



THE 3

By Thomas W. Law
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Chapter 1.
"Friday, the 13th. I thought as much, 'If Bob has started, there will be hell, but I will see what I can do.' The sound of my voice as I dropped the receiver seemed to part the mists of five years and usher me into the world of then as though he had never passed on."
I had been sitting in my office, letting the tape slide through my fingers while his every word spelled "panic" in a constantly rising voice, when they told me that Brownlow on the floor of the exchange wanted me at the phone, and "quick." Brownlow was my junior partner and floor man. He talked with a rush. Stock exchange floor men in panic never let their speech hobble.
"Mr. Randolph, it's sizzling over here, and it's getting hotter every second. It's Bob—that is evident to all. If he keeps up this pace for 20 minutes longer, the sulphur will overflow the street and get into the banks and into the country, and no man can tell how much territory will be burned over by tomorrow. The boys have begged me to ask you to throw yourself into the breach and stay here, they agree you are the only hope."
"Are you sure, Fred, that this is Bob's work?" I asked. "Have you seen him?"
"Yes, I have just come from his office, and glad I was to get out. He's on the war-path, Mr. Randolph—worse than I ever saw him. The last



"Mr. Randolph, it's sizzling over here and getting hotter every second." The man broke loose, was child's play to his mood today. "Mother sent me word this morning that she saw last night the spell was coming. He had seen up see her and flew at me like a panther. I told him I had only dropped in on my rounds for an order, and I didn't know but he might like to pick up some bargains. 'Bargains' he roared, "don't you know the day? Don't you know it is Friday, the 13th? Go back to that bellhop and sell, sell." Bell what and how much? I asked. "Anything, everything. Give the thieves every share and their drops until they spit up all they have been buying for the last three months! Going out I met Jim Holliday and Frank Swan rushing in. They are evidently executing Bob's orders, and have been pointing Anti-People's out for an hour. They will be on the floor again in a few minutes, so I thought it safer to call you before I started to see Mr. Randolph, they cannot take much more of anything in here, and if I begin to throw stocks over, it will bring the gavel inside of ten minutes and that will be to announce a dozen failures. It's not 20 minutes to one, and God only knows what will happen before three. It's up to you, Mr. Randolph, to do something, and unless I am on a bag snail, you haven't any minutes to lose."
It was then I dropped the receiver with "I thought as much." As I had been flinging the tape, watching the power, the nerves and the devilish crudity to rip things as they have been ripped during the last 20 minutes. The night before I had passed Bob in the theater lobby when he came close scrutiny and saw the look of meaning. The big brown eyes and ten million crawling from the hands and mouth were drawn hard and tense as though weighted. As I had my wife with me it was

was, was graduated with me. He was class post, I yard marshal. We had been four years together at St. Paul's previous to entering Harvard. No girl and lover were fonder than we of each other.
My people had money and to spare, and with it a hard-headed, northern horse sense. The Brownlows were poor as church mice, but they had the brilliant and heroic blood of the southern oligarchy and the romantic "salute-to-no-one" Dixie-land pride of before-the-war days, when southern aristocracy and honor were everywhere women were fair and men's mirrors in the bottom of their julep-jugs.
Bob's father, one of the big, white pillars of southern aristocracy, gave through congress and the senate of his country to the tune of "Speed and Not Stop" an island to his widow and three younger daughters and a small son dependent upon Bob, his eldest son.
Many a warm summer afternoon, as Bob and I paddled down the Charles, and often on a cold, crisp night when we sat in my study on the Cape Cod shore, had we watched up for our future. I was to have the inside run of the great banking business of Randolph & Randolph, and Bob was eventually to represent my father's firm on the floor of the stock exchange. "I die in an office," Bob used to say, "and the world is my stock exchange is just the chimney-pipe to roast my hot-cake in." So when our college days were over my old father, who was then 60 years of age, called in his son, and tried us by his tests, and proud we both were when he said: "Jim, you and Bob have done well. You, Jim, are a good chap to step into my shoes, and Bob is up to a thirty-second and sixty-fourth for the floor." Proud we were, not much because of what my father's decision meant for our future, for we knew we should get into the business all right, but because our judgment was endorsed by his eyes, which thought as near infallible as man could be in anything pertaining to business affairs.
Bob was then 22 and I a year older—I was one of our raw-boned New England lads, not much for prettiness, but willing to weigh in race-day with any of them for steadiness and staying qualities. Bob, as handsome as they made them, six feet tall in his gym sandals, straight as an arrow, with the form of an Italian and one of those clean, brave, all-for-heart-thoughtful, smiling faces to which men yield willingly—friendliness, and women admire. Bob's eyes were big and round and purple-brown as an English bulldog's, unfathomable, at once mild and stern, with a childish comicality, and a certain straight as though chiselled by a master for a Greek metathion, with thin curved lips to correspond, and a high, broad forehead, whose whiteness was set off by a luxuriance of hair that seemed jet-black, but was of the same rare purple-brown as his eyes. But it was the pose of Bob's head that gave his good looks their crow. Whoever has seen a bunch of two-year-old colts in a long grass Kentucky paddock, when the darky boy lets loose his shrill whistle "take-up-time," is sure to remember one that threw up its head and neck, but something to make sure it had caught the call. Grace, strength and unhesitant way of leadership are there personified, and directing his family's affairs in the carriage of Bob's shapely head and vigorous figure, and I'd indeed would be the man or woman who failed to recognize the man's rare distinction and masterfulness.
Indeed, as I said a bit back, Bob Brownlow was by all odds one of the rarest men I have ever known, and besides that, he was a sterling, manly, unadorned fellow, as true as steel, as brave as a lion and the best comrade friend ever had.
Perhaps it was because his father's death had saddled Bob's youth with the heavy responsibilities of husband, father and director of his family's finances that he took to business as a swallow to the air. We entered the office of Randolph & Randolph on the same day, the 1st of January of the year later, my father summoned us into his office for a sort of talk-up talk. Neither of us quite knew what was coming, but I, at least, thrilled with pleasure when he said:
"Jim, you and Bob have fairly outdone my expectations. I have had my eye on both of you for a long time, and I know that the kind of industry and business intelligence you have shown here would have won you recognition in any banking house of the kind I want you both in the firm—Jim, to learn his way round so he can step into my shoes; you, Bob, to take on as the firm's seat on the stock exchange."
Bob's face went red and then pale with happiness as he reached for my hand and shook it.
"I'm very grateful to you, sir, far more so than words can say, but I want to talk this proposition of yours over with my father and mother, and I better than anyone else in the world, and I've some ideas I'd like to thrash out with him."
"Speak up here, Bob," said my father.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

impossible to follow him, but when I got home I called up his house and his club, intending to ask him to run up and smoke a cigar with me, but could locate him nowhere. "I tried again in the morning without success, but when just before noon the tape began to jump and flash and start, I remembered Bob's ugly mood, and all it portended.
Fred Brownlow was Bob's youngest brother, 12 years his junior. He had been with Randolph & Randolph from the day he left college, and for over a year had been our most trusted stock exchange man. Bob Brownlow was my junior partner and floor man. He talked with a rush. Stock exchange floor men in panic never let their speech hobble.
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It is hardly necessary for me to explain who Randolph & Randolph are, for more than 60 years the name has spoken for itself in every part of the world where dollar-making machines are installed. No railroad is financed, no great industrial project, without the force of habit, but handling a by-your-leave of Randolph & Randolph, and every nation

When entering the market for American bankers is something which must be reckoned with. I pride myself on seeing the market for ten years I have had the helm of Randolph & Randolph, I have done nothing to mar the great name my father and uncle carried, but something to make sure it had caught the call. Grace, strength and unhesitant way of leadership are there personified, and directing his family's affairs in the carriage of Bob's shapely head and vigorous figure, and I'd indeed would be the man or woman who failed to recognize the man's rare distinction and masterfulness.
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EVOLUTION OF GLASS EYES.
Were First Brought Into Use in the Seventeenth Century.
"That is an artificial eye of the seventeenth century," said the curator of the medical museum. "It isn't very impressive, is it? The ancient eye resembles what is called 'The Eye of the Devil' and was used to entice the head, and a semi-circle of leather with a small hole in the center, which was fastened to the lid in the empty socket. A little more deceptive, eh?"
The shells, in shape like halves of wal-

HORTICULTURE



GRAPE GROWING.

Girdling the Vines Enlarges Fruit but Injures the Flavor.

In reference to the grapes here shown, which were grown in Litchfield county, Conn., the grower was very careful to make plain that he does not ordinarily believe in girdling grapes. It causes the fruit to grow much beyond its natural size, but the quality is never improved and is injured.

Girdled Grapes.

Injured, says New England Home-stead. In the same paper Prof. Gully writes of the best time to trim grape vines, as follows:
"The best time to trim grapes is early winter. Days can then be selected that are mild and the ground dry. It can be done at any time before the vines start in the spring. If trimmed after the sap starts they may run or bleed badly. Do not, however, omit the trimming if the work has been left so late as the surplus wood left on the vine would do far more damage than the bleeding from one year's trimming. When done in early winter the vine should be cut free from the trellis, letting it fall to the ground or as near it as will. This is to prevent the breaking of the vine or trellis by snow when it settles. If it should happen to be deep or daff, it also protects the vine from extreme cold. In places where there is danger from cold, a few brush laid over the

PLANTING A RARE GRAPEVINE.

Care Will Be Rewarded by Vigorous Fruitful Vines.

When I have a grapevine I think more of than any other variety I have ever given the best, sunniest spot I have in my garden, and far as possible from all trees if you want fine, large bunches of fruit, says a writer in Rural New Yorker. First dig out the soil to three feet each way, according to the size of vine roots; then dig out the subsoil at least two feet deep, fill up the hole with good, rich surface soil mixed with a little fine, well-rotted manure within eight or ten inches of the surface, setting the vine not more than ten or 12 inches deep. If dry, wet the roots well; put on top of roots at least six inches of good soil, then finish with three or four

Ungirdled Grapes.

When pruning add much to their safety. Do not use for this purpose anything like straw or manure that may attract mice. Very early in the spring before the buds are starting the vines can be taken up and again tied to the trellis. As to general care, cultivation and fertilizing, what will grow corn will grow grapes.

PLANT BUILDING.

Important Part Which Water Plays in the Process.

A simple way to illustrate how plant food goes into solution in water is to drop a lump of sugar into a glass of water. The lump immediately begins to fall to pieces, and in time will become dissolved and uniformly distributed through the water. As the water of the soil comes in contact with the surfaces of particles of soil and fertilizing constituents, there is a breaking up of the particles, which as they become free, are floated off through the capillary water. In this form the molecules of plant food are transported through the soil. The root hairs absorb this plant food and thus a movement of the solution is started toward the root. Not having the power to choose the soil, the root hairs must absorb everything which comes in this solution whether it is injurious or not. An illustration of this is where water has been used to kill grass and weeds, and the poisonous cyanide compounds being absorbed by the roots of a tree cause its death.

The thousands of root hairs are really little pumps sucking the water out of the soil into the plant where it performs its functions and goes to the leaves. In the leaves the excess is transpired into the air. We see that there are thousands perhaps millions of tiny streams of water entering the tree through its leaves and passing out through the leaves.

A few figures published by the Wisconsin experiment station on some experiments made with oats and corn show what a surprisingly large quantity of water is required for plant growth. It was found that for every 100 lbs. of grain produced were required for every ton of dry matter, 223.5 tons of water was required, and of oat corn 209.8 tons of water.

Alfalfa and Hogs.

Here is where the man with an alfalfa pasture comes out ahead. His hog does just as well as though he had a big mill feed mill and is getting just as much growth, too. And there is another man whom the mill feed man does not beat. It is the man who is milking lots of cows.

SPRAYING FOR APPLE SCAB.

Prof. Emerson of Nebraska Experiment Station, Telle of West Omaha.

In some spraying tests against apple scab, carried on at the Nebraska experiment station, the varieties of apples used were Sweet June, Winesap, Maiden Blush, Jonathan and Ralls Genet. Bordeaux was the solution used.

The first two varieties named were young trees, five and eight years old respectively. The other varieties were old trees. The Maiden Blush and Winesap were sprayed only once, May 23, for the former and May 27 for the latter, and both after the blossoms had fallen, and in case of the Winesap, even after the calyx lobes had closed. The Sweet June, Jonathan and Ralls Genet were sprayed at different times.

The prevalence of scab on the sprayed and unsprayed trees was determined approximately simply examining from 100 to 200 fruits per tree. Later, when the apples were picked, all the fruits (except the few of Jonathan which were not) and the amount of scab on different trees determined more accurately.

In the records of the tests given, trees sprayed late in April and early in May were not so successful in controlling scab as the later spraying. The best results followed two sprayings, one early in May and one later in May. This was well shown in case of Sweet June, where an unsprayed tree had 90 per cent of scab, one sprayed May 9, 20 per cent, one sprayed May 23, 20 per cent, and another sprayed on both May 9 and 23 only four per cent. Some of the apples, notably Jonathan, were injured considerably by the spraying of May 23. The fruit was badly ruined on one side. In the worst cases the fruit was so injured as to include development of the fruit. Whether the injury was due to an overdose of the spray, to improperly mixed Bordeaux, or to the extreme tenderness of the Jonathan fruits, I am unable to say.

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WOMAN AND HOME

Wall Photograph Frame

DESIGN IN THE SHAPE OF TENNIS RACKET.
Can Be Made Any Size Desired and Certainly Has the Merit of Novelty—Materials and Directions.

This is a novel photo frame for hanging on the wall. It consists of a piece of stout card-board cut in the shape of a tennis racket, which has an opening in the center for the photo. The racket may be made any size desired, either for a mirror, carte-de-visite, or cabinet. Cover the back first with a thin layer of wadding, then with any pretty piece of broche or embroidered silk that may be at hand. If plain silk is used it may be painted with flowers or some other design. The frame is of conventional design. Slip the photo in, strain over the card. Slip the edges and turn over the edges of the card, fasten them at the back with colorless glue.

A pretty piece of gold gimp should be sewn round the edge of opening, then glass a plain larger than the opening must be fixed at the back. Cover a piece of thinner card with satin and seam to the edge of front, leaving an opening large enough to pass the photo through. Sew over

DIME SOCIAL MADE MERRY PARTY

Entertainment Recently Given by a Young People's Society.

This entertainment was given by a young people's society. The admission was a dime, and the various refreshments were arranged at a scale of prices and nothing less than a dime was taken for an order. For the amusement part each person was provided with a paper with "To be found in a dime" written on the top and the following questions:
1. Fruit of a tropical tree.—(Date)
2. What the Blenheim twins were.—(Date)
3. What a lazy man seldom gets.—(Date)
4. The division of a country.—(States)
5. Something a school boy makes.—(Date)
6. A part of the human body.—(Ear)
7. What makes the forest green.—(Plants)
8. Something in a bookback gives—(center)
The prize offered was a dime.

A Bridal Luncheon.
This is the season when engagement announcements follow thick and

SIMPLE BLOUSE FOR YOUNG GIRL

Many Materials From Which Garment May Be Made.

Almost any blouse material of a firm substance might be used for this simple blouse. It fastens down the front under a wide band, ornamented with short stitched points.

Organdies in Flower Designs.
Organdies are not abundant in bordered motifs, but are very fetching, says Vogue. White with graduated shades of blue is a favored color. It is one of the prettiest. A delicate flowered manipulation, a pastel mingling of pink, blue and green in garlands, also appealing.

Figured this material are more than ever bewitching to the eye as the new season comes upon us, the tint of white is the most popular. For greater perfection until there seems no marvel of nature that the manufacturer cannot reproduce. This year the majority of patterns are bold and large, though there are still plenty of small designs for the woman whose taste is attracted to the less conspicuous treatment.

Trimmed Armhole Liked.
The trimmed armhole, with shoulder lace falling well over the sleeve top, is especially liked for models of the gimpie class, and this class is a very large one, especially as it relates to lingerie frocks. The jumper and kidred modes are far too convenient and practical to be put aside for even one season of popularity, and the enthusiasm with which they have been taken up again this year speaks well for their little body, but appears to be a woman's affections.



ed tabs of the material. Each side the front is arranged in deep folds from the shoulders to the waist, the upper part of each fold being covered with pointed strip of attached material. The back is fitted across the shoulders

VALUABLE HINTS FOR LACE BUYER

Quality Always More Desirable Than Quantity.

In buying lace, particularly medallions for trimming a net waist, remember that a small medallion in a good quality of lace, affording the necessary contrast in tint and weight, is more desirable than quantities of cheap trimming. And if you have plenty of net at your command, make the medallions or platings or double ruchings of this to edge your good lace medallions and to outline the vest and cuffs, rather than a cheap net. These fine ruchings of net are very effective, and one of the fads of the moment. Moreover, they have a soft, dainty, delicate quality. Lace is French silk embroidered, either as a narrow band, galloons or medallions, do not hesitate to work it into your blouse for the touch of color. These delicately colored appliques or medallions are much more effective if outlined by narrow fringe or plating of Valenciennes or Chantilly lace.

Practical Shoes for Children.
A pretty and extremely pretty idea is in vogue for children, who are always dressed in white stockings. Their little boots have uppers of white buckskin, fastened with pearl buttons, and then tiny vamps of black patent leather, or sometimes russet. This is much less troublesome than the engine white boot, and yet it does not give the queer cut-out look of dark boots and white stockings. At a little distance the effect is that of the old-fashioned combination of dark stockings with the little white lace.

The Chic Short Coat of Embroidery.
For outdoor wear the long coat is rare, save when in linen and serge it is worn with a matching skirt to the knees, yachting, etc. The very best coat is in high fever, and quite surprising thing is the lace or allover embroidery coat that comes just to or just above the waist line. It has left the silk coat far behind in the race for summer popularity.