one thousand miles of wheat country and the crop looks superb. The grain is nearly ready to harvest and, as it has been planted and grown, there seems to be no reason why it should not be successfully harvested and Russia has, consequently, plenty of food in prospect.

The railway runs through a flat, sandy and heavily wooded country which is practically uninhabited. Rain had settled the dust so the day's run was not unpleasant and in the evening it was quite cool.

July 11th. Arrived at Mogilev, the "stafka" or general army headquarters. This is a pretty town, on the hilly banks of the Dnieper. We found that Stevens had pulled himself together and had arrived from Petrograd the previous evening. We were met by a large delegation of army officials and escorted in motor cars to the headquarters of General Brusilov, Commander-in-Chief. We found him quartered in a rather fine old chateau in the middle of the town and some two miles from the railway station. He was in the midst of the conduct of a successful local offensive and therefore very busy, but he kept us waiting a short time only. He is a wiry and determined little man with a fine head and delicate features. He spoke in French and was most courteous. He said we would doubtless be glad to hear of the continued successful advance of his troops and asked that we confer with his staff regarding the urgent needs of improved transportation means for his army, especially in the newly occupied territory and to carry out his expected plans for further advances during the summer. In the afternoon he made a return call upon us at our train. This call again reminded me of our shameful neglect of polite usages; I wonder what these people really think of Americans! We then adjourned to the special car of the Adjutant General and discussed