

# Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

PUBLISHED AT 815-16 OLYMPIA BUILDING, MIAMI, FLORIDA, BY MIAMI LIFE. PHONE 37737.

Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

10 Cents a Copy in Greater Miami. All Other Cities in U. S., 15c. Three Dollars for Six Months.

Volume 5, Number 29.  
August Eleventh, Nineteen Twenty-eight.

## Bank, Banker, Bankrupt

**N**OW local bankers help out the town in the next four months is going to determine largely the future of Miami business, if not the future of the city itself. Judging from the past, and speaking frankly, the outlook isn't so good.

These "Have-Faith-in-Miami" articles in the Daily News would be much better if they were directed solely to the banker. The man on the street, the Miami home-owner, the developer, the business man, the contractor and all other people we come in contact with do have faith in Miami and express it continually. The only pessimists are the bankers. And if you read the history of Miami, you'll find that they all not long ago were grocery clerks, whose idea of financing at that time was getting ten or fifteen cents out of the cash drawer to buy a sandwich or persuade a cab-driver to take them home. The sparkling tinkle of the modern cash register, with its various checking up devices, probably scared them into the banking business.

Folks, it's serious.

We're not banking experts, but we've got a lot of expert banker friends—who, by the way, achieved their success through long years of study and practical experience and not through a succession of booms that still leave our local executives in a sort of daze. And these experts tell us that money is tighter in Miami than in any other place in the country—and at a time, mind you, when money is most needed to prevent us, individually and municipally, from going bankrupt.

The irony of it is the fact that from 1920 to this year we had a banker-commission composed of the presidents of five big banks (remember how they were publicized and given credit for having saved the city from ruin?), that piled on the most staggering debt that any city of this size in the world ever stood—and now refuse to take their medicine along with their victims whose taxes are eating up their property. Their medicine should be loaning at least one per cent of the value of the property to their clients in need instead of playing the deposits of

their more-well-to-do clients in Wall street call money. But, like all bad boys in the banking game, they won't take their medicine.

We'd like to see a bunch of public-spirited business men get together and start an investigation into the manner that these big bond issues of the last four years have been handled for the benefit of the banks. We'd like to know why big issues were sold months

rates of interest, and their political connections that are apparently draining the life blood of the community.

The vice president of one of the biggest banks in Atlanta said his bank would be glad to loan money to Miamians if the local banks would only do their stuff. "I have faith," he said, "in Miami property, at present values, and in businesses that have weathered the storms of the last few years. But we can not very well sell the idea to our board when the home-town bankers themselves don't show faith enough to let their money loose at home."

Folks, this banking proposition isn't the involved thing that your banker leads you to believe. If it weren't awfully simple, these ex-grocery clerks couldn't have so suddenly attained the presidencies of our Miami banks, which for a time were the biggest in the South. It's really too simple for the imagination—rather, the lack of imagination—of these boys we so trustingly have handed over our funds to, both financially and municipally.

Everybody "Has Faith in Greater Miami" except, apparently, the local bankers. And how funny that statement is! For it hasn't been but a few months ago that we home-folks came forth one hundred per cent in showing our faith in the local bankers, and probably keeping all of them from going broke before they could recall those millions from the Wall street "call money" market.

During boom and collapse, good times and bad, we know of no time when the Miami bankers have tangibly expressed their faith in Greater Miami—except possibly in their advertising—and they don't write that themselves but hire enterprising New York journalists, as a rule, to exploit their civic blah.

At heart, in spite of the euconiums heaped upon them by lurid propagandists, they still seem to retain their inherent grocer-clerk instinct to "take out" every time they ring "No Sale" on the municipal cash register.

### Who Has The Prettiest Stenographer?

**U**P IN George Hilty's office the other day—you know George of the Florida Power & Light Company and the Miami Advertising club—it just occurred to us to wonder whether all these men are swarming George's office to see him or to see his two pretty secretaries.

One of our advertising men says they are the two prettiest stenographers in town.

Which leads us to wonder who does have the prettiest office assistants in Miami. Another on our advertising force thinks H. H. Hyman picks the flower of the crop. Another used to rave about the blonde Virginia beauty in the office of Peters & Preston. And you have to wear colored glasses to look at City Manager Snow's stenographer.

We like controversy. So why not start one? Who has the prettiest stenographer, secretary or office assistant in Miami? What do you think about it?

Now that the summer widower season is on and the business men of the community have developed a sudden tendency to visit the offices of their friends for no purely financial reason, the time is appropriate to start an argument as to the prettiest office adornments in Miami.

Write us your secret opinion. We shall not reveal names. We'd really like to know whom the majority of business men consider the prettiest.

and even years before actual construction was started. We'd like to know the amount of interest money on these vast deposits, and who got it, and in what proportion. We'd like to be able to show to just what extent the banks have "saved" Miami, their connection with the loan sharks they recommend to you when you try to borrow on a perfectly good mortgage at actually but not technically illegal

### Gumming Up The Works

**A**T this particular time in the history of Miami, a time in which every merchant is trying to drum up business, to rake in a few dollars, it is surprising to run across a story as told by Mr. Fogal, of the well known Miami river boatyard.

It appears that Mr. Fogal has several hundred thousand dollars' worth of boats to build. He wants to build them in Miami so as to help out with a husky payroll.

And what happens.

He commences the largest houseboat ever built in Florida. It is 130 feet long and will cost \$150,000. It will be built principally of long leaf pine, the native lumber.

He orders five car loads of dimension lumber from a local firm. They take the matter up with the mill and promise delivery in thirty days. That was three months ago. So far one car of lumber has arrived.

All enquiries as to the others is met by the gentle art of passing the buck on the part of the local firms, the F. E. C. and the Seaboard Air Line Railway Company.

As this is a cash transaction and the material is easy to secure, one would imagine that the order would be filled with dispatch. It looks as if it were not to be filled at all. It has made Mr. Fogal decide to build four other boats and yachts in the north, with a loss reaching to over \$100,000 to the Miami payroll.

The Chamber of Commerce, Manufacturers Association, tariff bureau, civic organizations and all bodies interested in seeing that the city gets an even break in the matter of industries, must immediately get busy and trace down this business.

Railways and firms mustn't be allowed to hold up the Magic City—as they used to do in boom days.

### We Need a Cable

**E**NTERPRISING Americans looking to future prosperity, can find an opportunity in aiding the Florida-Bahamas trade. A cable line between Nassau and Miami would pay for itself in no time. And we could get liquor quotations direct should our local bootleggers try to make up their defunct income tax when we stand them off for a pint.

### Maybe They Paid Off Too Much

**S**EEING those ten or twelve slot machines so publicly destroyed in front of the police station under the personal supervision of the director of public safety, it just occurred to us that they might be the ten or twelve machines that have been out of order so repeatedly and about which so many complaints have been made to the slot machine trust by their several hundred lessees, who, by the way, get one-third of the net, which is plenty. Slot machine experts estimate that it would have cost a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars to repair each of these machines that were so kindly destroyed by the police department. Good riddance, they say.

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

**A** NEWLY-WEDDED wife got quite a scare the other day. Her hubby's first wife parked right alongside the second wife and the face powder fell right off.

**O**NE of our readers complains about the editorial published in this paper last week. He said he took his baby over to the beach to enjoy the sun, and the darn fool husband showed up.

**M**R. B. B. TATUM, one of the Tatums, was seen over on Miami Beach last week.

**M**R. BUNCH GILBERT, who recently arrived from Traverse Bay, Mich., via Boston, admits under pressure that he is still married.

**T**HE Miami Beach tennis courts on Ocean Drive have become wonderful duck ponds since the landscape work was done. This might be of interest to any reader contemplating raising ducks.

### A New Harbor Plan

**A**T last it would appear that something is going to be done about the harbor situation. Yesterday the city commissioners got busy and took in a lot of territory covering half of Biscayne bay and a couple of keys.

The Orr plan, so-called though it was a combination of plans, has been thrown into the discard. The new plan, to be known as the "Greater Miami Harbor Plan," will be a comprehensive affair that does not take into consideration the petty jealousies of the cities fronting the bay. Miami Beach is to be just as much an owner of the harbor as Miami. Terminal island will be part of the new plan and Carl Fisher will get his railway, as Miami Life always prophesied he would.

Another causeway will be built from S. E. Twentieth road, or thereabouts, to the southern point of Virginia key. Attached to this causeway will be an up-to-date airport with all modern conveniences, 'nervy-thing.

The whole harbor is to be remade, turned inside out and made a fit and proper place for boats to park. Probably someone will make a drawing of the new harbor proposal and then we'll know all about it.

The principal thing that the average Miamian is concerned about is if the city commissioners are going through with the project. Or are they going to shelve it for two years like they did the last plan then start to alter it all again?

If the government will pass the plans work should be started at once. Some day soon two or three other harbors will be in operation before we have a pier or a pint of water in ours.

### Excuse It, Please

**O**N August 20, Judge Pettway, of Tampa, will arrive in Miami to take over the criminal court while Judge Tom Norfleet is on vacation. We apologize to the daily newspapers for scooping them on this item, but it just couldn't be helped.



**CAPITOL**  
SUN, MON, TUES. & WED.  
"CHICKEN A LA KING"  
A Sugar Papa Tries to Save the Starving Broilers of Broadway  
With NANCY CARROLL, FORD STERLING and GEORGE MEEKER

In just about another month They'll begin to—(smell)  
The Roaches are in possession  
The ants are moving in.  
The screens have gone to pieces  
And the mosquitoes bite like sin.  
The parlor floor needs painting;  
The kitchen's full of dirt  
The bedroom is so cluttered up  
I can't find my other shirt.  
The window panes are dirty;  
The porch has not been swept.  
The yard reminds me of the place  
Where Rip Van Winkle slept.  
The car needs gas and oil.  
The tires have all gone down.  
This is what you may expect  
When you come back to town.  
L. L. W.

**VERSE OR WORSE**  
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY  
My dirty breakfast dishes,  
I pile them in the sink.

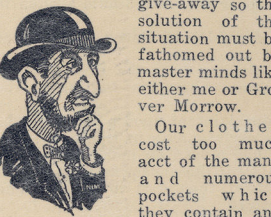
**LITTLE GERALDINE**  
When someone told Little Geraldine that Miami was hot in the summertime she just laughed and laughed because she knew there was always Snow in the city manager's office and Frost in the chamber of commerce

**Isa Seeker**  
Discovers Reason For High Cost of Clothes in Florida; Willing to Take a Ten-Day Note From any Bank For His Fee of 50 \$ and No Cents

BEING as Weatherman Gray did not come through with no 50 \$ and no cents I did not go down to the Caribbean Sea and investigate the starting of hurricanes because I knew there was no use of me stopping winds when Miami was full of big breezes and therefore as a professional man of good standing not owing any bank a nickel I will do the public a service like the Florida Power & Light Company ads read and not charge no 50 \$ and no cents for this exclusive and non-copyrighted information.  
Many of my friends have suggested that I do the public a great service by telling what the reason is that we do not have so much spending money as previous to the present time and I shall do so no matter whom the truth will hurt and no walk upstairs and save ten

dollars clothier will stop me as the wife said when she caught her husband practicing with the hired girl.  
Well you must know coconuts fit in no man's pocket and pint bottles are a dead give-away so the solution of the situation must be fathomed out by master minds like either me or Grover Morrow.  
Our clothes cost too much act of the many and numerous pockets which they contain and what true Miamian can reach in his pockets and pull out anything besides his hands.  
Pockets are the cause of most of married mans troubles and have caused more wives sleepless moments act of the husbands not snoring soon enough and the wives just wait and wait like a prospective passenger depoting at an F E C station.  
Personally I have only had one good wife but her darn fool of a husband came back and I had to give her up which is tough as the boarder told the landlady about the meat.  
There is no use whatsoever for pockets in our clothes as an investigator of my standing will testify to and even Mister Dewes who has done nearly as high class investigating as I including the kidnapping alleged at the Kamp Come and Go has no need of pockets act of no 50 \$ and no cents fees.  
We have got rid of hats socks garters and are causing an episode in the manufacturing business like the furor caused by hialotosis and if necessary I shall forgo all fees and caused an intense strike among all pocket manufacturers act we having nothing to put in our pockets act of the failure of peoples to loan us what is known as money.  
ISA SEEKER,  
(Investigator-Special)

**THE ACREAGE MAN**  
"SELLS THE EARTH"  
VICTOR HOPE  
Member  
Miami Realty Board  
Registered and Licensed  
Real Estate Broker  
Acreage, Farms, Groves  
LISTINGS WANTED  
Telephone 5280  
1419 SECURITY BUILDING  
(Opposite Post Office)  
MIAMI, FLORIDA



**SEEKERS KEEN SIGHT**  
129 Seybold Bldg. Arcade

**PRINCESS ZORAIDA**  
Now Located at  
30 N. E. 2nd AVE.  
I will leave here for a long vacation Sept. 1. Free good luck Souvenirs to all patrons.  
"See me before it's too late."  
OPEN 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.  
Daily Except Sunday.

Grace Sawyer, Peggy Webster  
Evelyn Dallas  
**THE THREE HOT STEPPERS**  
Doing their stuff next Friday Night at the  
ROSELAND BALLROOM  
So. Miami Beach  
Dancing Nightly Park Plan

**Huggins Garage**  
2400 W. FLAGLER ST.  
"MY WORD IS MY BOND"  
PHONE 33619

**MAULE-OJUS ROCK PRODUCTS**

INSIST ON  
**GOLDEN WEDDING**

**BUY YOUR PLUMBING**  
Where You Get Anything You Want  
**MARKOWITZ & RESNICK, INC.**  
2335 N. MIAMI AVENUE  
BATHS IN COLORS  
PHONE 33456  
531 COLLINS AVE. M. B. 6390

**THE BEST FRUIT DRINKS IN THE WORLD!**  
AL ROOT  
ACROSS FROM OLYMPIA THEATRE  
Florida Since 1912—Miami Nine Years



**in the Editor's Mail**

**VIRGINIA HOSPITALITY**

My Dear Wen:  
About two weeks ago I decided to close up shop and run up to Saratoga, drop in on Tom Wigmore and the boys for a visit and then to Canada to gather a few new "English gags."

I felt that I had need of a bit of Miami "spirit" to tell the boys at home the story of what the "fairy" did to "Cull" the bartender for smashing the boy friend's glass, so I placed 22 cases of said spirit in my car and started north—well north.

But it seems the Virginia geographer had a different conception of the word north than did I, for at Richmond I was stopped by a very hospitable young man dressed in blue, riding a strange vehicle of two wheels. He seemed of the opinion that I had lost my sense of direction for he had requested that I turn about and ride in the opposite direction.

He escorted me to a comely little homestead where I was greeted by a most genial body of F.F.V.'s. They appeared extremely interested in my welfare and insisted that I rest there for the night.

Needless to describe the interior decoration of my domicile, as you might well know, it was extremely Quiggish in architecture. In the morning a kind voice awakened me and I was ushered into the chambers of "His Virginian Honor" Walter Kelly, the Virginian judge, was as humorous as a Miami realtor compared with this bloke. He laughed me right into believing I'd have to either pay \$2,200 fine or serve 90 days.

Well sir, they had my car

**What is a Language?**

"Inasmuch as the articles did not appear in the same language in the Herald and News as appeared in the Riviera," etc.—From Town Talk.  
We have always been under the evidently erroneous impression that the Herald and News and even (to a degree) Town Talk, were all English language newspapers, or what have you? Slovak? German? Lithuanian? Tush, boy, buy a grammar, and a dictionary!

and my good spirits and I thought that was enough, so, needing a rest, anyway, I took the 90.

And all this sad story Wen because I want you to help me keep cheerful by making me a subscriber to Miami Life for 60 days—I'll be a short timer then and won't have to worry about any of the sheets going astray.

I've already missed three issues and you can bet my hours will be more cheerful

reading the Life next week. Mail me bill, Wen, and I'll shoot you the cash by return mail.

Here's hoping there are plenty of murders back home to keep the blue sheet boys busy messing up the vandals—I mean scandals.  
Sincerely,  
AL BERLIN.

**SEND US A GRASS SKIRT**

Editor Miami Life:  
Until about six months ago I was a weekly reader of your humorous paper and enjoyed Little Geraldine and "Little Nell" very much.

I brought about a dozen copies to Hawaii with me and you should have seen a whole company of soldiers reading them.

You can, if you wish, publish that your paper is mighty popular in Hawaii as well as the states.

If you will let me know by return mail the subscription price a year I'll subscribe.

Respectfully yours,  
P. L. CLOWER,  
Honolulu, Hawaii.

**Pie and Purses**

MANY people who have tried in vain to spear themselves a paying job are looking into the possibilities of making a living out of rabbits. During the last few months the rabbit has come into his own as far as Miami is concerned. There are rabbit dealers on almost every corner, and they increase almost as rapidly as the rabbits do.

Raising rabbits is quite a simple affair.  
All you need is one pair of assorted rabbits and an adding machine.

Several times a year the doe presents the rabbit farmer with another flock of youngsters. The doe is worth \$25 and the youngsters can always be sold to some individual who wants to go into the rabbit raising business.

I took a trip down West Flagler street to a rabbit shop just to see how the business was started. This West Lavn Rabbitory is full of rabbits. There are all kinds. Great big Flemish giants whose flesh would make a wonderful pie and whose fur would make a winter coat for the baby.

There are black rabbits, white rabbits, grey rabbits, ginger rabbits—and a host of others too numerous to mention. From all accounts they make good eating and the outside wrapper makes good sealskin coats.

This firm showed a number of articles made from rabbit skin at

the University building during Farmers' Week. These articles prove that there is more in the rabbit business than just something else to add to the menu. Purses, pocketbooks, table runners and other fancy goods, made from the outside covering of the bunnies, are artistic and look as if they would wear well.

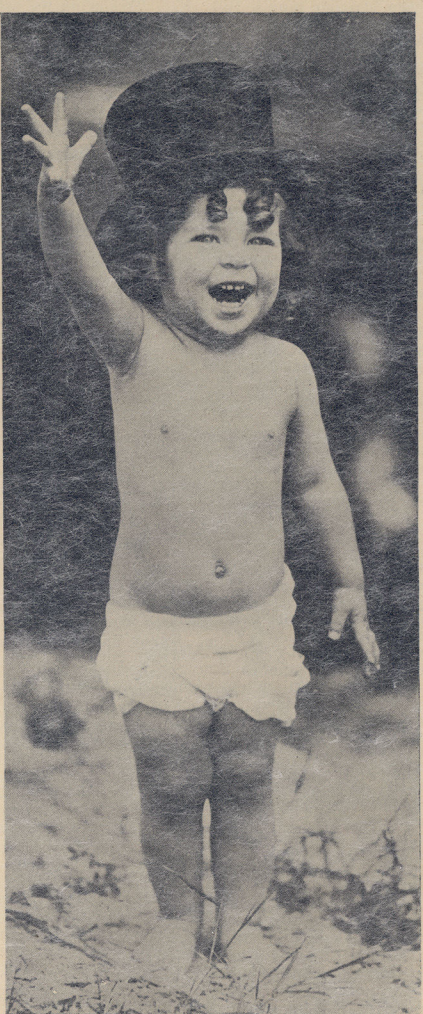
Some people object to eating rabbit flesh—it looks so much like another domestic animal. Fifty years ago England suddenly discovered that the Scotch hares sold in the town market were family tabbies and Toms a few hours before. They were as much hare as the Welsh rarebit is rabbit.

The big trouble here seems to be that everybody who buys a pair of rabbits goes into the business of selling breeding stock as soon as the first litter is off the press.

Consequently a lot of people who buy are going to be disappointed. Like all other money-making schemes, this rabbit business has to be done right.

If you are more interested in eating rabbits than in raising them you will have to wait until all the embryo rabbit raisers have bought their two-piece plants at \$50. After they are all equipped we will be able to purchase a rabbit for eating purposes at—well, probably too much to make the meat popular.

**Hullo! People!**



JUST a half minute while I do a little explaining.

To look at me you would think that I am just an ordinary child in an extraordinary get-up.

At that you are perfectly right. I am just an ordinary child, neither too brainy nor too dumb.

I have what is termed "average intelligence." And that means that I am a sane, conservative, individual who can form an opinion without consulting a lawyer.

From my photograph you will notice that I am not very old. I am not much more than a baby. But you mustn't judge from that photograph—I'm not trying to high hat you.

I just want to tell you that even a kid my age can see that Miami Life is the best advertising medium in Miami.

As I grow older I am sure that I will find that Miami Life will continue to be the best medium in which to advertise. You see, it is read so much and never skimmed.

You think it over, friend, and you will see that you are passing up a good bet. If you have anything to advertise, break the good news to Miami Life.

**EVERY MERCHANT OWES IT TO HIMSELF AND TO THE CONVENIENCE OF CUSTOMERS**

**To Advertise in Miami Life**

We have an office at 815-16 Olympia Building and the Telephone, if we pay our telephone bill, will be 3-7737.

**SUNDAY DINNERS**

- 65c  
Cream of Chicken and Rice  
Pineapple and Cheese Salad  
Roast Young Turkey Stuffing  
Baked Hen Glace Apples  
Roast Leg of Spring Lamb, Jelly  
Small Tenderloin Steak with Bacon  
Creame of Peas Banana Fritters  
Mashed Potatoes  
Vanilla Ice Cream and Cake  
Coffee, Iced Tea, Milk and Buttermilk

**REINHARDT'S**  
"A Meal a Minute"  
131 West Flagler St.

Round the Town with ROD

WHAT TIME IS IT? FRANK LEAVITT, the Miami policeman who conducted a publicity campaign for the city and received neither pay nor a railroad car for his efforts, has always objected to wrist watches.

THE FAT BOY COMES HOME Parker Henderson is back in Miami. He recently achieved fleeting fame by his short sortie and championship with Al Capone, and later, his trip to New York, accompanied by Chief of Police Guy Reeve.

IN BUSINESS AGAIN I see where Victor Hope is back into the real estate business again. Fact of the matter is, I saw him running around as busy as a dozen monkeys in the five and ten, so I knew he was back on the job again.

THEY DESERVE THANKS It used to be a favorite stunt in these parts to whoop and shout at the antics of the prohibition officers unloaded in our midst, but the old idea is decidedly passe now.

the names and locations to the federal men.

SOUTHERN RECORD? Jo Astoria, who used to turn out an excellent brand of jazz music in Coral Gables, is now on vacation. A few weeks ago Jo finished the longest run of any musical organization in this district and may have created a southern record.

ART IN PRINTING Every once in a while somebody gets a good idea. The latest bright thought has materialized at 632 Collins avenue, Miami Beach, where "Judge" Miller, who used to set up a lot of Miami Life copy, has opened a little print shop.

his books than anybody else would call name—for he always had.

THE MENACE REMOVED Last week I told the story of a masculine moral menace in the community who was spreading disease among his amours. Since the publication of the story, I am happy to say that the menace has been removed.

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THEY DESERVE THANKS It used to be a favorite stunt in these parts to whoop and shout at the antics of the prohibition officers unloaded in our midst, but the old idea is decidedly passe now.

Announcement To increase our efficiency and better our service to our customers the distribution of RED, WHITE & BLUE DAIRY PRODUCTS will be handled in the future by SOUTHERN DAIRIES

The RED, WHITE & BLUE DAIRY will continue to produce the same quality dairy products under the SAME MANAGEMENT. The only change being in distribution. The employees of the Red, White & Blue Dairy will be given permanent positions in the Southern Dairies organization.

Your continued patronage will be appreciated. Red, White & Blue Dairy AND Southern Dairies 62 N. E. 27th Street Phone 8431

50c SUNDAY DINNER CHICKEN NO TIPS QUICK SERVICE DINETERIA 118-120 N. E. 2ND AVE. CLEAN PURE FOOD DINNER DAILY 50c WEEK DAY LUNCHEON 40c

Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

HURRICANE slapped Miami with nothing more than rain and a slight breeze. Charles Haynes, who shot and killed Police Officer Beckham, meets death when airplane crashes in Canada. Motorman meets death when auto crushes him against street car.

THE MENACE REMOVED Last week I told the story of a masculine moral menace in the community who was spreading disease among his amours. Since the publication of the story, I am happy to say that the menace has been removed.

McGoofus and Geraldine (A Stirring Romance of the Old South) By JOHN KIMBLE

December 26, 1925. It was the night before Christmas, but there was no snow on Flagler street. The federal officers had gathered it all up. A profound silence reigned.

"It is reigning," murmured McGoofus, turning toward Geraldine, but she did not answer him because she had her mouth full. It was full of teeth, which is an interesting fact to remember, inasmuch as it has no real connection with this tale and it is practically impossible to get an electrician out of bed to make a connection.

After a moment, however, McGoofus broke into song. He used the same jimmy that he had used as a boy to break into houses with such success that he received the Socialist nomination for Santa Claus three times.

Well, by this time McGoofus was glancing over Miami Life. He had to glance over it in order to see Geraldine. But just as his glance got over the paper Geraldine vanished, so it didn't count.

Now Showing The New Fall Samples and Styles Featuring the New Two-Button Coat and the Double-Breasted Vest "EDDIE" STEPHENS 231 N.E. 1st St. City Club Bldg.

Tyler the Top Man Auto Tops, seat covers, body and fender work, auto painting; we guarantee the best workmanship and materials at lowest prices. 116 N. E. 13th St. Phone 23334

New Way to Sell Realty

June 27, 1925. Every once in a while somebody drifts into town and teaches us something new in the manner of selling real estate. The latest comes from a rather interesting couple at the Ponce de Leon.

December 19, 1925. THE CAUSEWAY has become South Florida's most important resort. Here is where virtually every pleasure car in the Miami region spends the week-end.

The Causeway As A Resort Spend Your Week-End There and Glimpse the Pretty Scenery

December 19, 1925. THE CAUSEWAY has become South Florida's most important resort. Here is where virtually every pleasure car in the Miami region spends the week-end.

Several of the more knowing men had brought along their razors for a leisurely shave. This was unfortunate, however, as they later used their razors to slash their throats.

A young couple became engaged Sunday morning and started to the beach for a swim. Before they arrived, however, she had blacked his eye and bitten off a finger.

ICE MAN'S LIFE

Published Every Now and Then by Peninsular Ice Co., 645 N. W. 13th St. Volume II, Number 11

Storm News WEST PALM BEACH, Aug. 9.—Late reports from cities and towns in the path of the storm which passed the east coast and across the state this week indicate that the property damage will not be as great as at first predicted.

Fair Price List Once more attention is called to the Peninsular Ice Company's retail price list, which it is believed is as fair as can be found anywhere in the United States.

Miami Life's Society Column

FORMER Chief of Police Quigg is doing a vacation up in the state of North Carolina. MR. KENT WATSON, former editor of the Miami Beach Beacon, and recently connected with the Newark, N. J., Star-Eagle, is now writing for the Miami Beach Sun.

CHIEF OF POLICE REEVE says you get a long train ride when coming back from New York, especially when Parker Henderson starts wanting to get off at Jacksonville. Bill Smith, who constables in the Third district to which the Hon. Dick Newcomb, esquire, was recently selected for j. p. work, says business is quite slow now.

Among those attending the weekly hearts game at the Elks club were a lot of grouches who don't even know who to cuss properly when some friendly grave-digger like Fred Pine hands them the queen of spades.

Mr. Bruce Yeazel says it is quite a jump from a garage man to a steamship owner, but it isn't such a jump from a steamship owner back to a garage man.

Mr. Dave Heffernan, one of our judges, was seen in a clean white suit last week. Mr. Glen Mincer is feeling better this week. He took calomel last week.

Among visitors in Miami this week were John Grethen, mayor of Hialeah; Richard Hunt of Coral Gables; a pretty blonde from Spanish Village; Cliff Rieder of Coconut Grove; a motorman on the beach street car line; Mr. and Mrs. Ted Palmer of the northwest section; Louis Allen (sheriff-un-elect); Jimmie Donn of Allapattah; a traveling salesman from Atlanta; Father Barry of Miami Beach; and some mosquitoes from Virginia Key.

Picture Framing HOIT 1771 Biscayne Blvd. Phone 35011

ICE MAN'S LIFE

Published Every Now and Then by Peninsular Ice Co., 645 N. W. 13th St. Saturday, Aug. 11, 1928

Constructive Buying The really valuable citizen of this community is one who uses his time, talents and money for the upbuilding of local enterprises. If in the course of his daily business he makes it a rule to drive down prices to starvation basis, taking advantage of economic conditions had enough within themselves to hasten into bankruptcy the business concerns with whom he deals, he can lay no claim to constructive citizenship.

High Quality "Peninsular" ice is made from city water, chiefly for the sake of safety. You may have in your refrigerator a little ice machine and you may use the same water for making ice cubes.