

This picture shows the beginnings of a school in Banswara. The very name 'school' would have scared the children at first but now there are about 40 coming between work hours, and many of them have learned new ways of living as well as something of the three "R's."

Our Women's Bungalow in Banswara is not finished yet.



IX — Not afraid, now.

You see here some who are helping to build it
 IX. The little boy on the right almost looks as if he still thought nobody loved him. He is Thanio. I wish I could tell you the story of that little imp who was first seen amusing himself by crushing the finger of his younger brother with a stone. But Somebody loved him and his soul expanded. He will go a long way now to get a caress, and no matter how dirty he is, nor how clean and white Somebody's dress is, he presses up close to her at the evening song-service.

Taklibai is the woman, almost scared out of her wits when she first saw the missionaries, but now their staunch friend, regular attendant at church. Her face is good to see. All girls are married in India—unless they are deformed, as Taklibai, who feels her disgrace (?). But one day when she learned that the missionary had not been married either, she took her hands between her own and said with delight, "Then you are like me." And her load was lightened. The children are her nephews and niece. The boy in the