
I.—Germany From Within Out

THE adventure which I here narrate resulted out of a strange psychological experience of a kind that (outside of Germany) would pass the bounds of comprehension.

To begin with, I had fallen asleep.

Of the reason for my falling asleep I have no doubt. I had remained awake nearly the whole of the preceding night, absorbed in the perusal of a number of recent magazine articles and books dealing with Germany as seen from within. I had read from cover to cover that charming book, just written by Lady de Washaway, under the title *Ten Years as a Toady*, or *The Per-Hapsburgs as I Didn't Know Them*. Her account of the life of the Imperial Family of Austria—simple, unaffected, home-like: her picture of the good old Emperor, dining quietly off a cold potato and