

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Jonny Red

Vol. I.

Saturday, June 12, 1926

No. 3

BIG NEWS

Elections are coming and the politicians all over the country are beginning to call each other names. The democrats are calling the republicans crooks and the republicans are calling the democrats horse-thieves. They are probably both right. Some day the workers will get wise and will quit voting for these old parties and get a Labor Party of their own.

Fairy Tale.

A skunk was walking along when he met a rabbit. The rabbit beat it quick and when he got a distance away he asked "what time is it?"

"Why do you run away?" the skunk asked. And the rabbit said: "Because I just took a bath and don't feel like taking another one right away!"

Outside of that the skunk is a nice animal.



This picture shows Johnnie Red's father and mother all excited because Johnny was made editor of The Tiny Worker. Watch for next Saturday's issue with a picture of Johnny Red himself. Are you ready?

REMEMBER!

For the best thing sent in to the TINY WORKER, a story, a "funny," a fairy tale or anything else, Johnny Red will put your name on top of the issue as editor. Some class, Write something now!

Look What
That Red-
Headed Kid
Of Ours Is
Doing!

Special

The Young Pioneers of America (those are little boys and girls who help older workers fight the boss) are collecting money for their little paper "The Young Comrade." The boy or girl who collects most money will come to Chicago and be editor of the Young Comrade for one issue. Better ask your folks for some and send it to The Young Pioneers, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Short Story

Johnny Jones had a little dog called "Bum." One day it was awfully warm and Bum's tongue was hanging out. "Hot dawg," Johnny said, "let's go swimming." And they did. On the way back the wet dog shook himself as a lady was passing and she got all wet. Boy was she mad! When Johnny told his father about it, his dad laughed. "That was my boss's wife," he said. "She has plenty of money they make from my work to buy herself another dress. Take the dog swimming again and be sure to pass that same lady."

A Poem

A guy I hate
Is Mister Rosa,
He gives low
wages;
That bird's my
boss.