

Photographers get some Interestiug Pictorial News

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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Bruce. All at once a memory flashed over him—a scene in a distant glen, and similar tall figures that tried to drive him from his food. He had charged then, struck once, and one of the forms had lain very still. He remembered the pungent, maddening odor that had reached him after his blow had gone home. Most clearly of all, he remembered how his claws had struck and sunk.

He knew this strange shadow now. It was just another of that tall breed he had learned to hate, and it was simply lying prone as his foe had done after the charge beside Little river. In fact, the still-lying form recalled the other occasion with particular vividness. The excitement that he had felt before returned to him now; he remembered his disappointment when the whistling bullets from the hillside above had driven him from his food. But there were no whistling bullets now. Except for them, there would have been further rapture beside that stream; but he might have it now.

The old hunting madness came back to him. It was fair game, this that lay so still in the grass, just as the body of the calf had been and just as the warm body of Hudson in the distant glen.

The wound at his side gave him a twinge of pain. It served to make his memories all the clearer. The lurid lights grew in his eyes. Rage swept over him.

But he didn't charge blindly. He retained enough of his hunting caution to know that to stalk was the proper course. He moved farther out from the edge of the forest.

At that instant the moon came out and revealed him, all too vividly, to Bruce. The Killer's great gray figure in the silver light was creeping toward him across the silvered grass.

When Linda left her house, her first realization was the need of caution. It would not do to let Simon see her. And she knew that only her long training in the hills, her practice in climbing the winding trails, would enable her to keep pace with the fast-walking man without being seen.

In her concern for Bruce, Linda had completely forgotten the events of the earlier part of the evening. Wild and stirring though they were, they now seemed to her as incidents of remote years, nothing to be remembered in this hour of crisis. But she remembered them vividly when, two hundred yards from the house, she saw two strange figures coming toward her between the moonlit tree trunks.

There was very little of reality about either. The foremost figure was bent and strange, but she knew that it could be no one but Elmir. The second, however—half-obscured behind her—offered no interpretation of outline at all at first. But as the turn of the trail she saw both figures in vivid profile. Elmir was coming homeward, bent over her cane, and she led a saddled horse by its bridle rein.

Still keeping Simon in sight, Linda ran swiftly toward her. She didn't understand the deep awe that stole over her—an emotion that even her fear for Bruce could not transcend. There was a quality in Elmir's face and posture that she had never seen before. It was as if she were walking in her sleep, she came with such a strange heaviness and languor, her cane creeping through the pine needles of the trail in front. She did not seem to be aware of Linda's approach until the girl was only ten feet distant. Then she looked up, and Linda saw the moonlight on her face.

She saw something else too, but she didn't know what it was. Her own eyes widened. The thin lips were drooping, the eyes looked as if she were asleep. The face was a strange net of wrinkles in the soft light. Terrible emotions had but recently died and left their ashes upon it. But Linda knew that this was no time to stop and wonder and ask questions.

"Give me the horse," she commanded. "I'm going to help Bruce."

"You can have it," Elmir answered

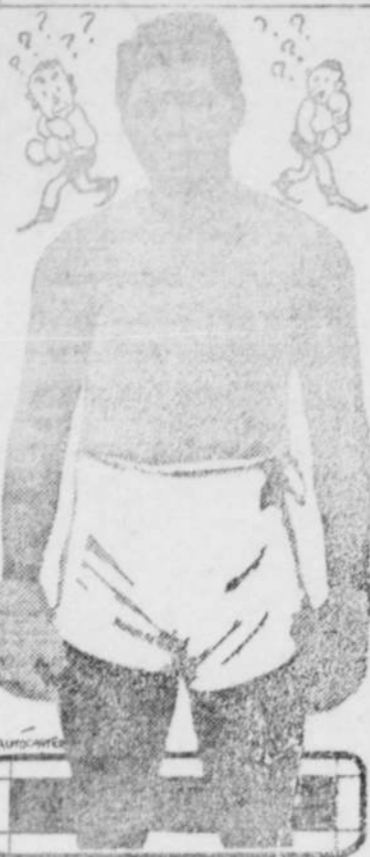
(Continued Next Week)

Explanation: This week's installment of the "Strength of the Pines" is very short on account of the Headlight not receiving the balance of the story in time for insertion in this issue. It will be continued in the near future however so that Headlight readers may get the finish of this interesting story by Edison Marshall.

The state live stock association is asking for a new \$100,000 state fair building.

Buildings just completed or under construction at Vernonia numbered work just north of Vernonia. The two companies employ 200 people.

Jungle Man Comes Wearing Gloves.



This is a new and most recent picture of Battling Siki, the Tunis Algeria jungle man who knocked out the European champion, Georges Carpentier, in six rounds at Paris, and is now coming to the U.S. He wants to fight Dempsey, but will be forced to show his class against some lesser light, maybe Harry Greb or Kid Norfolk.

SEES SERIES FREE

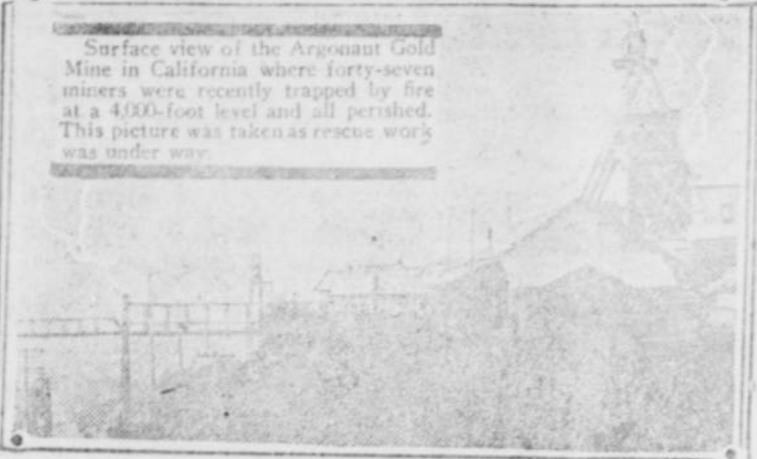


James F. Hon, a St. Louis salesman, was given a complete free trip to see the World Series games by Mrs. Ben Johnson of the American League. Hon explained how Witt, Yank player, was specked unconscious in a final St. Louis game last in running he stepped on the side of a pop bottle, which flew up, hitting him in the head.

SAVED LIFE OF Mrs. HARDING



Death Mine Where Gold Miners Perished



Surface view of the Argonaut Gold Mine in California where forty-seven miners were recently trapped by fire at a 4,000-foot level and all perished. This picture was taken as rescue work was under way.

Henry Takes an Open-face Ride



While the press was busy telling of Ford's new plan to make automobiles in Mexico, Henry was up in Quebec, Canada, with his wife riding around in one of those old open-faced hacks known as a "caleches." It was a pleasure trip.

AMERICANS ON TURKISH FRONT



Uncle Sam shakes a positive head and says we will not be drawn into the European tangle caused by Turk victories over the Greeks and the massacre at Smyrna. However, American representatives are at work to report developments and help in relief work. The photo shows Admiral Mark L. Bristol, with his wife, and Davis C. Arnold, the Director of the Near East Relief, inspecting one of the stations established by the Near East Relief Committee, near Constantinople.

Smyrna Burning As Turks Massacre Christians.



First picture to reach America showing Smyrna in flames from torches of the triumphant Turks under Kemal Pasha. Thousands are believed to have perished in the flames and from swords of the Turks.

FIRST BROWN CHAMP



Pancho Villa is our first brown-skinned ring champion, the little Filipino flyweight winning the title by knocking out Champ Johnnie Huff at Brooklyn. Villa is not content with the 105 pound title. He now wants to fight Champ Joe Lynch for the bantam-weight crown at 118 pounds.

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Children Using Milk Make Most Rapid Progress

Fifty two thousand five hundred children of Los Angeles were questioned as to the amount of milk they consumed daily, their ages were recorded and heights and weights obtained. The heights and weights of these children were compared on the basis of their consumption of milk, and the figures revealed the startling fact that in every age, without exception, the milk-using children were taller and weighed more than the non-milk using children. It was also found that the milk-using children made more rapid progress in their studies. In every grade the milk-using children were slightly younger than the non-milk using children. The milk using children gained on the average 2.28 years on the non-milk using children, from the kindergarten to the eighth grade.

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