



The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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No. 7.

DECEMBER, 1899.

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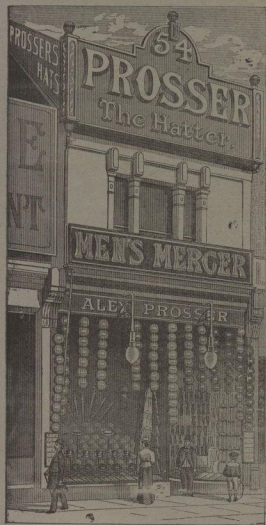
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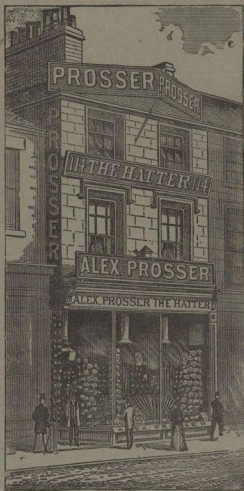
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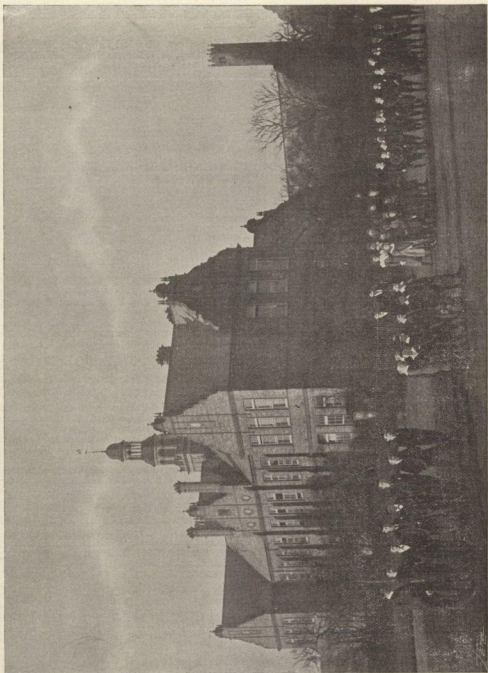
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No. 7. December, 1899.

BEDE SCHOOL: MAIN BLOCK.

Bede Higher Grade School.

EXTRACTS FROM PROSPECTUS :

December, 1899.

Teaching Staff.

BOYS' SCHOOL.

Head Master :

G. T. Ferguson, B.A., B.Sc. (London University)

First Assistant Master :

R. G. Richardson

Second Assistant Master :

R. W. Willis, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Assistant Masters :

J. T. Hindmarch (London University), A.C.P.

F. A. Scholefield (London University)

G. F. Park

R. F. Jarman (London University)

T. H. Blyth, A.Sc. (Durham University)

J. G. Wordsworth (London University)

Assistant Mistress :

Miss K. A. Smith, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Pupil Teachers :

John Barron (London University), A.A. (Oxford University)

R. W. Scott (London University)

A. J. Smith (London University)

Teacher of Woodwork :

R. Simpson

GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Head Mistress :

Miss J. M. Todd (Newnham College, Cambridge)

First Assistant Mistress :

Miss E. Todd, LL.A. (St. Andrews University)

Second Assistant Mistress :

Miss A. L. Taylor (London University)

Assistant Mistresses :

Miss I. Dudgeon, LL.A. (St. Andrews University)

Miss K. Coburn, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Miss M. H. Charlton, B.Sc. (Victoria University)

Miss E. M. Walker

Miss M. G. Wilson, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Miss E. G. Graydon, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Miss E. W. Wells

Miss M. Robson, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Pupil Teacher :

Miss R. J. Ewart

Art Master : F. J. Maher

Teacher of Singing : J. McCallum

Caretaker : J. McIntyre

School Buildings.

The School, which provides accommodation for 387 Boys and 340 Girls, has a splendid situation on the edge of the West Park.

The Class-rooms, Chemical Laboratory, Physical Laboratory, Workshop, and Lecture Room, are all lofty, well-lighted, and well-ventilated, and provided with a good equipment of appliances and apparatus.

Organization.

Both the Boys' and the Girls' Departments have an Upper and a Lower School.

(i.) LOWER SCHOOL.

Constitution.—Classes answering to Standards IV., V., VI., and VII. of the Education Code. The Ages of the pupils range from nine or ten to thirteen or fourteen years.

Curriculum.—Scripture, Reading, Writing, Dictation, Composition, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography. Drill and (in summer) Swimming, Singing, Algebra, and French, with Needlework (for Girls), and Drawing (for Boys).

(ii.) UPPER SCHOOL.

Constitution.—A school where scholars of ages ranging from thirteen to eighteen years, and who have been well grounded in elementary work, go through a systematic and fairly comprehensive course, embracing the ordinary literary and commercial subjects, together with mathematics, drawing, and some branches of science and technology (studied practically, as well as theoretically.)

The full course can be covered only by those pupils who stay for four years; and it is highly desirable that boys and girls who go into the Upper School at all should stay at least two years.

Curriculum.—Scripture, an English Author, English History and Composition, Geography, Drill and (in summer) Swimming, Singing, Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid, Mensuration, Trigonometry, Advanced Mathematics, Latin, French, Practical Geometry, Freehand and Design, Model, Perspective, Light and Shade, Theoretical Mechanics, Sound, Light, Heat and Chemistry, with (for Girls) Cookery, Dressmaking, Botany, Hygiene, Physiography, and German, and (for Boys) Magnetism, Electricity, and Woodwork.

Preparation for Special Examinations.

Pupils are prepared for the Oxford University Local, London University Matriculation, Queen's Scholarship, and some other Examinations.

Full Prospectus.

The Full Prospectus, giving Particulars of Conditions of Admission, Fees, Hours, Recent Successes, School Cap, Badge, Magazine, &c., may be had on application at the School.



BEDE SCHOOL.

Prize Giving and Conversazione,

VICTORIA HALL,

Friday Evening, December 15th, 1899,

At Half-past Seven.

Chairman: **PETER WOOD, Esquire, J.P.**

Refreshments by Meng Bros.	Music.
Exhibition of School Work.	Microscopes.
Woodwork.	Scientific Experiments.

LANTERN EXHIBITION.

60 Slides by Mr. R. G. Posgate
from Photographs by Bede School Boys
of the Teachers, Scholars and
Buildings, of Bede School.

Visitor's Ticket, One Shilling and Sixpence.
Scholar's Ticket, One Shilling.
To be obtained at the School.

SUNDERLAND MUNICIPAL
TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

I.

ON September 27th—when the matter for the October *Bedan* was in the printer's hands—the Memorial Stone of the Sunderland Municipal Technical College was laid by Councillor W. M. Roche, Chairman of the Educational Committee of the County-Borough Council, under conditions so auspicious as to augur well for the success of the College when built and opened.

We take the earliest opportunity of referring in this Magazine to that occasion, because Bedans, whether boys or girls, may reasonably be expected to furnish the College, in time to come, with no inconsiderable proportion of its students, and are therefore likely to take a special interest in reading about the first public ceremony in connection with a valuable institution where many of them will, it is hoped, avail themselves of the opportunity of continuing their education after they have left school.

The site of the College—a piece of

ground over three acres in extent—is in Green Terrace. To name all who were at the function there and at the magnificent Luncheon given afterwards by Mr. Roche in the Town Hall is quite impossible, but the Bishop of Durham and Mr. Storey were among the number, and so also were several gentlemen whom Bedans know very well;—as, for instance, the Dean of Durham and Principal Gurney, who gave out the Bede School prizes in 1897 and 1898 respectively, and Mr. Peter Wood, J.P., Chairman of the Sunderland School Board, who will give them out this year at the *Conversazione* in the Victoria Hall, on Friday Evening, December 15th; the then Mayor (Ald. Bruce), several of whose sons and daughters are themselves Bedans; Mr. Bryers, Clerk to the School Board; Mr. Gordon, Inspector of Science Schools in the County of Durham; and Mr. Ferguson, the Head Master of Bede School.

Mr. Roche gave, at one time or another during the day's proceedings, a description of the projected College Buildings, and a statement of the subjects which it is intended that the College shall teach. The plans show special class-rooms for mathematics, machine construction, naval architecture, navigation and nautical astronomy, building construction and theoretical mechanics, and steam and applied mechanics; and workshops for carpentry and plumbing. In the basement will be placed the physical laboratory, preparation room, and physics lecture theatre. On the main floor there will be a large examination hall, and rooms for the principal, staff, and janitor. The chemistry department is to be situated on the first floor, and will include a laboratory capable of accommodating 84 students, a balance room, a combustion room with two furnaces, a preparation room, and a large lecture theatre. The caretaker's rooms are to be on the second floor, and the corner tower will be surmounted by a dome for telescope

work. There will be wide, convenient corridors and staircases, and a hoist going to every floor; and it is hoped that the ventilation, lighting, and heating of the whole building will leave nothing to be desired.

The curriculum of the College is to include, besides the subjects already mentioned in connection with different parts of the premises, practical geometry, principles of mining and mineralogy, metallurgy, agriculture, hygiene, cookery, modern languages and correspondence, shorthand, book-keeping, type-writing, commercial arithmetic, and geography.

A second article on the College will appear in our February number. Meanwhile, let many Bedans determine that, when the College is put up, equipped, and opened—which will probably be in the autumn of 1901—they will continue and extend in it the work that they have done at school.



EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

WITH the present number *The Bedan* enters upon the second year of its existence. We beg to direct attention to the "Notice to Readers" which comes at the end of this column.

All the copies of the October *Bedan* were quickly disposed of—unfortunately before the full demand for them was met. This month we are having a larger issue, and hope that it will be sufficient for all requirements.

The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, the *Sunderland Morning Mail*, and the *Sunderland Daily Echo* are some of the local newspapers which noticed the October number. The *Echo* review, though short, was appreciative and discriminating.

"The hasty glance which is all I have yet been able to give to the copies of the Bede School Magazine shewed some excellent papers."

"I have had a good look at the spirited *Bedan*—and have been much struck by the variety, and the goodness, of the Articles."

These are, respectively, the words of the Bishop, and of the Dean, of Durham.

It will be noticed that this month the Magazine contains a View of St. Peter's Church, Monkwearmouth, which stands where Bede—not then Venerable, but a young boy—was at school.

A valued contributor suggests that some of the older boys and girls might occasionally send to *The Bedan* hybrid nursery rhymes of their own stringing together. Such verses are sometimes amusing in their very absurdity. For instance:—

Johannes Spratt non potuit fat;
Sa femme couldn't edere lean;—
Itaque inter se ambo agreed
Lickere platterum clean.

We stated, only two months ago, that Mr. Arthur Jarman, A.R.C.S., an Old Bedan, visited the school in September. It is now our pleasure to congratulate him on his appointment, at a salary of £350 a year, as Professor of Metallurgy, under the Professor of Chemistry, in the University of Sydney, N.S.W. Mr. Jarman, who is twenty three years old, is the younger son of Mr. J. R. Jarman, the well-known Sunderland Inspector of Schools, and has a brother, Mr. R. F. Jarman, who has been for some years one of the Masters at Bede School.

By request we give in this, the first of another year's series of magazines, a page of extracts from the School Prospectus. There have been some changes in the Staff, and others are impending. We heartily congratulate Miss E. F. Smith (Lond. Univ.) and Miss I. Dudgeon, LL.A., who, after doing several years' faithful work as Assistant Mistresses in our Girls' School, have been appointed, the one Head Mistress of Redby School, and the other Head Mistress of Simpson Street School. Miss Dudgeon has not as yet taken up her new duties, but Miss Smith did so last Friday, and, on leaving her old post, received some handsome presents—a writing table and six volumes of the Temple Shakespeare from the teachers and her girls, and a pair of brass candlesticks, an inkstand, and a tray from Miss Todd.

Miss M. Robson, B.Litt., has been appointed to succeed Miss E. F. Smith.

Miss K. A. Smith, B.Sc., one of the most able of Old Bedans, has become an Assistant Mistress in the Boys' School. The boys like their accomplished and genial lady teacher, and she has been cordially welcomed by her colleagues.

John Neill and Maurice Jacoby have each been awarded the valuable Special Certificate which

the Science and Art Department now gives to any pupil who stays at least three years in the Upper School, takes the full course both in literary and scientific subjects, and passes in the Advanced or the Honours Stage of not fewer than three of the obligatory subjects of the Science Course. A boy or a girl who gets this and also the complementary Oxford Local Senior Certificate will leave school with undeniably good credentials.

Miss Gretchen Körner has matriculated at Durham University, and is now in residence there.

Bede School Annual Prize-giving and Conversation is this year to be in the Victoria Hall, on Friday, December 15th, at half-past seven o'clock. Mr. Peter Wood, J.P., will preside. There will be refreshments, music, a display of school work of various sorts, scientific experiments performed by the boys and the girls, and woodwork; but perhaps the chief feature of the evening's entertainment will be the exhibition—by means of a powerful lantern—of about sixty slides prepared by Mr. R. G. Posgate from photographs of the boys, the girls, the teachers, and all the different parts of Bede School, taken by some of the boys themselves. Mr. Richardson suggested this, and Mr. Wordsworth has had the chief hand in bringing it about. Adults' Tickets for the Conversation are One Shilling and Sixpence each; Scholars', One Shilling. These may be obtained at the School.

The seven boys who took the photographs, and who, under Mr. Wordsworth's direction, have given a good deal of time and pains to them, are Alfred Murray, David Macnair, Robert Mushens, Stanley Dudgeon, Cuthbert King, Arthur Harding, and Wilfrid Walton.

Among the visitors to the School during the past month have been Dr. Hoffert—now one of the Senior Inspectors of the Science and Art Department—and Mr. Gordon, who came officially; the Rev. Eric Lawrence, of Halifax; the Rev. C. G. Hopkinson; Mrs. Thomas, wife of Capt. Thomas, R.N.; and Miss Miers, whose brother is the Professor of Mineralogy at Oxford.

For the fourth year in succession an Old Bedan, Tom Whittaker, has won the Swimming Championship of Sunderland.

©LD Bedans will hear with regret that the fine old elm tree which used to stand in the Boys' Playground is now gone. All through 1898 it appeared to be dying, and all this year it was plainly dead. On Friday morning, November 3rd, Mr. Gibson called at the school and

arranged to cut down the old dead tree, but on the evening of that very day it was *blown* down—fortunately without damaging anybody or anything.

In the enclosed space where the big tree stood there have been planted six privet bushes and three saplings—a black Italian poplar, a sycamore, and a witch elm. Also, at the front of the school, four fine saplings have been put in—a sycamore, a lime, an oak, and a laburnum.

All these young trees have been procured at the expense of the Head Teachers, the School Board paying the cost of having them planted. The Head Teachers take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Gibson, who supplied the trees and put them in, for the particular care and pains that he took in the matter, and Mr. Bond, the Forester at Lambton Park, for some hints and advice; and they hope that all the boys and the girls will avoid damaging, in any way, these and all other trees near the school. Members of the League of Good Citizenship have, as they know, given a pledge not to injure trees and flowers in any part of Sunderland. Let the members, then, of the Bede School Branch, make a special effort to protect from harm the trees and shrubs at their own school doors!

On Wednesday afternoon, November 15th, about two hundred boys, girls, and teachers from Bede School attended a performance of Shakespeare's "As You Like It", by Mr. F. R. Benson and his Company, at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Mr. Benson has, as is well known, more than once given in Newcastle, with the patronage and support of a large Committee of influential gentlemen belonging to the locality, a series of performances—some of them *Matinées*—of the best examples of English Classical Drama.

It happens that this year "As You Like It"—certainly one of the finest (perhaps the very finest, except the "Merchant of Venice") of the Bard of Avon's delightful comedies—is the English Work chosen to be read, recited, and critically studied in one class in the Boys' School and in three of the Girls' classes. For this reason it seemed desirable to give those boys and girls who wished to have the advantage of *seeing* the Play the opportunity of doing so which Mr. Benson's visit happily afforded.

The North-Eastern Railway Company kindly ran a special train, leaving Sunderland at a quarter to one o'clock and returning from Newcastle at twenty minutes to six, solely for the accommodation of the party, at a charge of one and threepence for each passenger over fifteen years of age, and of sixpence for each "child". [By the way, some sixpenny passengers, very tall but only fourteen years old, seemed tickled at the

denomination "child" which each of their tickets bore; but they complacently endured any loss of dignity which the inappropriate description involved, in view of the ninepence saved.] The charge at the Theatre was a shilling each for Front Seats in the Pit, admission being by the Early Door.

The Performance was an excellent one and afforded manifest pleasure to a good house, of which the Bedans present were by no means the least appreciative part. The acting, language, and scenery all gave enjoyment, and so did the singing—for the songs and glees (one of which, "Foresters, sound the cheerful horn", was well known to many of the scholars) were charmingly rendered.

The whole party—of which, by the way, girls formed a large majority—reached home in safety after an expedition carried out with the cordial approval of the School Authorities and H.M.'s Inspector, and which had been an unqualified success from start to finish, no hitch occurring anywhere.

The Head Teachers wish to acknowledge the kindness of Miss E. F. Smith and Mr. Smith (of Newcastle) in securing the Theatre tickets; they thank Mr. Holliday, the Newcastle station master, for his courtesy with regard to the return train; and they are particularly grateful to Mr. Saxby, the station master at Sunderland, for taking considerable trouble to make the railway arrangements remarkably convenient and satisfactory.

Those Bedans who saw "As You Like It" will be sorry to know that the Newcastle Theatre Royal was burnt down eight days after their visit, many of Mr. Benson's properties being consumed in the blaze.

Notice to Readers of "The Bedan."

The Annual Subscription for *The Bedan* delivered by messenger, regularly every two months, to any address in Sunderland, is One Shilling, payable in advance.

The Annual Subscription for *The Bedan* sent by post, regularly every two months, to any address in Sunderland or in any part of the British Isles, is One Shilling and Sixpence, payable in advance.

Subscriptions for the Year, December, 1899—October, 1900, are due in November, 1899, and may be sent to the Editor or the Editress of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland, who will in each case give a receipt.

It is hoped that Teachers and Scholars, Past and Present, of Bede School, and that Parents, will kindly make *The Bedan* known as widely as possible, and do their best to increase largely the List of Annual Subscribers.

Notice as to Advertisements.

1. Advertisements in *The Bedan* are charged for at a uniform rate—£1 per page per issue.
2. No Advertisements are printed on the front or the back of the Cover, or with the text. But half-page Advertisers may have a loose Leaflet inserted into each copy of the Magazine for a charge of Five Shillings per issue.
3. All the space available for Advertisements is already occupied, and New Advertisements will be accepted only, of course, in cases where Present Advertisers, after being offered the option of continuing their Advertisements, withdraw them.

Applications to advertise may be sent to the Editor, or the Editress, of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland.



Bede School Magazine and Badge Account

FOR THE YEAR DECEMBER 1ST, 1898—NOVEMBER 30TH, 1899.

Dr.	INCOME.				EXPENDITURE.				Cr.					
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.		d.				
By Yearly Subscriptions for <i>The Bedan</i>	9	5	0				45	18	6					
„ Sale of Single Copies		17	10	8			3	17	6					
			26	15	8			10	4	6				
„ Advertisements in <i>The Bedan</i>		38	5	0			0	16	0					
				65	0	8		0	9	0				
										61	5	6		
							28	9	8					
								1	1	0				
								0	9	0				
										29	19	8		
										91	5	2		
„ Sale of Badges and Brooches			36	15	0					10	10	6		
				£101	15	8						£101	15	8

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

[Supposed to be written at Midsummer, 1900.]

I AM the pocket-handkerchief of a famous soldier, and am now old and worn.

The first experience I can recollect was that of being *hemmed in* by bores, and receiving many sharp thrusts. But this was not at Ladysmith. Neither was it at Bede School—though, of course, sewing is done there. I rather think it happened somewhere in the North of Ireland.

I was regularly admitted to the Councils of War, and it is a curious fact that, though never guilty of inconsistency, I was always equally willing to assist, to the best of my ability, either the ayes (*eyes*) or the noes (*nose*).

Without any desire to boast, I may observe that, during the whole of the South African Campaign, I was constantly *at the front*. I got my place in the army, difficult as the statement may be to believe at this day, *by purchase*. My great usefulness and adaptability frequently brought me under the personal notice of the General, my master; yet, in spite of this, and though his *name* and my *colour* were exactly alike, he often *blew me up* with noise and violence. Indeed, I had many *ups* and *downs* in his hands; and yet, strange as it may appear, my rank was never higher than that of *private*.

The General was a great lover of *Maxims*, which he used with terrific force, and, whenever they happened to hit, they made—if the term is allowable—"a clean wipe". One of his maxims was "Never *give way!*" and I remember his being exceedingly angry on one occasion when he found me *in tears*. You see, I had been at the wash, and had got not only *mangled* but also *torn*—and that, not by *cold steel*, but by a *hot iron*. However, he didn't dismiss me from the army—which would have been an ignominious end to my career. Nor did he send me to the Hospital—to be of use in binding up the wound of some poor soldier: a not unfitting or inglorious fate for even a victorious General's handkerchief. No. His anger soon passed away, and, though looking at me rather ruefully, he yet remarked "It's never too late to *mend*".

Accordingly, I was carefully darned; and, while *he* wore *me*, what do you think that I was destined to wear? Nothing less than the badge of a peer! Because, soon after the Transvaal War was over, for the General's distinguished services his grateful Queen conferred a coronet upon him, and, for *mine*, he conferred one upon *me!*

Would you like to see it! Here it is, in one of my four corners.

NELLIE S.



AN OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

YULE Tide, with its train of sweet things, will soon be upon us, and many of the younger Bedans will watch with delight the baking of their Yule doughs.

I expect all of you know a Yule dough—or "Heull Doo," to give it its common Sunderland name. It is a kneaded cake, something like an ordinary tea-cake in taste, but richer, and perhaps eleven inches long and five inches broad in its widest part, and about an inch thick; and it is always shaped so as to resemble roughly a baby in long clothes and with its arms crossed. The baby's two eyes, its mouth, and the buttons right down the front of its frock are all represented by raisins—a cause of great joy to the happy youngster who becomes the possessor of the Yule dough.

The baking of these cakes on the Christmas Eve and the giving them to the children of the household on the Christmas morning is a custom peculiar to the North of England. Local customs have always some interesting story or meaning attached to them—though sometimes it is hard to see any special or exclusive connection that the locality has with the thing signified. The meaning of the practice we are speaking of is not very difficult to find. The Yule cake is intended to be a rude representation of the Infant Jesus, and is sometimes fashioned so as to portray the Virgin Mary holding the Babe in her arms; and, when a child is presented with a Yule dough on Christmas morning, the gift is intended to be a reminder to him of the Birth of Christ Who, when on earth, called the children to Him, took them in His arms, and gave them His blessing.

CRYPTO.



PHOTOGRAPHY :

SOME REMARKS AND A SUGGESTION.

AN entertaining and serviceable hobby for a boy or a girl to take up is Photography.

Thousands of persons have made themselves adepts in the art for the pleasure which the mere practice of it affords them, and many people would never think of going out of their houses

on a journey, or even for a long walk, without taking their cameras with them.

But not only is the actual work of photographing interesting and pleasing: the products of the art—at any rate when good ones—are interesting and pleasing too. How delightful to have permanent records—especially of one's own making—of friends' looks, of beautiful places visited, and of picturesque incidents which we have seen and may wish, in future years, to be aided in recalling vividly!

And Photography has what may be called its uses, as well as its delights. It has a direct educational value in teaching all its votaries a few of the main principles of optics, and something about the action of certain chemicals. Some superficial dabblers in—one can hardly call them students of—theoretical chemistry and the laws of light have, it is to be feared, very hazy notions as to what inverted images, wrong focussing, and chemical reactions really are; but the boy or the girl who does a little photography soon gets a practical knowledge of such things.

The chief educational use of photography, however, is general and indirect, and depends upon the fact that, by its means, we can illustrate and elucidate the subject-matter and apparatus of almost any branch of Science or Art. For instance, photographs or lantern slides of dynamo machines, ships, and skeletons are plainly very helpful in the study of electricity, naval architecture, and anatomy respectively. Often, indeed, a poor photograph of an instrument is far more enlightening than the most perfect and elaborate verbal description.

Quite a large number of present Bedan boys are very fair photographers. They have recently "taken" all the scholars, all the teachers, and all the different parts of the fabric of Bede School. The complete set of photographs serves to show the *personnel*, the premises, and much of the work of that educational establishment, and is most interesting. From the negatives a fine collection of lantern slides has been prepared, and it is intended to exhibit these slides, by means of a powerful magic lantern, at the Annual Prize-giving and Conversazione in the Victoria Hall on Friday Evening, December 15th.

It is not known that anything of this sort has ever been attempted by any other school, either in Sunderland or elsewhere; and, at any rate, the enterprise is rare, if not absolutely unique. The preparation of the slides has, of course, been an expensive matter; but the exhibition of them at the Conversazione will doubtless prove a feature of exceptional interest.

Now for the suggestion.

Since so many Bedan boys are "knights of the camera", and numerous Bedan girls are

either actively or passively fond of the photographic art, would it not be a capital thing to form a Bede School Photographers' Club, both for outdoor work and the preparation and discussion of papers on Photography? Photography certainly has to do both with *darkness* and *light*, and would therefore seem to be a very appropriate hobby for the members of a school which has, as its motto, *POST TENEBRAS LUX!*

Now is the time to form the Club, for the lantern season is upon us, and some boys and girls are probably wishful to get hints upon slide-making. On the other hand, mere tyros may be helped, by the guidance and advice of their more expert school-fellows, in fitting themselves to undertake outside work in the Spring of 1900.

J. G. W.



THE BEDAN PHOTOGRAPERS.

[Seven Bedans have recently, as stated at the end of the foregoing article, taken a great many photographs of their school and schoolfellows—both boys and girls. The idiosyncrasies of these seven boys, the hints and advice which they gave one another, the jargon of technical terms that they used, and the fact that they referred many matters to one of their masters, Mr. Wordsworth, himself a good photographer, are the *raison d'être* of the following jingle.]

The Bedan photographers form a large band,
 Yet to watch them all brings no satiety;—
 For in looks, manners, ways, and the height that
 they stand,
 They display a most pleasing variety.
 There is Stanley, stiff, steady, strong, stalwart, and
 stout,
 Even-tempered, with step firm and slow;—
 When he says 'Yes,' he means it—without any
 doubt,
 And his *negative* signifies 'No!'
 Wee Davie is eager, neat, trim, very frank,
 Well-behaved, yet quite willing to chatter,
 And so cheerful that, when his *stand camera* sank
 To the ground, he cried "Oh! it's no matter!"
 Tall Wilfrid in stature would match many a man,
 Though too quiet to injure a fly.—
 He *develops* far bett'r than pure amateurs can;—
 He's been used to 't at home: that is why.
 And Cuthbert has judgment, good sense, age,
 and brains.—
 He gets *prints* seldom marred by a *blur*,
 And makes such wise proposals that nothing
 remains
 For his colleagues to do, but concur.
 Now Arthur's eyes sparkle: his *cap's* held aloft,
 And he's got his *plate* ready to 'take' you.—

His *tone* is so natural, his accents so soft,
If you can be made 'pleasant,' he will make
you !

In speech Robert's slow, but in taste and in skill
He can quite hold his own with the best ;
Not too *dense*, nor too *thin*, his work's seldom done
ill,

And "will stand any reasonable test."

And rollicking Alfred, good-humoured and gay,
And never too tidy or smart,
Takes pains with his photos, and, given a fine
day,

Can produce some nice spec(i)mens of art.

And last, but not least, there remains No. 8,

A teacher deserving of mention ;—

He can work ; he can guide ; *his voice carries
great weight*,—

For the boys know his WORD'S WORTH attention.

O. Mi.



GAMES AND RHYMES WITH A HISTORY.

CHARLES DARWIN in his wonderful book on
"The Origin of Species" maintains that the
series of changes through which an individual
passes in its development is but typical of the
life-history of the race.

May we not venture to trace some connection
with the past in the apparently silly games and
meaningless rhymes of boys and girls in the
North Country of to-day? Strange though it
seems, the tiny youngster, now for the first time
going forth into the world of play, is destined
there to run through the whole range of that
which is, in some sort, an epitome of our national
history.

Whatever game is going to be played, it is
often necessary to fix upon some boy who, at the
beginning, shall occupy the least advantageous
position. For instance, even for such a simple
sport as hide-and-seek, one boy has to be chosen
as the first 'seeker' while all the others are
'hidiers'. One way of making the selection is as
follows :—All the players hook the index fingers
of their right hands into a cap which is taken
from somebody's head. Then a self-constituted
leader points, with his free hand, to each lad in
turn, he himself going round the circle in plan-
etary motion and uttering

"Inthi, pinthi, tedderi, medderi,
Orum, dorum, danfi, lari,
Heenem, deenem, dinam, dest,
Knockler, wheeler, whiler, west,

Spin, spun, must be done,

Knickabo, knackabo, TWENTY ONE !"

One word goes to each boy, and the fortunate
youth who gets the mysterious combination of
the magic numbers *three* and *seven*—that is, three
times seven, or twenty one—earns his freedom
and leaves the ring. Then the whole process is
repeated as many times as may be necessary
until there is only *one* lad left holding the cap.
He must thereupon be the first to take the unde-
sirable part, whatever it is, in the game.

The verses referred to vary in different parts
of the country, but they are always used as a
counting-out rhyme. Indeed, in some of the
sequestered dales of Cumberland and Westmore-
land this—or a similar form—is even now, or was
but lately, in use for counting sheep. Probably
Milton had this rhyme in his mind when he
wrote :—

"And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the vale ;"

—for to "tell a tale" is to count a number. The
Hebrews in Egypt had, it will be remembered,
to make up a certain *tale*, or number, of bricks.

The words in the first four lines of the rhyme
are ancient British numerals. Indeed, they may
have been used two thousand years ago by the
Britons when casting lots to decide which of their
prisoners was to be sacrificed—for, as Bedans
know, Cæsar tells us that sometimes in Ancient
Britain captives were immolated.

In what newspapers call "the silly season of
the year" one may occasionally notice, at a Sunday
School Treat, young men and maidens arranged,
for a game, in separate rows. Mary drops her
kerchief at the feet of unsuspecting John. She
then rushes off, like a deer, towards some stipu-
lated boundary line. The other girls grin, and
John, so unexpectedly challenged, lets her run a
good distance before starting in pursuit. Then
there's a race to the boundary. By this game we
are in a manner linked to the very remote past
when marriage *by capture* was the fashion amongst
our half-civilized progenitors.

Perhaps the piercing screams that some of the
Bede School girls indulge in when out at play
nowadays are echoes of the shrieks of maidens
in that far-off time.

In any play-ground it is not difficult to see the
modern survivals of the joust and the knights'
mêlée of the Middle Ages ; a mild form of the
bull-baiting of Good Queen Bess's days is still
practised by boys—one of themselves being the
bull ; and the hoodwinked individual in the
games of "Pigeon-walk" and "Make him a
member" reminds us of a candidate going
through the initiation ceremony of one of the
lodge-guilds of the Middle Ages.

I remember that, when a very small boy, I
used to play in company with the girls—before

the withering sarcasm conveyed in the epithet "Lad-lass" had made me despise them, and ambitious to play with boys only. We used to delight in a game in which one of the older girls sat on a heap of stones with a brush in her hand, and, turning away her face from the rest of us, kept industriously searching on the ground. We, arranged behind one another in a long line, approached her and said "Jennie, what are you seeking for?" "Oh! needles and pins, needles and pins" she answered, at the same time making a rush forward to touch someone in the line. We all ran away; but any unlucky individual touched had to stand motionless wherever caught, and was 'out'. The others came back, the dreaded brush-holder renewed her search, the question was again put and answered, another player was 'touched' and 'out'; and so on.

This game undoubtedly points back to a time in our history when belief in *witchcraft* was general. Witches (people thought) rode to their midnight meetings on broomsticks; and woe to the wight touched by one of these instruments! But needles and pins stuck into the heart of a black hen roasted at the hour of low twelve—that is, twelve o'clock at night—were considered potent safeguards against a witch's spells. We can therefore see why, in the game, the 'witch' tries to find as many needles and pins as possible: simply to keep other people from using them as charms against her power.

We played another game. A beauty was be-decked with leaves and a daisy-chain. With hands joined we circulated around her ringwise, singing

"Green gramen, green gramen, the grass
is so green,

I send you a letter that comes from the
Queen!"

Something like this may still be observed on summer evenings, even in towns—in those streets where the barns collect to play;—because, though village communities and pastimes are fast disappearing, the little descendants, wherever found, of the hardy yeomen of Crecy and Agincourt still perpetuate the May-Day Revels of past centuries by means of these rude imitation games.

The rhyme quoted—and there were once many similar mongrel, hybrid, composite conglomerations of words—besides showing that the Sovereign has always been regarded as the "fountain of honour", recalls to our minds a period when Norman-French words were used alongside of purely English ones. *Gramen* is Norman-French for *grass*. In the times of the Plantagenets the children of the Norman-French retainers at the baron's castle often, unmindful of race distinctions, played with the boys and girls of the conquered Saxons dwelling in the village.

But the game, though not the rhyme, was old even in their days—for it is believed to have had its origin in Druidical times, when the circle of the year was taught to children by means of rhymes or action songs appropriate to each of the different seasons.

With other small boys I used, at the age of seven, to run after butterflies to "kill papishers"—as we called them. This boorish performance dates back to that part of our English history when we were in the main—perhaps for very good reasons—a nation of iconoclasts and destroyers of everything beautiful. By encouraging his young hopeful to play this game while calling out the phrase that I have put within inverted commas, a bigoted Roundhead—not that Roundheads were any more bigoted than their opponents—instilled the germ of religious hatred into his child's mind, and, at the same time, did something to rid the cabbage-garden of a papilionaceous plague.

The other day I had in my hand a school book which once belonged to my great-grandfather Robert, who was a scholar at the Rector's School in the village of Ryton before George Washington fought in the American War of Independence. This ancient horn book bears on its fly leaf, in quaint spelling but good writing, the legend

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows be your end."

I daresay many boys and girls have read this couplet before now. It falls into complete paradox in exhorting an *honest* friend not to *steal*. But probably my ancestor had had books carried off by *dishonest*—or, at least, careless—friends; and, gentle reader, if your experience has been like mine, you will conclude that human nature now remains much what it was in his day. But what a change there has been in the penalties exacted for offences! In olden days princes palatine and lords temporal possessed "power of the gallows" over members of the lower orders—even for small thefts. Nowadays we sometimes altogether excuse a *large* theft—if the thief is ingenious enough to make himself out a kleptomaniac!

I have heard boys, when looking at the word CONTENTS, make a word out of each letter, and say

"Cows ought not to eat nasty turnip skins."

Whence was this sentence first derived? Perhaps from the inner consciousness of some country bumpkin who, having learnt the alphabet, allowed his mind, as he gazed at the mysterious first page of a book, to hark back to his own calf-yard.

PREFACE, when treated like CONTENTS, is generally made by North Country lads to yield the following:—

"Peter Reeches eating fishes and catching eels."

I shall not attempt to explain this; but it may be remarked that Peter in no way requires our commiseration, for he is certainly keeping Lent in good style.

But some people take PREFACE from the end to the beginning, and, as the result of this reverse process, they mutter

"Eels catching alligators, father eating raw potatoes."

This, too, I cannot account for. The first part reminds one of the fox-hunting squire's dream in which he saw himself *hunted by the foxes*. The last phrase moves one's filial pity. Perhaps the whole statement distorts the facts, and may have originated in the visions of some youthful gourmand who had partaken "not wisely but too well" of a thing which doubtless all Bedans are now looking forward to—Christmas Pudding!

R. G. R.



SHOOTING STARS.

OLD Moore is quite wrong. There can be no doubt about that. April Fools' Day indeed! Let me notify to all who are not yet aware of the fact that the day referred to above has, on account of lack of observance, gathered "its bits of things" together, and "flitted" to the hinder part of the year—just as a tradesman in a decaying neighbourhood, getting little custom, moves to a livelier part of the town.

Though it is anticipating somewhat to say I was a fool recently, yet I *was* a fool. Let me prove it to you, "dear readers," and those who consider such proof unnecessary, must be considerate, and *pretend* for once, that nothing short of absolute demonstration of the truth of this statement can make it credible.

On a certain Tuesday night (or rather Wednesday morning) not very long ago, I was seized with an acute attack of astronomical fever. The symptoms had been noticeable for a week or more, but on that Wednesday my temperature rose to 105°. To cool myself I set out into the night and turned my steps towards the well-known, lofty mountain-peak (with the pardon of the Royal Geographical Society!) situated to the S.W. of Sunderland. I reached the summit thereof, and began my astronomical investigations.

The grass was more or less (chiefly more) damp, even to downright wetness; but, when I thought of what I was going to see, (which is just another way of saying that I thought of

practically nothing,) I put out of mind all trifling discomforts, and even decided that my feet felt quite warm,—which was indeed curious: for, by this time, they were so numb as not to have any feeling at all.

However, not having come so far merely to study my own feet, I turned my thoughts towards the forthcoming *feat* of the aerial acrobats. Suddenly, from out the blackness of the night—for the moon did go down at last—they came. Some ignorants may think that, by "they," I mean the shower of meteors which everybody was then expecting. Nothing of the kind! That *would* be a mistake. No! It was something far more wonderful than a merely indiscriminate mass of meteors. Not a mass or a host, but *certain individual meteors selected most carefully—and SPARINGLY—for my benefit*. Not one, nor two, but *three* separate shooting stars I really saw!

Would you, gentle reader, like to know what to do in order to see such a marvellous spectacle?

Thirty-three years hence walk, at three o'clock in the morning, and when the moon is at the full, to the top of Dunstall Hill. Imagine all the way up that you are going to behold the whole sky lit up with (as it were) the fiery darts of Jove. Wait for hours.

If these directions are carefully carried out, I am ready to guarantee that you can scarcely fail to see *at least three* shooting stars—for there are seldom, *any* night or early morning, fewer than three dodging about. But I think that then you would—if I may say so without rudeness—be an *old fool* for your pains, just as I have shown that I, a Bedan girl of fifteen summers, was a *young fool* on November 15th.

Q. E. D.



VERSES FOR THE YOUNG

BY THE BEDANS' DR. WATTS,
WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES BY THETA.

Twinkle, twinkle, shooting-star,
How I wonder where you are!
Learnéd men say you are high,
So come out, and don't be shy.

When the cheeky moon has gone,
I am sure we'll have some fun,
Then you'll make the heavens bright,
Shooting, shooting all the night.

[These two verses show us how happy and credulous was the author, when, having left his warm bed, he went forth into the chill night in the pursuit of knowledge.]

Sleepy people out of bed
 Hope that you have not been led
 Into any foolish fray
 With some comet gone astray.

[Observe in verse three how cruel doubts are beginning to vex his hitherto hopeful soul.]

* * * * *

Leonids, I'll say good-bye,
 Somehow things are all g-y ;
 To my little bed I'll go.—
 Wish you hadn't *had* me so.

[In verse four all hope has departed. Black unbelief and a settled despair have enveloped the author's heart and mind.

The moral evidently is *not* "If you're waking call me early."]



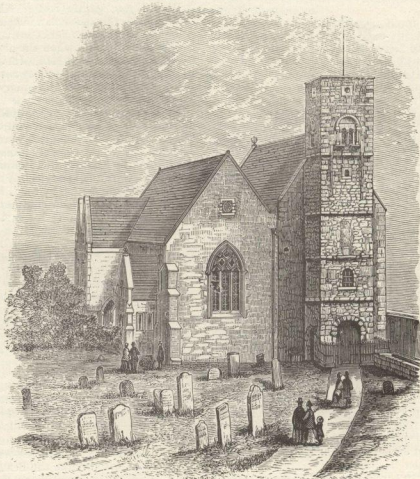
CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

PEOPLE ONE WOULD RATHER NOT MEET.

To the Editress of *The Bedan*.

Dear Madam,

In all big educational institutions, universities, colleges, schools, specimens are to be found of a particular variety of "people one would rather not meet". Their characteristic is, briefly, the insolence of surface knowledge. They know something of the mere elements of Science, as well as of French and Latin and the ordinary subjects of a school-course; but not a great deal. The opportunity of enjoying good educational



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, MONKWEARMOUTH,
 ON THE SITE OF THE EARLY HOME OF BEDE,

advantages *should* teach them to admire, to marvel, and to desire to learn more. But with this particular class the result is quite otherwise. They become proud of their little knowledge, criticise irreverently those who before them have trod the thorny path to learning, and to those beneath them assume a stately and dignified demeanour, filling lowlier breasts with fear and awe.

I do not think this order flourishes much among Bedans. It did not in *my* time, I know.

Some censorious remarks in the article on Slang which appeared in the August issue of the magazine made me wonder, however, if one member of the tribe *was* an occasional contributor. But I am at a distance, and something out of touch with the moderns, and so possibly may have misunderstood the references.

In any case I should beg all my "descendants" to remember that the greatest men—and the greatest women too—are the humblest. One cannot picture Sir Isaac Newton or Mrs Browning as "cheeky" or conceited. It is indeed true that to him or to her who has grasped some of Nature's laws as they stand irrevocable, immovable, immortal, there is opened so vast a realm of thought, of poetry, of exquisite imagery, that the mind is intoxicated with the wonder of it.

With the humility that Science teaches us, it teaches us also a great reverence for those who lead us to find its truths. Do we not love and reverence our great scientists and hold them almost as gods? Do we not marvel at the wisdom of our teachers and long to become like unto them? Yet success in acquiring knowledge has dangers like the acquisition of much wealth. With the class of people my article treats of, it is followed by a hardening of the cardiac tissues. Remember, young people, the warning:—

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

ANOTHER PATRIARCH.

—
SLANG.
—

To the Editress of *The Bedan*.

Dear Madam,

I quite appreciate Rona's horror of slang, and admit that too much of it is a very inelegant accomplishment. At the same time, it does not seem quite fair to ignore the fact that it may have its uses, and that a little of the light kind will not do a strong-minded person any harm, as people say of alcohol. As in the latter case, however, continued usage may lead to excess, and therefore it is wiser perhaps to be a teetotaler. Be that as it may.

I do not think it would be libel to say that in general Rona has chosen such very strong expressions to illustrate her article that the uninitiated would be very much shocked to find that slang was anything so horrible.

But to specialise. Rona says, first of all, "the English vocabulary is copious and even redundant." I do not wish to doubt Rona's veracity, but is there a really telling word in dictionary English to describe the same condition as "dotty"? Of course one may suggest "crazy", "silly", and so on. But even the redundant English dictionary cannot supply a suitable substitute. Turn to slang and you find instant relief. There are plenty of thoroughly descriptive, almost dramatic expressions to choose from—"one tile off and another slipping", "cracked", "gone", "wrong in the upper storey", and so on almost *ad lib*. The English dictionary certainly is *not* redundant in all directions, else, why should our journalists and writers so often have recourse to foreign phrases?

Then, Rona must allow that no girl worthy of the name ever uses such a word as "beastly". I am sure no *Bedan* would do so. Ruskin himself has used the expression "tommy-rot" in one of his works; and if the greatest living English writer and art critic, whose language is as pure and lovely as Nature's dewdrops, and who has condemned so many things, from our so-called "games" to cycling, considers a little slang is not harmful but very expressive, I do not think there is need for such very tiny lights as we Bedans to eliminate it wholesale from our vocabularies.

As for "coming a cropper" in an examination, can Rona suggest an expression equally forcible and harmless, which conveys the same idea? University men are "plucked" or "ploughed" in their examinations. Our purist would be quite lost in University society, I fear, the language of which is rich in such sadly suggestive phrases, and personally I have a sneaking weakness for them. "Fail" is dreadfully cut and dried, while there is nothing vulgar or offensive in the substitutes quoted.

After that terrible confession, it cannot come as a shock, either to you, madam, or to Rona, when I say that I consider English-speaking people all over the world are deeply indebted to Lewis Carroll for the really delightful slang he made, and all out of his own head. If I were not allowed occasionally to describe a clumsy person, as one who came "galumphing", or my own mirth in Carrollese, the occasions on which I could "chortle in my joy" would be sadly diminished.

We know from the poet who steps in where

angels fear to tread. I am abashed at my own temerity.

I remain, dear Madam,
Yours sincerely,
X.



THE GIRLS' REUNION.

THE Reunion is now regarded as one of the features of the school year, and many past Bedans look forward to it as a means of renewing their intercourse with old friends. And certainly a pleasanter means would be hard to find. It is a movable fixture, and took place this year on Friday, November 10th.

There is always an agreeable stir of anticipation before any school event, and the sense of a coming function was intensified on Reunion Friday by the fact that the Girls' School had been given a half-holiday, in order that the inevitable preparations for the Festival might be made.

In a desk-shifting competition the girl Bedans would certainly take a prize. It might be advisable to insert in the next prospectus the words "Desks taken from place to place with celerity and despatch." It is a *stirring* and *moving* sight (literally so), to see those desks being rapidly pushed or carried from one class-room to another. Outsiders and idlers have no chance of a footing in the corridor; they must either move or be moved. The enthusiasm of the younger Bedans over the toilsome preliminaries is the more praiseworthy when one considers that they are excluded from the later joys. That, however, does not damp their ardour, and it almost seems to me that the smaller the Bedan is, the greater the zeal she displays.

There had been liberal donations of flowers and greenery, and the big room looked very pretty when finally ready for the guests.

The "Moderns" gave the entertainment, and, under their distinguished patronage, Mrs. Jarley exhibited her famous wax-works. That estimable lady's show comprised some ingenious and up-to-date models, and the display was much appreciated.

There was a little dancing, and a considerable amount of talking done, and then the company adjourned for supper, which was set out in the Boys' Schoolroom downstairs.

After supper there was more dancing in the upper room, while, in the lower one, some charades were acted. They were so good as to deserve a separate descriptive article all to themselves. It will appear in the February *Bedan*.

At eleven o'clock all present joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne", after which each individual said good-bye to as many friends as she could, and departed.

It is always a specially pleasing feature of these Reunions that so many past teachers come, as do "Ancients" of all years back to 1890, when the school was opened.

There was a real live reporter at the Reunion; but, as he did not represent *The Bedan*, I am taking it upon myself to write for that magazine.

A PATRIARCH.



BEDE GIRLS' SCHOOL BRANCH OF THE SUNDERLAND LEAGUE OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

THE annual meeting was held on Monday, September 23rd, the different companies assembling in the separate class-rooms of the school. The chief business transacted was the election of new officers for the forthcoming year. In each company a paper was read by a member on the famous man or woman after whom that company was named.

New members were nominated and enrolled in all the companies.

The members of the John Howard Company had a most enthusiastic meeting, the applause being loud and frequent.

Much amusement was created in the Tom Hood company by the demand for a speech from the new president, and the declaration — which seemed to be unfounded — that she had a speech prepared.

Officers for the year 1899-1900 :

Lord Shaftesbury Company	—P., Stella Bailes. S., Alberta Farrow.
Tom Hood Company	—P., Winnie Curtis. S., Mary Thompson.
Mrs. Browning Company	—P., Florence Ellis. S., Doris Barlow.
Charles Dickens Company	—P., Ethel Rutter. S., Edith Smithson.
Sir Robert Peel Company	—P., Minnie Philip. S., Katie Wright.
John Howard Company	—P., Gertrude Wright. S., Mary Corder.

A PATRIARCH.



A CANDIDATE FOR THE POLICE FORCE.

[In a little cottage in a seaside village not many miles north of Sunderland lived a worthy couple whom I shall call Harry and Hannah Dugget. I knew them both well, for, as a lad, I have often spent part of my holidays from Bede School near their house.

Harry had all his youth and during the first spring of his manhood "followed the fishin'", as people say; but, like Cæsar, he was always ambitious. See him when, a glabrous-cheeked youth of sixteen, he twists and contorts his face before the small fragment of silvered glass which does duty as his mirror in the vain attempt to discover a whisker. How he rubs and rubs—yet finds nought but smoothness. Or see him at the archway doing his best to master a pipe and a pen'orth of villainous twist. And—ah! sad spectacle!—see him, a little while afterwards, behind the Look-out, throwing away the said pipe, and—and—if the truth must be told—his dinner too! You will admit that he is ambitious.

His desire for lofty objects must have prompted him in his courtship. His Hannah stands at least five feet eleven inches high—"tall and slender as a mainmast", he used to say. In many ways she made him a capital wife. She could bait, and bait well; aye, on one occasion she was even successful in putting a patch on his oilskins so neatly, and lubricating it so thoroughly, that it could scarcely be distinguished from the main fabric.

Hannah shared her husband's ambitious longings, and felt certain he was fitted for a higher lot than a fisherman's. Many a consultation was held as to what his future should be.

"Wey, Harry" Hannah would say, "thoo's oney twenty fower yor aad. Thoo hes a lang life afore the yit. *Thoo might be owl!*

"Aa divvent knaa aboot that," replied her less confident partner, "but aa's sure aa cud dee somethink better nor fishin'."

Just at the time when the aspiring Harry was almost at his wits' end to decide what new line of life he should follow he one day saw in the window of the Look-out a placard announcing

"Wanted, for the — — Borough Police Force, a few stalwart men. Height, 5 feet 10 inches. Etc."

"The varry thing," shouted Harry, and home to his better half he sped with the cheerful news.

"Hannah, hinney; aa've fund it!"

"Fund what, ye gowk? Ma reed shaal?"

"Noa; but aa knaa noo what aa's intended for. What wad ye say to the pollice?"

Hannah gasped with astonishment, and forthwith, like the good wife she was, began to consult ways and means to let her 'man' enter upon the duties of his new official position at once.

"When dee ye gan, Harry?"

"Hoots, hinney; aa hevvent gotten joined yit. Ye see aa'll hae t' gan t' — — and be examined."

"Wey, howivvor, aa'll warrant thoo's as clean an' good-lookin' as onny constable i' the whole dollyp o' them."

"Mebbis aa is, Hannah; but, thoo sees, it's the *height*. Noo aa divvent knaa whethor aa's taall enough or not."

Hannah immediately produced her tape. Harry was backed against the high wooden bed post, and the position of the top of his head carefully adjusted. Then, perched on the cracket, Hannah proceeded to indicate his height on the post. The distance of the mark from the floor was then measured. It proved to be only five feet nine!

"Begox! that's an inch ower short," said Harry mournfully.

Hannah was puzzled for a moment; but, recovering herself, she asserted cheerfully

"We'll syeun put that aa'll reet. Dis thoo not knaa that Robi'son the tailor first *wets* and then *pulls*. Had a way t' bed, hinney; aa'll warrant aa'll syeun hev the' up to the mark."

Harry didn't quite see it; but she explained to him that he had to go to bed, and then, by extra blankets and hot bottles, he was to be thrown into such a profuse perspiration as would perfectly fit him to undergo a stretching process.

When Harry had been 'sweated' to Hannah's satisfaction he was permitted to get up, and was then ordered to lay himself down upon the floor in front of the fire. Quickly Hannah fastened his feet to the handle of the closet door with a rope; then, getting a good hold of the floor with her heels, and a firm grasp of Harry's wrists with her hands, she pulled and pulled with might and main.

"Gently, Hannah, gently;" grunted the patient.

"Oh! aall reet"; calmly responded the operator.

"But thoo's hordin'. Had on a minit."

"Nor, aa winnit. Thoo hes t' stritch. Aa'll just wrax the' a bit mair."

"Oh marcy on us! Stop! Had on! The wumman's gyen clean oot of hor heed! Mordor! Mordor!"

Just as the agonized sufferer roared out the last dread exclamation his torturess found herself lying sprawling in one corner of the room, and could dimly descry her victim rising with difficulty to his feet in the other. The handle of the closet door, unable to stand the unusual strain, had given way and come off! Hannah suggested that the rope should now be attached to a big iron hook which there happened to be in the

wall; but Harry, though usually a most submissive husband, firmly declined to tolerate any second attempt to procure his own forcible elongation.

Such faith, however, had Hannah in the success of her first effort that she measured, once more, the poor passive subject, with the result that he seemed to have gained about one eighth of an inch!

Hope glowed in her heart. Perhaps the remaining seven eighths might still be made up. But how? Alas! she cannot devise any more heroic methods, and must needs fall back, therefore, on the not very original plan of raising his height by stuffing his boots.

His oldest pair chanced to have the thickest soles, and were consequently selected for the experiment. Several layers of paper were put inside of them; but, still, Harry managed to get them upon his feet, and his spouse was overjoyed to find that, "accoutred thus" he was within a hair's-breadth of the standard height. Her elation raised his hopes, and, with a light heart, he set out on his journey to ——. Unfortunately it was a wet day, and his old boots allowed the mud and water of the road free admittance. Before reaching the Police Station he felt as though two small water-logged cobbles were attached to his pedal extremities. However, he pushed on, and finally presented himself to the Inspector as a would-be recruit.

He was directed to walk to the other side of the room.

"Cheep! Cheep!" went his moist understandings.

"Hello! what's that?" cried the officer.

"Aa don't know, mistor," answered Harry, using his best language.

"What's the matter with your boots?" asked the officer.

"They—they—they're *new uns!*" stammered Harry.

"Man, they're soaking wet. Take them off," said the Inspector brusquely.

"Noa, thank ye. Aa divvent need t' do that. Thor's nee 'casion for 't; becaas aa nivvor tyek a bad caad through hevvin wet feet."

But the Inspector insisted; and Harry's dodge was exposed!

Our crestfallen hero looked ruefully enough at the smiling officer, the boots, and the measuring standard. Then, trying to outface his disappointment and humiliation, he exclaimed

"Wey, mistor, aa wes oney coddin' ye. It's aa a sell. *Aa waddent be a clarty pollis for owl!*"

Immediately afterwards, in spite of these bold words, he wended his way homewards slowly and dejectedly, doubtless thinking—as I hope my school companions do—that, after all, "Honesty is the best policy."

GREYBIRD.



Notice to Contributors.

1. *The Bedan* is published on or about the first day of each of the following months:—February, April, June, August, October, December.
2. Correspondence from any quarter, and Contributions from persons in any way connected with Bede School, are invited.
3. All Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed either to the Editor, or the Editress, of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland.

Special Directions to Scholars with respect to Contributions.

1. Read the above general notice.
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Many approved Contributions have this month had to be excluded through lack of space.

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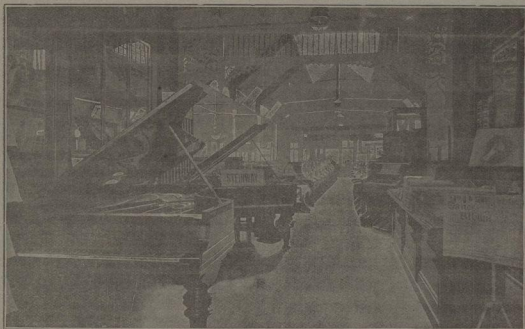
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