The Gay Investors

By W. E. Hill

The buy-on-margin. It is very easy to spot one of those kings of finance who buys on margin. Has a worried, introspective air these sad days, and when the best little girl in the world says: "Lambert, dear, I saw the darlintest pair of earrings at Billany's," he will tell her brutally she doesn't look as hot with earrings.

The tip on the market. Meet Yashel, who sometimes hears that sad and so said now was a good time to buy "Southwestern Hole in the Wall" or maybe "General Babilone Preferred." Yashel has a boy friend who works in a brokerage house.

The realtor. A good real estate investment is preferred by many of the more romantic business boys. O.K., it's a fascinating game. Given a certain amount of cubic space that for years has housed one small family, a realtor with vision will make this same space over into a home for twenty families at a nice stiff rental.

The turf. Benny follows the races. Some season Benny has twenty or thirty suits and his girl friend as many shoes and earrings and diamond bracelets, and then again there will be other times when Benny will have one suit, no more nor less, and there won't even be a girl friend to sew on the buttons.

Insurance. Not being daring by nature, Mr. Fred Whinney prefers the insurance gambler to stock fluctuation. He has several policies of one kind and another. Has each toe and both ears insured under a self-working blanket policy, so that in case of injury to more than two toes or, on the other hand, to one or more ear drums, Mr. Whinney will receive $5 a week for life. If, however, he reaches the age of 65 years and can still wiggle all ten toes, Mr. Whinney has the choice of a thousand dollar refund and a blanket clause covering injury to breastbone,rib, rib, rib, or, etc., etc., etc. Years ago an insurance salesman said to Mr. Whinney: "The uninsured man is a gambler." "And," replied Mr. Whinney, "that sells the idea to me!"

The gift edge securities. Mrs. Appleby Apthorpe has her capital all nicely stowed away in a safety deposit box fairly groaning with precious stones and such. "It's only 4 per cent, Kinny," said Mrs. Appleby Apthorpe before he passed out, "but it's safe."

The easy mark. Norman is one of those investors with a lot of vision, who can see big things ahead. Also he can never say no to a good sales talk. For months he will believe nothing but good about some oil well shares in northern Yoko (not shown on map) and will see a bright future for the Yugoslavian synthetic-egg concerns shares, which should pay 15 per cent after the first few months. Norman's little wife has sent him an account and favors his savings bank accounts at 7½ per cent. On the calculations Norman is afraid to go home.

Betsy. Mrs. Marie Anna Lomode bought a house with her savings and made it over into the tastiest apartment you ever saw. Some of one room and bath with Timmon's in-a-deadline linoleum and none even cotton in that way Mrs. Lomode can get her own pots free. Likewise the upkeep, provided the tenants act like ladies and gentlemen and pay their rent. (Tonight Mrs. Lomode is noting the first signs of an overshadowing hallucination from the apartment overhead.)

Industrials. "Don't put all your eggs in one basket, or all your potatoes in one barrel," said a sausalito, the blind shoemaker, before the ten of Sheeld the Uronovy at the battle of Elfford. Well, that is practically what Mrs. Orlando Rumble is about to do. Her son, Howard, is going to embark on a new business proposition which has to do with the manufacture of paper matches soap for guest rooms, and naturally will need some backing, because Howard's partner hasn't a cent. So Mrs. Rumble is putting up the capital. As Howard said to his mother only this morning, 'You can always sell a few bonds, ma!'