

## WHAT MAKES LONDON GREAT; VICTORIA PARK'S WILD MEN POLICEMEN ARE UNDISTURBED

By EDWARD PRICE BELL In  
Chicago News

Great numbers of people were flowing out of Hackney into Victoria Park, the extensive "lung," long and curving, of east London—the breezy, shady, flowery, water-blessed playground of millions.

It was a hot evening in August. No body was indoors—or nobody who could get out. Miles of surrounding streets teemed with an oppressive population, children half nude, women and men hatless, bare-necked, bare-armed, all little short of motionless and dumb in the heavy heat.

But those near enough to Victoria park were moving—fleeing, so to speak, from the sultry plague.

I moved with them.

Many of us stopped at the Hackney entrance to gulp a few mouthfuls of cool water bursting from the most imposing drinking fountain you will find in London. I stood aside to look this fountain over. It is Gothic. Its base is granite—gray, if I saw right in the dim light. From this gray base rise beautiful columns of red granite supporting a cupola, which, as afterward learned, is sixty feet high.

The fountain is octagonal. I stepped off its diameter and found it twenty-eight feet. There was a loud and pleasant spashing in the capacious circular basin, caused by the striking of streams of water poured from vases in the hands of marble figures. At the corners of the base were other vases filled with living flowers.

I felt I could stop by that fountain for the whole evening—it was really a delightful thing in that hot night—but the crowd was pressing into the park, and the journalist instinctively goes with the crowd. Whither the crowd tends there is apt to be something doing.

For an hour or more I followed many a charming path, finding shrubby-roofed nooks where there was not another soul—and no sound but that of aquatic birds roosting among rocks on small islands in the middle of artificial lakes. Overhead was the immense aureole of east London's night glow, at my feet the suggestion of the wilderness. What had befallen the crowd? It seemed to have lost itself in green spaces, as rivers sometimes lose themselves in sand.

Preternatural!

But I found the crowd again, and with it, my first experience of the "wild men" of east London outdoor oratory.

I came upon a gathering of persons of both sexes and most ages listening to four speakers. The speakers stood only a few feet from one another, the four talking at once. They were, however, on different sides of a stand, one facing east, one west, one north, one south. The audience, never still, shifted, halted, ebbed and flowed, now attending to one speaker, now to another, bits of it continually breaking loose from the main body and spilling away into the shadows of a park of 244 acres.

The orator facing the east was a mere boy, black haired, white faced, eyes piercingly dark, hands (the right often clenched above his head long-fingered and bony. He spoke with fierce earnestness and musically, his voice not like a harp or lute. I knew I had seen him in Whitechapel. He was a tailor's apprentice.

It was a long cry of labor's misery and wealth's dead mind and unfeeling heart. He was pleading for violent revolution.

I moved round to the south.

The speaker there was older—perhaps 35. His hair was neutral-colored and scanty, eyes blue, nose prominent, face long, thin body wrapped in a morning coat with glossy silk lapels, the whole badly worn. He was a teacher, he said. His voice grated, he jerked his head savagely, his hands were wont to grasp the rail in front of him, while he thrust his gaunt frame out as far as he could toward his listeners.

I moved on until within hearing of the man pitching his remarks westward. He was short, and heavy and wore a red tie. His hair was gray and curly, his eyes twinkled, satire and humor were running in his speech, but he, too, was pleading for violent revolution.

And then I faced the man looking

to the north. He was not English, Scotch or Welsh or Irish. I could not make out whether he were western European at all. He seemed to be something between a Russian and a Turk. While his English was grammatical and well-enunciated, his accent was puzzling; and a brown beard covered his face. He was the most foreign appearing man I had seen in east London, yet he acted as if he were quite at home. And he was calling in blistering phrases for violent revolution.

How could such treasonable words be?

I noted policeman after policeman on the fringes of the audience. They said nothing, did nothing, occasionally walked this way or that, apparently observed the crowd, but treated the "wild men" with indifference.

Thinking in my bed late that night, I said to myself:

"Evidently society in this country is pretty shaky—so shaky that the policemen dare not attempt to throttle the preacher of anarchy and ruin." Just thirty years later I spent another summer evening in Victoria park. Not the same, but a like audience; not the same, but like speakers were there. And again the appeal was for violent revolution. But, in the meantime I had seen the collapse of the general strike, know my England better and said when I lay down to rest "I've been listening once more to the 'wild men' of Victoria park."

### HAM SANDWICH

1 pound boiled ham  
1/2 dozen hard boiled eggs  
1 bottle mustard salad dressing  
Put the ham and egg through the meat grinder. Add salad dressing to make a paste spread on thin slices of buttered bread.

### ROAST BEEF SANDWICHES

Chop rare roast beef very fine taking care to use only the lean portions of meat. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a saltspoon of horseradish. Mix and spread on graham bread.

## CONSERVATIVES IN MANITOBA THE BEST BET

Winnipeg, July 14—Three months' experience of the new liquor bill and open beer parlors in the province of Manitoba has convinced the owners of these thirst emporiums that before they can make money with the open sale of beer the amount paid to the Provincial Government must be cut.

"The former government, headed by Premier Bracken, is waxing immensely wealthy out of the profits of liquor and beer, and we are fools enough to let them do it," said an official of the Manitoba Hotel Owner's Association today.

"But there must come a change and we will move for it at the next session of the legislature, and if it is refused there, as it probably will be, then every hotel man in the province as well as all his friends will vote and work for the Conservative ticket at the next election."

The hotelmen figure that at the present rate of license, plus the gallop tax which the provincial gov-

ernment levies, the open sale of beer will be worth at least three millions of dollars per year to the government while the profits of the trade after this tax and other imposts have been deducted will not run beyond this for the entire province.

Manitoba is overwhelmingly wet.

Recent plebiscites on the liquor question have shown that. Even constituencies which voted dry in the general plebiscites a year ago have reversed the earlier decision as soon as an opportunity was given them to do so.

In the rural constituencies the opinion prevails that Winnipeg hotel men are becoming millionaires through the sale of beer, whereas, as a fact, very few, certainly not more than half a dozen of the 50 licensed premises in the city, are showing a substantial profit.

And they all tell the same story.

We are doing a good business but the Government takes it all.

Premier Bracken thought his liquor legislation settled the question as far as the next year is concerned, but apparently his troubles are but commencing.

The dries are opposed to him because he granted a plebiscite at all.

The wets, at first inclined to support him after the result of his plebiscite, now claim his tax terms are too onerous.

Meanwhile, the Conservative leaders are saying, "we told you so."

The farmers are already beaten. The Liberal party in this province was beaten in the last election and has gained no strength since.

Outside of the city of Winnipeg, where the Labor party shows strength the Conservatives are by all odds the best bet for the next election.

Premier Bracken is likely to go down to defeat under a wave of beer. Both sides are dissatisfied with his Government now.

### BURNT OFFERING

A young bridegroom after the wedding was over and the bride's father had gone off to the club began to search anxiously among the wedding gifts.

"What are you looking for dear?" said the bride.

"That big check of your father's," he said. "I don't see it anywhere."

"Poor papa is so absent minded," said the bride. "He lit his cigar with it."



The Victory Tower of the Dominion Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, from which the stirring message of the cavillon rings forth.

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