



CHAINED

ADAPTED FROM THE METRO-GOLDWYN MAYER PICTURE BY BEATRICE FABER



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Richard Fields' wife has found out about the "woman in his life," Diane Lovering. He, forty-eight and wealthy, has sent Diane on a trip to Buenos Aires so that she may forget the scene that had ensued. Reluctantly, she has struck up a shipboard acquaintance with Mike Bradley, who lives in Buenos Aires. Swimming in the ship's pool, he has just started her by addressing her as "Dinah," a significant and long-forgotten nickname.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IV.

MIDNIGHT MOON

THE YEARS rolled back and Diane was again a bewildered, thin-faced little girl, with her kind and understanding Uncle Jim as her only friend. Other little girls hadn't been allowed to play with her because of That Woman. Each successive mistress that her father brought home had always been labeled That Woman. Mamma had divorced him, and rarely allowed Diane to go to his house. But in her occasional visits she had seen and wondered. Mamma had died just when Diane was approaching womanhood, and death had claimed her father shortly thereafter, as violently as life had entertained him.

And through all those unnatural years of childhood it was gay, merry Uncle Jim who had been companion to Diane, who had played children's games with her and taken long, fascinating walks with her—who, in fact, had dubbed her Dinah because, he had said, to her extreme delight, that it sounded like the clean, crisp tinkle of silver bells, just like Diane herself. No one else had ever called her that since then, and now Mike—Did he, too, hear the bells as Uncle Jim had?

"I know," he was saying, "the passenger list calls you Diane Lovering—but I call you Danah." Curiosity overcame her. "But why?"

"Well—when I was a young lad of one and a half years, I had a rag doll named Dinah that I loved more dearly than anything else in the world. She slept under my bed every night." His eyes twinkled at her mischievously. "But I'm not a year and a half old any more," he added.

Diane hardly knew whether to laugh or burst out in hot indignation. Confused, she called, "Come on—we're playing a game."

"I'd forgotten that," Mike grinned and plunged after her.

It was crowded in the bar that night. The endless coming and going of new patrons swelled the noise louder and louder. In an oasis of her own silence, Diane, nunlike in a grey chiffon dress, sat at a table, sipping her sherry flip.

Mike's questing eye lighted on her and he walked up accusingly. "Here—what's the idea? At six-thirty, you said—you're fifteen minutes early."

"Am I?" Diane returned gaily. "Well, then—I'm an extraordinary woman."

Mike sat down, grumbling. "Ahead of time—ahead of everything."

"What are you having?" Mike looked at her glass.

"A sherry flip."

"What's the matter?" he demanded, "are you ill—seasick?" Diane laughed. "Not in the least."

"But a sherry flip," Mike was openly aggrieved. "That's a drink for people with the gout and unsettled stomachs. They serve it in the old people's home on Christmas."

"But I happen to like it." "It doesn't go with the rest of you, at all."

Diane touched her glass affectionately. "It's the nicest cocktail I know," she asserted with a mental nod to Richard.

"Well, I'm appointing myself a committee of one to show you a cocktail that is a cocktail." Mike summoned the waiter. "Two Daquaris—the way he made them last night, Jamaica rum—and go easy on the syrup."

"Really—none for me," Diane protested.

"I insist." Mike pointed to the sherry flip. "That's just soap and water, you know. No tang, no feeling—no ecstasy—no umph to it. Who introduced you to it? Must be that kind of a fellow."

For a moment Diane burned with resentment out of all proportion to Mike's remark, but a second later she realized that his blundering reference to Richard was made in all innocence.

Casually, she asked, "Where's our good friend Johnny Smith?" "Fixing his tie. When I left he looked as if he were in serious danger of lynching himself."

Diane giggled. "What do you and Johnny do in Buenos Aires?" "He's in with me on a ranch down there—"

"Oh—frontiersmen." Mike was hurt. "Am I that much of a hick?"

Diane wrinkled her nose in an impish grin. "I imagine these trips north take care of that."

"Oh—hello." Diane smiled warily, and stiffened a little. Irrelevantly, she thought of Richard's words. "I need you, Diane—always." Of his utter and implicit trust in her.

"You said you were going to bed."

"I thought I'd come out and listen to the music for a while." Diane was apologetic.

"How about listening inside—and dancing?"

Diane hesitated. "Too comfortable here," she decided.

"All right." Mike seated himself at the foot of her chair. "You're a problem girl—aren't you, Dinah?"

Diane chuckled. "Not in the least—why?"

"Well, you're a problem to me—and something tells me you're full of problems yourself. What did you come on this trip for—the ride?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Darn long ride," Mike gloomed. "Who's the guy?" he asked abruptly.

"What guy?"

"Well—every now and then your eyes are way out there of the horizon. There must be a guy behind a woman's eyes when they're like that."

"Listen to the conceited male." Diane derided him gently. At the same time she used the words to shield her own dismay, for her inner guide warned her that this seemingly innocent banter had hidden subtle implications.

"Honest now—you're not engaged to be married?"

"No! Would that be one of my problems?"

"Might be. Ever been engaged?"

Diane shook her head. "Say," he



"How about listening inside—and dancing," asked Mike.

"They help!" The Daquaris had arrived and Mike raised his glass. "Go head—try it. A couple of those and you'll be up in the crow's nest."

Diane looked at it uncertainly, then sipped it. Slowly she placed it on the table. "It's very nice—but—"

"But what?" "May I have another sherry flip?"

"Sure. Waiter, Miss Lovering would like another sherry flip. The Daquaris is a flop." He shook his head commiseratingly, then downed his own drink with exaggerated gusto.

Dinner was a gay meal, interspersed with laughter and dancing, but shortly afterwards Diane claimed a headache and left Mike standing disconsolately alone.

She had not been lying to him, entirely, for not only her head but her heart felt a little heavy.

Now, after a few quiet hours in her stateroom, restlessness touched her. She moved about, uncertain of herself, of life, of its meaning.

Then, with an impatient exclamation, she hurriedly placed a short ruffled cape about her shoulders and mounting to the deck, ensconced herself comfortably in her deck chair. Presently, a mellow mood of contentment replaced the earlier one.

Faces and voices floated by. Dreamily, Diane saw them without noting them. She blinked at the stars and said a silent "thank you" for the liquid silver of the moon.

"Dinah—you're very beautiful but you're a liar." Mike's rude words broke into her reverie.

was really indignant. "Who've you known all your life? A lot of blind men?"

"So there you are." It was Johnny, a little tight. Two buxom Spanish girls clung to his arms. "Folks—meet the sisters Belmonte. They don't speak a word of English but hold your hats because we're picking up momentum." There was an exchange of "How do you do's" and some Spanish giggles.

"I was looking for you to carry the excess baggage, but I see you're already booked," Johnny told Mike.

Bowing gravely he moved off with the girls.

"Great! That keeps Mr. Smith occupied for the rest of the trip," Mike said.

Diane laughed in a curiously strained way, and rose. "Well Mr. Bradley—its not fair to spoil your chances. And I'm about ready for sleep."

"Now wait a minute—what—do you think I'd be interested in those little chihuahuas?"

"You were looking for trouble when you came aboard. Now admit it," Diane teased.

"I do." Mike replied seriously.

"Well, there it is—so run along with Aunt Dinah's blessing and—"

Mike stepped up close to her and gripped her arm with unconscious roughness. Diane quivered a little as he forced her to look at him.

"Look here, I came aboard on the prow, sure—a velvet caressing note was in his voice, "but then—you dropped out of the sky—"

Diane watched him mesmerically as she tried to make her

Tempting! Savory

SAUSAGES

by

SLIPP & FLEWELLING

make
swell fall suppers

Slipp & Flewelling Sausage are pure, deliciously flavored and rich in real solid nourishment so necessary for young and old in chilly, damp Fall weather.

ORDER TODAY, BUT FOR "GOODNESS" SAKE SAY
SLIPP & FLEWELLING'S SAUSAGES, PLEASE

FRESH DAILY EVERYWHERE

reply coherent. "Yes, but I'm not trouble. We've decided that—"

"I know," Mike said softly, drawing her into the circle of his arms. "But now I've about decided you're something else."

"It's the moon," Diane said faintly.

"It's you." His voice throbbed and she felt, deiriously, that she was drowning in it. Closer and closer he drew her, his mouth nearly touching hers, and slowly her defenses were crumbling to dust.

(To be Continued)

Political Scene Changing In Spain, Socialists Force Issue

(Continued from Page 17)

Premier Berenguer, another soldier, took up the Hapsburg cudgels in 1930, this time announcing that the "constitution" would be restored, and elections to the national parliament or Cortes would be held.

The depression circling the world, however, reached Spain, and with the fall of the peseta, hard times hit the industrial centre. Workmen and republicans declared general strikes, which were put down with bloodshed. Concentration camps were erected for thousands of political offenders.

The days of Alfonso, nevertheless, were numbered.

Republicans Win

In two hours on April 14, 1931, Alfonso wavered between ordering martial law throughout Spain, or crushing the will of the nation which had elected a majority of "republican" delegates. He sailed for France at midnight, while millions of Spaniards sang songs and danced in the streets.

Up sprang nation-makers like Manuel Azana, provisional president of the embryo republic, and Niceto Alcalá Zamora, who aided the transition from a feudal monarchy overnight.

Their constitution was utopian. Land laws were to give each peasant a share of the vast estates possessed by the deposed nobles and clergy with ultimate socialization. Disestablishment of the church, and appropriation of its wealth. Autonomy for nationalist areas like Catalonia, with its seaport, Barcelona. Autonomy for the Basque provinces, too. Denunciation of any imperialistic war. Compulsory collective bar-

gaining for labor, and repeal of harsh laws against workers. Suffrage for both sexes.

It went too far and not enough. And the Socialists, who had forged the modern republic out of the decadent monarchy, found themselves opposed by the conservative, clerical, monarchist and middle-class parties. On the extreme, the anarchists and syndicalists sought to set up a completely proletarian regime.

The lines were quickly drawn. In 1932 a monarchist putsch, led by many of the guardia civil policemen and regular soldiers was quickly put down through the general strike and the loyal republican forces.

But President Azana had alienated the conservatives and the clericals. Under the guidance of Jose Gil Robles, they gained power. Ironically enough, Azana had adopted the democratic idea of giving women the ballot. They, in sympathy with the clericals, promptly voted the Socialists and left parties into oblivion.

Scuttles Constitution

Gil Robles bided his time. An old centre party leader terming himself "radical," Alejandro Lerroux, formed a ministry, and began to repeal most of the "radical" legislation and to scuttle the socialist part of the constitution. Liberties disappeared.

Succeeding ministries wrestled with the Catalonia question. Legislation to permit peasants to own the land after twelve years of paying rent brought matters to a crisis. Catalans threatened to secede, if Madrid objected. Conservatives and clericals denounced the soft glove treatment of the "rebels." Labor and Socialists declared the formation of a reactionary government would result in a general strike and possible revolution.

With the aid of Gil Robles and President Zamora, Lerroux, again premier, called their bluff. And with the news that he had assumed power, thousands of workers, republicans, syndicalists and autonomists, unlocked caches of guns and sought to "save" their republic, now fast disappearing.

Azana had fled Spain. Col. Companys, president of the Catalan autonomist state, was arrested, and faced a court-martial. Thousands of other republicans and leftists were imprisoned.

The pendulum has swung back again.