

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Mathew Sprajcar, Verona, Pa.

Johnny Red, Assistant.

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A LONESOME LITTLE CAPITALIST

By D. Shvelenko
Chicago, Ill.

A lonesome little capitalist
Sitting on the moon.
He said the world revolution
Came too soon.

Oh, how he hates these
Communists
They are his lifelong foe
And all the world is full
of them
Where else is he to go?

So there he is, sitting on
a chilly moon
Praying for the Communists' ruin.

REAL HISTORY

A relative of George Washington, says George
"swore and drank like a gentleman."

Sure he did. And he
stole land like a gentleman, too!

Do any of our little
Reds know more real history.
Come on—send it in!

NEWS

The A. F. of L. membership is nearly three and a half million. If their reactionary leaders wouldn't stick around so much with the bosses the membership would be a lot bigger.

The Chinese Nationalists are making Chop-Suey out of the reactionaries. Good boys—make some more!

JOHNNY RED—THE WISE OWL

By Rose Horowitz,
Rochester, N. Y.

Johnny Red was a little wise old owl. He knew he could learn a lot by listening to others. So he let Rosie Red, his sister, tell him this story:

"Oh, I just dread those ugly caterpillars," said the daughter of a wealthy banker one day, and saying so, she stepped on every one that she saw. By the time she was ready to step on the last, she was all tired out so she sat down and soon found it crawling on her dress again so she threw it off and went into the house.

About a week later when Corrinne came out of the house again and saw a beautiful yellow butterfly, she tried to catch it but the butterfly proudly dodged her and said. "Now that I am pretty you love me, but before I spun my cocoon, you called me an ugly creature and despised me. You would have killed me but you were too tired after killing the rest of my comrades."

"Ghee, Rosie," Johnny Red said, "that's just the same with workers. When they have money—they are loved, but when they are poor they are hated and despised."

Now, wasn't Johnny a wise little owl for listening?

MATTY IS EDITOR

Mathew Sprajcar, aged 13, of Verona, Pa., is editor of this issue. He sent us this nice little story we're sure you will like.

THE CAPITALIST DREAM

One day a Capitalist was very tired so he told his servants that he was going to take a nap and that nobody was to bother him. Presently he fell asleep and was dreaming.

He dreamed that a worker walked toward him with a quarter which was burnt red-hot and looked like a gold piece of money. The worker told him he was too poor to keep lots of money and that the Capitalist could have it.

The Capitalist made a grab for it and instantly felt a burning pain in the palm of his hand. He yelled to the worker that he would have him hanged for giving him that red-hot quarter.

The next moment he woke up and found out that he forgot to throw away his lighted cigar and the cigar had burnt his hand.

GOOD NEWS!

We got some of the nicest little things from our little writers and poets of the Tiny Worker. Some of them will be in next Saturday's issue. Be sure to get it!