it would be wise to do so and suggests that I go, as the operating program is the only one which need keep any member of the Commission in Russia. Miller is the logical man to stay for this, but he does not want to and Stevens does, so it will probably end by both staying. I think Stevens is now afraid of having me become seriously ill on his hands and it does look as if this would be the case if I stay. I have now lost thirty-five pounds and have fever each day. Food very bad and scarce; no sugar to-day and yesterday no bread; eggs have disappeared long ago. There is no meat but we occasionally get game and fish and these are sometimes bad; cabbage soup, potatoes and canned vegetables are our staples. My oatmeal, which I have learned to cook, is a life-saver. Recently my friend Poliakov sent me a half loaf of real white bread; it looked like angel-cake; it was hard to believe wheat bread could be so white. I am toasting this delicacy a piece each day and this morning sent a slice, tied up with a blue ribbon, to Mrs. Bass; I can't think of a more desirable present. The curious thing about this scarcity of the ordinary staples is that there is really plenty of food in the country; the shortage is largely confined to the cities. Disorganized transportation is partly the cause, but not wholly; the entire machinery of life has become atrophied. The peasants are not anxious to sell their farm products because the value of the rouble is continually falling and also because their usual method is one of "barter"; they prefer to exchange their produce for manufactured articles which they need; these articles are scarce and relatively very high in price, measured by former food equivalents. Therefore, the farmer holds on to his produce. Again, the middleman, or collecting agencies, are disorganized; hence, the entire machinery of distribution from the farmer to the consumer in the large cities is out of gear,