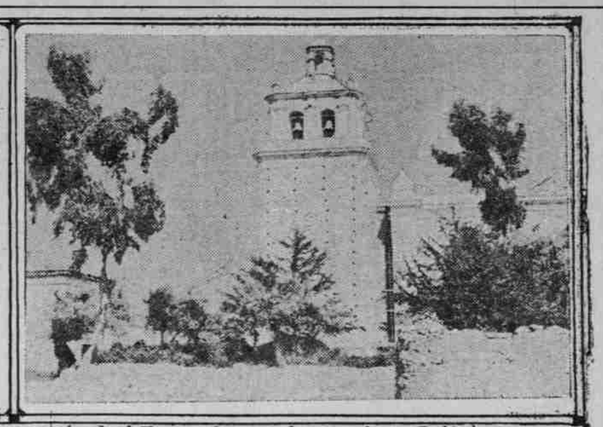
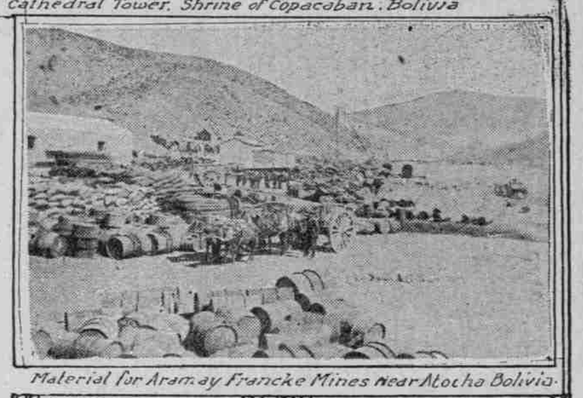
FARM PRODUCTS OF ARGENTINA TO ROLL INTO BARREN BOLIVIA WHEN OCEAN-TO-OCEAN RAILROAD IS FINISHED

Negotiations With Chicago Contracting Firm Are in Progress to Obtain Loan of $10,000,000 to Bridge Gap Within Three Years; Trip From Lima, Peru, to Buenos Aires Is Filled With Queer Experiences.

City Gates at Puno Peru



Cathedral Tower, Shrine of Copacaban, Bolivia



Material for Aramay Francke Mines Near Atocha Bolivia

BY LUCILE F. SAUNDERS.
Former Member of Oregonian News Staff.

BUENOS AIRES, May 3.—(Special.)—Three dozen varieties of individuals must have held up their hands in horror and passed opinions to the effect that "You mustn't," "It isn't safe," "You'll lose your baggage," and "I won't rest easy until you arrive in Argentina."

But if one is in Lima, Peru, and has an important engagement with her bank account in Buenos Aires and the Trans-Andine railroad chooses to get snowed under and there are rumors of solid walls of storms off Cape Horn, one does not mince matters concerning other cross-continental routes. One merely selects the handiest and says good-bye.

After all the calamities predicted the most exciting adventures of the overland trip were in watching a squad of barelegged Indians push the auto bus, in which the writer sat, out of mid-stream and in wrestling with a cast iron stomach that once and for all issued an ultimatum and declined to be subjected to further indignities in the comestible line. In due course of time, a month or thereabouts, a de luxe train pulled into Retiro station and deposited the writer, quite unruffled and much in need of a shoe shine, in the city of Buenos Aires. After saying farewell to the Pacific ocean at Mollendo the writer had traveled on seven different trains, one steamer and one automobile, going over a route that not in the very distant future may be covered in a week and traversing some of the most interesting and diversified country on the continent.

Railroad to Link Oceans.

There remain but 128 miles more of railroad to be built to link the two oceans by means of a road that would remain open the year 'round. Of these 128 miles 30 miles of the grade now need only the rails and ties. With the completion of Bolivia's negotiations with the Ulen Contracting company of Chicago to finance the rest of the work by means of a $10,000,000 loan, there are prospects of bridging the gap within the next three years. When the final spike is driven in the La Quiaca-Atocha section the sugar, flour, farm produce and other staples of the Argentine will begin to roll into the barren mine settlements of Bolivia, where fresh foodstuffs are at a premium.

Assistance from the atlas is needed in following the line of travel that finally brings the wanderer from southern Peru to the river Parana. If one desires speed the itinerary is something like this: Suppose the boat lands on train days. One spends the afternoon motoring over the brown plateau over the line of the Ferrocarriles del Sur, passes the night there and leaves early for Puno, arriving in time to connect with the Inca, which lands in Guaqui, Bolivia, the following morning. Another train brings the traveler to La Paz by noon. This lap of the trip has consumed two days and a half. On Tuesdays and Fridays one may leave for Atocha, making it in less than 24 hours. Here it may be necessary to lose one day waiting for the automobile. Two more bring one to La Quiaca and two more to Buenos Aires, that is, after shifting to three different trains. There is reason to hope that with a through continental line transcontinental passenger service may be made as rapid as in the United States and one may traverse the entire distance in half the period named.

The writer did not choose to compete with other speed fiends, having long before acquired the "mañana" habit of the west coast and preferring to leave the beaten path. With the present state of exchange this is no time to talk of vast numbers of freight cars and overflowing customs houses, but, with trade at a standstill, there is afforded an excellent opportunity to enjoy the journey from the passenger point of view, as could never be done in busier seasons.

Mollendo Is Gloomy.

Gloom pervades Mollendo, for much of Molledo's life depends on the movement of freight and at this particular moment the world does not crave its wool and hides, and interior firms are not able to purchase vast quantities of foreign merchandise. One decides the swinging chair that carries her from the seasick launch to the cement wharf is sufficient of the scenery and craves to leave the port behind as quickly as the southern railways will permit. Landscape gardeners would never make a living in Mollendo, for its heaps of sand are not even encouraging to cactus.

The coaches the next jaunt is taken in were manufactured in Arequipa from "pina de Oregon" imported from the north, and compare most favorably with those of foreign make. There is a steady upward climb with a last, long view of the Pacific ocean, on which the writer had altogether spent six weeks since leaving San Francisco. Next comes the sandy desert, then what is probably the most unique sand dune country in the world, dotted with gray half-moon mounds that change with the seasonal wind variations and look for all the world as though they had been deposited on the brown plateau by a cement contractor, all ready for use. The train plows on into the red volcanic ash country and skirts the tiny stream that is soon to become the Chile river. Chan Chani, a long snow-capped mountain, is now in sight, and then the perfect cone of Misti, rising above the carved and mottled lava bed of ruddy tints. Nightfall brings the traveler to Arequipa, perhaps with the clear mountain moonlight turning the snow on its sheltering peaks to delicate silver.

Arequipa Is Picturesque.

Old church doors, snow-capped mountains and picturesque river scenes give Arequipa a charm all its own. It is both old and quaint and well worthy of more than a fleeting glimpse. The Indians live in houses of adobe built much on the plan of the ordinary outing tent and plastered over with white, so that some sections remind the traveler of an old-fashioned camp meeting. Two bridges crossing the Chile river lead on into a purely native district, where old men sit in sunny doorways, putting the finishing touches on guitars; four-legged beer wagons pass with the day's output of the seveceria set up in open cases on either side of donkeys' backs, and whole families are busily employed in shops, beating up little dark balls that are to be the very hard and verry muddy-colored bread upon which Arequipa feasts. The baker seems to be under the impression that if he moulds his dough in fancy shapes he can camouflage the prevalence of bran in his bad flour. His assistants handle the paste as they would modeling clay—toss it about the floor and press it with their knees.

Modern electric street cars with illuminated signs advertising the next local bull fight pass by the crumbling churches fronted by facades of hand-molded arabesques with angels and other symbolical designs that hark back to colonial days. Some of these same street cars will carry one to Tingo, where are swimming pools and lovely artificial lake, and beyond which, down an avenue of trees, is Tiabaya. Unfortunately, the writer's view of the landscape in their neighborhood became involved with the state of her horse's hoofs and the best scenery was mixed with recollections of a mount that stumbled on about every fifth cobblestone.

So much for Arequipa. Once more on the train part of the same route must be traversed before one begins to climb behind and around Misti and up to the plateau around Puliaca with its terraced hills of the days of Inca supremacy. There is a coche de salon on this part of the line with a handy little kitchen attachment where the water cooler would be on any normal train in the United States.

High Water Wrecks Buildings.

There is a branch line to Cuzco, but the through route is to Puno where one may take a night trip on Lake Titicaca, or, if he watches the sailing schedules, may see the famous body of water by daylight.

Long before there was a railroad through southern Peru Lake Titicaca had a steamer, the Yapura, which was brought up on muleback in 1869 or thereabouts and put together after all of it had arrived in knock-down form. Up to that time freight had to be transported on big balsas made from the characteristic reeds or totora of this part of the country, some of them often growing 18 or 20 feet high. Then Henry Meiggs came through with his railroad, built for the Ferrocarriles del Sur, and after came the larger steamers, three of them having tonnage varying from 200 to 380. Of these the smallest is the Yavari, on which the writer sailed.

Heavy rainfall and a thick growth of reeds in the Desaguadero river, sole outlet of the lake, this year caused the body of water to rise four feet higher than ever before in its history, and to completely wreck the buildings and wharf at Puno.

A regular guide book could be written about what to see and where to go on Titicaca, but the trouble is that the boats seldom stop at any of the places. The Yavari was swamped with Indians sleeping in their ponchos on every deck, bound for a fiesta at Moho, and the writer found a plump missionary and her infant son established in the miscroscopic cabin she was assigned to. A stop was made at Tunguyo and another at Copacabana, the town of the famous virgin and bright-colored reed baskets. Although not a regular point of call, the captain permitted passengers to go on the Island of the Sun, legendary birthplace of the Inca race, and view the ruins and gorgeous sunset over distant Illuamani.

Gorgeous Canyon Viewed.

The next morning came the carved monoliths of Tiahuanaca, then La Paz in its gorgeous canyon. A model train operated by the Bolivia railways, made up of private two-berth compartments and a diner, takes one south across the desolate plain that was once a lake bottom, and is now covered with salt deposits like snow-drifts. This territory is rich in tin, silver and some bismuth. Here there is no vegetation, and foodstuffs, mine timbers and other commodities are imported from the Argentine or the States. One of the picturesque features is the white monuments of rock and adobe that were once Italian burial places, and have since been opened up by searchers for the precious articles interred with the dead hundreds of years ago.

At a dismal station called Atocha the railroad ends on a dust heap beside a dry river bed—dry in this season. Where the drop from the puna begins the train has passed through a region showing effects of centuries of water action, great columns of reddish brown earth crowding one upon the other. Then the canyon itself with walls of pink, blue and yellow shale rising higher and higher and above a pavement of nearly washed and rounded pebbles. The village is nothing more than a few adobe huts on a brown hillside that rises spasmodically and fills the atmosphere with each change of the breeze.

This is the point at which one waits for the auto bus and spends a cheerless day or two speculating just how far back this camion has chosen to become embedded in mud. On this particular Sunday the car left Atocha in the afternoon, turning into the second canyon, which soon widens out, giving one a more pleasant vista of the hills. In crossing and recrossing the tiny trickle that remains of the stream at this season the machine is sometimes in soft and sometimes in hard packed wet sand. Here and there is a queer house of adobe with a fence of the same material and baked mud slabs laid across the top. The view is not lacking in color, for the weather worn sands are of red, white and yellow with patches of a green bush resembling sage-brush.

Bad Curves Numerous.

Burros, each laden with a mere handful of firewood, and llamas, with similar packs, pass by, going in the opposite direction. Soon come cliffs of pink carved rock on one side, while across the way are heaps of black ones. As the river cuts a canyon probably 200 feet in depth, the highway, if it might be called such, turns to the right and ascends a hill, mounting by two long grades that cause the engine to fret and boil, while the driver watches for bad turns and hairpin curves, of which there are plenty. Just one of these has been protected by a wall of rock around the rim. For an hour or so the course jumps back and forth from river bed to the green and brown patched hillside, whose only signs of life are three mail carts of the prairie schooner vintage, minus canvas tops, all of them drawn up beside a solitary mud tambo, and a road crew gathering up their picks and scurrying after the wagon that is to carry them to camp.

It is late and the car has stopped often to cool the radiator from oil cans full of fresh water. The car is once more plunging along the river bed, back and forth across the ribbon of water that glints in the moonlight. So white is this radiance that it virtually turns the hilltops into snow banks. A few trees begin to appear, just fringing the tiny brooklet, that has a habit of separating and joining again on the other side of some gravel bed. Here are the white plumes of pampas grass and still one is going down a fairly narrow canyon, until it suddenly broadens out and behind a hill are the rows of white houses that are Tupiza.

Beauty Surrounds Village.

Certainly there is much beauty surrounding this isolated village with its big grass-grown plaza sheltered by weeping-willow trees. The band is playing and the town is out for its weekly promenade. The truck rumbles over the cobbled streets and pulls up before the one-story hotel near the cathedral.

Not until daylight can one appreciate what a garden spot this truly is, with its pale green fields laid out against a background of jagged red hills. Once more you are traversing the white-pebbled stream bed between files of willows that in flood season grow to the water's edge. The air is balmy and spring-like and there are fields of grain, herds of grazing cattle and small farms in the little level valleys along the way. Here, too, are the first signs of traffic from the Argentine side—packing cases on the backs of horses and mules.

Picturesque Indians in their bright-colored, full-skirted costumes pass along the way, forming pretty pictures against the green of willows or cottonwoods. The chicha establishments here consist in a row of branches set in the ground in semi-circular formation, so as to form a half dome and it is under this structure, not more than three or four feet in height, that the pottery jars of the fermented corn fluid are stored. An Indian woman will sit beside one of these many hours to make a sale, for the voyagers are none too numerous.

The second morning of the journey offers by far the greatest variety of natural beauty and compensates the wayfarer for the hot and dusty miles further on. The stream, which on the map is labeled Tupiza river, here seems to have directed its course straight into a bluff of pink sandstone and it is not until the machine has made a sharp turn that one comes full upon the Gap of Angostura, a striking achievement of nature. The walls tower perhaps 350 feet above the stream, and the auto passes through at a point that is about 25 feet wide. On either side are the gravel beds where the river has spread itself out in a basin and more green trees here increase the charm of this glimpse of bronze and red crags. It is here, too, that one becomes aware of the difficulties of traversing this valley in other seasons. The mule path skirts the narrow pass on a treacherously scanty shelf hewn from the rock.

Motor Stops in Stream.

Little waterfalls from irrigation ditches along the way tumble down upon the gravel and not far distant is the first ford of the Talina river, a broad, clear sweep of water that comes from another less imposing gap to the north. Some of the beauties of the stream were lost to the writer in her anxiety to see the car the crossing was achieved, then came the fourth ford beside another innocent-looking gravel bed. Once more the car stopped in mid-stream, but this time the attentions of the blue-jumpered assistant could not induce it to budge and each time the engine started the water spouted up over the driver's head and the mechanism died peacefully. With the various connivances under the hood now pretty well afloat, the chauffeur gazed about the country in quest of a little man power to aid. Four Indians were engaged in persuading, by means of stones and sticks, a flock of stubborn burros to cross the Talina at the same shallow spot and these men were mustered and sent out in quest of more. Meanwhile some amateur Paul Revere had been at work across the way and there came running from a mud and haystack village a motley collection of natives, each of whom, in anticipation of an invitation to aid, sat down on the bank and rolled his earth-colored trousers above his knees. And there they sat.

Natives Pull Car Out.

The arrieros were pressed into service to haul the men out of the gasoline-propelled ark, the husky chief of the staff of the Bolivian army going ashore with his highly polished boots seeking the cargadore's belt for support and his long tailored overcoat tails dragging in the water. Then were the villagers summoned and a few applications of brawn and muscle saw the car safely up on the bank and the bronze individuals who believe that "muscles were made before motors" (with apologies to the author of "fingers-before-forks" motto) lined up to be paid off from a pocket collection. When the last mozo, whose sole garment consisted of a cast-off dinner shirt, discreetly belted down, received his stipend the engine shook off the effects of its bath and pulled the camion into a dry little canyon and up the edge of a steep ravine, lined with hoary-headed cactus of a most peculiar species. Then came a narrow cut in the hilltop, a steep descent around a hairpin curve and the car was bowling along a gentle slope and into a dry-farm territory.

Between thorn hedges the gravel road winds back toward the river, passing numerous little huts and eventually ending at another ford, where the last crossing of the river is. This brings the car to Nazareno and the first indications of the railroad grade and its stone masonry, a part of the 30 miles built from La Quiaca.

Nazareno is the pueblo in which one either sleeps or dines, depending upon the skill of the chauffeur. Hereafter one passes many evidences of the work of the railroad engineers in the barren, cactus-covered hills. There are brick culverts and arched bridges and, finally, stacks of unsued railroad ties and the idle machine shop in the border town of Villazon, the last outpost of Bolivia.

Argentina is across the railroad bridge, a drab, brown Argentina, that looks no different from the Bolivian side except for the occasional freight car beside the station, for this is the actual terminus of the Ferrocarril del Norte Central de Argentina, the twice-a-week trains that mean a return to civilization.

Twice again a few miles further on and trip of the season and the 12-passenger affair into which she had been sandwiched was new to the route. The big machine lumbered into the current, then stopped neatly in the middle, while two feet of river serenely flowed past. The chauffeur's assistant climbed over the hood, did something to one of the cylinders, turned the crank and restored the welcome music of the motor.

RAISING SKUNKS DECLARED PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE

Considerable Truth Discovered in Claim That There Is More Money With Less Work in Little Animal Than in Dairy Cow.

BY H. M. WIGHT,
Assistant Professor of Zoology and Physiology, Oregon Agricultural College.

"There is more money in one skunk than there is in a dairy cow, with less work."

If you could follow one of our many breeders of dairy cattle to his mail box, and watch him read the message quoted, you would be treated to a sudden burst of eloquence, fired with an enthusiasm of one who has been stung by slander. The solitary apple of his eye is in disgrace, but as he looks over the fence to where a magnificent herd of bovines are up to their ears in clover, the expression of disgust slowly "fades out," and a look of keen amusement replaces it.

The writer has passed through practically this same experience, except that he saved the card bearing the unheard-of comparison between a skunk and a dairy cow, and filed it away with numerous other wild-cat advertising schemes, collection of which happened to be one of his hobbies at that time.

Skunk Raising Studied.

Several years have passed since he received that card, and becoming interested in fur farming, it has been necessary for him to correspond widely with different breeders throughout Canada and the United States, and every address of skunk farmers obtainable has been used to gather all the information possible on the subject.

The data obtained caused him to become interested in this new industry, and this, linked with the fact that he was obliged to answer many letters of inquiry regarding skunk raising which called for first-hand information, caused him to invest in a few eastern black skunks.

Although skunks have been raised successfully by many breeders, the occupation is really in its infancy as an industry.

Black Skunk Best.

The blacker the skunk the better the animal and the more valuable the fur. This fact has caused the breeders to pick from year to year black stock until it is now possible to obtain animals that will nearly always produce the so-called black skunk, a skunk with the white confined to the head and the tip of its tail.

No comparison between a skunk and a dairy cow will be made in this article. The dairy cow stands on her own merits, and any man who cares for animals sufficiently to be a successful fur farmer, will naturally be an admirer of any kind of good livestock.

The black skunk can be raised profitably. The degree of success is largely determined by two things. The more important factor is the adaptability of the individual to the work. It does not require a training that can be acquired from books; neither does it call for many special directions. The farmer who farms because he loves it, and not in order that he may accumulate a large amount of property, would in one year make a greater start in fur farming than many house-up men could make in a lifetime. On the other hand, many men in the railroad business or some similar occupation who might seem to be unfit for this work, are exceptionally well adapted to it.

Animal Lover Needed.

It might be put in this way—a man can raise hogs successfully although he does not love hogs; but he can't raise fur bearing animals unless he enjoys every minute he spends with them.

This type of individual frequently fails because the second factor is lacking—ability to market his stock successfully. A combination of these two things is absolutely necessary to insure results in the fur farming industry.

The history of one skunk now in my possession will illustrate that there are possibilities in this industry. It has cost less than $2 to feed her for the year. May 11 she gave birth to a litter of seven. Six are now alive, healthy and growing rapidly. By the first of August they will be ready for shipment. They are, if anything, marked better than their parents—fine black animals which at the prevailing prices should bring easily $20 each or $120. Five dollars is a liberal estimate of the cost of feed for mother and litter from August 1, 1920, to August 1, 1921, or a net profit on this one animal of $115.

Possibilities Are Great.

It is not to be inferred that 100 skunks would produce a profit of $11,500, or even half that amount, nor is it to be inferred that this is the highest estimate for one litter of animals. Other females of the same strain as the one mentioned have raised eight, all of excellent marking. This shows the possibilities where details in care are worked out to a nicety and when one has patiently worked up a strain of extra fine animals. The question arises, will such prices continue? They probably will not, but the present great demand for breeding stock indicates that there will be a ready sale for a long time yet. But, even if they were to be sold for mid-winter fur values the profit would still be good. The great danger is that the present buyers will make the same mistake that has been made in many other lines—purchasing an inferior grade of stock, because it is advertised at low prices.

"Skunks! By George, I'd want big returns to raise those stinking things."

Scent Glands Removed.

A few days ago the scent glands were removed from more than 25 animals. My neighbors are honest people, and would not refrain from speaking the truth even to protect my feelings, and so I believe it was true that no odor remained the next morning.

The operation is simple, requiring four or five minutes, and the wounds are closed in 24 hours, after which the animals are as pleasant, gentle and easy to handle as kittens. But regardless of the truth of this statement, the name "skunk" will keep many from ever engaging in this pleasant industry, all of which is an advantage to those who do.

With gentle treatment skunks become most interesting pets, and are more easily cared for than any other animal raised on the farm.

The term "easily cared for" must not be given the wrong interpretation. Skunks are easily attended. The mature animals are fed but once a day in the summer time and usually only every other day throughout the greater part of the winter, and if properly penned require but little other labor.

Work Is Described.

But if one were to fence up a bunch of skunks and do only what has been mentioned he would have little success. The labor is slight, but too much attention can not be given to those slight details that the lover of animals alone will notice.

Let us purchase a good pair of black skunks. They come in a crate by express, watered and fed. They are not very large and require only a small run, placed in a well drained and shady place. A run 10 feet by 10 feet would be a good size, but even a smaller pen would be satisfactory. A cage with wire on all sides would be good, and then it could be moved from place to place, or if a larger number were purchased, a yard would be necessary. Either one should be fenced with one-inch poultry wire. Sections of hollow logs, joints of tile or wooden dens should be placed in the pen, and the skunk introduced.

Animals Are Amusing.

If a more interesting and amusing group of animals were ever turned loose on your place than this pair of skunks, you will be surprised. They will readily take the food you give them, and should be supplied with fresh water. Then they will proceed to take care of themselves.

Skunks are animals of habit, and like best the food they have most of when young, so they should be taught to eat all kinds of vegetables, fruits, and grains, properly prepared. Usually if hens are kept on the place one will occasionally die and furnish all the meat required and in the spring of the year infertile eggs and eggs containing dead chickens furnish an excellent supply of food. They will grow rapidly and by January will be full grown and begin to take on fat. They should then receive food only every other day.

The male should be taken away from the female from April 1 to 15. The prospective mothers should be fed twice daily—milk and eggs being good. Only a small amount of food need be given, as the chief danger is over-fattening.

Milk-and-Egg Diet Advised.

Some morning about May 1 you will hear a wee twitter—you notice that the old skunk does not come out to greet you as is her custom. By these signs you are notified that the little ones have arrived. Plenty of food, preferably milk and eggs, should be given the mother—a dish of fresh water should be placed close to the mouth of the den and she should then be left entirely alone. It is very dangerous to disturb the den, and you must refrain from looking at the little ones, or permitting any strange person or animal to go near it until the little ones are at least three weeks old. Then, if you must peek, do so with great caution.

When they are about six weeks old they will begin to follow their mother out of the den and mess around in her food. When you approach, she will get busy at once. She will grasp one of them by the nap of the neck and carry him into the den, the others following and waiting at the mouth of the den to be hoisted up.

Young Begin To Eat.

They have now grown to be little black, puffy balls of downy fur, and have a most amusing manner of patting their paws at each other and tipping around on their front feet. Now and then they scamper away with a partly sidling movement with their little tails all bristled up. This is the time to remove the scent glands.

When they are eight weeks old, they begin to eat regularly with their mother, who has started to wean them. Bread and milk can now be fed to profit, as weaning time is the decisive period in their development. Meat should be fed once a week, but in small quantities.

Some night you will throw them a chicken head just to see the scrap. The entire litter of six or seven or more will in some way get hold of it at once and a many cornered tug of war will follow, sometimes lasting until you are obliged to separate them.

Then some cocky little black fellow will carry off the rewards of the event to a corner and protect it with all the different threats he can summon.

At least a year has gone by, and you decide to get your pencil and notebook out and take account of stock. Don't overlook the most important factor. You have learned the art of caring for these interesting little animals. The pleasure and big profit derived have made you enthusiastic, and you are now ready to start a year on a business basis.

Skunks Indulging In Appetizing Meal.

GIRLS! LEMONS
BLEACH FRECKLES
AND WHITEN SKIN

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan bleach and complexion whitener.

Massage this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes bleach out and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes.—Adv.

FILIPINOS OFFERED WORK

Hawaiian Sugar Planters Plan to Pay Transportation.

MANILA, P. I.—Plans to find work in Hawaii for the 1200 Filipinos who are reported to be out of work in the Pacific northwest, have been started by the director of labor and the agent of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' association here. The local agent of the Hawaiian planters believes that employment can be found on the plantations and on the sugar centrals of Hawaii for these Filipinos and has taken the matter up with the view to transporting direct to Hawaii from the United States those who are out of employment.

The director of labor here also has instructed Francisco Varona, special labor commissioner for the Philippines in the United States, to make an investigaion and to ascertain if it will be feasible to take the unemployed Filipinos from the mainland to Hawaii.

"25 Per Cent Better Service"
The Schwan Piano Co.'s Slogan
And Now Added to the 25% Deduction Reduced Terms of Payment
$10 Monthly—*as Before the War*
Buys This New Improved $525 Piano

No need to delay the musical education now

For $395
and $15 Sends It Home

ATTEND OUR MID-SUMMER PIANO SALE

NEW 1921 MODELS
At 25% Deductions

$1300	Steger Grand	$975
1500	Steger Parlor Grand	1125
2 1000	Steger Grand, Upright	750
5 900	Steger, mah. and wal.	675
1 900	Steger, Circassian wal.	675
2 800	Reed & Sons, oak	595
2 800	Reed & Sons, mahog'y	595
1 750	Reed & Sons, walnut	562
4 700	Reed & Sons, walnut	525
3 700	Thompson, Colonial	525
6 675	Thompson Grand, Up.	495
3 675	Wood & Son Grand, Up.	495
11 650	Thompson, mah., wal.	487
15 625	Thompson, mah., oak	468

NEW 1921 PLAYER-PIANOS

3 $1300	Steger, mahogany	$975
1 1300	Steger, golden oak	975
2 1150	Reed & Sons, walnut	862
1 1150	Reed & Sons, mahog'y	862
2 1050	Singer, oak	795
3 950	Thompson, mahogany	712
1 950	Thompson, walnut	712
1 1300	Thompson Reproduc'g	975

Terms, $25 or more cash, $12, $15 to $30 monthly

REDUCED NEW 1920 MODELS
Savings $190 to $305

1 $ 900	Steger, mahogany	$595
2 900	Steger, walnut	595
2 800	Reed & Sons, mahog'y	565
2 750	Reed & Sons, oak	525
1 650	Kimball, mahogany	495
1 700	Mendenhall, Colonial	495
2 700	Singer, Grand	495
1 675	Wood & Son, large	495
1 650	Thompson, walnut	455
11 625	Thompson, mah., oak	435
6 575	Thompson, mah., oak	395

PLAYER-PIANOS

1 $1300	Steger, mahogany	$875
2 1050	Singer, walnut	695
3 1050	Singer, oak	695
2 950	Thompson, mahogany	675
2 950	Thompson, oak	675
1 900	Schroeder Bros.	595

Terms, $15 or more cash, $10, $12, $15, $18 monthly.

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450	Peerless, upright 195
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950	Thompson, mahogany 495
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