

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL, MAGAZINE.]

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No. 13.

DECEMBER, 1900.

CONTENTS.

VIEWS :	PAGE.		PAGE.
BEDE SCHOOL : MAIN BLOCK	197	MDCCCC	208
SUNDERLAND INFIRMARY	201	"EYES AND NO EYES"	208
A BIT OF THE WEAR	209	AULD LANG SYNE	210
BEDE SCHOOL : ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS	198	SUNDERLAND LEAGUE OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP :	
EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS	199	BEDE SCHOOL BRANCH	210
EVENING	203	NOTICE AS TO ADVERTISEMENTS	211
AN AFTERNOON IN SOME CHEMICAL WORKS	203	NOTICE TO READERS OF "THE BEDAN"	212
STRANGE, BUT TRUE	204	NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS	212
OLD BEDANS :		SPECIAL DIRECTIONS TO SCHOLARS WITH RESPECT	
(8) MR. F. W. ARMSTRONG	204	TO CONTRIBUTIONS	212
MEANDERING MUSINGS	206	SOME SUNDERLAND SOLEICISMS (I.)	212

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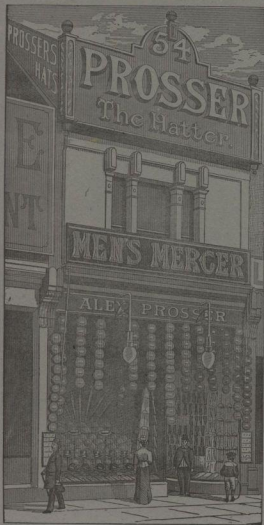
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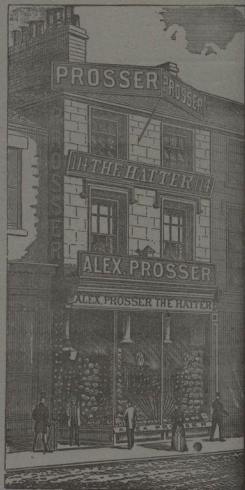
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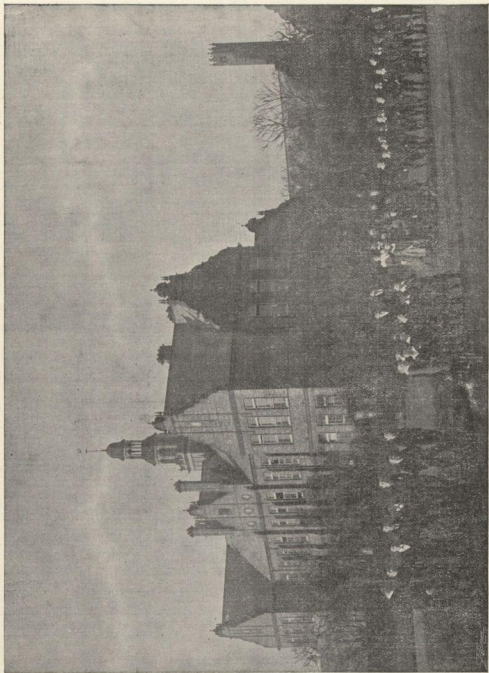
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No. 13. December, 1900.

BEDE SCHOOL. MAIN BLOCK

Bede Higher Grade School.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS :

December, 1900.

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 :

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)

D. M. Chapman, B.Sc. (Durham University)

C. K. Witter, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Pupil Teachers :

R. W. Scott (London University)

A. J. Smith (London University)

S. Lister

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 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. M. Wells

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

Miss L. Hutchinson, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Miss R. J. Ewart

* Pupil-Teacher :

Miss E. Johnson

Art Master : J. W. Hawkins

Teacher of Singing : J. McCallum

Caretaker : J. Annandale

School Buildings.

The School, which provides accommodation for 380 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, Magnetism, Electricity, and Chemistry, with (for Boys) Woodwork, and (for Girls) Dressmaking, Botany, Hygiene, and Physiography.

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.



EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

[The Editor and the Edittress would be very grateful for items of news of Old Bedans—as to appointments, successes, details of careers, or any other matters on which Bedans may be expected to like to have information of each other. Even now this News Column is, by common testimony, read with much acceptance. It might be made interesting to a very wide circle if Old Bedans—whether at home or abroad—would be a little more communicative. Let this be remembered: Whatever directly concerns one of the big band of Old Bedans appeals in some measure to *all* the rest.]

The Press Notices of our October issue were numerous, and, in some cases, lengthy. We reproduce parts of them:—

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

"The October number of 'The Bedan' contains many interesting features which will not only appeal to the Old Bedans, but ought to interest the larger public. 'The Bedan' is an excellent publication of its class."

Newcastle Daily Leader.

"The October number of 'The Bedan', which is the name of the admirable school magazine of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School, contains some excellent reading, and at least one very funny anecdote. It runs thus:—[Here follows the Note about Whitburn Lich-Gate.]"

Newcastle Daily Journal.

"'The Bedan' maintains, in its October number, that high standard of excellence which has characterised its previous issues. The articles, some of them by scholars, are remarkably well written, and the interest of the publication is considerably enhanced by a number of local views reproduced from photographs. With the present number 'The Bedan' completes its second year. Apart from its literary merit, it is interesting to learn that the magazine continues to be a financial success."

Sunderland Morning Mail.

"I have received the October number of the magazine published in connection with the Bede Higher Grade School, and I notice from the leading article that the number completes the second year of publication. The article goes on to say that 'The Bedan' from the beginning set up a standard which for a school magazine contributed to by nobody not connected with the school, was somewhat high, and that standard has been fully maintained. These remarks I can quite endorse. Certainly the magazine has been a great stimulus to literary effort on the part of the Bede scholars. I am glad to observe that it continues to be a financial success. The articles in the present number are evidently mostly by present scholars, though a good lot of interesting notes and news of Old Bedans is included. The illustrations—reproductions of photographs—are good, and include "Bede School: the Girls at Drill", "Rocks at Roker", "Hylton Castle", and "Fawcett Street", the latter being particularly interesting because it shows an old horse tram car passing through the street."

Sunderland Daily Echo.

"We have been glancing over the current number of 'The Bedan'—our Higher Grade School magazine—and we commend it to all who take any interest, directly or indirectly, in that institution. It is a most admirable production of its kind, and a perusal of its pages gives one a high opinion of the brain and spirit of the Bedans who contribute the varied and pleasing matter."

"But even Homer nods. Under the heading 'Editorial Notes and School News' we find this paragraph:—'Everybody has heard of the famous book on *Snakes in Iceland*, that had

only one chapter, a very short one, which was as follows:—'THERE AREN'T ANY.' Now the book is not of 'only one chapter,' but of many; it is not entitled 'On Snakes in Iceland'; and the words are not as cited in 'The Bedan'. Boswell in his 'Life of Johnson' gave currency to the matter, and his words are:

'Langton said very well to me afterwards, that he could repeat Johnson's conversation before dinner, as Johnson had said that he could repeat a complete chapter of "The Natural History of Iceland"', from the Danish of *Horrebow*, the whole of which was exactly thus:—

"CHAP. LXXII. CONCERNING SNAKES.
"There are no snakes to be met'with throughout the whole island."

"In the hurry of the daily press, when a large proportion of the matter must necessarily be written very rapidly and amid many distractions, some of it perforce going into publication without chance of correction, errors are pardonable. But in a magazine like 'The Bedan', which is 'published six times a year', there should be no misquotations, especially when verification is easy."

We plead guilty to making the mistake pointed out by the *Echo* reviewer, and do not urge anything in extenuation. Unlike writers for the daily press—who are paid for their work and have nothing but it to attend to—Contributors to *The Bedan* get no remuneration, and must mind their ordinary avocations first and write their Articles afterwards. But we hold that a task, whether lucrative or honorary, must, *when once undertaken*, be performed perfectly if possible. We shall therefore always cheerfully accept blame when it has been deserved, and shall not assert, with smug complacency, that the particular errors into which *we* happen to fall are 'pardonable'.

WILLIAM PHORSON,

*Head Master of Hudson Road School, Sunderland,
Formerly an Assistant Master at Bede School,*

DIED, OCTOBER 30TH, 1900,

AGED 38 YEARS.

We purpose to give, in our February Number, under the heading "Old Bedans, No. 8", some account of Mr. Phorson, whose premature death a few weeks ago was much regretted by his friends and former colleagues at Bede School.

General sympathy on the part of everybody connected with Bede School was felt for Miss Todd and Miss Emma Todd when, last month, they received the sad news of the wholly-unexpected death, at Kuruman, in South Africa, of their eldest brother, Mr. Allan Todd—a fine-looking fellow, twenty-eight years of age, and of great promise.

The following lines are from someone in the Girls' School:—

With loyalty renewed and purified
We sorrow for the sorrow of our Chief;
May He, born at this Season, and Who died
That all might live, assuage her poignant grief,
And show us girls what we can do to prove
Our strong attachment to her, and our love.

Frank N. Marsh, who left Bede School at Midsummer on passing the Oxford Local Junior Examination, is now at Mill Hill School—which, after the Leys School, Cambridge, is perhaps the chief Nonconformist Public School in England. We have had the pleasure of seeing that Marsh's Head Master reports most favourably as to his general character and the position he holds in his Form, particularly in Mathematics, French, and German.

John T. Fairs, of Silksworth, has secured *three* Yearly Subscribers for *The Bedan* for the year now beginning. If a little boy, living in a village, can accomplish this, surely other scholars, older, and residing in Sunderland itself where the most of people who are interested in Bede School are to be found, may achieve even more. What we particularly want to do is to reach as large a part as possible of the great mass of Past Scholars.

We had a very kind letter from William Nimmo, of Leytonstone, with respect to the remarks in the October *Bedan* about the desirability of increasing the circulation of the Magazine among Past Scholars. He regrets that, being so far away, he cannot get other Old Bedans to take up the Magazine, and says that he has not sufficient literary ability—a statement which we question—to contribute to it a readable article. "Yet I wish to do *something* to show my interest in the good old school and the magazine. The only thing I can do is to take in *two* copies, instead of one, of every issue of *The Bedan*. One will of course go out to my brother John in Australia; the other I will retain".

In the same letter Nimmo expressed his regret to notice, through *The Bedan*, that Charles Gibson was having to go to South Africa for the sake of his health, and, not knowing Gibson's address, he sent a letter for him under cover to the Editor. This contained an introduction for Gibson to a friend of Nimmo's in East London, Cape Colony.

We mention this because it shows how the Magazine may be the direct means of enabling Bedans to show good-will, and perhaps to do substantial service, to each other.

Gibson's friends will be glad to hear that he

was not long in getting an appointment. He landed at Cape Town in November on a Tuesday, secured a good post in the Accountant's Office of the principal Railway Company there on the Wednesday, and began work on the Thursday.

Harold Risdon, who will be in Sunderland for the Christmas holidays, is getting on most satisfactorily in the big business house of Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, & Company, London. Sir George Williams is, we need hardly say, the best-known man in the Young Men's Christian Association world.

The Head Master and Mr. Simpson wish to thank Capt. Thomas, R.N., Commander of the Coast Guard in the Sunderland District, for presenting to Bede School Woodwork Shop a large and handsome specimen of "Yacca" wood from Jamaica.

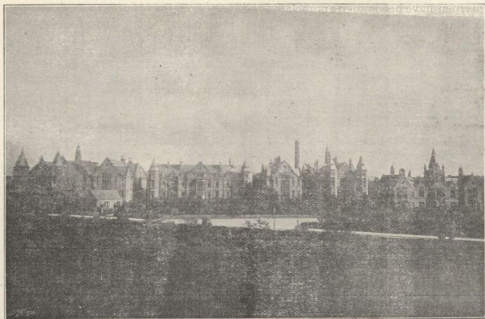
Several of the Managers of Sunderland Industrial School, including Messrs. Pumphrey, Gayner, and Horan, Dr. Gordon Bell, and the Rev. J. Vaughan, recently visited Bede School to see the Workshop there. We may remark that Mr. Vaughan's nephew, William George Vaughan, an Old Bedan, is now learning farming, in Canada.

Robert John Wilton, who purposes to go, in time, into the Field Artillery, is now at the Ordnance College, Woolwich, learning the trade of wheel-wright. He is one—Wilfrid Turpin, now serving his Articles with Mr. Spain, the Architect, is another—of several boys who have said how useful the knowledge of tools, and the practice in woodwork, which they got at school under Mr. Simpson's tuition, have proved to them in their after-life.

An Old Bedan's Football Club has been formed. Albert Craig, 165 Roker Avenue, is the Hon. Secretary. He would doubtless be very glad to hear from any Old Boys wishful either to join the Club or simply to give it financial help. The team has played a drawn match with the Ven. Bede's Juniors, and beaten the Grosvenor Juniors.

Harry Burnham is well spoken of by his Uncle to whose farm in New Zealand he went out in July. The other day we saw two guinea-pigs of George Munford's. They are the young ones of a pair which Harry Burnham sent home from the Antipodes.

Mr. John McIntyre, on resigning his post as Caretaker early in November, was presented by the Teachers and Scholars of the Boys' and the Girls' Schools respectively with a large, handsomely-upholstered easy chair, and a choice



SUNDERLAND INFIRMARY.

electro-plated kettle and spirit lamp, as tokens of the esteem in which he was held and of appreciation of his ten years' faithful work at Bede School.

His successor is Mr. John Annandale.

On October 24th about 130 boys and girls were taken to the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to see the Afternoon Performance, by Mr. F. R. Benson's Company, of "The Merchant of Venice"—one of the plays studied in school this year. We thank Mr. Saxby, the Station Master at Sunderland, for his kindness and courtesy in arranging several matters connected with the Railway Journey.

Brother Bones, the Girls' School skeleton, has taken part in many a Bedan prank and frolic, and probably will continue to add to the merriment, as well as to the knowledge, of Bedans for many a year to come. He gave rise to a rather broad smile a few days ago when some of our very small girls were reading a paragraph in the October Magazine in which reference is made to him. A discussion arose as to how the worthy Brother came to be an inhabitant of Bede School, and it leaked out that among the children there was a legend to the effect that a certain teacher—let us call her, Miss A—until lately connected with the School, had presented the skeleton to the Girls' Department. This led to a little girl's asking, "If you please, are they Miss A.'s brother's bones?"

By the way, we wonder what the worthy Clerk to the School Board would say as to the aforesaid legend about the means by which the School came to get the skeleton. For it was he who ordered it, and asked if he should not, to make the thing complete, order a *ghost* as well!

We rather pride ourselves on our Geography at Bede School. Judge, therefore, of the terrible sensation caused by an answer given lately by one of the girls—a newcomer, as it turned out. The question was "Into what parts may France be divided, and what are the chief productions of each part?" And the first part of the answer—which was written—ran as follows:—"France is divided into three parts, animal, vegetable, and mineral. The chief animal productions are *bears, wolves, and silk-worms*" (!)—[Mark the juxtaposition.]

We cannot reproduce the list of mineral productions with which France was credited; but we may say that it included the whole of the precious metals, with tin, copper, coal,—and, in short, pretty nearly all the minerals known to man.

Bedan Girls will all be interested to hear of the success of one of their number. Gretchen Körner, a student in Durham University, has passed the First Year Examination in Arts, and has done particularly well in Greek, Grammar (Greek and Latin), and Arithmetic.

Her name is familiar to many of us as the author of "Cloud-Tales", a dainty volume that

appeared two years ago. Contributions to *The Bedan* from her pen have been much appreciated by its readers—and would be again.

The Head Mistress has received a very interesting and well-written letter from Katie Phillips, who left Bede School when her parents removed to Greenock, and who is now enrolled as a pupil in the Greenock Academy. She likes her new school very much, but "would prefer B.H.G." Further on Katie says, "About one thing I feel very disappointed, and that is that we never assemble for prayers and hymns; and I enjoyed them so much before, that I miss them the more now. There is a girl at the Academy from Sunderland whose name is J. She used to go to the — School, and I often have a talk with her. Do you know, it is *such* a relief talking to anyone who is ENGLISH! I'm just tired of hearing nothing but Scotch."

The letter breathes a spirit of loyalty to Bede School which is most gratifying to the teachers.

The following is the list of Boys and Girls who passed the recent Examination in Second Stage Mathematics:—

First Class: Dorothy Ross, Kate Burnett.
Second Class: Lawrence Smith, Jennie A. Farrow, Samuel Lister, Cuthbert W. King, Frank N. Marsh, Jno. G. Beal, William Logan, Herbert A. Wood, Jane S. Smith, James Ayers, Constance B. Johnson, Ida R. Wilkinson, Diana E. Birchall, Lydia Newby, Gertrude M. Grundy, and Ida W. Farrow.

Mr. Evans visited the School lately and gave some Demonstrations of the method of using the Potter's Wheel. The boys and girls gazed, with wonder and delight, while the plastic clay quickly became, under his skilful hands, a vase, or a basin, or a candlestick, or a tea-pot; and then they absolutely shrieked with laughter at the comical, wobbly-looking objects which were all that some of themselves, after frantic efforts more amusing to watch than any pantomime, could manage to fashion.

In a recent issue of the *Newcastle Daily Leader* we noticed some lines over the signature of a well-known Bedan. They were as follows:—

THE ROSE OF RABY.

[“We buried an English lad after the battle with the remains of a dried rose in his hand.”—Letter from the front.]

A rose he carried from Raby
To the battlefield far away;
An emblem of love from his mother,
That he looked at every day:
When the shrapnel shell went tearing,

Dealing its death around,
The soldier lad from Raby
Received his mortal wound.
He heard not his comrades cheering
As they rushed the heights above;
He held in his hand the posy,
The sign of his mother's love.
On its leaves he saw the homestead
Gleam white in the morning sun,
Whilst heavenly thoughts he cherished
Ere his sands of time had run.
The bloom of a rose from Raby
Sheds its fragrance all around:
O'er the graves of the nameless in battle,
On the crest of a heaving mound.

Heaton.

R. GAIR RICHARDSON.

We have been asked to draw the attention of boys and girls to the following Notice:—

SUNDERLAND AND DISTRICT BAND OF HOPE UNION.

Offices: 60 Fawcett Street, Sunderland.

The Committee of the above Union have arranged for a Competitive School Examination to be held on March 7th, 1901, and offer prizes to the value of £20, including six or more free Scholarships tenable for one year at the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School.

Illuminated Certificates will be given to all successful Competitors.

(The Committee reserve the right to limit the number and amount of Prizes, should an insufficient number of Competitors enter.)

CONDITIONS.

1.—COMPETITORS.—The Examination will be open to children in the fourth and higher Standards (at the date of the Examination) attending elementary schools and Bands of Hope. In order to afford the best possible chance of success, the answers of Competitors of each standard will be kept distinct, and Prizes awarded accordingly.

2.—SUBJECT.—The Examination will be based on the Text Book entitled “The Temperance Manual for the Young”, as follows:—

Class A.—Standard 4.—Chapters 1, 3, and 7 of the Text Book.

Class B.—Standards 5 and 6.—Chapters 1, 3, 5, 6 and 7.

Class C.—Standard 7 and above.—The whole of the book.

Class D.—Band of Hope Members who have left School.—The whole of the book.

No entrance fee will be charged, but every Competitor will be expected to buy a copy of the Text Book at Twopence, which may be obtained of Teachers at the Schools and of Band of Hope Secretaries, or at 60 Fawcett Street.

3.—DATE OF EXAMINATION.—The Examination will take place on Thursday evening, March 7th, 1901, when Competitors will be required to write answers to questions founded upon the Text Book, in the presence of the Teachers and friends in charge. The papers submitted for Examination will become the property of the Sunderland and District Band of Hope Union.



EVENING.

Flatts Woods, Barnard Castle, June 7th, 1898.

THE day draws on towards its destined end ;
Hushed is each clamorous, each discordant
sound ;

The sun's last rays a glory shed around ;
How perfectly those lovely cloud-tints blend !

Now are the woods with shadows overcast.—
The scene assumes a grandeur, solemn, still—
But for the movement of a murmuring rill
As down towards the river it flows past.

And, as the evening slowly turns to night,
With tired footsteps home I take my way,
Pensive, not gloomy, happy, though not gay,
Experiencing a grave, subdued delight.

How sweet this hour !—I like the Evening best
When, after Day's rough turmoil, stress, and strife,
The crowded streets, the bickerings of life,
I can enjoy tranquillity and rest.

Oh! May the evening of my age be calm,—
Be quiet as these woods at eventide.—
May Peace within my trustful heart abide,
And *Nunc dimittis* be my Vesper Psalm.

WM. N.



AN AFTERNOON IN SOME CHEMICAL WORKS.

"LIFE is not all beer and skittles." This is vulgarly put, but it expresses a strong feeling I have upon me at present. For I am a Senior Girl in Bede School, and not feeling in high spirits. There is a beastly Examination just coming. [Shade of Rona (*see No. 5 Bedan*) be still!] We are generally said by our teachers not to be a sober, steady set of girls, but we are just now very much chastened and subdued. At times, indeed, we are moved to a kind of feverish excitement, a condition something like that of the turnips in "Water-Babies". You remember—they swelled and swelled, and jumped and jumped, shrieking: "The Examiner's coming! The Examiner's coming!" And then they burst. We can't escape him by bursting, but if we could . . . !

However, even we Senior Girls have occasional good times. About six weeks ago, we had a very delightful afternoon at The United Alkali Works at Felling. Not that Felling is delightful. Jolly, delightful, charming—the extreme opposite of all those things. But anyone who has tried to get a clear idea upon commercial chemical processes from a book will understand what I mean

by using the word 'delightful'. We were lifted from a state of muddled half-knowledge into the clear atmosphere of complete comprehension; and such a translation *is* delightful. One of my fellow-pupils was known once to state that hard water was softened "on large scales" in reservoirs in some parts of England. That is only an illustration of the way in which we are most of us apt to misunderstand things unless we see them done.

The substances manufactured at The United Alkali Works are not all alkalis. In fact, as far as I remember, Sodium Hydrate, or "Caustic"—as the workmen call it, is the only alkali, though I believe Washing-Soda, that is, Crystallised Sodium Carbonate, was formerly made there. It is convenient, however, when you are making one thing, to make others. It saves waste—of time, of material, of money. The other main products are Sulphuric Acid, Hydrochloric Acid, Bleaching-powder, and Sulphur; and the processes by which these are obtained work in a circle, so to speak, each one leading to the next in a natural succession, and the waste or by-product in the one case being the starting-point in the next. The way in which all the processes worked into one another and formed a perfect and complete scheme struck me as absolutely beautiful; and although I fear I may still find some of the chemical equations which express these reactions difficult, I shall never again think them dry. After all, knowledge, 'science', *is* delightful; and although I know well enough that I am taught chemistry in order that I may learn *how to think*, and not that I may be able to work in a chemical factory, it heightens my interest in and love of the subject, to see what wonders are performed at its bidding.

I will not begin to try to describe retorts, vats, stills, chambers, and furnaces, for I could scarcely hope to succeed better than the text-books, and they, in my experience, in spite of elaborate diagrams, give to an inexperienced student ideas more ludicrous than luminous. I realize now what a furnace is. After looking into one through a piece of very thick glass, and being half-blind in consequence for some minutes, my mind went back to the old story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and I felt that there are few of us who would care to face such a test of virtue as they did.

We were all most struck with the great kindness shown to us during our visit. It was very kind in the first place of Mr. Allhusen to grant us the necessary permission; and it was most ungrudgingly done. Four gentlemen accompanied us the whole time, and made it their business to help us in every possible way; and they explained things to just the degree we needed explanation, neither treating us as if we

were paragons of intelligence, nor yet as if we were ignorant babes. Finally, they completely won our hearts by giving us, at Mr. Allhusen's suggestion, a most delightful afternoon tea.

We felt, as we came away, that to be a Senior Girl was not, after all, half bad.

S. G.



STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

FOR years certain ponds situated along the high chalk ridges of the hills known as the North and South Downs puzzled many observers. It was noticed that, during very dry weather and long droughts—things, by the way, which Bedans and other dwellers in Sunderland know nothing of nowadays—these ponds, instead of diminishing, remained stationary, or even increased in size, though sheep regularly drank from them!

The problem was, How are *these* ponds fed? Certainly not by springs;—for they are found along the *highest* part of the country side, and are often full at the very times when *other* ponds, at a *lower* level, are nearly or quite dry.

These phenomenal ponds still exist, and there is no other way of accounting for them than by supposing them to be veritable *Dew Ponds*.

Travellers tell us of the very copious dew-fall in Oriental countries, and our English Bible makes us familiar with David's appreciation of the virtue and value of dew. In a well-known psalm he sings "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is . . . as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion". And, when cursing the battle-ground on which Saul and Jonathan had perished, he could think of no stronger imprecation than this, "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be *no dew* upon you!"

But the Downs are *not* situated in a part of the world where the fall of dew is exceptionally large. On the contrary, the moisture in the air above them condenses in quite an ordinary degree—in a degree, for instance, very similar to what we find on the top of Tunstall Hill on any calm evening in Summer or Autumn. The Dew Ponds on the Downs are *not*, therefore, to be accounted for by supposing that enormous quantities of dew are deposited all over these uplands. They *are* accounted for by the fact that, though the simple, natural fall of dew over the area occupied by one of these ponds may be normal and ordinary both in character and amount, special conditions are there at work to cause an abnormal and extraordinary quantity of dew to be *conducted* to the "dew-pond" not only from the part of the

atmosphere immediately above it but also from other parts more remote. The special conditions referred to are (1) A portion of the surface of the Earth electrified to a certain 'potential'; (2) Moisture in the atmosphere electrified to a higher 'potential'; and (3) A good Conductor, by which (1) and (2) may be connected.

Let us perform an experiment: for to experiment is the best way of questioning Nature. Place two evaporating basins out of doors at night when the dew begins to fall. Let one of them stand on the ground; and place in this basin a piece of clean copper wire partly coiled up and having one end projecting over the edge of the basin and sticking into the earth. Put the other basin on a glass stand—which, of course, glass being a non-conductor of electricity, will insulate this second basin from the earth. Observe the basins next morning. The first—that connected with the earth—will be found to contain much dew or distilled water; the second, the insulated one, hardly any.

The fact is now known that hills are slightly charged electrically after a warm dry day. Whether the Downs are more highly charged than other hills or not is perhaps doubtful, but it is certain that the phenomenon of 'dew-ponds' has been observed among them more frequently than elsewhere. The initial water in the ponds at any given time—water being a good conductor of high-potential electricity—corresponds to the wire in our experiment with the basins. Then the electricity of the earth wishing, as it were, to combine with the electricity of the particles of moisture in the air, the initial water of the dew-ponds affords the readiest conductor through which the combination may take place. Hence the drops of water are attracted to the ponds and replenish them nightly.

It evokes increased admiration for Nature's economy to know that the water evaporated from bogs or fens during a hot summer's day may first, by its presence in the rarefied atmosphere as watery vapour, assist to gild the gorgeous sunset in the west, and may then, deposited, by the process spoken of in this Article, in perhaps far-distant 'dew-ponds', supply the sheep on a thousand hills with water to quench their thirst.

R.G.R.



OLD BEDANS.

(7) MR. FREDERICK WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

MR. F. W. ARMSTRONG, fifth son of Mr. Adam Armstrong—who, for many years, resided in Murton Street, Sunderland, but is now living in the South of England—was born in Sunder-

land just a quarter of a century ago. He went first to the "Quaker's School", where Mr. Robert Cameron, now Member of Parliament for the Houghton-le-Spring Division of the County of Durham, was Head Master.

Afterwards he entered Valley Road School, which was then in charge of the present Head Master of Bede School, who remembers well what an ideal "Arthur" Fred. Armstrong, little, rather pale-faced, wearing a black velvet suit and wide white collar, and with a clear, beautiful voice and eyes like a gazelle's, always appeared when he and George Golding—very tall, of somewhat stern aspect, slightly abrupt in speech and manner yet plainly kind-hearted; and therefore altogether a first-rate "Hubert"—used to recite the well-known dialogue between the Guardian and the Little Prince which Shakespeare gives us in his noble play "King John". Poor Golding! He entered the Civil Service, and seemed to have a brilliant prospect before him; but, while still a youth, he died in London of influenza. Mr. W. T. Eltringham, now H.M. Sub-Inspector of Schools in Shrewsbury, after hearing Golding and Armstrong as "Hubert and Arthur", had only one word for their performance—"Splendid!"

After leaving Valley Road Armstrong was apprenticed, in 1890, as an Art Pupil Teacher in Bath Lane School (now Rutherford College), Newcastle-on-Tyne; and it is an item worth noting in connection with the history of that well-known School that Armstrong's appointment was the last made by the late Dr. Rutherford.

After gaining first an Art Teacher's, and then an Art Master's Certificate at Rutherford College Armstrong became, in 1896, Art Master at Bede School. There he found, among his colleagues, Mr. F. A. Scholefield, Mr. R. W. Willis, B.Sc., and Mr. R. F. Jarman, all of whom he had known at "The Valley". It would be difficult to speak too highly of his professional ability, earnestness of purpose, and constant, spontaneous, and unwearied thought and effort for the good of the school that he had come to. He was never idle even during the hours when he had no teaching to do, but seemed to be for ever on the look-out, and yet without any noise or fussiness, to find ways and means of being generally useful and helpful. His cheerfulness, unaffected modesty, natural charm of manner, wholesome tone, and real personal worth made him much liked by his colleagues and pupils both in the Boys' School and the Girls'; and when, after two years' excellent service, he gave up his post at Bede School, and renounced, solely for the sake of self-improvement and the Love of Art, an assured though not very large income, he received several presents as pledges of esteem and regard.

Mr. Armstrong, then, in 1898, having gained a

Free Studentship at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, abandoned all his teaching work in the North—including the conduct of some County Council Classes at Hetton-le-Hole which he had had in the evenings for four years—and went to London. There he has gained the highest successes in many Advanced Art Examinations, and has obtained a number of National Competition Awards: among them a Silver Medal, a Bronze Medal, five Book Prizes, and three Queen's Prizes. His Silver Medal Work was bought by the Cape Government as a specimen.

In June, this year, he competed for and won one of three valuable Scholarships open to students from any part of the United Kingdom, and tenable for four years at the Royal College of Art. It is interesting to note that Armstrong, when he first went to the College, found there Septimus Scott, an old school-fellow of his at Valley Road School, who had proceeded from the Sunderland School of Art, and who held—and holds—a National Scholarship like Armstrong's. Scott was an Exhibitor at the Royal Academy this year.

Occasionally a certain kind of talent, taste, ability, or aptitude is found to belong to *all* the members of a family. As many Sunderland people know, Fred. Armstrong is only one of *six* brothers all of whom have possessed the artistic faculty, and have developed it strongly, often under discouraging difficulties. All the six showed themselves, as boys, very good singers, and became choristers at Christ Church;—indeed, for twenty five years, the choir there always contained among its members at least *one* Armstrong. Fred, it may be remembered, took a leading part in the first big School Cantata Performance in the Victoria Hall, about a dozen years ago. Albert is a capital pianist.

Then, all the brothers seemed as though they could not but DRAW. From about 1880 to 1890, when Vere Foster's National Drawing Competitions were perhaps at the height of their popularity, the Armstrongs secured many First Prizes—particularly for Lettering and Illuminating. The present Head Master of Bede School remembers that once Mr. Vere Foster visited Valley Road School and exhibited specimens of work which had won prizes in his Competitions, and that, among the things shown, were several Armstrong productions.

Even Albert Armstrong—an Old Bedan, by the way—younger, and less facile with pencil and brush, than any of his brothers, holds several Art Certificates. He, however, has not adopted the practice of any branch of Art as a profession, but is an Accountant. After serving his apprenticeship with Messrs. Squance & Sons, Sunderland, he went to London and secured a post in the Office of Messrs. Fox, Sissons, & Co.,—a well-

known firm of City Accountants. He is very clever at shorthand and type-writing. [One of Albert's old school-fellows, Fred. Donald, is doing well in the Office of another big firm in the City, and yet another Old Bedan, John Smart, has a good position at Messrs. Farmiloe's, in Smith-field.]

George, Walter, Henry, and Charles Armstrong were all educated at Mr. Cameron's School. The first two are Naval Architects; the second two, Artists and Art Masters. George and Walter both "served their time" to be draughtsmen at Messrs. Austin's Shipbuilding Yard, Sunderland. George went, in succession, to Messrs. J. L. Thompson's, Sunderland, as a draughtsman; to Messrs. Swan & Hunter's, Wallsend, as Manager; and to Messrs. Napier's, on the Clyde, again as Manager. He is with Messrs. Napier still. His profession, of course, demands skill mainly in Mechanical Drawing alone; but his principal pastime is Water-Colour Painting.

Walter has been for twelve or thirteen years Draughtsman at Messrs. J. L. Thompson's. Many Old Bedans who are members of the Sunderland Young Men's Christian Association will know Mr. Walter Armstrong well from his taking a lively and helpful interest in its operations. Nearly all the most important Illuminated Addresses presented, in the past twenty years, to public men in Sunderland and the District, have been his work or that of his brother Charles. For instance, the Address—which now hangs in the Sunderland Art Gallery—given by the Corporation to Mr. S. Storey, three times Mayor of the Borough, was illuminated by Charles Armstrong.

Henry holds the only Art Professorship in Canada—that at the McGill University, Montreal. He is the author of a valuable text-book on Solid Geometry, and was formerly a National Scholar at the Royal College of Art.

Charles Armstrong has been for six years one of the Science and Art Department's Examiners. He is the author of text-books on Ornament, Model Drawing, and Light and Shade. He was at one time Art Teacher at Jarrow Higher Grade School, where an Old Bedan—Ernest Clarke, A.R.C.S.—is now Science Master. After holding a National Scholarship at the Royal College of Art he became Head Master of the City of London School of Art—a post which he gave up at the end of eight years to found "Armstrong's Drawing School". He exhibits in some of the London Galleries, but devotes himself principally to Art Teaching, both on the Studio system, and by Correspondence.

The writer of this Notice cannot say whether the *two sisters* belonging to the Armstrong family—both of whom are Trained Nurses—have any artistic power; but he thinks that the *six brothers'* achievements in Drawing of one kind or another,

are sufficiently remarkable to deserve this rough record. In particular it is believed that the three brothers, Henry, Charles, and Fred., by winning *three* National Scholarships for *one* family, have accomplished something unique.

Several of the Armstrongs have been, or are, great walkers and enthusiastic cyclists, and have made their walking and cycling subservient chiefly to giving themselves a singularly extensive knowledge of the lovely parts of their own and neighbouring countries. It is certainly a pleasure to go for a ride with Fred Armstrong. Never was there a truer Lover of the Beautiful; and his observant and appreciative eye, copious general information, true politeness, unflinching good humour, and intimate acquaintance with roads and the moods and make-up of machines, contribute, each in turn, somehow or something, to the gratification of his companion.

Mr. Armstrong has always been very ready and skilful in Design. The Silver Medal which he gained was for work in a branch of that subject. Just now he is studying Architectural Design, under Professor Pyte: a subject of which (so competent judges say) he had a surprising knowledge even at the beginning of the Course. He is certainly an adept at designing an Art Room, as he knows every requirement—down to the smallest detail. It was Mr. Armstrong who designed Bede School Badge, and he always shows a keen, kind interest in everything concerning the place where he spent the two years which—as he said when about to go to London—were perhaps pleasanter than any previous two years in his life.

It is certain that Present Bedans, whether boys or girls, can gratify their *first* Art Master in no way so well as by taking full advantage of the excellent tuition which they get from Mr. Hawkins, the able, energetic, and most painstaking teacher now responsible for the Drawing at Bede School.



MEANDERING MUSINGS.

HAVE you ever met that disagreeable person who cannot "adorn a tale", but who loses no opportunity to "point a moral"?

You run upstairs, and, in your haste, trip—with the result that you either successively salute several of the higher steps with your nose, or shower affectionate bumps upon the lower ones with the posterior portion of your cranium. "More haste, less speed", quotes the Disagreeable Person.

You are coming downstairs, and being, like me, a rather lively girl, you contemplate a jump,

take it, and—find there are more steps than you had anticipated. Crash! "Look before you leap", quietly whispers the Disagreeable Person.

One day you are in a hurry to keep an appointment. Taking up your gloves you discover a thread-end which required fastening off a few days ago. Now, with a vicious snap, you give it a good pull. Presto! The whole seam is ripped up! "A stitch in time saves nine", sweetly murmurs the D.P.

Your temper is a trifle strained, naturally, and the remark, instead of alleviating your vexation, only tends to "pile on the agony". As a slight relief you slam the door somewhat ungraciously. In the passage you stumble over the harmless, necessary cat, and, having given this feline pet a hasty scolding, you fly upstairs for another pair of gloves. "An haughty spirit [goeth] before a fall" comes floating up upon the air.

You seize a pair both of which, glanced at hurriedly, look clean and whole. You force one of them on. It is all right. Then you put on the other—to discover that there's a tremendous split in the palm! You utter a cry of annoyance. But you have been followed—of course, out of pure compassion and kind feeling—and the fiend at your elbow responds with "Things are not what they seem".

Human nature can support no more. With one despairing tug you make the split doubly large, and, suppressing an inclination to do some violence to your tormentor, you walk out of the front door to the sound of the comforting assurance "My friend, patience is a virtue".

Speaking of 'a virtue', has it ever struck you to what a considerable extent certain 'virtues' are a question of opinion? Is it, for instance, to be reckoned to the people of Sunderland for a virtue that they have borne so long the chaotic condition of their streets and highways? Eighteen months ago—and almost ever since—was it "nobler", on the part of the inhabitants of Chester Road and the neighbourhood, "to suffer" rather than

"take arms against a sea of troubles

And, by opposing, end them"?

Last Winter or Spring, had it been my duty to bring out an edition of Hamlet "with Notes adapted for Sunderland Readers", I should, in the proper place, have written "If you want to know what 'a sea of troubles' is, just go—or, rather, *try* to go—and inspect the condition of Western Hill".

It is to be believed that the state of mind brought about by a weak yielding to Fate, or a Highways Committee, is often styled "the virtue of Resignation". The fatalistic code "What is, is, and what must be, must be" is, not seldom, the true origin of this quality—a quality certainly wrongly reckoned in the category of human

virtues.

But real Resignation—submission to an evil beyond the remedy of any people whatever, whether restless ratepayers or Council Committee-men—has had ample opportunity for being abundantly practised lately by Wearsiders of every type and class.

The Weather has, like *Woman*, been
"variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made".

We open our eyes in the morning and observe that Sol, no doubt in a magnanimous mood, is sending forth a flood of glorious sunshine. Our spirits naturally rise, and we hurry down to breakfast rejoicing. But presently the sky is overcast, and we see heavy clouds pouring down a flood of another sort; and, when we set out for school, umbrellas and mackintoshes are the predominant features of the landscape—while a fierce wind, which has now arisen, and which blows in terrific gusts from every point of the compass in turn, makes the rain peculiarly penetrating, and itself pierces your very joints and marrow.

I notice that sailors, when they speak of 'weather', practically always mean *bad* weather. Let us, for a moment, give it that limited signification, and let us try to imagine that Arcadian sphere, THE WEATHERLESS WORLD—that realm of bliss where none but gentle breezes blow; where showers come only to refresh Nature and cool the atmosphere, and fall at such times as to spoil no pic-nics and ruin no new gowns; and where people—strange as it may seem to us poor, be-rained mortals in Sunderland—may go out on a fine day, and take no umbrella, and yet preserve a perfectly tranquil state of mind.

Alas! Many unhappy little wretches of Bedans who, because the morning seemed fair, were beguiled into venturing forth without cloaks or overcoats, have, over and over again in the last five months of the century now on its death-bed, got such a soaking that, to them, even the *conception* of meteorological consistency must be almost impossible.

But *some* of us may perhaps be able to picture a WORLD WITHOUT WEATHER, like that already alluded to, and to find pleasure in the task—just as we love to frame Fairy Tales and to make *Châteaux en Espagne*. The dwellers in that fancied sphere would necessarily be a somewhat silent race—for they would lack our staple subject of conversation. How large a part of the sum total of our daily talk with each other consists of remarks upon the Weather—its freaks, its vagaries, its enormities, and the consequences of all these! Deprived of a topic so general and interesting, our supposed Weatherless Worldlings would find it hard to hold much converse. But these taciturn people would probably be in-

lectual;—for, talking less, they would think the more.

However, unless the elements "turn over a new leaf" when the Twentieth Century bursts upon us, *we* are not destined to a No-Weather Sphere. Let us, therefore,—since

"What can't be cured
Must be endured"—

cultivate, to fortify ourselves against the Weather's worst outrages, a spirit of genuine Resignation. Such a spirit might perhaps have some effect even upon the Weather itself. For I sometimes think that, if an united effort were made, and every mortal proved himself or herself absolutely indifferent to the Weather, and always inwardly commented "If it *wants* to rain, LET IT", out of very spite it would NOT rain!

KALEIDO.



MDCCCC.

Ere our "Happy New Century!" greetings are borne,

Mid the clanging of bells, on the breath of the morn,

We are noting what things we can best leave behind

Without serious discomfort of body or mind.

First the blundering patriot lately beguiled
Into choosing remarkable names for his child.—
For we can't trust a boy who's *Dunne Kitchener Browne*—

Though baptised he has been with one name of renown.

Shall the jelly-fish schoolboy who always pleads
"Can't!"

Sneak into the Twentieth Century?—He shan't!
Let him "mark time" in "Limbo"* until he
cries "Can!"—

Or, at least, till he says "I will *try*!", like a man.

And we don't want the new and unnatural girl,
She whose eyes speak disdain, she whose lips
proudly curl.—

When *our* moods are domestic, *her* topic is "bike",
And its usual accessories—"spills", and the like.

Nor the weighty old dame, so devout and so fat,
Who comes down with a bang on your best Sunday hat

Abstractedly placed in a neighbouring pew,
When the charming Miss Fairface was looking at you.

And its oh! to be rid of street streamlets and
bogs—

If we're not to evolve into big human frogs!—
Or I wish we could *fly* over road-lakes and things
On a nice pair of patent adjustable wings.

Hurry up, please, Inventor. Indeed, 'tis a fact,
We must *wade* till you come.—The Cars always
are packed

With those people whose shadows will never
grow less,

Of whom twelve on a side would be six in excess!

And while GREAT folks who ride in our tramcars
to-day

Sit on two seats at once, and *for one only pay*,
WE, THIN LINES OF DIVISION, hold on to the edge,
And endure the injustice we dare not allege.

And here, for the present, my catalogue ends
Of aversions and grievances.—Therefore, good
friends,

To conclude these short stanzas with rhyme and
with reason

I wish you the Compliments of this Glad Season.

Dec. 18th, 1900.

A.J.S.

* 'Limbo', which originally meant *a border*, is evidently used here by our verse-maker to denote an imaginary period intervening between the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries.—Ed., *The Bedan*.



"EYES AND NO EYES."

(To Present Bedans).

YOU all know the meaning of the saying that
'some people go through the world with
their eyes shut.' They walk along a street and
see only a blur of people, houses and shops;
they walk in a garden, and, instead of noting a
rich crimson here or a delicate blue there, they
go on, almost blindly, and, in the end, retain
merely a vague notion of having passed through
amongst some flowers.

Now it is true that what we see in a garden
depends to some extent upon our knowledge of
Botany, and that, speaking generally, "the eye
sees what it brings with it the power of seeing";
but an observant eye and enquiring mind will
often, of themselves—that is, without the aid of
the skill and attainments of the practised
scientist—enable their possessor to read many
pages out of the great Book of Nature.

I wonder how many of those boys and girls
who have been to Penschaw, Marsden, or Whit-
burn, have asked: why does Penschaw Hill rise
above the surrounding land? why does Marsden
Rock stand in stately solitude? why is 'Whit-
burn Steel' left to be a terror to vessels drifting
before a North-Easterly gale?

Look at a Map of Wales. I want to write
about a corner of that country which few of you



A BIT OF THE WEAR.

may have visited. It is that part of Carnarvonshire which, extending like a long finger, separates the Carnarvon and Cardigan Bays. Round the shores of this Lleyn Peninsula are many lovely bays, mostly small and sheltered, and providing such splendid bathing as Roker, with all its charms, could never offer. As you bask lazily in the sun after an enjoyable 'morning dip' you begin to wonder how these beautiful bays were formed. Looking behind, you find in each case that the cliffs which form the larger part of the curve of the bay are clayey, sandy, and full of pebbles. You at once understand how easily land of this nature has been worn away by the repeated attacks of an unfriendly ocean. But what of the horns of the bay? Are they of this soft material? Walk to the end of the southern horn of Porthdiwlleyn Bay, and your curiosity will be satisfied. No easily-worn sand and clay are found, but a huge promontory of hard serpentine rock. And if you will take the trouble to 'wade' in that little cove by the Lifeboat House you may pick up pebbles of serpentine, very beautiful in their variegated red and green colours. This Serpentine Rock, or an imitation of it, you have perhaps seen forming the fireplaces in some houses.

All round the coast, the horns of the bays are formed of very hard and very old rocks, whilst the cliffs of the hollow parts of the bays are soft, easily crumbled, and (geologically speaking) young.

Scattered over this peninsula and rising generally in single peaks are many fine mountains, which, in Autumn, are purple, almost to the very top, with heather. On visiting one of these mountains you are almost sure to find a quarry, and, on examining the stone, you see it to be very hard indeed, and come to the conclusion that these hills remain because, formed of extremely durable material, they have stood the wear and tear of time and weather better than the land around. A fortnight before my visit I saw granite 'setts' from one of these quarries being laid in the streets of a Lancashire town. It is years since I was in Sunderland, but I hear that you have now got the Electric Cars there. I do not know what sort of stones the Contractors used when re-laying your Tramway Routes; but blocks from a such a quarry as I have spoken of would certainly be able to bear a good deal of heavy traffic.

Nothing is more interesting to me than to think about 'Earth Sculpture,' that is, to wonder how dear old Dame Nature has chiselled, slowly and with infinite patience, this beautiful earth into towering peak and nestling valley, into awesome gorge and smiling plain.

That such thoughts (following upon a careful use of one's eyes) add a new joy to life and make holiday visits doubly delightful, is the testimony of at least one Old Bedan.

AULD LANG SYNE.

THOUGH not grey-haired I am enough of an 'elderly' Bedan to enjoy a quiet muse in a comfortable arm-chair. And often my youthful experiences come back to me as I toast my toes: sometimes my reveries are sad, but oftener they are concerned with pranks and jokes of long ago. All young Bedans are interested in jokes,—they wouldn't be *young* otherwise; but I do not hear much about them. I hope, however, that they make an unflinching rule of never enjoying themselves at the expense of hurting or in any way annoying others. A trick that involves pain or even discomfort to *any* one is not a *joke* but an action quite unworthy of that name.

I remember once hearing a perfectly true story of a joke played on an undergraduate which was so funny that I think the young man in question must have been unable to bear a grudge against the perpetrator. The undergraduate had given instructions to a photographer to photograph his college room. On the appointed day he found it impossible to be at home to meet the 'artist'; so after arranging his furniture to his taste he left on his table a paper on which was written "Please take the room exactly as it is". A fellow undergrad. came in, noticed these directions, and quick as thought borrowed a skeleton from an embryo doctor in the same college, arrayed it in cap and gown, and, putting it in the middle of the room, retired to await events. The photographer on arriving was naturally a little startled, but felt bound to obey instructions so definite, and 'took' the room, skeleton and all. On his departure the skeleton was removed. Judge of the shock experienced when the finished photograph of the room was received by the unsuspecting young man! I don't think perhaps that I should have liked to *play* that joke, but I think I could have enjoyed it even as the victim.

I sometimes wonder where the fun is in teasing shabbily-dressed, or deformed, or simple folk. It seems very unmanly to me to annoy those who can do nothing in self-defence, and I imagine all Bedans, whether boys or girls, agree with me. I hope they do more, and use all their influence to check the fault in others. Again, where does the fun come in in calling out after people in the street? I notice this is usually done to girls and women who probably will not attempt to punish a *cad* as he deserves. Only a *cad* attacks people who won't or can't retort. And it must not for a moment be supposed that all *cads* belong to shabby back streets, and are as poor as they are vulgar. I met some glaring examples lately who were very smart people indeed.

Of course one should not be thin-skinned. I remember once the late Mr. Gladstone visiting

Newnham College and planting a tree in the grounds. [Miss Gladstone was at that time Vice-Principal of Newnham]. Next morning ring after ring at the door-bell announced one photographer after another—till every camera-manipulator in Cambridge had appeared—each coming in obedience to instructions to "photograph the young ladies under the tree". The tree would not be more than three feet high, I may remark. Most of the students enjoyed the joke, though a few felt aggrieved. I need hardly say the ingenious undergraduate had been busy.

One reminiscence leads to another. And the memory of challenges to duels in the dormitory after lights were out brings a smile once more. Small brushes were our rapiers, dust-pans our shields. On one occasion just as I fell sorely wounded I found myself alone, my opponent, and both our seconds had vanished. The moonlight shone on my prostrate form and rendered it distinctly visible to "one in authority" who waited for me to sit up and in an aggrieved tone to explain the situation.

I am almost juvenile again as I 'coze' by my fireside, but suddenly I am awakened to realities of mature life by the sight of a bundle of examination papers over which I must pore for hours. *They* had no place in my dreams to which I must now say good-bye, hoping that every Bedan may live long enough to enjoy, in old age, youthful memories of frolic and fun if associated with no pain or annoyance inflicted on others.

AN ANCIENT.

SUNDERLAND LEAGUE OF
GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

BEDE SCHOOL BRANCH.

AMONGST the girls, the great event of the last week in November was the celebration of the new year of the League of Good Citizenship.

Perhaps never since this League was formed in Sunderland, have its junior members so realised the importance of its work—their work; and, with all the enthusiasm of youth and with firm conviction as to what is right and what wrong, they have thrown themselves into that work heart and soul. Its possibilities have appealed to them as never before, and, by the operation of some strange magnetism, all the members have simultaneously been drawn to resolve that their part as citizens of "no mean city"—this Sunderland of ours, the head-quarters of the community of Bedans, wherever the units now are—shall not be half-heartedly performed.

If, at times, anxiety about the disposal of tram

tickets and odd pieces of paper so that the former may not be simply thrown down upon the floors of our palatial new Electric Cars, and the latter left to litter the school class-rooms, has seemed to obscure, amongst the younger members, the full greatness of their undertaking, it must be borne in mind that great ends are oftenest reached by small beginnings, and that those who fail not in little duties will probably be found equal to important ones. Not to scatter bits of paper about is, perhaps, an inconspicuous mark of a Good Citizen. Still, it *is* a mark; and the boy or the girl who learns to practise, in the interests of the town at large, self-restraint with regard to one small item of conduct, will perhaps grow up to be capable of great acts of public spirit and large-heartedness.

It was fitting that, just at this season, there should come, from the members of the Civic Club, the suggestion of a "Sunshine Branch" to remind all that the first care of a community should be for those who cannot care for themselves. The objects of this new branch commended themselves at once to the eager activities of the Junior members, and, although the suggestion is not more than a fortnight old, many little gifts of toys, cards, and books have found their way to the house of one lady connected with the Civic Club, and she has undertaken that they shall be distributed amongst those little children who are not, as a general rule, in the way of receiving such things. Much may be hoped from this new movement. Possibly some forlorn little girl may learn, from this act of kindness to her from one who has reached the same stage in the Great Journey as herself, the unutterable joy of giving, and may, in her own turn, give to her next neighbour, of the love and kindness of her own little heart—"pass it on", in fact. May it be so! Then, indeed, the League will have worthily sung its Christmas Carol.

To begin with the least of the Junior Members. Not one child of the two lowest classes of the school absented herself from the first meeting of the "Nightingale" Company; not one refused a respectful hearing to the few simple, sympathetic words of the new President—Freda Smith. Indeed, all who spoke—and not a few spoke well and to the point—were listened to with grave and thoughtful attention. The new Secretary is Annie Burlinson, a selection with which no one had a fault to find.

Other meetings in the Lower School were those of the "Howard" Company, (Class VI.), the "Dickens" Company, (VII. B.), and the "Elizabeth Barrett Browning" Company, (VII. A.), all of which were highly successful and enthusiastic.

A very good paper on "Elizabeth Barrett Browning" was read by Minnie Philip, the Presi-

dent of the Company that bears the poetess's name. Victoria Dumble, the President of the "Howard" Company, made a good speech. The new President of the "Dickens" Company is Florence Bell, and Elsie White is the new Secretary.

Perhaps the most interesting, as well as the most businesslike of the school meetings was that of the "Shaftesbury" Company in the Upper School. At this meeting two members of the Civic Club (Miss Roussy and Mrs. Wood) were present. Christina Hirst was voted into the chair. Then the minutes of the last meeting were read, and the new President, Christina Hirst, opened the meeting for debate. The "Sunshine Branch" was warmly praised and commended to the support of the members by Bertha Saxby. Mabel Naylor called attention to various points that she had noticed with regard to the undesirable and objectionable condition of numerous books both in the School Library and in some of the Town Libraries. She hoped that the influence of their own Company would be exerted to get borrowers to use books properly, and to return them in a clean, wholesome state.

All the meetings discussed the care of plants belonging to the School, and the newly planted trees on the Terrace; the matter of having regard for the school property; and the various little ways in which the youngest of us may do something to show her forethought and anxiety for the tidy appearance and cleanliness of our public streets and vehicles.

CLIO.



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. 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.

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, 1900—October, 1901, 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.

Notice to Contributors.

1. *The Bedan* is published Six Times a Year, viz., in 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.



SOME SUNDERLAND SOLECISMS.

I.

[*N* *The Bedan* for December, 1898, a set of clever verses by E., entitled "Don't", sent forth a warning note against several faults of pronunciation or expression that Sunderland boys and girls commonly fall into; as, for instance, the use of *pote* for *poet*, *algebra* for *álgebra*, *a one* for *one*, *bad* for *ill*, *substraction* for *subtraction*, *off school* for *away from from school*, and *rather as* for *rather than*.

An article by O.O., styled "About *U* and *U* in

Sunderland", appeared in the Number for February, 1899, and showed that the mode of pronouncing the two simple words *put* and *cut* may be used as a Shibboleth or test for deciding whether any given Sunderland boy should be classed as *well-educated*, *un-educated*, or *half-educated*. For the *well-educated* boy says both *put* and *cut* correctly; the *uneducated* boy gets the first always right and the second always wrong; and the *half-educated* boy usually gets both wrong. How this comes about was explained at some length, and then the following mnemonic doggerel lines were given:—

'DO.'

Pronounce *u* short and sharp in *but*,
And do the same in *nut* and *cut*;
And also in such words as *dull*,
And *Dutch* and *clutch*, with *gull* and *hull*;
Likewise in *rush*, and *tush*, and *gush*,
And when you cry "Hush! there's a thrush."
Just use your mother-tongue for *foot*,
And then, to make a rhyme, say *put*;
And mind you sound the *u* quite *full*
In "*Butchers* sometimes *pull a bull*;"
And "*This poor cushion's had a push*,"
And "*There's a blackbird in that bush!*"

I purpose to indicate, in a series of Articles, some local solecisms which have not hitherto been specially referred to in *The Bedan*. But, first, in the present paper, which is short and introductory, let me advert to one of the common errors pointed out by E.. I question that there are a thousand persons from amongst the whole of the people of Sunderland who do not habitually say *rather as* instead of *rather than*. It is quite common to hear, not only men who are illiterate but also men with some pretensions to culture, not only the wives of labourers but also fine ladies ranking amongst the *élite* of Wearside society, make such remarks as

"I would *rather* break stones *as* do such a thing";

"He said he would *rather* have his boy at home *as* at a boarding school";

"John would *rather* have pickled cabbage *as* onions";

"Many Sunderland families would *rather* go to Barnard Castle *as* Harrogate."

What is the explanation? Probably this.

[*To be continued.*]

WEARSIDER.

[*Note.* WEARSIDER's explanation, though of no great length, is yet too long for the present Century—at least so far as *The Bedan* is concerned. It has unfortunately been squeezed out, and will have to appear in WEARSIDER's Second Article,—Ed., *The Bedan*.]

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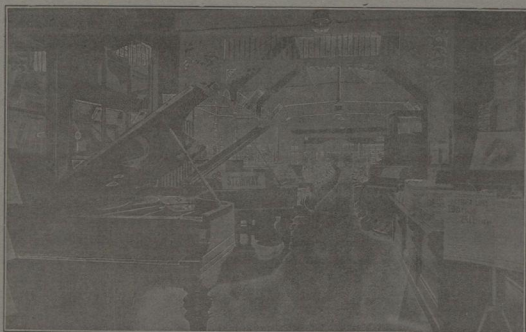
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