
Further Foolishness

ber and sweet cider are extracted in large quantities.

The two peasants paused in their work a moment as they saw me glance towards them, and each, with the simple gentility of the German workingman, quietly stood on his head until I had finished looking at him.

I felt quite certain, of course, that it must only be a matter of a short time before I would inevitably be arrested.

I felt doubly certain of it when I saw a motor speeding towards me with a stout man, in military uniform and a Prussian helmet, seated behind the chauffeur.

The motor stopped, but to my surprise, the military man, whom I perceived to be wearing the uniform of a general, jumped out and advanced towards me with a genial cry of:

"Well! Herr Professor!"

I looked at him again——

"Why, Fritz!" I cried.

"You recognise me?" he said.

"Certainly," I answered, "you used to be