

# WIFE OF RACE TRACK OWNER NAMES CO-RESPONDENT IN SUIT FOR DIVORCE

OH! YEAH!

Little Cuspidora says there is nothing new about modern girls entertaining men in their boudoirs except in the old days they married 'em first.

# The Hornet

A Weekly with a Purpose

OH! YEAH!

Goofy Oscar says he knows a high school girl who was matriculated before she was fourteen.

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BOB CROSSLAND, Editor

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## WIFE OF SPORTSMAN NAMES CO-RESPONDENT IN DIVORCE SUIT

**C**HARGES that he beat her over the head with a gun and he practically deserted her for another woman, with whom she claims he has been living openly, are the sensational charges filed by Mrs. Opal Jane Jones against Richard Claude Jones, millionaire sportsman and owner of two of America's leading race tracks.

Mrs. Jones, in her bill of complaint, says her husband's income from Beulah Park at Columbus, Ohio, and the Aurora Race Track at Aurora, Ill., is in excess of \$100,000 per year, and that he has approximately \$600,000 in cash and securities. She makes the First National Bank of Miami Beach a party to the suit in a petition for an injunction to restrain Jones from removing any of his property from the state.

Mrs. Jones says she was married in 1919 and that her marital difficulties started in 1921, at which

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## Her Name Was Maude

She didn't want to struggle along with a \$25,000 damage suit filed as the result of an alleged illegal operation, so she went to the Fiji Islands.

Believe it or not, this is what the mailman brought and it was mailed at Suva, Fiji Islands:

Mr. Crossland: "So I took my \$100,000 and spent it in the South Sea Islands. Publish this." — Maude Brooks. O. K., Maude!

## Landlord Wanted to Split Says She

**W**HO would think one little broken finger could cause such a conflict? It seems the fair tenant of a certain apartment house tripped out the other evening in a hurry and caught her heel upon a loose board in the stairway. She broke a finger and otherwise injured her dignity. The landlord, she says, told her not to worry that the insurance company would take care of her. A few days later she says the landlord informed her that things were progressing nicely and that her claim would probably be allowed and "that in view of his hearty co-operation he thought a nifty fifty-fifty split would be just dandy." She, with a goodly split, she says, and has retained her own lawyer—on a 25 per cent basis.

## NIGGERS REGISTER IN DROVES FOR NEXT MUNICIPAL ELECTION

**W**HOLESALE registration of negroes for the coming city election indicates something putrid in Denmark. At noon Friday approximately 70 sons of Ham had been registered and others were flocking in so fast the elevator operators at the courthouse were considering "Jim-Crow" elevator service.

Certain candidates vehemently denounced their opponents, declaring the niggers were being sent in to make their signatures valid for nominating petitions. They described the black registration as a desperate eleventh hour attempt of certain candidates to procure the required 550 signatures needed to qualify. Nominating petitions must be filed Saturday.

There is no law which prevents negroes from registering, or voting either as far as that is concerned, but very few, if any, negroes have ever participated in an election in

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## GROOM SAYS HE DISCOVERED HIS BRIDE HAD ANOTHER SWEETHEART

**M**ARRIAGE isn't always everything it's cracked up to be, according to a recent bridegroom now seeking his freedom via the divorce courts.

According to the gentleman, the first rift in his marital scheme came a few hours after the ceremony when he discovered his blushing bride was afflicted with a loathsome disease. While he was still running around talking to himself about that one, he says he discovered she was a dope fiend, and before the shock of the second discovery wore off he says he found out she had previously been living with another man, to whom she was not married. Just to make the picture complete, he says she invited the other gentleman to come to their home and continue his love making, an invitation which he says was accepted. When he protested, he says, she packed her clothing and went away to resume her relationship with the party of the third part. The complainant allows as how he ought to have a divorce and seems to think his grounds are sufficient. Some men are funny that way.

**H**E found her with her boy friend in the back seat of a parked automobile on a dark street at Miami Beach, asserts Beryle H. Cartledge in suit for divorce from Mrs. Margaret Cartledge.

Cartledge says his marital troubles started six months ago when his wife started staying out late. When he questioned her he says she told him she had been attending the movies with girl friends. He says he decided to investigate and followed her to the Beach, where he found her in company with another man, and that she admitted being in love with the latter.

**T**HE gentleman drives a laundry wagon. He thinks his girl friend is very fascinating and even more so when she furnishes the money which they wager at the dog races. He thinks she is a "miss" and treats her accordingly. He may be shocked one of these days to discover that she has been married twice and was recently divorced by a well known sportsman, who named four correspondents. She isn't as beautiful as she once was, according to one of the ex-husbands, who has noticed a new crop of wrinkles.

## DRUNKEN AUTO DRIVERS CONTINUE BIG PARADE IN MUNICIPAL COURT

**S**EASONS may come and seasons may go, but drunken automobile driving does on forever—and will continue to go on until the municipal judge starts attaching a 90-day chain gang sentence to the customary \$50 fine. The week's honor roll shows a slight increase over the previous week. The following persons giving

the following names and addresses were convicted:

- Mrs. R. H. Moore, 1045 S.W. First Street
- Paul Chesley, 141 S.W. 18th Court
- C. D. House, 7551 West Flagler
- Kenneth Eaton, 1215 Valencia Avenue, C. G.
- W. C. Dick, San Sebastian Hotel
- J. Johnson, 1349 S.W. 13th Street
- Thomas Hall, 616 N.W. 4th Street, M. B.
- C. R. Harting, 115 Menores Avenue, C. G.
- C. L. Pervis, El Commodoro Hotel
- W. W. Decker, Ft. Lauderdale
- L. C. Mitchell, no address.

## "Miss Fortune"

**A** HUSBAND serving a life sentence in the penitentiary for murder really isn't much of a bargain, which may account for the divorce action started by Mrs. Agnes Fortune against W. C. Fortune.

Mrs. Fortune recites that she had her husband arrested for beating her and that he was sent to the chain gang. She says he escaped from the chain gang and committed murder, for which he was given a life sentence, which he is now serving at Raiford. According to the records, Fortune killed his sister-in-law. Mrs. Fortune describes various episodes in which she claims she was beaten, and says that upon one occasion she was knocked unconscious with an iron bar.

## "I'M A FUGITIVE FROM THE SHAME GANG" SAYS MADAME X, FROM HER CELL IN THE COUNTY JAIL

**W**HAT is it?—the prostitute—a stick, a stone, a money making machine,, a floor mop, a walking piece of meat, a sewer pipe for men's filthy passions.

Now she walks, she talks, she thinks, she feels—is she human? Let's strip her naked and look at her standing there in front of the man who has just paid for her. To him she is a toy, a slave, a necessary thing or just a relief according to the man. To that man's wife she is a lewd and vile thing.

To the sanctimonious one she is a sinful wicked creature and he would stone her to death in his religious fanaticism.

To the law as a whole she is a law breaker and often the sweetheart of the keeper of the bawdy house; a piece of merchandise, and like the keeper of a curio shop who becomes attached to one of his curios, he prefers selling her to one who can appreciate her.

To the public she is the forgotten woman. Surely you good people don't want her in your home.

Let's dress her up and watch her walking on the street. She blends with the crowd, perhaps looking far more respectable than the sanctimonious man's daughter, and so she is lost in the crowd not wearing a badge of shame. But we find her again as she reaches her destination. Perhaps she is rocking a little one to sleep, or wrapping goodies for the old folks as she writes them about her good job in the "restaurant." Again she may be taking a beating from her pimp—and how she loves

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## Bigamist

**H**E NEGLECTED to tell her that he already had a wife when he married her, asserts Mrs. Elizabeth Maud Stryhal in suit for freedom from Frank Stryhal.

Mrs. Stryhal says her husband was convicted of moral turpitude, involving lascivious conduct toward a seven-year-old girl, and sentenced to a year on the chain gang. While he was serving his sentence she says she found out he had another wife, and has refused to live with him since his release. They were married in 1930, she says, and the crime was committed shortly afterward.

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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.

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**GUISEPPI** Guiseppi Zangara's stomach ailment **ZANGARA.** has been cured. The twenty-three hundred volts of electricity which plunged him into eternity ended all of his earthly suffering. Instead of being punished, as he deserved, for the wanton killing of Chicago's beloved mayor, Guiseppi Zangara, was lavishly rewarded by the State of Florida.

Zangara's total punishment for his dastardly act consisted of twenty-five days in a comfortable jail cell; seven days in the death cell at Raiford and seven minutes of waiting as he sat in the electric chair urging Sheriff Dan Hardie to "Pusha the button". Then it was all over.

Zangara was a supreme egoist. Had he been talented and permitted to take his place, legitimately, in the center of the stage, he would have been unbearable. For thirty-three years he lived a colorless, uneventful life. Then in one mad moment he perpetrated his dastardly act and found himself receiving the attention of his fellowmen for the first time in his life. The notoriety intoxicated him. He became so engrossed with his own self importance that everything else was dwarfed in comparison. It is doubtful that he ever paused to think of the life he was called upon to forfeit for his crime. The business of standing in the spotlight of public attention took his every thought and waking moment and when he made his final heroic gesture it is doubtful whether he fully realized he was to die.

The State of Florida credits Zangara with having paid in full for his crime, but the State of Florida is mistaken. Had Zangara been sent to prison for life; isolated from his fellow prisoners and been shorn of any gesture of attention, the punishment would have been greater than he could have borne. He wasn't punished, he was rewarded, and the old Mosaic law carried out to the letter.

Today Zangara's body lies in an unmarked grave at Raiford. There is no sympathy for him and no condolence for his act. He deserved punishment and others of his ilk who will follow in his footsteps shall deserve punishment but they shall never receive it so long as the State of Florida misinterprets the difference between reward and punishment.

**WASHINGTON** may have been the father of his country, but he never dreamed the infant would still be using a wet nurse until it was a hundred years old.

**IN THE OLD DAYS** girls hid their faces behind fans. The reason they don't do it now is probably because they are not as limber as they used 'o be.

**THERE** are more Mormons in Chicago than in Salt Lake City—but their wives don't know it.

**A JACKSONVILLE WOMAN** divorced her husband for flirting with a waitress. He was probably playing for larger steaks.

**MANY** a flapper spends her money for Coty's when she should really invest a little of it in panties.

## Local Headlines

"American Woman Owns Irish Bred Jump Star" (Herald). That's nothing. The Irish women own half of the Irish bred police stars.

"Lenten Season Gives Interest to Cheese" (Herald) Just a little interest for what was lent, eh?

"Sir William Recalls Wilson" (News). Pshaw! there's people right here in Miami who can remember as far back as McKinley.

"Rare Blossoms Will Be Shown at Beach" (News). Yeah! And you know what kind of blossoms we mean.

## DAY DREAMING WITH THE EDITOR

**B**Y MERELY closing my eyes I can still see Guiseppi Zangara sitting in the electric chair. It is 9 o'clock on Monday morning. Thirty men are sitting in the office of Warden L. F. Chapman watching the clock or chatting in whispers to mask their nervousness. It is raining. There has been no sunshine in Raiford this day.

The hands of the clock hover exactly over 9. A sudden hush falls over the big state prison. Warden Chapman arises and strides out of the door. The thirty men automatically follow, forming in a long line, two abreast. Coat collars are turned up and feet splash through the mud as the grim procession moves through the prison yard toward the distant death house. Hundreds of convicts, locked in their cells, cling to the bars silently watching the death parade.

The death house is in the middle of a high walled stockade. Each man is stopped at an iron gate and thoroughly searched. National guardsmen surround the building. A machine gun is mounted on the roof. Warden Chapman pauses until the search is completed and marches on toward a solid iron door on the west side of the building. He knocks and the door is thrown open. The procession files in. It is the death chamber, a room thirty feet long and twenty feet wide. Five rows of wooden benches are at the north end of the room. The ghastly chair is at the south end of the room three feet from the wall. A small door leading back into the death cell corridor is to the left of the chair.

Electricians are completing final touches to the electrodes and straps of the instrument of death. Sheriff Dan Hardie is standing slightly to the left of the chair studying a huge switch. Warden Chapman hurriedly strides in front of the seated witnesses and reads twelve names from a typewritten sheet. The twelve men named respond and are designated as official state witnesses. Warden Chapman waves his hand and a guard opens the door leading to the death cells. The door isn't fully opened before Guiseppi Zangara bounces into the room far in advance of the two stalwart guards.

His entrance is so sudden the spectators are unaware of his presence until the hurrying guards rush through the door. Zangara is dressed in a neatly pressed pair of striped trousers, a brown shirt, open at the neck, and is wearing socks and bedroom slippers. He eludes the guards and reaches the side of the warden. Thrusting three stenographer's note books forward he exclaims:

"Here are the books, like I say I give to you."

The guards attempt to seize him. He eludes them again and shouts: "Get your hands off me. Don't touch me. I sit in chair by myself. I not afraid to sit in chair."

He walks rapidly toward the chair and seats himself as calmly as if in a theater. He draws back his head and stares at the witnesses, then exclaims:

"What, no photographers to take my picture? No cameras? You lousy capitalists. You no bring cameras to take my picture."

The electrician and guards work rapidly. A cloth is placed beneath his chin and fastened to the back of the chair. He grins and tries to help the adjustment by moving his head. A heavy strap goes around his waist. Each arm is pinioned to the chair arms with heavy straps. The guard splits his right trousers leg and the electrode is made fast. The electrician drops the black hood over his face, forever closing his eyes to earthly vision. The hood does not fit because all of Zangara's hair has been clipped. One minute, two minutes, three minutes, the electrician still fumbles with the hood.

"Pusha the button," exclaimed Zangara, impatiently, his voice slightly muffled by the heavy death mask. "Just a minute, Joe," replied Sheriff Hardie from his position on the right side of the chair.

Two more minutes slip away. The electrician steps back and surveys his job skeptically. He attaches the feed wire to a metal cap at the top of the hood. He tightens the wire with a pair of pliers. He gives the straps and electrode a final survey and turns toward the metal boxes holding the switches. He touches a button and electricity starts to hum. A row of red lights flash above and behind the chair. The drone of the electricity continues. The electrician briefly instructs Sheriff Hardie, who stands with one hand on the huge switch. Sheriff Hardie plunges the switch forward. Zangara's body is lifted from the chair pressing hard against the straps. The clash of the switch is almost deafening. The body remains rigid as the deadly twenty-three hundred volts of electricity course through it. Sheriff Hardie turns a small wheel to the right of the switch to alternate the current. A minute passes and Sheriff Hardie pulls the switch. Zangara's body relaxes and the physicians step forward with their stethoscopes. For seven full minutes they continue to make tests. For seven minutes Zangara's heart continues to beat. Warden Chapman is on the verge of ordering another shock when the physician laconically says, "He's gone." It was still raining when the thirty witnesses straggled out of the death house. It was raining when Mayor Cermak was laid to rest in Chicago. It was raining when Zangara's remains were placed in an unmarked grave at Raiford. Rain, rain—rain.

**T**HE FELLOW who does his skating and horse back riding in the same place isn't necessarily a good skater.

## THE CRAP SHOOTER

"In the old days," surmises Little Cuspidora, "every Miami bawdy house had ten girls and no waiting. Now the houses still have the ten girls—and they're all waiting."

Minister (at shotgun wedding), "Why are you here?"  
Groom: "I was tried and found wanton."

How about the rooster who lost his happy home for going on a wild goose chase?

Mose: "Ah hears Sam Brown come home last ebenin' and found you neckin' his wife. Was yo' all scared?"

Rastus: "Not perzackly until Ah hears Sam say, 'Who am dat white man standin' there?'"

He: "Heathen Bend is a pretty small village, isn't it?"

She: "Yeah; it's so small we haven't even got a village idiot."

If more girls had horse sense there would be fewer stalls on dark highways.

"I've never loved this way before," sighed the contortionist as he tried out a new twist.

Little Cuspidora says every man in the street looked at her when her dress blew up, to her extreme chagrin.

He: "I wonder how they tell the sex of sardines."

She: "Oh, they just wait around and see which can they go into."

If sons followed in their father's footsteps just think what a lot of brush salesmen we'd have.

**F**EW MEN ever leave footprints on the sands of time; they are too busy covering up their tracks.

He proposed to her in an orchard,  
And she said "Yes," you see;  
And so he kissed her on the limb  
Of a great big apple tree.

Famous last words: "Is it really true what they're saying about you Chinese girls?"

Stenographer (speaking to her boss: "I have a confession to make. I lied to you when I came here four years ago. I can't take dictation and I can't use a typewriter."

Stupe: "Migawd! How did you lose your right hand?"

Stupor: "Margery whacked it off with a hatchet. You know she always takes anything which strikes her fancy."

## Now You Tell One

**A** COY YOUNG FLAPPER walked into a doctor's office and seated herself in the ante-room. When the nurse failed to appear within a reasonable length of time, the flapper went on into the main office. An attractive man was sitting there, and without further ado she approached him and asked him to examine her knee.

"It pains terribly," she said, "I think I wrenched it somehow."

The man arose and began his examination. It wasn't long until the flapper blushed and looked down and said:

"Doctor, if I'm not mistaken, that isn't my knee you are examining."

"You are mistaken, Madam, if you think I am the doctor," replied the man, just as the flapper fainted.

Sally: "I saw you dancing with your fat boy friend last night."

Mary: "Yeah, it was very tiresome, too. Every time we moved I got a paunch in the solar plexus."

Goofy Oscar says his idea of a tough way to die would be to kick the bucket in an old fashioned hotel.

A nutty young woman  
Was Maggie McGoff;  
She's put on two nighties  
And then tore one off.

Police Sergeant: "What's your name?"

Prisoner: "Percival you old meanie."

Sergeant: "We'd better have him searched, I'll call the matron."

Little Cuspidora: "Gosh, your father must have been disappointed when you were born."

Goofy Oscar: "Yeah, and it was tough on your mother not having any children, wasn't it?"

First Old Maid: "I caught a peeping Tom last night."

Second Old Maid: "Let me know when you're tired of him."

Traveling Salesman: "Do you allow any hunting on your farm?"

Farmer: "I do not."

Traveling Salesman: "Thank God for that. If you see a guy coming along in about a minute with a shotgun, break the news to him quick."

'Twas Fate that brought him here,  
Poor groaning Willie Dox.  
His wife found out it wasn't snuff  
He kept in a metal box.

Mabel: "Should the name Fanny be capitalized?"

Fanny: "I capitalize mine."



**A**L LICHENSTEIN and Sam Heiman, the two boys who own and operate the Economy Laundry, provide the most amusing story of the week.

It seems a disgruntled customer galloped into the laundry with fire in his eyes and squawked to high Heaven because his winter drawers had been shrunk or something. He happened to bump into Al and made his first mistake by letting Al's cherubic features fool him. He made the second mistake by launching a tirade of profanity, and the third and fatal mistake of shouting:

"Both of you guys are crooks."

Ordinarily Al is a peacable sort of cuss, but calling him a crook is plain suicide. He proceeded to land a haymaker on the irate one's chin and was preparing to follow it up when Sam jumped in front of him in an effort to stop the battle.

"Nobody is going to call us crooks and get away with it," grunted Al.

"Did he call me a crook too?" shouted Sam.

"He called us both crooks," answered Al.

"Gwan, Al, sock him again," yelled Sam, stepping out of the way; and Al did, and so hard he shrunk the drawers the customer was wearing, which now makes his underwear 100 per cent shrunk.

**A**NN PENNINGTON may have been a Broadway star but Olympia patrons didn't seem to care for her dancing. Ann was presented during the first half of the week together with Stone & Vernon, Mark Pepper and other vaudeville acts. Stone & Vernon brought down the house with their clever dancing and Pepper actually stopped the show with his singing. Ann in the headline position received a polite smattering of applause. When the Olympia arranged the program for the last half of the week, Stone & Vernon and Pepper were still on the program but Ann wasn't.

**A**ND just to show how fickle Miami amusement seekers really are, they handed Bee Jackson, who replaced Ann the last half of the week, the same sort of treatment. Stone & Vernon received the same tornado of applause and Pepper again stopped the show. Bee's Charleston dancing was received with a smothered yawn by an apparently, handcuffed audience. Now Albert Bouche's entire show is being presented at the Olympia "exactly as now being presented at Bouche's Villa Venice." Maybe so, maybe so, but we wonder.

**O**NE by one they are folding—these night clubs—and within a short while only one or two will remain. Just how some of them expect to "pay-off" is too much of a headache for me to try to figure out. They have all taken it on the chin plenty this winter. The only manager who really did make any money, sunk what he made in one club, attempting to operate another. A Coral Gables club enjoying a fair patronage is spending more than it takes in for advertising and the clubs which have gone on a "two bit" basis aren't doing any better than they did on the old basis—which is practically nothing at all. Can it be possible that the chumps have decided to spend their money for something else besides night club headaches?

**W**HEN it comes to courage we've got to hand it to Frank Bruen. Tropical Park closes Saturday with a big charity card after one of the most successful meets in its short history. The present meet, which has broken last year's record by a wide margin, started upon the day every bank in the country closed its doors, and the wise boys tapped their heads significantly. Instead of taking it on the chin, as was generally expected, Frank turned the meeting into a phenomenal success, and now he has turned the big plant over to charity for a day—and it's for Miami charity at that. It took courage, but Frank had it and he deserves success.

**THE SPECTRE STALKS**

**C**HATTING here and there with different merchants brings to light the fact that the gentlemen who look after the city tax and license collections are showing a very commendable attitude in regard to giving the business people an opportunity to earn the money first. They seem to have at last realized that "getting blood out of a turnip" is rather a difficult job and that it would be the height of folly to kill the goose that is laying the golden egg. It appears to the spectre that at last these gentlemen have read the writing on the wall and have cidedly uncertain quantity, and that "Old John Citizen" is really the man behind the gun.

I often wonder why the ladies will insist in rushing wildly along a business street and suddenly turn to look at a hat or a pair of scanties in some store window, and if some unfortunate man accidentally bumps into her she will give him a look that would give an Eskimo a chill—really I believe that when they go on window shopping trips all ladies should equip themselves with an automatic stop light.

Another thing I do not understand about the feminine sex is why they will grouch if the waiter is slow bringing their salad and then sit and spend the next hour discussing fashions and their neighbors.

Yea, verily, I say to you brothers that Einstein's theory of relativity is a simple thing when compared to a woman.

There is one family here in Miami who have a son of whom they may feel justly proud. Last Friday this young man attended the boat races in the upper bay in a small sail boat, and on his return the bridge tender at the Beach side of the causeway lowered the draw before his boat was clear with the result that the boat was overturned and the young man, fully clothed, was thrown into the swift outgoing tide.

Did he get excited, lost his head? Not he. He coolly swam to his upset boat, took off his outer clothes and swam 300 yards against a strong current, back to the causeway. Clad only in his shorts, and nearly exhausted by the swim, he ran fully a mile to where the Miami Beach Patrol was stationed at the Judges Stand for the regatta. They rescued the boat which had drifted far out in the cut, towed it ashore and kindly brought him home.

After getting into dry clothing he called on the gentleman who owned the boat and explained the accident, apologized for any inconvenience it might cause the owner and promised to repair and return the boat as soon as possible, and I am pleased to add that he has since kept his word in full.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, the bridge tender made no effort to assist this young man, although the accident was entirely due to his own carelessness. It developed later that this same bridge tender turned over another small boat the same day.

It seems to the spectre that a man of this type is a decided menace to public safety, and that the County Commissioners should give the matter their attention, for with all the good men we have who are out of work I fully believe that one could readily be found who would be more considerate of human life.

I have been told that editors are born, not made, and that they have ways beyond the ken of us ordinary mortals—now take this one of mine—the spectre talks to him as he sits on his throne of power, the editorial chair. Although there is nothing wrong with his ears still he does not

**Political Palaver**

**T**HE BATTLE of petitions is still being waged relentlessly on all fronts. Every other man you meet on the street is either a candidate for city commissioner, or working for one who is. A lot of the boys have begun to realize that procuring the signatures of 550 registered voters is a considerable task, and it has just begun to dawn upon a few of them that they are doomed for defeat before they ever get started.

**A** CANDIDATE, to qualify, must procure the names and addresses of 550 voters who are registered on the city books. Registered voters may sign three petitions, and no more, all of which means that it will be physically impossible for all of the thirty-five candidates to qualify. To make matters worse, some of the smarter boys are not stopping when they procure the required number, but are going merrily on taking voters out of circulation for their rivals.

**O**NE CANDIDATE boasts that he already has more than 1,800 names and another reported 1,650 with his workers still in the field. Practically all of the candidates have 550 names, but just wait until City Clerk Harold Ross starts checking them against the registration books. More than half of the voters signing petitions are not registered to vote in the city election, although a majority of them think they are because they voted in the last general election. The boys with 1,600 and 1,800 names may be able to qualify, but those with less may find themselves embarrassed when the check-up is completed.

**P**OLITICAL prognosticators predict that less than 15 of the 35 candidates will qualify to participate in the first primary May 2. The six survivors of the first primary will fight it out in the regular election June 6. The three winners will replace Mayor Gautier and Commissioners Knight and Lummus.

**S.** BOBO DEAN, former publisher, is the newest recruit to the small army of candidates. Dean started his petition last week and is making a spirited campaign. Other candidates are: E. G. Sewell, Frank H. Wharton, Dr. Ralph Ferguson, Dr. John K. Clemmer, Max Neumann, Eli McDonald, A. W. Corbett, Mrs. Hicks Allen, Henry Pridgen, Pat Cannon, William Mack Brown, L. F. McCready, Isador Cohen, C. C. Blake, Jack Maltzie, A. M. LaSalle, A. J. Keyton, Robert Williams, M. F. Hannah, 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, Mark Chartrand and John Cleveland.

**T**HE most amusing feature of the election so far is the array of campaign managers who have taken the field. The managers bustle hither and yon trying to act important and promise anything and everything. They are willing to spend their time (or yours) but to date that's all they are spending. A lot of candidates would raise up on their hind legs and howl if they only knew some of the promises their "campaign managers" were making, but that's a howl which will come later or dwindle down to a whisper when the candidates start dropping by the wayside.

**C**ANDIDATES who cannot weather mud barrages had better get out while the getting is good. The thirty-five candidates come from all walks of life, and while some of them are dumber than Kelsey's pig, a few of them are smart, and the guy who has tried to live in a glass house and take his baths in daytime is liable to find himself in plenty of hot water when his opponents open up.

**H**ERE is the way is figures for the moment. Sewell will receive the undivided support of the Public Utility League and also the support of all others interested in reducing power and light rates. Wharton's support will come from all sides on account of his many years as a public servant. McCready will doubtless gather all of the votes from the Elks' Lodge, while Clemmer will do well among Shriners. Keyton is president of the Apartment House Owners' Association and will doubtless receive plenty of support from his own organization. Williams has the Riverside Improvement Association in the palm of his hand, and Neumann and Cohen will split the Jewish vote. Partak is head of the German Society and has that organization sewed up. Pittman is a Republican leader, and it is a known fact that the Republicans will strive mightily to place at least one commissioner. Orr and Cleveland are representatives of the same element and will receive plenty of votes from their constituents. Dr. Ferguson is a popular physician and should receive the support of the Medical Society, with Pat Cannon coming in strong with the lawyers. Corbett and Bridges were leaders in the recently defeated recall movement, and Kelly is a Legionnaire. Thompson is manager of the McAllister Hotel, and nothing would please the hotel men of Greater Miami better than to have a representative on the city commission. Figure it out for yourself. Almost every candidate has his own following and his opponent has an equally large following. For the moment it looks like Sewell, Wharton and WHO?

hear a word, his razor keen mind is wandering in a world of his making, a mystical land of dreams—then his face is lighted by a smile,—Raphael never painted a cherub with such an innocent look—his typewriter clicks furiously and another brain child is given life—it will be a short life but a merry one.

Suddenly he bounces out of his chair, stamps around the office and slams his hat on to the other side of the rack and I know that the editor has ceased to be—he grumbles and mumbles and finally barks as me "Say; where in Hades am I going to find thirty-seven dollars to pay that \*\*\* printer? say: quit mooning and tell me that"—then I know that he has undergone a strange metamorphosis and has become the business manager and is having a tustle with this fellow we call Depression.

Yes, editors are strange coots with all the foibles and failings to which the human race is subject, but back of all that I have always found them to be regular men.

**NOT A GAS HOG**



"Fool Old Man Depression"

**40 MILES Per GAL.**

**THE NEW 1933 AUSTIN**

Join that happy throng of New Austin Owners. They know they get 200 miles for every \$1.00. We trade your old car on the New Austin—the LAST WORD IN ECONOMY.

**REMEMBER LICENSE TAGS ONLY \$6.60**

**R. S. EVANS**

"THRIFTY MAN'S FRIEND"

1622 N. E. Second Ave.

858 W. Flagler St.

(Continued from page 1)

him. Then through the crowd and back to work. She must have stopped at the beauty parlor for her hair is neatly arranged. She is clean, too. She wears a beautiful evening gown and she is a very attractive young lady—she has to be. Here are the three essentials; she must be a good actress; she must be a good business woman and she must have an attractive personality. This girl is not a menace in any community. Wise fathers will steer their sons to her. Intelligent wives who are sickly will tell their husbands about her. She serves a purpose, yet she is a beggar of life. She is tossed around. Every new man in power thinks he is the doctor who will cure the disease of the world, and starts to clean the "fields of operation" first with the prostitute. Pooh, Pooh, he scatters the germs. To do away with the prostitute would necessitate killing her. Our jails are not large enough, there isn't money enough to do away with her. Give her a district.

Unfortunately there is the other kind—but isn't it so in every class. There are two kinds of bankers, judges, politicians, married woman and what have you. Are they tossed around? No, they have their places in the scheme of things and they are tolerated. Give us a district with rules—no pimps. We are willing to give our share to the coffers of the city—we have been doing it. One time everything is hotsy-totsy and then we are guilty as hell—according to who is in power. Politics lack tolerance but whom am I asking for a district. In jail, ordered to leave town. A menace to this big "and fair community"—little me. Oh, well I am helping my sisters.

SAYS MADAME X

"I am a fugitive from the shame gang."
"The dance of life is now a lock step to the tempo of 'The Prisoner's Song'."
"The dance of life for the street walker is now a hop, skip and jump on the hot pavement."
"Having reduced twenty pounds it's now, 'Me and My Shadow'."
"When is a vagrant not a vagrant?"
"Miami: Your skyline reminds me of New York (apologies to Wen) and maybe we wish we were there."
"I am now a kept woman—under lock and key."
"I am so smart—why ain't I rich?"
"Sixty more days before I join the army of pursuit."
"I could dispense with such noises as the jingling of keys, slamming of iron doors; the snap and click of chewing gum, rats, rogues and roaches."
"I'll still love you when your money is gone sucker; but I won't be with you."
"Strike me pink but I'm blue."
"What, no red sheets cest la guerre."
"It's always jail in Miami."
"The big shots (ex keepers of bawdy houses) are spelling it differently now."
"Thanks for 'Philosophy of Solitude'—the jig-saw puzzle and the flowers—whoever sent them."

A RECIPE FOR A GOOD BAWDY HOUSE

Take a nice house with running water in every room. Furnish it nicely putting plenty of color about. Have at least one large parlor with life size nude figure panels—a large radio and get a stock of choice liquor. Have 5,000 cards printed. Then get four girls (small), one or two blondes, one red head and one brunette. If the hair isn't right, dye it. Then get a sporty looking car (silver preferably), place girls in same and circulate around town passing out the cards. At night, dress the girls in evening gowns put them in the parlor and wait. Soon the suckers will come. Turn on the music, throw in a few high balls and you are progressing. Smear thick with a good "gag" and a couple of parlor stories seasoned well with "darling," "Sugar," "sweetheart." Put in plenty of laughter—and have your hand out. It's all very simple except for the "raps", fights and "shake-downs". Do this for ten years and you'll know how—only you may find yourself in jail—I know—I am.

MADAME X.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE—Washing machine in good condition by widow in poor health except for slight warp in bottom. Iona Goodin, Hallandale.

REWARD—If the finder of any articles advertised in these columns will call at the Hornet office and report the return of the article to the owner we will reward him with a leather medal for dumbness and two season passes for Bayfront park

STOLEN—Black leather bag containing \$50,000 in cash and \$65,000 worth of jewels. Taken from my car at county poor house where I was visiting my mother. Liberal reward and no questions asked. Box 435.

FOR SALE—Boston bull pup; female with long pedigree ready to make sacrifice. Phone 3-1738.

PERSONAL—Will the lady who gave black female cat to my little daughter please call and take the whole bunch away. Sam Getzem, Tigertail Road.

INFORMATION—Requested about whereabouts of Lizzie Glotz. Was last seen in vicinity of city yacht basin shortly after she had fallen into barrel of turpentine yesterday. May be in vicinity of Boston or Montreal. If seen please notify her mother, whose whereabouts are also unknown.

(Continued from page 1)

time she asserts he beat her over the head with a gun, after threatening to kill her, and that one of her teeth was knocked out in the fracas. She names Mary Ann Arthur as correspondent, and claims Jones has been unduly attentive to her for the last three years, and has been living openly with her. She seeks alimony and a division of property and money which she declares is deposited in nearly a dozen banks throughout the country.

(Continued from page 1)

Miami. Should the negroes who have registered during the last week attempt to vote — well, as the porch climber remarked as he scaled the wall from the second to the third floor — "that's another story."

Stage Director: "Girls, you will be required to wear less in this show than you have ever worn before."

Chorus Girl: "Migawd, I've got to shave my head."

GRAND HOTEL

141 N. W. First Ave. Phone 28905

Rooms with bath \$1.50 Without bath \$1.00 We cater to transients

NIGHT CLUB

Entertainment At Ballroom Prices

DANCING

9:30 TILL ? 2—SHOWS—2

NO COVER CHARGE MINIMUM CHARGE ADMISSION 50c

PIER MIAMI BEACH

The Darwinian Phantasmagoria



SEES NOTHING . . HEARS NOTHING . . SPILLS THE WORKS

THE MANAGER of a certain downtown department store might be interested to know that one of his girl employees who earns \$9 per week has a nickle for breakfast and fifteen cents for supper. In addition to missing her noonday meal the girl takes frequent beatings from the man she helped when he couldn't find a job. She wants to get out of her present predicament but doesn't know how. The police station, sister is at Flagler street and First avenue. One \$150,000 brewery is under construction in Miami and magnates from nine sections of the country have made inquiry into South Florida's possibilities of producing beer. J. H. Wendler, stormy petrel of Miami journalism, convicted of criminal libel against Mayor Wyman of Coral Gables, has taken an appeal to the supreme court. The Daily News, Ohio publication which ex-Governor Cox prints during his odd moments, continues to ignore Tropical Park, which probably accounts for the record breaking attendance. Romono Romono, serving ninety days in the county bastille, has reduced 20 pounds. She has a reducing machine in her cell. An even score of "fairies" are languishing in durance vile while the cops continue their crusade in Bayfront Park. The Seventh street bawdy house is still in operation, although extreme caution is being exercised to keep Sheriff Hardie from finding it out. Sister employees haven't found out yet that a certain curb girl has secretly married for three months. Who killed Sig Baar? Two girls recently ordered to leave a downtown apartment hotel have established themselves in business in the northeast section. They may not realize it but the "give-away" comes from the large number of cars which park in front of their place every night. Wonder who owns the Lincoln with the Virginia license plate which parks more than any other car. A former "massage" parlor has closed its doors. The woman owner found the going too rough and customers too scarce. A big bawdy house is about to be opened in Broward county just across the line. The Miami landlady who will operate it says Sheriff Hardie can't stop her from operating there. Its owner lost his shirt in the recent bank moratorium and can't raise money enough to take his floating palace back to New York. Two women "lecturers" went broke last week. One of them says her manager did her "dirt". The other says the chump market was considerably off this year. A girl who figured prominently in a shooting a couple of years ago is married and reported living happily with her husband. Another woman who appeared in a more recent shooting is operating a speakeasy in the same house where her "pals" were pinched. What ever happened to Red Casey's appeal? Who killed Sig Baar?

Things We'd Like To See

- A good reason for sticking a red light on the causeway to hold up 500 cars while one emerges from Palm Island.
A plausible explanation for the F. E. C. running a 72 car freight train through the city and blocking crossings.
A segregated district for bawdy houses instead of having them scattered all over the city.
A coat of paint applied to the street signs in Coral Gables so they might be readable.
A picture of the fellow who conceived the idea of sticking the blinding lights on the tail ends of street cars.
A big brewery working day and night in Miami and foaming suds in every home.
A good reason for Miami restaurants patronizing out of town wholesale houses.
A first class ordinance prohibiting loitering on downtown sidewalks at night.
A strict enforcement of the "Jim Crow" law keeping negroes in their own district after sundown.
A sensible explanation for sticking a snake emporium right in the middle of the congested district.
A new city commission pledged to push the fight for reduced power and light rates.
A rigid investigation of a certain sweat shop which pays women employees thirty cents a day for making dresses.

OPENING
Floridainty Grille
245 N. E. 2nd Ave.
STEAKS & CHOPS
Deliciously Prepared by ALEC THE FRENCH CHEF Formerly with Rhinehardt's Satisfying Food At any Hour of the Day or Night

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Cars Called for and Delivered ATLANTIC GARAGE
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R. S. EVANS
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Free Clinic Announcement
Radio Diagnostic and Treatment Instrument
To Acquaint the People of this Community with the Wonderful Features of the Radioclast Auto-Electronic Equipment, a Clinic will be conducted at my Office
Saturday, April 1st, to Saturday, April 8th, inclusive
Hours 9 to 12 a.m.—2 to 5 p.m.—Other hours by appointment.
Dr. R. C. Conley, of Fostoria, Ohio, an expert technician, will be here to assist me in analyzing patients for the above week.
In order to introduce this instrument to the public there will be no charge for analysis during the Clinic.
This instrument will analyze your condition accurately. It is a positive analysis for Tuberculosis, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Cancer, Tumor, Gall Bladder troubles, Internal Inflammation and various other ailments.
If you are sick and don't know the source of your trouble, come to my office on any of the above dates and have your case analyzed by an expert during our Clinic week.
It is important that you arrange your appointments early, either by phone or letter, as only a limited number of cases can be examined daily.
After this week the regular charge for examination will be Ten Dollars.
Dr. Katherine M. Cold
Naturopathic Physician
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825 S. W. 27th Ave. Phone 2-8659 Miami

TROPICAL PARK
CHARITY DAY CARD
SATURDAY, APRIL 1st
Closing the Racing Season.