

## Husbands, Listen a Minute!

**N**EW Zealand husbands are not coming very well out of this, it seems, unfortunately. There seems to be a feeling abroad that while they treat themselves fairly well in the matter of labour-saving appliances, they are slower to realise that women appreciate them too. This is what another competitor has to say about them:—

Arrived at Heaven's Gate, what'll you say

When St. Peter says to you, "Hey! Did the missus have an electrical washer As soon as the other folk down your road?"

And you'll say "Nope,"  
And start telling of the row you heard,  
And you'll make it sound mighty hard.  
And St. Peter'll smile an angel smile,  
And tell you "Shut up, Pard."

He'll say "And what of her pretty back,  
Aching and awful stiff,  
With bending and rubbing and messing  
around,  
To send you out clean and fresh.

*And what of her poor old hands,  
Cracked and blistered and smarting sore,  
The way she'd cry quietly into the tub,  
On a cold and frosty morning.*

And what of the way she'd have to keep  
bending down,  
And throwing sharp, spiked logs of wood  
into the dragon's maw.  
Heavy they were and painful to handle,  
With her hands all soft and defenceless  
from the water.

## Our New Competition

The Easter holidays, when many competitors would perhaps be away from home and consequently receive their paper late, was not considered a good time to start a fresh series, but immediately after the holidays, as indicated in last week's issue, it is hoped to continue this feature on the same or similar lines, probably in an enlarged form. I shall then look forward to seeing all the familiar hand-writings again, and also those, I hope, of many new competitors. My best thanks to you all for the pleasure, interest and appreciation you have evinced.—*Savoir-Faire*.

*And the wild way, the boiling water  
would come out at her, suddenly,  
Like an octopus, shooting out its tendrils,  
And the scalding burn it left on her back,  
as it took her unawares,  
And she stooping over the fire-door;  
Or she'd be lifting the clothes out, one by  
one, or two by two,  
And just as she got a big, heavy sheet  
poised,  
It would shoot out a scalding tentacle,  
and lash her sweet arm.*

Heavens above! the risks that devoted  
woman ran,  
And all for no purpose if she'd a husband  
Who thought half as much about her  
comfort,  
As she did about yours.

No pass to Heaven for you, me lad,  
You're for the Devil's laundry,  
Where all the water's boiling  
And all the clothes are black with soot,  
And electricity isn't current. For why?  
Because it's a perquisite of Heaven.

—Mrs. W. R. Brown, Pongarua.

**B**UT not all men require convincing, for there is the lament of the bachelor, to whom our hearts go out. He sends the following reasons:—

- (1) *I am a bachelor and have to do my own washing.*
- (2) *At present my washing is very poorly done. (we believe him.)*
- (3) *My clothes do not last very long owing to rough usage.*
- (4) *I am always finding I have no clean clothes left.*
- (5) *My friends laugh at my attempts to wash.*
- (6) *My temper is not improving under the strain.*
- (7) *A washer would save all above. I could wash efficiently during breakfast.*

**REASON** No. 5 leads us to suspect that he is a young bachelor, and to him we would say that the remedy for his complaint lies in his own hands. Home is no home without a wife. We

would suggest that he takes one unto himself, and should she prove the woman of parts, that we feel such a young man of parts would surely choose, we should not be surprised if before long, he is not the possessor of a washing machine also. Should he feel doubtful about his wooing, he might reverse the procedure, when we feel sure that the possession of a washing-machine would greatly aid him in winning a wife.

The mantle of Sir Harry Lauder (lang ma' it be ere it fau's) will surely find a resting place on the shoulders of "Tussock," who complains as follows:—

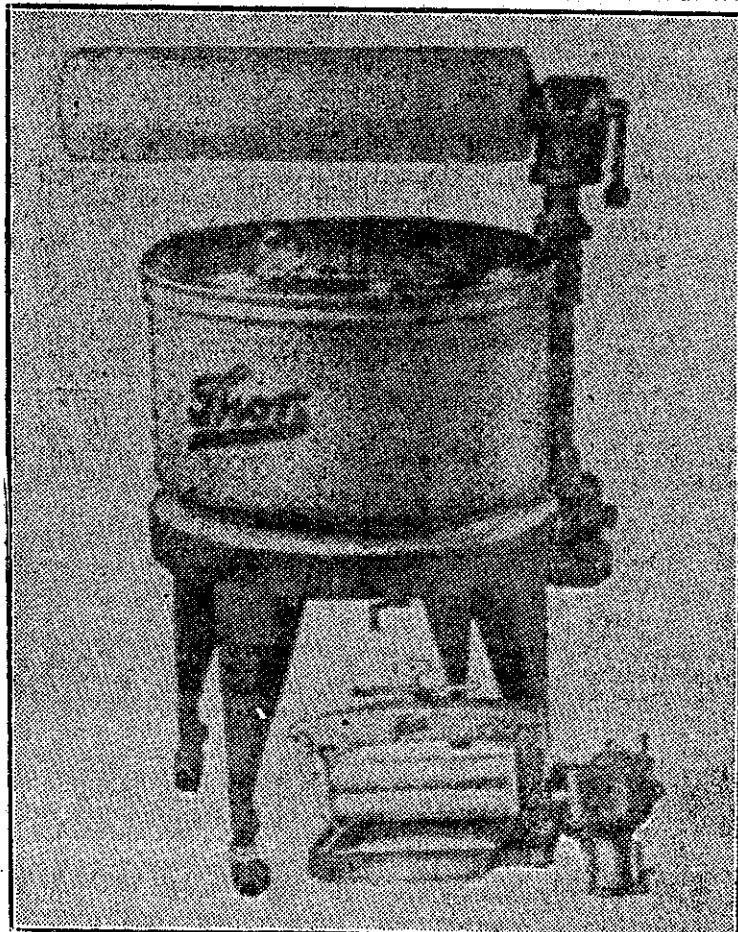
An electric washer for a bob,  
Wi' a pickle words thrown in  
Ah read it in the paper  
An' ah wuss we a' had yin.

*It skelps the claes a'roon an' roon,  
It just daes a' the wark,  
Sheets, towels, pilly-cases tae  
An' Faither's byre sark.*

Sae twirlin' roon an' roon' they gae  
Nae maitter hoo they're s'iled,  
It washes, sinds and dries them tae,  
Nae need tae hae them b'iled.

Nae mir we'll stann' o'er stemin' tubs,  
Nae sair an' achin' back,  
'Twill wash the claes up while we cook  
An' feenish in a crack.

Mair time we'll hae tae mak an' mear  
An' whiles to rest oor banes,  
We wullna' dread the wash day then  
Tho' we be a' oor lane.



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