

make. But David couldn't tell him much except that he wanted to make "something new".

"You would like to be an inventor, David"? he asked gravely, and the boy's sudden blush told him that he had said the magic word.

The ambition had grown with David's growth but at the time of his initiation into the selectness of Mrs. Carr's establishment, it was known only to Angus and guessed at by Miss Mattie and Mr. William Carter Fish.

Mr. Fish was the friend who had introduced David to Mrs. Carr. He occupied the front attic and was known in the house and to his intimates outside as "Silly Billy" or "Fresh Fish". Mr. Fish had a warm heart and no head worth mentioning. Also he had the unique misfortune of looking like his name. "Fish" is hardly a name one would chose in any case but when it accompanies a wide and drooping mouth, inclined to open unexpectedly, and eyes a shade too far apart, its possession may well spell tragedy. Luckily, Billy was not built on tragic lines. The ragging of heartless students he took with equanimity. It was only when the equally heartless Fair participated that Billy was really hurt. For Billy adored the Fair. It was his occupation in life.

David, on the contrary, did not care for girls, neither did Billy care for "making things", hence each was free to bore the other to his heart's content. Friendship is a curious thing; there is a lot of good, healthy boredom connected with it. When Billy talked girls, David yawned and begged him to "come out of it". When David talked engines Billy closed his fishy eyes and frankly went to sleep. Or, if the exposition had been too impassioned to allow of slumber, he was always ready with some cooling remark such as "But you'll never be able to pull it off, old thing. Invention takes brains!"

David settled into the select atmosphere of Mrs. Carr's with scarcely a ripple. He was generally voted a nice young fellow. Miss Walker, a maiden

lady of independent means who occupied the left front and was known as "pancake" on account of her extreme flatness, called him "dear boy". Mr. Worsnop, right front, who was middle-aged and "something in gas", referred to him as "that nice young Greig, so modest and unassuming, exactly what I used to be at his age".

"Got over it nicely, hasn't he?" whispered Mr. Martin to the next-at-table.

Mr. Martin had the room behind Mr. Worsnop. He was a smart young man. At present he was only a stenographer but he hoped soon to be private secretary to Some one, and one of these days, given decent luck, he hoped to be Some one himself. It was his opinion that David was a "superior young ass". At least that is what he told Miss Sims who, with her friend Miss Weeks, roomed across the hall, and whose opinions (of other young men) Mr. Martin was trying to form.

"Is he?" said Miss Sims. She cast one glance at David under cover of her long, straight lashes and then she giggled.

"He is funny," agreed Mr. Martin. "I often feel like laughing when I look at him."

Miss Sims giggled again. Then she stopped giggling abruptly for the new boarder was looking her way and she had already possessed herself of the knowledge that he didn't admire giggles. Her room-mate, Miss Weeks, known as "Bunny" on account of an odd resemblance to a white rabbit, sighed openly and wished to goodness that old Icebox (Mrs. Carr) had seated Mr. Greig on her side of the table instead of in the far-off corner next to Pancake.

"She'll make him so sick with her 'dear boy' that he'll leave before any of the rest of us get a look in," she prophesied gloomily.

But David showed no signs of leaving. He didn't mind the "dear boy". He didn't mind anything very much. As a background, he found Mrs. Carr's very pleasant and interesting