

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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
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EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

[The Editor and the Edittress 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.]

Most people seem to think that the last *Bedan*, No. 26, was the best ever issued. We have been told so over and over again. Without expressing an opinion on the point we may state that the copies "went like smoke." We could easily have disposed of some hundreds more than were printed, so big was the demand; and we were even asked to place the Magazine on general sale, apart from the School altogether. Needless to say, *The Bedan* must remain a School Magazine, pure and simple. It was established for no other purpose than to be the organ of Bede School, and that purpose has been, and will be, kept steadily in view. No contribution has ever been accepted from anybody not a pupil or a teacher—present or past—of that school. Of course, an occasional article may be of general interest, and we have many Subscribers among the general public; but, while we value such patronage, we hold it of small account compared with our making the Magazine an instrument for promoting *esprit de corps* among all who are or have been connected with Bede School.

The Magazine has always been a financial success, and the profits have gone to a School Fund for providing Special Prizes, for the hire-purchase of a School Piano, and for other school purposes. The Circulation has proved so satisfactory, both in extent and character that, for five years, we have never had an inch of advertising space unlet. We heartily thank the advertisers for their support—though we believe that they get good value for their money.

While most grateful to a set of regular and valuable contributors, we should be very glad if material for the Magazine were to come from a wider field of Bedans. There has never been the slightest difficulty in procuring abundance of matter; on the contrary, we can never find room for much of what is offered. But, obviously, the larger the range of our writers, the more widespread the interest in the Magazine.

We append some Press Notices of our last Number:—

Newcastle Daily Journal.

"THE BEDAN." The current issue of the "Bedan," the smart little periodical of Sunderland Bole Higher Grade School, contains a sympathetic appreciation of the late Mr W. M. Roche, with whom Bede School had many pleasant associations. "Probably the death of no other Sunderland public man ever evoked more widespread and more genuine expressions of sorrow in the town," says the writer. The number comprises, as usual, many items of intelligence specially interesting to old and present Bedans, in addition to well-written articles and poems. One of the latter is suggested by the recent visit to Sunderland of the Channel Fleet, and is full of local and historical allusions.

Sunderland Daily Post.

"THE BEDAN," amongst the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School Magazine contains, among the editorial notes, sympathetic references to the late Councillor W. M. Roche and his connection with the educational matters of the town. Under the head of "School News" there are many interesting personal paragraphs with regard to old scholars and teachers, including notices of several marriages. A short poem on the visit of the Channel Fleet last month, by "Poeta Bedanus Minor," is given a prominent position. It is of the heroic type, and tells of "our own" naval heroes—Crawford, Camperdown, and Lambton. There are a couple of interesting short tales, a chapter on swimming and life-saving, with special reference to the Higher Grade School, and a meditator amongst the tombs gives readers the benefit of his inquisitiveness. "Random Jottings whilst Cycling in France," by a Bedan, is the title of a paper which is to be continued in the next issue. The magazine, although of special interest to Bedans past and present, will also attract the attention of the general reader who happens to lay hands on it.

Sunderland Daily Echo.

"THE 'BEDAN.'" The "Bedan" is steadily gaining in reputation, and the current issue is replete with much excellent information, while the literary work of old Bedans to be found in it is of a high standard. It opens with a comprehensive editorial review of recent events of interest to the students and boys, including a warm eulogy of the late Coun. Roche. It also states that the latest official report on the upper school made particular reference to the high standard reached in advanced mathematics, and to the high order of the art instruction.

Mr. Franklyn Robinson, B.A., Fellow and Late Mathematical Scholar of Durham University, an Old Bedan now in Malacca in the Colonial Civil Service, has passed his examination in Malay remarkably soon after leaving England. He is at present Acting-Head of the Malay College, where students are trained to become teachers in the Government vernacular schools. He has also been gazetted Demarcator—a sort of *Quo Warranto* official to enquire into the ownership, boundaries, etc., of the land around Malacca. On the day when he wrote to us he was assisting another official of the Education Department in holding a Scholarship Examination the papers for which were to be done in English, though the candidates, as it happened, were all Chinese! He has joined the Volunteers out there and has already been made a Lance Corporal, and promises that, when he becomes a General, he will let us know!

His students—who, by the way, are all Mohammedans, and who therefore have their ten or twelve weeks' vacation at such a time as to in-

clude the Mohammedan *puasa*, or fasting-month—are very fond of football (which they play in *bare feet*) and of boating (both sailing and rowing), the sea being just across the road from the College. The hours of work are from 7.30 to 11 a.m., and from 2.30 to 3.30 p.m. Thursday is the College Washing Day: the students do their own washing! On Friday, the *hari jemaat* (or Day of Assembly), the Moslem holy-day of the week, no work is done. The Saturday and Sunday afternoons are half-holidays.

Mr. Robinson sends us an Article on Forms of Punishment used in Malay Schools. It is largely a translation which he has made from the *Hikayat Abdullah*, a book in Malay that has not hitherto (we believe) been rendered into English. This Article we must hold over until our next issue.

Jack Harrison, who will soon come back to England again, has made good use of his six months' stay in Paris and attendance at the Collège Rollin. We see by his last Term's Report that he got the mark 'Bien' for French, Geography, and Mathematics, and 'Tres-bien' for English, Natural Science, and Drawing. He writes "I am getting on very well with my French, thanks to the good grounding that I had at the Bede School. I can now hold my own pretty well in an argument. We have talks on all sorts of subjects at *déjeuner*. Every quarter the names of the three best scholars in each class are written in gold letters on a board which hangs up in the College parlour. This quarter my name is on this *tableau d'honneur*. I suppose that the Bede School Concert went off very well, as it always does. I was a little disappointed at not being there to get my Oxford Certificate."

Arthur Bailey sent us, from Cornwall, a few weeks ago, a two years' subscription for *The Bedan*. He takes liberties with Shakespeare in praising the Magazine, and says "Age cannot wither, nor Custom stale, its infinite variety."

Mr. F. W. Armstrong, A.R.C.A., sent us, in September last, a picture post card from Florence. Having won a six weeks' Travelling Scholarship he spent the time in Italy. In climbing over the St. Gothard he was snowed up for a while at Hospenthal.

Before the close of last year we heard with much pleasure of his having secured an Art Mastership at Grahamstown, Cape Colony. Grahamstown is a city with two cathedrals—the one Anglican, the other, Roman Catholic. In the Colony it is second only to Cape Town as an educational centre, and Mr. Armstrong—who will receive a fixed salary of £400 a year, and numerous other emoluments—is to direct the Art work of the eight Colleges and Public Schools

of the town, as well as to be Head of the new Art School.

Mr. Armstrong was married on December 26th, 1903, to Miss Ruth Beatrice Vinal, and he and his bride sailed from Southampton for South Africa in the "Galician" on January 2nd, 1904. He therefore spent his honey-moon partly ashore and partly at sea—not to say partly in the Northern Hemisphere and partly in the Southern; and he would doubtless arrive in Grahamstown early in February, in time to begin work immediately after the *Midsummer* Holidays! We wish him and his wife health, wealth, and felicity.

Advertising to some remarks in our last Number Mr. Armstrong wrote, soon after it was published, both to express his pleasure at the success recently attained at the University by some girls whom he taught at Bede School several years ago, and also to offer his compliments and congratulations to our present excellent Art Master, Mr. Hawkins, on the splendid results which he achieves, particularly as regards the Boys' work in Original Design.

Seldom does a number of *The Bedan* appear without having to deplore, in its pages, the death of some friend of the School.

Such was the late Mr. William Duncan, the veteran journalist, whose son Herbert we enrolled as a pupil on the Opening Day, April 28th, 1890. Mr. Duncan manifested the liveliest interest in the Magazine, and often took the trouble to send us quite long critiques of its contents. With these we could seldom entirely agree—especially as regards his oft-expressed preference for serious subject-matter; yet it was stimulating and delightful to read clever comments which, if not always sympathetic, at any rate never degenerated into the merely censorious.

Mr. Duncan had 'a facile pen, and could, by turns, be caustic, genial, temperate, vehement, argumentative, dogmatic; but, whatever his topic or mode of treating it, there was always a dignity, a restraint, and a correctness about his luminous periods in striking contrast with the slipshod, slap-dash, slovenly "newspaper English" often to be noticed nowadays. He was a man of the highest integrity of character, and his mind was active and alert up to the very day when his long, vigorous, and honourable life came to a peaceful close.

In common with everybody who loves moral worth, honours intellect, admires eloquence, and appreciates the mighty influence for good which one man, having *all* these qualities, may exert in the world, we sincerely deplore the death of the Rev. G. H. R. Garcia. Though cut off some years before attaining to even *one-half* of the or-

inary limit which the Psalmist assigns to human life, he will long be remembered as one of the best and ablest men who have ever lived and worked in Sunderland.

Mr. Garcia was well known at Bede School. Only fifteen months ago, at our Twelfth Annual Prize-Giving, he handed the Prizes to the Girls, while the Rev. F. L. Cope did a similar office for the Boys.

The last few weeks of 1903 were exciting ones in Bede School. Term examinations, the Girls' Re-union, the Annual Prize-giving were each alone enough to shake people out of their usual grooves. But, coming practically all at once, they proved completely successful disturbers of the peace.

Isabel Nicholson wrote from Middlesbro' to say how sorry she was to be unable to come to the Re-union. She hopes for better luck next year. She enclosed her subscription for *The Bedan* and tells how her copy is always passed on to two former Bedan boys, the Caddicks, who also now live in Middlesbro'. She herself particularly appreciates the news of her old school-fellows which she gleans in these pages.

Ida Wilkinson, Annabel Pringle, and Kate Mitchinson, who are all second year students at Darlington Training College, were, of course, unable to be present at the Re-union, but the two latter called to see the Head Mistress during their Christmas holidays. They looked happy and well and are enjoying their college life. Ida and Annabel both intend leaving Darlington in July, and as they are hoping to obtain appointments in Sunderland schools, their old friends will probably see more of them in the near future.

Jessie Wilson, of the Upper School, wrote from Brampton to say she was still too ill to return to Sunderland and could not therefore be present at the Re-union. But she sent her good wishes for the success of the function. Since Christmas we have learned to our regret that she is so ill that she has been obliged to give up all idea of returning to school this year.

A goodly number of old teachers were present at the Re-union. Miss Walker of course was there. She had written weeks before saying how much she was looking forward to seeing her old colleagues and pupils—to whom she frequently sends greetings. Miss Charlton was present,—we fear for the last time for some years—and Miss Graydon, Miss Reid, and Miss Dudgeon. Indeed, nearly "everybody who was anybody" put in an appearance.

The autumn prize for the best-kept window-box was won by an upper school class, the second year girls. Competition was very keen, and only want of funds accounts for prizes not being also awarded to the girls of Miss Robson's and of Miss Coburn's rooms.

The girls of Bede School did not compete for the prizes offered by the League of Good Citizenship for the best dressed dolls sent in for the Christmas distribution of toys by the Sunshine Branch of the League. But, seeing that they sent 72 dolls (39 by the girls of the Fifth), 105 books, and 113 toys, they can hardly be accused of stinginess. At the annual meeting of the League on March 2nd, Miss Roussy, the Honorary Secretary, said that to one of the dolls sent from Bede School was pinned a note asking that the doll should be given if possible to a sick child. A doctor was asked to suggest the name of a suitable recipient for the gift, and he afterwards reported that the doll had done more to cure the little sufferer than all his drugs. That must be pleasant news to the kind donor.

When the teachers of Bede School are correcting the outpourings of their pupils they are sometimes tempted to ask how it happens that people of quite ordinary exterior distinguish themselves by giving utterance to words which looked at separately *may* be English, but which taken together are mere drivel.

For instance, one thoughtful young person, discussing the proceedings of the early Parliaments in Charles the First's reign, remarks that the "Commons refused to grant supplies until grievances were requested!" Most of us have grievances enough without *requesting* them. One hopes there are not many Bedans who could not supply the right word in place of *requested*. [This is not a missing word competition.]

Another brilliant remark concerned Tantalus, a character in the ancient mythology of Greece, from whose name is derived our verb 'tantalize'. "He was placed in a pool of water up to his lips which when he tried to drink ran away".

Of the same unfortunate personage another (Bedan) writer says:—"He was condemned to have a bunch of grapes constantly dangling over his head which always eluded his grasp". What a funny picture of a slippery head those words conjure up.

Among recent visitors the Head Mistress was glad to see Miss Graydon, Miss Burlinson (both at present in Sunderland), Gretchen Körner, and Lily and Ida Bodin. Lily is now a nurse in the Children's Hospital, Newcastle. Janet Elliot came not long ago, bringing her little sister;

Norah Davison was the bearer of news of her sister, Elsie, now in South Africa; and Doris Barlow called just for the sake of 'auld lang syne'.

Jennie Bruce has been placed in the First Class in the King's Scholarship Examination list. She has been accepted as a student in the Durham College of Science, and she will begin her work there in the autumn. Jennie deserved her success, and she has the congratulations of all her former teachers.

The receipt of a letter from Annie Potts (1890-1892) just before Christmas was a pleasant surprise to the Head Mistress. Writing of the Prize-giving she says:—Whether the opinion of an Old Bedan stands for very much, I do not know, but I could not help writing to congratulate you on last night's entertainment. Such a charming, delightful little performance I never saw before in my life.

The judgment of such an Old Bedan as Annie certainly *does* stand for something, and one imagines that the performers in "The Sleeping Beauty" will think this particular opinion very valuable indeed.

Miss Emma Todd received a letter some little time ago from Kate Smith, an Old Bedan who never forgets her old school. A letter from her appeared in the last number of *The Bedan*. She was then living at Quimper, in Brittany, but has been back in England, in London, for some time. The following is taken from her last letter:—

En ce moment je suis le cours de Biologie au Royal College of Science. C'est un cours ravissant, si clair, si exact, si "thorough". Nous suivons aussi un cours français. C'est un Monsieur Philibert qui donne les conférences. Elles sont vraiment magnifiques. Il a traité les œuvres de Corneille, et maintenant nous comçons Racine. Je voudrais bien que vous puissiez l'entendre. C'est un vrai orateur. Les mots coulent de sa bouche. Chaque phrase est bien balancé : chaque sentiment si bellement exprimé, Quelle richesse de mots ! cependant chacun est nécessaire et utile. Mais je crois que tout le monde en France a la parole facile ; même les petits garçons parlent avec de l'éloquence.

Mais moi, je parle, ou plutôt j'écris, avec trop de verbosité, et sans éloquence !

Je vous souhaite "Bonne Année," comme on disait à Quimper.

Veillez agréer mes salutations les plus affectueuses.

KATE ARMSTRONG SMITH.

Bessie Eaves, who is studying medicine in London, was of course unable to be with us at

the Re-union. But she wrote saying she hoped to see her old school and old teachers at Christmas. Unfortunately her holidays were too short to permit of this. Bessie also promised to send a contribution for this number of *The Bedan*. Her experiences as a medical student should prove interesting to her old friends. But either her article has been lost in the post, or—Bessie has forgotten to send it. In any case we hope she will contribute to the next Number.

A little while ago we noticed with pleasure that Frank Needham Marsh who, after having been six years at Bede School, went first to Mill Hill School and then to Glasgow University, had gained the "J. A. Paterson" Bursary of £25 per annum for four years, tenable at Glasgow University in the Medical Faculty. The Examination was in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and the candidates were medical students in their first or second sessions.

Marsh and David Macnair (who is now a medical student at Edinburgh University) called at Bede School together, soon after Christmas.

We congratulate Frank Sisson on obtaining, in November last, his certificate as a Chief Engineer, and Alfred Crichton who, at the same time, passed as Second Engineer. One night we had a long and interesting discussion, with Sisson, on the Fiscal Question. We were very glad to see Crichton at the Prize-Giving.

Crichton and Alfred Carter were great 'chums' at school. When last we heard of the latter he had got his certificate as Second Engineer, but was going as Third in the s.s. 'Foyle'. As a boy he was pretty good at mathematics, and he is now, we believe, a rather clever chess player.

A distinguished Old Bedan, Mr R. Howard Duncan, A.R.C.S., now Demonstrator of Engineering, under Professor Goodman, at the Yorkshire College, Leeds, recently delivered an able lecture on "The Mathematical Training of Engineers". The lecture was reported, in full, in *The Practical Engineer*, and has been reprinted, in pamphlet form, by John Heywood, Manchester. We have read it with much pleasure, have been struck by the practicality of the suggestions it offers, and, in the main, agree very heartily with the principles it advances. In particular, we think, as Mr Duncan does, that mathematics is too frequently taught in schools in such a way as to make a lad lose all his natural appreciation of proportion, and all his inborn common-sense, in the abyss of academics.

There are at present four or five rather young boys at Bede School who shew some indication of mathematical capacity. It will interest them to know that, in 1894, when Howard Duncan

(who had then been four years a pupil here) was only 15 years old, he got a Government Certificate for passing in Sixth Stage Mathematics (Differential and Integral Calculus). It is an extremely rare thing for a school-boy, either in Sunderland or anywhere else, to get a Sixth Stage Certificate—though 4 Bedans accomplished that feat in 1894 and 1895; and Duncan's is the only instance that we have ever heard of in which a lad of *fifteen* successfully undertook the task.

Who will emulate him?

Writing of Howard Duncan reminds us that, some time ago, we had a frank, charming, very characteristic letter from one of his former classmates here, himself a good mathematician—John Nimmo, of 37 Bank Street, North Sydney. We give a few extracts:—

"You will be rather surprised to get a letter from me after all these years, but I have kept putting off time after time until I have got myself up to the scratch. Willie regularly sends me *The Bedan*, and you may be certain that I eagerly look for its appearance. It is quite like a breath of old times to see where all the fellows have got to, and the successes they have achieved.

I am nearly the same as ever: all these years have made little difference to me. Unlike most of my school-chums, I have no great doings to tell you of.

I am just working steadily away at my trade as an engineer, earning three guineas a week on an average. I have my own cottage standing in its own ground, with a grand view, over one of the finest harbours in the world, right away to the mountains. In the evenings I am busily engaged in the garden with my vines, fruit-trees, and flowers. I am a Sunday School Teacher, as I used to be in England, and have for two sessions been chairman of our Good Templars' Lodge.

I have hardly made the same success of my life as most Old Bedans, but I think I can safely say that few of them are happier. Occasionally I have met Arthur Jarman. If you hear of any old friends likely to come to Sydney, either on any of the boats, or to stay, I should be very glad to have them call on me.

This is a beautiful, healthy country—so much to my taste that I am not likely ever to see Bede School again. I thank you very much for all the kind things said about me in *The Bedan*: my wife is very proud of them. May I ever have good news of my old school and school-fellows to read in the Magazine!"

The Head Master thanks Edgar Buckwell, of Barrow, for a kind Christmas message, and a view of the Vickers-Maxim Engine Shop there.

When finished, the entire works of that firm will cover thirteen acres.

Albert E. V. Johnson, who left Bede School in 1897, will finish his course at Borough Road College, Isleworth, at Midsummer.

Miss Metcalfe (a friend of our honoured neighbour, Miss Kyle, the Head Mistress of the Girls' High School) who was visiting various types of English Schools before spending some time in going over several schools in Paris, came to Bede School one day in November, and expressed herself as much pleased with all that she saw, and as having gained a very clear idea of the aims, curriculum, and general character of the place.

Below are given the two top Girls in each Class in the lists as made up since the Christmas Examinations.

1st year, Lower Division...	Blanche Hedley
	... Nellie Hildrey
1st year, Upper Division...	Mary Faichen
	... Lucy Smith
2nd year,	... Maggie Paton
	... Mary Howitt
3rd year,	... Mabel Brierley
	... Nora Ridgeway
4th year,	... May Pike
	... Clara Southern.

Again there are Bedan weddings to chronicle:

RUSHFORTH-CAMPBELL.—At St. Thomas's Church, Sunderland, on November 3rd, 1903, by the Rev. G. A. West, Percy, son of the late Miles A. Rushforth, of Penrith, Cumberland, to Jessie, daughter of Hartley Campbell.

BROWNBRIDGE-HUTCHINSON.—At Bishopwearmouth Church, on November 20th, 1903, by the Rev. C. C. Thornton, William, son of Thomas Brownbridge, to Gertrude, daughter of Lonsdale Hutchinson.

LITTLEHAILES-BRANTINGHAM.—At St. Paul's Church, Sunderland, on November 5th, 1903, by the Rev. Herbert Goldsmith, Stanley, eldest son of the late John Littlehailes, to Eliza (Lolly), younger daughter of Christopher Brantingham.

The brides in all three weddings, and the bridegroom in the third, are Old Bedans. The three newly-married couples have the best wishes of their old School for their future happiness.

'Bede School corridor wall is now adorned with a photograph of six of its late "Sweet girl graduates." They look so charming in their gowns and hoods that the rising generation will be enticed to aim at graduation also.'

Sunderland Post.

Mabel and Constance Johnson were both present this year at the Re-union. We hope that for many years they will continue to come together. The Head Mistress received a letter from Mabel a few months ago which breathed a spirit loyal and grateful to the old school.

The Head Mistress cannot thank individually everyone who sent her Christmas greetings, but she remembers the names of a few of the senders and would like here to thank Aline Gibson (now of Hartlepool), Mary Thompson (of Seaham) who also sent a very pleasing photograph of herself, Gladys Buckwell (of Barrow-in-Furness), Adelaide Wright (of London), Ethel Garry (of Durham), Lena Johnson, and little Elfie Gregersen who is staying in Norway to recruit her health.

A good many people were pleased to see Cecily Kidd at the Re-union. She is one of the "patriarchs" and rarely fails to be present.

Gertrude Grundy wrote in December from St. Hild's College, Durham, to Miss E. Todd, expressing her regret that she was unable to be present at the annual gathering of the clans to which she always looks forward. In the course of her letter she says "I received my *Bedan* a few weeks ago, and how we Sunderland girls did devour its contents! Janet Boggon and Gretchen Sheel are both here. . . . And I would like to be back at school again".



ARE TEETH WORTH CUTTING?

"And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale".

As you like it.

A STORY is often told of a physician who was fond of saying to those of his patients to whom the remark would apply: "You have a fine set of teeth: take care you do not dig your grave with them"; meaning thereby "Don't be tempted to eat too much with those fine teeth".

If this warning is justified, it is enough to make one give teeth up—not have them drawn: I would scarcely go so far: if I were myself the proud possessor of a fine set, I would on the whole retain them and risk the danger referred to; but I should cease to believe in them. For it is the fine sets which make it possible to believe that teeth are worth having at all. I can't for a moment believe that an ordinary decrepit double row, such a collection of scattered ruins as we most of us possess before we are middle-aged, would be accepted by any rational being as

a gift. But it is possession which is nine points of the law, and a man is in possession of his teeth, or perhaps the grim fact is that his teeth have got possession of him, before he has reached years of discretion. It is not easy to evict 32 tenants so well established, and so a man keeps them, and tries to persuade himself he has got a bargain.

I have myself had four wisdom teeth, upon each of which I could have written a Book of Lamentations. The only thing I can say for any of these unwelcome guests is, that they underwent decomposition with such convincing rapidity that when I arrived, on four successive occasions, at the stage of almost religious exaltation necessary for commanding the extraction of a tooth, even my dentist did not take his usual cheerful view, and put me to prolonged suffering by trying vainly to save "a good, useful tooth". I begin to think that it is the fashion amongst dentists to look upon any rotten old grinder as "good and useful". I have had teeth to which that remark was applied which were good for nothing but keeping me awake at night, and useful only to teach me how to be dexterous enough to eat without them. Personally I am of opinion that when teeth cease to be serviceable to their owner for anything but gnashing, he is well advised to take refuge in his gums!

Bedans will perceive that I speak of teeth as one having had the toothache. Verily it is so. It is a tradition in my family to devote whole periods of time to this particular mode of misery. I remember how once, when a great hulking tooth had been breaking my spirit for about a week, I fell into broken slumber, and suffered supplementary torture in a nightmarish attempt to extract the bony acher's cube root! The problem, needless to say, was never solved, and that very tooth still "holds a seat in this distracted globe", with power "to haunt me still".

To melancholy, toothachy Bedans—what a number I have noticed these last few weeks!—I have no panacea to offer. [I am sure it is no use trying to get over the difficulty by calling the pain neuralgia, and taking a nerve- tonic. Nine times out of ten, a pain in the jaw, or near it, is toothache—desperately, hopelessly, helplessly toothache.] The best wish I can wish you all is that your cheeks shall swell up in Direct Proportion with the Absolute Agony brought to bear upon them. If you are as a rule beautiful, your vanity will suffer a little, but most people can bear this, after toothache: moreover, the cheeks will be reduced to Normal in time, without the effort of a mathematical calculation.

One of my teeth has given me some spiteful twinges lately. I know what it means, and cherish no illusion as to its being neuralgia. It's another of 'em, beginning "from hour to hour to

rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale'. Haply, before this goes to print, I shall be in a room not very far from Bede School, supine in a chair, with a serviette in my mouth, a mackintosh cape over my chin, a drill hammering at a hundred a minute apparently inside my head, anguish in my upper jaw, "and in my heart lie there what hidden woman's fear there will", a vivid desire to kill the dentist.

E.



THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

FAREWELL, Nineteen-and-three;
 Thy moods have wearied me,
 And I am tired of thee.
 Pass on! Pass on!
 I would not call thee back,
 Since ruin, rain, and rack,
 Mark the long, cheerless track
 Where thou hast gone.

Throughout the Terms I toiled;
 But holidays were spoiled,
 My happiest projects foiled,
 My faith abused.
 My 'togs,' once spick and span,
 Were water-washed and wan.—
 It quite unmans a man
 To be so used.

My 'bowler' hats that bowled,
 My wind-blown 'straws' that rolled
 With antics manifold
 Along the way,
 Umbrellas inside out
 (Although their ribs were stout)
 Should wreath thy tomb about,
 On New Year's Day.

Advance, Nineteen-and-four!
 Not with tempestuous roar,
 But with a goodly store
 Of sunny days.
 Thy predecessor's style
 Has used up, for a while,
 All words expressing bile
 In various ways.

Do thou, I prithee, choose
 To give me cause to use
 Eulogiums most profuse,
 In rhyme or prose,
 Thy seasons' charms to tell:
 How fair each day befell
 From dawn till close!

Of praises many a score,
 All honest to the core,
 (Some never used before),
 Thy smiles shall greet,
 If thou wilt truly be
 A generous friend to me
 And look invariably
 Benign and sweet.

New Year's Eve, 1903.

A. J. S.



THE BEDE GIRLS' SCHOOL RE-UNION.

THAT important annual event, the Re-union of Bedans, past and present, took place on November 20th, and was a great success.

About 250 girls met together, and, forgetting how many years it was since they left school, threw themselves heart and soul into the business of entertaining each other. In this they succeeded so well that everyone, even those unfortunates who had been working hard all day, getting everything ready, spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The proceedings began with a funny little one-act play entitled "A Little Surprise," which was very much appreciated. Next the hungry throng trooped downstairs to supper. After supper, dancing began in one of the big rooms, and in another, a little fairy-play was acted. Anyone coming in at that time would have wondered what had happened to staid old Bede School. In the intervals between the dancing, and, indeed, whilst the dancing was going on, a deafening noise of chatter arose. Each old Bedan wanted to find out everything that had happened to every other old Bedan she had ever known, since they last met.

This thirst for information resulted in an immense amount of conversation, and suggested to some Bedan minds the following problem:—

How much useful information can be extracted from the conversation of 250 girls all talking at once for 3 hours?

At half-past ten all the Bedans joined hands in three big rings, and sang 'Auld lang syne.' Then they gave three cheers for the old school, and three more 'rousers' for Miss Todd. Never was there such a contradiction of the oft-repeated saying that girls can't cheer.

Another half-hour was spent in leave-taking, and then the troops of tired but happy Bedans dispersed, vowing that there was no school like the old school, and that the Re-union was a capital institution, although somewhat trying for the lungs.

D. A.

THE PRIZE-GIVING AND THE PLAY.

BEDE School Thirteenth Annual Prize-Giving took place in the Victoria Hall on Friday, December 11th, 1903, and was, perhaps, an even more brilliant success than any of its predecessors.

His Worship the Mayor of Sunderland (Ald. H. J. Turnbull), in opening the proceedings, said it was a pleasure to preside over such a large gathering. They were glad to see Dean Kitchin among them, and the town owed him a debt of gratitude for accepting a place on the Local Education Authority. Bede School had room for 380 boys and 340 girls. Both departments had always been full, or nearly full. The year ended July 31st last was one of the most successful in the School's history. In the Official Reports the tone and general character of the School had received great praise. In the last five years 12 boys and girls had passed the London Matriculation Examination while at the School, and at least 8 others passed very shortly after leaving it. There had been many successes in the Oxford "Locals", no fewer than 8 pupils gaining Senior Certificates last July. Bede School was, or had been, represented by its Old Students at every University in England. Eight Bedan girls who went straight from Bede School to the University had this year taken their degrees, six within three years, and two within two years, of leaving school. He (the Mayor) was glad to see that the School paid great attention to the art of swimming. He trusted that the School would continue to progress.

Mr. Ferguson mentioned that one boy, John H. Blacklock, had gained a King's Prize for Mathematics. This was a sufficiently rare distinction to make it an honour alike to the boy and the school.

The Dean of Durham (The Very Rev. G. W. Kitchin, D.D.) then gave out the Certificates and Prizes. Though there was a large number, the distribution was accomplished very expeditiously. A complete list of the recipients will appear in our next Number.

The Dean (who had a most cordial reception) said that any School, to be of real value to a boy or a girl, must make great demands on his or her mental powers; must not stoop down too near the young, unformed mind, but must make the scholar stretch up, and ever farther up, to higher and higher things. The mind, like the body, could be trained to feats of strength by steady, conscious exercise. In his young days it was known that a certain master at a great school never turned out clever boys, simply because he never required of them anything but what they could do without much effort. He (the Dean)

had seen a statement to the effect that, lately, in our own country, a position as Chemist, worth £2000 a year, had gone to a German, because no Englishman could be found to meet the requirements. We English were too much disposed to regard ourselves as the best people in the world by the light of nature. If certain things were "dumped" upon us, one reason was because we would not quite make up our minds to let the Education of the people be a matter of the first importance.

Dr. Gordon Bell moved a vote of thanks to the Dean. Incidentally he condemned both the "cramming" of scholars and the "cramming" of a school curriculum. He strongly advised boys and girls of ability to stay at school and get a complete secondary education.

Mr. R. A. Bartram seconded the vote, and, after it had been accorded by acclamation, the Dean made a brief acknowledgment. Then came an equally hearty vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. Bryers and seconded by Mr. Ferguson, to the Mayor; and this concluded what may be called the "business part" of the programme.

The performance of Mrs. Hugh Bell's charming version of "The Sleeping Beauty" followed immediately. This was the cast:—

The King	CHAS. WILSON
The Prince	ED. BOWDEN
His Squire	FRED. COLLIN
The Lord Gold Broomstick-in-Waiting	JOS. W. CRAVEN
A Servant	LEO. PEACOCK
The Queen	NORA RIDGEWAY
The Chief Mistress of the Inkbottle	JENNE TAYLOR
Lady Sal	ETHEL THORNSON
Lady Bet	ETHEL TRATCHER
Lady May	NORMA NICHOLSON
Lady Priscilla	WINNIE BAIRD
The Fairy Malvolia	MARGORIE BARLOW
The Fairy Benvolia	RUBY DENNIS
The Sleeping Beauty	CLARA SOUTHERN

Lords and Ladies in Waiting:—Tom Bubb, Wilfrid Burnham, Jos. W. Craven, Frank Grumitt, John W. Keeher, Percy Oughton, Stanley Pinkney, J. Herbert Robson, Edward Wright, Herbert Wood, Norman Woodall, Alfred Wright, Gladys Campbell, Polly Cooks, Nora Cole, Violet Fisher, Nellie Giles, May Macnair, Dora Metcalf, Bessie Pallister, Bertha Pinkney, Greta Raine, Freda Smith, Elsie Whittaker.

During the course of the production Mr. R. F. Jarman played a Nocturne (Chopin), a Berceuse (Chopin), The Chase (Rheinberger), and a Polish Dance (Scharwenka).

As a piece, "The Sleeping Beauty" has many merits. It is full of incident and movement. The language is always bright and sparkling, sometimes highly entertaining, and never in the slightest degree rude or vulgar. There are some striking scenes, and one could not wish for a happier conclusion.

The youthful players acquitted themselves in a way that afforded the audience genuine pleas-

ure. Each boy and each girl spoke so clearly that there was scarcely a word missed by anybody in any part of the 'house', and every look and every gesture were not only appropriate but also seemed absolutely natural and spontaneous. Needless to say, all this was really the outcome of weeks of patient "coaching", given, after school-hours, mainly by Miss E. Todd and Miss Wells, and cheerfully accepted by the youngsters, who, after every criticism, "came up smiling", eager and anxious to attain perfection. As *all* acted well, it is perhaps somewhat invidious to distinguish any single character; but truth compels us to say that Charlie Wilson made a capital king, and that he delighted the 'house' even when, abandoning for a moment his royal *rôle* for that of a scene-shifter, he jumped forward and pulled down the (only once) refractory curtain!

The dresses (which the parents of the performers kindly provided at their own expense) were very becoming and effective. The Prince's suit of pale blue silk contrasted finely with the Princess's white robes; and the colour-scheme discernible in the grouping of the dancers was quite beautiful, and abundantly justified the taste of the Head Mistress who designed it.

The dance, planned and taught by Mr Wetherell, was executed with a quiet dignity and stately grace very agreeable to observe, and was calcula-

ted to implant in those who took part in it, and those who saw it, some regard for that beauty of movement and that courtliness of demeanour often utterly lacking in these days of "kitchen-lancers" and "the cake walk".

The proscenium (which certainly made the Victoria Hall look much pleasanter than it usually does), scenery, and footlights were supplied by Messrs. Davison, Hoseason, & Co., and the lime-lights by Mr. R. G. Posgate. Messrs. Ferry & Foster supplied a Bechstein grand piano. Messrs. Laidler, Robsons, & Co., most kindly lent some furniture: they have more than once done the school a service.

The Head Teachers thank all their colleagues very heartily for assisting them, one in one way, and another in another, to make the Prize-Giving and the Play a satisfaction and a pleasure to everybody concerned. Mr. Simpson and Mr. Hawkins who, each in his own department, willingly undertook many hours' extra work, perhaps deserve special mention: but all did a share of what had to be done. Helpers from outside of the School were not wanting. Messrs. Greenwood, Priestley, Pearson, and McIntyre each rendered good service which is gratefully acknowledged.

The singing of the National Anthem brought to a close a really delightful Entertainment.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS OF THE BEDE SCHOOL
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING, AND PERFORMANCE OF "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY",
VICTORIA HALL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1903.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	Expenditure.	£	s.	d.	
Tickets Sold ...	28	5	6	Hire of Hall ...	7	12	0	
Money taken at the Doors ...	7	6	3	Hire of Grand Piano (Ferry & Foster) ...	1	11	6	
Programmes Sold ...	1	3	2	Hire of Stage Front and Scenery (Davison, Hoseason, & Co.) ...	8	15	0	
Booking Fees (Hills & Co.) ...	1	10	9	Advertising (<i>Echo</i> , <i>Post</i>)... ..	1	8	0	
				Printing (Attey & Sons)... ..	2	17	6	
				Lime-Light (Posgate)	0	15	6	
				Scene-shifting (McClement) ...	0	12	6	
				Dance taught to 24 Pupils (Wetherell) ...	2	2	0	
				Hire of Wigs (Wilson & Son)	0	18	3	
				Gratuities (Caretakers, Policemen, &c.) ...	1	3	6	
				Dress Accessories, and Postages ...	1	5	0	
				Sundries (Electric Light, Cabs, Tree, Screws, Plans, &c.)... ..	0	11	3	
						29	12	0
				Balance, being Profit	8	13	8	
	£38	5	8		£38	5	8	

The Boys and the Girls who took part in the Play or the Dance—all of whom went to considerable expense to provide their dresses—were entertained at a little Party at the School, on

Tuesday Evening, December 22nd, 1903; and the cost of the Refreshments (Binns) on that occasion was £2 4s. 6d. When this sum was taken from £8 13s. 8d., there remained £6 9s. 2d. — to be divided equally between the Boys' School General Fund and the Girls' School General Fund, out of which Special School Prizes, etc., are provided.



OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE.

ONE is glad to find that our French Correspondence still flourishes. Below are given extracts from letters (both French and English) received by Bedan girls from their friends in Roubaix.

My dear W——

I had been waiting for a long time before to answer you because the holidays are arrived and I return to home. I am received of you two post-carts; it were very pretty and I thanks you for it. I hope you had received the mine.

I had been presenting me to the examination of Certificat Supérieur and I have succeed, but I had been stranding (?) to the Ecole Normale the 31 of July. I am very glad that the holidays are arrived. I shall amused me very well. I complain you, you who are obliged still to go at school. My sister . . . is return at home and my brother is return from school like my sister. The harvest is begin and my father with my brothers work to the fields. Me, I shall assist my mother in the house, and from time to time, I shall take a walk in the country. In my next I shall tell you what I will do.

Your loving friend,

F.

There are, of course, numerous mistakes in this letter, but the little madamoiselle at least makes herself understood in a foreign language — which is more than *some* people can do in their own.

The next little epistle was written last September, immediately after the summer holidays.

Dear M——,

Forgive me if I did not write you sooner, it have been impossibility. I come of Malo-les-Bains where I have lived a month to the seaside. Malo is a beach situated to the side of the Mer du Nord; it is a very frequented beach. I much diverted me, and I could not write you because I have not my English dictionary.

I have received your post-card in your letter; it is very pretty but it has not a value for me because it has not a post-mark. I send it to you in my letter and I ask you for send me by the post.

It is now the fair of Lille; the strolling trader

are come the last week to instal one's self. I hope I diverted me to the fair.

Waiting your letter,

I remain,

Your little English friend,

G.

Here follow some letters from a girl apparently older and doing more advanced work.

Ma chère C——,

J'ai reçu votre dernière lettre écrite en Anglais le 23 juin, le jour où je passais mon brevet. J'ai le bonheur de vous apprendre que je suis reçue mais ce n'est pas fini; j'ai encore un examen à passer le 21 de ce mois et toutes les compositions à faire. En ce moment nous travaillons pour les pauvres; nous faisons des robes, des jaquettes, etc., que nous distribuerons l'hiver prochain.

Si j'avais écrit ma lettre de cette façon c'était parce que je m'étais aperçue qu'il y avait plus de corrections à faire sur mes lettres que sur les vôtres; mais moi aussi je préfère conserver vos lettres. Je vous envoie celle du 9 moi corrigée.

Vous me demandez de vous parler des jolies places de Roubaix. Il n'y a que le parc Barbieux qui mérite d'être cité. C'est un vaste jardin avec de pelouses, d'arbres, d'allées, dans lesquelles sont placés des bancs sur lesquels les promeneurs peuvent s'asseoir. À l'entrée de ce parc se trouve un monument qui représente la statue d'un chanteur de Roubaix, Gustave Nadaud. Au milieu de ce jardin se trouve un petit lac — artificiel! car les constructeurs du parc ont voulu représenter les accidents géographiques; montagnes, vallées, mers, lacs, rochers, *poissons* (ce ne sont pas des accidents). Dans cette sorte de lac se promènent des canards et des cygnes blancs auxquels les enfants donnent des miettes de pain ou de gâteau. Ce jardin qui est public ne se trouve pas très loin de chez nous, aussi y allons nous souvent. Là je rencontre mes amies de classe et nous nous promenons en parlant.

Je vous envoie mon portrait. Il a été fait par un ami qui fait cela en amateur. C'est une sorte de portrait miniature.

J'attends votre lettre avec impatience et je vous prie de ne pas être fâchée si je ne réponde pas immédiatement, mais nous allons avoir les compositions et je ne serai plus libre de mon temps. Je vous enverrai alors des cartes postales afin de vous donner serraie de vie.

J'espère qui quoique vous deviez écrire en français vous ne serez pas avare de votre prose.

Ne craignez pas de me donner de l'ouvrage; cela ne me fait pas peur.

Je crois qu'il est temps que je finisse ma lettre, car on m'attend pour mettre la table,

Votre amie sincère,
M.

Ma chère C——,

Voilà bien longtemps que je ne vous ai écrit; je suis sûre que vous pensez que je vous oublie, ou que je suis paresseuse. Je ne dis pas que la paresse n'y soit pas pour quelque chose, mais, sincèrement, si je ne vous ai pas écrit plus tôt, c'est que nous avons eu toutes les compositions trimestrielles ces temps-ci. Maintenant que je me suis justifiée, je vais vous dire un peu ce qu'il m'est arrivé d'agréable. Si j'étais une "madame de Sévigné" je vous ferais deviner. Mais j'arrive au but. Je suis allée au théâtre. Ce n'était pas la première fois que j'y allais, mais c'était la première fois que je voyais jouer du classique. On jouait "Britannicus" et "Les Plaideurs", deux pièces en vers de Racine. Des artistes du "Théâtre français" de Paris étaient venus donner la représentation. Je pense que vous ne connaissez pas la pièce, aussi je vais vous la raconter en quelques mots.

Agrippine, la mère de Néron (empereur des Romains) a empoisonné son époux Claudius et a fait nommer empereur des Romains son fils Néron au détriment de Britannicus, fils de Claudius. Néron a deux gouverneurs qui l'ont élevé dans de bons principes. Aussi Néron a-t-il été un modèle de vertu pendant quelques années. Au moment où commence la pièce, Racine nous le peint comme un "monstre naissant". Britannicus aime Junie, jeune fille douce qui fuit la cour de Néron. Mais celui-ci l'a fait enlever la nuit et en tombe amoureux. Britannicus est furieux et pour se venger demande aide et assistance à Agrippine. Celle-ci mécontente de son fils, parce que celui-ci l'évite, trame un complot contre Néron. Il découvre tout, fait arrêter Britannicus, Agrippine, et son gouverneur Burrhus qu'il croit du complot. Il est décidé à empoisonner Britannicus mais Burrhus lui démontre que, s'il fait cela, Rome le haïra. Aussi consent-il à se réconcilier avec Britannicus. Malheureusement, le confident de ce dernier, Narcisse, (esclave affranchi qui désire perdre son maître pour plaire à Néron) dissuade Néron de son projet et lui prouve que son intérêt est de faire mourir Britannicus. Néron cède et l'empoisonne.

Agrippine effrayée du crime de son fils l'aggrave de menaces, mais celui-ci se renferme dans un mutisme absolu et s'en va. La pièce finit là-dessus.

Naturellement il y a des intrigues, etc., mais je ne suis pas un Racine et je ne saurais pas vous raconter cette pièce aussi bien. C'est une pièce

que j'aime beaucoup.

Il y a eu huit jours lundi nous nous sommes toutes réunies pour distribuer aux pauvres des écoles des vêtements que nous avions faits. Les enfants ont été habillés chacun de sept pièces, plus une poupée, un gâteau et une orange à chacun. Vous voyez que la confection de ces ouvrages a pu demander du temps et dame! ce sont les plus grandes qui doivent en faire le plus.

Assez parlé de moi. Parlons un peu de vous. Je sais que vous avez un mois de vacances à l'occasion de Noël. Je vous souhaite de vous amuser énormément. Nous, nous n'avons que le jeudi de Noël en tout et pour tout, et à l'occasion de la nouvelle année, nous avons sept jours de vacances. Mais il est vrai que nous avons deux mois de vacances en août tandis que vous n'avez qu'un mois.

Je pense que vous avez eu la distribution des prix, avant Noël et j'espère que vous avez remporté une moisson de lauriers.

Bon amusement pour vos vacances et croyez-moi, chère amie,

Votre amie sincère,
M——.

And here is an excellent letter in English from the same correspondent.

My dear C——,

I received your last post-card Friday and sensible to the reproach I write to you to-day. I should answered sooner if we had not been so busy by "la fête de l'association". I am going to say to you what is the association. The pupils who goes no more to school make her name written to the list of the last pupils, and give three francs (that is the price of the *cotisation*), and every year a feast is given to the pupils' parents. One or two plays are acted, and the actors are the pupils. This year two plays were acted, and our Head Mistress, Mademoiselle Galzandat, choose a comedia of Labiche, "Les petits oiseaux" and a comedia of Moliere, "Le médecin malgré lui". Do you know them?

"Les petits oiseaux" was acted by the great pupils of the school, and the other play by the pupils of the fourth year. I did the "médecin malgré lui" whose name is Sganarelle. The rôle being important a long time was necessary to learn it, and there is why I have not written to you, for Mlle. Galzandat took us every evening and we must oblige to learn our lessons and do our tasks at our houses. The feast was given last Sunday. Our dresses were very beautiful. For the first act I have a costume of paysan, yellow and red, and for the second a great, black dress of doctor and a great hat. We have been "applaudies" (I write this word in French because I don't know the traduction in English).

Now you know the motive of my silence and I

suppose you excuse me. It has seemed me you are angry in your last post-card, which is very fine. I should prefer to deceive me, but if it is true I beg your pardon and I promise you solemnly (!!) I write to you every fortnight.

I finish my letter because I have an exam. to prepare, and I must prepare it this morning because we shall go out this afternoon if the time is fine. You shall be astonished to see my letter dated on the Monday but we have a day of holiday to the honour of Edgard Quinet.

I suppose this long letter in English beg my pardon better than I, and I wait for your letter as after the témoignage of your pardon.

M.

If you find very many mistakes, be not angry because I have no dictionary and I must use of my own *ressources*.



A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A BIG FISH.

I AM not an angler; therefore, brother and sister Bedans, please do not get ready to hear some astonishing tale calculated to put to the test both my veracity and your credulity. No. What I have to say is very simple, and absolutely true.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of spending a delightful holiday in Ireland, in the course of which I stayed for a week at a hotel near the foot of a small mountain on the beautiful shores of Loch Erne. As already stated, I know nothing of what Isaak Walton called "the gentle art," and have, as a rule, no piscatorial leanings. However, one fine day, two friends of mine—an Irish University professor and his wife—were going a-fishing, and I agreed to accompany them.

We took into the boat with us a large, well-stocked luncheon basket, a larger, empty basket for the fish that were to be caught, and abundance of tackle; and then, promising the friends we left behind a share of the "finny spoil" that we expected to take, we set sail in high glee, and soon came to an island, where we disembarked.

We were not long in choosing our places, and throwing out our lines into the placid waters of the lake. Then, standing patiently under a scorching sun, and not daring to utter a word for fear of frightening the fish away, we all—the two adepts, and the novice—fished as well as we knew how for three weary hours, and never had a bite! Thereupon, with a hearty laugh at our utter failure, we unanimously gave up fishing and turned to eating. We were as hungry as so many Esaus, and made a capital luncheon; but at times we could not help looking rather ruefully at our vacuous fish-basket, and then across the

lough to the hotel, where our friends (we dreaded) would have great fun at our expense, and "roast" us even more than the sun had done.

Luncheon ended, the Professor strolled round the island, while we packed up and got ready to return. After some time he came back carrying, to our great surprise, a huge fish. It was a very big pike which he had found lying among the rocks. It had probably not been there very long, for, though dead, it was in no way offensive.

Now we should return, at any rate not empty-handed! On arriving at the hotel we carried our spoil in well-simulated triumph, and laid it down upon the lawn. It happened to be market-day, and, as the steamer had just arrived from Enniskillen, there was soon quite an admiring crowd around us. But some farmers looked rather doubtfully at the fish. "It's a fine take," said one; "but you have been fishing all day. Where are the other fish?" This query embarrassed us not a little, but another farmer came to our rescue. "The other fish! Shure, how could you expect smaller fish to live in the neighbourhood of this one?" "Thru for you" answered the first man. "But see," cried a third; "I think this fish was dead when taken: it's scales are broken." "Oh," replied the professor, "they got broken when it was landed amongst the rocks." This seemed to convince people that the pike was really to be regarded as a proof of the professor's skill as an angler.

The cook now came forward to see what we had caught. She pounced upon our prize, and bore it away to the kitchen, saying it would make a splendid addition to our dinner that evening! The prospect before us was not at all to our taste. Pike is, at the best, a somewhat coarse fish, and after this particular pike we (who knew most about it) had certainly no strong hankering—especially as we should probably have been expected to partake of it largely, as a sort of compliment to the fruits of our own prowess. We begged, therefore, as the fish was really of a remarkable size, to be allowed to exhibit it until the next morning, and this the cook—but only at our urgent request—was good enough to grant. In the evening, as you may well suppose, the professor took the pike, and, as hastily and as quietly as possible, committed it to the deep.

Em. G.



M. A. T.
Mainly About Tidiness.

AN old, old saying is this, that "Order is Heaven's first law," wherefore it makes but little impression on modern minds, and if

not exactly scorned, suffers sadly from neglect.

This is a conceited age. Nothing satisfies it which is of another day. Its doctrine is, "Be up to date." Never mind whether a fashion appeals to you as pretty, or suitable for its purpose, or useful in any degree; suffice it that it is new, and it shall command the ready acceptance of its Age. Reck not whether what you say is true; so that it be novel, and said smartly, many shall repeat it with greater reverence than they will show the Sayings of Solomon. They will repeat it as their own!

Therefore will someone say something witty or catchy about Tidiness? It is a very deserving virtue, and one worthy of all the assistance which the wisdom and brightness of this enlightened age can spare it.

Why is a door mat, for instance, so uninteresting? Is it because every mat of our acquaintance has a grievance, albeit the most distressing that anything or any person can have—that of neglect?

How often do we forget its very existence? We remember the porter, the waiter, the sweep, and the postman at odd times, but the poor door mat literally grovels at our feet in vain! Alas, that it should be so. Of how many molecules (bless me, ye science scholars!), of how many molecules of noxious matter would it relieve us, if we would but let it! And yet we ignore its pleading. How many smiles and words of praise would its judicious use gain for us, had we the wit to take its proffered aid? And still we pass it by. Oh, dull-brained and slow of comprehension, not to recognise the subtle inwardness of the Mat!

Listen. It is the sound of many feet. They hurry up the stairs. In another minute it will be school-time. They *must* get to the top before the monitress gets to the bottom with her book for late comers. But hark! What was that? Did ye not hear it? Not the gong! (you exclaim) Why, it's far, far too early!—No, (I answer) not the Gong; the Mat! Lend it your ears. "Of what avail is it, ye scholars, that ye so hurry into School forgetting me? What are the things you are going to learn when you get up there? Why, Order, Neatness, Thoughtfulness, Exactness! Stay, then, but one moment, and practise *all* of them upon me. Perhaps you are not aware of it, but I am one of the best teachers in the School. And my lessons are so short! Form one good habit, only one, with me, and your day is well begun."

Thus the Mat.

How often is its voice unheeded. Nay, how often do we go out of our way to insult the poor inoffensive thing. "Why, Child, your hair is like a *Mat*!" some elder sister will say if, before you set out in the afternoon, your locks look the

least bit dishevelled. Do you exhibit a becoming humility before your betters in the course of the day, depend upon it some would-be wit will soon stigmatise you as a "door-mat." Well, a mat has its rough side. Let them beware of yours!

Now then, having decided that the Mat is a worthy and deserving object, what shall we do for it? Start a subscription list, and buy a screen for it? Form a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mats? Or shall we have a League of—Kindness to Kaffirs, for example, and send them mats? We send to the heathen pious books which we do not read, pictures which we do not admire, and many other things we bestow upon them for which we do not care ourselves; why not send our mats? unless we are going to do our duty by them and USE them!

E. W.



ASSOCIATION OF HEAD MASTERS OF HIGHER GRADE SCHOOLS.

BEDANS, Past and Present, will be glad to know that the honour of being President of the Association has this year fallen to the Head Master of Bede School.

The Annual Meeting was held in Manchester on March 5th. There was a large attendance of members. Miss Todd, Head Mistress of Bede School, and Mr. W. Walton, B.A., for seven years an Assistant Master at Bede School, but now Head Master of Widnes Higher Grade School, were present.

Having been inducted into the Chair, Mr. Ferguson delivered an able address which was listened to with great interest, and led to an animated discussion taken part in by Mr. Thornton, M.A., (Bolton), Mr. Wilkinson, B.A., B.Sc., (Ipswich), Mr. Dyche, B.A., (Cardiff), Mr. Ellis, (Rutherford College, Newcastle), Dr. Forsyth, (Leeds), Mr. Iliffe, M.A., (Sheffield), Mr. Cox, F.C.S., (Birmingham), Mr. Scotson, M.Sc., (Manchester), Mr. Wilson, M.A., (Hanley), Mr. Prest, B.Sc., (Stockton), and many others.

Several newspaper notices of the Meeting have appeared. The following is taken from the *Newcastle Daily Journal* :—

Mr. G. T. Ferguson, B.A., B.Sc., the President of the Association of Head Masters of Higher Grade Schools who, at the Annual Meeting held in Manchester, delivered a valuable address dealing with the relation of Secondary Schools to Pupil-Teachers' Centres, the curricula required for different classes of scholars, and the question of the complete conversion of Higher Grade Schools into Secondary Schools, is well known, especially in the North of England, as a man of character,

ability, and wide general knowledge, and as a very successful schoolmaster. More than twenty years ago, when little more than a youth, he was placed in charge of St. Paul's School, Newcastle, and subsequently he had scholastic experience at Durham and elsewhere before becoming, in 1890, Head Master of Bede School, Sunderland, where he is still at work. He is highly respected by all his old pupils, not a few of whom, some in England and some in distant parts of the world, hold excellent positions; and the number of Old Bedan teachers and scholars who keep up some kind of connection with their former school is remarkable. Proficient and enthusiastic in the "wheeling art," Mr. Ferguson has often cycled very long distances, both in the British Isles and abroad. He is an ardent student of English literature, and neither inexperienced nor unsuccessful as a *littérateur*—a fact which probably accounts in some measure for the high level of literary merit which "The Bedan", Bede School Magazine, has always maintained.

W. W.



A BEDAN RASCAL'S WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE.

(DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF).

[N.B. The young gentleman was naturally somewhat agitated. That is probably the reason why some of his metres are like gas meters—rather erratic.]

It was last New Year's Eve, and I sat by my bed,
And recalled my past twelve months' career:
All the tricks I had played, all the sharp words
I'd said,

All my practices, crooked and queer.
I remembered I'd passed a bad ha'penny twice,
And put peppermints oft in the plate,
And had sometimes been rude when I might
have been nice,
And had more than once climbed the school
gate.

By my brother's watch—"nabbed" for the nonce,
not outright—

Half an hour would complete old "Nought
Three";

So I made haste to form, ere the dead of the
night,

Good resolves for the year soon to be.
"I'll perform, in the future, just *some* naughty
feats:

Scarce a pen or penshank I'll purloin,
And, if quite without peppermints, buttons, or
sweets,

In the plate I will drop a *real* coin."

Then I looked at the watch, and I counted the
ticks,

One by one, as they fell on my ear,
Till they numbered just fifteen times twenty
times six,

And I knew that the New Year was here.
So I jumped into bed and I soon fell asleep,

But I had a most horrible dream:
Imps and ogres seemed dragging me down to
the deep;

And I woke myself, trying to scream.
Then I thought what a big, little-hypocrite-boy,

What a mean little beggar, was I;
And determined that, henceforth no tricks I'd
employ,

But live *straight*; or, at least, HAVE A TRY!

A. E. B.



AN OLD BEDAN'S LIFE IN PARIS.

The Head Mistress lately received the following letter which she thinks may be of interest to many past and present Bedans:—

117 rue Notre Dame des Champs,
Paris,

15.2.04.

My dear Miss Todd,

I have been so long in writing that now it is a matter of some difficulty to know where to begin. The first week my mother was here with me and we spent all the time seeing what we could of Paris. After that I came to this pension and began work. In the pension (which is essentially for students) all nationalities are represented: French, Spanish, German, Norwegian, Swedish, Swiss, Russian, American, Dutch, and Hungarian have all had their place, and to-morrow a Roumanian is coming. This being the case, life at the pension is very interesting—different customs and different temperaments can be studied, and must be considered. The French, however, that one is constantly hearing, is of doubtful purity. In that respect Alberta is probably better off than I—otherwise I prefer my quarters to hers.

When I arrived here I was without any instructions as to what course of study I had to follow. —had remarked in a casual way that I was supposed to study history and literature, but I had received no details. The students here asked me what course of lectures I intended to follow, and whether at the Sorbonne or the Guild—about all of which I had very vague ideas. Upon my saying that I thought I was to study at the Sorbonne, they congratulated me on having two months free in which I could see something of

Paris. As I remembered having been told I should begin work on October 1st, I decided to go to see Miss Williams, whose address I received before leaving England. She told me that arrangements had been made for me to attend classes at the Guild, and that I could decide myself whether I went to the Sorbonne or no. From that time I have been attending the Guild lectures. Last term I had to attend morning classes for grammar and composition, pronunciation and what is called 'thème d' imitation,' which consists in making an English translation of a given passage in French, and then, from one's own translation, reproducing the original French. In the afternoon there were lectures on history and on the French language and literature, study of special works of Rabelais, Molière, Corneille and Voltaire, and lessons on the translation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Poe's "Gold Bug," "The Brook," and "The Rivals," into French. Attending lectures for four hours a day I had little time left for private study, which I greatly needed. The first term I spent in a very confused state; it took several weeks before I could follow the lectures, and, when I did get a little hold on the French, I found it almost impossible to get enough time for preparation.

The course at the Sorbonne in the faculty of letters coincides with that of the Guild; only it provides no individual attention. Before one can follow all the courses it is necessary to become a member of the Sorbonne, which is done by paying thirty francs, and then one receives a card of membership. This is all the fee that is necessary, and it is for a year.

The Sorbonne seems new in comparison with English Universities—it has not the quiet dignified look of Durham, for example. The number of students is enormous. Here again one meets "all sorts and conditions of men"; after the French, the Russian students seem to preponderate. Here also the 'conférences' are extremely good; but the great crowd prevents one from getting much benefit, as the lecture rooms are almost suffocating. If a window is opened between lectures, grumbles are heard on all sides, and it is at once closed.

I have tried as much as possible to follow these lectures, as the French say; I always do those on "Education in the Nineteenth Century," and those on literary subjects.

I had rather dreaded spending a Christmas here, but I had a pleasant surprise. Many of the *pensionnaires* went home, and, finding our numbers so reduced, we were afraid it would be rather quiet. But we made the best of our holiday.

Mornings we often played an imitation tennis in the gardens of the Luxembourg, which are about three minutes' walk from the *pension*.

Afternoons we visited different places of interest, e.g., the Hôtel de Ville, the Dome des Invalides, St. Cloud. Then after dinner there was music, much talking, and ping-pong. On Christmas Eve we all went to Mass at midnight, at St. Sulpice, one of the most interesting churches of Paris. Thousands of people were there; the music was excellent.

The Sunday before Christmas there was a musical service at the Church of the Sorbonne, a church given by Richelieu's family, for the use of the students. Mass is said there every morning at 7:30. Until a few years ago it was customary for those students who had been successful in their examinations to place a small tablet in the church as a mark of their gratitude. Naturally there are a great many of them. Richelieu's tomb, said to be the finest piece of statuary in France, is in this church.

The Opera House is very fine—I have only been inside once, when I heard *Tannhäuser*. Another night during the holidays I was at the Opéra Comique to hear *Werther*. In this way Paris affords plenty of amusement—but also causes much expense. The night we heard *Werther*, after leaving the theatre, we went along the boulevards to see "la vie,"—it is there one sees the fashionable world, the richer people in their carriages, the less fortunate ones on foot.

What strikes one first in coming into contact with foreigners is their knowledge of modern languages. Most of them speak French and German, many English, while all European languages are more or less known. For instance, there was a Swiss lady here who spoke German, French, English, and Portuguese fluently, while she knew enough of Russian, Swedish, and Hungarian to make herself understood by people of those countries. She was, perhaps, an exception. But the English and the Americans are exceptions in the extreme opposite sense.

It was very curious at first to find that the Dutch seemed to me to be the most cultivated people. Before coming here I had no definite ideas about the Dutch, and certainly did not expect to find them the cleanest, most courteous, and most cultivated (the alliteration was unintentional) among the nations. It is a great pleasure to come into contact with them. . . .

I went to see *Cyano de Bergerac* on Saturday night. Coquelin was *Cyano*, and he seems to be at his best in that part. The *mise en scène* was good too. People appear to think that *Cyano* will live. Some even go so far as to say that its life is as sure as that of any of Corneille's dramas. How far this is true it is impossible to say, and although I thought the piece *spirituelle* and bright, I have no idea of its real value.

The number of *fête* days here is appalling—they are, however, a good excuse for a general

holiday. All Saints' Day was a day of general mourning. Everyone who had friends or relations dead, carried wreaths of glass beads to their graves. It seemed as if the whole of Paris had turned out. It was almost impossible to approach the cemeteries. On the sixth of January we celebrated the *fête des rois*. Why this is kept I don't know, but I believe January the sixth is supposed to be the day when the Magi reached the stable at Bethlehem. This year the sixth fell upon a Wednesday, but we celebrated it on the Friday, when we had a dance. In the evening we repaired to the dining-room, and there each received a glass of hot red wine and a piece of cake. In one such piece there was a tiny doll. This happened to be found by a man, who then had to choose his queen; state officials were appointed, and then we made our way back to the *Salon* where we danced the 'royal quadrille' and afterwards marched through the rooms on the lower storey.

To-day and to-morrow we have holiday because of Shrove Tuesday. The *fête* had already begun yesterday, for in returning from an exposition of pictures, we met numbers of children in costume who showered confetti upon us as we passed. People say that to-morrow these ridiculous little missiles will be lying a foot deep along some of the boulevards.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the museums, places of interest, and works of art. But I must just say that I was very much disappointed in Notre Dame. Durham seemed to be much finer, certainly in position, if not in style.

Alberta Farrow seems to have been unfortunate in her choice of a college. . . . It is a pity that her time in France should not be enjoyed to the full. She has this advantage, however, that she is constantly surrounded by French people.

On Friday night I was at the theatre to see *Falstaff*, an adaptation of Henry IV. Falstaff was made much coarser than Shakespeare represented him, otherwise the piece was very well played.

The weather here is dreadful at present, rain without ceasing day after day; but I believe it has been no better in England.

One of my college friends at Newcastle sent me a college magazine some time ago, where it was announced that I had gained the prize for English composition. This was practically the only prize open to the B. Litt. students, as they missed so many of the ordinary lectures; so I was pleased to get it again. For I won it last year, too, thanks to the trouble Miss Emma took with me at school. The longer I live the more I am grateful for the love of literature instilled into me at Bede School. It has proved the key to a delightful treasure-house now.

Constance told me about the Re-union and the Prize-giving. How I wished I could have been there! It is now three years since I was at a Re-union. I'm afraid I shall be quite forgotten.

My brother is perhaps coming to see me at Easter. He is Junior Master in the High School at Wareham, and thus is almost as near to Paris as to Sunderland.

Every Friday evening there is a *soirée* at our *pension*, which provides occasion for seeing a little more of French life and customs than we otherwise should. And on Saturday there is to be a Ball, to which all the students will go.

Au revoir. With much love to Miss Emma and yourself,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY ROSS.



GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY.

A LITERARY Society has been formed by the 3rd and 4th years of the Girls' Upper School. The meetings are held once every fortnight, generally on Monday evening. Three meetings have already been held, and were a great success. At the first, readings were given by the girls from various authors; the last two meetings were devoted entirely to Dickens, and on the whole these were enjoyed by the members even more than the first. The girls read extracts from certain well-known books, and at the close of each reading there is a short discussion on the merits of the extract and the book as a whole. The next meeting is to be devoted to Tennyson, and it is hoped that it will be as successful and enjoyable as the preceding ones. A subscription of a penny is made at each meeting, and with this money it is intended to buy one or two good pictures for the new class-room of the 3rd and 4th years.

E. V



What is one to think of the individual who says "Simon Magus tried to buy the Holy Ghost from Peter and John".!!

Or of another one who wrote:—"Paradise Regained tells the story of the life of Christ. He served the country as *Latin Secretary*." It turns out that the new pupil who penned this extraordinary statement had lately read something about John Milton.

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