"HER FLING"

by ELENORE MEHERIN

Trying to Cheer the Bride. The Bridegroom in a Rage. Gail Warns Her Sister. The Bridal Couple Leaves.

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

CHAPTER 2

PAYING THE PIPER.

"What was it, Gail? Oh—" Marian clung to me. My tongue was frozen.

"Gail—what are they doing? Quick, talk. Oh, I'll die. Oh dear —" She began to whimper.

An ashy silence girded the room. In a moment it broke into wild confusion—women screaming, others singing, tables overturned, men rushing from all corners.

"Nothing, Mimi?" I managed to say. "Fun getting furious. Too much wine. Too many under the tables. Let's get out!" I laughed to keep from shrieking.

From somewhere mother swept upon us, her stately, well kept face flaming, her eyes shooting with anger. She pushed me brusquely, took Marian's arm:

"You saw it, my darling? Don't be alarmed."

"Oh mother, what was it? Oh, I'm frightened!"

Mother trembled, she was so relieved. Marian had not seen her husband in that moment of revolting frenzy. She gave me a stern look.

"Don't, dear; it was nothing," she patted Marian's hand, hurried her from the room. "Some noisy wag kicked over a table, pulled the covers from it. You heard the crash?"

"Yes—oh, but I thought it was Dal. It sounded like his voice." Marian gave a little trembly, hysterical laugh.

"Foolish child, of course it wasn't Dal. You are excited." Mother rushed us up the stairs.

I could scarcely breathe. What did mother mean? A sense of guilt as though I were permitting and even helping to push Mimi into some horrible trap burned over me.

With her veil flung over her arm, she was a few steps in advance. I touched my mother's sleeve, whispered hotly:

"Mother, it was Dal. I saw. He picked up——"

"Hush!" she said crisply. "The child needs her poise. Don't be in such a rush, Marian, you have plenty of time, dear," she paused, added softly to me: "Gail, I beg you, do not frighten Mimi. You know she is timid."

"Oh, but mother, do you know?"

"Yes. Be still."

"We can't——"

"Do as I ask, Gail."

Marian had run into her room. With quick, nervous fingers she was assisting and impeding her maid, Rosalie, as she unpinned the bridal veil and laid it reverently on the bed.

"Hurry, Rosalie, unfasten my gown."

Mother laughed in a comforting way.

"Rosalie, take your time. You are not to catch a train, Mimi."

"We might as well be leaving," she answered, walking back and forth before the long pier mirror, sitting down, getting up, unfastening her slipper and buttoning it at once again.

"What am I doing? Rosalie, are you sure you put the sachet in my black suitcase? Here, I think I'll take these slippers. No, put them back. I won't want them. Mother, please see if Dal is getting ready."

Mother looked at me, in earnest caution:

"You go, dear," she said. "Mimi, you are carried away with excitement. Dal will not be in any hurry. Take your time, dear."

Luckily some one knocked at the door, called for mother.

She had to leave. The moment she was gone, Marian turned to me:

"Gail, I'm sure—oh, just go down stairs and take a look. See if Dal is all right. I was sure—oh, hurry back.'

She sat at her dressing table, nervously wiping off powder, dabbing more on.

The house was now hot, smothered with noise. The guests were in every room, smoking, laughing, singing, echoes of voices riding on strains of music, jangling, intermingling.

I went down a side stairway, glanced into the ballroom where the younger men and girls were dancing a slow, lazy one-step. Their swaying forms, the white necks and brilliant gowns, the daring splash of rose and purple iris banking the musicians' stand made the scene dreamy, languid, unreal. In the far corner a discordant note struck unpleasantly. Around the great table, stacked with bottles, glasses, a boisterous throng made merry.

"Hey there, Gail," Burn Martin called, filling a glass, "give us a toast to the bride. Here's to the maid of honor—the next to step off." No one worried about Dal Warren.

"I'll be back." Without halting I hurried through the long, narrow art gallery to the banquet hall. On the chairs were half a dozen young fellows, half sprawled, slapping each other on the knee, laughing tumultuously. Somers Ashton was one of these.

"Hello, Somers—why, I expected to see you stretched out with a broken back."

"Say, I was lucky, wasn't I? Poor old Dal. Say, an inch one way or the other and I'd be a goner now. What the deuce got into him? Well—a fellow only gets married half a dozen times in a life. What's to it? Lordee—but he whanged himself!" He emptied his glass slowly, wiped his lips.

"Was he much hurt?"

"Oh, not so much. He'll come round in an hour or so."

"Where is he?"

Drinking Rules Supreme.

He pointed with his thumb to the smoking room, I nodded carelessly, went out and around another hall to the smoker.

The door was open—as though the repellant thing within had no cause for shame. Loathing and a whipping fury of defiance boiled in me.

Dal Warren was lying on the floor, his face, grayish, lolling heavily, his mouth open. Men were pulling him to his feet. He fought them off, swept out his arms, struck blindly.

But they got him up, forced him to walk.

"Coming around," someone said. "He'll be himself in a few moments now. He'll be all right."

In a few moments? Dal Warren would never be "all right." We were going to let him take Marian away.

I flew through the hall, upstairs to my mother's room.

"I'll not stand for it." I was on fire, hysterical with apprehension. But it wasn't too late yet.

Mother was not in her room. I went to the library. Not there. Coming up the stairs again I met her.

"Mother!" then I saw that she was smiling. For the first time in years tears blinded me. They were tears of rage.

"What's the matter with you, Gail?" she asked.

"Come in here, mother."

Her face blanched, but she followed me.

"Marian can't go with him, mother!"

"Gail! What in the world is the matter with you? I don't know what you are talking about."

"Go down to the smoking room and see."

"Lower your voice!" But she put her hand on my shoulder speaking with injured dignity: "Gail, dear, is this the way for you to act? I know Dal took a little too much. But he's quite sober now. They are giving him coffee."

"I saw him, mother. He was lying on the floor.' She pressed her lips.

Contradicted.

"He was, mother. I saw him. Listen, you won't let Mimi go with him? Oh, we aren't going to do that!"

She drew from me angrily: "You are loud, Gail. I'm ashamed of you. I don't wish you to alarm Marian. Remember, Dal is now her husband.'

"He's not fit, oh mother she's such a little thing!"

"Oh, behave yourself," she started down the stairs. "One would think you were a schoolgirl."

"What am I going to do? What shall I tell Marian?" Abruptly, without deciding, I opened her door.

She was alone, standing like a beam of yellow light in her amber negligee, her hair of gold massed above her lily-face. The bridal gown of priceless lace and satin was flung across a chair. She had still one white slipper on and one gray oxford.

"You're slow, Mimi," I said vaguely. "Where's Rosalie?"

She blushed furiously.

"I sent her out. What kept you? Oh, tell me, Gail," her voice broke. "It wasn't Dal? He's—where is he now?"

"Listen, Mimi," I went swiftly over, began handing her a pump, a stocking, then dashed them hotly to the floor.

"Mimi, you don't have to go away with him."

She started from me, her mouth open in bewilderment.

"Don't you go, Mimi. Listen—oh, I wouldn't. I just wouldn't."

Her pretty, shallow eyes widened helplessly; then she began frantically pulling on her other gray stocking.

"It was Dal? I knew—I saw him pick up a—he struck some one? Tell me, Gail?"

"He is drunk, Mimi. You don't have to go. Just wait till tomorrow anyway."

"But—oh, how could I?"

The door opened. Mother came in.

"Well, dear, not ready yet?" she asked with brisk pleasantness. Marian's eyes filled.

"What nonsense, dear child!" she sighed in a bored way. "What has Gail been telling you? She has completely lost her head. One would think it were murder for a man to take a glass of wine at his wedding!"

She had summoned Rosalie. Smartly, talking in a controlled, chatty way, she began helping Marian.

Vivien Warren, Dal's sister and one of the bridesmaids, rapped at the door:

"Oh, Marian, you old slow poke," her voice rose vivaciously: "Your husband is ready.'

Like a door swinging to forever against one——

I started up. Marian was shaking. I caught her soft, small hands:

"Say you are ill, Mimi. Mother!"

She flung angrily between us —half pushed Marian to the floor. Somehow or other Dalgren Warren had managed to get to the stairs.

He was taking Marian's arm. They were going down. He stood while she threw the proud bridal bouquet. They were running.

I followed.

On Their Honeymoon.

Before the guests suspected, we dashed through the library, to a side door. Father and Perry Barton were with us.

At the steps Warren lurched. Father caught his arm, whispered hoarsely: "Man, keep your feet."

Marian, her lips bloodless, her soft gold hair fluttering, grabbed my hand:

"Gail, come—come out.'

Perry and I hurried with them to the limousine. The bridegroom was reeling.

"Perry," I cried excitedly, "don't let her——"

The chauffeur was helping him into the car.

"Mimi, wait!"

Her husband stuck out his hand, slammed the door, caught Marian about the waist.

I saw her eyes, appealing, frightened, shallow as a fawn's. They darted terror. She cringed from him. His arm swept to her shoulder, pulled her to him. She was calling me.

"Perry! Quick, make them stop!"

They were gone.

MOVIE NOTES

Antlers Theatre

There are three roles in "Enticement," the First National attraction which call for acting of a high and difficult quality. This picture will be at the Antlers theatre tonight.

First, there is the girl, Leonore. She is a curious combination of youthful innocence and trusting simplicity, yet withal a young woman of most attractive attributes and personal charm.

Then there is Henry Wallis, the business man, strongly entrenched in the world of conventions and customs.

The third character is in some ways the most interesting of all. Val, the singer, is artistic and emotional, unhappily married and glad of the friendship of Leonore yet unable to withstand the enticement of a beautiful girl in his arms.

The work of these varied characters makes "Enticement" one of the outstanding dramas of the year.

Liberty Theatre

Positively a new discovery in the motion picture industry! At last a bathing beauty, who not only bathes but can also swim has been discovered by the Chadwick Pictures Corporation and is now playing the leading role opposite George Walsh in his latest Chadwick picture "Blue Blood," which closes tonight at the Liberty theatre.

George Walsh, star of "Blue Blood", will vouch for Cecille Evans' ability as a swimmer. Mr. Walsh was one of the New York Athletic club's most popular champions in this branch of sport, and he was put to it to stay ahead of his leading lady during the race staged for this production which is one of the thrills of "Blue Blood."

Majestic Theatre

The Majestic theatre will have an exceptionally fine film attraction tonight when William de Mille's latest production, "The Splendid Crime," starring Bebe Daniels makes its local debut. For those who enjoy a sparkling crook comedy-drama, laid against a contrasting slum and society background, tinctured with romance and rich in humor and pathos, this photoplay will fill the bill from soup to nuts.

The story, written by Mr. de Mille himself, centers about a droll little girl crook, effectively portrayed by Miss Daniels, whose foster father, an amusing old rascal, is responsible for her burglarious tendencies. It finally occurs to her that "housebreakin' ain't no work for a lady," but she is forced to postpone her reformation because her father and his crook companion need her help in pulling off just one more job.

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EXPOSED WIRES TO COST POWER FIRM $11,500 DAMAGES

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SALEM, Ore., March 16.—Sadie Cooper, a Columbia county woman, won two judgments in the supreme court today against the North Coast Power company, one for $4,000 and another for $7,500. The power company was appellant in both cases, the supreme court, in opinions by Justice Brown, affirming the lower court for Columbia county, Judge J. A. Eakin having heard the cases.

The suits grew out of the death of Walter Cooper, 12 years old, the woman's only son, who was electrocuted by coming in contact with uninsulted electric wires of the power company. In the case in which the $4,000 judgment was awarded, the woman appeared in individual capacity and in the other as administratrix of the estate of her son.

The boy met his death May 24, 1922, when, with a picnic party of boys and girls from the Rainier school, he went to a tract known as the "Nemsom tract" where several of the children climber into a tree through which the wires ran. The woman alleged that the uninsulated wires running through a tree that was so trimmed that it was attractive to children was a veritable death trap.

JAIL PRISONERS BEAT TURNKEY AND ATTAIN FREEDOM

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

LOS ANGELES, March 16.—One convicted murderer, another prisoner accused of killing a policeman and highwayman were at liberty here today following a break from the new county jail in which a turnkey was slugged and seriously injured. Three others who escaped were recaptured.

LOS ANGELES, March 16.—Seven men escaped from the new county jail here today after seriously beating a turnkey. All available officers were stationed at strategic points about the new fourteen-story hall of justice on the top of five floors on which the jail is located. It was thought some of the men might be hiding in the building. Two of the prisoners were recaptured.

The break occurred as a tank of prisoners were being given their breakfast on the 11th floor. The bars to a tank on that floor had been sawed through and the men waited in a corridor for the turnkey. Beating him into insensibility, they took his keys, opened a fire escape door and descended toward the street.

The turnkey was found seriously injured and receiving hospital surgeons said his condition was critical.

TARIFF REVISION FIGURES IN CROP SURPLUS PUZZLE

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

WASHINGTON, March 16. — The question of the tariff stood out today as one of the fighting points which may confront the house agricultural agriculture committee in its efforts to agree upon a measure to settle the surplus crop problem.

A draft of proposed legislation prepared by a middle western farm relief delegation which has been sitting with the committee contains no direct mention of the tariff, although Chairman Haugen announced two weeks ago that a plan before a committee "was not worth the paper it was written on" because of such an omission. As it now stands the federal farm board to be created would fix "a just and reasonable price."

PREACHER URGES CHURCH TO PUT IN COURTING BOOTHS

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Mar. 16.—Installing of courting booths in every new church building was recommended last night by Dr. Ira Landrith, national extension secretary of the Christian Endeavor, as a way for the church to secure a firm grip on the young people of today.

"Young people are going to get together in some way or other" he said, "and if the church does not supply the means they will go to the other extremes."

Explaining his idea of a courting booth, Dr. Landrith said there should be a number of them in a large parlor adjacent to the remainder of the church, all of which could be seen from the center by a chaperon.

DANISH AVIATORS ON JAPAN FLIGHT

COPENHAGEN, March 16. — Two Danish aviators, Lieutenants Botved and Herschend, flying separate planes, hopped off today on an attempted flight to Tokyo. Their route will take them over Germany, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, Persia, India, Siam, Indo-China and China.

HAND OF ITALY SEEN IN GENEVA CONTROVERSY

(Continued from Page 1.)

ing increased apprehension over the loss they would sustain by the resignation of Czecho-Slovakia. They have inaugurated a campaign for Rumania or Jugo-Slavia to obtain one of the two seats to be voted for this week.

From Paris comes the information that Premier Briand considers the situation at Geneva as virtually solved and that he expects to return to Paris in time to read the ministerial declaration of his newly formed government in the Chamber of Deputies Thursday afternoon.

Big Three In Accord.

GENEVA, March 16.—Premier Briand of France made the categorical statement this afternoon that Germany, Great Britain and France are absolutely united on all questions connected with the controversy over reorganization of the league council, but he added that if new difficulties began to surge on the horizon the only thing left to do was to adjourn the assembly to September.

The Spanish delegates have their tickets ready to depart tonight and have notified the Spanish journalists supporting the Primo de Rivera regime to be prepared to leave with them.

At present, however, it seems probable that Foreign Minister Yanguas Y. Messia and his followers will remain for the assembly session, at which he is credited with the intention of declaring that since Spain has not obtained the permanent seat to which she believes her prestige and population entitled her, she will refuse all other collaboration in league activities and discontinue sending delegates to the council and assembly —this, however, without formally withdrawing from league membership.

League officials announced today that the councils appeal to the Brazilian government had arrived in Rio Janeiro and that they expected a reply by night fall.

Apprehensions that Brazil might insist upon her right to veto were considerably allayed after the Latin-American session. Delegates of various countries present said Senor Mello Franco had given them clearly to understand that in view of the united opinion of the Latin-American representatives it would be difficult for Brazil to maintain her attitude of voting against Germany until she herself obtained a permanent seat in the council.

PRODUCERS READY TO GIVE PUBLIC BETTER PICTURES

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., March 16. —(A. P.)—The motion picture industry is prepared to produce artistic pictures just as soon as the public is in the proper mood to accept them. This is the consensus of producers and directors and the hoped for movement, they say, also has the approval of scenarists and players as well.

Clarence Brown, director, supports Jesse Lasky in voicing the opinion that "the public will not get better pictures until they demand them."

"A so-called artistic photoplay would go right over the head of the average movie patron," he says, "and would mean at present almost certain financial failure for the sponsor. Educating the public to better pictures must be gradual. The movie people are eager to improve the quality of their product but are held back by lack of support for advanced ideas and thought."

Brown cited several pictures that he placed within the category of the artistic. Some patrons described them as the finest produced, but the box office result was a sad disappointment. Others brought forth newspaper praise but the pictures failed to draw the line at show time.

New Blazer shirts made from French flannel. You can see this line at Harth's Toggery, and they'll please the fastidious man.

ISN'T it logical to assume that the finest coffee would come from a roaster who specializes in only the finest coffee? *Schilling is the only coffee roaster in America who produces but one grade of coffee and seals it in vacuum tins.* There are no second or third grade Schilling coffees.

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