The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

PRICE, TWO PENCE.

Published Six Times a Year. *Annual Subscription, One Shilling.*

No. 10. JUNE, 1900.

CONTENTS.

SUNDERLAND :
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ROBERT ATTEY & SONS, JOHN STREET.

W. Greenwell, HOLMESIDE

FOR ALL THAT IS NEW AND CHOICE IN

Silver, Electro Plate, Cutlery,

CLOCKS, BRONZES, &c.

Wedding, Birthday, Christening & other Presents

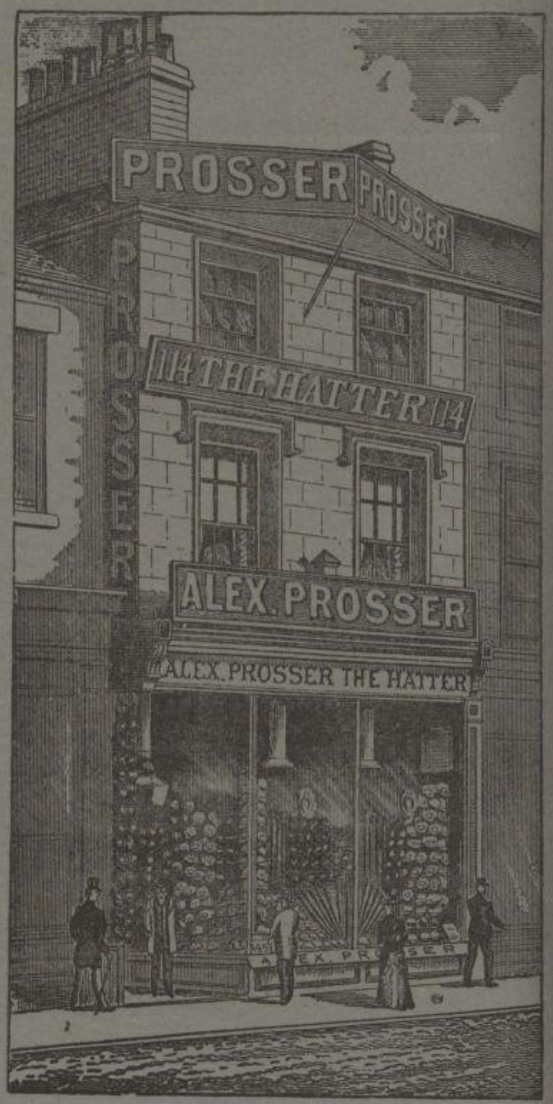
A SPECIALITY.

Repairs, Re-Plating, Gilding, Engraving, &c.

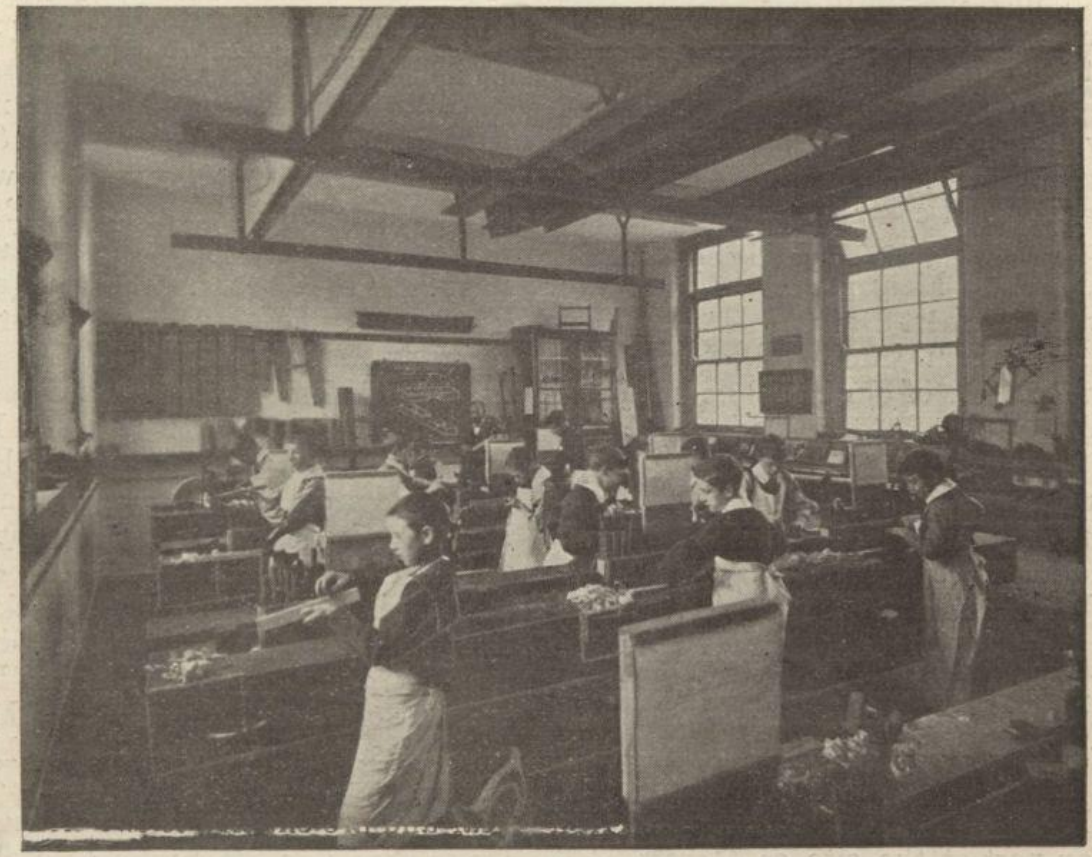
Telephone **663** LOWEST CASH PRICES. Telephone **663**

ALEX. PROSSER, THE HATTER.

BUY PROSSER'S HATS & CAPS. THEY WEAR BEST AND ARE CHEAPEST.



BEDE SCHOOL: CHEMICAL LABORATORY; GIRLS AT WORK.



 BEDE SCHOOL: MANUAL INSTRUCTION WORKSHOP.

SUNDERLAND PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

In the June *Bedan* of 1899 we attempted, in a somewhat general and discursive way and principally by reference to history and literature, to show the more or less prominent part that Music has always—but especially among the Greeks, and the Knightly Orders of the Middle Ages—played in Education; and we then promised an Article (which, however, has been crowded out from time to time until now) on the Sunderland Philharmonic Society. We think that the subject may have some interest for our readers;—for the Philharmonic Society and Bede School are, both alike, educational institutions in Sunderland—though each has its own particular sphere of work; and, moreover, the connecting links of a personal nature between the two have been, and are, strong and numerous.

About forty-five or forty-six years ago the Sunderland Sacred Harmonic Society was established for the study and practice of the higher class of Choral Music with a view to the creating, cultivating, and diffusing in our Wearside town a taste for classical musical compositions.

Among those who agreed to be Singing Members were Messrs. Robert Ferry, W. J. Pearson, Robert Duncan (once a Choir Boy at Durham Cathedral), and John Porteous (father of our well-known townsman Mr. George Porteous, himself afterwards long connected with the Philharmonic Society); and Canon Mathie—who, full of years and honours, died just a few weeks ago, Mr. W. Givens (Sir Hedworth Williamson's Agent), and Mr. Septimus Bourne (Manager of Wearmouth Colliery) took an active interest in the Society's work. We believe that Mr. John Parker, the well-known flautist, sometimes played at the Concerts. Mr. Christopher Beswick, who had a music shop in High Street on part of the site of Messrs. Calvert & Company's business premises, was the Conductor, and the Practices were held in the Bethany Chapel, Hedworth Terrace.

After two or three seasons, however, the Sacred Harmonic Society collapsed. But, just forty years ago, a fresh Society called the Philharmonic—from two Greek words meaning *love of music*—was founded, its objects and its list of members being very similar to those of its predecessor, though the works practised and performed were not necessarily to be of a sacred character. Mr. R. Ferry was the first Conductor, and his daughter, Miss Annie Ferry (afterwards Mrs. Robert Foster) the first Accompanist. [It is interesting to note that this lady's two daughters, the Misses Muriel and Hilda Foster, are now singers of considerable standing in the musical world: they have both had the honour of being commanded to sing before Her Majesty the Queen.] The Practices took place first in the Schoolroom adjoining the Bethel Chapel in Villiers Street, and, by and by, when the Choir had grown larger, in the Bethel Chapel itself.

When Mr. Ferry—who founded the well-known firm, Messrs. Ferry & Foster—resigned the Conductorship it was taken by Dr. Rea, of Newcastle. Brougham Street Schoolroom then became the rendezvous of the Chorus, and Mr. (now Dr.) Thomas Hutchinson was Pianist. Some fourteen years ago Mr. Nicholas Kilburn, J.P., of Bishop Auckland, succeeded Dr. Rea, and Miss Pearson took Dr. Hutchinson's place at the piano until—on becoming Mrs. Edgar Dingle—she resigned it to Mrs. E. G. Douglas, the present Accompanist. For the past two or three seasons the Choir has met for the Weekly Practices—which are held on Thursday evenings—in the Bede Hall, Burdon Road.

The Society consists of Active Members, who constitute the Choir, and Honorary Members, who each subscribe a guinea a year and are entitled to two tickets for the Dress Circle or the Stalls at each of the

Society's Concerts—which, unhappily, are bound to be held in the uninviting Victoria Hall, no other Public Room in Sunderland being sufficiently large. For each Concert area tickets at two shillings, and gallery tickets at one shilling, are sold to the general public; but the Honorary Members' subscriptions are—or ought to be—the financial mainstay of the Society.

Handel's *Messiah*, *Samson*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Joshua*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Acis and Galatea*; Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, *Athalie*, and *Hymn of Praise*; Haydn's *Creation* and *Seasons*; Gounod's *Redemption* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* are just a few of the Standard Works which, along with less-known compositions like Dvoràk's *Spectre's Bride*, Prout's *Alfred*, Barnett's *Building of the Ship*, Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon*, and Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, besides novelties such as Elgar's *King Olaf* and Taylor's *Hiawatha*, the Society has, during the past forty years, performed with full orchestra and capital principals.

Of the hundreds of distinguished artistes who have appeared at the Concerts a few whose names come first to mind are Miss Macintyre, Miss Maggie Davies, Madame Sherwin, Madame Belle Cole, Miss Clara Butt, Joseph Maas, Edward Lloyd, Andrew Black, Santley, and Foli, with Joachim, Sarasate, and Sir Charles Hallé.

The Society has therefore not only afforded its Vocal Members facilities for becoming intimately acquainted with the masterpieces of the best composers, but has also given its Honorary Members and the public of Sunderland the opportunity of having, in their own town, worthy and adequate performances of these great works.

Like anybody or anything that has lived for two-fifths of a century the Philharmonic Society has gone through difficulties and vicissitudes. The Choir—of which Miss Dent deserves special mention as a most valuable member—has sometimes dwindled to comparatively small proportions. At present, however, it stands at 'record' strength—250. This branch of the Society has seldom been unsatisfactory. The enthusiasm with which the various musical works undertaken have been studied, and the culture, good feeling, and increase of musical knowledge which have directly resulted from the Choir Practices, would have justified the Society's existence even if not a single Concert had been provided. But there *have* been Concerts throughout the Society's life-time, and the Choir has always done *its* part towards making them, from a musical point of view, highly successful.

Yet the Society has seldom been well-circumstanced financially. Eight years ago there were about 300 Honorary Members. *Then*, *three* Concerts a season used to be given. *Now*, *two* is the number, careful consideration of the accounts for several years having shown the Committee that it was simply impossible to provide *three* expensive Concerts and not lose money—except with a hitherto unattained List of Subscribers. Last year there were only 160 Subscribers—not many more than 1 for every 1000 of the population of Sunderland, and, though the last Concert of all was undoubtedly one of the very best ever given in the town here, the Society is at present about £7 in debt. This, to be sure, is not a *large* debit balance; but it shows clearly that the wealthy classes in Sunderland are more lukewarm than ardent, more Laodicean than perfervid, in their support of good music.

The Philharmonic Society is one of the agencies in our midst making for the moral and æsthetic uplifting of the community, and, as such, has strong claims to be vigorously maintained. There is nothing sordid or materialistic about it. None of its Officers "gets anything out of it". Nobody connected with it has "an axe to grind". Ladies and gentlemen who, either from their own pure love of "the divine

art", or because they recognize the powerful refining and elevating influence which the Society, if efficient, is bound to have all over the sphere of its operations, are wishful to become Honorary Members, should write to one of the energetic Co-Secretaries. [Mr. E. G. Douglas, Tunstall Terrace; Mr. F. Wade, Douro Terrace.]

One of the most gratifying facts in the history of the Society is the unwavering support which, in fair weather and foul, it has received from not a few old, staunch friends—most of them, happily, still to the fore. Some whose names at once suggest themselves are Mr. P. Lodwidge—who possesses, we believe, a programme of every Concert ever given by the Society, Mr. T. Elliot, J.P., Mr. T. Pybus, Mr. Jenneson Taylor, Mr. W. M. Roche, Mr. M. Wiener, Mr. J. Havelock, the Haddock family, the Pearson family, the Messrs. Ranken (the builders of Bede School), Mr. J. R. Jarman, Councillor F. Foster, Mr. F. Wade, and Mr. F. Forrest. Mr. E. G. Douglas, Mr. C. F. Lloyd, Mr. G. I. Simey, Mr. J. W. Rhodes, and Mrs. W. Mills are among those who, in recent years, have rendered the Society substantial help.

A few months ago the Members of the Society gave Mr. Kilburn a large silver bowl and a splendid 'grandfather's' clock, and Mrs. Kilburn a diamond brooch. Councillor Roche made an eloquent speech when handing over the gifts, and said very truly that, though handsome, they were but an indication, not a measure, of the affection felt for Mr. Kilburn by the donors, and of their appreciation of the absolutely invaluable services rendered by him to the Philharmonic Society as Honorary Conductor for fourteen years. Mr. Kilburn—who, we hope, may long be spared and be willing to continue to wield the bâton over the Choir—made a characteristic (and therefore happy) reply.

Some years ago Mr. T. G. Haddock, the then Honorary Secretary, was presented by the Members with a gold watch; and, when Miss Pearson resigned her position as Honorary Pianist, the Choir gave her a handsome cabinet and a ring.

It would make this Article inordinately long if we were to point out, in detail, all the personal ties between Bede School and the Philharmonic Society. The Head Mistress, at least one of her former colleagues (Miss Reid), and many of her former pupils—including the Misses G. Gowans, E. Kirkup, D. Lee, Lyons, L. Miller, E. Mudd, Rutherford, and E. Thompson, are in the Choir. The Head Master is an Honorary Member, and, among Old Bedan boys, Howard Duncan, Arthur Jarman, William and George Porteous, John Edward Parker, Harold Tate, George Douglas, and Douglas McLaren, are a selection of those who have, or have had, friends connected with the Society.

May we express the hope that increasing numbers of our scholars and their parents will take an interest in the Society? All our older boys and girls have done some chorus-work at school, and an honest attempt is always made to give them for practice nothing but what is really good and well worth singing. We trust, therefore, that many Bedans may acquire a little genuine musical taste, and that they may seek the development and satisfaction of this, and increase their opportunities of having the deep, pure pleasure which Music affords, by becoming either Acting or Honorary Members of the fine, old Philharmonic Society whose history we have now attempted to trace.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

[The Editor and the Editress 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 one another. 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* Old Bedan appeals in some measure to *all* the rest.]

The *Sunderland Daily Echo*, the *Sunderland Morning Mail*, and the *Newcastle Daily Leader* were some of the local newspapers in which appeared notices of our April number.

Under the heading "*The Bedan* and the War" the *Leader* said

"One of the contributors to this month's issue . . sends a very spirited set of verses on the War."

It then quotes in full the last verse, and also the Note which the Editor of *The Bedan* made upon it—a Note which the *Leader* describes as a "pertinent comment".

The *Mail* remarked,

"The bright little Magazine, *The Bedan*, keeps up its high character . . One of the most charming contributions is "The Little Pickle", a fairy story by a schoolgirl of eleven years of age. Really, the Magazine is well calculated to promote the turning out of pupils of the School with the literary faculty well developed. I was going to say the pages are lightened—but the literary matter needs no lightening. But, anyhow, they are ornamented—with good blocks of the Town Hall . ."

The Views seem to have given satisfaction. One valued critic wrote :—

"Pictorially you are strong. Some folk like poetry ; many more like prose ; but everybody likes pictures."

April 28th is familiarly called, among Bedans, "The School's Birthday"—for that date, in 1890, was "our opening day". April 28th, 1900, was a Saturday—which day-scholars consider, so far as school matters are concerned, a *dies non*. The "Birthday" was therefore kept on Monday, the 30th. A visitor to the Girls' School that day said that he had never before seen so many beautiful daffodils anywhere. Nearly every girl wore one, and there were, besides, huge vases of them displayed *passim*. Many other flowers, and festoons of ivy and holly, made the rooms look very festive, while not a few flags flying gaily from the windows adorned the outside of the School and aroused the curiosity of "the man in the street".

The Boys were not very floral ; but they beflagged their windows.

On Monday morning, May 21st, after "God save the Queen" had been sung and three cheers for Baden-Powell given—both *quam fortissimè*—a Whole Holiday to celebrate the Relief of Mafeking was announced.

À propos of the Relief of Mafeking we had intended to give, in our present Number, an Article on Sir Henry Havelock and the Relief of Lucknow ; but it has been squeezed out. However, a View of Ford Hall, General Havelock's Birthplace, appears, as does also one of Lumley Castle—a companion to that of Lambton Castle, given in April.

Mr. F. J. Maher, the Art Teacher, left the School in May. The older Boys gave him a handsome walking-stick ; the older Girls, a cigarette case.

On May 28th and 29th the Upper School was examined by Hugh Gordon, Esquire, M.A., and M. A. Fenton, Esquire, M.A., two of the Board of Education's Inspectors.

F. Ernest Warburton, who has been in Worthing since last August and is much improved in health, has secured an appointment, for a fairly long period, as Dispenser to a Doctor (an Edinburgh gentleman and private friend) resident in Cathcart, Cape Colony. He sails in the "Tantallon Castle" on July 21st.

Cathcart is about 100 miles up country from East London, on the Stormberg line of railway, and, being 4,000 feet above the sea-level, is considered a very healthy place.

Warburton's old school-fellows will hope that South Africa may in his case, as in many another, make a rather delicate man into a robust one ; and that he may have much success there.

It very much surprised us to hear last week that Cyril Walmsley—who, by the way, was born in India—has been out at the War for half a year. As it is only 13 months since he left Bede School he has almost literally stepped from the playground on to the battle-field.

We heartily congratulate one of our Contributors, Franklyn Robinson, son of Mr William H. Robinson, of St. Bede's Terrace, Sunderland, who has recently, at Durham University, both taken his degree *with First Class Honours*—a thing done this June by only *one* other student there—and also won, at another examination, the distinction of *University Mathematical Scholar*.

But Bede School cannot fairly claim more than a tiny modicum of credit for his success. For, after having been a pupil for about six years of the present Head Master of Bede School, partly at Valley Road School and partly at Bede School, he won a Scholarship which took him from the latter to Barnard Castle County School where he had a long and brilliant career. He did not, therefore, like several distinguished Bedan boys and girls, pass straight from Bede School to the University.

John Nimmo and Arthur Jarman had the pleasure of seeing each other in Sydney, New South Wales, lately.

We were glad to meet Charles Gibson and Stanley Littlehailes last month, and managed to recognize them in spite of the considerable, though natural, change in appearance which they have undergone since leaving Bede School as lads six or seven years ago. The one has a post in the N.E.R. Company's Audit Office at Newcastle. The other is a sea-going engineer now at home to sit for his Certificate as Chief.

Miss Smith's visit to her old haunts—the Girls' School—on the eleventh of May, was the cause of much pleasurable excitement among her former pupils.

We hope that her connection with us, and indeed that of all our former teachers and pupils, will be long kept up.

Little Kathleen Ritson, one of the brightest and most industrious girls in Class VII A. left early this year, accompanying her parents to Canada, where they are settling.

Doris Barlow has received from Kathleen's new home, Larcombe, Alberta, Canada, a letter containing interesting news. From it we learn that the cold there is intense in winter, and that consequently the children go to school for only eight months in the year! ! Kathleen is learning to ride—a horse, not a bicycle: she was a capital cyclist in England here—and enjoys many new pleasures; but misses her old friends at Bede School.

A class in the Girls' School is reading in French a collection of fairy tales. One, called Le chat botté, is our old friend Puss in Boots. The girls were told that the sentence "Il mit du son et des lacerons dans son sac," meant "He put some bran and some *wild lettuce* into his bag." Judge of the sensation when one unhappy child was discovered to have written "*wild letters*"!

But *wild letters* are, after all, a good deal commoner than *wild lettuce*.

Probably every day each Sunderland postman carries out in his bag a certain number of epistles more or less *wild*. And a good thing too! Nobody enjoys a letter of the merely *tame* variety; but a genuinely *wild* letter—whether it be from parent to teacher, client to solicitor, customer to tradesman, passenger to the Railway Company, Neighbour A to Neighbour B, fiancé to fiancée, or *vice versâ*—is lively reading, and sometimes makes as much stir as a bull in a china shop!

And we daresay that, in the *handwriting* of everybody on Wearside, some of the characters occasionally get off the line or go otherwise astray, and become *wild letters*.

May we suggest, as a suitable question for the first part of the English Paper at some future London Matriculation Examination, the following:—

Which letters of the alphabet do you consider to be *wild*, and which *domestic*?

As we find that Fairy Stories please many of our younger readers, particularly the Girls, we print, in the present Number, a rather long one by 'Tony'. A few good lines on Ruskin by W.D.D. will appear in the August *Bedan*. A boy has sent in a capital Article on Practical Photography; but, perhaps from the very nature of the subject, it is long and technical. Will those of our readers who would like it to appear please send us word to that effect?

GERTRUDE WATSON,

Died, Easter Tuesday, April 17th, 1900,

AGED 15 YEARS.

A gentle, lovable girl of unusual ability. A Bedan for two years, she made many school friends. They will plant on her grave a tree as a little token of affection.

CAN GOLD EVAPORATE LIKE WATER?

"YES, but far faster", says my old uncle. He is not a great chemist or a learned man of science, but looks at this question from a practical point of view; and, having three very *dear* daughters whose bills for dresses and millinery make, every quarter, a lump of his income "vanish into thin air", he answers affirmatively and emphatically as aforesaid.

We know that *Water* exposed to air loses weight by evaporation. If we had eyes strong enough to discern individual molecules, we should see that they are continually trying, like trout in a well-stocked stream, to spring out of their own element into the neighbouring one. Many of the aqueous particles, however, unlike the fish, get quite free and go right away, roaming through the air. This is evaporation. We can imagine one of these lucky droplets turning round to a less fortunate brother and saying "Good-bye, old man; I'll meet you at the next condensation!"

But can *Gold* really evaporate?

Well, professors—who are often either at sea or in a brown study—were a long time in finding this out; but they say now that gold, when suitably sandwiched between cylinders of lead, *does* evaporate.

What a comfort to the poor to know that *they* have not got much of a substance which, under certain circumstances, can pass away by this insidious process! And what a salve to the conscience of a spendthrift, the thought that if he had not wasted his father's money it might have actually *evaporated*!

When I grow to be a man, and become rich, I think I shall keep my wealth not in the shape of volatile gold, but in the more durable form of diamonds!

IKI.

WHO SPILLED THE CYCLIST?

[Dedicated, *without permission*, to the Highways Committee of the Sunderland County-Borough Council.]

Who spilled the Cyclist?
"We", said the Corporation,
"With our sewer ventilation;
We spilled the Cyclist".

Who made him wobble?
"I", said a Hole,
Like a ten-gallon bowl;
"I made him wobble".

Who saw him fall?
"I", said the Grating,
"As I lay here in waiting,
I saw him fall".

Who blacked his eye?
"I", said the Ground,
"I think it will be found
That I blacked his eye".

Who cut his face?
"We", said the Stones,
"Though we didn't break his bones,
We cut his face".

Who caught his blood?
"I", said the Dust,
"If tell the truth I must,
I *drank* his blood".

Who hid his plight?
"I", said Dark Night,
"He looked an awful sight,
So I hid his plight".

Who was chief mourner?
"I", said his Head,
Still very sore and red,
"I was chief mourner".

Who sang his dirge?
"I", said the Chem(é)st,
"At least I did my best,
I *nearly* sang his dirge".

Who drew his cab?
"I", said the Horse,
"'Tis well he was no worse,
Or I might have drawn his *hearse!*
I drew his cab".

Who made him well?
"I", said the Doctor,
"I dressed the parts he'd knocked, or
I'd not have made him well".

Who paid the bill?
"Not *we*", said the Corporation,
Trembling with indignation,
"This ungrateful generation
Doesn't value ventilation.
Holes (*we* think) worth commendation:
They—and humps—give variation
To our roads, and cause vexation
To the cycling population—
Which delights *us*. Compensation?
Oh no! Nonsense! Botheration!
Wheelmen merit mutilation,
Here's to their extermination!
Who paid the bill?
Catch *ús* pay the bill!"

P. AND Q.

[NOTE.—This very modern version of a time-honoured threnody has doubtless been suggested by the fact that a well-known Bedan, after cycling without accident some thousands of miles at night time, found, in Chester Road, a sewer ventilator followed by a deep hole rather too much for his equilibrium one dark evening lately, and therefore "fell to earth" like Longfellow's arrow;—but, unfortunately, was not afterwards discovered, like it, "still unbroke".—Ed., *The Bedan*.]

ARE YOU GOING TO PARIS?

OF course you are. An honest pitman of my acquaintance says he "can do with a bit of travelling, when there's any brass stirring." This exactly hits your case, I am convinced. Now if, it being decided that you go, you were to come to ask me my sincerest advice as to ways and means, I should reply, in the words of Mr. Punch to those about to marry, "Don't." This, however, would be merely "en passant", for I should be much amazed if you took the slightest notice of my warning; but I would just like to point out that I think you will find Paris rather warm, very busy, and extremely dear, and then, having done my duty by you, I will leave you, reader, to go you own wilful way, and will even, with your polite permission, give you a few hints for your guidance.

Your first step should be this:—"Calculate carefully the extreme limit of expenditure to which you ought to go, double it, add several pounds for extras, and then be prepared for the worst." It is not that I have myself found French people more avaricious than the burly Briton, but I have a presentiment that the Exhibition will furnish a comfortable excuse for taking it out of the foreigner. Doubtless, your most serious anxiety is the sea voyage. It does not need a Hamlet to hesitate on the brink of that: and indeed, here I have no help to offer. If you are going to be sick, you will be sick. I might of course recommend you a series of specifics. There is burnt brandy, for instance; or eating an extremely good dinner before going on board; or seating yourself in a deck-chair,

fixing your eyes on the topmast, and remaining thus throughout the voyage in an attitude of what some people may take for a sort of rigid ecstasy; or munching biscuits, sans intermission four hours by the dial; or going below and lying flat. But I pass for an honest man, and hesitate to recommend any course strongly. To be sure, there is no harm in being sanguine. I have tried it myself. I have walked on board in a sprightly and superior manner, as though inured to all the evils of the deep, though strenuously murmuring to myself from the first heave which the vessel made beneath me, "Down, down, unquiet spirit! thy element's below". But it really does not delude anybody, not even yourself. Everybody who is not sick, or frantically trying not to be, like your miserable self, is laughing at you, and thinking at sight of your wan and artificial smile, "Ah! one may smile and smile and yet be sea-sick"! If you are a coward, and don't mind acknowledging it, go by Dover and Calais. The sea-voyage is much the shortest, and we were not all born to be heroes.

We will suppose you have got to Paris all right. You will do, somehow, and it is far best to leave yourself resignedly in the hands of officials whilst travelling: by trying to get your own way, you only annoy these gentlemen, and don't get it. I should strongly recommend a hotel in preference to a *pension*. In a Parisian hotel you are not called upon to take any meal whatever except the coffee or tea and roll which are brought up to your room in the morning for your "premier déjeuner"; and it is both more convenient, and less expensive, to get your meals at a restaurant, a good Duval, for instance. You can get excellent and cheap dinners in Paris, if you will take French dishes; but I do not advise you to set your heart on "rosbif" or "bifteck". The "garçon" will, with a joyful alacrity, supply either; but it will be atrociously underdone. To return for a moment to your hotel. You may probably find that your bedroom-door has only one key, which the chamber-maid, or chamber-man, appropriates; hence, do not be worried at his or her friendly way of dropping in; and if you desire to keep that individual out, don't rely on expostulation—try a piece of furniture.

In most hotels you can get tea instead of coffee for your morning "snack", and I have had it of extremely good quality; but do not go for tea into stray shops which offer the tempting sign, "English Afternoon Tea". In these places, "Blessed is he that expects smoked water, for he shall not be disappointed". If you are not a proud and haughty person there is a better way: make your own. Never will I go to Paris without my spirit-kettle, my tea-pot, my cup-and-saucer, and my half-pound of tea. "Ah!" you say, "the murder's out, the writer of this is an old maid!" Be it so; I own the soft impeachment; but allow me to add that I know more than one young bachelor who has partaken of my tea, and rejoiced for once that there were old maids. Of course, as I said at first, you must not be proud, or over-sensitive. You must go buy your "alcool à brûler", and you will probably feel that the grocer suspects you of wanting surreptitiously to drink it. Worse still, you must take your little bottle to a "laiterie", and buy a ha'porth of milk, "du lait pour un sou", and repeat this for, say, seven days in succession. There's where your pride suffers. As for me, I am inured to it, and got quite into the habit the last time I was in Paris of investing in a ha'porth of milk, and a penn'orth of butter (a penn'orth!) every day. Armed with these, and a paper bag of "brioches", delicious little bread-cakes which you buy at a "boulangerie", you put your pride in your pocket, or better still, assume all the dignity which is not warranted by the occasion, march into your hotel, stalk past the attendants, who know perfectly well what you are doing, gain your room, and for form's sake, barricade your door. Then you enjoy yourself. It is a graceful act, by the way, to remove your own tea-leaves. I recommend the plan of making them into a neat parcel, and dropping them into the Seine. You may be taken up for a dynamiter, but it's better than having to blush before the accusing eyes of a chamber-maid.

I feel that I ought to tell you what to see in Paris, but it would be pure waste of time. You will either go with a Cook's party, and ride about with a gang of jolly Britons, looking for all the world as if they were going to burst out into "Rule Britannia"; or you will go "on your own", with a guide-book, which you will feel it your duty to follow out religiously in every detail. Your feet will be sore with following the guide-book up and down, your back will nearly break, and you will be obliged to resort to blue glasses, but you will have the joy of a clear conscience.

One word more. Do you want to avoid being known for a Briton? I don't think you will succeed in any case; but a costume like that of a London shop-walker, varied with a white waistcoat, and a straw hat, would do something for you as a man. If you are of the other sex, the most effectual disguise you can adopt is the cyclist's rational costume. This, with a bicycle, would render you an ordinary sight to the passer-by; but if you wear an English walking-skirt and blouse, you will be reminded forcibly of the old Lancashire cry:—"Here's a stranger! heave a brick at his head".

An after-thought. Take your own soap and candles, or when your bill is presented, you will think sadly of

ME

LUMLEY CASTLE.

THE INSPECTOR INSPECTED.

I WAS the last pupil to leave Bede School on the afternoon of May 29th, 1900, and it was 5 minutes to 5 by the clock in the corridor when I came out of my class-room feeling thoroughly tired out, for we had had a "hot time of it" that day and the day before. A few boisterous companions were in the playground fencing most viciously with single-sticks minus their baskets, and although they pressed me sore to have a bout, I was too weary for that kind of sport, though I liked it well enough at other times.

I had almost got clear of the school yard when loud cries from behind constrained me to return, —for I jumped to the conclusion immediately that some one had received an extra hard knock on the shins or the cranium. [Fortunately several of us have crania harder than Shylock's heart, and unimpressionable to anything less powerful than a Nasmyth hammer. Still, a good whack on the side of a lad's head makes a little noise in the world, and attracts *some* attention.]

Nothing of the kind had happened, however. What I beheld was a circle of boys, all yelling and brandishing their weapons, and in the midst Mr. G . . . who, with his colleagues, had caused us the hot time referred to above. I don't mean that he and they had literally 'roasted' us; but two days' continuous questioning and experiment-working would make anybody feel warm, wouldn't it?

The state of affairs was as clear as daylight to me now. Mr. G . . is a gentleman, patient, considerate, and good-humoured, and we boys like him very much; but we like a 'lark' even more. And on leaving school His Inspectorial Highness had been completely surrounded and made our prisoner, and, at the moment of my arrival upon the scene, was being asked to choose between pitting himself against a whole circle of opponents and unconditional surrender. Evidently he thought of the natural kindheartedness of boys in general, and anticipated nothing worse than that we would perhaps request a subscription from him for providing new fencing sticks.

Whether he was right or not I now propose to tell. He surrendered—for the sticks looked formidable; and we at once escorted him upstairs into the physical laboratory. Here we decided that the best fun would be to examine the examiner; and this is the paper that we set him:—

[DIRECTIONS. One hour is allowed for this

paper, and you must attempt every question.]

1. Being an inspector yourself, you will be well aware that gentlemen of your profession take great delight in questioning boys with the deliberate intention of making them contradict themselves. We are certain that you will readily admit this, and at the same time accept the truth of the following rule in grammar :—

Several nouns in English form their feminines by suffixing *-ess* to their masculine forms ; as, actor, actress ; lion, lioness.

Keep this rule in mind, and explain the *-ess* ending in the given pairs of words ;—fort, fortress ; imp, impress ; prow, prowess ; matter, mattress ; adder, address.

2. Ten travellers come to an inn, and demand each a single room. The host says, "I have only nine rooms, but I think I can manage it in this way. "Will you", addressing one of the travellers, "wait here until I have placed your friends, and then I will come back for you ?" He thereupon puts the 2nd traveller in the 1st room, the 3rd in the 2nd room, the 4th in the 3rd, the 5th in the 4th, the 6th in the 5th, the 7th in the 6th, the 8th in the 7th, the 9th in the 8th, and then returns for the last man and puts him in the 9th room.

Comment on the above plan, and state carefully where the first man and the tenth man were accommodated, and state which of these two you would have preferred to be.

3. Is it possible for a body moving in a straight line to reverse its motion without coming to rest first ? Example. If a rifle ball moving due east is met by a cannon ball moving due west, and is carried back with the cannon ball, the direction of its motion is reversed and it has *not* first come to rest.

Give reasons for your solution of the first part of the question, and explain the given example by deductions from the reasons you state.

4. Express, in *mild* language, the feelings of one of our masters who is attempting to give a lesson in the chemical lecture room when the girls are screeching in one playground and the boys yelling in the other, and the laundry men next door are beating carpets, and the boiler is blowing off steam.

5. A boy has sixpence which he may spend at one of three shops. In the window of the first shop, a pastry-cook's, is an array of newly-baked jelly tarts at slashing reductions. The second shop is a tobacconist's, and here are exhibited packets of cigarettes warranted *not to smell the breath*, at 3d. per packet of ten. The third shop is a marine-store dealer's, where a grand air-gun and darts are to be bought by anybody for 6d. The original price was six shillings, and the gun is in capital working order. So says the ticket. In which shop would the boy spend his sixpence ? Give at least twenty different reasons for your answer.

6. Write an Essay comparing Lord Roberts with President Kruger. No credit will be given for this question unless your opinions agree in every detail with our own.

7. A point is that which marks position but has no magnitude. How do you apply the truth of this axiom in the case of your accidentally sitting upon the business end of a drawing pin ?

8. A pole is 10 feet high, and a snail climbs up it 3 feet every day but slips back 2 feet every night. Will the snail reach the top of the pole on the tenth day, or on the eighth ?

9. A says to B, "I have £30, and I don't know whether to go to the Paris Exhibition and have a tip-top holiday, or to buy a piano".

"Oh !" says B to A, "that's easily settled. *Go half way to the Paris Exhibition, and buy half a piano !*"

Wasn't this an admirable compromise ? If not, why not ?

I cannot tell you what the candidate's answers were, and I fear that the Examination Room was not so still and silent as such a place usually is.

. . . . . .

"What are you laughing at so uproariously, and pitching your legs and arms about for ?" roared my big brother. "Stop that noise and lie still, or I'll kick you out of bed !"

Ah me ! You see 'twas but a delightful dream. And would you like to know what caused me to have it ? I can give you the answer in two simple words—*tinned lobster !*

CRYPTO.

EXCELSIOR !

[The Alps and their avalanches have no terrors for anybody who has negotiated Sunderland streets since the Electric Tramways began to be laid down.]

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through a local street there passed
A tiny Bedan on a bike—
An old one—not exactly like
Excelsior.

"Go not that way," an old man yelled ;
'Gainst this advice the lad rebelled ;—
"Well, *if* you go, keep to one side !"
And loud the boyish voice replied,
"Excelsior !"

"Beware great stones—a lofty heap ;
Beware the cutting, wide and deep !"
This was the watchman's last good-night ;

The youngster answered—out of sight—
"Excelsior!"

That boy avoided many a fall;
'Setts', iron rails, he cleared them all;
Ropes, barriers, sand, and gravel too,
Pitch-boilers, numbering not a few.
Excelsior!

But sad to tell, ere close of day,
He came to grief, and had to stay
His hurried ride, and cease to shout
To all who dared to *walk* about,
"Excelsior!"

A great abyss in Western Hill
Engulfed him, spite of all his skill.
Both killed and drowned, he couldn't speak,
But his wee ghost was heard to squeak
"Excelsior!"

JONES MINOR.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOW.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad
Acquaintances I meet,
And here I will describe to you
How variously we greet.

THESE lines are not written by our Poet Laureate, though he *has* written worse,—but by a simple Bedan, who generally confines herself to plain prose. It is hoped that they may prove a fitting introduction to this examination of the bow.

Let us begin with baby. When the inexperienced friend of its parents meets baby in the pram and tries to talk nonsense to it—and succeeds admirably—how does baby return the greeting? All inexperienced friends know that it either takes no notice of the I.F. or else begins to scream lustily. *That* is baby's way, a disconcerting way.

As the baby grows into a boy or girl, so do its manners alter. As far as I can see, small boys never bow to one another, but pass one another with unmoved countenances and merely ejaculate "Dick," "Harry," continuing their respective ways. Not so with small girls. *They* are all smiles, smiles which can almost be felt round a corner by their grown-up acquaintances.

But it is grown-up people after all who are the funniest. The variety of bows among them is endless. There is the haughty bow of the really amiable damsel, which is such as to freeze your blood, if you didn't know that in reality she was warm-hearted and jolly. She bows, however, as if she were a royal princess unable to conceal her contempt for all of lower rank.

There is another sort of greeting which I occasionally suffer, that of the man who gives me a knowing, sideways sort of nod, which seems to say: "Hullo, old pal! *I*'ll not split, if *you*'ll keep quiet!" It takes one a long time to get reconciled to a gentleman bowing like that. The only charitable interpretation is that he must have been a mischievous boy and that his bow has not evolved with him.

I wonder if any of my readers have ever met people whose bow is so slight as to be only discernible through a magnifying glass. During the silent watches of the night one ruminates as to what one has done to be so unkindly cut—and after all the fault was in one's own eyes.

But perhaps funniest of all is the bow accompanied by an affectation of great surprise even to a visible start, surprise of course mingled with deep satisfaction—and consequently flattering. That is really most embarrassing. One is impelled by some sort of reflex action to look startled too, and then to feel foolish. I watched the perpetrator of this variety of greeting one day lately, manifest his gratified astonishment to at least half-a-dozen acquaintances, who were, after all, in their usual haunts.

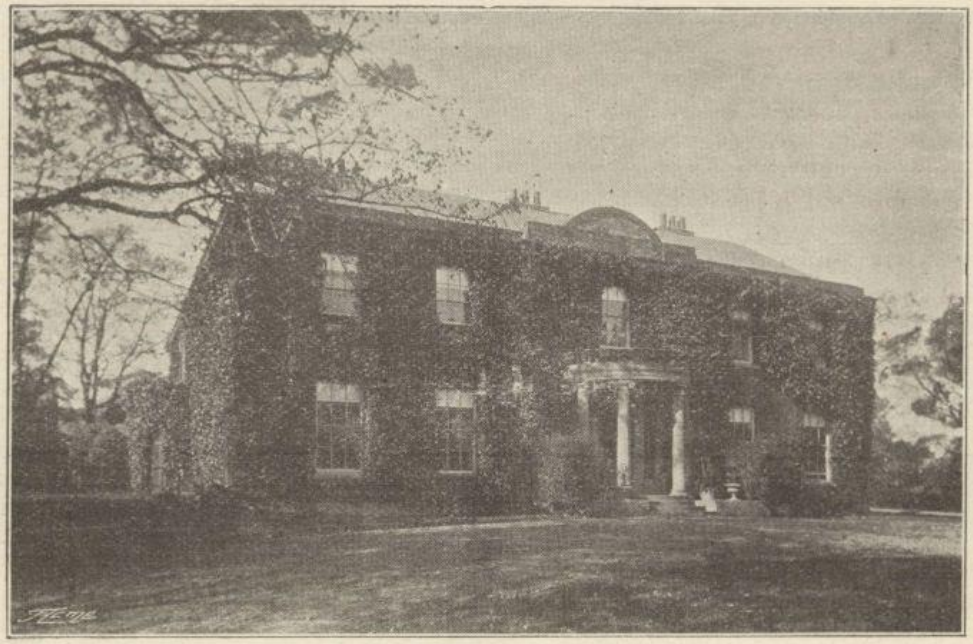
How curious to our English eyes are foreign greetings! They vary from the deep bow of the Frenchman to that custom prevailing among certain savage tribes—perhaps not so ceremonious as the French greeting, but more affectionate—of rubbing noses. I think one would value this style according to the fashion of one's nose. It might be all very well for the owners of long, bony noses, but the poor little retroussé nose would suffer severely, and would in course of time be worn away, as the big toe of St. Peter's statue has been kissed away by devoted pilgrims.

But for young Bedans who don't always indulge in enough physical exercise, the custom which most commends itself to me is the Eastern mode of lying face downwards on the ground while beating the pavement or floor with the forehead. That at any rate would introduce variety in the styles prevailing in this latitude, and from a hygienic point of view would "supply a long-felt want."

As a gentle introduction of these more ceremonious manners I will conclude in true Eastern fashion:—

O great Editor and Editress! Sun and moon and all the planets of that glorious system the effulgence from which radiates o'er Sunderland, yea, o'er the British Empire, be gracious enough to accept this paltry, unworthy, miserable contribution from a poor little

FALLING STAR.



FORD HALL.

A VISION IN MAY.

[THURSDAY NIGHT, MAY 17*th*, 1900.]

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep".

SHAKESPEARE, *Tempest*, IV., i., 156.

THE other evening, at the close of a hard and trying day, I sat by the fireside in an arm-chair hallowed with a hundred memories of the distant past. A low monotonous note caused by a gentle air current playing on the outside of the window pervaded the room, and acted on my imagination like a lullaby, very soothing and sedative, and tending to bring about just the state of mind desirable in a *séance*. Little wonder, therefore, that the veil separating the visible from the invisible was slowly drawn aside. Ten thousand tensions were eased, and, like a gossamer thread floating on a zephyr heavenwards, I glided over the border-line into the Land of Nod.

Yet I felt in no strange country, for I was conscious of renewing an experience which in daily life I had often remembered in hazy outline. All persons possess, in a greater or smaller measure, this kind of second sight. It is a faculty which may be cultivated—I do not say whether with advantage or disadvantage. But, at any rate, the odd workings of this faculty sometimes suggest the question, Is there a mental state in which we may have *a dream of a dream*?—a sort of two removes from the earthly Pandemonium which philosophers term "the struggle for existence". [By the way, I grimly notice that many of the scientists who are fond of using this phrase survey the Conflict of Life themselves from safe and quiet nooks in which they have been placed by the wealth of their immediate ancestors—who were, I suppose, models and examples of the doctrine known as "the survival of the fittest".]

How free and unconfined the mind is in the land of visions! When roving through this spacious realm my thoughts are no longer subject to the restrictions and limits of the Practical Mensuration taught in the Bede School Physical Laboratory. Do I then in some strange way become conscious of, and grasp, a *Fourth Dimension*, to which Length, Mass, and Time are subordinate? Perhaps I do; but I would rather that the reader should not ask me, when I am awake, to explain *How*.

In this sweet and blessed country there are no spears, but pruning hooks, and no swords, but plough-shares. Here no cry goes up to Heaven from the brute creation. Man no more, by butchery of the beasts of the field, accustoms himself to the image of death, and no more, like Cain of old, rises up and slays his brother. Revenge, the basest and most cruel of passions, never masquerades as Heaven-born patriotism. No longer

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn".

On the contrary, every soul is attuned to the Divine symphony—Peace.

The aged Thomas à Kempis, Brother of the Common Life, and author of the immortal *Imita-*

tion of Christ, seems to have been a frequent visitant to this happy bourne—for his fragrant writings testify to such spiritual, unselfish, beautiful ideas as are but seldom derived from the world of things around us. Our Ruskin, too, ranged these pleasant fields and afterwards wrote "Not in competition, but in usefulness, is the true power of life".

In Dreamland, beyond the territories of mere contentment we come to the very Elysium of Thought amidst troops of happy children. Boys and girls with angel faces smile on the teacher. Their ardour to learn justifies the proverb, "The fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn upon the mountains: it is immortal, and cannot be quenched". The schools are such delightful places that the attendance is perfect: if a boy is absent half a day he feels the most poignant grief—at deprivation of pleasure *now*; not at the prospect of pain *to-morrow morning*. And the teacher works under ideal conditions. No expensive, incomprehensible State machinery and regulations step in, occasionally, to thwart his best efforts; and, appointed by merit—not by votes—he is accounted a labourer worthy of his hire.

. . . . . .

What are those silver sounds producing a mystical harmony throughout all my being? Surely it is the music of bells—of bells not cast by human hands. I awake, feeling rather cold, for the fire has died right down. But there's certainly music of a sort. I rush to the front door and say to a passer-by

"What's that blaring buzzer making such an infernal noise for?"

"Nowt, mistor. A false report of the Relief of Mafeking!"

R.G.R.

A FAIRY STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

ONCE upon a time, the King and Queen of the Fairies were going to give a ball in honour of their daughter's birthday. The Princess was called Thyra and was worshipped by her father and mother; for, they would do anything that might give her pleasure. Now the King called together his Court and his Counsellors to make arrangements for holding the birthday festival. They met under a large mushroom, and came to the conclusion that a larger one would be necessary for the ball; so they danced along the wood, peeping under fern leaves, looking for a very big mushroom. At length they found one which Princess Thyra thought would be large enough.

Now the King said to the Court, "The last ball we held was very pleasant, but I don't think we had sufficient light. Of course, the moon is very kind and obliging; she gives us what light she can spare, but it takes a long time for the moon-beams to reach us, aud they hardly ever peep under a mushroom. Again, the dew-drops are very pretty, and sparkle very much, but their light is not brilliant enough. If only I could capture a ray of sunshine, what intense pleasure it would afford my lovely Thyra! How it would gleam, illuminating all the wood and displaying all my sweet child's beauty. But I am afraid that *that* is impossible."

You see Fairies only come out during the night, after the Sun has gone to rest.

Then the King turned round to his page in attendance.

"Bring me my Thinking-Cap", he said. So the page brought the Thinking-Cap before the King, removed his Majesty's Crown and placed upon his regal head the Thinking-Cap. Then the King thought and thought.

All at once he looked up, gazed round upon his courtiers and proclaimed, "I have thought."

"Let us know thy thoughts, O most gracious liege, that we may do thy bidding," cried the fairies.

"Let it be proclaimed throughout my dominions that I, Suraxes, King of the Woodland Fairies, will bestow the hand of my daughter Princess Thyra upon any subject, be he rich or poor, be he handsome or ugly, who will bring to me a Ray of Sunshine to light my mushroom ball-room. Let it be so proclaimed throughout all the territories of Fairyland."

Now the King's page, Elas, loved Princess Thyra most devotedly, but, being so poor, he dared not tell the King of his passion. When he heard the Royal proclamation he was happy, for he determined to obtain a ray of sunshine, and so win the Princess's hand. After the King had dismissed his subjects, Elas tried on his Majesty's Thinking-Cap, which, of course it was very wrong of him to do, but he determined to risk everything to secure his object. Thus Elas thought:—

"If only I could meet the Sun I might ask him for a ray. Only one ray, I don't think he would mind. Now, he goes away over yonder, I know," Elas said to himself, pointing to the western horizon, "for the moon told me that. She sent me a message by one of her beams. So, you see, if I could go over there at night, I might be able to catch the Sun and ask him for a ray." So he started off to travel through the wood in search of the Sun. On he went, under branches,

over stones, dodging round mushroom stems, twisting in and out of the grass blades, until he was so weary that he felt bound to take a little rest.

"I will lie down under this fern for a few minutes," he said, "but I mustn't go to sleep; I have a long way yet to travel."

But he was so tired that he went to sleep and dreamt about the Ray of Sunshine. While he slept, some small pixies saw him.

"Oh! what have we here?," cried the pixies. "I believe it is a tiny subject of the King of the Woodland Fairies," said one. "Have you not heard of His Majesty's proclamation? I should think he is going to find a Ray of Sunshine."

"Well, you all know that the King of Woodland Fairies was good to our King of the Pixies, when we were at war with the King of the Goblins," said Pixie Jansa; "so I really think we might help this little page in his search. Let us carry him towards the West. He evidently wants to petition the Sun."

So they picked Elas up and placed him in a bean-pod, harnessed the bean-pod to two white mice, and quickly drove him to the West. When they reached the horizon they woke Elas up and told him that he might chance to see the Sun and lay his request before that great being.

Highly delighted with the kindness of the Pixies, he thanked them from the bottom of his heart (for Fairies have hearts, you know, else how could they be so good and kind?)—and then lay down to wait for the arrival of the Sun.

Soon he saw him make his appearance right over at the other side of the world. "Ah! he is coming now!" said the page, "I shall have only about twelve hours to wait ere the mighty Sol passes me." You see the Autumnal Equinox was coming on. So all day he sat there watching the Sun gradually coming towards him. At times the huge orb appeared to be getting higher up, further away from Elas, who, however, did not lose heart. "Although the Sun is climbing the sky," he said to himself, "still he is coming this way, and I know he will drop here. I have seen him go to bed here often. Why, every night he grows weary and sinks down to rest near this spot.

Thus, thinking of Princess Thyra, and wording his request, he encouraged himself, and soon received his reward, for certainly—yes, he was quite sure,—the Sun was coming towards him.

"O dear, good, King Sun! do come down to me! I have something to ask you, just a little thing. *Do* come!," he cried, clapping his hands excitedly.

And the Sun heard his appeal and looked down to earth to see who was calling to him, and there he espied a Lilliputian fairy-page, a dainty mite with curls of glistening gold, and uplifting eyes full of pleading. Sol took pity on the tiny creature and wondered what he could want.

"Dear Sun, make haste! Come to rest *now*! Don't wait till you are weary, good sun! Take pity on Elas who beseeches you!"

And the Sun came down to Elas straightway in answer to his prayer. People, mortals, were greatly puzzled. They studied and theorized for long years to explain the mystery of the Sun's setting at five o'clock on a bright summer's day. They could not arrive at the true reason, and finally decided that it had been an eclipse—something like what a great many Bede School boys and girls watched, through pieces of blue glass, on May 28th this year.

But people were quite wrong, weren't they? Only Elas and the Woodland Fairies and Pixies ever knew the real reason.

And so the Sun came down to Elas to ask him what he required.

"O Sun! grant me this request," cried Elas, "It is the Princess Thyra's birthday soon, and the King and Queen are going to give a ball to celebrate it. They have chosen the ball-room, but cannot get sufficient light. The Moon does her best, and sends us some rays, but these are only feeble. The Dewdrops, too, are plentiful and glisten a little; but they are not self-luminous. Now the King Suraxes has proclaimed that, to whomsoever may bring him a single Ray of Sunshine, he will give his daughter's hand. I love the Princess with my whole heart, and, if you will only give me a Ray of Sunshine, only one little Ray, I shall be enabled to gain my heart's desire. Otherwise, I am too poor, too unimportant to ask the King for his charming Thyra. Have pity, O great Sun, and grant my prayer."

And the Sun was touched by the earnest pleading of the little page. "Go to sleep now, Elas. You shall have your wish. But I must hasten; they are waiting for me at the other side of the world. Go to sleep, and when you awake you will find the Ray by your side in a crystal casket. Good-bye, Elas. May you prosper through al your life and be for ever happy."

So saying, the Sun departed to shine upon the other side of the world and to give the *Post Tenebras Lux* which Bedans have as their School motto. Elas journeyed into the Land of Dreams where he met Princess Thyra, and they wandered hand in hand. . . . . .

At length he slowly opened his eyes. Ah! what is that? There, in front of him, was a beautiful gilded coach, drawn by four glossy-backed glistening beetles. He rose, looked into the coach and there beheld a shining crystal casket in which was imprisoned a Ray of Sunshine. He quickly sprang into the coach and was driven back to the Palace of Suraxes. His brilliant equipage caused much comment among

the courtiers most of whom had given up all hope of ever catching a Ray of Sunshine, and when they heard that Elas, the King's page, had obtained a Ray they were all nearly mad with envy. But the King himself was delighted, and thanked and congratulated Elas with all his heart.

And when the night of the ball arrived, all the Fairies gathered together under the Mushroom. Beneath the canopy were four golden thrones waiting to be occupied.

Presently, the heralds blew their golden trumpets, thus announcing the arrival of the Royalties. A hush fell upon all assembled, and majestically entered the King Suraxes, his Queen Myrania and his daughter Princess Thyra, followed by the happy page Elas bearing in his arms a beautiful glittering casket. The page halted. The others having taken their places upon the thrones, the King arose and spoke.

"O Fairies of the Woodland, we have gathered together to celebrate my daughter's birthday. Be it known to you that one subject only has been able to obtain me a Ray of Sunshine, and upon him do I bestow the hand of Princess Thyra. Elas! step forth. Behold, O Fairies! him who has gratified my wish and who, though once my servant, will henceforth be my son."

And Elas stepped forward, looking like a Prince of Royal blood in his gorgeous mantle. Still holding the crystal casket in his arms, he opened it to free the Ray of Sunshine.

He raised the lid—ah! how dazzling! how gleaming! how brilliant! how charming! The Ray danced out of the casket, dispelling the darkness, and making the mushroom-arch and the floor of flowers refulgent in glorious light. The Fairies, of course, had never had any real sunshine before, and they were full of excitement and joy at the sight of this beauteous spectacle. Elas claimed his bride and danced with her all the night. After the ball, Elas captured the Ray and placed it back in its casket, which he presented to the Princess as a birthday present. She was charmed with the gift, and in accordance with Royal custom, herself proposed to Elas, and declared that she would be only too pleased to marry him. So, next night, they had the wedding, and the Princess was the admiration of all beholders—for she wore in her hair the little Ray of Sunshine.

TONY.

ROSALIND, AND THE MELANCHOLY JAQUES.

SHAKSPERE'S men and women are real if they are anything. That is why they are so difficult, often, to represent adequately on the stage. Mere pasteboard characters can easily be decked in their theatrical costumes, and set to strut and declaim to an audience; but human beings are never simple to understand and portray, and that is exactly why it needs a thoughtful actor or actress to do Shakspere justice. For the same reason, too, we find men and women, loving or hating, admiring or condemning, one and the same character from Shakspere's plays. That is as it should be. In the world of real men and women, no one is universally loved, or even one may surely venture to say, universally hated or condemned.

Shakspere's "As you like it" is this year a subject of study with the elder Bedans, boys and girls; and it is extremely interesting to note what various feelings are evinced by these young people towards Rosalind and Celia, Jaques and Touchstone—with what different judgments they are judged. To me, Rosalind is without exception charming, but I find that even this "unexpressive she" has her unfavourable critics. "The Melancholy Jaques" is such a complicated character, he is, as he says of his own melancholy, "compounded of so many simples", that one scarcely wonders at a great diversity of opinion with respect to him. At the same time it was both a surprise and a diversion to me to find the majority in a large class of girls very kindly disposed towards Jaques, who presents to my adult judgment the picture of a very carping, vain, egotistical, and selfish man consciously playing a part to excite the admiration of more simple minds.

The Editor would be pleased to have the opinions of other Bedans with regard to these two characters. I append some extracts from essays written by girls on the same subject, and also some beautiful words of Ruskin on Shakspere's heroines.

Ruskin.—Shakspere has no heroes; he has only heroines. In his laboured and most perfect plays we find no hero, but almost always a perfect woman, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose. The catastrophe of every play is caused by the fault or folly of a man, and the redemption, if there is any, by the goodness and virtue of a woman. Failing that, there is none.

Of Rosalind, I get the following Bedan criticisms:—

"Rosalind, although perhaps not one of Shakspere's most perfect women, is certainly the most charming. What she lacks in perfection, is made up for by her versatile wit, and winsome ways".

"Celia's womanliness comes into greater relief when placed against Rosalind's sturdiness, and I would almost say, makes her the more attractive of the two. . . She (Rosalind) is rather too

free, one might almost say, too rough to be commended. Again, she is too sentimental in her passion for Orlando: such sentiment as she displays strikes one as being incongruous with her character, and is not at all pleasing. When following her speeches, there seems to be, sometimes almost imperceptible, a note of insincerity.

I next come across a vigorous attack on Jaques:—"Melancholy! It is only a cloak for the concrete mass of selfishness beneath. For he undoubtedly was most selfish and most cowardly in his every thought and action. Whatever light we look at him in, we cannot get rid of these miserable facts. . . . Do we ever find him stretching out a helping hand to pull another out of the ditch? Ah no, that would not be wise; that would not be prudent; he would not then be the "melancholy" Jaques; no, he would be the "humane" Jaques, the "manly" Jaques, the "courageous" Jaques. But that would not suit his temper at all. Where would his reputation be then? what would the world do without a Jaques? and where find another Jaques? Ah! there's the rub! His innate conceit and selfish vanity interfere."

Another young critic says, referring to the famous passage beginning "All the world's a stage":—

"They are the words of a man who believes in no after-life. Here we get a true insight into what manner of man Jaques really was."

On the other hand I find, referring to such criticisms as the above:—

"This is surely hard. He is indeed an unproductive moraliser; an advocate, but no promoter of the reforms he cherishes; but his keen insight, his conception of mankind, must recommend him."—And finally, "'To put on a religious life' brings to a fitting close our relations with one whom we may well deem as:—

'A man more sinned against
than sinning'."

E.

GEMS.

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

(10) A SONNET.

THE World is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The Winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH;
Born, 1770; Died, 1850.

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

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

Matthews & Holsgrove,

MANTLE-MAKERS,
MILLINERS,
COSTUMIERS,
FURRIERS, &c.

Elegant Mantles,
Coats & Skirts.

Dressmaking at
Popular Prices.

Exquisite
Millinery.

CHILDREN'S
COATS & DRESSES
in Great Variety.

NEW COSTUMES
15/9 to 5 Guineas.

MATTHEWS & HOLSGROVE,

62 AND 63 FAWCETT STREET,
AND STATION STREET.

BRANCHES NEWCASTLE.

Hills & Co.,

Booksellers,

STATIONERS,

LEATHER AND FANCY GOODS,

ARTISTIC PRINTERS,

BOOKBINDERS,

Materials for Artists.

19 Fawcett Street,

SUNDERLAND.

E. L. Todd,

The Central Dress Mart,

230 High Street West.

Specialities:

Stylish Millinery.
Reliable Kid Gloves.
Celebrated C. B. Corsets.
Plain and Fancy Linens.
Dress and Blouse Silks.
Blouses, Shirts, Ribbons,
Lace, Underclothing, &c.

Beaty & Moscrop,

CASH TAILORS

(From Beaty Bros., the celebrated Tailors, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c.)

Special Leading Lines, made to Measure:

10/6 TROUSERS or SUITS **37/6** FIT Guaranteed.

These Suits are made in the Latest Fashion, well Trimmed, and Finished equal to Suits sold elsewhere at 50/-

207 HIGH STREET, SUNDERLAND,

AND AT NEWCASTLE.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALITY.

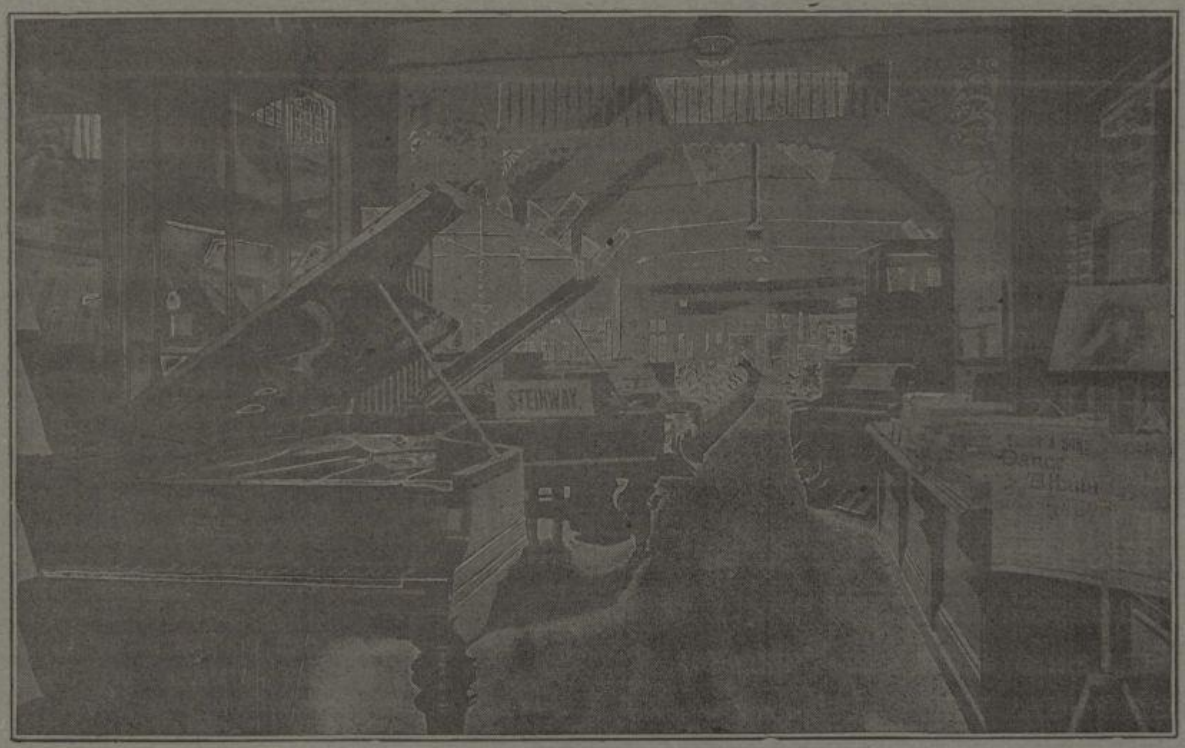
Ferry & Foster,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Brinsmead, Berlstein, and Steinway Pianos.

Special Discount for Cash.

Hire System : Inspection Invited.



3 Bridge Street, Sunderland.

BRANCHES :—

HETTON-LE-HOLE, TRIMDON COLLIERY, AND SEAHAM HARBOUR.