

Major William E. Dunn, N.A., author of *Travelling Under Orders*, was a student at the Iowa State Agricultural College and a graduate of West Point in the class of 1908. He specialised in artillery practice, and has written a small book on a branch of this subject and also several professional papers. After serving at various posts in this country he went through a long term of service last year on the Mexican frontier, and in July he went to the Western Front. He was soon ordered from the camp to the firing-line, and spent some time in the trenches, studying the actual conditions of

modern warfare under fire. The quality of his work as an artillery officer led the War Department to recall him in order that he might become an instructor here, and he is now ordered to the Ninetieth Division at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas.

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Olive Gilbreath is a graduate of Wellesley and a student of the University of Michigan and of the University of Chicago. She has made a special study of English and Russian literatures and has travelled extensively in the East and in Russia. *Miss Amerikanka* is her first novel.

## LINES FOR AN ECCENTRIC'S BOOK PLATE

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

To USE my books all friends are bid:  
My shelves are open for 'em;  
And in each one, as Grolier did,  
I write *Et Amicorum*.

All lovely things in truth belong  
To him who best employs them;  
The house, the picture and the song,  
Are his who most enjoys them.

Perhaps this book holds precious lore,  
And you may best discern it.  
If you appreciate it more  
Than I—why don't return it!

## DEBUSSY

Born, August 22, 1862, St. Germain en Laye. Died, March 26, 1918, Paris.

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

OBITUARY notices of the death of Claude Debussy have practically agreed upon a recognition of his unique significance. The death of no other composer of our day would have effected so positive a reaction. We experience an involuntary shock of bereavement, even though it is probable that Debussy had given the world all that he had to give it. Apparently he had spent the full measure of his genius. At the moment, I can think of no considerable work of his composed later than 1909, the year of those extraordinary pieces entitled *Images*, the third of which, the *Rondes de Printemps*, may very properly be considered the culminating efflorescence of his strange, very precious and quite indescribable art.

Debussy was the one composer of incontestable significance that France has produced. Previous to his advent, France, great in her literature and in her painting, had contributed to the world no music of an indispensable and eventful character. Even though we were to enlist in her service the music of the Belgian, César Franck, under the plausible contention that his music is essentially French through education, traditional predilection and innate sympathy, we should, nevertheless, hardly disturb the claims of Debussy for pre-eminent consideration. Gounod and Bizet are, of course, out of the question. The delicate raptures of the one, the *verve* and *esprit*, quite inimitably French, of the other are not to be disparaged: one means

merely that *Faust*, *Romeo* and *Car-men* are not epoch-making works either in profundity of emotional appeal or originality of technical processes. France has avoided in her music the deeper gamut of human emotion. It is possible to love her passionately as a nation, and to revere her art, and at the same time to accept her limitations in the range of her artistic expression. France seems to have avoided, instinctively and consistently, a musical articulating of ultimate hurts, universal anxieties, crucial instances. The passionate pessimism of Tchaikovsky, the heights and depths and all-inclusiveness of Wagner have never quite awakened her beautiful sensibilities to a mature appreciation of their inflammatory eloquence. Perhaps it is as well. In the light of contemporary revelation, we see a depth in her delicacy that we had not divined, and a blessed significance in the resiliency of her light laughs and her graceful insouciance. However this may be, we must note the deficiency of her music on the side of emotional vehemence. It is essentially decorative, picturesque, romantic with the spirit of evanescent coquetry, chic with the dainty airiness of spring apparel, provocative and ingratiating as perfumes, and quite indescribably pathetic with the curious, inverted pathos of all trivial bright things, vain graces, frail gaieties.

Expressing with indubitable felicity this phase of their national character, Gounod, Massenet, Saint