MONEY AND MAGNATES

Too Poor to Buy the War Loan

A CERTAIN Canadian thrust his hands in his pockets. He had risen from lunch. He was thinking about money. Right hand pocket? Two coppers and his keys. Left hand? Three quarters, a dirty dollar bill and a button.

"Pooh!" he said,—though he was really thinking of his bank account, not his pockets, "Haven't any money!"

He withdrew his hands. He rebuttoned his coat. He ascended to the club's cigar stand and bought two two-for's. He lighted one and strolled back to his office. He rang for his stenographer and dictated. But in everything he did he kept saying to himself: "Haven't any money. No. Haven't any. . . . If I had . . . wish I could . . . but I haven't."

By five o'clock he believed it.

He had to—to be comfortable, because he had been reading about the new Canadian war loan.

His living expenses, by the way, were about a thousand a month.

II.

Now this man went out that night and made a speech at a recruiting meeting.

It was a good speech.

It ran like this:

"You men who haven't enlisted aren't being honest with yourselves. You think there are reasons why you can't go. You imagine you can't. You deceive yourself by saying: 'Oh, I couldn't arrange for my family to be looked after.' You think of insurance and you say: 'I haven't any money—' "

Right there the speech broke down.

It limped.

It stopped.

The Canadian sat down.

People cheered, but he was uncomfortable.

He hurried home. He called for his household budget. He drew a blue pencil. He cancelled the new car he thought he needed. He wiped out the proposed new wing for his house. He cut off the appropriation for new rugs.

What with one little economy and another little economy he scraped up a trifling ten thousand dollars and bought one hundred war loan bonds.

III.

There are a lot of people that way, but they aren't all rich people.

Take the case:

A grocer read about the war loan.

"Gee!" he sighed. "That'd be a pretty nice thing. . . . . Wish I was rich. . . . ."

He reached for a scoop with one hand and a bag with the other.

He became absorbed in weighing out "quarter's worths" of sugar so as to have 'em ready for the Saturday night trade.

The store cat rubbed herself against his shoes.

The cracked bell on the store door jangled and a customer came in.

She was a large, kind, talkative woman and wanted four quart sealers. She was doing-down peaches.

While the grocer got the sealers she talked. Then he talked. They both hoped that "everybody" would buy the new war loan bonds. They agreed it was a duty. O yes. 'Specially of rich people.

Then they forgot the war loan.

IV.

It doesn't matter what made the grocer wake up. But he did.

So did the woman.

First of all the grocer wasn't certain.

He added up his bills payable.

He totted up his bills receivable.

He ran across some old "bad debts" and added them up too. They amounted to two hundred dollars.

"If I could collect half of that," he thought, "I would . . ."

So he tried.

And he did.

* * *

The woman customer had a much harder time of it.

She had never seen a whole hundred dollars except once when she had won a prize in a guessing contest.

But now—she had no son to send to the front.

—She had knitted all the socks she could and rolled bandages at the church

—so she set her mind on getting together one hundred dollars for a war loan bond.

It seemed as far away as a star, but she was determined.

It took her a long time, but she succeeded. She made a kind of pickle which only she could make and sold it through the grocer. That made her a little. She cut down on the household expenses and she collected some money that was owing to her husband . . . . .

You understand she succeeded.

V.

This is the point:

Every house in Canada could own a war-loan bond if it wanted to.

You say: "Impossible!"

Wrong.

You say: "Then show how to do it."

Impossible.

Each man must show himself, but the fact is that there are few people who can't somehow get together $100 and then—

It isn't merely patriotic to buy a war-loan bond.

It isn't just a duty.

It is the very best of GOOD BUSINESS.

It is an opportunity.

The first bonds of the Canadian war loan were sold at a premium not long after the issue.

They were unsurpassed security.

They give over 5% interest.

They are as good as gold itself.

Some rich men buy fewer war loan bonds than they could afford—if they only thought so.

Some poor men are buying more than seems at first possible.

But that rich man errs on the wrong side; the poor man on the right side.

To subscribe to the new loan is not only good citizenship but good business.

A LASTING IMPRESSION.

E. H. Sothern was invited to a formal luncheon a few days ago. Among the guests was a distinguished lawyer. He chatted with the noted actor about the theatre and told him how much he enjoyed his acting.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "you have given us many, many pleasant evenings. I regret your retirement exceedingly."

"Naturally," says Mr. Sothern, "I was much pleased until as the luncheon broke up the lawyer clasped my hand and said: "Goodby, dear Mr. Mansfield, I shall never forget you."