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CECIL HOUSES

[INCORPORATED]

SIXTH REPORT

1933



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Pamphlet

CECIL HOUSES

WOMEN'S PUBLIC LODGING HOUSE FUND
INCORPORATED UNDER THE BOARD OF TRADE

SIXTH

REPORT

December, 1933.



Offices:

**11 GOLDEN SQUARE
LONDON**

W. 1

TELEPHONE: GERRARD 3391.

CECIL HOUSES

(INCORPORATED)

WOMEN'S PUBLIC LODGING HOUSE FUND.

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE LADY LOVAT, *Chairman.*
 MAJOR J. BRUNEL COHEN, J.P., *Hon. Treasurer.*
 MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON, *Hon. Organising Secretary.*
 D. G. SOMERVILLE, Esq., M.P., *Hon. Financial Adviser.*
 THE HON. MARGARET BIGGE.
 MRS. DENSTON FENNELLE.
 REV. T. J. FITZGERALD.
 MISS HELEN HOPE.
 RAOUL NICOLE, Esq.
Asst. Organiser: MRS. E. GORDON PHILLIPS.
Hon. Architects: MESSRS. KNOTT & COLLINS, FF.R.I.B.A.
Hon. Physician: HAROLD SINGTON, Esq., M.D.
Hon. Solicitors: MESSRS. STONES, MORRIS & STONE.
Hon. Auditors: MESSRS. HARMOOD, BANNER & SON.
Bankers: BARCLAYS, 366, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

HOUSE COMMITTEE.

THE HON. MARGARET BIGGE, *Chairman.*
 MISS M. BORTHWICK, O.B.E.
 MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON.
 MRS. O. CHICHESTER.
 MRS. J. BRUNEL COHEN.
 MRS. W. T. T. ELLIOTT.
 MISS M. GREY.
 MRS. S. T. T. JAMES.
 MRS. HUGH MARTIN.
 MISS F. M. PUNNETT.
 MRS. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.
 MRS. DENZIL TWENTYMAN.

OFFICE:

11, Golden Square, London, W. 1. Telephone No.—Gerrard 3391.

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 Depôt, 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 whatever.

HOUSES.

- No. 35, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C. 1.
Tel. No.—Holborn 4466.
- Nos. 47/51, Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, N. 1.
Tel. No.—Terminus 6996.
- No. 194, Kensal Road, N. Kensington, W. 10.
Tel. No.—Park 8917.
- No. 179, Harrow Road, W. 2.
Tel. No.—Paddington 3973.
- No. 266, Waterloo Road, S.E. 1.
Tel. No.—Hop 5752.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE HON. TREASURER, MAJOR J. BRUNEL COHEN, J.P., AT THE OFFICES OF THE FUND, 11, GOLDEN SQUARE, W. 1.

OF
LONDON'S PUBLIC LODGING HOUSE
ACCOMMODATION
87% IS AVAILABLE FOR MEN
WOMEN STILL HAVE 13% ONLY.

CECIL HOUSES EXIST TO REMEDY THIS DISCREPANCY
AT

35, DEVONSHIRE STREET, THEOBALD'S ROAD, W.C. 1.

47/51, WHARFDALE ROAD, KING'S CROSS, N. 1.

194, KENSAL ROAD, N. KENSINGTON, W. 10.

179, HARROW ROAD, W. 2.

AND

266, WATERLOO ROAD, S.E. 1.

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

Gifts of Shoes, Coats, Skirts, Jumpers, Underwear, Old Linen, etc., for free distribution to those who need them most, will be gratefully received at all Houses.

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

OWING TO THE HIGH PRICE OF PROPERTY
A MINIMUM OF £7,000 IS NEEDED
TO FOUND EACH CECIL HOUSE.

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.*

"It is a curious position that all men of the homeless class are better cared for; they have warmth and food, they have shelter, but the women who want to earn their own keep are living in circumstances of hardship and, maybe, are driven to the shelter of the street."—*The late Mr. J. A. Cairns, Thames Police Court Magistrate.*

"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).*

Sixth Report
1933.

The Committee are happy to report that the Fifth Cecil House, at 266, Waterloo Road, S.E. 1., is now open for the accommodation of 49 women and 2 babies. Here, as in other districts of London, public and private enterprise have met in some degree the housing shortage, so that women with children are able a little more easily to establish themselves in a home. For this reason the new House has been provided with a minimum of cots; the number can, however, be increased should occasion arise.

Our Fifth House, a new building of beautiful design, is specially arranged to give comfort of surroundings with the least possible labour. It has a frontage of warm coloured Sussex Bricks and the brightness of the blue door and the green window sills break the drabness of the road with a pleasant glow.

The total cost of freehold, building and equipment amounts to some £8,544. This leaves our funds considerably depleted and our further activities will necessitate an increased revenue.

This past winter proved a period of great distress. The economic depression which hit London last hit it very badly, and where the casual woman worker could previously make a shilling by odd jobs and street selling it became very difficult to earn even half that amount, and often the price of a night's lodging could not be collected. 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.

The police of certain areas always send a woman in emergency to Cecil Houses, and Probation Officers, Missionaries, Welfare Societies and charitable Guilds have an understanding with our Matrons whereby any stranded woman or girl can be put up and the money for her bed sent on at specified intervals.

This arrangement alleviates to some extent the problem of a bed; the question of hunger still remains. During the year many of our lodgers have come in quite obviously unfed, but we are glad to say that we have been able to supply them with good homemade soup or coffee, sandwiches or cheese in addition to the regular biscuits and tea. We have done this by drawing on the slight margin of income over expenditure at each House which,

though it is not enough to allow a reduction in the price of beds, is sufficient to afford these additional comforts.

Further to ease the situation our Houses have opened an hour earlier in the evening during the winter months and at 194, Kensal Road, arrangements were also made for the women to come in on Sunday afternoons when members of the House Committee provided tea.

It will be remembered that following our inaugural public meetings, No. 35, Devonshire Street, W.C. 1. was acquired and the First Cecil House opened in March, 1927. Its central situation, the comparative cheapness of the site, the urgent necessity for making an actual and definite start on the money subscribed to our campaign for the homeless, were the chief reasons for the purchase of this gracious Queen Anne building—reasons which have been convincingly justified.

It was originally the home of the Poetry Book Shop where, as Stacy Aumonier said :—“those of you who in the old days visited this gathering place and scrambled up the staircase to that large attic, dimly lighted by candles, and listened to living poets giving expression to their dreams, may now realise the substantive and inspiring fact of a poet's dream come true. For this same attic is now the sanctuary of homeless women. The candles have gone out, but perhaps their light had already filtered to the dark places of many human hearts, revealing the promise of greater and more liberal harmonies.”

Stacy Aumonier died soon after writing these lines, but the House he spoke of has sheltered 105,119 women and 1,899 babies since then, and to many of these 35, Devonshire Street is associated with happy and healing memories. But though this old House has made a very definite contribution towards the sum of human kindness, its frame is weakening. The exigencies of time, the unceasing wear and tear of life have taken their toll, and the recent demolition of adjacent properties has also had effect. In the opinion of our Architects, this kindly mellow dwelling, which has stood the storm and stress of two centuries, under the strain of modern conditions is nearing the close of its best years. We have kept up a high standard of efficient repair to date, but if this be maintained the expenditure of an annually increasing sum would be necessary, imposing a drain on the House receipts which must eventually become too heavy to be economic.

This being so, the Committee have come to the conclusion that they must either rebuild on the same site or effect a drastic reconstruction of the existing House. At the moment of going to Press we await the report of our Architects as to which will prove the better course. But whatever the decision it will call for the expenditure of additional funds.

We would therefore urge our friends and supporters to help us to the utmost of their ability in the reconditioning of this first

House which made tangible all our hopes and dreams. Remembering the faithful and generous support unfailingly received through each step of our endeavour we feel we shall not now appeal in vain.

It is our hope that before very long the amount received will enable us to call another Theatre Meeting and announce what has been done for our foundation House.

For the information of new friends it should be noted that the facts as stated by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton in her book “In Darkest London”* showed that while Municipal Bodies supply ample sleeping room at reasonable charges for men, it is left to Philanthropic Societies and private enterprise to cater for women.

Up to date Five Houses have been established :—

March 28th, 1927—35, Devonshire Street, W.C. 1. for 44 women and 2 babies (opened by the Lord Mayor of London).

January 18th, 1928—47/51, Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, N. 1. for 58 women and 12 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 and the Cambridge 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.-Colonel Robert Loraine, D.S.O.; Miss Ellen Wilkinson; Miss Marion Lorne; Dr. Morton (Governor of Holloway Prison); Mr. R. C. Sherriff; Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P.; Miss Maude Royden; Miss Peggy Ashcroft; Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Mr. Ian Hay; Mr. Adrian Moreing, M.P.; Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith; Miss Helena Pickard; Mr. Louis Golding, Mr. J. B. Priestley and Mr. Ernest Milton

*Copies of “In Darkest London” (Price 2/6d. postage 5d.) published by Stanley Paul & Co., can be obtained from Cecil Houses, 11, Golden Square, W. 1.

spoke of the urgent need of beds for homeless women and in support of the work of Cecil Houses.

Cecil Houses open at 8 p.m. every evening and remain open while there is a bed to let. The women leave by ten o'clock each morning. The Houses are closed during the day, it being impossible otherwise to run them on an economic basis with the same comforts and accommodation at the price charged. For one shilling a night a good bed, hot bath (towel and soap included), all 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.

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 enquired into, nor the reasons why they have come to a common lodging house. It is sufficient that a bed is wanted.

The women gladly make use of the facilities supplied for washing their clothing and in the majority of instances the opportunity of a bath is welcomed. Cecil Houses are run on the same lines as an hotel in that no lodger is required to take any part in the cleaning, bed-making, etc.

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. Others come up from the provinces either to join their husbands who have found work in London, or are looking for it, or in the hope of obtaining employment for themselves. For some of these the Committee have been able to find permanent lodgings.

Enquiries are frequently made 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, however, 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 case to 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.

During the past year a woman doctor has visited each House every fortnight and given her invaluable advice to the lodgers—women, girls and young infants—entirely without fee. The kindness of manufacturers and wholesale druggists has supplied us with



A TEA PARTY AT 194, KENSAL ROAD.

first aid necessities, simple remedies and nutritious patent foods which, given under the directions of the doctor, have proved of great value both to the mothers and their children.

The supervision of each House is in the hands of the House Committee acting with the Matron and the Staff, which includes an assistant, a general help, cleaners and a night portress. The duties of the House Committee, many and arduous, cover the unpacking and distribution of clothes, taking control during the Matron's absence, and the maintenance of general co-operation. The Committee have also to thank a number of voluntary helpers who have deputed for the assistant matrons during their evenings off duty and rendered continuous and unfailing service in very many ways.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND EMPLOYMENT FOR 780 WOMEN AND GIRLS AS GENERAL SERVANTS, WAITRESSES, CHAMBERMAIDS, AND DAILY HELPS. THE MAJORITY OF THESE HAVE DONE VERY WELL.

Our Matrons are not able to give a reference in the accepted sense of the term but as they all have a very long and intimate acquaintance with every form of destitution they are able to select those who are most suitable for the vacancies that occur.

The Committee desire to emphasise the point that no questions being asked the confidence of the women is invited, and those who are in mental or emotional distress feel that they will receive sympathy and assistance devoid of curiosity.

The work has been made easier by gifts of clothing, boots, etc., which have been sent to us for free distribution. Many young girls, quite inadequately clothed, have been given a complete outfit, and hundreds of women have found comfort and relief from the shoes and stockings, etc., Cecil Houses have thus been able to supply. The Committee have also been able to help unmarried mothers who have arrived quite friendless; arranging for their reception in maternity homes, infirmaries, etc., and later assisting them to place their children.

Cecil Houses have received assistance from all kinds and conditions of men and women. The Committee have had the help and approval of Her Majesty the Queen who most graciously presented a donation, with gifts of an arm-chair and umbrella-stand for Devonshire Street, two cots for Wharfdale Road, an over-mantel for Kensal Road, a clock for Harrow Road and a framed portrait of herself for Waterloo Road. Her Majesty visited Devonshire Street and expressed herself pleased and satisfied with all the arrangements.

At all the Houses there is an atmosphere of homeliness, and the spirit of friendliness between the Matron and lodgers and among the women themselves may be expressed by quoting from some of

the letters sent to our Matrons by the lodgers :—

“As I had not an opportunity of seeing you on Tuesday morning I am writing to thank you for your kindness. I cannot tell you how I enjoyed Xmas Day. I went in sad and lonely and left quite happy. You did your best to make everybody happy but you must have been very tired being busy for some days.

“With sincere wishes for a bright happy and prosperous new Year 1934—God’s blessing, good health and best of luck.

Yours very gratefully,
K.S.”

“Miss B will not again require No.—bed : something marvellous has happened, and Cecil Houses must be lucky !

“She is grateful firstly to Mrs. Cecil Chesterton for her kindness in inaugurating such wonderful homes for poor women, and secondly for all the courtesy and kindness from the staff. She will call one evening to thank everyone.”

“I hardly know how to express my sincere and heartfelt thanks for your great kindness to my dear poor little wife which I assure you will live long in my memory. I tend my thanks to you and staff for the way in which you have all endeavoured to make her dear little life a pleasure and the courteous way in which you have treated her . . . I wish you many years of life to be sped on in the spirit of love to cheer other poor souls who may be unfortunate to be placed as we are. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

F. D. B.”

One Matron found a situation for a girl who later wrote :—

“I’m very sorry I have not written before but we have been very busy.

“I like the work very much so far and I share a bedroom with the chambermaid. It has every convenience. We have a sink with H. & C. water and we have a fire lighted about four o’clock so that I am really very comfortable.

“Thank you very much for all you have done for me. Please remember me to your Assistant.

“I miss the noise of the Hostel for we have to be very quiet here, but still I must be thankful for small mercies received.

“I hope that you are in the best of health and I wish you a prosperous and happy new year.

All the best,
G. R. W.”

Another girl who left to be married after she had been in one of the Houses for a short while, wrote, after a friendly visit :—

“I was very pleased to see you on Sunday evening, also glad you had a nice Xmas although I know it means a lot of work for you but there is one thing—you don’t mind, and I wish you a happy new year.

“Leslie joins me in the wish and we will come along again soon. Well, dear Matron, I am very happy and I have everything I can wish for. I thought of you lots of times during

Xmas and also had happy memories of the Xmas before when I paraded in the grey flannel bags ! Well, my dear, I must now close.

P. M. R.”

And from a subscriber :—

“Miss E. . . . the person whose name you sent me about three weeks ago has been with me now for just a fortnight.

“I think it is going to prove a mutual success.

“She has been an actress practically all her life and a successful one—but these hard times and advancing age have decided her to try domestic work for which she is certainly very well trained.

“Being a North country woman by birth and education her conception of a day’s work is about double what any Southerner considers enough—so in that respect alone I am most lucky.

“Beyond that she is extremely kind hearted and sympathetic with my invalidism. I hope that this may be the beginning of a mutually helpful friendship.

“I rather think the ‘coincidence’ of my letter and her visit must have had an intuitional background in both cases.

“Thanking you very sincerely for your share in the proceedings and wishing you constant and increasing success in your wonderful undertaking.

M. B. de C.”

Each Christmas since the first House opened, the kindness and generosity of our friends has made it possible for all our lodgers to enjoy on this one day relief from the desperate anxiety of finding food and a bed. A free breakfast, an ample Christmas dinner of beef, Christmas pudding, etc., tea and supper are served and a party of professionals give up their own Christmas afternoon to provide an entertainment. A free bed is also given and the following extracts from the Matrons’ Reports show how intensely this day of festification is appreciated :—

“Everyone here enjoyed their Xmas this year, particularly the dinner.

“Everyone made a good dinner; the concert party was a great success and during the afternoon Mrs. G. . . gave away little presents and everyone had just the thing wanted. New vests, stockings, etc., were given in the morning so that they could be worn on Xmas Day.

“Forty-nine women and 3 children sat down to dinner which was lovely—and plenty of it—and everyone enjoyed a very nice day and had a Xmas Tree at night.

“I have never seen so many hungry women here before; quite a good number of them had a second helping of dinner—”

Since Cecil Houses opened some 382,524 beds and 30,957 cots have been occupied.

The purchase price of the freehold, cost of constructing and equipping each House is raised by Public subscription. Once, however, a House is open it stands on its own financial feet, the monies paid by the women meeting the cost of upkeep, salaries of staff, provision of cleaning material, tea, biscuits, electric light, rates, etc., with allowance for depreciation.

Enquiries 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.

Interest in the work is steadily growing and during the past year many 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. Application for speakers should be made to the Office, 11, Golden Square, London, W. 1.

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.**

Cecil Houses are open to visitors every Thursday afternoon, from 3.30 to 5 p.m. (*see page 4*) when the fullest information will gladly be given.

The Committee desire to acknowledge, most whole-heartedly, the general sympathy and encouragement they have received since starting an undertaking which, though full of human interest, is necessarily accompanied by considerable anxiety. That they have accomplished a part at least of what they set out to do has been made possible only by the ready response that has attended every effort, both from the Press and from the Public, without whose co-operation but little could have been done.

December 31st, 1933.



THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH CECIL HOUSE.

*Opening Ceremony at Cecil House,
266, Waterloo Road, S.E. 1., on March 14th, 1934,*

BY THE RT. HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,
ACCOMPANIED BY THE LADY MAYORESS. SUPPORTED BY
THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF SOUTHWARK.

WARMTH AND SHELTER FOR THOSE WHO
PASS THIS ROAD

This is a very pleasing task to the Lady Mayoress and to myself to come here to-day to see this house that you have built. As you, Mr. Chairman, have already referred to what other Lord Mayors have done I need not refer to that. I am gratified to know that the Queen takes a keen interest in your work—and how many beautiful things she does take an interest in! I know that this house is going to have an atmosphere of homeliness, and that the spirit of friendliness between the Matron and the lodgers will continue to exist here, and I hope they will have a very happy time when they come here. It is a beautiful thought that no woman in need of shelter is ever turned away because she is friendless. I believe that no woman who has been trusted at your other houses for a night's lodging has ever intentionally let you down. This fact, if no other, should make us determined to help this great work along. An Englishman has always a section of his heart holding a warm corner for those less fortunately placed. Sometimes he is greatly occupied, because we are still, thank God, a virile and an energetic race, but always somewhere there is a thought for others in need. This hostel is waiting to offer warmth and shelter to those who pass this road. All those who pass and need this house will be our guests, not because it is a kindness but because it is our duty. I believe the giving of these hostels is a fine gesture, and deserves the support of all who can help. May I express our wish that the example of those responsible may strengthen in you and me the love of man and awaken in us an eager charity. There is no question here of acquiescent apathy, but an energy and a scheme and a vision which are inspired. May I, with these few words, thank you for your welcome here to-day, and express the hope that a great success will attend these efforts.

I have great pleasure in declaring this House open.

The Lord Mayor of London.

... THOSE LESS FORTUNATE FOLK.

I also have very much pleasure in being here this afternoon and in listening to the excellent account of the Cecil Houses Incorporated. Naturally, in my position, one would be exceedingly pleased to know that there is such a house in the Borough of Southwark where those less fortunate folk are able to come and obtain food and every facility for health and cleanliness at so moderate a price. It is, indeed, thoroughly good work, which everyone must really and sincerely appreciate. I read that Fifth Report which you sent along so very kindly with the keenest of interest, and I was amazed at the wonderful work Mrs. Chesterton has done. I think the courage and determination that that lady must have (for those are the right words to use) are to be admired in every respect. If I speak generally, and from a public point of view, there is one point in that book that I saw, with regard to the provision of the Licensing Bench of the London County Council so far as sleeping accommodation for women is concerned, and if I read aright, out of the whole total of sleeping accommodation in London provided by the London County Council only 13 per cent. is provided for women. I am no authority, but it does seem to me to be quite inadequate, and I think the fact that these houses are going ahead as we have heard to-day they are going ahead, is a convincing proof that the accommodation must be inadequate; and therefore these places are going to justify themselves, and it is not surprising to know that you come out at the better end, Mr. Treasurer, and I am very glad to think that you do, and I hope that better end will increase to such an extent that you will be able to increase the number of your houses, because you are doing thoroughly good work. It is my pleasure to say that not only the Executive but everyone who is concerned with this organisation deserves the greatest praise and the greatest encouragement.

The Mayor of Southwark.

THE LORD MAYOR AND NEW CECIL HOUSE.

That 400 citizens of London subscribe £1 each to clear the fifth Cecil House of debt was a suggestion made by the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Collett, to a representative of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH yesterday. The previous day he had opened this Cecil House in Waterloo Road, S.E.

The Lord Mayor said he marvelled at the brightness and cheerfulness of the house, where homeless women and their babies could find shelter and refreshment at a cost of a shilling a night. He added:

"It is most satisfactory to learn that once the initial cost is raised this Cecil House will be entirely self-supporting. The amount outstanding is only £400, and I feel that this is a work which must so touch the heart of everyone interested in the welfare of women that I suggest 400 citizens of London should send £1 each, so that this shilling hotel for women may, in its first week, stand completely free of debt. I hope they will send without delay to the Secretary, Cecil Houses, 11, Golden Square, W. 1."—*The Daily Telegraph, March 17th, 1934.*

Extract from :

THE LONDON ROUNDABOUT.*

THE DAINTY DOSS-HOUSE

BY

JAN AND CORA GORDON.

... Having such an intimate knowledge of the origin of these Houses, Jo determined to spend a night in one of them.

However, she wanted to do this unknown to Keith (Mrs. Cecil Chesterton), fearing that a friendly solicitude might try to smooth the path too much, and in smoothing out some of the difficulties might also smooth some of the natural humanities.

After broadcasting for elementary school children about portwine farms in Portugal, Jo hurried home and turned out her suitcase, full of clothes for our motor bike trip. There was an old serge skirt, washed and shiny. The coat was grubby and greasy from motor bike troubles. The shoes and stockings and a weather-beaten Shetland cap matched the suit in dilapidation. It was only too easy to frazzle her hair, detach a wisp and rub her hands up and down the grubby coat.

She slunk out of the noble entrance of our Victorian abode, and hurried down the street, hoping that the lynx eyes of Ennisworthy Gardens were not turned her way, thinking, "How those Bohemians do disgrace the place!"

Outside King's Cross she approached a red-faced newspaperman.

"No use playing at being a Cockney," thought Jo. "Better be a battered, worn-out gentlewoman."

With an exaggeration of timidity she showed him a paper on which I had printed the name of the street. Sucking his teeth, the news vendor peered at the paper.

"It's the Cecil 'Ouse you'll be after," he said, and gave her a friendly pat on the shoulder. "You'll be all right to-night."

"Cecil House" was written up in big letters across a neat plain front, as if it really wanted to be seen. Jo felt easier, though very nervous, about being spotted as a peeping Thomasina.

Inside the doorway was a narrow passage, and a kindly face could be seen looking through a pigeon-hole window.

"Is there—er—could I have—a bed?" Jo asked anxiously, keeping her voice without much intonation.

The matron gave a smile and said "Yes."

What a precious quality in that single syllable! For many years Jo had seldom heard one mere word that acted so powerfully

*The London Roundabout by Jan and Cora Gordon. Harrap 10/6d.

upon the imagination. Fake though she was, it relieved even her of a load of anxiety, and what must it not have meant to the homeless women, grateful for even this slight temporary rest from the bitterness of the street? She gasped with genuine relief, "How much?"

"A shilling," said the matron. "Your bed'll be number twenty. What name?"

Jo hadn't thought about a name. She looked at her questioner in a panic.

"Josephine Turner."

The matron wrote it down as if she liked the name.

"That's all right," she said. "Do you want to go out and come in again?"

"No. Some one told me—there was—is there—a bath?" Jo faltered.

"Surely," said the matron. "Here's a big towel; and do you want soap?"

Jo furtively held out a crumpled paper bag, in which she had pushed toothbrush, soap and an old nightdress.

"I have—a tiny—bit," she answered.

"Here's a nice piece," said the matron, "you can use it all."

Jo sidled out, and crept upstairs first, to search for bed number twenty, and found three rooms. Some pretty casement curtains were drawn, and in the shaded light she could see cheery blue-and-white counterpanes on beds that were divided from one another by neat wooden chests. The beds were well separated, like hospital beds, but somehow the rooms looked cosier than hospital wards. Perhaps because the ceilings were not so lofty; perhaps because of the curtains.

The bathrooms were downstairs, all white and spotless. The baths, big ones, gleamed. The walls were white-tiled.

Oh, the delicious restfulness! Gushing hot water—any amount of it! She happened to be just tired enough to get an inkling of what that bath, that welcome, and no questions must mean to an overtired, underfed, homeless woman.

After the bath—that was that; but now came a nervous moment. Jo had to face the other lodgers. She wondered how she could carry off this disguise of a battered lady who had seen better days. She wondered with a hint of panic whether her fictional capacity would stand the strain of their possibly expert curiosity. But on reaching the sitting rooms she was received with so easy a sense of comradeship that she felt re-assured.

The sitting rooms had a cheery effect on the spirits. Such blazing fires! And the woodwork was painted a blazing orange-

vermilion. There were lots of comfortable brown wooden arm-chairs and some long tables.

On the tall nursery fender of the inside sitting room a few undies were being dried, and gossiping round the fire were the early arrivals, half a dozen or so. Considering their destitution, they were amazingly clean and neat.

In one corner-seat was a tall twenty-five-year old, her head haloed with a wreath of curl papers. Opposite her was evidently the seat of honour, occupied by a middle-aged woman, whose mouth twisted on one side as she talked. She was dressed in dingy brown, and her brown scarf had a hole in it, which did not escape comment. Rags were not in favour. She explained why she hadn't mended it.

Although merely a lodger, she claimed and got some deference, and was addressed as "Nurse." At first she certainly appeared to be an outworn Sairey Gamp.

"First time I've ever known the radiators to heat up so slow," she said in a granulated voice. "Was your bath-water hot?"

"Oh—it was," gasped Jo. "So hot—I was—almost frightened."

A tall woman in a tailor-made, followed by a faithful terrier, came in and handed everybody some slabs of bread and butter and mugs full of tea

A bulky old soul accepted her piece of bread, and later on handed it to Jo, saying, "To-day I've 'ad a full day's eatin'."

Old-fashioned corsets pushed her full figure upward to meet three double chins. She was the spit of the Punch caricatures of Sir William Harcourt.

"Wot 'aven't I eaten to-day?" she said. "An' some'ow I can't fancy my supper Began with gripe-fruit this mornin'."

Jo was interested and mystified, but nobody else listened.

"An' then me dinner was steak an' kidney pie—stewed rhubarb—and they gave me a bit o' cold beefsteak an' onions before I left."

Everybody woke up. A childish-looking girl with her golden bob so carelessly cut that she might have done it with the nail-scissors, murmured wistfully:

"Wot I fancies is mutton wiv onion sauce."

"Lamb an' mint," corrected a girl whose cheeks were a little fatter and mouth a little more pointed than Mona Lisa's. . . .

Jo thought of the Serbian retreat. After tramping for five weeks and feeding on occasional eggs, otherwise falling back on our own bag of rice, filled with something that resembled live fleas, we also had comforted ourselves by repeating the names of good, plain meat dishes.

As we lay on the floor of a dirty pub in San Giovanni da Medua, thirteen of us, eleven men and two women, we would

murmur dreamily in the darkness, "Sausages that go pop in the pan," or "Cold roast beef, rather pinkish." The latter was Jo's special longing.

Our yearning for these things seemed to grip with anguish not our tummies, but our hearts.

The lady with the chins continued to intone a long list of the day's edibles. No one seemed surprised, but she deemed that an explanation was due to Jo as a stranger.

"Ad a day's work at a pub, you see," she said.

The thin-faced girl had unbandaged her swollen wrist.

"Gaw," she said, "'ow it do 'urt!"

"Bandaged too tight," said Nurse, with an authoritative sniff. "I know them 'orspital students."

"Has she burned it?" Jo asked the woman with the chins.

"'Ousemaid's knee, dearie," she replied, "only it's tuk 'er in the wrist . . . 'ave another chip," she said to Jo.

Jo sat munching, vacant-eyed, but listening with sharp and eager ears, and noticing what she could.

The golden-haired girl was hardly more than a child, but her crude, almost unconscious cynicism showed that life retained few mysteries for her. On Jo's left was a dark little seventeen-year-old with such a red-painted mouth that it stood out beyond her small face, like a doll's, and her brown eyes moved from side to side as if a string were pulling them. You expected to hear her squeak "Papa," "Mamma."

Both girls suddenly began to complain about their feet, and took off their shoes and stockings.

"Well," said Nurse, with a prim pregnancy to Golden Bob, "walkin' about all day as *you* do, it's natural."

The Dark Dolly contemplated one of her own toes with soft pity.

"An' I'm always paintin' it with iodine," she sighed.

"Jes' wot yer didn't orter do!" snapped Nurse.

Another pair of feet appeared. Mona Lisa also had her foot troubles.

"Didn't I tell yer?" said Nurse, pointing at the wad of cotton-wool which was separating two toes. "Gettin' better that is. Workin' up for a fine bunion you was, with your love of a natty shoe."

Sharp Nose defiantly pulled off a badly laddered stocking.

"Talkin' of bunions," she said, "that's the real thing."

"Oh, poor girl!" thought Jo. "How can she wander round looking for work with a foot like that? . . ."

The talk went on, no mere London party patter. Every one was talking about subjects that really interested them. They were right down to the raw facts of life—liberty, danger, illness.

A sudden clamour interrupted the talk. They all turned to watch a quarrel between an untidy old woman with a basket and a solid, short-skirted woman all cut of a piece, like the figurehead of a ship.

"You'd better look to yourself," said the short-skirted woman, with meaning. "Matron will be drawing the line with such as you."

"Matron's got nothing to say against me," retorted the old woman. "She knows my profession. Professional stepcleaner I am, and that's more respectable than some."

She flicked her eyes round the younger members of the group.

Everybody turned on the old woman. Slut she might be, but could have been worse.

"Just look at the mess you're in," they said. "You'd better look out."

"You know," said Mona Lisa, "Matron offered her a pair of shoes, and she won't have them."

"Wot?" said the old woman. "Me take new shoes? 'Oo'd 'ave pity on me if me boots looked too good?"

As she stumped off Jo gathered from muttered remarks that her opponent with the sensible boots and sturdy leather gaiters was a beetroot boiler, who peddled the succulent ruby roots on a coster-barrow in a street-market.

It was late, and by some subtle intimation almost equal to that by which the hostess draws the ladies away from the dinner-table the women sensed that it was time for bed.

These are typical of Mrs. Chesterton's methods. There were no harsh-voiced commands—no sergeant-major-like domination . . . They all slowly arose, as though of free will, and trooped upstairs. By this time Jo realised that no one walked quite naturally. Everybody had some foot trouble. And so with the others she walked slowly and painfully up to the bedrooms.

Each person picked up her bag or package, and carried it up to the bedroom, where Jo noticed later that each package was carefully stowed into bed with its owner. Sharp Nose's vanity-bag was stuffed so full that it was evidently acting as a suitcase.

A pretty woman was sitting on her bed talking dolefully about a hospital and an operation. Her knee was swollen badly.

"They wanted me to stay an' see the specialist," she was saying.

"Don't you worry," said an unwieldy young woman whose bed was next to Jo's. "You've been through the X-rays, so 'arf the battle's over."

"Not if me leg's got to come orf," wailed the sorrowful girl.

"Won't 'ave to. The X-rays done a lot for you, an' now you've been serious enough to go through the X-rays—why, they won't dare not to take you into 'orspital! And that'll be the best time you ever 'ad in your life. I've 'ad it at the Garret Anderson. Nothin' to do but stay in bed an' eat beef."

"Now, take me. It's different. I've got an incurable complaint." Everybody pricked up their ears. "It's a goitre, that's wot it is."

"Wot's a goitre?" asked a tired old woman

"It's a galloping goitre wot I've got. 'As a lot of little legs—like a hooptopus. An' it gallops round inside you that fast—the doctor can't scarcely never catch it. Once in 'orspital they got it 'eld fast in me froat. They did it lots of good, but it got away from them it did."

The beggar-woman had been complaining about an open window, and remarks were being exchanged.

"Ow, you make me tired!" ejaculated Galloping Goitre. "You cost me sixpence a week in Aspros."

"More fool you to *buy* 'em," retorted the beggar-woman. "I gets all my aspirin free—charity."

The squabble developed until the beggar-woman suddenly sat up on her dignity.

"Don't you forget I've bin an engaged woman."

"And jilted," sneered Galloping Goitre.

"'E never did. I gave 'im up. 'Letitia Maud,' sez 'e—"

"Letitia Maud!" cried everybody.

"That's me. An' me mother's name was Susan Dora."

"Now, that's queer," pondered Galloping Goitre, softening. "My mother's name was Dora Susan."

Here the occupants of eight beds supplied the double names of their mothers. The ninth bed was superior. She had a mother with three names.

Jo left one eye open over her sheet, and watched the old beggar-woman peel off several faded cardigans. She wriggled into a puzzling but not unclean garment, and wrapped round her head the hopelessly laddered silk stockings a charitable lady had given her that day.

Conversation gradually tailed away The silence was broken occasionally by the suffering girl's stifled sobs under the blankets

A few days later at a gathering of the earnestly intelligent Jo said to me, "My God, what rot these people are talking! They seem to have lost all their humanity. For real interest, real friendliness, and real conversation give me the Cecil House."

A SHILLING HOTEL.

BY

A.C.

There is one evening to which I look forward all the month. The theatre? No, much more interesting than that, because on the stage, you see, as in a mirror, a drama affecting perhaps half a dozen people, but on this night I see at first hand the drama, often the tragedy, played by fifty or sixty real people. And I see this, not from a twelve-and-sixpenny stall, but free from the service hatch of a kitchen. Such a cheerful, clean little kitchen it is; only nine feet by six, and painted a bright orange, with dark blue curtains.

At a few minutes to eight I ring the bell, placed high up to be out of reach of the hands of mischievous children that swarm in that street; then, after a friendly greeting from the Head of this hotel, I enter my little domain and set to work. That means the setting out of twenty or more cups with sugar and milk in each, and the putting of biscuits on a large plate. Then I put on two large kettles to boil, and see that towels, soap, and soda are ready for those that need them.

Eight o'clock! The bell clangs, and the first guests are admitted, pay their shilling, and enter the large sitting-room, where there are long tables, plenty of chairs, pictures on the walls, flowers, and, in the winter, a good fire. If it is a cold, wet night, the bell clangs repeatedly, and the guests come in quickly, so that I have to get busy with the tea, a steaming cupful and two biscuits for each.

In the warm light evenings the guests come in more slowly, in ones or twos, until towards eleven o'clock, when things get brisker; but there are always several babies who need a bottle prepared, and for whom clean towels are provided, each with its name pinned on.

Now the bustle begins.

"One without sugar, please."

"May I have mine very weak, please?"

"I'll take Granny's first." Granny is an old lady who has been coming to this hotel for a long time. Old she is, and rheumy, but she still manages to earn a little to keep herself decent, and pay for her night's lodging.

"Could you give me a pinch of salt?" says another whose newspaper parcel suggests to the nose that it contains fish and chips. If funds are low there will be only chips.

"May I have baby's towel, please? And that's his milk" (handing me a bottle), "may he have half warmed when he's had his bath?" Poor girl. She is little more, and very pretty. The name pinned on the towel is Miss Smith, and she came out of the hospital this morning.

All this time, at intervals, I have been dealing out bath towels, soap and soda; lending scissors, putting some precious little flower in water, saying, "No, I hadn't anything on that day's race," washing up cups, and keeping the kettles boiling.

But someone has turned on the gramophone, and, while some are singing the chorus, others are dancing—Oh! no, not only the young ones; several are quite elderly.

"Please, could you lend me a needle and cotton?"

"Black, please." Then the Head comes along to show me what a good job Hetty had made of altering the little coat she had found for her in the store. "Just what she wanted. She'd never get a job in that shabby old one."

Guests are asked no questions at this hotel, and therefore make many confidences. When they arrive they are asked to give a name. They pay a shilling, and become a guest, entitled to tea and biscuits at night, a hot bath, soap for washing clothes and hair, an inviting spring bed, with snow-white sheets, and tea and bread-and-butter in the morning—all for a shilling. If an applicant is in need, and has not the shilling, she will not be turned away so long as there is a bed vacant.

Who are the guests? Charwomen, office cleaners, match and flower sellers, washers-up, programme sellers, and waitresses.

It is now nearly half-past ten, when there arrives a mother with three small children, wet and cold and hungry. A common enough guest, alas! Owing to the shortage of houses, and the refusal of landladies to take children, the family cannot find a lodging, and so, after they have tramped the streets, a kindly policeman advises the father to take the two elder boys to a Rowton House, while the mother brings the three younger ones to us. A hot bath, tea and biscuits soon improve matters, and if Freddy's shoes leak, the Head will be able to find a pair to fit him in the morning.

The house does not lock up for the night. At eleven o'clock the night portress relieves me, and she will be busy all night receiving and caring for late-comers, and from five onwards she will

be calling and preparing breakfast for those who have to start early for work.

And where is this hotel? There are four of them in London, and a fifth is to be opened very soon. They are called the Cecil Houses for Women, and, note this, once they are opened they pay their way.

But it takes a lot of shillings to start one. If you have money or service to give, they will be welcome at 11, Golden Square, W. 1.

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THE CECIL HOUSES.

BY

VYRNWY BISCOE.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton has done many notable things, but in creating the Cecil Houses she has performed, for all women, one of the most momentous services of our day.

It might be inferred that I say for all women because any one of us, at any moment, may find herself down and out—the margin between security and disaster being infinitesimal these days. The inference is not, however, to the potential value of the Cecil Houses to all women, but to the attitude of the committee and the house matrons to their clients.

Here is something quite new. Here, at long last, is Courtesy hand in hand with Charity; matter-of-fact, woman to woman, practical helpfulness instead of the chilly patronage that shatters independence and pride.

Women have suffered much from the intolerable rudeness of certain agencies and institutions run nominally for their benefit. That these agencies are staffed by women, and, that it is women who are capable of the worst discourtesies, makes the matter all the more detestable.

There are thousands of women who will know only too well what I mean. They are the people who have tramped for months the round of bureaux and agencies looking for a job. They happen to be a "little over thirty, unfortunately," and not very good-looking or well dressed.

In many instances they actually pay for having their names put down on a register, but they are treated with a snobbery that is appalling. The withering look at a down-trodden heel has often smashed a last remaining bit of courage; the amused smile over

a pathetic hesitancy in giving the age has many a time destroyed the last gallant effort at a justifiable camouflage.

Those bureaux conducted by "ladies" are among the worst offenders. I know of one, financed for years by the subscriptions of a well-meaning but blindfolded public, which observes one strict rule for ticketing its clients. On the card bearing the names and detailed information concerning them there appears in a large number of cases the letters N.Q.L.

I do not know by what method the quality is judged, but I do know that some of the most capable and, by now, affluent and successful women in London are condemned for ever in the annals of this bureau as being Not Quite Ladies!

There are, of course, many good institutions and bureaux, but a woman always seems to be very much at the mercy of an inquisition of questioning concerning her most private affairs. She must reveal her age, her parentage, her marriage or non-marriage, and all the rest of it before she receives the most meagre of benefits.

Obviously, care must be taken to guard against fraud, and it is imperative to know the capabilities and the character of an applicant before making a recommendation to a job—I have had too much to do with vocational work not to realise how stern is the duty to employer as well as to employee—but information can be extracted with courtesy, in a business-like, matter-of-fact way that allows for pride and reticence on intimate, personal affairs.

In the Cecil Houses, Mrs. Chesterton has introduced a new régime of courtesy and respect for the individual. She is a woman, she has tried out this down-and-out business for a fortnight, for herself. She recognises that the mental and spiritual suffering may be as poignant as the physical. Many have talked of the delicate, psychological aspect of dealing with reliefs and charities for women. Mrs. Chesterton has put it into practice.

You are homeless and friendless. You are down to your last shilling. But with that shilling you may go to one of the four Cecil Houses. You may have a hot bath, towel, and soap supplied; a cup of hot tea and biscuits; you may sit round a fire in a cheery, jolly room, and ten to one you will be offered a cigarette by a friendly neighbour; you may sleep soundly in a comfortable bed, secure from infection of any kind; and in the morning you may have tea and bread and butter, you may go to the laundry and wash your clothes and generally smarten yourself up for the day's struggle; then you will walk out with your pride and your independence as unscathed as though you had put down a five pound note on the desk of the most exclusive hotel in the metropolis. You have been asked no questions. You have merely given your name.

There is no interference whatsoever, but there is advice, practical help, and sympathy, too, at hand for your need. Employment may be found, clothes supplied, arrangements for reception at maternity homes and infirmaries. There are all sorts of little acts of thoughtfulness. This year, the first aid box has been in constant demand. Feet that have trodden weary miles of pavement through the hot summer day are in dire need of the lint and boracic powder so thoughtfully supplied.

There are at present four Cecil Houses in London, a fifth will shortly be opened. There are none as yet in the provinces. The need for the rapid extension of the scheme is overwhelming. I shall never be able to understand why our great cities have thought fit to provide food and shelter for homeless men but leave the women to fend for themselves.

The Chief Rabbi put the matter well when he wrote "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 houses, once opened, are able to be self-supporting, but the initial purchase price of the freehold, cost of constructing and equipping is raised by public subscription. Sympathy for the homeless woman, once Mrs. Chesterton had shown how great was her need, has been widespread, and support has come from all over the world

We must ever be immensely grateful to Mrs. Chesterton for starting the Cecil Houses. It was a great and difficult task. But bringing in the new régime was a greater and even more difficult task. It took a different sort of courage to insist that the "fire-light dancing on blue and white tiles" was as important as the cup of tea; that the exquisite courtesy of "no questions" was as important in dealing with the destitute as with the successful and the prosperous.

Keeping up the morale of our homeless women is a great national service in itself.

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WHAT YOU CAN DO.

BY

W. G. RAFFE.

If you, dear reader, were broke, and alone in London, you would have a difficult time finding a bed for the night. If you are a man, you can get in a Rowton House, if you know where they are; and *if* you have the cash. If you are a woman, however, it is infinitely harder. Licensed lodgings, under the beneficial Christianity of the L.C.C. are for men only, and lodgings for really poor girls and women are few and far between.

In March, 1927, the first of the Cecil Houses was opened, in Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road. It accommodates 44 women. The following year, another, in Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, was opened; it holds 58 women, and also provides for 12 babies. In 1929, a still bigger one in Kensal Road opened, for 60 women and 18 babies; and in 1930 the Harrow Road "Cecil House" offered to accommodate 60 women and 18 babies. But these are not enough. We want more. Socialist women must help!

Each Cecil House opens at 8 p.m., and remains open till all beds are filled. The charge is one shilling a night. For the humble bob a needy woman can get a good clean bed, hot bath with soap and towel; facilities for washing her clothes; hot tea and biscuit at night; and tea with bread and butter in the morning. For a baby, threepence is the charge for a cot. The Cecil Houses are non-sectarian and are non-political. Socialists and Tories are admitted along with Catholics and Atheists. No questions are asked; it is sufficient that a woman is in need that she shall be supplied. If she hasn't got a shilling—well, there is a Needy Fund which a kindly matron taps at her discretion.

The Houses don't open till 8 p.m. for several reasons. First, to give everybody a chance, especially late workers; also so that the staff can get their rest, which they must do during the day. The women are not compelled to help in the work. Though no questions are asked, help and advice and information are freely given when they are requested. The Houses are shut at 10 a.m. by which time the lodgers are off to what work they can find.

Naturally, such a venture as this costs money to begin; but once begun, each Cecil House is self-supporting. Many more Cecil Houses are wanted and I *urge* women Socialists to consider what they can do to help this very practical and pressing need for shelter for women in London. Only those who have found themselves without help, at a loss where to turn, can appreciate the tremendous value of such centres.

Most charities ask for money; and that is what we can often spare least. Wiser folk ask for personal help; and for other kinds of assistance. Any cast-off clothing, in usable condition, is welcomed and put to good use. Many a poor woman, thrown out of a job by some private enterprise affair closing down, has found that she could get another job only by making herself smart. All items of use to women are gratefully accepted. The Cecil Houses have been able to find jobs for many women and girls as servants, waitresses, chambermaids and daily helps; most of them have done very well. They only wanted a chance Not all are poor and homeless; some are accidentally "left in the lurch" by theft of a handbag; sudden loss of a husband; girls who have run from home; women suddenly ill, but not bad enough for hospital; all these have sought aid and received it. You never know who may be the next one to lose job, position, money, home. It may be some friend, some relative—it may be yourself, in all this unlovely chaos caused by private enterprise. Here's an enterprise that is not private—it's public—and it's up to women who think, to help it.

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AN IMPRESSION OF LIFE IN A PUBLIC LODGING HOUSE.

BY

A "SOUTH LONDON PRESS" REPORTER.

. . . . When I visited one of the older Cecil Houses recently a queue of about 50 women were standing outside, waiting for the doors to open.

At 8 p.m. they streamed in, paid their shilling, went upstairs to choose a bed and deposit their few belongings, and then returned to the cheerful common-room downstairs, where they were served with tea and biscuits.

This common-room is a regular "salon" of gossip. Every subject of the day, from politics to the latest racing tips, is discussed intimately.

The women seem to have an uncanny knowledge, and their conversation is really well-informed.

They are very kind to each other, these women, and eager to share anything they have. But they brook no interference with their private affairs. No questions are asked by the authorities, and the women themselves show little curiosity about each other.

All the houses are provided with baths, washing and drying accommodation. After their tea some of the women go straight to bed, but most of them take full advantage of the baths and basins, and the drying rooms are always full.

Old clothes sent to the Houses are hung up in cupboards, and the women are allowed to make their choice whenever their wardrobes require replenishing.

All sorts and conditions of women are to be seen here; char-women, matchsellers, sometimes out-of-work typists and the wives and children of unemployed men who have hopefully come up from the provinces in search of work.

Their kindness to each other is remarkable. One woman managed to make enough during the day to buy a pound of potatoes, but when she got to the house she handed them round to all the other occupants, and was left with only one for herself.

They are very proud about paying their shilling, and like to feel that they are supporting themselves, and not accepting charity.

FURTHER NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

The fifth Cecil House was opened on March 14th at 266, Waterloo Road by the Lord Mayor of London. When, on issuing from Waterloo Station, I asked a policeman the way to it, he replied with cheerful tolerance, "Cecil House, Cecil House, everybody's asking for Cecil House! What are they giving away there? Free breakfasts?" I answered that as far as I knew breakfasts were not free there, but bed-and-breakfasts were a shilling a time.

Cecil House was easily identifiable not only by the alien population pouring into it for the opening ceremony, but also by the air of newness and spruceness with which it rose out of the surrounding gloom of the Waterloo Road. . . .

After the opening ceremony the guests inspected the house. It is cheerful and brightly coloured, and altogether suited to its purpose. In the bedrooms a certain number of cots are provided for women with children. The most impressive thing about the house is the amplitude of the hot-water supply. There are excellent baths, basins, foot-baths and sinks where washing can be done. There are also hot rails and a small open-air court for drying. . . . At Cecil Houses no questions are asked. To need a bed is to qualify for one. The women are not required to do any bedmaking or any cleaning. The atmosphere is as far as possible that of a club or a hotel, so that in it the lodgers have the chance not only of bodily refreshment but of being mentally fortified with the inestimable quality of self-respect.—*Maternity and Child Welfare, April, 1934.*

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, who opened the fifth Cecil House at 266, Waterloo Road, S.E. 1., on March 14th, at once gave the keynote of all the Cecil Houses when he spoke of their "homeliness and friendliness."

The long dreamed of, and hoped for Cecil House for South-East London presents a gaily painted front in the drab stretch of the long Waterloo Road.



EARLY ARRIVALS AT 266, WATERLOO ROAD.

At the opening ceremony there was a friendly informal atmosphere as though the completed building was already successful in extending a welcome to both friends and strangers within its walls, which augured well for all the work which it has been specially designed to accomplish.

The "new" Cecil House is the only one built for the purpose, the other four being converted premises, and there is a sense of light and space about all the rooms. The sitting room has softly coloured walls, and pictures depicting country scenes. Over the mantelpiece there hangs the treasure of the House. This is a gift from one, "whose heart is always doing lovely things." A tinted picture of H.M. The Queen, who sent with this portrait of herself a card bearing her message.

Guests who explored the rest of the House found there was a practical and up-to-date kitchen, a bathroom which is equipped with large white basins and chromium taps, footbaths, and appliances for drying clothing. Upstairs are large and small dormitories with comfortable, and prettily quilted beds, and white wood chests (rather like seamen's) for holding clothing and small possessions . . . —*Policewoman's Review, March, 1934.*

Is it because woman's place is the home that only 13 per cent. of the total sleeping accommodation in lodging-houses licensed by the L.C.C. is available for women? Or is it consideration for the rights of minorities, among which, in the British scheme of things, are men? Whatever the reason, it has produced a counterblast in the shape of a fifth Cecil House (Women's Public Lodging House), which was opened last week by the Lord Mayor at 266, Waterloo Road to the tune of fifty women and two babies. The house has been built specifically to the plans of the architects who designed the County Hall, Westminster No questions are asked of any woman applying for a bed, the sun being considered to shine equally upon the evil and on the good.

It is indeed the moral question which so long has held up the question of the woman's lodging-house. Whether the streets are more moral is an open question. Suffice it, the homeless woman has been regimented to a considerable extent. Her religion has sometimes stepped in. Sometimes, indeed, her profession—as in the case of models. The point of the Cecil Houses is that her need of a shelter is a passport and no other. She may even bring babies there. The need for the women's hostel is not confined to one class. A girl coming to London to work or to study is at once put to it where to live in a manner which gives her time for her work, and yet keeps her warm and healthy. Women's work has outstripped women's housing, and in the meantime the London landlady has almost gone—at least as far as meals are concerned.

Hostels have been established in desultory fashion. Many of them are houses which have been adapted, of which the bath water has been adapted, usually with conspicuous lack of success, and in which large rooms are divided with disastrous results to appearance. Few English hostel promoters seem to know what a good bed is, or if they do, keep the knowledge to themselves.—*Truth, March 21st, 1934.*

It will soon be impossible for country girls to say that on coming to London, to take up situations they are friendless and can find no home from home.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton has done much to ensure that friendless girls shall find a cheerful home. . . . —*Birmingham Mail, March 26th, 1934.*

We have from time to time drawn our readers' attention to the splendid work which is being done by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton and her helpers in starting "Cecil Houses," those public lodging-houses for homeless women in London where, for the modest charge of one shilling a night, they are given a good

bed, a hot bath, facilities for washing clothes, tea and biscuits at night, and tea and bread-and-butter in the morning. Last Wednesday afternoon the fifth of these lodging-houses was opened at 266, Waterloo Road, S.E. 1., and the size of the distinguished gathering which attended the ceremony was some indication of the general appreciation which is felt for this work. In fact, so large was the company that it was quite impossible for any one room in the house to contain them. The opening ceremony was therefore performed by the Lord Mayor of London in the sitting-room, and the proceedings were relayed by microphones to other parts of the house. After the ceremony the house was open to inspection, and the guests were much interested in seeing over this place where, in the words of one of the speakers, "homeless women can find peace, if only for a little while."—*Nursing Mirror and Midwives Journal, March 24th, 1934.*

. . . . As usual, it is easy to pick out the new Cecil House from its neighbours in a drab and depressing thoroughfare. Bright curtained windows and bright coloured paint may be non-essentials—though that is doubtful—but their cheerfulness suggests the kind of spirit which informs every corner of these welcoming places, where homeless women who have a shilling to spare can find shelter for the night. You walk in from the street to a light and pleasant room, its walls of blue and orange. There are flowers about, always about, and not merely on special occasions, and for pictures there are gay posters of friendly trees and quiet country. A big fire burns in the grate; the dining tables are covered with blue and white checked cloths, and—you may know it is a woman who is the guiding spirit of Cecil Houses—the cups and saucers and soup plates are not heavy "institutional" china, but bright, and pretty. In her brief speech at the opening ceremony, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton said none of the usual conventional things. She was concerned with telling us about the courage and honesty, and even pride, of the vagrant women who come to Cecil Houses. No woman without a shilling is ever turned away. They know this, but advantage of that knowledge is never taken. One elderly woman, who had been coming regularly, missed a night. Matron cheerfully asked her why. She explained that she hadn't the shilling. "That wouldn't have mattered!" said Matron. "Well," said the woman, "you see, I slept out instead, because I like to pay my way."

What makes Cecil Houses different from other ventures of the kind is the fact that there is nothing about them to make their lodgers feel that they are the recipients of charity. They are asked no questions. No work is expected or demanded from them; they are encouraged to feel that their shilling pays for what they have. In the words of Mrs. Chesterton, their atmosphere is part that of an hotel, part that of a club. Another sign of the carefulness and thought behind the organisation of Cecil Houses you may find in the bathrooms. These are as cheerful and comfortable and bright as the rest of the rooms. Porcelain wash basins and porcelain footbaths are also provided. Baths are not compulsory—nothing is—but they are nearly always taken. There is a big room for washing clothes, which are dried either on hot pipes or in an enclosed drying-ground in the open air. Often the women who come with children leave them in bed while their garments are washed. The dormitories are big airy rooms. Each woman has her own locker. Her bed is sprung, and comfortable, and covered with a bright blue and white counterpane. And in each room, unobtrusively hung, there is a mirror—*The Scotsman, March 19th, 1934.*

The colour scheme in each Cecil house is bright blue and orange, the hues of summer skies and sunshine, instead of the morose browns and dyspeptic greens seen in too many places. In the new house sunset-pink walls replace the usual cream, and against these the coloured portrait of the Queen stands out effectively.—*Liverpool Post, March 16th, 1934.*

The Cecil houses. . . provide homeless women with clean bed, tea and biscuits on coming in at night and departing in the morning, facilities for

washing, and other amenities in exchange for a shilling. The part they are playing in saving poor women from despair cannot be over-estimated.—*Liverpool Post, March 13th, 1934.*

The most amazing of all the amazing things about the Cecil Houses . . . is that during the nine years since Mrs. Cecil Chesterton started her effort, there has been no change in the devoted band who form the officials and executive committee . . .—*Daily Mirror, March 13th, 1934.*

I believe the fifth Cecil House to be opened by the Lord Mayor in state on Wednesday is the first in this valuable chain built to special plans for its purpose. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton may well congratulate herself on what she has already achieved and look forward confidently to the fulfilment of her ideal—clean bed, hot bath, soup, tea and washing facilities for any homeless woman in London at the inclusive cost of one shilling. . . . The fact that as fast as one Cecil House is established on a self-paying basis funds are successfully raised to start another—and this in a period of financial depression—is answer enough to detractors who prophesied disaster at the scheme's inception. There were all kinds of objections. One was that the entirely new system of "no questions asked and no homeless refused with accommodation available" would lead to difficulties of all kinds. As a matter of fact, there has never been any trouble beyond the excellent matrons' capabilities. Another was that there was no demand for such establishments and that a shilling was too high a fee. Nightly, women have to be turned away or sent to other quarters from all the Cecil Houses. Some questioned the necessity of the bathing and laundering facilities; others criticised the un-institutionlike atmosphere of colour, warmth and sociability. Experience has fully justified the scheme.—*Birmingham Evening Post, March 3rd, 1934.*

When the Houses were first instituted many social workers predicted nothing but failure for them: the problem of the woman outcast is a much more difficult one to handle than the problem of the male outcast. When the Rowton Homes were started a good many years ago, their success led to suggestions of similar institutions for women. The idea was abandoned because at that time no woman was willing to undertake their management.—*Portsmouth News, March 10th, 1934.*

There are few finer charities in London than the Cecil Houses . . . Too many of this kind of institution are beset by prying inquiries and inquisitorial red tape; but at a Cecil House, the only question asked is "Do you want shelter?"

If the answer is "Yes," that is sufficient, and for the sum of one shilling the unfortunate wayfarer gets a good bed, a hot bath, soup, tea, bread and butter. No wonder that people of every denomination are to be found among Mrs. Chesterton's supporters.—*Leeds Mercury, March 6th, 1934.*

No more practical or praiseworthy way of giving help to lonely women who are "down and nearly out" has been devised than the Cecil Houses movement . . . Lady Lovat is the Chairman of the committee responsible for this valuable work which is carried out in so humane and truly charitable a spirit. There is room for dozens more of the Cecil Houses in London.—*Manchester Dispatch, March 6th, 1934.*

The two first Cecil Houses (for women) were opened by Lord Mayors of London, and the present Lord Mayor will on Wednesday week open the fifth one, which is the first to be opened south of the Thames. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton is greatly pleased to have an entirely new house designed instead of adapted. The late Mr. Ralph Knott, one of the best friends the Cecil

Houses Fund has had, was the architect in their earlier ventures. Mr. E. Stone Collins, of Messrs. Knott and Collins, has designed the new building, which stands in the Waterloo Road, on the opposite side to the Old Vic and a little farther down the street. It will attract women of the same type as resort to the other houses, and will probably also be a welcome shelter for women and girls visiting London who find themselves stranded late at night at Waterloo Station.

The House will have a gay appearance inside and out, for it is built of Sussex brick and its green window-sills are set off by blue railings. Inside there is the usual blue colour scheme, while walls and ceilings are of pinky-orange, giving the effect of a bright sunset. There is no basement. It is an achievement for the fund to have raised all the money required for the building in times of such depression. Two hundred pounds has been promised towards the cost of the furniture. That is already installed, so the fifth Cecil House will have its first lodgers on the day it is opened.—*Manchester Guardian, March 6th, 1934.*

This will make the fifth of these women's public lodging-houses, all of which bear the name of the woman who, discovering that the lodging-house accommodation available for homeless women in London was ridiculously inadequate, set to work to provide at least one house where a woman needing shelter for the night could get it without having to answer any questions.

Since then Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, with the help of a host of friends, has opened four Cecil Houses, all of them in crowded districts north of the Thames, and many a time the police have been thankful to bring wanderers to her care.—*Manchester Guardian Weekly, June 9th, 1933.*

Civilisation so-called is apt to be well pleased with itself, despite the fact that the phrase the "wolf at the door" is daily and acutely realised by many millions of people to-day. Some of these are women, and many in fact have no door at all, but merely the wolf—a daily menace.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton of late years had contrived to keep the wolf at bay for a great number of women by means of the five Cecil Houses, where tea with food, clothing, baths, and beds, with a crib for the baby, if any, are miraculously provided at a shilling a night.

Mrs. Chesterton is a journalist, and her achievement has shown that the pen, in the hands of a clever and dauntless woman, is mightier than swords and sabre-toothed wolves.

The good work is well established, the five Houses are endowed and self-supporting, but the great thing is to push on the attack, and lengthen the line. South Africans revelling in England's summer-time pageantry may like to be reminded of the less fortunate, to whom there is now the winter of discontent. A visit to a Cecil House can be arranged at 11, Golden Square, W. 1., telephone Gerrard 3391. It will convince you that the present day has its points. Forthright philanthropy like this, which tries to level up the average of well-being, is an earnest of that future time when civilisation will have no seamy side, and the hunger-line will be blotted out. Lady Lovat is Chairman of the executive committee.—*South Africa, June 9th, 1933.*

The problem of a City's homeless always seems very much more real and tragic at holiday time. It was largely that fact that made a visit to the Cecil Houses, which cater for London's homeless women, more impressive.

I am not going to attempt to try to describe my visit. What you see and hear on such occasions is not easily reproduced effectively on paper. You have to experience these things really to understand on one hand what is needed, and on the other to appreciate what is being done by the band of social workers.—*Sussex Daily News, June 6th, 1933.*



OUR GUESTS ENTERTAIN THEMSELVES AT CECIL HOUSE, WATERLOO ROAD.

LEAFLETS, SUBSCRIPTION FORMS, AND COLLECTING BOXES WILL BE GLADLY SUPPLIED, FREE OF CHARGE, ON APPLICATION TO THE HON. ORGANISING SECRETARY, CECIL HOUSES (INC.), 11, GOLDEN SQUARE, W. 1. TELEPHONE No. : GERRARD 3391.

CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED). *Balance Sheet as at 30th December, 1933.*

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
SUNDRY CREDITORS			290 12 2	CASH AT BANK:			
SPECIAL DONATION:				Current Account			729 2 2
As per contra (War Stock) ...			1,000 0 0	CASH IN HAND			31 0 0
SPECIFIC DONATIONS:				INVESTMENTS:			
As per last Account	193	7	2	£2,100 War Stock at Cost ...	2,150	4	9
Received during year	149	19	0	£1,000 War Stock (Special Don- ation as per contra)	1,000	0	0
	343	6	2				3,150 4 9
<i>Less:</i> Expenditure during year	132	15	9	SUNDRY DEBTORS AND PAYMENTS IN ADVANCE			27 3 6
			210 10 5	PROPERTY ACCOUNT, at Cost, <i>less</i> Depreciation:			
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT:				Devonshire Street	1,038	19	5
Balance, 1st January, 1933 ...	1,350	16	9	Wharfdale Road	1,647	9	4
<i>Add:</i> Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 30th December, 1933:				Kensal Road	2,140	10	6
Devonshire Street	95	0	6	Harrow Road	3,827	5	0
Wharfdale Road	159	3	10	As at 31st December, 1932 ...	8,654	4	3
Kensal Road	1	11	7	<i>Less:</i> Depreciation—10% 1933	865	8	5
Harrow Road	33	15	10				7,788 15 10
			1,640 8 6	Waterloo Road:			
CAPITAL ACCOUNT:				Purchase of Site 2,350 0 0			
Balance as per last Account ...	17,936	9	1	Paid on Account			
<i>Add:</i> Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 30th December, 1933:				of Building	4,600	0	0
Main Account	169	1	4				14,738 15 10
			18,105 10 5	FURNITURE, FITTINGS AND EQUIPMENT:			
<i>Note:</i> Contingent Liability on Waterloo Road—£594				As per last Account, at Cost, <i>less</i> Depreciation	2,811	16	7
				Additions during year	30	10	0
					2,842	6	7
				<i>Less:</i> Depreciation—10% 1933	284	4	8
							2,558 1 11
				STOCK ACCOUNT:			
				Books at Cost			12 13 4
							£21,247 1 6
							£21,247 1 6

TO THE MEMBERS OF CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED).

In accordance with the Companies Act, 1929 we have examined the above Balance Sheet dated 30th December, 1933, 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.

56, MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2, 2nd March, 1934

HARMOOD BANNER & SON, *Chartered Accountants.*

CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED).
MAIN ACCOUNT.

Income and Expenditure Account, for the year ended 30th December, 1933.

EXPENDITURE.				INCOME.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
ADMINISTRATION EXPENSES:				Donations			1,411 16 6
Salaries and Insurance			657 5 8	Subscriptions			1,275 14 10
Printing and Stationery			41 19 2	Interest on Investments and Current Account			177 7 6
Travelling			6 7 3				
Postage, Telegrams and Telephone			64 10 1				
Fuel and Light			5 8 3				
Insurances... ..			9 17 6				
Honorarium to Architects	150	0	0				
Sundries	30	3	5				
Rent, Rates and Cleaning—							
11 Golden Square			149 18 1				
Cost of Annual Report			194 15 0				
Land Registration Fees and Stamp Duty, etc.			48 19 11				
RECONSTRUCTION, REPAIRS AND RENOVATIONS:							
11 Golden Square			13 6				
Devonshire Street	100	16	7				
Harrow Road	85	10	0				
			187 0 1				
DEPRECIATION ACCOUNT:							
Amount written off Properties— 10 %			865 8 5				
Furniture, Fittings and Equip- ment			284 4 8				
BALANCE, being excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 30th December, 1933, transferred to Balance Sheet...			169 1 4				
			£2,864 18 10				£2,864 18 10

CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED).
DEVONSHIRE STREET.

Income and Expenditure Account, for the year ended 30th December, 1933.

EXPENDITURE.				INCOME.					
		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
	To Salaries and Insurance	339		1					
	„ Printing and Stationery			3			786		14
	„ Postages			10			18		2
	„ Telephone			10					8
	„ Lighting			47					
	„ Insurances			9					
	„ Soap and Disinfectants			7					
36	„ Provisions for Women and Babies			51					
	„ Sundries			29					
	„ Repairs and Replacements			106					
	„ Laundry			36					
	„ Coal and Coke			18					
	„ Water Rate			11					
	„ Rates			37					
				709					
	„ Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 30th December, 1933, transferred to Balance Sheet								
									95
									0
									6
									£804 16 8

CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED).
WHARFDALE ROAD.

Income and Expenditure Account, for the Year ended 30th December, 1933.

EXPENDITURE.				INCOME.					
		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
	To Salaries and Insurance	397		6					
	„ Printing and Stationery			16			945		4
	„ Postages			12			22		12
	„ Telephone			9					8
	„ Insurances			18					
	„ Rates			75					
37	„ Laundry			46					
	„ Lighting			31					
	„ Coal and Coke			32					
	„ Soap and Disinfectants			12					
	„ Repairs and Replacements			94					
	„ Sundries			37					
	„ Provisions for Women and Babies			51					
				808					
	„ Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 30th December, 1933, transferred to Balance Sheet								
									159
									3
									10
									£967 16 11

CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED).

KENSAL ROAD.

Income and Expenditure Account, for the year ended 30th December, 1933.

EXPENDITURE.				INCOME.			
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
To Salaries and Insurance...	377	10	9				By Revenue from Beds and Cots
„ Printing and Stationery ...		16	8				„ Interest on Current Account
„ Postages		6	0				
„ Rates	74	3	10				
„ Telephone	12	6	1				
„ Insurances	23	10	11				
38 „ Laundry	62	2	4				
„ Lighting	44	5	3				
„ Coal and Coke	29	9	3				
„ Soap and Disinfectants ...	5	1	6				
„ Repairs and Replacements ...	84	2	9				
„ Sundries	43	7	10				
„ Provision for Women and Babies	43	14	5				
				800	17	7	
„ Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 30th December, 1933, transferred to Balance Sheet							
					1	11	7
				<u>£802</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>2</u>	
							<u>£802 9 2</u>

CECIL HOUSES (INCORPORATED).

HARROW ROAD.

Income and Expenditure Account for the Year ended 30th December, 1933.

EXPENDITURE.				INCOME.			
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
To Salaries and Insurance ...	440	14	0				By Revenue from Beds and Cots
„ Printing and Stationery ...	2	4	2				„ Interest on Investments and Current Account
„ Postages		16	0				
„ Telephone	14	15	3				
„ Lighting	68	0	10				
„ Soaps and Disinfectants ...	8	12	2				
39 „ Sundries	41	7	8				
„ Repairs and Replacements ...	115	10	2				
„ Provisions for Women and Babies	47	6	5				
„ Laundry	91	12	10				
„ Coal and Coke	40	6	0				
„ Rates	125	15	6				
„ Insurances	27	7	3				
				1,024	8	3	
„ Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 30th December, 1933, transferred to Balance Sheet							
					33	15	10
				<u>£1,058</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>1</u>	
							<u>£1,058 4 1</u>

GIFTS OF SHOES, COATS, SKIRTS, JUMPERS,
UNDERWEAR, OLD LINEN, ETC., FOR FREE
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MOST, WILL BE GRATEFULLY RECEIVED AT

35 DEVONSHIRE STREET,
W.C. 1.

47/51 WHARFDALE ROAD,
KING'S CROSS, N. 1.

194 KENSAL ROAD, N. KENSINGTON, W. 10.

179 HARROW ROAD, W. 2.

266, WATERLOO RD., S.E. 1.

OR AT
11 GOLDEN SQUARE, W. 1.

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