

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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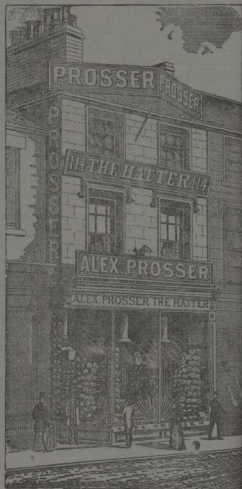
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Bede Higher Grade School,**SUNDERLAND.****ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS :****July, 1903.****Teaching Staff.****BOYS' SCHOOL.***Head Master :*

G. T. Ferguson, B.A., B.Sc. (London University)

First Assistant Master :

R. W. Willis, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Assistant Masters :

F. A. Scholefield (London University)

G. F. Park

R. F. Jarman (London University)

T. H. Blyth, A.Sc. (Durham University)

J. G. Wordsworth (London University)

C. K. Witter, B.Sc. (Durham University)

A. E. Hodgson, A.Sc. (Durham University)

S. Lister (London University)

*Junior Assistant Master : **

W. Logan (London University), and A.A. (Oxford University)

Pupil Teachers :

C. W. King (London University) and A.A. (Oxford University)

H. A. Wood (London University) and A.A. (Oxford University)

Teacher of Woodwork :

R. Simpson

GIRLS' SCHOOL.*Head Mistress :*

Miss J. M. Todd (Newnham College, Cambridge)

First Assistant Mistress :

Miss E. Todd, L.L.A. (St. Andrews University)

Second Assistant Mistress :

Miss A. L. Taylor (London University)

Assistant Mistresses :

Miss K. Coburn, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Miss E. G. Graydon, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Miss K. Parkin, Inter. B.Sc. (London University), and
Royal College of Science

Miss M. G. Wilson, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Miss E. W. Wells

Miss I. C. Ward, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Miss M. Robson, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Miss L. Hutchinson, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Miss R. J. Ewart

Art Master : J. W. Hawkins*Teacher of Singing :* J. McCallum*Caretaker :* J. Annandale**School Buildings.**

The School, which provides accommodation for 350 Boys and 340 Girls, has a splendid situation on the edge of the West Park.

The Class-rooms, Chemical Laboratory, Physical Laboratory, Workshop, and Lecture Room, are all lofty, well-lighted, and well-ventilated, and provided with a good equipment of appliances and apparatus.

Organization.

Both the Boys' and the Girls' Departments have an Upper and a Lower School,

(i.) LOWER SCHOOL

Constitution :— Classes answering to Standards V., VI., and VII. of the Education Code. The Ages of the pupils range from nine or ten to thirteen or fourteen years.

Curriculum :—Scripture, Reading, Writing, Dictation, Composition, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, Drill, Swimming, Singing, Algebra, and French, with Needlework (for Girls), and Drawing (for Boys).

(ii.) UPPER SCHOOL.

Constitution :—A School where scholars of ages ranging from thirteen to eighteen years, and who have been well grounded in elementary work, go through a systematic and fairly comprehensive course, embracing the ordinary literary and commercial subjects, together with mathematics, drawing, and some branches of science and technology (studied practically, as well as theoretically).

The full course can be covered only by those pupils who stay for four years; and it is highly desirable that boys and girls who go into the Upper School at all should stay at least two years.

Curriculum :—Scripture, an English Author, English History and Composition, Geography, Drill, Swimming, Singing, Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid, Mensuration, Trigonometry, Advanced Mathematics, Latin, French, Practical Geometry, Freehand and Design, Model, Perspective, Light and Shade, Theoretical Mechanics, Sound, Light, Heat, Magnetism, Electricity, and Chemistry, with (for Boys) Woodwork, and (for Girls) Dressmaking, and Physiography.

Preparation for Special Examinations.

Pupils are prepared for the Oxford University Local, London University Matriculation, King's Scholarship, and some other Examinations.

Hours.

Lower School : Mornings, 9 to 12 ;

Afternoons, 1-40 to 4-15.

Upper School : Much the same as in the Lower School, but
Special Hours for certain classes.**Conditions of Admission.**

As a rule, Boys and Girls are not admitted to the Lower School unless they can pass an Examination in Standard 4 of the Education Code.

To go into the Upper School they must at least be able to do the work of Standard 6.

Fees.

A payment, made in advance, of Seven Shillings and Sixpence a Quarter (the Quarter Days being March 1st, June 1st, September 1st, and December 1st), or of Ninepence a Week, entitles a Pupil to Tuition, Books, Chemicals, Use of Apparatus, etc.

School Cap, Badge (or Brooch), and Magazine.

The School Cap costs a Shilling.

The School Badge (or Brooch) costs Tenpence.

The School Magazine, *The Bedan*, is published at intervals of about Two Months, and costs Twopence. The Yearly Subscription is One Shilling.

The Magazine (which is contributed to solely by Bedans) contains matter of interest to all persons who are, or have ever been, connected with the School.

BEDÉ JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Head Master: William Pain.

Assistant Mistress: Miss L. Robson.

This School, which has splendid new premises capable of accommodating 627 Boys and Girls, was opened on June 29th, 1903.

It is designed as a feeder for the Senior School.

It receives pupils in Standards 1, 2, 3, and 4.



THIRTEEN.

Is thirteen an UNLUCKY number?

This query is suggested by the fact that it is just thirteen years since Bede School was founded, and that the Sunderland School Board, the public body to which the school owed its existence, and by which it has for thirteen years been governed, dropped quietly, at midnight on the thirtieth of June, into the limbo of things that are past and gone.

At a very large meeting held in the Town Hall on June 19th, the Teachers under the School Board gave a handsome Testimonial to Mr T. W. Bryers, the Board's veteran Clerk and Inspector, in token of their appreciation of his spirit and behaviour as their Official Chief, and of his valuable public service in the cause of Education in Sunderland. The Head Master of Bede School had the honour of being the spokesman of the subscribers; and, while alluding to one direct result of the Education Act of 1902, he quoted two well-known lines from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
and said that an adaptation of this couplet—namely,

The School Board's passing to the tomb;

The Council soon will fill its room;—

might perhaps serve to describe the condition of affairs in Sunderland (at the time when the presentation was made) with regard to the control of public education.

Now, as we write, "the appointed day" for the demise of the Board (July 1st, 1903,) has arrived, and the County-Borough Council—or its Education Committee, to which it may delegate nearly all its powers—becomes the Governing Body of Bede School.

Often, soon after dawn, the dazzling brightness of the *Rising Sun* compels general admiration, and, in some cases, is even thought a fit object of worship. But, at the very moment when Phœbus

"tricks his beams, and, with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky",
it is possible for onlookers, especially if they be of a reflective turn of mind, to think of the glories of the previous evening's sunset, and the splendours of Sol in his course yesterday. Which means that Bede School is not unmindful of (nay, gratefully acknowledges) its obligations to the now defunct but hitherto flourishing and successful School Board, however much it may appreciate the larger powers and possibilities of the New Authority.

Fortunately there is every reason not only to hope, but also to believe, that the Education Committee (though it has not, at the moment of writing, been constituted) will have, as its sole object, the Educational weal of Sunderland, that it will be of honourable *personnel*, the good master of faithful servants, efficient in its work, successful, and of good report;—that, in short, it will be, in a wider educational field, all that the past School Board was in a narrower one.

At the Meeting to which we have already alluded the Mayor, many other prominent members of the County-Borough Council, the Town Clerk, many members of the School Board, and, of course, Mr. Bryers, were all present; and the evident good feeling subsisting between the Old, and what was soon to be the New, Authority, was agreeable to notice, and most auspicious.

Reverting to the question which we put at the outset, we are disposed, all things considered, to reply 'No!', there being no apparent reason why Bede School should not, at the end of thirteen years' successful work under one Management, now enter upon a longer era of still greater prosperity under another.

It is, of course, impossible to say what the New Authority may decide upon as to the School's future CONSTITUTION.

(1) *That* may remain, as regards each Department (Boys' and Girls') exactly what it is at present, namely, two parts, (a) A Recognised Secondary School, and (b) An Elementary School with the Higher Standards;—in brief, a Secondary School and a Higher Primary School, both under one roof and with one and the same Head Teacher

A clause in the Code which might have pre-

cluded the continuance of this arrangement has been withdrawn; but the objection (which, however, is not a very serious one) that it causes the two parts of the School to be examined by two different and quite independent sets of Inspectors, still abides.

Or, (2) each Department may be made into an entirely Secondary School, with Senior Pupils only.

To fill the School with none but Senior Scholars some scheme would have to be devised by which a constant supply of *Candidates properly qualified for admission and able to benefit by the instruction given* could be guaranteed.

An indiscriminate granting of Scholarships to all sorts of Senior Scholars from other Schools, would simply cause a deplorable waste of public money.

Or, (3) the Upper and Lower Sections into which the School is at present divided may go on, as heretofore, but with the Lower Section dissociated from the Elementary Branch of the Board of Education, Whitehall.

This arrangement would give an Upper, purely Secondary School, and a Lower, Preparatory Secondary School.

In the Lower School the Elementary Grants now received would be lost, but probably that loss could be easily compensated by an additional fee.

Arguments, more or less weighty, can be advanced for each of the three forms of constitution to which we have already made reference.

We have not entertained for a moment the thought that Bede School may be converted into the thing called a *Higher Elementary School*. Such a conversion would be a DE-GRAD-ATION indeed. Many of our readers may not know what a *Higher Elementary School* is. It is a School to which no children can be admitted who have not been for two years at a Public Elementary School, and from which all boys and girls over 15 years of age—however dull, or however clever—are to be excluded or expelled. On the one hand it provides that no pupil may have more than a *four years' course*, and, on the other, it compels every pupil (even if he or she be only *ten years old*) to devote about four hours a week to the study of Science Subjects (with Practical Work in Laboratories)!

Years ago, when the Board of Education first issued the Minute giving power to establish Higher Elementary Schools, a Public Meeting in Sunderland expressed its strong aversion to the provisions of the Minute, and the hope that Bede Higher Grade School would never come within their crippling and wholly injurious influence. We happen to know a good deal about the few Higher Grade Schools which were either

coaxed or coerced into becoming Higher Elementary Schools, and *we are sorry for them*. One or two of them try to put a bold face upon their difficulties; but, as a rule, a Higher Elementary School seems to be narrow in constitution, grotesque in respect of part of its curriculum, and harried by vexatious regulations having apparently, as their main object, the multiplication of Local Expenses and the lessening of Imperial Grants.

Whatever changes, if any, there may be made in Bede School, we rely upon Bedans to maintain its best traditions; and we feel confident that the wish of the New Authority, as of the Old, is

FLOREAT SCHOLA BEDAR.



EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

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

The teachers of Bede School sometimes grumble at the want of perspicacity in the answers of their pupils. But an old Irish woman who was lately talking to a member of the staff just outside the school gates would beat any Bedan hollow in a competition for roundabout answers. When asked her age she replied:—"You remember the daughter I've been tellin' ye about? Well, she's a good age now, and she was born when I was twenty-four." When pressed for something more definite, she proceeded to unpin her shawl, saying "Look how grey my hair is." When asked for her name, she began "Well, my maiden name was Madigan —." Finally her questioner—one practised in the art, but baffled by this old lady—said "And from what part of Ireland do you come?" Well, me husband, he came from the parish of A—, and I was married in the parish of B—, but I was born at C—." "Yes, and whereabouts was that? In the north or the south? Near Dublin or Belfast or Limerick?" "Well," said the old lady, "When me father used to go to Ballymena to buy linseed he had to set off before six in the morning."!!

Want of space forbids more than a mere reference to a long and interesting letter in French

from Miss Kate Smith who is teaching English in the family of a French Professor at Quimper in Brittany. Possibly the next issue of *The Bedan* will contain some extracts from it.

Among the Press Notices of our last Number were the following:—

Sunderland Daily Post.

"THE BEDAN"—The present issue of the "Bedan" is up to the high Standard which has characterised the magazine during the whole of the time it has been published. The chief article is on "Spelling." It is written in a clear style, and contains much that is of considerable suggestiveness. The school news is very interesting, the success of Mr B. Littlehales, B.A., an old Bedan, in securing an appointment as professor of physics at Madras University, being referred to. Students of French should find the series of letters in that language of advantage to them. A portion of the magazine is devoted to the subject of physical culture.

Sunderland Daily Echo.

"THE BEDAN"—The April number of "The Bedan" is to hand, and, like its predecessors, will be found well worthy of perusal. The leading article deals with the peculiarities and importance of spelling, pointing out the attention which should be paid by persons to the spelling of words in their own vocabulary. It is also pointed out that good spelling was comparatively rare, considering its importance. The editorial notes and school news are full of interest. Students of the language of La Belle France can improve their knowledge of the subject by a series of letters from correspondents across the Channel. Among other matters dealt with are physical culture under the headings of the physiology of exercise and the Sandow system, and swimming. On the whole the number is well abreast of the preceding publications.

Newcastle Daily Leader.

"THE BEDAN"—The current number of "The Bedan", the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School magazine, contains an excellent leading article on spelling, which proves ample food for thought among all classes. The editorial notes are very interesting, and farther on there are reproduced some examples of letters received by Bedan girls from their French correspondents, which, besides proving the advantages of such aids to the study of languages, show that many warm friendships are being made by young ladies who have never seen one another.

Since the last notes for *The Bedan* were ready for the printer, though not since the last number was issued, an unusual number of old girls have either written to the Head Mistress or called to see her at school. Kate Thompson, who held a Scholarship here during 1901-2, and who has not much time to spare from her duties, nevertheless made the effort to call one Wednesday afternoon when she was free. She has promised to come again, not wishing to sever her connection with Bede School, although her name is no longer on the roll.

Winnie Curtis has sent two more beautiful picture post-cards, one showing a view of Winchester College, the other the statue of King Alfred. Though the space at her disposal was not great, she managed to send, on one card,

warm congratulations to Miss Ewart on her success in the King's Scholarship Examination, and on the other communicated the fact that another Old Bedan, Doris Weddell, has lately gone to live in the same little town of Alresford. In her letter which followed, *Winnie enclosed her subscription for next year's Bedan*, an action which meets with the decided approval of the Editor and the Editress, and promises to visit her old school in June. She will, indeed, be a welcome visitor, for she is one of the faithful. Her description of the country sights and smells makes one long to be in Alresford with the violets and primroses. It seems that Winnie and Doris Weddell have long talks about Sunderland and their mutual friends.

Other visitors have been Constance Wilson and Edith and Gertrude Grundon. The two latter were taught by Miss Walker and Miss Hutchinson, and left school only because their parents were leaving the town for Harrogate. Visiting Sunderland, they made a point of seeing their old school and their former teachers.

One of the sad events to be chronicled is the death of Edith Day, which took place, at the age of 19, on March 13th, after a long illness. Many present and more past Bedans will remember Edith and her sisters Annie, Lily, and Elsie, and will be sorry to learn that their old school-fellow is no more, and will sympathise with Mr and Mrs Day and the members of their family in their bereavement.

Dorothy Ross and Constance Johnson paid several visits to the school during their Easter vacation. They were thoroughly enjoying their work for the final B.Litt. examination, which was then an event of the very near future.

On April 24th, Ida Wilkinson, home from Darlington, looked up her old friends at Bede School. Those same friends are happy to report that she looks exceedingly well.

Amy Robinson, whose brother Franklyn's successes have so often been recorded in *The Bedan*, has gone into training as a Nurse. For a year she has been tending consumptive patients at Ventnor, and shortly before leaving the hospital she wrote to the Head Mistress telling her of her intention to visit her old school during her stay in Sunderland, and enquiring after her old teachers, Miss Abrahams and Miss Rhind. Her letter also mentioned the fact that she takes *The Bedan*, which she finds interesting, although it is five years since she left school. Later, Amy called at school on several occasions; her last visit was on the eve of her departure for Edinburgh, where

she has gone into training as a Surgical Nurse.

Emily Fisher (1891-1898) who was in Sunderland in March [we regret to say in consequence of her mother's death], not unmindful of her old school, called to see it and her teachers. It is gratifying to note that Emily, one of the earliest pupils of Bede School, makes an effort to keep up her connection with it.

Many other old girls have visited Bede School within the last six months, probably some that are overlooked in these notes. Agnes Turnbull (1892-1898) called to say that although at first her admission to the normal department of the Durham College of Science was doubtful owing to the immense number of applicants, the fact of her having been six years in this school helped to turn the scales in her favour, and she was accepted by the authorities. Thomasina Rutter also has been accepted as a student at St. Hild's College, Durham, and she hopes to begin a course of study there in September. Annie Potts (1890-1892), now a certificated assistant mistress in Sunderland, and Lily and Ida Bodin are among the most recent visitors. Lily and Ida have both lived a while in Germany since leaving school. Lily is there again at present. On her return she is going into training in the Children's Hospital in Newcastle, where there is no doubt she will be much appreciated by the helpless little people in her care.

Jennie Flintoff (1895-1898) and Helen Jeff (1895-1899), besides the faithful contingent from the College of Science, Newcastle, and from St. Hild's, Durham, have also presented themselves at Bede School. A highly satisfactory point with respect to all these visitors is their happy, healthy appearance.

Miss Edith M. Walker, who joined the staff of Bede School on October 9th, 1895, severed her connection with us on April 30th of this year. She leaves us to take up a post of greater responsibility under the Whitley School Board, so that one cannot regret her loss very deeply: to do so would be selfish.

Miss Walker began her new duties with the many and hearty good wishes of her former colleagues and pupils, and amidst their congratulations on her promotion to so important a position. To mark their appreciation of Miss Walker, her pupils presented her with nine beautifully-bound volumes of Dickens's works, while the teachers of the girls' department asked her to accept a pearl and gold pendant and a gold chain in memory of her long connection with them and with Bede School. Miss Walker will be long remembered here, and she in her turn will not soon forget us. Having a holiday during Race-week, Miss Walker spent a day among her old

Bedan friends; the excitement of Standard IV on seeing their old teacher had a sad effect on their lessons that day.

Miss Walker's post has been filled by Miss Ida C. Ward, who was trained at Darlington College and who took her degree of B.Litt. (Durham) in 1902.

There are some weddings to chronicle in this issue of *The Bedan*. The bride first mentioned was at Bede School from 1891 to 1895; the second from 1893 to 1898; and the third from 1890-1892.

SMITH—RULE.—At Durham Road Wesleyan Church, on June 24th, by the Rev. T. W. Fawthrop, Brooke, eldest son of F. E. Smith, Worksop, Notts., to Blanche, daughter of the late Thomas Rule, of Sunderland.

BELL—CLASPER.—At St. Paul's Church, on the 2nd February, by the Rev. H. Gouldsmith, Alfred, third son of the late Charles and Mrs Bell, of Southport, Lancs., to Jennie, youngest daughter of Henry Clasper, of this town.

HUNTER—SMALL.—At St. Paul's Church, on the 1st July, by the Rev. Herbert Gouldsmith, M.A., William Hunter, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. (Edin.), L.F.P.S. (Glas.), son of the late William Hunter, of this town, to Ethel, daughter of John Small, also of this town.

All three have the hearty good wishes of their old teachers and Bedan friends generally.

Mrs. Bell (Jennie Clasper) sailed for Durban soon after her wedding-day. The Head Mistress received two picture post-cards and a letter posted at Las Palmas to remind her of Jennie's existence. The letter gave a most tantalising description of the weather—"here, where the sun seems to be shining all day, and the moon all night, and the water is as clear as glass, England *does* seem dull and foggy."

On her arrival at Durban, Jennie sent quite a series of views from 'dusky belles' to 'rickshas', and was good enough to write a short description of life there as seen through a new arrival's spectacles. She had counted on seeing Elsie Davison, now Mrs. Kirkby, and was very much disappointed to find that her old school-fellow had settled further north at Pietermaritzburg. Her letter concluded with remembrances to her old teachers, including Miss E. Todd and Miss Coburn.

A later letter tells how Jennie spent Easter Monday at the "Back Black", trying to imagine she was at Roker, an effort attended with only partial success. She says "the bay is pretty, and there is a good stretch of sand, but person-

ally—because I belong to Sunderland, perhaps—I don't think any bit of coast I've seen yet can compare with that which one can see between and beyond Roker and Whitburn. So you have not had good weather at home lately? Do you know I should just like a real good old East wind to blow here occasionally, as the heat and perpetual sunshine are rather monotonous? After a Spring such as the one we have lately suffered, it seems almost incredible that one should long for East winds or murmur against excessive sunshine. Another piece of information has reference to a very domestic subject—the price of milk. That beverage becomes a luxury at sevenpence a pint! Jennie's letter concludes with the request that all the 1903 *Bedans* should be sent to her. *She enclosed her subscription*, and gently sued for letters to help her to bear the separation from her country and her friends.

The funny Bedan has not been very busy lately. Still there are one or two jokes too good to be wasted. One girl said in a letter describing what she had seen on her way to school:—"I noticed a great number of cyclists on the road; it was a beautiful sight to see them all shining in the sun, especially those with the silver rims." What a fancy picture these words suggest!

A candidate for admission to Bede School was lately being questioned as to her attainments in Arithmetic. "Can you do compound multiplication or division?" asked the examining mistress. The child looked doubtful, but suddenly brightened up, saying "I've got as far as tons and cuts." "Tons and cuts!" exclaimed the teacher in amazement, vaguely wondering if they were short cuts, when suddenly it dawned upon her that the child had learned all her Arithmetic from a text-book, had no idea what any of her sums were about, and had never heard any explanation of the mysterious and unpronounceable abbreviation 'cwt.'

It is with very great regret that the Head Mistress has to announce the death of one of last year's Bedans. Maggie Snelgar, who came to Bede School as a pupil in Standard VII., and who passed the academic year 1901-1902 in the Upper School, died some months ago. Maggie was a bright girl and a good girl, popular with her teachers and with her fellow-pupils, and all who knew her here will grieve on hearing of her parents' loss. The Head Mistress only heard the sad news some considerable time after Maggie's death, not indeed until after the last issue of *The Bedan*, or this little tribute to her memory would have been paid earlier.

The Head Mistress has a very pleasant memory of Gladys and Constance Buckwell, who a few months ago were withdrawn from Bede School, on their father being transferred by the Board of Trade to Barrow-in-Furness. The paragraph in which their names were erroneously given in the April number had not been seen by their late teachers, or the mistake would have been corrected. We hope they are doing good work in their new school, and we shall always be interested to hear of their welfare.

Among other visitors during the last few months, were Kate Rutherford (1893-1896) and Winnie Curtis (1898-1900). The former, now a certificated teacher under the Newcastle School Board, was, we regret to say, absent from duty through ill-health. The latter, looking well and happy, was spending her holidays in Sunderland, and passed several hours at school. Readers of *The Bedan* who "knew not" Winnie, must know her name, for she constantly and in very pleasant ways reminds the Head Mistress of the fact that she exists. Alresford is a long way off, but the distance is not so great as to form a barrier between that town and Sunderland. Her teachers hope Winnie enjoyed her visit so much as to be eager to come again.

The School celebrated its birthday on the 28th of April. Thirteen years old! Much older than some of the girls and boys! A day or two after the great day the Head Mistress received a letter from Miss Charlton, who said:—"I am very much annoyed to find I have forgotten the School's Birthday. How could I? Long life, health and prosperity to it! It is good to watch the way it survives all Educational Bills and extends its work every year. I shall probably be able to come to the next Reunion and join the Patriarchs in a farewell "Auld Lang Syne". The good old days! They meant good hard work, but much else besides that no tongue can speak of. Whenever I achieve good results, I think of the Old School, and how much is due to the early training received there. My greetings to you all!"

A class, which shall be nameless, has distinguished itself lately in "English". One bright young person in describing Wolfe's victory over Montcalm wrote:—"Wolfe's boots dropped quietly down the stream"! One supposes this mistake is one of pure carelessness—but the result is rather disastrous when marks are being considered. In the same class one girl, in giving the story of the Merchant of Venice in her own words, blandly remarked that on the return of Portia and her friends to Belmont after the trial, "they found a telegram awaiting them announc-

ing that Antonio's ships were safe". But worse remains behind! Not a girl could see the terrible mistake. One is left to wonder whether girls like this imagine that William the Conqueror came over by the night steam packet-boat, and that Julius Caesar was kodaked as he made a tour round these islands on his motor-car, and that the Pilgrim Fathers announced their safe arrival in the New World by Marconigram. One can't teach *everything* at school.

In another class the teacher had been talking of words with double plurals, and had discussed one word especially,—Genius. One plural, *geniuses*, means persons of talent, *genii* means spirits. When asked to illustrate the use of the word "genii", one brilliant young woman wrote "Genii are sold in all the streets of this town".!! It took her teacher some time to grasp her intelligent pupil's meaning. Again one murmurs, "One can't teach *everything* at school".

Academic honours have lately come in showers on past pupils of Bede Girls' School.

Constance Johnson and Dorothy Ross, who left school barely two years ago for St. Hild's, Durham, have passed the final B. Litt: examination. Muriel Watson, who left school three years ago for the Durham College of Science, has passed the same examination; and Stella Bailes, Diana Birchall, Kate Burnett, Norah March, and Lily Wright have, within three years, completed their examinations for the degree of B.Sc. Further, Alberta Farrow (1897-1901), at the same college, has passed the second examination for the degree of B.Litt.

When the first-named eight, in their hoods and gowns, went up to Convocation at Durham on June 23rd, to receive—in the distinguished company of Lord Roberts—their degrees at the hands of the Dean, they must have felt rewarded for their hard work at College. And not only for that. They worked conscientiously at school, they followed their teachers' advice to remain at school in order to be able to do degree work at College, and they turned a deaf ear to the croakers who assured them it was a mistake to leave the beaten Pupil-Teacher track—and they are rewarded for their determination and strength of purpose.

There is much to be said for the Pupil-Teacher system, and it is not the business of this magazine to criticize it in any way. But the so-called "training" of teachers is not, after all, of first importance. The main thing in a teacher is that he should know his subject,—training, and practice in teaching are quite subordinate to that first requirement. So it seems to some people nowadays that those who wish to shine in the

profession should sacrifice a good deal to get a thoroughly good education. Other qualifications can be obtained later. A propos of this, the Head Mistress remembers a case where division of decimals was taught by a teacher,—well, she had *not* taken her degree. She was what is known as an Ex-Pupil-Teacher. Her idea was to let the class do the simple long or short division, as the case might be, and "then we'll look at the answers to see where to put the dot"!! Confiding, wasn't it?

The honours earned by old girl Bedans were not entirely restricted to those who had gone direct from school to college. Irene Lloyd (1893-1895) who was a Pupil-Teacher under the Sunderland School Board before going to Darlington Training College also has obtained the degree of B. Litt.; and Kate Mitchinson (1890-1896), who left Bede School to be a Pupil-Teacher under Miss Mackenzie at Valley Road Junior School, and who entered Darlington Training College a year ago, has successfully passed the first examination for the same degree. We cannot claim much credit for the success of these two young people, but we can and do offer them our very hearty congratulations.

The whole of the Girls' School was assembled the day after the examination lists were published to hear the announcement of their fellow-Bedans' successes. Although they were *girls* they gave three hearty cheers for the eleven girls whose achievements have been chronicled above, whether directly or indirectly connected with us. Will all of them accept, through the medium of this Magazine, the congratulations of the School, with best wishes for their future usefulness and happiness?

The six girl graduates from Newcastle spent an hour or two at school on the first of July. Miss Birchall, B.Sc., has been appointed to this School, and Miss Burnett, B.Sc., and Miss Wright, B.Sc., have posts under the Gateshead School Board.

Such records as those given above should act as a spur to the *easy-going* and as an encouragement to the *hard-working* Bedans. One need not be a person of extraordinary talent to obtain a degree. "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains."

We naturally all feel very proud of these and previous academic honours, and are glad to find that other people think well of Bede School, also. A professor of Durham University says he is "only too anxious to have the quality of students sent from Bede School". "No school in the district has such a record".

Requests, accompanied by the acceptable postal order, for *The Bedan* to be forwarded, come in fairly frequently. They are always most welcome, showing so strong an interest in the welfare of Bede School and Bedans past and present.

Beatrice Brewis (1890-1898) writes to the Head Mistress:—I am just writing to ask you if I may have *The Bedan* sent down to me when it next comes out, as I have promised to send it to my brother in Australia. He wants to know how the old school is getting on, and I think that will be the best means of letting him know. He is now a school-master in one of the mining-towns in Western Australia, and likes his work very well—if only he were nearer home.

Judith Wilkinson (1900) writes from Clarence House, Todhills, to Miss Graydon:—Enclosed is one and six in payment of my subscription for *The Bedan*. I am so very pleased to hear of the success of the pupils of the Higher Grade School and look forward to reading *The Bedan*. I was in Sunderland some time ago, but did not like to call as it was Wednesday and not Friday. With kindest regards and best wishes for the success of the school and its magazine, I am, yours

[Although Friday is *the* visitors' day, when people come from a distance they are welcomed any day of the week.]

Sissie Stephenson (1893-1897) also writes in the same strain, and Annie Butterwick (1890-1896) sends the names and addresses of two old Bedans she had met while on a visit to West Hartlepool who wish to take the magazine. One is Isa Robson (1891-1894), now a teacher under the Gateshead School Board. The other is Lavinia Hull (1890-1896), who is teaching in West Hartlepool. The latter writes to the Editor:—"It was a great treat to receive *The Bedan*, with its news of old acquaintances. I have enjoyed reading it very much indeed. The French correspondence is most amusing. You must have a very busy time gathering and arranging matter, and replying to the various correspondents. I know what work outside of school means, for I have been Secretary of the Educational Society of the Hartlepoons for two years, and Press Correspondent for our branch of the N.U.T. The two together keep me always busy."

The letter further incidentally mentions the fact that the writer also teaches chemistry for three evenings in the week, and plays hockey and tennis in their respective seasons. Lavinia evidently has grown up as energetic a woman as her teachers expected her to be.

At the Durham University B.Sc. Examination last month, George R. Goldsbrough gained Honours in both Mathematics and Physics—thereby

repeating the rare achievement of William Cramp-ton Smith in 1901.

Another Old Bedan, Lawrence Smith, this year took his B.Sc. degree in Engineering—as his former school-fellow John Neill did, last year—when *only eighteen years of age*.

Among the new Associates of Science are Richard F. Coates and Alf. G. Cowen; and James McLaren has passed the First A.Sc. Examination.

We congratulate all these Old Boys very heartily on their several successes.

We heard with pleasure last week that Mr Arthur Pickering, B.Sc., now of Bradford, has got an Assistant Mastership at the Merchant Venturers' School, Bristol, where, as a teacher of Mathematics, he will have very congenial work.

Mr T. H. Blyth, A.Sc., a member of our staff deservedly popular with colleagues and boys alike, last month took the Science portion of the Examination for the Durham B.Sc. degree, and was successful.

Mr Blyth and Mr Pickering were kindred spirits at Bede School, and we believe they still keep up their friendship. In love of cricket and football, and as regards not a few personal qualities, they have much in common.

The Inspection of the Upper School took place on June 17th and 18th. It was conducted by Mr Hartley, Mr Hinton, and Mr Maudsley, and passed off very pleasantly.

In connection with the Inspection some statistics were this year required with regard to Old Bedans who have in the past session been continuing their studies in any branch of Science at any College, School, or Evening Class.

We thank the Principal of Sunderland Technical College, the Secretary of the Durham College of Science, the Head Master of the Sunderland Pupil Teachers' Centre, the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Classes, and many of the Old Boys themselves (notably George Goldsbrough and Wilfrid Turpin), for trouble taken and courtesy shown in supplying the desired information.

Charles H. Watson is now in the National Provincial Bank, Newcastle. In April he passed an Examination in Mathematics held by the Institute of Bankers.

With delight we record Herbert Alexander Wood's splendid success in winning the Quarter Mile Flat Race Handicap at the Kensington Sports at Ashbrooke on Monday. Everybody who takes an interest in athletics knows the high standing which the Kensington Sports have in the Counties of Durham and Northumberland, and, for a youth who, less than a year ago, was

still a boy in Bede School, to gain First Prize in an All-comers' Race against such men as McFarlane (South Shields), Lee (West Hartlepool), and Leatch (Newcastle), is very remarkable.

Wood had to run in the Final just a few minutes after his Qualifying Heat; yet his time for the Final was only $52\frac{1}{2}$ seconds!

Apart from his skill and endurance as a runner and footballer Wood is a notable Bedan. For ten years he was never absent from school. At the end of that time he had a severe accident in the Chemical Laboratory on which occasion he bore pain like a Spartan, and behaved himself altogether in a way which it is no exaggeration to describe as heroic. As a boy in school he became both an Associate in Arts of the University of Oxford (on passing the Oxford Senior Local Examination) and also an Undergraduate of the University of London. For ten months he has been one of our Pupil Teachers, and is a valuable junior member of the staff, with qualities of head, heart, and legs entitling him to respect, liking, and admiration.

Professor Littlehailes looked in at his Old School a fortnight ago to say "Good-bye" before starting out for India. He went overland to Marseilles, where he embarked for Bombay, and from that port he will go overland again to Madras. He has our very best wishes.

We had a kind letter some time ago from Ralph H. Kirkup whose ship, the "Belgian King", was at Cape Town on April 10th. He wrote regretfully of Ernest Warburton's death, the record of which he had observed in *The Bedan*.

A previous letter which we received from Kirkup was posted at Buenos Ayres when he was in the "Lesbury". Since then he has been shipwrecked. We hope it may be long before he has himself again to report a similar piece of news, and longer still before anyone else has to report it about him.

One sailor subscriber of ours—for obvious reasons we must not state his name—always sends us his *Bedan* subscription in a slit in a thickish piece of cardboard, the cardboard being, of course, enclosed in an envelope.

The plan strikes us as being both safe and ingenious. The first time we fished out the money we could not help thinking of Lord Macaulay, who sometimes sent his nephew Sir G. O. Trevelyan (when the latter was a boy at school) a letter, and a half-sovereign in the wax with which the letter was sealed—taking care that the coin should not be overlooked by remarking "The best part of a lady's letter is in the POSTSCRIPT, but the best part of an uncle's is in the SEAL."

EARLY RISING.

IF we ask how old you are
You will doubtless sum your age
From the number of your years.
Rather you should set the gauge
By your hours of WAKEFULNESS.
Get beyond your teething stage
By development and growth at early morning.

There's a student o'er the way
With his name upon the door,
Past the witching hour of night
Pondering since the eve before.
But, oh where, oh where is he
When his much-belated snore
Droneth softly through his window in the
morning?

He will sit beside the fire
Till his eyes begin to blink
And the Dresden China girls
On the shelf begin to wink.
He can hardly hold his book
And he really cannot think
Like the man who rises early in the morning.

O the peerless hour of dawn!
Better far than any three
Borrowed from the drowsy night:
This the student's hour should be:
Knotty problems knuckle down;
Problematic mystery
Beams with gracious condescension in the
morning.

In these lengthened summer days
Rise and sally forth alone
Wide awake, alert, and free
When the world seems all your own,
Making difficulties smooth
In a manner quite unknown
To the tardy brain, sleep muddled, in the
morning.

N.B.—The author gives the above verses as a piece of advice rather than as a piece of experience. (!)

A. J. S.



A LETTER,

(NOT BY GILBERT WHITE)

ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF TWO KINDS OF
BEASTS AND ONE KIND OF BIRDS.

SIR,

Fain would I crave a little space in your valuable magazine to draw attention to a subject which, surely from want of thought rather than want of heart, has hitherto not been discussed in

The Bedan. I refer to our domestic pets.

I once heard of—I nearly said “knew”—an interesting little person who was fond of pets. Perhaps you have heard of her; her name was “Mary”. She “had a little lamb”. Wasn't it sweet of her? But I have often wondered if her fondness (for she must have reciprocated the marvellous devotion which the poem tells us that the little lamb showed to its little mistress—was really born of a sympathetic insight into the striking beauties of character apparent in that intriguing animal.

Let us consider, at any rate, one of the graces of the disposition of the ordinary sheep. I mean her splendid SAMENESS. How like she is to every other sheep! How usually she follows the others! How well she conceals all desire to be different, even in her expression. Can you tell one sheep from another?

Compare, for instance, the Sheep with the ordinary Bedan. Do we feel amused, we laugh; are we sad, we cry; are we annoyed, we growl. The old wether bleats whether he is enjoying the weather or not; he does not cry, or laugh, or growl; he just BLEATS—all day and all night—on every occasion—and with the smallest incentive, or none at all. Could one of us, I ask, so efface his or her individuality?

But although the “Little Lamb”, (what naughty Bedan said, “with mint sauce, please”?) is a pleasant companion—at meal-time—for any reasonable being, there are others amongst our dumb friends hardly less interesting; for instance, the Cow. Certainly she demands plenty of space, and always insists on having at least two cowslips (for without them, how could she ever keep her mouth closed?); but is there nothing in her large and patient personality to bid us pause and reflect? How splendid is her freedom, for instance! Does she desire to sprawl, she sprawls. Does she wish to whisk her tail: she expects all in her vicinity to take their chance of what I must vulgarly call “a wipe in the eye”. Is it her desire to bellow, she bellows. If Bedans happen to be possessed by any or all of these aspirations, they are debarred their indulgence. Such is convention. The Cow is called, among men, a ruminant; and well does she deserve the name! There she lies all day long, chewing her cud and—thinking! and not industry, nor patience, nor time itself, shall draw from her one syllable of the world of wisdom behind her large and placid countenance. O Bedans, who may not merely sit and think, but must express your thoughts! Do you not often envy the Cow?

But, sir, I have not yet mentioned the one of all our domestic creatures who most appeals to me as an individual. It is the Hen. Before you condemn my taste as eccentric, let me indicate one or two of the characteristics of the Hen

which provide my thoughtful moments with mental recreation. First, then, the originality of this biped. All others cross, or purpose to cross the road (for instance) to get to the other side. The Hen never purposes at all. She begins to cross the road in a spirit of speculation—to see if it would be perfectly safe. When she is satisfied that it is perfectly safe, she comes back. Again, mark the formation of her head. Contrast it with that of the Cow, and you will see that the shape of the Hen's head is merely an indication of the marvellous faculty within her of doing one thing while utterly unable to resist doing something else entirely different. Amongst Bedans, this would be characterized as a propensity. In a hen, it is force of habit, and is the opposite of what, in other bipeds, is called concentration.

Decidedly there is much to admire in the Hen! To what quality in man, may I ask, do you trace every improvement in Science, every Invention and every Discovery, by which this age is, and will be marked as a great and glorious epoch up and down the ages? Is it not the quality, I may say the faculty, of Curiosity. Now search if you will the Animal Kingdom from end to end and say if any animal is so inquisitive as the Barndoor Fowl. She will scratch, and scratch, and scratch again to see what lies beneath her small dust-heap; and when she has found that wonderful half-brick, or pebble, or piece of slate, is her interest less because it was there yesterday, and will be there to-morrow? Nay, verily, she will be just as excitedly curious to-morrow, or to-morrow week, or till somebody wrings her precious neck. She shews that Curiosity is entirely independent of the faculty of Memory, which would, in her case, at all events, only hamper its development. Then again, the Hen is always in the right place, for, the right place must always be somewhere, and the Hen can be everywhere at once. We have most of us seen one hen occupying the whole farmyard. If you don't grasp this, try to locate any particular hen, or, better still, get Towser, or Spot, or Thomas the Cat to do it for you. I think any of these will show you what I mean.

Ah! There is some reader murmuring “What a deal of cackle about a Hen!”

Eggs—actly so; that is just what I was thinking myself. Therefore, Mr. Editor, I shall at once

B. SILENT.



A PICKWICK ALPHABET.

Dear Mr. Editor,

A few days ago, while I was glancing through

my much-thumbed copy of the immortal *Pickwick*, the large number of characters appearing in its pages struck me in a new light.

"Can I make a Pickwick ALPHABET from the names of *characters* alone?" thought I.

Being in an idle mood I tried the experiment—never dreaming, mark you, of inflicting the result upon the readers of *The Bedan*. The process needed more patience than I had thought it would; but I struggled on, and managed to produce what had seemed impossible, namely, an alphabet *worse* (in respect of rhythm and reason) than any, to my knowledge, previously perpetrated by any person, whatever his subject, and however unmanageable his materials.

And now your note comes to ask if I can send you "anything good" for the *July Bedan*! I cannot. The twenty-six lines alluded to are only "*good—for nothing*." Admirers of "Boz," amongst the least of whom I count myself, carry their devotion to such lengths that bad Pickwick Alphabets have probably been manufactured before; however, if *The Bedan* desires the distinction (or is careless of the risk) of printing the *very worst* that ever was or will be made, there is no objection on the part of

Your Old Pupil,
DISMAL, JEMMY.

A stands for Allen whose friends called him 'Ben';
B, Mrs. Bardell, had lodgings for men.
C is her friend—Mrs. Cluppins to wit;
D does for Dodson, who issued the writ.
E is for Edmunds, the convict returned;
F ogg's Dodson's partner (like him, to be spurned).
G will remind us of Gabriel Grub—
H, of the Hunters, fam'd Eatanswill's hub.
I saac is bailiff, and minion of Fogg's,
J is for Jingle, in Winkle's fine 'togs.'
K is for Kripps, who's apprenticed to Sawyer,
L owten is clerk to smart Perker the lawyer.
M is for Martin, the gamekeeper long;
N upkins, the magistrate, always was wrong.
O is the Ostler, *The Bull Inn's* best worker,
P stands for Pickwick as well as for Perker.
Q is for Quanko, of cricket-match fame,
R, the virago fierce, Raddle by name.
S, Mr. Stiggins—a figure absurd;
T brings in Trundle, who ne'er says a word.
U is for Upwitch, a juryman he;
V begins Veller when spelt with a 'wee.'
W means Wardle, or Winkle, or Weller;
X-cuse the remainder, for I'm a dull 'feller':
a Y Z is needed—in more than one sense,
So I give it up, because *mine* is too dense.

Note.—Bedans, being mathematical, will see

that one value of Y Z is "wise (h)ead." I ask Bob Cripps's pardon for spelling his name with a K.

D. J.



THE SCHOOL'S BIRTHDAY.

ACCORDING to the Calendar, New Year's Day falls on the 1st of January, but as Bedans, we wish each other a Happy New Year on the 28th of April, that being our collective Birthday.

The thirteenth anniversary was celebrated with the usual honours, and accompanied by the usual fine weather. I, for one, never remember a wet School's Birthday, and I think I should have remembered such a calamity had it befallen Bede School in my time! But, thank goodness, nothing of that kind marred a day, which, to Bede School, is the Day of the year. To begin with, the place was transfigured by willing hands; and it really is astonishing what originality, resourcefulness, and artistic taste can be exhibited with a little bunting and a good deal of mother wit! Everyone remembers the Senior Girls' classroom, and the justifiable pride of its inmates. The rest of the school was prettily decorated too, even the little ones making a brave show with flags and flowers lent and given by sympathetic parents. I wonder what sort of children we should have if parents were *not* sympathetic. I tremble to think of it!

During the morning, of course, lessons were done as usual, though I very much doubt if they received anything like their due share of attention; but the afternoon was devoted unreservedly to enjoyment as the word is interpreted by the liveliest spirits in the school, who, whatever they may suffer at the hands of Law and Order on the other three hundred and sixty four days in the year, on this day basked in the sunshine of unbounded popularity alike with teachers and taught! Yes, the best beloved was she who could sing, dance, play, skip, or tell stories better than anyone else! I do not think the youngsters will soon forget their delight when the Seventh Standard Girls brought their funny costumes and all the paraphernalia of their charade into Standard Four Room; I remember, too, how pleased the said visitors were that some of the children could not recognise them through their disguise. I didn't see it, but I believe the entertainment in the Upper School was more ambitious than that of the Lower. Be that as it may, both were graced, for a short time at least, by the presence of the Head Mistress, who, whatever she thought, smiled equally on both, and everyone thought that, without her, the Birthday would have fallen very flat indeed!

Having entertained each other upstairs to their hearts' content, the classes adjourned in turn to the playground where games were played, and rather more noise was permitted than four walls can comfortably contain. There, cheers were given, and "God save the King" was sung, and the day, for the pupils, was done. May they enjoy many such!

Now, however, visitors began to arrive to see and congratulate the Head Mistress, who gathers together, on this day, as many as she can of those who have ever taught in the school, and they all looked pleased enough to be round her once more. Some of them are head mistresses themselves now, and one told me that she is always going to celebrate the birthday of her school. Such is the force of example. May the shadow of Bede School never grow less!

X.

The Boys were perhaps not quite so demonstrative as the Girls; yet they by no means suffered April 28th to pass unnoticed.

The Decorations originally designed in honour of the Crowning of a King gave brightness and dignity to the observance of the Birthday of a School. In other words the flags and streamers which the contributions of last year's scholars provided in June, 1902, and which could not be used *then* as the Coronation was postponed, nor at the time when the Coronation actually took place in August—the School then having the Midsummer Holidays—were on April 28th, 1903, requisitioned to give the School Buildings so gay an appearance that many a passer-by looked at them inquiringly. Flowers, too, and other flags made some of the Class Rooms have a very festive air, and everybody wished the School "Many happy returns of the Day!"

Y.



BITS OF LIFE IN DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA.

[BY AN OLD BEDAN.]

"GOODBYE Captain, goodbye Mr. Faunthorpe— Oh! goodbye Doctor, goodbye, goodbye everybody," a goodbye that was echoed with a faint lingering regret on every side, and the tug bearing the late passengers and luggage of the S.S. Umtali steamed briskly off, to land them safely ten minutes later on the quayside at Durban. It was a busy scene there, and after the custom house officials had passed our baggage, the friend who had come to meet us called out, "Hey, ricksha!" and emerging from no-

where in particular, presently appeared an open-rubber-tyred carriage with long shafts, and capable of holding two people. This was drawn by a Kaffir-boy. Oh! that Kaffir! but I soon ceased to wonder at his strange appearance, for before we were fairly seated, and he was pulling us with long swift strides towards the town, a dozen others had appeared, each of whose owners seemed more drolly attired than the rest. Let me describe one or two of them, beginning with our own. Of course he was as brown as the proverbial berry. His black hair was tortured into innumerable small knots, and surmounted by a crown of feathers, out of which, on either side, sprang two enormous horns. He wore two pairs of ear-rings of large and gorgeous aspect, besides a jewel on either side of his nose. Dozens of wire bracelets adorned his arms and ankles, and even his toes were embellished with rings. A blue and green striped shirt formed his chief garment, hanging just below his waist; beneath which one saw a pair of white trousers trimmed with much scarlet braid and hanging streamers.

Another had an old khaki hat, from which were hung at either side bunches of red and green feathers. Pierced through one ear were two long quills, while his blue and yellow shirt contrasted strangely with his dark skin. Yet another had a head-piece consisting of an old straw hat, the original colour of which one could only surmise.

Round the crown was woven a wreath of green leaves and yellow flowers, intertwined with sundry ribbons of various hues. Rising up from the middle of the crown towered a bunch of feathers of all colours; and tufts of the same covered his ears, and adorned his person; which was covered with a long red and brown striped shirt.

One had only to see the many longing glances thrown after this particular boy (Kaffirs are always called "boys" no matter how old they are) to know that he was a subject of envy and admiration among his fellow-countrymen.

Yesterday was Sunday, and after morning service (which is rather calculated to make the new comer a wee bit home-sick) I betook myself to my favourite seat on the verandah, which practically takes the place of the English drawing-room. Closing my eyes I lay back and was soon dreaming of home and England. A touch on my arm instantly recalled me from Fawcett Street, Sunderland, to King Street, Durban, and what was passing there.

Nobody works on Sundays here, and the Kaffirs turn out in all their finery, most of which is truly remarkable. They imitate the white man in every conceivable detail, both of dress and demeanour; even to taking the same steps and strides, or carrying a cane in typical English fashion. The better class dress in English style,

save that they favour slight, and as they think, becoming alterations in their clothes. A Kaffir will buy a dark tweed suit, but before wearing it, he will insist upon having the seams cut up, and strips of blue, green, or red cloth let into the trousers, the bottoms made very wide, and adorned with bands of the same gaudy fabrics to show off which he will have a pair of bright yellow boots; and the way he walks will make one think of the adage "pride's painful." Old khaki, and any sort of military clothes are greatly in demand among these Kaffir boys. Of course they trim them up, and one garment suffices them. Surely the proverb "Fine feathers make fine birds" originated in Kaffir land.

The women's taste in dress is similar to that of the men; bright colours and a love of jewellery being the chief characteristics.

With arms and legs bare, the real Kaffir woman in her native dress is a sight to behold, and wonder at. Jewels (?) adorn her hair, ears, nose, neck, arms, legs, and toes. Her hair is scraped tightly back into the middle of her head, whence it ascends in one straight tail of about a foot in length.

I think fats and oils have not a little to do with its standing thus on end.

Her body is covered with a sort of loose arrangement of muslin or cloth, swathed round and under the limbs in a manner calculated to inspire an ordinary English woman with awe as to how it is put on, and kept in place.

The girls and women in towns dress in their employers' cast-off clothes; and their motto is "style" more than fit. Some of them are remarkably smart, and, like their male partners, do everything they can "à l'anglaise." They carry their skirts, and mince along in a manner truly grotesque to behold.

Contrasts in dress are more favoured than matches. These Kaffir ladies invariably wear a turban, and underneath the light skirt one can see their bare feet.

All Kaffirs have one beautiful feature—their teeth, which are white and even enough to excite the envy and admiration of many an English man or woman.

Looking from the people to the town, one sees immediately that it is divided into two sections: the town itself and the Berea.

The former is the business centre, the latter, which is on the sides of a hill, is where the European Colony lives; or, to quote a Durbanism, "Everybody who is anybody lives on the Berea." In fact it is a sort of hall-mark of respectability to live there, besides which it is much healthier and prettier than the town itself.

Glancing down the road one sees the electric tram cars very much like our own at Sunderland, save that they are covered in on the top, and

that the sides are open, both upper deck and lower deck. Mules and oxen, in large teams of ten or twelve, are drawing heavily-laden carts to market; and the cries of their Kaffir drivers mingle with those of the black policemen who are keeping order and regulating the traffic, which to-day is rather heavy.

The heat is moderate—like an English summer's day—for winter is just beginning.

One of the peculiarities of the climate here is the way in which, without the slightest warning, and without a cloud overhead, in the bluest of skies, the rain will descend in torrents—such rain as we do not see in England—and will then just as suddenly leave off, with only wet grass and leaves to remind one that it has ever fallen.

As a slight reminder that there *are* drawbacks here, a mosquito has just said good-day in passing, leaving a souvenir of his visit which is not the most pleasant of either marks or sensations. Ants are very troublesome, and get at anything and everything not carefully protected against their ravages.

As to diet, a great many things are dearer than in England; but fruit and vegetables are plentiful and cheap. Eggs cost 3½d. each, and milk 5d. a pint, whereas bananas are 2d. a dozen, and pine apples 2d. each. Pumpkins, mangos, peaches, oranges, with most of our English fruits, grow plentifully here. Mealies—Indian corn—are a favourite dish with Kaffir and white man alike.

I must close now, for night is coming. We have no twilight here—but the night itself, with a dark blue sky and the silver moon and thousands of twinkling stars is beautiful enough to make up for that loss. Goodbye. Some other time I will tell you more of life here in South Africa, 6,000 miles from home.

25th March, 1903.

J. B.



SWIMMING, LIFE-SAVING, AND ATHLETICS.

A new departure has been made this year in connection with the School Swimming. A class has been conducted by Mr. G. E. Watson for the express purpose of teaching the principles and practice of Life-saving. The land-drills have been conducted on the Tuesday evenings, at the Diamond Hall School. Permission to use the building was kindly granted by the School Board, and up to the time of writing twenty-six meetings have been held, to which Bede School has contributed an average attendance of twenty boys. The necessary practice in the water is secured on the Friday nights, through the

friendly co-operation of Mr. Brown, the manager of the baths.

An examination for the Life-saving Society's Certificates will be held shortly, and it is hoped that many boys will earn them. Each boy who obtains the more advanced Proficiency Certificate will be granted free admission to the baths for one year after earning it. This privilege has also been granted by the Sunderland Corporation to winners of School Championships.

The present seems a favourable opportunity to express our deep gratitude to Mr. Watson for the way in which he has toiled in our behalf. Not only has he given a great deal of his own time to organize and conduct the class, but the special privileges mentioned above are also the outcome of his efforts.

Since the last issue of *The Bedan*, two boys, Alfred Wright and John Bell, have passed the examination of the North-Eastern Counties' Amateur Swimming Association, for swimming certificates. Fifteen of these valuable certificates have been earned by Bedans within less than two years.

Ten boys have learnt to swim during the past two months. Their names are John Keehner, Thomas Hill, Tom Peterson, Arthur Scott, William Robson, William Wilkinson, Charles White, Henry White, Fred Coulson, and Stanley Robson.

The number who have been taught to swim in the last two years is now eighty-seven.

C. K. W.

This year, owing to lack of good runners, and of fair handicapping, Bede School has not achieved great fame in the athletic world.

The questionable handicapping concerned two of our older boys, who were, after all, only two years older than the average good schoolboy runner.

These boys were placed *over 40 yards* behind scratch for the Quarter Mile and the Obstacles, and for the other races, in like proportion; or briefly, they were handicapped just *double* as much as other competitors.

One can calmly meditate upon any reasonable extra penalty on account of their being rather old, but to *double the handicap* on them is (as several people said) "rather rough".

The reason (openly admitted) was that, two years ago, a Bedan of the same age as these two carried practically all before him—or at least all he was permitted to *run* for, though he had entered for more events.

However, the present boys were not equal to the unequal handicap which of late years has been imposed on their fellows in sport other than running, and they had to own defeat.

To return to pleasanter matters, we find that W. E. Brown, our crack footballer, can use his feet not only to propel the "leather" adroitly, but also to cover the ground in smart fashion.

In the Teams Race (Quarter Mile Scratch) at Hendon on Whit-Monday, Bede School finished third out of six teams. The boys came home in the following order—W. E. Brown, 1; H. Wood, 5; S. Brown, 6. The fourth boy chosen did not put in an appearance, and as the reserve was also missing, a Bedan was chosen from the spectators, and unfortunately he did *not* excel.

Thus with the fourth boy absent, we came out fairly creditably.

W. E. Brown followed this up by winning the Quarter Mile Handicap at the Schools' Sports on Race Wednesday.

The two successful Bedans, and their starts are appended—W. E. Brown, owes 3 yards in Quarter Mile Handicap, 1st prize; owes 2 yards in 110 Yards Handicap, 4th prize. J. Pallister, 1 yard in 110 Yards Hurdles, 4th prize.

A. W. H.



THE WOULD-BE POET.

I'D like to make a little verse
 If I knew how to do it;
 But every time I try to rhyme
 I'm pretty sure to rue it.
 Howe'er I try, with dignity
 I really *can't* imbue it.
 And every time I write a line,
 As critic I review it,
 And as it really will not fit,
 I find I must eschew it.
 And when another thought springs up
 With zeal I then pursue it,
 Only to find it will not serve,
 And so I must renew it.
 The Editor must take this rhyme,
 And leniently view it,
 Or I shall stand behind his chair,
 And from the fire *res-cue* it.

C. K. W.

The only merit claimed for this effusion is that it is absolutely true. No-one can read it, and doubt the sincerity of the writer.



A NEW HOBBY.

I HAVE been making a collection lately. It is a collection neither of stamps, nor picture post cards, nor autographs. It is mere 'words, words,

words.' On first coming to France I was struck by hearing several ENGLISH words, familiar in the mouths of Frenchmen as household words; and on making inquiry I was informed that others, of an almost unrecognisable orthography and pronunciation, such as *bouledogue* and *higlif*, were of undoubted English origin. So, partly out of curiosity, and partly out of the deep-rooted passion of my race for collecting, like Captain Cuttle, 'when found, I made a note of' these expressions. The following represents my collection so far. I beg to present it for the benefit or amusement of Bedans.

sport	speech	gentleman
sportsman	break	pickpocket
football	mail coach	bouledogue
lawntennis	tramway	blush
cricket	stopper	blush
golf	shouter	keepsake
steeplechase	garden party	struggle for life
book-maker	shakehand	folk-lore
jockey	highlif	folk-lorist
paddock	fashionable	ticket
record	select	terminus
interview	five o'clock	paquebot
interviewer	rosbif	steamer
leader	bifteck	stick
reporter	home	partenaire
meeting	nursery	eidredon
toast	smoking	

It is interesting to consider a little why these words should have passed into another language.

The first on the list deal with sport—the pastime, the exercise, and sometimes the serious work of the Englishman. Until of late years the French have been a sedentary race, caring little for out-door exercise. With the gradual introduction of our games, such as *football*, *cricket*, *golf*, *lawn tennis*, and with the establishment of *race-courses*, of *steeple-chases*, of *jockeys*, *paddocks*, *book-makers*, and *records*, the names, being there at hand, ready made, were naturally introduced at the same time.

French editors and journalists have done us the honour to borrow many of our newspaper terms, such as *leader*, *article*, *reporter*, *interview* (whence the verb *interviewer*), *meeting*, *speech*, *toast*, whilst we in return have appropriated *feuilleton*.

The 'break' in the list given is the conveyance known in England as a *brake*. *Mailcoach*, *tramway*, *terminus*, and *ticket* are words which have entered into the French language with the introduction of mail-coaches and tramways. *Stopper* is a French verb manufactured from our word 'stop', and *shouter*, which is more or less a schoolboy word, is similarly formed. It is evident what a *shakehand* is, but it is employed in a manner which seems to us altogether extra-

ordinary. For example, one reads in a novel "Il lui donna un shakehand, et il partit", or, at the end of a letter, "Je vous envoie mille shakehands".

In the case of the three following words:—*highlife* (generally pronounced 'higlif'), *fashionable*, and *smart*, we have their counterparts in our borrowed French expressions of '*le beau monde*', '*à la mode*', and '*distingue*', which are often used by affected persons in England. But in France to say that a person belongs to '*highlife*' or is *fashionable* (though this word I am told was itself much more fashionable thirty years ago), or is '*smart*', is the highest praise. *Five o'clock* simply refers to afternoon tea, another custom that the French have recently adopted. As for *rosbif* and *bifteck*, these are easily recognisable.

'Home' is a word which the French use frequently now, and certainly their '*chez nous*' does not express all that our 'home' does to us. '*Nursery*' also is becoming a common word, as the mothers begin to bring up their children at home, instead of sending them away into the country. *Gentleman* has in France the sense of our best acceptance of the word. "Will you lend me your *smoking*?" is a somewhat cryptic phrase until it is explained that *smoking* is a *smoking-jacket*. *Pickpocket* has also entered the French language, probably because in the large stations and at all the exhibitions there is invariably a large placard—"Beware of pickpockets".

The spelling of *bull dog* and *packboat* is a little odd, but the pronunciation is more easily recognised. As for *blush* and *keepsake*, one can only suppose they were introduced because there is no exact French equivalent. *Blush* is generally used in the expression '*piquer un blush*'. From our charming word *folk-lore*, *folklorist* has been manufactured.

Steamer, which I doubt if an English poet dare employ, you will find figuring in Victor Hugo's "Legends des Siècles." *Partenaire* is obviously a corruption of our word 'partner'.

I have also an extensive collection of French expressions, used in England, but these you can collect for yourselves.

K. A. S.



THE SCHOOL EXCURSIONS.

EVERY summer for the last few years the various classes in the Girls' School have spent one or two days in sight-seeing. Before the day arrives, a lesson is given, in which hints and suggestions are offered to the girls as to what to look for, and what things are of most interest

and most worthy of attention, at the place to be visited.

These picnic-parties afford opportunities of learning geography and history, and of understanding some little scrap of nature's plans, in a way which, in certain cases, ordinary lessons at school can never furnish.

The arrangements, of course, give the teachers a good deal of trouble, and the responsibility of taking charge of a crowd of children out of doors is somewhat heavy; yet the trouble and responsibility are accepted gladly, for the teachers feel that not only do they get to know their young folks better on such occasions, but the young folks become better acquainted with one another.

Appended are accounts of expeditions to Durham, Tunstall Hill, and Peshaw Monument. The Dean of Durham wrote to the Head Mistress to give the girls permission to see the Cathedral Library. He was always glad, he said, "to be of service to your excellent Bedan School." On July 3rd, another large party visited Durham, while, the preceding day, the Senior Girls went with their teachers to Rothbury.

On Wednesday, July 1st, we, the teachers and girls in standards VI. and VII. of Bede School, went "a-picnicing." To one not initiated into the mysterious workings of our school this may savour of holiday-making, and for the enlightenment of such a person, we may say that our primary object was to learn something of the beauties of the old Cathedral City of Durham.

During the week which preceded our visit, we had talked about the Cathedral and the Castle, and revelled in the curious old stories of St. Cuthbert, in which the ancient chronicles abound, so that we were quite prepared to enjoy ourselves when we reached our destination. Having arrived there, we went to the Cathedral, and wandered about without a guide for a while, noticing for ourselves some of the many interesting features of the grand Old Church, the weird-looking, blue marble cross let into the floor, beyond which, legend says, women were forbidden to pass! the tomb of Bishop Hatfield, and the marvellously beautiful workmanship of the pulpit, claiming our special attention.

The Verger now came to show us round, and to tell us, in his own inimitable way, much that was new to us, as well as many of the stories which had so delighted us in our lesson of the previous week. Under his guidance we visited the Chapel of the Nine Altars and the Shrine of St. Cuthbert, at the east end of the church; and the Galilee Chapel, which contains the tomb of the Venerable Bede, at the western end. Thence we proceeded to the Dean and Chapter Library, which we were permitted to see by the kindness and courtesy of Dean Kitchin, to whom we owe our warmest thanks.

On leaving the library, we wended our way to the river side, and spent some time there. Then we returned to Sunderland, tired 'tis true, but how happy, none can say.

A certain number of Bedans—to be exact, 84 girls from Standards IV. and V.—had an excursion, a short time ago, to Peshaw. The long procession of twos caused no small amusement to the inhabitants of Sunderland, and it certainly startled the natives of Cox Green, where we left the train. There were the inevitable paper parcels, baskets, and bags, containing mysterious-looking packages; but I am happy to say that our party did not disgrace the name of "good citizens", by disfiguring the country-side. Unfortunately, the day was rather dull and we could not see a great distance, or, from the far-famed Peshaw Hill, we should have had a splendid outlook. We had been well-informed about the Monument—thanks to an old number of *The Bedan*, which contained far more information on the subject than all the guide books which could be found in one of the libraries of the town—and it did not take us long to examine the building. The rest of the time was spent in playing games and gathering wild flowers, and we came home, a tired crowd, decorated like a veritable flower-garden, after having spent a most enjoyable half-day.

Another excursion we had, was not so ambitious, but was equally enjoyable. Tunstall Hill was our destination this time, and we were favoured with exceptionally bright weather. The view from the top of the hill is very fine and very extensive; we considerably increased our knowledge of the geography of our town by the expedition, for we could see the coast-line for some distance on the East, Warden Law and the villages of Tunstall and Silksworth on the South, the various Churches and notable buildings—including our School, of course—of Sunderland on the North, and on the West we rejoiced to recognise our old friend Peshaw Monument. Our hope now is—"May we have as many and as enjoyable excursions next year!"



Bede Junior School was opened on June 29th, R. A. Bartram, Esquire, J.P., the Chairman of the School Board, presiding at the opening ceremony.

The premises are very handsome and commodious.

Over 100 pupils have already been enrolled. We wish Mr. William Pain, the Head Master (who for several years was an Assistant Master in the Senior School), and his colleagues, much success in their work.

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