

So little has been expected of women by a past generation that the shortcomings of the usual stage heroine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were hardly noticed; feminine caddishness and inane sentimentality being the outstanding qualities of those of the popular Sheridan comedies.

Bernard Shaw has told us how a critic of the standing of George Gissing was required to point out the glaring fact that of the Dickens' studies of nineteenth century women, the most convincingly real ones were either "vilely unamiable, or comically contemptible."

Today, however, after the women of the modern dramatist have been presented for study, no longer may we be labelled and docted as of this type or that, as altogether bad or angelically good; as hopelessly foolish or inhumanly clever. Marah has lost its bitterness; we are understood.

Not only toleration for the imperfect is advocated, but love for the bitter as well as the sweet heart; the bitter one usually being in the stage of trying to make friends of its infelicities—of trying to say "If I do not learn my lesson out of the trial I encounter this year, why, I must encounter it again." After all, there is much to be said for failures that lead to a general renovation.

To many women fainting by the way, even a superficial study of modern drama would be as a strong tonic, a "revelation of ourselves to our own conscience." Full of wise encouragement, gentle warning, loving toleration, and best of all, a whole hearted admiration.

We are taught that no one is free until Sorrow has found its expression: that from any fruition of success shall come forth a something to make a greater struggle necessary. To sit down with folded hands and dull inactive minds, is not a token of willingness to submit to higher power.

We must learn well that he or she who lacks all confidence in others has no fidelity in them; to refine our inner vision to recognise and hold on to sincerity with every fibre of our being. Generosity and tenderness, we are quick to know by the stirrings of the spirit within us.

Let us not, then, because of our womanhood, maintain an attitude of dyspeptic hostility to great and free literature and fresh thought, which is like loathing the real life out of which living art must continually grow.

THINGS CURRENT

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around on the prairie. They were Ontario men with good common school education and a great fund of perseverance and energy. These were their only possessions. They had no friends in high places. But they pooled their resources, went together and made their way steadily from poverty to a position that touched world markets. Personally they were

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both honest men who made good use of thier wealth. Our point, however, is not that the business under our present system was necessarily the best possible for all concerned, but that these men proved that Canada does not impose a handicap to prevent the rise of any man who has energy, persistence and reasonable intelligence. The man who talks most about a ruling class here is simply using an expression that he has imported from some old-world conditions, and the sooner he drops it and gets to work the better it will be for himself and everyone else.

A LIBERTY-LEAGUER'S OPINION

Recently in Toronto, where a Liberty League is loose with a belted knight at the head of it, a member of said League expressed great dissatisfaction because in the person of Mr. Drury: "A Sunday-school superintendent had become Premier of Ontario." Well, we are afraid that this horrified Liberty Leaguer will have to make the best of it, as the vast majority of that great Province are backing the "Sunday-school superintendent," one of the sturdy farmers who has had time in the country for plain living and high thinking. The Liberty Leaguer would prefer a brewer or some whiskey-soaked individual who would bring back the liquor traffic and continue the making of drunkards as a legalized industry, but somehow the people of Ontario held the contrary view so strongly that, despite the belted knight, they buried the Liberty league under such an avalanche of ballots that it will never get up again. Nor will it fare better in other Provinces. People have grown tired of men who thrive on the weaknesses of others, who debauch the rising generation, and destroy countless homes for gain; and Liberty Leaguers who ridicule the church and pour contempt on the Sunday school have had their day. A few of these Leaguers survive from the habits of earlier years, but they are rapidly becoming extinct. And the people who think are helping to extinguish them with a heartiness that is unmitigable.

ROOSEVELT LITERATURE

Books in large numbers relating to the life and work of that great American, Theodore Roosevelt, are being issued in the country he loved so well and to which he gave such whole-souled and energetic service. But perhaps there is nothing finer amongst them than Roosevelt's own "Letters to His Children." No literature reveals us so truly and intimately as our personal letters. Roosevelt was essentially a lover of his children. He shared all their play and all their fun as well as all their serious work. During his regime the White House lost some of its stiffness and doubtless some of its varnish, because the Roosevelt boys romped and played and smashed into each other with all the glad energy of stirring boyhood. Their father encouraged every good quality, and when the Great War broke over the world the sons of the fighting and playing Roosevelt, who himself chafing at his country's slowness, offered to go across the seas, went abroad amongst the first of the Americans. One returned sore wounded and another lies in Flanders Fields, where his father and mother were content that he should rest in the land consecrated by sacrifice and valor. Much new light is thrown on the life of Roosevelt by his great letters to his children. He had profound moral convictions and an inflexible courage, but to those who knew him he was very tender and very human.