The North China Government Railway, by which we left for Peking, 522 miles distant, is an old road with English equipment, comfortable and well maintained. Greiner and I each had a compartment in the sleeping car. The train, which was not the fast express, carried also a diner. A very hot day. The country continues flat and is under splendid cultivation. Endless fields of corn and sorghum. The great Fushim district collieries lie to the east as we leave Mukden. These deposits of excellent steaming coal are controlled by Japan and the product shipped largely to that country. There were signs everywhere of recent flooding, due to the large rivers leaving their banks. This condition became worse as we went south and, apparently, we had timed our trip just right, as there were numerous signs of recent repairs to bridges and embankments. In places whole towns had been under water, the mud houses and walls being in many cases washed away. The river beds are, as is generally the case on the alluvial plains of Eastern China, above the level of the land; a breakage of a dyke, therefore, floods a large area of country. Towards evening, we approached mountains and skirt along the shore of the Liao-tung Gulf. Beautiful vistas could be seen occasionally, as permitted by gaps in the rows of willow trees which line the railway; these trees are very annoying and trying to the eyes.

The railway track is very good; a single line but double at the stations. It seems to be usual in this country to make the main track turn out at the stations, placing the platform track on a prolongation of the tangent; this makes a disagreeable turn-out for fast running through a station. Buildings are of stone and neatly kept. Japanese soldiers guard the stations— protection from bandits, it is said. What a relief to be rid of the Russian soldier! Our train conductor says bandits are never seen south