

The Blind Man's Eyes

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(Continued From Our Last Issue.)
CHAPTER V.

Are You Hillward?

Eaton, waking in the reverie half way between sleep and full consciousness, found himself suddenly and happily, his feelings before recollection came to check them, reminded him only that he had made an acquaintance, almost a friend, the day before, by a wonderful, inspiring, beautiful girl. Then suddenly, into his clearing memory crowded the reason for his being where he was. With a shudder, he drew the sheet and blanket closer about him; the smile was gone from his lips; he lay still, staring upward at the berth above his head and listening to the noises in the car.

He soon heard enough to convince him that the train was stalled in the snow. "Mr. Hillward! Mr. Hillward! Telegram for Mr. Hillward!" Telegram for Mr. Hillward! Eaton started at the first call of the name; he sat up and faced about; then putting his head out of his curtains, he hailed the conductor.

"What name? Who is that telegram for?"
"Mr. Lawrence Hillward."
"Oh, thank you; then that's mine." He put his hand out to the conductor to take the yellow envelope.

Connelly held back. "I thought your name was Eaton."
"It is, Mr. Hillward—Lawrence Hillward—is an associate of mine who expected to make this trip with me, but could not. So I should have telegrams of other communications addressed to him."

Eaton drew his curtains close again and ripped the envelope open. The message—his words without signature—read:
"Thicket knot youngster omniscient issue foliage lecture tragic instigation."

It was some code which Eaton recognized, but could not decipher at once.

The conductor moved on. Eaton took a small pocket dictionary from his vest pocket and translated the nine words to:
"They know you. One is following. Leave train instantly."
Eaton laughed. "Leave train instantly!" The humor of that advice in his present situation, as he looked out the window at the solid bank of snow, appealed to him. He slapped the little dictionary shut and returned it to his pocket. A waiter from the dining car came back, announcing the first call for breakfast, and spurred him to action. Eaton dressed swiftly and hurried into the now deserted washroom and then on to breakfast.

Harriet Dorne was sitting facing the door at the second of the larger tables; opposite her, and with his back to Eaton, sat Donald Avery. A third place was laid beside the girl, as though they expected Dorne to join them; but they had begun their fruit without waiting. The girl glanced up as Eaton halted in the doorway; her blue eyes brightened with a look part friendliness, part purpose. She smiled and nodded and Avery turned about.

"Good morning, Mr. Eaton," the girl greeted.

"Good morning, Miss Dorne," Eaton replied, collectedly. He nodded also to Avery, who stiffly returning the nod, turned back again to Miss Dorne.

At the place nearest the door, an insignificant broad-shouldered and untidy young man, who had boarded the train at Spokane, had just spilled half a cup of coffee over the egg spots on his lapels as his unsteady and nicotine-stained fingers all but dropped the cup.

The dining car conductor pulled back the chair opposite the untidy man; but Eaton, with a sharp sense of disgust, went past.

The girl again looked up. "Oh, Mr. Eaton," she smiled, "wouldn't you like to sit with us? I don't think father is coming to breakfast now; and if he does, of course there's a still room."

She pulled back the chair beside her enticingly; and Eaton accepted it.

Suddenly reminded of his telegram, he put a hand into his pocket and fingered the torn scraps; he had meant to remove and destroy them, but had forgotten.

They engaged in conversation as they breakfasted—a conversation in which Avery took almost no part, though Miss Dorne tried to draw him in; then the sudden entrance of Connelly, followed closely by a stout, brusque man who belonged to the rear Pullman, took Eaton's attention and hers.

"Which is him?" the man with Connelly demanded loudly.

Connelly pointed to Eaton.

"That's him, is it?" the other man said. "Then go ahead."

Eaton observed that Avery, who had turned in his seat, was watching this diversion on the part of the conductor with interest. Connelly stopped beside Eaton's seat. "You took a telegram for Lawrence Hillward this morning," he asserted.

"Yes."
"Because it was mine, or meant for me, as I said at the time. My name is Eaton; but Mr. Hillward expected to make this trip with me."
The stout man with the conductor forced himself forward.

self under the insult of the other's manner.

"What business is it of yours?" he demanded.

"What business? Why, only that I'm Lawrence Hillward—that's all, my friend! What are you up to, anyway? Lawrence Hillward traveling with you? I never set eyes on you until I saw you on this train; and you take my telegram!" The change was made loudly and distinctly; every one in the dining car had put down fork or cup or spoon and was staring at him. "What did you want with it?" the stout man blared on.

"Say, hand it over now!"

Eaton felt he was palling. He realized that the passengers already had judge his explanation and found him wanting. Avery was gazing up at him with a sort of contented triumph.

"The telegram was for me, conductor," he repeated.

"Get that telegram, conductor," the stout man demanded again.

"I suppose," Connelly suggested, "you have letters or a card or something, Mr. Eaton, to show your relationship to Lawrence Hillward?"

"No; I have not."

The man asserting himself as Hillward asserted.

"Have you anything to show you are Lawrence Hillward?" Eaton demanded of him.

"Did you tell any one on the train that your name was Hillward before you wanted this telegram?"

It was Harriet Dorne's voice which interposed; and Eaton felt his pulse leap as she spoke for him.

"I never gave any other name than Lawrence Hillward," the other declared.

Connelly gazed from one claimant to the other. "Will you give this gentleman the telegram?" he asked Eaton.

"I will not."

"Then I shall furnish him another copy."

"That's for you to decide," Eaton said; and as though the matter was closed for him, he resumed his seat. Harriet Dorne began to chat with him as lightly as before. Whatever effect the incident just closed had had upon the others, it appeared to have had none at all upon her.

"Are you ready to go back to our car now, Harriet?" Avery inquired when she had finished her breakfast, though Eaton was not yet through.

"Surely, there's no hurry about anything today," the girl returned. They waited until Eaton had finished.

"Shall we all go back to the observation car and see if there's a walk down the track of whether it's snowed over?" she said impartially to the two. They went thru the Pullmans together.

In the last Pullman, one still was sleeping behind the curtains of Section Three, for a man's hand hung over the aisle. It was a gentleman's hand, with long, well-formed fingers, sensitive and at the same time strong.

That was the berth of Harriet Dorne's father; Eaton gazed down at the hand as he approached the section, and then he looked up quickly to the girl. She had observed the hand, as also had Avery; but, plainly, neither of them noticed anything strange either in its posture or appearance. Their only care had been to avoid brushing against it on the way down the aisle so as not to disturb the man behind the curtain; but Eaton, as he saw the hand, started.

He was the last of the three to pass, and so the others did not notice his start; but so strong was the fascination of the hand in the aisle that he turned back and gazed at it before going on into the observation car.

Drifts of snow eight or ten feet high came up to the rear of the train; the end of the platform itself was buried under three feet of snow; the man standing on the platform could barely look over the higher drifts.

GLASSES



This is My Deep Curved Toric Lens.

Note the Deep Curve Which Broadens the Field of Vision

KRYPTOK LENSES Made of one solid piece of Glass NO CEMENT COMBINATION READING AND DISTANCE GLASSES

Every patient receives my personal attention. DR. RUST.

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DR. O. J. RUST GRADUATE OCULIST

ALL ALDERTON IS FOOD PREPARING

The 100 residents of the little town of Alderton in the Puyallup valley are planning to show their patriotism by clearing an acre of ground in the woods for planting potatoes.

A children's parade from 3:30 to 3 p. m. will be an opening feature of the benefit performance of the feature film, "Modern Mother Goose," for Belgian relief, beginning Thursday afternoon.

OFF ON TRIP TO TODD SHIPYARDS

THANKS SENT TO MAJ. GEN. J. F. BELL

TODAY'S AID TO BEAUTY

ROSE BUSHES SWEET PEAS, GLADIOLUS

CANAL ZONE PORTS CLOSED FOR NIGHT

STATE TO PLOW UP MUCH ACREAGE

PORTLAND'S NAVAL MILITIA GAINS 663

STEILACOOM BOY WOUNDED IN WAR

DOZEN MOTORISTS UP FOR SPEEDING

FRANKLIN MAKES PLANS FOR CROPS

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

ELOPER NOW AN AVIATOR

(Special to The Times.) SEATTLE, April 18.—Norman Penfield Peabody, 19-year-old son of Charles E. Peabody, wealthy steamship man, banker and rancher, is now an enlisted man in the United States army and it is at San Diego, Cal., in training in the aviation corps, having left the bride with whom he had a thrilling elopement 18 months ago to seek new thrills in the aerial corps of the federal service.

Young Peabody enlisted at Seattle 10 days ago, giving the name of Norman P. Peabody, instead of Penfield, as he was popularly known, and mentioning his mother, Mrs. Lily M. Peabody, but making no record of his father's name on his enlistment papers.

Young Peabody qualified for the aviation corps by his expert knowledge of car engines, autos and motorboats, a knowledge which he demonstrated in October, 1915, when he eloped from Bothell with Miss Martha Stewart, the attractive 18-year-old daughter of W. P. Stewart, a dairy rancher of that place, and fled by auto to Chehalis, where the young couple were married by a justice of the peace while deputy sheriffs, enlisted in the chase by the elder Peabody, scoured the country for them in vain.

The young couple have been separated for some months.

KAPOWSIN PASTOR NAMED MODERATOR

HONOR MEMORY OF DR. DEWEY

URGES JEWS TO DO THEIR PART

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CONVICT MILITIA OFFICER

(United Press Leased Wire.) WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18.—Second Lieut. Robert H. Hall, First Infantry, Indiana National Guard, has been sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment on charges including one that he negotiated for a commission from the Mexican government.

The charges against him included loss or disposition of confidential maps of the government in Mexico, desertion, swindling, bigamy, forgery, embezzlement, disobedience of standing orders.

The war department announced today that President Wilson had confirmed the court-martial sentence and assigned United States penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan., as the place for his confinement.

HOUSEWIVES ARE BLAMED

(Continued From Page One.) nutritious and palatable food. There are substitutes for every other high-priced food.

The supply of most everything in the market today is normal, but the great drain on the dealers, caused by panicky housewives, is causing an unusual run on the market with a result that prices keep going up.

E. A. Younglove, president of the Younglove Grocery Co., wholesalers, says that prices could be kept down practically to normal, if the people would keep their heads.

"We should use a little common sense about the food situation," says Younglove. "Even if prices do advance a trifle, now that we have entered the war and are expected to help feed our allies, it is unpatriotic and selfish for those who can afford it, to rush into the market and buy up a year's stock of staple groceries and canned goods. The poor man, who can't buy a big stock, is forced to suffer."

The food supply in wholesale houses and warehouses in Tacoma is normal for this time of the year, with the exception of potatoes, according to everyone connected with the food business.

There is no shortage of food at present. If a shortage comes, the housewives can expect to receive part of the blame.

This is what W. H. Paulhamus, president of the Puyallup & Sumner Fruit Growers' association, thinks about it. The association is composed of growers, who are themselves consumers. It puts up its own products and sells them. It maintains a general store, at which its members can buy supplies of every kind. Consequently, he can view the subject from nearly all its many sides.

"There certainly can be no serious food shortage," says he. "The state of Washington, if planted intensively, could produce many times what it can consume. In the valleys between Tacoma and Seattle every available acre is being cultivated. There is surely going to be such a production of staples this year as will keep prices down."

"As to canned goods, I see no likelihood of a shortage. We are contracting for our cans now. It is true, it is hard to get cans, because they are made of steel washed with tin, and the steel is wanted for munitions, shipbuilding, etc. But the government is looking into the matter, and we have no doubt at all of a record pack this year."

"I see no reason at all for heavy buying by consumers now." Canada is laughing at us a little not ill-naturedly, because it has been through the same thing itself; but with the knowledge, born of experience, that country wide and little more may be actively at war for two or three years, and yet not be short of food.

A headline on the Vancouver Daily Province market page last Friday said: "Hysterical U. S. Buyers Boost Foodstuffs to Sky."

"Evidently," observes the Canadian paper, "the United States is experiencing similar conditions to those prevailing in Canada after the outbreak of war, when wild buying of foodstuffs by consumers automatically forced prices skyward."

In Chicago, the other day, Sol Westerfield, vice president of the National Association of Retail Grocers, told the association that the public was becoming wild and playing into the hands of speculators by buying great quantities of food which they did not need.

The department of agriculture announced from Washington on Saturday that 100 cars of onions a day from Texas are on their way to bring down the prices of that necessity. The crop is two weeks late this season, says the department, but 10 per cent larger than usual.

CANAL ZONE PORTS CLOSED FOR NIGHT

STATE TO PLOW UP MUCH ACREAGE

PORTLAND'S NAVAL MILITIA GAINS 663



WILLIAM S. HART, IN TRIANGLE PLAY, "THE SQUARE DEAL MAN."

FOUR DAYS STARTING TODAY

The Greatest of All Western Character Actors

William S. Hart

"THE SQUARE DEAL MAN"

Colonial

918 Broadway

A Triangle thriller, telling the story of a fighting gambler who would not cheat, and who staked all on the faith of a girl, and won.

George Rosner At the Organ Pictograph A Comedy and a Cartoon

(From Last Night's Pink Edition.)

THE KIND WORDS CLUB

It's hard to decide which made the finer appearance at the big parade—Major Everett Griggs—or his steed.

Although everybody no doubt would have turned out without any urging, the credit of at least getting the biggest parade Tacoma ever had started down the line without a hitch, has been won by Col. B. W. Colner.

It is reported by those who got that far that Gov. Lister made an excellent speech, though these reports could not be confirmed.

If all the business men who have been attending Paul Steele's gymnasium have mastered the technique of Steele's wallop, some broken faces are going to be seen about Tacoma. The K. O. is getting to be an every-day practice with Gentleman Paul.

Will some lover of Kind Words please help M. C. Wright of Fern Hill find an honest man? He's been wandering diligently about Tacoma streets for the last three months carrying a lighted Sunshine Safety lamp. Maybe he wants to sell it.

The boys from the Milwaukee shops may not have carried a label in the parade, but they were there all right. You can't lose em.

Will the driver of the moving van who hauled the Kind Words editor from the North End Monday night, when the cars were so jammed they wouldn't stop for passengers, please call and receive a few kind words—even if the bottom of the truck was dusty?

Norah—The lady next door wants to borrow a bit of coal, mum. Mrs. Blank—Tell her we are already borrowing our coal from the people on the other side of us.

Bernhardt Sends Kiss to Patriotic U. S. Audience

(United Press Leased Wire.) NEW YORK, April 18.—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was said to be "resting comfortably" today, following an operation performed at the Mt. Sinai hospital last night.

Only a few hours before the noted French actress was carried to the operating room, where she was under the knife for a half hour, she sent a kiss to a vast crowd which gathered at the Metropolitan Opera house for a benefit performance of mutilated allied soldiers.

Sir Herbert Tree brought the

He Lived by His Wits and the Skill of His Two Hands—But He Was "Square"

WILLIAM S. HART, IN TRIANGLE PLAY, "THE SQUARE DEAL MAN."

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STEILACOOM BOY WOUNDED IN WAR

Bertram Bowron, 29-year-old son of Rev. and Mrs. J. Bowron of Steilacoom, is reported wounded on European battlefields. He enlisted last summer in the Seventh Canadian battalion.

DOZEN MOTORISTS UP FOR SPEEDING

A dozen motorists were arrested for speeding Tuesday. Five of them were auto dealers. Motorcycle Officers Willard, Howard and McCallum say there's been too much speeding lately and it's got to stop.

FRANKLIN MAKES PLANS FOR CROPS

The folks of the Franklin school district will hold a mass meeting in the school building Friday evening at 7:45 to make plans for a campaign of home gardening and vacant lot cultivation for war on H. C. L.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today.

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