



SLOT- MACHINE EDUCATION

Monty Lowther, the humorist of St. Jim's, puts forward some startling ideas for automatic education. But we fear that if Monty ever suggested them to the powers that be his punishment would be automatic, too!

OUTSIDE the tuckshop, Dame Taggles has placed a handy automatic machine from which we can now obtain chocolates, toffees and packets of biscuits after closing hours. And the question arises, brothers, cannot this brainy idea be usefully extended in other directions?

I think it can.

Why not, for example, equip all studies with penny-in-the-slot loudspeakers spouting lessons as required? Our tame inventor, Bernard Glyn, could make the necessary apparatus as easily as you or I could make a rabbit-hutch!

With such a gadget about the place, prep., at present a penance, would become a pleasure. Instead of sitting round the study-table, grinding away at text-books, we should be able to lounge back in arm-chairs with our feet on the mantelpiece. While the loudspeaker blared out a non-stop stream of knowledge, we could amuse ourselves by chewing toffees and throwing the paper wrappings at each other!

The same wheeze could be applied, with variations, to the Form-room. Each desk could have a lesson-

machine stuck behind it with headphones attached, the lesson commencing on a penny being inserted in the slot. It would need a speed control so that chaps could adjust the speed of the lesson to their capacity for absorbing it.

The immense possibilities in the idea must be obvious to any fellow with an imaginative mind. I can imagine, to give one example, a small screen being fixed to the front of each desk to illustrate the history lesson with moving pictures. While the headphones were telling a fellow all about the Battle of Hastings, the Normans and Saxons would be whacking each other on the napper with battle-axes in front of his eyes! How could any man fail to learn history dished up in this way? And other lessons could similarly be dealt with.

Naturally, there are other places besides studies and Form-rooms where slot-machines would supply a long-felt want.

For a start, every junior passage, in my opinion, should contain a machine retailing pea-shooters and ammunition. Think of the time and shoe-leather wasted at present in

trudging down to the village to replace these essential weapons of war! An automatic supply in our own quarters would save all this.

Then again, it would be a boon and a blessing to have small packets of booby-trap essence on tap at suitable spots in the School House. Most of us spend far too much time scooping out soot from chimney flues and smuggling red ink from Form-rooms for this purpose. A packet of mixed soot and red ink powder delivered out of a machine for a penny would provide an ideal solution to the problem!

I could go on reeling off bright ideas like this all day if I liked. Slot-machines containing games, puzzles and other amusements for winter evenings, for instance, should add a pleasing touch of novelty to the Common-room. A cricket bat that would work properly only when oiled with a penny in the slot at the top would be just the thing to lend to a persistent bat borrower.

You can think of plenty of bright wheezes on similar lines yourselves, if you turn your brainboxes to it!

The only objection I have heard raised to the idea is that it would throw the masters out of work. But I really don't see why it need do so.

If automatic education ever comes to St. Jim's, we shall need all the beaks to look after the machines. The only difference I can foresee is that instead of wearing caps and gowns they will get into overalls and carry long chains of keys round their necks.

The Head, of course, would sit in his study, counting out the shekels and giving change.

Altogether, St. Jim's will be a much brighter place if the powers that be ever decide to adopt Slot-machine Education!

BUNTER'S LOVE LAMENT

By the Owl Himself

ALAS, I'm in love at last!
Though some fellows think it is stoopid!
I thort so myself in the past,
But now I'm a vicktin of Kewpid!

The objeck of my regard
Is neither too yung nor too nimble;
At times she's unkommonly hard,
And yet I adore Mrs. Mible!

I worship her doenuts and pies,
I love every tart that she touches,
I yearn for her cakes—wot a size!—
To me she is more than a duchess.

I smile and I si and kontrive
To dress in my kostliest raiment;
But she glares every time I arrive,
And talks on the subjeck of payment!

"Kan it be that mere munny should part
Troo lovers, oh, bootiful maiden?"
I ask with a wait on my hart,
My voice is with sorro oar-laden!

"Go away, Master Bunter, now do!"
She sez in a pettulant fashion.
"Oh, crool one, and kan it be troo
You turn a deff ear to my passion?"

Alas, not a tart or a pie
She gives me to soften the angwish!
Crool creacher! She leaves me to die,
In hunger she leaves me to langwish!

My love is now turned into hate,
I tell the whole world that I skorn her,
And now I go fourth to my fate,
To perrish alone in a komer!

SOOTHING SKINNER!

"There's a toad in my bed!" cried Skinner;
He hopped out of bed in a fright.
"We know," we said,
"There's a toad in your bed,
It's always there, every night!"

(Frank Nugent.)

DREAM COME TRUE!

When I met Temple in the quad,
He gave me quite a friendly nod.
A nod from Temple! Oh, what bliss!
Life has no greater prize than this!

(Frank Nugent.)