

dug up proved to be those of some old friend or companion of his, but, of course, the corpses of the Imperial Family were not found. The Bolsheviks were, evidently, more merciful to the dog than to the family, as the dog was not shot and is now in the care of Colonel Rodzianko at Vladivostok. As I looked at the somewhat tawdry building in which the last Emperor of the Romanovs met so tragic a fate, I could not but pity the man, weak and erring though he may have been but surely more sinned against than sinning, born to the splendours of a throne which governed one hundred and eighty million souls, who, at last, vainly begged for life at the hands of the most degraded of his former subjects. Knowing the methods of the Red Guards practised at Ufa, one can imagine the life led by the four daughters of the Czar prior to the murders. After visiting this house, we proceeded to the main street, purchased post-card photographs of Admiral Kolchak and General Gaida at five roubles (50 cents) each and vainly sought to purchase photographs of the Czar's house. Meeting the train interpreter, we were taken into a marvellous shop filled with almost priceless jewels. The shop was located in the proprietor's house, and could not be found by a stranger, as there was nothing to indicate that it was a mercantile establishment. The proprietor also maintains a factory in the rear where the cutting of the stones is done. Beyond taking their gold and leaving paper money in exchange, these people seem to have been undisturbed by the Bolsheviks. The probability is they paid some of the leaders a good sum of money for immunity. Of course they did not venture to carry on business. Here I made one or two trifling purchases, and we then walked back to the train. The snow is melting and walking was very bad, so I did not go out in the evening.

April 11.—I was kept busily occupied in the train practically all day and, therefore, have nothing to report. I assisted in compiling a 3,000 word telegram reporting the Ufa atrocities and spent the afternoon getting it in shape for transmission. General Gaida is at the Front and not in Ekaterinburg, so we leave to-night for the West, ultimate destination Perm, though we are to take in some places on the way.

April 12.—We left Ekaterinburg at 6 a.m. and about 9 stopped at Tavatui, where we remained until about 4 in the afternoon. We are not taking the direct route to Perm, but going north through a great industrial district where there are many factories. The General spent the morning inspecting these factories with the view of urging that better use be made of them to supply the necessities of the Army in the way of transport wagons and other equipment. One might think that, having the Bolshevik occupation in their recollections, the manufacturers would be eager to assist in every way the Government in its attempt to put Bolshevism down, but many of them seem to be more eager to speculate in copper and iron and other raw materials, for which fabulous prices are being paid, than to use the materials in the manufacture of equipment for the Army. The plants are immense in size and manifold in their operations, but chiefly turn out products connected with iron and copper. In the evening the train was moved some versts farther north, to the large town of Nijni Tagil, and here we are to stay until to-morrow.

April 13.—As we were not scheduled to leave Nijni Tagil until 10 o'clock, Major Cameron asked me if I would care to accompany a party of officers attending Palm Sunday service in the very large church at Nijni Tagil. Accordingly we set off about 9, and were in time to witness a part of the celebration of Mass. The church is quite modern—1892—and is lavishly decorated, though in better taste than most of the Siberian churches. The walls were filled with paintings, some of them obviously copies of Roman Catholic pictures. No palms were in evidence, nor evergreens, though the hills surrounding the town were covered with them, but imitation flowers were being sold on the church steps. The steps, by the way, were packed with beggars, both men and women. A few stations north of Nijni Tagil, a branch line runs off to the north and it was this line we took, going to a little village called Lala, where are located the immense Nicoli Pavidinski Works. This is a huge plant, but is only running to a third or less of its capacity though even now it has 5,000 hands. The entire village, which was created in 1913, is owned by the Company. The houses are all built on a standard design accommodating four families each, and a superficial verdict would be that it was a happy industrial community. I understand, however, that there is a great shortage of bread and that Bolshevism has hampered the Works by continued labour troubles. At 10 p.m. we left for the South.