of the world and she has followed him, having worked with the Red Cross in Serbia and France. She has a son who is an aviator in Italy and she is now journeying to Petrograd to meet her husband, who was supposed to be on his way there via Norway. She had had no word that he had actually started, however, and was taking long chances in undertaking alone such a long journey. Stanley Washburne was an intimate friend, however, so she ventured to continue the journey, step by step, without receiving the expected word by cable at Vancouver or here.

Messrs. Yoshio Kinoshita, Traffic Manager, and S. Mikami, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Imperial Japanese Government Railways, have placed a special train at our disposal for the trip to Tsuruga, on the west Coast. It is a night's ride -- about four hundred miles.

May 29th. Arrived at Tsuruga at 8:00 A.M. A beautiful, warm day. We took a long jinrikisha ride around the neighborhood; our procession of sixteen 'rikishas was imposing. Visited a fine old temple on the mountain side; passed for miles along the dykes between rice paddies in the fertile valley. At 6:00 P.M. we left by the "Russian Volunteer Fleet" steamer "Penza", a boat of 2,700 tons. It was very crowded-- we slept two in a stateroom. First night smooth and comfortable; also next day, becoming very rough at night. Beautiful display of phosphoresence in the water at night. A motley crowd on board. I was especially interested in a lot of, perhaps 100, "refugees". These were mostly of the lowest class of Russian Jews, dirty, igmorant and repulsive; but there were also a number of Russo-American anarchists among them-- the fluent talking, self-seeking kind, going home to stir up trouble and to grasp what they can from the