July 10th. A hot morning. We arrived at Kiev at nine o'clock and at once visited the railway shops. These are extensive but old and badly arranged. We then took a motor ride about the city. This is one of the most interesting and beautiful places in Russia. The city has a population of about 500,000 -- thirty per cent. Jewish. It is situated on a high bluff above the Dnieper River, and contains fine avenues and buildings, a beautiful park with summer gardens from which there is a superb view of the extensive Dnieper valley. River steamers ply to the north as far as Mogliev and to the west to Ekaterlinoslov. Below the latter point are rapids for some sixty miles, preventing through navigation to the Black Sea. A project is on foot to utilize electrically the large water power of these rapids. Kiev is a very old city and contains some of the most curious and interesting cathedrals I have ever seen. The hotels are good and a few days' stay would be well worth while. We are now in the heart of Ukraine, the home of the "Little Russians".

Leaving Kiev, we proceeded westward for some hours and then took a new north and south line along the war front. This railway has been built since the war began and is in part double tracked; the second track is, however, not yet in use for the entire distance, as they are short of rails. It was astonishing to find that such an extensive work had been nearly completed during war times. It will make a useful permanent direct line from Petrograd to Odessa, paralleling an old but more circituous route. Troop and supply trains were passed at frequent intervals.

We have now emerged from the great cultivated wheatbelt of southern Russia through which we have been passing for two days; the greatest continuous area of growing crops I have ever seen. We have passed through at least