

GOLF CAUSERIE.

Andrew Carnegie as a Sportsman

For a man who was between fifty and sixty before he allowed sport of any kind to occupy a place in his heart, Mr. Carnegie is a marvel. Sometimes one hears it said that it is such a pity that this man of millions is not a sportsman, an observation which, if examined, will be found to have many shades of meaning. That he does not ladle out thousands upon thousands of pounds for the cause of sport as he does for that of music and of education is just as true as it is that he religiously eschews all recognition of the turf. He even does not fire a shot on his own moors, although they are, nevertheless, duly shot over. There are, however, often good and sufficient reasons for many things that a great man does not do that he apparently might; that, indeed, in some cases, he should. Once, many years ago, Mr. Carnegie was induced to join a hunting expedition to the Far West. "I am always lucky," he will tell you, and upon this occasion the first roebuck fell to Mr. Carnegie's gun. He became wildly excited when he saw the animal tumble over. He hurried forward to the spot only to discover that his pleasure was to be short-lived. The mortally wounded animal turned up its soft brown eye in piteous gaze upon its slayer. It was enough. Down went the gun with a flop, as if it were a piece of red-hot iron, never again to be taken up by its owner. That is the sum total of Mr. Carnegie's record with the gun. Most people know something of his pronounced views on warfare, of his efforts in furtherance of compulsory arbitration, and how such pursuits as Volunteering and target practice are to him as a red rag to a bull. Few are aware, however, that he never followed a pack of hounds and that he owns not a single house collie. In so far as these things are concerned, Mr. Carnegie is not a bit of a sportsman. Yet it would be hard to imagine a more perfectly idealised sporting life than that which he lives for five months every year at Skibo Castle, his Scottish home. Twenty years ago the multi-millionaire became a devoted disciple of Isaac Walton. Ten years later he went crazy on golf.

Ever passionately fond of the sea, he yet contents himself with a modest little steam yacht of 80 tons, upon which he and his friends spend a day occasionally in the Dornoch Firth, visiting such places of interest as Dunrobin, Cromarty, Fortrose, Nairn. These are his out-of-door hobbies. Indoors literary work, at which he labours assiduously, and an occasional game at billiards are his pastimes. He loves motoring, chiefly because it so effectively shortens the distance between the furthest removed salmon pool on the River Shin and his picturesquely-situated golf links on the northern shore of the Dornoch Firth, close by the mouth of a nice stream, with more than a local reputation, known as "The Evelix," only six or seven minutes' drive from his home. At a cost

OBER 25, 1907.

of something like £18,000 he dammed up the Evelix at its entrance to the firth. This has given him a trout and salmon loch of over half a mile in length, with a breadth varying from 350 to 150 yards. The golf course lies on the south bank of this fine sheet of water, but on a substantially higher elevation, access being had to it from the castle, which stands to the north, by a carriage road on the embankment shutting off the waters of the Evelix from those of the sea.

The course, a nine-hole one, is laid out on real seaside links, with hazards of sand bunkers and beats, and flanked on one side by a useful "rough," and on the other by the closed-in waters of the Evelix. The fault of the course, now that the ground has smoothed down, is its shortness, and being, of course, well kept, good players would account it too easy. There is ample room for extension. A charming rustic-work club house, containing a good-sized reading room, stands beside the first tee and last green, and here between his rounds of golf and his spells of fishing, the Laird of Skibo—one of the very few really happy millionaires of which the world can boast—spends a good many of his leisure moments. Not that these vacant hours are by any means numerous, for Mr. Carnegie is practically never idle, but physical exertion even from a millionaire demands respite.

Mr. Carnegie, who sailed for America one day last week, spent the previous ten days almost entirely on the links and loch, the weather being favourable. One afternoon some friends and neighbours, who had called to wish him God-speed, were in the drawing-room awaiting his return. Darkness had almost set in, and it was more than half an hour after the recognised time before he appeared. To those who know him intimately it was very evident that he had something interesting to tell, and there was no time lost in the telling. "Oh, my, I have had such a grand time of it this afternoon. A 6½ lb. grilse, two good sea trout, two brown, and a 37—all since half-past three." Everyone present was, of course, intensely interested, but a golfer with half an eye could see—did see—that everyone did not fully understand. Those who didn't, fastened on to the fish catch, and were profuse in their congratulations, but little Miss Margaret—bright, brisk, vivacious, as her father was more interested in the 37. "But how did you do it?" she queried. Then the laird related, stroke by stroke, how he had compiled the score. "What a pity you hadn't my 4 instead of a 5 at the seventh hole, and you would have had a 36," she regretfully remarked. It now dawned on the mystified that Mr. Carnegie had been golfing as well as fishing, and that the 37 was his score, and not a fish of that enormous weight.

Mr. Carnegie is in deadly earnest when playing the game, and does not like to be interrupted or have in any way his attention distracted. He plays a great deal alone, John, the attentive and worthy custodian of the links—"Mac," as he is familiarly called by his employer—acting as caddie, companion, and scorer. Mr. Carnegie frequently plays two balls, keeping the scores separately, a proceeding not by any means to be commended. Sometimes player and scorer come to amusing loggerheads over the number of strokes taken to a hole. "That's 5 for the 'Colonel' and 6 for the 'Ace,' Mac." "No, sir; 6 for the 'Colonel' and 7 for the 'Ace,'" replies Mac. "What! that can't be, because—" and then Mr. Carnegie pulls himself up, looks back, thinks, counts—"Right, you are, Mac; come along." Only once have I known him to

persist in disputing Mac's accuracy, and then for some days he believed himself to have been defrauded out of a stroke.

Nothing pleases the man of millions better than getting hold of a greenhorn and initiating him into the mysteries of the game. His friend, Frederic Harrison, the eminent writer and publicist, was visiting Skibo some time ago, and though not a golfer was, as a matter of course, taken to the golf links and given a set of clubs. After the eminent writer of books had struggled his weary way for a couple of holes Mr. Carnegie began to count his score, no doubt to make a basis for a match. When Mr. Harrison had worked his passage halfway to the third hole his opponent and teacher exclaimed, "That'll be seven." "No," said the writer; "three." "Oh, no; it's seven." "No, sir"—irascibly—"only three." Mr. Carnegie, not to be flatly contradicted like this, with some fervour was by this time looking back over the devious track and nodding at each place where a stroke had been made to prove the seven, when Mr. Harrison burst out with a contemptuous shrug, "Oh! oh! if you count that (the air shots), call it twenty; but I only hit the ball three ti-i-mes." J. S.

GOLF CAUSERIE.

The Great Triumvirate.

At the close of the qualifying stages of the Professional Golfers' Tournament many prophecies were made foreshadowing the downfall of Braid, Vardon, and Taylor, and there were many who cherished the belief that the day for the downfall of the great triumvirate was positively at hand.

Partly basing their calculations on the figures of the qualifying rounds of the southern section at Burnham Beeches, and partly relying on the ability of the younger element to be able to give at least as good an account of themselves at Sunningdale as they did a year ago at Hollinwell, the prophets were singularly deceived. In point of fact, never since the inauguration of the contest have the juniors been put so completely out of the hunt. Burnham Beeches, fine though it is, is not the testing course that Sunningdale is, nor is Hollinwell, where the younger golfers did so well last year, to be compared with the Berkshire green for a trial of strength amongst giants.

TOWER ABOVE THEIR RIVALS.

To judge by this, the last important competition of the year—and everything connected with it helps to confirm the belief that it is in every sense a reliable basis upon which to form a judgment—one is forced to the conclusion that the members of the triumphant Old Brigade have not lost ground during 1907; some may be inclined to think they have gained a trifle, always excepting the championship, which went to France. Be this as it may, they have proved themselves as invulnerable as ever, and, in my opinion, tower above their rivals just as much as they did half-a-dozen years ago. Everything considered, it is not a little puzzling how these Goliaths of golf—Braid, Taylor, Vardon, and in a more modified measure, Sandy Herd—manage to conserve that little bit of super-excellence over their fellows.