

Pat sniffed.

"Well, you are a slow crowd! Have you not taken advantage of all these jolly sports Mr. Wickins has provided for you?"

"No," said the stooping, languid Margaret; "I am too tired to exercise. When I get home I like to sit down and do a bit of fancy-work. It's all right for a big, strong girl like you, Pat."

"Big? Strong?" cried Pat. "Margaret May, do you remember me a year ago? Was I big and strong then? Or was I a poor, scrawny little thing, hating my work, myself, and everybody else? Tell me!"

"Oh, well, you got a pull since then!"

"Yes, I pulled myself into shape for one thing! I hung on the limb of a tree for about two hundred hours, counting half an hour for every day in the year, and I've walked eight hundred miles all told, since I made up my mind to improve myself. That makes you open your eyes, all of you. I wish I could make you see that there would have been no 'pull' for me if I hadn't started and pulled myself."

"What would you have us do?" asked Margaret. "You used to have us doing fresh-air stunts and all such, before you left the factory, but I can't see that it did us any good."

"How long did you keep it up?" demanded Pat.