

"THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY"

From the
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Now on View at Loew's Palace

CHAPTER EIGHT
BELLE lay awake, waiting for Steve to come home. It was quite late when she heard her bedroom door open softly and saw Steve, tiptoeing in, his shoes in his hands.

"Hello," she said in a dull voice. "I didn't want to wake you." He glanced foolishly at his shoes.

"I haven't been asleep." Steve put his shoes in the closet and started taking off his coat. He kept his eyes averted from Belle and tried to talk casually.

"Gee, what a waste of time! All those sports writers got stowed and the Professor started hittin' it up, and I just couldn't get away. Anyhow it'll mean a lot of free publicity."

"There are some clippings on the bureau," she said.

"Well, where'd you get these, baby?"

"The Professor brought them. He was here for dinner and spent the evening with me."

In the tense silence that fell between them, Steve kept his back turned, bowed his head and fingered the clippings. Belle did not even look at him. The silence was becoming unbearable to Steve and he turned to his wife impulsively.

"Listen, baby . . . " he began, and fell silent.

"What's the matter, Morgan?"

"Haven't I been doing my job?" "Listen, Belle . . . " Steve was uncomfortable and confused. "This dame doesn't mean a thing to me. . . . She's . . . she's just like all the rest."

"Like all the rest of them." She quitted his attempt to protest. "Oh, a woman knows those things without being told if she loves a man. It hangs around in his eyes . . . and she tries to kid herself that the rest of the world doesn't see it. I've known all along, Morgan."

"This is all I'm going to say and then we'll forget it. I'm going to keep on doing my job . . . being your wife . . . because I love you . . . and I'd rather do that than anything in the world."

"Gee, you're a great girl, Belle!"

"I won't be if it ever happens again," she warned him. "I've got too much fool pride, I guess. If I mean anything to you, Morgan, don't ever let me hate you. It won't be very nice."

"I won't give you another chance," said Steve, and meant it at the moment.

BUT there was a girl in the chorus that appeared with Steve Morgan, premier contender for the championship crown, in his first personal appearance at the *Globe* theater, who looked at him continually.

At the end of the first week, she said to Steve as they left the stage for their dressing rooms: "There goes the first week. Are they holding us over?"

"Uhuh. Two more weeks."

"Three weeks of 'Gettin' Ready for Love.' Lot of preparation, isn't it?" Her smile was arch and inviting.

"I think it's too much, don't you?" responded Steve . . . "There's a drink in my dressing room."

"All right." Her voice had softened. "Let me get out of this costume."

Belle, who had been shopping, stopped at the theater on her way home to pick up Steve. The doorman said he was still in his dressing room and she went straight to it. There was no answer to her knock. She called.

"Wha—" came Steven's voice, "Oh, hello, baby. Just a minute." He unlocked and opened the door. "I was half dead and didn't hear you."

She started to enter, but he said quickly, "Listen, honey, will you do me a big favor—"

"You've been drinking, haven't you?"

She pushed determinedly past him and drew aside the curtains that shut off the little anteroom.

"Come on out, let's all have a drink," said Belle to the shrinking girl behind the curtains. "That is, as soon as you're dressed for company."

Steve grabbed her shoulders, "Belle, don't make a row."

"Take your hands off me! Take them off! I don't like the slime!" She backed away to the door as she came out, wrapping her negligee about her.

"Belle," pleaded Steve. "Let's talk this over."

"We had our talk some weeks ago. I'm through."

CHAPTER IX

BELLE went straight to Willie Ryan at his cabaret office.

"Willie, I'm a young girl with blond hair and straight legs—pretty straight—a funny voice—and a personality, I'm told—and I want a job."

"I have a vacancy that ought to fit you like a glove. I used to have a girl here who looked a lot like you. Everybody was crazy about her."

The sound of the voices of the Adopted Son and of Hogan raised in argument came to them and then Steve Morgan's angry voice saying: "Get out of my way!" Then the door burst open and Steve bounded in followed by Hogan and the Adopted Son.

"Come on, Belle, we're going home," said Steve.

"Bear it, Morgan, while you've still got a chance," said Willie.

"I'll bear it when I get what I came for."

Steve was seeing red. He started for Belle, but Hogan and the Adopted Son got in his way. Steve struck once with his right fist and once with his left and the two men landed in opposite corners of the room.

He whirled back to Belle and found Willie's gun poking him in the stomach while the Adopted Son shoved another in his back. Belle shrieked, buried her face in her hands and moaned.

"Please don't kill him! Please don't shoot him, Willie! Please don't!"

Willie pocketed his gun, waved his henchmen from the room.

"You can go with him if you want to, Belle," said Willie, gently.

"Thanks, Willie," said Belle, her voice unsteady. "But if the job's still open, I'll stay right here."

"You mean it, Belle?" asked Steve, brokenly.

"I mean it. I wouldn't try it again with you for anything in the world. The bell rang—the last

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



ALLEY OOP



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE APE MAN

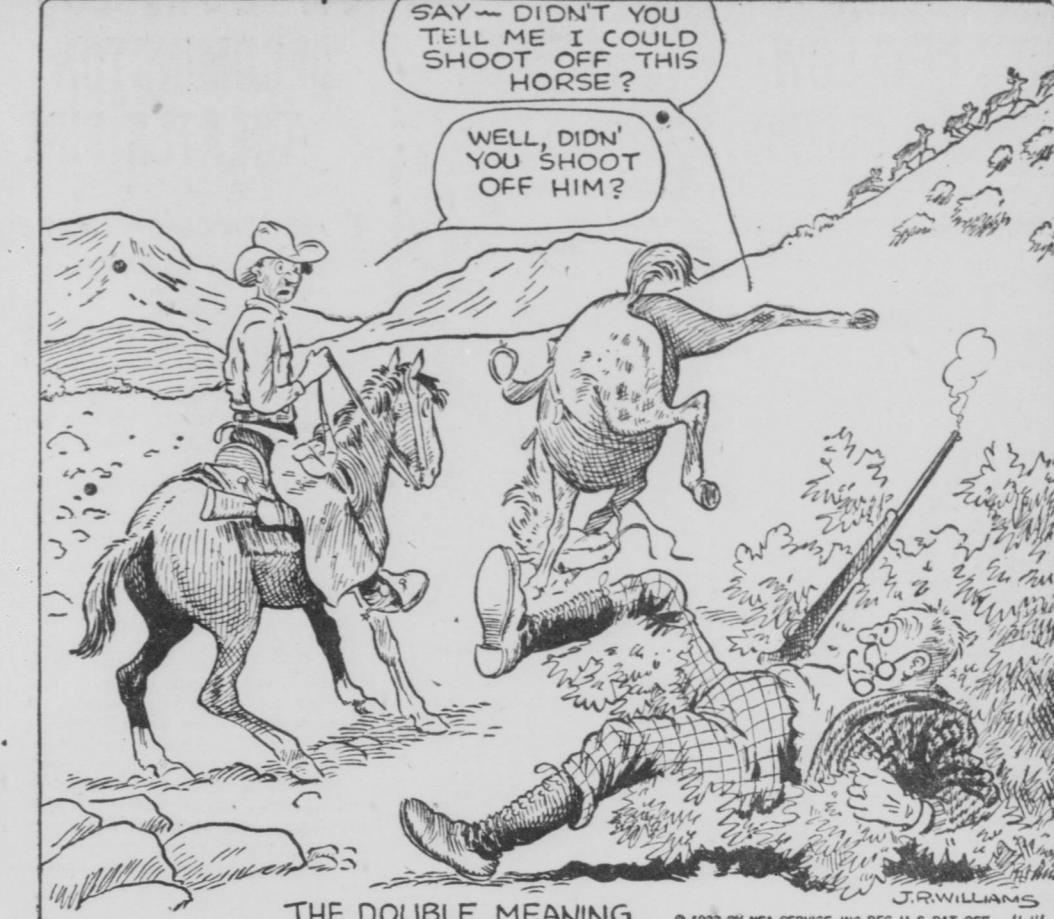


"Riano!" called Holt, sharply, after he saw Parker could go no farther. "We'll camp here." "Yes, Bwana!" answered the head-man, proceeding to give orders in Swahili to the bearers. "What's that?" inquired Parker. "We'll camp here—you're not fit to go on," answered Holt.

"I'm the best judge of that! Do you think I can rest when—when . . ." Parker broke off abruptly, emotion overcoming him. Riano stepped forward to plead: "Bwana—rest today—go on tomorrow." "Tomorrow!" cried Parker. "What's the good of tomorrow to me?"

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



THE DOUBLE MEANING.

—By Ahern



—By Ahern



—By Ahern



—By Ahern



—By Ahern

"You can do as you like," he continued, his voice rising almost to a yell. "But, I tell you, I'm going on!" "But," began Holt. "I'm going on! Nobody shall stop me!" screamed Parker. "All right, then," said Holt, helplessly. "Riano, go on!"

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(To Be Continued)