

tains so many synonyms does not make its study any easier. The German has but one word, for example, for both hide and skin. But just compliment a lady on her lovely hide — then be prepared to make a dash for the nearest exit!

Ten years in this country have gradually done away with my heavy accent. True, a trained ear will still detect a "brogue" in

my speech, but most of the time I am taken for American-born, possibly from the East. My dictionary now reposes in a dark nook in my bookcase. No longer do I have to consult it to find the English equivalent for the German word meaning "end." Had I done so, however, it would not have surprised me to see myself concluding this article by saying: This is the LIMIT!

Corot And Debussy

DIANA HARVEY

I have often sensed a likeness between the art of Corot and the music of Debussy. Both men picture a dreamy, make-believe world, peopled by slender, fragile creatures, who languorously drift their way through life. They have no cause to be different, for their world itself is languorous.

The trees and the grass — always shadowy and obscure with a gray veil of mist — have never bent or broken in a strong wind. They slowly sway to and fro, swung by a gentle breeze. The trees arch above the walks — tall and gray green, and along the walks beneath the trees, stroll the lovely pastel creatures of Corot.

Always in the air floats the music of

Debussy — the ethereal music of dreams. It pretends to be the song of birds in this dream world and sings from every tree. If loveliness could be heard, it would sound this way.

Those who walk beneath the trees and those who lie upon the grass, gazing up at the vague, gray sky, do love to listen to this music, for it is part of their life. Without it their world would be deathly still, and as they live on beauty of sight, so also do they live on beauty of sound.

If the music were stilled, they would murmur softly among themselves; then gradually becoming still, they would finally fade away and die.