

Fairy Tales for Workers' Children

By HERMYNIA ZUR MUHLEN,

Translated by IDA DAILES.

THE question of fairy tales has always been a rather sore one with the radical movement. Despite all the admonitions of teachers and parents, the children would persist in reading the fairy tales and acquire a dreamy psychology filled with beautiful princesses, fearless knights, ogres, dragons, witches and whatnot. Such a condition was anything but healthy for the development of the working class child along the lines of his class and class interests. It diverted his thoughts from the miseries of the proletarians all around him, even made him, to a certain extent, lose sight



of his own troubles, and directed his energies into organizations which offered the closest thing to the fairy tale dreams: the boy scouts and similar bodies.

But even in this distressing field the radical movement has now entered with startling success! Tales for working class children are no longer the monopoly of the bourgeoisie. The imagination, the feeling of allegiance, and the spirit of sacrifice can now be directed along working class lines. Stories, just as lovely and entrancing, and more true, than any others you have ever read in your childhood, are now at the disposal of all.

THE four tales of Hermynia Zur Muhlen, so beautifully printed by the DAILY WORKER, form a book for which no child will ever cease thanking you. While you will not find there any fair medieval princes

ses or fairy godmothers, there are plenty of real human animals and children whose stories are woven around incidents which bring home the position of the workers in capitalist society and the class war without falling into the weightiness of a tract or thesis. The child who reads this book—and we are certain that the reception it has received will assure further volumes—will reluctantly turn the last page with a new spirit. The tale, "Why" will be repeated in life by a similar question from all the readers and they will readily find an answer to all the queries and doubts that are born in their minds by the other stories that follow. Why are here poor people and rich? Why must the hen produce its eggs for the satisfaction of the market and not for the hungry lad? And the whole book will be the beginning of the answer



which the wise owl hinted at.

"THE LITTLE GREY DOG," "The Rose Bush," and the other tales tell their story in the best manner of the old fairy tales, and with far more conviction and interest, for both the symbols and the realities will be easily understood by every child. You will find that before long the book which you will inevitably purchase will go the rounds of the whole neighborhood of children. An old idea put into such a new form; the wine of centuries of children's fiction made truer, more real and poured from the jug of modern realities.

Not to be left behind by the beautiful makeup which fairy tales usually have, this volume is something we can be proud of. The excellent, faithful translation of Ida Dailes, and the beautiful drawings and color pages of Lydia Gibson are on a plane with the fine stories themselves. A copy to your child or to some little friend will be bread on the waters of the working class and revolutionary movement. They will return to be more enthusiastic fighters in the cause of labor.—Max Shachtman.



THE STORY OF

(Translated from the official organ)

IN a large city lived a young boy. His parents were so poor that they often did not have enough food to eat or had any new clothes. Therefore Ernest which was the boys name was forced to go to work. Everyday he could be seen with his bootblack box. During the rainy weather or sunny weather he was forced to go out and earn his living. He could not associate with the rich children; or those whose parents were well off. Life was miserable to him. He could not go to school and Ernest just loved to learn about science. One day Ernest thought, "I hope that the workers will become free and if I had the chance I would give my life for that cause which fights for the working class. I wonder when the time will come when there will be neither rich nor poor but everyone equal."

As Ernest stood there thinking he heard a noise which startled him. He looked up and there stood a long line of children singing and talking happily to each other! "I wonder who these children are," thought Ernest as he noticed the the peculiarity in their clothes. Here were a group of children dressed in white waists with red handkerchiefs. In their hands they held little red flags which were inscribed "Jung-Spartikus-Bund" (Young Spartans Group). After seeing these happy children Ernest decided to follow them and find out who they were. He