

That Toonerville Commission

IF THERE was anything needed (which is doubtful), to prove that the Toonerville commission of Coral Gables is all wet, the resignation of "Pop" Lehman, director of public safety of that city, is proof a-plenty.

Here we have the candidate, who received the greatest endorsement of any in the June primaries, passing in his resignation several months before such a course should be necessary. But he had his ear to the ground and heard the rumblings that pre-

saged a demand from the trolleyites for him to pass out of the picture—like George Merrick and all other good Coral Gablesites.

"Pop" Lehman was Coral Gables' best advertisement. He was the one outstanding figure in the city's government. He was one of the few men who knew his work and paid strict attention to it. So, without thought of the consequence, the trolleyites decided he was in the way.

"Pop" must be laughing up his sleeve. It is a

good thing for Coral Gables that "Pop" bears no animus. He must be rather amused about the matter for he took the trouble to write a nice, kindly letter of resignation to the commissioners. It was more than the commission deserved. Most of us would have indicated to the Toonerville outfit the place where they could go to.

It is very little use acting squarely with a city so long as the city government is filled with men who have axes to grind.

Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

No More Hurricanes!

THE NEXT HURRICANE that drifts this way is going to have a cold reception. It won't have the easy sailing that the Big Blow of '26 had.

The Lions have so decreed.

Yesterday they passed a resolution barring hurricanes from the Florida coast, Weatherman Gray from saying anything about them, and the newspapers from publishing hurricane reports.

The next session of the legislature in April is expected to deal sternly with hurricanes and back up the Lions to the fullest extent.

Honk Honk Arnold, if he wants to hold his job, will have to stand down at Cape Florida and direct them east or west, or any place Miami happens to be sore at.

A special Lions Club committee will write out a "canned" story which will be turned over to all local newspapers for the warning, approach, appearance and arrival of any hurricanes that might in the future pass through, around or over us.

This is a most commendable piece of work. It will save all local editors and publishers the time, expense and overhead of reporters wasting their efforts in writing storm stories, that might lead to

trouble.

There is just one criticism. It does not go far enough. If the Lions in the state spent as much money as was expended in the efforts to get racing in Dade county, hurricanes could be legislated out of existence. The Lions, after preparing their stock storm stories and getting all the credit for that, should get joint action by all other service clubs in the town to demand further legislation tending to prevent rainy days, on the ground that gloomy, dreary, dripping, rainy afternoons are conducive to voluminous violation of the Volstead Act—and other acts. As a time saver it has a great deal of merit.

Drinks For Children

IT IS to be hoped that when schools open this year the Parent-Teachers' association will stop the foolishness of the cafeteria organizations of last term. Then, most of the organizations worked to prevent the children from leaving the school grounds at noon hour, thus forcing them to eat in the cafeteria.

As some of the cafeteria food was none too good, and most of it uninviting to the average student, some arrangement should be made to allow children to go to their homes or over to the corner drug store for the noon meal.

Tying children down to the cafeteria food is stupid. Food that is not appetizing to a child will never do it any good. If the student wants a drug store sandwich, a hot dog, or a bottle of pop, he should be allowed to go out and purchase it.

The other day, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, United States senator, and former health commissioner of New York, said that the use of carbonated beverage is one of the best things that could come to the schoolhouse. He said that it was desirable for the children to get the benefit of a clean drink free from contamination.

The cafeteria officials think differently. They say a child should drink milk or water. As far as milk is concerned they might be better off if they left some of it alone. This semester the ladies who are inflicting their opinions on the children should attend to those students who wish to eat at the cafeteria. The others should be allowed to go across the street, or around the corner, where they can eat and drink food they desire.

Or, the cafeterias might add carbonated drinks to the menu without losing anything by it.

ROUND THE TOWN With Rod

JIM HAD NO DAUGHTER

Most people discussing the death of Jim Allison and worrying about the disposition of his vast estate, seem to think that he had a daughter. I thought so too for awhile but learned about three years ago that Cordelia Allison, nee Cordelia Thompson, who has since remarried the second time, was Jim's step-daughter.

Unless some special provisions were made for her, and the apparent lack of a will indicates that there was none, she has no claim to share in the fortune.

AND HE'S OFF WOMEN— FOR LIFE

One of our South Beach roués, whose name I won't mention, had an unusual experience with women this week. Returning to the beach after a quiet evening in Miami, he chanced in a jitney to sit beside an attractive young lady. Between N. E. Second street and Thirteenth street he ascertained that she lived in the northeast section and persuaded her to ride over to the beach with him and dance a bit.

Arriving there the South Beach romeo attempted to take his new acquaintance to his apartment. She, however, won him over to returning to Miami and going to her apartment. So back they came on the jitney.

Upon arriving at "home," the fair damsel informed her suitor that she thought her husband was out of the city but asked that he wait outside and she would signal for him to come up. After receiving the signal he ascended the stairs and knocked. "Here I am honey," he said as the door opened. "Glad to meet you," replied a six-foot husband. The rest of the story was garbled.

DEAD MAN'S CORNER

I have been scanning the papers every morning (and pardon me, Governor Cox?) every evening for news of the wreck that is going to occur some day at the corner of N. E. Fifteenth street and Bayshore Drive, the approach to the Venetian causeway.

For over a year and probably longer, the "crown" of the road has been divided in the middle, as if its hair were parted and the entire south side taken completely away. In other words, the south section of N. E. Fifteenth street at the turn, is nothing but a gully and before very long the city of Miami is going to have to pay for not only an automobile but the sole support of a family.

Surely somebody from the street department has gone over the Venetian causeway within the last year, on a business trip.

How to Run a J. P. Office

A. C. DANIELS was nominated as a constable at the June primaries and he was also appointed to that office by Governor Martin. He is in the office of George Okell. Since his appointment he has done little in the way of serving papers.

Justice of the Peace Okell has his son in the office as clerk. His son-in-law, Tommy Woods, a deputy constable under Constable Pye at Perrine, is also in the office. Mr. Okell, without the help of Governor Martin, having made him his own constable.

Any justice of the peace in the city will issue anything on any other J. P.'s district. There are so many of them that none can make a living in his own district, and the whole arrangement is rotten.

The city police, when they require a search warrant, must go to a J. P. for it. Which is a ridiculous thing. The city clerk should be able to supply one. Why the city police department should have to do business through a flock of tinpot justices of the peace is one of the things that should be looked into. And another thing, when a J. P.'s office issues a warrant several people know about it—and the office leaks.

Anybody can be a justice of the peace. He doesn't have to know B from a bull's foot. There are ten of these offices in Dade county and seven of them should be done away with and the power of the other three curtailed.

The whole district is so overridden with quasi-police officers and imitation judges that it's a wonder a citizen can walk down the street without being arrested for stepping on their toes.

ROUND THE TOWN With Rod

TWO OTHER FELLOWS

"Now listen, Bob, you go to bed, and I'll get you up at 4 a. m., if I have to stay in bed myself until tomorrow night."

"No, Fred. You got to drive the car to West Palm Beach, or is it Homestead we're going to?"

"Rufus, how about that change for that \$15.00 bill?"

"Well, it's only 2 a. m. now, and I've got to put you to bed; you got to tell me where you live."

"Who, me? I never met you in my life before. What town is this?"

"Never mind the town. If you're going to drive the first part of the trip, you got to have some sleep."

"Sleep? Not me, I'd rather try some more gin. Make a good gin, Al, and don't give Fred nothing but water."

"Who, me? Say, what I want water for? Don't I have to drive you way north past Ojus?"

"Well, we gotta leave at 4 and it is only 3 now. Shall we take some sandwiches?"

(Al makes up a delicious bunch of pretzel sandwiches, which get no further than the kitchen.)

"Well"—both Bob and Fred are talking—"good-bye, boys. We're bound for the north."

"Say"—it's Al or Rufus talking, Ruddy has gone out—"do you want a 4 o'clock call?"

"Shay, did you ever hear of anybody wanting a 4 o'clock call? If you did it must have been two other fellows."

The conversation was interrupted by exits.

EGGS AGAIN

Florida put in some egg laws and, like many other Florida laws, the egg law isn't amounting to much. The only designation of fresh eggs allowed in the state is "Fresh Florida Eggs." Yet California eggs and hen fruit from half the states of the Union are sold here as "Fresh Florida."

Those people who think they can buy eggs on the roadside and get good value should be warned against the pullet eggs that are sold in this manner. Stores won't take them, so they are palmed off on the passing motorist.

There are several places in the city where you can get fresh Florida eggs, but the best one I know of, the one place where they are always right, is that Miami Poultry Company's place between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues on the Tamiami trail.

STOP SIGNS NEEDED

Biscayne boulevard at Fifth and Sixth streets is becoming a danger point. There are no "stop" signs and cars are tangling there every hour. A little white paint might help.

To Improve the High School

SOME time ago Miami Life urged that the property immediately north of the new high school be purchased and turned into a park. At a later date the Junior Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution advocating the same move, but up to the present time no action has been taken on the matter.

Though money is rather tight the fact that this property might be secured at a bargain price at the present time should make the purchase desirable. In a few years, when most of the property is built on, the cost will be prohibitive.

This block of land is one of the most untidy on West Flagler street. Only two or three buildings stand on it, and they are not very good buildings at that.

If this property is allowed to build up, the new high school, one of the real show buildings of the city, will be entirely hidden from the main thoroughfare. The county commissioners were criticised for buying a site one block from Flagler street and here is a place where the city commissioners can rectify this mistake to some extent. By making this property a park the high school buildings will be beautified. It will be a pleasing entrance to that seat of learning. It will greatly enhance that part of Flagler street and also supply another city park where one is needed.

There should be no great difficulty in securing this property. The fact that property values are down should make the purchase an asset to the city.

Stick to the People— And Away Goes Your Advertising!

MIAAMI LIFE has, since its existence, fought every inroad made by corporations, and vested interests, which have tried to wax fat on the taxpayers' wealth.

It has fought the bankers' group; it has fought the purveyors of tainted foodstuffs and milk; it has fought the people's property; it has fought grafting politicians and office-holders; it has fought those who, by the giving away of a bit of the graft, have secured some of the citizens' best properties; it has fought the federal patronage as distributed by National Republican Committeeman George Bean; it exposed conditions of illegal contracts entered into by city and county officials—building contractors for courthouses and causeways (you must remember how the county causeway pavement, the bridge car tracks, and the other upkeeps); it has righteously fought for a clean city—against flooding the streets with fly-by-night merchants, crooked gamblers, wire-tappers who, somehow, worked in with those in power; ladies of the evening beguiling our youth; landlords who wouldn't stand their proper losses but tried to take a boom cost from hard-pressed tenants; milk-dealers, who thought by powerful contact points they could put over any sort of dairy products on invalids and babies; corporations like the Florida Power & Light company—controlling our water fuel, heat, ice, and transportation service, and strangling jitney drivers who have given better service than ever the street car and its bus line have attempted—and you know, jitney drivers don't buy advertising space; daily newspapers which have stuck to a principle of self-preservation and have continually—but without much success—evaded handling the same situations as Miami Life on account of not wanting to injure their advertising clients.

It is a strange fact in the newspaper field, but in order to make a success—in order to be a big gun without firing off—you must not hurt your advertisers.

Yet, withal, even our worst enemies sometimes will admit that the most-read weekly in the South has quered more rotten schemes proposed to be harpooned into a trusting public than all the rest of the alleged reformers together.

Which ought to mean something to citizens of Miami.

Miami Life's Prettiest Stenographer Contest

UNLIKE baseball games, this contest will not be called off on account of rain—it might be on account of reign.

Twenty-two letters from irate employers of beauty—and they threaten to cancel their subscriptions, cut our throats, and hereafter hire men only as stenographers if we keep up this contest.

Somehow, and it may seem strange to most people, Miami Life is read by more wives than any paper published in Miami. (If you doubt this statement, ask any husband.)

Well, the husbands started in writing letters of protest before the blue ink had thoroughly tried on their hands. They state wives have become hostile and are shouting about going back to mother and alimony.

Perfect blondes and Titian-haired beauties, with a couple of brunettes and some odds and ends, have threatened dire results should this paper publish the relative standing of Who's Who in the Galaxy of inner-office Beauties.

In fact, the situation has developed such seriousness that our own Regulator—that's what we admit our better half to be—wasn't satisfied until she peeked at our stenographer. And he, happening to be a how-legged, cock-eyed male, saved the day for us.

Shall we or shall we not continue this great investigation into pretty stenographers?

Well, married men employers, what have you to offer for cancellation of the contest?

This week we found another good looking in Mr. Fogg's office at Southern Dairies.

1088

Miami Life

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS
 Advertising contracts are solicited and accepted by the business office—or by any representatives of "Miami Life"—subject to Editorial approval. The Editors reserve the right to reject any contract accepted by the business office or its advertising staff—to cancel same at any time after acceptance—and to refuse publication of any unreliable or undesirable.

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Simplifying the Milk Business

THERE is one way, at least, that the milk situation in Miami might be simplified and that is by cutting out all the raw milk dairies and making the largest of them over into "certified" milk producers.

This district could absorb the production of at least seven certified dairies. All other milk would be pasteurized. This would work no real hardship on any of the existing dairies and would insure the city of perfectly good milk at all times.

The Medical Milk Board, constituted of prominent doctors of the city, could make this possible by insisting that all raw milk be certified. The Milam Farm milk, which is too rich to come within the specifications of the board, could be sold as certified milk containing a larger amount of milk fat.

It would only cost a few cents a gallon to switch from "raw" to "certified" milk. In fact, several dairies in different parts of the state sell "raw" and "certified" milk at two prices, the certified being a little higher, but it all comes from the same cows and is produced under the same conditions.

Certification of the milk supply insures the consumer of perfectly clean and wholesome milk, if all the rules and regulations are adhered to. Most of the raw milk producers in this district are living up to the "certified" stipulations, anyway, though their product does not carry the special bottle cap.

The Medical Milk Board, unfortunately, is not the strong body it should be. If it were there would be less trouble in the milk business here. If the milk board would demand that certain rules be observed—by every milk producer, not by the smaller ones without political pull—the situation would soon clear itself up.

Miami is beginning to be known as the healthiest place on earth. To keep that position our visitors must be able to buy absolutely pure and wholesome milk. Asheville, North Carolina, has this "two-milk law," this "certified and pasteurized" milk method of doing business, and that city put the rules into effect because it was trying to become a health resort. Miami should do likewise.

Gradually the smaller dairies will be eliminated or absorbed by the larger ones. The sixty operating at present will be reduced to twenty or less large dairies that are supplying the best of milk. All cities in the Miami area should get together to put through ordinances that would make the milk supply the best in the country.

Pity the Poor Cops

THRIFT is getting to be deeply rooted in the minds of the city officials. The latest idea in saving money, so that taxpayers might sleep easier, is to have the cops buy their own uniforms at their own expense.

Last year the cops were forced to buy short, blue peajackets for the winter season. Later they were forced to buy long, dark rain coats. Now they will have to buy khaki uniforms—and, perhaps, leather puttees. Khaki and blue will be a fine combination!

There is some talk of making motorcycle cops wear white helmets, which seems a fool suggestion. We don't know if they will have to buy their own and we don't know how they will keep them on while doing fifty on the steel steed.

Policemen in Miami should wear light clothing, light caps, light everything. They should carry small revolvers like the ones used in the New York police department. They should not have to carry around with them a whole assortment of hardware that is practically no use to the average traffic officer.

When a city gets the thrift bug it usually doesn't know where to stop. Saving the taxpayers is all right but no taxpayer wants to have the efficiency of any department destroyed by a lot of stupid thrift arrangements.

City Food Law

THE city of Miami has no real food law. It has a few odd ordinances dealing with food and there the matter ends. The time is ripe for the drawing up of a comprehensive food law that will make it impossible for any business to be carried on except in a perfectly sanitary manner.

The food inspectors of the city are hard working and do their best to keep everything clean. But there are too few of them to give the eating places more than a monthly visit—if they can do that.

Some time ago a food ordinance was drawn that would give some power to the health department, but up to the present time the city commissioners have been too busy, doing nothing in particular, to get around to it.

Dangerous Sewer Openings

OPENINGS from the street into storm sewers should be protected by grating or rails. There are several of these openings throughout the city where a child, not so young at that, might easily slip down.

The extra cost of placing another safety grating over these openings doesn't amount to much. It will cost the city a whole lot more than the gratings are worth if some baby falls down one of the openings and gets hurt.

Potato Grading

GRADING of potatoes is necessary in most states. In Florida there is no law on the matter. Although this state exports a lot of the lowly spuds, which must be graded, the consumer here must take whatever the dealer wishes. Potatoes of all sizes are mixed together and called Grade 1, Grade 2, or what have you.

The grade doesn't mean a thing. Potatoes are potatoes as far as the dealer is concerned.

Gulf Raises Prices

DUE to incessant embryo storms, the past ten days have witnessed a Gulf Stream too turbulent for the small big game hunters to cross over to the other side and bring back the craved liquor which Miami and friends somehow enjoy, even though it costs as much as the Canadians have to pay. The present quality of intoxicants is far above the past year's average, due, in a great measure, to the active work of the prohibition agents in stamping out the illicit manufacturers who for so long reaped a harvest from both bootleggers and consumers. Many natives, gazing at Mr. Gray's flags atop the post-office last week, stocked up heavily. The storms missing Miami caused an inroad into the supply, and higher prices may be quoted by next week. Retail prices are quoted as follows, with no material change since last citations:

RYE AND BOURBON		Patzenhofer		RUM	
Old Overholt	\$2.50	Tennent's	1.00	Bacardi	\$5.00
Walker's American Rye	2.50	Bull Dog	1.00	Ferguson's 3-star	6.00
Siltmore	2.50	Home Brew	25-35	Jamaica	3.00
Old Hickory	2.50				
G. & W.	2.50	SCOTCH			
Four Roses	2.50	Vat '69	\$2.50		
Scagoram's 3-star	2.50	Huntley Brand	2.50		
Peeblebrook	2.50	Old Monarch	2.50		
Old Judge	2.50	Ferguson's	2.50		
Canadian Club	2.50	Glen Mar	2.50		
		Munro Square	2.50		
		Lochness	2.50		
		Green Stripe	2.50		
		White Heather	2.50		
		Gordon Plaid	2.50		
		John Adair	2.50		
		Clan Murray	2.50		

(The luxuries, such as wines, champagnes, cordials, brandies, etc., vary in price, according to supply. Most of the demand is taken care of by private orders, and cash in advance. See your favorite for quotations, both wholesale and retail.)

Untidy City Offices

NOW that the new courthouse is almost finished and the official opening is within a few weeks of this date, let us take a stroll through some of the city offices.

A very short stroll will show that the offices are beautiful rooms, well covered as to floor material, but there all tidiness ends. The furniture, desks and filing cabinets look as if they had gone through a hurricane—which is just what they did.

Why the city employes should have to put up with desks that are shedding veneer; filing cabinets that are falling apart; and chairs that look as if they had come out of the repair department of a second-hand furniture store; is one of the things that doesn't seem right.

The appearance of a city office should be tidy, if not elaborate. The desks should look like desks, not broken packing cases. The filing cabinets should, at least, look like something to keep papers in.

If we must cut down expenses; if we must fire half the city employes; if we must retrench to reduce taxes; then for goodness sake let us get some good furniture for the city offices and quit looking as if we were bankrupt.

Our Hire and Fire Department

MIAMI appears to be having a lot of fun with its fire department. Stations have been closed up and, after a prompt protest in the district, been reopened with one man in charge. Now, we ask you, what use is a fire station with one man only and him doing twenty-four hour duty? Of course, he could keep a fire going until the rest of the department came out.

Miami is supposed to be run on a civil service basis. That is, all promotions are supposed to be for merit, long service, or what have you. But the civil service rules are not adhered to in the fire department. Not even the first rule of being a duly registered voter in the city before being able to get a job on the department.

Saving money in the fire department resulted in letting out a number of men. No consideration was taken of long service, family, or anything for that matter. One captain and one lieutenant were reduced to firemen, to cut costs. Two weeks later two new men were promoted to lieutenant.

The civil service examination for a fireman is said to be a joke. But the firemen now are being forced to learn the situation of every hotel and apartment house in the city—several thousand of them.

One man, who has been with the department for only two years, has been promoted to captain and has served as acting chief. The chief has two drivers and insists on driving his own car, regardless, while the driver takes a ride with him.

A little investigation into the fire department would do no harm.

Danger of Raw Milk

ASTORY out of Lee, Mass., that appeared in the Boston Herald of July 29. Lee is a town of 4,000 people and only raw milk was sold there. According to the newspapers report septic sore throat appeared in the town and the cause was eventually run down—it was the raw milk supply.

To date more than forty deaths have resulted from the infected milk and seven hundred residents suffered from the malady. The death list increased for three weeks until health officers found the cause and ordered all milk sold in Lee to be pasteurized.

Another item from this morning's Herald under a Washington date line, tells of an outbreak of anthrax in Virginia. This disease of cattle is dangerous to those coming in contact with hides or by using shaving brushes made from the hair of infected cows. Seven dairies were closed up through the outbreak.

An outbreak of anthrax, this government report says, is always followed by suspension of dairying activities. Yet a Dade dairy had an outbreak of anthrax recently and was still allowed to operate.

Stealing Gables Fruit

IN Coral Gables the other day we ran up against a rather peculiar situation. We met a man who owned a home in that city that he will be occupying again soon. He went there to look the property over and discovered an individual, with a truck, collecting all the fine avocados off his trees.

MIAMI LIFE'S SOCIETY

COLLUMN

THE reports of the death of Mr. Louis Swartz, former publisher of the Miami Beach Democrat and custodian of the Sidney J. Catts votes, was very much exaggerated Thursday.

THE Pleasure-Bent Society of Miami Beach will be addressed by Gene Bryant each night next week. Gene is an expert on Pleasure Bent.

Steven Jerome O'Hannagan, of Lafayette, Indiana, Indianapolis, Montauk, Long Island, New York, Speculator, N. Y., and Miami Beach, and other good publicity places, paid us a short and hand-shaking visit this week. Steve told Gene Tunney how to do it. That is fighting, of course.

SOCTIETY news this week is very scarce. Too many bill-collectors knocking at doors keep reporters from getting the news.

The city council of Miami Beach had the traffic ordinance read to them for the second time Wednesday. They are going to pass it the next time and Miami Beach will have some rules and regulations.

THE prettiest stenographer contest may have to be abandoned. Employers claim their wives are serving raw turnips since the notification of the contest.

MR. LOU LANGFORD of Coral Gables stayed out last Monday night. It is presumed he missed the street car, and he has been suffering considerable from corns lately.

Things I'd Like To Know

If a certain Redhead won't miss Johnnie-Dear when he leaves for the wheatfields?
 ? ? ?

Where the six quarts of sherry went, and why the boys didn't see the girls home after the beach party?
 ? ? ?

If Bud isn't up against the toughest proposition we know of . . . and if he can make it?
 ? ? ?

Who the girls were on the moonlight swimming party Tuesday . . . and if the blonde didn't look sweet 'en deshabile' ?
 ? ? ?

If Bud doesn't feel the same way about single girls running with married men that everyone else does?
 ? ? ?

What Betty will do these evenings, now that the one and only has departed?
 ? ? ?

How Charlie felt Wednesday night when he managed to quit twelve bucks winner at black jack?
 ? ? ?

If the blonde and the brunette at the Casino Thursday didn't have more laughs per minute than any pair ever seen . . . and if they didn't seem the most foolish?
 ? ? ?

Where Kelly and Betty get their ideas, and then the nerve to broadcast them?
 ? ? ?

How Red feels after he's stepped about a hundred per in that Stutz . . . and if he didn't hand Bud a thrill?
 ? ? ?

What the chances are of making a date with Betty on Saturday nights nowadays?
 ? ? ?

If the boys on the beach won't miss Mayme's smile now that she has left for New York?
 ? ? ?

Why that car parks every night on Seventh street and waits for the sweet thing to get off the bus?
 ? ? ?

Where Johnny got his rheumatism?
 ? ? ?

How Bob and Paul enjoyed the conference at the Columbus hotel?
 ? ? ?

When Madam Ritz will have to employ a helper to assist in handling her husky offspring?
 ? ? ?

If Dad Hopkins was really going to indulge in a bit of frivolity after he made the mad dash for the open spaces the other evening?
 ? ? ?

If the so-called "old lady" will be glad to get back to the land of sunshine and joy next month?
 ? ? ?

Why the little Brown boy raised so much fuss with the flies and mosquitoes last week?
 ? ? ?

If Jimmie was serious when he sent that special delivery letter to Bobby in Atlanta?
 ? ? ?

Who is Miami's best letter and why he bought a new Ford?
 ? ? ?

If Frank plans on going to Savannah on Labor Day and if Jennie is the reason?
 ? ? ?

Why big hearted Harry took the ladies out and gave them a mud bath in the wee small hours on night on the Jersey shore not so long ago?
 ? ? ?

Why the genial Bill Mason fell off the water wagon recently?
 ? ? ?

If Walter is leading the quiet simple life since a certain person has appeared on the scene?
 ? ? ?

They Tell Me

THAT Jimmie and Mary found the Cosmopolitan very interesting, over at the beach house, even though they dropped it on the floor.
 ! ! !

THAT J. W. has a strange effect on Mary.
 ! ! !

THAT Harry, the big meat man from Miami, was nicely organized when he pranced up and down the main drag at Long Branch recently.
 ! ! !

THAT Captain Ockerhausen had his hands full when he tried to lead his little playmate along the straight and narrow.
 ! ! !

That the wives of the two "cut-ups" have a tough time keeping up with them on the Jersey shore this summer.
 ! ! !

Connie has really fallen in love.
 ! ! !

THAT some pretty mamma has changed her mind about Tampa.
 ! ! !

THAT the girls in town are in for a slow summer now that Beebe has left for New York.
 ! ! !

THAT Ross has quite a crush on the little girl, and that they are together all the time now.
 ! ! !

THAT Marty has been wondering why she hasn't "been getting no publicity."
 ! ! !

THAT the beach at the casino will miss a good customer now that O. K. has left for the north.
 ! ! !

THAT Vida certainly can lie with the straightest face we've ever seen, and it won't be long now before she's checked up.
 ! ! !

The younger set has a good bootlegger in a certain hotel on the ocean front.
 ! ! !

THAT Betty was very generous the other evening with the Speciales, and they certainly were enjoyed.
 ! ! !

THAT Steve says he taught Joe how to relax, and if he hears of him falling in love there'll be no use for a baracuda.
 ! ! !

THAT Thursday was like any other afternoon to a certain young fellow this week, and it sure knocked the spots out of the sun.
 ! ! !

THAT Pigeon is again among us.
 ! ! !

THAT since Mr. Rago is stopping at the William Penn a certain blonde is very interested.

Why I'm a Bachelor Girl

"WOMEN," said One-Lung Shy, "never patronize Chinese laundries. They always send in what they call their husbands. And the so-called husbands always have lost their tickets."

Being a graduate of several husbands—although I was never married—I feel that One-Lung Shy made a great statement when he told about women not patronizing Chinese laundries. In truth, I don't know why the subject of laundries should enter into my confessions as to why I am a bachelor girl, but it looks like a tough summer, and the editor of this paper has promised me certain remuneration if I tell my history without mentioning his name.

I was born on a little farm outside of Kokomo, Indiana. I would have been born in another state, but my mother and father had to be at home at this time so I, being a good girl, stuck with it, the first man I met, outside of my father, was a bill collector. Father made up a batch of home-brew and on the strength of it ordered one of those lovely \$1 down and 50-cents-per-month-catch mephonographs. Father did not have to buy any records, even though his past was very poor, but told the neighbors that he was personally acquainted with the original owner of the dog which posed for the now historic cast of "His Master's Voice," which got father in very good—in fact, three months on account of the check not being made good.

Well, the first traveling man I met said he was coming to Florida and would I go along? Bravely I hid my tears and the tears in my stockings and denied him. So we came to Miami.

Your skyline reminds me of New York and next week I shall tell you of my experience with the traveling man.

By the way, girls, traveling men are not what they are cracked up to be. This one proved a perfect dud.—TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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INSIST ON GOLDEN WEDDING

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—WITH—

LEWIS STONE

MARCELINE DAY
HENRY B. WALTHALL
MALCOLM MacGREGOR

The Fearless Editor who dared to shout from the housetops what many spoke in whispers



in the Editor's Mail

Editor Miami Life:

Since your very good paper is so keen on picking up flaws in various conditions referring to local atmosphere, I am wondering if you can explain the reason why the members of Harvey Seeds Post of the American Legion, the Naval Reserve Association, the Officers Reserve Corps and the U. S. Naval Reserve Unit allow a third-class Fireman to parade himself before the public in a chief petty officer's uniform with the addition of a Legion cap, a pair of leather puttees and a Lincoln car.

This uniform is not complete for any branch of the service either army or navy, and should not entitle the wearer to the position of traffic cop under any consideration, even though the false rating adds a few stripes to the sleeves.

This question was brought up in a friendly discussion and we were unable to find the cause or fix the responsibility for allowing this condition to continue.

—ONE OF THE BOYS.

They Don't Like It

Fort Pierce is sore, and the reason is the terrible headlines in the Miami dailies.

And this soreness ended in quite a stir—in that city a few days ago.

A Miami photographer went to Fort Pierce immediately after the alleged storm had done some damage there, and made a number of pictures of the wreckage.

Next day his salesman boarded the old flivver and took a number of prints up to sell to the natives.

He sold a few, but met growls and dark looks from other people he tried to sell.

Enter the Chief of Police.

"You got a license to peddle in this city?" he asked.

"No sir, I have no license," returned the salesman.

"Then commalong with me."

Presently the salesman was reposing behind the iron bars in the city calaboose.

Enter the judge.

Long explanation from the judge that the authorities had not made the arrest because the salesman was selling hurricane pictures. Nothing like that. He was arrested for operating without a city license. If he had been selling some of the beauty spots of the city it might have been different but, anyway, the license was the reason for the arrest.

The salesman listened to a long harangue about the Miami News and Miami Herald and two pages of hurricane pictures. His boss was accused of taking the photographs and selling them to the papers.

At sunset, just as the red tint was lighting up the fronds of the palm trees, the salesman was fined ten cents and costs and given ten days—sentence suspended if he got to hell out of town that night.

He had sold \$13 worth of pictures and he just broke even.

At the police station a cop wanted a set of the pictures—but the salesman wasn't taking any more chances.

NO LOANS TODAY!

Editor Miami Life:

Your editorial, "Bank, Banker, Bankrupt," in the issue of August 11th is certainly appropriate. It is hoped it will be as far-reaching and effectual as others of your editorials concerning various abuses.

In a little over three years our interests have caused to be deposited in one of our leading banks, upwards of one-half million dollars; besides which, we have been directly influential in the opening of several other personal accounts in this same institution.

In that entire time we have never needed nor asked accommodation until about ten weeks ago, when rather than have tax-sale certificates on about 100 lots valued by the city at an average of \$1,000 each, sold to a New York banking house, we made application for a loan of \$1,000, feeling it would be graciously granted.

We were quite surprised to be informed by the assistant to the vice-president that it had been turned down; so we took up the matter personally with the two oldest vice-presidents; stressing the point that we were not desirous of paying a New York banker 25 per cent interest, when we had our own banks, with our own people's money, which were or should be instituted for the protection and relief of its depositors needing temporary help.

Our collateral was to be satisfactory endorsement, together with the actual tax-sale certificates which were to redeem in part from time to time, within three months.

The request was rejected with the explanation that sometimes there was trouble in realizing on tax-sale certificates.

In plain words, our Miami bank refused to loan one percent of the assessed valuation of property situated in the heart of a going city; notwithstanding the fact that all proceeds from the sales of this property are deposited with them.

This is a concrete case of real Miami money being forced out of Miami, and at a terrific interest. Why?

H. R. D.

ALL IN A LIFETIME!

Your editorial about bankers hits a responding chord in my heart. I remember one of the now bankers who didn't have enough credit at one time to buy some groceries from a Chicago firm.

And I remember the representative of the Chicago firm told the present banker that, even though the Chicago firm wouldn't give credit to the present banker, he, the representative, would stand good for the groceries.

And less than six months ago the same ex-grocer who later became affiliated with the banking business, brought foreclosure proceedings against the grocer representative who made it possible for an ex-grocer to become a banker.

Yours for better typhoons,

B. G. W.

NO TRANSPORTATION

Editor Miami Life:

Mr. Reynolds, in his explanation of the taking off of the Flagler bus is entirely misleading when he says that the people in the vicinity of Red road are served by the Coral Gables bus. In the first place, why did he route a bus into a vicinity which is already served by one? It is the people of West Flagler Park who are affected by this bus, together with Fairlawn and Flagami.

It takes between an hour and an hour and a half to come from

town to the Wild Cat, via West Flagler street car, transfer to Coral Gables car, and then transfer to Granada bus, then walk to Flagler street (eight blocks) and then to our home anywhere from 12 to 30 blocks, in my case it is 14 blocks. Two passengers in particular will have to walk one and one-half miles.

We can have 10 minutes service on Biscayne boulevard (more than is necessary) but this district must be isolated. Why?

A man out here working at the Beach will have to start his day's work at 5 a. m., and get home when he gets there, and I suppose our energetic city commissioners (who had to have our police scandal almost shoved down their throats before they would act) will not grant a jitney license, by which we could get service. The rotten service we have had since the Winona Park bus was taken off has caused a lot of people who were renting to move to other sections, but so poor taxpayers (who always seem to be at the receiving end of the "Public Be Damned" attitude) have got to stop and "walk."

BOX 72, ROUTE 4.

Editor Miami Life, City

Dear Sir:

The writer's attention has been directed to your constructive editorial comment in the last issue of your publication directed at our Tuttle Garage sign on the S. E. corner on the north side of Miami river bridge.

This we read with interest and after investigation decided you were right in your conclusion. This firm has the interest of the motorist paramount in its objective and, being open for conviction, we accept your comment in the spirit it was written and have readjusted our Tuttle Garage sign in such a manner that it will no longer obstruct the view of motorist passing either way.

Assuring you and the general public that this firm is vitally interested in reducing the danger hazards of the motorist to the minimum, the writer,

Yours very truly,
TUTTLE SERVICE CORP.,
C. O. LANGSTON, JR.,
General Manager.

Editor Miami Life,
Olympia Bldg., Miami, Fla.

Dear Sir:

May I take the liberty of asking for a small space in your valuable paper to deal with a subject that would be vital to Miami, and that is oil, if the same be found in the southern part of Florida.

Many are praying that it may be found here, and many are convinced that it is the only difficulty being that of raising money. Miami has had her fingers burned so many times during the boom days that she is reluctant to invest, regardless of how attractive the proposition may be, and for this reason it is difficult to get industries started here in Miami. Many a good proposition has been started, such as rubber tire factory, paper pulp mill, grape fruit cannery, spark plug factory, and for lack of support same have failed. Now it seems that to be abandoned is an "oil well," and if you will talk to Mr. J. N. Lummus or Lloyd Brown, the driller on the trail, they will tell you "we have an oil well; how much we cannot say, but we have a good chance to bring in a good one when we stop this water flow, which is troubling them. They have been drilling several times for some kind of a tool which had to be ordered from Houston, Texas, and once or twice for lack of money, which is the case now again. Now, as aforesaid, our only hope is an oil well. An idea occurred to me that if some civic organization could be started to raise a public fund, from \$100,000 up to say giving \$50,000 from \$100,000 etc., and more from the public sum of \$50,000 or \$75,000 might prove to be our making and all would benefit in the event we could bring in an oil well. I believe some public spirited citizens or company could be found that would donate a half or the trail to the Everglades out of which a well if a well were brought in, would become city property and all money derived therefrom would go to pay off bonded indebtedness and lower city taxes and free the city of all indebtedness, and help prove up the Everglades as an oil territory.

I really believe that this proposition could be honestly worked out under the auspices of the chamber of commerce, with the aid of all newspapers and banks of this city. We have some very capable oil well drillers in this city who own their own property, making their best their own property, making their best their own property, making their best their own property. We are also fortunate in having a very capable geologist, Dr. Whitlock, who could be consulted in this connection. This would not be a stock promotion scheme, but simply a civic proposition, all money being donated and the event a being the sole beneficiary. I feel safe in saying that a proposition of this kind could be worked out and that oil can be found in the Everglades.

Would like very much to have opinions from other readers of this paper on this subject.

FREDERICK KEMMLER,
707 Huntington Bldg., Miami, Florida.

Editor Miami Life:

I admit your brave stand on many of the controversial topics of importance to Miami and environs and for that reason find it difficult to reconcile your disparaging caricature featured in your *Isa Seeker* story. The latter is not alone discerning to the intelligent portion of your readers, but also portrays you in the light of an opportunistic nonentity. It is indeed a most unbecoming deed to attribute to one aspiring to recognition the outstanding champion in behalf of civic justice and liberal fearless journalism.

As a fellow Miamian and descendant of the tribe of Israel I keenly resent your camouflaging bigotry under the guise of wise cracks.

MATTHEW STEPHEN BANDLER.

Editor Miami Life:

Several thousand Miami people have opened accounts with the Peoples Loan & Savings Company. All of these with \$50 or over bear 6% interest from date and it will compound October 1st. Those buying Savings Certificates receive 8% interest. All successful people save. Get busy and start an account for yourself or that Kid of yours. It will add to your happiness and prosperity. The phone is 5951 and the address is 109 N. E. Second Ave.

TO SEE BETTER
—SEE—
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THE OPTICAL SPECIALIST
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Mr. Wen Phillips,
Editor, Miami Life,
Miami, Fla.
Dear Sir:
It was indeed with great interest that I read your last Saturday issue, in your article referring to Rufus Steele's "Have Faith in Greater Miami." Had you not written something on the subject I intended to write and ask you

accomplished.

A family of rats were bemoaning the fact that many of their rothers and sisters and other relatives were missing because of raids made by a cat in the house; the rats held a council and it was decided to get a bell and tie it around the cat's neck until one old timer asked the question, "Who is going to tie the bell around the cat's neck?"

A farmer was losing much grain through a flock of crows which would root upon his fence; he spread quicklime to catch the crows and next day started out with his gun and the fence was loaded with crows all fluttering their wings trying to get away; as the farmer got nearer one old crow addressed his companions telling them they were flapping their wings were fluttering, but if they would flap their wings in unison on a given signal there might be hope; the signal was given, they flapped their wings and flew away with the fence.

If all the rats had gotten together they could easily have downed the cat and put the bell on her.

Perhaps if citizens interested in the development of Miami were to be approached to offer their suggestions and these suggestions be scrutinized by the Publicity Board, much valuable information might be received and assistance given to help solve the problem vital to everybody interested in Miami and its future.

Suggestion boxes are in use with the foremost manufacturers throughout the country and many valuable suggestions are received and frequently adopted, so why can't this system be adopted and put in practice and suggestions given that at least some constructive ideas will be suggested; this system might arouse enthusiasm so that instead of a few men representing the Publicity Board, every interested Miamian will be a member at large.

There are several departments within the city of Miami with which the writer has had business transactions, notably the Tax Collector's office, Finance Department, Purchasing Department; business is conducted in these departments in a more systematic, courteous and snappy manner than the writer ever experienced in the cities of Cleveland, Chicago, and Chicago, Illinois; taxpayers should be proud of the way the records are handled, and no doubt every other department of the city of Miami is striving to reach the efficiency of those above mentioned, if they have not already attained that high standard.

Don't loaf around expecting George to do it, get busy and do something yourself; put your shoulder to the wheel and you will soon realize the fact that the merchant will lose out; Miami would be better off without him.

Create a better feeling amongst merchants; have confidence in each other; bring in your ideas; let your ideas get to your ideals set a standard for him to shoot at; clean trading with the public will provide that standard and if the merchant cannot make out for himself, he will soon realize the fact that merchant will lose out; Miami would be better off without him.

Patronize local industry, favor local manufacturers provided standards of quality are maintained.

Absorb your local resources whether manufactures, merchandise, farm products or labor; remember your own people at home must make their living here with a Miami "metropolitan"; don't lose a citizen, he is your greatest asset provided he is supplied with work; one disgruntled citizen leaving Miami will spread unfavorable propaganda and keep others away; don't let Miami lose its citizen; preserve your present population.

Even a leech will hang on to an easy mark to be cussed when he is full; all tourists are not willing to be misled.

Mark Miami "metropolitan"; get away from the small town idea, instill bid ideas into the minds of Miamians and they will soon forget the small town stuff and become a metropolitan people.

Miami should discontinue the "hick town" idea of some business houses closing in the middle of the week while the consumers of their products are at work; what large cities continue this practice; let's close up business on Saturday noon so that merchants and their employees can have a full week-end rest instead of keeping everybody at work throughout Saturday afternoons (and evenings in many cases); there may be a few exceptions such as groceries and meat markets, as is customary in large cities, to remain open Saturday evenings; however, the classes of trade will arrange a weekly half-holiday.

Establish credit and don't abuse it; merchants will do business in a businesslike manner and have much more confidence in trading with merchants if credits are not abused as has been past experience with many.

Cut out petty graft, if such exists, graft methods originated in (a thousand years ago; who? Miami; even a politician, would not resent being compared to a Chinaman in this low-down practice.

A couple of years ago the mail carriers of Miami approached the Post Master asking could their pay checks be distributed in time to do their Christmas shopping; the answer was "It can't be done." The mail carriers' wives, authorities at Washington and their wishes were granted, placards appeared throughout their quarters "It can be done."

That's the spirit Miami should work on, don't depend on one man's viewpoint; Miami isn't a one-horse town; quit passing the buck; it is quite likely that no individual in Miami can tell what will bring results, but collective ideas from interested Miamians will confer to the members of the Publicity Board with sufficient honest-to-goodness ideas to work upon.

Yours very truly,
JOHN C. MURRAY,
Murphy's Paint Store,
(Copy to Miami Life)

But Isa Has Gone

Editor Miami Life:

But Isa has gone stand on many of the controversial topics of importance to Miami and environs and for that reason find it difficult to reconcile your disparaging caricature featured in your *Isa Seeker* story. The latter is not alone discerning to the intelligent portion of your readers, but also portrays you in the light of an opportunistic nonentity. It is indeed a most unbecoming deed to attribute to one aspiring to recognition the outstanding champion in behalf of civic justice and liberal fearless journalism.

As a fellow Miamian and descendant of the tribe of Israel I keenly resent your camouflaging bigotry under the guise of wise cracks.

MATTHEW STEPHEN BANDLER.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

Editor Miami Life:

Miami City Commissioners, Mr. Mr. Weldon A. Snow, City Manager, Court House, Miami, Florida.
Gentlemen:

Miami Herald, July 25th, quotes Mr. S. D. McCreary's statement as follows: "It is doubtful in my mind, if there is anybody in Miami who can tell us what to do, and it is unfortunate that the publicity board has become a political football."

Newspaper articles by Rufus Steele under the heading "Have Faith in Greater Miami" are probably drawing more comment from readers, and helping pep up the morale of many, than anything else submitted to our citizens at the present time.

Results are not always obtained immediately or as quickly as one would like to see them achieved; even manufacturers of the highest grade products must educate the public before expecting results; the building of a city and publicity must be along educational lines; who can expect to hop from kindergarten to high school in one jump by omitting the intermediate grades?

If we all take the same viewpoint as Mr. McCreary, very little will ever be accomplished.

Have You Done It Yet?

Several thousand Miami people have opened accounts with the Peoples Loan & Savings Company. All of these with \$50 or over bear 6% interest from date and it will compound October 1st. Those buying Savings Certificates receive 8% interest. All successful people save. Get busy and start an account for yourself or that Kid of yours. It will add to your happiness and prosperity. The phone is 5951 and the address is 109 N. E. Second Ave.

Did You Know

—THAT the reason the Florida East Coast has not built a railroad to Tampa is on account of the surveyors being unable to find a place to put the tunnels?

—THAT most married men sometimes stay downtown on business?

—THAT married women sometimes attend bridge games while their husbands are downtown on business?

—THAT Flagler is a one-way street leading to Biscayne Bay except when driving under the influence, and then it is a \$50-and-costs-and-five-days-in-addition-there-to street if you get caught?

—THAT a lot of other things might be asked you providing you could answer the same, but could you?

—DON'T forget the big lobster debate next week in the park. Mention this paper and your favorite lobster.

Our Newspapers

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—Miami Daily News

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This Is The End

Being the final episode in the life of a stenographer who wanted to work—but not to play.

"MY! What beautiful teeth you have!"

"They will be good advertisement, doctor."

"And what a beautiful mouth you have!"

"That will be used to tell your customers what a marvelous dentist you are, sir."

"The job is yours." And behold—the look of anticipation.

The day wore on. Patients were smiled into the chair all day until there were neither patients nor patience left.

Before leaving at closing time he turned to me. "Your eyes are beautiful. Say to me that they are to be seen only by me!"

He was waxing eloquent while I was waxing anger.

"Yes! Since there is no one else here in the room they see only you and nothing more," quoth I, nearing the door as he neared towards me. Forever more!

This was quite an experience. I have had dentists look into my mouth before but I never had one—well, er, I just never came in such close and thorough contact orally with one. Gee! Gosh! The way he went about it was thankful he was only a dentist. Suppose he had been an oral surgeon! It was delightful. I was looking forward to days of pleasant work and decided that I would give up stenoing and stick to the dentist game.

He was cooing. "And dear, I shall want you day and night. Won't you be my lady of this evening?"

"Yes, I shall be a lady this evening and all the evenings to come. Good night."

And then I started to look for a job.

The Huntington building had many temptations in the dental line but I steered clear.

Flagler street was worked. Second avenue. First avenue, Miami avenue, and hence, the process of elimination.

Truly, the matter was getting serious. It looked as though I would have to go back to my husband or else—

I thought I'd try something different. Maybe one of the big eating places would need a steno. And then I could get ned a stenographer at present but I could use a waitress. Experienced in that line?"

"Experienced. Man, I was a waitress down home before I came North to Miami. And I've been waiting for this opportunity—"

After dropping three full trays and breaking up the profits I was called in conference.

"Waitress are you? Where were you a waitress before?"

"Home."

"Yes, but where?"

"In the dining room."

"You mean you get experience, too, if you had to wait on such a big family. But gee, it's different here. The men stare at me so hard and proposition me and all I get for a tip is the tip of their hats—"

"Oh, you poor child. There! There! Don't cry. They proposition you, do they? Well, I'll get the dirty brutes. Now listen. You come home with me and I'll let you wait on me. How's that?"

As hope sprung eternal in my heart I sprung off his lap.

"And what will I wait for—same salary?"

"Leave that to me, honey. Of course you'll get all your meals. Wait for? Why, for my love, of course. Isn't that compensation enough?"

I had tried bankers, lawyers,

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The Most Popular Place to Lunch in Town.
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2400 W. FLAGLER ST.
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I will leave here for a long vacation Sept. 1. Free good luck Souvenirs to all patrons.
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Greebys Gallop In

Champion Ditch-Diggers and Other Fly-by-Night Scions of Illustrious Family Move Into Local Hotel; Hoover and Al Smith Both Send Emissaries

THE register—hotel not cash—of the Roosevelt hotel, looks like the people of Miami have at last secured something which will put the town on the map—provided the next prospective hurricane don't take it off.

Mr. R. Hammerhead Greeby, whose rendition of the song, "What Became of My First Payment," brought out the state militia in 1925, announces that the Homecoming Week of the Greebys is the greatest success ever staged here without police protection.

"I do not desire no publicity,"

said Mr. Greeby, "but you should look over the list of them Greebys which have arrived here. Miss Ophelia Greeby, who left Tifton, Ga., last week in an auto, just arrived by boat. Although never married she claims that she is no old maid. I am a bachelor girl and have been since I attended college," she said, and then I had to put Little Geraldine, she's my adopted daughter, to bed for saying that the only institution Miss Ophelia



ever attended was one of yearning.

"The Greebys from both the north and south sections of Georgia arrived on the same train. And there was only one fight occurred."

"Yes," laughed Little Geraldine from her bed under the chandelier, "and that was from the time the train started here until they unloaded."

Paying no attention to the remark, Mr. Greeby showed the reporter the wonderful arrangements made for the delegates to the Greeby Homecoming Week. "Instead of sliding cuspidors, built-in spittoons have been attached to all the twin beds and reversible sheets are so constructed that they can be used for tablecloths, provided any food is at hand. I do not expect to feed the Greebys here," said Mr. Greeby. "I have made arrangements with the incinerator and will take all the people there every day. If you know of anybody which has any food they do not care for, have them send it out to the incinerator."

"The Greebys," continued Mr. Greeby, "are some of the world's most famous people. They have invented great things."

"Is them the ones, Pop," Positively, Greeby's oldest twin son and brother of Absolutely, asked the question, "Is them the ones which put hialotosis on the market?"

Mr. Greeby, upset by the remark of one of his twin sons, fell down and picked himself up in time to greet a flock of new arrivals.

"What part of Georgia are you Greebys from?" he smilingly inquired.

"Greebys?" Why we are Hoover delegates looking for some support in the November election.

"You have come to the right place," said Mr. Greeby. "How many votes do you require?"

Upon being told that just enough votes were required to carry the Solid South, Mr. Greeby said that his tribe would see that they were gathered.

"And what about expense

"Six Appeal" Why Don't You Do This?

STEAL some of your own cash, (you almost have to steal it), away from these Miami bankers—who need it like they need another neck—and go on a shopping tour for some choice acreage in your fair county, (sure I mean Dade), and then do something with the acreage. "What?" asks you. Well, for instance, why not incorporate the Humpty-Dumpty Hen & Egg Co., and raise chicks. That is of course, if you have "chicks appeal."

Or perhaps farming is your weakness. If so, then form the Miami Bean & Onion Co., and get busy in that direction. A few acres of successfully grown diversified crops has "mixed appeal."

In any event, buy some land and get something out of it. Men get pearls out of oysters and women get diamonds out of "nuts" (this is an old one), but the next best thing to do is to get gold out of land. Plant some of the best varieties of avocados, citrus fruit, mangoes, etc. It takes time and money but pays big dividends. This is "checks appeal."

And another thing, "HEALTH APPEAL" results from "acreage appeal" when once you build up an interest in the latter. Nearly everybody has an urge to own a piece of land of his or her own. Now is the time to annex that much longed for land. This is "annex appeal."

That makes six appeals. Now then, here is where the Acreage Man comes into the picture. The writer has been an acreage specialist since 1923. He knows his stuff and does it. That's me! Has his new office on the fourteenth floor of the beautiful Security Building, opposite Richard W. Gray's Post Office.

Yours, VICTOR HOPE.

P. S.: Hope to see you at 1419 Security Building.

Telephone 5280.

money?" queried Greeby. "Expense money?" answered the leader of the party of two. "Party loyalty should amply repay you."

"Hurrah for Al Smith!" shouted Greeby, and the reporter immediately thought of another engagement.

"Say," said Greeby, "there's only been one Greeby which ever tried to commit suicide. He laid down on a Sixth street car line and starved himself to death."

Round the Town with ROD

TWO BIG SLUGGERS

Whitey Melner and Jack Staria are going to mix it at the Miami Coliseum on Monday night. In fact, this bout is the main attraction. From all appearances this is going to be one of those hard-hitting, tough-scraping fights that are always worth watching.

Whitey can hit like a steam hammer and Jack can hand out wallops that sound like pistol shots. The card altogether is going to be one slugging round after another. Let's go.

HELPING THE PORT

The Clyde line docks are in the hands of the contractor now. In a short time new buildings will be up, new waiting rooms built, and by January 1 the pre-cooling plant will be in operation.

This is going to make a lot of difference to the Miami district. From north and south, and even from the west coast over the Tamiami trail, will come loads of fruit and vegetables to be stored and cooled and shipped north on fast passenger boats.

The Clyde line, by the way, was forced to build bigger and better boats by the competition of other lines, and they have made money by it. If not in the past, anyway, they will in the future—the near future, for they are progressive.

THEATRICAL SHINDIG

On August 22, that's next Wednesday, the Roseland Ballroom at Miami Beach is going to throw a theatrical dance. At least that is what they are going to call it, but Charlie Cusick, who beats the drum on occasion, is going to stage a large number of acts.

It sounds like a good night in the old Roseland to me. What with all the acts from night clubs and the professionals in the city it should be some show.

And the price, fifty cents, won't keep a soul away.

ANOTHER CLUB

They are starting early this season. Another night club is opening up at N. E. Second avenue and 65th street. It is called the "Moulin Rouge." And tonight's the night.

Hugh McKay, former manager of the Frolics, is running the show and has promised a swanky line of entertainment that is going to knock your eye out. And Hugh always makes good on his threats.

So, if you have a little money in your pocket, not much for the charges are exceptionally reasonable, you can spend a really happy evening at this new one.

What Others Say

(News and Graphic, Greenwich, Conn.)

"Miami Ain't So Bad in Summer"

A copy of Miami Life, a weekly publication, has been received here for inspection from a Greenwich sojourner in Florida. The paper seems to be, in keeping with the summer climate in which it is published, pretty "hot stuff" to be printed on paper without a shred of asbestos in it. Our daily exchange borrowing visitor devoured it from front page to back, then went to the Amogerone fire-house and implored Driver John Cullen to turn the hose on him. He maintained that the most exciting thing that he found in the paper was the list of quotations in the Necessaries column of the market report, preceded by the assurance that "Prices are down, and by case lots some good bargains can be secured. Inquire of your dealer and stock up."

The prices quoted include: rye and bourbon whiskey, nine different brands, \$2.50 per bottle; gin, five brands, \$3.50 and \$4.00; Scotch whiskey, eleven brands, \$2.50 to \$6.00; rum, four brands, \$4.00 to \$6.00; wines, six brands, \$3.00 to \$10.00; beer, 25 cents to \$1.00.

"Humph!" ejaculated the d. e. b. v. after reading the market report through and comparing the figures with those on the fly-leaf of his dairy. "I don't see why Miami isn't a good place to stay in, even in the summer."

The defense attorneys were the

The Low Down

on the Weeks Happenings

POLICE officials start drive against autoists who fail to heed traffic regulations * * * Louis Swartz, ex-editor of Miami Beach paper and professional bondsman, pulls a Mark Twain... denies he's dead * * * Alleged hurricanes giving Miami fine weather * * * Police on trail of kidnappers of young Billy McAllister... it may be a surprise * * * Body of Charles Haynes brought to Miami for burial * * * "Princess" Kofey, leader of colored church advocating "Back to Africa" movement, and whose death caused riots last March, buried with great honors in Jacksonville * * * County school teachers now receiving pay in full * * * Louise Palmer, slayer of E. W. Stenwall, and six other ladies arrested by police as nuisances * * * Rough Gulf Stream interferes with liquor traffic... prices will probably rise as result * * * Many complaints against daily papers for playing up hurricanes... when hurricanes refuse to come * * * Doc Ziebold arrives back from New York... says people still like Miami although they can't get by Georgia roads * * * Agitation against water surcharge grows... plan is to distribute costs against all taxpayers instead of those who pay their water bills * * * City may acquire Virginia Key as airport... Judge W. F. Brown now in Tallahassee working on deal * * * Labor Day committee at work... sponsored by unions and American Legion * * * Good fights slated at Miami Coliseum Monday night... give the boys a hand * * * MORE NEXT WEEK.

(Reprinted from Miami Life's Back Files)

The Trial of Tootsie McTonsil

By JOHN KIMBLE

(Dec. 12, 1925)

Mr. McTonsil's soup was not thick enough.

"My soup is not thick enough," he said.

Mrs. McTonsil, a superbly proportioned, majestic woman with a mass of brilliant red hair, and three gold teeth, stood silent and contemplative for a moment, the teapot in her hand. Then, as if moved by some deep, mysterious urge which she herself did not understand, she threw the teapot at her husband. It struck him full on the head. (Mr. McTonsil was full, too.)

The teapot broke into a thousand fragments.

As the bits of chinaware clattered to the floor, Mrs. McTonsil fell sobbing across the table. Her chin rested in the butter, but she did not mind.

"I borrowed this butter," she said.

Through it all McTonsil sat with quiet dignity. He was cuckoo.

Suddenly the woman arose from the butter, wiped her chin on her sleeve and turned fiercely accusative eyes on her husband.

"Oh, you unutterable cad!" she cried with loathing. "You have broken my best teapot. My finest teapot, that my mother gave me for our fourth wedding. Oh, you cur! Don't touch me!"

"Clear up the wreckage, Wilkins," she ordered simply.

Wilkins seized Mr. McTonsil under the arms and dragged him out of the dining room into the kitchen.

He died in the ice box at 9:02 that night. If it had been two minutes earlier, it would have been 9 o'clock sharp.

II

Mrs. McTonsil's trial was finally set for the fifth Tuesday following the fourth Thursday in February. Otherwise they would have had to set it on another date. The whole town was agog with excitement, whatever a gog is.

Every newspaper reporter in the city got drunk.

The judge came all the way from Hot Springs to try the case.

All the lawyers had been practicing law for weeks in preparation for it.

When the great day arrived, Mrs. McTonsil appeared in court wearing her widow's weeds. Olaf, her gardener, had got them for her out of a neighbor's yard.

"Pull up the weeds!" cried the assistant state's attorney, laughing good-naturedly. Then he jumped out the window and got on a train. The train never came back, but nothing was ever done about it.

Within two months a jury was selected. One woman was excused when it was found that Mrs. McTonsil had once gotten a cook away from her.

"Do you think you could give this little girl a fair trial?" the defense counsel had asked her.

"Could I? Oh, baby!" she had replied.

After the jury had been selected one of the defense lawyers turned to Mrs. McTonsil and asked:

"Now, don't you think you need a change of venue?"

"Sir?" replied Tootsie in a ladylike manner, and knocked him into the jury box. The jury had never boxed before, so it was most interesting.

Finally the trial got under way. Wilkins, the McTonsil butler, testified that on the night of the tragedy he had carried Mr. McTonsil out.

"I remember it distinctly," he said, "because usually I carried him in."

Wilkins was so dumb that he talked in the sign language, and the judge gave him thirty days for making faces at the state's attorney. What Wilkins did with the days has never been learned.

Mrs. McTonsil took the witness stand in her own behalf later in the trial, and bared her soul. Everybody stared at it. Tootsie wept twice, threw three fits and swore at the state's attorney. She explained afterward that he looked like a traffic policeman when he raised his hand during the examination.

The defense attorneys were the

ical) came within the enclosure near the bench. Seeing this, Tootsie immediately took off her hose and handed them to the firemen with a gracious smile. They laughed and tickled each other. It was Yale's ball on Harvard's five-yard line.

Then Tootsie leaned forward in her chair and answered the query of her lawyer in a voice that shook with emotion.

"It was the night after a strip-poker party at a neighbor's house," she said.

"Yes?" encouraged her lawyer.

"Mr. McTonsil and I were heavy losers."

"Yes?"

Mrs. McTonsil hesitated and nervously pulled out some of her weeds.

"His feet were dirty!" she said on a hoarse whisper, and fainted. Before the state's attorney reached the count of nine, however, she was on her feet again, battling gamely. The defense lawyers demanded time out to take up a collection. The end juror in the front row threw a \$100 bill into the plate and then cut his throat.

"The dear boy!" cried Tootsie McTonsil compassionately. "But let us hurry this along, please, as I have a bridge engagement immediately after the acquittal."

"Which bridge?" shouted the judge, who was getting jealous of the lawyers. He was carried out on a stretcher and four justices of the peace were summoned to take his place. They nearly did.

Just as the trial was about to proceed, the defense lawyers lay down on the floor.

"The defense rests," they said. Twenty-four for Underwood with the bases full.

The case had now reached the stage of cross-examination. Everybody was cross. The jurymen crossed their fingers. The prosecuting attorney got his wires crossed. Mrs. McTonsil crossed her legs.

"Mrs. McTonsil," the prosecutor said, "don't you know better than to hit your husband with a teapot?"

The defendant simpered girlishly.

"I should say I do," she responded gaily, smiling as if at some whimsical recollection of the night Mr. McTonsil had died. "Indeed I do. Didn't I break three of them on poor, dear Rufus before I got him? Next question, please."

"You say your husband was a hard-headed man?"

"He was. He had what you might call a teapot dome."

"Did he have any bad habits?"

That Fight Picture

WELL, we broke a law yesterday. Yes, we broke two laws and didn't feel a darn bit put out about it. As a matter of fact we feel pretty good about it. We had a drink—one of those long, nice ones made out of the real stuff and then we went down to the Capitol Theater and got an eyeeful of the Tunney-Heeny fight pictures.

Of course taking a drink is against the law—indirectly. And transporting prize-fight pictures (boxing exhibition movies) from

"Only two. They have both been discharged, however."

"Who discovered America?"

"Carl G. Fisher."

"Mrs. McTonsil, is it true that your marriage to Rufus McTonsil was a mercenary one?"

"It is true!" sobbed Tootsie hysterically, tearing her hair lengthwise. Tootsie always tore her hair lengthwise. It was very terrible hair, anyway. "I was forced into the marriage. Rufus owed my father three dollars and ninety-eight cents on his ice bill and it was the only way we could collect it."

She paused. "I got the three-ninety-eight out of his pants pocket the second night," she mused. "It was marked down from four dollars. I shall never forget."

"Order in the court!" shouted a bailiff.

At this Mrs. McTonsil pricked up her ears with a needle which she had found in an abandoned haystack. She had never learned who put it there. In fact, she hadn't thought much about it.

"Bring me some Spanish mackerel without any ice cream on it, French fried Irish potatoes and a cup of coffee," she murmured politely.

There was a dynamite explosion in the rear of the courtroom and one of the justices of the peace woke up.

"Ball game at three-thirty!" he cried, looking at his watch. "Case is dismissed."

Mrs. McTonsil thanked the justice, made dates with the eleven surviving jurors and was carried to a waiting jitney bus, though what it was waiting for could never be learned.

one state to another is also against the Federal code.

The "fight-picture" ruling is much the oldest, brought out to prevent racial trouble when Jack Johnson was the heavy-weight champion of the world. Since that time we have had a lot of nice white champions. In fact we have just had one who could read Shakespeare and understand it.

The public has decided that there wasn't anything wrong about seeing prize-fight pictures and so it gets in the ticket-line and fight for ducats just the same as Federal officers.

The public has decided that it wants a drink and now it is drinking even more than the authorities.

Us Americans have a way of voting that beats the ballot—even if we have to turn our heads on a lot of other law violations while we are nullifying the ones that interfere with our pleasures.

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