

# OVER THE TEACUPS

Boudoir Gossip for Lady Readers

## New Names for Old Colours.

The invention of new names for old colours is exercising the ingenuity of the dress experts. Every season a familiar shade makes its appearance under an unknown title.

The flower and kitchen gardens, the store cupboard and wine cellar, the fishmonger's and jeweller's have been searched for appropriate terms this year.

The result has been crowned with success, and the ambition of the dress artist, which has been to make the new names as weird as possible, has been realised, remarks a Home paper. To purchase a blue gown is impossible. You must ask for mirage, hydrangea, pale sky or azure. If none of these shades please the fancy, it is possible to select from siffleur, sapho, Delit, jacinth, or Eden.

If a darker shade, for economy's sake, is required, it is out of date to ask for navy blue. Royal, matelot, bluet, marine Neptune, and indigo must be inspected instead.

Mauve as a shade is in the height of fashion; as a name it is relegated to the days of our grandmothers. Iris, amethyst, tulip, clematis, lilac, campanula, wistaria, and vieux heliotrope reign in its stead. The red shades of mauve, so becoming to the brunette, have been named anemone, minuit, petunia, glycine, gracieuse, and Roma.

No smart woman will own a pink frock this year. She must rename her favourite colour shrimp, salmon, coral, Bengali, Laurier, strawberry, raspberry, rosewood, and Acajon. Two new names are Seda and Rose of the Alps, while cherry brandy, coquelicot, pavot, and wine are terms used to describe the deeper shades of red and scarlet.

Green is a colour that no woman will consent to wear, as its meaning is "jilted." Her little superstition has been encouraged this year, and she can clothe herself in amande, Volga, Niger, roседа, mahonia, mousse, bronze, myrtle, emerald, aloes, chartreuse, sage, Ganges, Neva and Russe.

## Unknown Admirers.

### ENTERTAINING LETTERS IN AN ACTRESS'S POSTBAG.

Miss Nina Sevensing, who appears in a leading part in "Susanah—and Some Others," is also one of the foremost favourites of the picture-postcard collectors, among whom she enjoys an immense and ever-growing popularity.

She began her stage career at the suggestion of Mr. Owen Hall, who heard her sing at a friend's house, and then gave her place among the famous "Tell me, pretty maiden" sextette in the original "Florodora" production.

"In those days," she says, "I wore my hair down, and I have a collection of entertaining letters of all kinds addressed to 'The girl with her hair down her back.'"

### UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR FROM THE STALLS.

Like that of many another popular actress, her postbag contains some remarkable communications at times, and these documents are very often full of unconscious humour.

For instance, this one: "Dear Miss Sevensing, I expect you have noticed me, as I am sitting in the front row of the stalls" (there were some thirty seats, by the way), "and I wear my hair brushed back. Although you have not met me before, I am sure you will not regret it, if you care to come. I may be a little late, as I must drive my mother home first, and I shall not be able to come round to the stage-door for an answer, also because of her; but if you blow your nose twice during the next act, I will know that it is all right.—Your sincere friend, —" "P.S.—Please don't send the programme-seller back with an answer."

"Needless to say," says Miss Sevensing, "I did not blow my nose twice during the next act, but as I happened to be

suffering from a very bad cold, it was a rather trying experience for me."

"I derived some compensation, however, from watching the young man's mother, and, taking into consideration the rigid expression on her face, I quite understood the anxiety he expressed in his urgent postscript.

"Every profession, doubtless, has its 'penalties,' but I wonder how many people not actually connected with the stage are aware of the number and variety of quaint things that an actress is asked to accept and, incidentally, to write about or wear for the purposes of advertisement, in the course of the year.

"These articles range from ostriches to bicycles, and from scented soaps to flannellette nightgowns—but I am not collecting that sort of thing.

"Still, I have a penchant for bonbonnieres, old china, and enamel, but owing to the fact that most of my spare time is taken up in signing picture-postcards, I have little leisure for indulging in it, as the picture-postcard craze seems to have penetrated to every part of the world, and cards continually arrive for signature from the most out-of-the-way places in Africa, Australia, and even the Pacific Islands.

"Some time ago, in fact, a friend of mine wrote me from abroad saying that he had found a picture-postcard (showing me with a cat in my arms) stuck on a Burmese idol as an offering!"

## Taxing the Dowry.

### AN AMERICAN PROPOSAL.

It is no new thing for the patriotic citizen of the United States to deplore the preference shown by his fair—and wealthy—countrywomen for foreign husbands. But it has remained to a Bohemian gentleman, naturalised as an American, of course, or he could not belong to the House of Representatives at Washington, to crystallise into one comprehensive bill a monetary barrier to the tendency. Briefly, this Mr. Sabath takes the view that the American man is the right husband for the American woman, and to emphasise the contention he proposes to lay a tax on "all dowries, gitts, settlements, or advances of property made in consideration of, or in contemplation of, marriage between citizens of the United States and citizens or subjects of foreign countries. The bill provides for a tax of 25 per cent on all such transfers, and empowers the Treasury Department to enforce the law." It is a curious little development of the idea of protective tariffs, for it virtually places the foreign suitor among dutiable articles.

To the thoroughly businesslike attitude of mind of the average American the idea that vast rapit sums—estimated by Mr. Sabath at \$190,000,000—should have left the land of the Stars and Stripes is in itself deplorable. Deep down, however, there may be yet some masculine resentment that the mere foreigner, even if of great lineage and aristocratic birth, could be preferred before him. The American girl is brought up on terms of complete camaraderie with all the boys and men of her set, and her father and brothers, immersed in business, and living in a perpetual hustle of trusts and combines and corners and pits, she views as useful machines through whose exertions she can travel and see the society and the sights of the older world, where men can still observe some of the amenities which touch her upon her more emotional and romantic side. To be mistress of an English ancestral castle and estate, to enter an exclusive French family, through which she is admitted to salons otherwise unapproachable, to own some wonderful historical gallery in Rome or Florence, have attractions in her eyes that the wildest extravagancies of "freak" entertainments cannot possibly rival. Her American world she knows in its most intimate details, and it contains no mysteries as does that which lies away from it. The American man takes credit to himself that comparatively rarely seeks a bride from

abroad, but the other point of view is that ladies on this side of the Atlantic do not fall victims to his attractions in the same way that his sisters do to European manhood.

The American woman has loyally accepted all the ordals involved in the Customs examination of her luggage, which a prohibitive tariff imposes upon her. She may not be quite so acquainted when it comes to restricting her freedom to secure a husband where she will. At present, she has not shown herself in abounding sympathy with the Suffragists' militant policy, but she might possibly then take up the cry that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and her chosen delegates would certainly not favour it in this shape. "No protection" might be somewhat ambiguous as an electioneering battle-cry when applied to the right of choice of a husband, but her native wit will doubtless be equal to expressing the idea in terse and telling form.

## Women Who Are Sinfully Plain.

### A RECORD OF SOME AFTERNOON CALLS.

"Most women are plain—sinfully plain," remarked a man to me, with brutal frankness, at a gathering of women the other day. But was he far wrong? says a lady writer in the "Daily Mail."

Look around any assembly of women, and what do you see? You cannot fail to see that most women show signs of ageing early in life. A woman ought to be at her best between the ages of thirty and forty, but many are barely out of their twenties before they begin to fade.

Let any woman set out on a series of afternoon calls, and make a mental note of the results. What does she find? Very often several women in bad health and consequently lacking in beauty:

Found Mrs A. looking very seedy; said she was nearly mad with neuralgia all last night; never slept a wink.

Miss B. at home with an awful cold.

Mrs C. suffering from rheumatism.

Mrs D. up in town yesterday to see a specialist. Has been very bad with neuritis.

Mrs E. recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

It is almost impossible to pay a round of calls without finding a state of things very much as portrayed above.

The habits of the woman who is sinfully plain are as follows: Before rising she partakes of a cup of tea and thin bread and butter. An hour later she breakfasts on coffee, hot roll and butter, fried bacon, or an egg, marmalade. About three hours later she partakes of a substantial lunch—meat, sweets, biscuits, and butter. Two and a-half hours pass and afternoon tea appears—tea, hot scones, and cake. In another two and a-half hours she is seated at the dinner table—four or five courses, followed by coffee.

Bedtime comes, but there is no rest for the poor, abused internal organs. They have been struggling since early morning to deal with the heterogeneous mass of food thrust upon them, and they will have to do so through the long night watches.

Note the habits of the woman of superb health and beauty. She rises early and devotes twenty minutes to physical exercises. Then follows a cold or tepid bath. An hour before breakfast she drinks a pint of distilled cold water. Breakfast consists of plenty of stewed or fresh fruit, pure wholemeal bread, butter, perhaps an egg; the entire meal being thoroughly masticated. After breakfast outdoor exercise; but the time is usefully employed, often to the benefit of others.

### DO THEY DESERVE IT!

An hour before her second meal (dinner) she drinks another pint of distilled water. (No liquid at meals.) Five or six hours intervene between the two meals, hence her appetite is keen, and th simplest fare tastes delicious.

At five o'clock another pint of distilled water. At seven o'clock a simple meal of fresh or stewed fruit only.

The day is over. The stomach and the other organs of the body have done their fair share of work and no more! The pure food has made pure blood. Pure blood spells health. Health spells beauty. If most women "are plain"—they deserve to be!—G. H.

## Lady Recruiting Officer.

### HOW SHE GETS HER MEN AND TRAINS THEM.

In view of the recent announcement in the "Daily Mail" that women may act as recruiting officers, the experiences of Mrs. Louis S. Paterson, who has taken up recruiting as a hobby, are interesting. Mrs. Paterson, of "Pixbo," Horley, Sussex, has recruited a number of young men in her district for the Army.

Mrs. Paterson is the wife of Mr. J. G. Paterson, a well-known athlete, who has done some record-breaking in his time, and was for nine years hon. secretary of the London Scottish Football Club.

"It is so easy, and such pleasant work," said Mrs. Paterson in her picturesque Sussex home.

"I secure all available young men I can in this district, and am afraid the shopkeepers are cross about my taking so many. A lot of Army literature sent to me by the authorities I distribute on Sunday afternoons in the streets, etc. I got three men into the Somerset Light Infantry, others into the Garrison Artillery, the Army Service Corps, and the Royal Horse Artillery. Colonel Maxse, commanding the Coldstream Guards, has asked me to send him men.

"I take men to the central recruiting office in Trafalgar-square. Boys don't like going to the local office. If one is rejected we try to remedy the defect, if possible, and thus get him through. We have four here now.

"Colonel Walsh, the head of the recruiting department, at St. George's Barracks, Trafalgar-square, writes: 'I have sent you the posters and the recruiting regulations. I do wish I knew a few more ladies like you. We have so many places untouched by us. Really, if it were not for you we should never get many men at all. I always say we must have a gentleman for recruiting; in future I shall say, a gentleman—or a lady.'

"The authorities have sent me a recruiting sergeant's cockade," said Mrs. Paterson in conclusion. "I am very proud of it. I don't know whether I may wear it, but perhaps one day I may get something I can wear."

## Stage Brides.

### ALDWYCH THEATRE AS A MARRIAGE AGENCY.

Miss Barbara Dene, the charming young singer and actress who has been appearing as one of the principals in "The Gay Gordons" since it was first produced at the Aldwych Theatre, has just married Mr. Basil Loder, of the Coldstream Guards, and said good-bye to the stage for ever.

Since she made her debut in "The Cherry Girl," over four years ago, Miss Barbara Dene had always continued to appear with Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss, who were her great friends, and with whom she lived.

Miss Madge Hodgkinson, who plays the part of one of the guests in "The Gay Gordons," was married a few days previously to Mr. Paul Grisewood, who took her to America for a honeymoon trip; and Miss Jennie Bateman, a very pretty young lady in the same play, married Mr. Mervyn Dene, who plays the part of the Marquis of Dalesbury, also at the Aldwych Theatre.

Asked for an explanation as to the demand for brides from the Aldwych Theatre, Mr. Seymour Hicks said he could "think of no excuse to offer; the young ladies came there to get husbands or to learn how to act, and practically they took their choice."

One young lady, who has not yet made up her mind whether she will marry or learn more about acting, said that all mothers who want their eligible sons settled for life have now a delightful and safe agency at the Aldwych; and Mr. Hicks, to prove his public spirit, is willing to fall in with a scheme which shall have for its object the granting of two scholarships for the Harpenden branch of the Social Circle for promoting matrimony—the winners to be entitled to a six months' course of study at the Aldwych Theatre.