

was the bath-house dressing-room. A light was burning on the table; and tea, sweets and cigarettes were set out. One after the other we crept into a tub full of piping hot water, and then let the douche play upon our bodies — all in a pitch-dark room. We were all in the highest of spirits. The Chinese were as jolly as the Swedes. There was singing and shouting; Indian dances were performed and warfare waged with ice-cold jets of water, while one witticism followed another. The young officer who was looking after us must have thought he had got among a party of escaped lunatics!

Early one morning two soldiers appeared. They reported that with two comrades they had been detailed by the commandant to escort us to Turfan. Splendid! The road westward lay open to us! We had also got our fire-arms back.

An hour later this news was confirmed by the officer who had been told off to command our escort. This man proved to be the self-same rogue who, when Foreign Minister LO WEN-KAN landed at Hami, had searched the whole of his luggage. The proud fellow tried to show his teeth at us too, and said that as we had so much luggage it was obvious that we had brought with us goods for some merchant in Sinkiang. YEW answered quietly that the Nanking Government, in whose service we were, did not carry on trade with Sinkiang merchants.

Meantime, an adjutant brought us fresh confirmation of MA's friendly answer. The general had replied in his telegram that the sooner we started the better. At the same time, the adjutant brought us a less agreeable message from his chief — namely, that the latter wished to »borrow» from us 150 gallons of petrol, that he needed for his wireless station. I replied that this was impossible, as we ourselves needed all the petrol we had for the long journeys ahead of us. We could let him have 60 gallons against a receipt, and that with difficulty; and with this he professed himself satisfied. He guaranteed on CHANG's honour that the same quantity of petrol should be handed over to us at Turfan, and later gave us a receipt signed by CHANG.

On leaving Kuei-hua we had 3,260 gallons; at the Edsen-gol, 2,320; here at Hami, 1,900. Being now relieved of 60 gallons, we had 1,840 gallons left.

### THE RUINED PALACE OF SHAH MAQSUD

On February 11th some of us went for a drive in Hami to witness with our own eyes the devastation that Governor-General CHIN SHU-JEN had left the province as a memento of his stewardship. The razing of the brave and capable Marquis TSO TSUNG-T'ANG's temple, with his portrait by the altar, was probably the work of Turkis.

How well we remembered our former visit to the old king of Hami, SHAH MAQ-