

TEN Million Coming!

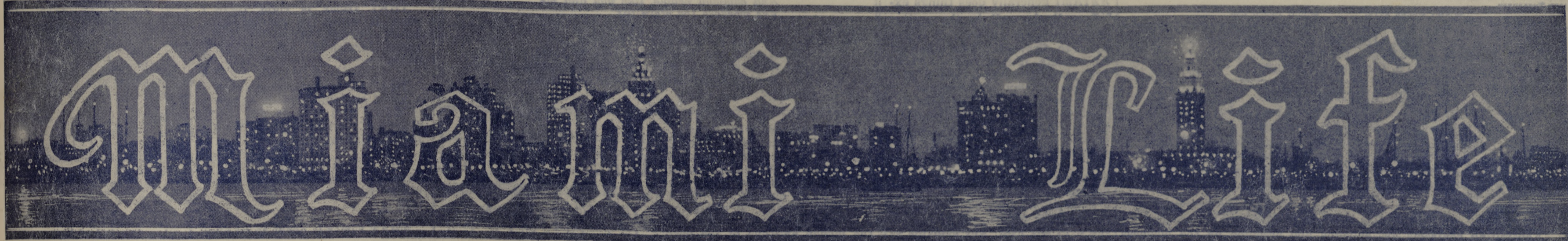
Who Held the Lion, Anyway?

Simple Division

Miamians are divided in to two classes—those who want to get into MIAMI LIFE and those who want to keep out of it.

GREEBY, "Dawn Man"

How About that City Manager?



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

PUBLISHED AT 117 HALCYON ARCADE, MIAMI, FLORIDA, BY MIAMI LIFE, INC., PHONE 37737 - MIAMI BEACH OFFICE, 343 JEFFERSON AVE., PHONE 535

Volume 4, Number 21. June Eighteenth.

Edited by WEN R. PHILLIPS

5 Cents a Copy in Greater Miami. All Other Cities in U. S. 10c. One Dollar and Fifty Cents for 6 Mos.

Wanted: a GOOD City Manager!

WHILE IT APPEARS the new city commission taking charge today will be conservative, it is to be hoped they will be radical enough to make some changes in our city government that everyone, except a favored few, have been pleading for.

A new city manager who is really a manager; revision of power, light, gas, water and transportation franchises; appointment of officials who know how to serve the public rather than dictate to it; a more capable administration of the harbor work; better handling of bond money; a really efficient system of laying down streets and other public improvements—these are problems that demand immediate attention.

A good city manager could remedy all our present evils. This selection is the most important task the new commission faces. And the public is anxiously waiting to see whether these men so honored at last week's election are alive to the situation.

This paper believes that there is no man in city hall at present capable of directing our half-billion-dollar corporation. There has been too much bickering, petty jealousy, politicking among department heads. No man could be picked from this group who would not immediately be a target for abuse from the rest of the officials.

It will take a highly trained engineer, also possessing diplomacy and a good political sense, to run this city properly. There are such men available over the country. Miami Beach found such a man for its city manager—Claude Renshaw—and even in that hotbed of politics Renshaw for the last year has maintained the respect of virtually every voter, as well as the respect of all the city employes. The fact that he was imported from Montana has not impaired his administration in the slightest.

The commissioners will make a grievous mistake if they listen to that certain banker-contractor-political clique that is trying to get "one of the gang" appointed. We have had enough of the Frank Wharton type of city management. We've had enough of favoritism, flaccidity, incompetence.

No Boom Wanted

WILL we get oil soon in the Everglades? Rumors of an oil well that will be a gusher are prevalent at various times but nothing definite is learned when the rumor is chased down to its lair. The fact of the matter is that there is a possibility of striking oil, or at least gas, within the next month or so. What is going to happen when such an oil or gas well comes in? There is an inclination to believe that all the big insurance and trust companies that are "holding the bag" as far as some of Miami's real estate and office buildings are concerned will immediately start another boom as soon as this happens. If the finding of oil in the Miami district is to be made the advent of another real estate boom we want to pray that no oil will be found. Another boom, even backed by an oil well, will do Miami a great deal of harm. An oil boom will be all right, but another real estate boom that will leave another collection of boobs holding the bag, will hurt, and hurt bad.

AGAIN giving the lie to Northern papers which claim we are not law-abiding. We have traffic officers, state license inspector officers, deputy sheriffs, constables, deputy constables, and the ever-watchful "Committee of 1,000." P. S.: Also Representatives Weede, Wilson and Dillon.

When's It Going To Be Done?

THE City of Miami has expended several hundred thousand dollars in building municipal docks and terminal facilities along the waterfront. Yet the docks as they now are fail to conform to the standards of other cities.

Incoming cargo-bearing vessels are forced to use their own cranes in unloading. Municipal docks are utterly incomplete without such equipment. Captain and owners of vessels paying dockage, wharfage and other fees are entitled to something besides merely a hitching post for their ships.

Why not give it to them? Especially if Miami has any idea of being something else beside a banana boat haven. A world port in the making, yes; but why not help it along by needed improvement?

GREEBY wasn't sure he was drunk until he saw a sign on an apartment house—"No Vacancies."

LATE NEWS ON INSIDE PAGES

(Apologies to the Herald)

THE WEATHER—Temperature yesterday: Maximum, high about midnight; very low upon awakening this morning. Forecast for Florida: not so good until possibly next December or January; fair, after that.

- Native Miamian optimistic over Miami's future. Greeby plans to school ex-realty men. Boston waitress visits Miami. Advertiser pays old bill, is rumor. Schools in Dade County plan to run next year. Miami street will be paved. Pretty girl says she likes Miami. Several Lions attend convention. "Your skyline reminds me of New York," says farmer. Lindbergh may hop a-broad from Miami. Scientist discovers mosquito in Coconut Grove house. Society matron pays luncheon bill. Miami citizen hopes to sell \$5,000 lot.

Lindy and Randy.

LINDBERGH has nothing on Miami. As usual, we always have somebody in our midst who can go any Missourian one better. This time it is our old friend, Postmaster Randall of Hialeah.

While the world is applauding Lindy for airplaning across the Atlantic and winning \$25,000, it appears that Randall took his plane and absconded with \$60,000 in government funds. He got as big a headline in the Daily News today as Lindy did on his trans-Atlantic flight.

And Randall deserved it, for two reasons: First, that he found that much money in the Hialeah post office; second, that he as a minor postmaster was able to own and control a seaplane.

THE Governor of Florida—let's see, what's his name—anyway, he's coming down here to supervise the appointment of new judges. The Dade County Bar Association will submit their recommendations—probably by slipping them under the door.

Failures as Waiters



HERE are three highly respected and venerable-looking Miami business men. Yet their ages are: (reading from right to left) 36, 27 and 31 years, respectively. Two years ago they started ageing, while waiting for a Miami-bound F. E. C. train. Later, they started waiting for real estate to start rising again. This week they waited several days for the Lions convention. In the above photograph they are shown drinking a toast to next year's Shriners' convention.

More—and Bigger Conventions

WE'VE HEARN the roars and saw the Lions. There war'n't as many tails to twist as we reckoned on, perhaps, but still there were more than we've ever heard of before. And, after all, we gave 'em a big time—the biggest time they ever had.

It looks like Miami will be THE convention city of America. Next May, if Old Sol is willing, we'll furnish the Shriners the hottest sands they ever trod over—but, of course, we'll throw in a cool moonlit beach, lined with gorgeous bathing beauties, as a recompense.

And it looks like we'll have the Elks, too. At the time of going to press, there are no native elks in Florida, but there are plenty of dears. And how! We have a faint suspicion that we can give the Elks a better time—provided they don't come in hurricane season—than they ever had in their conventional lives.

Really, folks, Miami is the best convention city in the United States, and we say that not because we live and work here but because we believe it. Where else in the United States could you find so many thousands of hotel rooms available in spring? Where else could you find such climate in May or June, such wondrous beaches, such hospitality, such liberality?

And scarcely anyone in Dade county, even the anti-race track people, would object to fifteen or twenty millions of dollars of convention money being poured into Miami during the dull period of the year.

WE note the census department says "Miami, Fla. (Pop. 137,000)." Who's Pop?

Wanted, An Auditorium

AN AUDITORIUM is in order for Miami. The city needs one because it is developing into a convention city and must have some place for the delegates to get up and talk business. Not only must it be a large auditorium but it must be well within the city limits—or better still, right downtown. A number of sites have been suggested for such a meeting hall. Many favor the Bayfront Park as a good site. The Miami News finds an objection to blocking the view of the bay. It also suggests that a piece of land be purchased just east of the Ingraham building. As the F. E. C. owns this land it would be a nice gesture on the part of the transportation company to donate it to the city, provided the city would build a large enough auditorium. Naturally, the railway company would be one of the largest gainers by the influx of delegates and their friends to a convention. East of the Royal Palm hotel and just north of the Miami Yacht club is a space that might form a site for a large auditorium with an outlook over the bay. Coral Gables is rapidly finishing a coliseum there that will seat many thousands and if Miami decides to build another it should be much larger. Large enough, in fact, to take care of the greatest convention that has ever been held. Only, it must be downtown where it will be accessible to delegates living in bay front and Miami Beach hotels.

THOMAS J. PANCOAST, president of the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, is quoted as saying that he is taking exception to holding the Shrine convention here next summer, because Grover Morrow said he heard a woman at the Lions' convention tell her husband: "I told you not to bring me to this hot place."

The Honest Report

WE'D LIKE for once to see a convention delegate give an honest report of his work to his hometown club. Observing the Lions' International convention, as well as many others in various cities in past years, we'd suggest that some nifty Lion who visited here this week give the old home-town a thrill by reporting as follows:

"Had great trip on train all the way from Ashtabula to Miami, passing through red and white liquor belts alternately. Greeted at Miami station, Tuesday, June 14, by beautiful blonde. Sent luggage to convention headquarters at Columbus hotel but taxied to beach with blonde. It was ideal convention weather—beautiful bathing beauties, sunshine, bacardi, freedom and all that sort of thing. Had gorgeous party Tuesday night with bunch of ex-cabaret dancers at Lighthouse, Jimmie Hodges and Music Box. Arose Wednesday at 12 o'clock in Hollywood hotel and took bus back to Miami in time to attend cocktail party in Coconut Grove. Dined at the Coral Gables Biltmore and went on inspection tour of Hialeah later on in the evening. Awakened Thursday afternoon about four o'clock and called a doctor and a couple of nurses. Was able to attend two road-house openings about midnight, however. Spent Friday in bed. Figured up expenses Saturday morning and wondered whether you'd stand for them. Met pretty brunette widow at station as I was leaving and decided to stay over several days in Miami on my own expense."

WHAT EVERYBODY'S WONDERING TODAY: Can I Make Enough This Week to Pay the Light Bill?

# Miami Life

Published Weekly at 117 Halcyon Arcade, Miami, and 343 Jefferson Avenue, Miami Beach, by Miami Life Co. Wen R. Phillips, President; Lysle E. Fesler, Secretary-Treasurer.

WEN R. PHILLIPS, Editor and Publisher  
LYSLE E. FESLER, Business Manager  
S. C. EBBETS, Circulation Manager

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
United States—1 yr., \$2.50; 6 mo., \$1.50  
Foreign—1 yr., \$3.50; 6 mo., \$2.00

Change of Address or Contributions must be received by Tuesday if intended for that week's issue.

Entered as second class matter, April 11, 1925, at the post office at Miami, Fla., under the act of March 3, 1879.

### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Advertising contracts are solicited and accepted by the business office—or by any representatives of "Miami Life" subject to Editorial approval. The Editors reserve the right to reject any contract accepted by the business office or its advertising staff—to cancel same at any time after acceptance—and to refuse publication of any advertisement thereunder at any time such advertising is considered by them as unreliable or undesirable.



## LOOKING BACK Over Miami Life Files

July 18, 1925.

### Poor City Officials—Miami Needs Them

**SPEAKING** rather in levity, what Miami needs most is some poverty-stricken city officials. They're the only kind that give service. You don't believe it. Then consider the cop who draws little over a hundred a month, but who risks his life, withstands the baleful glare and cussings of hundreds of people a day, stands in the terrific sunlight all day in a uniform that was evidently designed for the Klondike trade, gets perhaps a cigar for a tip, and then drags his feet homeward at night to an apartment or cottage that takes over half his income to rent.

If we had city officials who needed their salaries, and who couldn't afford to lose them, Miami would be run efficiently.

Ever have a stenographer who was making a lot of dough on real estate? Who calls up on your busiest day and languidly informs you she's feeling indisposed and won't be down to work? Then you know what we mean.

We have scarcely a city official who doesn't have a million dollars, or soon will have. First, there's our millionaire-banker-commissioners. Then Frank Wharton, city manager. And Chief of Police Leslie Quigg. We don't know just what the financial condition of City Judge Frank Stoneman is, but he's probably an exception, being an editor. All editors are asses, more or less, financially speaking, of course, including myself. If we weren't, we'd be buying double-page ads in the papers instead of reading proof on them; we'd be using our occult powers to make ourselves rich and famous, instead of thinking up clever things to put into the mouths of people so dumb that they think Haig and Haig were a vaudeville team.

But to get back to our theme, there's our good friend, Parker Henderson, the mayor. What if we disliked something he had done, and threatened to fire him? Why, he'd quit! And Mrs. Parker wouldn't go hungry. And young Parker would be able to drive around in six or eight Lincolns just the same. And Parker would continue to devote himself to his lumber business as usual.

You simply can't beat this millionaire business.

By the way, Mayor Henderson was reported by the press the press the other day as having \$10,000 in cash in his pockets when returning from North Carolina on the train. We don't know how many mayors over the United States read that item, but we'll wager a slug of Bimini water that every one who did see it is on the way to Miami, riding, hobnobbing, or walking.

Miami gets a lot of advertising out of the fact that all its city officials are rich and that drug store clerks make fortunes over night and that garbage collectors own ocean-front property.

But it doesn't get service.

February 13, 1926

### Greeby After Wharton's Job

Announcement that he would seek the office of city manager within the next few weeks was made yesterday by R. Hammerhead Greeby, the big marathon chair warmer from Deadwood, S. D., in an exclusive interview with Miami Life. Greeby, who holds the North American long distance sitting record, declared that he considers himself eminently adapted to the position.

"When I appear before the city commission to apply for the place," Greeby told Miami Life's representative, "I shall stand largely on my chair-warming achievements. This, however, is not my only claim to consideration for I will also come out flat-footedly in favor of more extensive street repairing, bigger and better speak-easies, and a twenty-minute time limit on downtown petting parties. These three reforms I believe are essential if Miami is to become the great city which we hope it will be."

Friends of Greeby, interviewed after the record-holder had made his announcement were elated. They declared Greeby was admirably fitted for the city manager's job, pointing out that he had been educated through LaSalle extension university at Chicago, with post-graduate work at Moler's Barber College, Atlanta, Ga. This, they said, coupled with his record-smashing chair-warming feat at the last annual convention of the National Association of Button-hole Makers, is sufficient to insure his success.

Greeby sat for 156 hours and 40 minutes in a regulation city hall swivel chair—a record which he claims even Frank Wharton, present city manager, has never approached in his palmiest days. With the exception of a five-minute period at the end of every hour, Greeby did not move until the contest was over. He was declared victor by acclamation over four professional chamber of commerce secretaries, three Hialeah policemen and five residents of West

Palm Beach, all of whom had been expected to out-sit him. "In making my application," Greeby declared, "I shall pledge myself to make a weekly survey of the city in search of new streets and sidewalks to annihilate. Enough attention is not being paid to this phase of Miami development, and I understand that the Morgan-Hill company is threatening to move its machinery away from Miami unless more jobs are arranged for it.

"Regarding speak-easies, I have little to say publicly, but if made city manager, I will instruct my chief of police to see that every speak-easy in the city is equipped with doubledecker cots and running water, so that customers will not be forced to return to their hotels after a hard night."

Greeby tacitly admitted that F. Kirk Rauch ("ch" silent as in Cane-fax), president of the Checker Cab company, is slated for the post of traffic director in the new cabinet, but attempted to evade any definite statement in this connection. Finally he confessed, however, that Rauch will not be actively engaged as traffic director.

"You see," Greeby explained, "I owe Mr. Rauch a taxi bill of \$51.50, and I thought that by scheduling him for my cabinet I could give him and the Checker cabs a little publicity. I figure that by getting the Checker company plenty of free publicity probably Kirk will not press me too hard for payment of the taxi bill. Don't you see? Of course, I intend to pay the bill, but what with the lull in real estate and everything, I am a bit up against it."

Greeby asked Miami Life to deny publicly that he is considering the position of fire chief, for which this paper recommended him last week. "The work is too strenuous," he declared. "I would much rather be city manager."

Another pre-campaign promise which Greeby authorized was that if chosen city manager, he would furnish his own spurs to keep his feet from falling off the desk.

### A Few Paragraphs From Percy

MIAMI generally does things exceedingly well in the matter of entertaining but when it comes down to fireworks, like many of the rockets, it is a fizzle. About two years ago there was a presentable display of fireworks on Bayshore but since that time the displays haven't amounted to much. Fireworks at Miami Beach a few weeks ago were rather good—both of them in fact went high and burst handsome. The display in Biscayne Bay on Wednesday night proved that Miami can only have a good pyrotechnic showing about every three years. At least, we can hope she will. The bombing of the city and the blowing up of a fearful and wonderful contraption that was designated a gunboat, was nothing to write home about. It was badly managed. It didn't mean anything. The fireworks themselves were neither good, bad nor indifferent. They were just fireworks. The flying of the illuminated planes was all right, but a little tiresome. The flier in the pane that did all the stunts was a nifty guy and created a certain amount of thrill. The individuals who were setting off the fireworks on the two barges were anything but adepts. Some day Miami will have a display of fireworks that is worth looking at. Here's hoping.

If nobody else gained by the visiting Lions the soft drink fountains certainly did all the business they could handle on Wednesday night. In one root beer establishment, after the Bayshore celebration was finished, we counted thirty-two people imbibing five cents' worth of

May 30, 1925

### A Story

**TENT CIT.** The wind howling through while rain shatters one of the flimsy canvas habitations. Inside a battered tent sits a mother, craning softly to a tightly-clasped child, even though the marks of care and worry have rivalled seams across a face none too bright with hope. And the mother wonders if again her husband will come back "home" repeating "No job today," even if the rent is due on the morrow. This won't do. Away from the sob stuff.

Ah, the jail. Here must be the scene of a yarn worthy of ye most valiant scribe.

A cell darkened by its enclosed mass of humanity. Drunks slowly recovering from the effects of good and bad liquor and hazily trying to gather and unravel messy thoughts; vagabonds who sought "It's always June" by divers routes; confidence men, who approached the wrong prey; pick-pockets, overstepping the limits of their ability; thieves and near-thieves—oldtimers, who have lost their nerve but not their art; young ones, who have the nerve but lack the technique; bigamists, feeling safer behind the bars than out in front, with a fear of what's to come when duped "wives" show up; a murderer, dreary-minded and a what's-the-use expression hauntingly searching each face for a bit of sympathy. Why go on? Our story is not within that crowded pen, and anyway, the fetid atmosphere gives one the heebie-jeebies.

Why not yonder well-dressed man? Let him alone. He is thinking about the payment due on the home he bought last summer. Where's it to come from and what will his family do? Away. Why tell me? I seek a story.

A young girl. Pretty and seemingly not versed in the antics of a city, a city where dull care is not registered for all to see. She waits, and has waited the past week, for Henry. Henry, you know, had her come down here from the North. Henry told her of the oranges—the blossoms of which are symbolic of honeymoons and love. And Henry was so good and kind those first few weeks; he bought her so many pretty things and paid a month's rent on the little love-nest apartment; but he seemed to change when she told him something or other, and, although she knows he'll come back, still 'tis funny all her letters to his address are returned, "Moved! left no address." And what should she do? No; I can't use such a tale.

Beside the post office a one-legged youth, cracking nuts and smilingly offering his wares to a passing public, a public hatless and scurrying, as if the last lot in a new subdivision was about to be sold. Now there should be a story. Perhaps the war—? Too much trouble; got to pick it up in a hurry.

Listen, there's music. That's jazz which strikes the ear. Inside is merriment and Kid Joy has flattened Old Man Gloom to the canvas. The rooms are filled with the pie-eyed sons and daughters of Mirth; the click-click of the roulette wheel and the pop-pop of the corks herald all's well with the world. Sweet mamas and loving papas! Away with your kill-joy yarns, fasten your eyes on the merry-making. Music and wine and love—all are here. I'll write it up in another article. Shall I mention the fellow who just shot himself?

### Life and Work

From an old issue of the Palm Mall Gazette.

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,  
And clowns who caper in saw-dust rings,  
And common people, like you and me  
Are workers for eternity?

Each is given a bag of tools,  
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,  
And each must make, ere life be flown,  
A stumbling-block, or a stepping stone.

cool refreshment. Incidentally, root beer is the only beverage that never went up in price during the boom and has not been reduced since that event. It appears to be one of the fixed drinks of the age. A nickel for a mug. The biggest drink for the money and one of the best from a medicinal standpoint. And so fearfully plain.

Biscayne Boulevard is a blaze of light since the new lighting system has been installed. The lights throughout the park help to make it a fairyland at night and a good place to go and sit quietly for an hour. If the cops will let you sit there after 10 o'clock at night.

Maymont, bayshore home of the late William Jennings Bryan, has been sold to Dr. Leo Hendrick Baekeland for \$90,000 cash. At that price Dr. Baekeland has secured a real bargain. The doctor is a chemist of note and is the inventor of bakelite, that wonderfully adaptable material that enters into almost everything we use today—from electrical machinery to transparent beads. Dr. Baekeland, who is a native of Belgium, made his first million when he sold the patents of Velox, the photographic paper, to the Eastman Kodak company. He signed an undertaking at that time to refrain from experiments in photographic material and turned his mind to several other endeavors—bakelite being the most widely known. He is inclined to dicker over small amounts, but will spend a quarter of a million dollars on an experiment without turning a hair. He keeps two factories, one in England and the other in the United States, for the manufacture of bakelite. These factories are staffed by chemists who try to find new uses for the material and who experiment in its possibilities. When the companies making this material under patent rights raise the price the doctor opens up these two factories and starts manufacturing to bring the price down to normal again.

Dr. Baekeland owns two yachts, having bought the ketch Avocet this year. His greatest delight is to lazy around on the deck of his boat, clad only in a pair of soiled linen trousers and a singlet. Between those days of delight he is chasing all over the world attending to his many business enterprises; speaking before learned bodies; and clipping coupons. He is an intimate friend of Commodore Munroe, at Coconut Grove, and believes that Miami and south Florida is the best place in the whole world.

Last week we mentioned, in an item about communism, that a rather unpatriotic song had been sung at the Olympic theater. This was incorrect. It was sung at the Capitol theater.

Miami Beach is going to install a slow motion elevator in its new city hall. The original bid was made on a high-speed elevator suitable for a 20-story building but experts found that this would be unnecessary and the speed reduced. The bid that will be accepted only calls for a very small elevator of the snail variety. If Miami Beach is going to be a separate county and this building used for county offices a faster elevator service will be required.

Seaboard Transfer. Phone E. J. Woods, Mgr., 21962. 436 S. W. 6th street.—Adv.

**RENA B. WOODWARD**  
TRANCE MEDIUM  
Readings \$1  
Telephone 2910 M. E.  
Miami Beach  
READINGS DAILY

**Dr. D. E. Sheehan**  
Dentist  
400 Ralston Bldg.  
Phone 6893  
44 N. E. First St.

**Picture Framing**  
**Robinson**  
34 S. Miami Ave.

**COMBS FUNERAL HOME**  
ESTABLISHED 1894  
Phone 8408  
MIAMI, FLORIDA  
1320 N.E. SECOND AVENUE

### THEY TELL ME

THAT Elder and Kenan are planning a 1001-stop flight to Los Angeles in their "plain" Ford, the "Spirit of Macon"

THAT Skeet is quite blue, now that Ester has forgotten

THAT Ralph is not selling overalls any more, but that he is well on the way to another "million"

THAT Frank is learning the insurance game, but that he will never get any premiums

THAT Mr. Luther and Mr. Meadows don't know when a sunburn hurts

THAT a certain matron who finds occasion to call the young druggist every day or so, might be interested to know that he laughs about it to all his friends

THAT Eddie found that there's one place where his Lincoln and his moustache can't make the grade

THAT Boyd and Lucy certainly enjoy keeping their friends guessing

THAT Phil must think he's too good to work—but some of his "friends" would appreciate it if he would

THAT Joe thinks he is going to surprise everyone with the announcement—but it isn't going to be so much of a surprise after all

THAT Camile has a "secret sorrow" and Adeline has a new boy friend

THAT whoever started circulating the story about the prom-

inent Miami Beach couple's divorce, evidently didn't have much to do

THAT Mrs. A. C. might do well to spend her evenings occasionally with her own husband

THAT Oscar is right there when it comes to getting up Beach parties, provided the guests furnish all the refreshments

THAT George apparently had a lot of explaining to do before he finally got out to fill that "business" engagement near Hialeah Sunday night

THAT Herb Sawyer certainly swings a mean golf club, particularly when nearing the 19th hole

THAT Elmer is about to go on the wagon again—since the birthday party Monday night

THAT Jack has about figured out how two can live as cheaply as one

THAT the Good Ship Earl answered Happy's S. O. S. call and everything is all right now

THAT J. D. says that it won't be long now

THAT H. W. P. certainly knows how to handle them out at the ball park on fight nights

THAT Hal makes a better manager than a poker player

THAT Dick looks drawn and pale the past week . . . and it was due to a heavy schedule

THAT Kent and Joe have moved to newer quarters . . . and rent wasn't due either

THAT Customs Officer Cline

**TO SEE BETTER  
—SEE—**  
**SMITH**  
THE  
**MIAMI OPTICAL CO.**  
OPTICAL SPECIALIST  
40 N. Miami Ave.

**LITTLE GERALDINE**  
Little Geraldine's sister told her brother that if it were not for him the family tree would die, and Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed, because she knew he was a sap.

denies the bump on his eye was caused by diving off the Biscayne Club docks

THAT the Republicans are still organizing . . . but recruits are scarce

THAT Harry Spach may stop arguing with a woman

THAT Judge Stoneman leaves for a tour of Europe next month . . . and maybe he'll get some material for Herald editorials

THAT Eddie put a note on the bottle after it had been emptied

THAT Mrs. Works' "I'm for all six candidates" proved to be for Ev Sewell

**\$95**  
Buys an Upright  
**ORTHO-PHONIC**  
**VICTROLA**  
There's no other way in which you can invest so little money for so much pleasure to the whole family—And you don't even have to spend it all at once. Our convenient terms take care of that.  
**PHILPITT**  
34 N. Miami Ave.  
Miami  
900 Lincoln Road  
Miami Beach

## Modern Equipment, Invisible To You, Speeds Our Service

Whenever you come here to bank, a modern banking machine begins working for you.

But you don't see a fraction of the wheels and cogs in it.

The teller who takes your deposit often uses special banking machinery without your realizing it. To handle your transaction he may be calling on equipment operated in a distant part of the building.

In rooms where the public never goes we have thousands of dollars' worth of banking apparatus that functions like clockwork day in and day out.

Obedient to your slightest wish, it works—speedily and accurately—for you as a customer of ours.

Let our Travel Department help you plan your summer trip—American Express Service.

## Bank of Bay Biscayne

Biscayne Trust Company, Affiliated

Forward—With Miami's Oldest Bank

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits More Than \$2,250,000.00

### Greeby Denies Rumor

#### Well Known Double Crosser Declares That He Is Not Half Monkey, Half Man, as He Starts College of Borrowing.

HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, ex-paleolithic man, who, many archeological friends declare is the original "Dawn Man," today denied that he was the missing link.

"My cylinders are perfect," said Mr. Greeby. "I have never missed on any. There is nothing missing or linky about me."

Telling the reporter that he did not desire no publicity on the matter he went into some historical and hysterical events leading up to his becoming the object he is today.

"My mother," he declared solemnly, "was a Greeby and I resemble her husband. She was the best mother I ever had. And that was necessary for I was what you would call an old-fashioned baby. I know I was a great worry to her because she would often say: 'Baby Greeby, if you think you are going to get away with that—you're all wet.'"

Asked if he could recall any previous existence, Mr. Greeby said that he didn't have any knowledge of such prehistoric ambulations. He admitted that he had read a great deal about the stone age, the iron age, and the present hot-dog age, and while he had nothing in common with the first two, there were traces of the third in him at the present time.

"I don't believe none in this transmigration stuff," he declared, "though I must say that I know of one guy that walked down Flagler street and turned into a speak-easy."

Mr. Greeby is busy at the present time on a scheme to get oil in the Everglades. He says that there is oil there because oil comes from fish and a lot of poor fish bought land there.

At this moment the youngest of his twin sons, Absolutely and Positively, started an argument about the financial standing of their adopted sister, Little Geraldine. During the argument Positively stood on her face and she won't be able to laugh for a week.

Mr. Greeby is opening up his college for borrowers. He has the plans under advisement and will make a statement soon but not for publication.

The college will be situated on the hills surrounding Fulford-by-the-Sea and will overlook the Fulford University.

"I don't see why it shouldn't," he maintained. "The developers of that subdivision overlooked it so far."

Mr. Greeby's college will be open to all ex-realty salesmen who have managed to borrow enough to live on since building space became a drug on the market. The fees will be borrowed from the students by the president, Mr. Greeby, who will meet them at the door and shake them by the hand and also shake them for the fees.

According to information from the prospectus, which has just come from the printers who refused to print it, unless accompanied by a certified check, the curriculum will include several studies for various classes of students. Penny borrowers will commence at the foot of the ladder and work their way up to be borrowers of sawbucks and V's. From then on a post-graduate

### The Recount

Twenty-seven votes to go Judge Ad tells the commissioners to do it . . . and Miami taxpayers foot the bill Platt looks worried . . . his campaign manager keeps on arguing . . . Gautier keeps up a rapid-fire list of what's what in the recount game . . . but this is Miami's first . . . the Herald seems interested . . . so do all those who have applied for a favor from either or either commissioner . . . Hilliker and Kennell . . . "The Time for a Change League" boys . . . they sit and watch . . . the count begins . . . 200 people try to crowd in a garage which will hold about eight motorcycles in comfort . . . "say, who's going to pay us?" . . . inspectors and clerks want to know . . . a couple of votes knocked off Platt's plurality . . . but that is not 25 . . . Ep Sewell strolls along . . . he'll be busy the next few days . . . takes office . . . his brother John will handle the big sale . . . three more votes for Gautier . . . 22 more to go . . . wonder what's in these dollar-a-year jobs . . . men fight so hard for them . . . a policeman makes more'n that . . . Platt has lost about eight pounds . . . and four more votes . . . 18 to go . . . Gautier looks at the diminishing pile of ballots . . . still hopes . . . too bad the Lions didn't get here on election day . . . they could have had a lot of fun voting . . . count is nearly over . . . ladies appear interested . . . several elbow reporters out of their way . . . a campaign manager even got bawled out by one . . . wonder if Aronovitz and Donn will demand a recount . . . why not . . . doesn't the city pay the bill . . . Platt's plurality is 15 . . . votes are recounted . . . what's what is . . . and most of the crowd knew it . . . anyway . . . we told you so

### A "Life" Sentence

CHIEF WOOD of Miami Beach is going to have Miami Life barred from the city jail. And here is the reason.

The other day a cop picked up a slightly inebriated individual. He wasn't bad, but the cop thought a few hours in the cooler wouldn't hurt him any, and might help him.

A few hours later the chief decided that the prisoner was only occupying valuable space and he sent a cop to turn him loose.

When the cop got to the cell door he saw the prisoner reading Miami Life.

"Come on, get outa here," ordered the cop. "Chief says yo gotta be turned loose."

"Aw, say," remonstrated the prisoner, "wait till I've finished reading, can't yer."

And Chief Wood says that if Miami Life is going to make it almost impossible to get rid of prisoners he will bar the paper from the cells.

### The Music Box

How times do change. The music box in the old days just wasn't taken in but since Percy Hunter and Jay Herman have taken over the place the whole atmosphere is different. They have a wov of a show. Jay Herman, who was a Keith headliner, is funnier than ever. Charlie Miller is no mean dancer and this Bertha Muller—oh Fathaw, ignite my wearing apparel. You can't help but enjoy it all.

### Parade Highlights

STREETS lined with people . . . children . . . more people . . . all the Miami motorcycle cops looking very smart . . . faraway sound of music . . . cries of "Here they come!" . . . city officials in limousine . . . Shriners . . . more Shriners . . . little bandy-legged one playing a cornet . . . very tall one waving to sidelines . . . real music . . . and more Shriners . . . Sheriff Chase blowing his own horn . . . everybody out of step except inattentive member . . . Cortez and company bowing to plaudits . . . King George Third's redcoats carrying modern Springfield rifles . . . Queen Isabella and a few friends in a one-horse chaise with a four-horse team . . . soldiers with steel helmets . . . and tan oxfords . . . Boy Scouts . . . Legionnaires . . . more music of drum and file . . . our superintendent taking the matter seriously . . . band playing "Dixie" and getting a hand . . . floats . . . and another hand . . . Gazna Grotto Babylonians drinking root beer . . . Texas band with lively music . . . half of Palm Beach residents in bicycle chairs . . . propelled by proud negroes with happy smiles . . . Miss Florida, fairest beauty of them all . . . she had to push the street decorations aside to get by . . . Miami Beach float with a lot of beauty on the side . . . some high, wide and handsome floats that take up half the street . . . another band . . . members from Hollywood . . . Coral Gables beauty . . . a couple of real lions looking bored with the whole affair . . . more floats . . . jungle float with two picaninnies . . . stork delivering the goods ahead of the ambulance . . . advertising cars . . . more floats . . . Burdine lady in riding habit wondering where her horse is . . . cars full of Lions . . . car with young mountain lion on top cover . . . lion with mechanical tail . . . Saracen attempting to cut it off . . . mounted officers looking very military . . . flags . . . more flags . . . paper decorations . . . university students on university float . . . nice order until foot of Flagler reached . . . there, a terrible mess . . . parade can hardly get by . . . Biscayne Boulevard . . . judges . . . returning floats . . . where can we eat?

### "SAMMEH OF MINSK GABAIRNYEH"

By "Doc" Benjamin

(Copyright, 1927, M. J. B.—Reproduction Prohibited)

Eppis-Out Lavvin

VELL, wot I should tell you, but de partition wot lest wick de pipples signed wot we should have ah housewife's union, sturred op quite ah commotion, yi-yi-yi! Ladders from all potts from de woild, including Hialeah, MeYamee Shuzz, wid Bucka Rotton wid Foolford under de sea, came in to de office wot its wuz congratulating me for propuzzing such a wonderful skimm!

Ivven from Noo Yawk so wuz recivved ah ladder from Jimmie Wucker wot he tutt its wuz ah wonderful hidea. So's wuz dis his ladder:

To His Howner SammeH from Minsk, City Commissioner from MeYamee.

De pippel from Noo Yawk is going panorama over your propuzzel to make ah housewife's union. So widout incinerating, I am extending to you de kizz from de City. Comm over wot you could give us somm rill hideas. Tell your pippel in MeYamee, you'll comm becker hefter you fix opp de City. My risapition committee will mita you on de Bettereh wot hall de pipples will inclare ah holiday. Respond immediately.

Yuzz, JIMMIE.

P. S. Indicated but not read. Vell, MeYamians, I'll got to live

you to see wotsamerrerr wid Noo Yawk. So to-morrer I'll gonna take ah mutter ride to Jakesonville wot I'll budd de spacial train wot it'll gonna take me to Noo Yawk.

I'll gonna reputt itch wick to de pippel from MeYamee an we'll gonna tich Noo Yawkers how they should run de City, ain't you?

Vell, wot I should tell you, but I went to do Wastin Union wot I henswered Meyer Wucker, like dis: De Hownerable Jimmie Wucker, City Hole, Noo Yawk. Collect . . .

It gaves me great pleasure to gave to you an de pipples of Noo Yawk somm of my consistence an I'm making spacial heffort to comm to you so quick like ah flesh. Roddaway I'm living MeYamee to stott to comm to Noo Yawk an on beheff of de City

### THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why Dorothy and Beulah didn't have any electricity in their apartment Tuesday night, and if they won't pay more attention next time to Little Nell's gentle reminder?

How Marjorie liked the Lion from Oshkosh, and if she ever expects to see him again?

If I. E. is enjoying his summer widow-hood?

If Clyde carries perfumed Salome cigarettes for his own use?

Commissioners accept our hotly approval of your plans.

SAMMEH FROM MINSK.

P. S. I hupp my risapition bitts dot wot you gave to Lindbergh.

P. S. Again. Tell him to wait for me.

Collect . . . Hefter hall, de pippel from Noo Yawk midd somm hideas from os so I dunt think its wuz such ah bed hidea to help dem, aint you?

Vell, et list now I could live you hall hefter you made such ah wonderful success from de Lines convention. Its couldn't be bit! Soon we'll gonna have de Shrine Convention and wid de Democratic Convention—yi-yi-yi, wot could be switter?

Tonight de pipples are givink to me ah Roil sandoff at de Carl Gables Gulf an Country Club in horder to see me huff tomorrow. But wots de use, I dunt play Gulf an I dunt go to de country!

Vell, when I gat to Noo Yawk, I'm going to invite Charley . . . yeh, yeh, Cholley Lindbergh he should comm here to MeYamee to pay os ah small wizzit. I will nuttify de Chember from Commoise so dot you will hall de hable to show Ferris, Wid Hingland, wid Washington wid Noo Yawk, dot when MeYamee makes ah welcome so its ah welcome, yi-yi-yi!

(To be continued)



or because his new clinging vine "just can't smoke those other old strong cigarettes"?

Where Mr. Norman is having his dental work done?

If Freddie H. D. isn't sorry?

If Mary Ann sends all those telegrams to Jacksonville to the same person?

Who Larry M. is "courting" now, and if he is making as much progress as he thinks he is?

What the Lions thought about all those bankrupt signs and "going out of business" advertisements?

Why Nunnally hasn't installed a private telephone?

Why Jolly won't admit he's married to "dirty neck," and if those shoes hurt him Sunday?

If Jerry clipped his picture from all those papers he bought?

If Mack really is as particular as he says?

Why Margery doesn't want the name of Sid mentioned anymore?

Why Hal stayed away from the ball game Saturday and Sunday?

What the lion is supposed to be doing to the News tower on the front of the souvenir number?

Who is so interested in the little red devil on the radiator?

If Terry is usually two days late in keeping his appointments,

or if he was "unavoidably" detained—and by whom?

How it feels to Sallye, since she came back, not to have Hughie at her beck and call?

What "Miss Izzy" is doing since Otis departed for Philly?

If Doris will have a chaperone next week?

If Margie really has as much experience as she says she has . . . and where she got it?

Why Wayne is prolonging his visit in Miami, and if he is going to finish his vacation in Cuba?

How many Lions came to Miami to roar, and stayed to live?

Why Hildah didn't enjoy the moonlight party—or did she?

Who was responsible for the erroneous report concerning Pauline's engagement, and why?

When Maude and Ernestine will drive to Key Largo again?

How Sallie liked the way her new admirer was vamped away from her?

Why Grace and Florence don't talk about someone else for a while?

If Oliver's surprise was genuine?

### 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 7861.

### JACK'S GRILL

CHICKEN—STEAKS—CHOPS SALADS—SEA FOOD

(IN SEASON)

Florida Grown Fresh Vegetables Only

61 Collins Ave., Miami Beach

### The Coolest Hat a Man Can Wear Is the "Pedalino"

#### Special, \$5.95



The "Pedalino" was first introduced in the United States in 1927. This rough-weave straw was imported from Florence, Italy expressly for—and shown first—by Burdine's.

Why? Because it is the coolest, lightest, most flexible combination that can be found in a man's straw hat. Yet it embodies that leisurely smartness requisite in the American Riviera, as well as the Cote d'Azur. Tan or grey straw in full size range. Puggaree or novelty banded.

### 4 Models

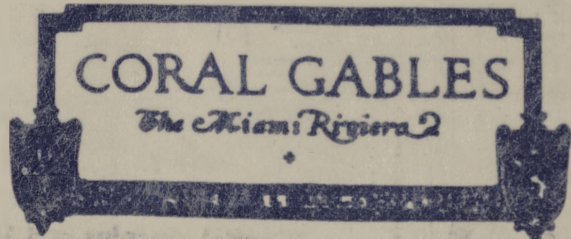
Fifth Avenue Telescope Ridge Telescope Pinch Front

### The Coolest Suit a Man Can Wear is Burdine's Silk Poplin Suit

#### \$42.50

Notice how many prominent business men in Miami wear Burdine's Silk Poplin suits. Then you'll know those who have learned

discrimination in dress as well as finance. This is the coolest suit the market affords. Two-button style, hand-tailored and silk finished throughout. All sizes.



Miami Sales Office 152-8 E. Flagler

Offices in All Florida Cities

SALES AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES Administration Building, Coral Way, Coral Gables

### Burdine's

A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORE

Round the Town with ROD

THEY BUSTED IT. CUSTOMS LEADER KLINE and his hard-hearted crew went fishing up near the Biscayne club Thursday night.

BANG! THE COASTGUARD'S BACK! Poor Rose Mahoney had her slumber disturbed Thursday night. She was snoring away peacefully with the little fish boats under her maternal wings.

JUST A FISHERMAN. You might have noticed that man who goes about town carrying a long trumpet sort of thing which aids him in hearing better.

THAT'S TOM'S BOAT. The Esmeralda, Tom Peters' palatial yacht, still sleeps alongside the Municipal docks.

HE LEARNED IN THE ARMY Frank, who conducts the Magic Shop in the Halcyon Arcade, is reputed to have been a student of that great mystifier, One Lung Shy.

The Low Down on the Weeks Happenings

MIAMI gets 1928 Shrine convention \* \* \* Lions end session . . . several go to Cuba \* \* \* Criminal court opens \* \* \* Governor Martin visits South Florida . . . on his way to Havana \* \* \*

A Worthy Cause

MIAMIANS always have been liberal. They have aided those in distress from time to time. They have contributed to innumerable causes.

Next Monday night between 8 and 12, a monster benefit will be staged. The various actors and actresses, both of the speaking and movie stage, have offered their services.

The TELL-TALE TOURIST

There is an optimistic note in the fact that Conrad Meyer has closed a deal with the Chevalier Corporation covering a lease on 21,000 acres of land, with oil, gas and mineral rights.

The American Legion boys are threatening to have the finest display of fireworks ever given in the state of Florida when they stage their Fourth of July celebration at Opa-Locka.

I hear complaints from several people that the Florida Power and Light Company are paying negroes \$4 a day and white men \$3.60 a day.

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

Who'll take care of Doc's wife while he is up North? If Archie is leaving with or without . . .

LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE ELEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT OF FLORIDA, IN AND FOR DADE COUNTY, IN CHANCERY.

Lion Notes

"I know you're lying. No man can have two twenty dollar bills in his pocket and still be a real estate salesman."

What happened to the eggs Anne had under her chicken?

Where Pat has been for the past week? If Bob Sinnermaster ever really won anything on a horse race? Where Gay goes in his snappy

GOOD BYE

Convention's over—Lions go, Let's speed the parting guest; Let's ask them to remember us—

TO ALL THE REST!

Big Boys to Fight BIG fellows will top the boxing card Monday night at the Ball Park.

OLYMPIA SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY Dolores Costello in "A Million Bid" WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY SALLY O'NEIL LAWRENCE GRAY in "Callahans and Murphys" FRIDAY AND SATURDAY Warner Baxter in "Drums of the Desert"

Eventually you'll find your way here. You can't escape us. The best people fill up The Village Beer Garden Phone M. B. 835 1249 Espanola Way

FRANK'S MAGIC SHOP Tricks, Puzzles, Jokes, Novelties 204 Halcyon Arcade Open evenings until 9 p. m.

BOXING Ball Park, N. W. 16th Ave., 3rd St. Monday, 8:45. Ladies Free BOBBY MARRIOTT 160 lbs. BILLY BRITTON 165 lbs. STEVE SARRON JOHNNY CONLEY Phone 31071 for Reservations

BLOSSOM HEATH CLUB 917 N. W. 27th Ave. "The South's Most Intriguing Rendezvous" Admission to Members Only.

A Broadway Show That is Different at the MUSIC BOX HIALEAH Biggest and Funniest Cast, Headed by JAY HERMAN FORMERLY OF KANE & HERMAN KEITH VAUDEVILLE STARS OTHERS Jack Russell and His Orchestra, with Frank Leithner at the Piano CHARLIE MILLER FRANK WILLIAMS VEE VERNE MONA TAYLOR EARL KENNEDY BERTHA MULLER MARGIE ROSE DAISY GALVIN BILLIE MILLER DELORES MENDES

Racing Form Raises Protest

(From Daily Racing Form, Eastern Edition.) Since the recent answer to Marcus A. Milam's speech seeking to keep racing out of Florida a copy of the speech he recently delivered has been received that calls for a more specific answer.

LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE ELEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT OF FLORIDA, IN AND FOR DADE COUNTY, IN CHANCERY.

it's economy to use the Venetian bridge TOLL 10c "Just a Dime" Those who felt they could not afford to use the Venetian bridge at the old toll of 25c will now recognize that they can't afford not to use it at a dime. Four miles savings on the round trip means an important economy in automobile expense. Bay Biscayne Bridge Company Owners and Operators