neat and unobtrusive Japanese soldiers; these police not only the line to Mukden, which is a Japanese concession, but the Chinese Government Railway from Mukden to Shanhaiquan where the great wall comes down to the sea. Their right to do this appears to be in question; the excuse is that bandits infest the country and that it is a philanthropic measure to protect the public. It is 189 miles to Mukden and it took us all day to get there. But I enjoyed it; the same lovely fertile country we found in yesterday's run; curious little towns surrounded by mud-walls. The houses are of "adobe" and some of the more pretentious ones are enclosed by separate walls and corner-forts pierced with port-holes for rifles. This is for protection against bandits. The plain is everywhere intensively cultivated; crops of sorghum, soya-beans, potatoes and small grains.

The South Manchurian Railway was taken over from the Russians at the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war and its gauge changed to U. S. standard. It is a fine single track, rock-ballasted railway, with heavy rails. The stations are very neat and the train service excellent. The first-class fare, including a set in the compartment sleeper, is three cents per mile. Freight trains are of American type cars, with automatic couplings and air brakes. Names on the cars and stations are in both Japanese and English.

August 26th. Mukden. Arrived last evening and spent the night at the railway station Hotel, the Yamato; really a first-class establishment and quite English in its appointments and service. We had a fine table-de-hote dinner with all sorts of wines. I am now feeling quite fit again and am eating enough for two, rapidly making up for lost time.

Our train for Peking leaves at 10.30 A.M. so we rose early in order