"MAN IN THE STREET" SAYS AMERICANS DO NOT THINK ENOUGH

This Opinon Is Expressed by Laborer, Who Says Native Toilers Do Not Pay Sufficient Attention to Social Problems.

Aliens Prove More Alive to Questions of Efficiency, Safety and Education. Need for Workmen's Compensation Law Urged.

Four bull-necked, free, untrammeled citizens of the United States of America walked out of the Broad street entrance to the Baldwin Locomotive Works at noon today. Behind them came a man plainly an alien. Each was a giant, and the face of each was blackened with the grime of toil. Each was as hard as the iron on which he worked.

A curious reporter stopped the Americans, one after the other. He wanted to know something about workmen's compensation, employers' liability and similar social legislation from the viewpoint of the man who labors. Each man hesitated somewhat in his lurching stride, listened with open suspicion and answered:

"Don't know anything about it."

Then the fifth man, the alien, was questioned. Apparently he had not been long in the country. Old World custom still clung to him. Smiling, he removed his hat, and, towering a foot or more over his questioner, replied:

"Eet is a good thing, what you ask."

The foreigner shrugged his shoulders. The other men, the freeborn Americans, had moved on. He pointed to them.

"You asked them," he said, "and they did not know. They will never know. So it is that these things are delayed. The men who do the work do not know. They do not care. 'All in the game,' is what they say when something breaks and a man dies. He is taken away and they forget it."

J. F. DeCamp, of 3426 F street, an expert carpenter and cabinet maker, expressed almost identical views to the questioner an hour or two later. DeCamp was looking for work. He had gone to the United States Employment Bureau, 135 South 2d street, in the hope of finding it. Hard times have cut into the jobbing business he has been trying to build up for the last few years and he finds it necessary to become a journeyman again.

TOO MUCH COMPLACENCY.

"The reason why the progress of remedial legislation is so slow," he said, "is because too many workmen know nothing about it and care less. But they are learning, and workmen's compensation laws similar to that of Massachusetts are coming.

"The first thing that will be noticed in Pennsylvania when we get a good compensation law," he continued, "will be a decrease in the number of accidents, provided the law is a right one. The law won't be worth anything unless it has a clause, or is accompanied by some statute, providing a penalty for employers who permit the removal of safety devices from their machines.

MUST ENFORCE LAW.

"Safety devices do little good now in many shops, because, after having them installed, the manufacturers make no effort to see that they are kept on. Take two workmen on two buzz saws. One of them, a new man, perhaps, anxious to hold his job, pulls off the safety fender and throws it on the floor. Without it he can work more rapidly. Also, he stands the chance of losing some fingers or a hand if something distracts his attention for a moment.

"The man on the adjoining saw sees the other fellow turning out more work. He also throws away the safety guard. One of the first lessons to be learned by advocates of workmen's compensation is that safety devices on the floor are useless.

"Of course, if a good law is passed, the insurance companies who will take over the liability will see to it that appliances are kept where they should be, but there still will be violations, unless a penalty is provided for them."

The five men who were spoken to at Baldwin's would not give their names. The fifth, the alien, said he was a student of such problems. About a dozen others were asked about workmen's compensation before DeCamp was met. Four of them were iron workers, seen just outside the Widener Building, now in course of construction at Juniper and Chestnut streets.

DeCamp believes there ought to be a school somewhere of industrial problems, but he inclines to the belief that it will be difficult to get pupils from among the class of workers who most need protection, the men employed in precarious occupations and whose work is hard.

SKILLED, BETTER STUDENTS.

Mechanics, skilled and more inclined to be careful, are better students of conditions, he thinks. His idea of the instruction that will amount to anything is that which will be given in large industrial plants. For such institutions there must, of course, be co-operation on the part of the employer, he said, and where the employer has not learned that it is cheaper to keep a workman alive and protect him than to let him get killed in the shop the school in the factory is impossible.

Another reason for industrial accidents was put forth by a man who is a foreman in a large machine shop and did not want his name used. He said foreigners, in most instances, make the best workmen, not because the Americans lack intelligence, but because they will not use it.

"Their attitude toward a job," he said, "is that it is a 'meal ticket,' something temporary. You listen to a gang of men chatting over their luncheon. One of them will be telling how he expects to 'fall' into something soft next week.' There will always be two or three discontented. The aliens josh each other and forget all about the shop in leisure hours. But when they work they pay attention."

"TRAMP POET" READS

Vachel Lindsay Entertains at the Houston Club.

Until his death he had not caused
His little mistress tears.
He wore his ribbons prettily
And washed behind his ears."

This is one of the effusions of Vachel Lindsay, known as the "Tramp Poet," who read his own works at the Houston Club of the University of Pennsylvania this afternoon. He has been singled out as the most original man of the country. Admirers of the last stanza of "The Grave of the Righteous Kitten" given above offer it as a striking example of his "freshness in feeling and unconventionality."

Seek Aid for Unemployed Italians

A committee of women from the 36 and 37 Wards met last night at the home of Mrs. Lena F. Hurlong, 760 South 19th street, to discuss plans for the immediate relief of the unemployed in the Italian quarter. A subcommittee, which comprises Mrs. Hurlong, Miss Jennie DiCarlo, Miss Josephine Celai and Miss Fedor Kolar, will call upon the Emergency Aid Committee today to ask aid in the relief of Italian sufferers.

THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE

A TALE OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

SYNOPSIS.

Leonard Tavernake, Englishman to the bone, prevents Beatrice Burnay, an American girl, starving in London, from stealing. She is turned out of her boarding house and he follows, persisting, against her will, in befriending her. At a restaurant he tells her about himself, but she shrouds her own past in mystery.

After dinner they go to the embankment, and here Beatrice attempts suicide. Tavernake hurries her into a chemist's shop, and her life is saved. While resting there, Beatrice overhears a richly gowned woman asking for a drug. She grows suddenly frightened and insists that Tavernake take her away.

To save the girl's life, Tavernake proposes to make her his housekeeper. He explains to her that she has nothing to fear from him, as he is not attracted by her. When he returns to work he finds himself face to face with the woman who frightened Beatrice the night before. She is Mrs. Wenham Gardner, from the United States, and she wishes to rent a house.

She implores Tavernake to tell her where Beatrice is. A terrible thing has happened, which Beatrice must know to avoid serious danger. Tavernake refuses, and finally is offered a large sum of money. Still he remains faithful to Beatrice, and promises only to ask her if he may tell Mrs. Gardner.

Beatrice finally confesses to Tavernake that Mrs. Gardner is her own sister. She also asserts that Mrs. Gardner has no money, and is something of an adventuress. She insists that her own whereabouts be kept secret. At a recital where Beatrice is singing she is recognized by an American, Mr. Pritchard, and is offered a place in a musical comedy by Sidney Grier, the famous producer. She does not know whether to accept or not.

Mrs. Gardner tries by all her powers of fascination to make Tavernake give up the secret of Beatrice's residence, but Tavernake resists.

Mrs. Gardner's father comes to her and reports that her husband is being kept, at her orders, in a deserted moorland house. Her husband is fast becoming a monomaniac, intent upon her murder. At the same time it is discovered that Jerry Gardner, brother of Wenham Gardner, has come to England.

Tavernake leaves his firm and goes into land speculation on his own account.

CHAPTER XI.

A BEWILDERING OFFER.

Elizabeth stood with her hands behind her back, leaning slightly against the writing table. The professor, with his broad-brimmed hat clinched in his fingers, walked restlessly up and down the little room. The discussion had not been altogether a pleasant one. Elizabeth was composed but serious, her father nervous and excited.

"You are mad, Elizabeth!" he declared. "Is it that you do not understand, or will not? I tell you that we must go."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Where would you drag me to?" she asked. "We certainly can't go back to New York."

He turned fiercely upon her.

"Whose fault is it that we can't?" he demanded. "If it weren't for you and your confounded schemes, I could be walking down Broadway next week. God's own city it is, too!" he muttered. "I wish we'd never seen those two young men."

"It was a pity, perhaps," she admitted, "yet we had to do something. We were absolutely stonybroke, as they say over here."

"Anyway, we've got to get out of this," the professor declared.

"My dear father," she replied, "I will agree that if a new city or a new world could rise from the bottom of the sea, where Professor Franklin was unknown, and his beautiful daughter, Elizabeth, had never been heard of, it might perhaps be advisable for us to go there. As it is—"

"There is Rome," he exclaimed, "or some of the smaller places! We have money for a time. We could get another draft, perhaps, from Wenham."

She shook her head.

"We are just as safe here as anywhere on the Continent," she remarked.

He struck the table with the palm of his hand.

"As safe here!" he repeated. "Haven't I told you that Pritchard is in this very hotel? What does he want? He passed me an hour ago, patted me on the shoulder—curse his impudence!—and asked me how the show was going. You saw the New York Herald? They actually hinted that the Gardner family had sent him over to find Wenham."

She laughed hardly.

"Well, if Pritchard wants us," she acknowledged, "it won't be much use our hurrying away."

"He'll find Wenham," the professor declared. "He'll hunt him out, somehow or other."

"I am not afraid of Wenham," Elizabeth said slowly. "There was a time when he came to me with murder in his heart, the first time when he began to understand. There was no one else about, we were absolutely alone. I said nothing, I never raised my finger. Wenham came as close to me as you are now, and I looked at him."

"Well?" demanded the professor, breathlessly.

"He drew a long breath and then his hands fell to his side," she continued. "Afterwards he sobbed a little and became quite reasonable. Men are what you make them, father. If you believe in yourself, you triumph. I am not going to run away from any one. If you are afraid, you can have half the money we have left, and go where you will."

He sat down, wringing his hands helplessly.

"My child," he exclaimed, "you know very well that I dare not go alone! My nerves are in such a state, it would not be possible."

"Then stay," she told him briefly.

"It chokes me," he went on, looking at her fearfully, "this atmosphere, the feeling that Pritchard is watching all the time, wondering what we have done with Wenham, wondering where our money comes from. Elizabeth, what is there in London that holds you?"

"My vanity, perhaps," she laughed. "Anyhow, I mean to stay."

The telephone on the table rang. She took up the receiver.

"You can send the young man up in five minutes," she said.

"Who is it?" her father asked.

"The young man who called the other day," she replied—"Mr. Tavernake."

The professor's face darkened.

"Again!" he exclaimed. "What does he want, that young man? What have you to do with him? You do not want a flat, you do not want a house. It is all a bluff, this. What use is he? What purpose can he serve?"

She smiled at him tolerantly, as one might smile at an angry child. No line of her features betrayed any sense of annoyance or even impatience.

"My dear father," she answered, "you cannot possibly understand the reason for everything I do. Why worry about this unfortunate young man?"

Once more he struck the table. Then he threw out his hands above his head with the melodramatic instinct which had always been strong in his blood.

"Do you think that I am a fool?" he cried. "Do you think I do not know that if there were not something moving in your brain you would think no more of that clerk, that bourgeois estate agent, than of the door-mat beneath your feet? It is what I always complain about. You make use of me as a tool. There are always things which I do not understand. He comes here, this young man, under a pretext, whether he knows it or not. You talk to him for an hour at a time. There should be nothing in your life which I do not know of, Elizabeth," he continued, his voice suddenly hoarse as he leaned toward her. "Can't you see that there is danger in friendships for you and for me, there is danger in intimacies of any sort? I share the danger; I have a right to share the knowledge. This young man has no money of his own, I take it. Of what use is he to us?"

"You are too hasty, my dear father," she replied. "Let me assure you that there is nothing at all mysterious about Mr. Tavernake. The simple truth is that the young man rather attracts me."

The professor gazed at her incredulously.

"Attracts you! He!"

"You have never perfectly understood me, my dear parent," she murmured. "You have never appreciated that trait in my character, that strange preference, if you like, for the absolutely original. Now in all my life I never met such a young man as this. He wears the clothes and he has the features and speech of just such a person as you have described, but there is a difference."

"A difference, indeed!" the professor interrupted roughly. "What difference, I should like to know?"

She shrugged her shoulders lightly.

"He is stolid without being stupid," she explained. "He is entirely self-centered. I smile at him, and he waits patiently until I have finished to get on with our business. I have said quite nice things to him and he has stared at me without change of expression, absolutely without pleasure or emotion of any sort."

"You are too vain, Elizabeth," her father declared. "You have been spoilt. There are a few people in the world whom even you might fail to charm. No doubt this young man is one of them."

She sighed gently.

"It really does seem," she admitted, "as though you were right, but we shall see. By-the-by, hadn't you better go? The five minutes are nearly up."

He came over to her side, his hat and gloves in his hand, prepared for departure.

"Will you tell me, upon your honor, Elizabeth," he begged, "that there is no other reason for your interest? That you are not engaged in any fresh schemes of which I know nothing? Things are bad enough as they are. I cannot sleep, I cannot rest, for thinking of our position. If I thought that you had any fresh plans on hand——"

She flicked the ash from her cigarette and checked him with a little gesture.

"He knows where Beatrice is," she remarked thoughtfully, "and I can't get him to tell me. There is nothing beyond that—absolutely nothing." * * *

When Tavernake was announced, Elizabeth was still smoking, sitting in an easy chair and looking into the fire. Something in her attitude, the droop of her head as it rested upon her fingers, reminded him suddenly of Beatrice. He showed no other emotion than a sudden pause in his walk across the room. Even that, however, in a person whose machine-like attitude toward her provoked her resentment, was noticeable.

"Good morning, my friend!" she said pleasantly. "You have brought me the fresh list?"

"Unfortunately, no, madam," Tavernake answered. "I have called simply to announce that I am not able to be of any further assistance to you in the matter."

She looked at him for a moment without remark.

"Are you serious, Mr. Tavernake?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "The fact is I am not in a position to help you. I have left the employ of Messrs. Dowling, Spence & Company."

"Of your own accord?" she inquired quietly.

"No, I was dismissed," he confessed. "I should have been compelled to leave in a very short time, but Mr. Dowling forestalled me."

"Won't you sit down and tell me about it?" she invited.

He looked her in the eyes, square and unflinching. He was still able to do that!

"It could not possibly interest you," he said.

"And—my sister? You have seen her?"

"I have seen your sister," Tavernake answered, without hesitation.

"You have a message for me?"

"None," he declared.

"She refuses—to be reconciled, then?"

"I am afraid she has no friendly feelings toward you."

"She gave you no reason?"

"No direct reason," he admitted, "but her attitude is—quite uncompromising."

She rose and swept across the floor toward him. With firm but gentle fingers she took his worn bowler hat and mended gloves from his hand. Her gesture guilded him toward a sofa.

"Beatrice has prejudiced you against me," she murmured. "It is not fair. Please come and sit down—for five minutes," she pleaded. "I want you to tell me why you have quarreled with that funny little man, Mr. Dowling."

"But, madam——" he protested.

"If you refuse, I shall think that my sister has been telling you stories about me," she declared, watching him closely.

Tavernake drew a little away from her, but seated himself on the sofa which she had indicated. He took up as much room as possible, and to his relief she did not persist in her first intention, which was obviously to seat herself beside him.

"Your sister has told me nothing about you whatsoever," he said deliberately. "At the same time, she asked me not to give you her address."

"We will talk about that presently," she interrupted. "In the first place, tell me why you have left your place."

"Mr. Dowling discovered," he told her, in a matter-of-fact tone, "that I had been doing some business on my own account. He was quite right to disapprove. I have not been back to the office since he found it out."

"What sort of business?" she asked.

"The business of the firm is to buy property in undeveloped districts and sell it for building estate," he explained. "I have been very successful hitherto in finding sites for their operations. A short time ago I discovered one so good that I invested all my own savings in buying certain lots, and have an option upon the whole. Mr. Dowling found it out and dismissed me."

"But it seems most unfair," she declared.

"Not at all," he answered. "In Mr. Dowling's place I should have done the same thing. Every one with his way in life to make must look out for himself. Strictly speaking, what I did was wrong. I wish, however, that I had done it before. One must think of one's self first."

"And now?" she inquired. "What are you going to do now?"

"I am going to find a capitalist or float a company to buy the rest of the site," he announced. "After that, we must see about building. There is no hurry about that, though. The first thing is to secure the site."

"How much money does it require?"

"About twleve thousand pounds," he told her.

"It seems very little," she murmured.

"The need for money comes afterward," he explained. "We want to drain and plan and build without mortgages. As soon as we are sure of the site, one can think of that. My option only extends for a week or so."

"Do you really think that it is a good speculation?" she asked.

"I do not think about such matters," he answered, drily. "I know."

She leaned back in her chair, watching him for several seconds—admiring him, as a matter of fact. The profound conviction of his words was almost inspiring. In her presence, and she knew that she was a very beautiful woman, he appeared, notwithstanding his absence of any knowledge of her sex and his lack of social status, unmoved, wholly undisturbed. He sat there in perfect naturalness. It did not seem to him even unaccountable that she should be interested in his concerns. He was not conceited or aggressive in any way. His complete self-confidence lacked any militant impulse. He was—himself, impervious to surroundings, however unusual.

"Why should I not be your capitalist?" she inquired slowly.

"Have you as much as twelve thousand pounds that you want to invest?" he asked, incredulously.

She rose to her feet and moved across to her desk. He sat quite still, watching her without any apparent curiosity. She unlocked a drawer and returned to him with a bankbook in her hand.

"Add that up," she directed, "and tell me how much I have."

He drew a lead pencil from his pocket and quickly added up the total.

"If you have not given any cheques since this was made up," he said calmly, "you have a credit balance of thirteen thousand, one hundred and eighteen pounds, nine shillings and fourpence. It is very foolish of you to keep so much money on current account. You are absolutely losing about eight pounds a week."

She smiled.

"It is foolish of me, I suppose," she admitted, "but I have no one to advise me just now. My father knows no more about money than a child, and I have just had quite a large amount paid to me in cash. I only wish we could get Beatrice to share some of this, Mr. Tavernake."

He made no remark. To all appearance, he had never heard of her sister. She came and sat down by his side again.

"Will you have me for a partner, Mr. Tavernake?" she whispered.

Then, indeed, for a moment, the impassivity of his features relaxed. He was frankly amazed.

"You cannot mean this," he declared. "You know nothing about the value of the property, nothing about the affair at all. It is quite impossible."

"I know what you have told me," she said. "Is not that enough? You are sure that it will make money and you have just told me how foolish I am to keep so much money in my bank. Very well, then, I give it to you to invest. You must pay me quite a good deal of interest."

"But you know nothing about me," he protested, nothing about the property.

"One must trust somebody," she replied. "Why shouldn't I trust you?"

He was nonplussed. This woman seemed to have an answer for everything. Besides, when once he had got over the unexpectedness of the thing, it was, of course, a wonderful stroke of fortune for him. Then came a whole rush of thoughts, a glow which he thrust back sternly. It would mean seeing her often; it would mean coming here to her rooms; it would mean, perhaps, that she might come to look upon him as a friend. He set his teeth hard. This was folly!

"Have you any idea about terms?" he inquired.

She laughed softly.

"My dear friend," she said, "why do you ask me such a question? You know quite well that I am not competent to discuss terms with you. Listen. You are engaged in a speculation to carry out which you want the loan of twelve thousand pounds. Draw up a paper in which you state what my share will be of the profits, what interest I shall get for my money, and give particulars of the property. Then I will take it to my solicitor, if you insist upon it, although I am willing to accept what you think is fair."

"You must take it to a solicitor, of course," he answered, thoughtfully. "I may as well tell you at once, however, that he will probably advise you against investing it in such a way."

"That will make no difference at all," she declared. "Solicitors hate all investments, I know, except their horrid mortgages. There are only two conditions that I shall make."

"What are they?" he asked.

"The first is that you must not say a word of this to my sister."

Tavernake frowned.

"That is a little difficult," he remarked. "It happens that your sister knows something about the estate and my plans."

"There is no need to tell her the name of your partner," Elizabeth said. "I want this to be our secret entirely, yours and mine."

Her hand fell upon his; he gripped the sides of his chair. Again he was conscious of this bewildering, incomprehensible sensation.

"And the other condition?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"That you come sometimes and tell me how things are going on."

"Come here?" he repeated.

She nodded.

"Please! I am very lonely. I shall look forward to your visits."

Tavernake rose slowly to his feet. He held out his hand—she knew better than to attempt to keep him. He made a speech which was for him gallant, but while he made it he looked into her eyes with a directness to which she was indeed unaccustomed.

"I shall come," he said. "I should have wanted to come, anyhow."

Then he turned abruptly away and left the room. It was the first speech of its sort which he had ever made in his life.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Lecture Tonight at Wagner Institute

Professor Robert Williams Wood, of the Johns Hopkins University, will give the third of a series of four lectures this evening at 8 o'clock at the Wagner Free Institute of Science, Montgomery avenue above 17th street. The talks, which embrace visible and invisible spectrum, ultra-violet light, luminous vapors and gases, the absolute zero, etc., are given under the auspices of the Richard B. Westbrook Free Lectureship.

KIN OF ROCKEFELLER DYING IN ADVERSITY

Allen Lorah Boyer, Once Rich Awaits End in Old Men's Home.

Allen Lorah Boyer, a relative of John D. Rockefeller, and at one time his intimate friend, is dying in the Old Men's Home, at 29th and Haring streets.

Formerly wealthy, Boyer lost his entire fortune through unlucky financial ventures. After a struggle to maintain himself, the aged man finally accepted the assistance offered by friends, but his regret is that Mr. Rockefeller, the Oil King, refused to aid him in his days of adversity.

Genealogical investigations made Boyer aware that the wealthiest man in the world was a relative of his, through John Heinrich Boyer, who emigrated to this country from Bavaria and whose descendants became connected by marriage with the Rockefeller family. The two men became acquainted and Boyer was entertained at the Rockefeller establishments in New York City and Cleveland. He played golf with the millionaire at Pocantico Hills, the Rockefeller estate near Tarrytown on the Hudson.

Christmas gifts were sent each year by Boyer to his relative, and Mr. Rockefeller in turn presented Boyer with numerous elaborate engravings, which Boyer has since sold for trifling sums in his fight to provide for his own needs.

Boyer is a native of Reading. He is a bachelor and the last survivor of his family. His brothers were killed in the Civil War and his nearest relatives have long since died or drifted away from him. He began his career with the study of medicine in this city in 1871, but did not follow the profession. Unfortunate speculations deprived him of his money and the last of his properties was lost about a year ago. At that time his adversity was made known to the multimillionaire by a mutual friend, a banker, but no response was received by the aged man. He has spent the last few months in hospitals and in the homes of friends.

Two weeks ago Boyer was admitted to the Old Men's Home, provision having been made for him by members of Christ Church, Reading, of which he was once a member.

Several days after his admittance he was taken critically ill with a recurrence of heart trouble and Bright's disease. Dr. A. E. Blackburn, of 3813 Powelton avenue, who is the attending physician, says his case is hopeless and that death may ensue at any time.

With some of the last of his funds Boyer had his grave constructed and a marker erected over it, alongside that of his mother, in Charles Evans Cemetery, at Reading.