

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Editor, Sidney Nadolsky, Grand Rapids, Mich.
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THE POOR SAP
A Good Story
By Max Gladstone
Brooklyn, N. Y.

There was once a poor sap. He was a weak, lean man. His boss has made him so with long hours and hard work. Everyone of the organized workers asked him to join them but he was a poor sap and wouldn't.

One day when he was at his work he fell on the floor from tiredness. After that when the organized workers asked him to join he did.

So you see he wasn't a poor sap any longer. And he didn't fall for the boss any longer.

OH, BOY—

That was a good little story Max sent in wasn't it?

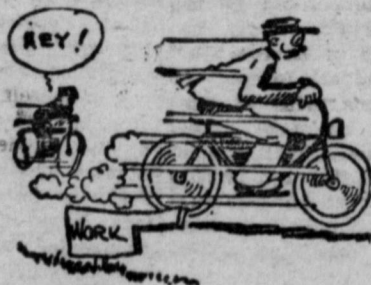
The Strike

By SIDNEY NADOLSKY, Grand Rapids, Mich.

It was a nice day in October
The workers went on strike,
While the boss sat in his office
And thought with all his might.

The boss sent out policemen,
To club the workers' heads
But the workers held a solid line
The the police swore at the "Reds."

The strike lasted three weeks
At last the boss gave in
And the workers went back to work
A group of union men.



It's the first one for
The TINY WORKER.
Keep it up
Max!

DIDJA NOTICE?

Both the story and the poem in this issue of our TINY WORKER are written by boys. What happened to our clever little Rosie Reds? Where is Rosie (Red) Rubin from Minneapolis and Rose Horowitz and Charmion Oliver? Come on, don't let the boys beat you! They haven't ALL of the brains in the world!

HEY KIDS—

The dandy poem by Sydney makes him editor of this issue. Fine stuff Sid! Aren't those Pioneers from Grand Rapids the berries?