

JOY by Barbara Webb

A Story of the Loves, Trials, Temptations and Triumphs of an American Girl

SYNOPSIS
JOYCE DARLING is left homeless when her parents separate. She gets work as a telephone operator in a hotel. Her mother disappears mysteriously. HENRY DEACON, in love with Joyce, returns to college and his older friend, CARTER DELAND, a bachelor clubman, rushes her. He introduces her to society. Her roommate, GLADYS WARREN, reveals her true marriage to FORRESTER MALTBY upon his death in a sanitarium. Joyce arranges for the funeral and a friendly reconciliation between Joyce and MRS. MALTBY. Deland invites her to go to a concert and supper-dance, and her work is arranged so she can.

CHAPTER XXX
In Society
Joyce telephoned Carter's club from the apartment at half past 2. The man who answered the telephone asked her name. "Miss Darling?" he repeated after her. "One moment and I will see if Mr. Deland is in."
"Meaning," thought Joyce to herself, "that he will find out if Carter wants to talk to me."
After a little pause Carter's full, rich voice came over the wire. "Yes, Joy, how nice of you to telephone to me."
"I have some good news," said Joyce happily. "I can go to the concert Thursday."
"And the dinner, too?" Carter asked.
"No, I can't get away for the dinner, and it will be half past 8 here."

fore I can start for the concert. My working hours have been changed for the winter. I'm to be in the pay station daily from 1 to 8 or 8:30, taking care of local calls."
"So you will be free every evening after 8?" Carter inquired.
"Every evening," said Joyce.
"Fine," he answered after a little pause. "Now, let's see about Thursday night. Isn't it? Can you be ready to go home to dress at 8 if I have the motor there for you? I'll have the chauffeur wait while you make ready and I will meet you in the lobby of the Masonic Temple at half past 8. We will miss the first movement of the symphony, but that doesn't need to matter. Does this plan please you?"
"Perfectly," Joyce agreed, stifling a little feeling of disappointment that he was not to call for her in person.
The next morning she took a boulevard car out to the Maltby residence. Mrs. Maltby was glad to see her and led the way upstairs to a small sitting room with many windows, the most cheerful room Joy had seen in that gloomy pile.
"What shall we read this morning?" Mrs. Maltby asked.
"You choose the book," said Joyce.
"I'd probably choose something you wouldn't care for."
"I just want to be entertained when you are here," said Mrs. Maltby. "Suppose you begin to read an old favorite of mine, 'Vanity Fair.' I do read to myself from time to time, but the strain is too great for me to attempt anything so long as 'Vanity Fair.'"
So Joyce began to read and soon found herself deeply interested in the fortunes of Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley. Just before 11:30 the Butler appeared with a tray of sandwiches, milk and fruit. Joy chatted to Mrs. Maltby about her work while she ate and then rose to go.
Mrs. Maltby followed her to the door, holding Joy's hand a moment between her own.
"Good-by, my dear," she said. "You have given me a great deal of pleasure. I want you to come again next week."
"I will," Joyce promised, and she gave a little skip as she went down the long steps to the waiting automobile.
She found the afternoon work very interesting.
She liked to watch the milling back and forth in the lobby. Judge Perkins stopped to speak to her and inquire about Gladys. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons stopped to gush over Joy's ability to attend the concert the next evening and to regret that Joy must miss the dinner. Miss Truesdale stopped to find out why it was that Joy was out here in the lobby now. Mr. Robertson, the manager, stopped to ask her how she liked her present work.
"I'll really see a lot more of people," she told herself, "though I won't hear so much of them."
She went directly to the apartment and helped Gladys finish her packing. This restless girl was wishing now that she had planned to leave at once instead of waiting for Sunday.
"Seems funny to be checking hats and taking 15-cent tips when I've got \$50,000 in my pocket," she grumbled.
Joyce agreed and took out her

pretty evening dress to see if it needed any mending. The cream net slip over the pale green silk brought back memories of the night she had slipped out and called Deke to her rescue.
She told Gladys about it now as she sat taking a few stitches here and there, falling at last into talk of her mother who had bought the dress for her and altered it so lovingly.
"You need some white beads to wear with that," said Gladys. "That amethyst of yours will just die on that green silk."
"Yes, I need a new string of pearls," said Joyce idly.
There was a rap at the door and Gladys went to answer it. A uniformed messenger stood outside.
"Package for you, Joy," said Gladys. "Probably these new pearls you were talking about."
Joy unrolled the string. In the white box which the wrapping revealed were two strands of seed pearls, creamy with age.
Joy held them up in delight. "Aren't they lovely?" she rubbed their smooth coolness against her cheek. Then she felt a moment of regret. Carter had sent them, of course, and she would have to return them.
"Read the note," Gladys demanded.
"Dear Joyce: Miss Starret told me about the party tomorrow night. She and Mrs. Deacon agreed with me that these seed pearls which once were my mother's would be very appropriate for you. Will you accept them please, with my gratitude for your friendliness to me? Cordially yours, Mrs. F. V. Maltby."
"Well for goodness sake, who'd have thought the old lady had it in her?" Gladys commented. "Go to it Joyce. She'll leave you a million yet."
Joyce flushed. "I think it very kind of her to send me these," she said slowly. "They will look lovely with my dress."
When she walked out of the hotel lobby the next evening, Carter's big limousine was waiting for her. In its depth sat Carter himself.
"I wanted to see Cinderella before she was ready for the ball," he said, helping her in.
When they reached the apartment Carter asked if he might come up to wait.
"Gladys is there; she may bite your head off," Joyce warned.
"I'll gladly risk that," said Carter. "If only Cinderella will hurry."
Gladys was smoking in the living room and Carter engaged her at once in a discussion of cigarettes. Joyce could hear them chattering as she changed her dress, and brushed her hair until it shone.
It was a very pretty Joyce that smiled back at her from the mirror. Her brown hair with its natural wave looked sleek and healthy. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement. The two rows of seed pearls around her neck emphasized its soft whiteness. Her arms, bare to the shoulder, were white and round. She gave them a final dusting with the powder puff, caught up her coat which looked shabby by contrast and went back to the living room.
"Ah Cinderella!" said Carter rising and bowing.
"Gee whiz, Joy, you look like some baby!" Gladys exclaimed.
Joyce brightened under their ap-

proval and even forgot the last year's coat in the princely manner with which Carter adjusted it for her.
Arrived at the hall they checked their wraps and Carter led Joyce to a deep lounge in the lobby where they might talk until the first movement was over and late comers would be admitted.
"You are very lovely," he said, letting his gaze linger on the little hollow at the base of her throat. "There are very fine seed pearls you are wearing."
"Mrs. Maltby sent them to me to wear tonight, wasn't that good of her?" said Joyce.
"Poor Forrester Maltby's mother?" Carter asked. Joyce nodded.
"I saw a notice of his death not long ago," said Carter. "Poor devil. Drink was a curse to him like it is to his whole family before him. I understand he was married to some lady of the chorus just before he went into the sanitarium where he died. The family very properly hushed it up, but I can't help wondering if the lady would appear and claim some of his money."
"She may be really sorry that he died," said Joyce.
"Not if she's wise," said Carter. "He was a terrible wreck the last time I saw him. Come we can go in now."
They made their way to one of the boxes.
Mrs. Fitz-Simmons welcomed them in her usual exuberant manner.
Franky pulled Joy down beside her. "You can't have her now, Carter?" she said.
Catherine Sherwin held out her hand to Carter with a proprietary manner. "You deserted me, Carter," she said reproachfully. "Just as things were getting exciting, too."
"Shh, Katy," said Helen Powers, who sat possessively by the side of a pale young man with his hair slicked back. "You know that Carter's act with Joy is that of the proud and pure 'older friend.' Don't spoil it."
"Introduce us, Helen dear," said the pale young man.
"Miss Darling, Mr. Forbes," said Helen dutifully.
General introductions followed.
"Never mind trying to remember the names, honey," said Franky. "They're just a lot of rallow youths with nothing to do. Now if my Johnny boy were here—"
Everyone laughed and Franky became the general target for teasing which she took good naturedly and seemed to enjoy.
After the concert the party went to a supper club to dance. There was very little trading of partners. Franky, who had refused an escort out of loyalty to her absent fiancé, was the only girl that other seemed willing for their escorts to dance with.
Catherine Sherwin tried to get her partner to trade frequent dances with Carter, but Carter tumbled a deaf ear after two dances and Joyce felt that she had somehow made an enemy.
Franky confirmed this when they were getting ready to leave in the dressing room.
"Katy's been trying to snare Carter for two seasons now. Don't let her get her claws into you. She knows how to scratch."
Back in Carter's limousine he gave the order to drive about a little before turning home. Reaching up he turned a switch that left the interior of the car in the darkness and leaned back, his arm touching Joy's.
Soon they were driving silently through a long deserted boulevard. Joy felt sleepy and tired and happy. She closed her eyes and opened them a moment later to find Carter's face close to hers. He said nothing, but slowly and firmly put his arms about her and kissed her on the mouth.
Joyce did not struggle. There was none of Davey's frank wholesome passion in this kiss, nor Deke's command that she share his emotion. Her mouth was drawn close under Carter's and his lips moved against hers. Suddenly Joyce hated him. She pulled herself free. He made no attempt to hold her. Instead he leaned forward and directed the chauffeur to take them back to Joy's apartment.
Shaken by a feeling she could not understand, Joyce went slowly up the stairs. Entering the living room she barely suppressed an outcry.
Sitting straight upright on a chair was her father.

TOMORROW: What was Joyce Darling's father doing in her flat at two in the morning? What will be thought of her, dressed in evening clothes, and rushing in agitated and weeping, by an experienced man? Read tomorrow's installment of "JOY," the love story of an American girl.
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KIN SLAYER GETS LIFE
Man Who Killed Brother-in-Law Found Guilty.
By United Press
GREENFIELD, Ind., April 4.—Robert La Follette, 28, was under sentence of life imprisonment today for the killing of his brother-in-law, Oliver Raymond Reville, 26, at their home in Greenfield, Feb. 8.
La Follette pleaded not guilty, but the jury returned a verdict of second degree murder. Judge Van Duyn, sentenced him to the Michigan City State Prison for life.

NEW JUDGE CHOSEN
By Times Special
SOUTH BEND, Ind., April 4.—Superior Judge Orlo Deahl will hear the trial of Thomas O'Brien, charged with the murder of Louis Kriender, South Bend druggist. He was granted a change of venue from Circuit Judge C. E. Pattee. John Hall, O'Brien's alleged accomplice, is under sentence of death for the murder.

In the semi-barbaric Malay Islands chess is a favorite pastime. The game is played on boards carved on the floors of the village meeting houses.

Test Answers

Here are the answers to "Now You Ask One" for today. You'll find the questions printed on page 7:

1. John Adams.
2. John Marshall.
3. Andrew Jackson.
4. The system whereby runaway slaves were helped to get north to safety across the Canadian boundary.
5. Famous Boston abolitionist.
6. Horace Greeley.
7. Brigham Young.
8. Chester Allen Arthur.
9. John Hay.
10. President Roosevelt.

BLOOD POISON FATAL

James W. Jacobs Dies at Hospital; Funeral Wednesday:
Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Wednesday for James W. Jacobs, 70, of 913 Ashland Ave., who died at the Indiana Christian Hospital Sunday of blood poisoning. Burial will be in Crown Hill cemetery.

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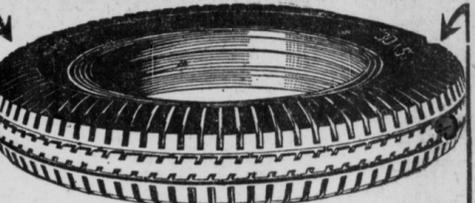
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