

"You lost the art of being young."

"The art? I just lost the years that is all."

"It is an art," averred the girl.

Joy shook her head. "Anyway, dear, I am going to ask you to come with me."

"You going to ask me to come with you? On the money you have saved! Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't!"

"You must, I need you."

"Need me?"

"To make me be young. To teach me the art."

"Oh, no, Joy, there will be young girls there to do that. You think you have left a Kingdom of Youth behind in the garden—your garden, but you will find a kingdom of youth at College such as you have never dreamed of. You will not need me."

"I don't know those girls," and Joy shook her head, "I do know you and I love you already, Winifred."

"Think of you and I living in the same house for two years, and not knowing one another till now," smiled Winifred. "Really knowing, I mean. But I can't come, Joy."

Then, because she was very young and the prospect of college very alluring, Winifred allowed herself to be persuaded. "If you really need me," she said, and consoled herself with the thought that she would be able to pay a small part of the expenses.

College opened a new world to the two girls, particularly to Joy, who had never known anything of the pleasures of companionship. So busy was her mind registering new impressions that she had no time to brood. Hair fluffed, eyes eager, her little figure clothed becomingly and smartly, she was soon one of the most popular girls at the school. Her marked individual-

ity and her keen zest for everything made her a sharply defined unit, one who stood out from the crowd.

Dorothy Belden, a dark-haired, merry Freshette of seventeen or eighteen frankly adored Joy, whom she had nicknamed, "Little One." She it was who taught Joy to dance; other girls helped and Joy's enthusiasm made the teaching very easy.

Joy was mentioned often in "letters home" and Dorothy Belden, particularly, filled page after page with praises of her wonderful friend.

"At any rate," remarked her brother Jimmy, as he read the letter his mother had passed over to him, "it isn't a movie actress this time."

"No, that is one consolation," smiled Mrs. Belden, "we must have Dorothy bring her home for a week-end."

"While we look her over and see if she is a fit companion for Dorothy—poor 'Little One,' scoffed Jimmy, drawing out the foolish nickname.

But when Dorothy finally persuaded Joy to accompany her home, and sent word to her mother that they were coming, Jimmy was not adverse to meeting them at the station, and, during the three days visit, he spent as much time as he could, with Joy.

"How do you like Dorothy's friend?" asked his mother, as the two watched the train bearing the girls back to college, pull out.

"She's pretty much alright, eh mother?" he grinned, and the next day he wrote to Joy.

At first Joy did not think seriously of Jimmy's devotion, but after she had visited his family several times with Dorothy and had received a dozen or more letters from him, she half admitted to herself that she loved him. Winifred had seen those letters