

The Gay Investors

By W. E. Hill

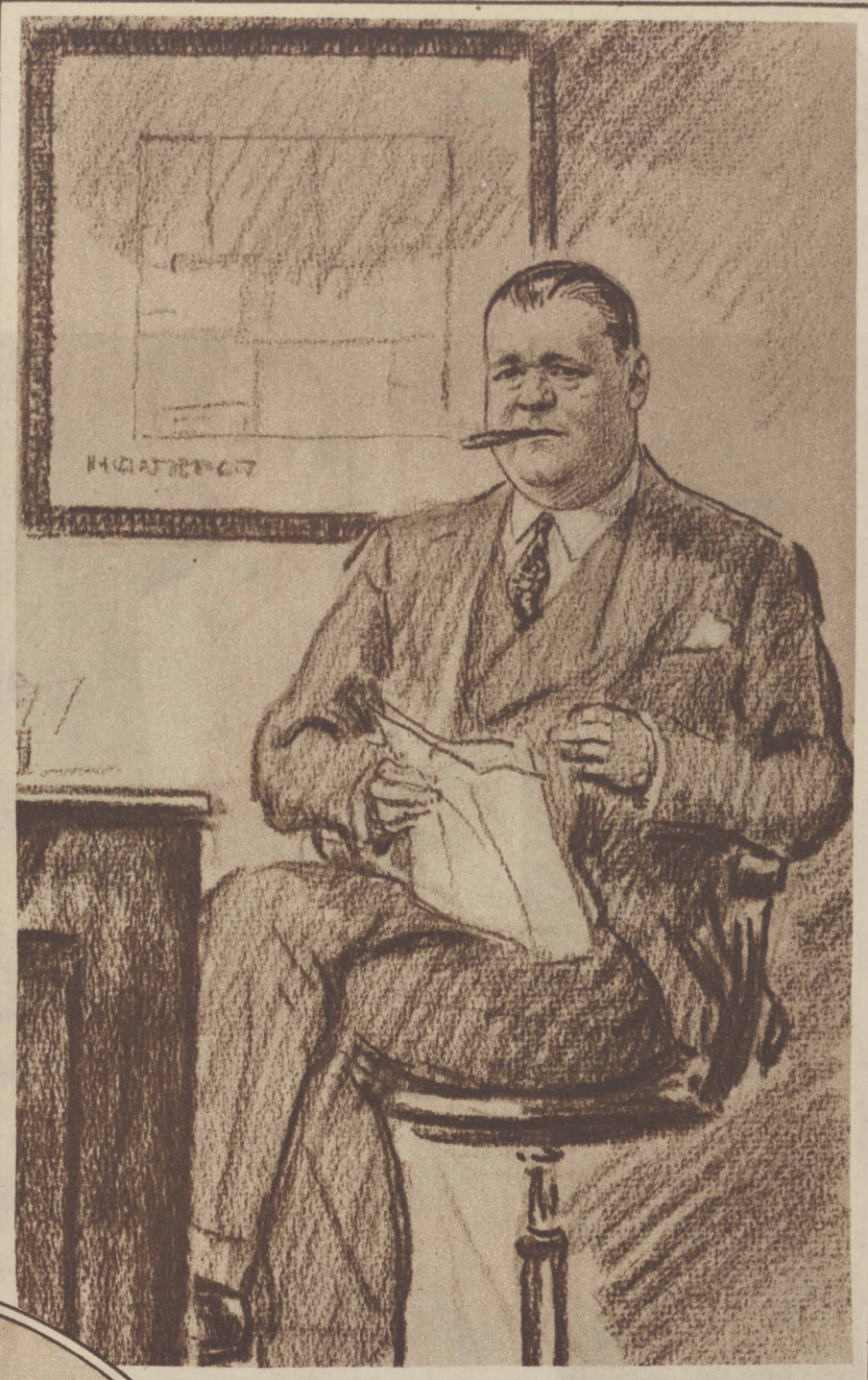
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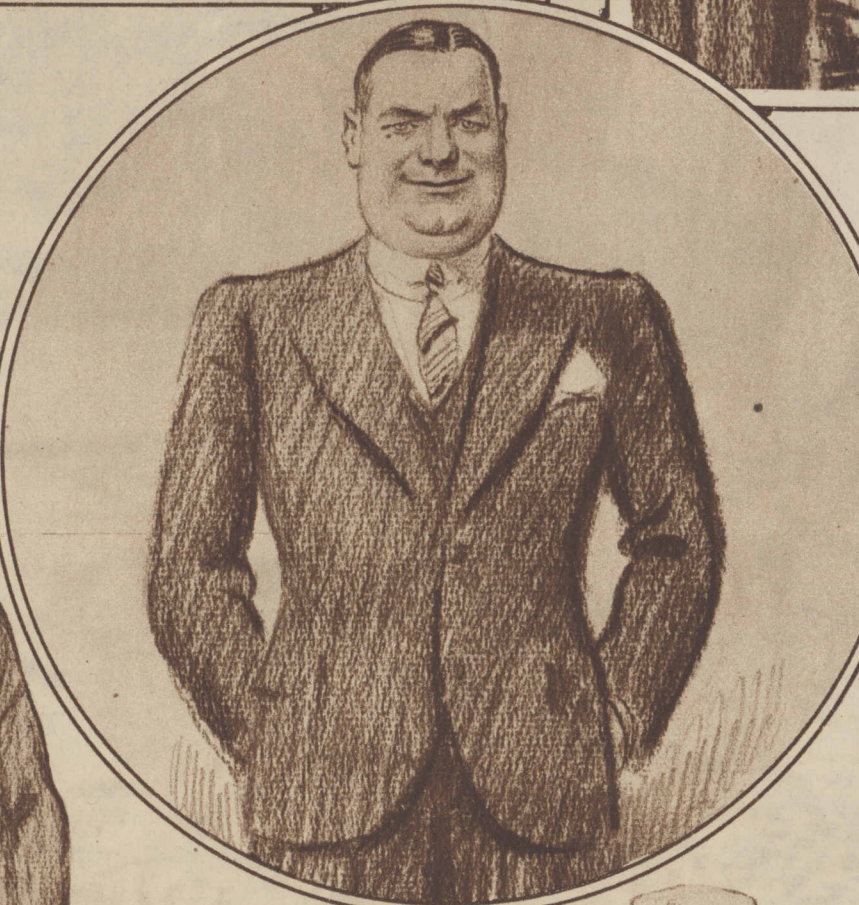
The tip on the market. Meet Ysabel, who sometimes hears that so and so said now was a good time to buy "Southwestern Hole in the Wall" or maybe "General Baloney Preferred." Ysabel has a boy friend who works in a brokerage house.



The buyer-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: "Lambie Pie, I saw the darlinest pair of earrings at Biffany's," he will tell her brutally she doesn't look so hot with earrings.



The realtor. A good real estate investment is preferred by many of the more romantic business boys. O, 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 seasons Benny has twenty or thirty suits and his girl friend as many minks and ermines 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 Whinity prefers the insurance gamble 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. Whinity will receive \$50 a week for life. If, however, he reaches the age of 65 years and can still wiggle all ten toes, Mr. Whinity has the choice of a thousand dollar refund and a blanket clause covering injury to breastbone, tibia or fibia, or, etc., etc. Years ago an insurance salesboy said to Mr. Whinity: "The uninsured man is a gambler." "And," replied Mr. Whinity, "that sells the idea to me!"



Industrials. "Don't put all your eggs in one basket, or all your pennies in industrials," sang Sassafra, the blind soothsinger, before the tent of Ethelred the Unready at the battle of Elfland. Well, that is practically what Mrs. Orlando Rouble is about to do. Her son, Howland, is going to embark on a new business proposition which has to do with the manufacture of papier mache soap for guest rooms, and naturally will need some backing, because Howland's partner hasn't a cent. So Mrs. Rouble is putting up the capital. As Howland said to his mother only this morning, "You can always sell a few bonds, ma!"



The gilt edge securities. Mrs. Appleby Apthorpe has her capital all nicely stored away in a safety deposit box fairly groaning with prior liens and such. "It's only 5 per cent, Kitty," said Mr. 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 Yinsk (not shown on maps) and will see a bright future for the Yucatan synthetic egg concern shares, which should yield 20 per cent after the first few months. Norman's little wife has almost no vision and favors savings bank accounts at 4 1/2 per cent. On many occasions Norman is afraid to go home.



Rents. Mrs. Marie Anna Lemode bought a house with her savings and made it over into the 'cutest apartments you ever saw. Some of one room and bath with Timmon's in-door bedlet and some even cuter. In that way Mrs. Lemode can get her own rent free, likewise the upkeep, provided the tenants act like ladies and gentlemen and pay their rent. (Tonight Mrs. Lemode is noting the first signs of an overflowing bathtub from the apartment overhead.)