

HOW GERMAN PRISONERS FARE IN BRITISH CAMP

Strictly Watched, but Well Fed and Kept Warm, They Are Far More Comfortable Than Are Allied Soldiers in Hun Internment Camp.

BY CLAIR PRICE

Somewhere in England—Here, in a lonely spot amid the winter mists of this English countryside, is a little bit of Germany, all surrounded by wire. Even here, one comes upon wire. The whole world suffers with this plague of wire.

"But don't put up your wire like that wire," said the commandant, who loves to participate on his wire and other people's wire. He wears a long string of little colored decorations on his khaki chest which shows that he is a connoisseur in wire. We all have our little fondnesses. Wire is his.

"The correct way to put up wire is to string your outside wires twelve feet apart, dig a ditch between them tapering to a depth of six feet, and fill it full of loose coiled wire. For when you leave the sod in place, it is almost impossible, you know, to keep the grass cut under your wire. And loose

British P-W (prisoner of war) court martial. The officer-prisoner's 'scutcheon' has been stained by capture. He escapes. As it is written, the stain on his 'scutcheon' is erased. What matter if he then discover himself on an island of freedom from which it is impossible to get away? As soon as he tires of the bat-like, rat-like liberty he has achieved, he can, and does, allow himself to be re-captured, and away he marches with some country constable to the nearest police station where he favors the inspector at the desk with a brilliant German salute and the satisfying addendum: "It is the fortune of war." Then an escort duly returns him to the P. W. camp from which he escaped, and a court martial gives him its maximum of fourteen days in solitary confinement. And when his fourteen days are up, he is taken back within the wire again (for the guard-house is without the compound, else "solitary" would not be solitary), and turned loose among his old officer-prisoner companions to find his letter and parcels from Ger-

berliners, Westphalians and officers from all other states of the German Empire, oberoffizieren and unteroffizieren of the German armies and the High Seas Fleet, clad in strange uniforms of various shades of blue, uniforms which catch the eye vividly against the dark browns and greens of the compound—strolling about singly and in groups, walking briskly between huts and main building, or stopping to gaze at the visitors in multi approaching the compound gate with the commandant.

For few visitors ever reach this lonely spot. Until this morning, the last name in the visitors' register at the commandant's headquarters was written there by an admiral of the Grand Fleet last August.

Arrogant Confidence. Make no mistake about it. What-ever facility may attach to their periodical little game of getting under the wire, there is no impression of facility to be found within the compound. They are every whit as alertly and arrogantly confident today, especially the Prussians among them, as they were



A group of German officer prisoners waiting for their transfer to a British prison camp.

wire isn't so easy to cut as that tight wire you see out there.

The name usually applied to the prison camps with which Great Britain is stippled, is "internment camps."

But as we were saying, the commandant ought to know. During the seven months in which he has been commandant of this particular camp for officer-prisoners of war, he has had two escapes. In the dead of night, tight wire sings like a harp when it is cut, but not even a British sentry can be looking in all four directions at once; besides, there are open spaces between the wires and grass under the wire. So as much as two days elapse before Scotland Yard brought the two young Germans back to face their

many, if any, stacked on his bed, awaiting his return. And that, so far as the British are concerned, ends the ignominious incident.

Ah, it was different during the Napoleonic wars. Ask those women who were young then, but who today live in secluded retirement, romantic ruins of lavender and old lace, who take their anisette as a sacrament, the while they sigh over the third great flight of Donat O'Brien, the flight from the French fastness of Bitchie to Trieste, in the autumn of 1808.

It is in that space within the wire which is the compound, that one comes upon the P-W camp itself. Here, amid the decencies of an orchestra, a theatre, lounges, swimming-baths and a far-flung view, one sees Prussians, Bavarians, Wurttembergers,

on August 4, 1914, when they celebrated the arrival of Der Tag by drinking huge portions of schnapps in Mexico or Malaya or Manchester or Munich or wherever else each of them happened to be peacefully penetrating at the time. They still believe this war is ushering in the Kaiser's world domination. Their senior officer, who is some kind of colonel, an ober something or other, and who administers his own discipline in matters not important enough to demand the commandant's attention, is keeping secret-ly the exact P-W record of each of them, a record which is to go to the All-Highest Himself, whose officers here are, after his coronation in London (they emphasize London) as King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, etc., etc. That's why 150 British soldiers might and day pace the wire which circles the 212 of them and their 46 servants. That's why there's only one gate in the wire about their compound. That's why not even the commandant himself is allowed to pass out that gate if he happens to forget the password of the day.

Within the wire, they retain their own world, spending their time studying English, Spanish and other subjects (doubtless planning further peaceful penetration after the war), and taking walks. Their relations with their British captors are cold and correct, as cold and correct on the evening before an escape as on the evening before. And within the limits fixed by their status as prisoners of



Sketch of prison camp, drawn by a German officer on the flap of an envelope.



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war, their world is respected with equal coldness and correctness. Every article that goes into the compound and every article that comes out of it, is inspected. Their mail from Germany is opened by the postal censor in London. English newspapers are allowed to be sent them, but no German newspapers. All their parcels from Germany are opened by the staff censor, and certain tooth pastes which are helpful in the making of invisible ink, certain per-

fumes which contain high percentages of alcohol and certain books, are "detained." Incoming bread and meat are cut into small bits for hidden notes. Outgoing mail (each officer-prisoner is allowed to write two letters a week on heavily glazed paper) is opened by the staff censor, and re-opened by the postal censor in London. They are counted five times every day, four times at daylight roll calls and once at 3 a.m., when their beds are gone over and those officer-prisoners

among them who sleep with the bed-covers pulled over their heads, have the bed-covers pulled down from their heads to see that it is the officer-prisoner himself who is asleep there, and not merely a bolt of cloth. They are allowed no money, the 86 cents a day which is paid officer-prisoners being credited them in the commandant's headquarters, and their mess-bills of 60 cents a day and canteen purchases being deducted, the balance to be paid them in cash at the end of the war. (And let it also be said here that there is no practice of hunting up alleged "breakages" and making heavy deductions for them.)

Here I have stopped and read back over what I have written. I find that I have said nothing about what seems to me the biggest item in the entire story.

For throughout my journey thru this British P-W camp this morning, a British captain was at my side who had been captured at Gheluvelt, in the historic battle of Ypres, October 31, 1914, and who escaped April 14, 1916, after being left to die of dysentery at the Crestfield prison camp in Germany. I know nothing about his escape except that he wandered for five weeks before he reached the frontier. There is a certain code among escaped prisoners of war.

The Colonel's Complaint. He stood outside the door of the room occupied by the senior officer-prisoner, the herr kolonel, this morning while the rest of us entered and looked about the room in which the herr kolonel finds himself interned for the duration of the war. From his windows there was a far-flung countryside view such as might be seen from an English resort hotel to charge him \$30 a week; only close down in the immediate foreground below did one glimpse the wire which betrayed his status as not that of the usual well-to-do hotel lodger.

A Swiss journalist in our party shook hands with the herr kolonel and inquired in German whether he had been made quite comfortable. The herr kolonel would be more comfortable if the British would put in a second floor for him. It would make his room so much warmer. (It was that 64 degrees Fahrenheit by the clock monster on the herr kolonel's wall that was the herr kolonel's complaint of the British.)

Without the doorway, the British captain—this British ex-prisoner of war who knew by actual experience how the British are meeting out to their German prisoners of war this pure gold of essential decency, while British prisoners of war are receiving in return from Germany only the ashes of neglect and cruelty—said: "Doesn't it make your blood boil?" and turned abruptly away.

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A walking stick has been invented that can be converted into a camera tripod.

How Any Woman Can Remove Hairy Growths

(Beauty Culture)
It is no longer necessary for a woman to visit a beauty specialist to have superfluous hairs removed, for she can, in the privacy of her own home, remove even a stubborn growth in a very few minutes. The paste is made by mixing some water with a little powdered delatone. This is applied to the hairs and after 2 or 3 minutes removed and the skin washed, when it will be left clear and hairless. Be sure you buy real delatone.

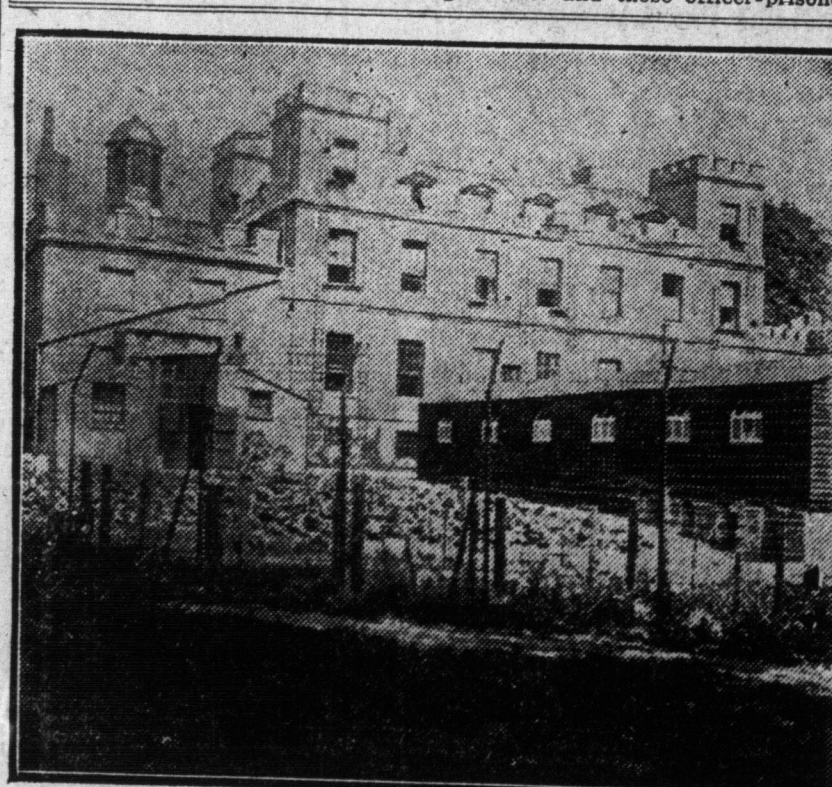


Photo of the prison camp, with the barbed wire in the foreground.



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"It is not until lately that I have

realized how many good friends we have, and I count not the least among them the young man who persuaded Fred to buy that Imperial Monthly Income Policy."

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