

# 'DENY EVERYTHING' SAYS JIMMIE WALKER IN ANSWER TO WIFE'S SUIT

OH! YEAH!

Little Cuspidora says it was the farmer's daughter who started the back to the soil movement.

# The Hornet

A Weekly with a Purpose

OH! YEAH!

Goofy Oscar says his grandfather is so old he thinks getting drunk is the best thing in the world to do.

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BOB CROSSLAND, Editor

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Miami, Florida, Saturday March 18, 1933.

## "DENY EVERYTHING" IS THE TEXT OF CABLEGRAM FROM JIMMIE WALKER TO HIS MIAMI ATTORNEY

**E**VEN in divorce matters, Mayor Jimmie Walker runs true to form. "Deny everything" is the terse text of his cablegram to the Miami attorney retained to defend him in the divorce action filed last week by Mrs. Janet Allen Walker. The cable is from Cannes, France, where New York's former fashion plate mayor is reported sojourning with Miss Betty Compson, the lady of mystery in the case.

In her suit, Mrs. Walker recites that she and Jimmie were coupled April 11, 1912, and lived happily until October 15, 1928, at which time she says Jimmie checked out of his home in St. Luke's Place and took up his abode in a New York hotel. Despite several public appearances in company with her mayor husband, Mrs. Walker says they have never lived together since that date.

After the suit was filed Attorney Benjamin Cohen received the following cablegram from Walker from Cannes:

"You are authorized to make immediate appearance, file answer and represent me at hearing generally in case by my wife—James J. Walker.

Cohen entered an appearance as attorney for the defendant and Thursday filed an answer making a general denial of the charges brought by Mrs. Walker. In filing the answer Cohen filed the following cablegram, also dispatched from Cannes:

"Please file general denial"—James J. Walker.

## WANTED HER TO PAY FOR CORRESPONDENT TO OBTAIN DIVORCE SAYS WIDOW OF TEX RICKARD

**H**ER MARRIAGE to Michael Francis Dailey, noted Broadway sportsman, was never really consummated, declared Mrs. Bernadette Dailey, widow of the late Tex Rickard, in having the ceremony annulled in circuit court. Mrs. Dailey charged Dailey with deceiving her before the wedding by not informing her of his impotency and testified that he admitted to her after the wedding that he was unsexed.

Mrs. Dailey, who is 29 years old, in testifying before a master in chancery recited a dramatic story of her stormy career as the wife of the Broadway sportsman. She said he promised to provide a home for her but utterly failed

to do so. She said he refused to introduce her as his wife for nearly six months after the ceremony and insisted that the wedding be kept secret. White she was in the hospital recovering from an operation, she says he became intoxicated and called up the New York newspapers, informing them of the marriage.

On the day following the ceremony Mrs. Dailey says she first discovered the actual condition of her husband and declares he told her "it was no

good." She says he continued to live in his bachelor suite at the Hargrave Hotel in New York and never lived with her as her husband. After the marriage became public, Mrs. Dailey says she prepared to come to her Miami home and Dailey suggested that a divorce be arranged in New York. She says she asked

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## Dizzy Election Laws Baffle Voters

**A** MAJORITY of the thirty-five candidates seeking election in the city commission race are scheduled to wind up behind the eight ball talking to themselves and trying to figure out the dizzy election rules which **sunk** them.

A candidate, to qualify, is required to procure the signatures of 3 per cent of the registered voters. Voters may sign petitions for three candidates only, which means that every registered voter will have to sign at least three petitions for all of the 35 aspirants to qualify. Thousands of signatures have already been attached to petitions which aren't worth a darn simply because the voters who hitched their John Henry's to the petitions are registered to vote in the county but not in the city.

Whoever framed our nifty election laws certainly must have been suffering from a hangover. The average citizen, to vote for county and city officials, must register at least twice; dilly dally around indefinitely trying to figure out whether he has paid his poll tax or not and then he isn't quite sure whether he is eligible to vote. If he signs a petition with an ordinary pencil, it doesn't count, and if he signs more than three petitions on the same day his name will be stricken from all.

It is physically impossible for all of the 35 candidates to qualify because there aren't that many voters registered on the city books. The books are open now, if you can find them, but all who have already signed petitions but who have not reg-

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## TRICKED

**A** CHARGE that he married her under an assumed name and that he was a fugitive from justice is made by Violet B. Spainhour Meyler in an annulment suit filed against Roy B. Meyler, alias Roy H. Ifill.

They were married at Miami Beach last December. Mrs. Meyler says she later discovered that her husband was a fugitive from justice wanted by authorities in Ohio and that she was deceived and tricked into the marriage. In addition to an annulment she seeks restoration of her maiden name.

## A PRETTY PENNEY

**T**HAT the City National Bank was only insolvent to the tune of \$2,909,036 is the cheerful report of H. J. Spurway, receiver, who took charge when Mr. Penney's institution went haywire in 1930.

Fixtures listed as assets valued at \$177,736 were actually worth \$16,500 (and it took some high pressure salesmanship to get that much) and other assets shrunk more than \$1,000,000 after the crash. Records show that Penney deposited \$100,000 in the bank and drew it all out again in thirty days—but he still stood behind the bank. The further the receiver delves into the affairs of the defunct institution, the more firmly depositors are becoming convinced that a lot of things happened "behind the bank" with their coin featured in the principal role.

Here's to the man of sixty and past

Who's lived his life and lived it fast.

Now all he can do is buzz and buzz

And tell what a Heluva guy he used to was.

## HONOR ROLL

**T**WENTY persons, including a number of negroes, were convicted of drunken driving during the week. The following persons giving the following addresses were fined:

C. C. Gates, 313 Meridian Ave.  
Fred O. Fontaine, 264 N. E. 69th St.  
Thomas Conrad, 1862 N. W. 39th St.  
Royal W. Gill, Spanish Village.  
W. R. Hardy, 1866 N. Bayshore Drive.  
R. E. Pryor, Crow Apartments.  
Guy Sales, 1599 W. Flagler.  
James Conway, 1245 N. W. 28th St.  
James Gregory, 635 N. Greenway Drive.

Jack Farr, 228 N. W. 12th Ave.

T. M. Howard, 337 N. W. 5nd St.

Robert Pea, 366 N. W. 6th St.

Bill Weese, Naples, Fla.

Robert Smith, 1036 S. W. 6th St.

## BEATEN

**S**HE beat him with a cane and derided him because he was crippled, asserts H. Lionel Folkers in suit for divorce from Lillie M. Folkers.

Folkers says he was paralyzed by a stroke of infantile paralysis and in his helplessness his wife mocked and derided him and greatly aggravated his ailment by beating him with a cane. He says his health has been greatly impaired as a result of the abuse and says his only chance for betterment is to be freed from Mrs. Folkers.

## Just Bosom Pals

**S**HE moved out and took almost all of my clothing," shrieked the petite young lady as she stalked into a certain lawyer's office at Miami Beach last Sunday morning.

"Why, I thought you two girls were bosom pals," interrupted the lawyer, who happens to be the boy friend of the girl who moved out.

"Bosom hell," yelped the irate one. "She didn't leave me enough clothes to cover my bosom, or bot-

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## WIFE WEIGHING 270 POUNDS WORKED HIM OVER WITH BROOM HANDLE SAYS PROTESTING HUSBAND

**W**HEN his wife insisted that her mother come and live with them, Paul Clinton Flynt declares he objected only mildly, but when she added two brothers, a sister and the four children of one of the brothers to the collection he squawked loudly, but to no avail.

In his suit for divorce from Lillian Flynt, Paul says the marriage occurred in Winston-Salem and that in an effort to get rid of his wife's family, he moved to Miami. It didn't work, he says, because the whole family came along. When he objected he declared Mrs. Flynt, who weighs 270 pounds, worked him over with a broom handle and then took his car, loaded the family in and departed for parts unknown. He charges desertion.

## A Hooker Pinched

**I**F YOU happen to meet a certain police sergeant wandering around with a dirty look on his face please be advised that it really isn't his own—it was given to him by Miss A. Hooker.

Miss Hooker is a Connecticut school teacher visiting friends in Coconut Grove. She was arrested by Officer G. A. Denny on a charge of recklessly driving her automobile. At police headquarters she was

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# The Hornet

"A Weekly With a Purpose"

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R. B. Crossland - - - - - Editor

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

Distributor, "Red" Henderson.

**A BIG DAY FOR NEWS.** In the newspaper game there are days entirely dearth of news. On such days the city editor raves and tears his hair and dreams of that golden day when things "break." Such a day was last Saturday.

The California earthquake got the streamer. Zangara was sentenced to the electric chair, Mayor Cermak's funeral was held in Chicago. It was derby day in Miami. President Roosevelt was expressing his views on the banking situation and congress was considering the beer bill. To top off the rest of the performance Mrs. Mayor Jimmie Walker hung a divorce suit on Mayor Jimmie Walker and even Will Rogers couldn't read all of the news in a whole day.

**REAL SILK STOCKINGS.** A day sodom passes without some agent popping into the office to announce that he represents the Real Silk Hosiery Company of Indianapolis and would be willing to do you a big favor by taking your order for a dozen pairs of socks, a couple of shirts or half a dozen suits of underwear.

Why should Miami business men purchase such wearing apparel from peddlers representing an Indianapolis concern when they can purchase the same garments at the same prices, or less, from legitimate Miami stores? It is true that the peddlers get a commission from each sale but the bulk of the purchase price goes to Indiana. The Real Silk outfit pays no rent or taxes in Florida and we owe it to our own business houses to support them in preference to patronizing out of town concerns.

**NAKED TRUTH** Women may appear on the beaches clad only in a brassiere and a scant pair of panties. Prize fighters go through their motions wearing only a scant pair of trunks and dancers at various night clubs do not wear enough clothes to flag a handcar—but it's just plain suicide for a man to appear on Miami Beach without his shirt. As far as that is concerned we are willing to admit there is nothing artistic about a hairy chest but why the discrimination? Fifty years ago a woman bather who ventured to appear without stockings was immediately clapped in jail and men's bathing suits generally hung down below their knees. Modesty has been dead these many years so why try to revive it by making the men wear shirts if they want to exhibit their many bosoms?

**A LOT OF FLAPPERS** are living at Miami Beach because they can't afford to live in Miami proper.

**THE OLD FASHIONED GIRL** who used to walk home now has a daughter who makes a couple of cart wheels and rides home.

**MANY A GIRL** these days goes into an office looking for a position and soon finds herself in a situation.

**A NEWS DISPATCH** tells of an eight legged horse which proves that there are more horses' hind legs in the world than horses.

## Local Headlines

"Students Lose Pants During Dice Game" (Herald). Was this crap game held at a co-ed school?

"Kidnapped Cashier Bites Her Captor" (Herald). He probably asked her to cash a check.

"Frigidaire Men Hear, See 1933 Methods" (News). A lot of ice men still maintain the good old 1899 methods were better.

"Mayor Dies in Bed" (News). Was he expected to die on the court house steps or somethin'?

## DAY DREAMING WITH THE EDITOR

**A**UTOMOBILES are cantankerous critters. My clutch plates rattle like a hick town charvari when I am alone but before I can get to a garage the old boiler is purring like a contented kitten. Three different mechanics have tapped their heads knowingly after failing to discover the discord. I'm regsted. Speaking of automobiles revives memories of the first "horseless carriage" in the family. It was of the 1903 vintage and was painted bright red. It cranked on the side and steered with a straight iron rod. The only door was in the rear, some five feet from the ground, and we piled in with the aid of a step-ladder which came with the car. Father was fond of his Sunday afternoon outings. He generally started cranking about an hour before post-time and by the time mother and the hired girl were ready to start their setting up exercises, by using the ladder, father had exhausted all of the old cuss words and was coining new ones for the benefit of the neighbors who invariably congregated to witness the take-off. After we once got going father frequently whooped 'er up to fifteen miles an hour. Every time we met a farmer in a horse and buggy we had to stop the car and father had to get out and lead the horse past the car. Upon occasion he had to make two trips, the farmer's wife being more shy than the horse. We generally wound up by being towed home after dark.

I'm not going to leave the house on April Fool's Day. It was April 1, 1910, that I kicked my first, and last, derby hat. I'd still like to meet the smart guy who stuck it down over that water plug. Any time you meet three sailors, arm in arm, after midnight, the odds are three to one that the gob in the middle is wooly. Toe dancers develop exceptionally muscular calves. Why are women's hips larger than men's? A rattlesnake cannot bite under water. Ninety per cent of the girls who work in the five and ten cent stores are troubled with poons. Ninety-nine per cent of all women's skirts button on the left side, if they button at all. Elderly women are the best corset customers. Middle aged dancers are the best waltzers. Dogs with warm noses can be just as healthy as dogs with cold schnozzles. Several animals are swifter than greyhounds. Not a single minstrel show is in existence today. George Primrose was probably the greatest minstrel of them all. The Victrola record "Valencia" had the greatest sale of all records. Biggest sales of sheet music were established by "After the Ball" and "Tipperary." "Over There" took third money. The highest priced Victrola record ever produced was "Sextette from Lucia," featuring Casuso, Tetrizzini, Melba and Schumann-Heinck. In my opinion the greatest stage play of all time was "The Masquerader" with Guy Bates Post, Ray Haroun driving a Marmon won the first 500 mile race at Indianapolis. The Kentucky Derby record is held by Old Rosebud. Dan Patch was the world's fastest trotting horse. Man-of-War lost only one race in his career. He was beaten by John P. Grier as a two year old. Frankie Bailey, starred with Weber & Fields in the gay nineties, had what were known as the most perfect legs in the world. Jennie Lind was brought to America by P. T. Barnum from Sweden. She was known as the "Swedish Nightingale." The Boy Scout's organization was founded in England. If beer comes back I'll never order a "short one" as long as I live.

## Aren't You Dying to Know

Whether the minister knows the widow in Coral Gables is sick in bed.

If all the women go crazy over Paul—and how he does it.

What the woman who snubs her friends is going to do when she is evicted for being six months in arrears in her rent.

Who started the epidemic of women lecturers and how many of them know what they are talking about.

If the downtown doctor is still making midnight appointments with his fair clients.

What doctor collected \$15 from the hotel and \$20 from his patient.

The names of the two "boys" caught at 44th street and the bayfront by the police and why they skipped their bail.

How many of the "gals" have taken up their abode in the "four-bit" joint on N. W. Seventh street.

Just what pictures the "famous screen star," appearing at a local night club, ever appeared in.

Which night club performer now appearing in Miami receives money by wire from her dusky Romeo in New York.

If the man who lured the woman to his Miami Beach hotel room knows she appropriated letters and telegrams from the dresser drawer when he locked her in.

## THE CRAP SHOOTER

Little Cuspidora says Goofy Oscar has been ambitious ever since he was knee high.

He: "Hey, I thought you and that Jackson girl had entered into a suicide pact."

Also He: "We did but after I filled up all of the cracks I found out the gas had been turned off."

And don't forget about the guy who went out on a lark and came back with a feather in his hat.

1929: "I found a Million Dollar Baby"

1931: "I've Got Five Dollars."

1933: "Brother, can You Spare a Dime?"

Life Guard: "I have just resuscitated your daughter."

Father: "Then, by Gad, you'll marry her."

"Sambo, yo sho did tear yo britches when yo slid into second base."

"Ah, sho did. If de tear had been two inches longer dis game would be called on account ob darkness."

Stupe: "What's the difference between a wheelbarrow and a potfor?"

Stupor: "What's a potfor?"

Stupe: "Jeeze, any kid knows that."

Census Taker (in small Georgia town): "It's funny the population of this town hasn't increased since 1910. Don't you ever have any births here?"

Native: "Sure we do, but every time one occurs some guy leaves town."

Stupe: "I hear a guy came out of the park last night and caught you necking in his car."

Stupor: "Yeah, I had the right hunch but the wrong coupe."

"Modder, I vant to go in de vater."

"Vot, again. Vy, you vent in de vater fife minutes ago already."

"Yes, Modder, but dees time I vant to go enn for a sveem."

"My name is Murphy, Mrs. Grogan, and I'm from Dublin. Know any of my folks?"

"Well, my boy, I don't know. I know two old maids from Dublin by that name. Was either of them your mother?"

Nine times out of ten the gold digger has her own suite way.

Jim: There's a magician over at the opera house who pulls rabbits out of hats."

Tim: "That's nothing. I went home the other night and pulled a skunk out from under my wife's bed."

She: "I paid \$400 for this dog. He's part collie and part bull."

He: "Which part is bull?"

She: "That part about the \$400."

Husband: "Well honey, my ship's come in at last. Now you can have all the money you want and some decent clothes."

Wife: "I'll do nothing of the sort. I want the same kind of clothes the other women are wearing."

Cop (after midnight): "Hey, you, what's the big idea of parading around without your pants?"

Traveling Salesman: "I'm absent minded."

Cop: "Well, why don't you go back and get 'em?"

Traveling Salesman: "Oh, I'm not that absent minded."

Little Mary (10 years old): "Oh, teacher, as I was coming to school this morning I saw five little boys swimming without bathing suits in the canal—and teacher, one of them was a Jewish boy."

Teacher (shocked): "Why Mary, how do you know that?"

Little Mary: "The other boys were calling him Izzie Goldfish."

Director: "Where do you live?"

First Chorus Girl: "At 345 Park Avenue."

Second Chorus Girl: "And is her home work tough?"

Flapper: "I've been misbehaving and my conscience is troubling me."

Physician: "Ah, you want something to strengthen your will power?"

Flapper: "No, something to weaken my conscience."

## Now You Tell One

**A** CHORUS GIRL deciding her luxurious Park Avenue apartment needed a few touches of nature, purchased a huge South American parrot. The dealer assured her the bird would sing, talk and even dance upon occasion.

A few days later she returned with fire in her eyes and demanded her money back. The parrot, according to latest reports, was lying flat on his back in his cage and hadn't trilled a single note or uttered a word. The dealer suggested maybe the parrot was lonesome and needed a companion and succeeded in selling her a big black tom cat. The cat was delivered before the chorus girl got home. When she did arrive the entire household was agog.

The cat with several patches of hair missing and a badly puffed eye was licking his wounds on the parlor sofa. The parrot was standing in front of a mirror squinting at her image with one eye. One single surviving feather remained in her tail. As she surveyed herself in the mirror she croaked: "Jeeze, but didn't we have fun?"



**I** ATTENDED a preview showing of "Maedchen in Uniform" at the the Paramount the other night. I thoroughly enjoyed Verne Hunter's hospitality but I didn't like the picture—all of which means it will probably break box office records when it is shown at the big downtown theater. Everyone in the audience, except myself, was thrilled at the unique dialogue, entirely in German, and New York critics have gone wild over it. The critics say it is artistic—simple—superb—beautiful, but I am the sort of an egg who prefers to see Harpo Marx chasing a blonde or Stan Laurel whacking Oliver Hardy's gable end with a barrel stave. Pay no attention to me, I'm drunk, see the "picher" yourself and then we'll argue.

**N**IGHT CLUB operators are approaching the end of one of the most disastrous seasons in history. I sincerely doubt that a single club in the Greater Miami area has broken even and a majority of them are so far in the "red" they'll never recover. As a last resort a number of them have discarded their covert charges and are operating on a "two bit" basis in a desperate attempt to keep the wolf from having pups on the dance floor. I understand a number of performers haven't even received their salaries for several weeks. What the depression failed to do to the night clubs was completed by the banking collapse of the last week—and they are folding fast.

**I** COUNTED seven parked automobiles in front of Villa Venice at midnight, which causes me to opine that Mr. Bouche's emporium of nudity isn't doing so well since the police ordered him to provide his charmers with more clothing. There is art in nudity—and there is also vulgarity. Mr. Bouche is an exponent of nudity, which he chooses to mask under the mantle of art, but it seems he isn't kidding anyone but himself—and methinks the good old days of Villa Venice are over.

**A**L WEISS and Verne Hunter standing on a street corner to talk things over. Seems like a revival of the old days when "Ma" Leach was the man behind Paramount-Publix guns in Miami. In those days the chain consisted of fifteen theaters. Weiss was manager of the Olympia and Verne Hunter was the big boy who handed out the pay checks each Saturday. Jack Hussey was manager of the Fairfax, Erwin Waite was head man at the Community, Jack King was boss down at Coconut Grove, Dick Dorman handled the business end at the Coral Gables theater, and they all took a hand at running the Temple and the old Park theater.

**E**VERY TIME a patron insists upon walking down either of the two main aisles at the Capitol theater, he simply breaks an usher's heart. No matter how many seats are available in the middle section the ushers take up stands in the center of the two main aisles and shunt traffic around to the sides. Every time they are able to convince a customer the lower floor is filled and sidetrack him off to the balcony they are tickled pink.

## THE SPECTRE STALKS

**O**CCASIONALLY I am convinced that might does make right. I happened on an example of that while out on the Trail recently. A man driving a small car was hit by a larger car that rushed out around a blind corner. Both drivers looked over the wreckage and the owner of the larger car said that he was a lawyer and that he was going to sue for damages. The other man explained in language that was more pointed than polite that he was a sailor and was not going to law at all, that he was going to collect. He was a smaller man but a better man—he made his collection right there. N.B.—The sailor was no Shylock, he did not get a pound of flesh, just a few souvenirs of skin and twenty dollars.

Passing Evergreen Cemetery I got to thinking of Anton Cermak being killed by Zangara—a distorted mind operating a one man war on society and authority.

As I walked along outside the fence I noticed a man with the sunken eyes and the flushed cheeks of one who will soon fall a victim to the great white plague, a scourge that still takes an appalling toll of human life despite the best efforts of medical science.

Further along Eighth Street I passed a woman wheeling home a bag of Government flour in an old, rickety baby cart—verily the poor are always with us.

As I passed the McGahn funeral home I saw a procession starting to take someone to a last resting place, someone who will wait there for perhaps eons of time for that which we call the judgment day.

Running over in my mind these four incidences—which might be called war, pestilence, famine and death—it seemed to me that man's real existence has not changed very much since the Pharoahs watched the annual overflow of the Nile and built their colossal tombs in the Valley of the Kings—for today right here in Miami we have with us the Red horse, the White horse, the Black horse and the Pale horse—that while the day of miracles has passed we still have "The Four Horsemen."

Later up town I met two men acquaintances who were busily engaged holding a "corner convention" discussing the woes of this world and more specifically that which to their minds was the unwillingness of the officials to enforce the laws of the land.

They had grave doubts of the integrity of the powers that be—Bill Jones had told them so and so, Jane Doe had said this and that—but they had no personal knowledge of the matters under discussion.

When I suggested that they make a personal investigation, and if they found any truth in the rumors then take the matter up with the proper authorities I at once raised the proverbial tempest in a tea pot—what\* they go

into such places\* I was promptly informed that they were respectable men, and I soon discovered that they preferred to get their knowledge of man's sinful ways by heresay only, they are the type who do not touch tar lest they be defiled.

I will add in passing that I had first hand information of the conditions that were causing the worthy (?) gentlemen so much mental anguish and that it was a thing of gossamer and dreams existing only in the minds of themselves; however, I did not tell them that; they were happy worrying and I did not wish to deprive them of any pleasure.

Their idea of second hand sin reminds me of synthetic gin, both a snare and a delusion, and it is my opinion that men of this class, men who lack the moral courage to "do and dare" but who spend their time spreading old wives' tales about those who are vested with a little brief authority, have no claim to be considered good citizens and if they are considered as such the spectre will make no claim to respectability and will much prefer to be numbered among the Pharisees.

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tom either, as far as that is concerned.

Just how the fuss terminated remains a mystery. It was still going strong hours later, with the poor lawyer firmly entrenched right square in the middle.

(Continued from Page 1)

asked her name, age, occupation and then the sergeant, pausing over the last question on the required form, asked her whether she could read and write—and that, dear children, is where the sarge got the dirty look.

(Continued from Page 1) istered, simply wasted their time and provided a headache for the candidates. Voters who register now become eligible to sign petitions but cannot vote until they have paid poll tax for 1931 and 1932. Hundreds who voted in the general election last fall and have signed petitions for commission candidates have only kidded themselves, because if their names do not appear on the city registration books the names don't count. All petitions must be completed before April 2 and poll tax must be paid on or before May 13. We'll probably end up with eight or ten of the 35 would-be candidates qualified and the others will spend the rest of the summer trying to figure it all out.

### WANTED HER TO PAY FOR CORRESPONDENT

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him how such a divorce could be arranged and he told her it would be a simple matter for him to have a corespondent come to his room and be discovered by detectives. He told her it would cost her about \$200, she says. She says she refused to enter into such an agreement and came to Florida alone.

Mildred Maranak, a maid who has been employed by Mrs. Dailey for three years, testified that Dailey and Mrs. Dailey had never actually lived together and that Dailey frequently called and abused Mrs. Dailey. Upon one occasion, she testified, Dailey swore so violently that she (the maid) removed Mrs. Dailey's five year old child by her former marriage from the room. Upon another occasion while Mrs. Dailey was in the hospital, she said Dailey telephoned the house on Long Island and was informed by her that the coal supply was almost exhausted and that she asked him to send more. She said he told her "to stick herself in the furnace and warm things up." Miss Baranak further testified that Dailey frequently threatened to kill Mrs. Dailey by throwing her off of roofs and that he once choked her. In her bill of complaint, Mrs. Dailey said she met Dailey about a year before she married him and that he courted her for nine or ten months. Mrs. Dailey lives at 2983 N. Bay Road, Miami Beach. She came to Miami in 1928 with her husband, the late Tex Rickard.

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# Political Palaver

**T**HE coming municipal election promises to be a good old fashioned knock-down, drag-out affair. At least thirty-five ambitious candidates have avowed their intentions of seeking one of the three city commission posts to be filled and a number of others are lurking around the bushes waiting for their "friends to urge them to run." The list of candidates presents a weird conglomeration of humanity embracing everything from professional politicians to ambitious bricklayers and the voters are scheduled for plenty of headaches trying to separate the wheat from the chaff.

**M**ANY of the candidates are well qualified to fill the post of city commissioner but on the other hand the list contains the names of several who couldn't qualify for dog catcher. Just why they choose to waste their time and money to clutter up the race is beyond sane comprehension.

**A**N UNOFFICIAL list of potential candidates, a majority of whom have already started circulating petitions, reads as follows: E. G. Sewell, Frank H. Wharton, Dr. Ralph Ferguson, Dr. John K. Clemmer, Max Neumann, Eli McDonald, A. W. Corbett, Grover C. Zaring, Mrs. Hicks Allen, Henry Pridgen, Pat Cannon, William Mack Brown, L. F. McCreedy, Isador Cohen, C. C. Blake, Jack Maltzie, A. M. LaSalle, A. J. Keyton, Robert Williams, M. F. Hanna, A. W. Partak, J. D. Colmer, Fred Green, O. W. Pittman, Jr., Thomas Kelly, J. J. Bridges, Lee Hankins, Alexander Orr Jr., Leonard K. Thompson, Fred Girton, Mark Chartrand and John A. Cleveland.

**A** LOT OF WATER will run under the dam before the first primary and the list will doubtless be pruned to a conservative number. As a matter of fact several aspirants will drop by the wayside because they are unable to procure a sufficient number of eligible signatures upon their petitions. The law requires approximately 550 names of registered voters and each voter is permitted to sign but three petitions. Voters registered upon the county books but not upon the city books are not eligible to sign petitions, but may become eligible by registering when the city books are opened on March 15. In event they have signed petitions before registering their names will be stricken from the petitions.

**S**ELECTION of the three new commissioners who will handle Miami's affairs during the precarious months and years ahead, should receive the serious consideration of every right thinking citizen. This is no time to elevate an ambitious hood carrier to a position of responsibility simply because he wants the job. At least a dozen of the candidates already in the field are men who have previously proven their ability, and it is from this list that the final selection must be made. The city commission offers many opportunities for graft and corruption and these are temptuous times. It behooves us to pick men with sufficient character to withstand the many temptations and not let our sympathies be misguided by smooth tongued spell-binders who talk one way and think another.

**A**MONG the more prominent candidates appear the names of E. G. Sewell and Frank H. Wharton. Neither needs any introduction in Miami. Both are pioneers who have served and served well. Sewell has probably done more to advance Miami than any other living person and Wharton has had his shoulder to the wheel for more than a decade pushing Miami toward the top. Both belong to the rare class of honest office holders and neither is enmeshed in a tangle of promises and alliances with peanut political machines or public utility trusts seeking to turn municipal affairs into affairs of personal gain. There are doubtless others in the race equally as well qualified as Sewell and Wharton but most assuredly none better.

**M**AYOR R. B. GAUTIER and Commissioners Knight and Lummus, whose terms expire, have been quoted as saying they would not seek re-election. Commissioners Pratt and Reeder are holdovers, each having two more years to serve. The field will be cut down to six candidates in the first primary, May 2. The election will be held on June 6. Candidates have until April 1 for filing notice of candidacy.

## CLASSIFIED

**GIRLS**—Summer school for girls between 15 and 18 years of age will open June 13. Complete courses in juvenile delinquency, drink mixing and hell raising in general. Can use a few competent instructors willing to pay \$5 per day for privilege of joining staff. Address Bastardo McPoot, c/o Whoosh McPoot, courthouse comfort station.

**FOR RENT**—Summer cottage by lady with large screened piazza between lake and mountains on gravel road. Has newly installed cooling system. Box 765.

**OFFICE**—For rent with telephone and use of tenographer part time. Phone 3-1738.

**STRAYED**—Salmon colored hog. answers to name of Hortense and is fond of garbage, children and boy hogs. Has orchid colored spot in vicinity of spare rib section and vicent scar immediately over the pork chop area. Was wearing pale green sweater and Empress Eugenie hat when last seen. Is children's pet. Liberal reward if returned to Mr. F. Blossom, Tigertail Road.

**MAN**—Wanted to dig post holes on share basis. Will furnish ground and tools and split fifty-fifty with right man. Lige Whiffletree, Homestead, Fla.

**MULE FOR SALE**—Will sacrifice for cash. Phone 3-1738 and ask for Geraldine, Gladys, Florence, Emma, Betty, Kitty Doris or Mamie.

**ORNAMENTS**—Beautify your lawn while prices are right. Let me install an iron dog and fool all the other dogs in the neighborhood. Phone 3-1738.

**TWO SWEDES** were walking along the railroad track in Minnesota when a train came along behind them. One was lucky enough to jump but the other was not so fortunate. The survivor told his story to the coroner later:

"After I yump I run a leetle vay and den I go back to see 'bout Ole. Putty soon I come 'cross an arm and soon I see one of Ole's legs. Next t'ing I see ban Ole's head and I say, 'My God, somet'ing must 'a happened to Ole.'"

**THE COLORED** preacher rushed through the dock gate when the steamboat was just a few feet from the quay. Shouting to the crew to wait for him, he threw his umbrella and carpetbag on the boat and made a desperate leap, landing in a good old fashioned belly flopper on the deck.

"Glory Hallelujah," he shouted, "Ah made it jist in de nick ob time."

"Hell's fiash, Pahson," said an ebony colored deck hand who picked him up, "we's jes' comin' in."

**GRANDMA**, please tell us a bedtime story," pleaded the modern children, clambering upon the old lady's knee.

"Not tonight, dearies," croaked the old gal, "run on out in the kitchen and drink your gin and go to bed."

"Please, Grandma, just one story."

"Oh, all right, dammit, but go drink your gin first."

Returning from the kitchen the kiddies cuddled up for the story.

"Once upon a time there was a good for nothing old reprobate who was traveling through the country—"

"Aw, Grandma, don't tell us about Grandpa," hisped little Mary, "tell us about the fight you had when you were in that Chicago bawdy house."

## The Darwinian Phantasmagoria



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

**H**ER NAME once appeared in big lights on Broadway. She still has the figure which lifted her from the chorus to stardom. Her broker boy friend in New York found a new flame and shipped her south for the winter. He sends her \$250 every week. She spends half of it for booze and gives the other half to the "shiek" she picked up on the boat on the way down. A motion picture theater manager and his cashier are involved in a heavy love affair. His wife would start suit for divorce if it weren't for the children. The wife of a once famous writer has complained to the authorities that she was "propositioned" by a celebrated politician. The authorities do not know what to do about it and two different law firms are contemplating suits. The police automobile carrying wounded victims from Bayfront Park the night of the attempted assassination of President Roosevelt ran out of gas on the way to the hospital. One of the victims claims a physician treated her after she left the hospital and collected from her as well as her hotel. A former big shot gambler is touting at Tropical Park. The big fight card to be promoted by Jack Dempsey in Miami has fallen through. Workmen employed for the last fight at Madison Square Garden are still trying to collect their wages. The iron claw's so lavishly distributed throughout the downtown district are owned and operated by an out of town concern. A certain curb girl popular with the boys has been secretly married for ten weeks. Who killed Sig Baar?

A pair of musicians who recently appeared in a downtown theater are in jail. They were picked up in Bayfront Park. The next time they pass a pansy show they will probably walk in and challenge the winner. Operators of the speakeasy and alleged restaurant in the exclusive residential district moved out during the night. Creditors continue to form a parade to the place. A certain candidate for city commissioner was ordered out of a certain hardware store when he attempted to obtain signatures on his petition. An other big shot gambler is having trouble with the income tax boys. A waiter who embezzled \$150 and lost it at the dog tracks has been given five days to make good the shortage or go to jail. A woman involved in a murder last winter is operating a speakeasy in her old abode. She is harboring half a dozen thugs. A man badly beaten at the Biscayne dog track is still in the hospital. His most serious offense was being drunk. Two of America's most notorious pickpockets operated at Hialeah during the entire season. They are still in the city, yet the famed Pinkertons seem unable to grab them. A quack recently convicted of practicing medicine without a license is back at his old tricks. The woman abortionist who fled to avoid being served with a subpoena is still missing. Her palatial home has been taken over by "friends" who just moved in. Who killed Sig Baar,

## Things We'd Like To See

- A good reason for permitting the 5 and 10 cent stores to block sidewalks with freight.
- A general round up of the fakirs who clutter up doorways with their shoddy merchandise.
- A bridge tender who didn't waste five or ten minutes getting the bridge down after the boat has passed.
- A little more speed by street cars passing through the business district.
- A scattering of the loafers from in front of the Ponce de Leon Hotel almost every night.
- A check-up of automobiles carrying District of Columbia license plates.
- A list of soda fountains equipped with hot water as required by law.
- A single person who ever won one of those free, all expense, trips to Cuba.
- A restaurant employing white waiters and white men and women to handle the food.
- A special chain gang for persons convicted of drunken automobile driving.

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