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THE SPHINX



F. SVTTER

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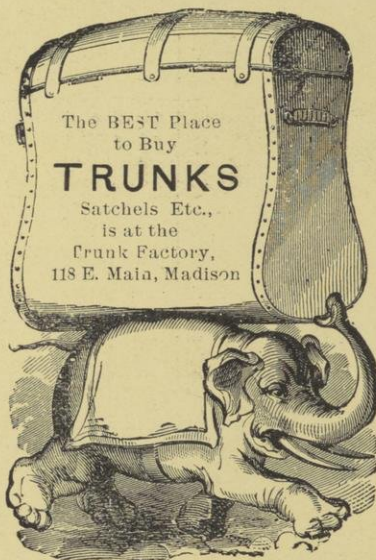
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THE SPHINX.

Vol. II.

MADISON, WIS., FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

No. 10

A Wail.

Managing editors are funny folks;
Seems like they're never satisfied.
Tell 'em you can't cough up any jokes,
They act as if they b'lieved you lied.

You think it's amusing being on THE SPHINX?
Well, it isn't.
Ties your intellect all up in kinks;
Too much biz in't
To suit me; guess I'll quit.
This working hard for fame—by jinks!—
Is pleasant—nit.

Month ago I ground 'till four A. M.—
And then,
S'pose that editor was grateful?
Guess again!
Only said—his tones were bland but hateful—
"That's four inches; you must
Make it ten."

Still, I took that and didn't use
An interjection;
Just re-commenced to grind,
Until a joke flashed on my
Retrospection,
Upon Prof.—never mind—
Which cast upon his character
A slight reflection.

It was a good joke, and it filled up space;
But alas! that Prof. got next.
And from the con that stares me in the face
I judge he's somewhat vexed.

But what makes this verse so choppy,
Like a stencil-painted sign;
Is — it's time to hand in copy,
And I haven't got a line.

When We Are Young.

"If genius be an infinite capacity for taking pains," mused little Emerson Bunkerstreet, as he finished his tenth green apple, "I shall indeed be famous."

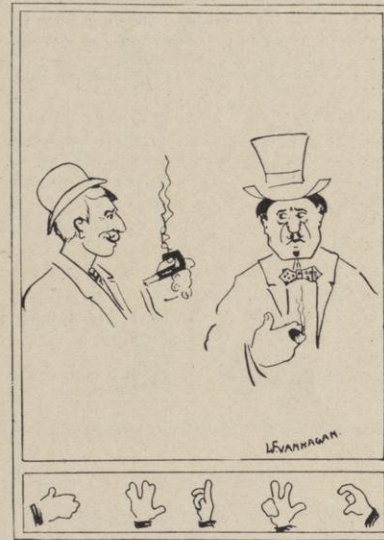
Varying Business Methods.

HONEST JOHN (on steps of Law Building).—Why is it that the lawyers of Chicago all have their offices above the first floor?

STUDENTS.—Give it up.

HONEST JOHN.—Because they are afraid to do business on the level.

PROF. BRUCE.—Good, but that wouldn't apply to Madison lawyers, because they do business on "the square."



Direct Ratio.

RAZZLE.—Going to the show to-night?
DAZZLE.—Guesso.
RAZZLE.—Where you going to sit?
DAZZLE.—Depends on the prices. The higher they go the higher I'll go.

The Way 'Tis Done.

BENNIE TO SOPH.—You should say you "make" not that you "do" an experiment.

SOPH.—Well, you see I *do* the experiment and if it doesn't come out right I make it.

A Sweet Vision.

Where whole miles of olive
Stretch in airy folds,
Vistas blue and rosy
Blend with pinks and golds,

In the crisp, cold twilight
Of a winter sky,
While the shadows gather
All these colors vie.

Co-ed cries in wonder,
"What a lovely dream
Of a sky of Keeley's
Pretty Palace cream."

THE SPHINX.

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Always remember that this is only fun and pretence, so that you are not to believe a word of it, even if it is true—Kingsley.

TIt is a deuced long time to the end of the month.

* * *

THERE is a bill before the legislature to allow the board of regents to grant to the fraternities building sites upon the campus. The *Stemocrat* published a Utopian picture of a row of sorority houses along University avenue and a lot of luxurious fraternity lodges amid the beautiful surroundings of the lake shore behind the Observatory. That will indeed be the golden age of college education. The vacuous freshman, provided his name goes before him, or if his manner is sufficiently unaggressive and his trousers sufficiently creased when he gets here, will float through Madison on flowery beds of ease drawn for four short but merry years at a nimble trot along the royal road to learning. He will dwell in an edifice of cut stone and plate glass amid the smiles of nature in her most genial mood. The people of the state will pay his taxes, which is another name for room-rent. For the little luxuries he will learn to need (and who can blame him) he will practice the lubricious and profitable art of "pulling the alumni." He will live in a little quarter separated from other students and sacred to him and his kind.

The other son of this same state, who has worked and economized for an education, will come down here and hunt up a little room on West Johnson street. The state will not settle with his landlady

for him. His predecessor will not be asked to furnish him with Morris chairs for his room nor pier glasses for his hall. His money will have to go for books. He will, somewhat earlier than his fellow student, find out the inner workings of the great principle of pay as you go.

At the end of the four years both will be up against the same world. Who will say then which one was unjustly treated?

* * *

HAVE we ever chosen a Varsity football team from men who failed to make the second eleven? Not so far as the records disclose. Did we ever elect an intercollegiate debate team whose members couldn't make a semi-public? Well, that is different, you see. A debate team doesn't need to debate—it simply needs to be elected. It generally goes off to Iowa City or Washington or somewhere, and if it is whipped we don't see the performance, and we forget about it as soon as we can.

* * *

This seems to be the course of reasoning upon which is based the present method of electing intercollegiate debaters. When a stranger asks why we haven't won an oratorical contest since 1879, we tell him that it is because we devote so much of our energy to debate; that we have a magnificent debating system and traditional methods of work that make us invincible; that we stand pre-eminent

among western colleges in this regard, and the only thing that prevents the further spread of our prestige is the reluctance of eastern institutions to meet our champions upon the rostrum.

* * *

This kind of talk is pretty, very pretty, but as the case stands at present it isn't true. You can't get around the fact that by every institution that we met in debate last year we were beaten. No matter how they did it it was done; and it is up to us to reverse some of those defeats. And there is another consideration. A debating league exists among western universities—and we are out of it. True, it is because we preferred to stay out; but what does the public know or care about that? The fact remains that the only western debates that people hear much about are the league debates. In short, in spite of our vaunted system, in spite of our past record, in spite of our good opinion of ourselves, we occupy, as a debating institution, a mighty low rank. And it is largely our own fault.

* * *

Do you know how intercollegiate debate teams are elected? It is something like this. Delegates from five societies constitute an electoral college. Each society puts up a candidate. This candidacy usually goes as a booby prize to some mediocrity who for three or four years has been an unsuccessful candidate for any old thing. Sometimes it has been promised to a joint debater on condition of his taking an inferior position on that debate. Sometimes a good man is nominated—but purely by accident. When the candidates are named, the electoral college meets and combines into two factions. The representatives of three societies form one faction, the representatives of two societies the other. Commonly, the minority faction includes the societies with the strongest candidates—because these candidates if they got on the team would be apt to want the closership—and to have a good man for closer would never do. Naturally, the majority faction chooses its own candidates; and so, by a process of unnatural selection, the University comes to be represented by three men who can't debate for sour thornapples.

* * *

This method is all right for some purposes, but plainly it is not the way to regain the place we once held; it is not the way to win debates. THE SPHINX is not at present going to propose a plan of reform; she is satisfied to state the facts. Other colleges have discovered how to choose suitable representatives, and we may some day awaken to a similar possibility. For the present we must not complain if, in the classic phrase of Billy Baxter; we are now and then made to look like a dirty deuce in a clean deck.



HIS NEW SKIRT

Think this Over.

Which would you rather see, a Junior promenade, a Senior play, or a Legislature hop?

Speaking About Music.

There is a young man at our house who plays the piano a great deal—or rather who doesn't play the piano at all, but who hits it a great many times. He usually spends about three hours at it every morning between 6:30 and 8:00. We have picked out two pieces now that he is trying to play. One of them is that touching old melody, "Listen to the Mocking Bird." We've not figured out the name of the other.

Quite often now, when he only tries to play one at a time we can tell which one it is he is working on. He has more patience than any other man I have ever known except Job. My room-mate says he ought to be a doctor. We thought it was wonderful for him to have worked on those two pieces all this year; but the other day the men who had our room three years ago were in to see us, and Paddy (we have nicknamed him Paderwski because sometimes you can tell what he is trying to play) began to go after the piano. He hadn't landed on it more than five times when one of our visitors exclaimed: "Well, Great Caesar's Ghost! He's at it again. The same pieces and the same mistakes." And the hunted look in his eyes, and the nervous twitching of his fingers spoke of such sad memories that I took pity on him and suggested that we all go over to his room and buck Anglo-Saxon.

And the queerest part of this account of Paddy is that it's true.

A Tale of the Klondyke.

It was a rough old miner
That told this tale to me,
A tale of the cold, wild northland
The land of mystery.

"I've jes' come back from the Klondyke,
Where there's ice and snow a lot.
Where there ain't no sweltering summers,
And no chump ter ask 'air yer hot?'"

"Its cold and yer bet I know it,
I've been in many a freeze,
I've seen it a sixty under,
And blowin' an eighty breeze.

"I've seen my comrades fallin'
I've seen them freeze to death,
I've seen yer words a coolin'
Afore they were on yer breath.

"I've been in the toughest blizzards,
I've been lost in a whirl of snow,
And wanderin' in a circle
And didn't know where to go.

"But I've always seen the mornin'
The cold's ne'er froze me yet.
It's been too much for others,
But not fer me, yer bet.

"They call me Jim the Devil,
Because, as I've been told,
He has the same good talent,
He ain't afraid of cold.

"Yer ask me for the reason
Why cold lets me alone,
Why I don't freeze and perish
In the Klondyke and Cape Nome?"

"It's jes' because, my sonny,
When I was young and gay,
When my spirits were all flaming
With love's sweet malady,

"I went to a post-prom. banquet
Where the air was cold and thin,
And it proved my best investment,
I cannot freeze again."

Ingratitude.

DOBBS.—Confound it, anyway, I hate to do a favor for that Freshman, Snobbs.

HOBBS.—What's the matter?

DOBBS.—Well, whenever I do, instead of appreciating it, he tells the fellows how he has worked me.

Cause for Joy.

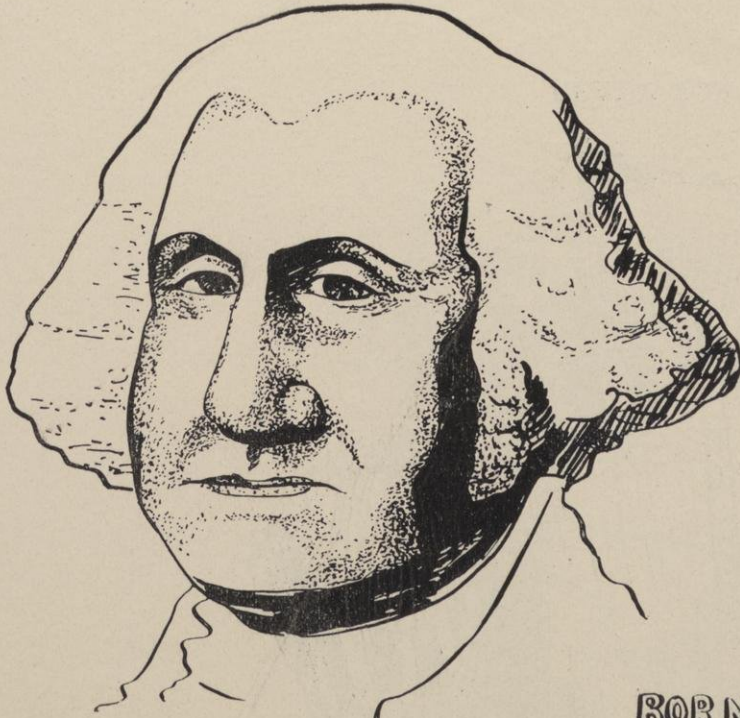
GROUCHY—Hello, Smiley! What are you grinning about this morning?

SMILEY—Streak of luck. Prof. didn't hear me answer to roll call, so I didn't get quizzed.

Mr. Toohley's Goat.

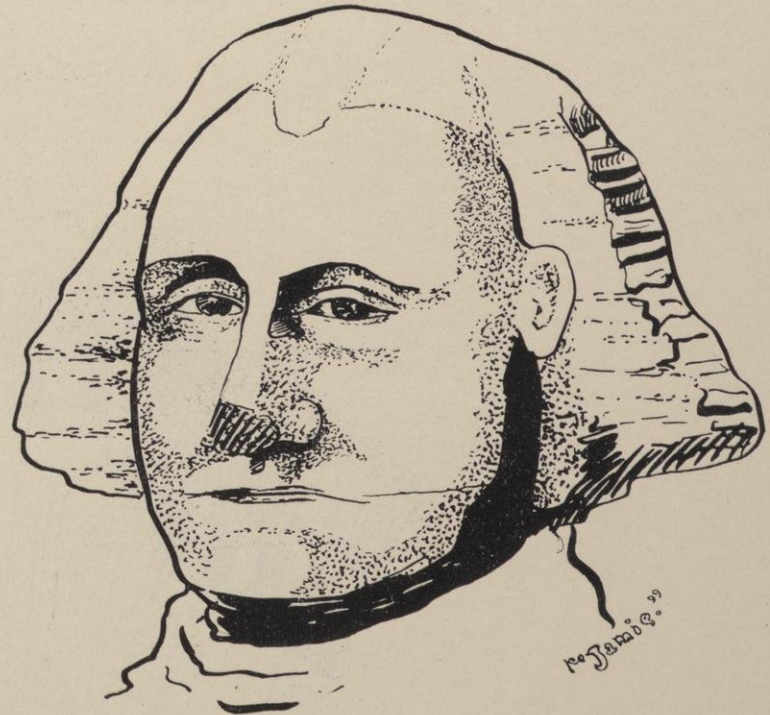
"Niver, upon me loife, Finnessey," observed Mr. Toohley, as he replaced the cork, "did oi iver brathe a breath iv superstitious thought intil me soul. Oi wud ate thirteen oysters wid as little consarnment av spirrit on a Friday as I'd ate a complate dozen av them on St. Patrick's day, so help me. But niver-th-less, me bye, I've lately come foreninst a prejooidice agin the number thurteen, even though it makes me fale that chape as th' dure-handle av' a police station. Shure, an' if ye want to know, it was this way. A frind of mine took an' sold me wan av those gilt-edged raffle tickets to th' carrcass av a turrkey, an' me goat, Slattery be name, swallered th' ticket entire. Thurteen was th' number av' th' ticket, Finnessey, an' may th' divil come back an' get th' luck it fetched me an' th' goat. For no faster did th' baste stow it from sight than he startted as if he'd transferred a bottle av' spring tonic under his vest, an' heavin' a saw-buck through th' dure, he started fur me neighbor's shack beyant th' alley, an' mind ye, there war a barr'l av college fixin's forsook be some indigent sthudint an' th' goat smashed th' barr'l, an' played loose wid th' fixin's in tremenjous haste fur to get on th' outside av' thim. Th' first he tackled wuz a pome on 'Spring,' be wan yellere-eyed studint, an' after mashticatin' th' same wid a pair av' number thurteen gum boots, he lit on some examination questions be wan Olin, a prize foight extra av' th' *Chicago American*, a book be th' title "She Eloped wid a Taller Man," an' last, but niver least, a corn-cob poipe wid th' monigram ov' wan Hickey on it. An' it was th' last straw that broke th' bank, fur it made th' baste's face squeak wid dispepsia. Thin me son fetches in a sledge hammèr fur him to take betwane meals, fur his digestion, poor baste, an' th' horse dochter not bein' at home, an' poor Slattery that ailin', I intrhoduces wan av' those science persons av' th' faith cure persuasion, an' instid av' adminis-terin' words of comfort to th' sufferin' baste do ye moind he tries to prove an alibi on' th' pain an' th' fixins within, an' unspiritoool deloosion he called it. But before oi could out wid th' word liar, a bilin' tormint seized on th' goat an' he led straight from th' shoulder wid his antlers an' flopped th' wan av' science clean down thurteen pair av stairs, an' basted th' hinges off av' as many av' his imaginary slats fur his contrary-mindedness. Thin a mesmerist wid a bull pup in tow happened down th' pike an' dropped in suddint like to thry their powers av good. The brindle dog intrhoduces himself be fastenin' a mug full av teeth in the ham av th' goat. But shure th' goat shuts off his wind in th' next round but wan, be a short arm shift wid his head and a counter fur th' jaw. An' wid a grand finale an' a farewell baste in th' joul, shure he sent th' cur to th' pearly gates av Kingdom Come wid a dull, oncomfortable thud. But, bad cess to th' habit, Finnessey, thim literary boozes war th' windin' up av me poor Slattery, an' may his bones rest in pieces, Finnessey."

"THE GREAT STONE FACE"



FEB. 22, 1732

BORN



?

W. J. Lamb, '29

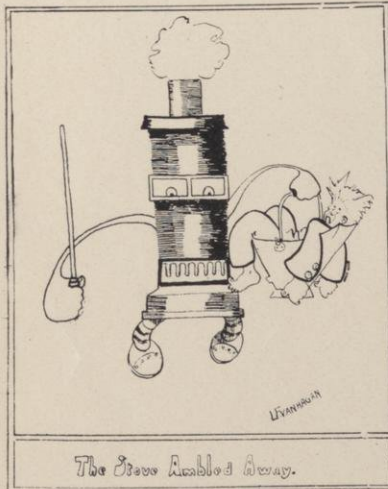
Look on this picture and then on that, and see, etc.—HAMLET.



READY FOR THE HOP.

A Pipe Dream.

Both hands of the clock at the head of the bed rested on the figure ten as Miguel Murphy came back from the library and entered his room. It was cold outside and Miguel had a chilly feeling in the region of his dorsal vertebrae, therefore he took the stove in hand at once and proceeded to give it a raking over. Then he took off his hat and coat, threw them on the bed and sat down to read. The stove was already throwing out a genial warmth. Five minutes later Miguel got up and peeled off his coat and vest. After a while he shed his collar and tie. Being still uncomfortable, he arose, opened the door, turned the drafts of the stove, and again sat down to read. But the stove had a good start and was tossing off heat in large chunks; even when Miguel had opened the windows he felt like a bottle of Worcestershire sauce. He seated himself on the edge of the bed and glowered on the stove, while the stove, metaphorically speaking, seemed to moisten its hands and get a fresh hold on its job. That disgusted Miguel so he put out the light and went to bed. In the darkness the mica panes in the door of the stove seemed like eyes, while the bars of the grate with the fiery coals behind them, seemed like teeth in a huge red mouth. The eyes seemed to be turned away as though half ashamed to look Miguel fairly in the face.



spoken thus, for the stove hobbled over to the bed on a pair of short legs and reaching out with a pair of long arms, lifted Miguel from bed.

"Look here Miggsy," it said, "I've taken all of your abuse that I am going to. You take a poke at me every time you come into the room. Its my turn now. Come, Miggsy dear." One of the big hands doubled Miguel up and forced him into the coal scuttle, while the other rammed him down with the poker. Then the stove picked up the scuttle and ambled away.

For a time Miguel was sensible of nothing but great heat, finally however it seemed to him that he and the scuttle were thrown high in the air. The

"Well its no wonder," Miguel said, "I'd be ashamed myself if I acted in such a fool way."

The eyes, as he said this, turned slowly till they were glaring fully upon him.

"Who's ashamed? Who's acting in a fool way?" the stove growled.

"Go sit on a tack," responded Miguel promptly. A moment later he was sorry that he had



Each one of them was a negro warrior and each at once solemnly lined up beside the throne. The king turned to Miguel.

"Glad you dropped in," he said, "We always give visitors a warm welcome. Take this seat beside me." The seat that Miguel saw was a low furnace covered with a grating beneath which a fierce fire was glowing. He turned to the king and salamed.

"The great reverence I bear your majesty forbids my sitting in your presence," he said. The king was gracious.

"Oh that's all right Miggsy my boy," he replied, "you and I are old friends. Don't stand on ceremony; take a seat." He waved his hand and two husky warriors caught up the unhappy young student, sat him down on the furnace, and held him there. The king grinned contentedly and blew the foam from a glass of lemonade, handed him by a slave.

"So you thought your room was warm did you Miggsy; well how do you like the grate?" he asked.

"Its a great seat," Miguel replied gamely. A dark complexioned gentleman connected with the "Obelisk," charged through the growd and broke the point of his pencil in his haste to get this down. The king was wild.

"Stop roasting him," he shouted to his attendants, "He's a lobster. We'll have to boil him."

A huge caldron at once appeared before Miguel and at the sight his temperature dropped many degrees and the perspiration formed a heavy white frost over his body. He was picked up and thrown into the kettle. Instead, however of finding a bubbling hot bath prepared for him; Miguel found himself in a kettle of ice water. The kettle grew and grew until he could barely see the sides away off on the horizon. Great icebergs were floating about, and swimming for one of these, Miguel climbed out of the water and sat on a block of ice. The wind swept across the berg and in his dishabille he felt the cold severely. He found an Eskimo beside him and knew that it was the stove in another shape.

speed was terrific but compared to the velocity of the return trip it was like a lover's farewell. He landed in a desert before the throne of a very dusky African king. He at once recognized the king as the stove transformed. For a few minutes after his arrival the air was filled with falling bodies and the land was filled with the sound of dull heavy thumps as they struck the earth.



The Eskimo looked miserable. Suddenly a silvery tinkling came to their ears.

"What is it?" asked Miguel.

The Eskimo looked gloomily at his feet. The tinkling continued. Then a sound of sleighbells joined in, then cowbells, dinnerbells, churchbells, firebells, all kinds of bells, tinkling, chiming, ringing, jangling, ever growing louder until —

"Great Scott!

That's the alarm clock!" yelled Miguel opening his eyes to find himself tied up in the sheet with a cold north wind blowing over his bare feet.

The stove had gone out.

A Chip Off the Old Block.

Cohen—How did your son get through with his examinations at Madison, Mr. Isaacs?

Isaacs—Splendid! Splendid! Mr. Cohen. He failed.

Some More About Girls.

Jones—When is a girl not a girl?

Brown—When?

Jones—When she is a good looking lass.

An Embarrassing Question.

MRS. SMITH (chaperone) to Miss Fair, who has on her right the man who is taking her to the Prom and on her left the man who had that honor last year.—"And now, Miss Fair, tell me truly, what Prom did you like the best, this year's or last year's?"

MISS FAIR (unhesitatingly).—"When two things are perfect, Mrs. Smith, there can be no best."

SHE—What are those names—Erickson and all those—carved on the engineering building?

HE—Names of famous engineers, I think.

SHE—Oh, that can't be, because, now there was George Washington—a civil engineer and awfully famous. They'd surely have put his on.

Police Report, Feb. 11th, 1901.

John Smith, Freshman, sentenced to eight terms in the U. of W. prison, Sept. 28th, 1900, was today pardoned by Governor Birge, after having served one term.

Sr. Laws discussing Exam. in Bankruptcy as to the merits of "Bush on Bankruptcy" or, the little "Yellow Pamphlet."

MR. B—(after listening to arguments, pro and con).—Of course "Bush" is more valuable as a text-book, but as the "pamphlet" contains the law in condensed form, it seems to me that as far as the exams are concerned, a "pamphlet" in hand is worth two in the "Bush."

Keep Him From the Door.

Many a student's wolf is the laundry's bill collector.

A Nice Boat Ride.

WHEN the Senior asked the Freshman if he wouldn't like to go out ice boating a little while that afternoon, the Freshman readily accepted. As he stood down behind the gymnasium laden with pillows and watched the white wings swooping over the glistening expanse of snowy ice, he thought of the pictures he had seen in magazines, of iceboats racing railway trains and tilted artistically at an angle of 32 degrees and 17 minutes. He thought it was really pretty fine of Bill to take him out.

But when Bill, Bill's boat and Bill's latest freshman crush, swept gracefully in and rounded to. Bill suggested, "Youngster, you better stay out there and hold this runner plank down." There really isn't any use, you know, of letting a freshman spoil your fun and anyhow one of those cockpits is a mighty small place for three people.

The boat swung into the wind. Then followed ten minutes during which the Freshman swished around that stay like a hysterical witch on a broom stick.

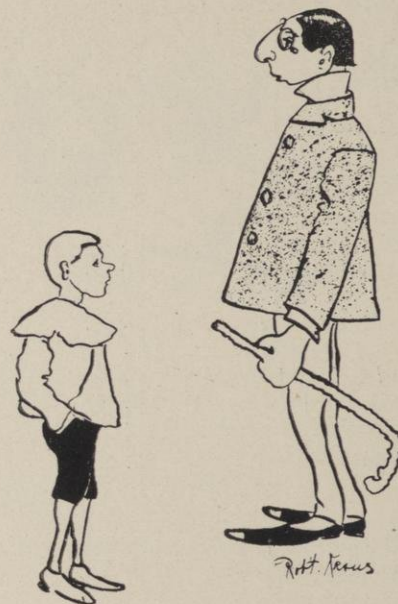
One foot danced a two-step down the runner plank while the other executed Highland flings out towards Picnic Point. His spine made explorations throughout his perturbed anatomy and finally chose the true-lover's knot as the position of greatest adaptability. Bill significantly compared him to cupid perched in airy grace on the rigging of a boat of eternal pleasure.

The Freshman remembered that he had a quiz at 8 o'clock on Friday of the following week and decided to go and buck it. "Ice-boating is so exhilarating," murmured the fair one as he started to walk the two miles to the gym, for the wind you know, wasn't in the right quarter to allow of tacking back.

A Fable.

Once upon a Time in a Century now Past, there Lived a College Professor, who, although he Never Went in for Politics, Happened to Be Handy in Europe one Day so They gave him a Consulship. Of course he Had a Substitute with a Capital S, who Conducted his Classes and Attempted to Make the Students work, Wotting not (he wasn't Worth a Cent at wotting) that Students can Learn Literature Only by Absorbing it Through brilliant Lectures or Dramatic Renditions of The Poets. Now It Happened this Substitute with a Capital S had a Habit. And the Legislature Sat on that Habit and it became a Crime. Then did The Substitute with a Capital S wail, and he wope and Knosh his Teeth with Great noise and bitterly did he bemoan the Absolute Impossibility of Importing from Boston the Paper Necessary to Support the Habit. For HE HAD A CONSCIENCE!!! But, Like Tommy, he Found a Way. With others he dropped into certain of his friends' houses where some of the Fellows in a Brotherly way did congregate and he absentmindedly borrowed a supply Laid In by some of his enterprising but too Accommodating friends.

Moral: If you've got both a Habit and a Conscience, get Absentminded.



Where the Prom Was.

Dead Swell—Do you know, little boy, where they are having that Wisconsin Junior Promenade?

Little Boy—Why, I guess it's down town somewhere. Anyhow, I just saw the musicians all going into Tommy Morgan's.

Clippings.

Major Fullstein, of this city, has recently been blessed with the birth of a daughter. The young lady has already become popular in society circles and it is reported that the Alpha Omega sorority of Madison have sent her some cardinal stockings embroidered with their fraternity insignia. The Delta Rho sorority, never behind in originality, have sent a dozen safety pins in the form of their fraternity pin. No doubt the babes of Milwaukee, when captured young make the most valuable acquisitions.—*Milwaukee Skentinel.*

Governor Lafontaine of this city, was recently deprived of a good night's rest by a call from the young ladies of the Kappa Phi Mu sorority who insisted upon rocking the cradle of his infant daughter. They explained that they were about to rush Miss Lafontain and came to give her a ride. No doubt the baby slept with visions of goats and crooked letters dancing thro' her brain.—*Madison Stemocrat.*

The young ladies of the Second ward school have a sorority life of their own. Last week the Boo Hoo society had a clash with Bi Low Psis in which there

was much weeping and hard feeling. The trouble arose over both societies rushing a young lady from the kindergarten on State street. In as much as the two Second ward sororities furnish material for a couple of hill societies grave complications have arisen. It is suggested that Mrs. Nation might turn from her crusade and come to Wisconsin, acting as missionary, and show some Wisconsin mothers their duty.—*Madison Stemocrat.*

PROF. O'SHEA.—Now, Mr. Slowcoach, when we give a child games in order that it may gratify its desire to play, what principle does that illustrate?—Class give it.

CLASS (in chorus).—Recapitulation theory. And there was a large smile everywhere.



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Those Stand-ins.

HEINRICH: Did you say you
were going to see Minna Von Barn-
helm?

JONES: Of course I am.

HEINRICH: But you can't un-
derstand it, surely!

JONES: Understand nothing!
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If I had a Chinaman's queue,
Why here's what I'd speedily duee:
I'd cut off enough
Of the bothersome stough
To make me a wig, wouldn't yuee?

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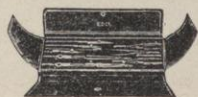
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They made his heart strings rumble,
To please you, now I'll tell you how
They made him feel so humble.

As gay along with shout and song,
The brutal fellow scudded,
His horses fell, and,—sad to tell
With oaths the air was studded.

That selfsame way, there came that day,
A man of law and order
He took the youth and told the truth,
Without a faulty border.

It took the dash, likewise some cash
That Billy could not smother
So then poor lad he sought his dad
And nestled up to mother.

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MISS TOOSTEPPER: Yes.

MR. H.: Well, say, how about
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12th?

MISS T.: Yes, that will be all
right—er—who are you, please?

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It is Too Bad.

SCRUBB: Too bad about the W. C. T. U. in Kansas, isn't it?
SNUBB: I dunno; why?
SCRUBB: Oh, it's all going to smash.

Evidently.

MARGARET: Did you have a good time at the Prom?
ALICE: Good time! Why, my dear, there was a girl there who wore a gown just like mine, and I never cared at all.

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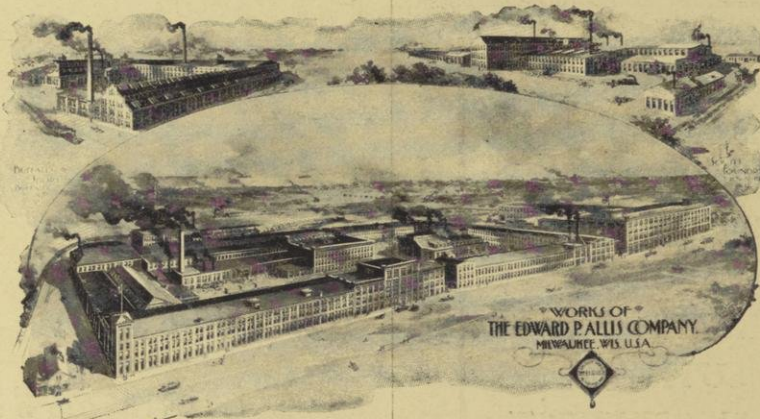
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