This is our home in Kolhapur, the city of renown; the Jackals' home for this is where the place there they abound. I haven't seen one for some time but whenever I'm at home I hear them practicing their rhymes in the nighttime when they roam. And then the crows hear their song he chimes in to beat the band. And slipper fly but the aim goes wrong when they leave my pitching hook. Too bad I have but two of them on the floor beneath my bed. "I'm mighty glad I've got no fo, you're not a quadruped".

You get the view from back or side. You can see north and west. I'm sorry this side had to hide the side that looks the east but in the corner, facing you, is what I call my den. It's there I take my cares out and throw them on my back. The little window next to it twist the pillar and the wall is where my wife makes cocoa mixes and believe me I eat them all. Behind the third post is the door of the room where we eat to eat. It has a Bussel tiled floor and, for you, an empty seat.

Just where you see that shady spot on the very extreme left is the house in which scars dimmer hot but of flavor all benefit unless the non-such it is keeps her eye on what the cook does so and watches how he makes the pie and the contents of the stove. And just about where you see the cross (x) is where the sheep sleep about a half baseball room beyond where the well escapes. It is nothing but a thick tin shed. But the sheep never complains. But soon I'm going to paint it red and cover the weather-stained. That faithful maid needs a good place to stand on her four feet. She's going to have a firmer base and a roof to keep out the heat.

Now as you travel to the right, the room next to my den is the place where our guests sit and live till they leave again. I think it's the finest in the house. I'd choose it any day. "This is not your office", says my spouse. "You can't always have your way. " But why should guests have better fare than the boss himself? I ask. "The boss is doing the choosing but the boss without a mask."

Then next to that on the north side is the place where I sel-
does sit because when I in my house abide I never my work can quit.

When we had been married eighteen years I surprised my ninety per-
cent by giving me a set of overstuffed chairs which for real com-
fort were meant.

Another room you can’t see here is the one right to the west.
It has two beds but it isn’t where we sleep or even rest. When the
shadows cross and the black night falls and we feel it’s time to
quit we leave all the inside halls and the bay on the verandah hit.
You just can’t stand it to stay inside even if the mosquitoes could
let you alone till in sleep you alight. You couldn’t get to sleep if
they would. For it doesn’t cool off until after midnight. And one
certainly does need the air. Besides the steep,cute off sound and
right. Oh! it’s great to be sleeping there.

There’s one more room to the south and west right next to the
kitchen walk. It has the kids’ beds where in day time they rest or
to chuck more truthfully,talk. Since Kathryn went to the land
fur away where Roosevelt reigns suppose the boys put Marcella
in the guest room to stay and have made this a horror for dreams.
There are pigs’ heads and deer heads and stuffed birds and beta
and they wanted to stuff even moths. There are bums and therefore
and plenty live rats enough to give a weak man the shivers.

It’s a wonderful house, the best we’ve ever had and we’re happy
as we well could be. Just close right along. It’s really not bad.

A good time we’ll guarantee.

ARU

Far in the district, away from any well traveled road, lies
the village of Auru. Across the little country-express road that
leads to the town from the east, runs a river which prevents cross-
ing except under great difficulty and enormous waste of time. For
four months of the year the town is surrounded by water, being just
an island in a huge sea. For on the other side of the village
flows an even larger river.

In this little village there are perhaps, a dozen Christians
living but to visit them is an exceedingly difficult task and sold
common. In this year does a missionary go there. But the educational
Supervisor must get there for there is a mission primary school in
the village.

One could be prepared, in India, to find a school of no account
in such a distant place where the missionary can not get often.
If it were but an average school, one could be satisfied. But A-
ru has a flourishing school there in spite of handicaps which very
few teachers have. Among these handicaps are

1. No building for the school. It is held wherever there is
   an empty house or verandah which can be used for a week or
   so. At present it is held in an old fallen down cattle shed.
The owner will not let same fix it up at all lest he might
   claim it as his own. I have seen the school being held
   in the very open with the sun beating down on teacher and
   students. I have seen it held under the only tree in the
   town but when the men bring their cattle home (many of the
   men are cattle dealers) the place must be given up to the
   cattle.
1. No home for the teacher and his little girl wife. It is really "any place where I can hang my hat is home sweet home for me," but with Rama it would run, "any place where I can put my sandals is home sweet home for me." Yesterday when I was at his school the home for him and his wife and two children was part of a single room house which the owners (a man well on in years and his wife) kindly let them have.

2. No medical attention. I visited the village three weeks ago and Rama was absent. He had heard that a Mission doctor was expected that day in a little branch dispensary twenty miles away and had gone to consult the doctor about his leg which had been giving him a great deal of trouble. His little wife, Mary, had collected the school children and was doing her best to keep things going while her husband was away. Mary is a beautiful and fairly well educated girl.

3. Bitter persecution. The town people are very bigoted and they have time and time again tried to close the school. No Christian is to be employed in any form of work and no one is permitted to sell necessities to these people.

4. Astonishing for the past. Some six or seven years ago the Christian teacher there had collected Rs. 100 from the poor people and had borrowed another Rs. 100 from a sawker (money lender) in the town in order to build a school building. As soon as the money sounded in his hand he sneaked off and got employment in a faith mission, 100 miles away, as a preacher. Rama is living with the people who have been so deceived and is making reparations.

Yesterday my assistant and I were there. We arrived at noon sharp and the little children were just marching out of the cattle shed after the morning session. In a short time they reassembled and examinations were held. Every child in the school made over 90% in every subject.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names of towns in this neighborhood.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Richi ------ famous for its rice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suck ------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarud ------ lizard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kolhapur ------ city of jackals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kerla ------ 100 mns ------ not a tree in the place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harle ------ gutter ------ plenty of them for latrines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meloni ------ well of mistery ------ nearly always plague</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tenala ------ home of serpents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mupuni ------ no water ------ desert town but lots of water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surle ------ home of demons ------ it may be true.</td>
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</tbody>
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LINGABAI AND BALIKABAI

These are two girls who are now finishing our primary school in Berapada. The former is a Hindu but has lost all faith in Hinduism and Hindu rites and wishes to become a Christian. The latter is a Christian girl. Both is fourteen years
old. Both of them want to study further but their parents are so poor that they cannot afford to send their girls away to school. The appropriations of our girls' school and the co-education schools have been so heavily cut that neither is able to take in these schools without full fees. So many missionaries are already paying the fees of so many girls and boys that the monthly salary is spent before it is received. What is to be done?

Can not these girls be married off? Oh, yes! Numerous are the calls for them for they are both very beautiful girls and they could easily become second wives, if not first. They could have been married years ago but we kept telling the parents that it was a crime to marry off a girl before she was sixteen years old and the parents listened to us. Now that these girls have a decided liking for higher education we cannot supply it for them.

YEDA

Eight out in the boiling sun and no shade available at all. Thus we held our service in Yeda this morning. The people had been driven out of their homes by bubonic plague and were now living in hastily constructed corn stalk huts out on the marl desert. All had been inoculated by one of our Miraj doctors yesterday and so everyone had a high fever and felt miserable. But to church they did come for we brought the church to them.

People know that we, white people, can not stand the tropical sun and so in the few square feet of shade by one of the huts they held out the pulpit (a little box). The people all squatted on the ground in the hot sun.

There were eleven baptisms of whom three were children. Something which has never happened in the Sangli district before (except in one fatal case) happened today. A Mahal and his wife and his two children were baptised. A second Mahal woman was baptised also although she had to come alone. I can hardly realize that fact yet I a woman, without her husband and even before her husband, being baptised. Marital dictum. I am wondering what is behind all this? I wish that I had faith enough to believe that all is straight.

VINAYAK SHINDE

Faithful, earnest, painstaking, prayerful, zealous, selfless. All of these adjectives can be applied to Vinayak. Day and night he works for his people and his people, the sheep of his pasture, are all those who come into contact with him. They cannot ask too much of him. Is a doctor needed? Vinayak goes off and procures one. Is a comforter needed? Vinayak is there with words and acts of comfort. Is instruction needed? Vinayak knows no 8 a.m. to 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. but teaches as long as children and grown ups can stand it. Is a clean up campaign needed to prevent cholera or plague? Vinayak leads the band.

He has no home. He has not even a schoolhouse. He carries his blackboard on his head and goes wherever the children can be found. Hundreds upon hundreds of children and adults have learned to read and write because Vinayak would never let them give up. Wherever Vinayak goes happiness and laughter go with him.
Vinayak comes from the Namshi caste, the so-called guardians; people who are hired to protect life or destroy it, to guard property or to loot it, depending upon which pays better. They are cudgels, the lowest of the caste people, and yet are recorded as criminal class.

Vinayak got most of his education in a government school, passing at least five of the eight years of his school life in a government school. One day a missionary came to the village in which he was attending school and the message appealed to him. Not at all daunted by the threats of his people and the high caste he boldly took the step for Christ. From that time he has been a real missionary.

In his spare time Vinayak completed two more years of secular studies and then applied himself to full time work for Christ. He was made a teacher of a village school but was so full of preaching that he seemed to the missionary-in-charge to be neglecting his school work and so was discharged from the teaching branch against the advice of the educational supervisor who saw in his school work some exceedingly desirable qualities.

He was then made a colporteur but the same zeal for preaching characterized his Bible selling work. Every village in the district saw him and heard him. He knew no fear and being repulsed and even jeered at had no effect upon him.

But money became scarce and the missionary in charge felt that he could use Vinayak as a personal camp servant and so kept him on work. Even this offered opportunities to preach and witness and he was often found with crowds of people listening to his preaching. In rainy seasons when camping was out of the question he attended the Bible school and completed the course as required by the mission.

Trouble was taking place in the village of Ken... the missionary-in-charge felt that probably Vinayak would be able to bring peace and prosperity to the little congregation and to the school there and so Vinayak again became a resident preacher-teacher. In less than a year peace was restored and the people became so eager that they decided to build a structure that would be suitable for both school and church. But Vinayak and his scythe were devalued in being led to put trust in the caste people of the town who promised to do big things for them if they would build the school near the caste area, the intention being to have the people build on a caste man's land and then having the caste man claim all, both land and building as soon as finished. But that plan was nipped in the bud.

Yedraw was not functioning properly and so Vinayak was transferred to Yedraw, where he has now been for two years. Twice have I been there in the past three months and each time Vinayak has had a class of catechumens ready for baptism.

AN EARLY MORNING CALLER

It was half past five in the morning and the compound was just awakening to life. There came the lusty cry of an infant from just below the doctor's window. I went out to investigate and found a baby boy wrapped up in a native blanket.
The took it in, washed it and then had it fed. It was a "darsiriling" baby boy not more than six months old. Across its little back it had been freshly marked by a red hot iron, branded like an animal. Of course this was done to assure the parents being able to claim it after the kind Christian people had carried it thru the hard period of life and after the child connected with the child's entry into the world had died away. The child had been doped sufficiently to cause it to sleep until the bringer could make its get-a-way.

The baby boy lies in the hospital awaiting its parents or some childless couple to come and take it their arm.

THE SCHOOL WITH A RECORD

The seventeen little children below form part of the school which we know here as the Church School, because the sessions are held in the church building in the heart of the city, Kolhapur. These seventeen children have finished two or more years of work in one year. At the last examination these seventeen children were all promoted to the next higher grade as honor pupils, that is carrying a grade of over 90% in every subject. The little girl at the top is the only child in her class and she stood over 95% in every subject. She is called "Anandi" which means "Joy". She has given her teacher and us great joy this past year. When I informed her that she had passed in every subject she just danced for joy.

My assistant asked her why she was so happy and she said, "My mother said that if I passed into the third standard she would give me five rupees and would also let me give a "paddha" (Indian sweet) to every child in the school." That is an unusual thing! If she had been a boy it would not have been wonderful but for a girl to get candy instead of curds for passing is remarkable.

The definition: A shanadees is a tuft of hair which a Hindu man wears or preserves on the crown of his head. It is a Hindu badge and has this significance; when he dyes the spirit will pull his spirit out by means of this and transfer it to regions above.

A baptismal service was in progress. As the missionary stood his hand on the kneeling Balm he detected the shanadees.

"You have a shanadees!"

"Yes!"

"I can not baptise you while this sign of Hinduism is on your head."

"Take it off, then."

"That is for you to do of your own free will. I will not put it off."

A voice from the crowd, "Is there a pair of scissors anywhere around?"

An intensive search was made and it brought forth a pair
of scissors that might have been new when Abe Lincoln was a boy.
There was a snip and the scissors fell to the ground. The baptism ceremony went on.

MANOHARRAO

Some name! But his job is not quite in keeping with the name for size. Manu, for short for I could never use his full
name as a regular thing, is simply a mali, a man who sees to it
that there is always water in the house and the kitchen and has
charge of the garden.

Upon my return from furlough this last time, I found this
young man in charge of the bungalow. He pleaded so hard to be
kept on work that I at last agreed to let him stay on as a mali.
He then pleaded to be taught housework as well, not however to
discontinue his work as mali. This was granted for we feel
that one of our duties here is to train people so that they can
go out of earn their own living and not be dependent on mis-
sionaries and mission money all the time. Manu learned very
quickly indeed. He surprised us. But a physical examination of
himself and family proved that his wife was a leper and that he
had also had the beginnings of that fell disease. So the house
work had to stop. (The wife has been completely cured now and
there is no taint of the disease in any of them).

In a short time the young boy who washed the Chevvy and
tended to minor repairs and kept the car oiled and greased
proved that he was impossible and had to be dismissed from ser-
vice. Manu asked again to be allowed to do the motor work
in addition to the mali work. This job requires going out with
the Sahib when he goes to villages and stand watch over the
car while the Sahib is busy in the villages. Since money was
scarce Manu was allowed to try his hand at this job as well.
He can change tyres, fix punctures, keep the car in good condi-

I noticed that he always carried his New Testament with him
when he accompanied me to villages. I thought at first that
perhaps time hung heavily on his hands while I was in the vil-
lages and so took the book to read. I also noticed that when
I would return to the car after a visit in the village men
would be leaving the Region of the car as soon as I came in sight.
It puzzled me and I wanted to ask the reason but kept forgetting
about it. One time I came up by an unused path and was on the
ground before anyone realized that I was around. There was
Manu with the New Testament in one hand and gesticulating with
the other like a preacher. I listened. Manu was telling the
people stories out of the Bible in his own graphic way.

Another time I came upon him suddenly and he was sitting
in the shade of a tree with his New Testament open on his lap
and was talking earnestly with a single man who was sitting
with him. There is a bright future for the Indian Church
when malis and motor wallas use their spare time in witnessing
for their Lord.

MUCH LATER:— I am now in delphala with my teachers. The Mission
decided that since many missionaries would not be able to
go to the hills this year, a whole should be reserved for them
GANDHI AT NIPANI

Nipani is just outside of Kolhapur State in British Territory. Gandhi is not allowed in Kolhapur State and so those who wanted to see him had to go to Nipani. Now Mrs. Napp had never seen the man and was anxious to do so and I took off a day for her sake and took her to Nipani.

The large enclosed place was packed with about 15,000 people like the proverbial sardines in a tin. A young German lad who had joined the Gandhi party three months back saw us trying to get into the crowd and he best our way in for us even to the platform on which the great man sat. Here we sat tailor fashion for the better part of the hour. Then if you could not get out again. I got several pretty good chances to get some snap shots but I do not know yet how they turned out. If they are good I shall paste some in the blank spaces.

My impressions:

1. There were probably as many curious people in the crowd as admirers.
2. The business of the town went on as if no famous man were in town. A person passing thru the town would never have guessed that any famous man was in town.
3. Gandhi looked exceedingly well. Goats' milk and vegetable juice must agree with him.
4. Gandhi's whole interest was in the collection of money. All gifts to him were auctioned off be setting the minimum price.
5. He was willing to give his signature for the minimum price of Rs. 5 ($1.25). To be allowed to kiss his feet cost the devotees one rupee each (Rs.37)
6. Any woman who did not give up her jewelry was repulsed from the platform.
7. He sat like a little god and collected the shakers of the devotees. (He did not get an anna from us)
8. His speech was not much. He spoke as if he did not care whether people heard or not. People who did not hear did not miss much. One time he was enthusiastic and eloquent and that was when he was asked what he thought of Ambedkar the outcaste patriot.
9. The Chicago Telephone Co was well advertised by the loud speaker and the Public Address System.
10. I do not know what I expected but whatever my expectations were they were not realized. I came away a very disappointed man. Perhaps he was tired. A man can not strike twelve always.