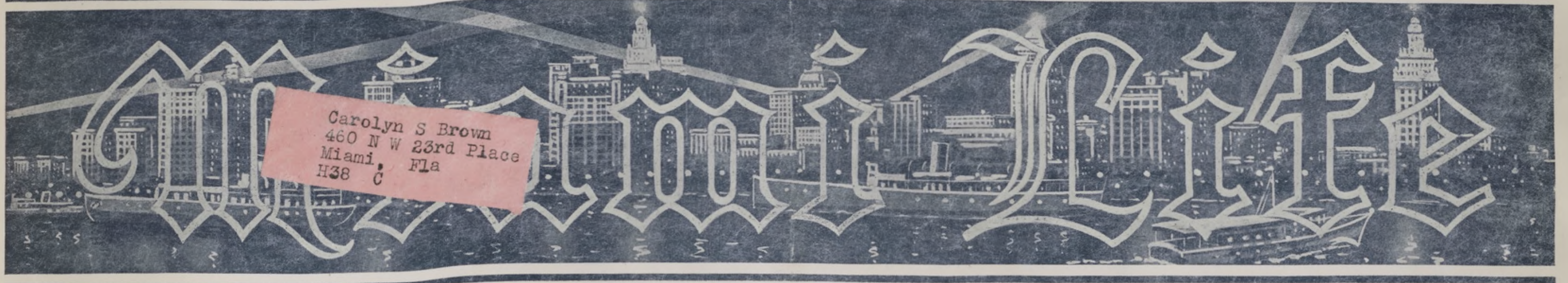


HIT ROSS ALLEN LOVE-NEST!



Carolyn S Brown
460 N W 23rd Place
Miami, Fla
H38 C

Vol. 12—No. 1

Miami, Florida, Saturday, Sept. 25, 1937

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

10

CENTS A COPY IN GREATER MIAMI
ELSEWHERE 15c
\$4.00 per year in U. S. A.
\$7.50 in foreign countries

LOCAL CHAMBER LOCKS UP AFTER NAG DEPARTS

AFTER the horse was stolen, the Miami Chamber of Commerce this week prepared to lock the barn door—to the accompaniment of the flashing of photographers' bulbs.

Tuesday night, Dale James, secretary of the Fair Practices bureau, informed the Chamber membership, and the press, that certain unscrupulous chiselers were fleecing unemployed Northerners out of their hard-earned money by working the hoary old "registration fee" racket on them.

MIAMI LIFE informed the Miami License Bureau that such practices were being pulled here by wholesale—SIX WEEKS AGO! At that time, Sunday newspapers of Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit and other Northern metropolises were publishing such lures as the following (reprinted verbatim from the Chicago Tribune of August 31st):

"WANTED, HELP (MALE AND FEMALE):

Demand For Investigated Northern Help, all kinds, now commencing. Early registration suggested. AA Employment Bureau, Box 1808, MIAMI, FLA."

That advertisement was inserted in many Northern papers by Roy Meisinger, who some eight or ten weeks ago opened an office at 152 N. E. Second Street, adjoining the Catholic School. YET MEISINGER HAD NOT, AT THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, SUCCEEDED IN OBTAINING A LICENSE TO DO BUSINESS HERE!

Shortly after MIAMI LIFE opened its investigation, Police Officer W. E. Nichols arrested Meisinger. In municipal court on September 11th he was fined \$29.24, which he paid.

A former associate of Meisinger's declared that applicants for jobs were sent blank forms which they were instructed to fill out and which were to be returned to the "AA Employment Bureau" accompanied by \$1. The blanks, this informant said, were filed away and forgotten, but not so the one-buck layout.

Raising a hue-and-cry AFTER such outrages are perpetrated does about as much good as protesting in a Bolshevik necktie party. As a second-guesser, Miami's leading civic organization wins hands down. This registration fee racket has been going on here—undisturbed—for years. The deluded victims who kicked in with their meager savings to the Miami Blood-suckers will get no satisfaction from the fact that a quorum of C. of C. officials gave a hearty sigh and deplored the rascality of the rogues which they, the C. of C. officials, permit to flourish in Miami.

What are all those PAID flunkies of the local Chamber doing, anyway, to earn their salt? Last month, three of them went on vacations AT ONE TIME—and life went on in Miami just the same.

Whatinell does the City of Miami pay some \$22,000 to the Chamber of Commerce for? At that figure, "second-guessing" comes rather high!"

City Lifeless!

SO GREAT was the demand for Miami Life last week, that newsstands in several parts of the city were sold out 12 hours after the edition was placed on sale.

In the past eight (8) weeks, MORE THAN 600 new paid subscribers have been added to the MIAMI LIFE mailing list!

If you want to be SURE of Life each Saturday morning, bright and early, phone 2-3239 and enter your name on the subscription lists—\$4 for the year; \$2 for six months! "Don't Be Shut Out!"

Neighbors Thrilled As Ross Allen, Gal, Cuddle

LIKE a bad smell, Ross Allen has bobbed up again—this time to get in the eyes of some folks in the Northwest section.

The Lady-Loving Libertine-Librettist, whose musical feats failed to gain him the prominence which his paternal procreative-proclivities achieved, has emerged as the villain of a neat little piece entitled "Love Will Find A Whey" or "What're You Gonna Do When The Rent Comes 'Round?"

Devotees to the Ross Allen legend will find this latest episode a scream. The last most of his followers heard tell was that the orchestra-leader had crawled into a hole (if there's one thing Ross can do, it's crawl into a hole) after he had been given the gate by a Beach nightclub. There was some rumor to the effect that Allen had called a truce with the mother of his baby boy (MIAMI LIFE, July 16th et seq.) but some of his chroniclers question this.

Be that as it may, he just COULDN'T refrain from handing somebody the dirty end of the stick. This time, he took a new Fem in tow—a well-known blond who apparently thought the maestro was a persecuted fellow and deserving of another chance.

At any rate, this new paramour obtained occupancy of a cottage at 1640 N. W. 19th Terrace, negotiating a low rental by representing herself as a prospective purchaser of the property. A big downtown credit store generously supplied the accouterments necessary to the A-No. 1 Love Nest—and the goose hung high.

But not for long. The landlady discovered that her new tenants were far and away more concerned with shooting away the Wolf from their humble door than in acquiring a house and lot. In fact, she was inveigled upon to accept Allen's pet dog, Toby, as part payment of the rent—AND TO MAKE A LOAN OF \$25 IN CASH TO THE PAIR!

Now most anybody would have been satisfied with this state of affairs. But not so our hero, Ross Allen. Not by a long shot! In no time at all, Ross and his Flame of the Moment began to take their liaison in earnest; began, in fact, to act as though they REALLY WERE married.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR

REPLY TO WALTER WINCHELL

Miami, Fla., Sept. 25, 1937.

DEAR Walter:

In your inimitable style, you regaled us with a resumé of "Little Stories That Keep Getting Bigger" and included among them the following:

"There is a yarn (which probably isn't true) about a crap game among soldiers of the A.E.F. where a loser hurled a hand grenade into a circle of players and urged them to fade it. The grenade killed all the dice players, including the heaver, but mercifully spared the rest of the United States army which had apparently been recalled from the trenches to kibitz at the game."

Perhaps by this time you have heard from vets who protest inclusion of this actual occurrence in your list of fairy-tales. Maybe Bos Hooten, Hud Robbins, Bob Griffith or any one of dozens of other fellows who either actually witnessed such an event or were near enough to get to the scene a-runnin' shortly after, have emitted a howl.

Tossing hand-grenades about promiscuously was merely horse-play with playboys of the Alabama 167th infantry of the 42nd (Rainbow) Division. Wherever there was evidence of piscatorial life in French streams, the 'Bama boys simplified things by the simple expedient of chucking a grenade or two into the water and scooping up the demised denizens which rose, belly up, to the surface.

In a crap game held in an abandoned stone-building near Merville, France, sometime in April, 1918, one of a group of Alabama doughboys tossed a grenade into the

circle. In the mad scramble which ensued, not one person, so far as was learned, was injured but the place was a shambles and play was not resumed. It is doubtful, also, whether the grenade flingers had been participating in the game but there is no doubt but that they accomplished the effect they sought.

Maybe the story HAS grown but that was the way it happened and I know, because I had to borrow part of a clean uniform right after it happened.

The Editor.

Eye Opener

SINCE we started publishing Miami recipes for putting a fellow's feet on the ground after a tough evening with Bacchus, the Stir And Gulp Department has been swamped with formulas. Here's one from Bill Fallof, of Moe's Bridge Bar and Cafe on West Flagler:

"Mix up a heavy, spiced egg milk shake; and a double hooker of Hennessy's best, shake well and drink it down without stalling. It will make you tell your boss where to get off at."

Mistake

SCOTTY O'Neal says he was visiting a friend in Hialeah the other afternoon when suddenly the municipal fire-horn cut loose with a blast. His friend grabbed his 6-year-old boy by an ear and shouted: "Horace, you go stand on the back-porch!"

VISITING VISION

THE boys want to know who's the beautiful Illinois blond in the brilliant convertible Packard that Bill Woods is keeping to himself. Miser!

Understatement--

THE other day an ailing woman phoned Dr. H. B. Albea, chiropractor of the Security Building, and requested an appointment for this Saturday.

"Couldn't we make it some day next week?" countered Dr. Albea, testily. "I'm afraid I shall be rather busy this Saturday." The woman acquiesced.

Dr. Albea was scheduled to get married Saturday noon.

'Blessed Be The Poor' But Not In Florida

THERE'S a wonderful opportunity going to waste for some enterprising artist to immortalize himself by portraying a Pioneer Group fashioned somewhat after the ill-fated Donner Party that perished at the foot of the High Sierras near what is now Reno, Nevada, and bringing the episode up to date.

Instead of the snow-covered mountains acting as an unsurmountable barrier to the brave group of fortune-seekers, a Florida State Policeman, wearing a Chamber of Commerce insignia, could be shown turning back the gaunt men, women and children at the Georgia border. For the sake of clarity, the ostracized band might be labeled "Sun-Seekers Without Sufficient Funds In Quest Of The Constitution's Guarantee Of The Pursuit of Happiness."

In the background, the C. of C. might be shown as Marie Antoinette in a candid-camera study as she uttered the historic words: "Let Them Eat Cake!" We'd suggest, meekly, that her pants be showing.

Today, America's miniature Riviera is preparing for a banner season. Hucksters are parading 'round offering as-tounding bargains in everything from papaya-groves and avocado-acreage to adolescent alligators and carved coconuts. Visitors are expected to kick in with loose change to exceed the 1935-36 high mark of some \$245,000,000 which was be-

stowed over the entire state in that memorial season.

The silk-and-lace-Herald and the Prissy News, both spraying themselves furiously with their atomizers, are urging Governor Come to bar flivvers, rattle-traps and trailers from the sacrosanct and sanctified soil of the Seminole State while he receives, with open arms, the livered limousines of the lords of lucre, the besotted-playboys and pot-bellied papas, gouty gamblers, perfumed prostitutes, lobby lesbians and the other riff-raff that clutter up the highways and by-ways of Miami, once the season is under way.

We don't pretend to be religious, but we'll wager that if the Messiah managed to elude the Border Patrol and come to Miami, He'd cast His lot with the bunch living in a trailer rather than with the greasy-jowled parasites who promenade the peacock-alleys of the ritzy hostleries hereabouts—and thus stand an even chance of keeping his robe and sandals intact when He departed in Spring.

"Blessed Be The Poor—as long as they stay out of Florida!"

Hell On Wheels

PAINTED Ladies of Miami are peddling their wares on bicycles. Puxom 'Bugs' who rent their persons to the masculine gentry are now delivering their White Cargo, f.o.b. the public highway.

Clad in shorts and abbreviated blouses, so arranged as to reveal the maximum expanse of ample breasts and thus overcome any "sales resistance" that might be encountered, these tantalizing twists ambulate over the asphalt in quest of any and all susceptible bucks with cash-in-hand, aboard bright, new bicycles!

The bagnio out of which these Jazzing Jezebels swarm is located on Northwest 22nd avenue in the vicinity of 14th street. The dames who form the "male order" business employ a simple, effective method. Cycling aimlessly about, they "point" for all likely-looking motorists of male persuasion, and in no-time-at-all engage the flattered Yahoo in conversation.

First thing he knows, the Gent has himself a date with one of the girls at her "home." Or, if the Sucker is so hectic that he cannot defer fructification of his amorous inclinations, his new-found lady love leads him to the trysting place pronto—on a pay-as-you-enter basis.

A buck a throw is the standard charge for "servicing" but when business is bad the traveling-salesladies will barter. One Hialeah business man is said to have negotiated a deal on 20th street for six-bits, but he informed MIAMI LIFE that he is afraid his wife might not be pleased if his name were published. Hence, this shrewd dealer will have to remain anonymous.

Beware of Bebes on Bicycles!

Graphic Dream

DON'T try to tell Fritz Gordon there's nothing to dreams. The other night he dreamed he was eating shredded wheat biscuit and woke up chewing the mattress.

SHORT CUT

PEOPLE at the Beach have been mistaking Charley Cusick, the music master, for the missing link the past few days. Charley went into Jack the Ripper's Barber Shop for a hair cut. Half-way through, Jack was summoned next door to join a party in a round of snifters and failed to return. Charley hopes to have the job completed when Jack finishes his binge, which usually requires 12 days.

Tribune All Hot And Bothered Over Tipoff On Fold Up

THERE'S an old race track saying that goes: 'They Don't Pay Off At The Three-Quarter Post.'

So don't be TOO sure that LIFE'S tip last week, to the effect that Moe Annenberg's Tribune will Go The Way Of All Fleishmann's Yeast, is wet.

The Trib answered LIFE'S revelation by publishing a front-page photo of

the new Hoe Press installed in it's new building—BUT THAT PRESS AS WELL AS THE BUILDING was purchased BEFORE the Hearst debacle, which threatens to disrupt the Annenberg dynasty, became known!

The Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington remains adamant in refusing a new loan and refinancing of the Hearst \$55,000,000 bond issue, and

a foreclosure and appraisal of Hearstian assets will reveal just what equity, if any, Hearst has in Annenberg's Racetrack News Service, and other enterprises.

Nobody said the Trib was going to call it a day, right off. But—Time, like LIFE, will tell!

Miami Life

"Florida's Most Influential Weekly" Published on Saturday by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY (A FLORIDA CORPORATION)

Reubin Clein, Publisher Herb McCusker, Editor

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Vol. 12 Miami, Fla., Saturday, Sept. 25, 1937 No. 1

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"Cabbages and Kings"

HEIL Hitler! Some 2,000 unmarried girls working with the Nazi Farm Labor brigades have applied for government assistance to raise their infants...

GLENN Cunningham, track star, had tonsillitis AFTER he had his tonsils removed... John P. Weyerhaeuser, Tacoma, Wash., lumberman whose son was ransomed from kidnappers in 1935...

THE present King George of England could qualify anywhere as an A-1 mechanic if he had to go to work... Queen Elizabeth was long known as the "sloppiest dresser" in the Royal Family...

ED DURLING, "the columnist's columnist" of the Los Angeles Times, says Joan Crawford dotes on waffles drenched with Worcestershire Sauce but won't eat the concoction in public lest she be considered eccentric...

THERE are 270 hostesses flying daily on American airlines... Tyrone Power, Jr., started his stage career at 7 in John Steven McGroarty's mission play at San Gabriel, just outside Los Angeles...

WON'T Black's face be Red if he has to sit in judgment of the Scottsboro case?

DISPATCHES say Charlie Chaplin has dropped the role of tramp. Who wouldn't with his roll?

NICE thing about H. Bond Bliss—if part of a news-story is missing, all the reader has to do is turn to his column and find it there, almost word for word.

JUDGING from all the Klux one hears, it appears that Roosevelt laid an egg in naming Black to the Supreme Court.

WE REMEMBER one time when it didn't cost a red cent to accompany the American Expeditionary Force north. You even got paid for going along!

WHY not have the Secretary of the Treasury visa passports of Americans entering Florida?

NEXT to the fellow who knows just how you should cure that cold, the biggest pest is the one who knows exactly what's wrong with your car.

LOCAL headline reads: "2,000 May Attend Convention Here." Wonder if they will bring along their own lunches, too.

NEXT to the words "I Do" the words that can stir up most trouble for a fellow are "No Down Payment."

THE problem confronting the rich young man of today is whether to buy a seat on the stock exchange or public office.

Everglades Hotel OPEN ALL YEAR 244 Biscayne Blvd.

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

LIFE READERS TAKE THEIR PEN IN HAND

'NO' AND 'NO'

Editor: Can't you give us something more about Mr. Hearst's "playmate" Marion Davies? Last week's story was only an appetizer! Several of us women were discussing your item about Hearst and the Miami Tribune when one of us asked whether Mrs. Hearst was living and if so, if she is divorced. None of us remember reading anything about such a divorce. Can you tell us? Are they divorced? When is Miami Life going to give those honest movie pre-views like you promised? Or have the theaters bought you out? Perhaps I should add—"too." Mrs. Enid D.

HAVE 'MAD' ON

Editor: You have given only one side of the question in your article on Chief Chase of the Fire Department. It would be an excellent idea for MIAMI LIFE to "go down the line" and get BOTH sides! The morale of the local department today is the lowest in the history of the city—and that is considerable. The entire force is split into two camps and I am not exaggerating when I say that half of the personnel refuses to speak to the other half. This city will never have a first-rate fire department until the lack of spirit now present is corrected. One Who Knows.

VET RILED UP

Editor: Good old MIAMI LIFE! You are the only paper in Miami that's not scared to call a spade a spade! The people are with Governor Cone and with you, and dead set against the disgraceful "border patrol" to keep common people from Florida. Who are these business men's clubs to dictate how much money a man must have before he can travel to and fro in this Land of the Free? My ancestors fought on both sides of the War Between the States and I was over with the Troops in France and I'd like to see any Florida or California guy stop ME from going anywhere! Thomas F. Young.

'PIPE DOWN'

Editor: Why is it necessary to criticize the Ministerial association because indecent shows are being given at the La Paloma Club? This body of men have nothing to do with that place. Closing of such resorts is strictly up to the elected enforcement officers. Gambling is something else again. Give a gambler an inch and he will take a mile. Right now, a person can walk in the streets of the Beach and actually hear races being "called" in the bookies. Can anyone blame the ministers for opposing such flagrant nose-thumbing of the law? Gamblers will not let well enough alone! A Liberal Parent.

PRO-WILLIAMS

Every thinking person of the entire Southern Florida district will welcome the step taken by MIAMI LIFE in bringing Mayor Bob Williams' name to the forefront as a candidate for Congress. Mr. Williams quietly served the city of Miami as a balance wheel during the time he was a minority of one on the city commission and he has attempted to correct many evils of the old regime since he has gained a majority on that body. However, if sent to Washington, Mr. Williams would serve the entire district and he should win much out-of-town support for that reason. Malcolm Davis.

"All In A Life Time"

THE other morning a couple sat down on stools at the Turf Cafe, just across First street from the City Hall. They espied a counterman consuming delectable portions of spiced-sausage and eggs. "Well, so you eat here yourself," the lady remarked, spoofing. "That sausage looks SO good I believe I'll have an order myself." The counterman grinned sheepishly. "I'm sorry m'am," he replied, "we don't have any sausage—I sent out and got this!"

IN THE DOLLY MADISON store on South First avenue the other night, two men, an optometrist and a businessman, were introduced by a lady seated at a table to her male escort. They chatted and then the optometrist exclaimed: "Did you read the latest issue of MIAMI LIFE? Boy! It's a honey! Tells all about the 'queers' at the La Paloma Club—the inside of gambling and all the lowdown in town! You folks ought to read that paper—the ONLY REAL paper in this burg! Those blackmailing birds sure go to town when they want to—remember what they did to that orchestra leader at the beach—what's his name—Allen something? Ran that baby outta town for ditchin' his illegitimate kid! I wouldn't miss readin' that black-mailing sheet for the world! Better get one! So long—". The lady's escort was the editor of MIAMI LIFE.

WHEN Al Capone was lavishing his dough around Miami some years back, he created memories which still bob up when good fellows get together over a mug of brew. A fellow was telling about the time Al visited a couple of local newspapermen who had offices in the Postal Building. Some "off-the-beat" liquor was broken out for the occasion but there was nothing in the office to mix it with. "Here boy," said Capone, producing a \$100 bill and handing it to the negro janitor. "Go fetch some ginger ale and keep the change." Like a flash, one of the newspapermen jumped to his feet, accompanied the blackamoer out into the hall, took the C-note from his ebony fingers and said: "George, we won't need you any more—go on home, I'll get all the ginger ale that's wanted from now on out!"

THAT brought up the subject of a colorful character who used to hold forth hereabouts in great splendor. He was sartorially perfect, resplendent in finest London clothes and rode about during the height of the Boom in an impressive custom-built foreign car with a uniformed negro chauffeur. One day he was relating to a guest, as they sped along, the cynosure of all envious eyes, how he bought only the best of everything. "Why, take Rufus there, my chauffeur," he boasted. "His salary alone is \$45 a week." The negro slowed down the car and turned around: "But boss," he said, "if you don't mind, just make it ten dollars hereafter—ten dollars cash!"

Norfleet To Run--

Although the perpetrator of the New's Whifflegag column believes the forthcoming election race for the criminal court bench is a two-way encounter between Judge Wayne Allen and W. O. Bozeman, he is reckoning without one who is very much a candidate. We refer to Former Judge Tom Norfleet, whose chapeau

Teacher: "In the Ark Noah had two of everything." Little Agnes: "Whattaman!"

Stupe: "You look tired." Stupid: "I am tired, I've been doing the work of ten men."

Stupe: "Don't exaggerate, that is impossible." Stupid: "That's what you think. I've been locked up with a jury of eleven women for a week."

Wife: "I wouldn't trade my husband for a dozen men."

Flapper: "And I wouldn't trade my dozen men for a husband."

A fan dancer who has the smallest number of fans has the largest number of fans.

Guest: "What are your rates?" Hotel Clerk: "One dollar and two dollars."

Guest: "What is the difference?" Clerk: "Well, the springs don't squeak in the two-dollar rooms."

EAT LUNCH AND DINNER AT MOE'S BRIDGE BAR 456 WEST FLAGLER (Just West of the Bridge) "MAN-SIZE MEALS AT BOY-SIZE PRICES"

\$1 for Embarrassing Moments

TODAY'S WINNERS My friend and I were about to board a street car while vacationing in Atlanta. I went first past the conductor and suddenly my friend shouted: "You forgot to put your tokens in!" I thought she said something else and pulled up my pants. Was I overwhelmed! Wydoncha Astor, Layover, Georgia.

BEING a home-girl with a kinda yen for art, I hesitated when my boy friend from the corner poolroom invited me up to his efficiency hall bedroom to look at his etchings. I had never seen an efficiency hall bedroom and I was simply dying to see his etchings. Imagine my emotions when I found that the etchings were on the ceiling, face down! Miss Eleanor Adenoids, Bottlety, Fla.

Barber: "Hair cut?" Sap: "No just change the oil."

She: "Why do you always eat with your knife?" He: "Because my fork leaks."

Father: "Isn't it wonderful how little chicks get out of their shells?" Son: "What gets me is how they get in."

Customer: "Ginger Ale." Bartender: "Pale?" Customer: "Good gracious, no. Just a glass."

"Better protect your overcoat from the moths." "I don't think moths will bother it." "Oh! How about boll-weevils?"

Judge: "Do you challenge any of the jury?" Defendant: "Well, I think I can lick that little guy on the end."

Barber: "How is the razor, sir? Does it go easy?" Man: "Well, that depends on the operation. If you're shaving me, it goes hard, but if you're merely skinning me it goes tolerable easy."

Good Drinks Good Food FIG & WHISTLE BAR B-Q & GRILLS N. W. 7th Ave. at 5th St. & at 24th St.

THE EVANGEL PRESS QUALITY PRINTING 261 N. W. 3rd St., Miami Phone 2-6512

Business Is Good Even in the "slow" season!

THERE MUST BE A REASON! ASK FOR OUR SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES

THEY TELL ME

That brother-and-sister who do not speak to each other actually sat and sipped drinks next to another in the Ship Cafe at the Beach the other day—and there wasn't a scrap !!!

It isn't particularly tactful for a married man to open the letters from his paramour first and those from his wife second—especially in the postoffice lobby !!!

The dainty little dumpling who wears a sea-going cap over her dark tresses has set a calloused salesman's heart a-twitter !!!

Eddie the Newark boy is in town and wants his old pals to contact him around the Hippodrome evenings after 7 o'clock. !!!

Three Routine Annie has finally managed to get a new routine for the Royal Palm !!!

In-law troubles will bring two popular young people into divorce court soon if the wife doesn't dummy-up her mother !!!

It really WAS too much sedative that put Ella to sleep in Bay Front Park the other afternoon and not what you think !!!

The Mystery Woman who drops C-notes without a whimper is in town and playing 'em on the nose again !!!

The "mother" who parks her baby while she gets soused in a downtown bar is just about two steps ahead of the Law but she doesn't know it !!!

Jack Miller of Jersey City is looking all over Miami for Ruth and Mid. Write him care General Delivery. !!!

That pale-faced youth has a case on the girl in Nunnally's !!!

The pretty sorrel-shocked nurse and the Conch are looking over some furniture and inquiring about apartment leases. !!!

The bride-of-a-year ditches her ring when she meets her blond Moment in the Rex Cafe !!!

E. J. is asked to communicate with her former sweetie from Cleveland who is here and stopping with his brother on Coral Way. The name is in the phone directory !!!

The lively hotel guest of the Beach doesn't care one whoop how public she makes her "mugging" with her boy friends. !!!

That girl who works on the Herald will do well to throw her latest fish back into the sea—or perhaps she LIKES clams !!!

That likely looking man in Sam's Place at Coral Gables doesn't know a chic red-head is plain nuts about him !!!

A big bankroll bachelor does his sipping-and-biting at the Pig'n Whistle because he goes for one of the girls in a big way !!!

The big-orb'ed salesgirl in the Red Cross really put the fresh Big City Guy in his place with a vengeance !!!

Tony is keeping his Sweetie waiting because he's short a few smack-ers to pay for the ring !!!

The lame-brain who's rushing a night-club performer is as phony as a wooden nickel, as she'll soon learn !!!

That Lucky waitress is trying to kid a kiddier if she only knew it !!!

The tops in lady-like cashiers is that night attendant at Urmeys' !!!

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

Rugs CLEANED AND DYED ORIENTALS A SPECIALTY Hawkin Rug Cleaners 60 N. E. 39th St. Phone 2-7798

SPORT-POUR-RI

EARLY reports from football camps in the North and West indicate a heavy trend to use of lateral passes this year. Even Howard Jones' Southern Californians are bearing down on the aerial phase of the game and when the Board Field mentor succumbs to the overhead attack, you can bet all the tea in China that he's raising the white flag only because he HAS to... The Trojans have a potential Sam Baugh in a youngster... tagged Grenville Lansdell who, despite that melodramatic moniker, is said to be some pumpkins at heaving the bloated swine skin hither and yon.

LOOK out for something from Illinois in the Big Ten this season. The Illini checked in 89 grid candidates when the weeding-out process started the past week and Zuppke is said to have the nucleus of a team that may give the Minnesota outfit a first-class going over if the talent comes through. Elmer Layden at Notre Dame counted exactly 85 noses but he is faced with the task of replacing eight regulars again this year.

ED Douglass, the best fight promoter Miami ever had, can sell anything in a pinch. He'd out-swap David Harum in the latter's best day. Ed was selling real estate some years ago. One day he was lolling in the sand at Miami Beach when he struck up a conversation with a charming lady who, naively, informed Ed that she was looking around for an investment. Almost before she knew what was happening, Ed had sold her a fine home. Then he got the home back again by marrying the charming lady, who came back with him to Miami several days ago. Local people who are disgusted with the amateurish way boxing is being promoted here are dickering with Douglass, who staged the best all-around scraps, year in and year out, Miami has ever seen.

RUNS, HITS AND ERRORS—Whatever became of that great little scrapper, Cecil Payne? ... Kathleen Elliot, Southern California softball heaver, has turned in a number of no-hit and one-hit games and is a home-run hitter of note... The Brooklyn Dodgers have the jump on the other major leaguers with five of the best minor circuit performers already purchased for 1938... New Orleans' Tulane grid team has two fans named O. Henry and H. G. Wells. They're business men... Tennessee's eleven will be formed out of 22 lettermen this year... Kayo Jaekle fought Benny Valgar, the French-Canadian-Hebe, ten rounds in Detroit some years ago and actually struck the elusive Canuck exactly twice... Kid Savage, the old time heavyweight brawler, couldn't pick a silver dollar off the floor, his fingers were so thick and muscular... Otto Burns, an outfielder with Springfield in the old Three-Eye League, was called onto the mound one day when all the hurlers were laid up, and proceeded to pitch a 26-inning game which he finally lost... Dog Face Murray, old American Association umpire, so enraged fans around the circuit that the stands were always packed with them when he appeared, so they could razz him.

GREEBY WINS FIGHT AGAINST RAILROAD!

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, globe-trotter and Man-About-Down, sauntered nonchalantly into the ticket office of the Florida East Coast Railroad and announced in no uncertain terms: "I wanta go to Mississippi."

The ticket agent looked up from his game of cribbage and apologized to Ev Sewell, who with time hanging on his hands until next election, had been whiling away the hours at the pastime.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the ticket-agent of Greeby, wondering why even such an unparticular person as Greeby should want to go to Mississippi voluntarily. "Where do you want the ticket to?"

"To tomorrow," replied Greeby, grinning to display the molars he had just had inserted by Doc Akers.

"I didn't ask you WHEN—I asked you where," snapped the agent, an irascible old Coot if ever there was one.

"To tomorrow—to tomorrow!" bleated the Greeb, no mean antagonist when it comes to repartee himself.

The agent leaned out of the ticket-window and bared both his fangs.

"The public may always be right, like what the rules say, but if you're 'right' I'm a fan dancer!" he vouchsafed, vehemently. "If you want to get a ticket tomorrow, come in tomorrow and don't bother me today!"

Greeby was taken a-back. The Irish in him rose to his head. The Scotch in him rose to his breath. He rose to the occasion. "I want that ticket TODAY and I intend getting it TODAY!"

"But you just got through saying you wanted it TOMORROW!" roared the agent, shifting his cud by way of emphasis. "Now whatinell do you want—do you want that ticket tomorrow?"

"I will tell you just once more—I want that ticket today!"

"All right, then. Now, where do you want it to?"

"To tomorrow," replied Greeby, defiantly.

The agent flung a cuspidor, scoring a neat billiard on a framed picture of Osceola, early Florida developer. Greeby hurled a telephone book and the melee was on.

Sirens sounded, and the Riot Squad, led by Chief Quigg on roller skates, flocked into the ticket office. From the Gent's Rest Room emerged one of the Whirligig snoopers who had been doing some home work in his office.

"Just what is the meaning of this?" asked Chief Quigg, surveying Greeby and the agent, both of whom were trying to get a Flying Mare with Pretzel Lock on the other.

"This guy got fresh," bawled the agent, a Republican at heart.

"This lout won't sell me a ticket," howled Greeby.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the chief.

"To tomorrow," answered Greeby.

"Then come back tomorrow," advised Quigg.

"Yes, but I want to go today," persisted the Greeb.

Here the agent horned in. "See? Plain nuts!" he yelled.

Quigg silenced him. "Now see here, Greeby," he said, glowering. "You say you want to go somewhere and you want to go today. Is that right?"

"Sure," answered Greeby.

"Well, then where do you want to go, today?"

"To tomorrow like I told this guy," shouted Greeby. "To Tomorrow, Mississippi—see there it is on that map—Tomorrow, Mississippi, just as plain as day. I want to go to Tomorrow and I want to go today. And that dumb cluck there can't understand plain English!"

Then there's the ancient legend of the two pipe-smokers in the opium-den.

One dreamy gent said casually: "I've just decided to buy all the diamond and emerald mines in the world."

The part of the second part considered this seriously for a few moments, and then murmured softly: "I don't know that I care to sell."

"I never clash with my boss."

"No?"

"No; he goes his way and I go his."

An American film actress

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FINE WINES & LIQUORS Pabst on Draught Yates and Jordon 230 WEST FLAGLER Pop Yates Lec Jordon

HOROSCOPE

Bad time to play with fire for those born under the lunar realm of Pisces—especially just before going to bed. Saturday, Sept. 25th

It is extremely ill-omened to step in front of a speeding street car between the hours of 2 and 4 on Thursday of this week.

Whenever possible, avoid eating too much tainted food. At this phase of the moon, you are almost certain to suffer financial reverses if you trump your partner's ace.

All conjugal enterprises are favored at this period so long as you don't get in the wrong house.

You may be called upon to do business with peculiar people. Be sure the business isn't peculiar. Although your social contacts might indicate the opposite, life is NOT a bed of pansies.

There is a dark man in your neighborhood, so be sure to put the garbage out tonight.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

THIS exclusive scoop appeared in the columns of the wide-awake Miami Herald on last Tuesday morning, September 21st, just one week after deluded Jews the world over had staged religious ceremonies in observance of the same holy day:

IN THE SYNAGOGUES

Yom Kippur, the day of atonement, will be ushered in at sundown today at congregation Beth Jacob of Miami Beach with the chanting of the "Kol Nidre" by Rev. M. G. Manches and his choir. * * * Yom Kippur closes after sunset with the prayer "Neila."

A proud parent called up the newspaper and reported the birth of twins. The girl at the news desk didn't quite catch the message over the phone. "Will you repeat that?" she asked. "Not if I can help it," was the reply.

"Did you hear of the girl who went to the fancy dress ball in a suit of armor?" "No—what happen to her?" "Nothing!"

"That's a queer pair of socks you have on—one is green and the other is red." "Yes, and I have another pair exactly like them at home."

AND Meet Me at THE SPUR 301 N. E. First Avenue Corner of Third Street across from Postoffice

TUNING BY EXPERTS—SUMMER PRICE --- \$3 PHILPITTS 40 S. E. FIRST ST. PHONE 2-6557

SEABOARD RESTAURANT 2197 N. W. 7th Avenue Home cooking like mother's! Complete Dinners 25c F. Jerwann, Prop.

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 Presents His OLD TIME BALLADS

A DOG - - will be Given Away on October 1st, at each of our 7 stores... dolly madison ice cream

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

What Big Noise actually bathed his Moment in beer to bring her out of the fog before her hubby showed up

When will that sedate little widow tumble to the fact that a lowlife has a pair of binoculars trained on her window

Doesn't Uncle Dexter look cute in a Swing Skirt

How are Elmer and Nina enjoying their vacation in North Carolina?

Did Jane and Sam break because he told her of the North Carolina fem

Who sent that limburger cheese to Doodle Bug

What sport busted up a swanky Strip Poker game when his wife lost her G-string

What doctor married and then found that his final decree from Wife No. 1 hadn't been entered, and had to marry all over again

Who is the gent on N. E. First Street who is trying to forget his Frau by plunging on the Nags

What are the girls and laddies doing since Waugh left on his vacation

What lawyer was plastered when he represented a client before the county solicitor and threatened to jail everybody in the case

Is the Burdine elevator girl serious over that pinhead squirt

Why is Mary paying the gambling debts of that no good show-player

What corpulent gent has outgrown his bathing trunks and has an audience of girls each evening when he takes a dip

Can Marie and the chauffeur settle down on his income

Why has M.D.P. withdrawn from circulation

What City Official received a White Feather through the mail and why

Who was the bozo who set all the girls a-twitter in the Opalescent Beauty Shop by getting a finger-wave

Is Bernice still true to the entire 800 block on North Miami Avenue

LEARN to FLY - \$40 - Lessons as Low as \$2 per week. SUNNY SOUTH AIRPORT N. W. 85th St. and 7th Ave. Chas. F. Darnes, Instructor Phone 7-9185

Is that blond in the Chesterfield still sore—and at what

Will the Chicago girl who met Fred in the Cocktail Bar be there again Monday night at the same hour

Who signed that letter "Bebe" that fell into the hands of the druggist's wife

Who's the Cweat Beeg Man who's goofy over that trim little blonde waitress at the United Soda shop

Why did Josephine leave the bus so suddenly when she espied her ex-husband who owes her back alimony, and did she overtake him

How many heads will fall now that the Big Boss has returned from N'Yawk to check up on his two drink emporiums

What young lawyer is prevented from going bankrupt because he can't raise enough money to file the papers

Is it true that three certain popular girls talked their way out of being arrested for swiping an auto "for the fun of it"

How much did that smart hotel elevator-boy receive for steering that suspicious husband to the CORRECT room number on the WRONG floor

Who stole Jack's pants at the Beach and whose dress did he wear home

What Beach clerk quit his job because the boss's wife flirted with him

Isn't Judith Sweet fully as sweet as her name implies

Why does Red go around humming "Now I know You're The Only One?"

And does the widow who's always visiting the lawyer in the Congress building really go there

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DR. J. FLETCHER WHITE CHIROPRACTOR ELECTRIC MINERAL BATHS 1534 S. W. 8th St., Tower Theatre Block Miami, Fla. Phone 3-1857

BRIGHT SAYINGS \$1 for

TODAY'S WINNERS: I was just about to put little Prudence, aged 2, to bed for the night. "And what bed-time story would little precious like to hear?" I asked her. Knocking the ashes out of her pipe against the side of her cradle, Prudence answered: "Tell me about the time you were a street-walker in Des Moines." I thought I'd die!

Mrs. Ophelia Broodle, Kumquat Acres. Myron Philbert, Jr., was with me at the horse show last winter, when I said: "That rider on the roan horse is so good you would almost think he was part of the horse." And right away little Myron Philbert, Jr., remarked out of a corner of his mouth: "Yes, and I know what part."

Major Essex, Raggedy Axe Cadets. ONLY to seek advice about her property When will the REAL wife of the Big Real Estater get wise to the OFFICE wife that's stealing her stuff

Does that dazzling ash-blond beauty operator know that a well-heeled old gent is feeling his oats over her and might even go so far as to pop the question out of a clear sky

When is Doc, formerly of the Dallas Park hotel, going to grow his own juniper berries

Why doesn't Ruth throw something instead of go to bed and cry in order to make that Automobile man come around

Did that Lawyer's secretary of N. E. Second Avenue get that bum foot of her's from walking home from a ride, or what

Where ever did that little Seybold Arcade bewitcher disappear

Don't COUGH YOUR HEAD OFF ASK FOR MENTHO-MULSION If it Fails to Stop Your Cough immediately Ask for your MONEY BACK Sold by RED CROSS DRUG STORE

"Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?"

YOU CAN BET your boots that when a person pays TEN CENTS for a 4-page weekly magazine, that person intends reading ALL OF IT!

AND IT'S A 100-to-1 shot that if YOU advertise in that 4-page weekly, your ad will be read by EVERY PERSON WHO BUYS THAT MAGAZINE!

Sometimes figures DO Lie!

Impressive circulation figures are worthless if your ad is BURIED in column-after-column of printed matter. The average 24-page daily newspaper has 192 columns!

In MIAMI LIFE, there are only 28 columns and the majority of readers pass your place of business day-in and day-out!

You'll Get RESULTS In MIAMI LIFE! PHONE 2-3239 167 N. E. 2ND ST.

WYNNWOOD DANCE SCANDAL CAUSES OTHER PROBES!

'Hot Hops' Of Sprouts To Be Investigated By Undercover Policemen!

PRODDED into action by the expose in last week's MIAMI LIFE that giddy girls and sensuous swains were staging some searing, soul-stirring seances during and following public dances in Miami and environs, city detectives yesterday were assigned by Chief of Detectives L. O. Scarboro to observation of these weekly orgies.

At the Wynwood Park Lodge, scene of some torrid terpsichorean struggles and object of an official inquiry, word was passed along that a strict guard would be maintained in an effort to eliminate the amorous-antics of moon-struck gals and their sideburned-Romeos who, neighbors claim, makes the nights hideous with their gamut of grunts, groans and other vocal manifestations of emotions, just as soon as the final strains of dance music die away and the lights—paid for by the city—are extinguished.

Another dance-hall, catering to adolescent sprouts who aren't old enough to sleep by themselves, has come to the attention of the authorities and there was to be a watch maintained over this cesspool, too. The clutches pulled off in this off-the-highway rendezvous are said to be held under auspices of a reputable organization whose officials, apparently, rent the place to private promoters and wash their hands of responsibility when the necessary silver crosses the treasurer's palm.

Don't be surprised to heard of a few arrests.

D(indictive) Hawthorne Mocks Court's Dignity

ON the court calendar last Wednesday, the trial being heard was entitled "The People versus Dr. L. H. O'Quinn and C. E. Barr", but before the case was submitted to the jury in Judge Wayne Allen's Court of Crimes, even the most thick-skulled spectator realized that the farce should have been designated: "Senator Ernest Graham and Vernon Hawthorne versus O'Quinn, Barr, Frank Hyde and C. K. Slaton."

For if ever the courts were resorted to for furtherance of political ambitions, they were so utilized in this flimsy persecution engineered by Hawthorne and Senator Graham, both of whom were paying old scores at the tax-payers' expense.

Technically, the charges were "conspiracy to gamble." Hawthorne, who stood to gain office as Hialeah solicitor through a change of city government, was the motivating power behind the action. He had himself appointed special prosecutor, conducted the so-called investigation and then only a few days before the original trial was scheduled, withdrew from the case and dumped the whole unsavory mess into the lap of County Solicitor Robert R. Taylor, who by dint of remarkable presentation of a negative case, miraculously succeeded in obtaining a mistrial.

The jury is said to have stood four to two for acquittal. A second trial scheduled next Friday promises a repetition of the evidence and more expense to the county, unless Solicitor Taylor, in disgust, asks that the sham case be not prosed.

Vernon Hawthorne is no novice when it comes to utilizing the courts to vent his political spleen upon those who oppose him. His record as state's attorney reeks with such instances of acute niggardliness. So far as the actual charge against these men in itself is concerned, almost anyone who ever suggested a friendly game of draw-poker might be, but for the narrow sphere of Hawthorne's activities, standing trial in their stead.

"Somebody throw an axe at you?"
"Nope; just got a haircut."
"Well, sit higher up in the chair next time."

A lot o' fguys will never have horse sense because they aren't that far along on the horse.

"How did you come to marry your wife?"
"I didn't; her old man came after me with a blunderbuss!"

The army boys call her "Time and Tide," she waits for no man.

The Press

The Miami Tribune the past week started a new \$180,000 Hoe Press.

The Miami Herald brought a reporter named Griffith to Miami from his out-post in Fort Lauderdale. He ate before leaving.

The News inaugurated a campaign against landcrabs on public highways, the new drive to replace the one against Al Capone's Alcatraz Beer.

MIAMI LIFE christened a new cuspidor for the circulation department. Hereafter employees will be compelled to call their shots.

Let's Step Up Our Traffic Lights

TRAFFIC light changes in Miami are too few and far between. The elapsed time between red, yellow and green lights should be graduated in accordance with the traffic at street intersections.

Nothing is so disconcerting as being compelled to stall for seemingly endless minutes at crossings when there isn't a sign of a vehicle or a pedestrian using the diagonal thoroughfare.

Chicago learned that by stepping up light-changes,

traffic movement was accelerated at busy intersections. It's about time to inaugurate a REAL campaign against jay-walking, too. Miami streets are filled with yokels wandering like contented bovines from one curbing to the other in the middle of downtown blocks. It is open season on these nitwits.

She: "Who do you think you are, santa Claus?"
He: "No."
She: "Then get to hell out of my stockings."

"Mother Kelly's"

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IN ITS

New York ... Jack Dempsey's
Frisco ... Coffee Dan's
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MORE ABOUT

ROSS ALLEN LOOSE AGAIN!

First the neighbors began hearing eerie sounds far into the night. There are some auditors to the strange goings-on who claim they heard sounds of various household articles caroming off of walls; and there is one school of spectators who swear by all that's holy that they recognized the smashing of crockery in the wee sma' hours of the morning.

Some, too, there were who were all for calling the cops with a view toward learning what the score was between the Music Master and his Mombat but cooler heads prevailed and the brawling and caterwauling continued unabated to relieve the monotony of bullfrogs croaking in the marsh and startled fledglings twittering in the cypress.

Enterprising neighbors were of a mind to cash in on the unprecedented turmoil by establishing a zone around the love-nest and setting it up as one of the community's show-places for Northern tourists who, removed from the familiar racket of their native Elevated Trains, Boat Whistles and Fire Sirens, might be induced to set up temporary residence adjacent to the boisterous Allen and his equally-articulate inamorata and thus gain surcease from the disquieting solitude of the peaceful countryside. But word got to the landlady and she made short shrift of the whole plan.

So it is that Allen has disappeared and chagrined neighbors have become resigned to the fact that their strange interlude is only a memory—a memory to be passed on to future generations of the time when Casanova Allen unleashed his irresistible passions right in that very house yonder!

Officer Warns Of Traffic Menace

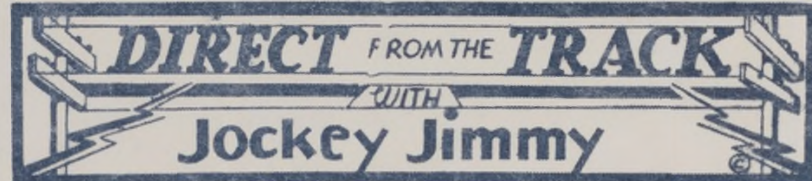
THE time of the year when traffic accidents take their greatest toll among children of school age is almost with us here in Miami.

With the influx of motorists to South Florida, the highway hazards are increased manifold, Police Lieutenant S. W. Lemmon, who is responsible for safety education and traffic in the schools of the city, declares.

Parents should ponder these figures, gleaned from the records of the Traffic Division of the Police Department, which show distribution by the month of the 196 injuries and three fatalities suffered by Miami children of school age the past 12 months:

ACCIDENTS			
Month	No.	Month	No.
October (36)	17	April	24
November	23	May	15
December	18	June	14
January	10	July	3
February	18	August	16
March	20	September	18

Last year from September 1 to the last of March, there were 124 accidents involving school children as compared to 72 during the summer, a ratio of almost 2 to 1.



NARRAGANSETT WILL OPEN AGAIN IN OCTOBER PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 24—REGARDLESS OF THE many rumors about O'Hara being out and Narragansett Park through, you can bet your bottom dollar the basis for such talk is purely political. O'Hara is well liked here in New England. When you hear that Narragansett Park is through—skip it and get ready for the best meeting of the year, starting October 18th and continuing to November 14th.

ROCKINGHAM BUSINESS SLACK

After the long-drawn out racing season, Rockingham comes in for what is left. There is plenty of horse-play at this track and many of the boys will be turning loose their charges in order to get oats for the winter season—Tab close the older horses at this track and keep your eye on Jockey F. Jones and Jockey Morgan—they are fit and live boys.

YOUR STABLE THIS WEEK (At Rockingham Park)

TINDER BOX is the horse of the week—throw out that last race and tab close from now on, as the boys like this one real well.

COUNTESS ANN—the smart boys are planning on a killing here—distance race with Jockey Morgan in the saddle.

COUNT ME—here is one connections tried to slip over one day—best they could do was second—tab same kind of race—ready.

GOLDMAN—this baby will be a longshot, so don't let price scare you.

HELMOR—will be entered around Saturday.

IDLEWAY—favorite the other day, best could do was third—is fit as they make them.

KENTUCKY EAGLE—failed to do its stuff at Narragansett—will be slipped over here.

LONEHAND—better than rated—has been rested up and is now ready for the question—follow 3 times—can't miss.

LADY TICHENOR—will be the medium of a killing—looks like Morgan in the saddle.

METAURUS—here is a sweet one—has been spoofing but can win when connections send it in—tab close. Porter will ride.

MOISSON—can do it next time out—ran good race Monday—will improve.

OUR BUD—here is a sleeper that is really a sleeper—throw out that last race—looked fishy to me—follow 3 times this baby.

SUN TEA—Doc Crawford better win with this one or he will find himself out in the cold—has gone away back as a trainer.

SOLITARY—coming up from Canada this one will be put over at a nice odds.

TELLINGYOU—will come to life when the boys least expect it—looks good in the mornings and comes well recommended.

TROUPER—at home at any distance; ready for a winning effort.

MONEY FROM HOME

EVELYN LEE; GOOD OMEN; GIN DAISY; ONE CHANCE; RED LABEL; SKETCHBOOK; SUPERWICK; TWO SONS; TRANSIT LADY.

FOLLOW THREE TIMES, you'll be sure to CASH in "MORE PEP" at Rockingham Park.

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.

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WUAHER and LYNN

On The Cuff

READ "Speed" Kendall, who jumped from "deskman" on the old Los Angeles Express to prominence as a Hollywood commentator, doesn't get the wide play that such literary-monstrosities as Louella Parsons, the female Browning of Marion Davies, and Jimmy Fidler, a creation of pure luck, get via syndicates, but "Speed" is far-and-away the "newsiest" of the lot. And, unlike Louella, he doesn't have to retract every other crack he makes in his column.

SPEED recently told of a Hollywood luncheon which Shirley Temple gave for Mary MacArthur, 7-year-old daughter of Helen Hayes and Charley MacArthur, the playwright, during which little Mary, just by way of demonstrating that she's an old trouper, promised to reward Shirley for a nice meal by promising to get her "a couple of passes" to the theater where her mother, Helen Hayes, was scheduled to appear in "Victoria Regina."

LOUELLA Parsons, by the way, is a power in herself in Hollywood circles. Through her intimate stand-in with Marion Davies, she glammed onto a seat at the Right Hand of the Journalistic Jehovah, William Randolph Hearst, and she is really and truly a Sacred Cow on all Hearst publications. Copy-readers who have to edit the Parsons "copy" daily have a very real Sword of Damocles hanging over their hapless heads and they know that if they let anything slip by them and appear in cold print, they won't have any more of a job left than a rabbit.

NOT so long ago in Hollywood, an enterprising ex-newspaperman thought he'd make himself a bit of spending money by printing an expose of the ruthless empire which Louella Parsons, through her Hearst connections, had established in the Film Capital. So he proceeded to write a booklet in which he called a spade a spade and revealed some refreshing if savory secrets concerning the Hearst-Marion Davies-Parsons Holy Trinity. But, before the treatise could reach the hands of a palpitating public, SOME ONE, identity undisclosed, purchased THE ENTIRE OUTPUT of books as fast as they came off the presses—and the author finally desisted, probably after some lucrative conferences with that some Great Unknown book collector. Thus was the world robbed of some racy reading.

GRAPEVINE — An innovation recently sprung is a revival of old silent movies. Veteran movie addicts get a kick out of them . . .

A jail inmate recently wrote Alice Faye a marriage proposal . . . Erich von Stroheim is the latest sensation in French films . . . Woodrow Wilson almost lost the presidency because in his early days he wrote that "Southern Europeans make undesirable citizens" . . . Does anyone know why local eating houses recently boosted the prices of waffles a nickel? . . . A St. Louis girl divorced a man named Pigg because he insisted that his dog sleep with them . . . She said she didn't mind sleeping with a Pigg but drew the line at a dog.

JOE SMOOT COULD CHOKE A MULE

THE redoubtable Joseph M. Smoot, promoter of the Hollywood Jockey Club, now under construction in Broward County evidently is back in the heavy dough, despite rumors that he is having tough sledding.

Joe several day ago walked into the office of Dr. Leo Gahan, Olympia building Osteopath, for a treatment. At the conclusion of the treatment, he reached into his pocket and pulled forth a roll of greenbacks.

"Got any change, Doc?" he queried, profering one of four \$10.00 bills.

Dr. Gahan gasped in amazement—so Smoot handed him a five spot from his roll of

something more than \$45,000. As a money raiser, the ability of Joe Smoot has never been doubted. In 1924, he came to Miami and promoted Hialeah Park, now owned by Joseph E. Widener. At the conclusion of the initial 51-day meeting of Hialeah Park, Smoot retired \$1,500,000 in preferred stock, paying investors 8 per cent profit. That established a record that still stands.

Ain't We Got Fun?

Simile: As happy as a Scotchman who finds a girl who is priceless.

The old fashioned girl who could keep a secret forever now has a daughter who gives everything away.

"Why does that politician go around kissing all of the babies?"

"He is one of the town fathers."

Harem Guard: "I wonder if it is true that when a person loses one faculty another becomes stronger?"

Second Guard: "Who cares?"

Mother: "Was that young man you were out with last night nice?"

Daughter: "Oh, he went far beyond my expectations."

In the struggle of life it is usually the dead ones who do the most struggling.

"What's the matter with that hen?"

"She's been a victim of fowl play."

Groom: "Will you ride side-saddle or astride, Madame?"

Fat Woman: "Oh, it's as broad as it is long."

Girls who wear red flannel teddies,

Ne'er will be o'er run with steadies.

Little Geraldine had a date with a ventriquist the other night and he made her say "Yes."

"C'mon Folks—"

eat a real, German, home-cooked meal in a cool spot!

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DIRECT SERVICE

Jockey Jimmy is covering Rockingham Park Race meeting for MIAMI LIFE. Anyone wishing to get in touch with him may do so by writing or wiring to

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