

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Editor, Charmion Oliver, San Francisco, Cal.

Johnny Red, Assistant Editor.

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PICKLE AND CAN

By Charmion Oliver,
San Francisco,
Cal.

The world's bosses now have thots that cause them regrets.

Tho they pickle and can everything that they can

Oh, just why can't they pickle and can soviets?

OH, CHARMION!

That was good stuff. So were the other things you sent!

HEY KIDS!

Charmion sent in some dandy little things — jokes, poems and everything. Just watch them in the next issues. But don't let her crowd you out! Come on—send in your things too!

THE PANTS OF SANTA CLAUS

It was a cold, windy night.

Johnny Red's dog was barking like anything outside. Rosie Red opened the door and in walked the dog with a piece of cloth with white trimming.

"Holy Cow there must be a Santa Claus!" Johnny shouted laughing. "Those must be his pants!"

The next minute a man came pushing in wearing blue streaks. It was Mr. Gotrocks, the owner of a factory near them.

"Whose blankety blank dog is that?" he asked in his underwear. His coat was torn and his whiskers slipped.

"Did you kick that dog?" Johnny's father asked.

"Yes, and he bit me!" shouted Gotrocks.

"Good dog," Johnny's father said. "He doesn't believe in Santa Claus either. And if you don't stop kicking that dog your name won't be Gotrocks—it will be Gotnopants!"



THE TINIEST TINY WORKER FROM LIVING- STON

Little "Tommy O." who is only five years old writes to us from Livingston, Illinois. He says:

"I am only a little tiny worker. But I have learned that it's no fun to 'work and pray and live on hay.' I would like to join your ranks even if I am only five years old."

WELCOME TOMMY!

Ghee we're glad to see you with us. Be sure to write again and to write often. You're the tiniest tiny worker we have!