CO-OPERATION.

Method of Operation in Co-Operative Stores.

[By request of quite a number of our subscribers we republish the following editorial from our edition of May 10, that issue being exhausted.—EDITOR ALLIANCE.]

There is much desire through the Alliance for co-operative effort in business lines. Many enterprises are talked of, such as mills and elevators; more frequently the latter. There are a few Alliance co-operative stores in the state; but as far as we can learn none of them are operated on the correct co-operative principle. It is generally thought that the store is the most difficult of the enterprises named, when in fact it is the easiest, and should be the primary move, leading to the others. We have asked some who were talking of building an elevator or a mill why they did not start a co-operative store, and they replied, "We are not strong enough yet—we'll start that by-and-by." Now the fact is that the capital that would build one mill would start twenty co-operative stores, and the capital that would build one elevator would start half-a-dozen; while the benefits of the store would be much more general and equally distributed among the membership than those of the other enterprises.

We will first try to give a clear idea of the true co-operative principle of co-operative merchandizing. The store is started on the joint stock principle. The shares should be put at $5 each. No person not a member of the Alliance should be allowed to own shares, and they not more than ten each. A certain rate of interest is agreed upon which the share capital may receive. This should not be over 7 or 8 per cent. In this particular the shareholders are on an exact equality. They receive the same rate of interest on their shares. The man who has $50 in shares receives interest on $50. The man who has only $5 receives interest on only $5. Now we will suppose the store has been started and done business for one quarter, or three months. The books must now be squared, an inventory taken, and the profits divided. To ascertain the profits expenses must first be ascertained and paid. These consist of goods bought, rent, fuel, light, insurance, pay of store keeper and assistants, if any, and interest on share capital. These all belong to the expense account, and must be paid before there are any profits. After these are paid the profit remaining is divided among the shareholders *in proportion to their trade at the store.* That is to say each shareholder *receives the profit on the goods he has bought.* To illustrate this point clearly, suppose A has $50 worth of shares, and buys only $10 worth of goods during the quarter, while B has only $5 worth of stock and buys $100 worth of goods. A would receive interest on $50 and the profit on $10, while B would receive interest on $5 and the profit on $100. It will be seen that A and B are on an exact equality as to their interest, and that their profit depends on their own trade. It will also be seen that this principle tends to induce trade, and not induce any effort to monopolize the shares, as there is no inducement to invest money for the interest, as it can only draw the agreed upon per cent. It will also be seen that this is pre-eminently the plan to put the poor man on an equality with the rich one. They are in fact on an absolute equality.

LITTLE CAPITAL NEEDED.

It needs but very little capital to start a co-operative store. This fact arises from the ease of the purchasing system of the present day. All kinds of goods are sold by commercial travelers right in the stores of merchants, by sample. Goods can be bought in this way nearly every day, so only a small stock is needed to start with. Thirty and sixty days' time is considered the same as cash, though even these bills may be discounted for actual cash at a small profit.

Trade is capital. Suppose twenty-five members of an Alliance wish to start a co-operative store. They need a store-room, fixtures, and money enough to pay freight and running expenses for two months. If each of these twenty-five members will *trade at the store, and pay for the goods when they buy them,* good business management makes the success of the store certain. With fifty members we would ask no other capital than *their assured trade.*

THERE MUST BE NO TRUST.

This is an essential to success. *The business must be ready pay, either cash or its equivalent.* This makes it necessary for the store to deal in truck, which is a great disadvantage, but unavoidable in the country. With Alliance agencies in Omaha, Lincoln and Denver this disadvantage will be partly neutralized.

THERE MUST BE NO CUT IN PRICES.

It would be extremely bad policy to start a store in a country town, and undertake to undersell or injure the other merchants. This would tend to excite enmity and demoralize trade, and there would be no compensating advantage. The better the prices at which goods were sold the more profit for shareholders. If members of the Alliance wanted the benefits let them become shareholders, one share entitling them to all benefits. If non-members of the Alliance want the benefits let them join.

In a store of this kind there would be some trade from outsiders. The profit on this trade goes to the stockholders; so there would be no gain by destroying this profit by selling goods at cost. Neither would there be any gain in selling goods to members at less cost than to others, as the total profits are divided among the members, and each gets *all the profit on his own trade.* If there was no cut in prices the other merchants would be apt to say, "Well, there must be room here for another store, or these men would not start one; and if there *is* room, some one else will start one if they don't, so I guess it is all right." But if prices were cut enmity would be engendered, profits wiped out and nothing gained.

OTHER ENTERPRISES WILL FOLLOW.

If a store is started in a small way, with a stock of staple dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hats and caps and clothing proportioned to its membership, and is made successful, other branches of trade will soon be added. For coal only a shed and scales would be necessary. The implement agency would soon be attached. Then would come the lumber department and the grain shipping department, until the establishment embraced every branch of the farmer's trade, and in every branch *the members would have the profit on their own trade,* and thus come as near eating their cake and keeping it as possible.

This hasty sketch is already too long, though much remains to be said. We will recur to the subject or explain any part of it when requested.

WRITTEN FOR THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

THE CODDLING MOTH.

(Carpocapsa pomonella).

Every fruit grower is familiar with the coddling moth, or at least with its work. In Nebraska it is double-brooded, that is, produces two broods each year. The round of life is as follows: in the latter part of May or in the month of June, the moths appear. They pair and by the time the fruit appears they are ready to begin egg-laying. This is done soon after the blossoms have fallen and the fruit has set; before the twig which bears it begins to droop. Only one egg is layed on an apple and this is simply dropped into the calyx-end. The young hatch and immediately bore into the apple. These larvæ attain their growth in about four weeks. They then gnaw their way out of the apple, and, crawling to the trunk of the tree or some other suitable place, spin a slight cocoon. From this cocoon a moth appears in about two weeks. These moths lay eggs on the apple (now half grown,) from which new larvæ are produced. These last larvæ usually live over winter in the apples, in orchard, cellar, or whatever place the fruit is kept. For this reason all wormeaten apples should be distroyed, fed to the hogs or other stock. Much can be done by way of prevention if one is careful to keep the trunks of the trees smooth and clean and all the old fruit and windfalls destroyed. A good plan is to allow sheep or hogs to run in the orchard after the apples have been picked. As some birds, as woodpeckers and creepers prey upon these insects, they should be encouraged to come to the orchard.

Concerning the use of Paris green and London purple as remedies against the coddling moth, an extract from Prof. Lawrence Bruner's report to the Neb. State Horticultural Society for 1889 is very concise and to the point.

"On account of the miscellaneous food habit of the Coddling Moth, there is no single remedy that will suffice to keep in check and prevent its injuries to our apple crop. We must therefore adapt our remedies to the habits of the insects by meeting it on all sides, and at different seasons. The best remedy now known, and the only one by which the first brood is killed and a large per cent of the fruit saved from their ravages, is the use of one or theother of the arsenical sprays, composed of London purple or Paris green with water. These are to be applied just after the fruit has "set," and before it has become heavy enough to droop or the calyx end to turn downward. One or two thorough sprayings at this time, it has been proved, will save at least seventy per cent of the loss otherwise experienced. The ratio of these poisons best adapted for the purpose has not yet been definitely ascertained, since this varies with conditions of climate, latitude, etc. About four ounces of the Paris green and three of the London purple to the 45—50 gallons of water will probably be sufficiently strong to kill the worms, and at the same time not injure or kill the foliage during ordinary weather at this time of year."

As will be seen much depends upon the thoroughness of the first applications. The spraying can be done with any of the machines obtainable at almost any of the larger implement houses. The kind depending on the amount of spraying to be done. The cost of two thorough sprayings is but a few cents a tree and much more and better fruit will be the result. As it is impossible to spray so as to successfully combat the second brood, and because of the fact that the moth flies only at night and is not easily attracted by lights or other traps, the only way to keep this pest within bounds is by a continuous warfare through the united efforts of all the fruit growers in the state.

TOM A. WILLIAMS,
State University.

ALWAYS SIGN YOUR NAME.

State Agent Hartley has an order for goods from Seward amounting to $3.35 which he would be glad to fill but there is no name given to whom they can be shipped. He waits for instructions, and again we repeat *always sign your name.*

A Chicago boy was arrested at Washington, Ia., for kidnapping his two young brothers from their dissolute parents and finding them good homes.

Justice Lamar, who never accepts a pass or present of any kind, tells of himself this one: "Down in the locality I call my home lives old John Dilliard. Some years ago John presented me with a very fine Alderney cow. I said: 'John, I never receive presents.' 'Well,' he replied, 'Lamar, just give me your note, and, as you will never pay it anyway, you will be nothing out and a cow ahead.'"—[Chicago Herald.

WHAT WE WANT.

All hail the dawn of a new day breaking,
When a strong armed nation shall take away
The weary burdens from backs that are aching
With maximum labor and minimum pay;
When no man is honored who hoards his millions;
When no man feasts on another's toil,
And God's poor suffering, striving millions
Shall share his riches of sea and soil.

There is gold for all in the earth's broad bosom,
There is food for all in the land's great store,
Enough is provided if rightly divided;
Let each man take what he needs—no more.
Shame on the miser with unused riches,
Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard,
Who beats down the wage of the digger of ditches
And steals the bread from the poor man's board.

Shame on the owner of mines whose cruel
And selfish measures have brought him wealth,
While the ragged wretches who dig his fuel
Are robbed of comfort and hope and health.
Shame on the ruler who rides in his carriage
Bought with the labor of half-paid men—
Men who are shut out of home and marriage
And are herded like sheep in a hovel pen.

Let the clarion voice of the nation wake him
To broader vision and fairer play.
Or let the hand of a just law shake him
Till his ill-gained dollars shall roll away.
Let no man dwell under a mountain of plunder,
Let no man suffer with want and cold;
We want right living, not mere alms-giving,
We want just dividing of labor and gold.

—[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MISTAKEN ECONOMY.

"We really must economize somehow or other, Josie," said my husband, tugging wildly at his whiskers.

"Yes, indeed, we must," I said, wringing my hands. "But I am sure, my dear, we are neither of us extravagant. We must eat, we must drink, and we must live."

Then we sat and looked at each other in a sort of mild despair.

We had only been married six months, Obadiah and I. We were very young, and perhaps we had begun the world too early. Our relations told us we had no business to marry; but as their gratuitous opinions were all that they had ever given us, or ever intended to give us, we had not paid much attention to these utterances.

We had taken a little one story cottage, just on the high road, which was to let cheap, because there were only two rooms and a kitchen to it. But what did Obadiah and I want with more than two rooms and a kitchen? I had the furniture which Grandmother Newcomb had given me, and a rag carpet which my poor mother had woven the winter before she died. To be sure, our accommodations were not extensive, but we did not expect to hold fashionable receptions or to give large dinner parties.

Obadiah had plenty of work in the woolen factory, down by the depot, and I hung out my little sign, "Dressmaking and Millinery," and hoped that some one would see it, and come in and give me an order. But no one came. I had plenty of time after my housekeeping duties were over in the morning, and I couldn't be always beeswaxing the furniture, arranging the china cupboard, or polishing the windows.

"I wish I could get some dressmaking to do!" I said wistfully, and I did so long for a dollar or two of my own.

"Why don't you advertise in the village paper?" said old Mr. Meggs.

Obadiah burst out laughing.

"Advertise!" said he. "Why, what on earth do you take us for, Mr. Meggs? It costs a deal of money to advertise."

"It costs something certainly," said Mr. Meggs, thoughtfully stroking his chin, "but then it calls public attention to the particular sort of iron you have in the fire."

"A little local paper like that," said Obadiah, rather contemptuously.

"It's local custom that your wife wants, isn't it?" said Mr. Meggs.

"And I never did think much of newspapers," added Obadiah.

So that settled the question; and afterward, when the foreman of the woolen factory cut down the wages of the workmen 20 per cent., and coal went up, and the winter set in hard and cold, and we begun to consider the question of how and where we could economize, the local paper was almost the very first thing upon which my husband settled.

"That, at least, is an unnecessary extravagance," he said.

I winced a little. The Boggsville Herald had been my companion for more lonely evenings than I cared to remember.

"It's only $1.50 a year, Obadiah, and really it's a very interesting little paper," I said.

"Just $1.50 too much," said my husband curtly. "The subscription is just out. I'll tell them we won't renew it. If you care so much about it, Josie, you can easily borrow Mrs. Meggs's paper.

I was silent. I never could make Obadiah understand the deep rooted aversion to borrowing from any one, which I had inherited from my mother.

So we gave up the weekly paper, and left off using butter, and burned candles a penny a pound cheaper, and I sponged and cleaned and rebound and new buttoned Obadiah's great coat, instead of buying a new one, and left off going to church because my old cloak was so shabby and I couldn't afford anything better. And oh, how I did miss the Herald!

"If I could only get a little dressmaking to do," I said to myself, "I would subscribe again. But I can not bear to ask Obadiah for a cent of his hardearned money."

I was sitting by the window, sad and lonely, one freezing February day, trying to mend an old waistcoat of Obadiah's, so that it would last a few days longer, when a traveling peddler with a huge basket of china ornaments on one arm and a bundle on his shoulder knocked at the door. He nodded at me in an insinuating manner as I answered the summons.

"Couldn't I sell you anything this morning, ma'am?" he said, with a liberal display of very white and even teeth. "Anything in the way of elegant mantel vases, statuettes, decorated china, match-boxes—"

"I have no money, and I do not want any of your wares," I said spiritlessly.

"Ah, but you do not know what a splendid article I have here," he persisted, loosening the strap which passed across his shoulder, and lowering the precious, package to the floor. A pair of real Wedgewood faiences. Oh, don't shake your head ma'am; I shan't charge you anything for looking at them, you know. I'm certain you are an artist—all the ladies are born artists—and this is something quite out of the ordinary run."

And with a succession of nods and grins he unstrapped a pair of really very pretty blue vases, nearly 2 feet high, and ornamented with raised garlands in white.

"Only $6 a pair, ma'am," said he. "Dirt cheap. It's positively giving them away at that price."

"I have not $6 to spare," I replied indifferently.

"It is a great bargain, ma'am," he insisted.

"I do not want them," I said.

He was silent a few seconds.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said. "They'd be a great decoration for a house like this. But if you really won't buy, it would be doing me a great favor to allow them to remain here until to-morrow. I've a long tramp before me, and I'm not going to any place where I think they'd be likely to buy anything of this sort. I'll set them back by the chimney piece, ma'am, where they won't be in anybody's way. I'm very tired with carrying them."

I felt sorry for the poor jaded wretch—so I made no objection. And when he was gone the vases did make the room look wonderfully pretty. I could not but wish they were mine.

Obadiah perceived them at once when he came home to tea.

"Hello, what does this mean?" he asked.

So I told him, adding—

"I only wish that I could afford them—they are so handsome."

Obadiah walked around and around them, with his brows knit thoughtfully and his hands in his pockets.

"Yes, they're pretty," said he. "But they are not perfect."

"Not perfect!" I echoed.

"Not by any means. Don't you see that lengthwise crack down one? And the end of the little raised rosebud is chipped off on the other. I hope you didn't do it, Josie?" with a sudden glance of apprehension.

"I? Certainly not!" I cried. "Why, I haven't so much as touched the things!"

"Then I dare say it's all right," said Obadiah.

And we sat down to supper.

The next day, however, my friend, the china vender, came along, smiling and obsequious as ever.

"There are your vases," I said, "just where you left them."

But all at once he broke out into a storm of reproach and obloquy. They had been cracked and damaged in my care. They were perfect—absolutely perfect—when he left them there the day before. I had worked the mischief, and I was of course responsible for the value of the articles.

Of course I knew that the rascal was telling a falsehood; but what could I do? I was alone in the house and fairly terrified by the ferocity of the man.

"You must pay me for them," he reiterated again and again, "or I will have you arrested at once."

I burst into tears.

"How can I pay you?" I said. "The vases were damaged when you left them here. And, beside, I have not $5—no, nor $1—in the house." Which was true enough.

While I spoke he had been glancing furtively around.

"I don't want to be hard with you, ma'am," he said. "Of course a poor man like me has got to save himself from loss, and if you'll let me have that set of blue and white India china in the dresser, I'll leave the vases, and we'll say no more about it."

It went to my heart to part with the India ware, which had been a relic of my mother's housekeeping days, but I was so terrified by the man's bullying manner that I believe I would have given him the house over my head if he had asked for it, and he went away, leaving the beautiful vases on the floor.

How glad I was to see Mrs. Meggs come cheerfully in a half hour afterward!—a good motherly old soul, with silver spectacles, and an elderly dimple still lingering on her cheek.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" she asked.

I told her all.

"But, my dear," she said, "how came you to be so taken in? There was an article in the paper last week warning everybody against this very impostor. Didn't you see it? It was called 'The Vase Swindler.'"

I colored deeply and hung my head.

"We have stopped taking the paper," I said. "Obadiah thought we couldn't afford ——"

"And your beautiful china, too!" said Mrs. Meggs. "Why, there was half a column in the paper, week before last, about the value of old china just now. And by what it stated your set of India ware must have been worth $30 at least."

Twenty dollars! And I had frittered them away for a pair of wretched, cracked, tawdry vases, of the very sight of which I was already sick.

"My dear," said Mrs. Meggs, "your ideas of economy are altogether misplaced. You should read the papers."

Obadiah went and subscribed for the Boggsville Herald that very evening. And in the first number he saw an advertisement for hands at a new steam factory in the neighborhood, which offered steady work and wages a third higher than he was now receiving. And I inserted a modest little "Dressmaking Wanted," and it was answered within a week, and I am now making my own snug little income, thank Heaven!

And if anybody tells us now that we can't afford to take a paper, we tell them, Obadiah and I, that we can't afford to do without one.

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STATE AGENTS LIST, JANUARY 1st, 1891.

Anyone having Clover, Timothy or Flax seed for sale please notify the State Agent. 29tf

THIS WEEK.

White Grained sugar per 100	$6 00	Very fine California peaches per lb	20
" " in barrel lots	5¼	" " " apricots "	20
California Strained Honey per lb	10	" " prunes "	10
Mpale Syrup in gallon cans	75	California dried grapes also raisins.	
Corn Syrup in 2 " pails	75	Tomatoes best per can	9
Fine Sugar Syrup in kegs	1 40	Coffee etc. at bottom prices.	
Sorgham in kegs	1 30	Flour per 100	1 50
" ½ barrels per gallon	40	Buckwheat flour per sack 12½ lb	45
" " " "	38	Corn and oats chop feed per 100	1 25

J. W. HARTLEY, State Agent, Lincoln, Neb.