

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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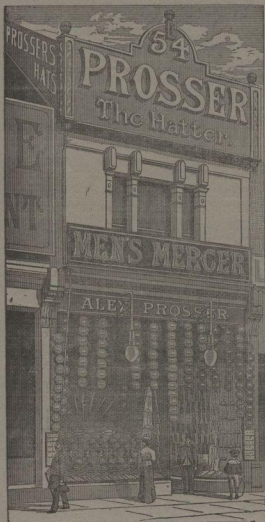
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

FORTHCOMING ILLUSTRATIONS.

If Negotiations now going on should—as seems likely—have a satisfactory issue, we shall be able to give Readers of Forthcoming Numbers of *The Bedan* something singularly choice and beautiful in the way of Illustrations; and yet the price of the Magazine will not be raised.

“WHICH HAD I BETTER DO—
STAY AT SCHOOL, OR
LEAVE?”

THIS question is doubtless exercising the minds of a good many Bedans at present—for the Midsummer Holidays are at hand, and the Breaking-up Day (occurring, as it does, just at the end of the Official Year of the School) is naturally regarded as the most appropriate time at which pupils can close their school careers.

As fast as one set of boys and girls goes away, another set comes; so that the School is practically always nearly full, full, or too full. Still, we always feel sorry to part with *any* scholar whose conduct has been satisfactory. As regards natural ability a boy may be brilliant, or passable, or almost a despair. His disposition may be lovable, or commonplace, or rather repellent. He may have engaging, or ordinary, or somewhat disagreeable manners. But, whatever his combination of qualities, if he has attended school regularly, done his work according to his powers, and not been thoroughly vicious and harmful in his influence, he may rest assured that his teachers feel regret when, sooner or later, he finally quits our little community.

And, of course, what we have said here of a boy is, *mutatis mutandis*, equally true of a girl.

But, added to the regret due to mere parting, there is often that which the teachers cannot but feel when they see clearly that the true interest, in the long run, of the particular boy or girl who is going away, would be to stay at school at least a year or two more. For, while *some* pupils leave because the proper time for them to do so has undoubtedly come—they either being of full age and educationally well-equipped to enter upon the after-school preparation for whatever their business, or profession, or life's work, is going to be; or so situated that home circumstances *compel* them to forego school, however much it might be to their eventual benefit to remain there—we are convinced that *very many* others go away FAR TOO SOON.

If an intelligent lad has the opportunity of continuing at school until he is fifteen, sixteen,

or seventeen years of age, he should certainly, in almost every case, embrace it with eagerness. He will not only have facilities for learning, in the more advanced parts of the Upper School Course, several most useful branches of knowledge which very young boys cannot study at all, but will also find that his mental powers are so much stronger than they were when he was only thirteen or fourteen years old that he will get such a grasp, such a mastery, such a thoroughly clear understanding of much of his earlier work as was, in his younger days, quite impossible of attainment.

Here, again, what we have remarked of a boy, holds just as true of a girl.

The Head Master is very frequently asked by gentlemen to recommend them a lad for this or that position, and has noticed again and again that, as a rule, the *older* a boy is—provided his attainments are in keeping with his age—the *more readily* he is accepted to fill a thoroughly desirable ‘opening’. This shows that, while the parents of a clever lad may possibly have to practise a little self-denial to give him three or four years' more schooling than perhaps *they* got, they will, before long, taste the pleasure of seeing his prospects for the whole of his after-career substantially improved. And, though the lad may have the ‘humiliation’—that is the word sometimes used!—of noticing *younger* boys ‘doing something for themselves’ while he is still ‘*only* at school’, Time brings him its revenges, and he generally finds that, even as a mere money-earning machine, he soon overtakes and passes those by whom he had seemed, for a little time, to be out-distanced.

But, further,—and this is a far more important consideration—boys and girls who keep on at school until they are really well-educated, increase enormously thereby their power of general usefulness and their capacity for happiness. Their wide knowledge, their big range of interests, their ability to think, and, above all, their well-disciplined character, put them into the position of being able to live lives which are at once full, enjoyable, and beneficent.

Notice to Contributors.

1. *The Bedan* is published Six Times a Year.
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.

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 each other. Even now this News Column is, by common testimony, read with much acceptance. It might be made interesting to a very wide circle if Old Bedans—whether at home or abroad—would be a little more communicative. Let this be remembered: Whatever directly concerns one of the big band of Old Bedans appears in some measure to *all* the rest.]

We most heartily congratulate Mr Robert Gair Richardson, who has been First Assistant Master in the Boys' School ever since it was founded, on his well-deserved promotion to the Head Mastership of Thomas Street School. Mr Richardson will probably leave Bede School at the Midsummer Holidays. No member of the Staff is more frequently inquired for by Old Bedan boys when re-visiting the school. A teacher of large experience and ready resource, he may be expected to be very successful in his new post, and, on going to it, he will take with him our sincere good wishes.

Just as these Notes are going to the printer's we hear that no fewer than **FOUR** Old Bedans have taken their degrees quite recently. Their names and styles are

Gretchen Körner, B.A. (Dunelm.)

William C. Smith, B.Sc. (Dunelm.)

Richard Dodds, B.Litt. (Dunelm.)

James W. Stewart, B.A. (Cantab.)

Smith, who has throughout had a distinguished course at the Durham University College of Science, Newcastle, gained Double Honours—in Mathematics and Physics—at the Final B.Sc. Examination. No other Candidate in Pure Science gained Honours in *two* subjects, and no other Candidate obtained Honours in Mathematics.

Stewart is a member of Christ's College, Cambridge. He took Honours in the Natural Sciences Tripos.

We most heartily congratulate all these old pupils on their academic successes—which we hope may be the precursor of still greater successes in the serious business of post-collegiate life.

Alan Pilling has been awarded the T.Y. Hall Scholarship at the Durham College of Science.

A wedding, truly Bedan, has to be entered in the School Chronicles this month, both bride and bridegroom being former pupils of Bede School.

Gertrude Lucas and Andrew Watson were both

admitted on the opening day eleven years ago. They were married on June 12th at the Union Church, The Royalty, by the Rev. G. H. R. Garcia. It is interesting to note, too, that the wedding-cake—a delicious one, as we, having tasted it, can testify—was made by the bride herself. A "Bedan" wedding indeed!

Mr. and Mrs. Watson have the best wishes of their late teachers, in which, we are sure, many old pupils, boys and girls, join very heartily.

At the recent examination held by the Sunderland and District Band of Hope Union, the following girls obtained distinction:—Elizabeth Eaves, Mabel Naylor, Norah Hodgson, Alice Barron.

The following are entitled to certificates of merit:—Laura Reavley, Dorothy Ross, Constance Johnson, Thomasina Rutter, Annie M. Newby, Jennie Bruce, Frances Duncanson, Hilda Chapman, Ethel Campbell, Mary Potts, Edith Reavley, Gladys Campbell, Jessie Ayers, Hilda Cottam.

The Head Mistress has received another letter from Jennie Clasper, who is still living at Château Thierry. She writes, "You will be pleased to hear that I am making progress with the language here, and speak French quite fluently." . . . The weather is so fine; it hasn't rained for nearly two months, and the country is charming: flowers everywhere. I've been to Paris once or twice, and, needless to say, found everything very wonderful and exciting. I think that the old cathedral of Notre Dame was my greatest delight. It is all so old, so wonderful, one does not need to be told that it is dear to the heart of every true Frenchman.

"Do you still have French plays at school? Although it is such a long time ago since I used to take part in them, I haven't forgotten how I used to enjoy them. I am still intensely fond of acting, and am going to take part in some private theatricals here in a week or two.

"Sometimes I feel quite glad that I'm not a French girl, after all. They have so little liberty,—you will probably know about it. I didn't, and consequently shocked everybody terribly by proposing to go for a bicycle ride alone one day to a place some six or seven miles away where there is a Protestant Church. Consequently French girls don't get half the exercise that their English friends do, being rarely allowed to go out alone.

"The fête of Jean de la Fontaine takes place in a week or two. Every town has its own special fête-day when all the world takes holiday, just as everybody has a special saint-day instead of a birthday."

Much more might be quoted from Jennie's long letter, which was interesting throughout.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 19th, Standards four and six in the Girls' School visited Tunstall Hill with their teachers, Misses Walker, Hutchinson, and Ewart. The hill is a fine viewpoint, and from its summit the girls traced the lower course of the Wear, named the various towns and villages visible in the distance, described Penshaw Monument on the one hand, and incoming and outgoing ships on the other. They recognised the chief buildings in the town—among them Bede School—and hunted for wild flowers, finding a big variety, and being further rewarded by the discovery of wild strawberries in fruit. The weather unfortunately was not settled, but

"As I says, says I to my brother,
There's always something wrong;
If it isn't *one* thing, it's *another*."

We heard with genuine regret of the death, last month, of Mr. Isadore Isaacs, the well-known and highly-esteemed Sunderland Solicitor. Mr. Isaacs was not in any way connected with Bede School; but he took a keen interest in *The Bedan*, and was, from the first, one of our Annual Subscribers. We tender our respectful sympathy to his sorrowing widow and little children.

The Annual Inspection of the Upper School took place on Wednesday, May 22nd, and was conducted by Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Hinton, and Mr. Copas. Everybody—whether boy, girl, or teacher—was sincerely glad to see Mr. Gordon so far recovered from the effects of his recent serious accident as to be able once more to undertake his official work.

On Friday, May 31st, Mr. William Stanley recited, to over five hundred of the boys and girls, some parts of Macbeth, and then gave a number of miscellaneous pieces.

We notice that William Reed recently gained his certificate as Captain. His brother Gordon has just left the school.

At the Pupil Teachers' Competitive Examination held under the auspices of the Sunderland Band of Hope Union there were 65 Candidates. The List of those who passed was headed by Angelo John Smith, formerly a Scholar, now a Pupil Teacher, in Bede School. He gained one of the two prizes of ten guineas which were awarded, and also a handsome book for the special excellence of his work. A prize of five guineas fell to another Old Bedan—George Gibbs.

Of other Old Bedans whose names appeared in the List we noticed:—

4th Year. Winifred Chapman, Beatrice Eng-

lish, Robert W. Scott, Gertrude Brodie, Alfred G. Cowen, Nana Chambers, Maud Smurthwaite.
3rd Year. Alfred E. Watson, Annabel Pringle, Lily Langley.

2nd Year. George Hedley, Alice West.
1st Year. Jennie Grimstead, Ida W. Farrow, Mary Campbell.

Robert Chisholm came back to school three weeks ago, after having had a four months' voyage to Monte Video in his father's ship, the "Zampa". He brought with him, to show his teachers, the backbone of a shark which he had seen caught. We wonder how many of our readers know exactly what a shark's backbone looks like, and could recognize one unhesitatingly. One teacher, when asked to guess what young Chisholm's curio might be, hazarded the opinion that it was a number of pieces of large-sized Indian corn strung together!

Alfred Crichton and Alfred Carter, still 'chums' now when nearing the end of their apprenticeship as engineers just as they were when lads at school, paid us a visit last month. Carter has grown little, Crichton much. We advise all our boys who purpose to become engineers to get as good a grounding in Mathematics, while at school, as these two highly satisfactory old pupils of Bede School did. They passed in the Third Stage as youngsters, and said, the other day, that their knowledge of Mathematics had stood them in good stead when studying Steam and Machine Construction in Night Classes.

The Head Mistress was pleased to receive a visit from two of her "old girls" lately.

Annabel Pringle, now a pupil-teacher under Miss Bryers at Hylton Road, has shown by calling here on various occasions that she has not forgotten Bede School. Nor have her teachers forgotten Annabel.

The second visitor was Ida Brewis, the first girl admitted to Bede Higher Grade School, and a deservedly popular one. Our "Number One" called to say "good-bye", as she is going to live in Newcastle.

SENIOR GIRLS.—Examinations in all branches of the year's work were held in the Upper School at Christmas and Easter. From the total of the marks obtained in these examinations were deducted any marks lost for unpunctuality, carelessness or untidiness. The following are the names of the girls heading the list in each section. It is hoped that prizes will be presented to most of these girls. Hitherto prizes have been largely the gifts of the teachers, but parents and friends have occasionally contributed to the prize-fund, and such contributions are always



BEDE SCHOOL : SENIOR BOYS' CLASS ROOM.

[Several of the boys who appear in this photograph are referred to in the present Number of *The Bedan*.]

welcome. Any well-wishers desiring to subscribe to the fund need have no hesitation about sending *small* or large contributions to Miss Todd or Miss E. Todd.

4th Year.	Maximum.	Name.	Total.
	2009 ...	D. Ross	1217
		A. Farrow	1208
3rd Year.	2281 ...	B. Eaves	1694½
		T. Rutter	1104
2nd Year.	2000 ...	J. Bruce	1613
		M. Naylor	1571
1st Year B & C.	1622 ...	L. Hughes	1325
		E. Lumley	1188
		M. Pike	1163
1st Year A.	1385 ...	F. Duncanson	1059
		E. Bruce	1028
		*E. Garry	967

*Special mention is made of this girl in consideration of the fact that most of the subjects of the year's work were entirely new to her at the beginning of the year.

Odd things occasionally happen in the Boys' Play ground. Once a runaway horse galloped briskly right through it. Fortunately lessons were going on at the time; so no boys were

about. Sometimes a trespasser—a "mere civilian", as our former nautical care-taker used to say—attempts to take a "short cut" from the neighbourhood of the Grange Laundry to Grange Road, and he (or she), especially if carrying a heavy parcel, or tearing along in great haste, looks unutterable things on finding the gate at the front of the yard *locked*, and then turns round and slinks back right down the School Lane to the Laundry and the Play Park public pathway again!

Some time ago, one morning when school was 'in' and the play-ground was as quiet as a church, two rough-looking young fellows came into the yard, took off their coats—as though about to set to work to get in coals or clean windows—and, before they could be ordered off the premises, sparred up to one another and got as far as their second 'round'! Not very often, but now and then, two juveniles get to fisticuffs in the play-ground; but, so far as we know, the occasion alluded to is the only one on which grown men have selected that place as a suitable 'ring'.

The following is the List of Bede School Boy Candidates successful at the recent Examination

held by the Band of Hope Union :—

Winner of a Scholarship at Bede School, and Head of the Sunderland List: William Fred. Sutton.

Prize Winners: David Macnair, Charles H. Wade, Herbert A. Lord, John T. Fairs.

Passed with Distinction: Frank G. Hall, Ernest A. Atkins, John H. Baillie, Richard H. Leach.

Passed with Merit: Edgar P. Lumley, Harry R. Mullens, Charles A. Wilson, Frank Duncanson, Charlie S. Magee.

The *Sunderland Daily Echo* of May 18th, under the heading "Higher Grade Schools: View of *The Bedan*", has the following:—

"The Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School Magazine *The Bedan* (price twopence) for May is a very attractive Number. The leading article is on 'Higher Grade Schools: To be or not to be: That is the question.' The writer says [Here follows a long excerpt from the Article named.]

Among other Press Notices were the following:

Sunderland Morning Mail.

"The May number of *The Bedan*, the magazine of the Higher Grade School, is exceedingly interesting. It contains an article, evidently written by the editor, which shows a masterly grasp of the situation in Sunderland resulting from the Cockerton judgment and the new Education Bill. The notes showing how former pupils of the school are getting on are most interesting. The illustrations are a class room in Bede School, the rocks in Mowbray Park (showing the door which once belonged to old Bishopwearmouth Rectory), Roker Sands, and St. George's Presbyterian Church."

The *Mail* also reproduces the arsenicated beer story given in the *May Bedan*.

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

"*The Bedan*, the magazine of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School, continues to improve, and has already invested itself with an interest which must appeal to others besides the pupils, past and present, of the school. The magazine is edited with much care and discrimination, and the contributors have thoroughly appreciated the sort of thing that is wanted."

Newcastle Daily Leader.

"The May issue of *The Bedan*, the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School magazine, is a bright and interesting number. It contains four illustrations, including one of the school and a view of Roker sands, an article on higher grade schools in the light of the Government's education policy, and the usual features, among which editorial notes and school news deserve particular notice."

We mentioned in the *May Bedan* the fact that, just before the Easter Holidays, the School was visited by the Rev. F. L. Cope and the Rev. T. B. Strong. Probably no boy or girl who then saw Mr. Strong knew anything of the distinction, as a scholar and theologian, of the pleasant-looking, unassuming gentleman who was being shown all over the School. Mr. Strong, whose brother is Librarian of the House of Lords, was first a

Junior, and then a Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford—where *Student* signifies what *Fellow* does in any other College; he is about forty years old, though looking younger; and he was Bampton Lecturer in 1896. We give these particulars about him because, last month, soon after his visit to Bede School—but our readers must not argue *post hoc ergo propter hoc*!—he was appointed, by the King, Dean of Christ Church. The position is worth £3000 a year, and is a very exalted one, implying, as it does, both the headship of the most aristocratic College in England—the College of which Mr. Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Salisbury, and many other distinguished men have been members—and also the office of Dean of the College Chapel (which serves as the Cathedral of Oxford.)

Dean Strong succeeds Dean Paget who has been made Bishop of Oxford. Dean Paget's predecessor was Dean Liddell who was a relative of Lord Ravensworth's, and who, along with Dr. Scott, compiled the famous "Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon" with which all those Bedans wishful for a Degree in Arts have become, or will have to become, acquainted. A much larger section of Bedans will be interested to know that the original of *Alice in Wonderland*, the whimsical, delightful book which many of them are very familiar with, was Dean Liddell's daughter, Miss Alice Liddell, for whose delectation "Lewis Carroll"—brother, we may remark, of the wife of the late Rector of Southwick—wrote that most popular of all modern stories for children.

On the very day that Major Vaux and the Volunteers returned to Sunderland from South Africa an Old Bedan, Robert John Wilton, who is now serving in the Army in the Royal Field Artillery and is attached to the Ordnance College at Woolwich to learn to be an artificer, being in Sunderland on furlough, happened to come up to the School. The older boys recognized their quondam school-fellow with friendly smiles; but one class of youngsters, thinking he must be a soldier home from the Front, gave him, as such, a rousing cheer!

Mr. Witter is taking a very keen interest in the Swimming Lessons this year. The following twenty-three boys who, at the beginning of the season, could only "swim to the bottom", have learnt in the order in which their names are given, to "do the breadth":—James Graham, Henry Gardener, David Macnair, John Watson, Norman Dawson, David Sheret, John Allan, William Griffiths, Charles Watson, Arthur Hey, John Hurdman, Watson Gibbs, Thomas Atlay, Robert Taylor, Crofton Logan, Leslie Robson, Harold Jordan, John Stott, Percy Holmes, Joseph Lambert, Walter Mitchell, Frank Duncanson, John Chevers.

The subject of the Cambridge University Extension Lectures given by Mr. A. H. Thompson in Sunderland in the Spring Session was Architecture. The report of the Examination held at the end of the Course has been published. We notice with pleasure that, of the eleven students who passed, no fewer than five are Old Bedans—Wilfrid Turpin, Thomas H. Rae, George S. Coburn, Robert Witten, and Florence Smith. Turpin and Rae were two of four successful candidates who gained special distinction, and Turpin was awarded the Students' Association's First Prize. We congratulate heartily all the Old Bedans concerned—particularly Turpin who has, besides, recently passed the Preliminary Examination of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

In the List of Students who gained successes in the last Winter's Educational Classes of the Sunderland Y.M.C.A., we saw the names of not a few Old Bedans—including Walter Seadon, Jno. B. Broderick, Arthur Grieson, Harry Goldsbrough, Stanley March, James Macnair, Tom Macnair, and George Hildrey.

Among Articles squeezed out of the present Number, and which will appear in September, are an amusing "Treatise on Treats"—which deals with a subject already written about in the Magazine, but is by a new Contributor, with fresh ideas; "An Exception proves the Rule"; and "A Visit to some Lead Works".



A FLEET OF TORPEDO-BOATS.

THOUGH I'm a Briton with the best

That ever roved the main,
And therefore born to rule the sea,
—To trust the old refrain—

I should not, if I tried the trick,
The briny monsters fill,
I fancy, with respect for one
Who looked so very ill.

There's nothing regal in my look,
Nor eke within my heart,
When staggering on the sloping deck,
Wanly I play my part.

And so, though now for many years
I've lived in Sunderland,
I'm not extremely nautical,
Nor do I understand

Most terms which men apply to ships:
I think I know the stern,
And which the masts, and what the hull;
Aught else I've still to learn.

Torpedoes now. I used to think

Them something like a ship,
But full inside with bombs and shells,
Which, when they got the 'tip',

Would blow the whole contrivance up,
And as for all the crew,
I hoped it wasn't very large,
For they'd be blown up too.

Of latter years, I'm bound to say
I've wondered if 'twere true,
That when a torpedo 'went off,'
The crew all 'went off' too.

However, howsoever this be,
Is not the question here,
Though 'twere a really painful thought,
Did they thus disappear.

My tale to tell you how I went
To Roker-by-the-Sea,
They told me I ought not to miss
The sight that it would be

To see *three hundred* black-hulled boats,
At least I thought they said
Three hundred odd. My fancy drew
A picture of them spread

In masses out upon the waves,
Like beetles—or like bees,
Black swarms of them, too great to count—
Don't laugh, Tom, if you please.

There were but eight boats to be seen.
When I exclaimed, 'How few!'
Someone explained there were but eight,—
Three-fifty was the *Crew*.

SIMPLICITAS.



CALISTHENICS.

It sounds so "toney" to say "We are taking a systematic course of calisthenics", and that was the way we phrased it when we began some seasons ago. The Midget always had longed to go to a gymnasium, and had even aspired to club-swinging at home. Her advice to others then ran, "Club-swinging is grand exercise, but you must be careful not to hit your head". She refrained from saying that the club which hit her head broke as a result of the contact, because unkind inferences had already been drawn about the material of which the said head was composed.

We were, however, charmed to have the opportunity of being taught properly. We started with the impression that exercise was an unmixed blessing, though later events rather altered that notion. Our teacher began by telling us

that she wanted to make us stiff. Personally, I should say that she succeeded beyond her utmost expectations.

Before our first practice, I was *not* stiff, and I *was* full of enthusiasm; after it, there were bounds to my enthusiasm, but not to the stiffness of my limbs. For some days I did *everything* with reluctance. A pleasing feeling of fatigue is very well; but this went too far: it made me feel that I was getting too much for my money. The Midget advised me to practise while I was stiff. This, she said, would prevent me from ever being stiff again. I took the liberty of doubting that statement; my desire for exercise was not strong at the time; indeed, what I wanted was a wall to lean against, and leisure to meditate. And what annoyed me most was the excessive superiority of the Midget, who never was stiff at all, and who talked as if I had become so on purpose. The stage in which the stiffness was all-pervading passed, and gave way to what might be called sporadic stiffness. This was not universal, or distributed over large areas, but was confined to isolated muscles, and had a sort of patchy effect.

Just about this time my Bedan brother, who had from the first manifested extreme interest in our doings, showed us some alluring "little exercises". Some of these caused the gentle youth to look as if he would end by falling violently on his nose—such 'exercises' I would eschew at any time—but others were rather fascinating, and looked safe; so I tried them. I had reason to regret it in the widespread painful muscular rigidity that followed. It seemed to me that I stiffened enough for the whole class, and I never could find anybody else so much affected as I was in that way.

The earlier stages of calisthenics were interesting, but there is not much to record about them. It was when we started with the apparatus that things happened. I saw a letter, written by the Midget, in which she described the "ladder exercises." She drew a little diagram, representing the ladder, with plain instructions written underneath. "This is where I go up—This is where I drop—This is where I *ought* to drop. There is a mattress further along, but I have not had the pleasure of reaching it yet. It does not break your fall *unless you reach it*." I found that the Midget was quite right about the value of the mattress. It served as an incentive, and our teacher would gracefully drop on to it when she did the exercises for us; the rest of us had to dispense with its assistance. These exercises, we were told, were guaranteed to be good for the intercostal muscles; so the Midget and I always practised them when we were left alone. Then we put the mattress underneath the place of our ascent, not at the inhuman distance away

at which our teacher placed it.

Another most interesting thing was the jumping. The Midget was fairly satisfied with our performances. She said, "Our highest jump is 3ft. 4in., and the world's record is only 6ft. 3in.; so I don't think we do so badly." Later, in writing to her brother, she accidentally inverted the figures and wrote her last jump as being 4ft. 3in. She corrected her mistake, but not until she reached the postscript. She said that she couldn't bear to alter it sooner, it looked so nice. The reply was, "That's not bad for a girl. My own record is just a trifle above 8ft. 6in." The Midget felt that the subject was being trifled with, and returned no answer.

Rope-climbing was not a strong point with her. She was positive that she would find it easy to come down; but, as she never got over the difficulty of getting up, she had no means of testing her belief.

She also refused to try complicated evolutions on the rings. Our teacher's instructions to her were something like this, "You take hold of the rings so, leave loose with your left hand, and afterwards"—"There will be no afterwards for me", said the Midget; so, obviously, it was useless to continue the directions.

The end of the course saw the Midget well satisfied with this new scheme of running her universe. Said she, "What with cycling in the summer, and gym in the winter, I can always succeed in getting all the bruises I want, and exercise sufficient to support life."

And so can even

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.



A VARIETY OF THINGS—

INCLUDING PIG-STICKING EXTRAORDINARY

AND A

SUBMARINE BOX OF DOLLARS.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear".

BEDANS have ever delighted to take practical lessons in all branches of knowledge; and, from serious master to frolicsome pupil, they never missed a chance of listening to the dinner-hour 'yarns'—which might be considered as lessons in Applied Geography—wherewith the first custodian of the School used to hold them spell-bound. Having served his country faithfully in many ships and on numerous seas, he had at length resigned the care of the Empire to undertake the oversight of the buildings and premises

of Bede School; but in this narrower sphere of action he was as trusty, as zealous, as picturesque, and as nautical as in the days which he had spent upon the rolling ocean. He called the floors *decks*, and liked to keep them as though they had been holy-stoned. He loved to see the blinds all *trim* and *laut*. He hated things to go *adrift*. If undesirable people happened to put in an appearance near the place he would describe them as "suspicious-looking craft cruising around", and might be depended upon to "keep a sharp look-out" in such circumstances. If anybody had failed to lock a door he would express his stern disapproval in some such phrase as "You know, sir, the ship was just left to the mercy of the waves!" Cheerful, active, courteous, fearless, he was a fine specimen of the best type of retired British man-of-war's-man; and, duty done, he had no lack of amazing and enjoyable sea stories.

"Well, my hearties", said he, one day, flourishing his brawny arm in front of the fire in the sanctum sanctorum of the school, a number of young teachers being gathered there for the nonce, "I think nothing of shore-going folk. They are all sea-sick members, mere civilians, and such misfits that they won't believe anything but what they read in books".

"Let's have another of your tales, M.", said Duns Scotus, looking up from the midst of a Greek verb—which he found decidedly less entertaining than one of M.'s narratives.

"Who'd ha' thought that, after having played cricket in the *Garden of Eden*, I should come to my present billet? But such is life."

"Did you ever really visit the abode of our first parents, M.?" queried E.C., then a dark-eyed, dark-haired youth, now an Old Bedan Benedick far from Sunderland.

M. always distrusted C. somewhat; for had not that mischievously-inclined mortal one day charged a Leyden Jar strongly, and then got the unsuspecting M. to hold the jar and *touch the knob*? Whereupon were ructions. But M. bore no malice.

"Visit Eden? I tell you I scored fifty runs there, off my own bat. We had been at Muscat and Bushiri, and, at the invitation of a friendly Arab chief, our Captain and a party—of which I happened to be a member—were invited to go up the Euphrates in a flat-bottomed steamer, on a hunting expedition. That was how I came to see the original home of Adam and Eve. Talking of the Captain reminds me that he is an Admiral now. I know him better than I know any of you, and he is always pleased to see me whenever I call upon him!"

"You know Commander Lambton, too, don't you, M.?" remarked D.F.—who now asks questions by the Thames, not the Wear.

[This tale was told years ago, before the naval hero of Ladysmith had become a Captain.]

"The Honourable Hedworth? To be sure I know him. He and I were shipmates together at the Bombardment of Alexandria. By the way, did I ever tell you of some high commendation which I got on that occasion?"

"No! What was that?" said R.L., a distinguished Bedan, now sojourning in the Fatherland.

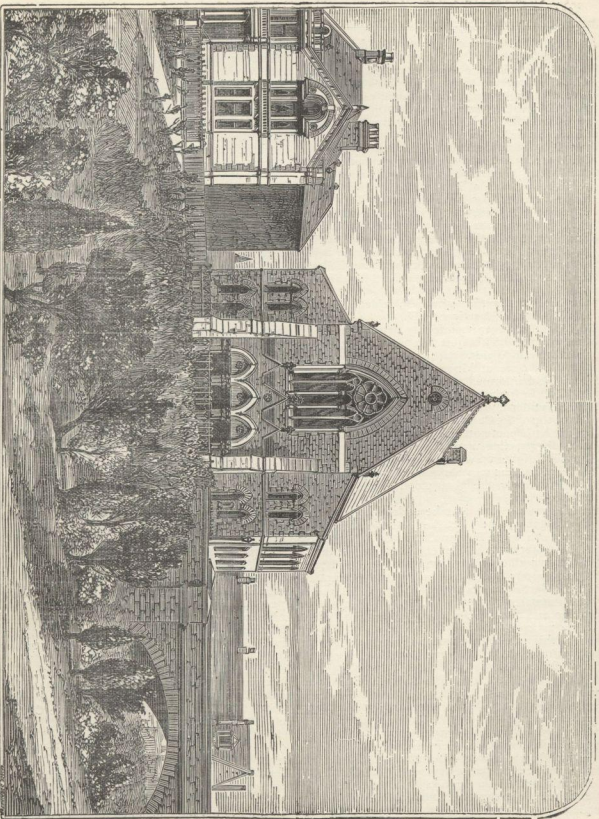
"Well," resumed M., "we were lying about three miles from the shore, and several shots from the guns of our ship had been directed against the forts, but had gone very wide, and the officers were getting impatient. So I carefully put one of our sixty-pounders into position myself, and fired. The projectile went right into the magazine of Alexandria, which straightway blew up; and our Admiral, standing on the bridge, looked down at me delightedly and called out 'Well done, M.!' "

This incident, though unknown to L., had evidently been heard of by many of the boys in the school. For, months before the talk now being recalled took place, F.S. was speaking to his lads about the Egyptian War, and happened to put the question "Who took Alexandria?"; whereupon the whole class shouted simultaneously "Mr. M.!"

"Tell us something more about your hunting expedition up the Euphrates", cried W.W., ever ready to enjoy a good laugh.

"One day we went pig-sticking. Each of us was provided with a long, thin rod about twice the length of that map-pole", said M., pointing to a well-known article of school furniture which chanced to be standing in the corner of the room. [His stories never lacked circumstantiality.] "On the end of each rod the ship's armourer had fixed a thin, sharp, triangular spear head. I remember quite distinctly the look of my spear head, for I spent a whole night over the camp-fire in carefully scratching a big M upon the steel. During the pig-hunt we rode through the scrub on shaggy, little, lean ponies, and I can tell you", exclaimed the narrator, making a wry face and also assuming the posture of a victim to chronic lumbago, "I'd rather ha' walked!"

Pausing a moment to stimulate the interest of his audience, he went on "All at once I heard somebody shout 'Look out, Jack!' Before I could guess what the warning meant, the ugliest and fiercest-looking wild-boar I have ever beheld confronted me. His tusks were covered with foam, and he came charging straight in my direction. 'How did I feel?' I felt that I would much rather be in the main-top during an awful typhoon than on the back of my little pony with that fearful beast coming full speed ahead against him and me. However, I managed to draw off a bit out of the brute's course, and to poise my



TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, AND THE MOWBRAY PARK BEFORE THE RAILWAY RAN THROUGH IT.

spear. As the boar passed me I let drive at his starboard quarter. At that very moment my little mount threw me into a prickly shrub, and bolted. I verily thought my life's cruise was ended. But, happily, the gigantic porker never turned, and I looked up just in time to see his rump, garnished with my spear head, disappear in the jungle."

"Did you ever get that spear head again, Mr. M.?" gently inquired the then very youthful J.B. "Get it! Of course I did", said our raconteur—for I was one of his hearers. Sinking his voice to a whisper he proceeded "Five years afterwards, in a snowstorm off the coast of Newfoundland, we were having salt pork for dinner, and I'm blest if the piece which I was cutting didn't have in it something hard which, on being got out, proved to be my spear head, marked M! Things do turn out strange at sea, I can tell you!"

"That was *rather* strange", ejaculated the usually somewhat reticent J.H.

"Have you ever been in any very hot parts of the world?" This question was put by J.M., soon to go to Wales.

"Well, once at Muscat our Consul came on board and informed us of some trouble with a tribe of Bedouins. We landed a rocket party which, under my leadership, took up a position on the top of the Consulate from whence our guns, firing both common and shrapnel shell, made splendid practice upon the tribe in the ravine. For four nights we were not allowed to leave the cannon, and the weather was so hot that, *under double awnings*, the glass stood at 120° at midnight!"

M. gave us time to take a deep breath, and then began again: "But the hottest place I know of on earth is the Persian Gulf. Our decks used to be so hot that the lieutenant ordered water to be thrown all over them every half hour. But it was no good: the moment a bucket was emptied its inside became as dry as a bone. At night every man slept overboard suspended in a loop at the end of a rope, *nothing but his head being above water!*"

At this point the whole audience preserved a solemn silence. Each person's feelings were too deep for words.

Changing the scene and the subject, M. plunged into another part of his narrative. "We went straight from the Persian Gulf to patrol the Zanzibar Coast, as the British Government had determined to put down, once for all, the Sultan's 'deals in darkies'. Here I had good luck—though, up to the present moment, I have not received the full pecuniary benefit to which, by the incidents of that cruise, I was and am justly entitled. We captured many slave-ships and placed crews aboard of them to navigate them to

Zanzibar. When two days' sail from Zanzibar Harbour we sighted a large dhow full of slaves, and at once gave chase. The rascals in charge of her actually from time to time threw some of their poor victims overboard, well knowing that our humanity would not suffer us to leave these miserable wretches to drown, and that our pursuit would be delayed by the time spent in the work of rescue. It took us ten hours to overtake the rakish-looking craft. Our captain boarded the slaver, and I went with him. Before returning to his ship our skipper had the dhow's cabin completely overhauled and divested of all papers, money, and valuables, the whole being a rich prize. [For, you must know, a slaver carries *cash* to pay ready money for goods, that is, slaves, received.]

"'There, M.', said the Captain, 'you take charge of her, and follow us into Zanzibar. And', he continued, laughing, 'if you can find anything else aboard of her, *I'll give it you.*'

"'Ay, ay, Sir!' I responded, saluting him as his boat shoved off to the frigate.

"It was a pitiful sight to see the number of wretched slaves crammed into that vessel. Some were dead when we went aboard. The rest we caused to be brought up in batches to get the fresh air once every hour, if possible; but several of them succumbed."

"Can't we have something not quite so gruesome, M.?" interrupted J.H.B.

"So say I", added F.P.; "I've no great liking for corpse stories. Something livelier is more to my taste."

"Don't be impatient", rejoined the imperturbable yarn-spinner. "The cheerful part's coming before long. All the next day I explored the cabin—finding nothing, however, but millions of cockroaches under the boards that I removed in my quest. But, in the evening, a poor negress whom I had ordered to put the place to rights a bit kept saying 'Yuma, yuma', and, when I paid attention to her, she pointed out to me a sliding panel behind which was a recess containing a big, iron-bound box, packed full partly with Mexican dollars—the money current in all African slave markets—and partly with rubies, diamonds, and gold bars!"

"I rushed on deck reeling with excitement, knowing that I was now a wealthy man. Were not all these valuables mine by promise of the Captain? And who is superior to the Captain of a British war-ship on the high seas?"

"I saw that we were nearing Zanzibar and that the frigate was at anchor awaiting our arrival. Just then a signal gun warned me to leave the dhow and go back to my own ship. My brief period of power had terminated. What was I to do with my newly-acquired fortune? Own up to the Captain, and give him the chance

of changing his mind? No. 'A bargain's a bargain'. I don't know much about land-lubbers' phrases, but 'no mistakes rectified after people leave the counter' has always seemed to me a good business motto.

"I knew the exact spot where we were, and, taking a sounding, I found the depth of water there. Having fastened one end of a strong rope to my precious box and the other end to a float, I heaved the box over the side of the dhow. I had made the rope of such length that the float would, even at low water, be half a fathom below the surface. Down went the box to the bottom of the ocean, but, knowing exactly where to look, I could easily see the float immersed just three feet in the azure main, and indicating to me the rope by which I could raise my treasure at any convenient season.

"I returned to my ship and reported myself. Within twenty-four hours we received orders to sail at once for England, and, from that day to this, I have never had the chance of recovering my chest of dollars."

"Are you done now, M.?" asked W.Pe. "It's just about time for us to bring the boys into school."

"All's right, gentlemen. Always attend to duty. There's just one thing I forgot to tell you about our hunting expedition. We killed a lion. I kept his head for many years. What a pity I gave it away! How well it would have looked in the School Museum!"

R.G.R.



A LETTER IN FRENCH

FROM AN

OLD BEDAN GIRL NOW IN GERMANY.

Willa Maria,

Cassel-Wehlheiden,
Germany.

Le 17-6-01.

Ma chère Miss Todd,

J'ai reçu "le Bedan" l'autre jour et il m'a beaucoup intéressée. Justement il y avait une image de "Roker" et les Allemands se sont écriés: Quelle jolie ville que Sunderland!

C'est vrai que Roker est joli, mais je crois que Sunderland ne peut se comparer avec Cassel.

Cassel est le chef-lieu de Hessen, quoique Frankfurt soit plus grand, et, dit-on, plus joli. Cassel est intéressant par ses châteaux. Au milieu de la ville se trouve l'ancien château des Electeurs de Hessen: il est très vaste, et on y peut admirer plusieurs tableaux de "Tischbein". Je crois que les parquets sont ce qu'il y a de plus

curieux à voir; ils sont presque tous en marqueterie et faits avec toutes sortes de bois. En entrant dans les salles on vous donne des pantoufles, de peur qu'on les abîme avec les souliers.

L'empereur ne vient à Cassel que pour tenir sa cour, car il aime mieux son château de Wilhelmshöhe. Ce dernier est situé près de Cassel et nous pouvons les voir de nos fenêtres. Je ne vous en ferai pas la description car je crains de vous ennuyer, mais je vous enverrai des cartes postales; vous pourrez le voir et j'espère que cela vous intéressera ainsi que vos élèves.

Hier j'ai fait une belle promenade en voiture avec des amis. Nous sommes allés à travers trois villages, trois vrais villages allemands. Ils sont bâtis au hasard—du moins on le croirait; une maison droite, une penchée, une toute petite à côté d'une grande; mais toutes croisées de poutres dans toutes les directions.

Les rues, si toutefois on peut les nommer ainsi, ne sont pas entretenues, et je vous assure que ce n'est guère agréable quand on y va en voiture.

Les habitants et les animaux vivent en parfaite intelligence; on donne la meilleure pièce, la chambre d'honneur, aux chevaux et aux vaches, après viennent les personnes.

Autre agrément: les rues sont envahies par les oies.

Nous sommes descendus pour manger à un petit hôtel et tout ce que nous avons trouvé se résume en pain noir et en saucisses, pas même accompagnées de la légendaire choucroute.

Du pain noir et des saucisses! cela semble bien peu, mais, à tout prendre, le goût n'en est pas si mauvais, et, consolation suprême, c'est tout à fait allemand! De plus nous avions devant nous une vue magnifique, ce qui concourait à rendre le repas supportable, sinon délicieux.

Trois fois par semaine il y a un concert au parc de Cassel. La musique est magnifique; nous y allons presque toujours, nous emportons un travail à l'aiguille, nous buvons notre café, car l'après-midi, c'est le café qui ici remplace le thé d'Angleterre. Il y a toujours beaucoup de monde au parc; on y est abrité par de grands arbres, aussi nos pensionnaires l'appellent "le paradis". C'est regrettable que chez nous nous n'ayons pas quelque chose de la sorte, car je vous assure que je m'y plais beaucoup.

Maintenant quelques mots sur Paris, ce Paris qui a toujours été mon rêve et où j'ai vécu si heureusement pendant trois années. Si on veut voir la vie parisienne il faut voir les grands boulevards, il y a un continuel murmure qui vous fait croire à un songe. Il y a aussi cette longue et magnifique promenade du Bois de Boulogne, par l'Arc de Triomphe, élevé par Napoléon premier pour commémorer ses victoires, les Champs-Élysées où le gai Paris se promène; la place de la Concorde avec ses fontaines, ses statues, et

l'obélisque de Longsor, érigé sur la place même où se trouvait la guillotine où Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre ont été exécutés.

A la suite de la place vient le jardin des Tuileries; aujourd'hui jardin public, où les enfants s'amuse avec leurs mamans et leurs bonnes; enfin le Louvre où j'ai passé tant d'heureux jours.

Il y a aussi le Paris historique qui comprend les musées, les églises, et tant de choses diverses à voir que Paris par lui-même est un enseignement.

Un été je suis allée passer quelque temps à Fontainebleau: le plus triste souvenir de cette ville si pleine d'intérêt est la cour où Napoléon I a fait ses adieux à la vieille garde; les choses ont été laissées telles qu'il les a quittées.

J'avais beaucoup à vous dire, mais pour cette fois il faut que je finisse ma lettre.

Une autre fois je vous parlerai de mon travail que je trouve très agréable. Il faut bien ajouter que je ne regretterai jamais mon séjour en France et en Allemagne où j'ai trouvé de si bons amis dont je garderai toujours un bon souvenir.

Votre ancienne élève

EMMA GRAHAM.



OUR "MUSICAL EVENING."

Oh, that musical evening! Shall I ever forget it? It formed the staple subject of conversation at meals for three weeks before it actually 'came off.' Every dinner-time, Mother and sisters returned to the charge with renewed vigour, while Paterfamilias and I sat, martyr-like, longing for the day when some other topic might be introduced by way of variety. For a week the meals had been getting scantier and more irregular, and Pater and I were made to feel distinctly that it was rather low to think of mere eating when other people were too distracted to have an appetite.

The great day having at last arrived, I came home at twelve, to find the house in confusion and all the occupants in shocking tempers. I was hungry; but I felt that it was as useless a measure to suggest dinner as to call for a joint of pickled elephant or a stewed canary-bird's tongue. So I got behind the pantry door, and stayed my un-musical pangs with bread and cheese. The rest of the afternoon I spent in trying not to be an annoyance to people. I didn't seem to succeed, but possibly it might have been worse but for my efforts. When the hour arrived for the opening of proceedings,

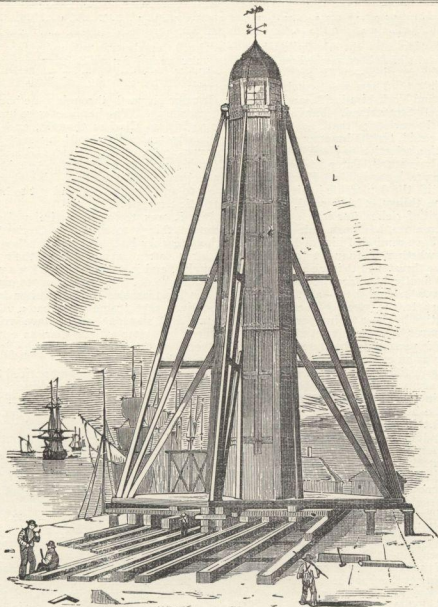
being enjoined to come downstairs, and 'make myself agreeable to people', though somewhat hopeless of success, I put on my best bib and tucker, and established myself in a corner of the drawing-room. Just as I was settling down the door-bell rang. Simultaneously there was a rustle of skirts, and Mother and Arabella rushed into the room, hoping, I believe, to produce the impression that they had been there a long time, but scarcely achieving that fraudulent intention.

My first introduction was to the male vocalist. He was a pale, small young man, who looked as if it had been difficult to rear him: hence I was not surprised to find that he sang big bass songs of love and war. He gave us 'Simon the Cel-larer' too, in great style: but it was impossible to avoid the thought of how the poor little man would suffer for it the next day. I was sorry, but not surprised, to hear that he was very much out of form. Who ever yet met a vocalist, a cyclist, or a tennis-player, who acknowledged himself in *good* form?

Whilst the aforesaid pale young man was incidentally explaining to me how he had caught his last cold but one, our Infant Prodigy was executing the 'Blue Bells of Scotland'. The variations were of increasing difficulty, a very discouraging arrangement even for Prodigies, and my young cousin showed signs of panic in number 4. In variation 5 there was evidently an utter rout of her presence of mind, and I noted that the bass part was entirely promiscuous. Whispering into the young man's ear I alluded playfully to 'blue-bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh'; but he seemed to wonder what I meant, and continued his melancholy suction of a voice-lozenge.

Our *star* was the young lady who played the violin. There is an accepted attitude for listening to, a violin solo. You clasp your hands, preferably round your knees, gaze at the ceiling, and *lose* yourself, or at any rate assume the expression proper to that abstracted state, till you recover with a sudden start, and, in extreme cases, dash away a tear. Our guests, I must say, showed a very proper realisation of what was expected of them in this respect. What my own feelings *might* have been I cannot say: as things fell out, I was too much engaged in a critical study of the back of the violinist's blouse to think about the music. There are picturesque possibilities about playing a violin, but they are distinctly lessened if your blouse happens to be pinned untidily at the back.

Although, to my Mother's great chagrin, our tenor did not turn up, we were well off for young lady vocalists. So we had 'Once', 'Some Day', 'Never Again', 'For Ever', and 'Long Ago', and then somebody suggested a recitation. It was a blessing that somebody did, for I am convinced



SUNDERLAND NORTH PIER LIGHTHOUSE—

WHICH WAS MOVED A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE WITHOUT BEING TAKEN DOWN.

that Mother had forgotten all about it, and what would have happened if Miss A—— had been left out! *Horresco referens!*—which may be translated freely for young Bedans, ‘I tremble when I think of it!’

Miss A——, a tall, bony lady of uncertain age and unprepossessing appearance, moved to the middle of the room, and with her face painfully adjusted to an extreme degree of solemnity, began “The Women of Mumbles Head”, in a

deep, low, intense voice. In the course of her performance the reciter ranged through the whole gamut of the emotions, indulging in such an amount of gesture, nay gymnastics rather, as set one involuntarily speculating with regard to the size of her biceps. When she had sunk exhausted into a chair, there was a burst of applause and requests for an encore, which Mother, having now awakened to a sense of her duty, loudly seconded. The lady graciously consented, and, after a mo-

ment's pause during which she might adjust her features, she came forward, having changed her lugubrious expression for a chronic smile which looked as if it might have been pinned on. She gave us a humorous piece—in dialect. It was no particular dialect. There was Scotch intil't, and Irish intil't and Yorkshire intil't, and a substratum of homely Sunderland. Far be it from me to carp at the variety; 'that', as Corporal Nym might have said, 'is the humour of it'.

We closed with a selection of glees. 'Glee by name, but not by nature', Pater whispered in mine ear. Pater is incorrigible. Having contracted in early life the deplorable habit of punning, neither the things of this world, nor the inevitable pursuit of riches, nor wife, nor child, nor any other creature, has been able to break him off it. We have reminded him of his years, have asked him whether he thought 'at his age it was right', have threatened to issue a catalogue of his puns, and finally, have acquired an invariable habit of never 'seeing' them—all to no purpose. To return to the glees. There was a general asseveration by those taking part in them that they had never, no never, seen the music before. I should, personally, hesitate to accept this asseveration as an exact statement of fact in detail, but it was justified as a *general* statement by the performance, which appeared to be regulated on the principle of 'each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost'; and reminded me of an amusement in which Jack and Arabella and I used to indulge when feeling an irrepressible need of outlet for our energy. This consisted in singing at the top of our voices *different* tunes, and continuing till two out of the three vocalists were vanquished by the third. On the occasion of the glee-singing I felt strongly tempted to cut in with 'God save the King', and I am of the opinion that, despite my lack of musical training, perhaps on account of it, I should have been 'in at the death'—not of the monarch, but of the rest of the choristers.

There was a ring at the front door bell at 11:45 and a polite message from next-door bearing some reference to 'the baby'. The communication of this message to the company led to a general exodus, and I retired to my bed, murmuring, "Baby, 'for this relief much thanks'."

THISTLE.



THE GIRL

WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD.

CLARISSA was a really nice child. She never had to be called in the morning; she was often quite helpful about the house; and at Bede

School she had never once been sent to stand in the corridor. But, sad to say, she got it into her head that she was 'misunderstood'; and during the period for which that mournful notion persisted, she was a most unsatisfactory little person.

It came on partly through some books she had been reading. The heroines were most fascinating girls, so Clarissa thought, and they were generally 'misunderstood' by such misguided 'grown-ups' as their teachers and mothers. And Clarissa began to fancy that to be misunderstood had charms. She used to think about it as she went to and from school, and got to have quite a pathetic expression.

But it was trying to write a *hymn* which brought things to a head. Clarissa's Sunday-school teacher had told her scholars that good children often wrote down their beautiful thoughts, and it seemed to Clarissa a very touching thing to do. So she began 'to make poetry' in her head as she went about her daily duties. The lines that 'came' often had a very familiar sound, as if someone might have written them before; but, after a time, Clarissa ceased to be bothered by this idea, and took the lines as they suggested themselves.

It was her Mother who first noticed the change in Clarissa. She said there was something wrong with the child, and gave her a powder. On that very same day, too, she had been sent to stand in the corridor at school for being inattentive. She was *really* thinking about the hymn, and felt sure that if only her teacher had known, she would have gone and stood in the corridor herself rather than send Clarissa. However, Clarissa had to do the 'standing out', and very sorry for herself she felt.

The next day things were worse. At noon, she was sent by her Mother to post a letter, and to buy a pair of gloves. Now it happened that Clarissa was very much occupied with hymn-making at the time, and the result was that, besides making herself late for school, she quite forgot what she was doing, posted the gloves, and went to school with the letter in her pocket. No child who is feeling badly misunderstood, and who is, moreover, trying 'to make hymns up', is likely to spend a very cheerful afternoon at school. And Clarissa didn't. Things were said to her which made it plain that her teacher looked upon her merely as a very inattentive and annoying little girl—whereas, if the teacher had only *understood* the child, she would have realized what angelic qualities she had.

It was Saturday the next day, and so Clarissa was at home; but things were no better there. For a child can't be dreaming about herself and her own sorrows, or even trying to think of beautiful lines for hymns, and be a satisfaction to

her mamma. So Clarissa had an *awful* day. She broke two cups, [it would have been *so* much better if it had been saucers]; and the only teapot in the house with a perfectly normal spout; she let the "youngest-but-one" sit in the dough which was standing in a bowl to rise on the kitchen fender; upset the perambulator with the baby in it; and dropped a pot of jam on the bedroom stairs. To crown all, her pocket needed mending, and her brother found the letter in it which Clarissa had forgotten to post the day before. Then there had to be explanations, which resulted in Clarissa's having to go to bed very early. For some diseases this is no certain cure, but it cured the 'complaint' of Clarissa. Since then, she has never had an attack of being misunderstood.

A.B.C.



TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

"A FALLEN IDOL."

DURING blind-man's holiday, which, as everybody knows, occurs between sunset and darkness; when book or work is put down and the fire on the hearth fitfully sheds light upon faces, pictures, and walls, conjuring up memories of the past or dreams of the future; sometimes Father will accept our offer of "a penny for his thoughts". It was on one such occasion that, idly taking up a book from my knee, he, reading the title "A Fallen Idol", was apparently carried back in his mind a long, long way, for, after watching a little gassy flame try time after time to obtain an existence and finally fail, he looked up and said:—"When I was a child I worshipped one hero truly. Others received my admiration to some slight extent, but they were not, like him, entirely free from demerit. Samson and David I allowed had some of my hero's properties; they however fell far short of the ideal of which he was the embodiment. *They* had killed lions and bears, and he had not. Why? Because he had never had the chance. He was my cousin, and lived with us. He was clearly a better man than either Samson or David, for there were things in their lives that struck me as not nice; but how much he would have resembled Samson in the passage where I used to read "And behold a young lion roared against him . . . and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and he had nothing in his hand." And when the Gazites thought they had Samson securely within the walls of their city, how precisely he hit off my notion of what my hero would have done in the same situation. This is

the passage:—"And Samson lay till midnight, and he arose at midnight, and took the two doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them to the top of an hill"; for my hero was humorous as well as strong. Then again in the contest where Samson slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass, the odds were admittedly heavy; but my hero would most likely have done the job without the jawbone, just as when Goliath was slain by David with sling and stone my hero would, instead, simply and literally have taken him in hand. Goliath would have been afforded ample opportunity of proving his words when he said, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and unto the beasts of the field", whereas he always seemed to me to have been taken at a disadvantage, because David never came within his reach.

Then how did my idol fall from its high pedestal? For it did fall! It was bit by bit. I need not perhaps relate every step of the retrogression; suffice it to deal with the beginning and the end. The former occurred one night when we lived in rather a lonely house, and there was clearly someone about the premises for unlawful purposes. I heard the noise, and, being of a timid nature, ran to the room of my hero, who to my surprise fell into a great anger with me for bothering about what he termed a mere fancy, and in an unnecessarily loud voice, as it seemed to me, said that if thieves were to break in I would alarm them before he could have the smallest opportunity of effecting their capture. And, sure enough, he or I did alarm them, and they would have got safely away if two constables had not been attracted to the place, and received them as they were rushing through the doorway into the road.

My hero paraded the corridor during the remainder of the night with a life preserver, drawn as it were, and he afterwards said it was a mercy he had not gone downstairs when the thieves were in the house, because, if he had, he should have pulverised them. I however had begun to doubt him.

The end of my worship came about in this wise:—It used to be a habit of my hero to make sport of my terror of thunderstorms; and when he returned from business on some day when heaven's artillery had been exceptionally terrific he would rally me upon my weakness. I would exclaim, "Oh, how glad I am you're safe! Hasn't it been dreadful?" And he would reply, "Why, it was magnificent. We stood at the door to watch it. I never saw anything finer". "Well", I would say, "I was thankful to get under the stairs." "Perfectly ridiculous," he would answer, "Lightning will kill anyone who is to be killed

by it, you are therefore as safe in one place as another"; for he was a firm believer in fate.

I tried to emulate his bravery, and I one day stood at the door, to watch the lightning, forcing my lips to say "Splendid!" and "Magnificent!", when my heart said "Mercy on us!" and "Save us!" Suddenly it seemed as if the sun had dropped out of the heavens, betwixt me and the shed on the opposite side of the way, and, with a crack like that of ten thousand stockwhips, had burst. What happened in consequence is not material to this story: nothing serious, and it therefore only needs to be told that my hero, when he heard of my experience, laughed at it, called me chickenhearted, and said that if my fate was to die by lightning, the bolt would come nearer than the awfully near flash which I had seen.

Well, in course of time he happened to be at home engaged in making some flower boxes for the windows, when a storm broke. He was under shelter of a covered yard, and could work away to his heart's content, let it rain its hardest, and the thunder and lightning began to be such as I thought would suit him 'down to the ground'; because he used to talk as if he did not get half enough of it; and now I reckoned he would have his fling, for the sky became literally ablaze, and the thunder kept up an almost unceasing cannonade. But my hero's hammer suddenly ceased to ply, and he came into the kitchen with unusual precipitancy, where, finding me crying, he boxed my ears and told me to join my mother, who was upstairs.

Stricken with fear, and smarting with pain, I flew up the steps, and buried my head in mother's bed. She, too, was afraid. Meanwhile peal after peal rolled over us with increasing force and at diminishing intervals.

My sobs induced my mother to try to comfort and encourage me, and she raised her face to look into mine. What she saw there roused the maternal instinct to a pitch her terror of the storm had, for the moment, no power to control, and she ran downstairs to vent her indignation upon my cousin who had struck me unmercifully; but, just as she reached the bottom step, there came a flash and a roar that deprived her of every sense except that of self-preservation, and she darted to take refuge in the closet under the stairs, only to receive a greater shock still—for who do you think was there? My quondam hero, my fallen idol!

B.S.

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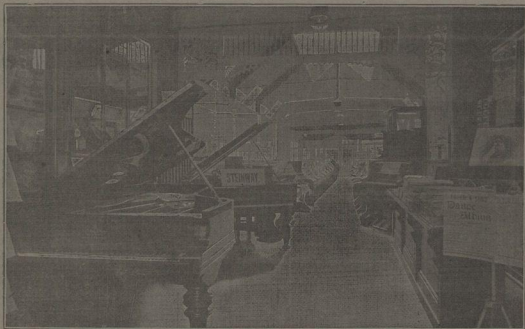
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