

## ATED THINGS UTIONS AND REPRINT

### THE UNIVERSAL LIFE.

arnie in The Millgate Monthly.

ds the door of my soul,  
d's men and women troop through;  
some laughing, some dumb with de-

, and fennel, and rue;

their feet makes a martial refrain—  
n waiting for you.

ds the door of my soul,  
r and vanquished tramp in;  
rs of music immortal and sweet,  
rs of conflict and din;  
ound loud as the roar of the sea—  
l you come in.

s the door of my soul,  
the brave, the soul-freed  
he palm that they won with their

s souls fettered with greed;  
my best love the soul of the serf,  
iant and pure cannot need.

s the door of my soul,  
and loved one stand there.  
e lover is tender and true,  
one is blooming and fair;  
e I keep for the soul that stands

the forest waits bare.

s the door of my soul,  
er, soft hushing her child;  
nnumbered of baby tricks done,  
has whimpered or smiled—  
my arms round the great mother-

with eyes yearning wild.

door of my soul;  
and the night they our through!  
n, I can ne'er sit alone,  
all mixed up with you!  
e end with the young and the gay,  
h the wearers of rue.

\* \* \*

### A WORLD'S WORKER.

ate by Vladimir G. Simkhovitch  
f Carola Woerishoffer, an offi-  
e Labor Department of New  
died September 11, 1911.  
Survey of September 30.

of humanity Carola Woerishof-  
e most advanced skirmish line,  
ed the most hazardous post. Her  
dress with unguarded machinery

during the hot summer months in New York, from early morning often till long after midnight; her investigating suspicious employment offices, which involved hiring herself out as an immigrant servant girl; her investigating labor camps on the long and lonely roads—all this filled the hearts of those who loved her with fear and apprehension. But to our pleadings and entreaties she had but one answer: "Someone has to do it, so what is the difference?"

Miss Woerishoffer was twenty-six when she died. She was not a finished person; she was still in the making. Moreover, she would not have been "finished" for many years to come. She was developing by leaps and bounds, growing like a giant. But the potential powers of the child were too great; they required life, facts, experience, to come to their full fruition and to adjust themselves. Her intellect was analytical and of the keenest. It never could surrender to a dogmatic statement nor be moulded by a phrase. One never could tell her "Do this!" or "Don't do that!" without telling her why. She required facts. But facts mean experience, facts mean life, which, alas, was not granted to her; and it was in the quest of the facts of life that she died.

When she was a little child she was driven to school (she used to make the footman sit in the carriage while sitting herself on the box with the coachman). She was annoyed at not being able to go to school alone and unaccompanied. When she asked why she might not go alone she was told that she might meet with some very unpleasant experience.

"But I want to meet a very unpleasant experience!" was little Carola's answer.

This remark of a child, properly interpreted, reveals the grown person. Her soul was yearning for experience. But if experience is in its nature very unpleasant, then she must know it and meet it and bear it on equal footing with those who cannot escape it. Some people may think that after all she found pleasure in the quest itself, that she found joy in the adventure incidental to her work. But in spite of an occasional amusing experience there was little pleasure in working the long summer day in a laundry, nor was there much delight in spending the night in a court-house bailing out strikers after a hard day's work.

She was an independent spirit, eager and wide, an individualist and an individuality. When she was a child her mother took her to the annual meeting of a charitable organization of which she was president. When she heard the assembled multitude voting "Yes" on every motion, little Carola could not contain herself any longer.

"Mother, can nobody here say 'No,' if he wants to?" she asked.

It was not a chance remark. It was again an

expression of her personality. She would not say "Yes" or "No" because somebody else or because everybody else said so. She had to form her own opinion and find out the answer for herself from the facts of life. That is why perhaps she was especially interested in social science while studying at Bryn Mawr. Yet it was not her teachers alone, but her home surroundings as well that led her to serve and to lead in the army of social advance. Her father she did not know. She was eight months old when he died. All she knew was that he built railways and loomed large in Wall Street. But she knew and loved her step-Grandfather, Oswald Ottendorfer. She was constantly listening to political discussions. She was also very proud of her father's brother, who was Germany's pioneer in both labor legislation and factory inspection. His devotion, his service, his integrity impressed her deeply. In his footsteps she followed. She was influenced too by her mother, a woman of great character and intelligence, devoting her life to philanthropy, and utterly free from worldly aspirations. She was proud of her mother.

These surroundings laid an impress upon the child's soul, but her further development was from within. She was primarily born, not made; she was growing and expanding because she had to. Greatness, directness, straightforwardness, and unbending will-power were hers. She could not live and be otherwise. We older people who came to her as friends and advisers taught her little, but we learned much. . . .

In the conflict between capital and labor she took the side of labor. Not unaware of the shady side of unionism, she was a fighting friend of labor, as was shown by her devotion to the Woman's Trade Union League, of which organization she was treasurer. What she wanted for America were Lloyd George's policies, the introduction of modern German or English methods of taxation, adequate labor legislation, and the development of social insurance. It is therefore not surprising that it was Miss Woerishoffer who made the first Congestion Exhibition possible, as well as the subsequent work of the Congestion Committee. . . .

To get a rough and crude picture of Carola Woerishoffer one must first of all keep in mind her all-consuming desire to serve the American people—not vague humanity, mind you, but America; to keep this land true to its promise of a fair and equal chance for everybody. Add to this purpose a shrewd, keen, realistic mind, and courage and will power inconceivable. . . .

With a make-up such as hers it was difficult for her to tolerate the petty, the cheap, the cowardly, the snobbish. She loved with a great heart all the victims of society, but she despised those who sit with folded arms and lead a life of pretense.

## THE COURAGE OF THE STRIKER

Gilbert K. Chesterton in the *London Daily News* of August 19.

It is comic and tragic to note the way in which many people, professedly progressive or liberal, talk about a strike when once it appears possible that it may delay their own swift transit to the opera or the seaside. They talk about a strike as if it were a kind of picnic; a jocund but deleterious indulgence which the poor will snatch at every now and then out of native thoughtlessness and dissipation.

It does not seem to occur to them that every man who joins a strike is inviting the worst tragedy of our time: the tragedy of losing his last job.

I will not criticize the present claims in detail, for my point here is purely psychological. I will only express my own mild opinion that the dullest and most bewildered "casual" who could perform the final act of dropping his tools, who could take a risk and abide by a result, who could chance being starved by strike-breakers and swept away by blacklegs, was in that act showing more of the qualities that may yet save England than most of my class or most of the class above it or most of the Statesmen since we dropped the good old custom of beheading them on Tower Hill.

If Lord Milner had been asked to endure such sacrifices, he would not have damned the consequences. He would have thought those consequences much too damnable to be damned. The consequences which he devoted to the lower deities could not conceivably amount to more than a slight change in the political scope of a permanently privileged position. The man who goes without one glass of beer or one cup of tea in a strike of twelve hours is much more of a strong man than Lord Milner ever was in Africa.

For this reason alone strikers should be spoken of rather more respectfully; for if there is one spirit more than another that we need just now it is the spirit that can take a leap in the dark, that can commit the irrevocable, can have a tooth out, can have a leg off, can marry a housemaid, can go into a monastery, can send a telegram, and throw up a salary.

If the English workman prefers to throw a loaf out of window where an Irish workman would throw a brick through a window, if an English workman elects to lose flesh where a French workman might elect to lose blood, some of us may congratulate ourselves on the more tolerant temper of England; but he remains by far its most vital and virile type. And if any oligarchic committees or middle-class boards are armed with powers to prevent his making this mortal protest, bearing this last witness to his wrongs, that will be to declare the restoration of Slavery as solemnly and publicly as Lincoln declared its abolition.