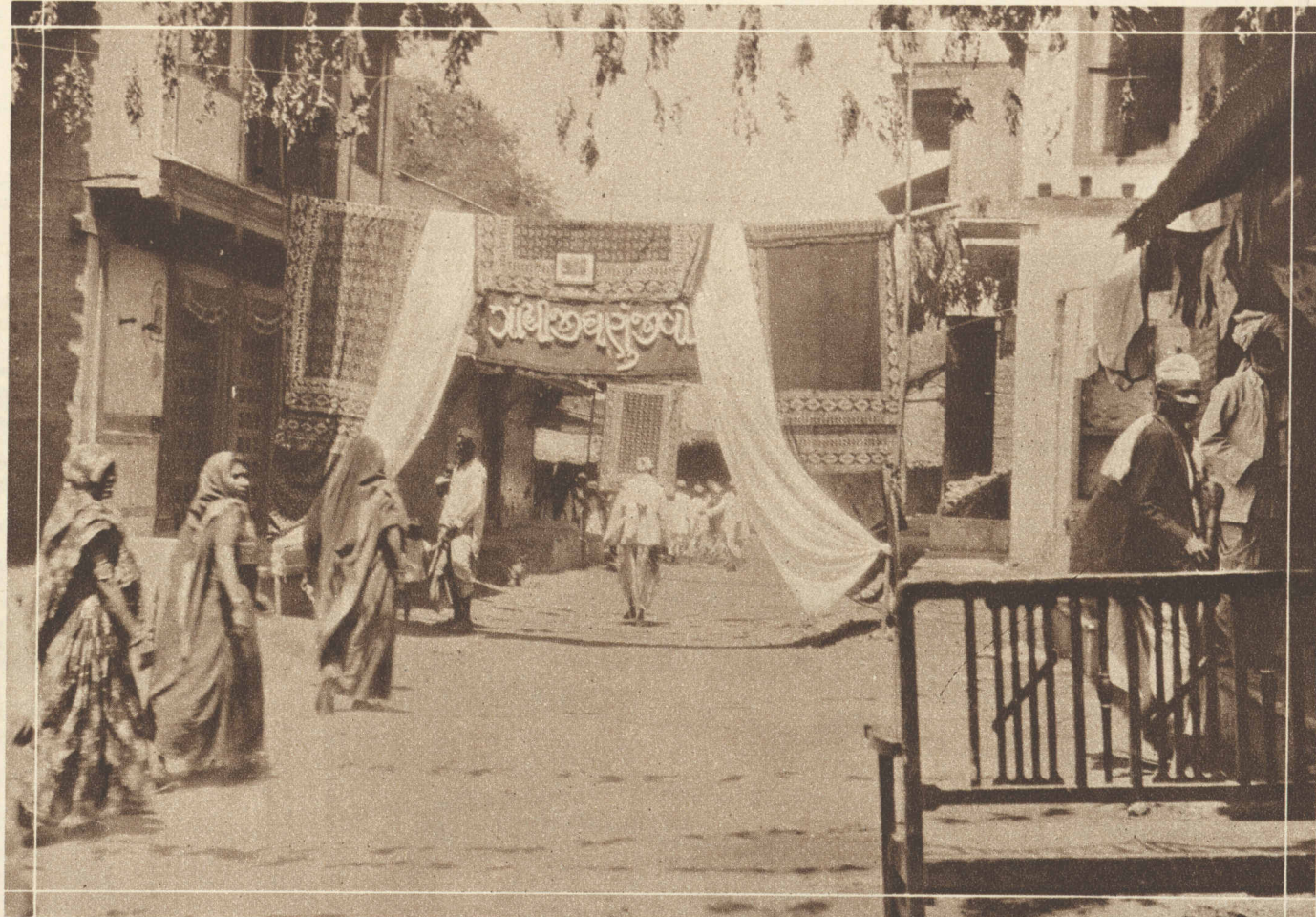


THE LAND OF GANDHI: NEW GLIMPSSES OF THE INDIAN SCENE



TO SEE THE HOLY MAN—A turbaned crowd waiting at a railway station to see and perhaps to touch Mahatma Gandhi. Such crowds of followers turn out at every stop when the idol of India's masses chooses to travel by train.



GALA DAY IN THE HINTERLAND—In preparation for a visit from Gandhi, an Indian village is festively decked with the oriental equivalent of occidental flags and bunting. When the nationalist leader makes his appearance on such a scene the press often is perilous; women faint and strong men are injured.

Graduation is the proudest event in the life of a boy or girl. Six high grade portraits may be obtained for only \$5. Open Sundays 10 to 4.

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"THE NEW RADIO-LIKE PERMANENT WAVE MACHINE"

Dauberger recommends and uses this new machine for the new permanent wave. Entirely comfortable, no top-heavy heaters, no burns and very little heat needed for this wave.

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THE WATER JAR GOES TO THE WELL, as it has from time immemorial, atop the head of woman in this land which Gandhi is trying to lead back to the primitive economy of the spinning wheel. And the scene remains as unconsciously picturesque as unconsciously insanitary.



IN THE STEAD OF THE KING—The viceroy, Viscount Willingdon, and his lady arrive in state at Simla, India's summer capital, situated among high, cool mountains.



HAGGLERS' HEAVEN—Whatever the purchase in Simla's bazaars, one does not say, "I'll take that; how much?" but "How much?" . . . That's ten times too much." (Chicago Tribune Press Service photos.)

YOU SAY IT COULDN'T
HAPPEN TO YOU



... COULDN'T IT ?

EVERY once in a while you have an evening spoiled. Perhaps it's by a good looking woman who sits beside you at the theatre. Instantly you know that her toilet did not include the use of a perspiration deodorant. You think with assurance, "That could never happen with me." . . . Couldn't it? Are you sure?

Unless your assurance is based on the regular use of a dependable deodorant, you can't always be sure!

For underarm odor is a mean, tricky thing. If you forget to use precautions, even on a single occasion, it is liable to creep in.

The simplest way to make sure of yourself is just to use Mum when you dress.

That's the wonderful thing about Mum, you know. You can use it any time, anywhere. A minute is all you need!

No directions to follow, no tedious delay. Just apply a little bit of this snowy cream with your finger-tip, and slip on your dress. That's all there is to it!

For there's nothing in Mum that hurts fabrics. And nothing that irritates the skin. You can use Mum right after shaving!

Women have found Mum invaluable in another way, too. Rub it on your hands after you've prepared onions or fish for dinner, or have used gasoline or dry cleaner. It kills every whiff of clinging odor! It soothes and softens the hands, too.

Mum doesn't interfere with healthful perspiration. It simply destroys disagreeable odor. Use it regularly every day—be sure of yourself. 35c and 60c at all toilet goods counters. Mum Mfg. Co., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y.—907 Elliott St., Windsor, Ontario.



A NEW PERIPATETIC SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY has Mahatma Gandhi for its Aristotle. It is the holy man's custom to take a five-mile walk of mornings, talking to disciples. The Grecian parallel is heightened, it will be noted, by the little ascetic's robes of homespun.



HINDUS ABSTAIN from the water of this well, but at each railway station they have a drinking place of their own. Such is fanaticism in India.



MIRABAI—Madeline, daughter of Sir Edmund Slade of England, gave up name and fortune to follow Gandhi.

MUM

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS. This is a special use which careful women appreciate. Mum gives comforting protection and security from embarrassment.