



SALE OF ROTTEN MEAT MENACES CITY HEALTH!

Shots In The Dark

Let's hope that as our new governor, Holland won't get us in Dutch—or did somebody think of that before?

King Leopold sold out— one way or another. Queen Wilhelmina ran. Haile Selassie, the Conquering Lion of Judah, abandoned his illiterate, semi-savage negro subjects as the Italians moved into Ethiopia, and took with him some sixty trunks full of gold, good clothes and fine wines. The Polish bigwigs sneaked out a couple of months ago, leaving poor Jan Roscinkiewicz and many thousands of other Jans to face the German terror as best they might, Jan and Jan and Jan not having the money or the connections to make a getaway.

If the huns invade England, will King George stick, or will he follow the miserable precedent set by the others? After all, a king of England is a symbol—he is not the heart of the government. A king of England can die without slowing up the wheels of government in the slightest degree; beyond a momentary shock and a few days of public mourning, his death need not cause a ripple. Simply because he IS a symbol, a king of England ought to stay and share the fate of the subjects to whom he has been making patriotic speeches urging them to fight to the last gasp. England can always get another king; she can't always get another Winston Churchill.

Somehow, we feel that George the Sixth will make the final beautiful gesture—and stay with his people. Nothing would bind England closer to American hearts than that.

The French have a phrase for it: Noblesse oblige.

Boo Boo, the office blitzkrieg, has just come in to announce that I O U is the name of a popular song. As experience has shown that the best way to get rid of Boo Boo is to ask the answer immediately and get it over with, we asked the answer.

“All right,” we said, just like Mr. Bones in the minstrel show, “how come I O U is the name of a popular song?”

“Because,” said Boo Boo, getting ready to run, “It means ‘I Cipher You.’”

Two hearts that beat as one were Wisheart and Everhart, running against each other for the legislature. The former won, which might indicate to some that the public was more Wise than Ever.

With politics out of the way, why doesn't the city commission take a look around at the coin phonograph situation, with particular reference to open-air places?

Granted that the eating and drinking public ought to (Continued on Page 4)

ROTTEN MEAT sold by Wilson & Company to local grocers—unfit for human consumption, in a decomposed and rancid condition, and, in the opinion of one expert, “unfit for dogs”—caused two fines of \$250 each to be assessed against Wilson & Company in city court LAST WEEK—but you didn't see a line about it in your daily newspapers! The legal limit is \$500 fine or 90 days—or both.

You'd never guess who was defending Wilson & Company as lawyer! . . . R. P. Terry, elected to the school board over Clyde A. Allen by only a thousand votes! Not a word about this in the dailies, naturally.

So here we Miami's only two dailies refusing to print a disclosure affecting the public health

BLACKOUT FOR MIAMIANS

THE HERALD gives Alex Orr, our Scotch-born mayor, credit for originality in prescribing a pre-commission meeting weekly to expedite the regular session later. It is, of course, nothing new, except the politico-financial alignment; a couple of years ago the Herald called the same kind of thing “star chamber sessions,” because Bob Williams, Herald foe, was mayor. Now, because Orr is mayor and the Power-Trust and Power-Trust newspapers control everything at city hall except Commissioner R. C. Gardner's vote, it becomes a lauded conference!

In this new star-chamber session Orr and his main stooge, C. D. Van Orsdel, will find out who's going to propose what, who'll vote yes, who'll vote no, how Gardner will be squelched, how objectors will be shunted off. The regular commission will become a cut-and-dried affair, without citizens having a chance to change minds. There'll be no arguments, no pros and cons.

Why not admit it?—tell the people who will gather at future commission meetings: “Might as well go home, folks. Mr. Orr and Mr. Van Orsdel have already made up our minds for us!”

This is the Monopoly Commission's “blackout” of the Miami public. A foreign-born mayor invokes it. A man who left his native land when the World War threatened. Power-Trust Stogee No. 1, Alex Orr, Mayor of Miami!

Fifth Column “Trustees”

IT MAY be just as well that the city commission has decided to drop the matter of the registration of aliens and to leave it to Congress, whose business it is in the first place. It will save a lot of sound and fury.

Registration of aliens is a most sensible idea, in view of the international situation, and it is also an obvious one, but, although many recently arrived foreigners are undoubtedly espionage agents, they are probably, for the most part, small fry in our Fifth Column. Events abroad have shown only too clearly—in Norway, Holland, and Belgium—that far more dangerous than eavesdropping Nazi waiters, office clerks, chambermaids, etc., are the highly placed traitors—the cabinet officials who ordered Norwegian forts not to fire on German warships, the generals who “forgot” to blow up the bridges on the Meuse, the monarch who deserted his allies at the critical moment and opened the road to Dunkirk for the Huns.

The danger to America is far more likely to be made real and effective by men and women of this kind—persons who are American citizens, who have some degree of standing in their communities or in national affairs, who hold key positions of trust, and who secretly, either for pay or through conviction, will “sell out” at a critical moment, with disastrous effect. Everyone will suspect an alien whose speech and manner indicate him to be such—his sphere of activity will be very tightly circumscribed and he will be very carefully watched. The big shots of the Fifth Column, mark our words will, turn up among the sweetest-smelling ladies and gentlemen, whom nobody on earth would suspect of perfidy—until too late.

Do you remember MIAMI LIFE'S old addition onto our favorite Metropolitan Miami slogan: “Stay Thru May—Spoon Thru June!”

obviously because: (1) it affects an advertiser; and (2) because the attorney for the rotten meat dealer was their favored candidate for the school board and the story might have beaten him. Reporters from both papers heard the testimony, heard Judge Kirchik's stern reprimand and warning, heard the fine, and took notes on the proceedings. The papers deliberately refused to print this sensational, interest-

? ? ? ?

THE FINAL election is over. The candidate most favored by the Herald and the News undoubtedly will become the next governor of Florida (unless a Republican should stop him in the fall)—and this governor must confirm Dade Democrat's choices for judgeships—or select (as Florida governors sometimes have, in the past) judges of his own choosing.

Let's see how our dailies exercise their new power—because, mind you, they now control every appointment under the new governor.

Daily News ultimatum, Thursday's issue)
Discord—There's friction among the malcontents around city hall, Whirligig hears. Some of the discord reportedly has reached into official quarters where associations of long standing are rifting. The business is supposed to have started over the water purchase injunction suit and there are those who feel the case will not even be appealed should Judge Barns grant the city's motion to dismiss, which would, in effect, clear the way for consummation of the deal between the city and Florida Power & Light Co. While Harry Tryon brought the suit in his name, financial contributions for prosecution of the litigation have come largely from a high city official and others not connected directly with the city government. These are reported about ready to toss in the sponge, depending upon Judge Barns' decision.

Daily News, Friday afternoon)
Circuit Judge Paul D. Barns today granted motions for dismissal of an injunction suit brought by Harry J. Tryon a taxpayer, seeking to prevent the city of Miami from purchasing the water distribution system from the Florida Power & Light Company.

The court further held that unless an amended bill was filed within 15 days the cause would be denied, which means no injunction would be issued.

Tryon said his attorney, Bart A. Riley, would file an amended bill and that the case would be carried to the supreme court in the event of further adverse ruling in the circuit court. * * *

Riley attacked the validity of the election, among other things, on the ground that the proposal pertained to numerous controversies which were unrelated to the proposed disposition of the water system. Assistant City Attorney J. W. Watson, jr., and Will M. Preston, attorney for the power company, argued that the only question submitted to the voters was the ratification of the contract “and its various conditions,” which made only one issue.

In arguments before the court this was the only point brought up, although the bill of complaint contained numerous other contentions regarding the legality of the deal.

Will somebody please try to tell us why—if we were guilty of contempt of court for trying to influence the court in making a decision—the News isn't guilty of trying to influence a judge in making a decision?

For Mr. Harry Tryon and others interested assure this paper there is not the slightest chance of them giving up the struggle to stem further aggression by the Power-Trust upon the people's rights and interests. So the News is guilty of perverting facts to serve the interests of its high God, the Florida Power & Light Co.

Disappointment

Mrs. Whitehair said that she was so disappointed over the outcome of the election, because it had always been her ambition to see Francis P. in the governor's chair.

BERNARR Macfadden toying with the idea of running on the Republican ticket for U. S. Senator in the fall, buoyed up by that last-moment spurt of his in the Democratic senate race this spring, foreshadows an inevitable political evolution in Florida. Before another four years transpire, Florida will be a two-party state! . . . We have just passed through a Democratic primary that failed to answer important questions, or solve outstanding problems. Macfadden can find plenty of support if he'll start out again.

ing story! . . . But when an obscure boatman this week was fined for selling barracuda fillets, the Herald gave considerable prominence to the story—although Florida is the only state that still has a law forbidding the sale of barracuda meat, and although it is a well-known fact hereabouts that barracuda has been sold for decades here under other names, it is fine to eat, and officials are generally wise to the deceit. But barracuda sellers don't advertise with the Herald! And this particular dealer didn't happen to be running for Dade county office with the Herald's sanction!

H. F. Schuessler is the Wilson & Company manager who paid the two fines. Herman Waitsman, proprietor of the Red Front Grocery, 1500 N. W. 3rd Avenue, who bought the Wilson products, and at whose store city health inspectors seized the putrid meats about ten days ago, was fined \$75 for selling spoiled salad and \$50 for selling spoiled meats from Wilson & Co., but the fines were suspended upon his plea that he shouldn't be held responsible for what the Wilson salesman sold him—although Judge Kirchik made it plain to him that butchers ARE responsible for the meat they sell—warning him against a repeat!

This wasn't the first offense. Wilson & Company meats figured before in spoiled meat cases.

Wilson & Company, by the way, was formerly Sulzberger's. It changed its title to Wilson & Company during the World War because of the odium attaching to its German name! A recent Saturday Evening Post article detailed how a judgment was obtained by it against the British government because of seizure of its shipments during the World War.

City Health Inspectors N. S. Clark and J. M. Adams made the arrests and seizures. The haul was 115 pounds. Fifty-five pounds of Wilson's Certified and Wilco's Sliced Bacon, rotted so badly that the city chemist testified it was entirely unfit for human consumption. Sixty pounds of spoiled smoked sausage put up by Wilson's, salads, 97 jars of Wilson's “Garden-Fresh Salad Dressing.”

Bills of lading were introduced—showing by the way, a discrepancy of six pounds in what was charged by the wholesaler to the grocer and the weight as seized!—to show that the prices quoted to the Red Front Grocery store amounts to only 3c a pound—as against a current price to the dealers of 12c for wiener, 13c for smoked sausage, 25c for Wilson's Certified Bacon, and 19c for Wilco's!

This became an important point in the trial later on.

It is entirely possible that this is the kind of meat that is enabling some of the chain stores to run conscientious, honest independents out of business. Imagine handling a bacon fit to eat at a normal price and competing with a butcher who is buying his meat for 3c a pound! And shortweighting besides—because that also has been conclusively proved against the A. & P. Stores—without either of our two Trust-owned daily papers acquainting their readers with the fact!

Not so long ago an A. & P. store manager admitted the shortweighting—by refunding to one customer \$55 in an attempt to hush up that customer—but the case got into court anyhow. And again the newspapers refused to mention it. . . . Publisher John Knight of the Herald, in his own personal column about six weeks ago, said, “If a newspaper tells the truth it is called a scandal sheet.” We admit the Herald is anything but a scandal sheet!

Judge Kirchik put his finger on the nubbin of the matter when he called upon the Wilson manager, when he was trying to alibi out of the mess, WHY THEY HAD PRICED THE MEAT SO LOW IF THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS PUTRID!

Failure to answer that question made it look bad for all three—the wholesaler (who knows better), the grocer (who knows he's not getting good meat if he's paying only 3c a pound for it!), and the school Board Member R. P. Terry (who should think too much of his official position of trust, and who should be too proud of the trust parents have placed in him as protector, in a way, of the lives of school children of this area—to have such folks as clients!).

Miami Life

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"Cabbages and Kings"

The time has come, the Walrus said,
To speak of many things:
Of ships and shoes and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings.

—The Walrus and the Carpenter.

The "Amazing Mr. White," claimed by many to have been the outstanding newspaper reporter of the mauve decade, was brought to the radio Tuesday night on the "We The People" program . . . The "Amazing" reporter, who is now 75 years old, told how he found the clue which solved the notorious Russell Sage bombing case and resulted in the identification of an escaped lunatic . . . In reciting his story Mr. White described, in detail, how the lunatic carrying six pounds of dynamite stalked into the Russell Sage sanctum and demanded a cool \$1,250,000 in cash . . . Page and his secretary were trapped in the office and when Page made a dash for the door the lunatic crashed the dynamite to the floor causing a terrific explosion . . . "When it was all over," said Mr. White, "FIVE PERSONS WERE INJURED and two were dead" . . . Mr. White may have possessed extraordinary detective abilities but as a reporter he is lousy . . . Any editor in the United States would fire a writer who started a story by telling how many were injured and then wound up by casually mentioning that a couple of peasants had curled up their toes.

Getting the most important fact in the "lead," or first paragraph of a story, is the first rule of journalism . . . The old Scripps-McRae system of story telling has stood the test for years and is still best . . . Reporters on Scripps-McRae (Now Scripps-Howard) newspapers were instructed to get all important details in the first paragraph and then follow up with the details . . . Very frequently a full column story would appear in an early edition . . . In the next edition it might dwindle to half a column but the story was still intact because the part chopped off was the detail part . . . A third edition might see further wrecking of the yarn but so long as that first paragraph remained the story was there just the same . . . In more than one instance a story which started out as a full column in the "noon" edition wound up in four sentences in the "Five Star" final, but it was there just the same.

In the old days reporters fought for "scoops" . . . They did not even know there was a "business office" and very frequently the city editor would walk four blocks out of his way to spit in the advertising manager's eye . . . If a slave of the city room uncovered a story about Joe Stinks being caught in the wrong bed he gleefully scribbled his yarn and the city editor plastered it all over the front page despite the fact Mr. Stinks may have owned the largest department store in town and contributed heavily to the advertising department . . . Of course, the advertising department didn't like it but there wasn't a darn thing it could do about it . . . Things have changed . . . Mr. Stinks, who has streamlined his store, can get in all the beds he likes without fear of publicity . . . The advertising managers have taken over and it is not at all unusual to submit proofs to the advertising manager, of all news stories, before the O. K. is given to "let 'er run" . . . Of course the newspaper can't guarantee Mr. Stinks immunity from outraged husbands for his fluctuations in beds but it can guarantee that the story won't be published if he gets caught and has a few knots put on his cranium.

Clipper ships actually owe their name to Cleopatra . . . One of the earliest of these fast ships was the French ship "Cleopatra-Antonio" . . . When the ship was captured by the British the name was shortened to "Clipater" and then to "Clipper" . . . Sabotage is an old French custom . . . In the early days of modern industry the French peasants threw their "sabots", of wooden shoes, into the machinery

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WALTER B. CAREY

GREEBY TO JOIN BRAIN TRUST

Says he has been invited to appear on "Information Please" program; Answers few test questions.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who once started to read the five foot shelf of books and got stymied on the nine inch line, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter coming out of the postoffice.

"I do not desire no publicity," he yammered waving an official looking envelope at the reporter.

"Get out of my way," growled the scribe still wondering where Jerry Carter's Townsendsites spent election day, "I am in no mood for any of your trivia today."

"Oh," moaned the reporter.

"Go on, ask me another one," beamed Greeby triumphantly, "Any question. I can answer any of 'em."

"All right, how about this one. What famous father of which famous country is the George Washington Bridge named after?"

"Let me think," frowned Greeby, "That's a purty hard question. You know they is a lot of bridges."

"There is only one George Washington bridge," snarled the scribe, "and it was named after the father of his country."

"I got it," shouted Greeby, "It was Papa Dionne."

"Get out of my way," roared the reporter attempting to pass on into the postoffice. "I am as crazy as you are to stand here going through all of this monkey business. I wish we would get in the war so I could get sent to France where I wouldn't have to be seeing you."

"Calm yourself," wheezed Greeby, "I knowed you would be jealous when I got invited to be on the 'Information Please' program, and now you are mad just because you can't catch me on any of your questions. Would you care to ask me anything else?"

"Yes," barked the reporter, "Do you know that the 'Information Please' program is broadcast from New York?"

"Sure," answered Greeby, "So what?"

"How are you going to get to New York?" snapped the scribe starting to move on, "Did they send you money for transportation?"

"Say, I never thought of that," whimpered Greeby, "I can't be on no program if I ain't there and I can't get there if I ain't got no money. What am I going to do?"

"You know everything, find your own answer," sneered the reporter as he moved away, "Maybe you can get Casanova and Papa Dionne to sell the George Washington bridge to some sucker. Anyway give my regards to John Quincy Adams, Frank Tinney and Oscar the Chef when you get to New York."


"Was it a wooden balcony or was it concrete?" asked Greeby.

"It was—Hey, stupid, I'm asking the questions. You are the one doing the answering, but if it will please you any the balcony was made of wood."

to express dissatisfaction with working conditions . . . Sabotage has come to mean any malicious destruction of property . . . Probably the world's longest novel is about to be brought to an end by a Tokyo newspaper . . . The novel has been running in serial form for 3,900 days and was started by a writer who contributed a chapter a day for three years before he died . . . His work has been continued by no fewer than seven authors but the editor fearing it is running a little to length has directed the present author to bring it to a close . . . "Red tape," the formality which retards progress in legal matters and matters of state, derives its name from the color of cord, or tape, originally used by government offices to tie up files and documents . . . The tape was "red" and many files tied up with it were tossed aside and forgotten, hence the "red tape" delay.

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SALUTE TO JUNE

Month of Lovely Brides and Lifted Eyebrows Is Upon Us Again; Heat, Humidity, Mosquito Bites Spell Wedding Bells

By JOHN KIMBLE

IT WAS on Election Day, while conducting a blitzkrieg against one of Tony's blue-plate specials (25 cents, including the waitress's thumb prints and telephone number) that I was suddenly struck by the unnerving thought that June was almost upon us. At the moment that this occurred to me, I was launching a mass attack on the hamburger steak after having driven long spearheads into the yams and cole slaw—thus pocketing the baked beans entirely and cutting them off from the main body. With this achieved, I was in a splendid position to invade the blackberry cobbler, which was only two inches away and utterly defenseless.

But alas for my blitzkrieg, something made me realize the proximity of June, the month of romance, and I suffered an emotional breakdown. Twenty-three baked beans escaped along with the cobbler, and made their way back to the kitchen. The cole slaw, though cut to shreds, managed to regain a semblance of order and was probably put back in the lines against some other customer as soon as I was safely out of sight. The yams, of course, being from Georgia, got up and went out to vote. That left me and June and the waitress's telephone number, which I must have left in my other pants.

It is customary for columnists like Pegler, Runyon, Kimble, F. P. A., etc., to take annual note of the approach of June and salute it in the manner to which their individual talents are best suited. For anything calling itself a newspaper to ignore the advent of this portentous month would be most unorthodox because only one month in the year is more heavily fraught with significance than June, and that is the following March. Therefore, this is a salute to June and to what June symbolizes—romance.

June, it seems to me, produces better marriages than any other month, because the nights have grown warm and sticky, the mosquitoes are starting to swarm, the three tourists who stayed through May have finally gone home, and the jasmine is performing exactly according to specifications. There has never been an adequate explanation of why romance must have heat, humidity, and bugs in order to flourish properly, but the fact is there and you can't get around it. Show me a couple who carried on their courtship before an electric fan in a modernistic apartment, with phone, radio, and ice-cubes right at hand, and I'll show you a couple whose children will be sissies, or anyway rumheads; but show me another pair who did their love-making between mosquito bites on some out-of-the-way side road, with the cloying odor of night-blooming jasmine showering down on them, their clothes so wringing wet that they stuck to the upholstery, and an eye constantly cocked for the approach of the Dade County

that mole under her left shoulder-blade, and then you toss the paper away in a mild wave of depression, because you realize that she never dolled up like that for YOU—not even the time you took her to the Roney Plaza for dinner (five dollars and twenty cents, as you recall it.)

June is a bad month for the fathers of brides, and the chances are very good those fellows you see figuring on the tablecloths in restaurants aren't working out a million-dollar real estate deal at all but, instead, are trying to ascertain whether there will be five dollars left over for the organist after the florist and the preacher are paid off. Either that, or they are wistfully calculating how long it will be, with darling off the budget, before they can raise the ante at the golf club from one dollar to three dollars a hole and really start getting ahead in the world. In either case you can't help feeling sorry for them.

With the mothers it is different. The mothers are having a gorgeous time fussing and fuming around like so many yard locomotives, readying this, supervising that, bossing everybody with dictatorial ruthlessness as they prepare for their vicarious Big Moment. They are really and truly functioning, half aware that this is their last opportunity to function before entering that unhappy state known as Innocuous Desuetude. But even in the bustle and hullabaloo of getting daughter ready for the launching, Momma still has time for private, whispered conferences with her little girl who is about to become a full-fledged woman; time to answer, gently and understandingly, the unspoken question in the little girl's maidenly eyes.

"Yes, dear, I think Papa will let you and Oscar have the Cadillac, but do persuade Oscar to leave that stickum off his hair till after the ceremony. You know how father hates stickum on a man's hair."

It's a great month, June. Heat, humidity, mosquitoes, jasmine—and then the soft, sad sweetness of wedding bells.

You married people take it from there.

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LOOKING BACK

Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

Hold Her Boys!

(June 8, 1929)
THE NEW CITY commission met Thursday at noon. Harry Platt became an "Ex" and R. B. Gautier, the valiant "Red," became an active. Selection of a mayor and other plans which the vineyard workers are eager to catch, was put over until next Monday.
 But the brothers were full of pep. They kicked the economy idea in the breeches and proceeded to recommend to each other a better order of things.
 For years, city commissioners have worked for one dollar per year. Gautier, before taking his seat, in fact, before the election, stated that business men who were willing to sacrifice their time to the city's interests, should be paid for doing so. He suggests that each member receive either \$100, \$300, or \$500 a month. (For the latter sum we'll take one of the jobs ourselves!)
 Our street car system—you must have seen the Coral Gables car going out Flagler street!—is spotted two cents more per passenger if the idea of Commissioner Cliff Reeder goes over. A seven-cent fare. Now that's a proper idea under the present arrangement. The Florida Power & Light Company has been getting most of the five-cent fare, and all the city has received—they own the blooming affair—is the bills. Of course, the city might try to operate the car system themselves, but neither Christy, Fiddler, nor Summers could be interested on the subject.
 And then, as a slap at the poor newspapers, abolishment of the primary is asked. If the primary is abolished, our advertising suffers somewhat. Not as much as it used to be though, for late years, most newspapers insist that candidates pay in advance.
 Anyway, take a trip up to the sixth floor of the county building Monday. A new mayor will be selected. And perhaps even you, wise as you are, may be surprised.

The Goats Find A Friend!

(June 8, 1929)
EVER since the Seminole Indians were chased back to the sawgrasses of the Everglades reaches, the white brothers have sought and thought of divers means by which they might live comfortably without recourse to a pick and shovel.
 With the advent of the automobile and its sweeping reversal of the older order of travel, the motorist has been the prey of every tax-assessing body and combine which was strong enough to regulate the law of supply and demand.
 Taxed for license fees at a rate higher than any other state in the Union, Florida motorists have gone smilingly on their way. With the advent of the gasoline tax, Dade county motorists suddenly realized that the distribution of the moneys so collected was unequal. They saw that Dade county was paying more tax than any of its sister counties, and in return got less. But the motorists uttered no great outcry of wrath. They believed the upbuilding of the rest of the state was conducive to Miami's good future.
 But—
 Gasoline is the necessary ingredient of a motor car. It is the life-blood.
 Gasoline entering the state of Florida must pass a standard set by the government. Miami has both rail and water transportation. It is close to the sources of supply as transportation costs are concerned.
 Yet Miamians were asked 25 cents a gallon for gasoline. The reason is, a combine exists.
 To prove this statement, MIAMI LIFE calls attention to the activities of the Garlick Oil Company.
 Refused permission to erect storage facilities in a certain area, the head of the Garlick Oil Company, as a protest, reduced the price of gasoline to 22 cents per gallon, and claimed he could make money at that price. Other companies, after a week's loss of business, retaliated with a 21-cent rate. The Garlick Oil Company followed suit.
 Now the point is this, and it is worthy of serious consideration and a thorough investigation.
 Every oil company operating in the Greater Miami area can sell gasoline at around 20 cents per gallon and make money. Why haven't they been doing so? Because they were as snug as a bug in a rug until an independent gave the public an inside glance at what was going on.
 The oil supply of the country is plentiful. The oil companies—take a look at the dividend reports—are prosperous. They've had the whip hand for years.
 Isn't it about time that the motoring public got a break?

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Year after year this southeast tip of America becomes more and more renowned as a health resort, where sun rays, breeze and sea most healthily combine—and native foods hasten recoveries. From Palm Beach to Key West our shores will continue to draw from all parts of the world greater and greater crowds of people who want to feel better. It is only natural that goat dairying should be growing into one of Dade county's major industries—for goat milk is a marvel worker whose worth has only lately been recognized in the United States although in many spots of the world its merits have been cherished almost since the beginning of recorded man. There are many goat milk users in Miami—who so love the taste of goat milk that they will pay 40 cents a quart for it whereas cow's milk is only 16 cents—who don't know why they drink it; and, for their benefit as well as that of the general public, MIAMI LIFE is glad to reprint the following interesting account by a foremost expert.)

THEY TELL ME

THAT the Everglades Paper Company turns down business if it comes in at five minutes to six—because 6 p. m. is closing time, and the branch managers despise working a minute or two minutes overtime . . .
 customers sometimes retaliate by placing their business elsewhere
 !!!
 . . . THAT it's Whitehair everywhere but in the governor's chair.
 !!!
 THAT Harry Dietz and Pete Robineau have gone fishing.
 !!!
 THAT Dr. Leo Gahan voted against Judge Paul Barnes.
 !!!
 THAT Walter Frazer's hill-lilly band is now a sustaining feature on station WSN, Nashville, Tenn.
 !!!
 THAT the auditor of the Tami Trail Tours is still trying to determine why Burton Schoepf paid \$200 to a Miami publisher.
 !!!
 THAT Mamie honked her horn at the wrong man. . . it was her husband, who happened to be

wearing her boy friend's hat
 !!!
 THAT Head-Man Morris of the local Chamber of Commerce is represented as being front-man in a move to get the U. S. to establish a Metropolitan Miami census . . .
 but many citizens haven't forgotten that Head-Man Morris' figures gave Miami a population much smaller than Jacksonville, and showed scarcely any increase in population in the last five years . . .
 and they know that Morris is trying to cover up that terrible error—before the real figures are available, proving that he's just a bag of wind, just another Power-Trust stooge in a strategic post
 !!!
 THAT Steve Hannagan now has the publicity contract for the Cincinnati Reds
 !!!
 THAT a West Coast group already is organizing preparatory to sponsoring D. C. Coleman for governor four years from now, believing him to be that man Dade countians will stand solidly behind
 !!!
 THAT Fuller Warren and Walter Frazer both intend to run

April Was Record Gasoline Month

--Politics Is Given Credit For Boost

TOP TEN COUNTIES of Florida

GAS TAX BY COUNTIES	APR. 1940	APR. 1939	GALLONAGE
DADE (Miami)	\$397,041	\$338,094	5,672,015
DUVAL (Jacksonville)	250,249	226,463	3,574,986
HILLSBOROUGH (Tampa)	199,051	192,575	2,843,590
PINELLAS (St. Petersburg)	126,667	113,099	1,809,529
PALM BEACH (W. P. Beach)	119,281	106,052	1,704,016
POLK (Lakeland)	116,828	108,178	1,668,981
ORANGE (Orlando)	99,752	93,179	1,425,030
VOLUSIA (Daytona)	77,471	70,910	1,106,739
ESCAMBIA (Pensacola)	63,593	55,370	908,477
BROWARD (Lauderdale)	63,141	52,180	902,017
TOP TEN COUNTIES	\$1,513,074	\$1,356,100	21,615,380
OTHER 57 COUNTIES	\$782,387	\$615,302	11,176,928
ALL 67 COUNTIES	\$2,295,461	\$2,071,402	32,792,308

GASOLINE sales nearly a fifth larger than the same month of 1939 was the principal feature of Comptroller Lee's latest gasoline tax reports, showing what happened during April in Dade County's upward climb as compared to the rest of Florida's sixty-seven counties.
 Dade county's gasoline tax levy for April this year amounted to almost \$400,000. Pretty stiff, don't you think?—an average of about \$4 per car, for just one month!
 In April of this year Dade gasoline buyers bought 5,672,015 gallons of gas, upon which the slightly more than eight-cents-a-gallon state and federal tax amounted to \$397,041. In April, 1939, Dade's corresponding figures were 4,829,925 gallons and \$338,094. The increase is 18 percent—which, by the way, is the biggest monthly increase over a preceding year for many, many years! Broward county—which has been the fastest-growing county in the state for many, many moons, showed an increase only 3% ahead of Dade's in April! There is, of course, a mighty big gap between Broward's 902,017 gallons for the month as compared with Dade's total—but Broward's growth is vastly appreciated by Miami, which knows Broward's fast growth can't help contributing to Miami's.
 During April Dade county showed itself gradually overtaking the next two biggest counties combined, so far as gasoline gallonage is concerned—and, as we anticipate, so far as population is concerned, likewise—as population and gasoline have been found to match up pretty well.
 Duval's 5,672,015 gallons and Hillsborough's 2,843,590 gallons for April represented increases, of course, but for Jacksonville only ten percent, while Tampa's home county was only 3 percent plus.
 In 1940 Dade's gasoline sales contributed nearly 18 percent of the state's total; the state's gallonage was 32,792,308, as compared with 29,591,469 in April, 1939—an increase of 11 percent for the state.
 The real "news" in Comptroller Lee's gas tax reports, however, is the fact that for the first time since MIAMI LIFE has been featuring these monthly gasoline reports, only seven counties fell behind their totals of the preceding year! . . .
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED. THERE ARE ALWAYS FROM A FOURTH TO A THIRD OF FLORIDA'S 67 COUNTIES GOING BACKWARDS INSTEAD OF FORWARD!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
 Well, your guess may be as good as ours—but, just for the fun of it, MIAMI LIFE is going to venture a solution—and we'll be able to see how true it is:
 We say that it's the candidates beating the bushes in every section of Florida that's taken a score of Florida counties out of the red in the gasoline gallonage reports! . . . Candidates have had to buy many a gallon of gasoline this spring in counties they ordinarily pass up. The only counties failing to rally during April were Alachua (Gainesville), Citrus (Inverness), Franklin (Apalachicola), Jackson (Marianna), Liberty (Bristol), Union (Raiford), and Washington (Chipley).

What Is The Difference Between Cow's Milk and Goat's Milk?

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Year after year this southeast tip of America becomes more and more renowned as a health resort, where sun rays, breeze and sea most healthily combine—and native foods hasten recoveries. From Palm Beach to Key West our shores will continue to draw from all parts of the world greater and greater crowds of people who want to feel better. It is only natural that goat dairying should be growing into one of Dade county's major industries—for goat milk is a marvel worker whose worth has only lately been recognized in the United States although in many spots of the world its merits have been cherished almost since the beginning of recorded man. There are many goat milk users in Miami—who so love the taste of goat milk that they will pay 40 cents a quart for it whereas cow's milk is only 16 cents—who don't know why they drink it; and, for their benefit as well as that of the general public, MIAMI LIFE is glad to reprint the following interesting account by a foremost expert.)

By A. DuBOIS FREEMAN

THIS QUESTION was asked her doctor, by the grief-stricken mother of a babe that was dying by slow starvation from mal-nutrition. The doctor had just assured her there was no hope of saving its life; but a friend had told her insistently, that Goat's milk would save her baby, and she wanted to know what is the difference?

With a show of irritation and in very positive tones he said, "There is practically no difference of any importance."

This was about the same as telling her the only difference is that one is drawn from the udder of a cow, the other from the udder of a goat. Neither of them knew that, in thousands of cases, that fact stands for the difference between Death, and Life.

For some years at least, it has been known by many chemists and physicians, that goat's milk is Alkaline, cow's milk Acid, in re-action; a difference which, it can be readily understood, may mean life or death to anything with very weak stomach; and certainly of some "importance."

It is also well known to chemists, and some doctors, and easily proven to any one; that cow's milk requires two hours for digestion, goat's milk thirty minutes; a saving of three-fourths of the work for the stomach; another life and death difference in many cases of weak digestive organs. Certainly of some "importance."

A careful study of the attached table of analysis, made by highly trained competent chemists, is exceedingly interesting and instructive.

It was made to determine the mineral-salt contents of the three milks named: cow, goat and human.

Because of the remarkable showing disclosed, we shall put the goat column first. Note there were twelve different mineral salts found in three kinds of milk; but not all of them in any one milk. All but three were found in goat's milk, only six in cow's milk, and but five in human milk. Certainly a difference of no mean "importance."

Compounds	Goat Milk	Cow Milk	Human Milk
Dicalcium Phosphate	0.092	0.175	0.000
Tricalcium Phosphate	0.062	0.000	0.000
Monomagnesium Phosphate	0.000	0.103	0.027
Dimagnesium Phosphate	0.068	0.000	0.000
Trimagnesium Phosphate	0.024	0.000	0.000
Monopotassium Phosphate	0.073	0.000	0.069
Dipotassium Phosphate	0.000	0.230	0.000
Potassium Citrate	0.250	0.052	0.103
Sodium Citrate	0.000	0.222	0.055
Potassium Chloride	0.160	0.000	0.000
Sodium Chloride	0.095	0.000	0.000
Calcium Chloride	0.115	0.119	0.059
Totals	0.939	0.901	0.313
Reactions	Alkaline	Acid	

If there was any test for iron in this case it was not reported; but other tests have shown that cow's milk is low in iron, and that goat's milk has much more of that very important element.

For many years the medical fraternity has been puzzled over the almost total absence of iron in the milk of the cow, and high authorities have said that "if cow's milk contained a little more iron it would be the 100% perfect food."

Goat's milk has the iron, along with other elements which make that the ideally perfect food, and a wonderful healing agent besides; due to the very large Chloride content amounting to many times that found in either cow's or human milk.

This is one of the very good reasons why goat's milk is practically a specific in Eczema, and so helpful in cases of tuberculosis and many other ailments.

We all know the cow species are large boned, large framed animals from eight to ten times heavier than the average goat, while the goat averages about the same as the average human animal. It is also well known that the Phosphates are bone forming elements; and it seems quite natural to find, by the attached table, that of the seven phosphate salts the milk of the cow carries 0.508 parts, the milk of the smaller goat 0.319, and the human milk the disproportionately small total of 0.096.

But when we come to the salts containing Potassium we find the order reversed, and the small goat showing 0.483 parts to the cow 0.282; a truly remarkable thing when we consult Webster

again and find him telling us that "Potassium has the most powerful affinity for Oxygen of any known substance, and takes it from every other compound."


Add to this the iron content in goat's milk and we have an oxygen-absorbing power in goat's milk uncomparable with any other milk.

Again when we come to the Chloride salts we still find the smaller goat showing 0.370 parts to the big cow but 0.119; and here again Webster informs us "Chloride is a non-acid compound, forming 60% of common table salt, and a powerful agent in bleaching, and disinfecting."

Thus has chemistry shown us as plain as the nose on the face of a Nubian goat, why the modest little milk goat is so strong and vigorous, and so readily adaptable to all climates; and why her milk is so super-superior as a food, and also as a therapeutic agent, both of which are being continually demonstrated in many thousands of cases all over the world.

Any drug that could do as much, and as dependable, would be worth its weight in gold and diamonds. Facts like these, of such vital importance to humanity, cannot be kept under a bushel basket; and it is not to the interests of physicians to lag behind in informing themselves and proclaiming the truth: because if they do, they will soon forfeit the confidence and respect of the intelligent public, and which they can protect and save if they will; for we really want to keep on loving and respecting them.
 Yours for the open truth, because it is the best for all.

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Florida Law Humiliates Wives!

SOMETHING about the raw deal women get under Florida law, written last fall in The Florida Teacher by Ethel Ernest Murrell, a lawyer herself, author of "Law for the Ladies," and wife of Attorney John Murrell, keeps recurring to our mind—and we'll have to print it to satisfy our conscience. It is that part of her article, comparing a woman's plight in Florida to that of woman in dictator countries, that goes like this:

It is said, hunger is more difficult to fight than battles. Just so, it is bad enough.

A single woman in the State of Florida can do legally everything a man can do, consequently she is certainly an idiot to marry, for her Romeo becomes the master not only of her person, but of her property as well.

It is said, hunger is more difficult to fight, than battles. Just so, it is bad enough for a woman to discover she has married a man who squanders his own property when they are living in a state where she may handle her own funds, but when, as in Florida, her husband starts collecting the rents and profits from her separate property and squanders them as well, you can bet she wakes up quickly to the reason why the law that gives him this right also classes her with idiots and lunatics.

One poor woman weeping for her diamonds and her silver, as well as for her own life's savings, which her husband of a week had appropriated before he took his "sweetie" and drove North, was further sickened by the knowledge that by Florida law "A husband by marriage acquires during coverture the uses of all the realty which his wife has, in fee simple, fee tail, or for life, and has the further right to reduce wife's personality to husband's possession, to sue for wife's chattels, and upon her chose in action, in husband's own name, and to dispose of wife's personality as husband may think fit."

That's tragic irony, if we ever saw it! That's enough to make an amazon out of the most timid-minded wife! MIAMI LIFE firmly believes that information printed on a banner, sufficient women could storm Tallahassee at the next session of the legislature to force a revision of our legal code, a new constitution, and whatever else they wish!

With that bit of Florida law printed in circular form, a national boycott against Florida might some day be started—if that would be necessary to scare our backwoods legislature into progressive reform.

ACHTUNG!

If the German-American Bund in Miami is a patriotic group of American citizens, it should make its membership rolls public.

Ordinarily, an organization like the Bund would be thoroughly justified in saying that its membership rolls were its own damned business and nobody else's, but circumstances alter cases and in view of the singular opprobrium under which the Bund now finds itself as a result of Fifth Column activities abroad it should, in justice to itself, make an exception and come clean.

If it does NOT, only one construction is that the Bund is in existence solely to undermine American morale and institutions to provide a nucleus for sabotage in the United States aimed either at the United States itself or at its friends in Europe, and, eventually, to perform actively the duties of a Fifth Column if we should be attacked.

The names of many Bund members here were printed in MIAMI LIFE two years ago, when America was still asleep. They provide a very handy reference list but it is not complete or up-to-date. If the Miami Bund is merely a congenial aggregation of pot-bellied, slightly hog-eared Heinies who like to meet and guzzle beer from time to time and sing "Ist Das Nicht Ein Schnitzelbaum" then it should have no objection to revealing its membership. If, on the other hand, it is what most of us believe it to be—a potentially traitorous organization of active Hitler sympathizers—we can't blame it for continuing to operate in secrecy.

We ought to blame ourselves for letting it do so.

Congratulations-But Why?

Something seems to have happened to Who's Who in America. With the country as celebrity-conscious, not to say celebrity-ridden, as it is, there ought to be no dearth of material for that museum of Greats and Near-Greats, yet one finds it giving space to Ellis Hollums, executive editor of the Miami Herald, Hal Leyshon, editor of the Miami Daily News, and Don Morris, editor of the Palm Beach Post-Times. This would indicate either a large-scale expansion on the part of Who's Who, or a tragic scarcity of important people throughout the United States, for while Ellis and Hal and, probably, Mr. Morris, are admittedly important toads in their own respective mud-puddles, it is doubtful that their fame, either as newspaper men or political kibitzers, has spread far enough abroad so that a frantic public is searching for their biographies.

Still, we wish Ellis and Hal the last full measure of satisfaction that they may derive from this gentle shove into the national limelight. Maybe next year Who's Who will get around to us, ourself.

Not that we CARE, of course!

REAL PATRIOTS

WE'D HATE to see war hysteria get to such a point that here in Miami, certain elements would be enabled, under the cloak of spy-hunting, to wreak vengeance. Miami harbors some dangerous, some pathetic enemies—as all pioneer communities must. Then roaming our metropolis are so many crackpots, malcontents, idle rich and idle pennurious, mixed breeds and nationalities, mixed religions and ideologies, gangsters, knaves of all sorts, and confidence men; we'd better go very cautiously about amateur policing of such a metropolis. MIAMI LIFE warns you now! Let Uncle Sam handle the job—not the town's so-called biggies who would only involve good people in serious trouble.

We want to congratulate the Daily News upon its masterly handling angle of pre-war Miami. Whatever bungling that paper may do in politicking, its slant upon the right thing to do nationally deserves the respect of every smart American.

The News' editorial writer (it couldn't have been the Phew-litzer Prize Winner Leyshon) the other day reprinted the George Washington warning of 150 years ago—and it's fresh today. We are glad to reprint it, to give it an even wider publicity than the Cox-News League gave it.

"Perhaps Colonel Lindbergh is not worth the calling of George Washington as a defense witness," remarked the News, in its editorial, entitled, "Smearing Lindy," "but Americans who try to keep their feet on the ground are becoming so increasingly subject to unfair and hysterical attacks that it might not be out of place to offer the following quotation from Washington's farewell address:" and then the News gives it to us:

Excessive partiality for one nation, and extensive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

SHOTS IN THE DARK

(Continued from Page 1)

be able to have a little music with its hamburgers and beer it still does not follow that people in the sanctity of their living or bed rooms two blocks away should be required to endure, from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m., the musical tastes of juke-joint patrons, who unanimously insist on playing over and over the same three or four records. The nocturnal monotony of "I Sigh for You," as rendered by some ex-soda jerker with goose-greased hair and a \$25 tuxedo, is not the same friendly monotony of an elevated railroad or a flat-wheeled street-car, which one can get used to in time and even miss when it is taken away. Juke-joint music is in-

trusive, arrogant, irritating to all but the happy dolt who put up the nickel to hear it, and the two sentimental drunks in the corner.

There must be some way to tone down the volume of sound from these hell-boxes so that quiet citizens, who want to go to bed before 11 p. m. curfew, can leave their windows open to the breeze without being at the mercy of every 20-year-old punk who wants to blow his girl to a dime's worth of cheap music. And if they can't be toned down, they ought to be banned by law from open-air places, just as sound trucks were recently banned by law in the interests of peace and quiet. But of course, sound trucks are owned, more or less, by individuals—not by powerful and influential syndicates. We feel better, anyhow.

SO YOU SAY

Dear Sheriff:

How about sending over and fixing some of these chairs and desks that you attached.

"The Help" MIAMI LIFE

Editor Miami Life:

Dear Sir,

As a visitor to the quaint old city of Key West, I wish to write this letter regarding an incident that happened Saturday night, May 18, 1940. About 10:30 o'clock while enjoying a beer in "Sloppy Joe's" our attention was directed to Sloppy Joe arguing with a young sailor who was sitting up on a stool near the door. The boy was close enough to our table so that we could and do know that he was doing absolutely nothing to cause Sloppy Joe to put him out. At this time some of the boys from the Ship came in and asked Sloppy Joe to let them take charge of the boy, also the Petty Officer came up and asked the same thing, Sloppy Joe however, for his own good reasons refused to let them take the boy, and about this time three

armed police came in and started to handle the boy. By this time the boy decided he didn't want to be roughly handled and he protested that he was doing nothing to cause such treatment. The police with force dragged the boy out of the building and around the corner, and because the sailor was asking to be let alone the police with their billy clubs beat him unmercifully over the head and shoulders, knocking the boy to the street and while lying in a pool of blood and rain they continued to beat him. His buddies from the ship trying to help him up, also the civilians on the street, but the police told the crowd to "stand back or someone would be shot", all the time having their three guns on the crowd, until the patrol wagon came up and they dumped the bleeding and moaning sailor in the wagon and drove off. I want to state that this is my first visit to America, a land that I have always been led to believe the people were living in such a free country, but if this little incident is a true picture of the state of affairs existing here, and the way that Uncle Sam's boys can be so horribly beaten up by armed police then I

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