

The Internment Camp and Scope of German Life

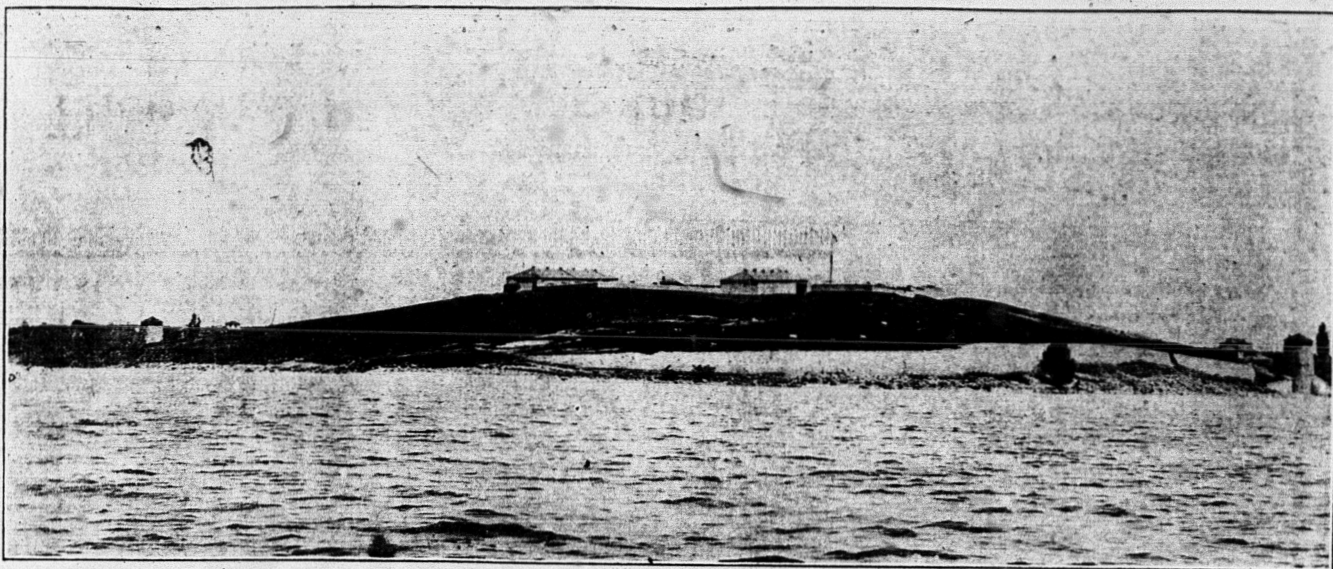
THEIR THIRD CHRISTMAS WITHIN GREY WALLS

Within the grey stone walls of the historic old Fort Henry, across the harbor from the City Buildings of Kingston, there will this year be between 300 and 400 prisoners of war—guests of the Canadian Government—who are spending their third Christmas in captivity.

Within that fort there are gathered together that number of Germans who have come from all grades of society and of all standards of wealth, but who are classed together under the one official term of "alien enemies." As alien enemies they are brothers in captivity, and the result is that they are paired together, regardless of class or wealth, to celebrate as brothers Germany's spirit of Christmas.

So far practically no plans have been made for the big event. Major H. E. Dale, commandant, is a man who has had extensive experience in dealing with foreigners who are in confinement until the end of the war. The suggestions made by the prisoners will receive reasonable consideration. However, the plans have not matured that much and only informal suggestions of what the day will bring forth have been made.

Last year there were goose, plum pudding and a whole lot of things that citizens generally thought were much too good for German prisoners. They pay for it themselves, however, and so have to suffer from the expense, and not



THE VIEW OF FORT HENRY FROM THE OUTSIDE.

as was thought by some feast at the expense of the Canadian people. For the most part the goods were purchased by the Fort quartermaster from funds of the Germans, either personal—or sent them from such associations as the German-American Club of New York City.

Anyway they had a feast that was worth while, and if the present commandant sees fit to allow them the privileges they will have a second one. The dinner was served in their own rooms in the way that is done every day, but each man had lots of extras that made up for the lack of centered dining tables that would have turned the occasion into a banquet.

Following the dinner last year there was a play put on in the theatre of the fort. Some people do not know that these prisoners have a stage and theatre. It is one of the smallest, but it answers the purpose, and the men derive endless amusement from it. Quite often little plays are staged, but at Christmas, according to the present plans, there will be a big production, big in consideration of the circumstances.

In regard to Christmas presents from Santa Claus, the German borders at Fort Henry will be twice blessed. More packages will go to each prisoner there than will go into many homes in this city.

The prisoner-of-war idea strikes a peculiar note of sympathy in the hearts of the Germans' friends in the United States, and they subscribe funds liberally. The office

of the American Consul, through which all gifts come, will be packed with parcels from now until the 25th. These packages will be filled with things to bring joy at this Christmas time, and judging from the parcels of last year, they do. The packages of last year contained almost everything that a well meaning person could think of for a man who is in prison. There is a collection of all kinds of German foods and tobacco that bring memories of the "fatherland" to our alien enemies.

In consideration of what happened last Christmas no one need have the slightest anxiety that the German prisoners at the Fort are to be left out in the cold while all the world—even the men in the trenches—are celebrating.

Why it Was Too Late.

Little, as he was, Edward knew a you can't be invited without taking for about fathers, especially his own a present you'd better not go."

Edward made no reply. The next day his father regretted his harsh words to his unhappy-looking little son.

"Edward," he said, "I bought a couple of books to-night for you to take to John's party."

"It's too late now, father," said Edward, gloomily. "I licked him today, so he wouldn't invite me."

"That's all nonsense," declared father. "Every day or two it is a ceaser, but it nearly always has an



THE LITTLE GERMAN BAND IN FORT HENRY.