

## MISSING! MORE JAIL LIVESTOCK UNACCOUNTED FOR! PAGE GARDNER!

EDITOR MIAMI LIFE: DEAR SIR—LAST TIME I WAS IN JAIL ON THE 18th FLOOR THERE WERE MILLIONS OF CONTENTED BED-BUGS. THAT WAS UNDER THE OLD HERALD-NEWS CITY COMMISSION. NOW I'M IN THE CAN AGAIN AND THERE AIN'T A DAMNED BUG AROUND! CAN'T GRANDPA GARDNER INVESTIGATE THIS?

Yours truly, ZEKE PETTINGILL.



Vol. 11—No. 49

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Miami, Florida, Saturday, August 28, 1937

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

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# Ross Allen Canned!—Vice In Miami Schools!

**I**N ADDITION TO BEING HEART-WHOLE and fancy-free, Ross Allen, who wields batons and other instruments with amazing results, will be "at liberty" to accept other professional engagements after next week.

Allen, who sired a splendid baby boy without benefit of clergy or magistrate, and then refused to contribute to the support of the infant or its disillusioned mother, is scheduled to get the air at the Five O'Clock Club on or before September 6th. He has been orchestra leader there.

For some six weeks after Allen departs, the Five O'Clock Club will be renovated, perhaps, even, fumigated, officials announced.

Upon reopening, Leo Lazero and his orchestra will provide the rhythm. Allen's bastardy trial is expected to be set on the November calendar but the maestro of the "instruments" expects to be in New York or other parts north by that time, it was stated.

The mere fact that Allen begat a child without bothering with wedlock made him no stand-out in this community — you should see the bastardy cases filed with the state's attorney! But he is one of the few amorous and promiscuous "begetters" who, while acknowledging parentage, positively refuses to contribute to the welfare of his own flesh and blood.

At first, following the expose of Allen in MIAMI LIFE, the 5 O'Clock Club prospered, as Allen humorously cashed in on his notoriety and sang such take-offs as "Molly 'n' Me and Baby Make Three," and "I Confess." But after the morbidly curious had taken a slant at this pseudo-Casanova, business fell off and the club management tumbled to the fact

(Continued on page four)

## Bull(ets) For Cow-Juice

**H**ELL hath no fury like a woman shorn of cream for her morning coffee.

A sneak thief learned that the other morning just after the milk man had delivered his wares in the vicinity of 15th and N. E. 1st avenue.

'Twas just before dawn when a series of blood-curdling screams rent the ozone, followed by revolver shots and more screams. Neighbors came a-runnin' into the streets for blocks around, in various degrees of dishabille and totin' weapons ranging from golf clubs to rolling pins, all droopy-eyed but determined to do or die for dear old Mia-mer!

What they saw wasn't a nightmare walking, or a murder. Standing in the street, clad only in an ample but flimsy nightgown, which flapped grotesquely with every waft of breeze, was Mrs. Sadie Morgan, corpulent spouse of Capt. Dick Morgan, skipper of the charter boat, "Miss Sadie," out of Pier No. 5.

To the motley crowd of Minute Men and Women, Mrs. Morgan explained. A sneak thief had been appropriating her morning bottles of milk. She had heard him this morning and, grabbing her trusty gat, had rushed out and grabbed him by the neck. The thief, a callow youth, had become so appalled at the apparition that he was momentarily paralyzed. Mrs. Morgan loosened a salvo of shots and screams to summon aid. The thief was thus revived and made his escape.

Mrs. Morgan had cream in her coffee. What the thief had is a matter of speculation.

THE MIAMI LAUNDRY offers a \$1200 score board for the new stadium. That should induce local teams to take visitors to a cleaning, after taking the starch out of them.

BIRTH CONTROL is demanded of Miamians. State Health Officer Dr. W. A. McPhaul, City Health Officer Dr. George A. MacDonnell and Fred H. Stutz, director of the Dade County anti-mosquito district, threaten to jail Magic City residents if they don't practice it—on mosquitos. Breeding places must be destroyed, the learned control board members declare. The Tribune reports: "On 403 premises discarded automobile tires were found breeding." This MUST stop!

## Slots Of Fun, Anyway!

The boys on the corner say this is the way the Slot Machinists plan to dodge the state law after October 1st: New contrivances will pay on the turn FOLLOWING the lining-up of lucky combinations, thus telling the player IN ADVANCE just exactly how much he is to receive. This, they claim, would conform with the law which demands that the gambling element be removed. But the question remains: Who would play a machine which showed in advance that NOTHING was to be obtained? At that, there are probably chumps enough to do just that.

**T**HERE'S MORE DEVILMENT GOING on in Miami schools than there is in a barrel of monkeys. And we don't mean just juvenile neckin', either! That was a national pastime back in the days of the Little Red Schoolhouse in the Woods. But noxious VICE, such as the young people of pre-War days never dreamed existed, is becoming common-place in metropolitan institutions of learning—and in those of Miami in particular!

These amazing facts were revealed here the past week when an all-too-small clique of indignant residents met unofficially to draft means to combat the spread of general dissipation, drunkenness, moral corruption, even perversion — and the menace of drug addiction.

Exaggeration? Listen, friend—"that ain't half of it!" Here's what a prominent man, father of several children whom he is determined to shield, learned after only a cursory investigation.

In one certain Miami public school, the ultimate embrace in amorous expression between sexes is reported to be as common as dirt. Homosexuals are recognized among older students. Drunkenness is so common that young exhibitionists no longer woo the bottle to "act smart" but "hit the weed," as marihuana smoking is termed. "Muggles," he name used for Marihuana by the users, may be had without too much trouble for as low as 15 cents per pill.

School authorities are cognizant of the condition but are hand-cuffed by the apathy of parents who still emulate the fabulous ostrich and keep their heads in the sand. The Junior Chamber of Commerce last Tuesday took preliminary action by nam-

(Continued on page four)

# Shutts' Wooden Soldiers Open Battle Of Bunkum

**L**IKE THE ANCIENT MARINER, who, for having shot an albatross, was made to suffer dreadful penalties, Miami's New Deal City Commissioners are being made to pay through the nose for having blown to atoms Frank Shutts' trained Cockatoo, Ev "Back Seat" Sewell, the Great Dissenter, and for having backed Tammany's Loud Speaker, Alec Orr, out on a limb.

The Rule Or Ruin battery of peanut-cannoneers has opened its broadside of recrimination in retaliation for the humiliating rout handed to the News and Herald puppets last May. The resultant barrage of hoey has produced such bucolic examples of journalism that even the hustlers who peddle the sheets snigger up their sleeves.

Imagine this in a community that pretends to the rank of a metropolis: The Moaning Herald on last Wednesday devoted 2 columns

on page 1 and the entire page 4 to a story concerning a disappointed ex-policeman's efforts to be reinstated to the force! Miamians, of course, recognized the political significance when they discovered that C. Pat Cannon, who delivered radio talks for the discredited Ev Sewell in the recent campaign, was attorney for J. J. Clinton, the ex-officer.

Then the Herald essayed the roll of a Will Rogers by introducing a goat and reviving that hoary old gag by which the animal is pictured in the act of removing weeds and grass from city thoroughfares. We thought Herb Hoover had a patent on that but apparently Shutts knows The Great Engineer well enough to borrow it. If anyone had patience enough to wade through the accompanying "story" he learned that the crux of it all was that some woman way-side-cafe owner wasn't accorded the head of the line, which waits

daily to interview City Manager Bloodworth, in order to beef about the flowering of some Florida flora before her portals.

Then there was a matter of some jail-farm hogs bringing only \$400 into the city treasury. Reappointment of Harbor Engineer Garris called for another mighty blast from the Herald and the shaking of a warning forefinger by the News, which, it seems, has not gone out of business after all.

Miamians should be prepared to see, any day now, charges that Mayor Bob Williams wears galluses; Doc Ferguson fails to shield his mouth while picking his teeth and Judge DuBose uses both sides of the paper while shaving. Gardner won't be lambasted—he prefers to be the political "hatrack" of Miami.

But the Battle of Revenge is on!

## "Rosy-Crats"

Charles W. Keyes, representative of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., has announced his candidacy for Congress on the Democratic ticket in the 1938 primary.

Keyes, who figured in a court fight in the last election when he attempted to run for U. S. Senator on a Socialist ticket, announced that, deprived of an opportunity to run as a Socialist, he and others will enter the primaries as "Roosevelt Democrats".

"A rose by any name will smell as sweet," Keyes allowed. "None of us are any more socialistic than Roosevelt, anyway!"

There's nothing like having MIAMI LIFE handy when you're kept indoors during a storm—phone 2-3239.

## Without Rime Or Reason

(The management of MIAMI LIFE will not be responsible for any ill-effects suffered by readers who negotiate the following opus, their heirs or assignees; and herewith caution all and sundry that they tackle it at their own risk. No prizes are offered for a solution of it and no reward will be paid for apprehension, identification and conviction of the unnamed contributor who submitted it.—Editor).

### MY FRIEND

I have a friend so very fine,  
He is the greatest of Mankind.  
He has a smile so very sweet,  
That makes me know he'll never cheat.

He comes to see me night and day,  
And that is why I am happy to say:  
He helps to take away my aches and pains,  
And beautiful flowers he does bring.

His character is good, his manners are fine,  
He is such a nice person you could never find.  
Oh, as the years go by  
May we be the best of friends,  
And may there be fond, loving memories,  
Right through to the end, my friend.

## 'SPARKS'

### FERGUSON II ILL

Ralph B. Ferguson, Jr., son of the city commissioner, is trying out his eating apparatus since returning home from Jackson Memorial Hospital this week, where he underwent a tonsillectomy. Young Ralph is 12.

### AKERS PUTT-ING

Dr. R. S. Akers, dentist whose name causes him no end of kidding, and Mrs. Akers are visiting the latter's parents in Saginaw, Michigan, while making an extensive auto tour with their children. Upon his return to his office at 1764 N. W. 36th St., Dr. Akers will have the pleasant surprise of finding the writer of these lines waiting in his chair. After this quib, the least he can do is to go easy with the grinders. Drs. Williamson and Anderson are battling for Dr. Akers in his absence.

## Jap War Hits Miami

**T**HE Japanese may be pointing their artillery at the Chinks, but they're tearin' things up proper around Northwest 14th street and Seventh avenue.

Some years ago, a city dump was located there but sub-dividers entered the scene and almost overnight changed the desolate terrain into one of some beauty. The dump was filled in haphazardly and a crop of castor beans were sown.

Then the Mikado prepared to defend himself against some new and helpless "assailant" and needed metal with which to dispatch his martial blessings. Price of junk soared and enterprising junk-scavengers swooped down on the discarded "dump". A wholesale resurrection ensued and today the area looks as though Nipponese cannoners had staged a gala day there.

Mayor Williams has promised indignant property owners an investigation when he returns from Washington.

### HAD A BIT OF CAT IN HIM

Headline in Miami Tribune, Aug. 26—

"Slain Negro Fired At Cops  
As He Fled, Justice Is Told."

## A Poser

When is a woman of "ill repute" not a woman of "ill repute?"

This became a moot question in Miami this week when Judge Curry jailed one Abel Ramirez, of 1929 N. W. First avenue, on violation of "an old city code" which prohibits "walking with a woman of ill repute."

Perhaps Ramirez had it coming. But other males who occasionally avail themselves of the opportunity to promenade around with females, about whose virginity they are somewhat dubious, have raised the question as to just what constitutes "ill repute." Is there a distinction, they wonder, between a woman who accepts sables and satins for their favors and one who subscribes to the Woolworth theory of low price and quick turnover?



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## "Cabbages and Kings"

**M**IDGET auto racers consider it tough luck when anyone munches peanuts in their presence before a race... It's disconcerting even AFTER a race!... These auto pushers have a lingo all their own. An auto is "an iron"... Repairing a car is termed "Shooting the bugs out"... A bad car is a "clunker"... A "jaloppi" means a hopeless auto... And "monkeys" are tires purchased from mail order houses.

**B**LAME the state of Virginia for all that spinach you get t'run at you in restaurants and at home... That state harvested a crop worth more than \$500,000 last year... Tempers grew so short during the drought in the Mid-West that divorces more than trebled... And in the Dust Bowl, a woman claims to have found an onion in her garden which was baked half way through... In Missouri folks reported hens were laying scrambled eggs.

**H**AROLD Barman, a CCC worker near Kansas City, liked his duties so well he refused to quit in order to assume administration of his mother's \$40,000 estate... Chinese hosts gauge their guests' appreciation of refreshments by the number and violence of their belches... They've GOT something there!... Oklahoma woman asks divorce because her husband eats pecans in bed... Los Angeles man spent so much time in jail, the city gave him a job there... A reduction in police personnel soon followed.

**S**ELDOM you see typographical errors in Time Magazine but on page 31 of August 16th edition a man's SPOUSE is called his "wide"... Winchell might cop onto that one, too... Looks as though the divorce yarn about Billy Rose and Fanny Brice over Eleanor Holm was just so much hokum... It boosted the Cleveland Fair "take" some \$75,000... The old Chinese Empress Whang-doodle or some such name at first barred Occidentals from the Sacred City of Peking because they had hair growing on the back of their hands... Chinese males never do.

**I**TALIANS have excellent teeth because children are taught to "tear into" the heavy-crust bread used in that country without softening it by "dunking"... Nearly twice as many males as females are left-handed... Greta Garbo's feet really are NOT enormous. They look that way because she insists on wearing long flat English shoes... Sid Grauman, Hollywood theatrical man, is the father of the bare-headed craze which has swept the country the past 20 years... There are said to be more than 1,000 Lindbergh Hotels in America... Marijuana smoking is considered a non-habit-forming stimulant.

**M**AHATMA GANDHI and the British viceroy have "made up." Gandhi apparently resolved to turn over a new sneet.

**S**ENATOR Burton Wheeler showed the Democrats he would take none of their Guffey.

**T**HE United States Fleet may visit the New York World's Fair in 1939. The lammany fight should be over by that time.

**S**PKAKER Bankhead of the House of Representatives kissed Congresswoman Mary T. Norton on the forehead when congress adjourned. Paying lip service, no doubt.

**T**HE News has now joined Frank Shutts in a duet, entitled "Moans Over Miami."

**T**HEY almost had to Shanghai American women to get them to leave that city.

**P**OLICEMEN are the only folks who can make charges without a credit rating.

**H**AS anyone ever figured out just what all those civic clubs actually accomplish?

**D**ECENT Movies appear to be suffering from Hay's Fever.

**T**HINGS are looking up in Miami. A laundry man who held himself up recently yielded \$36.

**I WAS PICKETED--**  
NOT Because I Was Fair Or Unfair To Organized Labor, But Because I Displayed The Sign Of The City Laundry And Dry Cleaning, Inc., Because I Find This Firm's Work And Business Ethics Satisfactory IN EVERY RESPECT.  
I AM NOW ABLE TO GIVE PROMPT DELIVERY AND FINEST QUALITY WORK. YOUR PATRONAGE WILL BE APPRECIATED.  
**TOM McCOUN**  
McCOUN'S CLEANERS AND DYERS  
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**Lillian Gift Shoppe**  
A Complete Line of Florida Souvenirs  
Packages Wrapped for Mailing  
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MIAMI, FLORIDA  
Mrs. Frances J. Berner

**BARN DANCING AT THE New Hardy's**  
Thursdays and Saturday Nights  
Music by Hardy's Hill Billy Band  
No Minimum—No Cover  
Standard Prices on All Sandwiches, Beer and Liquor  
N. W. 62nd St. at 17th Ave.

# GREEBY, MIAMI'S CASANOVA, TELLS HOW TO HANDLE 'TWISTS'

**R**HAMMERHEAD GREEBY was soliloquizing in the Rex Cigar Store. "It beats me how these smart guys'll let a dizzy dame pry 'em loose from their bankrolls," he remarked, jockeying into position to put the bite on J. K. Fink, the proprietor who was busy at the moment on a Crossword Puzzle.

"It puts me in mind of the time Dirty Gertie, the 'lay of the loose minstrels,' tried to tap me for a few spending skins," he continued.

J. K. abstractedly looked up from his puzzle. "What's a three-letter word meaning state of being at ease?" he asked.

"W.P.A.," replied Greeby, palming a package of peppermint from a counter rack. "As I was saying, she was SOME frail, that Dirty Gertie! I'll never get how I met up with her. It was a fine morning—in fact Judge Curry had just fined me a fin for looking on the ale while it was amber. As I stumbled outta the courtroom, there stood Gertie, on the make."

Fink stared at the ceiling in a funk. "Just what," he asked, "is a ten-letter word meaning 'money from home?'"

"That's a cinch," snorted the Greeb, with a fast yammer. "Seabiscuit. But to get back to Gertie—the moment I lamped her I knew she had something, but I couldn't tell whether it was the lobby-gow limp or the jitters.

"To make a long story, she had saucer eyes, stucco skin, scrambled feet and dishpan hands. Her mop of shredded hair was livid as a taxi driver's neck. And the gash she used for a mouth you coulda t'run a six-gallon hat in without touching the sides, if you missed the gutta-percha nose that shimmied like jello in a hurricane when she talked."

Greeby sighed. "Later on, I discovered she had shingles and gas on the stomach but as I never get personal, we'll just skip that, although at times it's pretty hard to skip gas on the stomach. Any way, I picked her up on the bounce that morning and towed her down the stem to close the deal over a jug of java. We came to a cafe but it had a sign reading 'Tables For Ladies', so I took her to another joint where they weren't so particular.

"When she looked at the coffee, which shoulda been brought in on crutches it was so frail, she pipes up 'This is swell' and thus love came to us in that grease joint. Later I learned Gertie was like a gas-tank when you're clean as a hound's tooth—always empty. She had her points, though, but they were generally toward a rum shop. At that, she might've been another Gypsy Rose Lee if it hadn't been for the misfortune that, while she could strip all right, there wasn't much tease about what she exposed. That was always Gertie's trouble.

"First inkling I got that she was avaricious, rapacious and, I might even go so far as to say mercenary, was a couple of weeks later when she actually wanted to send the laundry out. Then one day when it started to rain, she hollered: 'Quick, let's get under a canape.'"

J. K. shifted onto his good leg. "Whatinell is a five-letter word denoting 'bad news?'" he snapped.

"Your ignorance is colossal," sneered Greeby, smirking. "It's 'craps.'" Greeby shot a duck from the floor and lit it. "Well, sir," he continued, "Gertie tried every which way to make me hold still for a 'score' but I hung onto my dough like a convention delegate. She tried every artifice known to the Weaker Sex since John lost his head over Salome's callipygian allure—and before you ask I'll tell you that is an eleven-letter-word the Greeks have meaning 'shapely rear profile.'"

"Yessir, J. K., you gotta bear down on dames. Don't fall for ANYTHING! It makes me laugh when I think of Gertie trying to take ME for dough!"

J. K. gave up and hurled the puzzle to the floor, which was littered with men about town. "But tell me, Greeb," he asked, "how did you ever split up?"

Greeby frowned, thus throwing his hat off his ears. "O, that—" he dismissed in an aside. "One day she came running into the clip joint where I was floorwalker and broke the news. Seems she'd just had word from her folks up at Lysol, Louisiana, that her mother had to have an operation and needed \$47.50 pronto. Naturally, I couldn't turn her down for that. But it's a funny thing—I ain't seen Gertie from that day to this!"



## ON THE CUFF

**A**CORAL Gables man sent his Negro gardener to a dentist friend whose office was in downtown Miami. The colored boy's work had been seriously hampered by throbs of a recalcitrant molar. Some hours later, the "Shine returned, all smiles. "Did you go to Dr. Blank as I told you?" asked the boss. "Naw, sah, Ah didn't," replied the Dingo. "Yuh see, when Ah gets up in that hallway, Ah sees a sign on Dr. Blank's office wot reads 'Dr. Blank, 2 to 5' and right across de hall they's one reads: 'Dr. Jones, 11 to 1' so naturally I played de odds."

**A**ND here's one still older, if such a thing is possible. Up near Louisville an early morning clocker was strolling along a river while returning to his breakfast when he saw an aged darkie fishing on a bank. The clocker, who happened to be addicted to use of 'snow', looked on as the old man baited his line with worms, heaved it into the water and with remarkable rapidity, pulled in writhing fish of various species. Suddenly the clocker reached down, grabbed a handful of worms, clumsily wrapped the line around them and heaved the mass into the river, the worms splashing widely as hungry fish leaped and struck. "Please sah," protested the darkie, "It tuck me hours to dig up them 'ere worms." The clocker patted the old fellow on a shoulder. "Listen Old Timer," he said "Always make a sucker think it's a square game and THEN give him the hooks!"

**T**HERE ought to be a law justifying anybody taking a poke at those apes who tell you: "I know a guy who's got a roll of film which shows—" and then he tells you how the film reveals any one of a dozen prominent movie stars in various compromising positions. He winds up the yarn by saying his friend "was offered" a grand or so for the film and sold it. "Otherwise," he adds, regretfully, "I'd prove it by getting him to show it to you." Have you met one of them yet?

**O**UR pet peeve is having to wait for a waiter to give us our check after a meal. The reason they don't place the check before your plate, after you've advised them you care for nothing further, is that they want to present it as you are rising to leave, thus "making you feel cheap" if you have to, or care to "stiff them". When they pull this gag, we NEVER kick in.

**G**RAPEVINE: There's a war on between Cat Houses in these parts... That gag Winchell pulled about a waiter lighting a woman's cigarette with a \$5 bill she tipped him with was a good one just before the World War... Sale of Second Hand cars has taken a decided spurt. Jack Davis of Davis and Alexander, S. W. Eighth Street, reports... The Tribune's public thermometer next to the Hippodrome is always several degrees higher than it should be because of the heat reflected by the pavement... Fumigation of a N. E. Second street hotel last week almost caused a fire alarm to be sent in... The state is receiving much unfavorable publicity from the municipal bankruptcy actions taken by West Palm Beach and other communities.

**T**oday's Winner:  
Last Saturday night, just before I went to the hospital, I was about to pay for a drink in Tom Heeny's Bar when, imagine my chagrin, a gentleman standing next to me found MY hand in one of his pockets. I was never so mortified in my life!  
JULES LaTRINE,  
Jackson Memorial Hospital.

One afternoon while loitering in the City Hall, I met a nifty blond and married her. You will realize my predicament when I tell you that when we retired that night we discovered that we BOTH slept on our right side.  
MYRON KUMQUAT, Jr.,  
Pelvis Pass, Fla.

**Dr. R. S. AKERS DENTIST**  
DR. R. WILLIAMSON, Asso.  
1764 N. W. 36th Street  
PHONE 2-2131  
"Closed Saturdays"

## So YOU Say--

**BISCAZYNE POOL**  
Editor:  
I think it would be timely if MIAMI LIFE campaigned for a public swimming pool on the Biscayne Park waterfront. The original cost would not be too great and the upkeep would be nil as compared to receipts. Changes could be kept to a minimum. Lots of people would enjoy a mid-day dip who haven't time to motor to the beach. Why not start the ball rolling?  
F. C. Satterwaith.

**HONEST PREVIEWS**  
Editor:  
Many of your readers are solidly behind you in your agitation for better previews of motion pictures at local theaters and those at the Beach. The usual newspaper previews are as bad as the ads which the theaters publish. There is a definite need in Miami for a frank, free column which would tell theater-goers what to expect, such as you promised recently. Why delay?  
Miss Bobbie Towne.

**INSURANCE RACKET**  
Editor:  
Keep up your hammering away at the Fire Insurance racket! And the windstorm angles that permit agencies to get around the meaning of the law. Your articles exposing this Trust have already done many folks some good but if you don't keep after them, the whole thing will soon be forgotten.  
A Builder.

**FRESH FISH**  
Editor:  
Your recent editorial regarding exposure of fish to the sun by market delivery cars does an injustice to some of us who adhere strictly to refrigeration needs... Cases where fish is carelessly exposed are the exceptions rather than the rule.  
Hal H. Case.

**BALL CHAIN BAR**  
Daily Cocktail Hour 4 to 6  
"LEFTY" MORGAN ORCHESTRA  
Dancing Every Evening  
1513 S. W. 8TH STREET

**FREE 1 Pint Maple Syrup FREE**  
NO COUPON NEEDED—JUST PHONE US.  
To introduce our "Tropical Maple Syrup, we will gladly deliver free to any restaurant, barbecue stand or food store a one-pint jar for trial without obligation.  
**TROPICAL EXTRACT CO.**  
326 N. W. 54th STREET EDGE. 2670

## "All In A Life Time"

**F**ATE, it has been said, often dishes out some queer situations. A Birmingham, Alabama, youth motored here to pay week-end court to a North Beach lass, whom he had met in Atlanta. Near Hollywood he and another motorist rubbed fenders and had a heated argument which ended when the youth threatened to punch the other motorist's jaw. When he dined with the girl's family that night, the "other motorist" sat at the head of the table. He was the girl's father. But they squared things over a highball.

**H**ERE'S one which Contributor T. T.F. says is true. A musician who used to play hereabouts divorced his wife after much bitterness over the third side of the triangle—an advertising man. For exactly 12 nights following granting of the decree, the ex-wife and her sweetie sat directly in front of the orchestra, stared at the musician and continually joked and laughed. This so disconcerted the artist that he quit his job and left town. He has never been any good since.

**S**OMEONE stole a purse from a gentleman. It contained exactly \$50 in bills. Three weeks later a friend approached the loser and said: "By the way, did you ever learn who stole your fifty bucks?" The gentleman answered, "I found out just this moment—you did!" Do you know how he found out? Simple, he had never mentioned the loss to a soul, hoping that sooner or later the guilty party would crack about it.

**T**WO Miami youths were dead broke. They led a hand-to-mouth existence and roomed in a dingy cottage on North Miami avenue, barely scraping together enough to pay their rent. One day one of them received a substantial check in the mail, cashed it and prepared to paint the town red. While taking a bath, someone purloined the dough. He hunted up his room-mate, found him buying drinks for the house in an expensive bar. The loser had his pal arrested. And then found out that the jailed youth ALSO had received a check from his folks that very day—via general delivery. Freed once more, the aggrieved one sought his buddy and a free-for-all scrap ensued. They both ended in the Clink—broke.

**I**T is a regrettable fact that policemen and even some courts will more readily believe women than men. A certain matron has been causing the arrest of her husband quite frequently on drunkenness charges. The husband actually does take on more than his quota of liquor but seldom is out of line. What the court doesn't know is that the woman jugs her spouse only when her beau, a salesman, comes to town.

"Were any of your other beaus as rough as I am?"  
"No, not one bit."

**WHITE BELT LAUNDRY**  
Best Quality Work  
N. W. 32nd Avenue at 60th Street  
Phone Edg. 1568

Bring your own container to  
**Miami Home Milk Producers Assn.**  
769 N. W. 18th Terrace for the Finest...  
Golden Flake Buttermilk you ever tasted 25c GAL.

**MOE'S BRIDGE BAR**  
456 WEST FLAGLER (Just West of the Bridge)  
Something new and interesting all of the time. If you haven't visited us recently, come in—you will be pleasantly surprised.

**P. & A.**  
GREATER MIAMI'S COMPLETE GARAGE  
Eighteen Years of Satisfactory Service  
52 N. E. 8th St. Phones 3-5568 - 3-5569



# Winter Is On The Way, 'Box Car Willie' Here!

Miami has opened a new school of learning.

It's a college, too! — a Hobo College

Jack "Sox" Miller, known from coast to coast as a "bottle-stiff" and a former associate of Eads, the Millionaire Hobo, blew into town this week "to look things over," he says. He is staying with old friends near Coconut Grove.

Miller bears no resemblance to the comic cartoonist's type of hobo. He is neatly if not stylishly dressed and has a better than average education. "A hobo college," he explained, "functions as a central depot for those who beat their way over the country. It is permanent in large Northern and Western cities but usually a here-today and gone-tomorrow affair in the South."

At Captain Tom's waterfront cafe, Miller declared that the college would prove a benefit to Miami. "It helps people get out of town and saves you tax-payers lots of money in the long run," he explained. "You're always going to have hoboes as long as human nature remains, so you might as well get used to it. Jail doesn't change a real hobo—the urge to move on to the next town is in the blood to stay."

## Things I'd Like To Know

Why doesn't Ed Garvey sing an encore or does he only know "September In The Rain" ? ? ?

How did S. J. and M. G. happen to come home wearing each other's stockings ? ? ?

Is Hazel M. afraid to enter Bill's tailoring shop on account of his wife ? ? ?

Wasn't that a slick piece of work on the part of the Beach man in squashing the blackmail plot that would have ruined him and does he realize what Miami weekly sacrificed a HOT story to save his hide ? ? ?

Does that saleslady at Lerner's know where her new moment was during 1929-30 ? ? ?

What South Florida official was walking coatless and hatless in a downpour of rain the other mid-night ? ? ?

What prominent downtown businessman almost had his ears knocked off for flirting with the wife of an ex-pug ? ? ?

Why doesn't someone tell that brick-top damsel that she'll be on the junk if she doesn't lay off the laughing-smoke pretty soon ? ? ?

How come the S. E. First Avenue lady-killer detours around the Florida Bank Building these days and has he applied for a permit to carry a gun ? ? ?

Where did Fred get the dough for that engagement ring he's flashing ? ? ?

What will Miami's "400" do when the former Woolworth clerk weds the ruddy-faced scion of one of it's leading families ? ? ?

How long does Jack think he'll get away with fooling the girl's old man—and when it happens will he

make a good looking corpse ? ? ?

What would that high-hat Beach "promoter" do if someone told his wife he started life as a barber ? ? ?

Why is "Rusty" so pale since returning from her six weeks vacation in the North ? ? ?

How long will the husky-voiced blond drive her "fellow's" auto before his wife spies her and makes a scene ? ? ?

What keeps Professional Building Doc out Biscayne boulevard so late ? ? ?

What big-hearted "philanthropist" made a big show of donating to a worthy cause and then stopped payment on the check, excusing himself with a cock-and-bull story about his losses in the stock market ? ? ?

Is that a romance in the offing between the McAlister Hotel guests ? ? ?

When will that imported wine-peddler learn to keep his ample nose out of his female employees' personal business ? ? ?

How does Mary ditch her steady when the engineer comes to town ? ? ?

What school athlete cried after the Country Club dance and why ? ? ?

Did Josephine really get that shiner by colliding with an open door in the dark or did she give Lon a little too much lip ? ? ?

Why is the chubby little brunette so afraid MIAMI LIFE will mention her name if her story of the boating trip is true ? ? ?

Why does Charlie's ex-steady insist upon decrepit old rakes to knock about with ? ? ?

Hasn't Kinky had enough of the Eighteenth Floor ? ? ?

# GOINGS ON IN SOCIETY

## Maiden Race

LUMNAE members of the Eta Beta Theta sorority will throw a rush party for Maidens tomorrow between 2 and 2:10, if any can be found. Cherry and scarlet, the sorority blends, will be pulled out of the Hope Chest for the occasion. Alternating at the punch bowl will be Misses Lizzie Leighstill, Lotta B. Hind and Nora Immersquat. Sophia Wunsport will render She Sleeps In The Swamps by request.

## Contact!

MISS Tina Middlepoop, of Blowing Rock, N. C., and Albion Later will finally marry this afternoon in the presence of near relatives and tight friends. Oaths will be exchanged behind closed doors. Miss Middlepoop will wear a suit of aquamarine mullet with well-felt bodice of basketweave material giving a gummy-sack effect. Mr Later will take no chances and wear zippers

## Evening Tiffin

MME. Henrietta Plenty will pour tea for four this evening at 5. Mme. Plenty will then drink the tea at 6.

## Rounders On Loose

THE Year Rounders of Adenoids Crease will stage their seventh monthly binding Tuesday night following a rubber shower on the Yacht Youlinyuck, lying off Snobber's Point, in honor of bride-elect Flossy Crotch, problem daughter of that popular Rounder, Mrs. A. Valeable Crotch, who will wed one of the Rounders sooner or later if things go on as they have. Later, the Rounders will take Ozone-Cars to the Spiltmore Links where they will all try to make holes-in-one, winding up with a game of Pat On The Rock in the clubhouse at Key Lardgoo. Only second generation Rounders are invited.

## Patsy's Party

MEMBERS of the Miami Big Brothers Group will stage a fireworks display tonight at their quarters at Pansy Pass. Members will fetch their own punk, Pat Twattly, chairman, announced.

## Clean From Nipples

COUNT Meeban and Anita Snatcha who have closed their Italian chateau, Au Stopnow, near Nipples, for the winter will open a few weeks and no more than they have to with their relatives at South Beach, Prof. and Mrs. Moe Gefelafesch von Blattsgenster. Before coming to South Beach, Prof. von Blattsgenster gained national distinction as a welterweight boxer, fighting under the name of Owen O'Shaunessey.

## "THEY TELL ME" ---

The only thing that prevents that radio artist from marrying the wealthy spinster of Coral Gables is a wife he left in Joisey. ! ! !

"Mary-Go-Round" broke down and told her fiance all about her carrying's on with that University of Georgia clown last month. ! ! !

The hustling real estate promoter doesn't know whether to buy the layette or the wedding ring first and his funds won't permit both ! ! !

The West Flagler service-station operator with the "line" wishes he hadn't succeeded so well with the politician's daughter ! ! !

Another June and December romance is simmering in the City Hall ! ! !

That public utility big-shot, who gave his wife a beautiful jewel for her birthday, had to go a bit higher for his cutie's gem, when the latter beefed about it ! ! !

Gracie would wear petticoats if she knew how her bow-legs look when the sun's behind her ! ! !

The rib published here about the financial man who parked his car outside one of the better notches ended as predicted. His sass-lety gal gave him the air and went north ! ! !

Edna apparently fell in love with those etchings Ross showed her in his rooms ! ! !

The Marks Store will lose one of its most efficient fems when the tall, charming counter-jumper takes the banns with the New Orleans exporter ! ! !

That South East district brunette who wants every body to know she's just down from Broadway has a tough time hiding her Hoosier nas-

al accent when she talks fast ! ! !

The gay divorcee of the Ingraham Building may go back to her hubby now that he's sobered up ! ! !

The plucky little widow who was deserted here has taken the bull by the horns and is giving beauty treatments in the homes of her clients, license or not license ! ! !

A real honest-to-goodness romance, with all the trimmings, is about to culminate in marriage between two Dolly Madison employees --and fellow-workers haven't the see-lightest idea it's going on right under their noses ! ! !

It might have been a coincidence that the well-heeled Cuban checked out of the E. Flagler street hotel just 24 hours before the unattached blond departed from the same hostelry and headed for Havana ! ! !

The Beach dowager mentioned in this column last week shouldn't have become so panicky about it and shipped off her gigolo to Atlanta, because THEY TELL ME doesn't tell tales ! ! !

The West Flagler Street "hasher," whom patrons have nicknamed "The Sphinx" because she never talks out of turn, holds a college degree and is only holding 'em off the elbow in order to aid her invalid husband over a tough spot

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## BRIGHT SAYINGS

MIAMI LIFE will kick in with a buck for every spoiled brat's nasty wise-crack actually published, in order that these pests may continue to get on everybody's nerves until, sooner or later, an uninhibited person will knock their empty little pates off their shoulders and, perhaps, take a punch or two at their thick-headed parents. No entries accepted unless accompanied by \$1 to cover expenses.

My little boy, Ambrose, saw his sister, Arrabella, 5, fall out a window on the 17th floor of a certain downtown building. Quick as a flash, he turned and said: "Well, pop, looks like we'll have enough pie to go around tonight!"  
HECTOR HOOFFPOOFEN,  
Coconut Grove.

Leander II, who is just turning 6, heard distant peals of thunder. Turning to his Aunt Hephzibah, he expostulated: "Nuts! Now I suppose we'll have to put up with you all night again--what's the matter, ain't you got no home?"  
MRS. FANNY RUMBLES,  
Cathartic, Fla.

# SPORT-POUR-RI

IF Joe DiMaggio, the 'Frisco Wop, doesn't reef the old apple out of the lot enough times to break Babe Ruth's high mark of 60 before the Majors call it a season, he'll never do it. Big Time sports scribes claim American League chuckers have a gentleman's agreement to stop the Californian, in appreciation of what Ruth did for the pastime That's fair because they "walked" Ruth in the clutches, too. Revival of the dead sphere next year will virtually kill all hope of smashing the Big Bambino's clouting mark. Incidentally, the dead pellet will bring back base-stealing, the sacrifice and snappy defense at the hot corner, third base. Clubbers who choke their bats will regain their places in the sun. But they'll wonder howinell Ty Cobb ever staged his all-time one-man offensive for two decades against such a stubborn ball.

THIS week's issue of PIC, photo mag, shows Abe Attell in action and carries the underlines "Attell lost his featherweight title to Harlem Tommy Murphy." We haven't time to look it up, but we thought Abe was clouted from under his crown by Johnny Kilbane, the Cleveland Celt. Right?

FIGHT fans at the Armory like Grumpy Gordy, the Chanting Cracker from Georgia, chiefly because he carries a sense of humor into the ring. Some years ago one of the greatest drawing cards in the middle west was "Circus Solly", a lightweight from Kokomo, Indiana. Solly was a ringer for Rube Waddell, but wasn't half-nuts as was the Rube. Solly was completely nuts. He wore a jockey's cap and a rainbow-hued robe into the arena. His sneakers were of the button variety and he chewed gum furiously throughout his bouts. He never led, but whenever an opponent cracked his chin, Solly somehow retaliated with one just a little better. He was never knocked out but his chin caught more knuckles than ANY-body during his long ring career. His one hobby was riding on elevators—they used to have to throw him off.

RUNS, HITS and ERRORS—Average price for the 65 eligible horses for the '39 Preakness was \$5,904. . . Biggest test for golf stars is the 18-hole match, which Bobby Jones hated. . . Frank Carideo, Notre Dame immortal, started lecturing on forward passing and punting at Mississippi State last Monday. . . Poor officiating will be the target of South-eastern grid moguls in the Atlanta confab this week-end. . . The Yankees have another slugger ready for 1938. He is Charley Keller, former U. of Maryland star who may fill in at right field when the Yanks clinch the rag this season. . . Vince DiMaggio's throwing arm is considered the best in baseball. . . Don't be surprised if the Cardinals and Pirates stage last minute spurts. . . The American Association standings in the Herald and the News have been incorrect for exactly 11 days, including last Thursday's. The Herald makes the errors and the News clips them. Help! Help!

"One thing I'll say about me."  
Jimmy—when he gets plastered he never walks out on  
"Really considerate, huh?"  
"Considerate nothing. He always has to be carried."

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AIR RIDERS WARNED

Pan American Airlines are compelling passengers to Panama to sign cards containing this statement:

"On February 18, 1929, President Hoover signed Executive Order No. 5047, the substance of which is as follows:

"The use of cameras, maps, photographs, sketches, drawings, etc., while flying over the Panama Canal zone is prohibited. Violators are punishable under the law."

Pan American Airways, Inc., hereby advises all concerned that they can accept no responsibility for loss or damage through noncompliance with the above.

I am cognizant of the above and my signature hereto affirms that I have no unsealed camera in my baggage or upon my person."

Life's Lingo Lesson

By PROF. P. DINGLE PUNYPUSS, B. O.

(Author of "You Can Lead A Man To Water But Why?")

THERE is nothing more exasperating than being unable to make one's self understood in a strange land. How many of our brave soldiers in France, through ignorance of the language, asked for a "demi-monde" only to receive a "demi-tasse" instead!

sorbing too much bottled-in-bond bilgewater, you should wake up in a South Beach ash-can, or on Aunt Mandy's front porch in Jigtown? You'd be in one Helluva fix, wouldn't you?

Well, then, study the following definitions and practice them on your neighbor. Or better still, take a trip to these strange places and hear for yourself the natives' jargon. Definitions:

SOUTH BEACH

(Lesson 1)

Slip .....to slumber
Pence ..... Britches
Violate ..... a flower
Pig ..... to select
Phase ..... visage, puss
Comb ..... to arrive
Atom ..... Eve's mate
Guess ..... motor fuel

Expanse .....cost
Pip .....to look slyly
Ship .....Wool-bearing animal
Collar ..... shade, hue
Ride ..... correct
Hearse .....that girl's
Column .....peaceful
Lip ..... jump

JIGTOWN

(Lesson 2)

Seed ..... observed
Show .....yes, indeed
Raid ..... color
Impotent ..... vital

Pasture .....church official
Jerk ..... humorous anecdote
Hymns ..... that fellow's
Coat ..... bar of justice

(NEXT WEEK: How to Get By In Coconut Grove)

MORE ABOUT ALLEN

(Continued from page one)

that Allen had no place in a respectable rendezvous for decent people. Hence the abandonment of the man who chose to take advantage of an elastic and toothless law rather than protect his own offspring.

MORE ABOUT VICE

(Continued from page one)

ing a committee to investigate the charges, selecting Paul McCreary, as chairman. McCreary, a product of Miami schools, should be able to get to the bottom of the situation if anybody can. It's about time!

Ogdonelle—Have you ever met the only man you could ever be happy with? Sally—Oh, yes, lots of them.

Doctor—Relax, young man; sit down and relax. You've been standing there polite and pretty long enough. Dimwitt—It isn't politeness, Doc. It's boils.

Boogy—Boy, she certainly gave you a dirty look.

Woogy—What's that? Who did?

Boogy—Why Mother Earth of course.

Mary—Can you keep a secret, Roberta?

Roberta—Sure, I can, but it's just my luck to tell things to girls who can't.

Frances—Don't you think I am a good cook, darling? Jimmy—I think you are perfect.

Frances—Which of my dishes do you like best? Jimmy—Why-er-a-canned spaghetti, of course.

English Tommy—Oh, I say, O'Reilly, old bean, you've been to Spain. Just what is the right way to pronounce this word "Fascist"?

O'Reilly—Oh, it's quite easy, my lad. Just say it as if you were slightly tight.

The well founded rumors are generally the most confounding.

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YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE!

Luke Named

Loud brays from the ousted regime of Big and Little Tammany were anticipated over the week-end upon the announcement by City Manager A. D. F. Bloodworth that J. D. "Doc" Luke had been appointed temporary drug inspector at \$150 a month. The berth has been vacant for a year, Ev Sewell having been too occupied mending his political fences to appoint another Herald reporter to that office.

Mail-Order Firm Head Fills Bill

Like the Northwest Mounted Police of song and story, when a Sears-Roebuck man starts out to fill an order, he comes in with his man.

But in the case of Victor Watkins, it was a fish—a 5-foot sail-fish, he came in with.

Watkins, manager of the mail order house at Easton, Penn., came here with Mrs. Watkins to spend a week's vacation as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Denton, cafe owners, of 137 S. E. Third St. He had sworn to his Pennsy friends he wouldn't return until he had equalled President Roosevelt's piscatorial feats in Florida waters.

Aboard the Music Maid with Capt. William Underwood, the party had no more than arrived in the Gulf Stream than Watkins went to the mat with the sailfish, landing him like a veteran. In addition he topped the party in taking a large catch of barracuda and bonita. Watkins departed on the S. S. Shawnee.

Miami Will Expend \$9,000 On Air Meet

The city commission this week accepted Greater Miami Airport Association's selection of December 2, 3, 4, and 5 as the dates for this year's Miami All-American Air Maneuvers and authorized expenditure of \$9,000 out of the \$10,000 aviation promotion fund in the publicity budget for the races.

"Keep this under your hat," said the barber to the bald man.

When they told her how much it cost to have her face lifted, she let the whole thing drop.

The movie was so creepy, she found his hand on her knee.

"Do you know why she married that detective?" "No, why?" "He was always putting the finger on her."

Coo—Do girls really like conceited men better than the other kind? Miss Boo—What other kind?

The European peace maker is a machine gun.

Would you call a Jap newspaperman a yellow journalist?

SCHICK Service Shop (Authorized-Independent) NOW LOCATED 131 Shoreland Ave.—Dial 3-3239 At BEN WILSON, Jeweler SCHICK Specialist I. A. ANDRESS Shaver in Before 2 P. M. Get Same Day.

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WHILE MIAMI SLEEPS

ARE all the various civic and luncheon clubs in Miami asleep?

This metropolis depends upon tourists for its major income and yet nothing is done to make their visit here pleasant.

Lack of accessible directions is one outstanding deficiency. The average stranger has to make numerous inquiries of passers-by and usually several of them are strangers, too

—before proper routes to given points may be had.

One-way streets and the duplication of numerals as streets and avenues make transportation extremely difficult for those who do not possess the "key." Even service stations are frequently delinquent in supplying proper directions.

No wonder visitors sometimes call Miami a "frontier city" Let the civic-spirited organizations DO something for a change!

Don't Be Fooled!

Watch out for storm scare extras!

A morning tabloid newspaper has come out editorially with announcement that "the day has passed when Miami can afford to be dominated by a hush-hush policy with reference to hurricane publicity."

There is a great revenue to be derived from "bootjacking" scare extras in residential sections of the city when a tropical disturbance is hovering anywhere near Miami. Circulation is boosted by these "startlers" which, how-

ever, cause great and unnecessary concern among residents, especially when they are disseminated long in advance of the approach of the storm.

MIAMI LIFE wishes to warn its readers against undue concern if these extras are distributed, although, of course, it is quite possible that there might be occasion for them AFTER THE STORM WARNINGS HAVE FIRST BEEN RELEASED BY THE GOVERNMENT AND STATE BODIES FORMED FOR THAT PURPOSE!

\$913,000 Of County Bonds Are Validated

Judge Paul D. Barns, in Circuit court this week, validated \$913,000 in county refunding bonds which the county commissioners to exchange for bonds bearing a higher rate of interest, thus saving the county \$300,000 over a period of 10 years.

BEACH SERVICE Wucher and Lynn, wholesalers, 834 First St., Miami Beach, will deliver free samples of Tropical Extract Company's maple syrup upon request by Beach cafes, stands, etc.

EFFICIENT COP

By way of something optimistic, The Cop who inspects prospective auto license takers-out at the depot on S. W. 2nd avenue, at 4th street, sets a new high for efficiency. Turns 'em out fast and is courteous.

A forked-tongued gossip can talk on both sides of the fence at once.



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DIRECT FROM THE TRACK WITH Jockey Jimmy

YOUR STABLE THIS WEEK With JOCKEY JIMMY

STARWICK—is the horse of the week—here is a baby that really is educated—when the odds are right—down it comes—tab for this week as smart money says its ready.

ALMAHA—second the last time out—can do better.

Countess Ann—the smart boys are getting ready for another killing.

DREEL—still under the impression that this is a good thing.

FLAGSTONE—has been given a short rest—will win three or four.

GOLDMAN—works point to this one as being exceptionally good.

KENTUCKY EAGLE—one for the (Kentucky Doctor) to follow.

KING BONNY—spot in the book for this week.

MISS GINBAR—the Metropolitan bar special—tab close.

PORCELUS—will be a well meant horse next time out.

SLAVONIA—little "pete" is sticking with this one.

ZOR—likes Narragansett track—ready now.

JOCKEY JIMMY'S SECRET REPORTS (All Tracks) FOLLOW 3 TIMES, YOU'LL BE SURE TO CASH IN—FOOLEM at NARRAGANSETT—TORNADIC at CHICAGO—GUNWALE at CLEVELAND—QUICK DEVIL at NEW YORK.

Table listing names like BOB C, BILL D, BOOMS PAL, BULL MARKET, BULWARK, BUTTER, COUNT ME, CHAMBERSBURGER, CHURCH CALL, CREDULOUS, DARK ZENI, HARPER, HARRY G, HIT AND RUN, HI-WELL, KARKIE, NATTY BOY, LONEHAND, OUR BUD, PARTY SPIRIT, PUMPKIN, RUSH PLAY, SUN KINSCEN, SCOTTISH MARY, SWIFTLIGHT, TOMYE, WISE DORA, ZEVANNA, ZORANNA, ZUMP.

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