

in Russia—outposts of the Russian Church. And close beside hung a picture of the Czar.

By the window stood a tall, thin man with drooping shoulders and a bored expression. He was, the Chancellor's aide.

"I cannot see," he remarked at last, "what you find interesting in the peasants here. There is nothing here but the most revolting poverty, starvation, disease. Most revolting." He relapsed into gloomy silence. At last the Chancellor returned.

"The Governor has not consented. He has no power to allow you to see the peasants. You must forward your application to the Minister of the Interior."

Ivanoff and I grew desperate. Forwarding an application to the Minister of the Interior is like throwing pebbles into the ocean; applications have been piling up there some fifty years. We talked things over in English, then Ivanoff turned to the Chancellor.

"We have powerful friends in Petersburg who may procure for us a letter from one of the Grand Dukes. Will that help us?"

The Chancellor smiled.

"Not long ago," he replied, "a gentleman came here with just such a letter. But meanwhile the Governor had received different orders from some one else in Petersburg. The gentleman did not see the peasants."

"Let's get out of this," I said, speaking low in English, "Let's hire a sleigh, and just begin looking as we did in those other villages. At least we can see something before we get expelled."

Unfortunately the Chancellor caught my meaning.

"If you try to see the peasants by yourselves," he said, "you will not only be watched by the police, but some at least of the peasants to whom

you talk will be our spies. We have telephones to every village, and in two hours at latest we shall know not only whom you have seen, but also what you yourselves have said. Meanwhile you will have been seized and thrown into a village jail, awaiting our orders." He smiled grimly. "Our village police are rough fellows. They would doubtless flog you both in jail before we could inform them who you were. Of course we should be sorry for this and should reprimand them. But in the meantime, you see, you would have been flogged." Ivanoff translated this slowly.

"Do you think he means it?"

"Yes. I have known cases where it was done."

"But you read him my letters from my magazine, from the American consul, and from the Secretary of State?"

Ivanoff only smiled. "Oh, my dear fellow, that is nothing."

"In my country it is something. We have a strange American custom that may interest the Chancellor. When a journalist comes to report both sides of a strike, he is not flogged, not even jailed. We let him walk right up and look at the workmen." Ivanoff told this to the Chancellor. They both laughed.

"Young man," said the Chancellor, rising as if to close the interview, "kindly remember that you are not in the United States but in Russia. We are responsible to no living man here, but only to our superiors in Petersburg, who are in turn responsible only to his Majesty the Czar."

For an hour we wandered through the hummocky, slushy, steaming streets; watching crowds of peasant men and women who had come into town to market. The faces of these peasants were broad and dull and coarse. They were clothed in rags; the handkerchiefs on the women's