

Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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

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

Volume 5, Number 32.
September Eighth, Nineteen Twenty-eight

Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

Cheating The School Kids

Dade county school children are up against it this year, but they probably won't complain. Children, you know, are supposed to be seen and not heard. What if there are not enough teachers or facilities to give them the education which their fathers and mothers, and the humble taxpayers, pay for? Theirs is but to make the best of what school equipment is at hand.

The school board of Dade county has started a strenuous retrenchment campaign. Faithful teachers who stuck with the administration prior to election are being told their contracts have arrived too late for certification and, as a consequence, their services cannot be used this year, while others are asked to resign.

The school board cannot be blamed for this condition. The county commissioners are backward in handing over enough money to properly operate our schools. The reason the commissioners have not contributed sufficient school funds is because they claim the lack of money. Which is probably true.

Now there is one thing which should not be a political football. Contracts and heavy overcharges, \$4,500,000 county buildings; terrific road building bills; favorite contractors, and all that sort of stuff is looked on somewhat sorrowfully, but nothing is ever done about it. But our schools—and the Lord knows they have cost enough—are for the education of our youngsters. And our youngsters are entitled to that.

In Dade county are many political offices. Many of them are under what is known as the fee system. That is, the head of the office derives his pay from fees paid by the various applicants for his services.

The grand jury, which is now on vacation, can do good work when they are recalled. They can investigate just what has become of the many hundreds of thousands paid in as fees. And they can make the holders of these offices turn in what moneys are due the county. And the county commissioners can turn sufficient of these moneys over to the school board in order that that body can operate our school system as a humane institution, instead of as a cheater of opportunities to our youth.

Whenever school children are cheated—as they are being now—the curtailment of teachers and the reduction of salaries is ample proof—taxpayers should forget political alignment long enough to revert to good common sense and fight the battle for the young.

Industries?—No. Tourists!

The Miami city commissioners recently appropriated \$30,000 as an industrial fund, with the purpose of encouraging manufacturers to locate here.

That fund has come in handy. It was nicked for \$10,000 this week to further Mayor Sewell's pet scheme to fill Greater Miami apartment houses and hotels.

Now there is no gainsaying the fact that capital as represented in buildings such as apartment houses and hotels, is entitled to some consideration—and perhaps the mayor has hit a possible solution for the redemption of the owners, landlords, mortgagees, or what have you. But Miami is something more than a six-months' city, or else our census takers are a healthy bunch of prevaricators.

A real live industrial board, with a wide scope, and backed by railway and steamship lines, with the power to offer trackage and sites on appealing terms, could land several industrial activities here. And with the industries would come payrolls, and with the payrolls, prosperity.

Ask any man who operates a business the year round. He'll tell you of the marvels worked by a healthy payroll.

Chamber Tribulations

The Miami Chamber of Commerce is in a parlous state. It is lack of money. Very little help is being given by the directorate and practically none from the others who should be interested.

A few words said by Ed Romfh should be enlightening. He said: "I will not give any money to the chamber, though I am passing wealthy. When a city taxes its citizens to the tune of over three hundred thousand dollars for publicity purposes, something that is essentially the work of the Chamber of Commerce, I cannot see why the money will not support the chamber as well as advertise the city."

Which is all right with us. Mayor Sewell took that fund away from the chamber and put that institution on the hummer. For which we cannot see where any thanks is coming to him.

So the Coral Gables city commission chose the right police chief—for which many thanks.

Less Light for the Citizens

THIS city of Miami is at present working out some system of doing away with a few lights in the downtown area. The reason is that somebody wants to save a few dollars so that the budget won't be strained.

Nothing makes a town look so good as plenty of street lights. Miami is a fairly well lighted city as far as the downtown area is concerned, but some of the outlying streets are like the inside of a black hat in a dark cellar at midnight. Which is not good for anybody but the second-story man.

Now, how much nicer it would be if the Florida Power & Light Company would only reduce the price of lighting the streets so that it would not be necessary to switch off a lot of the lamps. They could easily afford to do a little reducing.

This suggestion is given as a suggestion only. We cannot imagine the F. P. & L. Co. doing anything like that, not after paying several light and power bills. Still, they might try something like that just as an experiment.

Regarding the City's Milk

According to Ernest Cotton, director of public service, the test made by state officials on the herds of the White Belt dairy have resulted in a clean bill of health for three of the herds and the finding of six cows that reacted to the tubercular test in one herd.

This is a small percentage after finding some thirty-one reactors in February, this year. It shows that an effort has been made to eliminate the disease from the herds.

The raw milk herd was given a clean bill of health in July, no reactors being detected at that time. The city is evidently satisfied with the showing.

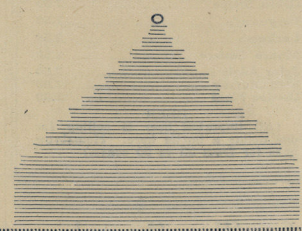
At the same time Dr. Allen, director of health at Coral Gables, is not quite so satisfied. Some 620 cattle were tested, but Mr. Allen believes that this is not the complete number of the White Belt herds. The dairy has been refused a permit to sell milk in that city.

Danger on the Trail

Whatever else you do when going over to the west coast, don't kill any alligators. It seems that there is an ordinance in Collier County that makes the killing of an alligator a criminal offense.

Last week a local business man got into trouble that way. He had to drive an extra thirty miles in that Monday storm, which was all the punishment anyone would want.

So don't kill any alligators on the trail.



SHE's open, boys, the courthouse is, and all the office holders are smiling at their future home—or shrugging of their shoulders. You climb the steps right past the palms, hit tessellated floor, and on your right you'll easily find a handsome metal door. Inside is Griffin, finance head, he handles all the checks, that pile of papers on his desk is wooly local checks; another room, Buck Leatherman is stealing forty winks; then we find Bob Simpson a-straightening out the kinks. Along a bit is Tommy Powers, he wears a gloomy face, for he's the second in command for Sheriff Henry Chase. The office is a large one, and very good, as such, they'll tell you Henry Chase is out—but no one knows how much. The second floor's a nifty place, and calls for admiration, Jim Flood is using part of it—the rest is comfort station. Third floor's full of offices, and one is full of Snow, another's full of Cotton and the Mayor's Tourist Show. But when you reach the fourth floor you'll find a judge or two, Atkinson, the old stand by whose verdicts stick like glue; Judge Barns, he comes from Georgia,

a Rose without a thorn, and there you'll find Judge Freeland, as sure as you are born. And now we reach the Fifth floor. Who's here? We cannot wait; Hawthorne, Hunt, the snappy ones, attorneys for the state. Danger mark! Floor number six, a court you ought to fear; Abandon hope, and plenty cash, all ye who enter here! Judge Norfleet whittling at the bench and chewing on Old Mule! Dave Heffernan, a good old Elk, and Judge

Brown tending school. Judge Blanton's on the Seventh floor, and tends you when you're flat; Carl Holmer, junior, where you say that you're a Democrat. Health department, Number Eight, and here is Brother Schmitt, who sees a wild mosquito and nearly throws a fit; Bill Green who fixes up your scales, and Dr. Claxton, too—a lot of other fellows who have too much work to do. Another floor, the clinic's here! you tell by your probosis, where man can cure his broken leg or fight his halitosis. Tenth floor, tread easy here because a flock of boys are gassing—County Commissioners are here, just gaze on them in passing. Another floor, here Small and Small, the boys who get commission, they always figure up their bills by simple straight addition. The dozenth floor, Bob Taylor's here, and Fritzie Gordon, too; just jails and jails and jails, and steel and wood and plaster and paint brushes and pails. Beyond that point the topmost light, that shining 'lectric beacon—and you can see the whole of it—provided you don't weaken.—Kamrad!

The Right Type of Courthouse

They May Wake Up

SOME of the members of the police force of late have been surprised. Not only have they been suspended, demerited, and subject to removal, but they are awakening to the fact that the new regime in charge of police affairs means business and that slapstick methods are a thing of the past.

Chief of Police Reeve and Director of Public Safety Arnold will stick to any officer who sticks to his duty, but they are both getting tough and hard-boiled on the laggards who somehow are under the impression that they can get by.

The new policy seems to be that every officer has to earn his pay, instead of merely signing the roll twice a month.

THE DARN ELKS

Thursday, I guess it was,
I went to Miami Beach
And there
I saw more kids
Than I ever saw
In one spot before.
It seems
That a lodge,
Nine-forty-eight,
B. P. O. E.
Had so much time
On its hands
That it ordered its members—
The old card-playing gang—
To get busy
And round up two
Or three hundred
Kids.
And the blankety-blank
Bills
Went out
And hauled eight
Or nine thousand
To Miami Beach,
And once they got there
The kids went loco.
Hot dogs,
Ice cream cones,
Sandwiches and pop—
And games galore.
The kids,
Faces covered with pie juice,
And stomachs bulging with hot
dogs,
Just made the Bills
Hit the high spots.
And it was no uncommon sight
To watch an Elk—
Shy and timid animal—
Leading eight or nine
Laughing kids down
The street,
(Although one brother,
Made a mistake, and
Took his crowd
Into a solemn speakeasy).
Somehow
It seems to me,
That the creed—
Brotherly Love,
Benevolence,
Charity,
And Fidelity,
Is something more
Than a clever motto.
It sort of awakens
A feeling in one's heart
To discover
That men are still
Brothers under the skin,
And will go away out of their
way,
To bring a bit of happiness
Into the hearts
Of lonesome kids.

Coming Events

SO much is forecast for Miami that it turns one dizzy. Of course, most of it is just rumor. Take, for instance, the rumor that the Royal Palm Hotel is to be torn down and a twenty-nine story hotel and the largest theater in the south built on the site. Maybe there is some truth in it, at that.

Then there is another story that Mayor Ev Sewell is in favor of Dr. Kellogg, of Battle Creek fame, taking over the Royal Palm as a southern sanitarium. Nice place to put sick people with the danger of fire always imminent.

By the way, Dr. Kellogg is in the city at present and is investigating the possibilities of Miami Beach as a place to locate his sanitarium. He knows a whole lot more about Florida now and must be aware that Miami Beach is about the best place he can put it, if he really means to start operations here.

Well, here's hoping.

Justice?—Yes. The S. Grover Morrow Kind

FOR some years bootleggers have felt the hand of justice as applied by the municipal judge at Miami Beach—S. Grover Morrow, who soon will be a candidate for mayor—once a month they have had to lay down \$150 as a forfeited bond; and then they went their ways.

But justice there changes somewhat, especially if the offender offends. A boat steward had an apartment on the beach. He also had a fracas with the police, and the police came out second best. While this steward was on the way to the Bahamas, the police, without a search warrant, entered his apartment, broke open his trunk, and confiscated a considerable quantity of liquor. They then went over to Miami and arrested the man as he stepped off the boat.

Somehow the judge heard of the case. What did he do? He gave the man a \$200 fine or 60 days, and 60 days. Then reduced the fine to \$100 or 30 days, and 30 days, and then, as an afterthought, raised it back to the original sentence.

Regarding Our Souls

The time is almost ripe for the influx of evangelists who make Miami their home for the winter. While the sun is shining hotly in the summer months the evangelists are busy elsewhere saving souls by the pound, peck or bushel.

Just as soon as the first touch of frost hits the northern states, a raft of Bible-thumping religion peddlers arrive in the Magic City and make arrangements to stay all winter.

They bring no money with them, spend little while here, and take away all they can get out of the congregations they manage to pick up.

There isn't one evangelist who will come here for the ostensible purpose of saving the souls of the population, combatting sin, and generally purifying the moral atmosphere, would do so if he knew that there were going to be no profits, and fat ones at that.

Miami Life

Published weekly at 815-16 Olympia Building, Miami, by Miami Life Co. Wm. R. Phillips, President. Phone Miami 37737.

WEN PHILLIPS, Editor and Publisher
Associates: W. W. Farnham, Fred Gilton, Bob Purvis, Joe Duke, Hal Potter.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE
United States—1 year, \$5.00; 6 months, \$3.00
Foreign—1 year, \$5.50; 6 months, \$3.50
Change of Address or Contributions must be received by Thursday if intended for this week's issue.
Entered as second class matter, April 11, 1925, at the post office at Miami, Fla., under the Act of March 8, 1879.

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This Sounds Good

WHATEVER you do, people, don't tell the boys and girls at the Daily News that we told you this, because they have enough to worry about already; but it is being rumored about town that the negotiations between Bobo Dean and Ex-Governor Cox for the resale of the afternoon sheet to the former have been reopened and that there is an excellent chance of the deal going through.

According to one report reaching this office, the previous stumbling block in the way of our fellow-townsmen taking back his once highly esteemed possession, i. e., the enormous overhead on the boom-built News Tower, does not loom so large this time. The Czar of Ohio is said to be weakening rapidly, which is plausible when you stop to think about what the News has been like in recent months. The wonder is that it hasn't made him sick at his stomach.

That some sort of a shake-up in the afternoon newspaper field is imminent, we cannot but believe; the present situation can't continue indefinitely. It is equally credible that a considerable portion of our citizenry would welcome a change—any change, in fact. Moreover, as we heard an old newspaper man say not long ago, probably even the publisher of the Herald would not be averse to stiffer competition, provided it could be coped with without lowering the ethical standards of his own sheet, something now manifestly impossible.

In any case, Prof. Dean is known to have a large personal following locally, which can scarcely be said of either the present publisher of the News or his editor. Further, it is an open secret that Bobo was a warm admirer of the now defunct Tribune when that paper was at the height of its career; so if he succeeds in wagging himself back into his former position, Miamians will know about what to expect in the way of editorial and news policies.

We Need the Dough

WITH the Hoover forces maneuvering so that Vice-Presidential Candidate Robinson springs to the fore with an account of Al Smith's virtues—thus putting the Democrats on the defensive, it seems to be the old game again as played by master minds. Roosevelt it was who said, "never get on the defensive. Attack your opponent. Have them say something about you every day, no matter what, so long as your name is mentioned."

Therefore it is hard to conceive why the Democrats don't hop onto Hoover. Why not say that Hoover loaned all our money to Europe, and we can't get it back? Put the Republicans at work framing excuses instead of letting them hand the alibi labor to the Democrats.

Dade county Democrats held a rousing meeting this week. Even the Herald editor and the chief scribe of the Daily News hurrahed for the party. True, most of the attendants are or hope to be on the public payroll, but what of that? Aren't politics something in the professional line?

"Support the whole party from president to contable!" was the edict. Oh, very well, but there are some candidates who have a sneaking idea that many a Dade county voter will forget to vote Democratic in the fall—and thus the Republicans hope to cop several offices.

"One hundred per cent Democrats" was the slogan which caused several listeners to ask questions. The idea in mind was that all regularly nominated Democrats, county, state, and national, should be the recipients of 100 per cent support from their constituents.

Merely as an afterthought, didn't some politicians once say that if your father was a horsethief would you be one too?

Here's hoping that Florida is one of the doubtful states. Then the treasurers of both parties can send in a couple of cartloads of funds to convert us. It is perfectly lovely to be converted by nice new shiny bills.

"Good Morrow, Judge!"

ALTHOUGH it may be mere personal prejudice or this perspiring observer of the contemporary scene, it is our conviction that the judiciary—whether it be municipal, state or federal—like Caesar's wife, should be above reproach. When it is otherwise the situation resembles nothing so much as a modern mother, synthetic gin highball in hand, lecturing her flapper daughter on the evils of alcohol. But we were talking about judges.

As many an offender should be ready to testify, Judge S. Grover Morrow of the Miami Beach police court is one of our foremost authorities in the matter of traffic law violations. Not a few Miamians have shivered in their bathing sandals as his honor glowered down from the bench and, in his most self-righteous manner, delivered to them a satirical third-person lecture on the heinous offense of disregarding "stop" signs. From such remarks one would gather the impression that he would soon commit mayhem as lay himself open to any such charge; and yet it appears that the king can do no wrong after all—or so we are reliably informed.

According to one of Miami Life's secret agents, it was none other than Judge Morrow who, late Wednesday afternoon, drove his automobile east on S. E. Second street to Biscayne boulevard and turned blithely into a one-way thoroughfare the wrong way. Emerging from it at S. E. First street, he narrowly escaped a collision with a west-bound truck, much to the apparent annoyance of the driver of that vehicle and several defenseless pedestrians. Then, without even an apology, he continued merrily on his way.

Thus a judicial prophet who is not without honor in his own country! Happily the scene of the crime is out

Foreign Price-Cutting the Cause

OUT for business, the distillers of Scotland and England are cutting prices and also the quality of liquors, in order to get the trade. As a result, most of the Scotch we now get is guaranteed three years old. It probably was three years old when they took it out of the barrels, but when they bottled the stuff it probably had gone through several modern methods of aging. Consumers are foolish if they fail to demand better brands and quality. Rum-runners will not bring the good brands unless insisted upon. Most of the Scotch being served around Miami is the \$10 to \$12 per case, Nassau. The ryes show a bit better quality. Gins are not up to the usual standards—probably due to a batch of local product crowding the imported goods off the market. Bacardi is both bad and good. Report is that the distillery in Cuba can't keep up with the demand, and, as a result, several bottlers, chemists, and alcohol dealers of Dade county are getting rich, while consumers are getting ulcers. No material change in prices this week.

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
Burnett's White Satin	\$3.50	Clan Murray	2.50
Booth's	4.00	Gordon Plaid	2.50
Gilbey's	3.50		
Gordon's	3.50		
London Dry	3.50		
		BEER	
Wray's 3-Dagger	\$6.00	(All imported beer is selling for one dollar a bottle here. Homebrew goes for from 25 to 50 cents.)	
Bacardi	5.00		
Jamaica	3.00		

Hundred Smacks for Ten Smackers

LAST week's drollery concerning the blonde who likes to have her "husband" beat her has been productive of several similar yarns, not the least exotic among which is one related to the writer by a member in good standing of the Coral Gables police department. If a gent of that persuasion isn't an authority on dark and wayward doings, who is?

It seems that this tableau, or rather series of tableaux, came to light in the course of an official investigation into certain malpractices that almost disrupted a Miami River houseboat colony back in those dear dead days when for a considerable portion of the populace such habitations were desirable, if not indeed "de rigeur." The particular houseboat under surveillance was occupied by a woman suspected—nay, accused!—by her neighbors of being a dame of easy virtue, a strumpet. Nothing brought out in the investigation could be construed as contradictory evidence.

irate neighbors complained on sundry occasions of strange "parties" staged by the woman in question, during the course of which prying eyes were treated to an unheard of erotic jimmickeries as ever escaped the case book of a Krafft-Ebing or a Havelock Ellis. It was with something approaching breathless wonder that the complainants poured out their stories of these off-suit diversions of the woman and certain of her patrons.

According to the observant police officer who tells the tale, he and another man were detailed to look into the business. One night they took up concealed positions in a clump of bushes on the shore of the river close to the houseboat, and "along in the cool of the evening" their vigil was rewarded when one of the woman's clients, an apparently well-to-do man of perhaps 45, put in his appearance. Everything went off according to

YEN

I'm tired of treading Life
In stately measures,
Of wearing very prim
And starched gowns;
I want to fling the hours
In wild fandangos,
And light a brighter glaze
In other towns!

I'd love to thumb my nose
At old Convention,
And wear a scarlet poppy
In my hair;
And flirt my skirts to show
A diamond garter . . .
I'd love to, but—you know—
I wouldn't dare!

PAM O' THE PALMS.

schedule: the woman received him cordially and after considerable conversation, during which she constantly plied him with drinks, to the great delight and astonishment of the watchers the tableau described by the neighbors was staged. The whole thing was visible, as two of the window shades were not pulled all the way down, thus allowing a view of the houseboat's one large room.

At the subsequent private court hearing the woman testified that it was the man's custom to come to her place about twice a month, when, for a stipulated sum, she would work on his anatomy with a knotted rope as he scuttled around the room "au naturel," pretending to evade her. Moreover, she testified that this treatment was all her client craved in the way of entertainment, and that otherwise he had always treated her "as a perfect lady." Once soundly trounced, he would go his way, not to be heard from for another two weeks. This had been going on for several months, she said.

Needles to add, the arrests ended the disturbances.

of the judge's jurisdiction; else we might offer him a little mustard for his own ice cream by suggesting that he have himself arrested and fined as a "horrible example."

Acquiring an Aquarium

MIAMI has an aquarium. It is housed in the hulk of the Prins Valdamer, the boat that nearly put a crimp in Greater Miami when it blocked the harbor—and not by accident, some say.

The hull is situated at the city docks and every effort is being made to fill it with fish from the Gulf Stream. There is a fair variety of the smaller ones and several large finny denizens of the deep.

There is a sea cow that doesn't have to be milked but he chews the cud on sea grass. There is a hundred-pound Jewfish that sometimes moves about at fifty miles an hour. There are many funny fish both inside and outside the tanks.

The city ought to help the good work along. At present the owners are paying about \$70 a month rent, which is about all they take in admissions.

There is great need for a really good aquarium as a point of interest for visitors. This is the nucleus of one and the city should do something to help it along, even if only to cut out the rent during the summer months. Go and see what there is to see there. The sea cow alone is worth the admission price so you won't lose anything by paying a quarter. But, at the same time, we would like to see a big aquarium built here and well stocked with some of the 600 varieties of fish we are told live in these waters.

"After five fishing trips we don't believe there are more than three varieties—grunts, morays and sand sharks.

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Things I'd Like To Know

Where Bud and Marty were when the table was being laid ? ? ?

What happened to the long cool swim that the boys went for . . . and if it wasn't had internally ? ? ?

How much Sue appreciated the Knightly deed on Wednesday night . . . and if she realizes how much fun it was ? ? ?

How Betty is able to tell whether a boy has it or not . . . and if she's been taking lessons from Gene ? ? ?

If Marty didn't have a sincere desire to meet the tall six-foot-two junior from Yale ? ? ?

How Harry and Doc like the inattention they've been getting lately . . . and if they mind this ? ? ?

Where Joe and his charming lady friend trotted off to just before dinner . . . and if it didn't take a powerful lot of whistling to bring 'em back ? ? ?

If Marcella was able to smile any better when she got in court than she did at the two cops . . . and why she let them scare her ? ? ?

Who the best scrambled egg cook in town is . . . and if Sue wasn't just the cause of it all ? ? ?

What all those funny words were that Eddie used while he was trying to open those cans ? ? ?

Who the two charming young ladies are who gallivant about the ocean drive casino in the new Stutz coupe ? ? ?

Who blew the horn outside Betty's window the other evening . . . and if she heard it she didn't answer ? ? ?

How Marty and Bud like the garden nowadays . . . and if a Manhattan isn't something we've heard of somewhere ? ? ?

If Lucy's hair isn't the most glorious in the world when it's clean ? ? ?

Who drives the yellow roadster that is always parked in front of the Oakes hotel ? ? ?

Why Officer Wiggins visits the fruit store so often ? ? ?

If Cherokee liked the write-up and if she will keep her word and call ? ? ?

Who are the two attractive, always smiling, young ladies at the Western Union office counter in the evening ? ? ?

Which of the seven Jacks Edna likes best and what's become of Bob ? ? ?

Why Horace and Newt were so quiet at the Country Club Friday, the twenty-fourth ? ? ?

Why Shad and Helen broke up, and who is Shad's new girl ? ? ?

If the Black Hawk has a blonde mistress . . . or, as some say, a brunette ? ? ?

Why Jack left town in such a hurry ? ? ?

Who Ninian is, and what she means to Bob . . . if anything ? ? ?

Why Herb didn't get mad when Jack came so near taking Helen away from him ? ? ?

If Edna will marry the fellow whose Masonic ring she is wearing ? ? ?

If Peggy will really marry at all ? ? ?

If Horace ever found the buttons . . . and who cut them off ? ? ?

If Dad Dillaway is really a strong supporter of Herbert's or does he like the other bird best ? ? ?

If Walter M. kept the little Red Coupe busy joy-riding his new mama while his mother was away in New York. ? ? ?

When Jim and his high-powered crew is going to bust things wid open and "bring back those happy days" ? ? ?

If Bill M. is still on the water wagon and does he ever get overheated any more ? ? ?

Why Bill insists it was the third drink that knocked him out ? ? ?

What Belisle means by "proper attention" ? ? ?

If Pearl of Atlanta was anxious to see her big Playmate and his new Ford coach ? ? ?

If Fripo is assisting J. M. in

DEMAND
OLD LOG
CABIN

MIAMI LIFE'S SOCIETY

MCOLUMN

ENTERTAINMENT for motorists who have been to parties increases. After the guests have enjoyed the hospitality extended by Judge Stoneman they retire to the retreat prepared by the county solicitor's office. None report having a good time, though.

RUMOR is to the effect that many of the pretty employees in the new county building are willing to trade two or three of the clocks for a used second-hand fan.

MR. SAUNDERS of the firm of Saunders & Mader, took a refreshing trip across the Gulf Stream the other day and fell into Bimini bay.

MR. SAM RESNICK recently returned from a trip through the United States and Georgia.

MR. BOB CROSSLAND, the bashful little promoter, says there are 62 married women in Miami who have lost their wedding rings and are glad of it.

MR. EARL HUDSON, who does police work for a living, says his baby has developed into a night owless, and loves to have him walk a night beat.

HIS HONOR, Squire Penney, has taken up palatial quarters in the City National Bank building, where first-class warrants may be obtained at so much per.

CAPTAIN PETERSON was quite busy this week adding up the feed bill for Hotel Stockade guests.

exploiting the oil drilling proposition and when they ay is reached will he be allowed to sit on the Gravy train ? ? ?

If Mrs. Mackauf liked the exhilarating breezes in Atlantic City as well as the good old Gulf breeze in Miami. ? ? ?

If the well known insurance man gets "correct information" from the beautiful, grey-haired woman he is so interested in. ? ? ?

If a certain young papa will keep out of Vic's salve after this. ? ? ?

What the second-story worker did when hubby returned. ? ? ?

Will Ed ever find out what Gregory pulled off at the club on Wednesday night. ? ? ?

Where Fontaine hides the calf he carries in the Essex and how. ? ? ?

If mama really got a kick out of the big show the other night and if she missed her two rough little boys. ? ? ?

Mr. Eddie Twombly of the Twombly family, has developed into quite an athlete since he started to hold Marche.

Mr. Sidney J. Catts, who was once on the payroll of Florida, will hold a talkfest against Senator George of Georgia in Homestead soon.

Mrs. Reeve, who has a husband who is chief of police of Miami, found her house cluttered with dirty dishes when she returned from her vacation. The radio was in good shape.

Mr. Charles Ebbetts, well known bon vivant of the city, has been taken off the streets by some strawberry blonde girl who became his wife last week.

Mr. Lou Lanford has had quite son of a disappointed lady friend. A few callers last week in the per-Lou has taken to crawling under the bed at night for safety.

Mr. Vernon Hawthorne's lumbago is sticking close to him. "I do not care for lumbago," said Mr. Vernon when asked for an interview. He blames the affair on Matlach of the News.

A group of men on the city and county payrolls held a rousing Democratic meeting this week. They came out struggling against Republicans seeking office.

Mr. Gene Bryant of Miami Beach fell down again on the weekly outing of the Pleasure Bent Society.

Quite a stir was caused out in Central Miami one day this week. "Doc" Dammers, in digging in a yard discovered a piece of coal. A coal-mining company was immediately formed and stock will be offered to the public soon.

The correspondent having received a nice set of ham and eggs from Mickey McGee of Miami Beach, says that Mickie has the best eating house on South Beach.

The closing of the Dugout, although not causing a reaction on the stock market, has not affected bank loans any. At least none of our readers report getting a loan.

ANTILLA HOTEL
CORAL GABLES
Featuring
JOE ASTORIA
and his
Antilla Orchestra
DINNER DANCING
EVERY NIGHT
MISS PAIGE LADD
Dancing Hostess
MRS. NORMAN C. LOUD
Dinner and Bridge Hostess
Phone C. G. 200

SEE KEEN KEEN SIGHT
129 Seybold Bldg. Arcade

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

THAT 11 O'CLOCK LUNCH
Served in Style, 50c
Hot or Cold—Great!
Special Sunday Dinner of Fresh
Killed Chicken and Dumplings 75c
PALM GARDEN
145 N. E. FIRST ST.
Next Meyer-Kiser Bank

ATWATER KENT RADIO
EASY TERMS
SMALL CASH PAYMENT AND
\$3.00 WEEKLY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT CO.
42 N. W. 4th St., Miami

Goodyear Tire Store
has a complete stock of
Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Tire
Accessories
at prices below ordinary tires.
Goodyear Tire Store
1311 West Flagler St. Phone 4020



CAPITOL
SUN. THRU WED.
REGINALD DENNY
—in—
"THE NIGHT BIRD"
The story of a girl-shy prize fighter forced to mingle in New York's night life to enhance his box office appeal.

They Tell Me

THAT Joe certainly took the folks out in the country and sang to them Wednesday night

THAT when it comes to opening up the kippered herring... Eddie has no equal

THAT Tom Collins turned out to be the life of the party... and that everyone seemed very glad to see him again... each time

THAT Ross didn't seem over perturbed at being roused out of a sound sleep... when he found out what for

THAT the boys at the C. I. T. house in Coral Gables are about the best outfit we've seen in our travels around

THAT the cops at the beach were treated to a rare display of fistuffs Saturday night... and that they went away apparently satisfied

THAT Murray had his fill of brew the other night... and is now convinced that Ethel won't stand for any two-timing

THAT the head man can stay in New York as long as he wants to now... as the writing on the wall has finally been seen

THAT a certain young man is from Missouri and had to be shown the girls' car would only do fifty-five

THAT Grant is the world's best sleeper... and that he had a tough time figuring out who stole it

THAT Marty has a younger sister who just can't stand seeing her with knees crossed... and how!

THAT the vox pop letter about the blonde in the Meyer-Kiser

bank building caused the writer, "I. C.," a lot of grief

THAT a pint of moonshine can be disguised very effectively by mixing it with a pint of sweet milk and a pint of ice cream

THAT the Coral Gables police sergeant is going in for heavy scientific literature these days

THAT Jennie has been getting in some telling promotion work with a borrowed cook book, and that the end is not yet

THAT a trusting young man accepted an invitation to inspect the Shrine club, only to be thrown out when the attendant discovered that he is not a member of the Shrine

... and nevertheless the t. y. m. got what he went after

THAT the I. N. S. correspondent ran afoul of his bureau manager during the last hurricane scare, and that he will have more trouble unless he learns how to talk about Atlanta in an emergency

THAT probably Inez will think that she has been nominated as the Florida Power & Light Co.'s entry in Life's Best-Looking-Steno contest

THAT Joe and Lon knocked 'em dead at the Antilla last Tuesday evening

THAT several of the stories sent in as a result of printing "Can You Beat It?" are not equally printable

THAT Dick and Crawford and Bob are wasting their fragrance on the desert air in the advertising agency matter, and that nobody will be more surprised than themselves if the account is landed

THAT Bill says he is through with tough babies because they are too tame for him

THAT the newest dances uncover a multitude of shins

THAT the tabloid news photographers never shoot till they see the white of their thighs

THAT Hortense is still trying to fin out where Bobbie got the extra pint

THAT Murray had his fill of brew the other night... and is now convinced that Ethel won't stand for any two-timing

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THAT the vox pop letter about the blonde in the Meyer-Kiser

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

Greeby To Open Royal Palm
Florida East Coast Signs Up Noted Hotel Matador; Hostelry Will Be Used For Traveling Evangelists and Policemen Who Flunk in Their Examination

MR. R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who recently crossed the 79th street causeway in one hour without falling into the sand, and thus established a record which he believes even Bobby Jones of Atlanta can't better, furnished Miami Life with an exclusive interview regarding his plans for the coming winter season.

"I do not desire no publicity," said Mr. Greeby as he sat swinging in his new perch atop one of the courthouse palms, "but the public is entitled to know just what tourists can expect this winter—which won't be very much—and I shall do my bit toward making this the best winter season 1928 ever saw."

"A brakeman on the Ojus rock train told me he could fix it so that the F. E. C. would turn the Royal Palm over to me to operate, and the idea struck me immediately as being a good one. The Greeby - J e e b y Inn which I ran over on the beach—"

"Yes, and it was ran off the beach!" said Mrs. Greeby, playfully throwing an empty coconut at her spouse's head. "I hope they both meet," she said. "It'll make two of a kind."

Greeby dodged the missile by a clever fall to the pavement.

Taking up his abode in the News tower which place he said was very safe as no one ever went there, he continued his interview: "During the winter time traveling evangelists and revivalists have a hard time, both in converting Miami and in securing good sleeping quarters. I shall run a complete floor of the Royal Palm hotel for their comfort. Of course I shall only let them out on condition that they split the collections with me."

"Another floor I shall give over to Miami policemen who fail to pass Latin, Greek, and other simple tests, like how to play the piano without putting a nickel in the slot. These men I shall put under the control of "Red" N. Wilkerson who reminds you of Tom Nazeworth because he don't look like him."

"Both Billy Sunday and Aimee McPherson have been tentatively—whatever that means—selected to be invited to come to Miami this winter and sojourn at the Royal Palm under my dictatorship."

"Why don't you invite the revivalists and evangelists in the summer?" asked the reporter.

"Because they won't come in the summer," answered Mr. Greeby, carefully removing an overgrown wart from his chin. "When people haven't got any money to spare they don't need religion."

Little Geraldine, Greeby's adopted daughter, immediately broke into her usual laughter with the remark that the old man never had nor never would need any. He silenced her by binding her over to the court of crimes for failure to stop.

"What are your ideas of the political situation, Mr. Greeby?"

"I have discovered that the Hoover supporters don't praise Hoover. They can't find nothing to do it with. But they sure pick on Al Smith. Anyway, Hearst is for Hoover, and he never was on a winner in his life. You don't want me to bet a few dollars for you, do you? I have some big connections."

"The only big connection you have is at the meal table!" shouted Mrs. Greeby. "Why don't you try to get one with an employment bureau?"

"Women are so inconsistent," whispered Greeby, jumping into a passing truck. "Not alone do us men have to do the thinking in this world but they want us to do the work also. Never marry one of them. They're hours of joy and years of woe as the awning-maker said."

The famous interview was over.

Picture Framing
HOIT
1771 Biscayne Blvd. Phone 35011

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

in the Editor's Mail

VALUABLE COCONUTS
Editor Miami Life:
In the September number of the Scientific Monthly, Lieutenant Commander P. J. Searles, U. S. Navy, calls the coconut tree the most valuable tree in the world.

It would, perchance, make very profitable reading for certain Miami-ians who can't see industrial opportunities for Miami.

Commander Searles points out that the trunk of the coconut tree can be made into a variety of curios. From the leaves, baskets are woven and nets are made. As is well known the meat is dried and grated. From the sap, sugar, a very fine yeast, as well as vinegar can be made.

From the dried meat, 25 gallons of coconut oil is obtained from a thousand nuts. This coconut oil is also the base for hard-water soap, hair dressing, a fine auto and furniture polish and some toilet articles.

The fibres of the coconut are made into rope which has a stretching power of 25 per cent before it will break, and they also make very fine boat caking as well as stuffing for cushions. And last, but not least, the coconut yields valuable glycerin, butter and lard substitutes and can be made into a powdered milk.

Here is a situation—the world's most valuable tree with Miami closer to it than any other large city in the United States. Go to your grocer and buy grated coconut or to your druggist and buy any of the other coconut products. Do you find that any of them were made in Miami? Oh, no, they're all made thousands of miles away.

If certain gentlemen who apparently can not see beyond their noses (even if their nose is large) would visualize beyond their egotistic personalities and spend more of the taxpayers' money for developing such industrial opportunities as Commander Searles' article suggests, and less for kilty brass bands and other hokum under the guise of advertising, then Miami would obtain a backbone of industry and a payroll in place of its present wishbone of seeking to cater to the whimsical pleasures of more who support its citizens a few months of the year and let

IS SHE BLONDE?
Editor Miami Life:
Where does I. C.—does he?—get this stuff about "slim blondes" in the Meyer-Kiser building? Probably the only thing slim about her is her chances in Life's Best-Looking-Steno contest.

Lemme tell yuh: the real prize-winner (hot dog!) is employed by the Florida Power and Light Co., and labors daily in the ground floor office in the Ingraham building. She's not so slim, but what I mean, she "stops the show!"

Photo on request.
—H. I. C. (hic)

them struggle for a meagre existence the remaining months.

Get busy, Miami-ians. Get busy and see
The gold you can dig out of the coconut tree.
And then those vacant houses you see
Will be filled with cheerful prosperity.
—CARL SHEFFEL, M. D.
Detroit, Mich.

GAME OF TAG
To the Editor:
The spirit of competition, it appears, is rapidly superseding the spirit of justice as a motivating influence for such members of the Miami police department as use vehicular transportation and operate in pairs. The following typical incident will serve as an illustration:

A young man in a Chevrolet roadster so far forgot himself on Saturday afternoon as merely to slow down enough to make it necessary for him to change, gears, instead of coming to a complete stop, before crossing Miami avenue at N. W. 20th street, and a couple of these limbs of the law got him. All his choice blandishments were in vain, and although there actually was an honest difference of opinion between the arresting officers as to his guilt, he was dragged off to the station. There it developed, while the precious pair booked him and carried on a high-spirited conversation with the desk sergeant, that all the afternoon two teams of these cruising cops had been enjoying a sort of game, the apparent object of which was to see how many victims each could bring in within the al-

lotted time of their shift. At the hour mentioned the zealotness of the team that had our hero in tow had put them far in the lead.

Now irrespective of the status of this particular case, in which, to this day, guilt has never been definitely established, it would seem to the judicious observer that if our police force is developing a yen for competitive games, the powers-that-be might better furnish the members with sets of dominoes or checkers, like the firemen, than allow them to practice on the citizenry. I bring this new phase of the "public safety" situation to your attention, not because I have any particular faith in your editorial ability or desire to chance it, but because—

Miami Life is read, not skimmed.
JEROME COIGNARD.

That Bible Class
Editor Miami Life:
Did you hear the Rev. Smith make his campaign speech for Al Smith at the Men's Bible Class at the Olympia theatre last Sunday morning? I wonder if those two are related. They certainly must be. Here are a few things that I want the Reverend to answer for us:

1. Who was the politarch he mentioned in connection with the Swami who was very properly hushed up here some eighteen months ago?
2. Does he believe that the particular sexology which the Swami was teaching to the women of Miami was proper?
3. Does he believe that the city authorities were justified in putting the quietus on this wop when more than one irate husband offered to put lead into the said wop if he didn't let their wives alone?
4. The Rev. Smith clearly said that the politarch responsible was none of the present city officials. He could have meant no one except Leslie Quigg, and does he believe that the city manager, mayor and the city commission did not approve and endorse Mr. Quigg's action?
5. Does he believe that it was proper to infuse this matter at all in the Men's Bible Class, this matter upon which there is so much partisanship, and danger of dissension?
6. Finally is he in favor of electing a wet president, and did not his remarks give the impression that he is?

The writer knows that in the case of the Swami more than one

husband approached the authorities and said they would put bullets in him unless the police stopped his teachings, and no one would go so far unless there was ample cause. And here we have a minister of the Gospel openly criticising eighteen months after. No one knows better than himself why he didn't speak out then and it's only the courtesy of the crowd that allows him to get by with it now.

—Ex-Member of the Men's Bible Class.

SCHOOL PROBLEMS!

Miami, Fla., Sept. 4, 1928.
Editor Miami Life:
It is an undeniable fact that a community's one best advertisement, asset or whatever you may care to call it, is having a good, nine months' school, supervised and supervised by men and women especially trained in the field of Education.

I have been a taxpaying citizen of Miami for 27 years, and up to date we have never had a successful school year. To what or whom we are to lay the blame I cannot say. I once thought that it might be said that they are entirely of the administration but at the door partially changed my mind. I have seen two county superintendents in office, so I cannot say that there is too much blame. Yet something is wrong and it is up to the taxpaying public to find the cause and remedy it before it is too late. I contend that there is too much attention given to little things and too little attention given to the big problem.

Why should the parents of 10,000 children pay for the education of 25,000 children? And that is the true state of affairs. If the school attendance remained constant from registration day throughout the year, we would have more than enough to carry on and have \$100 per student instead of the paltry \$50 per student upon which we intend to operate for the coming year. Of course the parents of these extra children are tourists, and we contend that they are the means of our support, but are we doing our children justice? Can an up-to-date school be run on \$50 per student? Where do 50 children are crowded into so-called school houses? Cannot the city do more? Why would they try to run on less than they do. The average good school will spend between \$75 and \$100 per child. Is it impossible to levy a small tuition fee? Other school systems in our state do it and they get along.

The teacher problem could be taken care of if the administration would follow paths of modern school systems of today. To do this we must cut down the income of the heads of our schools. Why does the County Board continue year after year, to pay the same salaries to husbands make more than enough to support them? Why are principals allowed to hire their wives, when the principals and women are married men and their wife. By a census, there could be enough of these women eliminated to make up for the surplus of 70 teachers who have contracted to hire and now cannot use. There are many married women teaching as a hobby only and not that they need the money. These women are highly educated and very capable of carrying on the work but they are taking the positions which should go to young men and women and married men and women of Miami, who have been to College, training for the teaching profession. The present system is one of the poorest underpaid and unappreciated of all professions and will always be so as long as the present conditions exist. The minimum salary for a teacher is \$2000 per month will receive \$150 a month this year. Of course he will get this every month, but can she do any more with a mind free from worry on this amount? Can a married man keep a family, dress and attend the functions expected of him, on \$150 a month? Make laws which keep his mind free from financial worries on a salary of that size? And that is the minimum. There are many far less than \$150 a month. It is fair to our young teachers for a principal, making \$400 to \$500 per month and his wife drawing \$200 to \$250 per month in the same system? That is giving \$600 to \$750 every month to the one family. Why not award these jobs to worthy single teachers who have trained just as well for the work and really need the money? Married women are naturally more irritable than single women. A psychological fact. They have more responsibilities and naturally have a great deal more outside affairs to occupy their minds.

I know that we all want modern school laws, so why not follow Orlando and other outstanding school systems? The average layman and parent does not give school problems the proper amount of thought. If they did, the present conditions would not exist.

The time has arrived when all taxpayers should get busy, attempt to solve the problems which have confronted our school system for years. Make laws if necessary to cut down the unnecessary expenditure of school money, to encourage rather than discourage the young people to take up the noble missionary work of a teacher.

TAXPAYER.
INTERESTED IN OUR SCHOOLS.
What Others Say
NOT content with trying to get all the city's publicity booklets to print, St. Augustine is taking our Highlanders away from us. As far as we are concerned they can have them but while we are paying the piper we might as well be calling the tune.

The following clipping from the Holdrege Progress, a newspaper published in Phelps County, Nebraska:

It must be understood that the Junior Fair is not on at this time. The fair will not be opened until Wednesday and will continue until Saturday—but the two preceding days will be devoted to amusements and programs of various kinds, chief of which will be concerts by the Highland band.

The Highlanders, for the past few winters, have been the main attraction at St. Augustine, Florida. Since the closing of the winter season they have been playing at larger fairs of the country and the Holdrege engagement is one of the few times they will be heard in this section of the country.

There are twenty-six people in the organization, twenty being directly connected with the band, while six are concert soloists and artists. In voice there will be tenor and contralto of outstanding ability, there will also be a piper and dance, an Xylophone and trombone soloists.

JUST a few kind words from the Elks Magazine anent the convention held here in July: "Florida in July. What will it be like? Let's go and see."

So said thousands of Elks this spring. A few of them, perhaps, were speaking only to themselves, others to their fellow members, but the great majority must have been addressing their households, for one of the features of this

MIAMIANS
Now is the time to have that old plumbing taken out and have new plumbing installed so you will be ready to take care of the large flow of tourists this winter.

Markowitz & Resnick, Inc.
MERCHANT PLUMBERS
2335 N. Miami Ave. Tel. 33456
531 Collins Ave. Miami Beach
Tel. M. B. 6390

64th Grand Lodge Convention and Reunion, held at Miami from July 9 to 12, was the great number of family parties to be met with wherever one turned.

Men, women, and children from the East, North and the far West, most of them making their first visit to a semi-tropical land, came, saw, and were charmed with what they found. For Miami, in January or July, is an ideal convention city. Acre upon acre of beautiful parks; Biscayne Bay, with its brilliant blue and green waters and its never failing breeze; Miami Beach, of splendid homes and hotels, and miles of sand, and warm, creamy Atlantic surf. . . . The Everglades, where the unconquered Seminole Indian established his villages, with their sport (it is in their waters that the mighty tarpon has his home) and their mysteries, now open to the tourist with the completion of the Tamiami Trail. . . . These, to the Convention visitors, meant long, interesting, outdoor days, on foot, in the water, aboard a fishing-boat or behind a steering wheel. And thanks to the many theatres and cabarets, the hospitality of civic and social groups, and the ingenuity of the Convention Committee, no one with a taste for evening entertainment had cause to complain of the variety or quality of the choices offered him.

Every community has certain imponderable attributes which, whether he knows it or not, have their effect upon the visitor. Their sum total may be called the spirit of the city, and this spirit, like an individual's may take many forms. It may be doleful or devil-may-care, discouraged and lackadaisical, or it may be purposeful, courageous and energetic. This obvious fact is mentioned here because, to the writer, the 1928 Convention seemed a peculiarly zestful one, and, searching about for the ingredient which, added to the natural jollity of all Elk gatherings, made the occasion so notable on this score, he believes that he found it in the spirit of Miami.

The city, though now of metropolitan proportions and equipment, and though it has suffered from adverse circumstances, is still pervaded by the courage, energy and resourcefulness which always mark the pioneer and the builder. If one sees, here and there, an incomplete structure on which work was stopped two years ago, or a subdivision project temporarily relinquished to the lush Florida growth, one also sees a busy cheerful populace, and much evidence of new plans to take the place of old ones; plans which have been carefully wrought out and which are backed by an intelligently optimistic belief. Generous as she was with her entertainment, Miami contributed nothing more valuable to the Convention than this fine, contagious spirit of her citizens.

The first arrivals in the city were struck by the beauty of the decorations with which practically every residence, hotel and business building had been embellished in honor of the Order. The colorful mass of flags and bunting which they saw on all sides of them was the first visible result of the twelve months of hard work which the executive committee of Miami Lodge and the All-Florida Convention Committee had indulged in since, at Cincinnati last year, it was voted to hold the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami.

JUST RECEIVED
some of the new shades in brown, and the new green and blue shades, the very latest. Get your suit made to your individual measure from

"EDDIE" STEPHENS
Tailor
231 N. E. 1st St. City Club Bldg.

"Den O Health"
2237 N. E. 2nd Ave.
Turkish Baths and Massage
Expert Masseuses
Open 10 A. M. — 10 P. M.

Palm Garden
SPANISH VILLAGE
Phone M. B. 6651
Open to 2 a. m.—or later

Real Chili Sandwiches Soft DRINKS Etc.

Miami-ians! It's Here—

Tak-Absoost

The WONDER Drink

STORE OPENS 8:00 O'CLOCK Saturday Morning

ABSOLUTELY unlike any drink you have ever tasted before! Try it one time and you will always drink "Tak-Absoost" — a "pep" drink that tickles the palate and invigorates. No carbonated water used—we serve it in plain iced water. Try it today and you will "Tak-Absoost" often!

Served ICE COLD At Our Dispensary!

5c

Don't Forget THE ADDRESS OF OUR FIRST DISPENSARY

19 N. E. Second Ave.
HIPPODROME BUILDING
SOUTHERN TAK-ABOUT CO. 436 S. W. EIGHTH AVENUE

Round the Town with ROD

FOUND, THE OWNER
Bob Crossland found a diamond wedding ring some time ago and now he says that the next one he sees on the street he will kick into the sewer.

WE LOSE A PRINCESS
Princess Zoraida is going to tour the country telling the natives all the secrets of their past life and prospects for the future.

AT TIMES THE DEFENDANT IS RIGHT
A Miami police officer, W. F. Gardner by name, arrested a young man on the charge of driving while intoxicated, and brought him to jail.

INSIST ON GOLDEN WEDDING
THE BEST FRUIT DRINKS IN THE WORLD!
AL ROOT
ACROSS FROM OLYMPIA THEATRE

RED CROSS PHARMACY
51 EAST FLAGLER STREET
Modern women use the most effective means to beauty through specially prescribed Home Beauty Treatments.

ICE MAN'S LIFE
Published Every Now and Then by Peninsular Ice Co., 645 N. W. 13th St.
A Cooling Thought Phone 2-1297

LABOR AND ICE
In celebrating the national holiday dedicated to workers everywhere as a fitting tribute to the Dignity of Labor, did you pause to consider the contribution of Ice, not only in connection with the Labor Day outings but also as a year round producer of income for hundreds of workers here in Miami?

KEEP IT FULL
Keep your refrigerator full of ice. This advice may sound like selfishness, coming from your iceman, but the facts are that it will result in more efficient refrigeration and decrease your expense for ice.

LIKE AIR AND WATER
Occasionally some "smart aleck" may arise to remark that an ice-cooled refrigerator is "old fashioned."

"An occasion coming once each year, and I am going to celebrate"—SAM.

OUR FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

Friends, on this, the Fourth Anniversary of my business, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the many favors accorded me.

Tomorrow I start my sale; take notice of the low prices and you will agree that this is a real celebration for all of us.

SALE CONTINUES FOR ONE WEEK

Free Road Service ANY TIME

WHEN OUT OF GAS OR BLOW-OUT REMEMBER

SAM'S PLACE

BUY TIRES FOR LESS!

"Goodrich," the Greatest Name in Rubber

SAM'S PLACE

Free Road Service TIRES, TUBES and ACCESSORIES GAS, OIL and GREASE

He is about as tall as a Royal palm, and almost as stately. He is actively engaged in civic and charitable work.

ADDED ATTRACTIONS
Jo Astoria, the bird that filled the till at the Antilla, is still going strong.

LIFE UNDER THE OCEAN
Captain Stiles, who chaperons the Se-Bo-M boat to the place where the garden grows, is right on the job these days with a three-times-a-week program.

ON VACATION
Harold Kopplin, who manages the Capitol theatre, took his long yellow roadster and beat it for points unknown.

WATCH YOUR ACCIDENTS
If you must have an automobile accident you want to watch that the car running into you is driven by an adult.

FIRST AID TO HOMECOMERS
The returning vacationist comes home, tired, hungry, thirsty and wondering to himself why he ever left Miami anyhow.

LOW DOWN on the Weeks Happenings
COUNTY and city officials dedicate new courthouse... Elks entertain 7,000 children on beach picnic... Woman dies after fall from auto...

Some Drug Store
Out at N. W. 62nd Street and 22nd Avenue is an interesting spot for tourists.

Well Done, Gables
Dear Mr. Phillips: Obviously your campaign to rout the peddlers of diseased milk is well timed, or, at least it is being carried on before it is too late.

MISSING BEAUTY
Editor Miami Life: Just wondering what has become of the good looking red-head with the pretty smile who was cashier at El Comodoro Hotel.

Princess Zoraida
Now Located at 30 N. E. 2nd Ave. Here for a Short Time Only

Overnight Trip to Nassau on the "Princess Montagu"

COLUMBIA OR VICTOR?
Jo Astoria is now advertising his orchestra as the "Record Breakers."

"I'm off 'em for LIFE!"
JUST as this young lady is off the daily papers for the more entertaining columns of Miami Life, so many advertisers find that this weekly is a good medium in which to display their wares.

Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

COUNTY and city officials dedicate new courthouse... Elks entertain 7,000 children on beach picnic... Woman dies after fall from auto... may be murder... Grand jury to reconvene... may look into county affairs...

spring—up north. The other day I took a trip down to where the fishes play hide-and-go-seek with the coral rocks and sea fans.

A LIVE ORGANIZATION
The liveliest business men's organization in the city at present is the Ad Club.

A GOOD EATING HOUSE
There's two or three ladies operating a place called The Shack, 242 N. E. Second street, who have a strange idea.

NEW THIRST QUENCHER
There are several firms in the city making carbonated and other drinks of the bottled kind but another is starting here with a new kind of thirst quencher.

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If you must have an automobile accident you want to watch that the car running into you is driven by an adult.

Joyous Night Life in its Finer Form
Laughter, Refined Entertainment
Splendid Menus, Dance Music
"All-Miami Nite"
at the Coral Gables Golf & Country Club

SPECIAL DOLLAR DAY BARGAINS!!
Wednesday the 12th - Dainty Pretties for the Kiddies and Hosiery for the Ladies
ROSE BRIER SHOPPE
118 Venetian Arcade

Ain't It the Truth?
It is just Miami hard luck now that there are a number of people coming down as the result of our reception of the Elks and Nobles and our little folder telling everybody how reasonable our prices are to have Sewell start organizing to raise prices by tacking on some fool extra cost to carry out some scheme of his to undo all our representations and displease our visitors when we could give them all the cut when they are coming anyway, and that money spent in some industrial endeavor to stabilize the city would mean so much more—but now that some are coming Sewell wants the credit and the old price boost is on—no doubt now that John Roach Straton is on the way that Sewell will start organizing all the owners of rotten eggs and soft tomatoes so that the price will be up when we regulars need them most—always something to take the joy out of life and place the cost on the regulars and no efforts made to create steady employment—let's have motions in order for quickest disposal of the city's drawback—boost the prices this year and view the reaction. THE SAME OLD STEVE.

WELL, WHAT'S ADMIRAL BEAVERS?
A JEOPARDY sheriff is a man with a badge. A double-jeopardy sheriff carries two guns.

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 2-2481

COLUMBIA OR VICTOR?
Jo Astoria is now advertising his orchestra as the "Record Breakers." We didn't even know the boys had been recording.

PRINCESS ZORAIDA
Now Located at 30 N. E. 2nd Ave. Here for a Short Time Only
"See me before it's too late." OPEN 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M. Daily Except Sunday.

MISSING BEAUTY
Editor Miami Life: Just wondering what has become of the good looking red-head with the pretty smile who was cashier at El Comodoro Hotel. Think Mr. McCreary should enter this party in your contest for good-looking offer help. —An Admirer.

"I'm off 'em for LIFE!"
JUST as this young lady is off the daily papers for the more entertaining columns of Miami Life, so many advertisers find that this weekly is a good medium in which to display their wares. The dailies are good for spot advertising, but Miami Life fills a week-end place that no other paper can. Advertisers know it and that is why we have so many regular patrons for these columns. Before the winter season really opens up you should get acquainted with Life's columns as a show window. Miami Life is read to the last stop, as we said last week. It is read all over, up columns and down columns. Nobody ever misses a line in this paper. So, you can easily see, that these columns should bring results. Phone M. 3-7737 or call at the office, 815-6 Olympia Building A MIAMI LIFE AD IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD