FAIRY TALES FOR WORKERS CHILDREN

BY HERMINIA ZUR MÜHLEN

TRANSLATED BY IDA DAILES

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY IDA DAILES

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The Rose-bush

The Sparrow

The Little Grey Dog

Why?

FOREWORD

Dear Little Comrades:

The work of translating this little book of fairy tales for workers' children is very small in comparison to the joy I get from the knowledge that you, my beloved young comrades, are going to enjoy it.

You have read many fairy tales, some of them very beautiful and some that frightened you with their horrible giants and goblins. But never, I am sure, have you read such lovely stories about real everyday things. You see poor people suffering around you every day; some of you have yourselves felt how hard it is to be poor. You know that there are rich people in the world, that they do not work and have all the good things of life. You also know that your fathers work hard and then worry about what will happen if they lose their jobs.

Comrade zur Mühlen, who wrote these fairy tales, tells us in a beautiful way how these things can be stopped. All of us who work must learn that we can make the world a better place for workers and their children to live in if we will help one another. She shows us that the rich people who do not work but keep us enslaved are our enemies; we must join together, we workers of the world, and stop these wrongs.

Even the pretty, delicate Rose-bush knew how to use her thorns when the rich lady came near her. The little Sparrow died while seeking a better land for the Sparrow brothers, but he did not die in vain. The faithful little grey dog gave his life for the Negro boy who had saved him from being drowned; and the Crocodile proved that even an ugly, hungry beast can be more kind than a rich slave-owner.

And our little lonely friend Paul learned that he must not stop asking why things were wrong in the world, but that he must make comrades of all the workers and teach them also to ask why, until millions would be asking that question and seeking to find the answer to it.

When you read these stories, I am sure you will want to lend the book to all your friends, so that they too may spend some happy hours with the new friends you have found in the book.

Your loving comrade,

Ida Dailes.

THE
ROSE-BUSH

"She Will Get Well"

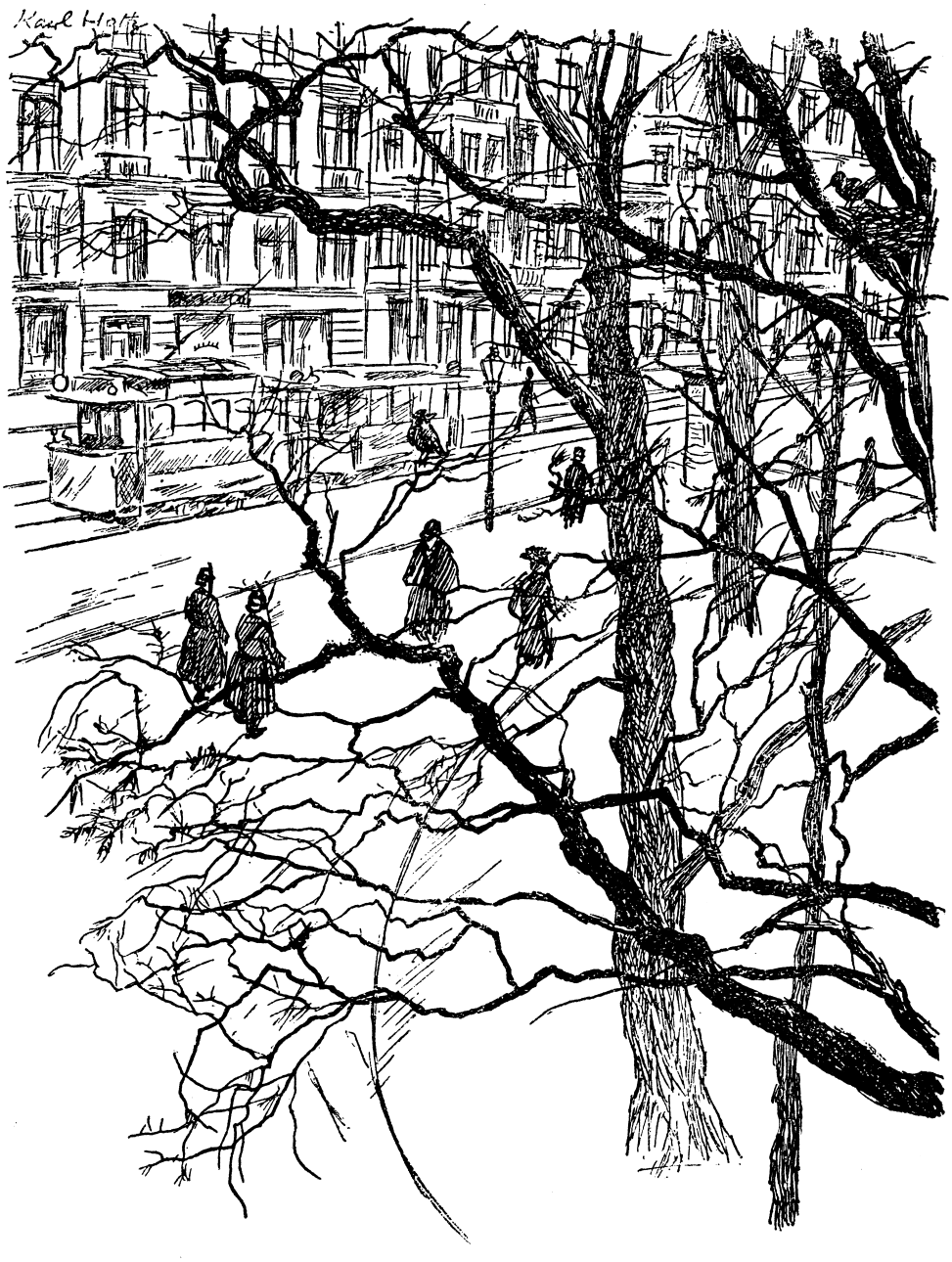
The Rose-bush did not know where she was born and where she spent her early days—it is a well known fact that flowers have a bad memory, but to make up for that they can see into the future. When she first became conscious of herself, she stood in the middle of a magnificent green lawn. To one side of her she saw a great white stone house, that gleamed thru the branches of linden trees, to the other side stood a high trellised gate thru which she could see the street.

A thin tall man carefully tended the Rose-bush; he brought manure, bound the drooping twigs of the Rose-bush together with bark, brought water for the thirsty roots of the Rose-bush to drink. The Rose-bush was grateful to the man, and as the buds she was covered with opened into dainty red roses, she said to her friend, "You have taken care of me, it is because of you that I have become so beautiful. Take some of my loveliest blossoms in return."

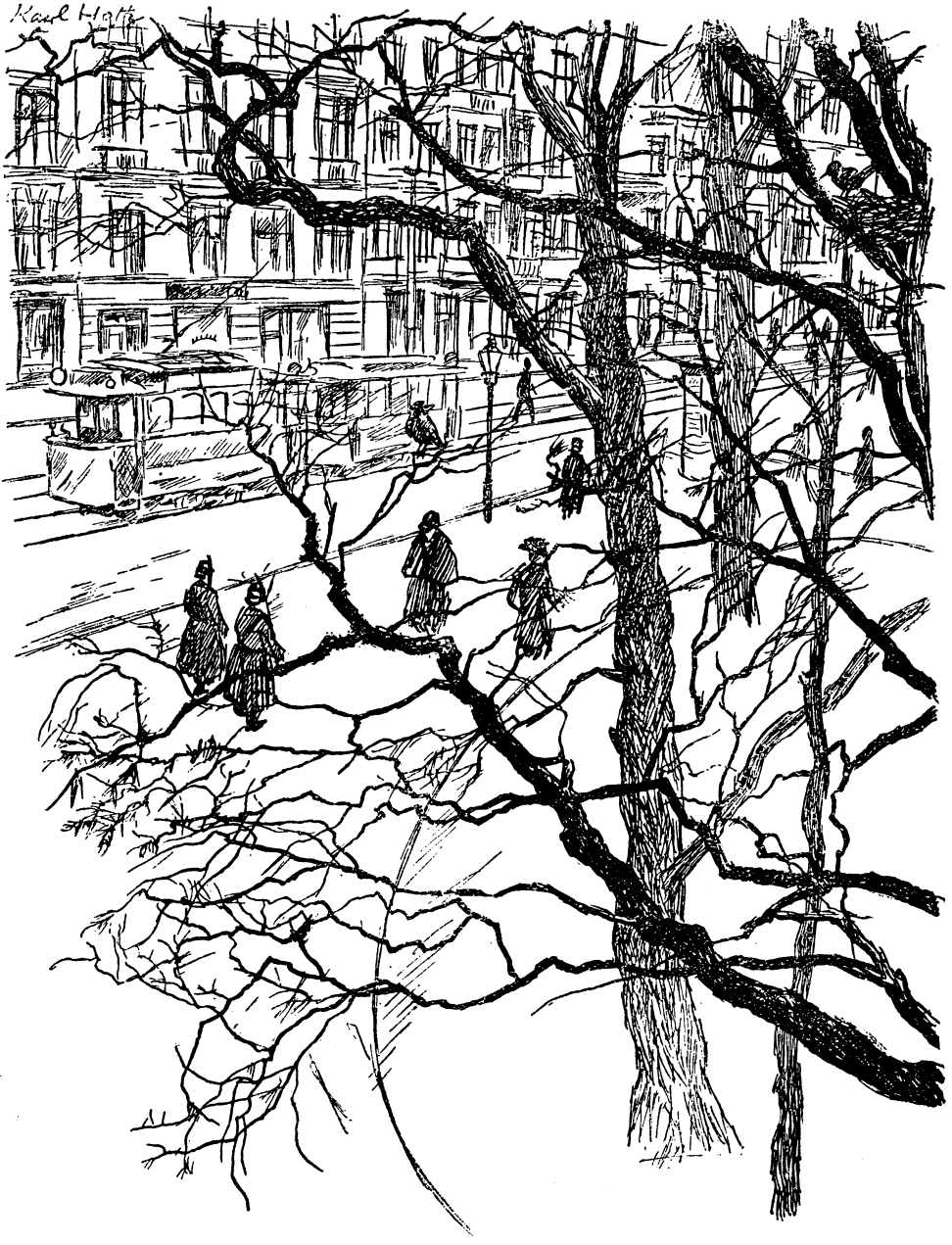
The man shook his head. "You mean well, dear Rose-bush, and I would gladly take some of your beautiful blossoms for my sick wife. But I dare not do it. You don't belong to me."

"I don't belong to you!" exclaimed the Rose-bush. "Don't I belong to the person who has taken care of me and troubled himself about me? Then to whom do I belong?"

The man pointed with his hand to the gleaming white house among the trees and replied, "To the gracious lady who lives there."



"That can't be," replied the Rose-bush. "I have never seen this lady. It is not she who has sprinkled water on me, loosened the earth at my roots, bound together my twigs. Then how can I belong to her?"


Karel Hlaváček

"She has bought you."

"That is something different. Then the poor woman must have worked hard to save so much money. Good! Half of my blossoms shall belong to her."

The man laughed a little sadly, saying, "Oh, beloved Rose-bush, you don't yet know the world, I can see that. The lady did not lift a finger to earn the money."

"Then how did she get it?"

"She owns a great factory in which countless workers drudge; from there comes her wealth."

The Rose-bush became angry, lifted a bough up high, threatened the man with her thorn-claws, shouting, "I see you enjoy yourself at my expense because I am still young and inexperienced, telling me untruths about the world of men. Still I am not so stupid, I have observed ants and bees, and know that to each belongs the things for which he has worked."

"That may be so among bees and ants," the man sighed deeply, "yet among men it is different. There the people receive just enough to keep them from starving—all else belongs to the master. The master builds splendid mansions, plants lovely gardens, buys flowers."

"Is that really true?"

"Yes."

The man went back to his work and the Rose-bush began to meditate. Yet the longer she thought, the worse her temper grew. Yes, even tho she usually had very fine manners, she spoke roughly to a bee who wished to visit her. The bee was still young and timid, and flew off in fright as fast as his wings could carry him. Then the Rose-bush was sorry for her rough behavior, because she was naturally friendly, and also because she might have asked the bee whether the man had spoken the truth.

While she was so engrossed in thought, suddenly some one shook her and a mischievous voice asked, "Well, my friend, what are you dreaming about?"

The Rose-bush looked up with her countless eyes and recognized the Wind, that stood laughing before her shaking his head so that his long hair flew about.

"Wind, beloved Wind!" joyfully exclaimed the Rose-bush, "You come as tho you had been called. Tell me whether the man has spoken the truth. And she reported everything the man had said to her.

The Wind suddenly became serious and whistled thru his teeth so violently that the branches of the Bose-bush began to tremble. "Yes," declared he, "all this is true, and even worse. I come here from all over the whole world and see everything. Often I am sc seized with anger that I begin to rave; then the stupid people say, 'My! what a storm!'"

"And the rich people can really buy everything?"

"Yes," growled the wind. Then suddenly he laughed. "Not me. They can't capture and imprison me. I am the friend of the poor. I fly to all lands. In big cities, I station myself before ill-smelling cellars and roar into them 'Freedom! Justice!' To tired, overworked people I sing a lullaby, 'Be courageous, keep together, fight, you will conquer!' Then they feel new strength, they know a comrade has spoken to them." He tittered, and all the leaves in the garden stirred. "The rich would like to imprison me, because I carry the message, but I whistle at them. At night I rattle their windows so that they become frightened in their soft beds, and then I cry, 'Ho ho, you idlers, your time is coming. Make room for the workers of the world!' At that they are very frightened, draw the silken covers over their ears, try to comfort themselves: 'It was only the wind!'"

The Wind lifted one of his legs high and pushed it with all his weight against the magnificent white house. The windows clattered, many things in the house were broken, a woman's voice shrieked. The Wind laughed, then drew his leg back and said to the Rose-bush: "You also can do something, you flowers. Do not bloom for the rich idlers, and the fruit trees should not bear fruit. But you are pleasure-loving and lazy creatures. Look at the Tulips that stand up so sturdily all day, always saying nothing but 'How lovely we are!' They have no other interests."

The petals of the Rose-bush became a deeper red, so ashamed was she of her sister-flower.

The Wind noticed this and tried to comfort her. "You appear to be a sensible, kind-hearted bush. I shall visit you more often. Give me one of your petals as a parting gift." He took a deep red petal from a full blown rose. "Be happy—now I must leave."

At that moment two poorly-dressed pale children came along the street. They stopped before the gate and cried as tho with one voice, "Oh, the beautiful roses!" The little girl stretched her hands longingly toward the blossoms.

"Wind, beloved Wind," called the Rose-bush, as loud as she could. "Before you fly away, break off two of my loveliest roses and throw them to the children. But be careful that the petals do not drop off."

"Do you think I am so clumsy?" grumbled the insulted Wind, breaking off two handsome roses, and blew them lightly, gently to the children.

The children shouted joyfully, the Wind flew away, and the Rose-bush enjoyed the happiness of the children. Her enjoyment did not last long. An angry voice scolded the children. "What impudence is this, to steal the flowers out of my garden!"

The Rose-bush saw a silk-clad lady with fingers that were cov-

ered with rings threatening the children. Her smooth face was red with anger. The children were frightened and ran off crying.

The Rose-bush breathed deep with indignation and her breath blew sweeter perfume towards the lady's face. She stepped closer. "Ah, the beautiful roses. I had better pick them, otherwise the rabble from the streets will steal them. And they are such an expensive kind."

At this the Rose-bush became enraged, so that her blossoms blazed a fiery red. "If I were only strong as the wind," thought she, "I would get hold of this evil woman and shake her so that she would become deaf and blind. Such a common creature has a whole garden full of the most gorgeous flowers and begrudges the children for two paltry roses. But you shall not have even one of my blossoms, you bad woman, just wait."

And as the woman bent down to pick the flowers, the Rose-bush hit her in the face with a twig, stretching out all her thorns like a cat stretches out its claws, and scratched up the woman's face.

She screamed aloud. The woman did not want to cease from her task, but the Rose-bush was as willful as she;

wherever the hand of the woman reached, a large thorn sprang out and scratched her till she bled.

She screamed aloud. The woman did not want to cease from her task, but the Rose-bush was as willful as she;

wherever the hand of the woman reached, a large thorn sprang out and scratched her till she bled.

At last the woman, with torn clothes, with scratched, dirty hands, had to turn back home.

The Rose-bush was completely tired from the heated struggle. Her many green arms hung limply, her flowers were paler, she sighed softly. Yet she thought more deeply and arrived at a mighty resolution.

Late in the evening the Wind came flying to bid the Rose-bush good-night, and the Rose-bush said to him solemnly, "Listen to me, Brother Wind, I will follow your advice, I will no longer bloom for the idlers."

The Wind carressed the leaves and flowers of the Rose-bush with gentle hands, saying earnestly, "Poor little Rose-bush, will you have the strength for that? You will have to suffer a great deal."

"Yes," replied the Rose-bush, "I know it. But I will have the strength. Only you must come every day and sing your song of freedom, so as always to renew my courage."

The Wind promised to do this.

Then followed bad days for the Rose-bush, for she had decided not to drink any water, that she might cease blooming. When her friend came with the water pot she drew her little roots close to herself, that no drops might touch them. Ah, how she suffered! she thought she would faint. In the day-time the sun shone, and she became more thirsty every hour, always longing more for water. And at last, at evening came the longed for drink, but she dared not sip the full draught, she had to turn away from the cool precious liquid, to thirst again. After a while she thought she could not endure it. But the wind came flying, fanning her, singing softly and gently, "Be brave, be brave! You will conquer!"

Day after day the Rose-bush gazed at the gleaming white house in which lived people who had everything they wanted and then looked at the street where others passed by with thin, pale faces

that were tired and sad, and this brought new strength to her heart.

She became constantly more sick and more weak; her arms hung down feebly, her blossoms dropped their petals, her leaves became wrinkled and yellow. The man who tended her watched her sadly and asked. "What is wrong, my poor Rose-bush?" and he tried every remedy he knew of to help her. But all in vain. One morning, instead of a handsome, blooming Rose-bush, be found a miserable, withered, dead bush.

That could not remain there, the withered branches and flowers spoiled the handsome garden. The gracious lady commanded that the Rose-bush be thrown out. As the man dug her up, the Rose-bush gathered her remaining strength and whispered beseechingly, "Take me home! Please, please take me home!"

The man fulfilled her wish. He planted the Rose-bush in a flower pot and took her to the poor, small room where he lived. His sick wife sat up in bed and said, "Ah, the poor Rose-bush, she is as sick as I am, but you will nurse us both back to health."

The withered leaves and twigs moaned, "Water! Water!" And the man understood them and brought in a jar of water. The Rose-bush drank. Oh! what delight this was! Eagerly her roots sucked up the water, the delicious moisture passing thru all her branches gave her new life. The next morning she could lift up her branches; the sick woman was as happy as a child and cried, "She will get well!"

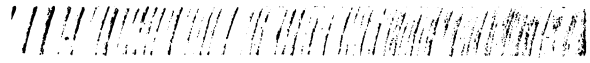
And the Rose-bush really got well. In a short while she again became so beautiful that the poor little room was as fragrant as a garden. The pale cheeks of the woman became rosier every day, her strength was returning. "The Rose-bush has made me well," said she, and all the flowers on the Rose-bush glowed deep red with joy when she heard these words.

The man and his wife were kind people, they gladly shared the little they had, and carefully broke off some roses to bring joy to tired people in other lonely rooms.

The roses had other magic powers; the Rose-bush, in her days of struggle and suffering, had learned the songs of the Wind. Now her flowers sang them very softly for their friends, "Keep together! Fight! You will conquer!" Then the people said, "How strange! The perfume of the flowers brings us new strength. We will fight together for a better world."

But to the little chidren the roses sang in a tender, loving voice:

"Little children, when you are grown up, you will no longer stand sadly before the gate. The whole world will belong to those who work, the whole world!"



THE SPARROW

"So People Get Tired Too," Thought the Sparrow

Quarrel and disagreement ruled in the Sparrow family. Mother Sparrow squatted unhappily in her nest all day and Father Sparrow swore and grumbled and found fault with everything. The family that had once been so gay and happy was completely changed. And for all this misery the youngest Sparrow was to blame. One evening at supper he had declared, briefly and boldly, "I'm not going to school any more. I've had enough of being insulted by those aristocrats. Above all, I'm tired of all this life. I want to go out into the world." He stuck up his bill and looked at his parents defiantly.

Mother Sparrow was so shocked that all her feathers stood up. She started helplessly at her naughty son, and all she could do was to say weakly, "Peep, peep."

But Father Sparrow opened his mouth so wide in anger that the worm he had meant to eat slid quickly away. He was a person of action, did not believe in talking much, and proceeded to beat his son in the face with his sharp beak.

The young Sparrow screamed more defiantly than ever, "I won't stay here any longer. I've had enough. I'm going out into the world."

Then Mother Sparrow found her voice again and said tearfully, "You wicked child! That's how you thank your parents for their love. Haven't we brought you up well? You are the first sparrow in our village to attend Professor Swallow's school of architecture and learn to build artistic nests. You belong to the best society and mingle with Swallows, Starlings and Yellow-bills. And this is how you repay us."

"I don't care a pin about fine society," replied the excited young Sparrow. And he whistled defiantly, "Tweet, tweet!"

"No other Sparrow is studying such a respectable profession," despairingly piped Mother Sparrow.

Then the young Sparrow began to make such a fuss that the whole nest shook. "A respectable profession, truly a beautiful profession. To build nests in which others live. To slave in the heat of the sun, carrying straws from all over, to weave them together, to see that everything is just perfect—and then the fine ladies and gentlemen move in, and throw me a little worm for my wages, hardly enough for a decent meal. Above all, these fine people. The swallows, always dressed up in their frock-coats; the Yellow-bills, always showing off their fine jewelry. And how they treat our own people, full of pride and scorn. Common laborer, they call me. I've had enough of it. I'm as good as they are, and maybe better."

Mother Sparrow shrank in horror, but Father Sparrow blew up until he nearly burst and shouted, "Be silent, you lost soul, you whipper-snapper. You talk like a Bolshevik. You forget that I am chairman of the Council of Jesters. My son must not rebel against law and order."

"Yes," exclaimed Mother Sparrow, "and suppose the neighbors should hear you! How dreadful!"

The young Sparrow laughed shamelessly, seated himself on the edge of the nest and whistled a revolutionary song.

Father Sparrow rose hastily and grumbled in an undertone to his wife, "See to that young fool and make him behave. I must go to the meeting of the Singing Society." He flew away without one look at his naughty son.

Mother Sparrow sighed deeply and asked in a complaining voice, "Now what is it you really want?"

The young Sparrow came closer, nestled against his mother, and

said with a sweet smile, "I want to go away little mother, far away. To foreign lands where it is always summer."

"But son of my heart, you know that even the stupid children of men learn in their schools that the Sparrow is not a migratory bird."

"What is that to me? I can't stand it here any longer. Always seeing the same things; in the distance the old church steeple, here before our noses the farm-house, and the dung-hill. No, I want to go away, far away."

At that he spread out his wings and pushed himself head first out of the nest into space. It seemed very dangerous, but his wings carried him safely thru the air.

But the young Sparrow was by no means as joyous and light-hearted as he seemed to be. The words of his parents had aroused all sorts of doubts in his mind. "Mother was really right," he said to himself. "The Sparrow is not a migratory bird. No one has ever heard of a Sparrow that has flown across the great ocean and gone to foreign lands. But why shouldn't I be the first one to do this?" he asked himself, with defiant courage. "Some one must always be the first one. If my venture succeeds, I will have proven to all the Sparrow folk that they need not freeze and starve in the winter-time, but can move to the warm countries and live happily. Certainly, the ocean. . ." The young Sparrow's heart lost courage, he thought of what his teacher, the Swallow had once told him about the great, wild water that never seemed to end, about the angry frothy waves over which one had to fly daily. If one's wings lost their strength, one fell down and was lost. One was swallowed by the waves.

At these thoughts the Sparrow almost wanted to give up the idea. He shrank together and began shivering. Then suddenly he thought how in past hard winters many wretched Sparrows had died of hunger and cold.

"No, no," said he to himself. "I must not be so cowardly. This matter does not concern only myself, but all my brother Sparrows, all the Sparrows of future generations, who will live when I have been long dead. It will be worth every danger and every sacrifice if I can help them to a happier life."

And the brave young Sparrow decided to leave the next day.

He spent that night in his parents' nest, nestled close to his mother, wept a little secretly because it was hard for him to leave. Father returned late, and he was quite drunk, threw himself on his bed so that it cracked and fell asleep immediately.

The grey-white sky began to turn rosy, morning came flying on the wings of the wind and brought light to the world. The young Sparrow awoke, looked for the last time at his sleeping parents, and flew forth. He knew in which direction he must fly, for he remembered the stories of the Swallows. Now he flew exactly that way.

The sun climbed higher into the heavens, it became hotter and hotter, the poor Sparrow could hardly breathe. His wings were so tired and sore that he could hardly lift them. Still he flew further. He had resolved not to rest until the shadows would fall upon the earth.

Never had he lived thru so long a day. Vainly his bright little eyes explored the heavens, but the great golden sphere of the sun shone brightly, would not go down.

"I was a fool," thought the Sparrow. "Now I might be sitting at home in our nest, or be bathing in the puddle by the cherry-tree. Ah, how pleasant it would be to bathe; at this moment even the ocean would not be too large."

Still he flew steadily on. But now he flew slowly, every beat of his wings caused him dreadful pain. He began to hate the sun, this merciless glowing red sphere that would not go down. To give himself courage, he made up a little song, singing it very softly and moving his tired wings in time to its rhythm.

"My cause is the cause of my brothers,
My strength must save them all;
If I fail I do wrong to the others,
And their chains will never fall."

At last, at last, great black shadows fell upon the earth. A refreshing breeze came flying, coolly fanning the weary Sparrow, carrying him gently along on its mighty wings.

As the sun went down behind a blue hill, the tired Sparrow alighted on a large meadow. He lay panting in the tall grass. The soft chirping of the crickets lulled him to sleep; his eyes closed.

Rough, loud voices of men awakened him. Under a knotty old nut tree he saw two ragged, dust-covered men seated. One of them

pulled his torn boots off, looked woefully at his blistered feet and said, "I can't run any more, I must rest a day."

"Just another half hour," the other man said comfortingly. "Just to the next railroad station. There we will hide in a freight car and ride until morning. Then it will not be far to the sea."

The Sparrow had listened carefully to their conversation. "So people get tired, too," thot he, "and then they ride. I don't know what that means, but I know that one does not tire oneself that way. If people ride, why shouldn't Sparrows also ride?" He decided to follow the men, and since they left in a short time he flew after them.

They arrived at a house in front of which two shining bands were stretched on the ground. Now night had really come. All was hidden in darkness, only the stars shone faintly in the sky. The Sparrow stayed near the two men and waited.

Suddenly something dreadful appeared. Thru the darkness a gigantic black beast came rattling, its red eyes shining so brightly that one could see them from a great distance, it puffed and panted, the earth shook after it. It shrieked frightfully as it came near, Then suddenly it stopped. It let out clouds of smoke from its long black nose.

The Sparrow was astonished that neither of the two men, nor the rest of the people, seemed to be afraid of the monster. On the contrary, they ran up to it, disappearing in its smoke. Then the Sparrow saw that the monster pulled some black houses behind it. He saw the two men sneak into one of these houses and flew on to the roof of the same house. Scarcely had he settled himself when the monster again began to puff and pant and started on its journey.

The poor Sparrow thought he would die of fright. The monster rushed with such speed that the little bird could not hear or see. At home he had often flown with the wind for the sport of it and had enjoyed the swift motion. But this was altogether different. He made himself very small, settled himself firmly, and believed his last hour had come. If men called this rest they surely are strange creatures. Perhaps it wasn't so terrible where the people were. He was a clever Sparrow and when the monster stopped again to take breath, he flew down from the roof of the house and examined it. The door was not quite closed. The Sparrow squeezed thru the crack, entered a dark room where many boxes were piled. He squatted on one of the chests and waited to see what would happen.

The monster began to run again. The Sparrow laughed with joy; now he had guessed right. He sat here quietly, comfortably, and the monster had to slave to carry him further. So this is what people call "to ride." Truly, people are not so stupid as he had thought.

The countless feet of the monster pounded over the earth singing a rattling, rumbling, monotonous song. The Sparrow understood the words to mean "Into the distance! Into the distance!" For a while he listened to the song, then he fell asleep.

He must have slept a long time. When he awoke the sun was high in the sky and its rays came into the dark room thru narrow

cracks in the door. The Sparrow saw that his two acquaintances had hidden themselves between two tall boxes. They seemed to be in good humor, chatting with one another and laughing.

"We have traveled a good part of our journey without trouble," said the older one. "Now we only have to walk another day and ride another night. Then we will reach the ocean."

"How long will we have to swim?"

"About five days."

The Sparrow was frightened. Five days he would have to swim over the endless waters, five long days he could not rest or cease if he wished to save himself from sinking into the waves. How could he endure it? He began to reflect carefully. Could men swim so long in water? He had seen boys bathing in the village pond, yet they would come out of the water in a short time and none of them ever remained in the water all day long. But perhaps there were also tame monsters which carried men over the water. Again he decided not to leave the two men and to do everything they did.

When the two men jumped, unnoticed, off the freight train at a railway station, the Sparrow followed them. He flew very close to them. He felt that they were both his friends and so long as he would not leave them nothing would happen to him.

All day long the men journeyed, walking thru fields and meadows, thru little villages with queer pointed church steeples. The younger of the two men limped, he could only walk slowly. This was very pleasing to the Sparrow, because he did not have to move fast, he could fly comfortably. When the men stopped, the Sparrow followed their example, meantime seeking his food, as the long journey made him unusually hungry. He also chatted with a few strange birds, all of whom advised him not to continue his dangerous journey. The migratory birds looked him over scornfully, saying with a sneer, "Do you believe you can do the same as we distinguished

people? To travel, to see the world, to spend the winter in warm countries–that is not for common people."

An old blackbird minister, black-frocked and solemn, delivered a sermon to him from a branch. "We must obey God's commandments. God has ordained that Sparrows must spend the winter in the north."

"If God has decreed that all our people shall freeze and starve and that only the aristocrats, the Capitalists, like the Swallows and Starlings, shall fly away to the warm places, I don't want to know anything about him!" cried the Sparrow and his feathers bristled up in anger.

The old blackbird minister primped his shining feathers with his bill and growled senselessly. But the Sparrow was sad. "How cruel the birds are to one another," he thot to himself. "I want to do something that will help all and am just laughed at. Can't anybody understand me?"

"Hark, hark!" called a soft voice from a great height, and a young Lark shot downward as swift as lightning to the side of the sad Sparrow. "I understand you. Everybody jeers at me too, because I don't fly close to the earth like they do, but always seek to fly higher and higher, into the blue sky. Do not be downcast, beloved brother, you will reach your goal."

The young Lark flew quite close to the Sparrow, looked at him and said, "Fly a little for me, brother, so I can see how strong your wings are."

The Sparrow flew up, hovering over the Lark.

As he returned she looked at him sadly and said earnestly, "Your wings cannot carry you over the great ocean, my poor friend. But you must not give up on account of that, you must do as men do, who cannot fly and yet travel all over the world. They

have invented a sort of house that swims over the water. They call it a ship. You must. . . . "

The Sparrow did not wait to hear the end. The two men had left during the conversation, and now the Sparrow saw them in the distance looking like two dark spots. Frightened, he cried. "My two men have left me," and he flew after them as fast as he could.

When it grew dark, the men once again sneaked into a freight train. The Sparrow followed them and slept all night, while the black monster again took him over hills and mountains, past rivers and streams.

As dawn came, the two men crept out of the train and the Sparrow flew after them. They walked for a little while, then the Sparrow saw an immense body of water lying before him. Endless, extending beyond his vision, this blue-gray body of water extended, and on its surface stormed wild, white-capped, monstrously high billows.

So this was the ocean! Never had the Sparrow felt so small and helpless as at the sight of this dreadful water. What was he in comparison to this? A poor, helpless little bird, a tiny something. Deep sighs lifted his little breast, from his bright eyes the tears fell. "If I were only at home, in the safe little nest," cried he to himself. "I could creep under mother's wings as I did when I was little."

The waves roared dismally, threateningly; the white froth squirted upwards. The two men walked unconcernedly on the damp, sandy ground. With beating heart the Sparrow followed them. And then he saw something surprising. In a great bay some strange things tossed. They were something like a house, but had few windows and tall chimneys from which streamed heavy grey smoke; some things that looked like a forest; bare trees without branches seemed to grow in it. Altho these trees bore neither fruit not leaves, the Sparrow was delighted to see them. They gave him confidence.

He began to feel at home. But how strange it was that these houses with trees on them were tossed up and down by the waves. Suddenly the Sparrow remembered the words of the Lark. "Men call these houses that swim on the water 'ships'." So these were ships! On one of these tossing, swimming houses he would journey to warm lands.

But which should he choose?

It occurred to him that at home the largest trees could best withstand the wind. Evidently the same was true of ships, and so he must choose the largest.

His two friends went to a small ship, and the Sparrow piped, "Good luck! Good luck!" but they did not hear him.

The Sparrow flew on to an immense ship from whose chimneys streamed great clouds of grey smoke, and hid himself high up at the top of one of the leafless trees.

What noise and excitement there was below. Countless people ran hither and thither, calling and shouting to one another; something rattled, something clattered, the great chimneys shrieked loudly. A bridge that attached the boat to the land flew up into the air, then fell into the boat with a bang. The boat started on its journey. Slowly, solemnly it cut thru the water that bubbled on either side. The large house with the leafless trees, the little bird's new home, swam away from the land.

The Sparrow's mind was quite confused with the noise and hurry. And now another great fright came to him. Suddenly a young fellow climbed up his tree. The Sparrow believed that he wanted to capture him, but the fellow didn't seem to notice him and after a little while climbed back. As it grew dark, the boat became quiet and one could only hear the noise of the waves. The Sparrow flew down from his tree and sat down on the roof, where he soon fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, he thot he would die of fear. The land had disappeared. Wherever he looked he saw only water; great grey waves rolled against the ship, shaking it gently as a soft wind shakes the nests in the trees. Nowhere a tree, a shrub, a flower. The boat swam all alone on the great ocean, that would not end.

The poor Sparrow felt quite lonesome and deserted. "If I could just find any bird," sighed he. "Even if it were a haughty Swallow or a strange Blackbird. At least I could speak with some one who knows my world, who speaks my language." Finally he lost all his courage and began to weep bitterly.

"Who are you?" suddenly asked a thin, piping voice, and the Sparrow beheld a little mouse standing before him, who stared at him with large round eyes.

The Sparrow was happy, for he was acquainted with mice at home.

He bent down and hopefully answered the questions of the mouse.

"You are a brave Sparrow," she said, after she had heard his story. "I bid you welcome to my ship."

"To your ship?" exclaimed the Sparrow. "I thot that the ship belongs to the people."

"The people also believe that," replied the Mouse sharply. "But don't you know that people believe that everything belongs to them?"

"That is true. The farmer at home believed that the church-steeple was his, and yet it is quite clear that the church-steeple was made for us Sparrows."

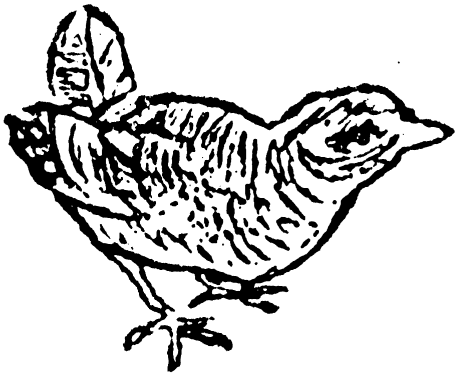
While they were speaking thus, a very old mouse came over and began to speak. "Not all people believe that everything belongs to them," said she learnedly. "There are also people who do not possess anything. You can observe that on the ship. Above live people in large, beautiful rooms, and eat all day long. My mouth waters when I smell the rich foods that are set before them."

"But down below the people are crowded together, so that they can hardly find place to lie down at night, and many have only dry bread along with them to eat on the whole journey. This stupid phrase 'my boat' you have also learned from men," she said scolding the mouse. "You know that the common things are ours. Don't let me hear false words from you."

"Excuse me, grandmother," begged the young Mouse.

"You are a stranger here," said the Grandmother Mouse to the

eyes.



Sparrow. "We will be helpful to you, so that you can endure the long journey. I advise you not to fly to the rich people, they will play with you a day or two, and then forget you. Indeed, it is only among the poor people, on the lower deck, that you will find a few breadcrumbs, and these people will be good to you because they know how a poor, unfortunate creature feels."

The Sparrow followed the advice of the wise Grandmother Mouse and soon realized that she had spoken truthfully. The children were delighted with him, and they spared him breadcrumbs from the few that were provided for their own little mouths. And because they were children, they understood the language of the Sparrow, and chatted with him. In this way the Sparrow heard many sad stories. The children told of poverty and distress, how hard parents had to work and how often there was nothing to eat at home. The honest Sparrow felt very sad to hear this. "There must also be a beautiful land for men, where conditions are good and they do not have to hunger and freeze," said he to his little friend.

"Perhaps," said a pale little girl. "But we have not yet found the road to it."

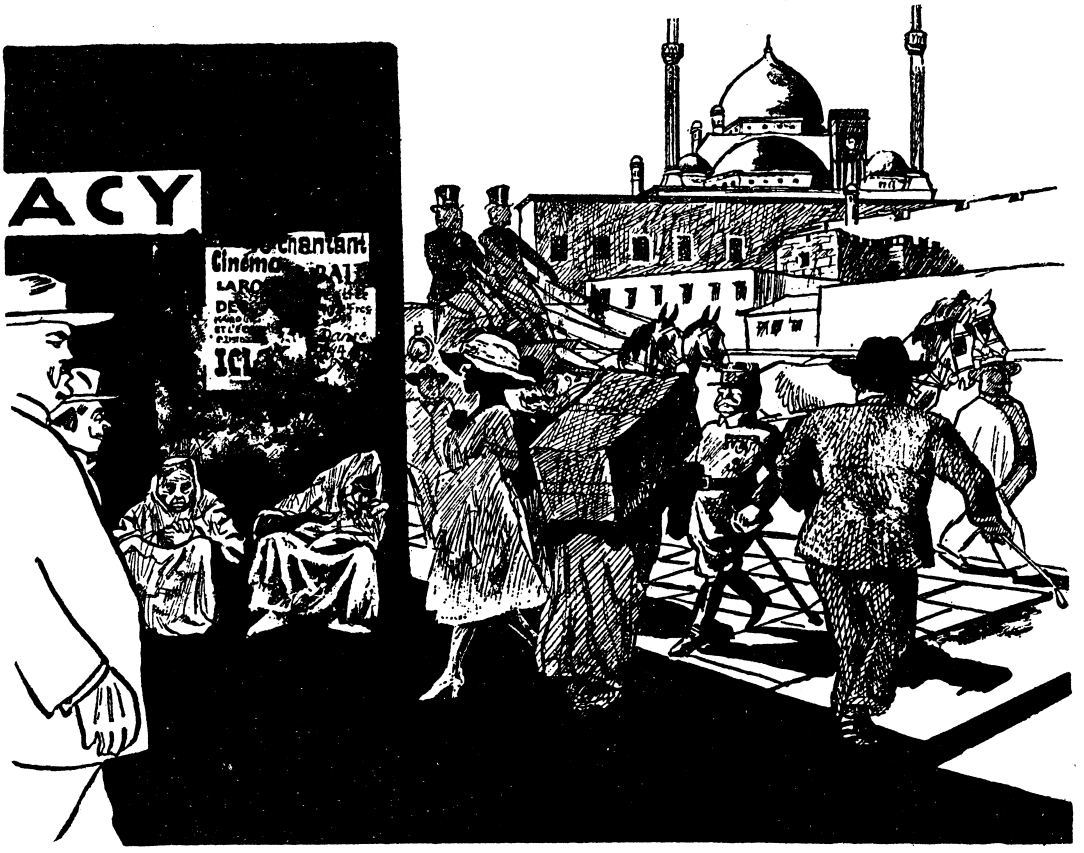
"When I am big," declared a little boy dressed in black, "then I will go out to search for that land. When I find it I will lead all the poor people to it."

The two mice also visited the Sparrow often, they always came towards evening, when all was quiet.

So passed a long time, and one day the Sparrow saw land in the distance, saw houses and trees and knew that now his goal was reached.

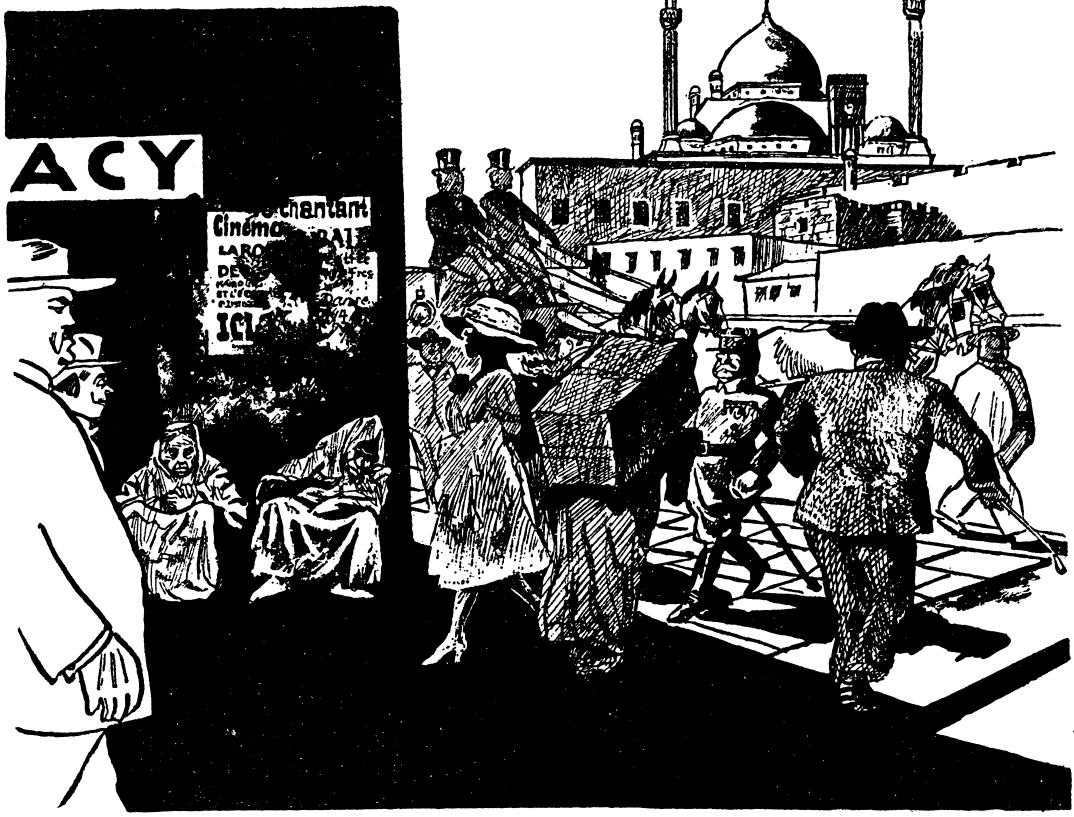
The grey ocean had become quite blue and gleamed in the sunshine. It was very hot, and Grandmother Mouse said that in this land there was no winter.

When the ship landed, the Sparrow flew after his friends for a while and then contemplated his new home.



All the people had brown faces and wore strange clothes. The faces of the women were covered so that one could only see their large black eyes. He also saw queer animals that walked on four legs and had great humps on their backs. Even the trees were different than those at home, there were some with long pointed leaves and brown fruit that the Sparrow relished. There was plenty to eat; here no Sparrow had to suffer hunger, and there was no snow or cold.

"Isn't this also the right country for the poor people?" the Sparrow asked himself. But then he saw that in this sunny land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there were also rich and poor, that some were richly dressed and others wore rags, that some lazy ones rode in handsome carriages and some dragged heavy burdens. And he thot, "It is much easier to find a Sparrow paradise than a land in which people may enjoy happiness." This pained him, because on his journey he had learned to love the poor people. "But how strange this is. People can tame wild animals to carry them thru all lands, they know how to build houses that swim on the water and yet they are so poor and destitute and let a few evil wretches take everything for themselves."

Now that he had reached the warm country, the Sparrow rested from his long and wearisome journey, flew about lazily, and spent each night in a different tree.

One day he came to a beautiful green stream and flew along its course. He came to a great, large plain. At first he thought he had reached the ocean again, but as far as he could see lay fine yellow sand. In the distance he saw something rising out of the sand which looked like a monstrous animal. He flew closer to it and saw that it really was a gigantic creature with the head of a human being and two large paws. It was made of grey-brown stone and was partly covered with sand.

The ugly animal lay quite still and grinned angrily. The Sparrow curtseyed carefully: would the beast wish to eat him? But no, it graciously acknowledged his greeting and said: "I have been lying here thousands of years, yet I have never seen a bird like you. Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The Sparrow related his story and the great beast listened patiently. Then the little bird inquired, "Will you tell me who you are? We have no animals like you at home."

The great beast laughed and replied, "People call me the Sphinx. I am so old that I have lost count of my years; have seen everything, know everything."

"In my country the Owls say that, too," was the Sparrow's pert remark.

The Sphinx looked at him angrily. "The Owl is a conceited boaster!" he cried excitedly.

"Excuse me!" stammered the Sparrow, frightened. "I did not wish to insult you. You look much older than the Owl."

"Indeed I am. I count my years by the thousands."

"How much you must have seen!" cried the Sparrow.

The Sphinx opened her gigantic mouth and yawned so hugely that the sand flew about her as tho a whirlwind had hit it.

"Since the year 1000," said she. "I always see the same; I see people who have riches and joy, forcing their starving slaves to drudge. At first the slaves were driven with whips which the overseer used to beat them with when they became tired from the heat of the sun. Often these slaves were kept at work with chains on their feet so that they should not run away. Later the whips disappeared, the masters bragged of their kindness, saying, 'In these progressive times, no man is a slave.' But secretly they concealed a dreadful whip, Hunger, and this drove the people to slavery as surely as the whip they had used previously. I see people pass here, rich strangers who visit this country out of curiosity, and see the poor Arabs, who work as muleteers and drag heavy stones, and are barely kept alive with a few dates and a little corn, just like their ancestors thousands of years ago."

The Sphinx became silent, gazing gloomily at the desert. Then she spoke again, "For thousands of years there were gorgeously dressed, jeweled priests here, who belonged in the same class as the rich people. They preached to the people, threatening them with the anger of the gods if they became dissatisfied with their fate. Today these priests are dressed in black, but they also lie and stand by the rich ones, they also worship a God who was a bad mechanic.

It has always been the same, for thousands of years." And again the Sphinx yawned.

"Can't you also see into the future, wise Beast?" bashfully questioned the Sparrow.

"Yes, I can also see that. Listen to my words, little bird. A day will come when all slaves will arise in a dreadful struggle against their oppressors. After long bloody battles they will conquer and then there will be a new world, where everything belongs to all the people and all people are free. Even today the earth trembles in happy expectation, and in the quiet night I feel its trembling. For thousands of years I have not spoken to any being, I will only speak again when the day of freedom dawns. Then my voice will join in the jubilations of the freed people."

The Sparrow flew out of the desert where he could find nothing to eat, back to the green stream, and enjoyed many pleasant days there.

One day he was sitting on a stone on the bank of the stream, when he heard familiar voices, "Tweet! Tweet!"

He looked up and saw three Swallows who flew slowly toward him.

"Are you here already?" the Sparrow asked in surprise.

"Certainly, certainly," twittered the Swallows. "At home rough winds are blowing, the frost is in the meadows at night, winter is coming."

How frightened the Sparrow was at that. Here in this beautiful land where he had plenty of fat worms and warm sunshine, he had forgotten about his Sparrow brothers. And in the meantime the deadly winter had come! He must rush home to teach them how to reach the sunny land. Would he reach there in time? How selfish he had been; if Sparrows were freezing and starving at home, it was his fault.

Even while he was thinking this he spread out his little wings and flew toward the ocean.

In the harbor many silvery-white Seagulls flew about, crying with shill voices, "A storm is coming! A storm is coming!"

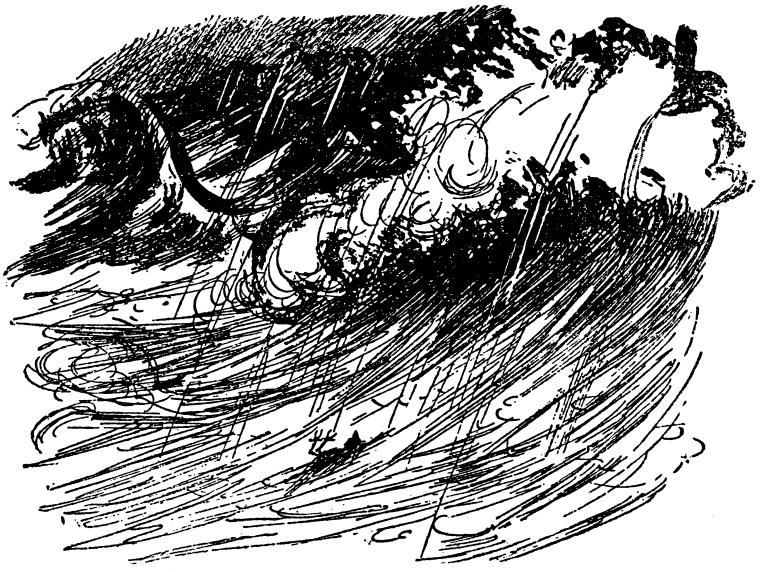
"Which ship is going north?" he asked hastily.

"None," answered a Seagull; but this was not true, they were disagreeable birds and wanted to frighten the Sparrow.

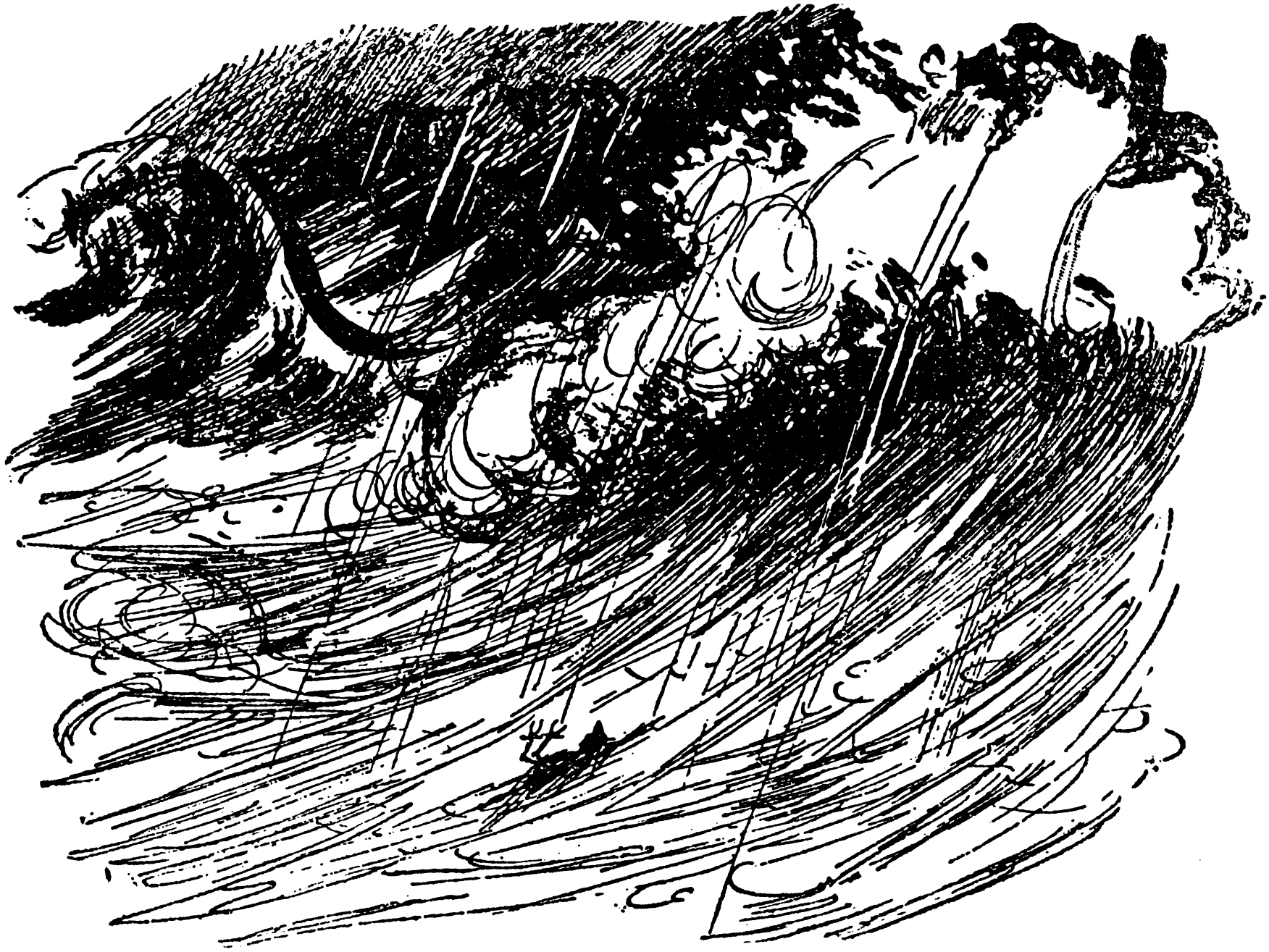
But he believed them. "Then I must fly over the ocean," thought he, fearfully. "I must do it, for on me depends the life or death of my Sparrow brothers. I must make good."

Sadly he looked back once more on the wonderland; then flew out on the great waters.

Wild waves dashed up, the storm howled and rain fell. In a few hours, the Sparrow was so tired that he could no longer fly high. The billows made his feathers wet, they were heavy with the



water and drew him deeper and deeper down. A monstrous wave reached out for him with white arms and the Sparrow fell into the ocean and was swallowed by the waves.



For that reason the Sparrows must still freeze and starve every winter, for there has not been another courageous Sparrow to show them the way to the sunny country.

But had the Sparrow suffered so much and died in vain?

No, the little black-haired boy on the ship had paid special attention to the story which the Sparrow had told him and had listened to what the Sparrow wanted to do for his Sparrow brothers, and this the little boy wanted to do for his fellow-humans. He grew up, and wherever oppressed workers struggled against their oppressors, he was the leader. But the story of the black-haired boy, of his life and his death, is another tale and does not belong here.

THE
LITTLE GREY DOG

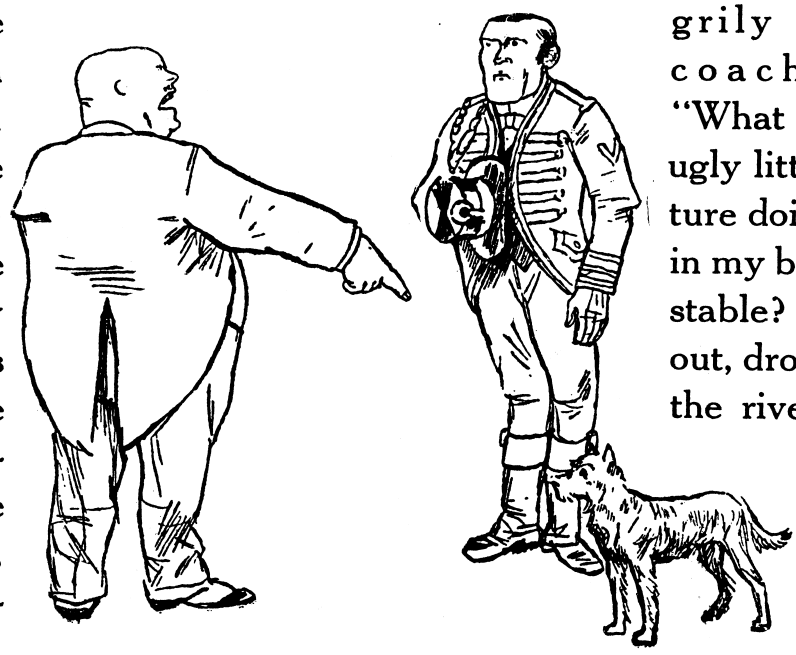
"The Little Grey Dog"

He was an ugly grey dog with long silken-soft ears and a bushy tail. He was born in a splendid stable that belonged to a rich man. This rich man lived on a large estate in which were fields and meadows. And in these fields grew sugarcane, in great quantities, great, round, smooth canes that contained the sweet sugar. On the sugar plantations worked hundreds of Negroes, men and women, and the Negroes belonged to the rich man who had bought them in the market as he would buy cattle, for this story happened

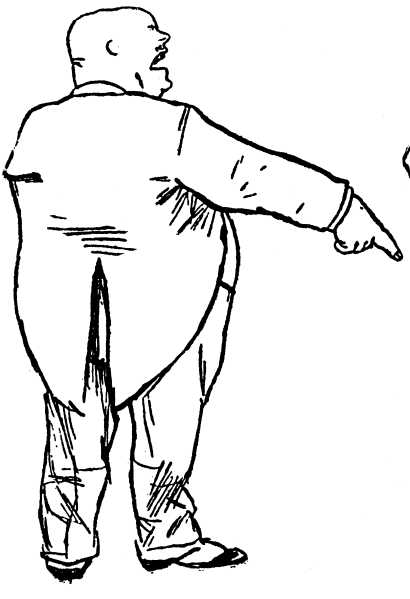
long ago, in those days when slavery existed in America. The rich man could do anything he wished with his slaves. If he was in a bad mood he would permit them to be whipped; if they dared to protest against this cruel treatment they were more cruelly punished—they were stripped naked, smeared with honey, and tied to a tree. The smell of the honey attracted the bees that came in large swarms, settled on the body of the slave, sucked the honey and stung the bound man till he collapsed with pain. Also, the master could sell his slave, did this frequently, without the least consideration, tearing mother from child, separating man and wife, sister and brother. The poor Negroes were completely helpless, they had to work all day long in the hot sun, received very poor food, lived in wretched huts, separated from the house of the rich man by a mighty river. Here lived the Negroes, crowded together; the children played about in front of these huts, played happily, because they did not yet know that they were slaves and that a hard, difficult life awaited them.

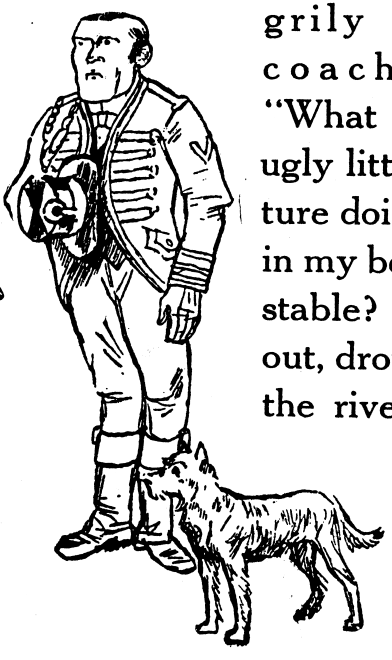
In one of the Negro huts arrived the little grey dog who had been born in the splendid stable, and this is how it happened.

Once when the rich man walked thru the stable, he noticed the little grey dog who was playing in the straw. He examined the little dog, and said angrily to the coachman, "What is this ugly little creature doing here in my beautiful stable? Take it out, drown it in the river."



Once when the rich man walked thru the stable, he noticed the little grey dog who was playing in the straw. He examined the little dog, and said angrily to the coachman, "What is this ugly little creature doing here in my beautiful stable? Take it out, drown it in the river."





The coachman promised to do this; indeed he pitied the lively little animal, but the master was strict and he did not dare to disobey the command. He called the little dog, who came running joyously, and started toward the river. As he came near the homes of the slaves, a little black boy ran out of one of the huts and cried, "O, the lovely little animal! Where are you taking it?" And he ran quite close to them and patted the dog, who mischievously jumped at him, barking.

"I must drown the dog," answered the coachman.

At that the eyes of the little boy filled with tears, he took the dog in his arms, held him close, and begged, "Don't do it, just see how darling he is!"

"I must do it, Benjamin. The master has commanded me. If I don't obey him he will punish me severely."

The little grey dog licked Benjamin's face, looked at him with his large eyes that seemed to implore him, "Save me, save me!"

"Give me the dog," pleaded Benjamin. "I will hide him well so that the master will not see him."

The coachman thought for a moment, then replied, "Good, you may hide him. But," he said warningly, "you must not betray the fact that I have given him to you. If the master should ever see him, you must say that you saved him from the river. Then he will give you a bad beating. . . . "

"That doesn't matter," cried Benjamin eagerly. "As long as the little dog is allowed to live."

The coachman laughed, removed the string from the neck of the dog, and Benjamin ran to the hut with him, patting him, kissing him, full of joy. At evening when Benjamin's parents came home, he showed them the dog, and the parents also were happy because they had to be away from home all day and always feared that the little boy might go to the river, fall in and be drowned. But now he

would stay near the huts with his playfellow, so that he might hide himself quickly in case the rich man might pass by.

It was as tho the little grey dog knew that Benjamin had saved his life. He did not leave the side of the little boy, obeyed him, and showed himself to be quite intelligent. Benjamin spoke to him like to a person, and the dog looked at him as wisely as tho he understood every word.

Benjamin's parents were young and strong, the best workers on the sugar plantation. Therefore the severe overseer was satisfied with them and beat them less often than he did the other slaves. On that account they were both, in spite of their hard life, satisfied, and in the evenings when they returned to their hut and their little Benjamin, all three of them were gay and happy.

Benjamin's mother Hannah was also an excellent seamstress, she knew how to weave pretty baskets from reeds and rushes, and was a very good cook.

One day the eldest daughter of the rich man, who lived with her husband in the north, come to visit her father. She was glad to see her old home again and everything seemed to her more beautiful than in the north. She complained of the trouble she had in getting servants in the city. "These whites are not nearly as desirable as the blacks," said she. "They cannot be driven to work with whips. You should present me with a good slave, father, so that it will be more comfortable for me. My husband will be quite angry about it, for the people in the north are crazy, they claim that the blacks are also human beings, and that slavery must be abolished. But he loves me dearly, and will be glad if he sees me happy."

The rich man thought a while and said, "The young slaves that I own are all clumsy, incapable; the old ones of course could not become accustomed to living in a large city and would be more trouble than help to you. Whom can I give you?"

He considered for a moment, then cried happily, "Now I know, Hannah is just the right one for you. How could I forget her? Of course, she has a little boy. . ."

"I don't want him," the daughter interrupted. "My dear little son must not play with a dirty Negro child. You can keep Hannah's son here."

"You are a good mother, my beloved child," said the rich man, moved. "You always think of your son. Good, Benjamin shall remain here and when you go back to the city tomorrow, I will give you Hannah to take along. I will immediately tell the overseer, so that he may tell her to be ready."

And the rich man called a servant and bade him bring the overseer.

Ah, what a sad night that was in the little hut of the Negroes. Poor Hannah hugged her little son close in her arms and cried as though her heart would break. Her husband Tom gazed at her with worried eyes and was so miserable that he could not say a word. Hannah kept looking anxiously toward the little window, trembling with the fear of seeing the first ray of light that meant that day was near, when she would leave her loved ones.

The little grey dog seemed to understand the grief of his friends, he nestled quite close to Hannah's coat, looking up at them with loving, clever eyes. Then Hannah cried loudly, "If they sell you, too, Tom, what will become of our poor child?" The little dog laid his paw on little Benjamin as though to say, "Don't fear, poor mother, I will take care of him."

Hannah noticed this, sobbingly patted the shaggy head of the dog, and said to him, "Guard my little boy, you good dog. We are all as helpless and deserted as you."

The following morning, poor Hannah, weeping bitterly, rode off with the young woman. Her family was not allowed to see her off, for Tom had to work in the field and Benjamin, like all the slaves, was forbidden to come near the house of the rich man.

Little Benjamin lived thru many sad days. His father was so unhappy that he no longer wanted to work, and many evenings he would return home with his back all bloody. Instead of the caressing and joy to which Benjamin was accustomed there was an unaccustomed silence in the house. Tom sat sadly on the ground, sometimes stroking sadly the wooly head of his little son, but never speaking. Only once in a while he would cry out, "Hannah!" and sigh deeply, while great tears rolled down his black face. And sometimes he would clench his fist, looking so angry that Benjamin took the little dog and crawled into a corner with him.

The overseer was always unsatisfied with Tom, he complained to the master of the laziness and obstinacy of the slave. Had poor Tom known the results of his disobedience, he would have worked as industriously as he used to, in spite of his anger and unhappiness.

The rich man celebrated his birthday. There was a great feast, chickens and calves and lambs were roasted, rich foods could be smelled all thru the house, the servants brought countless bottles from the wine-cellar. After supper the young guests danced in the

large hall, the older men seated themselves at a table and began to play cards.

The rich man had no luck, he lost again and again, until at last his purse was empty. "One more game," said he to his friend who had won all the money. "We will gamble for my strongest and best slave." And he thought to himself, "If I lose Tom, that will not be a misfortune, for lately he is lazy and obstinate, anyhow."

His friend agreed. The whole life and fate of a human being depended upon a few cards, a bundle of paper. The rich man drew a card, his friend did the same. They threw the cards on the table. The rich man had lost.

When Tom came to work the following morning, the overseer told him to go to the house of the rich man, the master had sold him and his new master would take him to his estate at once.

That evening Benjamin waited in vain for the return of his father. Night came, it was quite dark, and his father did not come. Benjamin sat huddled on the threshold, peering anxiously into the darkness. The little grey dog lay near him. He was sad and quiet, he seemed to feel that something was wrong. At last Benjamin could stand it no longer, ran crying to the hut of a neighbor, and asked about his father. The stout negress informed him that a strange master had taken Tom with him that morning; he was sold and would not return.

Benjamin went home crying, afraid of the dark, holding the little dog, his only friend, tight in his arms. And now something strange happened. When Benjamin, sobbing, started to tell the little dog of this sorrow, the dog began to bark softly. But it was not an ordinary bark, but speech, and Benjamin understood very well the words, "Don't cry, little friend, I will take care of you and guard you. And some day we will go to search for your parents."

Benjamin was so astonished at this, that he stopped crying. "What!" cried he, surprised, "you can speak, like a human being?"

The dog shook his shaggy head. "Yes, when the rich people act like wild beasts against the poor people, we animals must help them. When a human being is very unhappy and forsaken, he understands our language and knows that we wish him well. I have not forgotten, little Benjamin, that you saved my life. I want to thank you. Lie down on the straw, sleep, I will watch over you."

A little comforted, the little boy obeyed, and the dog sat down near him, guarding him all night, licking Benjamin's hand with his warm tongue occasionally.

Then came hard times for little Benjamin. The stout lady who was his neighbor took him to her hut, but she was not good to him. She forced him to carry water from the river in a heavy bucket, and made him do all kinds of hard work. And the worst was yet to come. One day the rich man passed by the huts of the Negroes and saw Benjamin. "A strong boy," he said. "He can work in the fields already." And from then on the little boy had to work in the fields in the heat of the sun till he thought he would die of weariness.

At evening, tired, he would crawl into the hut, bury his head in the hide of the grey dog, cry, and draw comfort from his only friend.

One evening, his back all bloody and his face swollen, Benjamin came home. The overseer had been in a bad temper, had beaten the little boy with a whip and hit him in the face with his fist.

"I want to die," cried Benjamin, while the dog softly and gently licked his wounds. "I can't stand it any longer. My parents are gone, I am entirely deserted, everyone is unkind to me. Dog, dear dog, what shall I do?"

"Run away," replied the dog.

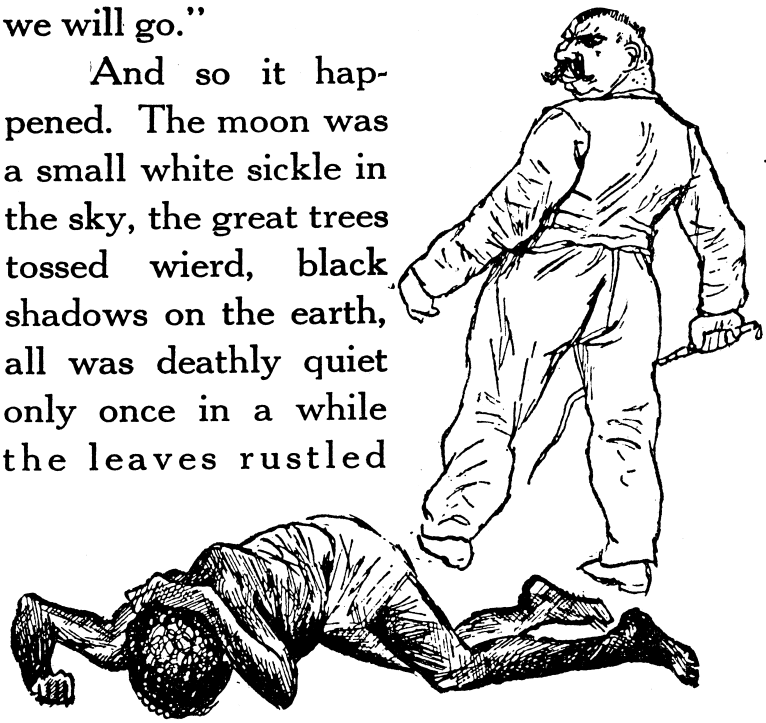
"Where to? They will catch me and beat me again."

The dog thought hard for a while.

"We must go north," said he at last. "There people are better than they are here. They do not want the Negroes to be slaves. We must run away there."

"I don't know the way," complained Benjamin.

"I will lead you. Morning and night, when everybody is asleep, we will go."



And so it happened. The moon was a small white sickle in the sky, the great trees tossed wierd, black shadows on the earth, all was deathly quiet only once in a while the leaves rustled sleepily. Benjamin and the dog ran softly on their tiptoes, out of the hut, and went toward the great river. All night they wandered along the side of the river, and when morning came the dog looked for a safe hiding place, for the short legs of little Benjamin had not carried him very far, and there was still the danger that the servants of the rich man might trace him.

While the dog was running restlessly back and forth to find a safe place, Benjamin sat on the bank of the river, letting his tired, burning feet hang in the water. Suddenly he was dreadfully frightened and drew his feet back hastily. A large pointed head thrust itself thru the water, a gigantic mouth opened, showing two rows of dreadful teeth, and a deep voice growled, "A fine morsel, just right for breakfast."

Benjamin screamed aloud and the dog came running quickly to him. Tho he was himself a little frightened, he whispered to Benjamin, "That is an alligator. Step back and let me speak to him."

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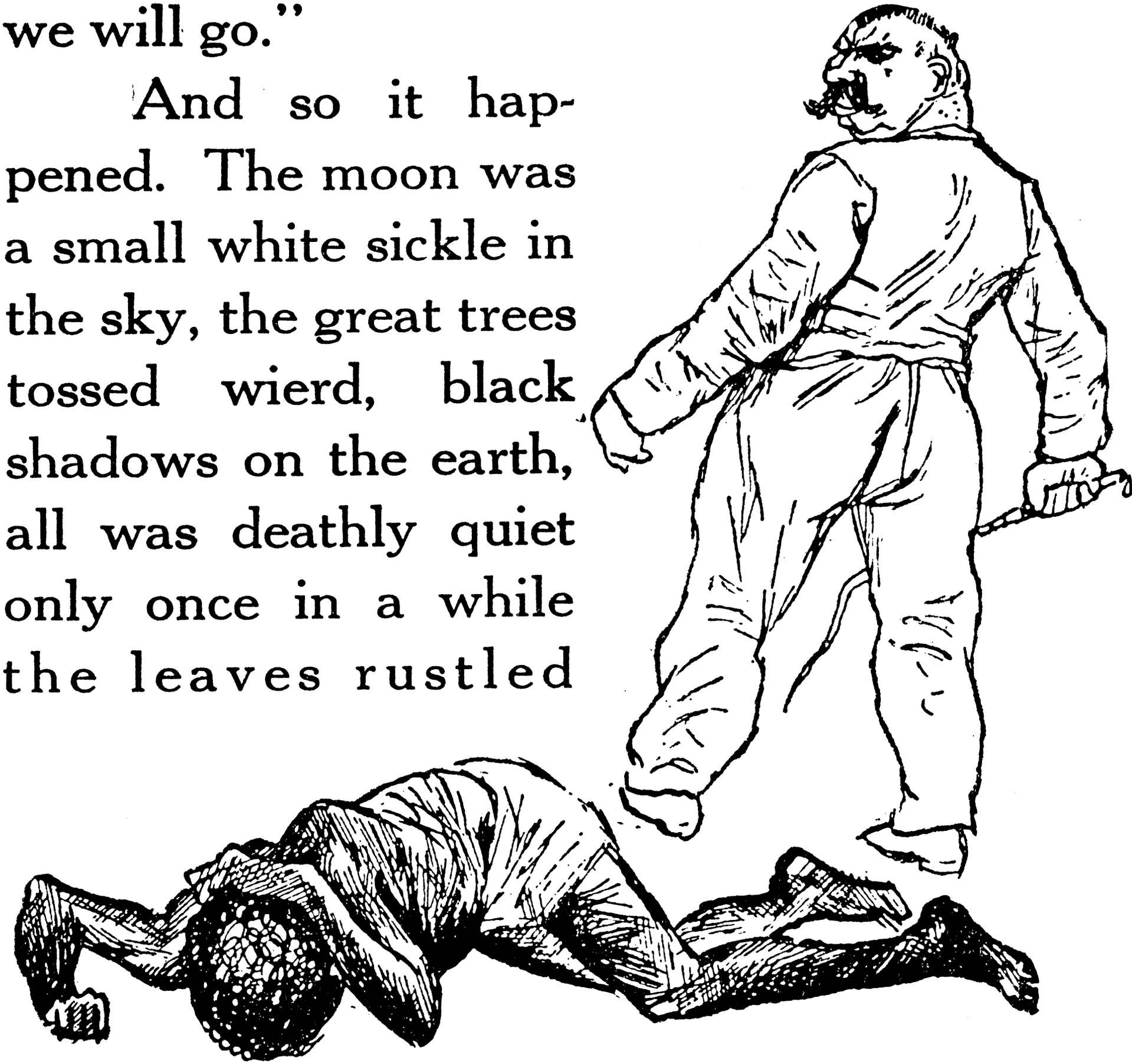


The little boy obeyed and the dog addressed himself with cajoling courtesy to the alligator, saying, "Excuse us for having come to your kingdom, mighty lord of the river, but we are fleeing from evil people and know that you with your power will be good enough to defend us."

The alligator felt flattered, drew his gigantic mouth into a friendly grin, and replied politely, "You are a clever animal. I am truly more mighty than people, and," he agreed pensively, "neither are we as bad as they. But this creature that sat with his feet hanging in the water is also a human being. Then why is he running away from his brothers?" And the shiny, greenish eyes of the alligator looked distrustfully at the dog.

"You surely know, wise and mighty animal, that the rich people are merciless to the poor, as tho they were the wildest beasts. That is because there is no more greedy animal than this man. He is never satisfied, he always wants more: food and drink and houses, but above all, gold. That makes him so mean. My little friend is a poor child who must work for a rich man. He was torn away from his parents, and beaten until the blood flowed. I advised him to run away. And now we beg that you help us, for any moment the servants of the rich man may appear and capture my little friend."

The alligator shook his pointed head thoughtfully and said: "People are peculiar creatures. No alligator would torment a little alligator, neither do we know the difference between rich and poor, and still it is said that we are evil animals. It is true that I would like to eat your little friend for breakfast, yet I will be merciful to him. I will also show you a safe hiding place. Do you see that little island? The servants of the rich man will not find you there."

"We thank you, mighty animal; but how can we reach the island? The water is rough and deep, and my little friend can't swim."

"I will carry you over on my back," answered the alligator.

Benjamin and the dog seated themselves on the scaly back of the animal, and it began to swim. What a strange journey that was! The waves played over the back of the alligator and the dog was afraid that the alligator might change his mind and eat both of them for breakfast. For that reason he spoke continuously to the alligator, flattered him, praised his goodness and declared solemnly that the alligators are the noblest animals in the world. This trick did not fail in its purpose. When they landed on the island, the alligator called twelve of the strongest alligators to him, instructing them that they must not harm a hair on the boy or the dog, that they were his guests. He also commanded them to swim along the bank of the riv-

er and stand guard, keeping the people from coming to the island. This was well done, for when the sun was high in the heavens, five

men appeared, sent by the rich man to look for Benjamin. One pointed to the island, started to go into the water, when an immense

alligator pushed his head out of the water and the man crept back. "He can't be there," said the man to his companions. "The alligators here must have eaten him."

Benjamin and the dog rested all day on the island. The little boy ate the sweet berries that grew there, drank from a well, and at evening the alligator carried them back again to the bank and bade them a friendly farewell.

Today traveling was more difficult than it had been yesterday, for Benjamin's feet were blistered, he groaned and complained at

every step. The dog comforted him, encouraged him, let him ride on his back a little while tho the boy was too heavy and after a few minutes the dog's bones would crack and he would have to lie down. Deep sorrow tormented the dog, surely the servants of the rich man were somewhere in the neighborhood, determined not to return home without the boy. And even if they were not found, how far was it to the north? How will we get there if Benjamin is already too tired to go further?

Toward midnight they suddenly saw a fire burning on a meadow. People must be there. The dog dragged the boy into some thick bushes, told him to keep still, crept softly toward the fire. A pot hung over the fire, and a blond man sat before it. Close by stood a wagon with large wheels, to which a brown horse was harnessed. The dog looked at the man very searchingly. He looked different from the people at home, had a very light skin, kind blue eyes; surely he was a northerner. But was he a good man? Then the dog remembered that only very good people understand the language of animals, and the dog decided to tell him the story of little Benjamin. Carefully he came closer to the fire and said softly, "Good evening, man. Are you a northerner?"

The man looked at him in surprise, but, oh joy, he had understood the words and answered, "Good evening, my friend. Yes, I am a northerner. Do you want to eat something? My supper will soon be ready."

"I am not hungry," replied the dog. "But I want some help." And then he told the story of little Benjamin.

The blond man became red with anger and his eyes sparkled. This made the dog happy. "He is really a good man," thot he, "for only good people are angered by the sufferings of other people." When he was thru speaking, the man said, "Bring your little friend here quickly. My horse has rested enough. We will

ride off immediately so that no one can capture Benjamin."

How happy the little grey dog was! In spite of his weariness, he danced with joy, wagging his tail, and started toward the bushes where Benjamin was hidden. Then he saw something dreadful. A man came over the meadow with a dog, which ran straight towards the bushes. The grey dog howled with fright. The blond man looked up, jumped forward and called to the dog, "Keep the man back just a moment, and all will yet be well." At that the dog ran toward the man. The man had reached the bush, with one bound the dog leaped at his throat, bit it hard, did not loosen his hold in spite of cuts and blows.

In the meantime the northerner had taken little Benjamin in his arms, ran hastily toward the wagon, jumped in, and called to the dog, "Follow us, we will wait for you in a safe place." Then he

cracked his whip, started on the road, the brown horse galloped ahead for it knew everything that was going on.

The grey dog still gripped the man's throat, thinking every moment that if he could detain the man, it would be an advantage to the good man and little boy, and would save his friend. But the man, tired of wrestling, took a large knife from his pocket and plunged it deep into the breast of the faithful dog. The dog whimpered piteously and fell heavily to the ground. His clouded eyes still saw, far off in the distance, a tiny spot that kept growing smaller and smaller; that was the wagon which was carrying little Benjamin to freedom.

Great joy filled the dog's heart. He wagged his bushy tail once more. Then he died.

The blond man and little Benjamin waited a long time in vain for the grey dog. Benjamin wept bitterly, and his new friend comforted him: "The brave dog will come running back. All is well with him."

But tho Benjamin was safe, he was always sad when he thought of his friend. But he did not know that the little grey dog had died for him, paying his debt of gratitude to Benjamin with his life.

WHY?

"Why Didn't I Ever Get An Egg," Asked Paul

Once upon a time there was a little boy, who had neither father nor mother, who lived in the poorhouse in a little village. He was the only child in the whole house; all the others were broken-down old people who were always gloomy and cranky, who liked best to sit quietly in the sun, and who would become angry whenever the little boy, while at play, would bump against them or make too much noise.

A sad life it was for little Paul. He never heard a kind word, no one loved him, and no one petted or comforted him whenever he was unhappy. Instead of that he was scolded every day and often he was even spanked. One peculiarity of his particularly irritated the supervisors of the poorhouse: at every occasion he used to ask, "Why?" always wanting to know the cause for everything.

"You mustn't always ask why," angrily declared the stout Matron who was in charge of the poorhouse. "Everything is as it is, and therefore it is right."

"But why have I no parents like the other children of the village have?" insisted little Paul.

"Because they are dead."

"Why did they die?"

"Because the good Lord willed it so."

"Why did the Lord will it so?"

"Keep quiet, you good-for-nothing! Leave me alone with your eternal questions." The fat woman was quite red with anger, because she knew no answer to Paul's questions, and nothing angers ignorant persons more than to be forced to say, "I don't know."

But no one was able to keep little Paul quiet. He looked right up into the angry red face and asked further, "Why are you so impatient with me?"

Slap! and he got a box on the ears. He began to cry, ran away, and while running asked, "Why do you hit me?"

He came to the chicken yard. There stood a big hen with many-colored feathers, cackling aloud, proudly strutting. "I have laid an egg! I have laid an egg!" And from all sides of the yard there sounded in chorus: "I have laid an egg! I have laid an egg!" The rooster, however, was angry because the hens were so proud of having done something which he could not do, and cried scornfully, "I am the rooster, you are only hens!" Along came Mary, the little blond servant of the poorhouse, gathered the eggs carefully into her blue apron, and carried them into the house.

"Where do all your eggs go to?" Paul asked the speckled Hen.

"To the city," she cackled.

"Who eats them there?"

"The rich people, the rich people." Thus spoke the hen proudly, as though it were a special honor for her.

"Why don't I ever have an egg?" complained Paul. "I am always so hungry, you know."

"Because you are a poor Have-nothing." And the hen spread her plumage with dignity, and cocked her eye defiantly at Paul over her crooked beak.

"But why am I a poor Have-nothing?"

Now the hen became angry as had the stout Matron, and raged: "Get off with you! You make me tired with your questions."

Disappointed, Paul slipped quietly away. The garden door stood open, and he stepped out onto the road, strolling along aimlessly until he came to the entrance of a cowshed. The shed belonged to a rich farmer.

Many sleek cows, white and reddish brown, stood in a row and gazed before them with large, soft eyes. Paul, feeling very hungry, stepped up to the most friendly looking cow, and begged, "Dear Cow, will you give me some of your milk to drink?"

"I dare not do that," replied the Cow. "The milk belongs to the farmer."

The little boy looked with astonishment at the Cow, then over the entire shed, slowly counting the animals: "One, two, three." Upon reaching twelve he stopped, for although there were many more cows, he stopped because the counting was too hard for him. In the poorhouse he was taught to be gentle and obedient, but nothing else. "Twelve cows," he said thoughtfully. "Is it possible that the farmer can drink the milk of twelve cows?"

"Oh no," the friendly Cow informed him. "'He sells the milk in the city."

Paul remembered the words of the speckled hen, and he asked, "Do the poor children there get any of the milk?"

"Good gracious, Paul," sighed the Cow, "how stupid and inexperienced you still are! From the milk they make delicious whipped cream, which then goes on cakes and puddings, and these are bought by rich people."

"Why not by the poor—don't they like to eat good cakes?"

"You shouldn't ask me so many questions, little boy," replied the Cow. "I am only a dumb Cow, and do not know what to answer you. Besides, you had better go away. This is the time when the farmer comes to the barn, and should he see you it might mean a good beating for you."

Paul stroked the shining hide of the friendly Cow, and pursued his way. On and on he went, until he reached a great big wheat field thru which the wind was blowing. It looked like softly moving golden waves. The ears sang with soft voices, sounding very sad, and Paul distinguished the words: "Soon the reapers will be here with their scythes, z-z, and will cut us down, z-z-z. Then the people will bake us into fine white bread, z-z-z."

"Who eats the white bread?" asked Paul, who had never in his life tasted a piece of white bread.

"The rich people, the rich people," sang the ears of wheat, swaying to the rhythm of the wind.

"Ah, again the rich people!" exclaimed Paul. "Does everything in this world belong to the rich people?"

"Everything, everything," buzzed the ears.

"Why?"

This question seemed to amuse the ears very much and almost doubling with laughter, they sang, "How silly, how stupid you are!"

However, they failed to answer Paul's question. Paul was near to tears; he stamped angrily on the ground with his foot, and cried loudly, "I demand an answer to my questions. Is there no one to give me an answer?"

Just then a Porcupine crept slowly across the road and said, "The wisest creature I know of is the Owl who lives in the great oak forest. Why don't you go to her, you question mark."

"Can't you tell me why . . .?"

The Porcupine did not permit Paul to finish; impatiently he drew in his head, shot out his quills, until he looked like a ball covered with spikes.

"I do not associate with people," he said, and his voice became as sharp as his quills. "They are too stupid for me. Go to the Owl, but be sure not to irritate her or she will gouge her eyes at you."

Night fell, sending out its black shadows, and covered all the land. It was dark in the forest and Paul became somewhat uneasy, yet this mysterious forest seemed more pleasant to him than the terrible poorhouse, and he walked on further.

The further he went the thicker and closer were the trees. Soon there was no longer a path; but Paul pushed on over the soft carpet of green moss. The fragrance of the forest was pleasant. Beneath the tall trees grew delicious strawberries and the little boy picked them and refreshed himself as he went along.

At last he came to a great oak, and saw the owl perched on one of the branchs. The Owl wore a large pair of spectacles and studied attentively a green sheet which she held in her claws.

Paul halted beneath the tree and shouted, "Mrs. Owl! Mrs. Owl!"

But the Owl was so deeply absorbed in her studies, that she did not hear, and only after he had repeated his call several times did

she look down. Uttering an angry cry, she glared down at Paul with fierce round eyes.

"Well, what is it you want?" she asked. "How dare you disturb me in my studies?"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Owl," begged Paul. "The Porcupine sent me to you. He told me that you are the wisest creature he knows of. Surely, you will be able to answer my questions."

"What matter the opinions of the Porcupine to me? What have I to do with your questions?" growled the Owl. "Why should I waste my precious time on such a stupid child as you? You know very well that I can see only at night and the summer nights are so short that I have hardly time enough for my studies. I, too, think over all kinds of questions. One in particular has bothered me for countless years; I have grown old and grey over it, and yet no science in the world has helped me to solve it." The Owl sighed deeply and her countenance became sorrowful.

"And just what is this question of yours?" Paul inquired anxiously.

"Do you think, perhaps, that YOU can answer it, you young saucebox?" sneered the Owl. Around this question hang all the other questions of the world; it is: Why are all people so stupid?"

"Are all people really so stupid?" asked Paul, astonished.

"Yes, and if you don't know that, why do you disturb me? Is it because you have never seen anything that you are so idiotic?"

"Very little," replied the little boy shamefacedly. "You ought to know, dear Mrs. Owl, that I live in a poorhouse, where there are only old folks, and naturally they are all wise."

"Ha, ha, ha,'" laughed the owl. It sounded most awful in the dark forest. "Ha, ha, ha! You are certainly another splendid example of the stupidity of mankind. So it is in the poorhouse that all

people are wise? Well, we will see if you are right. Who is it that you like best in the poorhouse?"

"Mary."

"Who is Mary?"

"The maid."

"What does she do?"

"She works all day long. She gets up at five o'clock in the morning, and is the last one to go to bed."

"Then she most likely earns lots of money, wears beautiful clothes, and eats good food?"

"Oh no, she's as poor as a beggar, she patches her clothes over and over, and eats what other people leave."

"H-m-m. Well, why then does she work so hard if she gets nothing out of it?"

Little Paul thought a while, finally he said, "I don't know."

"But I know—it is because she is stupid. Mary knows, too, that there are fashionable ladies who don't move a hand, who wear gorgeous clothes, eat costly food, live in luxury. Hasn't Mary ever asked herself: How is it that I, who work all day long have nothing, and they, who do nothing have everything?"

"I believe not."

"Well then, your Mary is stupid, very stupid. Whom do you still consider wise, you little sheep?"

"Old Jacob."

"Who is this Old Jacob?"

"He is an old laborer, he is eighty years old. He worked until his seventieth year. Now he can't do anything more, and has his hands and feet and legs crippled by rheumatism."

"He worked sixty years for others! A pretty long time. I suppose that Old Jacob is treated like a prince, everybody is terribly anxious to serve him? He has a wonderful soft bed for his tired

limbs, gets special kind of food every day, lives well and happily?"

"Oh no, the old matron always curses at him when he complains that the bread is too hard for his old teeth. And if he asks for a little tobacco, she gets angry and cries that he is unreasonable."

"Why then did Old Jacob work until he was seventy years old, if now when he's old he doesn't even live well?"

"I don't know."

"Because he is stupid. He knows also, just like Mary, that there are fine young gentlemen who do nothing at all and yet live like kings. Do you see now, little imp, that people are stupid?"

"Yes," said Paul sadly. "But I would like to ask you something, dear Mrs. Owl. Why are there rich people in the world?"

"You really ought to be able to answer this question yourself after our talk, little stupid head: Because the poor people are stupid."

"But why are they stupid?"

But now the owl became angry, the same as the fat matron and the brightly speckled hen.

"Didn't I tell you, little imp, you stupid little person, that I have been thinking about this question for years and years? Come back again eighty years from now, perhaps I will answer you then."

"But why . . . ?"

"Quiet!" the owl commanded little Paul. "You have stolen enough valuable time from me already. Go to the Cuckoo!"

"Where does she live?" asked the frightened little boy.

But already the Owl had adjusted her spectacles, become absorbed in the green leaf, and gave no answer.

"Oh, poor me!" little Paul thought sadly. "Now I am to go to the Cuckoo, and I don't even know where he lives. Will the Cuckoo know more than the Owl? And I am already so tired, my feet hurt me."

He sank down upon the soft green moss at the foot of a slender young birch. Little by little he became very depressed. He was thinking how he was altogether abandoned and alone, how nobody was good to him, and all at once he began to weep bitterly. Thereupon he became aware of a thin small voice coming from somewhere high up; it sounded like little bells of pure silver.

"Why are you crying, little child?" the silvery voice asked.

Paul looked upward and he saw the most wonderful little creature he had ever beheld in his life. Upon a branch of the birch sat a fairy. She had long golden-blond hair, which reached down to her feet, her little face was pale and delicate as moonlight, and her big eyes shone green like the leaves of the birch. She fluttered down toward Paul very lightly, alighted on his shoulder, it was as tho a light leaf touched him, and stroked his face with her tiny white hands. Paul's heart warmed. How good it was to be touched by tender hands! His tears stopped, he stared at the little creature, and asked at last, "Who are you?"

"I am a Dryad, I am the soul of the birchtree," declared the little creature. "All day long I must sit in my tree, but when night comes I am free, I walk about on the earth, play with the other Dryads, my sisters. But tell me, for what reason are you sad?"

Paul told the Dryad of his unhappiness, saying at the end, "I must always ask why. The question burns in my heart, hurts me, and I believe if I ever receive an answer I will be happy. But now

this qustion stands between me and all other people who do not ask the question like a big wall and this makes me so lonesome."

The little Dryad laughed and her pretty face became sweeter and more tender than before.

"You are mistaken, little Paul," she said softly. "You are not alone. Hundreds and thousands ask the same question, sad and troubled. Put your ear down to the earth and tell me what you hear."

Paul obeyed. At first he heard only an indistinct sighing and whispering, then he thought he heard a terrible weeping and crying, and at last he heard words.

"Mother, I am hungry, why is there nothing to eat?" cried a child's voice.

"I am stifling in this hot city, why can't I go to the country like my rich schoolmates?" murmured a boy's voice.

"I work all day, why are wages so low that I scarcely have enough to live on?" sobbed a woman's voice.

"Why have the idlers everything and the workers nothing?" said a man's voice threateningly.

And than all the voices rang together, crying, murmuring, sobbing, threatening, "Why? Why?"

Paul sat up, looked at the little Dryad who sat very quietly near him and asked, "Who are these people whom I heard?"

"They are your people," replied the little Dryad. "That is your family. You have heard all the languages in the world, you will hear questions from all mouths, angrily, anxiously, threateningly. Every day new voices join the chorus, and when the thousands of voices become millions and billions, then there will be an end to the misery and poverty and to those lazy parasites."

"When will that be?" asked Paul eagerly.

"That I cannot tell you, I know only this—every time I put

my ear to the earth, I find new voices added and that is how I know that the day is not far distant."

"And can nothing be done to make the day come sooner?"

"Of course. There are many, many people who do not know yet how good it is for other people and how bad their lives are; who work like beasts and never ask why their honest labor brings a starvation wage. These poor blind people must be shown the truth, and this is not at all easy, because the poor are so tired from the day's work that they can hardly think; and the rich do everything not to awaken questions in the minds of the workers. That is why they punish every one who asks, 'Why?' You have already learned from your own experience, little Paul."

"Then I must continue asking questions?"

"Yes, little Paul, but do not ask the rich, they will not answer you because if they did they would have to say, 'The world is such a bad place for poor people because we, the rich, are greedy, selfish, vile,' and no person likes to say that about himself. But go to the poor people, ask them, 'Why do you eat dry bread tho you work hard, while the idle rich eat cake? Why are your children pale, thin and ill while the rich children are rosy, fat and healthy? Why does your long life of toil end in the poorhouse, whereas the lazy grafters are well taken care of in their old age, resting luxuriously from their lives of idleness?" Ask the poor people these questions so long and so often that they will fall on the structure of injustice like a hammer and smash it. Will you do it, little Paul?"

"Yes," replied the boy with eyes alight.

The little Dryad kissed his forehead and said earnestly, "Your life will be hard, little Paul. The rich, who are afraid of losing what they have robbed, will punish you. They will try to choke the question in your throat, they will throw you into jail, that no one may hear your voice. But you must not lose courage, for the question was

not born in you in vain, you are destined to speak before many thousands who are today still dumb. And you will find comrades, friends—you will not be alone."

The little Dryad nodded laughingly to Paul, swept lightly upwards, and sat on a branch of the birch.

"Are you going already," asked little Paul, worried.

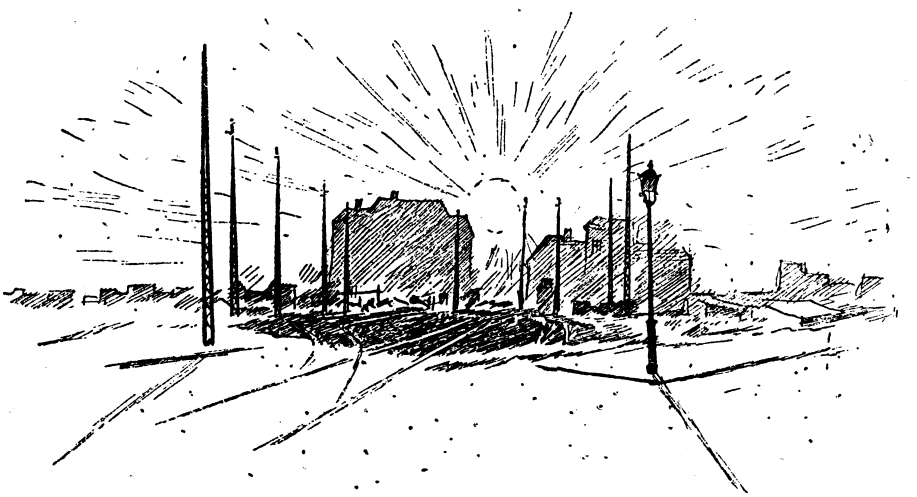
"You must go home, little Paul. But you must always come back and I will comfort you and help you."

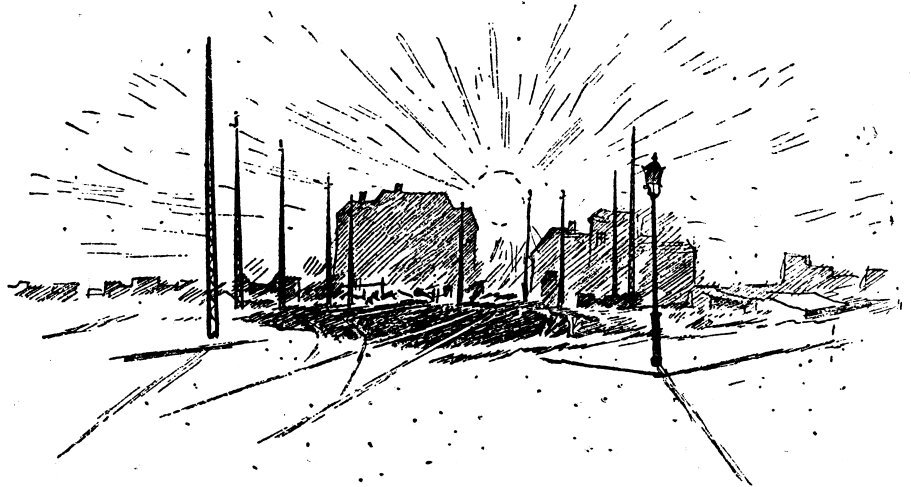
"Wait a little," begged Paul. "The Owl said in eighty years, not until eighty years from now, she will be able to answer my question. That is a long time. Did the Owl speak truly?"

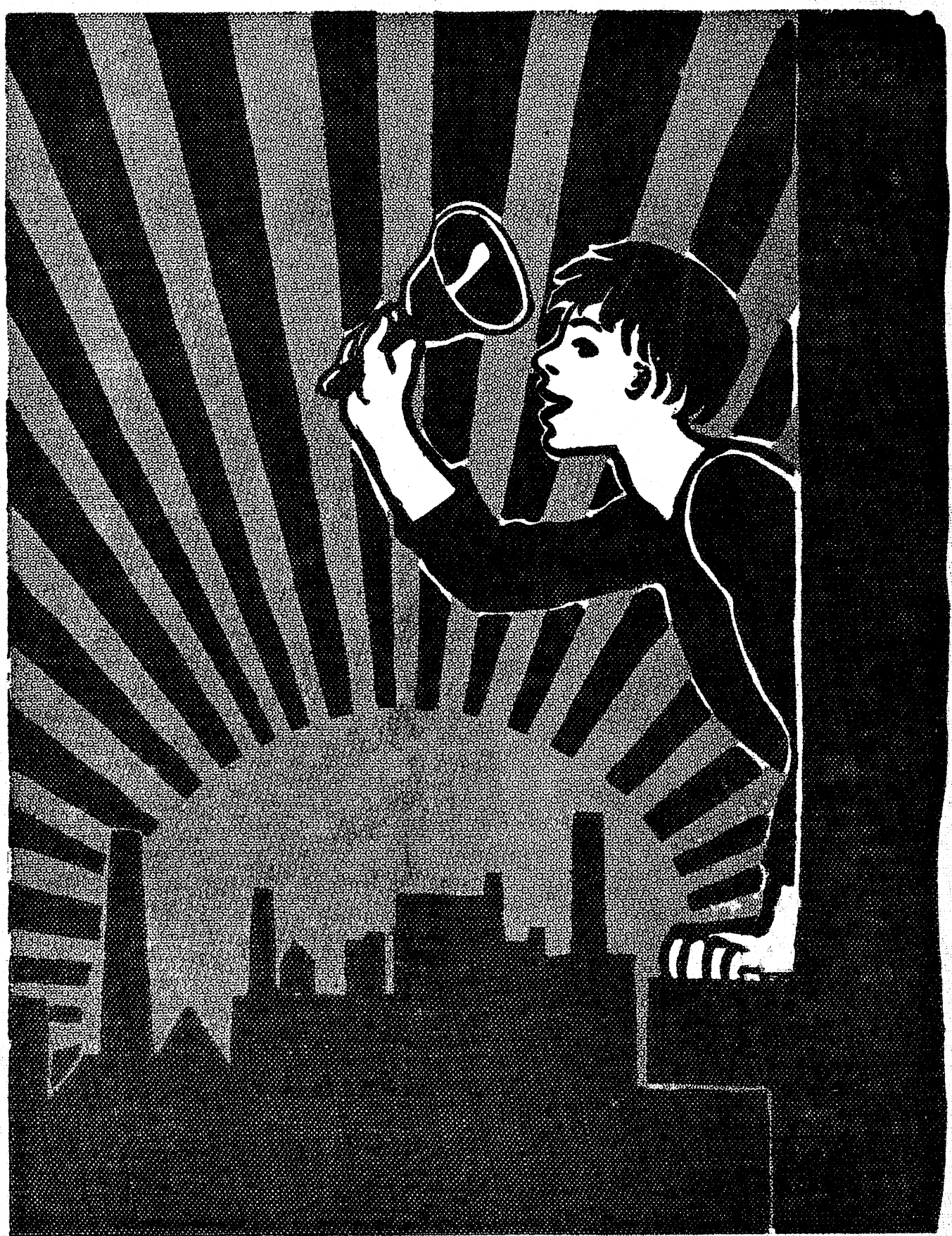
"That depends on you people," replied the light, silvery voice of the tiny Dryad. "Perhaps it will take you eighty years to become wise, perhaps if you, you and your comrades, do not stop asking questions, it may only take fifty years. The great day of freedom may come in twenty, in ten years. Yes, perhaps even tomorrow.

The tiny Dryad disappeared into the tree, but all the tree called in light, joyous voices to little Paul:

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow!"







Digital Archivist's introductory note
for this digital rendering of:
"Fairy Tales for Worker's Children" by Herminia Zur Muhlen,
translated by Ida Dailes, with covers and four added color graphic illustrations by Lydia Gibson

Published in the USA by Daily Worker Publishing Company, © 1925
(now in the public domain)

regarding the author, of Herminia Zur Muhlen (1883-1951)

In the introduction to "Tales for Little Rebels: A Collection of Radical Children's Literature" edited by Julia L. Mickenberg and Pillip Nel, from the part introducting one of the tales from this book ("Why?"), is this brief history / biography of Herminia Zur Muhlen:

Herminia Zur Muhlen, also known as the "runaway Countess" (the English title given to the translation of her memoirs), came from Austrian nobility. At a young age she developed a hatred of her own class. As a twelve year old she founded "a society for the betterment of the world", enlisting two cousins and several friends as members, and issuing a monthly bulletin featuring fiery editorials that condemned the nobility and the government. The daughter of a diplomat, Zur Muhlen traveled widely in Africa and Asia as a child and attended an elite girls' boarding school in Dresden. After her schooling she spent time in Geneva, studying the art of bookbinding and meeting revolutionaries from the unsuccessful 1905 uprising in Russia.

In her mid twenties she married the wealthy Count Zur Muhlen, a German baron who had a large estate in the Baltic, but the couple's political differences led to their divorce in 1913. Moving to Switzerland because of a lung disease, Zur Muhlen met the Hungarian Communist Stefan Klein, who became her lover, companion, and fellow traveler, as she too joined the Communist Party. Moving with Klein to Germany, Zur Muhlen became involved in the proletarian literary movement there and supported herself as a translator of authors including Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis; as a journalist for newspaper and radio; and as a writer of novels, thrillers, memoirs, and political propaganda. Most significantly, she became Weimar German's leading writer of revolutionary fairy tales for children. Because of her political activities, Zur Muhlen was forced to leave Germany in 1933 and in ill health she lived in exile in various European Countries, ending up in England. She remained a committed antifascist but renounced Stalinism and espoused leftist Catholicism in the 1930s.

regarding Lydia Gibson (1891-1969):

Lydia Gibson was a gifted and prolific graphic illustrator, whose political art graced the best and most famous radical American publications, including The Masses, Soviet Russia, The Liberator, and New Masses. She provided the front and back cover illustrations for this book, as well s four stunningly beautiful color plates, one for each of the four stories in it.

Wikipedia's brief article on her provides this information:

[Lydia Gibson] grew up in prosperity but seems to have been radicalized in her 20s during the movement for women's suffrage, in which she was an activist.] In the latter half of the 1910s, she began contributing her work to The Masses, a literary and artistic magazine with a distinct socialist orientation, published by Max Eastman and his sister Crystal in New York City.

In conjunction with her work with The Masses, Gibson met and worked with many other prominent political artists of the day, including Boardman Robinson, Art Young, Hugo Gellert, and Robert Minor. The anarchist Texan Minor fell in love with Gibson, but she initially declined the advances of the political cartoonist, whom she believed to still have been married.

After the Bolshevik Revolution of November 1917, Minor traveled to Soviet Russia, where he became committed to the communist cause and subsequently foreswore his anarchist beliefs and joined the underground Communist Party of America. In August 1920 Gibson also "changed her mind a little," this over matters of the heart and wrote to Robert Minor, then amorously involved and living with radical journalist Mary Heaton Vorse. Gibson signaled her intentions to Minor and eventually won his returned affection after the two had worked together in the offices of The Liberator in 1922. The two married in 1923.

In 1927, while in Moscow with her husband, who was the delegate of the American Communist Party to the Executive Committee of the Communist International, Gibson assisted "Big Bill" Haywood with the preparation of the first part of his memoirs. Gibson had to leave the Soviet Union before the project was completed, however, and another individual who was a former member of the Industrial Workers of the World, as was Haywood, helped complete the Work. Haywood's autobiography was published posthumously in 1929.

In 1934, Gibson wrote and illustrated a children's book, The Teacup Whale, a tale which, while not explicitly radical, invited children to dream big dreams and to challenge the contrary opinions of doubters. [I have made a digital rendition of this quite rare book, available on Archive.org and on Marxists.org ---marty]

Gibson and Minor remained together until the latter's death of a heart attack in 1952.
Later life and death

Lydia Gibson remained loyal to the Communist Party even after the revelations of Nikita Khrushchev in 1956. In 1962 she loaned the party $5,000 in US Treasury Bonds to bail out CPUSA General Secretary Gus Hall from jail. Lydia Gibson died in 1964.

Technical Digital Archivist's Note:

I've personally made digital archives of hundreds of radical periodicals and pamphlets and books… hundreds of thousands of pages… over the last decade. The digital rendition of this book, however, is one of my first experiments with use the somewhat higher levels of scanning resolution incorporated into this project. Where before the highest resolution I used was mostly 600 dpi, in this work (in part because I felt it deserved it, and in part to get to know the capabilities of some more modern imaging equipment I recently acquired) I present the graphic images at 1200 and 2400 dpi.

I imaged this book using an Epson 10000 XL flat bed scanner. In this case no preparation of the book and its paper (such as unbinding) was employed, and despite being pressed flat for nearly 100 scans, the book came thru the experience with relatively little (pretty near no) harm.

Digitizing strategy:

The mission goal here was to produce images of all art here that, when printed on a black and white or color ink jet or laser printer would look as good or better as that in the original book, and would be suitable for framing.

Lydia Gibson Covers: 600 dpi 24 bit color
Secondary additional scanning at 1200 dpi single bit BW ("bitonal") with red-dropout function on.

Color Plates by Lydia Gibson: 1200 dpi 24 bit color.
Each of the four color plates took about 5 or 6 minutes to scan in this fashion. Thus about a half hour of active scanning went into the rendition of just those four color plates.

Black ink on white paper all text pages: 600 dpi single bit BW

Pages with text and graphics on the same page:
Whole pages scanned at 1200 dpi single bit BW with exposure often somewhat compromised between best for text and best for the line drawn graphics.
Additionally: each graphic cropped and scanned at 2400 dpi single bit BW in a second scan, with exposure (threshold) optimized for rendition of the graphic art, and usually with somewhat lower threshold (lighter exposure) than the scan at 1200 dpi for the whole page.

Although the pages were in excellent condition, and barely at all yellowed, I did turn on for all black and white exposures the "red dropout" function of the Epson-Scan software, which ignores the contribution of reddish light from the image being digitized. This function is invaluable when scanning more decrepit, unevenly browned and stained material, but I find it helpful even when scanning slightly yellowed paper that was originally white with black ink only on it.

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---marty Brooklyn, NY November 2017

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