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The Co-operator

Burley, Washington, U. S. A.

PUBLISHED BY

Laboring Men and Women

who are trying to build up industries whereby, working co-operatively as self-employers, they can help themselves and others of their class.

God's noblest, greatest Workers; Searchers of truths that be:
Wrapped in no pomp of office like "Stalled Theology"

Lead us, still lead us onward the crowded way of time;
Feeding our souls with knowledge, teaching us truths sublime.

—Morrison Davidson.

January 1905
WASHINGTON CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

Aberdeen Co-operative Assn..................................................Aberdeen
Bothel Co-operative Shingle Mill............................................Bothel
Centralia Rochdale Co..........................................................Centralia
Co-operative Brotherhood......................................................Burley
Co-operative Shingle Co........................................................Edmonds
Crystal Springs Creamery.........................................................Frances
Equality Colony.................................................................Equality, Bow Pax
Farmers' Co-operative Creamery...............................................Olympia
Frances Rochdale Co..............................................................Frances
Hillyard Co-operative Assn.....................................................Hillyard
Home Grocery Co.................................................................Home, Lakebay Pax
Hoquiam Rochdale Co.............................................................Hoquiam
Lewis County Rochdale Co......................................................Chehalis
L. U. Co-operative Assn............................................................324 Union St., Seattle
  Branch No. 1.................................................................Green Lake
  Branch No. 2.................................................................Bremerton
Oakville Rochdale Co.............................................................Oakville
Palouse Co-operative Assn......................................................Palouse
People's Union Rochdale Co....................................................Rochester
Silverdale Co-operative Assn................................................Silverdale
Stanwood Co-operative Creamery..............................................Stanwood
Whatcom Rochdale Co..........................................................Bellingham

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THE CO-OPERATIVE JOURNAL
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
The Mighty Minority.

Jessie Brewster.

"BUT," said I to my friend Callaghan, "why should I concern myself about the development of my brother of the slums? That is a matter of time and evolution, the work of which goes on quite independently of any effort of mine."

"You are mistaken," replied my friend, "it is your business because we are all instruments thru which the law operates. Besides, you cannot separate yourself from the rest of humanity. It is one organism of which you are a part and its evolution has progressed only so far as that of its lowest member, just as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Imagine yourself," he continued earnestly, "getting ready to attend a party. You wash your face and hands and think you have made yourself presentable to the friends whose approval is important to you. But upon your arrival at the place you find that you have forgotten your feet, which you discover are bare and unwashed. Your brother of the slum is represented by the feet in my illustration and his upliftment is as much your affair as your own development because both are parts of the whole."

All thru the history of the race humanity has divided itself into three distinct classes:

The great majority, with which has always resided the power of might;

The shrewd few, who by superior cunning have succeeded in using the power of might to maintain the office of rulers over its possessors;
The devoted minority, who have always been driven by a mysterious power, beyond their comprehension or control, into the work of progress and reform.

The second class have invariably used the subtile force of determined will, united effort and greater knowledge to mould and shape the unstable minds of the short-sighted majority in the manner best adapted to the accomplishment of their selfish purposes and the maintaining of the mastery over them. To do this Ignorance was found to be their most useful assistant, and so skilful have been the operations of these self-appointed rulers that for long ages learning of all kinds was their exclusive and jealously guarded possession. So dense was the ignorance of the masses that it has been only in rare cases and when driven to desperation by the most brutal tyranny and injustice that the hypnotic spell in which they are always held, has been broken. At such times they suddenly become conscious of the irresistible power they possess, and the helplessness of their oppressors and rise in revolt. Then are the pages of history stained by records of the most horrible deeds and excesses of the populace.

These revolutions, bloody and terrible tho they have been, and all-powerful as a means of redress, have signally failed to teach an easy lesson. Their immediate object gained, the people once more meekly offer their necks to the yoke of servitude and again become willing instruments in the hands of the unscrupulous to uphold a reign of greed and tyranny to benefit the few.

And thus, from era to era, history repeats itself. Civilizations rise and fall; kings, rulers and dynasties play their appointed parts and pass away from the stage of physical existence; wronged and duped majorities live and suffer and give place to other majorities who tread the weary round of toil and privation and disappear. But thru all the years of time and change, all classes of men have been moved by a force so subtile, so inexorable, so gradual in its manifestation that few have suspected its presence in their affairs, altho violently resisting its power, and have realized its existence only by the results accomplished thru long periods of time——The law of Evolution.

The third class of men, the minority, is the unconscious
means selected for the operation of this law. This is the advance guard of the army of progress. These are the individuals whose ideas take possession of them. Upon each member of the minority is laid the necessity to labor for the advancement of the whole. Urged on by the irresistible force within him he cannot keep silent if he would, even when faggot and gibbet loom darkly before him. At every stage of the world’s history it has been the fate of the minority to patiently submit to the might of the mistaken many whose wrongs they shared; to suffer every ignominy at the hands of those in whose cause they labored. They have fearlessly appealed to the good and true, which is latent in the heart of even the fiercest savage. Experience taught them that an appeal to the higher nature of man invariably aroused the lower nature, the demons of cruelty and intolerance, who finding their dominion threatened, savagely turn upon the cause of their disquiet. But stake and faggot, headsman’s axe and hangman’s noose have been powerless to hold them back from the work it was laid upon them to do. Teaching in secret; hiding from the fury of the mob among the waste places of the earth; suffering from hunger and dying from starvation and cold; consciously or otherwise, the devoted minority have, in all ages, in all climes and among all the nations of the world been the tangible expression of the law of evolution because they are one with the law. To them is denied the human satisfaction of enjoying the fruits of their labor in their generation, because they are ever as “the voice of one crying in the wilderness, ‘Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight!’” But to them is given the honor to serve because they are greatest among us. To them, standing upon the heights, does the voice of God speak thru the Law, with increasing clearness, as the years pass, one by one, into the centuries and thru them is accomplished the evolution of the race. Imperceptibly the minority grows into the majority of succeeding years and from yet greater heights the voice of the minority comes down, ringing silver clear over the strife of warring men, the crying of unhappy children and over-burdened mothers; a sounding clarion to rebuke the merciless greed of the market places; speaking thru pain to the hearts of men and changing self-love to the first, faint stirrings of brotherly kindness and
compassion. As they labor to raise the ideals of their fellow men their own vision grows clearer thru the operation of the law they serve. They see the trend of the long road over which they have blindly travelled for weary generations. The real purpose and inner meaning of the work they have been doing becomes clear to their extended consciousness. Then at last, to the long-suffering minority will come the "joy of service," and the glory of conscious participation in the work of the Masters.

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word:
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands:
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling faggots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

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**Nailed to the Cross for Fourteen Years.**

A Tribute to Martin Irons by Eugene V. Debs.

IT WAS in the year 1886 that Martin Irons, as the chairman of the executive board of the Knights of Labor of the Gould southwest railway system, defied capitalist tyranny, and from that hour he was doomed. All the power of capitalism combined to crush him, and when at last he succumbed to overwhelming odds, he was hounded from place to place until he was ragged and footsore and the pangs of hunger gnawing at his vitals. For fourteen long years he fought single-handed the battle of persecution. He tramped far, and, among strangers, under an assumed name, sought to earn enough to get bread. But he was tracked like a wild beast and driven from shelter. For this "poor wanderer of a stormy day" there was no pity. He had stood between his class and their oppressors—he was brave and would not flinch; he was honest and would not sell; this was his crime and he must die.

Martin Irons came to this country from Scotland, a child. He was friendless, penniless and alone. At an early age he became a machinist. For years he worked at his trade. He had a clear head and a warm heart. He saw and felt the injustice suffered by his class. Three reduc-
tions in wages in rapid succession fired his blood. He resolved to resist. He appealed to his fellow-workers. When the strike came Martin Irons was its central figure. The men knew they could trust him. They were not mistaken.

When at the darkest hour Jay Gould sent word to Martin Irons that he wished to see him, the answer came, "I am in Kansas City." Gould did not have gold enough to buy Irons. This was his greatest crime. The press united in fiercest denunciation. Every lie that malignity could conceive was coined and circulated. In the popular mind Martin Irons was the blackest-hearted villain that ever went unhung. Pinkerton bloodhounds were on his track night and day. But thru it all this honest, fearless and highminded workingman stood immovable.

The courts and soldiers responded to the command of their masters, the railroads; the strike was crushed and the workingmen beaten.

Martin Irons had served, suffered for and honored his class. But HE HAD LOST. His class turned against him and joined in the execrations of the enemy. This pained him more than all else, but he bore even this without a murmur, and if ever a despairing sigh was wrung from him, it was when he was alone.

And thus it has been all along the highway of the centuries, from Jesus Christ to Martin Irons.

Let it not be said that Martin Irons was not crucified. For fourteen years he was nailed to the cross and no martyr to humanity ever bore his crucifixion with greater fortitude.

He stood the taunts and jeers and all the bitter mockery of fate with patient heroism, and even when the poor, dumb brutes, whose wounds and bruises he would have swathed with his heart strings, turned upon him, pity sealed his lips and silent suffering wrought for him a martyr's crown.

Martin Irons was hated by all who were too ignorant or too base to understand him. He died despised, yet will he live beloved.

No president of the United States gave or tendered him an office in testimony of his service to the working class. The kind of service he rendered was too honest to be respectable, too humane to be popular.
The blow he struck for his class will preserve his memory. In the great struggle for emancipation he nobly did his share, and the history of labor cannot be written without his name.

He was an agitator, and as such, shared the common fate of all. Jesus Christ, Joan of Arc, Elijah Lovejoy, John Brown, Albert Parsons and many others set the same example and paid the same penalty.

For the reason that he was a despised agitator and shunned of men too mean and sordid to conceive the lofty motive that inspired him, he will be remembered with tenderness and love long after the last of his detractors shall have mouldered in a forgotten grave.

It was in April, 1899, in Waco, Texas, that I last pressed this comrade’s hand. He bore the traces of poverty and broken health, but his spirit was as intrepid as when he struck the shield of Hoxie thirteen years before; and when he spoke of Socialism he seemed transformed and all the smouldering fires within him blazed once more from his sunken eyes.

I was pained but not surprised when I read that he had “died penniless in an obscure Texas town.” It was his glory and society’s shame that he died that way.

His weary body has found rest and the grandchildren of the men and women he struggled, suffered and died for, will weave chaplets where he sleeps.

His epitaph might read: “For standing bravely in defense of the working class, he was put to death by slow torture.”

Martin Irons was an honest, courageous, manly man. The world numbers one less since he has left it.

Brave comrade, love and farewell.

**The National Co-operative League.**

At the National Co-operative Convention held in St. Louis last June, a committee of six was appointed to select the name of a National Co-operative Educational Association, that may unify the work of true co-operators throughout the whole country. After much thought, the committee has unanimously recommended that the name be the “National Co-operative League.” This is brief and expressive of the nature of its work.
THE CO-OPERATOR.

It is also suggested that the League be incorporated under the state or national law that is most favorable, and that the governing Council or Board of Directors consist of three from the Eastern part of the United States, three from the South, three from the central part, three from the West and three at large—fifteen in all. It is hoped that the next meeting of the National Co-operative Convention will be held at Portland, Oregon, during the Lewis & Clark Exposition in 1905. The organization of the National Co-operative League can then be perfected, and the great work of co-operative education entered into with increased vigor.—Co-operative Journal.

Washington Co-operative Notes.

Whatcom Rochdale Co., Bellingham:—Greeting and all goodwill to the Co-operative Brotherhood at Burley and the other comrades in the co-operative field.

The Whatcom Rochdale Company opened its place of business on May 1st, 1904, (with the purchase of the stock of merchandise and business of comrades Slater and Trotter, who were elected manager and assistant in the order named) with a small, but live membership of eleven shareholders. With the difficulties that always attend such efforts our faithful members have carried the infant enterprise up and over the obstacles in their way until at this time the shareholding membership has doubled and the volume of business largely increased.

The indications are that by the time we are one year old we shall have forty members. Our manager is enthusiastic and capable in the work of co-operation, having previously organized a co-operative creamery at Henry, South Dakota, which is today one of the most successful institutions of its kind in that state.

The loyalty of our members and our adherence to the cash system enables the management to discount all bills for goods purchased, thereby placing our company among the most substantial business houses in the city, which, when more fully known, will remove the doubt of success in the minds of our friends who believe in co-operation as the only method by which equity may be maintained in the trade relations of producers.
The members of our company are honorable gentlemen of the highest standing in this community; they combine progressive ideas with executive ability and are in complete harmony in all matters pertaining to the success of the store.

The names of the officers, are: President, F. S. Huschart; Vice President, D. S. Jenkins; Secretary, C. H. Wait; Treasurer, B. E. Musser; Directors, D. Farquharson, A. Klueter, J. Olswang, S. G. Kern, P. W. King.

Comrade co-operators, we are the architects and the builders of the social state. Let us work in unity and faithfully do our part in the great work of social reform that the day may be hastened for the ushering in of the world-wide Co-operative Commonwealth.—Member, Dec. 5th, 1904.

People's Co-operative Telephone Co., Centralia, Wn.:—A 40-year franchise to construct a telephone line thru Thurston county to connect Olympia and Chehalis, and also Chehalis and Oakville, in Chehalis county, the latter line passing thru Gate and Rochester, was yesterday granted the People's Co-operative Telephone Company, a corporation organized in Centralia, Lewis county.—Tacoma News.

Wanted——MEN!

The great want of this age is men; men who are not for sale; men who are honest and sound from center to circumference; true to the heart's core; men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others; men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels; men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye; men who neither brag nor run; men who neither flag nor flinch; men who have courage without whistling for it and joy without shouting to bring it; men to whom the current of everlasting life runs still and deep and strong; men who know their place and fill it; men who mind their own business; men who will not lie; men who are willing to earn what they eat and perform what they are paid for doing.

—Zanesville (Ohio) Labor Journal.

The people are slowly learning the simple lesson that the people as a whole are better for the public good and the public prosperity than any class of men, however refined and cultivated they have ever been, or by any possibility can ever become.—Morgan.
THE American Press Writers' Assn.

Kingsmill Commander.

THE NEW TIME! How full of meaning are those words to millions of earnest souls throughout the world and how dear to the hearts of many millions more is the ideal which so many of us use those words to express. A New Time indeed! The time when right shall be might and shall govern the relations of men; when the world-old dream of the race will come true. The time foreseen and foretold in times long past by prophets and poets,—those leaders and teachers of the people, to whom it is given to see man, not as he is, but as he might, as he could, as he will be in—The New Time.

Among the many societies that are doing noble work for the extension of education and the spirit of brotherhood none contains more possibilities for good nor is doing better work than The American Press Writers' Association, an International Society, which was founded in February, 1903. It already numbers over 1100 members, who are scattered all over the world. The members are classified thus: a, most active; b, active; c, special; d, aid; e, sympathetic; f, honorary; g, contributing or supporting members.

The Association's paper is an eight page monthly, The Boston Press-Writer, 50 cents per year. It bears the all-embracing motto, which I am sure would bring joy to the heart of good old Walt Whitman, "In opinions we differ; as men we are brothers."

As to the objects and workings of the Association, I will let the paper speak for itself, quoting entire the standing statement from its columns:

YOU are invited to join if you ever write for publication or can assist those who do by sending clippings or news items. These are classified as aids, and we want one or more in every town and hamlet in the English speaking world. We already number over 1100 members, including about 100 Editors of magazines and newspapers whose columns are open to the association. This organization has members in nearly every state and large city; England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, New Zealand, Hawaii and Japan are also represented. Thanks to our association, scores
of papers are now running an open column for the people, and the work will go on until every publication in the land has a Forum for thinkers. We aim to unite the thinkers and found a school for honest literature, which the coming age demands—a school of fearless writers who are searching for truth. Young writers with ideas are aided in getting their thoughts in print. We are friendly to all forms of advance thought, and welcome independent thinkers who have something to say.

On applying for membership, kindly let us know what subjects interest you most, and to which class you wish to belong—so we can arrange your name on our list of specialties.

If you are a writer, you belong in the "a, b, or c," class. If an aid or sympathetic member, in the "d, e, f, or g," class.

When a member is accepted, a certificate of membership is given with an explanation of our great "Ring Letter" system—also a list of members, and other information. Being represented in all the large centers of population, our members can be of help to each other in various ways.

Are you doing anything with hands, tongue or pen, to lay the foundation for a better and more advanced civilization? Are you facing the dawn? Do you welcome the truth wherever found? Can you distinguish between inherited prejudice, called opinion, and thought that comes from personal experience and observation? Are you willing to give all new ideas a hearing, and the same measure of liberty to others that you claim for yourself? If you are, we want you and you want us.

Voluntary co-operation is our watchword. It costs nothing to join but your consent; no fees or dues; voluntary contributions from those who can afford it meet all expenses, and our work is carried on accordingly.

A. C. Armstrong, General Secretary.

I have exchanged a few letters with Brother Albert P. Lewis, the Chief Editor of the Press Writer, and the warm heart and high ideals of the man show in every line. His earnestness and resolution are unmistakably evident in the work he has undertaken to do.

The good that will result from thus bringing into one vast organization men and women from the uttermost parts of the earth who are united in a common love for humanity cannot be estimated.

It is very pleasant to look over the list of members and to feel that one can write to any one of those 1100 men and women as to a personal friend, and that the addition of P. W. No. . . to your name assures you a hearty welcome, as having written yourself among those who wish to unite
THE CO-OPERATOR.

with their fellows for the uplifting of the race. The more golden cords of fellowship we weave into a vast network over the world, the better for our work.

Union in a good cause is infinitely more than the mere brute strength of numbers. It is inspiration. It is the measureless spiritual exaltation that comes of fellowship for a high and noble purpose.

I believe that everyone who is interested in the welfare of humanity, no matter along what line he is working, should do what he can to support the work to which these comrades are so freely giving themselves, without reward, to carry on; that is, the union of all those who love their fellowmen, in one great society, elastic enough to give each one full liberty in expressing his ideas and yet close enough to make each one sensible of the joy of fellowship in service. Re-read the classification of members. There is no one who cannot enter one of those classes. Write to A. Clarence Armstrong, Secretary, or Albert P. Lewis, Editor, 4 Randlett Place, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

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"I'M SORRY."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There is much that makes me sorry as I journey down earth's way. And I seem to see more pathos in poor human lives each day. I'm sorry for the strong, brave men who shield the weak from harm. But who in their own troubled hour find no protecting arm. I'm sorry for the victors who have earned success, to stand as targets for the arrows shot by envious failure's hand; And I'm sorry for the generous hearts who freely shared their wine. But drink alone the gall of tears in fortune's drear decline. I'm sorry for the souls who build their own fame's funeral pyre, derided by the scornful throng, like ice deriding fire. And I'm sorry for the conquering ones who know not sin's defeat. But daily tread down fierce desire, 'neath scorched and bleeding feet. I'm sorry for the anguished hearts that break with passion's strain. But I'm sorrier for the poor starved souls that never know love's pain. Who hunger on thru barren years, not tasting joys they crave; for sadder far is such a lot than weeping o'er a grave. I'm sorry for the souls that come unwelcomed into birth: I'm sorry for the unloved old who cumber up the earth; I'm sorry for the suffering poor in life's great maelstrom hurled: In truth I'm sorry for them all who make this toiling world. But underneath what'er seems sad and is not understood, I know there lies hid from our sight, a mighty germ of good; And this belief stands close by me, my sermon, motto, text—The sorriest things in this life will seem grandest in the next.
One of Roosevelt's "Evidences of Prosperity."

An advertisement in a newspaper calling for a first-class book-keeper at $3.00 per week drew forth the following answer, the only one attracted by the munificent salary:

"I am a young man 37 years of age; having had a business experience of 23 years, being connected with the United States embassy at Madagascar, and feel confident that if you will give me a trial, I can prove my worth to you. I am not only an expert book-keeper, proficient stenographer and type-writer, excellent operator and erudite college graduate, but have several other accomplishments which might make me desirable. I am an experienced snow-shoveller, a first-class peanut roaster, and have some knowledge of removing superfluous hair and clipping puppy-dogs' ears, have a medal for reciting 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,' I am a skillful chiropodist and practical farmer, can also cook, crease trousers, open oysters and repair umbrellas. Being possessed of great physical beauty, I would not only be useful but ornamental as well, lending to the sacred precincts of your office the distinction that a Satsuma or stuffed billy goat would. As to salary I would feel that I was robbing the widow and swiping the sponge-cake from the orphan if I were to take advantage of your munificence by accepting the too fabulous sum of $3 per week, and I would be entirely willing to give you my services for less, and by accepting $1.37 per week would give you an opportunity to not only increase your donation to the church, pay the butcher and keep up your life insurance, but also found a home for indigent fly-paper salesmen and endow a free bed in a cat home."—Ex.

DEAR COMRADE:—If you are not a subscriber and this little magazine reaches you as a "Sample," with this paragraf marked, you are thereby invited to take time to examine it carefully.

If you are interested in co-operative industry among the laboring classes, with the employees as part owners and sharing in the management of the industries, then we ask you to write for further information about Burley, its people, their work and ideals.

If you are already a subscriber when you find this paragraf marked it is a notice that your subscription has almost expired. Compare the number on your label with the number of this magazine. The magazine is advanced one number each month and your subscription expires with the number on your label. In that case we hope that you have found the magazine of enough interest that you will renew your subscription and continue to keep in touch with us. We would be sorry to lose old friends and we hope that you would be sorry to miss our monthly visits. Address THE CO-OPERATOR, BURLEY, WASHINGTON, U. S. A.
Salutatory.

It was a great grief to the resident members to think of our little magazine giving up the ghost.

Brothers Kellogg, Crofut, Ferguson and others would have paid the entire amount, I believe, out of their own pockets if said pockets had only been better filled. "If I could just get money enough to start up the broom-handle factory," sorrowfully remarked Brother Bob Dunbar, "I would see that THE CO-OPERATOR was kept going." And we all know he meant it. Of course we realize that its field of usefulness is somewhat limited and its influence in the land leaves something to be desired, and yet, in the work of reform THE CO-OPERATOR has given some small assistance, and still has a work to do. It is one of the tiny tributaries that has helped to increase the spirit of Social Reform that is sweeping over the world, and preparing the people for the establishment of a higher and more humane industrial system. However small the work our paper is destined to do, our hearts are in it and it must not fail. Whatever ability any of us possesses is freely given to help on this work. To me it is a personal matter. I have always belonged to the class who labor with their hands for their daily bread. Without a home or kindred to help me, I provided for myself when a child of thirteen years. Working in the fam-
ilies of the wealthy; running a sewing-machine in an over-
all factory where $4 a week was the most I could earn;
enduring every privation to save money that I might learn
to set type, because I hoped that in that way I might get
the education I longed for, and that it was no one's business
to attend to in my childhood. I have felt all the shrinking
dread a timid nature can feel when compelled to wander all
day from place to place looking for work; the pride that
bravely strives to conceal the suffering caused by insuffi-
cient food and clothing; the terrible dread of sickness
and consequent want or what is still more horrible to a
self-respecting working girl—the charity of the stranger.

I went to Church and was there taught that such con-
ditions were inevitable. There always had been rich and
poor and that I happened to belong in the latter class was
my misfortune. In some mysterious manner, however, the
poor folks were all going to have the best of it in the next
world.

Years passed before I learned that there was any pos-
sible remedy for such inequality of condition. But I do
know it now, and am willing to do any work to the very
best of my ability, that will help in the remotest degree, to
bring to pass a time when there shall be no under-fed over-
worked men and women, no wistful-souled, neglected child-
ren, no youth wasted in doing work for which it has neither
taste nor talent.

THE CO-OPERATOR may never see that time, but we
who are working on it like to feel that we are doing every-
thing we can to realize our ideal for those who shall come
to fill the places left vacant when our work is done.

Jessie Brewster.

* *

In sitting down to write a Salutatory after editing this
magazine for fourteen months, I am forced into a "smile
that is child-like and bland" as those who have the misfor-
tune to know me can testify is my wont. However, in tak-
ing the magazine completely off the hands of the Broth-
bood, I feel free to make it reflect my own ideas more than
I have hitherto been able to do. Heretofore, the entire
magazine has been, in a general way, considered as official;
hereafter only such matter as appears under the specific
head "Official" is to be so considered. As it is for the pur-
pose of keeping the entire membership bound together in bonds of mutual interest by maintaining a medium of communication between them that THE Co-OPERATOR is kept up, our doings here at Burley will be given a great deal of attention and space, as has always been the case and we shall extend that feature of the magazine, as circumstances permit. This is done not because we consider that we are, by any means, of paramount importance in the history of the world, or that our doings are very wonderful in themselves, but because we know that many of our members look towards Burley as their future home, even if they have never paid us a visit; many others of them have visited us from time to time or have lived here and we all know how interesting is any little news from home when a fellow is away from it.

And here just a few words about the ideal toward which we are working. Most of us, I am sure, would be sorry to see Burley grow into a manufacturing town, so as to lose the essentially rural features which have so much to do with making it a restful place in which to live. Money-lovers are few among us—"thanks be," as Dooley would say. A simple home, a chance to make a living by the work of our hands and to help, to the best of our ability, in the spreading of what we believe to be the Gospel of Social Regeneration,—if we can achieve this for ourselves and help others of our brother laborers to do the same, we shall be well content. Our ambition is not to rise out of the laboring class, but to stay in it and help to make the conditions better for those who are in it. A laboring man who, by reason of superior executive ability, rises from a laboring man to be a capitalist and uses his executive ability to exploit his former fellow-workers, has achieved nothing beyond being a disgrace to himself and a detriment to his class. Had the same workingman, however, used his superior ability to put into effect a plan of co-operative labor whereby he and those of his fellows who were associated with him in that industry could have been mutually benefitted, he would have done something worth while. That is our ideal here; to get our industries into such shape that we can take into our ranks a constantly increasing number of laboring people who are in sympathy with our aims and will work for their accomplishment.
Under the old plan it is undeniable that there was too much chance for the "grafters" to get in his work. We have not yet reached that height on the ladder of evolution where we can make our calculations without reckoning with that very disagreeable factor in human society. All that the new plan endeavors to do is to make it impossible for gentlemen of that ilk to be able to thrive at the expense of their unselfish brothers. I will mention one little example of the general moral tone here, simply to show how our code of business morality differs from that outside. There are a few who have made it a point to put in every hour of time possible on the pay roll and who would do nothing without charging for it. Outside this would be called "thrift;" in here it is regarded with much disfavor, as being extremely selfish and devoid of civic morality. In pleasing contradistinction to their conduct I will relate an incident characteristic of the prevailing spirit here. I asked one of the boys to do a piece of work for me requiring skill of a high order, expecting to pay him for it, of course. It cost him many hours of patient labor in the evenings. When the work, beautifully done, was brought to me, I was delighted with it. "Well, old boy, how much do I owe you?" I asked. The reply is one to be remembered: "Oh, that's all right. I'm glad you are pleased with it. I don't like to work for money."

Some degree of material prosperity is necessary in order that we may exist, as long as we live in material bodies, but we realize that the best things of life are those that money cannot buy and therefore what Ruskin calls, "the writing of naughts after a capital I" is no part of our ambition. What we want is to get into a position where we can tell Kanthack, Standecker, Tackaberry and others of the old stand-bys on the outside that we have such and such industries established and that so many more men and women can find employment with us if they are suited to the work required by the various companies here.

These are the humble ideals towards which we are working and it is to help in their realization that Mrs. Brewster and myself are keeping up THE CO-OPERATOR.

At one time this paper carried the motto "Do the best you can and be kind." I am a lover of the homely but expressive language of the street and my rendition of that
THE CO-OPERATOR.

motto pleases me better. It is the cowboy's motto. Ever hear it? Well, here it is. There was a certain cowboy, an enthusiastic fellow, who was always in the front rank, either for work or play. He always did his best, whatever he was at, so he was, very naturally, a general favorite with his mates. He got thrown from his horse and killed. The rest of the boys were filled with grief and resolved to show their love for him by putting up a handsome monument to his memory. They did so and it read as follows:

TEXAS JACK,
Killed June 23rd, 1898.

HE DONE HIS DAMNEDEST; ANGELS COULD DO NO MORE.

Yes it is irresistibly funny, but after all, could a man earn a higher tribute?

Kingsmill Commander.

"But for God's Sake, Sir, Be ONE!"

A well-known lawyer was once speaking on some social reform topic and urged each one of his auditors who was convinced of the righteousness of the cause for which he pleaded to do what he could to help on the work. After the address one of the audience went up with the crowd and said to the speaker, "Mr. Blank, I enjoyed your address very much. I believe you are right and I would like to help the cause along. But I feel so helpless. What can I do? I'M ONLY ONE.' To which the speaker replied instantly, "True sir, but for God's sake BE ONE! Don't be a cipher!"

The story has stayed with me for years and I repeat it in the hope that it may, perhaps, be to others the mental tonic it has been to me. How often, when reading of or listening to the generals in the army that is battling for social righteousness, do those of us who occupy positions in the rank and file of mediocrity feel hopelessly discouraged as to the usefulness of our efforts, puny and ineffectual as they appear compared to the work of the intellectual giants whose words we are reading or hearing.

When we analyze these thoughts however, I think that we will always find a large measure of wounded vanity at the bottom of them. We may deny it vehemently, even to ourselves, but the fact remains. We wish to see more tangible results from our endeavors, and we fret and are cast
down because we cannot. When we allow ourselves to become so disheartened, however, we are not following the dictates of our higher selves, nor are we heeding the lessons taught by history. Says Carlyle, "It seems as tho God intends all the really good work in this world to be done for nothing." Setting aside all lesser examples, could any life have seemed to be a more complete and crushing failure than that of The Great Teacher as he hung on the cross between two thieves. His followers, a handful of ragged fishermen and other proletarians, all but one of whom deserted Him at the last moment. And He, because He protested against the orthodox society and religion of His day, having His physical life taken by the powers that were.

He did His work as He saw it to do. The results were not for Him to worry about, and that rule applies to every one of us, great or small. It is not what we actually accomplish, but the spirit in which we work that counts. It is true, each of us is "only one." A favorite slang phrase and the reply come to my mind and nothing could more neatly express my meaning. To the contemptuous expression, "Aw, go on, you're not so many!" comes the retort, "No, but still I count." Units make billions. Seedlings make forests. Grains of sand make deserts. Drops of water make oceans. Everyday, commonplace men and women like you and me, when each one is possessed by a passion for social justice and is determined to do everything possible to bring it about, create a power for good that is incalculable.

And furthermore, there is a SPECIAL work for us of the rank and file to do in the ushering in of The New Time;—A work that we alone can do.

The generals, the leaders of thought are few. They cannot reach all of the multitude with the news of social salvation for which, knowingly or unknowingly, it is hungering and thirsting. There are some of us who, altho not yet capable of being leaders in thought and action, are nevertheless, in our present incarnation, sufficiently advanced to appreciate and assimilate the thoughts and ideals of those who have reached a higher stage of development. It is, then, our special and high privilege to take the message of the Masters to our less developed brothers, trans-
lating it, as it were, into the vernacular; the homely every-
day language best suited to his understanding. We take
the mental gold coins of high denomination from the Mas-
sters of Thought and convert them into small change for
the convenience of the people.

We should not refuse to do the humble work lying near
our hands because we have not, in this present physical life,
the power for good possessed by a Christ, a Buddha, a Lu-
ther, a Hugo, a Dickens, a Carlyle, an Emerson, a Whitman
or a Tolstoi. Our time is not yet. It is probably many
thousand years away. But it will come. Nothing is surer.
"For I laugh at what you call dissolution; and I know the
amplitude of time."

And the only way we can hasten the time when our
souls will gain the heights reached by the great teachers I
have mentioned is to do our work according to our light as
faithfully as they did theirs when they were no further de-
veloped than we are now.

Not one of us is nothing. Each one of us has a work
no one else can do. The visible result is no concern of ours.
Our part is just to do the work: to "follow the gleam" as
we see it, our hearts resting in the knowledge that no force
can ever be lost. It is a cause set in motion and MUST pro-
duce an effect equal in force. Every effort of ours having
for its object the establishment of right relations among
men hastens the day when, in the beautiful words of the
Hebrew poet, "Justice shall flow like water and Right-
eousness like a mighty stream."

We acknowledge with grateful hearts several letters of
encouragement and appreciation received in response to
our statement in the December CO-OPERATOR that Mrs.
Brewster and myself have assumed the responsibility of
issuing the paper for the next year.

Kipling says "I know it isn't right and I know it spoils
me for doing good work, but hang it! I can't help purring
when I'm rubbed the right way."

Our views differ from his in this as well as in other mat-
ters. The kind words of friends telling us that they really
enjoy the magazine are a great inspiration and encoura-
gement to us in our work. We are heartily glad to know it.

Among these letters there was one, of course, from my
good comrade, Jack Adams, of Home, which contains so many keen observations that I quote it in part:

"Have just finished reading THE CO-OPERATOR. Sorry to see the big blue mark which indicates the don't-give-a-damnness of a half conscious race of self-condemned slaves.

"I am glad, however, that you have decided to go on with it. Here is my hand. May you get a quarter of the support you deserve; that would put you on Easy Street; but that is a part of the burg where few of the toilers ever get to set up shop. Indifference is one of the chief characteristics of mankind. It beats—I mean the Dutch—how they stand back and refuse to make the little effort which would so much aid the cause that espouses their interests. Human beings are very deliberate in their actions, that is when it comes to doing anything sensible. They never jump at (right) conclusions. They never jump even when they see the No. 11 of oppression descending in their neighborhood. Each waits to see upon whose corn it lights. If not on his individual corn, all right, it is not so bad. Notwithstanding the fact, that unless a miracle prevents it, sooner or later, it will pay its respects to him. It is because of this same indifference that a man will pull a string 10,000 miles long, which will fire a gun and kill a man on another hemisphere, just because others are doing it and because it is so far away that he cannot hear the report, nor the agonized yell of his dying brother. The string runs around so many crooks and turns that, thru this cursed indifference,—indifference which ignores all save that which affects his own particular anatomy,—he does not see the blood on his own hands, so he goes on contributing to a system which robs him and keeps his nose on the grindstone. He contributes to the fund which keeps the mob of salaried assassins ready to murder, rob and ravage in the name of the 'law,' but then, it is human beings I am talking about, and they are very humane (?) As I said before, they are very deliberate about 'tumbling.'""
"For They Rest from Their Labors;
and Their Works do follow Them."

ANY of the comrades will, I am sure, read this letter as I did, with moist eyes as I thought of our beloved "Uncle Bob," whose life was filled with just such quiet acts of unobtrusive goodness as are here recorded.

Since receiving this letter I have again heard from Sister Lyndoll and was grieved to learn that she has had the misfortune to fall and injure herself quite seriously. It would cheer her greatly, in her painful, shut-in life, if some of the friends of Uncle Bob who read this letter, would drop her a line or so, if to say no more than "We too, knew and loved him."

196 South Groot Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.
Dec. 11, 1904.

Kingsmill Commander,
Burley, Washington,

Dear Comrade:—

There came to me, some time since, thru my friend Dr. Henderson, a copy of THE CO-OPERATOR for November, 1904.

The sickness of my blind brother kept me from looking at it when I first received it. I am an invalid myself, the victim of a street car company here: on July 3rd, '98, when en route from Bellamy Memorial service, I was hurled from the running board of a car; [some have said "It was a good thing to happen to her, as she will now have to stop going to those crazy Socialist meetings," etc., etc.] and thus I have suffered all these years,—in bed for a year; in a rolling chair for years and now on two sticks, as crutches are not easy to learn to navigate on when you are in your sixties. Pardon this way of introducing my poor old self.

I saw, a few nights since, upon my first chance of looking over your much-prized magazine, "The Passing of Brother Hansbarger." I moaned "Oh, oh, my beloved Comrade, have you left us?" I met him first at the Social Democratic Convention, June 9th '98. He was very enthusiastic and devoted to the work of the Convention.

When introduced to him at the hotel, I was strongly reminded of the description given us by my mother of Parson
Brownlow, of Tennessee, and was immediately attracted to him. During the convention we went out to tea at a friend's, and afterwards he took me to my hotel and was ever and always so kind. I loved him like a brother and was proud of his noble, brave character, for I learned something of his hard and toilsome life. His love for liberty and justice was unbounded.

We promised to keep track of each other. After he went to Texas with Winn and started the radical paper he wrote and asked me to come there and take the editorial chair, even if I could not write much, [my eyes having been operated upon for glaucoma, and so, poor; now worse] I could be a "clip-artist," and they'd be good to me and roll me around in my chair. Think of that unselfish and grand nature! I tell you, he was a pure diamond, a hero. I'm so sad over his death. We needed him so. The world is suffering for just such characters to rescue it from "Frenzied Financiers" and other beastly tyrants who claim the earth and all that is produced by their slaves, who are really the workers, the builders and creators of all the wealth that exists to-day.

If you have any more of our precious Comrade's Memorial please send me some.

Truly yours for the Brotherhood of The World,

H. M. Lyndoll.

The Month at Burley.

BURLEY WEATHER for the past month has been what the immortal Mantalini would call "demned, damp, moist and unpleasant," with an occasional day warm, bright and beautiful, that reminded one of spring, and made one want to take a new lease on life.

As is usual at this time of the year, the heavy rains have caused the breaking of the mill-dam. The mill force have been busy for a number of days repairing the damage.

Work at the mill has been somewhat fitful during the past month. Orders for about forty thousand feet of lumber have been cut, and about two hundred dollars worth of lumber and shingles sold. The new plan of working on
a percentage, which was adopted by the boys at the mill on the first of December, is proving very satisfactory.

The south and west ends of the mill have been closely battened against the violent storms which come from those directions. This affords better protection for the machinery, besides making it a much more comfortable place to work in.

The Agricultural Department has had the misfortune to lose a fine young heifer. She became tangled up in her fastenings at the cow-barn, and was strangled to death when Sammy discovered her. Sammy mourns the loss of one of his pets.

Matters at the hotel are going along swimmingly under the old co-operative plan. It is pleasant to those of our members who have always made this their home, to get back to straight co-operation in their housekeeping. Every alternate evening one of the two gangs into which the boys have divided themselves, gather round a great pan of potatoes, or apples, and the next day's supply is peeled and prepared for cooking in a few minutes, a task that would take hours of Hannah's time. The price of meals has been reduced to 5½ cents which also covers the cost of labor. Brother Commander who has been chairman of the Ways and Means Committee for the hotel, has resigned and Brother Brocchi was elected in his place.

Alonzo Wardall, who spent ten days with us, has returned to Seattle. He expects to resume his work of organizing Rochdale companies, confining his energies to the State of Washington for the present.

Mr. Scott, the son-in-law of Mr. Wardall, also spent a few days with us and expressed himself as being much pleased with life at Burley. He hopes to be able to visit us again during his summer vacation and stay a longer time.

Comrade W. Bonstein is here for a few months taking advantage of the winter quiet to pursue his studies in Sociology with a view to taking up the educational work of lecturing among his fellow-workmen, in the near future.

Comrade A. A. Herron, a relation of Comrade George D. Herron, paid us a short visit.

Brother Bert Williams has just gone back to Tacoma after staying with his friends here a few days. He promised to return to Burley and make it his permanent home as
soon as we got our affairs here straightened out and in good working order.

[ ! * * ! ——— * ! ——— Hark! Great Scott! what has happened in the press room? Kingsmill's voice comes thru the sulphurous air in answer to my alarmed inquiry; "By the Great Horn Spoon! I've run off a lot of the second section with the form wrong! ! ! Tell 'em that the pages come in the wrong order." "But they'll find that out for themselves, without any telling," I meekly suggest. "Never you mind what they'll find out!" wrathfully roars back the irate Chief Editor, "you tell 'em about it. And tell 'em I'm weepin' tears of blood over it, but I'll have to let it go, as we're so late now we have no time to run the section over again''.]

Helen Copeland came home to spend Christmas with her family, but returned immediately afterwards to her business in Portland, Ore.

Mrs. K. R. Kellogg has been quite ill with lumbago, for over a week and is still unable to be about. Mr. Kellogg has also been having considerable trouble. He ran a rusty nail into the palm of his hand some time ago. Not thinking it of much importance he kept on at work until it became blood-poisoned and he was forced to see a doctor in Tacoma about it. It is getting well now.

Mrs. Stiewig and her two children have moved to Galice, Oregon, where Mr. Stiewig is engaged in mining. They were among our oldest resident members, and we regretted to see them going away.

Lulu Darling and her friend Mrs. Corbin, paid Mrs. Addie Darling a visit and ate their Christmas dinner with the big, jolly family at the hotel. Florence and Willard Potter were also among our Christmas guests. Matie Bollman and Guy Tilton contributed, by their presence, to the good cheer of the Yule-Tide season at Burley.

The Co-operative Brotherhood took charge of the store on December 1st, with Brother C. G. Crofut as manager and Bessie Fenton as clerk.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, Brother M. L. Fenton resigned the office of President of the C. B. and Brother B. M. Kellogg was elected to fill that position for the remainder of the term.

Comrade R. N. Moody, of Aberdeen, paid us a most en-
joyable visit, when on his way as delegate to the Washington State Federation of Labor Convention, at Everett. Comrade Moody is President of the Washington State Co-operative Union, and is well known in Socialist and Labor circles where he has been an earnest worker for many years.

Brother Sherman Fall is taking advantage of the dull season when the mill is idle, to build a shed for storing tools and various things that require protection from the rain. He has also set up a hitching-stand near the blacksmith shop and mended a piece of the road that needed it badly.

Brother Fred Gerber was quite sick for about a week, but is able to be out again.

Miss Leola Smith spent her Christmas holidays with her father at Home, but has returned and taken up her school again.

A number of our young people went over to a dance at Olalla. It rained a regular down-pour all the way back and just about daylight, on Sunday morning, a dejected looking party of merry-makers, "with feathers all a-droop, like a rained-on fowl," might have been observed quietly slipping into the hotel to warm themselves.

Victor Smith has lost several nights' sleep during the last week or two. He has been suffering from a felon on his thumb.

For several days last week we noticed an unusual flood of water from the bay. It extended nearly the whole length of the printing house building on the north, and beyond the fence into Brother Gerber's field. On Thursday, December 29th, the high tide flooded the road at Purdy, delaying the stage fifty-five minutes. It was the highest known, in this vicinity, for ten years.

B.

After Working Hours.

THANKSGIVING DAY at Burley was celebrated in the only manner that is generally acknowledged to be eminently correct and proper. We all ate as much and as long as we possibly could.

At the hotel we had an exceptionally good dinner, even for a feast day. It was the first Thanksgiving day since the colony was founded, that dinner was served in the separate homes. This year the big co-operative dinner was omitted by common consent. The large dining-room at the hotel was tastefully hung with cedar branches and the ever beautiful sword-ferns. The hotel company, numbering twelve or fifteen persons, gathered
around one large table, which was prettily decorated, and quietly enjoyed a perfectly cooked and excellent dinner.

The entertainment on Dec. 5th was in charge of Mrs. Bollman and Mrs. Darling. The numbers on the program were: Reading by Stein and Fenton from "Othello." Readings by Brothers Ellis and Commander, Bessie Fenton and Grandma Townsend. Recitations by Leslie Smith, Harold Bollman, Bertha Husing: Magic Lantern pictures. Brother Robert Dunbar. The character song by Brother Duncan Pearce, "The Holy Friar" was especially good; also "Off for Philadelphia," which he sang in a very entertaining manner and elicited prolonged applause.

"For Chrystemasse comes but once a yeare;  
But when it comes it brings Goode Cheere."

One more Christmas has come and gone, leaving in the hearts of the children in Burley the memory of a happy time. And certainly they deserve all the fun they got out of it, for to them belongs all of the credit. For weeks, directed and assisted by their teacher, Miss Leola Smith, they met every evening around the cheerful, old-fashioned fire place in Mr. Stein's new house, and behind carefully guarded doors and closed blinds, worked industriously at their little presents until small fingers were tired and eyes grew heavy with sleep. The awkward hands of the boys were helped by their loving hearts and soon grew deft in the management of needle and thread.

Every individual in the colony was kindly remembered.

Various materials of the cheapest and most unpromising description were used, and by patient work and infinite ingenuity wrought into all kinds of pretty things, useful and ornamental. Common gunny-sacks were cut into proper shape, part of the threads drawn and ingeniously worked with bright colored floss into covers for sofa-pillows and chair cushions. Pretty and comic pictures were cut out of catalogues and dressed up in sand-paper skirts and jackets, to be hung up by the match safe and used for scratchers. Bundles of raffia were braided and twisted into wonderfully intricate and artistic patterns to make shopping-bags for mammas and friends. Marvellous things were done with crape paper and other inexpensive material.

The work accomplished by these busy, happy, kind-hearted little Brownies around Neighbor Stein's cheerful, open fire, during those stormy winter evenings, is past all praise. Everyone in the colony was lovingly remembered.
Cornucopias were made from pretty card-board and filled with delicious home-made candy and thoughtful kindness from the little ones, to every individual in Burley. The greatest praise is due Miss Smith for her help and inspiration to the children in their work of love and pure goodness.

Brother Ficke, of San Francisco, sent a nice box full of lovely things, fearfully and wonderfully made from shining threads of silver and gold, for the Christmas Tree.

On Christmas Eve we all assembled in the school house, and there, gorgeous with decorations, lighted candles, and pretty ornaments, stood the great fir tree. From its branches hung loads of presents for old and young. Many of the absent colonists remembered the folks at home. Mrs. Corpron and Bessie sent a box of things to old friends. Little Miriam, from away down in Southern California, sent presents to the playmates with whom she associated during her twelve months' stay with us.

The Tree was set in a corner so that we might feast our eyes upon it while the following program was rendered from the empty space in front of the seats.

Music, by the Mandolin Club; Address, by Brother Ellis; Song of Christmas, by the school children; Recitations, Katie Stein, Willie Kellogg, Clarence Simons, Alice Buss-decker, Ida Raybell and Mary Darling; Songs, by Miss Copeland, Brother Garcken; Dialogue, by three boys. The tune "Antioch," by all present.

About this time a tremendous thumping was heard at the back door, which was cautiously opened by Brother Ellis, and in pranced Santa Claus in long coat and fur cap all complete: but there was something wrong with him; he looked distinctly unfamiliar. This was clearly evident to one of his little friends in the back part of the room, who shrilled out, "Where's your whiskers?" "Oh, I'm sorry," said Santa, "but just as I left the north pole, I passed thru a cutting wind, and—zip! away they went." One by one, the gifts were stripped from the branches of the shining Tree. Everyone got something. Tall Guy Tilton from an altitude of six feet, proudly displayed a baby's bib with "Mother's Joy" embroidered on it in red letters. Vic Smith and Paul Fenton displayed neat badges which assured all whom it might concern that they were licensed to "Butt in," and they did it.

After the presents had all been given out, the seats were cleared away and every one went in for a social evening and a thoroly good time. A long table was set and Santa Claus with his troop of small admirers, sat down to a supper of ice cream and cake. Guy Tilton, still wearing his bib, demanded a high chair, and was accommodated with a box placed upon a chair, which elevated him to an astonishing height above his plate, and gravely proceeded to hand himself up something to eat.
There was much talking, much laughing and much noise from the blowing of whistles, but the eating went steadily on until the children, great and small, could eat no more. Then the tall infant (his "Mother's Joy") on the box, announced that he wanted "down," and Bert Kellogg under great difficulties, and amid shrieks of laughter, succeeded in placing the limp darling on his feet.

The festivities broke up about midnight, and all went home quite as happy in the little, homely gifts prompted by kindness and goodwill as they ever had been in by-gone Christmases with much more elegant and costly ones.

We saluted the Old Year, as he bowed himself out, and welcomed the "Happy New Year" in at Burley, by the long blowing of the mill whistle and the firing of guns.

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**Official.**

We, the Committee appointed to canvass the vote of the C. B. for Trustees, hereby declare that the four highest votes were as follows: Thaddeus Hill, 45; I. H. Jennings, 38; A. B. Ellis, 32; A. H. Barth, 31. These four members are declared duly elected, having received the plurality of the votes cast.

DAL. BROCCI
KINGSMILL COMMANDER Committee.

**Reports of Officers & Committees for November.**

**TREASURER'S REPORT.**

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A. B. ELLIS, Treasurer.

**REPORT OF FINANCE COMMITTEE.**

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Respectfully submitted,

A. B. ELLIS
D. BROCCI
W. FERGUSON

**SECRETARY'S REPORT.**

**NOV. 27 TO DEC. 26, 1904, INCLUSIVE.**

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S. L. FALL, Secretary.
Humanity;—Whence and Whither?

William Bonstein.

[Comrade William Bonstein is a quartz miner, whose proudest boast is that he is a laboring man and always expects to be. He has no wish to "rise out of the laboring class" into any class or condition that lives upon another's earnings. That laboring men number among them such sturdy thinkers as this comrade, is a significant sign of the times, and a sure indication that the slaves have commenced to "count themselves." This series of articles is worthy of close attention and preservation.—Editors.]

JUST at the present moment, speculation runs high on this problem; the answers are as varied as are the material interests of those who try to solve it. Many of those who are especially benefited by the present order of things and in whose interest it continues, say that the present conditions have always prevailed and must ever continue as they are. Others, more pessimistic, declare that we are moving along the same highway travelled by ancient Rome and must go down the same road of retrogression that followed the downfall of the Roman Empire. Still another group is one that traces human development back to its very source; that recognizes the instability of every form of society and well knows, thru earnest study and comparison of the past history of our race, that present social condition is but one of the countless into which mankind has resolved itself during the unthinkable ages thru which it has made its vast tour of progress; and this, in turn, must give way to other social forms more capable of allowing each one of its members a chance to fulfill the law of his being.

A mere property-getting career is not the final destiny of mankind if progress is to be the law of the future as it has been of the past. The time that has passed away since civilization began is but a fragment of the duration of
lines the family has passed from the consanguine, a system where sisters married husbands in a group, and vice versa. After this there arose a more complex system where sisters and brothers were excluded from the marriage relation. Ethnologists call this the Punaluan system of marriage, so-called from a form of marriage among the Hawaiians in the early part of the eighteenth century. Then arose a system where everyone was compelled to marry outside the gens entirely.

We have now arrived at the commencement of what is called the Iron Age, when the art of smelting iron ore was discovered. It may be said that this delivered the race from barbarism and started it on an era of civilization. Industrial implements grew more complex and better adapted to the growing demands of humanity. The communism of early days began to deteriorate under the influence of better tools and the larger scope given to individual ingenuity and endeavor. The result was the breaking up of the more ancient forms of community ownership and the establishment of a system of property based upon the deme, the township and the state.

From these small beginnings the private possession of property became the ruling passion and the development of classes began to take place, based upon man's economic condition. Man himself was made the property of his fellow man for many thousands of years, until at last it was discovered by the owners that a laborer when divorced from the tools of production was a better property-making machine than a slave, therefore chattel slavery was abolished.

In the course of civilization, mechanical discoveries and inventions have been piled upon one another mountains high for the purpose of creating property. These and their effects have brought into existence the monogamous system of marriage for the purpose of rearing offspring to inherit the property of the sire. It has also given rise to the modern forms of government, based upon property, and consequently upon class rule. It has also brought us a militarism because of which all the nations of the world are loaded with debt, not to mention the numberless lives which are sacrificed in fighting over property rights in which the actual contestants have no interest.

(To be continued.)
Overcome Heroes.

With music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums.
I play not marches for accepted victors only; I play marches for conquer'd and slain persons.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
I also say it is good to fall. Battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.

Vivas to those who have fall'd! . . . and to all overcome heroes!
And the numberless unknown heroes, equal to the greatest heroes known:

—Whitman.

Down in the coal fields of Carbon county, the last sad scene of a tragedy, which has its truly pathetic, yet inspiring side, is being enacted.

Few people know that the Carbon county coal strike is still going on. Many people would laugh if they knew how it was being conducted, but they would be people who cannot appreciate nobility in a simple guise.

The remnant of the strikers is a little group of Italians who are suffering for want of food and lack of protection from the cold. They are huddled together, with their wives and little ones, in a few dilapidated tents.

The tragedy of the whole situation is the tragedy of the man who does not know how to quit fighting.

These Italian strikers don't know how to quit, because they have never been taught the meaning of American "success" and American "opportunity." In sunny Italy they knew only their class, with its simple joys and sorrows. As the warrior is to his tribe, as the clansman to his clan, so felt they for their class. The tie was deathless; with it they would rise, or with it they would sink.

Down in their simple hearts was an untutored sense of wrong, the inheritance of generations of wrongs; and deep down in their souls was a simple faith—the faith of the man who knows what loyalty means.

And this is why they cannot quit.

More than a year ago, they struck in good faith, against conditions in the mines that were intolerable.

The executive Board of the United Mine Workers, six months later, was appalled at the invincible and cruel power displayed by the coal company, and gave up the fight.

Not so with the simple-minded Italian; to give up the
fight was to turn against his class, a course which to him, was equivalent to turning against himself.

Ejected from the miserable company shack, the only home he had; in the bitter cold of winter, he built his little camp of tents in the snow and settled down to the eternal fight of the man who cannot quit.

One by one his leaders were driven away; little by little the camp dwindled; the little band of strikers never ceased, night or day, to labor with the men who came to take their places.

These men were not Italians. They were Americans. They knew no faith in their kind, no loyalty to their class.

They had been taught early to worship the brutal word "Success;" to repeat the senseless phrase, "There is room at the top."

They laughed at the handful of "Dagoes" in their wretched tents, who didn't know how to quit.

We have just received a letter from Louis Roberti and Joe Tadeski, and, by its tone, you would judge there was a whole army behind their backs. These are their closing words: "The strike in Carbon county is still on. Use your influence in helping us. The struggle is a hard one, but we will win out."

Bravo! Commodore Perry could not have said it better.

American brothers, you who are looking for that roomy place "at the top," learn a lesson from the men you call "Dagoes." Be taught by this untutored piece of God's own nature. Here you see revived the stubborn faith and spirit of Jacobin and Roundhead who wore out the aristocracies of the old world, and here you will catch the spirit which will bear you in triumph over the aristocracies of the new.—Editorial in The Crisis, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Necessity of Joy in Work.

"Univoce," in Painters' and Decorators' Journal.

There is a profound truth in the terse observation of the author of Lorna Doone that "without proper work we all relapse into monkeys or advance into devils." Work is one of the most precious and necessary things in this life, but, like all other blessings, it may become a curse or a blighting influence, as where excessive toil makes of life
a virtual slavery. Excess in any direction is destructive to growth and normal development. Herein lies another truth which the more enlightened minds of our age are beginning to apprehend.

In his exquisite prose poem, "The Building of the City Beautiful," Joaquin Miller points out that according to the Edenic legend, Deity's declaration, or law of life, given to Adam as the gates of idyllic youth were closing upon him, was: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread until thou returnest to the ground." And the poet-philosopher adds: "Not in the sweat of the face of another. * * * We search the Bible in vain for any single exception in favor of any human being, be he priest, prophet, president, or king. * * And so firmly fixed is this law of God, established in the laws of nature, that the experience of six thousand years testifies that this is the only path to perfect health."

William Morris, the English poet, artist and social reformer, emphasizes this broadening ideal of social justice, as it relates to work and the duty of the coming civilization, in these striking words:

"It is right and necessary that all men shall have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do: and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.

Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet if society would or could admit it, the face of the world would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then?"

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

[From "Uncle Sam's Letters to John Bull," printed from the original MS. in The Public, of Chicago.]

Dear John: That was a good man you sent me, that Samuel M. Jones, who became mayor of Toledo. I was mighty sorry to lose him. He is dead. I grow some big men, but Jones was the only one of the kind I had—a
Welshman, I think he was. It's a kind of a grim joke on me; but I have eighty millions of people here, some of 'em preachers, and all of 'em superior, but blamed if Jones didn't come over and make a national reputation among 'em by observin' the Golden Rule. No novelty about the rule. It had been advertised in the religious papers. Lots of fellows were telling you how to do it every Sunday; but Jones someway, showed 'em bow. He started with the right feeling.

"We are just people," says Jones. He didn't say, "just thieves," or "saloon-keepers" or "millionaires," or "members of the 400," but he hit them all, angels and devils.

"We are just people," says Jones, and the saloons closed up when he died, and all went to the funeral. There is that about folks, I notice. They appreciate a good man. They may be fools other ways, they may be thieves or highwaymen or any kind of pirate you please. They may even be rich and respectable, but they catch on to his value all right; and those ashamed to follow him livin', will ease their consciences by following him dead. It's the Divine spark within 'em that recognizes its kin, and warms up to it.

Jones was no great man as kings go; a simple, plain man, but strong, John, strong. A strong man is one who takes God's side when it is unpopular, and sticks to it. God does the rest. He lends strength to his elbow, music to his voice and tips his pen with fire. How? I dunno, and I don't much keer. I've seen it done. Sometimes the people back him up and boost him. Sometimes one way, sometimes another. But I'm sorry about Jones; sorry to lose him—if I have lost him. One thing is sure—wherever his sweet spirit is, that country is richer.

Uncle Sam.

Sam Jones, of Toledo.

Kingsmill Commander.

The reading of the preceding article brought back vividly to my mind one of my personal experiences with Mayor Jones.

When I was a young chap I was kept pretty busy reforming the world. I well remember the first article of mine that came out in a Chicago paper. I thought that article was a cracker-jack. There was not the least doubt in my mind that when the Public read that Article, and realized what it was up against, it would get busy and a general national house-cleaning would immedi-
ately follow; the wabble in the earth's axis, and other small matters which had been neglected, would be attended to at once, lest a worse evil should come to pass,—for instance—I might write Another Article!

* * *

The Article was Published!

As the immortal Sairey Gamp says "Himagine my feelinks" when the sun continued to rise and set as usual and no flurry was apparent in the world of thought. The Public, to my great surprise and horror, showed not the faintest sign that it realized that I was The Man who wrote The Article, or even that it knew The Article had been Written. My most searching scrutiny failed to reveal any quickening of the national conscience and, to cap the climax, in six weeks the Chicago paper "busted."

Some time after that I turned my attention to one of the Toledo papers,—In three months it was in the hands of a receiver.

Since then I have reconsidered my contract and made up my mind that I would have to "cut out" some of it if I wanted to turn out a good job. I have reluctantly concluded that I had better confine myself to doing the chores around home,—in other words, that by the time I get the United States squared around in good shape, it'll be pretty nearly my turn to hear the brakeman singing out, "Last stop! Terminal depot!" But I'm getting ahead of my story—

After putting the Toledo Bee on the bum I became convinced that the Canadian Government officials were sadly in need of my services as a telegraph operator on their Government line in Alaska. In order to bring the officials into the same frame of mind as myself, I sought for letters of recommendation from railroad men and other people of influence and among them Mayor Jones.

As I was working in Detroit at the time and had only an occasional night off, when I could get down to Toledo, it happened that I went out to the Mayor's house about 7 o'clock one Saturday evening to speak to him regarding the matter. He was just about to go down town, so we took the car and went down together.

Our conversation while on the car was desultory, as Mr. Jones exchanged greetings with nearly every new ar-
rival. One eminently characteristic remark he made, however, is still fresh in my memory: "I leave for Texas on the 8:30 train tonight. See here," with his sunny smile, pulling one of Tolstoi's works from one pocket of his overcoat and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" from the other, "there's enough food for thought to last a man on a trip around the world."

Arrived at his office, I told him what I wanted him to do and he said, "Why do you want this position in Alaska?"

"Because I can get more money than I can down here."

"And when you get more money,—what then?"

"Then I hope to be able more effectually to help along the cause of social reform which is the object of my life."

"My dear boy," replied the Mayor earnestly, "money will not help in the least in the work you want to do. The great force that accomplishes moral revolutions is the strength of devoted personalities. It is what a man IS, not what he HAS that 'makes for righteousness.' You may not see this now, but I think you will some day. I believe that you would use money in the best way you knew how if you had it, but take my word that it is not the having or the not having money that enhances or detracts from a man's value to his fellowmen and his ability to help them if he will; it is his own personality and that alone. Of course I will give you the letter you ask for, but do not forget what I say to you tonight."

Before I left the office he gave me a little book, writing my name on the fly leaf, and under it "with love and all goodwill from S. M. Jones."

We went downstairs to the corner of Adams and St. Clair Streets and I waited until his car came along. As we waited we continued the conversation. "Yes," said the Mayor in reply to some remark of mine, "I can say this to you without fear of being misinterpreted,—To me the ideal social state is Anarchy. That state where every man will be so advanced spiritually that he can be depended upon to be such a law unto himself that no other law will be necessary to insure the protection of those who are weaker than he. Ah, that will be a glorious day, will it not? But the race has not yet evolved so far. Well, here is my car,"
and with a warm hand-clasp, the "man who loved his fellow-men" was gone.

The rapid development of Mayor Jones' spiritual nature is interesting. About '93 or '94, the well-known evangelist B. Fay Mills, who had recently come out of orthodoxy into liberalism, paid Jones a visit. In Jones' autograph album he wrote the famous line from Whitman's "Song of Myself;"

By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

This was, I believe, Jones' introduction to Whitman, whom he at first thought was rough and uncouth; but all the world knows now how quickly he grew broad enough to accept the Whitman philosophy of life and make it his own. For years before his departure from this plane of activity, every envelope that left his office bore the words, "I claim nothing for myself and my children that I am not doing my utmost to obtain for all others upon the same terms."

Some Socialists and Anarchists claim that in those two schools of thought, at least, there are no leaders; that the rank-and-file are all capable of being generals. More ar- rant nonsense never wasted breath or spoiled paper. As long as humanity exists on this planet there will be leaders of the people,—King-men, according to the old, strong Anglo-Saxon meaning of the term, "Can-men," —the men who "can," or "will." Men who are leaders by the inherent force of their personalities and to whom everyone will instinctively turn for advice and help in an emergency.

Jones is an example of this kind of man. The papers, the preachers, the corporations and both the old parties were against him; yet he smashed old party lines and in a city of only 175,000 rolled up a majority of ten thousand more than both the other candidates together.

The day of economic kings is rapidly passing, but we shall always have our king-men who rule by right divine. If their line should cease it would surely indicate that humanity had reached its highest point of development and a rapid retrogression would inevitably follow.

Many have disagreed with his philosophy of life and his way of working but he has left us, as an example, their
effect upon the hearts and lives of all classes of his fellow-
men and surely no further proof is necessary as to the
sweetness and sincerity of the great-hearted Welshman,
Sam Jones, of Toledo.

What does it matter?
Morrison Davidson, in "The Annals of Toll."

It matters little where I was born,
    Or if my parents were rich or poor.
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn.
    Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.
But whether I live an honest man,
    And hold my integrity firm in my clutch.
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
    It matters much.
It matters little how long I stay,
    In a world of sorrow, sin and care:
Whether in youth I am called away,
    Or live till my bones and pate are bare.
But whether I do the best I can,
    To soften the weight of adversity's touch.
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
    It matters much.
It matters little, where be my grave.
    Or on the land or on the sea.
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave;
    It matters little or nought to me.
But whether the angel of death comes down
    And marks my brow with his loving touch.
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
    -It matters much.

DEAR COMRADE:—If you are not a subscriber and this little mag-
azine reaches you as a "Sample," with this paragraf marked, you are
thereby invited to take time to examine it carefully.

If you are interested in co-operative industry among the laboring
classes, with the employees as part owners and sharing in the manage-
ment of the industries, then we ask you to write for further informa-
tion about Burley, its people, their work and ideals.

If you are already a subscriber when you find this paragraf
marked it is a notice that your subscription has almost expired. Com-
pare the number on your label with the number of this magazine. The
magazine is advanced one number each month and your subscription
expires with the number on your label. In that case we hope that you
have found the magazine of enough interest that you will renew your
subscription and continue to keep in touch with us. We would be sorry
to lose old friends and we hope that you would be sorry to miss our
monthly visits, Address THE CO-OPERATOR, BURLEY, WASHINGTON.
U. S. A.
The Triple Birthday.

William H. Scott.

[Every from-one-to-five years in the last thirty, Brother Alonzo Wardall, who is the prince of good fellows as well as of good co-operators, has acknowledged that he was a year older and has celebrated the event by giving a mush-and-milk birthday party to some of his most-get-atable-at-the-time friends. On Jan. 12th, 1905, one of these parties, which we had the pleasure of attending, was given at his home in Seattle. It was a triple celebration in honor of Alonzo Wardall, aged 60: his son, Ray M. Wardall, aged 28 and his grandson, Ormond C. Wardall, aged 2.

In response to the toast "The Triple Birthday," his son-in-law, William H. Scott, made the following speech, which recalled so vividly to us the winters on the farm "back east" and was so crisp, bright and thoroly enjoyable in every way that we wish to share our enjoyment with the readers of THE CO-OPERATOR.—Editors.]

WHEN I think of birthdays in January I am reminded of much snow; of trees loaded with sparkling crystals of frost-gems, reflecting the rays of a sun that struggles in vain to dissipate an intensity of cold:

Of the old rain barrel that stood at the corner of the house at my Wisconsin home, with its swelled sides and broken staves, cracking and popping thru the long winter nights, as the mercury dropped lower and lower; of the popping sleepers in the foundation of the house that the silent and bitter cold seemed trying to break in a dozen places:

Of the geese that came and sat under the spout of the old wooden pump by the kitchen door, squawking all night long in plaintive discontent because they could find no water,—nothing but ice—ice—ice everywhere, on the ground and in the air:

Of the blue jay that came from the woods to live in the Balm of Gilead tree, hopping from limb to limb and screaming with delight as if thanking the sun for once more rising out of the night, while he watched his chance to sneak into the corn-crib to steal his morning meal; of how I used to try to catch him there and how he would slip thru a hole in the crib, laughing in derision at me from a safe distance:

Of the broad river, frozen so deeply that a train could pass over it with safety,—the river upon which I learned
to skate and where I fell, knocking my teeth loose, and again nearly broke my head:

Of the country where the ground-hog made his home, but never was known to come out of his hole on the second of February to see his shadow, for fear that he would freeze to death:

Of the pigs that dug great caverns in the straw-stacks to make their winter homes:

Of spelling-schools; of husking bees; of barn-raisings and cider; of Methodist donation parties and revivals; of popcorn balls and much molasses candy; Of mince pies and spare-ribs and golden russet apples: Of red-topped boots with copper toes; of home-knit woollen socks and mittens: Of the spinning-wheel, the carpet-loom, the tallow candle moulds and snuffers:

Of the black-nosed sheep and the early lamb that we brought in from the sheep-shed and nursed back to life behind the kitchen stove:

Of my dyspeptic Aunt Sally who came to winter with us and gave mother instructions how to raise her children. Aunt Sally was tall and slim and pale and thin and cold,—as was her criticism; and the buckwheat pancakes she always insisted upon making in the morning, matched her complexion.

After one or two seasons of Aunt Sally's pancakes, Willie and the girls were seized with a cutaneous eruption and had to be sprayed with corrosive sublimate and anointed with red precipitate; but Aunt Sally didn't care; she was so full of dyspepsia and criticism that she was immune from every other malady.

If Aunt Sally ever had a birthday I never heard of it, and as for mush-and-milk, she eschewed it; her favorite diet after pancake season was saleratus biscuit and pickles. After Aunt Sally went back to "York State," the family moved to town to establish a new equilibrium; but the pancake habit was never fully overcome. The two primary geological strata in my evolution of consciousness in this incarnation are marked by alternate eras of pancakes and mush-and-milk.

In the spring,—after the soft soap had been made and the pancake-griddle hung away in the woodshed,—new milk and hot cornmeal mush began to unite their forces
with sarsaparilla root to make new blood in the family. As the cowslip and frog season faded into June, and the tadpole began to shed his tail; while the murmuring, hopeful mosquito in the hazel-bush rubbed his hindlegs together in gleeful anticipation, as ecstatic visions of sanguinary feasts to come began to take shape in his mind—the meal-bag and the red heifer became the mainstay of the family.

In ancient times the cow was known by a name that signified "nurse," and milk was considered the most perfect food for man; the mystic virgin is also pictured as the harbinger of seed-time, bearing in her hand an ear of corn, the symbol of plenty, nourishment and love. In this connection I am reminded that it was shortly after the opening of the mush-and-milk season in my sixteenth year that I fell in love, and I am now convinced that the alchemic, mystic qualities of mush-and-milk are more stimulating to Youthful Affection, Conjugality, Morality, Good Fellowship, the Brotherhood of Man and Co-Operation than any other food elements known—Better even than buckwheat pancakes and pork sausage at their best!

And as the Spirit of Mush-and-Milk stirs our blood tonight, we shall realize how fitting an accompaniment it becomes to this Triple Birthday of three generations.

Equality Colony Reorganized; Now named Freeland Colony.

On February 1st, 1905, our Comrades at Equality began to conduct their affairs on a new plan,—the Freeland system, as set forth by the noted Austrian social economist, Dr. Theodore Hertzka, in his book, "Freeland."

The plan seems to us, as far as we have gone into it, to contain many desirable features, combining the best points of the present plan at Home and our old and new plan here at Burley, while omitting some undesirable features in all of them. In other ways it seems to contain possibilities of trouble and weakness, at least according to our experience of colony management. However, the Equality Comrades have been "up against it" with their old system for a good while, as well as ourselves, and any system that does not eliminate co-operation and promises social harmony is well
received. While they were a financial success there is no denying that they were a social failure, a much more dismal condition than ours, which was just the reverse. We would persist in having a good time among ourselves and were wretched only when we stopped to think how hard-up we were. The fact that EVERY MEMBER of the Colony at Equality voted in favor of the new plan, with all the weight of their experience behind them and guiding them in the casting of their votes, is certainly a guarantee that after careful consideration of the Freeland system, they have come to the conclusion that it offers them what they have lacked in the past, a combination of material success and social harmony.

We had the pleasure of an all-too-short visit from Comrade Alexander Horr, of New York City—who is superintending the reorganization—while returning to the Colony where he will make his home henceforth. As soon as he can find time amid his multitude of duties, to write an article setting forth the Freeland system and its application to the industrial problem, we shall have him do so, as we know that our readers are as anxious as we are to have news of our brothers of "The Old Guard" up the Sound and to know of their progress. We wish you Godspeed, Comrades.

Any of our readers who do not wish to wait for the article in THE CO-OPERATOR, may get full information by writing to the Secretary Freeland Colony, Bow, Wn. C.

Washington State Co-operative Union;
Second Annual Meeting.

To All Washington Co-operators;

GREETING: The Second Annual Meeting of The Washington State Co-operative Union will be held at 1118 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wn., March 29th and 30th, 1905.

The program as far as arranged is as follows:

WEDNESDAY:
Opening address: President R. N. Moody, of Aberdeen.
Reports of Delegates, led by C. Joergenson, of Stanwood.
Appointment of Committees.
Importance of Establishing a Co-operative Wholesale;
D. M. Peeples, of Seattle.
Co-operative CREAMERIES: C. Joergenson, of Stanwood.
The Co-operative Press; Kingsmill Commander, of Burley.

THURSDAY:
The Rochdale System: Its Advantages and Adaptability;
Alonzo Wardall, of Seattle.
How to Make a Co-operative Store Succeed; T. K. Metz, of Chehalis.

Full program will appear in the March number of THE CO-OPERATOR.

I earnestly ask any comrade who knows of any co-operative society not on our cover list to advise me at once, as we want to reach them all.

Co-operation means working together. Co-operators who are in it "for revenue only," have failed to grasp the essential feature of the movement, which is an ethical one. The great good to be derived from co-operation is vastly more than the mere dollars. It is the cultivation of the spirit of fellowship; the learning that to work for the good of all is the best means of advancing one's own interest.

If you are at all interested in co-operation, whether connected with a society or not, write me. We are trying to make this Union a central organization thru which every co-operator in the state can keep in touch with every other.

Comrades, let us hear from you.

R. M. Wardall,

Washington Co-operative Notes.

Editor THE CO-OPERATOR;

Granite Falls Co-operative Union, Granite Falls: Organized this company Jan. 14th; 76 members, $2000 cash subscribed. Have bought land and will start a store at once. Officers are: Henry Menzel, President; George A. Crites, Vice President; U. B. Southwick, Secy.; Fred. P. Anderson, Treasurer and Manager. Trustees: Menzel, Crites and Southwick, together with E. Coockin and Ole Eliason.

The L. U. Co-operative Co., Seattle, held its second annual meeting on Jan. 19th, 1905, making a gratifying showing. From Jan. 1st 1904 to Jan. 20th 1905 it has grown from one store and 35 members with $965 share capital paid in to 4 stores and 163 members with over $8000 capital; one store and 45 members having been added since Jan. 1st 1905.

Sales for the year have been $49,781; they will pay 8
per cent interest on stock, 5 per cent rebate on purchases and will place 15 per cent of the net profits in the reserve fund.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered General Manager D. M. Peeples and branch managers Duncan, Skirving and Rogers for their successful work. An entirely new Board was elected and a vigorous program outlined for the ensuing year.

**The Lewis County Rochdale Co., Chehalis:** This company has made a great showing for 1904,—their 2nd year. Total sales about $90,000; paid up capital $14,000; have 208 members. Paid 8 per cent interest and 5 per cent rebate this year; have built a fine warehouse 60x150 feet, near the railroad, where they handle large quantities of merchandise by car lots. Their store is a large one, about 36x70 feet, and Manager Metz is a hustler. One of the unique products handled by this store at a handsome profit was 3 car loads of cascara bark, valued at 5 or 6 cents per lb. The famous cascaret medicine is made from this bark. This tree grows luxuriantly in the Big Bottom country, a single tree sometimes producing 100 pounds or more of the bark.

**Proposed Co-operative Railroad for Chehalis:** The farmers of Lewis County are moving to build a Co-operative Electric Line, about 80 miles in length, from Chehalis and Centralia east to the Big Bottoms over at the foot of the Cascades.

The Rochdale company is pushing it. A road is badly needed to tap the immense timber and coal business of that section. A meeting was held at Chehalis Saturday, Jan. 21st, to talk over the practicability of building the road cooperatively. There were sixty farmers present and many more by accredited representatives. Mr. R. N. Moody, of Aberdeen, President of the Washington State Co-operative Union and the writer were present by invitation to consult upon the plan. The farmers and citizens pledged active support and it was voted to make an effort to organize. A committee of eleven with R. F. Jones of Alpha and R. B. Haskell, of Chehalis was selected to make an active canvass and report at a subsequent meeting. The shares will be fixed at $100. If $50,000 can be secured, together with the right of way, they will feel justified in making the attempt. The country to be built over is comparatively level and has plenty of water power for generating electricity.

Am on my way to Kingman, Kan., to be gone a month. Send my CO-OPERATOR there.

Yours fraternally,

1-21-05.

Alonzo Wardall.
"Listen, My Children, and You Shall Hear"
The Story of the Leading Citizen Who Butted In.

Once upon a time there lived in a pioneer hamlet in Western Washington, a Leading Citizen who had the Work Habit. Anything but Work he considered Frivolous and spoke of it Severely as a Waste of Time. One of his Chief Joys was to work in a pouring rain. In the evenings he pondered over statistics by Carroll D. Wright, telling all about the Cost of Living, or learned some figures about the Rainfall in China, so that he could start an Argument at the Table. This he called Improving his Mind. He was a good man and was often kind in his dealings, but the Idea that any Opinions differing from His, could by any possibility be right, never Occurred to him.

The Boarding House in which the Leading Citizen lived was the only one in the Hamlet, and its large Dining Room was the only place available, during the winter months, for the people to have their Social Gatherings and Dances.

There were sixteen boarders, and when the other villagers asked permission to use the Dining Room for the purpose of giving a Farewell Party to some who were going away, they all, including the Leading Citizen, consented. Invitations were sent out and people from other hamlets miles distant came to the dance. It is not necessary to remark that the Leading Citizen was not Present. Such things were not in His Line; He Preferred to Improve His Mind.

Supper was served about midnight and then the dancing was resumed. About One O'clock in the morning, when the dance was in full swing, the Leading Citizen appeared with a Wild Look in His Eye, and announced that the Guests had enjoyed themselves Long Enough and
Must now Go Home. He averred that He had already lost His Beauty Sleep and that Men who Worked must always, under all circumstances, secure their usual amount of Proper Rest or They could not Improve their Minds. He had been implored not to enter the room and make a scene, nor to disgrace the village by ordering people home who had been invited to come: but the Leading Citizen insisted that He Wanted His Rights and that One O'Clock was Late enough for Anyone to be Up. He further stated that That Was The Way He Looked At It.

There was one Way, however, in which the Leading Citizen failed to "Look At It."—that he was sacrificing the enjoyment of sixty people to add to the comfort of one—Himself.

In spite of the pleadings of the scandalized villagers, he outraged their sense of hospitality by Butting In among their invited friends and neighbors and making a scene. Some of the people had come six or eight miles in friendship for those in whose honor the party was given: but the Leading Citizen didn't care. He clamored for His Rights.

The musicians put away their instruments: the crowd of guests went home: the Leading Citizen Hit the High Places after His Beauty Sleep and the villagers, filled with helpless rage and grief, tried to think of some way to remove from their name the disgrace of this inexcusable breach of goodfellowship and hospitality.

During the next few days the Leading Citizen made several ineffectual efforts to secure the approval of various individuals for his action. He laid the case before a number of villagers who were not at the party, but each time, instead of getting Praise and Sympathy, he got His Tail-Feathers Pulled Out and was told that he was a Disgrace to The Village.

MORAL.

The Leading Citizen now has some doubt as to Whether He Really is The Whole Cheese. He may learn after a few more incarnations, that hospitality, innocent pleasure and a regard for the pleasure of others—although it may differ widely in kind from his own—is as improving to the mind as the study of economics or psychology; and that it is possible for a Leading Citizen, even though he Work Hard, to be very selfish.

C.—[With apologies to George Ade.]

The Month at Burley.

JUST as the hotel company sat down to supper the other evening, and the comfortable hum of conversation had got fairly started, Brother Bender appeared at the door carrying a lighted lantern and announced that he wanted a strong man. One of the cows had slipped and fallen in the stable and he and Sammy were unable to raise her. A big fellow offered to return with him to the barn and the poor animal, which was more frightened than hurt, was set upon her feet, uninjured.

Brother Brocchi took the pains to measure the snow-fall at Burley in 48 hours on January 12th and 13th. It was 9½ inches. Brothers Fenton and Rodney Simons sat up until late at night to make a pair of sleigh-runners upon which to carry the mail to Gig Harbor on the morning
of the 14th, the first time a sleigh was used in the history of the colony. We are not going to say anything about the time the stage had getting back over that six miles thru the mud and slush, later in the day. Brother M. L. Fenton can give a description of it in much more graphic language. He was the driver.

We regret the departure of Brother Garcken, who has joined his wife at St. John, Wn. Mrs Garcken has been teaching at that place where she has taken a school for a term of six months. Brother Garcken’s willingness to help at all our musical functions is well-known to all who live in the colony.

We were pleased to welcome Mrs. Artie McClintock and the children back to the colony. They report a fine time during their four or five months’ visit among friends and relatives in Larned, Kan. The whole family has been suffering from severe colds since their return, but otherwise they look well and happy.

The Editors of THE CO-OPERATOR attended the triple birthday party given by Alonzo Wardall, at his home in Seattle, mention of which will be found on another page of this magazine.

Brother Bert Kellogg’s injured hand, mentioned in the January number, proved to be a somewhat serious matter. The wound refused to heal. The use of all the home remedies and several trips to see the Tacoma doctors failed to produce the desired effect. Finally Dr. Burry, of Seattle, one of our old members, was sent for who, after examining the wound, concluded that it held some foreign substance that prevented its healing. In a short time he succeeded in extracting a small piece of bone which had been causing all the trouble and the hand is now nearly well. The Doctor said with us about a week and then returned to his home in Seattle on Jan. 18th.

The Kingston went out on Jan. 18th with a load of “cull.” The Lumber Company found the market very dull but succeeded in selling some of their load and trading the rest at Home for logs.

Victor Smith and Sam Finfrock secured work at a shingle mill in Tacoma, but experiencing some difficulty in getting their wages, have returned to Burley.

Henry Pierson, of Vaughan, while on his way to Burley on Jan. 27th, nearly lost his life. He attempted to cross over to Purdy on the sandspit at high tide which prevented his seeing where the road made a sharp turn. Thinking the road followed a straight course, his horse fell over the steep edge of the sandspit into deep water when he arrived at the turn. The horse became unmanageable and Mr. Pierson was compelled to abandon him to save his own life. Hampered by his oilcloth clothing and rubber boots he was unable to swim and would inevitably have drowned if Mr. Rose and Mr. Wood, of Springfield, had not happened
along just then. Seeing a man struggling in the water, they immediately hurried to the rescue in the first boat they could find, which happened to be a tiny skiff too small to carry the three men. Mr. Pierson was so exhausted and benumbed by the icy water that he could not help himself in the least when they finally reached him. They were unable to get him into the boat, and had to tow him ashore. Later in the day he arrived in Burley, apparently none the worse for his thrilling adventure.

The horse was discovered, shortly afterwards, standing dismally in about a foot of water on the beach near Mr. Goodrich’s, evidently afraid to move, for fear of worse trouble. Man and horse were all right the next day, and so, “All’s Well that Ends Well.”

Mr. J. G. K. Salvage, of New York, paid us a visit while on his way to Equality, henceforth to be known as Freeland Colony, where he intends to make his home for a time.

Comrade Alexander Horr and his wife arrived at Springfield on the Tyrus, from Home, on the evening of Jan. 26th, in a pouring rain, and undertook the two mile walk to Burley. Not knowing the road they, of course, got lost in the pitch-darkness of the woods, or thought they had, which is about the same thing when you don’t know where you are. At the Kindergarten Place, about half a mile from the colony, they were taken in by Neighbor Childers about 10 o’clock. The next morning, Miss Julia Marcus, of Home—who was of the party but had staid in Springfield over night—arrived a few minutes before the two wanderers, who presently appeared. Mrs. Horr described the terror she experienced in the darkness of the unfamiliar forest, suffering with cold in her rain-soaked clothes and with the dismal prospect of spending the night under the dripping trees. “But,” she added gratefully, “I can never forget the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Childers. It was worth all I suffered to know there are such lovely people in the world, and such thoughtful kindness towards a stranger as I found last night in the Washington woods.”

Mr. John Tilton is visiting at Brother Fenton’s and Mr. Mitchell, of Portland, Ore., spent a few days with Brother Bollman’s family.

Mrs. Raybell with her two daughters, Ida and Nan, left for Galice, Ore., where they expect to make their home in future.

Miss Smith, who has been very sick for about a week with the grippe has resumed her work in the school.

The Johnson children have moved into the Stiewig house. Their small brother, Beckwith, arrived unexpectedly, from the Indian Territory. The reunited family is very happy.

Sammy Davidson has been hauling wood for Neighbor Russell. The Kingston took it to town.
Mrs. Darling and Mary are again staying at the hotel, where the former has been appointed housekeeper by the hotel company.

The unusually cold weather caused the iron pipe connected with the elevated water-tank, to freeze and burst. It has been repaired and Brother Fall has covered it with earth so deeply as to protect it against frost in future.

Brother Arthur Copeland has resigned his position of stage driver. Brother Fenton fills that position in the intervals when the Kingston does not require his services as captain. At such times, Brother Bert Kellogg drives.

We received a card of greeting from Roland C. Muirhead, Winona, Bridge of Weir, Scotland. He was a visitor here in the spring of 1900 and never fails to send us a word of greeting each year, which we greatly appreciate.

From January 19th to January 31st, 1905, the maximum temperature at Burley was 71 degrees, on Jan. 31st. The minimum was 20 degrees on Jan. 12th; the mean temperature being 43.3. Days of showers of rain 10: days of snow 2, 94 inches having fallen. Prevailing direction of wind, north.

Comrade John Leikem is making us a visit. He says that times are hard and work for the laborer is scarce, at Tacoma.

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**After Working Hours.**

The Wednesday evening entertainment for Jan. 11th comprised the following numbers: Music, Mandolin Club and Finfrock Family Orchestra; songs by Brother Garcken and a French song by Brother Pearce; readings by Brothers Ellis, Fenton and Fall, Mr. Stein and Miss Smith; recitations by Ida Raybell and Bertha Huesing. Brother Pearce performed an acrobatic feat which Ernest Simons attempted to repeat, causing much laughter. Ida Raybell and Paul Fenton were program committee.

A farewell surprise party was given to Mrs. Raybell and the girls, by the Burley folks, on the night of Jan. 21st. The hotel dining room was used for dancing; music by the Finfrock Orchestra; refreshments at 11 o'clock. Among the many guests present were Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Knapp and Miss Bertha T. Cameron, of Purdy and Mr. and Mrs. Sieverson, of Springfield. The Burley oldtimers turned out en masse; all danced who could dance and everyone had a good time. The party was all broke up about 1 o'clock.
Additional Doin's. Reported by Hypatia.

Party at Copeland's: Jan 27th the school children were invited up to Wahmcet Hill, to a party given by Mrs. Copeland for Lawrence Orrit. There were all kinds of games to play at, and they were not lying idle by any means. Music and singing by Mary Darling and Bertha Huesing. Refreshments were served about nine: which were followed by all standing and eating popcorn while they had their picture taken by a flash-light. The party ended about ten as the little fellows began to get sleepy. While departing for home all declared they had a good time.

The Sewing Bee: Thursday afternoon, Jan. 12th, the ladies of Circle City invited their neighbors and all went over to Mrs. Bollman's house while Mrs. Fenton went over to Miss Smith's, the school teacher's house and stole out her bag of carpet-rags, took them over to Mrs. Bollman's and all busied themselves sewing carpet-rags, and while the sewers enjoyed themselves Miss Smith was greatly surprised to find a panful of carpet-rag balls when she came home from school.

Official.

Reports of Officers & Committees for December

TREASURER'S REPORT.

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A. B. ELLIS, Treasurer.

REPORT OF FINANCE COMMITTEE.

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Respectfully submitted,

A. B. ELLIS
D. BROCHI
W. FERGUSON

Finance Committee.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

DEC. 27 TO JAN. 25, 1905, INCLUSIVE.

Entrance fees and dues... $ 32 00
Number new certificates issued... 0
Last certificate No... 1240

S. L. FALL, Secretary.
SOUTHWESTERN COLORADO is making speedy and substantial progress. In the autumn of 1881, when the Ute Indians were moved from this section to the reservation in Utah, all the vast territory hitherto occupied by them was practically an unknown land to the people of the state at large. Excepting a few trappers, hunters and prospectors, few white men had ever beheld the warm, broad and fertile valleys of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, where nature has been so lavish with all the resources that the heart of man could wish.

At the heels of the retreating column of Indians with their escort of soldiers, came the vanguard of an ever-increasing host of pioneers to take possession. Irrigation being necessary to the successful cultivation of the soil, some of the best land has been left unoccupied by settlers until the present time, awaiting the construction of irrigating canals.

Most of these canals have been built by private enterprise, but the U. S. government has now undertaken one of the largest projects of its kind in the west. It is in the eastern part of Montrose county and is known as the Gunnison Tunnel Canal, costing a million dollars, and is expected to reclaim over one hundred thousand acres.

One of the worthy private irrigating enterprises of Montrose county to which I would call the special attention of the readers of The Co-operator is being brought to completion by The Colorado Co-operative Company, Pinon, Montrose Co., Colo. which is composed largely of poor, hard-working men and women, attracted hither in quest of homes.

Nearly eight years elapsed from the date of the organ-
ization of the company before water could be delivered thru the big ditch on the land they had selected for their future homes. The veritable "promised land" is known as Tabeguache Park. It embraces about 30,000 acres and is located on the San Miguel River.

Had not these hardy pioneers been firmly convinced that the reclamation of this Park land would amply justify the expenditure involved, the project would long since have been abandoned.

The fertility of the soil; its adaptation to a great variety of products; the great natural resources, such as timber, stone, gypsum, lime, coal and the more precious metals, in close proximity; the mildness and salubrity of the climate; the enchanting beauty of the surroundings,—all appealed irresistibly to these early settlers, who had banded themselves together to co-operatively construct a costly fifteen-mile irrigating ditch.

From the inception of the work many have come and gone. Some found the work on ditch-building not to their mind; some lacked faith in any but capitalists succeeding in such a great work; and others for various reasons went their way, seeking a boss to employ them, instead of aiding a plan for self-employment and to assure an independent home to themselves and families.

But it is no longer theoretical. A stream of the life-giving fluid is flowing upon the thirsty soil of Tabeguache. The big ditch will supply more water than the present settlers can use this year. There is land and water for many more people than are here and a warm invitation is extended to all good co-operators from every point of the compass. National, political and religious opinions present no barriers to good comradeship. The Golden Rule is good enough to enter our portals.

The settlers on Tabeguache Park, equipped with land and water, will be among the most independent in the arid west. Why? Because they are free from the exactions of both land-lord and water-lord. Possessing stock in The Colorado Co-operative Company carries with it a water right as well as the water itself. The stockholder has nothing further to pay except his proportion of the expense of maintaining the ditch and distributing the water, amounting to but a few cents per acre annually.
The Co-Operator.

This is not the case in the non-co-operative irrigation companies, where he must pay an annual water rental of from $2.50 to $10 per acre, besides purchasing a water right, which simply means paying for the privilege of buying the use of water.

The writer considers that the inducements offered to settlers here now, are just as great, if not greater than ever before. Of course one will not have the same opportunity to choose a homestead from government land, as heretofore, but there is now no waiting to realize on his investment. All risk or uncertainty as to when, if ever, the water would be put on the land, is now entirely eliminated and the cost of land in many instances is yet but little above that of perfecting titles, while there is yet considerable land under the projected ditch on Lower Park, that is still subject to government prices.

The investment of $100, the cost of a share of stock, payable in installments if desired, puts the applicant in good standing with the company, besides entitling him to its full value in water. Then he may secure steady employment of the company, and in time acquire by his labor the further amount of stock he may require.

The company has just published a new prospectus, which will be forwarded to anyone sufficiently interested to write to the Secretary, enclosing stamp with a request for the same.

Nucla; A Single Tax Town.

True co-operators everywhere will be interested to learn of the progress of Nucla, the first Single Tax City of the west, and the second in the world; Fairhope, Alabama, claiming to be the first. Ours was incorporated last year under the name of the Nucla Town Improvement Company, with capital stock of $50,000, divided into 5000 shares of the par value of $10 each. The town lands have been acquired and will be held in trust by the company for the benefit of the citizens of the town. Each share of stock entitles the holder to a lease for 99 years, (with privilege of renewal) of one business lot or two residence lots, but no person will be leased more than residence block. Each block contains 20 lots of the uniform size of 42x100 feet, or nearly four acres, exclusive of streets. The selection of lots will be granted in the order in which initial payments shall be
made on subscriptions of stock. Rents, adjusted annually, will be the same, according to quality and location, on unimproved land as on the most highly improved.

The aim is to eliminate speculation in land, and that the unearned increment shall go to the citizens of the town. Quite a number of lots and blocks have already been selected and buildings for residence and business purposes are under construction. It is safe to estimate that the population of Nucla, before the close of the year, will number several hundred, and the town possess within its borders every adjunct, except a saloon, found in any thriving western town.

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**Humanity;—Whence and Whither?**

William Bonstein.

[For The Co-operator.]

[Comrade William Bonstein is a quartz miner, whose proudest boast is that he is a laboring man and always expects to be. He has no wish to "rise out of the laboring class" into any class or condition that lives upon another's earnings. That laboring men number among them such sturdy thinkers as this comrade, is a significant sign of the times, and a sure indication that the slaves have commenced to "count themselves." This series of articles is worthy of close attention and preservation.—Editors.]

**SECOND PAPER.**

WE HAVE now to consider the several advances made since the beginning of civilization and to notice its gradual, but constantly increasing rate of development.

The idea of the possession of property and its dominance as a passion over all others, marks the commencement of civilization. The Roman tribes, from their earliest establishment, had a public domain—the Ager Romanus. Lands were held by "cura," (a union of gens in a brotherhood, similar to a Grecian phratric) for religious purposes, and by individuals in severality. Upon the dying out of these social corporations, the lands held by them communally, gradually became private property.

After the cultivation of the land became an established method of procuring food, it was but natural that it should rapidly become divided into privately owned areas.

The land was cultivated with individually owned tools, and if a certain piece of land was tilled for a number of
successive years by the same individuals, the idea would finally dawn upon them that they possessed a right to that particular spot because they "were there first."

As economic law would affect all in an equal measure, the recognition of privately owned land was slowly accomplished. Boundary lines and fences, for the first time, began to make their appearance and the separation of estates became ever more clearly defined. Herds of cattle and other domesticated animals, represented constantly larger aggregations of personal wealth, this being the evolved form of the more primitive herd.

Manufactured articles began to assume greater importance and the social division of labor became an established system.

A more advanced and elaborate method of architecture was developed and commerce wielded a steadily increasing influence in the affairs of men who had arrived at this stage in the evolution of society.

Language became more and more complex and that of the less developed people began to yield to the commercially developed tongue of the more advanced.

The individuals who conducted those branches of industry producing articles of luxury or the simple tools requisite to an ever increasing development, began to aid their labor thru invention, while those engaged in traffic and barter improved the methods and efficiency of their means of communication and transportation. The more complex any department of life and action became, the greater the necessity and the more rapidly other departments in the division of labor forged ahead.

Barter may be said to have now reached its zenith of development and was soon to be superseded by the monetary system.

Hand-in-hand with the development of economics, the all-engrossing question of inheritance of property brought about changes in the rules governing its distribution.

The formation of classes in human society began to take place and develop rapidly.

The private ownership of property and the holding of office in the administration of public affairs were the foundations upon which autocracy and aristocracy were built. Here we see a condition that, at first sight, seems
so intricate that the mind is bewildered in trying to understand it. But a clear comprehension of the past is necessary to a complete understanding of the present conditions.

Let us look at the causes which have produced such crass contradictions in the affairs of men,—the causes which have produced Patricians and Plebeians. Let us see the first, small commencement of the class-struggle.

To do this we must take a peep into the condition of things just prior to the supposed time of Romulus. The Latin and Sabine tribes were organized, as before mentioned, upon a gentile system. Each one of these gens selected its leader or chief. These chiefs met in council and consulted as to the best measures to be adopted in matters of general interest. A chief was elected for life or as long as he behaved himself. Among the more intellectually developed of these gens, tribes and phratries, there was manifested a constant tendency towards making these offices hereditary. As property grew to exercising an increasing influence in human affairs, these chiefs and their direct and indirect descendants, began, as a natural consequence, to gradually appropriate more and more of the tribal possessions. Office and wealth were the hot-beds from which the rapidly developing aristocracy was produced.

The Patricians, or house-fathers, were at one time the whole Roman people. They were the original inhabitants of the Roman hills. As time went on there grew up along side of these a secondary Roman people, composed of new settlers who had come in from other places and captives of war who were brought to Rome. These were called Plebs or Commons and formed a class distinct from those "who were there first," or the Patricians, who were possessed of many offices and lands and were strictly the ruling class after the foundation of Rome. Among these the incipient feeling of class-distinction was already taking form.

My reasons for explaining at such length these early class distinctions are as follows:

In the early history of the Roman people we can easily trace the rapid development of property, the evolution of the arts and sciences and the corresponding increase in tyranny of one class over another.
The early civilizations, of which Rome was a representative, shows us plainly that as man had just emerged from a condition of primitive communism, he was unable to grapple with this new sphinx-riddle he found confronting him. The general condition of the plebeians was such that it was practically impossible for them to make a united effort to gain their emancipation.

The business of Rome, considered as a national occupation, was that of war. The territory of conquered nations was supposed to be divided equally among her people. As a matter of fact the great patrician land-lords and bourgeois plebs grabbed the bulk of it, the middle class being quieted with a "sop." The proletariat was left in the cold.

With the increase of the domains of the patricians and rich plebs rose the institution of slavery—chattel slavery. The people of the conquered nations were taken captive and sold in the market places. They constituted a large percentage of the population. Slaves glutted the Roman labor market, raising a question similar to that of prison labor in our day. Slaves in abundance were cheaper than free labor, owing to the simple and clumsy tools used.

Under a yoke of economic tyranny, the proletarians was fast evolving a condition-consciousness, and when assembled in great numbers—class-consciousness.

(To be continued.)

Bucking The Meat Trust in California

WHILE the union men in all other parts of the country added their voices to the general wail that arose at each fresh exaction of the rapacious meat monopoly, the men of the locked-out Butchers' Union of Oakland, California, led by one of their number, ex-Mayor John L. Davie, spent no time in vain supplications for mercy, but went to work like sensible men to solve the problem in a sensible business-like way.

Briefly stated, the situation was this: Two hundred and five men were thrown out of work at the order of the monopolistic wholesale and retail meat dealers simply because they would not surrender their manhood and American independence. No fault was found, for the time, with
their services, or the wages paid. The autocrats had determined that their employes should cease to be members of the union. The men knew that this was but the opening gun of the campaign, that had been determined upon, against living conditions and fair wages. They were men who had spent years in gaining knowledge and skill in their business. They had families and dependents who looked to them for support. They were trying to secure homes in which their children might be reared and educated and privileged to enjoy some of the pleasures of existence. They hoped to live and enjoy the privileges of freedom and independence that ought to be the lot of every citizen of this great republic. But now at one stroke their hopes and aspirations are destroyed. Their years of faithful effort availed nothing as against the desire of the trusts for more power, and eventually, larger dividends. No wonder that gloom pervaded the hall when the locked-out men gathered to discuss the situation. No wonder that faint hearts were many and brave ones few. When the situation seemed the most desperate and the black pall of despair was slowly settling over all, there stood forth one of their number from whose countenance gleamed the light of a new-born hope. "Why do we stand here idle?" he asked. "Among us are experts in every department of our business. Why not organize a co-operative company and work for ourselves?" Then followed a long and earnest discussion that resulted in the organization and incorporation of the California Co-operative Meat Company which seems destined to play a large part in affairs.

All great movements for the betterment of mankind have originated among poor men. Without a dollar of capital these few determined men started out to engage in business in opposition to the most powerful and thoroly organized combination of capital in the whole country.

With a borrowed desk and chair they opened an office for subscriptions, and such was the energy and ability of the campaign they waged, that they secured enough memberships at $10 each to enable them to open their first market on June 4th, eight weeks after the date of their incorporation.

From such a beginning the California Co-operative Meat Company has built a business that reached, at the
end of the first six months, a total of one hundred thousand dollars.

The company now owns and runs seven well equipped retail markets in Oakland and Berkeley. The finest up-to-date cold storage plant in the state is occupied by their wholesale department. The slaughtering is done under the most favorable conditions, on the ranch where the animals are grown, and the meats are immediately placed in refrigerator cars and shipped to the cold storage, from which they are taken to the retail markets as needed. Never before have the people of Oakland been so well served with meat of such an excellent quality. Every man is an expert and he is working for himself. The sales at the retail markets are constantly increasing and will soon reach above $5000 per week.

Eleven wagons are kept busy delivering and more than 75 people are on the pay-rolls. The wages of the men employed are now much higher than were paid by the trust before the advent of the co-operative markets and the price of meats is from five to eight cents per pound lower.

The total amount paid in on memberships is a little over $9000, and the expenses for the six months amounted to nearly $19,000, two-thirds of which was wages paid to the men. The company has no debts and has accumulated property and cash to the value of $28,617.85. Taking the $8000 paid in on memberships from this, there remains, at the end of the first six months of business, the net balance of nearly $20,000 clear profits. Besides this the whole people have been saved more than a hundred thousand dollars in the price of meats, that, but for the establishment of the co-operative markets, would have gone toward the further enrichment of the favored few of the trust. In the face of this experience, who can say that co-operation does not pay? There are 12,000 union men in Oakland. If all these were to become members and patronize this co-operative meat market—their own—the profits could be brought to thousands of dollars per week.

When the members of the American Federation of Labor, in the great national meeting recently held in San Francisco, learned by personal investigation of the wonderful facts here related, they were converted to the doctrine of co-operation almost to a man. One delegate from
Chicago was very enthusiastic and excitedly stated: "If Mr. Davie had been in Chicago to organize a great co-operative company, the tremendous losses of the strike would never have occurred. Chicago could have well afforded to pay him a million dollars for doing such work as he has done in Oakland, and by the bargain would have been several millions ahead."

At the first annual meeting of the members of the company the Dietz Opera House would scarcely accommodate the audience. The reading of the report showing the splendid success of the first six months, in spite of all the difficulties thrown in the way, raised the enthusiasm to a high pitch. P. H. McCarthy, president of the Building Trades Council, of San Francisco, and several other prominent members of the labor unions were present and enthusiastically addressed the members. Efforts are being made to introduce the same system in that city, with every prospect of success.

The farmers and stock men in all parts of the country have felt the pitiless power of the meat trust. They have been compelled to take whatever price the monopoly saw fit to give them. They were not even allowed the bare cost of production in many well known instances. The California Co-operative Meat Company has solved the problem by practically applying the principles of co-operation. The enormous profits that have been extorted from the people by the greedy few, have been saved to the producers and consumers. Cattle on the farm bring to the grower from 20 to 30 per cent more and people get better meat with a saving of from 20 to 50 per cent.

The plan of organization is not an untried theory; the remarkable success of its first six months' trial can be duplicated in any part of the United States by a similar application of energy and organizing ability.

Under its general adoption the cattle-growing sections of the great West could again become prosperous and the people freed from a most grievous burden. Any person desiring to know more of this plan of organization will do well to address President Davie, personally or by letter.

While every member of the Co-operative Meat Co. is entitled to much credit, the success of the enterprise has largely depended upon the tireless efforts of Manager-Presi-
dent J. L. Davie and Secretary-Treasurer J. R. Richardson. They have worked together early and late with but a single object in view—the success of the company. President Davie is a speaker of great power. and has made hundreds of addresses on co-operation before the unions of Oakland and San Francisco in the past six months. He planted the seed so well that there will surely be an abundant harvest.

Secretary Richardson has brought the business into a perfect system—an exceedingly important element in the success of the enterprise. At the close of each day he knows the exact financial condition of the company. These two officers supplement each other. Neither could do the work of the other, but together they have worked wonders. Who knows but this may be the beginning of a mighty movement that shall bring the producer and the consumer together in one harmonious organization that will work justice among all men and solve the most difficult problems that confront society. —Co-operative Journal, Oakland, Cal.

Washington State Co-operative Union;
Second Annual Meeting

To All Washington Co-operators;

GREETING:

The Second Annual Meeting of The Washington State Co-operative Union will be held at 1118 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wn., March 29th and 30th, 1905.

The program is as follows:

WEDNESDAY:
Opening address, President R. N. Moody. of Aberdeen.
Reports of Delegates, led by C. Joergenson, of Stanwood.
Appointment of Committees.
Importance of Establishing a Co-operative Wholesale; D. M. Peeples, of Seattle.
Co-operative Creameries; C. Joergenson, of Stanwood.
The Co-operative Press; Kingsmill Commander, of Burley.

THURSDAY:
The Rochdale System; Its Advantages and Adaptability; Alonzo Wardall, of Seattle.
How to Make a Co-operative Store Succeed; T. K. Metz, of Chehalis.
The Freeland Plan of Co-operation; Alex. Horr, of Freeland Colony.
Fraternal and Industrial Co-operation; T. R. Thurston, of Seattle.
Five Minute Speeches; "Suggestions on Promoting the Work."

Election of Officers.

Five minute speeches and discussions will follow each paper.

R. N. Moody, R. M. Wardall,
President. Sec'y.-Treas.

I earnestly ask any comrade who knows of any co-operative society not on our cover list to advise me at once, as we want to reach them ALL.

If you are at all interested in co-operation, whether connected with a society or not, write me. We are trying to make this Union a central organization thru which every co-operator in the state can keep in touch with every other.

Comrades, let us hear from you.

R. M. Wardall,
Sec'y. Washington State Co-operative Union,
541 New York Block,
Seattle, Wn.

March 1st, 1905.

Brother Wardall Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

The Reno County Co-operative Assn., Hutchinson, Kans., did $132,000 of business in 1904; paid 8 per cent interest on $25,000 capital and 8 per cent on rebate sales. Had a big banquet at annual meeting on Jan. 26th, 1905; 200 members present. Have added 56 new members since that date.

The Kingman store has paid 8 per cent interest and 7 per cent rebate for the year just closed.

A. Wardall, Hutchinson, Kansas, Feb. 13-05.

Old Dreams and New

Ernest Crosby, in The Whim.

To make men pull together,—
That was the aim which civilization set before itself;
Men pulled together at the word of command;
The pyramids rose, Rome swallowed the earth.—men worked long and wearily and without a doubt that here was the finality of things.
Their dreamers and sages and saints could picture no golden age without slaves,
And the strong arm of the law made them toil.
But man grew, and looked, and asked why, and slavery shrivelled and died.
And still the object was to make men pull together;
And the wage-system showed the way.
One man grasped all the good things he could and hugged them, and
said to the man who had none, "Work for me and I will give you
a little."

Men pulled together with hunger in their eyes;
Factories sprang up, railways encircled the earth.—men labored long
and eagerly and without a doubt that here was the finality
of things.

Their dreamers and sages and saints could picture no golden age with-
out the wage-system.
And the strong arm of the law guarded the piles of good things and
let the men go:
For now men strove to get work, and it was no ones interest to keep
them thru the winter, and the death of a man, such as once
fetched his weight in coin, was no longer of consequence, for
another would do as well.

But man grows, and looks, and asks why, and the wage-system blanches
with terror.
There is a new way to make men pull together;
Love, free co-operation, equal service, true honor and honesty,—have
you never thought of these things?
Let us dream better than the old dreamers,—and pull together.

DEAR COMRADE:—If you are not a subscriber and this little mag-
azine reaches you as a "Sample," with this paragraf marked, you are
thereby invited to take time to examine it carefully.

If you are interested in co-operative industry among the laboring
classes, with the employes as part owners and sharing in the manage-
ment of the industries, then we ask you to write for further informa-
tion about Burley, its people, their work and ideals.

If you are already a subscriber when you find this paragraf
marked it is a notice that your subscription has almost expired. Com-
pare the number on your label with the number of this magazine. The
magazine is advanced one number each month and your subscription
expires with the number on your label. In that case we hope that you
have found the magazine of enough interest that you will renew your
subscription and continue to keep in touch with us. We would be sorry
to lose old friends and we hope that you would be sorry to miss our
monthly visits. Address THE CO-OPERATOR, BURLEY, WASHINGTON,
U. S. A.

CIGARS.

Our prices, post paid, are; Coquetas 50 $1.50; Marines
50 $2.00; Elegantes and Matinee Star 50 $3.00. Special
rates by the thousand. Address
THE CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD, BURLEY, WASH.
EDITORIALS

Only Steps toward The Goal

We recently received a letter, the writer of which "challenged" us to prove to him what benefit co-operative industrialism, as practiced at the present time, is to the laboring classes, and how it is going to solve the economic problem and bring about right relations in society.

We have never claimed that the present methods of co-operation are an objective, or anything more than a short step up the path towards social justice. All kinds of co-operation in common use today are nothing more nor less than compromises with capitalism. They are in their very essence capitalistic, because they retain its three grand pillars,—Rent, Interest and Profit. As long as those three stand, Capitalism stands; when they fall It goes crashing to its doom.

In the report of the California Co-operative Meat Co., quoted elsewhere in this issue, we note that at the end of the first six months there was a clear profit of twenty thousand dollars,—and this, remember, after the wages of the employes had been increased and the price of meat to the consumers cut down from 20 to 50 per cent. The raise of wages and the reduction in prices are good things—invaluable as an object-lesson and a boon to the laboring people—but still, after all is said and done, the fact stares
us in the face that the $20,000 profit is nothing in the wide world but exploitation. Several "somebodies" paid for something they did not get or that twenty thousand would not have been there at the end of the six months.

If I have been accustomed to being held up for ninety cents on the dollar, I am naturally rejoiced when I encounter a foot-pad who will levy on me to the modest extent of only forty-five cents on the dollar, but I would rejoice still more heartily if I could escape the hold-up fraternity altogether.

Why then do we advocate co-operation if it is such a hold-up game? For the simple reason that all society as it is now organized is a hold-up. The difference is only in degree and the smaller the degree can be made the better for the hold-up units. As long as society is organized on the competitive system no isolated co-operative effort (if organized on true co-operative lines, eliminating Rent, Interest and Profit)—can hope to succeed. It is as difficult for any person or community to live in the modern commercial world and not reckon with the competitive system as it would be for a land animal to live in the sea without reckoning with the water.

Such being the case, all we can do is to try to lighten the curse of competition as much as possible, while we use every means in our power to bring the people to see that True Co-operation can never be established until the Capitalistic system is abolished, and that the present co-operative industrial institutions are valuable insofar as they better the condition of their members, who are thus led to understand clearly the injustice of the old system, which they had honestly believed was the only one possible. Little by little they come to see the vast possibilities of a further application of the principles of true co-operation, when, even with all the monstrous waste of energy inseparable from the conduct of any business in the midst of the competitive system, such great saving can be effected by partial co-operation.

Their value as object-lessons cannot be over-estimated at the present stage of the development of the popular mind, yet it must never be forgotten that present-day co-operation, like Labor Unionism, is valuable only as long as there are an immense number of the people outside of it.
Until the tools of production are owned by the people collectively nothing can avail to bring prosperity, because under any other arrangement the man who needs to use them to create wealth to satisfy his own wants is the slave of the man who owns the tools and is subject to his whims and fancies.

We do not write in a spirit of criticism of the Rochdale system, nor with any idea of questioning its value, but to point out the error into which some have fallen who speak of Rochdalism or similar systems as tho they, if universally followed out, would solve the problem of social adjustment.

These systems are an expression of our highest ethical development and are changed as our view-point is enlarged by our experience. As a step, tho but a short one, out of the quagmire of individualism, they should be welcomed and encouraged. Some of us are not even advanced enough to understand them, not to mention true co-operation, therefore, as educational factors at the present stage of human development, they are invaluable. As palliatives, to relieve the stress and pressure of modern competition, they have their place to fill, and as such, we advocate them at the present time, until as a class we are educated, but considered as an objective they lack the absolutely essential fundamental principles.

They are not revolutionary nor radical in character. They merely endeavor to ameliorate the evils of an incurably evil system, but do not contemplate its destruction, which is the only way to do away with the evils which arise from it.

The competitive system has become rotten to the core. It must go. It and its foul brood,—Rent, Interest and Profit, are marked for destruction. No system that does not recognize this fact, no matter how great an improvement it may be on those preceding it, will ever take its place in history as anything more than one of the milestones along the path of social progress toward industrial freedom. It will never mark the attainment of the goal.

I hope to have the pleasure of meeting many of our Washington subscribers at the Co-operative Convention in Seattle: See pages 11 and 12. I heartily second Comrade Wardall's invitation. ALL interested are welcome. C.
It’s Comin’ yet, for a’ That

"Then let us pray that come it may, as come it will, for a’ that.

That man to man, the world o’er, shall brothers be, for a’ that."

There can be no doubt that the minds of the laboring people everywhere are turning towards organization and some form of co-operation as their only hope for relief from the abject slavery imposed upon them by capitalism. This fact is so plainly evident that capitalistic concerns all over the country artfully insinuate the magic words “co-operative” and “co-operation” into their circulars and other business announcements, in order to benefit by this growing sentiment of union and loyalty among the working people. As an instance of this kind we quote the following from a recent editorial in the Co-operative Journal, Oakland, Cal.:

The Cash Buyers’ Union, or so-called “First National Co-operative Society,” that has been distributing tons of printed matter throughout the country for several months past, seems to have been sailing under the co-operative flag merely to take advantage of the growing co-operative sentiment and foist upon the country a large amount of the paper of an ordinary joint-stock corporation. Julius Kahn, the president of the company, issued to himself one-half of the five million shares of stock, and thus controlled the whole business his own way. Mr. J. M. C. Hampson, of the British Co-operative Society, was employed to take charge of the educational work and has written some excellent articles on co-operation for the leading publications of the country. As soon as Mr. Hampson learned the truth of the matter, that he was being used to bolster up an institution that had nothing co-operative about it, he withdrew at once from all connection with the concern.

We who have been working earnestly during the greater part of our lives, for industrial co-operation among ourselves, find distinct encouragement in instances of this kind. As straws indicate the direction of the coming gale, these instances are an unmistakable sign that capital begins to see the uselessness of standing on the seashore with a broom to beat back the waves and make “snoots” at the coming storm. These monied concerns are anxiously trimming their sails to catch enough of the rising gale to help them along, even tho’ they fear that when it reaches its height they, as private enterprises, will be swept out of existence.

Another and still more hopeful sign of an approaching
change—near at hand—in the condition of our class, is the fact that here and there is one who, after a life of poverty and hardship, succeeds by strenuous endeavor in gaining a firm financial footing and then in true brotherhood, turns to reach out a kind hand to help those who are desperately struggling against the obstacles he has surmounted.

In a recent letter from President Bearrup, of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills, Albuquerque, N. M., he writes as follows, which we quote from memory: "The glimpse you give of your life," [referring to the salutatory in the January number of The Co-operator,] "coincides very closely with my own early experiences; and now that I am able to do so, I am anxious to make the business that I have built up a co-operative one, so that the boys and girls who work here may have a better chance to help themselves than you and I have had."

This is royal encouragement as an evidence of the increase of the spirit of loyalty and brotherhood among us, which, after all, is the key to the whole situation. It cannot be said in the future, as—with too much reason—it has been said in the past, that when one of the toilers DID succeed in working his way out of his class and in his turn, became an employer, he invariably became a more cruel task-master than those who were "to the manor born."

Slowly, surely, thru paths of sorrow and infinite pain, all classes of human beings are learning that the good things of life must be possessed by all equally before one individual can be really happy. True happiness can never be gained by the gratification of the individual self, but in the broader work that recognizes the unity of mankind, of which we are a part. The various members are but younger or older brothers according to the degree of development they have attained compared with our own, and we feel that a cup of cold water given to one is given to us and that an injury to him, no matter to what race, clime or country he may belong, is the concern of all. B.

The Month at Burley

After weeks of lonely silence the shrill note of the great saw at the mill makes cheerful music in the air of Burley. The Mill Company, with countenances greatly abbreviated, report plenty of work and a number of orders for lumber ahead. The long shut-down and wet weather have affected the belts so that they are constantly breaking and causing the boys much trouble and annoyance.
The Kingston took a scow-load of lumber out on the 26th, consisting of several local orders which were delivered in the vicinity, the launch returning the same day.

Brother Sammy Davidson has turned the care of the cows over to Brother B. M. Kellogg and his wife, who will in future attend to the dairy. Four new calves have arrived, so that we are no longer as restricted in the matter of milk as we were during the early part of the winter.

The other members of the Agricultural Company are busy preparing for seedtime. Sammy is plowing and Brother Ferguson is picking over potatoes for planting, while the glow of the burning stumps on the land they are clearing maketh red the heavens by night.

Brother Ferguson has prepared a hot-bed, which will soon be ready for starting his tomato and other plants.

Brother Ernest Simons had the misfortune to smash the third finger of his right hand, which got caught between the ends of two boards when he was working at the cut-off saw.

Brother Gerber, who does most of the gardening done in Burley, has not been well for a long time, and altho we see him walking around out doors occasionally, he looks somewhat feeble.

Comrade Will Bonstein has left us and gone to Galice, Ore., where we understand he has taken a contract from The Alameda Mining Company to drive a tunnel. Quite a change in the plan outlined to us by Will before he left Burley. But, "There's a Divinity,-" &c., &c., at least we think there is.

We saw the following extract from the Irontonian, and copy it in evidence of our unqualified approval of the manner in which the writer "sasses back" when the news-items of country newspapers are criticized by the City papers. We have a comfortable feeling of having been sturdily defended by a valiant champion:

Don't it make you weary to read the rot of those rattle-brain idiots of the Chicago press who are repeatedly ridiculing the country papers on their locals? Those two-by-four lunch-counter fiends think it awfully funny when some country newspaper says: 'Hiram Slocum has sold his Holstein cow to Ed. Childress.' But of course it is quite the proper caper when the City papers say: 'Mrs. Harrison Oliver Lowden has just returned from the Epsom Lorimer..."
kennels.' Oh, that's great! That bull pup would bring about 30 cents in the dog-pound, while Slocum's cow would sell for $50 in the dark. Because Gussie Davis was over to Guard Point to see his best girl,—they throw a shoe! But if William Henry Harrison Polk, the society leader, was in Milwaukee on Saturday last to see Miss Gertie Pabst, they would slobber over half a column and have three pictures of Gertie and William Henry on the front page.

Burley has had two additions to the mill crew in the last month. Mr. Joseph D. Willhite, who visited the colony about three years ago and staid with us a short time, and Comrade John Leikem who fills the position of blacksmith and general helper about the mill.

The Co-operator "gang" are greatly indebted to Comrade Leikem for a long-wished-for mailing case, with a separate compartment for each state. This case is conveniently hung on pulleys over the mailing table and can be swung out of the way when not in use. He is now at work in his spare moments, upon a standing-galley, which will be a great convenience to the printers.

[Our new front cover, which I like very much, was designed and set up by Mrs. Brewster. C.]

Mrs. Darling and her daughter Mary have left the hotel and are keeping house for themselves again.

The editors of The Co-operator paid a flying visit to Home to attend the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. W. Adams. Three long tables were arranged in the social hall of the colony and the white-haired, hospitable host and hostess took their places at the center one and with their friends on either hand proceeded to entertain in the right royal manner peculiar to them.

A short and appropriate program was rendered, after which the floor was cleared for dancing. If there was an individual there who did not enjoy himself he uttered not a word to that effect and certainly the Burley delegation was not of the number.

Miss Julia Marcus, of Home, who was paying us a visit a short time ago, became ill and was compelled to return home.

Brother M. D. Waterman, of Puyallup, surprised us with a visit the other day. He was one of the early resident members of Burley. In the few years of his absence he notes many changes and improvements.
A few days ago, Brother Brocchi sent a beautiful specimen of his scroll-sawing to Freeland Colony. It was a basket which had been admired and purchased by G. K. Salvage when visiting us with Mr. and Mrs. Horr about a month ago. The packing of the dainty, lace-like affair was carefully done and a note from Mr. Salvage announces its safe arrival and his pleasure in the exquisite workmanship of the basket.

The beautiful spring weather has moved Mrs. McClintock to commence house cleaning. Fresh wall-paper is among the improvements contemplated.

The Stoddard place, situated about half a mile west of Burley, has been let to Mr. Ferris, of Iowa, for a period of one year.

We received a very enjoyable visit from one of our old members, Mrs. Mueller, who came up with her uncle Mr. Wiegand, from Home, and staid with us a couple of days.

A letter from Amsterdam, Holland, advises us of the death of the father of our dear friend, P. A. Braams Scheuer, who spent several weeks with us last summer. His friends here extend to Phi their warmest sympathy in his sorrow.

Brother Michael Hartman, of South Seattle, came over to see the Board of Directors about the plan of reorganization. When the ballot was sent him for his vote "in favor of" or "against," he wrote to the Secretary declining to vote and giving the reason that he could not see the necessity for reorganization nor what benefit could be gained by it. An invitation was immediately sent him to pay us a personal visit, talk with the members on the ground and thoroughly satisfy himself as to the advisability of a change. In less than half a day Brother Hartman returned home leaving his vote "in favor of" and heartily in sympathy with the plan of reorganization. The same invitation is heartily extended by the management to all the non-resident members who can possibly arrange to pay Burley a personal visit and talk the matter over with the residents.

We were delighted to welcome our old friend and brother, Tom McClintock, who came on from Utah to spend a few days' vacation with us. Brother Tom says that he has found no place that suits him quite as well as Burley, and that if he lives until next fall he will once more seek a home here. [and if he don't live he'll make his home at Yuba Dam. C.]

Another old resident member, Matthew Truth, stayed with us a couple of weeks and has returned to his work on the outside.

Brother Linus M. Clark came over from Seattle where he was making a business visit. He selected a Home-lot, which Brother Brocchi is to survey and get in shape for
him. He left for his home in Portland, Ore., on the morning of the 14th.

Brother Bollman has gone to Oregon to be absent a few days.

Our attention was called to a mistake in the February number of The Co-operator. In our mention of the mishap to Henry Pierson, of Vaughan, who came near losing his life by his horse walking off the sandspit into the bay,—it was stated that Mr. Wood was one of the rescuers. Mr. Atchison, of Springfield, was the man who helped to save the drowning man. We are glad to make this correction as Mr. Atchison got his foot badly hurt by snags in the water in his merciful efforts to help the poor frightened horse, which afterwards swam ashore all right.

Yesterday we were called to the office window to observe an exceedingly diminutive and debonair little man coming gaily down the sidewalk towards the mill. On closer inspection we recognized little Jack McClintock, the Colony Baby, in all the glory and pride of "first pants." We felt rather badly about it. Our beautiful baby was certainly growing into—just a Boy. We had a swift vision of him as he was last summer when someone succeeded in purloining him from his mother and brought him up to entertain with his dancing an admiring audience gathered on the hotel porch in the cool of the evening. This performance was a thing to be remembered. With his merry baby face stained with fruit or sticky with cake—the result of bribes and rewards for previous exhibitions of his accomplishments—his beautiful fair curls all wind-blown and tumbled, he would prance round on his unsteady little legs, clapping his hands to help with the time. It was a most satisfactory entertainment. There was no foolish bashfulness nor hanging back about him. In fact he sometimes started in with a promptness that quite disconcerted the orchestra, who couldn't always think of an appropriate tune on such short notice. But he was not finicky about the music. Any old tune hummed in any old time would do, and he never failed to "bring down the house." The audience invariably went wild, and no one applauded more heartily than Little Jack himself, who would spit his tiny hands with fingers wide-spread, and laugh out in a perfect ecstasy of glee and baby fun.

But these prosaic pants have appeared and spoiled all those good times and dear Little Jack's baby days are rapidly becoming past history.

This morning he was brought into the office to exhibit his latest accomplishment of "winking at the ladies." "Wink at her, Jack" coaxed K. Jack removed the end of a very long stick of candy from his mouth in a business-like manner and turning his dear little face up to ours, shut both eyes very tight and, opening them immediately, stuck his candy in his mouth again, like a cork. "Wink
hard, Jack," urged K. Out came the candy stopper with a jerk, the little fists were doubled up, the mouth set in a straight line, the soft little face screwed itself into wrinkles, both eyes shut so tight that they disappeared entirely and we received a distinct impression that an unmistakable Wink had been bestowed upon us by a small man in Pants.

B. Latest Styles in Weather

JAN. 25TH 1905 TO FEB. 25TH 1905.

Maximum temperature 80 deg. on Feb. 5th. [Yes, E-I-G-H-T-Y 80.]
Minimum " 14 " " 12th.
Mean " 32.5 "
Days of showers or rain, 12.
Prevailing direction of wind, N.

R. F. DUNBAR,
Lord High Executioner, Burley Weather Bureau.

After Working Hours

The entertainment for Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, was in charge of Brother Ellis. The following program was rendered:

Instrumental music, Finfrock Orchestra, 2 numbers; Mrs. Sieverson, Piano; Bertha Huesing, Guitar. Songs: Brothers Commander and Pearce. Readings: Brothers Ellis and Commander, Miss Smith, Grandma Townsend. Recitations: Willie Kellogg, Lawrence Orrit. Description in Yankee dialect of sleigh ride, Brother Ellis.

Entertainment for Wednesday evening, Feb. 15th, was in charge of Bessie Fenton, who arranged the following program:

Instrumental music: Selections—Under Double Eagle, Dancing in the Barn,—Mandolin Club; Guitar Duet, Mary Darling and Bertha Huesing; Flute and Guitar duet, Brother Brocchi and Mary Darling. Readings: Brothers Ellis and Fenton, Mr. Stein, Mrs. Bollman. Recitation: Harold Bollman.

Additional Doin's

Party at Huesing's: A surprise party was given to Mr. Huesing by his wife and daughter. Old and young were invited. The surprise was very successful, as he said afterwards "If you had been five minutes later, I would have been in bed."

While the old people talked and played cards, the
young,—of whom there were very few,—went upstairs and had THEIR fun dancing, not thinking of the older ones below. They gave Mr. Finfrock the pleasure of playing for them. Supper was served about 10.30 and after thinking they had kept the family up long enough, they bid them good night and made good their escape.

**Washington's Birthday:** At school, Feb. 22nd, in the afternoon, Miss Smith wrote George Washington's name on the blackboard and had each of us make as many words out of the name as we could. She divided the school into two sides, numbering them 1 and 2, and then the side with the most words won. The longest list made by one child contained 118 words.

**Dance at Purdy:** A masquerade ball was given at Purdy which, of course, most of the Burley dancers attended. The dance was certainly a great success as there must have been a hundred and twenty-five people present. Masks of all kinds and descriptions were seen.

Supper was served at 11 o'clock, but masks were taken off about 10.30 and the dance continued until about 2.30 a.m. The music was furnished by the Finfrock Orchestra, which the Burley people are so used to dancing to.

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**Official Reports of Officers & Committees for January**

**TREASURER'S REPORT.**

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<th>Cr.</th>
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<td><strong>Cash on hand Jan. 1st, 1905</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Received during Jan.</strong></td>
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<tr>
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<td><strong>$198 46</strong></td>
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A. B. ELLIS, Treasurer.

**REPORT OF FINANCE COMMITTEE.**

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Respectfully submitted,

A. B. ELLIS
D. BROCCHI
W. FERGUSON

Finance Committee.

**SECRETARY'S REPORT.**

**JAN. 26 TO FEB. 25, 1905, INCLUSIVE.**

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S. L. FALL, Secretary.
Reverence for Home

Arthur B. Ellis.

[For The Co-operator]

"BREAThes there a man with soul so dead" who will ever forget the old home with its associations of his childhood? The memories of those early days come crowding upon the older folks as they recall pictures of the past, immortalized by our great writers in prose and verse.

The Old Homestead! What a perennial and fruitful subject to "point a moral and adorn a tale!" And yet,—sad to relate,—a generation is springing up, so it seems, to whom the whole story is largely out of date. The open fire-place and "The hanging of the crane" have lost their charm. "The old oaken bucket" simply survives in hackneyed verse. "What is a crane and what do you do with it?" inquires the strenuous youth. Whittier's "Snow-Bound" and kindred tales are lost on him.

This is not strange. The average modern boy or girl scarcely lives in one place long enough to call it a home. The family of today is "on the march." The place that knew it in the morning knows it no longer in the evening. Like the Arab, the nomadic dweller in city or country folds his tent as necessity or fancy dictates.

The situation is well summed up in the remark of a dignified old gentleman, with a picture in his mind of home comforts in his earlier days, contrasted with later experiences. "Once I lived in a house with four walls to it. Now I live in a place where I can hear people sneeze on both sides of me."

Love of home, you may well say, should be implanted in the breast of every growing child. The community is going down hill which has lost touch with this influence. One of the pathetic signs of the times is this absence of
The Co-Operator.

reverence for the home. And yet, under present conditions, how difficult to keep alive such a vital sentiment.

Who shall say that the love of home is not quite as strong in the workingman as in the employer with his houses scattered, it may be, from Newport to Florida? One has a retinue of servants to keep up his “establishment,” while the other often has hard work to keep the wolf from the door of the little shack, which he rarely owns. He is more concerned, frequently, in hunting a job than in securing a home. If he finds work,—even with a “good company,”—quite likely he may lose it in a few months.

Witness two great establishments, for example, at the extreme borders of our land, one in the State of Washington, the great Tacoma Mill in Old Town, which has just resumed business after a suspension of nearly one year, and even now is not running full-handed,—and the other the old Boote (cotton) Mill in New England, which employed thousands of hands and is now permanently closed.

How can a man secure a home under such conditions? He goes to the factory in the morning and is confronted, it may be, with the notice, “Works will be closed on Monday of next week for an indefinite period to make repairs. Help no longer needed.”

It is safe to say then, that reverence for home is not a sentiment that is slightingly regarded by the average workingman. I may rather say that the home has been invaded by barbaric forces and the poor man can no longer afford to foster the old-time feelings of love and reverence for it.

As in the old days, the Goths and Huns swept down on ancient Rome,—whose rulers had proved themselves unworthy of their trust,—and extinguished the sacred fire, so, to a large extent, is the condition of modern civilization. The love, the enthusiasm for home,—and for work—which was once alive, has been stifled by new and uncontrolled forces.

The modern mechanic is no longer a craftsman. He is becoming more and more a “hand,”—simply a part of a machine. What wonder that the vision of a home, with all the other ideals of his youth, vanishes at the end of the day’s work? His uppermost thought is not so much whether he can hold his home as whether he can hold his job.
The home of the future, for the workingman, must rest on a sure foundation—the foundation of a firm social order allowing justice, mercy and equal opportunity to all. A city built on such a plan is the only one that can abide.

Colorado Co-operators,—A Correction

On page 3 of the March Co-operator it was stated, thru an error in proof-reading, that a town-lot in Nucla was 42x100 feet. This should have read 42x200 (two hundred) feet; a block,—which contains twenty lots, including 20-foot alleys—being 420 feet square and containing about four acres.

Inside Facts about Russia & Her "Little Father"
Special St. Petersburg Correspondence
of the Manchester (England) Guardian.

The Government has been employing methods of its own to revive the deep-seated sentiment of loyalty that received its death-blow in St. Petersburg a fortnight ago. The disaffection of the educated classes had become a matter of course, and the Government did not greatly fear it so long as the masses of the people remained true. But the collapse of the loyalty of the people is equivalent to revolution, and this is a fact that the autocracy and its small band of supporters realize only too clearly now that the mischief has been done. Accordingly measures have been taken to lock the door of the empty stable.

First, the underlings of the police, who are in close contact with the people, were made use of in order to propagate certain convenient fictions. During the days of crisis the dvorniks, at the bidding of police officers, frightened small shopkeepers and servant-maids with fearful stories of the preparations that were being made by working men to work havoc in the city. To a certain extent such stories succeeded in depicting working men as violent disturbers of that public peace so dear to the heart of the 'petite bourgeoisie.' When the workmen had ceased to be immediately dangerous the efforts of the police were turned in another direction. It was an excellent opportunity to awaken the hostility of the people against the educated classes who cause the government so much anxiety. The
whole blame of the massacre was thrown upon these; they had deceived the workingmen with false promises. Father Gapon was simply a disguised student, and in fact the students, who have for many years been regarded by the people as suspicious oddities, now began to be regarded as criminals of the deepest dye. All kinds of misfortunes were ascribed to their influence, and the antipathy towards them has become so great that it is often dangerous to walk the streets of certain quarters in a student's uniform. These unhappy youths, who for months have been so tossed on conflicting waves of hope and fear that they have been unable to apply themselves to anything like systematic work, and who, now that all higher educational institutions are closed for an indefinite period, find themselves, academically speaking, homeless and helpless, have become exalted in popular imagination to a place beside the Japanese as the great enemies of the Russian State.

The worst of it is that where the police find no direct means of propagating such falsehoods they find a ready agent in the Church, which stamps the fabrications of an anxious officialdom with the seal of its spiritual authority.

In a village in the province of Tver the priest had aroused the hostility of the peasants against students to such a pitch that when, last week, a high-school boy dressed in uniform not unlike a student's was passing down the road he was shot at by a peasant from behind a bush as an enemy to his country.

But students are a comparatively small company, even tho' in this instance they were made to serve as the symbol of the educated classes as a whole. The idea of a plot conceived and set in motion by them was not sufficiently grandiose to efface the impression made by the startling events of that terrible Sunday. Some more powerful medicine was necessary, and M. Cherep-Spiridonich, a friend of the the Grand Duke Sergius's, who happened to be living in Paris, came to the rescue with a telegram ascribing the whole trouble to the machinations of the English and Japanese. In Moscow, the Grand Duke Sergius's chosen seat, the telegram was posted on the walls by the order, it would seem, of the prefect of police. All Moscow had time to read it and discuss it, to believe or to mock, according to individual temperament and education. The British Am-
bassador protested; the obnoxious notice was removed from the walls and the incident, as far as it affected diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Russia was closed. But the Holy Synod took up the story, and in an appeal addressed to the orthodox throughout Russia, described the strikes as the work of 'foreigners.' The appeal will be read in every village church in Russia, and as the contents of the Paris telegram have by this time become widely known, and as in a case of necessity priest or deacon will be found ready to explain exactly who these foreigners are, there is little hope now of putting an end to the circulation of the legend that England is largely responsible for the internal disorders of Russia. In a number of secondary schools in St. Petersburg the priests who give religious instruction are asserting in the most emphatic way that the strike was the work of the educated classes, who had been bought by English and Japanese money. This official fostering of popular hostility to a friendly nation might involve very serious consequences were it not that in this troublous time many other conflicting forces are deeply influencing the thoughts of the people.

Meanwhile the government is paying special attention to the workingmen. In conspicuous positions in Moscow and St. Petersburg placards have been posted for some time, requesting the men to return peaceably to work. But the masterpiece of conciliatory policy was the interview between the workingmen and the Tsar last Thursday. It is now a demonstrated fact that under certain conditions certain workingmen may see their Monarch and even hear him speak. The chosen workingmen were thirty-four in number. The representative of the Putiloff workers was the church watchman. At the Nevsky Works three men who were not aware that they had committed any crime were suddenly ordered to wash themselves and make ready to depart. They obeyed, naturally concluding that they were under arrest. To their surprise they were taken to the Winter Palace, where they found others in like case. From the Winter Palace they were conveyed to the Palace in Tsarskoe Selo, where for an hour they waited in a great cold hall, of a splendor they had never seen in their lives before. After the long waiting they grew so cold that they ventured into a neighboring room, but Gen. Tre-
off came out and sternly ordered them back to the great hall. And presently the Emperor appeared, and read from a paper in a low voice an address, the contents of which few of the workmen understood. When he had finished one of the workmen began to reply. 'Your Majesty,' he said; but the Tsar had disappeared. After this the men were taken to a chapel to see the relics of a saint and then treated to a dinner. They returned home with copies of the Monarch's address and a vague impression that some great and incomprehensible favor had been vouchsafed to them. Copies of the address have since been posted up in various parts of the city.

It is asserted, with what measure of justification I cannot now say, that upon the mass of workingmen the Government's efforts to effect a reconciliation have only had the effect of increasing suspicion and antagonism. As to the effect upon what is known as the 'dark people,' those ignorant masses who are entirely at the mercy of rumor, I can only judge by a conversation I had a day or two ago with a peasant who works in the city during the winter. 'This business,' he assured me, 'is all the work of the upper class, the students. They deceived the workingmen, made them go to His Majesty with a petition for more wages, and the workingmen went, and that was mutiny; and of course mutiny can't be allowed, else what would become of Russia? So they had to fire on them, and they wounded a few; but that is all over now and everything is quiet. And the Tsar will put everything to rights. He's going to make good laws for the workingmen. Why, he received workingmen,—peasants,—in his own palace and promised them they should have more wages. So it will be all right now. Ah' he added, 'they say things are very bad abroad: the best of Russia is that it is a free country. Here, so long as you pay for your land, nobody interferes with you.'

Such men as these provide the Grand Duke Vladimir and his friends with a ready argument against a Constitution. But it must not be forgotten that their mental outlook is the result of the systematic obscurantism of the present Government.

Our Governments may be said to be mere Committees of our Plutocrats, charged with watching over THEIR common interests.—Gronlund.
THE CO-OPERATOR.

Life in Pinon Co-operative Colony
Bertha T. Cameron.

[For The Co-operator]

HOPING that change of climate might restore my somewhat impaired health, I left a quiet home near Port Huron, Mich., on the 28th of Sept., 1899, intending to find in the "wild west" an opportunity to follow my vocation of school teaching.

Arriving in Denver, Colo., I spent several days sight-seeing in the Queen City. Also visited schools and called on several people who were interested in school affairs in Colorado. I finally decided that I wanted to teach school in the "Centennial State."

I was advised to apply to F. E. Dick, of Denver, as he was manager of a Teachers' Agency. Accordingly, I wended my way to that gentleman's office and learned that he had that very day received a letter from the Secretary of the School Board in Pinon, Montrose County, Colo. The letter stated that they were very anxious to secure the services of a teacher AT ONCE.

I wrote an application, and sending my credentials with the same, awaited developments.

In due time I received an answer from the Secretary which informed me that I might consider myself "The Pinon Teacher," and would I start immediately as they were eager for school to commence.

If the manager of the Agency knew that Pinon was a Co-operative Colony he did not say so; neither did the Secy. of the Board inform me that such was the case and I was far on my way before I learned that important fact; I was also left under the impression that Pinon was near the town of Montrose.

My trip over the mountains I shall never forget. The train crossing and re-crossing the streams, dodging around corners, climbing along precipices hundreds of feet deep, while the mountains towered above us thousands of feet, sharply outlined against a sky that is nowhere else so deeply, gloriously blue as in Colorado. In some places the walls of the canyon were perpendicular and in others even over-hanging the track; to me it seemed that Colorado had been
well named the Switzerland of America. By chance I was introduced to the Chancellor of the University of Denver, also to the Rev. Mr. Kirkbride, a noted divine of that city, both of whom were making a trip to Montrose. The time passed very pleasantly and many places of interest were pointed out to me by my companions. I gathered from their conversation that they knew the towns of Colorado fairly well and I ventured to ask them about "my Pinon." No, they had never heard of Pinon. Was I sure that was the name? I produced my letter from the Secy. and plainly, the post mark was "Pinon." The conductor was questioned and he was quite sure that he had never heard of any such place. Several gentlemen who overheard our conversation, solemnly assured me that they knew every town on the western slope and that Pinon was not on the list. I will frankly admit that I was puzzled, but not in the least discouraged. I was sure that all would end well. Meantime we were nearing Montrose.

When the train pulled into the little town, I was delighted,—I was sure the burg I was looking for was very near. Imagine my consternation when in answer to my query, "Can you tell me how far it is to Pinon?" the agent at the depot said, "Why, yes, it is a hundred miles over the range;" and then he quickly added, "You will have to go in a freight-wagon."

Well, I decided to make the attempt at whatever cost. But as I viewed that high and mighty freight-wagon I was quite sure that I could NEVER succeed in climbing to the top of it. With the help of two men, however, I scrambled up and soon we were started on our trip over the range. Our wagon was drawn by six horses and there were six passengers,—five freighters and myself.

The first part of our journey took us thru a valley noted for its fine orchards and well-kept ranches. But as we travelled along I began to get a pretty good idea of what "crossing the range" meant. The roads were so rough that only with great exertion I managed to keep in the seat. I think that a great part of the beautiful scenery I did not notice, as I was thinking most of the time about what I would do if the wagon should fall off the road, as I fully expected it would. I did not ask questions, as I did not want to be suspected of being a tender-foot, but once—
when all the freighters shouted together,—I came very near giving it away. I was trying to muster courage to ask what they meant by it, when the driver explained that they expected to meet another team and as there was only one turning-out place on the narrow, winding mountain road for a long distance, they were giving warning of their approach. We stopped for dinner, and then, for the first time, I thought about lunch. I had not brought a bite. The freighters, however, very generously divided what they had with me and again we started out. The afternoon was a repetition of the forenoon so far as the road was concerned. Winding around steep bluffs, the road seemed to me to go straight up in places. But I much preferred that to going straight down. However, the great event of the trip was the night spent on the top of the range. I was informed before starting from Montrose that one night would be spent "on the road," but I supposed, of course there would be some one to take us in. Well, about six o'clock our driver reined his coach-and-six up to an empty cabin! We had arrived at our stopping-place!

There must have been a look of terror on my face, for the driver kindly assured me that I need not be afraid, as I would be very comfortable,—if I had plenty of bedding. I told him that my bedding was at home. And then—well—I sat down in a secluded place—and—well,—it need not be written,—but I felt better, and managed to stand round while those big-hearted men prepared supper. Afterwards we went into the cabin and one of the men, pointing to a bunk, told me I could sleep "up there." I told him that I simply could not sleep on a shelf. I would roll off. The men had intended to sleep on the floor of the cabin, but when they understood my horror of the idea, they proposed sleeping under the wagon. Then I told them I was afraid to stay in the cabin alone. They did not lose their patience, and after a while I allowed them the privilege of sleeping under the wagon, after they had left me nearly all their blankets. I acknowledge that I was naughty and selfish, and anyone who knows the temperature at the top of the range on an October night, will appreciate the generosity and courtesy shown me.

The coyotes howled all night and I was glad when day dawned. After a breakfast of bacon, black coffee and
bread we started again, and as the road was now down grade we made better time and in the evening I was re-
warded by a sight of my long-sought Pinon, nestling in a beautiful little valley on the banks of the San Miguel River.

(To be continued.)

Why Colonies have failed

We copy the following from The Theosophical Forum of August 1891. Altho not of recent date, yet it is so appli-
cable as an experience in colony life that we could not re-
sist giving it to our readers just as it is:

As to co-operative colonies and institutions, it may be said that they are still on trial and that the results thus far have not been encouraging. The last-published statistical tables show that a large proportion have been failures and that very few have been even measurably successful. There are various reasons for this. One is that an essential to prosperity is the possession by all members of the same spirit of conscientious and enduring devotion to the one end. But this is hardly possible to secure. Some are sure to fall below the level, even if they reached it at the be-
inning, and then come jealousies, laziness, and self-seek-
ing by them, and a revolt of the spirit of justice in the others. Another reason is that the talent to conduct such an enterprise is rare, and commands, according to the law of supply and demand, a high salary. But this, upon the theory of such institutions, it is not to have, and hence the institution starts by defying all experience. Another rea-
on is that the principle of equal participation by all in government, irrespective of fitness or training or degree of interest, tends in the long run to the lowering of standards and the substitution of other than business methods in busi-
ness affairs. The steady deterioration of American "states-
men" and government illustrates this. Another reason is that thoroughness in management declines as the repre-
sentative is substituted for the individual interest,—a fact voluminously demonstrated by Herbert Spencer. And a fifth reason is in the inadequacy of authority to enforce dis-
cipline.

The Forum is not saying that these things ought to be so, but simply that they are. At the present stage of hu-
man development the conception of solidarity and the purpose to conform to it are not sufficiently matured to make such enterprises hopeful. That they may become so in time we may well believe. But business projects based upon sentiments not yet existing and only probable some centuries ahead are clearly premature, and premature efforts never succeed. There is reason to think that in another hundred years Theosophical truths will have moderately pervaded the community, yet we cannot act now as if we were in 1991.

Protests, as such, amount to very little. A business-like Theosophist is not going to put his money or his time into an unsound scheme merely to show other people that he objects to their ways. Nothing, indeed, could be more unwise, for, when the unsound scheme collapsed, the other people would jeer. Theosophists, like their fellowmen, wish to make use of all the facts and laws which commercial operations have disclosed, and to make their investments with all attainable skill and sagacity; there is no reason why they should be Quixotic or merely declamatory.

For You, O Democracy!

From Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble;
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon;
I will make divine magnetic lands,

With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies;
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,

By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you ma femme!
For you, for you I am trilling these songs.

The Third Essential

Jessie Brewster.

In writing to a friend some time ago I stated that a feeling of unity and some degree of the spirit of brotherhood had gradually developed among us here at Burley notwithstanding the fact that we acknowledged no other bond of union than that of a common economic interest. In his reply my friend commented that in those words I might, unwittingly, have stated the cause of our non-success; that "a common economic interest" cannot supply enough inspiration to carry a movement of this
kind thru to a successful issue; that in living together in a community like this, special attention must be given to the fostering of certain qualities that have nothing to do with money-getting, but which are quite as necessary to the success of a co-operative colony as good business ability.

The truth of these remarks is indisputable. Those who have had the most experience in co-operative work have come to see clearly that no movement which brings people of widely different dispositions and development into close and intimate relations can succeed where all the energy and every faculty they possess is bent toward developing only those qualities which are useful in acquiring means to supply the wants of the body and the intellect.

These, however, are but two of the phases of our triple evolution, and if the same enthusiasm and degree of earnest effort were applied in the development of the third and highest attribute of our nature, the requirements of the first two would be of a different character and more easily obtained thru co-operative effort. The systematic cultivation of such qualities as justice and toleration,—even if from no better nor higher motive than as an expedient to enable men to live and pull together more harmoniously,—would insure us a greater measure of success.

But these attributes are natural to man in the sense that they are a part of his unfoldment and become more pronounced as he advances into the next stage on the path of evolution. From the accumulated experiences of his animal existence were evolved the reasoning or intellectual faculties and from the intellect are evolving these higher spiritual qualities.

Altho this spiritual development lies directly in the path of each individual, and will surely become manifested in the slow process of time, it can be greatly assisted by an enlightened understanding; and a co-operative community provides the best conditions possible. The cultivation of the habit of taking a broad-minded view of the faults and foibles of people whose peculiarities differ from our own, and the fostering of a spirit of sympathy and charity, will help toward this end.

After all, there is no sensible reason why we should entertain a feeling of dislike against any one whose per-
sonality or conduct does not please us, if we remember that his character is formed from the stress and pull of certain tendencies inherent in his nature and the degree of resistance the strength of his will enables him to set against them. The mistakes he makes and the pain he brings upon himself by yielding to the lower tendencies of his being, are teaching him the lessons he needs, exactly as we are being taught. But in the nature of the case I cannot force the lessons I have learned upon him, because perhaps they are not the lessons best suited to his peculiar needs and the particular stage of development he has attained. In any case he must learn by experience as we are all doing and I have no better reason for finding fault with him than I have for condemning a boy because he is not a man. One result is sure to follow any efforts of mine to force him into viewing his conduct from my stand-point, that is, trouble and discord of all kinds, and I have no right in the world to try to make him conform to any standards of right or wrong by which I may find it necessary to govern my own conduct.

The business man who, by accumulating great wealth, has achieved what his world calls success, has ample means at his command to gratify every desire or whim of the body or intellect. Yet he finds no contentment. He is conscious of a vague unrest, caused by the awakening of his spiritual nature. From his surplus possessions he endows institutions of charity and learning, builds hospitals for the sick and unfortunate and establishes public libraries for the poor in a vain endeavor to satisfy the yearning of the spirit for expression upon a higher plane of activity. As his higher nature unfolds,—and love for others becomes the dominant note of his existence, as love of self is now,—he will no longer give only that which he does not need and cannot use, but Self will become of the least importance, except as it constitutes a part of the whole.

Socialism and Colonization

William L. Garver, a well-known Socialist writer, says in The Temple Artisan: . . . I do not believe there is a more extreme Socialist than I am, and I say that no Socialist, as a Socialist, advocates the abolition of private property. Socialism is not to be confounded with Communism, notwithstanding the disposition of lexicograph-
ers to link them together. Dr. A. Schaffle, former Minister of Finance in Austria, one of the most intelligent critics of Socialism, concedes this in his well-known work, "The Quintessence of Socialism." Gabriel Deville, one of the most revolutionary of French Socialists, also shows this position very plainly in his well-known work, "Socialism, Revolution and Internationalism."

It is true, many representative socialist writers refer to the abolition of private property without qualification, but they presuppose a certain amount of familiarity with technical socialist authors to make the qualifications clear. I recently took the liberty to call Mr. A. M. Simon's attention to the unqualified use of this phrase in his book, "The Class Struggle in America," and in answer he says his book presupposes the above knowledge. Socialism advocates the collective ownership of all the means of production and distribution that are not actually used by the owners. And even this statement requires a qualification, for the word ownership herein means to hold as trustee for the benefit of all who desire to use them, while ownership in private hands as it now is, means the exclusion of all but the owner. Under Socialism, occupancy and use would be necessary to hold possession of the land and all other means of production and distribution. At the same time the home and all its appurtenances, and articles of consumption, are to remain private property.

Thirteen years ago I was associated with a co-operative colony in Sinaloa, Mexico, known as the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa. The first discordant element in that effort was between voluntary and compulsory co-operation. The former is democratic and individualistic, the latter despotic and tyrannous.

Profiting by the mistakes of the past we must establish a community where, if the individual desires to work as an individual, he may do so, and likewise, if he desires to work for the organization for an equitable share of the wealth such socialized efforts produce, he may do so. If the latter demonstrates its superiority, it will attract those who thought separate efforts best; if the former, the sources only from which wealth is produced need be held in common, and the industrial activity itself, be allowed to adjust itself to the varying demands of the workers.
I know the spirit that fills the hearts of our socialist workers; it is one of noble self-denial and never-dying enthusiasm in the face of almost insurmountable odds. I have seen laboring men who know the privations of want, contribute their little mite to the "cause" even when clothes were thread-bare. Of course there can be no relation between a co-operative colony movement and political socialism. . . . I say this to correct any erroneous impression that the Socialist party as such fosters, or is to be confounded with colony ventures. It is rather a mighty entity evolving daily by the constant assimilation of new individuals throughout the world, and the elimination of those who prove themselves unfit for its high mission.

Washington Co-operative Notes

List of Killed and Wounded: This month we have to chronicle some bad news from the front. The Aberdeen Co-operative Association is in the hands of a receiver. This misfortune is the result of a combination of causes. One was the severe set-back our Aberdeen comrades suffered by their big fire about 18 months ago and the other was failure to adhere to the cash system.

The Labor Union Co-operative Co. of Seattle has had a disastrous failure. Full particulars are not at hand as we write this, but the failure will involve all the branches to some extent. Will give the results of the settlement next month. We are taking this matter up more fully in the editorial pages.

Freeland Colony, Bow: The Freeland Comrades have arranged for space in The Co-operator each month until they can get a paper of their own. Many of our readers will be as pleased as we are to get regular news of them. They speak for themselves in their own section in the back part of the magazine and also on the back cover, to which we refer all interested.

Burley Rochdale Mercantile Assn: It is with pleasure that we announce that Burley has at last a real, live Rochdale Store of its own. This Association was incorporated on the 4th of February, 1905 with 18 members. The Directors are Henry Oakes, Pres.; M. L. Fenton, Vice Pres.; A. B. Ellis, Secy-Treas.; William Boyde and W. H.
Packer. Henry W. Stein, one of our neighbors, was installed as manager and took possession of the store Feb. 20th. As we write these lines the store has been under the new regime for just a month and the prospects for a steady growth seem good. The volume of business handled has not been large but everything is STRICTLY CASH. So, altho the progress may be slow it is substantial.

Manager Stein is proving himself a good man for the place and we have every hope that in a few years we shall be able to put Brother Wanamaker on the bun. You may expect to hear often from this Store. It's right here where we can get a report of it when we are shy of "copy." It can't get away from us. We have a lead-pipe cinch on at least that much of co-operative news. If you knew what a heart-breaker of a job it is to get any news from the alleged co-operators thruout the State you would understand why we rejoice to have a store that we can write up ourselves without depending upon anyone else's devotion to the cause.—Kingsmill Commander, March 22-05.

Hoquiam Rochdale Co., Hoquiam: I send you a report of the business of the Rochdale Store for the first six months, ending Nov. 30th, 1904. We sold $21,000 worth of goods. The gross profits are $3,801.12 and the expenses $2,106.25, leaving a net profit of $1,694.87. Our total resources are $11,550.66 and the obligations $8,243.79, leaving clear of debt $3,306.87. We had 19 members then with $1,612 paid on stock. We have got 5 more members since then.

—Lewis Cook, March 13-05.

DEAR COMRADE:—If you are not a subscriber and this little magazine reaches you as a "Sample," with this paragrap marked, you are thereby invited to take time to examine it carefully.

If you are interested in co-operative industry among the laboring classes, with the employees as part owners and sharing in the management of the industries, then we ask you to write for further information about Burley, its people, their work and ideals.

If you are already a subscriber when you find this paragrap marked it is a notice that your subscription has almost expired. Compare the number on your label with the number of this magazine. The magazine is advanced one number each month and your subscription expires with the number on your label. In that case we hope that you have found the magazine of enough interest that you will renew your subscription and continue to keep in touch with us. We would be sorry to lose old friends and we hope that you would be sorry to miss our monthly visits. Address THE CO-OPERATOR, BURLEY, WN., U. S. A.
The Making of A Murderer

When the drunken comrade mutters and the great guard-lantern gutters
And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching white-washed ceiling,
Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

We have done with Hope and Honor, we are lost to Love and Truth:
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung;
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.
—God help us, for we knew the worst too young! —Kipling.

A couple of weeks ago I noticed in a Seattle daily paper an item about a young man who was under arrest on a charge of murder. The reporter went on to state that some time before, the youth in question had been in prison in California and, while serving his sentence, had his hand torn off by the machinery with which he was working and was consequently immediately released. His next public appearance was in Seattle on the charge of murder.

How benevolent a step-mother is a state governed by capitalism!

She takes an erring son, convicted of theft. Sets him at work which maims him for life and then, to make amends, hastily opens her prison doors and casts him out, helpless and destitute, into the hell of competition. What wonder that, desperate and heartsick, the poor abused
wretch descends the social ladder until he commits all the crimes in the decalog.

The State sows the wind; she must not complain when, at harvest time, she is compelled to reap the whirlwind.

The whole tendency of our prison system and code of criminal law is not in the direction of the reformation of criminals. It is completely impregnated with the spirit of revenge. We often read of a judge giving a prisoner the longest sentence in his power for some particular offence—"throwing the book at the prisoner," is, we believe, the slang phrase,—and expressing indignant regret that he is unable to impose a sentence of greater severity.

Under such circumstances it is a matter of small wonder that men come away from supposedly reformatory institutions filled with the determination to revenge themselves upon a society which has caused them so much suffering. They are embittered and made worse by their prison experience.

What is supposed to be the primal object of our penal code? Is it not to protect society and also to give the criminal a chance to reform? This idea seems to be lost sight of entirely. The unhappy victim is considered, not as a mentally and morally diseased member of the body social, who is in direst need of care and intelligent treatment, but as a designing and dangerous person who has offended a highly virtuous society, for which he must be made to suffer in a degree commensurate with the shock sustained by the moral sensibilities of the "unco' guid."

The reporter, quite unconscious of the damning indictment he thereby brings against social morality, naively remarks, speaking of the youth before referred to,—"when his hand was torn off in the California jail, he was released because it was thought he was punished enough." [capitals mine.]

Truly an inspiring spectacle! Still further unfitted for earning his living by his prison experience and the loss of his hand; suddenly cast thus maimed and hopeless, upon his own resources, is it strange that we next find him charged with a saloon murder? As effect follows cause, so will such results follow our present prison system.

The soul grows sick at the thought of the wickedness and vicious hypocrisy of it. The pillars of society,—the
men who form the very corner-stones upon which is reared this vast social structure,—for the same crimes are granted absolution by the same outraged society—for a consideration, (a suit-case full of money, for instance.) But these unfortunate waifs, like the youth in question, have no money with which to mollify an outraged sense of justice and decency on the part of the Judge, and therefore,—he "throws the book at him" and in his virtuous indignation wishes it were heavier.

The principle is entirely wrong. Social redemption will not come thru cruelty and revenge but thru love and liberty. Criminals are largely the result of unrighteous conditions growing out of and fostered by unrighteous laws.

Under equal freedom the force of public opinion would keep the social scale in perfect balance.

Men naturally seek the light. The tendency of the race is ever upward, tho at times that tendency may follow tortuous paths. Our present code of laws, like our code of ethics, is a relic of the dark ages. It denotes the rule of property, not the rule of man. Men will grow straight if they are not shoved crooked. Statutory law today shoves them crooked, and then punishes them for being so.

We are governed, not wisely, but too much.

**Does Co-operation Ever Fail?**

As well ask, "Does the law of gravity ever fail?" No! Co-operation never fails! The failure is always on the part of those who disregard the simple rules which must be followed in order to carry out the fundamental principles of co-operation.

Some lines I read once come to my mind in this connection, "We learn from our successes, but infinitely more from our failures. We find what will do by finding out what will not do." The two failures recorded in the State Notes this month are worthy of close consideration.

While the Aberdeen company was badly crippled by the big fire 18 months ago, I am told that the chief cause of its downfall was its departure from the principles of Rochdalism, as evidenced by the fact that it extended credit. The Seattle company, in addition to making the same mistake, established branches before it was really in a position to do so and in consequence the branches will be
badly crippled by the disaster to the parent company, if they are not completely wiped out. The establishment of branches as these were established is an innovation, as far as we can learn. Many old co-operators considered the experiment a dubious one and the event has justified their fears, inasmuch as we have one manager nullifying the labors of the others, for the Bremerton store, at least, was prospering under Manager Duncan, who proved himself a thoroughly capable man.

I say again what I shall repeat a few million times more in the next half century, if I continue to have good luck in dodging the sheriff,—Co-operation has NOT failed. Co-operation DOES not fail. Co-operation CANNOT fail. It is only the old story over again. MEN HAVE FAILED TO CO-OPERATE.

I speak specifically of the Seattle case, with which I am more familiar than with the other. The Manager failed to co-operate with the Directors by keeping them posted as to the exact condition of the business; in fact he had no system, so that he really did not know the condition himself. The Directors were lax in that they did not insist upon being kept posted and compel the Manager to do his duty in that respect. It was a most lamentable lack of co-operation all along the line.

Another most significant fact is that ONLY EIGHT PER CENT OF THE MEMBERS DEALT AT THEIR OWN STORE! This is one more proof of the absolute truth of Moody’s contention, which all those who attended the last convention in Seattle will remember, that is,—That a firm foundation of EDUCATION must always precede the establishment of a co-operative enterprise or its chances of success will be greatly lessened. It is very evident that those stock-holders were co-operators in name only, when, altho their own store offered them every convenience of fone and delivery wagon, they had not loyalty enough to stand by it. Had they been filled with the true co-operative spirit, they would have dealt at their own store even if it put them to considerable inconvenience. As it is, the fact is plainly evident that they failed to grasp the significance of the movement, both in its ethical and material aspects. A loyal membership, no matter how small, is essential to the success of any co-operative venture,—always, of course, un-
der careful management. The ninety-two per cent of non-trading members reminds me of Josh Billings' saying, "It 'ud be a hull lot better fur a good menny uv us ef we noo less, rather than to no so menny things thet hain't so." The same with stores that are in the fix of the one under discussion,—It 'ud be a hull lot better fur 'em to bev hed fewer members than to bev so menny that wuzn't so.

Lack of loyalty,—lack of co-operation,—and both the result of lack of education and the ethical and mental development that comes from education. The growth of the co-operative spirit is a matter of time. A few failures need not discourage us. The individualist will seize upon the news of these and similar failures with eagerness. But we can effectually spike HIS guns by reminding him that only THREE per cent of co-operative enterprises fail while NINETY SEVEN per cent of individualist ventures are swallowed up in the competitive maelstrom.

This fact alone is a strong proof of the power of co-operative effort, far as it may fall short,—as present day co-operative efforts DO fall short,—of being true co-operation.

The proof becomes all the stronger and more convincing when we remember that a co-operative concern is in the midst of its enemies in the commercial world. All ordinary individualist business enterprises wish to see it fail and fight it continually. Even with the enthusiastic support of its members it would have no easy road to success, but when, as is too often the case, its own people do not stand by it, the marvel is that the failures are so very few.

The man who engages in any co-operative enterprise with no other object than the material benefits that he may gain thereby, grasps the chaff and misses the wheat. The vastly important point is the deep spiritual truth of which these benefits are but the outward symbol,—the fact that men are learning the lesson they are here to learn,—that humanity is one organism; that "we are members one of another;" that we must pull together and be mutually helpful if we mean to get the fullest joy out of life. Overlaid as this principle frequently is by selfish and sordid considerations, it is yet the root principle of co-operative effort and no society that does not keep it in sight and do all it can to cultivate this spirit in its mem-
bers is worthily occupying a place in the co-operative movement. While careful business methods must be pursued regarding the material affairs of all companies, the fostering of a feeling of fraternity and identity of interest among the members is fully as important. Every co-operative enterprise in the world should be a center from which radiate fraternal influences that will hasten the coming of the Universal Co-operative Commonwealth.

As I write these lines I have just returned from the Co-operative Convention in Seattle. The meeting was small in numbers but great in enthusiasm.

A committee was appointed to take action regarding the establishment of a Co-operative Wholesale in Seattle, and I am hopeful that this important enterprise will be carried thru. Will have a full report of the Convention in next number.

The following co-operative companies, hitherto unknown to us, were reported to me by different delegates:

- Everett Co-operative Meat Co.
- Farmers' Co-operative Insurance Co.
- Mutual
- Kingston Ko-operative Kompany
- Labor Exchange Store
- Mount Vernon Trading Union
- People's Co-operative Telephone Co.
- West Sound Co-operative Co.
- Winlock Rochdale Co.

I regret to say that unforeseen circumstances have caused the discontinuance, for the present, of Comrade Bonstein's very interesting series of articles.

C.

Tribute to Brother Hansbarger

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees the following resolution was passed:

Moved by Clark, seconded by Commander, that
Whereas, Since the last meeting of this body, Brother Robert Sterrett Hansbarger has been called away from this plane of activity, and

Whereas his constant, selfless efforts to help his fellow-men endeared him to all our hearts and won him a lasting place in our affections,

Now, therefore, Be it resolved that we have it entered upon the records of this body before it adjourns for the last
time, that we, both officially and personally, count it a high privilege to have known and worked with Brother Hansbar-ger and that we extend our hearty sympathy to his relatives and friends and the members of the C. B. in general for the loss they have sustained by his departure. He was a rare soul and altho he has gone from us he has left us the inspiration of the memory of his noble and self-sacrificing life.

Beloved Comrade and co-worker, Hail and Farewell!

The Month at Burley

THE AGRICULTURAL COMPANY nodded its large, long head wisely and its six or seven faces wore a satisfied and expansive smile as it thought out a cunning plan for protecting its seeded fields from the devastating industry of the neighbors’ chickens. “I will make no secret of having put blue vitriol and sulphide of potash on the grain for ‘smut,’” it remarked to itself with a chorus of chuckles from its six or seven throats, “and they will keep their chickens at home for fear of poisoning.” And then it poked itself in the ribs and laughed consumedly. That was two weeks ago, and the Agricultural Company doesn’t laugh now. It stopped laughing when it noticed that the wild birds picked up the “doped” grain, looked disgusted and spat it out. The chickens saw it too, and now Chanticleer leads his large harem out into the nicely cultivated fields and from morning till night they all scratch madly—for bugs.

Sammy is plowing the newly cleared field north of the sidewalk leading down the hill towards Circle City. Thru the open window these fragments of expostulations in a rich Hibernian accent, float in on the soft air, “Git UP DICK!!! Where are ye goin over there? Can’t ye walk straight? Moi! moi! was there ever sich a contrary beast?—There now!” as the plow is violently jerked by a root 6 inches under ground, “didn’t ye see that root? Ye did it on pur-r-pose, ye know ye did ye villain! GOV-
ERNOR! is it asleep ye are? GET UP!!

But no sound of blow or lash of whip offends the ear or disturbs the harmony of these perfect spring days, for cruelty of any kind to our dumb friends has always been steadily frowned upon by the people of Burley Colony and no more tender-hearted person ever lived than the fierce-talking hero of this occasion.
About one-third of an acre of early potatoes has been planted; the raspberry bushes near the hotel pruned, trimmed and cultivated; most of the land plowed by Brothers Fenton and Davidson sown with oats and the spring work generally, is reported as going forward in a satisfactory manner.

"Lady," one of the stage horses, was sold to Mr. Schmel of Rosedale. We were very sorry to part with this sweet-tempered animal which is exactly suited for the purpose of the purchaser who wanted a buggy horse safe for a woman to drive.

Everyone who comes to Burley gets "stuck" on it. Even the cows which fare sumptuously every day on the tide-flats, get stuck—in the mud. Three times in the past month have the gallant cowboys been called out with their lanterns, after supper, to the rescue of "faymales in distress." On one occasion, after great exertion, one of the "faymales" in question was hoisted up and pulled over to solid ground. But she refused to stand upon her feet. When lifted up by main strength she invariably "slumped" down like a wet dish-rag as soon as the supporting hands were withdrawn. Great consternation pervaded the group of cowboys—all except the hard-hearted Brother Brocchi, who suggested the brilliant idea of building a fire near enough to her south end to induce her to reconsider her determination to go into camp for the night on the flats. The rest of the company frowned severely upon this suggestion as being distinctly frivolous, to use no harder term. Brother Kellogg hustled off to get some feed for the heroine of the occasion. But his kind heart was rudely betrayed. The heroine, like Henrietta Petowker, finding that her audience had disappeared and that nothing was to be gained by fainting again, quietly picked herself up and the deluded Bert on his return trip, weighed down with oats and anxiety, met her coming along at a two-forty gait towards the barn. Toujours les femmes!

The elevated water-tank was somewhat out of order on account of the frost, but it has been repaired by Comrade John Leikem and works all right now. John also built a brick and mortar arrangement in the laundry to replace the broken down, smoky old cookstove which had for years been bringing grey hairs among the luxuriant locks of our women and causing much infirmity of temper. So useful and kind has he proved himself since coming among us that he has made many friends, and during his illness last week there was no lack of nurses by night or day. The attack of pneumonia by which he was threatened was warded off, however, and he is now able to be about again.

Brothers J. C. Davis, Rodney Simons and Dal. Brocchi are working hard every hour of their spare time clearing off their home-lots.
Our friend Ray Wardall, of the law firm of Wardall & Wardall, of Seattle, paid us a flying visit, March 21st.

Brother Kellogg has taken over the contract to carry the mail from Burley to Gig Harbor. As the stage is scheduled to leave here at 8 a.m., Bert has to do some hustling to get thru his duties as dairymen, hostler, etc., and get started in time. Dear only knows at what unearthly hour he gets up!

A new and wider seat has been put in the buckboard, which is sometimes used with one horse to carry the mail instead of the heavy stage wagon and two horses generally used.

Vic. Smith, Paul Fenton, Sammy Finfrock and Brother Dunbar have gone to work again on the outside.

Bessie Fenton is visiting friends in Seattle and Tacoma.

Brother Gus Weiss is surely determined to "raise the wind" down at Galice. He has bought the blower that was formerly used on the planer here. Going to blow himself on a mining deal, perhaps.

Brother Ernest Simons has moved into the little cabin originally built for an editorial sanctum for our late Brother Copeland and lately occupied by Brother Commander who has moved into more commodious quarters in the Coronado house.

On rainy days Little Jack walks slowly round with "de gang" consisting of his brother Georgie and Willie Kellogg, whom he calls "itty Keggy," [which being translated into the vernacular means "Little Kelly." His friend Mrs. Kellogg, he refers to as "Keggy." ] He splashes thru the mud-puddles with a satisfaction that only the heart of a small boy can know and he sports a "slicker" hat of such wonderful dimensions that he resembles a walking umbrella.

Manager Stein has been getting in a new stock of groceries for the store [see notice in State notes, page 15, of store made Rochdale] and also some fresh pork, which was purchased from the Agricultural Company. Notice is given a few days previously, when it is intended to get in fresh meat, thus giving everyone a chance while the meat is perfectly fresh.

There has not been much doing in the mill during the past month. The Mill Company cut the lumber for a house at Rosedale, which we believe was the largest order received.

Brother Bender is building a new fence around his already neat and tasteful home.

Comrade Jim Lodholm came up from his home in Rose-dale and paid us a short business visit.

School closed on March 10th. The teacher, Miss Smith, says she is well satisfied with the progress made by the pupils.

In accordance with the new plan the trustees met in
Seattle and turned over all of the Capital Stock which they held in block, to the Board of Directors. The amended articles of incorporation have been duly filed and the new Board of five Directors elected and organized. The officers of the C. B. are now as follows,—President, B. M. Kellogg; Vice president, W. H. Packer; Secretary, Kingsmill Commander; Treasurer, A. B. Ellis; member of Board, Dal. Brocchi: Auditor C. G. Crofut; A. B. Ellis, Dal. Brocchi, W. H. Packer, Finance Committee.

These officers are provisional only, to act until the stock can be issued and the stockholders themselves can elect their officers in the regular way.

Brother Fall and Comrade Willhite laid a new floor in the kitchen of the hotel last week.

We are sorry to lose Comrade Willhite who left on the 28th of March to seek work on the outside. Joe was well liked by all who knew him and he carries with him our best wishes.

Comrade Alexander Horr and his wife, of Freeland Colony, paid us a visit the latter part of the month. Comrade Horr is much pleased with the way matters are progressing at Freeland, under the new plan. He gave an interesting talk in the school house explaining the principles of their system. He is anxious to bring about a Federation of all the Co-operative concerns in this State.

The Home comrades have appointed a Committee to go to Freeland and investigate the working of the Freeland plan and if the report is favorable, it is quite likely that several of the Homeites will move to Freeland. The natural advantages there are great and their system of working has been the only thing that stood in the way of them scoring a great success. The Freeland system seems to be admirably adapted to meet the requirements of different dispositions and temperaments and we shall watch the progress of the Colony with great interest.

The following rich answers are taken from the school examination papers here at Burley:

"Words denoting relation are 'Father,' 'Mother,' 'Sister' and 'Brother.'"  
"Clara Barton is the red cross society, which takes care of those who are killed and wounded and not able to take care of themselves."

"The Civil war was about the states that succeeded from the union."

"The first question is Latin to me; the tenth is Greek. Please give me full marks for each question."

"De Soto invented the Mississippi River."  

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**Latest Styles in Weather**

**FEB 25TH 1905 TO MAR 25TH 1905.**

Maximum temperature 81 deg. on Mar 8th.

Minimum **38** **6th.**
After Working Hours

The following program for Wednesday evening, Mar. 22nd was arranged by Mrs. Copeland: Play, "The Pomegranate Seed," Prolog, Harold Bollman; Characters:—Mother Nature, Hypatia Johnson; Ceres, Mary Darling; Proserpine, Bertha Heusing; Mother Hubbard and dog, Katie Stein and Juno; May Queen, Little Jack; Children, Mabel and Georgie McClintock and Willie Kellogg. Instrumental music, Flute obligato and organ accompaniment, Brother Brocchi and Mary Darling; Guitar duet, Miss Smith and Mary Darling; Mandolin and Guitar, Brother Brocchi and Mary Darling. Readings, Brother Commander, Mrs. Bollman and Grandma Townsend. Recitation, Harold Bollman.

Additional Doin's

A fine dance was given by Paul Fenton and Sam Finfrock, in the school house March 18th. Every one seemed to have a pleasant time, refreshments were served about midnight, dance continued until about three thirty.

Mrs. Bollman gave her neighbors a sewing bee at which her daughter, Mrs. Dottie Oles of Seattle, was present. Dainty refreshments were served, of which every one ate and had a good time.

A dance was given at Olalla by the Gig Harbor boys. Our young people attended but the greater part of the large crowd was from Gig Harbor. The gasoline launch "Crystal" was secured for the occasion and gathered up the people who live along the Sound. The dance was kept in full swing until 4 o'clock a.m., when it was announced that the launch was ready to start on the return trip. As the music had also come in the launch it had to leave, and as the dancers were getting tired by that time, the whole party embarked and returned to their homes. A fine supper was brought over by the Harbor people, which every one enjoyed up to the limit. We had the finest kind of a time.

CIGARS.

Our prices, post paid, are; Coquetas 50 $1.50; Marines 50 $2.00; Elegantes and Matinee Star 50 $3.00. Special rates by the thousand. Address

THE CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD, BURLEY, WASH.
TREASURER'S REPORT.

Cash on hand Feb. 1st, 1905.......................... $ 83 66
Received during Feb..................................... 179 10
Disbursed during Feb................................... $ 128 55
Balance on hand Mar 1st, 1905......................... 136 21

Dr. Cr.
$ 262 76 $ 262 76

A. B. ELLIS, Treasurer.

REPORT OF FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Dr. Cr.
Bills Payable.............................................. 00
Accounts Payable....................................... 22 23
Deposits Payable....................................... 14 28

Cash with Treasurer................................. $ 136 21
Accounts Receivable................................. 107 69
Suspense Account...................................... 213 38

Respectfully submitted.

A. B. ELLIS
D. BROCCHI
W. FERGUSON

Finance Committee.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

FEB 26 TO MAR 25, 1905, INCLUSIVE.

Entrance fees and dues........................... $ 31 00
Number new certificates issued.................. 1240

KINGSMILL COMMANDER, Secretary.

JOB PRINTING

The Co-operator Burley Wn. U. S. A.

The World's NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

Published in the West—full of Western push and energy. Devoted to all questions of MIND. A Magazine of Instruction. TWO courses of practical lessons now running, i.e., Suggestion and Psychometry. Its name is NOW. It teaches Health, Happiness and Opulence through right thinking. Popular magazine size, printed on clear (antique) paper, with beautiful brown cover done in colors.

Introductory Offer:
Three months' trial subscription, 10 cents.

Let's get acquainted.

"NOW" Folk Publishers, 105 Steiner St., San Francisco, California.
Freeland
ORGAN OF
Freeland Colony, Bow, Wn.

Devoted to the solving of
THE SOCIAL PROBLEM
In Harmony with the Law of Equal Freedom

ALEX. HORR, EDITOR.  Subscription Price 50c. a year

The management of Freeland Colony is vested in a Board of Directors, elected by a modified Hare Preferential system of proportional representation, with powers limited to enforcing the acts of the General Assembly and subject to the Imperative Mandate.

The officers for 1905 are: Pres., H. W. Halladay; Vice Pres., D. H. Barry; Secy. Alex. Horr; Treas. G. K. Salvage; Director Counting House, James Potts; Warehouse, H. Arnold; Statistics, W. X. Smith; Arbitration, H. Marquart; Health and Insurance, W. C. Davis; Colonization, August Teschner; Propaganda, L. Huguenan; Education, J. E. Joslyn. For further particulars see our ad on back cover. Address all communications to Alex. Horr, Secy., Bow, Wn., U. S. A.

*Freeland Colony, Bow, Wash., will not be responsible for any obligations unless made on the written order of Geo. K. Salvage, Treas., or Alex. Horr, Secy.*

FREELAND COLONY, BOW, WN., APRIL, 1905

"Salut au Monde!"

Freeland is now a "condition" and not a theory. Among the many ways in which social life may be carried on, we believe our method to be superior to any other that has been put into practice. This does not mean that we are lacking in problems,—on the contrary, we are bristling with theoretical as well as practical problems. The test of our constitution is that it is a key to any of the labor problems that may present themselves and as one ingenious critic suggested, it may be applied to lock after lock with the certainty that there will be no necessity to "cut the Gordian knot."

But this is only theoretically true, and according to the hypothesis, Freeland must start with ample means, ample land and a considerable population. We have none of these. We are trying to get them and when we have succeeded, then Freeland will have accomplished its purpose, and a regime of equal freedom will be the result.

In the meantime, our groups are being organized and
are performing their functions with a smoothness, a celerity and an eclat that is beautiful to behold. The following groups have signed contracts and handed in their by-laws to the counting-house director:

The Freeland Dairy Group........... R. H. Young, Secy.
" " Orchard "................. E. W. Marquart, "
" " Cl'r'g & Agri. "............ D. H. Barry, "
" " Cereal Coffee ".............. Mrs. J. Horr, "
" " Apiary & Baking "............... W. C. Davis, "
" " Poultry "............... Louis Huguenan, "
" " B'l'd'g & Cons't. "............. J. Potts, "

The following is a copy of the sample statutes that the General Assembly recommended all Open Groups to adopt, and which, so far, were adopted with but slight variation:

BY-LAWS OF................GROUP..............

1. Every voting member of Freeland Colony, may become a member of this group by presenting his application to the Secretary or by attending the business meetings, which are to take place every......night at...p. m., in.... Cottage.

2. Every group member has a claim upon such a share of the net product of the group as is proportionate to the amount of work he has contributed.

3. The amount of work performed shall be measured by the number of hours worked (or the quantity of goods produced;) older members receiving a premium of...per cent for every year of seniority. A premium may be arranged for with each individual for superior skill, industry or ability.

4. Liability of each member shall be in proportion to his claim on the group. In case of dissolution or liquidation all members, including new members and members who have left the group, are liable in proportion to total amount of wages received, for all debts contracted up to the time they leave the group.

5. The highest authority of the group is the General Meeting. Motions to be carried by majority vote except for change of by-laws, dissolution or liquidation, which require three-fourths majority.

6. The management of the business is to be placed in the hands of a council of....members, elected annually.
Any of these may be recalled thru the imperative mandate. All officers are appointed by the Council and their salaries fixed with the consent of the General Meeting. An Auditing Committee of... members shall be appointed to audit the books annually.

The above, with our constitution and by-laws, comprise nine-tenths of our laws; and yet, our single-tax friends always warned us against the complexity of our system. Our bookkeeping is being cooked down to an irreducible minimum. Our transportation and warehouse departments are reserved by the central organization and are managed by salaried functionaries, some of whom are elected by proportional representation, (to which I shall revert in the next issue of The Co-operator,) and others by competitive means to the best interest of the community, without the introduction of favoritism or any loss of efficiency. We have unlimited civil service without the admixture of monumental incompetence.

**Colony Notes**

That six acre addition that Comrade Hart is making to the cleared land holdings of the colony beats any canvas that genius ever handled for the faithful.

An increase in the colony population occurred on Feb. 15th, at the home of Comrade Barry. The new-comer is a young man of good proportions and handsome presence. Mother and child are both doing well.

Our warehouse director, Mr. Arnold, made the startling announcement some days ago, that imported Chinese lettuce could be had at 2 cents per lb. Everyone made a rush. When the “Chinese lettuces” were consumed, Mr. Arnold calmly informed us that they were rejuvenated cabbages, properly trimmed.

Half a ton of early potatoes has just arrived. We shall have enough potatoes to supply the whole Puget Sound district and Comrade Barry is putting them where they will do the most good. May they grow and multiply.

Three new calves in the last two weeks brings up the number of our cattle to 76. We are hardly done with the feast over the remnants of a fat animal that was killed a few weeks ago. At this rate our herd may double in spite of killing half the increase as we go along. Half of
the last beef we sold at 5¢ per lb. We must build up a retail trade and get an average of 8 c. per lb.

The spraying of our orchard trees will soon commence. We ought to have enough fruit the coming season to supply us with all the raw and preserved fruit we can possibly use thru any reasonable increase in our membership.

Comrade Marquart who has the contract to sprinkle and trim the trees, also has the hot-house under his charge, where he is meditating a number of millionaire delicacies for the palates of poor Freelanders.

Comrade Herz took a contract to clear a two-acre appendage to our main orchard at $65 an acre. Keep it up, brother,—keep it up; we need more cleared land.

The water committee visited the mythical "lake on the hill;" found it by crawling thru the thick brush for about 50 yards and then traced it down to the creek as a running rivulet with a minimum of one inch of water. By digging a trench across the peak to a depth of about 10 feet, we can have a gravity water supply that will furnish Liberty Hill with water for all domestic purposes, as well as for fire protection in case of emergency.

Official

A Convention of the Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth is hereby called to meet at Freeland Colony, Bow, Wash., June the 1st, 1905. All locals are entitled to at least one delegate, and one additional delegate to every 25 members.

W. C. Davis, Secretary B. C. C.

REPORT OF COUNTING-HOUSE DIRECTOR FOR FEBRUARY, 1905

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<td>2,150.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; Members</td>
<td>3,000.00</td>
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<td>Balance in Bank</td>
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<td>Cash in Hand</td>
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<td>Appraised Value of Property, Feb 1st-06</td>
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</tr>
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<td>TOTALS</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Available Assets</td>
<td>$51,876.12</td>
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James Potts, Counting-House Director.
The Co-operator

Vol. IX. BURLEY, WASHINGTON, U.S.A. No. 216

Published by

Laboring Men and Women

who are trying to build up industries whereby, working co-operatively as self-employers, they may be enabled to help themselves and others of their class.

May

1905

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—Spencer.
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Burley Rochdale Mercantile Assn. Burley
Centralia Rochdale Co. Centralia
Co-operative Brotherhood. Burley
Co-operative Shingle Co. Edmonds
Crystal Springs Creamery. Frances
Everett Co-operative Meat Co. Everett
Farmers' Co-operative Creamery. Olympia
" Co-operative Insurance Co. Caster
" Mutual " Enumclaw
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Frances Rochdale Co. Frances
Freeland Colony. Freeland, Bow P O
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Hillyard Co-operative Assn. Hillyard
Home Grocery Co. Home, Lakebay P O
Hoquiam Rochdale Co. Hoquiam
Kingston Ko-operative Kompamy. Kingston
Labor Exchange Store. Clinton
Lewis County Rochdale Co. Chehalis
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Stanwood Co-operative Creamery. Stanwood
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THE CO-OPERATIVE JOURNAL
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
The Co-operator

Vol. IX  MAY 1905  No. 216

The Theory and Practice of Freeland
Some of Its Plans, Hopes and Prospects
Alexander Horr.

[For The Co-operator]

Comrade Alexander Horr has been a student of political economy for years. He has closely studied every system for the equitable distribution of the products of labor among the producers, which has been advocated by the various classes of social reformers, weighed and compared them, and come to the conclusion that the Freeland plan is the only one of them all that combines social justice with equal freedom, and because of its elasticity and adaptability accommodates itself to men at any and every stage of their development, at the same time making bureaucracy, official oppression and the exploitation of one man by another impossible, while each individual secures the full advantage of his ability and the products of his labor.—Editors

If I WERE to give you an idea of the methods of Freeland in a phrase I would name its system "The Mobilization of Labor," by which all uneconomic inequalities are eliminated, the highest industrial efficiency secured and the necessity for the twin usuries of interest and rent as economic factors in production destroyed.

Freeland is organized on a very simple plan. Imagine one thousand people of average intelligence and moral stamina, with say $500,000 and 100,000 acres of land, settled in a region similar to the Puget Sound district; with ample natural resources,—water-power, fertile land, mineral deposits, deep harbors, easy access to railroads, etc. There are three things necessary to live under Freeland principles,—a central counting-house, which keeps the accounts of every member, group, etc.; a central warehouse, where all goods are bought and sold and a statistical department for the gathering, tabulating and publishing of all economic and business data for the benefit of the members,—for there are no business secrets in Freeland. Other departments such as Health, Insurance, Education, Transportation, &c., may be established from time to time.
as required. But the three first mentioned are necessary before the organization can be said to be operating under the Freeland system. All other functions may be performed by open groups or individuals.

The establishment of an open group is a mere business proposition and is devised for the purpose of securing a maximum of efficiency and security with a minimum of leakage and friction.

We will suppose that fifty men establish a sawmill. They form their by-laws and make a complete statement of their business opportunities. This is publicly posted and voted on. If the vote is favorable an application is made to the counting-house for a loan of, say, $15,000 on which there is no charge as interest, but which is to be repaid in yearly installments in such time as the purchased capital is estimated to last. The counting-house may refuse to make the loan; from this there is an appeal to the General Assembly, the decision of which is final.

If the loan is secured the group makes arrangements with other groups, organized in a similar manner, for the erection of a building, the installation of their machinery and the supplying of the raw material. These groups are credited with the value of their products and the mill group is charged with it. The finished product is turned over to the warehouse and sold to the consumer under ordinary commercial conditions at market prices, determined competitively. The consumers are charged at the counting-house with the amount of their purchases and the mill group is credited with them.

Thus the circle of exchange is completed without permitting the introduction of rent, interest, profit or taxes as elements in production.

Any voting member of Freeland may become a voting member of any number of open groups. This is what distinguishes Freeland from Anarchism and particularly from authoritarian Socialism, and gives it its distinctive name of FREEland. This mobilization of labor eliminates all artificial inequalities and tends to equalize outward opportunities. The majority in each group makes all rules, engages all workers and determines all wages, but the making of rules and by-laws must be within the limits of the
THE CO-OPERATOR

Spencerian law of equal freedom. This is the fundamental law of Freeland and reads thus:

"Every man may claim the fullest liberty to exercise his faculties compatible with the possession of like liberty by every other man."

It may be asked, why such complex arrangement; such minute accounting; such intricate balancing of rights and interests? I answer that the arrangement is only seemingly complex. In practice it is the simplest organization ever devised. The minute accounting is necessary to prevent leakages, trace losses, serve as aids in making estimates, plans and ventures. It is only carrying to a logical conclusion and improving on the best practices in industry, commerce and finance.

An attempt at an accurate balancing of rights and interests needs no apology in an age where it is conspicuous only by its absence. If there were more justice there would be less need for the pity that is not akin to love and for the charity that cometh not from the heart.

But these are only negative virtues. The necessity for these innovations in business and industry can best be shown by calling your attention to some fragmentary economic phenomena which the genius of Dr. Theodore Hertzka wove into the most brilliant conception of social life that has ever seen the light of day.

First come the phenomena of over-production and involuntary idleness. These are the most frightful consequences of monopoly under conditions of progress. In primitive society there is no over-production; all that is produced finds ready consumption, whether the laborer owns his total product or shares it with the exploiter. To use a Marxian phrase they "produce, for use and not for market." It matters not how much nor what proportion of the product goes for usury, it must be consumed as fast as produced, otherwise the physical process of disintegration will do what economic distribution may fail to do. There is no provision made for the compounding and accumulation of incomes and when they reach high-water mark an immediate outlet must be made. Thus Rome had to resort to an insensate luxury; to gladiatorial contests and to debauching its citizens in order to dispose of the surplus that the 'latifundia' concentrated in the hands of
the Patricians and Centurions; Egypt adopted an extensive system of the "death culture," the expensive appurtenances swallowing up any possible surplus, thus avoiding the benumbing effect of over-production.

With the advent of the modern bank, the darling child of the mediaeval, long-suffering Jew and the Venetian merchant Prince, it was made possible to create a money mart, where, by thrift and industry, the income may be hoarded and exchanged for securities. Thus, by the compounding of the annual accumulation, sooner or later they lay claim to the lion's share of the world's annual product.

The checks to the onward march of this process are:
The modern protective system, which limits productivity; fratricidal and international warfare, which destroys accumulated wealth; finally, industrial and financial panics, which cause a readjustment of credit relations about every 10 years. How this last comes to operate and some of its incidental results may be illustrated thus:

The United States has about 10,000,000 workers producing about $1000 per year per man and receiving about $300 each per annum as wages. This gives a product of ten thousand million, a wage fund of three thousand million and a usury bill of seven thousand million. It is clear that the twenty odd thousand families who receive the major portion of this income are unable and unwilling to consume it. Labor is permitted to consume to the limit of its wages but no further, and if our millionaires consume one billion, waste one billion, squander in war and benevolence another billion, there will be a surplus of four billion. It may be found that the given conditions do not warrant the investment of more than two billions,—for consumption limits production—then there remains a surplus of two billions for which there is no effective demand. We have a condition of general over-production, which tends to check production to the extent of checking a nation's wealth and mechanical progress.

This surplus accumulates from year to year, increasing the number of the unemployed and diminishing consumption by the shutting down of mill, mine and factory until an industrial crisis is precipitated. A financial panic can sometimes postpone, but it can never avert an industrial crisis. They occur in periods of from seven to eleven years, after
which there is a re-adjustment of indebtedness and we start with a clean page to repeat the operation.

(To be continued.)

Life in Pinon Co-operative Colony

Bertha T. Cameron.

[FOR THE CO-OPERATOR. CONCLUDED FROM APRIL NUMBER.]

AFTER a few days' rest I was ready to begin life in Pinon. Everything was crude, and I soon learned that I must get along without many things I had been accustomed to at home. Most of the time we lived on salt side and beans; butter and carrots were our luxuries. The G. M. coupon and Commissary with its many departments kept me thinking; however, I soon had a faint idea how the business of the Colony was managed. For the benefit of the uninitiated I will state that G. M. meant General Manager.

I was often amused when the new members came in. So many entertained the idea that Pinon was a city and that the park was beautifully laid out, having fountains, flowers, etc., or as one little bride expressed it, "I thought it would be just like the parks in San Francisco." This same little woman was very unhappy for a time as it was hard for her to manage with salt side and beans, having just come from California, where her living expenses had cost one hundred dollars per month. However, she is now one of the leading ladies in the colony.

There was a deal of grumbling, but most of it came from those who wanted to manage things for their own especial benefit. Many went away but they usually came back willing to work.

The people were very social and we were so far from the "outside" that we depended upon local talent for all our amusement.

It has seldom been my lot to be among people who were more talented than many of the good people of that little co-operative colony. Writers, musicians, artists and college-bred men and women helped to make up the population, and as they were willing and ready to use their talents our social results were invariably successful.

As the sawmill,—which was the means of livelihood of the colony,—was situated some distance from Pinon,
many of the married men with their families and a few of the unmarried people were living at the mill. For recrea-
tion they organized a dramatic club; the Pinonites did the the
same; each putting on a play; the result was a "theatre-week" in Pinon, as they had the advantage of having
the opera-house.

"Theater-week" was not our only week of enjoyment. Indeed it would be hard to determine just when or how we enjoyed ourselves the most. A number of the young peo-
ple organized a mandolin club, and with several pianos in
the burg, the musical part of the program was never want-
ing. There were many clubs formed, all helpful I think, but as my school work was heavy I did not take an active part in any but the Shakespearean Club. We had a col-
lege man for a leader in this club and he kept us studying
the "Merchant of Venice" for seven months; it is almost needless to remark that we considered ourselves fairly
well posted on that particular play.

During the summer months we made many little ex-
cursions out of Pinon. One is very vivid to my mind. A little girl friend and myself started out to visit a friend
who lived down the river. We were driving a mule and
all went well until we were about three miles from home;
then the mule persisted in running down hill and stood
stock-still when we wanted him to go up a tiny incline.
He flatly refused to move. We coaxed, petted and whipped
but our efforts were in vain. The road was so narrow
that we could not turn around; the only thing to do was to
free him from the buggy, then he became so jubilant that
he broke away from us and returned home. We were not
allowed to drive mules again.

The trips I enjoyed the most were those made in a wagon with a crowd. With books, hammocks and music we would stay for two or three days, and such jolly, good
times as everyone had!

I had almost forgotten to mention the social dances
given in Pinon every two or three weeks. Young and old
would meet and the merry times never failed to do them
all good.

The work of building the ditch is now completed. Nearly all the Pinonites have moved on their individual homesteads in the Park and others I knew so well have
have passed thru the "Pearly Gates," but I shall never
forget the kind-hearted, thoughtful people of The Colorado Co-operative Colony. Altho I came a stranger to them all, their hearts and homes were always open and some of the pleasantest days of my life were spent in the little town I reached with so much difficulty.
WASHINGTON STATE CO-OPERATIVE UNION;
SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION

Kingsmill Commander, Secretary pro. tem.

MARCH 29th and 30th 1905, saw the Second Annual Convention of the Washington State Co-operative Union, at 1118 3rd Avenue, Seattle, Wn. Max Wardall, of Seattle, greeted the delegates and friends present with a splendid address of hearty welcome. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

President Moody, of Aberdeen, not being present, Vice President Joergenson, of Stanwood, took the Chair. A little "experience meeting" was then held, various members present giving brief accounts of their experience in co-operation during the past year. The feeling was universal that the crying need of the hour was a closer getting together of the co-operative institutions thruout the state to the end that they might really co-operate with each other, by the exchange of products when possible, the cutting out of the middle-men's profits, and the building up of a wholesale, or central clearing-house, owned and controlled by themselves. Two committees were appointed to report next day,—one to formulate plans whereby the co-operative societies thruout the state can best co-operate and the other a Press Committee to report on the best means of carrying on propaganda work.

Commander, of Burley, one of the editors of The Co-operator, gave a short address on "The Co-operative Press;" he spoke in part as follows:

My short experience in co-operative work has brought one important fact home to me most unmistakably and that is the necessity of fostering a spirit of fraternity among the professed adherents of the movement; of bringing them to understand fully what the movement means and what its possibilities are; of bringing and keeping the members of each co-operative society in close touch with each other. This can best be done thru some regular publication giving news of all the societies and to which all co-operators subscribe. It is not only injurious mentally and morally, but also materially, for any man or group of men to become so engrossed in their own little individual affairs that they take no interest in the affairs of others, and will not join hands with their brothers for the common good. The ethical feature of co-operation is vastly
more important than any material benefits that may come out of it. In whatever degree people grasp this truth, to that extent have they become true co-operators.

I would urge every delegate here to try to have their respective societies take some action toward the establish-
ment of some paper as a common medium for the co-oper-
ative news of their state and then have their members sup-
port that paper and have their secretaries instructed to send in reports of progress each month. No matter how short the items are, they will be of great interest to all other co-operators and cannot fail to do much good.

After a discussion of the ideas presented by Com-
mander, the meeting adjourned until 9.30 a. m., March 30th.

Thursday morning, March 30th, the meeting was called to order by Joergenson at 9.35.

The program opened with an interesting, encouraging and instructive talk by Joergenson, telling of the trials, troubles and final success of the Stanwood farmers in the establishment of their co-operative creamery. I will deal with this talk at greater length elsewhere, so will simply state here that one of the points emphasized by Joergenson was the great need the company felt for the establishment of a central clearing-house or wholesale in Seattle, to enable them to escape from the clutches of the insatiable middlemen.

After some questions had been answered by Joergenson at the conclusion of his address, which was received with hearty applause by all present, the annual report of Secretary R. Marshall Wardall was read, as follows:

It is with pleasure that I report to you a healthy growth of the co-operative movement thruout the state during the past year. At the beginning of the year only 17 co-operative societies were known to us. We now know of 26. Among the new ones added to our list, some have been discovered and some have been organized by the Union or others in the past 15 months. The additions to the list are located as follows: Burley, Edmonds, Granite Falls, Hoquiam, Kingston, Pearson, Port Stanley, Silverdale. In the Eastern part of the state we have discovered a chain of farmers' co-operative elevators under the name of The Farmers' Grain and Supply Co., with headquarters at Spokane. I am told by their Secretary that they have several elevators and a bank and also run a newspaper. Preliminary organization work has been done at Enumclaw and I understand that there is a society at Mount Vernon that is practically ready to begin to do business. Organization work is being done with a view to building a
co-operative railroad of 70 miles in length, from Chehalis east to the Big Bottom country.

A desire for organization exists at Everett, North Yakima, Sunnyside, Tacoma, Poulson and Burlington.

There are doubtless many more co-operative societies in the state than we have been able to locate or learn about, but it is very hard to get information in regard to co-operative enterprises. The competitive societies are opposed to them and those who should make it their business to spread the news abroad, do not seem to realize their responsibility and privilege in the matter.

Inquiries have been received asking for information about co-operation from such far-away points as New Mexico and Ohio. These inquiries denote two facts, First: that the co-operative movement in Washington is being noticed and spoken of by the Press throughout the country, and Second; that there is a great need for state and national co-operative unions to make themselves known; to make themselves, as they have in the British Isles, "household words" throughout the land, so that those whose minds are turning toward co-operation and desire information about it will know just where to apply and not have to wait until some vagrant item in the daily press furnishes them with the desired knowledge.

Thru the help of The Co-operator, of Burley, The Rochdale Wholesale, of San Francisco and The Co-operative Journal, of Oakland, a large amount of co-operative literature has been sent out. The greatest stumbling-block is the indifference of those who call themselves co-operators. In many cases they know of societies not on our list, yet they do not bestir themselves enough to drop me a card altho most earnestly requested to do so. Even in preparing for this convention, I had to write to some of those concerned as many as five times before I received any acknowledgement whatever. According to my understanding of co-operation such a course contradicts any professions they may make to being true co-operators. Co-operation means working together, standing shoulder to shoulder, fraternalism, fellowship. The trouble with a great many people is, that they are unable or unwilling to take a broad view of the subject. They grasp one part of the theory which they can apply to their small personal affairs and refuse to follow it to a logical conclusion in its universal application. They do not appreciate the moral obligation resting upon them to do all in their power to let others of their class know of the plan that has helped them in their daily lives by lightening to some degree the pressure of economic bondage, the ever-present nightmare of all working people.

A striking instance of the short-sightedness of co-operators to their own material interests, as well as their failure to appreciate their moral obligations, was shown at the
meeting of the Managers of the retail co-operative stores of California, which took place at the Annual Meeting of the Directors of the Rochdale Wholesale, in San Francisco. They found that thru failure to deal with their own wholesale they had lost $20,000 last year among the fifty stores of the state. The monthly turn-over of the co-operative stores of California is about $200,000. So far, to their shame be it said, they have been giving their own wholesale only $25,000 of that great business. Adding the societies that have just been reported to me, we have now a list of 33 societies known in the state of Washington. To put the yearly turn-over of these 33 societies at three quarters of a million dollars is, I feel sure, well within the mark. There is no reason why there should not be a strong wholesale in Seattle and not only that, but there is no reason why these societies should not own their own bank as well. I earnestly urge that this convention take definite action regarding this wholesale. A good committee should be appointed and the matter gotten in shape at the earliest possible date.

With the central establishment in charge of a good man, each society would be in touch with every other; each would report to the manager what they wanted to buy and what they had to sell and the exchange would be made without enormous profits being paid to three or four middlemen.

I would also recommend the appointment of a committee of 3 to draft and submit a uniform system of by-laws to be adopted as far as possible, by all co-operative concerns in the state. As it is now, some societies are working under by-laws which have been drawn up in the same village in which the store is situated, and while they are the result of the best thought of the men who made them, it is reasonable that they may contain some weak points that will not stand the test of a court of law. The crippling or perhaps the utter ruin of a society may result from the defectiveness of its by-laws. On the other hand, the standard Rochdale by-laws have stood the test of sixty years; they are the result of all the experience of those years and are safe to work under.

I would further recommend the appointment of five delegates to attend the co-operative convention to be held at Portland during the Exposition.

I would still further recommend that the delegates here present try to have their respective societies turn over 3 per cent of their net profits to The Washington State Co-operative Union for educational work, one of the chief objects of which shall be the welding of all the co-operative societies in the state to their mutual advantage. This money to be independent of what may be spent in local propaganda such as leaflets and other literature by means of which much good, sound, educational work can be done at very little expense.
In conclusion, I have to report that the Union received during the year the sum of $25 and disbursed the sum of $27.50, which leads me to remark still further that I shall be pleased to have all present pay their dues when we adjourn for recess.

All of which is respectfully submitted.


After the Secretary's report was read, the report of the committee on the co-operative wholesale was called for. This committee recommended that steps be taken at once to establish a central clearing-house and warehouse; that all co-operative societies thruout the state be interested in the same if possible; that a committee be appointed to work out the details of the plan and take up the matter by mail with different companies and then either call a convention or complete the matter without doing so, by securing authority from the various societies for that purpose.

There was considerable discussion on the subject, the differences in opinion being simply as to details. Those present were all of the opinion that the matter should be pushed thru without delay.

Commander, of Burley, introduced Alexander Horr, of Freeland Colony, as an earnest and admittedly able student of political economy.

Horr spoke for a short time, touching briefly upon several little-recognized facts, one being that the "over-production" bogey-man is in reality under-consumption, inasmuch as the surplus of goods on hand in the marts of the world is caused, not by the inability of the workers to consume to the full extent of their productive power, but simply because, thru the exploitation of the present wage system, they are deprived of their purchasing power, which reaches only to the limit of the wages they receive for their work, and that wage is but a small proportion of the value of their products. He also pointed out the fallacy of the popular tenet of the orthodox political economist, i. e., that wages are higher in the machine-using countries because of the use of the machines, whereas the exact opposite is the truth,—the machines are used because the cost of labor is higher than in hand-labor countries. The reason for this is not hard to find. Where hand-labor is very cheap machines cannot be used because
work can be done cheaper by hand. In other words, a machine is not profitable unless it is \textit{wage-saving} as well as \textit{labor-saving}.

It is impossible in the small space at my disposal to do more than simply state these two cardinal points of Horr's able address, which was listened to with deep interest. Anyone wishing to go into the subject at more length will be gladly afforded all information regarding the plans upon which Comrade Horr is working to help the laboring people, (and for the support of which he has a very substantial foundation) if they will write to him at Freeland Colony, Bow, Washington.

He concluded his address with an earnest plea for hearty co-operation among the co-operators in the state for the establishment of the Wholesale, evoking a hearty round of applause by the pertinent query, "How can we ask others to co-operate with us if we are not willing to co-operate to the fullest extent among ourselves?"

Joergenson followed Horr and aptly summed up the advantages to be gained from a Wholesale under the following heads:

It would be of the greatest importance to all small societies as an information bureau;

The small societies would, thru it, be protected from being overcharged for what they had to buy and underpaid for what they had to sell; The goods supplied by it would be full weight and good quality;

It could buy to much greater advantage on account of buying in large lots;

And finally,—its earnings would be divided back again among the working-people.

The following men were put upon a committee to work out the details of a plan and report,—C. Joergenson, Stanwood, Chairman; Alex. Horr, Freeland Colony, Bow; William Jacobs, Hoquiam; O. J. Johnson, Mount Vernon; R. Marshall Wardall, Seattle.

T. R. Thurston, of Seattle, was next called upon for a paper on "Fraternal and Integral Co-operation," which subject he handled in an interesting and instructive manner. He reviewed the progress of co-operation for the past century; showed the growth of the idea and also
what could have been done had the aggregate energy that has been put into distributive societies and fraternal insurance companies been extended to include production. In this connection he spoke of the Order of Modern Harvesters, of which order he is Deputy Grand Master for the State of Washington. It has a far-reaching plan for co-operative work in the interest of the working-people and information may be had by writing Comrade Thurston at Box 1554, Seattle, Wn. In conclusion he urged all operators to support the co-operative press and help to spread the gospel of co-operation. He was heartily applauded and given a vote of thanks for his paper.

Sorenson, Secy. of The Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co., of Enumclaw, gave an interesting talk explaining the manner in which the company he represented, conducted its affairs. The plan is strictly co-operative and safeguards the participators in a most effective way. Joergenson bore testimony to the excellent character and stability of the company and the efficient way they handled their business. They will assume none but rural risks, being entirely a rural company. A resolution was passed endorsing their system and recommending that all present should, as far as possible, direct business towards this co-operative insurance company.

The Press Committee reported that it was the opinion of its members that a paper could be established at a reasonable cost in connection with the Wholesale. It would keep in close touch with the Wholesale Committee and report later.

The following new members were added to the Administrative Committee of fifteen, O. J. Johnson, Mount Vernon; S. L. Sorenson, Secy. Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co., Enumclaw; Wm. Jacobs, Hoquiam Rochdale Co., Hoquiam; Alex. Horr, Secy. Freeland Colony, Bow; Lewis Haiman, Home Grocery Co., Home, Lakebay P. O.; Henry W. Stein, Burley Rochdale Mercantile Association, Burley.

The delegates next proceeded to elect the officers of The Washington State Co-operative Union for the ensuing year as follows: President, C. Joergenson, of Stanwood; Vice President, Alex. Horr, Freeland Colony, Bow; Secretary-Treasurer, R. Marshall Wardall, 541 New York
Block, Seattle. These officers with Wm. Jacobs of Hoquiam and Kingsmill Commander, of Burley, constitute the Executive Committee of five members.

The Wholesale Committee was also empowered to draw up and submit a uniform system of by-laws as recommended in the Secretary's report, and to appoint five delegates from this state to attend the co-operative convention at Portland, during the Exposition.

All delegates present, except those whose societies are already paying into the educational fund of the San Francisco Wholesale, agreed to try to have their respective societies pay three per cent of their net profits to the State Union for educational work.

A hearty vote of thanks to Secretary Wardall for his untiring efforts for the promotion of the work during the preceding year was passed unanimously. The work done by The Co-operator was also commended and the second annual convention of the State Union thereupon adjourned to meet on the call of the Executive Committee.

There are several of those in attendance whose names have not so far appeared in this report, but who nevertheless had much to do with making the convention the success it was. Some of them were visitors and others delegates. By taking part in the discussions they materially helped the work of the convention and their presence was an inspiration. Among the visitors were C. L. and Mattie Penhallow and Sylvia Allen, of Home; A. K. Hanson, of Whidby Island; our old friend H. G. Cupples, of Bellingham; Mr. Fitzgerald; Elizabeth Wardall, of Seattle; Mr. Mohn, of Bothel Co-operative Shingle Mill Co., Bothel; F. A. Bryan, Rochester Rochdale, Rochester; G. H. Adkins, Orcas Island; E. G. Reep, People's Union, Stanwood.

There was a strong desire among all present to pull together. The Committee consists of capable men, all thor co-operators, and if the delegates can bring their various societies to see, as they do, the vital necessity of the Wholesale as the next step, if any notable degree of success is to be scored by co-operation in this state, we shall be able to start it in a small way at least, within the next few months. May our hope be realized!

A sample copy is an invitation to subscribe.
A Letter to Members and Friends

[By Order of The Board]

Burley, April 24th, 1905.

To Members of The Co-operative Brotherhood;

GREETING:

We who are "on the ground" wish to give to members on the outside, so far as we can, a conservative statement of the situation and prospects at Burley.

A statement showing our financial standing will be found at the close of this article. The balance, it will be seen, over and above all liabilities, is $21,092.45. The amount of stock which can be issued under our amended Articles of Incorporation, which have recently been recorded with the Secretary of State, represents $50,000, at a par value of $100 per share. The amount we expect to issue to members in lieu of membership dues paid in and other obligations, is $14,430, leaving a balance, in round numbers of $7,000. Our liabilities consist of $544, due the White Estate on land; $1,278 on Land Notes falling due constantly; about $700 in credit checks, owing members and about $30 in small accounts.

Altho our liabilities are not large, and most of them due members, it is difficult to make the most of our opportunities for development while these incumbrances remain and the property will never be safe until they are all wiped out. Burley has been established six years and is a valuable plant. In order to preserve the plant in working order, we ask all our members to continue payments as subscribers to stock in place of sending amounts as formerly, in the form of dues. All money paid in on stock, after wiping out our indebtedness, will be used to increase the earning value of our property, strictly, the same not being applied in any way as income, but simply as revenue producing.

As to our property more in detail,—We have nearly 300 acres of exceptionally good, largely bottom land, having a frontage on tide water; about fifty acres of the land is partially cleared, a considerable portion of it being cultivated and ten acres well cleared. (This 60 acres has been leased for a term of ten years to an agricultural group that is making good progress in cultivating and improving it).
We have a Rochdale Co-operative Store at Burley, recently incorporated, with its own Board of Directors, stock in which has been subscribed for by neighbors as well as ourselves. We have a mail route, connecting us with Tacoma. Surveys have recently been ordered by the county commissioners for roads north and west, in which our neighbors as well as ourselves have been much interested as they will bring us in closer connection with new and growing districts. We have 22 dwellings and a large boarding house. Nearly one half of our dwellings are now vacant. We have a saw and shingle mill and planer, well equipped, with a good local market. We have the machinery and material for the manufacture of broom-handles. If any person who has had experience in this line would like to come in, we should like to hear from him. There is a large quantity of timber on our land, consisting chiefly of alder and maple, suitable for broom handles, boxes, furniture and small wooden ware.

The sawmill, which has been our chief means of support, is now offered for lease, either to an individual or a company. It needs a good executive head in charge,—a man who has had wide experience, either in sawed lumber or as a furniture manufacturer. We think that there is a specially good opening for a furniture manufacturer, as we have both the power and the raw material in abundance. There is a good demand for inexpensive furniture on the west coast. Any person having either a novelty or a patented article, made out of the woods with which we are supplied in Burley, principally, that is to say, alder and maple, might find a good location.

Another enterprise which would be especially helpful for us would be the building of a flume thru our land and possibly farther, thus enabling us to clear the land, at the same time giving us an opportunity to place raw material on the market. Our neighbors would be able to use the flume as well as ourselves. It could be made about 3 miles long,—about 14 miles in our territory and the remainder on neighbors’ land. This is one of the enterprises that seems to us to call for special mention.

We should like to hear from persons outside of our non-resident membership, who would be ready to come in or to make inquiries about Burley. Anyone who has an
inclination to know more about the present outlook is invited to write for by-laws and full information on any special subject.

The foregoing are some of the points which we wish to emphasize in the hope that those of our members who do not see their way clear to come in themselves, may put us in communication with people who would be interested in our work. To those competent to use any of these opportunities we can offer easy terms of payment on stock; a small payment of cash down and the balance as may be convenient. To any who wish to come merely as visitors, whether as investigators or not, we can offer good accommodations, especially in the summer time, at the average prices charged to the laboring man.

We trust that our non-resident members, after reading the foregoing statement, will continue, as we have asked them, to make payments as heretofore, and to such amounts in the aggregates as will leave no fractions of shares held by any of them, with the understanding that these payments shall be applied on stock in place of dues, in such a way that the permanent value of the plant will be speedily increased. Both Land Notes and Credit checks will be received on subscriptions to stock.

Address all communications to the Secretary, Co-operative Brotherhood, Burley, Washington, U. S. A.

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CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, APRIL 24TH, 1905.

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$23,645.32 $23,645.32
A Noteworthy Book

We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them.
—Heine.

The book to which I refer is "Freeland; A Social Anticipation," by Dr. Theodor Hertzka; (Freeland Printing & Pub. Co., Freeland Colony, Bow, Wn.; 450 pages; 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in cloth.) The study of the principles set forth in this book has rekindled the enthusiasm which I formerly felt for colonization and reawakened the hopes I used to cherish that thru colonization the coming of the happy day when economic justice will prevail among the children of men may be materially hastened.

In advocating the adoption of the present plan of management for Burley, I realized, as we all did, that it was simply a compromise with capitalism; that with its adoption Burley as a social experiment ceased to be. But at that time I could see no better way to overcome the only too evident weaknesses of the old system, among which were the difficulty of placing and enforcing individual responsibility; the worker and the shirker sharing alike; the tendency to cultivate a reliance upon an intangible and impersonal "company" and to blame all non-success upon that company as represented by the Board of Directors.
All of these things had to be overcome and the new plan was the best plan I could see to do it. Furthermore, my colony experience and more extended knowledge of life have convinced me that any plan of social adjustment that does not take into consideration and provide for those who desire to work alone and not co-operate with their neighbors is not founded upon correct principles. When a man is forced into following a plan of action he will resent it and will be mentally incapable of seeing the good points of the plan, no matter how many it may have. It is also indisputable that the man who desires to work alone has just as inalienable rights to the privilege of doing so, and of access to the storehouse of nature for that purpose as has the man who prefers to work in co-operation with others. In short, as long as each man can get the product of his labor or the value of that product and no more, (whence it follows, of course, that he is not able to exploit his fellowman) he will, under a just state of society, be free to work as he pleases, either individually or co-operatively. Men can be brought to see the beauty and desirability of co-operation only by letting them try the opposite course to their hearts' content and even if they do not come to see it, they should be free to work as they please, as long as they do not thereby wrong others.

Equal individual freedom of action and yet the possibility of exploitation eliminated,—these are two absolutely indispensable features of a practical solution of the social problem.

My once unwavering faith in political action has been sorely tried by the disputes in the Socialist and S. L. P. ranks and the inquisitorial spirit shown by the participants therein, as well the action of at least one local lodge in expelling a member for expressing opinions contrary to those held by the majority and passing resolutions limiting freedom of speech at lodge meetings. Notwithstanding grave misgivings as to the possibilities for official tyranny and red-tapeism under a Socialist regime, as set forth by governmentalists, I have continued to support the Socialists at the ballot-box, trusting to advancing education and enlightened public sentiment to keep abuses in check thru Direct Legislation.

Believing, therefore, that nothing worth while could be
done until a national Socialist victory was achieved, I was trying to resign myself to the prospect of settling down and contenting myself as best I might in an effort to win a small degree of bourgeois, middle-class success, cutting out, as far as possible, the capitalistic features, but with no hope of doing anything radical, inasmuch as under a system that is practically nothing but capitalism with its wings slightly clipped, (as I showed in the March Co-operator,) while the weight of economic oppression may be somewhat lessened for the few immediately concerned, there is absolutely no hope of building up an enterprise that will be of any widespread value as an object lesson, or that will be of any material help in solving the social problem.

Bitterly as I regretted these facts I was unable to see any way out of the tangle. I was in this frame of mind when I received a copy of "Freeland" for review. Many books on the social problem come to me in the same way. I pick them up, but before I go far I find some fatal flaw in the reasoning and lay them aside. Too often they are cut-and-dried plans for ordering the world after the authors' own personal ideas, and entirely ignore some of the fundamental characteristics of the human beings who must be dealt with in carrying out any plan. In short, instead of finding out the laws of social evolution and working according to those laws, they go at it the other way and endeavor to fit social evolution to their preconceived plan of what they think would be a good way to have society adjusted.

When I read Dr. Hertzka's work, however, I found its fundamental principles clearly set forth in a scholarly introduction, wherein the author traces the science of political economy down, step by step, during the three hundred years of its existence, showing how each of the great men to whose earnest thought and work the science owes so much arrived at his conclusions, wherein he erred, and wherein he was right. I became interested and finally I read the book carefully, as well as the other literature on the same subject for sale by Freeland Colony. As a result of that study I have changed my mind completely as to the hopelessness of colonization as a method of social reform, and also as to the need of a national Socialist majority before any practical work, except propaganda, can be done.

I believe the economic formulas laid down by Hertzka
are logical and true. They will, at least, have to stand until they are disproven. Moreover, by the plan he sets forth something can be done at once. In this and the next number of The Co-operator Comrade Horr is explaining the principles and their application at some length, so I will refer all inquirers to his articles, or, better still, to Hertzka's book. I simply wish to bear witness here to the change the study of the Freeland theory has wrought in my mental outlook and future hopes.

The plan includes—Individual freedom of action within the limits of equal freedom for all; no business secrets; voluntary co-operation by self-governing groups of free associates; the ordering of the work by the workers instead of by government officials, as under State Socialism—(Freelandism has been well called Free Socialism in contradistinction to Governmental or Authoritarian Socialism); the full value of the product to the workers, thereby rendering exploitation impossible by cutting off rent, interest and profit, which are eliminated by including all that now is devoured by them in the wages paid to labor; and combined with all this individual freedom in kind and method of working, an unalterable solidarity of interest, that makes the success of all vitally important to each.

Such are the basic principles of the Freeland plan, upon which the Freeland Colony, at Bow, Washington, is organized. It must be borne in mind that the system is not presented as something that it might be well to try for sentimental reasons only, as are so many plans of social reform, but is based upon the most uncompromising recognition of the hard facts of political economy and the endless variations and peculiarities of human nature. It does not demand an especial degree of mental or spiritual development in men, but will apply to the average man of today, on whatever step of the ladder he stands. Men are expected to act from no other motive than that of self-interest, their liberty in so acting being limited only by the possession of similar liberty by all others. Under the law of equal freedom there will be no forcible prevention of the exploitation of man by man. Exploitation will disappear because it is unprofitable; because exploited labor cannot compete with free labor. With the passing of exploitation the constant tendency of economic conditions
will be to impel men to follow the promptings of their higher natures instead of their lower, whereas, under present conditions he who follows the impulses of his higher nature does so only at the expense of his material prosperity and by overcoming the influence of his economic environment, which is constantly urging him to turn a deaf ear to those appeals in order to more mercilessly exploit his fellowmen.

Having become thoroughly convinced of the soundness and practicability of the Freeland plan, I would like to see a federation of the two colonies, or, still better, I would like to see Burley join forces with Freeland, which has several advantages that we lack. I desired that the Board of Directors appoint a committee to go up to Freeland to examine the entire situation, the prospects, the natural advantages and the working of the system in practice. They could also have seen then what security the Colony had to back its offers of the assumption of some of our obligations as part of a practical plan they presented us looking toward confederation, which had been submitted to me by them, as I was instructed by the Board last February to keep in touch with them and report from time to time.

The appointment of this committee would have bound the Board to nothing, but would have shown a willingness to consider the proposition on its merits and to co-operate with a sister colony if it were found, upon due and careful investigation, to be good sound business policy to do so. The majority of the Board, however, not looking at the matter in the same light as I do, did not appoint this committee and not wishing to remain in office when I am not in harmony with my colleagues, I have resigned my position as Director and Secretary. Brother Crofut has been elected in my place as Director, and the Secretaryship has been added to Brother Ellis’s duties. I shall stay here until the early part of June and get out the June number of The Co-operator and in the meantime be able to get Brother Ellis fully conversant with the many details that appertain to the Secretaryship, and that only the man who actually handles it can know.

After the June number of The Co-operator is issued I shall go to Freeland Colony and with others of the Freeland comrades commence the publication of a paper with
which we shall fill all the unexpired subscriptions to The Co-operator which have been taken in since we have taken control of the paper, as Mrs. Brewster will also assist in the management of the new publication, she being in complete sympathy with Freeland principles. If the Burley comrades do not continue the publication of The Co-operator and will send us notes we shall be glad to continue "The Month at Burley" as usual, just as the Freeland comrades are now publishing their colony notes down here.

To those who are inclined to think my enthusiasm for and belief in Hertzka's theory unfounded I can only say—Study the literature on the subject carefully and then give your opinion. The Freeland plan asks no favors; it asks nothing more than a chance to meet the keenest, coldest logic and analysis and to stand on its merits as a practical solution of the social problem.

I chain my thoughts to no system, nor do I claim to be infallible in my conclusions. I am ready to acknowledge a new truth whenever and wherever I find it. If it can be proven to me tomorrow that there is a better plan than that offered by Dr. Hertzka, I shall advocate that. Until then, however, I shall work for Freeland, believing with all my heart that I am working in the best and most direct way for the accomplishment of the objects for which Burley was founded, which are near to my heart, as they are to the hearts of many of those who will read these lines.

Burley is no longer a radical colony. Its success along the lines it is now following would mean practically nothing to the great army of the despoiled laboring class, while the triumph of Freeland principles means the ultimate industrial emancipation of the human race.

Kingsmill Commander.

I have received of E. A. Bryan of the State Agricultural College, at Pullman, Wn., a pamphlet dealing with the subject of wormy apples. A copy of this pamphlet will be sent free to anyone on request.

Our personal knowledge of live apples is limited. We know much more about them when, after their decease, they are made to form one of the elements of the always succulent and alluring PIE. Those of our readers, however, who have to do with the growing of apples, should
find this little work very valuable, as it represents the result of much painstaking and scholarly research.

Another valuable pamphlet from the same source deals with the Codling Moth, in the Yakima Valley.

The Portland Travellers' Aid Society, is issuing a much-needed warning to young girls flocking there during the Fair with "just enough money to reach the city, expecting to find employment at once on arrival."

We are glad to note that The Co-operative Journal, of Oakland, Calif.,—that staunch champion of co-operation,—will henceforth appear as a weekly. It will be under the management of Comrade Fowler, Comrade Roop, its former editor, who ever since its inauguration has been its Mentor, having sought other fields of activity. A bigger-hearted, more sincere soul than Roop is rarely found. He'll be a power for righteousness wherever he goes. Success go with him! May his shadow [which Comrade Wardall tells us is no small one] never grow less!

Our late appearance this month is due to a serious 10 days' illness of Mrs. Brewster.

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The Month at Burley

HANNAH JOHNSON, who has worked steadily at the hotel since last November, has been taking a long-desired rest. The C. B. have offered to put a house on the home-lot selected by her so that she and the younger children might remain together in a home of their own, which appears to be the dearest wish of the pathetic little family. But young people like change, and the children think they would enjoy living in Freeland Colony for a while, so the Freeland comrades have kindly offered them a cottage and work enough to provide for themselves for as long as they wish to remain. If the little ones want to remain there permanently, the Colony wishes to treat them as wards by giving them every opportunity in its power, while leaving the children free to leave or stay at their own convenience. Hannah is there at the present time, where Hypatia and the boys expect to join her in a few days.

The hotel gang are now doing their own cooking with
a fine appearance of great success and enjoyment. While pumping a bucket of water opposite the kitchen window, the other evening, we indulged in a peep at the scene inside. Brother Ernest Simons, who is chief cook, stood by the table regarding a pan of cornmeal muffins he had just taken from the oven. His countenance expressed unbounded satisfaction with his success, struggling with just the right degree of modesty he thought proper to assume for the occasion. Brother Brocchi was setting the table with an air of exact nicety and an eye single to artistic effect. Brothers Ellis and Fall were making earnest efforts to keep out of each other's way and help the cook, while Brother Crofut, astride of a huge pot of potatoes, was bending all the energy of his mind on the seemingly impossible feat of pouring the boiling water off while holding the lid firmly on and avoiding scalding himself, all at once and the same moment. The tables, floor, sink and windows are all as spotlessly clean and shining as strength, soap and water can make them. Taken altogether, the boys seem to be getting along very comfortably just now while work is not pressing them at the mill, but by-and-by, when there is plenty to do and summer visitors commence to come in, they will have to get a cook from the outside unless some more working women come to live in Burley.

Little Jack has added one more trick to his repertoire of cute little stunts. It is called turning a 'summerset.' The modus operandi of this performance is altogether different from that known to the public at large. Little Jack picks out a comfortable spot and proceeds to lie down flat on his back with great deliberation and sticks his legs and arms straight up in the air, where he holds them a few moments, then jumping up with an ostentatious show of alacrity, he looks blandly around on the audience, serenely confident of the salvos of applause which are sure to follow when they are assured that Little Jack has "turned a 'summerset.'"

A "Farewell Supper" was given at the hotel on April 13th, in honor of Mrs. Addie Darling and her daughter Mary, who left here on the 17th to join Mr. Darling in Galice, Ore., where they expect to live. They are among our oldest residents and the general regret felt at her going away was shown by the large gathering of colonists.
at the supper. Mrs. Darling's acknowledgments of the honor and kindess shown her by her friends were presented in a speech by Brother Ellis, after which the Burleyites withdrew to the library, where the evening was passed in conversation.

On the evening of March 15th, the young people gave a dance in honor of their old schoolmate and playfellow, Mary Darling.

In disentangling a piece of baling-wire which the "Jim-horse" was dragging round fastened to his tail, Sammy got hurt a week or two ago. Completely mistaken as to Sammy's intentions, whom he should have known better, the misanthropic "Jim" resented with his heels the liberty taken with his tail, so that Sammy carried a limp and a swelled place on his thigh for several days.

We are indebted to one of the Burleyites for the following:—

"A congregation, representing a number of places,—Springfield, Purdy, Burley and Glenwood, united in a service at the Springfield schoolhouse at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Easter Sunday, filling the little building. It was estimated that about one hundred persons were present, making it necessary to use wagon-seats to accommodate them. The decorations, which were arranged by the ladies, were simple, yet beautifully in accord with the day.

Mrs. White of Springfield, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Cameron, of Purdy, may be mentioned among those who planned the arrangements. The following is a copy of the program: Reading of Scripture and Prayer. Song: "He is Risen!" Recitation: "The Two Easters!" Songs: "The Pall of Night;" "He Will Gently Speak My Name;" "Bethlehem;" "The Grand Amen." Sermon. Song: "Raise High the Song." Easter Eggs; Benediction.

A contribution was taken in behalf of the purchase of a church-bell, which it is proposed to place in a proper position in connection with the schoolhouse at Springfield. The building is beautifully situated on a high hill rising from the shore. No church-bell is now heard in this neighborhood. The people from Burley who attended the service were: Brother Rodney Simons and family, Bessie and Mrs. Fenton, Mrs. Townsend, Katie Stein, Mrs. Mc-Clintock and Miss Smith."

On May 3rd Mr. Henry W. Stein and Miss Leola E. Smith were married. At home after May 17th. The Co-operator wishes them a happy life.

Since Brother Dunbar's departure, we have had to get along with common, hand-made weather. It has been pleasant, with several cool days and some high wind. B.
THE CO-OPERATOR—FREELAND SECTION

Freeland
ORGAN OF
Freeland Colony, Bow, Wn.

Devoted to the solving of
THE SOCIAL PROBLEM
In Harmony with the Law of Equal Freedom

ALEX. HERR, EDITOR.

Subscription Price 50c. a year

The management of Freeland Colony is vested in a Board of Directors, elected by a modified Hare Preferential system of proportional representation, with powers limited to enforcing the acts of the General Assembly and subject to the Imperative Mandate.

The officers for 1905 are: Pres., H. W. Halladay; Vice Pres., D. H. Barry; Secy. A. Herr; Treas. W. B. Boyd; Director Counting House, James Potts; Warehouse, H. Arnold; Statistics, C. L. Penhallow; Arbitration, H. Marquart; Health and Insurance, Mrs. Jennie Herr; Colonization, August Teschner; Propaganda, L. Huguenan; Education, J. E. Joslyn. For further particulars see our ads on both covers. Address all communications to Alex. Herr, Secy., Bow, Wn., U. S. A.

FREELAND COLONY, BOW, W. N., MAY, 1905

Proportional Representation

THE ELECTION of officers for Freeland Colony, held Jan. 29th, 1905, for the ensuing year, was conducted in accordance with the following portion of Sec. IV of the by-laws: "Voters must designate by number their preference for the various candidates, having as many preferences as there are offices to be filled, but voting only for one man for a given office, otherwise the vote cannot be counted. The ballots shall be at once mixed, counted and classified according to the first choice votes for each candidate. The total number of ballots shall be divided by the number of offices to be filled and the result will be the elective quota. The first choice votes of each candidate for each department shall be laid aside, and the one receiving the highest vote for a given office shall be declared elected by taking the number of ballots required to make an elective quota from his pile and cancelling, while the remaining ballots

(Continued on page 31.)
Election Tally Sheet: Proportional Representation—Modified Hare Preferential System

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<td>Arnold, Freeland</td>
<td>1167</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Line up the figures by laying a card on the page, or drawing pencil lines between the columns.
shall be counted in reference to second, third, &c., choice, as may be necessary, and cancelled as used. Then the candidate that received the lowest number of votes shall be dropped and his votes counted for the candidate that has the highest vote, and in this way declare elected as many candidates as there are elective quotas."

The result as illustrated in the table on page 30, is gratifying and instructive.

In explanation of the table I might say that there were only two real contests of two couples. Mr. Barry was a candidate for Vice President and Counting-house Director against Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Potts. One set of voters wished to defeat Mr. Barry for C. H. Director and another wished to elect him. A third group wished to defeat him for C. H. Director but insisted on electing him for Vice President. Thus you have a combination of votes for 3 candidates for two offices that would have been a puzzle under any other system of voting. The second contest involved the candidacy of Mr. Smith, Mr. Young and Mr. Marquart. Mr. Smith was a candidate for two offices and had an opponent for each. The two voting groups concentrated their votes on the wrong man, so that the struggle turned out to be merely a nominal one. Those who voted for Young and Marquart concentrated their strength on Marquart and so lost Young. Had they concentrated on Young they would have won both Directorships.

One thing is clear,—there is too much left to chance where the voting groups are not thoroly organized and quite familiar with the ground. Altogether there were 26 votes and 12 offices, making the elective quota 2. There were these voting groups,—2 somewhat factional, numbering 9 and 7; a neutral group of 4 and an indifferent, independent scattering group of 6. There was comparative unanimity on 5 offices, an irresponsible fight on two, and a spirited struggle for only one office.

The only offices that can be determined in advance are those that will be elected by the first choice votes,—straight. After that, cancellation plays havoc with any prognostications. The evil is but too evident. Had Mr. Barry failed to receive 4 second choice votes, then he would have failed of election tho he received 7 first choice votes for another office. The remedy would seem to be some combination of the cumulative and Hare preferential system, as modified by us. It would be no easy task to devise a ballot that would not be cumbersome.

Of course, the danger from chance interference with the elective designs is really small, unless the contest should be very close. As the vote stands now,—it would elect the same people that were elected by cancellation. As we are not ready to change to any old system, we would nevertheless like to have suggestions from advocates of proportional representation.
Colony Notes

Comrade Salvage made a flying visit to Portland, Ore. to look up some friends.

Comrade Penhallow, late of Home Colony, has joined Freeland Colony and attached himself to the First Clearing and Agricultural Group. They are both to be congratulated.

Comrade Smith has gone east of the mountains to join his family and to improve his health. He has the best wishes of the Colony and we hope that his path in life may be strewn with garlands of happiness and joy.

Comrade Huguenan is getting a new incubator and we may mention incidentally that our warehouse will handle the Chatham Incubators at the lowest market prices. If you need an incubator, write us before ordering one.

The Dairy Group are running their cream supply up to about $120 per month, altho the price of butter is low. This is what bookkeeping and co-operation does. Comrades Giles and Young are planning to convert the dairy into a profitable enterprise.

The First Cl. & Agri. Group is working hard, putting 14 acres into garden and orchard. When we get from 40 to 60 tons of fruit and vegetables on the market besides what we consume, something will happen. This will be the basis of our cannery.

The hay-press is putting up about 30 tons of A No. 1 hay,—mixed clover and timothy. We will have from 16 to 18 bales of hay to the ton. Any comrades wanting hay should get it directly from us at wholesale market price, which is now $13 per ton for this quality. For $1 per bale we will deliver to any R. R. station on the Sound.

We had a committee of two from Home investigating us. Comrades Lewis Haiman and Mattie Penhallow revelled in Freeland sunsets. The glow of color and richness that alternates with the bits of tinted blue and silver had their usual effect. With our natural opportunities, both present and prospective, Freeland offers the greatest inducement to libertarian Socialists. May their report cause Home to merge into Freeland Colony.

The Secretary has been authorized to arrange plans and investigate prospects for a cannery. This is the finest fruit, vegetable and berry district in the state and a cannery would be useful as well as ornamental. Any comrade who can give us information on the subject is requested to do so. We shall want a number who have worked in canneries to join us.

The clearing of land is going ahead. Besides the 15 acres that are being gotten ready for the plow, 50 acres will be put to the axe and the "line" after the crops are
laid in, and thus keep our "finest" on the "long stretch" for the "home run." This would double our productive power and enable us to take care of 200 people even without a canner.

Comrades John Leikem and Hannah Johnson, from Burley Colony, are with us, we hope as permanent residents.

Official

A Convention of the Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth is hereby called to meet at Freeland Colony, Bow, Wash., June the 1st, 1905. All locals are entitled to at least one delegate, and one additional delegate to every 25 members.

W. C. Davis, Secretary B. C. C.

REPORT OF COUNTING-HOUSE DIRECTOR FOR MARCH, 1905

<table>
<thead>
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<tr>
<td>49,875.54</td>
<td>57,430.91</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TOTALS: $57,430.91 $5501.86

Available Assets: $51,929.05

James Potts, Counting-House Director.

Freeland Colony wants a Comrade who thoroughly understands the business of Canning Fruit & Vegetables in tin cans for the market, to write to them for particulars. We wish to engage some competent person in the cannery we are about to put in, either as a member or for a given period.

If any reader of The Co-operator knows any such comrade, his or her address will be welcome.

Address, Alexander Horr,
Secy. Freeland Colony,
BOW, Washington

See other ads on front cover.
The Boston Press Writer

A monthly journal for young writers, to instruct and help them to develop an original style in literature, and preserve their individuality in thought and expression.

Founded by The American Press Writers' Association
50 cents a year. 5 cents a copy.

Albert P. Lewis, Editor,
NEW CLAIRVAUX, MONTAGUE, MASS.

CO-OPERATORS, DEAL WITH CO-OPERATORS

RIO GRANDE WOOLEN MILLS CO.
(CO-OPERATIVE)
ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX.

I thought, when I made it possible for my comrades to become owners of an interest in these mills, that they would be practicing as well as preaching; that they could point their friends to what co-operation was doing for them and that I was doing something practical and worthy.

That, having become a Socialist from study of the subject, and seeing the fallacy of the "dog-eat-dog" system, and that the only reasonable way to do, under the present law, was for men and women to own the machines collectively, to manufacture the goods and distribute them to the individuals owning an interest; eliminating wasteful methods, interest and rent. Literally following out our motto: "Sheep's Back to Your Back."

Do you agree with me, or do you not?

I thought that in this way I was helping to bring about a condition that would help our cause. If you think the same, write for further particulars, and get our references. It may be just what you want.

Do you support frenzied finance by playing the game? The present method of manufacturing and distributing woollens is also frenzied when it makes you pay double the cost of production, and you do it for articles that you have no assurance of being pure.

Another thing, we want agents to present this matter personally. We give satisfactory references and shall require the same from you.

If you are satisfied, don't write, but if you are tired of supporting this system write Comrade

JOHNEY H. BEARRUP,
Rio Grande Woolen Mills Co.
(Co-operative.)
Albuquerque, N. M.
The Co-operator

Vol. IX JUNE 1905 No. 217

The Theory and Practice of Freeland
Some of Its Plans, Hopes and Prospects


[For The Co-operator. Concluded from the May number.]

[Comrade Alexander Horr has been a student of political economy for years. He has closely studied every system for the equitable distribution of the products of labor among the producers, which has been advocated by the various classes of social reformers, weighed and compared them, and come to the conclusion that the Freeland plan is the only one of them all that combines social justice with equal freedom, and because of its elasticity and adaptability accommodates itself to men at any and every stage of their development, at the same time making bureaucracy, official oppression and the exploitation of one man by another impossible, while each individual secures the full advantage of his ability and the products of his labor.—Editors]

Next come the problems arising from the condition that determines the use of machines. By a machine we mean any tool, appliance, process, mechanism or any combination of them, produced by labor and used to save labor. The formula, as Hertzka puts it, is as plain as a geometrical axiom: "The condition that determines the use of a machine is that the difference between its cost and its product be greater than the difference between the wages and the product of labor." This has been laid down as an economic axiom of the widest application. It is one of the few categories of which the science of political economy can boast. It will endure thru the ages; will stand, in a practical way, "while grass grows and water flows;" while it takes labor to produce wealth; while unsatisfied human desires have another object to attain; in a word, while human beings continue to exist as the genus homo.

The over-production theory was presented long ago by the father of state socialism, Rodbertus, and sneered at by Marx in the very teeth of daily experience. But Hertzka alone is responsible for the machine theory, and to him alone is due the honor of being its originator. Marx had to exploit Hegelian dialectics to give authoritarian socialism
an academic standing and secure to himself a lasting place in the annals of economic achievement. Hertzka brought to socialism an unrivalled position as an authority on finance; an established reputation as a first-rate thinker; so it may be asked, with some reason, why 'cathedra' socialism disdains the consideration of a self-evident proposition that eclipses, in originality and magnitude, every other economic discovery of recent times. The only reason that can be given is that the acceptance of the proposition involves the recasting of nearly everything that neo-Marxism considers essential, from the Ricardian theory of value to the class-conscious theory of folk-psychology.

**Verification & logical application of Hertzka's Theory**

Hertzka's machine theorem is easily demonstrated from the latest American and European statistics and the deduction from them is inevitable, that the "colony" method is the most practical way of solving the social problem. For, if an unbearable over-production and periodical industrial disturbances are unavoidable where wages are increasing, but not high enough to keep consumption even with production, then it follows that any group of workers sufficiently numerous to constitute a well-rounded economic unit, would eliminate over-production by giving the laborer his full product to consume; would eliminate onesided production by making it easy for everyone to change his occupation and would encourage machine production by making every labor-saving machine a commercially profitable machine,—a wage-saving machine. Only those labor-saving machines can be used that save wages, but if wages are less than the total product, then the machine, besides having to save a premium above the labor cost, must be sufficiently labor-saving to pay all the usury bills that low wages necessitates.

In manufacturing industries average wages are $170 in Europe and $340 in the United States. A machine that costs $250, capable of saving one man's work for one year, would be used in the United States, for it would mean a saving of $80 by the transaction. The same machine in Europe would be old iron,—no manufacturer would use a machine costing $250 to save the wages of a laborer who would do the work for $170. Consequently, the machine would remain unused.
When one considers that the United States, with her 77,000,000 people, uses nearly as much steam power, etc., as Europe does with her 300,000,000 people, then it may easily be explained why the workmen of the United States produce nearly twice as much wealth as those of Europe. It is machine production that causes efficiency, reduces waste, develops skill, creates demand for inventiveness, capacity, ingenuity and thus increases productivity beyond the dreams and even the avarice of the most far-seeing and the most ambitious. Thus a colony which eliminates rent, interest, profit and taxes from her bill of industrial expenses and puts them under the head of profit and loss, while they exist at all, would be in the position (within the limits of capital accumulated) to use profitably as much more machinery, in proportion, than the United States as the United States uses than Europe; because, if average production equals $1000 per man per year, and thus makes Freeland wages $1000 as against the average of $300 in the United States, then every machine, the price of which ranges between $300 and $1000 for each man's annual labor that it saves, will be profitable in Freeland and useless in the United States, and if they use all the machines that intellectual and mechanical progress can supply, the productivity of Freeland labor would be several times that of monopoly labor, and thus brings us to the far-reaching deduction, that a colony based on Freeland principles can pay more wages than the total product (rent, interest, profit, taxes AND wages) amounts to in slave-land and still sell goods below the market price, that is, "set" the market. If Freeland pays higher wages than its competitors, then laborers will move towards Freeland until scarcity of labor will force wages in general up to the level of those prevailing in Freeland. If Freeland sells goods at lower prices than its competitors, then buyers will purchase their goods in Freeland until lack of demand for goods outside of Freeland will bring their prices down to the level "set" by Freeland. But the wages of the laborer and the price of the commodity in Freeland are equal, and if its competition will have the effect of making them equal outside of Freeland (which means the abolition of rent, interest, profit and taxes) then the monopolistic regime will be at an end. Land ownership, as a principle, will disappear; inva-
sion of the rights of others will have outlived its usefulness even from the point of view of its advocates and the law of equal freedom will have full sway.

The social effects of the operation of the law of equal freedom in a community where economic well-being is uniformly distributed, would be so far-reaching and of such wide scope, that I may well leave it to the reader's imagination. But, among the not distant attainments, would be a tendency to strengthen character and increase the love of the beautiful.

However crude and uncouth may be the garb under which labor may perform its social functions, the results will be substantial, and in time will mellow down when brought under the influence of the rudiments of culture. The best in "decadent" and "realistic" art will give us a type of character that will lead to the development of Nietzsche's "Ubermensch" and Shaw's "Superman". This will be unconscious stirpiculture under favorable environment.

FREELAND COLONY, BOW, Washington, U. S. A.
Organized to work out Hertzka's Theory in Practice

Freeland Colony is beautifully situated in the midst of the most fertile region in the state, and has a property worth approximately $50,000, invested in farming, lumbering, canning and a number of small home industries. We have now 50 people on the ground and about 25 on the way. We are in a position to take care of 200 people of the right kind,—people who are not entirely without means, who are not afraid of hard work and who are willing to live a pioneer frontier life, with the ordinary hardships of a new settlement. We have plenty of the necessaries of life, but few comforts and no luxuries. We live in separate houses, of which we have 17, besides a large apartment house. We have a restaurant, bakery, shoeshop, tailorshop, machine and blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, cereal coffee factory, apiary, chicken farm, nursery, dairy, orchard, etc., etc. We are putting in a cannery, rebuilding our sawmill and shinglemill and we are planning considerable extension of our nursery, hothouse and seed industries. We need immediately a practical canner, millwright, baker, machinist, nurseryman, (licensed) and cereal coffee man. Our greatest opportunities are in the farming and canning indus-
tries. Take the one item of peas,—300 acres of peas would supply a small cannery that would be complete and have a maximum efficiency for the given unit. The cannery would require a capital of from 5 to 8 thousand dollars, besides whatever we already have in the way of boiler, engine, &c. The expense of running the farm and cannery outside of our own labor need not be over $100,000, while the wholesale price of the canned goods that such a plant would turn out would be approximately $400,000, requiring the labor of about 100 men. A colony with such business opportunities ought to have 1000 members within two years. And we will have them. How are we going to get them?

The Co-operative Situation in Washington

First of all; there are, on Puget Sound, three other colonies, besides Freeland Colony, barely struggling along. There are about 30 co-operative concerns in Western Washington which are leading a precarious existence against odds that would stagger them if they realized the difficulties they have to meet. Each of these units of a possible compact industrial and social body must get its supplies, raw material and shipping facilities under the most trying conditions and in the face of a prejudice that can only be overcome by brilliant achievement. It is not claimed that the productive power or skill of these co-operators is less than the average,—for then they would fail in the outside world also. It is not claimed that they do business with less capital than the average,—besides, one of the alleged advantages of co-operation is that it can exploit secondary means more thoroughly than is done under monopoly. Neither can the difficulty be found in a lack of managerial capacity, for that is purely a relative condition and, naturally, the best managerial capacity has been, is, and always will be scarce, and one of the standing charges against monopoly is its inability to make efficient use of the progress of the race. Where then is the weak spot? It is in upholding the principle of "mastership" in social and political life in general, and industrial life in particular. By maintaining the triplet of usury, (rent, interest and profit) the co-operator re-establishes monopoly under the guise of freedom. By isolating co-operative units at distant geographical points they are at the mercy of local conditions. If these
conditions are favorable they lack the commercial strength to take advantage of them, and usually lack the generosity to share them with other co-operators,—the old story of the dog in the manger. That is, under the plea of working for the emancipation of labor, they adopt a variation of the methods of monopoly, with the advantages of monopoly reduced to an inconsiderable fraction, and this fraction given to the privileged few. The result is that there can be no success of the kind required to make a favorable impression; it is of no advantage to the vast majority willing to share in the struggles of co-operators; in a word, most of the co-operators "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." For these and other reasons all the co-operators in the state should, and sooner or later, must join Freeland or do something equally effective.

**Practical Plan for Co-operative Wholesale**

That is all very nice, I will be told, but the question is, what do I propose to do about it? To use Freeland terminology, there are three things required: A Central Warehouse, a Central Countinghouse and a Central Statistical Department. The establishment of these in some central place like Seattle, would be in line with the general purposes announced at the Convention of The Washington State Co-operative Union. The Central Warehouse would receive and disburse all the surplus products of the co-operative units and would take the place of commission merchant and local buyer. The Central Countinghouse would clear the accounts of all the co-operative units and thus make the capital required for trading a fraction of what it is now and do wholesale buying by making out an order once a month and have it shipped direct from San Francisco or the East. The concern could own a share of stock in the San Francisco Wholesale, or combine with it on all orders to be sent East. The Central Statistical Department would be an information bureau and would tabulate all data required by each unit about each other as well as about the rest of the world. By rendering periodical reports it could become the publishing department of the central organization as well.

Those members of the Central who would want credit should be required to take a membership and submit to the
THE CO-OPERATOR.

auditing of their accounts by the Central Statistical Department. The price of certificates would be determined by mutual agreement, but there would be no rent, interest or profit attached to services rendered. The expenses of the concern to be distributed according to the incomes of members.

In this way we could have Freeland in our dealings with each other and our special system locally, and thus a friendly rivalry as to which system is the "fittest" to survive. In order to make the transition from the unfit to the fit automatic, the conditions of membership should be uniform in all the co-operative units, so that new applicants may join the ones that, under given conditions, yield the best results, and an exchange of members in good standing may be arranged by transferring membership fees from one side of the ledger to the other, from the account of one co-operative concern to that of another. Thus the unfit would die a natural death and the transition be effected without loss to anyone and to the advantage of all.

What Skagit County offers

Skagit County has the greatest variety of first-class natural resources of any county in the state, and practically undeveloped. It has timber, coal, iron, copper, gold, water power and matchless agricultural and transportation possibilities. Anacortes, its largest town, has one of the best, safest and most accessible harbors on the Sound, and is destined, because of its location, to be the metropolis of the North-West. All these make Skagit County an ideal place for the purposes of the earnest reformer. Its people are an earnest, hardy and industrious race, who are willing to accept the good things we have to offer, if we can prove to them our worth. Freeland makes a bid for first place in the hierarchy of colonies and co-operative attempts, but is willing to yield to any friendly rival who can take it.

I vote for Freeland and Skagit County.

"Meat for Strong Men."

Social Statics (Edition before 1886)..............Herbert Spencer
History Civilization of England.............Th. H. Buckle
Progress and Poverty..........................Henry George
Capital—Interest (2 vols)..................Boehm—Bawerk
Voluntary Socialism..........................F. D. Tandy
THE CO-OPERATOR

Involuntary Idleness ........................................ Hugo Bilgram
History Communistic Societies in U. S. .................. Nordhoff
" Socialism in the U. S. ............................... Morris Hillquit
American Communities .................................. W. A. Hinds
All of G. Bernard Shaw
All of Henrik Ibsen
All of Dr. Theodor Hertzka, but particularly Freeland (50 cents) and A Trip to Freeland, (10 cents.)

"Finding an Easy Place"
Emily S. Bouton in Magazine of Mysteries.

ONE OF THE BOOKS published this winter bore the somewhat unmusical name of "Scroggins." Its author is John Uri Lloyd, whose "Etidorpha," that work, strange, weird and unaccountable except to those who have some understanding of its deep significance, challenged so much attention a few years ago. It was the beginning of the literary work of Mr. Lloyd, hitherto known only as a practical chemist with an international reputation. Since that time he has written two novels which have been widely read and thoroughly enjoyed. Little of the mystery pervading the first book is to be found in the later ones, and none at all in "Scroggins."

The chief value of the latter, which is not much more than a sketch, but a most pathetic one, rests in the lesson which it teaches; a lesson which the most of us need to learn. It is the skeletonized story of the life of one actor, a man whose earliest memories were linked to a home in the county poor-house, and who grew to strong young manhood in the family of a nearby farmer.

The time came when he went forth into the world to seek his fortune. At the age of sixty he found himself, after years and years of hard labor, by a lucky investment in mining stock, the possessor of millions of money. Then he resolved to give up his vocation of stage-driver in the Rocky Mountains, which he had followed for twenty years, and "take it easy."

The book describes his wanderings in the effort to find pleasure, and shows how utterly he failed to enjoy the things that usually give enjoyment to those who have lei-
sure for its seeking. To our hero they were either un-noticed or else were a weariness to mind and body.

"Scroggins had now travelled the country over, searching for his 'easy place,' and yet his journeyings had but served to illuminate the more conspicuously the fact that if we do not make for ourselves an 'easy place' as we go, none is to be found lurking in infirmity's path at the journey's end. With an unlimited bank account, this old man was homeless. Homelessness is the mother of discontent, and discontent is the enemy of happiness."

This last paragraph is vital with meaning, eloquent in suggestion. In the first place it shows that no life can be wrenched from the grooves in which it has long been running and transferred to new ones, utterly strange and wholly unprepared for, and be successful in the outcome.

We are all creatures of habit. Physically, mentally and spiritually we are shaped by our thought, and that, until we awake to a consciousness of its absolute importance and power, is largely the product of circumstances and environment.

Scroggins had been a stage-driver for twenty years, his mind concerned only with a narrow round of duties. What to him were art galleries and libraries? Changing views of scenery did not appeal to him, for they were only variations of mountains, forest, sea and sky, which had been familiar to him thru many years. The whole truth lay in the fact of his absolute unreadiness for the "easy place" he was searching for. He expressed the truth in his own homely but pathetic words, "I don't keer for nothin' but thot old stage on the gulch road. I sits an' tries to think like eddycated men does; I listens to the talk 'bout me, but et ain't no use, I can't think."

Thru ignorance,—which does not change the law,—he had wasted his opportunities, and when the time came that he might enter a broader field of knowledge, might have a wider outlook, might make his life richer in many ways, he was untrained and therefore unready. He knew not how to think. With the old life he was no longer content. In the new which seemed so desirable when beyond attain-ment, he found neither peace nor even a shadow of satisfaction.

The life of this man as portrayed in the story, may
seem far away from our own. Yet is it not true that too many of us are not thinking in the right way, are letting ourselves be wholly immersed in "things" which have in them no lasting joy? Are we not looking beyond to a time when, as Scroggins expressed it, we may "take it easy," and letting the joys that are blossoming like flowers in our pathway, go unnoticed into the past? Every time this is done we are losing the opportunity of building into our consciousness a keener perception of beauty which will be of use in later days, when we shall need it for enjoyment. It is the day-by-day training of the whole nature which will make us ready for the happiness which we hope to reach in some looked-for future when we have gained what seems now a necessity,—leisure and money. Both are excellent gifts when one is prepared to make the most and best of them. They mean absolutely nothing when the sensibilities have been so blunted by disuse, and the consciousness so narrowed to the things of the physical and material life, that everything outside is utterly alien and productive of more pain than pleasure. Habit asserts itself. The old thought crystallized holds its own and will not be displaced by the new, and so the means for growth are useless. This is true upon the mental plane. It must also be true of the spiritual nature.

Let no one imagine that I am urging any neglect of what are often named the homely duties of life. Hidden in them and their right doing under all difficulties are often the strongest means for self-development. The very fact that work may become a passion, that, in truth, as Charles Brodie Patterson puts it, the love of it "is one of the fundamental passions of the soul," proves its necessity as an instrument of growth. That it may be misused, and thru ignorance or under compulsion become a hindrance rather than a help to the highest expression of individual life, we all know. It is this losing of oneself, of the power to measure values, that we are to guard against.

Granting this to be true, we can see the necessity of taking from each day's experience that which will contribute to the enlargement of the capacity for happiness without waiting for a season of leisure or the ingathering of wealth.

What is necessary in order to make each day count
large in the development of character? In the first place, and, indeed, in its ultimate, it is the most significant and the most important thing—we must win freedom. We must learn how to let go of "things" or to govern them in a fashion to prevent a slavery that will hinder progress toward the higher life.

What do I mean by slavery?

A failure to find time for, or give place to anything outside of the demands of the physical and intellectual nature. It is thru the spiritual consciousness that we gain an understanding of true values and know how to shape our lives in harmony therewith. "To the spiritual man the omnipotence and omniscience of life are ever present; it is these that will accomplish in and thru him what he wishes to be or do." This consciousness which gives power cannot be gained in any degree so long as we live wholly in externals; in other words, upon the surface of things. It is impossible to gain freedom until we learn to recognize the truth that within ourselves is the Divinity which, listened to, will shape our lives each day to best results.

"Know thyself part of the eternal Source, And naught can stand before thy spirit's force."

---

Billy and I

From the Boston Transcript.

They say they are going to shoot you, Old Billy, but don't you fret. For the fellow who dares to meddle with you must reckon with me, you bet:

You are a poor old horse. Old Billy, and aren't worth much, it is true, But you've been a faithful friend to me, and I'll see you safely thru.

Shoot Old Billy? I guess not, tho' you may be old and gray; By the selfsame stretch of mercy they'll be shooting me some day. I haven't much love for the fellows who follow the shooting plan: If they had more pity for horses and dogs they'd have more love for man.

That's right, Old Billy, I like it—your muzzle against my face; We've had rattling times together, and once we won the race— Do you remember it, Billy, the dude that we downed that day? And the way he swore that an old farm horse should show his trotter the way!

Well, Billy, we're both great sinners, for we've both grown old, you know; And we've only a little further down the road to go; So we'll fare along together till the Master calls us home To the happy Home Land stables and our feet forget to roam.
They tell us that horses have no souls, and they all declare it true; That shows how little they know, Old Boy, and it proves they don't know you: Well, well, 'tis a mighty question, and quite beyond my ken— But the more I know of horses like you the less I brag about men. You’ve been a good horse, Old Fellow, steady and brave and true: You have given us faithful service—done all that a horse could do; You have earned your keep; you shall have it; so live as long as you can— For justice is justice, and right is right, whether it's a horse or a man.

Washington Co-operative Notes

The Puyallup Fruit Growers' Ass'n, Puyallup: Saturday, May 15th, in company with the Secretary of The Washington State Co-operative Union, I visited the Puyallup and Sumner Fruit Growers’ Association, at the time of their General Spring Meeting, held in the Opera House in Puyallup. A delightful ride of fifty miles over the electric road from Seattle thru Tacoma to Puyallup, passing thru some of the richest gardening country of the Pacific coast, brought us to the thriving little city in the Puyallup Valley.

Between two and three hundred members were present in the opera house and listened to the annual report of President and General Manager, W. H. Paulhamus. The showing is a very satisfactory one. The Association is eight years old; has over four hundred members with a paid up capital of two thousand dollars. The shares are only one dollar each, and are limited to fifteen shares to any one member. It seems a very small capital for the business they are doing, but they seem to find it satisfactory. Their principal business is shipping the fruit grown by the members. Last year they handled $127,000 worth, or about one hundred and sixty car-loads of strawberries, red raspberries and blackberries. This year they count on at least 240 car-loads. The method of handling is to charge each member six cents per crate for doing the business; practically, a commission business. They ship as far east as Minneapolis and St. Paul, and as far south as Omaha. They also conduct a cannery to handle the surplus and defective fruit; and this year they are building a much larger one to accommodate their increasing business. It will be 100x150 feet; and they expect to be able to handle
all the fruit that is not readily saleable when fresh. The total expense for 1904 was $4,500.

Mr. Paulhamus, is an old friend from Aberdeen, South Dakota, and is a capable and successful business man. He has succeeded in placing the company in the front rank of the Fruit Growers' Association of the Pacific Coast.

The Puyallup Valley is a veritable garden spot and is under a high state of cultivation. It is only three or four miles in width, following the Puyallup River; it is divided into small farms of from five to eighty acres each,—mostly ten and twenty acres, with pleasant homes and attractive grounds.

The land is very valuable, bringing at least a thousand dollars an acre for well improved fruit farms. I am told that three hundred crates of red raspberries are frequently grown upon an acre of land. This is the home of the hop also; the Puyallup hop-fields are known far and wide.

Mr. R. M. Wardall, of 541 N. Y. Block, Seattle, the Secretary of the State Co-operative Union, and Secretary J. M. Brown, of the Yakima Horticultural Union, of North Yakima, and the writer made short talks on co-operative lines.

I had the pleasure a few days ago of visiting the model dairy farm of President Paulhamus, in the near-by town of Sumner, where he has a herd of forty pure-bred Jerseys and the most complete, up-to-date and thoroly equipped dairy that it has ever been my good fortune to visit. His cow barns are as clean as the kitchen of a thrifty housewife, being scrubbed every day with hot water. The milk is carefully cooled and put thru three straining processes, bottled and shipped to Seattle, where it commands the handsome price of 40 cents per gallon. He informed me that the milk-checks for last month from twenty-five cows that were then being milked, amounted to something over $700. Mr. Paulhamus is also the largest grower of small fruit in the valley; keeps 1000 hens on the side, and has as attractive a home as could be wished for by farmer or city man.—Alonzo Wardall, May 15th, 1905.

To educate the wise man the State exists, and with the appearance of the wise man, the State expires.

—Emerson.
"If this be Treason, make the most of it!"
Kingsmill Commander.

Freedom is something substantial.
A man who is ignorant is not free.
A man who is a tramp is not free.
A man who sees his wife and children starving is not free.
A man who must toil twelve hours a day in order to vegetate is not free.
A man who is full of cares is not free.
A wage-worker, whether laborer or clerk, who every day for certain hours, must be at the beck and call of a "master" is not free.

—Gronlund.

A few days ago we received a letter from an employment agency, offering to supply help of any kind, at any time needed. One of the statements made in full-face type on both letter-head and business card was, "Help supplied at no expense to employers." These private employment agencies are the most insatiable blood-suckers from which laborers suffer now-a-days. Not only do they charge the work-seeker for their services, but I am credibly informed that they often have arrangements made with the foremen of large gangs to whom they send men who are "fired" almost immediately afterwards. New victims are repeatedly secured who pay their dollar for the privilege of being hired and fired like their predecessors.

Seattle and Tacoma have Free Public Employment Bureaus, maintained by the city, which are doing a little towards correcting this abuse in those two cities, but merely alleviative measures will not avail. This evil is but one of the thousands that grow from the accursed root of Capitalism and clipping its leaves will not kill it. The root must be killed. Capitalism and Exploitation must be supplanted by economic justice and no man be able to stand between the willing worker and the means of producing wealth before our boasted "freedom" is aught but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

The Story of Stanwood Co-operative Creamery
An address delivered by C. Joergenson, President of The Washington State Co-operative Union, at its second annual convention, held March 29th and 30th, 1905, at 1118 3rd Avenue, Seattle, Washington. Written up from Secretary's notes.

COMRADES, I believe you are making a mistake when you insist on me taking up your time telling you about our creamery, as I am satisfied there are others here who could use the time to much greater advantage, but as such is the pleasure of the meeting, I must submit to the will of the majority.
THE CO-OPERATOR.

For the last twenty-seven years I have been working to the best of my ability for what I consider the most holy cause on earth,—the cause of co-operation among the working people. The Stanwood district is a very fine dairy country and in 1895 we began to direct our efforts towards establishing a co-operative creamery. Week after week we held meetings in a cold warehouse and finally we managed to have a committee of five appointed to draft by-laws and report back to the general meeting. One of the members of the committee was the son of a millionaire, whom we will call Montgomery; I was another. Montgomery, who worked as hard as any of us on the by-laws, and we all worked as hard as we could,—kept telling me that it was all a waste of time. He used to say, "Joergenson, I am doing all I can to help you because I like you personally, but I tell you it is no use on earth. It is impossible to start and carry out any such enterprise without you have plenty of money to start with."

The merchants of the place, who were profiting from the working of the old system, prophesied failure and said that we were crazy. However, we kept on working on our by-laws, until at last the members of the committee itself began to get discouraged. We took a vote of the committee as to whether we should go on with the by-laws. Two were for quitting; two were for going on and the third man was on the fence. Each side exercised its persuasive powers on him and finally he jumped down on our side of the fence,—that is, he voted to keep on, and so on we went.

When we had the by-laws ready to submit we called the members together in the fireless warehouse once more and started to read and discuss them. Everything went all right until we came to the clause where we had provided for the cost of the milk-hauling to be divided equally among the patrons, in accordance with the number of pounds of milk hauled for each one, without regard to whether they lived near to or far from the creamery. Many of them wanted to haul their own milk. There was a stiff fight over the question. We said to those who were kicking, "You men are not satisfied that we are going to increase the value of your property by building the creamery at your very doors, but you want the advantage in paying less than a just share of the expense of the hauling." Fin-
ally the plan laid down in the by-laws won out. The haul-
ing expense is divided among the patrons, regardless of
distance from the creamery and those who fought it hard-
est at the time have since acknowledged it is the only just
and fair way to handle it.

Now our by-laws were ready: so far we had matters set-

tled. The next thing was to buy the machinery. I was
sent to Seattle to buy between $2,000 and $3,000 worth of
machinery. I was an entire stranger in the city and I had
not one solitary dollar in my pocket when I landed here for
that purpose.

I went to the machinery company and had a talk with
the manager. I told him the simple truth about our
struggles and trials; in short, I told him the whole story
from beginning to end. As a result he let us have the ma-
chinery. We gave the company a chattel mortgage upon
the machinery; we promised to insure it in favor of the
company; and we agreed to pay them one cent for each
 pound of cheese and two cents for each pound of butter we
made until the amount was paid, with interest.

As soon as I went home with the news that the machin-
ery had been secured, the ground was bought and a two-
story building put up, in which we began our work. We
were fortunate enough to get a good butter-maker to take
charge of the establishment. He is what I call one of the
"sunnyside" boys, that is, he has a cheerful, sunny nature
and when anything goes wrong or things look blue, he has
a habit of looking on the bright side and cheering every-
one up. To him we owe a great debt of gratitude. Busi-
ness men all around predicted a dismal failure for the
farmers who were so crazy as to start a creamery on such
a plan, but we kept on. We encouraged our people with
picnics and little parties and did all we could to keep up a
feeling of brotherliness and mutual friendliness among
them by bringing them together as often as we could, as it
is my firm belief that nothing will do more to keep any
society together than a fixed policy of cultivating friendly
relations among its members. Misunderstandings will
then have no chance to grow up and develop into sources
of weakness and destruction. They will be settled and
cleared away in the very beginning.

As a result of this plan of action, we kept growing, and
little by little the former croakers saw that we did not intend to fail and they joined us. Our butter is of fine quality and has a good reputation in the market. So good a name has it won that some other people in our neighborhood try to get the benefit of it by having their butter-wrappers printed "Stanwood Creamery," with a design very similar to ours, which reads, "Stanwood Co-operative Creamery." We also have those words stamped right on the butter itself.

We paid all our debts much faster than we expected to. As it got along towards the last, we passed a resolution to devote the entire output of the creamery to the wiping out of the rest of the debts, so for some months a good many of us went without butter on our bread in order to clear the creamery from debt, which we did; and now we have a property worth between $40,000 and $50,000. In 1903 we turned out a little over 156,000 pounds of butter and in 1904 176,034 pounds.

A year or so ago, nearly all the farmers in our section got separators, spending in the neighborhood of $15,000 for them. We thought at the time that we were making a wise move, but I am personally convinced now that we would have done better had we taken the money and changed the creamery into a condensery, as that is a business that brings much better returns for the capital invested than does a creamery. There were some monied men up from Kent looking over the plant with a view to entering into an agreement with us for that purpose. They had some money and all they wanted us to do was to hand over to them all our property and our votes and they would consider the condensery proposition, As we could not see things that way, they returned to Kent and started their condensery there and are, I understand, making a great deal of money. I wish, however, that we had made the change ourselves, as I feel sure it would have been to our advantage.

The cost of making butter is between two and three cents a pound. We dispose of our entire output here in Seattle, and now I want to speak of the Co-operative Wholesale, or Central Clearing House and Warehouse. It is vitally important that we get out of the clutches of the middlemen. As butter is a perishable article, we sell ours un-
der contract to one man. The best arrangement we have been able to make has been to sell it to him at one cent per pound below the general wholesale market price and pay the freight from Stanwood right to his door in Seattle, so that he gets the difference between the wholesale and retail price plus that one cent per pound, which on our output alone, amounts to a large sum each year.

The producing end of our business is quite complete and little could be done to make it more economical or better arranged, but when you come to consider the distributing end of it, you find the same wasteful and thievish methods as prevail universally in the business world of the present time. The hard-working producer on the one hand and the equally hard-working consumer on the other hand are both robbed by the middlemen who stand between and who will continue to stand there until the working people wake up and learn that the secret of success is to PULL TOGETHER.

With a Central Clearing & Ware House thru which to dispose of our goods, to co-operators, if possible, this heavy and wicked drain upon our slim purses would be cut off. We need such an establishment. We must have it in some shape or form and the Stanwood farmers will, I feel sure, gladly help along any practical efforts for that purpose.

**Official**

The Blue Prints of the C. B. property at Burley, spoken of in our circular of April 20th, are now ready. Owing to the expense of producing them we are unable to supply them for 15 cents, as we thought we could, and have to change the price to 25 cents. They are beautifully done, showing every detail.

We have also some blue print fotograf's of Burley scenes that can be supplied at the rate of 3 for 25 cents.

Send all money and orders for blue prints of property and pictures to Dal. Brocchi, Burley, Wn.

THE CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD,

By B. M. Kellogg, President,
and A. B. Ellis, Secretary.

Burley, Wn., June 1st, 1905.
TORQUEMADA AGAIN

THOUGHT

Of Equality—as if it harm’d me, giving others the same chances and rights as myself—as if it were not indispensable to my own rights that others possess the same.

—Whitman.

A circular from the Free Speech League, which we are sorry to say, arrived too late for insertion in this issue, deals with the latest outrage on liberty and free press, the arrest of Moses Harmon, the aged editor of Lucifer, of Chicago, on the charge of using the United States mails for the distribution of obscene literature, the charge being based on one of the Dora Forster series of articles on the sex question. This is just another “grand-stand play” of the conspirators against popular liberty. By playing upon the prejudices of the large contingent of moral inquisitors who consider that THEIR way of thinking is the only right one and who try to force the minds of others into molds of their making,—the postal department censors are being enabled to drive another nail in the coffin of universal liberty. Every encroachment on liberty that is allowed to go unprotested against strengthens the hands of her enemies for further inroads on her domain. Nothing less than equal liberty for all, is a safe doctrine. He who sees his brother oppressed and does not protest against it,
cannot justly complain when his own time comes. The cause of Moses Harmon is the cause of all of us. He stands for a free press and a free race. His defense will cost money which must be paid by voluntary contributions from those who believe in and are willing to fight for freedom.

Send all money to Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., Treasurer Free Speech League, 120 Lexington Ave., New York City.

"Industrial Freedom"

With this number, Mrs. Brewster's and my editorial connection with The Co-operator ceases. After August 1st, 1905, we hope to reach all our old friends and make new ones thru the columns of "Industrial Freedom," a weekly paper which will be issued from Freeland Colony, if we are able to carry out our present plans.

Our reasons for leaving Burley and joining Freeland, were set forth at length last month, so they need not be repeated here. In sending out The Co-operator for the last time we want it to carry to those of our friends whose letters of appreciation have so greatly encouraged us in our work here, our heart-felt thanks for their words.

If they feel interested in our new field of endeavor we shall be glad to have their help in obtaining second class postal privileges for our new paper by sending subscriptions for it to "Industrial Freedom," Freeland Colony, Bow, Wn., U. S. A.

The subscription price will be $1 per year, but those subscribing at once will receive it from August 1st, 1905 to Jan. 1st, 1907, for $1.

We shall extend the subscriptions of those who subscribed for The Co-operator for 1905 to the limit of the time paid for, but as the application to the Postal Department for second class rates must be accompanied by a certified list of paid subscriptions, we ask those who feel interested in the Freeland movement, to send in their subscriptions at once, because we shall have to pay one cent postage on each paper sent out until we get our second-class rates.

Until further advised friends will please address us at Freeland Colony, Bow, Washington.
THE MONTH AT BURLEY

BROTHER FERGUSON'S skillful and patient work in the orchard is eloquently testified to by the trees themselves. There are more than 400 of them and all are in thrifty condition, neatly pruned and their trunks coated with whitewash to guard against insect pests.

Altho our spring work was commenced very early this year, the weather turned and remained much colder than usual until the last few days of May, when after some heavy rains, the warm days came in earnest. The tomatoes have suffered severely from the late frosts, but all the other crops are coming on nicely, altho not so forward as they should be. In all there are about two acres in potatoes, one acre in miscellaneous garden truck and four acres in oats. This is outside the strawberries, of which there is quite a large patch, half an acre of which was set out this spring and already has berries on.

A great deal of hard work has been put upon the fences and the cultivated ground made secure against the insidious attacks of the cattle.

Brothers Sammy Davidson, Sherman Fall and others have finished taking the stumps out of the balance of the field between the hotel and the schoolhouse. This hitherto unplowed portion has yielded to the share for the first time and Brother Fall is now engaged in ditching, preparatory to putting in some box-drains.

[The following paragraph is written later, just as we go to press:]

Burley has lost one of its oldest and most conscientious workers in the person of Brother Sherman Fall, who left on June 4th. He entered the colony in 1899 and has ever since been one of our "old standbys." Whenever there was work to be done, however hard or disagreeable, Brother Fall was always on hand. Many an act of unobtrusive kindness done by him can be recalled. Getting up at 4 a.m. on winter mornings for months in succession to light hotel and laundry fires when distracted Industrial Superintendents knew not where to find such help is gratefully remembered by some of the women among other things. How earnestly he entered into the altruistic spirit for the promotion of which Burley was founded is shown...
by his turning over all the obligations he held against the C. B., (in all, I believe, between five and six hundred dollars) the savings of years, letting it go as a free gift for the common good. I would not have known this had I not been setting type in the next room to the Secretary's office, with the door open, when the release was signed. A poor workingman, who will quietly sign away the results of six years of hard work is not found every day. We all join in a hearty wish that he succeeds in making a comfortable home for himself somewhere on the Sound, not so far away that he can't drop 'round and see old friends. Auf wiedersohn, old comrade!

Brother Fenton and Paul have painted the good ship Kingston. She now sports a shining white coat with black trimmings and a drab deck. Brother Crofut did the lettering.

The mill has been silent during the past month except when it was necessary to get up steam for the purpose of filling the water-tank.

Sammy has done some plowing for Neighbor Stein and Brother Brocchi has built for him a neat fence around his house, enclosing about an acre of ground. A new woodshed is also in evidence.

Vic and Leslie Smith came up from Home to visit their sister, Mrs. Stein. Vic stayed only a day or two, but Leslie is still here assisting his niece, Katie Stein, in her arduous duties around the chicken ranch.

Brother Brocchi has moved from "The Dream" to the hotel and has established his work-shop in the old smoking room. The blue print he has made of the Burley grounds is a beautiful piece of work and well worth the price asked—25 cents. It shows every creek and rivulet, the orchard, the buildings, the tram-road, the mill, in fact everything such a map could well show is indicated thereon. The price as originally set at fifteen cents does not cover the expense of getting the prints out, therefore it has been changed to 25 cents, as officially announced elsewhere in this number. Among his fotografas are some very cute ones of Little Jack, whom all true Burleyites consider a paragon of loveliness.

Brother Packer, who has bought the incubator and brooder formerly owned by Brothers Weiss and Tom Mc-
Clintock and before that by Neighbor Stein, is having pretty good luck with it, we understand. He is building a chicken house on his home lot.

For two weeks Brother Ellis burned the midnight oil most assiduously. Curiosity was rampant. "Anxiety held her breath and expectation stood on tip-toe." At last the mystery was solved. On the wall of the men's wash-room, above the sink, appeared in his well-known chirography, this touching three-story effusion:

After you have washed
Your bowel T. O.
For that will save Sapolio!

Mabel McClintock is the proud possessor of a nice new wheel and may be seen scorching over the Burley sidewalk to the envy and grief of all juvenile beholders.

The Dairy Company has made some shipments of butter to Tacoma, showing that the Tacoma people, as well as we, know a good thing when they taste it. Anyone who would not be satisfied with Mrs. Kellogg's butter would indeed be hard to please.

Brother Fenton has leased the room in the north end of the carpenter shop building. He uses it for a tin-shop. Among the neat and useful articles he has turned out is a very fine washing machine. It works with a rocking motion, is easy to run, is easy on the clothes and does first-class work. Several of the women have purchased one and the rest of them stand 'round and weep because they haven't the price to "go and do likewise." The story runs that no matter how prejudiced a woman may be, the machine is so good that if she can be persuaded to use it once, she is a "goner," and will fall a victim to its charms and straightway desire one for herself. "Fenty's" long-headedness is shown by the way in which he gets his wife to lend her machine out among the neighbors and afterwards he goes round and gathers in the orders. "Arrah! Arrah! He's the b'y that knows things!"

Brothers Crofut and Bender have spent part of their
spare time in the woods gathering cascara bark, which
they sell to the wholesale druggists for medicinal purposes.

The cabin near the hotel, which has been occupied by
Brother Ernest Simons since Brother Commander moved
out of it, has been sold to Sammy Davidson, who intends to
move it on his home lot.

Brother and Mrs. Kellogg keep working away on their
lot, "and the smoke of their burning ascendeth forever and
ever." It is an arduous task, clearing land in the Wash-
ington woods.

A few days ago little Jack, having observed the other
children saying their prayers before they went to bed,
asked his mama to teach him too. He demurely repeated
the Pater Noster after her, phrase by phrase, until they
came to the words, "Give us this day our daily bread."
He repeated these all right but immediately followed them
with the suggestion, "Let's go to the pantry, mama."
Jack evidently believes in the two adages, "Faith without
works is dead," and "The Lord helps those who help them-
selves." He proposed to help himself as soon as possible.

On June 1st, Bessie Fenton, who for three years was a
typo in this office, was married at her home in Burley, to
Brother John E. Tilton, a former resident and a mighty
good fellow, liked and respected by all who know him.
Brother Ellis officiated. The only person present outside
of Bess's family was a Seattle Guy whom John brought
along to keep his courage up. Mr. and Mrs. Tilton left for
Seattle immediately after the ceremony.

Here are the wishes of The Co-operator for them:--
May their path thru life be well-planed; may their pock-
ets never lack quoin nor their house furniture; may they
find doubles rather than outs in the proof of their affections
and may they have few corrections to make therein; may
they always make a good impression and go sailing down
the pica head (12 points ahead) of all their competitors;
may they stick to the rule of making their last written ¶ as
affectionate as their initial letter; may they be the happi-
est couple in this § of the country,—in fact may their joy
have no || in the United State of Matrimony; may their
harmony never become pi-ed, so that they feel tempted to
look † † at each other, but even if that should ever be the
case,—which Gutenberg forbid!—may there be no slug-
ging, bad letters, verbal embellishers, cut-off rules, ! ! of impatience, ' ' to vanished affection, sarcastic ? ?, nor raising the devil generally, even for a brief . of time, but rather an immediate revise and a good make-up, so that the ~ tenderly, because an opposite course often ends in the lock-up and sometimes even in the hell-box; and finally, may it be a long time before The Master Printer unlocks the form and an imposing stone announces in display head-letter that they have ceased to be live matter.

Brother Gerber is better than when we reported last. He walks out often and is able to work a little in his garden.

Five new little black piglets are disporting with their mother in the corral behind the stable. To use Artemus Ward’s words, they are “amoosin’ little cusses.” It’s great fun to watch them.

Two pigs are being fattened by the Agricultural Company. Those who weren’t on hand to see the fun when those pigs were being coaxed out of their large pen into a box, preparatory to moving them to the other side of the creek, have much cause for regret. It was an affecting sight. The box was carefully placed “forninst” a hole which was knocked in the side of the sty; some straw was put in the box; Sammy and Cale McClintock went into the sty to interview the pigs; Brothers Fall and Ferguson stayed outside. Finally one of the pigs walked slowly into the box after the straw. The other came up quite close, headed for the box and to help him along Sammy grabbed him by the end that goes thru the fence last and gave a shove. Being of a nervous temperament and very ticklish, the pig thought Sammy had evil designs upon him, and with a wild shriek of terror he backed up and made a break for liberty and a hole in the fence connecting with the field. After him went Sammy, flourishing a hammer in his left hand, blood in his eye and remarks streaming behind him on the summer air, of which only the following are fit to print;—

"Gurroffish-plish-mush-oof-wow-f-r-r-r-shs-f-r--r-bbbrbboo yah-spf-f-gar-r-r-ow-ow-spt!!! ‘Round and ‘round the field they went, with the rest of us howling good advice when we were not speechless with laughter. At last the pig came back thru the hole in the fence and the fun began all over again.

We have had letters from the Johnson children and Comrade John Leikem since they went to Freeland. They are all well pleased with the place, their work and their prospects.
Brother Pearce, who is working as a "flunkey" (for the benefit of the "pore benighted 'eathen" east of the mountains, we will explain that this means assistant cook and waiter) in a logging camp near Elgin, comes up to see us once in a while on a Sunday evening.

Manager Stein reports that business in the store is satisfactory, considering the dullness of the times. One noticeable improvement is the enclosing of one corner with a railing, which space serves as an office and contains Mr. Stein's desk and chair.

Mrs. Bollman and Harold are visiting Dottie Oles, in Seattle.

Beginning June 1st the mail leaves here at 8.15 a. m. instead of 8 o'clock, as formerly. This gives more time at this end, with a shorter lay-over at Gig Harbor.

Brother Ellis continues to hold regular services in the schoolhouse on Sunday evenings. Mrs. B. remarked to me the other day,—and on thinking over the matter I believe it is true,—that none of us appreciate what we owe to his quiet, insistent setting forth each week of the ethical principle of human brotherhood. The gathering together of the residents of the colony, notwithstanding any differences of opinion or bitterness that might have arisen between any of the members, and the constant sounding of this one note—Brotherhood—Brotherhood, which is the constant theme of Brother Ellis's talks, I believe to have been, in no small measure, the cause of the unusual degree of social harmony Burley as a colony, has enjoyed. It could not fail to create an harmonious vibration in the heart of each one of us. Few, if any here, are really satisfied with the present status of things. It was accepted as a distasteful, but,—as thought at the time,—an unavoidable compromise with commercialism. Everywhere one sees cropping out the old, true co-operative spirit and the dissatisfaction with competition. How much of our loyalty to the ideals that brought the old Burley into existence is due to Brother Ellis's words and acts none can know, but when one thinks the matter over quietly, one must believe that his influence has told heavily in that direction.

A few days ago I went up to Brother Davis's lot to see how he was getting along with his work. The place was deserted when I arrived, as he had gone to dinner. I climbed the fence and entered the clearing. A lean-to stood near by. I went under it, sat down and looked around with interest and what I saw burned in upon my soul still deeper, if such a thing be possible, the conviction that cooperation is a vital necessity of human progress. The lot was enclosed by a fence that was entirely hand-made. The sills and joists for the little house, which were all carefully laid in their places, were hewn out by hand and put in place by the expenditure of human labor alone. The roof of the lean-to, the very stool upon which I sat was hand-
made. Before me lay a pile of hand-made shingles, split with a froe and tapered with a drawing-knife. Everything in sight was hand work, assisted by a set of carpenter's tools. The hands, tho old, were skilful and the tools serviceable so far as their sphere extended, but no thoughtful person could look upon the scene without feeling deeply impressed by the frightful waste of human energy (and that, in its last analysis, means human life) which such methods of working entail.

The labor-power used in doing what Brother Davis has done unassisted on his lot up in the woods, if it had been used in intelligent co-operation with others in the use of machinery, would have accomplished five hundred or a thousand times as much. Yet, under the present plan, if a resident has not the money to pay for services rendered, he is compelled to work in just this painfully slow, wasteful and uneconomic way, because community work is a thing of the past.

Napoleon, viewing a spectacular, but useless slaughter of soldiers in a battle, shrugged his shoulders and said, "It is magnificent, but it is not war." So must one say of the single-handed struggle with nature,—It is (some say) artistic, but it is not progress. The vital force is all expended in fighting for the barest necessities of life. No energy nor leisure is left for the development of the higher needs of the man. If the race is to progress we must free the hands of men by using the forces of nature to do the work and letting man merely direct them. It is because I believe that the Freeland system presents, for the first time in the history of the world, a practical plan whereby this can be done and the individual retains his freedom of action while gaining all the immeasurable benefit of associated effort, that I am a Freelsnder. The visit to Brother Davis's lot simply brought the two systems plainly before me and presented the forcible contrast between conditions as they are now and as they would be under a just and well ordered method of social-industrial co-operation.

Among our visitors during the month were Comrades William Bonstein, whose name is familiar to readers of The Co-operator; M. H. Snyder, of Tacoma, an electrical constructor and machinist, who is investigating colonies, with a view to locating when he finds one organized on lines to suit him, and two old members of the C. B., Brothers Michael Hartman, of South Seattle and Theo Deto Hengst, of Tumwater, both of whom are among the striking brewery employees in this State.

Brother Hartman stayed only an hour or two, but Brother Hengst stayed over night and we had a long and interesting talk with him. He was a member of the ill-fated Kaweah Colony, in California, about 18 or 20 years ago, having spent 18 months in active work there, and six months working on the outside, sending all the money he
earned into the colony to keep it going. Tears came to our
eyes while listening to the simple story of the valiant la-
bors of the heroes in that humanitarian endeavor; how
they conquered almost unbelievable natural difficulties,
and after their work was done, were subjected to the cruel
wrong of being thrown out by the Federal Government at
the instance of the San Joaquin Lumber Company, which
was afraid of the competition of the colonists when once
they were able to put their lumber on the market.

Brother Hengst has been in reform work all his life:
has helped to start half-a-dozen reform papers which went
the way of all their kind; joined the C. B. without much
hope for its ultimate success, but simply because his heart
is in the work. These facts all came out quietly, unobtrus-
ively in the course of our long talk. And yet,—how un-
like some of the loudest talkers, who are completely cast
down and in bitterness of spirit give up after the failure
of just one altruistic enterprise with which they were con-
ected,—he is as earnest and as interested and as filled
with unselfish love for his fellows as when he was a youth.
Years have brought to him only wisdom, not bitterness nor
cynicism. This quiet, plain-spoken, unaffected man does
not imagine for a moment that he is a hero; that to know
him is at once a rebuke to discouragement and an inspira-
tion to future endeavor,—yet all of these things are true.
In thinking of him there come to my mind some lines from
the only true poem that Kipling ever wrote. Like much
true work, it is little known and less understood or appre-
ciated, and yet, in writing it, Kipling, for the only time in
his career, approached the stature of enduring greatness.
It is inscribed "To The True Romance," by which he means "The Ideal," which is personified thruout the poem:

Who holds by Thee hath heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby:
And promise sure that he endure
A child until he die.

O Charity, all patiently
Abiding wreck and scath!
O Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats,
Yet drops no jot of Faith!

These words perfectly describe the character of Bro-
ther Hengst. Seeing trial after trial go down in wreck and
ruin; seeing comrades and officials prove false; seeing the
work of years taken away thru fraud and shameless injus-
tice in high places, and yet keeping ever unspoiled and
fresh as a child the Christ-like spirit of helpfulness, and
cherishing, undimmed and unabated, his faith in mankind,
and his confidence in a practical application of the prin-
ciples of Human Brotherhood by means of just social order.

How the Cause needs such men! Long may he be
spared to It!

C.
The B. C. C. Convention

The B. C. C. is to hold its first convention this month and its special function will be to revise and amend the constitution. As it now stands, the document is about the most unsatisfactory affair that ever pretended to protect and guarantee rights. It was a hastily drawn instrument, and as far as I know, was never revised. The only claim urged in its behalf is that it is so inapplicable and indefinite that if it does no good it can do no harm.

The Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth owns all the land on which Freeland Colony is located, and originally performed many other functions, making it practically the parent organization. The prime purpose of its founders was to continue establishing colonies until the whole state should be in the control of the B. C. C. When this purpose was finally dropped and Equality Colony was granted complete autonomy, no modification of the constitution was attempted to make the change involved, for the
very good reason that the machinery for changing it was cumbersome, expensive and full of trouble. Now that we are going to hold a convention for the purpose of revising the constitution, the delegates should do their work thoroughly, and keep in sight the real purpose of the Brotherhood.

First of all it is no longer a Brotherhood with many functions, but a land-holding trusteeship; it can do nothing for its members except to enable them to become members of the colonies existing on its lands, on conditions made by the colonies. The organization should have some simple, appropriate name expressive of its central purpose and at the same time fully equipped for its special function. The membership rights should be clearly defined, well protected and yet so arranged that while all who have the interests of radical reform at heart should be with us, those who are in a position to do us injury should be rigidly excluded. As the organization is not homogeneous, the powers of the Board of Trustees have to be large, and however restricted in essentials, details should be left to its discretion. The Board can be thoroughly controlled thru the imperative mandate and the initiative and referendum.

A. H.

Colonies Notes

Mr. Frank D. Warren, of Seattle, formerly of Burley Colony, paid us a flying visit on May 4th. He likes Freeland, its freedom and economic arrangements. After his return from San Francisco, where he has taken his wife for her health, we expect to welcome them as permanent residents of Freeland Colony.

Hypatia, Willie and Beckworth Johnson arrived here from Burley on May 12th. They have taken possession of Liberty Hill, and since their arrival that "childlike joy" which the editor of Liberty considers so "naive" beams from a good many faces.

The Freeland Hotel is in full swing. The basement floor of our apartment house has been arranged for a kitchen, dining-room, pantry and lounging-room. It has been a long time since the comforts of a home could be had, without the drudgery of housekeeping. We have the further advantage that anyone who prefers to keep his own
establishment is not prevented from doing so. This competition keeps the hotel at the highest culinary level that average prosperity permits.

Comrade John Leikem is pronounced to be A No. 1. He is always cheerful, always strenuous, (in work, not politics) and always willing to do more than his share. That does not mean that John is "easy;" if you think so try him and he will pray for you as parson never did. He can do nearly everything pretty well. His latest achievement is papering Mrs. Horr's cottage in a workmanlike manner.

The Freeland Engineering Group has been formed. It has handed in an estimate and bid for fixing our boiler and engine. The present plans involve putting in a saw-mill, cannery, steam laundry, bath room and water works, operated by one central plant. It will require at least six months to carry out this work with our present and prospective members.

The Freeland Literary Circle took shape in a preliminary meeting held on Sunday afternoon, May the 14th. Alex Horr was elected temporary chairman and Hypatia Johnson temporary Secretary.

After listening to the reading by Mr. Horr of Blanche Walsh's review of Sadakichi Hartmann's drama, "A Tragedy in a New York Flat," it was decided to arrange a regular program for each Sunday. The object of the circle is, not only to acquire a running familiarity with the technique of literature and the best of the conventional writers, but to take a dip into the works of those of our modern favorites who lift radicalism from a fad to the essence of life. To the average modern Socialist with any degree of culture, life would indeed be a "vale of tears" without the cheering works of such men as Ibsen, Tolstoy, Zola, Shaw, Nietzsche, Whitman, etc. The Circle will be useful to young and old.

Comrade George K. Salvage left us on May 17th and will be away in parts unknown until he gets ready to return to Freeland or some other civilized place. On the evening of the 16th an impromptu farewell gathering took place in the hotel diningroom. Nearly every member of the colony gave evidence by his presence of the esteem in which Comrade Salvage is held. His good nature and cheerfulness appealed to everyone; his amiability and mod-
eration during our heated periods made a friend of every resident of the colony. It is hard to express in cold type the impression that Comrade Salvage has left upon the hearts of his comrades here, but if it is to be judged by the warmth of their heart-felt good wishes, by the earnest regret manifested on his departure, he will treasure his short stay in Freeland Colony as one of those exotics that are rarely found in any but equatorial climates, where emotion runs high and reason plays second fiddle. When this kind of a tribute is paid by a community that is peculiarly level-headed and cold-blooded, it may be put down to something more than a mere expression of hospitality. Comrade Salvage was visibly affected by the scene, and with a good deal of embarrassment, but deep sincerity, he thanked his friends for their appreciation. In honor of our absent comrade we propose to continue these social gatherings on the 16th of each month at the hotel rooms. The meeting, after thanking Comrade Potts for his well rendered selections on the violin and expressing their appreciation of the good things spread before the guests by the Hotel Group, adjourned.

Official

A Convention of the Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth is hereby called to meet at Freeland Colony, Bow, Wash., June the 1st, 1905. All locals are entitled to at least one delegate, and one additional delegate to every 25 members.

W. C. Davis, Secretary B. C. C.

REPORT OF COUNTING-HOUSE DIRECTOR FOR APRIL, 1905

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James Potts, Counting-House Director.
We had a pleasant observance of the Fourth. The young people were even more "in evidence," perhaps, than at previous celebrations. The company gathered for a family dinner at the hotel about 3 o'clock. Formal exercises were dispensed with. Just a word or two from Bro. Ellis at the table took the place of the program of former years. A few visitors dined with us--our old friends the Potters and some others from Tacoma. We were glad to welcome Matthew Truth once more. There were about 45 at dinner, all told. Later the young people had races for which prizes were given; then the company were invited once more to the hotel for ice cream and cake. The weather was delightful and the presence of so many (comparatively speaking) of the young people added life to the occasion.

The old hotel bachelors were quite "shaken up" by the influx of expert cooks who prepared the dinner. In the evening the usual stillness of the hotel was broken by the merry laughter of the young people, playing games around the place. The "Sassietty" reporter happened to take a look at the rear of the hotel about nine o'clock in the evening and found the flight of steps by which the old bachelors ascend to the upper regions blocked by tiers of young persons, having a jolly time with their games.

Clarence Simons and Willard Potter won first prizes and O'Connor Wood and Marion Kyle second prizes in the potato races; Willard Potter and Cyr Gourley prizes in the 3-legged race; Harold Bollman a prize in running race, and Howard Stafford in sack race.
Our Present Industries.

SAWMILL—With shingle-mill and planer. Situated on tide water; will cut from 15,000 to 20,000 feet a day. Complete for its size, although in some respects inconveniently arranged. Not being run at present for lack of a crew and a practical mill man. Will lease for a term of years if we can find the right party to take it.

AGRICULTURAL GROUND—About 60 acres, leased for 10 years to the Fruit & Dairy Co. (members of the C. B.), for five years from Jan. 1, 1905 at $120 per year and for the remaining five at $240 per year. The industry is entirely independent of the Brotherhood, but with the tacit preference, so far as help is concerned, for making the choice of our own active members on the ground rather than from "outsiders." Some 10 or 15 acres are well cleared and the remainder only partially cleared, a large portion of it having been only slashed and burned. The F. & D. Co. have already cleared up some of the land and expect to have it all cleared long before the expiration of their lease. This ground has over 300 young fruit trees on it (241 apple, 26 plum, 21 pear, 29 cherry, 9 apricot and 6 wall peach trees), about an acre in strawberries and small fruits, chiefly raspberries, and the balance in oats, grass, peas, potatoes and garden truck.

DAIRY—Owned and operated by F. & D. Co. Began Dec. 3, 1904, with eight cows and four calves, now has about 20 head.

STORE—Altho no longer directly connected with the Brotherhood the store is still looked upon as in a close relation. Organized in February 1905, as a Rochdale company with our neighbor H. W. Stein as manager. The C. B. owns three shares and members and neighbors are subscribers in varying amounts. Its aim is to handle our own and neighbors' produce and to furnish groceries and supplies at cost to its members.

MAIL ROUTE—Burley is a postoffice and money order station, the mail route being under contract to the C. B.

OUR WORK AND WORKERS.

Under the reorganization a good deal of work is, outwardly, perhaps more individualistic than in former times. Yet it is probably safe to say that, as an actual fact, there
is more co-operative helping of one another in a voluntary way at the present than at earlier periods.

A good deal of work consists of clearing home lots on beautiful sites in the woods. Among the workers who have been busily employed in this direction, J. C. Davis deserves special mention. Mr. Davis, altho no longer young, is wonderfully strong and active. Within a few months he has cleared his acre lot of all standing timber, cutting the alder and maple into cordwood; grubbed a piece sufficient for a respectable sized garden, which he planted and is now growing fine; fenced in the lot, did some ditching, and made cedar shakes to cover his house which he is now building.

R. H. Simons is another member who, with the assistance of his boys, has done some good work on his home lot. He has a fine lot of cordwood and cedar rails and posts; has enclosed about half an acre, a portion of which he has planted to potatoes and other vegetables.

Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg have done considerable work on their lot at odd times, afternoon and evenings. They have a very hard lot to clear on account of the number of large fir stumps and snags on it that have to be slowly burned out of the ground. When cleared, Brother Kellogg's lot will be one of the finest on the ground, being located on the high ground west of the creek, just north of the Park.

W. H. Packer had the good luck to get a lot that was already partially cleared, but he has gone ahead improving it. He has erected a model chicken house after an original plan of his own. Dal Brocchi is building a fence for him to enclose the chicken yard that is a "thing of beauty." It is made of cedar pickets seven feet long, split from the log, and put up with taste.

M. L. Fenton, Dal Brocchi and Arthur Copeland have done some work on their lots, and others will begin as soon as the press of summer work is over.

The following is a roster of our workers and the work they are principally engaged in:

B. M. Kellogg, in the dairy and driving the mail wagon between Burley and Gig Harbor.

Mrs. Kellogg, in the dairy, working in the garden and picking berries.

W. H. Packer, postmaster, clerking in store and engineer
C. G. Crofut, in mill, in charge of lumber sales, and in the printing office.

Dal Brocchi, Topographer and Surveyor, and in the mill and woods, and at various other work. He is always busy.

A. B. Ellis, Secretary and Treasurer of the C. B., assists on the CO-OPERATOR, and does a little cooking for the old bachelors at the hotel.

Caleb McClintock, in general charge of the garden and berries.

Mrs. McClintock, in garden and picking berries, and doing laundry work and making bread for the hotel.

Sam Davidson, all around farm work and teaming, besides being always on hand "to help a fellow."

M. L. Fenton, makes washing machines which are "all right," general repairs and assistant in agriculture, Captain of the Kingston.

Mrs. Fenton, in the garden and picking berries.

Paul Fenton, engineer and fireman in the mill.

R. H. Simons, farm work, carpenter and odd jobs.

Mrs. Simons, picking berries.

Blanch Simons, picking berries.

Clarence Simons, chore boy for Mr. Stein and Mr. Kellogg.

Mrs. Copeland, assists on THE CO-OPERATOR.

A. T. Copeland, works at home in garden and improving and clearing lot.

J. C. Davis, building house on home lot.

Fred Gerber, working at home in garden and doing odd jobs.

If the Brotherhood has failed to live up to its ideals, we at least have saved the property for its members and have something we can build on for the future.

The future of the Brotherhood is in the hands of its members, as they have absolute power in the matter of changing by-laws or electing officers.
What Is to Be the Future of Burley?

This question is so often asked by word of mouth and by letter; of a member of the Brotherhood face to face or of an interested friend and always with such hearty interest and anxiety that some of us feel this month like attempting an answer.

We are passing through troublous times nowadays. Our roll call is shorter than ever. We are very few. But our courage seems to be high and our desire to hold the fort is unanimous. 'Tis a different kind of a fortress from the one planned years ago but it may suit present conditions in the business world rather better.

After all it matters little what the future condition of Burley, as Burley, may be. It is pioneer work that its residents are doing here. It is pioneer work that the earnest laborers outside are doing—those who have lent their advise, their pocket-books, their willing hands. And pioneer work is always discouraging, more or less. 'Tis the results that tell adown the ages.

Suppose as a Brotherhood home Burley, bye and bye, ceases to be. The faithful work done here will have made an impression on the generations to come away beyond our fondest imaginings.

The cause we have at heart, the easing of Humanity's burdens, has advanced steadily and wonderfully in the last five years. And this little handful of strugglers has done its fair share in furthering that advancement.
C. G. Crofut, in mill, in charge of lumber sales, and in the printing office.

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Burley's work is the faint impression on the stone that Burley's children are to stamp out into a fine, strong intaglio which coming generations will some day be proud to wear.

Truly, tho, we need not fear for Burley's future. Always there comes a time in every large family when only two or three are left at home, while the others wander into the wide world seeking better things than the old place can give, or at least, newer things. Sooner or later, however, one and another moves quietly back, glad to his heart's core that some dear ones are on the ground to welcome him.

So the few in our little town are keeping the Burley home open, cheery, in order, prosperous for the children who are trying their wings abroad, and bye and bye when their hearts turn homeward the old folks will be ready with a cordial welcome. C. M. C.

Social Life at Burley.

Every issue of The Co-operator, almost from the start, has referred to our entertainments. Not only have the great festival occasions such as Christmas, Easter and Fourth of July been observed with scarcely an exception from earliest times, but also regular programmes have been arranged and carried out at certain stated intervals during the year. Like many a small village, throughout the length and breadth of the land, we have had our reading circle and dances, but most important of all has been the "Wednesday Evening Entertainment." This may be called an outcome of the reading circle. The reading circle, although attractive in a certain way, gradually ceased to keep its hold. People wanted more of a "Variety Show."

The "Wednesday Evening Entertainment" (coming once a fortnight) immediately sprang into popularity. Neighbors from quite a distance came on the dark winter evenings and enjoyed the wholesome amusements. Here was exemplified true and unadulterated co-operation; cynic and skeptic and stoic all took part. At first, only grown people took turns in "managing" a given entertainment; later, the children had part and achieved success. Just think of a young boy or girl who would stand quietly and
in a dignified manner before quite a good sized audience and announce the different pieces on the programme—what a training in good manners and address that implies.

As the old classic writer said, "time would fail me" to give a list of all those who took part in these occasions. The programmes would vary from time to time in their "make up." One evening would be more devoted to music; another to literary selections, serious and humorous; recitations and readings. Music was usually a strong attraction, a "drawing card." For a small place, Burley could well be proud of her musical talent. We have had our Children's Band, under the management of Mr. Draper, which visited places outside of the colony, and our Mandolin Club under the leadership of Brother Brocchi which delighted ourselves and our neighbors, making one trip to a place quite distant from Burley.

How delightful is the memory of the "Wednesday Evening Entertainment." May its suspension be of brief duration!

An Ideal Civilization.

It has been said of the Israelites of old that there were three symbols which idealized and characterized them as a nation—the Tomb, the Altar and the Well. The tomb stood for all that was sacred in the past, reverence for ancestors; the altar for religious rites and customs, so tenderly nourished that not one jot nor tittle could be changed; finally, the well, for the home, the patriarchal relationship, kept alive from generation to generation. All civilization to be solid and enduring must embody the three symbols of the Jew. Whether in the city or in the country, in the life of a colony or under the stress and strain of stricter competition, it is the ideal which "wins out." Sentiment is the purest kind of economy; "it is finer than gold, yea, than much fine gold and sweeter than honey and the honey comb."

The trouble with nearly all co-operative communities is that each individual tries to realize his own ideal without reference to the other fellow's ideal.
Consolidated School District.

The happening of the past month of greatest interest was, perhaps, the agitation for a graded school. The plan of consolidating the two Pierce County districts of Springfield and Purdy with the Burley district in Kitsap County had its inception among our Springfield neighbors. Two meetings in furtherance of this object, both well attended, were held on consecutive Saturday evenings at the Purdy school-house. Superintendent of Schools L. L. Benbow of Pierce County was in attendance at both. The advantages of a graded school were set forth by him in an address congratulating the neighborhood on its interest in the cause of education evidenced by the large attendance. Others spoke in the same strain, and a vote called for by the superintendent was unanimous in favor of establishing a graded school.

The contemplated school would for the present be a two-room building with about 75 pupils to occupy it. Transportation will have to be furnished for some of the pupils living at a too great distance, and this matter of bringing children to the school has figured largely in the selection of a site. All three districts desire the location. Three sites have been offered—one on the west side of the bay, one on the east side and one at the head of the bay. It may be stated that the waters of Henderson Bay divide Springfield and Purdy, leaving Burley at the point of the triangle at the head of the bay. The advantages offered by the Burley location are two-fold, aside from the advantages of location. In the first place, the soil is rich, adapting the site well for a school garden; and in the second place, from the standpoint of economy, the choice of Burley would be wise because a school-house susceptible of enlargement is already on the site. Perhaps an expenditure at the outside of $500 would be ample to give the joint district a two-room building sufficient for its needs. To meet this liability warrants bearing interest say at .6 per cent could be issued in small denominations to be taken by the friends or patrons of the school and paid as rapidly as school revenues would warrant. The building of a school-house complete, as would be necessary if one of the other sites is chosen, would certainly entail a cost of near $2000, a sum
which would require the bonding of the district—an undesirable thing.

The selection of a site is left by the County Superintendent to the electors of the three districts, a majority vote to control. The election is called for July 15th, at 9 o'clock in the evening at the Purdy school-house. While the vote will have no binding force, it will indicate to the school authorities the wishes of the people, and if there is a fair unanimity shown in the selection of a site that will be the one chosen. Nothing need be said about the desirability of a school as here spoken of. No one thing could do more to build up the country than this. The first question the new settler asks is as to school facilities for his children, and as they are poor or good will determine his location. All the friends of Burley will rejoice if the neighbors will accept the generous offer of a site (one acre of land) and a school building voted them by the directors of the Co-operative Brotherhood.

Our Financial Situation.

In the May issue a brief "Financial Statement" was given, showing available assets $21,022.45. The situation today is not materially changed.

The following memorandum is substantially correct:

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Available Assets: $23,650.00

Duty is a more disagreeable taskmaster for most people than necessity.

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The land bounded on the south and west by the mill pond and Burley Creek and enclosed on the east and north by a fence running north and a little west from the store to the rear of Mr. Gerber's house (the small building shown on the plat between the store and Circle City), thence west to the creek, is very swampy and a portion of it is flooded at every high tide. This is excellent soil and with dikes and ditches could be made very productive. At present it is covered with old logs and stumps and only utilized as a pasture.
Consolidated School District.

The happening of the past month of greatest interest was, perhaps, the agitation for a graded school. The plan of consolidating the two Pierce County districts of Springfield and Purdy with the Burley district in Kitsap County had its inception among our Springfield neighbors. Two meetings in furtherance of this object, both well attended, were held on consecutive Saturday evenings at the Purdy school-house. Superintendent of Schools L. L. Benbow of Pierce County was in attendance at both. The advantages of a graded school were set forth by him in an address congratulating the neighborhood on its interest in the cause of education evidenced by the large attendance. Others spoke in the same strain, and a vote called for by the superintendent was unanimous in favor of establishing a graded school.

The contemplated school would for the present be a two-room building with about 75 pupils to occupy it. Transportation will have to be furnished for some of the pupils living at a too great distance, and this matter of bringing children to the school has figured largely in the selection of a site. All three districts desire the location. Three sites have been offered—one on the west side of the bay, one on the east side and one at the head of the bay. It may be stated that the waters of Henderson Bay divide Springfield and Purdy, leaving Burley at the point of the triangle at the head of the bay. The advantages offered by the Burley location are two-fold, aside from the advantages of location. In the first place, the soil is rich, adapting the site well for a school garden; and in the second place, from the standpoint of economy, the choice of Burley would be wise because a school-house susceptible of enlargement is already on the site. Perhaps an expenditure at the outside of $500 would be ample to give the joint district a two-room building sufficient for its needs. To meet this liability warrants bearing interest say at .6 per cent could be issued in small denominations to be taken by the friends or patrons of the school and paid as rapidly as school revenues would warrant. The building of a school-house complete, as would be necessary if one of the other sites is chosen, would certainly entail a cost of near $2000, a sum
which would require the bonding of the district—an undesirable thing.

The selection of a site is left by the County Superintendent to the electors of the three districts, a majority vote to control. The election is called for July 15th, at 8 o'clock in the evening at the Purdy school-house. While the vote will have no binding force, it will indicate to the school authorities the wishes of the people, and if there is a fair unanimity shown in the selection of a site that will be the one chosen. Nothing need be said about the desirability of a school as here spoken of. No one thing could do more to build up the country than this. The first question the new settler asks is as to school facilities for his children, and as they are poor or good will determine his location. All the friends of Burley will rejoice if the neighbors will accept the generous offer of a site (one acre of land) and a school building voted them by the directors of the Co-operative Brotherhood.

Our Financial Situation.

In the May issue a brief "Financial Statement" was given, showing available assets $21,092.45. The situation today is not materially changed.

The following memorandum is substantially correct:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Liabilities</th>
<th>Assets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Inventory of property and assets</td>
<td>$23,350.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three shares Stock in Burley Rochdale Mer. Assn., at par</td>
<td>300.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accounts payable</td>
<td>5.54</td>
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<tr>
<td>Deposits</td>
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<tr>
<td>Credit checks</td>
<td>614.33</td>
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<td>Land Notes</td>
<td>1153.78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White estate, (Balance due on land)</td>
<td>544.00</td>
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It is rather difficult to give our members who have never visited Burley a good idea of our property here. But as quite a number now have blue prints of the land I will try and tell you something about the place, referring you to the plat for the different points mentioned.

The land east of the road running south from the hotel to our south line has been in litigation for the past five years, between P. F. Kline, who owns the adjoining land, and the administrators of the White estate, from whom we purchased. Mr. Kline suit was sustained by the Supreme Court a few months ago and a fence has been erected by the administrators along the line as decreed by the Court. So the Brotherhood will have, probably, about a third of that piece of land as shown on the plat. This piece of land is now in grass, having been cut for hay the past three seasons, except the south end which is very swampy and has been allowed to grow up to brush.

The land bounded on the south and west by the mill pond and Burley Creek and enclosed on the east and north by a fence running north and a little west from the store to the rear of Mr. Gerber’s house (the small building shown on the plat between the store and Circle City), thence west to the creek, is very swampy and a portion of it is flooded at every high tide. This is excellent soil and with dikes and ditches could be made very productive. At present it is covered with old logs and stumps and only utilized as a pasture.
There is a fence running from the hotel past the north side of the barn and connecting with the lot fences on the east side of Tangent Street just north of Circle City. There is also a sidewalk along the south side of this fence for the convenience of the people passing back and forth between the hotel and the individual houses. The piece of land south of this fence and in front of Circle City has been thoroughly cleared and under cultivation for the past five years. It has been used for a garden most of the time, but this year the whole piece was in oats for hay and that part north of the road seeded in clover. There are several underground drains through this land, as a portion of it was a swamp when first cleared.

The field lying between the hotel and the houses along Tangent Street and bounded by the fence and sidewalk on the south and Mr. Stein's land on the north was an almost impassable swamp when first cleared. A small piece next to the hotel, on a gravelly slope, has been fenced and planted to red raspberries for several years. The remainder of the field, after clearing off the logs and ditching, was seeded down to timothy, and we cut hay among the stumps for several years. But last year and this spring we succeeded in removing all the stumps and now have a fine piece of cleared land. About a third of this field (the west end) was in oat hay this year and the remainder in potatoes and corn.

The small piece of land west of Circle City, extending to the creek, and south of the road shown on the plat, is not much good for anything but grass, being too cold. The large stumps are still in the ground but we have cultivated it for several years. It is now seeded down to clover.

The piece of land lying between Tangent Street and the creek and Mr. Stein's line and the road is thoroughly cleared and has been cultivated for several years. As you will see by the plat, it has mostly been planted to fruit trees, and the four longest rows of trees, north and south, have red raspberries planted in the rows with the trees. It is being cultivated between the rows of trees and is planted this year to potatoes and cabbage.

West of the creek will be harder to describe so that you will have a good idea of what it is like. The land along the creek and between the creek and our south line
is low and swampy, the swamp extending to the west, south of Orchard Creek, nearly to the east edge of the orchard. The land between the head of the bay and the creek is tide flats, and is covered with water at high tides. All this land is good, but rather expensive to clear and drain, being now covered with old logs and stumps. It is being used for pasture.

The orchard west of the tramroad is on the second bench up from the creek, and the soil is a good sandy loam. It is inclosed by a fence, the inclosure taking in about twice as much land as is occupied by the orchard, extending as far south as Alder Creek. This ground is fairly well cleared and is planted this year to potatoes, carrots, beets, tomatoes, onions, etc. We irrigate this land, when necessary, with water from Alder Creek.

Just south of Alder Creek but not extending quite to Orchard Creek, is another small piece of cleared ground that is planted in potatoes this year. This is also inclosed by a fence.

From the south-west corner of the field last described a fence is built running nearly west to our west line, just a little north of the orchard on the hill. Another fence starts at our south line, just east of the orchard, and runs north to an intersection with the east and west fence, thus dividing the west part of this "forty" into two nearly equal parts. That containing the orchard rises quite rapidly to the south-west, and at a point near where the road shown on the plat crosses our west line it is the highest point of land on our property. Here are laid to rest those of our people who have departed this life during the past six years. All that portion of this field west of the orchard is a grove of young fir. At the head of Orchard Creek and including a portion of the orchard, is located our chicken yard and buildings. (They are not being used at present.) You will find on the plat, near the north end of the orchard, a small square. This is a two-room cottage, erected several years ago to accommodate the man having charge of the chickens. This orchard was planted among the stumps, only the larger ones being removed. Most of the vacant space in the orchard indicates boggy ground, of which there is a considerable amount along Orchard Creek. The east point of the orchard north of Orchard Creek is where
our strawberry patch is located. The old patch was planted among the young trees, or, rather, the trees were planted among the strawberries. The new patch, planted last spring, is located south and east of the old one, but adjoining it; this ground was thoroughly cleared of all stumps. Nearly the whole of this orchard is being cultivated. Most of it is in field peas this year.

The field north of the orchard is in all the stages of new land. There is standing timber west of the road, mostly young fir, and also a few trees east of the road, between the road and Alder Creek. It has been logged and burned in spots and in some places the smaller stumps have been removed. Timothy was sown among the stumps and logs and on the burned spots, and last year and the year before we cut considerable fine hay off this piece, but it is now being used for a pasture.

The land I have described is all of what is known as the Farm Land, and is leased to the Fruit & Dairy Co. Next month I will tell you about the Home-lots and wild land. For blue prints, send 25 cents to the secretary of The Co-operative Brotherhood, Burley, Wash.

A Visit to Freeland.

By A. B. E.

FREELAND, formerly known as Equality, is about a year older than Burley. The acreage is twice and the amount of cleared land under cultivation fully three times greater in the older than in the younger colony. Its public buildings are more numerous and larger. In other respects, such as climate, soil and possibilities of development, the comparison is quite close. In the conditions which may be traced to the hand of man the resemblance is startling. As like each other as two peas, would apply to the case. A resident of Burley, if transported to Freeland, Arabian-night fashion, through the air on a carpet, would rub his eyes hard after he landed to make sure that he was not still in Burley. The buildings, as a rule, like those at Burley, seem as averse to whitewash or paint as a small boy to soap and water. There is a story told of an Irishman who, on landing from the "auld" country in New York, was asked what
he thought of the place. "Wall," says he, "you don't look quite settled down yet."

It is easy to criticise; harder to do justice, sometimes, to what "the world" may justly call these feeble efforts of struggling colonies to typify a higher civilization. Both in Freeland and in Burley, as in the world at large, the conditions are apparently what the people have made them. One must remember that in both places men are but mortals, and that just because they have joined colonies they have not sloughed off the old man entirely.

If you want to get a glimpse of the real life in a colony, you must seek the privilege of seeing people in their homes. Quiet talks and interchange of experience will satisfy the Burley man that Freelannder is of the same flesh and blood. He has been "through it" a few times himself, he may modestly say, as you tell him how you removed some obstacle, a stump it may be, that would have taxed the strength of a Samson. Whatever else may come from a visit to Freeland, the chats and bits of reminiscence with the folks in their own little homes give a man great satisfaction and encouragement.

By all means, as Brother Hart wrote recently to a member at Burley, it would be well if we could see more of each other. Our efforts have a common origin and we should have a special interest in our common weal.

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HOME NOTES

The Misses Alice and Hannah Cameron, both school teachers, of Alberta, N. W. Canada, and Mrs. Robert Wilson of Victoria, B. C., are visiting their sister, Mrs. Kellogg.

Mr. and Mrs. Orritt, parents of Lawrence, have made a visit at the Copeland's, recently. Mr. Sweet, recently Attorney-General of Puerto Rico, a son-in-law of Grandma Townsend, made a brief call on his relatives about the same time that the Orritts came.
Call for Burley lumber and shingles is unusually good.

Matie Bollman and Mrs. Angus Oles are under the old family roof in Burley, once more. Matie has been in poor health, of late; we hope the pure air of Burley will help her.

Mr. A. Nash, a nephew of Rodney Simons, who owns and operates two portable sawmills in the neighborhood of Keene, N. H., was a visitor early in August. Mr. Nash is making a trip of inspection in various states.

Work on the new bridge at Purdy, which will cost $6,000, so it is said, is progressing. The new structure will be built on the north side of the old one. The Northwest Bridge Co., of Tacoma, have the contract. The men at present working on the job are from Tacoma; later, it is expected that local help will be required. A good bridge at Purdy will be much appreciated.

The quartet of old bachelors still occupy the hotel. Occasionally a visitor of the masculine persuasion is steered in the direction of the hostelry, with the assurance, more or less artless, not to say, artful, that he can get a meal there. If the visitor arrives at noon, he has a cold lunch, which is not so bad, perhaps, in warm weather. At any rate, the price of the meal is moderate if the temperature is high.

The Kingston, which has been tied up for a long time, took a large party of pick-nickers down the bay a few days ago. The day was perfect, and everyone had a pleasant time. Dinner was served on the beach at Glen Cove, clams, cooked in various ways, being the principal item on the bill of fare. Cale McClintock admitted that, for once, he had all the clams he wanted. The party was arranged for by Mrs. Kellogg, whose sisters thus had an opportunity to meet some of the clan from Burley.

Oyster beds have been planted by L. P. Ouellette of Olympia, near the little island below us. Two men are employed to look after the work. Lumber was procured from the Burley yard to build dykes for the purpose of keeping the oysters covered at all times. The work on the oyster beds, on the building of the new bridge to Springfield and the putting of logs into the bay from McDowell’s camp with the help of tram road and donkey engines, makes Purdy quite a lively place in these summer days.
Mr. Kline has begun another suit for land.

Mrs. L. E. Stein has just returned from a visit to her father at Lake Bay.

Bathing during the warm season has been a popular recreation, as usual, for the young people.

Encouraging reports come in to us from the tomato crop, which promises to be early and large.

For the month of August, church services, both at Burley and at Springfield, will be suspended.

Burley is a rare place for the photographer, as the specimens produced by Brocchi abundantly show.

Neighbor Huesing is at home laid up with Job's affliction. He has been working as stonemason out of Tacoma.

Brother Ellis drove the stage for a week last month, which gave Kellogg an opportunity to work in the hayfield.

Sam Davidson and Capt. Fenton have been hauling lumber, lately, for Mr. Finholm, near the Olalla schoolhouse.

Gerber seems in especially good health, nowadays. He makes trips quite often as driver of the little delivery-vehicle for the store.

Miss King, a friend of Mrs. Wood who was here for a short time last month, is stopping in the rooms formerly occupied by the Potters.

The Rochdale store is gradually extending its influence and gathering in new trade. The management aims to combine safety with enterprise.

Inez Simons is at present with Mrs. Rose, formerly of Elgin, now of Kent, near Seattle. She expects to be home again in Burley in time for school.

Packer has been transporting his household gods, including the chickens, from his old home to the new one, lately occupied by the Benders, on the hill. As might be imagined, there is considerable squawking in the neighborhood of the Packer mansion in these days, incident to the change above mentioned.
Brother J. C. Davis is off for a few days on the Sound in his boat, as a relief to the hard and continuous labor put in on his acre and his house since early spring.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Burley Rochdale Store, held in July, Wm. Boyde, Henry Oakes, A. T. Copeland, W. H. Packer and A. B. Ellis were chosen directors.

Mr. Albert Ferris, our neighbor on the Stoddard place, starts this month on a wagon trip into Eastern Washington, for both pleasure and a leisurely study of that section of the state.

The Burley Fruit & Dairy Company, the agricultural group organized out of members of the C. B., has had a satisfactory return on its fruit, and feels encouraged in its efforts to do better and bigger things next season.

The Northwest Summer Art School, in charge of Miss L. A. Mint, who visited Burley about a year ago and gave some free lessons in drawing which were much appreciated, has opened its session near Lake Bay. The site chosen, with view of water and mountains, must be an ideal one for artists. It is expected that a party will go from Burley on board the Kingston and, if the weather is favorable, camp on the school grounds for a few days.

Brother Pearce is still employed at the Rainier Logging Camp, but makes flying visits, at intervals. Recently, he was kept quite busy, to and fro, as a cousin, Dr. Beatrice Pearce, of Waukegan, Ill., and her friend, Miss Wagner, were visiting Burley. Dr. Pearce was kind enough to prescribe for one case—Katie Stein—who had an illness from which she soon recovered. Dr. Pearce left us to go north by the same steamer on which John Tilton is employed.

The plan to consolidate the Purdy, Springfield and Burley schools has fallen through. The Co-operator had something to say of our hopes in this direction last month. Burley will go on alone as in the past, with the hope of better things in the near future. The district may be able to afford a seven month's school and a salary that should provide a good teacher. The school has been fortunate in the recent past in its teachers, and it is hoped that the coming year will be but a repetition.
What Are You Trying to Do?

By A. B. E.

How often this question is asked. How difficult to answer it. A recent inquirer who wants to know about "our system and the terms and conditions of membership" is representative of many who are in search of the same information. As a rule, it is easier to tell a person what you are not than what you are, that is to say, if we are honest with ourselves. So it is with our plans. The solution is as difficult as the solving of the problem in algebra which kept us up all night in our school-boy days. The sheets of paper on which we figured were abundant evidence, showing what x did not stand for, but it's positive value eluded our mental grasp.

Some one may ask the plump question, Are you a Socialist? How shall we answer? Somewhere in Lowell's Biglow papers,—I think it is in the preface—he discusses the meaning of words as used in his native dialect. Among other peculiarities Mr. Lowell refers to the pronunciation of the word "yes" by the typical Yankee. If one should study the use of this simple word, alone, as employed by a Yankee of the old school in ordinary speech, he would be surprised to see how many different applications it would bear—beginning with an emphatic affirmative, through the different grades of affirmation and negation, until, at last, we reach the prolonged "Yees" and, finally, a positive negative, in the form of a question, "Yes?" So one, born in Yankeedom, who once had laid claim to be called some sort of a Socialist, after many years of training, more or less severe, if asked to day if he were a Socialist might be tempted to dodge the issue under a doubtful "Yes."
THE CO-OPERATOR

There is a good old song which our Methodist brethren in old times were rather fond of—"Methodist, Methodist is my name, Methodist till I die"—So there are many who like to think that they are at heart still good Socialists although the practice is difficult.

It might be well to state briefly what working principles have ceased to exist at Burley. We are no longer paid on the principle of equal pay for equal time put in. We are no longer obliged to work in common. We are no longer expected to remain in Burley unless we are granted leave of absence by our foreman. The children have ceased to be considered, in any sense, as wards of the colony; and, of course, parents no longer receive maintenance for their support. We have done away with colony currency, labor and credit checks, Uncle Sam's coin being the only form of tender between ourselves as well as with others. Although by preference we employ co-operators, neither individually nor collectively nor collectively as lessees of any industries are we debarred from hiring outsiders.

The above statement may go over familiar ground to many of our members, but perhaps it is just as well to point out the radical changes which have been made, for the sake of impressing them on one's mind.

In a word, as has been already said, substantially, in a previous issue of THE CO-OPERATOR, the Co-operative Brotherhood has ceased to build on the old plan. It is trying, as gently and considerately as possible, to rear a new and more permanent structure, to some extent, on the old foundation; at all events, using so much of the old material as it may be able, and without entirely destroying the beauty and value of the original design.

We are seeking to accomplish by voluntary co-operation what, in former times, we sought to do compulsorily. We say to all of our old members and to any who may wish to become members, "Come and make your home here on an acre or two acres of soil if you wish. We cannot guarantee you a living but we have good land which, with the beautiful climate of Washington, ought to yield a fair support to the man who is competent to take hold. We have a valley which to many a struggling laborer should be 'as fair as the garden of the Lord to the eyes of the famished [labor] horde.'"
Our Horses.

By A. B. E.

If you wish to know a few of the faithful co-operators in Burley, you must be introduced to the horses. "These are my jewels and my most precious ornaments," as the noble Roman matron said, pointing to her beloved sons who were gathered round her. If there are any creatures which are endeared to an old Burleyite, it is "them old horses." Billy Burns has departed this life, peace to his dear old soul. It is too bad that we did not take better care of him in his old age. We have his photo, taken by our artist, Brocchi, wonderfully true to life. Like most of the early co-operators, Billy did a little of everything, from the important office of hauling the mail to drawing a sawdust cart. Occasionally, it is true, he balked, but then every co-operator, however good he may be, will balk once in a while, when the collar doesn't fit to suit him, it may be.

Jim, Governor, Prince, Dick and Lassie are with us still. Jim looked as if he was on his last legs, last winter; rheumatism, Cale calls it now—neither he nor anyone else seemed to know exactly what ailed him in the rainy season. But he is in fine shape now, that is to say, for Jim. Capt. Fenton thinks he is a daisy, especially for plowing. That reminds me—one time we had a pair of horses, I am pretty sure Jim was one of them, on a rough job of plowing—it was in the early days when the ground wasn't half cleared—and the pair was driven by a man of Teutonic blood. He was a small man in stature but a good one to hold on. As the team went round and round the field, it made a picture which ought to have been photographed. As the plow struck a hidden snag, the Teuton would be inadvertently carried aloft, so to speak, with words jerked out of his larynx, more or less appropriate to the occasion. "There goes the Flying Dutchman" was the characteristic remark of Jim Darling who was critically viewing the job at a safe distance. For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, Jim certainly has a bad reputation. He is reported to have taken one of the boys, once upon a time, by that portion of his apparel known as the slack of the breeches and elevated him from the floor to his manger.
There are other bad marks to his record. But after all, Jim is a good horse, as they say, if properly handled. He treats children better than he does grown folks who, may be, don't understand him more than half the time. Capt. Fenton speaks well of him and he knows something about horses.

Old Governor—what shall we say of him?—Every man, woman and child that has ever set foot in Burley will say nothing but good of him. Dear old fellow—nobody knows his age. All we can say is—He is the noblest Roman of them all. There would be sincere mourning if anything happened to Governor.

Prince and Dick are mates, our old logging team, getting on in years, but will apparently be good for business up to the very last, like the one horse shay. Prince, like Governor, is trustworthy to the last degree. If anything untoward happens, he will stand pat. If you are going on a long journey, Prince and the buckboard is the rig you want.

Dick has been called the rogue, in a good natured way. He has white marks around his eyes which give him rather a whimsical look. Poor old Dick is not so young as he used to be, but he is still able to be of good service, especially if he can go abreast of his chum Prince.

Lassie, the mare, is a more recent acquisition than the other animals. Her mate, Lady, has been sold. The pair was known as the mail team and they were well built for that job.

Oh! that we had a William Morris who could put to use the material and ideal elements ready at hand in this beautiful valley. There are those among us who would welcome such a master of arts.

I'm proof against that word FAILURE. I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. As to just the amount of result he may see from his particular work—that's a tremendous uncertainty; the universe has not been arranged for the gratification of his feelings. As long as a man sees and believes in some great good, he'll prefer working towards that in the way he's best fit for, come what may.—FELIX HOLT.


**The Co-operator**

*PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY*

THE CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD

BURLEY, WASH.

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BURLEY, WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER, 1905

**Membership Under Reorganization.**

Since the last report, two more members have taken stock, making a total of eighty-six who have subscribed.

The following have taken leases (by referring to the blue-print of Burley, the locations may be seen):

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**To our Comrade A. J. Peters.**

We received a note, recently, from A. J. Peters of Deer Park, Wash., informing us of the loss of his beloved wife. About two years ago we had a visit from our brother and a party, including his wife. As comrades and friends, we wish to express our sincere sympathy with Mr. Peters in his affliction.
The Rochdale Store.

The Burley Rochdale store closed its first six months of existence on August 15th, with a most satisfactory record. The management reports a business of $2,000 for that period. The new period opens with a comfortable cash balance, with all bills paid and a 50 per cent larger stock on hand. This condition has been brought about by a strict adherence to cash payments, the keystone of the Rochdale system. As the patrons of the store meet their bills when incurred, the store, itself, is able to do the same and thus take advantage of all cash discounts, which it has done from the beginning. Under cash, smaller profits are required, thus enabling the store to benefit its patrons by lower prices. There is no loss from bad bills to be added to the good to make the business come out even or to live. The stock of the store is growing, both in extent and variety.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mrs. O. M. Washburn, of San Francisco (she needs no introduction to Burleyites, old or young), written to Mr. Brocchi on receiving one of his blue-print maps of our land:

"I want to tell you how much I enjoy your map. It is so perfect I can smell the delicious perfume from the trees surrounding it, and can hear the tinkling of the cow-bells as the cows come home to their new barn on the hill. I cross the little bridge at Fairy Island, and watch the fish as they sport in the clear water of Burley Creek. Then I stroll along the boarded path, past the cottages and vegetable gardens, up to the Hotel, waiting there for that artistic Ram's Horn to blow for dinner, and the welcome whistle to respond, when the honest Brotherhood, singly or in groups, will hasten to their wonted seats at the well remembered tables. Now we've enjoyed our dinner, I'd like a sail down the bay on a scow loaded with lumber, propelled by the Kingston, manned by Capt. Fenton and Engineer Packer; and all the good brothers and sisters of Burley must accompany me, to make my happiness complete, for I love you all. * * * When you next make a map may every lot be taken by a good, loving, co-operative brother and sister."

THE CO-OPERATOR
The B. R. F. & D. Co.

The Burley Rochdale Fruit & Dairy Co. has been incorporated with a capital stock of $5,000, divided into 100 shares of a par value of $50 each. The company holds about 60 acres of land under a lease from the C. B. which has a fraction over nine years to run. As the name implies, the intention of the organization is to engage, principally, in the cultivation of fruit and the products of the dairy. The B. R. F. & D. Co. is a development of the Fruit & Dairy Co., reference to which was made in the July number of THE CO-OPERATOR under the article entitled "Our Present Industries." The incorporators and temporary trustees are B. M. Kellogg, C. McClintock and C. G. Crofut. All the present stockholders are members of the C. B. and all but one are residents of Burley.

Some Good Wild Land.

We have some good wild land—thought by many to be better than any we now have under cultivation—that can be easily cleared. It is level bottom land, timbered principally with alder; there is some small growth such as salmon-berry brush, but is very free from down timber and in places is quite open. This land will grow anything suitable to this climate. It is located along Burley Creek and between Burley Creek and Bear Creek. This land is too valuable to be left idle and the C. B. would lease it to a party or parties on very favorable terms. The alder cordwood that could be cut off it might go a long way towards paying for the clearing. Any of our members or others looking for an opening here on the Sound would do well to investigate this proposition.

Old Dick has periodic spells of getting caught, either in the mire or in a ditch. Recently, Sammy was seen running towards the hotel in breathless haste, shouting for help, "Horse is down." The bachelors in the reading room hastily followed his lead, taking them to the lower end of the—alas!—debatable field between Kline and the road; there, sure enough, was Dick, all fours in the air, flat on his back in a narrow ditch, just large enough to grip his back like a vice. By much exertion with spade, rope and timbers we managed to pry and haul the old fellow out.
A party of six, Fenton, Packer, Tom and Cale McClintock, Crofut and Sam Davidson, took a week's trip on the Sound aboard the Kingston, leaving Burley Sunday morning, August 13th, and returning the following Saturday night. It was their intention to visit the lower Sound country, stopping off for a day or two at Freeland. But some repairs to the boat, which it was thought could be made in a couple of days, took the biggest part of the week. The repairs were made by the N. & S. Co. of Seattle. Tom McClintock and Sam Davidson left the party at Seattle and made a visit to Freeland, where they had an opportunity to see old comrades once more. On the return trip they stopped for a few hours at the Indian Reservation on Agate Passage, the site of the famous Old Man House, and the home of Chiefs Seattle and Kitsap. They stopped at Bremerton one night and took in the Navy Yard, and Saturday afternoon ran into Tacoma and loaded a few tons of flour and feed for the Rochdale store, and then home, where they arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening. Tom and Sam joined the party again at Bremerton. They all report having had a good time in spite of their not being able to carry out their full programme.

The force of men working on the new bridge at Purdy has been largely increased by local help; C. M. Anderson, who did such good work on our scow a couple of years ago, is permanently employed. The job of building the bridge proves to be difficult, on account of the tide, which, when in, sweeps through the bridge with great velocity, first in one direction and then the other, thus interfering with the handling of their pile-driver and scows, and then again at extreme low tide they are stuck on the bottom and not able to move at all. The iron cylinder, weighing 14 tons, which supports the draw, has been put in place. The inside of this tube has been filled with cement, a small quantity
being deposited at a time, making the work progress slowly. The old bridge has been out of use for some time, foot-passengers being rowed from Purdy to the sandspit by a boy employed by the contractor for the purpose, and teams being obliged to come up to Burley and go to Springfield and the west country round the head of the bay through our land.

Packer, Fenton, Ellis, Brocchi, Mrs. Garcken and a visitor, Miss King of Tacoma, had a pleasant trip to the Summer Art School, between Delano and Lake Bay, one day in August, on board the kingston. The situation of the school is all that is claimed for it; there is a fine sweep of water, with Mt. Tacoma in the background, which would delight the eye of an artist. The only resident at the school on the day of the visit was Mrs. Mueller, now of Home Colony, formerly of Burley. Miss Mint has four day pupils who come to her from the neighborhood. Next season she hopes that the school will be more widely known and, with no counter attraction in the shape of a great fair to draw people away, that the attendance will increase.

It's "a sure thing" that Baby Jack will be an artist, of some kind, but just what direction his talents will finally take is uncertain. He is now in the experimental stage—whether tonsorial or photographic is not clear. A short time ago he was found in the photographic studio in the act of retouching Brother Brocchi's negatives with a generous application of shaving soap. Brocchi objected rather strongly to this exhibition of free-hand drawing, which is rather discouraging to Jack. But genius will find a way.

A recent visit to Mr. Davis's lot showed great progress. The house is partly built. Mr. Davis expects to occupy a portion of it this winter. In digging a cellar under the house, Mr. Davis uncovered a fine spring, which insures him a supply of good pure water.

Three men and a boy, namely, Davis, Rodney and Clarence Simons and Brocchi, have been at work for Kellogg on his lot. The site for his new house is a fine one, on a knoll west of the tram-road, not far from the new barn, overlooking Burley creek.
Mrs. E. M. James of University Park, Oregon, writes that her mother, who resided at Burley with her husband, our old friend and comrade, the late Carl Zwicker, has married again. Mrs. James says that Mr. Taylor, whom Mrs. Zwicker married, is "a very smart old gentleman of 78 years (Mrs. Zwicker is considerably younger). Quite a romance we had." The newly married couple have gone to housekeeping at Vancouver, Wash. We offer our congratulations.

Mrs. Copeland gave a party, about the middle of last month, for Miss Helen Smith of Seattle, a cousin of Lawrence Orrett, who was visiting Burley for a few days. The young folks responded in honor of the occasion.

Earl Honin was with us again, recently, for a short time. As Earl, himself, says and his frequent visits show, he likes Burley and whuld make the old place his permanent home if it were possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Knapp of Purdy are unusually busy this Summer, with a large number of boarders, a few of them campers, but the larger part being at work on the new bridge.

Mrs. Garcken has recently had as her guests, her sister, Mrs. Sellers and her little boy, of Tacoma, and Miss King of the same place, who recently had rooms in the Stiewig house.

Paul Fenton, who left here in July with Kent Honin to work in the harvest fields of Eastern Washington, returned a few weeks ago and is now at home.

Mrs. Shaw and her little boy, and Mrs. Boone and her two children, all of Tacoma, were visitors at the Fentons for a short time in August.

McDowell has moved part of his logging outfit over in the neighborhood of Steilacoom, in order to fill a contract for clearing some land.

Mr. Randall, formerly chief manager of "The Crisis" of Salt Lake City, made us a brief visit in August.

Mrs. M. L. Fenton spent a week in Seattle, the last of August, visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Tilton.

Sunday services were resumed, both at Burley and Springfield, beginning September 3rd.
George R. Moore came over from Seattle with the "boys," on board the Kingston, the 19th of August. At that time he turned in his old certificate of membership and took stock in the reorganized Brotherhood. He designated his choice of a home lot and arranged for its clearing. He also contracted for one of the empty houses. He returned to Seattle, sold his store, and came over to Burley on the Kingston, bringing his household goods. Mrs. Moore came over with her husband, returning after a day's visit with her old colony friends. "George" will spend three or four weeks in Burley for the purpose of moving his house on his home lot and improving the same. Mr. and Mrs. Moore intend to make Burley their permanent home after January 1st. The resident members extend to them a hearty welcome.

This is the season for burning, and the smoke of innumerable fires are seen rising from all points of the compass. We have no slashings to burn this year, but we have plenty of logs and stumps to get rid of. Tom McClintock has been enjoying himself by setting fires, and incidently getting plenty of exercise and making a big change in the appearance of the landscape. Tom has never got over his love for a good bonfire, and in a place where material for making them is so handy, and when nearly anything will burn by merely putting a match to it, he feels like making the most of it. Quite a change has been made in the appearance of the swamp pasture across the creek.

The board of directors met August 21st and canvassed the vote for directors. The count showed that the old board of directors were re-elected, viz: Ellis, 40; Kellogg, 33; Crofut, 20; Brocchi, 19; Packer, 18; and a tie for Auditor between Ellis and Crofut, 13 each. They met and organized as a new board on August 26th, re-electing the same officers and appointing the same committees. The five next highest for directors were: Commander, 16; Fenton, 15; C. McClintock, 11; Clark, 10; Davis, 9.

Mr. S. H. Bollman is busy packing up his household gods to re-enthrone them in his new home at Glen Cove, where the good Launch Kingston will convey them and his family in a few days. Mr. Bollman and family have been residents of Burley for six years.
Tom McClintock has been with us for about a month. Tom has been working the past year for the Clark Road in Utah, and is now off on a 60-day vacation. He finds the green grass and trees of Puget Sound an agreeable change from the sagebrush desert of Southern Utah. He has taken his stock in the Brotherhood and has also taken ten shares in the newly organized Fruit & Dairy Co. He says he is liable to return to Burley to stay "most any old time."

Blanche Simons is going to leave us to work for Mrs. Rose, of Covington, a town near Tacoma. She will also go to school. Blanche's sister, Inez, has been making her home with Mrs. Rose for some time, but returns to attend school.

Mr. A. A. Booth, attorney-at-law of Seattle, and wife, paid a visit to Burley and their friend, Mr. Stein, a few days ago. They are charmed with the country, and promise themselves another try at the fish of Burley Creek.

Miss Edna Snow of Seattle, holder of a first grade certificate and a teacher of experience, coming highly recommended, will open school on Monday, Sept. 11, for a six months term.

Miss Mint, whom our readers will remember conducted an art class here about a year ago, is a visitor at Mrs. Garcken's. Her old pupils were glad to see her once more.

Miss May Kyle has come over from Tacoma to look after the welfare of her two young brothers, Marion and Hughy, who are boarding with Mrs. Huesing.

Mrs. C. M. Copeland is on a visit to Portland, where she expects to enjoy the company of her daughter, Helen, to the Lewis and Clark fair.

Several parties have been in during the past month to look at the sawmill with a view to leasing, but nothing has come of it yet.

Mrs. Della LaVergne is on a visit with her daughter, Edna, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Finfrock.

Katherine Stein paid a visit to her mother in Seattle, last month.
The Puget Sound Country.

By H. W. S.

To many readers of THE CO-OPERATOR residing outside of the Puget Sound country, a description in outline of this favored region should not be out of place. Puget Sound is an arm of the Pacific, breaking into the land through the Straits of Fuca, and presenting a water front with its numerous inlets of more than 2,000 miles. To the west of this inland sea rise the Olympic Mountains, looking westward to the ocean proper and eastward into the Puget Sound Valley. The Cascade range stands guard to the east, shutting in the moisture from the sea and shutting out the moisture from the eastern part of the State, which is as different in climate, natural features and soil as it well can be. On the west of the Cascades the deep woods and the hundred inlets of the Sound, on the east the open prairie as you descend the mountain slopes. In the valley of the Sound moisture and little cold; east of the Cascade the need of irrigation and clear cold weather.

The climate of the Puget Sound country is exceedingly equable. The winters are mild and the summers cool. The precipitation that means snow in colder countries is rain here—an abundance of it. The seasons merge into each other gradually; spring begins in February, and instead of bursting upon one in a day almost makes its approach in easy stages, and nature, hardly asleep, wakes to another long season of growth. The writer of this has been a resident of Western Washington, as the Puget Sound country is called, for nearly sixteen years, and he has seen more winters practically free from snow, except
slush that lay a few hours, than winters where the snow covered the ground for any period. An open winter, with the grass green and stock feeding out in the fertile valleys, is the rule.

The valley of Burley Creek, the home of the Co-operative Brotherhood, is in point. There is no spot of equal size better adapted to stock raising—both because of its fertility and pure water and the mildness of the climate. The Puget Sounder does not look for a white Christmas as a proper mark of this holiday; he is more likely to pick roses in the open ground and decorate his house with the ivy that everywhere abounds and needs no shelter from the cold. Scientists explains this happy condition by the presence of the warm Japan current which here strikes the Pacific Coast. While the winters are mild and wet, the summers are dry and cool. Hot days are the exception, and no night is warm enough to make one wish to forego a blanket on his bed.

The soil in the valleys of creeks and rivers is exceedingly fertile. On the reclaimed tide lands in some sections the hay and oat crops pass belief in their abundance. The hill land is poorer, and much of it dry and gravelly, unfitting it for the best garden use, but adapting it to fruit. The country is comparatively new and while much clearing has been done, the country can still be said to be forest-covered. The fir is the preeminent tree and grows chiefly on the uplands. The valleys are covered with deciduous trees such as the maple, alder, and cottonwood, with minor growths of hazel, willow, crabapple, wild cherry, etc., not forgetting, however, the cedar, always in evidence in the valleys, and elsewhere where a moister soil and greater fertility gives it opportunity. The wood of the cedar is practically indestructible, dead logs being found overgrown by other cedars two hundred years old as sound as when the accidents of wind or fire laid them low.

The carving out of a home in the forests that dip their branches in the waters of myriad inlets that reach into the land is the labor of a stout heart. But probably nowhere is the reward greater for labor bestowed on land than in any of the numerous fertile valleys of the Sound country. The Easterner, coming from the wide acres of cleared land, finds it very difficult indeed to reconcile himself to a five or
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ten acre farm hewn literally out of the woods—not to speak of the one acre tracts the Co-operative Brotherhood offers its members. But let him be assured that even an acre well cared for of such land as Burley has will go far to keep one man busy—and profitably so.

To the settler Western Washington offers the prime inducement of climate, even and mild, free from storms and cyclones; fertile soil if he turns his steps towards the valleys; an abundance of good water, and fuel "to burn," and, above all else, a people as progressive and wide-awake as any in the world. This is true of both city and country. The people who flock into Washington have seen their star on the furthest rim of America. Commerce everywhere takes the northern road and to the sound country, rich in soil, lumber and fish, not to enumerate its mineral wealth of coal, its baser metals as well as the fine, have followed the restless, daring spirits of the East, to build up here about the waters of this wonderful inland sea, supreme in its beauty, a new civilization richer than the old in all the material and spiritual things that make for greatness.

Impressions of Burley.

The following communications come from two recent visitors at Burley. We are glad to print such friendly testimonials of interest. Our visitors have well portrayed the beauties of the landscape in this lovely valley:

FIRST, and above all, Peace—exceeding Peace—such as I find nowhere else—a feeling as if I were far, oh, so far from anything that puffs, or rings, or toots, or must be on time to a minute. The very air has a calming influence, and here I imagine one may rest, and afterwards do much. The very people here seem of a gentler and simpler nature. They seem never to have hurried and striven to get something better and greater than their brothers. You can hardly imagine any one of them bettering himself by an injury done another, as one so often sees or hears of in the cities.

As for climate: I have visited the place at two different seasons of the year, and each time found conditions that were most desirable. I notice that the rain does not seem to chill you through and through, as it does even in
"Sunny California;" and as for soil, it seems as if one can wield a hoe "the world is his" so far as fruits and vegetables can make it. Great possibilities seem to lurk in the tumbling, foaming waters of Burley Creek. If I had no children to be educated, there would I buy me a rood of good ground and settle down. Surely one may live there not longer, but more.

The ride from Gig Harbor to Burley is, in parts, quite as beautiful as the famous seventeen mile drive at Monterey. In fact the whole trip from Tacoma, first the lovely ride on the trim little steamer "Crest" across the arm of the sound, past Vashon Island to Gig Harbor, and thence across the peninsula by stage is a delight to all the senses. It is hard for one to decide which trip was the most delightful—the one when the hemlock branches were weighed down with snow, or when the salal bushes hung full of their lily-of-the-valley like blossoms and the firs sent out their tiny slender fingers; when the dogwood lifted its scented blossoms high in air and the little finger ends of the new growth of firs and spruce were so green and tender that they looked like tender blossoms.

In speaking of Burley I will say that from the first I was happily disappointed. The ride through the woods from Gig Harbor was charming, over excellent roads where I expected rough corduroy. I was much interested in seeing such a variety of trees which seemed to brighten the whole road and give such a different cheerful aspect everywhere from what the dark, straight firs would have given had they predominated.

Upon reaching Burley I was surprised to see such a large clearing, with quite extensive fields and gardens and fruit trees. I imagined it would have more the appearance of being in the wilderness. When I realized the short length of time since the first clearing, I consider the amount of hard work done remarkable, and of course no one can realize or appreciate that as much as those who have had a hand in the work.

The situation is very pleasing, with Burley Creek dividing the village, and the waters of the bay making a beautiful picture from the hotel.

L. J. B.
The "School-marm."

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of this fair land, the momentous question of selecting a school-teacher for the ensuing year has been exercising the minds of our local authorities. Of course, they settle these things doubtless in rather an off-hand way in some of the communities which are remote from the cultured East. It is but fair to add that spelling, on which our immediate ancestors laid so much stress, is rather at a discount in these benighted regions, other qualifications, as, perhaps, should be the case, being considered more essential. Below we offer our cultured friends, who may be serving on school boards back East, a sample of what they might "come up against" in some of these localities where spelling is considered of less consequence than a knack of "getting there" in a way to make life a little more agreeable:

LETTER No. 1.

TO THE BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS, DISTRICT No. 2, BIG TIMBER COUNTY:

GENTLEMEN: I am informed that you wish to employ a teacher for your school. I hereby make formal application for the position. I am a graduate of this year from the High School at Squehatchet, in your State. As you will see by the certificate, which I send you herewith, I received high marks in the various departments, especially well in orthography and chirography. I have received the impression that among the best educators ability to spell and to write a good hand is considered more essential for teaching in our public schools than less practical acquirements—for example: proficiency in playing upon some musical instrument.

Trust that you will view the matter in the same light and will be able to take favorable action on my application. I am

Respectfully yours,

(MISS) REBECCA JONES.

P. S. I forgot to say that I am not quite twenty years of age, which may seem young, but I think it better to tell the unvarnished truth.

R. J.

LETTER No. 2.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS, DISTRICT No. 2, BIG TIMBER CO.

GENTLEMEN: I hear that you want a teacher. This is to inform you that I apply for the position. I have never taught any as I have just graduated this year from the high school. I am nineteen years of age, perhaps it would be better if I was eighteen, but as George said, I cannot tell a lie. I have never paid much attention to spelling but I feel sure I can teach a good school.

Yours respectfully,

(MISS) CLEMENTENE JOHNSON.

P. S. I can play a parlor organ if you have one at your school.
The above applications were duly forwarded to the Chairman of School District No. 2, Big Timber Co., and referred to the full board. It so happened that both applications were received by the same mail, and the gentlemen of the board being men accustomed to prompt action, to shooting at sight, decided to settle the question there and then.

The sentiment of the board, as expressed in meeting, was that the clerk should write a note, couched in as elegant language as he could command, to the "gal who could play the orgun," that she would "fill the bill all right."

Shades of Webster, unabridged! But such is life in the far West.

**Seven Years Old.**

The twentieth day of September, 1905, marked the completion of seven years in the history of the Co-operative Brotherhood. One month after the organization was effected at Seattle the first party—pioneers, me may call them—consisting of J. C. De Armond, afterwards President of the Brotherhood, his son Gordon, then a small boy ten years of age, and William H. Packer, a director of the organization and postmaster of long standing at Burley, first set foot in this place. Rodney Simons and C. G. Crofut arrived shortly after this party—Simons about a month and Crofut about two months later. Of the pioneers, Packer, Simons, who have done good work for Burley in all these years, and Crofut, whose varied accomplishments need no extended comment—("What shall we do about this," says one? "You'd better see Gib," is the constant reply)—are now on the grounds.

A letter from our old comrade De Armond, just received, mentions the early days. He writes: "I can hardly realize it has been more than seven years since I started for Washington and took up the search for a place to plant the seed for the new Co-operative Commonwealth. * * * I hope Burley will ever survive. I believe every man was honest in his views when he came there, and I believe every man did what he thought best for the good of the colony." Brother De Armond's letter is full of kindly expressions of interest. We send our greetings to the old pioneer and his family in sunny California.
Co-operative Industry.

By C. K.

"Your co-operative colony," said my friend, the Individualist, to my friend, the Paternalist, or Socialist, as he himself prefers to be called, "is, as a rule, but a band of mortals who are loth to earn their bread by the stern labor of head or hands, and they seek, therefore, some inviting retreat in wilds where they may live with a modicum of toil. Such a life is the choice of men and women who lack ambition and are too prone to loll and lounge."

"You seem to get your thought, as you get your living, from your capitalist employer," said the Paternalist. "That is the stock sneer of capitalism and its apologists, and the thralls of the system, who should be learning to think for themselves, catch up the words and parrot them about. If a personal devil had a real existence in the universe we might readily imagine his scoffing at the efforts of moral reformers for the upliftment of the race: to that Satanic scoff, and to that alone, can be fittingly compared the mocking sneer of capitalism at every effort to relieve civilization of the strangle-hold which organized greed has fastened upon it. And now you, like most of the other slaves of the system, bark when your master hisses."
"The courageous men and women," continued the Paternalist, "who are striving to exemplify the co-operative life, should rather be compared to the pioneers and fore-blazers of the nobler civilization with which the epoch is in travail. The victims of the system should reprove the jeer of capitalism by their silence and by their votes. If I were in the hat-making business I should manufacture several million with slits in the brim for the ears. That is the style for the American voter."

"I guess you are right," admitted the Individualist. "The root of the trouble is the ignorance and short-sightedness of the great majority of working people, who are the chief sufferers from a system of commercial greed, and our work must be to enlighten them rather than to censure them."

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Reflections on House-moving.

By A. B. E.

HOUSE-MOVING in Burley keeps the boys busy, just now. "So many men, so many minds" is true of house-moving. It may be that there are different ways of coping successfully with the same problem, but it's more likely one plan is best of all to go by. If we only knew which was the better way. And yet, the better way is often out of the question at Burley, as it costs too much. Where is the ready cash? A "donkey," it is said, would do the business. Perhaps so. But donkey engines are expensive, either to hire or to buy. One thing is sure, whatever kind of machinery you use, you need the patience of two or three Jobs, if you want to tackle the job.

Speaking of donkeys—Burros are suggestive of bureaus and bureaus have drawers. You have had experience, of course, in trying to open a bureau-drawer that sticks. If you are a man, perhaps the story runs somewhat as follows: At first you begin in an easy, coaxing kind of a way, as if you were trying to tame a wild kitten. You whistle a little tune, it may be, to show that you are not put-out. Whatever you do, you wont get out of temper. But, as you go on, you get warmed up considerably. The drawer seems to be possessed with seven devils, each pulling different ways. You are tempted to use a few swear words, just as
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a partial relief to your feelings. You try a few samples. At this stage of the game, it may be, your better half, who has been engaged at domestic work in the lower regions, becomes aware, by the vibrations which descend to her, that something a little unusual is transpiring over-head and puts her head inside the door to find out what it is all about. She soon takes in the situation and asks if she can be of any help. You condescendingly resign the job, scenting failure in the air—which, indeed, soon turns out to be the case, as your wife, having some bread baking down-stairs, is forced to quit, hurriedly, with the remark that my dear "has done something to the drawer." The force of the remark seems quite lost on you, as for half an hour, more or less, you had been trying to "do something," without success. After your wife has gone, you are tempted to use a few more swear words. But this only increases the temperature, without putting the drawer on an even keel. Finally, you lose entire control of your nerves and you give the darned thing a vicious yank, landing flat on your back, drawer and all, as a close to the performance.

A house that balks in moving is something like a bureau-drawer that sticks in trying to open it. In neither case can you hurry the job.

"He who goes out of common paths to look for opportunities leaves his own door and misses that of his neighbor. The man who treats his fellow as a mere means for the supply of his wants, and not as a human being with whom he has to do, is an obstructing clod in the human circulation."—George Macdonald.

From an Old Subscriber.

EDITOR CO-OPERATOR: As my subscription to THE CO-OPERATOR is out I inclose fifty cents for renewal. I don't want to miss a number, in order to hear of what you are doing. I should have renewed sooner, but I lost my wife on August 12th and spent all my money. As I am getting rather feeble, near 82 years, I got a little job so as to earn a dollar. I take two Socialist papers and the Seattle Times. So I have lots of reading matter, including books, etc.; also a paper from Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, where I was born and raised. Fraternally yours,

Snelling, Cal., Sept. 29, 1905. D. J. KAUFFMAN.
The old Corpron house, after its run on rollers of a quarter of a mile, is about to be placed on its permanent foundation on the Moore home lot. The recent rains have greatly retarded the work, despite the combined efforts of moving crew, composed of Brothers Fenton, boss of the job, Crofut, Brocchi, Davidson, Moore, and the old horse, Governor. Brothers Packer and Gerber have given their services during their spare hours, greatly aided by the efforts of the professional house mover, "the man from Tumwater." Captain Fenton, who has a house to move, will have gained an experience that will rush his building to its new site in very short order.

Tom McClintock left Burley September 18th, after a stay of over a month. He will stop a few days in Portland to take a look at the Lewis and Clark Fair, and then return to Salt Lake City and resume his position as conductor on the Clark road. Tom enjoyed himself thoroughly while here, and says we may look for him again next summer, possibly as a permanent resident. Some of the boys took Tom to Purdy the day before he left and filled him up on clams, of which he is very fond.

A tract of eight acres, viz., lots Nos. 9, 10, 15, 16, 22, 23, 26 and 27 of Plot A, has been set apart for a public park near the north end of the property. It lies on both sides of the creek, where high banks, sometimes thirty feet or more, add to the natural charms of the tumbling waters and the luxuriant vegetation. This will be known as North Park, while West Park will be the name of the one already platted out, containing the deep gulch of Park Creek.

Brother Kellogg and family are occupying their new home, on the town-site, overlooking Burley Creek. This is the first removal from the old settlement. It now looks as if Brother Moore and wife would be the next family to begin housekeeping on the new site.
We are glad to have Mrs. Geo. R. Moore in Burley again. She arrived in the last week of September, at noon, by the stage, and soon made herself at home, lending a hand, as a good co-operator, in the laundry, with Mrs. McClintock and Brother Brocchi. As the Corpron house, which is to be occupied by the Moores, is now on rollers, Mrs. Moore finds accommodation in the McClintock's new residence for a certain time.

We have received a little picture, printed on a postal card, from our Brother H. M. Draper, of Houghton, Mich. It shows a group with Mr. Draper in the center and the children belonging to his band with musical instruments, on either side, in front and behind him. We could almost imagine that we were looking on our children's band of years gone by.

School opened Monday, September 11th, with an attendance of 13 scholars. The enrolled membership has now increased to 20. Most of the scholars are non-residents of Burley. All friends of the school, but especially parents of pupils, are urgently invited to attend the sessions occasionally. Such visits encourage both teacher and scholars.

Mr. Otto Herbert and family of Illinois are recent arrivals. They are living on the Bob Flynn place. Mrs. Herbert is a brother to Mrs. Wm. Schaumberg and brings six boys to help him subdue the Western Washington wilderness. We hope they may be permanent settlers with us.

Mrs. J. E. Tilton still visits her old home. Her loyalty to Burley is much appreciated and promptly turned to account. She kindly lends a hand, like a true co-operator, in the mailing department of our little magazine, and will play on Sunday for our church service, if called upon.

Corn has done well this year. Stalks are frequently ten feet or more in height, with well filled ears, sometimes with two or three ears to the stalk. One little patch in front of the school house, planted to feed corn, shows up remarkably well.

Mrs. J. L. Barnard of Portland, Oregon, made quite a long visit, recently, as a guest of the Copelands and "Grandma" Townsend. She was an old friend and devoted parishioner of Mr. Copeland, in the days gone by, at Salem, Oregon.
As was expected, our new teacher fills her position with entire satisfaction. Both socially and pedagogically Miss Snow is a decided acquisition to Burley.

The Kingston has been leased for an indefinite period to a Seattle party. The boat will be used to carry fish, for which she is especially well adapted.

Duncan Pierce has quit his job with the Rainier Logging Company and has gone for a visit to Freeland and the old Burleyites living there.

Jack McClintock celebrated the anniversary of his birth on Wednesday, October 4th. Jack is only three, but his tricks are double.

The Hueing family, domiciled on the Flynn place until its lease by Mr. Herbert, have moved into the Stiewig house in Burley.

Our neighbor Mr. Buer was presented with a girl baby by his wife on Saturday, September 30. Mother and child doing well.

Mrs. Robert Gibson, wife of our old time neighbor, now living at Ballard, was a visitor to friends in Burley recently.

Mr. Albert Ferris, tenant on the Stoddard place, has decided to remove his family to Eastern Washington.

Miss Maud, daughter of neighbor Stearns, is attending high school in Tacoma this winter.

The McClintocks have moved into the house recently occupied by the Bollmans.

Mr. John Finfrock, wife and children are visitors in Burley.

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Disposal of C. B. Property.

Article VI of the By-Laws reads as follows: "The C. B. shall not conduct any industry except in case of necessity, but shall lease lands, buildings, machinery, etc., giving the preference to its members and co-operative societies."

In accordance with these directions the Board of Directors, through its committees, is leasing land and disposing of the personal effects of the Brotherhood, either to its members or to outsiders, as expeditiously and profitably as possible under the circumstances. The most important question just at present is the disposal of the mail route. In order to run both the mail and stage service satisfactorily three horses and a stout wagon are required. The B. R. F. & D. Co. is ready to assume the business if the equipment can be bought from the C. B. on reasonable terms at a price which will be fair both to the C. B. and to the B. R. F. & D. Co.

Two of the horses (Jim and Governor) have already become the property of the B. R. F. D. Co.
Our Location as to Markets.

By H. W. S.

SOMETHING has been said in the CO-OPERATOR about the natural richness of the soil in the Burley Creek valley, the home of the Co-operative Brotherhood. The further question that will present itself to the practical mind is one of markets. How are you located as to these? Have you any competition or are you dependent upon one place alone?

The waters of the Sound roll between the mainland on which both Seattle and Tacoma are situated and the mainland of Kitsap County, in the extreme southern limits of which Burley lies. We are situated at the head of Burley Lagoon on Henderson Bay, almost equidistant from Seattle and Tacoma at the apex of the triangle whose base is the line between the two cities mentioned. As the crow flies we are south-west of Seattle about twenty miles, and north-west of Tacoma a little shorter distance. Our easiest outlet at present is Tacoma, thanks to the wise foresight of the government of Pierce County, which has built to Gig Harbor, six miles from Burley, a valley road that, for Western Washington, can rightly be called excellent. Gig Harbor is an hour's boat ride from Tacoma by the Str. Crest, carrying the United States Mail and making three return trips each day. During the past summer and up to a few days ago the cause of competition was helped by the Launches Roosevelt and Standard.

To reach Seattle, the larger city and better market, a five mile drive over a road, bad to indifferent, takes you to Olalla, from where the Str. Blanche makes one daily trip in the morning to Seattle, returning in the evening. A
nearer and better road to Olalla is now building, which will in time mean the drawing of more of the trade of the valley to Seattle.

Another market, not inferior to either Tacoma or Seattle, lies to the north of us ten miles at Bremerton, the seat of the United States Navy Yard. The workers there are well paid and, as is usual with men in government employ who feel reasonably secure in their positions, they live to the limit. Kitsap County, except in a few favored localities, has been narrow in its policy of public improvements. There seems little realization on the part of the County Commissioners that not only are roads the highways of civilization, but that good roads pay for themselves in the increased taxable value of the land they traverse.

We are, then, of fairly easy access to Tacoma, and potentially of easier access to Seattle, and still easier to the Bremerton market.

Our location saves us from becoming the suburb, merely, of a city, whose individuality merges in the larger body, leaving nothing distinctive that is not overshadowed. The water highway both joins us to the city and separates us from it. Our development must be local and individual. In the agricultural field the development will be in the line of dairying, for the richness of the soil with the abundance of pure water and mildness of climate would seem to point in that direction unerringly. Fruit will be grown as well as vegetables for home use; each ranch will have its flock of chickens (eggs retail in the cities at 50¢ at present), but in the opinion of the writer the breeding and keeping of high class dairy cows will be the pride and profit of the residents of Burley valley. It is to be hoped that tracts in the valley yet unopened will be divided into small tracts, compelling that intensive farming which is so profitable wherever carried on intelligently.

Dairying points to a co-operative creamery, everwhere successful where managed with intelligence and integrity. The demands of the market for a good and uniform grade of butter is forcing the necessity of such a combination on the ranchers. Before another spring opens the Burley Rochdale Fruit & Dairy Company will have spread its influence beyond the limits of the Brotherhood. Neighbor- ing ranchers are dissatisfied with the prices they are
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getting for ranch butter, a product as various as the households from which it comes, and all will welcome co-operation in this line.

This is a little beside the subject of the location of Burley as regards markets and city life, but seemed to run in naturally. The point to remember is that our location is:

1st—In one of the best small valleys in the Puget Sound basin with reference to richness of soil.

2d—The water highway that joins us to the cities also separates us from them, leaving us to our own development, materially and socially.

4th—The markets enumerated in the article are among the best in the world.

5th—And if these were not enough, Alaska to the west and north is yearly absorbing more of the products of the soil, forming an outlet for surplus products without parallel.

If the writer could sing, the burden of his song would be the hidden wealth of Burley valley.

The Burley of the Future.

By C. G. C.

THE "old timers," who still call Burley "home," are firm believers in a future for Burley. They differ in matter of detail, but the prime ideal of all is a collection of beautiful and happy homes. The natural beauty of the place is acknowledged at once by all visitors, and seems to grow on one the more familiar they become with the place. One must penetrate deep into the woods and wander along the banks of Burley and Bear Creeks, spots not yet touched by the woodman's ax, if they would see some of the hidden beauty of Burley.

There is plenty of ugliness here too, at the present time, but we can remedy that. All ugliness is the work of man. Most of it unavoidable in the clearing up of a new country; such as the fields of burned and blackened logs and stumps, and the piles of decaying brush and tree tops in the unburned slashings and along the skidroads where the timber has been taken out. But nature, here, is very generous in assisting man to beautify his surroundings, and, if let alone for a few years, would soon cover up his ugly handiwork. The avoidable ugliness consists in unsightly buildings, tumble down fences, refuse scattered
about, badly laid out roads and fields, and, worst of all, the wanton destruction of trees along the creek and near the buildings.

But I can see another Burley—the Burley of the future, the home of a happy people. There is no great display of private wealth in grand buildings and large personal holdings of land. The houses are modest but neat and in harmony with their surroundings; the small holdings are well kept and orderly; trees border the roads, not regular, like a formal procession, but irregular and gathered here and there into clumps, as if planted by the hand of Nature. Quite large tracts of woodland have been preserved along the streams, and no axman has ever been allowed to do more than open trails into its primitive wildness. In this woodland no gun is ever fired and the rabbits, the squirrels and the birds know no fear.

Here in this new Burley all work because it is a pleasure to work. They do not ask if it will pay, and for that reason they are doubly paid—paid in the pleasure of doing good work, and doing good work brings good pay. Work here is divided into two kinds, individual work and co-operative work. Each has his own work to do and does it in his own way. But opportunity to work in groups is sought whenever possible, such as in planting or harvest time, or the doing of any work requiring co-operation. Besides cultivating his small holding, nearly every worker follows some handicraft. Here is the village blacksmith, the shoemaker, the tinsmith, the carpenter, the cabinetmaker, the potter and the printer.

The school here is a workshop where the young are taught to do things, not simply to repeat from text books. Manual dexterity and a knowledge of the common things of everyday life is what is aimed at. School in summer is mostly conducted out of doors, in the cultivation of gardens, studying nature at first hand, and in the observation of practical work as conducted by others. The school buildings are of a simple, yet pleasing style of architecture, well adapted to the purposes intended. They contain, besides the school rooms proper, a laboratory, a carpenter and cabinetmaker shop, a blacksmith shop, a room for clay modeling and pottery work, and a tool-room for garden and other outdoor tools. The grounds contain several acres
and can be extended if necessary. They are well kept by the pupils themselves; about one-half being devoted to gardens and the remainder to buildings, lawn and play grounds.

The social life at this new Burley is all that could be desired, there being no very rich or very poor to excite petty jealousies. Friendship, sympathy and mutual helpfulness are the rule. Social gatherings and entertainments are frequent and participated in by all, both old and young. Fourth of July and Christmas are still the great festivals, as of old, and there has been a revival of the old English May Day and a Harvest Festival in the autumn. The neighbors, for some distance around, attend and take part in these social gatherings. The Social Hall is the most pretentious structure in Burley. The civic pride of the place is well shown in this fine building. It is located near one of the parks, and contains within its walls a hall and stage, a reception room, a library, a gymnasium and a banquet room and kitchen. It is like a club house, open at all times to the people of Burley, under proper rules and regulations of their own making.

The co-operative store has grown into a young depart- ment store, with every householder in Burley, and nearly every neighbor as stockholder. It has a fine building of its own, and its own launch making regular trips to Tacoma with the produce of the country and bringing back goods for the store. Burley products, both of the farm and the workshop, have a reputation for superior excellence, of which the people are very proud, and guard with jealous care.

Much more could be said about this ideal Burley, but this is enough for one time. If we succeed in realizing this ideal we will come near to the fulfilment of the proph- ecy of that master craftsman, William Morris: "One day we shall win back art to our daily labor; win back art, that is to say, the pleasure of life, to the people."
Our New Arrivals.

By A. B. E.

WHAT shall we do? We don't undertake to keep boarders, much less a wayfarer's lodge. By "we," are meant the old baches at the hotel. We have all we can do to cook for ourselves. And yet, the responsibility of providing for a mother and four little tots has been placed upon us. It seems a little more than our share, all at once, doubling the number of our boarders.

Still, it must be said, in justice to the new-comers that, on the whole, they are a pretty well-behaved family, except at meal-times, when they set up a wall which is suggestive of a children's symphony or the well-meaning but rather futile efforts of some inexperienced performer on the bagpipe.

As to the general appearance of the boarders—The mother is quite conventional-looking. But three of the little ones are not exactly normal in their physiognomies. One, in particular, has an extremely dirty-looking face, big polka dots about its nose and mouth, which give it a sort of serio-comic appearance.

Ever since the younglings arrived, they have been as ravenous as little wolves. Milk is an article to which they are very partial. Within the last few weeks there has been quite a perceptible difference in the consumption of the fluid at the hotel. As an offset, we have tried to stay their appetites with liberal supplies of corn-meal, but they are worse than Oliver.

And yet the responsibility for the care of these waifs has its compensations. They are an "awfully cute" little lot. The one with the sad calico-cast of countenance is worth, perhaps, more than the whole bunch. If you are feeling a little blue, now and then, a casual glance at a lugubrious countenance will sometimes act as a sort of antidote and cause, at least, a pensive smile to lighten the gloom.

Anyone wishing to take out adoption papers for one or more of our little charges will please address The Hotel Bachelors, Burley, Wash. If desired, photos will be furnished, at reasonable rates.
A First Impression of Seattle.

By A. B. E.

HOW much does the average Eastern man know about the metropolis of the North-west? It's a fair test of the size of this country to say, "very little." It is, perhaps, safe to state that the average citizen of New York or Boston is little informed about so new and remote a locality. However that may be, a few words about our big neighbor—twenty-five miles away—may be of interest to readers of THE CO-OPERATOR in places distant from Burley.

One is more impressed by the masses than the classes in Seattle. The classes exist, as in every large community in this republic, but the democratic spirit seems to permeate more than in Boston. Civilization has not had time to get crusted.

In the exciting times attending elections in Massachusetts, the saying was, "as Hull goes, so goes the State." May we not say seriously of such cities as Seattle, "as Seattle goes, so goes the Union." For if the experiment of popular government is not successfully maintained by this great youngster of the North-west, certainly the whole structure of our government is in peril.
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The natural advantages of the port would seem to be too well known to bear repetition. If you don't know them, take a good map of the Puget Sound section and study it in connection with the Eastern hemisphere.

But what fascinates the visitor more than anything else is the cosmopolitan appearance of the place—the gay and busy throngs which go rushing by the handsome stores and huge business houses on the great avenues. The wide thoroughfares give tokens of accumulated wealth, whether made in the Klondike or in the more peaceful pursuits of trade. To the outward eye, the bevies of women which throng the sidewalks look like flights of Parisian birds in their gorgeous gowns. The frequent shabbily clad men, rough trappers or woodsmen and brightly clothed Siwashes, simply serve to heighten the effect and emphasize the foreign aspect.

The business blocks are gradually evolving into the sky-scaper order, with nothing particularly characteristic about them. Some of the dwellings are fine in architecture, but for the most part the style is poor. Just as at Newport, R. I., you see great villas on insufficient lots of land, so here you will find the same mistake made on a smaller scale. Yet the effect is often not displeasing. What would be almost atrocious in a cold New England climate is softened by the semi-tropical surroundings of the immediate garden-plot, or open space, or the magnificent range of lake or mountains in the back-ground. The ease of out-door life for the greater part of the year, even in the wet season, lifts the strain from off the weary and despondent being (how many there are of this order in busy Seattle) who is even uncertain, it may be, of a night's shelter.

Of all sections of the city, perhaps, the "waterfront" is the most interesting as a picture of the struggle for existence. Here you will find the roughest element, jostling shoulder to shoulder with the Pullman-car tourist. Car loads and ship loads, going and coming—huge transports for the far East and little steamers busy with local trade.

That under such circumstances, conditions of living should be at all hard, except for an insignificant part of the population, would seem strange. When we see the evidences of great wealth on every hand in this new metropolis—the great cargoes of fish, lumber, fruit and
grain, all of native production, why should there be idle throngs. But such is the aspect of civilization, ancient or modern, east or west, great wealth and great poverty in more or less proximity. In Seattle, at least, the proximity is close. The "upper crust" is not so thick as it is in the East, that is some consolation. "A man's a man for a' that," especially if he can swing an axe.

The Bachelor and the Cat.

By D. B.

Why is an old bachelor like an old maid? Give it up? Then listen:

We have a cat at the hotel that comes from nobody knows where. Some time ago she appeared at the hotel accompanied by four of the cutest little kittens you ever saw. But wild? O my! You can't get within six feet of any of them. Once a friend of ours (one of the married persuasion) managed to get a hold of one of them, but he soon realized that he had better let go than be scratched to pieces. At meal time they'll be all bunched up against the kitchen door, but as soon as you open it, they fly in all directions, their little paws sounding like the roll of a drum. And eat? Why, they have been known to eat four bowlfuls of grub at one meal, and stil they were asking for more. Their voices sound like G sharp, A, A sharp and B, played together on the highest octave, with a middle G for the old one. Just try that on your piano, and imagine how you would like it to ring in your ears when you sit down to your dinner. Yet, in spite of it all, we don't seem to mind them much, saying nothing of sympathy or attachment. Mr. Ellis is just in love with them, and has been experimenting on what kind of vegetable food they like best. But the way the bowl is cleaned out at every experiment, he has not been able as yet to reach any satisfactory result.

One day last month our little boarders failed to show up. "O, they'll be back for supper," said I, impressed by the sad look on Mr. Ellis's countenance. But they didn't, nor the next day, nor the day after that. By this time our faces were getting pretty long, when Sammy came in at
noon with trouble oozing out all over his face. Somebody had told him that somebody else had put out poisoned meat to get rid of the skunks, and "our cats are dead, and that's what they are." The indignation was general, one of us excepted, who always has a word of excuse for the wicked, be they as mean as to poison our pets. The dinner was hardly over when one of us was crawling on his stomach under the hotel building looking for dead or dying cats, and following the instructions of the others, who, stooping down to watch him, were ordering him to look under here and under there. But the search was fruitless, as indeed it might have been, seeing that the day after we had the pleasure of welcoming the return of the whole lamented family, as discordant as ever and supplied with a double appetite.

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**HOME NOTES**

During Brother Ellis's absence, his task of lighting the kitchen fire in the morning has been assumed by Brocchi, who "don't like to get up early in the morn." We have no doubt that Brocchi's hearty welcome of Ellis's return was genuine.

Hallowe'en was celebrated at Burley after the usual fashion. What is needed for the occasion is a master of ceremonies who will draw the line with discretion. It ought to be possible to observe the vigil in as weird and strange a manner as you please, without involving any damage or risk of damage to private property.
Like the ancient Egyptians, we pay a good deal of attention to cats in this number.

Mr. Moore has returned to Burley, with his good wife to follow as soon as his house, newly moved, is in condition for occupancy.

The school is going again in good earnest after the Teachers Institute vacation of a week. The enrolled membership is now twenty-two.

The Sunday evening meetings at the school-house are attracting more attention. The singing is improving despite the absence of an organist.

The mail wagon is laid up for repairs at Kimball's, in Gig Harbor. Lassie and the buck-board fill the requirements in this department, at present.

Neighbor Finfrock's brother-in-law, Mr. Love of Piqua, Ohio, has returned to his eastern home and family. His friend Mr. Reese, from the same state, is still here.

Dr. Johnson, evangelist of Seattle, is holding a protracted revival at Springfield, and may come to Burley later to awaken the religious feelings of Burley and her neighbors.

Hannah, Hypatia and Willie Johnson, as well as Ernest and Charley Simons, lately of Equality and long residents of Burley, are all employed at Bellingham in one capacity or another.

Our neighbors, the Boydes, have moved to Seattle. Mr. Ferris who, with his daughter, has been occupying the Stoddard place, will soon leave for the south-eastern part of the state.

Eggs are worth 40 cents per dozen at the Burley store. Whether they go higher will largely depend on the weather. Our Eastern readers can figure out a profit in poultry at these prices—if they understand the secret of making hens lay.

Dal Brocchi gives us specimens, in this issue, of his first attempt in zinc etching. Two of these are entirely original. We call special attention to the "Early Riser" and the cut symbolical of "Labor, Art and Science." Some of our readers will recognize "The Black Cat" as the source of the other.
We are enjoying a spell of remarkably fine weather. Farmers have made and are now making the most of it by digging their "spuds"—the universal Pacific Coast name for potatoes.

Mrs. Fenton visited her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Tilton, at Youngstown, the latter part of last month. Mr. and Mrs. John Tilton and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tilton have leased cottages near the Steel Works.

The salmon have begun to "run" in Burley Creek, and the small boy and large, too, for that matter, may be seen haunting its banks armed with a gaff hook to drag the luckless fish from his native element.

Quite a number of our young people are in the Steel Works at West Seattle—Robert Dunbar, John and Guy Tilton, Paul Fenton and Earl Honin have recently gone to work at this place, which is known as Youngstown.

Mr. James Johnson has returned from Iowa, where he went last summer on a visit to his son and other friends. His health has been poor for a long time now, principally due to advancing years. We are glad to see him back.

Mr. Ellis has taken one of his infrequent vacations. He has distributed his presence between Bow (Equality Colony) and Spokane, at which latter place he has been in attendance at the banquet of the Harvard Men of the Northwest.

Mr. Ellis attended two socialist meetings in Spokane during his visit at that place. He reports the audiences, on both occasions, as large. At one of the meetings, known as the Economic Section of the Socialists, the minister of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Spokane, spoke on "The Signs of the Times." His address, which was a temperate, yet stirring appeal, pleased even some of the radical Socialists.

The Merrill ranch, so long for sale, has at last changed hands. It comprises 80 acres and lies on the first bench of land up from Burley Creek. The soil is mostly a clay loam. The orchard on the place yielded this fall over 200 boxes of apples, despite the years of neglect it has suffered, standing tenant and ownerless for something like ten years. Mr. M. Webster, of Tacoma, is the new owner and expects to move on to the place with his family in the spring.
A Draw-bridge that Wont Draw.

By H. W. S.

If the manager of the Burley Rochdale store was given to profanity, all things in the past two weeks have conspired to bring out the seamy side of his nature. He declares that another such siege would mean his resignation and retirement to the tall timber. However, his sun shines again and his faith in man remains unmoved. It is said that all things come to him who waits—and hustles. There was a good deal of the first and not a little of the second. But to the story.

Our artist has been far more eloquent than the chronicler of this tale. In a few lines he presents the scene and illustrates the story. The Purdy bridge, though in the background of the picture, is in the forefront as “the cause of all our woe.” A new bridge with a draw resting on the firm foundation of a concrete pier has just replaced the old—rendered unsafe by age and useless as to navigation by the failure of the draw-bridge to swing. Pierce County’s taxpayers are contributing in the neighborhood of $10,000 to pay for the new bridge—but the draw refuses to draw. So long ago that it seems an age, though but three weeks
have passed, the manager of the store, on one of his buying trips, engaged the Argoey, a gasoline launch of good capacity, to bring him a load of feed and hay, including other things essential to the needs of man and beast. This was to be delivered at the Burley dock one fair Saturday—and the manager was happy. All day that Saturday he strained eyes and ears seaward to catch sight and sound of his "Argoey of magic sails." The Argoey did come, but alas! the draw-bridge refused to budge, though five stout arms strained to breaking in the attempt to move it. So near and yet so far never received a better illustration; there lay the boat within sight, almost of Burley, and the bridge and tide-flats between. The Captains of the boats swore, if no one else did, and returned to Tacoma. The manager waited until Thursday following to hear the answer to Chimmie Fadden's "what t 'ell," when he sallied out for an explanation. The explanation was accompanied with a promise to try again that day to deliver to Springfield. That very night the perverse spirit that presides over gasoline and plays tricks with engines and men was on the rampage, and for five days the Argoey lay like a lame duck on the water. Fate had taken up the weapon laid down by man, to wield it with the caprice of one possessed. Another trip to town and more promises of performance, and more disappointment. At last, the joke exhausted itself, and the stuff is safely housed.

When the artist covered the good ship Argoey with cobwebs and installed in her stack the peaceful brood of a pair of birds, he surely had in mind the eternity of time she must lie below the bridge before a somnolent county commissioner wakes up to the fact that a draw-bridge is made to open. Perhaps Uncle Sam may take a hand and impress upon the government of Pierce County the necessity of keeping public waterways free from the obstruction of draw-bridges that fail to draw. In the meantime the birds can hatch and spider web succeed spider web, while a patient public awaits on the upper side of the bridge, shut out as far as navigation by large boats is concerned from the rest of the commercial world.

It is impossible, perhaps, for any man to look himself in the face, as it were, and know the kind of man he is, but if the manager of the Burley store is truthfully depicted in the picture of the store, he has added cause for modesty. But then his apologetic attitude! The artist has succeeded there, sure. We congratulate him.
The Sign-language of Co-operation.

By A. B. E.

SOME years ago the writer had the privilege of attending the "Commencement Exercises of The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind," at Berkeley, California. It was a beautiful day, and the beauty and harmony of the occasion combined to make a lasting impression on the memory of the visitor. The glories of Berkeley need the touch of a Carot or Daubigny to do them justice. I remember particularly, the approach to the institution—by the shaded walks of Dwight Way, with lovely gardens clustering here and there on either side. One of the houses, on the day of the visit, was literally smothered in flowers of the ivy-geranium clambering over it—with the soft hills in the back-ground. And the exercises at the institution, pathetic and touching from one point of view, were in keeping with the peace and harmony which touched the face of nature.

The program included exercises on the part of both blind and deaf. Early in the proceedings, a deaf and dumb boy recited the Lord's Prayer. As he uttered the words in the strange and plaintive tones which he was obliged to use, with hands and eyes pointed upwards, it made a pathetic and touching impression. Mr. Wilkinson (the well known Superintendent, who began his service in 1865 and is a worthy successor, in his profession, of the venerable Dr. Howe) said that 50 per cent of the pupils were born deaf. Scarlet fever causes most deafness; then follow in order, spinal meningitis, measles and accident. The first year the deaf are taught to write; after the first year they are taught articulation. The system used at the institution is the combined—speech and writing. A German authority to whom Mr. Wilkinson referred, maintained that you must first teach a pupil to articulate. The French method, on the contrary, taught writing at the start. The true method, according to Mr. Wilkinson—if I understood him correctly—seems to be a combination. Language is simply a symbol. You may choose any method you please, and add to it as you please, both by speech and sign. Thus the deaf and dumb add to their silent vocabulary as need arises.
A boy who was on the stage was referred to by Mr. Wilkinson as having arrived at the institution in the preceding January (about five months previous to the date of these exercises). He was one in whom the Superintendent took special interest. What a marvellous and happy change had been wrought in the short period of five months! In his brief pupillage the boy had learned to write over one hundred articulated words. I noticed the peculiarly sweet way in which the little fellow pronounced "Kitty." Another boy recited "The House that Jack Built." Both of these pupils were born mutes. Mr. Wilkinson said that what they write is harder for them than a dead language, for they have no speech to guide them.

One of the most interesting selections on the program was "Illustrations of the Sign Language," given by a young man. He showed by graceful movements of the hands and body various symbols, the Superintendent acting as interpreter to the audience. Bill and act of flying is generic sign for bird. Eagle—hooked bill and soaring. Humming-bird—sucking honey and rapid mode of flying. Cat—mustache. Dog—the act of calling. Pig—rooting. Squirrel—peculiar way of eating. Love—pressing heart. Hate—repelling from heart. Sleep—passing hand over face. Irony—pointing up your sleeve.

What shall we say is the key note of success in this noble struggle with defective powers of expression? It is co-operation, pure and simple. Between teacher and pupil there must be perfect harmony. Sometimes the teacher is taught and the pupil is the instructor. There can be no class-conscious struggle here. Both are more or less in the inarticulate stage. A person with clear vision can be taught by a blind man. Defectiveness in one sense often develops a marvellous clearness of perception in one of its sound relatives. How acutely does the blind man feel your presence in the room.

Co-operation has as yet but a sign-language. We understand it after a fashion, merely. As the sunlight on the Berkeley hills, it may be felt but not seen.

People every-where are being taught the sign-language of co-operation.
A Tale With a Moral.

By C. M. C.

ONE dismal day, when all the sky was overspread with frowning clouds, the dark sea fretted with cold winds, and all of the air full of an influence sad and dreary to souls on foot and souls upon the wing, a seabird, for some reason which he explained to no man, stooped from the wind and came to rest amidst the rigging of a ship. Perhaps a little rest for his weariness was the very thing he wanted. Perhaps he had been misused by enemy, or by a friend, and hoped the masts and ropes would give him shelter for a while, till he could get better of his hurts. He said nothing, but sat alone close to the mast, in motionless and silent gloom. When a sailor's hand came near to seize him, he opened his eyes and looked sadly at the hand, but did not stir.

"He was taken to a group of sailors on the deck, where a tarred string was tied to his leg and a bit of stick to the string. Then by a strong human hand he was thrown swiftly into the air that dismal day, with a thousand miles of fretted, dark and dreary sea beneath for his only place of rest, to be now so soon his place of everlasting rest.

"The sailors looked eagerly and laughed and chatted. It was a solemn scene to me—that winged soul now flying to its doom, those two-footed souls causing and enjoying the distress and ruin; that sad and pitiless nature all around and above and below, in the heavens and the sea. That winged, friendless soul, in sad weather and a hostile world, put forth all it's powers for salvation, but failed. Bravely, with heroic will and mighty strokes of wing, it tried to fly. It's flight sloped steeply to the fretful water. A momentary hesitation of weakness and discouragement, and then one strenuous effort more. It rose, bird and string and stick—rose sublimely above the water, and then sloped steeply downward, sooner than before.

"No longer moving now with motion of it's own, it rose and fell, helpless, hopeless, on the rising and subsiding waves. Then a sudden terror seized it. With frantic flutter it tried to escape into the air; but something snatched it, and with lightning agony it passed to the depths of ocean and eternity.
"Not only for food and for spite, but for fun, life tortures life in sea and air, and fills the universe with anguish and with agony."

I have been reminded often this Fall of the above true story, told me long ago by my father who was an eyewitness, but helpless. I have told it many times, but never have I so longed to preach it from the house tops as when I saw one, two, many fish speared or hooked in sheer wantonness and thrown upon the shore to die and pollute the air; when dogs have run down and tortured more deer than could be carried home for food; when singing birds have been trapped and abused by thoughtless lads—for fun! All for fun!

Is there not something wrong in the human nature that can take pleasure in another being's sufferings? And should not we of Burley have higher aims? Should we not live up to the principles that brought us here—that made us sacrifice much to help and not to hurt our kind? Shall we not so carefully teach our boys that the little leaven of Burley shall bye and bye influence a large community?

First Christmas at Burley.

By A. B. E.

E are making arrangements for a celebration of Christmas, after the usual fashion. A little account of past observances of this dear old festival will perhaps interest some of our readers. Some of the youngsters, who have become big boys and girls since they last saw Burley, will recall the happy gatherings beginning with that first Christmas in the old log cabin—then occupied by the Steins, later the domicile of the DeArmonas. Christmas in a log cabin! It would be difficult to find a cosier and more appropriate nook for the time-honored feast, when we think of that first Christmas night under the stars and the pilgrimage of the shepherds to the rough but warm stable, there to find the babe in the manger, among the meek and lowly kine. Christmas in a log cabin, after all, compares favorably with a celebration in a hall heated by steam and lighted by garish electric appliances.
THE CO-OPERATOR.

Turning back to the files of the old CO-OPERATOR, we find in the number for January 2, 1899, an interesting account of the first celebration. As has been the custom down to the present day, neighbors, as well as our own people, attended the gathering. Of the friends who were present, we find mention of Mr. and Mrs. Stein, under whose roof, as has been said, the company met, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Steinheuzen and three children, Mrs. Buer and five children and Mr. Thomas Flynn. A Christmas tree, decorations, Santa Claus (Mr. Packer), "twinkling candles" and presents were provided. President Ingalls, Vice-President DeArmond and Secretary Willard spoke "on behalf of the Brotherhood." Although the program was a long one, we think its reproduction in full will be of especial interest and historic value.

PROGRAM.

1. Song: Christmas Time... Miss Nettie L. Stevens and chorus.
2. Recitation: Selection..............................................Bert Willard.
3. Recitation: The Hero.............................................Miss Clara Dearmond.
4. Song: Deck the Hall.............................................Miss Inez A. Stevens and chorus.
5. Recitation: Jolly Old St. Nicholas.........................Miss Katherine Stein.
6. Recitation: Aunt Patience's Doughnuts...Miss Nettie L. Stevens.
10. Song: Waifs of the City............Misses Edna Stevens and Katie Stein.
11. Recitation: The Irish Wedding...............Miss Madge DeArmond.
14. Song: Jolly Old St. Nicholas.........................All the Children.
16. Song: Glory be to God on High...Miss Nettie L. Stevens and chorus.
17. Recitation: To Smoke or Not to Smoke...............A. L. Whiteside.
18. Song: Jing Jing......................Miss Nettie L. Stevens and chorus.

20. Closing Hymn: Nearer my God to Thee.....Miss Inez Stevens and chorus.

Organist—Miss Nettie L. Stevens.
Stage Manager—A. L. Whiteside.

When fog and failure o'er my being brood,
When life looks but a glimmering, marshy clod,
No fire outflashing from the living God—
Then, then, to rest in faith were worthy victory!

—George Macdonald.
An Octogenarian's Debt to Burley.

(Extract.)

"For several years I have had a disposition to prostrate myself in public places. I do not think 'twas a leaning toward Catholicism, but rather a weakness of the knees and inability to stand up firmly against any obstacle in my path,—so, much to my disgust, the streets of several cities have been blessed (?) with my prostrations.

"Well, after our arrival in Burley three years ago, I, living in the woods, began to wander in them; to take a basket and little axe and cut down wild growth of shrubs, small trees, etc., and found the exercise in open air, the deep breathing of spicy odors, the wholesome fatigue, together with two simple meals a day, benefiting me in every way.

"I have become quite expert at felling small trees. Alders are an easy prey. I have often cut them thirty feet long, or high, and as large as the base of a man's arm. Then I cut or saw them into lengths for the stove. Such fun as we and our neighbors have had about my work! When my son returned from California what do you think he brought me? A bright, new, little axe. He declares I must help in clearing the new place—and I will, most cer-
tainly. I do not prostrate myself now—can walk four miles without stopping to rest, do not worry, think life is a good deal as we make it, and try, with all my faults, to do the best I can. What more can anyone do?"—M. T.

Search not the roots of the fountain,
But drink the waters bright;
Gaze far above the mountain,
The sky may speak in light.
But if yet thou see no beauty—
If widowed thy heart yet cries—
With thy hands go and do thy duty,
And thy work will clear thine eyes.

—George Macdonald.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving has come and gone. We had a good time. Forty-five, friends and all, by actual count, at the dinner. It was a fine example of voluntary co-operation. Contributions were received from various sources; from our own matrons, from the old baches and from our friend Mrs. Huesing, who is living amongst us. To use the old phrase, the table fairly groaned with the tempting food, largely the product of our own land. Young and old were seated side by side at the table, little Willie, Georgie and Jack perched on the benches with the rest. Inez Simons, Katie Stein, Bertha Huesing and Mabel McClintock did most of the wating on the company. The old baches gave way in the culinary department to more experienced artists. It was a family party, unmistakably, all but two—Caleb and Miss Daisy McClintock, absent on account of slight illness—being present.

When the benches on either side of the long table, extending from one end of the room to the other, were occupied, Mr. Ellis said a few words, intended to take the place of grace before meat. At his right sat Grandma Townsend, looking even younger than usual. Then, as we have said, came all ages, with no attempt at placing anyone. We repeat—we can all put our hands on our hearts and say truly—"We had a good time."
The Kingston had a rough reception on her return to Burley from the fishing grounds. The charter for the boat provided for delivery at Burley, but she got as far as Springfield, only, where the party in charge tied her to the wharf. During the night a heavy wind sprang up and an attempt was made to shift her moorings from the windward to the leeward side of the wharf, but the effort proving unsuccessful, she was anchored a short distance from shore and left to ride out the gale. A little later she parted her anchor-rope and was thrown upon the sand spit. Fortunately she escaped the big logs and managed to find a resting place on the beach. Three or four days later, after vain attempts had been made to float her, she was hauled off by the Tyconda. Mr. John Rose, of Springfield, lent a hand in the emergency, and it was through him that the effective aid from the captain of the Tyconda was secured. The Kingston is once more at Burley, her engine, which refused to work at the time of her arrival at Springfield, being now in good order.

Thomas McClintock and his sister, Miss Daisy McClintock, arrived lately with two "Saratogas," which looked as if they were prepared to stay. Tom took a lease of a couple of lots, but decided to wait a while before becoming a permanent resident. He returned to Salt Lake after a short stay. Miss McClintock is living in the comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. Packer. The mother of the McClintocks died, recently, in Salt Lake City.

Miss Davison, of St. Paul, a friend of Mrs. Stein, made a second visit at Burley, lately.

Charley Simons returned early in November and is attending school.
We need a good many improvements at Burley, but perhaps none is more needed at present than roads in three directions, north, east, and west. With the co-operation of our good neighbors, Lake, Oakes, Fargher and perhaps others, we hope to have a trail north, along the section line, as near as possible to the proposed county road, at an early date. The road to Gig Harbor, just outside our line at the top of the big hill, has been improved lately. Old residents will remember the deep hole at the crest of the first hill, black as Egypt, at night. This steep pitch, so hard on the horses, has been considerably lessened through the labors of Sam Davidson, Rodney Simons, Fred Gerber and Neighbors Kline and Finfrock. It's a good job.

Brother Ellis was sick for a few days the fore part of last month and, during his convalescence, was presented with a dainty dish of strictly vegetarian soup. The bone that rumor says was found in it must have been a collar button or something of the kind dropped in by accident.

Mr. George G. Melhart of Seattle has come to make Burley his home. He has opened the blacksmith shop where he expects to serve all who have need of the services of a smith. Mr. Melhart was engineer on the Kingston on some of her fishing trips and was sent over to examine the engine on the boat on her return to Burley. He had heard of our organization previously, and while with us became enough interested to make further enquiries with a view to becoming a member.

Our former band-master, H. M. Draper, of Houghton, Mich., wrote us recently. He regrets that we have no work in his line at Burley, as his "heart is still there." Although he has met with great success in the management of "Good Will Farm Band" of children at Houghton, his "eyes are still westward." He closes by saying: "I expect to be at Seattle next spring or summer with my band and if possible will make a flying trip to Burley."
Active preparations are being made for Christmas. After service at the school-house, one Sunday evening, a committee of ten, with Mrs. J. C. Stafford for the chair, was appointed. Two meetings have been held. Our neighbors are taking special interest this year. Saturday evening, December 23, has been set apart for the entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Moore moved into their new home, Saturday, November 25. Part of the house has been well ceiled and the whole establishment promises to make a comfortable home. Thus, slowly, old Burley is being replaced by the new. As Mrs. McClintock said, "when the Fentons move it will be kind of lonesome in Circle City."

Mr. Ellis drove the mail wagon for eight days in November and was then succeeded by Cale McClintock, who has agreed to be the stage-driver for an indefinite period. Under a recent agreement with The Fruit & Dairy Co. that organization has assumed the responsibility of furnishing a driver for Uncle Sam.

School session was suspended on Friday following Thanksgiving, thus giving a vacation of three days. The teacher, Miss Snow, went to her home in Seattle during the interval.

Conversation in some quarters, now-a-days, is largely concerned, with candy bags, decorations and selections for the Christmas program. Santa Claus has Burley on his calling-list.

Announcement of the marriage of a daughter of John Carmichiel, a former resident member, is made from Minneapolis, Minn., the old home of the parents.

Willard Potter was a visitor at Thanksgiving time. We are glad to hear that his mother, who was obliged to go to the hospital, is now better.

Mr. M. E. Smith and his son Victor have been Burley visitors, staying for a time with their daughter and sister, Mrs. Stein.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tilton were with us a few days just before Thanksgiving.

Our neighbor, Mr. Herbert, is working at Blake's logging camp.
The Cross-cut Saw.

By D. B.

You don't have to stay in Burley very long before you discover that, among the topics of conversation, the cross-cut saw ranks considerably high. While to the lay mind it looms up as an unapproachable mystery, to him who is beginning to master its secrets it is full of an all absorbing fascination, both in the using it and in the making it fit for use. If you take a walk through the wood, or "timber," as you will soon learn to say in Burley, you may hear a continuous succession of long drawn sounds, with a swish and a ring, monotonous yet cheerful, suggestive of strength and endurance. You approach and find so and so sawing a log, or "bucking" a log, as you will learn to say after a short conversation. Yes, short, because he delights in the exhilarating motion and the sight of his good tool sinking deeper and deeper in the wood, while the sawdust pours out in rich streams.

Some other time there is a screeching, ungodly, nerve-racking noise bursting all of a sudden on the calm of the village from the direction of the mill, and while you feel as though you would rather be about a mile or two away,
they will tell you that so and so is filing a cross-cut saw, although so and so calls it "fitting up" a saw. Only the uninitiated say "filing." If you have patience to listen, so and so will tell you all about fitting up and all its tricks, although you may not understand a word of it. But that doesn't matter. He is proud of it, and your listening will do him as much good as it will a mother telling all about her cute little boy. And here let me say to you that of all the things that look simple and easy, the cross-cut saw is one of the most deceiving. It is on account of this apparent simplicity and real difficulty that a man new to the "art" will laboriously pull away for several hours at a log that a professional "bucker" can cut in thirty or forty minutes. Hence the appalling fear and despair on one side, the charm and fascination on the other.

The Humble Hen.

By H. W. S.

It would be difficult indeed, if not impossible, to give a recipe for success in any given line of effort. The personal element is in all things so large a factor that where one succeeds another fails by the use apparently of the same factors. This is true everywhere and in all walks of life. The professions are overcrowded to ninety-nine, while the hundredth man finds the ladder to success uncrowded and easy of ascent. We say of such an one, and truly, that he is adapted to his work. And there we stop. It is quite another matter to analyze success and formulate its rules.

There is the poultry business for instance. Publications dealing with approved methods of poultry raising are sown broadcast over the country. Every condition is met—on paper, and no question of the anxious inquirer remains unanswered at the fount of chicken wisdom, and yet, and yet—while the humble hen turns out millions of dollars worth of eggs in the aggregate, it is done at a loss to thousands of individuals. Where one succeeds many fail in part; some fail altogether.

It is not the purpose of this article to instruct any one in the fine art of persuading hens to lay high priced eggs. The books alluded to have in this a field of their own, which is not lightly to be invaded by the non-elect. It is
our purpose rather to call the attention to the importance of the industry and the superior advantages possessed by the Sound country in the poultry industry.

It is often a cause for surprise to the newcomer into Western Washington to find families making a living on such small pieces of land as are common to a new country where clearing is so difficult and tedious. Much of this ease of making a living is undoubtedly due to the mildness of the climate and the plentifullness of fuel. But there is another explanation, and that is found in the presence of the poultry yard. Instead of being an incident to farming, as it is in sections where feed is cheap, it is given first place in attention by the family seeking a livelihood on a new place in Washington. The mildness of the climate, already alluded to as favorable to cheap living, is also favorable to poultry. Spring conditions prevail here in greater degree than in colder sections. Indeed, the rule is green grass the year round. Of course this advantage of mildness is offset by a greater dampness, but as that simply requires more care in housing, the rains need not be a serious drawback. But no one need gather from this that egg production in Western Washington is cheap. On the contrary, it is dear. For the poultryman is compelled to buy practically all his grain feed. The chief feed is wheat, or wheat products. Corn on account of its cost, and also partly because it is too heating, is sparingly fed. It may be because it costs to feed chickens that greater care is bestowed upon them here than where feed is not considered. At any rate, the hen is assiduously cultivated in the Sound country.

Now a word as to market conditions. It is not wide of the truth to state that the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, the former preferred, furnish the best markets for eggs and poultry in the world. A factor of great influence in this condition is the demand made upon the egg supply by Alaska. The growing demand for eggs in that extensive field has the tendency to keep up prices to the advantage of the egg raiser. The Alaska trade is growing steadily into larger proportions, and it will be many years before the supply will outrun the demand. The urban population itself is rapidly growing, well keeping pace with the supply. Eggs usually reach the lowest notch of prices
in March or April, and they rarely fall below 15 cents per dozen. During a considerable part of this winter the grower was paid as high as forty and forty-five cents. Of course this meant 50 to 60 cents to the consumer. (How to reach the consumer direct is well worth another article. Its importance is plain and its profits are great. Co-operation is the key to that door).

But, alluring as the above high prices are, few share in their benefits because of that unsolved riddle of success. That some can succeed in the future who have failed in past is also clear. One may venture an opinion. It is this: Success lies in the extraordinary care of ordinary things. Average care is not enough. The average of success is low. Success demands more. It demands something more than "good enough;" it demands the best. Unremitting attention and care will bring results of a most gratifying character.

We append for the encouragement of those who have only measurably succeeded the story of one man's success, which, while not remarkable, is such as would be welcome to many who are now losing money on their chickens.

The figures given are not guess work, but the compilation of careful bookkeeping. Mr. Packer, who furnishes them, has kept a careful record of expenditures and receipts of the period mentioned, and the figures he gives can be relied upon:

Value of 20 pullets and 1 cockerel, Jan. 1, 1905 ........................................... $10 50
Feed purchased during year .................................................. 35 50
Oil for incubator ............................................................. 1 35
Eggs purchased for incubator ................................................. 1 10
Value of 23 pullets and 2 cockerels Jan. 1, 1906 .................................................. $12 50
Eggs sold during year ........................................................... 62 51
Chickens sold in fall ............................................................ 6 75
Profit ................................................................. 33 31

$81 76 $81 76

The division of the colony land into acre tracts would seem at first blush to be absurd, but when it is made apparent what can be done on so small a piece of choice land, the wisdom of small tracts will be applauded. Small allotments mean neighbors and a thorough use of all one has in the way of soil. And the Burley bottom is as rich as butter.
Our Pioneers.

By A. B. E.

HOW often we fail to appreciate the good work that is done in our own day and generation. In the dust and confusion that is all around us our vision is obscured or obstructed. It remains for a later day to understand and pay just tribute.

In the early times at Burley there were giants who wrought early and late for its development. Skeptical and critical as some of us may have been at the time, we now see more clearly and wish to give full value for what they did—those early pioneers. With pen, pick, ax, saw and shovel they worked and labored. Sometimes the pen was mightier than either the saw or the ax, sometimes vice versa.

To fully realize all that was done one must be able to recall the aspect of Burley in the early days.

Although, comparatively speaking, we were late comers on the scene, little had been done prior to our arrival to prepare the way. Voyageurs and trappers had cruised here long before our coming. Loggers were at work in this section in the early fifties, if not earlier. But these old-time adventurers were not home-seekers. They were looking for the giants of the forest. Huge stumps, many of them six feet or more in diameter, cut above the pitch, with gashes on the sides, where the choppers stood, as they slowly drew the life-blood from their victims, are the ghastly witnesses of these campers in the wilderness. Little else is left to testify to their visits.

It remained for a few enthusiasts, crazy idealists, or whatever you may choose to call them, each in his own way, by brain or muscle, to attempt a more permanent settlement. With the coming of the “Co-operative Commonwealth,” as it was called, a systematic attempt was made to establish homes. To the men and women who came in what we now call those “early days,” and helped to realize for us the comparatively comfortable conditions of later Burley, proper tribute is due. Recognition of this self-sacrificing service may have been made already in previous issues of THE CO-OPERATOR, but it will bear, at least, brief mention once more at this period.
We said that there were giants in those days. Who that remembers Philip Suel, "Mike" Willard, Bob Hansbarger and J. C. De Armond will deny that, physically speaking at least, this is true. Old Suel, as we like to call him, could hardly be classed as a giant in stature, but what he lacked in this degree he made up for in thickness. And as for his hand: Talk of a bear's paw—well, it may have been rough and huge, but it was mighty in a good cause. Two men and a saw would have to keep busy in the woods when Old Suel with his ax set the pace. The other three mentioned were six feet or more, "Uncle" Bob decidedly more. Hansbarger, one of our little company of dearly remembered ones who have passed beyond, must have been a fine specimen of manly vigor in his younger days. He was well into middle life when he came to Burley. A good deal over six feet, slim in figure but wiry, he was a typical Southerner in appearance. Both Willard and De Armond were men to bring up a physical average—tall, broad shouldered and deep chested.

But it is not our purpose to lay stress simply on physical excellence. We could find men of smaller mold among the early comers to Burley who deserve, as we say, "honorable mention" for the services which they rendered in what may seem to some a "lost cause." It is to our pioneers, one and all, who wrought and laid the foundations for us, with slender remuneration, that we wish to express our sense of obligation—we who are beginning to see the fruits of their good work.

From time to time, in THE CO-OPERATOR, we hope to publish accounts of all our early pioneers. We think that our readers would like to hear about them—some reference to the work they did in Burley. Small in number as we are, there is a generation growing up in Burley (and many more who lived here long enough to remember it with affection), who will be glad to see these little accounts, no matter how brief they may be, of the men and women who belonged to those early times.

In Portland, Oregon, December 22, 1905, Mrs. Sarah G. Miner passed from this to a higher life. Several years ago Mrs. Miner was, for a time, a resident of Burley, and will be very kindly remembered by all who knew her. She was a good woman.
Our Christmas Celebration.

The Xmas festival was held in the school-house, Saturday evening, December 23. Long before the time set for the exercises the folks began to assemble. Although the weather was inclement, a good audience attended. As usual, benches were brought from the hotel to fill the requirements for seating. It was estimated that about ninety people attended.

Our neighbors took larger part in the programme than has been the case in previous years. The selections given by the young people were specially appropriate to the Christmas commemoration. Both young and old seemed to enjoy themselves as one large family.

The advent of Santa Claus was well arranged. Just before the presents were distributed, his arrival was announced by a knock in the region of the wood-shed. On opening the door, a typical Santy made his appearance. He looked as though he had been facing the snowy elements. This part of the entertainment was hugely enjoyed by the little folks.

The school-teacher, Miss Snow, had the assistance of the children in preparing the decorations which were beautifully arranged on the walls. A fine tree laden with ornaments and presents occupied a corner of the room.

After the gifts had been distributed, refreshments, including ice cream and cake, were served to the company.

The following is a copy of the programme:

**PROGRAMME**

1. **CHRISTMAS WELCOME** - A. B. Ellis
2. **SELECTION** - D. Brocchi and Bertha Huesing
3. **RECITATION** - Lawrence Orrett
4. **CHORUS** - School Children
5. **DIALOGUE** - Alice Buussdicker and Eva Devendorf
6. **READING** - M. L. Fenton
7. **RECITATION** - Frank Herbert
8. **VOCAL DUET** - Hannah and Jennie Buer
9. **RECITATION** - Bertha Huesing
10. **VOCAL SOLO** - Miss Helen Copeland
11. **PHONOGRAPH**
12. **CHRISTMAS TREE**

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Clear the way, then, clear the way;  
Blind Creeds and Kings have had their day;  
Break the dead branches from the path;  
Our hope is in the aftermath;  
To this event the ages ran;  
Make way for Brotherhond,  
Make way for Man. — Edwin Markham
A Poem.

By W. E. Henly, English critic, whose essay on Burns received a prize from the London Academy, lately.

Out of the night that covers me—
   Black as the pit from pole to pole—
I thank whatever gods may be
   For my indomitable soul.

In the fell clutch of Circumstance
   I have not winced or cried aloud:
Under the bludgeonings of chance
   My head is bloody, unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
   Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
   Finds—and shall find me—unafraid.

For still, however strait the gate,
   How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the Master of my Fate,
   I am the Captain of my Soul!

Monday, December 11, the Board met, as directed by the By-Laws, in order to count the ballots for nominations. The list of nominations, as found by the tellers, has been printed and sent to the stockholders.
The foregoing illustration shows one of our early and late workers, so well known to all for his good deeds, engaged in various occupations with which, in course of time, he has become more especially identified—Sam Davidson.

The members of the Rochdale Mercantile Association met recently in the office of The Co-operative Brotherhood. The report of the manager, Mr. Stein, covering a period between ten and eleven months, showed that the store had done a good business, considering the short lapse of time since it was started.

Services were held in the school house both Christmas and New Year's Eve. Christmas Eve Mrs. Townsend read a selection appropriate to the holy day, and Miss Helen Copeland sang. New Year's Eve the congregation was much larger than usual. Mr. Ellis conducted the service and made a short address.

A New Year's Eve party assembled at the Copelands. The old year departed soberly. The entertainment provided called to mind the light refreshments furnished, for a consideration, at the circus ring, with the exception, alas! of the pink lemonade; but Mrs. Copeland was fully equal to the occasion, the pale concoction under her magic art being quickly transformed into a ruby hue.
P. J. Martell, an old member of Burley, is here for a brief stay.

Repairs on the mill dam were begun January 11 in spite of the snow.

Mr. Moore has been at his old job in the printing office for a little while.

It is expected that a force of men will soon be at work repairing the tram road.

Jack is a "big boy now." Just think! he was taken for George the other day.

The first fall of snow of any account, about four inches in depth, occurred January 10.

Miss Helen Copeland arrived December 11 to take part, as has been her custom, in the Christmas festivities.

Ernest and Blanche Simons were in old Burley once more, in good season for the holidays. Blanche is still with us, assisting Mrs. McClintock at the hotel.

After six years' residence in the hotel Mr. Ellis has at last deserted it. He has removed his household gods into the old Stabenow cottage, adjoining the milk house.

Mr. Ellis drove the stage eight days, recently, in place of the regular driver, Cale McClintock, who strained his right arm quite severely in loading freight at Gig Harbor.

The Foyes—J. E. and his son, J. E., will occupy the McClintock's old house. Mr. J. E. Foye leaves his family in Tacoma for this winter, so as not to take his children out of school.

Mr. McDowell has come back again with his logging outfit for the purpose of resuming operations at Purdy. He found no trouble with the new draw, which it was thought was not in working order.

Changes are needed at the hotel in order to accommodate the increased number of boarders. It is quite likely that the old reading room will be changed into a smoking room and the old smoking room into a reading room.

After nearly fifteen months' absence the old gray team is at home again. The pair was leased to a firm of contractors in Seattle (Mr. Hadfield, the son of our neighbor, Mrs. Hadfield, being a member) on grading work.
Oats begin to make a fine showing in the fields in the neighborhood of Circle City.

Rodney Simons has been clearing a home lot for Mr. Ellis, next but one to Mr. Packer's house on the hill.

The case in court which concerned our Freeland brethren has been decided in favor of the plaintiffs.

Our neighbors, the Andersons, who occupied the old Storey place for some time, have removed to Tacoma.

It is hard to record the weather changes in Washington. The snow to which we referred in another place almost disappeared within twenty-four hours.

Mr. M. Webster, of Tacoma, who recently became the owner of the Merrill ranch, is out on his place getting the old house in condition for living and cleaning his orchard.

The mill has been leased for one year, with option of renewal for five years, to J. E. Foye, of Tacoma. The lease covers the entire plant, buildings, machinery and tools. Mr. Foye, at the same time, has a lease of the Kingston so long as he continues to hold the mill property. In addition to the above arrangements a contract for the cutting of the timber north of Mr. Stein's line has been made with Mr. Foye.

Tenants are gradually occupying the old houses once more. In some of the old dwellings there is only one occupant to a house. Sam Davidson is still the sole resident of the old Raybell house in Circle City and Mr. Davis and Mr. Gerber live as of old, the former in the Neeld house and the latter in his little cottage on the edge of the bay. The only household that remains in its old house is the Simons' family.

Although bachelor cooking is a thing of the past, the accompanying illustration will be of historical interest. The saying, "too many cooks spoil the broth," did not seem to hold good during the period which the artist recalls to mind, as was shown at the time by the improved temper of the boarders.
THE CO-OPERATOR.

Mr. Martel has become a member under the reorganization and is clearing a home lot next to Mr. Packer's.

One of our members met Philip Suel, an old time Burleyite, in Seattle. He looked as hale and hearty as ever.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tilton will occupy the Stiewig house. John is engaged as engineer and fireman in the mill.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, December 9, 1905, George G. Mellhart was accepted as a member of the Brotherhood.

It is reported that H. L. Finfrock intends to move his house down the hill, across the little creek, nearer his neighbor, Mr. Kline.

The dining room at the hotel is quite a busy place at meal times. The old baches are almost lost in the crowd. Three tables are set.

We are glad to announce that Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Moore have come again with a view to making Burley their permanent residence.

The hotel is a more lively place now-a-days. An association has recently been formed from our own members to take charge of the establishment. The working force consists of Mrs. McClintock and Blanche Simons, with some slight help from the old bachelor boarders. It is now opened as a boarding and lodging house in regular standing. The men employed at the mill are provided for in this arrangement.

A Thought.

By H. W. S.

Man is great and effective only in his moral enthusiasms. The intellect alone may direct this enthusiasm, but its effect otherwise is but to temper, to dampen it. Every high moral act, whether individual or social, transcends the mere understanding and acts with the same certitude as the migratory bird who finds again his summer home across leagues of uncharted air. It is only by abandonment to the high instincts of the soul that man grows. Life is a groping between the lightning flashes of spiritual illumination.
Monks in Agriculture.

The above is the title of an article in the autumn number of "Country Time and Tide," by Henry H. Goodell, late President of Massachusetts Agricultural College. The general impression that most people have of the monks during the Middle Ages, is either that of the religious fanatic, full of zeal for the church, and ready to endure any hardship, even to die, for Christ's sake; or that of the lazy and good-for-nothing who only sought an easy living. This new light on the influence of the monks in taming the wild tribes who overran and destroyed the Roman Empire is very interesting, and I think our readers will be pleased with this account of a successful co-operative movement that lasted for fully a thousand years, and to which the farmer and gardener, fruit grower and stock raiser owe a lasting debt; so I give the article quite nearly complete.—Editor.

The influence of the monks in agriculture,—the influence of men who, taking their lives in their hands, flung themselves into the wild forests and abandoned wastes of Europe and the remoter East, and wrought a work which, as far as we can judge, could have been wrought in no other way; "for it was done by men who gave up all that makes life dear and worth the living, for the sake of being good themselves and making others good." They were the pioneers of a physical, no less than a moral, civilization. Never were instruments less conscious of the high ends they were serving, and never were high ends more rapidly or more effectually achieved. Apostles of the Lord, they pushed out into the midst of tribes only wilder
and more savage than the country they inhabited, deter-
mined to bring them within the fold. But the instinct of
self-preservation compelled them first to turn aside to re-
claim and till the soil, to construct houses, to provide them-
selves with the necessities of life, to practice the arts and
sciences in order that they might live. And so, minister-
ing to their bodily wants, they ended by forcing upon their
barbaric neighbors first, civilization, and then Christian-
ity. Kingsley, in his spirited way, tells us "They accepted
the lowest and commonest facts of the peasant's life. They
outdid him in helplessness and loneliness, in hunger and dirt
and slavery, and then said, 'Among all these I can yet be a
man of God, wise, virtuous, free and noble, in the sight of
God, though not in the sight of Caesar's courts and
knights.'"

The time at which this great work began was almost
coincident with the Christian era, and lasted through what
we are pleased to call dark or mediæval ages, but which,
when we come to examine, we find to our surprise filled
with light, with charities of the noblest kind and enduring
monuments of Christian grace.

With the fall of the Roman empire and the influx of
the great waves of barbaric tribes that swept over Europe,
civilization was stamped out and Christianity ceased to ex-
ist. The cleared lands and cultivated fields reverted to
forest and moor, cities and towns lay in ruins, and the citi-
zen was reduced to the condition of the beggar and the
slave. The despairing cry of St. Jerome from his peaceful
hermitage at Bethlehem fell vainly on the ears of a hope-
less world: "For twenty years Roman blood has been
flowing every day between Constantinople and the Julian
Alps. Scythia, Trace, Macedonia, Dacia, Thessalonica and
Epirus all belong to the barbarians, who ravage and de-
stroy everything before them. How many matrons and
maids have been the toys of their lust; how many bishops
in chains, priests butchered, churches destroyed, altars
turned into stables, relics profaned! Sorrow, mourning
and death are everywhere. The Roman world is crum-
ing into ruins." And what St. Jerome so vividly de-
scribes of the Eastern world was equally true of the West.
France, Germany, Spain, Italy and England had all fallen
THE CO-OPERATOR

a prey to the never-ending swarms that poured across the barrier rivers of the Rhine and Danube.

But out of the midst of this universal chaos and desolation now burst forth an army of Christian soldiers. Some, taking upon them vows of solitude and self-renunciation, penetrated the wilderness to live as ascetics,—a life of prayer and holy calm, withdrawn from the turmoil and wretchedness of the world; others, seeking out the most inaccessible and unfrequented spots, erected their buildings, and, gathering about them their disciples, entered upon the true monastic life; while yet others again, as missionaries, advanced boldly into the enemy's dominions, to conquer back for the church the territory it had lost, and to gather into its folds these new peoples and new tribes whose invasion had destroyed the Roman world. And it was their glory that in a few short centuries they succeeded. But whether as hermit, or missionary, or monk, they abandoned their homes and embraced this painful life, the result was in every case the same,—agriculture and the arts first, and civilization and Christianity last. It could not be otherwise; the necessities of the case compelled it. Solitaries who shrank from all contact with humanity were becoming the unconscious instruments for the civilization and conversion of savages and heathen.

They penetrated valleys choked with rocks, brambles and brushwood, the overgrowth of generations interlaced into a barrier not to be penetrated by anything weaker than their untiring energy. They are the sternest of ascetics and most isolated of hermits. But their rest is broken by penitents who come to ask their blessing and implore permission to live under their authority. The solitary cell of the hermit becomes the nucleus of a society,—the society a center of many congregations radiating from it. The little plot of herbs becomes a garden; the garden stretches out into fields of waving grain; the hills are clothed with vines, the valleys bowered in fruit trees. Opening their doors to all, receiving under their shelter and protection the oppressed, the weak, the criminal, the slave, the sin-sick soul weary of this life and despairing of another, the mourner and the comfortless, it frequently happened that the inmates of these cloisters, attached to one community, numbered thousands. Lecky tells us that
in one city on the Nile there were twenty thousand monks and ten thousand nuns,—the religious far outnumbering the other classes of society. In England and Ireland these monastic communities assumed a peculiar form. Kings, followed by their entire tribe, presented themselves at the baptismal font and came under religious rule; and frequently these kings were chosen abbots, and as in their worldly life they had ruled their subjects, so in their spiritual life they continued to be their recognized head and leader. To such an extent was this carried, that in England in the course of a single century there resulted an alarming diminution of the military resources of the country. To support now these throngs it was necessary to resort to agriculture and horticulture, and this the monks did in a most successful manner. "It is impossible to forget," says the great historian of the monks, "the use they made of so many vast districts (holding as they did a fifth of all the land in England), uncultivated and uninhabited, covered with forests or surrounded by marshes. For such, it must not be forgotten, was the true nature of the vast estates given to the monks." These patient toilers of the church surmounted all the difficulties. The half at least of broad Northumberland, covering an area of 2,000 square miles, was lost in sandy plains and barron heaths; the half at least of East Anglia and a considerable part of Mercia were covered with marshes difficult of access. Yet in both these regions the monks substituted for these uninhabitable deserts fat pastures and abundant harvests. The latter district, the present name of which (the Fens) alone recalls the marshy and unwholesome nature of the soil, became the principal theater of the triumphs of agricultural industry, performed by the monks. Medehampstead (now Peterborough), Ely, Croyland, Thorney (now Southampton), Ramsay, were the first battlefields of these conquerors of nature, these monks who made of themselves plowmen, breeders and keepers of stock, and who were the true fathers of English agriculture, which, thanks to their traditions and example, has become the first agriculture of the world.

Everywhere we see the monks instructing the population in the most profitable methods and industries, naturalizing under rigorous skies the most useful vegetables and
the most productive grains, importing continually into the countries they colonized better breeds of animals or plants new and unknown there before; here introducing the rearing of cattle and horses, there bees or fruit; in Sweden the corn trade; in Burgundy artificial fish culture. In Ireland salmon fisheries; about Parma cheese making. Monks of Croyland introduced vine planting even into the fens of Ely and in other countries where it has now disappeared. They improved the different varieties of fruits and learned the art of grafting, budding and layering; they taught by precept and example the value of drainage and irrigation and everything making for progress. We find them blazing the way. And when the monasteries were suppressed by Henry VIII a death-blow was struck for a time at scientific agriculture and horticulture.

We approach now another and higher phase of monastic life. In its earlier days we find the monks engaging in agriculture from necessity of conditions in which they were placed. They had plowed to preserve their lives. But now agriculture becomes a part of their religion, and the great St. Benedict enjoins upon his disciples three objects for filling up their time: Agriculture, literary pursuits and copying manuscripts. He comes before the world saying: "No person is ever more usefully employed than when working with his hands or following the plow, providing for the use of man. * * * He bent himself to the task of teaching the rich and the proud, the poor and the lazy, the alphabet of prosperity and happiness." The monks left their cells and their prayers to dig ditches and plow fields. The effort was magical. Men once more turned back to a noble but despised industry, and peace and plenty supplanted war and poverty. So well recognized were the blessings they brought that an old German proverb among the peasants runs, "It is good to live under the crozier." They ennobled manual labor, which, in a degenerate Roman world, had been performed exclusively by slaves, and among barbarians by women. The abbots and superiors set the example and toiled as common laborers. * * * The connection of the monasteries with the great centers of population to-day is an interesting one. The requirements of the monks and the instruction they were enabled to impart soon led to the establishment in their im-
mediate neighborhood of the first settlement of artificers and retail dealers, while the excess of their crops, their flocks and their herds gave rise to the first markets, which were held before the gate of the abbey church, or within the church-yard among the tombs. Thus hamlets and towns were formed which became the centers of trade and general intercourse and thus originated the market tolls and the jurisdiction of these spiritual lords. * * * How useful the monasteries had been is seen from the effect their dissolution had upon the laboring classes. Henry VIII suppressed 644 monasteries, 90 colleges, 2,374 free chapels and 110 hospitals. These held one-fifth of all the land in the kingdom and one-third the national wealth. The land taken up by the king was bestowed upon his nobles and favorites for sheep pasturage. At the time nearly 1,000 male persons were thrown out of employment. It was the substitution of pasture for tillage, sheep for corn, of commercialism for simple, self-sacrificing industry, of individual gain for that old agrarian partnership in which the lords or abbots, the parsons, farmers, yeomen and laborers were associated for the supply of the wants of the villagers. * * * * * * *

Summing up then the influence of the monks, we can outline it thus: The rule of St. Benedict presented agriculture as an occupation useful and worthy of a truly religious person whose life was to be spent between manual labor and spiritual contemplation. The monks were the first to devise tools for gardening. They had calendars in which were set down all that experience had taught them respecting the breeding of cattle, the sowing of land, the harvesting of crops and every kind of plantation.

It was fortunate for the world that the first founders of the religious orders enjoined upon their disciples manual labor rather than spiritual, and that the first monasteries were founded not in the cities, but in the wildest and most unfrequented spots, that were transformed by their activity into the homes of thousands of peaceful and industrious men. My friends, I have outlined to you in briefest manner the work of these grand old monks during a period of fifteen hundred years. * * *
Land-Holding in Feudal England.

By A. B. E.

Though the old system of land-holding in feudal England was characterized by a sort of mild paternalism, the condition of the agricultural class seems to have been much happier than it was in later days. To a large extent serfdom existed rather in name than in reality. That is the conclusion which seems to have been reached by Thorold Rogers in his “Work and Wages.” Rogers refers to Adam Smith as sound in his judgment when he says that in those early days there was no such thing as rent—it was simply a tax. These taxes appear to have been fairly moderate. True, some onerous customs existed, but in course of time these were commuted and became extinct.

It was only in later days that serfdom, though legally abolished, was, in fact, more fully established. Speaking of the condition of the tenantry of a manor, Rogers says: “Indeed, it is frequently found that the principal servants on a farm, the bailiff, the shepherd and the carter were tenants of the manor, and held land and stock, having dealings on their own account with the lord, derived, but apart from their relations to him as farm hands.”

If this picture is true the feudal days in old England were much brighter for the workingman than is commonly
supposed. In spite of uncomfortable dwellings the people, especially in agricultural communities, were really more independent. We find that "the lord must beware of breaking the customary bargain between himself and his serf. He once attempted to do so, and a sudden and unexpected revolution shook England to its center, and, though organized by serfs, was a memorable and perpetual warning." The English peasant of the thirteenth century spun, manufactured and provided for his own simple wants and enjoyed, to a large extent, a communal life.

"I have dwelt in detail on these facts," says Rogers, "and have given this evidence of the condition of the English peasantry in order that I may, if possible, once for all show how untenable the opinion is which doubts that, as far as the mere means of life were concerned, the Englishman of the middle ages lived in ordinary times in coarse plenty. * * I do not indeed myself doubt that the comforts of all but the most destitute dwellers in cities have been increased by the growth of society and the diffusion of knowledge, that the continuity of comfort is more secure, and that the workman has shared in the advantages of economical progress. But the land-owner, the capitalist and the trader have done infinitely better than he has, and for a longer period. I am convinced that at no period of English history, for which authentic records exist, was the condition of manual labor worse than it was in the forty years from 1782 to 1821, the period in which manufacturers and merchants accumulated fortunes rapidly, and in which the rent of agricultural land was doubled."

There is abundant evidence in Roger's work of the great advantages which the farmer enjoyed from his communal rights. There was "common pasture" and "a common field." "Generally the use of the common pasture was without stint, i. e., any tenant could put as many beast as he liked on it. It is a common subject of complaint that the lord, being possessed of several meadows, saved his pasture for hay or summer feed, and cropped the land bare by the multitude of cattle and sheep which he put on the common pasture. Such a common without stint exists still (so Rogers records) near Oxford, in the large space known as Port Meadow—a piece of land which belonged to the inhabitants of Oxford as long ago as domesday, the sole use of
which was subsequently usurped by the citizens, who, indeed, after the city got its charter, were the principal, or at least the permanent, residents in the borough."

Similar rights of common pasture existed in New England. The most famous is the case of Boston Common. Another instance, we believe, is Beverly Commons (at Beverly, Mass.) Several generations ago it was no unusual sight to see a cow driven to pasture on Boston Common.

"The arable land of the manor was generally communal, i.e., each of the tenants possessed a certain number of furrows in a common field, the several divisions being separated by balks of unplowed ground, on which the grass was suffered to grow. The system, which was all but universal in the thirteenth century, has survived in certain districts up to living memory, though generally it gave way to enclosures, effected at a more or less remote period. The system has been traced back to remote antiquity. The ownership of these several strips was limited to certain months of the year, generally from Lady Day to Michaelmas, and for the remaining six months the land was common pasture. The communal cultivation had its advantages for the poorer tenants, since the area of their pasture was increased. But at the latter end of the seventeenth century it was denounced as a wasteful and barbarous system, and wholly unsuited to any improved system of agriculture.

"In Fitzherbert's treatise on surveying, a work of the early part of the sixteenth century, a description is given of these communal districts. The work * * deals with a system which is of immemorial antiquity. * * There is, he says, a field which he calls Dale Furlong, in which the several inhabitants have 'lands.' In this field the parson has two strips, the lord three, a tenant one, another two, a third one, the lord four, the prior two, the parson one, a fourth tenant two, a fifth one, a sixth one, a seventh two, the prior three, the lord two and one headland, the parson having the other. The rest of the fields, of which he gives four names, are similarly divided.

"He then treats of a long meadow containing 122 acres, which is similarly staked and bounded. This appears to be devoted to hay, and the several tenants mow and stack their portions. In this typical manner there are also
closes of various dimensions. Every husbandman, in addition to his share in the communal field, has six of these closes,—three for corn and the others for pasture and hay. The rental of the communal land is sixpence an acre, of the enclosed eightpence, the difference in the value being derived from its being possible to let oxen lie on it."

The picture of a society which shall enjoy communal rights is too ideal, it may be said, hardly possible, to-day. It may not be adapted to large cities, under present conditions. But, to a limited extent, it may be tried in rural communities. A group of people, for instance, may lease a piece of land for a number of years and use it for their common advantage, either for pasture, fruit culture or general farming. Each has an interest in common with others, no sole interest in a special portion of the property, causing him to neglect his fellow-members' rights. Such, to a limited degree, is the system at Burley. We have a mild—a very mild sample of paternalism left in the old Co-operative Brotherhood, and groups of co-operators—may there be more of them—working for a common interest.

Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

BOW, WASH., January 8, 1906.

Official returns of election of National officers of the B. C. C., for the ensuing year, taken this date, resulted as follows:

For President—R. H. Young, 16; C. F. Hart, 2.
For Secretary—L. H. Nosovitch, 19.
For Treasurer—L. Huguenin, 15; H. Marquart, 4.
For Organizer—C. F. Hart, 16.
For Dean—L. Okerlund, 16; P. J. Boyle, 3.
For Editor-in-Chief—James Potts, 15; W. H. Benson, 3.
For Master Workman—E. W. Marquart, 18; W. H. Benson, 1.
For Distributer—W. C. Davis, 15; P. J. Boyle, 4.

Comrades Young, Nosovitch, Huguenin, Hart, Okerlund, Potts, Marquart and Davis having received a majority of the votes cast for the respective offices, are therefore declared elected as trustees for the ensuing year, this ballot being taken in the presence of three local members.

JAMES POTTS, Acting Secretary.

We continue to hold service in the school-house Sunday evening. As usual, "Grandma" Townsend takes her turn at the desk. Good reading is not one of the lost arts in Burley.
Repairs have been made on the tram road.

Mr. Martel is the sole occupant of the old Zwicker house and takes his meals at the hotel.

Our neighbors are beginning to find their way, as occasions arise, to the re-opened blacksmith shop.

The C. B., still owns a little stock of lumber, although for the year past sales have been steadily made, bringing in a good income. It is possible that we may need a good deal of material for our own buildings, in which case it will be well to have as much as we can on hand. We are now removing the stock which belongs to us from the mill-yard, putting the dressed lumber in the old cow shed and the common rough on a yard occupying the site of the Corpron house which was bought and moved by Mr. Moore to his home lot.

Friday evening, Jan. 26, we had an interesting lecture in the dining-room of the hotel by Professor M. G. Young, of Seattle. The professor is a firm believer in the medicinal qualities of pure herbs. He has devoted a great deal of time to lecturing on the subject of pure foods and how to assimilate them. During his brief visit at Burley Prof. Young was the guest of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moore. Tea and coffee were treated as "pizen" by the professor. As a result of his warning, the next morning some of his audience of the previous evening dropped coffee from their bill of fare, and the following morning there were only two coffee drinkers at the hotel tables. "Its an ill wind," etc. While the purchase of coffee may fall off at the store, the supply of milk from the B. R. F. & D. Co. will increase. Mr. Kellogg, the manager of the Fruit and Dairy Co., thinks it would be well to invite the professor to make another visit. Prof. Young left a supply of his herb-medicines with his friend Mr. Moore. The talk which he gave us was full of helpful suggestions,
Our neighbor, Mr. Al. Lake, is night watchman at the mill.

Rodney Simons, Sam Finfrock and Paul Fenton are working in the mill.

The Anderson family, living until lately on the old Storey place, have moved to Tacoma.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Tilton are now "at home" in the old Stiewig house. We are glad to welcome them to the fold.

Mr. A. J. Bozart, foreman of the "woods" department, with his wife and five children, occupy the old De Armond house in Circle City.

Spring seems near at hand, judging by the warm weather and the croaking chorus that has greeted us for some time in the evening.

Mr. Martel is master and Victor Smith engineer of the Kingston. The boat went to Seattle lately and brought over the Tilton's household goods.

Mr. Otto Herbert, who has been living on the old Flynn place since last fall, has removed to the house made vacant by the removal of the Anderson family.

Mrs. Tilton is organist for our Sunday evening meetings. We have another young organist in training—Mabel McClintock, who is making good progress.

Stockholders are reminded that ballots sent by mail, in order to be counted, must be received by the Secretary prior to the regular meeting of the company, at Burley, February 10, 1906.

The Secretary gets pleasant notes from old members, making inquiries. Our list shows 87 stockholders under the reorganization. A financial report will be printed in the March number of THE CO-OPERATOR, showing in detail the amount and kind of business that has been done since the reorganization.

Extensive operations are in progress at the hotel. One of our old time cooks would hardly recognize the newly arranged and improved kitchen. The old reading room and smoking room have been transposed, in order to accommodate our enlarged family. We have had good men to carry out the changes. Mr. Mellhart and Mr. Martel are the ones who have taken the work more especially in hand.
The Present Situation.

By A. B. E.

UNDER the new By-Laws which were adopted by the Board of Directors a little over a year ago, this body is required "to make to the members * a full report annually, showing all the accounts of the Company up to the first day of February of each year."—Art. II. Sec. 10.

In another place will be found a financial statement for the year ending January 31, 1906.

Our readers, especially members, will be interested in getting more detailed information as to the present condition of affairs than can be furnished in a brief summary of accounts. In order to understand figures thoroughly one must be able to read between the lines. No matter how accurate an accountant may be, it is frequently the case that we are more muddled after we have pored over his statement than if we had let it alone. Acting upon the requirement of Art. IV of the By-Laws, the C. B. has conducted no business for a year past, with the exception of the publication of this little magazine. It was thought that, small as it was likely to be, some sort of an official means of communication, at least with members, would be desirable. So THE CO-OPERATOR goes on, with a small list of contributors. Its editors would be glad to see a larger support on the part of its members, especially during this reconstruction period. Many doubts and difficulties may be avoided by keeping informed on the progress of events on the inside. Even the pages of "Home Notes," trivial as some of them may seem, throw some light on the trend of local events.
The printing and publishing account, including the issuing of The Co-operator and receipts for job work, shows a deficit of about nineteen dollars. This seems a fair showing when we consider that our little magazine is a semi-official publication and gives a certain amount of information which otherwise it might be thought necessary to print in the form of circulars, at considerable expense.

As announced in the January Co-operator, the mill has been leased for one year, with option of renewal for five years, to J. E. Foye of Tacoma. The rent of the property may be called nominal, covering merely insurance and taxes. A timber contract, which was entered into at the same time with the lease, covering the right to cut all the timber north of Mr. Stein's land, calls for payment of fifty cents per thousand for all cedar, if taken in logs, and thirty-five cents per cord if taken as cord wood; for alder, maple and fir fifty cents per thousand, log scale. This arrangement with Mr. Foye includes a right of way over the land described, "with the privilege of using all water ways, streams, roads and facilities now being on said land, and to construct roads, railroads, skid-roads, dams, splash-dams, flumes for the cutting and logging of the timber on said lands and removal of the same therefrom. * *"

"But it is expressly understood and agreed that all of the timber hereby controlled shall be cut and removed during the life of said lease, and that any timber not so cut or removed before the termination of said lease by lapse of time or otherwise, shall not be affected by this contract, but shall belong to The Co-operative Brotherhood."

Although the direct pecuniary return under the lease is small, the indirect benefits which will arise from a continuance of the contracts with Mr. Foye are believed to be considerable. It brings business to keep the plant in operation. The change in conditions is noticeable already. Individuals find increased offers of employment directly and indirectly, and a larger demand for the products of industry will follow. John Tilton, Rodney Simons and Paul Fenton are employed in the mill and the services of the new blacksmith, George Melhart, are required at times for repairs to the mill machinery. Other considerable items of income come from the board and lodging of the mill men by the Hotel Association and leasing of houses by the C. B.
Voluntary co-operation is now practically all that remains to remind one of the old organization. Under this plan members may form groups and, in a certain sense, lease property to themselves through duly appointed officers acting for the C. B. In this way the Burley Rochdale Fruit & Dairy Co. and the Hotel Association were formed.

The B. R. F. & D. Co. is a stock organization, chartered by the State of Washington September 1, 1905. Before its incorporation it was known as the Fruit & Dairy Co. simply. Accounts of this industry were published in the July and September numbers of THE CO-OPERATOR. All of its stockholders are members of the C. B. and, with one exception, reside in Burley. Most of the members of the F. & D. Co. do more or less work on its account, the services being largely paid for with stock in lieu of cash. At a meeting of the stockholders, February 3, 1906, the financial report showed about an even balance between the receipts and expenditures. It holds a balance of nine years under its ten years' lease of fifty acres of land (more or less cleared) from the C. B. Besides this unexpired term of lease the property of the stockholders consists of horses, cattle, vehicles, growing crops, etc.

The following comparison may be of interest:

PROPERTY BOUGHT BY THE OLD FRUIT AND DAIRY CO. JAN. 1, 1905, ON CREDIT LESS A CASH PAYMENT OF SIXTY DOLLARS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dr.</th>
<th>Cr.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10 cows</td>
<td>$200 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bull</td>
<td>20 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 heifers</td>
<td>30 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 calves</td>
<td>20 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 tons hay</td>
<td>144 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of barn and milk house</td>
<td>140 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous (including pigs, cart and harness and tinware)</td>
<td>117 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 calves</td>
<td>25 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$696 50</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Paid on cattle at time of purchase. $60 00 By bal. owing...... 636 50

Total......$696 50 Total......$696 50
PROPERTY OWNED BY THE BURLEY ROCHEDALE FRUIT AND DAIRY CO. FEB. 1, 1906, LESS AMOUNTS CREDITED TO STOCK SUBSCRIPTIONS, ETC.

**Agricultural Department.**

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<tr>
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<td>Hay seed</td>
<td>18.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Potatoes</td>
<td>190.00</td>
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<td>Potato digger</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheel rake</td>
<td>25.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pruning knife</td>
<td>75.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Logging jack</td>
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<td>Winter Oats</td>
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<tr>
<td>Plowed land</td>
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<td><strong>Subs. to stock</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Owing C. B., stage</td>
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<td><strong>equipment</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Owing T. McClintock</td>
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<td>By balance</td>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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**Dairy and Cattle.**

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<td>Barn and milk house</td>
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<td>25.00</td>
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<tr>
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**Livery and Vehicles.**

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<tr>
<td><strong>equity in lease and</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>imp'ments on land</strong></td>
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Total......**$2000.10**

We are not ready to make a report on the Hotel Association just yet, as the undertaking is of too recent a date, in fact has not been sufficiently formulated to give any accurate statement.
The Co-operator

Published Every Month by

The Co-operative Brotherhood

Burley, Wash.

Directors: B. M. Kellogg, President; W. H. Packer, Vice-President; A. B. Ellis, Secretary-Treasurer; C. G. Crofut, Auditor;

Dal. Brocchi.

Your subscription expires with the number on your label. This number is 226.

Terms of Subscription: Fifty cents per year, invariably in advance. Advertising rates furnished on application.

All remittances should be made payable to the order of The Co-operator.

Make all Money Orders payable on Burley.

Entered at the Post Office at Burley, Wash., as second class matter.

Burley, Washington, March, 1906


Assets.

Accounts Receivable.............................. $451 43

(Doubtful accounts carried to suspense $206.72 not included.)

Cash with Treasurer Feb. 1, 1906................. 470 56

Inventory of property and assets valued by the appraisement committee 21,029 57

Total assets...................................... $21,951 56

Liabilities.

Accounts payable.................................. $12 34

Credit checks..................................... 516 18

Labor Checks (registered)......................... 497 25

Land notes........................................ 1,013 78

White Estate (balance due)....................... 544 00

Surplus............................................ $19,368 01

Fiscal Statement.

Cash in treasury February 1, 1905................. $83 66

Cash received from all sources.................... 1,884 14

Paid by Treasurer................................ 1,497 24

Balance in treasury............................... $470 56

Wednesday Evening Entertainment.

It seemed like old times, once more, to see the audience at the schoolhouse, on the revival of our Wednesday evening entertainments. Desks and benches barely sufficed to seat the company. When the proposal was made, one Sunday evening, lately, it was received with hearty approval. The program, which was carried out Wednesday evening, February 28, certainly showed that Burley and its neighborhood is still "equal to the occasion." As has been quite usually the case with our entertainments, the young people were well represented in the selections.

PROGRAM.
Flute solo — Mr. Brocchi.
Reading — Mr. Ellis.
Guitar solo — Miss Daisy McClintock.
Male trio — Messrs. Brocchi, Melhart and Tilton.
Reading — Mr. Fenton.
Organ solo — Mabel McClintock.
Trio — Mandolins and Guitar — Mr. Brocchi, Mrs. Tilton and Miss Bertha Huesing.
Recitation — Grandma Townsend.

I'm older'n you, an' I've seen things an' men
An' my experience — tell ye wut it's ben,
Folks that worked thorough was the ones that thriv,
But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live;
Ye can't git rid on't; just ez sure ez sin,
It's ollers asking to be done agin.

—James Russell Lowell.

The musical forces of Burley are being generously augmented, and by and by the music rendered at the church will have something more than earnestness and devotion to recommend it.
Captain Fenton's Voyage.

Captain Fenton's little trip northerly in his houseboat has come to a standstill. For the present he is resting on his oars, so to speak, waiting for more favorable weather. The school teacher was obliged to desert the ship, as her term had come to an end, much to the regret of the entire community, neighbors as well as ourselves.

Our artist has depicted the present situation of affairs. His sketch shows the craft intact, although this is not quite true to fact, as there is a considerable list to port.

Annual Meeting.

The regular meeting of the stockholders was held, by adjournment, at the schoolhouse Saturday, February 17, 1906, at eight o'clock—one week after the appointed date. A count, at the opening of the proceedings, showed a quorum present. None of our non-resident stockholders was present. B. M. Kellogg was elected chairman and A. B. Ellis, secretary. Fifty-one ballots were cast. According to the report of the tellers, it appeared that the old board of directors and C. G. Crofut as auditor were re-elected.

Twenty-six stockholders were balloted for as directors and thirteen for auditor. The votes for ten, as directors, stood as follows: Ellis, 43; Kellogg, 39; Crofut, 28; Brocchi, 25; Packer, 22; Fenton, 11; Moore, 9; Commander, 8; Copeland, 8; Mrs. McClintock, 7.

Men are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart, with Divine love in it, beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
HOME NOTES

We have issued stock to ninety of our old members.

The Kingston took a scow-load of 198,000 shingles to Tacoma early in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Carns are co-occupants with the Wallings in the old Kellogg house.

Rodney Simons has taken two additional lots, close to his home-lot, on a ten years' lease.

Twenty-three children were attending the school at the close. Twenty-seven were enrolled during the term.

The school election on Saturday, March 3, resulted in the election of Henry W. Stein for another term of three years.

Mr. Wm. Croxton of Ballard, who has been rusticating with the Hadfields for a few months, has returned home.

Mrs. Grover C. Baldwin, with her baby, of Ballard, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Roberts.

Mr. Moore is busy with his out-door work, when the weather is favorable, planting berry bushes and spring chickens.

Old Jim (the horse) has taken a new lease of life. He is working in partnership with Dick on the tram-road, hauling logs.

Karl Roberts is home on a visit, which may be prolonged into a stay. He has been working in the Grays Harbor country.

The Moores' cat got in pretty close quarters with an unwelcome visitor the other night with results which were painfully odoriferous.

Mrs. John Tilton and Miss Edna Snow, the school-teacher, who were the committee in charge of the revived Wednesday entertainment, gave us a fine program.
Mr. Foye has hardly got the mill in good running order, and yet there is enough lumber on the yard to cover some of the bare spots.

Tom Flynn has been on the sick list for a week, but is getting to be himself again. He took a short rest in Seattle at the home of his sister.

Attendance at Sunday evening services has much improved. Our fellow workers, who are employed at the mill and in the woods, are well represented.

Every house in the Circle is now occupied by a family (the old Kellogg house has two families) except the old Raybell house of which Sam Davidson is the sole tenant.

Mrs. Townsend ("Grandma") of Burley is the most devoted attendant at church services, and never fails to be on hand to read every other week, in a voice as strong as youth.

Mr. J. E. Walling and his family have the little house in the Circle formerly occupied by President Kellogg. Mr. Walling is employed as teamster by Mr. Foye, in the woods department.

Tom McClintock expects to be with us again May 1. It is rumored that having been so long in Mormondom, he may be tempted to do as Mormons do and choose unto himself wives one and two.

Matthew Truth made a little visit lately. Duncan Pearce and he have undertaken a hard job of clearing a piece of land in South Tacoma, keeping bachelors' quarters near their place of work.

The Fruit and Dairy Co. has purchased a fine (registered) Jersey bull, a little less than a year old. The animal comes from Ladd's Hazel Fern Herd, of Portland, Oregon, and arrived in Burley in good order March 1.

Shrinkage in the size of our modern family, especially of the native stock, is one of the laments of the day. Our President is among the foremost to deprecate the so-called race suicide. At one time we had some pretty large families in Burley, but just now the honors are with our neighbors. The number of residents in Burley does not much exceed the total of three families who live near us—Herbert, eight, and Stafford and Buer nine each—twenty-six in all.
Mr. E. E. Milligan and Mr. J. M. Chantry, of Salt Lake City, two railroad conductors and friends of Tom McClintock, were visitors early in March. Mr. Milligan likes the prospect so well that he intends to be back again in August.

The Huesings, after occupying a portion of the Raybell house, in the Circle, for a short time, have moved to the old "bunk house" (on the George place). We feel as if this family belonged to Burley and are glad that they are no farther away.

"Jim" Darling, as we prefer to call him, familiarly, gave us a pleasant surprise in the shape of a visit, recently. Before his departure we added his name to our list of stockholders. Mr. Darling will probably secure work either at Burley or in the vicinity.

Mr. J. C. Davis moved into his new house on the town site early in February. His place of residence is quite a distance from the old settlement. It will be a pleasant walk to reach it, in the summer time, along the old tram-road, but just now it is a trifle soft under foot.

A large shipment of wire for Burley, via the Steamer Crest, attracted considerable attention as it was unloaded at Gig Harbor, lately. It looked as if we were getting ready for a telephone line. The wire was consigned on orders from Davidson and Kellogg, to be used for fences.

The Burley school closed another successful year under the care of Miss Edna L. Snow on Friday, March 2. A picnic in the afternoon of that day wound up the term. Superintendent of Schools C. E. Beach, who visited the school a few weeks ago, expressed his approval of the work done.

We were sorry to hear of the catastrophe at Bow—the severe loss by fire sustained by our brethren at Freeland, more widely known as Equality. This is an old story for some of our readers, but for the benefit of friends at a distance we will say that the fire destroyed a large barn, 20 milch cows, 5 calves, 3 horses, 4 sets of harness, 105 tons of hay, a silo, root-house, between 60 and 100 tons of roots and numerons small articles. We hope that a new Equality may soon arise out of the ashes of this disaster and all their recent troubles.
AN EARLY SPRING POME.

How beautiful de solitude of de glade,
"De pinds and de murmdring hemdock,"
De pardin' drummin to his made,
De woodpeder tabbing on a holler block—
 Achew!

One of our co-operators, who is especially busy now-a-days, is Mrs. McClintock. Still, conditions at the hotel are greatly improved. It is quite a relief, in looking forward to a long day's work, to step into a kitchen which is so much more comfortably arranged than it was but a short time ago.

We report further improvements at the hotel: Walls are painted, large cupboard in place, pantry taken out and forming part of a ladies' room, range shifted once more (we hope for the last time) against the south partition—this last alteration seems to be a great change for the better. The kitchen is now quite up to date, for a country hotel.

Mr. Turner (a-brother of the English anarchist who was deported) and Miss Julia Marcus visited Burley recently. Mr. Turner is studying colonies. Before coming here he visited both Freeland (old Equality) and Home. He was present at Freeland at the time of the fire, which occurred about nine o'clock at night and caused such terrible destruction in so short a time.

Mr. Alex. McMillan of Glenwood has called at the store, twice, of late. He is one of our neighbors who is obliged to travel all around Robin Hood's barn in order to reach Burley. The interests of our friends, both north and west, are much hampered by the delay in establishing the lines for the roads which were ordered surveyed by the County Commissioners nearly a year ago.

Mr. Martel is absent for a short time, building a hen-house for one of our oldest members, formerly a resident, Mrs. Newman of Dunlap, Wash. He is expected to return soon, when he will find work waiting for him in the construction of a store-house, to be built by the C. B., and leased to the Burley Rochdale Mercantile Association, as the store-rooms now provided for the company's store are by no means sufficient.
As we go to press (March 7) we are having summer weather. Outside work is in order.

With the help of H. L. Finfrock and his son-in-law, John Tilton, Capt. Fenton has enclosed his chicken yard on his new lot with a fine picket fence. Just as soon as the chickens are transferred to their new quarters the captain will weigh anchor and start for his home-lot.

The Burley Rochdale Fruit and Dairy Co. has been awarded the contract for carrying the mail for the term beginning at the expiration of the present contract of the C. B with Uncle Sam, in July next. We have a fairly good mail wagon, with a top, affording some protection from the rain—compared with the vehicles we used in the early days it is luxurious. What is needed is a better pair of horses, in order to make the trip comfortably, with a good margin to spare, within the required time. If any member wants to turn in a smart pair of young horses on stock in the F. & D. Co. the secretary is ready to receive a communication on the subject.

Country Time and Tide
A Quarterly Book of Visions as Related to Daily Labor. 5th year

Message to all who expect in the hill towns peaceful beginning of complete democracy with a school of life, during the physical, moral, economic and intellectual collapse of this mushroom commercial system.

Published by the BROTHERHOOD OF THE DAILY LIFE, who give fifty cents each year or ten dollars once for all and by their friends who occasionally give one dollar for a single year. Sample copies sent for a few stamps to send more. EDWARD P. PRESSEY, New Clairvaux Plantation, Montague, Mass., U. S. A.
Our Specialty.

By A. B. E.

This is an age of specialists and specialties. The various trades, professions and callings are more and more divided and subdivided. Formerly a mechanic followed a trade. Now the average skilled worker is a hand. If he is a millman, for instance, he is only good, perhaps, at one thing—saw, planer, edger or whatever it may be. This segregation of work has brought about a segregation of interests. Each calling is protected by an industrial union. Scarce an industry in the land of any importance but what has at least one workingman's organization behind it, sometimes two or three, with officers, by-laws and all the paraphernalia of government. All this is familiar. The problem, of course, is how to unite all these various interests for the mutual good when occasion arises. There is unity in diversity if each organization will use its influence simply and solely for the common good, when that common interest is in peril.

In the great struggle now engaging all classes of laborers, there is the old danger that multiplicity of interests may cause men to stumble. Laboring men are classified and ticketed, to a large degree, among themselves, according to their occupations. The nature and associations of their calling sometimes lead certain bodies of men to adopt various views at variance with a majority of their fellow workers.

But justice is justice. If injustice is done to three men, the nature of whose calling, it may be, has led them to become pronounced socialists, all organizations of work-
ing people, whether socialists or not, should rally to their aid. Is it right, in such an emergency, to be prejudiced, at the start, by the information of a man's peculiar belief (as we may call it), and say "socialism is not my 'doxy—socialists are quite likely to be disturbers of the peace?"

How many organizations of workingmen, to-day, hearing of the arrest of the Colorado miners' representatives are more or less influenced by such prejudice? If there are many such, one is attempted to appeal to what may appear to some persons another form of prejudice. If any occupation should have a tendency to make a workingman a socialist, it must be that of a coal miner. If some of our doubting Thomases could fully realize, as the manifesto of the Thurber miners describe them, "the troubles and risks that are gone through with, and the stains of blood sprinkled over the 'black diamonds' taken from the dark and treacherous bowels of the earth," and contrast that life with the enjoyment of the extreme of wealth which the world witnesses to day, quite likely, there would be more socialists in places high and low.

Whatever our 'doxy, trade or calling, let us be free from prejudice. The safest specialty, after all, should be a study of the Brotherhood of man.

The Future of Burley.

By A. B. E.

In round numbers we have 155 members in good standing. Of these 155, 91 have thus far taken stock under the reorganization plan to the amount (taken at its par value) of $10,256.80. Our membership is quite widely scattered; there are some whose addresses are unknown and others who have not been heard from for a long time. Of the 91 one was chosen a member since the reorganization was put into effect. From this showing it is safe to assume that a large majority, openly or tacitly, approve of the efforts now being made to rebuild on good and sure foundation what it has cost so much self-sacrifice and endurance thus far to acquire. "By their works ye shall know them." The plan which has been proposed and ratified by so many may not be the best, but it certainly contains great possibilities of development. It gives free scope to voluntary co-operation. If one has the mind and
heart in the work of making Burley as near as possible an ideal home, the plan under which he is working will take care of itself. We want as little red tape as possible in Burley.

We should not advise anyone either to sell out with the purpose of making a residence here, or to invest in any of our stock, without first paying us a visit, if possible. We blow no trumpets, but simply ask those of our members who have lost track of us either to subscribe to THE CO-OPERATOR, of course, or to write to the secretary (inclosing stamp) for information as to the present situation.

To all of our members, and to the public in general who may be interested, a word as to the future of Burley may be in place:

For a few years to come our saw and shingle mill will quite likely continue in operation. It is possible that some additions or substitutions may be made in the form of industry operated. Broom handles and fruit boxes may be made instead of rough and finished lumber. But for some years, at any rate, there will be a call for the lumber industry. Still, the chief means of support, it need hardly be said, must be derived direct from the soil. Late in the day we are beginning to realize the importance of clearing the land for the purpose of cultivation, with the timber as a secondary consideration.

The question then presents itself—Is there a living on the soil? On the answer to that question the future of Burley seems to depend. Yankee fashion, let us ask a question in return. How will you use the soil? If a man comes here with a small family, or even singly, without any means to speak of, and expects to make a living off a few acres, it is quite likely that he will be disappointed.

The real growth of Burley seems to depend upon the way the soil is used. It may be developed in two ways. It is near enough either to Seattle or Tacoma, especially if brought in close touch by railroads—as will probably be done before many years, at any rate, in the case of Tacoma—to become a place of residence for workers. A man may make his home in Burley and work in Tacoma. In some of the neighboring communities this is quite a common practice. But this is not what we want. We want Burley people to stay at home, to find a living on their own soil.
THE CO-OPERATOR

How shall we do it? Start a canning factory, is an answer often made. Why not? It takes capital. That is true. It takes more than that. It requires a man or woman of experience not only in this kind of business, but also if possible one who is a true co-operator, interested in Burley and in its future, to help us. The capital either for a co-operative canning factory or for a creamery can be secured if members and friends were sure that the business was in the hands of some competent person who was "one of us," whose interests were our interests as much as possible.

"Is that all?" you may say. Have you nothing further to suggest as to the future of Burley? It seems to us that we can hardly say much more at the present time on the practical side of the question. If any one on reading the heading to this little article thought we were going to prophesy he will be disappointed. We are too busy here at Burley to do much in that line.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

After a long interval Sunday-school services have been resumed at the school-house. The first Sunday-school was held in the dining-room (then called the "Assembly-room") of the hotel, July 2, 1899. It was established under the title of the "Society for Ethical Culture." A memorandum made about that time says: "Mrs. Richardson of Seattle conducted the exercises with much tact and energy. Seventeen children were present, besides a few adults. Afterwards a meeting was held, some seventy or eighty people being present, at which time Dr. Mellissa C. Gideon of Seattle read a paper on the 'Science of Life.'" The school re-opened Sunday, April 1, at 3 o'clock, with an attendance of seventeen.

Hope on, hope ever, yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother;
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all earth's family love one another!

Hope on, hope ever. —Gerald Massey.

Government of the people, for the people, by the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Abraham Lincoln.
Our System of Leasing.

By A. B. E.

W

E wish to call attention to one part of our re-
organization plan which we believe has not
been clearly, if at all, described hitherto.
The system of leasing upon which we have
entered seems to be worthy of careful consid-
eration. If carried out in a spirit of true co-operation it
may become more widely adopted. Two forms of leases
have thus far been made in Burley. One form provides for
"the use-lease of a home lot consisting of one acre" and of
an additional acre, making two acres (if the member has
paid the necessary amount), for fifty years at a small rental
per year (see Art. VIII, Sec. 1, of the new By-Laws). Un-
der the other form lots may be conveyed for shorter terms
—at present fixed by the Board of Directors not to exceed
ten years, it being "understood that the lots are taken for
the purpose of clearing and improving the same," at the
same rental that the additional lot, above mentioned in
connection with the home lot, is leased, viz., "$2.00 per
year and taxes." Taxes at present amount to twenty cents
or so on an acre of uncleared land.

Under this arrangement if a man had a little capital,
and understood farming and horticulture, he might estab-
lish a home and make a fair living at Burley, especially if
he was either single or had but a small family to support.

As to the purpose of these shorter leases. It seems to
us that if the plan is carried out, as we have said, in true
coo-perative spirit, it will be helpful to both parties. If
the lessee is a member of the C. B. he is interested in im-
proving the property. As a stockholder he may receive
earnings from time to time. On the other hand, as a lease
holder, he gets good ground on reasonable terms, all things
considered. The soil of Burley valley is largely rich bot-
tom land, with well watered ridges. We have a long strip
of land, with a large creek running through the entire
length and emptying into tide water. The fertility of our
little tract (containing about 300 acres) is well known in
this vicinity. Vegetables, fruit, and feed for cattle, can be
raised in abundance.

So much for the interest of the lessee. The C. B., as
the parent organization, is helped by the arrangement, as,
under the terms of the lease, the property is improved
from year to year.

The whole success of the plan, of course, depends not
only on the amount of enterprise shown by the lessee, but
also upon the generous spirit shown on both sides, both
trying to be helpful. The spirit of the old deed of trust
may be cherished still, if it is out of the question to observe
the letter.

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EASTER SUNDAY.

We expect to observe Easter Sunday as usual. It is
proposed to make the service of special interest to the
children. More and more religious and social gatherings
are planned for the interest of young folks; and wisely,
too, for we know what pleases little people on such occas-
ions generally interests the older ones at the same time.
The singing practice will be in charge of Mrs. Copeland,
whose skill and experience in this direction we know and
appreciate. The service will be held in the school-house,
Sunday evening, April 15th, at 7:30 o'clock.

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Warm rains have done wonders with the vegetation.
It looks like an early spring.
Our Need of a Social Hall.

By A. B. E.

The New Era which is expected one of these days may be like the New Jerusalem, and yet life must not be taken too seriously to day. Burley people have realized the need of social entertain-ment from the beginning, and have sought to enjoy life a little, in simple fashion, here on earth. Allusion has been made, at different times, to our Wednesday evening entertainments, lately revived, and which we are now endeavoring to keep alive. Of course it is difficult in a working community, even though you may have good native talent, to prepare regular programs on schedule time. With breakfast from 6 to 6:30, work beginning at 7, an hour for dinner at 12, and work again until supper at 6, one is ready to turn in at an early hour. Still there are quite a number of young people and old people who are not old enough to know better who can be persuaded to take part in social festivities. One peculiarity of our entertainments is the way we generally pull together at the last minute, even though the program looks a little fragmentary. It seems as if old Burley was bound to do credit to herself, in spite of all the disappointments in filling the parts. Another pleasant surprise, sometimes, has been the discovery of unsuspected talent, it may be, in the rising generation.

Yes, we manage to have pretty good times still, in Burley. What we need, perhaps, is a good assembly-hall. In old times, before the school-house was built, we gathered in the hotel dining-room. The school-house does very well for certain occasions, but it would be pleasant if we could all meet once in a while, old and young, in a more convenient place, large enough to accommodate our neighbors as well as ourselves without overcrowding—a social hall, such as was talked about at one time. A large, well proportioned room, with a huge open fire-place, in which we could burn some of the alder which is piled up on the ground. The old people could have their games of cards, if they wished, and the young people their dancing. A fine social hall on the crest of the hill, close to the new west road, is a dream which we hope will be realized one of these days.
PRODUCERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the producers will be held at the Purdy school-house, Saturday, April 7th, at 8 p. m., on which occasion representatives of the Bay-Island Producers' Union will be present, to meet the people and confer with them about organizing Local Unions and solicit membership for the union.

Let everybody attend.

G. S. PIERCE, Sec'y. W. R. LOTZ, Pres.

The true doctrine, I believe, is that just in proportion as a being rises in the scale of intelligence and virtue, he becomes knit by tenderer sympathy with inferior orders of being. In truth, he rises above the conception of different orders.—Channing in "The Perfect Life."

Inventory of The Co-operative Brotherhood Jan. 31, 1906, as Appraised by a Committee.

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<tr>
<td>Lumber</td>
<td>284 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knitting machinery, etc.</td>
<td>21 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>School books</td>
<td>5 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laundry—steam washer</td>
<td>20 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical supplies</td>
<td>25 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical instruments</td>
<td>10 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office furniture, etc.</td>
<td>50 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transportation—Glad Tidings, small scow, white boat and new scow</td>
<td>450 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stock in the Burley Rochdale Mercantile Assoc’n</td>
<td>320 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shoe shop articles</td>
<td>40 00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total                                           | 21029 57 |
Mrs. John Tilton has been absent for a few days on a visit to Seattle.

Charley Simons was employed as deck hand on the last tow of lumber.

We wish to call special attention to Brother Brocchi's business notice in another place.

If all goes well, it is quite possible that a number of our apple trees will bear fruit this year.

April 4,—To Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Stein a boy—weight not given; for a guess, ten pounds.

The Kingston had a good test of her powers with a heavy scow and load of lumber in tow to Tacoma.

Mr. Fenton, who is now a near neighbor of Mr. Henry Finfrock, has been helping him in making a fence.

Mr. Foye has been shipping lumber and shingles to Tacoma. Our scow was too small for the last load—about 100,000 feet.

The Copelands, Moores and Packers have been putting in their spare time lately tending incubators. It takes lots of coal oil.

For more than two months Charley Simons has performed the duties of sexton, by making preparations at the school-house for the regular Sunday evening services.

Mrs. Angus Oles of Seattle and Harold Bollman of Glen Cove visited Burley the last week in March. They came from their parents' home in Glen Cove, by way of Springfield.

The Hotel Association find difficulty, at times, in providing rooms enough to supply the call. As the summer season approaches it is quite likely that the number of transients will increase, which will make the problem still more difficult to solve.
The ladies' parlor, adjoining and really a part of the new library, will be an attractive place. It is situated on the west side of the hotel. We have wanted such a room as this for a long time.

"The Culturist" has combined with "To-Morrow Magazine" of Chicago. In the consolidation "To-Morrow" takes over the entire business of "The Culturist," including subscriptions, contracts, etc.

A good part of the Secretary's time, as may be imagined, is still occupied in answering inquiries about the status of the C. B. Its name, at any rate, is known in places widely apart, from New England to the Pacific slope, and from the Great Lakes to Arizona.

Tom McClintock arrived April 3d, about a month ahead of schedule time. We are glad to announce that he will clear his home lot and stay with us this time, for better, for worse. By the way, "for better, for worse," reminds us that he failed to bring either of those fair charmers with him.

We are glad to report that the survey for the west road has been made. Messrs. Crofut, Brocchi, Fenton, Copeland, Davidson and Martel have been "brushing" on this end of the road. Mr. Alex. McMillan and one of his boys have been working at the Glenwood end. We hope that this much needed road will soon be opened for travel.

We desire to notify any one whom it may concern at the Navy Yard that we have had a visitor at our hotel for some time in the shape of an attractive black cat, with a collar round its neck on which is inscribed "Nip," Navy Yard. If the owner will be kind enough to communicate with us on the subject we will deliver the animal in good shape in such manner as may be convenient.

Our store is at last supplied with adequate room for storage. Under a contract with the C. B., Mr. Martel has just completed a fine store house 24x30 feet. The B. R. M. Association, as lessee, lost little time in taking possession and placing a good supply of flour, feed and hay inside the building. The store house is conveniently situated, only nine feet distant from the store and connected by a covered passage-way. The little shoe shop and shed attached to it were demolished to make room for the improvement.
Don't wake up the baby!

Burley's green robe is growing fast to day.

A straw hat is sufficient to day (April 4); 68 in the shade.

Mr. M. E. Smith, Mrs. Stein's father, was a visitor early in April. He arrived in season to welcome the newcomer.

Mr. Kellogg has been working at the mill of late, taking the place of the regular sawyer, who has been suffering from a lame back.

The assessor is abroad in the land. Burley has not been forgotten. Mr. Aleck Hall, the genial deputy for this district, visited us recently.

The Fruit and Dairy Co. expect to raise more feed than anything else this year. It will be needed, with the large family that is growing up.

A familiar sight to old Burleyites—Sam Davidson plowing in the field between the hotel and school-house, in conversation with a noble pair of steeds.

Mr. Ellis has visited Tacoma several times of late. His last trip was made in order to assist in the removal of Mrs. Rodney Simons to St. Joseph's Hospital. Mrs. Simons has been in poor health for a long time. Recently a doctor was called from Tacoma, who advised treatment at the hospital. Mr. Simons and Mr. Ellis (with Mrs. Packer as far as Gig Harbor) accompanied Mrs. Simons. All went well on the journey over. Mrs. Simons is now receiving excellent care in Tacoma.

The old gray team never looked better than it does now, thanks to good feed and, above all, to a good driver. With the grays as wheelers and Jim and Dick as leaders, a good many logs are being moved on the old tram car. When we remember what a pitiful condition Jim was in a year or two ago we may be excused for referring once more to his improved condition. As the tram car moves slowly along, with two or three men perched on top, one might be tempted to exclaim: "And still the wonder grew that such a crippled quadruped looked nigh as good as new."
(The first part of the quotation is correct, anyhow).
Mr. Packer got 79 chicks out of 103 fertile eggs.

A pleasant note came from Bro. Ferguson, at Hoquiam, recently. His regards to friends here are heartily reciprocated. Our latch-strings will be outside if he comes this way.

Again we urge any comrade who, perchance, fails to understand the present situation of affairs at Burley to write the Secretary. An answer will be sent even if no stamp is enclosed. Let us understand one another, whatever we do.

The population of Burley, as might be supposed, shows a decided increase within three months. Including all workers and their families (the family of Mr. Stein, not forgetting the baby), whether members or not, we count 67. Of this number 35 belong to the C. B.

The mail wagon has been undergoing repairs at the blacksmith shop for quite a number of days. The vehicle needed a thorough overhauling and, we may be sure, will receive it at the hands of Mr. Melhart. Meantime the buckboard and Lassie have been put into temporary commission.

Mrs. Oles made a round of calls during her visit, among other places, renewing acquaintance with her old working ground, the print shop. Everything seemed to look pretty familiar, except in the neighborhood of the old hog pasture, now transformed into a resident quarter. She found that great changes had been made in that locality.

Don't fail to read Mr. Moore's advertisement on the 4th page of cover. It will more especially interest chicken cranks. It tells you about the Natural Hen Incubator. This unique incubator is welcomed and recommended wherever introduced. The Natural Hen Incubator is the poor man's friend because of its simplicity and effectiveness. Its cost is so low and its money-making power so great that it encourages anyone to coin money out of the poultry yard. One enthusiastic user of the Natural Hen Incubator says: "If I could not get another I would not take $100 for my plan of N. H. Incubator and formulas." Many of the leading poultrymen of the United States are discarding their artificial incubators and are installing the N. H. Incubators instead. See ad. on 4th page of cover.
Notes from San Francisco.

The following notes were written by Miss Helen Copeland, who has been a friend and helper in Burley at various times. As a worker for the Red Cross, her wide experience as attendant on insane patients in the Oregon State Hospital, is now of great help to the poor sufferers in San Francisco. These memoranda were written at intervals, snatched here and there, as opportunity offered.

April 21st—In sight of Oakland, and smoke over everything. We are well cared for and under the U. S. Army. Will send letter when I can.

April 21st, Presidio—Here we are in the most notorious Beer Garden of San Francisco. It is beautiful, but bears the stamp, "tough and disreputable" in every part. The spare ground at the Presidio is all occupied with tents. I gathered enough clams on the beach for a small mess to be added to our meagre meal. A meal, nevertheless, so much less meagre than I expected.

We arrived at 8:50 a.m., and from then till 2 p.m. I did not stop a minute. I passed hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches to refugees from across the bay, who had not seen bread for three days.

Think of offering coarse, uninviting sandwiches to well-dressed, refined people—handsomely dressed, many of them—and see them eager to get hold of the food. "Pardon me, but may I have one? I am ashamed to ask for it, but I am so hungry"—was the way several spoke. They, like hosts of others, had been sleeping in the parks and had had no food for days. We put quickly into as comfortable quarters...
as possible, one poor girl who had walked from the Cliff House. She had been burned out the night before.

We came from Oakland to the Presidio by government steamer along the water front. You cannot imagine the look of Frisco. It is terrible.

Last night we slept on the floor. Our supper was bread and butter, hard-boiled eggs and milk. To-day we had fried bacon, sandwiches, scrambled eggs and coffee for breakfast—lima beans, tomatoes, corn-beef hash, bread and butter and tea for the other meals, and several of the people complained. I wonder what they expected when provisions are burned? It would not have surprised me if we had nothing to speak of. As it is there is no water, but we do have oranges.

Like all disasters, all sorts of trials and delays follow. We have not yet been put to work and some members of our party are objecting strenuously. How few people have patience to wait or try to understand that the mills of the army grind slowly.

Presidio, April 23rd—General Hospital—I wrote to you last Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock and at 3:15 there was quite a quake. We all felt it. Shortly after it, as none of us was assigned to duty, we walked down town—that is, to poor old Frisco. Such a walk! Not so much for the length as for the ruin and desolation on all sides. It beggars description. The pictures of ruined Pompeii come nearest to portraying it. Van Ness Avenue you would never know. At Saint Mary's Cathedral were two lines of people stretching two blocks. Well-dressed, refined men, women and children and others shoulder to shoulder with the poorest and most degraded, waiting for rations; and immediately across the street Red Cross people serving Irish stew to all who wished it. Men driving in carriages stopped for it, and many said "Little did I think I would ever ask for food on the street."

Our Red Crosses brought us back in a wagon, and that night at 11:15 I was detailed to an emergency hospital. I dressed in the dark, and under escort of two doctors had a weird walk up woful hills by the light of still burning coal-bunkers.

The next day they moved the hospital. I reported to the doctor at Harbor View and was sent here. Yesterday
afternoon I was given charge of the insane ward. To-day my patients were transferred to Frisco and to-morrow morning I go on duty in a regular hospital ward. There is no telling where I will be in another day or two, but so long as I am needed I am satisfied. We all feel so. Made bandages, sponges, dressings, etc., all the afternoon.

April 29th, Presidio — General Hospital — Since last Tuesday our hands have been full in the hospital wards. I worked as hard as ever in my life. Wednesday afternoon one of the nurses and I were sitting on a window sill while not on duty for a moment, when we were shaken off by a very vigorous 'quake. Last night there were four more, one severe enough to spill water out of the pails. The desolation is terrible, and these continued shocks every day or so are sending many of those who would otherwise remain away.

Saturday my ward was abandoned and I was bidden to rest, but before noon an insane patient was brought in and I returned to my old quarters. She is an old woman, and has not been separated before from her old husband for 43 years. His poor old heart is nearly broken.

Jefferson Myers, of Salem, is here in charge of the Oregon Relief, and brought $1500 for the use of "us."

The Home of an Early Settler.

By A. B. E.

The funeral of one of our neighbors, Mrs. E. H. Marble (mother of Elmer E. Marble), for whom services were held in the South Hall at Rosedale, April 26, calls to mind a visit to her home about six years ago. Until recently, Mrs. Marble lived on the old estate at Rosedale, the family having moved from the east many years ago. Thus, one by one, the old settlers pass away, leaving behind them comfortable homesteads, gardens and orchards for which they toiled so hard to build and plant. The old Marble property, as it will still be known for some time, although nearly the entire estate has passed into other hands, is finely situated, on high ground overlooking the bay. The house and garden reminded one of an old New England homestead transplanted, as it were, to a new country.
The farm-house in Washington, like its progenitor in the East, is often the product of evolution. A pioneer, as a rule, has neither time nor money, at the start, to build a house. He and his family, if he has one, have limited accommodations in the early days of their coming. A little ten-footer, made usually of logs and plastered to keep out the soaking Washington rains in the winter season, suffices at the start. For a year or two, it may be, until the family becomes too large to be accommodated within its walls, the little "shack" must suffice. Some of our Eastern people living in apartments—as they are known if sufficiently hightoned, flats as they are less euphoniously called, if children are allowed on the premises—would be amused at sight of these little cabins. "Call that a house," they would say, "why, I call that a hen-coop." It may be, but it is big enough, at the start, at any rate, for people who live an outdoor life.

Following the little shck, you will see a more pretentious, yet modest, dwelling. Here comes in the process of evolution. The Washington farm-house does not evolve skyward but along the level of the ground, ground-ward, so to speak—another room or two, it may be a summer kitchen, is added—land is cheap, drainage usually good, as nearly every farm, if not on high ground, is on ground that slopes. So the old Washington homestead evolves, like one of those creeping plants that spreads its green mantle over the loamy soil.

The garden, too—what shall we say of the garden. It evolves very much as the house. There is a certain attempt at rows and regular order in planting trees and bushes, but after they are planted, quite likely the trees and shrubs will look after themselves, more or less. You see few trimmed up places in Washington, except in the cities. People have not time to tidy up much. But there is an air of comfort, an absence of keep-off-the-grass signs or tokens, which brings a sigh of relief to a "Weary Willie."

The gardens in some of the older places, it may be, become over grown, almost neglected. But what places they are for children and dogs and cats to play and hide in! There is no spot in the wide world where children can shout to their hearts' content and tumble and climb in, equal to an old Washington farm, partially cleared, with
its orchard of fine fruit trees—plums, berries and flowers in abundance and grass all the year round.

This may read a little like the rhapsodies of a spring poem, but, perhaps it may give some of our Eastern friends who have never visited the far west a different impression of domestic life in these parts from what they had imagined was the case.

**Wednesday Evening Entertainment.**

A large audience, filling the school-house, were treated to a fine entertainment, April 18, in charge of Messrs. Melhart and Brocchi, as the committee. It was a red letter occasion. In order to meet requirements, the school-house was turned into a theatre, with regular stage, foot lights and curtain. Before the entertainment began, the audience were kept busy studying the advertisements on the curtain, which called attention to local news and business, showing that Burley is still alive: "The Fruit and Dairy Co. will supply you with Milk, Berries and Vegetables, early and late. B. M. Kellogg, M'g'r." "Prospective Housekeepers" are invited to "be sure and see the Burley Lumber Co." Attention is called to "Burley's Boss Blacksmith and Big Totem. A Handy Man. Try Him." "Have You Tried the Success—Wash-Day A Holi-day—Cap. M. L. Fenton, M'F"G'R." "Go to Hotel Belvedere after the Show For Refreshments—Mrs. A. McClintock." "If You Want Any Information About Burley call on Postmaster Packer. He Will Give You Street & Number." "See G. Moore's White Beauties and Natural Hen Incubator." "If It Happened, It will be in The Co-operator." "T. McClintock—C G Crofut—Now Open—New Bachelor Head-Quarters—No 4 Circle City," "The Burley-Rochdale Store—General Merchandise—H W Stein Gen. Manager." "After A Meal at the Belvedere Visit the Turkish Emporium And Buy A Rag-Time Carpet of D Brocchi."

**PROGRAMME.**

1. **Song**—All is Still—Quartet. Mrs. Huesing, Bertha Huesing, D. Brocchi, G. G. Melhart.
2. **Tableaux**—In School Days—Edna Fинфrock, Lawrence Orrett, Mr. Gerber.
3. **Song**—Where the Silvery Colorado winds its way—Bertha Huesing, accompanied by Mrs. C. Kline.
5. Flute Solo—D. Brocchi.

An audience, which filled the school-house to overflowing, was present at the Wednesday evening performance of May 9. Grandma, as chairman, called the numbers on the programme with her usual carefulness of utterance and expression. It was largely a musical and children's performance. In the portion of the programme assigned to the children, the excellent fruits of Mrs. Copeland's drilling were apparent.

**PROGRAMME.**

Grandma Townsend  
Miss McClintock  
Committee.

1. Organ solo—Mrs. Tilton.
2. Reading—Mr. Fenton.
4. Flute obligato, accompanied by organ—Mr. Brocchi, Mabel McClintock.
5. Grandma's Birthday—flower offering from young girls—Mrs. Huesing, Bertha Huesing, Inez Simons.
6. Guitar solo—Miss McClintock.
7. Baby's Whisper—quartette—Mr. Brocchi, Mrs. Huesing, Mr. Melhart, Miss Huesing.
8. Reading—Mr. Stein.
10. Finfrock Orchestra—Mr. Finfrock, Mrs. Clarence Kline, Sam Finfrock.
11. Song—We are all Nodding—Katherine Stein, Blanche, Inez, Charles and Clarence Simons, Bertha and Leonard Huesing, Mabel and George McClintock, Edna Snavely, Willie Kellogg, Lawrence Orrett.
Our Place.
By A. B. E.

"A place for everything and everything in its place." How often we have had that saying drummed into us. We generally apply it to one who has a careless way of leaving things in any place that comes handy. But there is a depth of philosophy underneath of more general application. It may be applied more specifically to the individual. Why not say: "A place for everybody and everybody in his place." How hard it is to know and keep one's place. Knowing how hard it is, we are a little suspicious of the motives of one who says, humbly: "I know my place." And yet, after all, that is just what we want to find out. It may not be just the place that suits us. But how do we know what suits us?

The inquiry is sometimes made: "Is there a place for me in Burley?" "Yes," may be readily answered—Then follows the "if" so and so—"If you have a little capital to start with and know something about farming, you might make a fair living out of the soil and, perhaps, a chicken-ranch added." But, back of all the practical questions, is
the fundamental inquiry: "Do you know your place? If not, will you let some one else find it out for you?" There is no place for what is known as "gentleman-farming" in Burley. Overalls are good enough. You can get plenty of water, if you want to "wash-up" after you get through; but if you want to make a living in Burley, as a general rule, you have got to handle things without gloves.

"What can I do to help?" There is a whole lot of things that can be done right where we are, if we will take hold of the things in the right way.

With all the suffering caused by the terrible shock at Frisco, it made men realize the true worth of things in the world. In Miss Copeland's interesting account (which we give in another place) she says: "Think of offering coarse, uninviting sandwiches to well-dressed, refined people—handsomely dressed, many of them—and see them eager to get hold of the food." Hard, no doubt, it seemed at the time. But, after all, it is men not clothes that count. Sometimes it takes earthquakes to bring people to their true level, to make them know their place.

Upper Henderson Bay Producers' Union.

At an adjourned meeting of persons interested in the Bay-Island Producers' Union, held at Purdy School-house, Saturday evening, April 14, Springfield, Purdy and Burley being represented, it was voted to adopt the name of The Upper Henderson Bay Branch of The Bay-Island Producers' Union. The meeting further organized by choosing A. B. Ellis, of Burley, as Chairman and F. W. Curtis, of Springfield, as Secretary.

Our branch now has twenty subscribers, representing thirty-three shares of stock. We think that the number might be raised considerably higher, especially if a definite plan was outlined, showing, so far as possible, how the business of the organization was to be regulated and conducted at present and the prospect of development.

The gospel of discontent is the same gospel which Jesus and the apostles preached. It is the same gospel which every true messenger of God has preached. Discontent has brought the present civilization and will bring the future.—Wm. Ellery Copeland.
EASTER SERVICE.

We were unprepared for the large attendance at the Easter service, quite a number in the rear of the house being without seats. The weather was fair. As is usual on special occasions, quite a number were present who were outside of the regular Sunday-go-to-meeting crowd.

PROGRAMME.

Congregational singing.
Scripture reading.
Children's exercise—Bertha Huesing, Leader.
   Blanche and Inez Simons, Katie Stein and Mabel McClintock.
Congregational hymn.
Reading by Grandma Townsend.
Short address by Mr. Ellis.
Congregational hymn.
Benediction.
Distribution of eggs.

SINGING SCHOOL.

A singing school has been started once more. Some of our older resident-members will remember the class which was taught by Mr. Draper, nearly six years ago. It was quite largely attended, 48 being present at the first meeting. The membership was confined to adults. The present class was formed Friday evening, April 13, 16 being present. Brother Dal Brocchi was chosen leader and it was decided to meet twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 7:30 o'clock. Although small in comparison with the earlier period mentioned, we have considerable musical talent still in Burley and its neighborhood.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
   That thronged the daily mart,
   Let fall a word of hope and love,
   Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
   A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
   It saved a soul from death.

—Charles Mackay.
Miss L. A. Mint informs us that the Washington N. L. A. S. L. Summer Art School convenes in Ellensburg, June 18. The North-West N. L. A. S. L. Summer Art School convenes July 30, on its promontory on Lake Bay. The editor takes pleasure in informing friends that the site secured by Miss Mint for her school is a beautiful one. Last year was the opening season and the place seemed to be little known. This year, with no Portland fair to draw people away, the object to which Miss Mint has devoted so much time and attention should receive the attention of lovers of nature in our beautiful Washington. Lake Bay is reached by Steamer Tyconda from Commercial Dock in Tacoma.

Mrs. Rodney Simons died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Tacoma, Monday, April 9, at 5 o'clock a.m. A funeral service, conducted by Mr. Ellis, was held in the school-house, April 11, at 2 o'clock. It was a pleasant afternoon and a large company, including quite a number of our neighbors, were present. The service in the school-house was simple, including scripture reading, two hymns, Rock of Ages and Jesus, Lover of My Soul, and a short address. A brief service at the grave followed, many friends being in attendance.

Our neighbors turned out in good numbers at the last Wednesday evening entertainment. If those roads to the north and west of us were opened, no doubt more people would be inclined to come. We have fine shows, so our friends say. Speaking of roads, we are glad to record that the work on the sand spit, between Springfield and Purdy, is going forward. The road bed, as now planned, will be held in place on the outside by a bulwark of planks spiked on to a row of piles.

The Kingston has received a spring coat of paint. The launch is used quite frequently, now, hauling scow-loads of lumber to Tacoma.
For the past six months the school-house has been tastefully decorated on various occasions, largely from nature's garden. At the last Wednesday evening entertainment the effect of the beautiful yellow broom, which adorned the stage, especially the little arch, through which the performers entered and departed, was particularly pleasing. We have an artist in our midst.

Rosedale shows signs of being a growing community. Besides two new halls, one at the north and the other at the south end, a plan for establishing a union church by subscription is well advanced. The building plot, which has been offered as a gift, is near the wharf. The site is a beautiful one, overlooking the little harbor, with the snow-capped Olympics in the distance.

The road between Purdy and Gig Harbor has been greatly improved of late, especially at the end towards Gig Harbor. We wish that we could say the same for the road between Burley and Purdy. Kitsap county has never done any work on that portion of the road which lies between us and the county line, which is distant nearly three quarters of a mile.

A pleasant greeting was received from Brother Corporon, recently, in reply to a note addressed to him. He and his family are living at McMinnville, Ore. The family are all as well as usual, the children attending school and he working for fair pay. He closes by sending his best wishes for the welfare of all at Burley.

We are without either doctor or trained nurse at Burley. With our increase of residents, our need of this kind of help has become more pressing. Burley and its neighborhood, of course, cannot offer either a doctor or a nurse a living. In serious cases, the only course is to take a patient to a hospital in Tacoma.

Improvements in the library are made from time to time. The latest article of furniture—a tete a tete chair—the body made of roots from the Burley woods, is another product of the versatile skill of Mr. Melhart.

Mr. George A. West, who has filled the position of sawyer from the time the mill was started under the lease, has taken a lease of the Neeld house and gone to housekeeping with wife and son.
The Fruit and Dairy Co. have secured a lively little mare of 4 years as a mate to Lassie. Mr. Tom McClintock and Mr. Crofut selected the horse in Tacoma. She seems to be a good purchase. The stage outfit, which was badly crippled, is now in good shape. Mr. Fenton is stage driver at present.

We have quite a number of members who were residents of San Francisco at the time of the earthquake. So far as we know, all have escaped injury. We should like to hear from our comrades as to their experiences, especially from those who were resident members in former days at Burley.

The agricultural force is busy putting in the crops. The strawberry beds never looked finer, just as full of berries as they can be. A number of the apple trees are in blossom that were never in blossom before. Plum trees on the top of the hill are loaded.

Our neighbor, Mr. Blake, whose logging camp is near us, is reported as so far recovered from the accident which befell him—causing the fracture of two ribs and internal injuries—as to be out of the hospital. We are glad to hear that he is doing so well.

The weather has been unusually dry of late, with two frosts, one quite heavy, but causing no damage to crops. Care is necessary in lighting fires. Constant watch is necessary in the immediate vicinity of the saw-mill.

A postal card from Fred Corpron, received some time ago, shows a picture of the main building at McMinnville College, Oregon. At the time of writing—Jan. 11, 1906—Fred was in the Sophomore Class.

A meeting of the Upper Henderson Bay Branch of the Producers' Union was held in the school-house at Purdy, in the evening of May 5. Mr. C. E. Warner, of Rosedale, addressed the company.

Logging seems to be paying well now-a-days. A good market for lumber naturally would improve the price of logs. The Rainier camp now has two locomotives.

The Producers' Union seems to have made a good start. The berry-season, which will soon be upon us, will be a test of what can be done.

A rehearsal is in order nearly every evening, just now. Socially, Burley was never more lively than it is to-day.
"On Memory's Wall."

By K. C.

"WEDNESDAY EVENINGS:" Among old-time Burleyites not the least of "the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall" bear those two words, for they recall the fortnightly entertainments in the Burley school-house.

No pains were spared to prepare numbers for those programs. Passing by the school-house on other nights of the week sounds would often be heard issuing therefrom.

"What's going on in the school?" you ask the nearest youngster.

"That's Mrs. Copeland drilling the children for their 'piece' Wednesday evening," or "That's the girls practicing their 'di'log.'" No matter if half the children in Burley were in it, everything of a dramatic nature was included by the children under the generic and evidently elastic term of "di'log," but hard-hearted indeed would be the carping critic who would object to a little error of that kind.

Great was the head-scratching for new ideas, many and deep the thoughtful frowns, beyond computation the amount of grey matter expended by the various program committees in their laudable efforts to evolve something startling, and their search (notwithstanding Solomon's assertion) for something "new under the sun."

And all things considered, the committees did amazingly well. Two factors, with terribly long names that Baby Jack won't in the least understand—geographical isolation and economic determinism—threw the villagers
practically upon their own resources for amusement. Distance and lack of funds made it impossible for them to import paid entertainers, and they were much better off because of that fact. To many, besides the writer, one of the chief charms of those "Wednesday evenings" was the fact that they were free from any taint of the all-but-all-pervading commercialism of the day. Everything was free and no wistful, sad-faced children with tear-wet cheeks gazed longingly at the lighted windows, or heard the applause from the outside because "papa couldn't afford to get us tickets," as is always the case in a town or city.

Wednesday night at last! Every youngster's excitement up to the boiling point. Yes, sir! I said "boiling," and I meant it. 212 in the shade. I won't take off one degree to please anybody. Wasn't I there? Didn't I see 'em boil? I guess I know. Nerves taut as a fiddle-string with joyous expectation.

If a particularly large amount of practising has been going on during the previous fortnight the atmosphere is so surcharged with "mystery and magic" that it's a great wonder we don't all go up in spontaneous combustion. Nobody knows just what the "sensation" will be, but everyone is sure there'll be "something doing."

To quote the immortal Diedrich Knickerbocker—"Expectation stands on stilts. Antiquity scowls sulkily out of its grave to see itself outdone, while even posterity stands mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection."

Little by little the shades of evening fall over the quiet valley. Lights begin to show in the windows and the indispensable lanterns slowly moving from various directions with the school house as a common focal point show that the "folks" are coming. And come they do—old and young; from far and near—from Springfield and Purdy and over Olalla way as far as Tom Flynn's, and all of Burley except the invalids, and even they come sometimes.

Some of the audience are there half or three-quarters of an hour ahead of time, so they can rest and cool off after their, sometimes, long walks and have chats with the neighbors they are sure to meet. About fifteen minutes to eight and again at eight o'clock the calm of the deepening twilight is broken by "the long roll" sounded by Brother
Packer on a much-prized memento—the snare-drum that he carried with him through the Civil War. If he is absent from the village the call for "the gathering of the clans" is sounded by Brother Garcken on a cornet.

It's a full house and a merrily-inclined one that the chairman faces as he takes his place.

In the front seats are George McClintock, Willie Kellogg, Willie Stiewig, Walter Bender and other juvenile boon companions, every last one of them ready to snort aloud with glee on the smallest provocation. Whether they know just where the joke comes in or not is a small matter. They are willing to take it on trust, like the old farmer and his wife at the World's Fair as they gazed at the fireworks. "Goodness me, John, what does that mean?" exclaimed the old lady, as a burst of colored fire spouted high in the air. "Wal, I dunno exac'ly, Maria," replied John, "but I'll bet it's darned funny anyhow."

In just such a complaisant mood are the youngsters and to tell the truth, the oldsters, while more discriminating, are also prepared to be easily amused. They come there in no fault-finding mood.

The program opens with a selection by Brother Dal Brocchi's Mandolin Club, of blessed memory.

Then follow various other numbers—readings, recitations, songs and instrumental music, among them the "sensation" of the evening, one of the "di'logs" referred to above, or a slight musical drama, or comic skit. It would all appear very tame and commonplace to the class of social vampires, who, with charming assurance, style themselves "The Smart Set," but to us, who know the time and work and loving thought it has cost, it is pleasing and admirable.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is," says the Oriental sage, "than the stalled ox and hatred therewith." Better is our simple enjoyment of our well-meant efforts for each other's pleasure than the heart-burning and jealousy and keen economic contrasts seen in the playhouses where "The Smart Set" gather to show their fine feathers.

Here are no box seats (except soap box ones, to eke out the benches, and the man who gets one of those may be proud, but he doesn't generally show it to any great extent); here is no jealousy because one has richer clothes than his...
neighbor—if I have fifteen patches on my overalls while Sammy has only twelve, he doesn't feel hardly towards me on that account, nor does he plan to do me up on Wall Street next day so he can dress as well as I.

The program goes along and generous applause is nearly always the meed of the performers. They claim no great talent, or I should say, perhaps, no ten talents, but what they have they cheerfully exercise for the benefit of their comrades. They simply do their best and are rewarded accordingly.

In the course of a year every one in Burley who can do any "stunts" has been on the stage, some of them a good many times—from dear Grandma, telling her reminiscences of three-quarters of a century ago, down to curly-headed Georgie McClintock, getting up with a fearsome expression and a terrified eye fixed despairingly on his mother, murmuring a few words of a "piece" and incontinently bolting to his seat amid a storm of laughter and applause.

About 10 o'clock the program is concluded, the committee for the next entertainment is named and with friendly chat and neighborly "Goodnights" the audience breaks up. The lanterns disappear in the distance; one by one the lights in the village homes vanish and soon Burley lies sleeping in the calm of the soft summer night, which is broken only by the endless murmur of the creek or the gentle whisper of the wind through the trees.

* * * * * * * * *

To anyone who has never lived in Burley, who was never "en rapport" with the spirit of the Burley that used to be, this little reminiscence will be but idle words, but to those who "love and understand" it will recall peaceful, happy memories of many hours of that simple, genuine, wholesome pleasure, which, like mercy, "blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

**Fragments.**

Two or three generations ago it was the custom among old Congregational churches of New England in case of the decease of a member of the congregation to call upon the officiating minister to make some reference to the loss, more or less extended, in offering prayer. Sometimes it would be the settled minister of the place and sometimes a
stranger, it may be, an inexperienced youngster, just bud-
ing into the service, who would be called upon—the
d "note," as it was called, being handed to him, perhaps, in
the pulpit, at the eleventh hour. In either case the situa-
tion might be a trying one.

Two stories will illustrate the difficulties that might be
encountered. One was that of a veteran, who knew every
one in the community, had christened them, married them
and buried them for well nigh two generations. As a rule
the old preacher would prove equal to the occasion. In
one case he was evidently somewhat nonplussed. A mem-
ber of his congregation had died whose exemplary qualities
were rather at a minimum. The old gentleman approached
the situation cautiously and, finally, after a few generali-
ties, condensed his eulogy into the following sentence: "Oh
Lord, we know that our departed brother was a good pro-
vider for his family but, so far as anything else is con-
cerned, we know and you know, the less said the better."

The following story will illustrate the difficulties that
a stranger to the parish might encounter when a note was
passed up to him in the pulpit, asking for prayers, in a gen-
eral way, without giving any facts bearing upon the de-
ceased or his family. The safer way, in such a case, would
be to infer as little as possible, simply offering words of
consolation which would be appropriate for all occasions.
The minister tried to adopt this course in the prayer which
he was called upon to make for the two daughters of a
member of the congregation, by whose death they were
made orphans. He spoke of the afflicted home and the
children—did very well until he came to the close, when
he said, "And now, Oh Lord, we pray that thy children
may be brought up in ways of wisdom and that their little
feet may be led in paths of innocence and virtue." As the
poor man learned afterwards, the "children" were a couple
of old maids, both of them over seventy years of age. One
can imagine that the small boys in the gallery found some
difficulty in keeping strict Puritan countenances, when it
came to this portion of the prayer.

Pat had an old aunt, one of the kind who is much in
evidence at funerals and weddings, especially at the
former, a lugubrious personage, ailing most of the time.
At this particular time, she was ailing more than usual.
Pat was found kneeling in the corner one day, praying. "What's the matter, Pat?" he was asked. Without exhibiting any confusion or unnecessary embarrassment at the interruption, he promptly replied, "I am praying for a quick death or a spady recovery."

One Friday, after a hard day's work with the natural tools of his nationality (the pick and shovel) Pat came into a restaurant tired and hungry.

He didn't look at the bill of fare but when the waiter came up, he asked, "Have yez got anny whale?"

"No, sir," was the reply of the startled waiter.

"Have yez got any porpoise or anny shark?"

"No, sir!"

"Thin bring me some corned beef and cabbage. God knows I've asked for fish!!"

Wednesday Evening Entertainment.
MAY 30, 1906.

Committee
A. B. Ellis
Inez Simons

The usual audience filled the school-house for the Wednesday evening performance, which happened to come, this time, on Memorial Day. The program was somewhat in keeping with the commemoration, especially at the close, when the audience was called upon to unite in singing "The Star Spangled Banner." The rear of the stage was beautifully decorated, "Old Glory" being the centre of attraction.

PROGRAM.

1. Organ solo—Mrs. Tilton.
2. Reading—Grandma Townsend.
3. Song, "My Creole Sue"—Vendela Lofgren, Helen Ammerman and Mason White, singer and accompanist.
4. Reading—Mr. Fenton.
5. Guitar solo—Miss McClintock.
7. Song accompanied by guitar—Miss Bertha Huesing.
11. Romeo and Juliet—A ghastly representation—lights down—Mr. John Tilton and Miss Dickenson.
12. Recitation, "Mending the Old Flag"—Inez Simons. Followed by singing of "Star Spangled Banner" by the audience.
Monthly Report.

Formerly, it was the custom of our superintendent of industries to make a monthly report of the work which had been done in the various departments. Since the C. B. has ceased to conduct any industries at all, with the exception of the printing department, it might be thought that there was little call for an official statement. To a certain extent this is true. Still, there is a certain amount of business done, from month to month, in which the C. B. is either directly or indirectly concerned.

Our printing department is still, strictly, a home industry. As we have said before, it seems worth while to continue the publication of THE CO-OPERATOR, if only as an official means of communication with members. The editorial work has been conducted for some time, free of expense to the C. B. The cost of printing is so trifling that it would take but a slight increase in our list of subscribers to make the magazine self-supporting, as at present conducted. If all of our 150 members were subscribers, we should be more than able to meet expenses. As it is, the cost of publication is almost nominal. At the present time, so much is published, either directly or indirectly, dealing with the subject of co-operation that it would be difficult to
widen the scope and influence of THE CO-OPERATOR, unless we could afford to employ the services of some skilled writer who could devote his whole time to the business.

The income accruing from leases of buildings, though small, makes quite an appreciable showing. It amounts to forty dollars per month or $480 per year. In addition to the rent from buildings we are receiving one hundred and forty dollars per year from leased land, making a yearly income from real estate of $620. To this $620 should be added (for the year 1906) $30, rent of school-house to school district, making the total on this account for the current year (assuming that present conditions continue) $650.

Although we have ceased to manufacture cigars, we still derive a small income from sales.

We are deriving further income from our timber contract with the lessee of the mill. This amount is a varying quantity, of course, depending upon the amount cut from month to month. At present, it averages about $35 per month.

The above are all the direct cash returns to the C. B. at the present time, except some slight amounts which may be collected in various ways, from time to time. For instance, we still have a small stock of lumber on hand, of which lots are occasionally sold.

What do we do with this money? After providing for taxes, by far the larger part goes to reduce indebtedness. The Secretary and Treasurer has been receiving $10 per month since the reorganization, for services in both departments. With the exception of this charge and a small amount for office expense—stationery and postage—there has been little cost to the C. B. Twenty-five dollars has been appropriated for necessary work on our proposed west road.

As appeared by the financial statement in the March number of THE CO-OPERATOR, our total liabilities were then $2,583.55, leaving a surplus of $19,368.01. Nearly all of our indebtedness is to our own members, chiefly on land notes and credit checks. The income which we are now receiving is steadily reducing these obligations and, and at the present rate of income, in a few years we ought to be entirely free from debt.
The indirect returns to the C. B., at the present time, are quite noticeable. Every year the condition of the land is improving. Our orchards are beginning to bear fruit and the value of the soil for crops, in general, is steadily increasing.

The Kelloggs, Moores, Fentons, Packers and Brother Davis are established on their home-lots and engaged in home industries, all of which is of indirect (we might say direct) benefit and encouragement to the organization. For the establishment of homes was one of the objects which was sought in the original plan.

News from San Francisco.

A clipping from an Alameda paper contains a brief notice of the death of John C. Gore and of the wife of his brother, Arthur. Mrs. Gore resided at Burley for a brief period; with her husband and children, some years ago. Mrs. Gore "died at her home on Paru street" (Alameda), so the notice says. The brief reference to the death of Mr. Gore reads as follows: "A brother of Dr. Gore, an employee of the Spring Valley Water Works in San Francisco, was killed on the day of the earthquake. The body was brought from San Francisco to Alameda by Dr. Gore and the funeral was held in Alameda."

Brother John C. Gore was one of our oldest and most devoted members. He belonged to the little band who clung to the ideals as expressed in the articles of the old organization; gradually, seeing how difficult it was to carry out those principles in practice, he seemed to become somewhat reconciled to the changes which were made at Burley. In one of his more recent letters to the secretary he wrote: "I might find it pleasant in my old age, in a year or two, with a little bank account of my own, to get two acres &c and build a little house at Burley, and lend a co-operative hand there and possibly find a pleasant place to spend latter, or last years of my life—who knows?—aiding cooperation."

Brother Gore belonged to the rugged New England type, as the name implies (one of the honored families of early days). It is pleasant to recall these friendly words of his latter days, even though his expectations as to coming to Burley failed of fulfillment.
Letters have been received from Mrs. O. M. Washburn of San Francisco. She wrote to the secretary of the C. B. recently, the first time that he had heard from her since the shock. The secretary had forwarded a letter for Miss C. H. I. Clever of that city (whose name is on our membership roll), with this indorsement on it, "If 831 Howard St. is destroyed please forward to Mrs. O. M. Washburn." Mrs. Washburn says: "I have kept the letter hoping that Miss Clever would call, if alive, but have fears for her safety, as that block was totally destroyed." We are happy to inform the many friends of Mrs. Washburn that she passed through that terrible disaster in safety.

We are informed that our friends the Fickes were entirely burned out.

Our old friend and staunch supporter, R. S. Gray, writes us that his law office was burnt and he lost his entire office equipment, including a fine law library, but home and family were on the other side of the bay. The Brotherhood has good reason to have a kindly and sympathetic feeling for Brother Gray in any event that happens to him.

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**HOME NOTES**

Arrangements have been made between the parties interested, namely: The Fruit and Dairy Co., the C. B. and Messrs Carroll and McLane, giving the right to cut second growth fir for piles. Six men will be employed cutting, peeling and hauling logs. They will be put into the water near Stoddard's landing. The house which the Johnson children occupied (next to the Darling house) has been leased by the contractors.

Mr. Ellis has arranged for the marking of all the graves in our little cemetery. The burial place for Mr. Copeland had already been provided with a headstone. The six remaining graves (there are seven in all) will be marked with Greek crosses plainly made, of cedar, painted and lettered.
We are delighted to have Mrs. Garcken again among us. She went to work at once cleaning up her old house and trying to put things straight after a long absence. She expects to return in August to resume her duties as school-teacher for the same school in which she has taught for the current year at Palouse in eastern Washington, 70 miles from Spokane. Mr. Garcken returned about a week later.

Early in June we had one of those narrow escapes from a serious fire at the hotel. Sparks, apparently, got through a crack in the tile-chimney which connects with the stove in the reading-room and scorched the roof. Ernest Simons saw the smoke rising and giving the alarm the "fire brigade" got in its work in good season.

Mrs. Copeland met with a severe disappointment in the loss of a brooder and 90 young chickens, which were destroyed by fire, recently, presumably from the explosion of the lamp which was used for artificial heating.

The mill has been running unusually steady for several weeks, cutting lumber and shingles. Local orders, as usual at this time of the year, are looking up, but the bulk of the output is shipped by scow to Tacoma.

Margery Orrett, who sang a little song so sweetly for us at the last Wednesday entertainment, is visiting the Copelands. Her sister Barbara was here lately. These are happy days for their brother Lawrence.

Vic Smith has purchased a 32 foot, 12 horse power gasoline launch, named the Cecile, and has been making frequent trips to Tacoma for the store.

Burley is looking "simply lovely" in spite of the frequent showers which have been soaking everything for a week or ten days.

Anyone having books from the C. B. library is requested not to keep them longer than two weeks.

We still have a small number of vacant houses to let in Burley but the choice is getting limited.

The rainy weather the last of May and first of June has nearly ruined the strawberry crop.

R. H. Brown, of Purdy, is putting up an addition to the cow barn for the F. & D. Co.
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The Glad Tidings has been hauled up and is now cradled between the mill and store building. It is proposed to overhaul her with a view to installing a gasoline in place of a steam engine.

"Home Again From a Foreign Shore."

Among the luggage delivered by Capt. Fenton at Burley, on arrival of the stage on the last day of May, was an odd looking chest that looked as if it had seen a voyage or two. It proved to be the property of Charley Stafford who left home some time ago, it will be remembered, as some people thought, a victim of the shanghaial game. It seemed that when Charley shipped he thought he was bound for Frisco but, on reading his articles, lo and behold! the point of destination was found to be South Africa. The vessel was loaded with lumber, paper (for dynamite cartridges) and brick.

The account of his experiences, is quite interesting. On crossing the line the young man met the fate of all new hands. Father Neptune boarded the ship and gave him the regulation shave with coal tar and a stick for a razor and then a ducking from behind with cold water. Charley says he was aware that something was going to happen and climbed the rigging to observe the operation as it was performed on another victim. He found things stirring at Cape Town, wages away down and the blacks apparently getting armed preparatory to fighting.

From South Africa the young man shipped to a place in Australia. His vessel there loaded with coal. His impression of Australia was dreary in the extreme, chiefly sand to look at. You could buy land for three cents an acre, practically for nothing. From Australia Charley shipped to Honolulu. At this place he was employed as foreman of a gang of Japs at a salary of $30.00 per month and board himself. The Japs, some of them, at least, got as low as $15.00 per month and boarded themselves. From Honolulu he came as passenger to his native land.

Man grown; tanned with sun and wind, our young friend was a fine specimen of Young America. The yarns he could spin would, no doubt, make the youngsters open their eyes. For a time, at least, he will be busy answering questions. We were fortunate in getting at him early.
The Law's Delay.

The appeal of The Industrial Workers of the World to the workingmen of America, protesting against the delay in the trial of our comrades, is one to which the courts will do well to give prompt attention. Is it right to keep men, presumably innocent (until they are proved guilty) waiting for trial for so shamefully long a period? Whether Socialists or not, fair minded citizens say No! It is a wretched excuse to say the machinery of the law stands in the way of a speedy trial. The men who have assumed the mighty responsibility for this delay will do well to consider what their action means. It is dangerous to carry the machinery of the law too far. Imprisoned five months, and obliged to wait five months more! Is this right? Are not our comrades justified in uttering the following words in their appeal?:

"The duty of the moment, the nearest task demanding our unflagging interest and support is a renewal of the tremendous protest already made by this organization, against the unlawful and barbarous treatment that is being meted out to our comrades in the prisons of Idaho."

Wherever through the ages rise
The alters of self sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head.

Anon.
Christian Socialism.

In every Christian there is a germ of socialism, and every socialist is unwittingly a Christian, says Canon Freemantle in his work entitled: "The World as the subject of Redemption".

The safer course is not to prepare elaborate schemes of social reform, but, through our own experience, try to learn aright lessons which will be useful to others as well as ourselves. In spite of seeming failure, if we are striving for a high ideal, neither in "youth's category" nor in our own, of an older generation, it may be, is there "any such word as fail". The "Co-operative Commonwealth" will be more fully realized as each one of us becomes more and more conscious of "lending a hand" day by day, towards its fulfillment.

Letter from Mrs. Washburn.

San Francisco, Calif.
July 1st, 1906.

Having been a resident of San Francisco since the early "fifties", seeing it grow from a good sized village to a splendid commercial city, now stricken and in ruins by the earthquake and the flames, I thought it might be interesting to our comrades to receive a personal letter from me to let you know what those like myself, who had their homes spared them, were compelled to go through in having chimneys repaired, as every top was shaken off or the whole chimney broken down, having to be wholly rebuilt. I was more fortunate, having only to repair the tops, but at great expense and annoyance, as we were obliged to await the time of the chimney builders and inspectors, without fires, till now that they are finished and I have been given a red card ten by twelve inches with large printed letters saying the chimneys are ready for use. If a fire had been built in any of them before, I might have been arrested and punished.

Everyone has been obliged to cook in the street since that fatal day, April 18th, rain or shine, except for the last month when the gas was turned on by the company, and we were allowed to use our gas stove in the house. One whole month we had to sit in darkness, no lights of any kind be-
ing allowed in the houses for fear of igniting gas and caus-
ing another conflagration.

If a match was even lighted, a soldier would call at the
door and command us to extinguish it immediately. As
you know, the city was under military rule.

The water supply was cut off, the mains being broken
for a whole month,—now are partially restored. Our block
however was favored by having an artesian well which sup-
plied us with sufficient water for cooking and drinking, but
not for sanitary purposes.

All food supplies were confiscated by the city govern-
ment, to be dealt out to the refugees standing in line (weak
and often fainting from exhaustion) from nine till twelve
o'clock a. m., extending two and three blocks, awaiting
their turn for daily provisions. No one went hungry.
There are now between forty and fifty thousand living in
tents, camping in the parks, still supported by the govern-
ment, and by donations from kind hearted people; the san-
itary board report them in good healthy condition.

Hundreds of children were born in the maternity
tents in the park and most of them lived and thrived. The
city is now being built over with small temporary houses
for business purposes, till larger and more expensive ones
are constructed.

Real estate is rising and wages are very high. Brick
masons command seven dollars per day, and all prices rising
accordingly.

The insurance companies are delaying building by not
meeting their obligations promptly.

We have great hopes and prospects for the future, and
all lovers of San Francisco have faith that the city will be re-
stored and made more beautiful than ever; and few, if any,
feel discouraged, though four square miles lie in debris and
blackened ashes.

The salubrity of climate, together with our harbor fa-
cilities, which are unsurpassed in the world, and the push
of our people, will soon cause the calamity to be forgotten,
and investments will rapidly be made, as present indications
show. In a very few years the city will be built in greater
splendor and safety than before.

The rich and poor have suffered alike, causing a great
levelling of society, which can never be reestablished; and
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it seems to me will greatly favor co-operation, which is so dear to us.

Fraternally yours,
Olive M. Washburn.

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Medicine for a Sick Horse.

"I'm afraid Dick's in a bad way this time". "What's the matter, Sam?" "Well, I don't know, but he's got it bad this time, sure." Dick, it should be said, is one of our old horses who has seen his best days. He has a habit, on the slightest provocation, of getting "down", no matter where he may be, - in his stall, hitched up, or out at pasture. When once down he is as helpless as a starfish out of water. This time, he was not down, but evidently in poor health, just the same. As everybody must have observed, any one who is "round" horses much thinks he knows all about the trouble when an animal has a sick turn. And yet, no two men will suggest the same remedy. The amount of remedies proposed for a horse with a common ailment, if only adopted by the owner, would oblige the country storekeeper to at once increase his stock of drugs. If you don't believe this statement, just ask Sam about it. "Try a pint of molasses" says one. "Castor oil", says a second. "I'll tell you a good thing" says neighbor L— "Try a lump of salt or a chunk of tobacco, that'll do the business". "That's good, that's good" says Sam, good naturally.

If you want to cure a sick horse, just ask Sam for the list of remedies. Molasses, cayenne, castor, H.H., salt, tobacco, hot mash, and more. The trouble is, as Sam would say, which one are you to take. But, after all, we say in desperation, perhaps it won't do any harm to try them all. If one medicine don't do the business, perhaps another will. To be sure, if Dick could speak, he might protest and remark that he would favor a simpler cure, for instance, more of the kind adopted by the homeopathic, and less of the allopathic school. But, as it is, the old fellow continues to get a variety of doses, for the most part in generous old school portions. It all goes somewhere,- the pint of molasses, perhaps, sweet spirits of nitre, saltpeter, H.H., castor oil, or whatever it may be, - at more or less frequent intervals for each sample.

One thing, Sam makes no vain boasts; he doesn't pretend to be one of your "Sure cure" practitioners.
A Wedding in Burley.

"Time Flies", might have been the remark of an old pioneer, if he had strayed into the schoolhouse, Sunday evening July 8, just before service, and witnessed the ceremony which was being performed. "Who is the bride? Blanche Simons? Why, she was a little tot playing with dolls when I last knew her. It makes a man feel like Rip Van Winkle to come back and see the changes". So it is, and it is well that it is so. Place aux enfants, to the younger generation. Such doings make one feel that one is alive.

The schoolhouse has seen many gatherings in the last seven years, but none more home-like and happy than this one. Brother Garcken, who was with us, fortunately, was organist. As the notes of the Wedding March gently sounded, the young couple proceeded from the Neeld house (occupied by the West family) to the schoolhouse, taking their place under the wedding bell in front of the platform which was beautifully banked with simple white flowers in a setting of green leaves. Little Genevieve West, as sole bride-maid, gracefully scattered flowers on the floor as they approached. Mr. Ellis then read the service which made them man and wife. The bride, bordering on sweet sixteen had all the dignity of twenty five. Both the bridegroom Charles P. West and his father, Mr. George A. West, are employed in the mill, the latter as sawyer.

Fourth of July.

Committee on Celebration,—

Mrs. Garcken and George Melhart.

Fine weather favored us on the Fourth. As usual some of our neighbors celebrated with us. Quite a program was arranged. In the morning, with beat of drum by our old war veteran, Brother Packer, (who is an old hand at this business) and bugle call by Brother Garcken, "Old Glory" was raised in air by little Genevieve West, (whose parents reside in the Neeld house, nearly opposite the schoolhouse and find Burley an attractive place of residence).

About twelve o'clock, after a little singing and a few words by Brother Ellis, the company, (about sixty-five in number), gradually found their way to the picnic ground in the park. We have never before had so choice a location
for an out-of-door celebration in Burley. Much work had been done beforehand to prepare for the occasion. The Park creek, as it is now called, which runs down between steep banks, near the old Barth house (later occupied by the Benders, and now by the Packers) was close at hand. By means of a dam, a little basin of the pure water was formed, some of which tumbled out of its prison in a waterfall, while a goodly portion found its way through a drinking trough hollowed out of the limb of a tree by the skillful hand of George Melhart. Just above the trough was an artistic cup, specially made by Dal Brocchi, which hung from the limb of a little tree to tempt the thirsty visitor. Old residents can picture the beauty of this little grove.

Brother Brocchi took a photo of the company on the picnic ground. After refreshments had been served, an adjournment was made to the playground at the side of the schoolhouse (the site of the old Raybell house, which was consumed by fire) to witness the games. All but one of the events took place on the school play-ground, that place being shadier than Tangent Street.

The following is the program:

1. Tight rope walk, George West.
   Prize: Rubber ball.
2. Little boy's race, George West.
   Prize: Rubber ball.
   Prize: Silver mounted comb.
4. Spoon race, George West.
   Prize: Elephant bank.
5. Girls' Lemon Race, Jennie Buer.
   Genevieve West.
   Prizes: Waist Buttons.
   Curling Irons.
6. Boys' Lemon Race, George West.
   Clarence Simons.
   Prizes: Tape line.
   Pocket Rule.
   Prize: Post Card Album & Sleeve Holders.
8. Young Ladies' Race, Inez Simons.
   Bertha Huesing.
   Prizes: Bottle of perfume.
   Chatelaine bag.
THE CO-OPERATOR.

9. Little Girls' Race, Mabel M'Clintock.
    Prizes: Nellie Buer.
    Hat pin.-Cup and Saucer.
10. Married Ladies' Race, Mrs. Bussdicker.
    Prizes: Mrs. Clarence Kline.
    Table cover,-Stationery.

Home made ice cream was then served; after which many of the company took a trip on the Cecile, Victor Smith's gasoline launch, which went as far as Lake Bay, calling at Glen Cove, giving an opportunity to join in the festivities there.

Wednesday Evening Entertainment.
JUNE 20, 1906.

Committee

The popularity of this institution was attested, once more, by a well filled room. Music, to which Burley has always given considerable attention, had a little larger space than usual on the program.

PROGRAM.

1. Organ Solo, Andantino.—Mr. Garcken.
3. Song, Beautiful Ocean.—Mr. Brocchi.
4. Reading, His First Suicide.—Mrs. Garcken.
5. Guitar Solo,—Miss M'Clintock.
6. Reading, Ode to an Infant Son.—Mr. Ellis.
7. Trombone Solo, Kilarney.—Mr. Chalker.
   Organ Accompanist, Mrs. Tilton.
8. Song, Sleep, Baby, Sleep.—Edna Finfrock.
   with music by Mabel M'Clintock.
10. Reading, Mr. Dooley on the Weather.—Mr. Fenton.
11. Quartet, Soldier's Farewell.—Brocchi, Ellis,
    Accompanist, Mr. Garcken. Melhart, Tilton.
12. Flute Solo, Mr. Brocchi.
13. Violin Solo, Mr. Garcken.

The Chickaree, a new gasoline launch, about 70 feet in length, has been running between Point Defiance and Gig Harbor. This makes good connection with Tacoma, compared with the early days when we had one small steamer on the route. If you miss the Crest, you can take the Chickaree, and vice versa.
The Co-operator

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY

THE CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD

BURLEY, WASH.

DIRECTORS: B. M. KELLOGG, President; W. H. PACKER, Vice-President; A. B. ELLIS, Secretary-Treasurer; C. G. CROFUT, Auditor; DAL. BROCC0.

Your subscription expires with the number on your label. This number is 230

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BURLEY, WASHINGTON, JULY, 1906

The Gospel of Socialism.

Do you want to persuade some benighted brother that he is walking in darkness in declining to accept the gospel of socialism? How will you proceed to enlighten him?

If there is one lesson that experience has taught us, pretty clearly, it is that you must approach the argument, as nearly as possible, from the standpoint of the other fellow. Try and "put yourself in his place." Study the man. Find out his angle of vision. Make allowance for pre-conceived convictions. Admit all you can from his side. Then, after you have prepared the ground, try and sow the proper seed.

Our socialist literature is altogether too full of knock-down arguments. Like the Scotch preacher who got so angry with his congregation because they wouldn't listen to his grim rhetoric: "If you can't hear the Word of God, you shall feel it"—and threw the bible at them.

Surely, all men are not liars. It is well to use a little diplomacy sometimes, in a good cause.

The Captains of Socialism, like the Captains of Industries, must know how to deal with men. Our newspaper and magazines are full of what are called the social questions, but the man who knows how to handle men, is the one who can best solve them.
HOME NOTES

We had a fine crop of oats.

Lumber is bought for the silo which is contemplated.

Kent Honin was with us several days, including the Fourth.

The Garckens have selected two lots and done considerable work in clearing them up.

Brother Brocchi has made a clock, entirely of wood, no metal in it. It is an interesting piece of work.

The young folks, as usual, are having a fine time in the water, these long summer afternoons. One can hear the shouts of the bathers from the office building.

The Darlings are living at 801 State St., Tacoma. Mr. Darling is in the employ of Wheeler and Osgood. As we go to press, Mrs. Darling has called to see us.

The men who have been cutting piles, have hauled nearly enough for their boom, (400 being the number they will take). The logs have been hauled over Nix's land to the flats between the mill and Stoddard's landing.

We have considerable corn in the ground this year. The field between the hotel and the schoolhouse is planted entirely with this kind of feed. If the warm weather lasts any length of time, the waving stalks will make a fine sight from the hotel piazza.

Joht Tilton, who, by the way, married one of those fair maidens of dreamland fame, is another fellow who is musically inclined. We have heard suspicious sounds emanating from the Stiewig cottage, occasionally, in answer to his bachelor chum in dreamland.

Oh! Henderson Bay,—A musical publication by Mary Frances White, daughter of Mrs. M. E. White, of Springfield, has just come to our notice. The words reflect true sentiment for this beautiful country. We should like to hear both words and music at one of our Wednesday evening entertainments.
Mr. Bollman was a visitor quite recently.

The Garckens are greatly pleased with their new domain in the woods.

Neighbor Finfrock has been getting in the hay from neighbor Kline's land on shares.

Brother Fenton's sister, Mrs. C.D. Foreman, has been a visitor for several weeks, arriving early in June.

Duncan Pearce was here on the Fourth. Beginning with this issue, Brother Pearce will attend to the printing of The Co-operator.

Sam Davidson has been hauling the lumber for Rodney Simons' new house on his home lot. R.H. Brown, of Purdy, is employed on the job as carpenter.

Neighbor Stafford had four acres in strawberries, this year, but found great difficulty in securing pickers. Next year, if possible, he means to bring people from the city to do the work.

Old Dyke (one of the gray team) has been on the sick list lately. He seems to be recovering slowly. The team has done heavy work on the tramroad, hauling logs for five or six months.

An inventory of the Burley store showed double the amount of goods in stock June 2nd, compared with the amount on hand when it began business as a Rochdale store sixteen months ago.

Mr. Stein's new house has been painted white with pea green trimmings, showing well among the trees. If we could only follow his example and give the hotel a coat of paint, but, as usual, every one is busy just now, gathering crops, etc.

Although the C.B. practically does no propaganda work, now a days, occasionally enquiries as to plans and methods continue to reach the secretary's office. Two came pretty close together recently, one from Peru and the other from Bombay.

When the Glad Tidings is made over into a gasoline boat, we shall have a fleet of three launches in our harbor, Kingston, Cecile, and Glad Tidings, besides two scows, the new one, and the old one, (built in the early days) which is now being repaired, the plan being to plank her over and build a little house on top.
THE CO-OPERATOR

The mill, which was closed about ten days, recently, is now running again.

This is fine weather for growing, a second crop of clover is well advanced.

- Brother Ellis has taken a stunt or two in the haying and weeding operations, these days.

The bushes were loaded with raspberries. Pickers scarce. Finally, arrangements were made to gather the berries on shares.

Brother Kellogg has leased another lot which is to be the special domain of the two chums, Willie and George, a place to build castles in the air and other structures in which boys delight.

Our old time friend and hard worker, Brother Sherman L. Fall, at last accounts, was still working for the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Co. He finds comfortable board and room in the company's boarding house.

Mrs. M'Clintock was ill lately but is now back in the hotel again. Mr. Crofut, Mrs. Fenton, Miss M'Clintock, and Mrs. Rucker did a good deal of the necessary work which Mrs. M'Clintock, temporarily was unable to do.

Mrs. M'Clintock has now general charge of the hotel, with Miss Dickenson as cook, Messrs. Brocchi and Ellis as assistants. Mrs. Chas. P. West, (formerly Miss Blanche Simons) who for a long time did good service, has now retired and no one has been appointed to the place.

Brother Gerber has met with two accidents lately, one of them, a sprained ankle, which caused him considerable inconvenience for two or three weeks, and the other, from which he is now recovering, a severe shaking up and bruising, owing to being thrown out of a cart, twice in succession on the same afternoon. Little Jack was with Brother Gerber at the time, but escaped injury. Through a defect in the harness, old Dick became unmanageable and ran over a log which upset vehicle and occupants. No sooner had the cart been righted than the old horse bolted again, downhill, and caused another tip-up. It was a narrow escape from serious injury. Brother Gerber showed considerable grit to try a second time. As it was, fortunately, the most serious injury seems to have been done to a lot of eggs which was being hauled.
Matthew Truth is working in C.A. Mentzer's lumber yard in Tacoma.
Office thermometer, just outside our door, showed 99 deg on July the third.

The price of lumber in this part of the country is unprecedentedly high, so they say.

The strawberry crop has made a pretty good showing after all. 230 crates shipped to date.

The barn across the creek has been greatly enlarged. R.H. Brown, of Purdy, took the contract to do the carpenter work.

The Bollmans have a pleasant home at Glen Cove. Mrs. M'Clintock called on them, the Fourth, during the trip made by the launch.

Messrs. Fenton and Moore have purchased young cows, one apiece. It looks as if they might have home dairies, independent of the B. R. F. & D.

The hotel looked quite deserted early in July. Nearly all the boarders "dug out" to celebrate the Fourth outside.

As usual, for a few days before and after the Fourth, there is a lull in industries. Folks in the country go to the city to see the "percession", and town folks like to "camp out" a bit.

A scow load of things, chiefly for the store, in tow of the Cecile, met with an accident on the trip from Tacoma, causing the loss of some sugar and damage by water to other supplies.

Visitors during the month past,—Willard and Florence Potter, Mary Darling, Miss Sue Preston, and Earl and Kent Honin. Mrs. Orrett, Sidney and Barbara Orrett, have been visiting the Copelands.

By means of a gift from Brother John H. White, of Columbus, Ohio, we have been able to add a complete set of Miss Alcott's works to the library. Contributions, whether of books, or magazines, old or new, will be gratefully received, and duly acknowledged in The Co-operator.

Just think! "The Dream" is now occupied by a bachelor who is musically inclined. This will be interesting news to the fair ones, who dwelt there of yore. These summer evenings, as one hears the sweet tones which the occupant brings forth, as he plays on his trombone, one might imagine he was serenading his fair maid.
Beat your Sword into a Plough-Share.

WILL the time ever come when nations will agree to lay down their arms? Century after century has rolled on, and still the circle of war envelopes us. In one sense the individual is helpless. If able-bodied, he is legally bound to serve, to destroy his fellow-man. Such are the complexities of civilized society. What if our young men should form leagues to resist, and take the consequences. Is this treason? May be it is. But there are thousands upon thousands, shall we not say, millions upon millions, who would be ready to respond to the appeal, if war could be brought home to them in all its horrors. No one, perhaps, has better expressed the ideal government than John Caird the religious philosopher. If a young man could live up to his ideal, he would become even a traitor to his country, if society was pleased to so call him.

Read these words, in contrast with the spread-eagleism which seeks to glorify the horrors of modern warfare:

"In one sense the members of the social organism in which I live, the institutions, the civil and political organization of the community to which I belong, are outside and independent of me, and there are certain duties and obligations which they authoritatively impose on me. They constitute a moral order, an external or objective morality to which I must submit.

"But, in another sense, they are not foreign to me, they are more truly me than my own private self. Apart from them I have no real self, or only the false self of a fragment, taking itself for a whole. It is when the moral
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life of society flows into me that my nature reaches a fuller development; and then only are my social duties adequately fulfilled; when they cease to have the aspect of an outward law, and pass, in love and self-devotion, into the spontaneity of a second nature.

"For one who felt thus, selfish indulgence at the expense of others would be a greater self-denial, a thing fraught with a keener pain than any private suffering: it would be an injury done to a dearer self for the sake of a self he has ceased to care for; nay, in one sense, which has ceased to exist. For social morality reaches its ideal purity only then when the individual not merely loves others as himself, but can scarcely be said to have any other or exclusive self to love.

"Few indeed are they who have realized the absolute merging of the individual in the universal life, but for the nobler spirits who have nearly approximated to it, pain or pleasure are words that almost cease to have any private or personal significance. It is no longer any pleasure to do what they please, and pain and sacrifice have become touched with a new sense of sweetness.

"There have been times when by such men, their country's humiliation and loss have been felt with a far keener pang than personal suffering, and for them the offering up of life itself has had a strange sweetness in it, if the sacrifice could avert or retrieve her ruin.

"Finally, the capacity of a universal life finds its highest realization when the individual rises above even the organic life of the community or state to identify himself with the moral life of the race."

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Bay Island Producers' Union.

We want to urge upon all the producers in this vicinity the importance of strengthening the farmers' union, recently formed. If for no other reason than to enable the scattered residents of this newly settled region to see each other once a year in a convention, this new organization serves a purpose. We are, as yet, in an almost primitive state, heretofore—no railroads, no telephone, even. Although living close to tide water,
there are so many bays and inlets to go round, that approach by water to one's neighbors is quite difficult. Roads are improving, slowly, but at certain seasons of the year, in most places, it is hard travelling.

But there is a further benefit in encouraging this union. The meeting, which was held in the federal court room in Tacoma, August 7, when the members of the B. I. P. U. assembled for the first time, as one body, was large enough to make the farmers feel the power they can exercise for the good of the community as well as for themselves. Farmers, as a class, are conservative. They have not, as a body been progressive in adopting changes in business relations. But with the wonderful improvements in methods of travel and communication with the great centres of industry, the agricultural body is beginning to recognize the giant strength of co-operation. The country folk in all parts of the land are aroused—on the West Coast, in California, Puyallup Valley, and last, on the borders of Puget Sound.

If this power can be wisely directed, not only for individual gain but also for the public benefit, then it should be encouraged by every fair method. But, so far as possible, is it not better, especially at the outset of a new undertaking of this kind, to avoid calling the other fellow, who may be a competitor, by an unkind name? The better way is to go quietly about our business, and serve the public as well as we can both individually and co-operatively.

A Sop to Cerberus.

It is reported that Upton Sinclair has in mind the foundation of a co-operative colony. It will be quite in order now for the editors of our leading papers to say:—

"It is one thing to write a book showing the horrors of the Jungle, but quite another matter to find a practical solution. We wish our friend all success, but we are afraid he is doomed to failure. Experience has shown..."—And so on, ad libitum.

There was a time when the Editor of the Co-operator would have risen in his wrath, but now our zeal is tempered:—At the risk of being looked upon as throwing a sop to
Cerberus, we will say that we are more than half inclined to agree with his opponents. We are unable, ourselves, to point to a so-called "colony" that has been a success on purely socialist lines.

"How small, of all that human hearts endure, that part which kings or laws can cause or cure" Our troubles are of our own making; whether we live in a competitive world or in one of which the keynote sounds a true brotherhood of man. Are we sufficiently attuned to follow the keynote, is the question.

Carl Schurz well said: "I would rather have a law made by Beelzebub and carried out by the Angel Gabriel, than a law made by Gabriel and carried out by Beelzebub". Time alone will prove whether a sufficient number of people can be associated together having courage to practise what they preach. Laws—good, bad; or indifferent—will never accomplish it.

We should say nothing, then, to discourage the founding of co-operative colonies. Far from it. We believe some are called, in no sanctimonious fashion, but simply in a plain, practical way, to try such experiments. We would say to our brethren of the leading papers throughout the country, that it is quite possible disappointment is in store for our brother, if it be true that he contemplates the undertaking which is reported. But our experience at Burley, in spite of its shortcomings, makes us feel sure that the desire for a co-operative commonwealth is strongly implanted in the human breast. There is no gush about it.

An increasing number wish to show their preference, either at the ballot box, or by joining different forms of co-operative undertakings. These preferences are strengthened in large degree by some of our leading editors who decline to wear muzzles. What fruit these influences will bring to bear, it is difficult to foretell. But we may wake up before long and find a co-operative commonwealth born into this world, a good, healthy, youngster, alive and kicking.

Correction.

Mrs. White, instead of Mamie White, should have been credited with the authorship of the musical composition entitled: Oh! Henderson Bay.
**Butter-Milk.**

Years ago, there was a favorite play on the stage, of which one of the prominent characters was a retired butter-merchant. The poor man was one of those hen-pecked characters who was so accustomed to being sat upon that he hardly knew whether his soul was his own. His wife and all the family were in the habit of doubting every word he said. One day the conversation turned on the subject of butter. There was a discussion as to the kind of butter that had been placed on the table. Every one had an opinion on the matter and expressed it. The old man kept quiet as long as he could, but finally burst out in desperation: “Allow me to know something about butter” said he, with a stamp of his foot. “That’s Dosset, (Dorset) Sir, inferior Dosset.” For once he was determined not to be contradicted, though the heavens fall. He had been in that business all his life and he ought to know.

All this is a propos of a discussion at the dairy, across the creek, recently. Subject: buttermilk. Any one passing by at the time might have heard fragments of conversation similar to the following: “Guess I know what buttermilk is.” “That ain’t buttermilk.” “Just because there’s a little piece of butter floating in a lot of dirty water don’t make it buttermilk.” “Can’t fool me.” The replies were in a like positive vein: “Guess you don’t know buttermilk when you see it.” “Call that dish-water, do you?” “Where were you raised?” “Just stir it a little, and it will be all right.”

Whatever the liquid in question was, it disappeared, as Mrs. Kellogg can testify, which seems to be pretty good proof that it was the genuine article. The man who was fooled had better not tell “Kelly,” that’s all.

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**What care I for caste or creed?**

It is the man and not the deed;

**What for class or what for clan?**

It is the man, it is the man;

Heirs of love, and joy, and woe,

Who is high, and who is low?

Mountain, valley, sky and sea,

Are for all humanity.

Robert Loveman.
Wednesday Evening Entertainments.

Crowded House. Fine Performance.

Committee: Mrs. McClintock.
Mrs. Clarence Kline.

Reading ................ Grandma Townsend.
Song .................. Burley Glee Club.
Reading ............... Mr. Ellis.
Organ Solo ............ Mabel McClintock.
Recitation ............. Lawrence Orrett.
The Holy City .......... Trombone Mr. Chalker.
                  Organ Mr. Garcken.
An Operatic Tea ...... Leto Yuma.
From a Japanese Opera Fugi Yama, 
Tapi Oka.
Reading ................ Mr. Fenton.
Character Sketch ...... Clarence Kline.
Selection .............. Finfrock Orchestra.

This program, though short, was interesting and much appreciated. A good audience was present.

Committee: Miss Hattie Dickinson.

1 Violin Solo .............. Mr. Garcken.
2 Reading .................. Mr. Ellis.
3 Solo........ We are the Robins. Margery Orrett.
4 Reading .................. Mr. Fenton.
5 Recitation . Her Brother.. Genevieve West.
6 Step Dancing ............. Carlisle Kellogg.
7 Reading .................. Grandma Townsend.
8 Music .................... Finfrock Orchestra.
9 Good Night Tableau .... Genevieve West, 
                           Willie Kellogg.

Notice.

At a meeting of the Purdy branch of the Bay Island Producers' Union, held in the school house at Purdy, July 28, 1906, (Saturday) at 8 o'clock in the evening, F. W. Curtis, of Springfield, was unanimously selected as candidate for trustee to be chosen at the annual meeting of stockholders in Tacoma, Aug 7th.
Good-By to Dick and Governor.

We have parted with two faithful servants. As I sat in the office scribbling copy, my eye chanced to catch a passing glimpse of the two old boys through one of the two front windows. Old Dick was in the lead, hauling a pedlar's wagon loaded with old gunny sacks. Governor, with another horse, both hitched to the wagon, walked behind. Two men, apparently in partnership, were the purchasers. My impression is that the two animals will be as well cared for in the new hands as in the old. I hope so.

To many an old comrade, old or young, the bare mention of our old horses, especially of old Governor, brings back memories—pleasant recollections of by-gone times—long summer afternoons in the woods and clearing—hauling logs and pulling out stumps. We remember well the big stumps that we slowly dragged out, with the help of old Governor, on the sunny slope in front of the School-house. How the old fellow would stop when he knew there was a tough specimen behind him, and then with a sudden lunge bring his faithful old back to bear on the obstinate customer. All around was that hum of insects and the soft
sounds that come from the distant woods and waters. The school-room windows would be open, and we could hear the teacher's and the children's voices busy with their tasks.

Once more we see the old boy ploughing with Sam in the field. We hear our comrade's encouraging voice, urging his companion on his path: Guvner! Guvner! Oh! what you doing? Then numerous unintelligible expletives, and old Governor would slowly turn his head and mutely signify that some hidden obstruction was too much for him.

Ah! Yes, one could go on indefinitely with stories of the old boy, our veteran, loved of old and young.

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**Visitors.**

Mrs. Sellers, a sister of Mrs. Garcken.

Barbara and Margery Orrett are visiting at the Copelands'.

Mr. Bollman, Mrs. Guy Tilton, his daughter, and her little girl.

Mrs. G. M. Potter with her friend Mrs. Constable, and a little child are at Burley.

Brother B. T. O'Neill was with us in August for a day or two, taking a vacation from his work in Seattle.

Mrs. D. W. Kellogg, the mother of B. M. Kellogg, arrived at Burley the latter part of July, with her grandson Carlisle Kellogg.

C. A. Cook, 414 California Block, Tacoma, called at office, looking at mill proposition 29 years ago Mr. Cook set up the first paper in Tacoma. He said he was the oldest printer (in point of service) in the state.

We are glad to welcome Gus Weiss once more. He has taken a certificate of stock under the re-organization and a use lease of a home lot. In a few days Mr. Weiss is going to Milwaukee, the home of his mother, whom he has not seen in eight years.

Mrs. Warriner Smith, who is visiting the Copelands, had experience in colony life with her husband at Port Angeles. Brother Davis, who was a member of the Port Angeles organization, has had an opportunity to recall, with her, the memories of that day.
Kate Stein has been absent over a fortnight on a visit to her mother in Seattle.

Mrs. A. J. Conway and Miss Myrtie Dickinson, a sister of Miss Hattie Dickinson, visited the Fentons early in August. Dr. and Mrs. Tilton and their little boy visited Mr. and Mrs. John Tilton in July. A. M. Jaques, who was a member in the early days, now secretary of the Harvesters, a fraternal organization, called on us recently.

A visit to the Copelands recently, showed how much had been done to beautify the grounds. Springs of water keep the soil moist and green, even in this dry season. It would be hard to find a more perfect little summer retreat.

HOME NOTES

Prince and Jim are mated since the sale of Governor and Dick.

Corn is doing well. The field between the hotel and the school-house makes a fine sight.

The dry season still continues. With the exception of one shower, no rain for a month or more.

We can hardly be too careful at this season of the year, in lighting fires in or near the woods.

Gus Weiss is busy now-a-days, making calls. He has a seat at the hotel dining table with the old baches.

Brother Pearce is doing double service now, working part of the time at the hotel and part of the time on the Co-operator.

Mabel McClintock, with Jack in charge, went to Tacoma early in August to visit their mother, who is visiting her old friends the Darlings.

We are glad to see so many of our old members. The general feeling seems to be approval of the plan which we are now endeavoring to carry out at Burley.
Ernest Simons has been working for R. H. Brown, of Purdy.

The demand for lumber holds good, but dearth of cars makes shipment difficult.

With poor old Governor and Dick gone, we shall have less mouths to feed in Burley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. West have moved to Rosedale occupying a house near Blake's logging camp. Mr. West is in the employ of Mr. Blake.

A site for the silo, near the barn across the creek, is being prepared. The corn in the ground will be ready for the new store-house when built.

A visit to that portion of the Commercial Dock in Tacoma occupied by the Bay Island Producers' Union, one morning, recently, showed a good business being done.

We are pleased to have Brother Ferguson with us. He received a hearty welcome when he appeared about the middle of July. Brother Ferguson intends to make Burley his home.

We are baching once more at the hotel. Pearce, Crofut, and Ellis, are cooks by turn. Under an arrangement with Brother Pearce, he will soon take entire charge of the cooking and other work at the hotel.

Mrs. H. R. Cox (whose husband was formerly superintendent of schools in Tacoma) spoke, and her daughter, Miss Cox, sang, at the Sunday evening service in the School-house July 13th. A good audience, largely composed of young people, was present.

Mrs. McClintock has been absent a few weeks, resting entirely from work, under medical care, at St. Joseph's Hospital, in Tacoma. The hours at the hotel, for several months, were long and exhausting, keeping her attention early and late. We hope to see her back, soon, in restored health.

The first annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Bay Island Producers' Union was held in Tacoma, August 7, 1906. F. W. Curtis, of Springfield, was elected as one of the twelve Trustees, his term of office covering two years. Mr. Curtis represents the Purdy branch of District No. 2, which includes Springfield, Purdy, and Burley.
The gray team, Eagle and Dyke, is now the property of the B. R. F. & D. Co.

The Glad Tidings is still cradled. A new gasoline engine has been purchased and will probably arrive in a day or two. The boat will be owned jointly by the C. B. and members on the ground.

Forty ton of feed, including timothy, clover, oats, and fodder corn, will go a long way towards keeping the stock through the winter. The B. R. F. & D. Co. expect to show about this amount, after all the crops are gathered.

W. Eugene Knox, Dean of School of Oratory, University of Puget Sound, gave an entertainment at the School-house in Burley, Thursday, July 19, which drew a good audience, although following the usual Wednesday evening performance. Mr. Knox is an impersonator and reader and afforded much amusement. He expects to visit Burley, again, in a few weeks.

Mr. S. F. Stearns, a neighbor and old time settler, having moved to this locality 22 years ago, has sold to Mr. Mansperger. Mr. Stearns bought the land from a man who had filed papers for a homestead. The old Stearns place is well known, hereabouts. Old Burley people will remember, particularly, the fine cherries which the orchard produced. We are sorry to lose our neighbors, the Stearnses. One by one, the old settlers are leaving us.

If you want to attend a pleasant social gathering, free of charge, such as you might have in your own family, if you had all your sisters, cousins, and aunts together, you had better "watch out" for one of the Wednesday evening entertainments. These performances are supposed to occur once in every three weeks, although occasionally we are obliged to postpone an entertainment. The audience includes all ages, babies in arms, as well as children and grown folks.

Plans are well advanced towards the Union Church at Rosedale. Several hundred dollars have been subscribed, and a desirable location for a building has been given by Mr. Warren, who, with his wife, has recently made a home in Rosedale. At present, services are conducted in the School-house. Mr. Ellis officiated, Sunday, August 12, in the afternoon.
We have been fortunate in having Brother Garcken with us, helping us in the musical portions of our Sunday school and church services, and at Wednesday evening entertainments.

The young folks are, more and more, taking part in our Wednesday evening entertainments. There is no better evidence of growth than the interest the rising generation show in the affairs of a community.

The mill has lately employed quite a number of our people, as well as our neighbors. John Tilton, Paul Fenton, Sam Pinrock, Rodney, and Ernest Simons, and Herbert Garcken have been among the workers.

A bell, which was bought for the Kingston some time ago, has been put in shape and hung on the roof of the School-house. Messrs Melhart and Casson did the work.

Monday, July 23rd, Mr Ellis officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Day, wife of Mr. David Day, one of the old residents of Rosedale. Many friends were present at the service in the School-house and afterwards at the cemetery. There were beautiful flowers in abundance.

Carroll and McLane, who had the contract to cut second growth fir for piles, have finished work. Most of the timber was cut on cemetery hill, a few being taken from the park-ground and from the home lots of Brocchi and Ellis. There were four hundred piles in the boom which was taken out. It leaves cemetery hill pretty bare, but when cleaned up and the grass planted, its appearance will be much improved.

The Summer Art School of the North West, under the management of Miss L. A. Mint, was opened at the promontory, south of Lake Bay, July 30, 1906. A visit to the camp July 31, showed increase in number of pupils and improvements on the grounds. Ten pupils were enrolled. Several friends had visited the grove already, and more were expected. The location is remarkably picturesque. It is easier to get to the grounds this year from Lake Bay, a little row boat being in service, manned (!) shall we say?—not exactly—as the crew who were ready to take turns in propelling the boat, were two charming young ladies. If this little notice reaches any friends of Miss Mint, in season, we advise them to "take in" the Summer Art School without fail. The term lasts two weeks, beginning July 30.
Progress and Poverty.

"This is my busy day," said the Standard Air Magnate, "I shall be unable to receive any callers, John." "Quite so, Sir," said the confidential secretary. "Coupon Day, Sir, I presume?" "Ye-s" sighed the magnate. "What block will you have first of all, Sir?" "Ah! I forgot, I must look at the latest news, first. What does the paper say? I was so busy, yesterday, with Mr. Gobbler of the Air Consumer Trust Company, that I forgot to look at the Daily Bulletin. Ah!" he repeated, glancing over the columns,—"I see that the Amalgamated Beef and Air Trust is reported as having control of the air plant for the Mar-mor Packing Company. Let me see, what are my holdings in that company?" "I began work, Sir, on that account, last week, but I haven't quite finished. I shall be able to report in a few days." "Dear me, that's too bad, how many clerks have you cutting off coupons?" "Five hundred, Sir, but I am afraid I shall need at least a hundred more before I get through. The work goes slow in this hot weather." "Very well, we must have them, I suppose, but hire them by the day. If the weather turns cooler, we may not need them."

"That will be all," said the potentate—and he sighed a sigh of relief. "Wait a bit," he said, "I noticed that the fresh air valve supplying the main office had been carelessly left open by someone all last night. Please see that it doesn't happen again." "All right, Sir."
ARE you able, General, to state the difference between Capital and Labor?" "I flatter myself, Sir, that I am competent," replied the veteran. "At the time that my very dear friend, William K. Vanderbilt was, at Fleetwood Park, run down by a team and not even scratched, a foreman of brick masons fell with his scaffold, and in two minutes was dead of his injuries. My friend was accorded by the newspapers several columns, and a panic on Wall Street was imminent. Four lines were given the mason."

It is sometimes said that the age in which we live is fast becoming, if it has not already become, a reproduction of the Roman Empire when it was at the dizzy height of its splendor, with extremes of wealth and poverty. On the one hand, lavish feasts, tables groaning with delicacies from tribute-provinces, spread for an effeminate plutocracy, with costly wines and nightingales' tongues—any extravagance, no matter what it might be, so long as it was novel. On the other hand, a country stripped of self-respecting working-men, crowding to the great city, crying to their masters for "bread and games."

Is this too dark a picture? At all events, it is true that combinations of men, who have either great riches by inheritance or the power or ability to acquire great riches for themselves and others, grow apace. What shall the future bring forth? Is there any power under our republican form of government, to prevent the increase of great wealth in the hands of a few? Ten years ago, it was estimated that about ninety per cent of the wealth of the United States was owned by ten per cent of the people. In Great Britain and Ireland, at the same period, it was found that the land was in the hands of about four per cent of the population. Figures will lie. We have no statistics at hand to calculate the proportion to-day, but it is probable that the estimate given is near enough for practical purposes, at the present time.

"Socialism" has been defined as covering "the abolition or restriction of private property in order to the more equal distribution of wealth and happiness through the entire community." The principle of restricting the right of
private property-holding underlies the individual, the family, home, business, state and nation. How far shall a man be allowed to accumulate wealth? As Henry George said: "How many men are there who fairly earn a million dollars?"

The heaping up of riches goes on apace. Did the Great Teacher fall in with the same inevitable tendency in his day? Was he indulging in a sarcastic mood when he expounded the parable of the talents? It may be true that the more deserving a man is the more he is entitled to reward. But no man, however great his talent, should accumulate even honest wealth to such an extent as to cause suffering—though it may appear to be indirect—to any of his fellow-beings.

Who is injured by a panic on Wall Street? The stock gambler less than the man with pick-ax and shovel.

Life Among the Lowly.

ABOUT seven years ago, a member of the C. B. was absent from Burley on a trip east for about seven weeks. A few memoranda of the journey may be of interest. In October the way was through the cotton belt. Cotton everywhere in every stage of production from field to storehouse. Colored people living in cabins from hand to mouth, eking out a living by picking cotton. Wages for a colored man 35 to 40 cents a day and he boards himself. Whites and blacks living and travelling separately. Conductor on the train for Columbus tells us how the Burlington road had cut rates for Omaha packers. He said that Kansas City packers meant to boycott the road and a judge had refused to send insane persons to an asylum via Burlington road.

The writer stayed two or three days at "Commonwealth," a Christian Socialist colony in Georgia. Commonwealth had been in existence, at the time, perhaps three years. The residents numbered fifty, only fifteen of whom were working-men. The people took their meals where they liked. Each man and family received an allowance. There were no regular hours for a day's work and no system of wages. Each one was put upon honor to
do his share of labor.

Grace was said before meals—verses from scripture after breakfast—a service Thursday evening in addition to the Sunday services.

It was a curious little company. One experienced a certain feeling of isolation, similar no doubt to what would be felt by a resident in a religious community like the Shakers or Ammonites, although the place itself was only ten or twelve miles from Columbus. The lowly condition of the blacks was noticeable, although it was thirty five years since the civil war. Negro cabins, as a rule, had no windows, children were poorly clad. Few in the neighborhood went to Tuskegee.

The writer took steerage passage from Savannah to New York. On the dock at Savannah, the whole place seemed black; crowded with negroes looking for work. The poor fellows surged forward with anxious eyes trying to gain the attention of the man who gave out a limited number of brass discs, with numbers on them, entitling the fortunate possessors to work as freight handlers. The policeman was sometimes obliged to use a club, so it was said, to keep order.

Four nights from Savannah we were fog-bound outside Sandy Hook. The steerage accommodation on the steamer was not so bad as it was on the "City of Puebla" from San Francisco. The food varied; sometimes it was fair, it was uninvitably served. The stateroom would have been perfectly comfortable if it had been properly cleaned. Nothing but a mattress was furnished for the bed.

In New York took steerage passage on Stonington boat for Boston. The steamer was new but the situation for steerage passengers was far more disagreeable than aboard the Savannah boat. No steerage passenger was allowed on the upper deck. We were kept penned up down below and watched by a petty official—an old Irishman he appeared to be, who handled people a good deal as one would cattle, not roughly however, but in a familiar sort of a way.

The distinction between a first-class and a second-class passenger seemed to be that the latter would stand more watching than the former. In other words, the steerage passenger on board ship and the second-class passenger on a train are objects of supervision, while the first-class pas-
senger goes unchallenged. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." The Almighty dollar ruled the day, "in the land of the free and the home of the brave," according to the experience of a second-rate traveller, A. D. 1899.

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**Burley School-House.**

In the early days of New England, it was the custom of the fathers to use the meeting-house for secular as well as religious purposes. The building was never called a church. As time went on, a change took place and special buildings were provided for week-day business, the dignified old pioneer-structure being reserved solely for sacred occasions.

In Burley we are still in the early stage. The old school-house, as it may soon be called (as it does not take long in a pioneer country for buildings as well as men to be treated as old settlers) takes the place, to a certain degree, of the old Puritan meeting-house. Not so much so is it true as was the case a few years ago, when hardly a week went by without some secular meeting within its walls.

At present the building is available, at regular intervals, for school, Wednesday evening entertainments, Sunday school, church service, and, when desired, for weddings and funerals.

Plain as the structure is, it is a building which has an historic interest. Although there may be jarring memories of animated discussions, are not the impressions left of the gatherings in the school-house, for the most part, of a pleasant kind?

How living are the associations hidden within inanimate objects. We enter a room which to a stranger has but an every-day appearance and immediately upon us falls a feeling of quiet ownership. So it may be even with a building which is used for public assemblies. Like the school boy, we remember the place we sat in, perhaps, the desk we used (sometimes, alas! by the careless marking of our initials on its well-worn surface). Whatever it may be there is some little niche which we can call our own.
So may it continue to be with Burley school-house. For the grown folks, as well as the children may the plain old room and furniture be associated with happy memories, with triumphs for the right, manly sacrifices for truth and conscience.

Wednesday Evening Program.

A. B. Ellis Committee.

A good audience was present; including an unusually large proportion of visitors. The performance was pronounced exceptionally agreeable.

PROGRAM.

1. Song with guitar accompaniment...Bertha Huesing.
2. Dialogue..............Kate Stein and Inez Simons.
3. Reading................Mr. Stein.
4. Organ Solo.............Mabel McClintock.
5. Reading................Grandma Townsend.
6. Song with guitar accompaniment
   Miss Daisy McClintock.
7. Reading................Mr. Fenton.
8. Mandolin and Guitar...Mr. Brocchi, Bertha Huesing.
9. Reading...............Mrs. Garcken.
10. Finfrock Orchestra.

I take life jest as I find it;
   If it's a sunshiny day,
   Hot or cold, I never mind it—
   That's my time for making hay:
If it's rainin', fills my wish—
   Makes the lakes jest right for fish;
When the snow falls white as foam,
   Then I track the rabbits home.
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
   I'm jest thankful fer 'em all.

Frank L. Stanton.

The long dry spell was broken by steady showers early in September.
A Plea for Natural Beauty.

By D. B.

"Come where the wild thyme grows."

Once a soldier, who could not read, happened to go through an abandoned castle, and saw there an inscription made of metal letters cemented to a marble slab. Curious to know its meaning, he detached the letters with his sword, and threw them in his knapsack, to have them read by a scholar.

So-called admirers of natural beauties, who destroy them, to decorate their rooms with the fragments, are more to blame than the poor ignorant soldier, who after all did not know the harm he had done, and was inspired by desire of learning.

Basket-Social at Purdy School-House.

Wednesday evening Aug. 15—for the benefit of Mr. Dupertuis of Gig Harbor. Several Burley people attended and took part in the entertainment—Mrs. Garcken, Mr. Ellis, Kate Stein and Inez Simons.
Visitors in August.

At the Moore's—Mrs Prickett and Miss Stem, from Seattle.

At the West's—Miss Evelyn Hartley. Mr. and Mrs. William Lingham.

At the Copeland's—Mr. Warren N. Follensbee. Margery Wiestling and Dorothy Van Ogle.

Mrs. D. Houlihan and her daughter Eva, former neighbors, have been visiting friends recently.


At the Fenton's—Mr. A. J. Conway, Miss Hattie Dickinson, Mrs. John G. Smart, her son-in-law, Mr. John Monette and wife Dora and their little boy John Gregory, Gregory and Ruth Smart.

Mrs. Smart was much pleased with her visit at Burley; under the guidance of Brother Brocchi, she took a little trip to the town plat, on her way passing by some of the old houses which, quite likely, awakened recollections of earlier days.

It is possible that selections of lots on the home site may be made, in due time, by more than one member of the family. Mrs. Smart took with her one of Dal Brocchi's blue prints showing the situation of the lots on the plat.

Mrs. O. J. Darling visited the Fentons early in September. She is considering the question of taking a home-lot.

Crofut and Ellis and Melhart are taking turns in cooking again, in the Hotel Kitchen.
Brother Pearce visited old Equality in August.

Rodney Simons and family have moved into their new house.

The B. R. F. & D. Co. has been shipping late strawberries at good prices.

No date has been set for the opening of school. The school-board is still looking for a teacher.

This is the hunting season. Neighbor Lake and his two boys expect to start for the woods in search of game.

Mr. M. E. Smith, as might be expected, is a frequent visitor at Burley. That little grandson is growing at a great rate.

W. Eugene Knox visited Burley a second time, Thursday, Sept. 6, and entertained his audience with some fine recitations.

The Fentons' house always has the latch-string on the outside. Our readers will notice how visitors seem to gravitate in that direction.

The affairs of Equality Colony are still unsettled. The receiver has sent out notice calling for presentation of claims before the end of the year.

Traffic by the stage-wagon has been good the past month. A considerable number of passengers have been carried, in spite of the shut-down at the mill.

Photographs of Burley and its people, quite likely, will grow in interest as the years roll on. Any one desiring information on this subject may address Editor of the Co-operator, Burley, Wash.

Members have been working on their lots quite a good deal, of late. In the next issue of the Co-operator we expect to give a revised list of lessees and the lots which have been assigned to them. The only list which has appeared thus far, was printed in the issue of September, 1905.
Rodney Simons has been night-watch at the mill for some weeks.

Brother Ferguson has selected a home-lot near the old hog-pasture.

Miss Alice Simons was married, recently, to William Hansen, of Salem, Oregon.

Neighbor Huesing is back again. He intends to stay at home for a month, at least, this time.

The Kingston made a trip to Seattle early in September, bringing back the new ensilage cutter and engine.

We are glad to report that Mrs. McClintock is doing well. We hope to see her back in Burley within a few weeks.

The heavy showers have made travelling more comfortable. Old residents know how dusty the roads get in this region, during the summer.

Prince and Jim, the last of the old retainers, were sold in the latter part of July. We have only four horses now—the gray team and the mail team.

Brother Kellogg had a birth-day, lately. Four friends had the pleasure of joining the family-party and of consuming unlimited amounts of delicious ice-cream.

A little over seven years ago, our sawmill began to do its work. The first board was brought as a trophy to the hotel, and used as a seat at one of the dining-tables.

The Buers, well known residents, formerly living on the Olalla road, have lately moved into the log house, at one time occupied by the Steins and afterwards by the De Armonds and others.

Correction—The August Co-operator gave the estimated crop of feed for the B. R. F. & D. Co. at forty ton. The yield of fodder corn alone will reach fully forty ton. It is believed that the total amount of the feed-crop this year, will be over one hundred tons.

No portion of Burley shows more improvement, perhaps, than the corner of cleared land occupied by the Packers and by the buildings of the Fruit and Dairy Co. If the tram-way was removed and a pretty winding road made in its place, it would add much to the picturesqueness of the situation.
Mr. Garcken is making arrangements to give music lessons in Seattle.

Mr. Crofut made a trip to Seattle, recently, partly for the C. B. and partly for the Fruit and Dairy Co.

Latest report from Miss L. A. Mint showed that she had 19 pupils enrolled at her Summer Art School, near Lake Bay.

Former residents of Burley are beginning to look with longing eyes upon their old home to return to it. The Burley spell has wound itself about many hearts.

We have had a good supply of fruit, locally, this year. Mr. Moore acquired the right to gather the crop from the Stoddard place, some of which was offered for sale here.

Mr. and Mrs. Garcken have arranged with Brother Davis to build a house on their home-lot, using some of the material of their old dwelling in the construction of their new house.

Mr. Stein took entire charge of services Sunday, Aug. 12th. His text was from: Do not take heed for the things of tomorrow,—but for the Kingdom of God,—take care of the Spiritual things—the inward, the spiritual man.

The Fruit and Dairy Co. have purchased an ensilage cutter and conveyor and a six horse-power gasoline engine, to run the same, from Polson Implement Co., of Seattle. They expect to use the engine for various purposes besides running the ensilage cutter.

Burley, Buckley and Burton are continually suffering from the similarity of names and the oversightedness of postal clerks. At any rate we know that Burley mail matter that should come to Burley is missent to Buckley, mostly, or Burton. And Burley, Idaho, mail persists in coming to Burley, Washington.

About the time that Carroll and McLean contracted for the removal of piling from our land, Mr. Kimball of Gig Harbor began the same work at the Stoddard place, putting the timber into the water at the old Stoddard landing. This work is still in operation, a donkey engine being now used in connection with the job. All this clearing is making a great difference in the appearance of the land in Burley and its vicinity.
The engine for the Glad Tidings has arrived and will be installed and ready for use in a short time.

Mrs. Garcken has left to take charge of the same school in which she taught last term—in the Palouse country.

Mr. Ellis drove the stage for a few days early in September, in place of Mr. Fenton, who was slightly indisposed.

The mill has been closed for some weeks. It is hoped that arrangements will soon be made to resume business in this line on a larger scale.

At the meeting of the school electors for District 12, Kitsap County, it was decided to raise the tax to ten mills, in order to provide for an increase of term to eight months.

Our neighbor, Mr. Kline, has been doing quite a bit of clearing on the land south of his dwelling. A road over the ridge, back of his house, is being cleared, preparatory to the coming of McDowell's logging crew.

The new silo is nearly complete—It is 25 feet in height and 12 feet in diameter. It is close to the new barn and is planned to carry the feed from the silo, by conveyor, to the proper place inside the building.

In the early days, the "colony" children attended the old district school, about two miles north of Burley. The house, built by the early settlers, was of the simplest type. The first teaching at Burley was given at a private school, which was conducted by Mrs. Frances H. Richardson of Seattle. Jan 15, 1900 the Burley school became public. The number of children when first opened as a private school (Nov. 27, 1899) was 24. We began as a public school with 27.

W. M. McDowell, who has been logging for a number of years between Olalla and Purdy, at first putting his logs into the water on the Olalla side, and later at Purdy, expects to move to Burley in a few months. He will employ about twenty men and board and lodge them in houses leased by the C. B. Mr. McDowell has made a contract with Mr. Kline for the timber on the high land above his homestead. The logs will be rolled down the old skid-way formerly used by Harry Winchester, across Nix's land into the water, not far from the mill, at a place which the boys have used for swimming from early days. The Burley youngsters know the place well.
"Where are you at?"—in Burley.

The mountain moved and a mouse came forth. It sometimes seems as if that was the result of all the efforts to build Burley. It is not the ideal, of course. But ideals like stars seem as hard to hitch to now as they were in Emerson’s day. We read a good deal in the papers about “old home” weeks “back east.” It is a good sentiment and should be encouraged but people west of the Rockies are more interested in the ‘new home’ proposition. So we occasionally do a little mild propaganda work on that line. The communistic dwelling hardly exists any longer at Burley. Only two of our members live in the so-called “hotel.” The building, it is true, is by no means abandoned. The lower floor, particularly, as readers of the Co-operator will have noticed, has been much improved in its fittings. But the tendency has been, unmistakably, to form smaller domestic groups; in the case of the old baches, either to live singly or in a company of one or two. On some grounds, perhaps, this is to be regretted. And yet, if present conditions are maintained, perhaps there will be no serious loss. Some of us still meet for our meals at the same table, although we live in different places. The reading-room, library, with a ladies’ sitting room added, form places for meeting and social intercourse.

The specially noticeable change is in the provision for home-lots which has been referred to a number of times al-
ready. In another place, we give a list of "home" and "additional" lots that have been leased, to date.

It is quite possible that lessees of home-lots, to some extent, may use them as gardens for cultivation, without actually building houses on them for occupation. It is pleasant to have a little spot in this fertile valley in which you can plant what you choose, experiment as you like. Few people are real farmers and yet there are a great many who like to form a close acquaintance with Mother Earth, occasionally. This sentiment is more encouraged, perhaps, under the new plan than under the old. Under the present arrangement, a man or woman, married or single, can have a definite piece of land for anything he chooses, for farming or recreation.

Sentiments like these are like the clothes which we wear. If sensibly indulged, they would seem to build for the higher good of ourselves and others.

So let us encourage the movement for the new home as well as the old home. There is no "ism" which should deprive mankind of wholesome and pure influences such as these.

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Our Methods of Doing Business.

OUR method of doing business at Burley provides for a permanent organization, a corporation organized under the state, known as the Co-operative Brotherhood, and for other industries working in connection with it. As many individuals as wish can combine in groups either in the form of corporations or as voluntary associations, for such purposes as they see fit. In this way, the Fruit and Dairy Co. has incorporated and holds land as a lessee of the C. B. Experience thus far has shown that the system works well. It divides the responsibility, so to speak. Under the old plan, before the reorganization, while there was an attempt to regulate and control each industry, it frequently happened that one man would be employed in a variety of occupations and hardly knew to which department he belonged and to whom he was responsible. At the same time, it was
difficult to decide who was accountable for care of tools and materials, as one department so frequently had to borrow from another.

Until a co-operative system is well established, it is better not to have too many branches. Stick to one thing as closely as possible and try and make a success of it. If you try and co-operate in too many things, at once, you are likely to fall down.

A great many people start out in business on too large a scale. If you wish to venture in various directions, form groups, and let each group incorporate if it chooses, and be responsible for its own affairs. There can be a federation between the various organizations just as there is a federation between the states of the union. But, so far as possible, let the responsibility be carefully defined. Each tub should stand on its own bottom.

We venture to suggest to our friends of the Bay Island Producers' Union that they will do well at the outset to keep within their own special business. Think well before branching out in too many differing directions. It is a big undertaking to handle all the produce of this great section of the Sound-Country, this North Bay region. If there are any industries which are needed in connection with the marketing of fruit and dairy products, let them be subsidiary, at present; let others be responsible for them. This is the safer course. Experience at Burley in co-operative business has taught us this lesson.

Quo Vadis?

The following words by Michael A. Lane, which appeared in the National Magazine about a year ago, seem to be equally applicable to-day:

"The social idea seems to be taking to itself a definite shape and a palpable substantiality in the thought that nobody can have a fair chance until all have it; that help for one or a few beggars, incurables, men-out-of-work, or other social genus, usually designated by the term "poor," is really no help at all, but only the temporary healing of a few
sores on the body social, which is covered with sores from head to foot; for the social sores which charity heals, at once break out again the moment the charity is withdrawn.

"On the other hand, a help that reaches all must necessarily embrace each, such as "God's love," was, in the old times of hope and belief in God, supposed by the social idea to do. God as ceased to be the providence of man, and men now seem to be convinced that if they are to be provided for they must no longer look to Congress or to capitalists, but to themselves.

"This idea of the withering of the individual and the bettering of society logically terminate in a socialism from which solitary, man eating lions are wholly banished and in which the social sheep may crop grass in peace and plenty. It is a socialism beyond which no social idea, however advanced, can work, for it implies a complete reduction, or complete elevation, if you prefer that term, of all men to a common level. And howsoever much the individual may dislike it, or denounce it, or turn in disgust from it, there it is staring him in the face with its millions of peaceful dumb eyes; which occasionally, however, light up and glare at him in the frenzy of riot or revolution."

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**An Inherited Debt.**

They say that the workingman is now living in luxury compared with his condition a hundred years ago. It may be so. But what a debt from poverty and neglect has rolled up in all these years! Outlawed? How many people are living to-day on the income of property derived from these very sources? Think of the host of dwellers in rotten tenements, men, women and children who crawled in damp mines and worked through the long hours in dismal factories to accumulate excessive wealth in labor bearing stocks and bonds.

"Baching" has charms unknown to wedded life. A married man never has the pleasure of seeing his wife oiling the rubber on the clothes-wringer, or washing dishes with sapolio.
“This is the Forest Primeval.”

If a man.... spends his whole time as a speculator, shearing off the woods and making the earth bald before her time, he is esteemed an industrious and enterprising citizen.—Thoreau.

A Child's Description of Burley Forest.

By D. B.

Our forest is a place full of trees, big trees and little trees, living trees and dead trees, trees with their limbs turned up to the sky with great big broad leaves, trees with limbs hanging down in graceful curves with many tiny little leaves, trees with rough brown bark, trees with smooth white bark, trees with striped bark of all colors, and very pretty to look at. Burley creek, Bear creek and other creeks wind themselves among the trees, and their banks are thick with brush of all kinds, and some of the branches bend down to kiss the water. The dead trees, fallen to the ground and half rotted away, are covered with ferns and soft moss and made pretty to look at. When you walk through our forest, and the sun shines through the leaves and the wind blows gently, it seems like somebody talking to you soft and sweet, and it feels like a dream.

And yet the big men with their axes and saws come and cut the trees down, and haul away or burn them up, and leave on the ground where they were growing, only a lot of humps ugly to look at. Papa says its a pity and Mama says its a shame. Papa also said that by and by so many of the forests will be destroyed that people will run out of wood for houses, and furniture and other wooden things. And he said too, that where all the trees are cut down, they have droughts in summer and floods in winter. And he said too that people are beginning to open their eyes, and to have men that know how to take care of forests, the same as they do in other countries, and get all the good out of them without hurting them, and these men are called foresters, and when I am big I am going to be a forester, and then there will be plenty of wood for houses and furniture, and plenty of beautiful trees to walk among when you feel blue.
Two Points of View.

In a crowded ship's company, the eagerness to secure the best food and accommodation is specially noticeable. Get a seat, if you can, at the first table in the dining-room. You will be better served and more comfortable.

Tip the waiter if you want to get attention. If you are inclined to be sea-sick and fortunate enough to be a first-class passenger, do not allow yourself to picture the conditions in the steerage. It is bad enough where you are, in your own berth on deck. How fortunate that you are not obliged to be in the atmosphere of the steerage.

The barbarism of the present methods in the social organisation, according to many persons, must give way by a slow process of evolution in the growth of the individual. You cannot set up a scheme and expect people to live by it.

'Wednesday Evening' Entertainment.

The entertainment which usually occurs on the evening of Wednesday, took place on this occasion, Friday, Sept. 28th. The youngsters had a large part assigned to them, and gave great satisfaction to a large audience.

PROGRAM.

1 Reading by Mr. Ellis.
2 Organ Solo by Mabel McClintock.
3 Recitation by Clarence Simons.
4 Song by the Buë sisters.
5 Reading by Mrs. Stein.
6 Song by Bertha Huesing.
7 Dancing by Lisle Kellogg.
8 Reading by Grandma Townsend.
9 Songs by Duncan Pearce.
10 Dialogue by Leslie Smith, Lawrence Orrett and Lisle Kellogg.

Teach me to feel for others' woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.    Pope.
Visitors in September.

Mrs. Louise E. S. Drew, formerly of San Francisco, was in Burley early in the month, for a brief visit. Sunday evening, she gave an instructive talk on Brotherhood, keeping the children specially in mind while addressing her audience.

Hypatia Johnson arrived on Sept. 18 and was welcomed with smiling countenances. She immediately relieved the hotel cooking squad. Gleams (one might say) grins of satisfaction now appear on the faces of the old baches as they consume the choice viands that are prepared for them.

Another old friend appeared towards the end of the month—Frank Lowe. Frank was in Frisco during the earthquake and was quite ill since that time (for three weeks in the hospital).

As is the case with all our old comrades who have visited us since the reorganization, he is pleased with the new arrangement by which our affairs are conducted.

At the Fentons', Dr. E. W. Tilton, of Seattle.

Joseph Lowe visited us shortly after his brother Frank and departed with him.
B.I.P.U. Stockholders’ Meeting.

The trustees of the Bay Island Producers’ Union have deemed it expedient that a meeting of the B.I.P.U. be called at an early date. I therefore designate Tuesday, the 23rd day of October, at one o’clock p.m., as a proper time, and Tacoma the proper place for holding such meeting. The cannery and other questions of vital importance will come before the meeting for consideration, and it is desired that every stockholder be present or represented.

W. R. Lotz,
President, B.-I.P.U.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 18th, 1906.

Leased Lots.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>HOME LOTS</th>
<th>ADDITIONAL LOTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B. M. Kellogg</td>
<td>23 E</td>
<td>14,15 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. B. Ellis</td>
<td>32 E</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. C. Davis</td>
<td>32 C</td>
<td>31 C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. H. Simons</td>
<td>11 F</td>
<td>2,3,10 F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. H. Packer</td>
<td>34 E</td>
<td>35 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. Davidson</td>
<td>16 F</td>
<td>17 F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. T. Copeland</td>
<td>13 F</td>
<td>14 F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. G. Crofut</td>
<td>13 C</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. L. Fenton</td>
<td>12 F</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. F. Dunbar</td>
<td>36 E</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessie Fay Tilton</td>
<td>36 C</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. R. Moore</td>
<td>35 C</td>
<td>22-3-4-6 C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. McClintock</td>
<td>4 E</td>
<td>3 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. J. Martell</td>
<td>33 E</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Brocchi</td>
<td>31 E</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. E. Garcken</td>
<td>9 F</td>
<td>8 F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. E. Weiss</td>
<td>16 E</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Ferguson</td>
<td>15 F</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. M. Simons</td>
<td>11 E</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B.R.F. &amp; D.Co.</td>
<td>E 26, prt E 35</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The land for the new union church at Rosedale has been cleared.
Wrong may seem to triumph; right may seem to be defeated; but the gravitation of eternal justice is upward toward the throne of God. Any political institution, if it is to endure, must be plumb with that line of justice.

Altgeld.

Ernest Simons has leased the Neeld house.
The prices of logs and lumber steadily increase.
Vic Smith and Geo. Melhart are running the Kingston.
Our old friend Mr. G. M. Potter has set up for himself in business, at Tacoma.
Allen Bros. are now engaged in making alterations at the mill, with a view to the new arrangement.
The Kingston went to Seattle the first week in October with the scow, bringing back a load of sawmill machinery for Allen Bros.
The stage still continued to do a good business in September. When the mill starts, it looks as if it would be hard to accommodate the traffic.
Besides our regular Sunday evening meeting, a Sunday-school service is held every forenoon which is open to the children of Burley and of the neighborhood.
We continue to get fine strawberries from the patch on the hill-side across the creek. Corn is still served on the table. It is a wonderful country for growing things.
The Hotel has been fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. P. J. Murphy of Tacoma as cook. Now that the mill-business is reviving, the number of boarders begins to increase.
Lumber from Tacoma, for the new meeting-house in Rosedale, has been bought. Although the rainy season is beginning to set in, Mr. Ellis continues to "supply" the folks in that locality, once a fortnight.
The new ensilage cutter did good work.

Allen Bros. have leased the old McClintock house (formerly occupied by the Dillons).

John Tilton is back again in Burley with the intention of staying if there is an opening for work.

The B.R.F.&D.Co. has done a good deal of work—burning and clearing on their tract, since the lease was made to them.

Yes, you can cook up quite a sea on the Sound once in a while, bad enough, almost, to drive one to Steilacoom. Were you sea-sick, Mac?

We are glad to find that our new teacher, Mr. Erford, both sings and plays music. He thus helps Burley to keep up its reputation in that line.

A much needed improvement is in progress at the hotel—substituting brick flues for the old tile chimneys. An open fire-place will be provided for the reading-room.

Rodney Simons is night-watch and Ernest Simons day-watch at the mill. As Allen Bros. intend to cut shingles exclusively, the sawmill machinery has been offered for sale.

Many people noticed our fine field of corn in front of the hotel. It was certainly a handsome show. Our third crop of clover, in front of Circle City, in spite of the lateness of the season, is worthy of observation.

The agricultural force has been busy for ten days or more cutting corn and filling the silo. Opinions vary as to the amount of corn that was packed in the silo. 50 tons is the most conservative estimate that has been made.

Mrs McClintock returned to Burley from Tacoma, on board the Kingston, with her friend, Mrs. Potter, the last week in September. The trip was on a beautiful autumn day and took only a little over three hours. Her friends are glad to welcome her back again after a long absence.

We regret to say that Mrs. McClintock was unable to remain in Burley a great while. By direction of the doctor she was taken back to the hospital (the trip from Burley to Tacoma being made aboard the Cecil) for further care and rest. We hope that the return to Burley will be made before many days.
John Tilton is at work again in the mill.

A fence has been built at the hotel to keep out marauding cows who disturbed the slumber of lodgers by parading the premises at night.

The large trees in Burley are getting scarce, but there is at least one remaining, which measures 28 feet in circumference and several others close to it in size.

Considerable improvement may be noticed at Purdy. Johnson, Brown and Petersen have done much work on their places. The school-house has been put in good shape with porch, new shingles, paint &c; it is now a credit to the community.

Brother Garcken called early in October. He will, quite likely, make short trips from time to time during the winter. The old Garcken house (formerly occupied by the Bollmans) has been taken down by Mr. Davis for removal to the new home-lot of the Garckens.

Dyke and Eagle have been sold to a party in Tacoma. The F. & D. Co. thought it was better to get a lighter team for farm work. Unless another pair is bought, we should be left with but one team in Burley, so that it will be necessary to find a substitute for the old gray team without delay.

Old Burley is slowly changing its appearance with the growth and development taking place. Four houses have been moved from their sites—the Corpron house, the little shack opposite it, the Fentons' and the Garckens' houses. The little shoe shop in which Brother Zwicker worked was taken down some time ago and the pieces left on the ground behind the blacksmith's shop waiting for removal.

Passengers aboard the Cecil had a rough time of it on the return voyage from Tacoma, early in October. The trouble came in the Narrows, after rounding Point defiance. Such an experience makes one understand the full meaning of the name given to that bold promontory. The party were tossed about for hours in their little craft, blown they knew not whither. Fortunately, no lives were lost, a little merchandise being the only articles that were stowed in Davy Jones' locker. One of the party came home ahead of the rest and took the wind out of their sails in describing his experiences.
Baby Tilton had quite a severe illness lately, requiring the advice of a doctor from Port Orchard. The little fellow finally recovered, after a watchful time for the anxious household.

Mr. A. H. Phillips, of British Columbia, a guest of our neighbors the Schaumbersgs, an earnest evanglist, preached the gospel in the Burley school-house two evenings in October. Quite a number of neighbors were present at the meetings.

The B. I. P. U. stockholders will hold a general meeting in Tacoma Oct. 23 for the discussion of important business, among other things, the proposition for establishing a cannery. Purdy, Springfield and Burley members should make a careful note of this call.

School opened Oct. 1 with J. F. Roy Erford of Seattle, a graduate of Washington University and a holder of a first grade certificate, for teacher. The larger part of the pupils come from our immediate neighborhood, as the number of Burley children is small. The total number of children enrolled is 22.

Hypatia Johnson, after visiting Burley for about a week, left to be with her brothers and sister again. They did intend to make a home at old Equality, where Becky went to school and Will worked at a sawmill about a mile distant. But the latest report says that the young people will make a home in Edison, Hannah having arranged with Mr. W. C. Davis, formerly of Equality, to work in his bakery. We should be glad to have all four of them with us at Burley if we could.

The occupation of the mill property has changed hands. A new lease has been made with Messrs. Allen Bros., who formerly ran a shingle mill near Kent. The present lessees propose to run an exclusive shingle mill, operating no saw mill. The terms of the new arrangement vary somewhat from those given to Mr. Foye, former lessee, amongst other things in the option for which the term may be extended. The new tenants have the right to extend their lease for ten years instead of five. Allen Bros. control a large section of timber above us which is said to be sufficient to supply them with shingle bolts for a large cut per day for ten years. The timber contract with the C. B., modified in some respects, was signed as part of the new lease. This is an important business arrangement for the immediate neighborhood as well as ourselves.
Notice to our Subscribers.

WE REGRET to announce to the faithful little band of subscribers to THE CO-OPERATOR, that the outlook for a continuation of the publication seems dubious. The attempt has been made to give, in some degree, a picture of our co-operative life and efforts in Burley, under conditions existing since the reorganization; but, of course, such a record must necessarily interest a limited number. In justice to our members, it is hardly fair to continue a business at an appreciable loss. It is quite possible that, under more able and enterprising management, our little publication might be placed on a paying basis. If we can see any method by which we can increase our circulation, we shall endeavor to keep on, but, as at present situated, a discontinuance may take place at no distant date. Should this course be adopted, proper announcement and disposal of unexpired subscriptions will, of course, be made.

All Members of one Body.

NO MAN can get a living, except as a savage, without some form of co-operation. The only question to-day is how far shall co-operation be carried at the expense of the individual. The men of ten talents, with their large schemes, are tempted to forget the mass of human souls through whom their plans are realized. For we are all members of one body, whether men of one talent or men of ten talents.
The men of ten talents cannot say to the men of one, we have no need to sacrifice ourselves for you, nor can the men of one say to the men of ten, we have nothing to offer in return to you. And it would be the same if talents were more evenly distributed.

Captains of industry need not necessarily march in the ranks but they must feel the elbow-touch just the same when they give commands. So too, with the rank and file of all mankind, class consciousness must be forgotten in the larger fold.

"But is it men who attain? Or Man? Or not even He, but God? We do not know. We know only the impulse and the call. The gleam on the snow, the upward path, the urgent stress within, that is our certainty, the rest is doubt. But doubt is a horizon, and on it hangs the star of hope. ... Our eyes must open, as we march, to every signal from the height."

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**Going to the Polls.**

** Voting** in some parts of the country is by no means an easy matter. If it is hard to get the people out in the cities, with all the conveniences for transportation, what must it be in some of the unsettled regions of the far West? For young voters, who are strong and able-bodied, a trip through the woods is just pastime, no matter how inclement the weather. But for men who may be old or crippled, it is quite another matter. As a usual thing, of course, even in an unsettled country, one can go by a travelled road to the polls, but occasionally so much can be saved by a trail through the woods that a man feels like trying it. In Burley the situation no doubt is by no means so inconvenient as it is in many regions, but it is still the case that we are unable to reach the voting-place by a public road, unless we go out of the county.

At the present election, five good and true men from Burley proceeded to the polls at Glenwood, four or five miles distant, in spite of the inclement weather, and cast their ballots. A severe storm for a day or two had made travelling, especially through the woods, somewhat moist.
THE CO-OPERATOR

When it is wet in Washington—well it is wet. It was a pity the Burley "outfit" couldn't have had its photo taken during a part of the journey to show on what kind of a trail they were travelling. One of the number carried a pair of seven league boots which were easy and comfortable on a level road but for clambering over slippery logs, rather impeded progress. At least that was what Sam thought. Another man who was not so well shod was carried on the shoulders of one of the party over a place where the road had been flooded.

The polls were opened in a little log school-house. When our party reached the place, about three o'clock in the afternoon, only nine people had cast their ballots. As they stepped into the building, they found three officers presiding on the platform in the rear, with polling booths properly curtained off, on one side of the room. One of the officials was reading a paper showing that a man whose right to vote had been challenged was duly qualified. All was done in a dignified way, much more so, no doubt, than would have been the case in one of the "beeler" wards of a large city.

In a few years, probably, the conditions which have been briefly outlined will be largely improved. Kitsap county, in which Burley is located, is sparsely settled, at present, and the people are in exceedingly moderate circumstances. Huge mill corporations control large tracts of timber from which little is received in the shape of taxes. But settlers are steadily coming in and roads are gradually being opened. The road west of us in the direction which voters from Burley went is largely completed and will be opened, without doubt, at an early date.

Progress and Poverty—II.

"I MUST certainly knock off and take a fly to California for a day or two," said the Sky Route Magnate, yawning heavily, "the strain of this office work is too much for me." He pressed the button for his confidential clerk. "What's the report on wheat, this morning, John?" "The market went all to pieces, Sir. The bottom fell out on the news that the
Sky Route Consolidated had refused transportation for all grain consignments." "Quite so," said the magnate, "Make a check for one billion, payable to the order of the Consolidated Fruit and Grain Trust and tell them to hold it subject to further instructions. You understand?" "Yes Sir." "By the way, John, how many new libraries have I endowed, lately?" "I haven't brought that account quite up to date, I am sorry to say. Press of other business has kept the clerks in the donation department pretty busy of late. As near as I can remember, Sir, you have given about ten millions to that object within the last six months." "If conditions hold good, you can donate ten million more, that will be the usual percentage of profit. You remember, I came to the conclusion it was better to have the charity end of my business on a definite basis, although it knocked a little of the sentiment out of it. One tenth of one per cent of the profit was what we decided would be a wise proportion and let the people in the various communities provide for the rest. It is not well, you remember, we agreed, to give too much, for in that case it killed out all enterprise. One tenth of one per cent, too, is an easy and convenient method of calculation. I have always been in favor of the decimal system." "Quite so, Sir. If the wheat deal shows a margin of profit amounting to a billion, I will place the one tenth of one per cent to donation fund."

"I believe that will do for to-day, John. I expect to leave New York for Los Angeles on the Special Sky Parlor, to-morrow morning, if the weather is fair, and return in a couple of days, or so. If anything special happens, send me a wireless, but don't bother me if you can help it. By the way, I am almost out of ready cash, just hand a few thousand to my travelling secretary. I shall be away so short a time, ten or twenty thousand will be quite enough. As I have quite a few things to pick up before I sail in the morning, I shall be unable to see anyone for the rest of the day." "Very well, Sir."

"Cold-Roast Boston."

"I don't see your brother here this evening," said a guest to his host at a large party in Boston. "'No,'" was the reply, "'You see I had to draw the line somewhere.'"
# Statement of the Burley Rochdale Fruit and Dairy Co. Nov. 10, 1906.

## Agriculture

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Seed</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mower</td>
<td>$55.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Hay Rake</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Spring Tooth Harrow</td>
<td>$19.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Plows</td>
<td>$30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Cultivators</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Hand Cart</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Various Tools</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Stock subscribed** $3,334.85

**Due on C. B. lease** $60.00

**Labor** $98.73

C. B. loans &c. $694.83

**A. B. Ellis.** $195.00

T. McClintock $343.00

B. R. M. Asso’n $10 43

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**Total:** $281.00

## Dairy & Live Stock

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gasoline Engine and Feed Cutter</td>
<td>$425.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Separator</td>
<td>$125.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silo</td>
<td>$175.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cow Barn</td>
<td>$350.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk House</td>
<td>$30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk Utensils</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silage, 40 tons</td>
<td>$250.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hay</td>
<td>$420.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bull</td>
<td>$150.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 Cows</td>
<td>$420.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5, 2 year old Heifers</td>
<td>$95.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Yearlings</td>
<td>$80.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Yearling Steer</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Calf</td>
<td>$6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Brood Sows</td>
<td>$55.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Shoats</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
</tr>
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**Total:** $2,676.00

## Livery & Vehicles

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 Wagons</td>
<td>$80.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Spring Wagon</td>
<td>$60.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Buck-board</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Carts</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Sets Double Harness</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Single &amp; 1 Cart do.</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Horses</td>
<td>$450.00</td>
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</table>

**Total:** $740.00

## Estimated value of equity in lease and improvements

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>on land</td>
<td>$500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3m feet lumber</td>
<td>$40.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash on hand &amp; bills rec’able</td>
<td>$258.23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balance</td>
<td>$241.61</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Totals** $4,736.84

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The previous statement will be found in the Co-operator of March ’05, which may be interesting for comparison.
THE CO-OPERATOR

Friday Evening Entertainment.
In the School-house, Oct. 26, 1906.

A large attendance—Although it was necessary to omit some of the selections on the program, as originally prepared, the performance was much enjoyed, especially by the young people, who appeared to outnumber the old folks.

1 Organ Solo Mr. Garcken.
2 Reading Mrs. Townsend.
3 "Preparing for a dinner party," by the nine little Ruggles and their Ma (by special request).
   Teacher, Bertha Huesing.
4 Remarks Teacher Erford.
5 Songs Lolita Lamb.
6 Pantomimes:
   A. Listeners never hear any good of themselves.
   B. Great Expectations.
7 Song, Going a-milking Mabel and Lawrence.
8 A Little Human Clock Nellie Buer.

Lists of names of stock-holders and blank ballots, from which the members were requested to choose five as candidates for Directors and one as candidate for Auditor, were sent out by the secretary of the C.B., Nov. 1, in accordance with the By-Laws. Stock-holders, were told, at the same time, that nominations in order to be valid, must be received prior to Dec. 10, 1906. Our list of stock-holders shows the names of ninety-four, one of whom, Sarah J. Simons, is deceased. Of the remaining ninety-three, five are behind in payments on their stock under the provision which makes the receipt of twenty-five dollars, at least, necessary after the first year, in order to be in good standing, and three have failed to sign the by-laws, making eighty-five in all who are entitled to vote.
To Our Friends, Bertha and Miriam Suplee.

Word was received of the decease in September, of Mrs. Martha Calhoun, at Pacific Grove, California. Mrs. Calhoun resided at Burley for some time, with her daughter Mrs. Bertha Suplee and granddaughter Miriam. We recall with pleasure the visit which the family made us and their kind interest in our welfare.

Mrs. Calhoun was a woman of dignified presence, of vigorous intellect and spiritual insight. She had talent as a writer which she used to good purpose in behalf of the African race, largely, we understand, in the columns of the Boston Transcript.

In behalf of old friends at Burley, we express our sincere sympathy to child and grandchild.

Bring me my bow of burning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire,
Bring me my spear; O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till I have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.
William Blake.
Visitors.

At the Copelands'—Mrs. Wiestling, mother of Margery who was a visitor last Summer.

Miss Emilie Pearce, recently from England, sister of Brother Pearce, reached Burley early in November, after quite a bit of travel across country beginning with the Hub.

A. J. Gill, an Oregon rancher, was a visitor at Burley, lately. Mr. Gill is an old school-teacher, being the first one employed in that capacity at Pinion Co-operative Colony. He stayed two or three days at Burley and seemed to be pleased with conditions.

J. H. Talbot, an old and fully paid member, made quite a visit in October. He was so favorably impressed with the situation that he took out a certificate of new membership and a paper showing that he was entitled to a home-lot at any time that he may see fit to select one.

Nan Raybell and Ada Stiewig arrived in Burley early in November. Nancy has her home with the Tiltons, and Ada with the Kelloggs. Both of the girls were sent to Burley in order to attend school. It is pleasant to see our young people come back to us. After all, there is no place like home and Burley is a home to many people, in spite of all the difficulties that have been met in its progress.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

"I don't like dirt well enough to meddle with it," said the smart old lady to the young miss who was reading to her grandmother extracts from her prize essay on the importance of cleanliness in modern housekeeping.

Something to learn and something to forget;
Hold fast the good and seek the better yet;
Press on, and prove the pilgrim's hope of youth,
That creeds are milestones on the road to truth.

Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

Well boys, the fun is over. Next time we shall be a year older and perhaps wiser. When Halloween comes round again, let us try to remember that there are certain rights of property that should be respected and that practical joking may be carried too far.
Texas went Democratic again, so they say.

C. Drake, who will be in the employ of W. M. McDowell, has leased the Darling house.

Congratulations are in order, we understand. Ahem! Judge Finfrock and Constable Lake.

Further samples of apples from our orchard show what great possibilities are in store for next year.

The F. & D. Co. lost a good heifer in October. The poor creature got one of her legs caught and broke it.

The new silo-engine has been put to good use since the corn was disposed of, in cutting cord-wood into stove dimensions.

O. J. Darling and Caleb McClintock took home-lots in October. An acre, adjoining the home-lot, making two acres for each lessee, was added at the same time.

Allen Bros. have leased R. H. Simons' old house in addition to the old McClintock house. Brother Simons manages to put in considerable work on his new farm, although employed as night-watch at the mill.

The appearance of the mill inside will be quite changed, with new machines installed and old machines readjusted. It is quite likely that John, the engineer, will feel as if he was "turned around" when he first takes hold.

Our Sunday School is now better organized. Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Erford have taken classes, Mr. Erford being Superintendent in the absence of Mr. Ellis, who still conducts services at Rosedale, though only once a month, of late.

Mrs. Moore fell on a slippery path near the Stoddard's place and broke and dislocated her wrist. Mrs. Murphy, who is a true co-operator, knowing how to nurse as well as cook, put the bone in place. The injury was painful and serious enough to require a visit to the hospital in Tacoma.
Work on the road west of the creek, straightening and grading, was done early in October.

Our new brick fire-place adds great comfort and attractiveness to the hotel lounging-room.

The Fruit and Dairy Co. have purchased two horses of lighter build than the gray team which was recently sold.

Heavy rains have fallen for several days swelling the waters of Burley Creek and making travel on foot between us and Purdy decidedly moist.

R. H. Brown and his son Alfred of Purdy have been working for Allen Bros. during the remodelling of the mill. It has been quite an operation to put things in shape.

Hunting and fishing parties, have been in order for some weeks. "Didn't know it was loaded," or "Mistook a man for a deer," are too often the excuses offered for accidents which follow.

Mrs. McClintock is still in Tacoma. She has been at the house of her friend Mrs. Shaw, most of the time during her absence. Dr. Brown, her physician, whom she likes so much, has lately returned from the East, and taken charge once more.

The last meeting of the Purdy branch of the Bay-Island Producers' Union was rather slimly attended, although notice was given that important business would be presented. It is hoped that more members will be present at future meetings.

Work on the mill by the new lessees is steadily progressing. Considerable alteration was needed in order to readjust it for exclusive shingle business. At this stormy season, it is difficult to ship necessary material for the work from Tacoma. Old residents know how the south wind blows in the fall and winter season, in the bay below Burley.

We should like to be able to offer houses on lease in Burley, especially to members desiring to live here. But, at present, the call somewhat exceeds the supply. As our old members know, the dwellings which were built in Burley were temporary affairs, not designed for permanent residences. Some of them have been removed within a year or so. Nearly all of the remainder are leased.
Bro. Gerber dug 18 lb of potatoes out of one hill in his garden, recently, 3 lb more than a peck.

Brother Moore is busy in a variety of ways, now that his wife is unable to use one of her arms.

Little Jack, who was with his mother, at Mrs. Shaw’s home in Tacoma, for quite a while, came back with Mrs. Murphy on her return to Burley.

The lumber for the Union Meeting-house at Rosedale was carried by Lorenz Bros. on the Steamer Tyconda, free of charge. A number of the folks made a bee and did the work of unloading at the wharf.

Mrs. Fenton took charge at the hotel, during the absence of Mrs. Murphy on a short visit to Tacoma. Mrs. Murphy took George McClintock with her during the trip.

The new fire-place at the hotel has been a source of great comfort to the boarders. Filled with cord-wood it lights up and well warms the old baches when they come in in a more or less damp condition from their labors outdoors. A good roaring fire morning and evening makes a cheerful glow. At night, it is left for the “last man” in the room to put out the light and see that everything is right.

The hotel is at last being painted. Some time ago, we had a gift of a large stock of prepared paint from New York, on which we paid the freight. This material is now being used both outside and inside, but chiefly on the outer walls. As the color of the paint is white and the building is on high ground, when the whole surface is covered, the hotel will be a land-mark for a long distance. Although made of rough material and with little attempt at architecture, the coat of paint and the new brick chimneys will make the structure quite respectable.

There was an old minister who lived in “troubulous times,” for the religious world. In giving an account of how he managed to survive all the vexed questions, he said that he and his people were at rest during that “earthquake of schism.” So with Burley during political times. You wouldn’t know it was voting day from all that appeared. Our motto now is keep your fences in repair, mind your own business so far as you can, throw no mud, “if it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men.”
Brother Davis is at work on the Gareckens' house which is being erected on their home-lot.

The Kingston has been leased to George Melhart and Vic Smith, who have kept her running pretty steadily of late, chiefly on business for the Allen Bros.

It is expected that the mill, at its full capacity, will be able to cut 20 cords of bolts or from 115 to 120 thousand shingles per day. The Allen Bros. think there is cedar enough in the neighborhood to keep the mill running for ten years.

W. M. McDowell is moving his logging outfit to our immediate neighborhood. He has hired a couple of houses in Burley and expects to build a barn 20x30 on the premises. As before mentioned in the Co-operator, Mr. McDowell will cut timber on Mr. Kline's land.

It is wonderful how much corn can be squeezed into the silo. When you saw the article in the field, it looked as if a condition of brimful, pressed down and running over, according to Scripture, would be verified, but "lo and behold," as one of our members is fond of saying, there was considerable room left after all the packing was done.

A financial statement of the B. R. F. & D. Co. will be found on another page. Although the balance is somewhat on the wrong side, it should be borne in mind that heavy amounts have been paid for labor and material, from which little direct income is yet apparent. The gasoline engine and silo were a heavy drain on finances. In addition, the present season is a dull one. If all the circumstances were given in detail, it is believed that the showing would be quite satisfactory.

It is probable that the mill will start up about the middle of November. Among the improvements which will be made may be noted the following—The introduction of electric light, which will be supplied to the C. B. office-building as well as the mill—An arrangement for feeding the furnace in the mill without the aid of a fireman—Good protection against fire by the introduction of a three-inch pipe and connections outside as well as inside, three hydrants being placed on the mill-yard, one near the refuse pile and one in the mill, besides a small hose attachment. Electric light as provided, although to a limited extent, will help us. We are still without a telephone.
* An Appeal for Subscriptions. *

As was announced in the November number of The Co-operator, our subscription list is so slender that it hardly seems fair to members holding stock to continue the expense of issuing this little publication. Since the C.B., as an organization, once more renewed the publication of The Co-operator, beginning with the issue of July 1906, it has been published at small expense. The net loss was so slight that it was thought best to keep on, if only as a means of giving our members official and local news. No effort has been made to help out by securing advertisements and the returns from the jobbing department have been small, as, of course, it would be difficult for anyone to secure enough work to make it an object to carry on that branch of our printing department.

And yet considerable sentiment still exists, it is thought, in favor of continuing the publication. Some intimations to that effect, at least, have reached the editorial department.

Eight years have elapsed since the publication began. Number One was issued from the old printing press at Olalla, Dec. 19, 1898. The Co-operator has stayed with us through thick and thin, down to the present. At one time it had a large circulation for a paper of the kind. It went far and wide through this country and even abroad. One edition exceeded two thousand copies. Even to-day we are not forgotten, although we make no effort, one may say, at propaganda work. Inquiries, either about The Brother-
hood or calling for sample copies come quite often. The Co-operator is the most convenient means of communication and it seems as if it would be well to maintain it.

What shall we do, then? Out of a membership of about one hundred and fifty still connected with the C.B., not over one third subscribe to The Co-operator. If we could get the support of all our members, even, we could afford to continue the publication.

We make an earnest appeal to all our members and to all friends who are interested in attempts at co-operation both in Burley and elsewhere to give this matter serious consideration. All we need, at present, to put The Co-operator on a self supporting basis, that is to say, to raise an amount covering all expenses of publication both in the editorial and press work is to secure about two hundred subscribers in addition to the present number of paying subscriptions on our list. If all of our members still in good standing would subscribe, half of the desired number would be secured. In case any of our present subscribers, whether members or so called "outsiders" feel sufficiently interested in our little publication to subscribe as much as they can afford for the purpose of sending extra copies to any friends who may be thought to have interest in our present plans of operation, we hope that they will respond promptly to this appeal. Address all communications on this subject to "The Co-operator," Burley, Wash.

Any friends who may feel disposed to subscribe, but have no persons specially in mind to whom they wish The Co-operator to be sent may leave the choice to us and we will endeavor to send the publication "where it will do the most good." If sufficient encouragement is received to make a continuance of The Co-operator seem reasonable and proper, due announcement will be made in a succeeding issue. But if the response to this appeal seems to indicate that it would be better to discontinue, then this number will be the last one, for the present at least, and steps will be taken to provide for reimbursement of unexpired subscriptions.

A final word—We are aware of course that in this day of brilliant magazine-writing when all the brightest and best thought of the times can be secured in printed form at trifling expense, even fifty cents per year is a large sum
to pay for a little "rag of a thing" like the present issue of our magazine. No doubt there is a great deal of truth in this view of the situation. For answer, it may be in place to quote an observation from a shrewd, old Puritan, William Dudley, one of the founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. His words, (we give them from memory) will be found in a well known letter from Dudley to the Countess of Lincoln.

"Little mothers bring forth little children—Small matters matters of small moment—The reading whereof yet is not to be despised. Because small matters in the beginning of small bodies are as important as matters of greater concern in bodies full-grown."

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**Thanksgiving Day**

The young folks enjoyed a dance in the old kindergarten-house, Thanksgiving Evening. The kindergarten is known to old members as the building in which the "reading circle" used to meet. Mrs. Mueller lived there for some time and taught the children.

There was no family dinner at the hotel, Thanksgiving Day, as was the custom formerly. For a gathering of this kind, now-a-days, a building specially adapted for the purpose would be a convenient and pleasant arrangement. We trust that a "social hall" will be realized within another year.

And yet, for a real, genuine celebration of Thanksgiving, there is no enjoyment so home-like as that of an old-fashioned party under the old roof-tree, in which three generations take part. Older and younger ones all sit down together, with a privileged friend it may be in company, and are waited upon, in simple but whole-souled fashion, to the tempting products of the farm which the good lady-bountiful has placed on the groaning table. If you want to get right at the heart of a nation, there is the place and occasion. Pies of all descriptions bewilder you. All fall to, including the little tot, the baby of the household, whose privilege it is to partake with the grown-folks on this day, at least, pretty much as fancy dictates.
Then games in the evening make us all young again. The circle is formed in the old sitting-room and the fun begins. "Hide the thimble." How many generations have been brought up to search for this elusive article! Grandpa and Grandma are young again as they enter into the spirit of the occasion. Games of such simple kinds that all can join them make the evening pass merrily.

After all, is there any holiday that touches a deeper and truer chord than the old New England Thanksgiving? It is a growth that is more truly national than our Fourth of July with its noise and bluster and often-times mock patriotism. It thrives in any part of the country, north, south, east and west, even on the far shores of Puget Sound, the farther away it is from its old birth-place, the heartier sometimes, is the remembrance and enjoyment.

To Our Neighbors

A

ONE TIME, THE CO-OPERATOR circulated widely among the neighbors. We should be glad to renew acquaintance in this way, once more. Trial subscription, twenty-five cents for six months.

Address, The Co-operator,
Burley,
Wash.

For Sale!

A young Chicago woman advertised herself for sale, about two months ago. Although doubtless an old story to some of our readers we venture to print the advertisement in full and comment briefly upon the case.

"FOR SALE—To the Highest Bidder:
"YOUNG WOMAN: AMERICAN SLAVE.

"Intelligent, educated, refined, true, honest, just, poetical, philosophical, broad-minded and big-souled—and womanly above all things.

"Brunette; large gray-green eyes; full, passionate lips; splendid teeth; not beautiful, but very attractive; features
full of character and strength, yet truly feminine; height, 5 feet 3 inches; well proportioned, graceful, supple.

"AGE—Well, she isn't very old, but she wasn’t born yesterday.

"Artistic temperament; warm, generous hearted; kind, gentle, affectionate disposition; at times bubbling over with merriment and vivacity; then again, dignified, sedate, studious, or perhaps bowed down with grief at the wrongs and miseries of her fellow creatures. Altogether, a unique, interesting character, and charming personality.

"Rare and versatile dramatic ability; a born entertainer; strong Bohemian characteristics; can appreciate a good story and also tell one—not a bit prudish—at the same time she is deeply and truly religious—not pious.

"Very vivid imagination; fair literary qualifications; inventive genius. Strong on originality of unique and valuable ideas for the entertainment, education and betterment of humankind.

"A student of psychology and possesses unusual psychic powers herself.

"She can’t sew a little bit—but she can plan a dashing costume.

"She can’t tell a flank steak from a porterhouse (in the butcher shop)—but she can get up a swell dinner and make everybody happy.

"She doesn’t go to church—but she does obey the laws of God.

"She can hardly add up a column of figures without making a mistake—but she can write a good story.

"She can’t sweep a room without tiring herself out—but she can sit up all night to work out some point in her inventions.

"She can’t make a loaf of bread—but she can give some character impersonations that can’t be beat, and she can get up an entertainment without a hitch or a flaw in the whole thing.

"By force of circumstances and lack of opportunity she has spent most of her life as a typewriter in routine, monotonous, mechanical office work. She's a crackerjack typewriter, but—Typewriting’s hell.

"She had a serious illness and a streak of hard luck a year or so ago and lost everything. Since then she has
been striving for an opportunity to make herself useful in some congenial occupation and to find a field for her versatile talents.

"Here is a very serious case of Axminster tastes and rag carpet capacities. She longs for silk underwear and is wearing 10-cent gauze undershirts and washing them out herself, while straight-front model shallow-pates, laden with silks and diamonds, air themselves and their lap-dogs in $5,000 automobiles. It's pretty hard for a man that's down, but it's ten times worse for a woman.

"This young woman does not for one moment imagine that her position is at all an exceptional one. On the contrary, she realizes the deplorable fact, that there are in this age of greed, thousands whose souls are yearning for opportunity for expression, whose brains are burning with projects for the benefit of their fellow men, whose hands are itching to develop some invention, but whose bodies are bound with galling iron chains to the rack of mechanical toil.

"God help them!—These poor slaves to the masters of privilege! Is it any wonder that our jails and almshouses are full and that brothels disgrace every city of our land? That men are driven to crime and women to shame?

"Do men kill and steal in obedience to a natural instinct? Not one in ten thousand. Do women sell themselves to lives of shame because they are inherently bad? Not one in ten thousand.

"These poor victims of our social and economic conditions are only seeking to escape from some uncongenial toil or from some legal bondage into which they have been forced by stress of circumstances and environment.

"The young woman, therefore, in offering herself for sale, is doing nothing but what hundreds of women are doing every day. There is nothing unusual about it, except, perhaps, that in this case the slave has given more than ordinary thought and consideration to her condition and to the cause of it, and instead of offering herself for sale privately, she does so openly and publicly in the hope of bringing a larger price than might be obtained at private sale. Besides, she is very curious to know what may be the highest market value that is set on an American slave of her qualifications by the American master of privilege.

"ELIZABETH MAGEE"
“Sensational,” you say. Quite so. And yet the case is worthy of serious consideration. It would be interesting to compare all the comments on this case since it first appeared in print. Lack of home-training or want of proper education were probably the comments most frequently made. But, after all, how much of the blame should fall on the poor girl and the thousands just like her, as she says. In our complex modern civilization, it is getting harder and harder to fix the blame upon the individual in cases like these.

Friday Evening Entertainments

Nov. 16, 1906

PROGRAM

1. The Chorus
2. Jennie and Hannah Buer
3. Bertha Huesing & Mr. Brocchi
4. Mr. Ellis
5. Lolita Lamb
6. Mr. Garcken
7. Inez Simons
8. Bertha Huesing
9. Mr. Stein

Dec. 7th, 1906

PROGRAM

1. Selection
2. Recitation
3. Larboard Watch
4. The two Pair of Shoes
5. Cupid’s Dream
6. Floating o’er the River
7. Dance
8. The Pudding
9. A Home by the Deep Heaving Sea
My Visit to Whiteway Colony

The above is the title of a sketch in the French publication L’Ere Nouvelle, a translation of which by one of our members will interest our readers. It is an account of a visit to an English Communist-Anarchist colony. Parallels will be found, between the impressions given here and actual experiences in Burley. A similarity of sound will be noticed between the names Burley and Purleigh, a place named in the sketch.—Ed.

The Easter of 1905, which I spent at this colony, will be numbered among the most pleasant of my life. An excursion train from London in three hours took me to Poriscombe; not seeing my host, I took train for Strand, 24 miles away, arriving at 4 p.m. No one being there to meet me, I enquired, and a porter told me it was six miles to the colony, and that he had just seen a colonist whom I would know by his wearing no hat. I presently saw him, he was not my host, and though he had not heard of my visit, in particular, he invited me, once I made myself known, to a place in his cart. At half-past-five, therefore, we left Strand, the colonist, his little daughter, the driver and I. At half-past-six we arrived, 108 miles from London.

Though its surroundings are beautiful, the colony, itself, is not. On a tract of 21 acres, stand, moderately separate, seven bungalows, (small frame houses), and a house and a cabin in stone; like an old Roman camp, the sloping
THE CO-OPERATOR

rays of the setting sun giving a suggestion of ramparts to the encircling hills.

As repulsive exteriorly, these little homes are, inside, as charming, with joy, health and simplicity. The pride and coldness of London are unknown here.

My host, George H. Allen, was at home, resting after a fifteen-mile walk. He is, perhaps, the greatest walker of the country. The year before, he walked the length of Great Britain, from Land's End to John o' Groat's, a distance of 908½ miles, in 17 days—the record. A doctor in the employ of the Bo-vril, (a beef drink), Co, put in seven good days more. A victory for vegetarianism, which Mr. Allen has followed for seven years. He is good company, has written pamphlets, and though holding some old-fashioned ideas, as on marriage, for example, is animated by a sane view of life. He is 35, small, muscular, not stocky, but very supple. He has a wife and three children.

Before introducing you to the colonists, let me make you acquainted, a little, with the history of the colony.

Seven years ago, twelve enthusiasts founded here a Communist-Anarchist colony. One of the twelve bought land and deeded it to the community for the purpose. Others joined. Two years of success were followed by disagreement. The donor of the land had espoused new views and asked for his land again, asserting that certain colonists had lost their enthusiasm and were neglecting the colony—like the church at Ephesus—they had lost their first love—they had become a snare and a pitfall.

The colonists reunited and offered the owner the price of the land, if he would also leave the colony. He did so. Then they burnt the deeds, to put an end to any further claim on the land, and meanwhile elect a board of administration to take care of any trouble that may turn up.

Communism, alas! seeming hopeless, the colony turned individual! This was four years ago. Since then, members have come in from Purleigh, a colony near London that died from dissention. It would therefore seem that fresh members are always in order.

Each colonist has his plot of ground. Two men with their two sons have rented an uncleared 20 acre tract, and pay for it a portion of the colony taxes. These are: $6.00 to 7. land tax and $20. tithe. The former goes into the public
treasury, the latter into the strong box of the Church of England. This last "takes the cake." Member or no, you have to furnish the tenth of your "increase" to hold up the State church.

The tax was created by Henry VIII, and he who won't pay it, has the devil to pay. His goods are distrained, and if he resists, he is imprisoned. Two colonists were thus given a seven and a fourteen month's term respectively. Another time, two pianos were saved only by the generosity of friends. A sixty-cent per capita is now being paid to raise $120, the commutation price of this tithe.

To the colony treasury is paid by each member a yearly levy of some $2 to $3.

Many quit after a stay in the colony. Just now, there are in residence seven families, with six children, and a total of 27 persons. These, as was assured me by one of the colonists, are the "cream" of those that have been there. Whiteway is much visited, especially in summer, and sometimes city people send their children there. They are without written program or constitution.

In addition to the plot of ground mentioned, some have a garden. Few are cultivators by profession. Many are shoemakers, like Mr. Allen. Another still makes shoes to order. As far as I learnt there are now here: a commercial man, a storekeeper, a mechanic and a chemical laboratory assistant. Two of the women were teachers, and one still teaches music, a third was a dressmaker and a fourth, a very pleasant American, still follows the profession of nurse and masseuse.

The comrade I met at Strand is a chemist and Ph. D. of Leipsic. This Mr. Eiolart did have a competence, but, according to one of the colonists, gave his fortune, some $20,000, to the Doukhobors. My informant tries to dispense with money and keeps as little track as possible of it. He is a silent man, and sums all up in one word: LOVE. His wife, a consumptive, is staying in Cornwall. His two children stay with him, and he is sleeping now in a tent that stays open all night. He is, perhaps, the greatest radical of them all. A definition of his own philosophy, however, no colonist could give me.

Their lines of belief follow all the known curves. Some give themselves out as socialists, some as anarchists, one,
even, as agnostic, another, a czek, as a theosophist, and with him I had a talk on Karma. They trouble neither politics nor the churches, and the churches do not trouble them. They teach their own children, excepting Allen, who sends his to a special school...

The papers call Whiteway a Tolstoi colony; this is true as far as following the maxim: Resist not evil. A few years ago some thieves came by night and carried off a nice lot of potatoes. It is believed that remorse must have seized them, as they have not since been heard from!

Of their resources I can say little; the subject is delicate. Some seem financial to a small extent, but, usually, friends help in the tight places. The czek, however, works around at the neighbors’, and so makes a few shillings a day. (In the States, a dollar or so).

What they raise is their main support, potatoes and garden sauce. One of the women told me that the previous winter, with her children, she lived on cabbage, bread and potatoes. They, however, grow no wheat. Few are gardeners, yet nearly all are vegetarians.

A few months ago a colonist died of asthma. He was buried without a casket, but to the music of the Dead March in Saul. A few days later a sanitary inspector had the corpse dug up and reburied, on account of a too shallow initial burial. The newspapers inked much paper on the subject.

As I draw near the end of my sketch, you may ask me: Did you see at Whiteway the solution to the social question? No, but I have seen a step in that direction. Whiteway, naturally, is not the dream of the Social Democratic party, for it would scorn such attempts and shrug its shoulders at their mention. Our point of view is another: we don’t welcome the advent of a socialism founded on violence and tyranny. Whiteway is an effort towards a natural simple life—a return to the country—towards the uniform laws of nature; for men are tired of choking in the cities, of their fetid factories and pestilent suburbs; they would flee these iniquitous nests of impurity; they would cast off our civilization, now execrable with the luxury of capital and its child—destitution.

There, however they are free in all things—except tithes—and no one oppresses them. We regret that they
failed to attain to communism, but their efforts command approval. Whatever else, these colonists have demonstrated the natural life.

For my stay at Whiteway has shown me that a man may be happy, happier far than he now is, without the superfluous comforts of modern life. They are a guide for others to follow, though their paths may not be the same.

W.

(From "VREDE")

Across the snow the home lights glow
   From myriad hearths alight,
And through the street with noiseless feet
   The Christ-child walks to-night.

O silent gates, outside he waits
   To find a fitting spot;
Be thine the shame, if through thy blame
   The Christ-child enter not.

P. B. Bowman.

Our Neighbors

More than seven years have elapsed since the C. B. moved its headquarters from Olalla to the shores of Henderson Bay. The village now known as Burley, with its hotel, mill, store, post office, dwelling-houses and large area of cultivated land seems to be well established. Not only has Burley seen great changes in this period, but also as might be expected, the country in our immediate neighborhood has become more settled. One of the incidents of this growth, to which no doubt the planting of our settlement has contributed to quite an extent, has been the rise in the value of land. This increase in values has brought with it quite frequent changes in ownership. Old pioneers, whose hard work had gone into improvements on the soil, saw good opportunities to sell, either in whole or in part. One by one the older settlers are disappearing, and new-comers are taking their places. A few notes on this subject, showing the passing of the old and the coming
of the new, will interest some of our former resident members.

Gibson first sold a part of his property, the portion on which his old log house stood, to the Mielkes, who have built quite a large house, and greatly improved their land. The remaining portion of his estate, including the house in which the family lived, was purchased, later, by Mrs. A. E. Hadfield, of Ballard.

The Carmody place was sold to Henry Oakes, of Boston, some three years ago.

M. Webster, of Tacoma, bought the old Merrill estate about a year ago.

The Boydes and Lakes are near neighbors of Webster and Oakes.

The Huesings, who have been neighbors for years, at one time living in Burley, now occupy the "bunk house" on the George place. The Buer family, old neighbors, are now close to us, occupying the log house in which the Steins and DeArmonds once lived.

The Finfrocks, father and son, with their families, are living on the Sol Mendell place. Henry Finfrock will soon build a new house.

Great improvement has been made on the Copeland estate, which is opposite the Finfrocks, the plot of land being a part of the Mendell property, of which Henry Finfrock became the owner.

Mr. and Mrs. Kline still live on the old homestead. His son Clarence, with his wife, Kate, daughter of Henry Finfrock, make a home with them.

Since the death of Mrs. Stoddard, the Henry Stoddard place has been vacant most of the time. Mr. Kimball, of Gig Harbor, who has a contract with Mr. Stoddard for cutting piles, has occupied it recently.

The old kindergarten, on the way to Springfield, which was in charge of Mrs. Mueller and Miss Smith, whose children came through the woods to our Sunday School, is now owned and occupied by W. Chilvers.

Henry Luters, one of the oldest settlers on the Springfield shore, has bought a place at Milton, on the Interurban line. Mr. Luters is a Lutheran and has a number of children. By removing, he hopes to get closer to his church, we understand.
The Hart, (more recently known as the Storey) place, close to us on the south, is now occupied by the Herbert family, father, mother and six children.

Quite recently, as was noticed at the time, our old neighbor S. F. Stearns, sold to C. Mansperger.

Mr. Boman, of Tacoma, bought the old Blackman place about two years ago.

The old “hotel commonwealth,” later occupied by a number of our families—Barth, Drenkhahn, Bender and Copeland—is now the residence of the Schaumburg family.

The Staffords are still living in the Steenhuisen place, Mr. Stafford owning an additional forty adjoining that property.

Mr. Thomas Flynn still keeps “bachelor’s hall” on the road to Olalla. Like other pioneers, he would like to meet a purchaser for his fine estate.

In nearly all of the cases mentioned, the land is owned by the occupants.

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HOME NOTES

The mill began to cut shingles early in December.

The Burley Trading and Transportation Co., Geo. Melhart and Vic. Smith, proprietors, is doing a big business. Launches Kingston and Cecil comprise the fleet at present. By and by it is possible the Glad Tidings may be added.

We had one of those severe blows, which quite often strike us, on the night of Dec. 6. The old cedar by the foot-bridge toppled over. Crofut went with Fenton the following morning to help clear the way for the mail. The dam which had been repaired with much care by Allen Bros. gave way and let out a large quantity of shingle bolts. Life is pretty strenuous sometimes in Burley. “We have troubles of our own,” as they say. But when daylight comes we go to work, repair the damage and charge it off to profit and loss.
Vacant houses in Burley are scarce. The C. B. offices are now supplied with electric light. Warm weather for December. Buds on the bushes are coming out.

The hotel has been painted, but some carpenter work is yet to be done.

W. Drake, (who is cutting bolts for Allen Bros.) has leased the Johnson house.

Burley is now strong in musical talent, as the program of the last entertainment indicates.

GEE! WHIZ!

In moving McDowell’s donkey engine, the steam-pipe hit a tree, and things went off with a whiz. Our artist has tried to catch the pieces.

A meeting of the local branch of the B.-I. P. U. was held at Purdy, Saturday evening, Dec. 1.

We hope to see Mrs. McClintock with us soon. It is probable that she may return before Christmas.

The attendance at Sunday evening services fluctuates, but as a rule is much larger than it was a few months ago.

Mr. McDowell has put up quite a large building on Mr. Kline’s land, on the high ground just west of our mill. His men, who have been boarding at Burley hotel, now go to this place for their meals. A blacksmith shop and barn are part of the establishment.

Christmas Committee—D. Brocchi, C. G. Crofut, A. J. Allen, Mrs. Stein, A. B. Ellis, Miss Atla Sorenson, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Clarence Kline, Mrs. Chilvers, T. Flynn, G. G. Melhart, Mrs. Kellogg, Miss Looker, Mrs. Copeland.
The Kingston has hauled several scow-loads of lumber for the flume.

Mr. Davis is still working on the Garcken house. It is now ready for shingles.

Sam Davidson left Burley, recently, for a short stay on the "outside." He is working at the St. Paul Mill in Tacoma and expects to be home Christmas.

Brother Moore has gone to work in Tacoma, at his old trade. He reports quite a demand for printers, just now. He is working for the Pioneer Book Bindery.

The old Simons house is now occupied by Japanese, who are engaged in cutting bolts for Allen Bros. Some fourteen men occupy the dwelling, hiring a cook in common.

The "Argosy", with freight on board for McDowell, managed to make Burley this time. About a year ago, it will be remembered, she tried to get through the draw at Purdy, but her crew were unable to open it.

Heavy winds and high tides have visited us lately. The extra pressure of water, doubtless, caused the dam to give way, involving considerable expense to Allen Bros., in loss of shingle bolts, and extensive repairs.

T. W. Fargher who formerly had a lease of the Boyde place, as a lonely rancher, is now an adopted son of Burley. He has talent both as a carpenter and a singer. As an addition to the Burley "Nightingales," he fills a large place with a deep baritone voice.

The Kingston with a scow load of lumber in tow was caught in a heavy blow while passing through the Narrows near Hale's Passage, recently, but fortunately escaped with no loss except the parting of her tender which may be recovered. If nothing happens to her motive power, the Kingston is a boat to be depended on in rough weather, but, as everyone knows, who has had anything to do with gasoline launches, the engine is a critter that is inclined to buck.

"It is to be hoped that in this Christmas season all men may, through some realization of the significance of the fatherhood of God, feel bound together in one vast and loving brotherhood."

Anon.
A few men are skilled because there is opportunity for them to be skilled, but common labor is just as necessary to carry on the world's work. . . When we can accept without question the integrity of our brother, we are on the highway that leads to the fullest liberty.

—Elwood Saulsbury.
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Centralia Rochdale Co........................................Centralia
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