cord my impressions of events as they came under notice from day to day.

July 17th. Beginning of rioting in the streets. This is the long-expected attempt of the Bolsheviki to get control of the government. Armored motor cars are dashing up and down, heavy trucks among the number, filled with armed soldiers. In many cases the trucks carry machine guns and they look wicked. We went about our business, however, during the day, as, apparently, did everyone else; it was difficult to get any clear ida of what was happening. I had asked Mrs. Bass and Reading to dine with me at the Donan. Afterwards we walked along the Catherine canal to the Nevsky and found the latter filled with great crowds of people, gathered in excited knots at each street corner and in heated discussion. The tram-cars had stopped running and one had a curious feeling of expectancy. We mingled with the crowds all evening, however, without harm or hindrance. As I was tired and found the streets uncomfortable, I left Mrs. B. and Reading at 11.30 P.M. and turned in. I was no sooner in bed than shooting of rifles directly under my windows began; this was soon followed by the sput-sput of machine guns, apparently close by; there was also a terrific noise of motor cars blowing horns and tearing through the street. I debated, as I lay in bed, what I should do; the situation interested, but, somehow, did not alarm me. I finally decided to do nothing unless bullets should begin to strike my windows, in which case, if things became too "hot", I could seek shelter in the bath tub. This idea was comforting and I soon fell asleep and didn't wake up until morning. I was told that the racket kept up and that the shooting continued at intervals until 4.00 A.M.

July 18th. All quiet apparently this morning. No cars running but the streets are crowded with pedestrians. We could get no reliable news re-