

FARM CHEAP LAND

Why Western Canada Agriculturists Are Smiling.

Low Overhead Expense and Bountiful Crops Have Enabled Them to Overcome Agricultural Depression.

The recent agricultural depression brought to the eyes of the world the fact that one of its basic industries was likely to suffer a severe blow unless steps were taken to secure a remedy. Physician after physician applied remedies, but even parliamentarians and newspapermen were unable to place their finger on the pulse that would respond. As it appears today, it was a spasmodic wave due to the ebb and flow of the tide of readjustment that was bound to follow a disturbance such as the Great War caused.

Psychologically it was bound to change; there was certain to be a reflex movement that would bring agricultural conditions back to the place where they normally and rightly belong.

Efficiency and sound business judgment are needed more in agriculture today than ever before and are as important to the farmer as to a railroad company, or to a great steel corporation.

The farmer must endeavor to secure an equal footing in the competition for a lower cost of production. In Western Canada the farmer has come through the dark era with that fortitude and determination so peculiar to a new country, and is meeting the changed situation with energy and a smile. In Western Canada the farmer is not hampered by an annual overhead expense of heavy interest on high-priced land. He is able to produce at a minimum, because his land value seldom exceeds \$50 an acre.

Owing to the fact that he is farming land the price of which is from \$25 to \$50 an acre, producing crops of wheat running from 20 to 40 bushels per acre, and other grains in proportion, he is able to produce at a low cost. In addition to this, a fact which should not be lost sight of, is the large area that he can farm at low cost, giving him an added advantage in reducing the cost of production.

The corn that the farmer fully expected to bring him over a dollar a bushel, he saw carried away to the market, and bring back a 30 or 40 cent check. Wheat for the whole of Canada averaged 86 cents a bushel in 1921 as compared with \$1.62 in 1920; oats 37 cents as against 53 cents; barley 47 cents as against 83 cents. Other grain prices similarly fell. While other parts of the continent, where grain-growing is carried on, have suffered in like manner by deflation in prices, they have had to face a much higher cost in production, such as high rents, high-priced farms, and high taxes. Farmers had calculated on receiving war or nearly war figures for their grain and therefore were amply justified in submitting to the tax that soaring land prices set upon them. Western Canada fortunately did not suffer from inflated land prices. Therefore, when grain prices fell, the losses sustained were not so great; they did not cut out the margin of profit, excepting in some cases where some climatic conditions caused it.

Why not take advantage of the Homeseekers' rate to any point in Western Canada, of return rate single fare plus \$2.00, and get information from the nearest Canadian Government agent?—Advertisement.

For Voters to Consider.

It is a dangerous thing to give a bad man power, and a hundred times more to have him find out that he has it.—Exchange.

Not at All a Bad Idea.

Just as tugboats and American Legion posts and suburban streets are named in memory of persons who have been associated with them, so wedding gifts are designated by the name of the giver. When the bride calls to hubby from the kitchen for the "company" silver, she asks for "Aunt Bertha's" soup ladle or "Jack's" tea strainer, or "Mother Jones'" teacup set. And hubby may inquire impatiently for the hand-worked towels "that Annie sent us." Of course, the system may also be used to flatter some old flame who happens to be calling.

Of Two Evils, Etc.

The wife of a farmer had a tongue that cut like a knife. One day the minister passed the farmstead and noticed the farmer standing calmly in the midst of a heavy downpour of rain. "Why on earth don't you get indoors?" he queried. "Oh, sir, it's all right," replied the farmer; "I'm sheltering frae the storm. Man, I tell ye it's naething outside tae what it is inside."

Problem in Criticism.

Criticism presents to the creator a problem which is never solved. Criticism is, to the artist, a perpetual presence; or perhaps a ghost which he will not succeed in laying. If he could satisfy his mind that criticism was a certain thing, a good thing or a bad, a proper presence or an irrelevant, he might psychologically dispose of it. But he cannot.—Waldo Frank.

Daily Thought.

What a man has, so much he is sure of.—Cervantes.

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 cleansed, 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.

THANKFUL FOR GOOD PE-RU-NA DID HER YEARS AGO

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Mrs. Carl Linder, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 44, Dassel, Minnesota, writes: "I want to thank you for your kindness and the good your remedy did me years ago. I am perfectly well and visiting in Spokane, Wash. Were it not for Pe-ru-na I would not have been able to make this trip. I always take your medicine with me for safety should I take cold. Praise to Pe-ru-na."

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Sentiment vs. Reality.
Poet—"Alas! What boots this theory of true love?" Unfortunate Lover—"That's easy. Her father."

Proper Place.
Judge—Where were your supporters in this crime?
Prisoner—I had 'em on, judge.

Giving the Old Man a Treat.
Goodpatter—I tell you, Nickelpinch, the whole town is talking about your driving your old father to the poor-house in your automobile.
Nickelpinch—I reckon they see now that I can do a good turn once in a while. I never charged the old man a cent for it. Just sent the bill to the county.

Horse Sense.
"He boasts of his horse sense."
"Seems to exercise it kicking at everything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Mrs. Anna Keim
Iola, Kans.—"I can highly recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines. Some years ago my health failed, I became all run-down and had a chronic cough that annoyed me considerably, but after taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery my health returned and I became strong. What this medicine did for me I feel it will do for others if they will but give it a trial."—Mrs. Anna Keim, 418 South St.

Start now on the road to health by obtaining the Discovery in tablets or liquid from your druggist. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel, in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

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Headquarters
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

TOTAL ASSETS \$110,000,000

Keep Nebraska Money in Nebraska Patronize Home Industries

DOGS GIVEN VICTORIA CROSS

Three Have Been Awarded Highest British Decoration for Bravery in Face of the Enemy.

The English in asking that the Victoria Cross be awarded to the cat which so heroically saved her young during the fire of the Printemps only follow an example given by the queen of England herself. To appreciate the value of this reward we must remember that the Victoria Cross is for a soldier, general or private, the highest military order.

In the last war at the utmost fifty have been awarded. However, several dogs belonging to the British army have received this honor. These were: Bob, of the Royal Berkshire, which in the Afghanistan war saved the life of several soldiers; Jack, which accomplished the same feat at the battle of the Alma, and Jerry, a hero of the Crimean war, which received from the city of Dublin a medal and a dinner. The odds are that the mess made the dog happier than the medal.—New York Tribune.

Not Ever.

Rastus (to Sambo, in an undertone)—I ain't the man I useter wuz. Time wuz when I could whip the ol' woman in a fair, stan'-up fight.

The Old Woman (overhearing)—You's a black liar, Rastus Johnsing. Time wuzn't, time ain't, an' t'ime ain't gwine to wuz.—Nashville Tennessean.

Pickpockets in Hard Luck.

A social worker reports that New York pickpockets who used to slip a finger into a vest pocket and get a watch, now get only a scratch from a pin used to hold the watchless chain in place.

Don't depart too quickly after your host's surreptitious yawn, or he will think you noticed it.



Nebraska Directory

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD
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Nebraska Directory
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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.

Proof.
"I am a philosopher," admitted the gentlemen whose frontispiece was as elongated and solemn as that of a rare old fiddle.

"What makes you think so?" we skeptically inquired.
"Because," he answered, "although I am aware that I am not appreciated it does not hurt my feelings in the least."
—Kansas City Star.

You can't get a man of big caliber to run a corporation unless he has his way.
Kindness is an instinct—polliteness only an art.

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 disturbance 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.

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