



I am Real Estate

 am the basis of all wealth, the heritage of the wise, the thrifty and prudent. I am the poor man's joy and comfort, the rich man's prize, the right hand of capital, the silent partner of many thousands of successful men. I am the solace of the widow, the comfort of old age, the cornerstone of security against misfortune and want. I am handed down to children, through generations as a thing of great worth. I am the choicest fruit of toil. Credit respects me. Yet I am humble. I stand before every man bidding him to know me for what I am, and possess me. I grow and increase in value through countless days. Though I seem dormant, my worth increases, never failing, never ceasing: time is my aid and population heaps my gain. Fire and the elements I defy, for they cannot destroy me. My possessors learn to believe in me; invariably they become envied. While all other things wither and decay, I survive. The centuries find me younger, increasing in my strength. The thriftless speak ill of me. The charlatans of finance attack me. I am trustworthy. I am sound. Unfailing, I triumph and detractors are disapproved: minerals and oils come from me. I am the producer of food, the basis for ships and factories, and the foundation of banks. Yet I am so common that thousands unthinking and unknowing pass me by. I am Real Estate 

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