

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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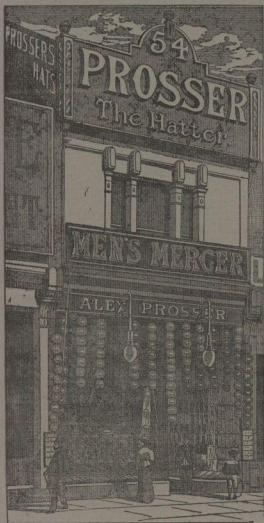
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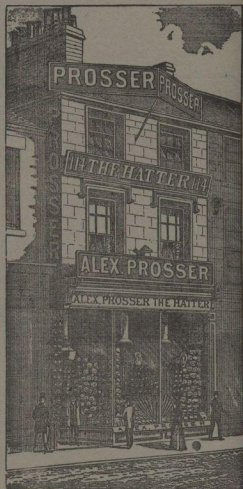
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Notice as to Special Illustrations.

We had hoped to have some Special Illustrations for this month's *Bedan*, but arrangements for them could not be completed so soon as was expected. As the November *Bedan* will be the last of the present year's series, we purpose to give, in it, only the same kind of Illustrations as those which have appeared heretofore. But our readers may confidently look forward to finding our next year's Numbers remarkably well illustrated.

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.]

Just as this Number of *The Bedan* is going to the printer's the new Technical College at Sunderland has been opened. In an Article in our next issue we hope to give our readers some little account of the Opening Ceremony, and—as we did when the Foundation Stone was laid—to urge Past Scholars to avail themselves of the advantages which the College offers, and Present Scholars to make as good a preparation as possible, while they are at School, for undertaking hereafter, under the most favourable conditions, a course at the College.

The College Prospectus, giving full particulars of Classes, Fees, &c., may be had—gratis and post free—on application to the Secretary, The Technical College, Sunderland.

The demise, last July, of the late great and good Bishop of Durham, evoked expressions of genuine regret, not only from the few who could appreciate his fine scholarship and intellectual endowments, but also from the many who had felt the influence of his noble character, generous sympathies, lofty aims, and holy life.

The contrast between Dr. Westcott's 'other-worldiness', on the one hand, and his strenuous, never-wearying attention to all the manifold mundane calls which the duties of his position, and his love of mankind, made upon him, on the other, was very striking. His soul seemed to dwell apart and to be "For ever with the Lord"; and yet surely there seldom was a man who attended scrupulously to a larger correspondence, took part actively in more good causes, and interested himself for the benefit of society at large,

in a wider range of subjects, than did the departed prelate.

The Bishop got *The Bedan* regularly as it came out, and, somehow, found time to read it. We happened to hear, in the middle of July, of his having alluded to something which appeared in the July Number. He always took much interest in Bede School, and we are glad that he died as Bede did—in a good old age; with those he loved at his bed-side; with mental powers undimmed; in perfect peace; and leaving behind him some imperishable writings, and, as regards his life and character, a memory that will be always fragrant.

Mr. Joseph Wood, one of the victims of the deplorable fatal accident at Messrs. Doxford's last week, was the father of Edwin Norman Wood, one of the senior boys in our Upper School. To Mrs. Wood—who is aunt to an Old Bedan, William Cuthbert Brown—and to Norman and his two brothers, we tender our sincere sympathy in their exceptionally sad bereavement.

We give only two of the Newspaper Notices of our July Number—as, unfortunately, we have mislaid the cuttings containing the others.

Sunderland Daily Echo.

"The Bedan.—At a time when Higher Grade schools are threatened with wounds, if not death, the official organ of our Sunderland school has a special interest. It has two very striking illustrations in the June number—Trinity Presbyterian Church and the Mowbray Park before the railway ran through it, and Sunderland North Pier Lighthouse. Notice is also given that negotiations are in progress for something singularly choice and beautiful in the way of illustrations. Five good articles are included in the number, "What had I better do—stay at school, or leave?" "Calisthenics," "Our Musical Evening," "The Girl Who Was Misunderstood," and "Twilight Thoughts" (a fallen idol). The editorial notes and school news are very racy and numerous. "A Fleet of Torpedo Boats" is an amusing poem by "Simplicitas." "A Variety of Things"—a delightful sketch of the first caretaker of the school, by R.G.R.—is one of the best things that has appeared in *The Bedan* since it was started. A letter in French from an old Bedan Girl is a pleasing novelty."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

"The current issue of "The Bedan" appears to be quite as excellent as any of the preceding numbers of this interesting publication in connection with the Sunderland Higher Grade School. In the leading article the editor discusses the question of how long a boy or girl should remain at school; and the conclusion at which he arrives, namely, that an intelligent scholar should eagerly embrace any opportunity he or she may have of prolonging his or her course of education, is doubtless one which will generally commend itself to the adult readers of the magazine. A feature of the present "Bedan" is a letter in French from an old Bede School girl, who, having acquired, during a three years' residence in Paris, an enviable facility in the writing of this language, has now proceeded to Germany to continue her linguistic studies. The number contains several good local illustrations.

The following paragraph appeared in the local newspapers on Saturday, July 20th last:—

BEDÉ HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL.—On Thursday

afternoon, Mr R. G. Richardson, Chief Assistant Master of Bede School from the time when it was opened until he became, a fortnight ago, Head Master of Thomas Street School, was presented by his old colleagues and scholars with a copy of Chambers's large English dictionary, bound in leather, and a handsome travelling bag. The Head Master, in making the presentation, referred to Mr Richardson's long and honourable service, and spoke particularly of the regard in which he is held by Old Bedans. Mr Richardson, who had an enthusiastic reception, expressed his thanks, and wished the school with which he had been connected for eleven years ever-increasing success.

Under the head "Old Bedans: Mr. R. G. Richardson" we shall, in our November Number, have a good deal to say about our old colleague.

It is a pleasure to be able this month to chronicle a very large number of calls paid by old Bedans to the Girls' School. Miss Kate Smith, B.Sc., now Assistant to the Lady Principal in the Normal Department of Birmingham University, and lately a teacher in Bede Boys' School, was a very welcome visitor one day three weeks ago. Her affection, always great, for her Alma Mater, seems not to have diminished but rather to have increased in direct proportion to her distance from it.

Isabel Nicholson, also one of the first Bedans, called at school. She is a student at Durham, is about to begin her second year's course, and has so won the confidence of her tutors that she has been chosen Senior Student for the College Year just commencing.

Florrie Jameson called with Gretchen Körner. They were small girls together in the fourth standard—a few years ago. Since then as readers of *The Bedan* will know, Gretchen has published a small volume, "Cloud Tales", and, more recently, as announced in our last issue, has taken her degree at Durham University.

The Head Mistress was as much pleased as surprised to receive just before the holidays a flying visit from Jenny Anderson. Jenny was a well-known girl at Bede School a few years ago, being in Miss E. Smith's division of Standard VI and again in Miss Smith's division of Standard VII. She is now and has been for nearly a year a nurse in the Waterloo Children's Hospital. Jenny looked very tall and quite grown-up in her nurse's costume; but it would take more than that to disguise her. Her bright, lively manners should make her a very successful nurse, and it is not surprising to learn that she is very fond of her work.

Kate Rutherford, now a teacher in Newcastle,

and Ethel Hedley, who is in the draughting office at the Elswick works, were also welcome visitors to their old haunts.

It is with very great regret that we have to refer to Miss Charlton's severance of her connexion with Bede School. Miss Charlton was admitted as a pupil to the Higher Grade School, as it was then styled, a few months after it was opened in 1890, and was in the same class as Miss Coburn and Miss Evelyn Burlinson. She was always distinguished for her excellent work as a pupil, and was so fond of her science studies that she determined to continue them at Owens College, Manchester, where she was trained in the Art of Teaching while working for her degree as Bachelor of Science which she received in 1898. After completing her course at Owens, Miss Charlton joined the staff of Bede School, working loyally for the good of the school for four years, never sparing herself though often in indifferent health, and occasionally contributing to *The Bedan* highly entertaining articles.

Miss Charlton is now Science Mistress in the Victoria High School, Londonderry. She carries with her to the Emerald Isle the good wishes of her pupils at Bede School, who asked Miss Charlton to accept as a souvenir a silver-backed brush and a leather writing-case, while the Head Mistress and the teachers presented to her twenty-two volumes of Shakespere's Plays in the delightful Temple edition. We all hope that Miss Charlton will find as many good friends in Londonderry as she left behind her in Sunderland.

Miss Charlton is succeeded by Miss Kate Parkin, lately of the Royal College of Science, and previously a teacher in the Leeds Central Higher Grade School, where once she was a pupil of the Head Mistress of Bede School.

By the bye Olive Dent, one of the cleverest girls in our last year's first year Science Class, and her sister Laura, enrolled themselves as pupils in the Leeds Higher Grade School in February this year. The Head Mistress has received two letters from Olive, both expressing her very strong desire to be back among her old teachers and companions. It is not that she likes Leeds less, but that she loves Sunderland more.

Only a few of the present Bedans, but hundreds of old ones, will remember Miss Harbottle and Miss Coupland, former teachers in the Girls' Department. Both have lately changed their names. Miss Harbottle, who left Bede School some years ago to become Head Mistress of a School at Peshaw, is now Mrs Turnbull, and Miss Coupland, who severed her connexion with Bede School, though not with Bedans, to become

Head Mistress of the Gray Infants' School, was married on July 28th to Mr. C. M. Galley. Both couples have crowds of well-wishers.

In the Scripture Examinations conducted all over England in the early part of this year by the Sunday School Union, Mary Marshall, of last year's Second Year Class in our Upper School, was very successful. In what is called the Upper Middle Section, she won the third prize in competition with candidates from all parts of the country. She has our warm congratulations.

The Head Teachers of Bede School were pleased, before the recent holidays, to show the School and to explain the course of work done here to Miss Hutchinson, Head Mistress of the Royal Masonic Girls' School, Clapham Junction. This lady and her sister, Mrs. Scott, whose daughters Beatrice and Edith are pupils in the Upper School, were most interested in all they saw, and consequently highly interesting visitors.

In the last issue of *The Bedan* mention was made of some of the excursions organised by the teachers in the Girls' School for their classes. During the summer the girls have visited Tunstall Hill, the Docks, Alnwick, Finchale Abbey, and Durham. In connexion with the girls' visit to the Cathedral and Castle at Durham, Dean Kitchin wrote a characteristically kind letter to Miss Todd (giving permission for the Bedan party to see all parts of the Cathedral and Library) in the course of which he said "And please remember that the Cathedral is yours as much as ours, and come when you like, and bring the pupils as you think wisest. . . . If I am at home and can help you, I hope you will let me know." It is to be hoped that every Bedan realises that Durham Cathedral and many other beautiful works of art, as well as the beauties of nature, are very truly theirs, and that consequently they share the great responsibility of preserving them from desecration in any shape or form.

The School is looking particularly well at present in its new coat of paint. It is to be hoped that no thoughtless young Bedan will soil or in any way damage the beauty of the walls and so become "a desecrating agent"—which appellation, by the bye, was given the other day by a Bedan in the Chemical Laboratory to *sulphuric acid*! She meant "desiccating agent."

Great excitement prevailed every Wednesday afternoon for several weeks before the holidays, for on *that day* marks were given for the various window-boxes. The first prize of five shillings

presented by Mrs. Witten was awarded to the girls of VIIa, Miss Robson's class; the second prize of three shillings presented by the Head Mistress was carried off by the girls of the Upper School. Both prizes were presented after the assembly of the School for prayers on the morning of Friday, September 6th. The prize-money will give the winners considerable assistance in competing for additional prizes which will be awarded at the end of the season.

Bedans past and present have been wandering from Sunderland this summer, some of them into "furrin parts", presumably in search of light—in accordance with their motto, "Post tenebras lux." Miss Todd and three friends, one of whom was Miss Reid, a former teacher in Bede School and now Head Mistress of Chester Road Girls' School, spent some time in Germany. They crossed from Harwich to the Hook of Holland and travelled from there to Cologne by train, and on the journey met Lizzie Witten, an old Bedan who was on her way to Alsace. Lizzie left school five years ago for Homerton Training College, Cambridge, and she is now a teacher under the London School Board. The meeting was as pleasing as it was unexpected.

More than a fortnight later, after visiting Frankfort, Thuringia, Heidelberg, and most of the places of interest on or near the Rhine, the party of four again reached Cologne, and while drinking tea one hot afternoon in a restaurant facing the wonderful Cathedral, they were discovered by two Sunderland friends, Mr. Chapman, of Bede Boys' School, and his fellow-traveller Mr. Woolcott, whose sister, Miss Woolcott, was one of the first teachers in the Girls' Department. These gentlemen were scientifically minded and had planned a "geological" holiday in the Eifel mountains, east of the Rhine. The day on which this *rencontre* took place was one of the hottest of a hot summer when the only spot in Cologne which had the slightest pretensions to being bearable was the Cathedral, always cool and quiet. A walking-tour, geological or otherwise, on that particular day, suggested martyrdom on the gridiron; but we are glad to know that the prospective martyrs are still alive and hearty.

It has been decided to hold the Girls' Re-union on Friday, October 18th. Will all Bedans who read the Magazine, industriously spread the news? Tickets will be obtainable from the first to the sixteenth of the month, but *not* later.

Alberta Farrow, Constance Johnson, and Dorothy Ross, all fourth year students last year, are just entering Training Colleges. Alberta is going to the Durham College of Science, Newcastle,

the two others to St. Hild's, Durham, where they hope to work for their B.Litt. degree. To Constance an entrance exhibition of £3 has been awarded in recognition of her good position on the Scholarship List.

Irene Tate who is at home for her holidays called to see her old teachers a few days ago. Boarding-school life at Stroud suits Irene's health apparently. She likes her new school very much, but nevertheless would be very glad to be a Bedan once more, did circumstances permit.

Lily Wright, Diana Birchall, and Kate Burnett who are now second year students in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, appeared at school once more, and not for the last time we hope, on August 30th. They had reached the end of a long and well-earned holiday, and were going to various Newcastle schools on the following Monday to put into practice what they have learned, during the year, of the art of teaching.

Since the last list of our Swimmers was published, the following nine boys have succeeded in swimming across the breadth of the bath:—Charles Wilson, Barnet Jackson, James Blyth, Ambrose Nottingham, William Chick, Ernest Atkinson, Edwin Allison, Oswald Rutter, and Neil Robertson. This makes a total of thirty-two boys who have learnt to swim since March 3rd. We wish it to be understood that the Saturday morning attendances at the baths are especially intended for the non-swimmers, as it is found impossible to give individual tuition during the short time at the teacher's disposal on the Tuesday mornings. These Saturday lessons will be continued throughout the winter. The bath is kept at an even temperature all the year round, and there is little fear that any boy will catch cold who goes straight home after his swimming practice is over.

Oxford Local Examinations, 1901.

The following is the list of Bede School pupils who were successful at the Oxford University Local Examinations held in July last:—

SENIOR STUDENTS (each of whom gains the title of Associate in Arts (A.A.) of the University of Oxford).—Honours, Cuthbert William King. First Class, Elizabeth Eaves, Herbert Alexander Wood, and William Logan. Distinction in Practical Chemistry in a list of nine for the whole country: E. Eaves and H. A. Wood.

JUNIOR STUDENTS.—Honours, Thomasina Rutter. First Class, Mabel N. Naylor, Bertha Saxby, Thomas A. Atlay, John H. Blacklock, John J. Hurdman, David Macnair, and George C. Watson.

PRELIMINARY STUDENTS.—(1) Under 14 years of age, Hilda M. Chapman, Jane Graham, Carrie Peat, Nellie C. Peat, Nora Ridgeway, Blanche B. Walters, Edgar P. Lumley, and John H. Watson. (2) Over 14 years of age, Ethel Bruce, Madge M. Forbes, Arthur C. Hey, Harold G. Jordan, Lionel J. Lee, W. Fred. Sutton, and John H. Williams.

We congratulate all these boys and girls. It is particularly gratifying to know that as many as *four* candidates 'sat' for the Senior Certificate, and that all of them gained it. We are not likely to have more than four *Senior* Candidates at any time—for the Examination is decidedly difficult, and cannot, therefore, be undertaken by young pupils (unless they are exceptionally clever) with good hopes of success.

But it has always seemed to us strange that far more of our scholars do not come forward as Candidates for the Oxford Junior and Preliminary Certificates which, being granted by a famous University, are very deservedly regarded as implying that those who secure them have fair ability and attainments, and which, though by no means ridiculously easy to secure, are within the reach of most pupils of rather more than average intelligence and industry. Every year, the number of our boys and girls who *could* obtain the certificates if they would 'sit' for them but who do not offer themselves as candidates at all, is quite three times as large as the number of actual candidates. Of course there are the University and Local Fees—neither of which comes to the School; but these are by no means prohibitive. And further, though the School offers all the facilities that it can to pupils who are reading for the Oxford Locals, such pupils have, even under the most favourable conditions, to do rather more work than their other school-fellows. Still, this ought not to be a hindrance, but should rather be an inducement, to all boys and girls who are clever and not at the same time lazy, to take the Examinations and win the Certificates.

On the full list of those Oxford Senior Local Candidates who this year distinguished themselves in Practical Chemistry Bessie Eaves is bracketed second, and Herbert Wood fourth, in the country. Many of our readers will remember that, last year, when preparing for the Oxford Local Examination in Chemistry, Wood had, in our Laboratory, almost the only rather bad accident that has occurred there. Wherefore someone said to us the other day about him "Better to gain distinction this year than nearly extinction, last!"

At the London University Matriculation Examination, held in June last, Cuthbert W. King

passed in the First Class. For a boy to do this, one month; to gain Honours at the Oxford Senior Local Examination, the next; and to get three Advanced Science Certificates from the Board of Education in the interval between the University Examinations, is a notable achievement upon which King has our hearty congratulations. He left the School at Midsummer after having been a scholar in it for seven and a half years. He has returned this month as a Pupil Teacher.

The valuable Special Certificate granted by the Board of Education to such students of a School of Science as have attended the full course of instruction in general subjects as well as in Science and Art for at least three years, and have gained an Honours or an Advanced Certificate in each of at least three Science subjects, has this year been obtained by *nine* of our girls and boys; viz. :—Elizabeth Eaves, Thomasina Rutter, Alberta Farrow, Constance B. Johnson, Dorothy Ross, Cuthbert W. King, Herbert A. Wood, William Logan, and James Ayers.

We have no room for the ordinary Science and Art Lists in this issue; but we mention, with pleasure, the fact that *eight* pupils passed the Second Stage Mathematics Examination in the *First Class*.

We noticed the names of at least three Old Bedans in the list of students who matriculated in the First Class at London University, last June. They were Samuel Lister—who, after having been for four years in the school as a boy, became a Pupil Teacher here in September, 1900; Alfred Watson; and Albert Johnson.

Principal Gurney—who regularly presents his copy of *The Bedan* to the Durham College of Science Reading Room—courteously writes of the July issue "It is a capital number, and I particularly admire your Article about the boys remaining at school".

Alfred R. Murray left Bede School at Midsummer. He has been appointed, on the recommendation of the Head Master, as Boy Assistant to Dr. Baker in the Chemical Department of the new Technical College at Sunderland.

Wilfrid Fairclough gained both the Physics prize and the Chemistry prize in his recent examination at the College of Medicine, Newcastle. We are glad to see him thus copying the example of another Old Bedan, William Gibbons.

Henry Charles Bailey, son of the Rev. H. C. Bailey (now of St. Austell), has got his 'ticket'

as Second Engineer.

Arthur W. Holey, who is serving his articles with Messrs. Rawlings & Wilkinson, chartered accountants, 59, John Street, Sunderland, has passed the Intermediate Examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, held in London on June 11th and 12th last.

William M. McKenzie, who gained an Oxford Local Junior Certificate three years ago when at Bede School, was in consequence, in July last, exempted from the Preliminary Examination of the Society of Accountants and Auditors.

Mr. F. E. W. Mason, B.Sc. (Dunelm.), began work as an Assistant Master in Bede School shortly before the Midsummer Holidays.

The number of boys and girls in the Upper School is this year unprecedentedly large.

It may be worth while to state that, though new pupils can, at any time of the year, be admitted—if there is room for them—into the Standards of the Lower School, pupils for the Upper School *cannot* be admitted except between Midsummer and November 1st. [See the Regulations in the Directory.] Boys and girls, therefore, who wish to enter the Upper School for the year which will end at Midsummer, 1902, must make application before November 1st, 1901. All applicants must have passed, or be able to pass, Standard 6 at least.

The following marriage announcement will interest many of our readers:

ALDERSON—BREWIS.—On June 29th, at Christ Church, Sunderland, by the Rev. C. G. Hopkinson, M.A., Vicar, assisted by the Rev. W. M. Davidson, M.A., M.Sc., of Gosforth, Wilfred Ernest Alderson, M.D., M.Sc., third son of Thomas Albion Alderson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Ida May, elder daughter of Thomas Brewis, of Sunderland. At home, 5, Eldon Square, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, July 25th and 26th.

The bride was the *first* girl admitted to Bede School. We wish Dr. and Mrs. Alderson much happiness.

Mr. T. H. Blyth, A.Sc., one of the Assistant Masters in the Boys' School, and Miss Isa. Sinclair, were married on the 31st July last at Trinity Presbyterian Church, the Rev. W. Williamson, M.A., officiating. Mr. Blyth, who is a fine athlete as well as a good teacher, and Mrs. Blyth, have our best wishes.



A TREATISE ON 'TREATS.'

"In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts
of love."

So we have been told by Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall."

Perhaps our late Laureate didn't know anything about Sunday School 'Treats,' or perhaps he didn't consider them a proper subject of poetry;—for, otherwise, he might have gone on to state another great truth about immature human nature, namely,

When the Summer comes, each scholar,—boy so rough, or
girl so sweet—

Thinks "I mustn't 'dilly-dollar'; soon our School will have
its 'Treat'!"

However, since the poet didn't say this, *I've* said it, as it gives, pretty accurately, the results of my own observations on the subject—observations carried on, every June and early July, throughout my Sunday School life.

How exceptionally well filled all the classes are, just at that part of the year! The scholars are suddenly seized with a desire to be at school *in time!* They repeat more texts in these six weeks than in the forty-six others all put together. They even pay attention to their teachers occasionally.

What is the reason of this unwonted punctuality, of this exceptional zeal? Don't *you* know? The boys and girls do. The 'Treat' is at hand. For many months the teachers have been at the scholars' mercy—so to speak. Bad attendance, idleness, and ill behaviour had to go unpunished. *Now*, however, "the tables are turned." It is the teachers who have the youngsters at *their* mercy. I do not for a moment say that the teachers are vindictive, but the children attribute to them the sort of retaliatory feelings which often surge in their own little breasts. Each boy, each girl, is therefore careful to avoid any remissness on the last few Sundays before the annual mild Saturnalia, dreading that bitterest of penalties, "You shan't go to the 'Treat'!"

The first official intimation of the yearly little orgy comes from the Superintendent. A Sunday School Superintendent is generally of one or other of two types. He is a big, strong-lunged man who governs the children solely by his stentorian voice; or he is a small individual, *with* spectacles, but *without* any governing faculty at all. Well, one afternoon he appears at his desk with more importance than usual. [Superintendents, I have noticed from my early childhood, *always* try to look very important; but, on special occasions, they make a large draft on their reserve of dignity.]

"Now, children," says the announcement-maker, "can any of you tell me what takes place week?"

"The 'Treat', sir", yell his auditors, with one accord.

"I am going to give you your tickets" he proceeds, and then he takes out of his frock-coat pocket a bundle of the said articles.

The scholars immediately jump up, and rush towards the desk. Seats are overturned, hymn-books cast aside, and teachers 'charged' out of the way. The superintendent—a type two man—after vainly trying to restore order, gets excited, and, in terror and despair, hurls his tickets among the eager, bawling, juvenile mob. When the fight is over it is found that the big boys have secured the whole of the tickets. However, each lad generally keeps just sufficient for himself and such sisters and little brothers of his as belong to the school; so, at home, at tea-time, things get "evened up" all right.

The great and long-expected day at last arrives, and the scholars assemble at our beautiful, commodious, and joy-inspiring railway-station. The boys rush about the platforms, keeping in a state of wild alarm their teachers and fond parents, who expect every minute to see some of them fall on the rails and qualify for a funeral. The girls as a rule have too much to look after to be able to get into mischief. They come with skipping-ropes, and about half-a-dozen 'pots' each. Later in the day the boys steal the ropes, and, at tea time, they claim the 'pots'—thus relieving the girls of their responsibilities, as young gentlemen should.

But I am anticipating; for the little holiday-makers are still within the picturesque purlieus of the rapture-moving railway-station of their native Sunderland. But at length their train comes in, and a rush is made for some old, dingy-looking carriages labelled 'Engaged'. In time all the teachers and scholars get either sitting- or standing-room, and the train moves slowly away amid loud cheers. Just then the Superintendent discovers that the excitement has made him forget to get in himself. He dashes at the nearest carriage, dropping several parcels whose contents were intended to be scrambled among the scholars after tea, and had certainly not been bought for the benefit of the porters. The door is locked, but willing hands drag him through the window, he losing much of his dignity and all the rest of his parcels in the process; and a kind-hearted assistant-stationmaster chucks all the dropped packages into the guard's van.

The field where the 'Treat' is held is perhaps provided by some kind gentleman, a member or well-wisher of the Church to which the Sunday School belongs. The boys, to show how much they appreciate his generosity, set to work to uproot the trees, pull the gates down, and pelt the cows. These little diversions pass the afternoon very well until tea-time.

And now comes the meal which is the *pièce de résistance* of every school 'Treat'. I shall not attempt to describe it. One remark, however, may be made. There is always a long 'grace' at the beginning, and, while it is being said, it invariably happens—so far as my experience goes—that not a few mugs of tea somehow get overturned, and not a few naughty boys steal their neighbours' buns, the said neighbours' eyes being, for the time, reverently closed.

After tea the races take place. Many boys provide themselves with new sand-shoes solely with a view to winning some particular race—which race, more likely than not, "comes off" while the intending competitors are playing football in the next field. Indeed, at Sunday School 'Treats', the races are nearly always badly managed. Usually they are held in some out-of-the-way place, and are all over before half the children know that they have commenced. The handicapping is arranged on a very simple plan. The big boys give themselves start in accordance with their stature, and so win almost all the races. If a little chap *does* happen to win, he finds, on claiming his prize, that, if it's "not lost", it is, at any rate, "gone before".

Evening now comes on. 'Bullets' are scrambled; oranges distributed; and then—all too soon, as the young roisterers think—the signal for the return journey is given. Both boys and girls—chastened, perhaps, by the thought that the day's pleasure is practically over; or, possibly, yielding to the soporific effects of a tremendous tea—come back to Sunderland with a somewhat subdued air; but, when the home railway-station is reached, and its familiar glories burst once more upon their gaze, they gather up all their remaining energy, and concentrate it in a mighty cheer.

And then the 'Treat' is—like my six years' sojourn as a lad at Bede School—"a thing of the past".

A. C. TRAMP.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

It is the end of the first day after the holidays, and I sit reflecting. I reflect that all good things come to an end: that my six weeks' holiday has come to an end; that the bronze finish on my complexion will pass away; that the vigour and resolution we have brought to our tasks to-day will shortly dissolve; and that my patience and sweet temper, O Young Bedans, which you have seen beaming from my counten-

ance all day like generous rays from the bountiful sun, will pass by slow and tedious stages into impatient weariness and gloomy irritation. Yes, I reflect, it will come. I shall try to feel good-tempered when things are 'contrary' and young Bedans are perverse, but sooner or later I shall miserably fail, and shall fall back on another holiday for a fresh fund of 'sweet reasonableness.'

To-day, I find it most difficult to realise that I could ever be 'out of patience'. Here have I been struggling for several hours with the new time-table, wallowing in a confusion worse confounded, making desperate plunges to arrive at some order and arrangement, and never getting disconcerted, or feeling a blind desire to punch somebody's head. But three months from now I shall be longing, frequently, O Young Bedans, to punch your heads. I shall refrain of course, from conscientious scruples, and other reasons, but the impulse will be in me, and in refraining, I shall feel it painful to refrain.

Undoubtedly, I reflect, I am a more likable, as well as a fatter, person after a long holiday. And on the other hand, Young Bedan *after*, is a superior article to Young Bedan *before*, the Midsummer Vacation. If she, (I say 'she' advisedly, having had but limited experience of the male variety), were always as she has been to-day, teaching would be a luxury, and doctors would recommend a course of it to people suffering from nerves or depression of spirits. Unfortunately, Young Bedans too are only intermittently angelic. Various spiritual and mental, as well as physical ailments, attack them during term, and it is a melancholy sight to see them succumbing, here one to indolence, there another to an unruly tongue, a third to pure fidgets, and a fourth to sheer muddle-headedness. All these forms are highly infectious, and until something more is understood as to the nature of the various bacilli which doubtless are at their root, one can have faint hope of keeping them out of Bede, or any other school.

Therefore, Young Bedan, make hay while the sun shines. You are blessed at present with a consciousness of easy virtue, pervading and filling you as the sunshine pervades and fills the sky and air, so that French verbs are a luxury, and a problem in Euclid sheer rapture. Go for those verbs, grapple with that Euclid, ere the evil days come, and the days draw nigh, when you shall say, I have no pleasure in them; when toothache shall be a burden, and resolutions shall fail, when old troubles shall attack you, and Eucalyptus shall not avail, and the Christmas Holidays are yet afar off.

E.



FROM SUNSET TO SUNRISE.

[ON SKIDDAW, JULY 31st—AUGUST 1st, 1901.]

HERE were three merry fellows in holiday-time
Who in spite of their hostess's reason and
rhyme

Started hopefully forth on an arduous climb
The Sun's rising to watch from a summit sublime.
Wondrous clear was the sky, and a round silver
moon

Gave abundance of light—a considerable boon
To these novices who had gone up far too soon :
They began the ascent in the late afternoon !

On the heath-crested brow of a towering height
They lay prone—gazing westwards with bound-
less delight

Till the sun settled hurriedly out of their sight
And the twilight merged silently into the night.
Like a troublesome dream there came into each
head

Lurking memories of supper, warm slippers, and
bed.

But they stoutly resisted such weakness and sped
Single file, up the pathway, and firm was their
tread.

To the twinkling allurements of gas-lighted town
And the shadows that hemmed them in with a
dark frown

They replied—in a spirit that merits renown—
“We are Bedans, and therefore we will *not* go
down !

“To the summit, good friends, be it ever so high ;
“We will stand on you peak that is cleaving the
sky.

“Bravo, comrades ! Excelsior ! Never say die !”
And the echoes around them repeated their cry.

Now the light waned away, for the moon went
to rest

'Neath a cloud that came over it out of the west,
While their wits travelled quickly from laughter
and jest

To a solemn discussion of ways that were best.
Do you think they gave up in a fit of the “dumps”
Just because of the darkness and numerous
“bumps”,

Or they wished they had hearkend to old Mrs.
Frumps ?

No, indeed. They were Bedans, and Bedans are
Trumps !

When at last with their feet 'mong the blue
crumbling slate

They considered the time, they had *four hours*
to wait !

But, with lofty philosophy suiting their state,
They agreed it was better than coming *too late*.

Heavy clouds scurried over them, sweeping so low
That their plaids got quite wet ; then the wind
gan to blow

With the keenness and force which all mountain-
eers know

Who've gone skywards a thousand French me-
tres, or so.

But these Bedans weren't wishful to die of a
chill—

And there's always a way if there's only a will
To get warm : this they proved while increasing
their skill

In wrestling, and boxing, and dancing, and drill.
They were lively as larks when the clouds rolled
away,

And they greeted the morn with a hearty “Hoo-
ray !”

Such a vision of splendour did more than repay
For discomfort in waiting the dawn of the day.

Then they sang the “Old Hundredth”, and “God
save the King”,

And commenced the descent with a stride and a
swing

Implying three appetites likely to bring
Sad destruction to many an edible thing.

And, in truth, at their rooms they'd a famous
repast :

The good things, all that breakfast time, vanished
so fast

That the landlady raised her fat fingers, aghast,
And then fervently cried “May *this* climb be
your *last* !”

A.J.S.



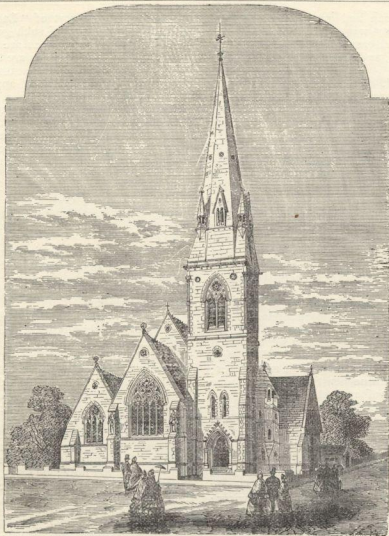
CHEMICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

A BYE-PRODUCT.

WELL do I remember the feeling of wonder
and awe that filled us, as we beheld the
rise and growth of what was afterwards to be
familiarily known to us as the ‘Chemical Lab.’
We listened with bated breath to rumours of
benches and of rows of glittering bottles. We
heard of things whose names were mystery. Of
unfathomable formulæ and of weird symbols did
we hear.

Finally the laboratory was finished, and we
knew of a truth that we should enter, that
benches would be ours, and Bunsen burners and
pneumatic troughs. Nay more, we knew that
we also should do for ourselves what before we
had only seen done by ‘the one in authority.’

We too, like the alchemists of old, should mix
and separate and change and create. At our
will vapour would become solid, and solid,



CHRIST CHURCH, SUNDERLAND.

vapour. At our will the red and purple of glowing liquids would pass away till they became as glass for clearness. Did we desire, water itself should pass through all the colours of the rainbow.

And musing thus, the spirit of the times passed into us.

The energy of a great desire possessed us. We would *investigate*. We would advance further than the most modern experimenter. We would discover—what?—something to revolutionise the world; some new and splendid theory of the atoms; what if, after all, atoms *were* divisible?

But alas and alack! How was the fine ardour of our spirits damped, for we found that we knew not how to handle a Bunsen, and the art of making a bulb-tube was lacking to us, and was

slow and painful to acquire.

Who shall describe our horror as the elusive test-tube glided to the floor, with a sound as of the breaking of many windows, so that it drew all eyes, and hot shame came upon the culprit? And who shall speak of the rules we must keep, and of the searchings of heart to discover if we, unwitting, had broken one?

Yet there were compensations. She has not lived who has never known the joy of being the first in a class to analyse rightly an 'unknown.' What triumph for the brilliant one! what envy it caused her rivals to feel! what utter despair any poor dullard's face used to show! But *this* joy was only for *the few*. There was another wherein *all* could share, without envy and without alloy. For often strangers came to the

school, since its fame had gone far afield; and since the laboratory was a new and wonderful thing, they desired earnestly to see it. Their desire was granted, and a fit messenger led them to the door.

The door opened. Some girls looked up with well-feigned indifference, but the delicate and absorbing nature of our work immediately claimed our attention again. Others were too busy even to look. A subtle instinct told them that a stranger was in the Lab. They knew what they must do. Was there ever such whole-souled absorption, such laborious nicety of touch, such delicacy of handling? Never were salts so accurately weighed; never were salts so perfectly precipitated! We were the actors on a stage, and knew well how to play our parts. The audience seldom failed to be visibly impressed. Some visitors even dared to ask questions—these were the bolder spirits. How gently we dealt with them, poor mortals, who knew chemistry but as a name. How firmly and tenderly we explained to them, though we always knew it was hopeless. How could they be expected to understand? But we knew. We understood. We were chemists!

Don't, dear reader, say "What a set of horrid little prigs you must have been!" We were really rather nice, unaffected girls at most times; but our young feminine hearts could hardly be expected to be proof against all the awe and wonderment with which our presence and performances in the Laboratory seemed to inspire all observers, and, *when there*, I daresay it is just possible that some of us were the victims of vanity.

But, alas for the flight of time! Eight or nine years have passed since the days of our early studies in chemistry. Being older we are wiser; rather less vain of our knowledge, and not so confident of other people's ignorance.

PARACELSUS.



PLENTY OF CLOTHES, AND YET NOTHING TO WEAR.

NOBODY likes to be tricked. A thing which, when bought, proves to be a rank imposture, often vexes the purchaser not a little, even if it has cost him only a penny; and every newspaper reader knows the feeling of mild exasperation which comes over him on finding that what he thought was a short story turns out to be a quack-medicine advertisement.

Now, matters of dress are supposed to have a peculiarly engrossing interest for the gentler sex. Lest, therefore, the title of this little contribution should mislead any of my fair fellow-Bedans

into taking it for a sort of "Ladies' Column"—with full descriptions of such gowns as are old-fashioned, such bonnets as are 'now no longer worn', and such mantles as are to be rejected as being at least as old as last season—I announce, forthwith, that the articles of apparel of which I am about to write were those of a mere man—to wit, my unfortunate friend, P.Q.

About two months ago P.Q. started from home for a rather long holiday the first 'week-end' of which he had been invited to spend at the house of some acquaintances who live in the small town of K—. Travelling by train he arrived, one beautiful Saturday afternoon in July, at the handsome city of G—, and alighted there, having determined, in view of the fine roads and the glorious weather, to cycle on to K— from thence.

Wishing to get something out of one of his bags before his luggage was sent forward he put his hand in his pocket for his keys. They were not there. He had forgotten them. This was decidedly tiresome.

P.Q.'s brow was clouded. He wanted three keys, and anybody might truthfully have said of him then—slightly altering a well-known phrase—"He won't be happy till he gets them!"

However, driving, with all his belongings, to a trunk-maker's, he was supplied with a key for each of his travelling-bags and also with one for his hat-box—the said keys being described as "fitting perfectly".

P.Q.'s brow assumed its wonted calm. The desiderata were in his pocket, and any onlooker would at that time have been right in declaring "He's happy now; he's got them".

Driving back to the station he despatched his impedimenta, had a capital lunch at a famous restaurant, and then started out on what was a very long, and in the main, delightful ride, through a country-side rich alike in natural beauty and historic interest. But, at nightfall, and when still twenty miles from his destination, he was caught in a steady rain which persisted with him throughout the rest of his journey. Riding hard, and perspiring pretty freely, he was uncomfortably wet, both as to the inside and the outside of his clothes, when he finally arrived at K— and was hospitably received by his host and hostess and their family.

The hour being late P.Q. declined to "have a change", preferring to take, at once, an enjoyable hot supper, and then, straightway, to retire to his bed-room. Arrived there he found all his luggage; put out, on the landing, all his wet 'things' to be taken away and dried; and then had a luxurious hot bath. Meanwhile there were the slight noises—of walking upstairs or along the corridor, of striking matches to light bedroom candles, of closing doors, etc.,—which in-

dicate that a whole household is retiring; and then, at midnight, silence prevailed.

But now poor P.Q.'s troubles began.

Not utterly weary, but just tired enough to view, with much complacency, the immediate prospect of lying down in a most comfortable-looking bed, he said to himself "I'll sleep without rocking to-night. I'll not bother, just now, to take anything but a night-shirt out of my bags."

Forthwith he brought the new keys into requisition, but to open the bags they were absolutely ineffectual! Neither lock would yield the very least bit! P.Q. turned the keys first gently, then fiercely. The fastening mechanism and its appurtenances he coaxed, pressed, pulled, twisted, and then attempted to break or to coerce. But all in vain: they were steadfast, immovable. A full hour's unavailing efforts left him hopeless, helpless, and shirtless.

Should he rouse the house? No, that was out of the question. He didn't know the people very intimately, "and", thought he, "though I'm not a particularly shy man, it fastens rather more confidence than I can boast of to go bellowing about for a night-shirt, in the abode of comparative strangers, at one o'clock in the morning. No, that'll never do. I'll try the *hat-box*!"

This last determination surely illustrates the old lines

"The heart bow'd down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling".

For the head-dress-case was as likely as the travelling-bags to prove impenetrable; and, anyhow, could hardly be expected to contain the article in request.

Strange to say, the hat-box *would* open. Inside were displayed a glossy Lincoln and Bennett, and a dozen linen collars, arranged concentrically; but nothing else.

Now a silk hat, and one or more well starched neck-circlets, are doubtless very good things in their way; but they're not the most comfortable sleeping-gear imaginable. Poor P.Q., by this time thoroughly weary, turned, with a smile partly grim and partly sickly, away from the hat-box, and looked round the room. Of the two very large, soft, fleecy bath-towels with which he had been supplied he had used only one. Enveloping himself in the other he got into bed, and was asleep in a moment.

Next morning rosy-fingered Dawn found him still wrapped in slumber—and in the bath-towel; and Hyperion was high in the sky when P.Q. awoke, saw by his watch that he had only an hour until church-time, remembered his sartorial difficulty, sprang up, and renewed his endeavours to effect an entrance to the prison-houses of his garments.

A quarter of an hour was wasted, and the desired result seemed just as far off as ever.

Should he ring, and ask for his cycling 'togs', now probably dry? No, it would be ridiculous and insufferably humiliating to have to explain that all his other clothes were, like perfect happiness on earth, quite unattainable.

But hark! there's a knock at the door, and a domestic says "Here's a letter for you, sir. It seems to have a bunch of keys in it."

"Thank you" cried P.Q., joyfully. "Leave it at the door, please".

A minute later he was reading a note from his thoughtful wife, and handling the keys which she, noticing that he had forgotten them, had sent by post with as little delay as possible.

"Now", thought he, "I've got the 'Open Sesame' to my bags".

Not so, however. The lock of the bigger one had undergone such a mauling on the previous night that now the proper key, on being put into it and turned, *broke*, and *stuck fast*! The smaller bag was not so perverse; but, when opened, it was seen to contain no suits of clothes, but numerous shirts, socks, and other under-garments, along with boots, ties, gloves, a sponge, and some brushes.

Now, P.Q. is not inordinately fond of magnificent dress. He did not wish to be arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, but yet he hankered after some of the usual items of a man's outdoor garb in this twentieth century of ours. In particular he would have liked to possess the bifurcated garment which most civilised gentlemen, not being Highlanders, are wont to affect, and which even Ex-President Steyn, when he made his last hasty escape from our troops in South Africa, considered indispensable—though *he* managed to do without coat, waistcoat, and stockings.

"Was ever anybody in such a fix as this?" said P.Q. to himself. "Elijah and John the Baptist wore clothing which was certainly rough and probably exiguous. But, then, they were *prophets*, and peculiarities of dress and deportment are doubtless quite proper in seers and sages. But I have never put forward any pretensions to the possession of prophetic power. Besides, Elijah *had* a mantle; I *haven't*. Robinson Crusoe, too, had some difficulty in providing himself with proper clothes. But, then, he lived on a desert island, and wasn't expected to go to Church—as I am, this fine Sunday morning."

However, P.Q. set to work and made his toilet—as far as the materials at his disposal would permit. Then, accoutred at all points—except as regards the more or less important details of coat, waistcoat, and trousers—he anxiously turned once more to the bag where he knew that at least three suits were ensconced. [I forgot to say that he deliberately rejected the idea of improvising a pair of knickerbockers out of a large linen-bag

which was available.] Well, since the lock would not give way, he tried to effect an entrance at one end of the bag—just where the two halves met. With infinite pains he managed to force the two halves a hand's-breadth asunder, and then, by the exercise of great care, he contrived to abstract, one after another, the things that he wanted.

Three quarters of an hour had now elapsed; but it took him only two minutes to don his outer garments. Then, his mental agitation having quickly subsided, he was "clothed and in his right mind," and speedily made his way downstairs to breakfast. He didn't get to Church until ten minutes after the proper time; but he felt that, on that occasion, he could truthfully assert "I am late *unavoidably!*"

Later in the day he told his friends of the difficulty in which he had been placed, and *they* told *me*. I 'chaffed' him unmercifully, holding up my hands and exclaiming over and over again

"Oh! P.Q.!"



A VISIT TO SOME LEAD-WORKS.

ON Wednesday, June 19th, our 3rd and 4th year girls, that is, the 'top' class of our Upper School, spent the afternoon at the Lead-Works of Messrs. Foster, Blackett & Wilson, in Jarrow. We were conducted round the Works by Mr. Gray and Mr. Eckford, who showed great kindness and patience in explaining processes, and clearing up difficult points.

A grimy youngster asked us, as we walked from the station, if we were 'a trip.' I do not suppose that boy was exactly laying himself out to be polite, but I do wonder if he realised the depth of his own irony. He was puzzled, no doubt; and I imagine that so, to some extent, were the kind people who conducted us round the Works. Were they saying to themselves, I wonder, '*Que diable allaient-elles faire dans cette galère!*'—which, being freely translated for young Bedans, is, 'What on earth were *they* doing in lead-works?'

On the face of it, it does appear a little odd that girls should be so occupied. But, odd and puzzling though it might be, no one who saw the girls, and heard their questions and comments, could doubt that an experience of that kind is good for them. It was, in fact, a chemical experiment on a large scale, and more than one completely new fact became the property of each of those girls. I am old-fashioned enough to believe still, in spite of much that has been said to the contrary, that 'knowledge is power.' From

the art of riding a bicycle to the skill to read Sanskrit, who, having once acquired, would willingly part with his knowledge?

There is a superficial kind of knowledge which is worthless—the kind of knowledge acquired from a text-book, or packed away in the mind like so much merchandise; but that knowledge which is gained by thought or experience is priceless. Because the visit was an *experience* it made the girls *think* that it was valuable to them.

On the next day the girls were asked to jot down rapidly brief notes of what they had seen. The following is an average specimen of the summaries given:—

1. Saw calcining furnace, in which lead was being purified.
2. Saw large pans, in which lead was being partially separated from silver. At one end, Pb containing large amount of Ag was obtained, and at other end, Pb containing very little Ag. Wonder what caused lead to turn blue when exposed to air?
3. Saw silver and lead being totally separated in cupellation-furnace. Litharge was formed.
4. Saw first process of manufacture of red lead.
5. Saw Litharge being agitated in water, to moisten it for manufacture of red lead.
6. Saw acetic acid, tan, and lead, for manufacture of lead acetate, and, after, white lead.
7. Saw women making lead gratings for above manufacture.
8. Saw men mixing white lead with linseed-oil—this mixture usually sold as white lead.

It is interesting to compare with that summary of an afternoon's work, some extracts from the diary of a 'young lady' at school sometime during the first quarter of the 19th century. The diary was kept during her last two years at school, and the quotations from it given here are copied from the printed report of a lecture given at the Cambridge summer meetings last year.

"Our class of geography were two hours looking for the Emperor of Persia's name. My governess told us it was Mahomet." [!]

"My governess told our class of geography that if we did not know the rivers we might go away. They all went but myself, but some of them knew them all."

"I got the names of the Kings of England."

"I began of painting my roses."

"We had dictionary excused. Several of the ladies were sent to bed for missing at spelling. Those who did not lose walked in the ring-field."

"Miss Fayrer gave 270 words of dictionary for poking; I had ten."

What an infinite boredom that girl's school-life must have been! I could not but compare it with the different conditions of my pupils;

and when I noted their eager faces, and saw how they were able to inquire and acquire *for themselves*; when I perceived what a pleasure it was to them thus to inquire and acquire, and how their minds were filled and stimulated to interest with what they saw; when I pondered, moreover, on the teaching which these girls get, and compared it with that of the days when Mahomet had to pass as Emperor of Persia; I had no doubts as to which conditions were better for the girls.

There has been talk of abolishing Higher Grade Schools, or so limiting their scope that all such pupils as mine would be excluded from them. Considering how well, with all their faults, these schools have done, is it not a pity that those who shall be nameless cannot 'let well alone'?

E.T.



JAMAIS.

I HAD lost my umbrella. Mother discovered it without delay (the loss, not the umbrella). In the manner of Tennyson's eagle, she fell like a thunderbolt. She counted up how many umbrellas I had lost in how many years: the number came up to the full tale of my years of life. A little argument followed, and the matter was left in abeyance, by mutual consent, until Xmas, then a few weeks distant. Mother, however, kept the memory of the loss green, as salt does a silver spoon.

Until the festive season my attentions, as regards umbrellas, were divided among three, which, on rainy days, all the other people in the house left blooming alone in the umbrella-stand. One had been the property of father, and was about as large as a medium-sized tent. The second, when I had done my best to put it right up, remained strictly conical in shape: it could not be fully opened because rain had swollen the stick; and the third, though excellent as regards *ventilation*, was not suited to rainy weather.

Aunt Jane spent Xmas with us. She made one think of Cranford and other days, with her sweet old-fashioned ways and cork-screw curls. Her chief weakness, in our eyes, was a too-insistent and worrying interest in our welfare. This took two painful forms: one, long lectures on our faults, all for our good, of course, and probably all the more annoying because we thoroughly deserved them; the other, a persistent habit of always being generous to us—and she really *was* a generous old lady—in the form of 'something useful.'

A small bird, apparently, whispered in Aunt Jane's ear, and on Xmas morning, she presented me with a card, accompanied by an umbrella,

Not trusting to first impressions, I took the article into my room and surveyed it dispassionately, trying to remember that Aunt Jane was generous. The covering was reddish-brown or greenish-black, according to the light in which one held it. The handle was bright green, with a yellow ivory knob at the top. The stick at the foot was half-an-inch in diameter. Aunt called it an "*En tout cas*": I called it "*Jamais*". Mother said it was "strong", and I concluded that, unlike the objectionable husband in novels about the upper classes, it (if not murdered or 'made away with') would outlive me. This being more than my fortitude could face, I resolved to add another to the list of my umbrellas cut off in early youth.

My sister Caroline, who likes to devise little scenes, told me the final one would be dramatic. Aunt, on my return to the maternal presence minus *Jamais*, would reproach me bitterly. Mother, pressing her handkerchief to her streaming eyes, would call me "her child" from the other side of the sofa. Father, his voice husky with emotion, would beg Aunt to spare me and remember my youth. My eldest brother would turn coldly from me, and the little one would shrink to nurse's skirt, when my wandering eye rested temporarily on his fair young face. "And you," said Caroline, becoming more and more realistic, "standing like a frail hothouse lily, clad in pure white, in the midst of your ungracious relatives"

At this point I interrupted Caroline, since the nonsense she was talking neither amused me nor suggested a means of getting rid of the umbrella. As a matter of fact, however, suggestions were not the difficulty. "Of course", you will say, "there are hundreds of ways of getting rid of an umbrella." Well, I carried *Jamais* out to church, and left it in the family pew. The pew-opener, who must have been passing rich on her own umbrella, returned mine with the promptness of the Post. Aunt reproached me, and Caroline and the boys laughed.

Caroline, eager to prove herself "the only faithful soul in all that band", took *Jamais* when calling on the Smiths. She returned without it. Julia Smith brought it back the next day, in the manner of a person offering poisoned sweetmeats.

Going to town with Aunt, I left her Christmas gift beside a chair in a shop. Presently a child ran after us with it.

Caroline re-wrote "The Ballad of Oriana" to fit the circumstances. Here is her version:—

O slender stem that will not break,
 Umbrella!
 O cotton top, so green and sleek,
 Umbrella!
 Thou yawnest but thou dost not speak,

And then the tears run down thy cheek,

Umbrella :

What wastest thou? Why camest thou,

Umbrella?

A few days after Caroline had shown that she was a poetess, I dropped the subject of her rhyme in a crowd. A youth returned it. I then discovered that a piece of white calico had lately been stitched inside, bearing my name and address in marking ink, and in *Aunt's handwriting*.

I sat in my room and looked at *Jamais* without enthusiasm. Caroline found me there. She suggested I should take it back to Aunt, and request a separation order in a monologue, beginning "Too green or not too green, that is the question!" and ending "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever." I regarded Caroline with silent scorn. "Or", said she, vivaciously, "let us throw it into the Wear." I agreed that this plan was quite feasible.

Caroline therefore cut out the bit of calico bearing my name and address, and burnt it. We then took a car from Christ Church to High Street, and next walked along to Sunderland's historic Bridge—which, as my fellow-Bedans may have observed, is inscribed with the motto *Nil desperandum*. These words were most appropriate to the occasion—for they mean "Jamais, give up all hope!" (or, as we usually translate them, "'Never', despair!").

Perhaps my poor umbrella was distressed by this threatening message, and sorrowed silently, "Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves."

If so, a period was quickly put to its pain. The Town Hall clock began to strike the hour of six, that January evening, just when Caroline and I got to the middle of the Bridge. Few people were about, though the night was clear and not very dark. The two of us looked down upon the river for a few seconds, first from one side of the Bridge and then from the other. No craft of any sort was passing up or down the water-way; so I furtively dropped *Jamais* over the parapet, and heard, a few moments afterwards, a gentle splash which was simultaneous with the Town Hall clock's last stroke.

Aunt went to her home on the following day, knowing nothing of the fate of her naughty niece's little-loved umbrella.

"I wonder if *Jamais* will ever be seen more", said Caroline to me as we were crossing the Bridge, one day lately.

"That's not likely", I answered, "but, if it does turn up, it will be—paradoxical though the statement may seem—'Never' AGAIN!"

G. K.

LIQUID AIR.

An excellent article, describing a series of striking experiments performed with liquid air, appeared in the July number of Cassell's Magazine; and after reading this, I thought that a short paper, dealing more particularly with the methods employed in producing gases in the liquid form, would not be uninteresting to readers of *The Bedan*. Hence these lines.

The means used to bring about the condensation of gases are (1) great cold and (2) great pressure.

No gas can be liquefied, no matter how great a pressure it may be under, until it is cooled below a certain temperature which is called the *critical temperature* for that gas. Michael Faraday, English chemist and philosopher, succeeded in liquefying all the known gases except hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, nitric oxide, carbon monoxide, and marsh gas; and in solidifying many of them. Faraday used great cold. Taking solid carbon dioxide he dissolved it in ether, and then allowed the solution to evaporate *in vacuo*. In this way he obtained the low temperature of -110° Centigrade, which enabled him to accomplish the results already referred to.

Later experimenters used both great cold and great pressure. If any compressed gas be allowed to expand adiabatically—that is, suddenly, and in opposition to the atmospheric pressure, so that it may do work in expanding—it becomes very cold. Now supposing the compressed gas, to begin with, is maintained at a low temperature by means of solid carbon dioxide, and the cold gas is then permitted to expand suddenly, a still further degree of cold is obtained. By adopting this method Cailletet, at Chatillon sur Seine, in 1877 succeeded in obtaining a liquid spray of the condensed gases. At about the same time Pictet at Geneva liquefied all known gases, and even produced solid hydrogen. But only small quantities of the condensed gases were obtained in this way, and the honour of liquefying large quantities of such permanent gases as hydrogen, oxygen, and air belongs to Professor James Dewar.

The term "permanent" in connexion with gases was used to indicate those gases which had not been reduced to the liquid form. The so-called permanent gases have now been liquefied: the term to-day, therefore has no meaning, and is useless except for its historical interest.

The following is a short description of the apparatus used for producing liquid air. Compressed air is allowed to pass through a coiled pipe or spiral (No. 1) which is surrounded by solid carbon dioxide. This cools down the compressed air to -70° C. Then it is conducted



into a second spiral, which is enclosed in a hollow cylindrical vessel embedded in the same vessel of solid carbon dioxide, and when it reaches the bottom of this spiral it escapes through a small hole, and, in doing so, expands and cools itself still further.

Now this stream of very cold air is employed to assist in making the succeeding stream *colder still*. For, after issuing from the small hole, it passes upwards and comes in contact with the *outside* of spiral No. 2, and cools the air descending *inside* of it, so that the compressed air which escapes from the jet at the bottom keeps getting colder and colder until the *critical temperature* is reached. Then the escaping air *condenses*, and is collected in a specially prepared tube at the bottom of the hollow vessel. The critical temperature of air is -150°C , but at -192°C it can be liquefied *at the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere*. Eight hundred volumes of air are required to make one volume of liquid air. In this way—by means of great cold and great pressure—solid air, that is, *liquid air in the frozen state*, has been produced. The force of the liquid as it expands into its natural condition is extremely great.

Will liquid air supersede steam as a motive power? There would be no smoke, no great clouds of steam, no large furnaces or boilers, in an engine driven by this powerful substance which looks just like water. It could be made to cool down large chambers a long way below the freezing point. Who will be first to invent a new and cheap refrigerating plant so that we may have meat and fruit from across the great ocean, delivered at our own doors in a fresh condition and at a low cost? Who can tell what great changes liquid air may not accomplish in days to come? For particulars of the properties of this new wonder, readers are referred to the Magazine Article mentioned—an Article copiously illustrated, and therefore much more intelligible than any mere verbal description of the apparatus and methods used in making, and experimenting with, the 'coming (?)' motive power.

CRYPTO.



“KEEP OFF THE PAINT.”

BEDe School is looking very gay,
 You all know what I mean?
 When all we Bedans were away,
 Bede School had its Spring Clean.
 With what, last Monday, did befall,
 I you will now acquaint,

When back, once more, came Bedans all
 —Each sinner, and each saint :

There met us, as we left the street,
 An odour, subtle, faint.—
 Each, as she turned her friend to greet,
 Cried, ‘What a smell of paint!’

And when we wandered up the stair,
 And had a nearer view,
 We one and all did loud declare,
 “Oh! what a pretty blue!”

And now we've got a brand new rule
 Which for obedience calls ;
 It is that, when you're in Bede School,
 You *must keep off* the walls.

And oh! the care this rule implies
 For us and teachers all,
 As each with word and gesture tries
 To keep us off the wall.

For gloves, or coat, or waterproof,
 Our teachers make complaint,
 Unless severely kept aloof,
 Will damage the new paint.

And this would grieve us sadly, so
 Altho' with some constraint,
 We bid each other, as we go,
 “Pray *do* keep off the paint.”

Sept. 2nd, 1901.

E.W.



THE DRAUGHT FIEND.

Fresh air and sunlight are not only two of the most delightful things in Nature, but are also essential to our well-being. Still, like many other good things, natural or artificial—as, for instance, sleep, heavy rain, plum-pudding, and ping-pong—they may be harmful and displeasing if one gets too much of them. Bede School's south aspect causes it to be bright and cheerful-looking, but—at any rate, in Summer—the place would be intolerable without window-blinds. And, though its wide, roomy corridors are often simply agreeably cool, all we Bedans—and especially those of us who are in the Boys' School—know that, in Winter, when the North Wind sweeps along them from the Play-ground *Porchless Door*, they're as genial as an ice-house, and as habitable.

When I was at College, in London, one of my fellow-students, a young Cockney named R—, had the *bump* for “a desire for fresh air” developed to an abnormal degree, and persisted in having our class-room windows—although our seats were directly under them—wide open *in all weathers*. In fact, such was his infatuation

on this point that other men and I nick-named him "The Draught Fiend"—a sobriquet which, though first applied to him about ten years ago, I am sure he would recognise even at the present day.

Those of us who, by force of circumstances, had to sit in his immediate neighbourhood, were compelled, one particularly cold winter, to stay in class enwrapped in rugs and 'comforters,' to try to shield ourselves from the arctic currents which our friend's foible for fresh air caused to set straight in our direction. Well, we "naturally objected". But objections, remonstrances, threatenings, and pathetic pleadings were in vain. As indifferent as Gallio, the 'fiend' "cared for none of these things".

One day we told him that we'd got stiff necks through the draughts—which was the sober truth; but his scornful reply was "Drawfts? Why I don't know what they are!" This remark brought about extreme measures. A dire disease needs a desperate remedy.

Every group of fanatics has its philosopher: R—was the representative of people who believe that fresh air, no matter how great its quantity or its motion, is a good, always and everywhere.

And every College has its leader in practical joking: N— called a meeting of the draught fiend's victims, and we decided to take out R—'s bedroom-window, and allow him to sleep, for one night at least, in a good supply of his favourite element.

But when could this decision be carried out? The College routine and arrangements were such that, on any *week-day*, it was quite impossible for us to get to R—'s bedroom except at times when he himself would be there. However, those students who hailed from London were permitted to visit their homes on *Sundays*, and to be absent from College until supper-time. Now, R— always availed himself of this privilege; so we knew that our plan could be accomplished on a Sunday, or never. Accordingly, the very next Sunday afternoon—don't hold up your hands in pious horror, gentle reader: it was a case of grim necessity!—we set about our task. For amateur joiners to take out a window bodily is not the easiest thing imaginable, especially when silence and speed are absolutely necessary. However, having got the needful screw-drivers and other tools—never mind how or where!—we made our way stealthily to R—'s ten-feet by seven-feet *chambre à coucher*, and there, while he was away basking in the sunshine of home comforts, we worked quietly and rapidly until the window was removed, when we decamped without delay.

Of course we were in high glee—glee which developed into rapture as the evening approached.

We evidently had the sympathy of the Clerk of the Weather. A raw, cheerless day gave place to a bitterly-cold, windy, winter's night. After supper intense excitement reigned in the breasts of the "knowing" ones. We preceded the "fiend" upstairs, and popped into his room for a minute or two. The temperature was actually three degrees below freezing-point, and a keen, biting blast, far sharper than many a barber's razor, kept rushing in through the big gap in one side of the room where the window ought to have been, but wasn't.

"Bravo!" we cried; "now we'll get our revenge!" But we were fated to be disappointed. Leaving R—'s room we had just concealed ourselves in an adjoining one when he arrived on the scene of our afternoon's labours. Breathlessly we listened for the hullabaloo which we expected that he would raise. It never came. To our intense chagrin he apparently altogether failed to observe our handiwork and its results, and simply went to bed as though nothing had happened!

With spirits as flat as ditch-water we slouched off to our own rooms. But, next morning, the report of our operations having spread, the "fiend" had a very lively time. From every side came such inquiries as these:

"Did you sleep well?"

"Wasn't it an extremely *cold* night?"

"Do you know *now* what 'drawfts' are?"

Looking genuinely surprised and the picture of innocence he asked what might be the cause of all the unwonted interest in, and anxiety for, his welfare and comfort. When the truth was plainly told him he said in a most provoking manner "Was the window really *out*? Upon my word, I hadn't the faintest idea of anything of the sort."

This statement *may* have been true. I am inclined to think that it *was* true—for R—, with all his faults, had the George-Washingtonian reputation for inability to tell a lie. But one thing I am sure of: thenceforward the "fiend," either out of pity for his victims or from dread that some "worse mischief" than window-snatching might befall him, gave us no more trouble in the form of draughts.

G.R.fpe.

Notice to Contributors.

1. *The Bedan* is published Six Times a Year.
2. Correspondence from any quarter, and Contributions from persons in any way connected with Bede School, are invited.
3. All Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed either to the Editor, or the Editress, of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland.

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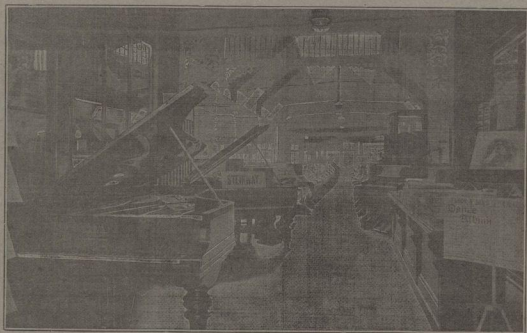
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