

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Edited by Dorothy Rubin, Minneapolis

Johnny Red, Assistant.

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FUNNY BIRDS

Hey—What's This?

A bird that goes to work for lower wages in a place where other workers are on strike. This bird has no tail, no feathers and no brains. He won't join a union. He can't fly but sometimes they make him fly. All-right what's the answer? The word is only of four letters. Ghee, it's a cinch.

Hey, Some More.
What's This

This bird thinks Coolidge is a great man. He believes in Santa Claus and won't let his children join the Young Pioneers. He thinks he will go to heaven after he dies. They put this kind of a bird in clocks. The word has six letters. What's the answer?

Yoo-Hoo!

You know how badly The Daily Worker needs money don't you? Did your Daddy send any? Go on—ask him to do it right now.



BOO-HOO!

Here's a picture of Johnny Red today. Just look how sad he is. The tears are streaming down his cheeks. He's as blue as a cat without milk for a week. And you fellows did it! You did! Johnny is used to receiving at least 37 contributions a week and this week he only got 17.

Rose Horowitz did not write and neither did Crammion Oliver nor a whole lot of other Tiny Reds. I'll say Johnny is blue—real blue—blue boo-hoo!

You little Reds had better send something in if you don't want Johnny weeping all over the place. We can't hire another janitor to be mopping up all his tears.

Our Johnny Red has
Editorial Blues
The tears are falling
into his shoes.

You had better send
A thing or two today
Or Johnny Red
Will just fade away.

REMEMBER!

How we begged little Dorothy Red of Minneapolis to tell us her name? Just look at her answer! It's the cutest little thing: COMRADES ALL! I am a little girl.

(Eight years in this whirl)
DOROTHY RUBIN is my name.
The Red flag I will help to carry to fame.

2
My father is a worker
My mother is one too,
They are both red fighters
Against the robbing crew.

3
The Capitalist gang is feasting
On little children like we
And robs our fathers and mothers
Of their dearest family.

4
That's why my father and mother
Put RED blood in me
I will join with Tiny workers
And fight for a world that's free.

Atta girl, Dorothy. Stay with us! And be sure to write often now that we are all acquainted.