

Coolidge market, in addition to the millions of dollars of trading they did for syndicates and individuals on commission, each of these two men traded often in as high as 100,000 to 150,000 shares a day on his own account. It isn't entirely coincidental that two of the outstanding members of the Stock Exchange—Mike Meehan, himself, and Frank Bliss, who has traded on the floor in more stock and in larger blocks than any broker in history—both work in close affiliation with these two men who, so to speak, came up from the Wall Street gutter.

The time is coming, however, when the Curb will be as fat and devitalized as the Big Board. The gutter is gone these years. The Curb is housed in marble. It begins to take on airs, the beginning of prosperity and the end of power. Gardenias bloom spasmodically on the floor and men talk of a day when the gutter

and Olympus will be merged and all brokers will stroll the golden heights in equality.

In short, the Curb will go the way of all money, and when that happens Wall Street will be less to look at than now. Money, in words, is about the most dramatic thing on earth. Money, in actuality, is the dullest thing men have ever worried their heads about. It was dull as coin. It is even more dull as function, and Wall Street is the heart of the money-as-function system.

Fortune, wealth, gold . . . the words are filled with centuries of uproar. But the truth is that money is sly, grasping, timid, conservative, quiet. Wherever it has touched, the zest and glamour of life have decayed. And what is happening to Wall Street is what is happening to all America. America is a monotony now. It will be more so before this is ended, as Spengler would say, by Cæsarism.



New Boarding-House

BY LILIAN H. WOODY

A WELL-KEPT lawn belied the shabby hall
 And down-at-heel black cook who let me in.
 (I later found that she was known as Min.)
 Then came my keeper to her nasal call.
 I saw the dark-red carpet and the wall
 That gave no hint of what it once had been.
 We mounted stairs, each edged with shiny tin;
 Another passage dark—"Look out! Don't fall!"
 A sticking door shoved open. "Here's your room,
 Now make yourself at home"; and then she went.
 Dark wood-work, sagging bed, and creaking floor,
 Enshrouded by a heavy pall of gloom.
 The tears that all day long had been up-pent
 Refused to come. Perhaps I have no more.

*Two in a small boat on
a long cruise—*

A Bad Blow

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

“GET ready on the downhaul,” said Dick.

Becky got up and stood near the jib downhaul. They passed near the great red buoy, plunging slowly up and down. A gull flew off its perch on the buoy as they came close. On the up stroke the buoy showed a heavy band of moss below the water line.

“Don’t get too close,” said Becky. Dick brought the boat about and said: “Haul down.” Becky ran the red jib down and made the line fast. They tacked in front of a big schooner, coming out under full sail.

“What a beauty,” said Dick; “she’s an Alden boat, all right. Funny she’d be going out with the sky so bad.”

“Her tender is bigger than the *Becky*,” said Becky, looking up at the deck of the schooner. The owner in fancy sport clothes was at the wheel. The captain stood by. The owner lifted a finger as Dick saluted. He looked very high up sitting at the wheel.

“The big stiff,” said Becky. “Her name’s *Ilanda*, sounds like a Pullman car.”

“Even if I had a lot of money,” said Dick, “I wouldn’t want her. She’s too fancy. Trapped up like a circus horse.” He was turned looking after her. “In a storm all that stuff would rip off in a

moment. I’d rather have a fisherman myself. Even if I had a lot of money. You could fix up the cabins any way you pleased. Those are the boats.” He brought the *Becky* in neatly and steered toward the fishing vessels. A couple of small yachts belonging to summer people were near the mouth of the harbor. Dick steered through these and went straight toward the fishermen’s dories and motor boats. Lobster pots were stacked in the cockpit of the boat next the *Becky* as Dick threw the anchor overboard. He brought down the big mainsail and furled it. Becky lashed the little jigger-sail to its mast.

“This is the place for us, among the fishing boats,” said Dick, “not with those damned fancy summer boats.” He looked across at the summer people’s boats. Most of them were motor boats, ugly and squat on the water. “I don’t see who’d want one of them,” he said.

“You might set up Notabolt,” said Becky from inside the cabin. She came out dragging a saucepan and coffee-pot. She stood erect too soon as she got out the hatchway and her head cracked against the beams. She sat down rubbing her head and scowling. Dick came over and rubbed the bump. “Is it all right now?” he said.