

THE WEAVER PEP

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January, 1925

PARAGRAPHS

The old year has passed out; his hoary locks are buried beneath the sod. Nothing remains but a few faint memories. The new year is ushered in, filled with hope and strength, holding in his hand opportunities and great possibilities. Opportunities are here for success. How are we going to use them?

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Every one seemed to enjoy the holidays. It was quite a relief to get away for a few days, and forget about our school work. But our merry-making has ~~been a waste of time~~ ^{been a waste of time} study. Let's make our time count!

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We have had confronting us great issues, which have called for hard work and co-operation, but one of the greatest issues of the entire year must be met within the next few weeks; that is our mid-term examinations. Woe unto those who are unprepared! If you'll take a piece of advice from me, a little study interspersed with a few college activities for the next ten days wouldn't prove a disadvantage.

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The Pep must be kept going, but how? It must be through the support of the faculty and student-body of Weaver College, together with that of loyal alumni and friends of the college. Are you doing your part? If you haven't subscribed, do so at once. If you don't feel that you can support the annual, you can surely support The Pep. The cost for subscription is very small. Every student should subscribe to the college paper. See the Business Manager, without delay. Special reduced subscription rate for balance of school year.

SYMPOSIUM

Pegasus had been champion in the stall until Christmas came and students betook themselves homeward astride his sleek back. Of course everybody had the best time and biggest dinners too. From all appearance it may safely be conjectured that Cupid got in quite a considerable job during the holidays, but then it might be averred that he had been on the job beforehand. Well, that reminds, here we are back on the campus, and most of us have been on the job beforehand and it remains for us to finish what has been begun. Altogether, the fall session has been a very evident success. It has been very interesting to observe the general course of affairs, monotony itself has been a rarity, counter-balancing its own effect. With a glowing triumph in football, and a promising outlook for basketball, athletics go on record as a great success. Even a near-sighted, begrunted, sparsely-whiskered old man could say no less than "the thing was well did." So, there remains nothing but a successful baseball season to make athletics a complete triumph. What has been said of athletics can be said of college activities, and, by the way, they are athletics too. No one will deny that he has derived exercise from trying to attend two meetings—usually held immediately after lunch—scheduled at the same time; one in room number six, the other in the Chapel.

Several things of great importance have been accomplished, chief of these are: A well organized Sunday School on the campus, the Epworth League alert and working; good programs and pageants as well as charity work in the community. Annual well under way; society plays and literary work best in the history; the College Council considered among other things an honor system for college activities which will be initiated in the spring, and a better basis for society work inaugurated.

It is well to mention the Thanksgiving football victory and the sumptuous dinner thereafter. Three cheers for the team and Mrs. Henderson; the banquet for the faculty, reported as a wonderful success; and last, not least, the weekly socials—simple, elaborate affairs, held in plain view of Mrs. Pylant's front porch. Sometime a full report in detail of Sunday socials will be made. The writer presages it to be an article of much interest. It is hoped no one will be ill-at-ease because of this announcement.

WHY AM I?

Often I find myself soaring on wings of fancy in a dreamy atmosphere, until I begin to wonder at and question my existence as a concrete being. I do not lay any claim to insanity, nor may these thoughts be necessarily considered as the idle wanderings of a befuddled or unbalanced mind.

In these times of thought I often ask myself if I really am. I cast about in a sea of thought for some time before I discovered that I was, beyond a doubt. Perhaps I would not have known this positively had someone not quoted to me the words of an ancient philosopher who said, "I think, therefore I am." Since I think, I must, then, accept this as proof that I am, which seems to be probably the only definite knowledge I possess.

After I have decided that I most assuredly am, there arises another great question I am challenged to answer: Why am I or why I am I? I have not attempted to answer by making a day's theological or philosophical study; yet this is a day when nothing is accepted as just happening, and a reason is sought for everything; therefore, there must be a reason for my being which I have not discovered. In seeking an answer to the question, why I am, I am faced with another problem.

Why am I not some one else? It is as easy to imagine that I could have been some one else as well as myself. Why have the peculiar characteristics and individual traits, which compose my personality not been incorporated in some other person; and why have I not, in the process of life, been given characteristics which would have made me a different personality? Would the other person, in this case, have been me, or would I have been the other person? Even with another personality I would, perhaps, be myself anyway; just why I would, I cannot say.

Now, if I am, and cannot explain why, and do not know why I could not have been some one else, I wonder if I will cease to be; that is, will there never again be in existence a personality exactly like mine, or will my personality, which constitutes me, exist infinitely thru the ages of the future in other physical forms? If I concede that my physical make-up is an important part of myself along with my personality, and that the two are inseparable as constituting me, then I suppose that I wholly cease to exist when my body ceases to function.

In thinking along this line, I become hopelessly lost in a huge mass of interrogations, and wonder if I am not a dual personality; that is, am I always myself? If not, who is the real me?

MISTAKES DO NOT SPELL FAILURE

"Show me a man who makes no mistakes and I will show you a man who doesn't do things." These words were spoken by our beloved and admired President, Theodore Roosevelt. How consoling they are to the fellow who is trying to accomplish something worthwhile, but is continually making mistakes. Surely we make mistakes, and serious ones, but life is made up of such things; so why worry? As we begin the New Year of 1925, we look back over the year that has just passed. Visions of things done and of things left undone rise before our eyes as gruesome spectacles of wasted time, and lost opportunities. Our mistakes seem to be so large in number that we almost forget the good that has been accomplished, for truly there have been some good things done. Through the mistakes of twenty-four, we are far more able to take up and perform the duties of twenty-five. It is a universally known fact that human beings make mistakes; man with all his wisdom is fallible; therefore, it is plainly seen that the man who makes no mistakes accomplishes nothing. He never tries to do anything, but sits still with his hands folded while the world suffers for the lack of men to carry on her affairs. This person is as a pool of stagnant water, purely stationary, with no outlet or inlet; just a body occupying space which had better be filled with something else. It is far more commendable to try and fail, than never to try at all.

As the New Year enters we should begin doing things. Tasks that we failed to finish last year can be taken up with renewed interest, and completed. Every year that passes we resolve to do better and to profit by the mistakes of the past. Many are the resolutions made, some are kept, some are broken. The cynic laughs at the man who makes his New Year's resolutions and in a few days has broken them. But what of it? There is no harm done. There are people who have the will power and the determination to hold to their resolutions. The flesh is weak, and the All Wise gives some credit to man for trying.

New Year's Day in China is a holiday on which the Chinese attempt to correct all mistakes in the business world. They pay their debts, and, in other words, square themselves with their fellowmen. New Year's Day is not the only time that mistakes can be corrected and wrongs made right. Every day, hour, and moment, begins a New Year filled with golden op-