

THE LINK

The Official Organ of the Humberstone Garden Suburb.

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No. 29.

AUGUST, 1914.



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Editorial.

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

Some time or other during the year everyone gets smitten with the holiday spirit. In some cases it is simply a matter of "where"; in others, alas, the "wherewithal" causes all the trouble. It's largely a matter of degree, and is perhaps questionable if the individual who goes away to the seaside for a fortnight enjoys arranging and carrying out his programme any more than the Pearson's Fresh Air Fund kiddie, to whom a day in the country is often the time of his life.

"True happiness (we are told) consists in getting out of one's self; but the point is not only to get out, you must keep out; and to stay out you must have some absorbing errand." It's this absorbing errand that makes the "Annual" so interesting.

An eminent doctor, writing in one of the daily papers, made the statement that only one person in every hundred chose the right kind of holiday to suit his or her particular need. That seems a rather rash remark to make, because, wherever the holiday is spent, if entered into in the right spirit, one is almost bound to derive some benefit from it. The seaside or Welsh mountain air may be purer or more bracing than our own, but it is the complete change from the daily routine one needs most.

There is a great diversity of opinion, of course, as to the ideal holiday. One person will be content with an idle week at a quiet country or seaside resort, with nothing to do but bask in the sunshine and take a kind of rest cure. Another must have more excitement, and seeks to forget the everyday grind in a whirl of festivities at some more popular place. The Co-operative Summer School at Arnside may appeal to the more studiously inclined—there's no accounting for taste in these matters—whilst a month's duck shooting on the Caspian Sea would suit others all right, if they have the time and wherewithal.

But, after all, what could be more restful and health-giving to the jaded town worker than a sojourn in our own locality? To share our simple life and amusements, and the social intercourse and "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit that prevails, should send him back to his toil with a healthier body and a purer mind, and a firm resolve to return when he next requires a rest. Residents in our little community are singularly fortunate in that the Holiday Spirit is so fostered by the Estate Council that it lasts right through the summer, beginning with the Sports at Easter and only ending when the nights close in in the autumn.

While a break or change in the daily routine is desirable for every worker, whether in a factory or not, it becomes an absolute necessity for the woman of the house, who very often leads but a drab and monotonous existence, and will appreciate to the full being relieved of the household cares and worries for a short time. It is not given to all of us to be able to go right away even for one short week in the year, but to leave all the troubles and anxieties of the factory behind and spend a few days at home—especially if one is an Anchor Tenant—is a real treat and change to most men. And then if one cannot take the family away, one can relieve the good-wife a little (not necessarily by doing the washing; there are plenty of other ways), and enable her to get a welcome change, and so spread the Holiday Spirit through the house in such a way that one returns to work a better man, leaving at home a more contented household.

The moral is: if we cannot aspire to shoot ducks on the Caspian Sea, we can, by cultivating a cheerful holiday spirit, derive much pleasure by staying at home, perhaps for a brief interlude, and as a special treat, taking the kiddies to feed the ducks on the Abbey Park.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A preliminary meeting has been held in connection with the Estate Band. Twelve members have already joined, and the Estate Council will advance the necessary funds for the cost of instruments. It is suggested there should be no entrance fee, but a charge of 2d. a week for music when commencing. A further meeting will be called later for the election of officers. Anyone wishing to join or interested, please attend.

The Amateur Dramatic Society have held a meeting, when rules were adopted and the following officers elected:—*President*, Mr. H. Folwell; *Secretary*, Mr. R. Scott; *Committee*, Mrs. Purdy, Mrs. Chapman, Messrs. Backus, Hunt, and E. Wilford. Entrance fee, 6d., payable on joining; 1s. annually, payable before Christmas. All residents wishing to join are asked to attend a meeting third week in August.

MONTHLY MEETING.—Several topics of current interest were discussed at the Monthly Meeting on July 16th. Mr. E. T. Groome presided, and there was a poor attendance. The Estate Council's report showed that the Dramatic Society had got into working order, and the preliminary meetings of the Band had been held and the nucleus of a serviceable addition to the Estate had been formed. In giving the report of the General Committee, Mr. Wilford stated that there was a good demand for houses on the Estate, and only lack of capital prevents vacant plots being filled with buildings. The recommendation of the Committee to interview the County Education Committee regarding the school question was adopted, Messrs. Taylor, Wilford, and Elliott being deputed. A Leicester Co-operative District Conference was held at Mountsorrel on July 18th, and Messrs. R. Law and H. Grocock were appointed to represent the society there. In reply to a question, Mr. Wilford stated that next February was the time for taking over the next portion of the Estate, and some discussion ensued regarding the best means of using the undeveloped portion of the land.

Doggy Meditations.

The following short article, written in admirable spirit and with an absence of bias, is from the *Thingwallian*, the organ of the Liverpool Garden Suburb. As it contains a moral worthy of wider publicity, we venture to reprint it.

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend ;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own ;
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone.

—Byron.

We all agree—theoretically—with Byron, but he never lived in a garden suburb. We all assent to the fact of a dog's faithfulness, sagacity, instinct, good temper and the rest, but when one of the species bounds joyously on to a newly sown plot of asters, or poppies, we observe the bound, but fail to enjoy it. The matter, however, has been, and is, a very serious one, and one that requires careful handling ; on one side we have the dog owners to consider, and on the other,—the others. We have a little friend who visits us regularly every day, sometimes more than once, and although he comes through the privet hedge (he would enter by the gate we are convinced, only we have a close spring on it), one step and he is on the proper path, and he conscientiously follows the path right to the house door, gives one sharp, almost insolent, little bark, as though to say, "if you have anything for me to eat, hurry up and open the door as I have other houses to visit, and don't want to waste time unnecessarily." We feed him or not as the case may be, and, without the slightest sign of thanks (perhaps in our higher stage of creation we are unable to distinguish the canine way of expressing gratitude), or shall we say, apparently so, off he trots—down the path. May we take the liberty of drawing the attention of other dog-owners to the moral of this little illustration. It surely cannot be beyond the power of the tax-payer to teach his friend always to take the right path, and we feel we can vouch for the intelligence of the animal. Not all the suburb dogs of course are transgressors, but objection is taken to the ones that are permitted to wander about uncontrolled, at their own sweet will and, being used perhaps, before taking up residence here, to high walls and back-doors, require a little education and instruction on the deportment that all well-behaved good little dogs should observe.

Now as to the other side. Garden suburbs stand for a great deal of freedom, liberty, and space for residents—grown up and children, and no doubt a little for their pets. We have dogs, cats, parrots, gramophones and boys, and to suit some tenants' convenience any or all of these pe(s)ts could no doubt be dispensed with. Probably each of us in some way is a source of annoyance to his neighbour ; a noisy child, a noisier parrot, a howling cat, a destructive dog, a squeaking gramophone, a racking motor engine, an oilless grass cutter ; one of these little worries may be his own burden, and while we hold no brief for either side, we think that by a little judicious care and thoughtfulness on the part of the dog-owners, and a wee bit more toleration on the non-owners' side, a happy medium may be struck, and life be made easier and happier.

Items of Interest.

A resident informs us that the "fruit harvest on our Estate is earlier than usual this year, extensive gatherings having been made in mid-July." But, on making enquiry as to who the lucky growers were, we found that, unfortunately, the harvesting was very premature and entirely unauthorised.

* * *

We wonder how many of the erring ones saw fiery dragons with green teeth the following night when gentle sleep the infant eyelids should have kissed ; also how many chemists had a premature harvest in the morning.

* * *

Look out your (t)rusty cleek and lay in a stock of "floaters." Golf germs are in the air, and already it looks as though, compared with last season, there will be a greater number of "cases." Worst of all, there is no known cure.

* * *

What is the correct designation of the lower road leading on to the Estate ? When the place was agricultural land the first field (W. of Fern Rise) was known as the Steen or Stein. According to the dictionary *steen* is Anglo-Saxon for stone, and if that is the correct meaning it was not a misnomer, as we find out when using our spades. There should probably be no "s" at the end either possessive or plural, but what is the correct spelling—is it Steen, Stein, or Steyn ?

* * *

As compared with previous summers, there appears to be a marked increase in the number of parties visiting our Suburb. Evidently it is becoming quite a popular picnic rendezvous.

* * *

Resident "lads and lasses" have set their hearts upon a "dance upon the green," and it looks as though they won't be happy till they get it.

* * *

In connection with the forthcoming visit to Leicester next year of the Co-operative Congress, there exists a strong desire that our visitors may be induced to come Humberstone way and witness our development, at the same time adding another attraction to Congress amenities.

The escape from all the fret and fever and hurry and unrest of the world is to be achieved not by running away from the difficulties, but by deepening the life.

* * *

Civilisation itself is largely the work of dreamers. Because dreamers dreamt we are enjoying a multitude of comforts, luxuries, and facilities, and useful things which, but for them, we should have been deprived of. Because dreamers dreamt we have colleges, universities, marvellous educational facilities, vast libraries, masterpieces, which nations envy ; in fact, our lives are crowded with things that dreamers have given us. But for somebody's dream the very land in which we live would still be an undiscovered wilderness. The dreamers have tunnelled our mountains, have spanned our great rivers, opened mines of wealth, they have made it possible for us to travel across continents and across oceans in portable palaces.

All on a Summer Night.

Arrived home after a hot and trying day. A thrush is piping his evening melody high up in the ash tree, and his music sweetens our repast better than that provided by the restaurant string band. The meal over, we side off and wash up (our family having gone where the sea breezes blow), and perform our toilet, anon seeking a chair in the garden to read amid the scent of flowers. We have just comfortably settled and are becoming immersed in the pages of "Vivian Grey," when A. drops in:

"Hullo! The Missus still away? How are you going on? All right?"

We reply in the affirmative, and by way of cheering us, we suppose, A. goes on to recount an experience during a similar enforced period of bachelordom. Briefly his tale ran thus:—

After a hard day (having been on early duty) he arrived home in the afternoon, fagged; and, having "replenished" and performed certain other needful duties, decided to retire to rest in preparation for another early start next day. He was soon in the land of dreams; but not for long, for

"Suddenly he heard a tapping
As of someone gently rapping,
Rapping at his cottage door."

Sinking into semi-consciousness, he concluded his interrupter would soon tire and depart. The rat-tat, however, abated not. He listened dreamily and continued, like Brer Rabbit, to "lie low and say nuffin." Still the knocker persisted in its dance, and after a while its nerve-racking regularity began to excite irritability and banish drowsiness. A. concluded his visitor had come on pressing business, and, hastily donning his trousers and slippers and adjusting his braces over his night attire, descended the stairs and opened the front door—to find that his unconscious tormentor was the good-souled lady next door, who, having noticed that the letter-box and knocker lacked their customary brightness, with neighbourly intent was busy polishing away and causing that provoking sound at the same time!! Closing the door abruptly, our friend, without a word of thanks, retreated bedward. Happily for neighbourly amenities, on his way upstairs, a sense of humour, followed by a burst of laughter, overcame him, and saved the situation.

* * *

A. eventually departs, and in a few minutes B.—the father of a family—comes along, and, having also inquired after our welfare, proceeds to give his experiences when the wife went on a week's visit to her relations, leaving him the care of the home and children. A whole issue of THE LINK would not hold the story of all the adventures into which the children led him, and all the problems which confronted him and had to be overcome in the commissariat department and otherwise; but towards the close of his stay the dear man reaches out his right hand towards the top button of our waistcoat, with pathetic gaze fixes our eye, and confesses, with tears in his voice (after extracting a promise of secrecy, for "he hadn't dare tell the missus!") that the usual family allowance had unaccountably "petered out" by Wednesday night, and other shifts to raise the wind had to be resorted to.

B. also has gone. The light fades, and watering cans are busy. Vocal sounds—at first discordant—are heard, the singers evidently a hastily-improvised male quartette party. The medley of mystery in a while unifies and gains in intensity, and at length the words—"Farewell, farewell, my own true love"—greet the ear. And we recollect that C. also is "on his own," and with his usual ingenuity, has sought and found a ready means of temporarily banishing "that lonely feeling."

* * *

The gloom deepens. The quartette party is silent. The lingering and languorous odours of "rose-water," aided by a gentle breeze, become fainter and tainter, until our senses know them not. Lights are being extinguished and peaceful calm prevails. We decide on a stroll round, but have only gone a little way when—footsteps are heard, gradually coming nearer and yet nearer. We stop and hearken. A dark object approaches and we discern the outline of a man. Under his right arm he carries a ladder. Almost noiselessly he proceeds on his way. At length, stealthily opening a garden gate, he stops as if to listen, and then, with furtive movements and cat-like tread, seeks the blind side of the building. As silently as possible we work our way nearer in order to observe his behaviour and, if possible, fathom his intentions. We see him rear the ladder and place it under an upstairs window. Slowly, stopping to listen on every rung, he climbs upward. Now, having reached the top, he gently raises the window sash. Again silence for a moment, and his sinister form disappears through the opening. Our doubts vanish; we are now certain as to his object. What is to be done—go seek the village constable or qualify for a Carnegie medal ourselves? There is not a moment to lose. But—

While we hesitate, footsteps—now no longer muffled but with healthy and honest tread—are heard descending the stairs. A light illumines the hall, and from the inside of the front door a key rasps briskly in the lock. The door opens and the truth, in the person of D., breaks upon us. He had locked himself out and perforce been compelled—as many Suburbanites have been before, and perhaps since—to enter by the upstairs road.

* * *

After this anti-climax, our hopes of added glory effectually squashed, we retire to our solitary dwelling—and to bed.

JOHANNUS.

"All your passion for justice will accomplish nothing unless you get knowledge; you may be strong and clamorous, you may even bring about a revolution, but if you leave knowledge in the hands of privilege you will be trodden down. Knowledge will always win over ignorance.—*Bishop Gore.*"

Mr. A. GOLLAND, Professor of Music (Organist & Choirmaster, St. Anne's Church, Western Park), receives pupils for Piano and Organ. Special terms for Estate residents. Residence:—"Ingleside," Fern Rise.

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THE CHEERFUL THINKER.

I'd love to pay the income tax,
 I'd pay it with delight;
 I'd pile the stuff in precious stacks—
 I'd sit up half the night.
 I'd try to be the first to pay—
 I'd be it if I could;
 And then I'd go my cheerful way—
 At least, I think I would.

Of course, I'd want an income big,
 So I could pay the more;
 The deeper down I had to dig
 The richer stream I'd pour.
 If I had coupons piled in racks,
 With millions to the good,
 How joyously I'd pay the tax—
 At least, I think I would.

BANK HOLIDAY WEEK PROGRAMME.

Monday afternoon, at 2.30.—Cricket Match: Ladies v. Gentlemen.

Monday evening at 7.45.—Social in the open (weather permitting).

Tuesday at 2.30.—Veterans' Cricket Match. All wishing to play to be on ground prior to time of starting.

Tuesday night, 7.45.—Dance. Admission, 3d.

Son (a golf enthusiast): "You must acknowledge, father, that it requires a great deal of skill to drive a ball a hundred yards." Old Farmer: "Rubbish! It don't require half as much skill as it does to drive a pig fifty feet."



THE CHILDREN AT SUTTON.

CHURCH OF CHRIST LORD'S DAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS' OUTING.

The second Annual Outing to Sutton-on-Sea took place on Saturday, June 27th. The scholars were early astir on that date, and assembled with teachers, parents and friends at the top of Lilac Avenue at 7.15. Mr. Duffin, with his usual kindness, gave the very little ones a lift in the cart so that they would not be tired with their journey to the station. The weather was on its best behaviour, and the heart of each was full of joy at the prospects of a fine day by the sea. Prompt to time we entered the railway coaches specially reserved, and after a pleasant journey, arrived at Sutton at 11.30. Here we found that refreshments, which were very acceptable after the railway journey, were awaiting us.

Sutton is an ideal spot for a children's outing, the high sand-banks affording ample opportunity for rolling and tossing about, and the fine stretch of firm sands ensuring safety when paddling. At 4.30 some eighty

sat down to tea, and it was a real pleasure to see the way in which the young folks did justice to the good things provided. After tea a short time was again spent on the sands, and then the return journey was commenced. Humberstone Station was reached at 9.30, everyone having spent an enjoyable day. The number of children staying this year for the week was twenty-five, against fifteen last year, and we feel sure, if the opportunity is afforded another year, that the number will be still further increased. The teachers desire to thank those parents who went, all of whom expressed their appreciation of what had been done for the comfort and safety of the children. Many of the children had never been to the seaside before, and in years to come they will be able to say:—

"There comes to me a vision of the day
 When first I made acquaintance with the sea,
 Rolling and rushing up the beach to me,
 Then tumbling back, a giant in his play."

J. T. T.

Garden Notes.

I am sorry to hear there were so few entries for the Rose and Sweet Pea Competition; but one need not be surprised, knowing what a poor season it has been, for the late frost cut off the first blooms of the roses and there have been many failures in the cultivation of sweet peas. Even some of the most enthusiastic growers have suffered loss and disappointment. Two causes which have come to notice in the surrounding district are, first, that the slugs have eaten off the outer skin of the main stems; and, secondly, a disease called "streak," which turns the plants yellow and stunts their growth.

LAYER CARNATIONS.—This is the best method of propagating this much-admired flower. The operation is accomplished by breaking off the leaves from the lower joints of this year's shoots until the stems show a fresh, sappy appearance; then with a sharp knife (commencing about half-way between the last two joints) make a clean cut about half an inch long and not quite half through the stem in an upward direction, the knife passing through one joint. Gently place the layer on the soil, making it firm by fixing with a long hairpin or something similar, about three quarters of an inch from the back of the cut. Mix a compost of turf-soil and silver sand, a small bucketful of the latter to one barrowful of soil (this should be ready before the work is begun), and place on the top of the layered part of the plant about an inch thick, leaving the leaves quite clear from soil, so that in a few days the light may draw them into an upright position, opening the cut so that young rootlets may be formed. T. R.

THE COMING FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SHOW.

This takes place on August 15th. In order to touch last year's level residents will have to lend their whole-hearted support. The judging will be in the capable hands of Messrs. Coles, of the Abbey Nurseries. There will be fifteen classes, as follows:—

- Class 1.—Collection of hardy fruits, 6 dishes (open).
- " 2.—Collection of vegetables, 6 varieties, tomatoes excluded (open).
- " 3.—Tomatoes, dish of 6.
- " 4.—Peas, dish of 20 pods.
- " 5.—Potatoes, dish of 12 tubers.
- " 6.—One pair of vegetable marrows.
- " 7.—Roses, vase of 6 blooms (open).
- " 8.—Sweet Peas, vase of 12 stems (own foliage).
- " 9.—Cut flowers, hardy, 4 vases, 4 varieties.
- " 10.—One vase of cut flowers (confined to ladies).
- " 11.—Children's Class.—Collection of wild flowers arranged by exhibitor.
- " 12.—Dahlias, 6 blooms, any variety.
- " 13.—Collection of plants.
- " 14.—Best window plant (foliage or flower) in pot.
- " 15.—Onions, dish of 6 (open).

A Special Prize will be given in each class.

In connection with the Show three prizes will also be given for best-kept garden. All entries under this head must be in the hands of the Secretary by July 28th, and the Council hope a greater number of residents will compete.

Gardens will be visited twice by the judges before the day of the Festival, and the points considered will be:—Quality of produce grown; general planning of garden, and general upkeep.

In the classes marked "open" residents in Humberstone Parish are eligible to compete.

The last day for receiving entries is August 8th, and in view of the arrangements that have to be made the Council hope that all intending exhibitors will forward their entries before that date, as none can be entertained afterwards.

Will intending exhibitors please note that this year the number to be shown in each class is definitely fixed.

It may also be helpful to intending exhibitors to remind them, so far as the collection of vegetables is concerned, of a statement by Mr. W. Coles, published in our May issue, that the idea in judging vegetables is to award the prize to the collection that is best grown, for size and for use, so that the utility growers have an equal chance with the exhibition grower, the prize being awarded to the vegetables that are the best cultivated for the table and not for size only.

Staging may be undertaken on Friday, after 7.30 p.m., and up to 2 p.m. on Saturday. For further particulars as to opening of Show, &c., see Notice Board.

Admission to show, 2d.; children, 1d.

THE ROSE AND SWEET PEA SHOW.

This was held in the Assembly Room on July 11th. Mr. Bebington, head gardener to Sir Maurice Levy, of Humberstone Hall, officiated as judge. The awards were as follows, certificates being given to the winners of firsts:—

ROSES.

Class 1.—4 Distinct Varieties, as grown:—Mr. Winterton, 1; Mr. Rowlett, 2; Mr. Hextall, 3.

Class 2.—Bowl of Roses: Mr. Rowlett, 1.

Class 3.—1 Premier Bloom: Mr. Rowlett, 1; Mr. W. Neal, 2; Mr. Winterton, 3.

Class 4.—Best Button-hole Rose: Mr. Hextall, 1; Mr. W. Neal, 2; Mr. Winterton, 3.

SWEET PEAS.

Class 1.—4 Distinct Varieties, 6 blooms each, own foliage: Mr. Wykes, 1; Mr. Winterton, 2; Mr. Crook, 3.

Class 2.—Vase of 20 stems: Mr. H. Grocock, 1; Mr. Taylor, 2; Mr. Crook, 3.

Class 3 (Ladies' Class).—Best Spray of Sweet Peas: Miss M. Scott, 1; Mrs. Hewitt, 2; Mrs. Hern, 3.

Class 4.—6 Vases, Distinct Varieties, 6 blooms in each: Mr. Taylor, 1; Mr. Hextall, 2.

While appreciating the enterprise and interest shown by some of the newer tenants, the Estate Council were disappointed at not receiving many entries from the older residents. It may here be stated that it was the intention of the Estate Council to hold a Bulb and Spring Flower Show next spring, but to make this a success would require the assurance of better support from the residents generally.

Opportunity was taken of the above show to entertain our little friends, The Hopieties, to tea in the Assembly Room, after which they favoured us with an open-air entertainment, which was quite up to the level we are now accustomed to expect. The general level was so high that it would be invidious to mention any single item. We again heartily congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Hope and their friends and assistants on the production, not forgetting the wardrobe mistress or mistresses, and also the dressers. In answer to a vote of thanks moved by Mr. Harrott, Mr. Hope expressed their pleasure on visiting us again. There was a large attendance.

CRICKET CLUB

The appended figures show that our Club is playing better cricket this year than last. Out of fourteen Saturday games played up to and including July 18th, we have won six and lost eight, scoring a total of 803 runs to our opponents 1,075.

The list of fixtures given herewith covers the remainder of the season, this giving us a total of twenty-one games, and with the six we have in hand we ought (judging by past performances) to make more than a 50 per cent. win and also reduce the difference in the total runs for and against.

H. FOLWELL.

RESULTS TO DATE.

Saturday Games.

- June 27th.—Tramways, 94 ; H.G.S.C.C., 28.
- July 4th.—Humberstone Road P.M., 26 ; H.G.S.C.C., 51.
- „ 11th.—Great Meeting, 65 ; H.G.S.C.C., 88.
- „ 18th.—Belgrave Town, 96 ; H.G.S.C.C., 52.

Mid-Week Games.

- June 24th.—Anchor, 31 ; H.G.S.C.C., 61.
 - July 2nd.—Anchor, 49 ; H.G.S.C.C., 44.
- Fixtures arranged with the Deaf and Dumb, Old Humberstone, and Gimson's, were scratched, the two latter owing to rain.

BOWLING.

- June 27th.—Geo. Hecks : 2 wickets for 10 runs.
- July 4th.—C. H. Goodenough : 7 wickets for 13 runs.
E. Peberdy : 3 wickets for 12 runs.
- „ 11th.—E. Peberdy : 4 wickets for 13 runs.
C. Goodenough : 5 wickets for 15 runs.
- „ 18th.—E. Wilford : 2 wickets for 7 runs.
Mr. Shelton : 2 wickets for 8 runs.

BATTING.

- July 4th.—Geo. Riley, 20.
- „ 11th.—E. Peberdy, 28.
- „ 18th.—E. Peberdy, 28.

Fixtures to come.

- Aug. 1st.—Thurmaston ; at home.
- „ 6th (*Thursday*).—Park Vale Tradesmen ; at home.
- „ 8th.—Old Humberstone ; at home.
- „ 15th.—Curzon Street P.M. ; at home.
- „ 22nd.—Friends Adult School ; at home.
- „ 29th.—Victor 2nd ; at home.
- Sept. 5th.—Thurmaston ; at Thurmaston.

SYMPATHY.

A plump little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.
“How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine,” said she,
“Although it is sunshiny weather !”
“A nice little girl is that,” said he,
“But oh how cold she must be, for, see,
She hasn't a single feather !”

WHAT THEY CALL ME.

Oh, life is all so very queer,
I don't know what I am !
Mamma calls me her little *deer*,
And grandma calls me lamb.
Papa says I'm his little puss,
Or sometimes little kid ;
And brother tells me I am a goose—
Yes, that's just what he did !
They call me kitten, fairy, chick,
Dove, and canary-bird,
And then they tell me I'm a brick—
It's certainly absurd !
Why do they want to make a hen,
Or sheep, or cat of me ?
Why don't they call me now and then
Something I'd like to be ?
I'd like to be an elephant,
Or eagle, or giraffe ;
But when I tell them what I want,
They just sit still and laugh.

E.A.W.

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