

# Sally's China Cup

(Copyright by James Elverson.)

**S**ALLY'S nose and eyes were red, and she felt "perfectly awful." At least, she said she did. The last time that Grandma Sykes had come from New Canaan she had brought Sally a china cup and saucer. Both were beautifully adorned with gold scrolls, and on the front of the cup it said: "For a good girl."

Grandma Sykes had said: "I hope that will always mean you, Sally." Alas! the cup was now in so many tiny fragments it could not be mended with old Peter Pomper's giant cement.

Never to drink tea out of it again would have been bad enough punishment, but what cut deepest into Sally's tender heart was that dear grandma was dead, and the cup was her last gift.

"I know I 'zaggerate sometimes," she sobbed, "but this time I do feel perfectly-awful!"

There were tears in Grandma Sykes' blue eyes, but he took Sally on his knee, and sang her a song, which had a droll chorus, ending in "Think-dum, ah!"

When Sally was calmed, he took from the shelf above the mantel quaint, dark blue vase, on which were two fat storks.

"Now, my dear, tell me if this vase is china or earthenware?" he said, kindly. "The dinner-service is earthenware; your precious cup was fine French porcelain—or china. Tell me what this is?"

Sally gave a little gasp, and held the vase up, between herself and the light.

"I guess it's china," she said, slowly. "I see light through it."

"It is china," said grandpa. "But do you know why you can see light through it? and why you cannot see through a dinner-plate?"

Sally shook her head. She did not like to; but there was no help for it.

"The dinner-plate is of clay. This is clay mixed with a kind of rock, ground fine and called petuntse. The clay does not melt, or, as potters say, fuse in heat. The petuntse does melt."

"I see," cried Sally; "the heat makes it transparent, just as heat changes the starch."

"Yes. But remember, no amount of heat will bake earthenware into porcelain."

"Porcelain, grandpa?"

"Yes. Porcelain and china mean the same material. Chinese do not call their land China, but foreigners do; and since the first porcelain which the world ever saw came from China, the name has been transferred to porcelain, which is from the Portuguese word porcellana, which in its turn means the glittering, glowing interior of a cow's shell. The Portuguese were the first Europeans to trade with the Chinese, who, while they were willing to sell their pretty cups and vases, were unwilling to disclose how they were made. Perhaps they told the Portuguese they used brilliant shells and fish-scales in manufacturing the finest porcelain. Perhaps the Portuguese invented the story. At any rate, there was such a story told."

"Chinese writers say that pottery was made in their country more than two thousand years before Christ. But it is certain that the delicate ware we call porcelain dates about the time of His birth. It is said that the Emperor Chin-Tsung, who reigned in A. D. 950, gave orders that the dishes made for his use 'must be as blue as the sky after rain when seen between clouds.' Blue as the sky, shining like a mirror, thin as paper, and ringing forth a sound like a musical stone, was the ware they made for him. So I judge it must have been very pretty indeed."

"There's a picture of the porcelain tower at Nankin up stairs in an old geography," said Sally. "Is that all china, like this vase?"

"That tower was destroyed by a storm, and it was not all porcelain," explained grandpa. "It was of brick, faced with earthenware tiles of various colors. The white tiles alone were porcelain. But as it was nine stories high, there was considerable porcelain about it."

"How is china painted, grandpa? Miss Baker's sister's going to paint a tea-set. I heard her say so; but I didn't believe it."

"You may believe it. Of course, she will paint on glazed china. And she will send the pieces to some city, where they will be baked carefully, till the paint, which is mineral, is hardened into a part of the fabric. But there is painting done on the unburnt clay. After the piece has baked a while, it is then dipped into a glaze made of petuntse—that rock I told you would melt—and the result is some-



## JUST THEN THE SUPPER-BELL RANG.

thing very beautiful indeed. In the most beautiful porcelains, lines are cut into the substance of the article to be ornamented, and different colors are introduced, or inlaid, in it. Over this, of course, is the glaze."

"I know what the glaze is," said Sally, quietly. "I picked up a piece of my cup, and it looked as if there was a thin layer of glass all over it. But, grandpa, where is the prettiest china made?"

"That depends on what you find beautiful."

"No, dear. The grand things were all in museums, and articles in any degree like them cost more money than I could afford. I brought home that," and grandpa pointed to a plate hanging on a maroon velvet panel. It was milk-white, and on it a graceful, blue maiden in a blue gown was watering a blue rose out of a blue watering-pot. "And I brought home two cups and two saucers, painted with violets. Your grandmother and I used to drink tea out of them."

"And when did they begin to make china in Europe?"

"About 1715," said grandpa. "It was a chemist who began it. In those days, chemists were suspected of evil doings, and even of learning secrets of Satan; and sometimes they had a very hard time of it."

"A certain John Fredrich Botcher, living in Berlin, was accused of some crime because he was a chemist, and to save his life, fled to Saxony."

"It was then believed that lead, iron and silver might be changed into gold, if only somebody could find the right kind of liquid to pour on them, and Frederick Augustus I, Elector of Saxony, and King of Poland, anxious for gold, put Botcher into a laboratory, which is a chemist's workshop."

"One day, Botcher noticed that the white powder he put on his hair, after the fashion of the time, was very heavy. In his experiments he had already produced something very like porcelain, and the elector, being a sensible man, was delighted."

Botcher now tried the hair-powder, and, to his great joy, found he had exactly the material to make white porcelain. The white earth of the Erzberg was no longer ground up into hair powder. A porcelain manufactory was established, in 1710, at Meissen, and Botcher was made director of it, and five years later he made perfect porcelain."

"From this factory, though the secrets were carefully guarded, a knowledge of the method used in manufacturing porcelain spread to Vienna and Berlin, and thence to France, Italy and England."

"The factory at Sevres was established some time in the last century—in 1756, I think—and first made what is called soft porcelain—that is, there was more petuntse in the mixture, and a very hot fire was not needed."

"This soft porcelain is sometimes called pate tendre, which is simply French for soft paste. Only flowers and gems have the perfect colors of these old Sevres porcelains; at least, it seems so to me. Only hard porcelain is made there now—"

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## Some Modern Comforts

(By Elverson.)

**T**HERE is probably as much discontent in the world as there ever was; but there never was a period in its history when so many people were comfortably housed and fed as now.

Steam has revolutionized the poor man's table. Tea, coffee, spices, fruits from California and Florida, are within his reach, and for five dollars he can buy a coal oil stove, by which he can do a maximum of cooking at a minimum of cost.

Poor, indeed, as the Northern man who lives in a house that has no glass windows; but in the days of Queen Elizabeth and the great Charles V, glass was very sparingly used, even in the most splendid establishments. When a family possessing glass casements left home, they had them taken out and packed up, for fear of accident, and for a long period windows were movable property, like chairs and tables. But glass was known to the ancient Egyptians, even before the exodus of the Israelites, so some scholars say. Bits of blue glass have been found in the ruins of Thebes, and glass utensils unearthed at Herculaneum.

Weaving is believed to be an older art than spinning. Rude looms are pictured on the tombs at Thebes, and it is believed that the curtains of fine twined linen, blue and purple and scarlet, with cherubim of "cunning work," made for the tabernacle, were tapestries, the work of the loom, not the needle.

The old story of Penelope and her unraveled web is familiar to all. During the middle ages, while France and England were becoming nations, thousands of patient fingers toiled at tapestries, picturing the stories of the Bible in many tinted threads of wool and silk, for some great cathedral, or weaving the deeds of gallant knights on hangings for a castle. Noble ladies worked at these tapestries, and great artists made designs for them, and no doubt they shielded many tiny heads from unpleasant draughts. But tapestries were not for the poor; neither were the curtains of embroidered leather, which the Crusaders brought patterns of from the East.

Skins of bear and the wolf probably protected the feet of Queen Elizabeth from the cold stone floor of her bower. It is doubtful if soft rugs from Smyrna adorned it. Rushes strewed the floors of her banquet halls and audience chambers. He was a rich man who could afford fresh rushes every day. It is scarcely one hundred and fifty years

since the manufacture of carpets began in England. Harboring, as it does, dust and disease germs, the carpet may not be an un-mixed good; but it protects the feet of invalids and aged persons, and creeping infants, from cold, and so must add something to the average length of human life.

About two hundred years ago an ingenious Frenchman traced a pattern with varnish on cotton goods, and sifting powdered flock of different colors upon it, produced a pleasing and cheap wall-covering. Not long afterward another Frenchman invented a machine for making continuous paper. Hand-printed wall paper was soon made, but wall paper was not printed by machinery until 1840.

Paper was invented by the Saracens some time in the seventeenth century; but, like glass and the art of weaving, it was a long time in bringing comfort and cheer to the poor.

Cotton was manufactured into cloth in ancient Egypt, and in India before the dawn of history, and Cortes found the Mexicans clothed in cotton; but it was not manufactured in Europe until 930 A. D., when Aberdham III, the greatest of Moorish princes, was reigning over the fairest part of Spain.

The name "cotton" comes to us from the Arabic. But cotton was manufactured, indeed, till the invention of the spinning jenny (1769), the carding engine (1760), the steam engine (by Watt, 1765) and the power loom (1787).

Bleaching by means of chlorines was discovered, then clothes were printed from cylinders, and you and I, dear reader, have in consequence an abundance of cheap, easily laundered undergarments and gowns, that queens would have been proud to wear two hundred years ago.

The manufacture of rubber has introduced another cheap means of protecting the human body. There are plenty of grandstairers living, and can tell you of the first rubber shoes, and the now universal rubber cloaks and coats date back but a few years.

The rich, who can ride, and whose purses can afford to spoil a few garments now and then by rain, receive some benefit, of course, from these overgarments, but they are an inestimable boon to men and women of limited means, who must face all weathers.

Rubber not only protects the body, but it is a means of relieving pain in air-cushions and hot-water bottles. It has also given the hospital and surgeon a long list of appliances and instruments, useful in preserving life by promoting recovery from disease.

Once when I was in Boston I saw at the Loan Collection, then on exhibition, a rounded vase of pale-green ware. Two slender, vermilion-colored lizards formed the handles. It was shaped exactly like a peach, which is one of the Chinese emblems of a long life. The colors were exquisite, and the curves of the lizards were very graceful. I stood a long time before it, and thought it the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. And then I went on to a case containing a tea service, which seemed made out of rose leaves and gold, and I thought that was the most beautiful. But a short time after I saw a vase, made at Kioto—a clouded blue one, with a spray of white flowers upon it—and I thought that was superior to anything in porcelain I had ever seen. After that I went to Paris, and I saw plates and cups and vases made at Sevres, on which the painting was like the work on a fine miniature, and I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. At Berlin I saw some fine Dresden ware which I coveted, and in England I saw specimens that set me to coveting again."

"Didn't you bring any of 'em home, grandpa?"

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## Extravagance

**F**ROM France to England is not far; so the distance may be easily gone over here in a little group of stories about little folks. This incident concerns the family of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward. The Prince was at a railway station, and among those in his company was one of his daughters—a girl "in her teens." This Princess saw an automatic candy shop—in other words, a box into which you drop a penny, and from which is straightway thrust a stick of chocolate. The Princess, having a sweet tooth, put in a coin, and out popped the candy. Then she put her hand into her pocket. Horror of horrors! She had put into the box a half-crown instead of a copper! Great was her grief, and great was the laugh that arose at her expense.

## An Unwilling Bath

**A**N amusing incident occurred at a wharf at Chattanooga, Tenn., while a large crowd was awaiting the ferryboat. Among the number on the wharf was an overgrown youth of some eighteen summers, who belongs to that class which never misses an opportunity to do something smart, and who imagined he saw an excellent opportunity to get in his work by pushing a big mastiff into the water. The dog demurred to that arrangement, and in a hurried effort to escape, slipped between the young man's legs, causing him to wind up a series of interesting gyrations with a very unwilling plunge bath. If he intended to amuse the bystanders, the young man succeeded admirably.

## Uncle Sam's Philosophy

**A** FEW days ago a Snail which was making its way along the seashore met a Crab.

"I think it is pretty rough that we have such a hard time to get along in the world," said the Snail.

"Look at those birds overhead! What high-fliers they are!"

"Yes," replied the Crab; "and I have noticed in the water herrings and other fish that get along very rapidly, whilst I can hardly pull one foot after another. Let's stop and see the boss about it."

That afternoon, as Uncle Sam came down to the beach to smoke his cigar, the two creatures made their complaint.

"Why, my dear fellow," said Uncle Sam to the Snail, "you ought to be glad to have a house over your head, without wanting to fly away with it. As to our friend, the Crab, there, he always was a crank, and never could go about anything directly. Don't mind his growling. Equality can't make major generals out of the whole population, you know."

And they departed on their several ways.



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