

selves summer resorts. In that respect Alaska has more to offer than any other region for her mountains are most majestic, and the glacier has hewed out a thousand wonderful valleys. It was a great purchase.

Bishop Scanlan

A PICTURE of the great cathedral, which will be dedicated tomorrow, is seen on our first page. It is the monument to a tireless, indomitable, capable, self-sacrificing man, who, in his youth consecrated his life to the work of the Master, and whose accounts have been balanced nightly since, and the balances carried to his credit in the great ledger beyond the stars.

In his youth he chose the desert for his field; he worked without recompense; in rough fields he bore the banners of the Master; he disarmed those who made light of his work by the very impressiveness of his sincerity, and hushed scoffers by a life which was at once above fear and above reproach.

By hard work, when this region was very poor, he built a little church, established an orphanage, helped establish a hospital, saw to the schools for both sexes of the children of parents of his faith and just simply worked on, and on and on.

At last when fortunes began to be accumulated here, some of the members of his flock began to ask for a more stately house of worship. His reply in substance was: "We are doing very well. If you want something finer bring me the money, for I will not ask the poor of my flock for what, if given, might bring distress to the givers."

Then contributions began to come, most generous ones, and coincident with that the foundations of the new great cathedral began to take form. It has required many years to complete it, but it is finished, and as it stands, it is, as we said above, the monument to the Right Reverend Bishop Lawrence Scanlan.

But the bishop is just the same that he was when a simple priest, traveling the desert on foot, not always with enough to eat, and often like the Master, having no place at night, where to lay his head, and we suspect that when the ceremonies of tomorrow shall be in progress all the exultation in his heart will be for his creed, that, personally, in his soul will be ringing the words: "But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold, heaven and the heavens of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less th's house which I have built?" And so we fancy he will be asking himself if he has done all he could have done, but he will not forget to pray for his people, and we suspect the prayer will close as did the other one: "Moreover, concerning the stranger, which is not of Thy people Israel, but is come from a far country for Thy great name's sake, and Thy mighty hand, and Thy stretched out arm; if they come and pray in th's house; then hear Thee from the heavens, even from Thy dwelling place, and do all that the stranger calleth to Thee for; that all the earth may know Thy name, and fear Thee as does Thy people Israel, and may know that this house which I have built is called by Thy name."

With him the great cathedral is but an incident. He believes that he who serves his fellow men best serves God best, and his work is for man who is his brother, and he wants no reward here for he is working in the hope that he may so live that when he wakes from the final coma, the first words his soul will hear will be: "Welcome, good and faithful servant!"

A Bullfrog paper has located "Scotty's" mine in Windy Gap. This is probably a polite way of indicating that it is somewhere in the neighborhood of his mouth.

Then and Now

'Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the 'Sacred way.'
And through the bellowing Forum
And 'round the suppliant's grove
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Captollan Jove."

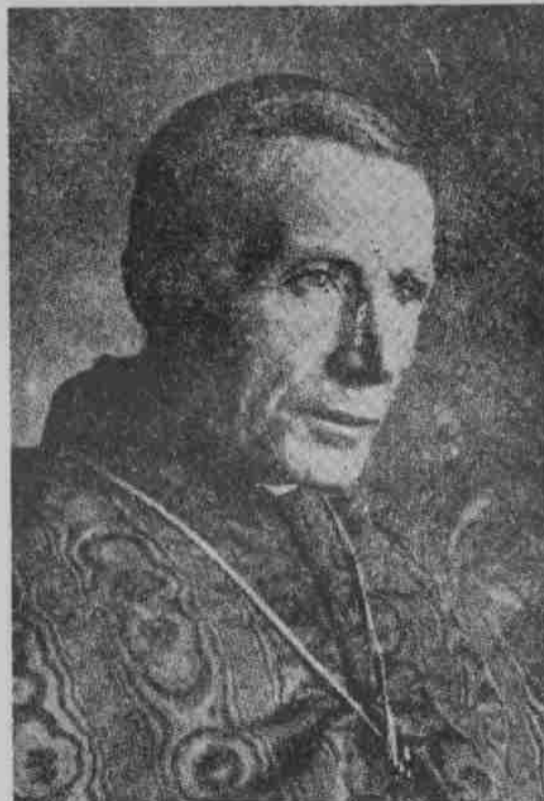
When Rome gave one of her chieftains a triumph, the procession included prisoners led in chains and the plunder of a conquered country, carried in the procession.

The above rhapsody is taken, of course, from Macaulay's description of one of those Roman triumphs.

We had a triumph on Wednesday last, here in Salt Lake. There were no captives in chains, no chief in his triumphal car, no spoils of war on display.

But old Rome, in its almightiness, never had a grander procession, never one that had a more significant meaning. Macaulay closed the poem, from which the above is taken, after naming a dozen other countries, all the same way, with these words:

"Where Atlas flings his shadow
O'er the Western foam,
Shall be great fear on all who hear,
The mighty name of Rome."



Cardinal Gibbons

Now Rome, with her centuries of rule, with the sword carved out a great empire, never attained to half the majority or half the power that attaches to our own country today. She nation. She filled her place and then went to decay because there was no immortal principle worth preserving in her fierce career.

She made her wars for conquest and for spoils, to her the world, outside of her own people, was legitimate prey, and she was as cruel in executing her decrees as is the tiger in the jungle, or the bird of prey that feeds the hare or the lamb.

A great war came to our country that threatened its dismemberment. The young men of the country sprang to its defense. The struggle was a supreme one, lasting four terrible years.

The land was saved, but the only triumph songs sung were songs of union and of peace. Thus were no captives led in chains, no spoils of war displayed; the soldiers who fought the battles

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