



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, so that she may forget the scene that had ensued when his wife had found out about Diane. An adventuresome shipboard acquaintance with Mike Bradley, a rancher in Buenos Aires, ends when the boat docks. Now, in the lobby of her hotel, she suddenly finds herself lifted in a pair of strong arms and borne out of the hotel.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER SIX.

A Trip to the Sun.

Setting her struggling figure down on the steps, Mike confronted her with a broad grin. Like Diane, he was dressed in riding clothes.

"Here's the guide—but the horses await out on the Bradley ranch and the Bradley car awaits without—"

Delight at seeing him again and indignation at his summary treatment struggled together on Diane's face. Finally, the first won. "But—you scared me," she gasped.

"Living up to my 'boogie' man role," he laughed. "Thought I'd take you off your feet. And I did."

"But—how did you happen to be here?"

Mike glanced at her casually. "I thought I'd drop around and say hello to the Wilsons. Nice little cottage they have here. Lots of servants and guests. Are they home?"

Diane knew she was caught, but decided to make the best of it. "No," she said gravely, eyes twinkling, "but they left word for me to mind the children. I was taking the twins to see the executions on the Plaza."

Mike measured an imaginary child.

"Little Otis is tall for his age, isn't he? Or do they have him stretched?"

"Mike—are you are a bloodhound or is this just accidental?"

"I'm a bloodhound who can read trunk checks when a lady carelessly leaves her trunk outside her state-room."

Diane looked at his attire. "But you know all my doings and—"

"Mr. Partos, the manager, is a friend of mine. He owes me money," he added with droll cunning.

"So he told you I was going shopping at ten o'clock!"

"Exactly. And I knew you didn't know about our stores here. They don't like saddle horses trotting up and down the aisles and jumping over the notions counter, so I thought you'd like to do your shopping out on the Bradley ranch, where horses are horses and not candidates for the bull-ring."

"I'd love to, Mike," Diane said simply.

"That's better than I hoped." He helped her into the car. "Now if I learn to play that trombone in six easy lessons I ought to be really popular."

The car started and gained speed.

Once out of the city proper, Diane enjoyed the passing scene in quiet contentment. She silently approved the vista of great level plains covered with grasses of all sorts. They gave her a smoothed-out feeling of peace.

Mike's ranch was the typical hacienda type clearing of buildings, corals and barns. In the back the pampas grasses stretched into the distance.

Johnny greeted them as if Diane's presence were the most natural thing in the world. The horses were saddled, and for four hours she and Mike galloped and trotted through the countryside, at perfect understanding with each other and the world. Very little was said. But their long silences were eloquent with meaning.

Back again, tired and hungry, they entered the hacienda. It was large and a little crude. On the walls were some pictures of horses and the head of a tapir. It was typical of a room lacking women, yet clean and vigorous. A luncheon table was set for three in the middle. Diane pulled off her hat and sank into a chair.

"Now! I'll get a good look at this place!"

Mike watched her covertly. "Not much to interest a woman—"

"Don't know about that. Uh—how many women have seen it?"

"Darn few. How about some lunch?"

"I could eat a horse."

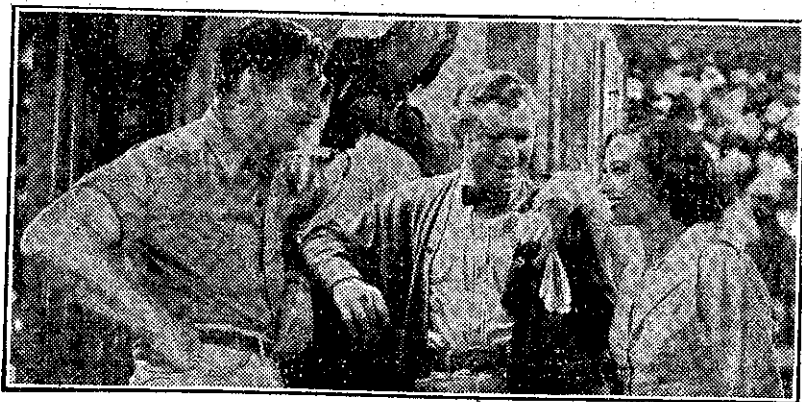
"Probably what you'll get if Johnny's had anything to do with the ordering. 'Pablo,' he called, 'bring lunch in.'"

Pablo, a fat, jolly Portuguese with handle-bar mustachios, entered with a huge heaped tray, "Senor," he hissed, "she is beautiful—"

"Shut up."

Pablo was hurt. He carefully placed a platter of cold chicken on the table. "I wreeng the neck of two cheecken—an make 'em cold—for her. She is beautiful," he flung at Mike and ducked out the door.

Johnny came in and they attacked the food ravenously. The two chickens were picked clean and all three sat back in their chairs.



Diane laughed, "Of' plantation needs womenfolk—"

(Continued on page 52.)