

## The Energy of A. J. T.



CASUAL observer of life and things at Armour Tech has noticed the remarkable college spirit animating every breast. This is ideal, and, being so, is sarcasm. The vast majority of men may pretend to care for their classes or their college, but this pretence is stopped when the outlay of a little time or a little money is demanded. With the exception of a small band of patriots, far too small indeed, the student body is an apathetic set of pessimists.

It is not that they are soured by their struggle for education, it is the lamentable don't-care state of their minds that leads one to call attention to this prevailing stigma. By their groans and whining they endeavor to drown out all enthusiasm and spirit. They find great delight in decrying such foolish souls as take time from their study to put into senseless enterprises. Class rivalry is to be frowned upon and ignored.

Study, and study only, is the aim of these cynics. If they could but look at themselves as they appear before the light in all their narrow-mindedness and selfishness, if they could but once taste the bitterness of exclusion from human interests and life, might not their eyes be opened?

Occasionally they do notice. When an enterprise fails, probably due as much to the lack of their support as to anything, who is louder in the I-told-you-so chorus? It is evident to them that there has been mismanagement all through, and they certainly ought not to stand the loss who had no hand in the failure. Oh, ye of little faith! Wake to the life before you while it is yet time. Wake!