

The Only Hope Of The Wets Is:

That Rotten Liquor Will Soon Kill Off All The Dry Congressmen!

Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

DON'T FORGET!

Racing Is Simply an Added Attraction--Not the Main One!

RLEASE, for the sake of Miami, soft-pedal this stuff about racing for awhile, until it is definitely settled that we are actually assured that we're going to have them. The last three years of boom and bust, hurricanes that couldn't cross Cuba or the Gulf Stream (but did); \$40,000-a-front-foot for Flagler street property, billion-dollar developments in Miami Shores and Coral Gables, thousands of bankrupt restaurants, hundreds of receiverships for our apartments and hotels; hundreds of thousands of dollars in lot investments over the country busted in false promises—all these should make us wary of hokum.

A certain man in this community says there will be racing this next winter.

Well, we made a casual inquiry in the New York racing centers last week, and among the biggest owners and trainers, we find no such optimism.

Here is the consensus of opinion among the real horse men of the country, as gleaned by your editor: "We'd rather race this winter in Miami than any other place in the world. But we're not philanthropists—although we'll go half-way. If the Miami Jockey Club can raise enough to guarantee the meeting—and that will be about \$300,000, which will have to come from either a bond issue or a stock sale—we'll send our horses down. Therefore, we're skeptical about the whole proposition—and can you blame us?"

And it's a cinch that you can't have a horse race without horses. It is hardly believable that horse-racing could be financially successful without some system that would permit that wagering instinct of mankind to risk his judgment on a horse, especially against somebody else's.

Be careful of bold statements! We've charged off—(this little paper we mean), many and many of those bold statements in the last years past as "bad accounts," and so have you. There are very few prominent men, outside of Ed Romfh and Jimmie Gilman and Charlie Leffler and J. E. Lummus, who haven't lent their signatures to such questionable stuff.

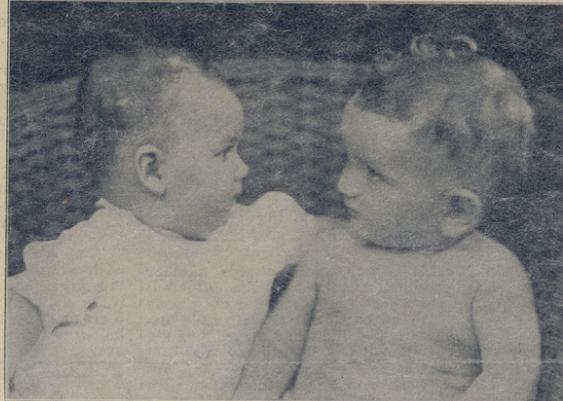
Why make horse-racing our best bet? The hundreds of thousands of people who visit Miami every winter, spending just as good money as the book-makers would take back to New York next year, would testify that it isn't essential. Outside of the three years we had it, Miami managed somehow to be the fastest-growing city in the United States and produces today a skyline that New York City was a couple of hundred years in building.

We've got a community that doesn't depend

upon horse-racing for existence, for the simple reason that we have thrived many years without it. However, we want it. The most famed resorts in the world have done without it—and prospered.

Say, By the Way—?

(As the Gov. of North Carolina said to the Gov. of South Carolina)



"Well, it has been a long time at that!"



—Photos by Biscayne Studios

"Suits Me, Gov!"

But it, at the most, is simply an accessory, and let's not make more of it.

Just about everybody in Miami wants racing—but not in the selfish, promotional manner of the last few years. We do not want duly-elected and duly-honored-by-the-people officers winking at the anti-gambling law of this state, with its corresponding corruption of the ballot, fly-by-nighters reaping the benefits that should go to the paying of our bankrupt municipalities, and ugly stories about

race-track corruption in our state government.

We want racing under the supervision of men who are interested in the racing end, not the promotional end. We do not want racing unless legalized. Legalized racing, legalized wagering, is not a sin. It's fun, and fun that a great many people, mostly clients of ours, are interested in. And for every bank clerk gone wrong, there can be cited a hundred examples of thousands and millions gone right. And besides, the bank clerk would have gone wrong anyway!

But the point we're trying to get at is this:

Don't try to go off half-cocked!

There will be no racing until racing starts. (Not till it gets here will we believe it).

And racing, by no means, means our prosperity—although it is a help. We lived and prospered many years without it, and we lived several years with it—and no one has yet been able to figure out whether it helped or hurt.

This little piece of writing may be vague, but the idea we're trying to convey is these jockey club folks are trying to hook us again—in addition to all we've contributed in the last few years.

The truth about the matter is that the Miami Jockey Club must raise between \$200,000 and \$300,000 by the time of their publicly announced opening date. Can they do it?

There's the problem.

We object to our hopes being dashed to the ground. As the Black Crow (the tall one) said: "I'm sorry the subject ever came up."

Picture to yourself a little boy hungry in front of a table loaded with baked chicken and dressing, creamed gravy—cooked on a red-hot coal stove, molasses baked beans, sweet potatoes, turnips, golden bantam corn, delicious home-made bread, (soggy-yeasty), or corn pones, (which, figuratively speaking, we have everything in the way of life-giving food through our marvelous sunshine and beaches), with all the other trimmings that go with a ten-course meal.

Why stress condiments when real food is what keeps us alive? Instead of a nourishing dinner, are we going to be satisfied with a promised cocktail or two—and get as drunk as we were on the boom collapse?

Drunken speculation, drunken optimism, drunken gullabalism, have reduced us—and seduced us—to the state we are in now.

Let one and all quit being drunkards—and drinking in everything that voluble salesmen try to pour into us.

What Everybody's Asking Today: "What's the Phone Number of the Weather Man?"

Some Pressing Business That Must Be Ironed Out!

TAILORS and pressing and cleaning plant proprietors are up in arms. Last Monday a few wholesale plant owners went down to the meeting of the city commission and in ten minutes the commissioners passed an ordinance for them putting every small dry cleaning shop out of business.

Which brings up the question—How can any small body of men buffalo the commissioners into passing an ordinance in a few minutes when the city departments cannot get an ordinance passed in two years?

At a meeting of the dry cleaners held Thursday night, verbal fireworks marked the proceedings almost from the beginning. The smaller owners found that somebody had put a fast one over and they were just waking up.

The small owners, being what they are, evidently cannot pull together. However, that little rumpus has brought them to their senses and from now on they will begin to watch their step.

It appears that three plants, taking a lesson from Chicago where they have made the dry cleaning business a paying occupation, decided to go one better. In Chicago they blow up one plant at a time to bring the rest to reason. Here these three plants intended to blow up 240 small plants and cleaners in one fell swoop. But they are going to be out of luck.

The city commissioners, on the request of Manager Beckert of the Dry Cleaners' association, passed an ordinance that called for every plant and tailor putting up a \$3,000 bond or bonds. This would eliminate all of them. Then it was the intention of the three firms to raise the price of cleaning a suit to \$2 and rake in all the dough.

The city would get nothing out of the new law but the bondsmen would make a small fortune if a few plants could rake up the necessary money. The city would, in any case, lose about \$6,000 in license fees. Maybe they never thought of that!

At the same time they would be throwing some 600 men out of work and about 200 owners and taxpayers onto the Community Chest line. Fine work by the city officials when you come to sum it up.

On Monday the dry cleaners will try and have the ordinance expunged. Of course, the commissioners will have to kill it as it is one of the most iniquitous ordinances ever passed by the city.

Why should dry cleaners be bonded as to the quality of their work and their ability to adjust claims any more than a hundred other businesses? Why not an ordinance to bond the butcher to guarantee us a tender steak? Why not

a bond to guarantee that the city commissioners would earn their dollar a year? Beckert, who partially engineered the ordinance, was a dry cleaner here who failed in business. He has no standing with the cleaners other than a few who are trying to put one over on the city.

On Monday the matter will be cleaned up. Then it will be up to the flock of individuals in the dry cleaning business to get together, pull together, get a fair price for work done and become something more than an outfit of clothes pressers trying to cut each other's throats.

As for the so-called Dry Cleaners' association, it has no real existence. It has only a few members, and a few less since the attempted coralling of the city's business. Miami dry cleaning is its third industry. Over half a million dollars' worth of work is done in a year, so the business is worth going after.

The tailors and pressers should get some stationery, forms and check systems printed. Every customer should get a receipt for garments and a valuation of such wearing apparel to assist in adjusting claims.

It is a well known fact that a \$3.75 pair of pants will be worth \$12 when a cleaner ruins them. Possibly it would be a good thing to protect the dry cleaners against dishonest customers.

Every cleaner, presser, tailor and what not should be down at the new county courthouse, sixth floor, Monday at three o'clock, to tell the city commissioners they have pulled a boner. Then watch that ordinance blow up!

CAPITOL
SUN. THRU WED.
LAURA LA PLANTE
The Screen's Great
Comedienne, in
"HOME JAMES"
It's a scream!

peared all of a sudden from the lawyer's card case . . . and if his wife or mother-in-law might not be able to explain the mystery . . . ? ? ?

When "Dune" is going to remember what he agreed to do . . . ? ? ?

If the recent rise in the price of home brew at C.'s place is permanent . . . and if he is setting his trap for the collegiate element . . . ? ? ?

How the doctor and his wife spent her dollar on Dollar Day . . . ? ? ?

What the regulars of Miami Beach do during the summer without the spiritual guidance of C. S. C. . . . ? ? ?

Things I'd Like To Know

If the night-watchman on Brickell is really a lookout for the rumbaut that pulls in down the bay . . . ? ? ?

Where the mosquitoes have gone to . . . and if it isn't the most welcome relief in the world . . . ? ? ?

Why Sue felt so badly, and cried so hard when she rushed out on the porch screaming "Oh Marty, It's All Over Now!" . . . ? ? ?

How Bud felt when Sue pulled the night watchman at the club Friday night . . . and what he did to make the grade . . . ? ? ?

How Betty enjoyed the picture show while she was sick . . . and if the operator wasn't glad that he left the fond ones at home . . . ? ? ?

If Addy isn't getting to be more fascinating every day in every way, and what the poor lad is going to do when the last curtain drops . . . ? ? ?

Why Harris spent so much time with his girl's picture on the mantle . . . and from so many angles at that . . . ? ? ?

Why "Rusty" and her friend were so anxious to locate a certain issue of Miami Life . . . ? ? ?

If Kent has again forgotten the Coral Gables address that has been given to him so many times . . . ? ? ?

How the commercial photographer came out with the project for getting his sweetie to pose for some "art" pictures . . . ? ? ?

If Beulah ever found the pair of shoes she was looking for so feverishly . . . and if not, why not . . . ? ? ?

What part of the Everglades the queer citizen who "never heard of Miami Life" has been living in all this time . . . ? ? ?

Why the list of perfectly good telephone numbers disappeared . . . ? ? ?



in the Editor's Mail

DENUDE THE NEWS
Editor Miami Life:
"Ministerial Attack Renewed Against the Nude," says a headline; and over in Tampa Mayor McKay has ordered art books off of public sale; and here in Palm Beach our municipal judge took the same steps when he found out that a local clergyman had bought a different indecent art book at each of 25 news stands. What will Miami do?
HAITCH.

A TEACHER IS HEARD
Editor Miami Life:
I agree with you that the school children of Dade county are up against it this year, and so are the teachers. They too, are supposed to be seen and not heard, that is, outside of the school room. So much has been said by Mr. Fisher and the school board about loyalty to the board. But what about the board's and Mr. Fisher's loyalty to the teachers? The teachers were both loyal and faithful last year, most of them doing the work of two teachers for one's pay and doing without a part of that; yet keeping cheerfully at it.

Now this is what the teachers get in return for their faithfulness—

1. An extra month of work without one cent extra pay.
2. Seventy-one teachers are asked to resign, when it is impossible to get a place to teach elsewhere at this late date.
3. The same crowded conditions of last year, only more so with the loss of so many teachers.
4. The pay they received in eight months to extend over 12 months, a decrease of 33 1/3 per cent per month at the time when living expenses in Miami are highest. This decrease may not affect the more highly paid principals or the special teachers, but it does affect the classroom teacher.

It is true that the teachers at a meeting of their organization, passed resolutions recommending that the Board pay them the year round at the same rate per month as they were then getting; since the board requires that they attend summer school at least once every three years. Also they asked for a nine months school term. But they had no idea that the board would take their eight months salary and cut it into 12 parts. Why pay a stenographer to make out checks for three months in the summer, when the same amount has been paid during the school term? Neither did they expect an extra month to work with no extra pay.

Maybe we are more interested in raising the educational standards of Dade county than we are in our checks, as Mr. Fisher has recently said, but we are human, and we have to live—and we like a square deal just the same as other people. I haven't heard of Mr. Fisher setting such an altruistic and benevolent example for us to follow, except to the tune of a \$1,500 raise, later to suffer a cut of half of that amount.

The most we could expect was a \$5 per month raise or \$40 per year, and nobody has gotten that in the last two years; not even for doing double work.

Many of the teachers live at home during the summer and need their money. While they are teaching, especially if they have to be out of school for sickness or any reason, as their salary is docked to pay for a substitute.

Why couldn't the board have left well enough alone if they couldn't give the teachers what they asked for? They deserve some consideration. Also if they

couldn't afford to pay for an extra month of school, why not cut the salaries just enough to take care of the extra month?

5. Not being satisfied with cutting the salaries into 12 parts, the school board ties strings to the last three payments.

Every teacher who has not attended school since September, 1926, forfeits the three summer months pay if she does not attend school during the summer of 1929.

6. If a teacher is forced to leave school before the term is over she gets no part of the three months summer pay. The teacher taking her place gets it.

Now this is neither right nor fair. Each teacher should get her part according to the time each teaches.

7. Every teacher has to take his or her turn teaching in the free summer schools, without any extra compensation. I have never heard of a thing like this in any modern school.

8. Last but not least, the disorganizing or trying to disrupt the classroom teachers organization by firing their president, a jealous and cowardly act on the part of Mr. Fisher.

I attended the meetings of this organization, and never once did I hear a word that would spread discontent among the teachers; nor was there anything said or done that would hurt the feelings and good of the schools and teachers.

Mr. Fisher was jealous and afraid of Mr. Gray's growing popularity and broader knowledge of school affairs and things in general. His ego could not stand it. Therefore he got rid of a man who dared have an idea that was not handed out to him by the superintendent.

It was known at the beginning and all during the year that Mr. Fisher opposed our organization. His actions proved it. Hence the hard-boiled attitude, rules and regulations the board has laid down for us this year. In other words, we have been put in our places.

The board may not be blamed for the lack of money, but it is to be blamed for the feeling of discontent and the general spirit of unfairness that is in the schools today.

Again, I say the teachers in Dade county must be seen and not heard. If he or she has an idea they had better look it in the superintendent's recesses of their minds, and never let it come to light or they, too, will see the "Gray" handwriting on the wall—or hear these words: "The board does not see fit to re-employ you." Although the teachers and schools lost a friend in the firing of Mr. Gray, it exposed the high-handed tyrannical acts of our highest school officials. There are others that could be exposed.

A greater part of the 71 teacher overflow, and later to be a shortage problem after the year is over, is due to the giving the principals something to do to earn the extra money that is paid them, or else reduce their salaries enough to take care of a part of these 71 teachers. Why couldn't a principal teach a grade and still attend to his duties as principal? It would be no more work than the average classroom teacher does, and probably will have to do again this year. Hasn't she had to do two teachers' work on one-half to one-third the amount of a principal, without any choice in the matter?

It is the classroom teacher who does the work in the schools, plodding on year after year, a galley slave, but with never a voice or a choice in anything. I have been both principal and classroom teacher and am writing from experience. This letter is written with the hope of bringing about a closer understanding between the general public and the classroom teacher and her problems—and with the hope that the teachers of Dade county will again form their organization in spite of the opposition that exists, and that they will in turn gain for themselves the recognition that is rightfully theirs. For it is the classroom teacher who actually does the work of educating your child and mine.

A CLASSROOM TEACHER.
P. S.: I cannot sign my name because I have to teach this year, but I hope you can find a space in your paper for this letter or else use the information therein in an article of your own.

I have been closely connected with the schools for the past eight or ten years, and have never before written an opinion; but after reading the last two issues of Miami Life and after talking with many of the teachers, I decided to write your paper.

It took your paper to open the people's eyes and get them to take the city of Miami out of the hands of one man.

Our schools are run by two men—Mr. Filer and Mr. Fisher. Maybe the job is too big for them—at any rate there's something wrong with the schools, and your paper can do more than anything else to find out what it is. One thing we know is too much politics.

In all modern schools there are separate boards of education—out of town and city. Also county and city superintendents. A change there might help some. Principals are supposed to be highly educated men and women with college degrees. You will find them all over Miami with little or no college training, but with a big pull with the board and superintendent. I have known Yale and Harvard graduates who failed to get in the schools.

We ask your help in working out the problems.

A Taxpayer and Teacher in the Dade County Schools.

peared all of a sudden from the lawyer's card case . . . and if his wife or mother-in-law might not be able to explain the mystery . . . ? ? ?

When "Dune" is going to remember what he agreed to do . . . ? ? ?

If the recent rise in the price of home brew at C.'s place is permanent . . . and if he is setting his trap for the collegiate element . . . ? ? ?

How the doctor and his wife spent her dollar on Dollar Day . . . ? ? ?

What the regulars of Miami Beach do during the summer without the spiritual guidance of C. S. C. . . . ? ? ?

HOW long it will be before Joe does some more singing for the hometown folks . . . ? ? ?

WHY Pete left the patio so early Tuesday night . . . and where he went after he took his girl home . . . ? ? ?

HOW Bud felt after he'd pushed that big bag around for three rounds . . . and if he didn't look rather dampish . . . ? ? ?

WHY Sue and Marty haven't been down at the ole swimmin' hole for two or three days . . . ? ? ?

IF Marty is as pleased over having sold the old homestead as she makes out to be . . . and if she won't miss living in the country . . . ? ? ?

WHO it was at Art's table that used the listerine Tuesday night . . . ? ? ?

WHO was responsible for the abolishment of the fish-tail wiggle . . . and if it wasn't the best move that could have been made . . . ? ? ?

HOW much brew Murray managed to put away Thursday night . . . and if it was as good as he anticipated . . . ? ? ?

HOW long Ralph will stick it out at Pittsburgh . . . and if the gang aren't hoping he makes the grade and has a dandy time of it . . . ? ? ?

WHAT detained Bud Friday morning in meeting Gin at the train . . . and how it felt to see her again . . . ? ? ?

IF Rusty is as worried as she makes out to be . . . and if she really means what she said about the bicycle . . . ? ? ?

WHAT Ann will say about the new girl . . . ? ? ?

WHEN Don Q. is going north . . . ? ? ?

WHAT Merrill Johnson is doing since the constable fired him . . . ? ? ?

WHY Tony calls on Judge Gorman every Wednesday . . . ? ? ?

TO SEE BETTER
—SEE—
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Lucky we had a Telephone

—Said Jim as he hung up the receiver, "or I'd still be out of a job. Just had a call to report for work in the morning."

The other side of the picture: a busy contractor needed fifty men in a hurry. . . . "get them by telephone - it's the easiest and quickest way" . . . the natural order from a modern business man with no time to hunt up those out of instant reach.

You will always be within instant reach if you have a telephone. . . . and a telephone costs but a few cents a day. Any employee of the company can take your order.

the whole evening. Nothing new, it has done it before.

These beasts multiply rapidly. I had it played on me last Friday night, and never again. I'll stay away.

These entertainments are a delight, and to the credit of the Chamber of Commerce and the entertainers.

I understand this bowl seats about 5,000 or 6,000 people. Is it not possible for the Chamber of Commerce to rope off say 500 seats in the center front, have two ushers in charge, make a suitable admission fee to include a grass cushion to make one's stay more comfortable, and thereby give those who are not particularly desirous of rubbing up against "seat hogs" a retreat? At the same time it would yield a little profit to the chamber, which I presume could be used to good advantage.

N. F.

EX-MEMBER IS SPANKED
Editor Miami Life:
I would appreciate your publishing the following in answer to the letter you published in your paper September 9, regarding Rev. Smith:
To the Ex-Member of the Olympia Bible Class:
I don't blame you for signing in the above manner, if my skull was so thick that I would misinterpret an honorable Christian gentleman's statement, in the manner that you did, and then be unjust to the extent of criticizing a man that has and is carrying on such a wonderful work in and around Miami, that is for the uplift and betterment of all. Which work is absolutely free from politics. I would not show my face, much less sign my name.
J. W. BRAMLITT.

THAT BIG HOUSE
Well, I visited the jails in the Administration building, City hall, Court house, County building or what have you.

I read that the steel in the jails is *too* proof. I'll bet it is *fool* proof too. And as far as the *tool* proof (or *fool* proof) steel is concerned, I guess it is *steal* proof also.

Well, anyway, I accompanied a young lady and gentleman through from the top floor down to the 15th, and what they were mostly interested in was the *padded cell*, and seemed very much chagrined when they were told there wasn't one.

Some padded cells will be needed in there for temporary cases if some of us don't get our money hooks on some cash this winter season, and maybe the national campaign for election will send some of the "daffies" on the subject of religion to the "skyscraper hoosegow," awaiting transfer to Chattahoochee, the place where they go after "chatting" over the poison "hooch." That is how it got its name, Chattahoochee.

More people have gone crazy over religion than over bum booze, however.

Well, anyway, to come down (I

No, We Dare Not!
Editor Miami Life:
After the meeting addressed by Dr. John Roach Straton in Bayfront Park the other evening, on his way down to the station he stopped in an ice cream place to get himself a soda. He kicked loudly about the price charged; I heard him say that it was highway robbery. Where were the reverend gent's friends, that they didn't escort him to his train? I know that most of the people of Miami were glad when he left. I consider him a traitor to his church and country, and it was a lucky thing for him that policemen were stationed in the park that night. If they hadn't been, he would never have finished his speech. I saw and overheard a crowd that would have bombarded him with rotten eggs and tomatoes if they had not been watched. Let the ministers tend to their churches instead of politics, I say. I am a reader of your paper and dare you to publish this.
HARRY GREEN.

START PLAYING A SAX
To the Editor:
This is passing strange. How do you account for it?
The other week, you'll recall, I unburdened my soul on the subject of Sunday morning radio broadcasting, and urged the reverend conductor and other promoters of the Men's Bible Class to warn habitual listeners-in against the practice of turning on loud speakers that can be heard for three city blocks, thus disturbing the day-of-rest peace of those in the neighborhood quite without interest in the Olympia theater proceedings. It's bad enough any time!

Despite Miami Life's reputation for wielding a mighty editorial influence, in my tortured neighborhood at least nothing has been done towards alleviating this public nuisance. How come—how come? The situation reminds me of the wartime ode:

Said the kaiser, "It's certainly odd, When I give my imperial nod, My foes do not fly, I cannot tell why— I must write a sharp letter to God!"
R. M. M.

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BAYFRONT SEAT HOGS
Editor Miami Life:
There is a new sort of animal running around Miami, and for lack of a better name I will call it the "seat hog."

Its principal form of rooting is at the bayfront entertainments each Friday night. It gets in just before the program is to start, walks directly down to the front of the bowl, looks over the situation, finds a bench just suitable for seven people to sit in comfort, seven people who have been there an hour in order to get a favorable seat and be comfortable, and seeing a little space between two people where possibly a thin cat might stand, it proceeds to root in and make everyone uncomfortable for

ATWATER-KENT
—and—
R C A RADIOS
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mean up) to the jails, both city and county, my chief interest in looking them over was to plan some means of escape, should I ever be foolish enough to get myself in there. I asked a workman about the exits, and he was mummer with three oysters, except to say (with a villainous chuckle) that there was less chance of getting out of there than a snowball in hades.

The only exit I saw was out through an open window twenty-four stories above the hard and solid, and I don't mean *detective*. Even that window will be barred after the birds are in the cage.

And can you fancy me making an early Sunday morning inspection of jails? The jails are nearer heaven than any church in Miami, and (with the exception of plenty airplane trips) that was about as near heaven as I (and many others) will ever get, so am glad I went up there.

Some of the criminals that they will put up there are nice and high, so that they can get a good start downward on the greased-toboggan slide into hell. Now is that nice? I ask you.

Yes, sir—ee! The only way to get out of there is to *stay* out in the first place.

Believe me, I'm going to watch the red lights, the parking signs and the speedometer so that I can stay out of that jail both of 'em), and if it is going to take half of any policeman's time watching me, then it will take all my time watching him.

Criminals may be *low*, but Miami's best and *highest* type men and women will soon be looking up to them, and the prisoners looking down on the higher-ups, if you get what I mean. And not only that. Speaking of morals, the lower they are the higher they go and the higher they are the lower they stay.

That beautiful big shaft of steal and convict (I mean steel and concrete) is the only lodging in Miami that will be *open* the year 'round and at the same time will be *shut* up.

Lawfully yours,
VICTOR HOPE.

THAT POSTOFFICE SITE
Editor Miami Life:
Why in the Sam Hill is it that Harry Platt and Mayor Sewell are taking such a stand in placing the postoffice site? Platt is sponsor for the boulevard at Eleventh street, and Sewell pulling for the Model Land Co. site, between the Ingraham building and the Royal Palm hotel. Is there a reason? This site that is offered is owned by the F. E. C. railroad, and with their money can pull any thing their way, but the location for a postoffice is a bad one, and would work a hardship on the masses. In getting to it, as the site is in one corner of the city with no car or bus lines near, I think, like a lot of other do that it would be a crime to place the new postoffice on either site, as both of the sites they are working for are too close to the bay. The city will have to grow west. They should be neutral, so long as they were elected by the people, and some of the property owners, who have submitted their property to the government. I think they would have their hands full if they would only look after the things they were selected to do.
WALTER E. McCULLOCH.

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Greeby To Rescue
Popular House Guest Will Save Hotel and Apartment House Owners From Suffering; Plans For a 12-Months Season and Plenty of Funds

MR. R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, heated rival of Mayor Ev Sewell, informs Miami Life that he, and not the mayor, has the best plans for uplifting of hotel and apartment-house owners.

"I have the best plans," said Mr. Greeby, resting comfortably and quietly in the Dade County Republican club headquarters, "but I do not care for no publicity. Hotel owners and apartment house landlords do not have to do no more worrying if they listen to me. Heretofore they had set fire to their joints to get enough to pay summer interest. They still can get the insurance and also fatten up by merely signing a contract with me.

"Instead of causing the winter season to interfere with the good old summer time, as our curly-haired mayor suggests, I will have all the said landlords, owners, and foreclosers list their names with me. Then each summer I shall get them jobs with the street car company as motormen or else they can do like the Miami Beach men and get a job with the city at \$4.80 per day. "You would be surprised at what \$4.80 a day means to a large hotel man. Take Sam McCreary of the El Comodoro for instance.

I bet he wished he had \$4.80 a day, which he can have by merely paying me a small fee for a good position in the summer time, and if all the boys, including Gus Mueller, do this, we can have a very prosperous summer without giving Pete Yoder a vacation or the Royal Palm hotel two or three hundred just to have a new paved street put in."

"Mr. Greeby," said the reporter, "don't you think you are a little too enthusiastic about getting jobs for all these men?"

"I'm enthusiastic! Never! I'm a Democrat and will continue to vote the Al Smith ticket. Just consider the boom we had here

THE ROMAN FURNITURE & MANUFACTURING CO.
Located at 1301 N. W. 7th Ave.
ANNOUNCES
The Opening of a
Repairing and Refinishing Department
In conjunction with their Furniture Factory
This work will be handled by experienced men.
For Estimates Call 20297

NO—we did not make the Mattresses for the City and County jails—and it will interest you to know that the **MIAMI MATTRESS COMPANY**, a Miami establishment for eleven years, is the only factory south of Jacksonville that is equipped to manufacture genuine **FELT MATTRESSES**. When you buy our Felt Mattresses from the dealer you get exactly what you pay for. We guarantee all our work as represented.

"When buying a Mattress—look for our label!"
MIAMI MATTRESS COMPANY
2115 N. W. 4th Court Phone 4096

in 1925. I voted four times for what was the name of that man which ran on the Democrat ticket? Anyway, we voted for him and Florida lots sold for higher prices than Hialeah rye.

"The trouble with the men who say they can't conscientiously vote for Al Smith account of him being so long on the New York payroll is that most of the can't-voters have forgot to register and are just holding out for a paid-in-hand poll-tax receipt."

"Yes," laughed Little Geraldine, Mr. Greeby's adopted daughter, "that's about all you do." Greeby, with a cleverly placed right foot, ordered Little Geraldine baptized by Dr. Straton. The child got away and hadn't been seen since.

"Hotel men," said Mr. Greeby, cleverly plucking a choice cigar from the waste basket, "are entitled to more consideration from the public, and the public should see that they get some jobs each year instead of going up in the Adirondacks and managing small places which only charge guests \$12 a day. Look at poor Carl Fisher. Don't he have to go up to Montauk Point and start a boom in order to get enough money to open up his beach hotels? And Bowman, don't he have to operate a race track in Havana in order to get enough money to give 'Doc' Dammers banquets? The public should be more responsive."

"Yes," said Mrs. Greeby, tossing a couple of free bricks at her house. "But I bet you wish you had what the hotel men owe."

Mr. Greeby and the reporter both left in opposite directions.

EAT AT THE Red Cross
BREAKFAST LUNCH and DINNER 45c
20c to 40c
BEST SODAS IN TOWN
RED CROSS SODA GRILL
In Red Cross Pharmacy
E. F. Culley, Prop.

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20c to 40c
BEST SODAS IN TOWN
RED CROSS SODA GRILL
In Red Cross Pharmacy
E. F. Culley, Prop.

The Center of Interest
In Miami's Night Life

Coral Gables Golf and Country Club

Monday Nite is "Community Nite" with special program, dining and dancing, open to all at usual rate of

ADMISSION \$1.00 PER COUPLE

It's a Great Life

I met her at a nightclub.
She would come
And sit at the table—
And take a drink—
From which
She probably got
A commission,
And a headache.
She said she worked
Hostessing
Until four a. m.
And I asked her
If she made dates
After that hour.
No, she said,
She wasn't nightclubbing
To make dates;
She was trying to
Earn enough to
Pay the rent.
And she told me
That she had to
Get up at six
In the morning,
And cook breakfast
For three boarders,
And put up lunch
For two others.
That way,
And hostessing
Kept the family larder
Pretty well supplied.
It seems
That you never just
Can tell,
What a smiling hostess
Is doing for a living.
Evidently they add
A bit of cheer
To the boys who
Go out at nights.
And evidently
They get an awful pain
Sometimes
From doing the hostessing.
But after I praised
And told her
She was beautiful,
She just laughed
And said
Miamians all talked
The same language,
And would I
Excuse her,
As she had to go home,
And put the grits
On the fire
For her boarders.

LITTLE-MY-PEOPLE

(A song no one will understand)
If there were not you and you
and you and you,
Little-my-people,
Standing all wistful-eyed with-
in my heart,
I'd string the topaz stars upon a
necklace
And have the sunset for a scar-
let dart!
I'd dance wild polkas in a twi-
lit meadow,
With gnomes and elves and oth-
er tiny folk
All clothed in glitter-dust and
golden sun-glow,
And call rain-sprites to put the
world to soak!
I'd wander far away on gypsy
by-roads
And talk in the sweet cadences
of dreams;
But there are you and you and
you and you,
Little-my-people,
And I must stay at home and
knit, it seems!
—PAM O' THE PALMS

What Others Say

THE B. & M. SAYS—
(From Boston "Neighborhood News" in
Life)

The B. & M. Railroad has
come right out with official
government statistics that Boston
has better year-round weather
than Miami. Now what Boston
needs is a Chamber of Climate.

MARVELOUS, SHERLOCK!
(From the St. Petersburg Times)

The mayor of Miami having
"surveyed" his city finds that it
wants racing and announces that
it shall therefore have racing. As
Miami or any other city cannot
support any kind of racing except
that gambling be a part of the
sport, and as any form of gam-
bling is contrary to the laws of
Florida, it is not difficult to un-
derstand that Miami proposes to
assault the laws of its state this
winter, again.

UNDULANT FEVER
(John Temple Graves II in Jacksonville
Journal)

Several cases of the strange
undulant fever or Brucella-
Abortus infection discovered in
Dade county have been diagnos-
ed as contracted from drinking
raw milk which had been infec-
ted. As a result an agitation for
milk pasteurization has begun.
The wise community, however,
is the one which agitates before,
not after, the fact.

Round the Town
with
ROD

BUDDING MILLIONAIRES
The city is placing a number
of policemen in service to take
care of school children. They
will be under the jurisdiction
of the traffic director and will
have to be on duty each day
when the school opens, at the
noon hour, and when the school
closes. That's about three hours
a day.
And the pay will be \$10 a
week.
Now \$10 a week is not a
heck of a lot of money. Nor is
three hours a day a lot of time
to spend upon the job, but the
work occupies almost the whole
of the day.
I might suggest that these
policemen, when they are not
chaperoning kids to the school
ground might be well occupied
if they were making homebrew
on the nearest vacant lot.
They might put up a drink
stand and use the profits to
help the weekly pay envelope to
get fattened up. That would be
all right as no school child
would drink homebrew, it isn't
strong enough.

MINUS \$10,000
When Mr. Sewell took \$10,000
of the industrial fund money to
partially finance his apartment
house scheme, he hurt the feel-
ings of several individuals who

Low Down
on the Weeks Happenings

THIRTY-FIVE foot harbor for Miami secures backing * * *
Horsemen continue to reserve stables for winter racing
season * * * Havana plane service inaugurated * * * Former
owner of Al Capone's Palm Island home sues for repossession
* * * Schools get ready for opening * * * Chamber of Com-
merce and public library to utilize old city hall * * * County
gets new mattresses for new jail . . . and gets something else
besides what they ordered * * * Oranges and grapefruit hit
high prices . . . more precious than eggs * * * Spanish-
American war veterans getting ready for trip to Havana on
Princess Montague * * * A. O. Moore loses out in recent re-
count fight against Jim Flood for clerk of the criminal court * * *
Prisoners at stockade to enter new jail September 21 * * *
West Indian hurricane passes up Miami * * * Liquor market
quiet . . . rough seas . . . look out for advance in prices * * *
The aquarium, former Prins Valdemar, securing good collec-
tion of fish * * * Jewish New Year celebrated by faithful
* * * Miami Beach still enjoying building boom * * * Fights
at Miami Coliseum Monday * * * Pete Desjardins, Olympic
diving champion, receives warm home-coming * * * Politicians
somewhat dormant . . . Republicans threatening to enter com-
plete county and state ticket, while Democrats give them the
ha-ha * * * Hollaman school not to re-open . . . lack of funds
the cause * * * Battle Creek, South, re-opens for season with
improved facilities * * * Editor Wendler of Hialeah Herald
again in fight * * * Football season officially opens today
* * * Vacationists coming back fast * * * Business conditions
show improvement * * * Dollar Day great success * * * MORE
NEXT WEEK.

Oh, Mr. Gray!

(The Weather Man at the
Telephone)

"Mr. Gray, this is Mrs. Smith,
one of the Smith family. Can
you tell me what to do with my
chickens in case of a storm? Should
I put up chicken netting, or let
my husband watch them?"
"Oh, Mr. Gray. Do these
storms sour my husband's baby,
and five of the canned variety."
"Mr. Gray? Say, old man, do
you think these hurricanes will
cause Barcardi to rise in price?
If so, I'll make another batch."
"This is the weather office?
Should I sell my Hialeah lot
now or do you think it will
bring a better price after the
storm?"
Hello! Say, do you think I
can take my girl out in the
canoe during the storm? She
can't swim a stroke."
"Forecaster? Why the devil
don't you keep your weather
reports out of the paper? Tell
the people about the climate
instead of these bum hurricanes!"
"Mr. Gray? Listen, I saw in
the almanac published by Bris-
tol of London, that the West
Indies were to have a hurricane
on September the 14th. Do you
think we'll have it?"
"Mr. Gray? Where can I get
a barometer cheap, and do you
think I can trade a couple of old
tires for it?"
"Mr. Gray? Say, leave the
damn old hurricane come. It
may raise the mortgage on my
house."

believe that Miami has an in-
dustrial future.

The Co-Operative Business
Men's Association, a body very
much interested in the industrial
future of the city, are particu-
larly annoyed about the appropria-
tion being made.

I don't think a great lot about
the industrial bureau myself.
In fact, from B. B. Freeland, who
is the head of it, right down the
line, I don't believe there is a
man connected with it who gives
a whoop about industry, or who
knows anything about going
after industrial prospects for
the city.

If any do know they manage
to keep the fact well hidden.

Therefore, as the lawyers
would say, the \$10,000 taken
from the industrial fund might
be doing just as much useful
work in boosting up rents as it
would in trying to bring a pay-
roll here.

We don't need industries. All
we need is high rents.

Now get a piece of paper and
work it out for yourself.

THE BUSY SCORPION

There seems to be a whole lot
of scorpions about this year.
More than usual. And they are
a perfect nuisance in some
houses these days.

I managed to get stung by
one the other day and it felt
like being pierced by a red-hot
needle. Not that I am in the
habit of having a red-hot needle
pushed into my finger, but I
imagine that it would feel that
way.

The best antidote is ammonia
poured freely over the stung
part. That takes the throb
away and kills the acid venom
that is considered very poison-
ous.

Men have been known to die
after being stung by scorpions,
but the cases are very rare. It
sometimes raises a swelling, but
prompt treatment with a strong
alkali will stop any danger of
poisoning.

But, at that, it is foolish to
let the little pests coil their tails
into some part of your anatomy.

HOW COME?

Last November Carolyn Wolfe
and Frances Butt were knocked
down and severely injured by a
city automobile driven by a
negro prisoner of the city jail.
The accident happened at the
corner of Miami avenue and
Flagler street and the police-
man on traffic duty there was
also knocked to one side by the
car.

When the case for damages
came up last week before Judge

WHY HAS
JACK TAYLOR
dynamic songbird
of the south
come to the
Moulin Rouge

because they have the
BEST show
BEST orchestra
BEST dance floor
BEST music
BEST lighting effects
BEST cuisine
BEST prices
BEST clientele
BEST entertainers
BEST decorations
BEST cooling system
BEST of everything
NO COUVERT CHARGE
GINGER ALE
WHITE ROCK 50c
ICE
N.E. 2nd Ave.-65th St.
Phone 9127

Rose, verdict for the defendant,
in this case the City of Miami,
was given on an instructed find-
ing and without the jury leav-
ing the box.

The city, I am told, offered to
pay \$2,500 to Carolyn Wolf as
compensation, but the trial was
so near the offer was refused.
The case will be taken to a high-
er court.

At the time of the accident it
was known that the car was a
city one, the driver a city pris-
oner who was a trusty, and the
accident the result of absolute
carelessness.

Why the peculiar verdict?

A GOOD NIGHT CLUB

With the idea that a night
club can be run without making
a bankrupt of its customers, the
Moulin Rouge is drawing good
crowds nightly. There is no
admittance charge, no covert
charge, and all other charges
are so moderate that I don't
know how they get away with
it and still keep running.

A good entertainment is sup-
plied twice each night, with
plenty of peppy dancing and
some singing that is worth
money to hear. Mae Ashford
gets lots of applause because
she deserves it and Joseph Las-
celle, who used to be at the
Coral Gables Country Club with
Jan Garber's orchestra, gives
several songs that bring down
the house.

Lots of pep, plenty real
amusement, good music—what
do you need further? Try a
night out there and you'll be-
come a regular patron.

THE LOWDOWN

I got the lowdown on that city
car deal when 43 Chevrolets
were ordered. It appears that
the city manager gave the order
for the Chevvy's. He wanted to
standardize all the city equip-
ment. The police department is
using Fords because of the su-
perior speed.

Not only did the city buy
these cars, but they painted them
at a cost of \$11 per. Thus do-
ing some good paint shop out of
a job. Then the Goodrich tires
were taken off and swapped for
Lee tires, the tire the city is us-
ing as a standard.

The city would have bought
hubometers at an extra cost of
some \$30 if someone had not
mentioned that the ordinary
speedometer could be sealed and
the hubometers could not.
Somebody in the city department
is terribly dumb.

The Ford, Whippet and Essex
cars were offered at low rates.
The Whippet was the cheapest,
Ford next, then Chevrolets and
then the six-cylindered Essex.
But bids should never have been
sent in, for the Chevvy's were
already chosen as the standard
car.

And that's all there is to it.

HIALEAH INVESTIGATED

Once again Hialeah is com-
ing in for a lot of publicity—
such as it is

An organization has been
formed in that city for the pur-
pose of throwing the existing
city government into the discar-
d. The organization is called
the Hialeah Taxpayers associa-
tion.

With a lot of earnest workers
willing to spend the few dimes
they have left, this organization
is trying to clean up the situa-
tion that has developed in Hia-
leah during the last few years.

The officials have an audit
made of the financial standing
of this city. This audit adds the
interest payable on improve-
ment bonds as an asset—just to
make things balance. A small
matter of \$29,000 is unaccount-
ed for and all efforts are being
made to trace this item down.

So far it has developed that the
money was paid to a fiscal agent
but the agent doesn't seem to
know anything about it.

From accounts made public
the bears of Hialeah have been
living high on bread, milk and
eggs. Some \$650 has been ex-
pended in keeping bruin from
starving to death.

Well, perhaps the investiga-
tion will clear the atmosphere
and bring about a better and
more amenable outfit of civic
officials to run this rather im-
portant racing city.

PROTECT THE NURSES

Last week a nurses' registry
was called up on the telephone,
a hard luck story of a wife about
to be confined and a doctor
waiting for the help of a nurse
given to the superintendent, and
the end of that story was a ter-
rible affair.

A young nurse, a married
woman with a fifteen-month
baby, was sent out on the call.
The man who made the call
drove the nurse to a quiet spot,
made her undress at the point
of a gun, disrobed himself and
committed an assault on her
body that calls for capital pun-
ishment in this state. This nurse
suffered for three hours and
only the thought of her child re-
strained her from goading her
attacker to kill her.

Six months ago the same thing
happened with a nurse from
Coral Gables. The same man
made the call with a similar plea
for help. There is a report that
the same man, Norman Small,
was sent to an insane asylum
for a similar attack in Indian-
apolis.

Now no nurse will be sent out
on night duty outside the city.
If someone is suffering he can
die, perhaps, before we can get
the help of a trained nurse, and
all because a beast has been al-
lowed to get away with it for
at least the third time. There
may be more, police declare.

Nurses of the city demand
that this man be sent to the
chair. If he is allowed to escape
again some other woman is go-
ing to suffer, for he will not
change his ways. He has been
confined in the Florida state as-
ylum for the insane. They kept
him there only a short time. He
is a danger every moment he is
a free man.

We must protect our nurses
so that we can protect the lives
of those we love. If any of our
kin die because we cannot se-
cure the services of a nurse we
are going to be wrathful. The
nurses will not be to blame—but
the terrible beast whose great-
est kick in life seems to come
from destroying a woman un-
der compulsion, will be respon-
sible.

If he is insane put him away
for good and all. If he is not—
the chair!

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Miami Life is read—not skimmed.
How oft you've heard that said;
The only ones who pass it up
Are those ones that are dead.

DEMAND
OLD LOG
CABIN

LAST night they came for me again,
L Come laughing down the wind and rain,
With luresome treasures in their hands—
Red lacquer from decaying lands,
Blue tassels from a lost queen's gown,
Gold fragments of a dead king's crown.
I went outside, away from pain,
When they came calling me again.

If they come calling me once more,
I'll quench my fire, throw wide the door,
And follow them across the night—
Across the hills 'way out of sight,
Aboard the great Black Pirate's ship
To make a long eventful trip,
Away from earth's dull humdrum shore—
If they come calling me once more!

—JUNONIA.

Who Calls?

LAST night they came for me again,
L Come laughing down the wind and rain,
With luresome treasures in their hands—
Red lacquer from decaying lands,
Blue tassels from a lost queen's gown,
Gold fragments of a dead king's crown.
I went outside, away from pain,
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Away from earth's dull humdrum shore—
If they come calling me once more!

—JUNONIA.

Cruelty to Males

HE is a nice, tanned, clean-cut boy, and all the ladies like
him. Some time ago he was on the golden beach watching
the waves break on the shore when a rather good looking miss
blew into the picture.

As they were slightly acquainted they got to chatting about
this and that and discovered they had mutual friends. The af-
ternoon passed quite pleasantly.

As she was leaving she invited him to her apartment for
afternoon tea and a further talkfest on mutual friends—any
afternoon would do.

So, one afternoon, finding time hanging heavy on his hands,
and having nowhere in particular to go, and nothing in particu-
lar to do—he decided that a cup of tea would be in order.

And he arrived at her apartment and found her in.
Afternoon tea was delightful. They talked and talked. And
that was all. It was one of those platonic friendships that
often crop up when people come from the same state and know
a lot of the same people.

But five o'clock came and he had to get back on the job.
Then he began to take his leave, thanking her for a pleasant
afternoon.

What did she do but walk over and lock the apartment door.

He wanted to know the reason, and she told him. She in-
formed him that if he tried to get out she would yell her head
off and declare that he had attacked her.

He was in a quandary. What could he do? He was per-
fectly all right and above board, but such a threat, if made good,
would land him in jail.

For half an hour he puzzled it all out.

Then he asked her for a drink of ice water.

While she was in the kitchenette securing the cooling liquid
he took the bull by the horns and jumped out of the second-
story window.

Next time any young lady asks him out to afternoon tea
he is going to give a very definite "NO!" to the proposition.

EDITOR'S MAIL

HE HAS A FRIEND

Dear Sir's
I am no writer or Composer,
therefore I beg of you to express
your feelings in behalf of Dr.
Straten who give us such a good
talk in Bay-Front Park the other
Evening. The Daily News in their
Wednesday Paper spoke so abrupt
about him, and he did not deserve
it for he told nothing but the
truth and proved it. I thing Mayor
Sewell did the wrong thing by not
introducing such a noble man, but
of course what can you expect of
a Mayor like him. If it was a talk
about Tourists etc he would have
been on the Job. Since the Miami
Daily News got their paper out
right after the Shrine Convention,
I have had no Daily News in my
home, I suppose you remember it,
in regard to the SHINERS KILL
WOMAN or something to that ef-
fect. Naturally after the Shrine
Convention, every one took it for
granted, in a glance it was
SHRINERS and not SHINERS.
They did this in order to sell their
paper. It was a dirty Trick, but
what can you expect of such
people? Please grant this request.
and give Dr. Straten a good Peppy
Writ up.

ALICE PATTON.
Coral Gables.

THESE SMITHS

Editor Miami Life:
Was sorry to have missed the
fireworks at the Olympia thea-
ter last Sunday morning. Some-
one old me the Rev. Smith ac-

used you of telling untruths
and said that those who criticiz-
ed him for his unwarranted at-
tacks were possessed of a two
by four mind. The Reverend
made a bad mistake there.
That's no way to speak of an
erring brother. Instead of wax-
ing wrath with righteous
indignation he should be more
forgiving and tolerant, and
when smit on one jaw should
turn the other that he might be
smoten there likewise.

In the next breath he romped
on the medical profession, until
a Miami physician with a two
by four mind rose right up in
the meeting, contradicted the
Rev. and knocked the religious
atmosphere sky high.

Some people believe every-
thing they are told but very few
have the poor judgment to
broadcast what are nothing more
than the personal opinions of an
individual friend of theirs.
At any gathering of fifteen
hundred individuals, to say
nothing of the radio audience,
it is impossible to speak strong-
ly on a controversial subject
without stepping on some one's
toes and raising an argument.
Let us hope the Rev. Smith will
profit by his mistakes.

—MEDICO.

A young girl returned home at a late
hour.
"Where have you been?" asked her
mother.
"I've been out with Bill," the daughter
said.
"In all this rain and mud?" the mother
queried.
"Yes, of course. But it was a closed
car."
"Then," asked the mother, "how did you
get one of you feet all muddy?"
"Mother," the daughter admitted, "I
changed my mind!"

Speaking of Stenographers

(In the manner of Frank Sullivan)

Miss Hepplethwaite!
Martha! . . . Stop
chinning yourself on that
chandelier a minute, can't
you, and listen to what I
says here in Miami Life!
A big girl like you—for
shame!

Well, it says that the
paper is conducting a con-
test to select the best-
looking stenographer in
town, and that a scholar-
ship in animal husbandry at
Fulford University will be
awarded to the winner.
What! . . . a beautiful
girl like you not interest-
ed? Oh, you want to take
up wifery, not husbandry.
H'm, there may be some-
thing in that. I thought,
though, that as long as
you are obsessed with the
notion that every male
who comes into this office
is immediately afflicted
with dizziness, spots be-
fore the eyes, ringing in
the ears, etc., it would be
a good idea to find out
how your charms stand up in competition. Even if you're not in-
terested in the prize, I might be able to cash it at the Morris
Plan bank . . .

Here, here! Leave my snuff box alone, young lady, or I'll
have to put you on a diet of mastic and old blotters, as I did
that time you poured sulphuric acid in a bottle of my corn liquor.
I don't care if you were raised on snuff—you and Ernest Willie
Upshaw—when I say stop I mean 'nough. You're what? You're
mad? . . . Martha's mad and I am glad, but I know what will
please her: a quart of wine, or good moonshine, and some big
guy to squeeze her! That's right, smile. A smile in the office
is worth two in the bush, Martha. You say you don't go in the
bushes? I never said you did. Why, I didn't either, Miss Hepple-
thwaite! I didn't . . . I didn't . . . I didn't. Oh, stop that
silly contradicting me. Don't I know what I said? I don't, eh?
Well, about one more crack like that out of you and . . .

But what are we going to do about this Miami Life contest?
Quit standing on your head, you little nimny, and try to be seri-
ous. Mr. Sullivan can't sit around here all day looking at your
—er-r-r—antics. And fix your hair this minute. Who do you
think you are, Ev Sewell? The first thing you know Chief
Reeve will be having this office pinched as a disorderly estab-
lishment. Yes, yes, I know you cleaned it up this morning, but
that isn't the kind of "disorderly" that I meant. You don't know
any other kind? Tsch, tsch, tsch—you'll be the death of me yet,
and your ignorance. Well, some time when we haven't
anything else to do . . .

See who that is on the phone, Martha, and tell him we've
already put a check in the mail. I know, I know; but tell him
I that anyway. It's as good a story as any, and you know I
haven't a cent after buying you that hypodermic needle and a
copy of La Vie Parisienne last week. Then come sit on Mr.
Sullivan's knee. He'll rock you to sleep—if he can find a rock.
Well, all right, all right; if you don't want to enter Miami Life's
contest, I won't press the matter. I'd much rather press you,
anyway, Miss Hepplethwaite—Martha. Ouch! Stop that biting,
you little devil! Papa spank! What? Oh, you're too anxious.
Well, if you insist . . .

MISS MARTHA HEPPELTHWAITE

how your charms stand up in competition. Even if you're not in-
terested in the prize, I might be able to cash it at the Morris
Plan bank . . .

Here, here! Leave my snuff box alone, young lady, or I'll
have to put you on a diet of mastic and old blotters, as I did
that time you poured sulphuric acid in a bottle of my corn liquor.
I don't care if you were raised on snuff—you and Ernest Willie
Upshaw—when I say stop I mean 'nough. You're what? You're
mad? . . . Martha's mad and I am glad, but I know what will
please her: a quart of wine, or good moonshine, and some big
guy to squeeze her! That's right, smile. A smile in the office
is worth two in the bush, Martha. You say you don't go in the
bushes? I never said you did. Why, I didn't either, Miss Hepple-
thwaite! I didn't . . . I didn't . . . I didn't. Oh, stop that
silly contradicting me. Don't I know what I said? I don't, eh?
Well, about one more crack like that out of you and . . .

But what are we going to do about this Miami Life contest?
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