO men met on the street after attending the Swami lecture. "Allow me to greet you, brother entity moving in this temporary cycle of that imaginary thing we call time, upon this purely materialistic conception commonly spoken of as the earth."

MISS BRIGHTY QUARTZ, traveling saleslady from New York, N. Y.: Miss Quartz, who is one of the



most popular ladies ever seen during the evening, expects to stay at the Inn for the season.

J. HOMER ECKER and MRS. CHEATHAM BADLEIGH, of New York, one of the most interesting honeymoon couples at the Beach.



They are occupying the bridal suite of the Greeby-Jeeby, and were sketched by our artist when they made their first appearance in the dining room yesterday evening.

THIS DAINY LITTLE MISS is Rosie Smith of the prominent Brown family of Pennsylvania. She



is a student at the University of Wisconsin, where she is specializing in eugenics and ballroom dancing.

REFRESH-UR - SELF 21670

Deep Sea Fishing in the Gulf Stream YACHT MARY G. MOREHEAD (Capt. S. E. Baitary)

"A Real Place" "Where You Can Enjoy Night Life at its Best"

101 CLUB North Miami Beach At 71st Street

A Real Oyster House Has Opened at MIAMI BEACH

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why Jimmie Calder, beach tennis star, wasn't put on the "representative" team to meet the Cuban stars this week—especially when he consistently defeats those who were put on

If the Biscayne Plaza organist wouldn't be more popular with the patrons if he gave Miami Life credit for some of the wise

pressed with our far-famed Southern hospitality. "Everybody has been just too perfectly sweet," she told a reporter for Miami Life.

MISS DAISY DASHWATER, Coldwater, Mich.: Miss Dashwater, recently acclaimed queen of the bachelor girls in a contest held by the students of the I. C. S. of

Scranton, Pa., denies that she is an old maid. "Although I have never been married," she coyly said, "I am not an old maid."



Full Course Dinner Every Evening 5 to 8-50c

VARNEY'S PURE FOOD RESTAURANT Self Service 35 N. E. 1st Ave.

INSIST ON BLUE MOON THE KING OF THE TROPICS GINGER ALE America's Best Mixer

DANCE EVERY NITE ROSELAND SOUTH MIAMI BEACH

LA VIDA FEATURING DOLLY STERLING IN 2 - BIG REVUES NITELY - 2 FLORIDA'S BEST ATTRACTION

LAKE VIEW CLUB "The True Club Atmosphere in the Heart of the Social Whirl"

AMBASSADOR CLUB N. W. 27TH AVE. AND 34TH ST.

Dine at the BLUE RIBBON RESTAURANT Delicious, wholesome food

cracks that he is "lifting" and flashing on the screen

What Fred and Benny will do now that they can't use the radio after 10 p.m.

If Jack won himself a home with the new Mama at the Beach Friday when he played the part of the love-thief

If J. M. Russell's well will be a 5- or 50-thousand barrel producer . . . and when

Who was the eugenic I seen you with the other night . . . and why

How Dad Klotz liked the fights

If Bugs was invited or is it a habit that he can't get out of

If it was Freda or that colored stuff that made Art stand up.

Why Bobbie left Bye bye Monnie to come to Miami

If Leo and Ethel will try any more Sunday ventures at Jack's

When Mr. and Mrs. Dooley will make that trip to Key West

If Billy Walker started his new job and when

When "WE" are starting on the trip to Hong Kong and why

Why Bill Evans went back to Atlantic City

Who is the lady going under the name of Miss Miller . . . and why

Where Al gets all the pretty girls that are in his office every-time any one calls and if it is really true that they are all married

EVERGLADES BOAT TRIP Up Miami River, Landing at Indian Village and Alligator Farm

BOXING EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT West Flagler Stadium

BOXING Miami Coliseum Monday, 8:45 P. M.

INSIST ON BLUE MOON THE KING OF THE TROPICS GINGER ALE America's Best Mixer

LAKE VIEW CLUB "The True Club Atmosphere in the Heart of the Social Whirl"

AMBASSADOR CLUB N. W. 27TH AVE. AND 34TH ST.

Dine at the BLUE RIBBON RESTAURANT Delicious, wholesome food

LITTLE GERALDINE Little Geraldine, fresh from her dip in the ocean, heard her sister say that the town was to be cleaned up.

The Dog Who Loved E. KLINGMUELLER of 411 N. E. 29th street, may not be known to you.

For some four years Klingmueller has had a dog. One of those fuzzy old ugly animals known as Airedales—and we, in our time, have learned to love dogs of that breed.

Full of fun, chasing kids, but always protecting his master and family, this Airedale has achieved fame in the neighborhood.

The municipal court of Miami, presided over by Judge Stone-

EVERGLADES BOAT TRIP Up Miami River, Landing at Indian Village and Alligator Farm

BOXING EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT West Flagler Stadium

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AMBASSADOR CLUB N. W. 27TH AVE. AND 34TH ST.

Dine at the BLUE RIBBON RESTAURANT Delicious, wholesome food

The neighbors claimed the Airedale was vicious and should be put out of the way.

It seems strange that a faithful animal must go to his death because in his canine mind he thought someone would do harm to those he loved and protected.

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

CAPITOL Beginning Saturday Mid-Nite Performance, 11:30

MOON OF ISRAEL THE MIGHTY SPECTACLE OF THE AGES

OLYMPIA SUNDAY THRU TUESDAY WILLIAM HAINES

WEST POINT STARTING WEDNESDAY

Norma TALMADGE "The Dove" ROSEBERRY and GILBERT ROLAND

TEMPLE THEATRE STARTS SUNDAY MATINEE JAN. 29

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" ONE MILLION LAUGHS "It's the talk of the town"

Direct Overnight Service BETWEEN MIAMI and HAVANA VIA

Iroquois and Shawnee Leave Miami at 4:30 p. m., Feb. 4, 9, 13, 18, 23, 27, Mar. 3, 8, 12, 17, 22, 26, 31

CLYDE LINE Miami Offices: 160 S. E. First St. Pier, foot N. E. 11th St. Telephone 5156



### THIS HERE CHEESE FACTORY

A Few Thoughts About the Imminent Dangers Surrounding Our Latest Industrial Project.

NO sooner do the ever-watchful public officials of our various communities succeed in talking Scarface Capone into being a good fellow and beating it from our midst without making a scene, than a new menace rises to confront us.

Miami, we are told by the daily press, is in imminent danger of acquiring a cheese factory. And so far—at least as far as one can learn from reading the papers—nothing has been done about it. No committee has yet been appointed to meet the incoming cheese manufacturers at Ojus and gently but firmly persuade them to turn back to Hollywood, Ft. Lauderdale or Ft. Pierce in their search for a base of operations.

"Cheese it," would be all the committee would have to say, probably; but if that weren't enough, Chief Quigg might issue a statement saying that the cheese compilers were welcome to Miami as long as their cheeses behaved themselves, adding, however, that the police would deal harshly with them if any of their maggots should become unleashed and start straying through our streets, biting our school children and terrorizing our wives and sweethearts. This warning would unquestionably do the work, as any cheese-builder knows that it is next to impossible to keep normal healthy maggots in the yard when they are off duty.

But the maggot is by no means the only cause for public apprehension. Far be it from the forward-looking editors of this great journal to want to discourage the establishment of new industries in Miami and South Florida, but it is respectfully submitted that there is no room left in Miami and its immediate vicinity for any additional odors of a questionable and ribald nature.

We already have the incinerator, South Beach, Swami Yogananda, and the vaudeville bills at the Fairfax theater.

Isn't that enough cheese for one community?

### From the Press Box

Giving Sports Events the O. O.

"GENTS, we have with us today, the world's premier boxfight promoter, George "Tex" Rickard, and his pet little boy, the champion of them all, Gene Tunney."

And some 4,000 bugs started cheering at the Coliseum last Monday night. And that's that.

"Pa" Stribling brought his family down from Macon also, even the less than a year-old chap all diapered out in his acrobatic garb.

"Pa," at one time, cafeteriaed in Miami. Evidently, up to some weeks ago, Young Stribling must have been a steady eater in such hash houses. He always seemed to me as one who swaggered with a grits or hominy lurch. But probably the advent of Stribling No. III changed his mind and he took to raw meat.

In his ten-round duel with Martin Burke of New Orleans, and Burke was blazoned as Jack Dempsey's sparring partner, and the ten-round bout lasted a

### HOTEL Pancoast

MIAMI BEACH

DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN at 29th Street

Private Bath Houses and Bathing Beach

### LITTLE GERALDINE

Little Geraldine, hearing that the officials were going to close up everything, just laughed and laughed, for she knew they'd have a tough time dealing with the ladies of the evening.

little over one-half minute, Young Stribling showed traces of juicy steaks having passed into his innards.

Perhaps he was mad at viewing the million-dollar fighter, Gene, sitting there alongside the several-million-dollar promoter, "Tex." Perhaps memory wafted back a couple of years ago to a match made for Miami, and for which many \$22.50 tickets are still loose, and for which new cat calls were used for the purpose of passing out raspberries, especially since both fighters went different directions without ever meeting.

Anyway, this Young Stribling person unloosened his artillery on Burke of New Orleans in a manner strange to those who knew the Stribling of old. He flashed an attack and showed something else except the old piano-clutching antics of other days.

Burke had a four-inch longer reach than Stribling. He used that reach to advantage every time he hit the floor.

Now if Hugh can talk "Tex" into getting a real light-heavy down here, and if "Pa" Stribling isn't afraid to have his pride and joy mingle with a good one, us poor underfed and undernourished fans may applaud en masse.

The rest of the card was good. Martin evidently is getting in right with the fans. He should be. He has kept the faith.

Another great fight—a rare occurrence of two in a week—found Young Manuel, the South's premier lightweight, victor over Jimmy Hackley at Ed Douglas' stadium Thursday night. Whenever Madison Square Garden or way points puts on better shows than Miami has had the past week, the time has come for the local boys to hibernate that way. Manuel and Hackley will fill any arena with the stuff they showed. A return match would be appreciated.

### 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

### 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.

Delightful Dinners

Excellent cuisine—ideal for family dinners, teas and bridge luncheons.

Drive north on Red Road or west on N. W. 36th St.

### THE TELL-TALE TOURIST

WE have had our racing, Jai-Alai and Sunday dancing stopped, the gambling joints have been closed up and most everything else banned, and now they are going to move the checker players and horseshoe pitchers away from the old stand at the foot of Flagler street. As far as we know they are to have some sort of space allotted to them in some other city park. As the playing of checkers is the one occupation that certain of our winter visitors delight in, and as horse shoe pitching is an exercise that is the delight of many of our own citizens and visiting players, it seems stupid to move these amusements away from the bay front. There is a picturesque quality about that little band of intent chess players that has been one of the sights of this fair city for so many years. If they have to be moved away from that piece of F. E. C. property why not make room for them somewhere in Bayfront Park? Why hide them?

ONE interesting place to go when you have the time is the stations of the Tropical Radio corporation at Hialeah and Opa-locka. The receiving station is at Hialeah and there some half dozen sets pick up messages from various points. All the sending is done from the Opa-locka plant where three 300-foot steel towers and several smaller ones carry six antenna. Short wave length is used on some occasions, especially when static is bad or there is an electric storm about. We heard a New Mexico station sending out a message the other day. We listened in on a three-tube set and the ariel was a little roll of wire about three inches wide, that was lying on the desk.

IT is possible, the radio experts say, to get New Zealand and Australia on a two-tube set with the short wave length. The receiving set is very simple and the messages, in Morse, come in quite clearly. Ship messages are received constantly at this station, and a message can be dispatched from it to any ship in any part of the world without loss of time. The Tropical sends private messages to any ship, or southern country at any time. All ships send out calls on a 600 meter wave length and consequently the call is always

### Ponce de Leon HOTEL

231 E. Flagler. Phone 7671

Newly Decorated

Commercially Operated

200 Rooms — 200 Baths

Comfortable

Ample Closet Space

Reasonable Rates

P. A. Henderson, Jr., Pres.

P. J. Kohlhammer, Gen. Mgr.

### THE PLACE TO DINE AND DANCE

Main Dining Room

OF THE

### Fleetwood Hotel

Luncheon, 12 to 2 p. m. \$1.50

Dinner Dance, 6 to 9 p. m., \$2.50

A la Carte Service Until Midnight

PAUL WHITEHURST'S ORCHESTRA

Arrangements for Large or Small Parties

Phone Reservations: M. B. 391

Under New Management

WILLIAM M. GALE

The Chamber of Commerce of Miami has finally figured out a scheme to make the channel deeper. They're going to put more water in it.

heard by someone. The company has seven of the large stations and seven smaller ones scattered throughout South America and the Southern states. Being a subsidiary of the Union Fruit company each of the ship of that corporation is a powerful station and regularly sends news and other messages from South American ports.

Some years ago there was a Harold Lloyd comedy that depicted the adventures of the bespectacled comedian in some South American republic where he accidentally got mixed up in a revolution. The soldiers in that photoplay were dressed something like the regular Mexican soldiers and Mexico made a protest, banned the film, and declared that the making of films depicting soldiers in such manner would bar them from the republic. Next week the Olympia theatre is showing "The Dove," a film based on the stage play of the same name. In the stage play the locale is Mexico but in the film it is some imaginary republic, somewhere in South America, or somewhere else. Which proves that the makers of the film wish to have it shown in Mexico. Norma Talmadge is starring in the film but Noah Beery, who swashbuckles considerably, has almost stolen it away from her, and it's a real good show.

### WHERE TO GO

OPERATED YOUR WAY

### LUCERNE HOTEL

NASSAU, N. F., BAHAMAS

"Even the Bar Is American"

Jack DeViney and Billy Shannon will greet you.

### Fort Montagu Hotel

Nassau, N. F., Bahamas

Invites You to Spend a Few Days—You'll Stay Longer

MIAMI'S FINEST

### the COLUMBUS

Eighteen floors

Solid Comfort in the Heart of the Down-town District

Biscayne Boulevard at NE First St

Dine in the Sky at The Roof Garden

Reasonable Rates

A.N. Court Mgr.

### The M and R Kitchen

214 Twenty-third St. at Collins Avenue

Opposite Roney-Plaza Miami Beach, Florida

Our Specialty: Steaks, Chops and Chicken

Table d'Hote Dinners A la Carte

OPEN ALL NIGHT

### Floridian Hotel Supper Club

—New Show Tonight—

### SIX LITTLE ROSEBUDS

With BETTY CHOWN and RUTH ZACKEY

JOE REICHMAN—Piano Soloist

### EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTIONS

MR. PAUL PAGE and MISS ETHEL ALLIS

(The late dancing features of the Ritz Review and the Ziegfeld Follies.)

ANITA and FERMINE

Spanish Dancers

WALKER'S EIGHT PENNSYLVANIANS

Cover Charge (after 9:30) \$1.50 (Sat. \$2.00)

"If you can't come for Dinner, come for Breakfast."

3 Shows: 8:30, 11:30, and 1:30

A SPECIALTY ACT EVERY HOUR

SPECIAL DINNER, \$3

Also a la Carte Service

No Cover Charge until 9:30

Reservations Suggested—M. B. 411

"You'll Have to Hurry"

W. P. PEARCE, Manager

The Coffee Shop Is Always Open

"Have You Tried It?"

Command." at the Olympia the other day. For a wonder the Hollywood producers had a good story and didn't go and spoil it. The clever manner in which the producing end of the motion picture industry is worked into a Russian revolutionary picture is all to the good. It will be back soon, we believe.

### HOTEL WARRINN

130 Biscayne Street, Miami Beach

Rates \$10 and \$15 Per Week

(ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS)

Guests have Free use of our 150-foot Swimming Pool

### Wofford Grill

At the Wofford Hotel

"Rendezvous for the Elite"

Personally Supervised by ARTIE RICHTER

24th St. and the Ocean Tel. M. B. 3

### Good Food—YOU BET!

Highest Quality at Popular Prices See For Yourself!

### CLUB BREAKFASTS

6 A. M. to 11 A. M.

No. 1—Choice of Prunes or Grapefruit, Swift's Bacon or Ham, One Egg, Potatoes, Toast, Coffee . . . . . 35c

No. 2—Choice of Prunes or Grapefruit, Cream Waffle, Coffee . . . . . 30c

No. 3—Choice of Prunes or Grapefruit, any Cereal, Coffee . . . . . 25c

No. 4—Two Eggs (any style), Potatoes, Dry or Buttered Toast, Coffee . . . . . 30c

No. 5—Oatmeal with Pure Cream, Dry or Buttered Toast, Coffee . . . . . 25c

No. 6—French Toast with Preserves, Bacon, Coffee . . . . . 35c

### BREAKFAST SPECIALS

Home-Made Sausage with Two Fresh Eggs . . . . . 35c

(Served 24 Hours Daily) Ham or Bacon and Eggs, Potatoes, Toast . . . . . 45c

Old-Fashioned Giddle Cakes . . . . . 15c

Ham or Bacon and One Egg, Potatoes, Toast . . . . . 25c

Buckwheat Cakes . . . . . 15c

Baked Apple . . . . . 15c

Delicious Cream Waffles . . . . . 20c

All Cereals with Pure Cream . . . . . 20c

Served From 11 A. M. to 8 P. M.

### SOUP

One Meat, 4 Vegetables . . . . . 10c

### Plate Lunch

4 Vegetables . . . . . 30c

### Vegetarian

Dinner, 5 Vegetables . . . . . 35c

### MERCHANTS' LUNCH

Consisting of One Meat, Mashed Potatoes, 2 Vegetables, Bread and Butter . . . . . 25c

### HOT SPECIALS

DAILY at Noon with Mrs. Coolidge's Corn-bread Muffins . . . . . 30c to 40c

### SPECIAL STEAK SUPPER

With French Fried Potatoes . . . . . 40c

ALL THE HOT BISCUITS you can eat.

It May Be Good and Not Be Ours BUT It Can't Be Ours and Not Be Good

Clayton's is All-American—employs white help only—fair to organized labor.

### CLAYTON'S, Inc.

19 N. W. First Street

### Meet Your Friends AT BAY SHORE INN

220 Biscayne Boulevard Adjoining Everglades Hotel

Steaks, Chops, Sea Food Italian Spaghetti

"A Rendezvous for Sportsmen"

Telephone 933

FERD J. HOOK HARRY WACH

MIAMI, FLA.

## MEMBERS NOTICE

## THE PALM ISLAND CLUB DINING ROOM

IS OPEN FOR THE SEASON



# LOOKING BACK

## Over Miami Life Files

February 1, 1927.

### THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

By JOHN KIMBLE

(Being the possible reminiscences of a future Miami citizen who first saw the light of day here about the time of the boom.)

I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born;  
The parties papa used to pitch  
From night to early morn;  
The Blind Boys across the hall,  
The dizzy blonde upstairs,  
The gin mill in the flat below  
Where all the cops got theirs.

I remember, I remember,  
It was built in Hebrew style  
With overhanging mortgages  
And interest-bearing tile;  
And though the storm blew down the walls  
And smashed the floors of wood,  
To this I still can point with pride—  
Our mortgages, they stood.

I remember, I remember,  
The street we lived on then!  
They tore it up and laid it down  
Ten thousand times and ten;  
We hopped and skipped, we leaped and  
jumped;  
We ranted, raved and swore,  
And when the city heard our cries—  
They tore it up some more.

I remember, I remember,  
There were ditches through our grass,  
Deep canals across our sidewalk  
For the sewers and the gas;  
There were trenches every which way  
Dug for this and dug for that—  
To see them dig you'd think they were  
Competing with the cat.

Ah, indeed, I still remember,  
But it's harder every day  
For the palce at last is quiet  
In a sombre, tomblike way;  
No ditches in the asphalt street,  
No scars upon the lawn;  
The curbs are in, the pipelines, too,  
And Morgan-Hill is gone.

The house is now a restful joint,  
With flowers on the green,  
Placid housewives in the windows  
Gazing fondly at the scene;  
In fact, I'd never known the place  
As that where I was born—  
Excepting for the mortgages—  
Hey! Where's that jug of corn?

January 27, 1927.

### PRONUNCIATIONS

**T**HE gentleman of portly mien (and ample means) who spends his "lezzure" On neatly barbered putting greens and thus derives his simple pleasure— Often you'll see him make his way around the course when days are balmy. Next summer to his friends he'll say, "I spent the winter in 'Meahmee."

**T**HE newsboys down on Flagler street, selling their pink and purple papers Announce some rebel's dire defeat or tell of Calvin's graceful capers. Scarce can young Pryor's band be heard above the loud incessant clamor Of the strong youngsters' accents slurred crying the news sheets of "Myammer."

**B**UT I am neither this nor that, (my own bucina I will blow now) I'm not especially high-hat, nor am I yet an utter low-brow; I, of the Mighty Middle Class, like Tom and Dick and Bill and Sammy, Not perfect, but not quite an ass— I shall content me with "Myammy."  
—Bill-o'-the-Wisp.

January 29, 1927

### THAT DOLLAR—WHERE IT WENT

(A MIAMI ALLEGORY)

**Y**OU'VE perhaps wondered what became of that dollar we were all scrambling for two or three months ago. We have personal knowledge that four months ago there WAS a dollar in Miami—not a bright, shiny piece of silver, we'll grant, but a wrinkled, dirty, aged dollar bill bearing the head of George Washington and signed by a negro register-of-the-treasury and some other Republican officeholder.

The editor knows there was a dollar, because he found it in the debris of his apartment shortly after the hurricane, and realizing that money is of no benefit to the community unless put in circulation, he immediately bought two hot-dogs, a packet of Pall Mall specials, two cups of coffee, and a package of Wrigleys, retaining a dime for emergencies.

The restaurant man immediately turned the bill over to his butcher, who fondled it lovingly, but his wholesale meat dealer caught him and grabbed it. The wholesaler, on his way to the bank to deposit it, was held up and the dollar bill taken away from him. The bandit ran two blocks, only to be caught by a constable to whom he had to give it to avoid imprisonment. The constable had to give the dollar to a construction firm to stave off foreclosure on his \$50,000 home, but the contractor had to turn it over immediately as part-payment on his lumber bill, thus obtaining a further line of credit. The lumber dealer donated it to the Red Cross hurricane relief committee, who had been generous in sending him business, whereupon the dollar bill, after a free-for-all-fight, found itself in the pocket of the victorious Red Cross official. As the official had an expense account and most everything else free, it was a day or two before the dollar got back in circulation, but one day it suddenly found itself in the purse of a keen-looking blonde. Her "feller" immediately took it away from her and in a few minutes a crap-dealer raked it in. The "fixer" chanced by at that time and avidly seized it, but having to split it four ways, changed it for four quarters in a drug store. The drug store proprietor stepped over to a neighboring bootlegger's and bought a drink, and the bootlegger handed the bill over to his wife, who bought a new hat.

From then on it rapidly went from department store to the head buyer; and after that, grocer, doctor, lawyer, stenographer, jeweler, jobber, roadhouse keeper, entertainer, orchestra leader, clothier, judge, card-shark, nurse, baker, newspaper proprietor, printer, painter, dentist, landlord, capitalist, wine merchant, truck driver, filling station, tax collector, clerk, and a hundred others we might name had it in their various turns.

But it stayed in Miami, and kept in circulation, helping here and

there, helping everyone whose hands it touched—very different from its lazy brothers we used to see so much of.

It stayed in Miami, until— One day a miserly old cracker, who found it in a gutter whence it was blown from the hands of a tiny girl going to the grocery, ran to the bank and deposited it.

And that was the end of our wonderful old dollar bill, as far as Miami was concerned.

We hear that it's on Wall Street now, with the big boys, doing its stuff in northern industry and commerce, drawing a juicy "call loan" interest for our local banks—but that doesn't make much difference to us. The point is, we haven't got it any more.

So please, won't some kind-hearted tourist give us another dollar, and we'll promise that we'll always keep it circulating among ourselves, and we'll never, never let it get in a bank again.

March 5, 1927.

### Did You Know?

**T**HAT nerves are Miami's greatest production? Our climate, the atmosphere of our night clubs, gaffed roulette wheels, doctored liquor, the Florida Power and Light Company, ambulance drivers and motorcycle sirens, ditch-diggers, and prohibition raids all delightfully combine in the manufacture of what famous physicians declare are the last word in nerves. Nervous with ultra-modern jagged effect are our specialty.  
(Another of Miami Life's "Boost Miami" articles).

January 14, 1926.

### The Saddest Combination

By JOHN KIMBLE

(Editor's Note: The following verses are particularly appropriate at the present time in Miami, as they shed a strong light on one phase of Miami's tighest summer. They were written especially for Miami Life by Mr. Kimble, who is generally regarded as one of the most profound thinkers of his day in economic matters).

Letters by themselves are futile,  
Aimless, harmless and inutile,  
Meaning naught to me and you till  
In the right positions.  
But when placed in combinations  
Of them make abbreviations  
That can bring on celebrations—  
And physicians.

One alone of these is gay,  
That is O linked up with K;  
All the rest are sad, indeed,  
Yet they flourish like the weed.  
Sombre ones like R. I. P.,  
Frightful ones like F. E. C.,  
Powerful ones like G. H. Q.,  
Ugly ones like I. O. U.—  
Which, though probably the first,  
Cannot quite be called the worst.

Nay, the worst one is that hellish  
Script, that words cannot embellish,  
Which is writ with so much relish,  
Large upon a rubber check!  
It is something that pursues you,  
Making friend and foe abuse you,  
Till you feel the whole world views  
you  
As a leprous, moral wreck.

I refer, as you have guessed,  
To the banker's meanest jest—  
Letters three in hard array,  
Sneering in a spiteful way;  
Glaring, staring balefully,  
Or grinning up in fendish glee;  
Shouting fit to rouse the deaf,  
Those fateful scratches—N. S. F.

### NEW TIRE SHOP OPENS

Jack Moseley, owner of the Dixie Tire Company, is going right after the tire business. He has opened a new store on S. W. First Avenue, opposite the police station, where he is featuring the Seiberling tire, famous for its long-distance qualities.

## ONLY 8 MINUTES TO WAIT!

Something entirely new to Miami. The world's wonder automatic Photo machine— unquestionably the greatest invention of its kind ever shown here. Come right in— sit right down—wait eight minutes and walk away with eight perfect photographs of yourself for the remarkably low price of 25c.

"Just picture yourself— It's all the rage."

Next Door to the Capitol Theatre

## MIAMI LIFES BEST JOKE OF THE WEEK

**T**HE action takes place on a Miami Beach street car. A negress of ample proportions and giving off a subtle but unmistakable fragrance enters, ignores a vacant seat next to a negro man, and plumps herself down beside a white man—a Canadian comparatively fresh from Winnipeg. He glares and orders her in vigorous language to take the nearby seat with the colored brother. Whereupon a gentleman with a distinct Manhattan accent leans over to the Canadian and murmurs admiringly: "My word! You Southerners certainly treat them rough, don't you?"

### SEND IT HOME

Send Miami Life home to the folks—they'll enjoy it as much as you do. The cost is trifling—\$2.50 a year, or \$1.50 for six months, by mail.

### WE DON'T HAVE TO LIE TO YOU

You cannot buy Doughnuts that taste better than FAIRY FLAKES—Try Them— You will be surprised at the velvet deliciousness. They melt in your mouth. Red Hot — From 4 P. M. Till 9 P. M.

FAIRY FLAKE DOUGHNUT CO., INC.  
2317 N. W. 7th Avenue

### GAUTIER FUNERAL SERVICE FREE AMBULANCE SERVICE

Including Greater Miami, Miami Beach, Coral Gables and Hialeah  
514 West Flagler Street Phones: 8421-8422

### AUSTRALIAN LOVE BIRDS

Two Day Sale—Saturday and Monday Only  
**\$5.90 a Pair** TUESDAY THE PRICE Goes Back to \$9.00 and \$10.00  
HENRY RUDICH  
BIRD IMPORTER  
150 N. E. First Street

### STARTING TODAY! MIAMI'S GREATEST BOOK SALE

Here is an event of the greatest importance to book-lovers—to readers of fiction and non-fiction works, new and old, of the world's foremost authors at a distinct saving in price. We urge you to come and shop around—you'll find just what you want and you'll gain in the finding. Not only will you find books for the adult but for children as well.

Stationery, Bridge Scores, Greeting Cards included in this exceptional event.

### CENTRAL BOOK SHOP

202 N. E. First St. Open Evenings

## Indian Savant to Speak in Central High School Auditorium

322 NORTH EAST FIRST AVENUE

### Four Unforgettable Lectures

Feb. 1—"My Mother India." Unique, impartial exposition of conditions in India and notorious critics of India.

Feb. 2—"Training the Conscious and Subconscious by the Super-Conscious for All-Round Success."

Feb. 3—"Miracles of the Masters of India." Unique experiences described.

Feb. 4—"Magnetic Super Meditation." Conscious God Contact."

Amazing Demonstration of Recharging the Body Battery will be given at the close of the Lecture Saturday, February 4th.

The Public Is Cordially Invited

ADMISSION FREE

## THEY TELL ME

**T**HAT everyone is tired of hearing about Madge in the Gainesville affair

**T**HAT Dixie is in town with two movie magnates from somewhere in California

**T**HAT Al Weiss Jr. is not the only one that can raise a moustache: There is something sprouting on Stan. Malotte's lip

**T**HAT Alice did not say whether she liked last week's write up or not

**T**HAT Bob is nervous . . . between the frock coats and the deep blue sky

**T**HAT a lady called up Miami Life and said the F. L. & P. Co. had shut her water off

**T**HAT Miami Life is patriotic . . . being blue and white . . . read

**T**HAT the turning circle at Biscayne boulevard and the causeway will be finished in time for the June, 1926, Epworth League Convention

**T**hat the Herald is using all the big, bold, 124 point type it bought during the boom for real estate ads, to print office signs reading: "Please turn out every electric light not absolutely necessary"

**T**hat Princess Pat wears a nifty red hat

**T**HAT Al Weiss, junior, is looking for the spice of life

**T**HAT Pidgie wants to know what her new nickname is

**T**HAT Billie plays basket ball better in bare feet

**T**HAT Billie and Ken put up a good fight for that gold golf ball

**T**HAT everything is "nice" to Jessie

**T**HAT I. M. F. is planning to win

### SWEET COOKIE!

Her dancing dates are always pressing,  
She only wears a light top dressing.  
Her swimming dates, at night, are many,  
She wears a two-ounce suit—if any.  
H. V. R. LEE.

the rest of the basket-ball games this season

**T**HAT Ray actually had a phone call . . . and that there is someone after all who cares

**T**HAT Bill is still waiting for "Pansy Eyes" to come to see him

**T**HAT there are still additions being made to the "Happy Family"

**T**HAT the basket-ball girls are planning to wear "Hoop-Skirts"

**T**HAT the Undertaker's Club is not so dead

**T**HAT Harry will not be able to

book horses much longer, if Ara's good luck continues

**T**HAT the girl from Atlantic City had a purpose in coming to the Beach

**T**HAT Susan is thrilled at the idea of "Stuff" wearing her ring

**T**HAT Julia has a great deal of competition now

Telephone: Miami Beach 6626  
**Ferne Bob Shoppe**  
(Formerly from Boston)  
Expert Finger Waving, Permanent Waving, Marcel Waving, Facials, Hair Dyeing.  
Call this Phone Number for Public Car Service  
210 23rd Street Miami Beach

### KEROSENE HOT STREAM WATER HEATERS

HOT STUFF  
Give Yourself a Treat. A Hot Shot for Home Comfort and Economy. Sold and Installed by Responsible Plumbing Contractors and Supply Dealers.  
**Markowitz & Resnick, Inc.**  
2335 N. Miami Ave. Phone 33456

### Correct Golf Apparel



That is sure to improve your game—that is correctly styled and of the finest quality.



**Hickey-Freeman 4-Piece Golf Suits**

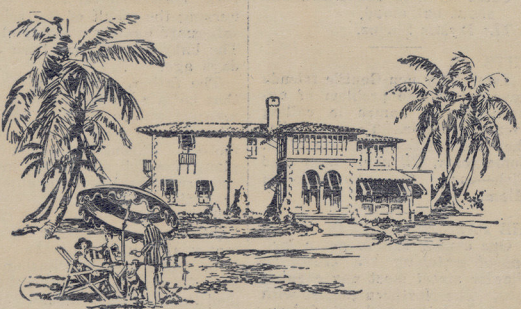
- Golf Ties
- Golf Shirts
- Golf Knickers
- Golf Hose
- Golf Hats, Caps
- Golf Sweaters
- Golf Shoes

### SEWELL BROS.

Beach Shop, 845 Lincoln Road. Miami, 66 E. Flagler St.

### STAR ISLAND MIAMI OCEAN VIEW CO.

House No. 224, Lot No. 33, Star Island



This residence is located on Lot No. 33, Star Island, facing east. The first floor contains living room, dining room, sun parlor off of the living room and dining room. It also contains kitchen, butler's pantry, service porch with laundry equipment, one bedroom, bath and linen closet on the first floor.

The second floor contains loggia, three master bedrooms, two baths, one shower, plenty of closets and open air porch.

The garage has room for two cars, and contains two bedrooms and bath.

The lot is 100x400 feet.

This house is completely furnished, including electric stove and frigidaire.

The yard is planted to grass, flowers and tropical foliage.

Price is \$75,000.00—Terms, one-fifth cash, balance in one, two, three and four years.

This company reserves the right to change price and terms without notice.

### THE MIAMI OCEAN VIEW CO.

Corner Alton Road and Fifth Street  
Miami Beach, Florida  
OWNERS OF STAR ISLAND

Same Shirts You Buy for \$2 and \$2.50 Each  
**3 SHIRTS FOR \$3.00**  
M. J. D. MERCANTILE CO.  
32 N. E. Second Avenue. Near East Flagler Street

### Cars Rented to Visitors

BY WEEK OR MONTH  
Drive One of Our Cars on Our Convenient Visitors' Driving Plan  
"Ask Anyone in Miami Beach Who Is Anyone"  
That you may enjoy the comforts and convenience of your own car during your visit in Miami.  
We maintain a fleet of 40 cars in all standard makes and practically all models.  
Rentals are from \$30 a week and up. Come in and get acquainted.

### MOTOR MART SALES

Fifth and Lenox Avenue, Miami Beach  
Phone M. B. 6595

### PIGGLY WIGGLY

Where better than words—the swinging price tags tell the story



and the hand that helps its self is the hand that saves



Round the Town with ROD

ANOTHER TOUGH BREAK
Rum runners have an easy life.
All they have to do is to cross the Gulf Stream, dodge coast guard boats and coast guard planes, evade sheriffs, police, constables, and hijackers.

HENRI WON'T QUIT
Out at "Doc" Moreau's 101 Club, which is somewhere on North Miami Beach, is Henri.
Henri is a real villain, especially when in a kitchen.

PARKING TROUBLES
THERE is an ordinance in this city prohibiting the parking of automobiles within fifteen feet of a fire plug.

COPYRIGHT NAME
LAST week I headed one item in this column with the title: "The Camels Are Coming."

SUITS US
Two of my non-Gentile friends have solved the problem of unpronounceable names in calling over the phone.

THE PASSING CROWD
One cannot fail to get a kick out of watching the crowd on Flagler street most any evening now.

ONWARD AND ONWARD
YOU might have heard of Earl Hudson, otherwise known as the fighting cop.

The Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

LACK of crime wave causes officials to adopt moral wave...
no Sunday dancing... gambling joints become cobweb factories... and visions of blue laws loom...

run, the chief or inspector take out their pop-guns and Earl starts running.
If the method doesn't work, Chief Quigg has a new idea in view.

WINTER IS HERE
This is the day of the little two by four drink stand.
They are springing up in every niche and corner all over the downtown section.

Laugh This One Off
My dear Wen:-
You don't know me but I have been to Nassau lots of times and I am getting sick and disgusted of the immoral tone that our American papers are taking.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21—A mother, by arrangement, an attractive 41-year-old social worker, lay in a New York hospital today happily nursing the result of her scientific safeguard against a lonely old age.

The father, aside from the fact that he is a strong, healthy young man, is known only to the legal advisers and close relatives of the mother.
Throughout the mother's plan, in which all parties involved concurred, he has been eliminated from the picture.

The unusual story, which came to light today, originated in the strong maternal instincts of the woman.
Four years ago her husband, the son of a retired Louisville distiller, died leaving her childless.

The widow, known for her acute mind and her interest in social problems, had no desire to remarry.
Yet, she was convinced that, although her marriage had been childless, she possessed all the capabilities of motherhood.

Now, Wen, do you think it is right to leave a woman have a baby without first getting permission from the county commissioners—whether the baby is Eugenic or Hellenic—without first getting permission?
Now if you was William Randolph Hearst, I wouldn't expect nothing else.

All Set for the Decorations

PAINSTAKING care in the matter of street and other decorations for the coming Shrine Convention in May next, is the order of the day.
Not only will the decorations be artistic and well placed but the bunting used will be specially woven in fadeless colors and made for this one occasion.

Street decorations will be uniform. Flagler street will be known as the "Avenue of States."
Each light standard will be decorated with a shield representing a temple and the state it is from.

All work, including that in connection with the bayfront decoration, will be done locally by local workers who will be under the orders of experts from the decoration companies.

JEALOUS!
Our understanding is this: That the authorities who are so emphatic in trying to shoo "Scarface" Al Capone from one place to another are afraid Al will get busy and ruin the local trade which up to date has been in safe hands.

PEKIN CAFE
Ocean Drive at Biscayne St., Miami Beach
CHOP SUEY and CHOW MEIN (To Order)
1 P. M. to 1 A. M. Phone M. B. 2613

An Invitation
To see the New Fairchild Monoplane
The Rogers' Air Lines, Inc.
Extends an invitation to the public to attend the Formal Opening of its Show Rooms in
The Everglades Hotel Building
Saturday, January 28th

SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD
Every SEIBERLING resource backs this ONE YEAR'S FREE Protection
Convenience
Quality
Dixie Tire Co. JACK MOSELEY, Prop. 18 S. W. First Ave.

THE WEEK'S ARRIVALS AMONG NOTABLES

J. Emmett Hayden, prominent in political circles of San Francisco, Flamingo Hotel.
C. A. Andrews, president of Colton Manor, Atlantic City, with Mrs. Andrews of Redding, Pa., Nautilus Hotel.

What Miss Miller had in the Bottle
When Bob will give that Hudson car away?
If Ed will call again soon and repeat the dose?

King Funeral Home
Twenty-Four-Hour Service
A Complete Establishment
LINCOLN AND PACKARD AMBULANCES
N. W. 3rd Ave., North of Flagler Phone: 2-3535

Frank P. Ford
Announces the fourth winter program of
The EMBASSY CLUB
Dixie Highway at Fifty-First

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
of Ross Fenton Farm, Asbury Park, N. J.

DRAFT BEER AND SANDWICHES
"Step up while you're passing"
THE BRASS RAIL
152 N. E. First Street

A Ginger Ale that is supreme to anything you have ever tasted
THERE IS ONLY ONE FLORIDA DRY
The Ale of All Ginger Ales
With the Sparkle of Florida Skies

The Silver Slipper
Miami's Most Exclusive Supper Club, Catering Only to High Class Trade
N. W. 22nd Ave. and 14th St., Musa Isle
FEATURING NIGHTLY EVANS BURROWS FONTAINE
America's Premier Dancer
SIGNOR MARIO VALLANI
From Club Madrid, Philadelphia
MISS MINNIE ALLEN
Atlantic City's Favorite Songster

Dinner Deluxe \$3.00
Couvert \$1.50
Couvert Saturday \$2.50
Phone 33577

Through the Alleys of Miami

Have You Got One?
A man living in Hialeah is some barber, especially when shaving himself.
First, he uses a big razor, and then completes his work by using a wee bit of a tool which he calls his baby razor.

Just Like a Man
An Ohio engineer is to essay the feat of shooting himself through the air, from Miami Beach.
Like all his forbears, he picks on a woman.
He expects to land on top of Venus.

Oh, No!
Politicians and lovers are quite similar.
They both promise a lot, secure confidence, and then leave the other party holding the sack.

In Conference
Sheriff Henry Chase and City Manager Welton Snow were discovered in a very confidential chat on the city hall steps the other day.
A reporter sneaked up to

Maybe Its' the Climate
That a Miami hotel collected some \$24 last month through its pay-as-you-enter toilets may not be of interest, but some mean man says they put castor oil in the drinking water.

She was only a sweetheart
But, oh, how true,
She wouldn't drink anything
But the best homebrew.

find out the lowdown. They were comparing their official badges.

find out the lowdown. They were comparing their official badges.