



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 had ensued when his wife had found out about Diane. She has struck up a shipboard acquaintance with Mike Bradley, who has a ranch in Buenos Aires. Their adventuresome friendship has assumed a dangerous turn, for the spark is ignited and the flame of love has flared up. Mike is about to kiss her, and Richard seems to be forgotten. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER FIVE.

"Awakening."

"Hmmm." It was Johnny, quite drunk by now, clearing his throat with a loud scraping noise. Diane started back guiltily. "Thought you two might like to join ush later—but—uh—sho shorry I interrupted." Leering like a round-faced satyr, he gamboled off.

"Diane." Mike tried to take her in his arms, but she successfully evaded him. The spell had been broken by the ridiculousness of the situation and she was fully composed again.

"Good night Mike Bradley. You know," she shook her head wisely, "we were on the edge of something very silly."

"It doesn't seem silly to me." He was a little sulky. "But then I've never been this close to the edge."

Diane smiled. "We'll forget you ever said that, hm?"

Abruptly, Mike pulled himself together and laughed. "All right. Until the day I can make you remember it."

"Good-night." She disappeared around the corner of the deck.

Days and nights sped by. Mike carefully refrained from mentioning that moonlight night on the deck and Diane just as carefully skirted the subject. They were together so constantly, however, that Johnny dubbed them the "good companions."

Sensibly, Diane had decided that to avoid Mike would be to emphasise the episode, so she plunged into a round of

merry-making and fun that never gave her a moment to think.

She found herself recalling, with amusement, the day they had been followed by the two spinsters in their fast and furious daily walk around the deck. The spinsters had thought they "set the nicest pace of anybody on the boat." Laughter bubbled to her lips as she remembered Mike's frenzied efforts to leave them behind—of his sudden inspiration, and the horror of the spin-



Diane laughed gaily as Mike guided her in a particularly difficult tango step.

sters when they discovered that they were following a madman. Mike had given a very creditable imitation of a lunatic obsessed with the notion that the ship was beset by whales and Diane had backed him up to the hilt.

"Say! I got it that time!" Diane laughed gaily as Mike guided her in a particularly difficult tango step. It was the last night on board ship and the ballroom was alive with music and colourful costumes.

"Having fun?" Mike asked.

"Never had so much fun in my life."

"And it all stops to-morrow at dawn. In the harbour of Buenos Aires."

Diane's eyes clouded. She laughed

nervously. "Here—here. Stop being tragic."

"All those mysterious problems of yours gone?" Mike asked softly.

"Mike, stop. Come on—we're supposed to be having fun."

He looked at her strangely. "That's a feeble word for it." He glanced around the room and made a grimace. "Come on. To crowded in here."

Before she could protest, he had piloted her to the deck. They strolled along the rail. Diane's apprehension grew by the moment for Mike's eyes never left her.

"Oh, it's glorious." Her gaze swept the sky. "Where's the Southern Cross?"

Mike pointed. "Right up there—"

"Where—right along the line of my finger." In her preoccupation at following his directions her face was close to his before she was aware of what was happening.

"It's—it's beautiful," she said.

"You're telling me," Mike replied softly. She drew away, laughing shakily.

"You coming out to see my ranch while you're here?"

"I'm—I'm afraid I won't have time. I've only two days—and I've some shopping and—things to do—"

"Where are you stopping?"

"With some friends."

"Who are they?"

"The—the Wilsons."

"Wilson's?" Mike wrinkled his brow. "Never heard of 'em. And I've lived here ten years and know everybody in town. What do you think of that?"

Privately, Diane thought that "that" put her in a tight corner. But she gathered her courage to continue the deception. "They—they moved down last winter—"

Mike swung her around. "Look here, Dinah. What's behind all this? Are you still scared of me?"

Diane shrugged her shoulders. "And why should I be scared of you, Mr. Bradley?" she asked flippantly.

"Because you think I'm still a 'boogie' man."

"Don't be silly."

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