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[INCORPORATED]

12th REPORT
• 1939-40



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TWELFTH
REPORT
1939-40



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CECIL HOUSES

(INCORPORATED)

WOMEN'S PUBLIC LODGING-HOUSE FUND AND RESIDENTIAL CLUBS

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AIMS AND OBJECTS

- (1) To provide suitable premises for Women's Public Lodging Houses.
- (2) To meet at cost price the acute need of clean beds, bathing and washing accommodation for homeless or vagrant women.
- (3) To secure, by public appeals, the capital funds necessary for this purpose. The capital expenditure having been made, each house speedily becomes self-supporting.
- (4) To appeal for donations and annual subscriptions for replenishments and extension of activities, such as establishment of employment bureaux, boot and clothing depôts, etc.
- (5) The Society has been established solely for the purpose of social service, and in no circumstances will any profit be made.
- (6) Cecil Houses are entirely non-sectarian. Women applying for beds will not be called upon to answer any questions whatsoever.
- (7) Generally to promote the welfare of the poor and the relief of distress by social agencies.
- (8) To do all such other things as are incidental or the Association may think conducive to the attainment of the above objects.

CECIL HOUSES PROVIDE BEDS FOR HOMELESS WOMEN

AT

Nos. 34/35 Boswell Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.1.
Tel. No. : Holborn 5711.

Nos. 47/51 Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, N.1.
Tel. No. : Terminus 6996.

No. 194 Kensal Road, N. Kensington, W.10.
Tel. No. : Ladbroke 2843.

No. 179 Harrow Road, W.2.
Tel. No. : Paddington 3973.

No. 266 Waterloo Road, S.E.1.
Tel. No. : Waterloo 5752.

All Houses are open to visitors every Thursday from 3.30 to 5 p.m.

FOR ONE SHILLING A WOMAN CAN GET A GOOD BED, HOT BATH, HOT TEA AND BISCUITS, AND FACILITIES FOR WASHING HER CLOTHES. COTS 3d.

After the initial expenditure each House is self-supporting.

"The need of the vagrant women is to my mind infinitely greater than that of the vagrant men, yet the care bestowed upon the men is far, far more than that we have given to the women."
—*The Bishop of Woolwich.*

"I need not cross my t's or dot my i's. The poorest of the poor, the homeless wanderer, *even if she be a woman, does not* lose, cannot lose, her essential human rights—her right to sleep and shelter. Such is provided by the L.C.C. in the case of men; there is a thousand times more reason for such accommodation being provided for women."—*The Chief Rabbi (Dr. Hertz).*

GIFTS OF TEA, NO MATTER HOW SMALL THE QUANTITY, WILL BE OF THE GREATEST SERVICE. SUCH CONTRIBUTIONS ENABLE US TO GIVE EXTRA CUPS OF TEA, WHILE DURING THE WAR, WE ARE OPEN ALL DAY. THE NEED FOR SHOES AND STOCKINGS AND UNDERCLOTHING IS TRAGIC, AND WE GREATLY WELCOME AS MANY JUMPERS, SKIRTS, COATS, ETC., AS OUR FRIENDS WILL SEND US TO 193, GOWER STREET, LONDON, N.W.1.

Twelfth Report

1939-40

WHAT WE ARE DOING

This year our Report has to be shorter than usual. The war has made it necessary to cut down expenditure in every way, but the one item we have not curtailed has been the running of Cecil Houses.

With the outbreak of hostilities the Committee felt it essential that the Houses should remain open to our lodgers all day as well as at night. The terrors of the blackout, the fear of air raids, the whole tension of the national crisis tells heavily upon our women. At such times the fact of homelessness seems intensified. The destitute realise they have no place to call their own, and spiritual desolation allied with physical fear plays havoc with the morale.

In these circumstances our women seem to cling closer than ever to the haven we offer. We arrange for them to cook their meals, and the knowledge that a warm fire and a kind welcome is waiting brings them home early in the afternoon.

This enlarged hospitality has greatly increased our costs for light, heat, tea, food, etc. But we have managed to meet the heavy drain on our depleted resources, though it imposes a severe strain on the administration. This being so, the need of financial help is vitally urgent.

Our House Staffs are responding generously to longer hours of work consequent on the new arrangement and we are helped very lavishly by those of our voluntary workers who are able to continue their assistance. Their number has been considerably reduced owing to wartime conditions, but a few friends are still with us so that the Matrons and their Assistants may have some hours' rest and respite every day.

The House Committee has been woefully depleted. War service swallowed up all but one or two members, who steadfastly give us their support, combining kindness to Cecil Houses with their national obligations. This depletion has made it necessary to engage a visiting Matron to replace those Committee Members who used to take duty once a week at each House. This item has increased our expenditure. We feel, however, that the results have more than justified the additional cost.

It is good to see the look of relief dawning on the face of a woman, often elderly and ailing, when she comes into the brightness of a Cecil House, after weary stumbling in the darkness. It must be remembered that very few of our lodgers can afford a torch and the strain of picking their way through the unutterable gloom, fraught with fears of passing traffic or the onslaught of a car, reduces many of them to a state of nervous trembling.

A distressing number of our older guests have been injured in the blackout, and every week cases are taken to hospital—in one week alone Wharfdale Road House suffered nine casualties.

But in spite of winter cold, depression, risk and national anxiety, our women for the most part keep a cheerful heart and a philosophical outlook. One little creature, very lame and suffering, said that she would be almost sorry when the war was over, "because," she explained, "they will take away the sandbags. I do like them because there's always a place to sit down on."

Of late, the older women have been able more easily to find employment, and for the first time since we opened Cecil Houses the exodus from the North has ceased. Munition works absorb those young people who have never had a job, and the cessation of the trek to London gives the senior generation a better chance.

The spirit of appreciation for our Houses finds expression in all sorts of ways. A woman writes:—

"Just a line to wish you and yours and all under your roof, the compliments of the season, with every good wish that nature can supply and the very best of luck with it, and God's richest blessing too. I do hope you are fit and well for the heavy duties that are daily before you. . . . You have always made me so comfortable and given me the best you can with a good welcome—there is joy in remembrance.—A.R."

The sturdy self-respect that strives for independence is amazingly present in the very poorest. Those of our women who have been afforded temporary shelter from the Needy Fund make astonishing efforts at repayment. The following is typical:—

"Dear Matron,—I enclose P.O. for 1/- as promised with very many thanks for your kindness to me on Monday night. One meets with so little real sympathy these days that it is doubly appreciated when met. I hope you will have a happy, peaceful Easter. Again thanking you.—K.M."

All sorts and conditions of women, educated and illiterate, permanently destitute or temporarily stranded, continue to come to us. There is a general expression of quiet thankfulness for the helping hand, so readily outstretched.

"Thank you so very much for trusting me," writes one of our lodgers. "This job is only temporary, but I have managed to get a good teaching post to follow. I am a teacher really you know, on the piano (music and art are my real work). I will only have this hard work to do for a fortnight until school opens. God bless you and the women. I wish you all the best for the New Year.—R.W."

Each House attracts a special clientele, and at 194 Kensal Road, North Kensington, W.10, we have a number of Old Age Pensioners, who add to their tiny income by occasional jobs of work, or precarious sales of flowers or papers. These women inevitably desire a stabilised life. Moreover, the security, however minute, breeds a longing for family life—even if the family be not their own. Remembering their very straitened circumstances, we have arranged extra facilities.

The Matron writes as follows:—

"We have opened the kitchen. I have made it very comfortable with a gas stove, sink and food cupboard for the women's use. Quite a number cook their dinners of a day, some of them clubbing their food together, making a stew or a pie. Up to now they have agreed very well over the use of the oven. I have put 3d. into the slot-meter every day, which is enough for women just wanting to make a cup of tea or to boil an egg. If the meal is more elaborate I get them to give me a penny—sometimes a few pence. One of our lodgers has made a splendid job of the garden. She asked

if she might, as she so loved flowers. She would not take any money. You can't think how pleased she was."

Thanks to the kindness of a Member of the Executive, Kensal Road is supplied with the morning and evening papers, and social gossip is eagerly devoured. All our lodgers take a keen interest in the doings of the Royal Family and are extremely well-informed on the question of distinguished marriages, etc.

Kensal Road more than once has welcomed "a stranger within the gates." We have entertained a number of Basque refugees resting a night in London on their way to the home country. One unhappy girl of eighteen with only a few words of English, felt so lonesome that after her tea she crept off to bed, turning her face to the wall. Another senora of the same age, but with a little more English, arrived in the course of the evening. The Matron gave them adjoining beds and the first senora, hearing her beloved Spanish once again, flung herself into the other's arms. They had never met before, but in the shelter of the public lodging-house they were brought together.

The Matron is enthusiastic over the manners and general conduct of the Basque children she entertained. We have heard so many criticisms of these small poor things, that it is good to know the affection and admiration they stirred in her kindly heart:—

"I made cocoa for them, with plenty of bread and butter. They thanked me very prettily. They all washed their face and hands before they went to bed—very nice children indeed and no trouble whatever."

They departed the following morning with three cheers for Matron and farewell kisses.

Soldiers' wives, stranded in London, without money or friends, are helped by Cecil Houses. Our Waterloo Road Matron writes:—

"We have had with us a Gunner's wife and her children. She came down from Manchester on Tuesday to consult The Soldiers' & Sailors' Aid Society as she had been unable to get her separation allowance. We put them up and looked after them until her affairs were straightened out and she was able to feel sure of the money."

The long evenings of the blackout have been considerably lightened in our Houses by the inauguration of games, knitting parties and crochet circles. At Boswell Street the knitting group is most successful in achieving coverlets for child evacuees, while the more ambitious turn out scarves for the troops. Two of our Houses have received gifts of wireless sets, and the rapt attention with which the news is received, and the musical items are acclaimed, shows an unvarying pleasure. At Harrow Road the Club Room, used by the younger members of the House, also has a wireless, and every evening the girls enjoy a dance between the cups of tea which they are allowed to make and carry round themselves. The Committee would be more than grateful for a last year's or even older wireless model for the other Houses. Wireless, more than anything else, seems to distract attention—at any rate in Cecil Houses—from depression and anxiety of the war.

From Waterloo Road a very happy excursion started in August last for an outing.

"We had a very happy day at Southend," the Matron reports. "Everyone was ready to start off punctually at 9 a.m., and thoroughly enjoyed the ride in the charabanc. We had a picnic lunch on the beach and some tea at a café later. I left the party to do what they liked for three hours, and when I returned to the coach for turning back, I found them already in their places. They were no trouble."

The cost of the jaunt was contributed by special friends who have played "fairy-godmother" to Waterloo Road.

We still find certain border-line cases, who from shock or privation react against normality. But good humour, understanding and patience can cope successfully even with the most trying. A typical instance is M.N., who has a mania for dabbling with water. She used to soak her Bible, her sweets and even attempted to immerse her bed. The trouble with M.N. was that she felt she was unwanted, but the Matron encouraged her to do small acts of kindness in the House and gradually she became quite happy washing teacups, making up fires, etc. To know that she can do something to help her "home" steadies her mentally. She now fills a niche, which is most satisfying.

So many of our lodgers seem to cling to the idea of home in regard to Cecil Houses. A lonely woman who met with an accident in Blackheath writes to the Matron:—

"I shall be coming home to-morrow, and am looking forward to a lovely fire and a good cup of tea."

Sometimes human contact and perhaps material comfort release something hidden away for years in disuse or forgetfulness.

"Mrs. C.," says our youngest Matron, "has been out of regular work for some time doing odd jobs here and there, earning her living the best she can. The other evening she went over to the piano and played 'The Belle of New York' right through. Everyone was thrilled with her brilliant performance, and she afterwards said that she had been a professional pianist, but she had not touched an instrument for ten years. Things had gone cruelly against her and somehow Cecil Houses with their friendliness had suddenly given her the desire once more to play."

The same Matron writes of a talented young Jewish refugee:—

"She found comfort with us and was enabled to obtain a situation as a nurse. On her day off she always spends part of the time with us, playing the piano most beautifully to our lodgers. It is a lovely way of showing gratitude. Then we have a very good-looking usherette in a cinema, who returns eagerly to Cecil House where she can knit for her little baby boarded out with a foster-mother. It is good to know that through the generosity of our kind friends we are able to help her clothe the child."

In spite of the war we kept our Christmas Day at Cecil Houses with, if possible, an even greater spirit of cheer and friendliness. In past years the dinners have been provided—through the kindness of our supporters—by a catering firm. On this occasion, however, we were unable to go to this expense. It was, therefore, suggested that Christmas Dinner and supper should be cooked at each House, the women helping under the supervision of the Staff.

It was a triumphant success. Roast beef, Yorkshire, two vegetables and lashings of gravy, followed by Christmas pudding and custard, were served up piping hot. We contrived to obtain the necessary supply of crockery, and in one case where the gas stove was too small to hold a joint the meat was cooked at a neigh-

bouring bakehouse. Professional cooks were well to the fore, and tables were laid by the skilled waitresses among our guests. The same unfailing friend who has given cider every year since our first beginnings, sent us an ample supply, and the Christmas cakes, oranges, nuts, chocolates, crackers and cigarettes which come from other donors every Christmastide, added to the feast.

Her Majesty Queen Mary sent a bountiful Christmas hamper with puddings, fruits, jellies and more personal presents. This year Her Majesty's gifts were more than ever appreciated. That Queen Mary should have remembered these very lonely, homeless subjects during an international crisis of so critical a character, appealed to everyone.

Our stage friends, in spite of difficulties of transport and fog, lined up once again and gave a first-class concert programme for the women. Indeed, the marvellous generosity and remembrance of all our sympathisers proves how deeply and permanently Cecil Houses has entered into their lives.

Harrow Road had an especially jolly time.

"The cider was very good," says the Matron. "The Lucky Dip was much enjoyed too and every guest had a present. Everyone loved the Concert, but our guests found it a little difficult to sing the choruses after such a Christmas dinner—and my word they did 'tuck in'! Every woman seemed to get the very garment she required for her present. I can assure you appreciation was in abundance."

"We have had an exceptionally happy time this Christmas," writes the Matron at Boswell Street. "Everyone did their little job just as they would have done in a big family. The washing-up was all done by the women—they would not have me in the Servery—and they were ready for distribution of the presents when Miss S. arrived. We received some very nice fruit from a local shop. I am making mince-pies for tea on Boxing Day."

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS WE HAVE BEEN ABLE, SINCE WE STARTED, TO FIND EMPLOYMENT FOR 1,088 WOMEN AND GIRLS AS GENERAL SERVANTS, WAITRESSES, CHAMBERMAIDS, AND DAILY HELPS. THE MAJORITY OF THESE HAVE DONE VERY WELL.

The Committee have to thank our many friends for gifts of clothing. These, however, during the last few months have woefully fallen off. We appreciate and sympathise with the feeling that has urged the despatch of parcels to thousands of refugees who have found safety in our country, but the need of our women remains pitifully urgent, and it is very hard to be unable to fit them up with decent shoes and garments.

The Committee have had an anxious six months, but the Houses have not suffered. The Office Staff has worked most loyally and strenuously, and our united efforts have brought us to the present without loss of confidence and hope. The future for Cecil Houses, as for everyone, is uncertain and perhaps cloudy, but we have an unconquerable belief that our friends in spite of increasing calls will continue to help us shelter the homeless, and restore a sense of fellowship to the destitute.

THE CECIL CLUB

By

MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON

I have realised, and my Committee have agreed, that there is a very grave need for the provision of home conditions for those girls in London, earning pitifully small wages, who are obliged to live apart from their families.

For this reason we felt the urgency to found a Residential Club at 14s. 6d. a week.

This was the position early in 1939. We had acquired a site in Gower Street, plans for the building by Mr. E. Maxwell Fry, B.Arch., F.R.I.B.A., had been approved, and the Foundation Stone was laid on June 7th, 1939. The Mayor of Holborn, Dr. Hertz, Father FitzGerald, Canon Barry and Rev. H. M. Yates all gave their blessing to the project, and the Club was in actual process of construction when the blow fell—war was declared.

We found ourselves with an incomplete building, a woefully depleted exchequer, facing the fact that thousands of business girls had been evacuated and an equal number had lost their jobs, so for the time being there was no demand for accommodation.

Owing to shortage of material and labour the construction dragged on and on, the building only being handed over to us in February, 1940. Meanwhile, we had to meet a very serious financial problem. The cost of the site, building and equipment was £30,000, and of this sum we had still to raise some £7,000. Anticipated sources of revenue had disappeared, legacies due to Cecil Houses owing to war conditions were held up, and we were left with the building costs to meet; the only possible way of doing this was to raise a mortgage on the property. This was effected, leaving us, however, with the balance to find and the annual interest to discharge, with the knowledge that if the premises were left untenanted an inevitable depreciation would set in.

We were, however, fortunate enough to let the Club, 195-201 Gower Street, N.W.1, with furnishings, to the Canadian Legion War Services (Inc.). This provides for the payment of the mortgage interest and something towards the discharge of the principal. At the best, however, this will leave Cecil Houses with a liability of several thousands. We are relying, however, on the generosity of our supporters to help us meet the emergency by a swift response. Meanwhile, we have reserved the offices of the Club at 193 Gower Street, N.W.1, quite separate from the main building, for the use of Cecil Houses (Inc.), thus saving our former rent of £220 a year at Golden Square.

These cold particulars are an essential part of this statement, but our assets, glowingly apart from our liabilities, reside in the beautiful spacious building Cecil Houses have created, and by Cecil Houses I mean those thousands of supporters who have shared in the vision of this happy human home for girls.

The Club is a very lovely elevation. Line and colour are the predominating features of the building, with its external blue tiles, white frontage, and blush-pink bricks. Light and air stream through wide windows, catching the warm red of the stairs, the cool grey of the corridors, the prismatic colours of the glass bricks. It is a modern building, but the austere lines of the Entrance Hall are softened by the mellow wood of the swing doors, the cork flooring, and the poppy red of the leather seat. Through the glass-panelled doors you see the staircase window running the full height of the Club, rising from the sea of stony pavements like a lighthouse. From the Hall opens the Dining-room, a perfect setting for youth, with its long line of windows, its crystal wall glowing with the soft yellow light of reflected sunshine. Lifts come up from the kitchen and there is an electric hot-plate so that late-comers from office or workroom can be sure of a cosy meal.

The Cloakroom is adjacent to the Dining-room, which gives opportunity for a wash and brush-up before meals. In zinc-trayed cupboards wet mackintoshes can be hung, and there is a plentiful supply of constant hot water.

Below stairs, though by no means in a basement, there is a huge Games Room with a special floor for dancing, where, as I fondly planned, the girls could play table-tennis, darts, or spend a domestic evening with their sewing-machines and the wireless.

There is also a white-tiled Laundry with drying-cupboards and electric irons, so that a blouse can be washed and ready to wear in record time.

The Kitchen, with its adjacent Vegetable Room and Larder, is planned for labour-saving and includes the most up-to-date gadgets—potato-peelers, electric mixing machines, refrigerator, etc.

And then, right up on the roof there is a Sunshine Terrace with great stone boxes which were to have been filled with flowers—alas, only in fancy do roses climb the pergolas and phlox spice the air under the stars.

The Dormitories, each with four green-curtained cubicles, wardrobes and beds, lead on to corridors with ample cupboards. Bathrooms on every floor are fitted with showers, mirror-lined walls, shining white tiles—the very latest and most sanitated comforts.

Central-heating is everywhere, but in the Lounge there is a cosy fireplace. Here the girls were to have found their favourite books, easy chairs and divans.

But it is good to feel that though the girls are not enjoying the Club, the amenities are at the disposal of our soldiers, who welcome so joyously the showers and modern lay-out.

So much for the present and the immediate future. For the rest, when this bleak war is over and peace comes to the distressed earth, with your help and co-operation it will be our aim to start the Club on its original lines. To start—that is my most fervent wish—free of debt. For this we shall need the fullest help that you can give us, for which I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I know you will not fail us.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

For the information of new friends it should be pointed out that the Cecil Houses already established are the outcome of the experiences of Mrs. Cecil Chesterton and of the facts as stated by her in her book "IN DARKEST LONDON"* which showed that while municipal bodies supplied ample sleeping room at reasonable charges for men, it was left to private enterprise and philanthropic societies to cater for women.

Up to date five Houses have been established:—

March 28th, 1927—34/35 Boswell Street, W.C.1 (opened by the Lord Mayor of London. Closed for rebuilding April 6th, 1936, re-opened by the Lord Mayor of London, October 7th, 1937, for 50 women and 4 babies).

January 18th, 1928—47/51 Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, N.1, for 60 women and 8 babies (opened by the Lord Mayor of London).

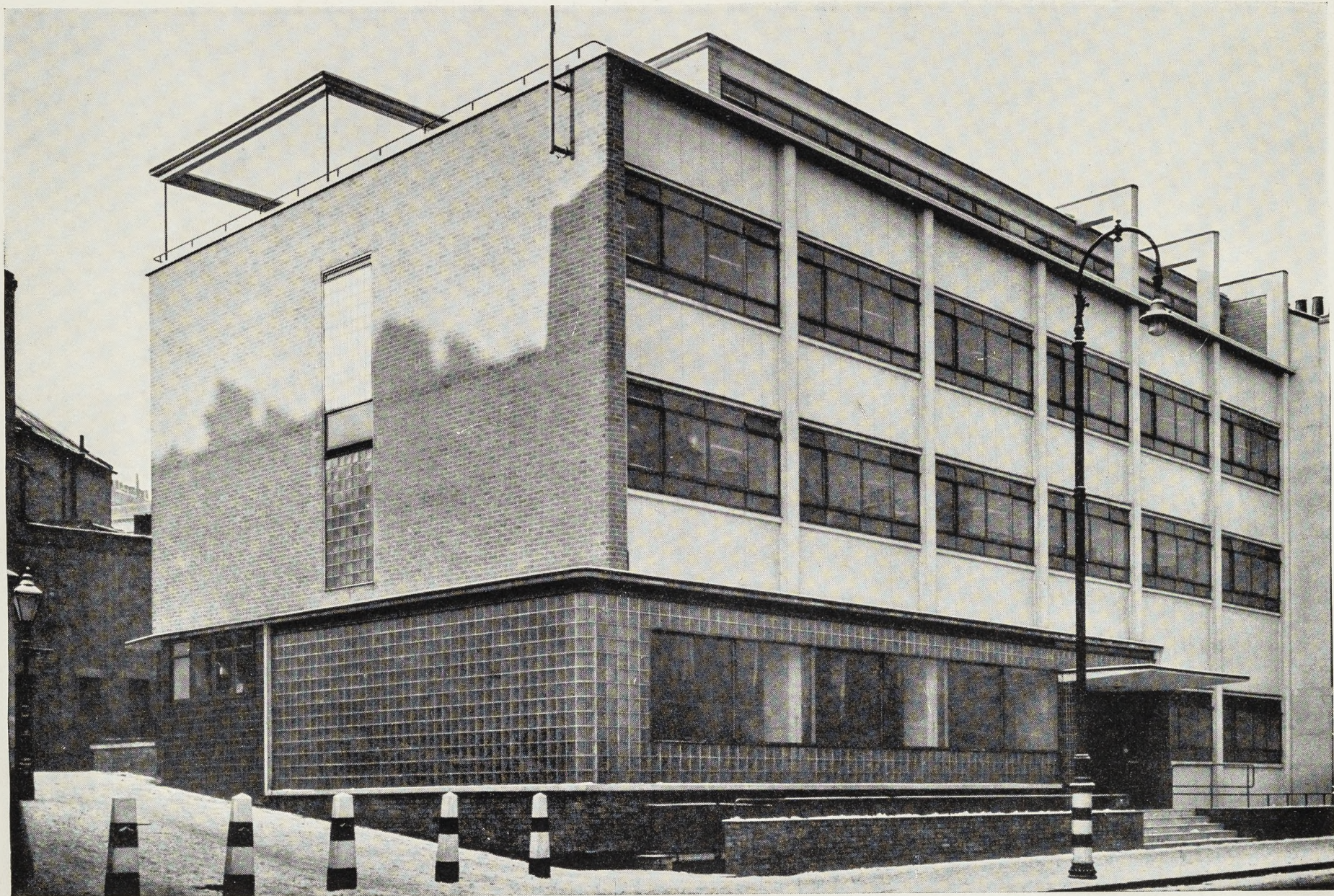
March 15th, 1929—194, Kensal Road, N. Kensington, W.10, for 60 women and 18 babies (opened by the Home Secretary).

November 19th, 1930—179, Harrow Road, W.2, for 60 women and 18 babies (opened by the Prime Minister).

March 14th, 1934—266, Waterloo Road, S.E.1, for 49 women and 2 babies (opened by the Lord Mayor of London).

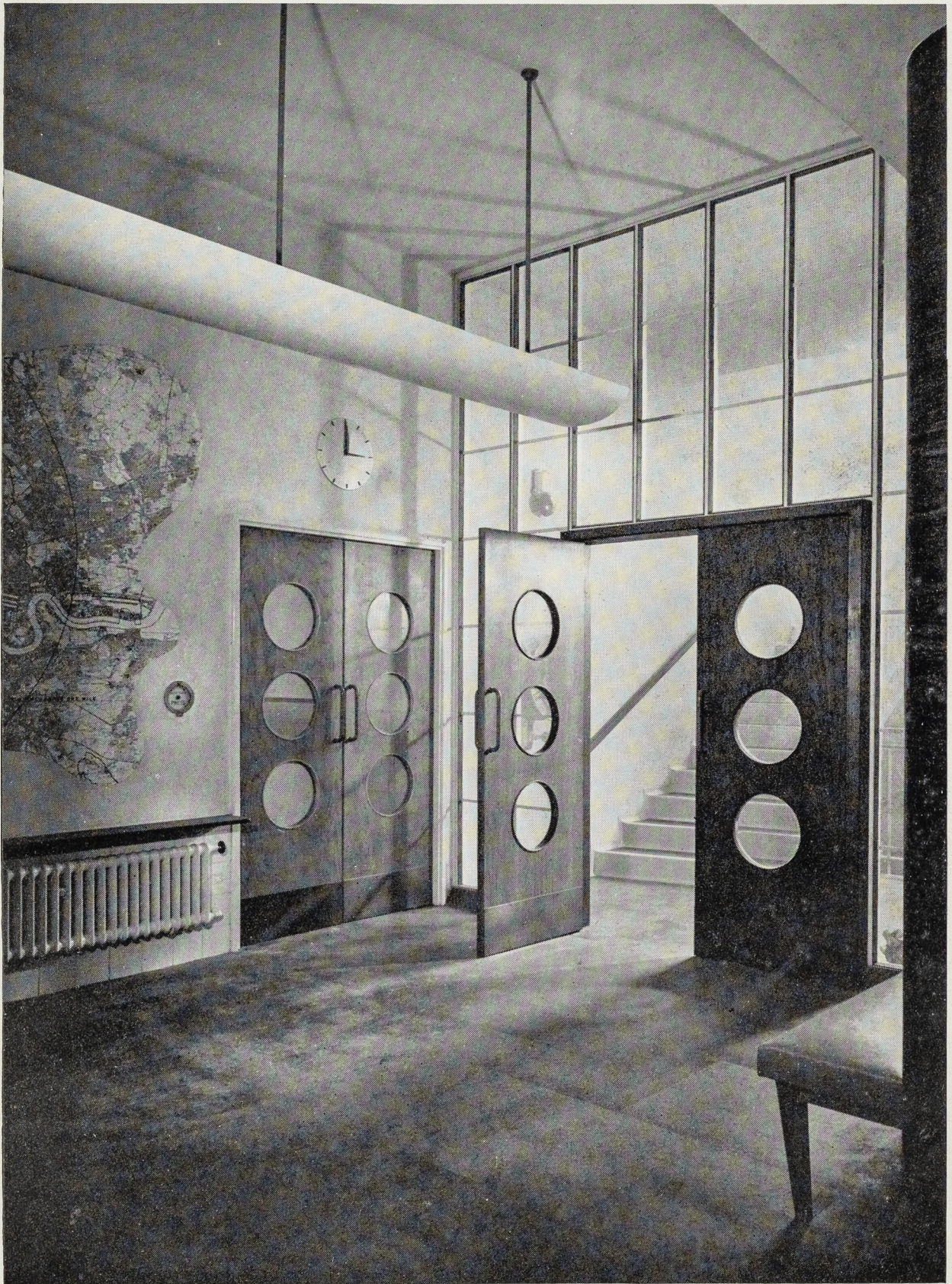
Funds for the establishment of these Houses were raised at Public Meetings held at Sir Philip Sassoon's; the Mansion House; the King's Theatre (Hammersmith); Wyndham's Theatre; the New Theatre; His Majesty's Theatre; the Shaftesbury Theatre; the Piccadilly Theatre; the Cambridge Theatre; Daly's Theatre; Bassett Gallery (Liverpool), and the Gaiety Theatre, when Mr. J. A. Cairns (Thames Police Court Magistrate); Lady Violet Bonham-Carter; The Bishop of Woolwich; Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P.; The Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P.; The Very Rev. The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hertz; Mr. St. John Ervine; Lady Barrett, M.D.; Mr. G. Bernard Shaw; Lord Ebbisham; Mr. Robert Hale; Dame Sybil Thorndike; Mr. W. Clarke Hall; Mr. John Galsworthy; Sir Gerald du Maurier; Mr. G. K. Chesterton; Miss Margaret Bondfield; Mr. John Drinkwater; Miss Gladys Cooper; Mr. Hugh Walpole; Mr. Alfred Short, M.P. (Under Secretary for Home Affairs); Miss Clemence Dane; Mr. Conal O'Riordan; Miss Edith Evans; Lady Moyers; Lt.-Col. Robert Loraine, D.S.O.; Miss Ellen Wilkinson; Miss Marion Lorne; Dr. Hall Morton (Late Governor of Holloway Prison); Mr. R. C. Sheriff; Commdr. Oliver Locker-Lampson, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P.; Miss Maude Royden; Miss Peggy Ashcroft; Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Mr. Ian Hay; Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith; Miss Helena Pickard; Mr. Louis Golding; Mr. J. B. Priestley; Mr. Ernest Milton; Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.; Mr. Aldous Huxley; Mr. James Laver; Miss Mary Borden; Miss Margery Pickard; the Lord Mayor of Liverpool; Miss Edith Rose; Mr. Alec Waugh; Miss Helen

*Copies of the POPULAR EDITION OF "IN DARKEST LONDON" (Price 1s., postage extra) can be obtained from Cecil Houses (Inc.), 193 Gower Street, N.W.1.



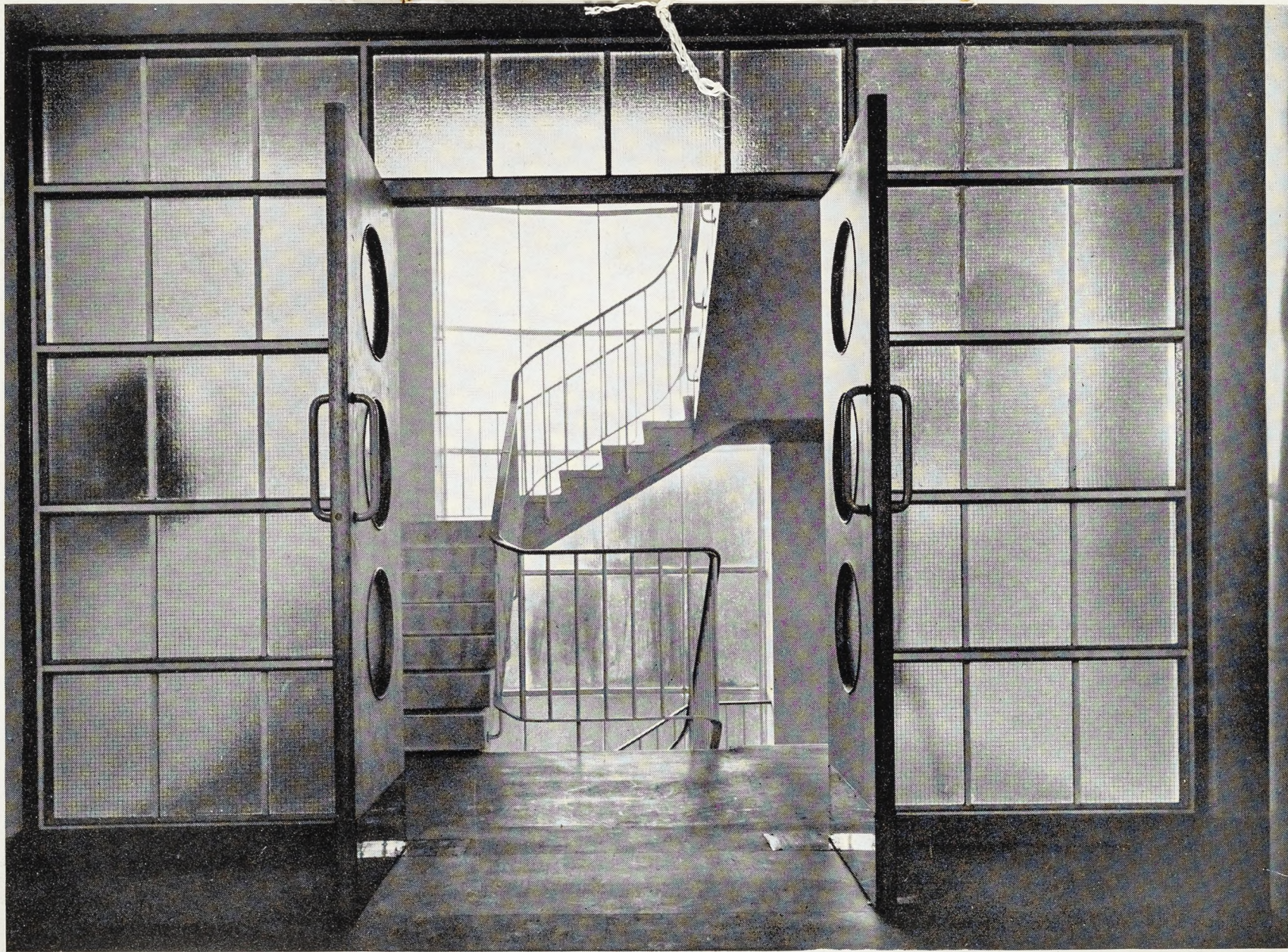
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THE CLUB, 195-201 GOWER STREET, N.W.I.



[Reproduced by kind permission of the Architectural Review]

THE CLUB ENTRANCE HALL



[Reproduced by kind permission of the Architectural Review

"THE STAIRCASE WINDOW . . . RISING LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE"



[Reproduced by kind permission of the Architectural Review

A DORMITORY AT THE CLUB.

Simpson; Mr. A. J. Cronin; Mr. L. A. G. Strong; Miss Lesley Wareing, Mr. Robert Nichols; Lady Simon; Mr. S. P. B. Mais; Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour; The Hon. Harold Nicolson; and Mr. Peter Haddon spoke of the urgent need of beds for homeless women and in support of the work of Cecil Houses.

In normal times Cecil Houses open at 8 o'clock every evening and remain open while there is a bed to let. The women leave by 10 o'clock each morning. Since the war, however, all the Houses have been open day and night. For one shilling a good bed, hot bath (towel and soap included), facilities for washing clothes, hot tea and biscuits at night and tea and bread and butter in the morning are provided. A charge of 3d. per night is made for a cot.

In every necessitous case Cecil Houses provide a free bed from a Needy Fund subscribed for the purpose by friends and sympathisers; but the homeless and destitute—to their everlasting credit—only apply for free shelter in circumstances of real want. In 1939 1,700 free beds were given at the five Houses through other charities and ourselves.

The Houses are entirely non-sectarian and no question is asked of any applicant who books a bed. No one is interrogated or advised unless help or counsel is asked for. All sorts and conditions of women apply for a lodging, but their past history is not inquired into, nor the reasons why they have come to a common lodging-house. It is sufficient that a bed is wanted. Our lodgers include casual workers, paper sellers, flower sellers, match sellers, itinerant charwomen, unemployed domestics, waitresses and a percentage of women of better education who have fallen on evil times.

Since Cecil Houses opened some 846,621 beds and 40,640 cots have been occupied up to the end of March 1940.

Inquiries have been received from our supporters as to the matter of endowment. An annual sum of £20 or £14 respectively entitles the donor to name a bed or a cot in perpetuity.

Questions are frequently asked as to what safeguards are adopted to prevent the spread of vermin or infectious disease. The Committee take this opportunity of explaining that a very careful inspection is made every morning of the beds throughout the Houses. If any vermin be discovered or a trace of disease found, the bed and bedding are immediately sent to a disinfecting station. The percentage of such cases is extraordinarily small, but when one occurs, and the occupant of the bed again applies for a night's lodging she is asked, privately, if she would like in the first place go to a cleansing station, and in the second if she would wish to see the doctor free of charge. If these suggestions are declined, it is explained that in the circumstances she cannot be admitted, as to do so would unjustly expose other lodgers to infection. Such refusals, however, are extremely rare.

Our warmest thanks are due to the doctors who voluntarily visit the Houses and are available in all cases of emergencies.

All queries are fully and carefully dealt with though the

answering of so many and such diverse points entails patience and resource and presses considerably upon the time of our small but ever-responsive staff.

Women's Institutes, Clubs, Toc H gatherings, etc., have asked for someone from the Fund to attend their meetings and give an account of Cecil Houses and how they are run. By this means we have made many new and valued friends. The Committee would like to make it known that they are only too pleased to arrange for speakers at afternoon or evening meetings who will have first-hand knowledge of the Houses, and also to supply literature for distribution, and collecting boxes to those who are good enough to help. Applications for speakers should be made to the office.

Once a Cecil House is open it must stand on its own financial feet, the monies paid by the lodgers meeting the cost of upkeep, salaries of staff, provision of cleaning materials, tea, biscuits, electric light, rates, etc., with allowance for depreciation.

The Committee would urge all those who, more happily placed, have no need to seek shelter in a public lodging-house, to contribute what they can. No sum, however small, is too insignificant. **THEY WOULD ESPECIALLY STRESS THE NECESSITY OF SECURING ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR WHICH THERE IS VITAL NEED.**

"THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND"

By
W. A. SWEENEY

It is a far cry to the Cecil House in Harrow Road from the smiling town of Perpignan in the Eastern Pyrenees; nevertheless there is, for me, an association. It was in this French town some two or three years ago that I was sitting one morning in a hotel while an American journalist friend read out to me the Honours List.

I had been helping him to locate a spectacular American outlaw and bandit and was that morning in the hotel lounge—how well I remember it to-day!—sitting in a chair, my head on my breast, pondering gloomily on the American people in general and my absent-minded friend in particular (who, though he had invited me to lunch, had forgotten to suggest a glass of sherry before the meal), when, after reading out various names that had been honoured, he said:

"Mrs. Cecil Chesterton—"

"What's that?" I asked, sitting up.

"—Foundress of the Cecil Houses—O.B.E." He stopped, looking at me inquiringly. "That seems to interest you."

"Well, you see I have the honour to know her," I said. "We used to see a lot of each other before my destiny took me wandering in far-away places. I am very glad about that O.B.E."

And that was the first I knew about the founding of Cecil Houses. I was very thoughtful during that lunch.

And the other night I made my first visit to a Cecil House in Harrow Road.

That day in Perpignan the years rolled back and I remembered when Mrs. Chesterton went forth on her great adventure that led to the production of her famous book "In Darkest London" and which led, ultimately, to the foundation of the Cecil Houses.

The founding of a good work like the Cecil Houses seems to me closely related to the founding of a good religious order. In the Catholic Church, for example, in the severe testing process that goes on, sometimes through centuries, to decide the worthiness of a subject for canonisation, even the "Devil's Advocate" (whose business it is to produce all evidence to prevent canonisation, in order to eliminate the possibility of error) has little argument when the candidate has founded a religious order that has stayed, or something which has remained an institution permanently doing good. That is usually proof enough of sanctity.

Thus, I should think that Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, because of her beautiful inspiration which has done and is doing so much good to poor women, will, in the next world, find much in common to discuss with St. Vincent de Paul and St. Francis of Assisi; and (as somebody already said), to a stranger in Paradise her famous brother-in-law, G. K. Chesterton, will be pointed out, as he floats (though this is difficult to picture), or wanders through the courts of heaven, after converse with St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, as "the brother-in-law of the lady who founded Cecil Houses."

Out of the blackout I went in to the cheery, warm, tranquil, I would almost say *cultured*—atmosphere of the Cecil House in Harrow Road. My first, instantaneous impression was rather that of a residential college—though not so dull as a college.

Heaven knows, I have always mentally associated Harrow Road with a harrowing road, and, though I had heard too much of the Cecil Houses not to know that they were all splendid, here, at least, I was prepared to contemplate Mrs. Chesterton's good work through a slight veil of commiseration for the unhappy lot of my fellow creatures. I was ready for the lump in the throat that might accompany the smile I had ready.

Well, if there was a lump in my throat during my visit to this House it was because I couldn't persuade the Matron to give me a job as porter, or some such thing, and let me stay in this pleasant atmosphere for life.

For it *is* pleasant. In the sitting-room, or common-room, as we would say, academically, there was a fire which seemed to join in the general conversation; women were drinking tea and smoking and they were far happier-looking and far more interesting, these women, than the somnolent, inarticulate females who have sat around me drinking tea in the lounges of expensive hotels up and down Europe. There were pictures on the walls that held something that reminded me of Mrs. Chesterton's own house and, at once, I saw that the delightful secret of this place was that she had left her personality here.

I mentioned it to a young woman.

"You never see such nice pictures in hostels or hotels, like, do you?" she said. "Something different about them, I always say. Something—"

She stopped, looking at a picture and searching for a word.

"Good taste, perhaps," I murmured.

"That is it!" she said. "There's something so *different* here—makes you feel different." She sipped some tea.

An old, old wrinkled woman with a walnut-brown face flicked her cigarette-ash into a saucer and, eyeing me unenthusiastically, rather like a veteran business magnate about to utter a golden commercial maxim to the office boy, said:

"For seven shillings a week these Houses are not to be beaten anywhere in the land. That's all there is to be said about them."

I visited the dormitory and again the years rolled back. I remember what a schoolboys' dormitory used to look like when I was very small—quite different from this dormitory. This dormitory was spotlessly clean and tidy, with no odours either of scented soap or boots or anything else. There was nothing lying about, or mysteriously bulging from half-opened receptacles. A locker stood beside each bed in surroundings of pure, rigid cleanliness, greater, I think, than that which I have seen in hospital wards.

I saw the washing-room where a woman may wash her clothes and have them dried—what a priceless boon! What a masterly, delicate inspiration the foundress of these Houses had when she thought of that! But then she had gone out into Darkest London herself; she had courageously plumbed

the depths of hunted discomfort and terrified pain, that are the lot of so many poor women—in order to have such inspirations. . . .

For a shilling, as a woman (*dans son état* a cook and carver) told me, "You have a cup of tea and biscuits, a pleasant room to sit and talk and smoke in, if you want to, a bath, a comfortable clean bed, a place to wash and dry your things, tea and doings in the morning before you go out—and nobody asks you *any questions* of any kind at any time. And we all know what that last bit means. . . ."

Yes, so does Mrs. Cecil Chesterton.

I was about to go away, reluctantly, having had no greater success in my arguments with the Matron regarding the social necessity of employing me as fireman or messenger-boy, or something, when my eye fell on a little old woman in the corner.

Mrs. Ham! (I shall call her Mrs. Ham) I bounded across and shook her by the hand. I knew Mrs. Ham years ago, how or when doesn't matter—and here she was, sitting drinking tea and smiling at me with her wrinkled old face, in the Cecil House in Harrow Road. Well, well. And very happy she was and she's doing fairly well. She sleeps here, she says, because she likes it, it's not so lonely and its price is in accordance with her earnings in these hard war times.

Now Mrs. Ham once provided me with a story. The reason I know this story in the manner in which I am going to tell it, is because I knew her (she had char'ed for me once) and she told me *her* version of it, and I happened to know the manager of the theatre which figured in Mrs. Ham's life and he filled in the gaps.

So this is the story of Mrs. Ham.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ham's room possessed that terrible, general scantiness that spells Poverty—a saucepan lacking a lid, a complete dearth of matches, a jam-pot empty in such a way as to denote, somehow, that there really was no more jam in the place. A lot of ghastly little touches. . . .

Mrs. Ham had been a charlady, but now, it seemed, nobody could afford charladies. A lot of employers had become charladies themselves. She was old, destitute and alone.

She had called on Mrs. Ramsby that morning to ask if she could do anything, but Mrs. Ramsby had not been helpful. Fame had come to Mrs. Ramsby, hence the moral decay, alas! For years she had been a "char" to a journalist, and one day he had asked her if she would like a job as dresser in the theatre.

"'Er newspaperman got 'er that," murmured Mrs. Ham. "Lucky she was, 'avin' a newspaperman to do for. Wish I 'ad a newspaperman—or anybody to do for." She sighed and then she spotted a sparrow on her dingy window-sill, and something like a smile came to her worn lips. "Now, that's funny," she said, "sparrers was always lucky for me. Wonder if that's a sign? Come 'ere, my dear."

She arose to look for some bread in the cupboard and then realised that she had eaten the last crumb herself the day before, and she flopped down helplessly in front of the empty shelves and began to cry.

Then, through her tears, she saw the shelves lined with newspapers, and it was at that instant her idea came to her. She looked at the sparrow; it was still hopping about on the window-sill.

"Now, I wonder if that sparrer—" she murmured excitedly. "Sparrers was always lucky for me, so they was. Anyway, it's an idea."

She got up and, timidly, procured from a neighbour a copy of *The Daily Wire* of that day.

"If *she* got 'er job through a newspaperman," she said, back in her room, "there ain't no reason why *I* mightn't 'ave a try."

Of course, you see her great inspiration. She was going to ask one of these all-powerful journalists to get her a job as a dresser. Why not? It had worked with Mrs. Ramsby, hadn't it?

"Nothin' like a try," said plucky little Mrs. Ham.

Vaguely she looked through the paper till her eye fell on the column devoted to the theatres, and she saw an article signed by the word "Spotlight."

"That ought to be the gentleman to see," murmured Mrs. Ham thoughtfully. "'E seems to do the theatres, don't 'e? And now where's the blessed address?"

At the office, Mrs. Ham came before a Mr. Bragg, who sat behind a small opening, asked people their business and gave them slips to fill in. Now, Mr. Bragg had just that moment come on duty and had not yet put on his coat with brass buttons. Moreover, that day he hadn't read the newspaper that employed him. He seldom did, in fact, as he disapproved (privately) of its political policy.

Mrs. Ham consulted a scrap of paper in her hand to make sure.

"Please could I see Mr. Spotlight?" she asked timidly.

Mr. Bragg surveyed the faded old charlady and her faded old clothes from his pinnacle. "Why, certainly. And Mr. Footlight, too, if you like. Not to speak of Mr. Limelight," he added humorously, for Mr. Bragg was a wit, a jester, a man of *esprit*, full of boisterous quips.

"And what, may I ask," he drawled, imitating the night editor, of whom he stood in mortal terror, "do you want to see Mr. Spotlight about?"

Mrs. Ham explained, at length. "So I thought as 'ow I'd come along and ask," she finished. Then she started to pray—to *the sparrow!*

Mr. Bragg reflected. Crazy, he concluded. Crackers. Then he had an inspiration for a joke.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I am Mr. Spotlight."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Ham. "Then, sir, do you think—perhaps—could you put a word in for me, sir, do you think, same as Mrs. Ramsby's gentleman did?"

Mr. Bragg considered again. "Yes," he said, "I can. Go round to the Hilarity Theatre and tell the manager that Mr. Spotlight sent you round."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Mrs. Ham. "Thank you ever so," and away she went, her eyes bright and "Sparrers was always luck for me" running like an endless thread of gold through her mind.

Some time later that evening, Mr. Bycroft, of the Hilarity Theatre, entered his office.

"Anything important?" he asked his secretary.

"Mr. Repstone called," said the secretary, "said he had an appointment with you about his play."

"I said anything important," replied the manager. "What are you bothering me about authors for? Who else?"

"Stibbs the actor said—"

"Who else?" The manager began to open envelopes.

"Nobody except a queer, shabby, crazy old woman who said she had been sent round by a Mr. Spotlight for the job of dresser. Somebody pulling her leg."

"Sent by Mr. Who?" The manager looked up sharply.

"A Mr. Spotlight," said the secretary, smiling. "Of *The Daily Wire*. The dramatic critic of *The Wire* is Charles Delaware, so I didn't know what she was driving at."

A hard, business gleam came into the manager's eye.

"You don't read the newspapers. Did you take her address?"

"Yes, but—"

"Write her and give her the job she wants. At once. Give her some job. You know who's financing this theatre?"

The secretary stared at him.

"I'll tell you. It's Lord Helmstone."

"The proprietor of *The Wire*?"

"Precisely. And I may tell you that when he himself writes on the theatre, as he sometimes does, his pen-name is 'Spotlight.' Keep that under your hat, but get that old woman a job."

Just then a sparrow flew past the office window on its way somewhere.

* * * * *

And now here was little Mrs. Ham smiling silently at me across the table in Harrow Road, and I smiling back at her.

So we both listened, as the experienced old dogmatist of the walnut face obligingly and delicately accompanied at the piano another Cecil House customer who was singing "*There is a lady sweet and kind. . . .*"

NOTICES FROM THE PRESS

"A vivid story of London's homeless women and girls was related to members of the Forest Gate Perseverance Lodge of the I.O.G.T. . . . The speaker was Mrs. Denston Fennelle, of Cecil Houses. . . .

"The type of women who enter these houses are those who are penniless, homeless, and temporarily distressed. No questions are asked, and every care is taken to ensure comfort and cleanliness. . . . All police stations and railway termini are circulated with the knowledge of the existence of these houses, so that there is no need for any woman going without a bed for the night. Each house is conducted by a carefully selected matron, and run on a sympathetic basis."—*Stratford Express, February 17th, 1939.*

"A modern club with labour-saving devices, breakfast, supper, full week-end meals, in the centre of London, for 14s. 6d. a week!

"Sounds improbable. But that is what 72 girls earning from 18s. to £2 a week will enjoy when a modern building in Gower Street—the Cecil Residential Club for Girls—is completed.

"The building . . . is the first of its kind in Europe.

"It is also the first attempt to solve a problem which, almost unnoticed, has become acute within the past few years—the problem of the City girl who cannot afford to live at home. . . .

"A Committee of girls will run the club. They will help to decide its policy, suggest improvements, form a dramatic section, a study circle and fitness class, and promote any other activities the girls themselves want."—*Evening Standard, April 17th, 1939.*

"Surrounded by friends of the five Cecil Houses that, since the first was open in March 1927, have been a refuge to thousands of women, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton to-day laid the foundation-stone of her new venture. This is a club in Gower Street, where 14s. 6d. a week will make food and lodging in 'home conditions' a possibility for some seventy-two women and girls whose pitifully low wages hitherto have forced them to take the 'communal lodgings' that mean three or four persons in one room, no proper cooking or washing facilities and rudimentary sanitation. . . . Other speakers at the ceremony included the Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald, who said that because the working girl is proud and sensitive and because she dresses neatly 'and even daintily' her need of help is often unknown. But 'a woman must live becomingly if she is to do the things that become a woman,' and, if food and lodging take all the money you have, there will be no pocket-money and no possibility of friends or desirable contacts. The club would give her these things; 'and she must have her boy friend—of course she must.' The danger to young girls from lack of human contacts was mentioned also by the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hertz. . . . To-day's 'laying of the foundation-stone' was the setting of a plaque in the wall. It was done with a silver trowel presented to Mrs. Chesterton by the architect, Mr. Maxwell Fry, 'on behalf of myself and my staff and in token of the honour we feel in working for Cecil Houses.'"—*Birmingham Post, June 8th, 1939.*

"Pioneers are always something to be thankful for. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton is a pioneer who is earning in particular the thanks of the many girls and young women, who find it hard to make the two proverbial ends meet in the difficult conditions of the Metropolis.

"For conditions in London are difficult for many young girls, and Mrs. Chesterton has realised it. She has not only realised it—she is doing something about it. Thinking particularly of the young workers who have to live on a salary of anything up to £2 a week, Mrs. Chesterton has evolved a scheme for a home—a real home—for girls, costing only 14s. 6d. a week.

"Fantastic, perhaps, this sounds, but it is true—as the modern building, now in course of erection in Gower Street, bears testimony. When it is opened this building is to be called the Cecil Residential Club for Girls.

"I spoke to Mrs. Chesterton about this wonderful scheme of hers, and in a few moments caught much of her enthusiasm—for the project of the Club is very near her heart. It is the first of its kind in London, and when all Mrs. Chesterton's dreams for it have been realised seventy-two lucky young workers will enjoy the comforts of a well-nigh perfect home. . . ."—*Girls' Own Paper, June 1939.*

"Representatives of all Churches were present to wish 'God speed' to the new Cecil Residential Club for Working Girls when the foundation-stone was laid by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, O.B.E., at 195/201 Gower Street, London, N.W.1. . . . The Mayor of St. Pancras said he had felt for some time the urgent need of the young girls in the Borough who earned such pitifully small wages that they had hardly enough to eat. The young womanhood of the Borough were of such value that it was only right they should be looked after and have such a home. Fr. T. J. Fitzgerald and Canon F. R. Barry stressed the value of such social work. The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hertz, said that in spite of the very pressing trouble of his own Jewish people at this time, he could conceive of no higher form of charity than this. The Rev. Harold M. Yates said he felt the tremendous urgency for clubs of this kind. He complimented Mrs. Chesterton on her audacity, daring and high courage, common-sense and willingness to take risks. If only the people who stood for Christ and for the good things in the world had a little more audacity, a little more courage and spirit of daring, they would be able to wipe out the evil things that were spoiling the world to-day."—*Methodist Recorder, June 22nd, 1939.*

"London has long ago given Mrs. Cecil Chesterton its blessing, and the lady goes ahead with her great work for making London a happier place for women who work in it. To-morrow the foundation-stone will be laid of the first Cecil Residential Club, in Gower Street, where young women may stay for 14s. 6d."—*The Star, June 5th, 1939.*

"Another residential club, the gift of the Canadian Legion, has been provided for non-commissioned officers and men on leave in London.

"Visitors who attended an informal inspection there were delighted to find the club housed in a new building, erected by Cecil Houses (Incorporated) in the northern part of Gower Street. The tenancy was acquired for the duration of the war on the initiative of Colonel C. F. Ritchie, a Vice-president of the Canadian War Services, which is supervising the welfare of the troops from the Dominions."—*The Times, February 19th, 1940.*

"The exterior of this building, which is called the Cecil Residential Club, is notable for the bold use of colour. This is a thing that architects of modern buildings have been rather slow in experimenting with. . . . But in this building the colours are strong and clear and do succeed in bringing out the form of the structure on a dull day, and the materials are either easily washable, like glass and tiles, or of the kind that mellow rather than deteriorate with age and exposure, like bricks. . . . On the ground floor is a continuous glass-brick window, with a base of dark brown brick. The main entrance doors, of clear plate glass, have a surround and reveals of bright blue tiles. The end wall of the building, which is seen in the approach up Gower Street, is faced in brick of an intense red colour. Its surface is only broken by the tall glass-brick window lighting the first and second floor corridors. On the ground floor the office entrance has a surround of the same bright blue tiles as the main entrance. In summer-time the windows this side, which, facing south-west, have blinds with blue and white stripes. . . ."—*Architectural Review, March 1940.*

CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED). *Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1939*

LIABILITIES				ASSETS			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
SUNDRY CREDITORS	243	14	3	CASH AT BANK ON DEPOSIT	15	10	
ACCRUED CHARGES	98	13	4	CURRENT ACCOUNT	293	6	2
SPECIAL DONATION, as per last Account:				POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK			294 2 0
As per Contra (War Loan)			1,000 0 0	CASH IN HAND			31 5 0
SPECIFIC DONATIONS:				INVESTMENTS AT COST:			10 0 1
As per last Account	205	15	10	£2,100 3½% War Loan	2,150	4	9
Received during year	145	13	11	£1,000 3½% War Loan (Special, as per Contra) ...	1,000	0	0
				Market price at 31/12/39, £2,850 15s. 0d.			3,150 4 9
Less Expenditure for year	351	9	9	WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES, as at 1st January, 1939	385	8	4
	349	17	8	Interest accrued due for year	6	5	0
							391 13 4
SKIRROW ENDOWMENT FUND AT KENSAL ROAD ...			600 0 0	SUNDRY DEBTORS AND PAYMENTS IN ADVANCE ...			262 9 8
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT:				PROPERTY ACCOUNT AT COST, Less DEPRECIATION:			
Balance, 1st January, 1939	3,346	1	9	Boswell Street	6,955	17	9
Add—				Wharfdale Road	889	2	3
Boswell Street	50	11	9	Kensal Road	1,277	4	0
Wharfdale Road	10	15	3	Harrow Road	2,033	18	3
Kensal Road	6	5	7	Waterloo Road	4,636	10	4
Harrow Road	6	0	4				15,792 12 7
Waterloo Road	5	11	1				
			3,425 5 9	ADDITIONS:			
BANK LOAN ACCOUNT:				Wharfdale Road	36	12	0
(Secured by deposit of War Loan securities and				Kensal Road	15	13	6
Mortgage up to £7,000 on Gower Street premises)			7,100 0 0	Harrow Road	81	9	0
CAPITAL ACCOUNT:							
Balance as per last Account	33,065	1	7	Less Depreciation 10%	15,926	7	1
Add—					1,592	12	8
Excess of Income over Expenditure for year							14,333 14 5
ended 31st December, 1939	1,003	4	11	GOWER STREET CLUB:			
			34,068 6 6	Expenditure to date			25,604 19 1
				FURNITURE, FITTINGS AND EQUIPMENT:			
				As per last Account	2,674	3	1
				Additions	39	18	4
				Less Depreciation 10%	2,714	1	5
					271	8	1
							2,442 13 4
				STOCK OF BOOKS AT COST			16 10 3
							£46,537 11 11
							£46,537 11 11

TO THE MEMBERS OF CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED).

We have examined the above Balance Sheet dated 31st December, 1939, and Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended the same date, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required.

In our opinion, the above Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Association's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the Books of the Association.

Dated this 27th day of April, 1940

ELDON STREET HOUSE, ELDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

BAKER SUTTON & CO., Chartered Accountants.

CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED) MAIN ACCOUNT
Income and Expenditure Account, for the year ended 31st December, 1939.

To—	£	s.	d.	By—	£	s.	d.
ADMINISTRATION EXPENSES:				Donations	1,219	13	2
Salaries and Insurance	748	4	8	Annual Donations	531	2	4
Printing and Stationery	63	4	10	Collection Boxes	53	5	4
Travelling Expenses	20	14	6	Discount	13	12	9
Postage	60	12	3				1,817 13 7
Telephone	39	16	11	Subscriptions			1,186 7 6
Light and Fuel	29	9	3	Legacies			1,500 0 0
Insurance	5	5	4	Receipts from Billpostings on			
Rent	220	0	0	Gower Street hoardings			12 16 8
Cleaning	28	12	11	Interest on Investments, Post			
Advertising	1	7	6	Office Savings Bank, Current			
Carriage on Parcels	9	0	11	and Deposit Accounts			75 18 1
Audit Fees	15	15	0				
General Charges	62	2	11				
			1,304 7 0				
Cost of Annual Report			188 5 4				
Cost of Foundation Stone Ceremony			15 18 3				
Interest Charges			150 19 6				
Stamp and Legal Charges			16 3 6				
Air Raid Precautions			25 1 5				
Removal Expenses			15 10 10				
Sundry Expenses in connection							
with Gower Street Premises ...			9 4 4				
DEPRECIATION:							
Amount written off Properties 10%			1,592 12 8				
Amount written off Furniture 10%			271 8 1				
BALANCE:							
Being Excess of Income over							
Expenditure for the year,							
transferred to Balance Sheet			1,003 4 11				
			£4,592 15 10				£4,592 15 10

CECIL HOUSES

Income and Expenditure Accounts

EXPENDITURE

	Boswell Street.	Wharfdale Road.	Kensal Road.	Harrow Road.	Waterloo Road.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Salaries and Insurance	353 3 3	406 9 10	264 10 7	399 15 2	343 10 8
„ Relief Duty	19 4 11	6 8 6	10 9 4	7 17 0	23 13 4
„ Stationery	6 2	8 5	6 3	5 7	5 3
„ Postage	12 0	1 0 6	8 0	6 0	18 8
„ Telephone	12 3 1	11 3 10	11 11 7	14 3 8	14 1 6
„ Gas... ..	15 15 11	10 10 2	18 10 2	24 17 1	19 4 11
„ Electricity	33 13 1	24 14 8	24 17 5	38 9 6	25 0 6
„ Insurance	16 9 1	14 16 10	16 9 3	19 13 6	15 12 9
„ Cleaning	15 10 3	26 5 8	14 6 9	23 8 9	17 2 11
„ Repairs	56 10 6	64 17 3	25 9 7	106 4 0	50 18 4
„ Replacements	16 3 11	64 3 10	4 6 2	37 16 6	25 6 6
„ Laundry	36 14 1	52 13 1	34 12 1	51 7 7	54 7 6
„ Coal and Coke	32 14 6	31 11 1	15 15 3	53 10 11	46 4 6
„ General Rate	104 4 1	83 13 3	45 14 7	119 12 0	97 12 8
„ Water Rate	9 17 7	14 10 1	11 12 4	17 9 9	19 16 0
„ Travelling Expenses	8 2	1 1 5	1 14 0	1 10 10	19 3
„ Milk	14 19 11	17 4 5	11 11 3	17 9 11	19 9 1
„ Bread	8 3 5	14 5 4	8 10 8	11 1 11	12 1 11
„ Provisions	39 16 5	57 12 10	29 5 7	50 3 10	48 16 11
„ General Charges	3 6 6	7 6 10	3 8 7	7 4 0	6 14 0
„ <i>Excess of Income over Expenditure</i>	50 11 9	10 15 3	6 5 7	6 0 4	5 11 1
£	840 8 7	921 13 1	559 15 0	1008 7 10	847 8 3

(INCORPORATED).

for the year ended 31st December, 1939.

INCOME

	Boswell Street.	Wharfdale Road.	Kensal Road.	Harrow Road.	Waterloo Road.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Revenue from Beds and Cots ...	797 1 3	860 19 0	469 13 0	969 8 0	822 1 9
„ Endowments ...	—	10 13 1	40 0 0	6 1 0	—
„ <i>Interest.</i> War Loan ...	19 5 0	24 10 0	21 0 0	3 10 0	—
War Savings Certificates ...	—	2 10 0	—	8 4	3 6 8
On Loan to Office	9 2 4	8 1 0	4 2 0	4 0 6	1 19 10
„ Grant from Main Accounts for extra expense occasioned by opening the Houses all day since the outbreak of war ...	15 0 0	15 0 0	25 0 0	25 0 0	20 0 0
£	840 8 7	921 13 1	559 15 0	1008 7 10	847 8 3

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