

# The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

PRICE, TWO PENCE.

*Published Six Times a Year.*

*Annual Subscription, One Shilling.*

No. 14.

MARCH, 1901.

## CONTENTS.

|                                      | PAGE. |  | PAGE. |
|--------------------------------------|-------|--|-------|
| <b>VIEWS :</b>                       |       |  |       |
| BEDE SCHOOL : PHYSICAL LABORATORY .. | 213   | EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS ..       | 214   |
| SEAHAM HALL .. .. .                  | 213   | A FIN-DE-SIÈCLE WEAKNESS .. .. .         | 222   |
| SUNDERLAND BRIDGES .. .. .           | 221   | SCHOOL FRIENDSHIPS .. .. .               | 223   |
| THE GRANGE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,    |       | PHILATELY .. .. .                        | 224   |
| SUNDERLAND .. .. .                   | 225   | ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION .. .. .    | 226   |
| <b>LEADING ARTICLE :</b>             |       | A TWENTIETH-CENTURY RESOLUTION .. .. .   | 227   |
| "A PLACE OF REAL EDUCATION, AND THE  |       | NOTICE AS TO ADVERTISEMENTS .. .. .      | 211   |
| CENTRE OF MANY BENEFICENT SOCIAL     |       | NOTICE TO READERS OF "THE BEDAN" .. .. . | 212   |
| ACTIVITIES" .. .. .                  | 214   |  |       |

SUNDERLAND :

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

# C. Ranken,

F.C.S., F.R.M.S.,

Manufacturing and Analytical

## CHEMIST,

Dealer in Fine Chemicals,  
Chemical and Scientific Apparatus,  
Volumetric Standard Solutions.

No. 11 STOCKTON ROAD.

TELEPHONE NO. 26

## ARTISTIC Furnishings & Decorations

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

4-roomed Cottage furnished for  
**£50.**

For particulars apply

## LAILDER, ROBSONS & CO.,

35 FAWCETT STREET.

Estimates, designs and suggestions, GRATIS.

## GREAT WHITE SALE

DURING MARCH.

*Irish Damask*

*Table Linen.*

Embroidered and Hemstitched  
Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases,  
Glass Cloths, Tea Cloths,  
Dusters, Towels, and every kind of

### HOUSEHOLD LINEN

AT

### REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.

## Alex. Corder & Sons

21 Fawcett Street.

## DRURY & SON,

FOR

Boys' Fashionable Overcoats,

Stylish Suits,  
and Warm Underclothing.

A large selection of

Boys' and Youths' Waterproof Coats  
and LEGGINGS.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

"UNDER THE CLOCK,"  
SUNDERLAND.

**Wilfrid Coates,**  
25 FAWCETT STREET,  
 **SUNDERLAND.**

**Bookseller,  
Stationer,  
Fancy Goods & Art Dealer,**  
**LIBRARY**  
IN CONNECTION WITH MUDIE'S.

**Presents for all occasions**  
AT MODERATE PRICES.

**J. PIPER,**  
Tea and Coffee Expert,  
7 Holmeside, Borough Road.



Everyone who knows the Luxury of  
— **A Delicious Cup of Tea** —  
Should try our Blends  
**At 1/8 and 2/- per lb.**

Choice productions of the World's Most Celebrated  
Tea Gardens.

**COFFEES.**—Our Standard Blends, which for  
nearly 30 years have been sold in increasing quantities  
to the Leading Families of Sunderland and neigh-  
bourhood, are thoroughly up to their well-known  
High-Class Quality.

1/-, 1/4, 1/6, 1/8, 1/10, and 2/- per lb.  
Nat. Telephone 331.

**Townsend & Co.,**  
**GLASS & CHINA ROOMS,**  
22 HOLMESIDE.



SOLE DEPÔT IN SUNDERLAND FOR  
Royal Worcester China,  
Royal Crown Derby China,  
Goss's Crest China  
AND ALL THE BEST MAKERS.

~~~~~  
Glass and China on Hire for Teas, &c.  
~~~~~

**RIVETTING & REPAIRS AT SHORT NOTICE**  
Nat. Tel. No. **871.**

**TURKEYS,  
GEESE,  
PHEASANTS,**  
**&c.**



**DAILY,**

**H. BURNHAM, JUNR.**  
Corner of  
*Stockton Road.*

# W. Greenwell, <sup>13</sup> HOLMESIDE

FOR ALL THAT IS NEW AND CHOICE IN

Silver, Electro Plate, Cutlery,

CLOCKS, BRONZES, &c.

Wedding, Birthday, Christening & other Presents

A SPECIALITY.

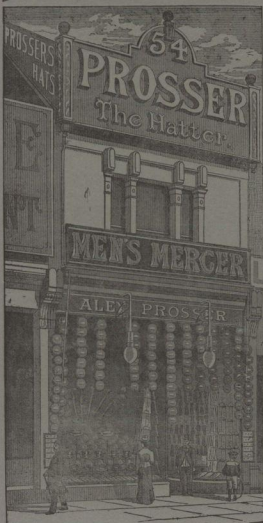
*Repairs, Re-Plating, Gilding, Engraving, &c.*

Telephone 663

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

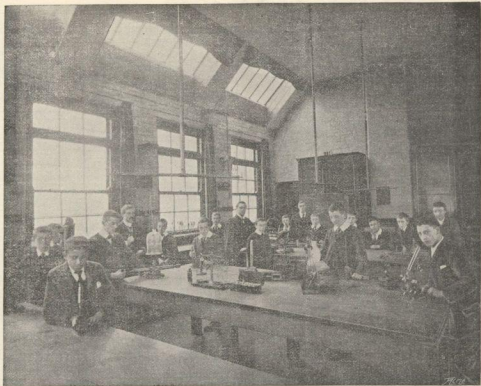
Telephone 663

## ALEX. PROSSER, THE HATTER.

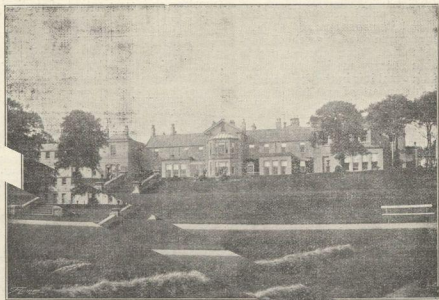


BUY  
HATS  
PROSSER'S  
& CAPS.  
THEY  
ARE  
THE  
BEST  
AND  
CHEAPEST  
WEAR





BEDE SCHOOL : PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



SEAHAM HALL.

## "A PLACE OF REAL EDUCATION, AND THE CENTRE OF MANY BENEFICENT SOCIAL ACTIV- ITIES."

THE famous German Humanist called Husmann or Agricola, who was a pupil of the still more famous Thomas à Kempis, once said that, if there is anything with a contradictory name, it is the school. "The Greeks in general named it *scholē*—that is, leisure; the Latins, *ludus literarius*—literary play: whereas there is nothing further from leisure than the school, nothing harder and more opposed to play. More correctly did it receive from Aristophanes the designation *phrontisterion*—that is, PLACE OF CARE."

We cannot wonder that Agricola considered any name not implying something very disagreeable as quite inappropriate to a seminary of his day when, to use his own words, a school was "a prison, abounding in blows, tears, and groans". But he has been dead for four hundred years, and the average school at the beginning of the Edwardian Era does not, one would hope, answer to his gloomy account.

It is pleasant to turn to the description of a school contained in the head lines to this column.

Encomiums sufficient to satisfy the biggest gluttons for praise have been lavished by the Press upon *The Bedan* and its conductors. We have been told that "its pages sparkle"; that it is "an excellent example of what a school magazine should be"; that "the articles are in every case of high literary merit"; that "certainly, as a school journal it is in the front rank"; that it has "a high standard of excellence"; and that it is "first among publications of its kind in the North".

Though neither unmindful of, nor ungrateful for, these and similar expressions of approval of the Magazine, nothing which has ever been said about it has pleased us quite so much as the statement of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* to the effect that the contents of the Magazine afford evidence that Bede School is "a place of real education, and the centre of many beneficent social activities."

Perhaps we ought not to set very much store by this felicitous phrase, which the Reviewer may just have "dashed off" rather to add roundness and finish to his article than as his deliberate estimate of the institution named. Still, we give it prominence with some degree of pride—in it expresses happily and concisely our ideal of what a school should be, and is, if justified, a description of Bede School which everybody

connected therewith may reasonably consider a notable eulogy.

For "real education" means the development of the body so that it may be the ready servant of the will; the training of the intellect—and this implies not only the giving of information or instruction (whether for direct practical utility or to form material for thought) but also the due exercise of the thinking powers; the cultivation of the Love of the Beautiful and the other fine tastes; and the strengthening of the moral nature by the encouragement of all noble impulses and the repression of every low, vile, and unworthy tendency.

If then, Bede School is "a place of real education" it must be promoting the physical, mental, aesthetic, and spiritual welfare of its pupils—so far as each of them is, for himself or herself, *subjectively* concerned.

And if it is, moreover, "the centre of many beneficent social activities", the scholars must display some practical wisdom, good sense, and kind feeling in their dealings with each other and with outsiders, and be, to the best of their power, "useful members of society".

It would be the height of arrogance in us to think that these suppositions and conclusions are true in ANY VERY LARGE AND COMPREHENSIVE SENSE. But it is gratifying that a disinterested onlooker's pronouncement should have made it possible to assume that, in *his* opinion at any rate, they have at least *some* justification and *some* extent of applicability.



## 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 appeals in some measure to *all* the rest.]

### QUEEN VICTORIA,

HAVING LIVED BLAMELESSLY

For 81 Years 243 Days,

AND REIGNED GLORIOUSLY

For 63 Years 216 Days,

DIED PEACEFULLY

On Tuesday, January 22nd, 1901.

On the morning of Friday, February 1st, the Head Master in the Boys' School, and the Head Mistress in the Girls', addressed the assembled scholars at some length on various features of our late Sovereign's Life and Reign. The boys and girls seemed to take an intelligent, appreciative, and sympathetic interest in all that concerned the Mighty Dead. Many of them, in reply to questions, made remarks indicating not only that they held genuine feelings of honour, respect, and reverence for the august Lady now no more, but also that these feelings were based upon no small knowledge of her virtues as a Woman and her merits as a Ruler.

Later in the day all the teachers, throughout both the schools, had informal talks with their classes on different points suggested by a retrospect of the Victorian Era.

To some of the older scholars general explanations were given of the constitution and work of the Privy Council—matters on which a great many grown-up people have, it is to be believed, notions more hazy than definite.

The following week, when the Queen's Funeral was over, the School sang the first verse of the National Anthem—with modifications, where necessary, of the old familiar words. It is highly improbable that even the youngest Bedan may live to see a reversion to what was the chief line in that verse as sung all through his or her life until a few weeks ago. No. He or she will probably *always* have to say what we write now:

### GOD SAVE THE KING!

The School Tenth Annual Prize-Giving took place in the School itself on Thursday Afternoon, December 20th, 1901—the day of the 'breaking-up' for the Christmas Holidays. Except Mr. Backhouse—who happened to 'drop in', and whom everybody is always glad to see as one of the School's best friends—only the scholars and the staff were present. However, a festive air pervaded the proceedings, and everything was pleasant and enjoyable. The Head Teachers gave out the Prizes and Certificates to the boys and girls entitled to them. Some, but not all, of the Lists of Names are appended.

The Certificates gained by Bede School pupils at the Oxford Local Examinations, July, 1900, were first given out. The List was as follows:—

#### JUNIOR EXAMINATION.

Honours, Second Class: Ida W. Farrow (No. 11), with distinction in Heat; Bessie Eaves (No. 42); Lawrence Smith (No. 100); Jennie Grimstead (No. 101), with distinction in Drawing (bracketed first of the Junior Candidates).

Honours, Third Class: Mabel Newby.

Pass (Candidates under 16 years of age): Jennie Bruce, Frank N. Marsh.

Pass (Candidates over 16 years of age): Fanny Witten.

#### PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

Pass (Candidates under 14 years of age): Harry Goldsbrough, Wm. A. Hardy, Jas. B. Ramsey, Geo. C. Watson.

Pass (Candidates over 14 years of age): Jno. H. Blacklock, Elsie Bruce, Florence Ellis, Edith Lumley, David Macnair, Ella Marsh, Victor C. Mitchell, Alf. R. Murray, May Pike, Geo. S. Purse, Robert Ross, Ethel Wallace, Eva C. Young.

Several Class Prizes and Prizes for French in the Girls' School were provided from a Prize Fund to which one or two friends outside the school have generously subscribed, but to which the teachers are the chief contributors.

The following prizes were awarded for general excellence:—

#### Upper School.

|              |            |                   |
|--------------|------------|-------------------|
| 3rd year.    | 1st prize, | Kate Burnett.     |
|              | 2nd "      | Dorothy Ross.     |
| 2nd year.    | 1st "      | Jennie Grimstead. |
|              | 2nd "      | Bessie Eaves.     |
| 1st year. A. | 1st "      | Bertha Saxby.     |
|              | 2nd "      | Mabel Naylor.     |
| 1st year. B. | 1st "      | Florence Allison. |
|              | 2nd "      | Lizzie Hall.      |

#### Lower School.

|        |                      |
|--------|----------------------|
| VII A. | Lavinia Hughes.      |
| VII B. | Edith Chapman.       |
| VI A.  | Hilda Chapman.       |
|        | Elizabeth Donkin.    |
| VI B.  | Elizabeth Errington. |
| V.     | Issie Burnup.        |
| IV.    | Mabel Witten.        |
|        | Freda Smith.         |

Each of the following girls in the Lower school was adjudged first in her class in French, and received a prize for that subject:—Ada Thomas, Lavinia Hughes, Amy Elder, Blanche Walters, Mary Crewdson.

Two prizes were offered for Writing in VI B. They were awarded to Miriam Dale and Gwen Gandy, who were bracketed top of the list.

The List of Boys and Girls who obtained Ordinary Science and Art Certificates will be published in the April Magazine. We append, however, the names of the six pupils who this year received the *Special Certificate* granted by the Department to such boys and girls as, after taking, for at least three years, the Upper School Complete Course in both literary and scientific subjects, gain Honours or Advanced Passes in at least three of the Obligatory Subjects of the

## Science Course.

Edith Emerson Wright.  
 Norah Helena March.  
 Stella Bailes.  
 Diana Evelyn Birchall.  
 Herbert Alexander Wood.  
 Samuel Lister.

[We should like to draw special attention to those Certificates. They are something comparatively new. In 1899 the school received only two of them—which went to John Neill and Maurice Jacoby. Indicating, as they do, that persons holding them have had a thorough and systematic training, and have achieved considerable success, they will come to be more and more appreciated the better their signification is known.]

It is useless, however, for any boy or girl who does not mean to stay in the Upper School a good long time to hope to attain one of them. They can seldom be gained even by a *Third Year* Student. All the above six students but one—Herbert Wood—had been in the Upper School for at least four years.]

## Winners of Attendance Prizes.

Attendance Prizes are given for *Absolutely Regular Attendance only*. The headings *Five Years*, *Three Years*, and so on, in the following List, imply that the Boys and Girls whose names are placed under them have, for the periods stated, *never* been absent from school.

Eight Years.

Herbert Wood.

Seven Years.

Lizzie Neil, Robert B. Arthur.

Six Years.

Annie Clark.

Five Years.

Stella Bailes, John O. Allan, William Taylor.

Four Years.

John Geo. English, John Jacob Hurdman.

Three Years.

Diana E. Birchall, Mary Glass, William Logan, Jas. White.

Two Years.

Jennie Bruce, Cissy Grimstead, Edith Lumley, Mary Marshall, Amy Mawson, Mabel Pegler, Janet Smith, Harold Bamford, Henry Burnham, Edgar P. Lumley, Victor Mitchell, Robert Ross, Lawrence Smith.

One Year.

Gertrude Adamson, Lydia Bainbridge, Doris Barlow, Kitty Brearcliffe, Nellie Brown, Elsie Bruce, Alice Cumming, Emily Cook, Lizzie Dobson, Mabel Dobson, Elizabeth Donkin, Amelia Duncan, Bessie Eaves, Alberta Farrow, Ida Farrow, Constance Johnson, Margaret McKenzie, Norah Mills, Ethel Mitchinson, Mabel Naylor, Lily Pearson, Carrie Peat, Ada Round, Beatrice

Scott, Eliza Smith, Louisa Snowdon, Ethel Taylor, Mary Thompson, Mabel Tooby, Cecilia Watson, Elsie Whittaker, Beatrice Williams, Georgina Wilson, Carrie Young, John H. Blacklock, J. W. Blyth, W. W. Cartledge, Geo. Robert Jameson, Reginald Forbes, Harry Goldsbrough, Edgar W. Letbe, Matthew Lister, Stanley McIntyre, Wm. Mitchell, Harold Smith, John Thornton, Edwin Norman Wood.

Mr. R. F. Jarman kindly gave prizes to those boys in his Class (VII) who had done the best work, between Midsummer and Christmas, in Arithmetic, Grammar, and Composition. John H. Taylor was first in all three subjects and received two prizes. The second prizes fell to Thos. H. Jones, Robert Esdon, and Norman Barron.

[Taylor deserves a word of special praise for the choice drawings with which he embellishes his Composition-book and illustrates whatever he is writing about. They are little works of art.]

After the prizes had been given away in the Girls' School by the Head Mistress, two very mysterious parcels were presented to *her*. To her great surprise they were found to consist of a handsome silver tea-pot and a delightful green cosy. Not the slightest inkling of what was in store for her had reached the ears of the Head Mistress, who was, we fear, too much overcome by astonishment to thank adequately her warm-hearted little friends.

Before Teachers and Taught separated for the Christmas Holidays—which were, alas! all too short—greetings were, of course, interchanged. Indeed, for some days before the "breaking-up", mysterious envelopes presented themselves on the teachers' desks, but were found to contain nothing more alarming than Christmas Cards.

Moreover, the girls showed the sincerity of their good wishes towards their teachers by giving them presents of every imaginable sort. Not a single teacher was forgotten. Such generosity, though extremely gratifying to the recipients, is really unnecessary. The teachers take an interest in their pupils, but do not require a recognition of the fact in the shape of the spontaneous offerings referred to.

In the Girls' Upper School a general examination took place during December, papers being set in all the subjects of instruction. From the total marks gained by each girl were subtracted those lost for untidiness and unpunctuality. We give below the names of the first and second girls in each class.



Fourth year. Maximum 1101.

Alberta Farrow, 690; Constance Johnson 666.

Third year. Maximum 1213.

Elizabeth Eaves, 883; Winnie Thatcher, 597.

Second year. Maximum 1122.

Jennie Bruce, 870; Mabel Naylor, 867.

First year (*B* and *C* divisions). Maximum 881.

Lavinia Hughes, 751; Olive Dent, 719.

First year (*A* division). Maximum 750.

Frances Duncanson, 563; Elsie Bruce, 547½.

Precocious histrionic or musical ability would seem to be pretty frequently employed to contribute something to public entertainment. One small Bedan boy was recently away from school for a whole week to take part in an Opera for Juveniles which, in a neighbouring small town, was performed daily for that period. Another, after a fortnight's absence, announced that he had been "playing the flute at the Queen's Varieties, Newcastle". (!)

Will the budding Roscius and the coming Timotheus referred to clearly understand that neither of them can be allowed to practise his 'art' in such a way as to encroach on the time which ought to be spent at school. They will have many years, we may suppose, after their school days are over, in which to act or to play. For, doth not the poet say

"Art is LONG"?

And their period of school life must not be improperly shortened. It passes quickly in any case. For doth not the poet add

"and [Bede School] Time is FLEETING"?

In the past few weeks the snow, which most adult dwellers in Sunderland have regarded not, perhaps, as an *unmixed* evil—for there has been a good deal of dirt amongst it—but, at any rate, as a very doubtful advantage, has afforded Bede School boys both enjoyment and employment. It may have "laid off" men in the ship-yards, but it has given lads in the play-ground and the West Park plenty to do and all the fun and excitement which snow-ball fights afford.

"'Tis an "ill wind which blows no man to good."'

We might further illustrate this trite old saying by reference to an incident which occurred several months ago.

Everybody remembers the terrific fall, first of snow and then of rain, which we in Sunderland had one Friday night last October. On the following Saturday morning several streets were *partially* flooded, but in Tunstall Vale the roadway and pavements were *completely* submerged to a depth of over two feet. A young lady residing there was to be married that morning. Her cab could not come to the front door at all, and, even when it went round to the back street, the

bride could make her way to it only on planks! Meanwhile, in the front street, a staid, respectable householder, mounted on a stool placed upon a chair, strove, by means of a long clothes-prop, to clear the main grate which had evidently got stopped up. Occasionally a milk-boy's pony was driven into the Vale at a gallop, but soon the gallop became a trot, the trot a walk, the walk a stand-still, and the stand-still a retreat.

And now happened our incident.

Two young Bedans, unmindful of the prevailing discomfort, produced their big model yacht, and, poising themselves, Blondin-like, on the street railings—which formed a sort of narrow quay—they launched her, with every sail set, upon the temporary inland sea. It was good to watch the glee of the youngsters who, while grown-up folks looked glum and worried, snatched the rare pleasure of navigating their small craft, with a stout string attached to her, not over the permanent lake in Roker Park, but over the temporary lake in Tunstall Vale.

Perhaps we should stop here—for the end of the episode did *not* illustrate the proverb we have quoted. Do our readers say "What *was* the end?" Well, first, the cap of one of the mariners dropped into what ought to have been a garden, but what, on trying to recover his head-gear, he found to be a swamp. Then, next, *the string*, by which the other—who was the skipper—controlled his vessel, *broke* "right out at sea", and the ship "went adrift" (as our old Caretaker would have said). However, by scurrying along the railings at one side of the street for a considerable distance, crossing the road at a fordable part, and betaking himself to the railings at the other side, he recovered the derelict, tucked "her" under his arm, and, after the expenditure of a great deal of time and infinite trouble, regained his native side of the water!

We noticed in the *Echo*, some little time ago, an appreciation of the Venerable Bede which ought to interest those boys and girls who belong to the school named after that good man and great scholar—particularly as it mentions both the School and the School Magazine. We therefore reproduce it in full:—

"It conveys very little to the mind of the average reader to be told that the Venerable Bede has just been recognised as a Doctor of the Church by Pope Leo XIII. But to local Catholics it is a gratifying event, and we may all take interest in the fact of highest honours having been paid to a Monkwearmouth man for learning and sanctity. Bede, although his exact birthplace is not certain, undoubtedly received his education and training at the ancient church on the North-side towards the end of the seventh century. "I have ever held it sweet," he tells us, "either to learn, to teach, or to write." At the same time, he shared the domestic toil of the monastery, "the winnowing and threshing of corn, giving milk to the lambs and calves, and the work of the garden, the kitchen, and the bakehouse." Bede's festival will be celebrated throughout the Catholic world in June next for the first time,

and the story of our monastery of Wearmouth will fall upon many ears to which hitherto it has been unknown. It is not every place which is famous alike for football, ships, and saints, for we have also Benedict Biscop.

The Venerable Bede was a man of science as well as a saint. Professor Morley, in his "Library of English Literature", remarks that Bede

'compiled clear Latin treatises upon all branches of knowledge cultivated in his day, and digested into manuals the Scripture teaching of the Fathers. A book of his on "The Nature of Things" was for centuries the accepted manual for the learning of what was then known of the laws of nature, and his Ecclesiastical History, which ends with the year 731, is our first history of England. In it all information then to be obtained was arranged with scholarly care and clearness, and this book is in our own day the chief source of information as to the events of which it treats. Bede's fame spread, in his own day, over the Christian world'.

Both sides of his character are fitly commemorated locally by the Church of the Venerable Bede and the Bede Higher Grade School, with its magazine, "The Bedan".

The Head Mistress received on Christmas Day a letter from an old Bedan, Vena Burnham.

Vena is at school in Belgium. She is not the only Bedan who has been a dweller in the huge building known as the "Pensionnat des Religieuses Ursulines" at Thildonek, for Georgina Wilkinson, at present a pupil in the Upper School, was there last year. Vena wrote to give the usual Christmas greetings, but in the course of her letter she remarks "I shall not forget the happy time I spent at Bede School, and I shall never think I have thanked you sufficiently for the kindness I received there. Will you please remember me to the girls?"

The Head Mistress takes this opportunity of giving the message from Vena to her old school-fellows and also of remarking that no one could ever be other than kind to such a modest, well-behaved, and obliging little pupil.

*Pensionnat* is the French name for boarding-school. A picture of the school in question is printed at the head of Vena's note-paper and is quite impressive. It represents what is evidently a very large building which must have looked brilliant on Christmas Eve when it was lighted up by electricity.

When Vena comes home it is hoped that she will call at school sometimes and chatter French with Bedans anxious to improve their knowledge of that elegant language.

Any dwellers in Sunderland or any other ordinary English town who have

*"Walked along the Bois de Boulogne  
With an independent air"*

or otherwise, must have envied the Parisians the width of their streets.

The Bois de Boulogne is, of course, as its name implies, a *wood*. But leading to it is a superb road known as the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. We are not very sure of our power of estimating dimensions, but it strikes us that the width of

Fawcett Street multiplied by six would scarcely equal the width of this Avenue, which is bordered on both sides by handsomely-built houses with gardens in front, and which is beautified by many rows of noble trees.

It will be a long time before our streets are of such magnificent proportions. In the meantime would it not be well to make the best of the present condition of things—which does *not* allow of people walking on the pavement *four abreast* with an air so "independent" as entirely to leave out of consideration the convenience of other unimportant pedestrians. None of us likes being forced on to the road, and, as a rule, there is no need for anyone to be pushed off the footpath if only two people walk abreast. Bedans by their membership of a certain League profess to be eager to grow up into good citizens, and this very profession makes it important that *they*, at any rate, should set a good example in this particular. In matters of this sort it is always wiser as well as more courteous to yield to others rather than to fight for one's rights. Politeness to older people is especially the *duty* of young folks. Moreover, they will find that, by the exercise of courtesy, they not only give pleasure to others, but also themselves enjoy the satisfaction of having done the right thing.

The following verse is not exactly classic in its style, but it is at any rate worth remembering:—

#### FOR DRIVERS AND CYCLISTS:

The rule of the road is a paradox quite;

To learn it won't take very long:

If you go to the left you are sure to go right,

If you go to the right you'll go wrong.

#### FOR PEDESTRIANS:

But in *walking* along 'tis a different case,

To the right it is right you should bear;

On the left should be left just enough of  
clear space

For people who have to walk there.

The Head Mistress was delighted to receive a few days ago a visit from one of her former pupils of whom she had heard nothing for a long time. Mabel Boutflour, who now lives beyond Castle Eden, will be remembered well by the girls of her class. It is a source of real pleasure to Miss Todd to see her "old girls" again. Will "old girls" note that Wednesday and Friday afternoons are the most convenient times for the reception of visitors.

We supposed that every Bedan, boy or girl, knew how to translate "everybody" into French. But our feelings sustained a rude shock a few days ago when instead of being translated by "tout le monde" (literally, "the whole world") it was rendered by a small girl after she had appar-

ently wrestled with her dictionary as "corps chaque"!

In the last-published London University Final B.A. Honours List we noticed the name of Mr. William C. Wordsworth. This brilliant young scholar, who is an Exhibitioner of London University, a graduate of the University of Wales, and a member of Jesus College, Oxford, is the brother of Mr. J. G. Wordsworth, of Bede School.

Our Mr. Wordsworth does a good deal of work in connection with the distribution of *The Bedan*. To him and to Miss K. Coburn, B.Sc., the Head Teachers' thanks are due for attending to the despatch of the Yearly Subscribers' copies, and for kindly and efficiently looking after some other little matters.

Fred. Coburn, who served his Articles in the Borough Engineer's Office at Sunderland, recently entered the service of the big Contractors, Messrs. C. H. Walker & Co., Great George Street, Westminster, as an Assistant Engineer, and is now engaged at Water Orton upon the Birmingham Tame and Rea District Drainage Scheme. He is fond of his work—which requires him to be out of doors, and consists mainly of surveying and taking levels. Scott Coburn, his brother, is an architect at South Shields.

We are glad to know that both of these young men are getting on well.

The other day we had a most interesting letter from Fred. H. Robinson, formerly of Hetton—who would be contemporary with the Coburns at Bede School. He has a First-Class Certificate as Colliery Manager, and is now Under 'Viewer' at a pit near Alfreton in Derbyshire—not far away from Welbeck Abbey, Chatsworth, and Matlock. He finds the mining terms in that district—or, rather, the meanings attached to them—a difficulty. For instance, what is known as a 'tail' rope in Durham is termed a 'head' rope in Derbyshire; and vice versa.

He notices, too, a difference in the two counties in the use of the word 'call'—as applied to persons. In Durham 'call' has sometimes an offensive meaning, as in the sentence "They call him a thief"; but, often enough, it is used in a good sense—e.g. "They call him John Thompson". In the Peak County, however, 'call' seems to carry with it the notion of stigma, solely;—for Robinson writes that he said, one day lately, to a youngster in the pit "What do they call you, my boy?"; and that the answer he got was "They call me 'sonny' for a nick-name, Sir; but my name is So-and-So."

We congratulate Robinson on his success, and hope that his old school-chum, Tom Minns, now of New Herrington—whose brother is at present

at Bede School—may soon secure his 'ticket' and a Colliery Under Manager's post.

We heard with much pleasure, a few weeks ago, that John Albert Gaskell, son of the Rev. John Gaskell, now of Stonebroom, Alfreton, had, at the first attempt, and when only 17 years and one month old, passed the Examination for a Second Division Clerkship in the Civil Service.

In a letter to the Head Master Mr. Gaskell says "I am deeply grateful to you and your Assistants for the interest you took in Albert at Bede School, and for the help you rendered him in giving him the knowledge, and forming those habits of study, which have secured this excellent result".

We heartily thank the writer of these very kind words. His gratitude is greater than that of many parents whose sons owe far more to Bede School than his boy does. For Albert Gaskell came to the School for but a comparatively short time, worked zealously of his own accord, and, a singularly thoughtful, logically-minded, intelligent lad, was one of those rare pupils from whom a teacher receives, almost as much as to whom he gives, constant mental training.

We compliment him on his notable achievement.

We noticed the following newspaper comments on our December Number:—

#### *Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

Few of our school publications have a greater charm for those to whom they are intended to appeal than "The Bedan", the magazine of the Bede Higher Grade School, Sunderland. The contents of the December number are both varied and interesting. The articles and illustrations deal with subjects of local interest in a way that shows the conductors of the magazine know how to make an excellent use of the limited space at their command; and in the references to the school and its work we have evidence that it is a place of real education, and the centre of many beneficent social activities.

#### *Newcastle Daily Journal.*

The present issue of "The Bedan", the interesting publication in connection with the Bede Higher Grade School, Sunderland, appears to be as replete with matter of an excellent literary standard as any of its predecessors have been, and this is the highest praise that one can possibly bestow upon it. "The Bedan" is by no means a dull and dry production; on the contrary its pages sparkle here and there with touches of humour. It appears that the reputation for sound Geography which the school is said to possess has recently been endangered by a girl scholar, who, in reply to the questions "Into what parts may France be divided and what are the chief productions of each part?" wrote "France is divided into three parts—animal, vegetable, and mineral. The chief animal productions are bears, wolves, and silkworms". We must confess to having experienced a mild horror when, on looking over the articles contributed by scholars, we found one of the senior girls—that is of course a young lady—employing, in gloomy contemplation of an approaching "beastly examination", the elegant quotation "Life is not all beer and skittles".

#### *Newcastle Daily Leader.*

The December number of "The Bedan", as is usual with that excellent example of what a school magazine should be, is

full of interesting reading which should attract the attention of not merely the scholars past and present of the Sunderland Higher Grade School, but also of the larger and less select public outside. Most of the articles in the magazine are contributed by the "Bedans" and most of them are exceedingly creditable to their writers. The Number contains one or two local views.

We notice that the *Leader* Reviewer says "Most of the articles in the Magazine are contributed by the Bedans". The word *All* should be substituted for *Most* to express what is actually true.

#### *Sunderland Daily Echo.*

The December number of "The Bedan" maintains its high reputation for excellence. The articles are in every case of high literary merit, and the newsy features are well kept up. It is pleasant to note the zeal of some of the readers in pushing the circulation of the magazine so that it may continue to be a financial success. Certainly as a school journal it is in the front rank. The chief contributions in the present issue are "An Afternoon in some Chemical Works," "Meandering Musings," "Eyes and No Eyes," and the first instalment of an article on "Some Sunderland Solecisms." In addition to these there is an interesting review of an Old Bedan's career. An illustration of "A Bit of the Wear" is also very good.

#### *Sunderland Daily Post.*

The December Number of The Bedan has just been issued, and the high standard of excellence which has characterised all previous issues of this magazine is fully maintained in this, its 13th number. Editorial Notes and School News contain, amongst other items, numerous interesting paragraphs aent the doings of boys who were at one time scholars at the Bede Higher Grade School, but who have since migrated and are doing well. An article which will be perused with pleasure by older Bedans is that giving a résumé of the career of Mr Frederick William Armstrong, who was the first art master of the school, and who is now in the South of England. Other acceptable contributions are "An Afternoon in Some Chemical Works," "Meandering Musings," "Eyes and No Eyes," and "Auld Lang Syne." The illustrations this month are Bede School: Main Block, Sunderland Infirmary, and A Bit of the Wear.

#### *Sunderland Morning Mail.*

THE BEDAN.—We have to hand the December number of this school journal. It keeps up the high standard which has made it first among publications of its kind in the North. The number is particularly noticeable for the evidence it gives of the use which is being made of "The Bedan" by old Bede School boys. There is any amount of information concerning them, and there is also correspondence of a useful character from one to another which could not be passed through any other channel. Of one of them there is a most appreciative notice evidently written by the Head Master of the School. There is a very clever poem, signed A.J.S., wishing readers "A Happy New Century," and there is the commencement of what promises to be a most interesting series of articles on "Some Sunderland Solecisms".

In some recent issues we mentioned the names of several Old Bedan girls now at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle.

The following is a list of some Old Bedan boys who are there:—

- For the Final B.Sc. Course :  
Wm. Crompton Smith, A.Sc.
- For the Final B.Litt. Course :  
Richard Dodds.

For the 2nd B.Sc. Course in Electrical Engineering :

John Neill.

For the 1st B.Sc. Course in Mechanical Engineering :

Lawrence Smith, Alan Pilling.

For the 1st A.Sc. Course :

George Goldsbrough, Joseph Robinson, James Thompson, Henry Mouat, Wm. C. Brown.

When the last-named lad left the Laboratory of the Wear Patent Fuel Works to go to College his position was given to another Old Bedan, Spence Rae.

A small party of Bedan Teachers and Senior Boys heard Spohr's "Last Judgement" in Durham Cathedral on December 13th, 1900.

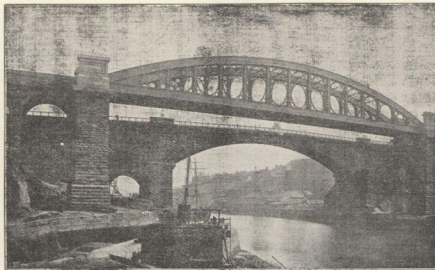
We noticed that Bede School was well represented, on the preceding night, December 12th, at the Sunderland Philharmonic Society's First Concert of the current Season.

Mrs. Douglas and Miss Montgomery came to the Girls' School one afternoon before the Concert, and kindly played, much to the enjoyment of an audience consisting of the whole school, most of "The Spectre's Bride", the musical work of which a performance was to be given by the Society.

At the Second Concert, to take place on Wednesday, March 13th, 1901, Handel's charming "Acis and Galatea" will be rendered. Our Upper School boys and girls know very well indeed the fine Chorus "O the pleasure of the plains" with which that work opens—for they have sung it dozens of times.

One day lately a rather funny thing occurred when Mr. Park was taking the boys for this Chorus, and Mr. Jarman was accompanying them on the piano. In the Sol-Fa copies in use there is at one point a direction "Seventeen measures symphony". The Head Master, wishing the boys to notice that one and the same bass pedal note ran through all these, said "Listen carefully, and then tell me what you observe about the construction of this passage." The piece having been played over he remarked "Well, what is there peculiar about these seventeen measures?" One little mortal who evidently did not quite see the drift of the question convulsed everybody in the room by declaring "They ought to be *eighteen*!"

When giving, in the *June Bedan*, some account of the Philharmonic Society and its predecessor, the Sacred Harmonic Society, we ought to have stated that one of the founders of the latter was our venerable townsman, Mr. William Duncan. By the way, Mr. Duncan writes to say he considers "The Horses' Tale" in our October Num-



SUNDERLAND BRIDGES.

ber as "the cleverest group of verses" the Magazine has contained up to the present.

Of the same Number a young lady writes "One of my copies is going to Peru to give my friend there some idea of the Election Struggle here. This poetry describes it exactly".

We knew that *The Bedan* goes to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, North America, and various parts of the Continent; but we confess that we had never thought of associating it with Peru—the land of guano and nitrate of soda, the land of Pizarro and the Incas.

We can hardly agree with our correspondent in calling "The Horses' Tale" poetry; but we thank her for her good opinion, and for having recently secured FIVE new Yearly Subscribers!

A very tall young fellow accosted Mr. Richardson in Newcastle the other day. He proved to be an Old Bedan, William Graves, who is now at Bruges, at the College of St. Francis Xavier.

The Head Master lately had the pleasure of a chat with Ralph H. Kirkup, now Second Engineer on a steamer. Kirkup remarked that he once was in a vessel where there were, altogether, no fewer than *five* Old Bedans among the officers and apprentices!

Poor Maurice Wilson, after a prolonged illness, died on February 24th. During his two years at Bede School he was always a very quiet, studious, intelligent, but delicate boy. Many of his old class-mates will remember him—though it is fifteen months since he and they worked together.

Miss Gertrude Wilson, B. Litt., his sister—who is in the Girls' School—and Mrs. Wilson, have our sincere sympathy.

We much regret, too, to have to report the death of Miss Taylor's father, which took place at Sheffield quite recently.

At least three Old Bedans have, within the past month or two, entered the matrimonial state. They are John Nimmo, of Sydney, whose bride's name we cannot recall at this moment; Miss Ethel Cogdon, who has been married to Mr. J. W. French; and John T. Douglas, whose wedding with Miss Thirkell 'came off' just a few days after he received his 'ticket' as Captain. We congratulate all these young people and wish them much happiness.

John Douglas's brothers, George and Robert, like him, attended Bede School—where his cousins, Douglas and Vera Kinmond, are pupils at present—and then went to sea. He comes of a sea-faring family, his father and grandfather having both been Captains.

Miss Kate Smith, B.Sc., left the Boys' School at the Christmas Holidays to be Assistant to the Lady Principal of the Normal Department of the new University of Birmingham. She was presented by her scholars and colleagues with a set of Thackeray's Novels.

At the same time Mr John Barron, Exhibitioner of New College, Oxford, came to the School to have presented to him a very handsome travelling-bag. Both Miss Smith and Mr Barron, who were cordially cheered, made felicitous speeches.

Charles Gibson has left Cape Town and gone to Kimberley. We have had a long, interesting and beautifully-written letter from him.

William E. Huntley, who is now at Whitehaven, has moved about not a little since he became an Inland Revenue Officer. Carlisle, Keswick, and Haltwhistle are just a few of the places where he has been temporarily stationed. His brother Fred, and his school-companion Jack Blakey, are both sea-going engineers—the one with a Chief's, the other with a Second's 'ticket.' Blakey is on board the "Goorkha" which trades between London and Calcutta.

It gave us great pleasure to hear from William Huntley lately. He always had, and evidently still retains, a great liking for his old School.

We notice that Mr. W. Walton, B.A., Head Master of Burnley Higher Grade School, has had a very successful Prize-Giving and Entertainment, and that, among those who were there, was another old Bede School teacher, Mr. J. H. Brittain, now of Rochdale Pupil Teachers' Centre.

Mr. Walton feels very proud of the Magazine of his old school. He writes "I have shown copies of *The Bedan* to several friends, and all say they have never seen a better School Magazine. I tell them they have never seen one so good!"

"If you please, will you give me *the British Isles*?"

Such was the rather comprehensive request which, a few days ago, one of the boys at the school, coming into a class-room and going up to the teacher, modestly put forward.

The teacher addressed knew *the Map* of the British Isles was all that was wanted; but, taking the lad at his word, he at once replied "The British Isles! What have you got to put them in?"

"I see that you teach History at Bede School", said a lady to a member of the staff, one day a little while back.

"Yes, we do."

"It must be a very easy subject to learn by heart."

"Indeed. What makes you think that?"

"Why, because *History repeats itself*!"

The matter sent to the printer sometimes runs to a good many more columns than we had thought it would occupy;—and, of course, we feel an invincible repugnance to having type taken down unused. The second instalment of "Some Sunderland Solecisms," the promised Notice of the late Mr. William Phorson, a detailed Account of the recent Annual Meeting of

the Sunderland League of Good Citizenship (when the Ex-Mayor, Ald. Bruce, J.P., was in the chair), a most interesting Letter about Locusts from Ernest Warburton, of Cathcart, South Africa, and the Second Year's Magazine and Badge Accounts, are a few of the things squeezed out of the present Mumber. They will all "positively appear" in the April *Bedan*.



## A FIN-DE-SIÈCLE WEAKNESS.

I SUPPOSE it would be a long task to enumerate the characteristics of the Society of the end of the nineteenth century. I have no ambition to attempt it. I will satisfy myself with mentioning *one fin-de-siècle habit*—that of discussing ailments and the symptoms thereof over the teatable, in the tram-car, and on the way to church.

It is quite common to hear a young man confiding to his vis-à-vis at dinner or to his partner in the ball-room his observations on his LIVER. It is an odious subject for general conversation and should be confined by law to the sick-room and the surgery. An aggravating circumstance in connection with this is that these mutual confidences are often exchanged over a plate of savoury but highly indigestible pork or over a slice of cake rich enough and heavy enough for a Christmas pudding. Can my readers imagine the gallant young men and dainty though shrewd young women of Miss Austen's novels stooping to such habits? I cannot. I decline to think of indigestion and pills in connection with those sprightly people.

But there is another ailment still more fashionable. I can hardly bring myself to mention its name. NERVES!!! It is positively ludicrous to hear a modern young woman enlist the sympathy of her friends as she drinks her cup of strong tea—the fifth or sixth imbibed during her round of afternoon calls. If her nerves are *really* troublesome she should give up tea-drinking and perform a few homely, domestic duties. Nerves, indeed. People eat awesome dishes for supper—tinned salmon, lobster salad, rich pastry, helped down with strong coffee; and then, if they can't sleep, or feel rather queer next day, they blame their precious nerves.

There are young Bedans who refuse to call toothache by its old-fashioned name, but prefer "neuralgia"—which I regret to say one occasionally hears spoken of as "newrawlgia". It is bad enough whatever one calls it, but there is an advantage in giving it or any other ailment its proper name; to wit, the cure is more easily found. Call that wretched pain in your face

"toothache", and the dentist will probably be able to put you right. Call it "neuralgia" and leave the dentist out of count, and the "neuralgia" will probably persist.

But it is not alone the gentler sex that owns to having "nerves". How many *men* one meets who like to indulge in talk of "brain-fag", and who revel in the notion of being more highly nervous than their neighbours. The stronger vessel at any rate should not fall a victim to this modern craze.

All Bedans ought to know that one of the leading naturalists of the nineteenth century was Charles Darwin who first formulated the theory which, in the words of the ordinary unscientific person, traces the descent of man from monkeys. [This is of course not exactly correct!] It is related of an old lady that, when she first heard that our ancestors were apes, she observed to her informant, "Well, my dear, I don't believe it is true, and, if it is, it ought to be hushed up". Now that's the way the nervous system should be treated. Only acknowledge *to yourself* that you possess one when you can no longer shut your eyes to the painful fact—and, above all, keep your discovery 'dark'.

I sometimes wonder whether the ghastly advertisements one is occasionally tricked into reading are a cause or an effect of this frankness of expression which characterises our valetudinarian generation. It is a difficult question to decide. But, really, healthily-constituted minds *revolt* from those horrible descriptions of people dying of about nineteen distinct and separate diseases who are suddenly restored to health by a course of somebody's 'Bile Beans'—a truly æsthetic name—or another man's small or large or black or white pills for pink or blue people.

On the whole I am inclined to put a good deal of the blame for this shameless open-ness on the manufacturers of patent medicines, each of whom has discovered the best, nay the only remedy for all the ills that all modern flesh, British or foreign, is heir to. For it is not Englishmen alone who are afflicted with livers and nerves. You may have heard the description of a Yankee as "a travelling dyspeptic note of interrogation". I myself have sat at table with a *young* Frenchman whose pill-box was always in evidence at mealtimes. Our polite neighbours, you see, are also victims to this weakness.

But I fear that the nationality of the man who *reckoned time* by his liver—saying "Oh! such and such a thing happened three of my bilious attacks ago"—was that of the humble writer of this article—

ENGLISH, QUITE ENGLISH.

## SCHOOL FRIENDSHIPS.

HAVE you ever, dear reader, watched the progress of a friendship between two girls of twelve or thirteen, from its radiant dawn to its setting in clouds and gloom? It comes on with startling suddenness: and, from the moment of its commencement, peace—that is, absence of chatter—is known no longer in the homes of the two girls. Mary's virtues are extolled, and her opinions quoted by Jane, in season and out of season; while Mary's unfortunate family is doomed to listen to recitals of Jane's many excellences every hour of the day.

Both tired mothers must be glad when the school hour recalls the children to the care of their Bedan teacher, who is, in her turn, annoyed by their repeated *tête-à-tête*.

In the playground they are constantly to be seen tying themselves in knots round each other's necks, while, away from school, Mary is never off Jane's doorstep except when Jane is on Mary's. After some weeks of this sort of thing a "little rift within the lute" appears. Relief for teacher and families is imminent. The breach widens till the children are not even on speaking terms, and each preserves a solemn silence at home with regard to the other. When Mary meets Jane in the street she "passes by on the other side", substituting a stony, frigid glance for the ecstatic embrace in which the two were wont to indulge.

If they are *very* young children, they show even more decided expressions of mutual disapproval. They—they—(how can I express it with propriety, so as not to offend ears and eyes polite?) they protrude with great violence their organs of speech, throwing into the gesture all the contempt and hatred of which they are capable.

Then for a space there is silence at home; but soon each maiden conceives a violent affection for someone else, and the eulogies recommence, the character of the new favourite always gaining considerably from comparison with that of the old. Well, it is the way of the world. "Le roi est mort: vive le roi."

Children of a larger growth, that is of fifteen or sixteen, do not lavish their affections on others of the same age, but rather on the most popular teacher at school. To her they make presentations of flowers, with a blush and a shy diffidence worthy of the most bashful lover before an exacting mistress.

"Getting gone on a teacher" (the expression is not mine) is, however, much more prevalent at "Residential Colleges for Young Ladies" than at day schools: indeed, at the former it reaches the proportions of an epidemic, raging at intervals among the girls with devastating effect.

It is infectious; most people have it once, but



few have it oftener; and, like the measles, it attacks older girls with more severity than younger ones. It frequently disturbs the monotony of school life by giving rise to numerous violent quarrels. I have known two life-long friends break with each other because one, having performed an ordinary act of politeness for the other's favourite teacher, was accused of "trying to cut" that other "out." I used to feel that I could have enjoyed smothering one child, who had once been permitted to sit during the whole sermon with her hand in that of my divinity, a privilege, alas, never allowed to me. I would cheerfully spend a whole evening in mending my deity's gloves, with brown silk and microscopic stitches; while my own gloves, I am ashamed to say, were worn for weeks in holes, and buttonless.

We quarrelled over anything and everything in connection with our teacher; over walking with her in the garden, carrying her books or umbrella, or, at tea, passing her the bread or the butter. It is on record that one unfortunate mistress was obliged entirely to forego the latter usual item of diet, in order to prevent her "devotees" from engaging in a free fight over the table.

We treasured in our secret drawers all kinds of things as relics of our divinities. Indeed it was only at the last spring-cleaning at home that I threw away a spray of ivy. It was given me long ago, by my school goddess, with the remark: "I am afraid it is not a very nice piece": to which I responded in an ecstatic whisper: "It has been worn by *you*, Miss —, and *that* is enough for me".

Looking back upon it all, I can console myself with the reflection that I was by no means the only girl who made a fool of herself; and there is this to be said for such heroine-worship: our desire to please a favourite teacher kept us often out of mischief, into which, without that restraining influence, we should have rushed headlong.

This being the case, let girls continue to fall in love with their teachers to the end of the chapter.

#### THISTLE.



#### PHILATELY.

Some Bedans may require to be told that this long word is pronounced *fī-lăt-c-ī*.

The Greek word *philos* often means *lover*, the Greek word *telos* sometimes means *tax*, and the Greek prefix *a* always implies *not*.

Does *Philately*, therefore, signify "I love to pay no taxes"? Every Englishman, every Frenchman, every inhabitant of every civilised country on this planet—and on Mars, too, so far

as we can judge—can express, quite forcibly, in his own native tongue, and without needing to have recourse to a dead language, hearty dislike of *his* share of national imposts.

No. Philately is the love, or hobby, of collecting *stamps*, and a philatelist is a person—usually a boy—who has that love, or indulges that hobby. When a letter has had the postage on it *prepaid*, it is henceforth *free of tax*. Now the prepaying is usually done by affixing to the letter a stamp or stamps. This, doubtless, is the fact which caused, in the year 1865, the word philatelist to be coined as appropriate to denote anybody who is fond of gathering together, and studying, those interesting bits of coloured paper employed to make letters free from [further] taxation, and which are now probably the first thing we think of whenever we hear the ambiguous word 'stamps'.

Boys who have never concerned themselves with stamp-collecting know nothing of the transports of joy with which the philatelist secures a new specimen, or of his keen satisfaction and gloating as he surveys the treasures already in his album. If any reader asks "Is the study of stamps instructive?" I reply "Yes, undoubtedly".

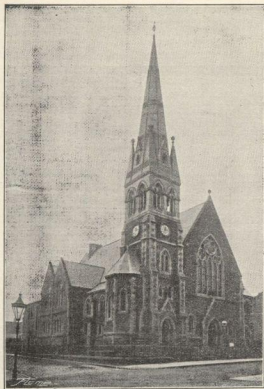
Let me try to justify this answer.

The stamps of many countries picture the animals peculiar to, or at any rate specially belonging to those countries. Indeed, it is possible to form what we might reasonably call "A Stamp 'Zoo'". Here is one: I shall first mention an animal or bird, and then give the country, province, or town, on one of the stamps of which its presentation appears:—

|                  |                          |
|------------------|--------------------------|
| Black Swan       | Western Australia        |
| Beaver           | Canada                   |
| Camel            | Sudan                    |
| Seal             | Newfoundland             |
| Cod              |                          |
| Newfoundland Dog | State of North Borneo    |
| Stag             |                          |
| Argus Pheasant   | Guatemala                |
| Crocodile        |                          |
| Parrot           | Sujong [Malay Peninsula] |
| Tiger            | Liberia Republic         |
| Hippopotamus     | Tromso [Sweden]          |
| Reindeer         | New South Wales          |
| Kangaroo         |                          |
| Emu              |                          |
| Lyre Bird        | Congo                    |
| Elephant         | Uruguay                  |
| Bull             | New Zealand              |
| Kiwi             |                          |

Stamps, therefore, may teach us something of natural history. It is plain, too, that they stimulate our interest in geography—physical, commercial, political. He would be a strange boy who could have three or four North Borneo





THE GRANGE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,  
SUNDERLAND.

stamps in his collection and yet never say to himself or to somebody else "By the way, where *is* North Borneo? I must find the name out on the map." And a Newfoundland stamp, displaying a cod, would probably not only make him wish to know the *situation* of Newfoundland, but would also lead to his discovering that to catch, cure, and export huge quantities of cod is one of the main industries of that foggy country. And further, if he were a *Scotch* boy, the picture of a noble-looking dog on one Newfoundland stamp, and the picture of a cod on another, would perhaps recall to his mind the description which Burns, the Scottish National Poet, gives of one of the interesting and instructive canine quadrupeds who took part in the immortal dialogue of "The Twa Dogs":—

"His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,  
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,  
But whalpit some place far abroad  
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

And—not to go outside of the list in our 'Zoo'—what truth might the bull figuring on the Uruguay stamp suggest to the youthful philatelist? This: that tinned meat, and the material

for *Bovril*, are largely derived from South America.

And—still to keep to our list—he might learn something of Republics, and something of Colonies, and the curious fact that occasionally a single town (e.g. Tromsø) has, for purely local use, its own stamp.

Indeed, it would be possible to write quite a long article on the stamps that teach geography. There is a New Zealand stamp which gives a fine view of Lake Watapu—with splendid palms by the water's margin, and a snowy mountain in the distance. And, at Christmas, 1898, there was issued a Canadian stamp showing, on a Map of the World, all the British Possessions, and bearing the legend "We hold a vaster empire than hath been". This rather boastful statement is true; and I, for my own part, hope that the thought of its truth will keep us for many years from the wish to make our empire bigger still. There is a *craven* fear of being great; and there is a *noble* fear of being *too* great.

It is hardly necessary to say that much historical information can be gathered from stamps. The current stamps of Spain and of Holland show us that the former country has a little king and the latter a young queen. Of course it may be said that there are other ways of getting to know about King Alfonso and Queen Wilhelmina than by means of the study of stamps. Still, it is undeniable that the *reality* of the existence of these monarchs is forcibly brought home to us by the sight of their stamp-pictures. A beautiful United States 1892 stamp represents the Landing of Columbus in America—which, Bedans will remember, occurred in 1492. One Canadian three cents stamp gives two pictures of Queen Victoria—as she was at her accession, and as she was in her Diamond Jubilee Year. This stamp, *unused*, was, when only a few days old, worth a dollar, and is now not to be procured for rather more than that.

This leads me to speak of the value of stamps.

As everybody knows, the original price of a stamp is stated upon it—in cents, centimes, pfen-nige, francs, pesetas, pence, shillings, or any other of the numerous coin-denominations in use in different parts of the world; and it is natural for a boy who collects stamps to enlighten himself as to the equivalents, in sterling money, of the coins whose names he notices on foreign stamps.

But the original price of a stamp is no criterion of what the stamp may come to be worth.

Perhaps the most precious stamp in the world is the 1856 British Guiana black on magenta stamp: the price asked for it is £1000! In the year 1897 two stamps—a Two-penny blue Mauritius, and a Penny red Mauritius, each of them fifty years old,—were sold for the enormous sum

of £1921! There are only about 23 specimens of these stamps in existence. No Bedan is likely to have ever seen one of *them*. But some of my readers may have looked at, or may even possess, some *comparatively* rare stamps like (say) the Six-penny bronze West Australian one, any specimen of which was in 1876 worth only three shillings, but would now sell for fifty shillings.

It may be asked "Why do some stamps fetch a very high price?" The answer is "Almost entirely on account of their *rarity*". Occasionally a stamp of a certain kind is exceptionally beautiful in design or execution, or happens, from one circumstance or another, to become peculiarly attractive. It is not often, however, that either intrinsic excellence, or adventitious interest, serves to make a stamp *dear*. But, on the other hand, a stamp that is quite commonplace to look at, or which has nothing particularly interesting connected with it, may yet become of very high value solely from the accident of its being one of a small issue, and therefore *scarce*.

Ordinary used stamps are, of course, worth next to nothing *apiece*, but, if a very large number can be accumulated, they are saleable in *bulk*. For the issues of the Continental countries the prices obtained range from £15, down to £2, per million.

The total number of different *kinds* of postage stamps issued throughout the world up to the present year is probably over 14,000, and it is believed that there are, altogether, about three million collectors! The custom of these philatelists—which amounts to an aggregate of several million pounds yearly—is catered for by a host of dealers. There are several philatelic journals. There are also several philatelic societies. The late Prince Alfred was at one time President of the Philatelic Society.

Paris has its Stamp Market at the corner of the Champs Elysées.

Stamps are seldom bought in bulk except by dealers. Sometimes, however, a boy buys a big lot of cheap stamps and uses them to decorate plaques, or plates, or glasses. The stamps—either whole, or cut up into various shapes—are affixed by means of size. Then they are given first a coat of glue, and afterwards a coat of varnish.

If an ordinary penny stamp be held up to the light and looked at, a 'water-mark', consisting of a crown, will be distinctly seen. In many ways much secrecy is exercised in the manufacture of stamps. The various processes—of which the making of the paper with the 'water-mark' is one of the first—are carried out at quite different places and by quite different people. It is therefore not easy to forge a stamp. A man may know *one* detail of stamp manufacture very well

indeed, but of other details equally necessary to the production of the perfect stamp he is probably absolutely ignorant.

In 1809 Mr. Charles Nissen, a philatelist of High Holborn, discovered a remarkable forgery. The genuine 1872 shilling stamp has a spray of rose as a water-mark. Mr. Nissen found out that this stamp had been counterfeited, and that thousands of what seemed to be 1872 shilling stamps, but which had *no* water-mark, were in circulation.

The Penny Stamp of 1841 is worth only a few coppers, but that of 1854-5—the years of the Crimean War—can be sold for ten shillings. Not a few of the 1841 stamps have been 'doctored' by having a perforation added round their edges—this perforation being the distinctive mark of the 1854-5 stamps!

But, on the whole, counterfeits, fac-similes, reprints, and such like, are not common;—neither are unscrupulous dealers.

Let me conclude with a word or two of advice and warning to my fellow-Bedans.

Stamp-collecting when practised sensibly and within proper limits may be a very agreeable, very instructive, and not very expensive hobby. But it is apt to become a craze with some lads, and to lead them to waste both time and money. I say, therefore, to all Bede School philatelists

1. Don't let stamps run between you and your wits;
2. NEVER carry on business through the post with a dealer *without your father's knowledge*; and
3. Buy sparingly at all times, and especially when you are offered "gifts" and "bargains"!

LUSTIG.



## ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

"WHAT are we to make of John?" Such a question has been put by many a worried mother. And if there is not only John, but Tom, Dick, and Harry besides, the complication is no joking matter. The wider the choice, the greater the difficulty, and our boasted civilisation, with its many and varied walks of life, plays us in this but an ill turn. Truly, a savage father and mother are spared some of our distractions. Think of the simplicity of the problem as it presented itself to Adam: he didn't know he was born!

There are occasionally to be met with boys and girls who know their own minds—a comfort and joy

to parents and guardians. And this is more often the case with girls than with boys, probably because their choice is narrower: "the brewer, the baker, and candlestick-maker", are always men, and as for the professions, women are practically "out of it" yet. And so it comes that many a little girl of eight or nine knows her future after her first week's experience in a public school; and I dare wager there are prattling little Bedans of very tender age to-day who have confidently assured their parents that they are going to be teachers; and apparently to them the prospect is alluring, highly. 'To play at being a teacher' once reckoned among my joys. I well recollect bribing a young sister and brother to play the mean part of pupils, and how profoundly serious I was as I 'called the register', issued commands, and above all, administered correction with a zeal and sense of greatness which I do not discover in those acts to-day.

I often think that parents need to be very discriminating, or they would get a curiously distorted notion of what teachers really are; for you will notice that the average child prefers to reenact the stormy and lurid scenes of the day; to hale the victim forth, and with violent tongue, or worse, execute awful justice on his devoted head. But as far as my experience goes, these passages do not quite impartially portray school-life: the average teacher only 'plays Hamlet with the boys' when all else fails, including his last stronghold, his good-temper. But children admire the tragic, and metaphorically speaking, love to wallow in blood and gore. What a charm do children of tender age discover in those sensational lines:—

"Fee, fi, fo, fum!

I smell the breath of an Englishman;

Whether he be alive, or whether he be dead,

I'll grind his bones to butter and bread".

What healthily-constituted child would dare, after this, to express a preference for "Ring-a-ring-a roses"? Little Toddie was only an ordinary child in his delight in the story of Joseph's coat, dripping, in his imagination, I have no doubt, with bloody drops. Budge, you remember, argued ably for the other side in pointing out, "You know, Tod, Bliaff's head was all bluggy too".

'Why do very dull girls always want to be teachers?' someone asked me the other day. Is it that some tradition has come down from our great-grandfathers' days, when the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and those, in a word, who were unfit for anything else, went in for instructing the young? However this may be, it may unhesitatingly be asserted that in these days the necessary qualifications are higher. Without claiming that teachers are, or need to be, god-gifted, there are certain things which a teacher must have; and

among these are *brains*. These latter are by no means the greatest thing in the world; a good heart and a gentle nature, steady perseverance, a genial temper, who would not rank these higher than brains? Still, when all's said and done, a teacher must have brains, and it is as well to ascertain whether you have got them before you attempt to compete with those who have. *En passant*, it may be pointed out that anyone entering the teaching profession not blessed also with a good strong throat, a vigorous digestive system, a nervous system wear-proof, and the temper of an angel, will live *if* he live, to wish sometimes he had chosen, say, potato-growing.

I do not think that boys are often seized with the desire to teach. Does this mean that girls have more natural bent and genius for teaching? [I only make this suggestion, Mr Editor, under the safe shelter of my incognito]. The little boy of seven or eight dreams of the day when he shall bestride a fiery steed, say as the butcher's boy; or drive an electric tram; or wear khaki, and strike chill horror into the trembling hear-t of the enemy; or, if deficient in imagination, 'be like Father is.' Once, indeed, I do remember persuading a young brother of mine that there was an opening for us far superior to any of these; and for the space of some days we dreamed of a future in which we should dispense groceries over a counter. Our fancy loved to linger over thoughts of the flour and the treacle! oh! frabjeous day, the treacle! the sticky, slithery, seductive treacle! It is a dream still unattained.

On the whole, I do not see much good in talking lengthily over this 'choice of profession': we get very little nearer the choice. Whatever you finally decide to do, you will only do it well if you *like* doing it well. You will be a poor brick-layer, or a poor teacher, if your only idea is to make your living by it. The boy who becomes a parson, a doctor, or a schoolmaster, with a view to pence and position, and not to predilection, has no right to expect to be happy in his work. A bit of advice. Don't be in such a hurry to leave school and get started. Wait, when you have the chance, till you know your own mind.

O.P.



## A TWENTIETH-CENTURY RESOLUTION.

THE Idler would be tidy. That resolution took a great deal of making; for, as a rule, the Idler is the most untidy person you can find.

It has been unkindly stated by people who have lost their tempers, that no one who does not know the Idler can be said to understand rightly *how* untidy it is possible for a person to be.

This, however, is the Twentieth Century; the very beginning of it.

"People can't spend it all in making numerous good resolutions, because life isn't long enough; but every well-regulated person will make at least *one*".

So mused the Idler, as she made hers. (The Idler muses a good deal—does very little else, in fact.) Well, as I said before, the Idler would be tidy. Have you ever heard the habitual untruth-teller telling the truth? Have you ever noticed the late riser with an early fit on? Do you know anything quite so terrific as the energy of a newly-converted apostle of Sandow? If you have hitherto let these things go unregarded, study them. They will give you an inkling of the tidiness of the Untidy One.

It was awful. From the moment the Idler became tidy, her peaceful, passably well-ordered home became unbearable.

The morning paper had hardly put in an appearance when it was relegated to the cellar. The Family Work-basket became an offence, and could never be found. Sophonisba's paint brushes were washed. Idbitha's sewing was discovered in the rag-bag. No one could write a letter without first scouring the house in search of pen, ink, and paper: the Idler used regularly to put these away into places where nobody in the world would think of looking for them. Unfortunately I am the Idler's sister, and was at length compelled to invest some long treasured savings in a 'fountain' pen and a packet of post cards which—both pen and packet—I carried about in my pocket until one day when the 'fountain' burst forth, and inked a good many things besides the post cards!

As for picking up a book from the same side-table where one had left it, *that* was more than one could ever expect. After the Idler had *hidden* all our books, over and over again, we adopted the only plan of baulking her 'tidiness' in that direction: we invariably hid them ourselves.

But the Idler is absent minded, and this was the ultimate ruin of her resolution, and the salvation of the family temper. Twice Idbitha fished her thimble out of the soup tureen, and several times the children's gloves 'turned up' in the drawer kept for hammers and nails. Hitherto, however, the 'biter' had not herself been 'bitten'; but, one day, when the Idler, after losing two trains and annoying some half-dozen inoffensive people, lighted upon her own hat and jacket hanging up behind the *pantry door*, she recognised that her attempt at tidiness could not be described as a success, and that—worst point

of all—it caused trouble and annoyance even to her precious self. Forthwith her determination to be tidy passed away.

So perished what might have been a very good resolution if someone else had made it.

X.Y.



#### Notice as to Advertisements.

1. Advertisements in *The Bedan* are charged for at a uniform rate—£1 per page per issue.
2. No Advertisements are printed on the front or the back of the Cover. But half-page Advertisers may have a loose Leaflet inserted into each copy of the Magazine for a charge of Five Shillings per issue.
3. *All the space available for Advertisements is already occupied*, and New Advertisements will be accepted only, of course, in cases where Present Advertisers, after being offered the option of continuing their Advertisements, withdraw them.

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



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

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

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

Subscriptions for the Year, December, 1900—October, 1901, are NOW DUE, and may be sent to the Editor or the Editress of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland, who will in each case give a receipt.

It is hoped that Teachers and Scholars, Past and Present, of Bede School, and that Parents, will kindly make *The Bedan* known as widely as possible, and do their best to increase largely the List of Annual Subscribers.



TELEPHONE 716.

# H. BINNS, SON & CO.,

LIMITED.

- For Reliable Drapery,  
 „ Smart Millinery,  
 „ New Jackets and Mantles,  
 „ Ladies' Underclothing,  
 „ Shirts, Blouses, and Skirts,  
 „ Laces, Ties, and Gloves,  
 „ Navy and Black Serges,  
 „ Plain and Fancy Dress Materials,  
 „ Furs and Umbrellas,  
 „ Everything for Household Use.

| | Patterns or Estimates given with pleasure. | |

38 & 39 Fawcett Street.

MISSSES

# STIRLING AND HODGSON,

Milliners,

32 Vine Place, Borough Road,

Beg to announce that they have just received a large  
consignment of the Latest

## Novelties for Spring.



You are respectfully invited to pay a visit  
of inspection.



**MOURNING MILLINERY**

A SPECIALITY.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

WHEN . . .

## YOU ARE OUT SHOPPING

AND GET TIRED GO TO

*Meng Bros., Fawcett St.,*

For a Cup of Tea in a cosy room.



WHEN . . .

## YOU GIVE A DANCE

OR WHIST-PARTY,

Leave the Catering in the hands of

*Meng Bros., Fawcett St.,*

You will be perfectly satisfied,

And you will find their terms exceedingly  
reasonable.

TELEPHONE 728

# G. P. FAIRMAN,

*Pharmaceutical & Homœopathic*

**CHEMIST,**

“THE PHARMACY”,

24 VINE PLACE, SUNDERLAND.

**Dispensing Department.**

Especial care is taken to select Pure, Fresh  
Drugs and Chemicals, and to carry out faithfully the  
intention of the prescriber.

Medicines ordered from any part of the country  
promptly forwarded by Post or Rail.

Attendance given on weekdays until 8 p.m. (Saturdays 10 p.m.)  
Sunday Attendance, 12 noon to 1 p.m., 7 to 9 p.m.

# Hills & Co.,

Booksellers,

STATIONERS,

LEATHER AND FANCY GOODS,

ARTISTIC PRINTERS,

BOOKBINDERS,

*Materials for Artists.*

19 Fawcett Street,

SUNDERLAND.

A SPECIALITY

AT

# J. RISDON AND CO.'S

CORNER OF

*High Street & John Street:*

## LADIES' SHIRTS and BLOUSES.

Immense Variety.

Latest Styles.

At all Prices.

SEE WINDOWS!

CONSTANTLY SHOWING.

# BEATY AND MOSCROP,

## THE CASH TAILORS

*(From BEATY BROS., the celebrated TAILORS, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c.)*

Are now showing **Exceptional Value in Winter Overcoatings, Suitings, and Trouserings.** Our WOOLLEN CLOTHS are bought DIRECT from the MILLS, cut, made, and trimmed on our own premises, and supplied at First Cost to our numerous Customers.

**Special !!**

**OVERCOATS.**

|                  |        |      |
|------------------|--------|------|
| Chesterfield,    | 42in., | 30/- |
| Silk-Faced,      | "      | 32/6 |
| Double-Breasted, | "      | 32/6 |
| D.B. Ulster,     | 47in., | 35/- |
| Rainproof,       | 50in., | 32/6 |
| Raglan,          | 47in., | 37/6 |

**Special !!**

**SUITS.**

|                    |        |
|--------------------|--------|
| Tweed Lounge Suit, | 37/6   |
| Vicuna             | " 37/6 |
| Norfolk Suit,      | 37/6   |
| Morning Coat Suit, | 40/-   |
| Frock Coat Suit,   | 50/-   |
| Dress Coat Suit,   | 62/6   |

**Special !!**

**TROUSERINGS.**

|                    |      |
|--------------------|------|
| Check Tweeds,      | 10/6 |
| Striped Worsteds,  | 10/6 |
| Cheviot Tweeds,    | 13/- |
| Fancy Worsteds,    | 13/- |
| Scotch Saxons,     | 16/- |
| Cashmere Worsteds, | 16/- |

# 720 HIGH STREET, SUNDERLAND,

ALSO AT NEWCASTLE.

Nat. Tel. 01668

# Ferry & Foster,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

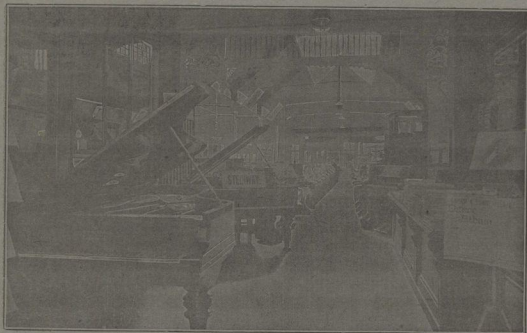
Brinsmead,  
Berghstein, and  
Steinway Pianos.

---

Special Discount for Cash.

---

Hire System :                      Inspection Invited.



3 Bridge Street, Sunderland.

BRANCHES :—

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

