

The Community's Social Side of Life

Visitors To and From Town during the Past Week, as Gleaned by The Free Press

Master James Scott is holidaying with friends in Toronto.
Miss Lorraine Wilson spent the week-end in Guelph and London.
Mr. Elmer Dean, of Toronto, spent the week-end at his home here.
Mr. Charles Bell, of Toronto, spent the week-end with Acton friends.
Mr. C. H. Harrison is on a business trip to the Western Provinces.
Mrs. F. E. McCreary is holidaying at Howland's Island, Georgian Bay.
Mr. George Bell, of Strathroy, visited last week with Mrs. B. M. Wilson.
Miss Margaret Williamson, of Toronto, is holidaying with Acton relatives.
Miss Pauline Wallace, of London, is holidaying with Mrs. B. M. Wilson.
Miss Mona McGeachie is holidaying with friends and relatives in Toronto.
Mrs. H. T. LePage, of Toronto, is visiting with Mrs. H. P. Moore at "Moorecroft."
Mr. Gordon Reid, of Toronto, is spending three weeks at Cedar Harbor, Lake Simcoe.
Mrs. A. T. Mann has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, Crewe's Corners.
Miss Edna Stuckey, of Guelph, spent last week at the home of Mrs. W. J. Stuckey.
Mrs. George Elliott, of Grand Valley, spent the week-end at her parental home here.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Allison spent the week-end with the latter's parents, at Markdale.
Messrs. Wilbert Murray and Frank Cook, of Toronto, are holidaying this week in Acton.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reed left last evening for a month's vacation at Pointe au Baril, in Muskoka.
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. G. Matthews, of Toronto, spent the week-end with Acton relatives and friends.
Reeve E. Thetford is progressing favorably from his recent accident and is expected home next week.
Miss Edna Hall, Mr. Albert Hall and LeRoy Hall, Kitchener, spent the week-end with relatives in Acton.
Miss Tena McQueen, of Regina, Sask., is visiting at the home of Mrs. M. R. Moore and with other Acton friends.
Rev. and Mrs. W. J. McLeod and Misses Elizabeth and Marjorie, of Toronto, visited with Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Kerr.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reed have been spending the past two weeks in Toronto, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Near.
Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Kenney, of Hamilton, visited the past week at the parental home with Mr. and Mrs. John Kenney.
Mr. B. G. Arnold returned on Friday last from a month's business trip to the Western Provinces and British Columbia.
Messrs. Harold Elliott, Harold Skilling, Harold Mooney, Gordon Cook and Colin McNabb spent the weekend at Wasaga Beach.
Misses M. Berger and M. McCully, of the staff of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, visited Miss Deline Gibbons over the week-end.
Mrs. R. E. Holmes, Miss Joyce and Master Norman, of Winnipeg, Man., are visiting with Mrs. Robert Holmes and Mrs. M. R. Moore.
Miss E. Gordon Waugh, M. A., Principal of St. Clement's School, Toronto, spent a couple of days last week with Miss Alma Conway.
Mrs. C. H. Byers, Misses Ida, Bernice and Evelyn; Byers, Davenport, Iowa, visited at the home of J. C. and Mrs. Matthews on Sunday.
Mrs. J. Scholes and Miss A. Patterson, of Toronto, have returned home after spending their vacation at the home of Mrs. H. Emethurst.
Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Johnstone and Billy, of London, visited the past week in Acton at the parental homes and with other relatives and friends.
Mrs. Austin Swachamer, who has been quite ill for the past few weeks, is gradually improving. Friends will wish her a continued improvement.
Mrs. Annie Johnson and Miss Belle Stephenson returned home last Saturday after a three weeks' holiday in Midland, Farry Sound and Wasaga Beach.
Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Ruth and Fred, of Toronto; and Misses Jack and Joe Smith, of Wayne, Mich., visited with Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Fools at the Parsonage.
Mr. R. H. Elliott spent a few days at the home of his parents in Comber this week. Mrs. Elliott and children, who have been visiting there for a few weeks, returned home with him.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warren, Mrs. J. L. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. John Stone and Douglas, and Mrs. W. T. Stone, of Toronto, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Wood over the week-end.

Best Ball Game of the Present Year

(Continued from Page One)

SATURDAY'S SCORES

Milton 2, Acton 1.
Georgetown 6, Oakville 2.

GAMES ON SATURDAY

Oakville at Acton; Milton at Georgetown.

LEAGUE STANDING

Table with columns: Played, Won, Lost, P.C. for Milton, Georgetown, Acton, Oakville.

The following is the team's fielding averages:

Table with columns: Player Name, PO, A, E, PC for Terry, Waterhouse, N. Morton, Holloway, Anderson, Carmichael, White, Chalmers, Huffman, Walters, Chalmers, B. Morton, Tyler, Matthews.

Hits & Muffs

by "BUD"
Not Don't give up hope yet.

If Acton wins two from Oakville, and Georgetown drops the next couple to Milton, our boys will be tied for second place with the Paper Boys, and a sudden death game will likely be played in Milton.
Are we downhearted? I should say not.
It was a tough game to lose, but a great one to win. In the four games this year there has just been one run difference between the victor and the victim. Each team has won two.

The boys looked like a million dollars on the field on Saturday, yet when they play Georgetown they look like a plugged nickel. However, there is sure to be a break some time, and it might just as well be in the sudden death game at Milton.

Milton introduced a new centre-fielder by the name of McCaugherty, whom, we understand, hails from Streetsville.

Terry was robbed of at least a triple with two on in the fourth, when W. Clement put his gloved hand right on the ground and the ball landed in it. Clement is a very good fielder, and we give him all sorts of credit, but nobody can tell us there wasn't a bit of luck attached to that catch.

Anderson caught a great game behind Chalmers, and deserves a lot of credit.

The two throws that "Bus" Morton made to home and cut off two runs, were perfect and Anderson knew how to handle them when they got there.

Matt Tyler saved what looked like a sure home run, when he picked the ball off, right by the foul line flag.

Houston, the regular third-baseman for Milton, has taken over the catching duties since Peter left, and he isn't making a bad job of it, either.

This youngest Clement boy, who was playing third, is no slouch of a player, either, he had two hits to his credit, one a triple.

Georgetown won from Oakville by the score of 6-2. Oakville has only won two games all year, but don't imagine Acton will have any walk away with them. They are a bunch of fighters and are due to come through with a win any time now.

Bill Holloway just got home from his honeymoon in time to go to the game, and he gave a bang-up performance.

"Rube" Horning has umpired seven out of the ten games that Acton has played this year. He is just about due for a rest.

The Georgetown Herald was wondering what we would say about the beating the team handed the team from Acton. Well, brother, you probably saw it, and we don't take a rest and forget to write, as the Herald scribe did when Acton skunked Georgetown in Georgetown.

Come on boys! You're not beat yet. Go on out and show them that you can get in the play-offs.

Mrs. John Gibbons, Miss Bernice Saunders, Miss J. Lynch, of Rockwood, and Mrs. Frank Sayers of Cooksville and Miss Minnie Gibbons, of Acton, motored to Wolfe Island, for the week-end. Mrs. John Gibbons remained there with her daughter, Mrs. Joe. Murphy.

Visiting Mr. Charles Conway, Church Street over the week-end were his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Johnstone, of Delaware; his son Mr. C. W. Conway, Manager of the Anglo-Canadian Leather Company, Huntsville; and his grandson, Mr. Abbott Conway, a student of Trinity College, Toronto.

DON'T DIE ON THIRD

Several years ago when the Tigers were playing the team from Cleveland, Moriarty was on third base. Around the chalk-lined arena 10,000 persons strained themselves in tense expectancy. The score was a tie. Two men were out. The fate of the game centered in the white-bloused figure that shuttled back and forth near third. Tigers and Naps stood up at their benches for the decisive moment had come.
Moriarty was at third. He got there by the ordinary events of the game. At the bat he hit the ball and ran to first. Another player bunted and sacrificed himself to run Moriarty to second; then a long fly advanced him to third. There he stood, alert and active, with the fate of the game in his quick eye, his quick brain, and his running legs.
If he failed, he failed not alone, for the team failed with him. If he won, he won not alone, but gave the men behind him their chance for home. In him centered the hopes and fears of thousands upon thousands who had forgotten to breathe, and so still was the great park that even the breeze seemed forgotten to blow.
Moriarty was at third. Much as it meant to have advanced that far, nothing had been accomplished by it. Three-quarter stuns are not marked up on the score boards. Third base runs never raised a pennant. Third base is not a destination, but the last little way station on the road home. It is better not to run at all than to run to third and die. The 10,000 spectators that kept silently silent at that moment could be changed into a vortex of cheering hero-worshippers or into an animated groan by the kind of work a man did between third and home.
There is not time for self-congratulation on third. The question is how to get safely away from it. The man on second wants your place, he can get it, but if you get safely home, no one can take that achievement from you. One way to get off third is to wait for some fellow to bat you off; another way is to get away on your own initiative and according to your own secret plan.
Moriarty was on third. It is ninety feet from third to home. Sometimes that ninety feet is a leaden mile, sometimes a mere patter of lightninglike steps. It is a mile to you, you are a failure, and the great circle of spectators groan for your incompetence; if it is but a lightning streak, you are the great man of the baseball day. Moriarty was intent on dwindling that ninety feet instead of lengthening it.
How many things converged in the few moments he stood there! He watched the signals of the Cleveland catcher; he gathered they meant a high ball. A high ball meant that the runner might duck low to the base while the catcher's hands were in the air after the ball. Moriarty knew, too, that a high ball required that the pitcher wind up his arm in a certain way. He knew, also, when they do not intend to throw the ball. More than that, he knew the pitcher in the box was left-handed and could not keep his eyes on third when winding up. That was why Moriarty closely followed all the strange little signals pitcher and catcher were making.
There was another consideration, too. Mullin was up to bat. Moriarty knew that Mullin had a batting average of something like .250 which means that Mullin hits safely about once in four times at bat. Would the ball about to be thrown be one of the hit, or one of the missed? No human calculation could even guess at it. If Mullin missed, it would be useless for Moriarty to run. If Mullin hit, there were still chances of his being put out at first, making Moriarty's run wholly uncounted and ending the inning.
There was only one thing to do—make home between the time the pitcher wound up his arm past all recall and the time the ball landed in the catcher's glove—make home in the second of time when Mullin's hit or miss hung in futurity.
It was to be a contest in speed between a five-ounce ball delivered with all the force of a superb pitching arm and the 170-pound body of Moriarty. An unequal contest! At that, for the five-ounce ball travels only sixty feet while

the runner from third must hurl his body over a distance of ninety feet.

All these considerations were in the mind of Moriarty. He built up his prospective run as an engineer builds a bridge over a torrent, step by step with infinite pains. Now the Cleveland pitcher was winding up his arm—round and round it swung—he poised himself—there was yet a fraction of a second in which he could recall his intended throw—Moriarty crouched like a tiger about to spring—Now! Now!
There was a white streak across the field!
A cloud of dust at the home plate!
The umpire stood with his hands extended, palms downward.
A burning roar of acclaim echoed and re-echoed across the space of the park. Again and again it burst forth in thrilling electric power. Thirty-six thousand eyes strained toward the man who was slapping the dust from his white uniform.
Moriarty was home!
"All the world's a baseball diamond. And all the men and women merely players."—Shakespeare.
You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached first—completed the ordinary school—by the power of gravitation. It may be that by the fair promise of your own good gifts, you have finished the grammar grades and reached second. Then, by the sacrifices of your parents or a long fly by one of your friends into the business world, a fly that was not long enough to prevent him going out, you are through high school or college and have advanced to third.
The opposition against you at third is stronger than at first or second. At third you are reckoned with. Your opponents and rooters converge all their attention on you. Pitchers, catchers, coaches, and your opposing fans are watching to tip off your plans and frustrate them. From third you become either a splendid success or a dismal failure.
Don't die on third!
What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing to get away from third? Are you waiting for some one to bat you in? Suppose he misses, his miss is yours, too. What are you doing on third? Waiting for something to turn up? Don't! Nothing turns up, but the thumbs of thousands of men who watch you may turn down, and make you a permanent failure. Moriarty would not have scored had he waited, for Mullin did not hit the ball and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. That run was gained in an immeasurable fraction of time, but the difference between success and failure is very often measured in seconds.
Don't die on third! Had Moriarty been out the night before, he would have played the game according to routine; but Moriarty does not carouse. He does not smoke or drink. The only high balls he rushes are those thrown on the diamond. He is old-fashioned enough to go to church on Sunday. He knows that a clean life means a clear head. He knows that legs that tread the path of irregularity cannot win when running ninety feet against a swift ball that travels sixty feet. He respects his body and his mind, keeps both under control of a strong will, and they all in turn serve him up to the last fraction of their power.
Moriarty's run was not a foolhardy dash. It was not a toss-up with luck. It was deliberate mathematical work. Any fool could have led off spectacularly, but only a trained body and an alert mind could have stolen home right under the nose of the catcher whose hands were closing over the ball. Even the game means work. Work itself is a game, and has its rules, as it has sudden openings. So don't die on third! Bring to third every bit of your honest strength, study conditions, master every worthy art, get to work and postpone thinking of your luck until you hear the umpire call "Safe!"
That is the story of success in any game. Do not get stranded at third; reach home and score. That is what helps to win, whether on the diamond or at the desk. In every profession and vocation of life, scoring always counts.

HISTORICAL GARDEN ROSES

At the end of the eighteenth century, the China rose with its habit of continuous bloom was brought to Europe, says the Dominion Horticulturist. Dr. Macon in discussing the probable origin of the beautiful hybrid perpetual roses in Canada. Before very long hybrid of the China rose with French and Provence roses were raised. They were called hybrid Chinese, but took after their European parents in that they flowered only once in the season. These hybrids and the damask rose were then crossed, and Rose du Roi, a damask perpetual, was introduced about 1819. This rose was called perpetual because it had a second blooming season. Six years later Gloire de Rosames appeared, followed by rapid improvement of this class, and in the fifties such garden favorites as General Jacqueminot and Jules Margotten were introduced. In Canada many of the hybrid perpetuals bloom once only in the season.

NOMINAL WARNING

The name "Bermuda," usually used in the singular, is sometimes used in the plural, because Bermuda consists of 365 coral islands, the Bermudas; whereas the name "Barbados," often erroneously used in the plural, should always be singular, since Barbados consists of but one principal island. This "Bermuda" or the "Bermudas," but "Barbados," never "the Barbados." Both are British colonies on the Canadian National's West Indies steamer service.

GREGORY THEATRE

FRIDAY, JULY 28
'The Picture Snatcher'

Thrilling drama, starring James Cagney. Comedy, 'Fish Hokey.' Cartoon, 'Klondike Kid.' Novelty, 'Chilly Chills.' Dinnerware.

SATURDAY, JULY 29
'That's My Uncle'

Starring that funny fellow, Stanley Lupino. Comedy, 'Twice Two.' Cartoon, 'Sherman Was Right.' Fox News.

MONDAY, JULY 31
'Reunion in Vienna'

With John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard. Comedy, 'Drug on the Market.' Screen Snaphots. Dinnerware.

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