

To say *pinions*, compress the lips firmly to pronounce the *p* sound and then explode the word with a strong attack on the short *i* immediately following the consonant. The letter *b* has the same vocal form as *p*, but the *b* sound is produced by the aid of the voice and breath, while *p* is uttered by the breath alone. So we compress the lips firmly before pronouncing the *b* in *borne*, giving the same attack as before on the short vowel, *o*, in producing the word. The *o* in *borne* has the sound of broad *a* in *ate*.

Imperial—*theme* is our next phrase, and *e* is the strong vowel in each word. Repeat the vowel three times and then say the word *Imperial*, with a very firm attack on the accented syllable, *pe*, allowing the last syllable to flow easily from the lips and taking no particular thought for the ending of the word when uttering the accented syllable. Allow the muscles to recover, and attack the *e* in *theme* in the same manner. This is a particularly good phrase for practice, as it gives a pure, ringing quality to the voice that is often desirable to have. The words are difficult for many people to say, sometimes through lack of sufficient strength in the articulatory organs to produce good *p* and *th* sounds before the vowel, and sometimes through lack of purity in the vowel itself. Therefore, give a great deal of practice to all the sentences containing long *e* in the different combinations with consonants.

We have now had all the sounds of the vowels, long and short, with the exception of short *u* as in *up* and *u* as sounded in *put*, which has the *oo* sound as we hear it in *look*. The same rule must be used in saying these as for all the other sounds.

The learner should be able to continue through the list of phrases without difficulty, it being simply necessary to apply to the other groups of words the methods so minutely described above. Practice the entire list daily for from twenty minutes to half an hour, bearing in mind the following cautions:

First.—Keep the body and head well poised.

Second.—Produce the words entirely by correct action of the abdominal muscles and the diaphragm, with no assistance from the throat.

Third.—Keep the voice down as deep as possible, and produce a clear, pure tone in one key or a monotone.

Fourth.—Say each word by itself, without running the final consonant of one word into the beginning of the next.

Fifth.—Give a correct pronunciation of the elementary sounds of speech.

If these rules are closely observed and the exercises are diligently practised every day, the student will find great improvement in the quality, resonance and power of the voice by the end of a month.

AMONG THE NEWEST BOOKS.

From The Macmillan Company, New York:

My Life in Two Hemispheres, by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 2 vols.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is a man of many brilliant gifts and uncommonly profound convictions. He was born in Ireland at a date when intolerance of Roman Catholics was fierce and tyrannous, and he emerged from the adverse conditions that surrounded him by a personal force little if any less than miraculous. The narrative *My Life in Two Hemispheres* is as impersonal as a narrative told in the first person can be. All the events upon which he dwells are of historic value from one or another point of view. If he is a little intolerant here and there of the ruling of his people by the powers of the Church, it is not difficult to pardon him if one remembers that the Puritan Parliament of Dublin had a little time before his birth forbidden by statute all Irish Roman Catholics to obtain an education at home or abroad or to possess property in land. This law was lightened somewhat in Duffy's boyhood. His first schooling was given by a person employed to instruct Roman Catholic boys and who on account of physical disability was unable to obtain a livelihood in any other way than teaching. Duffy's sister, with what under the ruling conditions of those days was amazing courage, appealed to a Dissenting minister, who kept a small school for boys, to receive her brother; and he with equal heroism accepted him. Young Duffy was the first "Papist" in the Ireland of his day who was entered at a Protestant school, and his fellows by no means welcomed him or made his way pleasant. Duffy entered manhood devoted to literature. He wrote prose and verse with graceful facility and, considering his age, with surprising judgment. Fired by patriotism he entered public life and served his time in Parliament—and in prison, as many a high-minded rebellious citizen did. He was as proud of his ability to endure physical suffering as of his political prowess. These two volumes of autobiography thrill the reader by the almost actual presence of distinguished persons who have made the history of the last half century. The letters are full of interest, and the conversations of eminent men have a vivid charm. Among Duffy's "intimate enemies" and dear friends were Gladstone, Disraeli, Cobden, John Bright, Dillon, D'Arcy McGee, Cashel-Doyle, Sir Colman O'Loughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, Samuel Lover, Thomas Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Howett, Miss Cavanah and hosts of others who made or marred the literary, social and political opinions of their time. From a prison, he rose to be Prime Minister of Australia and was knighted for services to the Crown. He still lives, an honor to Ireland, which he continues to serve with all his might and which he believes will yet be made a nation in the name of Freedom and Justice. Duffy's narrative throbs with human suffering and wrong, with

triumph of right and manliness and with a faithful and tireless love and friendship with men who have similar ideals and wise aims and who feel and express toward each other a warm loyalty. Thinking persons, whether or not they agree with the author's conclusions about matters of state or religion, will find this intensely human and resistlessly candid book as entrancing as any romance. Novelists for many a year to come may, if they look, find suggestive material in this autobiography for the bases of stirring tales of oppression and of fidelity to country and friends.

From J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia:

Poor Max, by Iota.

Nobody forgets that Iota wrote *The Yellow Aster* and that everyone liked but disapproved of it. As a novel, none can object to *Poor Max*. The hero is a type and one not too uncommon. Everybody loves and admires him, though few trust him. His sympathies are so strong that he cannot deny himself their indulgence, even though others who should be cared for suffer the cost of his pity. The heroine is a superbly drawn and perfectly sustained character, a woman of unconscious nobilities and rare personal charm. Iota's readers will be at a loss to determine which they should admire most—the skill of the plot and its clear-cut treatment, the heroine's rare and beautiful qualities or the woman herself. Max has an aunt who moves the soul to affectionate admiration for her secret and skilful self-effacement. The witty wickedness of speech by which she conceals her merciful care of the wife of poor Max is charming. It is a fascinating story.

From D. Appleton and Company, New York:

John of Strathbourne, by R. D. Chetwode.

The Millionaires, by F. Frankfort Moore.

The Looms of Time, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

The first aim of a novelist should be to tell a story. R. D. Chetwode evidently had this in mind when he wrote the tale *John of Strathbourne* without arranging a breathing place anywhere in all its pages. Nor are its readers able to halt by their own will, so swift and cumulative are its tragic incidents. No one is amused by the narrative, and yet no reader can lay it down after the first page is finished, so compelling is its description of bandits and of ladies of high breeding and haughty courage. As a love story it is original and strong; as a plot it is ingenious. Of its historical basis much is left for speculation; it need not be founded upon fact and it were better not, so blood-curdling are many of its events.

The Millionaires, by F. Frankfort Moore, is a combination of Irish wit, American energy and of English fine breeding contrasted with self-seeking and vulgar social misrepresentation.