

OH! YEAH!

Goofy Oscar says a local anesthetic isn't good in an operation if your ailment came from abroad.

The Hornet

A Weekly with a Purpose

OH! YEAH!

Little Cupidora says she has an old maid aunt who is saving her money to go to Egypt to see the sarcophagus of King Tut.

VOL. 2, No. 31

BOB CROSSLAND, Editor

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Miami, Florida, Saturday February 18, 1933.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF ROOSEVELT WITNESSED BY THOUSANDS WHO WERE UNAWARE THAT ZANGARA WAS TRYING TO KILL PRESIDENT-ELECT

ALTHOUGH more than 25,000 persons actually witnessed the attempt to assassinate President-elect Roosevelt in Bayfront Park Wednesday night, not a single coherent version of what actually happened has come out of the chaos and confusion. Persons standing within three feet of the intended victim were not sure that shots had been fired and others further away left the park without learning that five victims had been mowed down by Guisseppi Zangara's murderous revolver.

To arrive at some definite conclusion in attempting to piece out the phantasmagoria, it is necessary to assemble the various versions and compile a composite picture.

President-elect Roosevelt arrived in Bayfront Park in a pale green touring car with lowered top. Mayor R. B. Gautier was seated in the rear seat with him. The car was whisked to a spot immediately in front of the band shell stage and was quickly surrounded by secret service operatives and city police. Mr. Roosevelt half arose facing north. More than 25,000 cheering admirers arose to greet him. Behind Mr. Roosevelt, on the stage of the band shell, were seated three or four hundred notables, members of the welcoming committee and city and county officials. Those seated on the stage were practically on a level with the speaker's head as he talked. Mayor Anton J. Cermak, Mrs. Joe Gill, City Manager L. L. Lee, Congressman Mark Wilcox and many other notables occupied seats in the front row. The space between the speaker and the stage was kept cleared.

GUISEPPI ZANGARA, the would-be assassin, occupied a seat in the fifth row of the audience approximately 17 feet away from Mr. Roosevelt and on a direct line with his body. It has not been definitely ascertained who occupied seats on either side of him but it has been definitely discovered that during President-elect Roosevelt's entire visit in the park that Zangara had a clear and unobstructed view and might easily have snuffed out his life had he cared to do so. Just why he waited until the President-elect had completed his talk and was being surrounded by admirers, to start his deadly gun play, is a mystery to officials.

President-elect Roosevelt finished his brief address and slid back into his seat beside Mayor Gautier. A news-reel representative pushed forward and extended

a microphone to Mr. Roosevelt with a request that the speech be repeated. Mr. Roosevelt declined and turned to greet Mayor Cermak who had pushed his way through the crowd to reach the machine. Mayor Cermak was accompanied by City Manager L. L. Lee and was jovially greeted by the president-elect. Notables on the band shell stage arose at the conclusion of the address and started down the three or four steps toward the car. As Mr. Roosevelt and Mayor Cermak were finishing their chat, the chauffeur of the car started the motor and meshed it into gear.

SIDELIGHTS

ROBERT CLARK, the secret service operative whose hand was grazed by one of the would-be assassin's bullets, was one of the guards who accompanied Queen Marie of Roumania on her tour of the United States and he also helped take "Scarface" Al Capone to the federal penitentiary.

Mrs. Joe Gill, the most seriously wounded victim, arrived late and would have been occupying a chair on the rear of the platform entirely out of the range of the flying bullets if Henry Brunner, of Fort Lauderdale, hadn't given her his seat on the front row.

City Policeman N. A. Clark is believed to be the first officer to touch Zangara. Sheriff Dan Hardie was in the middle of the melee a split second later.

Secret service men guarding the president-elect formed a complete circle around his head and upper body, shielding him with their own bodies as the car started to move out of the park.

Mayor Gautier, who sat in the automobile with Mr. Roosevelt, did not know that a shooting had occurred until Mr. Roosevelt said, "someone has been shot." After Mayor Cermak was placed in the car it speeded to the hospital and Mayor Gautier, there, learned that other victims had fallen.

Zangara was exactly 17 feet away from the president-elect when he raised the gun to fire the first shot. His aim and vision were entirely unobstructed. A woman's hand was seen to flash and she is credited with probably saving the president's life.

First press dispatches to leave Miami after the shooting said that George Broadnax, head of the secret service detachment, had been killed. Officials in Washington were greatly shocked when Broadnax telephoned them an hour later to make an official report.

LOUIS TWYMAN, president of the Dade County Bar Association; J. F. McCaskill, former president, and Alfred Raia have been appointed to act as defense counsel for Zangara.

The would-be assassin was arraigned before Judge E. C. Collins in circuit court shortly before noon Tuesday but was given no opportunity to enter a plea upon the four counts of assault with intent to kill, the court refusing to accept such a plea until Zangara has conferred with his attorneys. He will be re-arraigned at 10 o'clock Saturday morning.

AS THE CAR went into gear, the first shot rang out. A woman screamed and the car pitched forward a few feet and then stopped. Mayor Gautier, seated beside Mr. Roosevelt, peered out, but did not see the gunman, nor did he know that a shot had been fired. In the meanwhile four more shots were fired in rapid order and an avalanche of secret service men threw themselves toward the back seat of the car, not knowing exactly what had happened but intent upon giving their lives if necessary to protect their charge. George Broadnax, chief of the secret service guard was immediately behind the car, and drew his gun as he crowded his body close to Mr. Roosevelt's to protect him from that angle. Other secret service men surrounded the car and a news-reel photographer, realizing what was happening, attempted to throw his body upon Mr. Roosevelt to protect him. Mr. Roosevelt pushed the photographer away and half arose to find out what was happening. In the meanwhile Broadnax shouted to the driver of the car to get it away and it started with a jerk.

JUST AS THE CAR STARTED, City Manager Lee felt Mayor Cermak sway and realized for the first time that he had been shot. City Policeman N. A. Clark, standing beside the car, saw the flash of the pistol as it was fired the first time and made a flying tackle toward the gunman. It is believed that the second bullet fired struck Mrs. Gill, who was moving down the steps of the band shell. The three next shots went higher in the air as a woman's hand flashed and pushed the gunman's arm upward. As Clark reached Zangara a dozen spectators were also grabbing for him and he went down under a wedge of bodies. Clark retrieved the smoking pistol.

In the meantime President-elect Roosevelt's car was moving from the park, urged to make speed by the secret service men. Mr. Roosevelt, looking back, ascertained that Mayor Cermak had been shot, and despite the urgings of the secret service operatives, instructed the driver to stop and wait until the men assisting Mayor Cermak reached them. When they reached the car Mayor Cermak was loaded in the rear seat with Mr. Roosevelt and Mayor Gautier and was speeded to Jackson Memorial Hospital.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Gill and the other victims were discovered and hurried to the hospital. Thousands unaware of the near tragedy awaited on Flagler street for nearly an hour for the president-elect to pass on his way to the train.

Police and secret service men are thoroughly convinced that Guisseppi Zangara acted entirely alone in the matter and that he has no connections with any communistic organizations.

The Victims

MAYOR ANTON J. CERMAK, of Chicago, shot in the abdomen. Condition critical with slight improvement reported.

Mrs. Joe Gill, wife of the president of the Florida Power and Light Company. Condition decidedly critical and fighting desperately for life. Worst injured of all victims.

William Sinnott, New York policeman. Slightly wounded in forehead. Injuries not serious. Russell Caldwell, Coconut Grove. Sustained superficial scalp wound. Not serious.

Miss Margaret Kruis, Robert Clay Hotel. Slight head wound from which she has practically recovered.

Robert Clark, secret service operative. Slight wound across back of left hand caused by bullet grazing it.

All the victims except Clark are at Jackson Memorial Hospital and all were visited by President-elect Roosevelt before his departure.

The Would-be Assassin

GUISEPPI ZANGARA was born in Italy, the only son of an impoverished farmer. He has six sisters living in Italy, although his parents are dead. He came to America eleven years ago and settled in Patterson, N. J. He is a naturalized citizen and has voted several times. He did not vote last November.

He came to Miami December 12 and had with him at the time of his arrival, the same gun with which he attempted to kill President-elect Roosevelt, Wednesday night. He lived in a rooming house at 135 N. E. Fifth street and has done no work since his arrival. When arrested Wednesday night he had \$43 in his pocket and said that he had lost approximately \$200 at the dog races since December 12. He is 33 years old, weighs 105 pounds and denies that he is affiliated with any communist organization.

The Hornet

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THE NIGGER SITUATION. In the dear dead days of only a short decade ago Miami had a very definite color line and a most distinct understanding upon the social equality question.

Important Yankees, arriving with nigger chauffeurs, maids and flunkies were bluntly informed that Miami had not yet reached the point of social equality between the white and black races and were advised to ship their niggers back to Yankee Land while the shipping was still good. Niggers, working or having, business in the white sections managed to transact it while the sun was shining and when darkness fell they trekked back to their own section—and they stayed there until morning. Niggers found wandering through the white sections were thrown in jail so hard they bounced two or three times and landed on the chain gang which they remembered the next time they had an inclination to mingle with their superiors.

Things have changed. Insoient blacks promenade Flagler street at all hours of the day and night. Last Sunday night, winter visitors were treated to the unique spectacle of a heavy hipped wench accompanied by a six foot dinge wearing a princenez and a frock tail coat, sauntering along Flagler street crowding white women and men off the side walk with a mangy poodle attached to a gaudy leash. Twenty-seven other niggers passed the First National Bank corner in exactly four minutes. Certain Flagler street stores are generally half filled with waddling wenches and foul smelling nigger men and drunken joy riders have taken possession of the white sections at night. Half of the Yankee chauffeurs are niggers and a majority of them are impertinent upon the least provocation.

Miami has a definitely established colored section. It is equipped with its own theatres, stores and business firms. There is no necessity for niggers promenading on Flagler street at any time. If niggers are employed in the white sections, let them do their work and return to their own section at night—and let them stay there until morning. No single citizen in Miami has the least desire to deprive any negro of work, freedom or happiness, yet we of the old south have not quite reached the point where we are ready to recognize and mingle with them on an equal basis. The remedy lies with the police department. H Leslie Quigg, chief of the department for many years was beloved by thousands for his firm stand in discouraging social equality but it seems his sterling precedent has been wasted upon the present executives. If present progress continues we may soon expect to find our theaters filled with niggers and in addition to being nearly entirely manned by negro waiters we may expect to find our restaurant tables occupied by nigger diners. Kill the menace before it becomes greater.

THE old fashioned girl who sewed all week on one piece of lingerie now has a daughter who makes a slip every night.

FARMER boys seldom reach the big league, says a major laegue baseball magnate. After sliding into what they thought was third base during a cow pasture game, they probably gave up in disgust.

A LOCAL hotel has removed cuspidors from the lobby. If they can only induce some of the Georgia visitors to quit going to bed with their shoes on, the improvement will be complete.

A NINETEEN year old Baltimore matron recently gave a birth to triplets. She was a telephone operator before her marriage. Clearly a case of another wrong number.

DAY DREAMING WITH THE EDITOR

STROLLING down Flagler street the other morning I noticed a young man, accompanied by a blonde flapper, emerge from one of the cheaper hotels and enter the First National Bank. He had the ear marks of a tout and she was probably his "moll". The incident was trivial but I thought how important it could be made to sound by some of the big shot writers. Here's how some of them might treat the affair:

Damon Runyon—What Lizzie Zilch and Hot Horse Herbie are doing in Miami I don't know. They wander out of a flea bag on Flagler street and ankle toward the First National. Lizzie's first national ain't so bad itself but Herbie didn't seem interested for the moment on account of several course and important bank notes which he holds to his bosom. Herbie got his name picking hot bangtails but some of the steeds he picks is four degrees colder than ice.

O. O. McIntyre: Diary of a modern Pepys; Lay late and up for an early promenade. Out of a swanky spire on Flagler, this morning, popped a natty blonde blade swinging an ancient bourgeois defensive—a light bamboo cane. My oft deceiving eyes catalogued him as Hot Horse Herbie, another boy who made good in the city. Somehow the cane presages a world in upswing. Popped, likewise from the same swanky spire with Hot Horse Herbie, the ivory tinted and luxurious Lizzie Zilch. They remind me of lavender and old lace, and perchance a song at twilight as they stroll through the picturesque portals of the old First National.

Arthur Brisbane: Washington is waiting for England's proposition concerning the war debts. Mr. Hot Horse Herbie, of New York, says England's payment may be made with depreciated currency. Without losing his temper Mr. Hot Horse Herbie might say, "you owe me money, if you don't intend to pay, don't." You know the history of the Suez canal as Miss Lizzie Zilch tells it. Mr. Hot Horse Herbie didn't make any money out of his Flagler street hotel but he may recoup his finances by interesting himself, today, in company with Miss Zilch, by participating in the tremendous profits of the First National.

Bugs Baer: Our distinguished contemporary, Hot Horse Herbie, says a boy ain't got a chance in the world with a bicycle. Everytime he starts peddling someone gives him a round hair cut.

Hot Horse Herbie is so tough he uses man hole covers to play tiddle-winks. Lizzie Zilch, who side kicks it around with Herbie was western sales manager for the monkeys at the Scopes trial. She likes her client's aged in the wood. Herbie and Lizzie are sleeping on a slat in a flop house. They hoof it to the First National where Herbie uses mustard plasters for coconuts and makes the cashier like it.

Walter Winchell: Hot Horse Herbie, erstwhile playboy is that way about Lizzie Zilch. . . The well known bird with the big bill is hovering over their Flagler street penthouse. . . Lizzie looks chic in a new set of skunk furs. . . 'Tis whispered Herbie had to skin a lot of suckers to provide her with 'em. . . They are lingering on Miami sands and often stroll from the hostelry to the First National.

With apologies to the Messrs. Runyon, McIntyre, Brisbane and Baer.

Aren't You Dying to Know

What point of interest is so alluring to inspire May and Ted's daily visits to the beach.

What "Lady Patricia" does to amuse other prisoners in the city from the bridge game.

How the girls in the silver toned Buick manager to make a living these days.

What happened when Ann forgot to lock the door and how far Frank ran before he collapsed.

What caused the "18" year old flapper to forget her seduction suit against the millionaire.

Now that Faustina has forsaken the little red wagon, who will be next to ride in it.

Local Headlines

"How We Kept House Back in the Old Days" (Herald) Yessir and the further back we kept the little house, the better.

"Gandhi's Release Hinges On Dropping Campaign" (Herald) My Gosh, is he going to drop 'em?

"World's Oldest Jockey Dies; Has 33 Children And Never Laid a Bet" (News) Maybe he never laid a bet but—did he ever lay an egg?

"Crew Sings For Junior Chamber" (News) We once knew a kid in Kentucky who shouted for it.

THE CRAP SHOOTER

S. S. Teacher: "Where do boys and girls go when they are wicked?"

Little Willie: "They park on the bayfront."

Little Cuspidora: "My sister is a virtuoso."

Goofy Oscar: "Quit kiddin' yourself, I've had dates with her myself."

Goofy Oscar says in the old days a fellow pulled on the rayons to stop the horse.

A wife takes a man for better or worse; a gold digger takes him for the works.

Bill: "Why is a fellow with a key to a girl's flat so indifferent?"

Mary: "Oh, he probably doesn't give a rap."

Goofy Oscar: "A girl would be virtuous if she would only use her head."

Little Cuspidora: "Use her head how?"

Goofy Oscar: "By just moving it slowly from left to right and from right to left, with emphasis, every time she is propositioned."

Goofy Oscar says banana oil is a lubricant a red hot mamma squirts on a slow guy's ambition to make him think he's a smooth worker.

Some gold diggers are so clever they could play strip poker with a naked Scotchman and come home with a fur coat.

The flapper dashed madly toward the church nearly knocking over a newsboy.

"Is mass out," she queried breathlessly.

"Nope," quickly responded the newsie, "but your hat is on crooked."

Even the late Burbank couldn't make a poppy out of a pansy.

She: "What would you do if you were in my place?"
He: "Let's go over to your place and I'll show you."

Organist's Wife: "Your playing was terrible last night. I don't think your organ has enough volume and it's entirely too small."

Organist: "Alas, my dear, you are right. It wasn't built to play in a cathedral."

Oh! I wish I were a garage man,

With a great big pail behind.

Think of all the cans I'd see,

On my early morning grind.

Flapper (in army camp city): "Good night, Captain, I've certainly enjoyed your company."

When a guy starts poaching on another fellow's preserves he generally ends up in a jam.

"I hear you lost your stenographer's job in the nudist colony."

"Yeah, I forgot and covered my machine at quitting time."

Salome Dancer: "I'm tired of this show. I think I'll quit."

Manager: "Aw, stick it out a while longer."

Ad Similes: As ill at ease as a cat on an ant hill.

"I hope I don't get caught," gurgled the bootlegger's pretty daughter as she served the traveling salesman.

The depression is so bad that the girl who used to say "yes" just nods her head now.

Butler: "There is a man at the door with one foot gone."

Old Maid (feverishly): "I'll take the other one."

Goofy Oscar says you always get as much out of anything as you put into it — but sometimes you'd never recognize it.

He: "Do you believe in companionate marriage?"

She: "Well, I used to but I've been fooled on it half a dozen times during the last six months."

Goofy Oscar is so dumb he thinks syntax is something a street walker pays for police protection.

Advice for Brides: When the groom calmly goes to sleep, be nonchalant, sing that good old song, "Was that the He-Man Thing to Do?"

Now You Tell One

THE traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter are always coupled in the snappy after dinner stories, but natives of Georgia, have a brand new one concerning the traveling salesman and the farmer's son.

It seems a traveling salesman's automobile broke down and he was forced to seek lodging for the night in a south Georgia farm house. A bed shortage compelled him to choose between sleeping in the hayloft or with the farmer's small son, and he chose the latter.

Just as he was dropping off to sleep the boy quietly crawled from under the covers and knelt on the floor in the darkness. The salesman was put to shame.

"The little fellow is saying his prayers," he thought, "I'll just crawl out on the other side and say my own."

Dropping to his knees beside the bed the salesman meditated wondering just where to begin the then a voice from the other side of the bed:

"What are you doin'?"

"The same thing you are," answered the salesman in a low tone.

"O.K. by me, but Maw'll sure give you hell in the morning," replied the boy.



Just Broadcasting

UNDERSTAND certain Miami Beach hotels have vacancies but I'd like to see someone get a room at the Floridian. Louie Saltzman has outsmarted them all this year, ably assisted by Jack O'Brien, and for the first time in history the Floridian hasn't had a vacant room for nearly a month. In addition to filling the hotel, Louie and Jack manage to fill the Supper Club every night where Gene Fosdick and a notable array of entertainers are scoring a tremendous hit. Perhaps a certain other hotel is sorry Louie and Jack transferred their activities at this particular time.

RECORD breaking audiences are turning out to greet Don Lanning and Al Parker at the Silver Slipper. For a gorgeous evening of entertainment, I can think of nothing better than the Silver Slipper. In addition to Lanning and Parker, the floor show bill includes such stars as The Delworths, The Sherwood Sisters and a fast steppin' beauty chorus working in front of Mannie Gate's Broadcasting orchestra.

WHEN things get dull at the Pier, J. S. Wollard liven them up by introducing half a dozen brand new acts or staging a dancing contest. The Pier, built out over the ocean at Miami Beach, is one of the brightest spots in Miami night life and visitors who fail to make it a stopping point cannot truthfully say that they have made the rounds of first class entertainment. A cast of more than 20 is included in the floor show which is offered three times nightly.

"SATISFACTION always wins the race in love and marriage if you know the secret," says Miss Elizabeth Van Dyke, noted feminine hygienist whose daring lectures are creating such a sensation among the women. Miss Van Dyke has arranged for an indefinite series of lectures at 44 S. E. First street and gives her talks three times daily; at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. Girls under 18 are not admitted on account of the intimate nature of the lectures, which the graphically illustrated.

BOYS who play the races are beginning to sit up and take notice of Orcella Rexford, celebrated numerologist who is appearing at the Temple Theatre. Nobody seems to know just how she does it but when she finishes making figures play leap frog, the result is startling. Miss Rexford, is a veteran for Miami, having created a sensation here last winter. Her lectures, which start at 8 o'clock each evening, are entirely free and if your name contains the letters, M. S. T. O. I. or L, and you are interested in playing the races—you can't go wrong by attending.

A HEAVY advance sale of tickets for the big Canzoneri-Nebo lightweight title scrap, indicates a capacity audience when the scrapers get together in Madison Square Garden, February 23. General ticket offices have been established in the old Berg store opposite the postoffice and the sale has been brisk. Canzoneri, the world's champion, is on the ground and is engaged in intensive training. Pete Nebo, the challenger is likewise doing some heavy training and ring fans predict the fight will be one of the most spectacular ever staged in the south. Popular prices of \$1, \$3 and \$5 prevail.

The Hornet is not Skimmed, it's Scum

(Continued from page 1.)

pitals after the hurricane, he asked for permission to go to Chattanooga, his home, and was furnished with transportation money in accordance with his request. He spent several weeks in the Chattanooga hospital and then returned to his job in Miami—and discovered he didn't have a job. Clinton says he has never received one cent from the city for doctor bills and that his pay was stopped after his second injury. He has made repeated requests during the last seven years to be reinstated and to date has succeeded to the extent of being placed on the "eligible" list—which means that he may get his job back when those in the "eligible" line ahead of him have been taken care of—if he lives that long.

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The Hornet

A Weekly

He: "I think there is something wrong with the carburetor."

She: "Don't be a mug, wait until we get off the main road."

"I think they are having a laugh at my expense," mumbled the fat girl as she boarded a street car.

POINTED SHOTGUN AT HER ALL NIGHT SAYS WIFE OF ARMY CAPTAIN IN SUIT

A HARROWING recital of her husband sitting up all night with a shotgun aimed at her and making intoxicated threats to kill her and then end his own life, is told by Mrs. Rita Temple in suit for divorce from Captain Hugh Temple, U. S. army signal corps.

Mrs. Temple says her matrimonial difficulties started at Fort Leonard Wood, Md., where her husband was stationed, when he became intoxicated and threatened to kill her. She says he repeatedly threatened to take her life and the life of their daughter and then commit suicide. Upon one occasion she says he attempted suicide by swallowing poison and hovered between life and death for several weeks, eventually recovering. Following the alleged shotgun episode, she says she left him and does not intend to return. Captain Temple is stationed at Fort Leonard Wood.

SHE REDUCES

READING and reducing is the daily program of Romona Romona, whose bawdy house was put on the blink by Sheriff Dan Hardie last week.

Romona, serving a 90-day sentence in the county jail after failing to pay a \$250 fine, made life miserable for jail attendants until they agreed to permit her to have her reducing machine placed in her cell. After the machine had been installed Romona demanded a book and she got it. The title? Oh, yes, it's "1001 Nights," and she is now on chapter thirteen.

CLANDESTINE LOVE AFFAIR FLAMES AGAIN AFTER TWELVE YEAR LAPSE

A CLANDESTINE love affair with another woman started 22 years after their wedding; broken up after existing two years and then resumed after a 12-year lapse, provide the curious issues of the divorce suit filed by Mrs. Lulu May Hertel against Carlos Hertel.

Mrs. Hertel says they were married in 1899 and that 12 years ago Carlos accidentally dropped a letter from his pocket which gave her an inkling he was carrying on a clandestine love affair with another woman. She says he admitted the indiscretion when accused and "begged her pardon." She forgave him, she says, and during the next 11 years was happy. Then—she says she discovered Carlos was fudging again with the same old flame and immediately checked out. She says Carlos has lived in the same house with the other woman for the last several months.

Hialeah Jockey Faces Serious Charge

JOCKEY R. LEISHMAN, crack rider for the George D. Widener stable, is desperately trying to ride winners at Hialeah. As a matter of fact he will have to ride a lot of winners to raise enough money to pay his fines, bondsmen and lawyers who are striving to keep him out of jail.

Leishman, while intoxicated, drove his automobile into the automobile of M. Letaw at S. W. First street and Eighth avenue. He was fined \$100 for drunken driving in municipal court, which he paid, and was then re-arrested on a capias issued by the county solicitor. He is out on bond pending trial.

YOUNG BRIDE

THE romance of a 15-year-old groom is on the rocks. Mrs. Rose Horan, now 17 and the mother of a 9-month-old baby, has filed suit for separate maintenance against Orland Horan.

Mrs. Horan says they were married 2 years ago and that Orland, who is a musician, has failed to support either her or the baby and has now deserted her. Mrs. Horan was only 15 years old at the time of the marriage and her musician husband was 17. Horan's last known address, she says, was 1305 N. W. 7th street.

KING OF FLORIDA SMUGGLING RING SEIZED: 13 ALIENS ARE DETAINED

GERARDO CABANAS, of Key West, reputed leader of a Florida alien smuggling ring is in jail in default of \$25,000 bond and two alleged confederates arrested with him are also being held.

The three were bound over Friday to await action of the federal grand jury. Thirteen aliens, eleven men and two women, found at Matecumbe Key have been lodged in the Dade county jail for deportation after they have testified against the alleged alien smugglers. According to the government officials the entire group, all Russians, was landed at the Key Tuesday morning from the schooner, Antonio Masco and instructed to wait until an automobile from Miami came for them. Bonds for the aliens were fixed at \$2,500 each by U. S. Commissioner George H. Short.

INJURED FIREMAN SAYS CITY OF MIAMI REFUSED TO CARE FOR HIM

WHILE City Commissioners continue to dilly-dally around, J. J. Clinton, former policeman and city fireman zig-zags his way about town dodging physicians whom he owes for medical treatment and whom he cannot pay because the city of Miami has neglected to take care of him.

Clinton joined the police force in 1926 and was almost immediately transferred to the fire department. He was smashed up during July of 1926 when the Southside fire truck upon which he was riding collided with a street car. He was off duty 30 days and before his injuries had healed, was called back to duty for hurricane work. While pumping water from the McAllister Hotel basement he suffered a leg infection and to make matters worse received the wrong kind of serum when being inoculated.

On account of the crowded condition of Miami hos-

(Continued on page 3.)

SOME FEET

WHEN she asked him to either take his shoes off or take his feet off the bed, he slapped her down, complains Mrs. Louise E. Thomas in suit for divorce from Russell Thomas.

Mrs. Thomas further says that upon one occasion Russell gave her a thorough thumping after a bridge game because he lost and upon another occasion knocked her unconscious when lady luck refused to smile upon him. She makes no mention of trouncing his ace but attaches of the county clerk's office have their own opinions.

HONOR ROLL

THE PRACTICE of drunken driving continues with unabated recklessness despite a vigorous police crusade. The following persons, giving the following names and addresses, were convicted and penalized during the week:

- W. G. Fuller, Biltmore Hotel.
- J. V. McIrtoier, Alcazar Hotel.
- Bernard Manion, 1135 S. W. 13th street.
- W. M. Humphrey, 134 S. W. 17th avenue.
- Sinclair Sperry, Yacht Lone Star.
- E. A. Strange, no address.
- L. Freer, 260 N. W. 34th street.
- R. R. Tower, 2608 S. W. 8th street.
- H. C. Milley, 554 N. W. 30th street.
- John Raynor, 4351 N. W. 25th avenue.
- R. S. Pette, 277 S. W. First street.
- H. J. Peterson, 825 N. W. 8th street.

Thank God for the Race Tracks

THANK God for the race tracks. If it weren't for the good old tracks the situation would be unbearable. Downtown merchants would be driven to distraction by idiots wanting to spend money and the wear and tear on cash registers would be terrific. If it weren't for the tracks there might even be a decrease in bankruptcy and just think what a devastating effect it would have for the receivers and liquidators to be thrown out of work at this critical time. Thank God for the race tracks.

Why, if it weren't for the race tracks some people might even start paying grocery and milk bills. A few of the more radical might go so far as to squander a few dollars attending the theater or a night club, tossing their hard earned dollars into the laps of the theater owners instead of the blessed pari-mutuel machines. Thank God for the race tracks, they are entirely responsible for bringing everyone of our visitors to us. No sane winter visitor would ever think of coming here unless he knew that he and his family could lay around a race track all winter. Any other such thought is sheer folly. We boast of our climate—applesauce—no one would ever come to Miami if we didn't have horses and dogs—Thank God for the Race Tracks.

LADY PATRICIA

LADY PATRICIA is in jail. Furthermore "Lady Patricia" has suffered undecidable humiliation by being thrust into a cell with half a dozen stevadores who perpetrated the horrible outrage of removing "her" pants and administering a sound spanking.

Horrible, isn't it? Well, it depends upon how you look at such things. "Lady Patricia" happens to be a male chorus boy who was picked up with about a dozen others of his ilk when the vice squad decided to clean up Bayfront Park during the week. The spanking was merely a part of the ritual of "Kangaroo Court" where Lady Patricia was arraigned and found guilty of impersonating that sweet little flower known as the pansy.