



*Old cemetery of Tashkent
with sacred trees.*

side, to the Grand Hotel. Straight and wide unpaved streets shaded by poplars and acacias divide the town into large, regular blocks. In the evening, when the Russian part of the town is lit up by electricity, it gives the impression of a large, shady park. The streets are unusually wide. The houses, including the residence of the Governor-General and of the exiled Grand Duke Nikolai Constantinovitch, are one-storeyed in order to reduce the danger of the frequent earthquakes. The rooms are airy, light and cool. In the afternoon I called on General Markoff, Acting Chief of Staff of the Turkestan Military District, whom I had known when he was General Tserpitsky's Chief of Staff during the operations at Sandepu.

July 20th. On the following morning I called at the Headquarters Staff in order to study some
Tashkent. dossiers. At noon I was received by the Governor-General Subotitch, a young and alert general, with a pleasant and intelligent face. In the afternoon, accompanied by Mr Mengis, the manager of the Tashkent Tramway Company, I visited the picturesque old Sart town with its narrow, winding lanes enclosed by clay walls, about the height of a man, with small detached houses here and there, the lower floor being given up to shops. The windows, at any rate those facing the street, consist of small, vertical, narrow apertures. Now and then, however, two-storeyed houses with large windows and a bizarre combination of Sart decoration and modern European architecture give evidence of Russian influence. The building materials consist exclusively of clay mixed with straw. When air-dried bricks are not used, earth is rolled into oblong lumps half the size of a man's head and dried in the sun. Masonry and walls are of such primitive bricks, joined together on a slight slant, and filling the interstices between the woodwork. Irregularities and holes are covered over with a coating of clay. The whole structure is flimsy and thin. A strong push of the shoulder would bring down the wall. Behind these walls and shops the private life of the people is carefully screened from the prying gaze of a stranger. In the street married women are closely veiled, with a black net-like veil shrouding their faces and breasts. Rich or poor, clad in silk or cotton, they always wear a long outer garment of plain colour with sleeves trailing to the ground at the back, hiding their figures from head to foot. You see them