

Wrecking of Templar City Reveals Hidden Treasure

ALTHOUGH NO CONFIRMATION COULD BE HAD AT A LATE HOUR, THERE WAS A RUMOR GOING THE ROUNDS ABOUT TOWN THAT A WORKMAN ENGAGED IN TEARING DOWN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RECENT GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AT THE FOOT OF BISCAYNE BOULEVARD, FOUND A PURSE CONTAINING ELEVEN PENNIES BEHIND ONE OF THE STEEL-UPRIGHTS. A QUESTIONNAIRE, THE RUMOR HAS IT, WILL BE SENT TO ALL DELEGATES WHO ATTENDED THE CONCLAVE IN AN EFFORT TO LEARN WHO LEFT 0.11 CENTS IN MIAMI.



INSIDE STORY OF "BEER RACKET" HOAX!

OF ALL the tank-town exhibitions ever pulled in Greater Miami, the one being perpetrated here today under the guise of a scandal-o-u-s "beer racket" expose takes the cake, icing an' all! It is the biggest hoax since some smart guy sold Biscayne Bay to a visiting fireman.

The Miami News has been used as a dupe for an unscrupulous gang of labor agitators, headed by one Victor LaValle, catering manager for the Deauville Casino; Miss Myrtle Buckholtz, deposed secretary of the Miami Local of Bartenders and Culinary Workers, and a blown-up dummy, one C. H. Grant, short-order cook, who only nine weeks ago was admitted on probation to the local union.

Here is the ONLY INSIDE STORY of this huge hoax yet published in Miami:

The so-called "Al Capone Beer" which the bu-

colic News raved about in screaming headlines (but which, you'll notice, it was afraid to name) is the Manhattan Beer, an excellent brew manufactured in Chicago and distributed in this area by a sound, reputable agency, the Manhattan Distributors, at

\$500 REWARD!

TO ANYONE PROVING THAT THE GREAT DEMAND FOR MANHATTAN BEER IN MIAMI HAS BEEN PROMOTED BY METHODS OTHER THAN GOOD BUSINESS, SALESMANSHIP, MERITS OF A SUPERIOR PRODUCT AND GOOD WILL!

(Signed) MAURICE COHEN, Local Agent, Manhattan Beer Distributors, 828 N. W. 21st Terrace, City.

828 N. W. 21st Terrace.

Maurice Cohen, agent, offers \$500 reward to ANYBODY proving that strong-arm methods,

such as the News charged, have EVER been used in promotion of the sale of the product here. He merely laughs — along with anyone else who knows the situation—at the suggestion that Al Capone, who is now in Alcatraz Prison out in San Francisco Bay, or any of his kin or associates, have ANYTHING WHATSOEVER to do with the Manhattan Beer.

A stool pigeon who has served in various capacities for Bigwigs of the unaccredited bartenders gang now trying to organize at Miami Beach, gave the following explanation of the whole rumpus to Miami Life:

Victor LaValle, who as long ago as last June acted as spokesman for John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization, joined with Miss Myrtle Buckholtz, who two months ago was kicked out

(Continued on page 4)

Fireman's Fate Hangs On Word

FIREWORKS are scheduled here next Wednesday when a petition for alternate writ of mandamus is returnable in the case of H. C. Roberts, former fire department captain, against the Miami Civil Service board for reinstatement.

Capt. Roberts was discharged on July 6th last, after 21 years of service, upon complaint of Mrs. Dan B. Byrd, a fireman's wife who charged Roberts with the laying upon of hands while hunting for—believe it or not—a paint brush.

Specification No. 3 in Robert's petition, filed by Attorney William J. Pruitt, reads:

(3) Your Petitioner would show that he, too, testified at said hearing and categorically denied the unsubstantiated and uncorroborated charge of improper advances and/or insulted the said Mrs. Dan B. Byrd and denied he made the assault upon said Mrs. Dan B. Byrd and denied he said to her: "Oh, Hazel, come on and give me a piece." And further, your Petitioner would show that the said Mrs. Dan B. Byrd failed to designate or specifically allege what commodity was referred to in the alleged request for a "piece", that is, whether the alleged request was for a piece of cake or some other commodity or in what respect the alleged statement was insulting."

Capt. Roberts, who declares he didn't ask for nor receive anything, demands reinstatement to the department. Defendants are John K. Clemmer, chairman of the board and the other two members, Nathan Bauer and Miles Ventress.

Take Your Choice

IF YOU'VE been laboring under the illusion the daily papers of Miami give you straight news, you may get hep to yourself by purchasing copies of the three sheets of last Tuesday.

Heads over identical stories dealing with the city's request to the government for additional custom inspectors at Miami Port greeted the perplexed readers in this enlightening fashion:

HERALD—"Increase Of Custom Personnel denied."

TRIBUNE—"City To Get More U. S. Inspectors."

NEWS—"Custom Inspector Plea Turned Down."

Now, read those carefully, if you're a bit on the stupid side. Even a dullard can readily see that SOMEBODY lied, by giving a false impression. It WAS NOT a mistake—newspaper men are trained to interpret plain English and, despite the dubious abilities of

(Continued on page 4)

Cops Probe Vice Among Students!

THE MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT has finally got around to probing rumors, innuendo and charges current in this city that wholesale vice has gained an astounding and almost unbelievable foothold among school students here.

Under-cover operatives directed by Chief of Detectives L. O. Scarboro have launched an investigation which, it is believed, will convince the people of this great city that public institutions of learning embrace certain "courses" which are not included in the curriculum but which, nevertheless, have been taken up eagerly by youths and girls who are at that age where they will "try anything once."

Since MIAMI LIFE last week reported charges that young peoples' morals are being undermined, primarily through gross negligence of parents who dismiss the subject with such inane observations as "Well, we were all young once," this publication has been deluged with both laudatory and scathing response.

From a source which, unfortunately, is not in a position to permit direct quotation, we have been informed that during the last term at Miami Edison High School, a "shake-down" search in the girls' cloakroom, revealed a large amount of marihuana cigarettes. So common has "muggles-smoking" become among older grade school students and those in high school that LIFE'S story about this practice last week was termed, by students who "are in the know" as being "old stuff."

A former school teacher has reported that at Miami High a group of sophisticates more than a year ago formed a Rabelaisian society whose existence is well known to the majority of the student body. The members, so this teacher—a woman—declared, are limited to "emancipated" boys and girls who voluntarily pledge themselves to disregard "conventional morals" between members, and to only those applicants who meet the prime requisite that he or she is neither a cel-

ibate or virgin! In the vernacular, they must DEMONSTRATE that they "know all the answers."

Police have been advised that a few fraternity and sorority dances are notorious even among students in that they provide amorously-inclined young people of both sexes to indulge in sensual expression with implied parental consent—the elders, of course, being completely hoodwinked by their children. Police will investigate the general accusation that certain social societies are merely "blinds" employed to further promiscuous mingling of the sexes.

An unused portion of a certain downtown theater has been utilized by uninhibited, sex-crazed youngsters of school age, it has been stated—not once but a dozen times—to Miami residents who refrain from making complaints lest they become involved in resultant action. The price of an admission ticket provides the wherewithal for entree to this vacation-period rendezvous, students who have attended the orgies claim.

Uncurbed liquor-imbibing among juveniles is too commonplace for detailed mention in this summation. One needs no Sherlock Holmes disguise in order to penetrate the portals of the "elite" clubs which permit smart fraternity and sorority gatherings to stage their weekly binges within their walls. Sons and daughters of "the best people" indulge in these sprees, and through a Divine Providence manipulate their automobiles with such remarkable cleverness while "pie-eyed" that few accidents occur.

That juvenile delinquency is a real problem in Miami is attested by the fact that certain staid civic clubs have become animated to the extent of elevating genteel eyebrows after the fashion of an Englishman who finds his bath water tepid. Failure of these misnomers—"civic clubs"—to do anything more emphatic than passing resolutions deploring conditions may, in the main, be attributed to their members' reluctance to stage a show for edification of the outside public lest such an expose "hurt their business."

POT CALLS THE KETTLE "BLACK"

WHOOPLA! Whirligig's City Hall pipeline is getting dizzier and dizzier in its frantic attempt to knock every blessed thing the present administration puts its hand to.

The latest nose-thumbing antic is laughable. In last Tuesday's Whirl, under a sub-head reading "Trash Slaves", the News writer moans that negro vags are put to work cleaning up accumulated trash about the city. The whole business, declares the moralist, flavors of "forced bondage."

What has Whirligig to say of last season's "forced bondage" of WHITE jail prisoners who were made, by the now-ousted Safety Director Andy Kavanaugh and Chief John Rowland, to work on the streets? How about the Detroit business man who, arrested for drunkenness, was placed in SOLITARY CONFINEMENT when he refused to work on the boulevards, cleaning up trash which cluttered up the parkways between curbs and sidewalks? That man, as revealed in MIAMI LIFE last March, was spending \$200 a day in Miami but scurried across the Mason and Dixon line as fast as he could when he finally paid his fine for drinking too much licensed liquor in AMERICA'S PLAYGROUND! He would not submit to slavery for a misdemeanor!

Why try to pull the wool over the people's eyes?

Gardner Fesses

"He stuck in his thumb, Pulled out a plum, And said 'What a Bright Boy Am I!'"

COMMISSIONER R. C. Gardner, the "Judas of Miami politics", to whom a mandate of the people means no more than a scrap of paper similar to that which Kaiser Bill tore up in 1914, returned from Washington and promptly gave his report to Ringmaster Frank Shutts.

The Moaning Herald thereupon reported how Gardner "told off" Mayor Bob Williams when the latter related at the national capital that voters had rejected municipal ownership of buses.

Gardner cackled that "the August 10th vote wasn't a repudiation of municipal ownership" (which HE championed openly) but that it showed the people "do not trust the present commission."

(Continued on page 4)

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"Cabbages and Kings"

UNITED States government seeks to dispose of the Steamship Leviathan. As the Vaterland, Germany launched it just before the World War . . . Uncle Sam interned vessel and crew and took it over in 1917 . . . Entire 69th Brigade of artillery, 42nd (Rainbow) Division, returned to U. S. after the Armistice on the "Levi" . . . 'T'was during that trip that Chief Petty Officer Danny Goodman, a forgotten boxer, knocked out the Rainbow light heavyweight champion with one punch . . . Soldiers lost lots of dough on that wallop. The sailors kept Goodman's identity a secret—until after they had collected!

IT WAS ALSO on that return trip aboard the Leviathan that a daughter of Ambassador Myron Herrick was alleged to have told her officer-escort that she wanted "to see the cattle eat." . . . Meaning the common soldiers who spread their mess-kits out on deck . . . Whenever the lady appeared thereafter, she was greeted with lusty "Moo's!" from the enraged soldiery . . . Later she claimed that what she had said was: "It's a shame the soldiers are made to eat like cattle."

MOVEMENT is afoot to compel all high school students to take a course in safe automobile driving . . . Chattanooga, Tenn., is having a fuss about city garbage collections and compels residents to use standard cans. Sounds familiar? Since MIAMI LIFE beefed about restaurant-refuse smelling up the atmosphere of evenings in the downtown district, several victualaries have voluntarily set out NEW containers with tight-fitting covers. Thanks! . . . That Ohio woman who sued the government because she fell through the flooring of a W.P.A. doniker, obtained a \$5,000 settlement . . . Walter Gifford and 18 other presidents of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and associates, started at salaries of less than \$1,000 a year.

THREE SETS OF TRIPLETS were born in a small Scotland county during 1936. Perhaps fathers were consoled by knowing they had saved paying for two doctors through the wholesale delivery . . . A blistering-fluid treatment is curing dope-addicts, London reports. Seven out of eight cases are being taken off the habit . . . A new bi-colored three-cent stamp is to be issued on September 17th to commemorate the signing of the Constitution of the United States.

RUDY VALLEE's brother, Bill, is employed by a New York newspaper. He says he can't carry a tune . . . Sonja Henie stands 5 feet, 3 inches in stocking feet . . . Lily Damita is 5 feet, 4 inches . . . Five footers are Janet Gaynor, Mary Pickford, and Helen Hayes . . . One single ballot was cast in Highland County, Virginia, during the recent Democratic primary. It cost taxpayers \$21.48 . . . In Danville, Va., police seek a "padlock maniac" who during the night places huge padlocks on garage doors, for no good reason.

IT'S ODD how death makes the public see wings instead of horns while a great man lies in state.

BURIED BENEATH columns of printed matter about Japan shooting grape shot into China is an item from Plant City, Fla., that grape-fruit is being shot north.

JUDGING from some people we meet, there must have been sex outrages in the good old days, too.

IF THE STATE internal improvement board grants the city those 950 acres of submerged bay bottom, Commissioner Gardner may find his 4,000 chickens were mud-hens and merely went home to roost.

OUR idea of nothing at all is a movie actor who will marry a girl in Mexico and then claim a Mexican marriage isn't binding.

MIAMIANS should sigh with relief now that it has been revealed that the "Miss Miami" of 1937 has been pictured as a home-loving girl with the usual gas-range and broom props photographers always manage

City Breaks More Promises!

WEARING a ten-gallon hat, Windsor tie and a sour puss, R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, political boss of Liberty City, slumped into one of Frank Jutts' private chairs in the offices of the Moaning Harlot and lighted a stogie.

"I do not desire no publicity," he yomkippered, modestly, "unless you have a couple of columns open, with a run-over on Page 4."

"State your business," snapped Publisher Jutts, irked no little. "I have a noon appointment to play post-office with Tillie Gardner!"

"Well, I can say what I have to say in a very few hours," yodelled Greedy. "I want you should write a piece in the Moaning Harlot about the city commissioners, Ferguson and DuBose, and Mayor Williams."



"What! Anymore chickens flown the coop?" hissed Jutts through clenched teeth, sharply banging an anvil on his desk with a sledge-hammer. At the summons, 'Elpus Holdem, two assistant M.E.'s, the copy-cutter, and office boy and a corporal's guard of male sob-sisters peered through the transom. H. Bomb Bless, dressed as Little Boy Blue without horn, rolled into the room on a tricycle. As one man the ensemble chanted: "YES SIR! YOU'RE RIGHT!" The Great Jutts smiled, paternally, and passed out bright new asterisks to one and all.

"As I was saying," continued Greedy, duly impressed by the Power of the Press. "I've been jack-potted by these guys long enough. Ferguson promised me the city panhandling privileges if I threw both my votes to him and he ain't come through."

"What do you mean by 'panhandling privileges?'" inquired Jutts. "Why, I mean the night orderly job at Jackson Memorial Hospital," replied the Greedy. "When I called at Doc's office after election, his secretary said: 'Doctor will see you inside' and when I went in, all he did was look down my throat."

"DuBose promised me the office of Director of Instruction. He said all I'd have to do was to teach curb girls wrong from right, but after election he let some other guy teach 'em wrong and wanted me to teach 'em right. I balked at that."

Just then Jutts' extra-private secretary announced "Mr. Constant Reader" and an aged Seminole, wearing smoked glasses, limped in, bearing a skunk. "Mister Jutts," he said, talking through his nose, "I've fetched you an expression of my esteem. You can keep him under your desk."

"But what of the smell?" asked Jutts, jittery. "Oh well," answered the Harlot reader, "he'll just have to get used to it like I did all these years I've been reading your rag."

When the man was ejected and peace was restored, Greedy removed his opera hat and out jumped Attorney C. Pete Howitzer who immediately took up the cross-examination.

"Where were you on the night of April 1st?" he fumed, flashing a forefinger at Greedy who flinched feverishly and filched a finished fag from the filthy floor.

"I was counting R. C. Gardner's chickens before they were hatched," groaned Greedy gutturally. "He promised he would make me cock o' the walk if elected but all the hens walked out on us."

"And Williams—what did that scoundrel promise you?" jeered Jutts, jubilantly.

"Oh, that guy," Greedy gloated, "he's actually come through with his promise. He said I could take complete charge of Slot Machines after October First and have every cent of money voted to him in the salary rise election!"

Salome is said to have been the first woman to discover the relation between gauze and effect.

Things I'd Like To Know

When will Dr. John and Dr. Sadie stage a housewarming in their new Colonial Towers quarters ? ? ?

What superintendent for the Good Humor Ice Cream Co., named Charlie Brown, was caught sleeping in Bayfront Park by his wife, whose first name is Jean ? ? ?

Did Tommy LaMar of Walker-Skagseth's, learn about liquor while steward on a yacht ? ? ?

Why does Carlyle Montecino, Key Wester, persist in sitting in the rear of street cars ? ? ?

How come the I-full Lundstrom sisters left Miami Beach flat and scurried back home to Chi ? ? ?

What business man, with an eye to decorative atmosphere, will sign up Phyllis Bittner, a brunette darl, when she emerges from business college ? ? ?

Who's the new blond that popular physician from Coral Gables and South Miami is squiring at the Royal Palm Club ? ? ?

Why doesn't Alice Hodges of the Cuban-American Tours, introduce her ducky young sister around before Alice returns to Louisiana ? ? ?

Why does Carl Crawford see that the Western Union office in the Cortez Hotel is properly closed Thursday afternoons ? ? ?

How did the P.I. society twist like her motorcycle ride the other night or was she too tight to enjoy it ? ? ?

What Flagler street business man was flirting over his wife's shoulder with a chic blonde dame at the Royal Palm ? ? ?

Is there anybody finer than Carolina, the sweet and pretty girl in Brady's Boat Cafe ? ? ?

Why does the Law permit those three girls, all under 16, to hang around 12th and Flagler at 2 in the morning, dressed only in shorts ? ? ?

Who's taking care of the investor's vivacious wife while the investor's busy investing in a new liver at a local hospital ? ? ?

Don't the daily papers who are making much ado about women lawyers practicing in federal court, know Lena Alfman, court reporter, was admitted to practice nearly 20 years ago ? ? ?

What debutante is holding clandestine meetings with what hotel clerk in what Beach bar ? ? ?

Why doesn't the lady in the new cigar stand on N. E. Second avenue, watch her daughter and learn to let customers get a word in edgewise ? ? ?

Is the Man About Town who was left waiting at the church really going to tell what he

knows about his jilter ? ? ?

What model young lady in the First National Bank building pooped way her salary on the nags this week ? ? ?

Who are the Mail Box Hussies talking about now ? ? ?

What wouldn't Ben give to recover the scurrilous letter he sent to the red-head while in his cups ? ? ?

How much of the Beck Store does that haughty brunette own ? ? ?

Did a certain brunette frisk her fiance while he was swacked ? ? ?

Is that charming waitress falling for the tall, blond newspaperman ? ? ?

Who gives a whoop whether or not Joe and Kate are married ? ? ?

What young lawyer made a crack that women won't let him alone when everybody knows he's suffering from frustration ? ? ?

Is it true that Bill and Warren have eloped ? ? ?

Did Esther learn how much her "prospect" earns or did she simply grow tired of him and cut him loose ? ? ?

What straight-laced matron is falling for a softball player ? ? ?

Kiddies Fete
WHILE their mamas were upstairs playing bridge and sipping tea at the Feltmore Tuesday evening, their dear little kiddies entertained themselves by indulging in such juvenile games as Strip Poker and Lame Soldier in the basement. Little Midge Cooper served refreshments in the form of good old uncut Carolina Corn with a dash of creosote added. In the picture, which we forgot to send to the engravers, they were from left to right: Ruthie Sherry, Nellie Pew Getover, Little Midge (smoking the butt); and Reginald "Brassknucks" Goble, the sweet little son of our third assistant managing-editor.

Honored
THE Rummy-Blahza and the McPhathead-Doughville have been highly honored by a visit from cute little Saul Innfun, our precious treasurer's boy, who has been enjoying himself chucking bricks through the windows of the hostleries. He's rel-ly adorable but how could he be otherwise in these columns, what with his old man passing out the pay-checks each week?

Werfer-Chilblains
MISS Minnie Werfer, daughter of our charming advertising manager announces the slowdown on her marriage to Cedric Chilblains next Saturday night at her home. Unless the Power Company meanie listens to reason, the candlelight service will have to do. Miss Yvonne Yence will warble "A Little Love, A Little Kiss and You Made Me What I Am Today." After a wedding trip to the end of the Flagler Street carline, the couple will live on their relatives again.

Hot Stuff
MEMBERS of the Miami Nurses' Duck Hunting Club will hold a wiener roast on the Beach Monday night. Among the guests will be Pete.

Sewing Circle
THE Old Ladies Crochet Club will assassinate a few characters this afternoon at the mail box, in alphabetical order. Mesdames Billie Wul-lus, Dona Dunhelion, Harriet Beautiman and Peete Wheeler will do the prattling.

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Embarrassing Moments
\$1 for

Today's Winners
The other morning I was best man at a church wedding. Just as the preacher was reading the sentence, I belched so loudly he dropped the book. Imagine my consternation. I thought I was at home!

Gilly D. Snuggles, Carbuncle, Ga.

Last Wednesday afternoon I was delivering ice to the second blond on the left side of the 700 block on Jesamine avenue, when who should come home but her husband! Think how I felt when I discovered that the guy who was under the bed when I crawled in next to him was MY GRANDPA! Was I mortified!

Gregory Ruffebag, III, 71 Fussbudget Blvd.

She's only the garbageman's daughter but she's not to be sniffed at.

Effervescent enough covers on the bed your fiddlestick out.

"There's a boy working here named Pat O'Brien. I'd like to see him—I'm his grandmother."

"Sorry madam, you've missed him. He's gone to your funeral."

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

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.

And So Buster Came On Home!

TALES of grown dogs which found their way home from distant parts are common but it's seldom one hears of a real young canine revealing a homing instinct that would make a pigeon envious. However, Miami dogdom lists just such a pup. He is Buster, male terrier owned by Miss Grace Hopper of 1917 S. W. Second Street.

Last Sunday, Miss Hopper and a party motored to a beach near Hollywood, taking Buster along. It was the first time the terrier had been outside his own immediate neighborhood. Wide-eyed and a-quiver with eagerness, Buster saw more alluring trees than he had ever dreamed existed. And Buster simply loves trees.

At the Beach, Buster disappeared. Reluctantly the party left without him. He was given up for lost. But late Thursday, Buster plainly showing a worldly-wise expression on his brown-and-white visage, laboriously dragged himself into the Hopper porch, wagged his tail a couple of times and sank into an exhausted slumber. Probably to dream of trees—trees such as Joyce Kilmer had in mind when he penned his immortal poem.

Newlyweds' favorite fruit: "Honey, do!"

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THERE MUST BE A REASON!
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They Tell Me

THE Junior Franklin Roosevelts may fool 'em all and settle down within a ten-minute drive of the Miami City Hall.

The Seybold Arcade divorcee can say the word and toss her shoes in the lawyer's trunk any time she cares

An anonymous telephone call from one of the brick-top's other male parasites scared off the ambitious salesman who was starting to give her a deal—but she doesn't know it until now

Religious differences broke up the romance between the Postal Building fem and the well-heeled reator

One week from the day they married, Bill and Marie exchanged hooks and hot adjectives because a waitress who doesn't read the society columns called him "honey"

That radio artist we mentioned last week intends starting divorce proceedings against his Jersey spouse — for desertion

Betty had better humor Bill; he's working too hard

Fredia left Red because he was down to his last blue chip

If the Cops ever corral the guys who have no visible means of support, the traffic problem would be solved, Dave told his brother-in-law, and found himself without a wife

Joe and Betty Rider landed a 165-pound tarpon near Ft. Myers and rated several prizes because they used light tackle but they didn't tumble to the fact until they came home

Carrie thought a Mickey Finn would put Joe to sleep but Carrie knows better now

Isabella, the classy Urmye Drug cashier with the Helen Wills profile, has a private detective she'll let out on lease to anyone who requires such service

There will be one big hullabaloo if the Georgia matron's coming Bundle From Heaven has red hair

That new N. E. Second avenue chippy made a play for a member of the vice squad and, lucky wench, didn't land on the 16th floor

The smug, big-beaked business man who panned Ross Allen would do well to let somebody else throw the stones and ponder that saw about living in glass houses

Alec Cureton, board broker, is in circulation despite efforts of shysters to chop up part of his millions

No four blondes like those living at the Patricia Hotel could get along so well and still be sisters

The Verdi, Verdi pretty Williams dame from Jaw-jah, has been seen with a swell little guy named Abe Jones, or Dave Smith or something like that

That dizzy blond who won Jockey Jimmy's tip a couple weeks ago scored again on his steer last Tuesday

Bus drivers, taxi pushers and private motorists are fixing to cuff the ears of the little son of a South American consul for whistling them to a stop so often at N. E. Second and Second

George Coyle, U. S. Narcotic agent of New Orleans who used to ride herd on the junkers here, is back in town for a double-o but the rest of the team and their daughter are keeping him from falling into the clutches of the Boys

Pete Nordyke has the red flag hung on him because friends of his two-bit days claim he high-hats them now

Not a sport writer in town probed the marriage of Raymond Tyrus Cobb, of 1507 N. E. Second Ave., and Mildred Irene Dalley of the same address

ON THE CUFF

EVEN the Important Individuals on Gotham's Broadway know all about George Hussey's gorgeous new quarters for the Artists and Writers Club in the new Lincoln Road Building, Miami Beach, but folks hereabouts, including the trained seals on local dailies, are completely in the dark.

WE happened to remark while driving in South Beach, on a sign which read: "Robert E. Lee, Printer." A lady in the car scoffed. "That shows you're a northerner," she chided. "Such names are so common that a Southerner wouldn't notice the tie-up."

AND that reminded us that on the Los Angeles police blotter one night, these names appeared: "U. S. Grant, drunk and disorderly; Jack Kearns, (then manager of Jack Dempsey), disturbing the peace; George Washington, negro, drunk on public property."

BUT the tops occurred during Prohibition (pronounced "pro-bishon") in San Francisco. The Dry Squad raided Tate's-By-The-Sea, a smart hangout for the elite at that time, and netted 42 men. When they lined up at the police desk, every single one

gave his name as "Joe Bush." The resultant mix-up was so pronounced that every one, excepting several who promptly paid their fines, was discharged.

DRUNKS in San Francisco are kept only over night and turned loose in the morning so they can save their jobs. Repeaters, of course, finally are dried out at the work house. The jug itself isn't half bad if you get in with plenty of smokes. The air is stuffy, though. Mostly from the feet of stevedores. Be sure to take along plenty of cigarette papers if you plan to spend a night there.

FOR an evening's entertainment, however, we should suggest that while in Los Angeles you'll much prefer the Coconut Grove in Ben Frank's Ambassador Hotel or the Bowl in Baron Long's Biltmore. We did.

"See Miami First"

Comparatively few Mi-amians know their city embraces one of the most unique little "homes" in the South—a dream-come-true where little girls of school age may "play house" to their heart's content.

It is that picturesque two-story, rambling house one sees two blocks off Ponce de Leon on Douglas road, just outside Coral Gables.

This unpretentious structure houses Mrs. Galvin's Town and Country Home for Girls, a novel enterprise operated by Mrs. Daisy Galvin, mother of three charming daughters whom she supports by sharing her abundant mother-love with other

little ladies whose own mothers cannot devote their entire time to their care.

Planned landscaping, trim lawns, shady nooks providing restful recreational facilities, swings and rustic furniture, all complement the "homey" atmosphere of the spacious house which is situated adjacent to the Coral Gables Elementary School and the Little Flower Catholic School. Beautiful home training, and individual dieting are Mrs. Galvin's "stock in trade."

Miamians who go gallivanting over the country hunting for something new to see, amble out to 527 Douglas Road and give this little home the double-o. Trouble is, you'll want to stay yourself!

Voice From The Grave!

Much ado is being made by disgruntled elements over the efforts of the city to arrive at some solution of the garbage problem which has confronted Miami for years. Led by the discordant opposition press, the cry has gone up to the general effect that this impasse is directly attributable to Mayor Williams, and Commissioners Ferguson, DuBoise and—what's his name—Gardner.

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.

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SPORTS

SALT Water Race Bookies are giving California authorities some more blixen these days off Orange County, just south of Long Beach and within an hour's auto-and-boat ride from Los Angeles.

These gambling ships are operated for the most part by the boys who are "out" with the various administrations. They maintain a regular water-taxi service, free to the talent, and on some vessels chow and brew are included.

Women are the best customers on these floating gambling marts. Some fems make a blamed good living shilling, too. Trouble is, the bookies run so openly in Los that there is no need to hike all the way out to the beach and chug out to sea to keep from being molested. Steers buttonhole strangers on the main stems.

A free-for-all fight several years ago resulted in the death of a prominent young visitor aboard a ship lying three miles off of Santa Monica and put the quietus on the business. Operators have only recently crawled out of their shells again.

DEATH of the lively ball in the Big Leagues brings up a question that old timers often ask. If there had been a rabbit-ball in pre-Ruth days, wouldn't many of the full-swingers like Big Chief Myers, Giant catcher; Roger Bresnahan, another McGraw receiver; Frank Shulte, "Old Wildfire", right fielder of Frank Chance's famous Chicago Cubs; "Wahoo Sam" Crawford, Detroit Tigers' clouter; Dick Hoblitzel, first baseman for Cincinnati; Cactus Cravath, Dodgers mauler and scores of other long-distance belters have sailed out of the park had the lively sphere been in use when they were at their prime. As it was, felders camped under them for easy outs. This question takes place alongside that time-honored one: "What would have happened if John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey met when both were in their prime?"

RUNS, HITS AND ERRORS —For 35 years of championship play, the late Augie Kieckhefer, world's champion billiardist, used a \$125 cue. He was one-eyed, too . . . Out of the ten leading National League batsmen this week, eight are aging veterans . . . In the American, six vets are up there . . . Miami should book the all-star Japanese swimming team which will bring 14 men to this country next August . . . National Screw girls are U. S. soft ball champions. They're from Cleveland . . . Mal Edwards will fill in for Noble Kizer as coach of the Purdue gridders this season . . . Bill McKenzie, Boston mentor,

"All In A Life Time"

WHY is it that some women aren't content unless they're inserting their noses into other people's family affairs? Seems as though they have a mania for causing marital discord, although they'd be the first to resent any outsider barging into their own domestic business. We have in mind a case here in Miami where a hard-working man, sober and ambitious, has been bucking some tough breaks in order to provide for his spouse and several step-children. While devoting all his time to this end, a neighborhood shrew busied herself sowing the seeds of discontent in the wife's mind with the usual line about "neglect".

WAS it Guy DeMaupassant or O. Henry who wrote the yarn about the man who, selecting any one of three roads, met one fate, death at the hands of a rival? We know a case where a Boston youth refused a vacation in Montana because he resented his parents' attempt to frame him into meeting the daughter of the rancher who was to be his host. Instead, without telling his plans, he came to Miami Beach last winter and played around. The girl, entirely unaware of the whole business, came here with friends. The two met, fell hard and were married in June.

PEOPLE should be chary about passing out advice to young 'uns. A well-known author several months ago was asked by an ambitious sprout to pass judgment upon a few plays he had written. The author turned thumbs down and advised the youth he'd do better to go to work. But the kid had the stuff in him. A series of his playlets have been purchased by a national broadcasting unit for use this Fall.

HERE'S another case of snap-judgment causing trouble: Two fine young girls who share an apartment in the Dallas Park section have been closest of friends since they were in their 'teens. One, a vivacious henna-haired mite, has had a falling out with her male playmate. One evening recently, the two arrived home together. The vivacious one saw her roommate pluck a letter from the stand and hastily stuff it into the bosom of her waist. The handwriting so resembled her estranged admirer's script that an accusation and denial ensued. And then the fireworks and things better left unsaid. Result: they've split. And the impetuous one still won't believe that the letter actually was one sent her former roommate by a youth in the latter's office.

THE mother of two adolescent children was sitting, sprawled out on a sofa, in shorts and abbreviated breast-band, smoking a cigarette and sipping a cocktail. She addressed two male visitors: "I don't know what in the hell's the matter with those kids of mine. They're regular wild cats—they shoulda had a father like I had!" The males only smiled.

says Mel Ott, Giant outfielder who has been serving at third base, is the best guardian of the hot corner, better even than Stanley Hack, in the senior circuit . . . Jock Sutherland sees a national championship eleven at Pitt this year . . . Don McNeill of Oklahoma City, national junior tennis titleholder, may become doubles partner for

So YOU Say---

Editor: Your stand on the Power Company rebate is identical with that taken by the great majority of claimants. There is no earthly reason why we, who want a compromise at once, should have to wait longer simply because Mr. Sewell and others of a minority wish to try out something that might benefit them. I had always thought that the majority ruled, but recent developments convince me I have a lot to learn. Disgusted Taxpayer.

WANTS PROOF Editor: Where do you get all your information about conditions in our public schools? It is no secret that youths of today are emancipated but I do not believe "vice" is so prevalent as your article of this week would infer. Such publicity makes parents actually afraid to send their children to school. If things are as you say they are, the whole matter should be taken up with municipal authorities. Otherwise, they should not be printed. Mother Of Two.

PRO-PLUNGE Editor: MIAMI LIFE'S suggestion of a public bathing pool in Bayfront Park is not entirely new but it is well worth re-creating. I should think downtown merchants would get behind it because it would certainly keep the public which doesn't care for beach bathing on this side of the bay. I know working girls would welcome it. Miss Florence Day.

WE DID Editor: Why don't you mention the fact that L. L. Lee, former city manager under Fossey, Sewell, et al, was a former reporter on the Herald or News? Their childish whining about the city commission's appointments make lots of us voters sick at the stomach when we recall how they cleaned house and put their own henchmen in office. The voters are not all fools! R. R. White.

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C. I. O. Mob Seen Behind 'Beer Racket' Hoax

of her secretarial sinecure with Local No. 133, Bartenders and Culinary Workers (affiliated with the American Federation of Labor), in an "unholy alliance" dedicated to usurpation of power by which they hoped to oust the established labor union which unseated Miss Buckholtz.

The pair selected a nonentity to act as a "dummy", lighting upon C. H. Grant, an obscure "grease burner." They had him apply for membership in the local union and a probationary membership was given him. Then, seizing a chance to make newspaper headlines by cashing in on the magic name of Al Capone, they capitalized upon the fact that Dan Coughlin, business agent of the new union administration, is brother-in-law of the incarcerated Chief.

With this ideal set-up, the motley crew of potential ship-scuttlers, composed of Vicor LaValle, a C.I.O. agitator who early this summer TOLD THE EDITOR OF MIAMI LIFE THAT BERNARR McFADDEN OF THE DEAUVILLE WAS WILLING TO HAVE HIS EMPLOYEES JOIN THE JOHN L. LEWIS C. I. O. ORGANIZATION; Myrtle Buckholtz, bitter enemy of Albert H. Berlin, secretary who ousted her, and of Coughlin; and

this unknown "straw-man" C.H. Grant, the Hot Plate Artist, whispered to the Miami News' glib news-hawks the startling news that Al Capone's Chicago beer mob was COMPELLING Miami bars to use their product.

How the News fell for the yarn and how that staid paper became the unwitting dupe of a discredited minority of misfits is fresh history. Now, you'll see, sure's you're born, that LaValle, Miss Buckholtz and the Grant "dummy" will deny knowing anything about any undue pressure being used to promote the mythical Al Capone beer—Manhattan Beer, which they were sensible enough to not mention KNOWING FULL WELL they would have a first-rate libel suit on their hands. They HAVE to deny it because they know there isn't a word of truth in it!

Miss Buckholtz herself did not make the charges because she feared she would be kicked out of the Bartenders Union—it being a very definite rule of that organization that no member shall talk for the press unless authorized to do so. So, she got this nonentity, Grant, to spread the rumors and set himself up as organizer of an opposition union at the Beach. Miss Buckholtz full-well knew, also, that the

new officials of the local union, Coughlin and Berlin, were prohibited by union rules to answer her charges in the press. And did she realize the magic in the name of "Al Capone!" Miss Buckholtz is no chump, whatever else she may be!

LaValle came to the office of Miami Life last May, unsolicited, and told some remarkable "inside dope" on how John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization had entered Miami and how many bartenders and hotel employees were joining up. He said, without qualification, that McFadden's Deauville would join 100 per cent. THE RESULT—ANT STORIES MAY BE SEEN IN THE FILES OF MIAMI LIFE! Victor LaValle was the author!

The Manhattan Beer Distributors, in the long run, are the only ones who suffer by the big hoax. And it is doubtful if they will suffer, in as much as any beer-drinker who imbibes of their product needs not be told that the product sells on its great merit. That's what irked certain other agencies who did nothing to correct the libel!

Its all just another "tempest in a beer glass"—and a warning to Miami that the C. I. O. may actually be stirring up the whole business!

Even Cafe Owners "Can't Stand It!"

MEMBERS of the Greater Miami Restaurant Association have taken up MIAMI LIFE'S CRUSADE against unsanitary kitchens in this city. They demand closer supervision of foods and their preparation as well as disposal of garbage, although the health department contends everything is jake.

Some five weeks ago, under the heading: "Whew! Ground Of America," MIAMI LIFE called attention to the sour odors permeating vicinities of cafes in the evenings just as late diners and theater-goers were filling the streets. After that much needed blast, certain self-respecting viandriers voluntarily placed their kitchen-refuse in new, tightly-covered metal containers and thus night owls were given much relief. With the advent of Fall,

many restaurant licenses will be taken out and snow-birds from the North will blossom forth as restaurateurs in order to catch the superfluous lucre which pours down here during the season. The city should exercise strict surveillance over these temporary merchants who impress tourists as being representative of year-round residents.

But everything should NOT be left to the administration. Citizens should promptly report untoward practices to the proper authorities instead of merely beefing about them or writing letters to the daily papers, none of which will actually take any action if the offending restaurant happens to be a heavy advertiser.

Tell MIAMI LIFE about it—and you'll get action, advertiser or no advertiser!

MORE ABOUT Gardner Fesses

Now, get that straight. Gardner himself PERSONIFIED municipal ownership! It was HE who would have sat in the driver's seat had the voters cared to vote mun' ownership. BUT, the voters, who had given Judas a plain mandate to clean out Tammany henchman from the City Hall, had already learned, to their amazement and anger, that he was no sooner in office than he abandoned their cause and ran up the Jolly Roger of Captain Frank Shufts and was fixing to entrench himself in office by playing both ends against the middle.

CAN YOU BLAME VOTERS FOR NOT TRUSTING HIM AGAIN? But, confession is good for the soul. ANY soul!

FISHERMEN, NOTICE!
Miami's Popular Fishing Boat
EDITH
Leaves Pier 10, City Yacht Basin,
Daily 9:30 a. m.
All Day in the Gulf Stream

THE LARGEST AVERAGE DAILY CATCH IN MIAMI

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Just across the street from our old location. Offering finer food and drinks in an atmosphere of complete comfort.

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Charlie
145 S. E. First Street
Next to Urmev Hotel, Ph. 2-2827

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.

MORE ABOUT Take Your Choice

some Miami "Journalists," any Cub could interpret the rubber-stamp notification sent here by Senator C. O. Andrews which stated plainly that the treasury department concurred in the city's protest that more inspectors were needed here, and that some 15 would be assigned here as soon as appropriation of funds made it possible.

NOBODY expected the government to dispatch 15 inspectors here by air mail. Such haste was not even requested. SOMEBODY merely misled their readers.

"You pays your money—and takes your choice."

A young doctor whose practice was in the dumps was summoned by his maid. "Them boys is stealing your green apples again," she said. "Shall I chase 'em away?" The doctor studied a moment. "No," he said.

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8th St. & 34th St.

Lions On Loose In Miami Park!

There'll be a real Darktown Strutter's Ball at Bayfront Park on Wednesday night.

The Miami Lion's Club will stage its annual minstrel show there in the sweet name of charity.

"Mis-tah Bones" will give his usual pert answers to the inter-locator's questions; there'll be gobs of sentimental songs and "Ace" Spades will do his version of the Big Apple.

The minstrel gets under way promptly at 8:30 with a cast of 80 in readiness to strut their stuff.

Soft Drinkers Keep Bankroll

Whatsa matter—are the Candler's goin' broke?

The Coca-Cola soft-ball team, state champions, has asked the city commission for \$200 to help transport them to Chicago, where they will appear in the nation tournament.

If the two-C's are shelled out Miami and Miami only should be advertised by the team. The manufacturers of "cokes" are better fixed to peel off a few spending skins than is the city of Miami, whose city commissioners are paid wages of \$150 a month—about the same wages the Candler interests pay their truck drivers.

C'mon Coca-Cola—Kick-in!

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Unders—Sevell Building

HE'S TOPS



BILL PECK

MORE ROOM to accommodate its growing classes has forced "Bill" Peck's Studio of Dancing, in the Postal building, to seek additional floor-space in that building. Originator of the Kiddie's Kabaret, radio feature, "Bill" rates as Miami's foremost instructor of terpsichorean art. Children and grown-ups appearing over the country owe their eminence to Bill's pains for detail. He is a World War vet and a "reducer" of women, in as much as he conducts a Business Girls' class which guarantees to reduce hips and waists. The curriculum embraces tap, stage, ballroom and acrobatic dancing.

"Does your husband try to understand you?"
"Oh yes, he always asks twice when I tell him what I want."

He: "Shall I join you?"
She: "Never mind—I'm not disappointed."

Stella—"Aren't we beneath the mistletoe?"
Law Student—"Facts admitted—but find no cause for action."

LATEST EDITION

Just in time to hear returns of the Farr-Louis heavyweight fight, Michael Clein, weighing-in at 7 pounds, 14 ounces, ringside, checked in on this Best of Possible Worlds last Monday morning at the Victoria Hospital.

His manager, Reubin Clein, publisher of LIFE, claims Little Mike's first words were: "Hi, Pop! Who do you like in the Big Fight?" However, this was denied by the little fellow's trainer, Mrs. Hannah Clein, who insists he said: "When do we eat?"

Mother and son were doing well although Pop was somewhat off his feed.

HILL-BILLY HUNT

INTO the wilds of Arkansas next week will go L. B. Hardison, proprietor of Miami's foremost barn-dancing recreation center, The New Hardy, N. W. 62nd St., at 17th Ave. He's going to check up on the latest frills on the hill-billy folk-dance with a view toward adopting them during the dancing on Thursday and Saturday nights at his unique establishment here. During his absence his sister, Betty, will supervise the establishment. Hardison also hopes to bring back some novel mountain tunes for his Hill Billy band. He will reside in Hot Springs for the better part of a month.

"Spring is here!" shouted the nut as he jumped up and down on the bed.

Daughter — "But, daddy, why do you object to my becoming engaged? Is it because of my youth?"
Daddy — "Yes, he's hopeless."

Many a fellow has started trouble in his car by failing to release his clutch in time.

Slogan for a nice night's entertainment: So-fa and no-father.

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DIRECT FROM THE TRACK
WITH
Jockey Jimmy

YOUR STABLE THIS WEEK
NIGRETTE—at Narragansett Park—is the horse of the week—is a sweet hide and it has been given a careful preparation for a race in view—a good hustling ride is all it needs—tab close for sometime this week.

COUNTLESS ANN—fit as they make them—Jockey Morgan will ride.
CHANCE KING—good effort last time out—ready now.
GOLDMAN—Spot in the book for this one—tab the action.
GIN DAISY—may get a fair price here—connections like it.
KENTUCKY EAGLE—throw out the last race—now on edge.
LONGBIT—a sweet one in any man's barn—this week sometime.
LUCKY JEAN—looks like a killing here anytime now.
MISS GINBAR—better than rated—don't pass it up.
SLAVONIA—price may be right here—tab close.

JOCKEY JIMMY'S SECRET REPORTS (All Tracks)
FOLLOW 3 TIMES, YOU'LL BE SURE TO CASH IN—FOREIGN LEGION at NARRAGANSETT PARK—SWAP at CHICAGO—CHICKLING at DETROIT—BULWARK at NEW YORK. CHURCH CALL \$14.00; SWIFTLET \$13.10; were a couple of the many winners pointed out to you in last week's Miami Life by Jockey Jimmy.

BOB C	HARRY G	SUN KINSCEN
BULWARK	KARKIE	STOP LIGHT
COUNT ME	LONEHAND	TOMYE
CHAMBERSBURGER	PARTY SPIRIT	TEDDUMS
CREDULOUS	ROUGH PARTY	WISE DORA
DARK ZENI	RUSH PLAY	ZORANNA

A visitor called at the doctor's house.
"Is your daddy home?" he asked the doc's small daughter.

"No, he's out giving an anaesthetic," she replied.
"My, that's a big word. What does it mean?"
"Ten bucks—on the barrel head."

"What do you like best next to a beautiful girl?"
"I like me next to a beautiful girl."

"This tonic is no good for me."
"How come?"
"All the directions it gives are for adults and I haven't ever had them."

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The Drinks are better—the company more congenial—it's more fun.
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THE SINGING WAITER
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