

What Every Smith Republican Is Calling Every Hoover Democrat Today:

"You !! (self made, I mean, of course)."

"Therefore not being any reflection on anyone's ancestry"

Miami Life

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Hoover's Rich But Can He Afford Miami?

ABOUT these rents and just a word to the wise (as few words as possible)—Miami, Miami Beach, Coral Gables, Hialeah, and the other communities of South Florida didn't, on November first, suddenly turn from lead to gold, magically sprout into orchids, and fill all the several million vacancies in rooms and lots between Jacksonville and the jumping-off-place-for-Havana down at Key West.

As a matter of fact, on the night of October 31, we were at home and we carefully watched the clock. At midnight there was no perceptible change in the climate. Maybe there was a bit of a squall, or the cracked plaster moaned a little more than usual, or the floors warped a little more pitifully, and the ex-millionaire realty broker in the \$17 apartment below us cried aloud in sleep.

A stranger in our midst would have never believed a cataclysm was imminent. He might even have failed to notice the shudders and blinked eyes of us natives when we heard the last alarm of the witching hour dying into the dank fastnesses of the (for) Everglades.

Imagine, then, how that combined jump of Greater Miami's landlords must have startled him at 12:01 a. m.! All the star shells over No Man's Land and all the guns of the Allied Army going off at once wouldn't compare with the terrific blast our local apartment house and hotel owners let loose on that memorable night of October 31.

And they had built up such a wonderful reputation in the last two years for being nice!

Therefore, it behooves each and every tenant to await with dread the night of November 30. For this is not the month of Thanksgiving. It'll take more than thanks to satisfy these hundreds of bankrupt apartment houses (bank-controlled, by the way—and how these banks and the Florida Power & Light Company always hit us at the wrong time!) we poor folks have been financing and gracing for the last two or three years.

The worst is yet to come. And twice, if what our liason experts tell us is true. For, on December first, the instant past midnight, the landlords will try a new and perfected spring-board; and on the night of December 31st, they figure they'll be able to jump so high that they will keep on going in space.

Already altitude aviators are worrying about colliding with rents on the Beach.

There is an unconfirmed report, which, however, we believe to be true, that a man named Jones living on Mars radioed the Miami Beach Apartment

all the money they have promised themselves they would make this season.

Several suspicious-looking characters were seen appraising the city incinerator. The jai-alai frontons, jockey club and greyhound track grandstands will be closely guarded by Pinkertons all night during the winter season.

Ladies of the evening are already investigating the possibilities of Brickell Hammock.

"If anybody figures they're going to spend the winter in our jails, they're crazy." This was a joint statement issued by Miami Safety Director Arnold, Sheriff-elect "Pop" Lehman and Miami Beach Police Chief Wood. "We are working for the community, which means six or seven bosses, all of whom have apartment houses and hotels." Judge Stoneman later corroborated these statements by announcing that, beginning 12:01 a. m. January First, no jail sentences would be administered, and that in all probability jail space would be leased at a reasonable rental for the following three months in an effort to buy a fountain pen to sign the municipal bonds of the City of Miami.

Al Smith has cancelled his proposed winter trip to Miami, owing to the fact that he might be accused of looting the New York state treasury, while Herbert Hoover, the new president, is planning on petitioning Congress for a special appropriation for a couple of hours' walk in Bayfront park.

R. Hammerhead Greeby, from his quarters beneath the bandstand, leveled a shotgun at everyone attempting to eject him. "Give me a good patrol wagon, with a competent chauffeur, for the winter season, and I'll get out," said Mr. Greeby.

Even Little Geraldine was in a dilemma. When the landlord told her that her rent would be raised on December first, she smiled brightly, and said: "Gee, I'm glad! And will the grocery bill be taken care of, too?"

Oh, well, we're going to have a lot of fun in spite of the rent problem. We've got the beaches to sleep on, and beautiful moons to look at, and mild breezes to breathe, and the finest collection of bathing suits to watch, and plenty of—well, just plain fun not many weeks ahead.

It's just too bad that a predacious bunch of receivers, mortgagees, and guys lucky enough to still own their places are crazy enough to try to spoil it. Especially after years of grief.

The Backwash

WELL, as an original remark, "I told you so." Seminoles are getting ready to register for the next primary. They eat from the Republican budget. Politicians are advised to cultivate them. When will the Republican party give its Victory Ball? And will they invite the Loyal Sons of Ham? The Republicans of Miami are a sweet bunch. How many fights did you have during the past two weeks, O. B. White? Will Hoover drain the Everglades? And what will Carlton do about it? Howey made his mistake by loafing until the last month. Slick boys, the G. O. P.'ers. They saved entry fees and scared our Newt Lummas and Jim Flood nearly to death. Jim, he comes slipping under the wires by a nose every time. Keep your nose clean, Jim. Guess we all must get busy and register over at the beach. The election is in December. Mayor and councilmen. South Beach finally comes into its own. George and George are the boys who did it. When two high-powered go-getters like Rickard and Carter start, deep water for the pessimists. National Democratic Committee raised over four million dollars. But they were so sure of Florida that they spent the money up north. And look what happened. Moral: Give plenty to Floridians. They are sick of living on promises. That strutting fellow going down the street is Doc Merrill. He did it over the radio. Wonder if Hoover needs a good conscience-guider? Strange times we're having. A Key West jury finally found a liquor peddler guilty. What next!

House Association that beach rentals were just about within his reach.

Today's New York Stock Exchange reports an increase of 151 points in Key West-Havana ferry futures; while Beach-to-Miami Causeway Common stock made a perpendicular rise of 300 points. There was a sympathetic upward trend in Ojus Rock Pit Sleeping Quarters, non-Inc.

At a late hour last night the Miami Beach Railway company assigned a special guard to prevent motormen from renting out sleeping spaces on the street car seats during the winter season, and ordered all cars to keep moving away from the high rent districts for fear of mob violence.

Moving van companies expressed optimism in their ability to pay their back garage rent, while F. E. C. Pullman porters were beginning to wear broad smiles again.

An old lady from Wheeling plans on beating the rent situation by leasing a comfortable corner suite at the Allison hospital.

Traffic directors have quit showing "Stop" signs to landlords. "Through" streets are cluttered with "through" tenants. All of them are.

The county poorhouse has started painting S. R. O. signs.

An eminent psychologist was found sitting on a curbing yesterday, in deep ponder. He was wondering what all these landlords are going to do with

If Al Smith Had Promised Florida a Law Against Passing the Buck, He'd Have Been Elected Overwhelmingly

Where We Stand

WHERE you are! The Republicans have scooped our state into the soup-pot of the G. O. P.

Which leaves us on the verge of a winter season fairly wound up, but no guide to lead us.

But we have some friends who are willing to act as leaders. They would do the pilot act. That is, if we followed the free advice we'd be piling it here and piling it there.

Liberty magazine broke forth in a wonderful Havana boost last week. The article gave us the grand passe. And we more than likely have it coming.

Tourists and winter guests come to Florida for relaxation and play. Darn few of them come to develop the Everglades and grow potatoes. They line their pockets with good money and come to the land of the sun.

When they get here they are enthralled. They disport themselves in our wonderful ocean. They play golf, tennis, and flock to the fishing grounds—for the first week. Then the novelty wears off. They want to witness sports. They love to hear the thud-thud of the galloping ponies, or the joyous baying of speedy greyhounds, or the exciting games of jai-alai.

And so they go to Havana. Somehow something should be done about it. An insanity board, for instance, might be appointed to look into the alleged

gray matter which some of our self-appointed morals correctors deem we can use.

Reformers we've always had. They believe in nothing besides themselves, and they're darn doubtful of themselves most of the time.

The truth of the matter is that these guardians of public morals are a menace to a community. They would keep us on a

Arthur Brisbane claims Smith really made a wonderful race. He failed to rejoice over the two other votes Al would have got if the Smith Brothers hadn't been confined to bed with a cold.

sandwich diet from now on. And really, our appetites crave a steak now and then.

Anyway, we have three representatives from Dade this coming year. The legislature might brush the cobwebs from the garret long enough to realize that the prosperity of South Florida means the prosperity of the entire state.

Our mugwumps have reached the bottom. The recent election proved that the days of single party government are about over.

Dangerous Gas Boats

LAST week another one of those gas boats blew up and several men were injured. This is about the fifth gas boat that has caused trouble in the last five years.

As far as we can see, there is no real reason why these gas boats should be allowed to operate in the harbor. They have already been barred from the yacht basin and docks.

It would be more convenient for all concerned if the city would build and operate a gas station on an island in the harbor. There is a small island a few hundred feet from the yacht basin that would do very well. Three pumps could be operated selling different brands of gasoline and oil. The profits of the station could be used to pay for the upkeep of a fire boat to protect the yacht basin, docks and river.

Here is an idea worth thinking about. Miami needs a fire boat. Miami harbor needs a filling station. As no gas is sold at the basin or docks, the island system should be approved.

Every yacht, motor boat and cruiser owner would bless such an arrangement.

Perhaps a good zoo could prosper here. Many a Hialeah rye drinker has offered to contribute animals free of cost.

THE meanest Democrat in Miami has been found. He refuses to make the final payment on his Hoover vacuum cleaner.

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