

LOOK OUT, MIAMI! DETROIT GAMBOL-EERS MAY (ROYAL) PALM THEIR ACE!

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM while others ring a BELL to let you know they're on the way. In The News the other day, our esteemed contemporary, Jack Bell, sports editor, announced in his columns that IF and WHEN the Royal Palm Club starts gambling next season, Mert Wertheimer, leader of the Detroit Gang, will "have nothing to do with it."

Do you get it? Last season, the Royal Palm had EXCLUSIVE concession on gambling in Miami—the Detroit Gang being the fair-haired boys with the Powers That Were. As this next season approaches, the

Royal Palmers are feeling leery lest the ban on IMPORTED GAMBLERS queer their game.

And so—Jack Bell, acting as emissary for the Michiganders, softly apprises the people here that IF and WHEN the Royal crew gets down to "playing" the public, Mert Wertheimer "won't do the dealing" as it were. Bell promises to reveal FURTHER plans in subsequent editions.

We won't wait for Bell. We'll tell you here and now that if there is any gambling at the Royal Palm Club, Mert Wertheimer WILL RUN IT! And when the harvest of gold is gathered, Wertheimer WILL CUT IT UP! In this case, the Bell is slightly cracked.



Vol. 11—No. 52

Miami, Florida, Saturday, September 18, 1937

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

10

CENTS A COPY IN GREATER MIAMI ELSEWHERE \$6.00 per year in U. S. A. \$7.50 in foreign countries

TRIBUNE TO FOLD UP?

THE Miami Tribune is preparing to quit business! The impending collapse of the great William Randolph Hearst newspaper empire, scheduled sometime toward the middle of November, makes it vital that the Trib's publisher, Moe Annenberg, one of the "face cards" in the Hearst deck, fold his tent, like the proverbial Arab, and steal away in the dead o'night.

Confirmation of these rumors, bruited about for months, appeared to be supplied recently by these developments:

1. Arrival in Miami of Joe Ottenstein, Annenberg's right-hand man, and a troop of auditors who immediately started an exhaustive inventory of the Tribune books;
2. Changes in the 'masthead' (editorial page) making the Cecilia Company publishers instead of the Miami Tribune Co.; designation of Herbert Krancer as general manager in place of W. J. McMurray;
3. Removal of Hector Elwell, Sr., as managing editor and installation of "Tommy" Thompson in the vacant chair;
4. Drastic curbing of expenses throughout the Tribune plant, including discontinuance of the publication of a "pre-date" mail edition and radical "cutting" of salaries of staff-members.

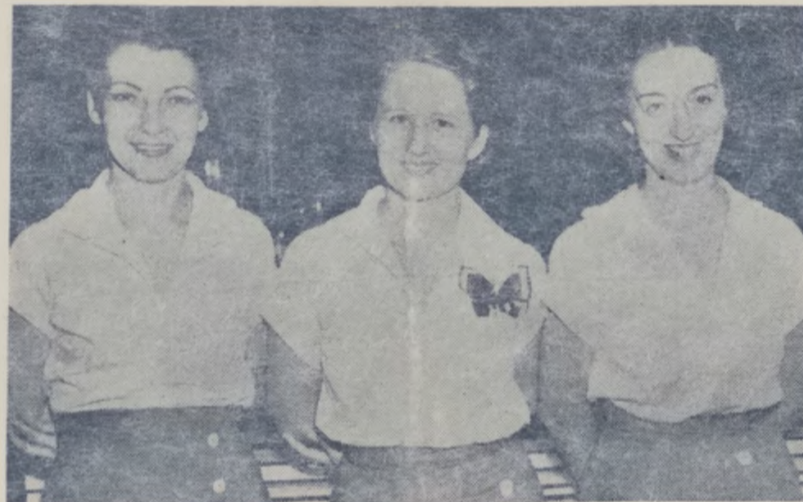
The situation was this: Since Annenberg first entered the newspaper business in Chicago, he has been a dyed-in-the-wool Hearstling, satisfied to hitch his wagon to the star of the San Simeon publisher, let the chips fall where they might. For years, the Hearst-Brisbane-Annenberg Triumvirate had exclusive control of the Racetrack News Service, servicing handbooks and poolrooms throughout the country. Even after the Hearst and Brisbane banners were publicly lowered, it was understood a very real partnership existed.

Hearst's campaign of vituperation against Roosevelt last year virtually sounded the death knell for his mighty domain and merciless banking interests have practically crowded the once-mighty Power of the Press against the Wall. Quite recently, Hearst is said to have met an urgent financial demand with a personal check for approximately \$1,000,000 drawn by his play-mate, Marion Davies.

When the banks got wind of that, the panic was on and bond-holders of Hearst issue thereupon gave him 90-day notice for an accounting. This notice is "up" around the 10th day of November—and reports are current that Hearst will be unable to square accounts unless he unloads much of his holdings in the interval.

Meanwhile, a special court of inquiry by the United States Senate is preparing to investigate, as only that body can, the illicit \$3,000,000 per month "take" of the Racetrack News Service, with a view toward disbanding it in the event it (cont. on page 4)

THREE TORRID-TOPS



THE Dolly Madison Stores are going in for color schemes. Each of the seven stores will be operated by girls of all-one-color hair. MIAMI LIFE'S photographer caught this trio—not red-handed but red-HEADED. They perform at 232 E. Flagler Street and are, left-right, Misses Helen Roberts, Katherine Hoover and Martha Malloy.

Arrest "Bob" Williams!

CALLING all cars! Pick up Mayor Bob Williams! He's wanted as Miami's candidate for representative in Congress!

It's high time Miami sent a REAL MIAMI REPRESENTATIVE to Washington. This section needs an active, experienced parliamentarian who has the confidence of the People—and no one in this entire area fills the bill as well as the city's mayor.

Petty differences should be shelved in the interest of this metropolitan section. Reactionaries who have opposed Williams in municipal controversies should stand shoulder-to-shoulder behind this typical, enterprising and progressive Miamian WHO, WE HAVE AUTHORITATIVE REASON TO ANNOUNCE, WILL HAVE THE WHOLEHEARTED SUPPORT OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT!

Let's start the ball rolling—muster Bob Williams into service!

Pastor Says People Tired Of Crusades Against Gambling!

THE average man and woman in Miami is not interested in the gambling situation. "No so-called 'Blue Law' candidates are ever elected to office here because people have been disillusioned so often they have no confidence in such campaigns against gambling."

"The present anti-gambling crusade by the Greater Miami Ministerial association may help the racing interests but it will certainly hurt that Tribune crowd and their bookie agencies."

Honestly now—would you say the foregoing declarations were made by (1) a gambler, or (2) a Minister of the Gospel? Come now, be honest!

Well, they were made to MIAMI LIFE by Dr. Glenn C. James, pastor of the White Temple and a member of the committee on gambling recently organized by the Ministerial Association.

Emphasizing that he was NOT voicing sentiments of the committee but those he holds personally, Dr. James said, in the ONLY exclusive statement obtained by a Miami publication other than the official "handout" given to ALL papers and which stated "exactly nothing":

"We intend conducting our campaign within the bounds of reason, so we will have, at least, SOME chance of accomplishing something. We intend going after illegal gambling first and then after legal gambling."

Asked why, if the great sentiment of the people was against all forms of gambling, no genuine "Reform" or "Blue Law" candidate had been elected to office, Dr. James replied: "Because the average person doesn't care one way or the other." He stated that the people had been disillusioned by these "reform campaigns" so often, that they had lost interest. He was non-committal on the question as to whether this lack-of-interest did not demonstrate that an ACTIVE majority of voters favored a liberal policy on gambling.

But Dr. James was emphatic in refuting statements to the general effect that "people will not come to Miami if they are not permitted to gamble." He said that a community founded on such "unmoral premise" was doomed. He deplored the fact that "night clubs drag young people into their places and almost compel (cont. on page 4)

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR

Homosexuals Now On Parade At La Paloma Club!

WHILE Earl Youst, notorious resort-proprietor, was being haled into court to answer a charge of assault on his ex-wife, his infamous LaPaloma Club, seraglio of sex and slime, this week added a nationally-known degenerate and pervert, Nicky Nichols, homosexual, to its cast of so-called entertainers—for the edification of Miamians, young and old.

And there wasn't a peep out of the Ministerial Association!

Even Governor Fred P. Cone had heard of the unbelievably-rotten La-Paloma Club and it was reported in Tallahassee that the chief executive of Florida had given orders that this Depraved Dump be closed. Yet, the La Paloma's official publicity medium, the Hosanna-Shouting Tribune, was still publishing alluring advertisements in order to inveigle sensation-seeking simpletons into this Den of Dirt...

Nicky Nichols, who dresses as a female and sings suggestive songs in simulated soprano, only recently returned here from Houston, Texas,

where "He", "she" or "it" did "his", "her" or "it's" stuff in a honky-tonk at the Fair. Now, this sexual-hybrid will cavort and chant to Miami children of school age—if they have the money to get in.

And there won't be a chirp from the Ministerial Association!

Earl Youst's School of Sex has long flouted laws of this community. On the floor, a bevy of bare beauties, and some not-so-beautiful, prance passionately in pornographic postures, leaving nothing to the imagination. And this nauseating notch-house runs full blast only a stone's throw from a Church!

Is it any wonder, then, that Governor Cone gives a whole-hearted Bronx Cheer to Miamians-With-Halo who ask that gambling be stopped—"to save the morals of the pee-pu"—while these same Holier-Than-Thou's let a Sewer of Sexual Depravity operate openly?

And there isn't an "ah" or an "oh" from the Ministerial Association!

Police "Tail" 114 Pervert Suspects

AS NEVER before in the history of Miami schools, police today are "bearing down" on safety measures for protection of children, not only from the menace of traffic but from insidious influences revealed during the last semester.

Taking no chance with unaccountable laissez-faire of parents, city detectives have shadowed some 114 known degenerates, INCLUDING ONE PROMINENT PROFESSIONAL AND CLUB MAN, THE FATHER OF SEVERAL CHILDREN, WHO IS REGISTERED IN THE LOCAL SUSPECTS GALLERY AS AN "EXHIBITIONIST".

The sale of marijuana, commonly called "Reefer" by addicts, was uncovered in senior high schools here last year. City police, using a student informer, had laid plans for confiscation of incriminating evidence against the head of a narcotic ring operating in the schools early last spring, but were interrupted by state and federal officers who assumed charge of the case at the last moment.

Students at both Miami and Edison highs were paying 35 cents for each

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Grocer In Cahoots With Harry The Gyp

FOLLOWING disclosures in this publication last week that Harry Morris, "victim" of an early morning shooting-barrage at his Miami Beach home ten days ago, was an accomplished card-cheat who waxed fat on his "friends", scores of other disillusioned acquaintances of the man regaled this office with first-hand accounts of the man's astounding perfidy.

Morris has been working hand-in-glove with a Grocer of the Northwest section, who acts as a "sucker" until Morris can get in his dirty-work with the genuine dupe. The Grocer, between times, fleeces gullible acquaintances at the Miami Curb Market.

Included among "friends" whom Morris gyped in "friendly games" are a prominent professional man, who actually befriended Morris, and a nationally-known entertainment promoter.

Despite unaided allegations that this unmitigated confidence man and crooked gambler wears a Broward County deputy-sheriff badge and totes a gun, even in Dade County, nothing has been done to disarm this outlaw, it was stated to MIAMI LIFE late Friday.

Why wail about "Northern gangsters" when we permit domestic crooks to ply their trade unmolested?

Peanut Politicians After Chief Chase

A POISONED-PEN and Whispering Campaign against Fire Chief Henry R. Chase has been opened by a subversive minority of town-pump politicians, in and outside of the Miami Fire Department.

For years this Corporal's Guard of Muck-Rakers have attempted to reduce the department into an instrument patterned after the original Tammany Hall organization in the hey-day of "Boss" Tweed and Richard Croker. It succeeded in ousting three chiefs who refused to kneel in submission to its pontifical bulls, namely Ex-Chiefs W. R. Coleman, E. J. Roberts and E. A. Westra.

Now this same clique, aided and abetted by a flock of nit-witted neophytes, is gunning for the Miami fire chief whom the National Board of Fire Underwriters rate as one of the most capable in the country! This is what these underwriters wrote of Chief Chase only last month in their official publication:

"The (Miami) fire department is under supervision of a capable

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"Cabbages and Kings"

EXACTLY 19 years ago, thousands of young and middle-aged Americans were steadily marching into the Meuse-Argonne in France to "make the world safe for democracy." On September 12, 1918, the first all-American army offensive was launched against the Germans — and on September 13th, as the defense crumbled, General Pershing celebrated his birthday. This offensive wiped out the St. Mihiel salient, which had been a sore and menacing spot in the French lines for almost four years.

TODAY, the world appears to be moving steadily away from all vestiges of democracy. In Europe, singularly, England appears to be the only real power that retains any semblance of that form of government, although France also is making a feeble stab at retaining it. Italy, Russia and Germany, of course, have abandoned any pretense of democracy and the Little Balkan Powers are either reeking with dictatorship or undergoing a metamorphic change.

PERHAPS the most emphatic step made toward world peace is, paradoxically, provided by the modern methods of warfare themselves, strange as that may appear. With lethal offensive and defensive tactics perfected to the nth degree, it is almost certain suicide for an attacking body to move far away from its source of supplies. This fact alone has prevented a gigantic war in Europe, where the powers-that-be realize that to invade another country's borders is inviting disaster. Witness the Spanish civil war, where offensive after offensive launched by both loyalists and insurgents have either met with disaster or ended in Mexican stand-offs, with only a stretch of ground actually occupied by the "victors" at stupendous cost to the winners.

AMERICA'S interest in the conflict in China is a selfish one. This country visualizes our next war as being with Japan and either unconsciously or with deliberation we are sizing up the Yellow hordes of Nipponese by their showing against Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's courageous Chinese tyros. Japan has NEVER won a war against a first-rate power. The Russia of the Czar which crumbled and collapsed before the Mikado's forces back in 1904 was rebellious, untrained and had incapable officers whose schooling consisted for the most part of knowing how to kowtow in court and wear their impressive uniforms. In a conflict with the United States, Japan has not the slightest chance of victory IF JAPAN IS THE AGGRESSOR. The same is true if the United States should see fit to take the offensive against the Land of the Rising Sun. This fact is recognized by military heads of both countries and for that reason there is no undue alarm among them as to an impending clash of the two countries.

NINETEEN years have elapsed since young Yanks stormed the lines of the fading Germans on the Western Front and many changes have occurred in the methods of warfare. But after all, the half-trained soldiers who faced the greatest War Machine in all history in September and October of 1918 could give a good account of themselves today on any battlefield. For man-power still looms large in the battle plans of any army.

IN all truth it may be said that Commissioner Gardner is "ducky."

MAYBE Miss Miami only came fifth at Atlantic City's beauty contest because the judges didn't pay enough attention to every Diemel.

GOV. Cone's much-quoted statement on gambling here appears to have told some people about as much as Cal Coolidge's famous "I do not choose to run."

WHY not go California one better and demand that in-coming tourists at the border prove their forebears came over on the Mayflower?

"THEY'RE off and running" in Georgia prison camps these days.

WITH some 30,000 children enrolled in Dade Schools this semester, local teachers stand a good chance to learn a lot they never knew before.

CAN'T the News and Tribune connect Al Capone with those bombings in Coral Gables?

WHY doesn't Willie P. Hardie issue invitations next time he launches a probe?

IT required a lot of will power for us to refrain from cracking that, perhaps, Gardner's jail-farm chickens had gone with the wind.

ONE nice thing about Judge Curry — he doesn't stick his 18th floor tenants with 'winter rates.'

Let's Draft Ed Douglass As Promoter!

THOSE moans of Miami boxing fans which, like a voice calling in the wilderness, have been raised since the quality of fight-programs has fallen to a new low in this vicinity, seems to have been answered the past week with the unannounced arrival in the city of that Ace of fight promoters, Ed Douglass, who put Miami on the map as a sports center years ago.

What Douglass accomplished years ago he can accomplish again—and Miami certainly can stand a stimulant in the fight game! Ed taught Captain Peoples all that gentleman knows about the game—he'll probably admit it himself. Douglass has that Midas touch so necessary to promotion—fans who remember his series of scraps featuring such stalwart performers as Barney Adair and Bogey Sabb will verify that tribute to Douglass' accumen.

Sir Ed, who for the past five or six years has operated the Race Track trains to and from Hialeah, first entered the fight picture here away back in 1919 after concluding a more-or-less dubious affiliation with that Mexican scrapper, Rebel Pancho Villa. "Colonel Ed", as he is known to his intimates, launched his first boxing enterprise here when the pastime was under a state ban. Ed, as he always does, managed to get around that taboo. He opened the Old Armory and staged some corking good melees in the structure, located on the Bay Front, between 1920 and 1922, when he opened the Biscayne Stadium, also on the bayshore.

So popular did his scraps become over this section of the state that he suffered growing pains and appeased the appetite of the fans by constructing a \$66,000 stadium at 30th avenue and second street, N.

W. known as the West Flagler Stadium.

Associated with Douglass was "Pa" Stribling, father of that great young scrapper from Macon, Georgia, who later, while on the downgrade, was to meet Max Schmeling for the world's heavyweight championship. Douglass and "Pa" staged as high as four and five snappy scraps weekly. Douglass was known to be a nemesis of "Merry Widow Waltzers"—maulers had to really go to town when Ed was promoting shows! He brought Johnny Risko here to meet Young Stribling and substituted Jim Maloney when Strib was fatally injured in a motorcycle accident. He also staged the Risko-Mickey Walker brawl.

Douglass managed Benny Touchstone and matched him with the then-coming Gene Tunney for a setto here but the governor of the state stopped the mill. Later, Douglass put on the Wild Bill Reed-Touchstone clash which ended with a Touchstone second draping a stool over Reed's head. Hence Touchstone's nickname "Touchstool."

At the Coral Gables Coliseum, Douglass and Stribling, senior, brought Jim Londos, then grimace-and-grunt champion, three times. He also put on that well-remembered tangle between "Red" McLaughlin and Jack Britton.

Ed Douglass is available as a promoter right now. Organizations which could use a few shekles might accomplish something by talking turkey with this PROVED promoter while he's unattached. IF ANYBODY CAN REVIVE BOXING HERE IN MIAMI, ED DOUGLASS CAN! He is an innate showman, knows the game from A to Z and gives the fans a run for their money.

Let's draft Ed Douglass as Miami's promoter!

\$1 for BRIGHT SAYINGS

Mein grosschild, Milton, 8 jahre-old, vas mit his Aunt Rachael by Atlanta, last week-end und I sent him a Vestern Yunion telegram: "Dun vorget dat Yom Kippur starts today!" Right away, Milton he telegrams right back, "Put a fin on his nose for me!"

Moses Eiselpopf, 3.98 Marked Downs Way, City.

Little Gretchen, aged 4, playfully chucked a bowl of soup at her grandmother on her father's side. "What's the big idea?" grandma asked, laying Gretchen out with a handy chair. "The drink's on the house," Gretchen came right back without a moment's pause, jerking the chair out from under gramp. Gretchen's a card!

(Miss) Felta Finger, Malodorous, Miss.

"Did your teeth chatter when you felt the chill coming on?"

"Well, I don't exactly know. They were lying on the table."

Lillian: "Who is that letter from?"

Mildred: "Why do you want to know?"

Lillian: "There you are! Why do I want know? You're the most inquisitive person I ever met!"

College boy's definition of a male parent: "The KIN You Love To Touch."

"What in the world are you doing with that rope tied around your waist?"

"I am going to take my own life."

"But why have the rope around your waist?"

"Well, I tried it around my neck but it choked me."

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

What downtown hotel staged a house-cleaning the day before the owner came back from up north ???

What engaged little darling is all worried because she lost a torrid love letter from a man who's NOT her fiance ???

What will Dick use for eating-money, now that Peggy has gone north ???

Did that trifling Georgia student take Lillian's pulse with him when he returned to school ???

Is it true that Dave and Art shook dice to see which would squire Margie to the smart night club shindig ???

What eligible bachelor of means put a hickey on a Flagler street waitress ???

Can it be that the blond is actually making eyes at the central station fireman ???

Where does Grace of the Spur get those chic colored slippers ???

What formula did Grace the Nurse use to regain that school girl complexion ???

What heartless nit-wit had his ex-wife canned from a bar waitress job by threatening to do his imbibing elsewhere and what made the spineless owner do it ???

What prominent cafe owner and his wife agreed to call off separate divorce proceedings lest they kill ???

What gay Lothario had to carry the banner last Tuesday night because his

the golden goose by such publicity ???

What was Ethel S. doing on the beach in front of the Edison Hotel with a profligate philanderer last Monday midnight ???

Who was the North Beach matron who was sent abroad suddenly because her hubby learned about the broker ???

Why did the N. E. First Street widow's face redden when the handsome brute from California drove up to her hotel ???

Where did the Burdine salesgirl get hold of that stumpy-jumper she's running around with ???

What hot-headed matron smashed her radio because her rival sang over a local program ???

Isn't it about time Chief Quigg sent that Cop, who's always on the make, out to the sticks where he'll have nothing but cows to flirt with ???

What married girl has to peddle p-nuts and sweets to keep her cheating husband in the style to which he is accustomed ???

What Miami P. A. is fixing to queer himself with someone he'll be asking favors from before long ???

What gay Lothario had to carry the banner last Tuesday night because his

sweetie's hubby came home unexpectedly ???

Is Iris sorry that she changed her style of hairdress now that her sugar-daddy has jilted her after making her do it ???

What horse-player learned that Patricia is one filly that can't be played ???

Who's carrying the torch for Betty now ???

What ideal love-affair was busted up because Romeo would not steal some roses for Juliet ???

Will the little taffy-haired Memphis girl drop everything against Red if he pays for her Fall suit or will Miami gossip-mongers have a real court show put on for their benefit ???

What sorority girl, whose folks think she is a demure little dear, caused that bitter-fight between two school athletes the other night

AND Meet Me at THE SPUR

301 N. E. First Avenue
Corner of Third Street
across from Postoffice

\$1 for Embarrassing Moments

TODAY'S WINNERS
I was whoopin' my old woman last Saturday night with what I thought was a shovel. Imagine my abject humiliation when I discovered it was the meat axe — and a brand new one at that!
Lemuel Hunchabit, Fistula, Fla.

I was seated in a downtown theater the other night when a woman entered and sat down next to me. I was just about to speak to her, thinking we might be acquainted when I suddenly discovered she had a wooden leg! Was my face red?
Eppie Q. Rumproast, Bulging Bottoms, Ala.

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So YOU Say—

"HOOKERS TAX"
 Editor:
 Why isn't something done to license all the hookers in the downtown streets? Do they have to pay an occupational tax? And do they receive regular wages from the bar-keepers where they hang out for talking guys into buying them drinks? It's getting so a fellow can't enter a bar without having one or two of these parasites on their necks. Why doesn't MIAMI LIFE get the low down on this racket?
A SUCKER.

MISSING HENS
 Editor:
 What do you mean, there isn't any missing chickens from the jail farm? You don't know what you're talking about. Commissioners Gardner is right! Ask any Cop about the way the hogs used to be split up at killing time—and what part of the meat the prisoners at the jail received! Favoritism has been going on for years and you can be sure that the city officials saw that they got their guts full!
TINY LLOYD.

RACKETEERS
 Editor:
 The biggest joke of the century is the tale that the ministers of the city are getting together to stop gambling. No wonder people laugh at them. If every person who gambles in one way or another stayed away from church, there'd only be the preacher and the bell-ringer present when services began. And Miami doesn't have to go north to get racketeers—they have plenty of them here in the apartment house and hotel business!
H. F. CARY.

HIRE A HORSE
 Editor:
 The article in MIAMI LIFE on the cleaners' and laundries' price war was the clearest, most unbiased report I have ever read, here or elsewhere. How can Miami people sit idly by and permit habitual failures in life to throw obstacles in the way of up-to-the-minute concerns which give them REAL service for their money? I know a fellow who owns a horse and wants to transport passengers to and from the Beach. Why don't we compel the street-cars and buses to boost THEIR fares because this friend of mine can't afford to carry a passenger for only 10 cents? Miami a city? Not by a long shot!
FORMER CHICAGOAN.

MONOPOLY
 Editor:
 It may be true that these modern cleaners do pay living wages to their hired help but isn't there a real danger that such big concerns will eventually run the little operators out of business by cutting prices, and then boost their own prices sky high? That seems to be the procedure used in other large cities. There also appears to be a real danger of monopoly if large machine concerns are permitted to run wild. Some regulation must be had.
MRS. LEOLA WARWICK.

"PIPE DREAM"
 Editor:
 It seems untimely to read in one of the daily papers that the police department intends to permit motorists to exceed 45 miles an hour just as the schools are opening. Is this true or another newspaper "pipe dream?"
A MOTHER.

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE IN MY SHOES?"
 "I'd shine 'em."

DICK POWELL
 wants to see you at
CLUB DEUCE
 222 14th St., Miami Beach
 The Drinks are better—the company more congenial—it's more fun.
BOB KING
 THE SINGING WAITER
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OLD TIME BALLADS

"All In A Life Time"
SPEAKING of embarrassing moments, a young lady communicant of the Catholic Church was telling us the other day of a faux pas which she pulled before hundreds of startled people here in Miami. It was in the Federal Theater at one of the opening nights. She is what is known as a "good Catholic", although we suppose an ecclesiastic would say that a person was either a Catholic or not a Catholic with no qualifying "good" to it. At any rate, this young lady for years has been accustomed to enter the church she attends, walk down the aisle and, just before entering her pew, genuflect before the Host, i.e., kneel in gesture of humility before the altar. And with her thoughts elsewhere and her subconscious working over-time, that's just what she did as she was about to enter the row in which her seat was located in the Federal Theater. People around her stared, amazed, as she absent-mindedly performed a graceful genuflection to the curtain.

WE KNOW a newspaperman who suffered a novel embarrassment he'll never forget. He happened to be a "trained seal" on the Atlanta Constitution at the time—that is, he was a "special" reporter whose by-line stories were to be handled with kid-gloves by the copy-readers whose duties consist of "correcting" reporters' stories, designating type-size, and writing 'heads' over them. In the Constitution office at that time he was known as a "sacred cow"—a privileged character, so to speak. One night he strode into the office grasping a crumpled paper and shouting to the world that all copy-readers in general were a bunch of so-and-so's and that those on the Constitution in particular were the loudest bunch at large anywhere. He ranted and raved and called on all and sundry to witness how the copy-readers had mangled his story by deleting a paragraph which was vital to it. Frances Clarke, then managing editor, summoned the enraged reporter to his office and attempted to calm him down. "Why Mister Clarke," remonstrated the indignant scribe, still roaring, "the fat-headed, thick-pated son-of-a-biscuit-shooter that ruined that story is about as much of a newspaperman as my Uncle Mike—and he can't even read!" Clarke closed his door, placed an arm around the reporter's shoulder and whispered: "I'm sorry, old man, I'm really sorry. But I did it myself—I was in a hurry and the yarn had to be cut a bit to fill a page-one hole."

BUT the most embarrassing moment of which we've ever heard was that suffered by an old darky in Durham, North Carolina, who was in court asking probation for some misdemeanor he had committed. The judge asked the darky if he drank liquor. "Naw sah, jedge, naw suh," the petitioner declared, rolling his eyes toward heaven. "Ah sho doan drink none of that aire likker whut these niggers drink—ah ain't had me a drink of any kind o' likker since pro-bish-ion came on us." The judge was impressed and ordered the darky to "come down" from the witness chair. In complying, the Negro had to stoop as he passed in front of the bench. And from his inside coat pocket fell a half-consumed bottle of gin, the contents splashing over the feet of lawyers and court attendants. Before the laugh that resulted had died down, the old darky was hot-footin' it down the highway.

PLANS are afoot to stir things up a bit along North West Seventh avenue as a result of the forming this past week of the N. W. Seventh Avenue Improvement Association. The new unit comprises a group of representative business men who are tired of waiting for some action by city officials who devote their waking hours hunting down ducks, chickens and stray dogs, one of the members declared.
 John O. Olsen, owner of the Pig and Whistle eating establishments, was named temporary chairman. Members of the executive committee in addition to Olsen include Jack W. Wallwork, owner of Kremp's Food Center; Irving L. Siegel, owner of the Square Deal Market; E. L. Cline, owner of Cline's Service Station; P. L. Hitch, Airline Radio and Refrigerator Service; Malcolm W. Anderson, apartment house owner; W. P. Evanson, manager Florida Linen Supply; Irving Querido, June Dairy Products Co.; G. A. Price, president Royal Palm Furniture Co.; J. A. Garfield, president, and Dave E. Kjelstrum, owner, Dave's Poultry and Egg Co.

She: "My dad's the best pistol shot in this country."
 He: "And what does that make you?"
 She: "Your wife to be."
 "Pardon me, mister. Would you be so kind as to assist a poor man? Besides this revolver I'm holding, I have nothing in this wide world."

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They Tell Me
 Ethel says Al is so slow he is still taking a straw vote on Landon and Roosevelt.
 !!!
 The Everglades Hotel blond and the salesmen are cutting their "take" down the aisle.
 !!!
 Phil will insist hereafter that Marie show him the stubs when she places his bets—since Pete blossomed out with a new front.
 !!!
 The Cop who dined with his Frau in Stephens Restaurant the other evening froze up like a Mummy when his sweetie strolled in with the auto man.
 !!!
 Chris and the divorcee of Coral Gables are hunting an apartment.
 !!!
 That cute soda jerk should not monkey around with rail-roads' spouses.
 !!!
 The fresh law-student who was bullying the pretty brown-haired lady in Dick Powell's Place didn't know she could practice law herself if she desired.
 !!!
 Norman is telling everybody in town that he intends marrying his swell little doll—excepting the doll, herself.
 !!!
 There won't be a split-up in the city official's family after all.
 !!!
 The Lug who is seen with a different moll daily in the Presto Cafe is a "personal race broker" for a number of dames.
 !!!
 Earl and his drink-of-water girl didn't permit a little thing like forgetting their bathing suits keep them from bathing near the Roney the other p. m.
 !!!
 It looks like a real case between Marie and the artist.
 !!!
 Monk and Bernice will bust up the Eternal Triangle by merging in October.
 !!!
 His friends want to know when the baker will get that political job he's always talking about.
 !!!
 That lively little blond enrolled at Edison High is married.
 !!!
 Danny will marry the stuttering red-head when she springs from the Clink.
 !!!
 The druggist's "friendly" wife doesn't intend returning from her vacation in the North, at least until the "dealer's" dough runs out.
 !!!
 The public doesn't know it, but a former internationally-idolized theatrical star may be seen almost daily in the Cocktail Bar on S. E. First Street.
 !!!
 The married woman and her young admirer are taking a helluva chance by clutching in their car nightly near the Pan American airport because she's too easily recognized, even in the dark.
 !!!
 That Beach merchant paid plenty to his discharged employe who named his price for keeping mum about his

On The Cuff
SOME weeks ago this column registered a beef against scheming waiters and the female of the specie for stalling with dinner checks in order to embarrass tight-fisted patrons and place them in a spot where they are almost compelled to tip. That brought up the question as to why food-purveyors grab menus after getting orders. The answer, as supplied some time ago by R. D. Clark, Cleveland, president of the National Restaurant Association, is: "If she doesn't, the diner too often changes his or her mind."
THAT seems to be an habitual diner-out to be an assinine answer. A restaurant catering to the transit public of necessity must please patrons if they depend on continued patronage and if a diner is uncertain as to what he wishes to order, he should be permitted to take all the time he wants. It is a matter of never-ending amazement how some folks, who haven't the slightest idea of what it means to deal with the general public, insist in engaging in a business which demands the finest degree of showmanship, organization and tact such as the "eating" business.
YET there is no accounting for success. Some restaurant proprietors violate every known rule of successful business and prosper while others who know the business from a to zizzard fail miserably. We know a nifty place in Miami that charges top prices for complete meals but drives otherwise satisfied patrons away by such inane practices as charging 10 cents extra if a diner prefers toast, rolls or buns instead of bread. Even diners who can easily afford such extra charges resent such high-handed

THE SKIRT COLLECTS
THAT woman's in again!" Jockey Jimmy, MIAMI LIFE'S crack track dooper, failed to dodge the Dizzy Blond who camps on his trail in quest of tips on "good things" last Monday.
 Cornered in the New Pioneer Bar on N. E. First Street, Jimmy reluctantly gave in and gratuitously presented the Dame with a "point." . . . sent the Dame with a "point" on Irish Ford in the Third at Hawthorne—a short-priced cinch.
 Just after the gallops were over

boss's "Creole" mistress
 !!!
 That corpulent blonde Pig and Sax curb girl must be collecting chumps the way they drive up, one after another, each night under the impression they're the one and only
 !!!
 A shakedown of those "smart" N'Yawk wise-guys who watch the boards at the beach each afternoon wouldn't net a fin

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HOROSCOPE
 The Moon is sometimes affected by Pluto along about this time of year.
Saturday, Sept. 18
Refrain from gossip over a R party line. Bad on eyes. Tonight will be favorable to changes, especially of socks. Creative activities are favored. Keep the blinds down.
 Travel is desirable if you have any rubber-checks out. Hide your emotion if you fill a heart-flush in a raised pot. Keep your impulses to yourself tonight and you may remain single.
 Keep in close touch with your partner but don't be too careless in what you touch. Call 2-3239 and enjoy LIFE.
 "This bed is full of bed-bugs, I have tried everything but they return. What shall I do?"
 "You must learn to love them."
 The Miami University student looked hard and long at the examination question which read: "State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in any given year." Then he wrote his answer:
 Year 1492—none.
 "Is there much graft in the army?"
 "Oh yeah, even the bayonets are fixed."
 "Why do you call this an enthusiastic stew, Marie?"
 "Because I put everything I had into it."
 "I shot that double-barreled shot gun into a flock of ducks and killed five!"
 "That's nothing—I was hunting frogs the other night, fired at one and five hundred croaked."

GRAPEVINE: Coconut Grove woman sneezed 111 times in one hour. Her previous high was 73. A nephew does the counting. He's thinking about making book on the number and paying off to those who guess the nearest. . . . The original Oofy Goofty was a character who made the rounds of saloons on San Francisco's Barbary Coast charging fees for permitting anybody to clout him over the rump with a good-sized club. John L. Sullivan almost killed him with a hefty board which was substituted surreptitiously for the regular weapon. . . . This Miss America racket is okeh, perhaps, but we'll string along with Lucille Mauder, Minneapolis college girl, who holds the record for milking. Lucille squeezed out three quarts in two minutes. . . . In Bethel, Alaska, sourdoughs kick in with \$5 for a shave. . . . In Santa Barbara, Calif., Monday is official wash-day. Police and firemen patrol the city on that day to prevent burning of rubbish, weeds, etc. . . . And at Marysville, Calif., citizens are staging a small rebellion against a garlic factory which opened right smack in the center of the city. . . . Members of the Hurricanes squad might take a shot at the egg-eating record at one sitting held by Footballer Karl Kahle of Oregon State who consumed 18. . . . In Texas a farmer grew a corn-cob with ten ears, each fully developed. . . . Contrary to belief, woman's skin is no more tender than man's. Nor her heart, we'll add.

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