



CHAINED

ADAPTED
FROM THE
METRO-GOLDWYN
MAYER PICTURE
by BEATRICE FABER



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Diane Lovering has married Richard Field, forty-eight and wealthy, her lover for five years, although she is really in love with Mike Bradley. They have met on board ship when Diane sailed to Buenos Aires while Field adjusted his marital affairs after his wife's discovery of Diane. Arriving home, intending to tell Richard of her coming marriage to Mike, he has confronted her with news of his divorce, and the whole world knows it has been for Diane. She cannot let him down! She has never mentioned Mike, although she has written, saying "that luxury is more important than love." A year later they meet accidentally, and Mike takes her to a private restaurant. After a stirring scene they find they still love each other, but Diane gives him up. She returns home very late, telling her maid she has been walking in the park.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

"Traipsin' around the park on a day like this," Amy fussed at Jer. "And your feet are soppin' wet. Where're your goloshes?"

"I—I don't know."

"Don't know!" Amy was scandalised. She threw up her hands, then shoved Diane on the chaise longue. "Of all things! Here—let me get those shoes and stockings off."

"You go on with your packing."

"Well, get 'em off. What!" Mr. Field say if you catch your death of cold, and you both leavin' for a holiday. Humph."

Oblivious of everything, hardly knowing what she was doing, Diane removed her shoes and pulled off her stockings. "Amy," she said in a dead voice, "I saw him to-day."

"Oh, so you went to the office?"

"No. I saw him."

"Who? You don't mean—"

"Yes."

Amy studied her, trying to divine her mood. "You did, eh? Well, what's he doing so far from where he belongs?"

"He—he said he was buying artillery."

Amy made no attempt to understand this. "Humph. Sounds like that alcoholic Mr. Smith was with him."

"No. He was alone."

"Did he keep on stayin' alone?"

"I had lunch with him."

Amy looked at her cautiously. "Well, any fool man that'll take a girl skeedaddling through the park with no

goloshes— You better hurry," she warned Diane, "Mr. Field'll be in soon." She disappeared into the other room. Her voice trailed back. "Well, what'd he say?"

What did he say? Diane smiled sadly. First things she had wanted him to say, and then things she hadn't. Or was it the other way around? Suddenly she was galvanised to life. A hot flush, then a cold chill swept over her. What was it Amy had said? "Mr. Field'll be in soon."

No—no—her mind shouted at her. She trembled like a leaf in a strong gale. It was Mike—Mike she wanted, forever and ever. This was different from before when Mike hated her. She had wanted him to, for his own protection. But now they each knew again their love for the other. She gasped for breath and ran her fingers through her hair frenziedly. Where was it he was staying? Feverishly she tried to recall. The St. Regis! She whirled to the telephone and with shaking, clammy fingers lifted the receiver off the rack.

"Well, James, Mrs. Field at home?"

Diane's hand was arrested in mid-air as Richard's voice floated up to her. And with his voice sanity returned. Deep shame overwhelmed her at the mad impulse that had sent her to the telephone, and she was like one stricken as she huddled in the chair.

Richard burst in. "Hello, darling." He stopped, noticing her dejection. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter? Oh! Nothing, dear. Just—just a little tired." She pulled herself together, steeling herself to play the part of the happy Mrs. Field. Only—she thought despairingly she must see that Richard was with her every morning until she learned to trust herself.

He kissed her, then patted her shoulder. "All packed, I see."

"Amy's done wonders."

"Good."

Diane's mind worked frantically. She must not be alone. Then an idea occurred to her. Wearing a bright air of mystery and surprise, she entered the dressing room. "Richard, I've got a marvellous idea."

"Name it."

"Let's, not wait for that stuffy train trip to-morrow night. Let's get to bed early, get up early, take the open car, and every fur robe in the house—and motor up. If we leave at seven we can make Placid by six, no matter how much snow."

Richard slid his arm about her waist. "Are you in as much of a hurry to get away on our little holiday as all that?" he asked softly.

"Mhm."

"I'm complimented." He bent and kissed her hand. "And that's what we'll do. We'll run away from everybody and everything."

"Yes—Richard"

Diane had calculated correctly. They were settled comfortably at the lodge by six. After a warm dinner both of them, drowsy from the ride, decided to turn in early.

The next morning dawned bright and clear. In the main room of the lodge a log fire burned cheerily in the fireplace.

Richard descended the stairs, rubbing his hands together, then seated himself at the breakfast table. "Good morning, James."

"Mrs. Field still out skiing?"

"Yes, sir. Ah, sir—a gentleman phoned by the name of Bradley—"

"Bradley? Bradley? Don't know any Bradleys. Want me?"

James set the grapefruit on the table. "Yes, sir. I told him I never disturbed you until you came downstairs, sir. Then he asked for Mrs. Field. I told him she was out. And then before I could ascertain his business he said he was coming right over." James was obviously upset at this lack of decorum.

"Right over? Where from?"

"From the village. I presume, sir." The doorbell rang.

"If that's that fellow—Bradley, is it?"

"—show him right in."

Richard rose and Mike walked in. "Bradley?"

"Yes, Mr. Field?"

"Yes. Sit down, won't you?" Richard settled back in his chair. "I'll call you, James."

Mike, however, preferred to stand. "Mr. Field, there's only one reason I felt I could come up here to see you. And that's because your wife told me you dealt with things pretty straight."

"My wi—Oh—you know Mrs. Field?"

"I'm in love with her."

"What?"

"And she's in love with me."

Richard half rose "Are you insane?" he shouted.

"No." Mike's face was grave. "I met her on the boat last year. It was in the cards. Mr. Field, only I couldn't get her to admit it—until one day I got her out on my ranch. And then I knew. We both knew."

Richard was on his feet now. Overpowering rage and suspicion seized him. "What is this? Some filthy blackmailing insinuation—"

"Oh, no. Even then she was loyal to you. If you've got anything else on