

LEONHARD FRANK'S wonderful book "Der Mensch ist Gut" (Man is Good) is now circulating freely. It was published in Switzerland during the war, a weapon and a banner for all pacifists. Frank's impassioned anti-war tracts in story form are carried along by a living torch of a style and a passionate conviction rooted in a mental, moral, and physical hatred of the loathly thing called war. "Glory" appears in his pages only to be spat upon; the realities of war are there instead—terror and despair and abominable pain in every form. The amazing and frightful procession of war cripples which actually took place during the Revolution is anticipated in unforgettable pages in this book, conceived two years earlier.

The young Viennese author, Karl Hans Strobl, one of the premier novelists here, has written a new novel of great imaginative power. Strobl has a number of books to his name, among them a thrilling "Life-Romance" or romantic biography of that Austrian heir-apparent, Franz Ferdinand, whose murder precipitated the World

War. He is also part editor of a magazine called "The Orchid Garden" which contains nothing but tales of the uncanny, and tremendously bizarre and fantastic pictures. His book "Gespenster in Sumpf" (Ghosts in the Swamp) has for its plot the unearthly adventures of a party of Americans who visit the ruins of Vienna. And what a Vienna! Scarcely a stone left upon another of the public buildings. Giant rats and scavenger dogs fighting with fever-stricken inhabitants in frightful cellar retreats—a Vienna of years hence, haunted by subtler horrors and in the claws of a creeping, inescapable doom. A powerful and enthralling book for strong-nerved readers.

Another amazing new ghost book is A. M. Frey's "Spuk des Alltags" (Ghosts of Everyday) which leads through ordinary front doors and commonplace streets into haunted country. Some of these masterly short stories are equal in magic and hovering horror to Edgar Allan Poe. Frey is another of the young men who contribute to the Munich "Orchid Garden".

Karl Friedrich Nowak, the well-known Austrian war correspondent whose revelations from behind the scenes "Der Weg zur Catastrophe" (The Road to Catastrophe) made a sensation here last year, has just published a very brilliant and exhaustive history of the last phase of the war in one large volume, called "The Collapse of the Central Powers". It is a great feat to have compressed the vast mass of material into so comprehensive, exhaustive, and yet portable a form. Nowak has preserved his customary praiseworthy objectivity.

A number of interesting new plays have appeared—Georg Kaiser has published the second part of "Gas"—symbolic, staccato, strange, impres-

sive, and obscure. An art which might, which should have originated in America. Walter Hasenclever has published "Jenseits" which has already been seen on the stage in the provinces. It is a hysterical, unnatural play, with psychology more theoretical than human. Karl Schönherr, the author of "Faith and Home" and "A People in Need", etc., has deserted his broad-tongued Tyrolese peasants and written a very intense and human drama of the woes of the physician, which he calls "Kampf" (Struggle). Every main character is a physician or a doctor's wife or sweetheart—from the old specialist at the university past every grade of struggling doctor to the half-starved young medical student. The struggles of these real loving and suffering creatures are after all more sympathetic than the nervous woes of the theoretic creations of the expressionistic drama.

German book production statistics for 1920 have just been published and make interesting reading. 32,345 new books were published, as compared with 26,104 in the year 1919. 19,078 were books published for the first time, 8,715 were new editions, and there were 4,552 magazines. The book dealers' trade paper took statistics and discovered that the largest class of books was belles-lettres, including 6,647 works. It is plain that Germany's spiritual renaissance is making great progress—and many of these works of literature appear in beautiful editions. Gustav Kiepenheuer of Potsdam, for instance, publishes a huge white quarto volume twice a year, entitled "Die Dichtung". The paper is a joy to the touch, the printing a pleasure to the eye, the poetry a balm, a tonic, or a wholesome irritant to the mind.

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