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THE DEAD GAME SPORT.

A DESCRIPTION.

William K. Hotsport is undoubtedly the best known man at Varsity. Indeed, he might be said to be the undergraduates' beau ideal of a university man. Tommy Plug, a rather insignificant fellow, who spends his days and nights in that most plebeian pursuit of knowledge, with honor and medals always in his eye, esteems it as the very greatest honor to be called a friend of Billy Hotsport, and strives always in public to carry himself with the same air as his friend. Ethel Flirthard, the occasional whom all the fellows run after, and whose opinion ought, therefore, to be worth something, thinks Billy "is the whole way." She "doesn't like your goody-goodies," but prefers fellows who have "something in them." Billy is respected even by the freshmen, and Sir Oracle, the irrepressible, is dumb before that condescending familiarity shown him by his sporty senior.

It is in this word "sporty" that you have the secret of Billy's popularity. Freddy Smith, who lounges around in an old felt hat and a smoking-jacket, with a pipe always stuck in his mouth, has far more money; Bob Jones, the half-back, can beat him at any game from shinny to golf; and old Tommy Plug knows more about ancient Rome than Billy knows about King street. None of them, however, carries half so much weight as our hero, for Billy is a "sport," and a "dead game sport," and "a dead game sport" is an idol before whom the ordinary undergrad bows in awful reverence.

Bill carries himself with the air of an aristocrat—of a true American aristocrat who might be worth a million, and talks of "the governor" at home in much the same way as "My Lord" at Oxford might speak of "His Grace," the Duke. As a matter of fact the Hotsports have been numbered among the aristocracy for two generations. Bill's grandfather was not worth a cent when he came to this country. It was Bill's father who worked his patent of nobility by the sweat of his brow. He worked on a farm, taught school, and finally put himself through as a doctor, and having made the requisite amount of money, he was enrolled among our Canadian noblesse, and proceeded to bring up his son William in a manner worthy of the name.

As to the success this honest father met with in raising his son, little need be said. Certain it is that in his twentieth year William K. Hotsport came down to our university with that smattering of useless knowledge known as a High School Education, a somewhat flashy, though not displeasing manner, and an allowance of pocket money much larger than he knew well how to use.

To tell you exactly why he came to the University would perhaps have worried our friend not a little. The governor "hadn't an education himself but he wanted Bill to have one." "A good man couldn't be kept down" said this man, who had proved the statement, "still a college education gives a man a great advantage." His father possessing these exaggerated ideas of the value of four years' training at a university, Bill came to college chiefly because "the governor" considered it was the proper thing to

do, and partly with some ideas of a certain culture that was to be acquired before entering upon his professional studies.

Billy was the first freshman to register on the day the term opened. On the second day he went down to the bookseller and ordered nearly all the books in the calendar. For three weeks he attended lectures with the utmost "religiosity" and prepared the work with due diligence. At the end of three weeks however, there came a change, Bill began to become acquainted with the boys and soon became a convert to the belief that "everything cannot be learned in books, and that culture must be acquired by contact with men." He became fully convinced that "plugging" was very bad form and perhaps a little "low"—all right for those fellows who wanted a good stand to teach or something, but scarcely the correct thing for a man who did not intend to make his living by it. He no longer tries to keep up with the work. Indeed, he brags about how little he does and exaggerates much the extent of his "bumming," and lectures are now "sloped" as much as possible.

When at home Bill was always dressed well by his parents, but as for himself he never worried much about what he wore. He was not long in the city, however, before he became most fastidious as to cut of his clothes, developed a strong passion for neckties, and must have his boots made to order by the most fashionable shoemaker in town. His clothes are always ultra fashionable, and his pants are either the very tightest or the very loosest, according to the fashion. His neckties are always of the most extraordinary patterns and most pronounced colors. He never liked to wear things like everybody else in town had on, he once told me, and this must be the reason why some critical person pronounced his taste "loud."

It must not be imagined that because our young friend is a "sport," he therefore excels in sports. No greater mistake could be made, for your true sport never takes kindly to athletics. He "played the game" the first year he came down, and filled his position on the second team so well that it was said by some that he would make the first team the next year. In the meantime, however, Bill underwent the metamorphosis from which emerged the sport. Owing to the pleasant life that he adopted in his new character he put on a great deal too much weight, and next fall Bill concluded after a few practices that he smoked too many cigarettes to have wind enough to play football, and so football had to go. At present he confines his attention to the two games which every sport plays, poker and pool. The boys say he is not much at billiards, but Bill tells some marvellous stories about the money he has lost and won at poker.

Let no one be surprised that the games of billiards and pool are known at our universities, or that our friend, William Hotsport, should win and lose at them sometimes. All "sporty" fellows are a little fast you know, and above all things Billy desires the reputation of being a sport. Indeed, with this object in view, Billy has acquired the habit of always exaggerating his "sportiness" so that Freddy Smith says that Hotsport is a huge bluff. But it would insult Billy very much to tell him this, for if there is anything he fears it is being considered a "cheap" sport. To illustrate this, the story is told that for some after the two-cent postage came in, Bill persisted in using the three-cent stamp, because the two's looked so cheap.