

29 OHIO COUNTIES LACK ACUTE HOSPITAL FACILITIES, IS REPORT

(By Associated Press)
COLUMBUS, O., April 5.—Twenty-nine counties in Ohio, with a population exceeding 700,000, were without acute hospital facilities at the close of 1920, it is asserted in the report of a hospital survey of the state made by the state department of health. The survey was undertaken by direction of the Talley resolution, adopted at the previous session of the legislature.

Marion was the only urban county in the group, and it has a registered hospital since the opening of the present calendar year, said the report.

The state is reported to have three hospitals with more than 500 beds each, nine between 250 and 500, and 24 between 100 and 250. Although these institutions over 100 in capacity represent only 15 per cent of the hospitals of the state, they have 61 per cent of all hospital beds, while one-half of the hospitals have under 25 beds each they have only 10 per cent of the total bed capacity, said the report.

Hospitals supported by public taxation make up 17.8 per cent of the bed capacity, charitable hospitals operated for the benefit of the public 70.5 per cent, and so-called "proprietary hospitals," operated for a direct or indirect profit for their owners, 11.7 per cent.

Basing its suggestion on the hospital shortage found in rural counties, the report recommends a campaign of education to bring such counties to a realization of the importance of hospital service as a protection of public health. Such educational work, it is declared, must be the first step in any movement to extend hospital facilities in these counties.

The need for state supervision of hospitals, it is urged, arises from the fact that no legal standards of records, personal qualifications or service govern the operation of hospitals and protect the patient against improper methods of care. Extension to all hospitals of the system of state licensing now in effect with regard to maternity hospitals only is recommended. Such a system, it is further recommended, should be made self-supporting by requiring payment of license fees. A law making approval of the state department of health a prerequisite to the incorporation of a hospital also is urged.

Amendment of present tuberculosis hospital laws to permit establishment of a county sanatorium by a county with more than 50,000 population is recommended. A bill seeking this end has been introduced in the legislature.

The report points out that the Ohio Hospital association has gone on record in favor of state licensing of hospitals.

Grain Barges Looted, 100 are Under Arrest

(By Associated Press)
VIENNA, April 5.—Wholesale looting of grain barges bound from Yugoslavia to Vienna has led to more than 100 arrests. According to the newspapers the sailors have an arrangement with the illicit dealers. They sound the siren to indicate what kind of cargo they carry, the smugglers put off in boats and buy all they want, which is resold through the left hand trade at an advance.

More than 50 carloads of foodstuffs is reported to have been thus looted.

FIRE DESTROYS OLD HOME OF ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

MADISON, Wis., April 5.—The childhood home of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, near Madison, was destroyed by fire, according to word received today. The structure, a frame building with a lean-to in which Ella Wheeler wrote her first poem, was one of the oldest homes in the state. A movement was started recently to preserve the old homestead as a museum.

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THE NAVAL TREATY

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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PART TWO.

"When I came to examine the treaty I saw at once that it was of such importance that my uncle had been guilty of no exaggeration in what he had said. Without going into details, I may say that it defined the position of great Britain towards the triple alliance, and foreshadowed the policy which this country would pursue in the event of the French fleet gaining a complete ascendancy over that of Italy in the Mediterranean. The questions treated in it were purely naval. At the end were the signatures of the high dignitaries who had signed it. I glanced by eyes over it, and then settled down to my task of copying. It was a long document, written in the French language, and containing twenty-six separate articles. I copied as quickly as I could, but at nine o'clock I had only nine articles, and it seemed hopeless for me to attempt to catch my train. I was feeling drowsy and stupid, partly from my dinner and also from the effects of a long day's work. A cup of coffee would clear my brain. A commissionaire remains all night in a little lodge at the foot of the stairs, and is in the habit of making coffee at his spiritlamp for any officials who may be working overtime. I rang the bell, therefore, to summon him.

"To my surprise, it was a woman who answered the summons, a large, coarse-faced, elderly woman, in an apron. She explained that she was the commissionaire's wife, who did the charring, and I gave her the order for the coffee.

"I wrote two more articles, and then, feeling more drowsy than ever, I rose and walked up and down the room to stretch my legs. My coffee had not yet come, and I wondered what the cause of the delay could be. Opening the door, I started down the corridor to find out. There was a straight passage, dimly lighted, which led from the room in which I had been working, and was the only exit from it. It ended in a curving staircase, with the commissionaire's lodge in the passage at the bottom. Halfway down this staircase is a small landing, with another passage running into it at right angles. This second one leads by means of a second small stair to a side door, opened by servants, and also as a short cut by clerks when coming from Charles street. Here is a rough chart of the place."

"Thank you, I think that I quite follow you," said Sherlock Holmes.

"It is of the utmost importance that you should notice this point. I went down the stairs and into the hall, where I found the commissionaire fast asleep in his box, with the kettle boiling furiously upon the spirit-lamp. I took off the kettle and blew out the lamp, for the water was spurting over the floor. Then I put out my hand and was about to shake the man, who was still sleeping soundly, when a bell over his head rang loudly, and he woke with a start.

"Mr. Phelps, sir!" said he, looking at me in bewilderment.

"I came down to see if my coffee was ready."

"I was boiling the kettle when I fell asleep, sir." He looked at me and then up at the still quivering bell with an ever-growing astonishment upon his face.

"If you was here, sir, then who rang the bell?" he asked.

"The bell!" I cried. "What bell is it?"

"It's the bell of the room you were working in."

"A cold hand seemed to close round my heart. Some one then, was in that room where my precious treaty lay upon the table. I ran frantically up the stairs and along the passage. There was no one in the corridors. Mr. Holmes. There was no one in the room. All was exactly as I left it, save only that the papers which had been committed to my care had been taken from the desk on which they lay. The copy was there, and the original was gone."

Holmes sat up in his chair and rubbed his hands. I could see that the problem was entirely to his heart. "Pray, what did you do then?" he murmured.

"I recognized in an instant that the thief must have come up the stairs from the side door. Of course I must have met him if he had come the other way."

"You were satisfied that he could not have been concealed in the room

all the time, or in the corridor which you have just described as dimly lighted?"

"It is absolutely impossible. A rat could not conceal himself either in the room or the corridor. There is no cover at all."

"Thank you, pray proceed."

"The commissionaire, seeing by my pale face that something was to be feared, had followed me upstairs. Now we both rushed along the corridor and down the steep steps which led to Charles street. The door at the bottom was closed, but unlocked. We flung it open and rushed out. I can distinctly remember that as we did so there came three chimes from a neighboring clock. It was a quarter to ten."

"That is of enormous importance," said Holmes, making a note upon his shirt-cuff.

"The night was very dark, and a thin, warm rain was falling. There was no one in Charles street, but a great traffic was going on, as usual, in Whitehall, at the extremity. We rushed along the pavement, bare-headed as we were, and at the far corner we found a policeman standing. "A robbery has been committed," I gasped. "A document of immense value has been stolen from the Foreign office. Has any one passed this way?"

"I have been standing here for a quarter of an hour, sir," said he, "only one person has passed during that time—a woman, tall and elderly, with a Paisley shawl."

"Ah, that is only my wife," cried the commissionaire; "has no one else passed?"

"No one."

"Then it must be the other way that the thief took," cried the fellow, tugging at his sleeve.

"But I was not satisfied, and the attempts which he made to draw me away increased my suspicions. "Which way did the woman go?" I cried.

"I don't know, sir. I noticed her pass, but I had no special reason for watching her. She seemed to be in a hurry."

"How long ago was it?"

"Oh, not very many minutes."

"Within the last five?"

"Well it could not be more than five."

"You're only wasting your time, sir, and every minute now is of importance," cried the commissionaire; "take my word for it that my old woman has nothing to do with it, and come down to the other end of the street. Well, if you won't, I will. And with that he rushed off in the other direction."

"But I was after him in an instant and caught him by the sleeve. "Where do you live?" said I.

"Sixteen Ivy Lane, Brixton," he answered. "But don't let yourself be drawn away upon a false scent, Mr. Phelps. Come to the other end of the street and let us see if we can hear of anything."

"Nothing was to be lost by following his advice. With the policeman we both hurried down, but only to find the street full of traffic, many people coming and going, but all only too eager to get to a place of safety upon so wet a night. There was no longer who could tell us who had passed."

"Then we returned to the office, and searched the stairs and the passage without results. The corridor which led to the room was laid down with a kind of creamy linoleum which shows an impression very easily. We examined it very carefully, but found no outline of any footmark."

"Had it been raining all evening?"

"Since about seven."

"How is it, then, that the woman who came into the room about nine

left no traces with her muddy boots?"

"I am glad you raised the point. It occurred to me at the time. The charwomen are in the habit of taking off their boots at the commissionaire's office, and putting on list slippers."

"That is very clear. There were no marks, then, though the night was a wet one? The chain of events is certainly one of extraordinary interest. What did you do next?"

"We examined the room also. There is no possibility of a secret door, and the windows are quite thirty feet from the ground. Both of them were fastened on the inside. The carpet prevents any possibility of a trap-door, and the ceiling is of the ordinary whitewashed kind. I will pledge my life that whosoever stole my papers could only have come through the door."

"How about the fireplace?"

"There is none. There is a stove. The bell-ropes hang from the wire just to the right of my desk. Whoever rang it must have come right up to the desk to do it. But why should any criminal wish to ring the bell? It is a most insoluble mystery."

"Certainly the incident was unusual."

"What were your next steps? You examined the room, I presume, to see if the intruder had left any traces—any cigar ends or dropped gloves, or hairpin or other trifle?"

"There was nothing of the sort."

"No smell?"

"Well, we never thought of that."

"Ah, a scent of tobacco would have been worth a great deal to us in such an investigation."

"I never smoke myself, so I think I should have observed it if there had been any smell of tobacco. There was absolutely no clue of any kind. The only tangible fact was that the commissionaire's wife—Mrs. Tangey was the name—had hurried out of the place. He could give no explanation save that it was about the time when the woman always went home. The policeman and I agreed that our best plan would be to seize the woman before she could get rid of the papers, presuming that she had them."

"The alarm had reached Scotland Yard by this time, and Mr. Forbes, the detective, came around at once and took up the case with a great deal of energy. We hired a hansom, and

in half an hour we were at the address which had been given to us. A young woman opened the door and proved to be Mrs. Tangey's eldest daughter. Her mother had not come back yet, and we were shown into the front room to wait.

"About ten minutes later a knock came at the door, and we made the one serious mistake for which I blame myself. Instead of opening the door ourselves we allowed the girl to do so. We heard her say, 'Mother, there are two men in the house waiting to see you,' and an instant afterwards we heard the patter of feet rushing down the passage. Forbes flung open the door and we both ran into the back room or kitchen, but the woman had got there before us. She stared at us with defiant eyes, and then suddenly recognizing me, an expression of absolute astonishment came over her face."

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Phelps of the office!" she cried.

"Come, come, who did you think we were when you ran away from us?" asked my companion.

"I thought you were the brokers,"

said she, 'we had some trouble with a tradesman.'

"That's not quite good enough," answered Forbes. 'We have reason to believe you have taken a paper of importance from the Foreign Office, and that you ran in here to dispose of it. You must come back with us to Scotland Yard to be searched.'

"It was in vain that she protested and resisted. A four-wheeler was brought, and we all three drove back in it. We had first made an examination of the kitchen, and especially of the kitchen fire, to see whether she might have made away with the papers during the instant that she was alone. There were no signs, however, of any ashes or scraps. When we reached Scotland Yard she was handed over at once to the female searcher. I waited in an agony of suspense until she came back with the report. There was no sign of the papers."

Tomorrow—The Naval Treaty Continued.

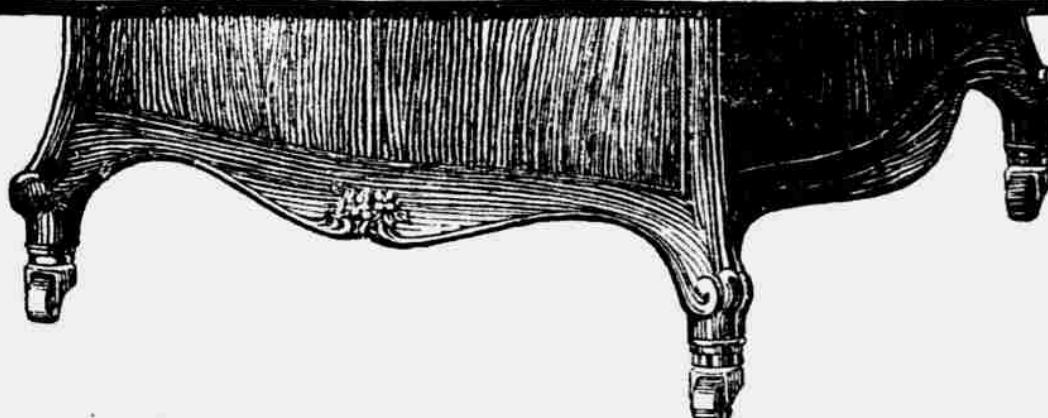
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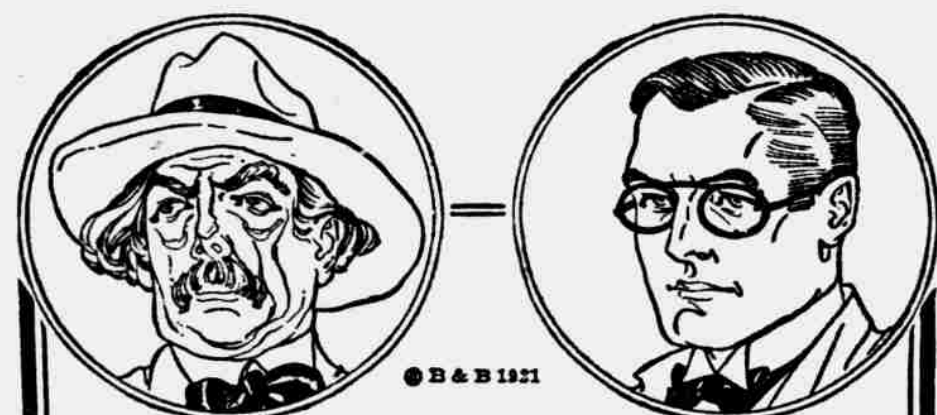
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