
Further Foolishness

sitting after dinner playing softly to himself on the flute, while his attendants gently withdrew one by one from his presence: her description of merry, boisterous, large-hearted Prince Stefan Karl, who kept the whole court in a perpetual roar all the time by asking such riddles as "When is a sailor not a sailor?" (the answer being, of course, when he is a German Prince)—in fact, the whole book had thrilled me to the verge of spiritual exhaustion.

From Lady de Washaway's work I turned to peruse Hugo von Halbwitz's admirable book, *Easy Marks*, or *How the German Government Borrows Its Funds*; and after that I had read Karl von Wiggleround's *Despatches*, and Barnstuff's *Confidential Letters to Criminals*.

As a consequence I fell asleep as if poisoned.

But the amazing thing is that, wherever it was or was not that I fell asleep, I woke up to find myself in Germany.

I cannot offer any explanation as to how this came about. I merely state the fact.