

Alpha

The Alpha is considered a primary society by the other societies of the school. But, for all that, it has a very clear distinction. You can always tell a member of it; but, mind, when you begin don't try to tell him too much, for if you do he will certainly tell you.

The Alphas are very loyal to their organization, always eager to respond to the orders of the president. They are also very generous-hearted. For instance, a bill was presented them for a feather duster purchased by the society last year. "What shall we do about it?" said the president. One member said, "Make last year's society pay for it." Another, much wiser than the first, said, "Tell them to charge it to the town pump." Upon this they were all agreed, and the "store" man has never received the large sum of 50 cents which is due him.

The Alphas have never failed to have their program in its place and on time, and for it they have received many compliments. These are not the only compliments they have received, but I shall not relate them, because time and space will not permit—and a still better reason: they might not look well in print.

The Alpha was easily the best society this year, for every member was enthusiastic. Mr. Van Riter and Mr. Critchley were its stars, as they are gifted with the art of writing unearthly stories and poems.

Miss Burgess made a splendid monitor and was loved by every member of the society because of her charming manners and willingness to help each and every one.

AN ALPHA.

