

# The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
<b>VIEWS :</b>		<b>SILHOUETTES</b> .. .. .	127
BEDE SCHOOL : MAIN BLOCK .. .. .	117	<b>CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN :</b>	
THE JACK CRAWFORD MONUMENT .. .. .	120	AN EASTWILE MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION ..	129
SUNDERLAND MUSEUM AND WINTER GARDEN	123	THREE STATEMENTS OF ACCOUNTS .. .. .	131
GENERAL VIEW OF SUNDERLAND .. .. .	128	<b>OLD BEDANS :</b>	
<b>LEADING ARTICLES :</b>		(5) MR. WILLIAM NIMMO .. .. .	129
BEDE SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING AND CONVERSAZIONE	118	<b>GEMS :</b>	
JACK CRAWFORD, THE HERO OF CAMPERDOWN	120	(8) A RAINY SUNDAY IN AN INN IN A SMALL	
<b>EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS</b> .. .. .	122	ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN ( <i>Washington</i>	
? .. .. .	124	<i>Irving</i> ) .. .. .	131
NOTHING MORE .. .. .	125	NOTICE TO READERS OF "THE BEDAN" .. .. .	132
ESTIMATION OF THE CAPACITY OF A BOY .. .. .	125	NOTICE AS TO ADVERTISEMENTS .. .. .	132
FIRST LIST OF BOYS AND GIRLS WHO RECEIVED		NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS .. .. .	130
CERTIFICATES OR PRIZES ON DECEMBER 15TH,		SPECIAL DIRECTIONS TO SCHOLARS WITH RESPECT	
1899 .. .. .	126	TO CONTRIBUTIONS .. .. .	130

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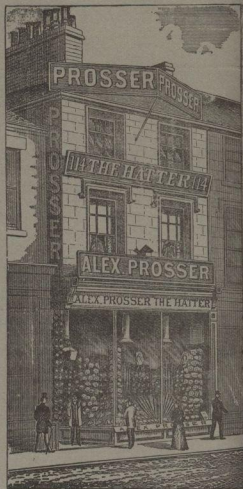
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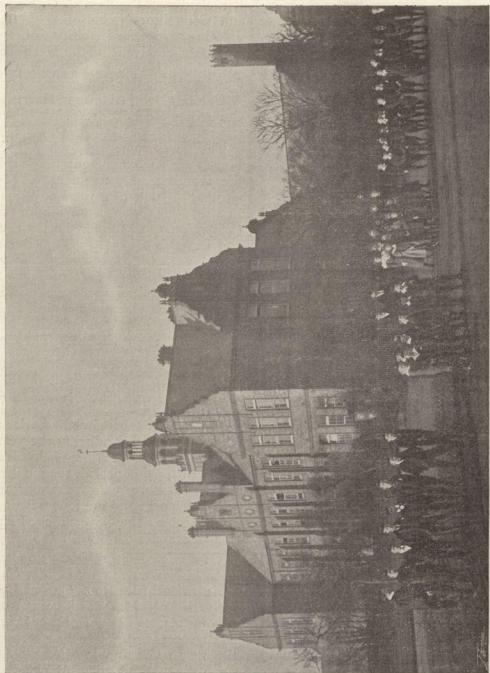
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No. 8. February, 1900.

BEDE SCHOOL. MAIN BLOCK.

## NOTICE.

Three pence each will be given for a limited number of clean copies of Nos. 2, 4, and 6 of *The Bedan*. Apply to the Editor or the Editress, Bede School, Sunderland.

BEDE SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING  
AND CONVERSAZIONE.

ON Friday evening, December 15th, 1899,

Bede School Ninth Annual Prize-giving took place in the Victoria Hall. The Hall is large, and has a central situation and good acoustic properties. Being of an inquiring turn of mind we have often tried to find out anything else that can be said in its favour; but the investigation has always been like a dead apple-tree—fruitless. Cold and draughty, bare and ugly, not too clean, and altogether uninviting, the Victoria Hall is usually, in itself, more like “a court for owls”—to use Isaiah’s picturesque phrase—than the chief place of assembly of a town with a hundred and forty thousand inhabitants. But, on *rare* occasions, it gets moderately well warmed, and puts on an aspect of cheerfulness—its forbidding features concealing themselves behind beautiful decorations, or being forgotten, for the nonce, amid the bright, happy looks of its occupants. The Prize-giving Night was one of those exceptional times.

For the early proceedings nearly six hundred boys and girls were seated near the organ or in the area, where their animated faces and festive attire made an agreeable spectacle. The Visitors, who included a good sprinkling of Old Bedans, were accommodated in the Dress Circle. Numerous ferns, palms, and india-rubber plants constituted the principal decorations, and were beautiful and effective without being costly—for they were lent by Mr. T. W. Backhouse with his customary unostentatious generosity.

Peter Wood, Esquire, J.P., was Chairman, and was supported on the platform

by Mr. R. G. Davison, Mr. F. Lamb, Mr. J. J. Bentham, the Rev. C. G. Hopkinson, and Councillor Nicholson. Letters expressing regret for inability to be present had been received by the Head Teachers from Mrs. Hancock, the Rev. G. H. R. Garcia, Councillor Sanderson, J.P., Mr. R. A. Bartram, J.P., Alderman Harrison, J.P., Councillor Roche, Mr. T. W. Bryers, and others.

There was some good chorus singing. More than one competent judge said that the three-part arrangement of Mendelssohn’s “I waited for the Lord” was sung in a way which, as regards both tune and expression, came not far short of excellent; and Bishop’s old glee “The Chough and Crow” went nearly as well. One girl recited “The Pied Piper of Hamelin” in good style, and another gave “The Bells” with so much elocutionary skill and power of imitation as to call forth the hearty plaudits of the audience. The girls who took part in the very short French play acquitted themselves most creditably—especially the girl who, at the family party, was the naughty boy!

A General Report on the work and condition of the school during the year ended July 31st, 1899, was then read. It showed that, during this period, the numbers were higher than in any previous year; and that both the Upper and the Lower Schools had, as judged by the Government Inspectors’ Reports, again done well.

Of the present scholars no fewer than *three had matriculated at London University*. Thirty six had passed Oxford Local Examinations. Many had gained ordinary Advanced Certificates from the Science and Art Department. Two had been awarded the new and valuable ‘Complete Course’ Certificate which that Department now grants to such boys and girls as stay at least three years in the Upper School, take the complete curriculum of literary, art, and science subjects, and pass in the Advanced or the Honours Stage of at least three of

the Obligatory subjects of the third or the fourth year's course.

Of the past scholars the Report stated that those in residence at Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham Universities had done thoroughly satisfactory work during the year. Of other past scholars it appeared that, in the period referred to, several passed the London University Matriculation Examination; one gained two prizes at the Newcastle College of Medicine; one qualified, and was admitted, as a Solicitor; one obtained a valuable appointment at the University of Sydney, New South Wales; and one—a young lady—graduated Bachelor of Science of the University of Durham.

Then the Chairman—who, as a man who has worked hard for the cause of education in Sunderland, deservedly got a cordial reception—gave a short address in which he deplored the fact that many children, boys especially, leave school just at the very time when, their reasoning powers beginning to mature, they are best qualified to make rapid and substantial progress in their studies; and he strongly urged parents to try, even at some personal sacrifice, to keep their sons and daughters at school until they are sixteen or seventeen years old.

After this Mr. Wood gave out the Certificates and Prizes, saying a kind word to each of the recipients—a first list of whom appears in this, and a second will be published in the April number of *The Bedan*.

Then the *Conversazione* began. The excellent refreshments which Messrs. Meng had provided were partaken of amid the buzz of such conversation as groups of old school-fellows and complacent parents indulge in on an occasion like this. People strolled about and inspected the school exhibits—drawings, maps, essays, joinery, and needlework—in various parts of the building, or watched boys doing woodwork at a properly fitted-up bench, or looked through the microscopes of which some girls had charge, or saw—and, in

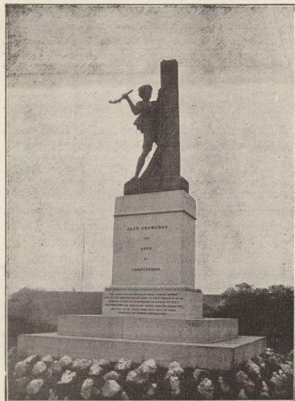
certain cases, *felt*—experiments in physics performed by young electricians, some of the sterner, some of the gentler sex. Several beautiful dolls, which had been dressed in the Girls' School, were an attraction in the small hall.

When the Lantern Exhibition was announced to begin a general massing of the company in the area and the dress circle of the big hall at once followed. About fifty slides, which had been prepared from photographs, taken by seven of the boys, of Bede School Buildings, Teachers, and Scholars, were very effectively and quickly shown by a skilful operator, who used Mr. Posgate's best lantern. Some of the pictures were greeted with rounds of applause, and others with quizzing comments and good-humoured criticism. But they all seemed to give pleasure, and this novel Exhibition proved so interesting and entertaining that the enterprise, expense, and labour involved in preparing for and giving it, gained a gratifying reward.

After votes of thanks had been given to Mr. Wood and Mr. Backhouse, "God save the Queen" brought the gathering to a close as the clock was striking eleven.

The Head Teachers are grateful to their colleagues for assisting to make the *Conversazione* the success it was. They are glad that it afforded them the pleasure of meeting and chatting with many old pupils and their friends. And, though money-making was by no means the primary object of the function, they are pleased, as the persons who alone undertook all pecuniary risks with regard to it, to be able to say that the statement of the *Conversazione* Accounts—which appears in another column—shows a small profit that will be used for general school purposes.

We may remark that the *Newcastle Daily Journal* and the *Sunderland Daily Post*, of Saturday, December 16th last, were the newspapers which gave the best account of the Prize-Giving and *Conversazione*.



## JACK CRAWFORD,

THE HERO OF CAMPERDOWN.

From the windows of Bede School can be seen the statues of Havelock and Crawford—Sir Henry Havelock, the British General who, born at Ford Hall, near Sunderland, in 1795, died near Lucknow in 1857, after winning for himself one of the most glorious names among the band of British heroes that the critical period of the Indian Mutiny served to bring before the eyes of the world; and Jack Crawford, the bold and dauntless Sunderland man-of-war's-man, whose feat of nailing his ship's colours to the mast at the Battle of Camperdown, October 11th, 1797, has always been regarded as an instance of the very pitch of daring and bravery.

We hope to give, in a subsequent number of *The Bedan*, a view of Havelock's Monument, and some account of his life. This month we put before our readers a view of the Statue of Jack Crawford, and proceed to state a few particulars about him and the striking deed which made him famous.

The son of a keelman, he was born on March 22nd, 1775, in a house in the Pottery Bank, Sunderland.

Nowadays there are railway lines—or "wagon-ways"—from many of the Durham County collieries to Sunderland; and coal for shipment at that port is brought thither in trucks, the lines running—as Bede School boys and girls know very well—right down to the river and the docks, and ending in staiths from which the trucks can be emptied straight into the holds of the steamers lying waiting to be loaded.

But, last century—we mean the *eighteenth*—and for fully half of this, coals were generally brought to Sunderland from the neighbouring collieries by means of *keels*—large, low, flat-bottomed boats or barges—which went several miles up the Wear with the tide, got loaded, and then came down the river again to the point where the collier ships were lying. Each keel had a crew of two or more men who, when necessary, propelled it with long poles, or "sets." There was also on board, as a rule, a little lad to do odd jobs: he was called a "pee dee." [Bedan boys hardly need to be told that *they* give this name to a very tiny marble.]

The Wear keelmen were strong, hardy, not over polite, generally good-hearted, and seldom very provident. We have spoken of them at some length because, not only was Jack Crawford's father a keelman, but he himself, while still a mere child and after having had scarcely any schooling, began work as a "pee dee"; and, on leaving the Navy and returning to his native town, he became a "caster"—that is, a man who cast or shovelled coals from keels into sea-going vessels.

He therefore knew keelmen and keelmen's ways well, and this fact perhaps accounts, in a measure, both for his fine qualities and his defects.

While yet a lad Crawford left the keels, and served his apprenticeship as a sailor in the "Peggy," of South Shields. Joining the Royal Navy he became, in 1796, one of the crew of the "Venerable," Admiral Duncan's flag ship.

In October, 1797, France was a very formidable Power. The genius of Napoleon had enabled her to conquer Italy and Austria; and Holland was now her ally. A strong Dutch fleet stole out of the Texel—the strait between North Holland and Texel Island—intending to unite, if possible, with the French fleet then at Brest, and to assist in conveying French troops to effect a landing in Ireland—from which it was hoped to harass, if not to invade England.

But, on October 11th, Duncan, with a British fleet, intercepted the Dutch Admiral, De Winter, and his ships, in the North Sea at a point about seven miles west of Camperdown—which is about thirty miles north of Haarlem, in North Holland. On perceiving the Dutch fleet Duncan—who knew that he had to deal with a courageous foe—said to his officers, "There, gentlemen, you can



see a very severe *Winter* before you, and I hope you will keep up a good fire."

In time the "Venerable" engaged the "Vry-aid," De Winter's flag-ship. The two Admirals were magnificent men—very tall, of splendid proportions, immensely strong, strikingly noble both in appearance and character, and as brave as lions. For hours De Winter fought just as gallantly as his adversary. But at last, when all the three masts of his ship had gone overboard and everything aloft was shot away; when every member of his crew had been either killed or wounded, he himself alone remaining unscathed; and when eight other of his ships of the line and two frigates had already yielded to the British; he gave orders to cease fire, and surrendered. Thus ended a great sea fight between two truly great sea captains. Duncan treated his vanquished enemy with the most exquisite courtesy, and this courtesy De Winter was not slow to appreciate. Indeed, throughout their dealings with one another, both Admirals acted like the brave and brilliant sailors and perfect gentlemen that they were.

The carnage on both sides was terrible. The Dutch lost 540 killed and 620 wounded; the British, 228 killed and 812 wounded.

It was during the heat of the engagement between the two flag ships that Crawford did the deed for which he is remembered. Bede School boys—many of them being the sons of master mariners—know that the flag-halyards are the ropes by means of which the flags of a ship may be hoisted or lowered. Now Jack Crawford noticed that, the halyards having been shot away, his ship's colours had fallen to the deck. Throwing the colours over his shoulder, and putting a few spike nails in his pocket, away he went aloft, though musket balls and grape shot rattled about him in showers. Reaching the mast-head "he immediately shoved one of the nails into the flag and drove it into the mast above the cross-trees. He then descended about half-a-dozen ratlines and drove in another nail, and thus he proceeded till he came to the cap, where he took a bold turn with the tack and hammered all fast. 'Hurrah!' cried the brave fellow as he threw out the flag which in a moment floated triumphantly in the air."

Three cheers resounded from the deck of the "Venerable," and the bold and fearless Crawford slid down the topmast backstay, and was presently among his shipmates.

"Well done! Well done! exclaimed Admiral Duncan. "You're a brave lad. What countryman are you?"

"Your Honour, I was born at Sunderland," replied the gallant tar.

It is generally supposed that Crawford accomplished his perilous self-imposed task without

sustaining any sort of personal injury. His son, however, used to aver that he did not come off scot free, a stray shot hitting the mast beside his face, and knocking off a splinter of wood, which struck his cheek and caused a rather nasty wound; but that, when he jumped down among his cheering shipmates, and they noticed his mouth streaming with blood, he cried, "Nivver mind; that's nowt!"

After the Battle of Camperdown Crawford served on board of H.M.S. "America." On quitting the Navy he received a pension of £30 a year, and returned to his native town, where, as we have said, he worked as a coal-caster. In 1808 he married Miss Longstaff, of Sunderland.

Poor Jack, it is to be feared, was careless, improvident, and too fond of his grog. When the great National Commemoration of the Victory of Camperdown took place in London, there was, in the procession through the streets, an open carriage in which sat a sailor bearing the very flag that had been so fearlessly nailed to the mast. As the carriage passed along the crowd showered into it coins of all kinds. But the sailor was only Crawford's *proxy*: the real Crawford had, with characteristic carelessness, gone off somewhere just before the procession started! Many years afterwards an old keelman speaking of this incident remarked, "Jack at that time might have myed a gentleman ev hissel if he haddent been a *fyuel*!"

Crawford often felt the pinch of poverty. In 1798 the town of Sunderland gave him an elegant, massive silver medal in token of appreciation of his daring and courage. This medal he was compelled, years afterwards, to part with. After having gone through various vicissitudes it was purchased by the then Earl of Camperdown, and the present Earl, who is the great-grandson of Admiral Duncan, presented it in 1888 to Sunderland Borough Museum, where it may now be seen. [See Note at the end of this Article.]

Poor and thoughtless though Crawford was, however, he had in his nature some smatch of honest pride. When there was at Vauxhall Gardens, London, a grand representation of the Battle of Camperdown, and Crawford was offered £100 a week to exhibit himself in the act of nailing the colours to the mast, he made a reply indicating not a little nobility and independence of character:—"No! I will never disgrace the real act of a sailor to act like a play fool."

In 1831, when Sunderland had its first visitation of cholera, the first person who died of the disease was Betty Henry, a keelman's wife; the second was Jack Crawford. At the time of his death he resided in a house in the Low Street, near the Ferryboat Landing. He was buried in Sunderland Churchyard, and, the nature of cholera

being then very little known, hundreds of people attended the funeral.

For fifty seven years his grave remained unmarked; but in 1888 a handsome memorial stone, which had been publicly subscribed for, was placed over it. For the unveiling ceremony—at which John Crawford, a grandson of the hero, was present—the Earl of Camperdown kindly lent the veritable flag that Jack nailed to the mast.

But our illustration shows the Jack Crawford Monument on the Mamelon Hill, or "Frying-Pan," in the Park. This came later as the result of the labours of a large committee representing all classes of people in Sunderland and the district, and having as Hon. Secretary, Councillor R. B. Annison—who, in a cause where many worked hard, worked hardest.

The whole erection is over twenty feet high, the bronze part eight feet, and the figure of Crawford five feet nine inches. It cost the committee £630, though the bases, pedestal, and some other parts were given by various gentlemen.

The statue was unveiled on Easter Monday, April 7th, 1890, by the Earl of Camperdown, in the presence of the Earl of Durham and a great concourse of people—over ten thousand men, including the blue-jackets from three of Her Majesty's gunboats, having marched in the procession to the Park. Of those who took part in the ceremony we may mention the then Rector of Sunderland, Canon Barradell Smith, one of whose old pupils is the Head Master of Bede School; and Canon Scott-Moncrieff, whose son Major Scott-Moncrieff has recently, we regret to see, been severely wounded in the War in South Africa.

Not only did Crawford's grave long remain unnamed, but, for many years, Sunderland did nothing at all to perpetuate his fame locally—except to keep, preserved in spirits, in the Borough Museum, what is called, but what hardly anybody believes to be, "Jack Crawford's Heart". Now, however, the town has honoured him as one of its most notable sons. And it has done well. True, his character was far from being in all points admirable; but his training, environment, and lack of education afford some excuse for his obvious faults. And, on the other hand, let us remember what grave results for England a defeat at Camperdown might have had, and that Crawford's heroism there was one of the factors which made for the glorious British victory.

It would be interesting to know whether the phrase "to nail the colours to the mast" was ever used before Crawford's famous act. Bedan boys and girls may, some of them, need to be told that that expression is now employed to describe any unflinching stand—whether in battle or any other situation. And no other words could more

appropriately signify

"th' unconquerable will . . .  
And courage never to submit or yield".

For, when two ships are fighting, if one hauls down her flag, she thereby denotes surrender. But, if she has her colours nailed to the mast she, from the outset, declares "No surrender!"—for she then *cannot* haul them down.

Numbers of Sunderland people knew and liked the late genial and intrepid Captain John Todd, of the ill-fated "Heathpool"—who, as he went down with his ship, had his hand on the rope of the steam whistle, and gave the "Cock-a-doodle-doo" which signifies, as sailors know, "Good-bye!" Captain Todd—whose two boys, John and Rollo, are at Bede School—compiled a full and interesting Sketch of Jack Crawford's Life. It is from a presentation copy of that work, given by the author to his friend Councillor Annison, and most courteously lent by the latter gentleman to the writer of the present article, that most of the materials were got for the account here given of THE HERO OF CAMPERDOWN.

*Note.*—We give two illustrations of the Borough Museum to which allusion has been made. One of these shows the Museum by itself. In the other it is a prominent object in a General View of Sunderland.



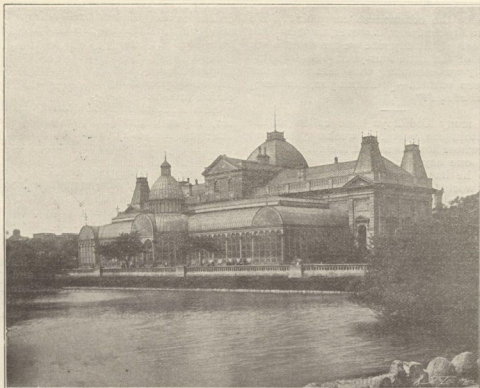
## EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

As this is our first number since Annus Domini 1900 came in, we wish all our readers a Happy New Year.

For *The Bedan's* second year's series—which began with the December number, two months ago—we have got a good many new, and not a few of the old Subscribers. But we should be sorry to lose any old friends. May we therefore respectfully beg such of our last year's Subscribers as have not already renewed their subscriptions to be good enough to renew them *now*?

The December *Bedan* received numerous commendatory notices in the press, the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, *Newcastle Daily Journal*, *Sunderland Daily Echo*, *Sunderland Daily Post*, and *Sunderland Morning Mail*, all having something friendly to say about it.

We can spare room for just a few sentences from the *Post*:—



SUNDERLAND MUSEUM AND WINTER GARDEN.

"Not only has *The Bedan* been successful financially, but the high literary standard aimed at has been more than realised. . . . The present issue is certainly as good as any of its predecessors. A smart sample of playing upon words is given in the autobiography of a pocket-handkerchief, by "Nellie S." "Crypto" explains the origin of the "Heull doo", or Yule dough, and the contribution of "J.G.W." on photography will be found interesting, as will also the poem on the same subject, written apparently by one "in the know." Then we have a thoughtful article on games and rhymes with histories, over the familiar initials "R.G.R." "Q.E.D." and the Bedans' Dr. Watts both seem to have been disappointed by the "non-shooting" shooting stars, and the new method of adding a cubit to the stature of a would-be policeman, as described by "Grey-bird," is very amusing. The report of the girls' re-union, and the correspondence are well worth reading";—

and from the *Mail*:—

"*The Bedan*" seems to improve with every issue, and the year's numbers are indeed a good shilling's-worth . . . Puns are allowable in a School Magazine; but the collection in "The Autobiography of a Pocket-Handkerchief" would be admissible into a publication of higher pretensions. They are quite reminiscent of Hood, and are the "perpetration" of a lady—presumably a young lady. . . . There is a very thoughtful essay on "Games and rhymes with a history" which shows that some of the apparently absurd games and rhymes of our youth are really survivals of very ancient institutions. There is also a very funny local story—"A Candidate for the Police Force".

the "unsolicited testimonials" which the Magazine occasionally gets from individual members of the general public. Three of the town's leading solicitors—who are in no way whatever connected with Bede School—have recently given *The Bedan* high praise. One of them says "I never find a dry bit in it. I always read it right through and enjoy it."

Our contributors must, of course, ascribe such a dictum as this as due very largely to the kind and partial judgment of generous critics willing to say the best they can of a Magazine wholly the production of persons belonging to a local School; and must therefore not let it, or any similar deliverance, prevent them from trying to reach a higher standard of literary excellence than any yet attained.

We believe that, since Bede School was opened nearly ten years ago, it has never been necessary until recently to make an entry in the Log Book as to the prevalence of sickness among the scholars. But within the past two months—and especially towards the end of January—the number of pupils, particularly boys, absent ill was simply abnormal, and brought down the percentage of attendance one week to 79! Influenza

Not less gratifying than the press notices are

seemed to be the commonest 'complaint'. We are glad to say that now, however, matters look decidedly better. At any rate we can declare—in the words of the little four-years-old Macaulay when a lady was condoling with him soon after he had been scalded—["Thank you, Madam;] *the agony is abated!*"

A good many Old Boys have called at the School within the past few weeks. Edmund Laidman, whose home is now at West Hartlepool, looked in one day. Since leaving school five years ago he has been seen four times right round the world! Another day there appeared a small 'Naval Brigade'—August Hardy, now qualified as a Second Officer; James Day, recently wrecked when going to Antwerp in one of Westoll's ships; and Arthur Brewis, the best goal-keeper (except, perhaps, Tom Walker) that Bede School ever had. The talk of these young fellows often turned to other Old Bedans now at sea. George Marshall, William Smith, Tom Nesbitt, Alf. Robinson, Arthur Reavley, Charlie Newton, and Ernest Brewis came in for mention; and so did poor Alex. Sinclair who, when on the way to China in the 'Jessamine', fell from the topmast head and met his death.

Richard Littlehailes, of Balliol College, Oxford—whose brother Anderson is doing very well in British Columbia; Franklyn Robinson, of Hatfield Hall, Durham; and William Nimmo, of Leytonstone, also called. James Stewart, of Christ's College, Cambridge, whom we have not seen for some time, sent a very kind letter when renewing his subscription to the Magazine.

On December 29th, Arthur Jarman, then about to sail for Sydney, gave a most enjoyable party in the Albert Hall. Looking round upon the youthful guests, one couldn't but notice that fully one-half of them were, with their host, Old Bedans.

We regret to say that the Boys' School will shortly lose Mr. J. T. Hindmarch who, after having been a master here for about nine years, goes to Diamond Hall School as First Assistant Master. All Bedan boys, and especially those to whom he has acted as Mentor at the Swimming Baths, and all his colleagues, will wish him well.

There have been some changes in the Staff of the Girls' School.

Miss Dudgeon's duties terminated on December 21st last.

She paid a visit to the school on January 29th, at the invitation of the teachers and girls, who asked her to accept from them a handsome leather travelling-bag and an autotype copy of the famous picture by Greuze, in the Louvre, called *La*

*cruche cassée*. It was prettily framed in brown and gold, and was much admired by Miss Dudgeon herself.

Miss Todd expressed her appreciation of Miss Dudgeon's long service and valuable work in the school by presenting her with a gold and turquoise brooch.

Miss M. Robson, B.Litt., Miss Smith's successor, began duties at Bede School on January 8th; and Miss L. Hutchinson, B.Litt., who takes Miss Dudgeon's place, on January 29th.

We notice with pleasure that one of the students specially commended for work done at the examination in connexion with Mr. Champion's recent University Extension course of lectures on Music is Mr. J. K. Johnson, an Old Bedan, now on the staff of the *Sunderland Post*.

Lack of space compels us to leave out the second article on the Sunderland Technical College promised for this number, the list of New Officers of the Boys' School Branch of the League of Good Citizenship, and a great deal of other matter.



P

THERE was a topic during the first few weeks of the year more enthralling even than the War. *Is this the Nineteenth or the Twentieth Century?*

No man can tell how many friendships have been severed, societies broken up, families rent asunder, and evening parties ruined by that terrible question. The curious thing about it is that absolutely no one is open to conviction. Everybody's mind was apparently made up on New Year's Eve. Since then no one has modified in the very least his opinion, but every man, woman, and child has argued the point out until want of breath has brought the struggle to a conclusion. I have even known people miss their trains in order to get in another argument to prove that because if a man were 1899 years old he would be in his nineteen-hundredth year, THEREFORE—

Not many days ago I heard one twentieth-centuryist driven by an opponent into the predicament of asserting that Christ was born in the year "something B.C." This struck me as distinctly funny. It did not seem to strike my friend as such. Perhaps he is like Tammas Haggart, the famous humourist depicted by Barrie, who thinks he does his duty as a humourist by *making* jokes—he can hardly be expected to *see* them, too.

Personally I am of the opinion that we are still at the end of the century. But ever since I was very small and left the jammist (will the Editorial eye allow this to pass?) part of my tart and the almond-icing of my portion of bridescake to the very last, I have loved to look forward to my enjoyments and to dwell upon them in anticipation. And what a source of enjoyment a new century must be! What glorious resolutions we can make! I dote on good resolutions, although some scoffer has called them paving-stones to—the lower regions. For the last six months of this year I shall indulge in this particular form of happiness to my heart's content, while the poor twentieth-century person has lost *his* chance for ever.

On many questions it is well to have an open mind. But I think this is an exception. Here, certainly, the man who hesitates is lost. For instance, an acquaintance of mine, making a public speech on New Year's Day, referred to the *present* century. That was safe ground at any rate. We should all agree that this century is the present century. It is what we call an axiom when we know a little Euclid. He next went on to speak of the *last* century, whereat the twentieth-century people smiled, mightily pleased. Hardly had their smile faded when he referred to the *next* century, and so succeeded in pleasing nobody and puzzling everybody!

Bedans, I am sure, take an interest in this moving question. I am prepared to give a really valuable prize—though I am not prepared to say when—to any Bedan who solves these problems on the twentieth century difficulty:—I. If three travellers, A, B, and C, A being a nineteenth-centuryist, B holding opposite opinions, and C being open to conviction, set out from Cape Town to Cairo by the Cape to Cairo Railway, in what condition will they arrive at Cairo several weeks and some days afterwards?

This will be most easily solved by simultaneous equations.

II. If A is equal to B, but C is *unequal* to D, and A and C agree to argue with B and D as to the true name of the present century, how will it be decided, and how long will the argument last?

Logarithms may be used.

III. If 2 men are equal to 3 women, and 4 women are equal to 5 boys, and 6 boys equal to 7 girls, and one man, one woman, one boy and one girl arrange to settle the name of this century, and the man and girl decide that this is the *last* year of the century, and the woman and boy that it is the *first*, what will be the mental condition of the four people at the end of 35<sup>73</sup> minutes? Express your answer in terms of  $\sin A \tan 2 B$ .

THETA.

## NOTHING MORE.

[Those readers whose personal knowledge of Bedo School enabled them to appreciate thoroughly the clever parody entitled "Maid Glancenot" which appeared in *The Bedan* fourteen months ago will understand the point of the following verses—particularly if they remember the mild reproaches of Maid Glancenot as to the untimely locking of the Laboratory door, and her biographer's remarks about "men who move bottles and replace them not."—Ed., *The Bedan*]

LATE one night at work I lingered  
On the Laboratory floor,  
When I heard some student (?) knocking  
Gently, softly, at the door.  
Wondering who could be that mortal  
Open wide I threw the portal.  
To my heart the blood all centered  
As a lonely moonbeam entered  
In the outline of a maiden  
With a row of test-tubes laden,  
In the colours of a rainbow;—  
Nothing more.

Lady Glancenot, still a scorner,  
Deitly touched a bunsen burner;  
Lo! a flame at once it bore.  
"Spirit, speak!" at last I uttered;  
But strange formulæ she muttered  
As alchemists did of yore.  
Thinking that her wrath to calm,  
Courtly phrase might act like balm,  
"Lady Glancenot, I'm *Sir Tristram*,  
Not the *Black Knight* as before";—  
This I said—and nothing more.

But no dew-drops dimmed her lashes,  
And my hopes were turned to ashes.—  
To the earth Fate often dashes  
Expectations bright galore.  
Ah! my words were scarcely spoken  
When I saw the charm was broken;  
For a cloud the moonlight shaded  
And the lovely vision faded.—  
I was talking to the BOTTLES;—  
Nothing more!

R.G.R.



## ESTIMATION OF THE CAPACITY OF A BOY.

*Extract from Practical Chemistry Note Book,  
Feb. 29th, 1901.*

*Method.*—On entering the laboratory I placed my key in the lock of my cupboard, and as it did not fly open by animal magnetism, which is usual, I went to my master and reported the

case. He at once opened it for me by the application of a little strength. I proceeded to pull the drawer out in such a way as to project all its contents on to the floor. A number of small articles which had been present in the drawer, being heavier than air, passed into the grate by downward displacement. I noted especially:—

1st. A porcelain basin smashed to fragments.  
2nd. Two watch-glasses underwent a similar change.

3rd. A considerable rise of temperature in my class-master.

Whilst I was removing and examining the residue, my right-hand neighbour fell over me, and spilt his sulphuric acid down his trousers. I noted violent tuming, both on the part of my neighbour and his trousers.

I next took a large flask out of somebody else's cupboard, and broke it by hitting it sharply against the edge of the bench. As the effects of this experiment—when the teacher finds out that it has been performed—are frequently extremely painful and disagreeable, I replaced the flask without drawing any attention to its condition.

As I required for the following experiment about 10 c.c.'s of strong sulphuric acid, diluted with five times the volume of distilled water, I took the largest beaker I could find, half-filled it with the acid, and proceeded to gradually dilute according to directions by placing the beaker in the sink, and suddenly turning the tap. The result of this was that the glass beaker was obtained in a *very fine state of division*.

Having now nothing left in my cupboard but a glass stopper, I proceeded to weigh it. This I did by placing the forceps at the extreme corner of each of the small weights, and by means of a smart click, jerking them on to the floor. This is not a difficult trick to acquire. A few minutes' practice will give even the most inexperienced person the required skill.

At this point in my experiment my attention was suddenly directed to another violent change in temperature evinced by the master. The unusually high degree reached I was enabled to note with some exactitude, by coming into contact with the flexible rod found attached to the class-master in all well-fitted laboratories. This rod, though not metallic, is like a metal in one respect: it is, as I have found by involuntary investigation, an excellent conductor of heat—*especially to the hands*.

	£	s.	d.
Results. A flask broken ...	0	0	10
Weights lost ...	0	3	6
A beaker smashed ...	0	1	3
Trousers spoiled ...	1	0	0
Small apparatus ...			?
Total ...	£1	2	6

Note 1.—This result is not to be trusted, as several things were not taken into account.

Note 2.—In the case of a girl, a few slight modifications are necessary in this experiment.

E.



### First List of Boys and Girls

who received Certificates or Prizes on  
December 15th, 1899.

#### London University.

##### MATRICULATION.

June, 1899. First Division: Norah H. March.  
Stella Bailes.  
Second Division: Angelo J. Smith.

#### Oxford University Local Examinations,

July, 1899.

SENIOR CERTIFICATE (with Title of Associate  
in Arts of the University of Oxford).

Honours.—3rd Class: Diana E. Birchall, with  
Distinction in Theoretical Chemistry.

##### JUNIOR CERTIFICATE.

Honours.—2nd Class: Cuthbert W. King, with  
Distinction in Practical Chemistry.

3rd Class: Dorothy Ross.

Pass.—1st Class: Edith Bailey, William C.  
Brown, Elizabeth Eaves, Stewart M. Fairclough,  
Daisy Filkin, Samuel Lister, William Logan,  
Herbert S. Lundy, Annie Philip, Irene Tate,  
Winifred Thatcher, Herbert A. Wood.

##### PRELIMINARY CERTIFICATE.

Pupils 14 years of age and under.

Pass: Norman Fothergill, Reginald W. Glahoum, Arthur Haver, Mabel Naylor, Bertna Saxby, Mabel Tait, Harold O. Ure.

Pupils over 14 years of age.

Pass: Jennie Bruce, Elizabeth Colling, Winnie Curtis, Stanley Dudgeon, Amelia Duncan, Arthur F. Harding, Tom S. Hodge, Mabel Newby, W. Stanley Pope, James Smith, Mary H. Thompson, Robert J. Winton, Fanny Witten, Violet Young.

"COMPLETE COURSE" SPECIAL CERTIFICATE  
of the Science and Art Department.

## SILHOUETTES.

[This valuable New Certificate is granted only to such Boys and Girls as stay at least three years in the Upper School, take the literary as well as the science subjects of the curriculum, and gain an Honours or an Advanced Certificate in each of at least three of the Obligatory Subjects of the Advanced Course.]

Maurice Jacoby.  
John Neill.

## SPECIAL CLASS PRIZES.

## Boys' Upper School.

3rd Year.—Mathematics: Samuel Lister.

Latin: William Logan.

General Excellence: Cuthbert W. King.

2nd Year.—General Excellence: 1st prize, Jas. Smith; 2nd prize, John Hurdman.

1st Year.—General Excellence: 1st prize, Stanley Stephenson; 2nd prize, John Bailes; 3rd prize, Richd. Grimes.

## Girls' Upper School.

3rd Year.—General Excellence: 1st prize, Stella Bailes; 2nd prize, Norah March.

2nd Year.—General Excellence: 1st prize, Kate Burnett; 2nd prize, Margaret Graham and Janet Smith.

1st Year.—General Excellence: 1st prize, Jennie Grimstead and Ethel Moore; 2nd prize, Irene Tate and Winnie Thatcher.

## Girls' Lower School.

VII.A.—French: Lizzie Todd, Bertha Saxby.

English Composition: May Todd.

General Improvement: Fanny French.

VII.B.—French: Annie Clark, Fanny Witten.

Sewing and Mapdrawing: Edith Tate.

General Improvement: Elsie Bruce and Edith Lumley.

VI.A.—Composition: Poppy Fowler, May Davis, Rachel Arnott.

General Work: Blanche Pinkney.

VI.B.—General Work: Kathleen Kitson,

Norah Heslop, Elizabeth Errington.

V.—Arithmetic: Lilian Marley.

Composition: Minnie Brown.

General Work: Gertrude Watson.

IV.—General Work: May Bodin, Charlotte Hedley, Hilda Hedley.

A distinguished professor once remarked, it is to be feared with a certain ironical intention:—"We are all liable to make mistakes, even the youngest of us." Such a thought should be humbling to young Bedans. On the other hand it should be cheering to them to be assured that, however *wrong* they may appear, they at least never cease to be *diverting* to their elders. So long, surely, as a little Bedan can provide diversion for big Bedans, he may flatter himself he serves a useful end.

Not so very long ago, a watchful teacher was obliged to leave a class-room unguarded for a few minutes, though empty, as it was thought. Not so, however. Two youngsters managed to slip in and enjoy ten minutes, with no watchful eye upon them. What daring scheme was there perpetrated do you think? What terrible joy was indulged in of which to boast to future envious admirers? Not one. The time was occupied in listening fearfully for a certain dreaded footstep, an accusing voice! So sadly do we take our pleasures (when they are stolen!) On the other hand, the funny side of it pleased me, and that is something gained.

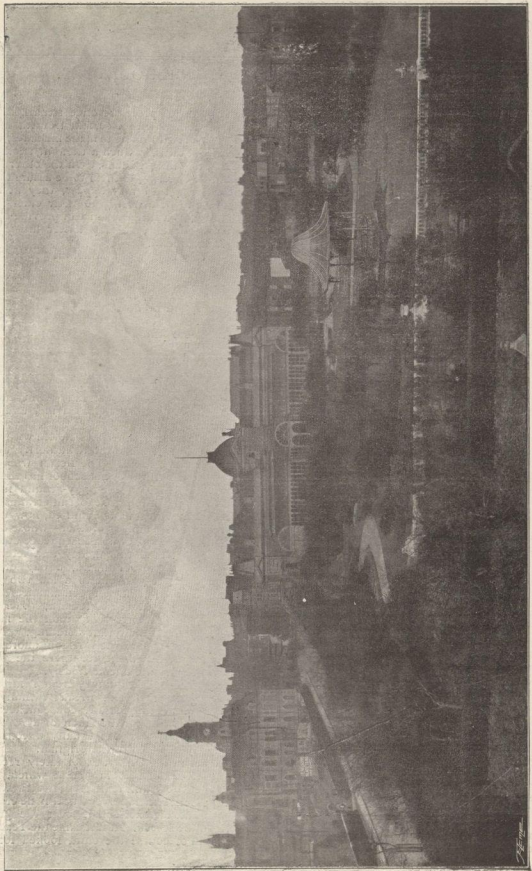
As a looker on, I sometimes notice with what real, unmixed joy, the absolute authority of the elder brother is exerted. The Bedan who lives within a stone's-throw of his school has time for a good long game in the play-ground in the dinner hour, it not required to run errands for a busy mother. But if he is required, how useful he then finds his younger brother—whose desire for play is, of course, of no consequence at all.

"Here, you! take this money and fetch the yeast," was the order heard, a day or two ago, from a twelve-year-old to a lad two years his junior. The youngster commandeered for the task merely ventured to remark, "You were told to go," and then meekly took the money and went off to do the tyrant's bidding.

Perhaps the composition lesson affords the observer most amusement, for there the young Bedan is funny quite unconsciously.

A very little bedan, quoting from Tennyson's pathetic "Break! Break! Break!" wholly unconscious of the unpleasant consequences invoked, wrote "Oh! for the touch of a *varnished* hand!" Happily she was equally unconscious of the agony depicted in the original.

A teacher in the Girls' School lately received a very "left-handed" comment which, however, was entirely unintentional. Seated next to her at the *Conversazione* was a dear little chatter-box, brimful of excitement over the groups thrown on the screen. At last came the Teachers' Group, and of course the child looked for her



GENERAL VIEW OF SUNDERLAND.

W. & A. G. & Co. Ltd.



class-teacher. Ah! there she was! (They had come out awfully well). "Oh! look! You are plain, aren't you?" she cried enthusiastically. "Yes, dear, very," was the reply in all sincerity. In truth the thing was *not* lovely.

In connection with this same *Conversazione*, a young Bedan was known to state in writing, that "parts of the interior of the school and children" were shown on the screen. What tableaux one can conjure up!

Lungs ... ..	Standard V. ... ..	Girls
Lungs and heart	Standard IV. ....	Boys
"Lungs, liver, } lights & pluck" }	Upper School. ....	Boys

Again, it was stated that "Mr Wood was in the chair, with several other members of the Board." In such a case, surely several members would be suppressed, and the proceedings close in a certain disorder!

I could go on indefinitely, for it is a funny world, and little Bedans not the least funny part of it; but space has limits, at least in the pages of our School Magazine.

X. Y. Z.



## CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

### AN ERSTWHILE MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION.

To the Editor of *The Bedan*.

Dear Mr Editor,

If you lived within a stone's-throw of the Bede School, would you, or would you not, feel "a shock of mild surprise," at hearing, in the silent watches of the night, the lowing of a cow? I did, anyhow, and my surprise continued during many nights; nay, sometimes, it even coloured my dreams. I tried often in the mazes of my last waking thoughts, to find a place for a cow in the near distance.

Could some butcher, intent on demonstrating the home-grown quality of his beef, be rearing an animal for slaughter in the back-yard? Or was it a doctor, haunted by thoughts of wily milkmen, and insidious bacilli, who was training up a cow, in hygienic innocence, and on turnips, within some narrow plot of ground? Again, a selection of live-stock in the back premises is not unusual where children are importunate, and parents more than kind; but never, in the extreme case of parental indulgence, have I known things go to the length of a cow. I confess that more than once I was constrained to fall back on other theories. I remember distinctly falling asleep one night in the happy conviction that it was only a locomotive. On another occasion I

entertained the wild idea that it might be a mad-man whom some neighbour kept stowed away, for hidden motives, in a secret chamber. This, sir, for months, till wonder flagged, and curiosity itself grew pale.

Mr Editor, it was lions, roaring! lions!! Now I put it to you, was it likely that I should attribute any noise whatsoever which I might hear to lions? I have been brought up "to thank the goodness and the grace which on my birth have smiled"—an enfeebled memory forbids me to proceed with the quotation, but I know that the implication contained in the lines is, that we favoured English-folk of the —th century could always reckon upon the complete absence of anything savage. That faith I *once* held, but have *now* lost. If to-morrow I go home and find grandpapa playing with a kangaroo on the front step, or meet an antelope eagerly carrying out telegrams on a red bicycle, I shall, I believe, be in sufficiently good training to avoid any improper expression of surprise.

Your henceforth wonder-proof,

E.

[NOTE.—Those readers of *The Bedan* who live in Sunderland do not, but others may, need to be told that, for several weeks past, some lions have been on show at Olympia, and that even a Lion Sale has recently taken place there—an occurrence perhaps unique in the provinces.—Ed., *The Bedan*.]



## OLD BEDANS.

(5) MR. WILLIAM NIMMO.

WILLIAM NIMMO and his older brother John were admitted to Bede School on May 12th, 1890—that is, just a fortnight after the School was opened. His younger brother George came much later—in March, 1896. They were grandsons of Mr. William Nimmo, the well-known brewer, of Castle Eden.

George, who is now serving his apprenticeship as an engineer at Doxford's and is well spoken of as being skilful at his work, did not distinguish himself at school.

John, throughout his four years' course, was always in the highest class, and never far from the top of it. In some ways he was, perhaps, the nearest approach to a genuine genius that has ever passed through the school. Sometimes when sitting quietly, with a far-away look in his striking eyes—as if it were impossible that he should be attending to what was being discussed in the lesson in hand—he would, in reply to a quest-

ion, give an answer which, though perhaps somewhat shambling and awkward in terms, indicated that he had seen right through some difficult point from the beginning to the end, grasping, in a moment, all that even a fairly clever lad would ordinarily arrive at only by several laborious steps. He passed the Science and Art Department's Examinations in five stages of Mathematics—taking Advanced Algebra and Euclid, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and Geometrical and Analytical Conic Sections; but left school before he had the opportunity of studying the Sixth Stage work—the Differential and Integral Calculus. In 1893 he was one of three boys—the two others were Howard Duncan and Richard Littlehailes—who gained, in addition to several other successes that year, First Class Advanced Certificates in Electricity and Magnetism, Heat, and both Theoretical and Practical Chemistry.

After serving his time at Doxford's he went to Australia and was for some time at Perth. Now he is an engineer in Sydney, New South Wales—to which place Arthur Jarman, who sat in the same class with him at Bede School for two years, is now on his way out to take up an appointment as Professor of Mineralogy under the Professor of Chemistry, at the University there.

William Nimmo was, on the whole, not so able as John; but he displayed untiring industry, gained even more certificates in Physics and Chemistry than his brother had done, and was one of the only four boys—Littlehailes, Duncan, Clarke, and himself—who ever have passed in Sixth Stage Mathematics at Bede School.

When seventeen years old he went to be an apprentice with Messrs. John Ritson & Sons, Chemists, High Street, Sunderland.

Quite a number of Old Bedans have become chemists. Among those whose names come to mind at once are John Martin, Wilfrid Fairclough, Arthur Bailey, and Ernest Holmes, who have been, or are, at Mr. Fairman's; and Fred. F. Graham (of Pitlington), Ernest Warburton, and Tom Robinson, who used to be, or are still, at Mr. Ranken's. Then Cuthbert Sisson—whose brother Frank gained at the school in 1893 the rare distinction of a National Queen's Prize for Practical Chemistry—went to Messrs. Brady and Martin's at Newcastle; Ernest Stephens, to Mr. Purse's; and William Cuthbert Brown, to the Chemical Department of the Wear Patent Fuel Works.

Of these Martin (who is in Glasgow), Graham, Stephens,—three lads who came to Bede School on the opening day, April 28th, 1890—and (probably) Sisson, are now fully qualified chemists. Warburton is at Worthing. Able and courteous he is, unfortunately, not very robust. The names of several of the others suggest some men-

tion of their brothers. Harold Fairclough is with Messrs. Pearman and Corder; Stewart and Leslie Fairclough are still at Bede School. Harry Bailey (son of the Rev. H. C. Bailey) and Alfred Robinson (son of the Secretary to the Infirmary) are sea-going engineers. And, while talking of chemists, it is not *malapropos* to remark that William Gibbons, who at Bede School in 1895 was bracketed First in England in First Class Honours for Practical Chemistry at the South Kensington Examinations, was recently, at the College of Medicine, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Double Prizeman in Chemistry and Physics.

William Nimmo has shown to great advantage in several Examinations conducted by the Church of England Temperance Society. In 1894 he gained the first place in England among the Junior Candidates, and in 1897 he obtained a similar position among the Seniors.

On May 7th, 1898, he won the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle Chess Trophy and a gold medal, beating all his opponents in the Tournament.

Last month, after having a six months' course at one of the Edinburgh Colleges, he qualified as a Chemist; and he has now gone to Leytonstone, a suburb of London, to be Manager of a chemist's shop there.

As a lad his unassuming ways, cheerful demeanour, and excellent character were as noticeable as his sound ability and steady perseverance; his manners were always controlled by that simple, unaffected regard for others which is the mainspring of true politeness; and his loyalty and attachment to his school were conspicuous.

As a man he is what we should expect, from his boyhood's record, to find him. No wonder, therefore, that he carried with him, when he went to his new post in London, the esteem and hearty good wishes of a great band of Bedans!



#### 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.

## G E M S .

[NOTE.—The choicé 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.]

## (8) A RAINY SUNDAY IN AN INN IN A SMALL ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN.

THE windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable boys. In one corner was a

stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-doing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttering something between a bark and a yelp: everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

WASHINGTON IRVING,  
American Novelist and Historian;  
Born, 1783; Died, 1859.



## THREE STATEMENTS OF ACCOUNTS.

(1) *Bede School Prize-Giving and Conversazione*, Victoria Hall, Sunderland,  
December 15th, 1899.

INCOME.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.	
To Visitors' Tickets sold:								By Hire of Hall and Piano	...	...	7	6	6
In Boys' School	...	4	10	0				" Removing Benches	...	...	1	0	0
In Girls' School	...	8	3	6				" Advertising	...	...	1	15	0
					12	13	6	" Cartage, Breakages, Stamps, Stationery, and Sundries	...	...	1	5	2
" Scholars' Tickets sold:								" Slides, Lantern, and Trial Lantern.	2	13	11		
In Boys' School	...	11	2	0				" Boys' out-of-pocket Expenses for Photographs	...	...	0	17	10
In Girls' School	...	15	7	0				" Decorations	...	...	0	17	6
					26	9	0	" Printing	...	...	0	18	0
" Money taken at the door	...				2	0	6	" Gratuities to Hall-keeper, Policemen, &c.	...	...	0	11	6
								" Refreshments	...	...	20	8	0
								" Allowance made to some Boys and Girls who, the Company present being much larger than was expected, got no Refreshments	...	...	1	7	9
											39	1	2
								" Balance, being Profit — divided equally between the Boys' and the Girls' School General Funds	2	1	10		
					£41	3	0				£41	3	0

(2)

*Bede Boys' School General Fund.*

1898		INCOME.		£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.				
Feb. 15	To	Profit on Concert and Prize-Giving, Assembly Hall. [See Statement in <i>Bedan</i> , December, 1898] ...	...	13	8	9	By	17 months' Hire of Piano [Aug. 26, 1898, to Jan. 26, 1900] ...	...	8	12	0			
Dec. 16	„	Half the Profit on Prize-Giving and Conversazione, Victoria Hall. [See Statement in <i>Bedan</i> , Apr. 1899]	...	1	13	6	„	School Stationery and Postages during the same period...	...	0	12	8			
1899	Dec. 15	„	Half the Profit on Prize-Giving and Conversazione, Victoria Hall. [See Statement (1) <i>suprà</i> ] ...	...	1	0	11	1900	Feb. 1	Balance in hand ...	...	5	5	0	
				£16		3	2					£16		3	2

(3)

*Bede Girls' School General Fund.*

1898		INCOME.		£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.				
Dec. 16	To	Half the Profit on Prize-Giving and Conversazione, Victoria Hall. [See Statement in <i>Bedan</i> , Apr. 1899]	...	1	13	6	By	Part of the Girls' Special Prizes given on Dec. 15, 1899 ...	...	1	13	6			
1899	Dec. 15	„	Half the Profit on Prize-Giving and Conversazione, Victoria Hall. [See Statement (1) <i>suprà</i> ] ...	...	1	0	11	1900	Feb. 1	Balance in hand...	...	1	0	11	
				£2		14	5					£2		14	5

**Notice to Readers of "The Bedan."**

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

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

Subscriptions for the Year, December, 1899—October, 1900, are 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 as to Advertisements.**

1. Advertisements in *The Bedan* are charged for at a uniform rate—£1 per page per issue.
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Applications to advertise may be sent to the Editor, or the Editress, of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland.



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Manufacturing and Analytical  
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Dealer in Fine Chemicals,  
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“Right - thro' - th' - shop.”

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Complete House Furnishers,

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The **CARPET DEPARTMENT** of Calvert's, Limited, is reputed throughout the district to be the largest and smartest Carpet and Linoleum Department outside London. Their Show-rooms are palatial, their stock is incredibly large and valuable, the quality of their goods is of the best, the designs are by the best artists and designers in the world. This department is now under the management of one of the most capable men in the trade, who is thoroughly conversant with the theoretical construction of the various fabrics, and as all orders will have his personal attention, promptitude and correctness may be relied upon.

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Specialities :

Stylish Millinery.

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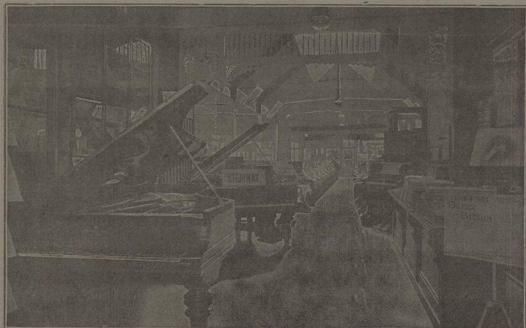
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