

PICTURESQUE BEAR LAKE IN SUMMER TIME

"Where to?" calls the traveler down the canyon.

"Bear lake," responds the traveler up the canyon.

Then for 29 long miles the traveler up the canyon sings to his tiring team; up long grades and rocky gulches to the great summit. At a beautiful spring he rests his weary team before the down hill trip of 15 miles more; when the rest is completed along the winding road 10,000 feet above sea level, a magnificent rugged range of mountains stretching around for miles and miles, the carriage rolls through groves of stately pines and thickets of maples. Then, just as the drop down the eastern slope begins, a dense forest of these emerald pines is encountered.

Through this green veil a vast expanse of light blue is seen; one would cry, "There is the lake," but it is only the wonderfully clear sky above the hundreds of miles of land stretching far away below. Not a hundred feet farther and there can be seen a ribbon of expanse a hue of blue, sparkling and rippling in the sun, throwing in and out of the greenish hills and the emerald forest.

"There is the lake," breaks from everyone's lips.

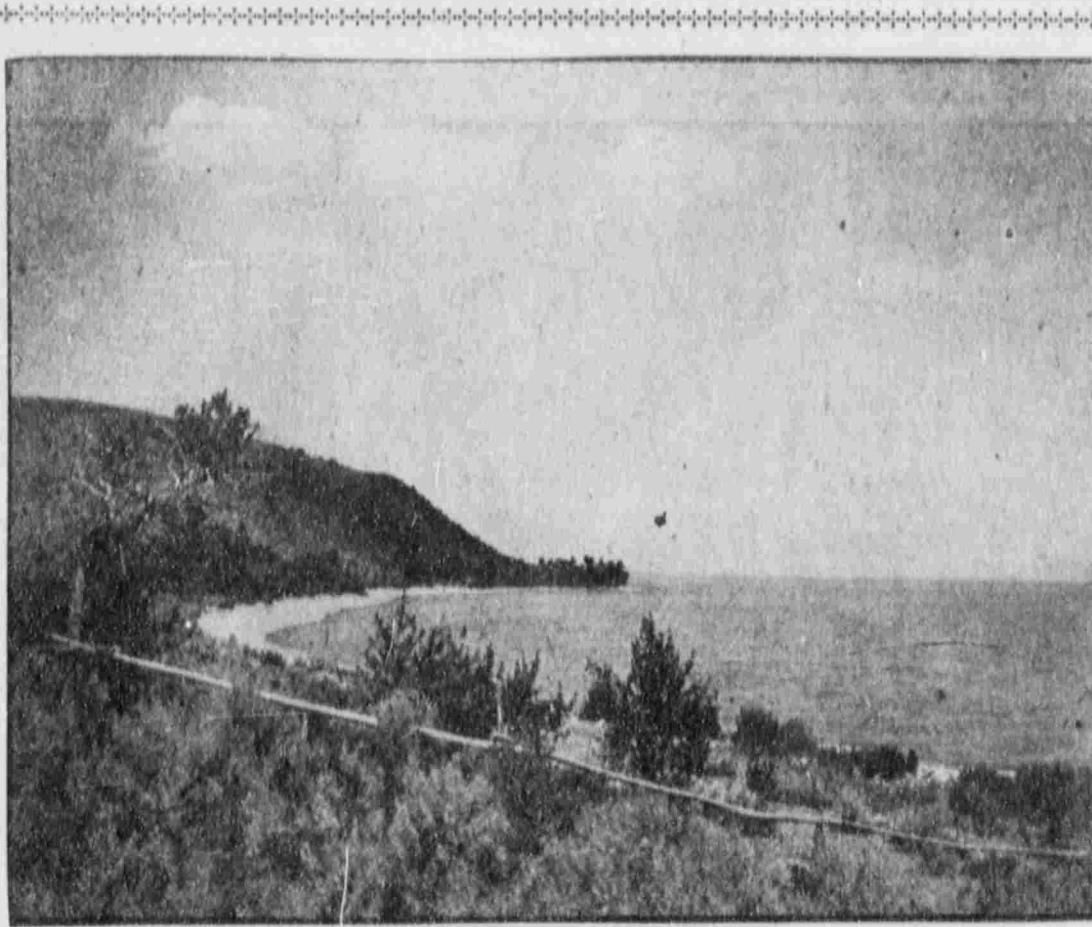
Down, down for three miles the carriage awakes. Although through the green the ever-changing blue is seen. Now it is a deep blue, a shade of green, a turquoise against an opal shore; a

dull sheet of murky gray, mirrors the sun and suddenly dazzles the eye of the traveler when a quick drop of the carriage changes the color to azure.

At last the mountain is descended, and the lake is reached. Here the shore is rocky; not great, huge cliffs, but pebbles and boulders worn smooth by ages of washing. The water is shallow, and so clear that each rock can be seen as distinctly as though it were held in the hand. Almost the entire east side is of just that formation. The hills stretch eastward, low, barren and forbidding. But on the west the Wasatch range rises thousands of feet high, the entire slope green and inviting. At the foot of these mountains and running almost to the lake shore are fields of golden wheat and oats, green pastures and alfalfa lands.

A splendid road skirts the lake along the entire western shore. For 25 miles that wonderful sheet of water can be watched constantly. On a calm day it ripples—a windy day, it raises whitecaps on its emerald waves. At night the moon spreads a silver mantle over its undulating bosom, while from young people in boats songs float mellowly shoreward. And when, tired out and reluctant, the traveler rolls snugly into his blankets the moaning of the waters and the wash of the sands lull cares away and call in sleep.

The gray dawn comes trooping over the lake. One by one early morning



LOOKING NORTHWARD ON BEAR LAKE.

risers slip out in their boats and plunge into the cool, deep waters. The camps awaken and soon the shouts of children echo dully along the waters. The day brings color to the lake, and rest and contentment to the traveler. The night settles down and a row on the lake becomes delightful. On the shore bonfires are lighted and seen from the boats, their long reflections in the water give a new picturesque life to the scenery. Again the moon comes up, again the songs and laughter, again the cool nights, again the pleasant sleep.

Such are the first impressions of this great but not widely known body of water. Twenty-five miles long and five miles wide, it possesses any depth from one foot to some thousands. It is not a treacherous lake, nobody having been drowned in it so far as the people dwelling on its shores know. Excellent fishing and equally pleasant bathing on the sandy, west shore, the cool days and nights, the neighboring shoaling, the wonderful, chameleon-like, changing waters—all these, and more, attractions draw hundreds of campers to its shores. Surely not many years will roll by before the fame of this lake will draw of many thousands to it as there are hundreds now.

A COMMENT.

The beautiful Baroness Hayashi, the wife of the Japanese ambassador to London, attended recently a dinner party

where a Frenchman held the table spellbound for an hour by an extraordinary dissertation on Japan. He described the Japanese mode of bathing, the Japanese dress, the Japanese religion and form of marriage proposal, the geisha's manner of making up her lips and eyes and nails—in a word, the most intimate secrets of Japan were exposed and minutely described by this Frenchman.

He departed early. He had made a great success. After he was gone, a young stockbroker said, in a reverent tone:

"What a wonderful man! He seems to know something about everything."

"Except Japan," commented the Baroness Hayashi quietly.

Sorrows.

S. A. Head, Cisco, Texas, writes, March 15th, 1901: "My wrist was sprained so badly by a fall that it was useless; and after using several remedies that failed to give relief, used Ballard's Snow Liniment, and was cured. I earnestly recommend it to any one suffering from sorrows." See ad, p. 100. Sold by Z. C. M. L. Drug Dept.

FUNSTON ON VALOR.

Gen. Funston, at a dinner party, complimented the valor of the Japanese. "Their valor," he said, "is not like that of a certain captain of the past."

"This captain was about to lead his company in battle. He drew his sword and waved it.

"Now, my brave fellows," he shouted to his men, "you have a tough struggle before you. Fight like heroes until your ammunition is gone, then run like antelopes. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."

THE LITTLE JAP.

The little Jap he pegs away
Night after night, day after day;
He's always going right ahead;
That's why so many slaves are dead.
He doesn't stop to rest or sleep,
But though the roads are rough and steep
And the night is still and dark,
The little Jap he pegs away.

The little Jap he doesn't talk
Nor chatter with you or with me;
He doesn't explain
How certain facts his men will gain.
Instead, he gives his breath and strength
To show with whom he shall at length
Have fought the grizzly giant stalk—
The little Jap he doesn't talk.

The little Jap he doesn't brag
Or proudly meditate the rag;
He doesn't brag over fallen foes
Until that foe is lying low.
He doesn't tell the world his plans,
But marches silently in place
And scrapes with vim that cannot lag—
The little Jap he doesn't brag.

The little Jap he doesn't wait
And sit around and wait for fate;
Instead he rushes with a vim
Whatever is the way of him.
He doesn't wait for joyful news,
But just to work, come sun or rain,
He's busy early, busy late—
The little Jap he doesn't wait.

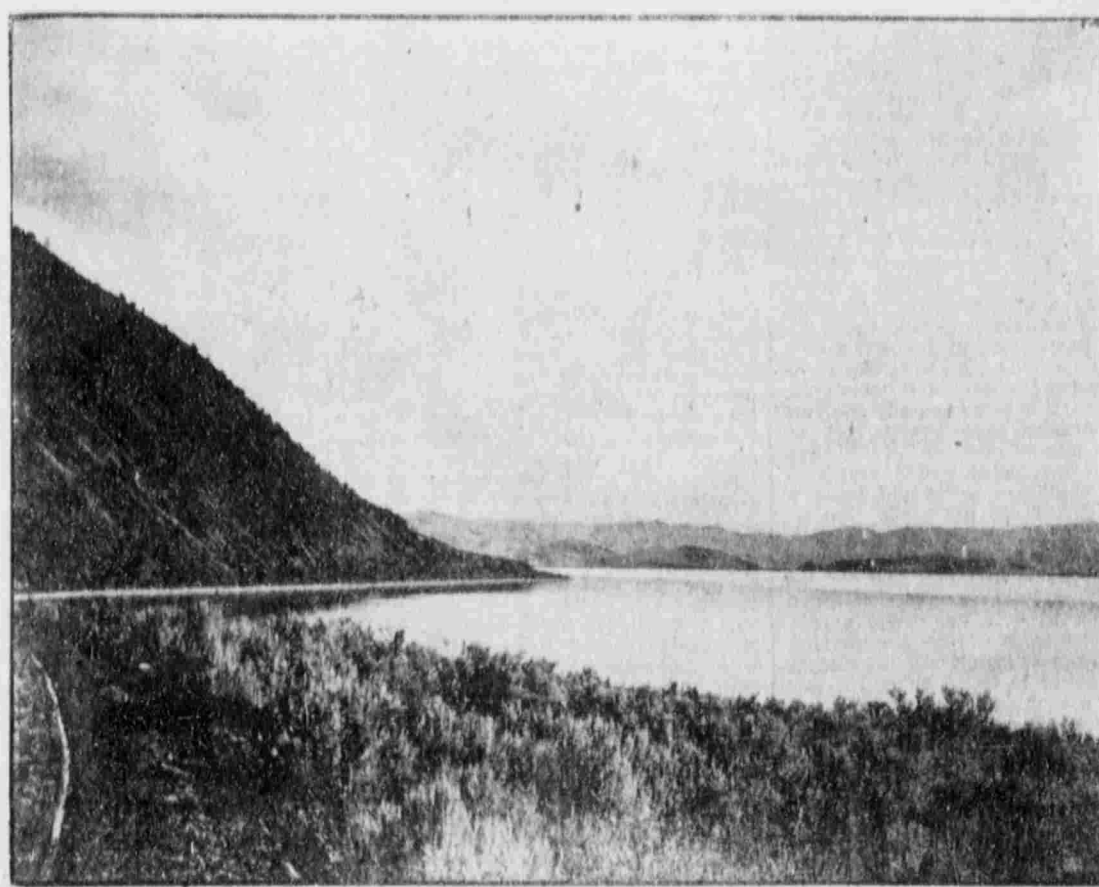
The little Jap this teaches you—
And teaches other people, too—
That there's no time to lag or brag
Or mouth the majestic rag,
Or wait or murmur or complain,
But just to work, come sun or rain,
Less cherishing, more of do,
The little Jap man teaches you.

NEITHER EARTH.

"I wonder why people always speak of earth as 'she'?"
"It's natural enough. Nobody knows exactly what her age is."



ON THE EAST SHORE OF THE BEAR LAKE.



AT THE SOUTH END OF BEAR LAKE.

A UTAH STUDENT IN OLD ST. STEPHEN'S.

Special Correspondence.

VIENNA, Aug. 15, 1904.—On a hot Sunday afternoon I stood in the shade of an awning on Stephansplatz contemplating that large pile of rock, St. Stephen's cathedral, and incidentally watching the well fed bus horses lazily draw their loads of pleasure seekers on the way to the suburbs, where some shady escape from the blistering rays of the sun might be hoped for. The old cathedral with its lofty spire seemed the only thing absolutely unaffected by the burning sun. On the plaza every wagon tire made a deep impression in the soft asphalt, and the awnings, and walls of the buildings seemed almost to tremble beneath the unblinking gaze of old Sol. Cab drivers lounged and slept in their vehicles, lined up along the curb stone, in imminent danger of sun stroke.

The only relief from this oven in sight, was the cathedral, from whose great portals, as one approached, came a welcome breath of cool air. The coolness of this breath was so delightful, one could forgive (although not forget) the smell of incense that was wafted with it.

As I passed through the great doors it was impossible not to notice the striking contrast that was presented, in more ways than one, between the hot crowded street without, and the cool, almost damp, air, and quiet solitude within the colossal old building. Who can enter a great cathedral and not be deeply impressed by that overwhelming sense of peace and rest, found elsewhere only in the silent forest? And even there it lacks the religious element which is the distinctive charm of the church interior.

To one who has never come in contact with people of the Catholic faith, and has never viewed their churches, it comes as somewhat of a surprise not to say shock, to see from ten to twenty figures kneeling in the attitude of supplication before a picture of the Virgin Mary. How much more strange it seems when upon closer observation, their lips are seen to move as if in prayer, while no audible sound escapes them. They are praying; and the conclusion immediately formed is that the picture is the object of their prayers. This, however, is not the case, and we do them an injustice in thinking so. The picture merely represents the one to whom they are addressing themselves, and is in no way, as many suppose, in and of itself a thing to be prayed to.

Soap News

We are all of one mind: Fels-Naptha cuts wash-day in half.

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Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

How much in keeping with the building are the priests and the attendants! The former in their robes of office officiating at some ceremony; the latter in uniform walking through the church with the air of proprietorship peculiar to their race?

Of course a stranger not of the faith, cannot be expected to know the exact nature of the service going on. It is simply a line chanted by the priest and repeated by the congregation in the same monotonous tone. It is all, however, perfectly in keeping with the surroundings, in fact, without it the scene would lack something.

It is perfectly impossible for one brought up under radically different conditions and teachings to put himself in sympathy with these people or to appreciate the fact that they are in earnest in what they do and believe. All we can do is to sit back and view it from a distance—much as one views a theater; and in reality it is not unlike one. What is real and deadly earnest to one is but play-acting to another; a thought that to many may be all solemnity, to others is but the subject of an idle jest.

But to return from this digression. The service over the chanting ceases, and once more that solemn cathedral stillness reigns, broken only by an occasional footfall on the stones as some worshiper leaves the building.

As one contemplates the massive masonry of the eighteen pillars that rest upon the vaulting of the nave and aisles, it seems impossible that five centuries have passed away since human hands laid and cemented those stones. Who were those men that did it? Their faces have been obliterated, and their dust may be of the mortar that holds the modern church together. Even the name of the first architect has disappeared. We know of the second one, Meister Wenzel of Klosterneuburg, whom Duke Rudolph V. (1358) directed to get out plans for the completion of certain portions, and who probably did lay the foundation and build part of the south tower in 1359. He certainly has left a monument of his art to succeeding generations, but how many people in admiring the massive tower, stop to figure whose genius it was that put it there?

Through the doors of the tower (the whole entrance being called Prithner) past the chapel of St. Catherine, the latter finds in front of him the Thekla choir, in the center of which rises the red and white marble sarcophagus of the Emperor Friedrich III., the most notable tomb in the cathedral.

Just what idea the sculptor Lerch tried to convey by carving hideous animals, interspersed with skulls and bones in the marble around the base of the sarcophagus is not quite clear, though the relief around the sides representing biblical scenes are less difficult to understand. The whole monument is a work of art of the highest order, however, and though 500 years have gone since its completion, from all appearances it might have been done last year. The monuments even of kings, seldom last so long in such a state of preservation. Even at best a piece of marble is a flimsy thing which to record greatness.

At the foot of the steps leading to the sarcophagus, set in the stone pavement, are three coats of arms with a Latin inscription, telling a tale of the days when justice and right were unknown quantities. It marks the resting place

of three town councillors who offended Scapold by proudly holding allegiance to Albert V., their lawful prince. Scapold had them executed.

Further on is the "Hauptchor" or lecture choir, which contains the richest and most elaborately decorated altar in the church. It is impossible to get close enough to see well "The Stomping of St. Stephen" by Back, which forms the altar piece, but the general effect of lighted candles against the black marble columns and gold embroidered hangings is one of indescribable richness. The sides of the choir are hung with most beautiful tapestries, which also, it is also impossible to inspect at anything like close range. At the foot

of the steps leading to this choir is a stone slab marking the entrance to the burial vault of the former sovereigns of Austria. It has not been used for some 200 years. Since that time the members of the imperial family have been interred in the Church of the Capuchins. In the nave is a curious piece of workmanship executed in stone in 1512. It is a pulpit by the architect Pilgram. On the front are the four fathers of the church, and under the stairs the figure of the Master looking out of a window. The handrail is entirely covered with lizards, toads and other delightful animals, which somehow seem out of keeping with a pulpit. The design is peculiar in the extreme, but most beautiful.

fully worked out. Some of the decorative work is like fine lace in its general appearance, and to be out of solid stone is indeed wonderful.

On the outside of the cathedral are many reliefs, the most notable of which perhaps are "The Resurrection of the Cross," and "Christ on the Mount of Olives," which date from the fifteenth century.

The inscription on an old stone pulpit on the north side tells us that it was the pulpit of the Franciscan Monk Capistrano, from which he preached many times and also worked countless miracles. The scarcely legible date is 1451. What an interesting day could be spent in the Cathedral under the church, if admittance could only be

gained! But this is denied the public. There are three large vaults filled with bones and skulls. All one can do is to look at the entrance to the gruesome place and imagine what it is like.

By the Singsinger, or "Singers' door," on the south side, is an old tombstone with a crudely sculptured figure lying at full length, which dates from the fourteenth century. It is said to be the tomb of the Melstinger Neithart Fuchs.

A thing that gave a greater impetus to German literature and music than any other event in their entire history, was undoubtedly the advent of the Meistersingers. It is also perhaps the most romantic period in the story of

the German peoples. Who can know, longly pass the resting place of one of the followers of Hans Sachs, without a feeling of admiration and awe? For these men created a love for music, literature and art in the minds and hearts of the common people, the result of which to the German nation is immeasurable.

One might go on indefinitely, finding things of interest and food for thought in such a great storehouse. On every hand are objects that attract and hold the attention, and with it all is the indescribable charm of the ancient cathedral, which fascinates and holds one under the spell of the delightful past.

SPENCER CLAWSON, JR.

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