

The Women's League of Nations

The International Council of Women Has Acted as Such for Thirty Years—Can It Continue?—The Outlook for the Future

By The MARCHIONESS OF

See Also—"Shall We Affiliate Ourselves Again With German Women?" on next page.

ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR

IN these days, when on every platform and in every newspaper discussion is being carried on as to how to form an effective League of Nations to watch over the welfare of the world, and to protect future generations from the danger of being again overwhelmed by a cataclysm such as that through which our times have been wrecked, it is well to remember that a Women's League of Nations has existed for thirty years. True, its international work is of necessity suspended during the war, but in a large number of countries the National Councils of Women, which are the units of which the International Council of Women is composed, are proving that their organization in times of peace, for the purpose of promoting unity and mutual understanding between all associations of women working for the common welfare of the community, has enabled them to become centres through which both associations, and individual women desiring to do patriotic work have found guidance and help which has enabled them to discover their truest and most effective vocation and to carry it out in concert with others.

One of the greatest stumbling blocks in the path of older women workers was a tendency to individualism in their work, and a shrinking from associating themselves fully and frankly with other workers. The ideal in old days was to carry out works of charity and philanthropy so unobtrusively that no one would ever hear of them, and hence there was a natural suspicion of committees and all kinds of organized effort. And when these prejudices were overcome, and church and missionary societies proved the value of combination, the next difficulty was to persuade the adherents of one church or section to associate themselves with those of another, even for a national cause. It was in this direction that National Councils of Women were so efficacious in bringing together women of all classes and creeds, not only in their individual, but in their collective capacity. The very basis of their constitution recognized that there were vast differences of opinion and belief amongst the societies they invited to federate, and many various methods of work, and yet they did not seek to interfere with any of them, but rather endeavoured to make use of the diversity of ideal and operation in building up a nation-wide organization, strong in a common faith and love to work for the best welfare of each country.

I remember very well the President of the United States National Council of Women, Dr. Kate Waller



Lady Aberdeen
Lady Aberdeen as Canadians knew her during her residence in Canada

Barrett, telling us at the meeting of the International Council of Women in Canada in 1909 how she had grown up in a Southern State and had carried on various activities in her southern home as the wife of a clergyman, and with an intense love for Dixieland, and yet always felt a craving for some wider life which would bring her into touch with other parts of the country north of the Mississippi and in the great West, and how the National Council of Women came to realise her wishes and enabled her to find sisters in workers for great common causes, which brought together these who had thought themselves separated by crucial differences. The differences were still there, but a great inspiration proved a bond sufficient to weld them together in the national crusades against vice, intemperance and all enemies of the health and happiness of their homes and children.

And then she told how through this realization of national life which came to her through the National Council of the United States, she came to understand the international movement underlying the International Council of Women, and how in her different visits to Europe she learnt to realize the strength of these forces which could unite women of many various races and of widely different upbringing and surroundings, in a compact to work together for the welfare, not only of their individual countries, but of the world.

Last Meeting of 1914

THOSE who were present at the last meeting of the International Council of Women at Rome in May, 1914, when the leading representatives of twenty national councils of women met in conference knew how strong the tie between the workers of different countries had become.

These International Council delegates did not merely represent their countries, but various phases of social work, educational reform, political emancipation, public health work, industrial development, etc., and each of these movements had their followers in each country.

These workers for common causes, had corresponded and had visited each other and they had gathered knowledge and experience and a deep regard for one another, and also an understanding of how movements may vary in different countries and how unsuspected difficulties may lie in the way of workers who may have been unjustly deemed apathetic, but who in reality need special consideration and help. This international understanding was not

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It is no uncommon thing for a girl to wield her powder-puff at a restaurant table and touch up her complexion under the very nose of her escort.

(Confidentially) Do You Approve Of The Powder-Puff?

THERE are folks these days who are staunch defenders of the powder-puff. Still others regard it and its adjuncts as a menace to public morals, and imply that camouflage and chastity cannot go hand in hand. The following sprightly article discusses the question of make-up in all its bearings, and, while urging moderation, makes out a very good case for the defence.

—THE EDITORS.

Tears of anguish rolled down Amarilla's cheeks as she sobbed forth the news to Esmeralda, her dearest friend. For when in the full bloom of health Amarilla boasted a complexion which Reggie was wont to compare with strawberries and cream and other unobtainable things. This was the cause of her grief.

"He's such a dear, and I s-simply can't face him looking like this!" she wailed. "He'll probably h-hate me!"

And, regarding the "yellow-with-a-tendency-to-green" complexion before her, Esmeralda thought it extremely likely, for man is a heartless brute. "Never mind, darling!" she crooned. "I'll help you!"

Esmeralda was as good as her word, and when Reggie arrived, it was a somewhat pensive-eyed but adorably pink-cheeked Amarilla who awaited him beside the teapot and war-buns. Reggie put the pensiveness down to months of anxiety on his account, and "Darling" he babbled, "how perfectly topping you're looking!"

And Amarilla—in audibly—sniggered. "I can never thank you enough for helping me out," she murmured to Esmeralda at a later date. "And he never guessed my lovely colour came out of a box!"

USED in strict moderation, the opinion of the day is that "make-up" is permissible. But there should be moderation in all things, and it is as well to remember that the hues of a Turner sunset do not improve the human countenance. Neither is there anything to be said in favour of the application of make-up in public. Nowadays it is no uncommon thing for a girl to produce not only her powder-puff, but other intricacies of the toilet while seated at a restaurant table, and wield these articles with an airy unconcern that would have made

our grandmothers swoon away.

It seems incredible that those blessed with a pretty, natural complexion should make misguided attempts to improve on nature by a heavy-handed application of rouge and powder, yet, curiously enough, these fortunate people are frequently the most addicted to the make-up habit. Every day we meet dozens of silly girls who, not content with its natural beauty, must needs paint the lily—and more often than not spoil it in the painting.

The greatest drawback to the use of make-up is that having once commenced the practice, it must be continued with unfailing regularity, otherwise the sharp eyes of friends and relatives will observe the fluctuating complexion, and will not refrain from commenting on the phenomenon. Even worse, erratic use of the transforming element may give rise to severe disillusionment, as was the case with the luckless Caroline.

Caroline was undeniably homely, and this being so, it is not surprising that on being invited to a tea-fight at which Captain Trench-Boote, the local hero, was to be present, she called to her aid several mysterious boxes. After delving deeply within them, she emerged from her room looking, with the further assistance of a becoming hat, quite attractive. By a little skilful "wangling," Caroline

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It was a pensive-eyed but adorably pink-cheeked Amarilla who awaited him beside the teapot.

CAMOUFLAGE has undoubtedly caught on. Introduced to the public by His Majesty's Forces, it has not by any means remained their proud prerogative, for the camouflaged complexion is now the order of the day.

It must be acknowledged that in many cases the judicious use of a little make-up will transform a merely passable-looking girl into a pretty one. And in these days the temptation to effect that transformation must indeed be great, for with the gold braid of the Navy and the glittering trappings of the Army still dazzling our vision on either hand, the girl who is not moved by a desire to appear decorative is more than human.

In the case of Amarilla, it was simply the desire to look her best in most inauspicious circumstances that accounted for her lapse in the direction of camouflage. Though otherwise a charming girl, Amarilla was addicted to bilious attacks of the most virulent order. This may sound a feat impossible of achievement in these days of plain fare, but Amarilla achieved the impossible with deadly ease. It was while deep in the throes of one of these unfortunate episodes that she received a wire from Reggie (sub-lot. R.N.), and the only boy in the world at the moment) announcing that leave was his, and to-morrow would see them together, and much more of a like nature—ninepences are as nothing to those who love.