the railroad leaves the lake and follows the Angara River for forty-two miles to Irkutsk. This river is the outlet of the lake and it is a swift running stream of beautifully clear water; it reminds one of the Restigouche River, flowing through a picturesque narrow valley amidst wooded hills.

Irkutsk is an old picturesque city of about one hundred thousand population and is the administrative and commercial centre of East Siberia. We did not visit it, as the town is on the opposite bank of the river and reached only by a pontoon bridge. We had to be content, therefore, with a distant view of its many imposing buildings and gaily colored churches with turnip-shaped domes. The railway town contains enormous barracks of the army headquarters of Eastern Siberia; there are probably one hundred buildings devoted to this purpose and all are of a permanent character and look very imposing. At this point in our journey we first encountered a really Russian population; the Chinese have disappeared and we meet with crowds of soldiers at all stations. These men seem to be coming and going and their movement greatly congests the railway. They are considerable of a nuisance, as they crowd around and attempt to board all trains. On the regular trains I am told they do not hesitate to crowd into the compartments and sleep in the aisles, the toilet rooms and even on the roofs of the cars. I omitted to mention that we had a special guard of ten soldiers on our train, who kept the stragglers off. These fine fellows we became quite fond of; they not only stayed with us during our trip to Petrograd, but we had the same men with us on our Southern Russia trip and, when Greiner and I returned in September in our special car, our friendly Sergeant wept because, through some misunderstanding of directions, he and two others could not