

so to hurry up and get it deep.

"I was scared, for I thought they spoke the truth. I began to call for my wife and my four babies, and to beg the men to let me talk to my people just once before I died.

"And then they laughed and laughed. But I didn't feel so funny, I tell you that.

Faints, Falls in Grave.

"Then I didn't feel much like digging any more, and I began to shake, and pretty soon I fell right over into that hole I had dug. And then, the next thing I knew, some of those soldiers were pulling me out and laughing.

"They put me back in the jail. After two or three hours Captain Drake came. I thought he meant to have me shot, but he took me out and turned me loose, and told me he would arrest me again if I didn't act good.

"And now my wife is afraid to stay here, but I am going to stay until the strike is won, even if they do shoot me. But all the time I shake and tremble, and I cannot help it."

And, sure enough, Colnar was shaking like a palsied man while he talked to me. And he didn't stop trembling, even when I assured him that the people of this state will never allow him to be murdered by his fellow citizens.

But I wonder how the gentle, good women of Colorado would feel if they knew their husbands or sons were among the cowards who laughed because they had been given armed power to frighten poor Andrew Colnar into insensibility and to terrify his wife so that she is unwilling to live in the state?

—o—o—
Irate Old Gentleman—I shall report you, young man! Why didn't you stop your car before? Here I have been running after you more than a hundred yards! Conductor—All right, guy'nor! I'm sorry, but I can't like a pertater, with eyes all over!

THESE TOTS WANT CLOTHES FOR CHRISTMAS—NOT TOYS

Up in the northern peninsula of Michigan there are 30,000 little children who are not petitioning Santa Claus for toys or candy, but who are hoping that the Good Saint will bring them clothes that they need to keep them warm and shoes to cover their naked feet.

They are the children of the miners, of the men who for six months have been on a strike against the unfair conditions in the copper mines of Calumet and Hancock, while the owners of the mines have refused to adjust any of these unfair conditions, have refused to discuss the grievances and have even refused the government's offer of arbitration.

And, as always, the children must suffer the worst. They have already been on short rations for quite a long while; they have already been told by mothers almost grown hopeless that "Santy Claus" reindeers are sick and he cannot visit the little ones this year."

But the Women Trades Union League want to bring into the lives of these children at least the comfort of sufficient clothing, and they are therefore appealing to all who have children's clothes, of any description, or who care to help in any way at all, financially or otherwise, to send their offerings to the office of the League, Room 609, 166 W. Washington street, at once, in order that the gifts may reach Calumet to be distributed by Christmas Day, that the little ones may have the assurance of being warmly clad through the worst of the winter that is yet to come, and that they may retain at least a little of their faith in "Santy Claus."

Surely there will be no appeal that should so deeply touch the hearts of mothers whose own little ones are sheltered and protected, as this that goes up for the 30,000 little ones who are already suffering in the cold country.