

### Little Geraldine

When she heard her Uncle Walter say that the city officials never took a drink in public Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed because she knew someone would put arsenic in it if they did.

# Have We Tubercular Cows?

# How Clean is Miami Milk?

### Little Geraldine

When her sister told her that the drum and bugle corps was coming down the street Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed because she knew it was only the flat wheels on the street car.

# Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

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## Dad! Lookie! Hair On Our Chest!

MIAMI IS NOW passing into the age of puberty.

Miami has pimples on its nose; pimples on its chin; Miami's voice breaks and squeaks; the new long pants don't set perfectly over the shoe tops. We don't sleep well; we want things we don't know how to get.

Miami is like the boy who is becoming a man, but isn't one yet. We have about evolved into a metropolitan city, but we aren't one yet. We have the ideas of a man, but not the virility of one. The boy passing into puberty hates women but wants to be around them, and doesn't know how to treat 'em. Miami is in the same fix. Miami is all nerves.

Thus, the town is torn between boyhood and manhood.

Rudyard Kipling once wrote a story, "The Ship That Found Itself." It was the story of a ship's maiden voyage. All the way across the ocean there were a million squeaks, with all the million bolts and plates scrunching and squeaking because of lack of co-ordination. Just before the ship reached port, it found itself as one big entity and unit. Each bolt and plate was adjusted as co-ordinating parts of a single unit, with the port which the ship sailed for as the objective.

These two metaphors describe graphically today's Miami. We are about to pass into puberty and we will do so with honor to ourselves, if all the various bolts and plates, as exemplified by our diverging citizenry, co-ordinate themselves into a single unit that has for its objective the port of progress in all lines of business.

It is time for complete co-operation. It is time to forget personal, petty jealousies, and egoisms. We have got to give and take. We are on the brink of advancement or oblivion. Pulling together—and we must forget personalities and personal vanities to do so—Miami can reach the port of puberty, which, after all, stands for progress and achievement.

## We Finally Apologize to England

THE FARCE that is prohibition has brought us to the sorry spectacle of our government bowing its head in humble apology to England, which nation we divorced in the name of freedom. We refer to the Christianson case.

Let's get our records straight on the circumstances: Britain because of a diplomatic trading that extended the international water-line from three to twelve miles by virtue of granting British ships the privilege of carrying bars on their vessels and locking them in American waters, countenanced the United States rum-chasers lingering in the harbor between Gun and Cat Cay while rum-runners were loading up their cargoes to supply our spiritual demands. About a year ago, two boats started for Miami and, within a short distance of the shore were hailed in by the United States coast guard. A part of the cargo, the British government contended, was taken by "Pop" Nesle, and cached in his house on Cat Cay. The remainder, with the two boats, was brought to Miami and confiscated. Nesle, by the leniency of the British court, was tried and convicted of receiving stolen goods rather than piracy and served six months in Bahama's prison. Christianson was sought but never found by the British authorities who were aroused by this breach of an international code.

The invasion of British waters by American law-enforcing machinery brought serious international complications.

Prohibition powers in Washington admit the mistake of their "hired help." (They have, not of course, announced the discharge of Christianson.) They will apologize to Great Britain. They will remove Christianson, the bad boy, to other territory. They will restore the liquor (even if they have to take it from their confiscated supplies) and give back the boats, even if they have to buy one of them back and remove the other from government service. They will keep rum-chasers without five miles of low tide in the Bahamas.

And so Volstead has made a proud nation, racked by law-violations that he and fanatic supporters have occasioned by the curtailment of personal liberties, bow in humble pardon.

Our forefathers, with pitchforks and muzzle-loaders won our independence from England in 1776 and the years that immediately followed, shouting "Give Us Liberty Or Give Us Death." Our near-fathers, at the sacrifice of personal liberty, have saddled us with a rollicking law that makes us the laughing stock of the world at large.

We humbly beg the pardon of a nation we fought bitterly for freedom because of the act of one of our "employees" who attempted to violate the laws of that country. We would fight for the freedom of the seas when our "official representatives" are "hijacking" within the territory of another government.

Derelicts, men without honor, men who use fraternity pins and sacred pass-words to gain ends, men who have feigned sickness to make arrests, are gathered under the banner of prohibition enforcement.

Is it any wonder that the nations of the world are laughing themselves to death while we are developing cast-iron stomachs?

## Double Parking Is Prevalent

DOUBLE Parking appears to be the usual thing on almost every downtown street in Miami. N. E. First street and S. E. First street are two notable examples of how a street can be rendered almost impassible by double parking.

On those streets parking should only be allowed on one side of the street. There is no room to pass another car when automobiles are parked on both curbs.

The left side of First avenue should also be red curbed from Fourth street to Flagler. With a street car and parking both sides of the avenue, there is no room to do anything but put on the brakes.

In fact, all the downtown streets might be regulated in a manner that would speed up traffic instead of blocking it.

### This Week's Scotch Story—

THE latest Scottish joke is about the kiltie who was going to build a house. He called up the Masonic Temple and asked them to send over two free masons.

### Bobbing the Budget

A SPEAKER at the park last night discovered a way to save money. He pointed out that Miami was going to spend \$300,000 on publicity. Then he suggested a method of saving that for less than a dollar.

He pointed out that Mary Pickford, famous motion picture actress, was slipping. She was losing out with the great American public. She called in her publicity man and he suggested spending \$300,000 to bring people to see her pictures.

Then she got another publicity man and he suggested a cheaper method of getting the same results. He told Mary that the world had always known her with curls. Now if she had her curls cut off, if she had her hair bobbed, the great American public would flock to see her pictures to find out how she looked in the new haircut.

So Mary saved the \$300,000.

And the park speaker told of how Miami could go and do likewise. We have, he said, a famous figure in the city. He is known all over the country. The great American public knows him and his flowing locks. "Let's save \$300,000," he said to the audience.

Cheers!

"Let's have Mayor Sewell get a boyish bob!"

### Capone and Kidnapping

Dear Wen:

Heard several today venturing the opinion that Capone might have been mixed up in the kidnaping of Little Billy McAllister. That's so ridiculous that I've got to write you about it. Capone has a little boy himself that he idolizes and on whom he has already spent \$17,000 in mastoid operations. As a matter of fact it was principally on account of his boy that he moved his family to Palm Island to get the full benefit of Miami sunshine. He has been threatened by kidnapers and that is the only time I have ever seen him display any desperate traits that the papers accuse him of. He has told officials here in town that they can go as far as they like with him but if they molest his boy in any way there will be trouble. To even hint that Capone would even consider kidnaping is an outrage to the Italian race, especially Italian fathers, because they are the greatest family men and home people living. Had the McAllister boy not been found quickly Capone himself would have probably offered a huge reward to find him. It is unjust that people who don't know Capone would make such statements.

From ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

## Professional Ethics

MIAMI has no fight with St. Petersburg in attempting to obtain a southern headquarters for Battle Creek. They offer a site and \$250,000 towards a building. We have offered Kellogg, who has been made famous by breakfast foods, besides a climate that physicians have declared most healthful and life insurance companies have nationally urged as a health necessity, a hospital at much less than its original value.

The Allison Hospital at Miami Beach was constructed by James Allison, formerly of Indianapolis, because he knew what an invalid would want. Allison had been one himself. No expense was spared in building and equipping the plant. It was constructed along unusual designs and completed with everything that could possibly preserve and sustain life. Carl G. Fisher, developer of Miami Beach, and original owner of the island on which the Allison hospital was constructed, encouraged Allison and made many concessions to him to establish his institution on its ideal site.

The Allison hospital is located on an island in the middle of Indian Creek. Its roof overlooks the Atlantic Ocean and Biscayne Bay. It is said to have cost a million and a half in construction and equipment.

The plant was offered to Kellogg for \$650,000.

If he is interested in the welfare of men, he could not but approve of this location.

### Give It a Name!

THERE seems to be so much confusion in the matter of trying to cut down the name "New Dade County courthouse building" to something shorter. It is already being called city hall, city building, county building, courthouse building and similar names, none of them entirely correct.

To avoid this confusion a single name should be chosen. The best that suggests itself to our mind is that of "Administration Building."

"Administration building" covers the whole matter and is easily remembered.

## The Toonerville Commission

AFTER two or three tries the Coral Gables city commissioners managed to fill in the gap left when George Merrick was ousted from office. The gentleman chosen by three, Mayor Montanus and Commissioners Moon and Whitney, is Alfred K. Simmons. Mr. Simmons is a retired New York business man who has lived in Florida for nine years and has been in Coral Gables for five years.

Czar Kane, high mucky-muck and Po Bah of the Toonerville Commission, did not vote for him, of course. But, after Mr. Simmons' name had been suggested Czar Kane arose to ask him if he would carry out the principles laid down by the Citizen's committee.

Mr. Simmons, rather embarrassed, said that he had voted the citizen's ticket and rather suggested that he would do all he could to help the City of Coral Gables.

Since when has a citizen's committee, headed by individuals who were not members of the chamber of commerce and some of whom did not even know that Pop Lehman was the chief of police, the right to dictate a course of procedure for a city commissioner?

There is one redeeming feature about the Coral Gables commission, however. As the old commissioners pair off and hunt in couples, Mr. Simmons will hold the balance of power. This will make it a one-man commission—and thank goodness he appears to be a useful citizen who knows his way about.

# Miami Life

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W. R. PHILLIPS, Editor and Publisher  
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## Cheaper Milk Needed

**YOUR** milk will cost you more, and milk is our most necessary food.

Milk producers in Dade county have combined to raise the price within the next few weeks. At present the wholesale price of milk is 45 cents. In a few weeks it will be 50 or 55 cents. And the combine is ditching over a thousand gallons of milk daily.

There are about 75 dairies in this district. A large number of them are out of the "A" grade class. Several have gone out of business in the last few months and many more of them are headed in that direction.

The reason is that the consumption of milk is decreasing to an alarming extent. And the real reason for that decrease is the price charged by the dairies and milk dealers.

Miami city dairies pay almost as much wholesale for milk as that fluid brings at retail in Dallas, Texas. The wholesale and retail price of milk in Miami is the highest in the United States. Miami pays over double the average wholesale price for the whole country and three times the lowest wholesale price. And all this makes the consumption of milk decrease.

Milk producers declare that the high cost of feed is the reason for the excessive price of milk. Yet most of the feed necessary can be grown here, as has been demonstrated within the last few months. Alfalfa hay costs \$42 a ton here, by the car load. Half of that price is freight. Alfalfa—four crops a year—can be grown here at a little over the cost of freight.

A meeting has been called to try and arrange to purchase a car load of alfalfa seed for distribution among milk producers. With the general adoption of growing feed the price of milk will drop, and with that drop will come an increase in consumption. At the present time, Miami is one of the largest per capita consumers of canned milk in the country.

It is all very well for a number of milk producers to want to sit down on the job; buy feed that is delivered by rail; sell at a high wholesale figure to the dairies. We don't blame them for wanting to make the milk business a hardboiled proposition with a certain profit attached to it. But it is rough on those of us who are forced to buy several quarts of this fluid every day.

The time has arrived when milk production will have to be run on a more business-like basis. Milk should retail at 16 cents a quart in Miami. It can be sold at that price and a profit made.

Producers sell raw and certified milk at a higher price than pasteurized milk. As it costs money to pasteurize it is easily seen that the producers who charge more are gyping the public.

Certified milk is raw milk that is protected in every possible way. It should cost more than ordinary raw milk. It cannot be called "Certified" unless it is produced under conditions laid down that must be strictly adhered to. Every person who has anything whatever to do with the production of "Certified" milk must pass a medical examination at short periods. The cattle must be examined at shorter intervals. It is the finest and cleanest raw milk that can be produced. So watch your bottle caps for the words "Certified Milk." Some dairies get over the expense and trouble involved by using the words "Certified Dairy" on the caps. The contents of that bottle might be anything but "certified" milk.

Membership of the Miami Chamber of Commerce is now 2,019. Gee! How we progress!

## Lack of Coordination

MIAMI has an involved set of regulations appertaining to the dairying business. Coral Gables has another. Miami Beach still another and Hialeah something else. It is about time that all the cities in Dade county got together on the proposition and drafted a set of regulations that would be acceptable to all concerned.

For instance, several local dairies are not allowed to sell raw milk in Coral Gables but can sell at the raw milk they want to in Miami. One large dairy is barred from selling raw milk in the Gables because three months ago thirty-one head of its cattle were destroyed by the government as they were tubercular. This dairy, however, can sell all the pasteurized milk it wants to in that city, and all the raw milk it likes in Miami.

Some day there must be an ordinance making it compulsory to pasteurize all milk sold in this district. Five or six cities in the north and west have passed similar ordinance within the last two months.

Health departments in this district should work hard to keep the milk supply clean and suitable for human consumption. As there are very few inspectors they have to work long hours and keep always on the jump. They have done much to keep the Miami milk supply pure. They should be given every assistance possible in the work.

But, sad to say, some of them are greatly hampered in their work. Taking a lesson from the sudden ousting of a former health department officer, they are forced to deal very gently in some cases. The state department has some rights as well and a clash would be easy. Owing to the political situation in this district there is no county supervision of dairies or milk production, but we wonder why they have passed up this chance to put on a few more officials.

## Thirst Will Cost You Less

WHAT with the coast guards being relegated to a five-mile limit around the Bahamas, the glorious weather and splendid sailing nights, and, last but not least, the extremely small demand for wet goods in this warm weather, prices are about toboggan. There are immense stocks in the city and district and they will have to be cleared out before the prohibs get wise to them. This week's list is probably the last that will show prices like that until next winter when the demand increases. Lay a little store away at the low prices. They will soon be holding bargain sales on all lines except beer.

| SCOTCH                |        | BEER                   |        |
|-----------------------|--------|------------------------|--------|
| Vat 69                | \$3.00 | Amstel's               | \$1.00 |
| Fungus Blend          | 3.00   | Beck's                 | 1.00   |
| Ferguson's            | 2.50   | Patzenhofer            | 1.00   |
| Glen Mar              | 2.50   | Tennant's              | 1.00   |
| Munro Square          | 2.50   | Bull Dog               | 1.00   |
| Lochness              | 2.50   | Home Brew              | 25-50  |
| Green Stripe          | 2.50   | RYE & BOURBON          |        |
| White Heather         | 2.50   | Walker's American Rye  | \$2.50 |
| Gordon Plaid          | 2.50   | Golden Wedding         | 2.50   |
| Johnny Walker, qt.    | 6.00   | Biltmore               | 2.50   |
| GIN (Quarts)          |        | C. & W.                | 2.50   |
| Burnett's White Satin | \$4.00 | Canadian Club          | 2.50   |
| Gilbey's              | 3.50   | Four Roses             | 2.50   |
| Gordon's              | 3.50   | Old Log Cabin, bourbon | 2.50   |
| London Dry            | 3.50   | Seagram's 3-Star       | 2.50   |
| Plymouth              | 4.00   | Old Judge              | 2.50   |
| WINES                 |        | Old Overholt           | 2.50   |
| Port                  | \$3.00 | Pebblebrook            | 2.50   |
| Sherry                | 3.00   | RUMS (Quarts)          |        |
| Monopole              | 8.00   | Bacardi, Carta da Ora  | \$5.00 |
| Clicquot              | 10.00  | Three-Dagger           | 6.00   |
| Mumm's                | 9.00   | Jamaica                | 4.00   |
| Piper-Heidsieck       | 9.00   | Gallon Jugs Bacardi    | 20.00  |

## Greeby On Guard

Noted Mango Slusher Enthuses on Possibilities of Republican Becoming President.

RHAMMERHEAD GREEBY big game hunter just fresh from an expedition in a South Beach gambling resort, where he shot five bones in three rolls, was finally discovered by a Miami Life reporter.

He was located in the lavatory atop the northmost grandstand on the Avenue of the Antlers. His machine gun (Capone-built) lay smoking across his knee burning a hole in his especially built uniform (from Hialeah sugar plantation's celotex).

Before the reporter could question him, Greeby said: "As you know I am the big game hunter from Palm Island, although I do not desire no publicity. But will you tell me why those Elks move every time I shoot at them? Of course Elks are generally full of hops but I was on't pretty good shooting cats down at C. A. Cay."

"I have been here practically no time at all," said the defeated candidate for conductor on the Kilties' Express.

"As a matter of fact, when I arrived that clock over there on the arch said eleven o'clock and it hasn't changed since."

Little Geraldine, his adopted daughter, disturbed him at that time to inform him that the Black Belt Dairy was bottling their product to sell for "Black and White" and laughed when she said that it might cause a race riot.

Positively, the eldest twin, shield a two-by-four at the twenty-degree angle at which the News Tower has been leaning since the late lamented hurricane and Absolutely hurled back one of the odd

masts on the Rose Mahoney, on which he had been playing. Absolutely had been over listening to the apologies of the coast guard for stealing a Britisher's liquor and just laughed and laughed (a habit that he had contracted from little Geraldine) when he thought of the Miamians who had not been apologized to yet.

"But speaking of shooting pains," Mr. Greeby continued, "have you ever been in Jeff Lannier's place or did you patronize Peggy at Miami Beach? I was talking, just the other day, with the manager of the Roosevelt Hotel, who, by the way, has a great out-look upon life and has been offered a very good position with the Fritz Hotel, and he said, 'Ham (that's my eating name), do you realize what a chance a Republican has got in this district. A Republican may even be president, of the Angler's club, if he votes the Democratic ticket.'"

Mrs. Greeby interrupted the interview to announce that she had just caught a dinner while riding over the causeway and Mr. Greeby could find his own dinner there being a lot of aged-in-the-wood hot dogs left from the Shrine and Elks conventions under the grandstands.

At that moment an Elks moved and R. Hammerhead took a shot from his hip. "There," he said, "that's good for any Elk," and he hurried away to attend a special show at "Fountainia."



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IT is a simple matter to have telephone service in your home. Any telephone employe, operator, lineman, or office worker, will cheerfully quote rates and take your order for service.

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A Cooling Thought  
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# ICE MAN'S LIFE

Published Every Now and Then by Peninsular Ice Co., 645 N. W. 13th St.

A Cooling Thought  
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Saturday, July 21, 1928

## Ice in the News

Arctic explorers rescued after weeks on the ice. A happier ending than would have been possible if they had depended on electric-mechanical substitutes for ice.

Elks from all over the country go away praising Miami's wonderful summer climate, thanks to that indispensable aid to successful entertainment—good old ice.

The nation's leading ice companies report the largest sales on record for first six months of the year. Ice securities never considered more attractive to careful investors.

Business authorities publish statistics showing retail purchasing power of the dollar now greater than at any time in three years. In Miami no item among the necessities or simple luxuries is cheaper than old reliable, pure, clean, refreshing ice.

Recent announcement by U. S. Bureau of Mines states unusual interest and activity being shown by manufacturers of respiratory protection equipment in requesting the Bureau's approval for gas masks, particularly those affording protection against refrigerating media, as sulphur dioxide ammonia and organic vapors. These devices not needed in the home that depends on safe, sure, silent ice.

Condition of peach crop June 1 reported as 72.7 per cent as compared with 57.2 on June 1 last year. Plenty of peaches in the orchards, plus plenty of ice for refrigerated shipping, means lots of peaches for all over the country who would be denied the privilege of this luscious fruit if there were no ice.

Telegram—Mr. Raskob to Mr. Smith: "Am arranging to put the

Presidency in the electric refrigerator for you."

Mr. Smith to Mr. Raskob: "Take no chances. Better use a good refrigerator and put it on ice—Peninsular ice preferred."

Industrial investigators find that the ice business in Miami provides the largest combined total weekly pay rolls of any industry.

## Some Pitiful Struggles

A one-armed man out driving with a pretty girl.

A bachelor pushing a baby carriage.

A summer widower whose wife has unexpectedly returned home.

The "grand entrance" to the campus of one of those "reposed" universities established in 1925.

One of those overgrown freckle-faced boys whose mother insists on dressing him in the style of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

An able bodied man stricken with paralysis.

A well-built, dependable ice-cooled refrigerator that has had one of those mechanical-chemical contraptions installed in its ice chamber.

## Some Well Known Ices

- cream
- pack
- tea
- box
- man

- poult
- orange
- pineapple
- armist
- PENINSULAR

It's some consolation anyhow to

know that, while your ice may melt these warm days, it won't blow up.

Speaking of speed—isn't it wonderful how quick you can make a pitcher of soothing satisfying ice water when you wake up with one of those parching throats—if you have that old ice box stocked up with pure Peninsular ice?

Peninsular ice is sparklingly clear and absolutely free from any taste or odor—and there are scientific reasons why you cannot be sure of these very desirable qualities in the ice you try to make in one of those home hold "ice factories" that look so pretty in the pictures.

As the evening wear on in the home supplied with Peninsular ice, you need fear no trouble or delay while another "crop" of ice is maturing. "A twist of the wrist, a touch of the pick" and you have a piece just exactly the right size to suit your needs. Repeat ad lib. If necessary, phone 2-1298 and a special order will be delivered in a very few minutes.

The proper preservation of perishable foods depends very largely upon the "health" of a refrigerator—its "sweetness" or freedom from holdover odors, its wholesomeness at all times. Nothing equals ice—real ice—for maintaining real sanitary refrigeration. There is no such thing as dead, inert or stagnant air in an ice refrigerator.

## JOY LOVERS - - - ATTENTION

There is a spot in Miami Beach where the ocean breezes blow constantly, and where the music that stirs can be heard nightly

## THE ROSELAND BALLROOM

at South Miami Beach is now open

CLAUDE HAMILTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Park Plan Dancing

## They Tell Me

THAT the reporter is still crazy about the orange drink girl

THAT many speculate on where Jimmie and Bill spend their time

THAT Ethel and Bibs can dance anything . . . with or without

THAT the Beach party Monday night nearly got caught

THAT Biscayne Bay would be all right if they filled in between the causeways

THAT the store detective is now looking for a clue up in the ladies' underwear department

THAT the corner of Fourteenth and Sixth is getting to be a regular hangout

THAT the Ladies of the Evening are now working the second block in Miami avenue from the doorways

THAT Slim remembered where he left his underwear when Bill suggested they go over to the beach for a stone crab dinner

THAT Gertrude thought it was the end of a perfect week when the bank cashed that check

THAT Mort is still looking for the guy that sold him the sugar cured ham

THAT Betty said good-bye to her many friends with tears in her eyes

THAT if the place where the accordion plays gets raided again it will close up for good

THAT if Bill doesn't get it free gratis he'll buy

THAT the dancer left hurriedly for the beach . . . and that most of his patrons will follow him

THAT Eddie went some place after he slapped Evelyn, and stayed a long time

THAT a certain rich individual is always looking for a young flapper to fall for his line

. . . and that he should be arrested

THAT the Gables party was a good one but Eddie slept all the time

THAT Grace is going to get a life sentence soon if she don't watch out

THAT Madge had a lovely

## PRINCESS ZORAIDA

Now Located at 30 N. E. 2nd AVE. Here for a short time only, and will give a \$3.00 reading for the special price of \$1.00. "See her before it's too late." OPEN 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M. Daily Except Sunday.

## MONDAY

New Hats Just arrived Summer's most wonderful—Special \$3.95 Famous \$5 Hat Shoppe Always Worth More BUTTERFLY SHOPPE, Inc. 204 S. E. 1st Ave. Ruth Lehman Clyde Court Building

## Auto Collision Body Works

BODY WORK A SPECIALTY 18 Years Factory Experience 125 N. E. 13th St. Phone 36414 C. Thorildson

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BUICKS—OAKLANDS CHRYSLERS—PONTIACS FORDS

We have two of the new Fords. Come in and try them

Auto Renters, Inc. 19 S. W. First St. Telephone 33037

time Friday night yelling for coffee, and something else, that was not for publication

THAT Red likes to dance . . . especially with old men

THAT one of Irish's friends is bringing his dogs down to him

THAT Bobbie and Evelyn are having some little fight over Vic

THAT Pat is always under the weather and gets away with it

THAT JIM is having a busy time with his pencil lately

THAT Homer and Kay are back in town, and that Kay looks just as sweet as ever

THAT Betty still keeps the old refrain playing and that its mighty annoying at times

THAT the ghost hasn't been seen in some time now and that the boys are having a tough time

THAT Frank and Ernest are the bywords at the new shoppe, and that it's a relief

THAT the ladies who went to have their teeth fixed Friday must have had a hard time keeping Spear awake

## Round the Town with ROD

HOME GROWN

Presently we will be able to buy home grown meat at the city curb market, near the Second avenue bridge. Since the weights and measures department has been moved to the county building a large space becomes available. This will be turned into a modern meat market and locally fed beef, pork and poultry will be sold there.

Prices will be a little lower than for the shipped-in meat, it is believed. But the fact that we will be able to buy something to eat that has not been in cold storage for a month should help some.

The curb market is getting to be a busy place, the prices being so low that the average family can stock up for a very small outlay. If beef and pork are sold at like prices I believe the market will soon be as busy as the vegetable division.

## DANGEROUS PRACTICE—

I notice that there is an insecticide named "Green Death" being sold in the city. The dangerous part of this poison in my estimation is the fact that it is put up in bottles that previously contained ginger ale or mineral waters. Something should be done to the bottles to destroy the ginger ale effect in some way before filling them with a poisonous compound.

## PULL 'EM OUT

Hope ran high in Miami last week. People noticed that the Biscayne boulevard "islands of destruction," as a correspondent calls them, were being torn up. But they are not being removed. Instead, they are having iron bases installed which carry a caution light. The idea being that just before a car hits one of them the driver will notice that there is something in the way.

Why not take them out altogether. They are useless, dangerous and no ornament. The city department doesn't want them there. But the Biscayne Boulevard company does, and they have the last say in the matter.

## Ernest J. Porter and Frank A. Hoover

formerly of Burdine's Salon will specialize in Permanent Waving and Zip treatments.

A Permanent Wave For \$10.00 for a short time only

Venus Beauty Shoppe, Inc. 33-37 S. E. 1st Ave.

Creative Individuality in Every Bob

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

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**JOHN GILBERT**  
in  
**THE COSSACKS**

With Rene Adoree and Ernest Terrence



**FOR STRICT ECONOMY**

Editor Miami Life:  
Having lately returned from a Northern tour, may I state that many people I met believe the state of Florida or Dade county should have protected investors during the boom. Only recently the New York Times spoke of people buying water-front lots in Coral Gables. These turned out to be on a canal—a few feet wide, and far from the bay. Do you think the "band" will remove the feeling aroused? Did you see many New York Shriners or Elks here? What Miami needs is a newspaper that will state truthfully conditions here. Chicago crime gets much more notice than local crime. Nothing that might be derogatory to Miami is allowed to appear in our dailies. And yet the north is better informed about conditions here than many of our residents seem to be, judging from the recent election. The trouble with the city and county is mainly, the office holders seem to think they have unlimited means behind them. Salaries equal to New York salaries, and yet we preach how much cheaper to live here. Police here should be paid \$100 per month and increased to \$125 after one year. Firemen the same. Deputy sheriffs the same. Only recently, one of Sheriff Chase's oldest deputies, lately let out, offered to work at investigating for \$75 per month. All city and county employes should be as willing to take a cut in wages as the mechanics have had to do. That \$1,500 raise to the school superintendent should be rescinded. And the county and city commissioners, through the auditor, should send a list of all expenditures by them, monthly, such lists to be published in the daily papers, or any other publication designated. Economy should be the aim of this section for the next several years and no ballhooping should be allowed to disturb that program.

**JOHN PHILIP LEWISON.**

**SAVE THE CHILDREN**

Editor, Miami Life:  
In last Sunday's "News" there appeared two pictures, depicting the progress of one of our industries, a broom manufacturing plant (and we may all feel proud of its growth), beside this picture, sending out to the world the

**YOUR FIRE INSURANCE RATE**

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STATE AGENT  
Office 420 Congress Bldg., Miami, Fla. Telephone 22378

**in the Editor's Mail**

**Little Dorothy's Diary**

It was Dorothy's twelfth birthday. Among the presents was one from her father—a prettily-bound diary. It was the one present that appealed to Dorothy.

That night she turned to July 5 and wrote: "Father gave me this beautiful diary because this is my birthday. I will write in it every day."

A little later her father found the diary on top of the dressing table. Curiosity prompted him to open it. Here is the page:

| DAY BY DAY DIARY, 1928    |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| <b>JULY 11, Wednesday</b> | I asked mother today how I came into the world and she said: "Why, dearie, the great big stork brought you to mother."   |
| <b>JULY 12, Thursday</b>  | Today I went to visit Grandma Peabody. So I asked her how my mother came to be. And grandma said: "Well, my dear, a beautiful white stork brought your mother to me."  |
| <b>JULY 13, Friday</b>    | Father took me to visit Great-Grandmother Graves this morning. So I said to her: "Great-Grandmother, you are nearly a hundred years old and I think you should know all about it. How did Granny Peabody come into the world?" And she said: "Why, darling, I thought you knew that the stork brought her and dropped her down the chimney?" |
| <b>JULY 14, Saturday</b>  | I have been thinking about it all night and I believe that at least three generations of my family have missed a lot of fun.   |

It is news that we are capable of being producers as well as consumers, there appeared another picture, an everlasting disgrace to the city and one that should bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of those in whose hands lay the power to change the condition.

I refer to the picture showing the wanton destruction of 1,500 gallons of milk, the "over production," so called, and for the edification of you who did not see the picture or read the story, allow me to describe it. During the summer months there is a surplus of milk created due to the fact that we live here year round are not great enough in numbers to consume it, so in order to keep the price up they destroy it, by pouring down our sewers from 500 to 1,500 gallons of milk every day. There will be plenty of flowery excuses made for this destruction yet, the fact remains that it is destroyed and the price of milk still stays at 20c per quart.

We are confronted daily with solicitors asking for contributions for the Community Chest, Welfare Board, and other worthy charitable organizations, each bent upon the common effort, that is, to relieve suffering, and in the face of all this, we see a picture so shameful in its character that the wrath of God would not be an unexpected visitor.

Poverty, as much as we hate to admit it, is prevailing in our community, and it is reaching appalling proportions, and is it any wonder that husbands and sons will steal in order to provide for their hungry loved ones, when they who are honest by instinct and desire, hearing their babies cry for the life and nourishment-giving milk, see the picture above described.

Is there a city in the United States where there is a like condition existing? Not for the city fathers would under like conditions seize this surplus milk and open free milk dispensing stations, where our honest father and mothers unable

**Traveler's Tales**  
Crossing the Tropic Desert or Over the Tamiami Trail  
By W. HORNE

(Scene: A straight road cut smack through the heart of the Everglades swamp, linking the American Riviera and the Cracker Coast, Ocean and Gulf, or East and West. Canal parallel to it. Another Nash is dashing along the Trail, containing a Miami Citizen, his wife, and their Aunt Ella, a poetess, in the rumble seat.)

Aunt Ella: "The tremendous romance of the deserted wilderness! All the thrill of crossing the Sahara, with a car for a camel, and swamp-grass for sand-dunes! And a canteen full of—"

Wife: "Look back and see the last of Coral Gables I used to think it was the end of the world; but now we'll see the real end—where the East and West meet!"

Aunt Ella: "NEVER the train shall meet, my dear."

Miami Cit.: "We don't meet the train at all, Aunt Ella; sorry."

Wife: "Look! It IS like the desert, though. A mirage ahead—you'd swear the road was a lake, and the bushes in swimming. I don't like it."

Miami Cit.: "Well, maybe that's the bit of bad road we—"

Aunt Ella: "Like snow upon the desert's dusty face— See! The most remarkable grasshoppers! Colored like rainbows, and large as baby chickens—You ran over one, too."

Miami Cit.: "What's she say? I ran over a chicken? She's foolish. Must be a blue heron, or one of those buzzard-birds—"

Wife: "Ugh! Those fearful vultures! Mile after mile of dying drained swamp, with no life but those enormous black creatures with their beaks red as tho' they'd been dipped in blood, circling and flapping about—and there a skeleton by the roadside, gaunt and bleaching—it makes me shudder!"

Aunt Ella: "Skellatons? Oj what?"

Wife: "Of what were once lovely cars, Aunt Ella, as good as maps here. And now—look at the poor things! Abandoned here to rot. What they must have encountered, what storms and dangers, before the Trail was finished! Never to feel gas in their vitals again; it makes me sad. Oh! Look! The biggest ravens I ever saw!"

Aunt Ella: "Quoth the Raven Never— See, see! In the canal—a diving alligator!"

Miami Cit.: "Does she want a yellow tomato? Thirsty, I suppose. Better stop, anyway. Here's a gas station, and there mayn't be another before the bad road—yes, water,

**CAPITOL**  
SUN. THRU WED.  
**DOLORES DEL RIO**  
IN  
**"No Other Woman"**  
GEORGE WOLF AND HIS CUBS IN THE STAGE CREATION "ICELAND"

like this!" She faints. An obliging shower revives her thirty miles on, just as the car begins to go over a tremendous succession of heaving bumps, and the water-towers of civilization, with house-tops, come into view—Naples.

Miami Cit. (relieved): "Well, HERE'S the bad road at last! Right in the town. That's fine!"

Wife (half-laughing and crying with excitement): "Aunt Ella! Look at the BEAUTIFUL dry-stone, will you! I never saw anything so lovely, so perfect! Henry, I want a lot of ice cream, and a lot of cold-cream, and—"

Aunt Ella: "Civilization—man's great gift to the gods—Heavens! That isn't quoted from anywhere! I must have made it up. Anyhow, Nature, nothing! Ain't civilization GRAND? Excuse me!"

**THRIFT TOPICS**

**EGGS in Many Baskets**

WE have an active Financial Institution of, for and by Florida People. Investors in other states are attracted by our safe plan and some of our money comes from other states.

But we appreciate the fact that a large part of our business comes from our own Miami people who know us. We do not invest outside of Florida, however; we bank in and on Florida. When you invest with us you put your eggs in many baskets, all safe ones. Why not investigate? But do not ask knockers or idlers, ask Bradstreets or some one who knows.

Then ask about our three plans paying six, eight and ten per cent interest.

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Ground Floor Congress Bldg., 109 N. E. Second Avenue MIAMI, FLA.

**MIAMI LIFE'S SOCIETY**  
M C O L U M N

**WORK** in the auto mechanic business has picked up considerably since a publisher of a weekly paper started to have his repaired.

**BART RILEY** went to Hialeah last week on business but he forgot what the business was, which is just the way Hialeah affects us.

**DICK HUNT** changed the rear tire on his auto one day last week.

his direction with an innocent baby stare, he'll break down every bar and tell every representative of consenting Venus to go to the devil?

No, Mr. Editor, you can't reform society from the bottom. You must begin at the top. Women must realize that God put them here to furnish such sexual purity as the world is to be blessed with. We may argue that man should share this burden with her, but the fact remains that, as usual, he is not going to attend to his part of the job. It has not been decided whether the male should be held responsible for the fact that he is the natural aggressor in sex matters. Those of us who raise chickens, however, know that a rooster is not necessary for every hen.

Mothers must teach their children the proper regard for sexual purity. Fathers must realize, as they once did, that the place for their fifteen-year-old daughters is not sitting in front of some drug store at 12 o'clock at night with her legs crossed to the point of indecency. The decent girl must find some rest for her tortured soul besides the agonizing music of jazz four nights out of every week at some night club. The young man must realize that an evening under the stars and moonlight with a girl whose mind has not been fouled by the filth of illicit sexual "bunk," is more exciting, more thrilling, and more to be desired than sensuous Cleopatra's smiles.

We need clean, pure women. They are the world's salvation, and if we don't have more of them we won't have to worry about the "ladies of the evening." THEY'LL STARVE TO DEATH.

**LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN:** On the beach Thursday afternoon, one bathing suit top, slightly used. Return to owner, or what will you give us for the pants. BOX 10U.

A building boom has started over here. Sidewalks of cement are being laid along the ocean boulevard, which affords much interest to the sun bathers who lay in the sand.

**CENTRAL MIAMI**  
"Doc" Dammers hasn't done much building out here since he quit mayoring in Coral Gables. Some say he has gone abroad. Watch yourself in Paris, "Doc."

The proposed street car line through the main patios is not built yet, but three lot owners told a tourist it would be running soon.

Complaint has been made about mosquitoes and frogs here. Both Coral Gables and this town claim they do not have same, but they must come from Coconut Grove.

Miami Life is Read—Not Skimmed

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**Once-a-Year Values**

YES, three swift days only, in which to take advantage of the occasions that Burdine's present only once a year! Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—then the July Sale ends for 1928!

You remember we promised this sale would set new selling records. And every day we've done that!

Things to wear, apparel for the children, fabrics and home needs are at emphatic savings now!

Every One of the Three Days to Come Will Be a Record Breaker. Share In The Savings.

### The Boss Wants Sympathy at No Cents an Hour

Being the further confessions of a Steno in search of a job where a girl is expected to work—and not play.

**B**ELIEVE me or not, but I feel like an accident just going to happen. I've held enough jobs in the past week to enable me to tell you everything you want to know and then some about most of Miami's very prominent citizens. Hold your seats, folks, I'm coming!

It wasn't that I desired publicity. I just thought I'd try selling my valuable services to an amiable person who handled that kind of a department.

In two hours we discussed everything from turtle eggs to companionate marriage and then got down to biz. He could waste all his time that he wanted—I didn't care—I was getting paid for it. With stenographic notebook and pencil in hand I glanced up at him with a scowl, just wondering with what speed he would dictate.

"Come here!" yodeled he. "Come where?" queried I. "Come here to me!" I tremulously walked up to him.

"What do you mean by frowning at me, you beautiful little imp?" "But, but—" "But, but—nothing. You deserve a good—"

And before I could blink an eye I was across his knees receiving my first maidenly spanking. Spank! Spank! Pat! Pat!

As though it didn't penetrate, up goes one layer of my attire. Spank! Spank! Clap! Clap! And then—Smack! Smack! Smac—Sma—sm—(Kisses).

Now, really, how could I get angry? I go there regularly for my daily spanking.

Such valuable experience in such a department inspired me to go still higher. "By thy long hair and glittering teeth, I beg thee, job me!" I pleaded pleadings to that effect.

"No money. We're cutting down expenses. However, we may appropriate ourselves in a few weeks. Come back then."

"You admit that you need someone. I tell you what. I'll work a la gratis till then and when you get your appropriation you can appropriate me—I trust you."

I liked the job until I was made the entertainment committee. Told my boss to either get a hair cut or go out and buy a fiddle and that tickled him so much that he cut the wages that I hadn't got yet. He then sent me to kid the other boys around the office and I poked fun at them and they poked me in the ribs and other places—mostly others. By the time I got a laugh outa them my salary was reduced to a frazzle. I couldn't report to work in the mornings, but I never got overtime for the night work.

"Now Miss—(I won't have you know who I am for the world)—"Get those letters out and as soon as you finish you may go home." Such fun working for a constructing company that wasn't doing much constructing. Got off at three o'clock both days I was there. The second day I got off at three and have been off ever since. How nice!

Having decyphered by kays and gays, I grabbed my hat and pocketbook even before the party, er, uh, I mean the clock struck three. But ere I reached the door I heard a low "Wait!"

I just knew the old Indian giver would let me off and then have me use the time as he saw fit. He had to go to Key Largo on business. Would I care to come along? There was no getting out of it, but I sure Lordy got into it. If that's what he calls a business trip then me and the boy friend are "in conference" almost every night.

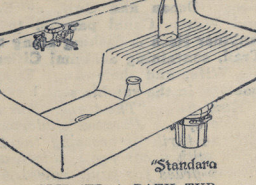
Evidently the sights of the coconuts turned his thoughts to monkey business for I had to walk back from Coconut Grove. Didja ever try it? Nice walk if you finally get a lift.

Legal work always appealed to me cause I thought I'd need such advice some day. Well, I found a certain Bar in this town that handled something besides inebrating drinks and they send me to "one of the nicest law firms in town." Hot Diggity Dig!

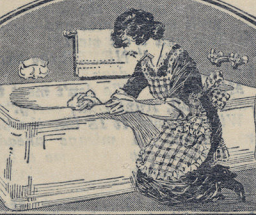
Well, the bills of complaint I had to type were nothing compared to the complaints my special boss poured into my ears when we were in privacy. All about how he was misunderstood at home and how unfaithful his wife had been and a thousand et ceteras. He dictated a great many Declarations but they were nothing compared to his Declaration of Dependence on me to make his life a little happier. And by golly, talk about Decrees, why that attorney in lawlessness should have fallen off a precipice long before he ever hard of any Decree Praecipes. And at the end of the day he wanted to know why I didn't get my work done! And at the end of my day I wanted to know why he didn't hire a person by the hour to listen to his

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### Our Newspapers

Florida's most important newspaper supplies its readers with a little goose pi: GOOSE TAKES LIFE EASY What a gay life for Goose Goslin, outfielder of the Washington Sens! The Senators have sent the Goose to his ailing arm. And while the Goose the salt air will restore strength to the seashore for a week.

Terrible effect of the sultry weather in the north on the head writer of the Miami Daily News: SCORES DROWN IN HEAT WAVE

By Clarice Busch and Dorothy Dunlop

Miami Life is Read—not skimmed.

### THE BEST FRUIT DRINKS IN THE WORLD!

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## The Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

**B**ELGIAN strike still holding up Twelfth avenue bridge . . . Miami Beach apartment house owners to quote only season rates . . . Everglades causeway opens . . . 1,500 see it open up . . . Dade county Republicans to name slate . . . Young Manuel to fight Tommy Madden at Coliseum Monday night . . . Mrs. Thorkildson bound over to Grand Jury on murder charge . . . Police hieze slot machines and bust them up . . . Motorcycle cop hurt in collision . . . but gets his men . . . New restaurant coming to town . . . Clyde Line to get pier lease . . . and pre-cooling plant . . . United States apologizes to Great Britain . . . Coast guards to keep five miles off Bahamas . . . Rumored that oil is found on Tamiami Trail . . . it leaked out of a car . . . Alfalfa growers meet Monday to plant an idea . . . Coral Gables adopts another city commissioner . . . Department store baseball teams to play at Miami Field Sunday . . . MORE NEXT WEEK.

### VERSE OR WORSE

**A COQUETTE'S HEART**  
Freely she tosses it,  
Her heart to one;  
No man has captured it,  
That can't be done.  
And how she leads them on,  
No one but knows;  
Plays with them, teases them,  
Her oats she sows.  
Pleadingly some will ask,  
For her true love;  
But there is no such thing,  
Here or above.  
Countless as stars that shine,  
Such are her loves;  
But with the fleet of time,  
They wing like doves.  
And of her paramours,  
There was no end.  
By aid of many lures,  
She captures men.  
But some day there will come,  
As sure as fate,  
The real and only one,  
But then, too late.  
By Clarice Busch and Dorothy Dunlop

Miami Life is Read—not skimmed.

### Things I'd Like to Know

Who the three girls were that Howard the Cop had out to his apartment one day last week. ? ? ?  
Why a certain young lady paid Bill's way in the movies. ? ? ?  
If the young lady at the camera counter in the Red Cross Drug Store really means it when she says "I do not desire no publicity" ? ? ?  
If the manager of a certain theatre takes pleasure in making his friends peeved. ? ? ?  
When Willie, the good looking elevator boy, will get his picture taken. ? ? ?  
When Alice is going to take that trip up north. ? ? ?  
If Eddie knows as much about the fight game as he claims. ? ? ?  
If the good looking cop at Miami avenue had played one more hand of strip poker and won who would have been the winner. ? ? ?  
When Earl and Tillie will have that return match and who will be the referee this time. ? ? ?  
If Sonny Jim enjoyed his trip to Miami and when he will come back again. ? ? ?  
If the queen likes the Coral Gables parties. ? ? ?  
Where Fay's friend found her when he came back . . . and what he did to her. ? ? ?  
What the out-of-town hubbys would think if they knew their wives found consolation at night clubs. ? ? ?  
Who the suckers were who caught the big fish Friday. ? ? ?  
Why Woody is riding the two-wheeled Lizzie instead of the straight eight. ? ? ?  
When the Chief's going to Honolulu. ? ? ?  
Who is the big palooka . . . and why. ? ? ?  
Who the boys were with Lil, Gin and Thelma Sunday night . . . and if they lost each other. ? ? ?  
Why precious has a new girl every week. ? ? ?  
If Juanita really loves the big boob. ? ? ?  
How some of the traffic cops can direct traffic and visit girls in the parked cars at the same time. ? ? ?  
How Billie and the big palooka enjoyed their ride the other night . . . and when they returned. ? ? ?  
Who heard of Cattskill and if Homer thought he was kidding the Governor of South Carolina. ? ? ?  
Why there was such a lapse of memory, and if the name Dick didn't give both parties a big laugh after parting. ? ? ?  
How Kay was able to remember the name after such a long time, and if it wasn't a strain. ? ? ?  
If Spear used the burlap bag.

# Chocolite



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Mighty good, that chocolate candy made by your favorite recipe. But for a real candy treat, try making it with Chocolite! You'll be delighted with the difference—richer, finer-flavored, more of that delicious, old-fashioned chocolate taste.

And with Chocolite you'll make candy oftener, for Chocolite is so much easier to use. You don't have to melt it, or grate it, or mix it. Chocolite is ready for instant use. Simply measure out the amount you need—without bother or muss. Much more convenient, quicker and cleaner than any chocolate you've used before. Try it!

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### Where to Go

**T**HE outstanding show this week is the Hippodrome where there is an interesting film, the Herald news reel, on the opening of the three causeways over Biscayne bay. The feature picture, "State Street Sadie," has several parts where the vitaphone is introduced. Conrad Nagel has a good voice. The vitaphone acts are all good and the movietone is snappy.

Beginning tonight at the midnite show the Olympia has "The Cossacks," with John Gilbert and all the stars of the "Big Parade." It is a knockout. "Midsummer Madness," with Jacquelin Logan, on Wednesday and Thursday. Charlie Murray in the "Head Man," at the end of the week.

Capitol is showing another picture featuring the star of "What Price Glory," Dolores Del Rio. "No Other Woman," is the name of the picture and all the scenes are laid in continental Europe.

Exceptionally fine trips on the

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