

EVEN CHILDREN IN GERMANY FEED WAR POT

Collect Metal Scraps and Bring
Them to the Author-
ities.

PEASANTS STARVE, CITIES ARE STOCKED

Many a German would have found it more difficult to escape from Germany than did Lieut. G. Lissant Beardmore, eldest son of the late Mr. Walter Beardmore. Lieut. Beardmore reached his home this morning after an adventurous escape from Germany in February, and some months stay in England, during which he obtained a commission in the 23rd Infantry Reserves. At the outbreak of the war Lieut. Beardmore, who is a well known singer, was engaged in grand opera at the Berlin Opera House.

Lieut. Beardmore is tall and of splendid physique with Teutonic fairness, and speaks German as well as any native.

"They did not take me for a Berliner," said he to-day at his home on Crescent road in speaking of his escape last February. "They thought I came from the north. But after living for fifteen years in Germany I had little trouble in passing for a German.

"Of course when war broke out they interned us. They did not really ill-treat us. To a Canadian used to freedom it would appear very hard. We reported twice every day at the registration office, morning and afternoon, and had to take with us papers to be stamped. When I determined to escape I concluded that it would be foolish to make my way to a neutral country. So long as I was just going to Austria nobody would suspect me. And I knew that the Austrians were just a little less strict than the Germans. If I were caught and thrown into prison, the Austrians would treat me more as a prisoner of war and not as a criminal.

The Bond of Music.

"In Austria all went well until I reached Feldkirch, where I was recognized. I was taken before the Chief Magistrate. And then I discovered that he was a musician. It was a kindred bond. He looked me up and down, and said, 'I hate to send you to prison. I'd like to let you go, but, of course, I can't. I'll have to hold you here until we get your papers from Berlin. You know you'd make too good an officer to let go,' he concluded, referring to my size. I was warned that it would be useless to attempt to leave, as all the roads and valleys were guarded.

"When I went back to my hotel I discovered that I was a prisoner. This was too much. From my windows I could see the hills of Switzerland, and the border-line lay within my view. I determined to escape.

Bribed the Hotel Servants.

"As I was able to speak German so well I talked with the hotel servants, and finally bribed one of them to go out that night to buy me a peasant's outfit. With this I set out and just walked across the border to Switzerland. The Swiss sentries saw me coming, and when I was over and told them who I was they were immensely amused. After that I had no difficulties.

"There is one thing I would say, and that is that Britain is not taking this war with anything like the deadly seriousness with which Germany is working. Every child this high, 'placing his hand a foot above the floor,' is working for the war. Little ones in the kindergartens bring all the scraps of metal they can find to school every day, and the teacher collects it in baskets.

Scraps of tin, old cartridges, even the tinfoil and the wrappings about candies are brought.

"Visitors tell you that the people of Germany are not starving. In the cities they are not, but in the farms and country villages they are. Here famine is rampant. All the grains and foods are taken to feed the cities and the army. At Amsterdam, and Rotterdam are the boats of the German mercantile fleet lying idle. I saw over 500 of them there, large and small.

"I will be going back again in two weeks," concluded Lieut. Beardmore. "I am anxious to get to the front and give them some of their own medi-

cine. I was given leave of absence because of my father's death."

Splendid Type of Man.

Lieut. Beardmore arrived home from New York at 8.45 this morning, accompanied by two ladies in deep mourning. He stepped out of the train in his uniform, looking fit and well. Bronzed by the ocean voyage almost six feet in height, he looked a typical Canadian soldier. He is a member of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto. When asked about his experiences by a reporter who met him, he replied that he didn't feel like talking at all about them as he had only just lost his father. A minute or two after his arrival the ladies and himself entered a limousine, and were speeded away to the Beardmore home.