

might be done. They are intended to form the nucleus of a truly national army, and consist of picked men from every province in China. But there still remains the task of putting a red trimming on their yellow uniforms. If they win military victories, these will automatically bring all China closer to Soviet Russia, and such a rapprochement between the two countries will give the Third International the opportunity for which it has so patiently and carefully prepared. But that day is still far distant. It is the day, however, to which Canton looks forward.

On the steamer returning to Hongkong, which I had extraordinary difficulty in boarding, every inch of deck and cabin space was filled with Chinamen, who had been bound for Canton but had been refused the right to land.

Not a sampan ventured near the steamer while it was in port. Motor-launches constantly circled around her, ready to take stern measures with any venturesome boatman who tried to approach her. Even students expelled from the English schools in Hongkong for participating in the strike who had come home to Canton were not allowed to disembark.

As we leave, the stream is gray and yellow. Three or four Chinamen jump overboard amid the wild shouting of their fellow passengers. Not a sampan of the thousands on the river makes a move to pick them up. A ship loaded with strikers swings motionless in mid-stream. A police boat approaches in the distance — my last glimpse of Canton.

THIRD CLASS ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN¹

BY AMY S. DRUCKER

'It's impossible to travel third-class by the Trans-Siberian Railway,' said everyone in Peking. Yet here I am, despite the many warnings of loathsome diseases and varied species of vermin I should encounter, safe in London — and unbitten!

Moreover, I thoroughly enjoyed the journey, accomplishing it more quickly and cheaply than I could have done by any other route.

My expenses from Mukden to London, including fare, berth, food, visés, tips, cabs, and hotel bills, — three nights at Harbin and one in Moscow,

¹From the *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), *September 19*

— were less than thirty pounds, and the journey took nineteen days, including two days in Berlin.

The third-class carriages were well arranged, each compartment containing six berths. The backs of our seats turned up and formed an upper berth by so simple a means that a child could have worked it, so that when the compartment was not full we let them down and had plenty of air. The compartments opened one into the other, and at the end one of each carriage slept a guard. He looked after us all, and cleaned out the carriage twice daily. Women came in and scrubbed the floors at all the bigger stations.

Most of us brought our own bedding, but I saw one or two who for a small sum hired clean-looking mattresses and rugs. Each of us had a numbered berth. We all unpacked, and kept our things for daily use on a large shelf that ran right round the top of the carriage. Our daily exercise was jumping out at the six or seven halts and rushing round, as we only stopped about eight minutes.

As we arrived at a station a bell rang once—an indication that we could get down with safety. Out we all would bundle with our kettles and teapots, shouting, 'Where is the hot water?' Then, somewhere or other, we would find boiling water in a boiler with taps, which we turned straight into the tea ready in our pots, or into our kettles. Then on we would rush to buy bread and butter at the small shops on the platforms or to get out bottles filled with deliciously fresh milk which the peasants brought. From them we could also buy fish, fowls, small joints of mutton and veal, fresh chops, cream, cheese, and even ice-creams, all at very low prices. A good-sized cooked fowl cost one shilling and sixpence, and ten fried eggs cost sixpence.

Suddenly in the midst of our bargaining the bell would ring twice—and we would scuttle back to our carriages, fearing to be left behind and be forced to wait a week for the next train. When the bell rang three times, the train steamed out.

Besides these halts we stopped twice daily at bigger stations for thirty minutes or longer.

A restaurant car available to all classes was attached to the train. Being dearer, and not providing as good food as the peasants brought, few of us used it.

In Peking I had also been warned against the people I might meet and

the likelihood of being robbed. I lost nothing, and mostly met very pleasant people. At first not a single soul in my carriage knew any language but Russian, of which I knew not a word. Yet we managed to converse by means of gestures and pictures, and here and there someone from another carriage interpreting.

Once it was not quite so pleasant. A number of Mongols came in after midnight and took the three empty upper berths. They talked well into the small hours, and threw from one to the other a long pipe, filled with a filthy-smelling tobacco, which each smoked in turn.

Being told I must take some sort of disinfectant with me, I bought some. 'This,' I thought, 'is the moment for disinfecting,' and put a few crystals into the water, sprinkled half the mugful on the floor, and left the other half on the table in the window. At three o'clock I was awakened by some cold liquid splashing me. A Mongol leaning out of the window had spilled the glassful over my face and pillow. I gave him a piece of my mind in English, the gist of which he caught. I washed, and lay down again. Suddenly I was reawakened by more cold water—this time another Mongol above me had thrown some water out of the window and it had blown back. More words!

I resolved to get myself moved, and on the pathetic plea of not having a soul to talk to—and I was enjoying the quiet—I was allowed to change. This time I was in a compartment with a German pastor and his daughter, a Polish engineer and his wife, and a Russian doctor, all of whom could speak either German or French. I was more comfortable, but there was less privacy and quiet. Nevertheless, we were all very friendly, and traveled to Moscow together. The Polish engineer,

who spoke good Russian, found a small inexpensive Bolshevik hotel that was spotless. I had been told that the only two hotels in Moscow free from vermin charged eleven roubles for the night, and I paid only four.

We need not have stayed in Moscow had we not been delayed by an accident a little way beyond Manchuli, the border town between China and Russia. A tremendous storm flooded the lines. Suddenly the engine stopped and backed. We retreated slowly to a village, where we stuck for twelve hours, never knowing for certain when we should start. Thinking it might be any moment, we did not dare explore much. The only food we could buy was eggs and coarse brown bread. Just round about we found shells, hand-grenades, and numerous old bones. The village itself was in ruins, and there were large disused barracks dropping to pieces. One of the villagers told us, when we grumbled at the delay, that we might consider ourselves lucky: the last time a similar accident had happened, the engine-driver had failed to back in time, the train was derailed, and only one third of the passengers were saved.

We had started badly that day. Early in the morning we had to change trains and were closely searched at the Customs in Manchuli. It was a very tiring, lengthy process, partly owing to the officials being new at the work; and we had also to rebook, which tired everyone's patience, for every ticket had to be written out — again by someone unused to the job. Hardly had we left Manchuli when the train stopped and more customs officials inspected us once again. And so thoroughly! Especially their own compatriots. A Russian girl opposite me had a lot of their attention. They opened her powder-box and stirred the powder about, turned over everything, searched her basket, and actually broke one of her buns in two! From one lady who was traveling with eight new hats they kept back five. We all rather enjoyed that.

Except for these searches, which meant taking our luggage out and back, unpacking and repacking, the journey was very easy and pleasant — far and away more enjoyable to me than six weeks on the sea.

If ever I go back to China, I shall go the same way.

IN UNEXPLORED KARAKORAM. IV¹

BY PHILIP C. VISSER

THE third of July dawned clear and sunny in the Ghujerab Valley, and we set forth with high hopes and expectations into the unknown country ahead of us. After three hours' marching we came to a place where the river

¹ From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), October 18

bent toward the south. The mountains were indescribably magnificent at this point, and a great glacier appeared ahead of us cutting off all view beyond. We hastened our steps, filled with burning curiosity, until we came to a point from which the stream was visible breaking out of the dark tunnel