

And this is what I said to him, as the driver of the car sought vainly to interest us in the bullet-holes with which the façade of one of Vienna's stateliest buildings was pock-marked:

"If Obregón hadn't told Calles. . . . Etc., etc."

The next time the two of us met was in Berlin. He was on his way from the Balkans to the Riviera. I was en route from Athens to Denmark.

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There is no denying that sometimes this mad jumping from one country to another gets a bit on the nerves. Even one (like me) suffering

from the acutest known form of *wanderlust* has moments when he envies statues because they never stir from their pedestals; when he wishes he were one of those marble figures, whose job it is to lie flat on their backs across sarcophagi, for an indeterminate number of sweetly somnolent centuries.

Yes, there were times during that hectic year and a quarter of my life when I thought I would willingly exchange "fifteen countries in fifteen months" for "fifteen months in one country."

Nevertheless — I have booked passage on another transatlantic steamer!

## Egypt

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

HERE night is a magician, careless with his tricks,  
 For eye and ear are too entwined with mysteries,  
 When sound and odor, past and present, mix.  
 Beside the unforgetting Nile,  
 And down somnolent mile on mile,  
 That knew Osiris and old hymns of his,  
 Men chant together, young and old,  
 Under Egyptian stars of smoldering gold,  
 "There is no god but Allah, and his prophet is . . ."

In Cheops' very shadow, one may sip  
 Pale brew of China, from an Austrian cup,  
 And watch dusk drink the tinted shadows up,  
 That cross the desert's edge, on stealthy feet, and slip  
 Into the outer dark. Beneath a lemon tree,  
 Embowered in geraniums pink and white,  
 An English poet sips his tea,  
 And through the subtleties of changing light,  
 Punctures the bubble Time, to seek Eternity.

# Rendezvous

*A Love Story Imported From Champagne*

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

“**S**o THIS is Champagne! The country I’ve heard so much about! Champagne, where the fizz comes from!”

“This is it, Marty. Now that you see it, how do you like it?”

“Not so hot, Joe. Not so hot! It’s a pretty country at that, but it ain’t gay like I thought it was goin’ to be.”

“Gay? Oh, boy! I sure like that one! How do you expect a country to be gay when it’s all shot to pieces? Shell holes and smashed-up farm-houses everywhere you look. What is there to be so gay about?”

“Aw, you know what I mean,” answered Marty Walsh with a vague wave of a heavy, muscular hand. “When I was a kid in Brooklyn, I always thought that France was the country where everybody was dancing an’ out for a good time seven days a week, nights included. An’ when I thought of Champagne, I always had a sorta picture in my mind of high-kickers — girls with come-hither eyes an’ all that sorta thing. It ain’t like that at all.”

The two soldiers, American youths who had enlisted in the Foreign Legion in 1914, looked up and down the village street, the winding road

that led from the hills and vineyards through St. Osyme and out of the town to the vineyards again. A soft autumn haze enveloped the slopes where grape pickers were busy with their baskets and the woods above the vineyards were tinted in pastel shades, for already the leaves had begun to turn. Such a feeling of peace was in the air that the groups of soldiers wandering through the village, the *camions*, field kitchens, guns and other evidences of war seemed unreal. St. Osyme had not received much punishment compared with certain villages nearer Rheims, and only a few houses and barns had suffered. The venerable church still raised its stone tower above the age-mellowed tile roofs and its bells sounded a plaintive note every hour.

“It’s a pretty country, all right, but it ain’t gay,” said Marty once more. “I expected when I got here to drink fizz out of barrels, but nothin’ doin’. The wine ain’t so much and I’ve hardly spoke to a girl. Now I’m goin’ out to see what the mamselles are like. If the French girls from the Champagne country are a frost too, then I’m certainly