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THREE OF A DIFFERENT KIND

THERE is more in the Victory Loan than appears in most of the advertising. When Percy Girdlestone confided to me that he had subscribed twenty thousand dollars for victory bonds I ought to have known that there was something at work besides patriotism. Mind you, Girdlestone is not disloyal—he is hardly unpatriotic. But in Percy Girdlestone's loyalty and patriotism, such as they are, there is always a front seat reserved for Percy Girdlestone.

Be that as it may, Girdlestone knows money. Many men know how to make money, some by the sweat of their brows and others by the facile contortions of their brains but there are few who know how to keep it, and still fewer who know how to make money make more money. And in that lies Percy Girdlestone's genius. Given two one-hundred dollar bills, Girdlestone will have a specifiable number of crisp little tens produced within the allotted time—and still have two hundred dollars. That's what I call real finance. It is not the high finance that makes a man rich and poor quick; it's the rarely found kind that keeps a man always comfortably well-off.

"When the boys have done so much in the front-line trenches, it is surely my duty to sacrifice something and subscribe to the Victory Loan," said Girdlestone. He swelled his vest and pulled at the lapel of his coat as if to say: someone, pin a V. C. on me.

I was amazed, also perplexed. Mind you, not at the sentiment, but at hearing these words from Girdlestone. Had he not been a chronic grumbler, a virulent straffer at the inevitable conditions which have arisen out of the war?—food was high, coal was dear, trains were overcrowded, and for each and everyone of the things and more, Girdlestone struffed the Government!

But towards the Victory Loan, Girdlestone had done his duty. He had subscribed for the Victory Loan, and subscribed handsomely. Nor was even that all. He had done it cheerfully; he had smiled as he told me of his sacrifice, and had walked away with the elastic, confident step of a man self-satisfied.

"**W**HERE does Mister Sir Tos White live?" asked Wong Fou that night after dinner.

"Do you want to change your job?" I asked, anxiously.

"No, me want to lend Mister Sir Tos White monee," replied the prince of salad-makers.

"The Chinese devil, you say!" I ejaculated. "You mean you want to subscribe to the Victory Loan?" I added, as I saw in Fou's hand one of John Gibbon's trenchant pamphlets explaining the business end of the Victory Loan.

"Yes. Me want to lend Mister Sir Tos White five hundred dollars," replied Wong Fou.

"I have done you an injustice, Fou," said I. "I have always thought of you as a selfish little Esau, and here you are a red-blooded patriot!"

By MARK KETTS



Perverse Cartoon by Fergus Kyle.

"What's him?" asked Fou.

"A man who loves his country," I replied.

"Not my countree," answered Fou, shaking his head. "Your Mister Sir Tos White pay big interest for monee, and put up our farm, Mister Eaton's store, all Chinese laundries, and everyting else, make sure I get back my monee. Good business, lend heam monee," said Wong Fou, decisively. "You lend monee to China—mebbe you no get heem back. You play fan-tan—sometimes you get heem back, and more times you get noting back. You buy mine stocks—allee same as fan-tan. No get a monee back, make me slick. Mister Sir Tos White no foola me. Him verra sure pay."

AND it was then and there that I found the reason for Percy Girdlestone's confident swing down the street. The scales fell from my eyes. I had been looking on the Victory Loan subscription as purely a duty to the country. And here were Victory bonds a triple A 1 investment, appealing to men who know no duty except to themselves. Buying Victory bonds was like being paid to be good.

Looking at it from that angle, possibly I ought to stretch another notch and take a few more myself!

Patriotism is one thing, but patriotism and profit—well, there are no words for it. A man who doesn't turn his pockets inside out and his treasure-chest upside down for the Victory Loan, ought to be interned or locked up in an asylum for the weak-minded.

On the following day I told my discovery to the artist John Carlton, at lunch. "Victory bonds have been introduced under false pretences," I said. "We have been asked to subscribe for them on patriotic grounds, as if they were Red Cross donations; but in reality they are the most money-yielding things a man can put his money into," I told him. "It doesn't require much sacrifice to buy bonds that can't go bad until everything else has gone worse. Call that patriotism?" I asked, indignantly.

"Hence, old man," cried Carlton. "That doesn't hold good for me. The interest on Sir Thomas White's bond isn't pulling my money, nor is their security. Both are good, I grant you. But my subscription is the product of patriotism, man, pure, unalloyed, double distilled patriotism. I was not looking for an investment, for the very good reason that I hadn't any money to invest. But when I realized the country's need, the necessity of keeping the boys well-fed and well-armed at the front, I borrowed the money to take a couple of bonds, and must pay for them in meatless, smokeless days." And Carlton spoke in the tones of a man who had lost all save honor. "I wish I were young enough to fight—and smoke," he added, savagely.

And there you have three of a different kind—four if you count me—and all buying Victory bonds. Which is probably as good an example of national unity on a small scale as ever could be worked up to a scale big enough to have it said, "Everybody's doing it."