with him; we did not hear of this until next morning and were, of course, displeased that Golder should have taken any part in the controversy. It seems that he was an old friend of Miliukov's and acted upon the impulse of the moment. I am sorry we missed seeing Miliukov; he is an educated, able and progressive man and has been in and knows America well.

July 12th. Back again in Petrograd. "Peter and Paul" holiday-- one of the numerous Saints' days-- and all business is at a standstill. There are some fifty holidays of various sorts during the year in Russia and the effect upon business can be imagined. I called upon Gov. Francis, to get any late news. Local matters are floundering along as usual and the Root party is on its way home, via Siberia. Still not a sign of home mail for us. Fine cool weather. We had kept our rooms at the hotel during our absence, and it was lucky we had done so, as people are"waiting in line" for accomodations at the "Europe".

Friday, July 13th. As exemplifying the omen of the day, no breakfast was to be had. After ringing many times, a small boy answered the bell and waved his hands expressively, saying "niet, niet". There was evidently a strike in progress, so I dressed and decided to forage for an outside restaurant. In vain, however, all eating places were closed. Upon returning I met Reading and we determined to explore the hotel kitchen regions ourselves. In the serving room were two women washing dishes; by transferring ten roubles to them they consented to give us a cup of coffee. Before this much-needed substainer could be made, however, three of the strikers appeared and blocked the proceedings. We got into a hot discussion with them and Reading, who is a husky specimen, knocked one of them down with his fist and we both hustled