

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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CONTENTS.

VIEWS :	PAGE.	VIEWS :	PAGE.
BEDE SCHOOL : SENIOR GIRLS' CLASS-ROOM ..	229	THE COUNTRYMAN'S CAR RIDE	238
ROCKS IN THE MOWERAY PARK.. .. .	229	FAIR PLAY	238
ROKER SANDS	233	ABOUT LOCUSTS, PRINCIPALLY	239
ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH	240	OLD BEDANS :	
LEADING ARTICLE :		(9) THE LATE MR. WILLIAM PHORSON ..	240
HIGHER GRADE SCHOOLS.—TO BE, OR NOT TO		MIMICRY	242
BE : THAT IS THE QUESTION	230	OLD BEDANS' A.F.C.	243
EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS	231	SUNDERLAND LEAGUE OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP ..	244
BEDE SCHOOL MAGAZINE AND BADGE ACCOUNT ..	236	NOTICE AS TO ADVERTISEMENTS	244
EXTRACTS FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE'S DIARY ..	237	NOTICE TO READERS OF "THE BEDAN"	244

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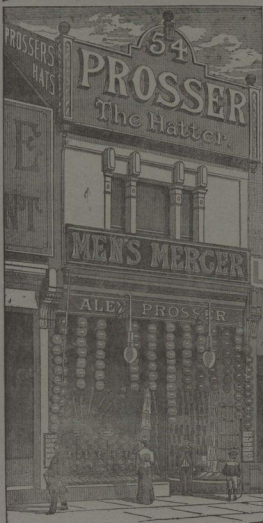
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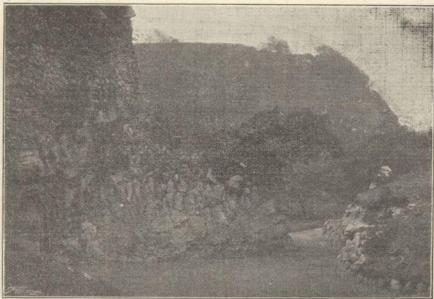


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BEDE SCHOOL : SENIOR GIRLS' CLASS ROOM.



ROCKS IN MOWBRAY PARK.

## HIGHER GRADE SCHOOLS.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE: THAT IS THE QUESTION.

ECLIPSES of the Sun always attract much attention, and sometimes cause great commotion. The Chinese imagine them to be brought about by horrid dragons trying to devour the heavenly luminary, and they accordingly beat drums and brass kettles to terrify the monsters into letting go their prey. Indeed, it has become a trite remark that the Sun, when undergoing eclipse, gets far more observation than in his days of undimmed splendour.

Higher Grade Schools are doubtless not quite so important in the scheme of the Universe as is King Sol; but it is undeniable that, in the past few months, during which the Cockerton Case has been casting its dark shadow upon them, these institutions have met with more public notice than in the period when, without let or hindrance, they could act, in their own way and degree, as centres of enlightening influence.

In the Merry Monarch's reign Edward Cocker published an Arithmetic which had so extraordinary a vogue that "According to Cocker" has been a proverb for hundreds of years. But, since November, when the Law Courts decided that Mr. Cockerton, a Local Government Board Auditor, was right in forbidding the London School Board to spend money out of the rates upon giving instruction in Science and Art, we have heard little of Cocker and much of Cockerton.

The present situation of Higher Grade Schools, though serious enough in some aspects, must seem irresistibly funny to anybody with a keen sense of humour—Mr. W. S. Gilbert, for instance. Nothing in any of the Savoy Operas is more farcical than that Schools, every detail of whose management has had to be approved by the Officials of those Departments of the Executive Government which control Public Education, should, after twenty years' flourishing existence, be discovered to be illegal!

At a large and enthusiastic Meeting held in Bede School on the evening of March 11th the following Resolution was unanimously passed:—

"That this Meeting of the Parents of present and past pupils of Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School and of other persons interested in education in Sunderland and the District is of opinion that the Schools of Science connected with the Higher Grade Schools of the country should be allowed to continue, since they were in most cases established on the advice and under the pressure of the Educational Departments, have supplied a felt want, and have received the approbation and support of successive Vice-Presidents; and this Meeting recommends that, if Higher Grade Schools are not at present on a legal basis, they should be legalised by a Minute or by a short Act of Parliament."

Copies of this Resolution were sent to Sir John

Gorst, Sir Theodore Doxford, and Mr. J. S. G. Pemberton.

Our readers are perhaps saying "The Education Bill brought into the House of Commons last week by Sir John Gorst applies to the whole country. But we just want to know how, if it should become law, it will affect Bede School."

Let us try to give a plain answer to this question.

A Statutory Committee of the Sunderland County-Borough Council will be established to control Public Education in Sunderland. But the School Board is to continue, and its power to issue a precept for such rates as are required to maintain its *Elementary Schools* remains unchanged. It can also carry on its Higher Grade School, and can use the rates, if necessary, for that purpose, provided (1) that a Scheme for the conduct of the School is approved by the Statutory Committee and the School Board conjointly, and (2) that the Committee sanctions such expenditure out of the rates as the School Board may propose for its Higher Grade School.

We have not attempted to discuss the Bill as a whole.

Whether it will pass, and whether it is desirable that it should pass, are political questions about which we express no opinion. Its provisions would, however, probably enable Bede School to be continued on lines not very dissimilar to those on which it has been worked hitherto. That is what we want.

What we do *not* want is to be converted into the thing called a *Higher Elementary School*, the Regulations for which are simply absurd. Here are some of them:—(1) Only a four years' course is provided. (2) Every scholar, no matter what his or her attainments may be, *must* begin in the lowest Class. (3) Boys and girls, on becoming fifteen years old, *must* leave.

Some doleful friends of Higher Grade Schools think that they are doomed. But the cheerful ones take a more hopeful view, and they are 'agitating' with might and main not only to preserve, but also to improve, the conditions of the Schools for doing effective educational work. These hopeful, determined spirits are to be commended. They have perhaps heard the following delicious story:—

Once on a time two frogs, the one a Pessimist, the other an Optimist, accidentally fell right into the middle of a bowl of milk. The bowl was wide and deep, and had very smooth, slippery sides. The Pessimist, gloomily gurgling "Ugh! Circumstances are against me—it's no good trying to escape—I'm evidently fated to drown, here and now", sank to the bottom, expired, and found a milky grave. But the Optimist made up his mind not to perish without a struggle. He splashed, and flapped, and paddled—he paddled,

and flapped, and splashed—so vigorously, and to such purpose, that soon the milk, thoroughly churned, yielded him a pat of butter on which, as on a raft, he floated gaily to one side of the bowl, and from thence, little the worse for his immersion, sprang into a place of perfect safety!

This tale is certainly not quite new, and is possibly not quite true; but it serves to show how the very thing which threatens danger may, if properly dealt with, be made to furnish a means of escape. Let lovers of Higher Grade Schools use the Cockerton Case to get them established on a foundation of Law. And let all Bedans, however black matters may look, remember hopefully their School Motto, POST TENEBRAS LUX.



## 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.]

The following are some of the Press Notices of our last Number:—

### *Newcastle Daily Journal.*

From the March number of the Sunderland Higher Grade School organ, "The Bedan," we observe that the editor is well high overpowered by the unanimous chorus of praise which, six times per annum, is lavished on his production by the local press. These eulogiums are, however, well merited, for there can be little doubt that "The Bedan" is now a by no means unimportant educational agency in connection with the school. One of its most interesting features is the information which is given regarding the successes that are being achieved by old scholars in the various careers upon which they embarked on leaving their Alma Mater. In the last number of the magazine we were informed that one of the mistresses had been staggered on being told by a girl that the chief animal productions of France were bears, wolves, and silkworms. So far as can be gathered the only serious shock which has been sustained recently by a teacher is one administered by a girl who gave "corps chaque" as being the French equivalent of "everybody." But the precocious talents of the Bedans are not confined to linguistic attainments; the school possesses a budding Roscius and a coming Timotheus. Some time ago, it appears, a small boy gave himself a week's holiday in order to take part in the performance of an opera for juveniles in a neighbouring town; while another youngster accounted for a fortnight's absence by announcing that he had been "playing the flute at the Queen's Varieties, Newcastle."

### *Sunderland Daily Echo.*

*The Bedan* comes this month with four very good local pictures, including one of Seaham Hall, and the usual budget of interesting school news. Among the articles one on "Philately" is particularly bright and informing, and another on

"School Friendships" is uncommon in its subject and treatment. The tone of the magazine is well maintained in this number.

### *Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

"The Bedan" is an excellent sample of the class of publications to which it belongs. In the current number the high quality of its contents is fully maintained, the articles being, we suppose, all contributed by "Bedans."

### *Sunderland Morning Mail.*

The Number of *The Bedan* for March is a very good one. It is, however, rather heavier in its matter than preceding issues. The teachers and pupils of Bede Higher Grade School must have been in a serious mood lately. A great deal of solid information is given in connexion with the school. The most interesting bits are the paragraphs relating to the present positions of Old Bedans. The readiness with which information is given by ex-pupils of other ex-pupils whom they meet, and also the letters which they write with regard to themselves, show the "esprit de corps" which is engendered at the School and that it is well-grounded enough to continue in after life. There is also abundant evidence of the mutual esteem between teachers and pupils in the paragraphs recording the receiving of Christmas greetings and presents. The illustrations include Views of Seaham Hall, Sunderland Bridges, and Grange Congregational Church.

In last month's *Bedan* mention was made of the fact that several old Bedans are now married. Among those who have entered the holy bands of matrimony, and whose names were omitted in the last issue, are Maggie Bigelon, now Mrs. Wilson, and Ethel Birse, now Mrs. Kenny.

A few months ago Jennie Clasper called at School to tell the Head Mistress of her intention to go for a while to live in France, chiefly for the sake of studying the language. Jennie was always very fond of her French when at school and spoke with an exceedingly good accent for a school girl. Many of her old friends will remember how remarkably well she acted her part in a little play given by her class a few years ago.

Jennie is now settled in her new home in a French family at Chateau Thierry in the Department of Aisne, to the east of Paris. She lately wrote to the Head Mistress "Do you know I think both France and French people most charming! I get on so well with my French, too, much more fluently than I thought possible. I am only supposed to speak French in the morning, when I have lessons, but I'm so fond of it that I like to use it always. . . . I am writing this at the window now and can see the country for thirty miles around. It is such a charming scene, vineyards on all sides and the Marne in the valley below. . . . This morning I went down into the town to see the house of Jean de la Fontaine, of fable-fame. [His fables probably have not very pleasant associations in Jennie's mind—for they were foolishly "set" by the Education Department for children who knew very little grammar, and proved a tough piece of

work]. I am sending you a small print of it, as I thought it might be interesting "

But Jennie was not the first Bedan girl to venture to France alone. Emma Graham, who was admitted to Bede School on the opening day eleven years ago and who was for a while a pupil-teacher under the Sunderland School Board, went to Paris knowing nobody at all in France. But she liked the French language so much that she ventured to Paris alone in order to learn to speak it fluently. The pastor of the church which she attended noticed her, and, struck by her pluck, befriended her, introducing her to several French ladies who were exceedingly good to her, one of them taking her for a month's holiday to Fontainebleau. Before long she got a post as English teacher in a French school and remained there for three years, studying hard as well as teaching. At a Government examination held in the Hotel de Ville, Paris, Emma headed the list in *Oral* French. The President, not suspecting that she was an English girl, remarked on her good English paper and asked her if she could speak English. He was surprised when he discovered that he was not examining a French girl, and, when the results were read out, she was congratulated by the professors and applauded by the students.

Later, Emma taught French in the Higher Grade School at Stockton; but, desiring to perfect her German, she took a post in a good school in Germany where she is at present, apparently very happy in her work, and giving the utmost satisfaction to the Directress. She should indeed be an acquisition in any school, seeing that she speaks three languages fluently.

One is gratified to hear from her of the kindness she has received on all hands both in France and Germany. The barrier of language is one of the chief sources of the misunderstandings which arise between us and our continental neighbours, and when that is broken down mutual liking and esteem quickly follow. One can only hope that if any other Bedans emulate the two who have ventured so far for their love of French, they will be equally fortunate in every respect.

Another old Bedan has struck out a new line. Ethel Hedley, always an exact and painstaking pupil, took up *Tracing* when she left school. After passing, in 1898, an examination in Machine Construction and Drawing—we believe that she is the only girl in the North of England who has a certificate in this subject—Ethel entered the Drawing Office of Messrs Vickers, Son and Maxim, at Barrow-in-Furness. About a year and a half ago she obtained an appointment nearer home, at Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co.'s Works

at Elswick, where she is at present.

She is very fond of her work and gives promise of being very successful in it. Her mother kindly assigns much of the credit to Bede School "where she was taught to be exact and thorough". We can only say in answer to this statement that it is always a pleasure to teach willing pupils, and a greater pleasure to hear of their success when they have given up their school tasks for the more serious work of after life.

In various ways the Bedan *esprit de corps* manifested itself on the eleventh birthday of the school. Two envelopes addressed to The Girls' School were found to contain expressions of good will. "X the Unknown" [as she signed herself and fondly hoped to be, but her writing betrayed her] sent a card with her love and good wishes for many happy returns of the day; while another anonymous friend wrote

"Wishing you  
many happy returns of the day  
as a Higher Grade School

In Spite  
of the New Code and your Illegality"

In the Girls' School, Miss Todd and Miss Emma Todd are the only members of the staff who were teachers here eleven years ago. But Miss Coburn, who was one of the first pupils admitted, is now a member of the staff. Long may she remain with us!

A number of the former teachers came in during the afternoon to celebrate the occasion. Misses Marshall, Coupland, Abrahams, and Smith met the present teachers and recalled old struggles, old defeats, old jokes, and old victories. For, although young Bedans may not think so, teachers have struggles, yes, and jokes, too.

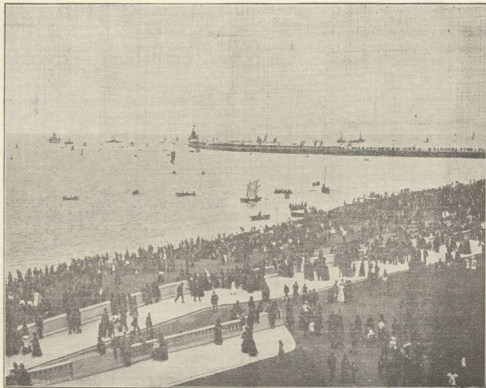
Maude Crow, who is at present on a visit to the town, called at school on April the 29th, and, as it was the birthday, she saw more of her old teachers than she expected to do. She may probably come back to live in Sunderland. If she does, we shall hope to see her oftener.

List of Girls who received Science and Art  
Certificates at Christmas, 1900:—

NOTE.—The Subjects and Stages are indicated as follows:—Botany, B.; Magnetism and Electricity, M, and E.; Mathematics, Mes.; Freehand, F.; Model, Mod.; Advanced, A.; Elementary, E.; First Class, 1; Second Class, 2.

Elizabeth Wright: Light and Shade, 2; Mod., 2; M. and E., E. 1; B., A. 2.  
Lydia Newby: Mod., 2; F., 1; Mes., A. 2.  
Kate Burnett: F., 2; M. and E., E. 1; Mes., A. 1  
Diana Birchall: F., 1; M. and E., E. 1; B., A. 2.  
Ida Wilkinson: Mod., 2; Mes., A. 2.





ROKER SANDS.

Ida Farrow : F., 2 ; Mcs., A. 2.  
 Alberta Farrow : Mcs., A. 2 ; M. and E., E. 1.  
 Gertrude Grundy : Mcs., A. 2 ; M. and E., E. 1.  
 Dorothy Ross : F., 2 ; Mcs., A. 1.  
 Stella Bailes : M. and E., E. 1 ; B., A. 2.  
 Nora March : M. and E., E. 1 ; B., A. 2.  
 Elizabeth Niel : M. and E., E. 1.  
 Janet Smith : Mathematics, A. 2.  
 Constance Johnson : Mcs., A. 2 ; Mod., 1.

Harry C. Bailey, whose father, the Rev. H. C. Bailey, is now in Cornwall, looked in at the School a few weeks ago, after having been away at sea as Fourth Engineer for eighteen months without once getting the chance of visiting his home. His talk about the East, and descriptions of places that he had seen, were very interesting. Boys and Girls who have a taste for Geography may like to pick out, on the map, the following ports which are a few of those that his ship, the "Adelina Patti", had called at:—Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, Coconada, Madras, Negapatam, Point de Galle, Colombo, Calicut, Cochin, Cananore, Badagara, Tellicherry, Bombay.

In the closing days of March some lessons were given in the school on the Census. The Sched-

ule was considered, and correct and incorrect methods of filling it up were discussed.

An attempt was made to point out the utility of a trustworthy enumeration of all the inhabitants of the country and of a true statement of the callings of all the different workers. The boys and girls could, at any rate to some extent, see the value of information as to the employments followed in different parts of the land, and the necessity of having, before calculations of the rate of mortality of Sunderland can be made, not only the sum-total of deaths per week—which can be got from the books of the different Registrars—but also the total population of the town. A good many questions in Mental Arithmetic were given to illustrate the subject under discussion. Several boys did not understand what the statement "a death-rate of twenty per thousand" means. They seemed to think it implies—since some such statement appears in the newspapers weekly—that twenty people out of every thousand die *each week*! When it was pointed out to them that, if this be true, then, since there are only eight hundred scholars in the school, every present Bedan may expect to go to Heaven before next February, they looked very glum at the prospect!

The Half-Holiday given on Friday, May 10th, on account of the visit to Sunderland of the *Flotilla of Torpedo Boats*, was a genuine surprise, and the announcement of it evoked tumultuous applause. Some of the boys on the following Saturday went right through every one of the eight vessels! We should imagine that most adult Bedans were satisfied with a good deal less than *that*.

We were very sorry to hear of Mr. J. B. Wilkinson's serious cycling accident at Morpeth, from the effects of which he has now, happily, in great part recovered. Mr. Wilkinson, whose son Lynn is an Old Bedan, has been an Annual Subscriber to the Magazine ever since it was established.

Tom Minns, of Murton, who, for years, was at Bede School—where his two brothers now are—has gained from the Home Office a First Class Certificate of Competency as a Colliery Manager. He has our hearty congratulations.

Wilfrid Fairclough, the eldest of four Bedan brothers, who served his apprenticeship as a Chemist at Mr. Fairman's and then went to London, came home a few weeks ago to read for the Medical Preliminary Examination, which he passed with credit at Easter after about a month's hard work. He was coached in French by Miss Emma Todd, in Latin by Mr. Willis, and in Mathematics by Mr. Witter, who all found him, as a private student, apt, diligent, and agreeable, just as he used to be when a boy at school.

The publication of The King's Scholarship List is always of interest to Bede School. This year Constance Johnson, Alberta Farrow, and Christina Hirst were placed in the First Class, Lydia Newby, Dorothy Ross, and Ida Wilkinson in the Second Class, and Lizzie Niel in the Third. Constance Johnson and Dorothy Ross have decided to enter the Training College at Durham, and Alberta Farrow is going to the Durham College of Science, Newcastle.

Robert Watson Scott is No. 27: he stands highest of the Sunderland King's Scholars this year. Also, he has gained one of the nine Scholarships which Toynbee Hall, London, annually offers for competition and the object of which is to assist such Pupil Teachers as wish to go to Oxford or Cambridge. Scott thus keeps up the record that every Pupil Teacher from Bede School who has entered for one of these Scholarships—which are open to Candidates from any part of the country—has proved successful in the result. He will go to Oxford in October, and will carry with him our good wishes.

Among Old Bedan Boys in the First Class are Richard F. Coates, Alfred G. Cowen, and Reginald G. Allison (Burnmoor).

We heard of Charlie Gibson the other day. He had been sent from Kimberley to a place some miles away where a railway accident had occurred, and his duty was to take down, in shorthand, the evidence as to the accident given by twenty-seven witnesses, and then to put his notes into type-writing with a view to their use at an Official Inquiry. We can vouch for it that, if his type-writing is as good as his ordinary hand-writing it is very good indeed.

The array of flags in the Boys' School on the School's Birthday—observed on April 29th this year, the 28th being a Sunday—was something extraordinary. In Class VI Room we counted twenty-three—one being a monster, about twelve feet by four. The boys in Classes IV and V made a fair show of plants in pots. In Class VII every lad wore a pansy, and George Munford brought a big lot of fine wild-flowers with which to beautify the room. The Senior Boys had a gorgeous magnification of the School Badge done in colours on their blackboard. And under the Badge, with the motto *Post Tenebras Lux*, came a scroll displaying *Floreat Schola Bedae* and *Floreat Bedani*. Which is what *we* say too!

Everybody has heard a good deal lately of arsenicated beer. The virulent liquor has possibilities that few of us may have dreamt of. At any rate a Bedan was told the other day of the following incident which was said to have occurred recently:—

*Scene*: Bar of the — Hotel, Sunderland.

Enter a Lad, carrying a small jug.

Lad. Gill o' beer, please.

Barman. Bitter or mild?

Lad. Dissent matter a bit, mister. It's just  
to poison a dog!

After this the Bitter (we can imagine) would feel disposed to turn to the Mild, and say, like Hamlet,

"To what base uses we may return".

Sometimes we are told that, whether alcohol is a good or not as taken ordinarily, it is at any rate beneficial when used as a *medicine*. But the lad with the jug does not seem to have agreed with this opinion. His attitude with regard to the question was rather that of Macbeth when he shouted

"Throw *physic* to the dogs: I'll none of it".

Frank Sisson called at the School last month. We had never once met him since he went to work seven years ago, and were delighted to see him again. National Prizes for successes at the

Science Examinations are—to use Campbell's happy phrase—

“Like angel visits, few and far between”.

But Frank Sisson got one at the School in 1894 for Practical Chemistry, and Margt. H. Charlton got another, the same year, for Hygiene. Miss Charlton, who is a B.Sc. of Victoria University, returned to the School as one of the mistresses, immediately after her University career was over. Hers was one of the few faces that Sisson knew when he called in April. After having served his time as an Engineer at Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie, & Company's Works on the Tyne, he went to Barrow for a little while, and has spent the past two years at Marseilles as an Assistant to Lloyd's Surveyor there. He speaks French like a Frenchman; has visited Mentone, Nice, and other beautiful places in the Riviera; and has seen Mr. Kruger.

His sister Amy used to be at Bede School. His brother Cuthbert, too, is an Old Bedan. He went to Messrs. Brady & Martin's, Newcastle; qualified as a Chemist; and is now a Teacher of English in the Berlitz School of Foreign Tongues, Marseilles, where he will doubtless have such facilities for learning French as will fit him to take a post, in France, as a Chemist.

**WALTER STEWART WHITFIELD.**

Admitted to Bede School, November 21st, 1898;

DIED, APRIL 23rd, 1901:

AGED 13 YEARS.

Poor Walter Whitfield died with startling suddenness. He was a quiet, studious boy, and was much respected by his school-fellows in Class VII. They sent a beautiful wreath to be placed on his grave.

We congratulate Mr. R. F. Jarman on his being appointed Organist of St. Peter's Church, Bishopwearmouth. The post—the duties of which, we believe, he will discharge ably and enthusiastically—is worth £40 a year. Mr. Jarman has recently passed an examination to be admitted a Student of Music at Durham University. The Head Master thanks him for lending the School a little, old harmonium which is often useful during Singing Lessons. The hired Brinsmead piano which stands in the main room is too big to be moved about readily.

On April 3rd the Rev. F. L. Cope and the Rev. T. B. Strong visited the school. Mr. Strong (who, we believe, had not seen any Higher Grade School until then) is Censor of Christ Church, Oxford—Cardinal Wolsey's famous College.

Mr. Witter is taking exceptional pains with such Bedans as are swimmers. He has had them at the Baths on *Saturday* mornings, and has even provided them with an exemplar in the shape of a Gateshead boy distinguished in the art of natation. Swimming talent does not seem to be at all *general* now in the school—as it conspicuously was a few seasons ago; but we have *one* lad, Fred. Sutton, who, we hope, will win the Boy Championship of Sunderland this year.

Some girls had the meaning of the words *detached*, *exaggerated*, *exclusive*, *finances*, *ferocious* and *unintentionally* explained to them one day lately, and were then asked to make up little original sentences embodying these words, so that the teacher might judge as to whether the meaning had in each case been correctly grasped.

Many of the sentences written were quite satisfactory, but a few were *not*; and some of the latter made more amusing reading than the faultless ones. Thus the teacher was told

“A large number of people have been *detached* from each other on account of the War going on in South Africa.”

“The girl was *detached* from school as her mother could not do without her at home.”

“They soon had *THE HOUSE exaggerated*.”

“The young man goes home at night in a very ferocious mood and sits *exclusive* by himself for a while, and then he hears a voice calling from one corner of the room asking him if he will give up his *finances* to his mother.”

“When we were doing our work at school we *DID IT unintentionally*.” (!)

The last of these statements is perfectly delightful. The youthful sentence-maker, doubtless *unintentionally*, gives us a proposition rather uncomplimentary to school children, but which most teachers will say is true in substance and in fact as regards very many of their pupils.

An announcement has appeared in the newspapers of the death, at Standerton, South Africa, of Robert Thompson Andrew, son of Capt. Andrew, formerly of Sunderland.

Robert Andrew was never at Bede School, but his sister Rachel—who became a nurse—and his little, curly-haired brother William are old Bedans, and he was at Valley Road School when the present Head Master of Bede School was Head Master there. Mr. Scholefield, Mr. Jarman, Mr. Willis, B.Sc., Mr. Chapman, B.Sc., and others who have been connected with both of these schools, will remember him well as being, twelve years ago, an exceptionally handsome, agreeable lad, and distinguished as much by his ability and attainments as by his fine presence and frank disposition.

*The Bedan* makes its way into many and diverse quarters of the globe. One copy of every issue takes a month to complete its journey into the lonely country across the veldt, many days' ride from Kimberley. Another is looked for in a quiet village in the Burns country where, after being well read by the first recipient, it is passed on to the master of the local school, who reads every number and who said of the last "it grows better and better".

It may be doubted whether, even in such remote spots as these, the boys and girls can give replies showing less thought than a certain *Bedan's* answer the other day. The teacher of History had laboriously explained the sort of work done by Empson, the notorious minister of Henry VII, a wonderfully successful extortioner of money, from the pockets of the public, for the royal purse. One of his ways of raising revenue was to exact *feudal dues*. Imagine the teacher's consternation when this was rendered by one hopeful *Bedan* as FUNERAL DEWS! Would these be the tears shed by the mourners? If tears are acceptable in lieu of hard cash, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is welcome to the suggestion that he might find them—especially crocodile ones—easier to collect than taxes on sugar and coals.

Several old *Bedan* girls who are now students in the Durham College of Science paid a welcome visit to their old haunts during the Easter vacation. Everybody was glad to see Muriel Watson, Stella Bailes, Diana Birchall, Kate Burnett, and Lily Wright, in school again. They all agree in liking their new work.

Other old *Bedan* girls—who have lately called at

school are Emily Fisher, who is home from London, Beatrice English, a teacher in Sunderland, and Isabel Nicholson, who was admitted to Bede School on the 28th of April, 1890, and who is now a student in the Training College at Durham.

At Whitsuntide the School will be closed on the Monday and the Tuesday, and on those days only.

The View which we give this month of the Rocks in the Mowbray Park shows an old iron-studded door which once belonged to Bishopwearmouth Old Rectory. The Old Rectory is gone; but the name Rectory Park, very familiar to many of our scholars, indicates where the Rectory once stood. We also show a View of Roker Sands—as they will appear any fine afternoon in the pleasant Summer that we hope is coming; and one of St. George's Presbyterian Church, a prominent member of the congregation of which is Mr. R. A. Bartram, J.P., Chairman of the Sunderland School Board, and one of the Visiting Committee of Bede School. Some months ago *The Bedan* contained an illustration of Sunderland Infirmary to which Mr. Bartram has recently given a thousand guineas.

All the Articles promised for the present Number appear—except the second instalment of Wearsider's "Some Sunderland Solecisms", which is long and has had to be left out. We have reason to believe that the July *Bedan* will be exceptionally good.

### *Bede School Magazine and Badge Account*

For the Year December 1st, 1899—November 30th, 1900.

| Dr.                                                                  | INCOME. |    |    |     |    | EXPENDITURE. |     |    |    |    | Cr. |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|----|----|-----|----|--------------|-----|----|----|----|-----|----|
|                                                                      | £       | s. | d. | £   | s. | d.           | £   | s. | d. | £  | s.  | d. |
| By Balance in hand at the end of previous year (November 30th, 1899) |         |    |    | ... | 10 | 10           | 6   |    |    |    |     |    |
| " Yearly Subscriptions for <i>The Bedan</i> ...                      | 7       | 17 | 0  |     |    |              |     |    |    |    |     |    |
| " Sale of Single Copies...                                           | 17      | 2  | 10 |     |    |              |     |    |    |    |     |    |
|                                                                      |         |    |    | 24  | 19 | 10           |     |    |    |    |     |    |
| " Advertisements in <i>The Bedan</i> ...                             | 36      | 10 | 0  |     |    |              |     |    |    |    |     |    |
| " Sale of Badges and Brooches ...                                    |         |    |    | 61  | 9  | 10           |     |    |    |    |     |    |
| [Note.—There were several Badges in stock on November 30th, 1899.]   |         |    |    | 7   | 9  | 2            |     |    |    |    |     |    |
|                                                                      |         |    |    | £79 | 9  | 6            |     |    |    |    |     |    |
| By Printing ..                                                       |         |    |    | 47  | 6  | 6            |     |    |    |    |     |    |
| " Hire and Repair of Blocks—for Views ...                            |         |    |    | 1   | 11 | 9            |     |    |    |    |     |    |
| " Large Envelopes, Ordinary Stationery, and Stamps ...               |         |    |    | 3   | 5  | 0            |     |    |    |    |     |    |
| " Cost of Badges and Brooches ...                                    |         |    |    |     |    |              | 52  | 3  | 3  |    |     |    |
|                                                                      |         |    |    |     |    |              | 4   | 1  | 9  |    |     |    |
| " Balance in hand, November 30th, 1900 ...                           |         |    |    |     |    |              |     |    |    | 56 | 5   | 0  |
|                                                                      |         |    |    |     |    |              |     |    |    | 23 | 4   | 6  |
|                                                                      |         |    |    |     |    |              | £79 | 9  | 6  |    |     |    |

## EXTRACTS FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE'S DIARY.

July 7th, 1900.—I have made up my mind to make a systematic study of the banjo. To-day I fished out a miscellaneous assortment of music books, including a tutor for the pianoforte, one for the piccolo-flute, and two for the banjo, and proceeded to try to derive knowledge from them all. They annoy me very much by explaining at length those things which I already know, and breaking off just about the point where I really require information. The tutor for the flute is the best.

July 9th.—My younger sister, commonly known as the Midget, came in to-day to give me the benefit of her experience, and asked questions about semidemisemiquavers. I told her that there was not the least necessity to learn the name, so long as you knew what the wretched things looked like. "Oh, isn't there?" retorted the Midget. "If you were to go to a teacher, she would ask you what a semidemisemiquaver is, and, if you didn't know, she would rap your fingers." I am sure that the Midget would like to rap mine sometimes when I am very exasperating. I expounded my views, which are peculiar, and do not find favour in the Midget's sight, and she departed.

July 10th.—I am still practising. I have been reluctantly compelled to discard the tutor for the flute. It began to give instructions as to how to "tootle," and, as a matter of fact, that operation cannot be performed on the banjo. The Midget gives me good advice, and urges that I should play all the exercises; but I don't want to do that. *She* cannot say very much, because, when I gave her precisely the same advice, she never took it.

August 1st.—The Midget and I play duets now. We do "primo" and "secundo". I look after the "primo". As the "secundo" almost always gets ahead we seldom finish together; but, on the rare occasions when we *do*, we are peculiarly proud of ourselves. It is a truly remarkable point about these performances that the telling chords, which *ought* to come in with a crash, are always the ones that sound miserably feeble—at anyrate in the "primo."

August 30th.—I have practised a great deal to-day as I felt in fine form, and just as I finished, a string broke. This made me feel concerned. I have often broken strings before. Just yesterday I broke three! Thereupon the fond parent who buys my strings said fiercely that if I broke any more and wanted fresh ones I should have to pay for them myself. So to-day I conceived a brilliant idea. Why not *splice* the broken string? I immediately got a needle and thread and sewed the two segments together. *Splicing*

*the main brace* may do very well: I am sure that I have often heard of sailors doing it, and *enjoying it*; but splicing banjo strings is not a success. I've tried it, and I know.

September 3rd.—I overheard the Midget explaining to somebody her ideas on my playing. She said, "It humbles *me* to have to vamp to my sister," and she made the totally unfounded remark that I was one of those unhappy creatures who think that one banjo accompaniment will fit any tune."

September 7th.—I prefer having a room to myself when I am practising, and, to tell the truth, nobody is very anxious to share it when it is so occupied. Occasionally somebody looks in and makes jocular remarks, such as, "Hullo, have you learnt to beat time yet?" I am generally past my joke limit, and the answer is, "Go away, I'm busy." Now and again it would be advantageous to have a sympathetic listener. I refer to those times when a tune comes off particularly well. To-day I felt quite charmed with my rendering of "The Darkie's Dream," and I called out to the Midget, "Isn't that good?" She answered indifferently "I didn't take any notice." So I began again to show her how beautiful the piece really was. Alas! the interval had ruined my skill. "Call that a *dream*?" Sounds to me more like *the nightmare*," was the sarcastic remark which greeted the conclusion of my performance—and which, I grieve to have to acknowledge, the performance richly deserved.

September 12th.—The Midget complains that *she* never can practise now. Whenever she has time, and I am done with the instrument, our brother is so mad that she does not dare to touch it. Isn't it strange that a harp—like David's—should be able to soothe a mad king into sanity, and that a banjo—like mine—should have the effect of driving my quiet Bedan brother into a frenzy?

September 14th.—I thought that I would astonish the members of our family by playing a brilliant little something to them to-night. I did not wish ostentatiously to call attention to my progress, so I merely went through the most celebrated composition in my repertory. Like other famous things it came and went unnoticed. Did the magic of the music stop the chatter of the children? Not it! Did the passion of the player rouse her peaceful, placid parents? Not it! Did I utter many reproaches? No; I only said, with much dignity, "*That* is my masterpiece, and you've talked all the way through it". I am sure that all my fellow-Bedan-banjoists will be indignant when I tell them that my hearers—I cannot call them listeners—did not even vouchsafe me a reply. Oughtn't they to have writhed with remorse?

January 1st 1901.—I am making some season-

able resolutions. I have made up my mind to start fair and square this very day with something less fatiguing than banjo-playing. I have been wading through exercises for the last few weeks and the task has chastened me considerably. If not a wiser, I'm certainly a sadder Bedan girl. I doubt, however, whether I shall be able to keep that resolution to forswear the banjo. Banjo-playing, like dram-drinking, grows on one to an incredible extent. Difficult exercises are doubtless depressing; but what a joy it used to be simply to twang the strident strings! Before the century is six months old my love for the delightful pastime may prove, like me, quite

## IRREPRESSIBLE.



## THE COUNTRYMAN'S CAR RIDE.

"TING-ting-ting! electric car,  
How I wonder what you are.  
Why spin wires up there so high  
Like a cobweb in the sky?"

Quip and Question wiled away  
Our brief waiting one fine day,  
When my fair young wife and me  
Hied to Roker-by-the-Sea.

Swift as swallow on the wing  
Came the car with graceful swing;  
Nowhere—round, above, below—  
Could I see what made it go.

Then a rushing, rumbling din,  
And we scramble to get in,  
With a dozen folks or more  
Crowding upward to the door.

I was thankful, I declare,  
When I found my partner there.  
Mary looked calm, sweet, and neat,  
For she had secured a seat.

Someone moving up a space  
Motioned me to fill the place;  
But the starting, Ting-ting-ting!  
Countermotioned everything.

That was how I came to be  
Seated on a lady's knee!  
Though the lady made no fuss  
Mary frowned to see me thus.

Quite a titter travelled round  
Till my proper place I found,  
But I, with my eyes aloof,  
Counted flies inside the roof.

Very soon I learned to cling  
(When I heard the Ting-ting-ting!)  
To *what'er* might be my stay—  
*Whomsoever* I should say.—

Now we talk, with conscious pride,  
To our friends about that ride;—  
Leaving out, because I choose,  
All *unnecessary* news.

Mary twitters Ting-ting-ting!  
To a sort of Highland fling;  
But this flippant, mimic bent  
Can't have *my* encouragement.

A.J.S.



## FAIR PLAY.

Could I have made a mistake? I had felt sure when I jumped in, that it was not a smoking-compartment, and yet I thought that I smelt smoke. As the train started I became sure of it, and, glancing apprehensively at the window, I said anxiously, 'This is not a smoking-compartment, is it?' A young man in the corner, who had before kept his pipe hidden, showed it, and replied to my remark that it was not, and that he would put out his pipe if I wished. He obviously did not dream that I *should* wish, or at least that I should venture for a moment to say so. However, I had sufficient experience of this kind of thing to feel it worth my while to have the pipe put out; so, with great politeness, almost apologetically indeed, I replied that I would prefer it if he had no objection, as I had a very long journey to go, and found the smell of tobacco-smoke rather trying when I was travelling. So he put out the pipe. As I believe often happens, however, he made himself quite as obnoxious in another way. I tried to read my paper, but certainly I never got the meaning of two consecutive lines, for the young man kept up a running fire of remarks to his companion, directed at *me*. I do not think he was exactly insulting, though I took care not to know any more than I was obliged of what he did say, but, short of that, he was extremely objectionable. If I had been alone, there would have been no course open but to urge the fellow to smoke to his heart's content; but, as there were other women in the compartment, I felt equal to holding my own as far as Durham, and did so, maintaining an expression of blank stolidity which I hope imposed on the young man as it was intended to do, by convincing him that I was quite oblivious of the tenor of his remarks.

Now I wonder if our young man had any glimmering suspicion of how very far his behaviour was from being 'Fair Play.' He looked a decentish youth, good-natured enough, and I have no doubt would sing with relish, if he happened to know them, those ironical lines of Gilbert:—

"For he himself has said it,—  
And its greatly to his credit—  
That he is an Englishman."

But such behaviour as his strikes me as being essentially un-English, as we generally employ that adjective, and least of all in keeping with the general impression of a *young* Englishman, who, as every Bedan boy knows, is generally credited with being above all a lover of 'Fair Play.'

I have no doubt, indeed, that far from suspecting himself of anything ignoble, the young man was setting me down a prig. Now he may or may not have been right in his impression, but that has nothing to do with the question. As a matter of fact, my objection to his smoking was, that I had an eleven hours' journey before me, I had a headache to begin with, and I am a miserably bad traveller, humiliating as it may be to acknowledge it. I have no powerful objections to men smoking, nor do I think that smoking in boys is *the* unpardonable sin, though I am bound to confess that boys who take to smoking are generally of a sort one cannot admire, the sort who lounge at street corners with a hang-dog, 'low-lived' air which I 'can't abide.' But even though I had all the objection in the world to smoking, even though I were the most arrant prig in creation, that has nothing to do with the question, which is, 'If I get into a non-smoking compartment in order to avoid smoke, has anyone the right to annoy me with it?' Someone had the temerity to say to me the other day that such things occur because there are not enough smoking compartments provided. I can find no reply to that but the somewhat vulgar phrase, 'Did you ever?'—for really, *Did you ever?*

There must be hundreds of people every day who are annoyed in this fashion; and women, as a rule, or girls, may not venture to protest, since they run the risk of abuse and insult if they do so. There is nothing for it but men fighting the battle for them; and I here appeal to Bedan boys, that, when they grow to be men, whether they smoke or they do not, they may, as members of the League of Good Citizenship, and in the name of Fair Play, let alone of Courtesy and Chivalry, steadily set their faces against this objectionable practice. There has been enough in the papers, funny and otherwise, with regard to women getting, presumably 'on purpose', into smoking compartments, to give the impression that the practice is very wide-spread. I do not know as to this. If women or girls do it, 'it is a grievous fault, and grievously [have women] answered it'; but I do know that men smoke in carriages not intended for smokers, and I think it is high time they were shown the error of their ways. A friend of mine, a lady, once travelled from Newcastle to Sunderland in a compartment, non-smoking of course, with a

man, young again I may add, who smoked all the way, merely explaining that he 'could not really travel in a smoker, the fellows in these parts smoked such beastly tobacco'! A helpless sense of my inability to answer adequately such an egregious apology, sends me back again to my ejaculation,

DID YOU EVER!



## ABOUT LOCUSTS, PRINCIPALLY.

At Christmas the Editor received a letter from F. E. Warburton, an Old Bedan now recuperating in South Africa. Though not intended for publication extracts from it are quite interesting enough to have a place in the Magazine, and would have appeared in the March Number had there been room for them. However, here they are now:—

Cathcart, South Africa,  
Nov. 30th, 1900.

*The Bedan* reminds me of some very pleasant times I spent at the School.

I am very sorry to read that Charlie Gibson is having to leave England for South Africa on account of his health; and I trust he may find much benefit from the climate of this country.

I myself am a great deal better, and have gained in weight as much as 6lbs since August 18th. The air here is delightfully pure; being 4000 feet above the sea I am practically on the top of a mountain.

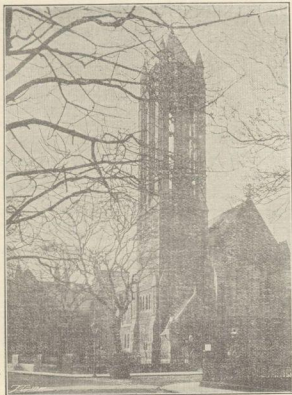
Cathcart Town contains about 400 people, including Kaffirs and Hottentots. Cathcart District has an area of 400 square miles. It is a farming district, and the farmers are in a very bad way at present.

First, there has been a terrible drought for about eight months until a week or two ago. We then had a lovely rain, and the veldt, which was quite brown before, is now nice and green.

The next trouble is LOCUSTS. A swarm passed over here last Sunday, and must have been at least a couple of miles long, and looked just like a dark cloud. Locusts eat up everything. They will settle at night in fields of barley, mealies, etc., and, next morning, there won't be a particle of green left.

The Government have offered a large sum of money for a scheme to exterminate them. They can only be killed on a large scale when in their hopping stage, that is, before they have wings. I saw a batch of them in the hopping stage the other day. They covered a piece of ground about the size of an ordinary dining-table, and were one compact mass six inches deep.

Various methods are used to kill them, Na-



ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

tives are sent to trample them, or to beat them with bags. Some of the farmers dig a trench, and fill it with burning petroleum, and then drive the locusts into it. There have been many letters in the newspapers lately concerning the use of a solution of soap got by simply dissolving 1lb of blue mottled soap in 2 gallons of water. Some farmers say that when swarms are sprayed with this solution it proves deadly. It may be effective upon *young* locusts, but I have tried it on *winged* locusts and found it useless.

If every farmer would take pains, whenever he sees any locusts in the hopping stage on his land, to exterminate them, the country might be rid of these terrible pests; but, until the Government makes such action compulsory upon all, the trouble will last. It isn't any good for *nine* farmers to bother themselves to destroy all the young locusts which appear on their fields, if a *tenth* man simply takes no notice of the creatures. I confess that last Sunday's swarm made me think that it can hardly be possible ever to clear the country thoroughly of the Locust Plague.

I had a most delightful voyage out. Everybody on board was very jolly, and we had plenty of amusements such as deck quoits, cricket, concerts, dances, etc. The ship's band played se-

lections of music for two hours in the mornings and two hours in the evenings, and, on calm nights, everything was really charming.

I spent a few hours at Funchal, Madeira. It is, as you know, a great place for bananas. The guides were a great nuisance: they clung to us like leeches. The people of Funchal are very clever divers. Bede School has had some famous swimmers, Tom Whittaker and Alex. Wilkinson, for instance; but Bedan boys cannot dive like Funchal boys. I saw several of the latter dive after coins thrown into the sea, and they always caught them. One fellow, for a shilling, dived from a lifeboat, went right under the ship, and came up on the other side.

Cape Town looked very fine from Table Bay, with the magnificent Table Mountain in the back-ground. I spent five days there, and had a good look round at all sorts of things and people—including the Boer prisoners, shut up in barbed wire enclosures. We went first to Port Elizabeth, and then to East London where I landed and came here in the train—109 miles.

Will you please give my kind regards to Mr. Richardson? He must have spent an anxious time in the railway carriage with the lunatic.

I was very sorry to read of the death of Mr. W. Phorson: he was a nice fellow, and I always had a great respect for him.

My best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,

FREDK. E. WARBURTON.



## OLD BEDANS.

### (9) THE LATE MR. WILLIAM PHORSON.

THE Teaching Staff of Bede School is large, and is naturally subject to frequent small changes—for able young teachers, on getting some experience, look about for promotion; and, if this is not obtainable *at hand*, they seek it wherever it can be got. Thus, since the Opening Day, April 28th, 1890, some scores of teachers, men and women, have, for varying periods, occupied places on the Staff. Of the members of this big band many, of course, are still at the School; many others are at other schools in Sunderland; a third big section consists of those who are at work far afield; and one, *only one*, is dead. He forms the subject of this little Memoir.

William Phorson was born thirty-eight years ago. The present writer has heard him say that his ancestors lived on the Scottish side of the Border, and has noticed several times, when visiting Dryburgh Abbey to see the tombs of Sir



Walter Scott, his wife, and his biographer and son-in-law John Gibson Lockhart, that the name Forson appears on some gravestones which stand quite near to the last resting-place—a beautiful spot it is!—of the Wizard of the North. But William Phorson was a native of Monkwearmouth, and spent his early days not far from the site of the Old Monastery where, about four centuries before William the Conqueror came to England, Bede, the saint and scholar that was to be, had passed his pious, studious childhood.

He became a pupil-teacher at the Colliery School. His master there was Mr. T. W. Bryers, now and for the past twenty years Clerk of the Sunderland School Board. Among those who had been his predecessors there as pupil-teachers may be mentioned Mr. John Marsh, now a Sub-Inspector of Schools in London, whose nephew, Frank Marsh, spent several years at Bede School and visited it a few days ago when at home from Mill Hill School where he is doing himself much credit; Mr. Robt. S. Barlow, now Head Master of the Moor School, whose children Doris, Madge, and George are all Bedans; and Mr. Fred. Forrest, Superintendent of "George Hudson's Charity". Among his juniors was Mr. J. T. Hindmarch, afterwards for nine years an Assistant Master at Bede School. Ever since Mr. Bryers's time the Colliery School has been in charge of Mr. G. Coburn, whose sons, Scott and Fred., were among the first boys admitted to Bede School, and whose daughter, Miss Kate Coburn, B.Sc., a Bedan from the first like each of her brothers, now teaches where she once learnt.

After being trained at Durham as a school-master Mr. Phorson returned to Sunderland and soon received an appointment in Valley Road School where he stayed for three or four years, doing very good work—as the writer can testify from personal observation—and always steady-going, straight-forward, cheerful, and sensible. He delighted to take an interest in the boys' sports, and this, probably, went far towards making him a favourite with those whom he taught. His most marked characteristic, however, was genuine kindness of heart—a quality that many of his colleagues, wherever he has worked, have seen express itself in numberless little acts of thoughtfulness and consideration for others. Both in school and in ordinary social intercourse he could always be depended upon to think of, and to consult for, the pleasure, comfort, and interest of those about him—and especially of such of them as other people would probably neglect or forget.

It is rare for a new school to have its full complement of pupils from its opening day onwards. However, speaking broadly, one may say that this has been the case with Bede School. When the Head Master of Valley Road School was ap-

pointed to Bede School one hundred and fifty of his boys went with him, on their own initiative, to his new charge. More than two hundred others also at once presented themselves for admission; so, in the Boys' Department, little spare accommodation could be seen when the school was only a day old. The Girls' Department, too, was very well filled. The first week, matters were decidedly lively. The full staff consisted of the Head Master, the Head Mistress, Mr. Richardson, Miss Emma Todd, Mr. Brittain, and Miss Reid—as no extraordinary influx of new scholars had been anticipated. For six teachers to enrol names, interview parents, order, procure, and distribute school materials, and first classify and then teach nearly seven hundred boys and girls hailing from all sorts and conditions of schools, was a business on the whole rather more higgledy-piggledy than delightful. Still, the situation had its charms, the chief being to see cosmos gradually emerge from chaos. Additional Assistants were soon appointed. Of these, Mr. Phorson was the first comer. He put in an appearance on May 1st, 1890.

It is proper to refer here to the fact that, in 1891, when eighty-seven junior football teams entered the Competition for the Roker Cup, Bede School Eleven reached the Final Round—because this result was mainly due to Mr. Phorson's skill, energy, and enthusiasm in coaching, assisting, and stimulating the School's representatives always to play their very best game. Old Boys will remember that the Semi-final match took place on the Ground of the now defunct 'Albion Club', and that the Final, in which the Bedans met youths far bigger than themselves and suffered defeat by two goals to nil, was fought on the famous Newcastle Road Field before a big crowd which cheered Dick Littlehailes' good display at back and went into raptures over little Tom Walker's magnificent custodianship.

Old photographs sometimes have a pathetic interest. One, taken in 1891, shows a group of Bede School teachers including Miss Marshall (Valley Road), Miss Woolacott (Hendon), Miss Reid (Chester Road), Miss Rhind (who has been to America), Miss Soulsby (? Aldershot), Mr. Glandsfield (Stansfield Street), Mr. Walton, B.A., (Burnley), Mr. Brittain (Rochdale), Mr. Chrishop (Brighton), Mr. Foster (Rochester), and Mr. Phorson. That photograph caused not a little mirth when it first was sent to the School. Of those whom it portrayed there were some not at all placid by nature who "came out" looking wondrous meek and mild, while poor Phorson, a most good-humoured fellow, was pictured as fearfully ferocious. Another proof of the old maxim that appearances are often deceptive!

One of Mr. Phorson's brothers, Mr. James Phorson, Cashier at Wearmouth Colliery, has had

two sons, James and Walter, at Bede School, and his third son, William, is there now. James and Walter went, on quitting school, to Messrs. Clark's Engine Works, at Southwick, where one of them has completed, and the other is completing, his apprenticeship.

Another of his brothers is Mr. Peter Phorson, Manager of Messrs. J. L. Thompson & Sons' Ship Yard, North Sands. His sister Agnes is the wife of Mr. Thomas James, of Fulwell Lime Kilns. His sister Margaret is married to Mr. Arch. Miller, of Southwick.

In September, 1892, Mr. Phorson was made First Assistant Master of Thomas Street School, and left Bede School. His colleagues and boys gave him, as a mark of their good will and of their appreciation of his personal worth, a handsome travelling-bag. In acknowledging the present he amused the boys by telling them that, if ever he saw a railway-porter pitch their gift about or use it roughly, he would "give him beans!"

A few years afterwards he married Miss Alice Keenlyside, Assistant Mistress of Hendon School—whose brother Johnson, once a lad at Bede School, is in a shipping office, and who herself, soon after her husband's death, bravely resumed her teaching work, and is now an Assistant Mistress at Redby School. In 1897 or thereabouts Mr. Phorson, leaving Thomas Street School—where he was succeeded by another Old Bedan teacher, Mr. William Pain—gained the Head Mastership of Hudson Road School, and ably filled that post for some three years. But, last summer, he was attacked by an insidious disease; and the united skill of five doctors, his wife's devotion and assiduous nursing, the earnest, strenuous efforts of his brothers and sisters, the prayers and good wishes of troops of friends, and his own clear hope, firm patience, and splendid courage, were all unavailing to save his valuable life. He died on Tuesday, October 30th, 1900, and was buried at Sunderland Cemetery on the following Friday in the presence of a company of mourners which, by its representative character, and demeanour of unaffected sorrow, showed plainly how widely and sincerely he was respected when living and regretted when dead.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."



### MIMICRY.

MANY Bedans would notice, in the interesting article on Philately which appeared in the March Number of the Magazine, that some mention was made of what the writer called "A Stamp Zoo." Reading this reminded me of a

comparatively little known property possessed by a good many creatures which, if they were all put together, would constitute not only a *real* but also a very *curious* "Zoo". The property alluded to is the quality which some animals have of being, and which other animals have of becoming, at will, very similar in appearance—more particularly in colour—to their surroundings. I have denoted this property or quality by the term *Mimicry*—a word which, with a little extension of its ordinary meaning, seems sufficiently correct and expressive.

Take perhaps the simplest instance of this mimicry. How many Bedans—or how many people of any sort—are able to point out, at a distance of only two yards, an ordinary green caterpillar, when it remains quite still upon the green leaf on which it lives and feeds?

The rarer brown caterpillar on the approach of danger fastens itself to some plant, or to a branch of a tree, and hangs down: remaining perfectly still it is frequently mistaken for a dead, broken-off twig. The leaf-butterfly acts in much the same way as the brown caterpillar.

Some of my schoolmates may know the lady-bird. It is not a bird at all, but a little red or yellow beetle, and, like most true beetles—the cockroach, "black clock", or black beetle (so called) is *not* a true beetle—it has hard, horny wing-cases, or covers for its back. A grasshopper is a kind of small beetle which has *not* got hard wing-cases, and which is therefore, unlike the lady-bird, very vulnerable. One kind of grasshopper "makes itself up", however, in such a way that its natural foes almost always mistake it for a lady-bird—which they know it is useless to attempt to devour.

Brilliant is the plumage of the birds in tropical countries. But brilliant also is the vegetation. Now the serpents and other loathsome reptiles which abound in tropical forests are fond of the birds—that is to say, they like to eat them. My fellow Bedans who gobble turkey at Christmas time, who appreciate a bit of chicken whenever it is to the fore, and who, from childhood, have thought that "four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie" made—especially when "they began to sing"—"a dainty dish to set before a king", cannot reproach the serpents for their bird-swallowing tendencies. And the tropical birds don't lecture the serpents. They think it safer just to make themselves indistinguishable from the foliage amid which they live.

The large land tortoise is not particularly tender or delicate; yet this animal is not above consulting for its own safety by tucking in its head and tail under the massive shell which covers its back, and then presenting the appearance of one of the boulders so common in the desert which it inhabits.

Other creatures which use, as a *defence*, this mimicry of their surroundings, are the rabbit—burrowing, by preference, in earth whose colour resembles that of its own fur; and the brown shrimp that buries itself in sand.

But mimicry is sometimes useful for *attack*. The polar bear's white coat is inconspicuous amidst the ice and snow of the Arctic regions, and does not warn fish or seals of his approach. The tiger's skin, golden-yellow striped with black, matches the jungle through which he stalks his hapless prey. And, perhaps most striking case of all, the leopard finds his *spots* singularly serviceable as he lies in wait in the forest, ready to spring upon the unsuspecting deer. When Jeremiah wished to show how hard it is to change fixed evil habits he asked, in picturesque words, the oft-quoted question, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Whatever might be the nature of the Ethiopian's reply, the leopard, if able to speak, and intelligent enough to understand his natural advantages, would probably answer "No! and I don't want to!" He would know that it is his *spots* which help him to couch unnoticed in the undergrowth beneath trees through whose foliage the sun is shining—for has not every Bedan noticed that the sun, when it shines through leaves, produces many round spots, or images of itself, on the grass or ground below?

I recommend every one of my school-fellows who, like me, has any liking for Natural History, to visit, whenever the opportunity offers, the splendid Museum at South Kensington, illustrating that science. He (or she) will there find one very interesting compartment containing exceptional instances of the adaptation of animals to their environment—white sparrows, white rabbits, white crows, and, paradoxical as it may seem, *white BLACKBIRDS*: all brought from icy northern climes.

#### ZOOLOGICUS.



#### OLD BEDANS' A.F.C.

The Old Bedans' A.F.C. has just completed its first season, and it has been a success both financially and from a player's point of view. It is expected that the Treasurer's Report, to be read at the next committee meeting, will show the club to be clear of debt, notwithstanding the rather heavy expenses of a Protracted Medals Competition.

The last match of the season unfortunately resulted in a defeat for the Old Bedans by two goals to one at the hands—or should I say feet?—of the ultimate winners of the Medals. Hard

lines! It was the semi-final for the Monkwearmouth Junior Medals Competition—"Junior" in name only, for the average age of the members of some of the competing teams was uncommonly near nineteen—and brought about the only defeat that the Old Bedans received on their own 'heath'.

A curious coincidence occurred in the first round. Old Bedans were drawn to play Whitburn St. Mary's at Whitburn, and they eventually drew, each side scoring twice. In the re-play not only was the final score the same, but the order of the scoring was also identical, Bedans scoring first, St. Mary's equalising and then drawing ahead, and Bedans equalising; and in both cases did Old Bedans score the equalising goal within the last two minutes. At the third time of asking, however, while Old Bedans again scored twice, they prevented their opponents from scoring at all.

In the next round ten minutes only could be played, in consequence of a high wind which crashed down the goal-posts several times, and altogether spoilt scientific football. During that time, however, an Old Bedan, whilst defending, lifted the ball up from a short distance out, and the wind bore it through his own goal, the ball striking the under side of the cross-bar right in the corner of the goal, and glancing through. The referee, when the game was abandoned, rather arbitrarily ordered the goal to count in the next match,—although it was pointed out to him that the Old Bedans would probably not have such a wind in *their* favour in the second game, and further that the general rule was to replay the whole game if one complete moiety had not been played. But no amount of arguing will convince some referees that they are wrong. They like to be obstinate. I suppose "it is their nature to". Never mind. Although placed, in the second game, at the initial disadvantage referred to, Old Bedans scored twice within the first quarter of an hour, and finally won by two to one, thus entering the semi-final, only to have their prospects of securing the medals blighted by a Southwick team—Cicero Star.

The only other defeat the club sustained was from its keen rival Ashbrooke Villa A—which by the way, contains several Old Bedans, amongst them S. Kerr (capt.), Thubron, Hodgson, Rutledge, Sinclair, Hodge, Fothergill, and Park—Old Bedans being vanquished by the *odd goal in nine*.

The results of the games played, two at home, one on neutral ground and eleven away, were as follows:—

| Played. | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | Goals For. | Goals Ag't. |
|---------|------|-------|--------|------------|-------------|
| 14      | 8    | 2     | 4      | 43         | 26.         |

An average of three goals per match

shows clearly the scoring powers of the 'attacking five':—indeed, they have only once failed to score more than one goal in a match, that being in the last game—that sad destroyer of fine records. But twenty-six goals scored against the defence in fourteen matches is best *not* commented upon. I'm afraid our custodian cannot have the Newcastle City motto *Fortiter defendit triumphans* truthfully applied to him. But he seems pretty chirpy. Probably he has often read, inscribed on Sunderland Bridge, the cheering maxim *Nil desperandum*.

The team has gradually improved, and, as the club will recommence operations at the beginning of next season, more Old Bedans, who had joined other clubs this year before 'Old Bedans' was started, will be secured to strengthen our forces.

Old Bedans who have played for their club are—H. Wood (Capt.), A. Craig (Sec.), O. Birchall (Treas.), H. Lundy, R. Hudson, T. Macdonald, W. Gibbs, P. Todd, J. Todd, W. Johnson, W. Byers, W. Green, B. Simpson, and F. Rutledge.

It has been decided to start an Old Bedans' Cricket Club, and a meeting to arrange matters will be held at the School on Tuesday, May 14. Meanwhile any Bedan wishing to join, or to send suggestions, may write to H. Wood, Bede Higher Grade School.

H. A. W.



## SUNDERLAND LEAGUE OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

THE Second Annual Meeting of the League was held at Bede School on Tuesday, January 29th, 1901, Alderman Bruce, J.P., presiding. The Chairman in a few well-chosen words referred to the loss which the British Empire, all its good citizens, and the world at large, had sustained through the death of Queen Victoria.

The Hon. Secretary, Miss Roussy, read the Annual Report. It contained, along with many other items, the announcement that the League's petition to the Tramways Committee to have Notices forbidding Spitting placed in the Cars had been complied with. It would be an excellent thing if receptacles for used tickets could be provided: at present most passengers throw their old tickets upon the floor of the Car or into the street.

The Reports of the various Branches of the Junior League were then read and adopted, and the officers for the coming year were appointed. Among the readers or speakers were Mabel Naylor, Nellie Thatcher, Alberta Farrow, Cuthbert King, Herbert Wood, William Blacklock Lillian

Davison, Constance Johnson, Bertha Saxby, Miss Reid, Miss Dudgeon, Mrs. Coley, Mrs. Gordon Bell, Miss Todd (who proposed the re-election of Mrs. Gordon Bell as Hon. Treasurer), and Mr. Ferguson (who, in proposing the re-election of Miss Roussy as Hon. Secretary, said truly that that lady has, from the first, been the life and soul of the League, and has rendered it absolutely unique service).

Considerations of space preclude a more extended account of what was an interesting meeting.



### 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.

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