

HER FLING

by ELENORE MEHERIN

FOREWORD

The Roseburg News-Review today offers to its readers the first installment of Elenore Meherin's latest story "HER FLING." The success of "Chickie" and of "Sandy," two of Miss Meherin's preceding stories, has largely influenced the News-Review in again presenting to its readers one of this gifted author's gripping newspaper serials. Elenore Meherin's stories are now appearing in the leading metropolitan newspapers of the country. "Sandy," which was recently concluded in the News-Review, is just now starting in the Portland Telegram. It is appearing in the largest newspapers on the Pacific coast, and is now running in nearly all of the Hearst chain papers.

The News-Review is leading all newspapers in the northwest in the publication of "HER FLING." This story is just being started in the middle west, the Sioux City (Iowa) Journal, one of the leading newspapers of that section, having just printed the first installments, being one of the many publications that have been won to these thrilling newspaper serials by the manner in which the public has received them.

In presenting "HER FLING" the News-Review is endeavoring to maintain its policy of giving to its readers the same service as is received by the readers of the metropolitan dailies. The fact that "Sandy," which has been completed here for some time, is still running in practically all of the largest coast papers, and is just starting in many, while "HER FLING" has not yet made its appearance upon the coast, is proof that the News-Review is still keeping in the forefront as regards popular newspaper features.

In "HER FLING" is submitted a modern-day problem. It deals with modern folks, modern conditions, modern thoughts. It will stir you as you have never been stirred before. It will grip you with suspense, hold you breathless from the first word to the last. You'll be agast at the truth about marriages among the rich. You'll love Gail Sherman and you'll find yourself tensely following her story as it appears day by day.

By Elenore Meherin
Author of "Chickie," "Sandy" and
Other Serials of Nationwide
Success.
CHAPTER 1

The Wedding.
I was born to wealth. Money ushered me into a world of luxury. Rich tapestries everywhere concealed the crude surroundings. For twenty years I was happy in this life of bright illusions.

Then came my sister's marriage. There was an end to the sham. I look now upon that brilliant ceremony with a recollection of horror. Very beautiful she was, yet what a tragic, frightful thing, her wedding. Before the night was over, young as I was, I realized it in a piercing shock of disillusion. Marian's doom became my salvation.

She was twenty-three and pretty like a soft, new flower. Something appealing and winning made you want to put out an arm and keep her things from her. She was so sweet and gentle-toned. Perhaps because she had all these tender ways I lacked, I loved her so.

She was to marry Dalgren Warren, only son in one of the wealthiest and oldest families in New York State.

There was little love on her side. Marian had probably never considered this question. We knew, as everyone did, that Dalgren Warren, for all his grace of manner, his fine breeding, was at heart a dissolute fellow. His flat, blind-looking face bore the marks of cruel dissipation. Nevertheless, for us, the marriage was a victory. The world smiled and enviously congratulated.

This was all we counted. With an exultant sense of triumph we looked forward to the great day, were swept to it on a high tide of joyous festivity that left no pause for misgiving.

Marian was gaily untrodden. Or, at least, she seemed so. I didn't dream she had the slightest fear until noon of her wedding day when I came unexpectedly into her bedroom.

The day had begun in a wild flush of excitement. Maids running up and down stairs, arms laden with packages; caterers rushing in chairs and tables, checking them in the banquet hall of the big house in East Eightieth street; delivery men

emptying their wagons at our door and the decorators trailing fluttering masses of pink and amber fruit blossoms that petaled all the floors with delicate color. Doors kept opening and hurriedly closing, voices calling, the phone ringing. Even the air was charged with brisk, expectant vitality.

It was about 12 o'clock when Bartley Force's belated gift arrived. It was a jeweled intruder, so exquisite I ran to Marian's room that she might see, at once, its delightful beauty.

Without knocking, I pushed the door softly. She had just arisen and was standing at the phone talking to the man who was to be her husband. A nervous catch in the light pleading of her voice aroused me.

"Promise, Dalgren," she was saying. "Oh, no, I'm not. No, I'm not going out for a minute. You see, dear, the manicurist is coming and the hairdresser and every one to make me beautiful. It is not that. No truly, I just want to see you. You'll come?"

"I looked impatiently at the mirror. She's worried, I thought. How foolish!

She was begging again, playfully, but her hair-averted face was white, troubled.

"Dalgren, you don't mean that? What are you saying. But don't joke. He good today — for me, won't you?"

I was about to turn from the room. She has no spine, I snapped to myself, irritated, unwilling to be carried by worry on this day of mad, exuberant delight.

An arresting touch of sympathy caught me. She had just that child's way of touching a person's heart.

In a few hours she would be married. She was not happy now. Something bothered her. Why did she stand there looking helpless, like a little girl, her lips moving, her hair of pale gold hanging in two long braids?

And asking her bridegroom to be good on her wedding day.

"Oh, you will!" she cried suddenly. "At 4 then? Not a minute later!" She put up the phone, reddened as she saw me.

"Why, I didn't hear you open the door, Gail."

"Just came, Mimi. Look at this."

"What sent it?" She took the mirror, ran her pale fingers over

the jewels, closed her eyes in rapture. "Oh, stunning!" She was happy as a bird again, her face all flushed with pleasure. Marian was like that — ready in a moment to dismiss the disagreeable. A little white and gold creature, that one couldn't bear to see dejected.

"Are there more gifts and more and more?" she asked eagerly.

"Millions! You're missing all the fun. Get dressed quick! I'm losing count of them."

"Will you see that all the cards are kept, Gail? Tell Marie to watch them."

"We are." I went back to the great west room, where a dozen new boxes were yet unopened. When I had surveyed these gifts and judged them, I went down to the hall; now transformed into a perfumed glory of hyacinth tulip, rose and cherry blossoms. In the quick pulse of anticipation I forgot Marian and her momentary depression.

Late in the afternoon I was rushing through the hall. She stopped me. Her face, always white, had now lost even the hue of flesh.

"Dalgren hasn't come," she said in a low whisper.

"I guess he was delayed," I answered gaily, holding up a flat tray of purest gold with a great "W" striped in silver in one corner.

"Isn't it a knockout? From the Prestons?"

She scarcely glanced at it. "Perry phoned," she shot in a hushed voice that suppressed a violence of agitation. "Dalgren's eloped."

She clasped her hands, shaking. "Oh, Gail, no one knows where he is! He's been drinking all day. Suppose —"

"Oh —" I stopped short, chilled, speechless. "What does Perry Barton mean, saying such a thing! Wait — it can't be. I'll ring up Perry."

"No," she backed from me. "It's true, Gail. And they can't find him! He was drunk at noon when I phoned. Oh, if he doesn't come —"

Mother's door opened. Perhaps she already suspected.

"Marian, come here, dear," she called sharply. "Gail, Jeanette will manicure your nails now."

As Marian entered the room, I heard mother speaking in a rapid, hurt voice as she always did when anyone presumed to dispute her.

"Nonsense, child! What makes you think such a foolish thing? We'll see."

It was after 5. Dalgren hadn't come. At 1 o'clock he was driving heavily, leaving everyone who came into the club.

Suddenly he disappeared.

This I gathered from the anxious suppressed telephone conversations between mother and father.

Marian allowed herself to be massaged, to be manicured, to have her hair marveled. She said nothing. Her face was white as a lily. It took the joy out of all the day for me.

"Mimi, he'll come," I went in carelessly and tried to cheer her. "Why, of course he will."

Her oddly-lantern, shallow brown eyes filled.

Mother came in, swept grandly across the room.

"Gail, won't you please begin to dress?" she said in a bored tone as though nothing were wrong. He agreeable for once and get yourself ready."

She didn't want me in the room. Mother feared my tongue. I knew it. This added to its power.

Though I went out, I kept making excuses to return, imitating mother in a breezy indifference both of us were far from feeling. What if Dalgren Warren didn't appear for his wedding. We were spared, with the dread of it.

The tenth time I sauntered into the room, I heard mother speaking: "Now, what did I tell you, dear? See how foolish you were!"

"Oh, they found him!" I cried excitedly.

"Found him?" Mother smiled in a cold, superior way. "Dalgren was not lost," she added amiably.

"Perry was mistaken. The dear boy was merely off to buy another suit for his bride."

Wherever he was, Perry Barton, his best man, found him and brought him to the house half an hour before the time set for the ceremony.

Marian, her white face with its bright hair and wide dark eyes all atremble, insisted on seeing him. Even to her veil, she was ready for the nuptials.

They said Dal Warren had been drinking all afternoon. He didn't show it. As he took Marian's hand, talked in his studied, rather musical voice, he looked almost impressive.

"Oh, Dal, Dal!" she cried out, laughing nervously as he wound slowly about her wrist a long string of the most perfectly matched and beautiful small pearls. I have ever seen: "Oh, aren't they too wonderful! You're a lover!"

His stiff, square face relaxed in a smile. Marian stood off, relieved, radiant as an angel with the veil of rose point falling from her hair of gold. She laughed and kept looking in ecstasy at the bracelet.

Dalgren was all right. He was here. I had never seen him more pleasant. In the rebound from anxiety our spirits leaped exultantly.

I caught a glimpse of myself, the gown of flame in its pearl bordered silver lace in the mirror, and a secret delight thrilled me. "Oh, stunning," I thought. "Everything will be glorious now."

In a moment the bridesmaids, like spirits of fire, their eyes brilliant with excitement, came laughing and talking into the room. If Marian or I had any remnant of fear, it vanished in the jubilant scurrying, the excited giving of orders, the arranging first at one angle, then another, of the rapturous baskets

and fragrant with all the spring flowers.

Then we set out Marian's train, raved and tiptoed about her; called her an angel, a dream.

Like a boom, with undreamed of solemnity, the wedding march chimed. The great moment was here.

Marian, flushed, lovelier than the roses on the improvised altar, stood with her hand in Dalgren Warren's. The hundreds of guests leaning forward, the distilled perfume of the fruit blossoms, the gleam of jewels, the shimmer of costly satins — my senses stirred to the exquisite brilliance.

Only her lips trembled when her husband slipped the circlet of diamonds on her slim finger. Then she let him kiss her.

And immediately the room rang and echoed with a rising chorus of laughter, shouts, applause. The merriment began.

The bride was the very pulse of it — her ivory cheeks pink, her eyes unnaturally bright.

We were in the banquet hall. Glasses tinkled an incessant, ripping undertone to the music; the high pitched talking, the shouts of gaiety. Perry Barton called now on one wit, now on another. No one heard the toasts — but every one roared with laughter.

Abruptly a cold and hand pressed mine.

"I think I'll go now. We don't want to be too late." It was Marian. Something in that icy touch frightened me.

I looked at Dal Warren. His face was pasty, an unearthly white. The smooth impressiveness was gone. The eyes seemed swallowed up. He emptied his glass, filled and drained it again. He had been doing this all evening.

"Oh, come, Gail!" Marian leaned over, made some little plea to her. He took her hand, ran his fingers over her bare arm, laughed, dropped his glass to the floor.

"I'm ready, Marian — let's go."

Stopping a moment, now at one table, now at another, we made our way across the long hall. We seemed to be walking through thunder, so mixed and tossed were the hundred tones of song and shout and laughter.

We were almost to the door when the thing happened.

Above the babel, the laughing din, came an arresting call — a throttled curse, then a rush of feet.

"What was that?" Marian grabbed my arm. "Dalgren! Gail! What is it?"

I turned. Dal Warren, his face frenzied, sprang to his feet, snatched a wine bottle from the table, raised it aloft, brought it crashing down across the back of Somers Ashton. With the impact, the blind, flat face ironed out; the square, slack form pitched headlong to the floor.

ROSEBURG DROPS TO SIXTH PLACE IN STATE SHOOT

Roseburg dropped to 6th place yesterday in the Oregonian's telegraphic shoot. E. J. Peyton and J. E. Marks turned in perfect scores and Nick Andrieff broke 24, giving the local club 74 out of a possible 75. Seven clubs secured perfect tallies yesterday. Roseburg and Hillsboro tied again yesterday for the third time each with 74. The tie is to be shot off next Sunday. Eugene still leads, chalking up another perfect score yesterday.

AMONG OLD FRIENDS IN THE STATE

COQUILLE—Lela D. Hughes asks for a divorce from Orville W. Hughes, the custody of four minor children, \$40 a month for their support and costs of the case. Cruel and inhuman treatment is alleged. The couple were married at Roseburg, October 29, 1925.

GRANTS PASS—Two bicycles recently stolen from Earl Gaddis and J. Gribble while leaned against a high school building, have been recovered, having been found at Glendale, after having been ridden by two California youths who were caught in the act of breaking into a Glendale store. The two youths are being held in that city.

MARSHFIELD—Wren Emerson, of Reedport, is in Wesley hospital suffering from a crushed chest and shoulder, as the result of a log rolling upon him this morning in a camp of the Empire Mill and Logging company. The seriousness of his injury had not been determined late this afternoon, X-rays being taken then. The injury was not serious enough to render the victim unconscious. He was sent here on the afternoon train and rushed to the hospital.

OAKLAND—Jack Chenoweth of Oakland, has just received a letter from his niece in Los Angeles saying that she was out to the Adobe stock farm which her brother, Merritt Adamson and his wife own. They have 1600 head of dairy cows and are milking 800, nearly all Guernseys, and they have two strings of Holsteins. Mr. Adamson has many silver cups won for high dairy standards in national competition. They also have a string of show horses which have won many blue ribbons. Young Mr. Adamson will be remembered by those who knew his father, the late John L. Adamson, a half brother of Mr. Chenoweth.

REEDSPORT—Hugh Mitchell, field representative of the U. S. bureau of fisheries, will be here today for the purpose of selecting a location for a salmon fish hatchery on the lower Umpqua. Mr. Mitchell will be accompanied on a trip up the river by a large delegation of fish men and dealers.

Chinook salmon fishing is much better than usual at this time of the year and everything indicates that an unusually large and prosperous season will be experienced this year. Where usually about 100 pounds of chinook a day is brought to the fish packing plant at this time of the year, this year a ton is brought in.

FINE SPEAKER TO ADDRESS KI-WANIAN'S WED.

Donald D. Conn, manager of the public relations section of the American Railway association, will be principal speaker at the Kiwanis club tomorrow at the noon-day luncheon to be held at the Hotel Umpqua. Everyone is invited to attend this luncheon, whether a Kiwanian or not, as it is desirable to have a good attendance on hand to greet the speaker. The price of the luncheon ticket will be 75 cents and those planning to attend should be on hand at the Hotel Umpqua at noon.

Mr. Conn will speak regarding the work that has been done and is being done by the advisory committees and contact committees in the various sections of the country.

PENITENTS USE SELF TORTURE AT EASTER TIME

(Associated Press Leased Wire.) SANTA FE, N. M., March 15.—While the Christian world is making ready for the observance of Easter, in few places are the preparations as unique and wrapped in mystery as in the almost inaccessible mountain villages of New Mexico.

Here hundreds of persons, descendants of the Spanish conquistadores and members of the Society of Penitent Brothers, are planning their annual rites. The ceremonies reach their climax with the enactment in a crude way of the crucifixion of Christ at sunset on Good Friday. The natural setting has been described as closely resembling the actual scenes of the Holy Land.

The society and the rites are centuries old. The organization had its foundation among the monasteries of Spain and France before the discovery of America, and was transplanted to the new world by the new religious brothers who penetrated the southwestern regions of the United States in the sixteenth century.

Because of the inaccessibility of the regions where the brotherhood still has its strongholds in New Mexico, their customs and services have changed but little. An open practice of flagellation and self torture as a means of penitence is characteristic.

The Easter services start the night of Wednesday preceding Easter, which include fasting and the initiation of new members. On Wednesday evening, after dusk, the penitents, as they are called, leave their moradas or lodge buildings, and in a procession proceed into the hills, where their flickering lanterns may be seen dodging in and out among the trees and bushes. The weird chant of their prayers, or whistle of their home-made flutes are heard.

This procession is repeated on Thursday night, increasing in its enthusiasm. The penitents as they march barefooted over the sharp stones and cactus of the hills, whip themselves and each other with long lashes, often until blood streams down their backs, so that their trails may be traced by stains upon the ground.

The entire day of Friday is given over to pilgrimages, from one morada to another. The pilgrimages are made in processions with much whipping and wailing of weird songs and prayers.

Pilgrimages are also made to shrines, composed of crosses set up upon the hillsides at intervals. As Friday night approaches, the flagellants was to a fever heat of excitement. The crucifixion itself is a dramatic climax. An affix is bound and nailed to a long cross, which is erected amid eero-

monies which only a few persons of the outside world had witnessed until the last few years.

The penitents at the beginning of the century had powerful organization throughout New Mexico, and has outposts in Arizona, Southern Colorado and near El Paso, Texas. Of late years however, their numbers have diminished rapidly as automobile highways and the influx of tourists have opened more and more the country in which they live. Their political power, reputed to have been vast in New Mexico at one time, has almost disappeared.

LARGE CROWDS AT DEDICATION OF CHURCH EDIFICE

The dedication services of the Bible Standard Temple to full Bible Standard Temple yesterday were greeted by crowds which packed the new church edifice to full capacity. Meeting were held morning, afternoon and evening, with the special dedication in the afternoon. Evangelist C. Orville Benham spoke in the morning and Dr. Charles S. Price conducted the afternoon and evening meetings.

Dr. Price will hold afternoon and evening revival services today and tomorrow and Rev. Benham will continue the meetings for three weeks.

At the afternoon meeting a large sum was raised to apply on the balance due on the construction of the building.

CAR STOLEN FROM MELROSE RESIDENT LOCATED TODAY

Yesterday Clifford H. Wood of Melrose reported to Sheriff Starmer that his car had been stolen from in front of the M. E. church. The sheriff's force immediately started a search for the missing car and patrolled all roads and highways, while the police of other cities was called out to help. After a futile hunt the chase was abandoned, but this morning when Sheriff Starmer drove to his office, he found the car parked in the alleyway behind the court house. The machine was out of gas, but was not damaged. There was no clue as to the identity of the car thieves.

GEN. J. B. McDONALD OF WORLD WAR FAME CALLED BY DEATH

(Associated Press Leased Wire.) WASHINGTON, March 15—Brigadier General John Bacon McDonald, retired, died last night at the Walter Reed hospital. He was born in Alabama in 1859. He commanded the 181st infantry brigade, 91st division, made up of far western troops, during the World war. He participated in the St. Mihiel, Argonne-Meuse and Ypres-Lys offensives. After the war for a time he was commandant at the Presidio, San Francisco. He was decorated with the croix de guerre and other medals for gallantry.

DENIES CONVICTED MAN TURNED OUT OF HOME

(Associated Press Leased Wire.) ST. PAUL, Minn., March 15.—Mrs. Hanna Frazier of Santee, Neb., denied in a letter made public here today by friends that Arthur Lopez-Frazier, who was convicted of impersonating her son, an Indian World war veteran, had been turned out of her home.

The letter was received by Harry Synott, a former sergeant, who served with Frazier in the army.

MOVIE NOTES

Majestic Theatre
Ronald Colman, who plays the colorful role of Capt. Hilary Trent in George Fitzmaurice's screen version of "The Dark Angel," which First National is offering at the Majestic theatre, is a native of Richmond, Surrey, England, and is of Scotch and English extraction. He early entered the theatrical profession, playing upon the English stage with Lena Ashwell, Gladys Cooper, Lyn Harding, Weedon Grossmith and others. In London he played the lead in "Damaged Goods" and other big presentations.

Antlers Theatre
Something to entertain everyone is the goal D. W. Griffith set for himself and more than achieved in his newest picture, "Sally of the Sawdust," a United Artists corporation release, now showing at the Antlers theatre, if the verdict of critics everywhere can be accepted.

Throughout it is gay with laughter, merry with the most charming drooleries, full of quips and cut-ups, yet always hastening to a story of pathetic warmth to a finish that is as exciting as anything that has been captured by dramatists in many months.

Griffith is supreme in his portrayal on the screen of real life, and in none of his greatest productions has he surpassed "Sally of the Sawdust."

It is a refreshed and delightful Griffith that has brought Sally McGargle and her dashing rogue of a father, the great Prof. Eastave McGargle, to the screen. These parts are etched with highest art by Carol Dempster and W. C. Fields.

Antlers.
Mr. L. A. Goux, manager of the Antlers Theatre, has just announced that he has secured the renowned and justly famous Myrtle Clayton, Super-Crystal gazer for his theatre. This attraction comes direct from successes in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Los Angeles and other cities in the west, and he feels sure that he is doing his patrons a favor by having Clayton here. His past record, not only for record business in the theatre, but for the great amount of good that he has accomplished, the help he has given thousands to forge ahead on the way to success, the heart that he has eased from pain, the lost ones recovered and many other astonishing feats that he has accomplished—assures the patrons of the Antlers theatre that Clayton was brought here just for you alone. A special matinee for ladies only will be given so that they may ask personal and delicate questions when no men are present.

Liberty Theatre
A great cast of established screen players has been assembled for "Blue Bird," the second of the George Walsh series for the Chadwick Pictures Corporation now at the Liberty theatre. In addition to the star cast includes Cecil Evans, leading lady, a former Sen-net beauty who, like Gloria Swanson with whom she is favorably compared, graduated from the Sen-net ranks to the drama and has since played important roles for practically all the large motion picture companies. In this new George Walsh production she reveals the ability which will bring to her the stellar honors which have been predicted for her.

Phil McCullagh in the role of Percy Horton, a social parasite, is one of the best known villains in screenland. He has been constantly before the public since the early days of motion picture industry and is as well known to fans as any "heavy" on the screen today. His name in a cast is enough to put the sterling hallmark on any production.

For all the news read The News-Review.



"Please, Dal, Stop Drinking."

A Magnificent Wedding Gift.

Dal's Present to Mimi.

The Fiance Strikes a Guest.