

The power and scope of the human mind is so lacking and slender, the comprehension of even the greatest falls so immeasurably short of perfection that we often despair of our worth and efficacy. A hundred thousand sensations beat in upon consciousness each day, a myriad of emotions and feelings—pain, pleasure, sorrow, joy, mercy, tenderness, refraction and pugnacity, strike upon the plastic mind like fierce atoms striking the walls of their molecular prison. Desires, suppressed or gratified, may bring happiness or sour disgust.

"There is not a string attuned to mirth but has its chord of melancholy." The same mind may have in the same hour thoughts of paramount elevation or nadiric degradation. Melancholy attends the fullest joys of the most ideal life. It is a mental state, sometimes influenced by the physical, from which there is no escape.

Science can, and is doing much to relieve pathological conditions of the mind. What we do know about the mind is small beside the vast fund of information in other fields of science.

The matter of dejection however, is in our estimation, a matter with the individual. Which means that each of us does much that brings unhappiness that may be eliminated by the application of our intelligence. One John Bovee once remarked to the effect that "we fill our lives with vice and folly and then complain that the unhappiness, which is only their accompaniment, is in the inherent nature of things." This is true as far as we are able to control dejection. We fritter away our time with frivolities, spending our time upon fastidious dress and petty squabbles, which if we took the trouble, might be spent with elevated thoughts which would fortify us against the demon of dejection.

The most concrete antidote that can be offered to escape all but a minimum of dejection is the gospel of work. It is the simple expedient of keeping the mind so active that the "ennui" does not have the opportunity to engulf us. Small things done by small persons will pass far beneath us, or if striking, will roll off like rain drops off a smooth surface. The idle mind is the workshop of dejection as well as the devil. The busy mind will not tolerate such a tenant and its owner is blessed with an equanimity that is enviable.

#### EDISON VERSUS UNIVERSITIES

Here is the long hoped for opportunity of the student body "to salute with cheers, pat on the back and assimilate into closer relationship, faculty members who stand with us against the deluge of criticism hurled upon the university student by Thomas A. Edison. Genius of electricity though he may be, Mr. Edison has entirely undervalued the capacity of a college man when he boldly accuses him of lacking general understanding and diligence.

That is enough to merit condemnation by any serious minded, thinking student and we believe that this sort of student is greatly in the majority.

Edison scores the point that the increasing numbers attending Universities has brought an influx of indifferent lazy students. While it is true that more students enter college who are not prepared to work diligently, this in no way limits the number of earnest workers attending institutions of higher learning. There is a larger number of earnest college students than in former years and less of rowdyism so our professors tell us.

The confidence of the instructor is conducive to a deeper interest in his courses on the part of students. Every university man who feels that his professor has a patient and abiding trust in his ability and the sincerity of his ambitions will be spurred on to a greater degree of earnest effort. When the gulf widens between instructor and student then the bitter sarcasm of the latter invokes indifference on the part of the former.

Our faculty has admirably asserted its belief in us against all the powers of Edison and his electricity geni. The least we can do is assure them that we hope and believe they have not underestimated our capacities and energies.—The Daily Illini.

(Mr. Edison, it will be remembered, made the statement not long ago that college students were "amazingly ignorant" and proceeded to produce his reasons for thinking so in the form of a list of questions which levied upon the college men in his employ. His prize list has been received with unmitigated scorn by the leading educators of the country and the reaction at the University of Illinois in the form of an editorial in the "Daily Illini" is interesting and thought-provoking.—Editor's Note).

But yet, we are not quite through for we have thought up what we consider a very good, and a very veracious parody on the regular column conductor's weekly "Rubiayat." Here it is:

#### RUBIAYAT OF AN UP-TO-DATE CLINIC

Oh! Here comes another patient, Who, me, wishes his ailments to appease, "Here, take these pills my man and be content."

"My bill? Oh, yes,—Five Dollars Please."

#### NOVEL Y. W. SERVICE IS LED BY FRESHMEN

The Y. W. C. A. meeting which was held this week by the Freshmen took a novel caption by winding the clock. The exact meaning and form of the meeting was clandestine until time for the meeting. Miss Heppard, of Ashland lead the meeting. Each speaker attempted to give suggestions that would help to wind the clock.

Ida Weaver answered the question with a rusty key. She defined the key as a symbol of prayer. "Prayer is the foundation of Christian living," she said. "If we are not in the attitude of prayer, they will not go higher than our heads," she continued. She summed her talk in a few words by saying that we should pray sincerely, pray alone and pray persistently.

Vernice Bond by means of a simile, showed how every Christian person should keep their lives wound as well as the clock.

Myra Helm attempted to see if the key fit. She said that we have at times found keys that do not fit. "Perhaps we have not prayed sincerely or we have prayed thoughtlessly," she argued. "Let us each find our particular key and we will be of greater use" she entreated in closing.

Miss Crofford sang an inspiring solo for the benefit of the girls.

The bazaar was in full swing when a young man strolled around the stalls. He had no intention of buying anything. As he passed a tastefully decorated stall the pretty saleswoman detained him.

"Won't you buy a cigarette holder?" she asked.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke," was the curt reply.

"Or a pen-wiper worked by my own hands?"

"I don't write."

"Then do have this nice box of chocolates."

"I don't eat sweets."

The young woman's patience was exhausted.

"Sir," she said grimly, will you buy this box of soap?"

The young man paid up.

#### SOUR GRAPES

'Tis better to have loved and lost Than won and be forever bossed.

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