

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

[The Editor and the Ediltriss 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.]

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1903.

We hope that many hundreds of Bedans, Past and Present, will keep Friday Evening, December 11th, free. Though definite arrangements have not yet been made, it is probable that the School Prize-Giving will be held *on that date, in the Victoria Hall.*

We much regret that the Press Notices of our last Number—which were exceptionally long and laudatory—must be held over until our next issue. When these Notices and some other matter went to the printer, it was found that, unfortunately, all the space in our present Number (except room for this Note) was already occupied.

Probably the death of no other Sunderland public man ever evoked more widespread and more genuine expressions of sorrow in the town than did that of Councillor Wilson Mills Roche. He spoke so well; his voice, manner, and countenance were so cheerful and animating; he had such conspicuous ability; and, along with his great driving-force and energy of character, there went so much reasonableness, good sense, and consideration for others that, altogether, his was a personality at once singularly strong and engaging, and he was liked and respected by men of every party, and by men not connected with any party.

Throughout his public life in Sunderland Mr. Roche took much interest in educational matters. About twenty years ago he had a seat on the School Board; and the services which, during his Chairmanship of the Technical Instruction Committee of the County-Borough, he rendered to the cause of Higher Education in Sunderland, were unique and invaluable. The Technical College will be his enduring monument.

Bede School had many associations with Mr. Roche. Only a few months ago he presided at a meeting of the League of Good Citizenship held there, and promised a prize to be given at next year's meeting. The Head Master had the honour of his friendship for nearly nineteen years. Three Old Bedans, in succession, gave his children private lessons. He was a reader of the

Magazine from its opening Number. He always evinced a lively interest in the School's welfare, and, in a conversation which we had with him just before the Provisional Education Committee was formed, he spoke most hopefully of the School's prospects. Further, we happen to know that, out of his own pocket, he befriended some of our Past Pupils, thereby enabling them to prolong their studies.

Only a little while ago it seemed highly probable that he would become the Chairman of the Local Education Committee and have a principal share in its labours. The task has now passed to other hands; and what Alderman Gibson and Dr. Gordon Bell said of Mr. Roche at the Committee Meeting a few days ago—in words at once duly acknowledging his splendid work and spirit, expressive of the feeling of the public, and honourable to the speakers themselves—shows how keen is the sense that Sunderland has lost one of its foremost men, and the Cause of Education one of its best and ablest friends.

We respectfully tender Mrs. Roche and her family, in their bereavement, the sincere sympathy of everybody connected with Bede School.

Under a Scheme approved jointly by the Sunderland Technical College Authorities and the Associations of Shipbuilders and Engineers of Sunderland and District, some Free Apprentice-Studentships, tenable at the Technical College, were offered for competition at an Examination held on Saturday, August 29th. The exact details of the Scheme are given at length in the College Prospectus, which should be consulted by persons specially interested in the matter. Here we may state, *very roughly*, that Candidates for the Studentships were to be apprentices who, being under 18 years of age on October 1st, 1903, would have served in Works, in the Sunderland District, at least two full years before that date; that the subjects of the Examination were Mathematics, Drawing, and English; and that the successful candidates will, for the remainder of their Apprenticeship, spend the Summer-half of each year at the Works and the Winter-half at the College, receive wages as though they were at the Works all the year round, pay no College Fees, and obtain, finally, (if their conduct be satisfactory), both their Apprenticeship-lines in full and a College diploma.

Somewhat similar Examinations will be held in future years, but future Candidates must fulfil the additional condition of having previously attended some Evening Classes.

This year, 58 Candidates were examined, and 14 of them were awarded studentships. Of the *fourteen*, the following *eight* are Old Bedans:—Thomas G. Heckles, Thomas B. Phillips, James White, Henry S. Gardener, Arthur E. Palmer,

William G. Browell, Hartley Campbell, and William Willing.

We congratulate these Old Boys—all of whom spent some years in our *Upper School*—and hope they may go on and prosper. Their success is only an additional proof of what we have noticed in scores of instances, namely, that parents who have caused their sons or daughters to stay two, or three, or four years in our *Upper School*, have given them a great advantage in the battle of life over scholars who have left school after merely going through the Standards of our Lower School, or spending one year in our Upper School.

A few days ago we had a letter from Frank W. Sisson who is an engineer on the S.S. "Fulwell." He wrote from Port Said (where his ship was calling, homeward bound from India), "I have lately received two *Bedans* and have enjoyed reading them very much. Although it is now ten years since I was a scholar, I still feel an affection for the Old School, and I intend to give myself the pleasure of calling again before long to see it, as I am now on my way home. With regard to a Contribution from me for your October Number I am afraid you will think my excuse lame and impotent; but, really, tropical climates are far from being conducive to mental (or any) effort. A high temperature has a stimulating effect on the growth of *plants*, but it hasn't enabled *me* to produce a single leaf for the Magazine. By the way, to any Bedan desirous of becoming an engineer I would say 'How would you like to be where, for a week together, the Fahrenheit thermometer stands at 125° (that is, of course, only in the engine-room)?'"

We hope that Sisson—who has good brains, an unusual store of knowledge, and a facile pen—will be able to write us something when he gets into colder latitudes.

Another Old Bedan, a valued contributor, cannot achieve anything this month but what is "feeble, futile, and fatuous"—at least, so he *says*. It would be rude to take him at his word;—still, we shall not press him for an Article for the present issue. But, after his mind has lain fallow for a short season, we shall expect it to yield us something peculiarly rich.

LONDON UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, JUNE, 1903.

The Bede School pupils who matriculated in June this year were John Henderson Blacklock and George Carr Watson, the one in the First, the other in the Second Division.

Both Blacklock and Watson had previously, while at School, passed the Oxford Local Pre-

liminary, Junior, and Senior Examinations. They were in all ways thoroughly satisfactory lads to have—lively and fond of fun, and yet in earnest about their work, regular and punctual in their attendance, and absolutely trustworthy.

They left at Midsummer, carrying with them the good wishes of all their Teachers.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, JULY, 1903.

Appended are the results of this year's Oxford Locals, so far as Bede School boys and girls are concerned:—

Senior Certificate, and Title of Associate in Arts (A.A.) of the University of Oxford.

Honours, Second Class: William Frederick Sutton.

Pass, First Class: John Thomas Bailes, George Barlow, Charles Gladstone Gardner, Arthur Campbell Hey, Harold George Jordan, Lena Johnson, Ethel May Pike.

Junior Certificate.

Honours, Second Class: John Irving Leckie, John Ridley Thompson.

Honours, Third Class: Alexander Baird, Jane Graham (with Distinction in Drawing), Nora Ridgeway.

Pass, First Class: Herbert Downs, Matthew Edgar, Francis Harrison Grumitt, John George Harrison, William Morris, Harry Reginald Mullens, Stanley Robson, Harold Smith, John Henry Watson, Hilda M. Chapman, Lily Marley, M. Elsie Vasey, Blanche B. Walters.

Pass (Candidates over 16 years of age): Myrtle E. Beck, Ethel Bruce, E. Mary Campbell, Madge B. Forbes, Jessie N. Speir, Ida B. Thompson.

Preliminary Certificate.

Honours, Third Class: H. Muriel Bruce.

Pass (Candidates under 14 years of age): Ralph Herbert Alder, Edward Bowden, William Wormald Marshall, George Millon Smith Neill, John Madison Nicholson, Ella Eyles, Ruby I. Marsh, Gertrude M. Phillips, W. Greta Raine.

Pass (Candidates over 14 years of age): Montague Alfred Fawcett, John Wilson Keehner, Charles Sharpe Magee, Cuthbert Percy Metcalfe, Thomas Austin Milner, Sydney Windle Potts, Robert Alexander Ryce, William John Shiells, William Stephenson, Elizabeth O. Dobson, Florence I. Edwards.

The foregoing List is in some respects very satisfactory. No Educational Institution in the four Northern Counties gained more Oxford

Senior Certificates this year than did Bede School, with the exception of Ushaw College, which had *seventeen* successes. But the Junior and Preliminary Lists could easily be, each year, at *least three times* as big as they have ever hitherto been, if *Parents would send their children in for the Examination.*

An Oxford Local Certificate, issued (as it is) by the authority of one of the greatest Universities in the world, is a valuable thing for a boy or girl to possess and to be able to produce as a guarantee of ability and attainments. Besides, the special training which a Candidate for a Certificate gets at School does him or her a great deal of good. And yet, every year, the number of our pupils who ask to be prepared for the Junior and Preliminary Examinations is not a *third* of those who could qualify themselves to take the Certificates—provided there was willingness (1) to pay the necessary *Entrance Fee* and (2) to do a certain quite reasonable amount of *extra work.*

The Entrance Fee is Fifteen Shillings and Sixpence for a Preliminary Candidate, and Twenty Five Shillings for a Senior or a Junior Candidate. Not a farthing of the Fees comes to the School or to any Teacher: most of the money goes to the University which examines the Papers and issues the Certificates, but a small part is for the Local Expenses of the Examinations. Those boys and girls who take the Oxford Locals pay no extras for Tuition or Books; and some of the Teachers—notably, the Head Master—every year give scores of hours of their own time, out of school hours, without reward or acknowledgment of any sort, to the preparation of the Candidates. The class is always small, but entails virtually the same trouble upon the Teachers as if it were large. Last year, quite a big section of the *very best boys* in the lower part of the Upper School, who could easily have gained Distinction in the Preliminary Examination, were not Candidates at all.

We commend this matter of the Oxford Locals to the serious consideration of all Intelligent, Healthy Bedans in the Upper School, and their Parents. A delicate child, or one who is very dull or somewhat below par in mental power and attainments, should obviously be content to attempt nothing more than the ordinary curriculum. But, after seeing the direct benefit that preparation for the Oxford Examinations has brought to nearly all our Candidates—in sharpening their wits, widening their knowledge, and stimulating them to effort—and the special advantages which certain Bedans have secured, after leaving School, simply through their happening to possess Oxford Certificates, we have no hesitation in saying that those of our clever

boys and girls who wilfully throw away the chance of obtaining Certificates are blind to their own best interests.

It is with very great regret that we have to chronicle two losses to the Staff of the Girls' Department. Miss M. E. Graydon, a member of the staff for nearly five years, has resigned her position in order to qualify herself for work of an entirely different kind. Miss Graydon was, as it were, a Bedan by birth and not by adoption, for she came to the school in 1891, with a Scholarship which entitled her to free tuition for three years and to a sum of £36, paid partly by the Board of Education. In 1895, Miss Graydon, having won a Queen's Scholarship, was accepted as a student at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, where she decided to take a course in Chemistry and Geology. She graduated as Bachelor of Science in 1898, and from then until July last she has been an active member of the staff. Her work for *The Bedan* alone entitles her to the gratitude of its readers, for she has been a constant contributor (an anonymous one) to its pages, and an eminently popular one; while the work of collecting subscriptions and of forwarding the Magazine to all parts of the town and country has frequently, if not always, fallen to her share.

The members of the staff, in bidding her goodbye and wishing her much prosperity, asked her to accept a gold chain and pendant, whilst her late pupils showed their appreciation of her by presenting her with seven beautiful volumes of standard works. For the present Miss Graydon expects to remain in Sunderland, and we confidently look forward to hearing of her, and *from her*—in the pages of this magazine.

Miss Kate Parkin, for two years chiefly engaged in teaching Physics in the Upper School, has accepted the offer of a similar post in the Central Higher Grade School, Leeds, where once upon a time she was the pupil of the present Head Mistress of Bede School. Miss Parkin was the holder of a Scholarship for two years at the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, and was eminently fitted both by natural ability and by good training to undertake the somewhat arduous duties which fell to her lot at Bede School. It is probable that even the giddiest of her pupils—unfortunately there are occasionally such things as giddy Bedans—appreciated her kindness, her interest in them as individuals, and her fresh, original way of looking at things.

Her loss to the School is keenly felt by her pupils, her colleagues, and most of all, perhaps, by the one who has known her longest, the Head Mistress. Girls and teachers joined in presenting to her as a lasting sign of their regard a

pendant in gold set with fine opals.

The vacancies in the Staff have been filled by Miss Diana R. Birchall, B.Sc., (Durham), and Miss Jenny P. Armes, B.Sc., (Victoria). The former is a Bedan through and through, as all constant readers of this magazine will know. Miss Armes, before becoming an undergraduate of the Yorkshire College, was a pupil of Dr. Forsyth's at the Central Higher Grade School, Leeds. We welcome the coming as we sped the parting teachers.

We are pleased to be able to offer our congratulations to Miss Taylor, who has lately passed the London Intermediate examination for the degree of B.A.

Miss Charlton, who has resigned her post in the Victoria High School, Londonderry, paid a flying visit to us just before the holidays. She has promised to come and see her old friends in a more leisurely manner soon;—if possible, in November when the Reunion will take place. The probable date of that event is *November 20th*.

Annabel Pringle and Kate Mitchinson, students at the Training College, Darlington, called at school during their vacation. One is glad to be able to report them as looking well and happy. Adelaide Wright, although she left Sunderland several years ago, has always kept up a correspondence with her former teacher, Miss E. Todd. This summer she spent part of her holidays at Hartlepool, and came from there one afternoon to see her old School. She has grown almost out of knowledge since she went to London, but is still the same affectionate Adelaide Wright. We discover that she matriculated in the recent examination held by the London University—on which we offer her our sincere congratulations—and that she is accepted as a student in the Training College at Exeter.

One of the first pupils of Bede School when it was opened in 1890 was Gabrielle Costigan, a little French girl. A few weeks ago the Head Mistress heard that this old pupil of hers, now of course grown up, had lately come back to England from France, and intended settling with old Sunderland friends in London. Gabrielle had been making enquiries about several of her old teachers, among others Miss Marshall, and felt that she would like them to know that she realised how much she owed them. Readers of *The Bedan* who were in the first Standard IV in Bede School will have little difficulty in recalling her.

Another pupil of the very early days of Bede School, Mary Gibbins, revisited not exactly "the

glimpses of the moon" but the scenes of her childhood a few weeks ago. Her business was to enter her sister's name on the ever-increasing roll of Bedans. Now that she has at last broken the ice and has called at her old school, we will hope that she will occasionally find her way there, and always be present at the Annual Reunion.

Tissie Colling, who for some time has been teaching in Leeds, where she was doing very good work, is now living again in Sunderland, and brought her little sister to Bede School a short time ago. She informed the Head Mistress that Norma, an older sister and an old Bedan, was married this summer in Leeds, and that she is now living in Sunderland. Her old teachers and friends at Bede School join in good wishes for the future happiness of Norma and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. T. Waterman.

Miss Todd has received numerous picture post-cards from her wandering pupils,—from Amy Robinson, now nursing in Edinburgh, from May Bodin, who has been enjoying a three months' holiday in Norway, and from many others. As regards some of them, the Head Mistress shakes her head and wishes they were at School instead of wandering so far "by mount and stream and sea."

Lately a teacher in Bede School in stating the objects of the *Main Plot* in the reign of James I. said that the conspirators designed "to seize the King's person." Judge of her surprise when a bright-looking little pupil said, "If you please, who was the King's person?"

That was a funny mistake, but not a dreadful one. What *can* be said of another girl who, having heard the pathetic story of the Lady of Shalott, was asked to tell it in her own words? The poet says—

And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

There seems nothing very difficult to understand in those lines, yet this is how they were rendered into prose:—She floated down to Camelot singing her last song "The mournful cattle!" For a girl who doesn't see any difference between *carol* and *cattle* "there is nothing left but to be good." No one will make her clever.

Stella Bailes writes to say that she has been appointed to the Senior Department of the Westoe Road School, South Shields. She has begun her work there very hopefully, having been received with kind and encouraging words by the Head Master. She is anxious to keep in touch with the old school through the agency of *The Bedan*, and asks for it to be forwarded to her regularly.

In the last issue of the Magazine mention should have been made of the results of the essays written by a large number of girls on "Alcohol and the human body." Fifty girls obtained certificates and eight are reported "to have excelled."

The window-box prize promised by the Head Mistress has been awarded to last year's Standard VI, the classes taught by Misses Hutchinson and Ewart. Other people made gallant attempts and the flowers were a source of pride to the school, but, alas, no one has come forward with a second prize.

Just before the summer holidays the Head Mistress received a letter from Ada Thomas, who left school a year ago, and who is now a Pupil Teacher under Miss Marshall at Valley Road School. Ada has passed her Examination successfully and is working with the object of taking the London Matriculation Examination some day. Her old teachers are interested to hear of her success and trust she will "peg away."

Miss E. Todd lately received the following letter from a former pupil, Miss K. Smith, B.Sc.

Quimper,

France,

June, 1903.

Chère Mademoiselle,

Peut-être vous serez bien étonnée de recevoir une lettre de France, mais c'est que je suis ici depuis huit mois. Cependant quand j'y pense c'est probable que Mlle. Robson vous a déjà dit que je suis ici.

Dans ma dernière lettre j'ai dit que j'irais à Londres, au *Royal College of Science*. Eh bien, j'ai trouvé que le cours ne commencerait pas jusqu'en février, et quand on m'a demandé si je voudrais bien venir en France pour donner des leçons d'anglais et apprendre le français en même temps, j'ai accepté naturellement.

Au lieu d'aller à Londres en février je suis restée ici, puisque j'ai pensé qu'il vaut mieux bien savoir la langue et aussi puisque j'avais la permission du *Department* de refaire ma demande en juin.

Je demeure dans la famille d'un professeur d'anglais au lycée de Quimper. Je me plais beaucoup ici. La ville est très ancienne, très pittoresque et affreusement sale. Oh, les paysans Bretons! Comme ils sont sales! Mais les femmes sont si jolies avec leurs grandes coiffes blanches et leurs robes noires toutes brodées et garnies de velours.

Il y a autour de la ville un paysage ravissant, des bois de sapins, de hêtres, et de chênes, de grands champs pleins d'ajoncs et de genêts et de petits ruisseaux. Et partout on ne voit que des costumes très anciens,—des coiffes blanches, des cols de mousseline et de dentelle, et des grands sabots de bois.

Les hommes sont aussi pittoresques que les femmes. Ils portent des jolis vestes bleues foncées et tout brodées en or et argent. Quant aux petits enfants, ils sont tous mignons,—les petites filles avec leurs drôles de robes, si serrées en haut, si froncées en bas,—les petits garçons qui portent leurs vestes bleues et leurs culottes longues!

Mais comme je plains les enfants de la petite bourgeoisie. Ils sont au lycée à huit heures du matin et ils rentrent chez eux à sept heures du soir.

Quant à l'éducation en France, quand je la vois, et les effets qu'elle produit, je suis bien aise de revenir à notre mélange en Angleterre. Après tout, nos enfants ne sont pas des bêtises. Figurez-vous, mademoiselle, il y a des filles de 18 ans qu'une bonne conduit chaque jour à l'école! J'ai écrit en français parce que c'était vous, mademoiselle, qui fûtes la première qui me fîtes prendre intérêt, au français. Comme je voudrais bien vous voir encore! Je sens chaque jour de plus en plus combien je vous dois, à vous et à Mademoiselle votre sœur.

Voulez-vous lui faire des amitiés de ma part, et agréez, mademoiselle, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus affectueux.

KATIE ARMSTRONG SMITH.

Said one of the youngest of Bedans to her mother the other day, after having wrestled in spirit with the various parts of speech, "Do you think a well-bred child need learn grammar, mother?"

Constance Johnson, on whom the degree of B.Litt. was conferred in June last, has been appointed to the Rectory Park Girls' School, where we hope she will be as successful and able a teacher as she was a student at Bede School.

In the recent examination held by the College of Preceptors, Elsie Bruce passed in the Junior papers and obtained distinction in Algebra and

Geometry. Elsie has now left school, and intends qualifying as a dispenser.

Dorothy Ross and Alberta Farrow have both been selected by the Board of Education to hold scholarships in France. They begin work there in October, Dorothy at the Sorbonne, Paris, and Alberta at the École Normale at Blois. They will be in residence for a year, and will doubtless return to England with a knowledge of the French people and of their language which will be of infinite value to them in after-life—possibly not from a mercenary point of view, but most certainly from an educational standpoint.

Dorothy's address will be:—117, Rue notre dame des champs, Paris; and Alberta's: École normale d'institutrices, Blois.

Some courage is necessary to leave home for so long for a country where one has no friends. But there is every reason to congratulate these two Bedans on the honour of being selected and on their wisdom in accepting the scholarships.

Jennie Bruce called at school with Norah Davison a week or two after work was resumed. Norah had much to tell of her sister Elsie's experiences in South Africa, happy ones we are glad to say. Jennie is at present teaching at Bede Junior School, where we hope she will be as successful as she deserves to be.

The latest ornament to the corridor walls is a framed photograph of six of our latest "girl graduates". Those girl Bedans who graduated this year from the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, namely, Diana Birchall, B.Sc., Stella Bailes, B.Sc., Kate Burnett, B.Sc., Norah March, B.Sc., Lily Wright, B.Sc., and Muriel Watson, B.Litt., have been photographed in a group, gowns and all. The picture is a very pretty one, and will doubtless be an occasional reminder to the younger generations of Bedans of the happy results of honest, steady work.

Bessie Eaves called at her old school on September 28th to say adieu to her old friends there before beginning work in London at the London School of Medicine for Women. Bessie competed for what is known as the School Scholarship, offered by the above Institution, and has won it. It is worth £30, and will, therefore, go a good way towards paying for the text books, etc., needed during the first year. Bessie carries the good wishes and high hopes of her teachers with her.

She is not, we believe, the first girl Bedan to take up the study of medicine. Lizzie Neil is working at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, but she has not visited Bede School lately,

we are sorry to say, and here nothing definite is known about her and her work.

Other recent visitors have been Judith Wilkinson, Kate Burnett, and Lily Wright. The two latter have some amusing experiences to relate of the small children in their charge at Gateshead.

Another Old Bedan, Christina Hirst, has been studying German school-life during her summer vacation. We hope she will give the benefit of her observations to readers of the Magazine, in a later issue.

The latest Official Report upon our Upper School makes particular reference to the "high standard reached in Advanced Mathematics" and the "high order of the Art Instruction".

WEDDINGS.

GIBSON—THURBON.—At St. George's Cathedral, Capetown, on August 31st, John Charles Gibson, of Kimberley, eldest son of Robert Gibson, Station House, Hartlepool, late of Sunderland, to Helena May (Lena), youngest daughter of Matthew Henry Thurbon, Ivanhoe, East Boldon. [By cable.]

CHAMBERS—RUTHERFORD.—At the Congregational Church, Observatory Road, Capetown, on August 31st, John Doig Chambers, Gwanda Junction, Matabeleland, son of the late Inspector Chambers, Eden Street, Sunderland, to Annie, second daughter of James Rutherford, Haswell. [By cable.]

Of the four young people who, as announced above, "committed matrimony" at Cape Town last August, *three*—Charlie Gibson, John Chambers, and Lena Thurbon—were at Bede School together.

We wish the two Bedan Benedicks, and their Beatrices, longevity, felicity, and prosperity.

At Hartlepool, a few weeks ago, we had the pleasure of meeting Charlie Gibson's father and mother, as well as his brother Ernest and his sister Aline (two Old Bedans). His brother Herbert, who left Bede School in 1896, is now in Canada.

David Sheret, an Old Bedan who left school two years ago and is now in the Office at Laing's Shipyard, has good reason to be proud of his father's self-sacrificing bravery.

When, late at night on May 10th last, Captain Sheret's vessel, the "Chelsea", was run down by the "Kirkaldy",—the "Chelsea" (as was shown afterwards at the inquiry) being in no way to blame for the accident—she sank almost immediately. There was no time to launch a boat, and Captain Sheret advised his men to save

themselves as best they could. When three of the four life-buoys on the bridge had been seized by members of the crew, the captain, instead of taking the remaining one for himself, actually passed it to a seaman named Dodds! Then, having thus relinquished the only ready means of saving himself, he was left, the last person on board, to go down with his ship. Fortunately he was not sucked into the vortex, and, after managing to keep afloat for an hour and a half, he was rescued by a boat from the colliding vessel. Dodds, also, and some other men, were saved, but seven poor fellows went to the bottom.

The instinct of self-preservation is so strong—especially in a moment of terrible panic—that such self-command and splendid unselfishness as Captain Sheret showed, must be very difficult. We are glad that the survivors of his crew reported his behaviour, and that—though, with characteristic modesty, he expected nothing, and seemed to think he deserved nothing—he was presented, on August 20th, with a handsome silver medal, given by the Board of Trade in recognition of his bravery, and handed to him by His Worship the Mayor of Sunderland.

It is a pathetic circumstance in connexion with the wreck of the "Chelsea" that the Chief Engineer, the Second Engineer, and the other men belonging to her who were drowned, had, shortly before their own disaster, joined the Captain and the rest of the crew in making a Ship's Subscription in aid of the families of the men who perished in the "Dungonnell—a Sunderland vessel lost not very long before the "Chelsea". The money collected was in the cabin of the "Chelsea", and went down with her; yet who would wish the subscription unmade? If it did not bless those for whom it was intended, it would certainly be a blessing to the *givers*.

Old Boys, who were in the Upper School five or six years ago, will probably entertain pleasant recollections of the Saturday expeditions to Marsden and district. These trips were abandoned later in favour of Saturday morning attendance at the swimming-bath, but they have lately been revived in response to an outside stimulus. An Old Bedan, in looking through some of his photographs, discovered a negative of a group taken at Marsden in 1898, and sent a copy to Mr. Witter on a post-card. This aroused such a strong desire to renew the work, that two very successful journeys have already been made. Candles were requisitioned to explore the wonderful caves between Marsden and Frenchman's Bay, and on the second trip an acetylene bicycle lamp formed part of the equipment.

Two of our present scholars, Charles Wilson and John Bell, distinguished themselves at the

Y.M.C.A. Swimming Gala on Wednesday, 30th September.

In the One Length Junior Club Championship for the "Hunton" Cup, Wilson finished first, with Bell a very close second.

Charles Wilson, it will be remembered, swam third in the Four Lengths Schools' Championship Race last year. He already holds the Amateur Swimming Association's Certificate in Swimming, and the Elementary Certificate in Life-Saving, and now, in addition to winning the Cup, (which he holds for a year,) he has won the Second Prize in the Breast Stroke Race.

John Bell's performance is the more creditable when it is borne in mind that a year ago he could not swim at all. Like Wilson, he has earned the Swimming and Life-Saving Certificates, and when the Schools' Gala takes place he will repeat the feat that Wilson performed last year, of swimming in the Four Lengths Championship in his *first* season.

Every Midsummer, as a matter of course, we lose a good many of our oldest and best boys. This year the exodus seemed to be particularly large, and several of the lads were such tall, manly fellows, so likeable in character and disposition, of such note-worthy attainments, and had belonged to this school so long, that we parted with them with unfeigned regret.

David Macnair had been here for eight and a half years. He has passed his "Medical Prelim.", and, this week, goes to Edinburgh as a medical student. He is one of a family of five—James, Thomas, David, May, and Ian—all of whom are, or have been, Bedans. Seldom an abler, and never a better boy has passed through the school.

Blacklock and Watson—of whom mention has already been made—together with John Leckie and John Ridley Thompson, two other good lads, have become Pupil-Teachers.

W. Fred Sutton had, on the whole, both better brains and a better physique than any other Bedan boy of the present century. He came to the school when fourteen and left when seventeen. Had he come two years younger we are certain that the record of his success would have been at least as brilliant as that of any Bedan whatever. Even now, it is something to be proud of. We confidently anticipate great things from Sutton at the Civil Service Examination which he will take in a few months' time.

Arthur Hey, not much Sutton's inferior in character and mental power, intends, like him, to go into the Civil Service.

Harold Jordan, the genial rival of Sutton and Hey in many a Drawing Competition, and his class-fellow George Barlow (who, like nearly every lad mentioned in this Note, is an Associate in Arts of the University of Oxford), have

gone as engineer-apprentices to Messrs. Dick-
inson's.

Jack Harrison, a favourite with boys and teachers alike on account of his sunny smile and temper, has gone to Paris for six months to get a good conversational knowledge of French. We shall be surprised if he is not soon as well liked in the Collège Rollin as he always was in Bede School.

To all these out-going lads, and many others whom it is impossible to particularize, we give our hearty good wishes.

We are glad to notice that Tom Hetherington, who left school at Midsummer, satisfied the Examiners at the Technical College, and takes his place there as an ordinary fee-paying Engineering Student.

Two or three weeks ago the Very Rev. T. B. Strong, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, called at Bede School, with his friend the Rev. F. L. Cope. This was not the Dean's first visit, and we feel a measure of honest pride in the fact that a man who holds an educational post not second to any other in the world should feel sufficient interest in our school to come and have a look at it more than once. He inquired about Bedans who are also Oxonians, and was told that Littlehailes, formerly of Balliol, went in July last to Madras University as Professor of Mathematics, that John Barron is an Exhibitioner of New College and Angelo Smith an Exhibitioner of Brasenose, and that R. W. Scott is a Non-Collegiate Student.

We hope that many of our boys and girls may, at one time or another, visit Oxford, that most interesting of cities, and see Christ Church, that most magnificent of Colleges. Just to walk through the Quadrangle, the Library, the Hall, and even the *Kitchens*, of the noble place which Cardinal Wolsey founded nearly four hundred years ago, and over which Dean Strong now presides, is in itself a little liberal education. That person must be unimpressionable indeed whose finest impulses are not quickened by the sight of a College with buildings and other belongings all intrinsically grand and imposing, and, moreover, associated with the student-life of Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, Camden, John Locke, the Wesleys, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Ruskin, Gladstone, Salisbury, and many another of England's most illustrious sons.

Old Bedans who know that, eight or nine or ten years ago, Bede School used annually to get some *hundreds* of Science and Art Certificates, may wonder why, for several years past, the 'Lists' have been—like the soldiers' prayers at Sir John Moore's Burial—"few and short". The

reason is that the curriculum has, since 1895, been fundamentally altered, and that, the work of the school being judged by Inspectors who come in person, it is no longer requisite for the pupils to take the old "May Examinations". Indeed, the Regulations now *preclude* the most of the boys and girls from presenting themselves at these examinations, and it is often inadvisable even for the other pupils to try for Certificates, as their work in school is planned to prepare them for something quite different.

We may say that we think the New System is, on the whole, a great improvement.

The boys and girls who got Certificates this year were as follows:—

Mathematics.

Stage 3. Second Class.—Jennie Bruce.
Stage 2. First Class.—John H. Blacklock, Geo. C. Watson. Second Class.—Isabella Armstrong, John T. Bailes, George Barlow, Frances M. Beck, Elsie Bruce, Edith Chapman, Arthur C. Hey, Eleanor Johnson, Harold G. Jordan, David Macnair, Marion Morison, Ethel M. Pike, Robert Ross, Clara Southern, William F. Sutton, Nora G. Taylor, Fanny Witten.

Practical Inorganic Chemistry.

Advanced Stage. Second Class.—Isabella Armstrong, Elsie Bruce, Jennie Bruce, Marion Morison, Clara Southern, Nora G. Taylor, George C. Watson.

Heat.

Advanced Stage. Second Class.—Elsie Bruce, Eleanor Johnson, Marion Morison, Ethel M. Pike.

Freehand Drawing in Outline.

First Class.—George Barlow, Charles G. Gardner, Arthur C. Hey, Harold G. Jordan, Ethel M. Pike, Robert Ross, William F. Sutton, George C. Watson. Second Class.—John T. Bailes, Doris Barlow, John H. Blacklock, Edith Chapman, Thomas Hetherington, Charles Hunting, Marion Morison, Alfred N. Pattison, Clara Southern.

Model Drawing.

First Class.—Harold G. Jordan. Second Class.—Charles G. Gardner, Thomas Hetherington, Robert Ross, George C. Watson.

Perspective.

First Class.—Harold G. Jordan.

Drawing in Light and Shade.

Second Class.—Frances M. Beck.

The Visit of the Channel Fleet to Sunderland last month caused Bede School—and many other

schools—to have four days' holiday. Many young Bedans enjoyed seeing the Fireworks, the Search-Light Display, and the men and officers (including Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Rear-Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton) who came ashore. Many, too, sailed round the war-ships; but, like older and more important people, they were—with few exceptions—prevented by the heavy ground swell from *boarding* the vessels.

There was no Official School Holiday for the Opening of the New Pier at Roker by the Earl of Durham, on Wednesday, September 23rd.

"Where are your compasses?" said Mr. Scholefield, the other day, to a lad who hadn't got a pair.

"Please, sir, I took them home last week to do some Geometry, and at night a man broke into the house and stole them!"

Like other teachers at Bede School Mr. Scholefield has occasionally received highly curious excuses from pupils, and we daresay that, regarding *this* one as what the Americans call a rather 'tall' story, he looked somewhat incredulous.

"Please, sir, it's quite true", asserted the boy. "The compasses and some other things were in a box which the burglar carried off. The police have got both the man and the stolen articles; but I cannot get the compasses back until after Durham Assizes!"

Thus Truth is sometimes stranger than Fiction.



LINES SUGGESTED BY THE

VISIT OF THE CHANNEL FLEET TO SUNDERLAND :

SEPTEMBER 15th, 16th, & 17th, 1903.

SING the Visit of the Fleet
To our Roads and Town ;
Sailors brave with honour meet
Let us hail and crown :
Britain's Navy is her glory,
Pride of Liberal and of Tory,
Theme of many a stirring story,
To our Land's renown.

We who dwell on North-East coast,
By the salt sea's moan,
Can some naval heroes boast
Of our very own.—

True, this district must not claim
Nelson's, Drake's, or Rodney's name
For its *local* Roll of Fame,
Or its Honour-Stone.

CRAWFORD, though, was born and bred
Near the Mouth of *Wear*,
Sea days done, he hither sped ;—
And his grave is here.—
Camperdown, a century past,
Saw Jack climb where balls flew fast,
Nail the colours to the mast,
And disdain to fear.

COLLINGWOOD, Lord Nelson's friend,
Was *Newcastle's* son :
His, the tidings home to send
Of Trafalgar, won !
Seaman noble, gallant, mild,
Pure in heart as little child,
Calm alike 'mid tempest wild
And 'mid boom of gun.

In this very Channel Fleet
Sails a man of might,
Fit to sit in honour's seat ;
And who's OURS by right.—
Alexandria proved him bold ;
Ladysmith he helped to hold ;
Fame has LAMBTON'S name enscroll'd
All in letters bright.

Welcome, then, our gallant tars,
And their war-ships great,
Strong to settle mighty jars,
Strong to guard the State.
Admiral Beresford, let's cheer :
"Well done, Condor!"—sans compeer.—
Now to port my verse I steer,
And spring ashore, elate.

POETA BEDANUS MINOR.



THAT FINGER.

ONCE I had a sore finger. It was *very* sore and much swollen. "Poultice it", said my mother. She has a *penchant* for poultices. So for four nights I made bread poultices and little pokes for my finger, only to find the effect worse than useless. My father became interested. Said he, "I had a finger like that when I was a boy. I believe it was the same finger and in the same place as yours. I remember it gave me a lot of trouble, and I cured it by wetting it every night and morning. Try that prescription." I did so. My finger got worse.

My brother-in-law examined it carefully. He

declared, "I do believe it's a wart, though it *isn't* like mine. I had a score on my hand, and I touched them with aromatic vinegar every night. They disappeared as if by magic." Aromatic vinegar sounded easy and pleasant. A bottle was procured and the treatment began. The finger grew steadily worse.

Then I lost faith in my relations, and went to see a chemist. He prescribed "green paint". "Apply it every night for a week", said he. "At the end of that time the wart will come away." After doing as directed, my finger nearly all came away. In fact, little of it was left *but* the wart.

Sore as was my poor suffering member, I was not confined to bed with it. I took my walks abroad and occasionally met my friends. Often it was necessary to explain my apparent coldness in not shaking hands. I never realised before how many people had had warts. Everyone had a cure. And in desperation I *tried them all*. Here is a selection. Each case was advocated by somebody who had found the method successful. I can only say that I didn't.

- 1.—Help yourself to a radish when you see one lying about. (It is *most* important that the radish should arrive promiscuously. It must *not* be ordered expressly.) Break it and rub the broken end over your fingers.
- 2.—*Steal* a piece of raw steak, place it on the obnoxious excrescence, then bury it a yard deep in the garden.
- 3.—Ask a witch to charm the wart away.
- 4.—Go at midnight to four cross roads, place as many pennies as you have warts on the ground where the roads meet. Repeat these mystic words:
 "Inte, minte, tipse, te,
 Delo, dilo, domine,
 Palam, coram, clam and de,
 Abracadabra fiddle-de-dee."
- 5.—Rub the finger with pumice-stone eight hours a day. When the stone is worn away get another piece.

These and many other "absolutely infallible cures" failed in *my* case.

One day I met the doctor. Noticing my reluctance to shake hands, he enquired for the reason. He examined the finger and said "This must not be played with. Come and see me to-night." I went, and after a careful examination he gave his verdict. "This is no ordinary wart. It *may* have been one at first, but there is remarkable thickening of the epithelium"—and much more that I could not understand. One thing, however, was clear. I was pretty certainly doomed to die of some horrible disease with a name which in itself paralysed me. "There's

just a chance of saving you if you will submit to my treatment", I vaguely heard the doctor saying, and with an attempt at sprightliness I consented.

First he *froze* my poor offending member. Then he set some wonderful apparatus going which made a needle red-hot. This was applied to my finger. The smell of roast flesh—when it is one's own—is not an odour to hanker after. This gentle treatment was repeated. No improvement was visible, though the poor digit was poked at and pulled at as if it had no feelings.

Finally I invested sixpence in something which nobody had prescribed. This treatment was successful, which helps to prove what I had begun to suspect, that each sufferer must invent his own cure. I shall not tell you of my discovery—indeed, wild horses would not drag it from me. Be satisfied that I am still among you, and that I have not succumbed to

SARCOMATOUS ELEPHANTIASIS.



PLIMBY'S PATENT.

Peter Plimby was a Bedan Scholar who caused his family and himself—especially himself—a good deal of anxiety.

"His brain is *too active*. It threatens to outstrip his bodily strength."

So said his fond mother.

Peter heard her—and *grew worse*.

He was moody and silent at nights on returning home from school. The fit came on at the end of the street, and never left him while he was in the house—where there were often little odds and ends to be done.

Peter's Mother understood that his over-active Brain was at work—and did the odds and ends herself.

His father had more sense.

"There's nothing the matter with the lad's brain", he said more than once, "but I'll warrant the young rascal is hatching some mischief or other".

His immediate friends declared he was suffering from "swelled head".

Be that as it may, Peter really came to have an original Idea. One Monday morning he had a somewhat stormy interview with his master. The latter showed a deplorable lack of insight into the workings of a juvenile Great Brain, and expected Plimby to behave like other boys—first, in the matter of punctuality, and, next, as regards paying ordinary attention to the work of the class.

How unreasonable! But Plimby would "let him see!"

So he went back to his seat, and ruminated.

Just then the IDEA came. It was this.

Couldn't somebody contrive something to do away entirely with all need for Teachers?

What a splendid invention it would be!

A *fresh* system of civilisation would immediately follow. [Plimby had never entertained a high opinion of the *current* system]. Tyranny, Oppression, and School Regulations would be trodden under foot, and Freedom, Football, and Fireworks would take their rightful place in the Scheme of Life.

The Idea grew clearer, and it took definite shape as, one day, in the privacy of his chamber, Plimby, (who, unlike the most of his school-fellows, was neither loyal nor honest) kept trimming and flattening a Coronation Medal to do duty in an Automatic Sweet Machine.

"Why not an Automatic Teaching Machine?" he exultingly asked himself.

What a glorious vista was opened up by the very thought! No school fees to forget! No home lessons to prepare! No punishments to be afraid of! Nothing to do but "put a penny in the slot" and wind up your Teacher till you had had enough of him (or *it*), and then turn him (or *it*) off with a twist of your finger and thumb!

Plimby was fascinated. He thought and thought, and—

"Peter, I want you here this minute".

"Coming, Father," responded Master Plimby at once, for he knew the voice to be that of his male parent, who was not a person to be trifled with.

Down stairs he ran, and lo; in the front sitting-room, stood the Embodiment of his Idea!

It was a highly-ornamental piece of furniture shaped something like a combined book-case and writing-table. The upper part had a glass front, and nothing but a plain wood panel was to be seen behind the glass. The lower part showed no special features to distinguish it from an ordinary handsome secretaire, except a *trumpet* protruding from one of the pigeon-holes, and a *crank* underneath the table. Up both sides of the whole thing were knobs (similar to those of the stops of an organ, and really connected with long rods—though these last were not apparent), labelled "Grammar", "Arithmetic", "History", etc. The body of the lower half of the structure actually contained an ingeniously-contrived mechanism which, however, was quite invisible, being hidden by a pair of cupboard doors.

"Peter, here's an Automatic Teacher which I have devised for you", said his father. "It is altogether my own design—in fact, 'Plimby's Patent'".

"Why, father, it's just the very thing I've been wanting!" cried the guileless juvenile.

"Is it? Well, we'll see", grimly remarked

Plimby père.

Peter didn't feel altogether comfortable on noticing the tone of the parental voice; but he tried to look as cheerful as he could.

Plimby Senior began to wind the crank. Peter immediately heard wheels revolve in the organism's inside. Then his father pulled out a knob marked "Geography". Behind the glass front appeared a Map of the World, and a *Voice* came from the trumpet giving a lesson on "England's Position as a Mercantile Country".

Peter listened and fidgeted—for there was much he did not understand; but his father's delight seemed boundless. Various-coloured bits of transparent paper glided marvellously about on the map as the Teacher spoke, to indicate the situation of the different places which he had mentioned.

"Across the Atlantic" said the Voice (and immediately the Western Ocean was seen under a brilliant blue transparency) "is a Country" (and forthwith a yellow paper to indicate the size and whereabouts of the United States dashed into position) "peopled by a nation of boundless energy, enterprise, and intelligence." And so on.

Peter's heart sank.

"Now, my son," said his immediate ancestor, "this beautiful machine is for your sole use. During the day you will, by means of it, pursue your studies, and, at night, I myself will take note of your progress".

Peter shivered. Plimby Senior was an austere man.

No need to detail at length the various ills which Peter suffered at the hands of that machine, and at other hands as well. Did his father (as was usual) spend the evening at home, with no strangers present: Peter must have passed the day in preparing his prescribed lessons—or in preparing to pay the penalty (never remitted) of his neglect. Was he inclined to have "an easy day", having heard that his stern Task-master meant to go that night to a political meeting: his sister Susie would make his life miserable by saying "Run down to the dress-maker's for my new skirt", "Fetch a scuttle of coals up the yard", "Hold me this worsted", etc.—"because, if you don't, I'll tell Father to-morrow that you *wound up your Teacher* only twenty minutes this morning and only half-an-hour this afternoon."

Worst of all, if Mr. Plimby invited a few friends to have supper at his house, he would come into the front sitting-room with "Now, my son, show Mr. Jones how easily you mastered Complex Fractions to-day", or "Let Mr. Smith hear you give the Names and Dates of all the Battles in the Wars of the Roses (which was your History lesson this forenoon)."

But there is an end to most things—and even to Automatic Teachers.

A day came when Susie, holding over Peter's head the threat of exposure for having given himself only five, instead of fifty minutes' Euclid, put an axe into his hand, and said "I'll let Father know that you haven't got Proposition Twenty-Six learnt if you don't go and chop up into fire-wood the old soap-boxes in the backyard." Grasping the axe, the Automatic Teacher's unwilling and exasperated Pupil rose in his might, and attacked, not the soap-boxes, but the *Teacher!*

He had hacked off not only such commonplace things as Dictation and English Composition, but also "Drawing from the Antique" and the last of the "Sciences," when the awful figure of Plimby Père, the Patentee, flourishing a fearfully supple cane, appeared before poor Peter who—awoke from a dream!

E. G. W.



AT ROKER.

A STRANGER joined me near the park,
Between the gloaming and the dark,
A sort of country cousin,
Who, pointing to the Lambton pier,
Desired to know who put it "the-ar"
And why the light was "buzzin".

I told him everything I knew
As well as I was able to.
He cried "My word, it's clever!
That man would need to be a-WAKE
Who this great work did undertake."
I said "No doubt whatever."

When near the seats that fringe the cliff
He asked me, laughing loudly, if
I too made observation
That room for *one* in broad daylight
Was room enough for *two* at night.—
I frowned in indignation,

Bidding him rather rest his eyes
Awhile upon the starry skies,
And, since he said his calling
Included *milking* every day,
To contemplate the Milky-Way,
And stop his flippant bawling.

With hands outstretched and heavenward gaze
I spoke of parallax and phase,
Of systems and of Sirius.
I soared on wings of ecstasy
From astral probability
To theories delirious.

Chancing at length to look around
'Twas not my quondam friend I found,
But gaping, staring *dozens*.
In haste I turned upon my heel.—
Ah! do not ask me how I feel—
Beware of Country Cousins!

A. J. S.



SWIMMING AND LIFE-SAVING.

THE advent of the Midsummer Holidays brought the Sunderland Schools' first Life-Saving Class to a close. The attendance had been very satisfactory from the commencement of the class, and when the examination was held at the end of the course, the results were extremely gratifying. Twelve boys competed for the Elementary, and eight for the Proficiency Certificate, and all passed with credit. The Examiners' Report was as follows:—

"The candidates we have examined have proved to us their ability in all the Life-Saving Society's methods, *particularly in Water Drill, all the Candidates being very successful in landing their patients without a single drop of water touching their faces.* We were highly pleased with all the candidates."

(Signed) HOWITT EGGLESHAW } Life-Saving
JOHN H. POTTER } Society's
THOS. W. ALDERSON } Examiners.

The names of the successful candidates are given below:—

1. Fred. Sutton (Bede), Elem. and Proficiency.
2. Harold Jordan (Bede), do.
3. Norman Douglass (Bede), do.
4. Kenneth Brotherton (Bede), do.
5. Thomas Pippet (Bede), do.
6. Arthur Bruce (Bede), do.
7. Rollo Todd (Bede), do.
8. Thomas Northorpe (Colliery), do.
9. Charles Wilson (Bede), Elementary.
10. John Bell (Bede), do.
11. James Neale (Hylton Road), do.
12. Tom Brotherton (High Barnes) do.

The first eight boys on the list will be granted a year's free attendance at the swimming bath, as soon as their Certificates of Proficiency arrive.

The extraordinary success of this, the first class of its kind, is a striking testimony, both to the great skill and patient care with which Mr. Watson conducted the class, and also to the enthusiastic spirit which he inspired in those who attended it. The boys showed their appreciation in a practical manner by making him a present

of a "Swan" fountain pen at the last meeting before the holidays.

The Land Drills have been transferred from Diamond Hall to Bede Junior School since mid-summer, the latter school being more central. The attendance has been well maintained, and it is very pleasing to note that some of the fortunate holders of Proficiency Certificates continue to attend the class to assist beginners with the drills.

It is intended that a team of swimmers chosen from the class shall give an exhibition of life-saving methods at the Schools' Gala this year, to arouse public interest in this important branch of swimming. A new race has been introduced into the programme this season, namely, a one-length scratch race on the back, with the arms folded or the hands clasped. This is a decided step in the right direction. No one, however fast he can swim, is of the slightest use as a rescuer till he can swim without requiring to use his arms to propel himself through the water, as the arms are nearly always required to support the drowning person.

An Old Bedan, Stanley Johnson, was one of the winners in the Life-Saving Race at the Friends' Gala a few weeks ago. Two other Bedans also took part in the race.

Five more School Swimming Certificates have been earned this month. The names of the successful candidates are here given, with their times in the fifty yards speed trial:—

1. Thomas Pippet, 56 seconds.
2. Wilfred Trehwitt, 55 seconds.
3. Garnet Ure, 55 seconds.
4. Arthur Bruce, 57 seconds.
5. Harold Weddell, 57 seconds.

Two other boys, John Almond and James Neale, failed to pass the speed test by a very few seconds. It is hoped that a few weeks' extra practice will secure for them the coveted testamur.

Six beginners have swum across the breadth of the bath since last issue. They are Vernon Brown, Oliver Mitchell, Richard Leach, Arnold Usher, William Nielson, and Herbert Martin. The long holidays, and the large amount of attention required by the swimmers during the gala season, prevent the number from being larger, but during the winter a large number of names should be added to the list. It is worthy of note that three of the winners of Proficiency Certificates in Life-Saving—Rollo Todd, Arthur Bruce, and Thomas Pippet—learnt to swim only last winter, and could not swim at all at this time last year.

The ridiculous age-limit imposed last year in the Schools' Championship has been removed. We trust that this year's competitors will raise

the standard of swimming to the level it attained before age-limits were dreamt of.

C. K. W.



THE RECORD OF AN ECONOMY.

- Sept. 8—I suddenly determine to make a blouse. Something cheap, for fear I spoil it in the making.
- „ 9—I think, on the whole I won't. It's such a risk.
- „ 10—On the whole, I will. I can buy something very cheap, and then I need not be nervous.
- „ 11—I buy some stuff with a border. It is rather expensive. The man tells me that $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards is enough, so I buy 3—I am going to be economical.
- „ 12—I don't like the border, so I am short of material. I buy another yard, some silk for trimming, and some pretty buttons. The price is mounting up.
- „ 14—I cut out my blouse, and make the box-pleats. I am feeling very bright and cheerful. (*Later.*) I have scorched one of the pleats: the iron was too hot. I feel rather depressed.
- „ 15—I sew the blouse together and try it on. It goes on all right. I am relieved. I fear it is *very* narrow across the chest.
- „ 16—I make the sleeves. Unfortunately they are both for the right arm. Could I put one in wrong-side-out? I remember hearing of a lady who bought material for two pairs of boys' trousers, one black and the other pepper-and-salt. She made the same miscalculation as I have done, and so had two right legs of black, and two left of pepper and-salt. She was a lady of strong character:—so her two boys wore the trousers. I scarcely think I am equal to wearing the sleeves. I decide to buy more stuff. I won't think about the expense. After all, it's experience!
- „ 17—The sewing-machine doesn't seem right. The stitches come out again as soon as they are done. I refuse to go to Roker to see the Fleet, and struggle with the machine. After an hour-and-a-half of vain effort, I shed tears. I have a brother who is an engineer: he offers to investigate the works. He breaks two needles, and becomes so

interested in the works as an abstract question that I have to go on with the button-holes until he is called away.

- Sep. 18—The machine seems to be all right. I continue. My brother the engineer appears to have tried oil. I perceive a large grease-spot in the middle of the back of my blouse. I am very depressed.
- „ 19—I finish the button-holes. I wish I hadn't had button-holes. They show awfully. I must buy some bigger buttons.
- „ 21—I try the blouse on. The colour doesn't suit me a bit. And the thing is very uncomfortable. I am rude to my brother. I think I must be rather cross. I shed tears.
- „ 22—I take the blouse to the dress-maker to finish. She says she can improve it. I don't think I have a talent for dress-making.



“LET HIM LIE.”

(OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.)

(In the last number of *The Bedan* there appeared a poem advocating early rising for students.)

HE was a senior Bedan boy
And he had lately read
The finest possible advice,
'Bout getting out of bed.

Struck by the thought, he set to work
To see what *he* could do,
To carry out that noble plan,
And get up early too.

He searched the house, and found a clock,
With loud awak'ning boom ;
He brought it from the basement floor,
And put it in his room.

That night he wound the clock, and set
The pointer right for six ;
And then he went to bed, and slept
All heedless of its ticks.

Next morn the clock awoke the youth,
From calm and sweet repose,
And quickly jumping out of bed,
He donned his *working* clothes.

The morning after, sad to say,
The clock roused him in vain ;

He only gave a grunt or two,
And went to sleep again.

That day he *rose* at half-past six,
With many a sad complaint,
Thinking to get up early thus,
Enough to vex a saint.

The following morn he *woke* in time
To hear the clock's loud sound,
But slept again till, once more roused,
'Twas seven o'clock he found.

Long ere the appointed hour, next day,
He chanced to wake ;—hard fate !
So—*checked the alarm* ; turned on his side ;
And slumbered there till eight.

Since then, no bir-r-r disturbs his rest ;
Discarded, his design ;
And, spite of calling, he sleeps on
Till twenty-five to nine.

And then he jumps into his 'things',
And breakfasts in a hurry,
And gets to Bede School *just* in time
By dint of race and scurry.

ANAX.



MEDITATIONS

(NOT HERVEY'S)

AMONG THE TOMBS.

“Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.”—

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard the Second*, iii, 2, 145.

WHEN the summer holidays were a delightful time to look forward to, and all of us were making plans for spending them, I sought out a tiny village in M—shire ; and when, at last, we were released from school work, I was not long in becoming rusticated in that secluded spot.

On my arrival it was, of course, raining hard. This fact you will at once understand as I refer to the summer (?) holidays just past. After dinner I looked about for something to read, and was rewarded by finding the Parish Magazine ; so I began on that, and the following was the first item which attracted my attention :—

“The Vicar wishes to be communicated with before inscriptions are adopted or other memorials introduced into the Church-yard.”

Now this struck me as being a notice of an uncommon kind, and so it came to pass after many days, when the rain had ceased for a time,

that I wandered into the churchyard in search of the cause for that notice. Nor had I a difficult task, because, after reading a few epitaphs, I felt that the Vicar's request in the Parish Magazine was certainly justifiable. For the edification of my fellow-Bedans here are some of the verses copied from the headstones in that churchyard.

No. 1.

I sought out first what I judged to be the most elaborate and costly monument, and this was the inscription it bore :—

. Aged 84.

Praises on tombs are vainly spent :
A man's good name is his best monument.

If this couplet expressed the sentiments of the deceased, I felt that his friends were certainly not of the same way of thinking.

No. 2.

. died 1806. Æ 34.

Dear Friends, read this, shed not a tear,
Here I must LAY till Christ appear ;
When he appears I hope to have
A joyful rising from the grave.

It is not stated what the deceased was engaged in *laying* for so protracted a period of time. It may have been a foundation for a future existence. Anyhow, the grammar of the lines would have been improved by the insertion of a fitting object for the verb *lay*, thus :—

Dear Friends, stand still, read this, shed
not a tear,
Here lay I down *my bones* till Christ
appear ;

No. 3.

The pale consumption gave the silent blow,
The stroke was fatal ; effects came slow.
With wasting pain Death found me sore oppressed,
PITYD my sighs, and kindly gave me rest.

Let us hope that, in the future, the Sanatoria which are now being built in so many parts of the country, will prevent the silent blow of the pale consumption from being fatal.

No. 4.

In Affectionate Remembrance of
X, aged 20 yrs., died 1860, also
Y, twin of the above, died 1863, aged 24.

Our engine now ARE cold and still.
No water does our boilers fill ;
Our coke affords its flames no more,
Our days of usefulness are o'er.

Our wheels deny THERE noted speed ;
No more our guiding hands they heed,
Our whistles too HAS lost THERE tone,
THERE shrill and thrilling sounds are gone.
Our valves are now thrown open wide,
Our flanges all refuse to guide.
Our clacks also, though once so strong,
Refuse their aid in the busy throng.
No more we feel each urging breath,
Our steam is now condens'd in death.
Life's railways o'er, each station's past,
In death we're stopped and rest at last.
Farewell, dear friends, and cease to weep,
In Christ we're safe, in Him we sleep.

I found out afterwards that the twins had charge of a locomotive, one being the driver and the other the stoker ; but I failed to discover whether the verses were their own composition or that of their friends. And it is a little perplexing to be told that, though X and Y were *twins* and Y was the survivor by only *three* years, he should yet attain an age *four* years greater than that of X.

No. 5.

Pray do not scoff as you pass by :
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so must you be
Prepared in time to follow me.

This came somewhat as a rebuff after reading the others. I really think "scoff" is too hard a term to use. There are few who would scoff, although many would be inclined to smile on reading such verses, and, no doubt, the deceased, who had in his lifetime noticed the amusement provided for visitors by the reading of the epitaphs in his village churchyard, decided that *his* headstone, at least, should reprove persons who got a little quiet mirth from what appears on *other* tombstones there.

I remember once observing on a monument in a churchyard at Blyth a very quaint inscription. Here it is :—

This life is but a winter's day,
Some breakfast and then go away.
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
The old man sups, then goes to bed.
Large are his debts who lingers out the day ;
He who goes soonest has the least to pay.

Now, my dear Mr. Editor, among the many readers of *The Bedan* there must be those who have noticed odd and unusual inscriptions on tombstones, and I suggest that you ask them to forward you copies of these for insertion in the Magazine, and you would soon possess an inter-

esting (and, possibly, unique) collection.

CRYPTO.



A BEDAN'S RANDOM JOTTINGS
WHILE CYCLING IN FRANCE.

I.

JULY 24th, 1903.—Landed at Dieppe after pleasant passage from Newhaven. Douane (Custom House) crowded; tremendous jabbering going on, but everybody very good-humoured. Luggage passed without examination. Bicycle admitted free of duty on production of my Cyclists' Touring Club Membership Ticket. Paid sixty centimes (sixpence) for a *permis de circulation* good for three months—though my tour was really to last only three weeks. Name-plate on machine—giving Owner's Name and Address, and Name and Number of Machine—not examined.

25th.—The Poissonerie (Fish Market) at Dieppe a stirring place. Very fine statue, in the Place Nationale, of Duquesne (a most illustrious French admiral, who died 1688). Cycled, in the afternoon, to Rouen (by Belencombres). Good road; very pleasant country. Numerous apple-orchards (for cider), but apple-crop bad this season. Snake half-a-yard long basking in the sun, on the road; wriggled off at sound of bicycle-bell. Glorious view when descending from Bois Guillaume to Rouen. Find capital quarters at Grand Hotel d'Albion, Quai de la Bourse.

26th.—Went to Cathedral. Happened to hear Requiem Mass for Pope Leo XIII. Imposing ceremonial, but thought music rather poor. Some fine pictures in the Museum. Delighted with Church of St. Ouen, one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in existence, with 135 stained glass windows. The whole of the interior is reflected in the bénitier (holy water) near the west door.

Got to know, in the Hotel, a Scottish gentleman and his English wife who reside in Paris, and sometimes go, for two or three weeks, to *Boves*! It would be hard to get two places offering a bigger contrast than that between the French capital, the gayest city in the world, and the out-of-the-way English country-village—known, however, to many Sunderland people—where Mr. Whackford Squeers kept Dotheboys Hall.

27th.—Find Rouen singularly interesting on every hand. The monument of Rollo, the Norseman, reminds one that he and his stout followers established here, in 912, the nucleus of that Duchy of Normandy which sent forth William

the Conqueror in 1066. The last Duke of Normandy was King John of England, who—as every Bedan boy who has passed through Standard Six, and read, there, Shakespeare's *King John*, knows very well—murdered his nephew Arthur in the Castle of Rouen.

Re-visited the Cathedral. The beautiful Tour de Beurre (Butter Tower), 252 feet high, gets its name from having been erected with the money paid for indulgences to eat butter during Lent.

There are five horizontal divisions in the walls of the nave—an arrangement which has no parallel in England (where a triforium and a clerestory only are common). The whole body of our King Henry the Second, and the *heart* of his son Richard Cœur-de-Lion, are buried in this Cathedral—which contains the famous superb monument of Cardinal George D'Amboise.

Passed through the splendid Palais de Justice: case going on in one of the Courts. Found the spot in the Place du Vieux-Marché (Old Market Square) where Joan of Arc was burned in 1431: bowed the head out of reverence for the martyri-heroine. Saw Corneille's birth-place.

By cable-railway to Bonsecours for Jeanne d'Arc's Monument, and View of Seine Valley. Glorious prospect, somewhat like that over Forth Valley from Stirling Castle, but richer. Rouen, with its numerous churches and mediæval buildings, exceedingly picturesque and beautiful.

After dinner, heard a string band at a Café play that fine old overture "The Caliph of Bagdad" by Boieldieu—whose statue (for he was a native of Rouen) stood close by.

Notice a Sunderland steamer, the "Universal," lying in the river.

Impossible to set down all the things about Rouen of interest to an Englishman. Here died, in exile, in 1674, Lord Chancellor Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, who has given a name to Hyde Park in London and also to the Clarendon Press at Oxford. An extract from his "History of the Rebellion" appeared in *The Bedan* nearly five years ago: it related to Prince Charles's hiding himself in the oak. Pepys's Diary tells us how Clarendon's enemies procured his banishment.

28th.—Deluge. By train to Caen, past Lisieux. Many charming views. Chafe at being unable to cycle, but the downpour continues, and the roads, as seen from the train, look hopelessly wet. French railway-carriages, class for class, not so comfortable as English ones. Bicycle regarded as ordinary passenger's luggage: no charge for its conveyance—except a registration fee of ten centimes (a penny)! Wish the same rule held good in England. Fair weather at destination. Spend late afternoon and evening—except interval for dinner—in roaming all over Caen.

(To be continued, next issue.)

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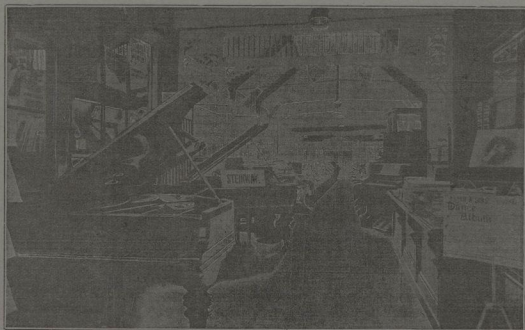
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