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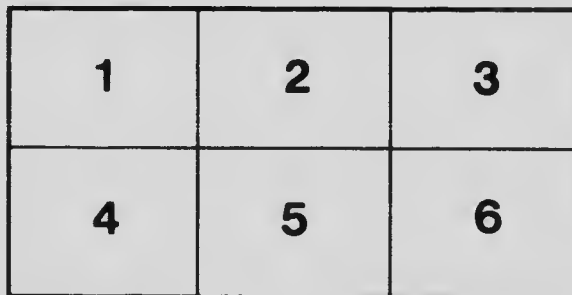
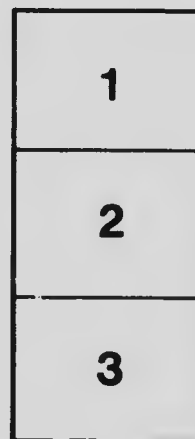
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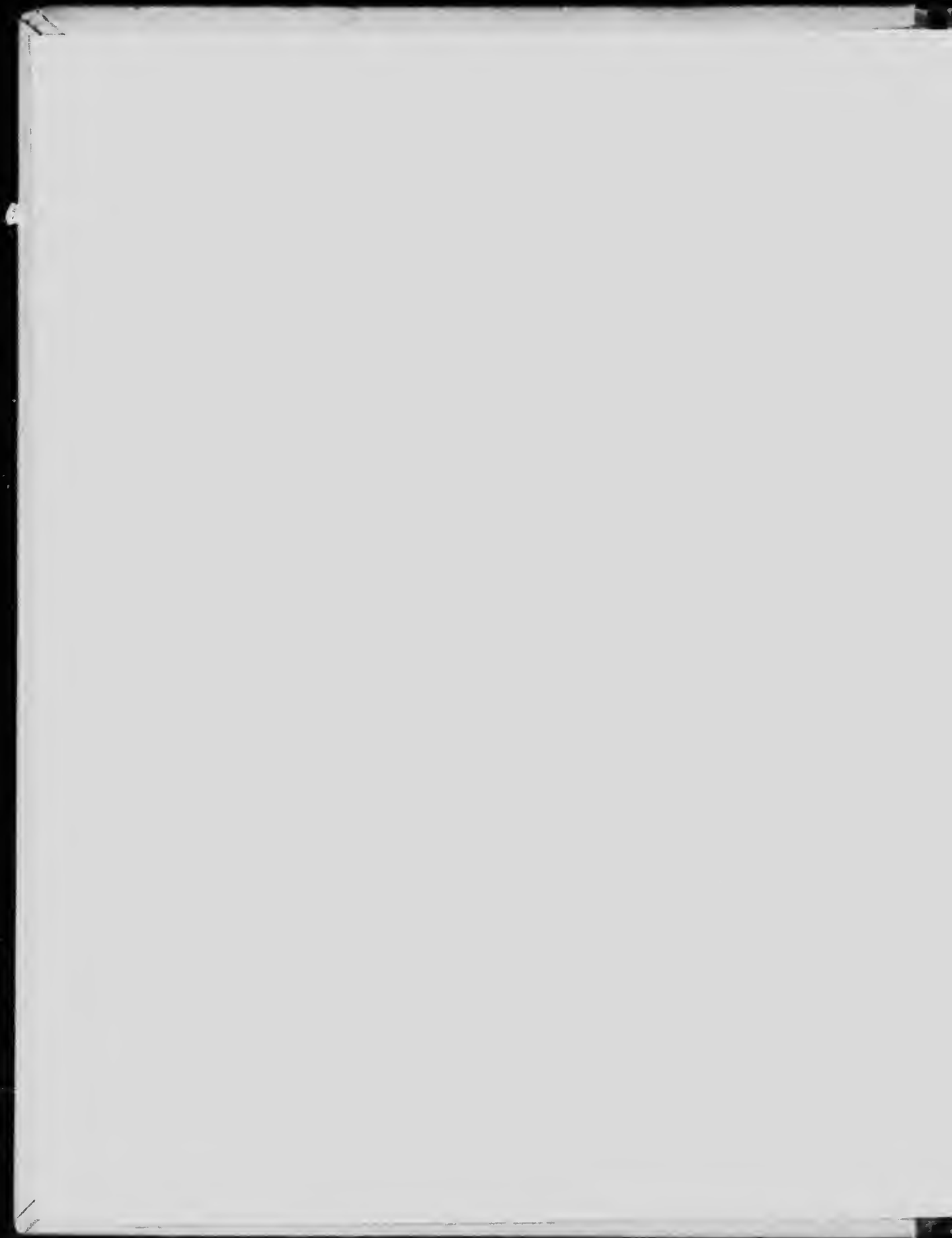
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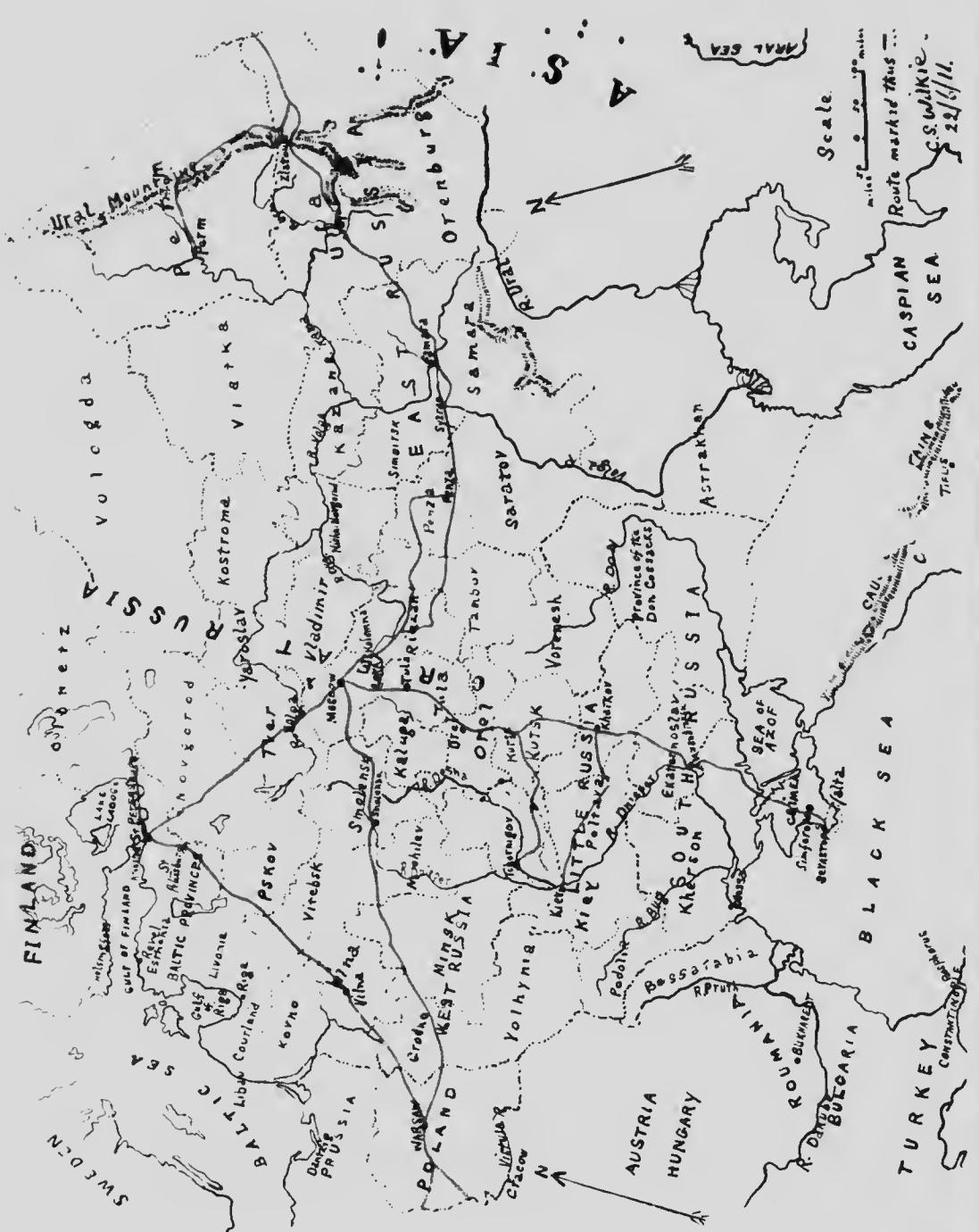
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**RUSSIA**  
—  
**"TRAVELLING LIGHT"**  
—

**G. S. WILKIE, M.A.**

**CAPTAIN R.O.**



Scale. 0 20 40 miles  
Route marked thus ...  
C.S. WILKIE  
22/6/11.

Ural Mountains  
Ural River  
Caspian Sea  
Astrakhan  
Saratov  
Tartar  
Voronezh  
Minsk  
Mogilev  
Vitebsk  
Pskov  
Novgorod  
Murmansk  
Kola  
Lapland  
Siberia  
Orenburg  
Samarat  
Kazanka  
Smolensk  
Mozhaysk  
Vladimir  
Nizhny Novgorod  
Kostroma  
Vologda  
Tver  
Yaroslavl  
Kalinin  
Leningrad  
Petrograd  
St. Petersburg  
Novaya Zemlya  
Gulf of Finland  
Baltic Sea  
Gulf of Livonia  
Riga  
Courland  
Livonia  
Estonia  
Finland  
Sweden  
Poland  
Prussia  
Austria  
Hungary  
Roumania  
Bulgaria  
Turkey  
Black Sea  
Sea of Azov  
Don Cossacks  
Province of the Don Cossacks  
Khanate of the Crimea  
Caucasus  
Caucasus  
Tiflis  
Georgia  
Armenia  
Azerbaijan

## "Travelling Light" Russia



“CAN you leave for Moscow to-morrow, via China?” was the somewhat startling message to me over the long-distance telephone one night in April, 1910. Being accustomed, however, to taking long journeys at short notice, I said “Certainly,” and began to pack up.

In the pages which follow I have given an account of that portion of my travels which embraced Russia in Europe.

How we wandered about in Japan, South China, along the China coast, in North China, Korea, Manchuria and Siberia, is all recorded elsewhere. In these pages I have not wandered from the original notes in my diary.

Much has happened since 1910, which to one who has been in Russia is of interest. The mutiny in the Black Sea fleet, the tragic death of Count Tolstoy, and the attitude adopted with regard to the passports of Americans of the Jewish persuasion, particularly come to mind.

I have heard many people speak of, and have read the remarks of others, as to the trials and tribulations of a traveller in Russia on entering and leaving the country.

I can say that entering from Asia, and leaving via Germany, no where *en route* was a bit of my baggage searched or opened up by customs officers or others, nor was there anything but the greatest civility shown by the police in town, village and hamlet throughout that great domain.

I am tempted to say this because of the apparently rooted idea in the minds of many of us that Russia is a fearsome country to visit. It isn't.

C. S. WILKIE.

ALGONQUIN PARK,

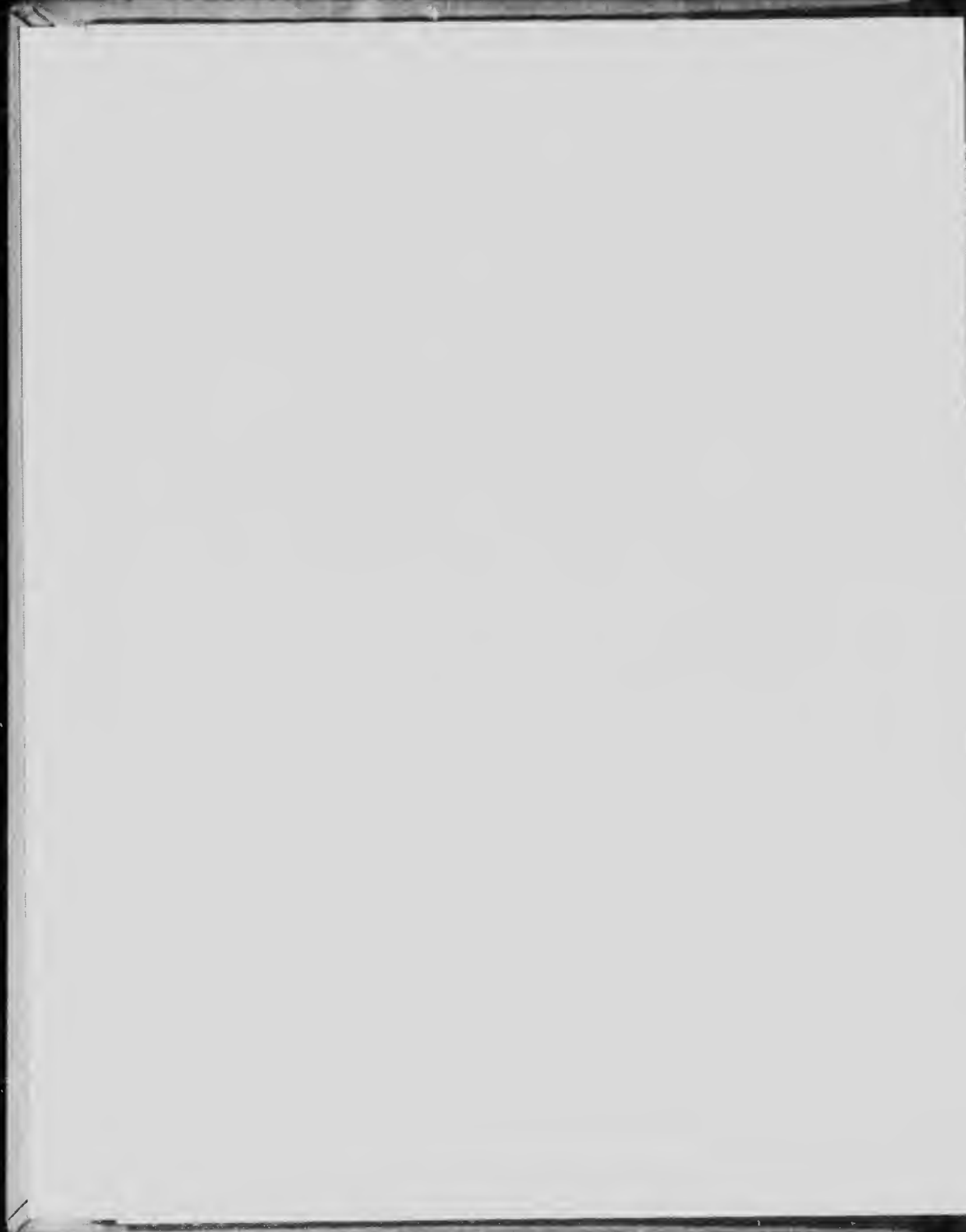
24th March, 1913.

C.S. WILKIE  
22/6/11.

SEA

CAJON  
TILES

TURKEY  
CONSTITUTION





## Travelling Light in Russia

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As the long travel-stained train, grimy with the dust of many Russian provinces, both Asiatic and European, rolled into the big station at Moscow, we beheld a regular army of porters drawn up in single rank the whole length of the platform.

As the train came to a standstill these stepped forward on a given signal, so many going to each carriage. Everybody seemed in a desperate hurry, and by the time our nine pieces of hand baggage had been assembled, including that accursed hat box, the omnibus for the Hotel Metropole had gone and we had to pile into a droshky and rattle away over the cobblestones, with bags and valises piled all around and over us, helmets topmost.

It was early in the morning; it was chilly; I had had no breakfast, and as it was some birthday or nameday or something, of somebody in the Royal Family, everything was closed up. Altogether I didn't think I was going to like Russia a bit. "And the boy guessed right the very first time;" although after thinking things over, I must admit that Russia, like the vicar's egg, is very good in parts.

We were lucky in having a friend to meet us and get us more or less settled down at the hotel, for although there is an almost constant stream of English-speaking people passing through Moscow on their way to, or from, the Far East, there is not a word of English spoken in the hotel (except by one porter), hardly any French, and very little German.

I had always had an idea that French was a sort of universal language all over Europe, and I was surprised to find that in Moscow at all events German is rapidly taking its place. St. Petersburg is a much more cosmopolitan place, while Moscow is Russian through and through.

The very first thing I learned was that Russians don't have any breakfast. But as they don't, as a rule, leave off eating until about three in the morning, they can hardly be expected to tackle food again until the middle of the day, when the tired waiters in the cafes have done stretching themselves, and have got the sleep out of their eyes.

We spent that morning, August 12th, in and about the Kremlin, which is only a short distance from the Metropole. It was hard to imagine that only four years ago there were over five hundred barricades in the streets of Moscow, and that in the square adjoining had been drawn up artillery to hurl grape shot into the mobs, between cavalry charges.

That very first afternoon, while wandering about alone to get my bearings, a thing I always have done on arriving in any city (hunting in couples being a nuisance), I got quite a scare. With my mind running on memories of battles, bayonets, blood, and bombs, I was startled by a terrific explosion in the middle of the street. Men dodged for doorways, women screamed, three horses ran away, and a fourth, after standing straight up on its hind legs, threw himself at my feet on the sidewalk.



THE GREAT GUN AT MOSCOW - NOT THE "SHOGUN"

As the little front wheels of the drosky struck the curb, the driver and two ladies who were seated in the carriage left that conveyance, and sailed through the air to the pavement, there to join their prostrate steed.

Things were coming my way. And here, thought I, as I side stepped, and within seven hours of arriving in Moscow, the very centre of a bomb outrage. But it was not so. When the dust cleared it was seen that labourers were working on a drain and had fired a blast, without the least warning to passersby.

The ladies sought refuge in a shop, and the driver, who had bounced around the pavement like some grotesque rubber ball, swathed as he was in his cabman's costume, proceeded to sit on the head of his astonished gee, and give directions as to the unharnessing of the same. I left him apologizing to the police for obstructing the sidewalk. The police, by the way, I found to be very courteous and obliging, and although of course they could not understand a word I said, they were rather good at reading picture puzzles I drew for them, and generally soon gave me the desired information.

They were, until last year, still armed with rifle and bayonet; but now they go about with nothing but the comparatively paltry armament of a club, a sword, and an automatic pistol.

I spoke a little way back of our being lucky in having a friend to meet us. This friend was one of the Censors of Journals, of whom I think there were five in Moscow.

If you have ever read a foreign paper, either illustrated or otherwise, which has entered Russia, you will have come across many obliterated pictures and paragraphs, sometimes whole articles. Anything in a foreign paper dealing with Russian politics, diplomacy, or home government, and any pictures of members of the Royal Family, are inked out with a stamp. Therefore, the English, French and German magazines and illustrated papers to be found in some hotels, present as a rule a very sad and blotchy appearance.

But it is the home magazines and journals which receive the particular attention of these Censors of Journals.

Sometime ago it was the custom to censor everything before publication; but as the number of publications increased by leaps and bounds, it was soon evident that this system was far too slow. Consequently it became the rule to instruct all firms in what things might not be said or portrayed, and thus the publishers became their own censors, and woe betide any firm whom the official censors discovered to have transgressed. They were either heavily fined, their publications confiscated, and the guilty parties imprisoned, or the firm was put out of business for good and aye.

During the four days I spent on this occasion in Moscow I was alone for much of the time, and frequently had to carry on a conversation with officials, or with neighbors at table, in at least three different languages—French, English and German, all mixed up together in a delightful pot-pourri. It reminded me of "The Heavenly Twins" and beat "pidgin" English all to pieces.

One day I corralled an American globe-trotter and off we went to the Kremlin, armed with kodaks. We had heard that one must have a permit to snapshot; but then we knew that took a week of Sundays to obtain; and moreover, we only half believed the report.

However, after we had been to the top of the Ivan Tower, and photographed Moscow in all directions, taking the big gun in front of the arsenal and the great bell and many other interesting things, I saw one of the Czar's quaintly uniformed veterans, those grenadiers whose duties consist of marching around statues and public buildings, armed with flintlocks and garbed in the uniform of long ago, like the "Beef-eaters" in London.

This old gentleman swooped down upon us while we were in the act of snapping him, and ripped out a long sentence which sounded like the exhaust pipe of a motor boat in a rough sea. We quietly closed our cameras, and shrugged our shoulders.

"Verstehe, sie nicht," said we. "Ah, ha," said he, "Sprechen sie Deutsch?" "Nous ne comprenons pas." This we coupled with such a look of placid resignation that the gay old bird gave us up in disgust, and with a few parting splutters and hiccoughs strode back to his post.

We waited to listen to the bells, about twelve o'clock. The beautiful bells of Moscow, bells of every tone from the high tenor bell, to the one that gives a deep sullen roar like far distant thunder, and causes everything about to throb and tremble.

In spite of its topography Moscow is not a difficult city to get about in. It has one of the best electric tram services in Europe, if not in the world. Rapid, cheap and comfortable. No one is allowed on a car unless there is a vacant seat, but there are plenty of cars, and because of the arrangement of the various routes, the fact that cars do not stop to take on passengers when filled, and then only at regular stations, there is never any blockade. They are surface lines entirely; the seats are set crosswise, and one pays a few kopecks, according to the distance one rides.

The cab service is also good, but as most of the streets are cobblestoned, and the drosky is not built for a person with long legs, we did not patronize it to any extent. However, they are cheap. In spite of the pavements, however, the people are in for motoring to a great extent,



THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW



MOSCOW FROM THE BELL TOWER IN THE KREMLIN

and powerful cars, mostly of French manufacture, dash about at a great rate. It may be that the drivers are also powerful in another sense, and exempt from prosecution, for there seems to be no speed limit, and although you may not play cards with pasteboards of foreign make, whistle in the street, or travel without a passport, you may drive an automobile at a mile a minute, making horrible sounds with weird horn, stand on the street corner as long as you like, and walk across the grass.

"Why," said a newspaper editor to me, "should you stand in awe of our police? They are very good fellows if you don't hurt them. But we don't care a snap of our fingers for even the chief, while you fairly worship your London bobby."

At this time of the year the Grand Opera House is closed, and even the big theatre adjoining, where actors are trained for years before being considered proficient, is shut up. Here actors do not "learn" their parts and commit them to memory in order to spout their lines and make their gestures at the proper times. Here they live their parts, they absorb them as it were.

There are places where one can go, however, in the summer, and for a few kopecks, hear in the open air of an evening, Grand Opera sung by quite capable artists.

In spite of various attractions and the hospitality shown by several individuals, the fact remained that a move to more cosmopolitan surroundings was desirable to a *pro tempore*, lonely traveller.



Russian Policeman



MOSCOW FROM THE BELL TOWER IN THE KREMLIN

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT MOSCOW IS REMARKABLE FOR TWO THINGS—A CANNON THAT HAS NEVER BEEN FIRED  
AND A BELL THAT HAS NEVER BEEN TOLLED

Therefore upon the 15th I hied me to the office of the International Sleeping Car Company and secured accommodations on the night train for St. Petersburg: "a beelyet pierrevago classe do paterborgo."

That evening, with all my five bits of baggage, including the now rehabilitated hat box, safely and without any trouble from railroad officials, ensconced in a comfortable compartment, I departed at half-past seven. Fare to St. Petersburg, twenty-two roubles, all told, which means lots of things.

After a solid night's sleep, on the bright sunshiny morning of Tuesday, August 16th, I detrained at St. Petersburg at 8.30 and proceeded directly to the Grand Hotel d'el Europe, down the Nevsky Prospect, where, thanks to the English-speaking porter, I was made quite at home without loss of time.

I have often heard that St. Petersburg is not a choice place in the good old summer time, and it was certainly decidedly warm. Moreover there were six hundred cases of cholera in town, which is not, however, surprising.

Nevertheless I determined to see as much as possible, before being taken down by cholera, taken up by a bomb, or taken in by the police.

Before leaving Moscow I had posted a card to myself to see if I had left the correct address for my mail. This having been duly received at the hotel and delivered to me shortly after my arrival, and having handed over my passport at the office, I set out to view the landscape o'er, and decided that the best way of doing it was to climb a steeple.

I compromised on the tip-top of the dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral. And it *was* a climb, the Milan Cathedral was not in it. Up, up, up, by easy stages at first, then round, and round, and round. Finally we had a breathing spell while the attendant lighted a candle.

Then onward and upward, across trestles, over dark chasms, up ladders and along galleries, until out we came on the balcony surrounding the base of the dome. Another rest while the guide "donsed the glim," and we strolled slowly along to an iron ladder supplied with a hand rail. The wind was blowing away up here, and it made one's insides feel like they do when you take an express elevator "down."

I wondered how the young lady I had met on the way up had managed this bit of the climb, for she had done it. Chancing her nationality, seeing that she was alone, I had queried "all way up?" and had got the answer "sure." There is another little balcony at the top of the ladder, which ladder lies against the roof of the dome. Here we stood breathing hard and looking over St. Petersburg, north, south, east, and west, far below us.

To the east the Nevski Prospect, to the south a vista of roofs and domes, and beyond the railroad lines stretching away south; to the west the harbour, and to the north the Neva, the Nicolas Bridge and others, the Vassile Ostroff, or Basil Island, where is the University of St. Petersburg, and the Military School, and further to the right the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul with the slender steeple of its Cathedral. Many more things I could tell you I saw as I did, had I guide book; but I am writing from memory.

Then and there I decided to visit the Fortress right away quick, and the descent began. It's all very well to say "*facilis descensus Averno*," but I have remarked that the iron ladder was laid over, and on, and against the roof of the dome, according as to whether you were on the top, half way, or near the bottom. Anyway you could only get the point of your toe in, and hang on to the hand rail. And "de wind she blow, blow, blow."

I beckoned for the guide to go first so that I might fall on him. Finally, however, we did get down literally to terra cotta, and the - was my wretched drosky man on the watch to nail me. I was too tired to walk, or to argue, so I just tumbled into the rattle trap and directed him back to the hotel, and my friend, the head porter, for there wasn't an English-speaking visitor in the place. English, French and German were at a discount.

I soon found that out when I ordered a bath and they brought me my bill all made out and my passport viséd. The latter just by chance I needed, so the porter told me, as I could get no card for the Fortress. Having been somewhat refreshed, off I went in a newer and more flashy drosky, the driver of which had explicit instructions and warnings not to lose me on the way.

We got inside the Fortress all right, and a queer sensation it was to drive over the moat and through that darksome archway. It reminded me of the first winter day I entered the Citadel at Quebec, there to remain some years.

But it was no use trying to get into anything else, except the Cathedral, wherein were a mass of candles, and shrines, and tombs. It made me shudder in spite of the tinsel, and gold, and silver, and the grinning faces of half a dozen soldiers slouching around, on guard, I presume, over the ghosts and brass work.

By the way, the Russian soldier is, as a rule, as sloppily as his officer is smartly dressed. Poor man, it's hardly his fault, and even on warm days you will see him on the street with his great-coat over his shoulders, the sleeves tied in a knot under his chin. There are two reasons for this. One is that if he didn't keep it on his - someone would pinch it; and the other is that his devoted country only gives him one uniform for use summer and winter, whether he be in Northern Siberia, or at Yalta on the Russian "Riviera."

But I am digressing. My driver vainly tried to point out various buildings, many of which I recognized from previous descriptions, but it was no use trying him with Russian phrases, let alone German or French. I had become tired of saying "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" and "Parlez vous Francaise?" to polite and interesting ladies and gentlemen. They "don't" in Russia, no matter what anyone says. They just talk plain Russian. Very plain Russian.

Out of the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul we rattled, over the bridge, and dodging a procession of seven big field guns on their way into the Arsenal, we drew up at the cottage of Peter the Great. It is a little log cottage, near the bank of the river, surrounded by posts and chain.

In it are the boat said to have been made by Peter the Great—I didn't see much of it as it was covered with canvas—the old original furniture, numerous ikons, and in one of the little rooms a shrine, an ikon, and if I remember rightly, a priest.

There is no charge for admission, and one passes from one little room to another, winding up at the shrine. Close by is a stand where one is supposed to purchase candles—of various sizes and prices, ranging from a kopeck up—to place, lighted, before the shrine. It was very, very hot and smelly in there, and it was not a pleasant sight from a sanitary point of view to see person after person, cap in hand, come forward, and after kneeling, saying a prayer, and placing his, or her, candle on the shrine, step forward and kiss the face of the ikon.

A stroll down the Nevski Prospekt filled in the rest of the afternoon. At this time of the year, August and September, that famous street presents a peculiar appearance, for it is the season of repairing and building, and whole rows of houses were planked in, the scaffolding inside the outer shell of planking, and the base resting on huge wooden upright beams standing half way across the sidewalk. The shops were attractive, and I found the best of attention. Here and there were temporary public drinking fountains, on account of the cholera.

Every second or third person one meets is in uniform, and even the majority of those not in uniform wear caps with distinguishing badges on them.

A Russian soldier is said by Russians to have eyes in the back of his head. For woe betide him if he should pass an officer, on either side of the street, without saluting; and as all officers are continually in uniform, except when they are in bed, if they ever go to bed, the poor soldier is kept busy saluting right and left throughout his progress down the street. Nor is the salute unreturned. Consequently, looking over the heads of the people (if you are very tall), down the street you see a waving tangle of arms, which for all the world looks like the forest of semaphores outside Waterloo station.

A soldier may dress as sloppily as he likes, and carry a baby on one arm, and a bundle under the other, with his great-coat hanging over his shoulders, the sleeves knotted in front; but he *must* salute. Moreover, if he is addressed by an officer he must salute every time the officer speaks, or stops speaking. We saw this burlesqued in a very good light opera at one of the summer theatres, wherein an officer had occasion to make a lengthy address to his soldier servant, who carried a large bundle. Whenever the officer paused in a sentence his servant saluted, and the salute was checked by a tap from the officer's cane. The result was ludicrous, and reminded one exactly of those toy wooden clockwork pugilists. The audience shrieked with laughter. For they do laugh at theatres, though I have seldom heard laughter elsewhere in Russia.

I saw no smoking on the streets, and whistling is forbidden. The police manage the traffic, which is not very heavy, excellently. Here, in St. Petersburg, they are armed with a small wooden baton, a very large Mauser pistol in a wooden case, used as a rifle stock if required, and a sword. Moreover they wear immaculate white gloves. Why they wear white gloves here I don't know. There is a reason for it in New York, and in London, where the commanding or detaining white hand must be seen above the crush. But here there is no crush. If there were any fear of a crush fifty per cent. of the population would be locked up.

That evening I went to one of the winter gardens where there were several excellent performances going on in the open. All free, after paying the small entrance fee of fifty kopecks (25c).

Coming back, the street car took me out of my way, and for once I was "at sea." However, I found a policeman who understood a little sign language, and to my question in French he answered "da" (yes). This was indeed wonderful, for that, and the case of a tram car conductor, are the only ones which came to my notice during six weeks in Russia wherein the affirmative was given without repetition. It is usually da, da, oftener da, da, da, and not infrequently da, da, da, da, da.

I had come to St. Petersburg with the hope of taking a good rest, but after three days of "alone in St. Petersburg," which is much worse than "alone in London," I was not sorry when a telegram arrived bidding me take the next morning train for Sevastopol, or Sebastopol as it is improperly spelled. Look on the map and see what a pleasant little jamit that is.

On such short notice I was unable to get accommodation in the car of the Wagons Lits Co'y, and had to go in the regular Russian part of the train.

And thus next morning, August 19th, I began one of the most unpleasant, filthy, and uncomfortable railway journeys I have ever experienced, not excepting Africa in war time.

Travelling in Russia is all very well when you can get accommodation in the car which the International Sleeping Car Company run on all through trains; otherwise, except on short journeys, of which I am not speaking, it is most unpleasant and dirty.

On this occasion from St. Petersburg to Moscow I had as my companion a man whom I felt sure was a consumptive. At any rate he was a very sick man.

I hoped and prayed that he would get out at Moscow, but instead he went to bed, and two other Russians took the two remaining berths in the stuffy compartment. Having left St. Petersburg at 10.15 a.m. we arrived in Moscow about nine at night, where I picked up M., who had secured a berth in the Wagons-Lits car.

We heard the news to-day, as we left for Sevastopol, of the death of Florence Nightingale. Quite a coincidence.

Of that tedious, I might say hideous, journey through a monotonous country, from Moscow on south via Tula, Kursk and Kharkoff, to the Crimea, which journey lasted from the 19th till the morning of Sunday the 21st, I will say little, save that I find I have put down most of the known swear words in the English tongue in my notes taken at the time. I also suggested sending missionaries to Russia instead of to easy-going, happy Japan and comfortable, easy-going China. But they wouldn't like that. The missionaries, I mean.

There was no restaurant car on the last morning, and therefore, no breakfast; my ordinary fate in Russia. And so, after winding down curves and through six tunnels



past Inkerman and the famous monastery, of which more anon, and along the inner harbour, we came to a stop at Sevastopol, the terminus, at 10.30 a.m., tired, unwashed, hungry, and travel stained.

Did we then have a wash and break our fast? I trow not. It was a gulp of hot coffee, a nibble of sour bread, and a "panie" to the motor bus which was to take us fifty miles overland to Yalta.

We had been met at the station by friends and we quickly had our baggage on board one of the Yalta motors; but the summer rush was on, and I could not get a seat with the others and had to buy a seat in the car of a rival company.

But I did not know it was a different company, and here is where my troubles began, as though the hardships of the last two days had not been bad enough.

After all the rushing and perspiring it took us a good hour to get clear of Sevastopol. But at last, after having been side-swiped by the limb of a tree which took half the luggage off the roof and delayed us still more, we managed to get away, quite half an hour behind the rival car in which were my friends and—excuse these tears—my baggage.

This was a very different way of arriving at and departing from Sevastopol than the one I had pictured to myself. But I knew we were coming back again, and I was too tired, hungry and disgruntled with the world in general, and my eccentric fellow travellers in particular, to ponder on the fact that I was speeding at thirty miles an hour in an automobile over the field of Balaklava.

Leaving the Malakoff on our left, also the sites of various batteries, redoubts, etc., now marked only by small monuments which tell us of that which was, and of which there is now hardly a trace, we pounded along over an undulating, treeless, monotonous, and suffocatingly dusty road toward a point in the hills, the Pass of Baidar, perhaps half way to Yalta, which was to let us through into a different world, as it were.

For we passed from the dry, wind-swept plateau through the Baidar Gate straight into a glorified Riviera. Here we paused, and I believe some of us wandered about and got something to eat. For myself, I knew only the Russian food, and for fruit, and bearing in mind the cholera epidemic, I stuck to the tea, which I got after an awful lot of gesticulation, owing to the fact that I had inadvertently suggested an egg, done any old way that was convenient.

From the Baidar Gate one looks down suddenly upon the Black Sea. One is apt to think of the Black Sea as a comparatively small body of water; but it is over four hundred miles long, and in parts over two hundred miles wide. Quite big enough to give one a good tossing. It looked very placid and attractive this day as we looked down on its duneing, sparkling wavelets from the edge of the plateau.

There were eight of us in the rear portion of the big motor bus. A gentleman with his little niece, an Army Officer on leave, with his wife, two ladies, a stout commercial traveller and myself. The little girl ate ripe peaches, and spattered me with the juice; the two ladies chattered, until the dust, in dense clouds, choked them into silence; and the officer pulled his cap over his ears and breathed through a patent inhaler, while his wife alternately fanned him and arranged his military cloak. He was evidently an invalid.

And now began the down-grade part of the trip.

Tearing around corners, over little bridges, and up short ascents we now and then came to long stretches which seemed to end in nothing, only to whirl around an elbow of rock and go careering around a gully. Sometimes it felt as if we must leave the road



YALTA, ON THE BLACK SEA

like a flying machine and sail out over the Black Sea. Closer and closer we got to sea level, until at last with much honk-honking we rolled into the Esplanade, or Bund, of Yalta about five o'clock, nearly an hour late, covered from head to foot with white dust and without the least idea where my friends or my baggage had gone to, and quite unable to make myself understood.

Very seldom do any but Russians come to Yalta and rarely is any other language save Russian or Greek heard.

It was one of the lady passengers who, seeing, or guessing my predicament, came to my rescue. She explained in broken French that the other "bus" had gone to a different hotel, where I might find my baggage, if not my friends.

Accordingly after a preliminary brushing and dusting—no single effort could do more than dislodge the upper layer—I set forth and speedily unearthed the Orianda Hotel. And there sure enough was my baggage. But where, oh where! were my companions.

This time it was the woman bookkeeper who answered the S.O.S. or C.Q.D. signal. She had once upon a time lived in Germany, and while I was undergoing a second brushing she unfolded to me the news that the gamut-looking man with the funny hat, spectacles, and whiskers, had gone away in a carriage with the big fat man, his wife and chee-ild, and had left no message.

"Lost," thought I, "deserted in a strange land, and on an empty stomach."

And then a fierce joy filled my heart, while a fresh relay took up the whisking business, and my clothes began to appear from under their grimy covering. I HAD THE GAUNT ONE'S POCKET BOOK IN MY INSIDE POCKET, AND HE WAS A SCOTCHMAN.

It was while I was thus surrounded by the proprietor, the German bookkeeper, the porter, the boots, and a miscellaneous crowd of onlookers, that a two-horsed carriage dashed up and the lost were found.

Not a step further, however, would I go. Supplications were in vain. Having found my baggage, and a place in Russia where one might wash, eat, and sleep, I could not be budged.

Straightway was a room found for me, explicit instructions given to the waiter and valet, and I waved an adieu, and disappeared.

And so I came to Yalta, that beautiful spot on the Crimean coast so seldom visited by Europeans other than Russians, which was, however, in 1867 visited by the late Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), when he summed up his opinion of it (in the "Innocents Abroad") in the simple words "It is a beautiful spot."

Here he, Clemens, met the Emperor, as he calls him, and the Grand Duke, and others. It has been for many years the custom of the Czar to visit this charming locality during the summer.

And the next day I rested. That is after I had finally persuaded a few well intentioned maniacs that I really did not enjoy drifting around the harbour in an open boat, or driving up and down dusty roads. It was a hard job shaking them, but I did it, and in ten minutes had discovered a German waiter in a restaurant and, Gott Sie dank, sat down to a square meal, with real food.

It was a beautiful place to rest in. You could sit on the rocks, or in the sand without having to get up and make room for the tide, like a man named Comte, of old, for here there is no tide.

In the public gardens you could hear the most exquisitely composed music murdered by the abominable conducting of an alk of musician, and watch the progress of the only amusement (outside of roller skating) the younger element in Russia seem to have, *i.e.*, promenading.

No one can fail to notice one thing here, and that is the beauty of the women and their tastefulness in dress.

But go where you will in Russia you will ever find, in public, that restraint, that ever present uncomfortable "don't be seen speaking to me" feeling which casts a wet blanket over the spirits of the whole nation.

As for the children, they grow old at fourteen. They have no sports. There are no athletics, no inter-collegiate or inter-scholastic games, no recreations. They may in certain classes go in for gymnastics, for aviation, for yachting, or shooting; but only individually.

On the following day we took a long drive towards the East, visiting various summer resorts, dining at



RUINS OF THE PALACE OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE,  
NEAR YALTA, CRIMEA

the unearthly hour of 3 p.m. at some deceased nobleman's palace, and winding up at the Botanical Gardens a short distance outside Yalta.

These Botanical Gardens were the first of their kind in all Russia, and were founded one hundred years ago by an Englishman who hailed from Kew Gardens, where the tea comes from.

But, oh! how glad I was to get back and lie me away to my German waiter, there to order a bowl of soup and a good beefsteak, and all the appurtenances thereof.

That night I made a discovery. I found in the shape of the proprietor of a vaudeville show an individual who spoke fluent English. I eventually discovered that he had attended the American College at Constantinople.

He told me a lot about Yalta.

The next day our little party, which now consisted of *M.* and his friends, Pa, Ma, Gus, Flo., Sal., Jack, Jim, Johnnie and the baby, embarked in two Yalta carriages drawn by "beautiful horses with great long tails," such as they have in Southern Russia, and visited the estate and ruins of the palace of the Grand Duke Constantine, which was burned some fifty years ago by Nihilists.

They are beautiful now, and must have been magnificent once upon a time. The grounds with the marble terraces, pergolas, fountains, artificial lakes and waterfalls are like fairyland.

They had a splendid way of teaching their children geography. Some of the ponds were fashioned to make an exact representation of the Mediterranean Sea, the Bosphorus, the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov. All done to scale, with the names of the chief towns and harbours cut in the concrete banks. I took a running jump over the Sea of Azov, and nearly got a ducking through catching my foot in the Strait of Kertch.

Just now workmen are busy laying down water mains and a thorough drainage system, and in a few months these ruins will have disappeared, and a great modern palace will take their place.

It will in time be occupied, occasionally, by the young heir apparent, when he comes of age. And this reminds me that it was *his* birthday that was the cause of my going breakfastless on the day of my arrival in Russia.

It is a beautiful drive along the coast at the height of about four hundred or five hundred feet above the sea, through miles and miles of vineyards stretching from the shore right up to the fringe of the mountains in this great amphitheatre. The grapes hang over the dusty walls in great clusters; but no one thinks of touching them.

Every here and there, on commanding knolls, are little watch towers wherein watchmen armed with shotguns sit all day to guard against birds, and all night to guard against tramps. The people of the country naturally get their livelihood to a great extent from these big vineyards, belonging to noblemen they perhaps have never seen, who seldom ever visit their estates. And, in fact, if not actually serving in the army, most of these noblemen spend a large part of their time in any other country but their own, and their money does not circulate to any extent at home.

Nearer Yalta we passed Livadia, the villa much favoured by the late Emperor.

That evening, the 25th of August, I had great fun in explaining to the hotel people that I was going to take the steamer at eight o'clock the next morning, and so wanted my bill, my passport, and porters ready for my baggage. Finally I sat down in the office, and pen in hand, drew an elaborate picture of it all, with the date and time written above



hat" sped down the quay in the distance, and the funnels vomiting huge volumes of inky smoke. Then I took the proprietor out on the balcony and oriented the picture, pointing out the jetty and the steamer.

They thought it splendid. I left the picture with them.

As a result of my art and penmanship, next morning found me comfortably installed on board the steamer, my ticket purchased, and all my impedimenta attended to, before the others arrived; they, rushing hither and thither, and falling all over themselves, in the effort to find a friendless foreigner (me), who, not being able to speak Russian was, *de facto*, helpless. I gloated over them from my comfortable deck chair.

About nine we cast off from the pier, and circling around several torpedo boat destroyers that had arrived during the night, we pointed our nose toward Sevastopol. It was comparatively smooth for the first half of the voyage, the wind being off shore.

It was just like coasting off the Riviera, only the scenery was of a slightly grander style. Every here and there were palaces of various noblemen, fishing villages near the shore, and other villages half way up the mountains, where the main highway ran.

Nearing Sevastopol, however, the scenery changed, the mountains became hills, the hills hillocks, and we began to feel the effects of the wind, tossing about in great style.

Among the passengers was a very interesting little man who took an interest in us. He talked to us in four languages. That is, he would employ words and phrases in German, French, English and Russian, all in one sentence, in order to convey his meaning. He turned out to be a retired admiral who had been with the Baltic fleet on its disastrous voyage to the Far East. He, however, managed to tell us much that was interesting with regard to the Black Sea.

One thing was that there are no fish except within a restricted area from the shore, varying from a mile, or even a half mile, to three miles out. "This is on account of the lime," he said, and I verified this later on at the Museum of Natural History in Sevastopol.

As we rounded the point off the ancient city of Khersonesus we passed the steamer bound for Yalta, and on entering the Port found there the whole of the Russian Black Sea fleet, with torpedo flotilla and all. It was quite a pretty sight, although they did look like a lot of Noah's Arks.

We docked at about 2 p.m. and were led like lambs to one of the dirtiest, buggiest, alleged hostleries it has ever been my misfortune to patronize. But "ours not to reason why" and Russians seem to like dirt—besides we have a little over a day here to do a week's sight-seeing—so "*en avant*."

Our first business was to see to our transportation to Kieff, and here I put my foot down hard, and absolutely refused to travel ever again on a Russian train, other than by the best the first-class could offer. Accordingly I plunked down twenty-eight roubles and twenty-five kopecks, got my ticket and accommodation, and told the others to do as they liked.

in French. It worked like a charm. There was the jetty, and the steamer, and yours truly seated near the stern on top of a pile of luggage peacefully smoking a big cigar, while the "gaunt man with the funny



IN THE RUINS OF THE GRAND DUKE'S PALACE.

Then we visited the Military Museum, and there we saw, to me, a strange sight. There was a common soldier seated before an enormous canvas, painting a copy of a famous battle scene. His work was splendid, and it brought home to one the fact that even in a country where compulsory military service compelled this man to temporarily get into a uniform and live a correct life, and undergo a bit of discipline and drill, his artistic capabilities were apparently not lost sight of by his commanding officer.

There were, however, many other things in the Museum to gaze upon with interest: namely, the uniforms then worn, the arms and artillery then in use, the type of rations served, which does not improve as generations follow one another to the grave, I find.

Then there were the pictures and newspapers of the time. I could have spent many hours there, and felt aggrieved at being torn away to drive to the Malakoff.

I have said that we left the North with the news of the death of Florence Nightingale in the papers, and here we were standing on the remains of a battery on the Malakoff on the 26th of August, and only twenty-four hours off the anniversary of the storming of that spot in 1855. It seemed a double coincidence, if such an expression conveys any intelligence.

The chief point that strikes one on visiting the battle-fields about Port Arthur is the comparatively small area over which they stretch, and here in the Crimea it is not very different. For although Balaclava and Inkerman are not within a stone's throw, still, they are close enough.

What is within a stone's throw of the Malakoff is, however, the mark (a low parapet of cement) where the French lines reached to just before the taking of the Malakoff. I had heard it estimated by Crimean veterans variously as between a hundred yards and thirty feet. To satisfy myself I paced it and made it a little over fifty yards. What 203 Metre Hill meant to the Russians at Port Arthur in 1904, so did the Malakoff mean to them in 1856.

Apart from the monuments that have been set up on the spot, there is still no difficulty in seeing on the ground just how far the lines of the French came. On the other hand, much disappointment is in store for students of history who seek for landmarks, other than modern, elsewhere about Sevastopol. They have disappeared, and history is very confusing as to their exact whereabouts.

True, there are pedestals and monuments everywhere, but nothing now in the configuration of the ground to bear out the legends inscribed upon their faces.

That evening we dined on the Primorski Boulevard, looking out over the outer harbour, and the fleet. It was a pretty sight at sundown— but rather chilly.

Next morning, just as I had sunk into a sound sleep after an exhausting battle with bugs and the, in Russia, ever present flea (armed only with a tin of Keatings), I was awakened by heavy artillery practice just outside the harbour.

The T.B.D.'s were towing targets, and several forts were busy at practice. Later on we came across an infantry battalion marching into camp (the autumn manoeuvres were just commencing), and it did one's heart good to hear their own band, which consisted of their own voices, chorusing out a lusty song that went echoing over the hills, while they tramped along over the rough road.

We visited Chersonesus, or that *other* Pompeii.

I call it that "*other* Pompeii" because it has been covered fifteen feet deep with sand, shale, earth and pebbles, and only a bit of it has been dug out, showing a few of the streets of that ancient city, and the little hovels the inhabitants lived in.

The history of this peninsula is hard to follow. There is so much groping in the dark, as it were, and such a lot of hambugs have hummed and hawed, and written misleading paragraphs about it in the English language, from the year 1852 down to the present time, that one really comes away uncertain as to whether Chersonesus was founded by the Carthaginians, the Genoese, the Greeks, or others. We *know* it was destroyed—and on several occasions—I think principally by the Romans. Looking at it from an outsider's standpoint the last crowd that had a whack at it didn't leave much beyond broken pottery, which you can fill your pockets full of anywhere outside of the beaten track in Europe, and put in a cupboard at home, to be gloated over by maiden aunts and other gullible human beings.

To be quite exact, however, we learn that the Greek Colony of Chersonesus was well known to the Russians under the name of Kersun at the period of the introduction of Christianity into Russia. A strongly fortified wall once stretched from Lukerman to Balachlava across the promontory protecting the inhabitants from the Tauric and other barbarians. The remains of this wall can possibly be pointed out by well-paid guides. However, many of the streets of the ancient wall are still standing. The walls of Chersonesus are now used in constructing the fortress of Sevastopol, and there is now little left of the ruins except the main gateway, the moat, a bit of the wall, and a few excavated streets.

There is a museum close by, and the most interesting things in it are the



IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE, LOOKING OVER  
THE BLACK SEA

skulls of the people who from time to time graced this peninsula by their presence. They used to go in for head binding just as the Chinese did for foot binding.

It was apparently quite the thing for an aristocrat to have a skull which started back from the bridge of the nose and wandered up to a point a foot or so over the back of his neck.

Coming out of the museum we missed the "gaunt one." He was discovered, outside a water gate, standing in six inches of water, picking up pieces of a broken soup tureen, thrown there no doubt a week before by the wife of the keeper of the museum, whose cottage overhung the shore line.

Having helped him, loaded down as he was with bric-a-brac, into the awaiting drosky, we laboured— I use the word advisedly— back to the Primorski Boulevard, where we had a meal consisting largely of what tasted like canned lobster left over from the day before, and soup in which a fork would stand upright. We had to catch a train at six that evening, and we had also to visit Inkerman.

What a grand idea, thought the learned Professors, to sail up the harbour and so on up the babbling brook to the very spot. Glorious! So we embarked in a small fishing boat and set sail all serene (serene, mark you, means calm, according to Webster), gliding in and out among the vessels of the Black Sea fleet, and past half a dozen destroyers, which were much in need of scrubbing.

There was a regatta on that day, and I fair would have remained and watched the burly seamen sit at ease and entertain their friends at champagne luncheons (their idea of a regatta), while a few boats sailed over a short course within the harbour. But no, an hour's sail up the harbour and an hour's sail back will give us lots of time, argued the learned ones.

They could not understand that a dying wind, blowing a flat-bottomed boat along, would not likewise answer to bring us back. What had that to do with political economy? So we left the fleet behind us, and drifted up past the torpedo trial grounds, Carcenage Bay, Cape Troitsky, on the south, and the powder magazines on the north, till we reached the reedy mouth of the creek, or river "Techernaya." Up this we pulled till we came to the bridge where the road crosses leading to Mackenzie Heights. Here we disembarked and toiled up to the monastery, which is carved out of the face of the cliff.

Inkerman, the "Town of Caverns," will always be interesting apart from its associations in connection with the Crimean war, as the monument telling of races long since departed. Caves excavated by monks during the reigns of the Emperors of the middle ages. Here was Pope Clement's Chapel, here his little room, his pallet, and his shrine. We were shown bits of cloth, of vestments, and embroidery, thousands of years old. And, coming down to modern times, we were shown where the cannon balls of the opposing forces in 1855 had cut huge grooves in the walls of the caverns and lodged in the pillars and roof.

British though two of us were, I must confess that we were more interested at this spot in what happened here 2,500 years ago than in the events of 1855. Parting with a few bits of silver we bade adieu to the "brother" who had escorted us over the honey-combed cliff. He had expressed himself as much astonished to find a man from America who was clothed like a European, and who could converse in English like any ordinary civilized being.

I was to hear this same comment made more than once while in the Crimea and in "Little Russia."



And now came the getting back. Of course the wind had died down with it, and that great lumbering boat had to be pulled back all those miles, with our hands made for polling, not rowing.

I lost two things that evening in the harbour of Sevastopol, my temper and my wrist watch. What I gained and kept with me for some days were two badly blistered hands.

As for the watch, when we leaped ashore finally, at the landing stage, coats in hand and hats frantically waving for cabmen, my watch reposed on the seat of that old punt, and I have no doubt there was in a minute a grand old light over it among the boatmen. As for us we leaped into the first carriage in sight, and set off at a gallop for the station. And so ended my long looked forward to sojourn in and about Sevastopol. We had been obliged to do in twenty-seven hours what I had wanted to spend a week at.

I came into Sevastopol for the first time travel-stained, weary and hungry; and I left it for the last time perspiring, exhausted and nearly famished.

But I travelled this time first-class, oh, yes; I travelled in a coupe all to myself, and I cared not where the "gamut c. c.," or the "rotund one" had bestowed themselves.

My last glimpse of Sevastopol showed me the whole stretch of harbour from the cliffs about Inkerman, and just near the site of the Little Redan they were hauling in a great captive war balloon that had been up all afternoon.

On Sunday, the 28th of August, at half-past eleven in the morning, we arrived at Kharkoff and betook ourselves to the Grand Hotel, where I partook of a bath, a good one. Then I had another, and felt better. I needed it, and they are hard to get in Russia.

Kharkoff is not an interesting place, but it is a typical town of Little Russia, and the capital of the Province of Kharkoff.

It is fairly clean, well laid out, and has at least one good hotel, where English is spoken by several of the attendants. Electric trams, motor buses, horse cars, and good carriages whisk one about in rapid style, and altogether it seems a lively spot, for Russia.

Our object in coming here, however, was to see something of the surrounding country, and a typical Russian estate.

Accordingly, through the courtesy of the President of the Provincial Assembly, who accompanied us, we visited the estate of a young man who was just coming of age and entering upon his possessions, which had been under the guardianship of the government. His mother had been a French woman, and he, himself, spoke excellent English.

Detraining at a pretty little station about twenty miles up the road we found several droskies waiting for us, drawn by magnificent thoroughbred stallions. It was a privilege to see the way the two outside horses of the teams enter along with their necks curved outwards and their necks arched, while the big fellow between the shafts trotted steadily ahead.

Kharkoff is a great horse breeding country, and a ready market is found in Austria. From there many horses find their way into the cavalry and artillery of most of the nations of Europe, including Great Britain, though the cream of the lot are kept in Austria. The young man above referred to informed me that he was breeding a type of horse for work purposes from his racing stock, for which he found a ready sale. In view of recent developments in America and Canada with regard to the abolishment of the race track, this gives much food for thought.

We were driven first to the wheat fields where they were threshing in true Western fashion. There were far more women than men, and they sang as they worked, seemingly quite happy, and not a bit like the poor oppressed peasant one hears so much about. Flotat

informed me that no less than 20,000 *families* (not individuals), had left the Government or Province of Kharkoff alone, during the previous year, to take up land in the more fertile districts of Siberia; the land in Little Russia being pretty well worked out, and the country overcrowded.

Next we were taken through the potato fields (grown entirely for the manufacture of alcohol), the factory, the wheat and rye bins, great stables, grazing grounds, where hundreds of head of cattle were being tended by cow boys, rounded up for our benefit; the village belonging to the estate, and the village school. The latter was a bright and airy little building, with several class rooms, the whole ruled over by a pretty young school mistress, who took delight in showing us specimens of the clever work of her pupils in drawing and painting.

It was all very interesting, and impressed one with the fact that there are two sides to every story as regards Russia.

Here we seemed to be in Western Canada rather than in Russia, and yet we were shown land that had been given to peasants to work for themselves as an experiment. And it was sad to see the mess they had made of it. They will not work for themselves. They remind one of the Koreans. They don't *want* uplifting, though they may need it. They prefer dependence, ignorance and squalor.

So we saw a queer mixture of wealth side by side with voluntary dirt and squalor.

The estate covers 7,000 acres and yields a yearly revenue of 60,000 roubles net profit. It has been built up in a few years from a state of decay.

We wound up with a bang-up dinner at the homestead, where our young host kept bachelor's hall. He has two houses in town, but prefers to live in the country, and rough it.

As at all Russian dinners, we started off with a "samovar" at a little side table, where we alternately ate toasted sardines, and other tit-bits, and drank copious draughts of vodka.

One has to do it in Russia; in fact, vodka and wine has to be drunk whenever Russians meet, part, or discuss, or do anything. Vodka is manufactured on nearly all Russian estates, but it has to be sold to the government at their own price, as it is one of the government monopolies.

Towards evening we were driven back to the station through beautiful country, but over vile roads, and reached Kharkoff about nine o'clock. It was a great day. The others, not contented with what they had done and seen so far, were cajoled into visiting a beer garden of some kind, where they fell into the hands of some congenial souls who had collected most of the chorists of a Russian opera troupe to make merry. They didn't get home till nearly daylight, and nice colds in the head and "frog in the throat" they had.

Like a Christian I stayed at home and taught English exercises to the head porter, correcting his essays and compositions. It was great fun.

Next day we spent in roaming about town exploring the shops and markets, and observing the people. I bought a watch here for three roubles (\$1.50), and now nearly a year later it is keeping excellent time.

It is called Enigma, and the only watch repairer who has handled it tells me that it is fearfully and wonderfully made.

That night we left for Kieff. Another miserable journey. There was no bedding on the car, so the conductor informed us, and so we spent an uncomfortable, draughty, sleepless night.

Too many bugs and too much fever had probably induced the local authorities to burn the blankets.

Kieff, or Kiev, is a large place with a population of some 300,000. They call it the modern Jerusalem. It has a habit of being overwhelmed by floods, and being torn by dissensions among its mixed population of Jews and Gentiles. The Jews seem to be in the majority, and I am given to understand on good authority, that both here and in Tchernigoff, our next stop, the local Jew only gets what he deserves in many cases.

What I do know is, that the stories of the outrages said to have been committed upon the Jews by the police, soldiery, and others, are generally made out of whole cloth, and are on a par with the ridiculous lies told about atrocities in Macedonia, in Turkey generally, and the foolish yarns of missionaries in China.

We have seen a play entitled "The Power of the Press," and a puerile, sloppy thing it was. Every day we see and hear of frightful examples of the power of the press, and the havoc wrought at home and abroad by the unscrupulous purveyors of false news and filth. And that remark applies to the majority of newspapers in the Western Hemisphere.

If one wants to get closer to real atrocities, outrages, and oppression, all he or she needs to do is to stay at home in America.

We took our baggage direct to the steamer wharf on the Dnieper River, and there we had a grand old row with the cabby.

As the argument grew more serious, and the waving of arms gave place to the shaking of fists, I summoned a policeman, who parted the disturbers of the peace, dispersed the gathering throng, and gave my rotund friend some sound advice. It was not until afterwards that I discovered that it was all over ten kopecks, or five cents.

After the sleepless night I was in no condition for sight-seeing, and saw my fellow-travellers drive away with relief, while I settled myself in an easy chair in a cafe, and gathered about me the foreign papers, and a young Englishman who was travelling for some London firm. He said he hadn't heard a word of English for months. You will conjecture that he tackled me for a small loan or a drink. He did neither. He was quite genuine. At 5 p.m. we embarked on a little paddle-wheel steamer, and started up the Dnieper River. The boat was crowded, and the cinders from the funnel made the after deck untenable. There was no cover, and up in the forward part of the vessel the wind blew bitterly cold.

Except for the little main saloon there were only two small cabins on board. Both had been previously reserved. The rest of us, men, women and children, plunked down our hand baggage on as much floor and lounge space as we could. That was our sleeping place for the night. A wide lounge ran all around the cabin, and those who arrived first on the scene planted their stakes, so to speak, on as many six-foot lengths as there were to go around. For the rest, the floor had to suffice, unless they chose to sit up all night on the windy deck.

After following the course of the Dnieper for a few miles, we branched off into a tributary, the Desna River, up which we steamed all night.

Great rafts and huge covered barges, wood laden, followed each other in rapid procession, floating down the stream. They were manned by cheery good-natured men, and the chaff and ready wit of the Little Russians was contagious, even though the language was not understandable. Perhaps nowhere else in Russia do you see and hear people laugh as they can in Little Russia.

The banks of the river are low and sandy, continually caving in, and the country flat, uninteresting, and rather desolate. In winter it must be exceedingly so, when the country is first flooded for miles inland, and then, in November, freezes up solid for at least five months. They tell me in Tchernigoff that it is colder there than up north in St. Petersburg.

Every here and there the boat stuck her nose into or onto the low bank, like the Mississippi steamboats do, and passengers would embark and disembark. We had a great laugh over one rough countryman who ran along the bank and took a flying leap for the deck of the steamer. Just as he took off, the bank crumbled beneath his feet, and head over heels into the river he went. They soon fished him out of the shallow water with a pike pole, and in a moment he was safe on deck joining in the laughter as heartily as anyone. This, mind you, in that terrible part of Russia we speak of with bated breath, where all is popularly supposed to be darkness, desolation, death and destruction.

That was a long night. Twice I woke up to find some one beating a tattoo with his toes on my head, while my own foot was under the pillow of the next man down.

You may rest assured we were up at daybreak. Tchernigoff shows up very well as one approaches it from the south-west. It is on high ground, with the remains of an old fortress perched on the summit overlooking the Desna River. In ancient times it must have been practically impregnable.

My recollections of Tchernigoff (ЧЕРНИГОВЪ) are rather meagre. We had travelled night and day for some time, and had not had our clothes off for at least two nights and three days, and as there was nothing much to see I was glad to rest.

But here I met a young Englishman, a graduate of Cambridge, who was employed as secretary, and chief instructor in the game of lawn tennis, to a gentleman who was a member of the Douma, a great sportsman and traveller, who owned large estates in this Province, or "Government," as it is called in Russia.

He, the employer, thought it his duty to learn English, and to play lawn tennis, if he were to be an efficient member of the Douma. Hence my newly-found friend, whom we shall call G., had been pressed into service as a walking encyclopaedia, and garden party expert.

G. lost no time in pouring out his woes to me. He had hoped to learn Russian in a very short time, but had soon found that his host would not speak Russian to him, or have G. speak it on any occasion, and after two years' residence in various parts of Russia, the poor lad had acquired about as much knowledge of the Russian tongue as any English society girl does of Hindustanee after a season at Simla.

"As for the lawn tennis," said G., "he has me fix the net and take out the balls and racquets about four o'clock. From four to five-thirty I wait about and hit high lobs to myself, jumping the net each lob.

"At five-thirty the grand Panjaandrum comes out, I take the serve, land him one in the solar plexus . . . he says the light is too bad, and we adjourn for tea. He has not in two years returned the ball over the net, and I have not learned enough Russian to give directions to a cabby."

Together we visited the museum of Tchernigoff, which is the only point of interest about. I longed then to have a Russian guide and interpreter with me, for here were displayed armour, weapons, vestments, coins, and such like things, every one of which was surrounded, and reeking with, history. And mark you, we are in one of the oldest

settled parts of Europe. However, we managed to pick up some information about how many of the curiosities had been dug up out of the bed of the Desna River, and how a certain suit of armour had belonged to a gentleman who, in medieval times, had painfully departed from this life by being lowered onto a sharpened stake. A form of capital punishment which still exists in some parts of Europe, but only on paper practically, as no executions have taken place in many years.

We had driven out to the museum in a drosky drawn by a magnificent steed. Beautiful horses abound in this part of Russia, and they are good to look upon.

It may seem strange to some, but up till now I had been at a loss to account for the *raison d'être* of the wooden arched collar over the neck of the horse in Russia. It serves a double purpose, for it holds the two shafts in position, and rigid, these being attached independently to the axle (and in unharnessing thrown to right and left), and it also serves to keep the heavy shafts from "whipping" on the rough roads. In addition, it is useful for carrying bells in winter, and for decorative purposes.

We decided to walk back, having nothing better to do in this dull place, and on the way I had pointed out to me several pretentious residences, which had suffered at the hands of the mob during the latest anti-Jewish outbreaks, and the sites of others which had been burned.

It was news to learn that these outbreaks were the tardy retribution for months and sometimes years of usury and practical theft on the part of the Jews; that the latter almost always buried their valuables before the slow cuning crowd applied the torch to the *heavily insured* buildings, and that, triumphantly and Phoenix-like, a better house filled with the buried treasure usually arose before a renewal of hostilities came about in this land of slow movers and thinkers.

It was indeed lucky for me that I had the pleasure of G.'s company in this outlandish locality, for M. had gone out at one o'clock bidding me await his return within fifteen minutes. At two o'clock there were no signs of him, but a friend also looking for him called and gave me a message to deliver. That compelled my remaining on the spot. At nearly seven o'clock that evening a telephone message came that these two were dining at an estate miles away and regretted having forgotten all about me. With the knowledge that the operator could not understand me, I fear I used strong language.

This, however, brought another call about eight, asking me to go miles away in another direction and have supper. They wanted to appease me. But "not for Joseph." Rejoicing at the comfort of the inn, and the companionship of an interesting sojourner in these parts, I spent the first pleasant evening I had had since leaving St. Petersburg, and learned much about Tchernigoff, its inhabitants, its history and its topography. All of which can be found in the guide books.

On Friday, the second of September, we bade a temporary farewell to our "rotund one," and at half-past six in the evening rattled out of Tchernigoff on the narrow gauge railway which connects it with the main line between Kiev and Kursk.

Changing to the broad gauge line at 11 p.m. we arrived at Kursk about nine o'clock on Saturday morning.

Here, by appointment, we were met by one of our Moscow friends, who was invaluable as an interpreter during our movements for the next few days. Here also I got some mail, which had missed me way back at Irkutsk, and now came re-addressed from Yasnaya Polyana by the courtesy of the Countess Tolstoy.

Kursk station is some distance from the city, and we did not include that city in our itinerary.

Leaving there at noon we proceeded up the line about twenty miles to the charming little hamlet of **ЗОЛОТУХИНО**. There you are—that is its name. I cannot pronounce it, and therefore cannot write it in English, but that is what the name is in Russian. It was repeated to me three times in English; but I could not sneeze and cough often enough to get it right.

Here we were to get an insight into how a medium-sized Russian estate is run, and how the people live in the country. We were met at the station by a carriage drawn by three horses, and driven by a very good looking and intelligent young man.

Leaving nearly all our baggage with the station master we started on what proved to be a sixteen-mile drive, to the estate of a gentleman who was kind enough to entertain us for a few days.

For mile after mile the road led over rather monotonous rolling country which reminded one of the Western prairie, especially when we came to patches of low trees, poplar, birch and spruce. The going was bad, and the ruts often so deep that the step of the carriage would strike the edge.

Nevertheless the great horse between the shafts kept up his steady trot, and the smaller horses on either side of him their graceful canter, except where the road made very slow progress absolutely imperative.

During the drive Mr. B., who had joined us at Kursk, regaled us with an experience he had had the day previous with the police.

Arriving after midnight at a small hotel, he had quickly retired without bothering his head about his passport. About 3 a.m. he heard heavy steps in the corridor, and a knocking at doors, which gradually came nearer and nearer his own room. He knew quite well what it meant, but he was tired and cross, and just in the mood, as a travelled and enlightened Russian, to register a protest at the regular proceedings of the police. And sure enough he had to get up finally and open his door, after being told they would force an entry if he didn't. Then the following conversation took place:

"You arrived to-night?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you hand in your passport?"

"I was too tired, and it was very late; but who may you be?"

"I am 'the police.'"

"I don't believe it, you are not in uniform."

"Nevertheless I am the police, and I demand to see your passport."

"I have a passport; but I don't choose to show it to anyone not in uniform, and without a badge."

"You will take the choice of handing me your passport, or accompanying me to the police station."

Then B., who knew all the time it was the "police," but who didn't want to give in without a kick, appealed to the floor waiter who accompanied the intruder, and who was, even at this hour, in his full toggery of swallow-tailed coat and rather soiled shirt front.

"Yes it was 'the police,' and if the kind gentleman would only hand over his passport it would save the proprietor much inconvenience, as no one could be allowed to stop in the inn all night without handing over his passport, and the proprietor would be hell

liable." All of which, of course, was no news to B. And so the passport was forthcoming from a travelling bag, and everybody went to bed.

This is not an uncommon incident and shows how the arrival and departure of strangers is kept track of, even in the interior of Russia.

After a drive of less than three hours we arrived at our destination and were given a most hearty reception by our host and his family, which consisted of his two sons, his daughter-in-law and his little grandson.

This enthusiastic agriculturist and reforestationer has, inside of twenty years, transformed what was a sandy, treeless waste into a beautiful valley containing at least two forests—real ones, mark you that—beautiful avenues of shade trees, an artificial lake, several orchards, and a charming garden. He planted, or saw planted, every tree of what is now a forest of birch, poplar, oak, beech, and fir. Naturally what was a drying-up stream has become again a little river, once apparently waste land is producing great crops of wheat and barley, and all in less than twenty years, during which the proprietor has spent but three or four months per year at work on the estate.

The day following our arrival was Sunday, and we found the work in the fields going on just as usual. There was only one difference. About midday the peasant girls came back from the fields, singing their quaint songs, which I must confess remind me more of a North American Indian chorus than anything else, and carried me back to memories of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. They gathered under a lean-to near one of the great barns of the little settlement, and the overseer, or sub-agent, appeared with a huge magnum of vodka, and a little metal cup.

Assembled in a group, one or two of the girls would dance to the accompaniment of songs sung by their companions, in unison, while the cup filled with vodka was handed out in turn to those who wished it, and tab was kept by the overseer, who cradled the bottle on his arm.

The life on a small estate in Russia is rough, however, and many times I could not help comparing it to that of less civilized peoples in wilder countries, both East and West. One thing I did learn, and that was that even in private houses it was impossible to get away from the wicked flea, and in the rude pallet I had for a resting place I tossed and slapped and scratched all night. I procured three excellent specimens to convince M., who swore they never bothered him. I told him that was only evidence of their good taste, for I had reason to be peevish after so restless a night.

On the following Tuesday we once more climbed into the glorified drosky of our good host, who waved us a gloomy farewell as we drove out of the midst of the little nest of cottages which surrounds the "homestead" in Russia.

Starting at 10 a.m., we reached the railway at 12.30 o'clock, and during the whole of this return trip our driver never ceased asking questions of B., our interpreter. He expressed himself as surprised that people from America (meaning Canada and the United States) wore the same clothes, and spoke and acted in the same manner as Europeans. He was, in fact, doubtful whether he was not being imposed upon.

He asked a hundred questions about conditions of trade, of farming, of the laws of the various countries, and the prospects for settlers. On the whole he was satisfied with his own lot, where he was. He had a comfortable (to him) home, and pleasant surroundings. He had never been to a large town except when he had been drafted for the war with Japan. He had not got as far as the scene of war on that occasion, but did not know who the war was between—nor did his comrades, for that matter, from this locality.

The Government had come down and commandeered many horses during the war. But—mark this—had paid, eventually, a handsome price for them. We were quite sorry to bid adieu to this cheerful, unspoiled young fellow, so happy in his ignorance of the city, and the "town bred" class.

But I did not take any chances of another pilgrimage to Russian homesteads. While my friends bought second-class tickets for Tula, I booked through to Moscow first-class, remembering my previous experiences on this line. Fare, 13 roubles and 50 kopecks. And when the train pulled in there was not a seat to be had. Only half a car in the whole train was first-class, and that was full, with the exception of the ladies' coupe.

After much arguing with the conductor and other officials, it was arranged that I should occupy this, and "get out" if any petticoats were taken aboard. Eventually a strip of paper was pasted over the sign on the door, and I was left in peace for the night.

B. and M. left the train at Tula, intending to go to Yasnaya Polyana, and try and locate Count Tolstoy. We had received word from there that the following day was his birthday, and that consequently he was going to visit some of his relatives, where there was to be a family reunion. However, he had not specified which relative he referred to, and it was for that reason I gave up an apparently wild-goose chase.

As it turned out, B. and M. had to enlist the services of the Chief of Police, the Mayor of Tula, the fire brigade of that town, and a few Government officials, before they located him; and then they had to drive over thirty miles on, and through, the most awful roads, in order to have an hour's chat with this extraordinary man, who was so soon to depart this life under such sad circumstances.

As I write these lines I have before me a clipping from to-day's paper dealing with the lamentable dispute over the possession of Count Tolstoy's manuscripts, and the fact that the State will have to step in and provide guardians for the estate, rather than see Yasnaya Polyana become dilapidated through family differences.

It was early on the morning of September 7th that I reached Moscow for the third time, and it was due to my early arrival that I got any accommodation at the Metropole.

For I stepped in as someone stepped out, and I got the only room left in the big hotel within an hour to be invaded by the Trans-Siberian inflow. A whole boat load, that comes across the Continent every week.

The first thing I did was to ask for a bath. This I did in French, in German, in English, and finally pointing to the placard on the wall, in Russian. In each case I got nothing but a sad smile, a shake of the head, and a shrug of the shoulders. Finally they summoned a chambermaid who could speak a little English.

"Monsieur," said she, "the gentlemen are in the bath."

"Well, I can wait," said I.

"You do not understand," said she; "the gentlemen sleep in the bath."

"Then for goodness' sake let the water out and wake them up."

At this she, too, wearily shook her head, and taking me by the sleeve led me to the nearest bath room. Then I understood. For each and every bath room in the establishment had been hastily converted into a bedroom.

It was just my luck that morning to meet an old travelling companion from Tientsin, who had been home to England and back since I had seen him last. He was able to explain to me the distressed looks and "panicky" (I'm getting to know that word) appearance of the crowd of Eastern-bound passengers who thronged the vestibule and rotunda of the hotel.



"Every bit of our luggage has been left behind at Warsaw," he said; "for me it does not matter; but some of these chaps are on their way to join the China squadron, to take the place of the 'Bedford' men, and they must not miss the through train.

"Over there is an engineer who is on a special mission to China, and has left all his plans and specifications in his cabin trunk."

There were also two young Englishmen on their way to join one of the branches of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.

However, next day all was peace. The side-tracked baggage came to hand, and the big crowd for the Orient passed on—as it does every week.

Once more we visited the Kremlin (more for the view than for any other reason); read the inscription on the monument erected on the spot where Count Sergius was assassinated; passed by the 365 cannon which Napoleon left here in Moscow or other parts of Russia; inspected the 40-ton Tsar cannon, which cannot be fired, and the 200-ton bell, which has never been tolled. True, the latter struck once—when it fell and broke—but that was its swan song.

Again we passed through "the Redeemer Gate" (while passing through which all must bare their heads) into the Krasnaia, the Red Square, wandered through the great arcades of the Gostinnoi-Dvov, containing six thousand shops, and visited that extraordinarily built church, the Vassili-Blagenni (St. Basil the Blessed), which was built as a thank offering by Ivan the Terrible for the conquest of Kazan.

One afternoon we coiled ourselves into a drosky and rattled away over the cobblestones to Sparrow Hill. We thought we should never get there and wondered whether we were being driven to the frontier.

But at last, B-r-r-r, said the driver, and we drew up before an imposing building which looked like an American summer resort in the mountains.

Slowly, one leg at a time, we uncoiled, and at length after much stamping and rubbing of our benumbed limbs we were able to ascend the steps to the entrance hall, and were ushered through it by lordly officials and waiters out onto the big balcony where scores of little tables were set, and many people sat about eating and drinking as only Russians can eat and drink in the afternoon.

The view that met, and held, our gaze was captivating. Some distance off lay Moscow, with the Kremlin showing up in the centre, with glistening towers and shining domes and cupolas, while away below us was the River Moskwa, which makes a beautiful sweep towards us here. On it were steam launches running to and from Moscow, and here and there a row-boat—not many.

They brought us "chai," and many kinds of cakes and sweetmeats, fruit, and a bottle of wine; but we hardly thought of eating and drinking, so fascinating was the view, so interesting the people, and so weird and new the music. For we did, of course, have music—vocal music. High above us, in a recess at the end of the terrace, connected with the upper floors of the hotel or restaurant, stood a choir of men and boys, in a semi-circle, the leader in the centre, a man with a splendid baritone voice. And how they could sing. There was no instrumental accompaniment.

Their voices rose and fell in perfect cadence, while the sound went floating out over the fields and the river, and brought many people there to a standstill, whilst others rested on their oars, out on the river, to listen. But it was somewhat spoiled by two intoxicated Russians who insisted upon shouting their approval, and rattling the plates and glasses on their table.

It was from this hill, Sparrow Hill, that Napoleon had his first and last look at blazing Moscow, and it was close to this spot that he made his headquarters, fearing to occupy a house he believed to be mined.

What a sight it must have been to look across at the raging flames and lurid sky; but he had no comfortable table to sit at meanwhile, and no Russian choir to sing to him. . . .

Having paid our modest bill we looked for our Jehu, but, alas! he was not to be found. We had given him a few kopecks, too many I'm afraid, and he had straightway stabled his "gee," and made for the nearest wine shop, or vodka emporium, and there proceeded to "tank up."

With the aid of three servants we managed to unearth him, and get him started on the homeward journey. I thought he would roll off his seat every time we pounded over a crossing, or struck a street railroad track, and I shall never forget how his head rolled around on his big fat red neck. But that is a peculiarity of drusky drivers, and from behind they always look as if they were having a fierce argument with themselves. It would not have done him any harm if he *had* tumbled off, bulging as he did in his enormous cabman's costume.

On Sunday, September 11th, I started for St. Petersburg at seven in the evening, saying good-bye to Moscow this time for good, and leaving my friend to follow on in a few days.

The four hundred miles is just a comfortable night's journey, and as the road is straight and level, there is nothing to prevent one's having a good night's sleep.

Moreover, as the country is uninteresting it is just as well to take the night express. We have all heard of how, when asked how the proposed railway was to run between the old and new capitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg, the Emperor had picked up a ruler, and placing it upon the map, drawn a straight line between the two cities. I used to think a good deal of that story in my school days; but there is nothing really surprising about it, for except for the insignificant Valdai Hills there is nothing to warrant any detour, and the country is very sparsely settled. Moreover, Tver is on the straight line.

I arrived shortly after eight next morning and walked across the Nevsky Prospect to the Grand Hotel du Nord, ordering my baggage to be brought after me. No Grand Hotel d'Europe for me on this trip, and no driving up to the hotel in state.

For truth to tell, I arrived in St. Petersburg this time with but three roubles in my pocket—about one dollar and fifty cents. And in St. Petersburg of all places in the world, with no friends, and ignorant of the language.

However, all would be right, for had not arrangements been made whereby I was to receive funds that very day through "the rotund one," who had come home ahead of us from the South?

Wait you see! As my fellow-countryman, the French Canuck, would say.

Had I known what was ahead of me I would indeed have been in a blue funk. I had no sooner registered, handed in my passport, and been assigned a room, than I made the discovery that this day was one of the innumerable Russian saints days, and all banks and nearly all shops were closed. To make matters worse, the "rotund one" had, according to the interpreter who telephoned, evidently gone away for the holiday.

So here was I, a stranger in a strange land, and that land Russia, having engaged a room in the next biggest hotel in St. Petersburg, rubbing together three roubles in my pocket, and wondering whether it was worth while trying to find the British Consul, or perhaps better, to give myself up to the police at once.

Three roubles meant about one meal and a half, and I hadn't had breakfast yet. But I did have breakfast. Even the condemned man has that on the morning of execution. American newspapers take a delight on such occasions in printing the menu in detail. It generally consists of coffee, and ham and eggs; and half a column in the morning paper will tell you whether the eggs were fried or poached, the toast dry or buttered, the beverage *café-au-lait* or *café noir*, and finally how many pieces of buttered toast the criminal ate. They will tell you that the public "demand that sort of copy," but 50 per cent. of that class of people in the United States cannot read English.

For my part I had an omelet, and I ate it all up, and "bang" went one of the three roubles.

For the rest of the day I practically dined on air, and when the pangs of hunger gnawed too fiercely, I betook me to a buffet and had tea and sandwiches.

About half-past ten at night a man was ushered into my room, and in broken German informed me that the "Geld" would be forthcoming in the morning. I thought at first he had come to turn me out, and could have embraced him when I learned that he was a messenger with glad tidings—and some of my strayed baggage. Nevertheless I hung on to my, now, lone rouble.

It was fortunate that I did so, for after waiting until noon next day I was forced to spend it on a meal of sorts, and now was left without a kopeck. Russians have no idea of time. It took an hour for me, with the assistance of half a dozen officials, to get off a cablegram to England. I have seen a man spend an hour in getting a telegram off to a place ten miles away.

About three o'clock that afternoon another messenger came with a little canvas bag in which reposed "das Geld." Straightway did I make for a restaurant and order beef-steak—my first real meal for two days, thanks to Russian holidays.

And it was not until all my troubles seemed over that I remembered G., whom I had left in Tchernigoff, and who was now in St. Petersburg. It never rains but it pours. Along came a fat cheque from the Volga Kama Bank, and along came G., summoned by telephone.

This is no time of the year to be in St. Petersburg, but, thanks to G., during those last seven days in Russia I saw all there was to be seen.

Nevertheless, I was not sorry when, on Sunday night, September 18th, M. and I left St. Petersburg for the frontier at 10.15. Having obtained the police permit to leave the country, next day we crossed the frontier into Prussia, having of course to change trains with the different gänge of the road at Eyltkuhnen.

There was no trouble about baggage and we were soon bowling along toward Berlin, which was reached at 6.30 on Tuesday morning. Here we had to change again, and wait until eight o'clock, during which time we took a stroll. But it was very wet, and very early, and everybody looked very cross and sleepy; the fallen leaves lay on the sodden ground—and I had no umbrella. However I had time to take a look at the Unter den Linden, a sorrowful place, with its poor scraggy lime trees, the statue of Frederick the Great, and other well-known landmarks.

We left Berlin at eight and passing through Hanover and Essen—the latter a mass of tall chimneys, with blast furnaces and workshops spread far and wide—we came to the stupid town of Oberhausen at about half-past three in the afternoon.

As usual we had all our baggage in the compartment, and knowing we had to change here we had it all ready to move. But when the train pulled in there was not a porter to

be seen, and hard as I worked throwing stuff out of the window, while M. shouted encouragement from the platform, the train was off before I could get the biggest and heaviest out, which was M.'s.

Two German fellow-travellers meanwhile sat stolidly through it all without making one effort to assist. Rushing to the vestibule I found it closed up, and the outer doors shut tight.

However, at the expense of a lot of skin from my knuckles, I managed to wrench the door open and stood upon the step while the train gathered speed in the outer yard. Choosing a nice sandy spot, well clear of switches and posts, I leaped, and alighted gracefully, just as a gold-faced individual made a grab for me from behind. And then the fun began. Policemen ran from one direction, soldiers from another, while the station master bore down upon me from the platform, waving his metal train signal.

I was immediately the centre of a gesticulating, shouting crowd of officials, all gabbling at once and talking with their arms, hands, legs and tongues.

I knew that I had committed a heinous crime and would have to go to prison—but I was very angry—and my injured hand was bleeding.

So was M. angry, when he found it was *his* bag that had been carried on.

It reminded me of Harris and George in "Three Men in a Boat" when the shirt fell into the river. "It's very unfortunate," said M. "Of course you will have to telegraph to the next station and have your bag found and put off, then, when they let you out of jail, you will have to go and claim it, paying storage. Of course you will miss the boat at Flushing, but that cannot be . . ."

"But it's your bag, not mine," said I. We had been moving in a dignified procession through the yard to the station, I with bowed head as befitted a criminal, and then and there the procession halted, while all listened to words which poured forth from M. Why had there been no porters? Why had the train stopped only half a minute? Why had it been allowed to proceed with me trying to get off? Somebody must suffer for this outrageous conduct.

In five minutes the station master was begging pardon over his shoulder while he talked over the telephone to the next station out of the other side of his mouth—and I was having coffee and rolls in the refreshment room, while I bound up my lacerated hand and calmed my ruffled feelings.

To make a long story short it was M. who went on to Duisburg and brought back the bag, though he needn't have gone, while I explored the half dead, stupid town of Oberhausen until from very ennui I came back to the station and watched trains arriving and departing with their solemn-faced, over-worked looking crowds of people. One military train arrived, and the men detained to stretch their legs for ten minutes.

They were a much more convivial crowd than the civilians, but in physique could not compare with the Russian troops we had seen. We did not leave Oberhausen until nearly eight in the evening, and proceeding via Wesel we crossed into Holland, and sped through Baxtel to Vlissingen (which is Flushing), where we arrived at 11:30 on a very wet, dirty, cold night.

The good ship "Mecklenberg" was indeed a haven of refuge, and I sat down to the first decent meal I had had for six weeks. We sailed at about 12:20 a.m., and it felt so good to be on the billowy, bounding sea again that I stayed up on deck until at 3 a.m. the cold wind and spray of the North Sea drove me below. And it was good to hear

English voices again. Polite voices. Even a grimy faced stoker who came up for a breath of fresh air had a cheery "good morning" to give.

Early on the following morning, the 21st of September, we arrived off Sheerness, and it was good again to see the old familiar landmarks about Shoeburyness, which had been my home for the best part of a year not so long before.

Off Sheerness by a big flotilla of destroyers, while in the Medway were the usual old standbys, in the shape of "has-beens" of the battleship and cruiser variety. We docked at Queensboro' at about six o'clock, and lost no time in getting through the customs, and squeezing into the first train for town.

The rest of my story is soon told, for after three busy days in London we embarked on the "Campania" at Liverpool on Saturday, September 24th.

After an uneventful voyage, on a very crowded vessel, we docked at New York early on the morning of the 1st of October, after having lain at anchor over night off quarantine.

And for the first time during our journey around the world, in civilized and uncivilized countries, we were subjected to the annoyances, utterly uncalled for rudeness, and in any other part of the world, absurd slowness and delay of the United States Customs officials. This, despite the fact that we had not a dutiable article between us. It took nearly two hours to get through this disgraceful ordeal, though we had only light baggage.

That night we left New York for Toronto, but not without more trouble over baggage in this alleged up-to-date country. Our baggage was not put aboard the train at the Grand Central Station, and we did not get it for over a week. Then it began to dribble into Toronto, and I assure you that the first thing to arrive was the hat box, with the little red ribbon at top.

By the narrow margin of twenty-four hours in most cases, we had on various occasions escaped a big strike of coolies and jirikisha men at Hong Kong, a pirate attack in the West River, the riots at Nan King, the big fire at Hankow, a hold up by bandits on the South Manchurian R.R. (when the line was cut, and a station burned), an avalanche at Lake Baikal, and lastly, an earthquake at Irkutsk.

Nor in all our travels by sea had we met with one storm.

C. S. WILKIE.

