

FALSE ALARM

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By
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What Happens
When a Young
Wife Suddenly
Drops In on
Her Lawyer
Husband?

THE elevator door clanged open and Jane Lytell darted out into the corridor, caromed swiftly from a leisurely messenger and apologized so sweetly he forgot to be angry.

"Where's the fire, baby?" he queried good-naturedly.

"False alarm," she parried brightly. "I bet you ain't." His young eyes wordlessly admired her. Which wasn't at all extraordinary, for masculine glances generally did pay silent tribute to Jane Lytell, who was small and lovely with little golden lights flecking her short, glossy hair and dancing in the depths of her glowing eyes.

By the time the elevator well yawned and swallowed the messenger, Jane was several feet away. She stopped presently before a door which bore the inscription in neat, precise lettering: "Jerald B. Lytell, Attorney at Law." It gave her a pleasant sense of importance seeing Jerry's name there with its dignified legal appendage; made her temporarily forget that being the wife of a struggling young barrister was a dubious honor at best.

She entered the anteroom. A murmur of voices came to her through the partially closed door that led into Jerry's private office. The chair behind Miss Kathleen Moore's desk was vacant, which she knew meant that Jerry was dictating to his distractingly beautiful secretary.

Jane sat down to wait until he was free. She glanced at her watch in sudden anxiety and hoped he wouldn't be long. In less than an hour Sonny would be home from kindergarten, impatient at her absence, and possibly a little frightened, too.

And then she caught a fragment of conversation, issuing from the inner room. Instantly the warm glow died in her heart and the smile faded from her lips. She leaned forward to listen.



into the kitchen to prepare Sonny's lunch. Any moment, now he would come dashing in, eager to recount the thrilling happenings that had taken place in his small world.

Jane spread a cheerful green-and-white-checked cloth over the table top in the breakfast room, adding a napkin, a glass and plate to match, then the necessary silver. She made a sturdy sandwich of whole-wheat bread with a cottage cheese and lettuce filling. Placed it on the green plate beside the cookie jar and poured milk into the glass.

Scarcely was the food upon the table when there was the scurry of feet across the front tiled porch. The screen door banged noisily behind a miniature whirlwind of plump, flying legs, flailing arms and tumbled curls that flung itself upon her. Moist, soft lips left little wet dabs

She gathered up a little red bucket and a diminutive shovel. Thrust them into his chubby hands and almost pushed him from the room.

She and Jerry had been married almost four years when late one afternoon he came home clothed in new importance. "The work is getting entirely too heavy for me to handle alone," he had said, trying to disguise the pride he felt. "I'll have to hire a stenographer."

"What a tough day this has been," he said as he sank into a chair, kicked off his shoes and opened his collar. He suddenly looked white and a little sick.

of the motor horn. That was the signal for her and Sonny to dash out of doors, greet the newcomer and triumphantly escort him into the house.

"You'll have to run and meet Jerry by yourself, darling," she told him. "Jane hasn't finished dressing yet."

floor, his face turned away from her. "Isn't it Sonny's bedtime now?" he asked. Then: "There's something I'd like to talk over with you, Jane."

She glanced up at the clock on the mantel. "Come on, Sonny," she said. After she had put Sonny to bed Jane came back into the room where Jerry was sitting, his chin sunken on his chest. He did not speak or glance at her. He took a seat on a given a short

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