

GILT EDGE INVESTMENT

That Magic Turn that means so much to your future rings true when it relates to city lots and suburban property in or near

Concord and Kannapolis

"The Sister Cities"

Your Future Depends Upon What You Do Now

Here Is Your Opportunity

City Lots, Residential Lots and Small Acreage Tracts to be offered at our

SATURDAY, JULY 28TH **10:30 A. M.** **SALE** SATURDAY, JULY 28TH **3:00 P. M.**

See Full Description Below

Saturday, July 28th, 10:30 A. M., Mt. Vernon Heights

Mt. Vernon Heights consist of 60 very desirable residential lots located on Washington, Avenue, Reed, Jefferson, Lafayette and Adams Streets in a very desirable section of Concord. Most of these lots are furnished with all modern conveniences offered by the growing and progressive city of Concord, such as electricity, water, sewerage, located only about five blocks from the business section of the City, convenient to all of Concord's industries. A good location for your home. A property that should increase in value steadily as Concord continues to grow. As you know these lots lie well, are well located, and your price will do the buying on very easy terms to be announced at the Sale Saturday morning, July 28th, beginning at 10.30 A. M.

Saturday July 28, 3:00 P.M., Chas. R. Cline Home Place

Located on the West side of the National Highway between Concord and Kannapolis, fronting for a distance of 2,000 feet on this recently paved Highway, just half way between Concord and Kannapolis, only 1-2 mile from one of the finest high schools in the County and only 2 miles from some of the largest mills in the State that give steady employment and good wages to thousands of people. Here you have all conveniences offered by a home in the city, telephone connections, free mail delivery, electric lights and gas line main by the property, only a few minutes walk or ride from either Concord or Kannapolis, convenient to your work either in the City or in the mills, in fact just as desirable a location as you could wish for, at the same time free from the dust and dirt of the congested sections of the town, a place for your cows, chickens, garden and truck patch. A real home, a place for the healthful upbringing of your children.

We are selling something that every living, breathing human being must have. You either buy real estate and enjoy the happiness of its possession or else you must pay someone else a rental for the thrift which they have shown in having bought what you need.

The terms on these sales are easy and within the reach of all. Remember the time—the place—the day. Be there. Sales start promptly.

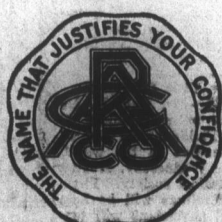
SALES CONDUCTED BY

Atlantic Coast Realty Company, Agents

"The Name That Justifies Your Confidence"

Offices: PETERSBURG, VA., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Members of North Carolina Real Estate Association.



TWO LITTLE DEWDROPS

TWO little drops of dew resting on a rosebush one morning trembled with delight as the rays of Mr. Sun came shimmering through the garden treetops.

"Ah, we shall soon be beautiful," said one; "all the colors of the lovely rainbow will soon be ours. Come, let us creep out from under this leaf where the sun can fall full upon us."

But the other little dewdrop, trembling, said: "Sister, I am afraid the sun will burn us, for its rays will grow warm, and though for a while we shall

silly," said the other dewdrop. "I'd rather be beautiful for a little while than let the rose hold me close to her heart. She will get all the credit for beauty and no one will ever know about you."

"No, I shall creep down the stem of this rose and catch the rays of the sun and all who see me will say, 'How beautiful!' when they behold me."

Down the stem rolled the vain little dewdrop and soon it was away from the protecting leaf where its sister was trembling.

Soon the warm sun found it and its wish was granted—all the beautiful colors of the rainbow now belonged to the little dewdrop and it was happy.

The other little drop nestled close to the rose leaf and soon it dropped down deep into the very heart of the opening flower and was out of sight, but it sank so deep that the rose grew sweet and a passing bee stopped to tell the rose it was the prettiest and sweetest flower in the garden.

"That is because a little dewdrop nestles in my heart, making me happy," said the rose. "This morning I had two, but one did not stay; it crept down my stem to meet the sun, so that it might grow beautiful with the rainbow colors, but the other stayed with me and I owe to it a duty for its goodness."

"I must grow beautiful and sweet for the dewdrop and myself to repay it, and if as you say, Mr. Bee, I am the prettiest and sweetest flower in the garden this morning, it is because a dewdrop nestles in my heart."

Mr. Bee buzzed away. He did not tell the rose that the little dewdrop that had rolled from under the leaf to meet the sun was no more; he knew that the little dewdrop in the heart of the rose would be sad when it learned the fate of its sister, and because it had chosen so wisely what to do that morning he wished it to be happy.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Down the Stem Rolled the Vain Little Dewdrop.

be beautiful I am sure we shall soon be destroyed.

"Let us stay under this leaf and help the rosebush to grow. I shall try to find the heart of the rose and nestle close. I am sure I shall live longer there, even if I am not as beautiful as the rays of the sun would make me."

"Oh, fie, sister, why are you so

Never Was a Woman Born Who Was Satisfied With the Man She Married

By C. E. BYRNE, National Association of Music Merchants.

THE never was a woman born who was satisfied with the man she married. She always makes him over, or, rather, she mistakes his gradual disintegration for something constructive in her own handiwork.

The universal husband! Pathetic, bedraggled scarecrow in trousers. No wonder men always answer their country's call to arms. It is far easier to face quick death on the battlefield than slow death beside the domestic hearth.

At home they are helpless, numb. Things overtake them, fasten on them while they are asleep. Whichever way they go, it is not the way of their choice. They are pushed along from behind, never doing any of the things they desire, never wanting any of the things they get. Poor universal husband!

As the blare of trumpets and the swirl of smoke gradually die down on the feminist battlefield, an unbiased eye sees, still breathing, but spiritually dead, a pathetic, bedraggled sort of scarecrow in trousers—the universal husband! The universal husband, made out of all the promising little boys in the world, is warped and cheated by women from the moment he expands his lungs at birth until he contracts them (often wilfully) at the moment of death.

Women have very little honesty, no modesty and no sense of shame. They cannot afford such fairy-book luxuries. Real honesty, modesty and a sense of shame are not things with which to catch a husband. Maiden ladies invariably possess some of these abnormal qualities. That is why they remain maiden ladies.

A woman cannot be frail. She is not frail. She is a tigress. She is not helpless. She can move mountains, and does if she is not always given her own way. If she were helpless the universal husband would know how to provide for her, how to place her in his relation to a struggle for existence. But he does not know where to place her. She turns up at unexpected moments, in unexpected places, and acts as a positive menace to his psychology and to his business career.

SCHOOL DAYS

