

The Face of Manchuria ch. i

side is started will make more rapid progress. The next day "the faithful of Hulan" sent us gifts of cakes, and asked when we were leaving, that they might speed us on our way. We left too early, however, to go and thank them in person, as we had a four hours' sleigh ride in order to catch the express at Kharbin, which only goes twice a week direct to Moukden. Unfortunately we had mistaken the day, and we doubly regretted that we had not waited to return the courtesies shown to us.

The first section of the railway line running southwards is still in the hands of Russia, and one's attention is continually arrested by the large numbers of soldiers who are kept all along the line to guard it. Kwan-cheng-tze is the terminus of the Russian line: it is not quite half-way from Kharbin to Moukden. The Japanese call their station at Kwan-cheng-tze Changchun, which is rather puzzling to the traveller who is unaware that the place boasts two names. All passengers have to change trains here.

We had a leisurely journey across the plains, and arrived at Kwan-cheng-tze about 8.30, our halting-place for the night. It boasts a brand new Japanese hotel just opposite the station, which was radiantly clean and fresh, such a contrast to the Russian one at Kharbin. There was no lack of attention, for the Chinese boys flew to do our bidding, and fetched us tea unbidden. In the morning we started at 8.30 on the Japanese section of the line. The cars are long open corridor ones, and kept admirably clean, but one