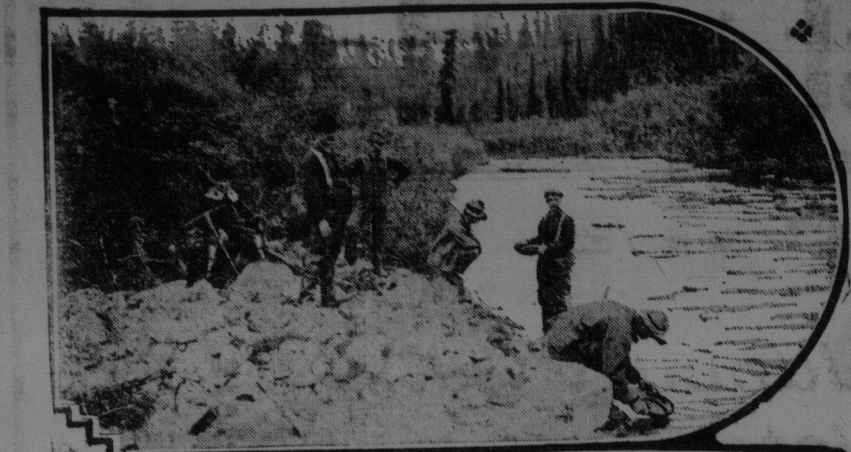


Death and Suffering on Trail To World's Richest Gold Strike



"WASHING" FOR GOLD ON THE PORCUPINE.

New Canadian Field, the Porcupine, is Goal of Mining Adventurers of World.

North Bay, Ont., Dec. 16.—"The Porcupine," the newest Eldorado of the north, like all other gold fields, is taking its toll of human lives for the treasure it yields to the world.

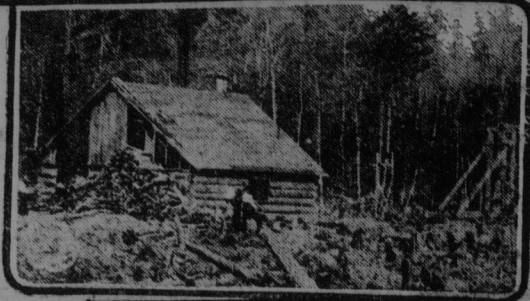
Already since the beginning of cold weather, a score of prospectors have died on the dismal trail that leads out of the district.

Hundreds of others are suffering terribly from privation and exposure. The rigorous winter of Upper Ontario already has the Porcupine in its grip, and it bids fair to claim many more victims there before the ice goes out in the spring.

The Porcupine lies about five hundred miles north of Toronto. It is reached by taking the Grand Trunk from Toronto to North Bay, thence Northern Ontario railroad, thence to Cochrane, thence by the new transcontinental to Kelson and thence by stage, boat and finally on foot some forty miles to Porcupine lake. It is a long and arduous journey.

It is a desolate, untrodden wild. It is heavily wooded, and doesn't look like a gold country. There are no mountains there. But throughout the district there are ridges, hummocks, "reefs," as the miners say, of white quartz, rich in gold. There is much tree gold on the surface of these masses of quartz, and assays promise big things.

There is reason to believe that the Porcupine may soon become the richest mines the world has ever seen. To this rich field all the adventurous spirits of the Dominion are flocking. And adventurous spirits from all over the world are headed this way. They will not be disappointed as to adventure, though most of them



A MINER'S CAMP ON THE PORCUPINE.

will be as to gold—that is most of those who haven't a whole lot of gold already to help them in getting more.

The walk out from Hills Landing to Porcupine, over the half-corduroyed trail is an adventure in itself. It is said to be the worst trail in the world.

And Pottsville, the metropolis of the district, fairly reeks with the spirit of adventure. There, in the little lobby of the Shumlin hotel, gather at night such a crowd as can only be seen on the frontier of the world—and not often there. This crowd is made up of men from Montreal and London, from Rhodesia and from Manhattan Island, from Glasgow and Such-and-Such a gulch, from the Strand and from the Rand.

And the man who wants to try a little adventure in a financial way, can venture to the limit. For though it is against the law of Canada to gamble, and Pottsville, unlike all other mining centres in the world, hasn't a gambling hell, one may gamble nevertheless. The gambling goes on in the open and under the law, and whole fortunes are staked nightly.

For there is money in Pottsville—chequebooks at least—and deals involving millions have been pulled off there.

Experienced prospectors are unanimous in their judgment as to the importance of this find. They all say it's one of the richest fields that the world has ever known, and many hold

that it's the very richest—that the golden days of California, of Klondike, of Australia, of the Rand, will be as nothing when compared with the golden days of the Porcupine.

James A. McArthur, inventor of the cyanide process, says: "It's the biggest gold camp I have ever visited. I never saw so many outcrops of gold in quartz leads as I found in Porcupine."

William Frecheville, of the Royal Society of Mines, one of the world's greatest authorities on mining, says that he believes that two or three mines in this district will prove to be the greatest mines the world has ever seen.

Thus far it has been a woodsman's game. The discovery was an aftermath of the Cobalt find. The accidental discovery of silver in the north has set the lumbermen to thinking about the Porcupine veins the timber men dropped timber and crowded to the new field. Now, however, the professional miners are beginning to get into the game.

It's not a poor man's game. Men with money to spend got in on the ground floor. There are no claims of any known value lying around loose to be picked up. Now it takes the better part of \$50,000 to get a look at a good thing of it at the start, but a good thing of it on the start, but now the big interests have bought out all the original claim holders.

MORMONS RULED BY RICH MAN.

Joseph Smith, Present Leader, Lives in Polygamy and Oppresses People.

Senator Cannon, Himself a Believer, Makes Strong Protest Against Tyrannical Rule.

New York, N. Y., Dec. 16.—"The story of the establishment of an absolute throne and dynasty by one American citizen over half a million others," has been written by Frank J. Cannon, ex-Mormon, ex-senator from Utah, son of the eminent George Q. Cannon.

"It is an 'inside story' told calmly and dispassionately by the very man whose brilliant diplomacy won the compromise which admitted Utah to the statehood under the hypocritical Mormon pledge to abandon polygamy—a man who writes tenderly of the Mormon people themselves as his own people and who is 'bound to them in affection by all the ties of life.'"

Excommunicated and ostracized by the Mormon leaders because he attacked them boldly when they broke faith with the United States, he now sees in



JOSEPH F. SMITH, Monarch of the Mormons.

the new insurrection a possible emancipation of Utah from its slavery to Joseph F. Smith and his close ally, the Plunderbund. The first chapter of this story, appearing in Everybody's magazine for December, is prefaced with this characterization of Prophet Smith, the present Mormon despot:

Religious Fanatic.

"A religious fanatic of small and bitter mind, giving commandments of perjury as the divinely ordained 'mouthpiece of the Lord'—demanding unquestioning obedience in all things and enforcing the demand by his religious, political and financial control of the faith, the votes and the property of his fellow citizens—living, like the Grand Turk, with five wives, openly, against the temporal law of the state, against the spiritual law of his 'kingdom of God,' and in violation of his own solemn covenant to the country—secretly preaching a proscribed doctrine of polygamy as 'necessary for salvation,' but publicly denying this teaching so that he may escape responsibility for the sufferings of the 'plural wives' and their unfortunate children—and, though it all, protected from the anger of civilization by his political and financial partnership with the great business interests that govern and exploit this nation and his kingdom for their own gain and his."

"To him the Mormon people pay a yearly tribute of more than two million dollars in tithes; and he uses that income to his own ends without an accounting. He is president of the Utah branch of the sugar trust, and of the local incorporation of the church; and he supports the exactness of monopoly by his financial absolutism, while he defends them from competition by his religious power of intellect and excommunication."

He is president of a system of 'company stores' from which the faithful buy their merchandise; of a wagon and machine company from which the Mormon farmers purchase their vehicles and implements; of life insurance and fire insurance companies, of banking institutions, of a railroad, of a knitting company, of newspapers—even a beach resort company and a dramatic association—which the Mormon people are required by their church to patronize, and through which they are exploited, commercially and financially, for the sole profit of the sovereign of Utah and his religious court."

Writing of the great mass of the Mormon people, Senator Cannon says: "I know them to be great in their virtues, wholesome in their relations, capable of heroic fortitude, living by the tenderest sentiments of fraternity as gentle as the Quakers, as staunch as the Jews."

Virtue Betrayed.

"But it is even through their virtue and by their very strength that they are being betrayed. Their leaders, reaching for the deathblows for which these simple-hearted devotees have never sighed, have allied themselves with all the predeceutors 'interests' of the country and now use the superhuman power of a religious tyranny to increase the dividends of a national plunder."

Senator Cannon says that the Mormons at the time of the federal interference, had worked out logically the principles of cooperation, contribution and arbitration.

By co-operation of effort they had realized that dream of the socialists, 'equality of opportunity' for each individual to develop himself to the limit of his power. By contribution—by requiring each man to give one-tenth of his income to a common fund—they had attained the abolition of poverty and had advanced the strength of the community burden to the strength of the individual to clear it. By arbitration they had effected the settlement of

Art and Love in a Tenement

A Christmas Story Told by Photo-Play



THE CONSUMPTIVE BOY AND HIS FAMILY—"WHERE TUBERCULOSIS BREEDS."

Father, mother and all the children, stood weeping with tears in their eyes when Ellen started for New York to be a great artist.

It was all she could do to keep alive when she got there. She applied a little art to the lamp shades and bric-a-brac made in an eastside tenement factory. But Ellen wrote encouraging letters home and kept alive her dream of being great.

One day she plucked up courage to go to the art school and ask how much money she would have to pay for lessons. She was told that she must have \$100 to even begin the course, and went home disappointed.

Jimmy Jordan happened to be in the art school that day. Art was one of the many things he spent some of his millions on, but Ellen's pretty face, as she talked with the teacher, caught in Jimmy's eyes all the works of art he had ever seen.

So Jimmy Jordan found out where she lived, saw the strange folks in the tenements and made up his mind that some of his money might be well spent in making their lives happier. So he moved into the very tenement in which Ellen lived. He brought with him only old clothes, and his initiation of a poor youth was so good that Ellen took pity on him and they became friends.

She told him of her ambition to go to art school. He told her of his pity for the tenement folk, and she not knowing of his wealth, wondered that

he did pity himself too, and then loved him because he did not.

One day Jimmy brought her a newspaper. The national association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis wanted a Christmas seal and had offered \$100 for the best design.

Ellen resolved to try for the prize. Not many days before Christmas the glad news came that she had won. Would she please call and get the \$100?

The bills rattled delightfully as she placed them in her purse. She started back toward her tenement room, her heart singing in tune with Christmas. At last she could go to the art school!

She dashed up the two flights of stairs toward her room. She must tell the good news to everyone. There were the kind folk across the hall. The door was ajar.

"He has tuberculosis. If he can go to the country he can be saved," some one was saying. She saw a doctor standing beside Bill—Mrs. Jones' oldest son, brave and cheery, but weak and coughing. And so the cough meant consumption! Ellen knew that there was not enough money in the whole tenement to send Bill to the country. Poverty would mean death to him—unless—

Her \$100 would save him! She backed away unthought, and in her room she fought with herself—her ambitions and her hopes—for an hour. It ended by her going to Mrs. Jones' door and slipping an envelope beneath it. It was her precious hundred dollars.

Then she hurried back to her room, buried her face in her hands and cried so earnestly that she didn't hear Jimmy Jordan enter. He stood looking at her in wonder. There was love and pity in the nation as he laid his hand on her shoulder.

Just as she looked up Mrs. Jones came running in with the \$100 in her hand.

"You can't do it, Ellen," she said. "You're too good. We can't take it." Jimmy Jordan made Mrs. Jones tell him what she was talking about. Ellen succeeded, by this time, in laughing, as if it were all nothing to fuss over.

The next afternoon Ellen received a message to call at a fine Fifth avenue home. Some there wanted her to do some painting. Puzzled, she went, and was ushered into the great hallway. The next moment she saw Jimmy Jordan.

"Don't be surprised," he said. "This is my home. I was fooling you all the time. It was the only way I could become acquainted with you." And so they became sweethearts. Bill was sent to a sanitarium, the old tenement was pulled down, and in its place Jimmy Jordan built a model tenement where men, women and children could be clean, happy and healthy.

Foss Leads Anti Lodge Auto Battery in Massachusetts



THE FOSS BATTERY IN ACTION AGAINST SENATOR LODGE.

Gov.-elect Foss in the center; on the left Andrew G. Solis, who made the big fight on the wool tariff at Washington; next, David T. Dickinson, former mayor of Cambridge; and on the right, William B. Willcutt, state senator.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 16.—A gunning trip has been started in this state, the like of which was never seen here before.

Gov.-elect Eugene N. Foss and eight or ten Republicans are after United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's scalp, flying about the state in a big touring car, rushing from town to town, with all the excitement of an election campaign.

A democrat governor-elect and a crowd of insurgent republicans working together to dislodge Lodge, means that even with the weather seasonably cold down on the cape, so much popular excitement has been worked up that mits and earflappers and felt mecessians have been forgotten.

Foss made his campaign on the tariff and the standpatters, his chief plank being a demand for the retirement of Senator Lodge. He was elected by an overwhelming majority. But

Senator Lodge ignores the public sentiment expressed at the polls and prefers his own brand, which calls unanimously for his reelection. Foss and his insurgent campaigners, meanwhile say it's a lot more presumptuous and cheeky for a United States senator to defy public sentiment than it is for a governor-elect to support from the public platform the demands of the people who elected him.

So the gunning trip continues and the excitement waxes warmer and warmer.

Big crowds of villagers are attending the scalp hunting expedition—at West Barnstable, Sandwich, Sagamore, Falmouth, Buzzards Bay, Onset, Wareham and other down-the-cape places, and town elders have even anticipated these meetings by walking through the towns and villages, ringing bells and crying at the tops of their voices: "COMING: the TRUTH about Lodge."

Then Gov.-elect Foss, Andrew J. Solis, who fought the wool tariff at Washington as congressman; David T. Dickinson, former mayor of Cambridge; William B. Willcutt, Arthur L. Nason and others tell the reasons why Lodge should not go back to the United States senate.

The speeches made by the scalp hunters are, perhaps, radical. They declare for free trade with Mexico and Canada; direct election of United States senators, and income tax. Foss has said and is saying that the successor of Lodge must be a progressive, whether republican or democrat; and then he draws a picture of what he considers would be an ideal new senator for Massachusetts, which (some people say) very much resembles Eugene N. Foss.

However this may be, they are singing "The Foss Battle Hymn" down on the cape, and they are also singing a satirical song written by a newspaper woman for the occasion—"Has Anybody Here Seen Cabot?"

Pictures of the Latest Horror in the Land of Catastrophies

The correspondent of the London Daily Mirror, sent specially to Casamicciola, the seacoast town of the island of Ischia, in the bay of Naples, which was almost destroyed by the recent cloudburst, has returned to London and gives a graphic picture of the devastation wrought. The cloudburst broke on the summit of Monte Epomeo, which is about 9000 feet high, and as a result, over 200 lives were lost.

Huge volumes of water rushed down the sides of the mountain, which is an extinct volcano, and deep channels were cut in the lava and clay, releasing great blocks of stone, which were hurled upon the doomed buildings below. One of these blocks is estimated to weigh 200 tons. Several hundred of the cloudburst and the torrent caused by it, and could only think an earthquake had happened. She screamed and prayed.

In a few minutes the flood was tearing through the streets, and rocks were flung through the houses, very many of which were shattered before her eyes.

The water rose rapidly to the level of the upper window, and the air was full of screams of agony and terror, which could be heard above the din of the torrent.

Glimpsing to Rafters

She saw a family clinging to the rafters of a house opposite of which the lower part had been swept away, until one by one they fell into the stream, which has left its high-water mark high up on all the walls still standing.

of every dispite of every kind without litigation."

Bitter Recollections.

While presenting Smith as a composite of narrow bigotry, avarice, cunning, hatred and despotism, Senator Cannon explains in part the attitude of the present head of the Mormon church by recalling his bitter recollections of the murder of his father and uncle in the jail at Carthage, Ill., and the later privations and persecutions of the Mormons, and says: "He had been taught and he firmly believed, that the Smiths had been divinely appointed to rule, in the name of God, over all mankind. He believed that he—Cannon—was a ruler over this world before ever the world was—had been persecuted by the hate and wickedness of men. He believed it literally; he still believes and still preaches it."



These photographs show storm-swept villages near Naples, where a giant cloudburst loosened the ashes on Mt. Vesuvius and sent torrents of mud, lava and huge boulders crushing through the valleys, burying hundreds of houses and killing over 200 people. At the top is view in Casamicciola after the storm. Lower picture shows big boulders washed down mountain side into the little village of Cetara, where 150 people lost their lives when their homes were beaten down in the middle of the night.

The proprietor of the Manzi mud baths—the township was a famous resort of mudbathers—was taken with his family from the roof of his house by a man who courageously went to his rescue in a small boat. The water was nearly up to the proprietor's waist when he left the roof. These and other mud baths formed the chief industry of the place, many invalids coming there to test their efficacy.

There are no baths now, and except as a tourist resort, for its shore is beautiful, like the rest of the island Casamicciola is for the time being ruined. A mountaineer, starving and covered with lava mud, limped into the township on Thursday with a mule equally mud-stained.

Tree trunks, telegraph poles, heavy pieces of furniture, tall mounds and banks of clay and piles of brickwork are among the debris which a thousand soldiers, besides seen from two gunboats and the battleship Saradnia, have been helping to clear away from the streets of Casamicciola.