

“ROASTED PIGEONS FLY INTO
NOBODY’S MOUTH.”



XCEPT in that delicious “Fool’s Paradise” of Herr Bechstein’s fairy tale—where little pigs run to you with knives and forks in their backs ready for carving, and ribbons and laces grow in hedges and offer themselves to your hand as you pass by. But then that is a place nobody can get to, without eating through the gingerbread wall which lies between us and it; and exactly where that is to be found, who knows? I do not; nor yet how thick the wall is, nor what the gingerbread tastes like; and yet these are very important considerations. It is not the great wall of China—*that* I do know; but I fear the negative information won’t help us much in the search. So, on the whole, it