

"I didn't keep it up at all after you left. I got right back into the old rut, wishing I was dead and buried and forgotten by this hard, cruel world."

"Will you try again?" asked Pat, eagerly. "To me it seems nothing short of a crime to let this chance for health and self-culture, opened up by Mr. Wickins, go past unimproved. It isn't your work that's killing you, Margaret May! It's the commonest disease of the age—imagination. Many a person has died with the imagination."

"But I can't skate," whimpered the ambitionless girl.

"You just *imagine* you can't!"

"Well, I won't go and fall down and make a show of myself. People would laugh."

"You just *imagine* they would!"

Margaret laughed, then sighed.

"If I just had you near me, Pat, I believe I might succeed in something."

Webb and Sales reached the landing almost as soon as the girls. Sales greeted Patience with his slow, quiet smile, and hoped she was well. The girl hardly knew what to say to him, he was so quiet.

"I don't know what is the matter with some of the girls," she complained, as she sat down on the landing and allowed Webb to adjust her skates.

"There is such a stiff, stand-off feeling. They don't seem to have the old confidence in me."