

# Social Forms and Entertainments



**Button Party.**  
"Come and button" at our button party on Saturday night at eight; thus the invitation ran that "Polly" rushed in to show me.

She said they were going to have a button hunt just like the peanut hunts are carried out, and the hostess told her she was making bags of ribbon to put the buttons in and that each person could keep the bag for a souvenir. The hostess gave her this little contest, for me; she is going to ask the questions and write down herself who answers the most questions. The prizes are to be a set of hand-painted shirtwaist buttons, a box of collar buttons.

**BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?**  
How should a blind man's buttons be made? With eyes.  
What is it that goes around a button? A goat.  
What kind of buttons should a Hebrew wear? Jew-elled.  
Of what should a "masher's" buttons be made? Rubber.  
What kind of buttons would a convict like to wear? Cut steel.  
What kind of buttons are appropriate for a sexton? Bone.  
What kind of buttons are the same as a girl's name? Pearl.  
Of what should an agent's buttons be made? Brass.  
Of what should a hunter's buttons be made? Gun metal.

I must add two games with buttons that children enjoy, and I am rather certain that they would be good for grownups, too. The first is called "King's Buttons," it is played upon a long drawn out dining room table covered with a blanket. First you have to make the King's Button Brigade by taking three brass buttons, three black ones and three white ones, with eyes or shanks in the back, twist wire hairpins into the eyes to make legs, and stick in corks for feet. Stand the brass "men" nearest the end of the table, then the blackies, then the whites. Each player has ten chances to hit the men with a large marble rolled from the other end of the table. The white men knocked down counts five, the black ten and the brass fifteen. Count is kept on cards, and an assistant stays at the lower end of the table to set up the men and return the marble. This is really good fun, try it. The next pastime has no name, but is played this way:

Seat a row of players on each side of the long table, with each row's leader in the middle. A button as large as a fifty-cent piece is given one leader. All the hands on that side of the table are put under it, while the leader passes the buttons to some one on his side, or keeps it, misleading the other side as to its place by talk and actions. The opposite leaders orders hands up. All hands on the button side must be laid on the table, palms down, the button under one of them. All must help, by actions and words, to keep the secret of the button's hiding-place.

The opposite leader tries to discover it, watching faces and consulting with his helpers. His object is to order up one hand after another turned over

and taken from the table without uncovering the button. Jokes, tones, laughs, glances, any means, may be used to discover the button or to throw the hunters off the scent. Only the opposite leader can order up a hand. The hands still down when the button shows are counted for the button side, scored, and the button crosses the table.

**A Dry Goods Contest.**  
Here is a stunt to try next time you want a contest. It is especially good to use at a thimble party. These are the directions as given by the hostess after she had passed the cards and pencils. "First write on the card the list of words I read off to you and then when I say 'what do you consider the most appropriate kind of cloth or trimming for the people listed on your cards to buy?' let your answer consist of one word that will describe either the fabric or the pattern or the color of suitable clothing for the personages on your cards, and the reply must refer directly to the occupation of its wearer."

Following is the complete list, and award a prize to the one who answers best or the most according as you wish to decide:  
The artist should dress in canvas.  
The gardener in lawn.  
The dairyman in cheesecloth.  
The editor in print.  
The banker in checks.  
The hunter in duck.  
The dressmaker in haircloth.  
The Scotchman in plaids.  
The prisoner in stripes.  
The government official in red tape.  
The architect in blueprint.  
The minister in broadcloth.  
The jeweler in cotton.  
The undertaker in crepe.  
The barber in mohair. (Does he not mow hair?)

**MADAME MERRI.**

**Wraps Made From Shawl.**  
The season for short evening wraps is the psychological moment for the woman who possesses one of the handsome fringed Chinese crepe shawls to get it out and have it made into a stunning wrap. The priceless shawl need not be cut to do this. All that is necessary is to take a loop in one edge to form a Capuchin hood or sling drapery, and the shawl will then adjust itself most gracefully on the shoulders, falling in just the right way. If it is a very large shawl, turn down one edge several inches before making the sling loop, allowing the fringe to fall on the outer side of the wrap, of course. A clasp of some sort should be set at the front, high on the left front, the opposite side of the shawl being lifted to this fastening in soft, graceful manner.

**Few Yards of Swansdown.**  
Swansdown is extremely popular for decorating evening frocks, cloaks, scarves, toques, and blouses. A most becoming little toque of dark amethyst plush was trimmed with a wavyed border of swansdown and a big white marabou plume. The girl who wore it had a beautiful clear pink and white complexion, to which the swansdown seemed to give added beauty, but in a general way swansdown should not be put too close to the face in the daylight, as, like ermine, its whiteness is a little trying to the average complexion.

**Have Several Gowns.**  
It is not difficult at this season to have several gowns that will take the place of the one costly luncheon or bridge gown that the winter's use has made impossible. A woman whose ambition is to look smartly gowned may do so with much less expense involved in her materials for spring and summer. The manufacturers have presented to her an abundant supply of enchanting fabrics that will lend themselves to development in gowns for those occasions.—Harper's Bazar.

## WILL PROVE ABILITY

**Pirate's \$22,500 Twirler Shows Good Control.**

**O'Toole Asserts He Had Sore Arm Last Year, But Now Is in Fine Trim and Will Show Fans He Is Worthy of Confidence.**

Doubtless there are scores upon scores of fans who are wondering whether Marty O'Toole, who failed last season to live up to his \$22,500 reputation, is going to make good this year.

They are asking themselves concerning his chances to aid the Pirates to win the 1913 pennant. Marty is in dead earnest. He realizes that he will have to pitch good ball if he is to retain the confidence of his employers and the fans at home. It is said that he suffered a cut in salary this season and that he has been promised the amount of the cut next year if he shows well during 1913.

This, however, is but rumor. O'Toole has said nothing on the subject, nor has President Dreyfuss or Manager Clarke. Their relations with the Valuable One seem to be of the most pleasant nature and both of them are of the opinion that the money spent in securing the pitcher's release from St. Paul was judiciously expended.

Marty himself has no doubts concerning his ability to go right. "I am going to pitch like I pitched for St. Paul," he said. "I wasn't altogether right last season. I tried too hard to live up to the reputation which had preceded me to Pittsburgh—and I failed."

"Last spring I suffered from a sore arm, this soreness sticking to me throughout the greater part of the season. Now, however, my arm is free from all kinks, and I believe I will be able to do all that will be expected of me."

O'Toole lost ten pounds at Hot Springs and now weighs only 161.

"I am not worrying," continued the South Farmington one. "I know what I can do and I am hoping to do it this year. I will grow stronger just as soon as the weather warms up, and the fact that my arm is right encourages me in the belief that I will be able to recover my 1911 form—the form I displayed with the St. Paul club."

Those who have watched the great spitballer at work have been struck by the fact that his control is so much better than it was during the last championship season. Marty pitches in batting practice and he has little difficulty in getting the pellet across the pan. Nor does he lob them over, either; he uses good speed and seems to have no trouble in locating the spot. Said one of the players—a veteran: "If that old boy can keep up his present form he'll sure be a wonder when his arm gets stronger." And that seems to be the general opinion among the players on the club.

**Marty O'Toole.**

**CONNIE MACK CLAIMS FLAG**  
Manager of Philadelphia Athletics Believes His Team Has Good Chance to Win Pennant.  
"I believe the American league pennant for 1913 will fly from the pole at Shibe park," said Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. "Our pitchers are going fine and the men behind them are playing good ball and hitting well. From present indications, the Athletics have an excellent chance to win the pennant. They were never in better condition at the beginning of a baseball season, and that means a great deal."  
"If you get away good, it's much easier to stay in front than it is to catch up if you get a bad start."  
"I believe Washington will be the most formidable opponents of the Athletics this season. Of course, Boston has a good team, and it will be nip and tuck between the Athletics, Red Sox and the Nationals."

**Digger Is Best Backstop.**  
Digger, one of Birmingham's catchers, is one of the best backstops that ever donned a pad, say the Cincinnati Reds. He has a perfect throwing arm, but he is a very poor batter.

**Macon Wants the Braves.**  
Macon, in Georgia, is negotiating with Manager Stallings of the Boston Braves to train his team there for the next three years. Macon has a queer idea of getting on the map.

**St. Paul Wants Doc Marshall.**  
Falling to land a catcher from Pittsburgh as expected, St. Paul is said to have opened negotiations for the purchase of Doc Marshall from Milwaukee.

**Good Start for Senators.**  
There isn't much doubt but that Walter Johnson is starting just where he left off last fall. It begins to look like a good year for the Senators already.

**Chance's Plan.**  
Frank Chance is insisting on having all of his players report to him when they turn in at night. Evidently it is a good plan, for the New Yorkers are starting off at a pretty lively clip.

# Grip Through Old Mexico



**MEXICAN MARKET PLAZA**

**OUT** of the land of the "Greaser" and into the domain of the descendants of Montezuma rode a party of American civil and mining engineers one day in December.

From the Texas border the party went by rail to Mexico City where a week was spent in seeing the sights of the Mexican capital.

When the outfit of the party had been assembled, and servants hired, preparations were made to leave the capital over a narrow gauge railroad to Puebla, in the state of the same name.

Like many of the prosperous Mexican mining towns tucked away in the mountains, the general public has heard very little of Puebla except through the dispatches of the "war correspondents." It is a city of 92,000 inhabitants. The shops cater to the love of finery which has descended to the natives from the Spanish. Everywhere can be seen Americans, most of whom are interested in some mining venture in the nearby mountains.

On the way to Puebla the famous Tehuacan Springs are passed and the drinking water furnished tourists for a hundred miles along the railroad is from the springs. No one seems to know just why the water is healthful but popular opinion says it is.

After leaving Puebla the party continued along the railroad to Etla. Once the center of oxym mining, this little village has lost much of the snap and enterprise that foreign adventurers gave it in the past. It is a sleepy town now.

Oaxaca, home of the Diaz family and center of innumerable revolutions, was reached early one morning. When within 10 miles or so of the city, runners from all of the hotels in Oaxaca came on board and tried to book the party for their respective houses.

At the train muscular peons took charge of luggage which was heavy and numerous. These short, sturdy natives had no difficulty in slinging a trunk weighing 175 pounds onto a strap which they supported by a band around their foreheads. They carried the trunks up the rough mountain trail to the hotel which was perched on a small peak overlooking the lowland. They didn't stop when they had reached the crest, but continued to the second floor of the hotel before taking the trunks from their straps.

**Oaxaca and Vicinity.**  
Oaxaca is the chief town of the state of Oaxaca. It is now a city of 32,000 persons. Juarez, revolutionist or savior—it depends upon your politics in Mexico—lived there. It is about 7,000 feet above sea level. American are numerous, as there are many silver and gold mines in the vicinity. Just south of Oaxaca are many plantations that raise cotton, sugar cane and coffee.

At Oaxaca the travelers left the railroad and climbed the mountain trail to Miahuatlan. This town, situated about 70 miles from Oaxaca, has an electric lighting system.  
The road kept getting rougher. Finally it was necessary to forsake the horses and hire ox carts. This plan worked until, thoughtlessly, the drivers were given some advance wages. Too much pulque left the party without drivers, so an engineer was drafted as ox driver. The next day all of the drivers returned for their jobs, and were hired a course.  
The engineer crawled 40 miles up the mountains to the crest where a fine piece of timber land, 13,000 acres, was situated. Part of this timber, which was all white pine, had been operated for turpentine. The forsaken

and heart of twenty-five? Her birthday will be quietly kept at her Georgetown house, in Chelsea, hundreds of people will remind her by telegram and present that she ought to be sixty-five; but Ellen Terry is incorrigible. She just snaps her fingers at the passing years, and has learned how to hoodwink Father Time so that even he would shake his head, if he could see her, and say, "Tut! tut! There must be some mistake here; she can't be sixty-five!"—London Express.

**To Keep Matches Dry.**  
A novel method of carrying matches on one's person in the wet without having them become soaked is described by Jack Welch in Outing. His prescription is to immerse a box of safety matches in paraffin until a solid cake is formed, out of which a match may be broken when desired. When the match is scratched the coating of "waterproof" is rubbed off its tip and also off the composition above it, thus permitting the match to ignite. This is a simple expedient which will be sure to appeal to all woodsmen—professional or amateur.

**Bulgars as a People.**  
According to Professor Rosler, in Encyclopaedia Britannica, the Bulgars were originally a people of Finnic or Samoyede race. The Bulgars are not ethnologically related to the Anglo-Saxons, Dutch, Swedes, Danes and Norwegians, who are people of pure Teutonic or Scandinavian stock. The Bulgars, to the extent that they have Finnish blood in their veins, belong to the Yellow, or Mongolian breed, while the races just enumerated are the very cream of the white breed of men. On account, however, of the endless mixing that has gone on during the time that has elapsed since the Bulgars broke into Europe, it would be difficult to say what sort of blood is predominant in them.

**Ellen Terry's Age.**  
"I do not believe in birthdays," said Miss Ellen Terry in reply to a request by an "Express" representative for an interview. "I do not reckon my age in birthdays at all." What does it matter, therefore, if the calendar proclaims her to be sixty-five years old, if Miss Ellen Terry has the gayety

## Bonnets of Daintiest Design Complete Fair Autoist's Costume



"Time was when the fair autoist concerned herself with the question of what sort of headgear she should choose—whether a hat or a bonnet, but this question doesn't come up now. She will choose a bonnet and among the great number of lovely models it is just a question of "which one." She can hardly make a poor choice; for all the new ones are made to measure up to certain standards. They are soft and comfortable, light in weight and becoming. They are made in all colors, gay and grave, and each is provided with its veil.

In the management of lines about the face there is so much variety that it is worth while to try on a number until one hits upon just the most becoming of them all.  
Veils are fastened to the bonnet in any number of ways, but all are detachable and washable. There is almost no summing other than the veil, but many bonnets are made of two colors and of two different materials as straw braid and messaline silk, braid and chiffon, braid and pongee, etc. Very small, compact nosegays of ribbon flowers or silk fruits are used perched flat against the brim. Crocheted flowers and ribbon flowers, a single rose and leaves usually, are applied in this way, no more raised than a heavy embroidery. Nothing can blow about except the veil and that only at the will and pleasure of its wearer.  
Most of the bonnets have a crown sufficiently large to protect the coiffure without touting the hair. That shown in the illustration is a good example of the mode. It is of satin braid, made without wires. If carefully packed it will take up little room in a suitcase as it is flexible enough to fold up.  
Numbers of the new hats answer very well for automobiling when worn with a veil; for their pose on the head is like that of a bonnet. But such is the popularity of the bonnet shapes and the variety of materials from which they are made that it will be a stupid girl who doesn't manage to fashion one for herself or part with a little extra money to the milliner.

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