

**Guide To Tourists:**

"Where's the race track?" asked a newcomer yesterday.  
The cop—or perhaps it was Rev. Dick Merrill—pointed.  
"See that guy with the seat of his pants out? Just follow him."

**READ YOUR METER—AND WEEP!**

**Our Weekly Fable**

Once upon a time a Miamian, returning home late, switched on a tiny light on the stairway by mistake—and the light company's bookkeepers failed to add another "0" to his bill.



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Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

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**From Frying Pan Into the Fire**

**A**LL KIDDING aside, this light and power racket is getting obnoxious. When ordinary householders start bragging about getting by with less than \$100 a month on electricity, it is time for us who live here the year round to start rubbing our chins rather reflectively. We natives, of course, may not mind maintaining a \$140-a-month light-and-power bill for a 10-room house, a wife, a few kiddies and a maid. But what about our tourist friends who are prone to compare their light bills with those rendered by the home-town utilities in Peoria, Keokuk, Jersey City and Macon?

Let us not judge the Florida Power & Light Company, our favorite Octopus, too harshly—at the outset, anyway. Rather let us conduct a careful investigation into its manipulations, its charges and surcharges, its politicking and its maneuvering, its meters and its franchises. After that, we can do some pertinent cross-examining.

We're, of course, hooked—and for thirty years, according to our contract. However, we're living in a tropical climate, and with the big boom and the crazy ideas we had a couple of years ago, it's excusable. So much for that.

But it is obvious that the Octopus has an idea that everybody's still nigger-rich, and can still write good checks for light bills. Somehow, the powers-that-be, in control of most everything we need, haven't learned the lesson Miami Life tried to teach hotel and apartment house owners last November and December, a lesson they learned along in February when it was too late.

Miamians aren't rich these days. The tourists may be, and the Jockey Club may be, but we fellows who try to eke out a living—and legitimately—all the year round, aren't. The tourist can leave any night they want to—and, if the Octopus gets too mean, they might not come back. And the Jockey Club always closes when our guests start packing their baggage and wiring home for expense money.

But we have to stay. We have to face the bills of the butcher, the baker and the candle-stick-maker twelve months out of the year.

A decade ago the Florida East Coast railroad owned Miami financially, politically and socially. The old Metropolis (now Cox's Daily News) busted the domination. But today, with our good wits about us and with every fine intention a progressive community ever mustered, we simply sink into the soft but tenacious tentacles of a worse monster—

The Octopus!

**Monopolistic Greed**

(From The Miami Beach Beacon)

**T**HE MIAMI BEACH Apartment House Owners' Association has asked the Florida Railroad Commission to investigate the business of the Florida Power and Light Company. The request is thoroughly justified and Mr. Hudson Burr, chairman of the commission, should lose no time in starting a thorough probe.

The Florida Power & Light Company is a gigantic trust and it is the duty of state officials to curb the financial greediness of the power and light group. This concern, beyond a doubt, operates through monopolistic tactics. Since you cannot get electricity elsewhere you must pay what the Florida Power and Light Company chooses to charge you—however discriminatory.

The State Railroad Commission should regulate the rates of this concern to a point where they do not discriminate against certain communities and are not excessive in any community. We are joining "Miami Life" in an effort to have state officials get an entirely new dress for "Our Little Nell."

**A Million-Dollar Winter Quarters for Acrobats**



**WHY TRY** to develop the back-country before we have utilized all the front-country we have? Here is a partial view of George Carter's million-dollar pier at South Beach, which is an unexcelled layout, as it presently stands, for a winter training grounds for our nation's acrobats and trapeze performers.

If the Chambers of Commerce of Miami and Miami Beach, the Herald, and the News can get together on the proposition, by next winter there won't be a foot of rusted beam or brace of this astounding structure that won't be swaying to the rhythm of the world's greatest circus performers. And it won't cost anything. We haven't any authoritative data on the number of acrobats now living or what next year's crop will be, but undoubtedly The Billboard has all the statistics and would furnish them gladly. Chamber of Commerce delegates could steal enough rope around these parts to provide the trapezes and almost any civic-spirited tennis player would be glad to donate his old tennis netting to the cause.

Make it a club proposition, if necessary—with life memberships and concessions to children of performers, something to be handed down, generation after generation. A good endowment could make it a National Home for Aged Acrobats.

And, just think, if this is done, it won't be necessary to finish the pier! All of which will relieve the minds of a lot of people, to say nothing of the boost it will give Miami Beach.

**They Want More Money**

**DO YOU** ever read the legal notices in the newspapers? It sometimes pays. Here for instance, are excerpts from one which was in the Herald the other morning:

**"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:**  
"NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of County Commissioners in and for Dade County, Florida, will apply to the Florida Legislature during the regular session of 1927, for the passage of local, special and general legislation to become effective in Dade County, Florida, the substance of such local, special and general legislation and the objects desired thereby, being substantially as follows:  
"2. To raise the salary of the County Commissioners of Dade County to a sum of not more than Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) per month, each.  
"7. To secure the passage of the proper Resolutions to provide an amendment to the Florida State Constitution providing that the terms of the County Commissioners of several Counties shall be four-year terms instead of two-year terms."

Of course, it is probably difficult to figure out just which counties the commissioners want to put into the four-year class—they are possibly much too modest to tell. And there is another little article amongst this constructive legislation which would permit the commissioners to do all of their legal advertising in one newspaper, rather than in several, with the commissioners being given the sole right to pick the paper—yes, they have that in, too. That, you know, is aimed solely at Miami Life.

And they haven't even paid us for the legal notice we ran for them last summer.

**Oh, You Mean the Key Largo Road?**

**SOMEONE**, it may have been a taxpayer, rises up to ask and inquire as to what's going on in the road construction game, and particularly that highway known as the Key Largo road, located in Districts Nos. 4 and 5 of Dade County.

Report has it that the county commissioners, in District No. 4, have recently purchased a caterpillar tractor, a grader, a gas engine and pumping outfit, and a truck, without advertising for bids.

Report has it that the estimated cost for the construction of this road will be greatly exceeded, and that several changes have been made in the original routing. For instance, No. 4 road now being built, called "Southern Extension of Tuella Farms Road to Black Creek," is on land not dedicated to public use, yet the county is putting money into the construction.

Also a road is being built west of Rockland that is not dedicated to public use, nor is it on a section line, but rather is reported to run to Commissioner Barfield's tomato farm, and tapping other tomato growers' land.

What's up, anyway?

**T**HE newest Miami song hit is the one being sung by riders of the trust-operated busses, entitled, "Stand Up, Stand Up, For Jesus' Sake" (1)

**What! No Police?  
Or Is It No Management?**

**M**IAMI'S policemen are overpaid? That's what the city commissioners and the high city officials are wanting taxpayers and others to believe. And, the commissioners are going to cut salaries to lower taxes, they say.

They're not only going to lower policemen's wages, but they're going to discharge dozens and dozens of city employes as well. Money must be saved. That is the commissioners' slogan—now! They don't care much how, why or when, but they're determined to save the taxpayers' money. Orders have been sent out to slash payrolls, lay off nurses, doctors, food inspectors, firemen, policemen, building inspectors and various other city employes. The budget is too large.

As a matter of fact, we need more policemen. We also need more inspectors, dozens of them. There is only one elevator inspector now on the city payroll, and he has been ordered fired. Just two food inspectors will be on the payroll after March 1. The city clinic is busy now with a full force of doctors and nurses, and instead of laying anybody off, they ought to be hiring additional help.

After all, it's the taxpayer who pays. If the expenses are cut as proposed by the commissioners, the taxpayers will keep right on paying—paying when burglars break into their homes, when short weight artists gyp them out of a quarter every time they go into a store, and when they get their monthly statement from the trust that's forced the commissioners to cut salaries.

**"A Most Honorable Service"**

**L**AST week Miami Life published a story of the queer actions around Coast Guard boat 243, after it had captured a rum-running boat loaded with liquor. Miami Life said that after most of the liquor had been turned over to the customs officers, various negroes were seen leaving C. G. 243 with mysterious packages, which later turned out to be some of the same liquor taken off the rum-runner. Members of the crew of 243 are now being held in Fort Lauderdale for investigation of the charges.

The Herald, in commenting editorially on the arrest, has the following to say:

"Several coast guardsmen are held because a few bottles of liquor are found in their cutter after capture of rum boat. Perhaps this small quantity was only for medicinal purposes. Or temptation was too great. Or something. But really, those engaged in enforcing the law should also obey it."  
All of which is real logic!

**WE HAVE WITH US TODAY**

**A. MENDER,**  
From Texarkana, Ark.  
Harness Repairer.  
Stopping at Little River Tourist Camp.



Mr. Mender, born along the Illinois Central right-of-way, received his early school education as best he could, and did fairly well in everything except reading, writing and arithmetic. Dismissed from grammar schools he enlisted with a skinning outfit near Santa Fe, New Mexico, and was rapidly promoted from harness greaser to chief mender. He severed his connection there and embarked in business for himself at Peru, Indiana, where he repaired all harness on the merry-go-rounds of the circuses wintering there. He is the author of several books on harness repairing and believes the day is coming when harness' will not be necessary if horses are done away with. He is considering a proposition to replace all the hold-in bits now in use at Hialeah for the more elastic kind. His favorite diversion is signing checks on strange banks. He will stay in Miami long past the time other citizens wish he would leave.

**What Everybody's Saying Today: It was a "Grand" Jury—for Those Who Were Worried**



Greeby Scores Coup

Famed Inside Man Lands Guest for Beach Hostelry After Daring Display of Craft Befitting a Big Inn Keeper.

HOTEL men of Miami and Miami Beach yesterday admitted shamefacedly, but with a show of true Florida sportsmanship, that R. Hammerhead Greeby, proprietor of the Greeby Jecky Inn at South Beach, had scored a signal coup at their expense by capturing Tuesday's tourist and obtaining him for a permanent guest at the Greeby Jecky.

Greeby's master stroke has brought the total number of guests at the Greebyjecky to five, which is six more than were registered there at this time last year. The big hotel manager himself was more or less elated over his success, but with characteristic diffidence he declined to be interviewed when a Miami Life reporter called upon him in his palatial suite consisting of twin beds and connecting cuspidor.

"I do not desire no publicity," he said, "and I have not got nothing to give out to the press regarding my tactics in coping off Tuesday's tourist."

However, I don't mind telling you confidentially how it happened and of course if you violate my confidence and quote me on it, that is your affair and not mine. Tee hee! Would you like to violate my—I mean, would you like to hear how it happened, confidentially?"

The reporter replied in the negative and prepared to leave, but Mr. Greeby blocked his exit and with the hospitality for which he has become famous among newspapermen, he pulled out a bottle of Zonite and tendered it to his guest. "It's every bit as good as Listerine," he coaxed. "Just a little shot. There, don't you feel better?"

"No," replied the reporter. "As I was saying," continued Mr. Greeby, stroking Fifi, his pet landerab which had crawled into his lap and was playing with the button on his shirt, "you don't have to violate my confidence unless you want to, but I know how you newspaper boys are. Ha! Ha! You always get the better of me. You are so slick. Well, if you must know about it, a tourist was coming south from West Palm Beach on the F. E. C., so I met the train and just led him to the hotel."

Greeby explained that he had rolled up his copy of Miami Life, stuck it into his hip pocket in such a way that it protruded noticeably, then put himself directly in front of the tourist and proceeded to the Greebyjecky. The tourist, thinking he was on the trail of a drink, followed as a matter of course. Once inside, Greeby said, it was an easy matter to keep him there. The big hotel manager smiled reminiscently and toyed with one of the emergency blackjacks which he keeps hanging at ten-foot intervals in all the hallways and guest rooms of the hotel.

Other hotel managers of Miami and Miami Beach have been forced to admit that Mr. Greeby got the better of them, and it is reliably understood that his cleverness made such an impression on the management of the Hotel Pancake that they have tendered Mr. Greeby the head dishwashership there, provided he would close up the Greebyjecky and promise to swing

Greeby, "but I would hate to have a fire and have my guests embarrassed." He was interrupted by laughter from Little Geraldine, his adopted daughter, who is slightly queer and laughs a great deal without apparent reason. She explained this time, however, that she was laughing because she knew Greeby wore his pajamas to keep his underwear clean. Mr. Greeby struck Little Geraldine affectionately over the head with the telephone and ordered her to go to sleep, but it was unnecessary.

"These children!" he sighed half-apolgetically. "They do get on your nerves. But sometimes they are cute. Look at the Valentine little Absolutely sent me!"

Greeby proudly produced a folded sheet of paper with a sketch of himself taking exercise with a dumbbell in either hand. It was labeled "Three of a Kind."

"Isn't he a wonderful artist?" demanded the big hotel man with paternal pride fairly dripping from his voice.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Greeby," replied the reporter. "That's an excellent likeness of all three of you."

Mr. Greeby reached suddenly for the telephone again, but the reporter remembered an engagement and escaped.

"That is not the regular purpose of pajamas, of course," said Mr. Greeby, "but I would hate to have a fire and have my guests embarrassed." He was interrupted by laughter from Little Geraldine, his adopted daughter, who is slightly queer and laughs a great deal without apparent reason. She explained this time, however, that she was laughing because she knew Greeby wore his pajamas to keep his underwear clean. Mr. Greeby struck Little Geraldine affectionately over the head with the telephone and ordered her to go to sleep, but it was unnecessary.

POVERTY IS BEST

AT last we have found one great compensation for being poor and hard working: no longer do we envy the rich and idle their leisure moments. Hu-uh, not after reading this in the Herald: "The classified section is usually the last part of the Daily Herald to be thrown away—it contains so much that people LIKE to peruse it at their LEISURE."

Read "Progressive Marriage," a story of Miami Life by Bonnie Busch.—(Advertisement)

LITTLE GERALDINE

Little Geraldine's father said he needed an extension on his ocean front lot, but Little Geraldine, who had been over to see it right after the hurricane, knew he didn't need an extension—he needed a bridge.

Here's Why

Some of the stories these Florida visitors write home are really funny. Here's one printed in the Virginia, Ill., paper the other day: "We went as far as Fort Myers, turn-

ing northward through Tampa, across Tampa Bay on Gandy bridge, (a concrete bridge 30 miles long and 30 feet wide), through St. Petersburg, the oldest city in the United States (probably in America) . . . We left Miami on a toll highway 53 miles long through a wild country with plenty of Indians and wild animals such as panther, bobcat, deer, turkey and alligator. . ."

The C. T. Co.

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Live Where You Play

HOME and all that it stands for may be yours when you live at the Beach . . . Go swimming with your children, and through play, let them know that better side of you. A home at the Beach means happy family life and wholesome fun without exhausting effort. Well we know that

"All work and no play Makes Jack a dull boy."

Prices are lower—apartment rentals reduced forty percent—hotel rates stabilized. The housing bureau at the Beach end of the county causeway has locations and prices for you Inquire today.

Flamingo Park

EVERY AFTERNOON and EVENING Band Concerts - Vaudeville - Moving Pictures —afternoons, 3:30 o'clock —evenings, 8 o'clock

Live at the Beach!

MIAMI BEACH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

TO SEE BETTER SEE SMITH THE MIAMI OPTICAL CO. OPTICAL SPECIALIST 46 N. Miami Ave.

ATTENTION Architects, Artists, Engineers We have any article you need, including a modern Blue Print Plant. Photostat Dept., Picture Framing T Square & Triangle Co. 141 N. E. 2nd Ave. Phone 7851

Quality — Service — Value Smith's HOME DRUG STORE 200 N. E. Second Ave. Phone 6705

WANTED GIRLS TO ENTER CONTEST FOR SELECTION OF MISS MIAMI The winner will receive, at the option of the judges, \$500 in cash prizes or a trip with chaperon to Atlantic City to enter Miss America contest. Applicants must be girls between ages of 16 and 25 who have never been married. Register at 514 Exchange Building, Miami.

THE TWO-PIECE MODE IN SPRING FROCKS Compose! Pleats! Obviously, the duo-piece mode in frocks of all types has come to stay. Shipment after shipment of new apparel arriving daily from New York, brings with it a majority of frocks of two-piece conception. Allowing a great diversity of trimming without infringing on tailored correctness, sportslike costumes of silk are essential to the modern wardrobe. Pleats play a prominent part in the manipulations of the brief skirts which peer out from beneath lengthy blouses. Wide box pleats . . . narrow box pleats . . . knife pleats . . . kick pleats, whatever the size, pleats it must be for the two-piece mode in spring frocks. Beige and gooseberry tones are fashion's favorite colors. The dresses illustrated are not exact copies of our merchandise, but merely representative of the style type. Burdine's Fashion Floor—Third

Georgette Teddies \$6.00

New shipment of fascinatingly styled georgette Teddies. Yokes, edgings and inserts of fine net footing. Ribbon belts band the waist-line and are held in place by embroidered net medallions. Shown in black, orchid, flesh and peach. Also crepe de chine garments, bloch lace trimmed. —Burdine's Third Floor

BOOKS —Burdine's, Second Floor

Crepe de Chine Gowns \$9 and \$10

Yolande sends delightful spring interpretations of Gowns of pure silk Crepe de Chine. German Val and embroidered net are employed in the yoke making. Scalloped edges are outlined with net footings. Waistlines are traced with bandings of ribbon. Gowns at \$9 and at \$10. —Burdine's Third Floor

Burdine's A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORE



MORE MILLIONS for your service

THE continued growth of Florida will require an estimated expenditure of more than \$3,800,000 during 1927 for additions, extensions and replacements to the Bell Telephone System throughout the State.

This follows closely the record-breaking telephone construction program of last year, which involved a gross expenditure of \$10,000,000, and similar work in 1925 costing \$3,000,000.

The lesser requirements for 1927 means that the immediate demand for service has been met, and that the construction program this year will keep pace with the growth of the State.

The unprecedented growth of Florida made it necessary to construct new buildings and install new or enlarged telephone systems in sixteen cities during the past two years. This was a program which would ordinarily cover a period of five years or more.

It is now estimated that more than 17,000 new telephones will be added to the Bell System in Florida this year.

The expansion of the service makes it more valuable to every user, and is further evidence of our confidence in the future growth and prosperity of this great State.

VERNON BAIRD, District Manager

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