

SHERIFF HARDIE LAUNCHES NEW CRUSADE AGAINST BAWDY HOUSES

OH! YEAH!

Old Maid: "I'd hate to be in your business."

Lady of Evening: "If you were you'd starve to death."

The Hornet

A Weekly with a Purpose

OH! YEAH!

Goofy Oscar: "Gosh, it's dark. I can't see my hand in front of my face."

Little Cuspidora: "Don't be an ump-chay, your hand ain't in front of your face."

VOL. 2, No. 32.

BOB CROSSLAND, Editor

10 CENTS THE COPY.
Miami, Florida, Saturday, February 25, 1933.

SHE CHASED CUSTOMERS OUT OF HIS 5&10 CENT STORE SAYS HE

AT LAST A USE has been found for one of those fancy coconut baskets so lavishly displayed by the novelty stores. They can be used by irritated wives to whack husbands over the conk, and the effect is marvelous.

William F. Hull, owner of a novelty store at 731 Fifth street, Miami Beach, and also owner of a 5 and 10 cent store at 525 Collins avenue, in suit for divorce from Florence Lillian Hull, claims he was the "whackee" and that in addition to having the basket bounced off his dome, he was thoroughly manhandled by Florence Lillian and that when she had finished the rough stuff she went to the novelty store, fired all of the employees, closed the place and then cleaned house at the five and ten cent store, much to his embarrassment and much to the chagrin of customers who happened to be present.

Mayor Cermak

BULLETIN: Mayor Anton J. Cermak of Chicago, is losing ground in the bitter nine-day battle he has waged after being shot down by Guiseppi Zangara in Bayfront Park, Feb. 15. A quiet zone has been established around Mayor Cermak's room at Jackson Memorial hospital and extreme anxiety was expressed Friday afternoon by attending physicians. The colitis, which developed Monday, still exists and irregular heart action causes considerable worry.

HE WAS SCRATCHED AND BITTEN FOR TRYING TO KISS HIS WIFE

UPON THE DAY AFTER his wedding John Beam Olinger tried to kiss his wife, and right there John Beam Olinger ran right into a wildcat, he says.

The new Mrs. Olinger, who was a school teacher in Dallas, Texas, at the time of the wedding, "scorned his attempts at martial duty," he declares and continued to scorn them for six months despite the fact that he purchased her a \$5,000 home in Galveston in an attempt to eliminate the discord. He says he slept on an old davenport and frequently received kicks, bites and scratches from Mrs. Olinger whenever he tried to be a dutiful husband. He eventually induced her to move to Hialeah, but she soon informed him, he says, that "she didn't care for the life of a Cracker's wife," and went back to Texas. Olinger is a retired naval officer.

Pawn Shops Sell Revolvers To Anyone

Lucien F. Baradet, a printer, shot and killed himself in his room at 678 N. W. Thirty-second street last Saturday night. Baradet purchased the revolver for his fatal act at the same pawn shop on Miami avenue where Guiseppi Zangara purchased the revolver he used in his attempt to kill President-elect Roosevelt in Bayfront Park three evenings previously. Anyone possessing the price can purchase a pistol in Miami pawn shops, it seems, and we notice they also display a nice line of brass knucks and slung shots, which come in handy for holdups and beating enemies.



MAYBE YOU agree with us that horse racing is a menace to Miami business, and maybe you don't, but we'll agree with you that some benefit, at least, will be obtained from the Hialeah race The day is Governor track next Monday. Sholtz's charity day. Entire proceeds go to the Memorial home for crippled children at Umatilla, Fla., and if you are ever going to the races, go Monday — the kiddies need your dollars and they deserve them.



SHE WAS horrified to learn that she was married to a bootlegger, says Mrs. Hattie Sharp Dlugatz, in her freedom suit against Jacob Dlugatz. Mrs. Dlugatz says she was married in Boston in 1928 and shortly thereafter discovered that Jacob was a "shiftless idle person," commonly known as a "bootlegger." She claims she tried to dissuade him and gave him \$2,000 of her money, but he continued to dispense "likker." To end the argument she says he struck her and forced her to come to Florida to recover from shattered nerves.

AN ATTEMPT to hold up Fred B. Oppenborn, son of Henry L. Oppenborn, justice-of-the-peace, on the Venetian Causeway, failed when young Oppenborn refused to heed commands of a hold-up man to stop. The bandit car was parked in the middle of the drive near the toll house. The would-be bandit jumped from the parked machine and ordered Oppenborn to stop. Instead of doing so he drove his own machine around the parked car, and escaped.

I hate to be a squawker,
And generally stand for peace.
But the wheel that does the squeaking,
Is the wheel that gets the grease.

WILL A CERTAIN big insurance company please let us inspect their books? We understand that a certain gentleman once connected with a Florida bank which went haywire and left the depositors holding the sack for several million dollars has a neat little \$2,000,000 annuity hidden away. The fact that his creditors cannot touch it probably furnishes the banker with much solace and comfort every time he thinks of the widows and orphans who contributed their savings toward purchasing it for him.

NEARLY 5,000 letters suspected of containing lottery tickets for the Cuban National Sweepstakes to be run in Havana March 12, and addressed to Miamians are at the post-office but just try and get one of them out. Persons to whom they are addressed have been notified to call in person for their mail. The envelope, which must be opened in the presence of a postal inspector, is confiscated pronto if it contains lottery tickets.



AUGUST W. ARMSTRONG, Miami Beach policeman, went fishing last June. Mrs. Genevieve Armstrong, in her suit for divorce, says he never returned home from the fishing trip and subsequently informed her he was never going to return. She says he has contributed nothing toward her support or the support of their two minor children, and that she has been forced to give up her apartment at 4349 Sheridan road.



HONOR ROLL

THE BIG PARADE of drunken automobile drivers continued in municipal court during the week. At least ten convictions have been recorded every week for months, yet the practice continues. When will the municipal judge start imposing a 90-day chain-gang sentence?

The following persons giving the following names and addresses were convicted and fined:

- George Pitt, 159 N. E. 8th St.
- A. L. Oliver, 333 N. E. 15th Ter.
- Joe Hollman, 1403 N. W. 1st Ct.
- Moses Hall, 1523 N. W. 5th Ave.
- J. R. Phillips, 946 S. W. 4th St.
- Frank O'Hara, 22 S. W. 5th Ave.
- James Lampkin, 2020 N. W. 5th Place.

EIGHTEEN LADIES OF THE EVENING GRABBED IN SENSATIONAL RAIDS BY DEPUTY SHERIFF

PROSTITUTES AND BAWDY HOUSE OPERATORS who might have an impression that Sheriff Dan Hardie was "kidding" when he declared war upon them, are beginning to believe that Mr. Hardie means business.

He started the fracas ten days ago when he cleaned out three of the biggest houses in the city from cellar to garret, and he followed it up this week with a dozen additional raids which netted 18 more guests for the colony on the 19th floor. One girl was arrested at 70 N. E. First street, two at 239 N. E. First avenue, and a trio snatched from the Manhattan Hotel during the first part of the week, and the series of raids was climaxed Thursday night when Chief Deputy Virgil Ector led a flying squadron to at least a dozen other places suspected of being houses of ill-fame. At the Delmar Hotel, 608 N. E. Second avenue, Ector arrested Dora Beattie, Florence Smith, Margaret Harrington, Louise Johnson, Minnie Parker. They were released on bond. The next successful raid was upon the Leroy Hotel at 71 N. E. Eighth street, where Leona Roy, Delores Demaris and Margaret King were seized. The raid ended at 833 N. E. First avenue with the arrests of Nan Adams, Peggy Deville, E. V. Lewis, and Mary Sullivan. All of those arrested at the Leroy and at the First avenue address, posted bonds for their appearance in Criminal Court. A list containing the names of 17 other suspected places is in the hands of the sheriff.

WE'LL VOTE

ACCORDING to section 21 of the Florida State Racing bill, no permit for the operation of a race track shall be transferable or assignable.

When the West Flagler track closed Jan. 31, and Judge Ritter discharged the receiver, its permit automatically expired. It is now up to the voters as to whether it will be granted a new franchise. Now let's see how expenses of the election are going to be paid and let's see if Miami business men want racing or not. We've been waiting for this opportunity to sink a race track and God help anyone who tries to pay our poll-tax and hypnotize us into voting favorably for another octopus to strangle business.

The Hornet

"A Weekly With a Purpose"

Published at Miami, Florida.

R. B. Crossland Editor
Edward Raymond Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In the United States and Possessions \$5.00 Per Year
In Georgia, Scandinavia, Czechoslovakia, and other foreign countries Make us an offer

Editorial and Business Offices:
Suite 1207 Realty Board Bldg.—Tel 3-1738

The Hornet stands for light wines and beer — also whiskey, gin, rye, embalming fluid and shellac.

The Hornet will protect the farmer, the farmer's daughter and even the farmer's wife—if she isn't too sloppy.

We reserve the right to reject advertising matter but whenever we do we'll have our heads examined pronto.

We will continue to make predictions on the outcome of elections until we pick a winner.

Postage must accompany all manuscripts. We have positively no use for the damn manuscripts but we will sure appreciate the stamps.

Address all communications containing money or checks to the editor personally. Send all others to Lydia Pinkham.

Distributor, "Red" Henderson.

PAWN SHOP REVOLVERS. Guiseppi Zangara purchased the revolver with which he attempted to kill President-elect Roosevelt, at a Miami avenue pawn shop.

Three days later Lucien F. Bradet, a printer walked into the same pawn shop, purchased a revolver, returned to his home and blew his brains out.

Less than a year ago Juanita Kempson quarreled with her badger game partner. She dashed out of their downtown apartment, jumped into a taxicab, sped to a Miami avenue pawn shop, purchased a pistol, returned and killed the man without giving him a chance to even get his hands up. The gun which ended the life of Frankie Yale, in New York, was traced to a Miami pawn shop.

Anyone with the price can purchase a deadly weapon in a Miami pawn shop. If the would-be assassin or suicide don't want a gun he may just as easily purchase a razor, a pair of brass knucks or a dagger, and no questions asked.

How long will the city commission sleep on this serious matter? As long as the pawn shops are permitted to sell murderous weapons to any Tom, Dick or Harry who has the price, the carnage will continue. The ordinance can be short and powerful. Simply enact a measure prohibiting the sale of a deadly weapon without the written consent of the head of the police department. Any law abiding citizen desiring a weapon for protective or other legitimate purposes can explain to the police department, his reasons for desiring the weapon. If that don't work let the city commission plaster a prohibitive license fee upon the sale of all fire arms. Of course murder and suicide cannot be entirely checked no matter how closely the police guard against it, but many lives will doubtless be saved each year by using an iron first upon the pawn shops, who seem to supply practically all weapons used by law breakers.

It never snows or rains in California. They occasionally have two or three feet of frost and six feet of dew, but it never snows or rains.

In the old days the checks came back marked "no depositors the works he crammed a suit case full of dough and lugged to South America. Now he simply gets a fountain pen and a set of books and leaves the rest to the liquidator.

The depression is much worse. That popular song now goes, "Twenty-five Million Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong."

Whenever a nut gets too violent at Chattahoochee they simply knock his brains out with a pick handle and make a marathon dancer out of him.

New model automobiles have squeak proof bodies. Now if something can only be done about that back seat.

Local Headlines

"Cannon Ball Taken From Ancient Frigate Despite Precautions." (News). Who took the precautions the ball or the frigate?

"Helen of Troy is Given Edge at Horse Show." (News) Yeah, she probably went in on a pass and they gave her the edge of a wheelbarrow to sit upon.

"Vallee Is Colored in State of Maine." (Herald) We suppose he is just a buck private in any other state.

"Marriage By Proxy" (Herald). How about the honey-moon, was the proxy the head man there, too?

DAY DREAMING WITH THE EDITOR

Madison Square Garden; gosh, what an ideal place to dream. Nothing going on to disturb one's thoughts unless it is Rubin Clein squatting on the bench behind me pleading with a fellow named "Tony" to separate a guy named "Pete" from his underwear. It is supposed to be a world's champion lightweight tussle between Tony Canzoneri and Pete Nebo, and I'm here trying to use up a couple of passes which Jack Lear and Francis Faikenberg overlooked. Every two or three minutes a small boy climbs into the ring with a long pole which has a number on it. He is wearing a cute little bright red coat, which looks as if it had been thoroughly and scientifically slept in, and the seat of the pants is baggy enough to shelter a fair sized family of niggers. Just as I am dozing off someone rings a bell and the flapper sitting next to me turns the bench over trying to get out. I was trying to tell her it wasn't the patrol wagon, but she ran all over me just the same, and we both went down. Part of the time she was on top and the rest of the time I was on the bottom. I never got so sick of one woman in such a short length of time in my life. From a half closed eye I had a hazy idea that the gent named "Pete" was fairly sick of Mr. "Tony." If congress ever kills the eighteenth amendment, I'll never order a "short beer" again in my life.

Those Empress Eugenie hats the women affected a couple of years ago were bad enough, but I'd like to know who invented the cunning little pickle dishes with chin straps in the rear they are wearing now. I've often thought what a snappy comeback Gandhi could make if the Queen of England ever started kidding him about his pants. He could calmly light a Murad and ask her where in the hell she got her hats and which riding academy her son attended. Eddie Cantor, in his personal appearance at the Olympia the other day, told us about making his picture, "The Kid From Spain." Eddie says they changed bulls every fifteen minutes and he changed his lingerie twice every time they changed the bull once. What ever happened to Harry Thaw? Admiral Byrd spent a quarter of a million dollars finding the South Pole. Admiral Wilkins hitch-hiked all over the North Atlantic in an antique submarine and now a bunch of scientists are spending a small fortune to discover the deepest spot in the ocean. Every time I see a hollow cheeked mother waiting for food in the breadline I wonder why. The Ringling Circus grossed more money in Miami in one day than was ever grossed before in any city by any circus, but they never came back. I wonder why? The same fellow who invented hair-nets invented fly swatters. "I'd gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today," and "I'm Gracie Allen's brother," are the two most popular slang phrases of the day. Who remembers, "23, skiddo"? and wasn't it a grand and glorious day when the first yokel appeared with his "chicken inspector" badge at the Sunday School picnic? A Chinese priest will sell a ticket to heaven for 20 yen, which is about one United coupon in American money.

Aren't You Dying to Know

If Marge believed Frank's story about the lipstick and how Frank is going to square it.

If the executive was really kissing his stenographer behind the door.

Which lawyer who received a \$100 retainer fee is waiting for his client to return so he can collect \$400 more.

If Norman Likes being pushed by a cop and if a certain cop isn't sorry he pushed Norman.

What ever happened to the paper doll cutting racket which started out on a 50-50 basis.

The name of the gent who hustled the clothing out of the room after the dancer fell into the canal.

Why a certain New York newspaper correspondent used a Miami Beach date line for his story, and if Steve Hanagan was responsible.

The name of the embezzler returned from Atlanta, and if it is true he lost \$190 of the laundry's money at the dog tracks.

Why the gal with \$230 in her purse don't pay the fine and get herself out of jail.

How a guy can be keeping a handbook when he hasn't even a pencil in his pockets.

If the girl who always eats lunch at the same table knows she should wear a slip.

In the old days the checks came back marked "no funds". Now they came back marked "no bank".

There is nothing like a good used car to make mountains out of molehills.

Statistics show there are more women than men in Europe. Some of the gals should have come across before immigration was restricted.

THE CRAP SHOOTER

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

When a guy has to choose between two gals he generally takes the yesser of the two evils.

"These old salts make me tired, angrily exclaimed the fair passenger eyeing a group of sailors, "I'd give anything to get off of this vessel."

"I hear you went out with a new boy friend last night. How did he register?"

"As Mr. and Mrs. John Smith."

Goofy Oscar says he only believes in marriage as a last resort.

A traveling salesman was stuck on a farmer's daughter. Her father caught them necking in the hay-loft and now he's stuck with her.

Stupe: "She's a high stepper al't she?"

Stupor: "She oughta be, she got that way walking across her old man's cow pasture."

First Nurse: "I was sure glad to get home after the war. I came across with a lot of wounded soldiers."

Second Nurse: "So did I and twelve officers."

Little Cuspidora says her father is bankrupt. She heard him tell the doctor he couldn't liquidate.

Herman: "I've lost my wife."

Hortense: "How?"

Herman: "I don't know. If I did I'd get a patent."

She: "Let's play horse. I'll be the head end and you just be yourself."

Property Boy: "What caused all that commotion on stage 5 this afternoon?"

Assistant Director: "They were staging the hadem scene and the guards stampeded when the director yelled 'cut'."

Feminine Voice (on telephone): "Is that the exterminator company? Please send a man over right away, I've got a mole under my front porch."

Bride (on train): "Do we stop at the next station for lunch?"

Groom: "No, honey, we won't stop until we get to Niagara Falls."

She: "That's the bootlegger's daughter. Cute little trick isn't she?"

He: "Yeah, I went with her for a time."

She: "Did you have it?"

"Why is that girl so popular?"

"She's very easy on the aye."

"She has a head like a door knob."

"How's that?"

"Any man can turn it."

He: "I gave you a beautiful gift and all I get is a kiss."

She: "That's all for the present."

Scientist: (observing microbes under microscope): "Gad, he's after her again"

Villain: "Ah, my proud beauty you are in my power at last."

Heroine: (old maid) "Well what are you waiting for?"

Doctor: "Got any scars?"

Flapper Patient: "No, but I can give you a cigarette."

A traveling salesman was stuck on a farmer's daughter. Her father caught them necking in the hay-loft and now he's stuck with her.

Goofy Oscar is of the opinion that the things worn by flappers are neither proper nor fitting.

Bill: "So Francis let you neck her last night anyway?"

Al: "Yes, any way."

Flapper (at lost and found counter): "Is this where I make a report?"

Clerk: "Yes, Madam, give me your name, address and description of the contents of your package."

Flapper (blushing): "Well ah, you see, I've lost my panties."

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hSe: "Men only look at about one-third of the women."

He (absent mindedly): "Yeah, the lower third."

Now You Tell One

LORD IRONHANDLE decided to visit America. When he arrived in New York he was greatly interested in vaudeville performances and never missed an opportunity to attend one. Trained seals and synthetic "shimmy" dancers failed to impress him, but he was intensely interested in titles of the many popular songs he heard. Returning to London he sauntered into his favorite club and proceeded to tell his cronies about his experiences. "You know," said His Lordship, "those bally Americans sing all of the time, and some of their songs are deucedly clevah, doncha know? One song title I distinctively remember went like this: "Yank My Noodle, It's a Dandy."



Just Broadcasting

DESPITE THE HECTIC experiences of other supper clubs, the Floridian continues in the popularity column and Louis Saltzman enthusiastically predicts an increased attendance for the remainder of the season. Gene Fosdick and his orchestra is proving one of the strongest drawing cards yet installed at the Floridian and table space is generally at a premium. Jack O'Brien, formerly connected with the Blackstone Hotel at Miami Beach, is assistant and much of the present success of the Floridian may be attributed to him. The Floridian Hotel, incidentally, is still filled to the doors and hasn't had an empty room for nearly six weeks.

HAVE JUST LEARNED that the Hornet is on the "black list" of a certain advertising agency. The agency is well aware of the undisputable fact that the Hornet has more circulation than any other weekly in Dade county, yet it maintains a "black list." This particular agency charges its clients for its service and then sandbags the various newspapers out of 15 per cent "for placing the copy." The Hornet has always refused to stand this 15 per cent gouge, and maybe that's why we are on the black list. We'll survive and we won't have to give out a wheelbarrow load of "passes" to fill one of our masterly handled advertisement achievements, either.

WONDER WHETHER winter visitors will agree with me that the Silver Slipper is Miami's most beautiful night club. The settings are ideal and I know of no other club in the entire area where one can spend an evening more comfortably. Don Lanning, master of ceremonies, seems to blend right into the other fittings of the place, and Mannie Gates undoubtedly has one of the best dance orchestras ever heard in Florida. The Delworths and the Sherwood Sisters occupy feature spots on the Silver Slipper bill, and last but not least, they have little Al Parker, prince of comedians—and a hail fellow well met.

IF ANY NIGHT CLUB in Florida is making money this season it is the Pier, at Miami Beach. Attendance has been record shattering all winter and continues to increase. In the old days the Pier was popular with nothing except dancing. Addition of a floor show introducing half a dozen feature acts and a number of real stars started the attendance on the upgrade, and the management, thoroughly satisfied with the result, continues to add to the show. The Pier, erected at a cost of nearly \$1,000,000, extends out over the ocean. The floor is one of the largest and smoothest in the city, and the music is exceptionally good. The admission of 50 cents per person is certainly in keeping with the depression.

HELLO, SUCKER; have you fallen for that "no cover" or that "two bit" admission charge yet? Don't let it fool you, they'll let you in for two-bits all right, but it will cost you \$11 to get out. They serve ginger ale which costs them 3 cents per bottle and they serve you "shaved" ice in hot bowls. It costs you two-bits every time the waiter sneezes, and he does more than sneeze if you don't leave him a goodly sized tip after he has done his arithmetic lesson on your check. Pay your dollar and a half like a man and keep away from the two-bit boys.

THE GREATEST COLLECTION of under sea life in the world is aboard the \$100,000 Museum Ship at Ninth street and Biscayne boulevard. The exhibit, which is fully endorsed by both the Miami and the Junior Chambers of Commerce, Superintendent of Schools, Parent-Teachers' Association, Rotary Club, Civitan Club, University of Miami, and practically every other civic and educational organization in the city, may be seen for 25 cents for adults and 10 cents for children, and it's well worth the price. Monsters of the deep such as giant devilfish, man-eating sharks, mammoth sea cows, an octopus, sword fish, huge turtles and giant crocodiles, may be seen in their native haunts and the scenic effects are wonderful. The exhibit is open daily from 10 a. m. until 11 p. m.

NATION-WIDE HOOKUP over the broadcasting system of the National Broadcasting Co., originating at the Pier, at Miami Beach, Friday, March 3, will be dedicated to President-elect Roosevelt, according to announcements made yesterday. A huge inaugural ball under the auspices of the Dade County Democratic Executive Committee has been arranged in conjunction with the broadcast, and arrangements are under way to make the affair one of the big events of the season. The broadcast program will be announced by Jack Rice, and Bill Riley will act as master of ceremonies for the floor show attendant to the ball. Two shows will be produced by Joyce Lane, and Thelma Carlton, who comes from the Hollywood Restaurant in New York, will be seen in the prima donna role.

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Our Regular 25c Dinner Includes Chicken, Steaks and Chops.
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GENE FOSDICK and HIS ORCHESTRA
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Delicious Milk Fed Home-Raised Chicken
TURKEY or FRIED CHICKEN DINNERS \$1.00
ROAST CHICKEN DINNER, Sunday Only 75c
Served from 12 Noon till 8 p.m. Daily
PHONE N. MIAMI BEACH No. 1 for Reservations or Drive Out Federal Highway to R.R. Depot at N. Miami Beach, Turn West.
SPECIAL 7-COURSE CHICKEN DINNERS Sunday and Every Day

MC POOT LANDS IN THE CALLABOOSE

Champion Belcher of Georgia Steals Manure Spreader and Grand Piano in Moment of Weakness.

"GOD, I'M AGIN IT," grunted Whoosh McPoot, Georgia's belching champion and former testimonial writer for Lydia Pinkham's Compound, as he paced the floor of the living room in his palatial abode in the courthouse comfort station.



"I expected to find you against something," growled the reporter, throwing himself wearily upon the horse hair sofa. "What are you agin' today?" "He's sore because he's gonna git arrested," explained Uncle Bastardo McPoot, a relation via the traveling salesman and farmer's daughter method. "He's expectin' Deputy Virgil Ector with the warrant now."

"What's he gonna get arrested for?" queried the reporter.

"Fer stealing a manure spreader and a Baby Grand piano from the Red Cross Drug Store and fer sellin' the Olympia Theater to a Seminole for \$1.25," grunted Bastardo.

"Aw, I only took that manure spreader and piano in a minit of weakness and only got one dollar from that Indian fer the Olympia," sniffed Whoosh, "and besides, drug stores ain't got no business sellin' farm implements and planners."

"Drug stores can sell anything they want to," flared Bastardo.

"They can't sell Epsom Salts," retorted Whoosh.

"Certainly they can sell Epsom Salts," defended Bastardo.

"Yore a liar," yelled Whoosh. "No drug store ain't got no right to sell Epsom Salts when a feller wants a chocilit soddy and further more, I——"

Whatever Whoosh intended to say was lost in the commotion which followed when the four McPoot children burst through the front door. Squirt and Squat, the feminine members of the zoo, led the procession, followed by Splash and Dribble representing the male side.

"Run Pappy, run," shouted Squirt, "Virgil Ector's a comin' with jail papers."

"Us McPoots never run," shouted Whoosh, drawing himself up like a pouter pigeon.

"That's fine," came a voice from the doorway as Virgil's form blocked the opening. "In that case you can come along with me. I've got a nice airy cell on the nineteenth floor."

"I don't want to go to no jail," squawked Whoosh.

"That's very peculiar, Mr. McPoot," chuckled Ector. "Every guy I've pinched today has said the same thing."

"If I'm goin' to jail I want to take my horse hair sofy so I can be comfortable."

"Nothin' doin'," growled Virgil. "Let's get going."

"Why can't I have my sofy?" yelled Whoosh.

"Cause the county jail ain't no bood-wah," interposed Uncle Bastardo, picking his teeth with a rusty railroad spike.

"I read in the paper where that Romona's got her reducin' machine up there in her cell, and I demand justice," wailed Whoosh.

"If you get justice they'll hang you," chuckled Bastardo.

"Come on, come on, cut out this horse play. Let's go," bristled Virgil.

"Can you wait till I shave and change my shirt?" queried Whoosh.

"You ain't going anywhere for a long, long time. What do you want to shave for?" asked Virgil.

"I always shave when I'm around wimmin'," snapped Whoosh.

"You won't be around any women where I am taking you. Come on, let's get going."

"Ain't you gonna put me in the same cell with Romona? I might help her reduce," queried Whoosh anxiously.

"Certainly not," snapped the deputy. "We're running a jail, not a harem, and besides the last guy we had in there tryin' to help her reduce lost nine pounds and she gained seven."

"I God, I'm agin it, I'm a gonna see my congressman," rasped Whoosh.

"Well," mused Virgil, "you'll probably find several congressmen in the bullpen, but you won't find Romona."

"Don't worry, Whoosh," yelled Uncle Bastardo as he was led away. "I'll git you out—if it takes me thirty years."

Uncle Bastardo immediately started a legal battle to salvage Whoosh from durance vile, by borrowing a dime from the reporter and curling up on the horse hair sofa for his afternoon siesta.

UTTERLY USELESS

THE WINNING list of the five most useless things was sent in anonymously this week. We do not know had he, or he, attached a name, he or she would be who originated this, but One Buck richer, for that's the weekly award. Here 'tis:

1. One tooth (only).
2. The only telephone in town.
3. A bung starter.
4. A hangover.
5. A sawdust pump.

The Hornet pays \$1.00 per week for the winning list of the five most useless things. There's nothing to it. Just make up your list and mail to The Hornet. Be sure and enclose your name and address. Watch next week's paper for the winner.

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The Darwinian Phantasmagoria



SEES NOTHING . . . HEARS NOTHING . . . SPILLS THE WORKS

THE CLOTHING of the girl who fell in the canal was found in a hotel room not many miles away from the canal . . . Of course her panties weren't in the room . . . She had them on . . . The boy who recently cut a fancy swath around the dog tracks and at the night clubs is in jail . . . The money he was spending wasn't his . . . His boss doesn't like embezzlers . . . Two of the big shot gamblers have given up the ghost . . . Their swanky places, kept open to await tilting of the lid have been closed . . . They have decided the lid isn't going to tilt . . . An anonymous writer asserts he visited eleven bawdy houses last Saturday night . . . He says they are running "under cover," but nevertheless running . . . The writer was either on a sight-seeing tour or—gosh whattaman . . . A New York newspaper reporter ordered an ambulance driver to take him to the hospital following the attempted assassination of Roosevelt . . . He lost his pocketbook en route and later asked the police to search the ambulance . . . A certain night club is advertising a dancer as a Broadway Star . . . The alleged dancer was born and raised in Miami and thinks the Northern soldiers are still marching through Georgia . . . Mr. and Mrs. John J. Public refused to fall for the southern "premiere" of a certain picture at increased prices . . . Who killed Sig Baar?

A certain gambler who owes everyone in Dade county is reported doing fairly well in Broward . . . E. G. Sewell and Frank Wharton are even money bets to be candidates for city commissioners in June . . . If they are not both elected the boys who beat them will be world's champion campaigners . . . A prominent laundry owner living in an exclusive neighborhood parks his laundry trucks in front of his home every night . . . Another laundry owner is up to his ears in lawsuits . . . A gentleman who has dodged matrimony successfully for many years is about to have a breach of promise suit dropped in his ample lap . . . The romance between the Flagler street women's shop owner and the "for hire" driver is flaming again . . . A big hearted business man who specializes in ready-made garments for women pays his seamstress 50 cents per day . . . Bob Knight will be the next postmaster . . . It is against the law to give a voter money . . . An investigation is under way to ascertain whether it is against the law to give women voters roses on election day . . . A politician's wife suing for divorce says her husband deserted her and moved in with the woman next door . . . An attorney supposed to be suffering from a chronic ailment in the hospital is really sobering up from a rip roaring drunk . . . Disbarment proceedings have been started against another attorney with a very common name, which isn't Smith . . . Who killed Sig Baar?

Things We'd Like To See

A good excuse for the Miami Beach police arresting shirtless bathers and permitting nude night club dancing.

A patron of a "two bit" night club who ever escaped for less than two or three dollars.

A policeman capable of stopping the double parking between Miami avenue and N. E. First avenue on First street.

A warning bell on all traffic lights especially in the afternoon when the sun makes it impossible to see the light.

A few more rainy days so visitors would spend their money downtown instead of pouring it into the pari-mutuels.

A reason from the telephone company for charging ten cents for calls to Coral Gables and Miami Beach.

A bag of flour taken from the Red Cross and actually used at home instead of being traded for cigarettes or gasoline.

A word of gratitude for the dairymen who are selling milk cheaper than ever before in the city's history.

A dry cleaning establishment capable of cleaning a garment without shrinking it.

A fleet of covered garbage trucks instead of the wide open stink pots now in use.

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