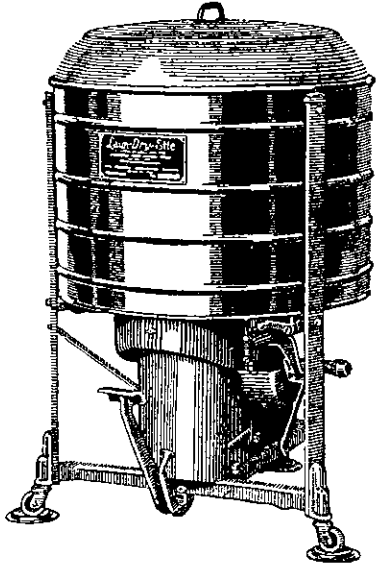


No other Machine ~
washes quite like the

“Laun-Dry-Ette”



*Washes White and
whirls Clothes damp-dry
without being
touched by hand*



Laun-dry-ette has several features which make it unique among Electric Washers—

1. Clothes are placed in a SEPARATE PERFORATED INSIDE COPPER—which stands in the hot soapy water.
2. The vacuum cups loosen the dirt, the hot sudsy water rushes every particle out into the outside copper—the dirt is not pressed again into the clothes as when only one copper is in use.
3. Laun-dry-ette rinses, blues, and whirls clothes DAMP-DRY—ready for the line—without your hands touching them.
4. NO WRINGER to break buttons, make immovable creases, and harden down surface pile—ironing is easy.

We believe that these are outstanding features which will appeal to all modern women.

Of the quality of the Laun-dry-ette machine itself we speak with confident authority—it is the finest obtainable. Built-in safety is a leading point. The machine is good to look at. It saves your hands—it saves your clothes. Let us PROVE this to you—

LET US SEND YOU AN INTERESTING BOOKLET TELLING YOU ABOUT IT. OR COME IN AND SEE US.

Sole New Zealand Agents

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(Electrical Branch)

WELLINGTON AUCKLAND CHRISTCHURCH DUNEDIN



Girl Guides' Inter-State Rally

Continued from page 29

Then the camp officials (they were many) entertained the assemblage. They appeared dressed in old English style: the girls with sprigged muslin frocks, high waisted and puff sleeved, and with poke bonnets and mittens; and the boys in smocks and leggings and their hats turned back in the front. They did country dances and sang and acted the various English folk songs we had sung at camp fire. They were excellent, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

That evening the Guiders met for a short discussion on Guiding difficulties, and then followed an extra special camp fire.

Then followed the event of the day. In fact, I might say in all modesty—of the whole camp. (Confirmation of this statement may be obtained from any of the six bright New Zealand girls who were in Camp.) We all took our position, canoe-wise, on the ground and sang our Song of Farewell in Maori. Then with one accord we leapt to our feet, and with much vim caused the blood-thirsty preliminaries of the haka to issue from our throats—“Whititarah!” was yelled with much gusto, and so warlike was our demonstration that Toff, the Camp dog (usually a very docile animal), became most agitated, and, raising his voice in energetic protest, made

a dash for the leader. Before he reached her, however, he was seized by his tail and hauled back to a safe distance. To complete our item, we sang “For They are Jolly Good Fellows” in Maori, and then retired blushing to our places. “Lights out” was at ten o'clock that night.

SATURDAY morning we were up with the lark, for there were a thousand things to do and not much time to do them in. Orderly work had to be done, packing had to be done, tents had to be struck, and, horrors! our best Sunday uniforms had to be donned. However, in due course, after much grunting and puffing, we and our multitudinous baggage were safely stowed on the motor lorries. Each girl was given a neat little package of lunch wrapped in lettuce leaves or bracken and enclosed in two rounded pieces of bark. Seeing that breakfast was at 7.30 and I, for one, didn't arrive at my destination until 3.30 p.m., the little packet of sandwiches and fruit was most acceptable.

My initiation into the arts and mysteries of camping was a lucky one, for it was a perfectly organised and excellently carried out Camp, and we were all exceedingly grateful for the opportunity of forming a small part of the first Inter-State Camp to be held in Australia.

A GUARANTEED SHOPPING GUIDE

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Dress and Morals

An Open Confession of a Woman

I AM convinced that dress has a great deal more to do with our morals and manners than we allow. The careless way in which we all spend money on our clothes is in keeping with the way in which people marry. We buy a dress and take a husband in much the same spirit. When we are tired of the dress we throw it away. When we are tired of the husband we leave him. Sometimes, of course, it is the husband who tires of us and we have to submit to the throwing-away process. Look at our hats and our heads! No man is inclined to reverence the head of the modern girl. He may, and does, fall in love with it, but only when he learns what is, or what is not, inside of it, does he turn to infidelity or worship, since, say what you will, a man must respect a wo-

man if he is to live with her for long. The Victorian woman was no fool in believing the pedestal as her stronghold. We believe in the theory of the pal. I wonder if it is as likely to hold a man as the Victorian theory? Perhaps there is a compromise to be made. It must be admitted dress has such a lot to do with the way a woman affects men. You can read in the books men write how they bring dress into a personality. A man likes to think of his mother as dressed in soft lacy things; of his wife in fresh, neat, trim sort of clothes. It is only when he is sowing his wild oats that he leans to the purples and pinks of the courtesane. We might, perhaps, remember little things like this when we are choosing our clothes. It is wiser to please the man you love than to be the slave of fashion.