

DOWNTOWN PALMIST TURNS OUT TO BE WIFE OF PROMINENT PHYSICIAN

The Hornet

A Weekly with a Purpose

OH! YEAH!
Goofy Oscar says there is lots of difference between a man in church and his wife in her bath. The man has soul full of hope.

OH! YEAH!
Little Cuspidora says the difference between a baby and a sea gull is: the gull flits upon the shore.

VOL. I, NO. 52.

BOB CROSSLAND, Editor

10 CENTS THE COPY.
Miami, Florida, Saturday, July 16, 1932.

Over in Siam when a man dies they bury him in sand for five days, then they dig him up and place him on a white marble slab. Twelve beautiful maidens, draped only in the sheerest of veils, parade around the slab for an hour. If he doesn't come to life they go on and bury him for keeps.

MAN WHO TESTIFIED AGAINST 13 YEAR OLD GIRL GETS 10 YEARS

It took a circuit court jury just twenty minutes to return a verdict of guilty against A. C. Cranford, 60 years old, charged with perjury and the convicted man was immediately sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary by Judge E. C. Collins. The sentence was the heaviest ever imposed in Dade county on a perjury charge.

Cranford was a defense witness for John Henry Dowling who was recently convicted upon a statutory charge filed by a thirteen year old school girl. Dowling was sentenced to ten years for his crime. Cranford, as a witness, testified of his own alleged misconduct with the school girl in a futile effort to save her character and was arrested when he left the witness stand. The jury recommended leniency on account of his age and Judge Collins unhesitatingly declared his sentence would have been heavier except for the jury's recommendation.

ROSE MARIE KLEMTNER RECORDS SPEED IN ACTION FOR DIVORCE

In one of the speediest divorce actions on record, Mrs. Rose Marie Klemtner won her freedom from Michael Klemtner last week.

Mrs. Klemtner, in her suit which was filed on July 5, declared her husband had informed her he was temperamentally unsuited to continue as her husband and that he packed his luggage and departed. Klemtner's attorneys filed an answer to the suit on the following day and the master's hearing was conducted July 7. A motion for a final decree was filed within a few moments after the master's report was recorded, making a total of three days for the entire suit. Before her marriage, Mrs. Klemtner was Rose Marie Gerson, well known in musical circles. She is the daughter of William Gerson, 927 Euclid avenue, Miami Beach. Both her father and mother testified in her behalf at the divorce proceedings. Although his attorney represented him, Klemtner did not appear during the hearing.

Help! Fire!

Suit for \$10,000 has been instigated against the city by Alvin Reese. Reese says he went to the hospital to have his leg amputated and that after having his hands bandaged to keep him from tearing the bandages off, a nurse stuck a cigarette in his mouth and departed for regions unknown. The cigarette ignited the bed and Reese says he was badly burned.

"MITT JOINT" OPERATOR PROVES TO BE WIFE OF MIAMI PHYSICIAN

DETAILS of how the wife of a prominent Miami physician masqueraded as a palmist and got away with it for several months, may prove interesting to some of the "umpchays" who tossed gold into her lap for having the life lines, clothes lines and bread lines of their hands read.

When "Madame M. Alba", walked into the courthouse last winter and plunked \$1,500 on the barrel head for a license to operate a "mitt joint" at 139 N. E. Second avenue, she created a mild sensation, being the first fakir to pay the license fee in three years. The sensation might have been much greater had it been known that instead of being the "Great Madame Alba of European Fame", she was in reality, Mrs. Maria Berneau, wife of Dr. Ludwig Berneau, owner of the Berneau Sanatorium at 1822 N. Bayshore Drive.

The "Mitt" business wasn't so good. "Madame Alba" finally gave up the ghost and tried, unsuccessfully to procure a refund of a portion of her license money. Her present address is unknown and Dr. Berneau is likewise missing. Two gentlemen who claim to be "fifty-fifty" partners with him in the operation of the sanatorium are becoming anxious wondering how they are going to get \$4,200 back, they claim to have invested in the sanatorium.

If you happen to walk into the offices of the largest advertising concern in the city and discover the girl employees running around looking like overstuffed parlor furniture; the boys all sighing as they remember the "silhouette" days and the odor of moth balls asphyxiating, do not become alarmed, you are in the same old place but things have changed.

Believe it or not, the head of the advertising concern, last week issued an order whereby all female employees must wear petticoats while on duty and also, believe it or not, the "gals" have complied with the order.

ILLEGAL OPERATION RACKET FILLS HOSPITALS WITH WANTONLY BUTCHERED WOMEN AND GIRLS

(This is the first installment of the amazing expose of the abortion racket in Miami. Several thrilling chapters are to follow, with a sincere hope that sufficient interest may be aroused to stamp out a menace which threatens our womanhood.)

A SCREAM in the night—frantic telephone calls for assistance—the wail of a siren as an ambulance catapults through the darkness—grinding brakes—hypodermics—the odor of antiseptic—anesthesia—a phantasmagoria of white clad physicians and nurses—the clutching fingers of septicemia—low moans—a rubber tired stretcher—a white sheeted cot—and another victim of the butchery of abortion takes her place beside her sisters in the hospital.

She is wheeled to the sun porch and sandwiched in among sixteen other cots. Every cot on the porch is occupied by a girl or woman victim of an illegal operation. In a semi-private ward adjoining the porch lie four more women, likewise victims of the butchery known as abortion. Within a few days all of these women will be gone and others will take their places. A majority of them will crawl out of the front door to start the long weary fight back to health and others will be carried out of the back door to a slab in the morgue.

Never in the city's history has the menace of illegal operations been so sinister as now. Just three weeks ago a total of twenty-one girls and women were confined in a single hospital at the same time. An appalling surmise of the true situation may be derived from the known fact that less than two percent of women who submit to illegal operations are hospital cases and that there are three major hospitals in the city.

Several agencies are responsible for the vast number of illegal operations. Supposedly ethical physicians, professional abortionists and physicians who specialize in such operations are credited with a majority of them. Mid-wives and nurses perform a small percentage and the balance are self performed or brought about through the use of instruments and drugs. A majority of the cases which reach the hospitals come from the latter agency on account of ignorance upon the part of the girl or woman herself. The drugs used are unlawfully sold in various drug stores, the law, controlling their sale, being very flexible indeed. More than half of the known operations are performed upon unmarried women. Present economic conditions are credited with the rapid increase in child murder among married women who look upon additional children as increased burden in attempting to eke out an existence.

(Continued on page 3.)

Man is born, lives and dies. His body is then interred and becomes fertilizer. The fertilizer makes the grass grow green. Along comes a cow, eats the grass, digests it and it becomes dung. Moral: Never step on cow dung—it may be your Aunt Emma.

GIRL WHO SUED MILLIONAIRE ON SEDUCTION CHARGE GOES TO JAIL

DOROTHY FIRMAN, 19 year old former Miami High School girl who recently broke into headlines by filing a sensational suit against Sailing W. Baruch, charging him with seduction, broke into print again last Tuesday by landing in jail on a charge of intoxication.

According to the police records, she was arrested at the home of her mother, Mrs. Josephine Firman at 588 N. W. Twenty-third street. Emergency Officer Sullivan made the arrest at 1:10 a.m. According to the police blotter, a complaint had been made by the girl's mother. When arraigned in Municipal Court Tuesday morning after spending several hours in a cell, she entered a plea of guilty and was fined \$10 or six days in jail. On account of it being the first offense, the sentence was suspended by Judge Willard.

SEVEN PROFESSORS WHO OPPOSED ASHE GET THE "BOOT" AT U. OF M.

A NEW outburst of dissention is momentarily expected at the University of Miami following the action of President B. F. Ashe in "firing" seven leading faculty members who have joined the majority student group in opposing his blundering regime.

The seven department heads who were "topped" off despite the fact that the University owes them approximately \$20,000 in back salary are: Prof. Sidney Hale, economics and business law; Dr. Phillip Hart, physics; Dr. Otto Sceplein, chemistry; Dr. Robert B. English, philosophy and classical literature; Dr. Alfred H. Gilbert, botany; Prof. Louis D. Covitt, law. Rev. Don M. Henshaw, Biblical literature, was "booted" out several weeks ago.

All of the discharged department heads have been prominently identified in the movement to force the resignation of President Ashe and were briefly notified that their contracts for 1932 and 1933 would not be renewed. When news of the dismissals reached the students a steady rumbling was started and it is openly predicted the final "show down" will come within a few days.

Gent or Bum

We do not know whether to call this fellow a bum or a gentleman. His mother wanted a radio, a telephone and a comfortable home and he was unable to procure them for her. After giving the matter considerable thought he established his girl friend in a bawdy house at the Beach and now his mother has a radio, a telephone and a comfortable home. Is he a gent or a bum?

The Hornet

"A Weekly With a Purpose"

Published at Miami, Florida.

R. B. Crossland - - - - - Editor
Tom Thursday - - - - - Associate Editor
George W. Parker - - - - - Business Manager
Edward Raymond - - - - - Advertising Manager
Ray W. Lamphere - - - - - Circulation Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In the United States and Possessions.....\$5.00 Per Year

Editorial and Business Offices:
Suite 301 Congress Bldg., Telephone 3-1738

Circulation Department:
25 N. W. First Street, Telephone 2-4213.

THE HORNET'S FIRST YEAR.

The Hornet is a year old today and we feel that the time has arrived to explain the slogan which has flown at our masthead for the last fifty-two weeks—"The Weekly With A Purpose."

As a matter of fact the Hornet has several purposes, the principal one being to give its readers the news which the daily papers are either unable to uncover or are afraid to print. The Hornet believes that all news should be printed regardless of the influence of the individual involved or regardless of the number of dollars he may toss into the business office through the advertising department. The second purpose is to rip the mask of sham and pretense from every "Holier Than Thou", hypocrite and expose him to the community for exactly what he is.

The Hornet has never taken a backward step. It has never printed a retraction nor has it been called upon to do so. The Hornet gets the facts before it prints anything and there can be no retraction of facts. Upon several occasions the Hornet has been edited with a 45 instead of a blue pencil and those who have attempted to bluff it out of printing a story have discovered that it cannot be done.

Within six months after the appearance of the first copy, The Hornet had a larger street and newsstand circulation than any other weekly newspaper in Dade County and at the conclusion of the first year has a greater street and newspaper circulation than all other weeklies of Dade County combined. The Hornet has never conducted a subscription campaign of any kind, yet it has subscribers in 43 states. Every one of these subscriptions have come in voluntarily and without solicitation of any kind. The Hornet has more than 15,000 readers in the city of Miami alone and is growing by leaps and bounds.

During the first year of The Hornet's existence, half a dozen other weeklies have been started and have gone on the rocks after conducting brief tirades against "scandal sheets". The Hornet has been labeled a "scandal sheet". If printing of news is scandal, The Hornet is a scandal sheet and will continue to be a scandal sheet—because it intends to continue printing the news regardless of threats, criticism or jealousy.

The Hornet has refrained from unjust attacks upon city and county officials merely to gain circulation. We believe that when a city or county official is elected he should be permitted to conduct the affairs of his office without interference from vigilance committees, jealous newspapers, greedy would-be political bosses and reformers. The Hornet does not believe in the harassing and abusing of public officials and has the impression that they will render much greater service to the community if permitted to conduct the affairs of their respective offices without spending half of their time protecting and defending themselves against unjust attacks from the press and disgruntled individuals.

The Hornet wishes to express its appreciation to those who have used our advertising columns; to our readers and to all who have assisted in any way in making The Hornet the leading weekly newspaper of South Florida and wishes it might be able to invite all of its friends to its First Birthday Party.

AFTER waiting two hours in the ante-room, the old maid was finally ushered into the physician's office.

"Oh Doctor!" she gushed, "I have been kissed by a man who had influenza. Do you think I will catch it?"

"When did the kissing occur?" asked the physician brusquely.

"It was during the last year of the Cleveland administration," she answered demurely.

"Of course not," boomed the doctor in disgust.

"That's exactly what I thought", replied the spinster, "but I still love to talk about it."

COMPLIMENTS

J. MARK WILCOX

CONGRESSMAN - ELECT

THE CRAP SHOOTER

The Hornet, celebrating its first birthday, re-prints, by request, some of the gems which have appeared in the "Oh Yeah!" boxes during the year.

The honeymoon is over when the bride starts repainting the ceiling.

When an old Beezark waits until he is eighty to start sowing his wild oats, nothing comes up.

The honeymooners started to the mountains to keep cool and ended up in Hot Springs.

A hen is a pullett who lost a foot race with the rooster.

Pity the poor sailor who started out to explore the harem and lost his bearings.

Mamma is daffy about flowers. She adores roses, worships carnations and is just crazy about poppies.

"Now perhaps this bleating about the bush will stop," mused the ranch foreman when the lonesome shepherd got married.

The reason he is "Dancing With Tears in His Eyes," is, because he just shook his best friend.

To change his luck after breaking a mirror, superstitious Sammy went out and got a shine.

Modern proverb: A gigolo is the egg which lays the golden goose.

The toughest guy in Arizona was the taxidermist who kicked his wife in the Grand Canyon and mounted a porcupine.

"You've had it in for me a long time, now we'll settle things," shrieked the irate husband shooting his wife's lover.

The old maid went for the Chinaman in a big way when she saw his dragon on the ground.

The depression is getting worse. Chorus men are sucking their own thumbs and the Jewish boys have agreed to take another cut.

"So far and no father," sighed the foolish flapper tucking little Snookums into his crib.

"I sure pulled a good one to get in here," chortled the nut who beat the depression by getting into the lunatic asylum.

Sausie Susie denies she is a bootleggers daughter just because she peddles a little mule.

The livery stable keeper lost out in the spelling match when he mis-spelled "Auspice."

Ladies of the evening on Biscayne boulevard are going to use bicycles, then they cannot be pinched for peddling.

In some things, women are all alike—ain't that the halibut?

The bootlegger was only arrested once but his daughter was caught twice.

Flappers stay in the limelight by burning candles at both ends. Old maids stay in the dark and don't light either end.

Don't always believe in signs. Goofy Oscar says he knows a one way street where things are done two ways.

It was a farmer's daughter who started that "back to the soil" movement. A traveling salesman gave her the idea.

"This is no man's land," gurgled the flapper when she stumbled in the darkness and fell on her face in the cow pasture.

The most important question of the day, Is a pansy a flower, a vegetable or a fruit?

Never take advantage of an opportunity until you find out who took advantage of it last.

She wanted to go places and do things, but her boy friend didn't want to go places.

While grandma is worrying about what she will wear when she goes out, grandpa is wondering where he will go when he wears out.

When Goofy Oscar took little Cuspidora fishing they forgot the bait, but he caught something just the same.

"Just take any seat in the place," gurgled the Madame introducing the "gals" to the visitor in the parlor.

"Drink Pluto—not a cough in a carload"—you don't dare cough.

HELLO! HORNET?

Notes By Our Phone Girl

DERE MR. CROSSLAND—

MONDAY—Its etin so hot in this dam office that I wil feel at home when I go to hel. No foolin, I dont need no boy friend to neck me to get the same temperature. If you dont by me a electric fan you can get a new ofice goil, and I dont mean perhaps.

(Editor's Note: Hop back in your clock, cuckoo.)

TUESDAY—A lady cals on the buzzer and says that her husband beats her every night and will you pleeze put his name in the paper.

"How long you ben married?" I asks.

"Ten yeres," she says.

"Why dont you see a lawyer and get a deevorce?"

"We ain't never ben married that way," she says.

Goodneeth gwacious!

WEDNESDAY—A whole flock of bil colectors comes in today and want nothin less than money. I got rid of the first guy quite easy, viz., to wit., and i. e., I hapen to no that he is a married man and that he steps out with a snappy blond.

"Aint you afraid yore wife will find out about Margie?" I asks.

"Er, never mind about that bil right now," he says. "I wil give you more time."

Another colector told his wife he was out of town for 2 weeks. I no he was livin on the beech with a buxom fee-male.

"How d'yer like the bathin at the beech?" I ask with the greatest of politeness. He blushes a deep crimson, and blinks a couple or 3 times.

"Why—why," he stuters, "I aint in no hurry for that bill—just hapened to be in the buildin. Ha ha!"

THURSDAY—Joe Sweeny, in the advertisin dept cums in so cock-eyed that he near gets into the doctors ofice next door by mistake.

"Have you seen Mrs. Sweeny?" I ask.

"I think she is up seein Mr. Fitz Gordon, the lawyer, about gettin a deevorce," I says.

"I hope she gets 2!" he yelps, and blows out.

FRIDAY—The landlord cums in and wants some rent for his hot house. I tel him you will pay up when they get the joint refrigerated.

"This ofice wood be hot," he snaps, "if it was in Iceland!"

Some dizzy clown cals up and would like to no why we dont print the Hornet on tissue paper.

"Then it would be worth its wait in gold!" he cackles.

That guy is witty, huh? I bet he rites all the editorials for the News and Herald.

SATURDAY—Say, did you ever see a beech at midnight? I dont no what the country is comin to, honest. If I was a hotel owner I would have the beech closed after dark.

Wel, dont forget to duck!

DAY DREAMING WITH THE EDITOR

THE other day I met one of those rank optimists who informed me there was no depression. Maybe he was right but if there is no depression this is one of the smallest booms in years. I think depressions should be staged when times are not so tough.

In the old days I ruined my stomach with squab on toast and filet mignon. Now I am getting fat on grits and old fashioned sow bottom with the buttons still attached. I used to purchase a dozen suits of silk pajamas at a time and my wife ordered her nightgowns from Paris. Now I am reduced to a draw string and a loin cloth and she sleeps in a cotton brassiere. During the days of prosperity we lived in an eleven room house and installed twin beds. Now we live in a tent and have gone back to the old four poster. We find the arrangement quite chunny since her family decided to consolidate with us for the summer and since we started taking in boarders. In the old days my valet drew my bath and was lavish with perfumed bath salts, now I bathe in the creek and smell like a goat. I like the depression.

When I had money I had friends. When I had friends I grew cockeyed watching them to keep their fingers out of my pockets. Now I have no money, friends or pockets and I am happy. In the old days I was so busy running to parties that I had no chance to become acquainted with my neighbors. Now I have more time I am becoming acquainted with them and have learned to love them. As a matter of fact my neighbor's wife attracts me very much. I like the depression.

In the old days I was too busy to become acquainted with my own city. Now I spend hours in some of the leading drug stores wandering through the various departments admiring antique furniture, heavy hardware, lingerie or farm implements. I used to belong to every club in town and my wife gadded around every night. She belonged to the Mother's Club although we didn't have any children. I guess she was just studying. Now all of the clubs have been turned into filling stations and my old cronies have all gone back to work—or Georgia. They told us to get Cool with Coolidge and we froze to death. Then they told us to get Hot with Hoover and we're cooked. Oh! Boy, I like the depression.

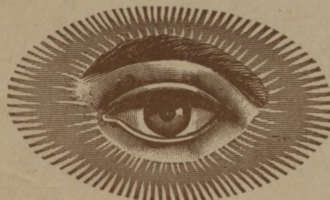
Dimpled Doris says she has never been thoroughly irked because her mother won't let her go out at night.

The Quartette will now sing, "She was a Butterfly's Daughter and He was a Son of a Bee."

COMPLIMENTS
Howard Livingston

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Share Expense Plan. Be Fair to
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Prices When You Can Go for
Less.
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AUSTIN AUSTIN AUSTIN 1931 Ford Sport Coupe 295
1931 Buick 8 coach \$495 1932 Ford 4 coach 525
1931 Buick 8, 5-pass. Coupe 695 1932 Chevrolet Coupe, new 545
1931 Chrysler Deluxe 8 sedan 895 100 Late Model Cars
1931 Ford Victoria 365 Terms and Trade

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Banking House	29,000.00
Banking House Equipment	14,000.00
U. S. Government Bonds	\$111,298.76
State, County and Corpora- tion Bonds	21,913.18
Call Loans Stock Exchange Collateral	9,917.00
Cash	80,531.43
	223,660.43
	\$368,065.30

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	\$ 75,000.00
Surplus and Profits	25,930.73
Deposits	267,134.57
	\$368,065.30

(Continued from page 1.)
Another menace in the abortion racket is the use of drugs procured by express through answering advertisements in certain magazines. The advertisements are cunningly worded, but convey their true meaning to the desperate girl seeking relief in her misfortune. The sale of these drugs is forbidden by law, but the law is not rigidly enforced making it possible for any person to procure them. Physicians un-
animously agree that their use is exceedingly dangerous and frequently results in peritonitis, the most deadly of all complications in any operation. Successful use of such drugs is remote and the law controlling their distribution should be tightened immediately.

A majority of Miami's physicians are ethical and will not subscribe to an illegal operation under any circumstances. On the other hand the cold finger of suspicion has been pointed, correctly, at a score or more of supposed ethical physicians, many of whom are deriving splendid incomes through breach of the Hippocratic oath.

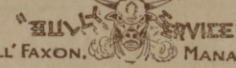
These physicians charge tremendous fees and work with the utmost secrecy. If the victim happens to live alone, they prefer to perform the operation at her home, generally at night. Never, under any circumstances, is a witness permitted to be on the premises because the physician is ever fearful of being apprehended in his nefarious work and realizes that he faces a long penitentiary term if caught. A few of Miami's abortion physicians are brazen in dealing with their patients and generally force the girl to name the man in the case before they agree to perform the operation. If the girl names a man of wealth, the physician may charge as high as \$500 for the risk he takes and never does he consider less than \$50 for his fee, payable in advance always. The operation itself is the simplest part of the entire procedure, the after effects being most deadly. Unethical physicians fight as long as possible to keep their failures from reaching the hospitals and when such a step can no longer be avoided, urge the victim to tell hospital authorities that the injuries were self inflicted and force from her a promise never to reveal his connection with the case. In connection with the abortion "racket", as far as unethical physicians are concerned, at least three of them have worked out a unique method which makes it practically impossible to convict them even should the victim die.

(The next chapter of this interesting series will appear next week, telling how unethical physicians have worked out a system to beat the law. Professional "abortionists" will be unveiled and left standing in their true light.)

The Hornet is not Skimmed—It's Scum.

COMPLIMENTS
ANETA A. PELL
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Graduate Philadelphia General Hospital
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COMPLIMENTS
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"YRRUH KCAB"

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125 N. E. 2nd Ave.
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CAPITOL
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It's Strange, Weird, True

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2200 West Flagler

COMPLIMENTS
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BROOKS' DRUG STORES
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A FRIEND

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647 N. E. 2nd Ave.

MCPOOT HOLDS FAMILY REUNION

Five Ambulances Declare Dividends At Conclusion of Festivities. "I God I'm Agin It!" Woofs Whoosh.

WHEN the reporter called at the McPoot dumbecile—La Latrine—known to the taxpayers as the courthouse comfort station, he was surprised to observe that Whoosh was out. Inquiry brought the fact that the McPoots had held a family reunion the night before which had terminated in a Gettysburg. Finding McPoot and Company in the cellar of the Jackson Memorial Hospital the reporter arched a curious eyebrow and asked for an explanation.



"I God I'm agin it!" belched Whoosh, feeling the solid tin bandages around his chin, ears, eyes, nose, neck, throat, arms, legs, belly and rear-housing. "I ain't done nothin' to no one, and here I are!"

"Yuh big bum!" bellered A. Bastardo McPoot, an uncle by physiological error and the only Republican in Georgia, which he can prove by the buckshot holes in his crankcase. "I cum all the way from Jawjaw fur a friendly v.sit and he belts me over the conk with a pot, and it wasn't empty."

"He ain't no relative of mine!" snapped Whoosh. "He don't look like no McPoot, does he?"

"No McPoot looks like another McPoot!" yelled Mrs. Koe Tex McPoot, Bastardo's wife via six shotguns and a Colt automatic.

"That's right," added Bastardo. "An' the reason no McPoot never looks like another is because they all had different fathers."

Squirt and Squat, the McPoot girls, came in with black eyes and busted beaks. They had been battling Dripo and Drope, the female errors of A. Bastardo McPoot.

"I never claimed that Bastardo was my brother-in-law," said Mrs. McPoot, who had her nose encased in a plaster cast of lye and potash.

Bastardo tried to hurl a brick at his sister-in-law, but he couldn't find a brick.

"What is it all about?" demanded the reporter. "Didn't you suggest that you have a family reunion?"

"Reunion, hell!" exploded Whoosh. "Me an' the old woman was busy ticklin' each other's chins, when the door snaps open and in walks Bastardo and a whole flock of other quack relatives. They ain't no relatives of mine!"

"Do you mean to intimate," put in the reporter, "that you haven't any relatives?"

"Oh, I got plenty of relatives, all right," replied Whoosh, "only them that ain't in Chattahoochee and visiting Raiford are on the poor farm at Kendall."

"How cum you ain't in one of them places?" asked Bastardo.

The sudden appearance of J. Fitz Gordon quelled the intellectual debate momentarily.

"I understand that you gentlemen require the services of a good attorney," smiled Fritz, thinking of possible fees.

"Yeah," said Mrs. McPoot, "we need a good lawyer. D'yer know any?"

Fitz walked out in disgust and played a game of yo-yo with Judge Giblin.

"I think it would be nice if all the McPoots could live together in harmony," suggested the reporter.

Mrs. Koe Tex McPoot gave him a mean look, and began to curry-comb Bastardo's whiskers with some extra-rough sand-paper.

"Wal," said Whoosh, "I am willin' to shake hands with Bastardo if—"

"If—what?" demanded Bastardo suspiciously.

"If you drop dead!" barked Whoosh.

The reporter left just as Whoosh and Bastardo gave a repetition of the Battle of Waterloo.

Aren't You Dying to Know

How many fights were started at the Pier last Saturday night.

Why the employee fired from the hospital for being drunk was given his old job back and who will pay for the truck he wrecked.

Who struck the first blow when the Polish gentleman caught another Polish gentleman with the first Polish gentleman's wife.

What happened to the two Chicago cuties in the green sport roadster Monday night.

What organization recently bounced its "head man" because it was discovered he was an ex-convict.

Who was the man in the caster-Clarke case, in the story now being written for True Detective Magazine.

The name of the prominent business man who has been on a three weeks drunken spree on the Cays.

The name and address of the high school girl who offered to write a series of flaming articles on "high school life" for the Hornet.

CONGRATULATIONS NOT RECEIVED ON OUR FIRST BIRTHDAY

EDITOR, HORNET:

I take pleasure in offering my heartiest felicitations on your first birthday. It goes without saying, of course, that your publicity in my behalf was greatly appreciated. Er, do you care for potash and lye in your stomach?

Sincerely,
Harvey Payne.

EDITOR, HORNET:

Many happy returns of the day. May your troubles all be kosher. As soon as I take the governors job I'll reserve you a seat in the electric chair.

Cordially,
Dave Sholtz.

EDITOR, HORNET:

Ef yuh don't stop writin' about muh private affairs I hope yuh choke on yuh next article.

Sincerely, if necessary,
Whoosh McPoot.

EDITOR, HORNET:

How do you do it?

Yours truly,
Fred Girton.

EDITOR, HORNET:

All good wishes. Sending ten pounds of rat poison under separate cover.

Yours truly,
Romona Romona.

EDITOR, HORNET:

Heartiest congratulations. Why don't you rent my old store as a branch office?

Sincerely,
Ev Sewell.

EDITOR, HORNET:

If the Hornet was a daily, we'd starve to death. Don't keep publishing on our account.

Yours truly,
Frank Barker Shutts.

Joan
Jaquette
Jaunting

MOVIE fans who labor under the impression that the neighborhood houses never have first run pictures will have to change such impressions today with the showing of "Flames" at the Flagler. The picture, starring John Mack Brown and Marjorie Beebe, is being shown in Miami for the first time and I believe the 25 cent admission charge will find favor with the patrons.

CONSTANCE BENNETT and Ben Lyon are starred in "Lady With a Past," which will provide the amusement treat for Roxy patrons Sunday and Monday. It may be of interest to learn that the operator of the Roxy and Flagler theaters is Charles Johnson, the man who came to Miami to give us the best in movies at popular prices. I suggest that the Paramount-Publix houses emulate Mr. Johnson's sane price policy.

If you missed "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," when it played the Capitol, you may catch up on it today at the State, and at the good old Scotch price of twenty cents.

MANAGER FINK of the Capitol says "Blonde Captive," which starts with the midnight show tonight, is "an authentic revelation of the amazing adventures among the aborigine tribes of New Zealand and brings to the screen, scenes from a heretofore unexplored part of the world." The title sounds captivating and I wouldn't be at all surprised to find it an outstanding entertainment feature—something just a little different.

The Hornet Quartette will now sing, "Down On the Farm They Miss You. The Pigs Ask, The Cows Ask and The Horses Ask for You."

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"FLAMES"
John Mack Brown and Marjorie Beebe
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ADULTS 25c CHILDREN 10c

Saucy Susie says she made a mistake trying companionate marriage and now she wants to know what to do with the mistake.