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FAMILY RESPONSIBILITY
It has long been established in the law of Oregon that immediate relatives who are financially able are responsible for the care of needy parents.

That such legislation was ever necessary is not a pleasant commentary on the quality of the relationship that has existed between members of a family.

To some extent persons who, on the point of age alone, have become eligible for old age assistance look on assistance as a pension and therefore a right regardless of any other considerations.

An annual feature of the Oregon City "Territorial Days" celebration is the souvenir edition of the Oregon City Enterprise.

OREGON EDITORIALS

A USELESS LAW
(Corvallis Gazette-Times)
The California Chamber of Commerce has asked bordering states to close their motor vehicle registration stations on their borders.

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO
(London Bulletin, Aug. 21, 1924)
L. Antles, secretary of the Bend commercial club for the past four years, will terminate his connection with the club at the end of his present contract.

SHOES OF SPUN GLASS NOW

London (P)—The world will have caught up with the Cinderella legend of the glass shoes by this autumn.

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'Every Prospect Pleases and Only Man Is Vile'



SERIAL STORY Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

CAST OF CHARACTERS
Christine Thorenson—came to visit her cousin, found a mystery.
Bill Yardley—had a reason for watching Christine.

Yesterday, Police, investigating the murder in Christine's booth, detain her for questioning. The victim had been drugged, killed with a dagger.

CHAPTER VII
For a moment Christine hardly heard what was being said. For that moment she stood, isolated by shock, torn by a pang of affection she had never before known she felt for the formally kind, but painfully repressed woman she remembered as Cousin Emma, but had never really known.

When she came back to her surroundings, the inspector was asking the doorman, "Have you noticed anything unusual around here in the last two hours?"

"Well—the doorman hesitated—"about half after 11 I did see this young lady"—regretfully he indicated Christine—"come along and stop right here; then her boy friend comes running up those stairs from the beach, and they hurry off together."

Christine flinched as she thought of that moment while she and Bill stood there, laughing and talking—with Cousin Emma perhaps already lying there—like that—a few feet away.

"Looks him over?" the inspector snapped. "What do you mean?"

"I know what he means," the waitress stopped snapping her gum long enough to put in. "I seen them, too; and he was dripping wet."

Why, Christine remembered with an unpleasant start, Bill had been wet. . . He had said—"Say—lookit!" The newsboy, who had been staring at Bill, pointed a grimy forefinger. "I see him before all right. I sold all my tomorrow morning's papers by 10:30; and I was out along the Boardwalk. And I seen him in a parked car. He was leaning out, as if he was waitin' for some thing."

The inspector turned to Bill. "What's your name?" he demanded.

"William Yardley." "Oh, yes—run the riding school, don't you? . . . And you say you knew Mrs. Talbert?"

"I did."

Freckles and His Friends



ed, the concrete was badly cracked. A fragment moved under her fingers. . . At least, she took it for a fragment of the wall until she realized that it was smooth to her touch—as satiny smooth as silver that had just been polished.

The inspector took a small dark object from his pocket. "Recognize this?" he asked. "I ought to," Bill said after a brief inspection. "It's my key holder."

The inspector surveyed him for a moment; then he coolly reclaimed the keys and said, "It was found on the beach near a rowboat that hadn't any business to be where it was. That boat may have some connection with Mrs. Talbert's death."

"I saw that boat. I had a little run-in with a fellow right about there earlier in the evening."

"Nothing to explain," Bill looked as if he could have kicked himself for speaking. "I was doing my best to pin his ears back, but he showed more speed than I looked for."

Two uniformed men pushed into the booth, holding between them a disreputable object in rubber wading boots. Aside from the boots, he wore a soiled pair of flannel trousers, a tattered shirt, and a greasy hat.

Christine looked at the man with interest. She had seen several men in rubber boots, wading about in the backwash of low tide that morning, poking with long sticks in the sand—occasionally stooping to pick something up and examine it. When she had asked Mr. Wilmet if they were fishing, he had replied, "Well—in a way. They're beachcombers. Often they find coins, and sometimes even jewelry."

Evidently Bill had not confined his efforts to the pinning back of ears. One of the man's eyes was almost closed. . . Yet Christine looked at him in unbelieving recognition, and found him staring at her with a kind of dismayed pleading.

The inspector glanced sharply from one to the other of them and demanded, "Ever seen this man before, Miss?"

Christine hesitated. . . Of course it couldn't be—yet it was. In spite of his generally disreputable appearance, the man in boots was unmistakably Cousin Emma's irreproachable butler, Jasper. . . She put out a hand to steady herself against the wall of the booth.

"William Yardley." "Oh, yes—run the riding school, don't you? . . . And you say you knew Mrs. Talbert?"

"I did."

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NEWSPAPERS SURVEYED
Reno, Nev. (U)—Statistics just completed paint Nevada as the veritable cemetery of journalism. Only one out of every six newspapers started in Nevada since journalism first came to the state has survived.

BEND ABSTRACT CO. TITLE INSURANCE ABSTRACTS

Most snakes keep the whole body on the ground when they move.

By Blosser

