

The rain was considerably lighter by the time that we entered the enormous enclosure containing the Barracks of the 3rd Regiment of the 1st Division of Infantry, which Barracks consisted as at first seen of several different blocks of red bricks buildings. Each of these buildings was three stories high and each looked capable of containing a whole regiment or rather a complete Battalion.

Such we found was actually the case but not until a little later on. After passing the quarter guard, we travelled along in our jinrickshas across the Barrack square, where I again noticed men drilling in the rain. I had hardly had the time to observe that all their movements were being done at the run, or as soldiers say in double time, before an officer stopped us. He was quite a young officer but decorated with two medals. I supposed both of them for the Chinese war, but my interpreter could not enlighten me either on this matter or even as to the rank of this or any other officer without asking them straight out; so I contented myself with guessing. One thing I understood, that he was an orderly officer of some sort. I rather think that he was the Brigade Captain of the Day for the whole three Battalions that I subsequently found constituted the 3rd Regiment, each Battalion in peace time being on a footing of 600 men. His name at any rate was Yezuchi; and he welcomed me most politely, conducting me to a pretty little house standing in a garden which he informed me was the Officers' Mess House. Here I was received most hospitably by Colonel Kimura Commandant of the Regiment, Major Mayeda commanding the 1st Battalion and many other officers. Japanese tea and some excellent cigars were produced at once, and as we sat down to discuss them I noticed that all the senior officers wore at least four war medals and orders. Of these the order of The Rising Sun was most conspicuous, with its large blood red centre and scintillating rays of gold on a ground of white enamel.

The middle of this handsome decoration looks as though it were composed of an enormous carbuncle, but the initiated declare that in reality it is only composed of some sort of composition of the nature of glass.

But a soldier's decoration, whether it be a Rising Sun composed of glass for a Japanese Officer, or a Victoria Cross made out of bronze for the heroes of Britain's army and navy, has to the soldier viewing them but one and the