

BRITISH ARE NEARLY STARVED IN THE PRISONS OF GERMANY

Shocking Story of Berlin and Ruhleben Concentration Camps Told By Londoner— British Treated Very Cruelly.

Barbarous Punishment Meted Out For Slight Infractions Of Rules—Some Prisoners Slain, He Says—It Is a Wonder More Deaths Have Not Occurred.

London, May 5.—Intimate facts touching upon the alleged brutality toward English civilians in the German concentration camps in Berlin and Ruhleben were laid yesterday before Ambassador Page by a prominent Londoner who has just got back after a harrowing experience. Mr. Page was urgently asked to forward the information to the Washington government in the hope that Ambassador Gerard might be instructed to investigate, with the ultimate idea of Washington officially interceding. Mr. Page, evidently deeply impressed with the incidents revealed, undoubtedly will communicate with Washington.

On the top of the revelations of the Londoner Mr. Page was visited by Grafton Minot, Private Secretary to Ambassador Gerard in Berlin. Mr. Minot was informed of the details given to Mr. Page, and it is understood that he is to take the matter up with Mr. Gerard immediately on his return to Berlin next week.

Ambassador Page's visitor, now a physical wreck, formerly was an athlete, a tennis player well known in America. He is reluctant to have his identity revealed, as he has friends still in the concentration camps, and he is afraid they might be severely punished in revenge for his daring to talk. He has not only laid the facts before Ambassador Page, but he also talked with British officials. The story he tells deals also with military prisoners in other camps—information imparted to him on what he calls the most reliable authority.

To a correspondent Mr. Page's informant in his interview explained that, after terrible sufferings in the Berlin and Ruhleben camps lasting nearly five months, he was recently released on the diagnosis of a camp physician that to keep him a prisoner longer would be fatal. In managing to get his release he was more fortunate than any other civilian prisoners, more than thirty of whom he said had died as a result of the treatment received at the hands of the Germans. Now he must undergo a difficult operation on the spine in order to save his life. His hip became diseased from hardships endured in camp.

At the outbreak of the war the Ambassador's caller was at Baden-Baden sojourning with other Londoners. From the day war broke out until November 1 he was detained as a civilian prisoner at Baden-Baden. Six days later he was put with 200 other Britishers in a common jail.

One Bowl of Soup in 34 Hours.

"On November 13," he said, "some dozens of us were marched through the town to the railroad station and sent to Berlin, a journey of about thirty-four hours. We had only one bowl of soup each on the way. Attempts to buy food on the platforms of the stations were insolently repressed. Throughout the journey we were insulted by soldiers.

"On November 15 we arrived at the Plötzensee jail in Berlin, after marching through a drizzling rain from the Charlottenberg station. The exhaustion caused by the journey and the bad conditions together with a lack of food, undoubtedly caused the death of Morrison Cleator, Acting Consul General at Mannheim.

"At the jail thirteen of us belonging to the learned professions were divided between two cells, while the

rest, about seventy, were housed in cages in one room unfit for dogs. These cages were built especially for the British prisoners. They were not high enough to stand in—just room for a wooden bed. The sanitary conditions were terrible, and the beds were alive with vermin.

"On November 28 we were marched through the streets again and sent to Ruhleben. One semi-paralyzed man and several other invalids, seated on top of the baggage wagon, suffered intensely, and more than once tumbled from the wagon to the street. At Ruhleben we were forced to sleep on the floor with no straw. In the prison were nearly 2,600 civil prisoners, all Englishmen, who got the scantiest attention. There was no furniture in the hospital beyond the beds and a few iron chairs and tables from the race course. Prisoners complaining of nearly starving were told by the German officers to write home for food.

"About the middle of March the suffering from want of food became acute. If it hadn't been for food sent on from England by parcel post many would have starved to death. Originally the hospital had two doctors, who had to attend 1,500 patients, as more than half of the prisoners fell ill. One doctor died, and now the remaining physician does the work. The prisoners had to help with the doctors' cases. Some prisoners went mad and we had to watch them.

Brutality of Officers.

"While more than thirty prisoners have died it is amazing that more have not succumbed. I could relate innumerable instances of brutality by officers upon civilian prisoners. One feeble man of 60 years was knocked down with a blow of a musket in the hands of an officer, and his face caved in. Right up to the time I was let out the unspeakable cruelty to prisoners went on."

The informant says he has indisputable evidence of reliable eye-witnesses that British soldiers at the Cellelager and Munster military camps have been hideously maltreated by German soldiers. Prisoners, he says, were tied to a stake for some violation or order, after being stripped of their clothes. Three died after being cut down. One soldier was shot dead for trying to conceal a loaf of bread under his coat after he was nearly exhausted from hunger; another, who released his hold for a moment while helping to drag a vehicle along a road, was shot in the hand, and his hand was so splintered by the bullet that it had to be amputated.

What He Wanted.

During one of his public speeches Mr. Lloyd George once asked the question, "What do our opponents really want?"

"I know what I want," chimed in a member of the audience in a husky voice that told its own tale, "I want a change of Government." "No, you don't," answered Mr. Lloyd George in a flash, "what you want is a change of drinks."

Blessed is the wife who is not too strenuous in managing her silent partner.

Adversity has a way of calling to mind wasted opportunities.

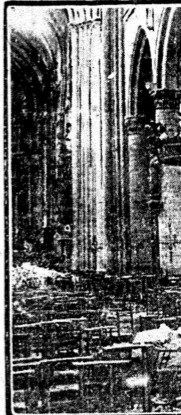
70 YEARS AN ORANGEMAN.

Squire Wm. Patrick, Pioneer of London District, Is Dead.

London, Ont., May 5.—Squire William Patrick, one of the pioneers of the London district, and for many years one of the most prominent men of Hilderton, Ont., died Monday at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. A. Nevin, 312 Waverly road, West London. He was born in 1822, and had been for 70 years an Orangeman.

A lot of people lead themselves into temptation.

AFTER TWO FIERCE



These pictures were taken after the first of the war. One shows the interior of a cathedral in ruins, including the famous tomb of the proclaimed King of Belgium.

FRANCE OF TOMORROW.

Must Remain Military, Says Echo of Paris.

Paris, May 5.—That France must remain a military nation, whatever happens, is the conclusion reached by the Echo de Paris in an editorial on "The France of To-morrow."

The writer examines the alternatives of Germany being completely beaten or the result being drawn. He refuses to consider the possibility of a German victory.

If Germany is beaten, she is certain, he says, to try to get revenge. If the result is a deadlock, a new conflict is probable before long. The Echo's view represents general opinion here. The sigh of hundreds of youths exercising in the Tuileries Gardens is a sign of France's new spirit, which includes sport and all other means to strengthen the nation's young men for military service.