

## EDUCATORS MEET IN DES MOINES FOR CONVENTION

(By Associated Press)  
Des Moines, Ia., June 4—Democracy in education is to be one of the chief topics of discussion at the national convention of the National Educational association, to be held in Des Moines next July 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8.

Among noted speakers at the convention will be Herbert Hoover, United States secretary of commerce; Judge Ben Lindsey of the juvenile court of Denver, Colo.; Dr. A. H. Rhinehart of Mills college; Chas. H. Barker, field worker of the International Rotary; Fannie Bern Andrews, authoress, of Boston, Mass.; William C. Bruce, editor of the School Board Journal of Milwaukee; John A. H. Geith, president of the Indiana State Normal school at Terre Haute, Ind.; Dr. Thomas D. Wood and George D. Strayer of Columbia university; and John F. Sims, president of the Stevens Point (Wis.) college. Other noted speakers will be on the program but have not definitely accepted the invitations to attend, according to Chas. E. Pye, local secretary.

In addition to the above the following state superintendents of public instruction have signified their intention of being present: Fred L. Shaw, So. Dak.; Augustus O. Thomas, Me.; May Trumper, Montana; W. N. Sheats, Fla.; M. P. Shawkey, W. Va.; Annie Webb Blanton, Texas; E. A. Brooks, No. Dak.; L. N. Hines, Indiana; and J. M. Gwinn, Louisiana.

This year's convention will be the first to be held under the delegated plan. There are to be about 1,500 delegates present. Educators will watch with interest the outcome of the first gathering since the reorganization of the association, as the method of electing one delegate for each 100 members is expected to have great influence on the deliberations of the convention.

When age brings bitter memory of wild oats and the desire to become a philanthropist, you might call it his antidote.

Say it in the want ads.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

### Denby, Veteran of Two Wars



Harris & Ewing

Edwin Denby ought to be able to find his way around as secretary of the navy. He comes of fighting blood and has served in two wars. An uncle was a fleet surgeon. A great-uncle commanded a mosquito fleet in the Civil war and his father was a colonel. The new secretary went with the Michigan naval militia in 1898 and as a gunner's mate on the Yosemite, was under fire at San Juan, Cuba. In 1917 he was forty-seven years of age. An enlisting officer of the marines told him he was too old, had a wife and would have to go in as a private. "Beat it," he said.

Denby got into the marines through special permission from Washington. At Paris Island, S. C., he did lumber shoving, concrete mixing and miscellaneous camp work like any other private. But he was disappointed in getting overseas; his executive officer hung on to him and made him sergeant and morale officer, with supervision of all recruits. He came out a major.

Denby went abroad with his father, Cleveland's minister to China. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1896, and was admitted to the Detroit bar. He went to congress in 1905 and served till 1911.

### THE AWAKENING

By GERTRUDE ALLEN.

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Rosamond was in that delightful state which is neither sleeping nor waking, and was vaguely aware that it was morning, for the town was becoming vocal. A dim suspicion of dawn made the windows faintly visible, but it surely could not be time to get up.

A wave of thankfulness swept over her at the thought that she was safely in her own little white-and-pink bedroom, and then she slipped back into dreamland and found herself walking along a brookside, a little buff spaniel running in and out of the water beside her. A rainbow arched the brook and receded as she advanced. Suddenly she heard an ominous growl, which resolved itself into the rumble of a passing dray.

"Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning," she repeated drowsily. She was back in dreamland, where a queer old woman sat rocking, singing in a raucous voice, "John Anderson, my Jo," and as she sang she changed into a lovely young girl with a spinning wheel, who seemed inclined to speak when Rosamond became aware that the hum of the wheel was really made by a street car two blocks off.

She stretched lazily and smiled a little, thinking sleepily of the small white-and-pink room—her very own room—the "apple blossom room"—so called because when the house was built years and years before an apple tree stood in front of the east window of the room, and in its flowering season filled the little room with its fragrance. Ah, she could smell it now, though the apple tree had long since disappeared.

She began to realize that it was morning and time to wake up, and then dozed off once more. Now she was in a sleigh rapidly approaching a vertical precipice, but on the very edge, the catastrophe was averted by Ray

Randall, who suddenly appeared from nowhere, remarking, "Dreams always go by contraries."

Now she was really awake, but lying with closed eyes, trying to induce another visit from Morpheus. She was contentedly happy that she had firmly resisted all the pressure brought to bear upon her when she refused to marry Mr. Comstock, the aged millionaire.

At least he was aged according to her standards. She was nineteen and he was forty-four. To be sure, he was tall, erect, elegant and learned, but there were indications of a bald spot, and he wore spectacles, the kind with big, round lenses, and he was not slim. She had always thought of him as one of her father's cronies, and the idea of marrying him made her shiver.

Once more she dozed, and this time was part of a confused dream of apple blossoms and music, and Ray Randall, and then she was suddenly wide awake, thinking of Ray.

Poor? To be sure he was. Young? Just twenty-four. Ambitious? Certainly; he already had plans about the United States senate. But she was willing to wait, willing to work, willing to efface herself, if only she might do it for Ray. In the meantime she had her own little white-and-pink room—her sanctum sanctorum—her haven in all times of stress.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and looked straight into the eyes of Mr. Burton Comstock. She was certainly in a white-and-pink room, a very large and luxurious room; a room decorated with apple blossoms, and Mr. Comstock carried a wonderful branch of them in his hand.

"My rose of the world," he said, "a penny for your dreams; they surely must have been pleasant ones."

"Yes, Burton, in a room like this, no other kind would be possible."

"And Rosamond," continued her husband, "didn't Ray Randall use to run around in your set? I see by the morning paper that he has won the election; and also his engagement to that rich widow, Mrs. Stevens. At one time I was almost jealous of him."

"And at one time," replied Rosamond, "I almost thought I did not even like you."

Quite Correct.

It was during signal exercise and the signalman was getting fed up.

"Man overboard!" yelled the skipper.

Promptly a multi-colored flag was flying out.

"Great guns, man! You've got it upside down!" shouted the skipper.

"Man went overboard head first, sir," said the indignant signalman.

### MIGHT HAVE BEEN, AT THAT

Still, Worker on Handcuffs Could Have Been a Little Less Pointed in His Answer.

A company of merchants were being shown over a large manufacturing establishment. Among them was an outspoken and blustering man, who endeavored to impress the others with a sense of his importance.



"I should not be surprised if that man over there is making something on my account," he said.

"Indeed," replied one of the party, greatly impressed.

"Let us go and see what it is."

They went over.

"My good man," began the self-important one, "what is it you are making? Anything for my use, eh?"

"Shouldn't wonder if it was," replied the workman; "it's a pair of hand-cuffs."

**Troubled for Ten Years.**  
If you suffer pains and aches during the day and sleep-disturbing bladder weakness by night, feel tired, nervous and run down, the kidneys and bladder need to be restored to healthy and regular action. J. T. Osburn, R. F. D. No. 1, Lucasville, O., writes: "I had kidney trouble for ten years. I tried many remedies but they did me no good. I took Foley Kidney Pills and they helped me so much that now I am well." Don't delay. For sale by J. H. Houghton.

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