



[The St. Paul Daily Dirge](#)

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COTILLION IS SAD FAILURE

Frightful Orgy at University Club

The benedict's cotillion given Friday, the 13th, was the worst social failure of the year. In a sordid first fight started by Mr. William Motter four noses were broken and one removable bridge was bent out of all recognition.

The fight was said to have started because some remark derogatory to Yale was made before Mr. Motter.

The "Bad Luck Ball," as it was called by the vain, shallow and frivolous society people who were present, was opened by Gov. Preus, who did a tasty clog dance with Mrs. L. P. Ordway, Jr. (the Twin City correspondent for Town Topics). This was followed by a piano, zither and harp number rendered by Mrs. William Motter and Mrs. Samuel Ray, who is visiting here from her home in Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. Homer Sweeney, who with Mr. Clifford Corning was to have led the cotillion, unfortunately arrived in no condition to lead anything. In fact the only leading in which he participated was when he was led from the room by Mr. Eddie Saunders, whose feelings were naturally outraged by this performance.

Mr. Ted White, the well-known Harvard lacrosse player, wore a braided surtout of feathered duveteen and a diamond tiara. Mr. Alvah Warren was splendid in a Worth creation with slashed pockets and a pearl and cocoanut stomacher.

Mrs. C. O. Kalman was there, in rags as usual. Mrs. Samuel Ray wore a dress of pink gingham, a Woolworth creation, and a beautiful imitation diamond.

In fact the whole party was simply obnoxious. Nobody had any luck at all, and when it was over the two leaders were presented with large life-sized lemons in thanks for their wretched services.

It is hoped that these vain, frivolous peacocks who strut through the gorgeous vistas of the exclusive and corrupt St. Paul clubs will learn to conduct themselves in a more normal, wholesome way.

"It is disgusting," said Mr. T. J. Bunk, the well-known old settler. "In my day things were different. When we danced we did not do the toddle or any of the modern lascivious dances. We stuck to the good old lancers and the shimmee. In those days it was the proper thing to have biblical readings during the evening and the festivities always closed with a good rousing prayer. We did not have scotch and rye then—or any of these immoral dishes like caviare and anchovy—a couple of doughnuts and a pint of moonshine apiece for everybody was all that was needed. We were red-blooded, bulge-chest, two-fisted he men in those days, and don't you forget it."

ENTERTAINS FOR YALE PROFESSOR

LAWYER LANGUISHES IN LOCKUP

Mr. Samuel Ordway, a young lawyer of the city, was arrested on the corner of Selby and Western aves. for stealing a tube of Pepsodent tooth powder from W. A. Frost, the celebrated druggist. Fortunately Mr. Ord-

Mr. William Motter, the president of the Yale Alumni association of St. Paul and one of the most ardent Yale men in the city, entertained in his office this afternoon for Mr. William Lyon Phelps, the Yale professor. The meeting was concluded by Mr. Motter leading the Yale men in Bright College Years. Mr. Motter has a son entering Yale this fall.

Princeton was represented on this present occasion by Mr. Theodore Driscoll.

way's theft was observed by Mr. Frost's little assistant, Carl Schuneman, and the youth yelled lustily for the police. Mr. Ordway slept soundly in his cell during the night.



A SCENE FROM LOUISA ALCOTT'S NEW JAZZ NOVEL—LITTLE WOMEN.

Flax Man Fears Fluke

Mr. Shreve Archer was thrown into a heavy gloom this evening when the news reached St. Paul that flax had fallen to 40 cents. He has sold his Dellwood home to Mr. Otto Finkelbaum, the well-known furrier and will spend next summer at Bald Eagle lake. He has resigned from the White Bear Yacht club and been elected a member of the Phalen links. Flax is expected to go still lower. Mr. Archer says he has ceased to care.

Business Rotten, Says Bootlegger

Mr. Chuck Kennedy, a well known bootlegger of this vicinity, gave out an interview to our reporter in which he says that business is no good.

Mr. Kennedy has just returned from the Canadian border with a truckload of Scotch whisky. Boost St. Paul! Patronize local bootleggers!



PARIS HAT MODES. POSED BY MRS. HORACE IRVINE AND MRS. JOHN ORDWAY.

NO STILLS IN STILLWATER, SAYS CONVICT

William Skinner, better known as "Hardboiled Billy," for years a notorious safe cracker and gunman, was released from Stillwater last night, after having served an eight-year term. His hair had turned perfectly white and his hand trembled as he kissed the warden goodby. "The 10 happiest years of my life," he said, as he walked away with our reporter. "Nothing to worry about." Mr. Skinner will soon publish his book of prison versus "Bread and Water."

BIG BUSINESS MAN IS INTERESTED IN BODIES

Mr. Frederick Ritzinger of this city is said to be interested in designing automobile bodies. Visit his shop some day in the cellar of the Hamm building. He says that since the egg market crashed, business has been a yoke. He is reported to have referred to his friends' double chins as "spares."

GROWS EYELASHES OVER NIGHT

Matron Surprises Friends by Her Vivid Orbs. Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald had always wanted eyelashes. She had used every preparation, including stove-polish and



A NEW STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC JUST ERECTED BY FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

PROMINENT PLUMBER IS PESSIMISTIC

"Things are terrible," said Mr. John G. Ordway, sitting in a luxurious bathtub in the Crane-Ordway plumbing shop on Selby ave. "Bolshevism is the only thing that will save us. Crane-Ordway are on the rocks and expect to fail before spring." Mr. Ordway is a well-known graduate of the Union Theological seminary.

SELLS SECOND HAND AND THIRD HAND CARS FOR NEW



MRS. ALEX McDONALD, MRS. JULE HANNAFORD AND MRS. WILLIAM GRAVES STROLLING ON 5TH ST.

Mr. John Upham and his partner Mr. Paul Kalman, brought before Judge Eddie Saunders of the county probate court, were accused by the county prosecutor of repainting old models of Essex and Hudson cars and selling them to unsuspecting farmers as brand-new. His game was discovered because he forgot to remove the grain alcohol from the radiator of a car he had bought from Dr. Richards. The farmer to whom he passed it on was found passed out on the Stillwater road shortly afterward.

Foley Fined for Fizz

Frederick Foley, M. D., is suspected of selling gin permits. The case of Dr. Foley (arrested early last year for practicing without a license), came up again last week in a different form. He was standing at the intersection of Cedar & Robert sts., vitiating at passes of and endeavoring to sell them gin prescriptions of which 50 were found under his heavy ermine coat.

Chilier in Chile, Newlyweds Wire

As we go to press the following telegram has been received, addressed to "The Benedict Bad Luck Ball." We print it here: "VALPARAISO, Chile, New Year's Day—We are very happy. Sorry we cannot be with you tonight. All bad luck to the party. —MR. AND MRS. Benson Rose. —MR. AND MRS. T. BENSON ROSE." Mrs. T. Benson Rose and husband expect to spend two months in Chile, after which they will return to St. Paul. They have rented the J. J. Hill house on Summit ave.

Saxophones



PHOTOGRAPH OF ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENT USED IN WARS OF THE ROSES.



MRS. T. L. WANN, JR., IN DASHING BATHING SUIT.

"Times Are Tough," Says Labor Leader

"Things are punk," said Mr. Horace Irvine late last night when interviewed in his modest little bungalow on Aurora st. "It's all we can do to pay the rent and I'm thinking of putting my children to work next year. My wife and Mrs. John Ordway are opening a millinery shop on 7th st. in the spring and that may help some. A fellow's got to live."

"WHY DIE?" FUR MAN DEMANDS

"I never expect to die," says Mr. Jule Hannaford, formerly editor of the Twin City Reporter, and now in the fur trade. "I shall live forever." "How?" he was asked. "Well," he answered, "I survived the Bad Luck Ball given by the benedicts, and so it's certain that nothing can harm me." With this he struck our reporter a sharp blow on the ear and hurried off.



PORTRAIT OF MR. TED BROWN.