

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

PRICE, TWO PENCE.

Published Six Times a Year.

Annual Subscription, One Shilling

No. 20.

MAY, 1902.

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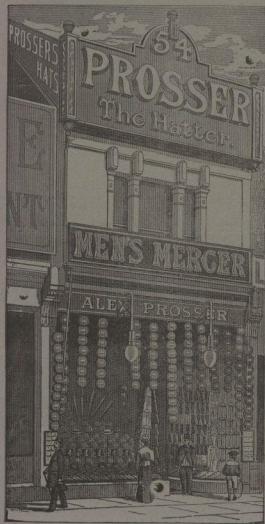
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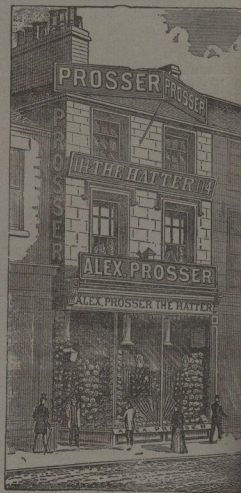
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BEDAN NOMENCLATURE. (I.)

THE present and the past registers contain, altogether, the names of more than five thousand boys and girls, and it has occurred to us that these names are possibly of sufficient interest to furnish material for two or three readable articles.

Ever from the time of Eliezer of Damascus—Abraham's faithful servant, who took his second name from the oldest city in the world—surnames have often been derived from names of places; and it is a fact that some scores of Bedans have had names identical with those of towns and villages in England and Scotland. Thus, without going outside of the four walls of the school, we have been able, at different times, to see Nottingham, Rochester, Lincoln, Kirkcaldy, Scarborough, Paisley, Hastings, Kelso, Preston, Stirling, Newark, Dudley, Glossop, Beeston, Selby, Pickering; Lancaster, Burnley, Brough, Stafford, Appleby, Bromley, Barrow, and Wakefield; and, in the class-rooms, they would perhaps be found in close contiguity to one or more of the following:—Morpeth, Alnwick, Belford, Bedlington, Birtley, Pelton, Lumley, Houghton, Marsden, Southwick, and Tunstall.

Another big lot of Bedan surnames is made up of words which doubtless denoted the *occupations* of the persons to whom they were *originally* applied. Thus we have had Weavers and Glovers, Masons and Thatchers, Millers, Brewers, Wrights, and Carters, Fowlers, Fishers, and Marriners, Gardeners and Foresters, Tailors, Barbers, and Cooks, together with one Kaufmann and dozens of Smiths.

It may be remarked that no *Butcher* has ever appeared among either the scholars or the teachers.

Bede School is not the "College of Cardinals"; yet among its *alumni* have been at least three Popes, and a Newman, a Wiseman, a Manning, and a Vaughan. Ardent Protestants and Reformers will be glad to read that the school has also seen a Knox, a Wishart, and a Luther. Among Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England whom our scholars' names call to mind are Benson, Magee, Lightfoot, Westcott, Ridley, Hooker, and Percival; while Non-conformists may feel legitimate pride in such names as Baxter, Hall, Parker, Whitfield, and Edward Irving.

Our rooms and laboratories would seem to have served the purposes of an aviary, a poultry yard, and a park with an ornamental lake, combined;—at any rate there have passed through them various Swallows, Doves, Herons, Swans, Cocks, Fowles, Birds, Crows (which caused Caws), Chicks, and Chickens (one of whom, yclept

Launcelot, was a colossal fellow), besides a Hern and some Peacocks.

The foreign extraction of many of our pupils is indicated by such names as Tacchi, Sieg, Hanselmann, Leuliette, Terigo, Spangenberg, Frassi, Kieffer, Kantrowitz, De Werpe, Lotinga, Böcler, Möller, Linderub, Gallewski, Lautebach, Schuberth, Aagard, Bruk, Quenet, Orest, Icke, Le Gall, Morck, Hersee, and Liungberg. Then the ancestors of our Mullanneys, McNiffs, O'Malleys, and McAnallys probably came from Erin, while our Bruces, Wallaces, Stewarts, Gordons, Huntlys, Campbells, and Mackenzies had forefathers who perhaps at one time dwelt in Caledonia. But, oddly enough, among such of our boys and girls as are pure-bred English, there are some who call themselves Saxon, Norman, French, Welsh, Fleming! Further, we have seldom possessed, at a time, more than one England, one Ireland, one Wales, and one Britain; but Hollands have not been so rare, and Spains have abounded.

Democratic though the twentieth century may be, Bede School has yet known Kings and Princes, Nobles, Earls, and Lords. Of these, one King and one Barron had brains in keeping with their rank. Of humbler dignitaries we have made acquaintance with many a Marshall, a Major, an Officer, a Beedle, a Skipper, and several Ushers.

Painters, sculptors, and artists have been well represented in the School by Angelo, Claude, West, Reynolds, Lawrence, Paton, Leighton, Cooper, Wilkie, and Cruickshank; and statesmen and politicians by George Washington, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Fox, Burke, Peel, Balfour, Fawcett, Thurlow, Saunderson, and Wilfrid Lawson.

The teachers have sometimes had to say Fail, and sometimes Victory; and, in one and the same place—that is, in one and the same classroom—they have occasionally had to manage both Rhodes and Streets, to rule both Douglasses and Percies, to listen to Bells, Horns, and a Tinkler, to call out Wragges and Bones, to punish not only Boyes but also a Mann, to endure Crosses, and to have their heads made uneasy by Crowns.

The *Bedan* is, we honestly believe, a good advertising medium. For a School Magazine it has a good circulation, may be found in hundreds of good homes in Sunderland, finds its way into all the four quarters of the globe, and, after having been read, is often preserved for far more than the two months of each Number's currency. Anyhow, every inch of advertisement space in it has always been taken up. While we hope that this happy result is due to something more effectual and less adventitious than our pupils' names, we may point out the fact that three of

the greatest and most successful advertisers "on earth"—Pears, Maple, and Holloway—have had hard namesakes at our School.

In reality, all our pupils have been White; but, paradoxically, several of them have said that they were Black, Green, Greener, Scarlett, Brown, Grey, Dark; and even a Fairbairn has been known to Blench, and then turn to different Hughes. Taking into consideration the youthfulness of our scholars, we are not surprised to find among them only *one* White-lock, but numerous Black-locks.

Bedans have differed in disposition, in moral qualities, and in general physical attributes, as much as in colour and complexion. The Meek, the Willing, and the Humble, have sat with the Proud. No. 1 name on the Admission Register shows that the School had, literally, a *Small* beginning. [Poor Jack Small! Your school-fellows never thought that you, like Pharaoh and his host, would find a grave in the Red Sea.] Then other Smalls, and Littles, have accompanied with the Stark and the Hardy. Long and Short; Young, Old, and Auld; and Smart and Lax; have often worked amicably together. Nobody Wicked or Silly has brought dishonour on our little community, but a Good, a Wise, or a Sage boy or girl has—though only rarely—appeared amongst us. We have noticed that it is possible for a Heaviseid to Go-lightly, and that a pupil designated Massey may in reality be very Thynne. Once we had a small Bedan named Jolly who did not belie his name; but perhaps the quietest, most demure little mortal that ever crossed the threshold of the School was, by a droll perversity, labelled McPhun.

Bedan Christian names have ranged, perhaps not quite from the sublime to the ridiculous, but from the high-sounding to the homely, from the fantastic to the severely simple, from the curious to the familiar, from a long-drawn-out succession of lengthy words to a brief, most compendious monosyllable. Once we admitted, all at one time, *five* sisters whose names were Kathleen, Eileen, Aveline, Gladys, Norah, and Vera Theresa.

Neither Adam nor Eve has ever entered the School, but the personages of nearly all Biblical periods subsequent to that of the Garden of Eden have had name-sakes on the long roll of Bedans. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; Joseph, Benjamin, and Ephraim; Keturah, Leah, and Rachael; Job, and Jemima, make one think of the time of the patriarchs. Moses, Aaron, Miriam, and Joshua; Deborah, Ruth, Hannah, and Samuel; David, Abigail, Nathan, Abner, and Solomon; Elias, Josiah, Jeremiah, Esther, Amos, Daniel, and Susannah; are names which carry the mind through the whole of Jewish History up to the coming of Christ—for they recall, in turn, the

Servitude in Egypt, the Wanderings in the Wilderness, the Conquest of Canaan, the Days of the Judges, the glories of the Undivided Kingdom, the years of Decline, Disaster, and Prophetic Denunciations, the Captivity, and the age of the Maccabees.

Emmanuel, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, James, Peter, Andrew, Bartholomew, Philip, Thomas, Alphaeus, Mary, and Lazarus, are names connected with the Gospel story, while Rhoda, Priscilla, Lydia, Cornelius, Paul, and Jude suggest thoughts of the era of the Apostles. [By the way, the names of three of the Evangelists are common enough; but, of two thousand eight hundred boy Bedans, only *one* has been called *Luke*.]

Classical names are far less usual than Scriptural ones. Still, we have had Venus and Adonis, Helen and Hector, Leda, Diana, and Hercules, Cornelia, Cecilia, Lavinia, Phyllis, and Penelope.

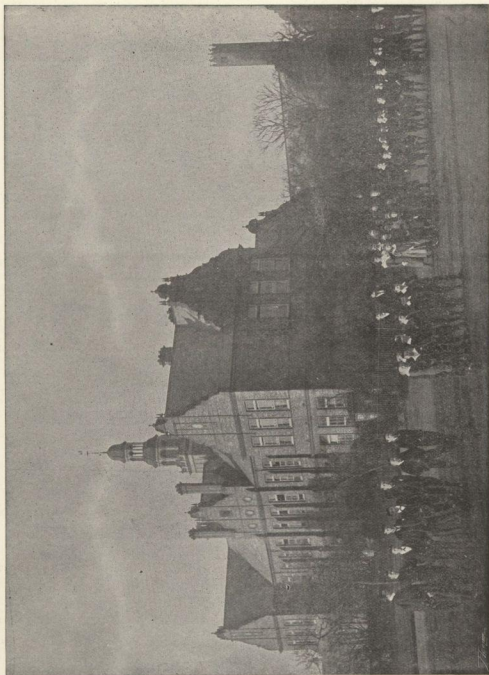
In another Article we shall have a good deal more to say about both Bedan Christian names and surnames. At present we conclude by remarking, first, that, while an occasional Atkins with a Gunn has shown himself at the School, Archers with Bowes, and—another anachronism!—Doughty Knights, with Mail, Shield, Gauntlets, and Greaves, and each wearing a Robe and a Scarf over his Armour, have been far oftener in evidence; and, secondly, that one's thoughts pass readily to good old nursery rhymes and charming children's stories on noticing that Bede School has held among its pupils a Hubbard, a Horner, and a Corner, besides many Alices, several Lewises, and at least one Carrol.



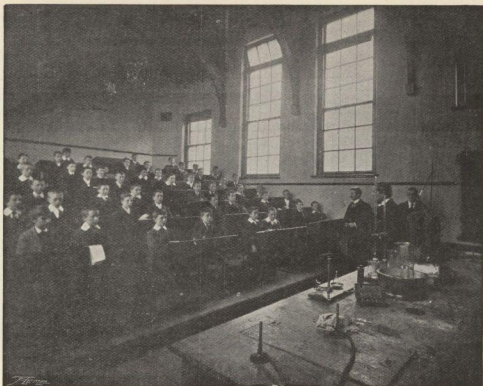
EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

[The Editor and the Editress would be very grateful for items of news of Old Bedans—as to appointments, successes, details of careers, or any other matters on which Bedans may be expected to like to have information of each other. Even now this News Column is, by common testimony, read with much acceptance. It might be made interesting to a very wide circle if Old Bedans—whether at home or abroad—would be a little more communicative. Let this be remembered: Whatever directly concerns *one* of the big band of Old Bedans appeals in some measure to *all* the rest.]

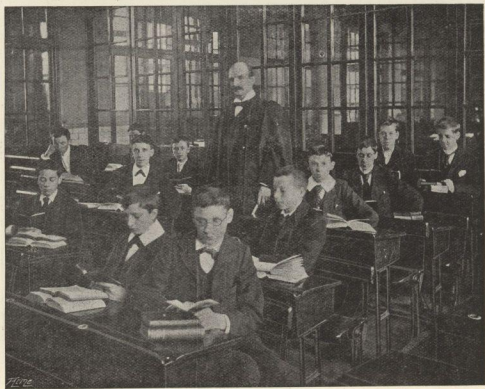
We are delighted to record the splendid victory which the Bede School Football team achieved on Wednesday, May 14th, in the Final Tie for the Hendon Cup. The Hendon School team is this year, as everybody knows, exceptionally brilliant, and has won the Roker Cup, the Sunderland Schools' League Cup, and the Northumberland and Durham Schools' League Cup and



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Championship; but, on the day named, the Bedans fairly and squarely, and not by anything of the nature of a fluke, defeated the Hendonians on their own ground by two goals to one. The contestants manifested an excellent spirit; the match was fast and interesting; the spectators thoroughly enjoyed themselves; and the home team, invincible for a year, at length knew what it is to be vanquished. Next day the assembled school, at a hint from the Head Master, gave our Eleven—A. Craig, E. Hope, E. Metcalfe, P. Carney, W. Hunnam, J. B. Richardson, F. Lundy, W. P. Brown, W. Cook, D. Bell, and P. Metcalfe—and their faithful Mentor Mr Blyth, three tremendous cheers.

We shall have more to say on Football matters in our next issue.

The following are some of the Newspaper Notices of our February Number:—

Newcastle Daily Leader.

"The New Year number of 'The Bedan', the magazine of the Sunderland Higher Grade School, is a bright and interesting issue. The editorial notes are, as usual, full of pleasing chat about the school, and old boys and girls. There is another very clever letter in French. 'Ghostly Reminiscences', by K. A. S., is very amusing, as is also 'Sunderland—A Stranger's First Impressions.' There are some very good verses by X. Y. Z., entitled 'Time's Complaint', and the subject this time under the head of 'Old Bedans' is Mr R. G. Richardson, whom all old boys will remember as their favourite master. Some highly acceptable engravings are reproduced, the subjects dealt with being Shields Harbour, the Old Tyne Bridge, and the High Level and Swing Bridges."

Sunderland Daily Echo.

"The February issue of 'The Bedan' just to hand is, like its previous productions, full of interesting news and racy chat. There are four excellent plates, depicting Shields Harbour, entrance to the Tyne; the Old Tyne Bridge, removed in 1873; the High Level and Swing Bridges, Newcastle; and one of the large dredgers on the Tyne. The plates are a new departure in the magazine, and they raise the tone of the production. The editorial notes contain much information concerning past and present pupils. A very amusing dialogue entitled 'Ghostly Reminiscences', and an article on 'A Stranger's First Impressions of Sunderland', form very pleasant reading. An up-to-date poem on 'Time's Complaint', and a contribution on 'Old Bedans: Mr Robt. G. Richardson', go to make up an exceedingly able and bright magazine."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

"The February number of that bright periodical 'The Bedan', the magazine of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School, maintains the high standard of excellence which has characterised it from the commencement. Four full-page illustrations are given of the Tyne Bridge (removed in 1873), the High Level and Swing Bridges, Shields Harbour, and one of the large Tyne dredgers. These illustrations (given by permission of Messrs. Andrew Reid & Co., Newcastle) are beautifully produced, and in themselves lend to 'The Bedan' a considerable interest. There are several well written articles, one of the best being 'A Stranger's First Impressions of Sunderland.' The article in this issue dealing with 'Old Bedans' gives a sketch of the career of Mr Robert Gair Richardson, headmaster of Sunderland Thomas Street School. Mr Richardson served his apprenticeship as a pupil teacher at Byker School, Newcastle, under Mr Josiah Hammond, who retired a

few months ago. The editorial notes contain a deal that is interesting, not only for Bedans, but for the general reader."

Sunderland Herald and Post.

"THE BEDAN.—Old and young Bedans will be pleased with the latest issue of the organ of the Bede Higher Grade School, for the editorial notes and school news cannot fail to interest them. It is pleasant to read the references to old teachers and pupils, and to learn of their well-doing. Such kindly tributes cannot fail to make the wheels of life run more smoothly and to brighten the daily round of work. Of Old Bedans special reference is made to Mr R. G. Richardson, who has been promoted to the headmastership of Thomas Street School, 'Ghostly Reminiscences' and 'Sunderland: A Stranger's First Impressions', are the titles of short papers, and the number also contains an abridged prospectus of the Bede Higher Grade School. The illustrations this month are on a more ambitious scale, but unfortunately they are all of scenes or structures on the river Tyne."

For this Number we have had some of the old Illustrations of the School reproduced on art paper.

Mr A. E. Hodgson, A.Sc., has succeeded Mr D. M. Chapman, B.Sc., on our staff. Many years ago he was a pupil, at Valley Road School, of the present Head Master of Bede School.

Mr F. E. W. Mason, B.Sc., left us on Feb. 28th, after a few months' service. His colleagues gave him, as a mark of goodwill, some volumes of Thackeray. His place is now filled by Mr Arthur Pickering, B.Sc., from the Yorkshire College, Leeds. Mr Pickering is an excellent cricketer, and also strengthens the Bede School Teachers' Football team. We wish him and Mr Hodgson much success in school.

We notice, in the list of successful candidates at the recent Third Examination for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine of the University of Durham, the names of the following Old Bedans:—John Malcolm Shaw, William Gibbons, and Harold Linton Currie.

Another Old Bedan, Wilfrid Fairclough, was placed First in First Class Honours at the First M.B. Examination. He, with the before-mentioned (and other) old school-fellows, is now at the College of Medicine, Newcastle.

BROWN—BENNETT.—At Hyde Road U.M.F.C., Manchester, on Jan. 15th, 1902, by the Rev. John Adcock, Henry Armstrong Brown, of Sunderland, to Sarah Florence, eldest daughter of the Rev. Josiah Bennett, of Manchester, late minister of the Dock Street U.M.F. Church, Sunderland.

Mr R. F. Jarman and Miss Kate M. Waddle were married at St. John's Wesleyan Church, Sunderland, by the Rev. J. T. Slugg, on March 29th. Mr Jarman's brother and both his sisters have been Bedans, and he himself has long had

a place on our staff and has done excellent work. We wish him and his bride long life and happiness. Both Standard 6, of which he now has charge, and such boys in the Upper School as were formerly in his class, gave him wedding gifts, and by his father, Mr J. R. Jarman, the well-known Inspector of Schools, he was presented with the house in Ewesley Road in which he has taken up his residence.

We heartily congratulate Angelo John Smith on his recent successes. In December he took a very high position on the King's Scholarship List. In February he gained a Toynbee Hall Scholarship. In March he won an Exhibition at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he will go into residence next October.

Smith has been at Bede School for nine years—seven as a scholar, and two as a Pupil Teacher. When a boy, he passed the Oxford Junior Local and London Matriculation Examinations. He has contributed pretty regularly to *The Bedan* from the first Number onwards, and some of his articles and verses—the latter, especially—have been full of ideas and very cleverly written.

Alfred E. Watson and Albert Johnson passed the King's Scholarship Examination in the First Class.

Robert Watson Scott, after having been five years a scholar and two years a Pupil Teacher in Bede School and gaining several successes similar to Smith's left in October to go to Oxford. He was presented by the teachers and a few of the boys with a handsome travelling bag. In his first term he passed Responsions and also took his two Preliminary Science Examinations—in Chemistry and Physics. In his second term he won a Leathersellers' Company's Scholarship of £25 a year for four years. We think his latest success does him much credit, as among the candidates for the Scholarship which he got were some men who had been three years at Oxford.

Miss Todd has been delighted to see a specially large number of her former pupils during the last few months. Cicely Kidd, who was admitted at the opening of Bede School, called in February; imparted, and received in return, news of old Bedans who long ago left school; and *paid her subscription for the Magazine*. Among many other old friends, Cicely spoke of Annie Harrison, who now holds, like so many girl Bedans, the post of Trained, Certificated Mistress in one of the Sunderland Schools. Annie is an Assistant of Miss Woolacott's, one of the first and most popular of Bede School Teachers, and is still a loyal Bedan.

Cicely's example was followed a few days later by May Glass, a Bedan of a somewhat younger generation. May was enrolled as a Scholar in Bede School in 1894, and left in July, 1900. She is now anxious to become a Teacher. She showed her continued interest in her Alma Mater in a very practical way, namely, by the payment of her subscription for *The Bedan*.

A most unexpected visit was paid by Jennie Clasper, who, after her illness, longing to be back in Old England among her friends, suddenly forsook "the Sunny South." It was a real pleasure to see Jennie again and to hear her speak French so fluently. We hope that although she is now amongst us she will occasionally contribute an Article to *The Bedan* on her experiences in France,—*in French*.

The results of the King's Scholarship Examination, held in December, were published in March. Of the five girls in Sunderland who were placed in the First Class, one, Ida Wilkinson was a Bedan, and four, Kate Mitchinson, Annabel Pringle, Kate Robson, and Jane Stephenson were Old Bedans. The Head Mistress was much pleased to receive a letter from Kate Mitchinson, informing her of her success. All five have the hearty good wishes of their former Teachers for success in their College careers. We understand that the first four named are going to Darlington in September. Winnie Thatcher and Daisy Filkin were in the Second Class, while Constance Askew, Laura Reavley, Lizzie Todd, and Fanny Witten were in the Third.

Three very welcome visitors during March were Isabel Nicholson, Constance Johnson, and Dorothy Ross, all students of St. Hild's, Durham. All three are fond of their work and so far they have all been very successful in it. These three old Bedans never miss an opportunity of calling to see their old Teachers, who wish some other Bedans whose names wild horses won't draw from us would emulate their example.

In April, Nora Davison, who was enrolled as a Bedan from 1892 to 1898, and who left a very pleasant memory behind her when she severed her connection with the School, called in company with Mary Wilson, whose career as a Bedan was short but not undistinguished—for she was placed in the First Class of the Matriculation list of the London University in June, 1900. Mary is now a Student of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, and is working there for her degree in Arts. As a Bedan she was an enthusiastic worker, and there does not seem any reason to

doubt that Mary will be as successful in the future as she has been in the past.

Perhaps the most surprising visitor the Head Mistress has had lately was Hilda Gledhill who was admitted to Bede School in 1897, and who would have now been working for the second year in the Upper School if she had remained in Sunderland. But her parents now live in Halifax, and it was there that Hilda paid her call. She has grown a very tall girl, but otherwise is little changed. She enquired about many of her old friends, and asked to be remembered to them, and to her Teachers. One little remark she made which we have heard before from some of our partial old pupils—"There is no School like the *Bede School!*"

We sometimes wonder if the pupils of other Schools make quite such funny mistakes as Bedans occasionally do. So many of our boys and girls bring such credit to the School that we can afford to tell about and laugh over the "howlers" sometimes perpetrated by Bedans undistinguished by ability or attainments. For instance, lately, in a girl's paper there occurred the following sentence:—"One day he sent his servant over the river to a Cobbler named David for repairs." One wonders what part of the servant needed mending.

Again, it would be difficult to surpass the following for a "nice derangement of epitaphs":—The battle of Hastings was fought in 1066 at Stamford Bridge. William the Conqueror and a Swedish King were fighting. William lived down in the south; he asked the soldiers in the north if they would go with him; but they said no. They told him to get the soldiers in the south; after he had gathered all the soldiers he could get he went to Stamford Bridge. When he got there he saw that the Swedish King and his soldiers were waiting for him. When they had been fighting a while the King told one of his soldiers to shoot one of his arrows; he did so, and it plunged right into William the Conqueror's eye, so the battle of Hastings was won by the Norwegian King.

[The errors in spelling and punctuation have been corrected.]

It is news to hear that the Battle of Hastings was fought at Stamford Bridge—and that William the Conqueror was defeated and slain on that occasion.

Another Bedan being asked to say what she knew of Magna Carta, and apparently knowing nothing, thought that other odd pieces of information might satisfy her teacher, and so boldly wrote:—

Magna Carta. In 871 Jerusalem was again conquered by the Turks and in 878 it was taken by the Arabs.

The parents of this Bedan have removed their daughter from School, her education being considered "finished"!!

Some funny translations of French have been given lately. "M. M. ramassa tristement six poules" that is, "M. M. sadly picked up six chickens", was rendered by an unthinking young person as "Gentleman M. gathered sadly six chickens"—which makes one mentally see chickens growing on trees, to say nothing of the curious translation of *Monsieur*.

One of the events of the month of April in Sunderland has been the visit of Mr. F. R. Benson's Shakespearean Company to the town. Large parties of Bedans witnessed the performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Julius Cæsar*. On each occasion the entire audience was enthusiastic, and no portion of it more so than the alumni of Bede School.

It was rumoured that one very small Bedan one night asked if *the author* of the play would come before the curtain in response to the applause, and the answer accorded was that his condition, seeing that he had been buried for well-nigh three hundred years, would probably make such a course undesirable, if not impossible.

The School was twelve years old on April the twenty-eighth! Violet Fisher in Standard V. was twelve years old the same day, a very curious coincidence. Old Bedans will remember Violet's sister Emily, who lives at present in London.

Let not Bedans be unduly puffed up. A lady of an enquiring turn of mind ventured into the School during the dinner-hour a few days ago, remarking that she supposed such a handsome building could be no other than—the Workhouse!!

The Upper Division of the 1st Year Class in the Upper School showed so much difference of opinion in the History Lessons as to the righteousness of the execution of Charles "the Martyr," that it was decided to allow them to ventilate their opinions in a debate. N. Ridgway proposed that the execution of Charles I. was justifiable. Her motion was opposed by Nellie Saxby. A very spirited debate followed. The Royalists were in the minority, but they made up for their lack of numbers by their zeal. The voting resulted in 20 for the motion and 14 against. This debate was so popular that another was arranged. Hilda Chapman pro-

posed 'that, according to Shakespeare's Play, Richard II. was to be pitied rather than blamed.' Madge Porrett was to have opposed the motion, but as she was absent through illness, her paper was read by Ella Stoddart. The opposition won by a majority of four.

The Lower Division girls, who are studying the Tudor Period, debated the right of Elizabeth to execute Mary, Queen of Scots. Hilda Kendall defended Elizabeth; Lilian Hastings, the unfortunate Mary. When a division was taken the two sides were equal, so the Chairman gave a casting vote in favour of Mary.

A debate on "Was the Execution of Charles I. justifiable?" was held in another class, Standard VII., on Feb. 27th. The affirmative was moved by Gertrude Brierley, and seconded by Ursula Rule. Both made excellent speeches, their chief arguments being:—

- (1) Charles had broken many laws.
- (2) He had endangered the lives of his subjects.
- (3) He did not keep faith with his people.
- (4) He raised money by illegal means.
- (5) His was an extraordinary case, and had to be treated in an extraordinary manner.

The motion was opposed in most able and cogent speeches by Daisy Ayers and Minnie Brown, whose chief points were that

- (1) The Court which condemned Charles was utterly illegal, and his opponents were, therefore, guilty of the very offence for which they were trying him.
- (2) Parliament was as much to blame as he in the long struggle, for on no King before him had it placed so many restraints.
- (3) Many of his early mistakes were owing to his early training and to evil counsellors.
- (4) He had raised money by illegal means, but Parliament drove him to this extremity by refusing to vote him supplies when he asked for them.

The debate being declared open, the following spoke in favour of the motion:—P. Wilson, W. Forster, M. Potts, M. Macnair. On the other side the speakers were, E. Whittaker, N. Cole, N. Giles, and L. Scott. At the close a vote was taken, the result being:—Ayes, 37; Noes, 20.

Miss Wilson has received a letter from Mildred Saxby who is now enrolled as a pupil at Rutherford College, Newcastle. She describes the work in her new School, and tells her former teacher the gratifying news that she is the youngest girl in her class, and that for French

she was sent into the Upper School among girls three and four years older than herself.

On the afternoon of Friday, the eighteenth of April, when the *pupils* of Bede School were enjoying a half-holiday, four old Bedans, who are now undergraduates of Durham University called to "report progress." Kate Burnett, Diana Birchall, and Lily Wright are second year students, and are working for a degree in Science. Alberta Farrow is a first year student, and is taking the B. Litt. course. On the following Monday two more second year students made their appearance. Muriel Watson is taking the B. Litt. course and Stella Bailes the Science course. All seemed in good spirits, all looked well, and all are happy in their work. If these young people are as glad to come back to the "halls of Bede" as we are to welcome them, it won't be very long before they visit us again.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

Not very long ago, we Bedans gave a series of tableaux in connection with our Prize Distribution. We devoted much time and labour to their preparation, and we don't imagine that they were by any means perfect in spite of that fact. Still, we felt a kind of modest pride in them.

It is very difficult to feel enthusiastic about tableaux in the early stages of their preparation, when everyone poses without the real 'properties', and with only such makeshifts as school affords. A nobleman posing with a poker in place of his trusty sword, Britannia with the majestic map-pole, conspirators preparing to stab with the deadly ruler, are more calculated to serve as exercises for the imagination than effective as representations.

The making of dresses was a great task, and here there was much outside help freely given; but, even so, many practical difficulties were to be overcome. It is awkward to realize, in actual cloth, exactly how a monk's dress, say, is put together; is there a yoke at the back, and is the stuff gathered or pleated in, and how is a cowl 'seguntiated'? How was the toga of a Roman senator shaped, and how can a sheet best be draped to make a striking article of clothing for a conspirator? In connection with the dress question some of the makeshifts were decidedly funny. The small boy who fastened on cork soles with tape, and called them *sandals*, discovered that they were not very satisfactory foot-gear; the soles were situated right enough at *first*, but there was too great a tendency for them

to move into a position at right angles to the original one, and then they were not aids to a graceful department.

There was also the boy who had leggings composed of long strips of calico, and it was a moving sight to see him unwinding himself at the close of a dress rehearsal.

After the question of dress came that of make-up. It was easy to make Bedans look young and beautiful—Nature had already been busy in that direction; but when it came to making them look old, ugly, or venerable, the task was harder. Of course, the actual making-up was never done until the night of the concert, and the difficulties were then smoothed away by the help of some volunteers with experience, who kindly officiated. To an onlooker, the operation was suggestive of much humorous reflection, and if the curtain had gone up before its time it would have disclosed an animated scene to the audience: small boys everywhere rubbing ruddy rouge on exposed limbs, others patiently submitting to operations which must have painfully reminded them of face-washings of their earlier youth, others smiling smiles which looked weird by reason of the strongly-emphasised wrinkles imposed on their faces by Art. Happily there was no premature withdrawal of the curtain, and only the finished product was seen when it did go up.

To stand beside any of the gentlemen who were engaged in manufacturing old faces from young ones was to hear some funny remarks. Thus one, on the timely appearance of another, "Thank goodness, somebody else has started with those conspirators. I've done nineteen already, and still the band is far from being finished." Another, "Who are you, my man?" Small boy, "Please, sir, I'm Alfred's brother, and I'm to look young." That was soon arranged. Then, to the next, "Who are you, my boy?" "Please, sir, I'm a French nobleman." It was a touching sight, later, to see that nobleman tenderly feeling the whiskers with which he had been provided, and, later again, still more tenderly removing them. There were several monks to be made up, and here the fit of the tonsure was an important point. One boy whose wig did not suit him at all was apparently loath to renounce it, for he was heard to say, "Couldn't I put this tonsure on? If it was pinned up the back it would fit me." A tonsure with a tuck in it would have had a decidedly novel effect! In connection with wigs there is a story told of one boy who went to hire one on his own responsibility. He did not, it appears, know much about what he wanted, so the shopman sent him to fetch a friend, and the resulting dialogue was amusing.

Friend, to shopman, "He's a Prince."

Small boy, (anxiously) "No, I'm not a Prince, I'm a senator."

Shopman, "And what kind of a wig does a senator wear?"

The small boy, at that period of his existence, certainly could not tell, so the problem was, for the time, left unsolved.

There is also a story of a little girl who, after an inspection of herself in a looking-glass, had to come back to say, "Please, I've had only *one* eyebrow blacked." The mistake was rectified at once, and she was sent away symmetrical, and happy.

There was a large amount of vaseline provided for the removal of grease paint, but it was always difficult to find any. That was explained by the fact that some Bedans were too liberal in their use of it, probably with resultant discomfort to themselves. One boy was heard saying to another, "Man, I put so much vaseline on my face that I couldn't get a lather."

Dignity was added to the representation by real scenery, and what is more, a real scene-shifter. The latter was a treasure; and nowhere was he more admirable than in contriving the fire in one of the King Alfred scenes. Like a true artist, he insisted on charring the wood; and this had the added advantage of producing a most realistic smell.

We will close with a remark overheard in the audience:—"What caps me, as they say, is how do they keep so still?"



WINTER SWIMMING.

BEDE School has this year continued its swimming practices all through the winter. Seven boys, not mentioned in previous numbers of the magazine, have learnt to swim. Their names are: Harry Mullens, William Phorson, George Wake, William McGhie, Alfred Moore, Arthur Thornley, and Charles Hunting. This makes a total of fifty-two boys who have learnt to swim since last March.

A gala, open to boys attending Bede School, was held on March 1st, as a formal opening to the new swimming season. Forty-one boys entered for the various events, and an interesting programme was gone through. Prizes were awarded as follows:—

Breadth Race (for boys who have never swum the length.) 1st prize, J. P. Holmes; 2nd prize, J. Thatcher; 3rd prize, M. Johnson.

One-length Handicap. 1st prize, H. Jordan; 2nd, E. Atkins; 3rd, J. H. Watson; 4th, H. S. Gardener (scratch).

Neatest Breast-stroke. 1st prize, N. W. Dawson; 2nd, H. Jordan; 3rd, J. Watson.

Neatest Dive. 1st prize, R. Esdon; 2nd, J. Watson.

It is a curious fact that not a single prize-winner was able to swim at all a year ago: all have learnt within the last twelve months, and, some, within a much shorter period.

Two extra events were provided with the aid of boys from Gateshead Higher Grade School. One was a two-length race between W. F. Sutton (Bede) and G. S. Conway (Gateshead), which resulted in a win for Conway, after a very close and exciting race. The other was a four-lengths time-test by A. Scott (Gateshead). Scott's time was exactly equal to that of the adult champion of Stockton—a very good performance indeed for a boy just over fifteen.

Three Bedans entered for the youths' race at the Sunderland Corporation Gala on November 30th last year, and two of them obtained prizes. H. S. Gardener received 2nd prize, and W. F. Sutton 3rd.

A gala was held at Stockton on March 24th of this year. Three teams swam in the Schools' Squadron Race, one being the Stockton Bailey Street Squadron (holders of the Moore Cup), and the two others from Bede School. The Senior team of Bedans won by over half the length of the bath, while the Junior team came in a yard and a half behind the Stocktonians. In the two-lengths youths' handicap, W. F. Sutton won the gold medal offered as first prize. Allan Usher, Tom Hetherington, Richard Stamp, and Fred. Sutton, the members of the winning squadron in the Schools' Squadron Race, each received a silver medal.

Sunderland School Board has at last recognised the importance of Swimming as a school subject, and has taken the lead over other School Boards in the district by appointing a properly qualified Instructor in the art. The Instructor, Mr G. E. Watson, is well known in Sunderland for the special interest he takes in all things pertaining to school swimming, and boys who have not yet learnt to swim would do well to note that now their opportunities to learn are much greater than ever before.

Here is a challenge. Twelve boys of Bede School are prepared to swim against any twelve boys selected from all the rest of the schools in Sunderland. C. K. W.



HOW A, B, AND I CLOMB HELVELLYN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have never quite forgotten the promise I made you to write "something bearing on the

English Lakes": it has been creeping about on velvet slippers in dusty corners of my brain; but this morning it suddenly emerged into the light of day, and stood there, abject and ashamed, before me. "And are you aware," said I, "you miserable subterfuge, that a harassed editor has been expecting your fulfilment for some time? Nay," I proceeded with an effort, "let us be more explicit, mayhap for weeks, and that his proud spirit has condemned him to expect and wait in silence? Begone! despised abortion! make way for better purposes."

This apostrophe had at least the effect of waking me up, but I am conscious that from your point of view it lacks application. Lakes, yes, Lakes.

Well, I like the Lakes. A more rapturous expression I hesitate to employ, having a keen memory for a snub. Once, I ventured to say to a certain person that a particular sight in Lakeland made me feel 'Wordsworthian', and I was immediately and unhesitatingly 'put down'. Nothing would induce me so to expose myself again; but I will just venture to say that if anyone would wish to realise in some degree what an intimate, breathing union Wordsworth's was with nature, and what sort of consciousness that was of

" . . . something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man",
let him go alone to the top of Helvellyn.

Now I cannot go alone to the top of Helvellyn; for, as you are, I believe, aware, I am a woman. Never has that elemental fact come home to me more keenly than when I have been tramping in the Lake-country; and one occasion occurs to my mind when it wounded me as only a brutal, inevitable fact can wound. There were three of us, suffering under the same disability—almost new, moreover, to climbing. I do not wish to claim for myself any great natural aptitude for adventure, though I can to some extent sympathise with the attitude of mind which prompted Lancelot and his knightly fellows when they sallied forth into the wild wood, and asked an errant maid, "Fair damosel, are there any adventures in this forest?" But we were going to climb Helvellyn, from Patterdale to Keswick, and I had just enough of Lancelot in me to be possessed by the idea of going by way of Striding Edge. Whatever spirit of adventure there was in the party was certainly confined to me, for B hesitates to cross the street after 8 o'clock at night, and is mortally afraid of thunderstorms; and A has no more enterprise than a wet dish-cloth. Moreover, they were both steeped in guide-books on the subject of Striding Edge, and pictured horrid events in the mind's eye.

However, by dint of a set determination, and a more than ordinary exercise of patience, I got the party started in good time in the morning. Up we went, only fairly cheerfully, for it was very hot, until we got to the point where the track divides, one road going by Swirrel Edge, the other by Striding Edge. Up to this point our ultimate course was undecided; at least, the general impression was that the matter was open: on the other hand, I knew it wasn't—we were going over Striding Edge. Like the general who led an army over the Splügen, I marshalled my forces and pointed forwards. "Girls", I cried, "we've just got to go over Striding Edge." As to danger, I spurned the idea. I laughed Baddeley to scorn, and endeavoured to support the fainting spirits of my companions by an attitude of exaggerated mockery and a reckless abandonment of gait intended to create a disbelief in the neighbourhood of precipices. This, however, was bad policy on my part. They followed me, because *they daren't let me go on by myself*; but the capers I cut only made them more convinced of what they had begun to suspect, that I was mad, and if the road had been as flat as Salisbury Plain they would have seen precipices double by the mere power of fear. When we got to the point where there is, really and truly, something of a precipice on both sides, first A, then B, became abjectly demoralised. They dropped on 'all fours', and did the rest of Striding Edge in a painful posture of frantic clinging suggestive of Mr. Gilpin. I believe that even men might feel a slight sinking at the knees, perhaps, on such an occasion. At any rate, after a little of this, *my* knees began to shake in a most familiarly feminine way, and, finally, I too "deigned crawl". Oh! what a silly, helpless, hopeless female I did feel! There was a bit of scree, I remember, at the end. To her dying day, I believe, A will think we only got across it by a special intervention of Providence. Near the top we met some men—Men—coming down. They looked a little amused at our attitudes. I hated them. But after all, I had got my party over Striding Edge.

Sometimes I have wondered if perhaps it was a trifle inconsiderate to drag the other two across against their will. I daresay, really, it was. But I'm convinced I should do it again. Don't you think so?

Yours faithfully,

WHYMPERATRIX.

P.S.—A says, "Not with the same two?"



FRENCH GIRLS AS LETTER-WRITERS.

[N December last the Head-Mistress received from a French lady of her acquaintance, at present living in Sunderland, the following letter; "Chère Mademoiselle,

Une de mes sœurs qui est professeur d'Anglais à l'école supérieure de Roubaix m'a chargée de vous demander si vous désiriez faire un échange d'anglais en français entre vos élèves et les siennes. J'avais l'intention de vous en parler la dernière fois que j'ai eu le plaisir de vous voir, mais j'ai complètement oublié. Je vous envoie l'adresse de ma sœur dans le cas où vous desiriez lui écrire à ce sujet: "Mlle. L., etc., Roubaix." Veuillez je vous prie, chère Mademoiselle, excuser ces quelques lignes mais le temps me manque pour vous en écrire davantage.

En attendant le plaisir de vous revoir je vous prie d'accepter pour vous et mademoiselle votre sœur l'assurance de mes meilleurs sentiments.

B. L."

The Head Mistress wrote to Roubaix during the Christmas holidays, to make arrangements for an interchange of letters between the two schools, and soon after work was resumed in the New Year the following letter arrived:—

"Roubaix,

le 10 janvier, 1902.

Madame,

Je ne veux pas tarder davantage à vous remercier de votre aimable lettre qui m'a fait le plus grand plaisir. Mes élèves sont enchantées à l'idée de correspondre, aussi, dès la semaine prochaine, vous recevrez nos missives anglaises qui vous amuseront très probablement, car je les enverrai telles quelles puisque il est convenu que de part et d'autre ce sont les correspondantes qui s'occupent de la correction.

J'espère, Madame, que nos élèves retireront un grand avantage de cette correspondance et je vous remercie encore d'avoir bien voulu accéder à mon désir.

Veuillez agréer l'expression de mes sentiments distingués,

M. L.

Je vous enverrai la liste et l'âge des correspondantes au commencement de la semaine prochaine."

Arrangements were soon made, and a great many letters have passed between Sunderland and Roubaix, not to mention picture post-cards, photographs, etc. The Bedans writing to Roubaix are mostly in the first year of the Upper School, while the older girls have correspondents not a whit less interesting in the Académie de Clermont, Moulins, in the middle of France.

Every girl writes two letters a month, one in

English, the other in French. This article will only concern itself with those written to Bedans, as they are, from the English standpoint, the most interesting. To begin with, the handwriting is always good, very small, very neat, very well-formed. The letters written by the French girls in *French* are often quite remarkably well expressed, and show a desire to cultivate 'style' and to write in the very best possible manner the language whose beauty (which is recognised by all who are competent to judge) is a precious inheritance handed down by the great French 'stylists' of the past.

The English letters are often surprisingly eloquent, and reflect great credit on the young ladies of Roubaix and on their teacher of English. But of course they contain many funny mistakes, and, while laughing heartily at them, one has nothing but admiration for the girls who are thus trying to make use of their opportunities.

One girl writes:—" . . . These teachers teach to me arithmetic, physic (!), spelling, geography, history, needlework, *song*. A teacher gives me three lessons of english by week. I much wish to speak fluently the english tongue. My teacher having given to me the mean to learn more quickly your tongue like writing you, I am very glad. I thank you because you will well correct the mistakes that I have made in my letter; I will give you the same service. Perhaps, are you curious to know my temper? *Know only that I am very merry*; then, if you are merry, so we could be written some amusing things. I wait your answer with impatience.

I shake hands.

A. L."

Another letter runs thus:—" . . . I am happy to correspond with you, this will be profitable for both. The study of stranger-languages becomes more and more necessary, and this correspondence that our teachers advise us will teach us. . . . In a next letter I shall speak to you of Roubaix, his manufactories, his inhabitants, but to-day I shall be well pleased to offer you my best wishes of new year. . . .

L. V."

Those Bedans who have made much progress in their French will see the reasons for many of the mistakes of their foreign friends.

Here is another excerpt:—" I am very glad to correspond with you because I find more pleasant to learn the English language by letters than by tedious exercises.

When a person writes for the first time to another person, she is in the habit to have herself likeness taken her. I shall do likewise.

I am fifteen years old, and I am small enough; neither dark nor fair, *such is your corresponding girl*. Are you directed in her? Not yet, I suppose, and, however it is all that she can say to

you, for she does not know herself. . . .
I beg you to forgive me to martyrize your language, and I should be grateful you if you would correct the mistakes that I have done in writing to you. . . . M. B."

This letter is from Moulins:—" You know my name. I will be old sixteen years in the month of January. I am older than you. I have been learning the english these two years, and I spoke it very badly. Mistress B. teaches english very well but this language is very difficult for me. But with the process that we make I expect to make progress. . . . I am sure that you will mock of my letter, very badly written. Yours is good, but mine is not. Be indulgent and correct my mistakes. I return your own letter, I would keep it, but I have corrected it, you may see; I do not know if the correction is this you ask or if you will that I expound your mistakes. I will accept whatever you will propose.

I am very glad that you have written me so quick. My school-comrades are waiting impatiently for letter of their english corresponding. You have written the first, I thank well you.

I love you without know you. Spoke any more of you and tell me your character.

I forget to tell you that we translate in french A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens.

I wait your written answer, which I wish to receive quick.

Yours sincerely,

M. L. P."

And yet another:—" You will be astonished to find my letter less long than the others, you know the cause however. To write to you in English is indeed a great work and it is what I do not like. I found your letter very easy to translate, it interested me very much. Nellie Saxby sent to her correspondent Jeanne Querré, the photo of your school. It is very nice, very pleasant. Ours has not the advantage to be placed in a public park. It is in the middle of the town, in a very manufacturing ward. It has the name of a French lady, Madame de Sévigné, that you know, I think. Perhaps you have reading of her letters.

I remark you are not a long time at school every day. Here the school begins at eight o'clock till eleven or twelve. After none we come again at two o'clock and go out at seven. We have, you can see it, very much of work.

M. B."

M. B. writes very good English in spite of her apologies. Another girl in the same school and with the same initials says:—" I am very astonished to have the permission to correspond with you, because I am very weak in English, so I beg you to excuse me if I martyrize your language. I write the most correctly that I can.

I am very happy to be in correspondence with



SENIOR GIRLS' CLASS-ROOM.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY: GIRLS AT WORK.



PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



MANUAL INSTRUCTION WORKSHOP.

you, but what shall I say to you? I don't know.
 . . . If I had my photograph taken to you!
 . . . It is all I can write.

I had flaxen hairs and blue eyes, my name is Marie, I am fifteen years old; so is your french correspondent. Do she please to you? . . . I do not think . . . if you are sharing my sentiments. What could I say to you any more? My little imagination does not inspire me . . .

I am waiting with impatience the pleasure to read you . . . M. B."

Here are some funny passages:—

"My greater sister, Lucienne, would wish to have some posts-carts of England."

"If you do collection of posts-carts I sent for you some carts."

"We keep to Christmas. We suspend from a fire-tree, beautiful playthings for children."

"The children put their shoes in the chimney and Christmas fill it with sweetmeats. We wish to one another a merry Christmas but we make presents him chiefly for the new year."

"If you will write me in English for telling me how you pass your times at the school, I will be glad. When I will write in French, I tell you how we pass ours if that please you. I send to you a image not very fine, but I hope it please you."

In another number some of the *French* letters of our friends in Roubaix may appear. But space does not permit it in this present issue.

There are many English people who speak in terms of dislike and suspicion of our French neighbours. Such people as a rule don't know the nation which they so harshly judge. To know the French is to like them, though there are disagreeable people on their side of *La Manche* as well as on ours.

It is often said that the attitude of our forefathers towards foreigners was illustrated by the saying, "Hullo! here's a stranger. Let's shy a brick at him." This is probably not quite true, but we dare not stigmatize it as altogether false. People often forget that Patriotism is *love of one's own country, NOT hatred of others*. Indeed, we are better patriots if we know and respect other nations. It is very safe to prophesy that our correspondents in Roubaix and Moulins will be slow to judge England harshly, remembering their friends here; while the Bedans who write to them will always have a kindly feeling for all French folk, having realized what charming, merry girls there are on French soil.

J. M. T.



A CURE FOR MELANCHOLY.

If with gloomy thoughts you're pressed,
 There's a remedy—the best!
 Sure, from care you'll be decoyed,
 Cured by pills of celluloid.

New diversion—all the rage,
 Tapping with a vellum page
 Little balls as light as air
 Jumping round, you don't know where.

Table-Tennis was its name,
 But folks thought this term too tame;
 'Twas re-christened: from its sound
 Ping-Pong was the new name found.

O'er the table stretch the net,
 Let the players now be set;
 Server speeds the sphere amain,
 Striker sends it back again.

Watch it, how it skims along,
 How the racquets sound "Ping-Pong":
 [If to *wooden* bats you stick,
 Then the noise will be "Clack-Click."]

Bounds the ball from place to place,
 Sometimes flying in your face;
 But this only causes glee,
 Since it doesn't hurt, you see.

Folks go grovelling on the floor,
 (Three, or four, or sometimes more),
 Poking balls from 'neath the table—
 Sofa—sideboard (if they're able).

Youth and maiden, young and old,
 All play Ping-Pong, so I'm told;
 Oh! the game, 'tis recreation,
 Fun and frolic, fascination!

Fit of blues, and cannot back it?
 Why! get out your Ping-Pong racquet.
 Arms, legs, mind, will be employed
 As you bang the celluloid.

Ennuï cannot on you fall
 While you've net, and bat, and ball;
 Play the game, pell-mell, ding-dong,
 Click, or clack, or ping, or pong.

CRYPTO.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

SOME months ago P.Q. diverted readers of *The Bedan* by telling them how, on one occasion, through having forgotten the keys of his travelling-bags, he was in the predicament of having "Plenty of Clothes, and Nothing to Wear." When laughing heartily at the account of P.Q.'s woes I did not expect soon to be myself one of the victims of a little misadventure somewhat similar to his. But read.

Harry, Fred, and I were going for a week's holiday to Harrogate. We didn't take much luggage—we had only one big trunk which contained all our suits, shirts, flannels, shoes, etc. We were almost ready for a start: all that remained to be done was to lock the trunk. This proved a task of some magnitude, and afterwards, when we reflected on our initial trunk-closing difficulties, we wished we had taken them as portentous, and as intended to put us on our guard. Having to catch a train, however, we had no time to think of omens, but devoted our whole energies to trying to turn a refractory key. I tried first, without success, and, after severely bruising my fingers, gave up the attempt. Harry declared it was the easiest thing in the world to turn a key; it only required a little skill. Harry always thought he knew more and could do more than anybody else; so I let him try his hand. After a quarter of an hour's hard work he said the trunk couldn't be locked; we'd evidently got the wrong key. No other key, however, could be found which would even "go near" the lock, so Fred determined he'd "have a spell". The result was another failure. Fred said he always thought it was hard work to enjoy a holiday. We were all now becoming dispirited, not to say bad-tempered. Resolving to "have the thing fastened, by hook or by crook" I took up a small poker, inserted the point in the key handle, and turned the lock with a click. Harry, who couldn't abide to see anybody accomplish anything which he'd had to give up, remarked scornfully, "I've often heard of a famous book 'Locke: On the Human Understanding', and, just now, you've shown the action of the Human Understanding—and a certain amount of monkey-like ingenuity—on the Lock!"

After a four hours' journey we arrived at Harrogate without adventure. It was now late in the afternoon, so we had tea as soon as we arrived. Then we went for a stroll. Harry said he knew every walk in the vicinity of Harrogate, and as we should be cycling every day afterwards if the weather were fine, we'd "better get those ferns at once" which we had promised to take home. "We shan't have more than three or four miles to walk. It's now five o'clock, and we can be back by half-past six."

The spot where the ferns grew was near the highway between Harrogate and Knaresborough. Readers of *The Bedan* who have been on that delightful road will remember that in several places the hedge is at a considerable distance from the roadside, and that, after a few days' rainy weather, a good, broad stream courses along the hedge-bottom, which becomes, for the time being, a sort of glorified gutter. Well, when we arrived opposite to the point where the ferns were growing, we found, between us and them, a

current of very muddy, forbidding-looking water. To jump over was out of the question: the bank facing us afforded no foot-hold—to say nothing of the difficulty of springing back again with our arms full of sylvan spoil. Then the bank on our side was steep, slippery, and treacherous, and anybody who attempted to go down it to the water's edge and reach across to the overhanging ferns would inevitably have slid straight to the bottom. So we made the following arrangement: I was to stand at the top of the slope; Fred, holding my hand, was to stand half-way down the slope; and Harry, further down still, was to hang on to Fred with one hand, and, leaning across the little chasm, was to secure the coveted ferns with the other. This plan being agreed upon, we all joined hands, took up our assigned positions (after a certain amount of gingerly scrambling and adjustment), and then Harry reached out for the ferns, and got several fine ones which we managed somehow to engineer up on to the road.

But, alas! how can I exculpate myself? Something made me lose my equilibrium. Falling forward, I accelerated Fred and Harry in their tendency to prostrate themselves, and, with a splash, we all went head-foremost into the great ditch of dirty water!

Of course I was the culprit, and, when we emerged, all dank and dripping, all mire and clay, didn't I "catch it"? Fred looked mildly reproachful, but Harry said things unutterable.

Covered with mud, saturated with water, and looking much like amphibious monsters of prehistoric ages, back we slunk to our lodgings. Arrived there, we found that our misfortunes were not yet over. As already stated, I had in the morning locked our trunk, using a single key and a poker. But now, *unlock* it, I couldn't—even with a *bunch* of keys which Harry handed me, and with a whole set of fire-irons (and fender too) which he said were at my disposal. Cold, clammy, and miserable, we felt in no humour to spend much time over the trunk that night, wishful though we were to have "changes of raiment"; so, having each had a bath, we borrowed nightshirts, and tumbled into bed.

Next morning we found that our obliging landlady had dried and brushed our clothes, and had procured us the means of forcing open our trunk. The day was fine, and, after breakfast, we made a fair division of the ferns acquired so laboriously the previous night; and then we entered upon what proved to be a delightful holiday. Even our preliminary 'ducking' is pleasant to look back upon—though I must acknowledge that, *at the time* when we made our involuntary plunge, ditch-water struck me as having a very nasty taste.

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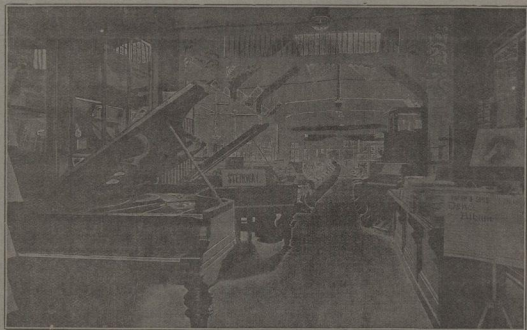
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