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SINGLES AND DOUBLES.

"By the way, Miss Timmons, allow me to congratulate you upon your success in the tennis tournament. I was not aware that you were such a strong tennis player."

"Why, Mr. Fensom, you must have heard false reports, for I was defeated early in the tournament."

"Yes, but you gave the champion, Miss Dickson, the hardest rub that she received, and you are generally considered a good second to her, even if fortune did not place you in the finals of the tournament."

"Oh, I guess that I cannot complain of hard luck. I think I was more fortunate than most of those who played Miss Dickson."

This is a snatch of a conversation that was carried on by Miss Timmons and myself at the Second Year reception of some years ago. When I had come to take her for the promenade our cards called for, we found (whether by chance or by foresight, I leave you to decide), that neither of us had succeeded in securing a partner for the next number. So we agreed that it was close and warm in the Reception Hall, and that it would be nice to find some nook where we could rest ourselves from the dazzling light, the brilliancy and the wearisome bustle, characteristic of such functions. We had no difficulty in discovering an unoccupied, shady, cosy corner, downstairs, and here it was that we held conversation about her tennis accomplishments.

Miss Timmons and I were rather intimate friends, considering our short acquaintance. She was just entering upon her second year at the University, while I was proud in the expectation of receiving my degree the following spring. When she was a "Freshette," I had not met her, for I missed my only opportunity to do so, when football practice prevented my going to the first "At Home" of her class. However, often during that year my admiring glances received replies that seemed to disclose a desire for friendship, and there was only the introduction necessary to make us intimate friends. Our acquaintance of this fall had by no means diminished our admiration for one another that had been silently expressed in the glances of the previous year. The more we knew of one another, the more we each enjoyed the other's company. It was gradually dawning on me that I was in love; she did not discourage me in my attentions to her, and I imagined that her feelings were somewhat akin to my own. Already I had been pleased to walk home with her from two receptions, to escort her to the open meeting of the "Lit.," and to take her to the theatre to hear Julia Arthur. Hitherto, everything had run smoothly, but a check was to come this night.

"Why do you not play tennis?" was the next question she addressed me.

Now, the fact of the matter was I did not care for tennis. I considered it too slow, and perhaps, also, the fact that it was not such a popular game as football, made the latter sport my favorite. But I did not wish to depreciate the game in which she was so enthusiastic, for it was my purpose to be agreeable and pleasing, and advocating opinions adverse to her convictions did not coincide with this predetermined plan. So I thought I was escaping from the difficulty, when I answered:

"It is one of the rules of our football Captain that a man is not to play any other game than football, when he is honored with a position on the first team. He must devote all his spare time to football practice alone. So you see I could not play tennis without transgressing the Captain's rules, and that would never do."

"Yes, but you don't play Rugby in the spring and summer," she argued.

"I'm afraid," I replied, "that if I became a tennis enthusiast, I would regret very much having to absent myself from the tennis courts in the fall, and of course I don't wish to injure my own feelings," I added, smiling.

"Oh, well, tennis is not played very much in the fall, so you would not miss much of it, and surely you can apologize sufficiently to your feelings to console them in the injuries inflicted.

As I hesitated to answer, she turned around in her chair, directly faced me, held up her first finger at me, and with the triumphant air of one who is putting on the finishing stroke, said:

"Now, wouldn't you like to play in the mixed doubles in the tournament with me?" And her smile made the combat hard for me. Again, before I had time to formulate a reply, she broke out, teasingly:

"Now, you cannot say that I'm not good enough to play with you, for you were saying a few minutes ago that I was a first-class player."

Her bewitching smile entrapped me. "When I think of you, I generally project schemes of singles rather than doubles," I ventured.

"Oh, come now, no nonsense," she replied, and brought me back to the subject.

It was quite patent to me now that she was determined to make me promise to start to play the game next spring. Perhaps at the commencement of the conversation she had not intended to do so, but as the talk had drifted on, her wish had been gradually formulating itself, and she was now set on having it fulfilled. She was using all her powers of argument, and of a sweet and bewitching manner, to accomplish her purpose. But my opposition increased in proportion to her determination, and it required more than her be-