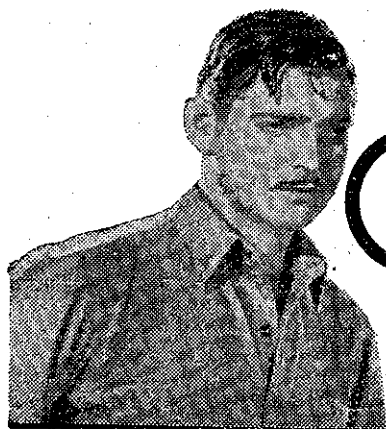




CHAINED

ADAPTED
FROM THE
METRO-GOLDWYN
MAYER PICTURE
by BEATRICE FABER



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Diane Lovering has been sent on a trip to Buenos Aires by her lover, Richard Field, forty-eight and wealthy. He wants her to forget the scene that ensued when his wife had found out about Diane. At the ship's bar on the first day of sailing, she is accosted by Johnny Smith and Mike Bradley. She is terrified when Johnny suddenly lunges at her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER THREE.

The "Boogie" Man.

So swift had been Johnny's action that Diane was literally taken off her feet. His sudden rush brought them both toppling to the floor with a loud crash. Sputtering with rage and pain—for Johnny had distinctly felt the point of a pin stuck sharply into his back just a second before—he tried to disentangle himself from Diane and make his apologies at the same time.

But before he could utter a word, he felt himself being rudely shaken. In befuddled astonishment he looked up to see Mike grasping him roughly by the shoulder.

"I've watched you, my friend. And you've been annoying women long enough," Mike said sternly, while with elaborate solicitousness he helped Diane to her feet.

"Why you—what—"

"No backtalk now—" Mike spoke over his shoulder. "Officer, come here." He addressed Johnny again. "A half-hour out and you want to play Jack-the-Ripper, eh?"

"Listen, you big—"

Mike continued with mounting emphasis as the officer came up. "I don't know who you are, my friend—but I don't want to see your face on deck again until you can act like a gentleman—understand?"

Johnny appealed to Diane. "Look—he—he's—"

Mike gestured to him contemptuously. "Officer, find out where this would-be octopus bunks and lock him up till he's sober."

"Come along, sir." The officer grasped Johnny's arm firmly.

"You just wait till—" Johnny threatened the now-grinning Mike as the officer bore him off.

Mike, sure that five dollars would square the officer, now turned to Diane. The small inevitable crowd had dispersed after the manner of crowds.

"Sorry—but I couldn't help but notice—" he offered deprecatingly.

"Thank you." Diane's mouth quirked for a second. He was making no effort to hide his interest in her, and with her usual honesty, she admitted that it was pleasant. For he had an irresistible sparkle in his eye, he was young—Guiltily, she stopped herself. This would never do. She pulled her mouth into a stern set line. "Thank you again, Mr. —"

"Allow me—an Irish uncle named me Mike Bradley."

"Good for him." Diane observed impersonally. She started moving toward the deck. Mike stayed persistently beside her. Then Diane turned to him squarely. "Well, Mr. Bradley, was that Irish uncle also responsible for your methods of attack?"

"Wh—what do you mean?"

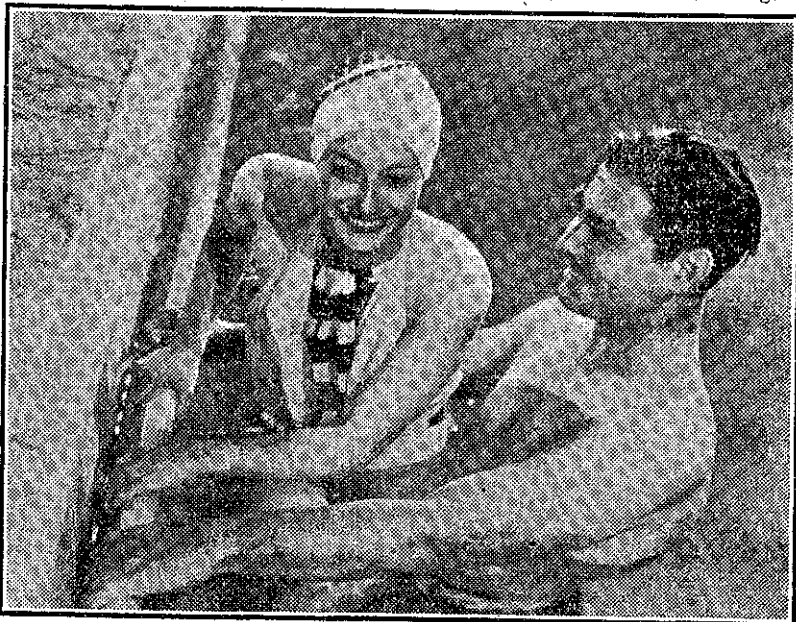
"Just this." Diane held out her palm. An ordinary straight pin glittered on it in the sun. "Really, big bold hero-men should use larger weapons. You're a big boy now, Mr. Bradley." And with this parting shot she turned on her heel and walked off.

The red mounted to Mike's forehead and his jaw slowly dropped as he watched her retreating figure. This wasn't going to be easy, he reflected.

The sun was still low on the horizon when the clang of six bells rang out over the ship—proclaiming to one and all the hour of seven. The large swimming pool already showed signs of activity, for a number of small boys were engaged in a game of water polo. They punctuated the air with shrill, excited yells.

Diane, emerging from her dressing-room, surveyed the scene a little wistfully. They were so young and gay—so unafraid. A loud "Yay" assailed her ears as they greeted her with the unrestrained enthusiasm of healthy animal spirits. Adjusting her cap, she waved back.

"Yay yourself," she called with a broad grin. Then mounting the springboard, she ran to the edge and



Diane, frankly smiling with him now, turned to him, "Will you tell me what this is all about?"