The Albertan

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BUSINESSLIKE POLICY

The mayor has delivered an ultimatum that street railway lines will be built only where the tariff will bear it. They will not be extended where there is no opportunity of getting adequate returns. That is a businesslike policy and it is a wise policy. It should rule all the time and should be the standard of action by the city.

The street railway is not run for money making, but it is not run as a philanthropic institution. If it once begins to run here and there all over the city and outside of the city, just because an argument can be put up in favor of the same, we might as well then hand over the whole affair to the receiver.

At that the city will have the advantage over a private institution. The city can proceed as soon as it sees a route which will pay expenses and fixed charges. The private institution can proceed only when in addition to these it sees the dividends.

The Calgary street railway at the present time is managed in a very businesslike manner and probably better than any other street railway in a city of this size on the continent. The superintendent is a man of ability and is practical as well. The city will do well to give him a pretty free hand. He is running the system on strictly business principles. There should be no departure from that.

INSURGENTS AND THE COMMISSION

The newspapers in Manitoba are praising the legislators of Alberta for the independence shown by the members in insisting upon a Royal commission of investigation, and are contrasting the course adopted here with the action of the legislature of Manitoba under like circumstances. The two cases are hardly parallel, but the suspicion of wrong doing by the Manitoba government was very much stronger than the suspicion of wrong doing in Alberta. Yet not a supporter of the government in the eastern province moved from his allegiance, but announced as publicly as could be that politics in the province are very much superior to the interests of the province.

One of the Manitoba newspapers praises Premier Rutherford for insisting upon a royal commission. But no praise is coming to the premier. The insurgent members braved the insults and taunts, misrepresentations and other more material losses to insist upon clearing up this matter. It was an insurgent member who first demanded a commission. It was not until the premier saw that he would be defeated in the house if he refused, that he consented to the appointment of a commission.

And even after a commission was decided upon, the government attempted to limit its jurisdiction. It will be remembered that the premier would not agree to throw it wide open until one of his own supporters in a speech insisted upon it. Then it became a real commission.

The action of the insurgents is a worthy example to Liberals in all parts of Canada. They have shown that dearly as they love their party, they are convinced that the greatest devotion to Liberalism is to discountenance everything or anything that is not for the welfare of the country.

CITY WITH A CINCH

Vancouver, a city of some promise, situated about 600 miles too far west, becoming ambitious, decided upon a slogan for its people to use when they bubbled over with enthusiasm and wished to say something short but strong. The slogan habit seems to be the habit on the coast, fitting in well with the salt sea wave and life on the ocean deep, and such things. Spokane has a slogan and so has Tacoma and Victoria will have some such when some person wakes up and starts in to cut loose.

So the good people of Vancouver began an active canvass of the English language for becoming words to describe its greatness, its wonderful past and golden future. The entire population, both white and yellow were put loose upon the task and after long and prayerful endeavor they have come to a decision.

"Vancouver, the City with a Cinch."

The Albertan has searched the English dictionary for the meaning of the last named word, but so far has been unable to get any mention of it. Doubtless it is either a Chinese, Japanese or Hindoo word, but it is understood that the meaning is clear.

With many, many thousands of English words from which to choose, one would have imagined that some person could have discovered some appropriate word without having to wander into Oriental tongues. We do not propose to draw the color line in slogans, but why doesn't the Vancouver man spell it with the hyroglyphical characters?

It may be very appropriate. We can all imagine the Vancouver business man slipping down to Calgary, Winnipeg, Montreal, Toronto and other large Canadian cities, with "the cinch" pinned across his breast. The Vancouver minister rising up at general conference might invite that assembly for months to go to Vancouver for the next session, and invite in vain, but if he rose in his place and merely said, Brethern, let us assemble ourselves together at the city of the cinch" there would be nothing to it but the cinch at the next attempt. It is a winner everywhere.

But it is surprising that this name should be selected, with so many others which might be used. "Vancouver, the city with the Bulge," has its advantages. "Vancouver, the City with the Skinch," is a bit like the one selected, but somewhat more modern. Or why not give it the full slogan and have it "Vancouver with the lead pipe cinch?" There are others which might be chosen. For our own part, though, of course, quite uninterested, we would suggest this "There's nutin to it, kid, but Vancouver."

NOT A REAL ESTATE VENTURE

An anonymous correspondent in a Calgary newspaper deals very unfairly with the Calgary university, and is quite incorrect when he intimates that it is a real estate scheme. To show that he is absolutely wrong, it is only necessary to point out that no site has been selected for such an institution. If any group of land holders in any other part of the city will offer the same inducements in the way of land, as the owners in the west there is no reason why the university should not be located in another quarter. It is a straight business proposition.

But without donations the Calgary university cannot be created, and there is no donation which can be secured so easily at present as that of land, and no donation which increases so rapidly in value as land. The idea of Dr. Blow, who first suggested the organization of a university, was to secure as large donations of land as possible, which would go far towards an endowment. He placed the question before Mr. Tregillus who very kindly offered to give any one of the several quarter sections of land which he owned. Mr. Tregillus is not foisting this upon any person, but he is making this gift outright, and it is worth about $100,000. It is hardly fair to censure a man who is as generous as that.

The writer suggests locating the proposed university in one of the Calgary parks, because then, and not till then, can it be of any advantage to the city. But Mewata park or Riley park, which he names, are much too small, and where is the endowment to come from to keep the institution running?

Dr. Blow has received signatures of something in the neighbrohood of 500 acres of land in one district, which is worth more than a quarter of a million dollars. It is through the sale of such land that the university will be maintained to a large extent.

This is not a real estate venture, in any sense of the word. Calgary will profit quite as much with the university a short distance from the center of the city, as though it was on the city hall square. It will be very much better for the university if it is placed outside of the center of the city.

When the present site of Western Canada college was selected the objection was that it was so far outside of the city. That was six years ago, and now we find Western Canada college preparing to move further out still. It will not be very many years before we find the city creeping out towards the university wherever it may be placed.

Calgary has an opportunity of getting a university. All of Calgary, in fact all of Alberta, will be greatly benefited in every way by such an institution. It doesn't need 2,000,000 people to support a university. Ontario has a population of little more than half of that and supports five universities, and is the backbone of McGill, which is situated right across the provincial boundary at Montreal.

It is to be regretted that any person is to be found who opposes the establishment of a university in this city. If we work together our success is certain. But with any opposition, the future is very doubtful.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The electric light extension bylaw is one which no ratepayer with any interest in the city can reasonably oppose. Vote for the bylaw.

The people who think that the C. N. R. is not coming to Calgary this year do not know how fast a railway can come when it once get going.

It has been suggested that the Calgary people who do not own automobiles might organize an automobileless club. There are a few of us left.

From week to week Calgary usually leads in all the records which show prosperity. Bank clearings, building permits, customs returns and all the rest.

Every persons with the welfare of Calgary at heart hopes that the labor cloud which is as large as a painter's inactive brush, will not be in the Calgary sky for very long.

A good days work would be to rise early and vote for the two money bylaws and then go forth and get two friends to do the same before luncheon and then two more before the polls close.

These are the days when a large portion of the fan population might get out slate and pencil and figure out that if Medicine Hat beats Edmonton by a score of 5 to 0 and Calgary beats Medicine Hat by 3 to 0, what should be the score in the opening game between Edmonton and Calgary.

Calgary can have a university and one which will be a credit to itself and the province, if the people of Calgary unite and work together. But it cannot be secured by any division or that sort of thing.

If we are to have a city beautiful we must pay something for it. That is what the parks bylaw, which is submitted today is really for. Let us vote the money for the parks and the gardens. It is worth while. Vote early and then get your friend to vote also.

And now that the world is veering round to the opinion that our own Captain Bernier has them all beaten in polar expeditions, it will not be so very long before we nd the same intrepid person coming back carrying the only true north pole on his shoulder.

WOMAN AS A FACTOR FOR GOOD

"Men Are Disposed to be What Women They Love Admire in Them," Says Pastor

With the increasing prominence of the cause of women suffrage, the question of woman's work and woman's influence is being much discussed. It is argued by the advocates of equal rights that suffrage would "broaden women's sphere" and "make her a fitter companion of man," and it is contended with equal positiveness by the opponents of suffrage that it would make her less inclined to attend strictly to womanly duties.

Of the many interesting sermons preached from Philadelphia pulpits the other day, one by the Rev. Clinton B. Adams, Congregationalist, deserves more than passing attention. His theme was "A Young Woman's Religion," and among other things he described women as the angels of earth, the inspiration of men in whatever they undertake and responsible for whatever they achieve.

Men have accomplished great things without help from or thought of women. Other men have failed through their very devotion to or their control by inferior women. Those, however, are the exceptional cases. Generally, woman is the inspiration, the cause. And she is a tremendous individual factor for good—for all that is good and beautiful.

In one sentence the clergyman has spoken a great truth. He declares that "men are disposed to be what women they love admire in them." This is profoundly true and in her wondrous, indescribable influence over man, she becomes a powerful agent for good or evil.

THROUGH THE COMET'S TAIL.

Astronomers Fear They May Not Be Ready for the Big Show When It Opens

As the time arrives for that passage of Halley's comet between the earth and the sun for which the astrophysicists and the astronomers of this globe have made such costly preparations, a well-defined fear with reference to the phenomenon asserts itself in the scientific mind. It is no such fear as made this comet a portent to the Middle Ages. It takes the form of uneasiness as to whether astronomers, to quote the Paris Cosmos, will not find themselves in the position of a municipality which having assembled its town council and its brass band to welcome a distinguished politician at the railway station, learns that he has proceeded to his destination in an automobile. Most elaborate preparations have been effected to keep Halley's comet under instrumental observation during the whole period of this year that it remains within sight of an observatory in either hemisphere.

It is not until the eighteenth of this month that the comet crosses the face of the sun when the earth will be enveloped in the tail for a period calculated in the astronomical bulletin of the Greenwich observatory as over three hours. It is not yet absolutely established by mathematical calculation, according to Prof. T. J. J. See of the Naval Observatory in California, that Halley's comet will pass over the sun's disk on May 18, but it is a reasonably certain event. "If a transit is going to occur, the news will be telegraphed to the four corners of the earth, so that everybody may be on the lookout for so extraordinary a phenomenon. In any case, the comet will pass quite near the sun and will be very brilliant just before and after it passes the sun's disk."

WHERE MILLIONS ARE LOST

Not in Making Good Roads, But Because of Their Lack

(The Kansas City Star.)

The plea that good roads are "too costly" belongs only to the cheap statesman, the mossback, and such old-fashioned publications as the Joyville Clarion. It has no place in the consideration of the problem of modern road building.

The primary purpose in securing good roads is to eliminate the enormous and everlasting cost of bad roads. Modern country roads bear the same relation to the rural districts as paved streets bear to the cities. Paved streets for municipalities are, first of all, a business proposition. The comfort and convenience afforded by them is a matter of secondary consideration. No city could be built on mud streets. Neither can agricultural communities be developed on mud roads. And any condition that retards the fullest development of country life is an expense that spells ruin and bankruptcy in the end.

The old wooden plow could be purchased for less than the modern implements used to break the soil. But no farmer could maintain his farm with a wooden plow. It would prove too costly an experiment. The ox team could be purchased for less money than the draft horses cost, but the ox team has been abandoned as an expense that no modern farmer could stand.

Mud roads retain the same relation to modern progress as the wooden plow and the ox team. Kansas wastes $1,000,000 every year on mud roads; Iowa wastes $4,000,000 annually in the same way. It is a system of "throwing good money after bad money" in an attempt to "improve" roads that need to be rebuilt, and after millions have been wasted in this manner the same old mud roads exist. Nothing is left to show for all the expense.

The $10,000,000 Kansas has lost in the mud holes of its country roads in the past ten years would have given the State an excellent system of permanent highways. It would have meant an investment that would now be paying big dividends to the farm owners of that State.

CHRONICLES OF THE KHAN

Exploring for Gold Mines

After all the gold mines have been found and exploited, what will we do then? Shall we, like Alexander, sit down and weep because there are no more worlds to conquer? That would be foolish, seeing that there are undiscovered mines filled with wealth far more vast and precious than that of Golconda.

Men will go exploring among men for men, and men are worth more than gold. Why do so many good singers come from Italy? Because there are explorers knocking about that country all the time prospecting for good voices, and when they have found one they make as much hoorah about it as we do when we find a chunk of mineralized rock sticking out of the ground up in New Ontario. There be plenty good voices here in this Province, but who knows of them? There are people singing in little dinky choirs out in the country whose voices, if trained, would make them and their native land famous. It's a wonder that some expert doesn't make a pilgrimage on the quiet through the country on a still hunt. He could visit three churches every Sunday for a year, but long before the year was up he would strike it rich. Some Sunday evening he would drop into the little cross-roads church and take a seat near the door. The minister would give out a hymn, and all at once the old, shabby, half-empty building would be filled by a voice so rare and beautiful, that he would know that his quest was over. Girl or man, it matters not: soprano, alto, tenor, or bass, or any of the varieties of these, there it is, a wonderful and a rare thing, and all it needs is a little touching up to make it stir the nations. The possessors of these voices don't know that they are in possession of a priceless thing. They are like the Boer child who played with diamonds and thought they were merely pretty pebbles.

There are geniuses going to waste in this country. Explorers could find them if they would look for them; but they would rather potter around in the woods looking for a mine of some kind. The day will come when people will consider a bright boy or a clever girl a good investment. They will put money into the venture of developing them.

There are men in the States who make a business of poking about in the bush leagues looking for likely players, and there's where they get them. They are explorers prospecting for baseball artists.

If an explorer went to any little town in Ontario, no matter where, he would strike pay rock some place in it. It is sticking out of the ground in full view, but the folks don't know its potentialities. The trouble is that it is not like mineralized rock, which has been there for ages past and can stay there for ages to come or until some one recognizes what it is. The precious thing in the country village will die one of these days or pull up stakes and go away and be lost. That's the trouble.

It fascinates one to think of the time when all the gold mines will have been discovered and people will turn around and prospect for brains!

* * *

The Power of Money

Lizzie Corcoran was deserted in the shadow of the gallows; not because of her alleged crime, but because she was poor—miserably poor. Had she been worth half a million, or even a few thousands, the best legal talent in the land would have been placed at her disposal and big men would have fallen over each other to go on her bail bond. She would have been togged out in the handsomest outfit that deft hands and clever brains could fashion, and she would have wept into a lace handkerchief that cost as much as a dollar anyhow. She would have ridden to and from the jail in a motor cab, and would have had her meals sent in to her from the swell cafe. Her examinations in court would have been dress matinees, and ladies would have used their bargain-counter scrimmage to obtain seats.

But Lizzie was poor—miserably poor, a friendless, homeless, uncultured working girl, without anything she could call her own, except an Atlantean sorrow and an Alpine shame.

* * *

A good old man died the other day, neglected and alone. The undertaker had to call a man plowing in a nearby field to help lower him into the grave. There was no crowd, no singing, no preaching, no impressive obsequies, as the funeral reporter would say it. Yet he had all the virtues, and no vices that I ever heard of; but he hadn't the talent for making money, which isn't exactly a vice, but is considered a crime in this age and century. The same week an old reprobate on the very same sideline died. He had all the vices you could name, but he had the all-embracing virtue—he was rich. His funeral was the biggest thing that ever happened in the township. They gently bore his old carcass with all the solemn pomp and 'mid rich trapping of woe that would have dignified the burial of some great prelate, and so far as outward show was concerned the old codger was ushered into the Great Stadium on a director's pass with grand-stand privileges. Money talks!

The other day a poor old man was found murdered in one of his fields. We talk about the dark and bloody ground which is supposed to be down Kentucky way; but is not our own ground dark and bloody?

* * *

There has been a fight at some time or other over almost every acre in the country. There is not forty rods of line fence but has been the cause of a law suit, and days, weeks, months, years, lifetimes of worry, anxiety, waste expense, and sorrow. The heirs fight over bits of measly land, forgetting that they are brothers and sisters sons and daughters, forgetting that they are Christians,—yet, forgetting that they are human. They will quarrel about a cow, or a hen, or an old clock, or a teapot, or a set of dishes, or an old album, or the old man's fiddle and his bow. The whole scrap heap wasn't worth one hard word or thought wasn't worth one tear.

There is one virtue in communism; nobody would have anything of his own to fight about. Take our own state of society, eliminate all the murders and other crimes, the sorrows and miseries, the vexations and tears, the heart-breaks and disappointments, due to the private ownership of property alone, and this would be a dull place from the sensation-lover's point of view.

The Khan, in Toronto Star.

No Chance Wasted

Knicker—There is gas in the comet's tail.

Bocker—Then we will probably find it on our bills while we are passing through it.

For Wednesday

A Host of Exceptional Bargains

TODAY we print sundry news notes that you will doubtless find interesting reading, for they ring true the note of economy. And right here we wish to impress upon the readers' mind again our idea of a bargain: "To sell you something that you need just when you need it, and to save you money on the purchase." Again it will be demonstrated how this store manipulates the prices and allows opportunities for generous savings.

A Down-Pour of Splendid Umbrellas Tomorrow

Here's the first and most important sale of umbrellas this season, and it is sure to meet with a generous response, that is if women realize the kind of bargain they represent at a seventy-five cent saving. With the rainy season just around the corner it should not take long to clear out these two hundred on sale tomorrow. We have a little too many umbrellas to our way of thinking, with inventory so close at hand, so have decided to reduce the stock.

$1.25 These are well and strongly made with good quality coverings, with selvage edges, have latest handles in both straight and curved styles. Regular $2.00 each, and splendid value at this price, as we bought them direct from the makers and at a price concession. **On Sale Wednesday, 9 O'Clock.** **$1.25**

Interesting News from the Staple Side

GENEROUS money saving propositions that are the correct interpretation of the word bargain. But remember that these are for Wednesday and Wednesday only. Read:

TOWELS--About 12 dozen only, linen hemstitched huckaback towels, neatly hemstitched and made by the world famed dew bleached process in Belfast, Ireland; size 20 x 37 inches. Regular 70c and 80c pair.
WEDNESDAY ..... **55¢**

About 3 dozen only hemstitched damasked bordered towels to be cleared Wednesday morning at, per pair **$1.25**

TABLE CLOTHS--Eighteen only Irish linen damask table cloths in a variety of handsome patterns and designs. Size 2 1-2 by 2 1-2 yards. Regular $4.50 and $5.50 each.
WEDNESDAY **$3.75**

LINEN CRASH--Six pieces only of the famous linen crash so popular for summer wear. Here in six different shades, pale blue, cadet, blue, natural, hello, pink and straw. 34 inches wide. Regular 35c yard.
WEDNESDAY ..... **25¢**

POPLINDA--A fine mercerized material suitable for ladies' summer suits in pink, grey, hello, blue and natural shades; also white. 28 inches wide. Not a large quantity on sale tomorrow. Regular 35c yard.
WEDNESDAY ..... **22 1-2¢**

Wall Paper Sale Continued

$4.00 Ladies' Gloves $2.50

Another department a little heavily stocked in certain lines that must be made quick clearance of previous to stock-taking. There will be many lines reduced for this same reason.

These gloves on sale tomorrow are the ten button Mousquetaire dogskin gloves and sell regularly at $4.00 pair. .....
WEDNESDAY **$2.50**

A Pair of Dress Goods Bargains

SILK AND WOOL EOLINES

A beautiful silk dress goods, light weight for summer, either for street wear or for evenings. They will not spot or crush.

We have them in cream, black, fawn, mode, chocolate, azure, navy, tan, brown, pink, bronze, peare, taupe. They are 44 in. wide and sell regularly at $1.50. Wednesday only ..... **95¢**

MOIRETTE SKIRTING

For Drop Skirts and linings, etc., a good weight and a good wearing skirting. We have not all colors, but what we have are good shades, such as pearl, grey, pink, cream, electric, blue, sky, old rose, fawn, nile. They are 23 inches and good value at 65c, but for Wednesday ..... **35¢**

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
The Great Traders of the Great West
INCORPORATED A.D. 1670.

REVISED MARRIAGE CEREMONY

Noted Educator Tells Why Judge Botts of Missouri is Right in the Reform

(From the Woman's National Daily, St. Louis)

Mexico, Mo.—That the marriage ceremony of today needs revision and some changes is the opinion of Mrs. J. W. Million and Judge W. W. Botts, both of this city. Mrs. Million is one of the foremost women educators of the West, and Mr. Botts is judge of the Audrain County Police Court, and a man who has married thousands of couples, omitting in each instance the "obey."

Their opinions for the revision of the ceremony in no way coincides. Mrs. Million has it that the present accepted form has several parts that tend to make it a farce, and Judge Botts finds in the "obey" merely an opening for a woman to prevaricate.

"The marriage ceremony is too solemn a thing to speak lightly of" said Mrs. Million, "and for that reason should be prepared with much care and judgment with regard to its literal sense. Woman is more man's equal than many concede, and this is one feature about the ceremony that is unrecognized.

"A man never 'endows' the woman he weds with 'all his worldly goods,' and what share she has in his possessions, in many instances, is so small it goes to prove this phrase belittles one of the most important functions of society. I believe 'endow' should be eliminated from the ceremony and the word 'share' inserted.

"As to the 'obey' in the present form of wedding services, it tends to make this sacred right more farcial than ever. Many women say 'obey' when they are married with no more intention of keeping their oath than if the word was not inserted. Then in some instances I think it would result in far more happiness in some marriages if the man and not the woman promised to 'obey'."

Judge Botts, who was one of the first in Missouri to eliminate "obey" from the ceremony, says he did so because he didn't want a woman to promise anything she would not do. Judge Botts is a lawyer and has seen the divorce mill grind its yearly grist and concluded, early in life, that the "obey" was entirely unnecessary in the service.

Excitement in Paris

(From London Truth)

France is just now racked with important questions. The navy is split into factions over the case of a petty officer who wants to wear a long beard and has not left his ship nor shaved for eight months. His beard is now fourteen inches long. In Paris the ministry of marine is hard at work preparing a decree that all beards in the navy shall not be one fraction over two and one-fifth inches in length. Court-martial and dismissal will probably attend the man growing two inches and a quarter of hair upon his chin. The duty of measuring beards every morning with properly tested rulers will no doubt fall upon commanders.

This is not all. The Socialists have adopted the Latin Quarter cap, and there is consternation among the students. The latter have formed a police corps to meet the crisis, and anyone wearing a cap without the accredited badge of a faculty will be—well, the students have not decided what they will do to him, but the uncertainty surrounding his fate does not necessarily make it less alarming.