# The BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY

WILLIAM MacHARG and EDWIN BALMER

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

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### CHAPTER VI

**"Isn't This Basil Santoine?"**

The surgeon, having finished loosening the pajamas, pulled open and carefully removed the jacket part, leaving the upper part of the body of the man in the berth exposed. Conductor Connery turned to Avery.

"You have no objection to my taking a list of the articles in the berth?"

Avery seemed to oppose; then, apparently, he recognized that this was an obvious part of the conductor's duty. "None at all," he replied.

Connery gathered up the clothing, the glasses, the watch and purse, and laid them on the seat across the aisle. Sitting down, then, opposite them, he examined them, and, taking everything from the pockets of the clothes, he began to catalogue them before Avery. He counted over the gold and banknotes in the purse and entered the amount upon his list.

"You know about what he had with him?" he asked.

"Very closely. That is correct. Nothing is missing," Avery answered.

The conductor opened the watch. "The crystal is missing."

Avery nodded. "Yes; it always—that is, it was missing yesterday."

Connery looked up at him, as though slightly puzzled by the manner of the reply; then, having finished his list, he rejoined the surgeon.

Sinclair was still bending over the naked torso. It had been a strong, healthy body; Sinclair guessed its age at fifty. As a boy, the man might have been an athlete—a college track-runner or oarsman—and he had kept himself in condition through middle age. There was no mark or bruise upon the body, except that on the right side and just below the ribs there now showed a scar about an inch and a half long and of peculiar crescent shape. It was evidently a surgical scar and had completely healed.

Sinclair scrutinized this carefully and then looked up to Avery. "He was operated on recently?"

"About two years ago."

"For what?"

"It was some operation on the gall-bladder."

"Performed by Kuno Garrt?"

Avery hesitated. "I believe so."

He watched Sinclair more closely as he continued his examination. Connery touched the surgeon on the arm. "What must be done, Doctor? And where and when do you want to do it?"

Sinclair, however, it appeared, had not yet finished his examination. "Will you pull down the window curtains?" he directed.

As Connery, reaching across the body, complied, the surgeon took a

"He Was Operated On Recently?"

matchbox from his pocket, and glancing about at the three others as though to select from them the one one most likely to be an efficient aid, he handed it to Eaton. "Will you help me, please? Strike a light and hold it as I direct—then draw it away slowly."

He lifted the partly closed eyelid from one of the eyes of the unconscious man and nodded to Eaton: "Hold the light in front of the pupil."

Eaton obeyed, drawing the light slowly away as Sinclair had directed, and the surgeon dropped the eyelid and exposed the other pupil.

"What's that for?" Avery now asked.

"I was trying to determine the seriousness of the injury to the brain. I was looking to see whether light could cause the pupil to contract. There was no reaction."

Avery started to speak, checked himself—and then he said: "There could be no reaction, I believe, Doctor Sinclair."

"What do you mean?"

"His optic nerve is destroyed."

"Ah! He was blind?"

"Yes, he was blind," Avery admitted.

"Blind!" Sinclair ejaculated. "Blind, and operated upon within two years by Kuno Garrt!" Kuno Garrt operated only upon the all-rich and powerful or upon the completely powerless and poor; the unconscious man in the berth could belong only to the first class of Garrt's clientele. The surgeon's gaze again searched the features in the berth; then it shifted to the men gathered about him in the aisle.

"Who did you say this was?" he demanded of Avery.

"I said his name was Nathan Dorne," Avery evaded.

"No, no!" Sinclair jerked out impatiently. "Isn't this—" He hesitated, and finished in a voice suddenly lowered: "Isn't this Basil Santoine?"

Avery, if he still wished to do so, found it impossible to deny.

"Basil Santoine!" Connery breathed.

To the conductor alone, among the four men standing by the berth, the name seemed to have come with the sharp shock of a surprise; with it had come an added sense of responsibility and horror over what had happened to the passenger who had been confided to his care, which made him whiten as he once more repeated the name to himself and stared down at the man in the berth.

Conductor Connery knew Basil Santoine only in the way that Santoine was known to great numbers of other people—that is, by name but not by sight.

Basil Santoine at twenty-two had been graduated from Harvard, though blind. His connections—the family was of well-to-do southern stock—his possession of enough money for his own support, made it possible for him to live idly if he wished; but Santoine had not chosen to make his blindness an excuse for doing this. He had at once settled himself to his chosen profession, which was law. He had not found it easy to get a start in this, and he had succeeded only after great effort in getting a place with a small and unimportant firm. Within a short time, well within two years, men had begun to recognize that in this struggling law firm there was a powerful, clear, compelling mind. Santoine, a youth living in darkness, unable to see the men with whom he talked or the documents and books which must be read to him, was beginning to put the stamp of his personality on the firm's affairs. A year later his name appeared with others of the firm; at twenty-eight his was the leading name. He had begun to specialize long before that time, in corporation law; he married shortly after this. At thirty the firm name represented to those who knew its particulars only one personality, the personality of Santoine; and at thirty-five—though his indifference to money was proverbial—he was many times a millionaire. But except among the small and powerful group of men who had learned to consult him, Santoine himself at that time was utterly unknown.

Consulted continually by men concerned in great projects, immersed day and night in vast affairs, capable of living completely as he wished—he had been, at the age of forty-six, great but not famous, powerful but not publicly known. At that time an event had occurred which had forced the blind man out unwillingly from his obscurity.

This event had been the murder of the great western financier, Matthew Latron. There had been nothing in this affair which had in any way shadowed dishonor upon Santoine. So much as in his role of a mind without personality Santoine ever fought, he had fought against Latron; but his fight had been not against the man but against methods. There had come then a time of uncertainty and unrest; public consciousness was in the process of awakening to the knowledge that strange things, approaching close to the likeness of what men call crime, had been being done under the unassuming name of business. Scandal—financial scandal—breathed more strongly against Latron than perhaps against any of the other western men. He had been among their biggest; he had his enemies, of whom impersonally Santoine might have been counted one, and he had his friends, both in high places; he was a world figure. Then, all of a sudden, the man had been struck down—killed, because of some private quarrel, men whispered, by an obscure and till then unheard-of man.

The trembling wires and cables, which should have carried to the waiting world the expected news of Latron's conviction, carried instead the news of Latron's death; and disorder followed. The first public concern had been, of course, for the stocks and bonds of the great Latron properties; and Latron's bigness had seemed only further evidenced by the staunchness with which the Latron banks, the Latron railroads and mines and public utilities stood firm even against the shock of their builder's death. Assured of this, public interest had shifted to the trial, conviction and sentence of Latron's murderer; and it was during the trial that Santoine's name had become more publicly known. Not that the blind man was suspected of any knowledge—nobody less of any complexity—as the crime: the murder had been because of a purely private matter; but in the eager questioning into Latron's circumstances and surroundings previous to the crime, Santoine was summoned into court as a witness.

The blind man, led into the court, sitting sightless in the witness chair, revealing himself by his spoken, and even more by his withheld, replies as one of the unknown guiders of the destiny of the Continent and as counselor to the most powerful—himself till then hardly heard of but plainly one of the nation's "uncrowned rulers"—had caught the public sense. The fate of the murderer, the crime, even Latron himself, lost temporarily their interest in the public curiosity over the personality of Santoine.

It had been reported for some days that Santoine had come to Seattle directly after Warden's death; but when this was admitted, his associates had always been careful to add that Santoine, having been a close personal friend of Gabriel Warden, had come purely in a personal capacity, and the impression was given that Santoine had returned quietly some days before. The mere prolonging of his stay in the West was more than suggestive that affairs among the powerful were truly in such state as Warden had proclaimed; this attack upon Santoine, so similar to that which had slain Warden, and delivered within eleven days of Warden's death, must be of the gravest significance.

Connery stood overwhelmed for the moment with this fuller recognition of the seriousness of the disaster which had come upon this man intrusted to his charge; then he turned to the surgeon.

"Can you do anything for him here, Doctor?" he asked.

The surgeon glanced down the car. "That stateroom—is it occupied?"

"It's occupied by his daughter."

"We'll take him in there, then."

The four men lifted the inert figure of Basil Santoine, carried it into the drawing room and laid it on its back upon the bed.

"I have my instruments," Sinclair said. "I'll get them; but before I decide to do anything, I ought to see his daughter. Since she is here, her consent is necessary before any operation on him."

"Miss Santoine is in the observation car," Avery said. "I'll get her."

The tone was in some way false—Eaton could not tell exactly how. Avery started down the aisle.

"One moment, please, Mr. Avery!" said the conductor. "I'll ask you not to tell Miss Santoine before any other passenger that there has been an attack upon her father. Wait until you get her inside the door of this car."

"You yourself said nothing, then, that can have made her suspect it?" Eaton asked.

Connery shook his head; the conductor, in doubt and anxiety over exactly what action the situation called for—unable, too, to communicate any hint of it to his superiors to the west because of the wires being down—clearly had resolved to keep the attack upon Santoine secret for some time. "I said nothing definite even to the trainmen," he replied; "and I want you gentlemen to promise me before you leave this car that you will say nothing until I give you leave."

His eyes shifted from the face of one to another, until he had assured himself that all agreed. As Avery left the car, Eaton found a seat in one of the end sections near the drawing room. He did not know whether to ask to leave the car, or whether he ought to remain; and he would have gone except for recollection of Harriet Santoine. Then the curtain at the end of the car was pushed further aside, and she came in.

She was very pale, but quite controlled, as Eaton knew she would be.

"Can You Do Anything for Him Here, Doctor?" He Asked.

She looked at Eaton, but did not speak as she passed; she went directly to the door of the drawing room, opened it and went in, followed by Avery. The door closed, and for a moment Eaton could hear voices inside the room—Harriet Santoine's, Sinclair's, Connery's. The conductor then came to the door of the drawing room and sent the porter for water and clean linen; Eaton heard the rip of linen being torn, and the car became filled with the smell of antiseptics.

Donald Avery came out of the drawing room and dropped into the seat across from Eaton. He seemed deeply thoughtful—so deeply, indeed, as to be almost unaware of Eaton's presence. And Eaton, observing him, again had the sense that Avery's absorption was completely in consequences to himself of what was going on behind the door—in how Basil Santoine's death or continued existance would affect the fortunes of Donald Avery.

A long time passed—how long, Eaton could not have told; he noted only that during it the shadows on the snowbank outside the window appreciably changed their position. Finally the door opened, and Harriet Santoine came out, paler than before, and now not quite so steady.

Eaton rose as she approached them; and Avery leaped up, all concern and sympathy for her immediately she appeared. He met her in the aisle and took her hand.

"Was it successful, dear?" Avery asked.

She shut her eyes before she answered, and stood holding to the back of a seat; then she opened her eyes, saw Eaton and recognized him and sat down in the seat where Avery had been sitting.

"Doctor Sinclair says we will know in four or five days," she replied to Avery; she turned then directly to Eaton. "He thought there probably was a clot under the skull, and he operated to find it and relieve it. There was one, and we have done all we can; now we may only wait. Doctor Sinclair has appointed himself nurse; he says I can help him, but not just yet. I thought you would like to know."

"Thank you; I did want to know," Eaton acknowledged. He moved away from them, and sat down in one of the seats farther down the car.

Soon he left for his own car, and as the door was closing behind him, a sound came to his ears from the car he just had left—a young girl suddenly crying in abandon. Harriet Santoine, he understood, must have broken down for the moment, after the strain of the operation; and Eaton halted as though to turn back, feeling the blood drive suddenly upon his heart. Then, recollecting that he had no right to go to her, he went on.

### CHAPTER VII

**Suspicion Fastens on Eaton.**

Eaton found his car better filled than it had been before, for the people shifted from the car behind had been scattered through the train. Keeping himself to his section, he watched the car and outside the windows for signs of what investigation Connery and Avery were making. Whoever had attacked Santoine must still be upon the train, for no one could have escaped through the snow. No one could now escape. Avery and Connery and whoever else was making investigatioon with them evidently were not letting anyone know that an investigation was being made. Eaton went to lunch; on his way back from the diner, he saw the conductors with papers in their hands questioning a passenger. They evidently were starting systematically through the cars, examining each person; they were making the plea of necessity of a report to the railroad offices of names and addresses of all held up by the stoppage of the train.

Eaton started on toward the rear of the train.

"A moment, sir!" Connery called.

Eaton halted. The conductor confronted him.

"Your name, sir?" Connery asked.

"Philip D. Eaton."

Connery wrote down the answer. "Your address?"

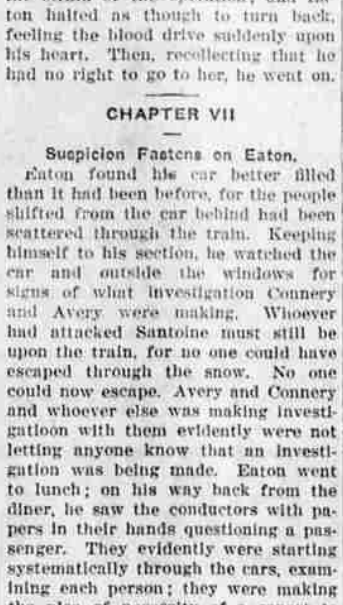
"I—have no address. I was going to a hotel in Chicago—which one I hadn't decided yet."

"Where are you coming from?"

"From Asia."

"That's hardly an address, Mr. Eaton!"

"I can give you no address abroad. I had no fixed address there. I was traveling most of the time. I arrived



"Your Name, Sir?" Connery Asked.

in Seattle by the Asiatic steamer and took this train."

"Ah! you came on the Tamba Maru."

Connery made note of this, as he had made note of all the other questions and answers. Then he said something to the Pullman conductor, who replied in the same low tone; what they said was not audible to Eaton.

"You can tell us at least where your family is, Mr. Eaton," Connery suggested.

"I have no family."

"Friends, then?"

"I—I have no friends."

"Nowhere?"

"Nowhere."

Connery pondered for several moments. "The Mr. Hillward—Lawrence Hillward, to whom the telegram was addressed which you claimed this morning, your associate who was to have taken this train with you—will you give me his address?"

"I don't know Hillward's address."

"Give me the address, then, of the man who sent the telegram."

"I—I am unable to do that, either."

Connery spoke again to the Pullman conductor, and they conversed inaudibly for a minute. "That is all, then," Connery said finally.

He signed his name to the sheet on which he had written Eaton's answers, and handed it to the Pullman conductor, who also signed it and returned it to him; then they went on to the passenger now occupying Section Four, without making any further comment.

Eaton told himself that there should be no danger to himself from this inquiry, directed against no one, but including comprehensively everyone on the train. When the conductors had left the car, he put his magazine away and went into the men's compartment to smoke and calm his nerves. His return to America had passed the bounds of recklessness; and what a situation he would now be in if his actions brought even serious suspicions against him! He finished his first cigar and was debating whether to light another, when he heard voices outside the car, and opening the window and looking out, he saw Connery and the brakeman struggling through the snow and making, apparently, some search. Presently Connery passed the door of the compartment carrying something loosely wrapped in a newspaper in his hands. Eaton finished his cigar and went back to his seat in the car.

As he glanced at the seat where he had left his locked traveling bag, he saw that the bag was no longer there. It stood now between the two seats on the floor, and picking it up and looking at it, he found it unfastened and with marks about the lock which told plainly that it had been forced.

(Continued Next Saturday)

## SPORT NOTES

Boston—Negotiations with the Baltimore international league club for a deal by which the Boston Red Sox will give two players and $40,000 for two of the trio of Oriole stars—Max Bishop, Johnny Boley or Mervin Jacobson—will be completed today, the Red Sox office announced.

New York—Johnny Rawlings is not on the market and he will not be traded, John McGraw, manager of the Giants, replied to a rumor that the utility infielder was going to Brooklyn.

Philadelphia—It would be to my everlasting regret if business should force me to leave Princeton, "Bill" Roper, Tiger football coach, replied to rumors that he was going to retire.

New York—Chicago has reopened negotiations at the Yanks for a trade involving Eddie Collins, the Yank office said. New York wants to give Ward Hoyt and Meusel to the White Sox for Collins, Falke and Leverette.

New York—Jess Willard may be permitted to box in New York if he will make an affidavit that he is only 36 years old and get one from a member of his family, according to the boxing commission. He will not be permitted to meet Jack Dempsey without engaging in two "test bouts."

Chicago—Jimmy Blouin, world's champion bowler, retained the title by defeating Joe Falcaro, New York, 9112 to 8247 pins in a forty-game match. Blouin won the final ten games 2169 to 2121. The champion averaged 227 33-40 for the match, a world's record.

# High School News

## HENDRICKS HIGH

**J. C. Austin Addresses Assembly**

"Integrity, Inspiration, and Industry" was the subject of a very interesting instructive talk by Field Representative J. C. Austin of Linfield College, Wednesday morning.

"What's wrong with most of us is that we have a wish bone where our backbone ought to be," he said. On the subject of inspiration he cited the case of the once desert plains of Idaho. To some those sagebrush wastes meant so much worthless land, but to men with imagination and inspiration the country had great possibilities, and by the effort of this type of men was converted into rich alfalfa fields. Inspiration must accompany industry to make a success of an undertaking, he continued.

After Mr. Austin's talk Principal G. E. Finnerty gave the rules and plans for enrollment for the next semester. He stressed the point that all students must enroll Friday since regular school will be held Monday without confusion of classes.

Student body president, Edward Taylor, presented football letters to Gerald Snyder and Audrey Fraedrick. Snyder had been absent and Fraedrick had been ill from injuries sustained in the last game, when the letters were given to the rest of the team at a previous assembly. The student body president then called to order a meeting of the student body to nominate a manager for track. Mark Sanderson and Gerald Snyder were nominated and will be voted on next Wednesday, January 17.

**Swimming Classes Open to Girls**

The Girl Reserve swimming class held at the women's gymnasium of the University on Saturday afternoon has been thrown open to all high school girls. Heretofore only Girl Reserve members could attend, but more girls were needed to make interclass competition keen so all girls are now privileged to enter. The lessons are one hour in length and ten lessons are given for one dollar. The classes are under the direction of two University girls. Contests in the different methods of swimming and diving will be held between the representatives of the different classes, and plans are being made by the Girls' Athletic association for the purchase of a cup to be presented to the winning class.

**Staff Members Attend**

Representatives of the news staff will attend the scholastic conference of Oregon high school editors to be held at the University of Oregon, February 1 and 2. Those delegated to attend all meetings are Lee Rapp, editor; Chloe McBee, associate editor; Belden Babb, manager, and Janet Hampton, class reporter. Miss Mae Kinsey, instructor in news writing and faculty adviser of the News, hopes to have the entire staff attend part of the sessions.

These conferences are held every year to discuss the different phases of editing and managing school papers and to promote friendship between the staffs of the various high schools of the state.

**Girls Contest in Volley Ball**

Six teams have been eliminated in the girls' inter-roll room volley ball series. Games were played every noon last week and three more games will be played before the final game on January 26 which will decide the championship. The girls' inter-class games will be played directly after the roll-room series.

**Semester Ends**

Since our first semester ends next Wednesday, January 17, this week is a busy time for both students and teachers. Examinations will take place on Wednesday, following the reviews held in the classes Monday and Tuesday. Gail Winchell, John Evans, and Hazel McIntyre have already left for college and several other mid-year students will wait until next fall to enter.

**Library Gets New Books**

Three more books have been added to the library shelves. They are The Count of Monte Cristo, by Dumas; Adventures in Friendship, by David Grayson; and Little Aliens, by Myra Kelly. The books were secured with funds secured by fines in the library.

**Football Men Receive Letters**

Gerald Snyder and Audrey Graedrick were given their football letters at the Wednesday assembly. They were both absent at the time the rest of the team were presented with their letters, because of illness.

Fraedricks is captain-elect for next year.

**Hi Jinx Price is Fixed**

The popular price of thirty-five cents, will be retained as admission fee to the Hi Jinx, which is scheduled for February. An erroneous announcement was made sometime ago that the price had been changed to fifty cents.

**Game With Cottage Grove**

The Hendricks high school basketball team played their first game last Friday night with Cottage Grove on the local floor.

The second team battled with Westfir in a preliminary.

The first team lineup:

Johnson and McLean forwards; Taylor center; Lucky and Olson guards.

Subs—Coleman for Olson.

**History Pageant Postpond**

Owing to the fact that teachers and students were rushed for time to complete studies and carry on examinations, the Oregon history pageant which was to have been given this week by the students of history classes has been postponed until next semester. Mr. Christeason and Miss Burke, history instructors, with the aid of Miss Conklin, are supervising the pageant.

**Work of Art Classes**

The beginning art class has spent the past few days in the study of color theory. The students are making charts which illustrate the three values of color, hue, chroma, and value.

The advanced class has been working ort figure constructions. The students have made a special study of head and face contour. The class is endeavoring to complete two more problems before the end of the semester. The next problem will be the drawing of figures in action, made of a few strokes on straight lines. The students will then work out child pose drawings, first, in charcoal, and then in brush and ink.

**Savings Association Operates**

A new window has been opened at the high school savings association. All the initial deposits are made at this window, which is called the new accounts window. The tellers at the wickets are as follows: First National, Lillian Vail; United States National, Marion Kirby; Commercial Banks, Agnes Larson; Bookkeeper, Selma Peterson, and supplies, Leona Neilson.

**Nestorians Plan Entertainment**

The Nestoria Debating society held a regular business meeting Monday, January 8, at 3:30 in room 214, at the meeting the society decided to entertain the visiting teams, of the inter-scholastic contest, by holding a reception after each debate. Also it was decided upon that the society debates would be again resumed next semester.

**Many New Students Expected**

With the beginning of the new semester, there will be approximately one hundred new students entering the Hendricks high school. Our study halls are at present congested and the building will be taxed to its utmost capacity next term.

Principal Finnerty has been busy for the past week enrolling students from the Junior high schools of the city, who expected to enter. It is therefore definitely known how many there will be.

Arrangements have been made for special study halls. Rooms 315 and 211 will be used during vacant periods.

The junior pins, which have been ordered for some time have arrived and are being given out. The pins, which is all numbered one hundred and three are in the shape of a green gold diamond with a raised E in white gold upon it. Four of the juniors had their pins mounted on heavy gold rings.

**Girls Active in Volley Ball**

Much interest has been taken in the girls' volley ball series. The practice has improved the playing of the girls immensely. The following games have been played:

January 5—320 and 111 against 203 and 211. The winners were 320 and 111.

January 9—312 - 310 against 213. In this game 312 - 310 were the winners.

January 10—320 and 111 against 207 and 114. 320 and 111 winners.

At a meeting of the Girls' Athletic association held Wednesday, January 10, class volley ball captains were elected. They are Dorothy Chase, senior; Lillian Vail, junior; Ollie Bessonette, sophomore, and Irene Brown, freshman. As soon as the roll room series are finished, the first week of the new semester, class games will begin. Also the constitution was adopted at this meeting. The association was formed to increase interest in girls' athletics and provide a means by which they may receive emblems or letters. To be a member each girl must pay twenty-five cents as dues for a year.

**Girl Reserves Nominate Officers**

A meeting of the Girl Reserves was called Wednesday in the library, for the purpose of nominating officers. The report of the nominating committee was as follows: For president, Phoebe Whitney and Pauline Winchell; for vice president, Marguerite Fishwood and Viviane Earle; for secretary, Genevieve Elkins and Beatrice Milligan, and for treasurer, Vada Belle Brown and Ethel Thieves.

**Wins Speed Test**

Miss Alma Koepp, a typing student succeeded in winning the January Remington speed test. She will receive a card case, the prize for 45 words per minute. All the tests have not been taken so it is not known just how many students will receive prizes.

## UNIVERSITY HIGH

**Class Begins Trigonometry**

The advanced mathematics class is beginning the study of trigonometry. The class is ahead of the regular schedule by six weeks and, instead of devoting the time to third semester algebra and solid geometry, is covering work which would ordinarily take three semesters. Two six weeks periods are given over

(Continued on page six)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