

ever came across—sentimental to the full extent of Teutonic capacity, with her head full of Weltschmerz and Schwärmerei. Of course she sighs for the Prince Charming who is to come and redeem her from her servitude, a being of impossible virtues, noble and distinguished, and excessively handsome, the high-born husband for whom Cinderella dreams while she sweeps out the kitchen and cleans the pots and pans.

Nothing very significant so far. Indeed, Anna would seem to be the very best example of the ordinary German maiden, ruthlessly exploring her own limited soul and dreaming of the moon. Then suddenly an event occurs which changes her crude immaturity into something more real. She comes across a man of about thirty, who smokes his cigar, as she herself says, "with elegant ease," and who discourses about many things—about intoxi-