

me the man that doesn't care for it, or the woman, either."

"Grandfather does care for it, in a way," Titus went on, earnestly. "He thinks you can do a lot of good and be a great power in the world if you have plenty of money, but he preaches to us all the time about not thinking too much of riches."

"Easy to talk," replied Mr. Hittaker, with some show of interest in the subject. "If you were that black stable boy you couldn't have all this," and he looked about the well appointed loft.

"Sir," said Titus, intensely, "the other evening I was walking with grandfather. We passed a tiny house in the suburbs. A boy was nailing away at a box and whistling like a good fellow. We stopped and spoke to him. He was making a house for his rabbits out of two big soap boxes—and, by the way, they were Hittaker soap boxes; I saw the name. When we left him my grandfather said, 'Do you suppose you are any happier than that boy?'"

"'No, sir,' I said, 'I don't.'"

"Then my grandfather went on: 'Don't run away with the idea that no happiness can exist in cottages. The contented mind makes its own dwelling.'"

Mr. Hittaker gazed in an uninterested way at a box of sawdust. He was too old, and too self-centered, and too absent-minded, to be moved by Titus's eloquence; and then, when he had been a boy, he had had no wise grandfather to train his youthful mind. A grasping, miserly father had made a grasping, miserly son.

Titus broke off with a slight shrug of his shoulders. He was half pitiful, half inimical to his vis-