

# THE LINK

The Official Organ of the Humberstone Garden Suburb.

"NOT GREATER WEALTH. BUT SIMPLER PLEASURES."

No. 22.

JANUARY, 1914.



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In order that the Estate Council arrangements for the Christmas holidays, may be included, this issue of THE LINK is in the hands of readers a week earlier than usual.

## Editorial.

### "The Compliments of the Season."

The rotation of our old planet amongst the innumerable orbs of infinity has again brought us to that period when a whole nation turns hedonist with reckless unanimity; when pleasure of every description, and some that defies description, is the order of the diurnal and a good part of the nocturnal season; when the snow monarch and the ice king hold high revel to the great delight of the junior part of the population (according to the Christmas number and the Christmas Card); when the fog and the drizzle, and the damp, dull, dismal, dirty, dark, depressing days come (according to actual experience); when the cyclist looks out for skids, and the pedestrian on the other side of the kerb for orange peel; when the furred and feathered tribes are decimated to provide a great sacrifice to the god of indigestion; when the anticipation and realisation of Santa Claus' visit fills the mind of the infant with delight; when the ditto, ditto of the cult of the mistletoe does the same for the romping adolescent; when "everybody's doing it"; when the tuneful wail and the cheerful carol singer fill the night with harmony; when the dithyrambic Bacchanalian waxeth loud in the land; when the night is filled with hilarity, and that tired feeling cometh in the morning; when the lachrymose and the hypochondriacal have to take a back seat; when olive-branched Peace spreads her beneficent wings across the wide earth, and Goodwill exerts its civilising influence amongst mankind.

Closely following, like Nemesis, on the heels of the one comes another festival, when the old year, like a "link" broken off the chain of Time, falls into the abyss of the irrecoverable past; when that "moving finger writes, and having writ," moves on; when the month arrives dedicated by the ancients to Janus, a bifacial deity who could look into both the past and the future; when the modern man imitates his example, and the less regret he has for the past the less fear he has for the time to come; when good resolutions are made, "vows that will last till the last death rattle, and vows that are snapped in a moment of fire"; when the unsold remnants of the sacrifice are relegated to the

icy recesses of the cold chamber to reappear in due time as fresh produce; when the wise physician obtains a large fee for a small placebo administered to correct gastronomic derangements.

This great Winter Carnival having arrived, we here-with—without iteration and reiteration, tautological repetition, or terminological ambiguity of any kind; without hyperbole or unnecessary platitudes, but in a few perspicuous, terse, sententious phrases—briefly, shortly and simply, but not the less sincerely, wish all our readers

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

## Choral Society's First Concert.

This event, which took place in the Assembly Room, on Saturday evening, December 13th, was eminently successful from a musical point of view, the only regret being that the attendance was scarcely worthy of the occasion. It is matter for congratulation that Mr. Tom Wilford, the genial and enthusiastic conductor, and his co-workers have been able to organise a choir of mixed voices with such happy results in the comparatively short time which has elapsed since its formation, and we feel sure residents may confidently look forward to even better things in the future. The evening's enjoyment was further enhanced by contributions from outside vocalists—namely, Misses Elsie Wood and Winnie Gamble, and Messrs. T. Hanson and H. Copson—whose efforts gave great pleasure, the demand for encores being frequent.

The following was the programme:—Pianoforte solo, Mrs. Stanyon; part song, "Mynheer Vangraff," Choir; song, "O for a sail in a piping breeze," Mr. H. Copson; song, "Vélia," Miss Elsie Wood; song, "O my garden, full of roses," Miss Winnie Gamble; song, "Mountain Lovers," Mr. T. Hanson; part song, "The Watchword," Choir; duet, "Tenor and Baritone," Messrs. T. Hanson and H. Copson; part song, "Moonlight and music," Choir; song, "Tom Brown," Mr. H. Copson; song, "Always together," Miss Winnie Gamble; duet, "The moon hath raised her lamp above," Messrs. T. Hanson and H. Copson; song, "Two eyes of grey," Miss Elsie Wood; song, "Come into the garden, Maud," Mr. T. Hanson; part song, "Goodnight, beloved," Choir. Mrs. Stanyon was a painstaking accompanist.

Towards the close Mr. J. S. Wilford, who presided, proposed a vote of thanks to the artistes, which the audience accorded with great heartiness.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.—A very able lecture was delivered in the Meeting House, under the auspices of the Band of Hope, on Thursday, Dec. 11th, when those attending were taken a mental trip to New Zealand and back by the aid of lantern slides, the lecturer describing in a breezy manner the cities and more noted districts of that far-away country. The habits and customs of the Maori inhabitants were explained; pictures of the great geysers or boiling springs were thrown on the screen, and the conditions of life generally dealt with, the lecturer pointing out also that, by vote of the people, the drink-shops in many districts had been abolished for years. The lecture was bright, interesting, and full of humour and anecdote.

## Holiday Arrangements.

### A VARIED AND ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME.

As in previous years, the Estate Council have taken much pains to provide attractions calculated to give residents a good time during the festive season, and we feel sure there will be no lack of appreciation of their efforts. Particulars are given below.

**CHRISTMAS EVE.**—A Fancy Costume Dance will be held from 8 to 11.30. This will be confined as far as possible to residents, and applications on behalf of visitors must be specially made to R. Scott, "Abbotsford," Fern Rise. Admission by programme, 6d. each; non-dancers, 3d. All intending to take part must secure programmes by Saturday, December 20th. Pianist, Miss E. Langley; violinist, Miss Gladys Lant. Memories of last Christmas Eve should again ensure a full attendance. Everybody who is anybody will be there.

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27TH.**—On this evening a special treat is in store. Mr. John Hardy, elocutionist, will entertain us with a high-class programme of recitations in his well-known style. The items will include two scenes from "David Copperfield" (Dickens), viz., (a) "The Old Boat at Yarmouth"; (b) "Emily's Run Away"; "A Change of Treatment" (W. W. Jacobs); and a piece of Robert Overton's. Several songs will also be rendered. In order that the recitations may be given under the best possible conditions, Mr. Hardy asks that the door should remain closed while he is on the stage. Admission, 3d.; children only admitted with parents. The starting time is 7.45, and the Council respectfully request punctuality; also that friends will roll up in large numbers and enjoy an undoubted treat.

**CHILDREN'S DAY.**—Christmas, of course, is recognised as pre-eminently a Children's Festival, and Children's Day is to be Monday, December 29th. At 2.30, in the Assembly Room, the little ones of eight years of age and under will be entertained to games and refreshments and each presented with a Christmas gift. At seven o'clock the older children, from nine to sixteen, are to have a social and, of course, refreshments. Every child on the Estate is to have an invitation ticket sent them, giving particulars as to time, &c., and parents will greatly assist the Council by noting the time and sending the children promptly. All children (new and old) are entitled to an invitation; if, by an oversight, anyone is overlooked, parents will kindly oblige by communicating with Mr. Scott, "Abbotsford," Fern Rise.

**NEW YEAR'S EVE.**—The Council have organised a Whist Drive and Dance, commencing 7.45. The whist drive will consist of about twelve games, refreshments will follow, and then "a jolly good long dance." Sixpence admits to the full evening's entertainment. Substantial whist prizes will be provided. "Kum in krowds" and so finish the Old Year well. Be in time! Be in time!!

**NOTICE.** The Store will be **OPEN ALL DAY** on Wednesday, December 24th, and **CLOSED** for the Christmas Holidays on

**DECEMBER 25th and 26th,**

**and from 1 p.m. on Saturday, December 27th.**

(The latter in compliance with Shops Act).

## Letters to the Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

### SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

To the Editor,

Sir,—It is with regret that one perceives a waning in the interest of the residents in these concerts. A year ago the attendance was so large and the Assembly Room so full as to be upon many occasions very uncomfortable, and some of us were hoping that, with the increase of population, this winter would demonstrate the utter inadequacy of the accommodation, and compel the General Committee to seriously consider ways and means for building a much larger hall. This lack of interest cannot be laid to want of energy on the part of the Estate Council, nor to the quality of the entertainments provided, which have more than maintained their high standard.

Rumour has it that the Council feel keenly this lack of appreciation of their efforts, and are thinking of ceasing this part of their educational work. If this is so, one hopes they will give the matter serious consideration before coming to a final decision. Surely those that do attend, although fewer in number than in previous years, are worthy of being considered. While these pleasant evenings are continued there is always hope of the interest of the others being aroused, but once let them cease and the desire in the hearts of the few for social intercourse will either be quenched or else they will seek pleasure in the town, which from more points of view than one is undesirable.

I would offer a suggestion—that the Council try and arrange a lecture (with or without views) for an occasional Saturday evening, such as are given at the Museum and which draw very large audiences.

That the social gatherings during this festive season may infuse in us a still greater desire to see the social life of the community increased, and that the Estate Council may be encouraged to renewed effort is the wish of

A. R.

**BIRTH.**—On November 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. Vass, a son.

With the advent of the festive season our sympathies go out to those of our friends who are prostrated on beds of sickness, and we beg to express the hope that the coming year will have a greater measure of happiness in store for them.

"Co-partnership," which is published at 1d. monthly, regularly contains news from our Suburb, and often has pictures of local as well as general interest. It may be ordered from the shop along with your groceries.

**LADIES' AT HOME.**—The fortnightly meetings in the Institute, under the presidency of Mrs. Parsloe, continue to supply just that touch of fellowship needed to develop the social spirit amongst lady residents. On December 11th, Mr. Thomas Adcock addressed the gathering on the joy to be derived from personal service. The Committee hope to arrange an acceptable programme for the New Year and appeal for continued support. On January 8th a Social afternoon, to start the New Year, is to be held; and on January 22nd the speaker is to be Miss Blackstone, of the Women's Suffrage Society.

## Estate Council Report.

During the past few weeks there have been several good concerts. On November 29th the programme was supplied by Mr. Will Payne and party, and the small audience present were treated to high-class fare. On December 6th, Miss L. Meekins and party carried through a good all-round programme. Particular mention must be made of Mr. Rue's efforts, the veteran humorist infusing a lot of spirit into his work.

The Council wish to call special attention to the booking for Saturday night, January 3rd. On that date the "Hopieties," a troupe of sixteen young girls, varying in age from five to fifteen, trained by Mrs. Hope, will appear. The leader of the troupe, for very obvious reasons, desires that the concert shall conclude somewhat earlier than usual, and the time of starting has been fixed for 7.30 prompt. An excellent night's enjoyment is anticipated, and there should be a bumper house.

**ANCHOR TENANTS' WHIST TEAM.**—On Saturday, December 13th, the team were at home to the Sibley Excelsior Boot Works, who came to play their fixture in the Federation Whist League. A very pleasant evening was spent, the Anchorites eventually winning by 14 games to 11. Appended are the scores:—

ANCHOR TENANTS.		SIBLEY.	
A. Orton .....	5	J. Lewin .....	0
E. Wheatley .....		A. Lewin .....	
W. Winterton .....	1	Mr. Peel .....	4
W. Martin .....		Mr. Oswin .....	
R. Scott .....	4	A. Brown .....	1
G. Scott .....		C. King .....	
A. Aston .....	0	A. Newbold .....	5
G. Hecks .....		W. Whittington ..	
H. Mawby .....	4	G. Burton .....	1
T. Lewitt .....		A. Price .....	
	14		11

**ADULT SCHOOL.**—At the usual Sunday meeting, class mornings have been devoted to a study of the life of St. Paul. On December 7th, Councillor Hallam kindly came up from town to speak on "The place of Co-partnership in Industry," a subject which naturally aroused a good deal of discussion. On the 14th—an open morning—there was a good attendance to hear Sir Maurice Levy hold forth on "Individuality, or Personal Effort," and again there was a helpful discussion following on the points raised in the address.

**FELLOWSHIP MEETING.**—The attendances during the last three Sundays have been normal and the addresses interesting. Week by week, prior to the main address, a ten minutes' talk on a subject interesting to children has been given. The speakers have been Mr. Beeby, Mr. Jays, and Mr. Harrott, and solos by Mrs. Purdy and Miss Kinder have lent added interest and brightness to the proceedings.

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**After the Christmas Holidays** you may require a little "Toning Up," such as Castor Oil at 2d. per ounce, Epsom Salts or Conf. Scnnee. These or any other Home Remedies may be obtained from "WILLOWDENE," Laburnum Road.

## Reverence!

There is at the present time a disposition among some to regard the purposes of Education as industrial only. But if such were the case in actual fact, if the improvements in educational methods were to be directed toward the attainment of this purpose only, surely such a procedure would defeat its own ends.

The purposes of Education cannot be merely industrial. The social betterment of man living in a community depends to a large extent, it is true, upon the facilities for obtaining professional or technical knowledge, but with the acquisition of such knowledge and consequent attainment of an improved social standing, the individual must recognise that he himself has a duty to perform to society, and indeed to the nation.

"I will leave our country not less but greater and nobler than she is entrusted to me. I will reverently obey the citizens who shall act as judges. I will obey the laws which have been ordained and which in time to come shall be ordained by the national will." Such was the oath which was taken by the young men of Athens, on arriving at man's estate. The Athenian's oath breathed the spirit of true patriotism and showed his reverence for the noble traditions of the past. It acknowledged the duties of citizenship.

Surely one purpose of Education should be the inculcation of that spirit of true patriotism which recognises among other things the importance of civic responsibilities.

From the reverence due to man in society let us turn to reverence for the beautiful, the cultivation of æsthetic tastes. The appreciation of beauty, whether in art or science will lead a person to appreciate the beauty of right conduct. The harmony of Nature's laws is a wonderful object lesson. There is a beauty and a dignity in the truly simple life, and Education should have for one of its objects the cultivation of simple dignity.

"SPERANDUM."

## Cricket Club.

The second season of the above closed with a little more credit to the club than the first one did, as will be seen by the results and averages list. In some cases individual results have been somewhat improved, although a few players have been less fortunate than last year. Credit is due to Mr. E. Peberdy who again heads the batting averages with a figure of 12.83, as against 9.07 last year, while Mr. F. Parker follows with an average of 6. Mr. Purdy is at the top of the bowling average with 12 wickets for 48 runs, averaging 4 runs per wicket, but our bowlers are pretty even as the first eight range from 4 to 5.71; it is in batting that we are weakest and the captain and committee entreat the members to make the most of batting practice next season.

Our best thanks are due to all who subscribe to our funds as honorary members, and we trust we shall be favoured with their continued support. We have now created a Practice Members' subscription of 5s., which will entitle the member to regular practice when such is in progress.

Officers for Season 1914:—President, Mr. S. Beamish; Treasurer, Mr. C. H. Goodenough; Secretary, Mr. H. Folwell; Captain, Mr. G. Riley; Vice-Captain, Mr. G.

Hecks ; Kit Steward, Mr. A. H. Vass ; Umpire, Mr. G. Duffin ; Committee, Messrs. G. Ward and C. W. Purdy, also all officers.

The Secretary cannot close without expressing thanks for the expressions of satisfaction made at the general meeting ; it is nice to know one's services are appreciated.

### CRICKET AVERAGES FOR 1913.

BATTING.					
	Inns.	Runs.	Not Out.	Most in Inns.	Average.
1. E. Peberdy ..	20	231	2	40*	12.83
2. F. Parker ..	10	54	1	29	6
3. G. Hecks ..	17	96	0	21	5.64
4. G. Ward ..	16	89	0	19	5.56
5. W. Butler ..	15	81	0	16	5.40
6. C. H. Goodenough	21	94	2	18	4.94
7. G. Riley ..	14	59	0	16	4.21
8. J. Jays ..	7	29	0	11	4.14
9. W. Keywood ..	8	24	2	9*	4
10. G. Johnson ..	12	37	2	10*	3.70
11. E. Pepper ..	17	59	0	12	3.47
12. A. Aston ..	19	56	2	11	3.29
13. H. Folwell ..	13	24	5	11	3
14. A. Wilford ..	11	28	1	8*	2.80
15. H. Duffin ..	13	34	0	15	2.64
16. E. Wilford ..	23	52	2	8†	2.47
17. C. W. Purdy ..	16	36	0	13	2.25
18. A. H. Vass ..	17	19	6	4*	1.72

\* denotes "not out."

† Twice.

BOWLING.			
	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
1. C. W. Purdy ..	12	48	4
2. E. Peberdy ..	35	156	4.46
3. E. Wilford ..	16	80	5
4. C. H. Goodenough	60	330	5.50
5. W. Butler ..	18	100	5.55
6. G. Ward ..	37	209	5.65
7. H. Duffin ..	17	97	5.70
8. G. Hecks ..	14	80	5.71
9. E. Pepper ..	10	84	8.40

Qualification—10 wickets.

Games played 24, Won 8, Lost 14, Tied 2.

Total Runs : Against, 1,397

" " For, 1,328

### SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHEEP.

"Now, Harold," said the teacher, "if there were eleven sheep in a field and six jumped the fence, how many would there be left?"

"None," replied Harold.

"Why, there would," said she.

"No, ma'am, there wouldn't," persisted he. "You may know Arithmetic, but you don't know sheep."

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### EGGS ARE DEAR!

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**G. SCOTT, "Dalkeith."**

## Garden Notes.

The question of dealing with night-soil manure is often a perplexing one to people leaving the town and taking up their residence in the country. The worst method is often adopted, namely, that of burying it in the garden. Where this has been practised winter digging should be resorted to at once, at the same time working in plenty of lime. A better way is to choose a vacant plot at the bottom of the garden, where the contents of the receptacle may be deposited every week, at the same time covering it over with an inch of soil. At the end of September dig the whole over, working in plenty of slaked lime as the work proceeds, and commence a fresh heap. This will be found an excellent manure for such vegetables as cabbages, cauliflowers, celery, leeks and onions. In the case of rhubarb the matter may be thrown on fresh and forked in straight away.

When digging care should be taken not to disturb the young rootlets of fruit trees ; all that is necessary is to fork over the surface under and around these to a depth of one inch as far as the branches extend, thus clearing away weeds.

T.R.

### AN 'XMAS GREETING.

We send you a gleam of sunshine  
And would we could give the glow  
That she brings to our hearts : the love-wine  
Which cheers like the sun upon snow.

She comes with a smile that is sweeter  
Than those of whom stories are told,  
By poets whose eyes will ne'er greet her :  
And her heart, like her hair, is pure gold.

The room just now rang with her laughter,  
And her eyes danced bright at the fun,  
Joy echoed from cellar to rafters,  
Oh ! the beautiful child of the sun !

So we wish you the Christmas pleasures,  
We send you a glimpse of her face,  
One look at our choicest of treasures,  
A gift of the gods, and a Grace.

J. W. GOSLING.

A little green apple hung up on a tree,  
Calling, "Johnny ! Come Johnny ! Come Johnny !"  
And it looked just as tempting as tempting could be,  
Calling "Johnny ! Come Johnny ! Come Johnny !"  
And Johnny he came, in his sweet childish way,  
And ate up that apple without more delay.  
The angels in Heaven are singing to-day ;  
"Here's Johnny ! Here's Johnny ! Here's Johnny !"  
*The Wild Ruthvens.*

\* \* \* \* \*

With his nose ruby red, and his eyes twinkling bright,  
He laughs and he sings without pause,  
And his whiskers are long, but his heart is light—  
Dear, good, jolly old Santa Claus !

\* \* \* \* \*

### NO ATTRACTIONS.

Little Ella : "I's never going to Holland when I grow up."  
Governess : "Why not?"

Little Ella : "'Cause our geography says its a low, lying country."—*Signal.*

\* \* \* \* \*

### GRUESOME !

Teacher : "Now who can write me a sentence containing the word 'gruesome'?"

Tommy went up to the blackboard, and this is what he wrote :  
"Dad did not shave for a week, and grew some whiskers."

## The Dreadful Griffin.

In a book of papers, poems and stories bearing the title of "The Grey Brethren," by Michael Fairless (Duckworth & Co., Henrietta Street, W.C., 2s. 6d.), appears the fairy story of "The Dreadful Griffin,"—one of the most delightful tales for children we have read for a long while.

It is about a princess, playing in the garden with her ball. She threw it high up in the air, and it never came down again. There was an awful shriek, the ladies-in-waiting fainted in a row, and some of the people went stone deaf.

The Dreadful Griffin had been taking a little fly in the neighbourhood, and the Princess's ball had hit him in the eye. The Dreadful Griffin had never been known to forgive anybody anything, and so the Princess was taken to the Castle of the White Cats, on the top of a hill, and put in the highest room in order that she might be safe—for the Dreadful Griffin couldn't look at a white cat without getting the ague.

The Princess cried a little, but the cats brought her some mouse pie, which comforted her, and she nearly forgot all about the Dreadful Griffin—but he did not forget about her. He flew to the castle, but when he saw the white cats he shook with ague so fearfully that his teeth rolled about in his mouth like billiard balls. The Dreadful Griffin returned home in a perfect fury, swallowed several buckets of hot brimstone, rolled his head in a red flannel petticoat, put his tail in a hot sandbag, and when he woke up next day was quite well and more anxious to eat the Princess than ever.

He consulted a wicked witch, who told him to get a sack of fat mice and let them loose a little way from the Castle; when the cats saw them they would run after them and then he could eat the Princess. He let the mice out of the sack; but not a cat appeared, for they were on their honour, and kept guard and licked their lips sadly. So the Griffin went home again in a dreadful temper, stopping on the way to pick up a steam engine, which he dropped through the roof of the house of the Wicked Witch.

Next day the Dreadful Griffin flew to ask the advice of the Grumpy Giant, who advised him to "try sparrers." Eleven thousand sparrows were let loose round the Castle. Again not a cat moved; for when kittens, all the cats had been taught to write in their copy-books that "Honour is dearer to cats than mice or birds," and they had never forgotten the lesson.

The Dreadful Griffin flew home puffing and snorting, and made the air so hot that all the people put on their thinnest clothes, though it was the middle of winter. He told his disappointment to the Amiable Answerer, who gave him a penny pink ice to cool him down, and advised the use of green spectacles, to make the white cats appear green.

So the Griffin burst into a watchmaker's shop, seized twelve pairs of green spectacles, put them all on at once, and flew towards the Castle. But again he was baffled. Green dogs made him cough most fearfully; and he met thirteen white poodles taking a walk, who all looked bright green, and he coughed so fearfully that the spectacles fell off his nose and were smashed to bits. When he got home he had to keep in bed for a week, and drink hot tar, and have his chest ironed with a steam roller and his nose greased with seven pounds of tallow candles.

Feeling better, the Griffin went for a walk and met the Fat Frog, who gave him a packet of blue with which to dye the cats. He passed the blue cats without difficulty, wriggled up the stairs, and at last burst into the Princess's room. But a kind fairy had changed the Princess into a flea, and the Dreadful Griffin couldn't see her anywhere!

The little Yellow Man (who was a friend of the Princess) reminded him that fleas like cats—the Princess flea would jump on a tabby kitten, and the Dreadful Griffin could swallow the kitten. So he flew to the Zoo, found a tabby kitten, and put it in the Princess's room.

He waited half an hour and then swallowed the kitten at one gulp—and then a most wonderful thing happened, for he instantly burst into four pieces and died; and the flea and the kitten, came out quite unhurt.

And the story goes on to tell how the tabby kitten changed into the little Yellow Man, who grew and grew into a handsome young prince—Prince Orange Plushkins. He asked the Princess flea to marry him, and the minute the flea said "Yes," the Princess reappeared, and "she and the Prince were married next morning, and all the cats went to the steam laundry and were washed and bleached and had their tails crimped and their whiskers starched; and they danced at the wedding, and everybody lived happy ever after."

Like all good fairy stories, this one has a moral:—"If we fly at all, to *fly high*. To be extremely polite. To be kind and grateful to cats and all other animals."

Other delightful fairy stories in the same volume tell of "The Discontented Daffodils," "The Fairy Fluffkins," and the "Tinkle-Tinkle," and we would advise our little friends to look out for the book and to read it whenever the opportunity comes their way.

---

Why is an army like a newspaper?—Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.

\* \* \* \* \*

Which is the most abused part of the human body?—The eye, because it is under the lash all day, and gets a good hiding at night.

\* \* \* \* \*

It matters little how long I stay  
In this world of sin and sorrow and care,  
Whether in youth I'm called away  
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.  
But whether I do the best I can,  
To soften the weight of adversity's touch  
On the faded cheek of my fellow man  
It matters much—it matters much.

---

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## THE GHOST OF SIR HERMENGOLD.

At the midnight stroke the sleeper woke,  
His hair was all a-bristle.  
His limbs did shake, his heart did quake,  
His bones all turned to gristle.

For by the bed, close to his head,  
There stood a spectre grim;  
Its garb shone white in the pale moonlight,  
And it pointed straight at him!

The bedside chair he could still see there,  
Though the phantom stood between;  
And the eyeballs dull in the spectre's skull  
Were fixed on his visage green.

Said the phantom: "Hark to a story dark  
Of a crime unexpiated;  
For ne'er can I contented lie  
Till the truth hath been related.

In days of old, Sir Hermengold  
Was lord of this domain;  
And ne'er had been such a roysterer seen,  
Nor e'er will be again.

From morn till night, the reckless wight  
Was on his pleasure bent,  
'Twas hunt, and play, and drink, all day,  
Till all his wealth was spent.

Then the dissolute knight, in desperate plight,  
Resolved on a dark design,  
'Twas to murder his guest who'd retired to rest,  
Overcome by the fumes of the wine.

The guest, a stout priest—poor knave!—had ne'er ceased  
To prate of the gold that he bore.  
For he had been sent for some bluff yeoman's rent,  
To add to the Lord Bishop's store.

So as midnight tolled, Sir Hermengold  
Stood here, by this very bedside.  
He sprang on his guest—and you'll soon know the rest,  
For you'll die as that same parson died!"

The ghost's bony hands closed like iron bands  
Round the throat of the man in the bed,  
The victim struck blindly—and hit most unkindly  
The pillow half-smoth'ring his head!

In joyful surprise, he rubbed at his eyes,  
Not a trace of a ghost could he see!  
And the supper he'd had before that dream sad  
Was quite monstrous between you and me!

R.C.

## THE WAGGONER.

Crack! Crack! sings the whip as the horses dip  
From the green woodside to the town,  
And the driver's face has the comely grace  
Of the rich earth's red and brown.  
For the wild wind stings as it rushing sings  
From the sea to the low hill's brow,  
With its rim of rime for the Christmas-time,  
And its red for the holly bough.

Down the hard white road winds the glossy load,  
Bright green on a pallid sky,  
Great logs below, and the mistletoe  
With the holly-sprays piled high.  
How the maidens laugh! How they nudge and chaff!  
What looks to the lad they throw!  
For dangers run in the path of one  
Who carries the mistletoe!

—ROSE SHARLAND.

## CHRISTMAS CONUNDRUMS.

What is the best dance for Christmas?—A-bun-dance.  
Remove my half and you double me. What am I?—A  
half-penny.

What does a horticulturist set first in his conservatory?—His  
foot.

What is the cheapest possible breakfast?—A roll in bed.

What does a poet look forward to in winter?—Rime (Rhyme).

Why have rich men so many friends?—Because they are  
"capital" fellows.

Why is a peacock like the figure 9?—Because it is nothing  
without its tail.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you are given to lisping, these should kill or cure you:—

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,  
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,  
He thrusts his fists against the posts  
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou wreath'd'st and muzzl'd'st the far-fetched ox, and  
imprison'd'st him in the volcanic Mexican mountain of Popoca-  
tepetl in Cotopaxi.

THE  
MORNING  
STAR  
HEALTH  
SALT  
IS  
REFRESHING  
AND  
INVIGORATING



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