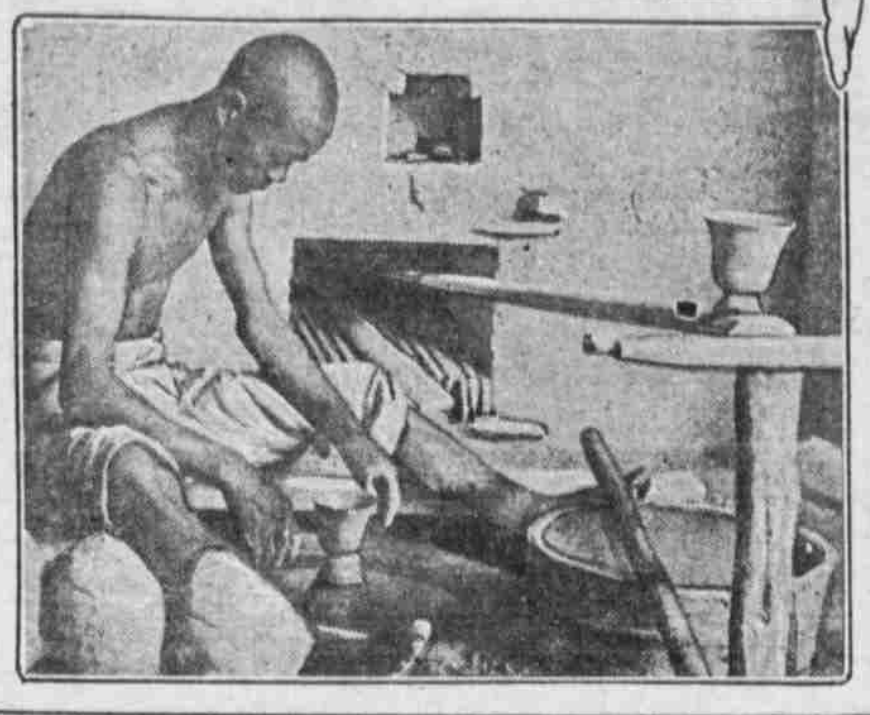


Original Home of Porcelain



Chinese Potter at His Wheel.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

The greatest industrial city of China is Ching-teh-chen, a place which perhaps not one American in a hundred has heard of. But when it is added that this out-of-the-way place, 300 miles inland and without rail connections, is the original home of the porcelain industry of the world and still the great Chinese center of the industry, the town takes on a certain significance.

There are few cities in America or Europe that are so completely given over to a single industry as this one. Though the methods of production are primitive, the city must still be classed as an industrial center. It is a rare privilege to visit this conservative but interesting old place and see with one's own eyes the fascinating process of pottery making from beginning to end.

China-ware! What does the word connote? Simply a ware made of clay and named for the country that first produced it. Whether it be a green tile from a temple roof, a dish, a vase, or a painted ornament from a wealthy celestial's home, it all has a traceable connection with Ching-teh-chen. With the Chinese, Ching-teh-chen and porcelain are synonymous.

In order to get a fair understanding of the situation, it will first be necessary to let the reader know the location of this place and something of the difficulties in reaching it.

After locating Shanghai on the map of China, one should trace his way up the Yangtze river to Kiukiang, south of which lies Po Yang lake. The quickest and surest way of reaching Ching-teh-chen is to proceed from Kiukiang to Nanchang, the capital of the province, by rail. This trip can be made in a day, barring accidents, though the distance is only 90 miles. In prospect it does not seem a difficult task to cover the distance between Nanchang and Ching-teh-chen, 120 miles, but in reality the trip requires more time than it takes to travel from San Francisco to New York. One must cross the east end of Po Yang lake and then push his way up the North river into the heart of the mountains, to a point not far from the Anhwei border.

"Town of Scenic Virtue"

The first view of Ching-teh-chen from an approaching boat, with the smoke issuing from the chimneys of scores of kilns, is an amazing one. The city is located between the mouths of two rivers which flow into the North river, one from the east and one from the west. The town is naturally supplied with an abundance of fresh water, the clearness of which stands out in vivid contrast to the muddy yellowness of the Yangtze and of Po Yang lake.

Beautiful hills completely surround the city, those on the east rising to a height of about two thousand feet. The river banks are dotted with pine and camphor trees, while occasional groves of bamboo in lighter green add a charm and beauty difficult to describe.

Ching-teh-chen ("Town of Scenic Virtue") is one of the four largest towns (as distinguished from cities) of China. Technically, it is a town, because it has no wall. In reality it is a busy industrial city of 300,000 people, two-thirds of whom are engaged in the manufacture and sale of porcelain. Romantically, it is a city to stir men's souls. Longfellow, in his "Keramos," speaks of it. Historically, it dates back to the Han dynasty, 220 A. D., during which period we find the first records of the production of porcelain in China, though earthenware vessels were probably produced some centuries earlier.

Two main streets, about three miles long and conforming to the contour of the river, comprise the principal thoroughfares.

The city is about a mile wide. Furnaces, warehouses, shops, and homes are crowded together in a hopeless tangle. Great mounds of chipped and defective porcelain, clay chips and broken dishes are piled high along the river bank. In fact, one first notices these pieces of porcelain in the bed of the stream several miles below the city, washed down by high water. These dumps must be 30 or 40 feet thick. They represent the accumulated offerings of the kilns for centuries. There are now between 150

and 200 big yellow chimneys in the city. It is said that Ching-teh-chen in her most flourishing days boasted several thousand kilns.

Most Conservative of Cities.

The most unusual feature of the city of Porcelain is its conservatism. "Bu k'ai'ung" (not open to communications) is heard on every hand. Although China is the home of the printing press, there is not a single newspaper, either daily or weekly, published in this city of more than a quarter of a million inhabitants. The reason given for this unprogressive state of affairs is that the magistrates have always opposed the press, on the one hand because they are afraid of its political influence, and on the other because of the financial support that would be involved.

Ching-teh-chen is devoid of electric lights and telephones. The few rickshaws which now facilitate communications are fighting for existence. A number of workmen's guilds have petitioned the chamber of commerce to abolish the rickshaws on the ground that they interfere with traffic.

The geographical location of Ching-teh-chen is not accidental. It became the pottery center of the country centuries ago because of the enormous quantities of excellent clays in the district around Po Yang lake. All of these clays are brought to Ching-teh-chen in the form of soft, white bricks by small, flat-bottomed boats. Thousands of Chinese boatmen are engaged in this work.

After the clays are thoroughly cleaned, sifted, and refined they are kneaded together in varying proportions, usually by a barefooted boy, until they are ready for the potter. The wet lump of clay is then placed on the knob of the potter's wheel.

The potter is perched above the wheel, with one foot on either side, in order to allow sufficient space for the movement of his hands. After revolving the wheel swiftly with a short pole, he deftly and with mechanical precision fashions a plate, bowl, or vase. After years of practice he can estimate to within a hair's breadth the proper size.

The piece is then removed and placed on a long tray in front of the potter, where it awaits the next artisan. Handles and other decorations, made in molds, are added, and then the whole is scraped smooth and allowed to dry until it is ready for the next process—the under-glaze decoration.

Several basic colors, like blue and red, can be painted on under the glaze. The glaze is next applied in various ways—by dipping, by blowing on with a tube, or by sprinkling. After the mark has been added the piece is ready for the furnace.

Firing the Porcelain.

Porcelain placed in the kiln to be fired has to be protected in strong, cylindrical clay vessels, called saggars. These trays can be used from three to six times before they are ready for the scrap heap on the river bank. Every piece of porcelain, as it is set into the sagger, is placed on a small, round, clay chip, sprinkled with straw ashes. This prevents the fusing together of the two pieces.

The fuel for the furnaces at Ching-teh-chen is of two kinds—straw and wood. Coal has been tried, but it was found that its fumes discolored the porcelain, and accordingly its use was discontinued. Straw is used to burn only the coarser ware.

The kilns are large, egg-shaped ovens of brownish brick, fifty feet long and twelve feet high at the highest point. Because of the intense heat, both the kilns and the chimneys must be rebuilt annually.

There is no unemployment in Ching-teh-chen. Work is plentiful, but industrial conditions are bad. Long hours, poor food, no rest days, and unsanitary living conditions cause a great deal of dissatisfaction among the laborers.

Wages range from ten cents to one dollar per day, varying not according to the number of hours, but according to the number and quality of the pieces produced. But no artisan must work too long. If a man is found doing too much and working beyond the time limit, he is set upon by his fellow workers and severely beaten.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by The American Legion News Service.)

HE LOST BOTH HANDS IN WAR

Paul Bazaar, Rochester (N. Y.) Legion Man, Given Special Consideration by President Harding.

"My boy," said Senator Harding, in October, 1918, "if there is ever anything I can do for you, write me or ask me." So Paul Bazaar, of Rochester, N. Y., who had both hands blown off during the war, waited until the senator became the President, and then asked him to help him get a job. Harding suspended the civil service rules, making a special case of it, and Bazaar is now employed by the Veterans' bureau, and is punching a typewriter (Hunt system) at a great rate of speed with his artificial hands.

In a letter to comrades in the American Legion, Bazaar said: "I have taken my draw with a grin; that same grin is still with me. I have found the slidding exceedingly rocky at times, but my philosophy of a smile and no worry, coupled with an insatiable desire to get somewhere, have helped me surmount most of my difficulties."

Premature explosion of a defective hand grenade at Fort St. Mange, France, was responsible for the loss of Bazaar's hands. He is equipped with a complicated double hook attached to the stump of his right arm which enables him to write legibly, drive an automobile, and attend to all his personal needs unassisted.

LEGION POST AT WEST POINT

Andrew Rheude, a Sergeant, Heads Organization in the Country's Greatest School for War.

In the heart of the country's greatest school for war, a post of the American Legion flourishes and celebrates peace. West Point is the home of the Stewart Whiting Hoover post, which is under command of one of earth's glorious species, a high-ranking non-com.



Andrew Rheude, a sergeant, was chosen from a roster of 75 officers and 300 enlisted men to lead the post, and under his guiding hand it is being built up into an organization which promises to become one of the leading Legion units of the Empire state.

Named for Stewart Whiting Hoover, the first officer from West Point to make the supreme sacrifice in the war, the post was organized in 1920 by enlisted men. The retiring commander is also a sergeant—Joseph Grady—and he claims credit for having built up the post from 15 members to its present enrollment of 375.

CENSUS OF EX-SERVICE MEN

Five Million Questionnaires to Be Used in Obtaining Views on Compensation Drive.

A nation-wide census of ex-service men will be taken by the American Legion. Five million questionnaires have been printed for use in the Legion's "service and compensation" drive, which will aim toward the compilation of vital statistics and which should afford a definite indication of the exact cost of providing compensation to all veterans.

The various state organizations of the Legion will conduct their drives separately, and at their own date. Every man interviewed by the census taker will be informed of the five options of the pending compensation bill and be asked to signify his attitude toward the measure and his choice of the five features. He will also record whether he was ever wounded, gassed, or suffered an injury in service. Assistance will be provided in filing compensation claims, and all ex-soldiers will be urged to carry government insurance.

The Legion's plan for a rotating loan fund will be explained, and every man interviewed will be asked whether he would be willing to turn over his compensation toward such a fund for the relief of needy service men.

True Talk.

It was during the impaneling of a jury in a New England town that the following colloquy occurred between the magistrate and a talsman: "You are a property holder?" "Yes, your honor." "Married or single?" "I have been married for five years, your honor." "Have you formed or expressed any opinion?" "Not for five years, your honor."—American Legion Weekly.

HAD NO "COMEBACK" TO THAT

Marine's Winterfield Uniform Scored Heavily on the Khaki Which Started the Controversy.

The marine's three uniforms hung side by side underneath his clothing shelf: one winterfield, one blue and one khaki. Suddenly the khaki uniform grew critical.

"You look pretty green," it said to the winterfield.

The winterfield uniform made no reply.

"And that outfit right next to you must be downhearted—it looks so blue," the khaki uniform went on.

The winterfield then spoke up: "I might be green," it said, "and that outfit right next to me might have the blues," but doggone your hide—you're yellow!"

The khaki uniform piped down.—The Leatherneck.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says he wishes he could put as much patient endurance into some of his later undertakings as he showed as a boy when he was learning to smoke a pipe.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Really Something of a Mystery. "Lawyers," said Uncle Eben, "mos'ly acks so unpleasant cross-examinin' folks dat I can't see how so many of 'em gits popular enough to be elected to offices."

Slim Missed Something.

The company clerk had been reprimanded by the first sergeant on several occasions, and he was beginning to have a chronic grouch. One evening he came into the company quarters looking gloomier than ever.

"Whatsa matter, Slim?" asked his buddy. "You musta been havin' some more hard luck!"

"Hard luck?" said Slim. "I'll say I had hard luck. The company commander came around this morning and bawled out the top, and I wasn't there to hear it."—The Leatherneck.

Reform Urgently Needed.

Imagine living on a street without a name and in a house without a number! If you are a writer, imagine waiting for a check from a magazine in such a residence! That is the predicament that certain Parisians are in who live in such a street near the Ourcq canal. The city government forgot to give it a name, and the only numbers on the house are those put up by residents who sometimes duplicate each other's numbers. Now the natives are becoming aroused about it. The lot of the poor postman must be a difficult one as he gazes at a letter addressed to "Monsieur Pierre Bergeret, the third righthand house in the little street two blocks to the right of the Ourcq as you walk south."

WRIGLEY'S



AFTER EVERY MEAL

Select your food wisely, chew it well, and—use WRIGLEY'S after every meal.

Your stomach will thank you.

It is both a benefit and a treat—good, and good for you.

And, best of all, the cost is small.

TRY THIS NEW ONE



Sugar jacket "melts in your mouth" and gum center remains to give you all the usual Wrigley's benefits.

WHY SOME MEN LEAVE HOME

This Kind of Thing, Served Up Daily, Would Drive Almost Anyone From His Loved Fireside.

"George, dear," cried wifey from the bedroom, "have you shut the dining room window?" "Yes, love." "Put the plate basket behind the bookcase?" "Um!" "Have you put the dog out?" "Yes." "Sure you bolted the scullery door?" "Sure." "Turned off the gas in the cellar?" "Yes, precious." "Wound the clock?" "Yes, darling." "Brought in the mat from the porch?" "I have, my ownest."

"Have you locked up the wine?" "Yes, yes, my sweetheart. I have done even that." "Well, there's no need to get wild about it. Why can't you come to bed at some decent hour? What on earth have you been doing down there all this time?"—London Tit-Bits.

To find fault is easy; to do better may be difficult.

Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good.

A Carver. The new boarder shyly took his seat at Mrs. Stimpkins' table.

"May I ask, sir," said the old boarder, "what your occupation is?" "Oh, I am a sculptor," replied the newcomer.

"You carve marble, do you?" pursued the veteran.

"I do." "Then," continued the other, "I see you will be a valuable acquisition in this happy house. Do you mind coming up to this end of the table and carving the fowl?"

Imaginative.

The youngster who asked his father why God hadn't given the zebra stars as well as stripes has a match in the little girl who wrote this description of the Ark:

"Overhead was a gorgeous rainbow and beneath it the little Ark rode proudly over the waters, with smoke pouring from her smokestack and the United States flag flying at the bow."—Boston Transcript.

Idle to Borrow Trouble. Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency. It does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.—Aughey.

True friendship will survive the telling of the same old anecdote over and over again.

Wishing for sleep is a poor way to get it

A LITTLE wisdom in the daytime is a better assurance of rest than any amount of anxious wishing when nerves are a-jangle at night.

What you do at noon often has more influence on sleep than what you want and hope for, at midnight.

Coffee's drug element, caffeine, whips up the nerves, and when its use is continued there's usually a penalty which no amount of mental effort can avoid.

The part of wisdom, as so many thousands have found, is to turn away from nerve-stimulation and adopt rich, delicious Postum as the mealtime drink. Postum delights the taste, but brings no dis-

turbance to nerves or digestion. Even the little children can share in the enjoyment of Postum at any meal.

It's better to anticipate warnings than to be driven by them.

It's better to encourage and preserve sound nerves and complete health than to listen to the clock ticks at night and say, "I wish!"

You can get Postum wherever good food or drink is sold and served. An order today may be the beginning, for you, of the great satisfaction and comfort which so many others have found in Postum.

Your grocer has both forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.



Postum for Health—"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.