

What Everybody's Asking Today--

Will We Have Racing This Winter?

Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

Let's Make It a Real Playground!

THIS winter Miami will be the mecca of thousands of visitors. This is going to be Miami's greatest season. There will be more tourists in the Magic City than ever before.

At least this is the general opinion expressed by travelers returning from the north, business men of the city and a large portion of the local population.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

Miami has wonderful sunshine, unexcelled climate, beautiful scenery, excellent beaches, marvelous parks, and a big heart.

All these delights will bring visitors here by the thousand. They will bask in the sun and swim in the ocean. They will attend bridge parties or fish in the Gulf stream. They will watch the polo games, tennis or other amusements. But how much real entertainment are we going to give them?

We advertise Miami as being the world's winter playground. We bring thousands down here to play—and, as we did last year, and then don't allow them to play except at tiddley-winks and hunt the slipper.

To keep Miami the world's winter playground we will have to live up to the name. We must have horse racing, dog tracks, jai alai, theatres, and other forms of amusements and entertainment that will keep our visitors here after they arrive.

Will We Have Racing?

JOE SMOOT, who owns a great deal of the racing plant at Hialeah, and who is president of the Miami Jockey Club, had declared that we are to have racing here this season.

Well, there had better be racing or Joe had better sell his interest in the racing plant and start up in business somewhere else.

Last year Joe promised racing to the winter season but the racing did not materialize. Many stables sent horses here and took a big loss when Governor Martin put his foot down on the amusement.

This year everybody is pepped up because the ponies are going to run again and, if they don't run, there will be a near riot in this Magic City.

Even our worthy mayor is in favor of horse racing. Ninety per cent of the population has always been in favor of it. Thousands of tourists will come here for no other reason than to enjoy the excitement of seeing the ponies run.

The admittance to the grand stand this coming season will be fairly high. Signs will be distributed all over the grand stand to say that gambling will not be permitted. Only the wealthy will be able to go to Hialeah and play the horses.

So, if you must play the ponies, start saving now.

Chasing Them Around

ACCORDING to Miami officials, gambling must cease. But certain officials, whose terms of office will end in the near future, figure that from now on will be picking time—while the picking is good.

We cannot expect a good official to leave a good official job poorer than when he entered it. It just isn't being done in this neck of the woods.

So, while city officials are landing with both feet on certain gambling devices, bookmakers, punchboards, etc., the gamblers have removed their places of business from the city and settled in other points that are not under the city's jurisdiction.

City officials have confiscated the bookmaking apparatus, etc., but the gambling fraternity have simply taken this minor loss and started up again in business at some place where the city sleuths can't touch them.

Miami Life is inclined to be liberal as far as amusements are concerned. We would like to see everybody enjoying Miami to the fullest extent. We are against gyp joints, and poison parlors, Hialeah rye and crooked games. But there are many who want to gamble—and who will gamble—officials or no officials.

MOST men make mistakes. Take the two police officers who thought they were chasing hijackers and the alleged hijackers said they were coastguardsmen, and proved it by taking away the officers' weapons and then biting their pursuers.

It remained for the county solicitor's office to put the brakes on wild and intoxicated automobile drivers. The stop was made by the simple expedient of escorting violators from the city jail to the county stockade, after they finished their first sentence.

THE CRUSH WAS TERRIBLE
(From Miami Herald's Friday Edition)

FOR RENT—ROOMS

ROOM in exchange for remaining with lady at night. 111 S. E. 13th St.

Last year Havana took all the cream. Many people did not even hesitate at Miami. They went right through to Cuba and spent a few days, weeks or months and millions of dollars free from stupid restraint.

Miami can keep her visitors here by making their stay a period of healthy entertainment, and we have everything here to make that stay pleasant.

We must dust off our wonderful race track, sweep the spider webs out of the huge fronton, clean and paint the dog tracks. We must get out and help

Millions for Tourists-- Not a Cent for Industry

MAYOR EV SEWELL again has hitched his buggy to the tourist source of income idea. Somehow he cannot get over the jumps. He still believes that what Miami needs is an ever-increasing tourist crop and a six-months' season.

The mayor somehow cannot get beyond the good old days when the gates to the city were opened in December and closed the first of April. In his days of education here he remembers dirt as something to fill up holes and to use for gardens and fruit trees. Later, that dirt, if properly located, nearly became worth its weight in gold.

From 1924 on Miami hopped out of her swaddling clothes with a yell. We became an all-year-round city, with a population of 131,000. We were not tourists. We were mechanics, laborers, craftsmen, professional men, farmers, real estate salesmen, and a few hundred bootleggers thrown in.

We are here for a twelve months' season. Packed hotels and apartment houses are very well. We want them. But we also would like to hear the hum of busy shops, packing houses, manufacturing plants, and the thud, thud, of harvest hands going to fertile fields.

Miami through utter lack of co-operation, has lost many a good industrial plant. An orange juice concern tried to land here but grabbed the inducements offered by California. Jacksonville is waxing fat on our mistakes. They are offering sites and backing to good prospects.

We are told to sit down and mail out leaflets telling of our climate, our accommodation facilities, and our tropic wonders. That is an old story. Most everyone knows Miami's natural advantages over her sisters during the winter-time. But what about the home-town folks? Are they to cover up and idly while away the summer months until the next tourist season arrives?

Even the Florida East Coast sees the signs of progress. They admit the Royal Palm hotel is out-of-date and as such will not open this year.

Our mayor must overcome his turn-backward views. Progress is what we are after. The Florida East Coast station may be a thing of beauty to him—probably he was at the dedication—but it is an eyesore to us, and typical of the class of Miamians who are a bit peeved because the city is really something more than an East Coast winter resort.

the visitors to enjoy themselves. We can't call this a winter playground when the only sport allowed by law is collecting of rentals three months in advance.

Mayor Sewell has a method of filling our apartment houses. It will mean the opening of five miniature chambers of commerce, in different cities of the north. It will cost \$25,000. Half that amount spent in telling the world in general that Miami would be a real playground this winter would fill every room in the city.

We talk about industrial development. We blab about agricultural possibilities. We rave about this and that in connection with this wonderful city. What we don't do is get busy and make the city its own best advertisement. People who visit this part of the world and thoroughly enjoy themselves, will bring many more visitors next year.

This coming winter we must lay ourselves out to make Miami so entertaining a playground that our tourists will return again next year. So entertaining, in fact, that nothing on earth but lack of funds or death will prevent them from coming again, and again to play all winter with us.

And all this will cost is an effort on the part of everyone to make Miami live up to its reputation of being the world's greatest winter playground.

C. of C. Reduces

OWING to a lack of funds, principally, the Chamber of Commerce has let out six employes, among them Secretary Carpenter who has been fired several times before without effect.

The chamber has been plugging along minus money for some time. There are six directors who have shown no great interest in it, in fact, have neglected it altogether.

Money has been paid into the chamber's coffers by the city, little dribbles that took care of the payroll on occasion. Since the reorganization a few months ago, when Doc Ziebold took the reins, it has run on the hand to mouth method through lack of funds. In other words, the chamber of commerce has been as financially embarrassed as the best of us.

When there is so much that a chamber of commerce can do; when there is so much need of a chamber to supply information and formulate amusements; it seems a pity that it should be hampered by a lack of cash to carry on the good work.

Memberships have sold freely. There are well over two thousand members now and a weekly meeting is being slated. These meetings will be held each Monday at 8 p. m. in the criminal court room at the courthouse. Much good should result if any of the membership can find the time to attend.

There is an idea prevalent that the chamber cannot function unless Ev Sewell is at the helm. When he was running the chamber he had something like \$300,000, or more to play with. The chamber was attending to the city's publicity booklets. Now, all this is taken away and placed in the hands of the city publicity bureau. So the chamber has no fat bankroll to fall back on for funds.

Give the present organization the chance the former chamber had and you'll see a great difference. Trying to run a chamber of commerce on two bits a week is a waste of time.

Examination Day Draws Near

FOR some six weeks Miami police underwent a course in law-enforcement technology. They listened to lectures, read books and quizzed themselves to a fare-ye-well. The morale of the police force was on the up.

Now comes examination day, and quite a few of the blue-coats will probably be let out because they can't tell what state Atlanta, Georgia, is the capital of.

There are men on the Miami police force, as in every other city, who have lacked the rudiments of grammar and the technics of mathematics, yet, perforce, they have been wonderful officers, being skilled in the school of experience.

It seems to us that an efficient, courteous and fair officer is entitled to consideration. Knowing what a violation of the law is, and doing his bit in protecting the citizens, and faithful to his trust, is what his job calls for. If his lack of book learning earns him a blue ticket, something must be wrong with our ideas of justice.

Smart policemen are not always the best.

MANY people complain about the activities of the local prohibition enforcement officers just because they are busy destroying stills and confiscating liquor. It is thought doctors and undertakers are the worst howlers.

IT IS reported that a stranger played a slot machine somewhere in Dade county this week, and won fifty cents. The machine was immediately destroyed by the owner.

Miami Life

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One-Way or Two-Way?

AFTER a few years of trial there is a definite objection being taken to the one-way system of streets in this city. Certain streets have practically died, as far as business is concerned, since all the traffic has been traveling in one direction only.

Northeast Second avenue is the worst specimen in town. While the Biscayne boulevard was in the making Second avenue was of necessity a one-way street for a number of blocks. There is no reason now, since the boulevard carries most of the traffic, for Second avenue to remain a one-way street.

A bridge is being built at the south end of this business thoroughfare. There is a proposal to make the avenue a two-way street for its whole length, many business men complaining that the one-way system has destroyed the business value of the avenue.

Take a run up this avenue and you will find that not more than a quarter of the stores are occupied. It is so completely dead from a business point of view that business men are moving out as leases expire.

The traffic turns at Seventeenth street now and thence down First avenue. It is rumored that leases on this turn will be broken if traffic is diverted. But that should not hold up the opening of Second avenue as a two way street.

Fifth street will also become a two-way street in time. It is annoying at the present to see this wide street carrying two or three cars in its whole width, with plenty of spare room for twenty times the traffic, and then have to go hunting another street a few blocks away to get across the city.

Some merchants on Flagler street want that main thoroughfare turned into a two-way street again. Whether this would be a good move or not is open to argument. Certainly, after the new First street bridge is built, Flagler should be a one-way street east and First street one-way west. This will carry all the traffic Miami will have for many years.

The matter will have to be handled slowly and with the matter of public safety to the fore. Several one-way streets might be changed without doing any harm. Even if we have to drive around three sides of a block to cross the street, the trip can be made in minutes less than under the old conditions of traffic in 1925.

Funds For the University

ACTION taken by the Coral Gables city commission last Thursday, when a plan for obtaining three new buildings for the University of Miami was outlined, would seem to indicate that the members of that august assemblage are not entirely oblivious to their civic responsibilities. In fact it is almost credible that at last the Toonerville commission has decided to do something constructive—perhaps to compensate for its recent political jimcrackeries.

A fund of \$100,000 can be made available by reducing the city's reserve of \$400,000 for uncollected taxes to \$300,000; and if this is appropriated to the University for publicity purposes, as it would be under the plan, an additional fund of \$500,000 would become available immediately under bequests of J. C. Penney and Joseph Adams. The city's fund would be made contingent on the receipt of the latter. This money would provide for the immediate construction of three new buildings; which in turn would make possible nearly \$1,000,000 in new construction.

Now this is something like. The University has been kicked around long enough. It is far too valuable an economic and cultural asset to be allowed either to lie dormant or function half-heartedly. Other communities in Greater Miami should realize, too, that although it is a Coral Gables institution, geographically speaking, it belongs to the district as a whole and should be supported accordingly. And if this action by the home-grown and hand-picked commission turns out to be the one that really starts the ball rolling, and proves as efficacious as it looks from this distance, our editorial hat is off to the boys.

More power to 'em, and to the "U."

Double Jeopardy

WHILE no one has much use for a drunken driver, knowing that he is a potential killer, it is not right that he should suffer twice for the same crime.

Under an arrangement now in force in Miami a case of "drunk and driving" will draw a fine and two days' imprisonment from the city, and as soon as released the driver will be hauled up by the county and punished again for the same offense.

No matter how you work it out; no matter what the offense is; no matter whether one or ten laws were broken at the time, no person should be liable to punishment twice for the same crime. The constitution of the United States, Article 5, says: "... nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb;" and even if the supreme court has ruled differently we cannot see where anything is gained by it.

The law can be invoked to place a man behind the bars for a long term for driving while drunk. Why make two cases of the one crime? Rather make the first term stiffer and cut out this double jeopardy business which seems like a vindictive expression on the part of the courts.

What About Our Harbor?

IT IS about time that the harbor was taken out of the playing class and something done to make of it some use to the city. At the present time we are losing business, industries and factories because we have not the facilities for handling the business here.

In a very short time Miami will be asked to take care of a great amount of South American shipping. We must be ready to meet the demand.

A NEW SHIP ARRIVES

THE latest in Mother Liquor Ships is now placidly snuggled on the calm waters of Gun Cay, waiting for the boys to come on over. A regular summer colony of cottages built atop a large barge, and equipped with electrical cooling devices—I was going to say Delco, but they might think advertising was free—is this packed warehouse of beverages. And the spirit of progress continues as far north as Bimini, where Bethel has opened an up-to-date bar for the convenience of visitors. Agitation appears to be centering on the production and marketing of better brands of liquor. Some of the stuff now being toted over is on a par with our local products. Consumers have the solution in their hands. They can demand the good goods, and the envoys will heed that demand. Some of the Scotches now raffled off in Miami at \$2.50 per pint cost \$12.00 per case in Nassau, or 50 cents per pint. It is a well known fact that merchants push brands which net the biggest profit, but standardized and well known goods will always come into their own when consumers demand quality instead of quantity. Remember, you put the stuff in your stomach. Prices quoted are retail, by the pint, C. I. F. (cash in fist), Miami:

RYE AND BOURBON		SCOTCH	
Pebblebrook	\$2.50	Vat '69	\$3.00
Walker's American Rye	2.50	Old Monarch	3.00
Canadian Club	2.50	John Haig	3.00
Old Hickory	2.50	Huntley Brand	2.50
G. & W.	2.50	White Heather	2.50
Seagram's 3-star	2.50	Glen Mar	2.50
Biltmore	2.50	Green Stripe	2.50
Old Overholt	2.50	Ferguson's	2.50
Four Roses	2.50	Lochness	2.50
Old Judge	2.50	Munro Square	2.50
Golden Wedding	2.50	John Adair	2.50
GIN (Quarts)		Clan Murray	2.50
Burnett's White Satin	\$3.50	Gordon Plaid	2.50
Booth's	4.00	BEER	
Gilbey's	3.50	(All imported beer is selling for one dollar a bottle here. Homebrew goes for from 25 to 50 cents.)	
Gordon's	3.50	(There is not much demand for champagnes, cordials, wines, cognacs and other rich tourist tonics. Your local and neighborhood bootlegger may satisfy you.)	
London Dry	3.50	NOTE—A new rum, similar to Bacardi, is now on the market. They haven't started to imitate it here yet.)	
RUM			
Wray's 3-Dagger	\$6.00		
Bacardi	5.00		
Jamaica	3.00		

Conchie Joe's Notes of Nassau

THEY are returning from summer shopping tours, the big guns of the Bahamas. England, Scotland and Germany, they have traveled, looking for new brands, bottles, and labels—so as the American liquor manufacturer might be a bit disconcerted when a well-known selling brand comes out all dressed up in new regalia.

It seems to me that one mistake, made by both agents, wholesalers, and rum-runners in the importation of intoxicating liquors to the United States is the pushing of poor and cheap brands. Of course, if the rum-runner gets caught, he doesn't lose so much, but if he doesn't, our stomachs get an extra ache.

Good wet goods are boosters. The inferior stuff acts better than the well-known Keeley Cure. Drinkers whose innards loop the loop soon will stop drinking melted soap labeled Scotch and the creosote used in the manufacture of rye can better be adapted to telephone poles.

Bruce Thompson is making a show place out of his famed Dirty Dick bar. He is modernizing it to conform to American ideas. Even the benches are form-fitting.

Kenneth Butler, A. C. Hunter, Charles Artega, Ralph Butler, and several aviators blew into Tom Leavelle's Imperial the other night. Then they conducted Kenneth to his garage.

The prisoners who attempted a jail break some six weeks ago have reformed. It is thought that the cat-o-nine tails had something to do with the good work.

The tomato season is getting under way. Planters have large crews at work, and a good crop is anticipated. For the past three years tomatto growers have been in the non-profit sharing list.

George Murphy, he of the big girth, and last year's operator of the Fort Montague hotel, is due back soon. Rumor hath it that the hotel will remain idle this season, but it is presumed that the Development Board will not be so backward as to allow such a backward step to occur.

Nassau in the summer and fall may not appeal to many travelers—but that is because they haven't journeyed through the Bahamas in this period. The weather is ideal, prices are reasonable, and the natives hospitable. Fishing, golf, and other sidelines offer plenty of opportunity to use up idle hours.

The Princess Montague and the Munson boats offer attractive rates for the trip, and it is one heartily recommended. And don't forget, Nassau keeps on growing, and the outer islands developing. You can't beat transportation, and where transportation occurs, new wonderlands are opened up.

LITTLE GERALDINE
When Little Geraldine heard that humans had descended from monkeys she just laughed and laughed because she knew the monkeys had descended from trees.

SONG
Give me the sunset
To comfort my heart;
It is a crimson moth
Night tore apart.

Cruel, jealous night
Wanton, I'm sure;
A feline with star eyes,
Living to lure.
PAM O' THE PALMS.

CONTINUING OUR CONSOLIDATION SALE

OF THE KIMI S. IWAMA

Miami's Finest Lingerie and Linen

AND THE NIPPON ART CO.

110 E. FLAGLER STREET

Everything of These Two Beautiful Stores Reduced

1/2 PRICE AND LESS

Biggest Sacrifice Sale in Our History!

We Are Making Dramatic Reductions to Decrease Our Stock to One Store

NIPPON ART CO.

110 E. Flagler St.

(Opposite First National Bank)

Things I'd Like To Know

How Harry Rubin feels since the new addition of a son to his family

If Chief Reeve will remove the demerits from any policeman's record if the said policeman will wash the dirty dishes in the chief's home

Why Judge Gramling drank so much milk aboard the Iroquois

If Heinie Hyman knows the speed law now

If Eddie Melchoir makes enough profit on eggs to pay his light bill

Why Dick Newcomb remained so long in one hotel in New York

Why defeated candidates for office never pay their campaign bills

When rum-runners will bring in better brands of liquor

Why the astute detectives let the power thief get away

If Bud hasn't got a pretty bad case when it takes an affirmative informative phone call to make him go out

Who there is that thinks any

"Going Away to School?"
If you are, come in and look over our new fall styles. We also have the new styles that will be worn at different colleges everywhere, all of the new style books showing the latest cuts and fads.

"EDDIE" STEPHENS
TAILOR
231 N. E. 1st Street City Club Bldg.

Overnight Trip to Nassau on the "Princess Montagu"
The Queen of 'Em all
Leaves Miami Tuesday and Thursday 4 P. M.
Leaves Nassau Wednesday and Friday 4 P. M.
Arriving Early following morning
Phone for reservations 2-3481

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.

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242 N. E. 2ND ST.
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The Most Popular Place to Lunch in Town.
25c and 35c

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

one didn't have a wonderful time at Marty's party... and if she isn't a wiz of a hostess

How Ethel liked the pushing around she had Wednesday night

Why the girls didn't cook more food

Why Bud is so modest about his new song

Where the stork goes after he leaves the baby

If Flo A., Helen W. and Martha S. knew that they are the talk of town since stockings went out of style

Why Norma and Veeda do so much entertaining

Who has been giving Flo "ze grand rush" since her return from Sanford

Why all the boys are rushing the "babies" this summer, and what the older girls think of it

If Helen W. still writes heart-broken notes to the Blackbird

Where Ann managed to get the heavy bundle Friday night and if it wasn't quite a surprise to her old friend Harry

If a certain young man didn't feel all wet when he got home Monday night after taking his Pal to the movies

Where Carlos and Charley had the hot-date Monday night and if they went out in the country and sang

How long this pal stuff is going to be kept up, and if it isn't an awful pain in the neck

Where Bud and Marty were when the county broke in and looked things over

How Betty enjoyed the ride and the dope she had with the advertising salesman she picked up the other morning

Where this so-called fish-tail wiggle originated, and if it can be traced to the Hopi Indians

Where Gertrude was Saturday night... and what detained her

That Murray and his boy friend had a pretty nice time at the dinner party Wednesday night

How Cherokee of the Moulin Rouge likes her long hair

Who the three Hebes were that were looking for Sam with a shot gun

If a certain prominent Miami physician knows that the young lady he tried to assault is going to give the story to Miami Life

If the good-looking girl at the cigar counter at Liggett's

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CORAL GABLES

—Featuring—

JOE ASTORIA and his ANTILLA ORCHESTRA

DINNER DANCING EVERY NIGHT

MISS PAGIE LADD, Dancing Hostess

MRS. NORMAN C. LOUD, Dinner and Bridge Hostess

Phone C. G. 200

Wonder What a Bootlegger Thinks About

The Feds were here
Last night again.
No business anyway—
Just got through
Paying the city \$150.
Sure, that's good stuff—
Costs enough, anyway.
Back two months
With the rent.
No sooner get ahead—
Bang!
The Law.
County was over last week,
And some blankety-blank cur
Found my cache.
All he left was some
Home brew,
Which I couldn't sell
Anyway.
Do you think this winter
Will be any good?
Wish it would hurry up
And come.
Checks!
I quit cashing them.
They may be good,
But the banks
Won't take them.
Wish I had
All I owe.
I'd go on a trip—
I could go as far
As Alaska—
And then come back.
Bootlegging's the bunk—
If you steal from yourself

You got to turn it over
To someone else.
Say, tell them
To let me alone.
I'd like to get
Hold of enough
To wrap myself
Around a good steak
Once again.



129 Seybold Bldg. Arcade

MAULE-OJUS ROCK PRODUCTS

DEMAND OLD LOG CABIN

FREE PLANTS

Come and Visit Us, and Get Some Beautiful Growing Plants Free

THE RIVIERA LANDSCAPE CO.

Miami-Homestead Highway
Just South of Larkins South Miami

TO SEE BETTER

—SEE—

SMOOTH

THE OPTICAL SPECIALIST

Miami Optical Co.

40 N. Miami Avenue

Have You a Pretty Steno In Your Office?



Herewith the first bonafide photo of an entrant in Miami Life's Prettiest Stenographer Contest. Miss ??? (name deleted by consent) is secretary of the Pleasure Bent Society. In fact it was through her ability that the P. B. S.'s orgainzed. Recently back from Paris (Texas), Miss ??? had her picture taken to prove that the present crop of stenographers don't know what to wear, especially

when attending the outings of the Pleasure Bent Society. She is famed for her reading of night club menus, and can quickly discern the difference between a butter and egg man and one who really wants to get married. Miss ??? is a toothsome morsel as can readily be seen by her teeth, and is very quick on both machine and shorthand work. If any other employer of pretty stenographers thinks he has this one beat, send in photo and data.

CAPITOL
SUN. THRU WED.
"The
FOREIGN LEGION
With
**LEWIS STONE and
NORMAN KERRY**
Mad Passions in the Exotic East

They Tell Me

THAT Betty got a whale of a thrill Saturday night and that it was positively the last straw

THAT Red and Cecil certainly staged a hot final at the Floridian and it was generally conceded to be a mean fish-tail wiggle

THAT Dewey is mighty anxious to know who writes the footnotes about that Westchester style of his

THAT it will be a sad loss to the younger set when Betty B. leaves for the north with her family

THAT barring the cropper he took on the back turn in the steepclease at the Floridian, White sure set a mean pace

THAT Ross and Susie had a lot of fun in the kitchen Saturday night

THAT Frank certainly handed a couple of the younger set a thrill when he caught them pilfering that which was not theirs

THAT Betty has her moods and it's hard for a certain young man to figure them out

Lucy feels real glad because the linotype made it LUCK last week in telling about the square-cut

That young ladies who smoke should extinguish the flame before promenading down the drive

What Bud and Ralph were doing hot-footing it down S. Miami Ave. by the fire house the night they had the date with the choir girls

It is hoped that a certain family will change its mind about going north and just send the daughter to Asheville for a week

THAT that funny noise in Bud's Chrysler is not the bot-tom dropping out only the motor in a peculiar mood

THAT the mosquitoes find no resistance in the girls' clothing these days

That the recently married copy-writer should have examined her own record and remembered the proverb about "glass houses" before gossip-

ping maliciously about one of her best friends

That Joe and his summer-bachelor friends have been having the time of their lives since Mrs. Joe went north for a "vacation."

That the girl from Palm Beach knows most Miami scandals than most people who live here.

That if "Jawn" were as anxious to improve his paper as he is his social position, the circulation ought to double overnight.

That the newspaperman and the artist pulled a fast one, having been married a year and a half without their friends finding it out.

That the city engineer hasn't been himself since his light of love left Coral Gables and Miami for Nashville, Tenn.

That T. K.'s trip abroad agreed with him, and that he appears not at all worried about the future of the Corporation.

That Katharyn M. is sorely missed by at least one of her friends who used to drop into the Administration building to chat with her.

That Ethel and Peg certainly can put on a wonderful dinner and Murray and his friend certainly can eat

That Marty doesn't want it published that it's the music and the moonlight that gets her in that "mood."

That Eddy is still feeling the same way and that it's a slap in the face every time it's mentioned

That a certain young man has been warned not to get to personal and that it caused him a big laugh

That Ralph certainly is a devil with the women and that Bud hasn't much chance when they go on a date together

That a certain matron in town is worried about the possibilities of her name breaking into print

THAT Alice can have Mr. Rags but not as second fiddler

THAT Skipper Westman just missed the Flagler bridge by three picas

THAT the girls all say that every man has a right to bear arms so they ought to have a right to bare legs

Greeby Solves Problem

Driving While Drunk Drivers Find Friend in Champion Sponge Soaker of Key Largo—May Work Hardship on Municipal Treasury, but Why Worry?

MR. R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, leading candidate for honors in the national alimony dodging contest, announces in an exclusive interview to Miami Life, that the citizens of Miami can go right ahead and devote themselves to the coming presidential campaign, for he will take care of the driving-while-drunk drivers who happen to mistake arcades for thorough boulevards.

"I do not desire no publicity," said Mr. Greeby in his cool retreat aboard the Prinz Valdemar, where both he and the sea-cow are on exhibition to the public, "but I knew you boys would want to know how to solve problems and to whom else can you go if not to me, being as the city commissioners are going to be recalled?"

"Hereafter when any automobile driver feels like he wants to get under the influence let him come and see me. I shall reform him."

Little Geraldine, Greeby's adopted daughter under the revised statutes as laid down in Justice of the Peace Gorman's court, immediately burst into giggling laughter with the remark that one look at the old man would cause any toper to sober up. A quick splash in the Bay showed the spot where Little Geraldine pulled her Brodie. "Drivers while drunk," continued Mr. Greeby, nibbling on



THE DAY OF REST?

Editor Miami Life:

To repeat here the commonplace that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" is perhaps inappropriate to my subject—an extremely touchy one, if I read the signs correctly—to-wit, the men's Bible class held in the Olympia theater each Sunday morning. None the less, I am content to take my life in my hands and file this protest against the current practice of broadcasting, not alone the singing and organ music, but the day's sermon and the pseudo-pleasantries, including "applause and laughter," of the reverend leader and his lay assistants.

It is far from the purpose of this veteran but unwilling listener-in to deny the right of all and sundry to amuse themselves as they see fit. As far as I am concerned, the populace may either take its religion or leave it alone; but with mild indignation I rise to refute the claim of anyone who thinks he is privileged to push off the divine afflatus on me when I am not willing to receive it—particularly, as I say, on Sunday morning, when two or three extra hours of sleep seem of much greater importance.

Elsewhere I have taken the trouble to set forth my private views in regard to the radio as a 1928 institution, embracing the perhaps radical opinion that in its normal and worst phases it is a public nuisance and should be suppressed. It becomes increasingly apparent that such gratuitous broadcasters as the Bible class are no less guilty under the laws of common sense and good taste than such abusers of the loud-speaker as my across-the-street neighbor in the 600 block of Avenue Minorca, Coral Gables. The broadcaster of the Sunday morning program does not take the trouble to caution customers against annoying peaceful citizens who may be quite indifferent to that type of evangelical religion, and the listener-in steams up his infernal machine to such a pitch that it may be heard—nay, it is utterly impossible to escape it!—for a distance of three city blocks.

If these Olympian Christians are so full of the "do-unto-others" spirit as they would have everyone believe, why don't they put it into the heads of their enthusiastic radio patrons that there are some people who prefer to rest on Sunday morning after a

in the Editor's Mail

DISCOVERED!

To the Editor: Call off your dogs. I have that Best-Looking-Office-Worker contest all settled for you. She is slim and blonde. She departs herself with unostentatious dignity. She is intelligent. She works in the Meyer-Kaiser bank building. And—oh, boy!

—I. C.

hard week, rather than listen to a static-ridden music, lute-warm wisecracks, or the Gospel according to John Norman? "De gustibus non est disputandum" is a truth so old that it needs no other, but it appears that our radio friends are unable to grasp the fact, equally pertinent, that what is their meat may be another's poison. A truce, then, to this infernal Sunday morning din, and I, for one, promise not to hurl any dead cats into their sanctuary.

R. M. M.

TEACHERS' SALARIES

Editor Miami Life: In the Miami Herald, August 23, "School Board Cuts Salaries." Many Teachers Under Contract Will Be Asked to Resign Posts," was very prominent on the first page. In the article, I see the following statement: "The salary of Charles M. Fisher, superintendent of public instruction, which was increased \$1,500 to \$7,500 the first of July, will be reduced 10% with the others." Shall we analyze this statement and see if Mr. Fisher's salary was increased or decreased?

Salary for 1927-1928 term, \$6,000. Salary for 1928-1929 term, \$7,500 (increase lasted but one month). 10% reduction on the 1928-1929 salary, \$7,500. Salary now for 1928-1929 term, \$6,750. In my compilation of the school laws of the state of Florida, under compensation for county superintendents, it says that if the compensation of a county superintendent is \$2,400 or more, "NO ADDITIONAL COMPENSATION AS TRAVELING EXPENSES OR OTHERWISE SHALL BE PAID TO SUCH SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION." Will Mr. Fisher tell us how much last year's budget allowed him for traveling expenses and auto upkeep, and how much was appropriated this year over and above the \$6,000 and \$6,750 salaries? In one of the Miami papers last year, the statement was made that in the entire state of Florida but two county superintendents were fitted for the office that they held by education and training. Palm Beach County and a northern county had those two men. Some of the superintendents had not even completed the grammar school course, yet were in control of the education of our children, and advised taking the control of our schools out of the hands of politicians. As I see the 10% reduction, if Mr. Fisher's legitimate salary of \$6,000 was reduced 10% and the \$750 added to it, there would be \$1,250 more in the treasury, and if to that were added the budget allowance for travel, two more teachers might be retained. Possibly there might be other ways of saving, if a rigid examination of the 1928-1929 budget was made.

EMMA H. ELDRIDGE, Opa-Loeka.

MORE ABOUT BANKS

Editor Miami Life: Having noted with interest what you have said on several occasions about Miami banks, I would like to relate my own experience. Several weeks ago I approached my bankers for a small loan, necessary to put over a business deal. I have been carrying an account at this bank for some time, having been introduced by a prominent citizen, and the note I offered bore the endorsement of a person of high standing and financial responsibility. I have been a citizen and taxpayer (God knows!) of Miami for several years past and have always endeavored to do my duty by advancing the city's interests. Furthermore, I am connected with a reputable concern organized only a few months after Miami's first birthday. I could if necessary also have presented a sworn statement showing assets of \$50,000 real and personal property, which, though it might not

"Follow Me"

"Yes, I have a savings and Loan Certificate in your company and I am suggesting to my friends that they follow my example.

Thus spoke a client to a representative of the People's Loan & Savings Company. Such co-operation accounts for the rapidly growing number of certificate holders.

"8% looks good to me" is heard on all sides and at the rate they are going the sales will soon reach a face value of half a million dollars.

Have you secured yours yet? If not, phone 5951 and a representative will call. Do it now.

have been "liquid," certainly would have been "Solid." I only needed a few hundred to put over this deal, but as my account had been less than \$100 for the past 60 days, the application was turned down. Consequently the deal fell through and my account probably will remain less than \$100 for some time to come, whereas if I had been successful I could have immediately increased my deposit to a sizeable figure and kept it there. Thus the bank stood in its own light, injuring itself and me at the same time, besides blocking a deal that would have added something at least to the business life of the community at a time when every little thing counts. Now this thing has gone along far enough and it is necessary for depositors to take some drastic steps to protect themselves against these bank practices. I propose a public mass meeting to be called by Miami Life for a certain time and place, where depositors may meet, exchange experiences and get together for mutual protection. After they have organized, perhaps, the banks will take a more liberal attitude towards them. If not there are two alternatives which can be taken. One is to endeavor to organize an independent bank, the other is to deposit with the government, which offers 100 per cent protection and pays interest besides.

A FAITHFUL CITIZEN.

THUS RADIO POLITICS

Editor of Miami Life: Perhaps some of your readers will be interested in the following example of intolerance that recently came to my notice. On the night when Hoover was delivering his acceptance speech my Irish Catholic neighbor kept his own radio silent while my Scotch Republican neighbor was catching the address; but while Governor Smith was broadcasting for the same purpose, the latter kept up such an unearthly din with his excessively loud speaker that my Democratic friend could scarcely hear a word of the nominee's address. Maybe "there oughta be a law." —HAITCH.

Can You Beat It?

THEY live as man and wife in one of the most fashionable apartment houses of a fashionable Miami suburb.

She is blonde and slim, and although she will never again see thirty-five, her heroic efforts to preserve the remains of a school-girl complexion have not gone wholly unrewarded. She is still almost beautiful.

He is about the same age, but looks somewhat younger, wears his ultra-fashionable clothes as well as that kind can be worn, and makes no secret of the fact that he is of the fraternity—alas, increasingly prevalent here—that live by their wits.

To the disinterested eye this pair seem ideally mated. In public places he is attentive, markedly so, executing her every wish as if by a love-smitten swain, and never a cross word passes between them. Apparently they are as happy as doves, an above-the-average married couple.

But the lone bachelor whose apartment is next to theirs claims to know better. True, he has never actually witnessed one of the domestic scenes which he says take place next door, but he has ears and a knack for putting two and two together, and knows what he knows. A clerk in the drug store on the ground floor of the building tells him that the woman has bought nine bottles of Sloan's Liniment in the past ninety days. The presumably expert testimony of a chambermaid has been added to bolster an interesting, if rather brutal, tale.

The man beats his "wife," according to this amateur sleuth—and she likes it! On more than one occasion, the bachelor says, he has heard the smack of a strap or some such instrument as it descended upon its victim's naked flesh; and he is no less positive that heavy thuds fell from time to time in his bedroom, which is but one partition removed from his neighbor's, were caused by a body falling to the floor or against a wall from an upright position. He is almost sure that he has detected muffled groans. But the strangest thing he has found out is that once the woman rang for the chambermaid, and when she appeared asked her to release her hands, which were securely bound behind her back! No explanation other than the obvious one is offered for this last.

At a popular night club last week the bachelor chanced to notice the woman dancing with her "husband," and maneuvering his own partner so he could get a close-up of the pair, he looked sharply for signs that might corroborate his theory. As they glided by, lost in the intricacies of a moonlight waltz, he noticed that they were kissing rapturously; but when the lights were snapped on suddenly, the woman was in such a position as to reveal a series of livid welts along her back, where an expensive evening gown had slipped down over her shoulder during the dance.

The bachelor is a voracious as well as observant young man.

Miami Life is Read—Not Skimmed

Verse or Worse

ON LEAVING BIRMINGHAM FOR MIAMI

"Tis not that I love Caesar less, But Rome the more"

Ho, Brutus! Lift thy face and frown no more,

Weep not because I go from thy fair city

Rejoice I did not leave it long before— And more's the pity!

Thy champing, blazing gods of iron and steel But leave me cold; I'll worship them no longer.

The lure of my adopted land I feel— Its ties are stronger.

Aye, let me on my way to face the sun, To follow tropic trails amid the flowers, To sleep beneath the stars when day is done,

In palm-fanned bowers.

Come, come, old duffer, bid me speed along;

I leave you to your home of haste and hurry.

Myself, I go where life's a lazy song, With naught to worry.

FEYE PARKER.

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Miami Life is Read—Not Skimmed

MIAMI LIFE'S SOCIETY
C O L U M N

MR. DEXTER MALONE, former confidential secretary of Miss Inez Meredith (Dillingham), the former bonding queen of Dade county and parts of Broward, has gone and married himself a wife. He is now considering positions for his wife.

MR. WILLIAM, called Bill for short, Burbridge of Miami Beach drolled himself up in some athletic underwear last week and went strolling down the street. "What a pretty bathing suit," said a pretty girl.

QUITE a gathering of notable society men can be seen daily near Alpert's Delicious Sandwich Shop in the Halcyon Arcade. It is not known whether Flo is the attraction or something in the sixth race.

MR. GRIFFIN, the town's finance officer, was seen in a soft drink place the other day.

MR. JAMES (JIM) FLOOD visited his friend, Henry Chase, one night this week, and spent the time in as pleasant a manner as could be expected.

OWING to pressure of business, Miss Lelia Russell has resigned her pay job with the government and put out her lawyer's shingle in the Seybold building, third floor. Clients are welcome.

THE "Sport of Kings," which is what horse racing is sometimes called, is getting bumped in the city. Great big gamblers are having a tough time getting two dollar bets down—sometimes on account of not having the two dollars and again on account of the "law" which is what the police are called.

Miss Ruth, who does secretary work in the county solicitor's office, went fishing one day last week. It is not known whether her boss, Mr. Robert R. Taylor, will dock her a day's pay or not.

The last batch of homebrew confiscated by one of our constables was so bad that he had to give it away. No customer would buy it.

Mr. Arthur ("Preacher") Coachman has got a big new diamond ring, but it soon will be in the pawnshop if he doesn't learn to lead trumps when playing at bridge games.

Judge W. F. Brown of the court of crimes is back to the city after an extended visit up north. He got to both Macon and Valdosta, Georgia, before his money ran out.

Judge Thomas Norfleet is still marooned somewhere in Virginia. The roads may be washed out, but the judge says the corn crop hasn't suffered much.

Mrs. Fritz Gordon, who has a husband by the name of Fritz Gordon, will soon be out telling about her operation.

Mr. Bruce Youngs has arrived back to Opa-Loeka after an extended visit to relatives up in the Dutch section of Pennsylvania. He didn't appear to have brought back any money.

The prettiest stenographer contest staged by the Miami Life has had to be called off. Some husband threw a brick at the editor and he got frightened, especially as the husband had a bump on his head which his wife had planted there.

Mr. Rufus Bartlett of Miami Beach had an operation this week performed by a chiroprapist.

Summer widowers are being disturbed every day now by their wives coming back. One of them said the girl his wife found in the house was a maid cleaning up the house, and said the reason she was an acute shortage of black maids. The condition of the husband is not as serious as was thought.

The Red Cross Drug Store announces it has a new supply of castor oil, epsom salts, c. c. pills and other revivers for those who

overdo themselves Labor Day. (Adv.) Mr. Parker Henderson was seen eating in a restaurant the other day. It wasn't an Italian one.

Reactions of a couple of disheartened Miamians upon encountering a sign in Daytona Beach reading: FOWLER EATS. One: "He's lucky!" Two: "They can't be."

Mayor Ev Sewell has a plan to fill Miami apartment houses with tourists from November 1 to May 1. Now if he can dope out a method of filling pocketbooks—each year—between January 1 and December 31, we're for him.

A negro mammy was testifying. "What's your age?" demanded the judge. "Seventy-three, jedge," the mammy replied. A few seconds afterwards she wanted to take that back. "I don made a mistake, jedge, dat's ma bust measure."

A young man took his best girl out for a buggy ride. When he came to the top of a hill he proposed marriage. The young lady turned his offer down flat. So the young man turned the buggy around and started for home. At the bottom of the hill he asked the girl to reconsider her decision. Much to his surprise the lady accepted him. He asked her why she changed her mind so suddenly and she told him that her father had proposed marriage to her mother at the top of a hill. But, she continued, the horse ran away and when the buggy overturned it killed her father.

FUNERAL NOTICE THE DUGOUT died today. Burial will take place in Potter's Field. All who owe accounts are invited to attend. Kindly omit N.S.F. checks.

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Lunch Room — Pool Room
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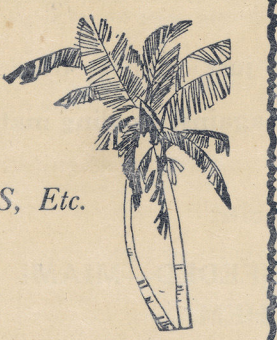
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Round the Town with ROD

YOU'D BETTER GO
LABOR DAY will witness many outings from Miami. There will be picnics, entertainments, boat rides, games, races and just about everything one craves.

I've got an idea I'll go to Bimini. It's wet over there, and I long to lie under a spreading coconut tree—provided the sandflies let me alone, and gurgle of the cool beer, watching baracuda chase shy swimmers out of the turquoise waters (beer, if it's good, always makes me poetic).

George Linton, vice-president of the Collier interests, says the Princess Montague will offer attractive rates to those who want a nice Labor Day outing. Bimini is the destination, and the boat is a good one.

Cold German beer is only two bits, a shilling, or one twenty-five cent piece a bottle there. Don't crowd.

"BON VOYAGE!"

HE drove to the Clyde Line docks in an automobile. Just one of those workmen who had saved enough to take a trip back home, up north to visit his folks. He stepped out of the car, looked carefully around, as if watching for good-bye from his sweetie.

Then he turned and lifted out his baggage. Two infant trunks, black and shiny. Being a little fellow, he staggered under the burden.

Two kind strangers stepped from out of the shadows. "We'll help you with your baggage, brother. Come with us."

And the strangers carried the heavy load to a waiting automobile, the prospective traveler leading the way. Just for curiosity, the kind men took a peek into the young trunks. They were holding snug-fitting copper tanks, each containing five gallons of liquor.

And the prohibition agents scratched their heads and wondered what New Yorkers were coming to when they would buy Hialeah rye when the New Jersey distilleries were just across the river.

THE DELUGE

FOR the past year professional bondsmen—those who eke out an existence collecting fees for the making of criminal and civil bonds—have had hard pickings around the office of the clerk of the criminal court. Jim Flood had absolutely no use for them. In fact, he said they were a nuisance.

Jim ran a-foul of the law himself this week. He ended up in the custody of two deputy sheriffs. They took him to the stockade.

And lo! and behold! it was one of these same professional bondsmen who came to Jim's rescue and secured his release. And I bet Jim paid no fee.

"POP"—HE FINALLY QUIT

"Pop" Lehman—he is our next sheriff and I just have to be friendly with him in case I land behind his new county jail bars when he goes into office—has finally succeeded in prying himself loose from the chief of police job in Coral Gables.

He had to quit, resign, and threaten to get another job before the Toonerville commissioners out there would allow him to go. They would probably have let him out if they could—but old public opinion was too strongly entrenched on "Pop's" side—so he resigned.

Anyway, "Pop" ought to be real friendly with me after he reads this. If he don't I'll tell some sort of story about him doing something or other.

PALMS—AND PALMS

They'rea-planting of palm trees around the corners of our new sky-kissing courthouse. It is really a symbolic spot to show off our tropic trees. There'll be

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TONIGHT NEW SHOW

FEATURING
MAE ASHFORD
BLUE STREAK OF SYNCOPATION

3 — DE LUXE PRESENTATIONS NIGHTLY — 3
NO COUVERT

Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

DRIVE on goofy autoists still continues . . . they get to serve time in two jails * * * Miss Lelia Russell resigns post as assistant United States district attorney * * * Clerk of Criminal Court James Flood spends night in stockade charged with disturbing the peace * * * Chief Reeve suspends police officers who fail to adhere to rules * * * Poor Rose Mahoney loses part of her remaining covering . . . thieves steal from the boat * * * Labor Day celebration to be a wow * * * Man gets 60 days for using telephone too much . . . he bothered the police station about 20 times a day * * * "Pop" Lehman finally succeeds in resigning as Coral Gables police chief * * * Gamblers' war looms * * * Antilla hotel, Coral Gables, opens under new management * * * Two Miami police beat up by men they pursued * * * Liquor market quiet . . . stock fair . . . prices down . . . quality bum * * * Registration at Miami University shows healthy increase * * * Drivers using foreign licenses on cars to be checked * * * Elks to give picnic for children September 6 * * * Politics still dormant . . . Republicans threaten to place three candidates in the field for county offices * * * City saves nearly \$12,000 on salvage of grandstands used in Shrine and Elks conventions * * * Fights Monday night at Miami Coliseum expected to draw big crowd * * * Agitation for two-way streets grows . . . merchants complain * * * Many people get exercise walking stairs when courthouse power shut off * * * Miamians return from vacations . . . boats and trains bringing more passengers than they are carrying away * * * Prisoners at county stockade to be removed to new jail in courthouse this month * * * MORE NEXT WEEK.

plenty of water to nourish the young trees as they shoot upward, for special pipes keep feeding the needed aqua.

And the courthouse is rightfully decorated with palm trees. Seems like everyone in the building is shaking hands or palming themselves off as this and that.

But what I started out to say is that I don't like the darn building. I got to the 12th floor and then had to hoof it on down because the elevators ceased to run. Cannot the county commissioners pass an ordinance forbidding elevators to cease running?

THE ROSE MAHONEY

So they are going to take the Rose Mahoney to pieces and remove an unsightly mess from Biscayne boulevard. The cost will be immense. The hulk is of no value whatever, even the masts being of little value.

The best thing to do is to burn it up. This can be done by protecting surrounding property. It will cost less and be quicker than any other way. Starting to make the hulk float

and then tow her to sea and sink her, will cost plenty. To pull her to pieces will cost almost as much and the salvage won't be worth a plugged nickel.

Why not get the fire department busy and burn it up.

WANTED, A POLICE CHIEF

The Toonerville commission of Coral Gables is in another of its periodical disturbances. Two of the commissioners, at least, want one man appointed chief of police and the citizens are in favor of another.

One of the men has had 17 years experience in police work and the other about 22 months. Of course they want the 22-months man.

Why not import a chief from some other city? There must be several ex-chiefs of police running around loose. Any of them might make a good chief for the Gables.

Why not appoint Henry Chase—he will be out of a job soon?—And he would make a good one at that. Sort of tit for tat.

COTTAGE OF PEACE

Being the Queer Little Story of a Woman Who Learned to Live—In Miami, After Tragedy Had Crushed Her

September 19, 1925

THERE'S a little cottage half hidden by pines and hibiscus and bougainvillea just on the fringe of Miami. It is a merry little cottage and it has a cozy little porch and the birds have learned that there is peace there that can be found in few other spots.

And there is nearly always a song in the throat of a slender woman scarcely more than a girl, who is up at dawn every morning and outside in the dewy grass, trimming her bushes, nursing her plants, and teasing the shy birds that come to play and sing in her garden.

She has rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes; and her mouth is tender. And when she smiles there's something about her queer beauty that tugs at your heart-strings. You have a sudden feeling that she has not always smiled; that her eyes have once looked on great tragedy. You have a feeling that there was a time when she could not have been happy no matter how much she tried; and that she has only lately learned to live.

BUT now her laugh is gay. Her eyes look at you frankly and clearly. Her slim body radiates energy and her whole being shows a profound joy in everyday existence.

And you may see her (if you are one of the fortunate few who have discovered her haven) in the evening, her lips parted in ecstasy, watching sunset and afterglow. And in the evening, you may catch a glimpse of her head bent over a drawing or a book or her sewing, or hear her coaxing fairy sprites from the recess of her baby grand piano.

And when the light goes out in that little cottage—and it goes out very early—you know that she sleeps a peaceful sleep.

THERE was tragedy enough in her life, just a few years ago.

It was in a western state, where she made the mistake of marrying an estimable, but insanely jealous man. In a mad fit of anger, wholly unwarranted, he shot and killed a youth who had been her boyhood sweetheart and who, he imagined, was still trying to win her heart.

Then, in order to save himself, he swore he had sufficient cause. And, to keep him from the gallows, she did not deny the terrible charge; her mute, mute friends convinced ever her closest friends of her guilt.

But one night her husband escaped jail and came to her

home, declaring he could not stand it any longer until he heard from her own lips, that she still loved him.

IN her distraction she told him the truth. She could not love him, a murderer. It was useless to hope for her love. Always the vision of the slain, innocent youth would come between them.

Her husband stepped into an adjoining room and returned quickly with a revolver, which he aimed deliberately at his head, murmuring "goodbye."

Officers breaking into the house a few moments later found her in a dead faint, the revolver a few feet from her hand, as if she had dropped it—and her husband's dead body.

She was arrested. And after a long wait, she was tried—and acquitted. She could not live down the double stigma that attached her name—for even the jurymen supposed her guilty, but felt she was justified. And she picked out the city farthest from her home to try to recover health and her spirit.

IN HER little Miami cottage she has achieved both. The flowers and birds and ever-changing skies of Miami soothed her spirit and atmosphere brought back her health. But there is more to it than that.

There is no man in her life! She has achieved her peace by forswearing love and passion. Man has meant tragedy to her. In her cloister, without association with men, she has found a peace that is dearer to her than all her moments of love and passion in years gone by.

And, although one may not see the "tangled threads the fatal sisters spin," one cannot look at her without feeling that there never will be a man in her life again—without feeling the futility of trying to break through the calm, sincere reserve that years of patient thought have built up in the region of her heart.

And there are men here—not many, because her gay little hermitage is hard to find—who have fallen in love with her and have tried to reach her heart. And have found the attempt utterly hopeless.

Why The New Traffic Rules? Don't Be Silly! The Public Caught on to the Old Code and Fines Fell Off

September 19, 1925

WHILE you're waiting for cars ahead of you to move, let's talk about the traffic situation in Miami. We started to say "traffic mess," but on second thought we decided to stifle our humorous tendencies. We shall be very serious.

It's time somebody came forward to explain why we have green-yellow-red lights on Monday—and traffic cops on Tuesday. And why on Wednesday all car owners who park downtown are apprehended, while on Thursday they are ignored. And why you may make left and right turns from any part of the street 116 times and then are arrested on the 117th time. And why four lines of traffic are permitted on Flagler street one day and only two lines the next.

Perhaps you don't know that affairs at the police station and municipal court lately reached a crisis. Fines and forfeitures were constantly dwindling, although the scale was doubled only a few weeks ago (along with the increase in real estate and rents). Only a few weeks ago you could put up a binder of \$4.85 on a parking violation that now costs you \$9.85!

Readers, it was a heart-rending scene when the monthly reports for August showed decreased revenue! Here was the building inspector showing nation-wide records in construction. The sanitary department showed unprecedented proceeds from fining confectioners, restaurants and butchers. And here was the tax collector, moaning for more coffers to hold the unexpected flow of gold; the clearing house with statements showing a world's record in bank resources and deposits; and the census director, with his astounding record of new population.

Little wonder that Municipal Judge Stoneman, Police Chief Quigg and the man who takes your \$9.85 paled and put their heads together. After many sleepless nights, they reached the inescapable conclusion.

Miami's method of traffic control wasn't complicated enough. The trouble with the one-way signals and the "Don't Park" signs was, it was discovered, that nearly everybody had become familiar enough with the new regulations to avoid arrest.

Well, the upshot of the whole matter was (this, of course is Miami Life's version) that the system was abruptly modified, perverted, distorted.

There's a rumor to the effect

that they are figuring on making Flagler street an east-bound street from 10 a. m. to noon on the 7th, 16th and 29th of every second month, and making it a west-bound street from 3 to 6 p. m. on odd days and from 4 to 10 p. m. on even days. On the rest of the day each month it will be a two-way street, leaving it to the traffic officers' discretion whether traffic shall pass to the right or to the left. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, left turns will be permitted on N. E. Second avenue, while on other days of the week, all vehicles must turn to the right; with the exception of Sundays when no turns will be permitted at all.

Round Town With Rod RETREATING 'EM

These days when a dollar means one hundred hard-earned cents, it is always well to keep in touch with the repair end of the auto business. I noticed the other day that the Johnson Tire Co., on First avenue, were retreating tires.

FOUND, A PERSIAN

TWO little children brought her to my door. She is a large and fluffy semi-Persian cat with a disposition like velvet and a skin you love to touch.

She lies on the floor looking for all the world like a handsome rug. She is particular about what she eats and drinks. She loves cream and is enthusiastic about sardines.

Somebody must have lost her. That somebody brought her up carefully. If you know who lost this semi-Persian cat—well tell us about it.

FOUND, A RING

BOB CROSSLAND, who has an office in the Halyon arcade, found a wedding ring on Flagler street some time ago.

It looked like a ring that had once belonged to a millionaire—for insatiable, Mr. Woolworth. But, after trying to throw it away several times, someone said it was valuable. So Bob took it down to a jeweler to have it valued. The jeweler said it was worth six hundred.

"Six hundred what?" asked Bob.

"Dollars," opined the jeweler. So Bob has the ring and is advertising for its owner. It is a diamond wedding ring and somebody lost it. If the loser will call on Bob at his place of business and give a full description—the ring will be returned.

Get the Joy of Youth in Your Veins!

Dine and Dance in the Coolest Dance Patio in Town—the younger set will be there, no end.

DULCE & LYNN
Musical Comedy Stars

In a Series of Spanish Song Numbers

It's "Collegiate Nite" Tonight The Biggest Night of All

AT THE

Coral Gables Golf & Country Club

ADMISSION \$1.00 PER COUPLE

B. T. Bethune, Manager

Phone C. G. 66



Another Good Idea

WILLIAM L. BEERS, real estate dealer of New York City, and retired fire marshal, is sending the following letter out to all his clients. This sort of advertising should get results for the Magic City:

"You have probably noticed how uncomfortable the first dreary cold days of winter make you feel, especially when you are not well. Twinges of rheumatism, neuritis or other pains make you dread the coming of winter weather.

"This was the case with me last November when I decided to try out the Florida climate. Immediately upon my arrival in Miami, I started taking short walks in the balmy sunshine. Unconsciously the walks were lengthened as the days passed and soon I noticed that a wonderful improvement has resulted in my condition, through the effects of the sunshine and climate.

"It is this remarkable climate of Miami that I want to call to your attention in order that you may experience its beneficial effects.

"It cannot be denied that there are countless thousands of people in the north, including people of moderate means as well as those of wealth, whose financial affairs would permit them to spend their winter here. It cannot be denied that the

health of a great many of these people would be improved and that they would find life more satisfactory.

"Just at present there are also amazing opportunities for the purchase of homes for only a fraction of the prices of a year or two ago. Photographs of a large number of houses in various parts of Miami, ranging in price from \$1,500 to \$7,500 can be seen at my office.

"From now until October 15, 1928 (at which time I expect to return to Miami), I shall be located at Room 639, 15 Park Row, and shall be pleased to give you all the information that you may desire, either in person or by letter.

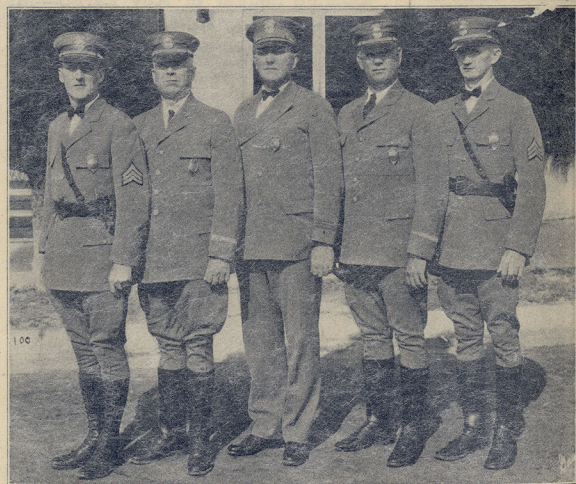
"You are invited to come to FLORIDA for HOME, HEALTH and HAPPINESS, where there is no COAL to buy or ASHES to carry. RENTS and LIVING COSTS are equal to or more favorable than in Northern cities."

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 Plaza

Huggins Garage

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

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