

People who have come to Rutlam from other parts of the country say that the people of Rutlam are very *jungly*, which means that they are not up to the times, and the want of interest in education and reforms of various kinds are pointed to in proof of this assertion. There is a high school kept up by the Government (Rutlam), but the number of pupils in attendance, considering the size of the city, is small. There is the usual prejudice against allowing females to learn to read. The other day a little girl in a house in the bazar absolutely denied being able to read, though several people who were standing near told me that she could read very well, and that she had learned in the Mission school. She had in her hand a copy of the New Testament which had probably been given her just because she could make use of it.

There are many Jains in Rutlam, and as they are wealthy and control a large part of the city's trade, they have much influence in the State. The preservation of animal life is their religion. A few days ago one of these Jain Bunnias (the third Hindu caste) had a seat in our tonga as we were driving through the bazar, and he was nervously anxious lest we should run over any of the half-starved, mangy, pariah dogs that swarm in the streets, and that are too lazy, or too hungry-weak to crawl out of the way of a trap. He said that if we were to run over and kill the miserablest specimen of these pariah pups he would be put out of caste for having been in the tonga that did the mischief. We carefully made a circuit around such of the animals as could not be persuaded to get out of the way.

A poor cow, whose leg had been broken, lay for several weeks in one of the chief thoroughfares, protected carefully from the sun by woven mats hung on a frame of bamboos, and one and another of the bazar people carried food to her as long as she lived.