

**The Confession of Carnegie.** A fortnight ago we reviewed Mr. Andrew Carnegie's lecture upon "Stepping Stones to Success in Business," and commented upon the expression of his singular views regarding what he is pleased to call the "blessed heritage of poverty." We took occasion to say that, if Mr. Carnegie's confession that his wealth worries him, accompanied as it is by his candid opinion that it is disgraceful to die rich, should have the effect of inducing Mr. Rockefeller and others to disgorge some of their superfluous millions, a multitude of those who have inherited poverty—squalid, abject poverty—can be raised to a condition when such words of wisdom and advice as those offered by the philanthropist and the missionary will be listened to.

Since the publication of our remarks, we have received two enquiries for the address of generous Mr. Carnegie, evidently from gentlemen who are willing to bear a part of this "white man's burden." However, we do not know his address. Moreover, we find that Mr. Carnegie's eulogy of poverty has been misunderstood. He merely referred to the kind of poverty that in early life hardened his muscles and sharpened his mind. He did not claim as a blessing the condition of which Jerome K. Jerome says:—

No, there is nothing at all funny in poverty—to the poor. It is hell upon earth to a sensitive man; and many a brave gentleman, who would have faced the labours of Hercules, has had his heart broken by its petty miseries.

The lot of a director of a South African mining company is not a happy one in these troublous times. A few weeks ago

**Unhappy Directors.** we pictured the perplexity of representatives of the holders of valuable property in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg. If the mining license fees were not paid, the claims were likely to be confiscated; but, on the other hand, payment of the fees to the Pretoria Government would have exposed them to a charge of disregarding the proclamation which forbid British subjects extending assistance to the Queen's enemies. Under these circumstances, they were advised to adopt a "do nothing" policy, and to await some action on the part of Mr. Kruger. They have not had to wait long for an intimation of that old gentleman's intentions concerning them. Among the news items cabled from London on Tuesday last was a statement that the Transvaal Government had refused to accept payment for licenses unless the whole board of directors was present at Pretoria. The extension of this invitation to the principal holders of mining stocks establishes the growing reputation of Oom Paul for the possession of a certain kind of grim humor. Unless these worried representatives become the guests of the Boers, it seems more than likely Mr. Kruger will "benevolently assimilate" the mines.

There is little room for mirthfulness in considering the South African question, but we cannot refrain from pointing to the possibility of some frightened stockholder in one of these imperilled mining proper-

ties at Johannesburg moving a resolution that it is the duty of the directors to proceed at once to Pretoria and look after the valuable interests they represent. Truly, taking one consideration with another, a director's lot is not always a happy one.

**The Judge Objects.**

"Some say that ravens foster forlorn children." Shakespeare.

Whatever pleasure the raven may derive from its self-imposed task of feeding forlorn children, it has recently been made quite clear to us that an English County Court judge objects to being regarded as a foster-father, especially by children of whom he knows nothing. The objection was lodged by Mr. Justice Edge, of the Clerkenwell County Court, and duly noted by reporters, in the course of an application made by a widow for a further grant from a sum of \$1,125 recovered under the Workmen's Compensation Act for the loss of her husband. The Judge had divided the money between the applicant and her children, the share of the latter remaining in Court until such time as they could be benefited by its expenditure. The widow, having nearly finished her share, came to the Court, and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more. Whether the Judge felt worried by the widow's admission that she had opened a little business with her share and then lost everything, we are not informed. But the widow and the extra work imposed upon County Court Judges by Mr. Chamberlain's troublesome bit of legislation caused Mr. Justice Edge to complain of the responsibility placed on the shoulders of judges if they were to have to try to "act as fathers" to children whom they knew nothing about. He added that, if it became a regular thing that weekly allowances were to be made to children who regarded the judges as foster-parents, a conference would have to be held to decide upon the best way to overcome the difficulty. He then expressed the opinion that the widow's request for \$1.25 a week for each of her three children in court could not be acceded to, and he made an order for \$7.50 a month to be paid to the widow, an amount likely to make this family realize what Mr. Carnegie calls "the blessings of poverty." No one will refuse his sympathy to the British judges if, in addition to all the extra work imposed upon them by this Act, they are to be the guardians and foster-parents of the children of all British workmen killed by accidents "arising out of or in the course of" their employment.

**A QUESTION FOR THE LAWYERS:—**"Accident Assurance" says:—A curious point in insurance law has been raised in the case of a surgeon, who, before performing an operation, slightly cut one of his fingers while trimming his nails. His finger became so infected that he was temporarily disabled, and claimed compensation under the accident policy. The company, however, denied liability on the ground that the policy excluded cases in which doctors performed operations on themselves. The question arises, is nail-cutting a surgical operation?