

Can't Go Wrong

MOON'S in full glory, but girls can't hardly be anything but good these nights, with mosquitoes keeping them moving.

This Week's Scotch Joke

And then there's the story about the Scotchman in the lavatory who suddenly saw the sign, "Tip the Seat."

(First of a Series of Advertisements by the Associated Association of Miami Dry Cleaners)

Beach Generosity

A MOTORIST bought five gallons of gas at a beach filling station yesterday. The attendant threw in two quarts of mosquitoes for good measure.

Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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The National Red Tape Cross

WHEN an organization gets so large that it is eternally treading on its own toes it may as well be disbanded and something else substituted. The American National Red Cross society has grown to such an extent that it is hampered by miles of red tape and a publicity complex.

It has reached the point where its officials almost gloat over a terrible disaster because it will bring them into the public notice once more. It is forever trying to make the front page with wired stories of its efforts to save suffering humanity.

But it always arrives after the local Red Cross, American Legion Post and those citizens who give time, money and health to bring immediate relief, have done all the dirty work. The National Red Cross arrives when the men can wear white shirts and Palm Beach clothes. When the women can wear finery and an air of having something useful to do.

Here, two weeks after the country's second greatest disaster, the National Red Cross is just beginning to take over the devastated area. By the end of next month, with luck, it will have taken over completely.

We had a fine sample of the National Red Cross methods when we suffered from a severe hurricane in September, 1926. The waste of money at that time was criminal. The society brought a publicity crew of nineteen. Almost every loaf of bread it gave away was photographed and written about for the aggrandisement of the organization.

In this Palm Beach disaster the National Red Cross has been running around trying to look important. Trouble started when the local chapters could not get in touch with headquarters at Washington. Eventually that was settled and the organization began to function.

In the meantime, the local Red Cross, that organization that had to take over from the national organization after it had wasted millions here in 1926, had started operation. The American Legion, city officials and everybody with a heart, had given prompt and effective assistance that saved many lives and prevented much suffering.

If they were left to the National Red Cross the sufferers of a disaster would die of starvation and exposure before the unwieldy organization had dug up its arm bands and enamel badges.

And there is more than that!

Stories have come out of the Belle Glade area that tell of doctors being ordered off the ground at the point of a gun. Well-known and highly respected Miami citizens who have always been associated with Red Cross activities here, have been threatened. They were informed that they were not wanted; that they were only there to see what they could steal. Reputable Miami doctors, undertakers and citizens have had to undergo experiences that classed them with criminals and ghouls. One Miami man lost his temper, sailed into the gang and ended up in jail. It would appear that those working for the National Red Cross were anxious to chase away any persons who were conversant with that organization's methods after the Miami disaster.

In fact, it's about time that the National Red Cross started in saving itself from disaster. And it will have to be a great deal more efficient than it has been to make a good job of it.

Come ON, Dice! Baby Needs Shoes!



MERELY depicting a novel sport just introduced on beach sands by youthful Kilmy Hanna, son of Doc Hanna. The little girl who appears to be laughing at him throwing "naturals" happens to be little Patsy, the daughter of the editor. —Photo by Biscayne Studio.

On the other hand, boys just laugh when girls bring roller skates into the car, because they know now, with all these mosquitoes, the girls won't be able to walk home.

Problem: Who Got the \$200 Weekly

THE WRITER of this editorial heard from two sources yesterday that MIAMI LIFE was "shaking down" the gamblers of this community about two hundred dollars a week to "protect" them.

In the first place, there's not a gambler in town, we believe, who has that much money to bankroll his crap tables, let alone "paying off" to newspaper people.

Secondly, we wouldn't know what to do with such a huge sum, especially with hungry creditors around.

Thirdly, gambling is a strict violation of the state constitution and therefore, if there is gambling, it must be the police, sheriff's force, and constabulary who are getting the "protection" money—not this paper.

Fourthly, we don't happen to do business that way, as we can evidence by scores of various propositions that have been put to us in various ways (and it would surprise you by what powerful and wealthy people and organizations) in the last four and one-half years.

Like any big figure in a community who, because of importance, standing and popularity, is constantly subject to such silly and mean accusations, we don't know whether to get mad or laugh over such a report. So we will do neither. We shall simply let Dade county gamblers, individually and collectively, know that no one is authorized to accept any money from them in behalf of this paper, that no one except the man whose name appears at this masthead has anything to do with this paper's policy toward gambling—

And—

If any gambler in this community says he ever gave one cent to this paper for "protection," this paper, may start bristling and sharpening its claws. In our long experience in newspaper work all over the country, we have come to appreciate the good fellowship and the good qualities of gentlemen of the profession—and nearly all of them are gentlemen in the finest sense of the word—and, we might say, the fact that they have been overlooked in this community by good Bible-reading folks has been due to this paper's incessant campaign for tolerance and liberal views toward those features that our winter crop of tourists seems to enjoy so much.

However, even our patience is about exhausted by such a statement—even from one of the profession. After all, there is a law prohibiting gambling in this state. So, if we hear that report again, we'll start a commotion that will be ten times worse than any we've started before.

And we don't mean maybe.

PROBABLY a case rare in the annals of local jurisprudence was the recent conviction of a woman who drew five years for manslaughter. The woman in question was not an elderly one without friends, but a good-looking blonde with plenty of friends and high class lawyers to defend her. It is a tribute to the jury, judge, and county solicitor's office that a conviction was secured, for it not alone proves that honest juries can be secured, but it might act as a detriment to others who figure that the law is something not to worry about.

WHAT with Hialeah slated to have horse races, and Miami Beach the finest greyhound track in the South, and Miami the greatest tourist season ever, we may eat this winter after all.

Mosquito Bites

WHAT good is a tropical moon when the young couples have to keep their hands busy scratching mosquito bites?

smoke away mosquitoes on the beach were placed end to end, South Beachites would still be scratching.

"You bite her on the ankle, And I'll bite her on the knee, While we're marching up Georgia."

A hamburger stand at South Beach has been complimented for increasing the size of its sandwiches, until one investigator discovered that most of the meat was mosquitoes.

A young Miami grass widow has been under a doctor's care all week. She was severely bitten on the beach between Collins avenue and Ocean drive by mosquitoes.

For the first time in the past year ladies' shops report quite a sale on undies.

If all the newspapers used to

It Nearly Went

THERE was quite a flurry in the oil market this week, leastways that end of the game which handles kerosene, coal oil, and gasoline. It seems that the Kamp-Kum-N-Go was in need of a cleaning or something, and the workmen there used the liquids named for the work.

But workmen are sometimes careless. This group seemed especially so. They spilled some of the gasoline, kerosene, and coal oil, on the floors, carpets and woodwork, and littered up all the floors.

Evidently the workmen thought the runners and carpets needed cleaning, for they pulled them from the floor, and they all got soaked when the sprinklers or pails began to leak kerosene, coal oil, and gasoline.

Of course, the valuable things weren't injured by the ingredients. Someone thoughtfully removed them to the new wing across the way, and when a match or something was dropped—at about the same time on each floor—at two a. m., the result of the carelessness of the workmen was apparent.

The fire was spoiled by the fire department. They came and put it out after it had a fairly good start.

By some strange coincidence, \$40,000 worth of insurance was on the building, with an additional \$20,000 taken out this month.

Anyway, the police and fire departments are looking for the parties who hired such careless workmen.

Getting Ready to Blow Up?

WHAT's happening at Hialeah these days?

All the citizens are walking around looking sort of cheerful—something must be in the wind.

In the first place the Taxpayers League seems to be functioning one hundred per cent. Every Tuesday the members meet and discuss the findings of the previous week in connection with the present city administration—and what they are finding out is going to make an upheaval in that city of race tracks and night clubs.

We wouldn't be surprised to see a complete change in the administration of Hialeah before the end of the year. Everything seems to be pointing to a lot of disclosures in connection with the city's finances that will eventually make changes absolutely necessary. Some of the present officials are in favor of a change, we believe. And with ninety per cent of the population asking if we can't see how the present officials can frown on them. We must go up there and find out what it is all about.

What Every Miami Beachite Is Hoping Today: That The Dogs Will Be Their Salvation This Winter!

