

THE HOLIDAY GUIDE

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and sorrowfully compelled to resign your services. I couldn't possibly accept such excellent services and dole out for them such a miserable pittance as you name."

MISS Webb's cheeks were brightly flushed. "I can't argue the point as you do," she said, "I only wish I could. If—" then she stopped suddenly. "Very well. I'll agree, but I shall feel terribly overpaid, you know. Fancy a pound a day for just enjoying myself!"

"You deserve every stiver of it," said Tom heartily, "and I only wish you'd take more."

The afternoons that followed were sources of the greatest enjoyment to Tom and his guide, and, in that never-to-be-forgotten round of sight-seeing, the former grew to know that his bright, pretty companion had become something more precious to him than anything had ever been before in his three-and-thirty years of straightforward life.

It not being his habit to beat about the bush concerning matters of any sort, the avowal of his feelings came out with a blunt directness that startled his guide, while they were sitting down in a quiet corner of the Tate Gallery. Save for a straggler or two passing through, the room was empty.

"I wonder," said Tom, "if you feel as I do. Could you do it? You know what I mean, don't you? Would you—could you trust your tender life to a rough fellow like me? Could you marry me and return with me to Australia when I go?"

The girl, shrinking away from his eager, honest gaze, with wide blue eyes, of a sudden tear-filled and frightened, put up her hands as though to ward off his words. "Oh, don't! Please don't!" she exclaimed breathlessly, fearfully. "I—I hoped you wouldn't speak about it."

"Then if you had hoped that," said Tom, fiercely seizing her hands, and holding them in a tight, warm clasp, "you knew, you guessed, I was growing to care for you—and"—he moved nearer, searching the fathomless depths of the distressed blue eyes—"if you knew that, you—"

She wrenched her hands free and covered her face with them—a merciful shield from the eyes of the man who seemed to be able to read the very secrets of her heart.

"If you only knew," she said, her breath catching sobbingly on the words, "you would not ask. You you have been so honest with me over everything—and when you know how you have been deceived, you will never forgive me."

She sat up suddenly, wiped her eyes, and bravely met his glance of puzzled intensity.

"I—I am not the girl you think I am!" she said with quivering lips, "and I can't tell you about it until I am released from a promise I made."

"A promise? To whom?" asked Tom sternly. "And who else do you think I'm going to believe you are," his stern manner giving way to one of tenderness, as he regained possession of her hands, "but just the dearest little girl in all the world? I think I must have loved you from the first moment I saw you."

But she shook her head distressfully. "Oh, no, you couldn't," she said, "and, please, don't say any more about it until I can explain. And—then—if you still feel you can care for me after—you know everything. I—the colour rushed into her cheeks—"I will listen to you." This was in a whisper.

Tom bent his lips to the little black-gloved hands he held. "That is a promise," he said solemnly.

THE same evening he was not much astonished to receive a message via the landlady herself.

"Miss Webb has asked for the loan

of my sitting-room for a little while. Would you mind going in there?" She will be down in a minute or so."

TOM went promptly, and whiled away a few seconds with looking at the photos of Corton House boarders, past and present.

He turned as the door opened, and then stood aghast, as not one but two girls entered.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Tom, with a little whistle of dismay, and for a brief moment stood staring—staring. The two girls, now standing side by side, were so alike in features, hair, height, figure and dress that no one, surely, could ever tell them apart.

And yet—Tom took a step forward eagerly, decidedly—there was a difference; one that no casual observer would have noticed, but an infallible one to Tom. The shy diffidence in the droop of the head of the one twin was lacking in that of her sister. It was unmistakable to Tom. He put out his hands joyously.

"Is this the deception?" he cried. "Well, it's a real pretty one, then—but I couldn't mistake you, if I tried!"

The other twin laughed softly, and went out, closing the door behind her.

With Tom's arms round her, and Tom's shoulder to rest her cheek against, his guide, in little sobbing catches of the breath, made a few disjointed statements.

"I was out of work—and Marion wasn't—when you asked her about the guide business. Marion told me, and asked me to stay on at Corton House while she was away for a few days with a lady to whom she is amanuensis. Marion said she was sure you were a good fellow. Marion is engaged to a good fellow, and she said she was sure you were worth falling in love with." The frankness of the latter statement delighted Tom.

He hugged his guide rapturously. "Then God bless Marion," he replied.

THE GIRLS' REALM GUILD

THE Girls' Realm Guild is well known in Auckland for the good work, and for the help it gave in all branches of patriotic work during the war, and especially in the Allied Nations Fête held in the Town Hall in 1916, when nearly £1000 was made and expended on comforts for New Zealand soldiers. This year the Guild has been reorganised, and is again working in real earnest under its very capable president, Miss Veronica Walsh. Thirteen years ago Auckland formed a branch of the British Girls' Realm Guild, founded by the Bishop of London, with the object of showing girls in how many ways they could help others, especially girls who, through stress of circumstances, had to support themselves. The Auckland branch endeavours each year to help two or more girls, who could not otherwise afford it, to finish their education or train in some way that will enable them to earn a living. Also the Guild endeavours to relieve suffering and privation, and to supply means of restoring health to the sick.

The Guild is unsectarian, and has a motto to live up to: "What is worth having is worth sharing." This year the Guild has kept a girl at school and supplied her with a complete school outfit. Another is being helped to regain her health. The children of two families have been completely outfitted with clothes and several cases of distress relieved somewhat by gifts of large hampers of groceries.

Unfortunately this year's activities have been restricted, owing to shortness of funds, but the committee hope to remedy this by holding a large open air fête in the near future.

SOLIDARITY of WOMEN

(Continued from page 5).

MRS. Sewall had a vision of a permanent I.C.W. She wished to organise National Councils of Women. She wanted a movement of permanence, but a growing one also. To her came the idea of crystallising the results of that grand gathering into permanent organisations on the broadest possible basis for the uplifting of humanity. But to do so took time, and an infinite amount of labour to arrange, as well as imagination.

Elected first president of the National Council of Women of the United States of America, Mrs. Sewall took upon herself the task of making her dream a reality. During the five years which followed, she was in Europe, holding meetings, lecturing and organising, and by her vigorous and outstanding personality persuading women from many countries to attend the Chicago Congress in 1893.

It had been very difficult to break down the forts of conservatism and prejudice, but here at last began the real existence of the I.C.W. What had preceded was merely preparatory and educative.

With the election of the Marchioness of Aberdeen as president of the Chicago meeting the I.C.W. entered upon a new era. Her breadth of view, her large sympathy and splendid practical womanliness have for nearly thirty years directed the proceedings of the International Council, and have made it the great Mother of all the National Councils. The I.C.W. has now thirty countries closely connected with it, and these represent some thirty millions of women.

Has the International Council a Mission?

IT has a mission—a great and worthy one. In her presidential address at the Quinquennial Congress held two years ago in Christiania, Lady Aberdeen briefly outlined its aims and ideals.

Taking the Golden Rule as its motto, it desires to see it applied to Society, Custom, and Law. Service to humanity is its watchword. Throughout the world, by means of its National Councils, it upholds the principles of peace and arbitration between nations, and by meeting together and discussing matters of common vital interest, it aims at breaking down distrust and misunderstanding between nation and nation. In this it long ago foreshadowed the League of Nations, and by its dissemination of right principles and high ideals it made the League of Nations possible to-day.

No one can read the text of that memorable speech without a thrill. "The hour is come," she said, "when to us is committed the future of the world's history. Let us make no mistake. Are we to allow tradition and custom, and the old octopus of private greed and selfish nationalism to enchain us with their manacles under the specious arguments that human nature is human nature, that in the end after all might does prevail, that in all phases of our commercial, industrial, and national life the fittest must survive, and that it is only by the ordeal of struggle and war that the fittest are discovered and become triumphant for the ultimate good of all? If so, our opportunity will be gone."

Lady Aberdeen sees in the present day turmoil and unrest, in the striving and searching and craving after a better world, the call of the peoples to be "mothered" afresh. In this hour of its greatest need, the organised women of the world have a great mission—to guide and soothe and mother the sick nations, and to restore their lost faith.

THERE are now thirty countries representing some thirty millions of women united in the International

Council through their National Councils. Each National Council consists of branches within the country, and to each branch again are affiliated women's societies of various kinds. These societies have a perfectly free hand, they are subjected to no propaganda. All they receive from the Council is sympathy and suggestion. It simply unites all organised societies of women for mutual counsel and co-operation, and for the attainment of justice and freedom for women, and for all that makes for the good of humanity.

Here is an example of women's co-operation. When America entered the war in 1917-18 many large women's organisations offered their services to the Government. For a time it was puzzled how to utilise this wonderful new force in the best way. They finally appointed a Woman's War Board to consider and operate the women's defence work of the nation. And the work was well and thoroughly done.

Another example is to be found in the work of the Red Cross League at the close of the war. The International Council directed that instead of disbanding, it should retain its organised form and concentrate in fighting the typhus epidemic raging in Eastern Europe. This was done—quietly and unostentatiously—but with signal success.

And it was the International Council of Women, led by Lady Aberdeen, that organised the delegation of women to the League of Nations Commission, and secured the inclusion of the article in the Covenant providing that all positions under or in connection with the League of Nations, including the Secretariat, should be open to men and women equally.

The National Council of Women of New Zealand

AMONG ourselves we can watch the quiet work that is being done in our own National Council, which has now six branches, those of Auckland, Gisborne, Hamilton, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin. Affiliated to these are some seventy women's organisations in all parts of the Dominion.

At the Annual Conference held a few weeks ago in Christchurch, Miss Melville, in her able presidential address, impressed upon her hearers her Council's belief that the only ideal form of government consists of co-operation between men and women.

She pointed out that women are to-day taking their part in the making of laws in thirteen countries, and in none of these countries was there any sign that their help was not required. They had made good every time.

The chief business before the Council was concerned with Social Hygiene and the Children's Charter. This last, comprising every aspect of the education and instruction of young people has been sent to all National Councils for consideration and discussion. Then when each Council has adapted it to the needs of its own country, it is to be sent back to the I.C.W. for endorsement in its final form. It will then be transmitted to the League of Nations.

Although in the Dominion we are but a little group of women, we are keeping step with the women of older countries, and are in constant and close communication with the International Council of Women, of which Lady Aberdeen still remains the president. And it certainly was greatly to our satisfaction to discover on going through the Children's Charter that nearly every one of its clauses has already been adopted and carried out in our far way little New Zealand.

But much remains to be done. Prominent on the programme of the International Council are such matters as The Promotion of Peace and Universal Support of the League of Nations, Public Health and Hygiene, and the Children's Charter.