

prejudice. Of Mr. Roosevelt—there is his portrait on the wall given in recognition of Grenfell's good work for mankind—all the world agrees in admiration of his manliness I would he were an Englishman

And so the War began. Its outstanding feature is a proof that the Germans had much reason for trusting their Army and its organization. Their troops—after a trifling setback before Liege from the gallant Belgians—swept through Belgium from end to end and passed like a mountain torrent through the north of France even to the gates of Paris. Nothing could stay their determined onslaught. Fortified places were devastated and taken, the armies of Belgium and France were driven back; the only check was the wonderfully plucky stand made by our little Army of England which held in check huge armies, many times their number, without being crushed or demoralized, though they lost 20 per cent. of their numbers. The account is marvellously to the credit of the stubborn fighting qualities of the British. Although enveloped on both flanks by five German Army corps and fiercely attacked in front, they held the enemy back all through a week of the most difficult fighting of all; a retreat before superior numbers. They fought at Mons on August 23rd, then at Valenciennes on the 24th, then at Cambrai Le Cateau and Landrecies on the 25th; (It was at Landrecies where Geoffrey Feilding in command of a battalion of the Guards greatly distinguished himself), then at at Peronne and Guise on the 26th, at later at Compiègne on the 28th.

At length, the word went out that the French and British would stand and give battle on the line of the River Marne, extending from Paris on the westward nearly to Toul on the