

# TEA TIME TALK

(BY WILMA J. MARCH)

Today Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Jackson of Kellerton, Iowa, gave a very fine exhibition of fancy and trick horsehoes pitching on our Tourist Club playground. Mrs. Grace Jackson won fourth place in the tournament at the Century of Progress in Chicago this year. On December 27, 1933 she won the Western States championship at Long Beach averaging 65 ringers. Some of her records are 29 ringers out of 30 shoes pitched; 68 ringers out of 50 point game; 71% average for 7 consecutive 50 point games. When she won the championship she weighed 95 pounds. She has only been playing for two years. Mr. Jackson has held the State championships of Iowa and Illinois for two years and that of Mississippi valley for three. He is the son of Frank B. Jackson, thirteen times the world's champion. I am sending a pamphlet of their records and pictures to the editor so that he may place it on the window of the Standard office and all who are interested may see it for themselves. As the little lady threw her first shoes in the exhibition, she made every one of the four a perfect ringer. Matches were placed in the ground with the head a couple of inches above the ground. Ringers struck them as they flew in the air causing them to light. She lay down on her hip two feet in front of the stake with his feet standing parallel to the stake. He could not see the stake, yet he made a ringer and at the same time knocked the hat off. He also made the ringer without touching the hat. Two boys held a blanket two feet in front of the stake. Another stake had been placed at either side of the central stake. Mr. Jackson unable to see any of the three stakes made a perfect ringer on each one, with two on the centre one. He sat two feet in front and placed a paper bag on his head. She knocked the bag off his head, making a ringer. He lay on his back before the stake holding the rim of a bicycle wheel balanced on his feet. Mrs. Jackson made several ringers through it. He lay beside the stake with his chin on the top of it, while she made three ringers out of four.

He stood on a backless chair and she made several ringers through his wide-spread knees. He lay down with a match stuck on the tip of the toe of his shoe and she made a ringer knocking the match off but also lighting it. Two men put their arms in the form of a hoop and both of the pitchers threw ringers through the enclosure. He lighted a match which was placed in front with one ringer and with another put the match out. They both challenged anyone. Several people tried their luck. One man made the score of 13 to 50; another 11 to 50. Then Mr. Jackson played the two of them with their combined scores and the record was 47 to 50.

While they were playing him, he would throw one shoe at the same stake as theirs and maybe the next one at an empty stake. Still he seldom missed his shot. On the whole the lady's demonstration is a trifle above his. Then too, he has been traveling the northern States in being playing much longer than she. The summer and the southern ones in the winter. They have a very nice house-trailer and live in the Tourist camps.

Mr. Jackson's father is scheduled to give an exhibit of his skill on the 22nd of this month.

The Air Meet in Miami last week proved to be a great success. Not a plane nor a pilot was scratched which is quite a record. A group of army planes from Fort Crockett, Texas, thrilled the eager crowds with their many feats and maneuvers, with much bombing thrown in. Art Chester won the 15 mile free-for-all, with an average speed of 220.25, winning the Venezuelan trophy and \$300. Much entertaining was done in their honour.

The Tampa Air Meet is being held now at this writing. The huge fleet of army planes is expected, so that assures the city of a firm backing and enthusiastic crowds.

A Marathon Walking contest is being conducted in the outskirts of Tampa. The city police, officials and even the Legion are not in favor of it. Governor Sholtz has voiced his opinions in regard to this form of entertainment. I watched the Walkathon conducted by the American Legion in West Palm Beach last March and there is much which could be written about it. My thoughts were varied as it was the first one of the kind which I had ever witnessed. It seemed cruel to see participants in agony for the lack of sleep. They were in a sort of trance. The crowd kept cheering and calling to their favourites, to keep them awake. Just a few moments of slumping, and they ran the risk of being ruled out or given a mark against them. The girls kept in the race better than the men on the whole. They did sleep of course, while on their feet, if they were not a single. When they had a fall or more than one, the number of them was pinned on their backs. Several of the couples were married. During the rest period they bath, sleep or eat or all three. An attendant cares for their needs during the intervals. After the contest goes on for several weeks, the officials begin an elimination contest every evening. More strenuous tactics are carried out and fewer rest periods. When I saw it first, there were five couples and one solo walker. When a partner drops out, the one left joins with a solo or single, if there is one on the floor. One chap by the name of Billy went for seven weeks, three days and some hours as a solo, before he had a partner again. He lost his partner just after the contest started. One girl had been alone for a long period also, and oh she was so, very sleepy.

The crowd cheered her dozens of times to keep her in the race. I wandered in the Arena many times during my stay in the city as the manager gave me a permanent pass. I was not fascinated with it, but I was curious. In the evenings the elite of Palm Beach arrived in evening clothes. Many theatrical people were amongst the crowd. On the day which the Governor set aside as Crippled Children's Day, the Walkathon proceeds for the day to its usual place. In the evening several well-known actors provided an entertainment while the race went on. The funds from this were also divided for the Cripples. More boys than girls entered the contest. A heavier percentage of girls dropped out at the first, but as the race continued the girls who were able to persevere remained in the field longer than the average men. There must be some psychological reason for that. When a contestant is finally out of the race, a disqualification affair is held on the platform in their honor. Their original partner, if possible, stands behind their chair in the centre of the platform, and sings a "Buddy" song in honour of a pal who stayed in the race as long as strength lasted. The audience of course has had their favorites, and if the newly-disqualified contestant has been popular with the people in general, he or she receives a great many donations. The audience throws their offerings on the platform and sometimes it amounts to many dollars. Of course, being disqualified means that the person is out of the final money so they are reimbursed in this other manner. When a contestant is forced to step out, they feel badly and show it to a marked degree because they are at the point of exhaustion. They cry and the more they weep the more money rolls in. Sometimes the platform glitters with silver and often bills are rolled into a ball and thrown in with the rest. There are judges constantly on or near the stage, always ready to decide a point which might cause some argument. Clowns and other forms of humour are there pepping up the sleepy folks and amusing the crowds. It is nothing for many people to stay at the affair most of the night. They drop in after the show, dance, or party and stay till the wee small hours.

It seems like a barbaric means of entertainment but there might be a few things said in the defense of the contestants, at least. They surely do work hard for what they get out of it. And they are mighty "game" on the other hand, the whole thing is an advertising stunt. The object is to raise as much money as possible. It is in the class of a "race-keet", the participants going around the country wherever there is a huge crowd of people gathered for a period of time. During the Century of Progress and while the Tourist season in the south is at its height, these marathons reap their harvest. The folks taking part must enjoy it, and they do not seem to suffer by it for most of them, at least the ones who do it each year, gain in weight. So after all it is the old story of replenishing their pockets through the thirst of the people who are ever willing to pay for thrills and the unusual forms of amusement.

The weeks are so very full of every type of festival, fairs, tournaments and races that they just fly past. Before we know it the season will be over once more. Ten weeks and the roads leading northward will be heavy with traffic. Sun-tanned faces will be eagerly anticipating the welcome home.

Just Weeks  
We've drug week, and fire week,  
A week for education,  
Dress up week, art week,  
A week for conservation.  
We've garden week and apple week,  
A week when all must play;  
Merchants' week, safety week,  
Even a week to pray.  
We've boy's week and girl's week,  
Another week for books,  
Paint up week, when everyone  
Improves the dingy nooks.  
We have a week for better homes,  
A week to dress in cotton,  
In fact there's not a single thing  
These weeks have forgotten.  
As each is for some worthy cause,  
Each one I try to keep,  
But oh, I'd like sometime to pause  
For just one weekless week.

—Margaret H. Stone—

Indeed those are my sentiments exactly. I am trying to budget my time so that I may take in as many of the State's attractions as possible. But sad to relate I just can't be in two places at once. Then as I'm chauffeuring for three different groups of people, I have an enigma to solve, trying to make a timetable to suit every one. But the big occasion of next week is the Orange festival at Winter Haven. The editor here has invited me to be her guest. The Press Association for the State is holding a dinner and a farewell breakfast (which begins at midnight). So I expect "there will be a big time in the old town tonight." Some maybe won't know who they are before the festival is over, since hard liquor is sold over the counter now. But then it always was free as the air, even the State was supposed to be dry. There were more bootleggers in town here than grocery stores, drug stores and dry good stores combined.

Recently I talked about the Townsend Old Age Pension. As I do not wish to be misunderstood, I will say that a sensible Pension for old folks is an entirely different proposition. I did not agree with the plan as it stood, because it was not reasonable or sensible. Taxation is the only means of raising funds and

it seems incredible to tax much more than at present. However I am not particularly interested, except to keep posted in what is going on in the southern part of America.

So many people over here speak of America as if it were just United States and not a whole continent. I often feel like correcting them. After all, Americans are a conglomerate of other countries, the same as the peoples of Canada are. None of us can trace a real pure lineage of any one nationality, for very many generations.

Who Am I  
It was about a year ago that I asked her to be my wife and she gave me a decided negative, so to get even I married her mother. Then my father married the girl.

When I married the girl's mother, the girl became my daughter, and my father married my daughter, so he became my son-in-law. When my father married my daughter, she became my mother. If my father is my son and my daughter is my mother, who am I?

My mother's mother is my wife, and must be my grandmother, and being my grandmother's husband, I must be my own grandfather. Do I have ancestors?

To-night I attended the Parent-Teachers Association. It proved to be a fine meeting with a large crowd in attendance. The topic for the year is Recreation. Mr. Carter, director of Recreation for the state, the FERA administration was the speaker for the evening. He asked what recreation is. As there might easily be many good definitions, he told us what he thought it was, in plain everyday language. Recreation is something we like to do, which we do not have to do. That's true isn't it? Each grade works hard to get the most parents and grandparents and friends out to their meetings. They believe in numbers having power and strength. So I had to help Sony get folks to go. Grandparents count two points each, and parents and friends one point each. So I took grandpa and grandma, five friends and myself, giving grade seven ten points for one child. And we won the prize of a dollar with which new books are bought for that grade—story books. The grades varied greatly. Some grades had twenty or more people to help bring up their count, while others had only one or two. The Parent-Teachers Association does a mighty fine work. Our Community Junior Music Club is attempting a splendid work too amongst the children. We meet twice a month right after school. Musicians of note are studied, composing is encouraged, the desires of the children are considered and if possible, they are carried out. The P.T.A. is hoping to get a splendid school orchestra started soon. The Music Club hopes to have a Harmonica band. One cannot start too early to instill in those little plastic minds the value of music and a real love for the best in it.

There has been a marvellous Art exhibit in Tampa the last month. I have viewed it twice. Thousands have seen it and whole delegations have come from other cities to see its beauty. It is a very valuable collection of Italian paintings, mostly religious and dating back for at least six hundred years. At least some of the pictures 'ate back that far. This fine collection is owned by Mr. Samuel Kress of New York and of Kress 5c to \$1 store fame. He is a true philanthropist sending out amongst the peoples of the Nation, such beauty as they would not otherwise see, only for his generosity. He sent five thousand beautiful copies in a lovely bound edition, of these sixty paintings. I was told that it cost a dollar to make each copy. Yet all one had to do before receiving this gift was to show an interest in the picture and register, so that a record of the books could be kept. Fortunately the director of the exhibit allowed me to have a number of them for friends whom I know are real lovers of art.

To-day it is springtime, glorious springtime in the Southland. I cannot refrain from telling you about my trip to Tampa on Monday. With a carload of congenial folk, we started out in the morning, set for a full day of adventure. We went a new way which makes any trip more interesting. We passed a lovely big lake and it seemed so inviting that we planned right then to go back some day for a picnic. It was the essence of quietude, serenity and placidity combined. Some bachelor had built for himself a tiny little white house—so very white and so very tiny. It was little bigger than a playhouse, built in Georgian style with tall pillars on the porch. The owner was sitting complacently on the steps. This little castle in the pines faced the lovely, calm lake of Thomasassa, which glimmered in the bright noonday sun. It was peace, that passeth all understanding. The tiny house was so fittingly named "Overlook Lodge". We arrived at Tampa and shopped in many of the lovely stores. I took mother into the Kress store, the finest of its kind in North America. She enjoyed it a great deal. Then we went to the Kress Art exhibit and the Tourist Club. The program at the latter proved to be a "fake". Usually they have fine entertainments but unfortunately, this one was a second rate magician with all his rabbits and dozens of eggs in a hat and etc. He thought he was so very clever with his jokes. One story he told was utterly ridiculous. He held up a small silk U.S. flag, blew on it and it disappeared. Then he related how a Yankee told an Englishman that U.S. could conquer England without sending over a single soldier or a boat. He said all they had to do was stop sending across American pork and hominy and the English would starve to death. "Brilliant and clever!" It's a wonder he hasn't been given the

Pulitzer prize for humor and wit.

I'm sure I don't know what some crude, ignorant Americans would do if they couldn't grumble and fume over England.

Well then we proceeded to find a place to have supper. We tried a new hotel restaurant where we had a very lovely meal for 25 cents. We made haste to the library before it closed, as I wished to find a piece of poetry called "The Handclasp", a poem bearing on the relationship of Canada and United States. Then we went to the dog races at Sulphur Springs. Imagine my mother at the post, and I think she enjoyed them. In one race the two dogs which came in first and second, knew they had won and they were feeling so good about it that they refused to be caught by their attendant after the race was finished. They are so keen to run that before the races begin, one can hear them howling wildly in their kennels. A lot of money changes hands at the dog races. I had a hunch about one dog, my old lucky eight. My number eight came in first, paying \$34.60 for one race. Just what the game of the race track is I do not know, but they say that the percentage is against one. A lucky break may come but on the whole you just can't keep on winning. One would never think the world ever heard of a depression at those tracks. It was a motley crowd. In front of me sat a portly blonde with a snappy Japanese chap. They were laying most every race but not winning. The diamonds and jewels shone in the moonlight, the artificially arched eyebrows, brilliant fingertips and lips of carmine hue told their story of a world with many kinds of people. It is so very interesting to watch the parade of folks in such a gathering. Some are thrill-seekers, some curiosity seekers, some gamblers pure and simple, some others are there because someone else wished to go. Perhaps some folks would refuse to go at all. But how can one learn how the rest of the world lives if they do not see for themselves? If one is born a gambler, one doesn't have to go to a race to find it out. It creeps out without an invitation or encouragement. However, thousands go and thousands do not. That's what makes the world what it is in every way.

Either Side the Border Line  
(By Wilma J. March)

Will Rogers says that by the end of next year, 1936, the debt per person in United States will be \$270. He says that if people think it is too high they have a perfect right to die and beat it.

Well, well Mr. Huey Long isn't quite so popular as he was. Judge Borah issued an injunction granting Long's suit for receivership. The Mayor of New Orleans has been fighting hard to save his city from being bankrupt by the radical Senator. The city put all its public funds under the control of the Federal court, to protect them from Huey's clutches.

A huge navy plane skirted the coast of Florida yesterday on its way to Panama. She is making a 2,000 mile non-stop trip as a test for fuel consumption. The machine is a giant four-motored biplane.

The much-talked-of Townsend Plan is to be presented to Congress by California's representative. Dr. Townsend stated before its introduction, that all members who wished to return to Washington were going to give it their support. He even warned members of both Houses that those who opposed it would face political ruin next year.

And still the battle over the Walkathon rages in Tampa courts. The contest started on Jan. 3rd with 47 couples. Ninety couples were in it still up to the time the trouble arose over its health angle. The State health officer issued an order protesting against the detriment to the health of the contestants.

Yesterday, Jan. 16th, a pitched battle was in progress in the outskirts of Ocklawaha, a Florida town. A group of federal agents and bandits, reported to be from a Chicago gang waged a machine-gun war which excited the whole neighborhood. It is said that the deserted buildings have harbored strangers for some time. Crime's trail, for two more gangsters, reached its end—dead end trail. A mother and son went to their eternity in a machine gun battle. The story began long ago, away out in St. Paul with a kidnapping case which caused a sensation. Little they knew that the feds would come beneath the southern pines in an out-of-the-way cottage. The federal agents have no boundaries. They work from coast to coast. Where the criminal goes, they go also. It was they who brought Dillinger to the end of his career. They brought to a close the lives of "Machine Gun Kate" and her son Fred, after a five-hour battle. The found too late that kidnapping and extortion do not pay. It is a sad story and all the more sad when it involves a mother in such an unhonorable role.

Florida has a record of which she cannot be proud in traffic accidents. During the last year 603 people died in highway accidents. Over twenty-one thousand were injured. Property loss incurred in the 1933 automobile accidents during the year was placed at \$650,000, while hospitalization of the victims cost a million and a half.

At Tarpon Springs recently a man had the skeleton of a queer fish on display. He gave descriptive talks on it. It is called the "Crucifixion" fish and there are only five of them in the world according to all know-

ledge. Looking at it, as the fish is described, one can readily see why it received its name. The main bone of the back is supposed to be Christ on the cross. The arms are stretched and the two thieves are at the side. Through the hands are the nail bones. The sponge of vinegar is in the mouth. The 42 bones of the back, I was told are the generations up to Christ. There is also a bone representing a halo of light behind the head. The two Roman soldiers, the leopard robe, the High priest, the sword, all are supposed to be there. Even the two little loose bones inside the backbone, which are the dice used to decide who should have the clothes of the Crucified One. This is all told to you if you are sufficiently interested to listen. What you believe is entirely with yourself.

The Treasure Chest  
(Conducted by Wilma J. March)

Life's Mirror  
There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.  
Give love, and love to your heart will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.  
For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what you are and do;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

It is much easier to be critical than correct.

—Disraeli.

Listen, Son.  
I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blonde curls sticking over your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking, son; I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, 'Good-bye, Daddy!' and I frowned, and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back.' Then it began all over again in the afternoon. As I came up the hill-road I spied you down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped. You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with affection that God has set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs. Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart. What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault or reprimanding, all of these were rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of you. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years. And here was so much that was good, and fine and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, so. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me goodnight. Nothing else matters to-night, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed! It is a feeble atonement; I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you, during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying; I must burn sacrificed fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. To-morrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: 'He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!' I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

"Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant

shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers and the damp forehead".  
—Author unknown.

This above all: To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
—Shakespeare.

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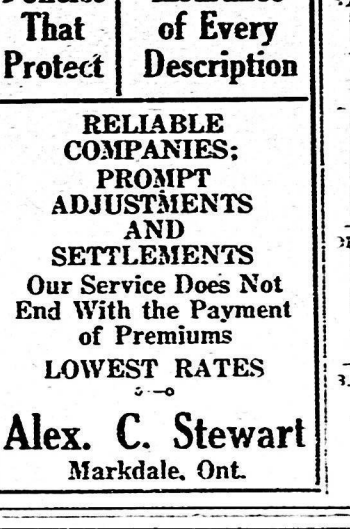
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Youngsters Travel Alone



Loaded with a large paper bag, full of sandwiches and fruit, five young Canadian "voyagers" are seen at Windsor Station, Montreal, where they more than enjoyed themselves while waiting for the train to take them to the Canadian Pacific liner Duchess of York and England. They are Billy Anderson, 14, and his four sisters, left to right above, Ena, Blanche, Greta and Gwen. Greta, the youngest, is only six. Few youngsters of his age are ever called upon to chaperone four young sisters on a 5,000 mile journey, but Billy shouldered his responsibilities like a man. He was shepherd, guide and constant stewardess.

FRATERNAL  
L. O. L.—Markdale L.O.L. No. 1845 meets in the Orange Hall, Markdale, at 8 o'clock p.m. the first Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. J. S. Semple, W. M.; A. E. Scott, Sec.

A. F. & A. M.—Hiram Lodge, No. 498, G. R. C., Markdale, meets in the Masonic Hall, Roberts Block, at 8 o'clock p.m. the second Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. G. A. Seaton, W. M.; A. E. Colgan, Secretary.

B. K.—Victoria Preceptory No. 282 meets in the Orange Hall, Markdale, at 8 o'clock p.m. the third Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren always cordially welcome. H. E. Parker, W.P.; A. E. Colgan, Registrar.