

NEWS FROM ABROAD

(Dr. E. C. Branson, Stuttgart, April 25)

We are quartered in Stuttgart for ten days or so, the capital of Wurttemberg, a German state that lies along the Swiss border, as Pold and Rutherford counties in North Carolina lie along the foothills of the Blue Ridge. We are directly south of Hamburg and fourteen hours distance from it by fast train. Our route skirts the occupied area all the way along, and we came as the crow flies.

Riding on the Rail.

The German trains are fewer of late but there are no signs of disordered service. We left Hamburg on the minute, changed cars twice on the minute, no train late by so much as a minute at any junction point, and we arrived in Stuttgart on the minute. It may not be so every day everywhere in Germany, but in these notes I am recording exactly what falls under my eye from day to day.

We found that travel in a second-class car in Germany is less luxurious than Pullman car service at home, but distinctly better than first-class day coaches on any road I know the United States over. Our compartment companions were Germans and two Hungarians of manifest wealth and culture. Nearly all of them spoke English of a sort, enough to be pleasantly chatty and helpful when we needed to change trains. One was a German steel manufacturer in the occupied territory, a gentleman of perhaps seventy, gentle and genial in face and manner—a most charming personality. He sat quietly reading in his corner until he discovered our perplexity about trains at the next junction point, then told us that he too was bound for Stuttgart, most graciously took charge of us, changed cars with us and escorted us to our hotel.

German Courtesies.

We have had nothing but courtesies in Germany from everybody everywhere. If the Germans harbor a grudge against America we have not yet discovered it. True, they think that all Americans are rich. Have they not the Dollar, they say—Edelvaluta, they call it, perhaps in contrast with their own fallen mark. But neither in hotels nor stores do they charge us excessive prices. But then, Stuttgart is not a center of tourist travel and it is not infected with the tricks of tourist trade.

The effusive greetings and responses, the hat-tipping and the bowing among acquaintances on the streets and in the hotels are impressive and engaging. It is merely the immemorial custom of these people among themselves, and we merely share these courtesies with all the Stuttgartners of high estate and low. But there is no discoverable trace of servility or snobbery. There is no funkiness in hotels, streets, or stores, and no attempt in word or manner to hold up for tips.

Tips and Hotel Charges.

Along with the natives we are taxed thirty percent on hotel rooms, fifteen percent for service, and ten percent on food checks, but beyond these charges no gratuities are expected, and none are offered by general custom, except for special personal services. No tipping is not only the law but the habit of Stuttgart. There are exceptions, of course, but they are fairly rare in Wurttemberg. Our bill for twelve days in the Marquardt hotel, the best hotel in South Germany, was \$31.00 for the three of us; \$37.50 was the room charge alone for one for ten days in the St. James hotel in New York. Some difference that.

A Busy People.

The day trip south from Hamburg gave us a car-window look at western Germany bordering the area occupied by the French. The way

One Dollar Saves Represents Ten Dollars Earned.

The average man does not save to exceed ten percent of his earnings. He must spend nine dollars in living expenses for every dollar saved. That being the case he cannot be too careful about unnecessary expenses. Very often a few cents properly invested, like buying seeds for his garden, will save several dollars outlay later on. It is the same in buying Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy. It costs but a few cents, and a bottle of it in the house often saves a doctor's bill of several dollars.

along the road is thickly settled with towns and cities. Almost without exception they are manufacturing centers, and apparently none are idle. But whether the town be large or small, industrial or not, the soil is cultivated right up to the factory walls. Almost every square inch shows vegetables, fruits or flowers. Always the crops of the open fields reach the railroad right-of-way, some times even the right-of-way is itself under cultivation, and occasionally the space between the tracks in the station yards. It is no exaggeration to say that a single wheelbarrow would contain all the weeds we saw in our fourteen hour trip. The grain fields, orchards, and vineyards are as trim and trim as Collier Cobb's front yard. In the late evening hours after the long work day, the factory workers with their wives and children are busy gardening. Not all of them, to be sure, but enough of them to indicate the ingrained habits of toil in Germany. The signs of industry are on ever hand. Nobody is idle, everybody works. Nobody is in a hurry but soldiering on a job is apparently a lost art among these wage-earners. What we look upon all day long is moving spectacle of unending, unrelenting toil. Existence necessities must be satisfied, no matter what capers the mark may cut.

Farm Villages

I note from the car window that farm villages—what the Germans call dorfer—are set thick in the landscape a mile or two apart in all directions. They are groups of substantial farm buildings with terra cotta tile roofs. The gleaming red of the house-tops gives them the fresh appearance of new construction, although they may be four or five centuries old, as many of them are. They look at a distance like little towns of from fifty to five hundred homes. Commonly they are off the railroads. They are self-sustaining and nearly self-sufficing little farm

communities. Everybody in these little villages is a farmer, and the village farm of from ten to twenty acres lie in small patches in various directions in the immediate vicinity. In the early morning and evening hours the men, women, and children can be seen tramping out to their fields and back again—long processions of farm workers, as I see them from the car window.

Country Life Contrasts

I shall be making special studies of these farm communities during the next six weeks. In South and Central Germany there are 1,200,000 of these small home-owning farmers, dwelling in compact social groups, not in solitary farmsteads a few to the square mile in the vast open spaces as in North Carolina, in the United States everywhere, and in the Western World in general. It is loneliness alone that accounts for much of the cityward drift of country people in America. It is the social life of home-owning farmers in farm villages that will save the country life of Europe from falling into decay that threatens America. The country civilization of North Carolina and the Nation is slated for destruction in the next generation or two unless farm life in communities or colonies can begin a rapid development.

Helpful Friends

During the next month or so we shall be guests of Baron von Der Lippe, in the Schlossgut Engelburg, which crowns an eminence overlooking the little farm village of Winterbach, twenty miles east of Stuttgart. A companion guest is the charming wife of Professor Herman Staab, a distinguished member of the faculty of Romance Languages at the University of North Carolina. Their names are an open sesame to every thing in Wurttemberg, Baden, and South Germany in General.

County agents employed by the State College and Department of Agriculture are holding their annual summer conference during July. Group meetings are being held at Monroe, Beaufort and Newlands.

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COMMUNITY LIFE

(Wilmington Star)

A community is ideal just in the degree that its citizens as individuals are self-respecting, considerate, loyal and sympathetic; and its business interests intelligent, co-operative and energetic. There is nothing mysterious about the progressive and forward-looking community for these terms are convertible with human nature at its best. When business rivalries beget harsh, unjust and malicious antagonism, not only in community progress arrested, but social standards are made to suffer and personal attributes lose their virtue. To enter fully into the spirit of these verities, it is only necessary to recollect that the community is but the individual amplified.

A community is what its average

citizens make it, for leadership can do nothing more than leave the lamp in the degree that the lamp is receptive and capable of rising.

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