

The new land mark on Plymouth Road at Rosedale Gardens is the water tower between Farmington Road and the Imperial Highway, visible for many miles at night when the brilliant electric light at the top is burning.

The panoramic view on this page swings from the Plymouth Road at the left, showing the store, gas station and barber shop, the power lines bringing in the current from Plymouth and the track left when gas mains were installed.

Eight streets have been paved for a half mile each, running due north and south, with sidewalk on each side. The width is set record. The complete picture continues swinging to the west, and shows the full square mile of Rosedale Gardens; the western section which will next spring be 86 feet wide, being the half-mile paved, supplied with gas and sewer, water and electricity, and put

Some of the 100 homes sold are shown in the picture, which was taken on the anniversary of the digging of the first cellar in Rosedale Gardens. As a community record of growth of a new town this picture has a lasting value and interest.

Another year will cover the sewer excavations with turf, and allow the blooming of gardens and the setting of trees, wiping away those spots of bare earth which show up so plainly from this picture was taken.

No retouching whatever has been allowed on this photograph, in order to retain its value as a record. The complete picture continues swinging to the west, and shows the full square mile of Rosedale Gardens; the western section which will next spring be 86 feet wide, being the half-mile paved, supplied with gas and sewer, water and electricity, and put

on the market.

Sheldens Sons originated the new "Income Lots" 100' x 100' contract, which assures a 7 per cent cash dividend on the equity for two years, and carries no interest for two years, every payment applying directly on principal.

Some interesting pictures and maps of the Rosedale Gardens development are distributed on request at the sales office just under the water tower from which this picture was taken.

WEST POINT PARK

Next Sunday will be another big day with us at West Point Park. Do not forget Sunday, November 21 at 11 a. m. sharp. We want you here early to welcome our friends of the Odd Fellows Lodge of Clarenceville. They are coming in a body. Rev. George P. Davy, a prominent Odd Fellow of Harrisville, will preach on "The Good Samaritan." Special music by our choir. Let our own men who are Odd Fellows be present early to act as ushers and extend a cordial welcome to our Clarenceville brothers.

The Jolly Bunch Pedro Club entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lochlon Gilbert Saturday evening, November 13.

A very pleasant party assembled Saturday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor to celebrate their crystal wedding. It was a happy event. Some very beautiful gifts of crystal were presented the happy groom and the blushing bride.

Mrs. Margaret Davis, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Detroit the past two weeks returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Thomas Gregg and son Gerald of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zwahlen, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jones have moved into their new home. Stanley Gates' and family have moved from Farmington to West Point Park.

S. R. Turner and two sons Ernest and Rupert and Gordon Way, left Friday on an extended deer hunting trip north.

Mrs. Charlotte Wolfe was called to Toronto, Canada Sunday on account of the illness of her sister.

Mrs. Ethel Middlewood and daughter, Barbara, attended church services Sunday morning in Ann Arbor with her daughter, Miss Esther Middlewood, who is attending college there.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. B. C. Thomas and two nieces, Demetra and Margaret Mills, motored to Vassar Sunday to visit Dr. Thomas' uncle, John Smith.

THE NEW WORLD BEGINNING

Next Sunday, November 21 at Heliker's Hall, Orchard Lake road, at 2:00 p. m., a lecture will be delivered by Mr. Blair of Detroit which promises to be of considerable interest. The theme of the lecture is "The New World Beginning."

The following observations were made by those who are arranging for the lecture:

Few would regret the passing away of the old world, which we have come to know as one of much trouble and distress. At any rate most people will admit that there is much room for improvement, and that therefore a change in mundane affairs can be contemplated with equanimity, especially if there is any prospect of betterment. It is reported that the lecture to be given Sunday will point out from the Bible that we are fully justified in expecting a new order of things, one which will give full opportunity to every human being to obtain the things that make for real happiness and peace.

It can hardly be said that God's will has been done on earth in the past, but that it will some time be done is sure, for the Bible teaches us to pray for the coming of God's kingdom under which His will shall be done among men. The Bible also points out in considerable detail the nature of the blessings that will come to mankind when the new order of things is fully established. This new order is now being ushered in, and the purpose of the lecture is to call attention to the many evidences that confirm this statement. It is hoped that many will consider the subject to be of sufficient importance to spend an hour hearing it explained.—Adv.

We may be wrong, but we've got a sneaking notion that a lot of the boys would like to "Tom Johnson" the little old pay envelope along about the first of the month when the bills commence to come through.

A Genuine Big Brother

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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IT NEARLY broke Nell's heart when she knew she must part with her no-longer-small brother Tommy. The lad had grown into a fine, sturdy strapping, eager to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the Australian government to get out to farm in that vast country. The Big Brother movement, in which good citizens of Australia encourage and care for his development, seemed a splendid chance for many British boys.

"You see, Sis, it will give you a chance to go to the States and make more money—I'm a big fellow for you to try to feed on your small salary."

Nell forced back the tears that would have upset Tommy and a day

appeared instead.

"It's only that I dislike having you so terribly far away from me. I know it is in the interest of you and if you can get a nice Big Brother who will care for you as I have it won't seem so hard."

"And if you take that good position in New York you can save up enough money to come out and see me and before you know it I will be supporting you—instead of you me. It is a bit rough being so far away."

And because Tommy was too big to cry on Nell's shoulder, as he had for many childhood years, her hands in pocketed and she tried to smile.

"We'll go down to Australia House tomorrow and see the high commissioner and before you know it you will be starting on a great adventure," said Nell, trying to keep up her courage. "I wish I were a boy, too, and then they would have me also."

On the morrow they went down and had a long talk with the very able young man who was making the selection of boys. Mr. Landon wished the boys more wholesome, sturdy kids of Tom's type to go out and learn agriculture.

"When you reach your majority, Tommy," he told the boy, "the Big Brother will help you to acquire a bit of land of your own."

"Then Sis can come out and keep house for me," planned Tommy, and Landon and Nell exchanged glances.

"I have a pal in Australia, Miss Reed," he told her, "whom I would like to trust Tommy. Jack Colebrook and I are the ones who went out some twelve years ago and has made good—more than good. There would be no doubt about your brother's mental, moral and physical well-being if old Colebrook takes him in charge."

"Oh—if you only would plan that, I could be almost reconciled to letting Tommy go."

Everything being arranged, the newly selected Little Brother and his sister went out to the Strand and home-ward. Tommy was in a fever of excitement, which remained with him until he was embarked, some six weeks later.

After Tommy had gone Nell swiftly made her arrangements to sell to the land she had always wanted to see. Her position took her to Chicago, and before many months had passed she felt as much at home and was as kindly treated as any born American. Her work brought her in five times, as much as she had ever got in her own home.

Letters from Tommy were hugely interesting and from time to time he sent snapshots of himself as a young farmer.

"My Big Brother, Jack Colebrook," he wrote almost at the start, "treats me like a real man and is no end of a fine chap. I showed him that picture of you—the one taken in the punt that Sunday up the Thames—and he hasn't returned it yet. Fancy he must have forgotten it."

Colebrook hadn't forgotten the picture of Nell at all. In fact it was on his shaving stand and there was many a time when, gazing at it admiringly, he had come near cutting his own face.

He questioned Tommy about Nell's hair, her eyes, whether she was married, or engaged, and whether he thought she would fancy Australia.

To all of these questions Tommy replied with brotherly disregard of flat-teries. Colebrook, however, gazed the more intently at Nell's photograph and decided that he really must write a long weekly budget to her.

"It is my duty," he told Tommy, "to let your sister know all that we are doing here and just how you are progressing."

"I can't tell you how Nell would appreciate it," said unsuspecting Tommy.

And Nell did enjoy those letters that came with increasing bulk and regularity, some of them had been unanswered. Chicago had taken on a new beauty and her work greater comfort. In fact all things in the world assumed charm, and, well, for the first time in her life, followed the skipping column of the paper, always with the hope that the mails from Australia might be a day earlier.

A photograph of a fine, big man besides his brother Tommy stood always, now on his desk and drew many a glance with admiration. In other words, Nell had fallen in love with Tommy's Big Brother.

"Tommy," said Colebrook, "do you think you could carry on here for a few months while I slip over to the States and bring back that sister of yours? I have finally persuaded her that we can't get along without her—what do you say, Little Brother?"

"I say the same," laughed Tommy, "and that you soon be my brother-in-law—Big Brother."

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Through the courtesy of the C. E. De Puy Company, manufacturers of "Common Sense" Poultry, Dairy and Stock Feeds, and their local dealers—Oakland Hills Poultry Farms and the Farmington Roller Mills—we shall on Friday of this week broadcast the second lecture of the DePuy Winter Institute.

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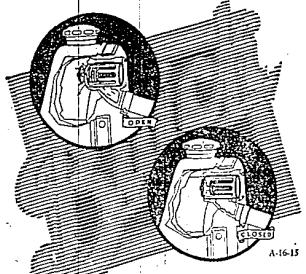
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