

If you would be kind and courteous, never speak ill of other people. Never think bad of others, for while you think of them they are the guests of your mind—though not of your home.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR—NO. 18

SPEED BOAT WAR STARTS

Lake Orion Residents Obtain Injunction Regulating Craft

Action was taken against the use of speed boats on Lake Orion this week when Judge Glenn C. Gillespie issued a temporary injunction regulating their use. Following the filing of a suit by the Lake Orion Resort association and others, the writ is returnable for hearing Sept. 10.

The injunction limits the speed of the boats to 15 miles an hour. The residents claimed that the speed of the boats traveled at the rate of 35 miles and hour and were unsafe for others using the lake and also a nuisance. They also asked that the injunction later be made permanent.

This is seen as the first shot in a warfare against speed boats on the lakes in Oakland County. Residents of many of the lakes have complained of them for some time. The Detroit Speed Boat Livery, Inc., the Orion Summer Homes company and various unnamed individuals are named as defendants in the case. The plaintiffs, in addition to the resort association, are the following: C. W. Terry, W. C. Martin, Fred J. Lawrence, H. Sommer, W. F. Dendell, Mrs. Louise Sommers, J. W. Walcott, O. H. Everett, Jake Dendel, Mrs. J. Marek, Mrs. P. W. McLaren, W. A. Gibson, Jr., J. N. Herington, Charles E. Winer, Bart Seeley, William K. Whittingham, Mrs. D. E. Ginn, F. E. Dennis and T. P. Twigg.

In the bill of complaint the plaintiffs claim that the power boats operate at 35 miles an hour, when no mufflers or ineffective mufflers making conversation impossible, operate until after midnight making sleep difficult and operating as a commercial venture, create waves four feet high which are dangerous to row boats and bathers, kill fish, undermine banks with the high waves, damage water systems by washing sand and mud into them, ruin Sunday evening Galician services with the noise, and constitute a general nuisance.

The fight against speed boats on the lake has been brewing for a long time and the threat has been made repeatedly by residents there to take the fight for a law against the boats to the next Legislature.

Miss Clara Gonzalez, Panama's only woman lawyer, has arrived in Washington to direct the legal research work of the Inter-American Commission of Women, established by the Sixth Pan-American Congress.

The Word of God

Editor's Note: This is the twenty-seventh book of a series of articles prepared for The Eclectic by Birmingham clergymen. All of these articles discuss, more or less, the same subject as are held by the Editor.

By the REV. HENRY S. EVANS
Pastor United Presbyterian Church

Several thousand years ago the Psalmist declared: "The opening of Thy Word giveth light, inasmuch as he did not have before him the Bible as we have it today, we wonder what he meant by those words. God's Word is more than the Bible. It comes to us in His providences and in many other ways. God's Word is the depths of every soul; it uncovers the secrets of every life. The Word is God's revelation of Himself. It is heaven's benediction to humanity. It is not strange, therefore, that the Psalmist should conclude that the opening of that Word, or the study of it, would give light and understanding.

Most people think of the Bible as God's Word, and it is natural that they should. It is clearly recognized that in this Book are pages inspired beyond all other writings. They bestow our knowledge of God, our hope in man, our interpretation of life, and our faith in triumph over death. What ever else it may be, the Word of God as it is given to us in Scripture, is without question the most influential book in the history of the human race. The whole history of our origin, collection, preservation, distribution, and present influence of the Bible in the world is a story of triumph and defeat, and evokes the hostility of more people than any other volume in the literature of the world. It comes to us with the loftiest pretensions, and it demands for its message our absolute allegiance. It is a book of greater authority than any other; it is more widely read than any other; and it exercises a more potent influence on life and thought than any other literature of the world. It is the only unexhausted and inexhaustible book in the world. As the centuries pass, its significance enlarges and its beauty increases. In itself and in its history it is the mightiest force in literature.

It consists of two parts, one of thirty-nine and the other of twenty-seven books. It took six hundred years to make it. It has about forty human authors; and it was written in different countries as well as in widely separated centuries. It discusses many subjects but it preserves perfect unity through. When one thinks of the great gift of language between the Old and New Testaments, or of the great variety of authors, friends, subjects, and literary forms; when one thinks of the amonities of Christian and Jew, it is indeed strange that we have in the Bible a book whose parts all blend into unity. The only conclusion which satisfactorily explains that unity is that there was but one author. The Authors of the Bible differed widely from one another. Some were princes, some peasants; some were warriors, some lovers of peace; some lived in palaces, some lived in tents. But all were actuated by one Spirit; all worked according to one great plan of the one Divine Author. There may be in the Bible an absence of system, but there is the presence of method. And after all systems are human while methods are Divine. You will find elaborate systems in business, in libraries and in museums; you will find methods in beautiful sonnets, in odes and hymns. It might have been enough for the purposes of revelation if God had made the Bible simply instructive. But He has been pleased to make it attractive. Like God's other volume, the Book of Nature, the Bible has its lofty mountains, its shady dells, its sun and stars, its smiling fields and its singing brooks.

The Songs of Scripture are unsurpassed in loftiness of thought and eloquence of expression. They are animated by the breath of God and are aglow with the soul of the Eternal. And yet they thrill with all human sympathies. They sing in our gladness and weep in our sorrow; they mourn in our defeats and shout in our triumphs. Some are for funeral services, some are for marriage festivities. They belong to the distant past, and they will be equally appropriate to the life and the thought of the distant future. Can you imagine the men who wrote these songs, standing with uncovered heads and upturned faces, listening to God before they began to sing to men. They have stood in the immediate presence of God and felt His touch, and heard His voice, for men never sang like that before nor since. Their songs have echoed throughout the world, and will continue to be heard until the re-

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1928

\$1.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPIES 5c

Meet Future Mrs. Gene

Telephoto Of Heiress Who Is To Wed Retiring World's Heavyweight Champion



Miss Josephine Lander, of Greenview, Conn., who is engaged to marry Gene Tunney, retired world's heavyweight champion. Miss Lander, whose full name is Mary Josephine Lander, is 21 years old, a tall brunette of the athletic type. Gene's full name is James Joseph Tunney, the son of Joseph and Mrs. Lydia Tunney, both of whom were born in Ireland. The former champion is nine years his fiancée's senior. She is an heiress.

demed come to Zion with still hearts trouble for the Word of sweeter songs of triumph and gladness. You may find them in dusty rows on the top shelves of great libraries. But if their names had not occurred in the pages of this book, they would be lost to the world. It is strange that the Jewish race should have so justly prided itself on the Word of God. It is strange that the Jewish race should have so justly prided itself on the Word of God. It is strange that the Jewish race should have so justly prided itself on the Word of God.

Each age brings its own distinctive criticism to bear upon it. The effect of the heaviest artillery that can be brought to bear upon it is as transient as the boom of their report and the puff of their smoke. Why, who knows anything about the worlds wonders of books which a century ago made good men's

Glimpses

at and about BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

I HAVE NEVER BEEN IN A boiler factory. Since I first can remember, however, it has been used as part of the simile for the comparative of noise. And a boiler of matter is one. I have always been told, when I sleep the sleep of his virtuous while a warble, as being fought under the window of his bedroom. I have always wanted to enter a boiler factory to see what it is like. But now, I know, I should be disappointed. It would be mild as the sound of the breeze on a dream-ladled August afternoon.

The reason for my deduction is simple. For three hours this morning I have been trying to get through the motions of newspaper work while outside this building, the greatest holdup in all the world has kept up. A machine, designed by the devil and operated by three of his henchmen, is tearing up dirt, from what used to be the tree-shaded sidewalk on north Woodward avenue, and depositing it in the street.

It is a small machine and looks something like a tractor that farms use to prepare the green fields for the planting of crops. The men who operate it are sane appearing, peaceful and seemingly of the type which makes up the backbone of this American Democracy. They wear blue shirts and tan trousers. They read the comic papers, see the movies and are governed by the lessons in prose media. They also are fathers of unbelievably large families. Sometimes you see them on motor buses or street cars, as they are returning from a day at work, and you feel sorry for them and tell your friends that Progress is making robots of people. Then your friends agree but warn you against being a Socialist, Radical, God, Communist Anarchist and German Spy.

This morning, when these men set about their diabolical work of turning order into disorder, right into wrong, sanity into insanity, they became crimson and grew horns. Their shovels were pitchforks. Scientists tell me that the people on Mars could be seen looking over the rim of that planet into Birmingham.

Here in the office, one has to follow his desk around the room because of the vibration. For maps, for the first time in 50 years, this newspaper will be printed in the street. Unless some drastic means are taken to hold the presses more securely, they will have jumped all the way to Lansing by Thursday.

Near me are two members of the Williams family, Dorothy and George. They are brothers, or sisters. Or something. One of them asked me a question about my general health. The question was written. I attempted an answer and my interviewer appeared suddenly awed. I believe I went through the usual procedure of answering, but he sound was audibly, save the uproar from the street.

They thought I had metamorphosed into a goldfish. Someone shook me, a few minutes ago, and pointed to the telephone. I tried to answer. That was funny, too. Whoever called must think I have reached that mental state where I believe the answer to all questions is "Hello."

They told me this is going to continue through the week. But after all, a person can stand just so much, thank the Powers, and I see happiness in store for me—less the blasting starts near the State Hospital.

I try to be calm, in all. I try to go through the day, thinking beautiful thoughts. I have taken from my little book on the lives of the saints. These persons who have been canonized had their trials, too, of course, but they have been magnanimous and sane. I think maybe I can emulate their patience; maintain an indifference to distraction and live to enjoy the new Woodward avenue pavement. I give myself little tests, like counting my fingers and carrying on an intelligent conversation with someone whom I know does not exist. While I take I say strict attention to what I am saying and give study to its logic. I attack such a test in this manner: First, I apprehend someone standing at my desk, suggesting his name to me. I reply, courteously and announce my name, also. I inquire into the health of his family and his general opinion on the outcome of the presidential election. I bid him to be seated, take his hat and a glass of water, introduce him to others in the office. Then give him an opening to state his mission. He wishes me to write an article for the paper on some subject which is of special interest to him. Of course, I shall be pleased. We discuss the subject, rationally, and I make polite and studied notes. He leaves, wishing me well.

You see it is all merely a test. I know that no such person exists. I am, as I have said, controlling myself through the noise. But the others in the office look at me suspiciously. There are conferences and many frightened glances in my direction. Strangers poke their heads through the doorway and stare at me, turning hurriedly to something else if my glance meets theirs.

PART TWO

GREEN TO ASK NEW SPAN FOR MACKINAC CITY

Needs Of Bridge Cited By Governor In Interview

SURVEY SOON TO START

Lansing, August 15. — Gov. Fred W. Green Wednesday requested State Highway Commissioner Frank F. Rogers to have the engineering division of the state highway department take immediate steps to have made a survey at the straits of Mackinac to determine the feasibility of constructing a bridge between Mackinac City and St. Ignace.

The Governor, in a letter to Mr. Rogers, said he was prompted to ask immediate action because the demand upon the state's three ferry boats now in operation is more than can be handled at the peak of the tourist season. He asked that the survey begin at once so that soundings can be taken and all available data obtained during the remainder of the summer and fall months, to be submitted to the legislature when it convenes in January.

Passage Needed During the first week in August more than 6,500 motor vehicles, and nearly 12,000 passengers were carried. Although the state added a new ferry to its fleet this spring at a cost of \$325,000, it was necessary for the boats to make extra trips to handle the traffic demand. With the tourist travel in Michigan increasing by leaps and bounds, the governor points out that before the end of another season, either additional ferry boats will be needed, or other means of providing passage across the straits provided.

Private interests in the east have had engineers at the straits this summer making a survey and they have reported favoring the construction of a bridge. It is the governor's idea, however, that if a bridge is to be constructed, it should be state owned and form a part of the state highway system. The governor has in mind a plan through which he believes the bridge can be built at a big saving. (Concluded on Page 4, Part 2)

The Bank That Is Near You and For You

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BIRMINGHAM

A Bank For All The People

We are your neighbors here at this bank. What a difference that makes in your feeling toward us, and in our feeling toward you! Not only are we right close by, but we are just as closely in sympathy with the things that help you and help this section. There is one thing above all others that we are trying to do and that is to make this bank of the utmost service and benefit to our own home people. Our location makes it especially convenient for you to do business with us. And we have an up-to-the-minute, smooth-running service that provides you with everything that you can get anywhere else, and something more—a genuine personal interest in you as our friend and neighbor.

Let us work together—both for our mutual good and for the good of this community.

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SHAIN TELLS OF TRIP THROUGH THE EAST

A trip through Maine, Nova Scotia and Quebec was recounted to members of the Rotary club, Monday, at their luncheon meeting by Charles J. Shain who returned recently from the east.

Each age brings its own distinctive criticism to bear upon it. The effect of the heaviest artillery that can be brought to bear upon it is as transient as the boom of their report and the puff of their smoke. Why, who knows anything about the worlds wonders of books which a century ago made good men's

Little more than a generation has of thought, having no unity other than that given it by the book vendor. Yet it is still here, not disintegrated much less dissolved.

How often we hear this expressed by sorrowing relatives of some departed one. For these people we are glad that we can copy kodak pictures, or old photographs . . . as good or better than the original.

See a beautiful example of this work in our display case.

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