

The Link.

The Official Journal of the Humberstone Garden Suburb.

"NOT GREATER WEALTH, BUT SIMPLER PLEASURES."

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THE EDITOR,

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EDITORIAL.

Looking backward over 1914, everything seems at variance with the established order of things. However certain papers may claim to have prophesied—and have assuredly preached—war for years, the present state of chaos in Europe was undreamt of a few short months ago. And, perhaps most remarkable of all, pacivists—once bitterly opposed to war under almost any circumstances and especially between highly-civilised nations—have now turned completely round and consider war justifiable.

The people talk and read war. (We almost wonder how the newspapers and magazines managed to fill their pages in times of peace.) What Bernhardt has written is now studied seriously, instead of being dismissed as the wild vapourings of an obsessed militarist. The imports on beer and tea seem only of passing interest, while suggested alternative taxes on cats and bikes and divers other things leave us unmoved.

Though far from the main theatres of strife, almost every village in England has a reminder of the conflict in the numbers of people speaking strange tongues who are temporarily quartered there; and in the intervals between their peaceful avocations the village parson and his Nonconformist brother have become active recruiting agents.

The martial spirit is everywhere. Whichever way we turn we meet khaki-clad figures, and even our kiddies have forsaken their ordinary games to play at soldiers. Parents are adorning their boys with khaki tunics and kilts—on a cold, wet and windy day recently we saw a bold Leicester youth, obviously "cauld wi' the kilt," and running more than a sporting risk of being "kilt wi' the cauld."

Altogether, 1914 bids fair to mark a most important chapter in the history of the world—who knows what 1915

may bring forth? The map of Europe is undergoing drastic alterations which will probably have far-reaching effects on our daily lives; and it is our fervent New Year wish that after the present colossal conflict has spent itself the god of war will be unthroned for ever, and the white-robed virgin descend to usher in

LASTING PEACE AND PROSPERITY FOR ALL.

Meanwhile, in all humility (in the words of Abraham Lincoln):—"With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up this nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace."

Favourable comments have been heard on the improved appearance of some of the outbuildings on our Estate consequent upon the application of the "regulation" green paint—all of which goes to prove that, even if sometimes only skin deep, beauty invariably pleases the eye. Tenants generally will also agree that the General Committee are acting wisely in decreeing that "No tenant must erect any outhouse of any description until the consent of the Committee has been obtained." It is quite possible to regulate the style and position of wooden erections without unduly interfering with the hobbies and pastimes of householders generally, and in their endeavours to keep our Suburb beautiful the "powers that be" are deserving of the support of the entire community.

The Women's Social Guild wish to draw attention to the fact that they have several sick-room requisites available for the use of residents on the Estate. Application to be made to the secretary, Mrs. Elliot, Yarrow Cottage.

BIRTH.—On December 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peberdy (Scraptoft View), a daughter.

* * *

DEATH.—On December 18th, at Clydach Vale, Laburnum Road, Mrs. Ellen Smith, aged 78 years. Interred in Humberstone Churchyard, December 22nd.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Since our last issue, two of our residents—Messrs. Tilley and Pollard—have answered their country's call and enlisted for home defence.

* * *

THE MONTHLY MEETING was not held on Thursday, December 17th, only about half a dozen members putting in an appearance at the meeting place.

* * *

Here are two "howlers," perpetrated recently (out of school hours) by Estate juveniles:—

"Saltpetre was one of the twelve disciples."

"Potatoes are the chief food of the pheasants in Ireland."

* * *

The Church of Christ Sewing Class are very pleased to announce that as a result of their efforts since the beginning of September, sixty-six garments of various kinds have been completed for the children of our brave soldiers and sailors. This splendid result has been to a great extent due to the generous help received from non-members, whom the Sewing Class desire to heartily thank.

* * *

Since our last report two interesting meetings of the Literary and Debating Society have been held. At the first Mr. Amos Mann gave an interesting address on "John Ruskin," and the week following Mr. W. M. Scott, of the Leicester Sanatorium, broke fresh ground by his address on "Air, Diet and Exercise—Health Essentials." The meetings, which are undoubtedly meeting a need, will be resumed early in the New Year, for particulars of which see notice boards.

* * *

There was but a meagre attendance at the second meeting in connection with the Belgian Relief Fund, held on Thursday, December 10th. Mr. Wilford reported that the subscriptions promised from the whole of the adult residents on the Estate only reached about thirteen shillings per week, and that he had been unsuccessful in his effort to find cottage accommodation in the old village. Under the circumstances it was decided to divert the fund, if the contributors are willing, to one or two needy cases on the Estate, Messrs. J. T. Taylor, Riley, and J. S. Wilford being appointed

to administer the same, donors being requested to contribute for four weeks.

* * *

WOMEN'S SOCIAL GUILD.—The usual meeting was held on December 3rd, when Mrs. Cardinal Taylor, of the Health Society, gave a very useful and interesting address on "Food Values in War Time." Mrs. Taylor dealt with the subject in a practical manner, and gave some recipes for dishes containing all the necessary elements for body building and nourishment, to provide cheap and tasty meals. Several questions were asked and answered. Mrs. Stanion sang "The Ash Grove" in her usual pleasing manner. Tea was served by Mrs. Barraclough and Mrs. Mawby. On December 17th the first half of this session closed by a "free and easy" afternoon. After a little necessary business had been transacted, the afternoon was spent in chatting pleasantly and comfortably, listening at intervals to selections on a gramophone kindly lent by Mr. and Mrs. Vass. Mrs. Steer also contributed to the enjoyment by giving recitations of her own composition, which were received with much applause; and tea, served by Mrs. Jays and Mrs. Taylor, brought an agreeable meeting to a close. The next meeting will be held on January 7th.

ESTATE COUNCIL REPORT.

On December 5th our Dramatic Society made their initial appearance in "A Lad from the Country," when their performance was a very creditable one. The chief character was cleverly portrayed by Mr. S. Mawby, who was well supported by the rest of the company. It was altogether a very promising beginning, and residents will anticipate with pleasure the society's next effort.

On December 12th a Dance was held in the Assembly Room, and a fair number took the opportunity to take a little practice prior to the Yuletide festivities. Mr. Winterton was M.C., and Miss E. Langley, assisted by Mr. Langley, provided the music.

Chinese philosophers, looking at the European spectacle, must be confirmed in their belief that the Western world of brute force is a stupid thing.

GARDEN NOTES.

General gardening this month is much the same as last, mostly dependant upon the weather. Much may be done in the way of cleaning and renovating paths and putting edgings in order, also forming new ideas for the coming season.

Sort over all late potatoes, discarding all diseased ones. As soon as seed potatoes can be obtained they should be placed in shallow boxes with crowns upward in any light position taking care to keep them away from frost.

Window plants will only want watering about twice a week for the next six or eight weeks. Aspidistras and palms should have their leaves sponged with a little luke-warm water and soft soap, then with clean water. The plants very much appreciate this kind of bath and well repay the trouble.

Hyacinths and all kinds of bulbs which were stored away six weeks ago may be brought to light. Give a good watering and keep near the window.

The system of growing fruit trees on the cordon principle two feet apart in rows, or eighteen inches on walls, appears to be becoming more popular every year, and it is not to be wondered at, when one takes into consideration the many benefits derived. A greater number of varieties may be grown on a given space and the fact of their roots growing one into the other makes them come into cropping earlier. In the case of strong-growing varieties they are easily root pruned. Anyone having spare wall space will be well advised to grow apples and pears on this principle, the following varieties being most suitable for the purpose: *Pears*: Bon Chretien William, Marguerite Marilat, Louis Bonne de Jersey, Doyenne du Comice. *Dessert Apples*: Wyken Pippin, Christmas Pearmain, Cox's Orange Pippin, Gladstone and Worcester Pearmain. *Cooking Apples*: Lord Suffield, Lord Grosvenor, Lane's Prince Albert, Lord Derby and Manx Codlin. *Plums* should be grown on the fan principle; any wall from S.E. to S.W. Varieties: Victoria, Czar, Rivers' Prolific, and Transparent Gage. T. R.

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A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

Private J. A. Parker, a late resident now serving his country at the front, writes to THE LINK as follows:—

"Just a line to thank A.T. residents for the many kind inquiries they have made regarding my well-being. I am pleased to say I am still in the best of health that can be expected under the circumstances and weather conditions—the latter especially. It rains every day, and we look beautiful when we come out of the trenches, covered from head to foot with mud. You could plant a gallon of potatoes on my greatcoat and hoe them up as well. It is rotten.

"Well, dear friends, I was under the impression that I should be amongst you again before now; but it seems as though the war will last a long time. However, we must hope for the best. I hear that some of the friends have left and others taken their places. I wish those who have crossed the seas 'Good Luck,' and I trust you have all got plenty of work now. We dig, dig, dig, from morning till night—I shall be digging trenches in the garden when I get home again.

"I must also give my thanks to you all for the kindness and help shown to my wife in her hour of need, and will now conclude with best wishes for 'A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.'"

[On behalf of residents we heartily reciprocate our friend's good wishes, and trust he will soon be able to return, safe and sound, to the home folks.]

WILLIE'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday comes but once a week—

That's once too oft for Willie,

For he dislikes to take a bath;

I'm sure you'll think him silly.

It's either cold or bad sore throat

He has, or chills and fever,

And sometimes new diseases he

Invents—the sad deceiver!

But mamma does not make a fuss,

Experience has taught her

The proper treatment for each case,

And that is soap and water.

So Willie always takes his bath,

And soundly sleeps till Sunday;

And he is just the *cleanest* boy—

That is, at least, till Monday.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Billy does his best.

"I won't be long, Billy," called mother from the kitchen, "and then we'll have a cosy talk about the good New Year that's nearly here."

"I don't think it will be a very good New Year," muttered Billy under his breath (he was ashamed to let mother hear). "The old year hasn't done me a good turn anyway, and I don't see that the new one will be any better."

Poor Billy! He had a real grievance, for he had worked very hard to win the scholarship which he had just given up. Father was a reservist, and had of course been called up when war was declared, so Billy had to leave school and go out as an errand lad instead. As he sat there by the fire grumbling to himself, he suddenly felt a light touch on his arm. Looking round, he saw standing by his side the tiniest man he had ever set eyes on, dressed in khaki uniform.

"Why! Who are you?" he gasped in amazement.

"I am General Perseverance," answered the brisk little man, "and I have come to ask you to enlist. Of course I know that you want to join Kitchener's Army, but you are not old enough for that, so make a start in mine. Come with me to see the pictures in Recruiting Hall, and make up your mind to join us."

Before Billy had time to say either Yes or No, he found himself somehow whisked away from the fire, and sitting beside his new friend looking at a film, which was called "Billy Grumbles and Growls." He found to his great disgust that "Billy" was himself, and it seemed as if everything in his life that he wanted most to forget was being shown. There was the day that he wouldn't run an errand for mother when she was tired, and the one he grumbled at going to school on his birthday and played truant instead. There were lots of other horrid things, but worst of all he saw himself as he was now shirking his work at the shop. He could see the slovenly way that he swept the floors and polished the brasses, and the time he wasted dawdling over his errands. Last of all came Billy as a grown man driving a delivery van, and grumbling because he only earned a pound a week!

Billy was getting up to go, feeling very angry and ashamed, but the

General touched his arm once more. "Sit down," he whispered, "the next will be better."

He was quite right. "Billy Does His Best," was the title. This showed him going to school as a tiny lad, trying hard all the time till he finally won the scholarship. A Billy that made the best of his great disappointment came next, one who faithfully earned the money that he took home to mother so proudly every Saturday. Then he saw himself working his way up step by step, until the final picture showed him a grown-up Billy, who was head draughtsman in the office of the firm where he had started as errand boy.

He turned eagerly to the little General: "Put my name down, sir! I want to join at once."

But General Perseverance had vanished, and—

"A Happy New Year, Billy," said mother brightly. "The clock has just struck twelve, but I think you were asleep."

Billy sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"H'm—I believe I was," he said. "A Happy New Year, mother, and I'm going to do my best."

And Billy kept his word.

C. STEER.

ABOUT TO-DAY.

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.

Gee! I've had enough, an' double,
Reason for complaint.

Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often grey;

Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,

Ain't it fine to-day?

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?

What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?

Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,

Life it ain't no celebration.

Trouble? I've had mine—
But to-day is fine.

It's to-day that I am livin',
Not a month ago,

Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.

Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;

It may rain again to-morrow,
It may rain—but, say,

Ain't it fine to-day?

DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

MORE SENSE THAN POETRY.

My friend, have you heard of the town
of Yawn

On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower
fair,

Where the Sometimeorother scents the
air

And the soft Goeasys grow ?

It lies in the valley of Whatsthouse,

In the province of Letherslide ;

That tired feeling is native there—

It's the home of the listless Idontcare,
Where the Putitoffs abide.

The Putitoffs never make up their
minds,

Intending to do it to-morrow ;

And so they delay from day to day

Till business dwindles and profits decay

And their days are full of sorrow.

Little Daisy had been taken to a
Christmas-party. At tea-time she was
tucked away in a corner, and the
hostess quite forgot to offer her any-
thing to eat.

The child knew that she must not
ask for anything, and for some time
waited patiently. But at last she
really could stand it no longer.
Holding up her plate, she asked
pathetically :

"Does anybody here want an
empty plate?"

* * *

A lad at a charity Christmas dinner
ate so much that he could not walk.
When it was decided that he would
have to be carried out he issued the
warning :

"All right; carry me, but don't
forget me."

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