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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, August 19.

WASTING WHILE WAIT EXISTS.

All over Ontario this year there has been the old story of fine fruits and vegetables rotting in the fields and orchards because of the lack of help to gather it for market. Down in Essex County tomatoes are spoiling by the thousands of bushels, but consumers in Windsor are paying ten cents a pound in the stores. Probably similar conditions exist in other counties on a smaller scale.

During the war we regarded it as a crime that food should be wasted. Men and women, boys and girls, were recruited in the towns and cities and sent to the districts where help was needed. Now that the war is over the old conditions return and no effort it would appear is made to cope with them. Had there been some organization effected two or three months ago surely an army of pickers could have been recruited and this good food saved in a year when the world needs food as badly as it did during war time. We contribute our cash to save Europe from famine and then we allow good food to rot in our own fields. Could anything be more nonsensical than such procedure.

THE QUEST FOR TRUTH OR THE QUEST FOR GAIN.

At ever-recurring periods with renewed inspiration the insatiable spirit of man seeks to compass the unknown. His adventurous search ranges through gradations of material gain, knowledge and glory, but terminates in the question of the baffled Roman governor: "What is Truth?" His quest embraces a love of achievement that spurs on explorers until Peary reaches the pole or Prof. Bell speaks transmission over wires, and Marconi messages through the air; until Edison perfects electric lighting and the phonograph; a group of mechanicians achieve bird-like flight; Dr. Saunders, the cerealist, evolves an early maturing, or drought-resistant grain, and a Dr. Glover is impelled in pursuit of a serum to deliver the human body from an implacable foe. Taking another step, scientists have sought to penetrate the mystery of life's origin, but like a Goldwin Smith find themselves only making "guesses at the riddle of existence." But still, heart and mind unite in a longing for the truth of things, and for assurance. In a deeper and profounder sense, does this apply to the quest for knowledge of the Divine Being and relationship with Him. Where is He to be found and rest attained? These are the ultimate queries, nor can their answering be evaded.

Men, communities and nations have sought satisfaction in material gain. From the fabled Midas to Ponzi of Boston and his crazed dupes, the lure of gold has diverted man from the quest of Truth; but either as a life standard or a goal, experience traces its epitaph in failure or disaster. Prior to the Great War trade was heralded by doctrinaires as the great amity-maker, but the flag of commerce is not the ensign of the Prince of Peace. Material gain as an underlying purpose and end frustrated the very hope of civilization. Inevitably we are driven back to the Divine axiom, "Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Indeed, unless we misread the records of the Carnegies or Rockefellers, acquisition for the individual himself hardly reaches the dignity of means to an end, except as it may facilitate service to others.

Baffled in his search, man turns to the scriptural philosophy of life. The words of the Divine Teacher seem so unequivocal as to startle: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!" Plainly, He designates a choice between the true riches on one hand and the world and its possessions on the other. Elsewhere these are described as "unrighteous mammon" because of the way they are secured and employed. To mammon one cannot be a slave or in servitude without turning his back upon God. He must hold to one as the commanding purpose and give it right of way. The Christ does not ignore the material basis of life nor divorce soul and body, for the latter is glorified as "the temple of the spirit." A balance is preserved, with the physical senses in subjection. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Bread-winning is recognized, but not as life's chief concern. And that is just where a great deal of modern endeavor breaks down. It is too restricted, and one-sided to finally satisfy. The spiritual nature with which man is endowed becomes dwarfed like an unused arm or perishes for lack of food. Furthermore, to trust in material gain is a real peril explicitly taught in the New Testament. The incident of the widow's mite shows also that even its mere distribution falls short under the Master's measuring-stick.

Man's inner consciousness prompts him toward the Truth. Athenians ignorantly worshipped an "unknown" deity whom by revelation Paul was able to declare. Of a brilliant nature student and author, it is said that he discerns all the beauties of the garden and deives into the mysteries of growth, but the pathos of his career is that "He has missed the source of all, the Gardener!" As research fails, so do the deductions of reason. "The world by wisdom knows not God" who is past "finding out." He comes by a process of disclosure in the revelation of His Word and in the Redeemer whom he attests: "This is my Beloved Son, hear Him." To a distracted humanity standing

at the crossroads of choice He offers in the most stupendous claim that ever fell from lips, an all-sufficient and unchallenged answer: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. Follow me."

GROWTH OF THE MOVIES.

In what seems an amazingly short time for so prodigious a growth, a new industry has sprung into being—the business of making motion pictures. From nothing, it has grown with a swiftness that reminds one of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, to the fifth largest industry on the continent. It is estimated that well over a billion dollars is now invested in the production of films and every year, almost every day, sees the amount increased. No one knows just how many hundreds of millions of dollars are invested in the theatres where the films are shown, nor how many millions of people, old and young, view them each evening.

Edison once said in discussing the future of electricity that he wished he could come back in five hundred years and see the progress that had been made, as he was satisfied that at the present time scientists with all their advances had merely touched the fringe of what was to come. So it is perhaps with the movie business. It has won recognition as a really tremendous power in molding public opinion. It is being recognized as an educational factor. Its potentialities for good or for evil are being realized and efforts made to control and direct a mighty force for the greatest good. One of the problems producers are finding is the lack of good story plots. It would astonish the average individual if he knew how the producers scour the country in search of material that is suitable for screening. A few years ago when motion pictures were a novelty people were easily amused and entertained with hackneyed plots and various themes. Now there is an insistent demand for better pictures and it must be met. The producers turned to the best authors and their works. To their keen disappointment it has been found that only about three per cent of this literature is adaptable to the screen, the principal reason being too much dialogue and not sufficient dramatic action. Action, action and more action is the demand of the movies and next to action the public is demanding realism. Good comedies are even more difficult to obtain than other pieces.

A VAUDEVILLE TEST.

There are many demands in daily life upon the intellect and soul, and many activities for both, but so long as man is bound to earth by earthly ties certain necessities which would not affect an unfettered spirit are his. He has to eat sometimes, he has to sleep sometimes, and he has to be entertained sometimes. The quality of his entertainment will differ with his taste. But there will always be a place in the world for the entertainment which puts no tax on the intellect and serves purely as amusement and recreation. This is very essential for tired people, and is as much of a refreshment as a drink of clear water. The water should be clean, however, and the absence of this quality has caused the criticism with which the vaudeville variety of entertainment has been frequently met. It is to the interests of the management of any theatre to give the public what it wants. An effort is being made this week by the management of Loew's Theatre in the production of "The Mimic World" to see if the public of London wants the better type of vaudeville. It is a test case and the attraction is being tried out for the entire week to give the public every chance to signify its desires. In the better class of vaudeville originality, skill and wit takes the place of innuendo and suggestiveness. Let the entertainment be tuneful and tinkly and with no strain on the intellect. Let it be full of pretty girls in gorgeous costumes. Let it sparkle with frivolity and fun. These things may not be highbrow, but they delight and rest and please. But let the entertainment given us be high-class and clean. The public this week has a chance to signify its preferences.

A SURE SIGN.

[Kingsport Whig.]
Silk shirts don't tell the amount of a man's pile, but they tell you how long it will last.

WEARY OF IT.

[Quebec Telegraph.]
Father and Mother don't buy balloons for the kids now as freely as they used to. Pa and Ma are pretty tired of watching things go up.

NOT SUGGESTING, BUT—

[Buffalo News.]
Without questioning the sincerity of the interests which have obtained a postponement to April, 1921, of the referendum on the liquor question, which was originally set for next October, the Ontario—a referendum designed by those who urged it to make the province bone dry—one may perhaps admit the thought that since the United States went dry many American dollars have gone over the northern border.

The balance of trade has been heavily against Canada for some time. She might make some progress toward adjustment of it as an expert of "honest liquor" to the United States. Of course, this trade does not come within the purview of government statisticians, so we don't know just how much it amounts to. But traffic is lively all along the border, and the value of it must be considerable.

Then the tourist trade is of some account. "Seven hundred miles from Toronto to Chicoutimi, and a bartender busy for every turn of the ship's propeller," observed an American enthusiast. However, we would not suggest that any of these things counted with the authorities that postponed the referendum until next April.

"MADNESS LIES THAT WAY."

[Kingsport Whig.]
Only a step or so separates the jury board from the strait-jacket, according to the view of a medical officer of the State of New Jersey. Considering the number of jury boards that have been sold during the past year, this view would make one cheer. These worthy men would find more cheer in the idea but for their loss of confidence in the all too numerous accounts of increasing madness among the people of today, accounts which have worn out credulity.

Connecting a jury board with lunacy resembles in one respect connecting the egg with the chicken. It occasions disputes as to which comes first. With due respect to genuine spirit manifestations, when and if they are so, one may venture the surmise that some part of the persons who take the spurious imitation too seriously may have been mentally afflicted before they grasped at the erratic plank.

The favorite causes of insanity have varied too greatly of recent years to permit one to believe very deeply in all of them. Some must have been blanks, or the asylums would be doing better than they are. We can recollect, within five years or so, hearing insanity ascribed to spiritualism, the war, the relaxation from the war, the dancing craze, the drug trade; earlier they used to blame the automobile, bridge whist and the modern rush. Rum was blamed for a while, and now prohibition is in danger. Anyone who has reached years of discretion must have been on the verge of madness several different ways successively or at once.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Elphick's Chambers.

Spargo went around again to the Temple that night at 9 o'clock, asking himself over and over again two questions—the first, How much does Elphick know? the second, How much shall I tell him?

The old house in the Temple to which he repaired, and in which many a generation of old fogies had lived since the days of Queen Anne, was full of stairs and passages, and as Spargo had to get the exact number of the set of chambers he wanted, he was obliged to wander about in what was a deserted building. So wandering, he suddenly heard steps, firm, decisive steps, coming up a staircase which he himself had just climbed. He looked over the banisters down into the hollow beneath. And there, marching up resolutely, was the figure of a tall, veiled woman, and Spargo suddenly realized that for the second time that day he was beneath one roof with Miss Bayliss.

Spargo's mind acted quickly. Knowing what he now knew, from his extraordinary dealings with Mother Gutch, he had no doubt whatever that Miss Bayliss had come to see Mr. Elphick—come, of course, to tell Mr. Elphick that he, Spargo, had visited her that morning, and that he was on the track of the Maitland secret history. He had never thought of it before, for he had been busily engaged since the departure of Mother Gutch; but, naturally, since Miss Bayliss and Mr. Elphick would keep in ally, Miss Bayliss and Mr. Elphick would keep in communication with each other. At any rate, here she was, and her destination was surely Elphick's chambers. And the question for him, Spargo, was what to do?

What Spargo did was to remain in absolute silence, motionless, tense, where he was on the stairs, and to trust to the chance that the woman did not look up. But Miss Bayliss neither looked up nor down; she reached a landing, turned along a corridor with decision, and marched forward. A moment later Spargo heard a sharp double knock on a door; a moment after that he heard a door shut heavily; he knew then that Miss Bayliss had sought her admittance somewhere.

To find out precisely where the somewhere was, Spargo drew back to the landing which Miss Bayliss had just left. There was no one about—he had not, in fact, seen a soul since he entered the building. Accordingly he went along the corridor, the doors of which in his Bayliss turn, he knew that all the doors in that house were double doors, and that the outer oak in each was solid and substantial to be sound proof. Yet, as men will under such circumstances, he thought, that he said to himself, smiling at the thought, that he would be sure to start if somebody suddenly opened a door on him. But no hand opened any door, and at last he came to the end of the corridor and found himself confronting a small board on which was painted in which letters on a black background "Mr. Elphick's Chambers."

Having satisfied himself as to his exact whereabouts, Spargo drew back as quietly as he had come. There was a window half way along the corridor, from which, he had noticed as he came along, one could catch a glimpse of the Embankment and the Thames; to this he withdrew, and leaning on the sill, looked out and considered matters. Should he go and—if he could gain admittance—heard these two conspirators? Should he wait until the woman came back, and let her see that he was on the track? Should he hide again until she went, and then see Elphick alone?

In the end Spargo did none of these things immediately. He let things slide for the moment, he lit a cigarette and stared at the river and the brown sails and the buildings across on the Surrey side. Ten minutes went by—twenty minutes—nothing happened. Then, half-past nine, Spargo struck from all the neighboring clocks, Spargo flung away a second cigarette, marched straight down the corridor, and knocked boldly at Mr. Elphick's door.

Greatly to Spargo's surprise, the door was opened before there was any necessity to knock again. And there, calmly confronting him, a benevolent, yet somewhat deprecatory expression on his face, stood Mr. Elphick, his spectacles and placid face, a tasseled smoking-jacket over his dress shirt, and a short pipe in his hand.

Spargo was taken aback: Mr. Elphick apparently was not. He held the door well open, and motioned the journalist to enter. "Come in, Mr. Spargo," he said. "I was expecting you. Walk forward into my sitting-room." Spargo much astonished at this reception, passed through an ante-room into a handsomely furnished apartment full of books and pictures, in spite of the fact that it was still very little past midnight, there was a cheery fire in the grate, and on a table set near a roomy armchair was such creature comforts as a spirit-case, a syphon, a tumbler and a novel—Mr. Elphick had been taking his ease since his dinner. But in another armchair on the opposite side of the hearth was the forbidding figure of Miss Bayliss. She neither spoke nor moved mysteriously than ever. She neither spoke nor moved when Spargo entered; she did not even look at him. And Spargo stood staring at her until Mr. Elphick, having closed his door, touched him on the elbow and motioned him courteously to a seat.

"Yes, I was expecting you, Mr. Spargo," he said, as he resumed his own chair. "I have been expecting you at any time, and you took up my investigation of the Marbury affair, in some of the earlier stages of which you saw me, you will remember, at the mortuary. But since Miss Bayliss told me twenty minutes ago that you would not be here this morning, I felt sure that you would come to me, not a few hours before you would come to me."

"Why, Mr. Elphick, should you suppose that I should come to you at all?" asked Spargo, now in full possession of his wits.

"Because I felt sure that you would leave no stone unturned, no corner unexplored," replied Mr. Elphick. "The curiosity of the modern pressman is insatiable."

Spargo stiffened. "I have no curiosity, Mr. Elphick," he said. "I am charged by my paper to investigate the circumstances of the death of the man who was found in Middle Temple lane, and, if possible, to track his murderer, and—"

Mr. Elphick laughed slightly and waved his hand. "My good young gentleman," he said, "you exaggerate your own importance. I don't approve of modern journalism nor of its methods. In your own case you have got hold of a false notion that the man John Marbury was in reality one of the great men of the day, and you have been trying to frighten Miss Bayliss here into—"

Spargo suddenly rose from his chair. There was a certain temper in him which, when once aroused, led him to straight hitting, and it was aroused now. He looked the old barrister full in the face.

"Mr. Elphick," he said, "you are evidently unaware of all that I know. So I will tell you what I will do. I will go back to my office and I will write down what I do know, and give the true and absolute proofs of what I know, and if you will trouble yourself to read the Watchman tomorrow morning, then you, too, will know."

"Dear me—dear me!" said Mr. Elphick banteringly. "We are so used to ultra-sensational stories from the modern pressman that—but I am a curious and inquisitive old man, my good young sir, so perhaps you will tell me in a word what it is you do know."

Spargo reflected for a second. Then he bent forward across the table and looked the old barrister straight in the face.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I will tell you what I know beyond doubt. I know that the man murdered under the name of John Marbury was, without doubt, John Maitland of Market Milcaster, and that Ronald Breton is his son, whom you took from that woman."

To Be Continued.

Poetry and Jest

TO ALCTHOOE.

[Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.]
In your dim Greece of old, Alcthoë,
Death like a lover sought and crowned
you young.
Between the olive orchards and the sea,
The stately cypress at your door, they
said:
"Alcthoë is dead.
Before whose red feet the flaming crocus
sprung,
For whom the red rose opened ere the
prime;
Those the gods love are taken before
their time."

Ah! why did no one, watching you
Share your dead beauty in undying
stones?
The gold hair bound beneath its golden
band,
The milk-white poppies closed within
your hand;
That the harsh world a little space
might keep
The last, still exquisite vision of your
sleep.

ON DIT.

[London Morning Post.]
A certain minister of state, rather
well known throughout this world for
his shiftness, has pledged himself definitely
to a certain course of action; and
some honorable members were discussing
the probability of his keeping his
word. One with a pretty wit said: "If
that he will, although he said he
would."

THISTLEDOWN.
[Harold Munro, in London Spectator.]
This might have been a place for sleep,
But, as from that small hollow there,
Their dazling journey through the air,
An idle man can only stare.

They grip their withered edge of stalk
In great excitement for the wind,
They hold a breathless final talk,
And when their filmy cables part,
One almost hears a little cry.

Some cling together while they wait
And droop and gaze and hesitate,
Or others leap along the sky,
Or circle round and calmly choose.
The gust they know they ought to use.

While some in loving pairs will glide,
And dangle and gase and hesitate,
Or rest on flowers in the grass,
Or circle through the shining air,
Like charmed butterflies at play.

Some catch themselves to every mound
And lingeringly and slowly move
As if they knew the precious ground
They almost try to dig, they need
So much to plant their thistle-seed.

ADVERTISING VALUE.

[Montreal Gazette.]
That Toronto physician who went to
law with a man who started a tomb-
stone yard next to his place of practice
might have offered the annoyance with
judicious advertising. "Come to me
when you are ill, and you will not have
to deal with my neighbor" as a card-
might have done the trick.

SONG.

[W. S. Henley.]
Life in her creaking shoes
Goes, and more formal grows
A round of calls and cues;
Love blows as the wind blows.
Blows in the quiet close
As in the roaring mart;
By ways no mortal knows
Love blows into the heart.

The stars show cadence use,
Forthright the river flows
In order fall the dew,
Love blows as the wind blows;
Blows, and what reckoning shows
The courses of his chart?
A spirit that comes and goes,
Love blows into the heart.

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

[Kingsport Whig.]
It's a pretty mean kind of a woman
who will give her husband a lawn
mower for a birthday present.

IMAGES.

[Richard Aldington.]
Like a gondola of green scented fruits
Drifting along the dank canals at
Venice,
You, O exquisite one,
Have entered my desolate city.

The blue smoke leaps
Like swirling clouds of birds vanishing.
So my love leaps forth toward you,
Vanishes and is renewed.

A rose-yellow moon in a pale sky
When the sunset is faint vermilion
In the mist among the tree boughs,
Art thou to me.

As a young beech-tree on the edge of a
forest
Stands still in the evening,
Yet shudders through all its leaves in
the light air,
And seems to fear the stars—
So are you still and so tremble.

The red deer are high on the mountain;
They are beyond the last pine-tops,
And my desires have run with them.

The flower which the wind has shaken
Is soon filled again with rain;
So does my mind fill slowly with mis-
giving.

Until you return.

END OF SUMMER FLIRTATION.
[Mabel Wright.]
Mabel writes me that she wants to
stay another week at the summer re-
sort.

"What for?"

"Say she wants to get a little better
acquainted with the man she is engaged
to marry."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
[Norah Hollister.]
Wave your hand to him! Let him go
Back from the dusty paths we stray,
To the land where his boyhood's rivers
flow.

He is not dead—he is just away,
Gone to laugh at Elizabeth Ann,
And swap old yarns with the Raggedy
Man.

Hush! Do you hear, in the distance dim,
Faint and sweet as an elfin tune,
Orphan Annie is calling him,
Counting him in with the old-time
rune.

Intry, mentry, cutery, corn,
Apple blossoms and apple thorn.
Wave your hand to him—call good-bye!
Faintly his answer echoes back;
Voices of children eagerly
Laure him to by the fairy track.

To the wonder-world, where all hearts
are gay,
He is not dead, he is just away.

FOOLISH QUESTION.
Strolling alone the quiet side street
without paying sufficient attention,
Johnson slipped through an open coal
chute in the sidewalk and remained a
prisoner there for nearly half an hour.

Presently his face lighted up with
hope as an elderly gentleman came
sedately toward him.

"Dear me," exclaimed the newcomer
as he adjusted his eye glasses and stared
at Johnson in wonder, "Have you
fallen through the coal hole?"

A murderous glare shone for a second
in the victim's weary eyes; then he
smiled sardonically.

"You're mistaken," he replied. "As
you seem to be interested in the mat-
ter, I am ready to inform you as to
what exactly has occurred. I just hap-
pened to be in here when the street was
made and they built the pavement
round me."

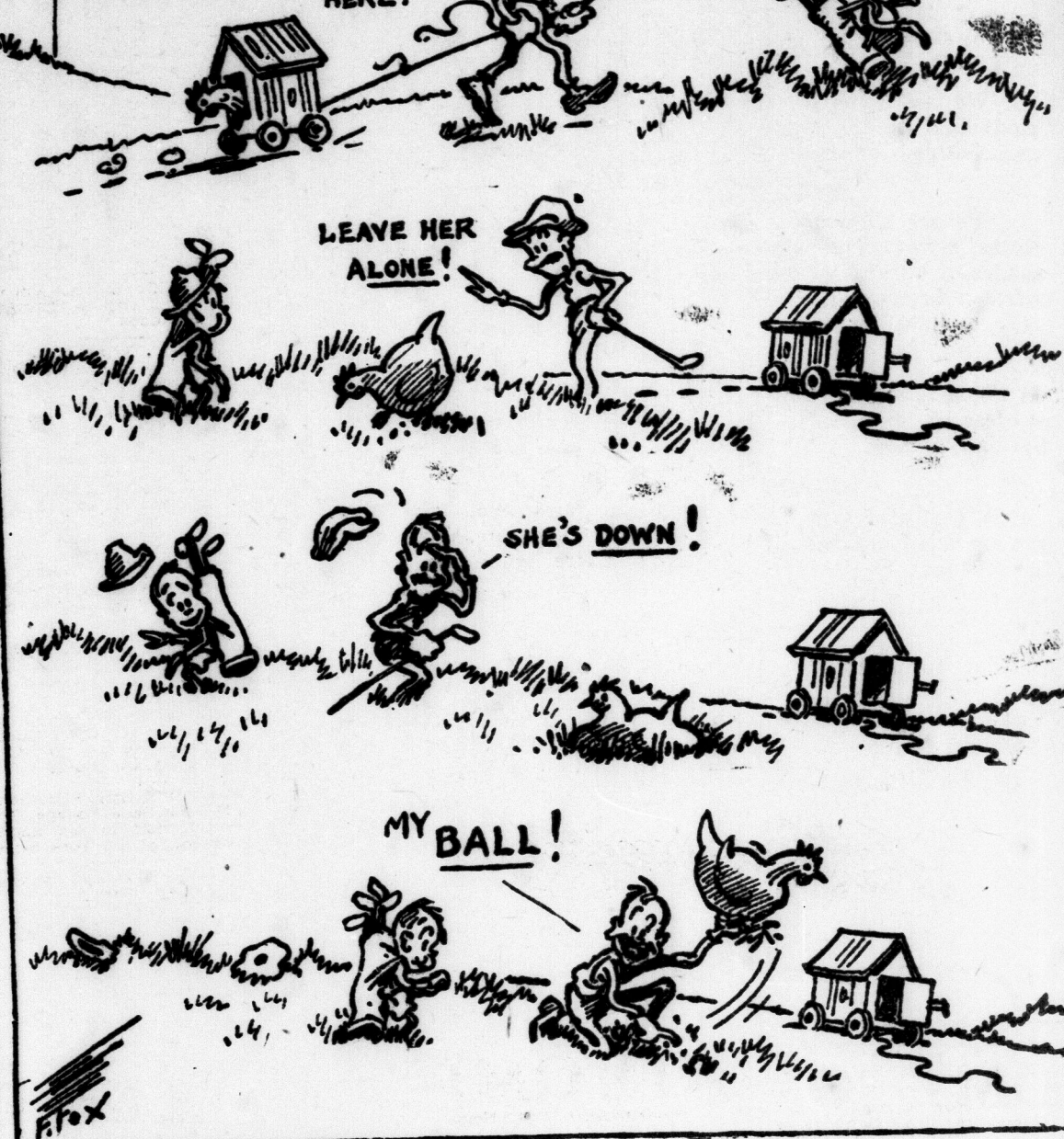
THE NEVER-OLD.

[Edwin Markham.]
They who can smile when others hate,
Nor bind the heart with frost of hate,
Who are as bright as the sun in the
old barrister's reception of this news. Mr. Elphick's
face not only fell, but changed; his expression of
almost sneering contempt was transformed to one
clearly resembling abject terror. He dropped his
pipe, fell back in his chair, recovered himself,
grasped the chair's arms, and stared at Spargo as
if the young man had suddenly announced to him
that in another minute he must be led to instant
execution. And Spargo, quick to see his advantage,
followed it up.

They who can put the self aside
And in Love's saddle leap and ride,
Their eyes will see the gates unfold
To green roads of the Never-Old.

GOLF HINT TO THE PLAYER WHO KEEPS LOSING BALLS IN THE ROUGH

"I DROVE THAT BALL IN
THE ROUGH—WE MAY
HAFTA USE THE HEN
HERE."



By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)

The Truth About Telephone Profits

IN 1879 the telephone business in Canada was disjointed. In 1880 a number of men determined to link up the scattered companies, improve their equipment, standardize their methods and give better telephone service. This was the Bell Telephone Company of Canada.

Like Christopher Columbus in his quest of a new road to Cathay, like most leaders of great enterprises, the new company was moved by the ancient and honorable desire for profit.

And it made a profit.

But the venture was new, the future so uncertain, that the company decided that adequate provision must be made for replacements, for emergencies and the requirements of an ever changing art.

Surplus earnings were re-invested in the business and a margin of safety built up.

The wisdom of creating this fund was soon apparent. The constant demands for replacements and extensions were met without too frequent appeals for new capital.

Not unnaturally the shareholders expected—and with good enough reason—that the earnings of these new extensions of service would be added to their own profits—that their self restraint would bear fruit.

But as a matter of fact the benefit did not go to the shareholder but to the subscriber. The increasing costs of operating the telephone system ate up all the profit there might have been on the newly extended plant. The re-investment merely enabled the company to continue its moderate dividends on the shareholders' initial investment without any increase in telephone rates commensurate with the increase in costs.

That is the story of the Bell Telephone Company's profits. Every cent of its surplus and reserve amounting to over \$20,000,000 is re-invested in the business.

This then is the answer to those who say, "Let the Company use its Surplus and Reserve if it wants new capital!"

It has already used these funds!

The only hope of obtaining such sums as the \$10,000,000 essential this year for extensions, lies in the sale of new securities.

These cannot be sold unless they bear a good interest rate.

Last year telephone rates yielded barely enough to earn 4% on the company's telephone property. This year they will earn even less!



The Bell Telephone Company
of Canada