

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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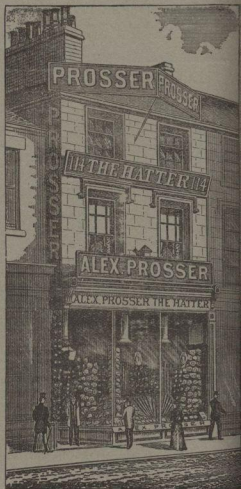
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BEDE SCHOOL : SENIOR BOYS' CLASS ROOM.



No. 9. April, 1900. BEDE SCHOOL : SENIOR GIRLS' CLASS ROOM.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

Several of our Subscribers for the 1899 Magazines have not yet sent to the school their Shillings for the current year's numbers. As this is probably in most cases the result of pure forgetfulness, perhaps the Old Subscribers concerned will pardon us for reminding them that, as the year's issue is now half run, we should be glad to receive their subscriptions.

As usual, we have this month a good deal more matter than room. Nay, further, the Editor, through badly miscalculating the space required for a good many contributions sent to the printer, finds that, unless some of the Views which it has been arranged to give are sacrificed, or a good deal of type already set up be taken down, several of his Notes and the whole of a leading Article must wait until June. Well, under the circumstances stated, perhaps it is best that they should wait. Will our readers therefore kindly excuse the omission this time?

The February *Bedan* was very well received. We think that several of the earlier numbers were at least equal to it in merit; but, on the whole, it seems—to judge by the expressions of opinion that we have heard—to have had, perhaps, a more popular acceptance than any of its predecessors. Among press notices we saw those in the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, the *Sunderland Daily Echo*, and the *Sunderland Morning Mail*. The *Mail* said—

“It is a highly interesting number. The fifth of a series of excellent biographical sketches of “Old Bedans” appears. One often hears the remark that biographies are dull and uninteresting, but it takes an exception to prove the rule, and the exception is found in this month's issue. Another feature is an article on “Jack Crawford, the Hero of Camperdown”, which is written in an attractive and pleasant style, showing the writer to be the possessor of no mean literary talents. An interesting report of the annual *conversazione* is contained in the pages, and on the whole the production is of an excellent character.”

We have not succeeded, so far, in issuing a number *absolutely* free from misprints. The December *Bedan* contained one—*high* for *nigh*, and so did the February number—*hundreth* for *hundredth*. And this time we dare scarcely hope for perfect freedom from error. Does the curious reader murmur “Why?” Well, to give no additional reason, one of the Articles contains some *Welsh*, and we are bound to confess our inability to detect mistakes made in that language. However, we have done our best to follow the MS.—a difficult task, for our contributor, though the holder of a high diploma and certainly one of the

very ablest of all the scholars who have passed through Bede School, was never too legible a writer, even of English—and we can only hope that no flagrant solecisms will appear.

The Views of Sunderland in our last issue were much admired. The Blocks were hired from Messrs. Hills & Co. The Views of Penshaw Monument and St. Peter's Church which appeared some months ago were from Blocks lent by Messrs. Attey & Sons.

This time we give five illustrations. The first and the second are the Senior Boys' Class-room and the Senior Girls' Class-room at Bede School. The third is Lambton Castle, the seat of the present Earl of Durham, where his brother, Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, R.N., of Ladysmith fame, will shortly be welcomed home: the Castle—as stated in the article on the First Earl of Durham which appeared in the August *Bedan* last year—was built in 1797, not very far from Lambton Old Hall where the future Great Earl was born in 1792.

The fourth, the Town Hall, should be of interest at any rate to those Bedans whose fathers now sit in the Council Chamber there, or who mean to have seats themselves in that Chamber by and by.

The fifth, Roker Park Lake, shows a stretch of water on which many Bedans have doubtless either themselves sailed model yachts, or watched other people sail them.

The Blocks for three, four, and five have been hired from Messrs. Hills & Co.

We observe, with pleasure, that Mr. Fred. H. Robinson has gained from the Home Office a First Class Certificate of Competency as a Colliery Manager. He is the son of Mr. James Robinson, of Haldyn House, Hetton-le-Hole. When at Bede School he was very friendly with Tom Minns who, we believe, is now serving his time to be a Colliery Manager, and whose brother is at Bede School at present.

A little boy from Johannesburg was admitted into the school a few weeks ago.

The Botany Note-Book of Miss K. A. Smith, B.Sc., a distinguished old scholar of the Girls' School and now an Assistant Mistress in the Boys' School, was recently sent from the College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the Educational Exhibition in London. We believe it is next to be shown at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition.

The Half-Holiday after the School Scripture Examination in 1899 was one of the loveliest imaginable spring afternoons. The corresponding

Half-Holiday this year came on such a foul day that all the schools in Sunderland were closed through sheer stress of weather! And that day was not so very exceptional! In February and March we had many nearly as bad, and one—Thursday, February 15th—ininitely worse! Nobody who had occasion to be out of doors on the evening of that day will readily forget it.

The prolonged snow-storms and the prevalence of sickness made the attendance very unsatisfactory for many weeks. And certainly the Boys' School Main Corridor was in a horrid condition day after day;—for, as the lads stepped straight into it from amongst the water and slush of the school yard, it couldn't but become wet and sloppy throughout a great part of its length.

A SMALL PORCH AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE FROM THE BOYS' YARD IS UNDOUBTEDLY NECESSARY.

Snow-balling one another was very common amongst the boys, and some fierce fights there were! One day sixteen boys indulged in a milder form of enjoyment. In a house not far from the school the small window of a bed-room had been left open to let in some fresh air. What it did let in, however, was—dirty snow: that charming compound, in quantity nearly sufficient to fill a scuttle, being found upon the bed, as the result of the more or less well-directed efforts of the aforesaid band of guileless children! However, to give the little imps their due, on being arraigned they offered no excuses, but took their licking like Spartans.

Mr. Franklyn Robinson, an old Bedan, is President of the Hatfield Hall Union, Durham University, this year. We are sorry that the Annual Concert fell on one of the vilest nights of the past winter, and that, in consequence, the attendance was somewhat small.

We congratulate Mr. R. Littlehailes, of Balliol College, Oxford, on gaining his cap for Association Football in the past Term.

The Queen's Scholarship Examination which must, as a rule, be passed by any person wishing to enter a Training College, was held in December last, and the result was published late in March.

Of those girls who are *Present Scholars* of Bede School, Muriel Watson, Djana E. Birchall, Kate Burnett, Eliz. E. Wright, and Louisa Marsden, each gained a First Class; and Constance Johnson, Lydia Newby, and Mary Burnett were placed in the Second Class. Norah March and Stella Bailes, having matriculated at London Univer-

sity in June, 1899, were thereby qualified to be accounted Queen's Scholars.

Of *Past Bedan Girls* who have been Pupil Teachers, the following passed the Queen's Scholarship Examination in the First Class:—

Lindsay Littlehailes, Laura Nelson, Irene Lloyd, Margaret Heron, Sarah Pearson, Minnie Smart, Eleanor Crinson, and Mary Graham.

One *Past Scholar*, Isabel Nicholson, who has not been a Pupil Teacher, was placed in the First Class.

For the successes of Past Bedan Boys at this Examination see the separate Article entitled "Old Bedans: (6) Mr John Barron."

Boys and Girls who are going to take any of the Oxford Local Examinations next July will note that their Entry Forms must be filled up, and their Fees paid, early in May.

Last month, one afternoon when school was over, Mr. William Stanley, the well-known elocutionist, recited portions of "As you like it" and miscellaneous pieces to a large number of girls and a few boys, and afforded his hearers much pleasure and sound instruction.

We regret that Willie Leitch's poor health has compelled him to leave school, and we hope that the Mediterranean voyage upon which he has now set out will make him strong and well again.



THE LITTLE PICKLE.

(A FAIRY STORY).

BY A CLASS 6A GIRL, AGED ELEVEN.

ONCE upon a time there lived a little boy named Wilfred Aubrey.

His father was a rich solicitor in the town of Glasgow. He was an only son, and his parents were very fond of him, so he got very much spoilt. In his mother's eyes, he was a paragon of politeness, and the very essence of good manners: she could find no fault in him. But one summer afternoon, her guests thought different.

They objected to being politely requested by the young gentleman for just one of their grey hairs, that he might examine it carefully, to see whether it was dyed or not. And to-day matters had reached a crisis by Wilfred asking a stern-looking old lady at the tea-table if she was ever going to stop eating.

"I've counted. You've eaten five slices of toast and three little tarts, and this is your sixth slice of plum-cake. You'll have dyspepsia if you don't take care", he said, with an air of great concern. (In reality, Wilfred must have been thinking of what he had himself eaten, for the old lady had eaten very little). The guests exchanged glances, the old lady looked as if she could annihilate him, but the fond mother only said, "Oh, don't mind him—it's just his playfulness".

After tea, all the guests had gone into another room, leaving Wilfred, who had not yet finished his tea, in the dining-room. After he had finished, he did not feel quite well, so he lay down on the sofa. As he was thinking to himself how mortified the old lady had looked at the tea-table, and was chuckling to himself over it, the room faded away. He found himself in an entirely different place, and the strangest sight met his eyes. The room he was in seemed to be a sort of nursery, but playing in it were a number of venerable old ladies and gentlemen. The old gentlemen had very bald, shiny heads, and the old ladies had spectacles, grey corkscrew curls, and stiff black silk dresses. They behaved in a most extraordinary fashion, quarrelling amongst themselves; and when they saw Wilfred, they set up a fearful yell, and immediately began to attack him from all quarters. Unluckily for Wilfred, whose business it was to keep them in order, his fond mother had let his hair grow in long, chestnut curls, and these formed an excellent handle to drag him about with. At last he managed to disengage himself, and commanded them to behave nicely.

The only answer he got was a torrent of ridicule, and they commenced to taunt and abuse him.

"He hasn't got a nice, shiny, bald head, as we have. Ha ha! ha ha! he couldn't pull us about by our hair if he tried ever so hard"! said the old men. "And he hasn't got spectacles to play with, as we have"! shrieked the old ladies.

Wilfred was going to reply that he did not envy them either their bald heads or their goggles, but he was prevented by hearing a sound like a clap of thunder, and again the room faded away.

This time he was at the head of a long table, covered with dainties, and his acquaintances of the nursery sat round it.

Their conduct was even more disgraceful than before. They kept touching the cake on his plate with their dirty, inky fingers, and when he refused to eat it, cramming it into his mouth, and nearly choking him.

"Ha! ha! how much has he eaten this tea-time! He'll die of over-eating, and we'll be very glad", they shrieked.

Wilfred was obliged to go round the table and administer a slap to each, not without great resistance on their part, and he received more slaps than he gave. When he had got to the last one, a vivid flash of lightning lit up the room, and Wilfred instinctively put his hand to his eyes to hide the dazzling light. When he took his hand away, the scene was again changed.

He was out in the public street, with a lady on one side of him, and a gentleman on the other, each holding one of his hands.

"Oh, I say, do go and buy me that doll", whimpered the lady.

"And I want that ship", roared the gentleman.

"You won't have either of them", said Wilfred in a decided tone.

At this, they both made a frightful to-do, and began to abuse Wilfred as much as they could, treading on his toes, pushing him into people, and making him bump against walls and lamp-posts. Wilfred was beside himself, and when they began stamping on his feet on purpose, he shouted for a policeman. He was shouting "Police, Police", at the top of his voice, when he found to his amazement that he was in his own little bed, and was bumping against the bottom of it with all his might. He had a smarting sensation still in his toe, and when he showed it to his nurse, she told him it was his first corn!

And now, whenever he is going to pass rude remarks upon any one, that corn pricks him, and reminds him of the dreadful night when he had to take care of those unruly ladies and gentlemen. That dream did him a lot of good, for it showed him how other people felt when he was unruly and tiresome, and he has never been known to be bad-mannered since.

HILDA C.



THE IDES OF MARCH, 1900.

"WHAT SAY THE AUGURERS?"

Julius Caesar, Act ii. Scene 2.

The North Sea is surging,
It rolls on the bar,
While sea-gulls are shrieking
And wheeling afar.
The white waves are breaking,
The scud flies ashore,
The East wind is howling
To wreck as of yore.
Far out on the billows
We gaze for a sail;



SUNDERLAND TOWN HALL.

The night falls with sadness,
"The storm-wraith will wail."

March 15th.

R.G.R.

[NOTE.—This was not a bad forecast of the weather which prevailed, and of the wreck which occurred, at Sunderland in the last fortnight of March.—Ed., *The Bedan*.]



NEARLY.

'NEARLY' is a word which would occur very often in any true narrative of the doings of a school-fellow of mine. Many times he has been nearly, but not quite punctual at school. Now and then he has nearly won a prize. Highly adventurous he has, out of doors, been hotly pursued by a burly policeman who, however, could only nearly catch him. Once he had a narrow escape from drowning, the watery element

nearly putting an end to his pranks and volatility. And a few days ago I saw him, in an escapade which eclipsed in hazardousness all his previous capers, get nearly killed.

It happened that a group of juvenile aspirants for international honours in football were playing in an open field near a railway, and one of the number succeeded in dexterously steering the ball over a wall and down on to the line. The owner, my reckless Bedan chum, thinking more of the safety of his ball than of his life, ran at full speed down the grassy slope of the embankment as soon as a train, which was approaching when the ball went over the wall, had passed.

Meanwhile the writer called out to him to be careful, as another train was rapidly approaching from the opposite direction. The youth apparently failed to hear the warning, for he rushed across the lines and picked up the ball as a shrill whistle came from the engine, now only a few yards away. In a moment he hopped out of the way, and the Leeds express—for such it proved to be—dashed past just clear of the rash trespasser!

Coming up to us, cool as a cucumber, he simply said that he could not distinguish the roar of the oncoming express from that of the receding train, and accordingly went forward thinking the lines were clear.

I'm thankful he was none the worse; but I do wish he would be a little more circumspect. On the occasion referred to he frightened me out of my wits—nearly.

QUIDAM BEDANUS.



ARRIDENDA.

LITTLE children in an Infants' School are often amusingly frank and communicative. The other day, in Sunderland, a tiny boy in a Babies' Class all at once put up his hand to draw the attention of his mistress, who is an Old Bedan.

"Well, Jimmy; what's the matter?"

"Please, Teacher, I got whipped at home last night".

"Oh! Jimmy, how naughty you must have been! I'm sure your mother wouldn't whip you for nothing. What were you doing?"

"I was only touching some tea-cakes."

"Touching some tea-cakes! What were you doing that for?"

"I was just *pulling the currants out* and eating them; but, when mother saw me, she smacked me well."

"I should think so, and you deserved it too!"

Jimmy had evidently expected commiseration, not condemnation; for, looking earnestly at his mistress, he asked, in a tone which showed him to be both surprised and aggrieved,

"Teacher, DO YOU NOT LIKE CURRANTS?"

In Chemistry a solid that, when heated, passes directly into a vapour which vapour, under the action of cold, condenses as a solid again, is said to *sublime*.

But this is what a young Bedan—an intelligent boy too—wrote in his Note Book last week:—

"Certain salts of ammonia, when heated, pass straight from the solid state into a gas. *Any substance which does this is called sublime.*" (!)

It is not for this Magazine—which is, of course, strictly non-political in character—to say that Mr Cecil Rhodes has himself made some *big* mistakes; but we may truthfully assert that he—or his name—lately caused a juvenile Bedan to make a *little*, laughable one. It came in an English Composition exercise-book, and was as follows:

"The Spanish Armada, held in check by Drake, anchored in the Calais *Rhodes.*" (!)

A short time ago a class in the Lower School was given the Discovery of America as the subject for an essay. It was suggested that reference should be made to previous great discoveries—such as that of the Cape of Good Hope by Bartholomew Diaz, and that of the Mouth of the Congo by Diego Cam—which doubtless inspired Columbus when he sailed forth on his great search.

Some good essays resulted; but one youngster whose ideas had evidently got a little confused, afforded his class-mates considerable mirth by writing, as his first sentence,

"In the year 1484 Diego Cam was discovered at the Mouth of the Congo by Christopher Columbus." (!)

But Bede School boys are not the only ones who make funny mistakes. Recently a former Bede School teacher, now engaged in another town, was giving a lesson in Optics, and stated that intensity of illumination is measured by the quantity of light received on a *unit of area*. Shortly afterwards one lad in the class, when asked to write down a definition of intensity of illumination, put "Quantity of light which falls on a *Unitarian.*" (!)

MI. STARS.



OLD BEDANS.

(6) MR. JOHN BARRON.

AT an Examination held in June, 1894, for three Scholarships tenable for three years at Bede School, and each worth £12 a year in money, John Barron, of Hendon School, headed the list handsomely. In the following August, when nearly fourteen years old, he entered Bede School, and was, throughout his three years' course, the top boy of his class. He gained numerous Science and Art Certificates, and passed, with Honours, both the Junior and Senior Oxford Local Examinations. In 1896 he and Reginald Allison (of Burnmoor) got Distinction in Mathematics. At the School Annual Prize-Giving his Senior Certificate was handed to him by the Dean of Durham.

At Midsummer, 1897, Barron became a Pupil Teacher at Bede School. In June, 1899, having already obtained a full First Class Second Grade (D) Drawing Certificate, he sat for, and gained, First Class Certificates in Advanced Model, Freehand, and Light and Shade. This was a decidedly notable success: among Pupil Teachers, brilliant at their ordinary work, there are not many who partially qualify themselves for an Art

Teacher's Certificate. In the same month he matriculated in the First Class at London University.

In December, 1899, at the close of his apprenticeship, he took the Queen's Scholarship Examination, and passed—according to the list only recently issued—twelfth in England among the 2556 successful candidates. At a second Examination, in February of the present year, he won one of nine Scholarships offered by Toynbee Hall, London, to Pupil Teachers intending to go to Oxford or Cambridge; and, at a third Examination, held last month, he secured the only Exhibition offered this year by any Oxford College for competition amongst Pupil Teachers. The total money value of his last three successes is £335.

Mr. Barron, who is nineteen years old, is the son of Mrs. Alice Barron, of 20, Bramwell Street, Sunderland. He will stay on at Bede School as an Assistant Master until October, when he hopes to go to New College, Oxford.

He has nearly repeated the successes of his distinguished schoolfellow, Mr. R. Littlehailes, Exhibitioner of Balliol; and Mr. A. H. Baker, B.A., of Toynbee Hall, when congratulating the Head Master of Bede School on Barron's recent achievements, was kind enough to remark "I hope he may pass on the mantle of Littlehailes to another Sunderland man".

Who says "I mean to have that mantle"?

Balliol is one of the most ancient of the Colleges at Oxford: it was founded in 1262 by John Balliol, father of Robert Bruce's rival for the Scottish throne, and is acknowledged to be the 'crack' college at Oxford for scholarship. But New—which, too, is really very *old*, for it was founded in 1386 by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester and Lord High Chancellor of England—is a good second to Balliol in that respect; and, for noble buildings and beautiful gardens, it is perhaps surpassed only by Magdalen. It gets its name, doubtless, from the fact that William of Wykeham had established a College at Winchester *before* he founded his 'New' College at Oxford. Both Balliol and New require all their matriculants to read for an Honours, not a mere Pass degree. It is gratifying to know that the two Bedans who have gained Exhibitions at Oxford are connected with two of the very best Colleges in the country.

Mr. Barron has been a pretty regular contributor to *The Bedan*: one of the best articles in the present number is from his pen. He is as good a teacher as he is a student, and his qualities of heart and head are worthy of one another. Needless to say, therefore, that every Bedan congratulates him on his past success, and hopes that he may continue to have a useful, happy, and honourable career.

When Barron first came to Bede School he found there some of his old Hendon school-fellows, notably Edward Allison, Samuel Border, and George Goldsborough, who had obtained Scholarships in a previous year. These lads all did well while at school, and are doing well now. Allison—who used to be capital at football—has nearly finished his apprenticeship as a draughtsman. Border is serving his time to be an engineer: his brother Alfred, now alas! dead, passed the Cambridge Junior Local Examination and gained a Flounders Scholarship as a boy at Valley Road School about thirteen years ago when the present Head Master of Bede School was Head Master there, and when Mr. Matthew Barron—John's brother—Mr. Robert Willis (not then a Bachelor of Science), and Mr. Charles Bryers, were some of the scholars, and Mr. Frank Scholefield a young Pupil Teacher.

Goldsborough on leaving Bede School became a Pupil Teacher, and acquitted himself at all his examinations with great credit. In June, 1899, he gained just the same successes as Barron did, and, at the recent Queen's Scholarship Examination, his place on the List was No. 33. He is an indefatigable worker, and a good musician. His brother Harry, now at Bede School, promises well.

We must not make this Article too long by referring to many of Barron's contemporaries; but it is of interest to note that, of the seven Sunderland youths besides himself in the First Class at the late Queen's Scholarship Examination, five—Goldsborough, Jas. Thompson, Henry Mouat, Percy Spencer, and Joseph Robinson—were with him at Bede School. To all these old boys we offer our hearty congratulations.



G E M S .

[NOTE.—The choice extracts which appear under this heading are selected with some degree of care from the works of standard English Authors. Either the matter, or the style, or both, will generally be found excellent. These 'Gems' are the only pieces in *The Bedan* which have not been specially written for it, and they are given in the hope that the boys and girls of Bede School—to say nothing of past scholars—may learn them by heart;—and that, not as a task, but as a treat. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and the Editor and the Editress are certain that any boys and girls who now, when they are young and can commit things to memory easily, spend (say) three minutes' time each day in learning these fine samples of good English, will often in after life find them fountains of pleasure and stores of satisfaction.]

(9.) THE CHARM AND POWER OF BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.

AND ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs

Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice !

JOHN MILTON,
 The most Learned of English Poets ;
 Born, 1608 ; Died, 1674.



SNOWDON BY BICYCLE.

It came about in this way. My chum—who, unlike me, is not an Old Bedan—and I were on a glorious tour through North Wales, and had decided to “do”—as the Yankees say—Snowdon *en route*. We left Bettws-y-Coed, that loveliest of villages encircled as it is by hill upon hill pine-coated to the very summit, with much reluctance, and, after a mile and a half or so of pushing up a wooded eminence, past the Swallow Falls and the Minns Bridge, we were enabled to mount and away. Suddenly we bent round with the road, and at once left the peaceful serenity of Bettws for the deep, rugged, overpowering grandeur of Snowdonia.

Snowdon—king, like Saul of old, by reason of thy greatness—how glorious that first vision of thy majesty ! At the sight of a noble mountain how one's soul seems uplifted and exhilarated by a sense of its greatness ; and yet, at the same time, humbled to the dust at the thought of man's physical inferiority.

After a run of some six miles further we found ourselves at the beginning of the pass of Llanberis. Up, up the road goes, winding round the edge of a mountain spur, a great cliff towering above on the one side ; on the other, a steep drop to the valley beneath. Then the head of the Pass is reached, and, for the remaining five or six miles to Llanberis itself we can ‘coast’ quietly down, brake full on, and drink in the influence of the mighty scene around as the road twists and turns between the two great rocky hills on either side.

A quiet stroll round the town and down by the Lake of Llanberis in the peaceful calm of a

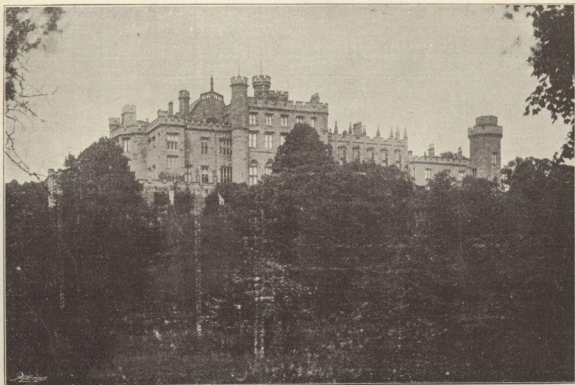
glorious summer's evening, and then we turn in to our comfortable quarters at the “Castle.” Here we are delighted and astonished to find a man—an Englishman—who can pronounce that harmonious conglomeration of gutturals, the celebrated name of an Anglesey village :—

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwynndrobwll-
 tysiliogogoch.

Next morning we start on the ascent. We have chosen the longest and easiest way, by which we shall have to walk some five miles to the summit. Our path follows the railroad track the whole distance, and at intervals one of the mountain trains goes puffing slowly past us. This railroad is a triumph of engineering skill. It is built, like most of the Swiss Mountain Railroads, on the Abt system, in which there is a central spurred driving-wheel gearing with a double-toothed rack-rail, and it is surprising to watch the ease with which it climbs the heavy gradients up to 1 in 6. Soon after we gain the open we are met by a group of small children who escort us some quarter of a mile, singing their National Anthem (Y Gwlad fy nhadau = The land of my Fathers).

Up, up we steadily toil. The morning which had broken cloudily has cleared and we have the benefit of a blazing sun pouring down upon us, as well as of a strong side wind which tempers the general heat. Our party has now increased to three by the addition of another man whom we picked up at the hotel. Half-way up we are glad to refresh ourselves with lime-juice at a wooden shanty on the path. Then on again, ever higher and higher. Now the full beauty of the mountain begins to impress itself upon us. Snowdon is formed by a central conical peak with fine ridges or spurs radiating out from it, separated by deep valleys, known as “cwms.”

It is upon one of these ridges that we now are, while at either side are others, their precipitous and sometimes rocky faces giving sublime effects of light and shade. As we near the top our own ridge gets narrower and narrower until there is only a breadth of some three yards, the descent at one side practically precipitous, that at the other but little less so—some little way down the latter being the railroad on a semi-artificial terrace. We have not yet had a view of Y Wyddfa—as the peak at the summit is called—but coming round a corner of the spur we now find ourselves face to face with it. With this view full before us we press on with renewed energy, and soon find ourselves within the narrow space which forms the top of the highest mountain in the land. A flagstaff, a cairn or heap of stones, and two or three wooden huts dignified by the name of Hotel, practically cover the summit. Some twenty or thirty feet down is the Railway Station and Post Office, to which we presently



LAMBTON CASTLE.

pay a visit, and wire home to our respective friends messages which, strangely enough, though concocted quite separately, form a connected whole:—

- I. "Hail! from the top of Snowdon.
- II. "Fraternal greetings from Snowdon summit.
- III. "Liberty—Fraternity—Equality!
Snowdon—Llanberis—London."

Our view is somewhat limited, consisting merely of the mountain peaks around us, the distance being veiled in a hiding mist. The views of Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales are not for us, but we are amply rewarded for our toil by that which lies near us. Hill upon hill, ridge upon ridge, peak upon peak, as far as the eye can reach, with their manifold shapes and colourings—their sides lit up into brilliant relief by the sun's rays, or thrown into black darkness by the shadow of some mighty spur.

After some two hours' enjoyment of the scene, we wend our way downwards once more. Before doing this we have felt some desire to fill the inner man. But —. The hotel tariff may be judged from the following items:—

	s.	d.
Bread and butter	1	6
Plain Tea	2	6

Plate of ham or beef ...	3	0
Lemonade, &c.	1	0
Glass of water	0	2

This last is particularly excessive, as about half a mile from the summit is a spring of the purest, coldest, most refreshing water possible, and free to all the thirsty ones who pass that way. Not being a very opulent Old Bedan myself, and my companions having purses no heavier than my own, down we go hungry, and with no prospect of food until we reach Llanberis again at about half-past six—that is, *eight* hours after we started. We had intended to do the ascent again by night in order to be up in time for sunrise next morning; but, before we reach the bottom, the summit is enveloped in a haze, and the clouds thicken until we see that the attempt would be hopeless. [By the way, a present Bedan teacher *has* been on Snowdon all night, and seen a magnificent sunrise next morning]. Early on the following day we leave Llanberis, returning up the Pass by the way we came. Just as we reach the highest point the rain which has been threatening all the morning comes down, and we have to run into a half-demolished inn, while the thunder rolls round the mountain, and the rain descends in torrents. After a wait of almost half an hour we are en-

abled to resume our journey, and leaving our former road at the Pen-y-gwyrd we follow the base of the mountain for some eight miles farther to Beddgelert. This is one of the jolliest roads we have had the good fortune to find during our tour. It is well laid (there was no mud even immediately after our thunderstorm) and has a gentle slope the whole way.

Every Bedan, young and old, has read "Llewellyn and his Dog." Well, at Beddgelert we visited the remains of the

"lofty tomb"

With costly sculpture deck'd"
which Llewellyn erected for his faithful Gelert. And now we ride through the lovely little Pass of Aberglaslyn, and leave Snowdon behind.

R.H.H.D.



TWO BEDANS' VIEWS UPON THE WAR.

(1) THOSE OF A GIRL.

The war will soon be o'er, twixt the Briton and the Boer,
And the Boers be put to rout, (by the Durham boys no doubt);
But as to why they fight, I am not certain quite.—
Though I'm a Christian child, of manners meek and mild,
If to fight we *do* begin, why, I wish my side to win.
I'm glad to find all's right with the army of brave White,
And the children who were with him in beleaguered Ladysmith,
Have at last received relief, and supplies of jam and beef;
My joy could scarce be fuller, and I shout,
"Hurrah for Buller!"
It seems a thousand pities, to cannonade fine cities,
Yet my heart with pleasure throbs, at the victories of Bobs,
And the way the gallant French has conquered trench on trench.
I trust that never more shall we have to fight the Boer,
And when the struggle ends, that we all shall be good friends.
And I swear on my right hand, that I love my native land,
Though I grieve that we must fight, to decide a point of right.

MILDRED S.

(2) THOSE OF AN OLD BOY.

Every patriot's love is o'erflowing,
And each British heart, eager and glowing,
Has a conquering beat;—
For, in spite of a task Herculean,
That pulse suits the time of a pæan,
Not a dirge of defeat.

We are proud of our army, and trust it;
And our sword, though much resting may rust it,

Is a weapon of fame;
And we warn the misguided invader,
Like the once-haughty, humbled Armada
He will rue that he came.

With the might of our empire united,
Every wrong in the world may be righted,
Every tyrant laid low.

But we patiently labour, and reason,
'Gainst injustice, oppression, and treason,
Ere we deal them a blow.

Freedom reigns in the land of the Briton,
Freedom's name is indelibly written
Wheresoever he goes.

Love of her in his heart fiercely burning
He will fight;—to his home ne'er returning
Till he conquer her foes.

A.J.S.

[NOTE.—Hitherto we have not published any contributions on the War: we find it quite possible to get abundant material entirely non-controversial. Still, we do not like to reject the fore-going lines, as some of them have considerable merit. But let us warn Bedans against admiring *some* present day forms of patriotism. "Freedom reigns in the land of the Briton" A.J.S. tells us. In reply to this we cannot help asking "Does it? What is the geographical situation of Scarborough?"—Ed., *The Bedan.*]



IDLE THOUGHTS.

I think if once I could screw my courage to the sticking-place to write an article on Editors, I'd *not* fail. I should begin with a definition, something like this:—

An Editor is a being, never seen in the flesh, whose appetite for articles, especially "funny" articles, is insatiable. He evinces a strongly-marked partiality for verse, and has many curious and fearsome qualities. But there is no Lady Macbeth to adjure *me* to screw my courage to the sticking-place—and the article on Editors remains unwritten.

Speaking of definitions (I believe I did so a

moment ago) reminds me of one of the latest Bedan definitions :—

A character is that by means of which you obtain a situation.

But then one expects Bedans to take singular views of all things. They certainly do in the case of natural phenomena. Snow, for instance, the girls would define as a material expressly provided for them to plunge in knee-deep, so that they may get thoroughly wet, and thus develop bronchitis, rheumatism, pneumonia, toothache, sore throat, and other cheerful and desirable affections. Another might define snow as a substance which when trampled on has a particularly pleasing effect on boots and stockings,—to prevent which some misguided people wear snow-boots, and some misguided parents buy them for their children. All right-minded Bedans, however, would of course leave their snow-boots at home in weather such as Sunderland has lately enjoyed, and would reserve them for use in July and August.

The Boy Bedans would describe snow as a compound of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen, always agreeable to the touch when in the form of a solid, but absolutely delightful when mingled with carbon (soot) and—street-sweepings. The pleasurable sensation is best obtained by scraping up the snow, rolling it into a ball and throwing it at another boy.

The pleasure is greatly enhanced if the boy aimed at happens to wear a cap with a certain well-known badge,—but *what* badge wild horses wouldn't drag from me.

And how would the Bedans' teachers define snow? I think they would exhaust their vocabularies and yet feel that they had not done justice to the subject. It might probably be defined by its effects :—

Snow is an excuse for *some* children to stay at home.

Snow is an excuse for *other* children to come late to school.

Snow makes the school corridors and stairs—well, unpleasant to contemplate, and certainly not the place for a pic-nic.

Snow sends boys clean off their heads.

It certainly seems to do that, for I know that boys who pride themselves on love of fair-play sometimes put stones inside their snowballs. A boy who does that, whether Bedan or not, is mad. He runs the risk of causing a serious injury or worse.

I wonder, by the way, how the "local authorities" would define snow. I don't think it would be exactly a "nice" definition if they heard the language used about them by people who daily walk on Western Hill and up Chester Road. I overheard a man in that neighbourhood, when comfortably knee-deep in slush, say that some

body or bodies ought to be shot! A most unchristian sentiment—but there was great provocation.

What delightful definitions one would get of "playtime" if the girls and boys were asked to write one. The girls, I think, would say :—

Playtime is a too brief interval in morning and afternoon school when we are let loose into the playground and are allowed to shriek as shrilly and as much as we like.

And how would the sterner half of the school define it? There is something mysterious in the way in which the boys range themselves round the playground with their backs to the wall. I imagine that *small* boys would say that playtime afforded them an opportunity of being Boers and Britons. How big boys would define it I cannot guess.

I began with a definition of an Editor. Can anyone oblige me with a really comprehensive definition of _____ a contributor?

THETA.



PALM.

☉NE of the most welcome signs of approaching Spring is the appearance of the yellow, silky blossoms of the so-called "Palm-tree." When the grey, downy buds brighten the dull-looking branches, we look forward to the golden bloom which is to follow, and we begin to count up the weeks to the Easter Holidays.

The Sunday preceding Good Friday—as every Bedan should know—is Palm Sunday, the anniversary of the day on which our Lord entered Jerusalem a few days before His death. In remote times—even long, long before our great grandfathers were born—it was the custom of the people to commemorate this event by marching in procession through the streets, and scattering branches as they went. The churches also to which they repaired were decorated on this day.

As the *real* palm-tree does not grow in this country, it became necessary to find a substitute; and the choice fell upon the plant *we* call palm. Its proper name is Sallow. It is a species of willow, although its home, unlike that of most willows, is not confined to marshy ground and the banks of rivers and streams.

Botanists call the Sallow *Salix Caprea* (from the Latin words *Salix*, a willow, and *Caper*, a he-goat). The specific name *Caprea* was given to this kind of *Salix* because the yellow flowers were reputed to constitute one of the tit-bits of a goat's diet. [The lovely blossoms of this plant may be seen in abundance at the present time in the

Burn Park, Durham Road, five minutes' walk from Bede School.]

But perhaps if another fact in connection with this willow be mentioned it will prove of more interest to Boy Bedans—who do not *all* love Latin.

Lads delight to put caterpillars in match-boxes, and feed (?) them on cabbage leaves; and the young collectors are quite disappointed because no butterflies appear. Now, boys, when the month of June comes, look on the willow leaves for a light-green caterpillar, with yellow lines and stripes on both sides. Having found one, tenderly put it, together with some willow leaves, in a box—not a match-box full of phosphorus fumes and as dark as a dungeon. By and by look for your butterfly which, when it emerges from the chrysalis state, will prove to be the gorgeous Purple Emperor. It is easily reared from the larval state, but is very hard to catch, even with a net, when in flight.



CRYPTO.

YE CHRONICLES OF YE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHER.

[NOTE.—The Old Bedan contributor of this article has purposely adopted a somewhat quaint, antique style, and uses, in the title, the 'Ye' which we sometimes see in very old books. It may therefore be well to tell our boy and girl readers that 'Ye' not only *means* 'The', but also *ought to be pronounced* 'The'. In Old English there was a letter or character something like the sign called a *flat* in Modern Music, and signifying *th*. For a time the Old Copyists of manuscripts used to give this character its proper shape, but afterwards they came to make it like a badly-formed *y*, and, later still, *exactly* like a *y*. Therefore in old documents we often meet with *ye* for *the*, *y'* for *that*, and so on. But of course our forefathers never said "Ye Manne", "Ye Dogge"—as many people, with a comic ignorance, seem to suppose that they did—but simply "The man", "The dog", just as we do now.

People who say *ye* for *the* are unconsciously making as funny a mistake as the compositor who did not know that the Old Copyists used to employ a little *9* above the line as a contraction for *-us* at the end of a word, and who, consequently, when he had to set up "August⁹" from an ancient writing, did not put "August^{us}" but "August^{9th}"!—Ed. *The Bedan*.]

Now I had been pondering for nigh upon 600 years concerning the philosopher's stone

and likewise the transmutation of metals; and I had encountered many wondrous matters, but I ever came no nearer to my end. So in the Year of Our Lord 1900 I bethought me and summoned mine own familiar spirit (for how to do this, together with the matter of *unending life*, I had known since long.)

Now it was in my mind to know how other men had prospered in my work, and if perchance any had discovered the wondrous stone. So I bade my spirit enquire which nation was most advanced in the Chymic Art; for I myself, being ever in a secret dwelling-place far abroad, engaged upon weighty matters, knew not what passed in the outer world. And when he returned, these were his words: "O Master, thou who readeest the stars, and searchest the mysteries of life, be it known unto thee, that a great and mighty land, even Germany, is the foremost in the Chymic Art. But there is another famous country, an island, which is called Britain, and there too they search diligently; and they have already found somewhat, but the greatest among their great ones in the art, knows that it is but a fragment from Nature's infinite book of Secrecy."

Now the thought of the island pleased me and we went there, and I willed that we should come, not to a very great town, but to one smaller and less known, that I might see first what they did in the quiet places of the land. The place whither our ship brought us was at the mouth of a busy river, and it was on the East coast, but of where it was more particularly I leave that to the surmise of others. And we came finally to a noble building solely destined for the training of the youths and maidens of the people, for in that land they deem it a good thing that the maidens also should learn and know many things. And for mine own part I thought it well also. I did then curiously note everything within the building, for by mine art I made myself invisible, lest my long white beard and red garments with the mystic symbols might distract the youths and maidens.

I passed from room to room and marvelled greatly and pondered many things. And it seemed to me passing strange that all the people, high or low, rich or poor, might learn whatsoever they would, ay, and learn things that we old-time philosophers had given untold wealth to know. Many youths also there were who knew much more than I myself, though I had studied these many hundred years. Geometry they learnt, and Euclid's mystic symbols were to them an open book. Of languages also they knew somewhat. In my youth I learnt little but Latin, and so perchance more of it than these did; but I could not sufficiently admire how the maidens did speak their French trippingly on the tongue. And though to mine ears the manner of pro-



ROKER PARK LAKE.

nouncing the Latin and the French tongue was unfamiliar, yet I bethought me it was but natural that it should change in 600 years.

But chiefly I did delight me in the laboratory where both youths and maidens pursued the Chymic Art. Their apparatus was of surpassing fineness, and of shapes the very best. And I saw many inventions which it is in my mind to try in mine own laboratory, though to me, an old man, old things are best, for they are part of my life, and I have loved them.

There were glass vessels of divers shapes and marvellously wrought, and at each bench was a tube emitting blue flame, and each shelf had many liquids of his own, but for the most part the names of these were strange to me.

Being very curious to see the working of these matters I watched awhile, and presently I saw him who taught the youths give unto each a white powder, and many things they did with it, which I did secretly note. Then I turned to another room which was there, and there one spoke of the elements, but to my great wonder, he spoke not of our four elements of earth, fire, air, and water, but of a new order of things; and, most strange, he mentioned not the wondrous stone but to laugh at it, though he spoke in terms of

reverence of the labours and arduous study of the alchemists, and called them pioneers of modern science. And many new theories he had, some of which I held as good, and others so new and strange that I could not for the time grasp them.

So I and my spirit departed. And as I mused this was my thought. Surely the people of this land must have great love of learning, and surely there is no youth or maiden in this land but must have great desire to profit from these things. For I myself know the sure joy of learning and the love of knowledge, and of how all reap from their labour some thirty fold, some sixty fold, and some an hundred fold.

And of how I fared further in this land and of the many wonders I saw, are they not written in other parts of my Chronicles?

PHILOSOPHUS.



CHURCH TEAS.

I NEVER go to church teas now. All the interest which the mention of a church tea used to

arouse in my youthful mind has vanished—I am afraid, for ever. I cannot tell the reason why this should be so; it is not a matter of mere age, for we are all acquainted with quite elderly ladies who still find great attraction in these functions.

After some consideration I am of opinion that these affairs are attended chiefly by two classes of the community. First, there are the elderly matrons. Mark you, the husbands are not there; *they* are at home making their own teas. Secondly there are scores of boys with scarcely any girls of the same age.

Of course, between these extremes there are some grown-up people of both sexes. A few young ladies muster;—perhaps for the pleasure of assisting. A few young men go, each as a moth to a candle. Possibly the reader can guess what the candle is in each case.

But the whole of the young-men-and-maidens class is insignificant compared with the number of boys and mature ladies present. Now I have no wish to linger over the middle-aged ladies, excellent people though they are. Everyone knows what *they* go for. Choice confectionery and thin bread-and-butter offer some inducement, perhaps; but the *prime* attraction is the unlimited facility for gossip. Over the "cups that cheer but not inebriate" what fine opportunities there are for criticising Mrs. Table-giver's cakes and Mrs. Copperurn's dress; and then, in the interval before the usual after-meeting, how agreeable it is to discuss the affairs of different members of the congregation! But let me leave the ladies and come to the boys.

I venture to suggest that the boys themselves would not for a moment deny what motive actuates *them* in their zeal for going to church teas. I remember that, not long ago, at Bede School four boys out of a class of thirty stepped to the front simultaneously with the usual note, just at the beginning of an examination in mathematics. Now, when one knows the *intense interest* that this class shows in its mathematics, it is not difficult to understand that a 'tea-fight' must have great charms since it proves such an irresistible counter-attraction to Euclid. The lodestone undoubtedly lies in the provender. Shrove Tuesday, with its accompaniment of pancakes, is a paltry joy compared with a seat within reach of wide expanses of plumcake, myriads of jam tarts, and monumental piles of sandwiches. Add to this a breakfast cup filled at least six times with tea, and you have the Valhalla of a schoolboy's dreams.

I remember two overgrown boys of thirteen years of age who gained admission to a tea once at half-price;—that is, they gravely tendered a shilling ticket *for the two*. They arrived late, but managed to get places at the first sitting-down. On account of having been late they were

allowed to remain for the *next* sitting. Thirteen large cups of tea did not satisfy these youths; and, as to the consumption of solids, it ran parallel with that of the tea; and when a mystic bell announced the conclusion of the entertainment, one of our friends commandeered a *quarter of a six pound fruit loaf* and went on his way rejoicing. And yet neither of these utter fill-skins considers himself a glutton!

At another tea there was seated, I recollect, a little fellow of about twelve years of age. His hair was all that could be seen above a huge pile of ham sandwiches. He was rather nervous at first, and when asked what he would have, saip very meekly "A sandwich, please." His nervousness gradually disappeared; and *so did the sandwiches*. Before the tea was finished two large tears could be seen in his eyes. Someone asked him what was the matter. "Oh, nothing! only I cannot eat anything else." And the pearly glistening dewdrops fell and helped to dilute the already weak tea left in his cup.

After this I begin to understand how a young porker can put out of sight a pailful of mash bigger than itself, a thing which has previously mystified me by its want of agreement with the axiom "the whole is greater than its part." I have not attempted to exhaust this subject; nay, I have merely introduced it. Any other Bedan who has attended these functions must have seen just as marvellous things as those witnessed and recorded by the humble individual

QUI HOC SCRIBIT.



THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

"REBECCA the Inconsequent" she is called with us; a light-hearted, hap-hazard sort of person, whom everyone is pleased to see, but at whom no one can deny himself an occasional laugh.

As a "Bedan," Rebecca would have been a hopeless failure; for although she would have been a joy to those idle spirits who remember nothing but what adds to the gaiety of the proceedings, she would have been the despair of anyone unfortunate enough to be her teacher.

Well, Rebecca decided that she would have a blouse—she didn't want one, nor had she any idea what sort to have; she just thought she "would have a blouse."

"Yes, Miss, certainly! silk, cotton, or flannel did you say?" asked the obliging saleswoman. Rebecca hadn't "said" at all. As a matter of fact, but she now decided on flannel.

At once the stock was overhauled for her

benefit; and Rebecca stood amiably regarding a counter covered with flannel blouses, when her eye fell on what seemed to be a strikingly pretty combination of black and white silk. (It was *cotton*, but Rebecca is short sighted.)

"May I look at that one?" she said, indicating the creation in question. It certainly was cotton, but very pretty in the box. Rebecca, forgetting that the time for cottons was not yet, said "Yes, I'll take that one." And the blouse was sent home.

"Good gracious!" cried the first person to see it, "the thing's a patchwork! Don't you see that the material in the sleeves doesn't match the rest of the blouse?"

"Oh, well," said Rebecca, it's no use talking about that now"; and she sewed on the buttons, and appeared next morning in the blouse.

There was a general outcry. Rebecca felt that life in that blouse would be impossible.

She therefore took special care of it during breakfast, after which she made it into a parcel and—*sent it back*.

Later in the day, she herself sailed up to the blouse counter. "I'm sorry I couldn't keep that blouse you sent me yesterday," she said, "but nobody seemed to like it, and I think, after all, I must have a flannel one." The assistant bustled away, and presently returned with a box in her hand. "I don't think you saw this one, yesterday," she said. (She knew it must be the only one Rebecca had *not* inspected). Heavens! where had it come from?

"Now this is really very pretty, and just your colour", observed this rather unscrupulous, if obliging assistant.

"Do you think so?" asked Rebecca doubtfully. Even she could hardly countenance that dreadful green flannel.

"Oh yes, Miss. You couldn't have anything better!" was the reply.

"Very well," said Rebecca, "You can send that one."

We thought the family would have gone into hysterics. "You don't mean to say you *bought* that thing?" queried one sister, as if she thought anybody ought to have been paid to take it away. "It's exactly like the faded baize that came off the kitchen door," remarked another.

Rebecca said nothing, but—the *blouse disappeared*, and next time the draper's van came to our door, the man took away a small parcel that possibly contained a blouse.

Now one might suppose that Rebecca finally gave up the search for a blouse. But that is not Rebecca's way. It boots not to tell of the journeys she made to and from that shop, nor of the opinion she has earned among the assistants of that establishment. It is enough to say that she is now to be seen in the dearest, ugliest, and

worst-fitting blouse *but two* that the town contains.

E.W.W.



IN SEARCH OF A LAKE.

FAR away in the wilds of Northumberland lies a pretty little village in a picturesque, secluded valley. Being remote from any railway station, it is out of the usual track of tourists, and is therefore but little known.

To this spot at holiday time some years ago repaired a large party, my Bedan self included, on pleasure bent. One day, from the summit of an eminence, we obtained a glorious view of hill upon hill, rising one after another as far as the eye could reach; and, right in front, lay what seemed to be a large mountain tarn glittering in the sunshine. Immediately we made up our minds that our next excursion should be to this lake.

Accordingly one evening we set off, after having received minute directions as to our route. The sun was still high in the heavens, and the evening warm and still. For the first mile we journeyed along the highway, and then, turning sharply to the left, we crossed a patch of wild, bleak moorland, entered a wood, and, emerging on the further side, were confronted by another stretch of moorland which, fearful to relate, was occupied by a herd of particularly savage-looking cattle.

After various false starts and wide detours made by the timid members of our party who somewhat distrusted the value of the protection offered by the more courageous ones, the farther side of the moor was reached by us all. Here a high wall had to be crossed by means of a very rickety wooden ladder, which the last three persons mounted in a frenzied, hasty scramble as an enraged bull with head lowered and tail in the air made a fierce charge on the hindmost of them; but all got safely over, and once more we set forward, passing through a gloomy wood, only to find that we still had a hill to climb. Amid much tumbling and laughter the ascent was accomplished, and the whole party prepared to enjoy the prospect.

But, alas! for our expectations. Nothing lay before us but a huge, mud-bottomed basin with about three square yards of water in the centre! After one brief glance we turned and looked at each other with such disappointed, woebegone faces that it was impossible not to laugh. And laugh we did, whilst our remarks must have seemed sadly disparaging and uncomplimentary to the water-nymph of the spot—if she were near

and could hear.

It was unanimously decided that the catt'e should be left in undisputed possession of their moor, and the return journey made in another direction. Walking along the top of the hill was delightful, but at last we had to descend. Two of the party got a long way ahead, and, glorying in their triumph, sat down to rest; but not for many minutes. A wild shout was heard, and two figures rose simultaneously, and rushed forward at full speed. We ran to discover the cause of their flight; nor were we long in doubt. For, on reaching the spot, we were one and all attacked by thousands of gnats. Oh! how they did sting. Hands, faces, necks, no part escaped. They even went down our collars. Oh, the misery of it! We fled apace till a stone wall blocked our way, and this we proceeded to climb over. It was only about three feet high on our side, but, on the other, showed a sheer drop of seven feet. Several of us got over safely. The skirts of one unfortunate mortal, however, caught round a stone; and, instead of dropping, there she hung suspended between heaven and earth whilst the rest of the party laughed till they cried. At last, by the united efforts of the whole party, the prisoner was set free, and, without further adventures we reached the bottom of the valley.

And now our way for three miles lay by the riverside, and not once did those wretched flies leave us. We waved ferns and grasses round our heads, but all to no purpose. The tiny pests pursued us to our very door.

Though it is long since the little excursion now described took place, and the group of girls who made it have, in the meantime, had many a little adventure, we are not likely soon to forget the evening when we did several miles' rough walking, were chased by a bull, were worried by gnats, and had one of our number left hanging, somewhat Absalom-like—but by the skirt, not by the hair; and face downwards—for a short time, all to visit a 'lake' which, at that particular time, was so small as to call forth nothing but ridicule;—for, after a sharp shower, we can see far bigger and more imposing 'lakes' in many a street in Sunderland!

M.



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

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Subscriptions for the Year, December, 1899—October, 1900, are NOW DUE, 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.

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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.
2. Use foolscap paper only; leave a wide margin; and write plainly.



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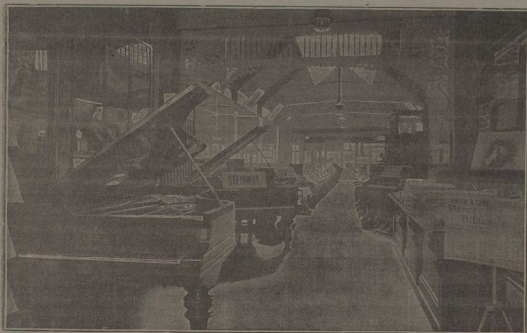
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