# **EUROPE AFTER 8:15**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

#### ISBN 9780649169986

Europe after 8:15 by H. L. Mencken & George Jean Nathan & Willard Huntington Wright

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

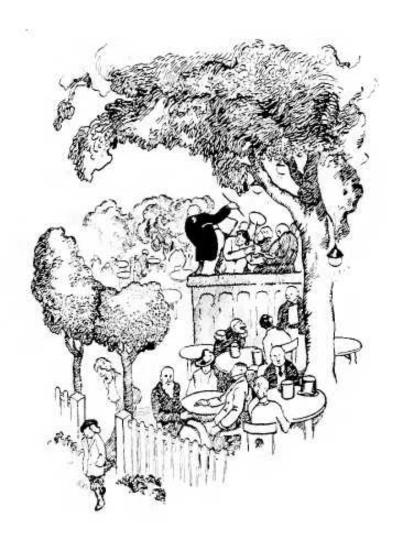
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

#### H. L. MENCKEN & GEORGE JEAN NATHAN & WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

# **EUROPE AFTER 8:15**





BERLIN

### **EUROPE AFTER 8:15**

BY

H. L. MENCKEN
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

WITH DECORATIONS
By THOMAS H. BENTON



NEW YORK — JOHN LANE COMPANY TORONTO—BELL & COCKBURN—MCMXIV

### Copyright, 1914 By JOHN LANE COMPANY

#### CONTENTS

												-	PAGE
PREFACE	IN	IN THE		SOCRATIC		MANNER					7		
VIENNA	14	•		98	**			*5		*		3.6	35
MUNICH								-83	7.			8	71
Behlin					*:			***		*		2.5	111
London													
PARIS		9		92		:	12		92	2	. 5		189



## PREFACE IN THE SOCRATIC MANNER

"Nothing broadens and mellows the mind so much as foreign travel."— Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

THE scene is the brow of the Hungerberg at Innsbruck. It is the halfhour before sunset, and the whole lovely valley of the Inn—still wie die Nacht, tief wie das Meer—begins to glow with mauves and apple greens, apricots and silvery blues. Along the peaks of the great snowy mountains which shut it in, as if from the folly and misery of the world, there are touches of piercing primary colours—red, yellow, violet—the palette of a synchromist. Far below, hugging the winding river, lies little Innsbruck, with its checkerboard parks and Christmas garden villas. A battalion of Austrian soldiers, drilling in the Exerzierplatz, appears as an army of grey ants, now barely visible. Somewhere to the left, beyond the broad flank of the Hungerberg, the night train for Venice labours toward the town.

It is a superbly beautiful scene, perhaps the most beautiful in all Europe. It has colour, dignity, repose. The Alps here come down a bit and so increase their spell. They are not the harsh precipices of Switzerland, nor the too charming stage mountains of Northern Italy, but rolling billows of clouds and snow, the high-flung waves of some titanic but stricken ocean. Now and then comes a faint clank of metal from the funicular railway, but the tracks themselves are hidden among the trees of the lower slopes. The tinkle of an angelus bell (or maybe it is only a sheep bell) is heard from afar. A great bird, an eagle or a falcon, sweeps across the crystal spaces.

Here where we are is a shelf on the moun-