

But, many of them are living, or will live, under circumstances similar to those under which I passed sixteen long months.

It is the Prussian spirit of militarism which is responsible for most of the brutality, and, until it is stamped out, there will never be peace in any part of the globe. If I succeed in these pages in arousing the minds of many people to the realisation of the fact that, owing to this spirit of militarism, our Prisoners of War have suffered hardships to the like of which no human being should ever be subjected, and that, even to-day, their treatment is often far from humane, I will feel that my efforts have not been in vain.

I never wrote a book before in my life and in fact this one was not written, but, for the most part, dictated. I have not attempted to make it a work of art in the literary world — such a thing would be impossible for me; but I have attempted to give a plain, straightforward statement of absolute facts: I have not even used fictitious names.

I trust that nothing I have said will in any way make the life of my friends, who are still in Germany, even more hard, but rather, that any influence this book may have will speed the day when a more free and generous exchange of Prisoners of War can be arranged between belligerent nations.

J. H. D.

Toronto, Dec. 4, 1917.