

Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

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Miami. All Other Cities in
U. S., 15c. Three Dollars
for Six Months.

Let Us Exploit Our Babies

WHEN American mothers find out, as they some day will, the vast difference between a Miami baby and a northern baby, and the reason for it, there won't be housing space enough to accommodate even just the infant patronage we shall have. They'll flock here by the hundreds of thousands, with their pot-bellied, pudgy, pasty-faced, anaemic, rickety, weak-eyed, tubercular, paralyzed, croupy, wormy, scrofulous, pneumonic, squawling youngsters to give them the advantages that have made our babies the healthiest in the world.

Like Fred Osius, we are becoming sort of nutty on this health business and its relation to Miami's future prosperity. And we are getting much less interested in bathing girl posters, industrial campaigns, sky-blue-pink booklet gush, sport propaganda, freak publicity, a patent medicine style of advertising as means to attract northern dollars here.

Right now, due to the shrewd advertising of insurance companies and health-food people, health-seeking has become the chief hobby of the American public. People have always wanted to be healthy, but now, spurred on by this nation-wide health campaign, they are beginning to work at it, and they are selecting their homes, as well as vacation resorts, in

spots that are healthiest as well as pleasurable. And just lately doctors have discovered the sun. Old Sol has been shining for billions of years.

Old Sol has been shining for billions of years, but the doctors don't seem to have risked exposing their bodies to it until lately—and now sun-baths are the fad of the nation. They are being recommended now as the one cure-all. It wouldn't be surprising to read any time that specialists are recommending them for love-sickness as well as fallen arches.

Now, where else in the world can you find such a copious quality of sunshine in combination with such wonderfully warm ocean beaches and everything else that contributes to health—and all the year round?

Take this baby proposition alone. We could well afford to concentrate our municipal advertising and publicity for the next year on this one phase alone. We have so many assets to advertise and probably have made the mistake of trying to advertise them all at the same time. Imagine Heinz trying to crowd pictures of his 57 varieties in a single ad in the Saturday Evening Post! Let's take this one health idea and put it over with the general public, if we have to devote most of our advertising fund for it.

Every time we look over the babies on the beach (not the big ones—the little ones, we mean—

youngsters from two to six) toddling about in the warm sands, paddling in the ocean, running up and down the parks in scanty bathing suits, we become more and more impressed with our failure to publicize a great asset.

Berry-brown, lithe and lean kids they are, destined to grow up into manhood and womanhood with healthy bodies and a vigor that only the Florida sun can bring out. They are run-babies, fun-babies—and their northern cousins down here on visits gaze on them in awe. Straight, slim little legs, bright eyes, clear skins, broad shoulders—they rank as the finest health specimens in the world. And their daddies and mammas, in just about as scanty bathing suits, aren't so bad to look at, either.

Kilted Miami bands, "home-made" movies that probably will never be shown anywhere except in third-rate theatres, second-handed Pullmans decorated like a minstrel show-wagon, could be dispensed with for a while, it seems, and the money devoted to letting the folks know about our beach babies.

We can stand the squawls of a couple of hundred thousand babies, we guess. The money we'll take in will help us forget the wailing and screaming. And, after all, they won't squawl long after they've been in Miami.

What Every Milk Consumer Is Saying Today: "Don't Bacilli"

It Came True

STRANGE how mothers can foresee events in the lives of their progeny. It is instinct, of course.

Thirty or more years ago, Mrs. Buchanan of Georgia patted the head of her boy fondly, and said, "William, some day you may become president."

Her prophecy came true.

Last week "Wild Bill" Buchanan was elected president of the Village Blacksmiths, an elite club of Miami Beach.

A Trifle Late

WELL, the noble city commissioners high-pressured the Riviera, a local newspaper of Coral Gables, to publish a resolution condemning a story about \$29,000,000 worth of indebtedness. The funny part of the dumb resolution adopted by the commissioners is that the story originated in Jacksonville and was published all over the United States before the Riviera ever printed a line. Hurrah for the Mus-solinis!

THE MIAMI HERALD is certainly out of line in its promotion scheme looking toward better corn beef and cabbage recipes. What the most of us are after is the price to buy a plain sandwich.

THIS week Miami Life has no great public questions being threshed out on the front page, but, you know, you can't expect us to burn the scandal at both ends.

Greeby to Enter Herald Corn Beef and Cabbage Contest

RHAMMERHEAD GREEBY, official lecturer at the State Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, announces that he will enter the Herald's Corn Beef and Cabbage contest, and expects to cop the first prize.

"Corn beef and cabbage," said Mr. Greeby, "must be prepared with great skill. My recipe is as follows:

"I first withdraw the cork from a bottle of Hialeah rye—providing of course I had not already done so—and pour three fingers into a tall glass. To this I add a bit of cracked ice, the juice of some nutmegs, and stir thoroughly. I then down this at one fell swoop, and pick up the head of cabbage. After a few moments' study, I put down the head of cabbage and pour myself another drink. I now look at the corn beef can. If it is properly corned, I pour myself another drink.

"To get the real corn beef and cabbage flavor a hot fire is necessary. But as the Florida Power & Light Company cut off my electric stove, I substituted gas for electricity, first choking off the meter, so the bill won't be too large. After having done this, I approach the kitchen, but first pour myself another drink of rye and down it without the use of ice or water.

"By this time the ingredients are about ready for the pot. Pouring out the last of the Hialeah rye, I swallow it. I then put on my coat and hat, borrow ten cents from my wife, and ride over to the beach, where I stand Mickey McGee off for a dish of Irish stew.

"Yes, sir," concluded Mr. Greeby, "Corn beef and cabbage will eventually become the national dish. You haven't got a quarter, have you?"

MIAMI LIFE'S SOCIETY C O L U M N

MR. ALPHONE CAPONE, of Chicago and Palm Island, Miami Beach, accompanied by a party of friends, is a visitor this week to Chicago and Cicero, Illinois, where he may remain some time. Mr. Capone is a big gun in Chicago.

PLEASE, MISTER, DON'T SHOOT!



ROAMING around, our enterprising photographer caught these three debs in an unguarded moment. They were in front of a prominent beach hotel and must be some people of importance. They refused to give their names. Therefore, we have named them, reading from left to right: John Doe, Richard Roe, and Just Soe. It is believed they are from Amsterdam, N. Y.

MR. HENRY CHASE, who sheriffs for Dade county, says he does not mind moving to the new courthouse building. It is the moving on January 7th which gets his goat, to use a vulgar street expression.

MR. LAMANTIA, the host of the La Vida club, is trying to dicker with the Seminole Indians. He wants to give them the place, but the Indians want pay to take it.

LAST week's Florida East Coast train brought down two bill collectors from Jacksonville. They went back on the tri-weekly freight.

MR. AL SPANGLER, formerly of the "101" Ranch at North Beach, was seen the other day grooming his goatee-beard (fashioned after the Smith Brothers—which one was it, Mark or Trade?) He will celebrate his first anniversary as a water wagon driver on Labor Day.

PEGGY JOYCE, who has been visiting with Chief of Police Wood for the past week or so, has left on an extended visit away from Miami Beach.

This Week's Scotch Story

Did you hear about the Miami Kiltie who was given a pair of discarded spats and he had them soled and heeled?

Little Geraldine

WHEN Little Geraldine heard of a lot of people complaining about business being bad, she just laughed and laughed because she knew of a furniture man who sold 23 easy chairs last week—and all of them to prominent business men.

A GOOD Postoffice Site

WHAT a wonderful site for a new Miami post office the old city hall land would make. This is right in the center of the city and only about a block from the railway station, and a few yards from the courthouse. The city owns the land and can use it for any civic or public building.

If the government will pay the city enough for this land to erect a police station, fire hall and downtown public library on the corner of S. W. First street, the deal would be one of the finest things that ever happened to Miami.

Not only would we have the postoffice in a central position but we would have a fire hall opening immediately onto the west bound street, First street. It would also open onto First street to the east. It would be off the main thoroughfare—Flagler street. The fire department, being where it is on Flagler street opposite the new courthouse, is in a most inconvenient place. Very soon it will have to be moved away from there on account of traffic.

Before the matter of a new site for the postoffice is settled the possibility of having it located where the old city hall now stands, is worth considering.

A Wonderful Hoosier—1872-1928

WE CAN scarcely believe that debonair, peppy Jim Allison—Indianapolis speedway backer, the sponsor of innumerable experiments (nearly always successful) that have made the automotive industry what it is today, and Carl Fisher's best friend and "angel" in Miami Beach development—is dead.

Of course, Jim has been dying for the last five years—and his friends knew it. Maybe Jim did, and maybe he didn't. At any rate, he never complained—except, probably, that for the last year even beer had been denied him by his doctors.

As business man, manufacturer, banker, sportsman, fun-maker, developer, wit, philanthropist, Jim Allison was loved by everyone he came in contact with. There are few men who so exemplified the Hoosier type of manhood to the extent he did. And old time friends really dreaded visiting him in his huge living room on Star Island because the sight of an invalided Jim Allison brought tears to their eyes.

Few men enjoyed life like he did. Few got so much out of it. Few made such a financial success of it. And we can imagine that there is a smile on his face as he rests for the last time in his Indianapolis home, with his spirit hovering about bidding his friends not to grieve. That merry picture the Herald printed of him this morning was a true portrait of Jim—and he would have loved to have known that he was pictured going out of this world—laughing.

Miami Life

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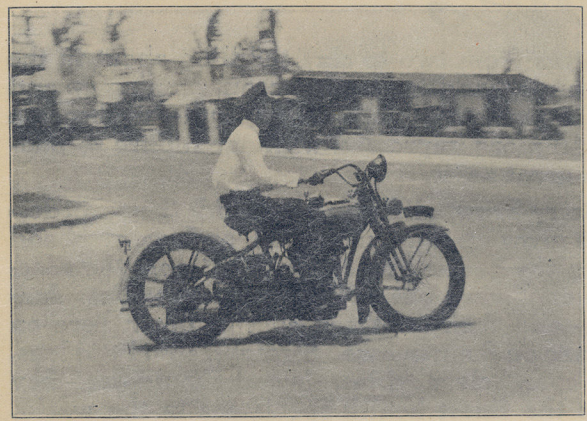
Change of Address or Contributions must be received by Thursday if intended for this week's issue.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS
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A Boulevard Nuisance



—Photo by Miami Life Staff Photographer
Deputy Constable M. J. Johnson—The Nuisance

RIGGED out in a passable imitation of the uniform of a Miami policeman, his cap decorated with a golden eagle, his belt adorned with a golden shield, a .45 automatic slung behind him, and all the airs of a minion of the law, Deputy Constable M. J. Johnson is making himself a perfect nuisance to motorists on the upper reaches of Biscayne boulevard.

He is attached to the court of R. J. Gorman, justice of the peace at Little River. Don Q. Willis, the lawful constable, is all right as far as we know, and ought to know better than allow this amateur cop to operate.

Two years ago Johnson was a messenger with the Western Union so he is fully equipped to be a constable. He is a perpetual thorn in the side of the Miami police department, the office here getting several complaints a day about him.

He will stop a car for some infraction of the traffic regulations and collect from five to twenty dollars bond money right there. He doesn't care. He will hale his captures into Mr. Gorman's court and there they are roundly fined.

Governor Martin, the motor club, and the civic organizations of North Dade county should take action against this nuisance.

Tuberculosis In Dairy Herds

NOT all herds of dairy cows in this district have been tested for tuberculosis this year, but the herds tested twelve showed reactors to the tuberculin test. Most of the herds showed from one to eleven reactors, one herd showed 31 reactors. On a second test seven herds showed clear of tuberculosis, three showed a reduction in reactors, one showed an increase.

In all dairies, except in the case of the one where the herd showed 31 reactors, and which has not yet had a second test, only pasteurized milk was being sold. From the other raw and certified milk is allowed to be sold in Miami and Miami Beach but not in Coral Gables.

This information was secured at the Miami and Coral Gables health departments.

In last week's issue we said that the membership of the Miami Chamber of Commerce was 1,950. That was a terrible falsehood. Fact is the membership is now 2,150—what do you think of that? And, by the way, do you belong?

Spoiling the Boulevard

BISCAYNE boulevard is bad enough with the so-called safety islands without having anything else unattractive about it. Between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets there is the back end of half a garage that is unsightly. It has been cut in two and the back plastered up with roofing felt and strips of wood. It spoils the whole appearance of the boulevard at that point.

Another thing that is not going to improve the appearance of this thoroughfare is the filling station now under construction at Twenty-first street. There should be no more filling stations on the boulevard. Nothing but good buildings, stores, homes and nicely landscaped grounds.

There are several vacant lots covered with weeds that would be all the better for a good trimming with a lawn mower. Some people have landscaped the vacant lots. The lots are worth a lot of money. If they look nice they will sell more readily. For that reason, if not for appearance sake, they should be tidied up.

Hot Weather Coolers

SOME years ago a government man stayed on the island of Bimini for purposes other than the welfare of rum-runners. Since that time the said agent is reported to have been dismissed from the U. S. service. Well, anyway, Dingie is again in the Bahamas, this time stopping down around Guy Cay. Liquor runners and local bootleggers seem to find their own worst enemies within their own ranks. When one gets raided or caught, he immediately suspiciously the other fellow had something to do with the affair, with the result, that squawks and squeals become numerous, and the consuming public runs against a liquor shortage and consequent higher prices. The present prohibition unit operating in this district is doing great work in stamping out local manufacturers. They are grabbing spurious labels, poor alcohol, and many of the bottling plants. If they succeed in accomplishing the feat of wiping out this gang of misbred pups they surely deserve the plaudits of the public. If poor liquor continues to be our portion, we're all liable to sign the pledge in nine different languages. Prices of commodities show a downward trend, without much demand. Case lots are quoted below. Information varies, but the local merchants stick somewhere around the following retail quotations:

RYE AND BOURBON		RUM	
Old Overholt	\$37.50	Patzenhofer	45.00
Walker's American Rye	37.50	Tennent's	45.00
Blitmore	37.50	Bull Dog	45.00
Old Hickory	37.50	Home Brew	15.00
G. & W.	37.50	Bacardi	40.00
Four Roses	37.50	Three-Dagger	40.00
Seagram's 3-star	40.00	Jamaica	30.00
Pebblebrook	37.50	Vat '69	40.00
Old Judge	37.50	Huntley Brand	40.00
Canadian Club	37.50	Old Monarch	40.00
		Ferguson's	37.50
GIN		Glen Mar	37.50
Walker's London Dry	\$25.00	Munro Square	37.50
Burnett's White Satin	25.00	Lochness	35.00
Gilbey's	25.00	Green Stripe	37.50
Gordon's	25.00	White Heather	35.00
London Dry	25.00	Gordon Plaid	37.50
		John Adair	35.00
BEER		(The prices of cordials, wines, liquors, champagnes and the other desserts of the liquor market vary considerably. Ask the man selling them.)	
Amstel's (72 Pints)	\$45.00		
Beck's	45.00		
Carlsberg	45.00		
Tuburg	45.00		

Isa Seeker

Is Admitted to the Bar, But Later Thrown Out on His Ear; Claims He Was Given Three-in-One Oil for Scotch; Offers to Buy 12 Lots for Anyone With Cash.

BEING an investigator with great knowledge and plenty of time I wish to submit to you my proposition of how we both can make money provided you supply me with 50 \$ and no cents for which I shall supply you with great information and we both will profit.

Several of my clients who are in the boom for better bootlegging business have come to me and asked my advice about entering into the milk industry; they claim that they could go out and hijack dairies and get a couple of quarts of cream a day and then cut it so as to supply the whole community of Miami Beach with milk, cream, buttermilk and sour milk at a great profit, but I told them the field was already overcrowded and the rainy season would more than over-supply the market.



Well as the fellow said looking at the door-step founding it don't belong to me even if my wife is suspicious and there is more one way a man out of work can make money without resorting to the old pick and shovel or going democratic and that is to inveigle investors to invest.

My idea which I shall disclose for 50 \$ and no cents is to gather up the men which have been playing the ponies and slot machines and other easy methods of earning a livelihood besides keeping their wives and frills at work and have these men seek investors and the way they do it is very simple for all they have to do is to find the investors and get them started investing.

For instance, when a man goes to Ed Romph and borrows 5,1,000 \$ on a I O U they meet the man coming out from Eds office hello they say nice weather we are having isn't it and the man taken by surprise is forced to admit it is nice weather we are having and the way to the investors purse is now open for all investors like to know it is nice weather especially after they have borrowed 5 grand \$ from Ed Romph.

Then the out of work pony player and slot machine fiend says how about buying 12 lots and the investor is stunned for he never had a opportunity like this to buy 12 lots before most investors having only offered him one before and at different terms while these promoters offer 12 lots on a strictly cash basis of all down.

Besides clearing the sidewalks of the out of work and no place to bet horse track slickers business will immediately pick up with all investors buying 12 lots and in case a agent doesn't want to buy the 12 lots himself he can send an agent and the agent can deliver the 12 lots to the investor and he can get out of the mess himself by merely acting for a friend.

I have studied this money making scheme from all angles and was even admitted to the bar to think it over but the bar man got sore at me wanting to ice a couple of drinks on the cuff so as I could investigate better and suggested that I go and get admitted to some other bar and take up my learning which I done without any great amount of success.

So if clients want to reap a harvest by merely investing 50 \$ and no cents they now have the opportunity as the old maid said when she walked into the strange mans room.

Trusting that none of my prospective clients are called before the grand jury I await the cash of 50 \$ and no cents.

ISA SEEKER
(Investigator-Special)

Stamford, N. Y., July 24.
W. R. Phillips,
Miami Life, Miami, Fla.

Your whole paper was so good this week that I would like to write a congratulation on all. Can you get away for two weeks? There will be a ticket, Clyde Line, and I'll meet you here. Vacation no cost.

H. H. MASE.

(Mr. Mase is President of the Florida Hotels Association.)

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RED CROSS PHARMACY

Have Faith in Greater Hialeah

(Editor's Note: This is the all or a series of 25 timely articles, sponsored by enemies of the Chamber of Commerce of Hialeah. These articles are written by an experienced consumer, and interpreter of civic inebriety. It is Barcaded and bears a spirituous message.)

By SPOOFUS STILL

With our primitive forefathers, life was not so wet. They never could have stood it if they hadn't invented the story of having been bitten by a snake. Perhaps it was a hoop-snake. This gave rise to the hoop skirt. One bright lad, seeing a hoop skirt, stole one of the hoops and started rolling it down the street. This inspired a man, who had a lot of staves, to take it away from him, and he made the hoop hold a bundle of staves together, thus was born the whisky barrel.

The whisky barrel inspired the manufacture of whisky. As a result through long processes of time, was evolved our great Hialeah liquor industry.

Greater Hialeahians, have faith in greater Hialeah. Fate brought the snakes. Faith brought the hoop-snakes, but it took civic enterprise to bring together the hoops and staves and corn and rye and fusol oil to develop an industry that is making Hialeah more and more the most spirited place in our community.—Copyrights waved.

Steno Still Hunts Job

Where She Can Work—Not Play

(Being the further adventures of a Miami Stenographer in search of three squares a day.)

I LOOKED out the window and discovered that Flagler street was just too far down. Realizing that this was one of those tight places I heard tell about and that I must use my wits I glanced around for the nearest ink well, letter opener or deadly weapon. My gaze was attracted to a corner where stood three other members of the firm, grinning at me for all they were worth.

"Now girlie, here's your chance to prove your knowledge of figures. As you see, we are all handsome brutes except me—I'm handsomer. We will proceed to show you our figures and then you can decide for yourself."

And even before I could turn, run or scream they had disrobed and all stood garbed in their bathing suits. They thought it a good joke. I've been having the D.T.'s ever since.

And then they presented me with a bathing suit so that they may take a final check on my figure. As I emerged from the ante-office there was a gasp, and, well, those boys just got out of balance and out of control and I got out of luck. I was acting sporty for the sake of my job and they decided I was too good a sport to be working. That's one thing I didn't figure on. They may be C. P. A.'s to the public, but they're only Con-founded Pesty Animals to me. I'm through.

I was despondent to say the least. Walking down the boulevard I was hailed by a gentleman in a nice new car, given a lift and then he tried to lift my despondency, whatever that may have been.

He was sales manager of a large auto concern here in town and I was made his secretary before the ride was over.

I reported to work in the best of spirits (No, I didn't have a little nip) and everything was hotsytotsy. The first day we were very busy and he was a peach, but the next day I was a lemon. In looking through the note book I was using I discovered some shorthand scrawled across two sheets in large writing. I had no difficulty in transcribing it. "I WARN WHO-EVER HAS THIS JOB AFTER ME—BEWARE OF THE SWEETNESS OF MR. — DON'T WORK AT NIGHT!"

I nonchalantly proceeded to question my employer about my predecessor.

"I hope you don't know her. She isn't your type, not at all."

And that's that.

We finished most of the rush work but everyone had gone home before we realized that it was dark outside. He seemed very much put out about my being late for dinner and begged me to have it at his apartment for his Mother.

We Discern Something

ON several occasions we have pointed out that Young Stribling didn't stand very high in our estimation as a slugger and we were certainly amazed to discover that he holds the knockout record for these United States.

Perhaps this item from the Atlanta Town Talk will prove illuminating:

STIBLING'S THREE UNUSUAL RECORDS

"Young" Stribling may not be the heavyweight champion, though perhaps were he not so discreet he might be, still he holds no less than three truly remarkable records.

As this is written he has reached a lifetime total of 103 knockouts, which may by the date of publication be greatly in excess of this given figure. This of itself constitutes an all-time mark well ahead of any save that of "Baltimore George" Chaney, who felled 101 round-heels in his time. George was known as the Great Bushwhacker on account of his ability to go out in the tall weeds and discover opponents.

Now Stribling has outdone him and all others. This by the simple process of going much further into the bushes than George did in search of material, and by knowing a good thing when he found it.

The second mark is—Stribling has knocked out one particular fighter more times than any man ever knocked another in all ring history.

His mark of 103 k. o.'s includes 42 over Joe Klancy, who entered

the ring under at least 30 different names in as many different cities and towns. Clancy has battled "Strib" under the title of "Roughhouse," Wallace, "Kansas City Assassin," Joe Kelly, "Canadian Contender," Pete Petroleum, Irish Abie Rose, Battling Blah, One Round Ownlee, Cowboy Count and a score of other nome de resins, including his own.

It is a matter worthy of note that Joe has never failed to kiss the canvas and holds what is thought to be a record for this phase of the fight game.

Stribling's third mark was made in thinking up names for Clancy. He has shown greater ingenuity in this than any fighter who went before him. The Georgia battler also holds more decisions over Joe Lohman and Leo Gates than any other living fighter.

Clancy, after a brief whirl at wrestling, has hung up his tights and gloves and now works at the Chevrolet plant, which is bound to tie up Stribling's knockout string unless the Macon boy can arrange with Paul Desjardines, Olympic champion diver, for future engagements.

Mr. Polk Take Notice

THE other day we noticed a man in a drug store who wasted a perfectly good half hour looking through the classified business directory for "Bootleggers."

would have it all prepared. Mother had evidently gone home to her Mother for there was no dinner when we got there. After many excuses he decided that we weren't hungry yet and would go out for a bit after a few drinks.

At midnight he was lit up enough to make the Milky Way look like a dungeon. For the life of me I couldn't get him to open the door or give me the key. I finally was willing to risk my health, home and happiness and call the police station. The sight of the receiver sobered him long enough for him to hic to me that if that's the type of girl I was for me to get out and stay out.

And I did.
"So you're looking for a job, eh? Well, I'll tell you the truth, young lady, I needed a girl but I was afraid to advertise. You see, there's a young lady in town who is looking for a position and I didn't want to take any chance on running into her cause she writes for a local paper. So I just got a young man to do the work. Am awfully sorry, honey, cause you're just about the best looking little thing I've ever seen. Say! I'm just a lonesome man in a lonesome town—"

My being Miss O. Henryetta may have cost me a job, but I thank you for the idea, Mr. Realtor.

Things I'd Like To Know

Who the flapper is that is taking Cricket's place while she is on her vacation?

How Mary likes the massages?

If Alice is really going to

leave us for a vacation and if her friends aren't going to miss her very much?

Who the dark complexioned boy was that slim the cop was running around in the car Tuesday morning?

When Dick Started taking them to raise

Why Howard didn't like the write-up?

If the four young men think they gave Mary a treat when they dove into the pool at Coconut Grove?

If Jimmie thinks a certain Coral Gables redhead believes everything he tells her?

If Florence will visit Great Notch again?

What the girls meant when they say "Who's got another nickel?"

When Pop will make money out of the "dogs"?

If Connie isn't a cute little blonde.

What it is "Pat and Toby" are advertising on the tire cover, or is it a new kind of drink?

If Jill will ever learn to put herself to bed?

If One-Way can beat J. H. W. and if so, why not?

If Allen is really as tight as M. P. R. says he is?

If M. P. is really a Grandpa?

Who the girl was at the Casino with the new boy friend, and if she didn't get a shock when she saw the cast-off sitting up at the table watching her.

Why Addy can't seem to realize all the things that are good for her, and how long it will take to make the change?

If Mayme really wants to call the boys by their first names, and if she'll ever pay the forfeit demanded?

What J. M. R. intends to do with those two high powered crews he's importing from Texas?

If Lloyd Brown is keeping us in suspense so he can give us all a sure-enough thrill when the time comes?

If Mrs. Ritz of the fashionable Northwest section really thinks her big rough daddy knows how to choose 'em?

Overnight Trip to Nassau on the "Princess Montagu"
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Leaves Miami Tuesday and Thursday 4 P. M.
Leaves Nassau Wednesday and Friday 4 P. M.
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"A THIEF IN THE DARK"
With
GEORGE MEEKER,
MARJORIE BEEBE
and GWEN LEE
—Also—
OUR GANG COMEDY
"CHICKEN FEED"
OUR LOWERED ADMISSIONS
NOW IN EFFECT

Echo of the Elks

My dear Mr. Phillips:
The Elks of New York who are members of the New York State Association, experienced a most delightful visit to your city during the Grand Lodge reunion of our order, and I am requested to extend to you thanks and appreciation for the kindly mention and generous apportionment of space in reporting the activities of the convention.
The Elks will remember their visit with pleasure and ever will be ready to speak a good word for the hospitality and good will of the citizens of Miami.
Wishing you a highly prosperous season, I am,
Sincerely,
PHILIP CLANCY,
Secretary.



in the Editor's Mail

Tut! Tut!

Editor Miami Life:
In a recent issue of your paper under an article headed "Give It a Name," you suggest the new courthouse be called the Administration Building. I believe "The Steal House" would be very appropriate.
Ask the \$-a-year man.

READER.

AGAINST PASTEURIZATION

Dear Mr. Phillips:
I have long desired to compliment you on your good work in cleaning up things in our good city, and thinking I might be of some service to you, I am writing this.
I have no ax to grind, don't want any publicity or notoriety, but, thinking you want to know the truth and nothing but the truth, I offer this for your consideration. Use what you can and discard the rest.
Have been more or less interested and pretty close to the "milk" business since upon a time, but at present more deeply interested in matters of health and the welfare of the people and a student of the real deeper causes of the abnormal conditions that confront us.
Mr. Phillips, you are right about the cost of milk, it is too high, but I have no suggestions to offer, except that one of your bright young men go out and get costs of production. Milk produc-

ers have their little troubles, too, but the principal thing is to protect the public.
I came to Miami about 12 years ago and was told at that time that it was impossible to raise dairy feed in Southern Florida. Mr. James Bright tried it, but I saw his early attempts at raising alfalfa, also Kaffir corn and other foods. Don't know whether he failed or not, nor why. Ask him and some other old-timers.

Now, about tubercular cows. To be sure anyone tell you why we have tubercular cows? If not, then let me inform you that tuberculosis in cows is due to nothing else but some particular kind of feeding, mostly to feeding "concentrated foods."
The big idea of most dairymen is to jam all the concentrated foods into a cow that is possible in order to produce a great flow of milk when there is a great demand for it.
They say (interested parties) and it is constantly repeated by those who don't take the trouble to look into the matter, that children get bovine T. B. from tubercular milk.
This has been denied by many scientific men. It seems that actual cases of infection are exceedingly rare, to say the least. I say this in order to state a fact, and not to excuse selling milk from sick cows. Sick animals should be quarantined until they are well.
How about the test? Evidently or most likely you have heard only one side of the story. Authorities are not always right. Chief Quigg was an authority and you went out of your way to prove that he was not always right. If you want some information, some real "hot stuff," read Senate Document 85, 70th Congress. This is the case of Senator Glass of Virginia, who fought

We Got 'Em

Dear Friends:
Some guy very kindly must have sent you two bits, more or less, to have my name put on the passenger list, as feel certain that in this day and age you are not issuing any dead-ends. For my confidential information, will you kindly have circulation department advise who was so kind as to donate the subscription to the writer?
Thinking that "Little Geraldine" might be hungry, we are having expressed to your office a bushel of nice Carolina peaches. Anyhow, they will be nice when they leave here and we trust that they will arrive in good condition.
Very truly yours,
E. W. LINS,
Sales Manager.

the "test" issue through the courts and won his case.
I also advise you to inquire into the "test" history in Illinois, where, so I am informed, it has been outlawed. It is said to be of no good use, but dangerous and costly. If you are interested I can give you more detailed information.
"Testing," my dear Mr. Phillips, is getting to be a fad, no, a "mania," among certain classes, and I assure you it is a very profitable one too. Keeps fellows in office and keeps serum and toxin factories working. It does that, and also spreads disease and causes untold misery.
There may be news to you or even here, but it is the truth, even though there are "authorities" who will contradict me.
I happen to know the fellows who used to kill those condemned cattle here in Dade county. Perhaps they still do so, I don't know, but they can give you some information on the reliability of the "test" right here from their own observation. Go and see them yourself.
Pasteurizing milk? Why insist on "dead milk"? Why not insist on "clean" milk?
If milk must be pasteurized, it means that the bars are lifted. Inspection becomes lax. Milk is handled in a careless way, a little dirt here or there, a few million bacteria more or less don't count, because the pasteurization takes care of all of that.
To be sure it does, but how? It does kill bacteria, but it does not remove them from the filthy milk, nor the eggs of the bacteria, for bacteria eat and drink and excrete just like any other creature, and bacterial excreta are generally supposed to be highly toxic. All of the dead bacteria and their excreta help give the dead, lifeless pasteurized milk that peculiar corpse-like flavor.
For myself, I prefer a clean, fresh milk, unpasteurized, unsterilized, unboiled, if I want to prescribe for a grown person the food that nature had really intended, and especially designed for the use of a nursing infant or for a sucking calf or goat or sheep.
Milk, so the food chemists tell us, is a very delicate fluid and easily thrown out of balance by monkeying with it. Pasteurization disturbs these delicately adjusted chemical combinations and causes peculiar changes to take place. Pasteurized, sterilized, boiled, chemicalized, canned, evaporated or otherwise commercially altered milk is inferior to good clean fresh milk. Large overgrown cities naturally demand pasteurization, but for heaven's sake, let our children here in Miami enjoy the privileges of fresh, clean milk—the cleaner the better.
Don't listen to those who are prompted by ulterior motives, commercial greed, or who are ignorant of the real facts, insist on "inspection"—strict cleanliness on wholesome foods and healthy cattle instead of universal pasteurization.
No need of using my name. It will not help matters any, but if needs I shall at any time come forth in the interest of truth and decency and the welfare of the public.
Wishing you all the success you deserve in your battle for "good" and at your service if I can be of any use to you.
M. D.

Greeby To Boycott Milk

Believes a Better Feeling Will Develop in Community If Citizens Stick To Hialeah Rye and North Miami Bacardi; Suggests Cows Be Eaten

MR. R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who holds the world's record for non-support of his wife, and whose extradition from a hole in Lake Bay Mabel recently attracted the attention of the civilized world and parts of Georgia, announces in an exclusive interview to Miami Life that he will clarify the milk situation.

"Milk," said Mr. Greeby, paying a social call on Mary Pickford, Dolores Del Rio and Norma Talma, at Chief Wood's reception magpie, in Miami Beach, "is useless since Florida manufacturers discovered chalk mines. All it does is make babies fat and cause invalids to leave hospitals by getting well. How can our hospitals exist if all the patients get up and leave? Very few people think of that. So why use milk at all?"
"I do not desire no publicity," said Mr. Greeby, casting a pair of sheep's eyes at Mary Pickford, "but there are times when even I must stampee the ethics of conventions—I bet Holmes of the Herald will try to work that phrase in somewhere—and step forth to protect the people."
"Although personally I do not know any of the Miami cows which have been brought into this controversy, yet I daresay it won't be long before I get acquainted."

Little Geraldine, Greeby's adopted daughter under the Eighteenth Amendment, immediately burst into childish laughter, saying that the old man had no time to make the acquaintance of cows since all the Miami bulls were after him. He punished the girl by sitting her on Judge Morrow's desk.
"Miamians had better get weaned off Hialeah rye and North Miami Bacardi before they start taking up any new fads like drinking milk. I myself never use either milk or water. In fact I can't tell the difference between the two here in Miami, except they charge you for the milk."
"These milkmen say that a quart of milk equals eggs, beef-steak and all them good eats. Why one small half pint of Hialeah rye will completely put the milk industry out of business. What man after two swallows of good drinking liquor will ask for a pint of milk?"
"He'll ask for the undertaker," laughed Little Geraldine, hiding behind the municipal laws of Miami Beach. Greeby revised her with a copy of the 1926 statutes.
Greeby, since his return from Georgia, accompanied to the state line by the Crakers' Vigilant committee, has changed somewhat. He claims that he will run independent in the November election for Conductor of the Scotch Kilties Band car, even if he has to run on the Republican ticket.
"I was fairly and squarely elected to that honorable position, but conniving and scheming politicians knocked me loose from my constituents' votes. It is not the remuneration—I got that word from Judge Stoneman's editorials—I'm after; money means nothing to me. By the way, have you got a loose dollar?"
The reporter, alarmed at the request, changed the subject and his position, and handed Mr. Greeby the short end of a slightly used cigar.

"Milk," continued Mr. Greeby, switching from politics and finances and from gazing at Mary Pickford, "is something we ain't had in Miami since the boom. Everything's been milked dry. Even the bootleggers ain't got no more kickin' money for protection. Every time they get six dollars a professional bondsman tips it off to the prohis and they get pinched and the bondsman get the six dollars less 20 per cent which goes to the kitty pot. And the kitty pot is getting dry."
"Yet," said Mr. Greeby, waxing poetic and getting mooney, "I like the nice cows. Right now I could sit down and eat a big steak and not worry about milk. Would you mind taking me over to Little Joe's and letting me prove my theories?"
The reporter, knowing that the first edition of Miami Life would be held up if he didn't get this story in, apologized and said he had some important business to attend to. Mr. Greeby accepted the story and softly told the reporter to go to h—, The reporter left for Hallandale.

INSIST ON GOLDEN WEDDING

TO SEE BETTER —SEE— SMITH THE OPTICAL SPECIALIST Miami Optical Co. 40 N. Miami Avenue

Real Chili Sandwiches Soft DRINKS Etc. Palm Garden SPANISH VILLAGE Phone M. B. 6651 Open to 2 a. m.—or later

Dr. A. E. Rosenthal desires to announce that on and after July 23rd, the services of Mrs. Gertrude L. Rosenthal, graduate dental hygienist, will be available at his office for oral prophylaxis (systematic cleaning of the teeth). By appointment only. Phone 4819. 302 Professional Building.

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Have You Seen What's on Display in the Lobby of The Alta Vista Hotel Something You All Want Something You Might Get

Why Kick About Milk? Dear Mr. Editor: I read in your last week's paper for which I paid ten cents and went without my regular lunch that Miami cows are showing signs of weakening and I thought it might be a good idea to ship the weak-lunged bovines out to Colorado or Arizona so as they could recuperate and put something else out besides near-milk.
Well, there's not much to worry about little details like that since the 18th amendment has raised the price generally and lowered the quality nationally. For today we get near-beer, near-leather shoes, near-hamburgers, and very near Scotch, rye, and Bacardi.
It just seems to be the trend of the times to nearly do everything. Men and women are nearly getting married; workers are nearly getting paid; business men are nearly getting loans; real estate salesmen are nearly selling lots; pedestrians are nearly getting run over; husbands are nearly getting shot by other husbands; candidates for office are nearly getting elected; tenants are nearly paying their rent; brunettes are nearly getting blonde; and the whole caboodle of things are nearly getting messed up.
So for a change I wish you would get busy and write something about say, out climate—it's nearly perfect—but not nearly as satisfying as a nice juicy steak.
Very truly yours,
NEARLY A NUT.

RENT ONE — DRIVE IT YOURSELF New Fords, Oldsmobile, Chrysler, Oakland, Studebaker, Hertz, Chevrolet SUMMER RATES NOW IN EFFECT U-DRIVE-IT OF MIAMI 30 N. W. Second St. Phone 8724

AUTO ELECTRIC SERVICE AUTHORIZED SERVICE DELCO REMY KLAXON DYNETO DEJON BOSCH ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT CO. 42 N. W. 4th St., Miami

Buried Treasure Arthur Brisbane said in Tuesday's Herald: "Roman Gold coins dug up after 2,000 years are worth only what they were when buried." "This shows the importance of keeping your money earning interest. A silver penny like the one mentioned in the Bible, put out at interest compounded semi-annually for only 900 years would amount to \$1,270,000,000,000. That's more money than there is in the world." You nor Brisbane either would need it after 900 years. But any sum placed with the People's Loan and Savings Company at compound interest doubles itself inside ten years. If you expect to live that long why not save the rent on that safety deposit box, which holds your buried treasure. Phone 5951 for particulars. A PARENT.

"AGE CANNOT WITHER"

Editor Miami Life:
Since Miami Life finds it necessary to use plagiarism to fill its lean, read columns, may I suggest that the borrowed articles be of recent date.
I am referring to the definition of a flapper, placed so prominently on the front page. This definition appeared in the Johns Hopkins "Black and Blue Jay" sometime last fall.
Please give credit where credit is due.
GEORGE CHERTHOF.
All right, George. Now please tell the jay to credit it to the "Pink 'Un" of about 28 years ago. Also "Pick Me Up" of about 35 years ago, and "Ally Sloper" of more years than that. Haven't time to get really into ancient history but no doubt the Ancient Greeks sprung it and Noah probably told it in the ark.

READER.

beginning of the park was a band stand with an open-air amphitheater seating many thousands. Official Grand Lodge headquarters were in the McAllister hotel, at the corner of Bayfront drive and Flagler street, the principal business thoroughfare. From its windows and balconies one could see practically everything that was going on, for the bulk of the convention activities were focused in Bayfront park. The Olympia theatre, where the business sessions of the Grand Lodge were held, was within a stone's throw of the headquarters hotel; the City and County Building, pictured in our July issue, in which general registration took place, was but five minutes distant. The other hotels housing Grand Lodge delegations were also situated within a radius of a few squares and this compact grouping simplified the work of everyone concerned with the convention.
Not only were the facilities excellent, but the weather and the climatic conditions exceeded all expectations of those who had journeyed to Miami a little fearful that the convention committee, in its enthusiasm, might have painted too rosy a picture beforehand. The sun was hot, naturally enough, but the breezes off the ocean were cool—and constant, to boot. Even the tropical showers, which are blinding downpours while they last, fell at times when nothing important was happening. The varacity of the Miami Grand Lodge Convention Committee with respect to the local weather was established beyond question and the fact is recorded here for future reference.
—August Elks Magazine.

LITTLE GERALDINE

Little Geraldine heard her father say that Miami ought to be a good place now that Al Capone had left, but she just laughed and laughed, for she knew Soldier Frank Leavitt was back.

HIPPODROME NOW PLAYING Paramount's First Sound Picture! Richard DIX In "WARMING UP" Everyone's asking, "Have You Heard Warming Up?" The sensation of 1928. Also 3 Vitaphone presentations. Movietone News.

SEEK KEEN KEEN SIGHT 129 Seybold Bldg. Arcade

MAULE-OJUS ROCK PRODUCTS

Police, Take Notice Editor Miami Life: I have read many articles in your paper about the so-called ladies of the evening, a very unpleasant subject, but true and important. But there is something of a similar nature that appears to me to be just as important and harmful to our city.
I am referring to so-called fairies, faggots, or what have you. The gentlemen of the evening, if we follow out the original idea, these inverters haunt our city day and night in search of victims.
While the prostitute sometimes hunts her quarry, she mostly keeps in the background and waits for a customer to come along. It is otherwise with the other end of the degenerate scale. These men, if you can call them men, can be found all over the city—and especially in Biscayne park.
Did you ever stroll in this wonderful park, enjoying the fragrance of the flowers and the delicate tracery of the palm fronds. Did you ever spend the evening underneath the moon in Miami's bayfront paradise? Don't go there with a lady, or you may be embarrassed by one of the gentlemen of the evening drumming up trade.
Don't ever go there alone and show that you are enjoying life. Otherwise you will have a long line of degenerate perverts following you around trying to date you up for their filthy trade.
READER.

Have You Seen What's on Display in the Lobby of The Alta Vista Hotel Something You All Want Something You Might Get

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Round the Town with ROD

A MASCULINE MENACE

Sometime I grow to hate us race of men. A young girl came into the office yesterday afternoon and told me an amazing human story—a brave tale of a man's cowardly betrayal. We are all grown up and Miami Life is a paper exclusively for grownups, and there's little use of mincing words, especially in the condemnation of such a "rotter."

This extremely attractive and clean-appearing girl who told us the story—not for vengeance but in hope of saving some other innocent girl—fell for this shiek's line of talk over a year ago. As the result of a misplaced love she became diseased. She spent three months in a hospital and four hundred dollars for the experience of a misguided heart.

While she was going through this ordeal the "gallant" married. Shortly afterwards his wife came to the same doctor who had been treating his first victim, with the same affliction. She came a number of times afterwards, with new complaints of the same trouble, despite the fact that she was working daily and holding a more responsible position than her "husband."

As was to be expected of a man of this type, marriage vows meant nothing and he continued to spread his diseased passion in the district.

His latest victim is an attractive married woman, sold on his love talk. With her two children and husband they live in the same apartment-hotel. She is fascinated by this married diseased man's "line" and is about to listen to his proposition to go to Washington.

I, of course, don't believe in lynching.

REAL SALESMEN

The new Packard Miami Motors, Inc., at 2020 Biscayne boulevard, has assembled such a fine quartet of automobile salesmen that the company deserves a few lines of free publicity. There are few people in Miami who do not know Wilbur C. Phelps personally and he has been one of the most successful salesmen in the state. The other three members of this remarkable sales crew are O. K. Houston, Walter Hays and J. G. Bromley, each of whom has become expert at selling fine cars.

ALLISON'S WILL

I am wondering what Jim Allison did with Allison Hospital in his will. It will probably be some little time before the terms of the will are announced, and no one here seems to know what he had in mind about the hospital, which is now in the hands of the Catholic sisters and is being sought after by the Battle Creek Sanitarium for their southern terminus. Mayo Brothers are also reported interested, while the city of Miami Beach has made dickers now and then for it for use as a city hospital. It wouldn't surprise me if Allison did not leave it to the city of Miami Beach.

PLENTY OF WORK

Unemployment has ceased to be a worry in Miami. That is to those who are lucky enough to get pinched. For the city commissioners have inaugurated a new payroll and many men are taking advantage of it.

All one has to do to get on this payroll is simple. Just hop into your automobile. Load it up with gas and yourself with Hialeah rye. A cop will then nail you. The judge will say

If you want to be WELL DRESSED and have the latest in clothes See "EDDIE" STEPHENS TAILOR 231 N. E. 1st St. City Club Bldg.

DEMAND OLD LOG CABIN

The Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

FARM congress a great success . . . Floridians realize they have a gold mine in the development of back country . . . Miami, H. R. Grundy, gives life in aiding drowning woman . . . Parker Henderson, of Miami, occupies leading role in investigation of gangster's death . . . he bought the guns from local pawnbroker . . . Grand jury returns several true bills and one no true bill . . . and woman who killed husband goes free . . . Sheriff Chase continues on trail of professional hijackers . . . he now has seven in the county stockade . . . Burdine's employees hold annual picnic on beach . . . Several auto accidents this week, but no deaths . . . gas and booze mixed cause of majority . . . Prohibition agents capture three more large stills in Everglades . . . Liquor market quiet . . . supply fair . . . prices reasonable . . . Former Special Agent Dingie now residing on Cat Cay . . . U. S. wants him . . . Coral Gables Legion Post promises good bouts at Miami Coliseum Monday night . . . You can go to Coral Gables now for a nickel on the street car . . . Harry Leach has secured first Paramount talking picture for Hippodrome . . . Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate citrus fruit rates . . . Director of Public Safety Arnold's new police manual out . . . you now can ask any copper . . . Democrats and Republicans both lining up for state and national campaigns . . . Local professional bondsmen in for investigation . . . This paper is getting famous . . . a cigar has been named for it . . . and it's a nickel cigar . . . while WQAM broadcasts from its columns . . . hurrah! Citizens demand information concerning polluted milk . . . Summer vacationists begin to write back for money so they can get back to the cool climate of Miami . . . MORE NEXT WEEK.

\$50 and costs or 30 days and 5 days in addition thereto.

Then you get on the payroll. For eight hours work you are paid \$2.50 per day and your board and room. You are perfectly safe in your room and your board comes around regular. If you have 30 days to serve you earn \$75.00, which is deducted against your jail sentence. The jailer then turns you loose. Of course you don't get real money, but you can write back to Georgia and tell your friends that you have a good job at \$2.50 per day and board and room. Try it.

THE FLORIDA BOOSTERS

Sometimes when I hear of Florida boosters and investigate their activities, the usual result is a bunch of self-praising and publicity-seeking individuals who are out to promote—mostly themselves.

It is refreshing to chronicle the activities of Florida's greatest booster and his assistants. I speak of Barron G. Collier and his right-hand man, George T. Linton.

Collier, the largest landowner in Florida, has probably done more real constructive work than any other two men. The development of the Everglades, the Tamiami Trail, the building up of the Bahamas-Florida commerce, the steamship and railroad, and bus lines of the state, all have received impetus from his active mind. Last week, George T. Linton, vice-president of the Florida organization headed by Collier, bought the steamship Laura and will operate that boat in conjunction with the Princess Montague between Miami and Nassau. And as Nassau is Miami's greatest export customer, the possibilities of what this deal means can readily be understood.

And by way of mention, it may be said that the Princess Montague has made nearly 100 trips between here and Nassau, and she is always on schedule. Transportation at rates within reason and pleasant accommodations account for the success of Collier's transportation projects.

W. Q. A. M.

All summer long W. Q. A. M. has been broadcasting for six hours daily. And this daily broadcasting is to be continued until the winter season opens. The Electrical Equipment Company, N. W. Fourth street, does the broadcasting and it cost the firm plenty.

Miamians should be tickled to death to have a local station filling the air as very little can be heard from outside stations during the summer months. Here's hoping they get enough encouragement to keep the good work up.

OUR GETTING BUSINESS

Being of a curious turn of mind I tried to find out if Florida, in particular Miami prod-

ucts were being sold in other parts of the country. The very first place I called was the Forest Pottery Shop on N. E. Second avenue. There, the Florida hardwood tree is made over into something artistic. Boxes, vases and a variety of articles are turned, carved and fashioned from the local hardwoods.

And the owner, I don't know his name, tells me that he is busy selling his artistic product throughout the north—and that business is good.

HE CAME BACK

Frank (Soldier) Leavitt, Miami's biggest cop, has returned. Cooped up in a small roadster, the car decorated with palm trees and Miami photographs, Frank had done the north in good style. He has visited so many cities in the United States and Canada he has forgotten the names of half of them. He traveled 12,000 miles altogether. As Frank paid all his ex-

WALKING BACK

Since the editorial printed in a weekly paper about poor milk Mr. Williford of the Dixie Grocery reports a heavy demand for canned cream. He says his customers claim they can make as good a milk as any dairy.

The regular weekly washing party of Miamians took place in Grandpa's ocean Thursday. Several shotgun marriages are liable to happen as a result.

Mr. Bruce Youngs, who was railroaded into the coming legislature is still away. It is presumed that he is visiting relatives, as he had no money when he left here.

Mr. Brownie, of the Dugout, announces a change in policy of that place. He says real sandwiches and soft drinks are now on tap.

Mr. Jimmie Armstrong pulled a patient's tooth last week. Mr. Armstrong is a dentist and would appreciate it if you would let him pull your teeth.

Local preachers say that more of our young people should get married. Collections are slow on Sundays, and the marriage fees come in handy.

Friday's trolley car to Coral Gables was delayed considerably last Thursday. A Miami man tried to bamboozle the conductor with an old Buena Vista transfer, but did not succeed in doing so.

Miss Ruby Rhodes, who gained fame by her wonderful work in Miami, is sequestering at the Cecil Hotel, Atlanta, Ga. Oh, you lucky Crackers!

Master Parker Henderson, gun expert and a keen student of criminology, is spending several days in New York. He was accompanied by Chief of Police Guy Reeves, who took Mr. Henderson on an inspection tour of Brooklyn

EDITOR'S MAIL

REGARDING THEATERS

Editor, Miami Life: Being an old showman myself, and having resided in the city of Miami for quite some time, naturally I would be interested in the theatres in our city. I have judged their merits and their faults from time to time. Recently the Capitol Theatre reduced their admission prices and the very next day the Olympia Theatre ran a screaming headline on their advertisement, "We haven't cut the show, just the prices," and included another little square about being the only theatre in Miami having de luxe stage presentations.

True enough, the Capitol had eliminated the stage shows from their programs, but as an ad in another edition stated (which is correct) it is impossible to secure suitable people for the presentations during the summer, and rather than inflict boresome stage shows on their patrons they had decided to discontinue them for the balance of the summer. This I think was a very wise move, especially when the people got the best end of the transaction by the lowered admissions.

I can remember also that the Capitol was the first to inaugurate the mid-nite shows, the stage band policy and numerous new ideas in newspaper advertising which the Olympia immediately afterward used. To be quite fair about the whole deal I should judge that they should not mention about their not reducing the show, because, as stated before, it is impossible to give or get enough decent acts to use, and the constant reshaping of folks from the Miami Night Clubs does indeed become very boresome.

—A Miami Life Reader.

penses, the city paying for the decoration on the car, he has returned with a much smaller bankroll than he left with. In the meantime he has succeeded in getting a lot of good publicity for Miami—and is satisfied.

All the cops in the north had him out directing traffic, and he declares that Miami traffic is handled just as well as that of any other city.

He was glad to get back home and slept peacefully for the first time in two months or so on the first night of his return.

Miami Beach Prices

—or—

The Winter Versus Summer Season

	Winter	Summer
Apartments	\$75-\$300	\$20-60
Shaves	.35	.25
Bootleggers' Fortified Bonds	\$150.00	\$200.00
Bus fares	.15	.10
Blondes	The Limit	Free
MIAMI LIFE	.05	.10

jails. Mr. Henderson discovered a Miami product in the collection of guns in possession of Gotham police.

Kimi S. Iwama says he thinks the country will go Democratic this year. Kimi bases his prophecy on the fact that the country has gone every other way of late.

A business dissolution of great moment occurred last week. The corporation operating the Brass Rail dissolved partnership, and now one of the former partners has to pay for his hot dogs.

The Roosevelt hotel will remain open all summer. (Adv. 17)

A story to the effect that gambling was countenanced in Miami has been proven untrue. The report went out that the city was full of baccarat players. It should have read Bacardi players.

Mr. Art Curtis was host to a group of friends on a fishing trip last week. Two fish were caught by the party of sixteen but they were mean fish and it served them right, Art said.

Our newspaper publisher, Kent Watson, is reported to have completed his post-graduate course as a copy boy on the Newark, N. J., Star-Eagle, and will soon enliven our midst again.

Mr. Fritz Gordon of the county solicitor's office, played a neat joke on his associate, Ted Elliott,

this week. He gave Ted a loaded cigar. Ted sat down to lunch with State's Attorney Hawthorne. Ted lit the cigar. It went off and set Vernon's breeches, shirt, and coat on fire, besides burning up a tablecloth. Good work, Fritz.

An unidentified motorist stopped at a gas station here last week. His license plate was covered with mud and we think he came from Georgia.

"Doc" E. E. Dammers, former mayor of Coral Gables, has postponed his annual, and we might say often jolly, house party in Central Miami. It seems that the doctor has been having vocal troubles of late.

M. P. Lehman of Coral Gables is one of the most sought-after debutants of the coming season.

Among the visitors to the offices of Shotts and Bowen last week was Doris Watson, their stenographer.

Roddy Burdine, whom friends familiarly call "R. B. Burdine," was seen coming over the causeway the other day. Come again, R. B.

Miss Lelia Russell entertained a group of acquaintances recently in Judge Spitzer's office, having recently returned from a visit with relatives in Fort Pierce and other eastern cities.

They Tell Me

THAT Bill removed his pants ONLY to show his new striped underwear ! ! !

THAT Otis is terribly lonesome since Loretta returned to St. Louis ! ! !

THAT Ann Louise had a good time as a "summer widow," and how ! ! !

That a certain bank teller is lonesome since the girls returned to Atlanta. ! ! !

That Opal didn't know the library closed at nine o'clock. ! ! !

THAT Kay felt real bad the other day when she read that she was due for a writeup. ! ! !

THAT the liquor question comes up right frequently on the roof, and by the case at that ! ! !

THAT the tall blonde named Ruth made a big hit with one of the boys, and that it won't be long now ! ! !

THAT if Ok finds things as congenial in Chicago as he's found them down here it won't be the fault of Harry and Doc. ! ! !

THAT this boy Geen seems to be the original HOT PANTS WILLIE, and that he sure wakes up when the sun goes down. ! ! !

THAT Betty makes a very conscientious model, and that she really thinks that she's getting a print for all her work. ! ! !

THAT Bud certainly made a hit with the soft music and the low lights Tuesday night, but that it was rather hard to bear under the circumstances ! ! !

THAT Mayme certainly looks keen in those new britches, and that a certain young man almost broke his nose getting out the telescope. ! ! !

Miami Life's Thrift Week

In order to inculcate thrift among Miamians during the summer months, Miami Life has designated next week as Miami Thrift Week and, in conjunction with the below-named merchants, the following coupons are offered readers. These Thrift Bargains can be secured by bringing along coupons (with accessories):

This Coupon and Five Cents entitles bearer to ONE COCA-COLA RED CROSS PHARMACY

This Coupon and Fifteen Cents entitles bearer to 1 PKG. CAMEL CIGARETTES UNITED CIGAR STORES

This Coupon and Five Cents entitles bearer to ONE STREET CAR RIDE Florida Power & Light Co.

This Coupon and Two Cents entitles bearer to ONE TWO-CENT STAMP U. S. POST OFFICE

This Coupon and Fifty Cents entitles bearer to ONE DRINK HIALEAH RYE Miami Undertakers' Association

This Coupon and a Blonde entitles bearer's wife to ONE DIVORCE DADE CO. BAR ASSOCIATION

This Coupon and Ten Cents entitles bearer to TEN CENTS IN TRADE THE DUGOUT

This Coupon and One Paid Ticket entitles bearer to ONE RIDE TO HALLANDALE F. E. C. R. R.

(The purpose of this is to see whether the combined reader circulation of the Daily News and the Miami Herald is equal to that of Miami Life.)

MILK Milk means more to the health of your family (especially your children) than you realize. In many instances FARWAY MILK is relished by children who refuse other brands. Farway's pleasant taste, due to careful feeding of animals and handling of milk, is famous with our patrons.

OUR COWS

We have our own cows and produce the milk we sell. Our trucks cover Miami East of 7th Ave. and North of Flagler St.; all of Miami Beach, Hollywood and Ft. Lauderdale.

We have NO telephone.

FARWAY DAIRY

Box 171 Hallandale, Fla.



FRED BISHOP of Miami Beach, Louisville and Paris, shown starting a non-stop flight from the fashionable La Gorce golf course to the Jewell Grille. This was taken some time ago, which accounts for his youthful appearance. Mr. Bishop, known to his admirers as "Kewpie," is now in Kentucky, but his friends fear that he will be back at the beach for a visit during the coming week. His friends are Bob Ralston, Roger Nordella, Lucien Yance, a motorcycle sergeant, and an unidentified negro porter.