

1011 Conn. Ave.

The French Voice!

A New and Scientific Drill in Voice Culture in the French Language; or,

How to Acquire Infallibly Perfect Accent and Pronunciation.

A NOVEL SYSTEM based on a practical and scientific series of logically-connected

FRENCH CONVERSATIONS.

Familiarity with SPOKEN French being thus acquired by practice, and the NATURAL ASSOCIATION of ideas and CONNECTED thoughts.

No Grammar! No Theories!! No English Spoken!!!

But plain, common-sense, every-day, idiomatic French Conversations on a series of CONNECTED topics, at once practical and interesting, and only composed out of a vocabulary of words within the range of daily life, business, and necessities.

Pupils learn to speak from the very first lesson, not only in long and connected sentences, but in a long and connected series of conversations; which is not the case with other systems.

Disconnected Words are not Language; neither are Disconnected Sentences Conversation.

AGE OR LACK OF TALENT FOR LANGUAGES NO OBSTACLE.

This system of "VOICE CULTURE IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE" IS THE ONLY TRUE SCIENTIFIC METHOD ever presented to the public.

It is truly scientific, because, being based on fixed and sound principles, it is logically evolved from them.

It appeals to the intellect of the pupils, and not merely to the imagination and the gift of imitation—lacking both of which one cannot imitate.

The possibility of acquiring by this scientific method the art of speaking French with a pure accent and a perfect pronunciation is as certain as that any science mastered must infallibly lead to its corresponding art, or vice versa.

It makes the master absolutely independent of the pupil's age, or lack of talent for languages, since it is not upon special gifts, but upon the intellect, understanding, and common sense of pupils that he is to rely.

Testimonial from Class-Members.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2, 1890. Having followed Professor Colliere's first six weeks' course of French conversation, we, the undersigned members of his class, feel justified in fully endorsing the Professor's claim to originality in his method of imparting the power to vocalize correctly in French, thereby giving a perfect accent and pronunciation. His method is undoubtedly based upon scientific principles, as we have had both the means and opportunity of duly and thoroughly testing, and it is as correctly effective as it is scientific, and therefore true.

The result is that his instruction appeals to the intellect, as well as to the imagination, lending thereto a charm unknown to other methods. It captures and retains enthralled the enthusiastic support and unflinching interest of the pupils throughout the entire course. As a natural consequence, the practical conversational results are marked to an unprecedented degree for so short a course. Why? Because of the inward consciousness of power and knowledge which the Professor has the happy faculty of imparting to each pupil through his exact scientific system. As very aptly expressed by several of the pupils, the study of French under this method is perfectly fascinating to the earnest pupil. Fascinating, because it gives faith in the possibility of learning to speak French by it.

Mrs. Thomas M. Bayne, Estelle Thomas, James S. Morrill, Elsie Girard McKizgan, Anna M. Cleary, F. D. Shoemaker, Mrs. E. L. Miller, Hermine Templeton, Virginia L. M. Ewing, John Templeton, A. M. Renshaw, And Others.

THE FRENCH VOICE.

FOR LADIES ONLY, Select Private Morning Class

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 11:45 A. M.

NEW TERM:

PUBLIC AFTERNOON AND EVENING CLASSES, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4:30 and 6:45 P. M.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, at 4:30 P. M.

Terms Begin Tuesday and Wednesday, February 17 and 18.

NO ENGLISH! NO GRAMMAR!!

NO THEORIES!!!

Perfect Accent, Perfect Pronunciation, and Practical Conversational Results Guaranteed or MONEY REFUNDED.

LUCIEN E. C. COLLIERE, A. M., A Native of Paris, France.

Twenty-two Years' Experience in the District of Columbia,

1011 CONNECTICUT AVENUE.

PER MONTH—Ticket to Public Classes, (13 Lessons, 3 a week,) including privilege of the other classes, \$5.

NOTA BENE—Pupils only engage three (3) hours a week, but can come, as it may best suit them, on any day of the week, or at any one of the nine (9) hours fixed above, or AT ALL OF THEM, (NINE HOURS A WEEK,) FREE OF CHARGE.

Terms for Select Private Morning Class for Ladies Only made known upon application.

Classes Open February 17 and 18, Tuesday and Wednesday.

AFTER ONLY A THREE-WEEKS' COURSE, NEVER HAVING STUDIED FRENCH BEFORE.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE, SAINT-ETIENNE, FRANCE.

Professor L. E. C. Colliere.

The French lessons which you gave me have been exceedingly useful. I found when I reached France that my ear was quite attuned to the accent and language of the country.

The more I study French the more deeply am I impressed with the excellence of your system of teaching that language.

You have, I may add, a most happy faculty of imparting information and arousing the interest and enthusiasm of your pupils, so I feel that the hours I spent in your class-rooms were not only hours of profit, but of pleasure as well. Sincerely yours,

Sept. 30, 1890. FRANCIS B. LOOMIS.

EDITORIAL NOTICE FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN OF SUNDAY JUNE 15, 1890.

Professor Lucien E. C. Colliere, of Washington, a native of Paris, gave an introductory lecture to his course in French last night, at Lehmann's Hall. The audience, although not large, consisted of the most educated persons of the city, including a John Hopkins contingent and a number of teachers of the French language.

The Professor delivered a most instructive and exhaustive lecture on his chosen topic, in which he showed himself a master. He dissipated the notion that a man must acquire any language by being thrown among the people who speak it, and showed conclusively that many foreigners spend the most of their lives in America without learning to pronounce English correctly, and without being able to conceal the shibboleth of their foreign pronunciation and accent.

He made the proposition clear that, as all people have the same vocal organs, they can acquire the same language, if ordinarily intelligent and properly taught. As a specimen

he gave an invariable method of pronunciation of the most difficult French vowel, and contended that the study of language did not require extraordinary gifts.

He did not propose to give a pupil an entire French vocabulary in a few lessons, but he claimed to teach French accent and pronunciation in such a way in a few lessons that all French sounds would be distinctly recognizable and naturally familiar forever afterward, and that subsequent education in French would be a simple and easy matter of practice and progression. He gave several practical illustrations of his method. His lecture was listened to with close attention, and he was warmly applauded at its close.

EDITORIAL NOTICE FROM THE "CAPE MAY DAILY WAVE, JULY 23, 1890.

On "The French Voice; or, How to Acquire Perfect Accent and Pronunciation in French," proved a very great attraction at the Iron Pier yesterday afternoon, the audience being quite large and including some of our most prominent residents and a full complement from the hotels.

The novelty of the Professor's claim, which proved to be a thoroughly new idea in the teaching of languages, the evidence he gave of his mastery of the subject chosen by him, further emphasized by his unmistakable earnestness and enthusiasm over his favorite theme, carried conviction to the mind. His contention that French accent pronunciation can be taught and acquired as systematically and precisely as any other branch of knowledge seemed to be natural, true, and exactly as represented. Indeed, the claim is reasonable.

The sustained interest of his audience to the very end clearly demonstrated that he was addressing a most appreciative company, and will result in the formation of classes, as several are already on the tapis.

The Professor, who is stopping at the Hotel Lafayette, is very sanguine of success, and anticipates that his conversational classes in French will become quite the fad here among our people.

Can a National Accent or Voice Be Defined?

Assuredly so. At least the French and the English Voices can and are by this system. The principles that underlie the FRENCH VOICE are diametrically the opposite of those underlying the English Voice.

Unless therefore an American can scientifically or otherwise differentiate these two voices—French and English—he must of necessity instinctively and unconsciously be influenced by his own native accent since he cannot have the faintest conception or suspicion that there can be any other natural method of blending sounds into language but that method which is natural to his own idiom.

If he be not possessed of what is commonly called a musical ear, together with a wonderful memory for sounds, he will utterly fail to realize and catch the French accent with its varying inflections, and he will learn to speak that language with a most pronounced American intonation or accent.

The blame for such defective accent in French has never, until now, been laid at the door of French teachers or the methods in vogue, but at the poor pupil's for his stupidity.

THE FRENCH ACCENT OR VOICE, OR ANY SOUND IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE FOREIGN TO ENGLISH, SHOULD BE SO CLEARLY DEFINED THAT THE MIND GRASPS IT—SEES IT, AS IT WERE—SO THAT THE PUPIL CAN PRODUCE IT CORRECTLY BEFORE HAVING FIRST HEARD IT SOUND.

In this way the perfect gift of imitation is imparted even to the pupil little possessed of it.

Then let the pupil listen and he will surely catch the pronunciation and accent in spite of any lack of talent.

CAN ANY ONE—young or old, gifted or not gifted for Languages, sharp of hearing, or with this sense dulled by age or accident—be taught to speak French with perfect accent and pronunciation?

No! in nine cases out of ten, no! If left, as by all previous methods they have always been left, to shift for themselves, and acquire pronunciation and accent by mere listening attentively to the teacher's or Frenchman's voice, and, hearing, repeat and imitate as well as they may—grating, however, the listener has, like the mocking-bird, the magpie, or the parrot, the wonderful gift of pure imitation, without the power of analysis. But, if he have not—what then? Why, then he is pronounced non-gifted for languages—lacking or incapable, therefore, of being taught properly, though, of course, through no fault of his or of the system—or, rather, lack of system, but through nature's fault. And the poor pupils generally acquiesce in this judgment.

ON THE OTHER HAND, by this New and Scientific Drill in Voice Culture in the French Language ANY ONE, possessing ordinary intelligence and culture, may be made to pronounce correctly, both as to sounds and accent, without FIRST ACTUALLY HEARING THE FRENCH VOICE, and, therefore, independently of any defect of hearing, gift, or lack of gift on the pupil's part.

An American adult, made deaf by accident, can, by this New Scientific Drill, be made to speak French with a correct accent and pronunciation because, as he has already a knowledge in his own language of what are sounds, through a scientific and exact definition as a mathematical one, a mental conception of a new sound can be conveyed to his brain independently of his hearing. The gift of hearing, if it has been performed by this system, can it be repeated by any other?

TALK ABOUT TALKING!

JUST LISTEN TO "BAB" AS SHE GOSIPS AND CHATTERS.

Lawrence Barrett's Legs—Masculine Limbs on the Stage—Hope for Our Young Men—Girls Getting Simple in Their Dress—A Brief Essay on Alligators—The College-Bred Woman.

Special Correspondence of SUNDAY HERALD.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—I have been told that they were called "nether limbs." It may be true. For my own part I was taught to speak Saxon, and I call them legs. The way they impress themselves forcibly on my mind was because I saw Mr. Lawrence Barrett elocute a blank verse tragedy. Understand that by "blank" I just mean blank, though it deserves to be called worse.

While I've watched the various people being "stabbed all over until they were dead," and saw the heroine put "a cup of cold poison in her inside," I became fascinated by Mr. Barrett's legs. They are not handsome legs even with the addition of calves, but they have a peculiarly fascinating way of their own that is touching. And in more senses than one, too; for one knee touches another in such a pronounced way that a frivolous woman would pronounce the learned tragedian knock-kneed! When this result is reached at the knees, the right foot has a decided tendency to turn in, and I defy any human being, especially any woman being, to look at those legs and believe that the man attached to them is a passionate Italian lover. To be slangy, it won't go. An Italian lover must have "nether limbs" of the shapeliest, and clothe them in silk of the glossiest, so that the eyes and the heart of the lady of his love are both gratified.

MASCULINE LEGS ON THE STAGE.

Apropos of legs, very few actors have good ones; their brains and the upper portions of their bodies may be built for tragedy, but their legs are intended for comedy, or indeed for farce. Mr. Irving's legs have peculiar and many-sided curves; these are brought out to the best effect when a long cloak enshrouds him. Mr. James Owen O'Connor has undoubtedly the most interesting histrionic legs; but they would lose their charms if they were not the active powers in making a walk that is a combination of a hop, skip, and a jump. The only man I can think of on the stage who has really handsome legs is Dixey, and all New York got to know them when he dressed so that he looked like a bit of Dresden, and sang that pretty little song, "I'm such a susceptible statuette." Now, I can't understand why men shouldn't have handsome legs. They walk more than women do, they are greater devotees at the Russian bath, and consequently they are often rubbed down, and so they ought to be in good order, not stringy nor muscular looking, but well shaped and firm. The old men of the stage can very much better afford to wear knee-breeches than can the young ones, while the average swell looks as if his legs were a pair of lead pencils in a divided skirt.

HOPE FOR OUR YOUNG MEN.

Simplicity is earnestly endeavoring to make itself felt in New York. Pretty debutantes no

Negligé shirts, in flannel, chevrot, madras, saten, and chertiotte, at Miller's, shirt makers and ladies' and gentlemen's outfitters, Eighteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue.

longer appear at teas in elaborate ball gowns, but instead high-necked and long-sleeved cashmere frocks of soft gray, pale blue, or deep scarlet are counted smartest. The result will undoubtedly be a boom in the matrimonial market, for the average young man will begin to think that he can, by making a great effort, dress a woman, whereas before, when nothing was seen but tulle and chiffon, he doubted whether he would be able to robe an angel. In some other ways, too, simplicity is coming up; you ask for a cup of tea, and with it you get a bit of hot cake not cut, but broken by the pretty fingers of the hostess herself, and she is happiest when she can tell you that she has made it herself. This cake is usually a very plain one, with currants and citron in it, that abominable stuff known as angel cake having been relegated to the mansions from which it came long ago.

A BRIEF ESSAY ON ALLIGATORS.

Did you ever have an alligator, and did you like him? One came to me the other day—at least he started to come, but when he heard somebody on board ship say what his destination and who his future parent was to be, he stretched himself out in despair and died. I don't know just what he thought, but he was probably wise enough to know that canary birds and dogs and alligators would hardly form a happy family. He was buried at sea with high honors; he was wrapped up in a bit of sail, put on a shingle, and thrown down into the blue waters from whence he had come. That sounds very romantic, doesn't it? In fact, when we heard it the dog and the canary bird and I each got up a tear as we pictured the funeral, but I may as well tell you that there wasn't any funeral at all. That it was like the story Joseph told his wife. The alligator who was to have been my very own was brought home to New York, and is now going through a process of embalming, in view of making him a paper weight for me; but the woman who brought him thought it would be nicer to tell about the funeral first. It really did add piquancy to the occasion.

I am an admirer of alligators. But, after making a close acquaintance with one that was to come and live in artistic quarters, I scarcely think I should care to be wedded to one. They have a clammy feeling that would down all love, and when their mouths are opened they are so expressive of a yawning gulf that you just as soon think of kissing a coal-hole as the gentle bird. Then, too, he has an unpleasant fashion of singing all night. It may be that he is a follower of Wagner—I don't know, I am not well up in music, but it is an awful sound, some place between a croak and a bark—that causes you to shudder under your blankets and give a fervent thanksgiving that you and the alligator are not in the same box.

THE COLLEGE-BRED WOMAN.

Have you been overcome lately by the young woman who has had a college education? She is, without any exception, the most absolutely cocksure woman in the world. Under no circumstances do you know anything. She won't even credit you with having a tolerably good knowledge of slang, and she talks about "what we did at college," and "what we said at college," until you wish you could take her to a college of physicians and surgeons and have some sort of punishment administered to her that would be painful, but not dangerous. You can't even make her believe that you know the multiplication table—I don't after five, so that she has always got me there—but she has a sniffling sort of scorn of the woman who has picked up her education, and she makes you feel that she was especially created, her own college

The only expert shirt cutter in the city is at Miller's, shirt makers and ladies' and gentlemen's outfitters, Eighteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue.

specialy arranged for her, and that her fame as its graduate is world wide.

WOMAN'S BEST SCHOOL OF LEARNING.

I haven't a word to say against women learning all they want, but even after matriculation there is a school for every human being to go to, and that is the famous one of experience. These girls come out of college with a "know-it-all" idea, and they suddenly discover that neither Greek nor Euclid will do so very much toward making them earn their own livings, nor will a full and complete history of the lost tribes of Israel teach them how to get a nickel and a dime like new or to do that very delicate art known as washing the baby. "Oh, bo!" says somebody, "Bab's off on her same old fad." Well, yes, I am. I do believe in giving a girl the very best education possible, but I cannot be brought to see that that is the education gained in the college. There have been brilliant women, women who have made great successes in life, women who are charming socially, who are college bred, but these are exceptions. These are the two and three out of three and four hundred. Somebody argues, "Do I make the bread any worse for knowing the laws of chemistry?" Probably not, but do you make it any better? Then somebody says, "Shall I become nothing but a cook and a drudge?" Just as you fancy. A good cook is usually queen of her dominion and not a drudge by any manner of means, and a good wife, such as you want, your son and mine to get, is the way to do it, and she knows how to make little dainties to help cure him, knows how to measure his medicines properly, and isn't exploiting her chemistry on the doctor while the man whose name she bears is waiting for his next dose of medicine. "But," says the objector, "can you cook?" To be quite honest, I can only do two or three things well.

I can broil a beefsteak, and that's more than half the restaurants in the various big cities know how to do, and these are exceptions. I know when it is done, and no establishment is going to starve where they can get these two things well cooked. In a sick-room I can mind the doctor's orders, and when you can get a professional nurse to do that you have got a jewel. I hope I will not make the college-bred women throughout the country envious of my accomplishments, but when they yell, "Let us have more culture," I feel like making the welkin ring (by-the-by, what is the welkin?) by answering them with "Let us have more broiled beefsteaks and boiled potatoes."

WHAT MEN WANT IN A WIFE.

Culture is very well for the well-fed man who can go to sleep over it, but a hungry man does not want Browning and Euclid, the Latin Grammar, and the Greek Testament, he wants beef and potatoes. Heresy? Of the rankest, but since we have beaten the Force bill, I feel that I can express myself with truth and distinctness. It's true that I do believe that "woman with the heart" gets far away the better of "man with the head," and using Mr. Tennyson's quotations as a text, the average young woman is advised to cultivate a cool head and a warm heart. Her heart may be hit now and then, but it won't be broken. Hearts are curiously elastic things. They can be pulled here and there, rent with anguish so to say, and then something delightful will come that will prove an absolute delight, and behold they are in better condition than ever before. Give me red roses and heart girls! If the average young man will put that on the banner which he bears he will get a wife who will love him and whom he will honor and obey without ever knowing he does it.

THE LATEST IS THE OLD.

What is there new? Nothing.

The idiotic dude still imbibes nourishment—Why do I drink Tannhauser beer? Because it is the best in the market.

from his cane, and looks from over the top of his collar as if he had a white wall about him.

The so-called swell young woman still displays her anatomy to the world at large, doesn't get married, and wonders that Tom, Dick, and Harry don't want to see more of her.

The match-making mamma guards her little chickens very carefully so that no intelligibles will come near them, and the result is that as the years go by they are seeking whom they may devour and find none.

The average business woman is wondering how the financial affairs of the world went on before she was born.

The newspaper writer is surprised that more people don't recognize him or her when seen on the street.

And the babies, God bless them! are the things nearest to angels left to us. Though, by the by, if the stork hasn't brought a baby down your chimney a fox-terrier isn't such a bad thing to possess—at least, that is the experience of

BAB.

HERE'S CONSOLATION.

We Can Get Along Very Well Without Teeth and Hair.

E. P. Jackson in North American Review. With us there is, to say the least, a strong and decided prejudice in favor of luxuriant tresses and pearly teeth. But it is only a prejudice, and by no means universal. We see no lack of beauty in the infant's naked, rosy scalp, or in its sweet little toothless mouth. We even see a kind of majestic beauty in the ivory dome that covers the stage's busy brain. A white, shining billiard-ball is by no means displeasing to the eye, and no one can fancy its beauty improved by covering half of it with a coat of hair, however soft and silky, lustrous, brown, or golden. Birds had teeth once; how should we welcome a prospect of the return, a retrogression, to their former semi-reptilian condition? Would you think your canary or your brilliant-hued cockatoo improved in its appearance if the smooth, even edges of its bill were garnished with saws of pearly teeth like a little feathered and winged alligator? The possession of a full complement of teeth has always been regarded as an indispensable condition of perfect health. To our prehistoric ancestors, who had no other grain-mills than their molars, it must have been so, and the modern soldier in active service would find his hard-tack and leathery salt beef rather unsatisfactory fare without the dental integrity which the examining surgeon so properly insists upon. But the constantly improving science of cookery supplies the remedy for the civilian, and as to the soldier, he is, like his teeth, a relic of undeveloped civilization. The "dogs of war" must go, teeth and all. Experience has demonstrated that the luxurious diet of civilization, which gives so little for the teeth to do, is, on the whole, more conducive to vitality and longevity than the hard fare of savagery. Long before toothless gums shall have become the rule all occasion for teeth will have passed, either for beauty or use.

The Copyright Bill.

After having adopted several amendments, and thereby so altering the Copyright bill as to prompt Mr. Platt to say that he hardly knew whether the bill was now in his charge or in the charge of other gentlemen who had succeeded in amending it, (to its detriment, as he thought,) the Senate yesterday in a single vote wiped out all of the amendments that had been adopted, and the bill is now pending before the Senate in exactly the form it was passed by the House. The friends of the bill hope to prevent any amendment whatever, so as to avoid the necessity of further action upon the matter by the House.

ANIMALS TRIED FOR CRIME.

A Curious Phase of Superstition in the Middle Ages.

All the Year Round.

In the Middle Ages the lower animals were frequently tried, convicted, and punished for various offenses. Mr. Baring-Gould has collected some curious cases of this kind. In 1266 a pig was burned at Fontaney-aux-Roses, near Paris, for having eaten a child. In 1386 a judge of Falaise condemned a cow to be mutilated and hanged for a similar offense. Three years later a horse was similarly tried before the magistrate and condemned to death for having killed a man. During the fourteenth century oxen and cows might be legally killed whenever taken in the act of marauding; and asses for a first offense had one ear cropped, for a second offense the other ear, and if after this they were asses enough to commit a third offense their lives became forfeit to the crown.

"Criminal" animals frequently expiated their offenses, like other malefactors, on the gallows, but subsequently they were killed without trial, and their owners mulcted in heavy damages. In the fifteenth century it was popularly believed that cocks were intimately associated with witches, and they were sometimes writhed with the power of laying accursed eggs, from which sprang winged serpents. In 1474, at Bale, a cock was publicly accused of having laid one of these dreadful eggs. He was tried, sentenced to death, and, together with the egg, was burned by the executioner in the market-place amid a great concourse of people. In 1694, during the witch persecutions in New England, a dog exhibited such strange symptoms of affliction that he was believed to have been ridden by a warlock, and he was accordingly hanged.

Snails, flies, mice, ants, caterpillars, and other obnoxious creatures have been similarly proceeded against and condemned to various punishments—mostly in ecclesiastical courts. And, stranger still, inanimate objects have suffered the same fate. In 1685, when the Protestant Chapel at Rochelle was condemned to be destroyed, the bell was miraculously withheld from having assisted it with its tongue. After being whipped it was catechized, compelled to recant, and then baptized and hung up in a Roman Catholic place of worship. Probably similar absurdities may have been perpetrated in our own country, [England,] for it must be remembered that only in the present reign was the law repealed which made a cart-wheel, a tree, or a beast which had killed a man forfeit to the State, for the benefit of the poor.

Worthy of Mention.

There is exhibited in Brentano's window a small oil painting executed by an unknown artist. It represents a cluster of pink morning glories in a glass of water. The spirit of Flora has been breathed upon the canvas. It blushes with the light of summer, seems to sparkle with the dew of dawn, and mirrors nature. The wild idealism of Rossetti, the purity of Gerard, the vigor of Dalacroix, the softness of Murillo, and the feeling of Veret all seem blended within the compass of a little frame. This contribution from perhaps an obscure painter deserves a wreath of laurel in any gallery consecrated to art. Let it hang with the chef d'oeuvre of the masters and comparison will enhance its beauty. Paint on, oh! gentle limner, for the world needs but to know thy name to do it homage.

To Repeal the McKinley Act.

A bill to repeal the McKinley Tariff act, and to reenact all laws repealed by that act, was introduced in the House yesterday by Representative Dickerson, of Kentucky.