New York papers, which looked good to us. We also got some definite news of steamer sailings from Japan. It appears that we have just missed a good boat and shall have to wait 3 or 4 weeks for another. The afternoon on the train was very hot, but the trip was an enjoyable one to me. A lovely country, flat, but in a high state of cultivation. Soil rich, a veritable garden spot. Arrived Chang-Chun at 11.00 P.M. and slept in our car. Distance from Harbin is 152 miles.

August 25th. We left this a.m. in the regular local train over the South Manchurian Railway, a Japanese-owned road. As the track gauge had changed from the Russian standard 5 ft. to the American standard 4 ft. 8½ in., we had to say good-bye to our car and our faithful but stupid Provodnik. Poor fellow, we are leaving him nearly 6,000 miles from home and Lord knows how or when he will get back; we soothed him by a large "tip" in depreciated Russian rubles and incidentally got rid of a quantity of that undesirable currency. Chang-Chun is a great distributing centre for the produce of the rich Sungari valley and the western part of the Kirin Province. The trade in beans and grain is immense. The caravans of horse carts which bring in this produce are a remarkable sight. There is also a famous horse-fair in the suburbs. Aside from these there is nothing of special interest in the town. There is a good Japanese hotel here, the Yamato, built and run by the Railway Company on European lines, one of a chain of similar hotels located at the larger places along their railways in China and Korea. Thank God, we are at last free from the sight of the Russian soldier! He has crowded the cars and stations all the way from Petrograd and had gotten somewhat upon my nerves. In his place we find at each station a squad of