

DECATUR  
DAILY DEMOCRAT

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The more work a fellow tries to get out of, the more trouble he's likely to get into.

The nil in business is registered this week by the parking meters.

The new autos and modern farm machinery vie for interest with the fair crowd. The shows are popular with the people and the frequent comment heard is, "If I had the money, I'd buy that one."

The merry-go-round and other Googling rides are popular with the fair crowd. Young and old take a whirr on the devices that give them a thrill and a jostling that goes with being at the fair.

One doesn't appreciate the constant flow of electric current until it is shut off. The entire printing department in this newspaper office was down for 45 minutes yesterday when a power line that serves the plant burned out. The linotypes and teletypes were silent and operations ceased because of the breakdown. If overloading the circuits caused the fuse blowout, then it would seem advisable to have a separate line for the street fair hookups.

Fire destroyed a sanitarium at Martinsville and luckily no one was caught in the flames. It has been a wonder to us why investments of this nature are made in old frame buildings, always presenting a fire hazard. Places of this service that provide lodgings should be fireproof structures and maybe in time they will be, for many of the old landmarks are going the way of the ash heap.

Salaries of judges are fixed by legislative Act and are paid directly to incumbents by the state treasurer. Increases were voted by the last legislature, with a provision that an additional allowance could be paid if approved by the county commissioners. The law also fixes a court filing fee in civil cases, two-thirds of which reverts to the state treasurer. The

extra allowance for the Judge of the Adams Circuit Court has been approved and the state treasurer will be notified of the local action. Judicial salaries may be too high or too low, but that is a matter for the Legislature to determine. While political slant may be given to remuneration of public officials, chances are that members of either political party would accept any increase as provided by law.

The bravest man of his century and of many centuries was Christopher Columbus. In venturing across the uncharted Atlantic to find the Far East by sailing west, Columbus faced not only the perils of the deep but the ridicule of his fellows, which is often harder to bear than the worst physical danger. Nearly 500 years earlier the Norsemen under Leif Ericsson are said to have landed somewhere on the continent and established a settlement. But the Norse achievement was not followed up by other navigators, unless it be that dim memory had survived to encourage Columbus in his quest. Columbus, if not the first to discover America, was the first to do so under the eyes of all Europe. Had his feat been fully recognized in its time, or had Amerigo Vespucci been a less prolific writer of letters about his own later voyages, our continent might be named Columbia instead of America. But Columbus' glory now is ample; he is credited with the most epochal geographic discovery of all history.

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## Fainting Attack May Be Symptom of Disorder

By Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.

ALARMING as it is to most people, fainting is only a symptom. It may have grave or minor implications, depending on the cause. As in headache, these are numerous and varied and can be ferreted out in the individual case only by a searching examination.

For instance, one person may faint because of too little sugar in the blood, a condition known as hypoglycemia, another may faint because he is the victim of epilepsy, a disease chiefly characterized by a loss of consciousness, which may or may not be accompanied by convulsions.

In many cases, fainting is due to trouble with the heart. For example, some patients may have a heart condition, known as tachycardia, in which the heart beat is rapid but inefficient. Also, fainting attacks are not unusual in a disorder known as heart block in which the heart rate is very slow.

Damage to the heart valves may be another cause for fainting attacks, because such damage may produce narrowing of the opening through the valves so that not enough blood is pumped by the heart to the brain. Such fainting attacks usually occur after exertion.

QUESTION AND ANSWERS

J. E. M.: Will you please tell me what foods to avoid in hypertension?

Answer: Foods that act as stimulants, such as spices and coffee, as well as alcoholic beverages, should be avoided. Very hot or very cold foods should not be used. All foods should be thoroughly cooked; mincing of foods is helpful.

## JOHN L REDUCES EXISTING STOCKPILES!

20 YEARS AGO  
TODAYModern Etiquette  
By ROBERTA LEE

Oct. 12. — The Athletics rally to beat the Cubs, 10 to 8, making it three out of four so far. The A's made all their 10 runs in the 7th inning.

Roy Kalver, manager of Central Park theater in Chicago, is visiting here.

The Decatur Christian Endeavor Society will be host to the young people of the Fort Wayne Presbyterian Tuesday.

The annual fruit drive for the Adams county memorial hospital will begin Tuesday.

John Smith purchases the members residence on Third street and will remodel it.

Portland defeats Yellow Jackets in football, 20 to 6.

Notre Dame wins over Navy 14-7 and Indiana loses to Chicago, 13 to 7.

A roadside boulder and tablet on Long Island mark the cottage birthplace of Walt Whitman, the good, gray poet.

White Silk

White silks have a tendency to turn yellow when washed, but rolling the garment in a Turkish towel as soon as washed will usually prevent this. It may be ironed in

Household Scrapbook  
By ROBERTA LEE

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

THEY RODE along again, Rayburn still leading the way. They came through the forest of lodgepole pine where the shadows banked blackly, and they were nearly to the valley's rim before the moon rose like a great white moth over the eastern hills. Now Rayburn said, "I've been doing some thinking about tonight. Fogg was on the level all right. He released us and gave us a warning about that fellow Alessandro was sending—the man you shot. But that man had as good a look at one of us as he did at the other. Yet it was you he tried to dust. Why? Because Alessandro knows you're working for the governor?"

"He has another reason, too, for wanting my scalp," Sam admitted. "It's a wild story having to do with an ace of spades and a deal that came of long ago. It doesn't matter, Rayburn."

The Forlorn leader had fallen back to ride stirrup to stirrup beside Singin' Sam. Now Rayburn leaned, his fingers fastening on Sam's arm in a hard and relentless grip. "An ace of spades?" Rayburn ejaculated. "What about Alessandro and an ace of spades?"

So it was agreed, and they urged their mounts down the switchbacks, Rayburn leading the way.

The descent was even more breathtaking than the climb had been, but the moon was high enough now to give them light, and Rayburn knew this giant stairway from past experience. Upon the valley's floor, they mounted again, but by then the moon was fading, the night nearly gone. In the dark before the dawn they reached that huddle of log buildings, Forlorn town, and found not a single light showing. But when they racked their weary horses before Rayburn's cabin, a figure detached itself from the shadow of the eaves. "Rayburn?" it cried. "Is that you? I'm glad you've come along!"

Hope thumbed a match aglow and held it upped in her hands, and Rayburn said, "Ives! Colorado Jack Ives!" His voice turned low and deadly. "So Alessandro has sent his foreman to me, Why, Ives?"

"Easy, now!" Ives snapped. "Can't anybody understand that I'm not Alessandro's man any longer? Chip Halliday sent me here!"

Something in the way Rayburn said this made Singin' Sam shudder in spite of himself. Sam said, "Alessandro seems to have a long account to settle. But I reckon we'd better get on to the valley first."

"Yes," Rayburn said like a man speaking in his sleep. "Yes, of course."

They were nearing the top of

those switchbacks leading down to the valley's floor, and now it was Singin' Sam who gripped Rayburn's arm. "Rider ahead!" Sam whispered. "See? Swingin' out of a saddle over there by the rim!"

"It's Hope!" Rayburn ejaculated, and the two went spurring forward.

Hope spied them too and must have recognized the pair, for she came running as Rayburn slipped to the ground. When Rayburn had her in his arms, she cried, "Chip—? He's not with you?"

Rayburn shook his head. "We thought he'd taken you back to the valley. Haven't you seen him?"

"This morning," she said and told how Chip had hunted her down in the darkness of last night, and of his proposal to go to Alessandro's ranch and his assurance that his mission would bring a solution to Clark Rayburn's troubles. Rayburn in turn told his story, but this information, pieced together, netted nothing. A worried frown on his face, Singin' Sam said, "We might as well go down into the valley. Maybe Chip is there; come through the pass. If he isn't, we can start lookin' for him."

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