

# THE LINK

The Official Organ of the Humberstone Garden Suburb.

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No. 30.

SEPTEMBER, 1914.



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The "Link" is published monthly.

All Communications should be addressed not later than the 22nd of each month to

The Editor,  
Yarrow Cottage, Garden Suburb,  
Humberstone.

Occasional Advertisements inserted at a charge of 1s. per inch.

Small Advertisements (Sale or Exchange, &c.), 25 words, 6d.; every additional 10 words, 3d.

## War!

"War" is one of the shortest words in the language, but one of the foulest things in the universe. But this is not the place to discuss the rights or wrongs of the particular campaign now raging—we are in it and must win it; still, a few words on our relation as a Society to war generally may not be out of place. War is diametrically opposed to our policy. We stand for construction; War for destruction—years of patient endeavour and plodding hard work may be annulled in a few minutes. During the Middle Ages—the Wars of the Roses, for instance—the peasant, providing he had escaped personal injury in the actual clash of arms, would be ploughing the field within a week of the battle; but with our complex organisation of society the matter is different. Before a shot is fired the mutual confidence on which business is built disappears, as we have seen during the past few weeks; and while our Tenants' Society, being an accomplished fact, built on the democratic principle of joint ownership, will stand the strain of adverse circumstances, the extension of such societies is not aided by the events now transpiring.

Of course we are told that our first duty is to our country in this or any other crisis; and sometimes the question is asked, "What is meant by 'our country'?" A French writer (and as the French are our allies it is no treason to quote him) has described it as follows: "Thou hast perhaps never thought of what is thy country? It is all thy surroundings, all that thou hast learnt, all that thou hast loved. That landscape that thou seest, those houses, those trees, those young girls that pass laughing—that is thy country! The laws that protect thee, the bread that recompenses thy labour, the speech that thou exchangest, the joy and the sadness that proceed from men, and the things among which thy life is passed—that is thy country! Thy mother's little room, the souvenirs she has left thee, the earth where she reposes—that is thy country! Thy rights and thy duties, thy affections and thy wants, thy remembrances and thy gratitude—put them under one name, and that name is Thy Country!"

That may be rather a flowery description, but in the main it is indisputably true, and our contention is that a Society like ours, is, in the ordinary fulfilment of its objects, doing its duty to the country in the broadest sense of the term, by improving the environment of its citizens.

So far as our own nation is concerned, we are glad to note that up to the time of writing the people are keeping their heads. Whatever the reasons which have led to the present conflict, it is becoming increasingly evident to the observer that, between the workers of the world, racial hatred is fast dying out. "When the ships come back from slaughter and the troops march home from war," we fervently hope a new era of concord will be ushered in—and that the grim arbitrament of war will never again have to be resorted to by the nations of Europe.

### MONTHLY MEETING.

MONTHLY MEETING.—This was held as usual on the third Thursday in the Assembly Room. The Estate Council's report dealt with the Flower Show and the half-yearly election, matters reported more fully in another column. Messrs. Law and Grocock reported attending annual meeting of Leicester Co-operative District Association at Mountsorrel, Mr. Law going rather fully into the report of the Dublin Congress there presented, especially the productive and political parts thereof. Some discussion took place towards the end of the meeting about the best methods of relieving any distress that may arise through the war, and also regarding the filling of vacant plots of ground with the most serviceable crops during the coming winter. Mr. E. T. Groome presided.

### HUMBERSTONE AND DISTRICT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

The Quarterly Meeting was held on Friday, August 21st, Mr. J. T. Taylor presiding over a fair attendance of members. After the minutes of previous meeting had been confirmed, the Secretary (Mr. Jayes) moved the adoption of the report and balance sheet, and in doing so expressed regret that the result of the quarter's trading was not so satisfactory as had been anticipated or desired. He took the opportunity of intimating that his services as secretary ceased with that meeting. An interesting discussion followed as to the action of those in authority in raising the prices of goods during the panic caused by the declaration of war; the action was justified on the ground that the financial position of the society did not warrant the taking of risks that under better circumstances could have been taken without fear of the consequences. The balance sheet was accepted, and a vote of thanks passed to the retiring Secretary for services so kindly and willingly rendered. The retiring members—Mrs. Meekins, Mrs. Dye, and Mr. H. Grocock—were re-elected to the committee.

Those of our number who looked in to see the Parents' Day Exhibition held at the Humberstone School on the eve of closing for the scholars' annual holiday were gratified to see the many evidences of good work which had been accomplished by the teachers and children. Taking into account the disadvantages under which Mr. Clarke and his assistants labour, by reason of the unsuitability of the present building and other causes, the results shown did them every credit. The needlework, drawing, and modelling (by the infants) were all strong features. We hope the Exhibition will become an annual event, and that the time is not far distant when the teachers will be able to pursue their work in a more suitable environment.

## Items of Interest.

BIRTH.—On August 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall (The Châlet), a daughter.

\* \* \*

The Golf Club resumed operations on August 15th, the day of the Flower Show. There are good prospects of an increased membership. Prospective members (males and females between the ages of 15 and 75 are eligible) should make inquiries of the Secretary (Mr. G. Ward) at "Edale."

\* \* \*

The impending departure of Mr. and Mrs. H. Folwell for America is generally regretted. Both have been much in evidence in the life of the Estate, Mr. Folwell having rendered yeoman service as Secretary of the Cricket Club and in numerous other ways. When they leave our shores on September 22nd they will take with them our best wishes for a prosperous future.

\* \* \*

As is well known, two of our number—Mr. J. A. Parker and Mr. Jack Pratt—the former a Reservist and the latter a Territorial—have been called out for service in connection with the present War. We hope, with those near and dear to them, that peace will not be long delayed, and that our two friends will return safely to civilian life. We are requested, on behalf of Mrs. Parker, to thank the many friends for kind inquiries and sympathy shown during a trying time.

\* \* \*

A prestidigitateur (good word that) once claimed in our hearing that he could "turn a cow into a field." We noticed the other Sunday morning, however, that four good men and true were required to turn a herd of cattle into a lane, and that the feat was only accomplished after many stampedes, flank attacks and enveloping movements, which undoubtedly gave more joy to the amused spectators than to the two and four-footed participants. Eh, what!

\* \* \*

The outstanding feature of the Bank Holiday Monday programme was a cricket match between eleven ladies and a collection of nondescripts—chiefly old women. The rollicking fun was very much appreciated by the crowd present, among whom was a fair sprinkling of visitors. As might be expected, the team of eleven ladies and two umpires won with ease. On the Monday evening a social took place in the Assembly Room. This was of the "free-and-easy" variety, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it.

\* \* \*

It is probably common knowledge in our midst that the two-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Bowerman had a narrow escape from drowning in the pond a short time ago, and in connection with the misadventure we feel we ought to place on record the exemplary conduct of the rescued child's six-year-old brother, Mark, who, with a promptness and courage quite beyond his years, immediately set about releasing the little one from his perilous position, and, with the aid of a pole, was largely responsible in averting a calamity. Happily, in this case, all ended well; but we hope the incident will act as a warning. Perhaps the older boys and girls will undertake the guardianship of the younger ones and see that they are not allowed to go near deep water. This would be a real work of kindness, and would do much to relieve parents from worry.

We are all getting used to a bank-note currency now, and apropos of these articles a story used to be told of one of Leicester's old residents, a worthy Alderman, who was once a candidate for Parliamentary honours for the Borough. A lady called on him one day for a donation for some charitable object. After listening to her story he pulled out a sovereign, only to be met with a refusal to accept such a sum, and a statement from the lady that she would certainly expect a bank-note at least from a gentleman of his position. "All right," replied the Alderman, "I haven't got one at present, but call again to-morrow, and I'll have one ready for you." She called on the morrow, and found an envelope waiting for her, which contained a £1 note of a provincial Irish Bank, for which a few pence was charged for cashing.

## Flower & Vegetable Show.

The above, which took place on August 15th, was well attended, the opening ceremony being performed by Mr. Fowler, whose presence (with that of Mrs. Fowler) was much appreciated, and whose remarks were listened to with interest. Mr. J. S. Wilford presided, and also presented the prizes at the close. Messrs. Coles, from the Abbey Nurseries, officiated as judges, their awards giving general satisfaction. They deeply regretted the fact that they were called upon to exclude a number of tasteful exhibits in the ladies' class, on account of non-compliance with schedule conditions, but felt that in fairness no other course remained open to them. Another regrettable feature was the small number of outside competitors. The awards were as follows:—

Collection of Hardy Fruits, 6 dishes (open)—1, S. Beamish; 2, J. Rowlett; 3, A. Orton.

Collection of Vegetables, 6 varieties (open), (Tomatoes excluded)—1, J. Rowlett; 2, M. Freeman; 3, W. Berridge.

Tomatoes, dish of 6—1, J. Rowlett; 2, W. Berridge; 3, M. Freeman.

Peas, dish of 20 pods—1, W. Neal; 2, G. Riley; 3, W. Winterton.

Potatoes, dish of 12 tubers—1, F. Wheatley; 2, H. Winterton; 3, W. Winterton.

One Pair of Vegetable Marrows—1, W. Martin; 2, W. Winterton; 3, G. Rimmington.

Roses, vase of 6 blooms (open)—1, J. Rowlett; 2, H. Nichols; 3, W. Winterton.

Sweet Peas, vase of 12 stems (own foliage)—1, Mrs. Taylor; 2, R. Hextall; 3, M. Freeman.

Cut Flowers, hardy, 4 vases, 4 varieties—1, J. Rowlett; 2, W. Neal; 3, R. Hextall.

One Vase of Cut Flowers (confined to Ladies)—1, Mrs. Hern; 2, Mrs. Berridge.

Children's Class, Collection of Wild Flowers—1, Master W. Scott; 2, Master G. Scott; 3, Master L. Orton.

Collection of Plants—1, J. Rowlett; 2, H. Grocock; 3, W. Berridge.

Best Window Plant (Foliage or Flower), in pot—1, J. Rowlett; 2, G. Scott; 3, H. Grocock.

Onions, dish of 6 (open)—1, M. Freeman; 2, R. Scott; 3, Mrs. Hern.

## ESTATE COUNCIL HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

The Estate Council half-yearly meeting for residents was held on August 27th in the Assembly Room, when Mr. J. S. Wilford presided over a fair attendance of residents. The minutes of previous meeting having been read and approved,

The Secretary (Mr. R. Scott) submitted the balance sheet for half-year ending August 24th, showing an income of £28 13s. 5d., made up as follows:—Balance forward from last half-year, £4 6s. 2d.; admission to concerts and socials, £11 13s. 3d.; admission to dances, £4 13s. 10d.; admission to Flower Festival, £1 10s. 3d.; sale of refreshments, £3 18s. 8d.; grant from Co-operative Union, 12s. 6d.; subscriptions to Recreative Club, 11s.; subscriptions to outside games, 12s. 7d.; entrance fees to Sports, 4s. 9d.; subscription fees from Drawing Class, 10s. 5d. The expenditure amounted to £20 1s. 5d., the items being:—Rent of Assembly Room, £2 12s. 6d.; purchase of refreshments, £3 12s.; hire of marquee, £2 2s.; Sports and Flower Festival prizes, £2 4s. 10d.; donation to *Link*, £2 4s.; grant to Ivanhoe Band, £1 1s.; pianist, £1 0s. 6d.; caretaker, £1 2s.; gas bill for Institute, 16s. 6d.; hire of brake, 19s. 2d.; notice writing and awards of merit, 16s. 3d.; repairing and tuning piano, 14s.; and sundry small payments amounting to 16s. 8d., leaving a balance in hand of £8 12s. 0d.

The Chairman, in formally moving the balance sheet, said the Council had provided a good deal of amusement in a very economical way, and finished up with an increased balance of £4 5s. 10d. He thought the holiday periods had all been well catered for, and the residents had had a real good time together. The Drawing Class had been a useful innovation in getting the young people together, and very satisfactory results had been attained. Two students of the class in "Co-operation" had passed the Co-operative Union examination, and as a result a grant of 12s. 6d. had been obtained. Two new organisations had been brought into being in the Dramatic Society and the Estate Band. There were already a dozen volunteers for the latter, and the Estate Council proposed to provide some of the instruments. The Council had fulfilled a useful function in the life of the Estate, but if the meeting could throw out any suggestions for future work they would be pleased to consider them.

The balance sheet having been seconded and approved,

Mr. A. Orton said he could always congratulate the Council on their winter work, but the summer work had been unsatisfactory. Very little in the way of recreation had been arranged for and in consequence the summer evenings had dragged somewhat.

Mr. Freeman suggested that the Council might have arranged for a dance upon the green, while Mr. Harrott thought the Flower Show might be made more of a gala day in order to attract a good crowd from town and so advertise the Estate.

The Secretary, on behalf of the Council, said in reply that when the members of the Council had passed through a heavy winter's engagements they themselves needed a little rest in summer, and pointed out that at holiday times good programmes had been arranged, and there had also been two flower shows and other attractions.

The Chairman said they would take to heart the criticisms and endeavour to improve. They wanted

to see the facilities provided for sports taken advantage of. If the meeting were dissatisfied, it was their duty to alter the composition of the Council on election day. He announced that two members of the Council were retiring—Mrs. Jayes, who had done good service in the past, and Mr. A. Wilford, who was working away.

The nominations for the new Council were as follows: Messrs. H. Bowerman, W. Butler, S. Clarke, H. Grocock, R. Hextall, P. Hunt, G. Riley, T. Wilford, and W. Winterton. The poll was arranged to take place in the Institute on August 29th, from 6 to 8 p.m., and four scrutineers and a returning officer were appointed, after which the meeting closed.

## RESULT OF THE POLL.

## SUCCESSFUL.

*Winterton, W.	..	..	100
Butler, W.	..	..	89
*Wilford, T.	..	..	84
*Riley, G.	..	..	81
*Hextall, R.	..	..	76
Bowerman, H.	..	..	71

## UNSUCCESSFUL.

Clarke, S.	..	..	58
Hunt, P.	..	..	57
Grocock, H.	..	..	37

\*Denotes re-elected members, the new members being Messrs. W. Butler and H. Bowerman. One hundred and fourteen votes were cast out of a possible 235, a noticeable feature being the number of ladies who recorded their votes. To the accompaniment of cheers, the Returning Officer (Mr. E. Harrott) announced the result from the Assembly Room window at 8.30.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—They have a new baby. It's only a few days old, but is a most amusing and intelligent atom—so they tell me. Besides a fire-guard, "shortening" clothes, &c., a necessary adjunct is a name. My suggestion that it be called plain Bill met with the contempt it perhaps deserved; yet it was made in all good faith. A dear old chum at the other end of the earth is called Bill—the most amusing and the staunchest of chums—there is nothing commonplace or "up entry" about the name when applied to good old Bill, 'twas the only one to fit him properly. I made no more suggestions, because, after all, it's the man that makes the name, not the reverse—J.E.T.

\* \* \* \*

To be really tactful we must be sympathetic, and we must have a thorough knowledge of human nature.

\* \* \* \*

We are all apt to forget the people who pay their debts much sooner than those who don't.

**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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## War's Alarms at Folkestone.

Have you ever been to Folkestone? No? Well, I will not say, "See Folkestone and die," but, "See Folkestone and live," for that is the better idea. The town is one of the most healthy on the South Coast, the death-rate being only 10 per thousand, and the older people will tell you that it seldom rains for the whole of one day. This is why it is so popular with invalids, and it is something to the credit of the town that it is possible to live long, die happy, and have a fine day for your funeral.

The town is 70 miles distant from London—a pleasant ride on the South-Eastern and Chatham (slow, easy and comical) Railway, and is reached in about two hours from Charing Cross. Like many of the South Coast towns, there are no particular trades at Folkestone and nothing of an objectionable nature (such as glue, soap or artificial manure manufacture) is allowed in the town, which is under the guardianship of the Earl of Radnor; while the Corporation are very particular to map out certain corners of the street at which luggage porters are permitted to stand and wait for patrons. I may say the Corporation does not debar the people from taking in one another's washing.

Arriving at Folkestone on Saturday, August 1st, we found comfortable lodgings on the East Cliff, which is about 150 feet above sea level. We had a splendid view of the Channel; on fine days the coast of France is plainly seen, and by the aid of glasses the larger buildings can be picked out. Besides, we had a good view of the Harbour, together with the commercial pier and promenade, which is one of the centres of interest. From morning till night business is carried on here very briskly; from this pier the Continental boats arrive and depart, space being available for five boats to embark or disembark their passengers, and two inner harbours are also used for smaller boats and the fishing fleet. This harbour and promenade were thronged from early morning till late at night during the Bank Holiday week of 1914, which will ever be remembered by every living soul old enough to understand.

How great was the excitement can be imagined, for only twenty-five miles away, across the narrow strip of water, was the war zone. Sunday was no rest day to many thousands. "Expect and Prepare" were the watchwords of everyone, and although England had not declared war as yet, even at church and chapel the ministers prepared one for the worst.

Monday brought no fresh relief, and in the afternoon the French Fleet was seen moving down the Coast. It was a grand day; the sun shone out in all its brightness, the white cliffs of Calais and Boulogne affording a background that enabled us to see these mighty engines of destruction. Sixteen battleships could be counted, besides the smaller craft, and we realised that business of a nature that no one living had ever known before was on hand. The trains from London brought French boys, who were returning to their own country, to the boats—some never to come again to Merrie England. Thousands of people gave them a welcome on the pier, and an equally grand send-off as the boat put to sea. "Rule Britannia" and the "Marseillaise" was sung with a spirit better imagined than described.

On Tuesday night our host entered our room, his face like chalk, and informed us the German Fleet was

at Flushing. This news made us feel a bit uneasy, and we asked as to the whereabouts of the British Fleet; were they under the Channel? After supper, we went for a walk on the cliff and found, to our astonishment, that six torpedo boats and a couple of cruisers had taken up their position just outside the harbour. This was the first time they had come to our protection; could it be really true the Germans were at Flushing? It was known that Dover harbour had been closed to trading vessels, and orders had gone forth that no lights were to be allowed in any of the houses on the front, also that the town was already under a moderate state of martial law.

Wednesday morning was very wet. Thunder and lightning and a heavy fog held the town in semi-darkness. The electrical foghorn was put into operation, which is only done in case of a very thick fog in the Channel. We had just sat down to breakfast when the first gun was heard, and one tried to persuade the company it was a fog signal. A minute later a second shot was heard. One of our party, not being well, had not got up, and she shouted, "I say, what's that? I can see them firing." The next moment we all swarmed into her bedroom, and found our friend—well, not dressing, but jumping into her garments in a manner which suggested, "first come, first served." Yes, they were firing from the cliffs above our house, and we could see it quite plain. We counted eight shots and then all was quiet. Now I did believe the Germans were at Flushing. Our host was equally certain there was no mistake, and again came into our sitting-room to ask if we would like to retire to the cellar for safety; they would make it as comfortable as possible. I am afraid I disgusted him by saying I was going on the cliff to see the fight, if a fight there was. A quarter of an hour later the milkman came, and in answer to a question, said, "That's all right, sir; that was only the forts signalling to call all the boys back to barracks at once instead of at 12 o'clock." No—the Germans were not at Flushing, and we continued to live in the sitting-room and never once went to look at the cellar.

But all these little incidents did give colour to the rumour that the Germans were at Flushing, and, strange as it may seem, hundreds of people did leave the town for home. Their places, however, were soon filled up, for Wednesday afternoon brought the first Ostend boat into Folkestone, which contained passengers who had had to clear out of Brussels the day before. How glad they were to set foot (as the boy said) on "terra cotta." And the tales they told as they rushed from boat to train! Some had lost all they had. One lady said, "Well, I've been away only five days and I have had five beds, and they call that a holiday!" One declared that Cook's Guide had left them and they had to walk to the station between drawn swords.

Space prevents my going further now. By the Editor's permission we will return to the subject and have a further look round Folkestone in our next issue.

E. J. M.

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The spirit in which we act is the highest matter.

Let go desires, and thou shalt lay hold upon peace.

The best kind of tears are those through which we perceive the path of new endeavour.

### THE BLESSINGS OF CIVILISATION.

What is our boasted civilisation? When we come to reflect upon it, in what way are we better off than our prehistoric ancestors? We are told that all through the centuries we have made, are still making, and will continue to make, progress. Well, perhaps so. For instance, years ago, men were content to indulge their inherent combativeness by abolishing each other in detail with clubs or stone axes. Now they do it wholesale by the aid of such refined and civilised agents as gunpowder, dynamite, cordite, and many other "ites." Also, it is pleasing to reflect that, if scientifically inclined, we can polish off our neighbours by introducing germs, bacteria, bacilli, or whatever you like to call them, to them. We can also "take it out of 'em" by means of lawsuits, libel actions, and similar civilised subtleties, which will kill them by inches.

Talking of dynamite and cordite, how very edifying a spectacle would be an up-to-date naval battle between two big fleets. It would resemble the celebrated combat of the Kilkenny "cats," but would scarcely last as long. A few giant waterplanes and dirigibles would of course be hovering above the scene, in order to put "paid" to the account of the last surviving "Kilkenny cat"—if there should be a survivor. How noble! How humane! How very superior to our uncivilised ancestors' methods! Centuries ago, whole countries were afflicted with bloodshed and rapine for long years together; but nowadays a war only lasts, actively, a few weeks, or, at most, a few months. But nevertheless, we contrive, in those few weeks, to expend much more blood and money than our ancestors did in years.

We don't have many big wars now, but our fondness for peace does not altogether proceed from motives of humanity, but from fear; fear of our engines of destruction—fear of the creations of our own brain, and their terrible power.

Our remote ancestors dwelt fairly peaceably in communities, none interfering with another; but as the years passed by, they learnt this, and they learnt that, and they invented this, that, and the other. And for everything they invented, a new worry was added to their existence, and something else was invented to cap it, or to counteract it. So the world has gone on. This process is that which we call "the progress of civilisation." And the difference between the uncivilised ancestor and the civilised descendant is just this:—the former had few needs, easily satisfied, and was healthy and happy. The latter has many needs, never can be satisfied, and has discovered thousands of nice new ailments. He has also developed a mania for "ruling" his neighbours, if not himself, and to this end has invented rent-collectors, rate-collectors, tax-collectors, &c., who give him neurasthenia and brain-fever. How superior!

Ah! It is a grand thing, civilisation! No wonder we pity the poor savages in Darkest Africa. Poor folks! Let us subscribe to civilise them quickly!

Yes, poor folks!—for all their troubles are to come!

R. C.

"There can no evil befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead."—*Socrates*.

\* \* \* \*

"Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent."—*Emerson*.

### CRICKET CLUB

The past month has been productive of four wins and one loss, one game being abandoned owing to wet, with 44 runs for four wickets for our team as against 129 totalled by Thurmaston. This makes our aggregate as follows:—10 won, 9 lost, 1 unfinished, with 1,391 runs against and 1,129 for. The Committee have arranged for two extra fixtures on September 12th and 19th. On the former date we are also arranging for a group photograph of the Club to be taken on the field before the match. Will all members please note this and make an effort to be on the ground by 2.15 p.m. at the latest?

H. FOLWELL.

#### RESULTS TO DATE.

July 25th—Wilkes Bros., 53; H.G.S., 83.  
 Aug. 1st—Thurmaston, 129; H.G.S., 44 for four wickets (abandoned owing to rain).  
 „ 6th—Argyle Thursday, 30; H.G.S., 73.  
 „ 8th—Old Humberstone, 15; H.G.S., 62 (eight wickets).  
 „ 15th—Curzon Street, 35; H.G.S., 48.  
 „ 22nd—Friends' Adult, 54; H.G.S., 36.

*Notable features of past Month.*

#### BOWLING.

Peberdy, 6 for 20; Ward, 2 for 11; Bowerman, 2 for 4 (twice); Goodenough, 4 for 19, 7 for 4, and 7 for 11.

#### BATTING.

Peberdy, 20 (against Old Humberstone).

## Garden Notes.

On August 15th I had the pleasure of attending your Annual Flower Show. I must congratulate everyone who took part in the event; and, taking into account the absence of one old competitor (Mr. W. Gilliver), I think it was practically up to last year's form. Two exhibits which caught my eye were two cpergnes which, upon closer inspection, I found were disqualified. Of course, the judges were quite justified, and it only shows the necessity for adhering strictly to schedule. Now, apart from this, these two ladies should be congratulated upon their efforts; they were really very good, the larger one, in the writer's eye, being the best. The other one might have been improved by a few blooms of red or dark blues, which always have a wonderfully pleasing effect when judiciously placed among delicate blooms.

There have been quite a number of people writing articles to our daily papers on what to grow for a catch crop. Now, with all due respect to these writers, I think a few of them just overshot the mark. The trouble and work one would have to put in to get, say, kidney beans and carrots on the verge of maturing, only to see them cut off by a frost, would be very disheartening. Perhaps the best and most reliable crop to put in now is Spring cabbages, if good plants can be procured and planted during the first week in this month. This crop should be cleared off by the end of April—soon enough to get potatoes on the same plot. A few Tom Thumb lettuce plants put out now should mature before Christmas.

T. R.

## Children's Corner

### PLAYING AT PIRATES

It was a lovely day, and Arnold, Betty, and Tim, who lived at the seaside, did not know how to pass their time away. At last Tim said, "I know. We'll have a game at pirates. I know where there is an old boat that Tom, the boatman, left tied up by the pier"; and the two children, both in one voice, answered "Yes." So off they all went to the boat. When they got to it they jumped in and pretended to be pirates. Tim, who had brought his toy boat with him, sent it out, and said, "Hi! there she goes; let's get her and rob her" When the excitement was intense Betty suddenly screamed out, "Arnold! Tim! our boat has got loose," and before the two boys could get from one end of the boat to the other it had drifted a few yards from the pier, and unfortunately the oars were left on the shore. The boat drifted far away from land. Night came on

\* \* \*

Their parents were very anxious about them. They went out and asked everybody they met whether they had seen them. They even asked Tom himself. But neither he nor anybody else had seen anything of the children. They searched all night, and at the dawn of day the children had not been found.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile the three children had started to cry. Then, a little while after, Tim said "It's no use crying." So Arnold and Betty stopped. They were very frightened, because it was pitch dark, and they could hear nothing but the lapping of waves. Then they fell on their knees and prayed very earnestly to God to save them from a watery grave.

\* \* \*

In the morning a startling discovery was made. Tom's boat was gone. Then Tom thought about the children that he had been asked about. Was it right

that they had got into it, and it had drifted? thought he. Then he ran to the children's father, and told him about it. Then they ran to a shed in which there was a motor boat belonging to the father. They got it launched, and both got in it and set it going. After about three hours' weary search they found them. They were not a moment too soon, for as soon as the children got in the motor boat the wooden one sank, as it was old wood. As soon as the children got home they were put straight to bed, and the next morning they were just as well as if nothing had happened at all. But it taught them a moral lesson—never to meddle with other people's things.—*The Bairns' Magazine.*

Why is the letter A like a honeysuckle?  
Because a B follows it.

### GIVE US PEACE.

One morning, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,  
All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would cease;  
'Twas the Thrush sang in the garden, "Hear the story, hear the story!"  
And the Lark sang "Give us glory,"  
And the Dove sang, "Give us peace!"  
And I listened, oh, so early, my beloved, my beloved.

To the murmur from the woodland, of the Dove, my dear, the Dove;  
When the Nightingale came after, "Give us fame to sweeten duty,"  
When the Wren sang, "Give us beauty,"  
She made answer, "Give us love!"

Fair is April, fair the morning, my beloved, my beloved,  
Now for us doth Spring's bright morning wait upon the year's increase,  
Let my voice be heard, that asketh not for fame and not for glory,  
Give for all our life's dear story,  
Give us Love, and give us Peace!

—Jean Ingelow.

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MORNING  
STAR  
HEALTH  
SALT  
IS  
REFRESHING  
AND  
INVIGORATING



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