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# IDEALS *and* HOMES

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WOMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE  
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# A Policy of Purity

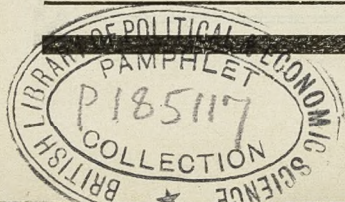


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## Ideals and Homes

IT was a sunny afternoon in the late autumn when Mrs. Faintheart went to call on her friend, Mrs. Newlyclean. Although there was a nip in the air which showed that the cold weather had arrived, the sun was shining brightly enough to show up the threadbare patches on Mrs. Faintheart's carpet and her faded curtains, and it seemed to her that the house was looking altogether rather dusty and sad.

"Dear me," she said to herself, with a sigh, "I suppose there's no help for it, I shall have to start house-cleaning, though I'm sure I don't know where to begin."

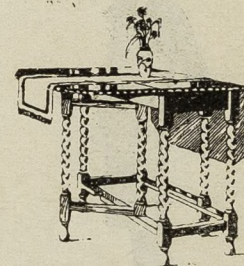
For Mrs. Faintheart lived in Yorkshire, where folks do their "spring cleaning" in time for Christmas. And it was the thought of all that lay before her that made her decide to go and see Mrs. Newlyclean, who was always such a cheerful person and a woman of such great resources.

She had not been round for a few weeks, and Mrs. Newlyclean was delighted to see her, as she always was. She welcomed her in, saying that she was just in time for a cup of tea with some freshly made Yorkshire tea cakes, and when Mrs. Faintheart was seated in the cosy sitting-room enjoying her tea she began to notice how nice her friend's house was looking.

"How smart and clean everything looks, Mrs. Newlyclean," she said.

"I'm glad you like it," Mrs. Newlyclean answered; "I've just finished my cleaning-down, you see, and everything is in readiness for long winter evenings and cheerful fires."

Mrs. Faintheart sighed. "I only wish I were you," she said. "I've got all my house-cleaning before me, and I was thinking, only this afternoon, just before I set out, that it seems such a terribly big job that I can hardly bring myself to start it. Of





course, when I lived in Lancashire, you know, we used to do spring cleaning in the spring, and I can't get used to beginning it so early."

Mrs. Faintheart spoke so mournfully that Mrs. Newlyclean smiled. "It isn't really as bad as all that, you know. The great thing is to get it done as systematically as possible. I always find it a help to begin by making out a list of all that needs to be done. Then you know much better just where you are, and can plan out in what order the different things must be tackled, and I think it makes the wheels of spring cleaning go round much more smoothly."

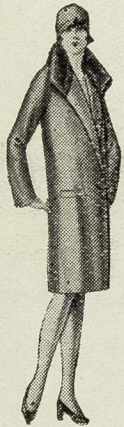
But Mrs. Faintheart still looked doubtful. "I'm afraid if I made out a list of all that needs doing," she said, "it would be so long that I should never have the courage to begin. But I must say, Mrs. Newlyclean, your house looks so spick and span now that I wouldn't mind taking a little trouble if I could get mine as nice. Perhaps you are right, and I ought to plan it all out and make a list as you say, but I always find it so very hard to do anything like that, and get in such a terrible muddle. I wish you would help me."

"Why, of course, I'd be glad to help you," said Mrs. Newlyclean; "but all you have to do is just map things out a bit, decide what things have to be sent away to be cleaned, what new things you will want, what you will need to do the work with, and so on. If you like to come round my house now with me, and see just what I've done, maybe that will remind you of what you'll need to do, and you will be able to make the list out right away."

\* \* \* \* \*

**A** WEEK later, Mrs. Newlyclean knocked at Mrs. Faintheart's door, and found her hard at work.

"I'm ever so pleased to see you, Mrs. Newlyclean," she said. "I've taken your advice and got the list quite complete now, and although it does seem rather long, I know the only thing to do is to tackle the job and get down to work."



"I can see you've made a start already," Mrs. Newlyclean said, looking round; "you've got all your carpets up."

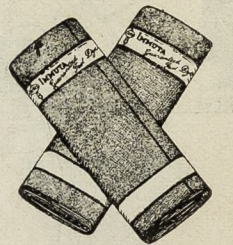
"And I'm just going to take the curtains down—though some of them are so faded that I'm afraid I shall have to get new ones."

"Aren't you going to send them to the Co-op.? The Stores has a cleaning department, you know, and if you send your carpets and curtains along you'll be surprised how well they'll look when you get them back. That's where I had mine done so nicely. And, if you do get some new curtains, as you say you must, why not get some of the fadeless curtains that are made by our own C.W.S. works at Radcliffe? 'Immuta,' they are called. They are ever so pretty, and they have them in lots of colours, so that I think you'd have no difficulty in getting something to match your rooms."

"That's a very good idea," Mrs. Faintheart said. "I always buy C.W.S. things when I can. I was hearing the other day at our Guild meeting how wonderful it is to have a trading movement of our own, owned and controlled by the workers, where things are made for use instead of for profit. The speaker was saying that by buying co-operative goods you could bring Co-operative Ideals right into the home, and link up your every-day life with a great world-wide movement for brotherhood and peace. It made me wish that my home was much more co-operative than it is now, and I was thinking that now while I'm spring cleaning it will be a good opportunity of getting some new co-operative things."

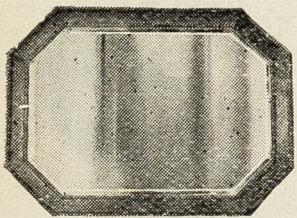
"Only you must be sure they're C.W.S.," said Mrs. Newlyclean, "and then you will find that you are not only building up a wonderful Movement, but you will be bringing beautiful and well-made things into your home. And you will find that there is practically nothing in connection with spring cleaning that you can't get 100 per cent co-operative. Are you having any house decorating done?"

"Yes; I was thinking of having the sitting-room and the children's room repapered."





“Well, you can get that done co-operatively. But I would advise you to have your rooms distempered. The C.W.S. Paint Works at Derby have a wonderful range of distempers and paints in all colours, and I think distempers make a room look so bright and clean. Then, if you get your stores to do it, you will be employing co-operative labour, under trade union conditions, and even the paint brushes they use will be C.W.S. But the distempers and paints are so prepared that even amateurs like ourselves or our husbands can undertake the work, and that is such a help in these times, as we can't all pay for the Stores to do it for us. Do you remember how my bedroom was done in a pretty blue distemper? Well, my husband did that entirely himself, and it has been most successful.”



“Just fancy!” said Mrs. Faintheart. “I shall have to think over whether we could do my rooms like that. I shall have to stain the floors, too, of course, and was going to do that myself. I've already bought some C.W.S. varnish stain for that—one of their Pelaw productions, they told me. I was just taking down the pictures and mirrors because I wanted to begin cleaning them this afternoon, and start getting off the fly-blows.”

“Have you got a C.W.S. chamois leather for that? They make very good ones, you know, at Buckfastleigh, and pads for window cleaning, and even little pads to clean eyeglasses with, I believe.”

“Well, as a matter of fact,” said Mrs. Faintheart, rather apologetically, “I have got one of those C.W.S. chamois leathers, but I'm afraid it has got very hard.”

“Oh, I can tell you the reason for that,” Mrs. Newlyclean broke in, quickly. “You probably washed it in water that was too hot and then squeezed it out and left it to dry. You ought to treat those chamois leathers very gently. Wash them in luke-warm water and then rinse them in soapy water—made with C.W.S. soap flakes, of course—and then let them dry, leaving the soap in them. Then you will find that they will keep beautifully soft and flexible.”



Mrs. Faintheart thanked her friend for her advice, and they talked of other things until it was time for Mrs. Newlyclean to go home to get the dinner.

“Don't forget your umbrella,” said Mrs. Faintheart, as she bade her friend good-bye, “I noticed it as you came in, because I see it's a chubby umbrella, and yet it has a hook handle, and I don't remember seeing one like that before.”

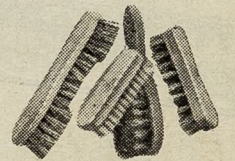
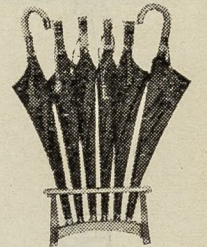
“It's a C.W.S. one—the very latest thing,” said Mrs. Newlyclean, showing it to her; “you see, it has the Wheatsheaf on the ribs. It comes from the Store Street factory in Manchester; but now I really must go as it's getting late.”

\* \* \* \* \*

**W**HEN Mrs. Newlyclean came round again in a few days' time she found everything going splendidly, and Mrs. Faintheart getting more and more enthusiastic. She had made arrangements to have the ceilings whitewashed, and the painting done, but she and her husband had decided to do the distempering themselves at the week-end, and the distemper and paint brushes—C.W.S. brushes from the Leeds factory—had been ordered. She showed Mrs. Newlyclean some charming blue curtains with a striped border of various colours that she was making from some of the C.W.S. fadeless material.

“But now, Mrs. Newlyclean,” she said, “I must really get down to brass tacks and start on the scrubbing and washing and polishing. I wish you'd come into the kitchen with me for a moment and tell me what you think I need. My scrubbing brush is so worn down that I shall have to get a new one, and I think there must be several other things I need, if I'm going to get the house cleaned properly. But you've so inspired me with house cleaning this year, you know, that I'm determined I'm going to get every little detail smart and nice, and I know that can't be done without the right tools.”

“Well, I can tell you one thing you ought to have without going out of this room,” said Mrs.





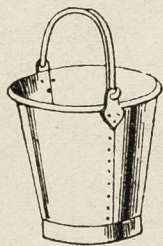
Newlyclean, "and that's an overall and a dust cap. And if I were you I should get a pair of those house-  
maid's gloves, as they do protect the hands so. I  
know you'll enjoy buying an overall, because the  
stores have just got in a new supply of Belmont  
overalls, made at the C.W.S. factory at Store Street.  
They are made of Winit gingham, in fast colours,  
and are plain or patterned, whichever you fancy.  
And, of course, you can get nice C.W.S. dusters and  
polishing cloths as well that come from the same  
place."

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE two women went into the kitchen together,  
and first noted down all the different soaps and  
polishes that would be needed. Pulvo and  
Parrot soap, Solvo and Congress soap, and Microl  
soap as a disinfectant, and then the Pelaw produc-  
tions—Pelaw metal polish, furniture cream, plate  
powder, grato and so on. Most of these polishes,  
Mrs. Newlyclean told Mrs. Faintheart, are made in  
Pelaw, a town in the north, after which they are  
named. They are made in bright, airy factories, by  
girls who are employed in varied ways and well  
looked after, and then the polishes are sent to  
Birtley, where they are packed in tins in another  
C.W.S. factory, where one can be sure that the  
atmosphere is cheerful and pleasant, and everything  
done for the health and welfare of the employees.  
Both these factories, Mrs. Newlyclean pointed out,  
are in one of the mining and shipbuilding districts  
where there is so much unemployment and suffering,  
so that by buying these co-operative productions  
the housewife is helping to brighten up trade and  
increase employment where it is so badly needed.

"I shall have to get a new bucket," said Mrs.  
Faintheart; "I've been meaning to for some time.  
The C.W.S. buckets are made at Dudley, aren't  
they?"

"Yes, at the Dudley Bucket Works, where they  
make all kinds of hardware goods. They produce  
splendid galvanised buckets, and all sorts of hearth



furniture, and beautiful fire screens with a copper  
or bronze or silver finish."

"Then I must get a new broom," Mrs. Faint-  
heart went on. "I can't use my old one any more,  
and it never was a very good one. It wasn't a C.W.S.  
broom, because the Stores had no C.W.S. ones in  
stock, and I have never been really satisfied with  
this."

"And yet there are such splendid C.W.S.  
brushes and brooms of every description," said Mrs.  
Newlyclean. "Brooms, hearth brushes, scrubbing  
brushes, clothes brushes, boot brushes—everything.  
There are two C.W.S. brush factories, one at Leeds  
and one at Wymondham, where all kinds of good  
brushes are made by men and girls at trade union  
wages. Only they don't, as in some factories, use girls  
to do the heavy labour that only men should do. The  
manager of the Wymondham factory is a national  
expert on bristles, and he has just invented a mop—  
the Dual mop, it is called—which is better than any  
other mop on the market, and it's being sold at a  
reasonable price, too. This is one of the C.W.S. own  
productions, and I have found it ever so good. It  
has a full centre instead of a hollow one, like other  
mops, which makes it much more serviceable, and it  
is detachable for cleaning. They make a special  
bucket at the Dudley works to use with it, which  
saves bending, and tiring the back. I hope you will  
buy one of those Dual mops, Mrs. Faintheart."

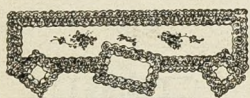
"I surely will, Mrs. Newlyclean; and some  
brushes and brooms as well, and you may be sure  
that I shall take care this time that the C.W.S.  
trade mark is on every one before I take it."

\* \* \* \* \*

**I**T was over a month before Mrs. Newlyclean  
called again.

"Come in, do come in, Mrs. Newlyclean!"  
she cried, opening the door. "Everything is just  
about finished, and I am so eager to show it to  
you. I do hope you will agree with me that it all  
looks nice. See how well the distemper looks in the  
sitting-room, and how pretty the new curtains look.





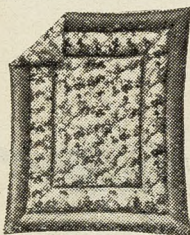
Do you see this suede sideboard runner trimmed with fruit and flowers? I have just got that, and understand it comes from the Newcastle bag factory, where they also make cushion covers to match."

"I think it's very pretty indeed," said Mrs. Newlyclean; "and how well your carpet looks now that it has been cleaned."

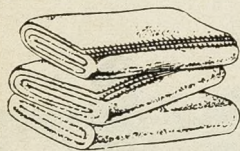


"The only thing about it that worried me," said Mrs. Faintheart, "is that it is a little threadbare in some places; but my husband has promised to treat me to one of the sheepskin rugs from Buckfastleigh, and then I think the room will look fine. We were down in Devonshire for our holiday two years ago, and we visited the Buckfastleigh C.W.S. factory where these rugs are made from Devon sheepskins, and dyed and cut into different shapes. I was so interested in watching the process."

They went upstairs to the bedrooms, and Mrs. Newlyclean admired everything, particularly the cosy bed quilt. "Is that new, too?" she asked.



"Why, no; that's a C.W.S. down quilt from Store Street, that I've had quite a long time. I expect you have Littleborough blankets, like me, don't you? I find they are so warm and soft."



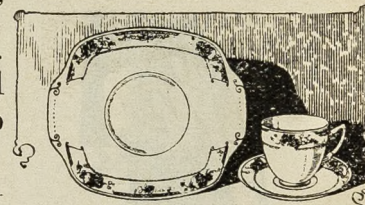
"Yes," said Mrs. Newlyclean, "they are wonderful blankets, made from wool that comes from South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia, as well as Devonshire and Wales. They are some of the finest blankets on the market, and it seems such a pity that all co-operators do not buy blankets made in their own mills. They are all labelled, so that they cannot be mistaken. And I wonder if you know Coso sheets, Mrs. Faintheart? They are ever so warm and cosy for the winter, and so easy to wash. They don't require boiling like ordinary cotton sheets, which is a great consideration in these days. And, talking of bedding, they were showing me some balloon down quilts at the Stores this morning, ever so light and soft they were; and do you know that at the C.W.S. factory at Radcliffe they make circular ticks for pillows and bolsters? Bedticks have fashions to-day, just like clothes, you know; they



are made in all sorts of different colours and designs."

"And now what about a cup of tea?" said Mrs. Faintheart, leading the way downstairs again, and soon they were sitting in the bright, newly done-up sitting-room, enjoying their co-operative tea.

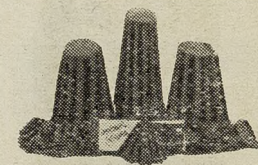
"Do you like my tea set?" asked Mrs. Faintheart, as she saw her friend looking rather closely at the tea cups. "It comes from the C.W.S. Longton pottery works, and it's leadless-glaze crockery. I've had it for some time now, but I never seem to get tired of it, the colours are so soft and pleasing, and the design is so simple. Nearly everyone admires it."



"Yes, I think it's very pretty indeed, Mrs. Faintheart. I was wondering if it was C.W.S., because they make such beautiful crockery, and yet such a very small percentage of co-operators buy it."

\* \* \* \* \*

**B**UT there's something else I want to talk to you about while you're here, Mrs. Newlyclean," Mrs. Faintheart said, suddenly, after they had been talking for some time. "I was thinking that now I've got my house smartened up I need a little renovation myself, and I want to get a new dress. Have you any suggestions?"



"If you take a look round the drapery department of the Stores you'll get plenty of suggestions," said Mrs. Newlyclean; "unless, of course, you prefer to choose one of those beautiful Buckfastleigh cloths and have it made up in the dressmaking department."

"I was thinking of something in navy blue; that's such a useful colour. Only it would have to be something warm now that the weather is getting so cold."

"Then why not get a blue serge and have it made up? The Buckfastleigh mills specialise in those serges, and you will find a very good selection that will wear wonderfully. They are also making such warm and useful scarves, in three weights and various pretty colours. Have you seen the new lingerie they are bringing out, that is made at Store





Street?" There are some lovely camibockers, night-dresses, trinity sets and other things made in a very pretty silky material of C.W.S. own manufacture that is called Limbric. Or, if you prefer it, there are fleecy knickers and winceyette nightgowns and petticoats. And while I was looking at them, I saw some beautiful artificial silk frocks from Store Street, too, for women and girls in all sizes, and there were ever so many varieties. I noticed specially a small red one that would look sweet on your little girl with her dark hair. You really ought to go and see them for yourself. And the Store Street factory is such a good one, under expert management, with excellent designers, and yet the girls are not as fully employed as they ought to be."

\* \* \* \* \*



"IT all sounds very interesting, and I shall certainly go and look at the lingerie, Mrs. Newlyclean. But, now that we are on the subject of clothes, may I say how much I like those gaiterettes you are wearing? I have been admiring them ever since you came in. Are they C.W.S., too?"

"Yes, indeed they are. This is the new 'Silkie' gaiterette that has just been brought out by the C.W.S. W heatsheaf works at Leicester, and I only bought them the other day. I am ever so pleased with them because they fit so beautifully, as well as being warm and cosy. I think they are one of the best things for cold weather that have been invented, as it is always such a problem to find a way to keep one's legs warm and still look smart. They make such a difference in draughty trams and trains."

"They're ever so nice," said Mrs. Faintheart, "and I think I shall have to get my husband to give me a pair for Christmas. The time is going so quickly that Christmas will soon be here now. There has been so much to do that I haven't realised how quickly the days have flown by."

"You certainly have done a great deal in the past few weeks, Mrs. Faintheart, and, if you don't mind me saying so, I think you are looking just a



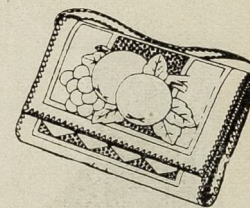
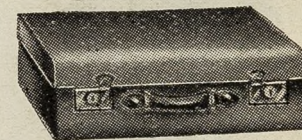
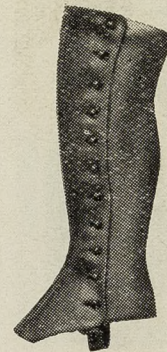
little bit tired. I am afraid you have been tiring yourself out with all this spring cleaning, and what you really need now is a good rest."

"Well," Mrs. Faintheart hesitated to think it over. "My sister has been asking me to visit her for some time, and I had another letter from her only yesterday asking me if I couldn't go over and spend a few days with her. I suppose I *could* go there for a week or so. My mother would come in and look after the children, I know."

"A splendid idea," said Mrs. Newlyclean; "you go, Mrs. Faintheart, and it will do you no end of good. And I know what you ought to have to take with you, though I ought not to be persuading you to buy anything more or I'll have your husband after me. But one of those C.W.S. travelling cases made at Newcastle is just the thing for going away with. Fi-vul they are called, and they are so light to carry, and yet so strong that a man can stand on them without hurting them."

Mrs. Faintheart smiled. "You are quite right, they are just what one needs for travelling, and I am glad to say I shall be able to take one with me without you being in any danger from my husband, because he gave me one last Christmas, and I have been longing for an opportunity for taking it away."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Newlyclean. "My sister, who lives in Newcastle, has written and told me all about the Bag Works there. She says they have a wonderful selection of ladies' handbags, too—150 different varieties, so you can imagine there are few people who wouldn't find what they want. They are very artistic, and made in all colours and shapes. Then there are shopping bags as well, with zipp fasteners, and they are making those hat-boxes in shiny leather, and shiny-leather cases, too, in various colours. The travelling cases are strengthened with the C.W.S. patent metal corners to keep them in shape. There are men's wallets, and all kinds of purses. They have, too, a special machine for inserting gold beading on leather, and I hear the C.W.S. diaries are to be trimmed this way





for 1929. It is a wonderful factory, you know, and has been often praised by people interested in industrial welfare, as in so many factories of this kind the employees work underground in cellars in unhealthy conditions."

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"WELL," said Mrs. Faintheart, "I must say that I've learnt a lot since I started this spring cleaning, and I have a great deal to thank you for, Mrs. Newlyclean."

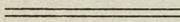
"Why, there's not much I've done," said Mrs. Newlyclean; "but I was just thinking that your house now does show what a Co-operative Home can be. I'm sure it's easier to live up to co-operative ideals of service and good-fellowship in such surroundings. Everything you can touch or see reminds you in some way of our great movement that is making for world-wide brotherhood and happiness, instead of the greed and competition, with all its accompanying poverty and suffering that the capitalist system has brought. And just as co-operators make progress in business—in producing new things and opening up new societies, for instance—so they must progress in ideas, Mrs. Faintheart. The workers are out for a wonderful thing—the abolition of poverty, and equality of opportunity, and world peace, and they cannot work in sections. They must unite and we co-operators must do our share, and must always be ready to move on step by step towards our ideal of the Co-operative Commonwealth, instead of just standing still and clinging to the little that we have won."

\* \* \* \* \*

"YES; I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Faintheart; "and I think our ideals want polishing up every now and then as well as our houses, if we are really going to do the best we can for the Co-operative Movement. We want to keep in touch with the new ideas, and to take a real interest in every sphere of the Movement. You want

the practical side and the idealistic side—because you can't do very much good with your practical progress unless you have ideals, and your ideals don't carry you far unless you put them into practice."

"Yes," said Mrs. Newlyclean, rising to go, "you want both sides in the movement as well as in the home. You can't have an ideal movement without practical work, and you can't have an ideal home unless you first have the ideals. But with the co-operative ideals to inspire them, and co-operative goods to live among, it seems to me that co-operators—and by that I mean real, 100 per cent co-operators—ought to get as near as anyone can towards having ideal homes."







## CO-OPERATION IS UNIQUE!

The members actually own the whole business, mills, shops and all.

The Co-operative Wholesale Society imports raw materials. It produces the necessaries of life in 116 factories, owned by the members (through the retail societies). The goods are sold through the local stores.

Co-operation has succeeded because it is equitable to all. It is always moving forward. Do your bit towards its future success!

# SAY "C.W.S."