

"Never shopped before!" echoed her companion, "but you must have gotten new clothes!"

"No, I made over the old ones and once in a while bought something new but never more than one thing at a time."

"And I suppose you just went into a store and said, 'Madam, give me a waist,' and she brought out any old thing she liked."

"I suppose so," Joy's voice was weary again."

"You mustn't do that," cried the girl, sharply.

"You'll be with me to help me," replied Joy, but Winifred shook her head. "I didn't mean the waists," she said, "I meant the enthusiasm. I have never, in all the two years I have boarded here, seen you so enthusiastic as you were when you came into my room just now, and then, suddenly, it has all gone. You mustn't let it go, you must keep on being enthusiastic, and happy, and young. You can if you try."

Joy leaned forward, "Do you really believe that?" she asked. "You wonder why I love the garden so——"

"It is a beautiful garden," interposed the girl.

"Yes, but that is not all. I have come to think of it as a garden vibrant with sunshine, flaming with gladness, every flower seems so gay, so—so, young. Ah, I hope you are not too young to understand me?"

"I am not too young," Winifred's voice was very gentle.

"And yet, in the garden, there are soft shadows, and deep dark ones at night. They are the shadows of the might have been and I call the garden the Kingdom of Lost Youth."

"The Kingdom of Lost Youth! Why how poetic," breathed Winifred. "But, why of lost youth, Joy?"

"Because that is just what it is," Joy's voice was hard, she was afraid to show her hidden self and Winifred divined this.

"I have boarded here since my mother died," she continued. "I was thirteen then and I had to support myself. I—I have worked since then——" her voice grew husky, "I spent all my idle hours in that garden—alone—all alone while my youth passed—and so, you see," and once more she was the matter-of-fact woman with the bitter mouth. "It is the Kingdom of Lost Youth—of my lost youth."

Winifred looked away a moment, then, "Poor Joy Thurman," she whispered, "We must find your youth again."

Monday they shopped. Winifred had spent an afternoon teaching Joy how to properly dress her hair and, with the touch of colour walking had brought to her cheeks, she was rather an attractive little figure. Recklessly she bought every pretty and becoming thing she saw and her landlady was so startled when the parcels were delivered that she could not resist running up the stairs to ask Joy if there were any mistake.

When Winifred saw her in the pale blue satin evening dress they had chosen she cried out in delight, "how I wish I could be there, too, to see you."

"How I wish you could," sighed Joy, and then, "Why not, dear?"

"I have no money. I must earn my living."

"That's what I had to do at your age, but you had a far better time than I had."

"Because I don't put my money in the bank."

"Well, I was saving for a good time and then——"