

# For Love of the Game

By FRED JACOB

**D**ID anyone ever think of starting an investigation to find what sport means to the man who regards the pages giving the "scores" as the most important in a modern newspaper? The definitions would vary widely, as we may judge from the enthusiasts for different games who can be found among our personal friends. The baseball fan finds sport in the gathering of a team from Texas, Utah or wherever good players may be found, to bear the name of Toronto, Montreal or some other city proudly in a "big league." The tennis enthusiasts will tell you that this is not sport. Even if he could get McLoughlin or Wilding to represent Canada in an international match, he would not do so—he tells us—for he could find no glory in such a victory. The rugby hero knows that he is a great man in the community, and he will risk limb if not life for the thunders of applause from the crowds—that is sport to him. But the bowler scorns a large gallery and asks only for a few congenial friends on the green where they feel themselves to be the cream of good fellows. So we might go on, and where would it lead us? Nowhere except to the rather vague conclusion that a definition of what is sport depends

largely on the angle that a man has taken up from which to view it.

There is one aspect of sport, however, regarding which only two opinions can exist, and it is a side of the matter that will bear a little serious reflection. Are we to play for the love of the game? Opposite to this may be set the idea that sport is the newest business developed by our modern civilization. The atmosphere about us has become permeated with these two views until some people will hardly dare to say whether the games of our nation are clean or not. They smile and accept *Punch's* cynical definition that "an amateur is a man who is not called a professional."

It is only in recent years that professional sport has taken a strong hold upon our country. It may be said to have come here in its most highly developed form with baseball. America has spoken the last word in commercialism, so it appears only logical that their national game should be the best example of how the commercial spirit can take hold of sport. We have made our imitations, for there is now a professional version of both hockey and lacrosse, our national sports, though as yet neither has proved to be a gold mine for anybody. But

perhaps it is well to say at once that no one can condemn the man who plays for a salary, provided he does it openly. If he does nothing else quite so well as he performs in some particular game, why should he not turn his gift to good account? This is all the more true when there are people anxious to part with their money to witness the brand of sport at which he excels. As a pure matter of business, the man risks his beauty in hockey or lacrosse and is paid for it, gives you more for the cash paid to him than the man who sells you a piece of land two miles from the nearest highway and calls it a "choice residential lot."

It is not the professional who stands as a menace to our sport. He may have opened the eyes of the athletes to the possibilities of this field of money-making, and he may have spread abroad the knowledge that a good man has his value, which causes so many amateurs to feel that they should have something to show besides honour at the end of the season—only sweaters and an outfit, of course, but still something. Let us put as much blame as we can upon the man who has enlarged his bank account by selling his athletic prowess, but at least we know where he stands.

The chief danger at the present time to our idea of what it means to play for the love of the game comes from the men who stand in the twilight zone. These men are mostly good enough to be professionals though they still retain what we call their "amateur standing." Sometimes no one suspects them of being anything but what they claim, and in other cases we hear Mr. Know-all, who may be found on the outskirts of every sporting crowd, throwing out all sorts of hints about what he could tell if he wished to cause a sensation.

"There is not an important team playing hockey or rugby to-day in this city, except those connected with schools or colleges, which could not be charged with semi-professionalism," said a prominent club man in Toronto quite recently.

When asked to make good his statement in connection with any club, he could not do so. He was unable to give details of a single case where he possessed damaging information against a player. The most that he was able to offer consisted of a number of instances that "looked bad," such as players who flopped from club to club without any apparent reason. Such accusations against teams are very common, and Mr. Know-all delights in giving the impression that he could put many prominent men into the professional ranks if only he—and here he winks a wise eye.

Let it be said at once that Mr. Know-all is frequently not only making wild guesses, but coming perilously near being libelous. There are a great many more self-respecting fellows in sport in Canada than the people who do not know any of them personally would seem inclined to believe. It is to be regretted that they cannot be safeguarded against the general atmosphere of suspicion created by the talkers and—this is the unfortunate part of it—by some of the players who cling to the amateur title even though they have lost the spirit which should distinguish those who play for the love of the game.

There are several facts which must be faced squarely if we are going to keep a sharp line drawn between the professional and the amateur. In baseball, it is hard to tell where the twilight zone commences, so gradually does the amateur shade into the professional. There was some danger a few years ago that such would be the fate of lacrosse, but during the past year the amateur game has taken a new lease of life. Why? The answer can be given for Ontario—a new league conducted on a strictly amateur basis gave the players a feeling of security, and the men were accordingly enthusiastic enough to go down into their own pockets to enable their teams to stay in the game. Strange as it may seem to those who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of amateurism, the result was a healthier tone in the national summer game than it has known since some people thought it was popular enough to become a money earner for any promoter who would take hold of it.

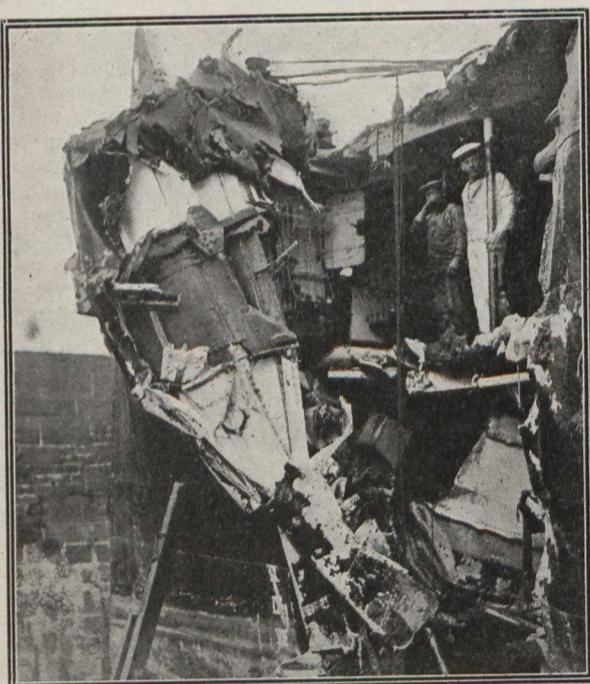
The line of cleavage between amateur and professional hockey has always been carefully maintained, though there are dangerous symptoms. There still remains one more of our peculiarly Canadian games, our rugby. It is nearing the crossing of the ways, for it has been enjoying tremendous popularity for several years. The crowds make money, and where money may be found commercial instincts will surely be aroused.

Even at the risk of being accused of snobbishness, one can credit the college element with being a strong safe-guard against professionalism in rugby. Young men who have the amateur instinct well developed remain on the grid-iron after leaving school, and in most cases they stand above the

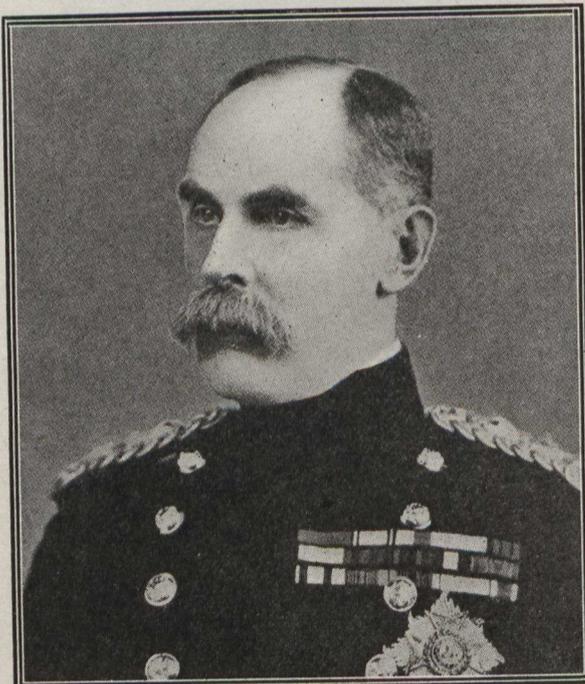
## A PROTEST AGAINST FURIOUS MOTOR-DRIVING



The Villagers at Denton Green, Kent, England, Have Adopted This Means of Protesting Against the Reckless Motorist. They Are Also Holding Indignation Meetings and Threaten Reprisals. So in Canada—There is a Dangerous Feeling in Certain Places, Especially Against the Motorist Who Knocks Down a Foot-traveller and Runs Away, as One Motorist Did Near Toronto Last Week.



The Hole in the Side of the Destroyer "Jackal," Made When She Failed to Clear the Bow of the "Thunderer" Off Tay Mouth Recently. The Steel Plates Crumpled Like Paper, But Fortunately No Lives Were Lost.



Persistent Rumour States That Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., Will be Canada's Next Governor-General. Besides His Well-known Military Services, He Was Made Governor of Natal in 1900.