## THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE\*

## for January, 1931

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## A Little Fable



Caran d'Ache

THE Poet wrote a song, making out of the suffering of his own heart his message to the world.

The Man of Business read it, and shook his head. For there was no money in it. The Man of Action was busy with a machine-gun, and could not be bothered with poetry.

The Scholar pointed out that the song did not conform to the best classical examples and contained metrical defects.

The Ordinary Man took pride and pleasure in saying that he could not make head or tail of the song.

And then the Poet found a blue-eyed Maiden, who knew nothing of money, or machine-guns, or pedantic rules, and had not yet lived long enough to have become quite ordinary; and to her he read his song. "And what do you think of it, little girl?" he asked.

"Well, speaking frankly, rot!" said the little girl.

MORAL: The fact that your work is greeted with general neglect or disapproval does not necessarily mean that the other people are wrong.—Barry Pain.