

# The HOME that



**What a  
kilowatt-  
hour will  
do for you**

## PART I

THIS is the story of a humble, hard-working household drudge, a maid-of-all-work employed by a family in

Schenectady, N. Y. They call her Handy Annie and pay her only \$2.41 a week.

Despite her low wages, Annie is an ideal maid—quiet, efficient, tireless, a regular bundle of energy. She never heard of a forty-hour week or Thursdays off. She never asks for a vacation or a raise. In fact, Annie works twenty-four hours a day and does as much as eighteen men could accomplish if they labored eight hours a day and seven days a week.

Among a lot of other things, this family expects Annie to tend the furnace and hot-water heater, turn the clothes washer, dry the clothes in bad weather and run the ironer, cook the food and see that it is kept fresh and edible, wash and dry the dishes, dispose of the garbage, vacuum clean the rugs, keep the house at a comfortable temperature summer and winter, run the sewing machine, wake the family and provide healthful exercise and sun baths, get rid of flies and insects, discourage burglars, help nurse the sick by supplying hot or cold pads as required, help tend the goldfish and provide music and entertainment.

That's a big order for one \$2.41-a-week maid. Almost any family



**13 people  
working  
one hour**

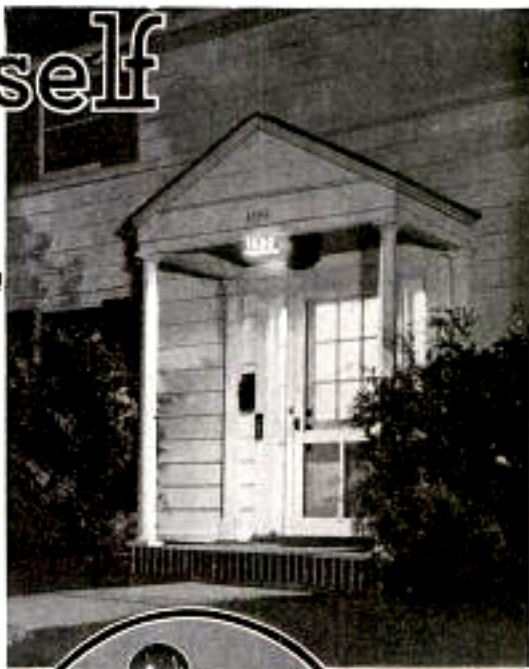
Work, in the electrified home, is interpreted in kilowatt-hours, and here's the work a kilowatt-hour will do—the combined efforts of thirteen servants for one hour

# Runs Itself



could afford a servant who would do all that work—and a lot more—for such wages. But where, you inquire rather enviously, could you find another Annie, even if you were heartless enough to work such a simple-minded girl to death?

Well, servants like Annie make just one demand. They won't work in unwired homes. But if you light your lamps by flipping a switch instead of a match, then there's an Annie ready to go to work for you too. As a matter of fact, she's already working for you. The difference between you and the people in Schenectady is that they're working their Annie



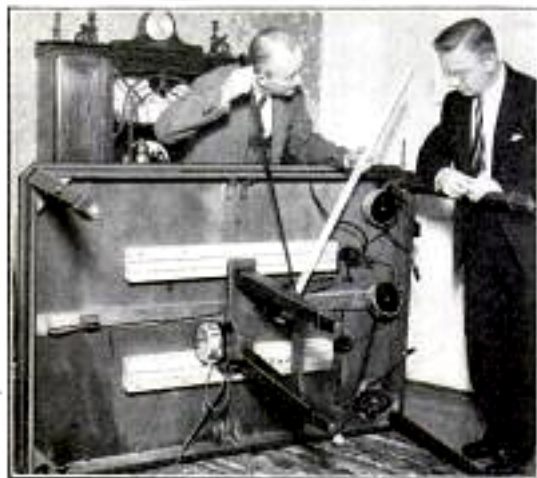
Photos Courtesy General Electric Co.

*Electricity is the Handy Annie which does the work in this home that runs itself. Mr. Ripley is pointing out the illuminated house number. Above, the lighted entrance and the little lamp and reducer that do the trick.*





*Mr. and Mrs. Ripley enjoying an electric breakfast—and if you don't think the dining-room table is electrified, glance at the picture to the left. The reels wind up the cords automatically so no unsightly wires are exposed*



more freely than it uses water—and with amazing results. Nothing in this home is done by hand if it can be done by electricity. That's why Annie has so much work to do.

It all started more than eight years ago. Charles M. Ripley, his wife and young son lived in a neat, six-room, two-story colonial cottage on a quiet residential street. Days Mr. Ripley wrote copy designed to help sell big turbines, generators, and motors,

twenty-four hours a day while you probably work yours only three or four. The Handy Annie each of you employs is electricity and her tools are electrical household appliances.

More than twenty years ago, Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, predicted that some day we would use electricity as freely as water. That day has not yet arrived for us as a nation, but it has for one family. This Schenectady family actually uses electricity in the home

which do the work of hundreds of men. His evenings were occupied with home work—stoking the coal furnace, carrying out ashes, disposing of garbage, helping with the dishes.

These chores irked Mr. Ripley. Why, he meditated one evening, didn't someone supply equipment to run a home as efficiently as a factory? Then it occurred to him that there were plenty of electrical home appliances on the market, machines to do the very work he was doing. Why



The electrified kitchen with its range, dishwasher, garbage preventer, food mixer, flour mill, radio, clock, fan, lights and many other appliances

wasn't he using some of them? He guessed they cost too much, or would run his light bill way up. But he decided to investigate.

He went about it rather timidly. What he needed most of all, he figured, was an electric washer. Finally he bought one on the installment plan and paid for it with the \$15 a month he had been paying a laundress. The "juice" to run

### RIPLEY SAYS:

Whatever we need, we pay for, whether we buy it or not.

It costs less to live better.

A good electric washer has the strength of four women, yet the current to run it costs only about \$1.25 a year.

The bathroom was the invention of the last generation, the electric kitchen and laundry were creations of this generation.

The all-electric home will be next. Then a recreation room for radio, movies, television.

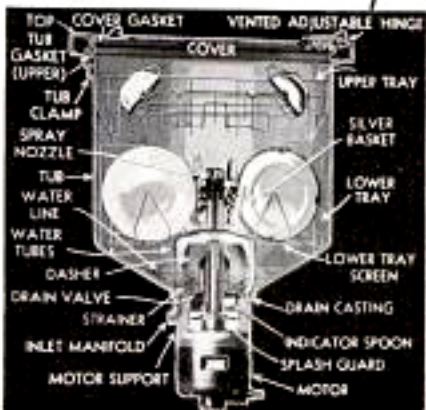


Diagram of the electric dishwasher. Put the dishes in, turn on the water and the "juice," and Handy Annie does the rest

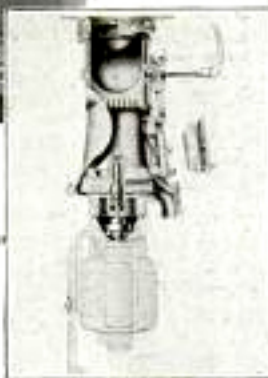
it cost \$1.25 a year. When the washer was paid for, he wondered what to do with the \$15 a month he had been paying the laundress. So he bought a refrigerator, using the \$15 and the money he saved on ice and food to pay for that. The refrigerator cost \$1.25 a month to operate, but he paid that too with money saved on ice and laundress bills.

Then he really got into the spirit of the thing. Why worry, he asked himself, if you can buy electrical home equipment and pay for it out of what the equip-





*Garbage presenter such as is employed in the electric home and diagram showing working parts. Dump the garbage in, turn on the motor and Handy Annie does the rest*



ment saves? So, one at a time, he added other appliances. Year by year, he bought an electric range, an ironing machine, a dishwasher, an oil furnace electrically controlled, a laundry dryer, an air conditioner and an electric garbage preventer. In between, he purchased dozens of smaller appliances—door chimes, bug killers, vacuum cleaners, clocks, a room cooler, sun lamps, heating pads, fans, an exerciser, toaster, coffee maker, egg cooker, electric double boiler—anything which would save work or add health and comfort to his home.

Today the life of Reilly has nothing on the life of Ripley. This family lives in a home that virtually runs itself. Annie does the work, much of it automatically, without supervision or attention. Let's pay the Ripleys a visit and see just how an electric home runs itself.

Over the door you'll find a glass plate

with the house number on it. Back of the plate is a seven-watt bulb that burns all night. No striking matches hunting for this home, even on the darkest night. Press the doorbell and you hear the tinkle of chimes. Press again and you get another tune. The doorbell has a repertoire of six melodies and doubles as a dinner gong by virtue of a set of keys inside the house connected to the same chimes. In the garden is another chime to soothe the ears. Yes, it's electric too.

Four floor and table lamps in the living room shed a soft glow without shadows and without glare, although each of these lamps contains a 100 or 150-watt bulb. The light is diffused by frosted-glass globes and by reflection from the ceiling. There's probably twice as much light here as in the average living room, but there's no sense of brilliant illumination. A room cooler augments the air conditioner in the basement and a radio plays softly.

"Watch the smoke from this cigar," directs Mr. Ripley. He puffs rapidly. The smoke curls upward, drifts back of a bookcase and vanishes.

"An air vent back there does the trick," he explains. "It's part of the air-conditioning system."

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*One of the features of the electric home is an electric floor polisher—no scrubbing about on hands and knees here*

## The Home that Runs Itself

(Continued from page 54)

There's no stale smoke smell left here. And here's a card table. It's electric too. You plug in on the under side for a light, a cigarette lighter or the coffee maker after the game's over."

The dining-room table likewise is electrified. Reels attached to the under side carry cords which are pulled out and plugged into the coffee maker, the egg cooker, the waffle iron, the toaster or any of half a dozen other appliances for table cooking. Pull out the plugs and the cords are whisked out of sight by the reels. There's a timer at one end of the table to turn off the current when the coffee is cooked. A meter under the table measures the current used for cooking. The main line plugs into the floor under the table so all wires are concealed. From the opened doors of a built-in china closet flows a cooling breeze. It emanates from a vent above the top shelf.

"Comes from the air conditioner in the basement," explains Mr. Ripley. "On summer nights I close the doors of the china cabinet and the cool air goes up to my bedroom right above."

The dining-room light fixture has just one bulb, but it's a 100, a 200 and a 300-watt bulb all in one. One turn of the switch and you have 100 watts, three turns and you have 300, four turns and it's out. There's an electric clock in the living room, there's another in this dining room.

"You'll find 'em in every room in the house," explains Mr. Ripley. "We have a vacuum cleaner for each floor and fifteen all-night lights of five or seven watts each scattered about the house and garage. They discourage burglars."

Virtually everything in the kitchen runs by electricity and most of it is automatic. The electric range is equipped with a thermostat and a timer, the dishwasher operates with a simple control and the metal sink contains the garbage preventer. All waste from potato peelings to soup bones goes down the drain. A grinder operated by a quarter-horsepower motor converts the waste to a pulp which is flushed away through the sewer system.

An exhaust fan in a window carries away cooking odors. There's an elaborate mixer which also kneads bread dough. A

grinder grinds the wheat, the mixer kneads the dough, and the oven bakes the bread, each at the turn of a switch. There's a kitchen radio, the inevitable clock, an electric floor waxer and a cabinet full of smaller kitchen utensils, including a double boiler, all run by electricity.

The upstairs is just as electrified. Over the bath tub is the sun lamp. There are two others beside the mirror.

"If you don't like baths, you get your sunshine while shaving," explains Mr. Ripley.

In his bedroom is an exerciser mounted on a small table. There's a timer to turn it off when you have absorbed enough punishment. Mr. Ripley goes through his morning exercises on this machine, goes downstairs and starts his breakfast on the electrified dining-room table, goes upstairs and shaves, then comes back downstairs to find a hot breakfast waiting for him in the coffee maker, the egg cooker and the toaster.

The outside of this home is almost as electrified as the inside. There's a bug killer on a side porch and a marine lamp which casts a rosy glow over the side of the house when there's a party, and a sodium vapor lamp in the garden which gives a grotesque hue to the shrubbery. And Mr. Ripley, with the aid of electricity, has stripped the last vestige of privacy from 200 giant goldfish in a 3,000-gallon pool. Artificial lily pads form shades for underwater lights. Other colored lights and waterproof cords are sunk in the pool or shine down on it from above. At night, with the aid of the lights, you see every fish on parade. Above the pool is another bug killer. The fish gather in droves beneath it to watch for the spark which signals their next titbit is on the way down.

"These fish," says Mr. Ripley, "thrive on light. Some of them are more than a foot long. We feed 'em hamburger sandwiches—raw hamburger and crumbled bread."

There are more than 100 outlets in the house and more than a dozen outside. The Ripleys use them all. In the basement, besides the oil furnace, which fits under the stairs, the washer, ironer and dryer in the laundry, and the air conditioner, there's an electrified home workshop. One side of the basement is a recreation room. There's

(Continued from page 145A)

a shooting gallery with floodlights and frosted-tube lights to illuminate the target and there's a little theater where Mr. Ripley and young Charles, Jr., entertain their friends with their own private house of magic. The stage is equipped with neon, black ultraviolet, mercury vapor and sodium lights, all operated from a control box. With the aid of these lights and some fluorescent materials and color drawings, it requires only a few minutes to prove to anyone that you can't believe what you see as far as colors are concerned. And the stage has a piano—electric, of course.

Everywhere inside and outside this home you find electric appliances—a battery charger in the garage, an electric moth killer, a garage light which turns itself out, an electric hand dryer, a baby milk bottle warmer, curling irons, an electric speedboat to aerate the fish pool—you find Handy Annie's tools at every turn.

What happens, you wonder, when the electric home blows a fuse? That never occurs. The reason? There is not a fuse in the house. Circuit breakers do the job instead.

"Keeping house in a home that runs itself must be swell," you murmur enviously, "but think of the cost. Who could afford it?"

Well, Mr. Ripley says it didn't cost him a cent to electrify his home and presents figures to prove it. And Mr. Ripley's arithmetic is as amazing as his home. He shows you in black and white that six times one equals two and one-half when you begin using electricity like water and employing a maid like Annie—and that's a story all by itself.

(Concluded next month)

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