

every two courses. Afterward a festival performance was given in the theatre. By special permission from the police to keep open the theatre for an hour longer, the performance lasted until two o'clock. Numbers of foreign students and professors of philosophy attended these ceremonies.

One industrious journalist has dug up an account of Kant's inspiration, the fair Ulrike, another has discovered an ingenious riddle of Kant's invention, a Dr. Wilhelm Stapel has written a "translation" of Kant's unusual German into more normal speech, accompanied by an exhaustive commentary. At the same time a journalist takes trouble to prove that this style was nothing so forbidding after all, and that its peculiar form was necessarily invented by Kant as a new form for new thoughts. Herr Max Epstein has completed the formidable task of rendering the entire "Critique of Pure Reason" into very readable verse — a rather appalling idea, but much more successful, and above all much more readable, than one would imagine.

Kant and Other Philosophers

FOR a couple of weeks, all German newspapers have been delivered over to a Kantomania in its acutest form. Articles on Kant's influence, articles on Kant's friends, on Kant the man, speeches on his importance, his philosophy, his neighbors, and his new gravestone, fill their columns. Portraits appear, and professors from all parts of the country have journeyed to Immanuel Kant's native town of Königsberg to take part in the bicentenary festival. The actual birthday celebration speeches in the University there lasted five hours. Then came a peculiar ceremony, the "*Bohnenmahl*" or "Beanfeast", at which a speech was delivered between

Strangely enough, no important works upon Kant have been issued to mark the bicentenary. The only solution of this phenomenon in such a book writing land is the assumption that every possible book about Kant and the philosophy had already been written long before the event.

Byron's centenary has been well and worthily celebrated with articles in all newspapers and magazines — thoughtful, understanding, loving articles. Next to Shakespeare, and in the last few years hotly rivaled by Walt Whitman, Byron is the poet whom Germans would most dearly love to annex as their own.

The philosopher Alois Riehl, who has reached the respectable age of eighty, is receiving the customary ovations.

He is valued not only for the unusual clarity and precision of his philosophical speculations, but also for his genius as a leader of youth and for the literary excellence of his style. As a prose poet, he is ranked with Nietzsche. Riehl has written studies of Spinoza, Kant, Galileo, Plato, and many other thinkers, but his principal work is "Philosophischen Kritizismus".

Another great man, whose fame is spread only among the initiate, is Hermann Stehr, the author of grandiose and tragic romances. His name, never heard in the popular mouth, suddenly sprang into prominence on the author's recent fiftieth birthday, and long articles upon the work of Stehr appeared in the whole German press. His new book, "Peter Brindeisener", said to be full of aphoristic worldly wisdom, is being published by the house of Friedrich Lintz.

A large, very fully illustrated, and most fascinating book is the "Kultur und Sittengeschichte Berlins" by Hans Ostwald, published by Hermann Klemm, Berlin. The work is a veritable mine of treasure for those who like to delve in the past and reconstruct a vanished era from the little intimacies of its daily life. Interesting too is the cultural comparison between the Berlin of the early, middle, or late nineteenth century and the corresponding life of London. The broad similarities are often as astounding as the dissimilarities. Ostwald, a frequent contributor to the current press, has the gift of easy and entertaining writing and blows all the dust from his historical reminiscences before he presents them.

The life of Goethe offers such a grateful wealth of material to the novel writer that it is a wonder far more authors have not evaded the search for

a plot by seizing this ever available material. Zdenko von Kraft's fine stylistic trilogy has now been followed by a Goethe romance in four volumes by Paul Burg.

This work is perhaps less dynamic than von Kraft's, but it is richer in detail, more human, and probably truer to its originals. Herr Burg has spared no pains in the recreating of the many minor historical characters who go to make up the vast mosaic of Goethe's life. It is interesting to compare his picture of Wieland, the poet pedant with the houseful of children, with Walter von Molo's vivid pen portrait in the "Schiller-Roman". Paul Burg gives his Goethe Romance the rather cheap title "Alles um Liebe" (All for Love), and divides it into volume one, "Joyful and Sorrowful", volumes two and three, "My Christel", volume four, "The Beautiful Old Man". Max Koch, Leipzig, is the publisher.

Koch publishes also an exquisite little series of better class uplift books, six of them in a rainbow of colors, each charmingly decorated with vignettes and tailpieces. Sunny little books are these, about love, friendship, joys of life, the cultivation of personality, and the philosophy of living. Most of them are by Artur Brausewetter. So much optimism is at times a little depressing. But many readers have a constitution which can absorb large doses. Koch also publishes a beautiful set of six etchings of American "Poets and Leaders", the text of which is also being issued in English. The portraits are by Carl Bauer, and include Walt Whitman, Emerson, Longfellow, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Abraham Lincoln.

The brilliant young Cologne professor, Dr. Ernst Barthel, has published a series of his lectures under the general

title "Lebens-Philosophie" (Philosophy of Life). The subjects treated include "Immortality", "Earth and the Cosmos", "Ethical Development". The author states his ideal concisely in his preface: "To think clearly and precisely like Descartes, to retire modestly before nature like Rousseau, and to merge oneself loyally in the inwardness of things like Goethe." Friedrich Cohen, Bonn, is the publisher.

Oswald Spengler, of "Downfall of the Occident" fame, has thrown himself into the political arena, although not in a party sense, and is about to publish four political booklets (Beck, Munich) entitled "The Building Up of the New German Reich", "Political Duties of German Youth", "The State", and "Commerce".

The Bremer Press in Munich, one of the publishing houses which really has the right to call itself a "press" since it creates all its own very beautiful type fonts, is publishing two exceedingly intriguing periodicals. Magazines they cannot be called, since they appeal exclusively to the highly educated and literary classes. "Neue Deutsche Beiträge" contains in its first number an article by Hugo von Hofmannsthal on the great World Theatre in Salzburg, one by Norbert von Hellingrath on "Hölderlin's Madness", selections from Novalis, Kleist, etc. The other publication, masking itself under the modest title "German Reader", is an occasionally appearing anthology of the finest German prose. One may question the value of these anthologies, and wonder if one of the books from which the extracts are made, thoroughly read, will not give the reader more than the whole anthology of fragments. But since the reading of a fragment may always suffice to send the reader to a book which he would otherwise have

passed by, they doubtless fulfil a cultural purpose. Hugo von Hofmannsthal edits these refined looking periodicals, both of them quietly bound in grey, and depending for effectiveness entirely upon the beauty of the type. The Morris notion of beginning new paragraphs without indentation, so as to secure the unbroken effect, makes the pages look somewhat tiresome.

Alfred Richard Meyer, most brilliant of parodist-playful poets, whose wicked little booklets on his marvelous hand made papers were published from a small suburban flat, has revived again and issued, as usual on superb paper but this time in large format, a slim booklet of poems by Gottfried Benn entitled "Schutt". Unfortunately, these strange tropical imaginings, stammered in unintelligible although rhythmical verse, are not worthy of their handsome dress. Meyer — who has a multitude of *noms-de-guerre*, so that it was an interesting puzzle for his admirers to discover whether a new booklet was by him in disguise or by one of his friends — may thus be welcomed back among the publishers. His "collected works", out of these dozens of little bibelots, make only a slim volume of two hundred pages.

The Sibyllen Verlag, Dresden, has added to its series of "German Figures" the "Reminiscences of Childhood" of Jean Paul Richter. It is a good book in which to make the acquaintance of this famous romanticist. Probably the reader will derive most pleasure from it if he has previously read one of Richter's works, such as the famous "Titan". Hugo Bieber edited the book, which also contains "confessions".

An amazing new magazine, which is frankly stated to be an attempt to blend "Vogue", "The Bystander",

and "Eon-Ton", is "Elite", of which the first number has just appeared. The editor is Freiherr von Eelking. A cover in gold and the lavish use of gold, silver, and the delicate colors possible to the German book printer create an impression of extreme luxury. The text is the usual gossip, relieved by a well illustrated article on the work of Lovis Corinth by the art and music critic Oscar Bie, a pretty poem by Hans von Zobeltitz, a short sketch by the futurist Kasimir Edschmid, not in the least futuristic, and a rather feeble page of gossip by the satanic Hanns Heinz Ewers. The greater part of the paper is taken up, as is proper, with very exquisite fashion sketches. One is not particularly surprised that Germany can produce such a paper. That she can sell it in sufficient quantity to insure its further existence is a mystery of the darkest.

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