

THE LINK

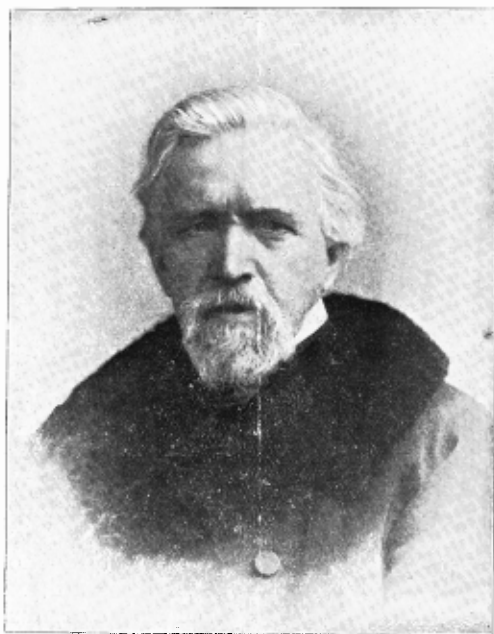
The Official Organ of the Humberstone Garden Suburb.

"NOT GREATER WEALTH, BUT SIMPLER PLEASURES."

No. 24.

MARCH, 1914.

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Editorial.

Spring is almost within hail. The sun shines with a good grace, the power of King Frost is weakening, and strong winds have come to prepare the earth for seed-time. Moreover the lilac leaf beginneth to unfold, the hawthorn hedge is preparing to display its green glory, and the voice of the gardener is heard in the land, discussing his particular fancy in flower and vegetable. Thrice blest is he who hath his garden dug; let the sloth perspire how he will, striving to make up leeway, full reward will not be his. A virulent distemper is this gardening fever—very catching. It is surprising how one enthusiast affects another. The knight of the spade is only excelled by the fisherman in powers of rhetorical embellishment. In season, even the golfer is a pigmy in comparison. Blow, blow, ye kindly winds; thy moaning music in the night stirs the pulse of nature and hastens the coming of a time of real joy and inspiration to the country-lover. We can almost sense the cuckoo!

* * *

What a wonderfully complex thing is civilisation! As one follows the history of the growth of the race down through the centuries—from the old and new stone ages and the discovery of bronze and iron down to our own time—with the records of human achievement in the conquest of the forces of nature and more especially the development of the gregarious instinct—the conviction grows upon one that surely the time is not now far distant when nations will conquer racial hatred and cease to rely upon the arbitrament of armed force to settle their differences. Yet armies and navies continue to expand, and to the menace of war by land and sea has now been added the destructive power of the airship. A truly perplexing situation—and one can only find comfort in the thought that inventive genius has produced engines of destruction so diabolical that soon peoples of all civilised countries must revolt against their use.

Meantime all must deplore the diversion of so much money into the unproductive channels of armament which might be spent to much better purpose. If half the amount of money which is yearly set aside in our country for army and navy purposes were devoted to the development of our educational system—were used to put brains in rather than, potentially, to blow brains out—how much greater would be the gain to us as a people! To the religious mind also the thought must be appalling—after all these centuries of Christian

teaching—that more money is expended on a single Dreadnought than would be required to build St. Paul's Cathedral twice over. It would be an interesting mental exercise, likewise, to figure out how many times over one might fully develop a Garden Suburb such as our own, provided the powers that be were able to set aside the price of a single modern battleship for the purpose. But truly the path of reform is long—and life is short. As was pointed out by a Cabinet Minister the other day, the only remedy for this "organised insanity" is to be found in the concerted and combined action not only of Governments but of peoples. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Let us each do our part.

OBITUARY.

All residents on our Estate regret the passing of Mrs. Morris, wife of Mr. Frank Morris, "Ashleigh," who, after many months of suffering, obtained release early on the morning of Monday, February 2nd. The interment took place in Humberstone Churchyard on Thursday, February 5th. Floral tributes sent by the different bodies on our Estate served to convey the regard in which she was held. A willing worker, Mrs. Morris had rendered good service in promoting the social well-being of the community. We beg to express our deep sympathy with those near and dear to her left behind.

* * *

"Will you please convey to our friends on the Estate our sincere appreciation of their kindly feelings and their many acts of goodwill towards us during the long period of sadness through which we have passed. Believe me, we highly esteem the feeling which prompted the vote of condolence passed at meeting on Monday, February 2nd, and at meeting of the Estate Council, and we tender our sincere thanks to all for the tokens of respect that were received by us. Yours sincerely,

FRANK MORRIS."

LADIES' AT HOME.

The meeting arranged for February 5th was not held owing to the funeral of Mrs. Morris taking place on that day. On the 19th the usual friendly gathering took place in the Institute when (after referring to the death of Mrs. Morris) a chapter from "The Soul Market" was read by Mrs. Parsloe, and two songs—"Only Tired," and "Killarney"—were nicely sung by our young friend, Miss Lily Bryan. A cup of tea and a pleasant chat closed a cheerful afternoon. On March 5th, Mrs. Donaldson has kindly consented to come and speak on "The Woman's Movement, what it is and what it means." It is to be hoped that every lady on the Estate will make an effort to be present to hear Mrs. Donaldson on that day; she is a lively and amusing as well as an instructive speaker on the Woman's Movement, and those who attend may be sure of an interesting afternoon. Apart from that more selfish aspect, when friends who have little leisure time put themselves often to considerable inconvenience to come up and speak, they have a right to expect an attentive and interested number to listen to them. Now, ladies, remember the date, Thursday, March 5th! On the 19th, Mrs. T. R. Rhyder will speak. Subject to be announced later. Watch the notice boards.

Estate Council Report.

The Council had a special meeting on February 2nd to move a vote of condolence with Mr. F. Morris and family on the sad loss of Mrs. Morris. It is perhaps not known to our newer tenants that Mrs. Morris took a very active part in our social life, and was a very respected member of the old Social Service Committee which preceded the Estate Council. At one time this Committee, in addition to doing most of the social and educational work of the Estate, attended to the shop-keeping also. On behalf of the Council, the Secretary conveyed to Mr. Morris and family the sympathy of the members, and, on behalf of residents on the Estate, a wreath was also sent by the Council.

During February concerts have been rare. We were disappointed on the first occasion, the gentleman who had the arranging of the concert having left the town. The Cricket Club took the next Saturday. (See report elsewhere.)

ARRANGEMENTS FOR MARCH.

March promises to provide good entertainment from a musical point of view, and we hope residents will show that they appreciate the kindness of our visiting friends and the efforts of our home talent by turning up in good numbers.

On March 7th, a Song Recital has been arranged by Miss Daisy Sherriff. This will take place in the Chapel and will be an undoubted treat. It will start at 7.45 prompt. Admission by ticket, 3d.; school children, 2d.

On March 14th, the Choral Society are to give a first-class Concert, also in the Chapel. Time and particulars will be advertised in this case. The Society deserve a much larger measure of patronage than was theirs on the occasion of their first effort. We hope it will be forthcoming. Full particulars will be found on notice boards.

On March 21st we are to have a visit from that well-known troupe of refined artistes, "The Olympics." This will be their first visit. Give them a bumper house.

On March 28th there will be a Dance.

A ROSE AND SWEET PEA SHOW.

The Estate Council have decided to hold a Rose and Sweet Pea Show on Saturday, July 11th. This is an innovation of an interesting character, and we hope residents will rise to the occasion. At that period of the year our two most popular flowers should be at their best, if the elements this summer are normal in their behaviour. The announcement comes at a very opportune moment from a gardening point of view, and preparations will no doubt be made accordingly in order that our gardens and gardeners may do themselves credit. Let us have a record number of exhibits and a spirit of healthy rivalry.

The date of the Annual Flower Show is fixed for August 15th.

This is only intended as a preliminary announcement, and details of both shows will be published at a later date.

Life is not made up of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, a secure comfort.

Items of Interest.

BIRTH.—On January 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith (Clydach Vale), a daughter.

* * *

Rev. L. W. Watkins, the curate-in-charge at Humberstone Parish Church, has been appointed Vicar of Barkby. Residents in the parish, while congratulating him on his preferment, regret his departure.

* * *

Three of the members of the class in "Co-operation," conducted on Monday evenings in the Institute by Mr. Hibbett, are sitting for a Co-operative Union examination, towards the end of March.

* * *

Our juvenile population appear to be deeply concerned about the projected new school. A load of bricks passing through the village sets them all agog speculating as to its destination.

* * *

Someone is winning "booby" prizes with such regularity that we fear he is making a speciality of it. Let him be warned. All eyes look towards him.

* * *

Who has lost a "Tiddler"? Ask *the* Butler.

* * *

If any of our friends happen to hear of a roller weighing about half a ton and looking for a good home, the Cricket Club Secretary will be glad to know of it.

* * *

It is worthy of notice that an article dealing with our Garden Suburb has recently appeared in two issues of an American publication. Our fame is spreading. Eh, what?

* * *

For allowing the free use of the Assembly Room on the occasion of their social, the Cricket Club beg to acknowledge the kindness of the General Committee.

* * *

It looks as though one "thorny" question, for a time at least, will cease to trouble future monthly meetings. The hedge on the far side of Keyham Lane is at last receiving attention. All things come to those who wait. Mind your tyres!

* * *

Quiller Couch, the novelist, in a recent lecture, dwelt on the need for simplicity of expression on the part of writers forming a literary style. We wonder where *he* came in contact with the last two issues of THE LINK.

* * *

"Sloth," says a moralist, "is the most dangerous of vices, or at least the hardest to be cured." Have you finished *your* digging yet?

* * *

A recent visitor to the Estate was Mr. Hawley, prospective Conservative candidate for the Bosworth Division. He is collecting information on housing.

* * *

The Tenants' Whist Club have now played eight matches, winning four and losing four. We understand there are at least three clubs with a like number of points for the premier position (at top of League), and our Tenants' Club are included among them. Now, Anchor Tenants, play up, for the honour of the Estate.

Honeymooning in Jersey.

With a motion hardly perceptible and almost noiseless we had drawn away from the dock side at Weymouth, and the ever-widening strip of water 'twixt us and the quay reminded us that we had parted company with dear old England for the first time. We felt that we had embarked on life's voyage in reality. However, there was no time for musing now, as—looking beyond the immediate hurry and bustle amongst passengers and stewards alike—we could see, lying immovable along the base of the rocky hillside to the west of the river mouth, about a dozen great warships—the pride of the British navy. Sometime later looking backwards the grass-covered high shores were gradually fading out of sight, although the light grey stone of the lighthouse on Portland Bill was still visible in the sunlight.

Our eyes and thoughts now turned to the vast expanse of ocean where the English Channel joined the great Atlantic, to the south west. The sun was sending forth long soft golden streaks right from the western horizon, while a small company of us, regardless of the wind-borne spray dashing over the bows, and with a rapturous delight and ecstasy soaring far above that of the wild and storm-loving gulls hovering around and above us, were watching with eager and straining eyes the long thin line of haze right upon the water's edge towards which our bows were turned. This was the first glimpse of the Sunny Isles. An hour later, with the "Casket" cutting up the long swell of the ocean into a choppy, rock strewn and ever restless sea, we were forging our way parallel with the Guernsey shore, which was lined with windmills and small farmsteads.

What a picturesque sight it was! We were drawn up to the docks to land passengers and cargo, and those of us whose voyage was not yet over lined the decks and bargained with the women vendors of fruit for bunches of beautiful large grapes or other wares, which were handed over to us by means of an instrument similar to what I have since seen used by certain despondent and savage-looking individuals, in their repeated endeavours to sort mud and rubbish out of a country pond near my home.

Leaving Guernsey in the twilight, we passed a small island which contained one small house and whose population consisted of one family. In the distance through the darkness could be discerned a small clear light, and as our eyes fell upon it several voyagers of experience burst out "La Corbiere," this being the first glimpse of Victor Hugo's "Lovely Garden of the Sea." We were soon steaming along with twinkling lights coming and going as we passed isolated cottages and small hamlets dotting the coast, and then the great steamer slowly, very slowly (only two years previously it had caught a rock in this neighbourhood which ripped a hole in her side) found its way into the harbour.

It was Sunday morning, a beautiful, clear, sunny morning, without a cloud visible—truly typical of the climate, which is very dependable. I made my way across the town, passing the spot where the gallant Captain Pierson fell in his brave and successful attempt to retain for the island its connection with Great Britain. This spot is indicated by a label on the wall of a public-house, near to which raged the thickest of the fight and is still pointed to and spoken of with the highest pride by the loyal and enthusiastically patriotic islander.

Climbing the hill which is capped by Fort Regent, the principal military fortress of the island, one is confronted with a lovely view. A complete survey of the beautiful and unsurpassed Bay of St. Aubin's is possible. Standing right in the centre of the bay is the small islet on which stands the ancient Elizabethan Castle, a frowning sentinel keeping safe the approach to the harbour which lies practically at our feet. Skirting the bay are pretty villas and cottages linking up the villages which stand on its shores and from which issue roads leading to the inner parts of the island. Terminating the far side of the bay, the hills surrounding it seem to end abruptly in a great mass of black rock, which looks as though it has weathered countless ages and determined to still act as a bulwark to that part of the island. Noirpoint should certainly be visited.

In the foreground again, and stretching to the right till it nestles among the hills, is the capital of the island, St. Heliers, the fort above which seems to command every point for miles. Into the outer portions of the fort thousands of visitors are pouring, being allowed in for a few hours on Sunday morning. In the centre of the bay, a bathing pool has recently been built, though at high tide this is completely submerged, as the tide has a very high rise and fall round the Jersey shore.

Taking a char-a-banc, we drove round the shores of St. Aubin's Bay until we arrived at the village of that name, the ancient capital of the island. We then turned inland and, climbing by a steep and twisting road among the hills, came out upon a plateau from which we could look down upon several pretty little bays and gulfs which seem to abound round the coast. The drive then led inland again, past vineries and farmsteads, through villages and along lanes which are the pride of the little island. Some of the lanes have trees planted in the hedges on each side of the very narrow road and as the trees are only five or six feet apart they form a complete avenue of lovely green shade sweeping our faces as we drove through. The fields were well stocked with the gentle looking, pretty Jersey cows, tethered, by means of a chain from their horns, in rows right across the field and requiring to be moved each day to a fresh patch of pasture. This is only one instance of the thoughtful thrift and economy prevalent. Another curiosity which one quickly notices is the manner in which cabbages are grown. Any odd corner of field, orchard or garden is filled with cabbages growing on the top of a stalk varying from 3½ feet to 7 feet in height, and looking like so many overdeveloped Brussels sprouts with all the sprouts taken off.

[Conclusion in next issue.]

Probably the most unfortunate "Spoonerism" ever allowed to slip from a human tongue was that alleged to be perpetrated by the blushful curate. He was at table and his host was offering him a choice. To the query: "Pears or figs?" he replied: "Pigs fleas."

* * *

A smart boy in an essay on "The Flood" wrote that they "fished from the Ark for about five minutes."

"Why for only five minutes?" asked the amused teacher.

"'Cos they only had two worms," replied the smart boy.

PARISH COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Parish Council was held on Thursday, February 5th, in the Village Schoolroom, Mr. J. T. Taylor presiding in the absence of the Chairman. There were also present Messrs. Underwood, Rouse, Hibbett, and J. B. B. Robertson, clerk. Cheques were signed for £1 10s. 11d. for rates, taxes, and repairs to parish property, and £15 15s. 9d. for gas and lamplighter's wages, to the middle of the winter season. Permission was given for boards directing the way to the Garden Suburb, to be fixed on several of the lamp standards in the village, a nominal rent to be paid to the Parish Council for the same.

CRICKET CLUB.

The above is again on the warpath, and the Secretary is pleased to report that he has a full list of fixtures for the coming season, mostly with teams we have played against in the past; but he has also introduced one or two new ones. The first list will appear in our next issue.

As stated before the subscription is again 9s. (as last year) for playing members, 5s. for practice members, and 2s. 6d. for hon. members. Will all intending members (playing) please notify the Secretary at once so that the Committee will be able to gauge our playing strength in time for the first few matches. A note dropped through the letter-box at "Kilkare" will be sufficient. A hearty invitation is given to any new residents, or old ones either, who are not yet associated with us to come into the Club.

We cannot close this report without expressing our deepest sympathy with our fellow member, Mr. A. H. Vass, in the trying time he is having this winter.

H. F.

CRICKET CLUB SOCIAL.

The above event, which took place on Saturday, February 14th, proved to be a great success, being attended by upwards of eighty tenants and their friends, all of whom seemed bent on enjoying themselves—and judging from their faces and some of the remarks heard towards the close, we gather that they did so. Our genial friend Butler certainly did his best to make everybody happy. The writer has seen and heard worse turns at our local music hall, and several residents, including the babies, had a certain song on their minds all the following week.

The Committee responsible decided to provide as "universal" an evening as possible, and to this end they introduced games, songs, and dances; Mrs. Stanion and Mrs. Purdy kindly gave us of their best, as did also our new Captain, Mr. Riley, and to these three, as well as Mr. Butler, thanks are tendered.

The evening opened with impromptu games of whist, but when a goodly crowd had assembled other games were indulged in, including our old favourite, "Musical Arms," this being followed by other usual "Social" games interspersed with songs, a dance or two, and, of course, refreshments. At half-past ten the M.C. announced that the social programme was at an end and that dancing would occupy the next hour; this proved to be a popular wind-up, and at about 11.45 p.m. we closed our second social event.

Our thanks are due to all who by their presence assisted us to make this a financial success as well as a social one.

Seasonable Recipes.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Six bitter Seville oranges, two sweet oranges and one lemon; 8 lbs. lump sugar and 8 pints of water. Method:—Cut the fruit into fine shreds. Put pips into separate basin, and add 1 pint of water. Pour remainder of water over the shredded fruit and leave standing 24 hours. Boil for one hour, then add sugar and boil for another hour. Boil the pips in the water in which they have been soaking in an enamelled saucepan for half an hour, then strain into boiling marmalade—this *before* the sugar is added. Pot and cover while hot.

* * *

SUPERIOR TREACLE PUDDING.— $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. suet, 2 ozs. Sultana raisins, 2 ozs. sugar, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 2 eggs, 2 table-spoonfuls of treacle, 1 grated lemon rind and juice, 1 saltspoonful of nutmeg, pinch of salt, and a little milk. Put all the dry ingredients, except the baking powder, into a basin, the suet finely minced; add the treacle and the eggs beaten up to the mixture, also a little milk if required; put in last of all the baking powder; pour quickly into a buttered mould, coated with sugar, cover with buttered paper, and steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours; serve with white sauce. May be made without the sultanas.

* * *

CREAMED PARSNIPS.—Parsnips, two for each person; cream, some; butter, 1 oz. for two parsnips; seasoning, as required. Wash, scrape, and boil in the usual way. Take them out and drain. Mash them down with a fork or pass them through a coarse sieve. Put this pulp back on the fire with the butter, cream, and seasoning. Simmer for 10 or 15 minutes. Very nice.

* * *

SAVOURY PIE.—Put $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. butter in saucepan and 1 lb. Spanish onions; let cook gently near the fire, but not near enough to burn, for 20 minutes. Then chop 1 lb. tomatoes and lay on top, then 1 lb. potatoes on top of tomatoes. Put lid on and let cook gently till potatoes are done. Tinned tomatoes will do equally well when fresh ones are not in season.

* * *

LIGHT PUDDING.—1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 oz. butter, 1 teaspoonful baking powder. Melt butter, beat egg, and mix well together. Pour into greased basin and steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve with jam or stewed fruit.

* * *

HARICOT BEAN SOUP.—2 heaped breakfast cups beans, 2 quarts water, 3 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, or if preferred $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes, butter the size of a walnut, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. For this soup use either the white or brown haricots. Soak overnight in 1 quart of the water. In the morning add the rest of the water and boil till quite soft. It may then be rubbed through a sieve, but this is not imperative. Add the chopped parsley, the lemon juice, and the butter, and just boil up before serving. If tomato pulp is preferred for flavouring instead of parsley, skin the tomatoes and cook slowly to pulp (without water) before adding.

If girls knew as much about the value of foods as they do about complexion creams, there would be more happy marriages and fewer invalids.

Garden Notes.

The weather during the past three months has given one the impression of a long Autumn more than winter, and we can hardly realise that seed-sowing time is with us again. Nevertheless, it is a fact, and the sooner we get such seeds as Onions, Parsnips, and Early Cauliflowers under the soil the better if good results are to be expected.

Onion Seed should be sown on a bed which has been previously prepared by cultivation to the depth of three feet, at the same time working in plenty of old manure. Make drills one foot apart and half an inch deep. Sow seeds very thinly, and fill up with a mixture of half each soil and woodash. Tread firm and sprinkle the whole of bed with old soot until it is black over.

Parsnips.—These usually do well on a patch where Peas have been grown the previous year. Deep digging without any manure except a little soot and superphosphate—one handful of each to the square yard—is all that is necessary. Sow seed thinly in drills fifteen inches apart, thin out seedlings to six inches apart when one inch high.

Early Cauliflowers.—A few of these may be sown in a cold frame or against a south wall, such varieties as Early Mammoth, Early Snowball, or Magnum Bonum. Mix a little woodash with soil, and transplant when the third pair of leaves appear.

Make a sowing of Lettuce at once in the open. Give Spring Cabbage patch a dressing of soot, at the same time hoeing it well in. All pruning should be finished this month.

T. R.

PEST No. 7.—AMERICAN BLIGHT.

Woolly Aphis, as they are sometimes called, are tiny yellow lice something like a smother-fly. The females are wingless at first, and the young are born in spring and summer. Late in the year winged males and females appear, when eggs are laid which hatch out in the following spring. Some of the females live through the winter in crevices of the bark. The white woolly substance is secreted from glands at the back of the insects, and is easily blown about or adheres to the feet of birds, and as there are always some lice carried with it, the trouble is easily spread. They feed on the sap, and an infected tree soon refuses to bear freely. They also congregate on the roots, forming galls. The remedy is to spray with a Caustic Soda Wash in February, and in March put Carbon Disulphide into holes two feet from the trunk and nine inches deep, 3 ozs. to each tree. Paint with paraffin in summer. Keep caustic soda off the hands and clothes, and remember Carbon Disulphide is highly inflammable.

"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.

* * *

"A blessed thing it is for any man or woman to have a friend—one human soul whom we can trust utterly, who knows the best and worst, and who loves us in spite of our faults."—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Plants Children Should Avoid.

II.—WHITE BRYONY.

Another poisonous plant is White Bryony, which is found scrambling over the hedges in almost all parts. About May you are sure to note its pretty yellow-green trails climbing gracefully over the hedges, clinging on by long tendrils. The leaves are rather crinkled and hairy, and are divided into five or seven parts with rough teeth on the edges. The tendrils curl up when they catch hold of anything, twisting both ways, which gives them a firmer hold. The flowers are of two kinds and carried on different plants, but if you find the one you will generally find the other near by. Both kinds have five yellowish petals veined with green and five very small green petals, and the five petals are folded over. Then inside in one kind of flower you will find five stamens and in the other a pistil with a style and three stigmas. The two kinds of flowers look exactly alike until you look at them sideways, and then you notice in one variety that there is a berry under the petals. When it has been fertilised—that is, when the pollen has been brought by the insects—this berry begins to grow; the petals and stamens fall off and the berry grows to be about the size of a large pea. It is first green, then it turns to yellow, and finally to scarlet, when it looks very tempting to children. When the berries become red the leaves and most of the tendrils dry up and fall off, and leave the stem bare except for groups of two, three, four, five or maybe more berries which remain where the flowers were, close to the stem. And what we want boys and girls to remember is that these berries are very poisonous, and so is the root. There have been cases where the root has been eaten by mistake for parsnip, which it is very like.

The fine thing about life is that one gathers friends along the way—men and women one trusts, and who are worthy of all trust, and honour, and love.

* * *

We want men to-day who will think concerning their own time. The vast majority of men to-day live in the past, think in the past, and act according to the past. All the inspirations, plans, and conceptions they have for the present and the future lie in the past.

BROUGHTON & JONES,

General Ironmongers,

MARKET PLACE, LEICESTER.

FIRE GRATES, MANTEL PIECES,
and COOKING RANGES in great variety.

GARDEN TOOLS, WIRE NETTING.

SHEFFIELD PLATE AND CUTLERY
at lowest prices.

Children's Corner

Jacky had been imparting to a schoolfellow the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed," Jacky, replied the schoolfellow, "and what will he do with the old set?" "O, I s'pose," answered Jacky, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

* * *

"I hear you have a little sister at home," said the visitor to Tommy. "Yes, sir," was Tommy's prompt reply. "And how do you like her?" "I wish she was a boy—then I could play with him." "Well, why don't you exchange your sister for a boy?" Tommy considered this idea and then said regretfully: "Well, we cannot change her now, for you see we've used her for five days."

* * *

Little Boy Blue: "Mamma, I don't want my hair brushed over my forehead any longer. I want a crack in it like father's."

* * *

A number of poor children visited a farm, and the farmer gave them some milk to drink, the product of a prize cow. "How do you like it?" he asked when they had finished. "Oh, it's fine," said one little girl, who added, after a thoughtful pause, "I wish our milkman kept a cow."

* * *

A CURE FOR GOODNESS.

A contributor writes:—There was once a boy who was always good. He always did what he was told. He never did what he was forbidden to do. He never was cross. He never was quarrelsome. He never was irritating. He never asked for a second helping at meals. He never wanted anything buying for him. He was never dirty or untidy. He never asked awkward

questions. He never talked of anything he had seen or heard. He always got out of the way when his sister's young man called. In short, he was perfect. But his super-goodness worried his relatives exceedingly, for, said they, "He is too good to live!" So they consulted a doctor. The doctor was a learned man. Said he: "Go to live at the Humberstone Garden Suburb." They went The boy is quite cured.

[We hope, young reader, you are not that boy.]

* * *

If boys did as much skipping as girls, perhaps when they grew up and got married, they would know how to be "skipper" of the household, instead of merely being "first mate" (or second mate, as the case might be).

* * *

OUR JERRY HOMES.

The modern homes of England,
How gingerly they stand!
Built each of insufficient stuff,
On insufficient land.

The modern homes of England,
How jerrily they're built!
The scaffolding is scarce removed
Before the buildings tilt.

The modern homes of England,
Her landscape—how they mar!
Their plumbing and their joiner-work,
How badly done they are.

The joinering, it joins not;
The plumbing isn't plumb,
And house "rents" very often start
Before the tenants come.

—THE TRIFLER,
in the *Huddersfield Examiner*.

THE
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