

## THE WIRE TAPPERS

ple fighting in a fire-panic, they tore and trampled one another down, and blocked the way to their own deliverance, through the very frenzy of their passion to escape.

But the downward trend had already begun.

Everybody attempted to unload. Outside orders to follow the movement promptly poured in. What before had been unrest was soon panic, and then pandemonium. Men and youths bending over saloon tickers, women at quiet home telephones, plungers and "occasionals" watching bulletin-boards, miles and miles away—all took up the startled cry.

Wire-houses promptly heard of the unloading movement, of the abdication of the bull king, and a mad stream of selling orders added to the rout of the day.

Curry had started the current; he let it take its course. Through its own great volume, he knew, it could easily carry all opposition down with it. He even ostentatiously drew on his tan-colored gloves, and took up his overcoat, as he announced, laughingly, that he was out of the market, and that he was off to Florida for a holiday.

Then a second panic—frenzied, irrational, desperate, self-destroying panic—took hold of that leaderless mob, trampling out their last hope with their own feverish feet. Curry had liquidated his entire holdings! He was going South for the win-