

JACKSONVILLE ISN'T BIGGER . . . LET'S SQUAWK!

WHAT COULD Miami expect but to be cheated out of first-place population honors? Its two dailies, which dictate our civic guidance, are headed by corporation-minded Ohioans interested only in Herald profits and whatever pro-Power Trust political alignments they can make. Its city government, virtually dominated by the two papers and their Power-Trust background, functions only for their benefit, the

general idea being to make it easy on the exclusive clique as possible and hard as hell on the little fellow. These papers cannot be expected to appreciate the feelings of a lowly Miami taxpayer—who, because he pays the highest taxes not only in Florida, but in the nation, expects to see Miami at least leading all the cities of Florida in size, instead of playing second fiddle to Jacksonville!

The papers appropriate credit for making Miami what it is . . . Let them now assume credit for letting Jacksonville put something over on us! . . . or is it true that the Herald and News owners are getting ready to enter the Jacksonville newspaper field? Right here is a good place to point out that Jacksonville, which enjoys being almost free from Big and Little Tammany squabbles, owns its own

light and power plant, by which the city, charging its people less than Miamians are charged by its private utility, is enabled to cut the people's taxes a million and a half dollars annually! But we actually don't believe Jacksonville is bigger than Miami. We're certain that it is smaller, perhaps 20,000 smaller!
(Continued on last page)



Vol. 14—No. 39
Miami, Florida, Saturday, July 6, 1940
"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"
Reubin Clein, Publisher
10
CENTS A COPY IN GREATER MIAMI
ELSEWHERE 15c
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GARBAGE TAX POPULAR

Cost of Fuel Used in Dumping Trash on Somebody Else's Lot Is Too High; Better Pay Up Like a Man
By JOHN KIMBLE

"The commissioners are giving it (the garbage tax) more enthusiastic backing than at first, too, as they find, once its purposes are made plain, the taxpayer is all for it."
—The Daily News, Tuesday

THESE are good tidings and we want to be among the first to praise the alertness of the Daily News in ferreting them out in the best newspaper tradition. For a while, if you remember, there was a lot of uncouth crabbing going on around here among the dumber element who seemed to think it was a city government's job to collect garbage for nothing as a means of preserving public health. They didn't seem to realize that the \$4-a-year garbage tax was to be devoted to parks and to beautifying the city, but now that "its purposes have been made plain," we find from the Daily News that they have quit sulking and are paying up like men. That's the old civic spirit, folks!

After all, anybody ought to be glad to kick in \$4 a year for parks so that he will have some place to sleep when the commissioners get through taxing him on everything else. There is also an emotional thrill in gazing at a newly-planted plot of shrubbery and realizing that it may be the very plot of shrubbery your own four dollars was assigned to. Its something like a Gold Star mother visiting the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. You get a wan, sad sort of feeling for a few minutes and wind up by sentimentally plucking a leaf or bossom for your coat lapel in sacred memory of your household budget.

But for people who aren't sentimental, we are willing to admit, getting four dollars worth per annum out of the public parks may prove to be quite a job. About all Bayfront Park is good for these days, except as a forum for Mayor Orr, is a place to get robbed in, with the chance of being additionally tossed into the bay if your bankroll isn't big enough. If you had a picnic there and left your garbage lying around, you, as well as the park, would be in a mess. You'd pay an additional garbage tax of \$5 and costs and you'd be lucky if the judge didn't pull that crack about "Where were your raised—in a barn?"

In spite of these drawbacks, we think we know the two deep, hidden reasons for the sudden popularity of the garbage tax as reported by the Daily News. One of these is the increasing distance people are having to drive in order to dump their garbage and seek out new, virgin spots for future reference. Here's a case in point. We were invited to a small dinner-party one evening—black tie, you know, nothing swanky—at a home in the northwest section. Finishing the meal, we men lingered over our coffee, brandy and cigars, the light of the candles flickering and gleaming on our white shirt fronts, until our host finally arose and in his courtly way said:

"Well, gentlemen, suppose we join the ladies."
He then led the way to the kitchen, where the ladies were awaiting us, having put up the garbage in neat packages, two of which were given to each of us gentlemen. As we climbed into the car, our host looked around at us from the driver's seat and winked jovially.

"I've got the best spot in the whole Northwest section," he said in the boastful manner one used to speak of his personal bootlegger. "High weeds, just off a side road, no house within 100 feet either way. Wait and see."

After a drive of about a mile, he stopped the car, but as we were all about to get out, packages in hand, a tall figure suddenly appeared in the bushes with something in one hand that gleamed in the early moonlight, and our host stepped frantically on the accelerator, careening away into the dusk.

"Whew!" he said, when we were at a safe distance. "That must have been the owner. Now we'll have to find somewhere else."

The result was that we drove uneasily for more than half an hour before reaching a suitable spot on the canal beyond Hialeah, where we discharged our cargo and returned at full speed to the house for a rubber of bridge with the ladies. But all through the evening our host seemed preoccupied. He trumped his partner's ace three times and regularly overbid his hand. At last he flung down his cards in irritation.

"I'm going to pay that garbage tax tomorrow," he said violently. "I've been figuring. The tax costs \$4 a year. Tonight alone I used up at least a gallon of gasoline. That's

NO 5-CENT FARE!

THE DAILY papers are carefully evading mention of the fact that the expected 5 cent bus fare is to be hoisted to 7 cents, but are carefully creating the illusion that they, the papers, are going to see to it that the fare is reduced from 10 to 7 cents!

That the people are entitled, by reason of increased transportation business and decreased costs, to a five-cent fare is ignored. The papers, attempting to sell the people another "bill of goods," and meantime enrich its patron utility, now try to make it appear that the Dunn Bus Company, the only company prepared to take over the transportation assignment (and later, perhaps, reassign the contract to the Florida Power & Light Company), is determined to get 10 cents—"but WE," say the Power-Press, "won't stand for that. We'll demand 7 cents."

A seven-cent fare is what the Florida Power & Light Company wants. A 7-cent fare is, of course, what the Dunn Bus Company wants.

THEY'LL BOTH ACCEPT A FIVE-CENT FARE RATHER THAN LET ANOTHER COMPANY GET IT!

This really hits the poor, the under-privileged. For Greed, as exemplified by our daily newspapers and the Power-Trust, to impose what amounts to a 40-percent tribute upon the people who are forced to use busses is amazing and sickening to us—at a time when these same capitalistic forces are demanding universal conscription, even the supreme sacrifice of the people, so that their investments may be safeguarded!

The people of Miami should fight, as they've never fought before, this attempt to charge 7 cents for what in plenty of other American cities (cities, by the way, that do not enjoy continual fresh money from an increasing population and tourist trade, as does Miami) is a 5-cent service.

We've already got a water rate that runs even the poorest householder a dollar and a quarter a month, and a garbage tax adds at least thirty cents a month to that. We're hit by a preparedness tax this month, that is bigger than one at first realizes. And always we are beset by an ever-growing debt service charge, paying for the \$29,000,000 follies of the 1925 "banker commission."

Miami can't stand any more taxes. And if Miamians have to pay out any more by order of their city commission, they're going to start moving to other communities, who offer better bargains and less city hall greed!

Never forget this: the poor pay all the taxes—because they can't, as their more-privileged brothers, pass on their taxes to somebody beneath their strata of society. They're already the bottom layer!

A city commission that permits gamblers to make millions of dollars profit annually in Miami, without the municipality getting revenue from it,

19 cents. Say 35 cents a week for gas to dump the garbage. That's—fifty-two times thirty-five—that's \$18.20 a year. I'm losing \$14.20 a year that I could have given to the Mayor Orr's Irene Rich Telegram Red Cross Fund. Damn!"

So you see, that's one reason the garbage tax is becoming popular. It isn't parks. Its PROFIT. The other reason, which we referred to above, is the desperately hopeful thought—half hope, half conviction—that the city having finally taxed your garbage is at the end of its rope and will not be able to find anything else to tax. It is the feeling you get in a dentist's chair every time the dentist takes the drill out of your mouth. "Well," you say weakly to yourself, "that must be the last time." And you heave a big sigh of relief. Then he puts the drill back into your mouth.

presents a sorry spectacle when it attempts to inflict another Power Company or Dunn Bus Company gouge on the people—this time upon the poorest!

Fire-Police Alarm, Unique Miami Idea

MIAMI CAN have the most complete and cheapest fire-police alarm systems in the country, immeasurably increasing neighborhood protection, if the plan of Lieut. Ben Demby, Miami's radio expert, is adopted. Demby is going to submit it along with his other recommendations in the near future to Safety Director Reynolds. Ben's fire-police alarm plan is 1940 stuff, streamlined to accommodate a fast-changing society.

You've seen those fire alarm boxes, attached to light poles every three or four blocks . . . with the little glass windows you're supposed to break "in case of fire?" Well, they're just about worn out, out-moded, and otherwise in need of replacement. They're right expensive things, too—because the fire underwriters insist upon a certain kind costing eight times more than is necessary, like most everything else connected with fire insurance in Florida! . . . However, this is MIAMI LIFE, not Lieut. Demby, talking. The young lieutenant is working out a plan that he thinks is unique, inexpensive, and complete.

He would yank out these boxes that tempt you to break the glass—and thus have the whole fire department come tearing out to see what's the matter . . . Ben points out that they're ineffective, as seven out of eight fire alarms come over the telephone and not these neighborhood boxes; furthermore, two-thirds of the box

alarms are phoney, mean little kids being responsible for the breaking of the little glass windows, just to see the fire department respond.

He would install a box containing a telephone, that would be connected by direct line with the police department as well as fire department; phone men of both these departments sit side by side at present, anyhow.

Then we'd no longer have complete fire-fighting equipment responding to a box alarm to fight a grass fire that a few buckets of water could put out! Furthermore, summoning police would become a simpler matter for folk not having telephones. A little glass window in the Demby box would still have to be broken, and the telephone lifted—but these are both familiar operations to nearly everybody; the information obtained at the official end of the line would be definite, and the necessary agencies, either police or fire, could be directed immediately to the scene. In case of pranksters monkeying with the apparatus, that wouldn't be nearly so likely with police squad cars capable of being directed immediately to the box being tampered with.

But the best feature of the Demby proposal is that it would serve as a call box for policemen, each being equipped with a key to unlock the box and call into the station.

And, in the long run, it will be cheaper.

Termites Cheaper

It is costing the New Deal (New Steal, as it develops) commission a half-million dollars more a year to run the city of Miami than it cost the Terrible Termites, whom Monopoly forces succeeded in kicking out of city hall.

MIAMI LIFE warned at the time what would happen. Yet the people, hearing only one side of the argument, went ahead, did the bidding of the Power-Influenced papers, ejected Dr. Ralph Ferguson and company, and installed a group of stooges who immediately returned the city affairs to the hands of the Power-Trust and the Power-Influenced newspapers—in other words, Big and Little Tammany.

DO YOU LIKE IT!

MORE ABOUT CITY HALL

NOT long ago we remarked Miami's inexplicable leanings toward British-born folk, former Mayor Fossey, present Mayor Orr, and Secretary Hadley of the civil service board.
(Continued on last page)

Shots In The Dark

The best fun of the past fortnight was the cops putting the shusher on the noisy ambulance of the Daily News, and that newspaper's petulant protest against Ellis Hollums' praiseworthy suggestion in the Herald that illegal loud-speakers could be a nuisance even if their loud-speaking was done in the name of humanity. The News, which was actively sponsoring the ambulance fund complained that the Herald would not give it a line of space—a fact that isn't surprising, when you consider that the ambulance matter was a News promotion, out-and-out, done for a commendable cause, of course, but still and all having as one of its chief objectives the advertising of the News among the local citizenry. Newspapers never overlook the possibilities of that sort of thing—when Hearst's New York Journal decided on sponsoring a bread-line in New York in 1932, do you suppose they put it down on the Bowery where it belonged? Don't be silly. They strung it out around the island in busy Times Square, and the chuck wagons that supplied it were plastered from top to bottom with Journal advertising blurbs to be read by millions.

But the News ambulance incident illustrates a trend of the times—a trend that will become a condition as the weeks roll along and public war excitement mounts. The readiness of the News to violate a city ordinance against unnecessary noise in behalf of an admirable cause, and its small-boy peevishness over Ellis Hollums' attitude, forecasts a day not far distant when any self-appointed patriot can start a drive or a fund or an organization or a theory, label it patriotic and humanitarian, and then proceed in righteous indignation to vilify as a traitor to his country anyone who doesn't sign up. The unreasoning frenzy of patriotism is one of the most real horrors of war.

It has even been proposed in American Legion circles—and the idea, fortunately, has been scotched, we believe—to establish a private army, officered by Legion members and dedicated to the usual patriotic purposes. Cool heads have seen that such an organization, no matter how lofty its announced purposes, would be very likely to degenerate rapidly into an American version of the storm-troopers, busying itself with unauthorized meddling in any and every situation, and no doubt doing an
(Continued on last page)

With just six months of the Cone administration yet to go, wonder if the Cone appointees realize what's in store for them when the new administration goes in? Probably not, or they wouldn't be so blindly following out the unpopular orders of that testy old gentleman, who has never lost an opportunity to belittle Miami and Dade county!

And we also wonder if they won't be the ones who'll scream the loudest when the new governor unceremoniously dumps them overboard—or refuses to reappoint them . . . No doubt of it!

A Dade county officeholder's first allegiance should be to the people of his community.

It might be a feather in one's cap to be fired by Cone now!

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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.

Total amount of fines, savings and recoveries in cases investigated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation last year was \$47,568,419.53 . . . It cost \$6,222,976 to maintain the bureau . . . In other words, for every dollar spent, \$7.64 was saved or returned to the government or individual citizens . . . Answer: Hire a couple of thousand more G-men and balance the national budget . . . Since the enactment of the federal kidnapping law in 1932 the FBI has investigated 128 kidnapping cases and has solved 126 of them . . . An average of 5,000 sets of finger prints are received daily by the FBI offices in Washington to be added to the upwards of 10,000,000 sets already on file . . . Any print can be located in less than three minutes.

The old wheeze about there being no such thing as a perfect crime is a lot of apple sauce . . . Not more than one tenth of all crimes are ever solved but the score is somewhat higher in major crimes . . . Perpetrators of major crimes always lose out by overlooking minor details after perfecting what they consider the important things . . . For instance the Leopold-Loeb case . . . The two kidnap-murderers were arrested when police traced a pair of glasses accidentally dropped by one of the criminals . . . Then there was Dr. Snook, the Ohio University professor who went to the electric chair for the murder of a co-ed, Theora Hix, because he lost a door key to a love nest he and the co-ed had maintained . . . Police traced the key . . . Franklin McCall's kidnapping and murder of little "Skeegie" Cash might have remained unsolved except for McCall's blunder in writing a kidnap note and slipping it under a filling station door after the filling station was closed for the night . . . The note advised the kidnapped boy's father to deliver the ransom money at four o'clock, three hours before the filling station would be open. . . . G-men reasoned that the person who caused the station to be opened before the regular scheduled time must be the kidnapper—and they were right . . . Lieut. Charles Becker planned the murder of Herman Rosenthal, notorious New York gambler . . . Four gunmen, White Lewis, "Gyp" The Blood, "Dago" Frank and "Leftie" Louie rode to the Metropole Hotel in a big Packard automobile and shuffled Rosenthal into eternity . . . Witnesses took the number of the Packard's license plates and the rest was mere routine . . . It was the first case on record of an automobile license plate being traced to solve a murder . . . Becker and the four gunmen died in the electric chair.

Los Angeles police really had one case "in the bag" . . . A hold-up artist, James Bland, stuck up a downtown restaurant . . . A waitress turned over \$18 to him and then gave him a shove . . . A cook was waiting behind him with a laundry bag . . . When the police arrived Bland was in the bag clear up to his ankles . . . Three hoboes recently crawled into an Oregon boxcar and went to sleep . . . When they woke up they discovered the car had been switched inside the walls of the Oregon State Penitentiary . . . Joseph Wisneski, a vagrant recently arrested in Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, will never keep a diary again. . . . The police found a notation in his diary which read, "I beat up a cop in Easton yesterday" . . . They turned him over to the Easton police . . . An eccentric old woman in Cherokee County, North Carolina, recently died and willed her estate to God . . . To settle the case properly the will was filed and a suit followed in which God was named as a party thereof . . . A summons was made out and the sheriff went through the motions of trying to obtain service . . . At last he turned in his report to the probate court . . . It read: "After due and diligent search, God cannot be found in Cherokee County."

The senate is literally an assembly of old men . . . The word is derived from the word senex an old man . . . The Roman Sanatus, composed of men of mature years, was the supreme council of state . . . Notice the little verse at the top of this column? . . . It is credited to The Walrus and The Carpenter, which is correct as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough . . . Cabbages and Kings, walrus and carpenter all come from Alice in Wonderland which incidentally was the late Calvin Coolidge's favorite book . . . It was from this book that he coined his famous, "I do not choose to run" phrase . . . It probably came from these two lines, the older Oyster winked his eye and shook his head, meaning to say,

LOOKING BACK

Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

An Hour With Greatness

Sixty Instructive Minutes While Herald Editorial Writer Does Personal Research Work

(July 17, 1926)
HOW do you find so many inspirations to write about?" gushed the dear young thing after she had been introduced to the Herald editorial writer. She had been out slumming all morning in the tourist camp and decided to spend her afternoon in an atmosphere of erudition.

"Why, ah, oh of course we spend a great deal of time at it," replied the great man nervously tapping his desk with a pair of scissors which some careless office boy had probably left there. "Every afternoon at this time, I walk along the teeming streets and in those walks, my trained eye is ever on the alert to find new themes for writing, to direct my mind into new channels."

"Oh," she thrilled, "could I possibly go along with you to watch your mind at work?"
He assented in lordly fashion and together they passed out into the busy street.

Suddenly he paused, stared rigidly at a thermometer and quickly jotted down some notes.

"There," he declared triumphantly a moment later, "There we have an inspiration for one editorial. That thermometer registered 68 right in the heat of the day. What northern city can equal that? Furthermore, it has been 68 every day for two weeks since I have been observing it."

"Perhaps," she suggested timidly, "perhaps it is broken," but he was busy mopping his brow and apparently did not hear.

New Inspiration

They paused momentarily while a street light changed from red to green. A man with a long coat passed them as they were crossing at last. The great editorial writer stopped, looked at him closely and jotted down a few more notes.

"Aha," he continued. "Did you see that? It is now mid-July and that man was wearing a woolen coat. What northern city can equal that? That is worthy of a lead editorial. 'But I thought he had nothing but a bathing suit on under it and really had to wear a long coat—' but she saw that her companion had dashed in for a cold glass of Budweiser and so did not hear her.

"Well, that tasted good," he said. "But of course we really don't need cold drinks here with this marvelous summer weather—don't believe I will make an editorial on that. That man said he was not selling as many Coca-colas as he sold last winter which was significant. What northern city can equal that?"

"And this glorious sunshine! I see it over there on the other side of the street where it isn't shady. I believe I will make an editorial on that. Just see how it turns that building into gold—why there is a wonderful thought about turning our buildings, our land, our lives into gold. Why that is worth using on Sunday. What northern city can equal that?"
The fair young thing didn't know and perforce kept silent while they continued their stroll. The great man beamed happily to the right and left, smiling at one and all.

Thinking!

His marvelous brain appeared ever turning these thoughts over and over and at times his companion could see him fairly burst out new signs of joy as some new thought would develop. He did this twice in the next half hour in which no words were spoken.

Suddenly he halted again, and put his hand to his head in astonishment.

"Did you feel that?" he implored of his companion in agonized tones,—"there it is again."
"Do you mean that cool breeze that makes you feel as though you had a nice long drink of cold water after a long hot walk? Why yes," she remarked. "Don't you know that you are in front of the Olympia theater," but he was disappearing up the street with this new material for his masterpiece of an editorial.

It appeared next morning in the fifth column from the wrong side of the paper, down at the bottom in the smallest type—which is The Herald's own peculiar way of playing up a story to the limit.

It was entitled—"Cool Miami Breezes Unequaled by Any Northern City."

A Year of Progress

(July 10, 1926)

June 30 marked the end of the fiscal year which started July 1, 1925, and so it is time to take stock to observe just how the city has progressed during the last year.

The MIAMI LIFE takes great pleasure in pointing out how the traffic situation has improved in many ways. As the direct result of its long fight LIFE is able to say that today there is less congestion on the causeway and in front of railroad crossings than at any time in the past 12 months and conditions point toward continued improvement.

Great progress is noted in the newspaper field. The Tab has suspended and it is possible to carry home the Sunday Herald in the back of one's car instead of attaching the trailer as formerly. All papers are now selling at their true values.

The civic landscaping has gone forward in wonderful fashion. Unwisely paving is being torn up on every side and the virgin soil is brought forth.

In response to the warnings of MIAMI LIFE, real estate prices have returned to normal. The market is now steady—steadily worse—with a marked upward trend—in defaulted payments.

With the money situation as it is and if it remains so much longer, we can expect a steady decrease in the number of robberies.

Street cars have progressed a great deal. Several miles in fact.

One of the finest things in the whole year however has been the development of courty on all sides, lead by Sheriff Henry Chase, endeared to all prisoners by his generous motto for the jail—"Open To All."

"I do not choose to leave the oyster bed" . . . Simony is the crime of buying or selling ecclesiastical preferment . . . The word is derived from the name Simon Magus, a sorcerer converted by Phillip and rebuked by Peter for trying to purchase the power of giving the Holy Ghost . . . There are 393 substitutes for the word "said" . . . Enough said.

GREEBY EXPLAINS BAD DREAMS

Says cucumbers, pink ice cream and barbecued spare-ribs have numerical significance when coupled in boudoir reveries

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who recently received a knot on his head for giving a Nazi salute before he could explain that he was only holding his hand that way to explain to the garbage man just how deep the garbage was in the Greeby living room, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter reading a dream book on the courthouse steps.

"I do not desire no publicity," he muttered as the reporter stepped over him in a mad dash to catch a glimpse of Irene Rich, who, at the moment was listening to Mayor Orr explain the mysterious telephone call.

"Will you shut that big trap," shouted the reporter, "and pull in those long legs before someone stumbles over them and gets hurt."

"O. K.," belched Greeby continuing his reading while the reporter continued to admire Miss Rich.

"Oh, boy! what a dream," he sighed as the lovely lady vanished from sight.

"What's that?" queried Greeby quickly, "Did you have a dream?"
"No," muttered the reporter sadly, "But I sure could go for that one."

"Every dream has a special meaning," smiled Greeby, "And I'm thinkin' of settin' myself up in business as a dream explainer. I'll bet lots of people would pay heavy dough to have me learn them what their dreams mean."

"Bushwah," snarled the scribe, "Dreams don't mean a thing."
"That's what you think," defended Greeby, "Now for instance just suppose you dreamt that you was a gigolo with Hedy Lammar, Claudette Colbert and Ann

Sheridan all tryin' to make love to you at the same time. Do you know what that would mean?"
"It would mean instant and sudden mayhem for anyone who woke me up," grunted the reporter.

"That ain't what I mean at all," flashed Greeby. "Every dream has a meanin' but it takes an expert to know what that meanin' is. Have you had any dreams lately?"
"Sure," replied the reporter, "Last night I dreamed I was sleeping in a carload of pig-iron. An old hag about eighty years old was attempting to loan me her false teeth and some imp kept pushing a blow torch up against the seat of my pants. Then the scene switched. I was on the liner Normandie which was sailing through the Sahara Desert and suddenly struck an iceberg. We were just getting in the life boats when I woke up. Do you know what a dream like that means?"

"Certainly," said Greeby eagerly. "It's right here on page 143. It comes under the head of diet."
"Diet," shrieked the reporter.

"Yup," answered Greeby, "Just plain diet. To have a dream like that a feller has to eat cucumbers, pink ice cream and barbecued spare ribs just before goin' to bed. You couple up the cucumbers, pink ice cream, spare ribs, pig iron, false teeth, blow torches and steamships and it

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come out "diet". Now to find the answer to "diet", we have to turn to page 114 and what do we find?
"I'll bite, what do we find?" queried the news hound.

"Don't rush me," yidled Greeby, "It takes time to figure out one of them there complicated dreams. I think it was the false teeth what complicated it."

"The pig iron didn't help any," mused the reporter unconsciously rubbing his rear housing.

"Ah, here it is," smiled Greeby, "It says any dream brought on through false teeth and cucumbers has a numerical significance which means that you have a lucky number."

"God," agreed the reporter, "and just what is the number?"
"I'll have to turn to page 164 to find that out," explained Greeby, "but before I do any more page turnin' suppose you slip me a seegar. I ain't in this here dream explainin' business for my health."

"Nix," screamed the scribe, "You can't blackmail me. Turn those pages and find that number before I knock those silly ears off of you."

"I ain't gonna do no such thing and you can't bluff me. If you want the number give me a seegar. If you don't want it just say so and I'll be on my way."

The reporter capitulated and Greeby paused to light the cigar before thumbing the pages.

"All right," he said finally, "Here it is. Your lucky number is 8."

"What?" thundered the reporter dragging Greeby down the courthouse steps. "Give me back that cigar, you fakir."

"What's the matter," groaned Greeby, "Ain't eight your lucky number?"

"Hell, no," screamed the reporter tossing Greeby in front of a truck, "You saphead that's the date I got married."

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Purified soil \$1 yd. Cow manure, 1 bags \$1 Kantra Nursery, 3166 S. W. 31 St. Ph. 4-4804.

A PARTMENTS
NICELY FURNISHED
Hot Water — Fridgaires
Electric and Gas
ON BUS LINES
Monthly Payments from
\$25.00
744 S. W. 47th Ave.
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AARON DRUG STORE
Owned by a Registered Pharmacist
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KOOL MOTOR
Gasoline and Oils

CITIZEN SERVICE PRODUCTS
Orange State Oil Co. Distributors

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GOAT MILK
Delivered 48c qt.
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SMOKER'S GARAGE
Authorized AAA Service
Day and Night Service
General Repairing
127 N. E. 7th St. Ph. 3-8748

SO YOU SAY... JAX "SUPREMACY" BELIED

The Townsend Plan TOP TEN COUNTIES

Editor MIAMI LIFE:
An expense to no one, yet a benefit to every one. What's that? The Townsend Recovery Plan:
It will put the dollar bill in the collection plates, instead of nickles.
It will double the subscriptions to the daily papers.
It will double, and perhaps treble business transactions.
A book account at any bank will secure all the necessary funds for you.
A man will not have to make a pauper's oath to obtain money.
It will make men honest, and charitable to one another.
It will take your father and mother out of the poorhouse, and keep them out.
There will be no need to sign a death warrant to obtain funds.
It will save a charity bill in the U. S. of \$32,000,000,000 per year.
It will cut our crime bill of nineteen billion dollars in U. S. by one-half.
It will let the unemployed work and provide for himself, and save the U. S. that expense.
It will relieve the crowded hospitals, and crowded insane asylums.

It will put the sober man behind the automobile wheel, and thus save life.
It will make the United States a democracy, instead of an aristocracy.
It will give every man a home, and a chance to live as a civilized being.
It will save millions of babies, and give them proper food in their starting life.
It will let millions marry, and increase our social security by the progeny.
It will give millions of graduates the first position they have had.
It will save the nation from any totalitarianism.
It will give our nation the first real, and natural prosperity it ever had.
It will be an asylum for our own people, and an example for other nations.
It will stop all manner of war, and establish the earth's millenium.
It will increase longevity, and largely prevent divorces.
It will give peace on earth, and good will to man.
Who in heaven's name would not be a Townsendite and help promote the cause.

C. A. POORE,
1345 N. W. 7th Court
Miami

	MAY TAX	MAY, 1939	GALLONS (In Thousands)
DADE (Miami)	\$336,967	\$288,791	4,813
DUVAL (Jacksonville)	251,227	233,346	3,558
HILLSBOROUGH (Tampa)	196,824	188,477	2,811
POLK (Lakeland)	106,497	103,412	1,521
PINELLAS (St. Petersburg)	100,877	92,694	1,441
ORANGE (Orlando)	95,371	86,879	1,362
PALM BEACH (Daytona)	93,442	81,239	1,334
VOLUSIA (Daytona)	66,512	57,362	950
ESCAMBIA (Pensacola)	66,010	57,698	943
BROWARD (Lauderdale)	50,490	41,539	721
ALUCHUA (Gainesville)	44,908	44,372	641
MARION (Ocala)	41,441	38,496	592
LAKE (Leesburg)	35,744	35,497	510
TOP THIRTEEN	\$1,486,310	\$1,349,802	21,227,000
OTHER 54 COUNTIES	636,597	\$547,671	9,100,255
GRAND TOTAL FOR 67	\$2,122,907	\$1,924,473	30,327,255

MAN'S PEP TONIC Failed To Help Grandpappy

(From AMERICAN BIZARRE, Consumer Monthly, 110 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION, Washington COMPLAINT
Charging misrepresentation of the properties and therapeutic values of certain medicinal products and failing to reveal that certain preparations offered for sale contain dangerous drugs, the Federal Trade Commission has issued a complaint against Edwin L. Leisenring, trading as U. S. Drug & Sales Company, also as U. S. Drug Laboratories, and as U. S. Drug Company, and against Gordin Leisenring, both of 1534 Lawrence St., Denver, Col.
Preparations sold by the respondents are "Man's Pep Tonic," also advertised as "Man's Tonic" and sold as "U. S. Special Tablets," and "Man's Pep Tonic (Double Str. Capsule)," also advertised as "Sextogen Capsules for Men and Women."

Through advertisements in newspapers and by mail, the respondents are alleged to represent that their preparations are safe, competent and reliable tonics; are effective, safe and scientific as aphrodisiacs and as treatments for strengthening and rejuvenating the glands and sexual organs of man or woman, and that the preparations possess therapeutic value in the treatment of debility.

Alleging that the respondents' representations are exaggerated, misleading and untrue, the complaint charges that the preparations are practically without value as tonics, because drugs possessing tonic properties are not present sufficiently to give tonic value. These preparations are alleged to possess neither any value for strengthening or rejuvenating the glands or sexual organs nor for treating debility.

The complaint alleges that the respondents' representations constitute false advertisements in that they fail to reveal that "Man's Pep Tonic" contains the dangerous, extract nux vomica and yohimbine hydrochloride; that "Man's Pep Tonic (Double Str. Capsule)," sold as "Sextogen Capsules for Men and Women," contains extract nux vomica, yohimbine, and extract of thyroid, and in that they do not disclose facts with respect to the consequences which may result from use of such commodities under conditions prescribed in the advertisements or under customary conditions.

Charging violation of the Federal Trade Commission Act, the complaint grants the respondents 20 days in which to answer the allegations.

A preliminary injunction restraining the respondents from the same practices, pending disposition of the Commission's case, was obtained by the Commission February 13, in the United States District Court, Denver. (4053)

THEY TELL ME
in the offing, very far off, though
!!!
THAT one business man is gnashing his false teeth because he can't get rid of wife this summer...
this bald-headed Romeo has cut a wide path in past summers... his playmate still has her husband to rely on to find her another sucker, and they do great team-work this pair... Baldie is lucky.
!!!
THAT the school board failed to put over their quick abandonment of Central School on N. W. 2nd street in that populous little section on the business side of the Miami River... parents rightly object to additional hazards their children would have in being transferred to Riverside or two other schools... and there's a sentimental interest in old Central, anyway... fight, folks
!!!
THAT the pretty red-head with the dazzling teeth (the one who likes to be called Johnnie after the third drink) has a husband
!!!

Round the Town

Insistent rumors that the G-men recently uncovered a big cache of Nazi guns and ammunition in South Miami or Coral Gables has even reached a point where the daily newspapers are speculating despite denials of the FBI that such a cache was uncovered. For the benefit of those who place any credence in the rumors we refer you to a little story which appeared in MIAMI LIFE two weeks ago. The story told about the FBI agents going to South Miami for their weekly target practice on the FBI range. In the excitement of getting away from their headquarters in the Biscayne building Mr. Hoover's hired hands forgot to take ammunition for their revolvers, machine guns, rifles and shotguns and therefore arrived at the range minus bullets. Some excitable person probably saw them loaded down with the empty guns and started the wild rumor.

off-way over everything else and have no fear of the law. Does a mail truck have more rights or privileges than any common citizen, a right to break the law just because it happens to be Uncle Sam's mail? ... Police never bother the driver of a mail truck no matter how apparent his violation. (That's the law.—The office boy.)

The daily newspapers are raising a big stink on account of many Miamians being missed in the census count and it is surprising to note the number of "Constant Readers" who are filling the columns with "squawks" about being missed. It is peculiar that all of those squawkers who declare they were missed and feel compelled to write to the editors did not see the dozens of pleas printed on the front pages of the same newspapers before the count was completed urging and begging all persons who had not been counted to get in touch with the census office. Anyone interested enough in the census to want to be counted to do so before it was too late and it is rather unsportsmanlike to start beefing now just to gain a little newspaper notoriety.

Bernarr Macfadden is toying with the idea of running for Governor on the Republican ticket if he can find a way to become a Republican before November. He didn't want to register as a Democrat in the first place but that was the only way he could run for the United States senate. Now that the senate race is over he wants to return to his own party and take a whack at the governorship. It is doubtful that the switch can be legally made but if it should become possible he might make it interesting for Spessard Holland in November especially in view of the fact that he would have Wilkie as a running mate.

The United States mail is supposed to be a very sacred thing and for some unknown reason the mighty kowtow and make room for mail trucks whenever they come into view. A majority of the mail trucks operated in the Miami area are old Model T Fords, and their drivers violate more traffic laws than all the rest of the population combined. Truckmen picking up mail from boxes park on corners, in the middle of the street, or even on the sidewalk if more convenient. They assume the right-

If you had 68 cents and yourself and three children to feed for several days how would you spend the 68 cents? It probably never occurred to you to try to figure out such a problem but one of Miami's negro women did it last Saturday night. She spent 20 cents for two pounds of briskets (beef) and twenty more cents for a three pound bag of grits. Another dime went for a can of tomatoes and the remaining eighteen cents for two

boxes of macaroni. Total 68 cents. Result food for four persons for at least three days.

MIAMI THERMOMETER
FRANKLIN E. ASPINWALL, who writes frequently to the editors of our daily press, seems to think it is a shame that the weather bureau should record ground temperatures—temperatures most of us come in contact with in going about our daily tasks. Mr. Aspinwall discloses that he may know a lot about writing letters to editors, but he knows little about some of the subjects he writes about.

It is hardly worth recording that the temperatures quoted by the weather bureau are temperatures free from reflected heat, or direct rays. Only from such can meteorological deduction be made.

Hold a thermometer in the sunlight on a summer day—or winter day, for that matter—and around noon-time you'll break the thermometer, if it registers only to 120 degrees. Yes, even on cold days in winter heat set up by the noon-day sun will go close to 120 degrees. We never figured how hot the summer noon-day sun in Miami is, but we've heard it is between 130 and 140 degrees. We admit, frankly, we don't know, but some hot day we're going to find out.

Pure, Delicious . . .
And Refreshing
dolly madison
ice cream
SEVEN STORES IN GREATER MIAMI

JALOPY
AUTO RACES
THRILLS — SPILLS — CHILLS
ENTER YOUR OWN CAR
Every Sunday Afternoon, 2:30 P. M.
N. W. 7th Ave. & 89th St., Sunny South Airport
For Entry Blanks, See H. Stringfellow, 2222 N. E. 2nd Ave.
CHILDREN FREE ADMISSION 25c
NOT RESPONSIBLE IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS

DADE County is zooming again. May gasoline report just in from Tallahassee discloses that the gain over May of last year was 17 percent for this county, far ahead of any of the larger counties of the state.

Wonder how many realize that such a pace would see Dade county more than doubling in population in five years (for gasoline consumption very accurately records increases or decreases in population), while in ten years the increase would be 464 percent, exceeding even the all-time record set by this community in 1920!

In other words, our 1950 population would be a million and a quarter—if we keep up the same pace we set in May!

As a matter of cold calculation we are likely to move even faster, for the next year anyhow, because, being in the first line of defense Miami will be boomed financially as well as numerically by the multi-billion-dollar expenditures of Uncle Sam. The World War materially.

Meantime our month-by-month growth as seen through gasoline consumption becomes more interesting. In May, consumption of gasoline Dade county did 15 percent of the state's business. And the top 13 counties accounted for 70 percent of the state's gas sales . . . there are 67 counties in all!

Significant is the boom on the Lower East Coast of Florida. Broward county just north of us, still an infant, ranks tenth in the counties of Florida in gasoline consumption and shows an increase of 22 percent over May of last year, topped only by Brevard (Melbourne) in the percentage of increase. Next in line, however, is the No. 1 county of the state, Dade!—which, in spite of its great size in comparison, still is capable of taking long strides. Palm Beach county shows a gain of 15 percent. Volusia (Daytona) gained the same. Monroe County (Key West) to the south of us was upped nearly 20 percent. These rather sensational increases, all on the lower half of the coastline, were approached in only one other section of Florida, far away Escambia, whose big air station at Pensacola is making big business for the locality.

Duval (Jacksonville) gained only 7 percent and Hillsborough (Tampa) only 4 percent.

As Jacksonville has finally succeeded in topping Miami's federal census, let's start a federal investigation into how come Jacksonville's population doesn't show up somewhere in its gasoline consumption! . . . You can't tell us all those Duval county darkies—who make up such a large part of Jacksonville's population, walk, or drive around with horses and buggies! The whole of Duval county can't have more people than the municipality of Miami does . . . Now, if it is true that, just for the purpose of this census and with the stipulation that it can immediately go back to status quo after the census figures are confirmed . . . if, as we say, Jacksonville has temporarily spread to cover practically the entire county—just so its population can be shown as exceeding that of Miami—Miami isn't game if it doesn't start a riot! There are plenty of United States senators who'd be glad to have such information as to political skulduggery in Florida!

MIAMI LIFE can't help feeling elated over the May report, because, principally, it indicates the entire state is doing right well, thank you. Only eleven counties dropped behind their last year figures, and they were only trifling losses. Heretofore a third of Florida's counties have been shown in the red most of the time.

On the other hand there are eight counties that do more than half the business of the state, as you may see in the table printed alongside. Volusia (Daytona) is the smallest of these high-ranking counties—and it, by itself, mind you, pays 4.3 percent of the state's gas tax total. This might give people an idea of the unbalanced tax structure of the state, where eight counties, dreadfully outvoted in both legislative houses at Tallahassee and dependent upon the whims of a governor who can, if he chooses, be an autocrat for four years, pay more than half the gas tax, the state's biggest tax.

GOLF
FLORIDA'S SPORTIEST LINKS
18 HOLES - NO WAITING - OPEN TO PUBLIC
GREEN FEES 50c Per Day
GOOD GREENS AND BROAD FAIRWAYS
FLAGLER COUNTRY CLUB
West Flagler St. & 37th Ave. — End of Car Line

DANCE TONIGHT
AND
EVERY NIGHT
AT THE BEAUTIFUL
TRIANON
DANCE PATIO
7,200 Sq. Feet Terrazzo Dance Floor
SEE THE "JITTERBUGS"
DANCE TO
VANCE BRADDOCK
And His 11-Piece TRIANON SWING BAND
10c ADMISSION 5c TO DANCE
TRAIL AT 61ST AVENUE

More About City Hall

(Continued from first page) being former Britishers. Now we hear Recreation Director Gerald Ash's new assistant will be Ralph Fossey, son of the former mayor. We also might chronicle the fact that Hadley, who went back on the civil service board at \$150, has been raised to \$200 and now, we understand, to \$250 a month.

Yet a big flag-waving and back-scratching was indulged in the other day by the daily press, which tried to find some good in their stooges, declaiming that the present city administration, by gum, is taking care of the underdog, having devoted \$23,000 to increasing the pay of the lowest-paid, several hundred of 'em and largely negroes, on the city payrolls.

That pay increase will average less than a dollar a week per person! . . . What a contrast to the "sugar" given stooges whose only work consists of murmuring sweet nothings into the ears of the Tammany chieftains!

O. P. Hart, last year got \$9,500 to help pick and investigate, explain, lobby, and otherwise expedite and promote PWA projects for the city. This year he gets \$5,000 for being a sort of statistician—which job has no prescribed status and is not authorized by the charter . . . Yet the city commission blithely turns down Sen. Pepper's request for \$100 a month which would pay notation fees on PWA proposals. The commissioners declaring insultingly they'll get the PWA projects WITHOUT Sen. Pepper's aid—and they won't pay out money for stamps and stationery or other nominally priced things that our senator doesn't feel should come out of his own expense account! . . . There are many \$100-a-month jobs for the Tammany-faithful, however; for the guys who'll applaud every time Mr. Stooze passes down the steps of city hall!

MANY Miamians fell for PM, latest New York tabloid—and are greatly disappointed. It is very amateurish, surprisingly so—maybe it's just because we're quickly tiring of "smart-alecky" journalism, which seems to have lost its ability to hide butter on its bread.

THE McALLISTER VOLUNTEERS!

The McAllister Volunteers! This brand new organization is composed of men between 18 and 45 or 50, some veterans, some not, who meet Mondays and Wednesdays at 8 p. m. for drill and fundamental military schooling—just in case! Already some sixty are enrolled. McAllister Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, 16th street and 27th avenue, S. W. furnishes a meeting place and the "Volunteers" are commanded by Capt. C. L. Libby, with the endorsement of the Reserve Corps. There is no charge for joining or other obligation.

Jacksonville Isn't Bigger

(Continued from first page) Duval county doesn't figure even two-thirds as big as Dade county in the reports of gasoline consumed annually!

MIAMI LIFE believes that an honest count of Duval county would reveal a population for the entire county NO BIGGER THAN THE CITY OF MIAMI ITSELF!

If Duval's 1940 census of 210,000 inhabitants is correct, then it has 30,000 people who have managed to hide from or escape every other kind of calculation. They certainly don't appear in the gas tax totals—which means that 30,000 people in Duval county don't ride buses or drive automobiles! . . . As a matter of fact people in any enlightened community can't escape gasoline consumption, somewhere along the line, and this applies, of course, to Jacksonville's large negro population.

Duval's gas consumption this year will be found to be only five-ninths of Dade county's. Even if Jacksonville took in the entire of Duval county (it pretty well does it at present) its population (based upon its gas consumption) would be less than Miami's, which is 64 percent of Dade county's population!

There are plenty of population checks, outside of census nose-counting.

The case should attract attention. First, there was Jacksonville's tell-tale delay in reporting its figures—remember, MIAMI LIFE warned four weeks ago there'd be skulduggery! . . . and the Florida director of the census, Frank P. Beddow, is a Jacksonville man!

The fact that a Jacksonville man headed the census should not be overlooked.

Jacksonville's vigor—and success—in getting the bulk of all federal moneys—despite Miami's preponderance of white population (in the last election Dade's Democratic vote was a third larger than Duval's, with the Republican vote of Dade not even estimated!) might create a stir on the floors of Congress, if Miami complained loudly enough against the outrage . . . as Miami should, if it has any real manhood left in it!

The case is more serious than you think. Miami prosperity depends a good deal upon our "front." We've got a right to demand accurate nose-counting, as between this inexperienced community and Jacksonville's shrewd and politically wise management. It means dollar values in our office buildings and our businesses, our homes and the vacant lots next door, in the amount of money the government might spend here in the future, in Miami's future growth.

The federal census was not meant to serve the designs and purposes of a Jacksonville political clique, but to afford justice to all. Miami isn't getting it in this count—and if the daily papers really gave a damn about Miami, they would be glad to scream for fair play—and pull strings till they get it!

THEY TELL ME . . .

THAT Valiton, boy murderer of Sergeant Wever, back in 1925, almost got paroled within a year after he was sent up . . .

so he's really been kept in the Florida pen a great deal longer than killers usually are—for the average term is about seven or eight years

!!! THAT they'll be kidding Mayme for a long time about "the cracker that went off unexpectedly"

!!! THAT "My Wife's Gone to the Country" is No. 1 on Miami's Hit Parade these days . . .

this is the liveliest "Summer Widower" season for a long, long time—with apparently more money being distributed

!!! THAT, like the German Fifth Columnist in alien territory, the Herald is ready, at the signal, to become frankly and avowedly Republican . . . you can smell the elephant in every column . . .

but meantime it will try to hog every Democrat dollar it possibly can

!!! THAT "It's Your Party, Too," the Herald hastens to advise Miamians, because a lot of Miamians had naturally got the idea that it was Mayor Alex Orr's party—because he's gotten all the publicity . . .

which reminds us that, someone at a party the other night remarking that bringing Irene Rich here was a "childish gesture" on the little Scotchman's part, somebody else chirped up, "Yeah, second childhood!"

!!! THAT the Herald made a big to-do about a "Herald executive" who was represented as having boiled with rage at the way a negro workman, injured in a fall, was ignored by the ambulance attaches dispatched to the scene—and because it was 20 minutes before the negro was finally carted away to a hospital where it was discovered a pelvic bone had been broken . . . and he in agony all that time . . .

the striking point of this story must have impressed everyone who gave this story and thought if this "Herald executive" was so put out about it why didn't he order one of the Herald's dozens of automobiles to take the negro workman to a hospital? . . . it looks like the "executive" is really the calloused party

BALL CHAIN BAR
Dance to JACK MIDDLETON'S Orchestra
Opposite Tower Theatre
1513 S. W. 5th Street

That Louise has a Confucious joke of her own that'll make up for a lot of bad ones catch her at the court house sometime

!!! THAT no matter where Jim goes these nights, he always sees (in imagination, of course) that beer salesman following him, with jealous and murderous hate in

Make our Liability A Bayfront Asset!

NOW that the Allapattah folks have again decided that the incinerator must be moved, why not move it out to the Bayfront park?

The graceful chimneys, done in old gold and rose would look like Doric columns. In fact, arrange them in that fashion to form a sort of stage. The building in which the fires are lit could be used as a sort of platform and the whole thing would make a mammoth outdoor stage.

It would be Grecian in effect and more so in smell but that part is not to be discussed.

In fact the sky line would be immeasurably benefited. These towering columns would mingle gracefully with the News and Everglades towers and the other what-nots while the curling smoke winging its way heavenward would bring home to the most careless observer what a huge city Miami must be in order to burn up so much garbage.

The outdoor theater would of course be a huge attraction.

Think how some of our classic dancers could perform, with how much fervor unprotected toes could scamper across the heated upper surface of the incinerator which would be used as the stage!

And how effectively a long winded speaker could be stopped by dumping in a little more refuse to make hotter the fire beneath him!

Really, there doesn't seem any real reason for not going through with this plan. There is ample parking space around the new incinerator site where thousands could gather to watch the noted artists portray "Aida"

BELIEVE IT OR NOT
Bedroom Apts.
SUMMER RATES \$12.50 to \$17.50
YEAR LEASE \$240 to \$360
AVERAGE \$20 to \$30 per month
ATLANTIC COURTS
2000 S. W. 24th St.

his eyes

!!! THAT the morning daily's editorial says our hurricane season is from July to September. Yet, 1935 B. K. (Before Knight) we had one on November 4. We've often had them in October. June hurricanes are a matter of record—while the British Bureau of Navigation declares that not a month of the year is immune from a West Indies hurricane, basing its statement upon a survey covering a hundred years!

SHOTS IN THE DARK

(Continued from first page) intensive job of witch-hunting similar to the Gestapo's. America isn't ready for that stuff yet, and it is doubtful that Legionnaires, who haven't seen military service since 1918, are particularly fit to officer a corps of any kind anyhow, in view of the sweeping changes in military technique.

think how fervently Aida could sing when she got down into the subterranean chamber.

Of course there is the matter of this supposedly disagreeable odor but arrangements could be made to have the theater face in four different directions and the performance would take place in the direction most favored by the breezes.

YOU NAME IT!



This is what happens when jitterbugs really get in the groove out at the Trianon Dance Patio, 61st Avenue and the Trail, which is sponsoring a series of contest on Wednesday nights.

Classified

TEAS and COFFEE
C. D. KENNY, Coffee, Tea and Sugar Co. 64 W. Flagler Street, Phone 2-3432.

HOTELS
HOTEL GOOD, 4301 Collins Ave. Mr. E. MacDonald Mgr. Ph. 5-2193, Miami Beach.

RUGS
HAWKINS RUG CLEANERS. Rugs Cleaned, Dyed, Repaired & Moth proofed. 60 N. E. 39th St. Phone 2-7798, Miami Fla.
VENETIAN RUG CLEANERS. Rug and carpet cleaners also oriental specialty. Clean rugs make healthy homes. Pleading you means success to us. All work guaranteed. Lowest prices. We call for and deliver. 668 N. W. 31st St., Miami, Florida. Phone 3-5630. Please mention this ad.

PROFESSIONAL
GREATER MIAMI NURSES REGISTRY and Professional Exchange. Nurses for any cases—Male-Female. Trained Child's Nurses—Colonic Irrigations—Hourly Nursing. Secretaries and stenographers for Doctors—Dentists—Lawyers. Florence C. Blakley, R. N., owner and registrar, 925 Seybold Bldg., Phone 3-8474.

FIXTURES
SEABOARD NOVELTY CO. Manufacturers of fixtures and fittings for Bars, Stores, Restaurants, Offices, etc. Restaurant tables always in stock. 5851 N. W. 17th Ave., Miami, Fla. Phone 7-9241.

WALTERSON BODY WORKS, J. V. Walterson, Prop. Body and fender straightening, wheel aligning, blacksmithing, Duco and enamel painting. If we can't fix it—give it away. 1135 N. Miami Ave., Miami, Fla. Phone 2-8816.

BARS
HIPPODROME BAR. Complete sport returns. Rip Weinkle, Mgr. Phone 2-8533, 5 N. E. 2nd Ave.
VISIT THE JOCKEY CLUB BAR. Everything the best. 25 N. E. 1st St., Miami, Fla.
THE WAGON WHEEL, 2351 N. W. 46th Street. Beer, Wine, Sport Returns. Under the management of Johnny Stutz. Phone 7-9416. "Out Where the Northwest Begins."

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. 23365
Notice is hereby given that Arthur Blatt, holder as assignee of Southern Drainage District Tax Sale Certificates Numbered 1064, 1065, 1066, 1300 and 1321, dated the 6th day of August, A. D. 1929, has filed said Certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue thereon in accordance with law. Said Certificates embrace the following described property, situated in Dade County, Florida, to-wit:
Lots 13-14, Block 13, Bird Road Estates, Sec. 2, Plat Book 21, Page 51, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1064. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.
Lot 2, Block 16, Bird Road Estates, Sec. 2, Plat Book 21, Page 51, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1065. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.
Lots 5 and 6, Block 23, Bird Road Estates, Sec. 2, Plat Book 21, Page 51, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1066. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.
W-one-half of SE-one-quarter of SE-one-quarter Section 13, Township 55 South, Range 39 East, containing 6 acres more or less, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1300. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued in the name of Miami Sec. Co.
Lot 3 in NW-one-quarter Miami Home Development Co.'s Subdiv., Plat Book 2, page 57, in Section 36, Township 55 South, Range 39 East, containing 10.36 acres more or less, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1321. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.
Unless said Certificates shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1940.
Dated this 14th day of June, A. D. 1940.
E. B. LEATHERMAN, Clerk of Circuit Court, Dade County, Florida
By N. C. STERRETT, D. C. Circuit Court Seal 7-6-40

AUTO REPAIRS
AUTO BRAKE and SERVICE. General Auto Repairs, Battery and Electrical Service, 1731 W. Flagler St., Phone 2-1638. Dave Tomberlin, Miami, Florida
DUTCH'S GARAGE and SERVICE. ICE STATION has all the tools, equipment and experience to make expert repairs on all makes of cars. Lloyd (Dutch) Schiffart, Prop., 1400 N. W. 62nd St., Miami, Fla. Phone 7-6310.
SOUTH FLORIDA MOTOR SALES Inc. High Grade Automobiles. 861 W. Flagler St. Miami, Fla. Phone 3-1764
Watch for Announcement With the new "High-Speed-High-Torque" Generator, Starter and Magneto Test Bench we are able to "rev" High-Speed Generators to 8000 R.P.M. or better for testing and setting voltage regulators, also checking maximum output and high speed noises Come in and see this finest of all equipment. MOSELEY ELECTRICAL SERVICE, 571 N. W. Fifth St., Miami, Fla., Phone 3-1455.

GROCERY STORES
COLEMAN'S GROCERY, 544 N. W. 5th Ave. We deliver. Phone 2-6410.

ROOMS
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