

# THE FABLE OF THE FOOL AND THE WOMAN WHO DID NOT UNDERSTAND.

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste,  
And the work of our head and hand,  
Belong to the woman who did not know,  
(And now we know that she never could know)  
And did not understand.

KIPLING.

THERE was once a Fool who loved  
The Woman Who Did Not Under-  
stand. I think the reason the  
Woman did not understand was that she did  
not care, but the Fool loved her very much.  
The Woman said that she loved the Fool:  
she also said that she admired men who  
"did things." The Woman said many  
things lightly, and because they sounded  
well; the Fool said very little, but went  
away and worked night and day striving  
constantly to "do things" that he might  
come to the Woman and say, "Look, I  
have done this, and I have done it for you."  
The Fool was only a fool about some things,  
so when he worked so hard and so earnestly  
he accomplished much. His friends who  
saw his work and who really thought a great  
deal of the Fool would tell him how good  
his work was, but the Fool scarcely heard  
them, although it pleased him to hear their  
praise. He would take his work and lay it  
before the Woman, and would tell her how  
it had all been done for her. If the Woman  
was pleased, the Fool was happy, but some-  
times the Woman was tired or cross when  
the Fool came with his work, then, as she  
did not understand, the work would not  
please her and the Fool would be very  
miserable.

I think the Woman really meant to marry  
the Fool, but one day she met the Other  
Man, and as he was very rich, much richer  
than the Fool could hope to be, with all his  
work, and as the Woman loved pretty  
things and ease and admiration, she mar-  
ried the Other Man and sent the Fool an  
invitation to the wedding, which I don't  
think the Fool accepted.

After that the Fool really did not amount  
to much. His friends came to him and were  
very kind and very gentle with him. They  
told him to work on, for his work's sake,  
that it was good work, and would, they  
said, reward him in the end. The Fool only  
laughed bitterly, and said, that "the stuff  
didn't amount to much, anyway." Then  
one friend (I think it was a woman friend)  
told him that the woman was not worth  
worrying about, that she did not under-  
stand his work or his love, never had and  
never could. The friend told him how  
proud some women would have been of  
both, and how proud some woman would  
some day be, but the Fool only shuddered a  
little, for he saw that what she had said  
of the Woman was true. He thanked the  
friend, but said he was tired and wouldn't  
bother any more. You see he must have  
been a Fool from the beginning.

Moral—Don't be a fool; but if you can't  
help it, keep away from women; but if you  
are a fool you won't do this.

—JAS. P. HAVERSON.