

SCANDINAVIAN MISSION HOUSE.

Brilliant Affair in Aid of Erection of Structure at Copenhagen.

A FINE ENTERTAINMENT.

Concert, Ball and Supper at Christensen's Last Night—Gov. Wells Delivers Excellent Address.

A grand concert, ball and supper were given in Christensen's hall last evening for the benefit of the Scandinavian mission house at Copenhagen, Denmark. The affair was conducted under the direction of a number of Scandinavian citizens and was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season, and was successful to a large degree. A most excellent program was rendered, the chief feature of which was an address by Governor Wells, which appeared in full below. The hall was very artistically decorated with flowers, potted plants and draped with the flags of the United States and Scandinavia.

The first number was selections from the operas, "Geisha" and "Bacchus," by Miss Hilma Louquist, on the violin, accompanied on the piano by Miss Emma Hagman. A duet called "Sister-Jenny" was sung by Mrs. Christine Anderson and Mathilda Christ. This was followed with a comic sketch by the comedienne, Miss Hilma Louquist, and a Swedish song by Miss Emma Hagman. Then the Danish national song, "Virt Stolt på Kødens Røge," was rendered by Mrs. Christine Anderson.

President Joseph E. Taylor was called upon for a speech and responded with a happy remark. He was followed by the rendition of the Norwegian national song, "Vi elsker dette Landet," by Hyrum Olsen. Selections from Swedish plays were given on the violin by Miss Hilma Louquist, accompanied by Knut Louquist on the guitar.

A most composed of Thos. J. Jacobsen, Martin Christoffersen, Ole Gulbrandsen and Hyrum Olsen, rendered a very pleasing piece, and a skit dance by Miss Ethel Beesley and a cake walk by twelve little girls in costume, under the direction of Miss Emma Hagman.

Governor Wells' address was listened to with close attention, and was as follows:

It is with the most pleasurable feelings that I respond to the invitation to be one with you this evening, and leaving the cares and trifles of everyday life and shortcoming of everyday life outside and elsewhere, as you have done, participate with you in the general joy of this occasion.

It seems altogether fitting and proper that the children of the Scandinavian countries, so far away from their native land, should engage in these social reunions, indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past and the good cheer which the companionship of the present produces.

I shall not address you as "Fellow Scandinavians," as I can claim no immediate ancestry of that blood, and I am sure that I do not hesitate to call attention to the fact that my complexion might easily entitle me to pass in a crowd for one of your countrymen. And if such a mistake should be recorded, let me assure you I should regard it as no small compliment to be classed as a countryman of that proud group of nations that has contributed so much to the world's advancement, and that has assisted so phenomenally in peopling all parts of the civilized world, and particularly the United States, with a race of men and women who are greeted with so warm a welcome wherever they for their sturdy honesty, their marvelous thrift and enterprise.

Naturally, by reason of the somewhat rigorous climate of the land of their nativity and the temperance and habits acquired thereby, they have appropriated largely to the northwestern sections of our country, where the temperature is more nearly like that in which they or their immediate ancestors were born and reared; and so we find an immense proportion of Scandinavians in Minnesota, and Wisconsin, and goodly numbers in Michigan, Illinois, Nebraska and the Dakotas. But I am proud to be able to say that our own Utah is little, if any, behind the rest of these states in point of Scandinavian population.

It is in this country, where the Scandinavian people have found a new home, that they have turned their faces and directed their footsteps higher when the fatherland was hidden adieu. It therefore happens that we who were born in Utah have as accurate a knowledge of the character and worth of the Scandinavians as the people of any other state, and what is said of our Swedish, Danish and Norwegian friends anywhere in the United States may be said of them with equal accuracy here. Speaking of them, then, as we find them, the Scandinavians in this country constitute a numerical, political and commercial factor second to those of but one other power, and not greatly inferior to them; while as citizens, as adopted children in the household of education, and as hospitable government, they are by the natives of our own or any other land, in the matters of loyal support and devotion to the cause of the United States, the freest and the best of all the nations of any age of the world.

Coming here, as many of you have, from the land of the midnight sun, next door to the ultimate truth, so long and disastrously sought for elsewhere, the great white bear climbs up the North Pole and washes his paws in the aurora borealis—you have not taken much time to be subjected to much inconvenience in becoming acquainted with the people and methods of the more temperate region. Nor should it be recent assimilation, or envenom or otherwise, for the ties that bind us by affectionate remembrance or loyal approval of the children of Scandinavia go back to a period long antedating when the present era—the time of the great and the good—was first established and strengthened and fortified by the ties of personal friendship and national good will.

We are disposed, and very properly, to give the first credit for the discovery of America to Christopher Columbus, following up his initiatory voyage, those of Amerigo Vesputi, Sebastian Cabot and others; and we properly give the courageous and enterprising Genoese the first honor in the discovery of the new world, and the history of the advanced and advanced races, and because his voyages were made under such adverse hardships, against such odds, and in the main with such rank and better equipped people than those with whom he had to deal, we award him

the palm of merit as a matter of sympathetic appreciation more, perhaps, than because of the achievements themselves. We positively know, at the same time, that he never set foot on these shores and that not even was the outermost coast of our eastern seaboard ever brought within range of his vision. We also know that to none of his contemporaries or successors is the honor due for first planting a European footprint on American soil; that to fix the credit and properly bestow the meed of praise due for that momentous performance we must forsake sunny Italy, mighty Spain, and the semi-barbarous powers lying immediately northward, and go to the land of the Norse and the home of the Viking.

At the commencement of the eleventh century, Leif Ericsson, an Icelandic, and thereby a Scandinavian, set sail for the trackless and for aught he knew, boundless, West from Greenland on exploration bent. Upon discovery of the continent he landed on down the Atlantic coast, making a series of discoveries extending as far as the present state of Rhode Island. He did not proceed inland for reasons which must have presented themselves at a very early stage of his proceedings—the country was barren except in the matter of wild vegetation and animals, and the red men did not take kindly to the pale faced Scandinavian and his blue eyed companions. This, however, was the beginning, the first break in the crust of the wild barbarous wayward land, and the red men did not take kindly to the pale faced Scandinavian and his blue eyed companions. This, however, was the beginning, the first break in the crust of the wild barbarous wayward land, and the red men did not take kindly to the pale faced Scandinavian and his blue eyed companions. This, however, was the beginning, the first break in the crust of the wild barbarous wayward land, and the red men did not take kindly to the pale faced Scandinavian and his blue eyed companions.

This is not all. Icelandic literature is traceable back to the twelfth century, for in 1846, more than a hundred years before the incident above related, Bjorne Herjulfson (whose name discloses his nationality, even though I may be a little astray on the pronunciation) was driven by a storm to within plain view of the eastern coast. It is not all. Icelandic literature is traceable back to the twelfth century, for in 1846, more than a hundred years before the incident above related, Bjorne Herjulfson (whose name discloses his nationality, even though I may be a little astray on the pronunciation) was driven by a storm to within plain view of the eastern coast. It is not all. Icelandic literature is traceable back to the twelfth century, for in 1846, more than a hundred years before the incident above related, Bjorne Herjulfson (whose name discloses his nationality, even though I may be a little astray on the pronunciation) was driven by a storm to within plain view of the eastern coast.

Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness. All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of Mother's Friend before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. Mother's Friend overcomes all the danger of child-birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. It is woman's greatest blessing. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

The Bradford-Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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the more recent history of the United States in which a distinguished son of Scandinavia was to us indeed a guardian angel, a defender of our cause whose defense amounted almost, if not quite, to preservation. It was during our civil war, when the fate of the Union was quivering in the balance with a manifest inclination to turn to the wrong side. A great, unseemly contrivance eluded in mail and with powerful guns projecting from its slanting iron sides, floated into Hampton Roads and wrought destruction upon the northern war vessels, sinking two, disabling others and being itself wholly uninjured. The Confederacy was jubilant. The Federals were shrouded in gloom and filled with the most dire forebodings. In the absence of Providential intervention there was little or nothing to prevent the monster from making its way up the Potomac to Washington and laying the city under tribute, which could have meant but the dictation of terms of peace from Richmond. But the intervention came. A craft almost as curiously devised as the other but with so little of itself visible as to almost excite derision when it appeared. Bowed with hostile intent up alongside to give the monster battle. The contest waged fiercely for a long time, and when it ended the threatened destroyer with a broken wing and a prostrate flag, ever gone was making its way slowly and painfully to the friendly shores beyond for assistance. Washington was saved; the Union was preserved, for from that time on the hosts from the North imbued fresh inspiration and took on new hope. The man who invented, constructed and gave to the government the little craft which broke down the Confederate Colossus of war was another Ericsson, another Scandinavian. Here in the nation he did so much to hand down undivided and unimpaired to our posterity, his name and fame are secure, his memory will be kept green in the land of freedom even though it should fade away among all the other children of men, a condition of things which is not in the least degree probable.

Well, my friends and fellow citizens, since talking was to be merely a feature, not the feature of your gathering, a condition of things which is not in the least degree probable. It is about time for me to give way and let other, and doubtless more pleasurable features of entertainment prevail. It is truly gratifying to me to be able to number myself among your guests; to be permitted to pay my respects to the achievements, at home and abroad, of the gallant sons and winsome daughters of Scandinavia. May you each and all continue to prosper and advance along all the lines leading to honorable, useful lives and glorious consummations. As was said of the race of Abou Achim, may your tribe increase, and all such increase be ours, in respect to the good and progressive

Wireless telegraphy. We hear a good deal at present concerning Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy. The very idea is so wonderful! To send human thoughts far over the raging billows of the mighty deep, and hold converse with beings yet unseen. It gives us a hint of the possibilities of the human race in its conquest over the materials and forces of the universe.

But there is another kind of wireless telegraphy that is not so much spoken about, although its signals have been heard, now and then, for ages. Long ago, more of Marathon and Thermopylae heard its whisperings, and centuries later the hardy followers of Alaric, king of the Goths, and Attila, king of the Huns, listened to its signals and with terrific blows hurled back at once the power and corruptions of the Roman empire. Again the whisperings of this telegraphy were heard by William Tell, and the solitudes of the high Alps. The men of Grutli heard its tones, and Arnold von Winkelried broke the Austrian ranks in response to its echoes.

Agate we hear of this telegraphy as the Mayflower rode the stormy ocean and bore liberty and the Pilgrims to the bleak shores of New England. Its significant tidings were doubtless heard by Samuel Adams, by George Washington, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. No doubt, its whisperings inspired the pen of William Lloyd Garrison, and the eloquence of Wendell Phillips and Edward Everett. It is quite possible the signals of this telegraphy were heard by Brigham Young and his indomitable co-workers as they founded their great co-operative commonwealth on the shore of America's great inland sea. A little later Abraham Lincoln and the undying names of 1861 and 62 listened to its echoes as they amid the thunderings of cannon and the lurid flames of burning cities commanded with unmistakable voice, "Let my people go."

The signals of this telegraphy are not heard by every ear, nor are the signal stations to be found in every land. At present there seems to be a signal station in South Africa, and the hardy Dutch farmers there have read some of the signals. Over there on the Philippine Islands, Aguinaldo seems to be listening to its whisperings. Down in Massachusetts, there seems to be another receiving station, and Senator Hoar has read some of the signals. We wonder sometimes if there are any other places in the United States where these signals are heard.

J. H. WARD.

SCHOOL AT FORT DOUGLAS.

Course of Military Instruction Provided for Officers.

In accordance to a recent order of the war department, Major Young, the officer in command at Fort Douglas, has provided for the establishing at the post of an officers' school for elementary instruction in theory and practice. First and second lieutenants and captains of the line of less than ten years' service will be required to give systematic recitations, except graduates of the infantry, cavalry or artillery school. The school will begin at once and be conducted Monday and Thursday from 11 to 12 o'clock. All officers of the National Guard, former officers of volunteers and graduates of military schools which have had army officers as instructors, will be admitted to the school and receive full instructions in military tactics. Capt. C. D.

Shanks will be the instructor in drill regulations and manual of guard duty for infantry, in small arms, firing regulations, and in troops in campaign, military and international law. Capt. Adelbert Cronkhite will be instructor in drill regulations and manual of guard duty for artillery, and Maj. J. M. Calif in hippology for field artillery.

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INJUNCTION IS DISSOLVED.

Judge Lochren Decides in Favor of the Northern Pacific Railway Co.

Retirement of the Preferred Stock is a Lawful Purpose, a Thing that May Properly be Done.

Minneapolis, Dec. 31.—Judge William Lochren of the United States circuit court today dissolved the temporary injunction issued yesterday in the case of Peter Power against the Northern Pacific Railway company by Judge Elliott of the district court of Hennepin county.

The injunction which was dissolved by the order of Judge Lochren restrained the Northern Pacific from issuing any evidences of indebtedness to retire the preferred stock of the company or to retire the preferred stock in any other manner than by the use of the surplus