

ROMANCE ENDS IN JAIL!

OH! YEAH!

The newly married astrologist was so superstitious he never did anything until the moon was in the right position.



The Hornet

A Weekly with a Purpose.

OH! YEAH!

Goofy Oscar: Are we alone?
Little Cuspidora: I hope God is with me.

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BOB CROSSLAND, Editor

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Miami, Florida, February 17th, 1934

WIFE OF ANIMAL TRAINER DECLARES HE BURNED BOSOM WITH CIGARETTE

Being the wife of an animal tamer isn't all it's cracked up to be, if allegations made by Mrs. Terezia Reiter in her suit for divorce from Harry Reite are authentic.

Mrs. Reiter intimates that Harry tried to operate his animal taming business and matrimonial affairs upon a parallel basis. She says he made a regular practice of grabbing her by the throat and tossing her around. She says upon one occasion, he stuck a lighted cigarette against her bosom and then capped the climax by slapping her on the street. After the alleged slapping episode, she says she procured a peace warrant against him and that he was also arrested and fined in city court for assault. Between the choking and burning chapters, Mrs. Reiter says Harry threw in a few good sound slaps for good measure. She says Harry was a soldier in the Austrian army during the world war.

HE EATS 'EM

If he had merely agreed to bite the snake's head off and called it a day, a tall lanky gentleman who walked into the city license bureau yesterday, might have done some business, but when he elaborated upon his idea by agreeing to do the job up brown by devouring the snake's carcass, he lost his taw. City License Inspector W. E. Nichols refused to issue an exhibitor's license and skipped his lunch when the lanky one departed shaking his head sadly.

MERCHANTS DRAW FIRST BLOOD IN BIG GENERAL SALES - TAX BATTLE

The general sales tax battle between two great big city commissioners on one side and 18,000 insignificant taxpayers and business men on the other, ended in a temporary "draw" yesterday when the commissioners agreed to postpone enforcement of the ordinance until March 1.

A conference between a committee representing the merchants and city commissioners was held behind the locked doors of the city manager's office. The press was excluded, but 'tis said the verbal battle was a bitter one and that plenty of faces turned red at the peak of the shooting. More than 18,000 names are already attached to petitions protesting the tax, told commissioners yesterday that names of 98 per cent of the registered voters could be procured if necessary.

WAR VETERANS MAY STOP BIG BATTLE

When the American Legion and the National Guard agreed to "whack" up three per cent of the gross ticket sale of the Madison Square Garden outfit agreed to turn over that amount, everything appeared rosy—but it's a long worm that lives in a glass house, or something.

To start the argument, the Disabled Veterans of the World War elbowed into the picture with a demand for equal recognition and yelled, "We want our share or there will be no fight". Dr. A. J. Camara, fighting commander of the Disabled Vets is still shouting and declares he and his organization are all ready to wheel their big guns into the front line trench and procure an injunction to stop the scrap unless their "cut" is forthcoming. A number of conferences held during the week have failed to change the status of the ragument.

Now to make matters more complicated, the two local Posts of Spanish War Veterans are in the field with demands, and 'tis whispered, have consolidated with the Disabled Vets for a finish fight. At a meeting of the Post Department Command-War Veterans Tuesday night, Peter E. Barnett, former Post Department Commander for the State of Florida, was appointed chairman of a committee to call on Francis Miller, attorney for the Madison Square Garden company, and make a formal demand for equal recognition with other veterans' organizations for a share of the proceeds of the big fight.

In a statement Friday, Barnett said, "I think the Spanish War veterans are

entitled to a fair share of the proceeds. We do not want more than the Legion or National Guard but in all fairness we are entitled to our share. Our committee has had a conference with Mr. Miller at 10 o'clock Saturday morning". The committee the Helen Gould Camp of Little River.

While the Spanish Vets are negotiating with Mr. Miller, Dr. Camara reiterated his stand of last week by saying, "unless the disabled veterans get their share of the proceeds on an equal basis with the Legion, National Guard and possibly the Spanish American War Veterans, there will be no fight if we can stop it. We have our petition for an injunction already prepared and it will be filed. I have been informed that the Madison Square Garden people are willing to be fair in the matter and opposition to us receiving our share has been interposed by the other two organizations. In a statement last week, I said that the Disabled Veterans of the World War was composed entirely of men disabled upon the "fields of battle". I understand some mis-construction has been placed upon that statement and wish to amend it by saying that every member of the Disabled Veterans of the World War has a service connected record. Such being the case, I do not believe we are unfair in asking for our "cut" from the three per cent being paid by the Madison Square Garden people".

FOUR DAY ROMANCE LEAVES DEEP VEIL OF MYSTERY AS IT GOES ON THE ROCKS

The veil of mystery surrounding the matrimonial affairs of Donald Keith Brinson failed to lift yesterday when the 29 year old aviator was arraigned in municipal court of Miami Beach and received a 60 day suspended jail sentence.

Brinson's difficulties started Monday night when he and Miss Florence Marks, daughter of H. F. Marks, wealthy New York book collector, were married at Ft. Lauderdale. Brinson was arrested Thursday upon the complaint of Paul S. Van Berg, said to be a friend of the girl's father. He was charged with vagrancy. The vagrancy charge was dropped, however, and he found himself confronting a charge of disorderly conduct when arraigned Friday morning. The jail sentence was suspended providing he leaves Miami Beach. Relatives of the girl, including her mother, a guest at the Fleetwood, refused to make any statements for publication and Miami Beach police said no details were offered in the charge filed against Brinson.

After waiting twenty-four years for a word from her missing husband, Mrs. Mertice Bell Cleland has finally decided that she has been deserted and has filed suit for divorce. Mrs. Cleland in her suit for freedom, recites that she was married in 1905 and lived with her husband, Robert Cleland, until 1910 at which time he disappeared. She says she hasn't seen or heard from him since and charges desertion.

PETTING PARTIES AT BEACH ARE VICTIMS OF SHAKEDOWN ARTISTS

Evidence of a thriving "shakedown" business among youthful Romeos and Juliets at Miami Beach, is in the hands of the county solicitor and a number of complaints are being investigated by Emmet Steele, special investigator for Fred W. Pine.

According to the complaints, certain night watchmen and others posing as officers of the law, have levied a heavy toll among the youthful petters, threatening to take them to jail on trumped up charges unless they are willing to pay for silence. A number of the "petters" are reported to have paid a tidy sum for immunity to "shakedown" artists taking advantage of the vast number of opportunities offered by the wide open spaces of North Miami Beach.

HELD FOR MURDER

Charge of assault with intent to commit second degree murder was preferred against Roscoe Wheeler, Miami Beach private night watchman, yesterday.

The charge is the result of a disturbance of last Sunday night when Wheeler is said to have stopped an automobile driven by Earnest Duhaime and occupied by Miss Rita Bartholomew, both University of Miami students. Miss Bartholomew was slightly wounded when Wheeler is alleged to have drawn his pistol and fired. Emmet Steele, investigator for the county solicitor's office, said yesterday, his investigation was not complete, but he had unearthed sufficient evidence to warrant fil-

DRUNKEN DRIVER WHO KILLED TWO CHILDREN GETS 30 YEARS

"I regard drunken drivers as a menace," declared Judge E. C. Collins yesterday, in imposing a prison sentence of 30 years upon Raymond R. Powell, charged with manslaughter as a result of causing the deaths of two small children on February 2.

The two children, Marshall Norris, 7, and Harry Norris, 4 years of age, were killed by a truck driven by Powell and Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Norris, parents of the children barely escaped injury or death. Police told the court Powell was intoxicated at the time of the accident. A plea for leniency was made in Powell's behalf by his attorneys, Kennedy & Kennedy but was answered by Judge Collins' statement that he "regarded drunken drivers as a menace".

THE HORNET

THE WEEKLY WITH A PURPOSE

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We reserve the right to reject advertising matter, but we never exercise the right—wouldn't we be damn fools? Postage must accompany all manuscripts. We have no use for the manuscripts but we'll sure appreciate the stamps.

The editor is always open for social engagements with blondes, brunettes and red heads. Plain and fancy drinking done on the premises or taken home. Satisfaction guaranteed or you get a rain check.

MOB Would the kidnapers of young Brooke Hart have escaped the noose if a frenzied mob hadn't broken into the San Jose jail and lynched them? Of course the answer is purely deductive, but based upon a statistical review of the ten most sensational crimes of the last decade, their chances of avoiding the supreme penalty were better than even.

During the last decade eleven persons have been murdered in ten crimes which shocked the nation. In return for these eleven lives only four murderers have paid the supreme penalty and two of them were electrocuted for the same crime. Most certainly the percentage is in favor of the murderer, providing he is able to hire a clever lawyer and take advantage of the loop-holes in the law.

Leopold and Loeb are now entering their tenth year in the penitentiary for a crime too brutal to describe. They will be free within five years. Harry Thaw, who shot Stanford White in cold blood is a free man today. It took hundreds of thousands of dollars and dozens of lawyers to turn the trick, but sufficient to say, it was turned. The authorities failed to find the slayer or slayers of Rev. Hall and Mrs. Mills and the kidnapper and murderer of the Lindbergh baby has never been apprehended. Police have never found the killer of Arnold Rothstein, and not even an arrest was made when Joseph Elwell, famous bridge expert was slain in his own home. The complete record is an appalling one with only Edward Hickman, Ruth Snyder, Judd Gray and Ed Snook paying for their crimes, while the others received lesser punishment or were not even apprehended.

No law abiding citizen can go on record as favoring mob rule and lynch law, but many citizens can be found who calmly stick their tongues in their cheeks and turn to other matters when justice is carried out in the manner in which it was carried out in California. The kidnapping racket is a vicious one and the only menace presented by mob rule is a possibility of its extension to other, and possibly lesser offenses, if lynchers of kidnapers are not prosecuted. Truly the governor of California is on the spot, but has plenty of defenders anxious to get him off.

On account of the depression a lot of expectant mothers are going to the country—where they have free delivery.

Our idea of a real optimist would be a gentleman of fortune even inviting the entire chorus up for a gay dinner.

There's a good woman loves her husband for something she learned from a woman who wasn't so good.

New You Tell One

THE newly married couple arrived in New York late at night and started immediately to a hotel in the Herald Square district. The bride, never having been in New York before took advantage of the short taxi ride to scan the tall buildings and take in such sights as were visible from a moving taxi.

The next morning upon arising she strolled to the window overlooking the Empire State building and stood looking at it silently. Finally she sighed, "That isn't as big as I thought it was either."

THE parlor maid knew when she was licked. After packing her bags she paused to collect her salary. Having been previously informed of an expected blessed event she said sweetly to her ex-mistress,

"Goodbye mam, and I hope the little boy is healthy when he comes."

"How do you know it will be a little boy," queried the lady haughtily.

"Oh, it's bound to be," replied the maid, "No girl would ever stay with you that long."

Arn't You Dying To Know

If Earl, the sandwich specialist misses his sugar mamma and when he expects to leave for Chi to join her.

If Charley really played the 18 holes in 93 with a spoon and putter and avoided all of the 59 traps.

Why the old "maestro" didn't complete his engagement at the night club and if his pay envelope was full.

Where "Mae West" got the Chrysler coupe and where she is living these days.

If the blonde who wrecked the labor union executive's automobile ever reached police headquarters.

If the gentleman in a business suit who tried to crash the Embassy last Saturday night was embarrassed.

Why the owner of the Cadillac waded through the puddle at the Ambassador.

Famous Women of History

- LILLITH—Originated the first love triangle.
- DELILAH—First lady barber.
- CLEOPATRA—Started the vamp business.
- QUEEN OF SHEBA—Solomon's heavy sugar mamma.
- HELEN OF TROY—Victim of the first snatch.
- QUEEN ELIZABETH—Originator of platonic friendships.
- CATHERINE DI MEDICI—Not a pharmacist's daughter, but know her drugs.
- POCAHONTAS—Helped John Smith start the melting pot.
- PRISCILLA—Strongly opposed to second hand love.
- CARRIE NATION—The first hatchet woman.

DAY DREAMING WITH THE EDITOR

THE girl friend says I am the only man she has ever known who drives a car continuously as if it were out of control. Lads around the office say she is a "real" who says she is my opinion of the ten most sensational murder-crimes of modern times: The Thaw case; The Leopold-Loeb kidnaping and murder; Snyder-Gray killing; the Hall-Mills affair; Lindbergh kidnaping; The Snook case in Columbus; Slaying of Arnold Rothstein; Kidnaping and murder of Marian Parker by Edward Hickman in California; Mysterious murder of Joseph Elwell, the bridge expert and the slaying of Don Melett, Ohio editor. A total of eleven persons murdered and four persons being electrocuted or hanged. Two of the four persons who paid the supreme penalty were electrocuted for the same crime (Snyder-Gray). Thaw killed Stanford White and is free today. The slayer of Rev. Hall and Mrs. Mills has never been apprehended. The Lindbergh kidnapper is still free. The murderer of Rothstein was never caught. No one was ever arrested for the murder of Elwell and the Melett slayer is still at large. Who says there is no such thing as a "perfect crime"?

There are 4,229,401 Jews in the United States and only 161,270 in Palestine. Panama has only 25 Jews and Havana has 77. On the other hand there are 219,631 Irishmen in New York City and only 73,468 in Cork, Ireland. An evening gown with a back appears out of place at Miami night clubs this season, yet for some reason the girls seem more modest than ever before. Maybe we are becoming more sophisticated. Spivy's song at the Ambassador about the "Gentleman Dapper" who stepped out of the—telephone booth is a wow. Stanford White, victim of Harry Thaw's murderous revolver in the old Madison Square Garden, was the architect who designed Miami's Halcyon Hotel. It was one of his last enterprises. Beer placed under an electric fan will go flat in thirty seconds. A nifty jag may be obtained by sipping two bottles of beer through a straw.

A majority of the natives of Indiana are natural philosophers. I happened to be riding through a manufacturing district one day with a Hoosier lad when we passed a pottery factory. A huge pile of broken lavatories, condemned by inspectors as being unfit for use, caught his eye. "It must be tough," he remarked dryly, "to be so useless you wouldn't even make a good pot." Every newspaperman strives to make his "lead" as near perfection as possible. The "lead" of a story is the first sentence. In my opinion, the finest "lead" ever written was written in exactly six words. It was an Associated Press story dealing with the death of President Harding and was written upon the occasion of the dead President's body being removed from Washington to Marion, Ohio, for burial. The "lead" as it was written; "Warren G. Harding left Washington tonight forever." He told the whole story in six words, and I've used eighty-two describing it.

THE CRAP SHOOTER

First Nudist Colony Damsel: I was out with a green horn last night.

Second Damsel: Whassa matter your boy friend fall in a barrel of paint?

Doris: Is your new boy friend a fan?

Mable: What do you mean fan?

Doris: I mean is he a bug, does he go in for golf, fishing, polo or baseball. You know every man is some kind of a bug.

Mable: Oh, I get you—I think he is a bed bug.

"A good aim," muses Goofy Oscar, "isn't worth a darn unless you can pull the trigger."

Some time we'll tell you about the superstitious sailor who kept his fingers crossed while calling upon his Chinese girl.

Get the Hearse For Lucy Siosher. She caught her mitts in the washer.

I'll cut it short," agreed the Rabbi when his assistant whispered that the sermon had already run over an hour.

Isn't it funny, the chick who knows his love making from A to Z, always stirs a lot of O's in the parlor.

Stupe: After I get married today, I'm gonna join the Actor's Union.

Stupe: I didn't know you were an actor.

Stupe: Yep, her old man caught me in the act last night.

Clerk: Step this way and I'll show you the best thing in men's shorts.

Customer: Bah, the best thing don't come in men's shorts.

The Hialeah police are hunting a missing husband. His wife describes him as being exceedingly tall and very short.

He—What's the difference between a wheelbarrow and a palfor?

She—What is a palfor?

He—Jeez, any school kid knows that.

Policeman: I'm taking up a collection to buy a cow. Would you contribute a dollar?

Reporter: Will you please. Here's a five spot, bury five of 'em.

She: Did you ever wake up with a grouch?

Ditor: My dear, I never went to bed with one.

Life Guard—I have just resuscitated your daughter.

irate Father—Then by God you'll marry her.

She: I'm tired of drinking beer.

He: I thought you were you've been to the rest room three times in the last hour.

Flapper: You certainly have a large vocabulary.

Boy Friend: Huh, you oughta see Bogle Saab.

She: This is a picture of Man O' War taken from the rear.

He: Say, by the way, have you heard from your mother recently?

First New Bride: Isn't it wonderful here?

Second New Bride: It's wonderful anywhere dearie.

Goofy Oscar says he is all set for the season—he bought a horoscope so he can locate the girls on the boulevard.

Goofy Oscar: I've got something every flapper should know.

Little Cupidora: What's that?

Goofy Oscar: My telephone number and address.

How about the absent minded sapper who wandered into the drug store to buy a monkey wrench.

LOCAL HEADLINES

"Two Die in Compact" (News) Gosh they musta been midgets.

"Pompano Benefits from Beans" (Pompano Club Has Musical Program) (News) Hotchal.

"Lawyers Fight Over Sheet" (Herald) Must take a lot of sheet to make lawyers fight.

"Takes Poison Trip Instead of Honeymoon" (Herald) It's all the same brother, all the same.

Don't stay married too long to a fat woman—you're liable to get into a rut.

McPOOT FINDS FAULT WITH WOMEN

SAYS HE'S "AGIN" 'EM ATTENDING NIGHT CLUBS WITHOUT THEIR PANTIES

"God I'm agin it," belched Whoosh McPoot, notorious hog caller and Yo-Yo champion, as he paced the living room of his palatial quarters in the courthouse comfort station.

"Aman what?" queried the reporter calling for his weekly load of hooch.

"What's the difference?" grunted Uncle Bastardo McPoot, a Georgia native via the twelve gauge route, as he curled up on the horse hair sofa and prepared for his interminable siesta.

"In amn women runnin' around night clubs without pants," rapped Whoosh ignoring the interruption.

"See which?" yelped Mrs. McPoot, adorning from a rear room with a pick-handle in her hand and murder in her eye.

Bastardo rolled off the far side of the sofa and was promptly pummeled a cigar by the reporter when he rang the bell of a porcelain vessel.

"How do you know what wimpain don't wear under their dresses at night clubs," belowed Mrs. McPoot advancing upon Whoosh with the pick handle.

"I read it in the Hornet," shouted Whoosh making an unsuccessful leap for the door.

The pick handle did it's duty and Mrs. McPoot marched back to her coiled bed and baggage.

Whoosh massaging his crank case, arose in a fit of oratory.

"Why did I ever marry a woman like that," he whispered.

"So your wondering too are you," retorted Bastardo kicking his foot free of the porcelain vessel.

"Well if your memory's come back on you, I'll remind you that her peppy was standing just off your hind quarters with a horse pistol and he wasn't foolin'."

"Neither was I," shorted Whoosh.

"But you had been," snickered Bastardo to gain 111 points on the eminent one.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," interrupted the reporter, "I am here to get an interview, not to listen to this small talk. Let's get down to business."

"What was it you wanted to know?" queried Whoosh wiping his hands on his trouser's leg after attempting to pick up what he thought was a dame on the living room floor.

"How in the hell do I know what I want to know?" blurbed the reporter. "Your supposed to be against something and I'm supposed to find out what your against."

"Could you make it Claudette Colbert this week," asked Whoosh.

"What's Claudette Colbert got to do with it?" yelped the reporter keeping a weatser eye on Bastardo whose hands suddenly developed roebushes.

"I can't think of anything I'd rather be agin than Claudette," rapped Whoosh, keeping an eye on the kitchen door.

"London Bridge is Falling Down," floated through the living room as Mrs. McPoot offering, recently released from the reform school tripped into the room.

And Friday, the male half of the zoo lead the procesion scattering cigar stubs and ashes in their wake and Squirt and Squat, the fee-male end of the tribe, brot up the rear dragging a hot water bottle and the left wheel of a well running machine.

"Git out of here," shrieked whoosh as Splash playfully knocked his derby over his eyes with a crowbar.

In the excitement which followed, the reporter playfully swiped Bastardo's watch and kicked Whoosh on the shin as an added prank. The children hustled off to the nearest saloon for their bedtime story and the reporter prepared to depart.

Before leaving," he said, "I'm gonna show you I am a good sport. Here's Bastardo's watch, I just wanted to teach him to watch out for pickpockets."

"Well I'm a son-of-a-gun," yelped Bastardo. "I didn't even know you took it."

"Just learn to keep your eyes open," chirped the reporter reaching the living room door.

"Wait a minute," shouted Bastardo fishing behind the sofa, "I've gotta be as good a sport as you, here's your underwear and truss."

"Yeah," interrupted Whoosh, "And I'm gonna be a good sport too, here's yer wife's step-ins and the coat to yer pajamas which I forgot to take off the other night before I left."

Isn't it seem jus, like old times to hear the melodious voice of George Christy singing over the radio these evenings? George is announced for the Biscayne Kennel Club—He deserves better connections.

The Silver Dollar has a system all its own. By the time you chase all over the place purchasing checks and finally find the place where the hash is being dispensed, you've worked up a swell appetite.

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CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE—Roan mare five years old. Has never been ridden. Will sell for cash or what have you. I will deliver. Elmer Glutz, Box 828.

PERSONAL—I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife. We are not living together partly on account of the depression and partly on account she won't live with me. Horace H. Hoznozle.

\$25.00 REWARD—For return of \$100 bill lost last Saturday on Flagler Street. G. Howie Grunts, Realty-Jazza Ho. al. (Editor's note: I will pay \$50 reward and no question asked, thell with brother Grunts)

LOST—Police dog. Answer to the name of Brutus. Very romantic. May be found in company of shetland pony, alligator or even another dog. Finder please keep dog and pay for this ad and oblige Leona Ginnell, City Dump.

PERSONAL—Elmer, you may come home, I am sick. Everything is all right. Lucy.

FILES—Removed, without pain. No pile too large or small. We use Mack trucks and you'll find our drivers always courteous. Consult us before you have your pile removed. Pyle & Pile.

EVANGALIST—Wants souls to save. Can accommodate a few heels during the next ten days. Come to the big tent.

"That chicken we had for dinner was an incubator chicken."

"How do you know?"

"No chicken who ever had a mother could be that tough."

Visitor: Here, watch my horse a minute.

Miami Copper: But I'm a policeman.

Visitor: That's all right, I'll trust you.

OYSTER MONEY

If 10 acres of FREE state oyster bottoms were valued by the U. S. Government (Official Document 1066) at \$20,000, and if these 10 acres would pay you a life time cash income of \$6,000 per year, would you accept this FREE land and pay to the state its lawful tax of 50 cents per acre per year?

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SEES NOTHING HEARS NOTHING . . . SPILLS THE BEANS

PROMINENT Coconut Grove husband seeking a divorce

of his sons held a gun against him while another clouted a bottle. . . . He likewise says the frau threatened to put

the "pot" . . . A certain blonde waitress is plaintiff in a divorce

. . . She says friend husband accosted her on Flagler Street and called

her several names a lady should never be called . . . Matrimo-

nails of one of our better known theatrical managers are in

state . . . His fondness for female patrons is responsible for the

moil 'tis whispered . . . That big threatened police shake-up in

shape . . . Several of the higher-ups are worried . . . They believe

to be but they just don't know it yet . . . Two curb girls have

up "side-lines" . . . Evidently their salaries and benefits are

to property take care of their worthless husbands . . . A

rom New York is trying to peddle certain letters from the "Sugar

daddy back in New York . . . He promised to join her, but didn't

. . . Now she's trying to make it tough for him via the well known

mail route . . . "Hot diamonds" are the latest racket . . . A

gent of Hebe sharpshooters are seeking victims willing to invest in

rocks" . . . The rocks come from the five and ten, but his

they have already found a number of suckers . . . Who killed Sig Baar?

The Pinkertons at Hialeah are making things tough on

A dozen arrests were made last week and a dozen

given a free ride to the Broward county line . . . Primo

Carroll's automobile broke down on Flagler street Thursday . . . He

posed for the multitudes while it was being repaired . . . With

Frances Abernanti handling the publicity for the coming fight, maybe the

breakdown wasn't really a breakdown after all . . . A well known

light heavyweight fighter is reported to have "gone" in the roll at a

gambling place . . . He rolled sixes when he needed a seven

and vice versa . . . A girl who figured prominently in headlines

just a year ago is having trouble with the boy friend . . . It

seems he is tired of paying the rent to provide a general

assembling place for half of the nites in Miami . . . A

big shake up in the personnel of a certain insurance

company is about to be announced . . . The books don't

seem to be in the parent company . . . Governor Sholtz

spent two days in Miami with only a few political

leaders being aware of his presence . . . A Flagler street

"restaurant prince" is on the rocks . . . He is striving

mightily to keep the "sheriff" from tacking papers on his

door . . . Who killed Sig Baar?

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A RED hot argument centered around Jackie Maye is raging around the Ambassador club. "Jackie" is billed as a female impersonator and the boys and girls are all tangled up about the matter. Some of them say no man could be so perfect in a feminine role and others assert "Jackie" is a regular guy with a punch like an army mule. Even Tom Williams steps in his mess kit ever so often in talking about "Jackie." Half of the time he refers to his star performer as "she" and then suddenly remembers and says "he." I could settle the argument, but why should I? . . . Oh, what the hell, I may as well . . . I saw Jackie coming out of the men's room. No matter just which one of the sexes Jackie claims, he (she) is a swell little entertainer and maybe that's why seating room in generally at a premium at the ritzy little Ambassador this season.

Everybody meets someone at Deauville Beach Casino, the swanky, ritzy rendezvous operated under the personal direction of Frank J. Bruen. The famous Deauville dinner is truly the "last word in cuisine" and the two shows presented nightly in the beautiful Deauville room are exotic. Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers provide the tantalizing strains for dancing and the floor shows include some of the brightest stars of old Broadway. Sammy Walsh, Milton Douglas, society's favorite baritone; Lydia and Joresco, poets of the dance and the Aber Twins are but a few of the artists who appear on the bill. Running true to form, Mr. Bruen is dedicating all of his time and efforts to the comfort of his guests and flits from the Casino to the Marine Tavern, thence to the Clipper Ship and back to the Deauville room almost continuously. Mrs. Bruen, as sweet and gracious as any of the debutants who while away gay evenings at Deauville, is proving a charming hostess to guests and old friends and adds much to the exclusiveness of the club.

Hickville on Saturday night has nothing on Miami every night when the Flagler street "pitch" operators start blocking the sidewalks with their horoscopes and shoddy merchandise. I understand Sam Hare took it on the chin at the Roman Pools for fifty grand and never batted an eye. It wasn't Sam's fault that Ben Bernie flopped but it is Sam's fault for installing Al Goldman as his new managing director and he'll never make a smarter move if he lives a hundred years. Goldman is known in night club circles as "Lucky Al". He has never "flopped" yet and although he has only been at the Roman Pools a few days you'd never know the place. Joe Lewis, King of the Night Clubs, and a brilliant new show including stars from the screen, radio and stage, opens at Roman Pools tonight with a deluxe dinner. Ray Teal and his orchestra, will furnish the music and all of the old timers will be on hand to wish "Lucky Al" success in his new venture.

IHAD to stand in line half an hour at the Embassy last Saturday night. That's what I deserve for not making a reservation ahead of time, but the show was worth the wait. Chic Endor and Charles Farrell have a dozen brand new song numbers. God knows where they get them, but they convulse the patrons and that ladies and gentlemen, may be labeled entertainment as is entertainment. Irene Bordoni opened as the Embassy Thursday night

and those without reservations had to stand longer than half an hour, because Irene is an old Embassy favorite and all of her friends were on hand to welcome her.

CORA Walsh continues to headline the bill at the Bagdad Club and that harmonious old accord of her's is making night club history. She stops every show and is forced to exhaust her entire repertoire before the patrons will let her go. Cora is one of the highest paid performers ever offered at the Bagdad and is filling the place nightly. Chaney and Harley, eccentric dancers and Mae Ashford, mistress of ceremonies are in featured positions and are backed by the Dancers Royale, a line of charming chorines. Admission to the Bagdad is \$1.00, which includes everything.

ALTHOUGH all Miamians know it, many visitors may be surprised to learn that Sally Rand, whose sensational fan dancing at the Century of Progress last summer, created nation wide attention, started on her way to fame right here at the Frolics Club. Last winter Sally was a featured performer and this season Manager Hugh McKay is introducing "Thais," another fan dancer whom patrons declare is equal, if not superior, to the sensational Sally. Thais appears in all three of the nightly jambories and is proving a real hit. Etta Reed, blues singer and Jack Irving, master of ceremonies are others on the Frolics bill who make the floor shows something to write home about. Admission to the Frolics is only 25 cents and other prices are in accordance. The Frolics Club is on the county causeway at the Miami end.

Al Parker, one of the niftiest little comedians ever offered by a night club, returns tonight to his old stamping ground, The Silver Slipper. Al, one of the headliners at the Silver Slipper last season, has been gadding hither and yon, but it was inevitable that sooner or later he would return home. Charlie Miller, talented rythm dancer, is another artist who makes his debut at tonight's show

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

- More people on Flagler street and less people at the dog tracks every night.
- A general scattering of the "Hebe" loafers who congregate on Flagler street between Second and Third avenues.
- A plausible reason for downtown lunch counters charging twenty cents a pint for milk.
- A copper instructed to keep our well known Flagler street Horoscope artist from blocking the sidewalk.
- A couple of additional street cars operating between Miami and Coral Gables during the winter season.
- A Flagler street restaurant with white waiters and bus boys instead of a "black cloud" of smokes.

An expression of confidence of Miamians in the possibilities offered by oyster cultivation in the vast Apalachicola beds, was made during the week when thousands of potential investors visited the sales rooms of the Miami Cultivated Oyster Farms Company and listened to the interesting lectures of William Lee Popham, "The Oyster King". The company headed by Mr. Popham holds extensive leases upon the Apalachicola oyster beds and units are being dispensed in offices throughout the state. An extensive \$6,000,000 development program, which if completed, will make the Apalachicola beds the largest in the world, has been outlined and is being carried out as rapidly as possible. The sales rooms are at 144 N. E. First avenue and an additional salesroom has been installed on Flagler street.

mestic, is largely responsible for the popularity of Princess Zoraida, Egyptian princess whose Temple of Knowledge has been established in the Halcyon Arcade.

Princess Zoraida, who created a sensation throughout the east last year with her radio work and who later scored another triumph at the Century of Progress, has been consulted by many world leaders during the last ten years and has many followers and believers who positively refuse to enter into any new enterprises of any kind without first consulting her.

OUR WEEKLY WALL STREET LETTER

Mr. Phillip McCann
Dear Sir:

We understand you are holding stock in American Can, Consolidated Water, United Gas and Chattahoochie Preferred.

We advise you to sit tight on your Can and let your Water go. Hold your Gas for awhile. Chattahoochie is slightly off. You may also be interested to know that National Tissue has touched a new bottom and thousands have been wiped out. We also advise you that B. V. D.'s have dropped and there has been a slight irregularity in Murphy Bed.

Sincerely Yours,
Chambers & Potts

Daughter — "Oh, mother, William and I are going to have a baby."
Mother — "Who's William?"

A lot of girls spend too much time thinking of Coty's when they should be keeping an eye on their panties.

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Million Dollar Pier
Over the Ocean Wave
Dancing and Floor Show
EVERY NIGHT
Admission 50c

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Flapper: Where can I get some silk covering for my settee?
Floor Walker: Next aisle and to your right, lingerie department.

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Featuring CHANEY and HARLEY
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—AND HER ACCORDION
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With two night clubs destroyed by fire and three others put out of business by creditors, the field is dwindling down to the right size.

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Where is Stanleigh Malotte? What's the matter with the downtown theaters, don't they know that Stan is always popular with the audiences—Let's have some real organ music.

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Speaking of radio, that's Jack Rice's voice you hear from the Miami Beach Kennel Club. When Jack arranges the programs they stay arranged.

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