

OPEN



PRETTY BOY

SAVING FACE

The Art of Shaving's premium goods help you get depilatory with it

ARE YOU THE KIND of stylish, urbane trader who nonetheless greets the mirror every morning armed with nothing fancier than a can of Barbasol and a Bic disposable that quickly turns your handsome mug into blood salad? It's time to take your grooming up a peg.

A tricked-out men's emporium with 17 outposts across the country, the Art of Shaving specializes in high-end oils and botanicals that eliminate the unsightly razor burn and ingrown hairs that make you look like a prep-school band geek with a costly Accutane habit. Everything on offer — shaving creams, balms, soaps, gels, the whole metrosexual menu — is designed for specific skin types and contains no damaging additives like alcohol or synthetic fragrances.

Prefer to lie back and let someone else do the depilating? Several of the Art of Shaving's mahogany-appointed, apothecary-style salons feature on-site "Barber Spas" that offer standard cuts and shaves embellished with the kind of luxurious pampering more commonly bestowed upon New Age resort tourists and rich spinsters' poodles.

Complete the makeover with the Art of Shaving's gorgeous handcrafted accessories: badger-hair shaving brushes; blades with handles hewn from such exotic materials as buffalo horn and thuja wood. An increasingly popular item is the old-timey, thoroughly terrifying straight razor — in case you don't spend enough time in the ER with machete wounds in your trachea. (To lessen this risk, Art of Shaving specialists will train you in the razor's proper use.)

The Art of Shaving is — no small feat — simultaneously elegant and masculine. So give your styptic pencil, crappy disposables and cheap shaving cream to your local Home for Hirsute Weirdos — and wake up tomorrow fully prepared to put your best face forward.

theartofshaving.com

TRADER TICKER



NUMBER OF ART OF SHAVING LOCATIONS WITH A "BARBER SPA": NEW YORK CITY, LONG ISLAND, MIAMI, LOS ANGELES AND LAS VEGAS



PERCENTAGE OF THE UNITED STATES' ECONOMICALLY VITAL RAILROAD TRACKS IN WHICH JAY GOULD, LATE IN HIS LIFE, HAD A CONTROLLING INTEREST

COOLEST TRADE EVER?

Golden Brown

IN PRAISE OF THE SELL ORDER THAT HELPED SPUR "BLACK FRIDAY" — AND BROUGHT DOWN TWO WALL STREET SCALAWAGS

IN THE SUMMER of 1869, notorious speculators Jay Gould and "Jubilee Jim" Fisk, in cahoots with President Grant's corrupt brother-in-law, conspired to corner the overheated gold market. Yet as the metal's price shot up, some cagey old Wall Street hands formed their own loose syndicate aiming to arrest its rise.

The dean of the gold bears was one James Brown, the 79-year-old cofounder of Brown Brothers. One late-summer day, the usually cautious oldster was so certain that gold (trading at a high of \$162 an ounce) was overvalued that, despite his decrepitude, he hoofed the distance from his office to the gold exchange and shoved his sell ticket — a \$5 million lot, or about

\$70 million today — into the hands of Gould and Fisk's floor broker.

The price rise soon stalled. On September 24, when the government announced the sale of Treasury-held gold, the glut collapsed the market. The panic "Black Friday" wrought damaged Gould and Fisk's reputations, torched Grant's White House and immiserated hordes of small-time speculators.

Brown made out handsomely. Today his firm is known as Brown Brothers Harriman and boasts billions under management. Perhaps none of that money, however, is as cherished as the \$5 million sell ticket the company patriarch wielded like a cutlass 137 years ago in one of the shrewdest trades of all time.

FOOL'S GOULD: Exit, pursued by a bear market



WRITERS: CRISTINA VELOCCI (PRETTY BOY); ANDREW BARBER (COOLEST TRADE EVER?); COURTESY OF THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY (GOULD)

