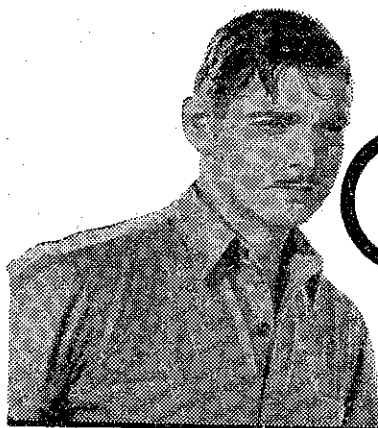




# CHAINED

ADAPTED  
FROM THE  
METRO-GOLDWYN  
MAYER PICTURE  
by BEATRICE FABER



## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

*Diane Lovering, whose lover for the past five years has been Richard Field—forty-eight and wealthy—has just stopped in his office for a few moments. She is in his arms when his excited secretary announces that Mrs. Field is just entering the outer office. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY*

## CHAPTER TWO.

### Stranger, Aloy!

Diane stood rigid. Miss Robbins's words had exploded in her ear with a loud, sickening thud. After all this time, to meet Richard's wife like this—Her first frightened impulse was to run—run anywhere. But what was Richard saying?

"I'm expecting her Miss Robbins. Ask her to come in."

Miss Robbins gasped and left hurriedly.

"Diane—it's happened."

"You mean—she's found out? But then I'd better—"

"No." Richard took her hand and pressed it reassuringly. "She consented to come, knowing that you'd be here too." Diane looked her bewilderment. "She came into my room last night. She was very fine—no scene or anything like that—but simply said that she knew about us—had known for some time, in fact—and she wanted to know what I was going to do."

Diane's chin quivered, but she tried to hold it firm. "There's only one thing to do, Richard—"

"I told her I couldn't say just then and there—had to think it over. I got up and took a walk around the park—then I went to the club for the night."

"Diane—dear Diane—I have decided that—"

There was a knock on the door. Richard opened it to a woman of about forty-five—a woman of well-preserved maturity, with an air of poised elegance about her.

"Louise—this is Diane—Diane Lovering."

"How do you do," Mrs. Field said simply.

"How do you do Mrs. Field." Diane raised her chin a little, unashamed.

"Take this chair my dear." Richard indicated another for Diane. "Louise,

—I wanted you to meet Diane for only one reason—and that is for you to know I hadn't insulted you by becoming entangled with some—well, I guess the word is—creature."

Swiftly and concisely he sketched the simple truth of the story, their meeting and all the subsequent happenings. "So you see, Louise, that's how it happened. She hasn't your protection in the community, but she's kept on loving me—seeing only me—waiting on—" on "Back Streets," don't they call it?—only for me."

Impulsively, Diane interrupted. Tears glistened in her eyes. "I do love him, Mrs. Field—at least that's honest."

Mrs. Field looked at her with a level gaze. "I believe you do," she observed evenly. She turned to Field. "What have you decided?"

"I'm asking you for a divorce, Louise." Mrs. Field started. For a second she was shaken out of her superb poise. "Oh, I can arrange it quietly and there's nothing you can't have. Naturally, the children would stay with you." A little wistfully, he added: "But perhaps you'd let me see them now and then—"

"No, Dick." Mrs. Field rose decisively. "I say no to everything. I

don't believe in divorce. I don't want our children to believe in divorce." She moved to the door. "The children are arriving for the Easter holidays this afternoon. Are you coming home for dinner?"

"Do you wish me to?" Richard's tones were wooden.

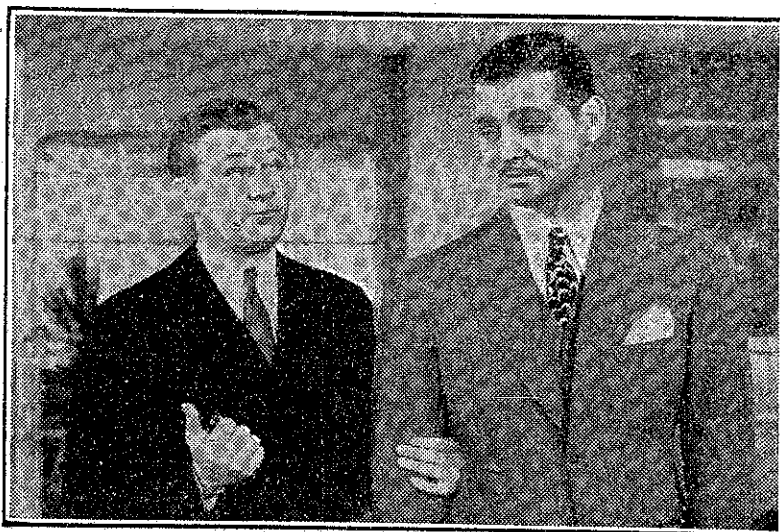
"I know the children would." She opened the door and was gone.

With one swift movement, Richard had Diane in his arms. "You love me don't you?" Her muffled reply was answer. "Well, do you think I'm going to give that up? Diane dear, the Amer-central's sailing to-morrow. You're going aboard her. Going away on a little trip—going to forget this—this thing that had to be. It's a little too near us for the moment. But it's just temporary Diane—and when you come back—everything will be just as before—"

That night was an unreal haze to Diane. Feverishly she packed. She must not think. She must not give herself a moment.

It was only as she boarded the boat, and entered the living-room of her suite, banked with flowers, that realisation came to her.

(Continued on page 52.)



Mike looked again, then took a deep breath.