

## 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 Taft resolution, adopted at the previous session of the legislature.

Marion was the only urban county in the group, and it has 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 to their owners, 11.7 per cent.

Urge Education  
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 a 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.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take GROVE'S Laxative BROMO QUININE tablets. The genuine bears the signature of E. W. Grove. (Be sure you get BROMO.) 30c.—Advertisement.

## THE NAVAL TREATY

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Copyright, 1921, by Harper &amp; Bros. Published by special arrangement with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

### 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. 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 commissionnaire remains all night in a little lodge at the foot of the stairs, and is in the habit of making coffee at his spirit lamp 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 commissionnaire'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 commissionnaire's lodge in the passage at the bottom. Half way 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, used 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 commissionnaire 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 spouting 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

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 any cigar ends or dropped gloves, or hairpin or other trifle."

"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 presented no possibility of a trapdoor, 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-rope hangs from the wire just to the right of my desk. Whoever rank it must have come right up to the desk to do it. But why should any criminal wish to ring the bell?"

"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?"

"We have 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 commissionnaire's wife—Mrs. Tangye 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. Tangye'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 are 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 search. 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 Con-

tinued.

Italy is importing American-made spaghetti.

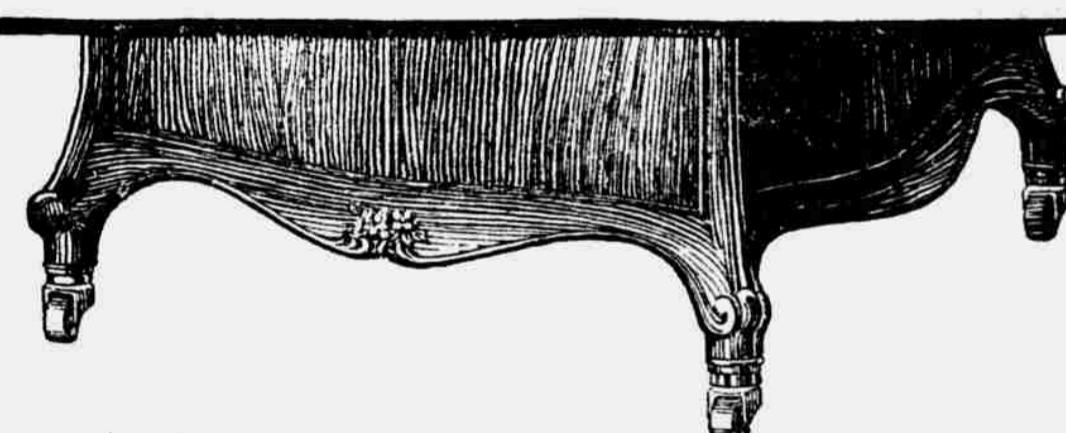
# Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



ALDA	DESTINN	JOHNSON
BESANZONI	EAMES	JOURNET
BORI	ELMAN	KINDLER
BRASLAU	FARRAR	KREISLER
CALVE	GALLI-CURCI	KUBELIK
CARUSO	GARRISON	MARTINELLI
CLEMENT	GIGLI	McCORMACK
CORTOT	GLUCK	MELBA
CULP	HARROLD	PADEREWSKI
DE GOGORZA	HEIFETZ	RACHMANINOFF
DE LUCA	HOMER	RUFFO

SCHUMANN-HEINK
SCOTTI
SEMBRICH
TETRAZZINI
WERRENRATH
WHITEHILL
WITHERSPOON
ZANELLI
ZEROLA
ZIMBALIST



Practically all the great artists of the present generation have allied themselves with the Victrola. They fully recognize that only the Victrola reproduces their Victor Records with a faithfulness commensurate with their art. The Victrola is the deliberate choice of these famous artists—and their genius makes their judgment final.

Victrolas \$25 to \$1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.



"HIS MASTERS VOICE"  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

Camden, N. J.

## Corn Enders the old sort—and the new

Corns used to be treated  
by fakers.

But science has found a  
better way to treat corns.  
And millions have adopted  
it.

The modern way is  
Blue-jay—liquid or plaster. A  
famous chemist perfected it.  
This great surgical dress-  
ing house prepares it.

Prove this tonight.

### Plaster or Liquid Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto  
Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Watch for the  
Ad on

Betsy Ross  
BREAD

Tomorrow. Read every line,  
don't miss a word of it.

Made by

ZWISLER'S

Special Prices on Tires

Richmond Tire Service

Corner 11th and Main

Don't Wear Spotted Clothes  
Send them to  
WILSON

to be Cleaned  
Phones 1105-1106

FANCY ONIONS  
Per Bushel \$1.00

E. R. BERHEDIE

Phone 1329 244 S. 5th St.  
Free Delivery

MITCHELL Touring CAR  
\$1850. Delivered

Choice of several colors

Steve Worley Garage

211-213 N. W. 7th St.

O. J. BUNDY  
PHOTOS

722 MAIN ST. RICHMOND IND.

Several new White Rotary Sewing  
Machines, slightly damaged in  
shipping, for sale.

LACEY'S 8 South Ninth St.

Over 1st Nat. Bank  
Phone 1756

The Best Place to Trade  
After All

Ackerman's

McDougall Kitchen Cabinets  
Lead All Others

Weiss Furniture Store

505-13 Main St.

New Shipment  
GEORGETTE BLOUSES

Fashion Shop

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Coal, Flour, Feed

J. H. MENKE

162-168 Fort Wayne Ave.  
Phone 2662

For  
Correct  
Glasses  
See  
Clara M. Switzer, Opt