

*A Prize Winner on Two Continents, Worth \$2,500, and Her Owner*

# WHERE CALVES SEL FOR \$10,000

*"Eminent II" Sold as a Calf for \$10,000.*

**On the Same Farm an Ordinary Cow is Priced at \$1,000**

**"GOING-GOING-GONE! At \$10,000."**

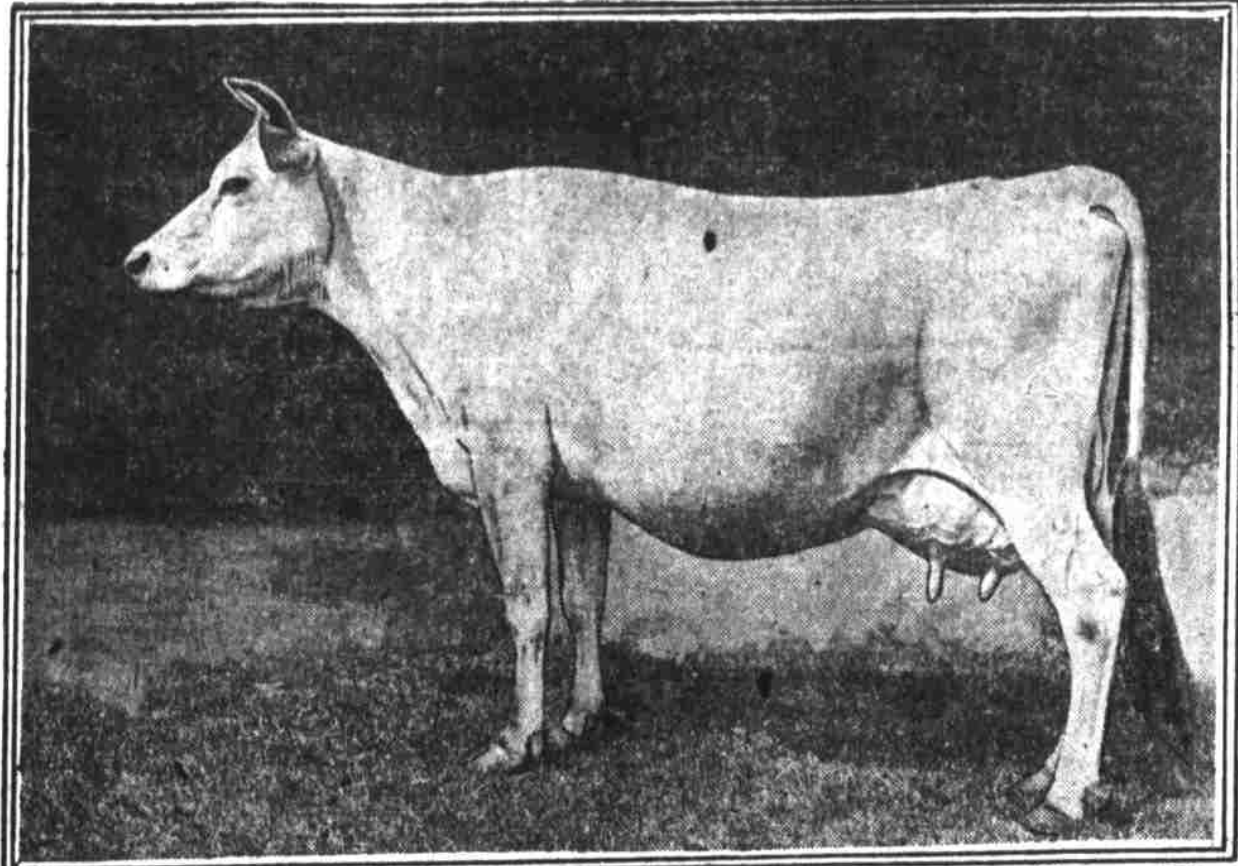
*What do you suppose was thus disposed of by the busy auctioneer? Was it a fine home in the suburbs, a farm, or an exquisite work of art?*

*None of these. Just a calf—a little, soft-haired, meek-eyed calf that gazed in wonderment at the crowd about it.*

*A calf selling for \$10,000? Yes, and*

Today the Cooper cattle barns are among the leading show places of the cattle business in America.

Today the Cooper cattle barns are among the leading show places of the cattle business in America.



*Her Butter Record is 18 Pounds, 6 Ounces, in Seven Days.*

more than one has been sold for that price at this stock farm of high-pressure achievement amid the hills of eastern Pennsylvania.

There are cows, too, on the farm valued at \$1,000 and upward. One, a prize-winner in England and the United States, was sold not long since for \$2500.

Each year Tilghman S. Cooper & Sons, proprietors of Linden Grove farm, hold auction sales of high-grade cattle, and as much as \$125,000 has been paid on a sales day to the clerks by eager purchasers. And each year the Coopers visit the island of Jersey to replenish their stock with the finest bovine products of that famous land of fine cattle.

Visitors from every state and from Canada as well have journeyed to Linden Grove farm to see the cream of the Jersey herd. The blood which he has imported is found in every state in the Union.

In the neighborhood of Linden Grove farm are many farmers who understand the value and good points of a cow. To them Mr. Cooper has given some of the cows to raise. The farmers get all the rich milk, while the cattle expert takes the calves and raises them into bank accounts.

He also owns the cows, and when he thinks the proper time has arrived for selling the animals they are transferred to his barn and sold at the next sale for—how much? Why, nearly always, rather above the \$1000 mark than under.

The farmers who fed and groomed the cows are

given younger ones, the milk-giving qualities of which are just as good, but which have not as yet fully developed in form. There are a dozen farmers in the neighborhood who, at times, have been employed at Linden Grove, helping to tend the cattle. When they feel like going into the business Mr. Cooper is ever ready to supply them with a Jersey herd.

Every time Mr. Cooper goes to the island of Jersey he is welcomed eagerly by the breeders there. He brings away the best cattle that are on the island, regardless of cost, often paying thousands, sometimes over \$10,000 for a bull and a cow.

On more than one occasion when Mr. Cooper has asked the Jersey island farmers how much they wanted for certain animals, they did not care to sell. So they asked prices they thought would stagger him. If the value showed in any fair proportion to the price, the cow or bull sailed away with Mr. Cooper.

The Cooper family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, two sons, Frank and Peter, and one daughter. All understand the Jersey cow thoroughly, and none more than the two sons, who are able assistants to the father. Frank has made twelve trips abroad; Peter has had charge of nine importations.

When the Coopers arrive on the little island, which is eleven miles long by five and one-half miles wide, they drive behind a span of fast horses from farm-house to farmhouse for four weeks. They call at every farm where Jerseys are bred.

The farms are not like those of Pennsylvania.

Instead of having 200 or 300 acres under one management, the small farmer works three acres; and, if he has a "large" farm, it does not consist of more than thirty-five to forty acres.

Breeding of cattle is the main occupation, though the farmers cultivate corn, wheat and potatoes on the 20,000 acres of arable land. Potatoes form the chief crop.

The islanders have a very early spring and begin to harvest potatoes around New Year—a decided advantage when, for the first digging, they get \$10 a bushel. This price dwindles down, as the season advances, to 80 cents a bushel. When the modest crop has been exceptionally plentiful potatoes are sold as low as 50 cents a bushel.

After Mr. Cooper or one of his sons has investi-

gated every herd, he makes his offers, buying a cow here, a bull there and a heifer at some other farm, until there are enough to furnish a large shipment to America.

The buying is usually done by the father. One of the sons sees to it that the various owners bring the cattle to certain centers, whence they are all forwarded to St. Heliers, the main shipping point on the island.

Here every cow, bull or calf is closely inspected by one of the younger Coopers. If it is found in the pink of condition it is loaded on the steamer, until some thirty-five animals are ready for the trip to Southampton. There they are placed on a special train and shipped to Liverpool.

As soon as they arrive at Liverpool they are unloaded and stabled for three or four days, to give them a thorough rest, before they are placed on a steamship bound to America. Every trivial detail is taken care of. Even the hay the animals get, while they are fed at Southampton, Liverpool, or on the great ocean liners, is sent to England from America—and usually from the Cooper farm. The Coopers find they can ship the hay abroad just as cheaply as they can buy it in England—and they know what their cattle get.

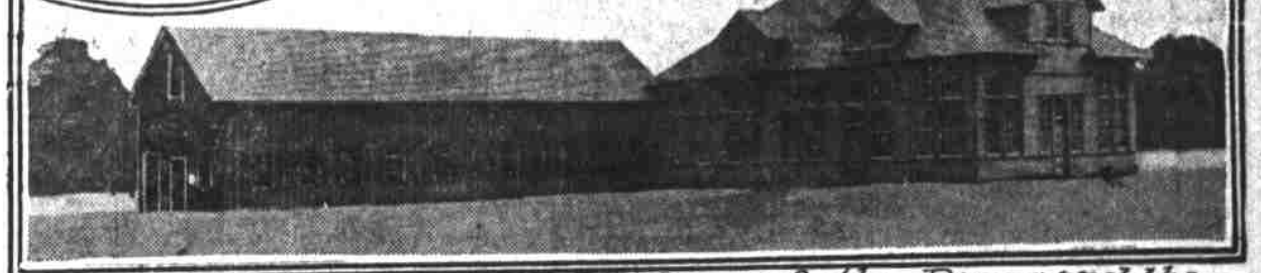
The journey across the Atlantic is not uneventful. Together with the younger Coopers there are always three persons, natives of the island of Jersey, who have known the cattle and who know how to take care of such valuable animals. In addition there are several of Cooper's own men from Linden Grove farm. Everything that can be done for the comfort of the cattle on the way is done.

After the journey, which requires about ten days, the cattle are placed in quarantine near New York for two months. During this time the two sons are always around the sixty acres of quarantine stables which the government maintains, to keep a sharp lookout for the welfare of the animals.

When the sixty-day quarantine period has expired, the animals are shipped to Coopersburg and placed in



*Cooper Office, Where all the Records are Kept.*



*One of the Barns and the Sales Pavilion*

the spacious barns. The bulls are placed in one barn, the cows in another; the heifers have their own place, and so have the calves.

Experts who have been at Linden Grove for years, together with those that came along from Jersey, prepare them for the annual sale, which takes place every Decoration Day. While in transit the animals receive hay, mangels, bran and crushed oats; now they receive a ration of corn meal, middlings, gluten feed and crushed oats.

A Jersey cow is never exceptionally fat, and all the nutriment that she consumes goes into butter, instead of growing into fat and flesh.

The stables are equipped with the latest improvements for feeding. A cement water-trough is in front of every stall, so arranged that no dirt of any kind can fall into the water. The stalls are as carefully washed as the kitchen table of the modern housewife. Attendants, always on hand with brushes, rags and water, keep everything perfectly clean. All the floors are cemented and rye straw is used for bedding.

Every stall, as well as the entire group of farm buildings, is lighted by a private electric light plant, which Peter Cooper, the younger son, installed. The dynamo that furnishes the power for the lights furnishes also power to grind all the food which the hundreds of cattle need throughout the year, besides furnishing power for threshing the grain and doing other farm work.

The Cooper sons take a hand in the feeding, seeing that their men give the required rations. They are just as busy at milking time. They oversee the grooming of the stock, for every animal is groomed like a horse, and the Jerseys are as smooth as silk all the year round. Shown they happen to get the least bit of dirt on their skins, an attendant is ready with a pail and some water to remove it.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are represented in the herds that the Coopers have brought to America. Annually, more than \$125,000 is paid to the clerks on the Linden Grove lawn, where the sales are held, for the cows that are disposed of on the great clearance day. This year the public sales amounted to \$18,500 for 125 head, leaving still on the farm a larger herd than was disposed of.

## What the Street Piano Men Do in Winter



WITH the passing of autumn, the hurdy-gurdy man, like the groundhog, creeps to his lair.

During the summer he is ubiquitous. Along country roads you can see him pulling the heavy, lumbering "grind-organ," ever and anon stopping and mopping the perspiration from his face.

In small country towns you will find him in the square, near the hotel or grocery store, surrounded by children, who dance to the tin-pan rendition of a fragment from the "Cavalleria Rusticana." In the great cities he is to be found on almost every street, always followed by children as the Pied Piper of Hamelin was followed by rats.

THERE'S lots of romance in the lives of the swarthy-faced Italians who during the warm days of summer tramp from town to town playing the tunes which are dear to their Italian hearts.

Surely money is not the object of their work—not the entire object. Could you ferret your way into the stolid hearts of the black-eyed men, you would find a love of the country, of summer skies, of dancing children and of

music. Of course, some of the music is pretty bad. But that doesn't matter. It's music, and that's all the primitive heart of the Calabrian asks.

And, incidentally, the organ grinder, too, makes money. Incidentally—yes. And this incidental sum is often not as small as one would think. This fall an organ grinder withdrew an account from a little Italian bank in one of the big cities and took a trip to Italy. During the summer he had earned nearly \$400, and several weeks ago started on his trip.

"Quite a few of the hurdy-gurdy men go to Italy in the winter," said the cashier of an Italian bank. "It is surprising to find what sums of money these fellows save during the summer. I have paid special attention to them, and have been greatly interested."

The Italian who recently went abroad started out early last spring on weekly jaunts among the towns lying near the city. He lives in a little ramshackle house in an alley with his wife and two daughters. Sometimes one of the daughters would accompany him, and, while he played, she would jingle her tambourine and collect the money.

"It was quite interesting to note that on the weeks she accompanied her father his deposits were about half again as large as when he went out himself. Toward the latter part of the season he caught on, and took the girl with him on all of his trips. He found that her dark eyes and laughing face brought as many nickels and pennies as the music itself."

OFF TO ITALY ON SAVINGS

"This man would return to the city almost every week and spend Sunday with his little family. Every Saturday or Monday he would make his deposits—ranging from \$10 to \$20, sometimes more, occasionally less. At the end of the season he withdrew \$300 and started to Italy. There's enough in the bank to keep his wife and daughters over winter. In the spring he'll come back and start out again."

"What do most of the hurdy-gurdy men do in the winter? Do they all save money?"

The cashier laughed.

"The men who travel about the country grinding organs are the most economical fellows in the country. Rather than spend a nickel, they will beg their meals. They will sleep in barns—rarely will the hurdy-gurdy man rent a room. They count every cent they spend,

and they save the pennies diligently. So in the winter they can take a long rest and enjoy their holidays.

"The average amount of money saved by the hurdy-gurdy men may range from \$50 to \$500."

"They return to the city from their trips in October usually, and put away their organs until the following April. I should say, from what I know, that at least half of the organ grinders remain idle during the winter. They sit in their little homes, enjoy their bottle of chianti and pipe and wait for spring to come."

"Several years ago a young Italian came here to deposit a sum of money. He was a bright lad, and by his manner I saw that he was well educated. He told me he had been through the country with a hurdy-gurdy. I was surprised, and asked him how he happened to be in such a business."

"His eyes flashed. Ah, he came to this country with a couple of hundred dollars. He wanted to study art—imagine him coming to America to study art! But this was a fact. What was he to do? He bought a little grind-organ. He started out."

"He could speak no English at first. But he fared pretty well. He was a handsome boy, with large, black eyes and long curling hair. No doubt, his appealing eyes and fresh face drew many coins. He saved quite a neat sum that summer, and in the winter he took a course of study at an industrial art school."

"The second summer he went out with his organ, and made enough to take advanced courses in art. This is only one case of many."

"Most of the old fellows who go out grinding loaf around in the winter. Probably some of them will get a job digging ditches or laying tracks."

"There is a young married couple who together each spring start on a trip through the country. They are devoted to one another, and enjoy their summer outing. They give up their room in the city, store away their little bits of furniture, and begin the pilgrimage."

"Husband and wife share equally in the labors. Both pull the heavy machine over the roads; they take turns in grinding. They sleep in barns and haystacks."

"But when they come back to the city in the fall they become fashionable members of their little set. The wife buys a new dress—she goes to all the balls and concerts, sparkling with her glass diamonds. The organ grinder sports a frock coat and looks quite swell. They live in ease and thoroughly enjoy the fruit of the summer's work."

Finally Mr. Cooper conceived the idea that he