

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Edited by Dorothy Rubin, Minneapolis, Minn.
Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, October 9, 1926

No. 20

FUNNYBIRDS

—
This one is by
John Mankowski,
Cleveland.

—
This bird has
only three letters
to his nick-name.
He beats up strik-
ers, has heavy
shoes and chases
kids off the street
when they play
ball. This bird has
no respect for him-
self or he would
get another job.

HEY—WHAT'S THIS?

A bird that flies
only when he's
chased. This bird
talks and talks
and never listens.
So he stays dumb
and nates Negroes,
Catholics and Jews.
At night he goes
around in a bed
sheet and every-
body knows him by
three letters. You
know the bird,
don't you?

AT SCHOOL

By Rose Besmer,
N. Y.

—
When our teach-
er asked us for
names of great
men I said: "Len-
in." She said:
"Time will tell."
Which meant that
she wouldn't be-
cause she didn't
know I guess.



Johnny Red's mother just couldn't help smiling at him. Johnny had a happy grin from ear to ear and it was all because of this dandy letter from
DOROTHY RUBIN, Minneapolis.

Dear Comrade, Johnny Red:

I am glad to hear you are going to have a Sunday Worker. Good luck to you Johnny and I hope it will mean more space for the TINY WORKER.

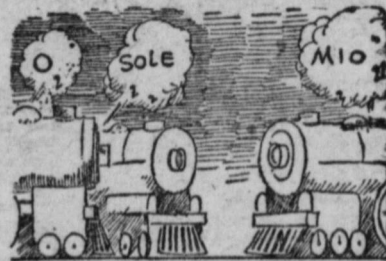
HERE IS MY DOLLAR SPENDING MONEY TO HELP IT. I am also going to send you a nice story for the first issue of the TINY WORKER in the new SUNDAY WORKER.

The Daily Worker is no shirker. It is working like a bumble-bee. If the workers send in their dollars it will help it fight to make us free.

Oh let us all Tiny Workers ALSO do our share.
HERE'S MY DOLLAR SPENDING MONEY

For The Daily Worker's care.

Ghee, whillikens, kids, isn't that splendid? And we are going to get a story too! Johnny just feels like singing as loud as a dozen train whistles.



EXTRA!

On Oct. 23 the Sunday Worker will appear. That means our little Tiny Worker will be read by many many more children. So now we have to get real good. Send in as many stories, poems, jokes and everything so that we can have a real dandy issue every week. And especially the first issue.

Oh, and here's another thing. For one dollar you can get four subs for 20 weeks — that's only one for a quarter. Go on, tell your daddy to subscribe for the men in his shop and the kids in your block so they can read the TINY WORKER too!

A POEM

By Florence Johns
Philadelphia

—
Little girls work
And die like rats.
The profits go

For swell clothes
and hats.