

ADAM REID DIES AT 58

Native Of Southfield To Be Buried In Roseland Park Tomorrow

Adam N. Reid, 58 years old, of 502 Bates street, for 13 years a resident of Birmingham and a native of Southfield Township died early yesterday in Harper hospital, Detroit.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at 2 p. m. from the residence with burial in Roseland Park cemetery. Rev. Henry S. Evans, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, will read the service.

Mr. Reid came to Birmingham 13 years ago from Clarkson where he owned a farm on the Fourteen Mile road. During last summer he was employed by the township to oversee construction of the township park.

Besides his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth

Reid, he is survived by three sons, Howard E. Reid, of Inlay City, and Clyde and Lloyd B., both of Birmingham; two sisters, Mrs. Albert Todd, of Birmingham, and Mrs. Mary Hartie, of Ann Arbor; and a brother, Samuel Reid, of Clawson.

Lloyd Reid is Bloomfield Township Engineer.

The following will act as pallbearers: H. E. Parks, William Heribson, Nate Heribson, Frank Heribson, Robert Moore, and John Groves.

George Schurer of Louisville fell out of a second story window while moving about in his sleep, but escaped without injury.

Pierre LeClerc, a Paris policeman recently injured while directing traffic, has a moustache measuring three feet from tip to tip.

A new non-blur automobile headlight has been patented by Fred Applequist of Rock Island, Ill., who is 85.

Brynmor Jones, 16-year-old Welsh lad of Cardiff, has won 27 prizes, including five gold medals, in musical competitions.

The WORLD and All

By CHARLES R. DRISCOLL

LIKES AND DISLIKES

I like to write about bridges, and yet I dislike the consequences, to many printers and proofreaders, of following the dangerous practice of leaving the g out when I write about bridges.

Not long ago I wrote a whole day's talk about bridges, and from over the country I received clippings and derivative quips, because in two places the discussion turned out to be about a "bride" spanning the Rio Grande. There was also some talk of "the long-est bride in the world."

This is not a new experience with me. In fact, through years of experience in writing for newspapers, I have become bridge-wise. That one has a g in it.

I usually refer to these stately works of man as "great, spans that unite opposite shores," or in some equally eloquent manner try to dodge the use of the word bridge, so often have I seen it printed bride.

I am not the only sufferer from this peculiar typographical error. I often smile when another writer gets it between the eyes, and I read at least once a week of the great "bride" that is to swing from two tall towers on opposite banks of the Hudson.

That structure, by the way, which spans the Hudson river between New York and New Jersey, at about One Hundred and Seventy-second street, is making itself seen these days. From my office, at Times Square, on a day that is fairly clear, one can see the great steel tower rising on the Manhattan side, and from points of vantage a little further up town you can see the tower on the Jersey shore also.

I am not, I am intimated before, I love these manmade things on which one crosses rivers. I love to see them rising under the sun, and I love to watch light and shadow play upon their stately expanses after they have been completed.

The steel work on this Hudson span (don't you think I'm doing well in avoiding repetition of the word with the elusive g in it?) is being erected by the labor of simple men, many of whom are Micmac Indians from Nova Scotia.

The Micmacs are quite unlike any other American Indians I have ever seen. Most of the Micmacs I have seen are small and very dark. They look very little like the red men I used to see in Kansas in my boyhood. I see in them a slight resemblance to the Eskimos, a hint of the Mongolian, and not a little apparent cousinship to the Lapps of northern Scandinavia.

The Micmacs have done the steel erection work on most of the great river-crossings in Canada. They have surprising agility, much endurance, and they are willing workers.

Some other day I shall write about bridges; those interesting young women who wear white and are accompanied by ring-bearers and all such things. But today's talk, in case there remains any in the minds of the reader, was about bridges, which have g's in them and are among the noblest of man's architectural accomplishments.

Eyes of starfish are located at the tips of the arms.

SAVES 100 LIVES

Youth Leaves Sick Bed To Flag Train

Exclusive Central Press Dispatch

To The Eccentric
Dyersville, O., Feb. 13.—From his room near the tracks of a railroad through Dyersville, Glenn Cline 21, has listened to the roar of crash flyers, bearing their loads of human freight through the night, for 15 years.

And because Glenn Cline thrilled to it, and could name the trains and their crews as their shrill whistles aroused him from his sleep, he has come to be a hero in the eyes of many persons.

Cline's heroism is the result of his knowledge of the train schedule and his determination in the face of illness to investigate something he thought was wrong.

The youth lay ill in his little room waiting for the roar that meant Tom Riley, engineer, was carrying his load of passengers here safely to their destinations.

A rumble broke the silence—a strange rumble, not that of a train—and it seemed to come from a big cat just beyond his home. Cline thought of a land slide that had occurred in the same cut before. It meant disaster.

Only a few minutes at the most and the whistles of the flyer would reach his ears. He stumbled weakly down the track toward the cut, lantern in hand. Suddenly, there it was, half full of boulders and dirt, and as the youth gazed at it in fear the faint roar of the locomotive reached his ears through the winter air.

Cline gathered his strength, clutched the lantern firmly and started back, this time racing madly. One hundred yards, 200 and he leaped to one side, waving the lantern wildly in the glare of the onrushing headlight.

There was a grinding of brakes, a burst of sparks, and Tom Riley brought his train to a stop just where the locomotive had entered the cut.

One hundred lives had been in danger. Cline was a hero.

The youth laughs at his feat. "Tshaw," he says, "I've watched Tom Riley go through here for 15 years. He has always waved at me. Why should I let him be killed?"



remark that he was puzzled by references to the "new day" in government, which is premised with Mr. Hoover's advent in the White House.

Now it's explained to him.

A calf that weighed only two pounds at birth is thriving on the farm of Theodore Federer near Battle Creek, Neb.

Cornell scientists have discovered weed that grows in water and will kill mosquito larvae deposited nearby.

Mrs. David Garren of St. Paul described her husband in court as "safer than a bank; he never pays out anything."

Aldershot, Eng., magistrates refused to order James Markens to pay for the support of a baby his wife bought for \$10.

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Mackerel American Shore Large, Fat Fish, ea. 15c

Tuna Fish 7-oz. Tin 19c Cheese Fresh Cream, lb. 33c

Spaghetti Franco-American and Campbell's 3 Cans 25c

SPECIAL SALE ON COOKIES

Macaroon ALL THIS WEEK Lemon Snaps 15c Wafers PER POUND

Oranges California Very Low Price 752 Size, Dozen 19c

Bananas Large, Ripe Fruit 3 Lbs. 23c

Grapefruit Heavy, Juicy Florida, 64 Size 4 for 25c

Greening Apples 4 Lbs. 25c

Potatoes Michigan U. S. No. 1 Special Price 15 Lb. 17c

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