



*A group of officers target shooting in Aqsu.*

servants. They all wore costly dresses of bright-coloured velvet and silk and numerous ornaments, ear-rings, head-bands, finger-cases of silver etc. There were no introductions and we merely bowed to each other at a distance. Two young men, whom I had taken for pipe-carriers or some other kind of servants owing to their coloured jackets with small buttons, proved to be his sons, one of them 16 years of age and already married. They posed in a symmetrical group with the Djentai in the centre. After the photographs had been taken, we returned to the shooting range, this time to admire the proficiency of his wives and daughters. They followed us presently, marching in in other dresses, also very costly, and surrounded by the same crowd of servants. Without any of them raising their eyes to the pavilion in which we were, they passed on to the range. With the permission of the Djentai I took a couple of photographs of this curious group. The couple of dozen shots they fired at a distance of about 180 metres were all hits, to the great delight of the Djentai.

In the afternoon I reconnoitred the surroundings of Aqsu and in attempting to ride over what I thought was an insignificant ariq, I suddenly saw my horse disappear entirely under the water which came up above my waist. Luckily it was not wide and in a couple of jumps Philip was on the other side. I rode home soaked by the cold water and with a couple of spoilt mapping sheets.

In the evening I received a visit from the Djentai. He stayed for quite an hour and entertained me with all kinds of talk. Among other things he knew of three great men in Europe: Bismarck, Napoleon and Washington. He was persuaded that the Japanese had now got the measure of the Germans. China, too, would henceforth only take instructions from the Japanese. A tin box with 500 cigarettes with gilded mouthpieces packed in small tin cases with the portrait of King Edward gave the old fellow much pleasure and we