

What a Guinea Can Buy for the Home

—and now Amy has her say and stresses that the Guinea Prize must be spent unselfishly

I AM sure that the prizes offered for the Spelling Bee have been won time and time over and spent a dozen ways each time. Some one has to win the prizes and as I have been learning those long words appearing in the "Radio Record," I think I shall stand a good chance. A fortnight ago I told you how I should like to spend the guinea I was going to win. Well, I have been reprimanded and told how utterly selfish I could be when I liked.

My sister Amy, and, of course, mother, were particularly voluble in their disagreement. Amy is the unselfish one, but I suspect she has an ulterior motive—in fact, I think I have seen that ulterior motive.

When I win my guinea, Amy proposes to spend it for me—not in fancy electric shades or electric scent sprays, or anything like that, but in something really useful. An immersion heater, she suggests, with, no doubt, painful recollections of the time our sister-in-law and her infant came to stay and she, Amy, had to crawl out of bed on a cold winter's night to light the kitchen fire to warm the baby's food. All this to get a tumbler of hot water. One of the electrically-heated pans would have done the job quite nicely.

Then there was the time mother was ill and a glass of hot water was wanted to mix with a dose of medicine. It seemed ages getting that water and mother was in terrible pain. An immersion heater would have warmed the water in a few seconds. And there would be a fair amount of change left out of a guinea if one of these were bought.

By a length of flex and an adapter a kettle can be run off any bedroom light. We could really do with another electric kettle for upstairs, or an electric jug. They don't cost so much more than a guinea.

AN extra length of flexible cord to bring the radiator round into mother's bedroom would be a boon. She would never have those heart attacks we dread, if the room were not so chilly sometimes. Think of going into a warm bedroom every night. If you don't like parting with the radiator early in the evening have an extra heating point fixed and buy another radiator. A small one would answer the purpose. The heating-point need not be in mother's room, either. It can be put into the

nearest place, say the dining-room, or in the hall. Then, we can warm all the rooms in turn. But one thing we shall have to watch. The flex must be rubber covered, or else there might be trouble because of short-circuiting.

Do you realise that we haven't even an electric iron yet? Still plodding along with the old, what do you call

them?—sad irons. Sad, they certainly are. Well, if any of us win a guinea, I should think that state of affairs will be remedied. There is a hot-point in the kitchen.

THOSE breakfast-cookers and little hot-plates are useful, too. You get me up, Amy said, just to see you on your way in the morning. Well, other times, other ways in future. Just wait until one of those guineas come my way. You'll cook your own breakfasts then, and very easily, too. If more than one of us gets a prize, we must have a toaster as well.

Have you ever seen the bigger stoves, quick and practical, which work off the hot-point? She must look about when she is shopping! They cost from £3 to £5, but they cook a whole meal, and save all the trouble of lighting fires in the kitchen.

A LAMP in the hall, too, would be an acquisition, and a water-tight one over the gate. It is just on those tedious wet nights that we need a light to avoid the puddles. A guinea would buy either of these, I am sure.

An electric fan would be a good investment. Not only would it keep the rooms cool in summer, but we could dry our hair with it after shampooing, and use it to keep the flies out of the pantry.

A lamp with a proper reflector for the piano, to fix just above the music would be useful, and I really should like mother to have an extra light in her room. Somehow I think that would be the best way to spend the guinea. It would give her lasting comfort.

It would be splendid to have an electric motor for the sewing machine, wouldn't it? I am afraid it would cost rather more than a guinea, but, as we should all enjoy the use of it, we could all pay a little toward the extra. A waffle iron would be useful for tea and supper. We should have to join forces for that, but it wouldn't come to much extra.

A properly insulated portable lamp for putting the car away, and tinkering in the garage after dark, would be a safety feature.

AND then there is the radio! We had not thought of that. We all enjoy listening in, and surely a guinea would be well spent if invested in it. Our brother, who is a keen enthusiast, says we could get a much better speaker than we are using. Of course, it would be much more than a guinea, but we could all help to make up the remainder, he adds. Although we are not so sure of making up any remainders, still, there it is. I suppose he will get his own way—he usually does. Then there is that talked-of extension to mother's room—a pair of 'phones, wire, and a resistance, I am told, will suffice—that can be bought for a guinea. No peace for me! Everyone wants me to spend my guinea for them.

But there! I will have only one guinea to spend and I do mean to have something useful for the house, declares Amy, because I'm going to try out all these things before I get married.

Still waters run deep. Amy is the quiet one, but very deep. And what a lucky man the "ulterior motive" will be!

