

# The Bedan.

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## SPELLING.

THE number of people who, as a rule, spell correctly is, we believe, far smaller than the number of those who read pretty well, or who write fairly, or who generally count with accuracy.

Most men, however illiterate, can tell exactly what their week's pay should come to, even if the calculation involved be such as reckoning the amount of five-and-three-quarters days' wages at three shillings and sixpence a day; and many women, with small pretensions to scholarship, know precisely what change to expect when they have handed the grocer half a sovereign for a quarter of a stone of sugar at three pence a pound, two ounces of two-shilling tea, and six eggs at tenpence a dozen.

The practice of reading aloud is, unfortunately, not cultivated as much as seems desirable;—still, even in the humblest households, paragraphs from the daily newspapers are often read out with tolerable accuracy, phrasing, and expression.

Beautiful penmanship is certainly seldom seen nowadays; but one generally finds that anybody under thirty years of age can write a hand which is at least legible, and may have other good qualities.

Bad spelling, however, is *rife*—at least that is our experience—not only among the uneducated, but also among many persons who have had what is called “an excellent schooling”.

“But”, some of our readers may say, “have there not been, and are there not still, several clever and even distinguished men and women unable to spell correctly? What does it matter *how* we spell a word if the person who sees it knows what we mean it to stand for?”

We answer, “It matters a great deal. *Geniuses* can, perhaps, afford to spell badly—though, even in *them*, weakness in orthography is never considered an excellence, but, rather, a defect to be marvelled at: a truth well shown by such a phrase as ‘So-and-so was a *celebrated* man, but *notorious* as a bad speller’. But, in practical every-day life, as a matter of fact there is absolutely *nothing* which makes an ordinary person's intellectual ability and attainments be lightly esteemed to such an extent, and so soon, as his falling into mistakes in spelling”.

We believe that the immediately foregoing dictum will meet with very general acceptance. Let anyone be sent an invoice in which there is an obvious arithmetical error. He will probably just say to himself “I must get that corrected: it's simply a little slip”. Let him receive a rather ill-written letter. He will perhaps remark “My correspondent's caligraphy is not a cause of admiration. Probably he was in a hurry, or had a bad pen.”

But, let him get a letter, however neatly or even beautifully penned, which is disfigured by faults of orthography, and either he mutters “The writer is evidently an illiterate person”, or, if the letter is from someone who might reasonably be expected to spell correctly, he instinctively exclaims “What a disgrace to So-and-So! A man in his position should be incapable of such mistakes as these!” And the tone of voice used expresses either downright scorn, or, at the least, good-natured contempt.

Two fundamental functions of the Intellect are Perception of *Agreement* and Perception of *Difference*. Each of these furnishes a criterion of brain-power; and Spelling offers a wide field for the exercise of these gauges or criteria. The more intelligent a person is, the more quickly will he *distinguish* from one another the NOTIONS represented by (say) *U* (a vowel), *you* (a pronoun), *yew* (a tree), *ewe* (a sheep), *hue* (a shade), *hew* (a verb common among miners), and *Hugh* (the name of Lord Salisbury's most interesting son); the more readily, too, will he distinguish these WORDS from one another; and the more perfectly, also, when he has occasion to write down one of these words, will he *assimilate* the form which he commits to paper to the form which he remembers to be the standard, or dictionary, shape of that word.

This, we suppose, affords the psychological clue to the somewhat contemptuous attitude of mind of the good speller towards the unhappy wight guilty of orthographical errors. The one man cannot but look down upon the other when he has evidence, which bad spelling brings conspicuously forward, of that other's mental inferiority.

If good spelling is very important, why is it comparatively rare?

In this connexion we shall not consider at length the cases of exceptionally-constituted individuals. Everybody has known rank dunces who could neither spell nor do anything else. And nearly everybody has known some person whose mental equipment was in many ways far above the average, and who yet was an execrable speller. We are acquainted with a brilliant conversationalist, well-read, full of ideas, and able to express them in the happiest phrases; and, again, we call to mind an Old Bedan whose successes, both at school and subsequently, were little inferior to those of the best pupils that we have ever had; and yet most of the letters which we have received from these two gifted persons have simply *abounded* in mis-spelt words. Individual instances like these are as inexplicable as, on the one hand, are those of clever but totally colour-blind people, and as, on the other, those of the tiny, ultra-precocious youngsters sometimes met with, who can spell off *ipecacuanha* and

*paralelepipedon* as easily as *dog*, or *cat*, or *tram-car*.

But (thank Goodness!) the population does not consist largely of dunces, and of geniuses unable to spell. It is sufficient, therefore, to inquire "Why are many *ordinary* people bad, or weak, or at any rate sadly uncertain, in spelling?"

In our opinion, mainly from *two* causes.

The first of these (which, however, we are confident is not the principal one) is the fact that our language has a most confusing Orthography.

Our copious stock of words has been derived from very diverse sources—and that, too, at periods so different as to range, in all, over more than a thousand years. Doubtless, therefore, the anomalous (or, what is more generally true, the *apparently* anomalous) spelling of many words is traceable to their etymology. But we must not here attempt the colossal task of *accounting* for the vagaries of English Spelling: it is enough for our present purpose barely to indicate a few of them.

In some cases we represent *one and the same sound* by several *different sets of letters*. Thus the words *rain*, *rein*, and *reign* are obviously *alike* in *sound*, and yet they are just as obviously *different* in *spelling*.

On the other hand we often represent *many different sounds* by *one and the same set of letters*. Thus the eight quite different sounds which we may here roughly indicate thus

o, oo, ow, aw, och, off, uff, up,  
are sometimes represented in English spelling by *one* group of letters

ough.

This may be seen by considering the words

d-ough	thr-ough	pl-ough	th-ough-t
d- o	thr- oo	pl- ow	th- aw -t

l-ough	c-ough	t-ough	hicc-ough
l- och	c- off	t- uff	hicc- up.

*The Bedan* for April, 1899, contained some verses entitled "Oddities of English Weather and Spelling". Friday, March 17th, 1899, was a warm, lovely day; but a very severe snow-storm, with hard frost, began on the Saturday after, and lasted a week. This sudden change, with no apparent reason for it, made one of our contributors—who signed himself, appropriately, Y? Y?—send us the verses alluded to: he evidently thought that, for sheer lawlessness and non-conformity to general rules, the only thing to match English Weather is English Orthography.

We reproduce a few of his jingles:

Our Spelling's fickle as the *Weather*;—  
Oft, words that rhyme quite well *together*

The fact *conceal*  
And make us *feel*

They're no more like than cheese and *leather*.

Of course, it's easy to spell *scoff*,

But now, just try *pneumatic trough*.

If you go wrong, and I then *laugh*,  
Please don't attack me with a *staff*,

And knock my head-piece *off*.

I wish the nasty slush and *snow*

Would make haste, melt, and quickly *go*;

We've had *enough*

Of such-like *stuff*

This March, to cause us Bedans *woe*.

Not in the field, but on the road, the *plough*

Is often with us *now*;

Each lady wears her warmest *muff*,

The sharp wind blows with angry *sough*,

The Park trees show white wreaths on every *bough*.

The Season's ta'en a wintry *hue*,

Disliked by most, enjoyed by *few*;

Last Friday, Spring was *everywhere*—

In birds, in buds, in genial *air*,

In lambs that frisked through pastures *new*.

That afternoon, young Bedans, free from *school*

—Because, according to a good old *rule*,

The Scripture Exam'nation being *done*

A lov'd half-holiday they all had *won*—

Went gaily forth to country lanes, or sought the  
sea-side *cool*.

This week—as I have striven to *rehearse*

In rude and most irregular *verse*—

Chill Boreas blows both snell and *keen*,

And Hiems, with forbidding *mien*,

Is *louring* worse and *worse*.

And now I'll stop, because, *although*

My theme might zig-zag on, just so,

It's not particularly *entertaining*,

And some of you may be *complaining*

"There's nothing here but what we *know*!"

So much for our eccentric Orthography.

But the second (and, we are sure, the chief) cause of the prevalence of bad spelling is the fact that, as a rule, boys and girls at school are expected to learn *ALL* the words that come in their Reading-Books—a thing, in nine cases out of ten, impossible; a thing, in nine cases out of ten, useless for the most part, even if possible; and yet a thing, in every case, absolutely insufficient to meet practical requirements.

The other day we opened, at random, an ordinary school reading-book, and, glancing over a page or two, found these words: economized, authentic, commissariat, precision, gorgeous, grotesquely, proboscis, antennæ, herbivorous, repletion, effectually, characteristic, ethereal, abrasion, inevitable, alchemy, caparisoned, stupefaction, recognizable, physiognomy, multitudinous, paralysing, crystallizes, correlated, kaleidoscope, etc., etc.

Can an average lad ever learn to spell all the words in that book? Even if he can, what is the

practical good of his painfully mastering the orthography of a huge number of long and unfamiliar words hardly any of which he will ever use either in speaking or writing? On the other hand, are there not many words that everybody ought to know how to spell which a Reading-Book like this seldom contains?

All recently-published English Dictionaries contain over 100,000 words each. Some of them are said to contain nearly 200,000 words. But this huge total includes, probably, thousands of words never used except by botanists; thousands employed exclusively by chemists; thousands current only among medical men; thousands, technical legal terms known only to lawyers; and so on.

Shakespeare had more thoughts, and used more words to express them, than any other Englishman; yet he said all that he had to say with about 15,000 words. Milton employed only about one-half that number. A well-educated man of to-day seldom has a stock of more than 5,000 words. A mechanic generally finds 2,000 sufficient for his needs. An ordinary schoolboy uses, perhaps, 1,000 words, and an agricultural labourer, 500.

What do these facts with regard to the comparatively small number of words in actual use suggest as a specific for the chronic evil of bad spelling? Surely, that *every person, instead of dissipating his energy and distracting his attention by futile, needless, and indiscriminate efforts to learn to spell ALL the words in the English Language which he ever happens to read, should concentrate his powers upon the few hundreds—or, at most, the few thousands—which constitute his own vocabulary, and which are the only ones that he is in any way likely to commit to paper.*

Obviously, in teaching Arithmetic, it would be the height of folly to make a boy or a girl think that it is just as important for him or her to know all about *scruples, puncheons, Flemish ells, barley-corns, kilderkins*, and all the other more or less obsolete curiosities of our British System of Weights and Measures, as to know the meaning and relations of shillings and sovereigns, hours and days, feet and yards, pounds and hundred-weights. And it is equally foolish, in teaching Spelling, to proceed as though words like *theme, strenuous, eulogy, compatible, and potentiality*, are quite as essential to an ordinary person's language-outfit as (say) *useful, Wednesday, and all right*. Yet one sees *yousefull* sometimes, *Wednesday* often, and *alright* nearly always—principally (we believe) because, time and pains being given, haphazard, to *all sorts* of words, the *indispensable* ones are learnt no better than those hardly ever wanted; that is, at present, absolutely necessary words (those which nobody can do without, and which, by their comparative

fewness, and frequency of occurrence, could certainly be mastered if exclusive attention were devoted to them), and on the other hand words that, for most people, are *luxuries* rarely indulged in, are alike in being attempted, and alike in not being thoroughly learnt.

Of course we do not for a moment say that clever people, with some taste for letters, should be discouraged from acquiring—as, in most cases, they will do, easily and unconsciously—a knowledge of the way to spell *every* fresh word that they fall in with. To such persons the following nonsense-sentence, part of which is well known, will be a delight as a dictation test:—

It is conspicuously agreeable to witness the mysterious manœuvres, solemn dubiety of procedure, and unparalleled embarrassment, of an erstwhile phlegmatic plebeian, harassed by the competing clamant claims of divers unmanageable hereditary idiosyncrasies, whilst delicately gauging, with manifold symptoms of uncontrollable ecstasy, the sinuous symmetry of a peeled, pivoted, penetrable pomegranate, and simultaneously listening, with occasional contortions indicative of ill-achieved tranquillity, to the discordant chords produced, by an emaciated and hypochondriac musician, from an alternately strident and raucous violoncello.

But anybody who framed this sort of stuff often, would not have the opportunity of proposing it for dictation anywhere: he would find himself placed under restraint. Besides, in practical life, when we write to anyone's dictation, it is, far oftener than otherwise, to *our own*. This brings us back to what we said before, namely, that the all-important thing in spelling is to be able to put down correctly the words of one's own vocabulary.

"But", it may be asked, "how can you discover which words really *do* form a boy's vocabulary?"

Thus, in school. By systematically making, for at least a quarter of an hour every day, the separate boys of a class stand up, one after another, and orally frame *any sentences they please* on a subject proposed by the teacher. Suppose the subject is "The Railway-Station". Then the sentences elicited may be like these:—

I caught the train.

An old woman was carrying a heavy basket along the platform.

The engine came puffing in, thirteen minutes late.

The ticket-collector had some bother with a drunken man who was travelling without a ticket.

The man was so rude and awkward to deal with that at last the station officials had to be very rough with him.

Your carriage was uncomfortably crowded ; ours was nearly empty.

The string on my parcel came loose. Some noisy excursionists were singing " Dolly Gray".

How dusty these cushions are ! I believe that the fare to Newcastle is a shilling. This magazine is nothing but advertisements. Our Willie got weighed on the automatic weighing-machine.

And so on.

On other days the subjects may be the weather, Fawcett Street, a green-grocer's shop, parts of the body, days of the week, months of the year, the seasons, articles of dress, pictures, newspapers, a ship-building yard, the army, the navy, weapons, holidays, diseases and ailments, trees, fruits, flowers, bridges, mountains, rivers, parks, animals, musical instruments, tradesmen, artisans, rooms, meals, a kitchen, an oven, bread, the family, the school, furniture, businesses, scavenging, a policeman, the Mayor, the fire-engine, Havelock's Monument, the Docks, a tram-car, the streets, the Garrison Field—in short, any topic whatever on which a lad may be supposed capable of making a remark.

In this way are indicated not only the *Nouns* which boys are accustomed to use, but also the *Verbs*—seeing that each sentence must contain at least *one* Verb. Sometimes, however, if the pupils are inclined to stick to a few simple verbs such as *came, went, is, are, ran, etc.*, a single subject, (say) " The horse", may be proposed, and all the members of the class may be required to make sentences involving all sorts of appropriate verbs (was galloping—upset the dog-cart—was frightened by the motor-car, etc.). Similarly, when different *adjectives* are desired, if such a subject as " road" is mentioned, there come, thick and fast, numerous statements involving such words as long, wide, dirty, muddy, bottomless, badly-paved, pleasant, splendid, magnificent.

It is quite true that some of the sentences offered contain nothing but easy words, the spelling of which is perfectly known to everybody in the class. Yet the time given to such sentences is by no means wasted—for oral composition is, in itself, a very useful exercise. Besides, such sentences are exceptional. It is common to find that a sentence presents at least one word which is a difficulty to some pupils. Such a word has to be taught on the spot. Of course, in teaching spelling, we should naturally point out general rules, such as that verbs ending in -e, usually drop the e before -ing ; that words compounded with -all, -full, -till, usually drop one l ; and that verbs ending in a single consonant, preceded by a single vowel, double this consonant when adding -ed or -ing if the accent is on the last syllable ;—but if the accent is not on the last syllable,

the last consonant is not doubled. [Contrast defer, deferred, with differ, differed.] But, as these rules (and others) are subject to numerous exceptions, it is best to consider the case of each individual word just as it arises naturally in an offered sentence.

If any reader thinks it poor and pitiable in us to advise that, until the spelling of all the words of a person's vocabulary is mastered, no attention should be paid to the spelling of other words, all we can say is this : Surely it is still poorer and more pitiable that, although *Tuesday* is a word specially current throughout one-seventh, and February throughout one-thirteenth, of every person's life-time, enormous numbers of people should always go wrong in writing Tuesday and February ; and that—a thing which our experience leads us to believe as certain—probably four millions, out of the 5,737,361 children in the public elementary schools of this country, should be unable to spell CONVENIENT correctly, although it is one of the most generally-used adjectives in the English Language.



## 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.]

Our space is this time far too small to meet the demands made upon it. After cutting out three of the usual four pages of illustrations to make room for ordinary matter, we have yet been compelled to hold several interesting Articles and Notes—more particularly some recent Notes from the Girls' School—over for our next Number.

The Secretary of State for India has appointed Mr. Richard Littlehailes, B.A., formerly Exhibitioner of Balliol College, and now Demonstrator in the Clarendon Laboratory at Oxford, to be Professor of Physics in the University of Madras, at a salary beginning at £400 a year, and rising by increments of £40 a year to £800 a year. The appointment carries with it a pension.

We heartily congratulate Littlehailes, one of the most distinguished of Old Bedans, on his latest and most brilliant success. He was five



years a scholar and two years a Pupil Teacher in Bede School, and went straight thence to Oxford with an Exhibition and two Scholarships, as recently as October, 1898. Since then he has not only taken a good Honours degree at Oxford—Mathematics at “Moderations” and Physics in the Final Schools—but has also studied a year in Germany at the University of Kiel. Last summer he was at Bede School for a few weeks, filling a temporary vacancy on the staff.

It is not necessary to repeat here the story of his numerous successes, both at examinations and in football matches, during his school-days. Suffice it to say that his school has always had reason to be proud of him, and that he has always been proud of his school. He is at present spending his Easter Vacation at Naples.

When, before starting for Italy, he called at the school, to tell his old Head Master of his success, he added that Mr. F. W. Armstrong, A.R.C.A., of South Kensington, happened to be spending a day or two at Oxford with him just when he received the news of his appointment. The hundreds of our readers who know and like these two Old Bedans can imagine how warmly they would shake hands over the tidings.

Professor Littlehailes will go to India in July. By his fine character and engaging personal qualities he has gained hosts of well-wishers who hope that he may have health, happiness, and prosperity in his Oriental home. Should he stay there even for twenty years he will still be only forty-five years old when he returns to the Old Country to enjoy a pension of fully five hundred a year.

Mr. John McIntyre, for many years Caretaker at Bede School, and who—as most Old Bedan boys know—was formerly in the Royal Navy, came to the School a few weeks ago to show us a medal which he had just then received from the Canadian Government for service at the time of the Fenian Raid of 1866! Mr McIntyre was then a first-class boy on H.M.S. Fawn, at that time in Canadian waters; and he accompanied the ship's crew in the expedition against the raiders.

In the November *Bedan* we stated that Franklyn Robinson had gained an Assistant Cadetship in the Eastern Colonial Service. The Head Master has had two communications from him—a picture post card from Port Said as he was on his way out to Singapore, and a letter from Malacca, where he is now stationed. He had very cold, disagreeable weather in the Mediterranean, and was not at all enamoured of that classic water-way. “The ultramarine of the sea and the glorious azure of the sky which one

has read so much about in books (written, I suppose, by people who have never stirred from England's shores) were conspicuous by their absence. I have many a time—when in a boat on the much-abused German Ocean—seen much more beautiful effects of sea and sky down at Roker than any that I was privileged to observe between Gibraltar and Port Said.” But, on the whole, he had a very enjoyable passage out.

Writing from the Residency, Malacca, he says “My official duties at present are not very arduous. Two or three mornings a week I sit on the Bench in the Police Court along with the presiding Magistrate, partly to get an insight into the methods of legal procedure, and partly with a view to learning the vernacular. The other mornings I spend in the Land Office, revising old registers and signing receipts and licenses if the Collector of Land Revenue is away or engaged. Here, too, I come in contact to some extent with the natives, and thus get increasing familiarity with the vernacular. The rest of my working day is spent in learning the language from books and from a native teacher who comes to me for an hour every day.

“The English population in the Colony numbers about twenty-five, all told. We have a Club, and, in connexion with it, a grand ground for tennis, cricket, and football, which are played here all the year round. It would astonish some of your Bedans to see a football match here. Chinamen and Malays are very keen on the game. Most of them play in bare feet, and, I can tell you, they kick as well as anybody with boots on. Those who play in boots do not seem to gain any advantage thereby. The Malay boys—as, indeed, men, women, and girls too—wear the *sarong*, a kind of skirt; but it seems to interfere with their movements no more than a pig-tail hampers a Chinaman, that is, not at all.

“Up to the present I have not been by any means overcome by the heat here; but the mosquitoes are a nuisance. They are swarming about me as I write. Every now and then I make a frantic effort to slay one. I usually fail. They are most intangible little creatures, very agile, far harder to catch than flies, and are nothing but wings, legs, and proboscis.”

Our readers may remember that, at Christmas, 1901, *The Practical Teacher's Art Monthly* promoted a National Christmas Card Competition, each card to be an original design and to be executed in Brush Drawing. On that occasion the pupils of Bede School were remarkably successful, gaining *three* out of the *six* prizes offered to competitors over Twelve Years of age, and securing, besides, 16 First Class and 5 Second Class Certificates; while Mr. J. W. Hawkins, our Art Master—whose ability (if we may use a

hackneyed phrase, but one singularly true in its present application) is only equalled by his modesty—headed the list of Teachers to whom prizes were awarded in respect of their pupils' distinctions.

A similar competition took place at Christmas, 1902, and was the most successful Competition of any sort ever instituted by the *Art Monthly*, as to both the number of competitors and the quality of the work. The judges report as follows:—"The best specimens received reach a very high standard of excellence, both as regards colour, design, and execution." It is therefore particularly gratifying to find, in the awards but recently published, that, although many hundreds of designs from all parts of the British Isles were sent in, Bede School has this time gained no fewer than *four* of the *six* prizes offered, the prize-winners being John Albert Linton, William Frederick Sutton, Harold G. Jordan, and Kenneth Brotherton—besides whom John E. Ward, John D. Thatcher, Wayman Cook, Norman Pattison, George C. Watson, Arthur C. Hey, and Harold Smith, have got First Class Certificates. Thomas Hetherington, John Thompson, Henry C. Davis, Tom Raine, Charles Hunting, George Barlow, George Henry Wake, Edward Hodgson, Edward Landreth, John Howard, Percy Carney, Frank Duncanson, and John George Harrison, get Certificates of the Second Class.

Arthur Hey's design, though not awarded a prize, was evidently considered to be in some respects specially meritorious, for it has been reproduced in the *Art Monthly*. Mr. Hawkins this year receives the second of the Teachers' Prizes.

Constance Johnson and Dorothy Ross called at school on the sixteenth of January, a day or two before returning to Durham and to hard work. Both looked very well, and both seem to appreciate the advantages and privileges of college life. At the same time Jennie Clasper was paying a farewell call. It is not very long since she went on a long visit to France, but she now has decided to take a much longer journey to Durban—where, however, she fully expects to find one of her old school-fellows, Elsie Davison, now Mrs Kirby.

Ida Wilkinson, who her friends will remember is at Darlington College, writes to explain her non-appearance at school during her Christmas holidays. A series of slight misfortunes prevented her calling on her old friends at Bede School. She says: "I think college life is delightful; I enjoyed last term very much indeed. Kate Mitchinson would tell you, perhaps, that I am taking the B.Litt. work, which I find very interesting. Did you not think the girls (Annabel Pringle and Kate

Mitchinson) looked very well? Darlington seems to suit us all. We play hockey a good deal—a splendid game when you do not get knocked very badly, and then you must bear it and think it is all in the interests of science."

It was with very great regret that the staff of Bede School said good-bye to its youngest member, Edith Lumley, in December. Edith was appointed by the School Board in August last, and began her duties as pupil-teacher at Bede School in September. But as a pupil here for six years she had previously carried the title of Bedan. In her capacity both as pupil and as member of the staff, Edith gave more than satisfaction to all with whom she was connected. Industrious, cheerful, conscientious, loyal to the school, she had endeared herself to all her teachers, who, wherever Edith is, will always be her well-wishers and friends.

The Christmas examinations held in the Girls' School were not counted *all* joy either by pupils or teachers. Yet they had their funny side. In some of the French papers a question of this sort was given:—Write a conversation carried on by A, B, C, and D. A has been reciting her lesson: C and D are criticising her recitation favourably: B's criticisms are adverse. Here is part of an answer to this question:—

C. Mdlle. travaille bien cette semaine.

B. Ce n'est pas bon genre. Cela ne se fait pas dans la bonne société.

Which being interpreted is:—

C. Mademoiselle is working hard this week.

B. That is not good form. It isn't done in good society.

So here we have an explanation of what to teachers has previously seemed inexplicable idleness.

Another girl remarked:—Mdlle. Annie rit. On ne le fait pas dans la bonne société. Which again for the sake of beginners in French we will translate:—

Mademoiselle Annie is laughing. One doesn't do that in good society.

The mistakes of course are due partly to careless haste. But the apparent interest shown in "good society," its doings and sayings, is due to the fact that the phrase occurs among some which the class has committed to memory. Anyone but the teachers of these young people would be amazed to learn that it is not good form to work hard and that smart people don't laugh. But teachers have a rather low opinion of the intellect of the average "soaring human boy" or girl, and it takes a great deal to surprise them.

Everybody who has learned French for a year or more ought to know that the meaning of "Ne vous pressez pas tant" is "Don't be in such a

hurry." But a thoughtless young Bedan forgot the difference between the verbs *presser* and *se presser* and several other things at the same time—and translated the sentence by "Do not press your aunt"! One would think such a prohibition unnecessary.

Just before Christmas the Board of Education notified to the school that Bessie Eaves had been awarded a King's Prize for Chemistry. Only one similar Prize—a Queen's Prize it was called in the last reign—has been previously awarded in the Girls' School, the winner being Miss Charlton, when as a pupil she sat the examination in Hygiene. The prize is a valuable one, books to the value of two pounds, but the distinction is more valuable still. Bessie is now continuing her studies at the Technical College. We hope she will be as successful a student in the future as she has been in the past.

All the classes in the Upper School except the fourth year were examined before Christmas in every subject of the school curriculum. Below are given the top girls of the various lists:—

		Total	Maximum
3rd year.	Lena Johnson	644	866
2nd „ F.	Nora Ridgeway	521	878
2nd „ E.	Annie Nicholson	523	850
1st „ C. & D.	Mabel Brierley	745	854
	Gertrude Brierley	717	854
1st „ A. & B.	Dorothy Moore	615	715
1st „ „	Florence Tomlinson	594	715

A teacher in Bede School in the course of her English lessons this year had given examples of old English terminations, for instance *spin-ster* the feminine of *spin-ner*, and also had spoken of words whose meaning had degenerated. *Presently* which formerly meant *this very moment, at once*, now, in consequence of the procrastinating habits of people in general, has come to mean *by-and-by*. A man would promise to do a certain thing *presently*, meaning *immediately*, but he would delay, and in course of time the meaning of the word gradually changed.

Imagine the feelings of that luckless teacher when one of her girls gave as an example of a word which had degenerated in meaning, "SPINSTER." What horrible idea does this originally innocent word convey? Once it signified a woman who spins. But now—

For originality of spelling we think 'orthographies' would be hard to beat. Unfortunately originality is not to be aimed at in that particular branch of study, and the "authorities" recommend the usual style to all Bedans.

A girl writing lately of the Black Hole of Cal-

cutta and of the white men imprisoned there one dreadful night must surely have forgotten she was speaking of human beings when she wrote "When Surajah Dowlah exposed them to the light". The only explanation of such a phrase being used in such a connexion that suggests itself to us is that the writer of it was an amateur photographer.

Another Bedan wedding. The Head Mistress has received a wedding-card announcing the marriage of Mabel Boutflour to Mr G. L. Forster on Dec. 23rd last. Mabel attended Bede School in 1894-5-6, and doubtless many readers of *The Bedan* who were her contemporaries will remember her, and wish her happiness in her married life. Her new home is in Liverpool.

Aline Gibson, sister of Charlie Gibson, is apparently not forgetful of her connection with Bede School, although it is nearly three years since she left Sunderland for Hartlepool. Miss Todd was very pleased to receive from her at Christmas a token of her warm regard for her old school.

Winnie Curtis, who now lives at Alresford, is a Bedan who must constantly have her old school in mind. The Head Mistress has lately received from her a series of six picture post-cards, which give one a pretty clear idea of the chief streets of Winchester and of both the exterior and interior of its cathedral. The cards have decorated a notice-board for some weeks, and has probably given pleasure to a good many present-day Bedans as well as to Winnie's old teachers.

Probably a good many girls will remember that it was Winnie Curtis who presented the pictures of the statue of King Alfred which is hung in the corridor.

Winnie says:—"I enjoy having *The Bedan* very much, and only wish it could come oftener."

Other Old Bedans have reminded the Head Mistress of their continued existence. She has received photographs from Miss Charlton, who was, however, unable to visit the school, from Christina Hirst, and from Jennie Clasper. Sissie Stephenson has written from Weston, near Newark, where she is trying farm life as an experiment. The village has only about 250 inhabitants, and the nearest town is ten miles away. Sissie says "you only realize its *township* on Wednesdays, when it wakes up a bit and shows some life." Sissie receives her *Bedan* regularly, and speaks of the pleasure she experiences in reading news of her scattered school-fellows.

The annual re-union in connection with the girls' school, held in November, showed how lasting are the friendships formed at school, for

it brought some very "ancient" Bedans together. Among them was Ethel Ramsay, who, with her elder sister Ada, was admitted to the school on April 28th, 1890. Ada is now Mrs. Baxter, but she, too, would have been present at the reunion if a previous engagement had not prevented her. Then Lillian Stoddart, who attended Bede School from 1893 to 1896, also put in an appearance, and was easily recognised by her old friends and teachers. [Ella Stoddart left school last July.] Lucy Bolam, now a certificated mistress, came for the first time for a good many years. It was a real pleasure to meet these and many others whose names there is not space to mention. Of course there was a large contingent from the Durham College of Science. One always counts on them as on "the faithful." A few of the old teachers were unavoidably absent—Mrs Joseph (Miss Abrahams), Mrs Welsh (Miss Bird), and Mrs Turnbull (Miss Harbottle); but they promise better things next year.

The evening was a success from beginning to end; but surely no part of the programme was more enjoyable than the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," when Bedans past and present, in two huge rings, asked one another, and society in general, if auld acquaintance should be forgot and never brought to mind. There was no doubt in the minds of those present on November the fourteenth of the answer given by old Bedans to that question.

Annabel Pringle and Kate Mitchinson called at school on Jan. 9th. They are both students in the Training College at Darlington, where they seem to enjoy their work and life generally. Kate is hoping some day to take the Durham degree of B. Litt. and is at present working for the first examination. Both girls looked well and happy and brought news and heard news of various Old Bedans.

In teaching French we find it very difficult to persuade English boys to roll *r* sufficiently. Boys from beyond the Border can do this rolling easily enough. Some of our readers may know this old nonsense-jingle which caricatures the way in which Scotia's sons give prominence to *r*:

There was old Bishop of Durham  
Who happened to tread on a worrum;  
He said to the beadle  
"Prepare the cathedral;  
Perhaps we had better interrum."

We notice in the Sunderland Sunday School Union's Report of the Scholars' Examinations held in March, 1902, that the Medal for the best paper in the Senior Division was won by Herbert Sinclair Lundy, an Old Bedan.

At a recent meeting of the Leeds School Board the announcement was made that a prominent citizen (whose name, however, was not published) had given a hundred guineas to the Scholarship Fund of the Board. It was stated that, with the usual additions by the Government, the actual value of the donation will be £252, which will enable the Board to provide seven Science and Art Scholarships, tenable for three years at the Leeds Higher Grade School. The gift was received with great satisfaction.

We wish that any prominent gentleman in Sunderland would emulate the example of this anonymous Leeds donor—so far only as the gift is concerned—for, if he would like his name to be known, we should gladly give it the fullest publicity that *The Bedan* can afford.

A few weeks ago we had the pleasure of spending a night at the house of Mr Walton, the able Head Master of Widnes Higher Grade School, who, as is well known, was for seven years an Assistant Master in Bede School. Widnes, though not one quarter of the size of Sunderland, has one of the largest and best supported Science and Art Scholarship Schemes in the whole country. There are sometimes as many as forty Science and Art Scholars in Widnes Higher Grade School, each of whom receives an average of £12 a year, and, of the £480 thus annually required, five-twelfths—that is, £200—is the sum raised locally.

For a long time now there have been at Bede School no such Scholarships as those held at Widnes, Leeds, and elsewhere. Some years ago we had a few, the local contribution towards which came from the profits of the big Schools' Concerts given in the Victoria Hall; and it is a fact that every pupil, whether boy or girl, who ever held one of these Scholarships was not only a success at school but has also had a highly honourable and brilliant subsequent career—such a career, indeed, as would have been simply impossible but for the advantages accruing from his or her Scholarship.

What stronger incentive and encouragement to provide such Scholarships can be offered to the rich gentlemen of Sunderland and District?

Our last Number had a particularly good reception. One of our subscribers, the Rev. F. L. Cope, requested permission—which was, of course, readily granted—to reprint 200 copies of the article "Should Boys Smoke?" F.W.A.'s charming contribution gained many admirers. With regard to it Mr William Duncan (whose criticisms we always esteem;—perhaps because they are always discriminating rather than laudatory) wrote "The 'Amateur Vagabond' is a good bit of work of its kind. The 'Vaga-

bond' is a fair master of narrative writing, and an ornament to the Tramp Ward."

Principal Gurney, of the Newcastle College of Science, wrote "*The Bedan* for the current month is an excellent Number, one of the best of a capital series, and I am sure it will be very highly appreciated by the students of this College."

We append a few Newspaper Notices:—

*Sunderland Daily Echo.*

"The Bedan."—The Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School magazine, "*The Bedan*," maintains the reputation it has gained in the number that has been published this week. There are four excellent illustrations—the Sunderland Museum and Library, Sunderland Harbour, George Stephenson's Monument at Newcastle, and Penshaw Monument, taken from old prints. The reading matter includes a learned and scientific article, showing why boys should not smoke; and another in which an old Bedan's tramps are described under the heading of "An Amateur Vagabond". "*The Sunderland Schools Swimming Championship*," "*The League of Good Citizenship*," and "*Popular Fallacies: That children want to know*," also provide subjects for interesting articles; and the editorial notes and school news are as usual very entertaining. Altogether the number is worthy of the companionship of those that have been previously published.

*Sunderland Daily Post.*

"The Bedan."—The current issue of the magazine so dear to Bedans, past and present, is more than usually interesting. Embodied in a well-written and comprehensive article is a strong protest against the pernicious indulgence in smoking by youths. There is also much that many an old smoker will find true, and the natural appetites for eating, drinking, and sleeping are pitted against the unnatural practice of drawing smoke into the mouth and forcing it out again. The editorial notes and school news are full of interesting anecdotal topics, and many a hearty laugh can be had at the expense of the young folks. "*Mistress Y.*" contributes the first number of "*Popular Fallacies—That Children Want to Know*," which makes interesting reading. But "*F.W.A.'s*" story of an old Bedan's tramp as an amateur vagabond from Brampton to Sunderland is delightfully written. The present illustrations include the Museum and Free Library, an old view of Sunderland Harbour, Stephenson's Monument at Newcastle, and a view of Penshaw Monument amid its rustic surroundings.

*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

The current issue of "*The Bedan*," the magazine of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School, opens with a leading article on the question, "*Should boys smoke?*" The answer is, of course, in the negative; and one can only trust that those young Bedans who indulge, whenever the opportunity presents itself, in a cigarette will be constrained, by a serious perusal of the incontestable facts here given, to henceforth abjure any allegiance to My Lady Nicotine. One of the most pleasing features of the periodical is the record of the scholastic successes, as well as the advancement in various walks of life of old students at the school, and the editorial notes on the present occasion seem to contain an unusual number of such gratifying references. In lighter vein, examples are given of some remarkable recent efforts of composition by budding Bedan writers. In this interesting department we learn that "*Shakespeare* always wished to be an actress;" and we read of a robber who had a very "*capacious*" dog, and of a boy who tried to climb the "*unctuous*" pole. The feminine mind does not as a rule readily comprehend financial matters, and therefore one must

not be too hard on the girl who, in an essay on "*The fiscal policy of Walpole*," described how that great statesman endeavoured to "*sink the South Sea Bubble*." The number contains several excellently written special contributions, as well as half-a-dozen illustrations of local scenes.

At a recent Civil Service (Excise) Examination there were over 800 competitors for 60 posts. Alfred E. Watson was placed *fourth* on the list. This Old Bedan, in a very modest note announcing his success, says "*I hope you will consider this as satisfactory continuance of what was begun at school.*" We do so consider it; and he has our congratulations.

GEORGE CROWE HARDY,

DIED, MARCH 30th, 1903,

AGED 15 YEARS.

We heard, with much regret, of the death of George Hardy—who was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hardy, of Rainton North Farm, Fence Houses. A quiet, steady, unassuming lad, he had, within three years after being admitted to Bede School, gained a creditable position in the highest class but one, and was liked and respected. Harold Jordan and the other senior boys gave a handsome wreath which John Ward took to be placed on poor Hardy's grave. His father and mother wish to thank his master and class-fellows for their kindness and sympathy.

At the recent Second Examination for the degree of M.B., Wilfrid Fairclough, an Old Bedan now at the College of Medicine, Newcastle, headed the Honours list.

At a recent Civil Service Examination to fill up the positions of 70 Assistants of Customs there were over a thousand Candidates. Arthur Mullens, an Old Bedan, brother of Harry Mullens, a present scholar, was placed fifty-eighth on the list.

Three Old Bedan brothers, Henry, Arthur, and Harold Bailey, are intimate friends of one of our present scholars, Edward Bowden, who has supplied us with the following well-written notes about them. We may remark that Arthur Bailey has sent some clever verses to previous Numbers of *The Bedan*, and that some extracts from a letter of his to the Head Master, which appear on another page of our present Number, form what we believe will be regarded as an interesting contribution.

"Charles Bailey (eldest son of the Rev. H. C. Bailey, late Minister of Lindsay Road Baptist Church, Sunderland, and who is now Baptist Minister of St. Austell, Cornwall), was a pupil of Bede School. After leaving the school he served his time as a fitter at the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company's Works in this town. After an apprenticeship of 6½ years he went to sea for Messrs. W. Milburn & Co. as fourth engineer. While in this employ he obtained a certificate of competence as second engineer. He then obtained a berth as junior engineer in the P. & O. service, and after two years there resigned his position on account of the slowness of promotion, and succeeded in getting a berth as second engineer, which he still holds, in the local steamer "Wm. Middleton," now trading between this country and the Mediterranean ports.

"Arthur (second son) after leaving school went to serve his time as a Chemist with Mr. Fairman. On the completion of his apprenticeship he went as dispenser to Dr. Watson. While in this situation, his father accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, St. Austell. Arthur decided to accompany his father to his new sphere of labour. He soon succeeded in getting an appointment as first assistant in a large pharmaceutical establishment at Plymouth, the metropolis of the West of England. He was not long here, however, before he was offered the management of a similar business at Newquay (a very fashionable watering-place on the North Coast of Cornwall). This he accepted at a very remunerative salary. This position he still holds, but intends shortly to resign for the purpose of entering the Baptist Training College at Bristol, as a student for the ministry. He has preached recently with much acceptance before a congregation, and there is no doubt that should he be spared he will become an earnest and effective preacher.

"Harold (third son), who left school when his father went to St. Austell, has since been apprenticed to a Chemist in that town, and has served two years of his time in that profession."

On Saturday last, at St. James's Park, Newcastle, in the County Football Match between Durham and Northumberland Schoolboys, Durham won by two goals to one. Two Bedans, William E. Brown (Centre Forward) and Edwin Metcalfe (Left Back), were on the Durham County team. Brown played splendidly, and got a goal—just as he did on each of the three occasions, earlier in the season, when he was Centre Forward for Sunderland against Middlesbro', East Northumberland, and Newcastle. Metcalfe, who had been Left Back for Sunderland twice this season, did very good service.

Tuesday last, April 28th, 1903, was Bede School's thirteenth Birthday.

We notice that Mr. T. Turner has been appointed Professor of Metallurgy in the University of Birmingham. Mr. Turner is the uncle of Miss Kate Smith, B.Sc., a distinguished Old Bedan who is herself on the staff of Birmingham University, and who has been an occasional contributor to our pages.

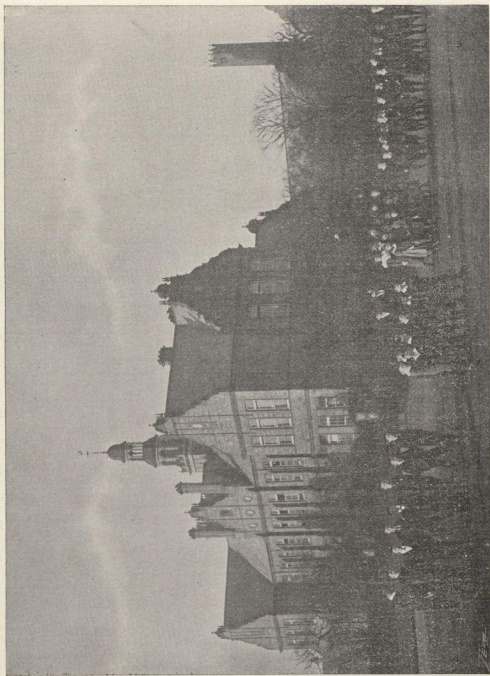
The Annual Meeting of the Sunderland League of Good Citizenship was held at Bede School on March 3rd. In the vigorous and interesting speech which Councillor Roche made on that occasion he earnestly appealed to all well-disposed boys in the town to use their moral—and, if need be, their physical—influence with other boys to put down the silly, senseless practice of wantonly defacing buildings by scribbling or scratching marks upon them.

We desire to second this appeal. The mischief which thoughtless lads do to buildings—and, we may add, to trees—in a few minutes, sometimes takes months or years to repair, and is sometimes wholly irreparable; and one would think that it cannot be a pleasure to any right-minded person to cause wilful damage to anything designed to adorn and dignify our town.

The Prize-Giving, just before the Christmas Holidays, was a great success. The Rev. F. L. Cope gave out the Prizes in the Boys' School, and the Rev. G. H. R. Garcia did the like for the Girls; and each of these gentlemen made a really interesting speech. Mr. Garcia specially alluded to Bessie Eaves's success in winning a King's Prize. Mr. Cope, in presenting some of the Works of Lewis Carroll which happened to be among the prizes, remarked that he had had the pleasure of being acquainted with that famous writer of books for children.

The Old Bedan boys whose names appeared in the last King's Scholarship list were Samuel Lister, Thos. R. Bell, George Gibbs, and George Hedley. They were all in the First Class.

We regret that the transfer (and promotion) of Mr. G. W. Buckwell, a Board of Trade Official, from Sunderland to Barrow-in-Furness, has necessitated the withdrawal of Victor and Edith Buckwell from our school, where they were doing very well. Edgar Buckwell, their brother—an Old Bedan who called at the school before he left Sunderland, and paid more than a year's subscription for the Magazine—has gone into the world-famous Works of Messrs. Vickers, Maxim, and Company, at Barrow.



BEDE SCHOOL : MAIN BLOCK.

## OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENTS.

IN the May Number of *The Bedan* there appeared an account of the arrangements made to enable Bedans to improve their French, and, at the same time, for their French correspondents to improve their English. Considering that our young friends of Roubaix and Moulins are only school-girls, have never been to England, and are taught entirely by French people, their English is surprisingly good. But, as was shown in a previous Article, some funny mistakes are made in their letters; yet, if we laugh at their odd constructions, we do not forget that the Bedans' mistakes in French must give rise to quite as much, if not more, amusement among our friends across the Channel.

The extracts given below, whether in French or English, are most entertaining. The French are born letter-writers, and this fact comes out clearly in the correspondence of these school-girls with their unknown friends.

Here is one of the first letters received by a Bedan:—

“Ma chère Ethel,

Je suis très contente d'avoir reçu votre lettre, je vous la renvoie corrigée et je vous remercie beaucoup d'avoir corrigé la mienne. Je vous félicite beaucoup de votre français.

Mais je ne vous ai pas parlé de moi-même. Eh! bien, voilà mon portrait. Je suis grande et pas très grosse, j'ai les yeux d'un bleu vert et les cheveux châtain. Je vais à l'Institut Sévigné tous les jours de 8 heures à midi, et de 2 heures à 7 heures. J'ai congé tous les Jedis. J'apprends les sciences physiques et naturelles, et je fais même de la gymnastique. J'apprends l'Anglais depuis trois ans; notre professeur nous donne trois leçons par semaine.

J'ai un examen au mois de Juin et un autre au mois de Juillet.

Je demeure avec mes parents, et j'ai un frère et deux sœurs plus jeunes que moi. Et vous, avez-vous des frères, des sœurs? Avez-vous des examens cette année? J'espère que dans votre prochaine lettre vous me causerez un peu de tout cela.

Votre nouvelle amie

L. M.

P.S.—J'ai lu "Seulette", c'est très intéressant.”

These French school-girls apparently have much longer hours than their English friends, and one wonders, after hearing of all the examinations they take, that they are still so bright and merry. Here is a pretty letter:—

“Ma chère May,

Je suis encore une fois en défaut; qu'allez-vous

donc penser de moi, ma chère May, de devoir si souvent me rappeler à l'ordre? J'espère que cette fois encore vous me pardonneriez; je ne serai plus en faute car les examens sont finis et j'aurai le temps de vous écrire.

Mon silence n'a pas empêché que je pense à vous souvent. Je vais vous demander quelque chose. Vous savez que nous françaises nous avons l'habitude de nous tutoyer. Ne voulez-vous pas me tutoyer aussi dans votre prochaine lettre en français? Je vous demanderai aussi la permission d'en faire autant, car cela me coûte beaucoup de dire *vous* à une amie.

Je vous remercie beaucoup de vos jolies cartes-vues et aussi de vos bons souhaits pour les examens. De mon côté, je désire que vous réussissiez tout-à-fait à l'Examen d'Oxford. J'en serai très heureuse.

J'ai vu en classe que beaucoup de mes compagnes qui avaient des correspondantes leur avaient envoyé leur photographie; comme j'ai fait mon portrait dernièrement, je vais le chercher pour vous l'envoyer, si cela peut vous faire plaisir.

Vous avez dit que vous avez perdu ma dernière lettre; vous êtes tout excusée, ma chère May; il ne faut pas vous peiner pour cela.

Avez-vous eu tout-de-même des vacances le 26 juin? Je ne le crois pas, n'est-ce pas? car il me semble que l'on m'a dit que le couronnement du roi aurait lieu le mois d'octobre.

Je serai très heureuse de recevoir une réponse bientôt, si vos examens vous laissent un peu de temps.

Votre amie affectueuse

S.”

The writer of the above letter makes her meaning perfectly clear when writing English. But she makes occasional mistakes, as: “Please, do forgive me, May, for have not answered you sooner. I had lost your new address, inasmuch that I could not find your letter. . . . Our holidays have begun the first of August. But I stay at Roubaix, for my parents have busies in this town.”

Another girl says:—“Dear Miss Ethel, I am happy to correspond with you. I do not know you and you do not know me. I am fifteen years old and my name is L. I live in Roubaix, manufacturing and all black town. I am learning the English tongue and I acknowledge to you that it is difficult for me. However I am glad to speak a little your language. It allow to me to write to an English girl whom is, I suppose it, very good and pretty.”

Here is an interesting letter in French.

“Chère Lena,

C'est avec une grande joie que j'ai reçu votre lettre. . . . Je ne me suis pas et core fait



connaître, mais je vais vous faire mon portrait. J'ai les cheveux bruns, le teint pâle, les yeux d'un gris bleu, une physiognomie assez gentille et souriante, et suis d'assez grandetaille.

Je vous prie de répondre à ma petite lettre en anglais; je vais trouver par là un moyen d'apprendre certaines expressions, car il y en aura certainement que je ne connais pas. Chère Lena, ne croyez pas que je veuille vous flatter, je trouve que votre français est bon. Il y a fautes de genre, quelques expressions traduites littéralement, mais pour le genre c'est assez difficile à reconnaître car en anglais les articles sont les mêmes pour tous les genres.

Je crois bien que vous devez avoir eu de la peine à écrire la langue que vous ne connaissez pas bien, car cela est bien difficile, vraiment! Je l'apprécie bien, car j'ai aussi quelque peine à écrire en anglais; mais par l'usage nous arriverons à nous écrire et à nous comprendre très bien. Il faut de la patience quand on veut faire quelque chose!

Nous sommes en plein moment de compositions; nous devons travailler avec plus d'ardeur que de coutume et nous dépêcher car Paques arrive tôt cette année. J'espère que vous êtes en bonne santé, ainsi que Mdlle. M. à qui je m'intéresse aussi ayant dû être ma correspondante. Quant à moi, quoique maigre, ce que l'on me reproche toujours, je ne suis jamais malade, et j'espère qu'il en est de même de vous. Je vous prie de présenter mes amitiés à Mdlle. M. et vos amies et de me croire

Votre affectionnée amie,  
C.

Veuillez me permettre dans ma prochaine lettre de vous tutoyer."

And another. Evidently the writer has now obtained permission to 'tutoyer' Lena.

"Chère Lena,

J'ai reçu ta lettre mardi soir en revenant de l'école. Elle m'a fait grand plaisir. Je m'empresse d'y répondre, pour te le prouver. Je t'envoie avec ma lettre l'image que je t'ai promise; c'est un petit souvenir qui, je l'espère, te fera plaisir. Je serais très heureuse si tu voulais m'envoyer le journal des élèves dont tu parlais dans ta lettre. Notre maîtresse nous avait déjà causé de ce petit travail et même nous avait promis de nous le montrer; mais elle l'a oublié et je serais très contente si tu voulais m'en donner une copie.

J'ai fait ta commission aux élèves indiquées, et peut-être auront-elles répondu déjà à leur correspondante. L'une d'entre elles est un peu indisposée en ce moment, peut-être ne l'aura-t-elle pas encore fait, mais sans doute que lorsqu'elle sera remise elle écrira à Mdlle. D.

Tu me demandes dans ta lettre, pour dire la

date de mon anniversaire. La voici: 19 octobre. Et toi? Quelle est la date de ton anniversaire? Je serais très heureuse de la savoir. Mais seulement, chez nous, nous n'avons pas cet usage de tenir un petit livre d'anniversaires; seulement, j'ai assez bonne mémoire et pourrai la retenir. Toutefois je l'écrirai sur l'un de mes livres, afin de ne pas l'oublier.

Je ne savais pas au juste la date où le roi d'Angleterre allait être couronné, et je suis heureuse que tu me l'aies apprise; et si cela ne te dérange pas trop, tu me ferais plaisir en m'envoyant quelques portraits, gravures de cette cérémonie.

Au revoir, chère Lena, je te quitte en t'embrassant.

Ton amie sincère,  
C."

A letter in English.

"Dear Jane,

I must answer you if I will not be qualified by the name of lazy. I received yesterday your post-card. It is very pretty. You would be very nice if you were so kind to send me, like you offer it in your last letter, some post-cards of other towns of England. In this manner my collection will be more complete. If that you please, I shall send you some views of French. I shall endeavour to send you one of Paris in a few days. You will be astonished, I am sure, do not receive my photography; but with us, it must to take patience. We are decided to go and make us to photograph together Sunday. I shall profit of the occasion to make me photograph alone.

I don't know if the weather is the same at Sunderland; but at Roubaix it is ghastly (ghastly?). It always rain and it is cold. The sun never comes gladden us one of his beams.

I have put by the *thoughts* that you sent me. I thank you and I allow me to send you one in exchange. It is Monday the examinations. My friends are afraid and envy my fate.

It is time that I terminate if I will that my dear Jane receives my letter to-morrow.

E.  
P.S.—I always wait your photography."

The above letter was written in June! Hence the absence of sunshine in Roubaix! Perhaps last summer is still coming.

Jane had evidently in her previous French letter enclosed some pansies, which she would call by their French name *pensées*, a word with a double meaning, the other one being *thoughts*. The connection between the two meanings is to be found in the head of the pansy, bent as if in thought.

At the end of many of these letters the incorrectly worded sentences of the English girls'

letters are quoted and corrected.

The number of picture post-cards which have passed between Bedan girls and their French correspondents is enormous. They seem to arrive every day. But they are as nothing (as regards quantity) when the 'baisers' are counted up. They come not in hundreds but in tens of thousands. One warm-hearted young lady sent a hundred thousand!

The following letter is of a somewhat different type from others given. It is a long and clever letter to be written in a foreign tongue by a schoolgirl; but it speaks for itself.

"My dear M—,

I hope, M—, you are not angry with me to have not written to you sooner. I had much work, it is why I did not write to my dear correspondent.

I have just received your very, very nice post-card; it has given me very much pleasure and I thank you very much for it.

I think very often of you, M—, although I do not write to you as often as I would. I received your "Bedan" last week; I am reading it; I have seen your name in it.

I felicitate you for your success at the Oxford's examination, too for your modesty.

If I received a journal as you, I should have the pleasure to send one to you, but I received no one.

As I said to you in my last letter, I have gone to Barnum's Circus. Barnum has stayed at Roubaix four days; his show was very interesting. What I prefer(ed) in this circus was the attractions.

A young woman, named "Reine Mab," was the more little woman in the world. Her height is 56 centimetres (22 inches). She is very fine and pretty. A little girl called Marie has a hair as some moss. Another has a hair so long that it fell down stairs to her feet. A man, "l'homme caoutchouc" could stretch (stretch?) his skin, and quantity of others personnes that were showed. There was too almost all wild animals:—24 elephants, lions, tigers, hyenas, &c. I amused myself very much.

I have been very pleased to know you will send me your photography. I shall do the same soon if you will have mine. You say to me you will come to Roubaix? I should be so pleased to see you, and can speak to you reely (really?) Do answer me about that, for I should be so happy!

I am a little unwell in this moment. I have had a sore throat these two weeks and I am afraid I have a bronchitis. But I hope I shall not have this malady, I shall nurse myself for that. I hope, too, you are, M., always well, and I wish

your family is the same. Have you many sisters, M— dear? I have two sisters: H. and M. M. is younger than me; she is six years old and is gentle. H. is nineteen years old. I have no brothers.

Please do forgive me for my delay and write soon to your sincere friend

S."

As these letters show, *The Bedan* finds its way to France and does its share to make the French and English races understand one another. Its work in this direction is slight, to be sure, but *what* it accomplishes will never be destroyed. And for that reason its influence may after all be more powerful than that of the newspapers which are swayed by political passions.

J. M. T.



## A CORNISH SEA-SIDE RESORT, AND A CORNISH INDUSTRY.

A LONG, interesting, and delightful letter which the Head Master of Bede School received some time ago from Arthur Ernest Bailey, who is a chemist at Newquay, Cornwall, contains some reminiscences of his school days, a description of the place where he now lives, and some account of China-clay Mining—the principal employment of the people of St. Austell where his father, the Rev. H. C. Bailey, is Baptist Minister.

"I believe I was the last pupil to leave the School of those who entered it at its Opening. Fred. Coburn, William Gibbons, and I ran one another close for the distinction, but I fancy I gained it. Wilfrid Fairclough is the only old school-fellow of mine with whom I keep up a regular correspondence. We were together in several classes at school, and, afterwards, for three years at Mr. Fairman's. Please remember me to Mr. Richardson for whom I shall always entertain an affectionate regard; I was glad to hear of his promotion to the Head Mastership of Thomas Street School. Mr. Willis came to Bede School as I was leaving it, but he was my very first class-teacher in Sunderland—at "the Valley", when you were there. I should like to be remembered to him and Mr. Scholefield—the only two masters remaining at Bede School with whom I came very much *into contact* (physically as well as mentally). It is odd how memories of school are sometimes vividly recalled. For eight months I had a post in Plymouth, and, often, in my spare time, when sitting upon the Hoe, I found myself thinking of what Mr. Foster long ago used to teach us about the Armada.

"For nearly two years I have been at Newquay. There could not, I think, be a greater contrast to Sunderland, with its grimy buildings, its smoky, busy streets, and large shipyards and engine-works, than this little Cornish town, which is situated about half-way between Launceston in the extreme east of Cornwall and Penzance in the extreme west, and lies on the north coast, scattered along several headlands jutting into the Atlantic. The population in winter is about 3,500, but in the summer months it is increased to nearly 10,000, the addition being due to the swarms of visitors who resort here for their annual holiday. One third of the buildings are boarding-houses, and there are three large hotels. Part of the town is modern in appearance, but the rest is very quaint and old-fashioned. The cliffs are very high, rugged, and, in some cases, romantic-looking, and the sea is at times terribly rough. It is a constant source of interest to me to go out on to the principal Headland, and watch the waves come tumbling over the granite rocks and splashing up the cliffs—in great contrast to the oily manner in which the sea rises and washes away the clay cliffs along Hendon Beach. Here at Newquay, by the way, we have several magnificent beaches; they are perhaps the town's chief natural attraction.

"At the risk of seeming ungracious I am bound to say that I like our *climate* much better than that of the wet, cold, bleak, misty, smoky North. Some of the hedges are made of fuchsias, and roses are not infrequently seen blooming here in December.

"St. Austell, about 18 miles from Newquay, is on the *south* coast. It is a very busy little town with about 6,000 inhabitants, and the chief industry is *China-clay mining*.

"A *mine* here is something entirely different from a mine in the county of Durham. Our mines—you see, I count myself a southerner already—are gigantic pits excavated *in the face* of the moors, and immense heaps of waste material from the mines dot the landscape for miles round. But these heaps, instead of being black, are white, and so are very conspicuous. A brief description of the method of working the china-clay mines would perhaps be interesting.

"In portions of the moor there are found large beds of soft granite which has 'decayed' under the influences of time and weather. If the hill-streams are turned so as to run through these beds, the water washes out a thin, impalpable, white powder, and carries it away in a state of suspension—a 'mechanical mixture', as Bedan students of Chemistry would say—along with particles, or small fragments, of several metals, chief among which is tin. The water leaves behind the heavier pieces of stone, which sink to the bottom. These white streams are made to

flow past magnets, which draw out the metallic impurities, and leave the *Kaolin*, or *china-clay* (a silicate of alumina and potassium) in suspension. The streams are then run into large shallow settling-beds, where the powder settles down and the water is drawn off.

"These beds, then looking like slaked lime, are allowed to dry, when the clay is cut into blocks and shipped away for the Potteries where it is made into porcelain. The little Cornish ports where the clay is embarked are true *studies in black and white*—for here the black coal to work the mining-pumps is received, and the white clay despatched.

"From the hills around one sees dozens of the great white heaps of which I have spoken, and the settling-beds, like terraces, all down the slopes of the moors. This is a county where *honey* is rather plentiful, and the streams saturated with china-clay particles certainly look very like *milk*; therefore it is not altogether fanciful to say that Cornwall, like another small country whose name began with C, is 'a land *flowing* with milk and honey'.



## PHYSICAL CULTURE.

- (1) [It is the first duty of a true patriot and citizen to see that he possesses a strong and healthy body, and this can only be built up by regular exercise.

Physical exercise benefits and develops both the voluntary and the involuntary muscles in a human body. When the biceps on the arm is contracted by an effort of will, there is a concentric contraction of the biceps, and at the same time, an eccentric contraction of the opposing muscle (the triceps), which prevents the arm from being drawn up with a jerk. While the arm is being placed in its original position, there is an artificial eccentric contraction of the biceps, and the triceps contracts by virtue of its own elasticity. The triceps is at this moment in the best condition for improvement, as it is doing no work, and is receiving its full share of nourishment from the blood drawn into it by the work of the biceps. Almost all the sets of muscles in the body work in the manner just described.

The muscles are enlarged by this method of exercise; and also, when the muscles are worn away a little as the result of working them, they are enlarged by the wonderful power which the blood has to build up rather more flesh than is necessary to compensate for the amount lost.

Thus we can easily see that the way to strengthen the different parts of the body is to exercise them. When the abdominal muscles are brought into play the stomach is massaged, and this gentle rubbing aids it in its work of digestion.

Whenever any muscles are put into vigorous action, more air is needed because of the unusual exertion, and therefore the seeker after health and strength must breathe deeply. This has an exceedingly beneficial effect on the lungs. Air may have become stagnant in the comparatively unused parts, the upper and the lower sections; and when exercise is taken, the lungs receive a thorough cleaning-out. Fresh air brought into the lungs considerably enriches the blood.

The heart is strengthened by having to beat more quickly during exercise, and by the blood having become purified through the action of the oxygen with which it has been supplied.

Sweating is generally caused by physical exertion, and in this way the body is relieved of the uric acid which is so harmful to it.

Exercise does little or no good if *Will-power* is not put into the movements. The concentration of the will on a muscle which is being exercised draws blood into the muscle, and thus gives it the means to grow bigger. This *practice* of the will increases will-power, and gives to the person a greater store of nervous energy.

Exercise, too, must be regular and systematic to have any marked effects, and should not be taken in fits and spurts.

There is a later result of physical culture which is a strong reason why it should be persisted in. After anyone has built up a strong frame and muscles, he will value them too much to abuse them by smoking, drinking, or intemperance of any sort.

A cultivated mind and a healthy body should, if possible, go together: nothing is sadder than to see the breakdown of a splendid intellect through the sheer weakness of its owner's physical frame.

Then, besides increasing the visible muscles of the body, exercise also strengthens the internal organs and the character; and, when all three parts of a human being—soul, body, and intellect—(not one must be neglected, and each must be equally attended to), are exercised regularly and systematically, and so developed, a being worthy the name of man is the result.

W.F.S.

[Though some of W.F.S.'s ideas are perhaps rather crude and not quite happily expressed, we think his little Article very well balanced, and that it shows him to be an exceedingly thoughtful, sensible lad.—Ed., *The Bedan*.]

(2) The boys in Bede Upper School have adopted the 'Sandow' system of Physical Culture since the New Year. Each class in turn receives systematic instruction on one afternoon per week, immediately after school hours.

Attendance is voluntary; and the *enthusiasts* come to school at eight o'clock every morning to exercise in company. Anything resembling *drill* is carefully avoided. The object of the work is to build up strong healthy bodies and vigorous minds—not to make automatic machines. Several boys have already added an inch to their biceps, but the improvement in general health and vigour is even more marked.

An article on the physiology of exercise has been contributed to the present number of *The Bedan* by our leading athlete, W. F. Sutton, himself a magnificent example of the results of systematic training. His dimensions are given below for the stimulation and encouragement of weaklings.

	Age and Measurements before Training.	Age and Measurements Now.
Age	... 14½ years	... 16½ years
Height	... 5ft 2in	... 5ft 6in
Chest	... 32½ inches	... 36 inches
Biceps	... 9¾ inches	... 12 inches
Fore-arm	... 9¼ inches	... 10¾ inches
Thigh	... 17½ inches	... 19¾ inches
Calf	... 12¾ inches	... 14½ inches

The School Swimming continues to make steady progress. The following twenty-four boys have learnt to swim since the last list was published:—Charles Hall, George Hall, Gilbert Wood, Ernest Chicken, Robert Bailey, Garnet Ure, Alfred Wright, John Bell, George Bell, John Almond, John Haward, Herbert Downs, Percy Atkins, Sidney Wardle, Arthur Bruce, Charles Magee, Fred. Marshall, Thomas Pipet, Leslie Fairclough, Albert Spain, George Neill, Edward Bowden, Harold Weddell, and Henry Bond.

Charles Wilson, one of our swimmers, recently accomplished the remarkable feat of swimming thirty lengths of the bath in 25min. 19secs., using the racer's overarm stroke all the way.

C.K.W.



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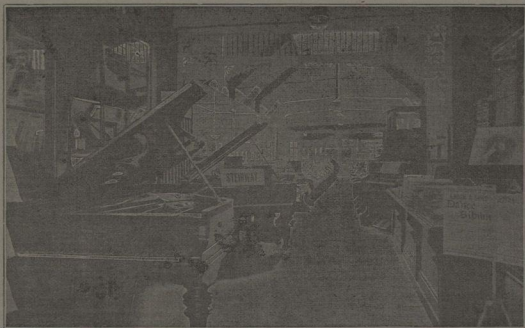
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