

ABOUT the most touching sight these days is a bank teller bouncing a rubber check back through his cage to a bootlegger.

(The Amalgamated Association of Dade County bootleggers blame Cornelius Vanderbilt for bringing the rubber check industry to Miami, as well as starting the tab system).

Another Fool Traffic Law!

When Do We Get a Real Airport?

THE DOG came dashing down Flagler street. Another dog chased him, yelling "Stop." The first dog, not stopping, looked around and yelled, "Stop, nothing! You'd better run, too. Look at that Airedale coming behind you. He's got a sand-spur in his nose."

Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

PRICES! PRICES! PRICES! Crazy Over Prices!

IT IS ALREADY obvious that the coming winter season is going to reimburse us for all the hurricane damage we have suffered, that the coming tourist hordes will pay off our mortgages, offset our realty losses, buy all the lots available, fill every hotel room, apartment and dwelling to overflowing, meet our debts and patronize the several thousand new restaurants, stores, barber shops, gambling joints, beauty parlors, speakeries, newspapers, cleaning places and what-not that are preparing to open.

Never, not even in the palmiest days of the boom when landlords ran out of naughts in estimating their future weekly profits, and realty firms guaranteed a thousand-per cent profit in six months' time, has such optimism been shown.

If all we natives can increase our incomes in proportion to the expectations of our blythe landlords we will all be rich by next spring and will be able to leave town along with the tourists—unless, of course, our rent bill don't eat up all our profits. In which case we might have to stay here another two or three years.

Of course, the tourists are not here yet, and they

Speeding (?) Up Traffic

THE other day a motorist was arrested on Fifth Street because he was exceeding the speed limit of fifteen miles an hour.

Now, the city has just made that thoroughfare a two-way street to speed up downtown traffic. This matter of making the speed limit on the street one of fifteen miles an hour is a piece of plain stupidity. Nobody drives that slow. Cars driven at that speed are dangerous because they cannot be kept under control.

If the city director of public safety is going to pull funny tricks like this we will just have to get another one who knows more about traffic. Of all the fool regulations to try and enforce, this one of making a fifteen-mile-an-hour speed on a wide open, controlled street, is the most foolish.

If the police department is anxious to collect fines to pay itself off, why doesn't it unlimber a gun and just hold the pedestrians up? Why try and get it all from the driver of a car?

Silly traffic regulations are the cause of more profanity than anything else we know. If the streets have to have special miles-per-hour rates they should have large signs to that effect displayed every block.

It just looks as if this city can never do anything good to help traffic along without doing something else to throw a monkey wrench into the works.

The traffic department must get busy at once and make traffic regulations as simple as possible for the benefit of tourists. If the man who has driven over Miami streets for years cannot distinguish a fifteen-mile-an-hour street from a twenty-five-mile-an-hour avenue, what do we imagine the tourist is going to do?

Go to California, perhaps, where they have proper regulations?

Whether We'll Have Weather

"But on the other hand," enthused the Young Optimist, offering a box of cigars and making ready to break out a new bottle of Vat '69. "I see where the Herald has come out flat-footed (well, maybe not that exactly) in favor of our climate here. That helps."

"It gives me a bad few minutes every fall until the best newspaper on South Miami Avenue makes public its stand on Miami's weather. Suppose," I say to myself, "just suppose that one of these years it forgets to do it. What'll we do then?" Don't let's talk about it!

"Can't you see Judge Stoneman and the Herald's lesser editorial prophets going into a huddle over the annual problem of what to do about the weather? And can't you see, too, the thousands of breakfast table readers, solemn-faced and tense, waiting on the decision with bated breath?"

"Still and all, Florida's Most Important Newspaper has never failed us yet. Never has the dawn of a new winter season found it without its ringing editorial pronouncement made, endorsing the advantages of life in the tropics. It probably knows more about climate hereabouts—past, present and future—than all the government bureaus south of Jacksonville rolled into one."

"Well, you've got to hand it to Judge Stoneman and his boys; they have never guessed wrongly. When ever the Herald has said that we'd have a swell climate, we've had it. Gee, don't you wish that you could pick winning horses and dogs that consistently?"

"Yep, the newspapers are a great institution."

have not said they will pay \$2,800 for four months for an apartment that has been renting on the average for \$75 a month for the last two years; and they have not yet made any noticeable rush to gobble up these \$5,000-a-season homes that have rented almost free all summer.

But undoubtedly they are going to do it. Because our landlords say they are—and the landlords know. Otherwise, do you think some of the

Hold Everything!

WELL, it appears that somebody dropped a bomb on the Toonerville commission and that all is not well in darkest Coral Gables. It couldn't have been Miami Life, which Czar Kane refers to as "a dirty, sneaking, yellow sheet," because how could such a newspaper have any editorial influence out there or anywhere else? None the less, several members of the commission must have felt something creeping up their backs; for at least two official moves scheduled for the past week failed to come off.

For one thing, as soon as the public learned about the sub-rosa campaign against A. B. Mack, transportation superintendent, several petitions demanding his retention were put into circulation. These were received enthusiastically, it seems, for today they bear the names of considerably more than a thousand Coral Gables voters.

What happened to change the commission's mind about allowing Kane to resign, so he could be appointed city manager in the place of R. M. Davidson, and Grover Morgan elevated to Kane's chair on the commission, isn't at all clear, either. All we are able to report is that the deal did not go through last Tuesday morning, and that the prospects for completing it are said to be less bright than formerly. It may be worth while to mention in passing that Miami Life comes out Saturday.

And then, to cap the climax of a bad week for the Toonervillians, rumors of additional dissension, accompanied by plenty of fireworks, have come out of the denatured police department. One of the nastiest of these concerns a bawling out administered to a sergeant by an officer who boasts of his stand-in with the powers that be. That's bad—bad.

But ain't we got fun?

We Need a Zoning Law!

EVERY day Miami is becoming a more beautiful city.

No wonder the northerner loves to come here, not only on account of the climate, but because the whole city is colorful, clean and tidy.

At least, the greater part of it is.

But there are parts of Miami that would be a disgrace to a small village in the poorest part of Pennsylvania. Parts that are cluttered up with tumble-down shacks, wrecks of homes and disreputable wooden sheds.

The need of a zoning law is great in this city. On Biscayne Boulevard there is an ugly filling station that you can hardly drive a car into—and hardly get out of. Soon we will have hot dog stands and blacksmith shops on that beautiful highway.

Every time a careful man builds a beauty spot some moron comes along and erects an architectural abortion. It seems to be human nature to place something ugly and untidy right next to something that gladdens the eye.

And we have insanitary cabins occupied by families while huge buildings stand empty and unused. We have the unfinished Roosevelt hotel, the new Camp Kum-an-Go, the clubhouse at Golf Park and the big Fritz hotel. All empty and unfinished buildings worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. There is an unfinished hotel on the beach and dozens of apartment houses, partly completed, dotted all over the district.

Miami Beach landlords—the beach is the last word in rosy optimism—would be running away their steady patrons of the last two years, tenants who have enabled them to tide over a mighty lengthy and bad period, and establishing oil-boom rents for quarters that still bear painful evidence of the 1926 hurricane? They surely must have some inside dope on future prospects, for they must know that the city of Miami has accommodations for something like a half million people, to say nothing of the possible accommodations if cots were placed in all the empty skyscrapers. And then Miami has the huge Roosevelt and Fritz hotels for two or three thousand fresh-air fiends. It is possible that there won't be a qualified voter left on the beach for the December municipal election, except possibly the candidates who may or may not be able to vie with Morgans and Rockefellers and Du Ponts.

Folks—

Oh, what's the use? It seems that for years we have been bent upon self-destruction, and we are so weary that sometimes we wish it would come.

Then, perhaps, some new blood, with vision and horse-sense, may take over our deserted villages and make something out of them!

And We're Not Ready!

MIAMI is fast becoming the principal jumping off place for air travel in the south. Soon it will be an important link with the continent to the south of us. Within two years airplanes will be winging their way daily to South American points—from Miami.

Up to the present the city has spent a lot of money on airports and has no airport. The municipal field is twelve miles from the courthouse, the hydroplane airport is up the bay on the far side of the Venetian causeway and is never used. Nothing much has been done about building an airport where it should be located—in Biscayne Bay.

The first thing we know, there will be more planes arriving in the city than we can take care of. We will have them roosting on every golf course and vacant lot within ten miles of the city. We will make it hard for visiting airplanes to get service and they will quit coming here and use Key West—or some other progressive city.

We had better get busy and build a real airport before we lose out on the proposition.

Put Up a Rail

PUTTING a rail or wall along the front in Bayfront Park would not only add greatly to the appearance of that place, but would make it safer for children to play near the water.

So many youngsters throw stones into the bay and play around the edge that one day some of them are going to have a mid-week bath.

A little prevention, you know.

More Kiddled Than Kidnapped

WELL, as I was saying," rasped the Old Cynic, kicking one of the children and tying a neat bowline in the cat's tail. "I've been a newspaper reader, man and boy, for nigh onto fifty years, but that story about Mrs. Etta Wilson Rosenthal in the final edition of the Daily News on Thursday wins the gutta-percha waffle if it's left to my vote."

"Funniest thing about the yarn was that nobody could tell what it was about until the Herald came out next morning. It began nowhere and ended in approximately the same place. There were more words with less meaning than you'd expect to find in a transcript of a debate on religion."

"A fella reading the piece over my shoulder on the way out to Coral Gables on a rapid transit car asked me if it had any connection with the Republican oil scandals, but I couldn't tell him. Seemed to me more like a cross between a Nick Carter novel and a speech by Petroleum V. Nasby."

"Tsch, tsch, tsch . . ."

"Well, you saw what the Herald did with it? It got into one stick of type what the News carried in three columns, and gave more information. Something must have happened, though; none of the editorial writers got hold of it for a Brisbane item with a Big Moral."

"About the only persons in Miami that weren't mentioned as having some connection with the woman's so-called disappearance were the Rev. Dick Merrill and an old maid schoolma'm out in Little River. I expected every minute to see the writer break out with an *Ev Sewell* interview on prospects for the coming season."

"Yep, newspapers are a great institution."

Miami Life

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WEN PHILLIPS, Editor and Publisher

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Coral Gables Wakes Up

IN THE MIDST of all the hullabaloo occasioned by tin-pot politicians working at their trade in Coral Gables, it is well not to overlook the constructive forces that are going right ahead out there despite obstacles. We refer to the up-and-coming business men of the city—such valuable citizens as W. A. Spain, C. Lee McGarr, Joe Yates, David and Harry Letaw, Col. F. J. O'Leary, "Pop" Lehman and others of that type—merchants, but not dealing in such common commodities as hot air and intra-mural intrigues.

Recently a number of these men, aided and abetted by the local chamber of commerce organization, succeeded in getting a new band stand erected at a central location downtown, at the corner of Ponce de Leon boulevard and Coral Way. From time to time since its dedication only a couple of weeks ago, there have been entertainment programs staged with no little success. Only last Tuesday evening the Miami Shrine band did its stuff there before such an audience that the streets for a block in each direction were jammed with automobiles, in addition to a goodly crowd that occupied the benches supplied for that purpose. Unquestionably, the innovation is appreciated by hundreds who have long felt the need of some such civic institution.

And that's just the point that we want to make here. Too long have the patient citizens of Coral Gables, as such, been neglected. In its efforts to inveigle northerners, even Miamians, into purchasing lots along the celebrated "40 Miles of Water-Front," the Coral Gables Corporation gave little enough thought to the needs and comforts of those already in the fold—the established citizens, without whose homes and other properties the master suburb would have been a howling wilderness still. On the ancient theory that "there's no use in chasing a street car after you've caught it," the Corporation devoted its energies exclusively to conversions. But let that pass. The progressive element now in the saddle (Toonerville commission or no Toonerville commission) realizes, in the manner of Horace Greeley, that the way to get things done is to do them, which it is doing forthwith.

Coral Gables, it strikes the casual observer, has been a real estate development and a political football long enough; it deserves a better fate. More power to those who are thinking now in terms of progressive civility—if you understand what we mean by the word.

Reversing the Process

SOME years ago the State of Florida received a lot of unfavorable publicity through the death of a prisoner in a road camp. The boy, for he was quite young, was beaten to death and a Minnesota lawyer took the case up and gave the state such a black eye over the matter that a regulation was passed eliminating corporal punishment for prisoners.

Last month a guard in a road camp broke this regulation and lost his life. Carl Watkins, a prisoner working in road camp No. 36 at Fountain, stabbed and killed Capt. I. E. Steele, an official of the camp. He was indicted for first degree murder and the trial took place at Panama City on October 10.

A prisoner who was an eye-witness of the killing was released shortly after the event. He went to a lawyer in Panama City and placed the case before him. The result was that when the trial started the State was met with a lot of evidence that knocked its case galley west and the young killer was found not guilty.

In the evidence it was brought out that Capt. Steele had been in the habit of brutally ill-treating prisoners under his care. He used a leather strap, his fists or feet, as he deemed best, and many prisoners had suffered at his hands.

In the case of Watkins, Steele would not believe that the man was ill. He struck him with a leather strap, beat him with his fists and finally kicked him severely in the lower part of the body, knocking him unconscious.

The prison authorities would not allow the lawyer to privately interview the killer. The pardon board will not issue any pardons without full investigation of the prisoners to be pardoned. Several men that were in line for a pardon were witnesses for the defense in the trial and it is doubtful if they will receive a pardon now.

But they willingly took this chance in the cause of justice.

Play Fair With Fight Fans

THERE are lots of fight fans in Miami—but do they get a square deal? At the present time Matchmaker Slattery is giving us good cards at the Coral Gables Coliseum, but what about later in the season, when every Tom, Dick and Harry will be running a weekly fight?

The fact of the matter is that only one card a week can make any money. Two fights might get by during the height of the season when the population is almost doubled, but during nine months in the year one fight a week is all the traffic will stand.

Under these circumstances it would be better if all the so-called matchmakers would get together and run one real card each week—under the auspices of the combined Legion and veterans' organizations.

Better still would be a combination of matchmakers and organizations that would hold a weekly fight in a properly built arena somewhere in the downtown district. For instance, that vacant lot between S. W. First street and Second street, just east of S. W. Second avenue, which is easily reached, would make an ideal site for an arena seating about three or four thousand people. Such an arena could be built so that its capacity could be raised to take care of a ten or twelve thousand audience, in case a big fight was scheduled to take place.

There is a report that a fight arena will be built in

Chemists Gloomy

LAST week an enterprising—and doubtful—liquor custodian had a hunch. He sent several bottles of ordinary liquor to a chemist for analysis. The chemist reported back that the liquor contained 45 per cent alcohol—or 90 proof—and appeared to be very green. Now the Nassau merchants are striving to fight the home products of South Florida. They are insisting that the distilleries put wet goods in odd-shaped bottles, so that our scurrilous and spurious manufacturers can't keep on fooling the public. As long as the public takes whatever is offered, just so long will they get inferior goods. Bootleggers are not to be blamed. The drinkers—and somehow Florida has quite a few—make themselves the goats. Anyway, the chances are that we might have an exclusive line of goods this winter. Providing our rum-runners can get across. Liquor merchants are adverse to losing trade account of drinkers taking the pledge after drinking home-made bug-juice. Prices for the Greater Miami area are still normal. Quotations are by the bottle. Rum and gin comes in quarts.

SCOTCH		RYE AND BOURBON	
Vat 69	\$3.00	Old Overholt	\$2.50
Chivas Regal Liqueur	5.00	Walker's American Rye	2.50
Old King Cole	2.50	Biltmore	2.50
Johnnie Walker	5.00	Old Hickory	2.50
Huntley Blend	3.00	G. & W.	2.50
Old Monarch	2.50	Four Roses	2.50
Clan Campbell	2.50	Seagram's 3-Star	2.50
Gavin Dick	2.50	Pebblebrook	2.50
Ferguson's	2.50	Old Judge	2.50
Glen Mar	2.50	Canadian Club	2.50
Munro Square	2.50	Golden Wedding	2.50
Lochness	2.50	Lindsay Canadian Rye	2.50
Green Stripe	2.50	American Club Rye	2.50
White Heather	2.50	Lewis Hunter, American Rye	2.50
Gordon Plaid	2.50	Walker's London Dry	\$3.50
John Adair	2.50	Burnett's White Satin	3.50
BEER		RUM	
Amstel's	\$1.00	Gilbey's	5.00
Beck's	1.00	Gordon's	5.00
Carlsberg	1.00	London Dry	3.50
Fuburg	1.00	Bacardi	5.00
Patenhofer	1.00	Three-Dagger	5.00
Tennent's	1.00	Jamaica	4.00
Bull Dog	1.00		

MIAMI BEACH

"Feel Good Again"

A WINTER in this wonderful, health-restoring climate, sun bathing, sea boating and breathing our pure iodized salt air, will strengthen and invigorate you.

Live at Miami Beach and feel good again.

If you want good property "buys," reservations or rentals, see us first. Our listings are the best. Your interests are protected when you deal thru Fisher Properties.

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LINCOLN ROAD AND JEFFERSON AVENUE

INGRAHAM BUILDING

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MIAMI'S OUTSTANDING OFFICE STRUCTURE

Offers

Cooler offices in town and service that only the most modern and substantial building can render, at a rental no greater than charged elsewhere. Private parking space for tenants' cars.

Model Land Co., Owners G. G. Lee, Jr., Manager
 (Flagler System) Telephone 3-6813

connection with the dog track at Miami Beach. That would be all right, too, but the promoters will want that for themselves. This will only be another weekly event that will help to put the others in the red.

Before the winter season is right on us we should get together and see if anything can be done to cut out this wasteful method of supplying entertainment. If the promoters cannot make money on the fights the cards are not going to be worth watching. Let us have good fights, good audiences and a good seat from which to watch the battles.

Basketball Club

Following is a list of contributors to the Miami Basketball Club Fund to date. The money is being held by Mr. Jean Lind, Cashier, Bank of Bay Biscayne:

Paul's Tires	\$25.00
Harry Provin	5.00
J. Pete Yoder	2.00
McCay & Holcomb	10.00
Tom's Toasted Nuts	5.00
Harmon Kreis	5.00
Standard Drug Co.	15.00
Riverside Park Tailors	2.00
Bob Mulloy	10.00
	\$79.00

Things I'd Like To Know

If Marshall won't be missed by all the eligible young women around town . . . and if he'll be able to forget them in New York. ? ? ?

When Rusty will decide to go to New York . . . and if she does will she take a traveling companion. ? ? ?

If the girls at the club last night got as much kick out of the new stag as he did out of them. ? ? ?

How long it will be before the management at the patio realizes how unpopular the new lighting effects are. ? ? ?

If Frank is really serious about opening that new studio . . . and if he wouldn't change his mind if he thought the thing over more seriously. ? ? ?

If the young couple in the coupe at the club Friday night realized they had an audience. ? ? ?

How many months it will be before Red realizes that all that glitters is not gold . . . and acts accordingly. ? ? ?

If Marshall managed to absorb all his nerve medicine before he reached Ojus . . . or did the roadbed get the majority of it. ? ? ?

How Daisy enjoyed the date she had Wednesday night . . . and where she made him take her. ? ? ?

Where Bud will locate that one-room apartment in the big city . . . and if it won't be a lot harder than it is here in town. ? ? ?

If Marcella was really serious when she told the young man that she'd be very pleased to let him have a date. ? ? ?

How long it will be before Frank gets back and lends his usual sex-appeal to the festivities. ? ? ?

Whether it will be two weeks or two years before a certain young lady in town arrives at a sensible decision. ? ? ?

If Betty B. will ever cease to be the most attractive of our winter visitors . . . and if that car isn't the best display on the road. ? ? ?

If Havral isn't the happiest little girl in town now that her side-kick is back in town. ? ? ?

What makes E. A. so sad-looking these days, when he has been married only a couple of months. ? ? ?

If Grace took her troubles to George, as advised, or if her usual "doctor" was unable to straighten them out. ? ? ?

How Harry manages to retain his prescription counter manner in the face of trifling queries by his customers. ? ? ?

Why A. B. M. hasn't thought of executing a little sabotage before it is too late. ? ? ?

When Jawn is coming back to grace the Collegiate Night dances with his presence and set the flappers' hearts a-flutter. ? ? ?

WHY did Jack jerk himself up from Sixth Court apartments to Del Rio. ? ? ?

If Jo and his boys were not playing second fiddle at the style show. ? ? ?

What simile can be used in the case of John B. Pancake, whose name appeared recently in connection with local bankruptcy proceedings. ? ? ?

If the case in Judge Norfleet's court last week didn't remind Van of something. ? ? ?

While the erstwhile advertising and publicity director failed to show up for his initiation, as per special arrangement. ? ? ?

WHO slept with Clayton the night of the hurricane. ? ? ?

What caused C. P. to lose his enthusiasm for the nightly vaudeville performance. ? ? ?

What kind of pie Officer Evans of the Coral Gables police department was eating when he told Sergeant Hecht to go to hell. ? ? ?

DOYLE CARLTON OUT FOR "AL" SMITH

In a public statement, Sept. 6, Doyle Carlton announced himself for the Democratic ticket, national and state.

William J. Howey, Republican candidate for governor, is unequivocally for Herbert Hoover and the things for which he stands.

Who do you want for governor—Carlton, the Al Smith man, or W. J. Howey, successful farmer-business man executive? Let your conscience be your guide.

Vote For Hoover, Howey and Happiness
 Paid Political Advertisement

FROM THE PRESS BOX

Giving Sports the O. O.

EARL HUDSON, Miami's fighting cop, found something to fight about last Monday night in Manager Slattery's squared circle. He met up with Bob Godwin, 17-year-old slugger from Daytona Beach, and it was as pretty a scrap as you'd want to see. Bob managed to win on points after ten rounds of excitement. In the first place Earl had trained by walking twice around the block and deserved to lose. At the same time, Bob has a bad habit of not following up, a habit that is going to get him knocked cold one of these fine evenings. The boy has championship form and will go far with the right sort of trainer. And he should have that injured hand of his attended to or it will play out on him before long.

Slats is giving us plenty of good cards these weeks. And the crowd is beginning to wander out to the Coliseum pretty regularly. The fault I have to find with the arrangements is the fact that the fans are spread out over the ten acre lot. I can't see why the ringside seats couldn't be closed in a little and the dollar ones brought in out of the sticks. As business gets better the ringside seats could be added to and the dollar benches pushed into the background. Keeping the crowd in a compact mass will add greatly to the pleasure of attending the fights.

Boob McNutt, otherwise known as Willie Jackson, the Key West wild man, fouled Jack Dilling, a newsboy, three times in two rounds. If that Coral Gables boxing commission is anything more than just five names, it will bar this goofy whirlwind from the ring before he smashes somebody in the big toe. Willie, after having the fight called on him, started a private war on the way to the dressing room. Another thing, the colored battle can be cut out without hurting anybody's feelings. This bout is not even funny.

One of the best little spats I've seen for some time was the battle between Ace Lindberg and Charlie Celmars. Charlie has licked Ace twice, and we mean licked. Monday, Ace was on the aggressive from the first bell and Charlie lost his famous smile in the first six seconds of the initial round.

Louis Lynch, blonde battler, mugged up Young Peter Jackson in the first four-round bout of the evening. Louis has a nice hook that does a lot of damage and the boy is enthusiastic in the way he goes after an opponent. During the mixup he knocked one of Peter's front teeth clean over into the dollar seats.

"Ma" Godwin, and she looks like a real mother, keeps one eye on her brilliant boy from the ringside. During Bob's battle with Earl Hudson she smiled for three rounds and then began to look worried. But after eight rounds she had the same old


SPALM GARDEN

NEAR CHILI REAL BEER

Spanish Village M. B. 6651

Howey Says: . . . Judges, high or low, belong on the bench, not the political stump.

Howey Says: A republican governor can help get federal aid to tame the Everglades.



W. J. HOWEY

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For the **DISCRIMINATING** an RCA Radiola 62

Housed in a beautiful walnut art-cabinet, RCA Radiola 62 gives you the benefit of every advancement necessary to perfect home reception.

New this season! With the powerful new AC Radiotrons! Here you have the power for faithful reproduction in any volume desired—without distortion. Lighting circuit operation.

Super-Heterodyne circuit combined with RCA Speaker—none better. Price, \$375. Extended, easy payments, if you desire. We invite you to hear RCA Radiola 62—here at our store.

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SYNOPSIS

OF THE FIXZIT SYSTEM

A Patented and Copyrighted System

For years the public has been demanding a modern system for plumbing repairs. They have always dreaded the thought of calling a plumber and have often permitted necessary plumbing repairs to exist rather than face the uncertainty of the plumber's charge. The Fixzit System has eliminated all of this and today you know the charge of your plumbing repairs the same as if you were buying a can of beans from your grocer or a pair of shoes from the boot shop. The Fixzit can repair your plumbing much cheaper than your nearest plumber even though your nearest plumber is right across the street. This is due to no traveling time being charged and the system of a set charge for each item, a trial will convince you.

At Your Nearest FIXZIT STATION: MIAMI PLUMBING CO. 1150 N. E. First Ave. Phone 6750 CORAL GABLES PLUMBING CO. Next to 1st Nat'l Bank Phone 46 FORT LAUDERDALE PLUMBING CO. Across from Band Stand Phone 100 Get our Catalogue showing cost of labor and material.

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5th St. & Collins Ave. Miami Beach Phone M. B. 6596

MIAMI STORE: 1102 W. Flagler St. Phone 38331



CAPITOL
SUN. THRU WED.
JEAN HERSHOLT
MARIAN NIXON and
GEORGE LEWIS in
"JAZZ MAD"

nominee had been thrown into jail since he was top man in the June primary. What he didn't tell the congregation was the fact that the Republican opposing him was convicted in the criminal court of record.

From the pink edition of the Miami Daily News we cull this headline:
TWO BOYS BEATEN BY CATS.
Cats o' nine tails, perhaps.



Real Chili
Sandwiches
Soft DRINKS
Etc.
Palm Garden
SPANISH VILLAGE
Phone M. B. 6651
Open to 2 a. m.—or later

Thru the Alley of Miami
A man in Tampa poured gasoline on his clothing, set himself on fire, and died. They found in his pockets several clippings giving the largest population in Florida to Miami.—V. L. S. in the Palm Beach Times.
Suggested epitaph: "WELL DONE, good and faithful servant."

Last week a deputy went to the American Express depot and discovered twelve barrels of liquor? As the agent would not allow him to inspect them he had to go get a warrant. Back he came with two more deputies and a barrel was broached. Out ran a thick stream of sand and sawdust. Evidently something leaked.
Dr. Dick Merrill, last Sunday night, said that a Democratic

dictator of New Temple to Open Up as Soon as Tourists Arrive; Believes Miamians Need Savings; Collections Minus Discounts His Idea

Greeby To Evangelize
Dictator of New Temple to Open Up as Soon as Tourists Arrive; Believes Miamians Need Savings; Collections Minus Discounts His Idea

MR. R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, whose application for the position of American consul at Ojus was turned down by the Associated Society of Rock Diggers, announces in a strictly private interview to Miami Life, that he will aid Miami if it takes the last cent he's got.

With the above outbreak, his adopted daughter, Little Geraldine, immediately burst into laughter, claiming that the first scent from him was enough for anyone. He countered with a Tom Nazworth. "I do not desire no publicity," said Mr. Greeby, opening up one of the Roosevelt hotel windows, "but Miamians need reforming and it behooves—I heard Jack Bell of the Herald use that word—the local people to get out and do some salvaging for their less unfortunate brethren instead of leaving outsiders like Billy Sunday and Aimee come down here and try to reform our tourists during the winter season. Of course we need religion."

"Yes!" (It was Mrs. Greeby taking. She recently came back on an alimony expedition which netted her two Swami tickets negotiable at the Flagler Bank & Trust company), "but what about getting out and getting some beef-steak?"

Mr. Greeby, nettled at the interruption, especially as he had been circulating reports in favor of Hoover Democrats seeking the justice of the peace and constable job in the third district, immediately took a northbound mail truck and came to Miami.

The reporter, knowing that thousands of people were awaiting Mr. Greeby's first evangelistic sermon so that they could put the article on the pantry shelf, retreated to the bandstand of the Bay-front park, and met Mr. Greeby as that notable came in.

"Mr. Greeby," said the reporter, "just what is your idea of evangelizing Miamians this winter?" "I believe," answered Mr. Greeby, nibbling on an old drum top, "that the time has arrived to convert the local citizens. The summer time ill affords the opportunity to good work, especially as the locals never put anything in the contribution box except a lot of unpaid bills. Tourists coming down here for rest and quiet are disappointed if we fail to offer them revivals. Last winter the shortage of evangelists was acute. As a result all our tourists could find to do was analyzing Hialeah rye, and they all fell heir to staggering asthma. So I shall utilize the Royal Palm hotel this winter and put on the best revivals the old timers ever saw."

Mr. Greeby, by arrangement with Police Officer Gene Bryant of Miami Beach, has secured a list of Pleasure Bent Members and will send them all invitations to join the revival classes. Police Officer Gene has taken out a series of tickets for himself and will attend all revival services.

Several notables from the town of Nassau, like Jack Farrington, Jimmy Kelly, Arthur Sands, Fred Mader, Bill Brewer, Bruce Thompson, Howard McNamara, and Ruddy, the barkeep, want to know the terms of the revival meeting, and Mr. Greeby has indicated that he will be glad to do his bit provided they want reforming.

"I am ready to reform anybody," said Mr. Greeby. "All I want is an opportunity to show my stuff and the public can then recognize my qualities."
"Show your stuff!" snorted Mrs. Greeby, encasing Mr. Greeby's

head with a loaded galvanized bucket, "I fell for that line of bunk when I married you! And the only thing you've shown is an appetite!"

Greeby, undaunted, led the reporter by three lengths to the Ojus rock pits haven, and the interview was over.

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FURNITURE RECONDITIONING
Just Time Enough to Do It Before the Season Opens
THE ROMAN FURNITURE MFG. CO.
1301 N. W. 7th Ave. Phone 20297



in the Editor's Mail

and a half) and they really expect to get it because I have talked to one of them and he was very sincere when he said, "we'll make 'em pay if they come down here and enjoy our climate!"

We all felt sorry for the fellow who had his pressing shop blown up not so long ago with a bomb and wondered why they did it, but now it is easy to understand—the fellow who did the job must have taken his suit there at some time or other and only wanted revenge.

Isn't there some way the public can get around paying such prices and still get their clothes cleaned? It is hard on us fellows who have such soft dainty hands to have to scrub our own pants but if they insist upon us paying their price I suppose we will have to continue doing it.

Give the tourist a break and they will likewise help us, but held them up and see how much they help us. The cleaners can do a lot toward keeping them here if they come down to earth with their prices, and they can, likewise, do a lot toward sending them away by raising their prices higher than any other place on earth. So, I say "DOWN WITH THE HIGH PRICES AND HELP US MAKE SOME MONEY FOR A CHANGE."

T. E. JASPER.

WHAT ABOUT IT, CHIEF?

Editor Miami Life:
There is an existing problem within the city jail that should be adjusted. It is punishment enough to be locked in a cell for a minor offense of some kind. But to have to sleep on hard steel with bed bugs crawling all over you is too much.

When they give you rotten food, sour meats, weak coffee—all cooked by a none-to-clean cook, it is worse still.

If you want to know how criminals are made just live a few days under these conditions. We swear it is terrible, and that not one of the men whose names are signed to this letter have committed any serious offense, more than having a few drinks and driving a car at the time.

No matter if you are starving you can't buy any food and have it sent in.

Why ruin a man's system with this rotten food—pig's ears and entrails—two times a day? Signed by five prisoners of the city jail.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

Editor Miami Life:
Not from a political standpoint do I ask you to print this statement. But, for the good of our country, for humanity's cause, and for the good of our coming generation.

Last week while I was a visitor in Tampa, Fla., I purchased a paper called "Tampa Life," a paper similar to your Miami Life, of which I am a constant reader, because it is the only paper you can pick up and find real facts are there. On the front page of this paper I find a familiar sight, a picture I can vouch for as being facts for I have seen it myself dozens of times. A big burly negro sitting in Tammany Hall giving dictations to a white stenographer. Now what has our Mr. Twifford got to say to that? This is an actual fact, and I defy Mr. Twifford or anyone else to deny the statement.

Thanks.
(Formerly of New York City)
Offices near Broad Street.

Hello, Baby! Whatcha doin' next Saturday night? Nothing, eh. Well, yes, you are, baby. We're stepping to the Floridian Patio, and baby, you're going to have a good time.

APARTMENT METHODS

Editor Miami Life:
I was very much interested in your article, "Rent Collecting," in your last issue.

We were guests at the Corona apartments for several months and were treated in the same manner as the Kellers. On leaving, September 22, my rent being paid in advance to October 1, I was presented with a bill for \$48.67.

We were charged \$4 a day for an extra apartment that rented for \$35 a month, being charged seven days instead of five we occupied it. In addition to this we were charged for laundry and maid service.

I understand that the rate for power should be five cents a Kilowatt hour and we were charged eight cents. Also eleven cents for light and were charged fifteen, and we have receipts to show what we were charged.

We are so glad that Dr. Davis is being shown up and want to thank you personally for your article. We have lived in Miami for four years and hope to make it our home again in the near future.

I think it is very bad advertising for people to be treated as Dr. Davis treats them.
(Mrs.) M. E. SHAW

WELL, WELL, LOOK HERE!

Editor Miami Life.
Dear Mr. Phillips:

Oh what a fine bunch of Florida boosters these dry cleaners are. They have harped all summer about not doing any business and have wondered why so many of us have been washing and ironing our own suit (I say our suit because I made the final payment on mine yesterday and it is mine, thank Selah) don't know if there are many others who can say that they are wearing THEIR suit or not but I managed to get mine paid for by not taking it to the cleaners.

They have charged six bits seventy-five cents) all summer for cleaning and pressing a suit and we thought we were being held up but now they come along with a price of a buck and a half (dollar

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

STEAKS — CHOPS — OYSTERS
REGULAR MEALS — ALSO ALA CARTE
OUR SPECIALTY—HOME-MADE PIES
WE NEVER CLOSE
INDIANA COFFEE SHOP
171 EAST FLAGLER
(Across from Olympia Theatre)

A Wonderful Bargain!
A CHALLENGE TO
Your Thrift and Economy
NINE PIECE DINING SUITE **\$125.** FIVE PLY WALNUT



ONLY \$5.00 CASH \$2.00 EACH WEEK

NOTICE
Persons Calling for this Special Dining Suite Bargain will please say you saw the ad in the Miami Life, and every accommodation of this store will be at your command and service

We challenge every reader of Miami Life to check in on this BIG VALUE. Every reader who desires a new dining suite now or is contemplating the purchase of one some time in the future is urged to see this suite displayed on our floor. It's a wonder, a world beater, and one sure to please you at this price—\$125.00 for nine pieces, a whole room full. The suite is modern and strictly up-to-date in workmanship, material and finish. Beautiful oblong table that expands to six feet when open. Roomy 60-in. Buffet for linen, silver and dishes. Handsome China Closet for display of Chinaware. Five straight chairs and arm chair, upholstered in enticing small figured Jacquered velour. You'll say "It's a Scream."

WE EXTEND LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS ON FURNITURE, RUGS, STOVES, CHILDREN'S BEDS, ETC.

Miami Furniture Co.
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS
400 NORTH MIAMI AVE.

The Strange Case of The Daily News

August 29, 1925.
WHEN a timid maiden aunt who had lived in your home for years without raising her voice scarcely above a whisper, suddenly begins biting and scratching innocent pedestrians and cussing your relatives and taking pot shots at you when you come home in the evening, you are bound to exhibit

a mild interest in her behavior, either by way of calling in an alienist or putting her in a strait-jacket while you mull the thing over in your mind.

Such is the feeling of many people in considering the strange case of the Daily News, which suddenly and without warning has become a terror to fellow journalists, real estate developers, wayward employes, and innocent bystanders in general.

It is certain that a somewhat amazing change has come over our old friend since it moved into the Big Tower. Perhaps the Big Tower's attitude has affected the executives. Or perhaps it was the 504-page edition. The News hasn't been the same since.

We find it printing a supposed interview with a movie actress supposedly in Miami, but who hasn't left California in two years; we find it stranding prominent

Miamians on unknown islands in the Bahamas; we find it bringing down the government's rum-fighting armada to shallow Biscayne Bay; we find its screamer leads advising Miami buyers that real estate is one of the most potent form of swindles; we find it praising people who ought to be jailed and ignoring others who should be honored; we find it specializing on bare knees and rolled-down hose, co-respondents, vice and graft.

We find it heralding the fact that whisky was found in the death car which killed the editor of the Tab—but it did not mention that the editor couldn't have been drinking because a throat operation, just undergone, made it impossible.

We find it refusing to accept advertising from Picture City, the Apfel-Selznick development, in Palm Beach county, refusing to give the development any news stories, and then culminating the episode with perversion of a news story that put Mr. Selznick and the development in a most unjust light before Miamians—and this in the face of abundant proofs that the deal was one of the largest ever consummated in the state.

Yes, the News is becoming amazing. Or, perhaps, it is only becoming a metropolitan paper. But what's the use?

SEE IF YOU'VE BEEN SIGHT
129 Seybold Bldg. Arcade

THE BEST FRUIT DRINKS IN THE WORLD!
AL ROOT
ACROSS FROM OLYMPIA THEATRE
Florida Since 1912—Miami Nine Years
The Little Store With the Big Machine

MIAMI LIFE'S SOCIETY COLUMN

BOTH us and Judge Grover Morrow failed to go to the wedding. The bride eloped and the society writer on the Daily News did not give us the information. It's all right, though. We told the bride's aunt on her. How's that for publicity, Mrs. Doc Elder?

MRS. POTTER PALMER'S daughter has not reserved a table in Child's Restaurant for the winter season, all other reports to the contrary.

POLICEMAN SOLDIER LEAVITT asked us to mention Police Officer Chambers in the society this week, but we forgot what he fat soldier said to say.

CHIEF OF POLICE REEVE'S wife got a pleasant surprise when the chief came back from his Cuban exploring trip. Eddie Melchor unloaded six fresh eggs on the chief. We know personally that Eddie had been harboring the said eggs for six weeks.

OUR LOCAL bootleggers don't seem to be the least frightened over the antics of Mr. Bill Bailey. It is suspected that Mr. Bailey will have to go to work now that he can't receive his usual weekly dividends. What federal job do you hold, Mr. Bailey?

POLITICS is not for this column, but O. B. White said he done no kidnapping.

MR. KENT WATSON of the Miami Beach Sun is wearing a patch where his hat should be.

MR. JOE COPPS has arrived back at Miami Beach for his regular winter eats. Mr. Copps at one time held the championship for peeling donax at St. Aug.

MISS ANNIE LORY and Miss Lindsey said not to mention their names in this column.

Our local justices of the peace being Democratic may have a hot time beating the financed Republicans.

They Tell Me
The Mr. Glenn Mincer had a hot time with the other deputy sheriff's B. V. D's.
Mr. Wayne Allen, our attorney, was seen on the third floor of the courthouse this week. Mr. Snow, the city manager, better watch his pretty secretary.

Mr. Ross, the city clerk, of Miami, says that the little itch in his office doesn't need scratching.

The Mr. Walls of the yacht loaded the boat up with a lot of rubber goods.

agreeable with any girl in town.

That Daisy and Jinny are due for a very severe rush... and that they will probably resent it.

THAT the girls want to know if Steve is still out of rouge and powder.

THAT Curley, over at the Beach, says that if you can afford it, there's nothing nicer than being a sucker.

THAT Knickers Bennie Kelley is getting many votes for Hoover

THAT Tom Peters is guarding the wreck of the Bimini hotel with a big 44-gun... just why, I can't figure out, unless it's to keep guests from leaving

THAT, with their new dresses, several girls are glad that Frank, Mickey McGee's right-hand man, postponed his trip to Cuba

Special Treatment For Alcoholics
By **EXPERT MASSEUSE**
Phone 20763
For Appointment

INSIST ON GOLDEN WEDDING

TROPICAL INN
Old Music Box
N. W. 36th Street, opp. Biscayne Fronton
—Presenting—
FRANK MADDEN AT THE PIANO
—With—
THE TROPICAL SERENADERS
Herman Muse—Specialty Dancer
Miss Jimmie Owens in Jazz and Oriental Dances
ALE—50c—ICE No Covert or Admission Charges

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42 N. W. 4th ST. MIAMI PHONE 5023

NOW!

A Column of Good Cheer

A Tourist Camp
Bettering the Best
Old Styles vs. New Styles
The Crown of Our Queens

By CHAFRAJON

A newspaper writer, visiting the city of Washington, tells us about their Tourist Camp. Accommodates about 400 parties a day. Gives them city water, lighted streets, hot and cold baths, a central community hall, with writing tables, rocking chairs and radio. All for 50c a day. Pitch your tent and enjoy yourself.

How would it do for our good city, to get the cooperation of all these small tourist camps, combine them under the supervision of the city, have a real tourist camp better than anything else in America. I am kinder fond of the idea that Miami should do everything better than any body else does it.

We have so many things that are better than any other city has, that it would be hard to list them all.

Of course, we all know we have a better climate. That is admitted by all the world, in spite of our occasional storm.

We have better streets. We have better hotels. We have better flowers. We have better fruits and vegetables. We have better homes and apartment houses. We have better roads around about. We have better fishing. We have better bathing. We have better golf courses and parks. Ask anybody and they will tell you another dozen things we excel in.

And the best thing about it is that even though we have these better things, we are always trying to make them still better.

A lot of people however are worrying about whether the women are going to conclude that the old styles were better than the new and eventually go back to long hair and street sweeping dresses. Any true friend of woman should be ashamed to think so little of her. She is too happy to be free to ever go back to prison. She finds pleasure and comfort in showing her knees (which are beautiful) and short hair is not only becoming but healthy.

In Miami pretty hosiery takes care of the knees and a permanent wave takes care of the hair.

Right now you can get a permanent wave for any price you want to pay. But there are great varieties in permanent wave, if my eyes are still good. Some of them I would hate to have on my head.

I would go to a place like Cromer-Cassell's Beauty Parlor where I could be sure the service would be the very best, as well as having the prices as low as real service can be given. You may not know it, though it has been published in all the Hair Dressing National Papers, Cromer-Cassell's have the most modern and complete beauty parlor equipment in the entire South. No expense was spared to have everything that every woman could desire.

Miss Babs, who you have heard about and probably met in New York or Chicago, if you have traveled much and patronized the world famous beauty parlors in these cities, is the head of this "Best in Miami" Beauty Parlor at Cromer-Cassell's. She is a friendly person, who you will like to know and whose advice you can be sure is right.—Adv.

Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

OKEECHOBEE to get weather tower . . . so they can tell when another hurricane is coming * * * Earl Hudson and Bob Godwin put up good fight at Miami Coliseum * * * 50,000 qualified to vote in coming election * * * Legion has to get awning company to make uniform for Soldier Leavitt * * * Sedan belonging to local laundry owner takes bath in Biscayne Bay * * * New Theatre to open in Miami soon * * * Legion Drum and Bugle Corps to hold jubilee at Frolics tonite * * * Burton-Garrett to open show at Temple Theatre Sunday nite * * * Capt. J. N. Kelly, aviation instructor, stops over in Miami for visit * * * University of Miami to have aviation unit . . . they'll teach the boys to fly high * * * Ted Couser new manager of Spanish Village at Miami Beach * * * Tex Rickard arrives at Miami Beach for short stay * * * Judge Tom Norfleet sick in hospital with ptomaine poisoning * * * racing posters go north to tell tourists about racing in Miami this winter * * * City to save more money by turning out 461 lights in Miami * * * Dr. Jones made new head of Victoria hospital staff * * * Byron B. Freeland, head of Red Cross pharmacy, returns from vacation * * * more tourists arriving daily . . . rents go up . . . landlords happy. * * * **MORE NEXT WEEK.**

"The Whole Town's Talking" About The BURTON-GARRETT PLAYERS

"The Whole Town's Talking"

The
BROADWAY COMEDY HIT
A Real Show at Popular Prices

Tell Your Friends—Let's Go
Phone Quick—4700—for Seats

SCOTTISH RITE TEMPLE

Plenty of Free Parking Space
Busses Go Right by the Door

The New Evangel

By WILLIE THE WEEPER

RECENT announcements to the effect that Mlle. Uldine Utley, 13-year-old evangelist, will open a campaign at Alliance Tabernacle this Sunday remind me of something I've been meaning to promote for lo, these many years. Of course, I wouldn't want to poach on Mlle. Utley's preserves, nor would I expect to achieve anything like her success in wringing nickels out of emotional clients; but something has to be done about the butcher, the baker and the candle-stick maker, and chivalry or no chivalry, I'm going to take the stump before one or another of these bullies chases me up it.

Recollecting that the profession of saving souls has fallen somewhat into ill-repute, due to the pathological sayings of the Rev. John Roach Straton (one of Mlle. Utley's most eager sponsors, by the way), I have decided, reluctantly enough, that that will not do for my purpose. Moreover, there doesn't seem to be any middle ground; souls have to be either saved or damned. What can I do, then, but "have at" the local strongholds of virtue, smiting their defenders hip and thigh—all in the name of my own particular brand of evangelism? You'll have to admit that the idea is not without certain attractions.

Until I have had time to work out the details of the campaign, which will be launched not later than Thanksgiving Day, or as soon as the current football excitement has subsided somewhat, I cannot make a definite announcement in regard to dates, places and lecture subjects. However, it may be that at this time I can give you some idea of what to expect. Following front page announcements in both local dailies and wide distribution of campaign dodgers introducing me as "Willie the Weeper; Satan's Own Minister to Miami," I will begin operations (probably in some hall on North Miami Avenue) with a scorching harangue entitled, "What Price Virtue?" or "Why Worry About Honor When Politics Is So Lucrative?" Several other sermon subjects are hereby tentatively announced as follows:

"Wine, Women and Song—Whoopie!"; "Police Ethics: Their Decline and Fall"; "The Old Wives' Tale, or How We Can Have More Fun"; "Miami Banking—Public and Private"; "Why Poker Was Invented" (through special arrangement with James Stevens and the American Mercury); "What the Prospective Bride Ought not to know"; "Night Clubs and How to Start One"; "Plain and Fancy Profanity in 13 Easy Lessons"; "Tantalus, or How Do They Get That Way?"; "Divorce, by Smith & Wesson"; "Seven or Eleven—Which?"; "The Lady of

See For Yourself

Service Ace-High
Food All 100%

Dine at
Grandma's Kitchen
149 N. E. 2nd Ave.

the Evening and Her Place in Miami's Social Life"; "Outside the Law—a Discourse on a Certain Type of Winter Resident"; "The Red Light and Its Value to Paving Contractors," and "Peggy Hopkins Joyce."

Well, anyway, you see what I'm driving at. If I am not out of breath and patience by the time the above list is exhausted, I will very likely pry the lid off even more spicy dishes. All campaign contributions (if dull politicians can do it, why can't I?) should be made payable to "Willie the Weeper, D.D." (Devil's Darling) and mailed to any good address in South Miami Beach. Rubber checks will be returned after being vulcanized. No telephone calls answered.

Round the TOWN with ROD

NICE WORK

Posters in three colors are announcing the racing season at Miami. And they look all right to me.

Furthermore, this is an all-Miami job, for a change.

Dick Brown designed the poster, which depicts a neck-finish, and it is a lively piece of drawing. Magic City Engravers made the plates, and they register to a hair. Central Press printed the posters and made a good job of them.

But fancy, having anything done in Miami!

POLITICS IN SCHOOLS

Two Los Angeles teachers were fired for teaching Hoover politics to the class. In Miami some teachers have drawn bottles of beer and brown derbies on the blackboard to warn the students against Al Smith. In the parent-teachers' meeting at a Miami school Hoover-Howey posters were hung around the walls.

Somebody has been accused of frightening kids on a school ground by making the Republican party out to be a bogey man.

Some teachers, parents and individuals have very little to do if they cannot find any better occupation than trying to push politics into the school rooms.

Let's put a crimp in this sort of foolishness.

CARVED IVORY

You find things in funny places. The other day I ran across a wonderful collection of ivories in a second-hand store.

Announcement of the Informal Opening FLORIDIAN PATIO-GRILL

with a capacity for twelve hundred, and destined by its natural loveliness and beauty to be the rendezvous of the pleasure lovers of Greater Miami.

Joe Reichman and his Orchestra will furnish the music. Art Childers will furnish the entertaining personality that has made this spot the most popular gathering place in the South, and the elite of the Sunshine City will furnish the crowds.

Hold everything for next Saturday night,

OCTOBER 27, 1928 at the FLORIDIAN HOTEL

NEW SHOW TONIGHT at the

AMBASSADOR

N. W. 2th Ave. and 34th St.
Reservations Suggested—Phone 9391

4—SNAPPY REVUES NIGHTLY—4

With a Galaxy of Star Performers and a Chorus of 8—BIG TIME SHOW GIRLS—8

NO COUVERT OR ADMISSION CHARGES

The ivories, mostly Chinese figures, are beautiful specimens of the carver's art and come from the collection of a well-known Miamian.

The address is: Eley-Altchul, 36 N. W. 29th street.

ment, an' everything! "Jazz Mad" is coming to the Capitol theatre tonight for the midnite show. Jean Hersholt, Marion Nixon and George Lewis are all starring in it.

PLUMBERS

With a Reputation

Plumbers With a Heart

Plumbers Yet so Near,

Plumbers Not Far Apart.

The Plumbing Dep't Store

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

Where to Go

Don't forget, whatever else you do, that the Burton-Garrett Players open Sunday at the Temple theatre. The play they are giving is "The Whole Town's Talking," and it is an excellent comedy. This company will merit this year—so get the habit and become a Temple fan.

Talk about excitement, real excitement!



Don't Miss
The Dinner
at the

Coral Gables Golf
and Country Club
TONIGHT
SATURDAY, OCT. 20

B. T. Bethune, Mgr.
Dial C. G. 66

DINTY MOORE'S

Sportsmen's Headquarters

North Miami Ave. at First St.

Largest and Best Equiped Recreation Parlor in Miami

3 English Snooker Tables, Billiards and 6 Pool Tables.

Checker, Dominoes and Rummie Tables.

Only all-steel English Snooker Table in Florida.

Lunch and Cigar Counter

JIM HATHAWAY, Prop.

Where

Everybody Meets Everybody

DEMAND UNIVERSAL CIGARS

Sold All Over Miami
Not Only Made In Miami—
But Made Well.

5c to 35c

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HIALEAH, FLORIDA

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1771 Biscayne Blvd. Phone 38011

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

Overnight Trip to Nassau on the SS. LAURA

Leaves Miami Tuesday and Friday, 4 P. M.
Leaves Nassau Wednesday and Sunday, 4 P. M.
Arriving Early Following Morning
Phone for reservations 2-2431

Our Platform

"This furniture store is dedicated to the enrichment of the homes of this community. We believe that the future of this nation depends upon its home life. We believe that homes should be made more beautiful and more inviting. When the heart of the people is in its homes, the safety of the nation is secure."



Moore Furniture Co., Inc.

N. E. 2nd Ave. at 40th St.

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IS MERELY A TRAP

for an ADVERTISER'S

MONEY

You cannot weigh the circulation of Miami Life by the ton, nor measure it by the yard. It represents something infinitely finer than bulk stuff—something infinitely more valuable—it represents real BUYING POWER

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Of the Finest Kind
Cushions and Repainting of Your Furniture

Sanitary Mattress Works
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Teacher of Drums, Bells, Kettle Drums, Traps and Zylaphones

12 Years in Orpheum Theatre, Boston.

2 Years with Geo. M. Cohan's Musical Shows.

1 Year with Ziegfeld's Follies. Season at the Palace, New York.

Also with La Monica's Band and Fairfax Theatre.

Call or Phone
Ambassador Hotel,
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INDIAN
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Huggins Garage

2400 W. FLAGLER ST.

"MY WORD IS MY BOND"

PHONE 33619

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STANDARD MAKES

REASONABLE RATES

AUTO RENTORS, INC.

19 S. W. FIRST STREET

TEL. 33037

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