

Imposing Exercises at Laying of Cornerstone of St. Cecilia's Cathedral



PRELATES AND DIGITARIES ASSEMBLING ON THE PLATFORM.



PRINCES OF THE CHURCH WATCH THE PASSING OF THE PARADE.

WHEN the cornerstones of St. Cecilia's cathedral, Fortieth and Bart streets, was placed in position last Sunday, great things were evidenced for Omaha and the diocese of which this city is the seat of church government.

"There were in Jerusalem devout men of every nation under heaven," said the apostle, and though Jerusalem was a great religious center in its day and a shrine for Christians throughout the world, the big Catholic parade in Omaha demonstrated that more nations are represented in Omaha now than were in Jerusalem 2,000 years ago when the apostle recorded that "devout men of all nations made their home in Jerusalem."

Nations were fewer when Jerusalem was in its glory and was the "see city" of the Christian world. But the people in Omaha demonstrated that the people of the world will "bear the banners of the cross."

Strange soldiers were many of the privates in the ranks of the vast army that marched up the Farnam street hill, as though to take a fortress by storm and return with victorious eagles. In the throng were men from the north, where gleams of the midnight sun may be seen as they worship in native lands; men from beneath the southern skies, where was born the religion which brought the army together in Omaha. Subjects of empires, kings and presidents, whose national life and customs are as different as the languages they spoke in their native lands, joined in the great pageant which witnessed the laying of the cornerstones of St. Cecilia's, the cathedral of Omaha. Dark-skinned Italians and laughing Slavians adorned the Latin processions, the natives of Ireland, Scotland and England and expressed their pleasure over the event to those who understood only the plainest of Anglo-Saxon. Men marched side by side who had never seen each other before and will probably never meet again, unless it is in the great cathedral when the bishops who announced that it is ready for dedication.

In number the men in the Catholic parade were equal to ten or twelve full regiments of infantry, exclusive of the bands which led each division. There were more men in line than there are Catholic people in the diocese of Cheyenne, South Dakota, Alaska, Salt Lake City or Great Falls. Three times as many gathered in Omaha a week ago to march from the old cathedral to the new as there are in the diocese of Baker City or the state of North Carolina. Estimated in the most conservative num-

bers, almost one man for every Catholic family in Nebraska marched in the parade. Such a line of marching men was a surprise alike to the prelates who gathered to witness the ceremonies, the members of Catholic organizations and laymen of the church. Besides the throng which marched in the parade, rehbishops, bishops and priests reviewed the parade from a stand in the cathedral, who represented 1,583,390 Catholics in the west and northwest. Among those who gathered in Omaha were three of the distinguished archbishops of the United States, including Most Rev. John Ireland of St. Paul, Most Rev. John J. Keane of Chicago, and now Rev. James Edward Quinley, archbishop of Chicago, Archbishop Christie of Oregon and Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis were unable to attend the ceremonies of the laying of the cornerstone, but Archbishop J. J. Glennon of St. Louis arrived during the week to spend some time as the guest of Bishop Richard Scannell of Omaha.

Among the bishops present were Right Rev. Lawrence Scannell, bishop of Salt Lake City, who was the choice of the priests of the diocese of Omaha for bishop, but who was sent to Salt Lake City when it was determined that neither the candidate of the archbishop of St. Louis nor the candidate of the archbishop of St. Louis should rule over the great diocese of which Richard Scannell, bishop of Concordia, was appointed the head. Bishop Scannell went to Salt Lake City and has made the church there ruler of a Catholic population of 10,000 and a territory of 153,000 miles has been placed under him.

Other bishops present were Right Rev. Philip J. Garrigan of Sioux City, vice rector of the Catholic university at Washington, and now a bishop who leads in the west in the prohibition movement; Bishop Mats of Denver, Bishop Burke of St. Joseph and Bishop Boucarm of Lincoln were among others who reviewed the great parade in Omaha and the laying of the cornerstone of St. Cecilia's church. Many of the bishops who attended the ceremonies Sunday secured their territory from the great vicariate of Nebraska, over which ruled such men as Father O'Gorman. Bishop Lenihan of Great Falls, formerly of Fort Dodge, Ia., was among the prelates who stood beside the bishop of Omaha when the cornerstone was laid. Other bishops present were Right Rev. John Shanley, bishop of Duluth, Right Rev. John Shanley, bishop of Fargo; Right Rev. Joseph B. Cotter, bishop of Winona; Right Rev. John Johnson, bishop of Belleville; Right Rev. John Joseph Hennessy, bishop of Wichita;



BISHOP SCANNELL SETTING THE CORNERSTONE.

Right Rev. James O'Gorman, bishop of Sioux Falls; Right Rev. John Francis Cunningham, bishop of Concordia; Right Rev. James J. Keane, bishop of Cheyenne; Right Rev. John Starba, bishop of Lead; Right Rev. John D. Carroll, bishop of Helena; and Right Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, bishop of Leavenworth.

These prelates represented 1,583,390 Catholics in the west and northwest, and reviewed the great parade in Omaha of the laying of the cornerstone in the west and northwest, and placed the cornerstone in the cement which will probably hold it for all the years to come, and no one has ever dared to predict whose hand will remove the double copper box, which contains the records placed in it under the direction of Bishop Scannell and Chancellor Monsignor Colaneri. With solemn pomp and ceremony the cornerstone was cemented in the northwest corner of the cathedral. It contains the following historical record:

"On the sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and seven, in the fifth year of the reign of our most holy father, Pope Theodore Roosevelt, being president of the United States of America; George Lawson Sheldon, governor of Nebraska, and James Charles Dahlman, mayor of Omaha, the cornerstones of this cathedral, to be built for the worship of God, under the invocation of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, was laid by the Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell, bishop of Omaha. The sermon was preached

by the Most Reverend John Ireland, archbishop of St. Paul. The architect was Thomas Rogers Kinloch and the contractors William Paxton Devereil, Albert Shall and Albert Foll.

Reads the record placed in the cornerstones of the great cathedral consisted of three clippings from The Omaha Bee, one article published in 1882, a complete history of the parish and church of St. Mary's; the second published in The Bee in 1884 at the time of the silver jubilee of St. Philomena's cathedral, and the third which appeared in The Bee during the last week of September, 1907, telling of the effort and study made by Bishop Richard Scannell to found St. Cecilia's, one of the fourth largest cathedrals of the United States. Photographs of Pope Pius Tenth, Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell, bishop of Omaha, William Kelly, pastor of the cathedral, and Father McGovern were sealed with the articles from The Bee and a copy of The True Voice, in the copper box of the corner stone, which may be sealed for all time for all that any person attending the ceremonies may know.

About the cornerstone gathered priests and laymen, and on the platform, from which Archbishop Ireland delivered his masterful sermon, were representatives of every community of men and women in Omaha. Priests who were present were as follows:

- Rev. C. Moran, South Omaha.
- Rev. M. M. Bronnagel, S. J., Omaha.
- Rev. P. A. McGovern, Omaha.
- Rev. J. W. Stinson, Omaha.
- Rev. John Fripatrick, Omaha.
- Rev. E. M. Gleeson, Omaha.
- Rev. J. C. Keenan, Omaha.
- Rev. P. C. Gunnam, Omaha.
- Rev. E. A. Flanagan, Benson.
- Rev. D. W. MacFarlan, Benson.
- Rev. M. J. Barrett, Florence.
- Rev. J. V. Wallace, Gretna.
- Rev. W. M. Keenan, Gretna.
- Rev. D. P. Harrington, Omaha.
- Rev. P. J. Manning, Omaha.
- Rev. P. A. Whelan, S. J., Omaha.
- Rev. J. Burke, Emerson.
- Rev. William Feld, S. J., Omaha.
- Rev. J. J. Hennessy, Manly.
- Rev. A. B. Wisner, S. J., Omaha.
- Rev. T. Driscoll, Blair.
- Rev. W. J. Les, Beaumont, Tex.
- Rev. J. B. Friggs, Petersburg.
- Rev. J. A. O'Brien, Omaha.
- Rev. Henry Schoof, Monterey.
- Rev. B. F. Galvin, Spalding.
- Rev. G. A. Agins, Lincoln.
- Rev. S. L. Dowd, South Omaha.
- Rev. J. W. Whelan, S. J., Omaha.
- Rev. Ferdinand Schuetzgen, Howells.
- Rev. J. M. Walsh, Council Bluffs.
- Rev. J. J. O'Donnoghue, Lincoln.
- Rev. Michael O'Donnoghue, Lincoln.
- Rev. John Vranek, Omaha.
- Rev. J. B. Gorman, Omaha.
- Rev. T. J. Mullen, Missouri Valley, Ia.
- Rev. J. Broz, Dodge.

Rev. J. J. Curran, S. J., Omaha.
 Rev. M. K. Norton, Webster City, Ia.
 Rev. C. L. Zeig, Howells.

The ceremony of blessing and tying the corner stone of the great cathedral was performed by Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell, bishop of Omaha, who sixteen years ago was transferred from the diocese of Concordia to preside over the diocese of Omaha. The ceremony was an impressive one. The bishop, accompanied by the deacon and subdeacon, cross bearer and acolytes, first knelt before a cross erected over the place where the main altar of the cathedral will be placed, then passed to the northwest corner of the cathedral where the corner stone had been placed in waiting. After blessing it, the solemn procession passed around the walls, blessing the foundation, and concluded by returning to the corner stone and placing it in position.

The ceremonies of last week will go down in the history of the Catholic church and the growing diocese of Omaha, which is now promised an archdiocese, as soon as the archbishops of the United States agree upon the establishment of see cities, which Rome is expecting before the expansion is made, which will make Omaha the seat of an archbishop. It is expected that the Catholic census of the diocese which is now being prepared by Monsignor Colaneri, chancellor to the bishop, will show increase in membership over the diocese of Nebraska, and healthy growth in every department. Of the 193 churches in the diocese, the cities of Omaha and South Omaha, claim seventeen, while practically all the larger institutions of the church are located in Omaha, including Creighton university, Catholic institutions in Omaha, as given by the census of 1907 are the Convent of the Lady of Mercy; St. Joseph's Hospital; Academy of St. Catherine; Monastery of St. Clare; Convent of St. Rose; Convent and Academy of the Sacred Heart; St. Bernham's academy; St. Mary's Seminary for Young Ladies; House of the Good Shepherd; St. James Orphanage, besides a large number of parish schools.

In the diocese of which St. Cecilia's cathedral will be the church home, there are 6,175 members of the church, making it larger than any in the west, except two, which give an average of 3,900 members each, and it is believed that there is a tomb below this in which may be pictures, articles and implements of times far back of any yet represented. We may have the actual paintings of the customs of 4,700 years ago, drawings of the men at work and pictures of the implements used by them. If this is so, America will have her share of all things discovered.

American Archaeologists Digging Up the Kings of Pharaoh's Time

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LUXOR, Oct. 12.—(Special correspondence of The Bee.)—All day long I have been wandering about through the tombs of the kings who ruled Egypt 3,000 or 4,000 years ago. I have gone down into the subterranean chambers which the Pharaohs, who oppressed the Israelites dug out of the solid rocks for their burial vaults and have visited the tombs of other kings, even older than the last resting place of more than fifty of these monarchs of early Egypt have already been discovered, and the work is still going on, with new finds of historical value every year.

Some of the best excavating is being done by Americans. This is the case all along the Nile valley. While at Cairo I found the money of Harvard college and the Boston museum uncovering the cemeteries of the nobles and paupers who were buried under the shadow of the great pyramids of gish at the time of King Cheops. The Egyptian exploration fund, which is supported by Great Britain, Canada and the United States, has a small army operating near Luxor, and a large part of the valley in which these royal tombs lie is now in the hands of Theodore M. Davis, a wealthy American, who has his laborers busy all winter long, year after year, digging up the debris and looking for those wonderful evidences of Egypt's past. During my trip of today I met a young archeologist, who is in charge of the Davis excavations, and it was he who showed me through the tombs of the kings and explained the symbols and pictures on the walls. I went to that part of the valley where the excavation is now going on and took pictures of a gang of 150 Egyptian men and boys now working there.

Valley of the Kings.

But first let me tell you something about the place which these ancient Egyptian monarchs selected for their burials. They wanted to hide their remains in such a way that posterity could never find them, and to cover them so that future generations would not imagine that they and their treasures lay beneath. Our cemeteries are chosen for the beauty of their surroundings. We like to turn our toes to the daisies and to have the green trees whisper a requiem over our heads. The old Egyptian kings wanted the dry, thirsty desert, and they chose this region, about as far up the Nile valley as Cleveland is inland from the Atlantic and fully six miles back from the green strip on which their people lived. I can imagine no place more dreary. At this point the Nile is walled on the west by thirty limestone mountains. As far as the waters reach the valley is the greenest of green; but beyond them lies a desert as drear as any part of the Sahara. There is not a blade of grass; not a sprig of vegetation of any kind. There is nothing but sand and dry mountains, the latter almost as rugged as the wilder parts of the Rockies. Some of the stones are built up in great piles, in other places there are fort-like bluffs and other convulsions of nature. To visit this valley one first comes to Esnar, which is just about on the site

of Old Thebes, the capital of Egypt in the days of its most brilliant past. The city lay on both sides of the Nile, but Luxor is on the east bank, and I had to cross the river in a ferryboat and ride for an hour or so through the desert before I came into the valley of the kings. However, my donkey boy was a good one and his donkeys were young. His name was Joseph, and the brute he rode was called "Gingerbread." Gingerbread had a slice of skin about as big as a dollar removed from his rump, and Joseph pricked this spot from time to time to hurry him onward. We crossed the green fields, winding our way in and out along the canals, until we came to the desert and entered a wild gorge walled with rocks of yellow limestone and with a conglomerate mixture of fat and limestone of curious formation. The gorge shows evidence of having been cut out by some mighty stream of the past. There are masses of debris along the sides, and the way is rough except on the road which has been made by the explorers.

Looking at the valley from the Nile one would not suppose that it was anything other than a desert gorge, and it was not until I was right in it that I realized it was a cemetery. There are no gravestones or monuments, and the kings obliterated every sign that might indicate their burial places. They dug out great chambers under the bed of this dried-up river and arranged cisterns for their purser drainage, but when they had finished they left everything as it was in nature; and for this reason their tombs remained for ages untouched and unknown.

In the Tombs.

From time to time, however, one or another was discovered by future generations. Sircho, the Greek geographer, who was alive when Christ was born, speaks of forty of them as being worthy of a visit, and others are mentioned by writers later on. During our generation most of them were again lost, and it was not until some Arab grave robbers began to sell curious antiquities that it was found that the tombs had again been discovered, and were being rifled by these vandals. The archeologists then went to work, and their explorations have resulted in the opening up of tomb after tomb, until we now have what might be called a subterranean city of the dead here in the heart of the Libyan desert.

The tombs are nothing like our burial vaults. They are large rooms cut out of the solid rock, with walls as straight and as smooth as those of a mansion. They are reached by many steps, going down inclined planes until they bring you far below the surface of the valley and away down under the mountains. Each king had his own tomb, and he decorated it with sketches and paintings representing the life of his time. The ceilings are beautiful. From some of them the figures of gods and goddesses look down upon you. Others are coated in gesso and lines, and in some cases the women are carved in bas-reliefs out of the solid rock and they painted. Many of the scenes are religious, and from them the archeologist is able to tell us what the people of that day believed. They

also show how they worked and lived when our remotest ancestors were savages in the wilds of Europe and Asia.

In some of the tombs I saw the massive stone boxes in which the mummies of the dead kings lay. I measured one which was ten feet long, six feet wide and eight feet high. It was hollowed out of a solid block of granite, and it weighs many tons. That mighty burial casket was cut out of the quarries of Assouan, far above here, on the banks of the Nile. It must have been brought down the river on a barge and carried to this place. When it was in the ground it had to be lowered down into the vault, and that without modern machinery. As I went through the tombs I saw several such caskets, and the archeologist who guided me showed me the holes in the stone walls of the entrance ways where beams had been put across in order that ropes might be used to prevent these stone masses sliding too far when let down. It is a difficult job for us to handle iron safes of even four-foot cubes. One of these stone boxes would weigh as much as several such safes, and the old Egyptians carried them where they pleased.

Indeed, I venture the civil engineers of

the Pharaohs could teach our people much. All about this region there are enormous monuments which it would puzzle the engineers of today to handle. Take the Colossi of Memnon, the two mighty stone figures in the Nile valley within a few miles of where I am now writing. Each is as high as a six-story house, and the stone pedestals upon which they sit rise thirteen feet above the ground. I rode by them as I came home from the valley of the kings, and climbed up and ran the tape measure over their legs. The legs measure nineteen feet from sole to knee. The feet are each ten feet in length, so long that one would fill the box of a farm wagon from end to end, and so wide that it could hardly be fitted within it. The arms, from finger tips to elbow, each measure fifteen feet, and the middle finger of each hand is a yard and a half long.

As I stood beside the pedestal, with my feet on Gingerbread's saddle, I could not reach to the top, and I find it difficult to give any comparative idea of the enormous weight of the structures.

These two mighty figures sit side by side on the edge of the Nile valley. They

were erected in honor of an Egyptian king who lived thirty-five hundred six years ago; and the temple, which he constructed behind them, has now entirely disappeared. They are right on the edge of the valley, with the desert mountains in the rear. My way was through green fields, and as I looked at them I thought of how they had watched the people sowing and reaping for more than 3,500 years.

Not far from these monuments are the ruins of the temple of Ramesses II, the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites and would not let them go. Among them I saw the remains of a statue of that old king, which show that they belong to a structure at least sixty feet high. There is no granite nearer here than in the quarries of Assouan, and this mighty statue must have been cut out there and brought down the Nile to Thebes, a distance of 155 miles.

Toting the Obelisks.

Consider the obelisks which the Egyptians made at those quarries and carried down the Nile to Thebes and also to Cairo and Alexandria. There are two obelisks still at this place. You may see them in the great temple at Karnak, which is not

more than a twenty-minute walk from Luxor. They weigh something like 60 tons each, and it would take 1,000 horses to haul them, if they were broken up and loaded upon wagons. Each is one solid block of granite, and each was carried in that shape to this place. There are inscriptions on the top of the obelisks which show that these two obelisks were dug out of the quarries, covered with hieroglyphic carvings, brought here and put up all in the space of seven months. I don't wonder our engineers could do the job as quick or as well.

We thought it a wonderful work to bring the Alexandria obelisk from Egypt to New York. It was carried there in the hold of a steamer, and to lead it the bow of the vessel had to be cut and the obelisk dragged in. The obelisk at Paris was carried across the Mediterranean on a barge, and that which now stands in London was brought here in a iron watertight cylinder, in which was carried to Alexandria in pieces and built around the obelisk as it lay upon the shore. When the granite stone was thoroughly encased, the whole was rolled into the sea and thus towed to London. After landing, the modern engineers had great trouble to get the obelisk where they wanted them. That of New York was rolled along upon iron balls which ran in iron grooves laid down for the purpose, and that of London was slid over greased ways to the place where it now stands on the banks of the Thames.

Unearthing the Oldest of Temples.

The oldest temple of Egypt by 1,900 years is now being unearthed here by the agents of the Egyptian exploration fund. This lies near the famous temple of Der el Bahari, and in a branch valley from where the tomb of the kings are. When I visited the excavators were at work, and the men in charge told me they had great hopes of making valuable discoveries. It was with James Teackie Dennis, the American representative of the excavation fund, that I went over the temple. I met him at the little one-story house which forms the laboratory and home of the foreign explorers, and had a chat with the other members as to the progress of the work. The fund is now supporting here a number of specialists from Canada, England and the United States, who are superintending the Egyptian laborers. They have quite an army of men at work and have been successful. Of what they find one-half goes to the museum at Cairo and the balance to the countries which contribute to the fund, in proportion to the amount of their subscriptions. The chief money from Amer. I have come from Boston, New York, Baltimore and Washington, and our share of what is now being unearthed will go to the museums of those cities. Last year the only subscriber from Baltimore was Mr. Dennis, and his subscription was \$50. The funds were so many, however, that he was able to send to Johns Hopkins museum articles which at auction would have brought at least \$1,500.

Mr. Dennis tells me that the present outlook for the work of the fund is exceedingly hopeful. He expects that another great stone cow, like that which has been discovered and is now in the Cairo museum,

In the Footstep of Pharaoh.

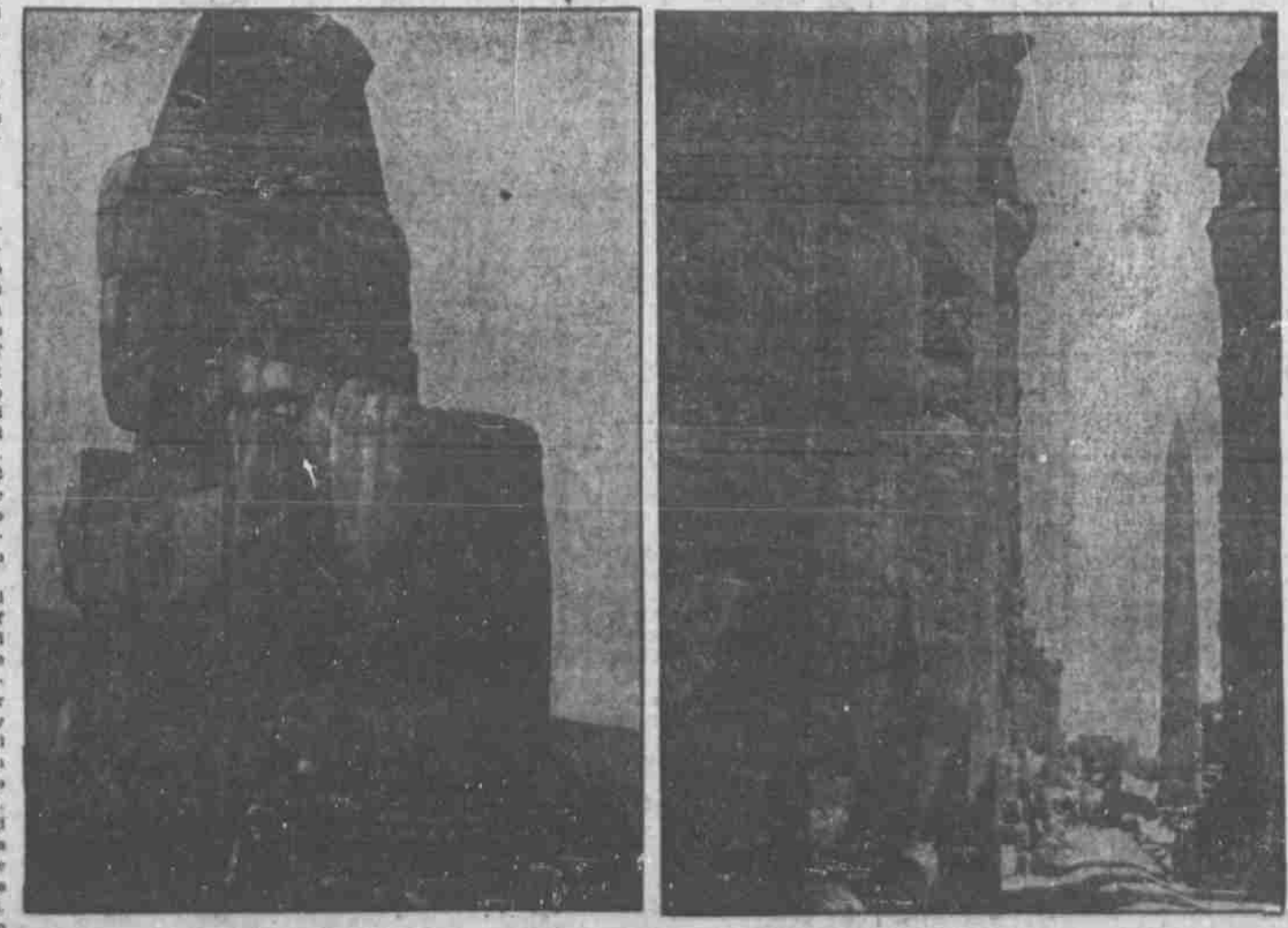
I have always thought of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites and forced them to make brick without straw, as lying at Memphis, near where Cairo now stands. The truth is, he had a great city there, but his capital and favorite home was about 40 miles farther up the Nile valley, at the very spot where I now am. It was known as Thebes, and it is one of the greatest cities of antiquity. It covered almost as much ground as Paris, and it is said to have had more than a million people. The city had walls so thick that chariots drawn by a half dozen horses abreast could easily pass as they rolled along them in his long iron jaw. His temples and private houses were the wonder of the world. Some of the residences were five stories high, the skyscrapers of those days. Thebes was noted for its wealth, and its riches were added to by the successful wars which the kings waged with their neighbors. The monuments of that day had mighty armies of both infantry and cavalry. Some of the kings had as many as 30,000 war chariots, and ancient writers say that there were scattered along the Nile from here to Memphis 100 stone stables, each large enough to accommodate 30 war horses.

How Pharaoh Looked.

It brings one close to the days of the scriptures when one can put his hands on the very same things that were touched by old Pharaoh; when one can visit the temple in which he worshipped; can sit on the statues which he had and see the look at the tomb in which his royal bones were laid away. One feels closer still when he can look at the mummy; itself and actually see the hard-headed old heathen almost as he was when alive.

I have gone through all these experiences. I saw here today the temple in which the king's mummy was found, and I have had notes of old Pharaoh himself as he lay before me in his casket in the museum at Cairo. The oppressor of the Hebrews was a good-looking man. His mummified face shows a broad forehead, a strong Roman nose, a long chin and a firm iron jaw. He had big ears set close to the head, luxuriant brown hair and an Adam's apple which rose and fell as he swallowed. Some of his teeth, notwithstanding their 3,000 odd years, are still sound, and they show plainly out of a pair of thin lips. He was a tall man, as can be judged from his mummy, and the records show he had a mighty air.

(Continued on Page Five.)



ONE OF THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON. TEMPLE AT THEBES SHOWING OBELISK COMMEMORATING PHARAOH'S VICTORIES.