

THE TETTENHALLIAN.

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Editorial.

MOST Editors I think will agree with me, that the writing of an editorial is a most brainracking and thankless job. We might suggest, that the Editor who goes so far as to write an editorial, has a right to claim a salary, or at least a long holiday, in which he may recover his scattered thoughts. Still we have to thank ourselves, that the writing of an editorial is not an every day occurrence; if it were so, the lunatic asylums would soon be filled with editors, a thing which I can say without any misgivings. Certainly the man who invented editorials must have originated from one of these places, or else they were invented during the time of the Spanish Inquisition.

Fire escape practice has been held this term. The descent has been made by all with wonderful rapidity and extraordinary gracefulness.

We are to take part in two concerts this term, the first, in connection with Queen Street Chapel on March 19th, and the second the concert to be held at the College on April 9th.

Fortnightly Sing-Songs have been held this term, at which a considerable amount of talent has been exhibited. The success of the last was in no small measure due to a very harmonious (?) quartette. May we suggest that more budding soloists might grace these musical feasts?

List of Preachers in College Chapel.

Jan. 20th.—The Headmaster.

Jan. 27th.—The Secretary.

Feb. 3rd.—Mr. B. Highfield Jones (O.T.)

Feb. 10th.—The Headmaster.

Feb. 17th.—The Secretary.

Feb. 24th.—The Headmaster.

Mar. 3rd.—Mr. Pearson.

A School in the year Two Thousand.

WE enter the schoolroom, which is very similar to the schoolroom of the 20th century. Upon the form sit the boys, and, at the master's desk sits the master. We notice that he never moves a muscle, and thunders out the questions without even moving his lips.

On approaching him, we find to our amazement that he is only a waxwork figure. How mysterious that a waxwork can ask questions, answer any questions that are put to him, and, more wonderful still, that he can keep the idle and noisy boy quietly at work!

However, it is not so wonderful as it seems at first sight, for if we go behind this mysterious gentleman, we shall find two hooks behind his ears, which, when unfastened, allows the back of the head to be taken off. Having undone the hinder part of the skull, we see what at first seems to be a confusion of wires, but when we look closer, we notice that two are connected with a microphone in one ear, and two with a microphone in the other. At the back of the mouth is fastened a piece of mica, to the middle of which is fixed a pin. This pin has a platinum point, scratches a wet chalk cylinder, is made to revolve by an electro-motor, fed by the dynamo that lights the building. One wire is fastened to the pin, and another to the chalk cylinder. When the current from the distant microphone is transmitted, the friction of the point of the pin on the chalk is lessened, and the mica moves forward.

But, when the current weakens, the disc is again drawn back, and thus vibrations are formed, and the mysterious electric-homo speaks.

But where is the distant transmitter?

To find it we must follow the cable of wires. This is carried along a corridor, past a clock, which never has to be wound up, for it is worked by a perpetual motion machine, up by the side of the hydraulic lift, along another corridor, and into a room. At the door of this room we press an electric bell, and the door is drawn open by a huge electro-magnet behind it.

We enter. A bright column of electric sparks is flowing in the grate, and this heats the room admirably.

Before this artificial fire sits an old philosopher. In front of him on a small stand is fixed a microphone, which is connected by means of the cable with the speaking instruments in the waxwork's mouth.

The old man also has a telephone receiver to his ear, and this is connected by the same means with the very sensitive transmitters in the ear of the electric-homo.

But what is the philosopher watching so carefully on the mantel-piece? We see to our astonishment, on going forward, that it is an exact representation of what is going on downstairs. There sit all the boys just as we left them, and there too is the electric-homo, staring at them with vacant eyes. As we look closer, we see that this is an electro reflecting instrument, which, being connected by means of two wires with an instrument on the

wall of the schoolroom, shows the philosopher exactly what is going on there.

This instrument was invented in 1993, and is now commonly in use in our large public schools.

As we watch the electro-picture, we see a mischievous boy sticking a pin into his neighbour's leg. However, as soon as the Master notices him, he puts out his hand and moves a handle upon a board, which has a number of similar handles upon it.

The boy immediately starts and yells, and although we cannot hear him, we can watch his mouth open, and can see him writhe in agony, until the philosopher moves the handle back again.

What is the cause of the pain with which the unfortunate boy has been seized?

Let us return to the schoolroom, and ask the boy himself. We put the question to the punished student.

"Oh!" he says, "when we come into school the porter handcuffs our legs, and each of the cuffs is fastened to the end of a secondary coil, and when the philosopher wishes to give himself a little pleasure, he simply turns a certain switch, and the boy sitting at the desk to which that switch belongs feels a slightly curious sensation in his legs."

We now leave the schoolroom, and visit the dormitory, which is a large square room partitioned off into cubicles.

We enter one of these cubicles, and at once we are struck with the comfort of it when compared with a cubicle at the beginning of the twentieth century. On the table is a beautiful tinted reading lamp, and in the grate an electric fire is giving out a cheery heat, while the bed can be warmed to any extent simply by turning on a switch placed close beside it.

But, in spite of all this luxury, there are electrical disadvantages.

Punctually at six a.m., an electric bell rings in each cubicle, and at five minutes past six the bed, which moves upon an axis, is made to revolve very quickly by means of an electric motor, and any boy who is inclined to be lazy, finds himself very speedily upon the floor under the revolving bedstead, and is half smothered in pillows and mattresses.

We are told that the electricity for the bell and the motor is turned on by the clock in the corridor below.

Leaving the dormitory, we go downstairs that we may inspect the dining hall. It is a large circular room with an enormous round table in it. The circumference of the table is sixty feet, and the centre is hollow. The inner seats are reached by a lift from the room below. The table is a yard wide, and in the middle is a railway. Some of the trucks on this railway are made to hold an ordinary tureen; some, bowls for gravy or sauce; others, clean knives and forks; while others again carry salt, pepper, mustard, and vinegar. Each truck has pneumatic wheels which run in grooves lined with indiarubber so that they move without a sound.

These trucks form a perfect circle, and in this circle between two of the trucks is an engine worked by electricity which it collects from a wire lying between the lines. This engine is 9in. high, and 8in. long. The trucks are also 8in. long, but only 3in. high.

This continuous train of eatables travels at the rate of one yard per minute. There are no lids to the tureens, for if there were, it would be impossible to take one off and put it on again whilst the truck was passing. In order to prevent the vegetables becoming cold, the tureens are warmed by electrical resistance produced by electricity passed through German silver at the bottom of each truck. Before leaving this school we will take a glance at the grounds which lie round it. The playground is made of asphalt, and has a glass roof to which are hung rows of arc lamps, which light it at night. In this magnificent playground, roller-skating, bicycling, and hockey, can be played in all weathers. Beyond the playground is a beautiful park where the boys may be seen flying from tree to tree with electrical wings and doing rounds in miniature airships and motor cars.

As we take our departure, we wonder how our poor ancestors of the nineteenth century ever existed without even an electrical fire to warm them, for tradition says that they only had hot water pipes in their classrooms, and they must consequently have been unable to give their minds to learning, and must have had their days considerably shortened.