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S. BERWANGER

THE ONE PRICE CLOTHIER, : : : RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

WITH THE EDITORS.

We notice that an element of the Ohio Democracy is organizing clubs named Governor Harmon for the presidency.—Lincoln Times.

"Some people's Democracy is only skin deep," says the New Bern Sun. Amen, brother, and consequently a skin game.—Wilmington Dispatch.

A sweeping tariff reform on the part of the Democratic Congress will give a sweeping Republican victory the next Presidential election.—Mt. Airy Leader.

Even a dead animal in North Carolina is given a burial while the remains of a pauper are sent to a dissecting table by an act of the last Legislature.—Union Republican.

Governor Kitchin is kept busy these days ordering special terms of court to try the "blind tiger" cases. Yet, it does not appear to stop the illegal sale of the stuff.—State Dispatch.

Many people have gained the impression that Mr. Simmons has been running with the wrong crowd, and this is one of the things that will be hard to explain away.—Durham Herald.

An investigator reports that girls in France receive from 25 to 35 cents a day in work for which American girls are paid from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a day. Sliding to the European standard of wages would be a hard blow to the American standard of living.—Union Republican.

Of course the Democratic candidates in North Carolina for the Senate are all orators and are anxious to get before the people. At about every public gathering of any consequence during the summer one of these fellows will be on hand to deliver the oration and incidentally to advertise himself.—Albemarle Chronicle.

TRUST ORDERED TO DISSOLVE.

United States Supreme Court Orders That Lower Courts Carry Out Terms of Decision.

Washington, June 29.—The Supreme Court of the United States to-day issued an order to the Attorney General directing him to instruct the lower courts to carry out the Supreme Courts' decision providing for the dissolution of the American Tobacco Company. The thirty days allowed the company to ask for a re-hearing has expired.

BIG LAND DEAL IN CUMBERLAND

Ex-Sheriff Jordan, of Guilford, and Congressman Kent Close Deal for Forty Thousand Acres.

Wilmington, June 29.—Ex-Sheriff Jordan, of Guilford County and Congressman William Kent, of California, who has the reputation of being the wealthiest insurgent in Congress, have just closed a deal for forty thousand acres of land near Manhester on the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad, between Fayetteville and Sanford. A portion of the land is in Cumberland and part in Harnett. Sheriff Jordan and Congressman Kent spent to-day at Wrightsville Beach and the latter left for Washington to-night.

The large tract of land will be developed and the first move will be to plant out a 100-acre orchard as a demonstration. Work will be started shortly laying out sand-clay roads throughout the estate and roads will be built to Fayetteville and also to Pinehurst. Efforts will be made to get people from the North who desire to engage in farming. This land is what is known as the sand-hill sections and is the same kind of land on which is grown such splendid fruit in the Pinehurst section. It is said that this sand land around Hamlet is being made to produce fine cotton. The tract will be called "Pine Wild." Sheriff Jordan has been connect-

ed with some of the largest real estate deals ever put through in this State and every project has been connected which has proved a success. Congressman Kent owns large estates in some half dozen Western States.

BUY MONUMENTS BEFOREHAND.

Two Aged Citizens, of Iredell County, Have Provided Their Monuments. Statesville Landmark.]

How would you like to haul out your own monument and keep it in your home until your death? That is what an aged and wealthy North Iredell farmer is going to do. In September, 1909, Mr. John W. Reavis, of North Iredell, accompanied by his wife, called at the Cooper Marble Works here and after selecting a pretty monument, pulled a big roll of greenback from his pocket, paid the price of the stone and told Manager Warner to keep the monument until he tied and then place it at his grave. The Coopers are now arranging to move their Statesville business to their main yards in Raleigh, so Mr. Reavis called last week and told the marble people that he would be in with his wagon and haul the monument to his home where he will keep it until his body occupies the grave which it is to mark. It was his first intention to have the monument answer for the graves of both himself and wife, but on his recent visit to the yards Mr. Reavis said that his wife desired a monument of her own and would call to select it. "John W. Reavis, Born November 10, 1830," has already been cut on the monument and after it has been placed at the grave the marble people are under contract to chisel the date of death on the stone. Some months ago Mr. J. A. Teague who lived near the Caldwell and Alexander County line, between Taylorsville and Lenoir, bought a monument from the Cooper yards here and had his name and the date of his birth, March 6, 1831, inscribed on it. He was to have taken the monument to his home during this month, with the understanding that at his death it would be placed at

his grave and the inscription finished by the stonecutters. Mr. Teague died the 9th of this month—about the time he expected to come after his monument—and now the date of his death may be cut on the monument, which will be placed at his grave shortly. Occasionally we hear of people selecting their own burial outfit and monument, but such cases are rare.

LIFE OF HUMAN FLY SAVED.

Heroism of Fellow-Workman Prevents Death of Patrick Eustice. Chicago, Ill., June 29.—One of the human flies, whose agility and lack of nerves make sky-scrapers possible, lost his balance to-day and toppled from the twentieth story of the new Heisen Building.

Ordinarily the foregoing statement would complete the story, but not so in the case of Patrick Eustice, for there was a hero at hand in the person of John Murray, and Eustice probably will be at work again to-morrow. Eustice toppled from a beam, just as scores of other structural iron workers, and some of his companions did not even turn their heads to see the mangled form which their minds conjured up as lying on the pavement below.

Murray was working on the nineteenth floor, and saw Eustice fall. He reached far out, and grasped the falling man by his tough workman's blouse. He was not able to hold the weight, but he gave the descending body a swing inward, and the latter landed in the eighteenth floor on a pair of cross-beams. He was bruised, but that was all. Murray looked down and saw that all was well, and resumed riveting.

Sleeping Outdoors.

(Kansas City Star.) Statistics aren't available as to the exact difference in temperature between the stuffy chamber and the sleeping porch—or the front porch, or the tent on the lawn for that matter. But the difference in comfort may be put at a moderate estimate at 75 per cent. It is possible to stand pretty torrid temperatures during the

Marion Butler's Raleigh Speech in Pamphlet Form

There has been such a great demand for back copies of The Caucasian containing ex-Senator Butler's Raleigh speech, in which he exposed the purpose of the Democratic machine in conducting such a low, dirty campaign of slander and personal abuse, and in which Mr. Butler denounced Simmons and Daniels as two low-grade hybrids who were worthy leaders of such a campaign, and in which he also discussed the real issues in the last campaign which the Democratic machine was afraid to meet on the stump, that there is only one way in which a complete copy of this speech could be furnished, and that would be to re-publish it in pamphlet form.

Now, if those who desire copies of the speech in pamphlet form will write us to that effect, stating how many copies are desired, we will ascertain what the speech can be published for in pamphlet form, and will then furnish the speech to each person who has applied for copies at actual cost. Of course, the larger the number of copies that are ordered, the less will be the cost per copy. If as many as five thousand copies are ordered, the cost will, of course, be small per copy, and if a less number are ordered, the cost per copy would be correspondingly increased.

Therefore, we suggest that every one who desires copies of this speech should at once send to us an order for the number of copies desired, and as soon as we have received orders for five thousand copies, or possibly a less number, we will be able to announce the cost of this speech per copy or per one hundred copies, and will also be able to announce when they will be ready for delivery.

Cut out and fill in the blank below, stating the number of copies desired, and mail to us.

ORDER FOR COPIES OF MARION BUTLER'S RALEIGH SPEECH. P. O. 1911. Caucasian Publishing Company, Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Sirs:—I hereby subscribe for copies of Marion Butler's Raleigh speech printed in pamphlet form, and agree to pay for the same at the actual cost of publication, including the cost of postage.

(Signed)

dog if only one can get a good night's sleep. But just there is the trouble and if the sleeping is to be done in the house, especially if the chamber does not happen to be in the way of a breeze.

The ordinary bed-room in this weather is like an oven. The victim wonders sweetly as he stretches out on the scorching sheet whether he don't be done to a delicate brown like a Thanksgiving turkey by morning. There is no getting to sleep in the early hours of the night. One tumbles and thrashes in a vain effort to find a cool spot. Often it is long after midnight before oblivion—an uneasy oblivion—comes. To abandon such a chamber of horrors for the blessed coolness and comfort of the open air is one of the greatest luxuries this mortal life affords. On the porch the stuffiness is gone. The breeze lazily fans the whole body. One is submerged in delicious relaxation. Drowsiness descends and then restful sleep.

THE OFFICIOUSNESS OF RAGS.

By Achsa B. Canfield.

Della Stevens went down the lane toward the river, and paused as she reached the boat-landing. She turned toward a dog, a homely little mongrel, that had followed her.

"Rags, go back to the house!" she commanded, sharply. "I will not have you sneaking about after me." Rags slunk out of sight.

"If he were only like Fido!" Her voice broke. It seemed to her just then that Rags was a type of her present life, Fido of her happy Southern home—how happy she had not realized until the sudden death of both parents had changed everything in the world to her.

She loosened a boat that swung at the pier and sprang in. She knew how to row, and had spent many pleasant hours on the lake near her father's plantation. She gave no thought to the added element of current in the river.

As she turned her boat Rags appeared, and running to the edge of the wharf he gave a leap that brought him panting down beside her. She was much annoyed, but decided to let him remain, as she did not wish to go back to shore, and was not hard-hearted enough to throw him into the water, though he could have easily found his way out.

Della had not been long enough at her uncle's prairie farm to fall into the ways of the household, and consequently felt herself ill at ease, although both uncle and aunt spared no pains to make everything pleasant for their little orphan niece.

This morning she had gone to her room to write a letter to her big college brother, but the fresh morning air had tempted her, and walking out she had spied the boat. Now she glided down-stream, under the bridge and through a narrow space between willows that leaned far out from either bank.

Presently she decided to go back. As she turned the boat, she realized for the first time something of the force of the current, and then, although she was putting forth an effort, the boat seemed to be standing still. Then, by a great exertion, she forced the boat up-stream into the narrow pass between the willows. Here she could not use her oars freely, and she found herself slipping down-stream again. Before she could gain control of it, the boat swung around, end for end. To add to her discomfort Rags began to bark, as though he knew all was not right.

Once and again she righted the boat and forced it between the willows, only to have the mocking waters swirl her around. At last, exhausted, she stopped trying to row, and the boat whirled even farther about, so that the bow lodged against a sunken log, and she was helpless to push off from it.

Rage gave ope loud bark of distress as Della sank down in the boat,

then he sprang overboard and leaped ashore. Up the bank he raced, and off to the farmhouse, where he ran about and barked until some one followed him to see what was the trouble, and came within sight of the boat.

The waves rocked the boat unceasingly, and Della grew faint, and then unconscious of everything.

The next she knew, faces were bending over her, voices were anxiously questioning. Presently her uncle said: "There, she is all right now." She looked up to see her aunt crying, big cousin Tom wet almost to his waist, and Rags capering about in joy.

"Rags is all right," the hired man said, in a voice that shook.

Della reached out her hand. The dog bounded to her side and licked her open palm.

"Yes," said Della, somewhat feebly. "Rags is all right."—Selected.

Kindness.

When we have nothing else that we can do for the good of mankind, and are so poor that we have nothing else that we can give, we can always and everywhere give kindness. Kindly sympathy in another's interests, kindly judgment of his efforts, honest pity for his mistakes and failures, sincere pleasure in his successes—these are always in our power if we are not too self-engrossed to bestow them, and these more than anything else supply the days with a sunny atmosphere.

A Modern Disadvantage.

"Children," said the teacher, "be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington, whose birthday we celebrate. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend against?" "Yes, ma'am," said a little boy. "He couldn't lie."

Our lives are little, and are made of little things; but little things done through a great motive are great. The many little motives we can make, if they are made for Christ and in the spirit of Christ. He takes and makes them a part of His cross, and the little triumphs we win for Him He makes a part of His crown.—Selected.

SAVED HER OWN LIFE.

Tecumseh, Okla.—"I believe," says Mrs. Eliza Hesperon, of this place, "that if it hadn't been for Cardui I would have been dead to-day. Before I began using Cardui I suffered from pains in the head, shoulders, back, side, limbs, and the lower part of my body. Cardui helped me more than anything, and I am now in better health, since taking it, than for four years." Nobody can deny that the best tonic for a woman to take is a tonic for women—Cardui. Please try it.

FOR SALE:

A Valuable Tract of Land.

Pursuant to the order of the Superior Court of Wake County in the case of Carrie L. Brantley against Reta G. Brantley and others, I will offer for sale at the court-house door in Raleigh, on Tuesday, the 11th day of July, 1911, the following piece or parcel of land adjoining the Gray Massey homestead, W. R. Brantley and others, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake on the Raleigh and Tarboro road near W. R. Brantley's house, thence nearly south to the fish-pond branch, thence down said branch to the little creek, thence up said creek to the said Massey's line to the road, thence down the road to the beginning. Containing fifty acres more or less.

C. M. BERNARD, Commissioner.

Terms: Cash. June 10, 1911. (41)

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The Caucasian has been enlarged to eight pages and is the best weekly paper in the State. The Ladies' World is an excellent ladies' magazine. It has a handsome cover page each month, and is beautifully illustrated. It contains excellent short stories, articles on cooking, dressmaking—and in fact, on all subjects that are of interest to the ladies. It contains several pages each month showing the fashions, and how nice simple dresses may be made at a reasonable cost. In fact, the Ladies' World ranks among the best of the magazines.

If you want to accept of this exceptional offer do not delay, but send in your order at once.

REMEMBER, you can get your money back if you are not satisfied.

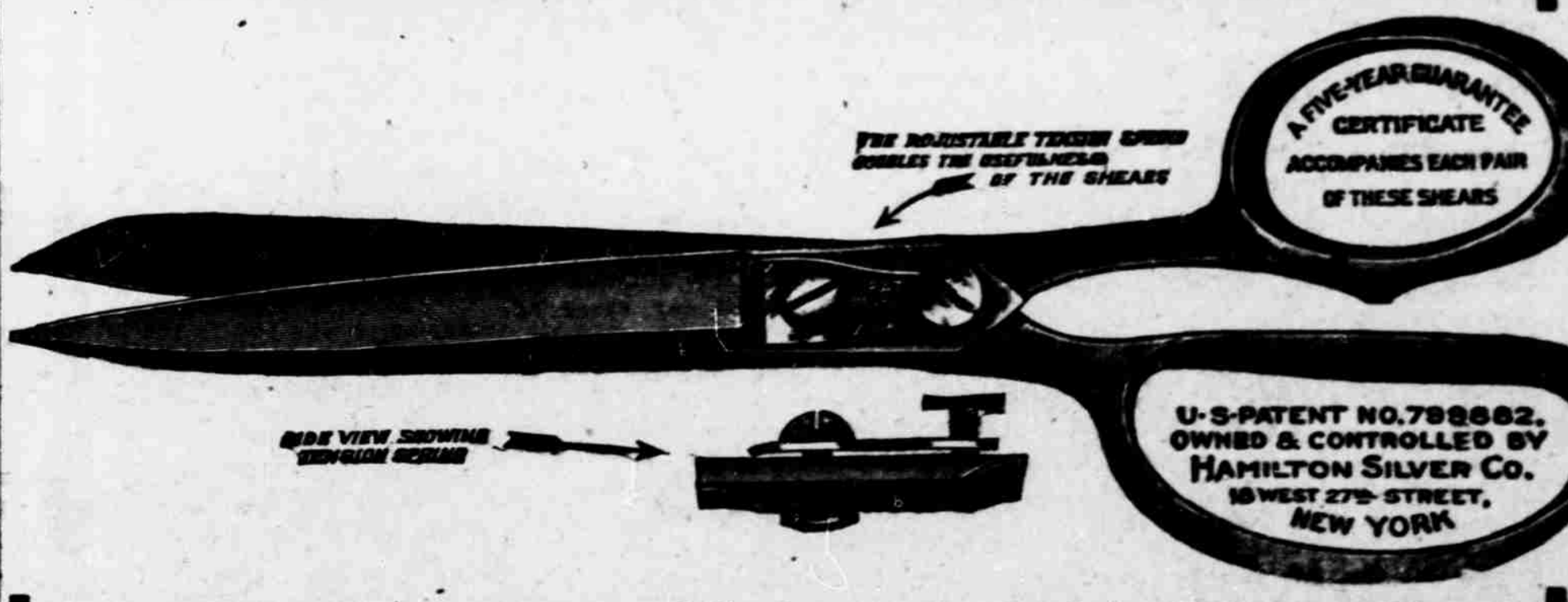
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To each subscriber, who sends us one dollar for a year's subscription in advance to The Caucasian, we will send a pair of these 8-inch self-sharpening scissors as a premium, if you will enclose 5c to pay postage on shears. These scissors retail for 80 cents and are guaranteed by manufacturers for five years. This offer is only open for a short time. Address

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