

home. Arriving there he adds the freight charges for his return voyage. That makes two trans-Atlantic freights that he holds against the goods.

Then another English or British ship pulls into port with a cargo of American flour or preserved meats or something else and by a little natural trading the cargo of flour is exchanged for the cargo of sugar. In making the exchange the ship from America adds the freight for carrying the cargo across the Atlantic. That makes three trans-Atlantic freights, and when the flour is unloaded and the cargo from South America is started across the sea to New York a fourth freight is added.

Of course, if the people south of the equator wanted anything costly, like fine cotton or silk or linen goods, or automobiles, or pianos, or electric machinery, or any of a thousand other things, it was perfectly natural for the foreigners who held the field to inform them that the climate of the United States is so bad that their wood work will not bear the exactions of a tropical climate; that indeed, they are so inefficient that their work is always inferior.

And our people and government have gone on in this way for five and twenty years. A great party in congress looking wiser than a tree full of owls has praised their own sagacity and patriotism that they have been too wise and true to permit any soulless American ship monopoly to get government help to swell their enormous profit. And the majority of them have known no more of the measure they have been discussing than does a camel driver on the Sahara know about running a submarine. And through all those years some that pass as great newspapers in New York City have never prescribed a way to run an American marine except there has been poison enough in the plan to kill the enterprise.

Now we have no ships and Americans who are forced to cross the sea take their lives in their hands when they go abroad in a foreign ship to make the voyage. And we have no status among outside nations.

We talk about the center of the commercial world gravitating to New York, and forget that we have no close commercial alliances the world around, and more than half of the people do not know our flag when they see it.

And congress is about to air what it does not comprehend in relation to our shipping, no more than did that Indiana congressman in the long ago when he fought the magnetic telegraph as but the incandescent dream of a lunatic, and when a dispatch finally reached his Indiana home from Washington, he looked dubiously at it and finally said: "It may do for light packages, but I still insist it will never be worth a damn for heavy freight."

Major General Grenville M. Dodge

THE nation today stands before the bier of one of her greatest sons. A stalwart was he, a splendid figure of virile, confident manhood.

A great soldier, a great executive officer, an indomitable soul, a patriot who counted no sacrifice as worth considering when his country needed his services—has passed into the ranks of the immortals and now after a life of mighty works and great triumphs has gone to join those who were stalwarts with him in youth: Grant, Sherman, McPherson, and the greatest soul of all, Lincoln in the bivouac beyond the stars. We can easily imagine the shades of all these drawing near to receive his shade and make him welcome, now that all the storms of that heroic period have grown still and the calm of eternity is upon them. General Dodge had those qualities that drew to him the sagacious Lincoln, the iron souled Grant, the impetuous Sherman, the steady-poled McPherson and caused them to rely upon him as a reinforcement sufficient for any occasion and not to be turned from a holy purpose.

The history of General Dodge's part in the war makes clear that in all his splendid acts, his anxiety was not so much to make a high name for himself, as to perform great services, and his glory is the greater that for what he did he did for his country's glory alone—his anxiety was not that he should make a great name, but that the cause for which he fought might triumph. Grant imparted one secret to him, which was that the purpose was to engage the enemy at all available points at the same time, to keep him all the time busy and to make it impossible for him to concentrate on any particular point. This rule governed after Shiloh was fought. And after that there were no more repulses, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, then Chattanooga, then Sherman's drawing lines which culminated in the capture of Atlanta and then the march to the sea; while Thomas drew back until he completely involved General Hood and with one last blow utterly shattered his army.

And General Dodge was in the thick of all of this and earned the full share of the glory that was his in acting his heroic part.

The war over, he went to the frontier and laid out a highway for Commerce and civilization and tolled unceasingly until the dream was realized and Commerce came with lighted chariots and linking the east and the west together, and sounded the exultant note that in our country, the east and west had been joined together in a grasp of steel, that all her waste places were to be occupied and that a majesty indescribable and a power immeasurable had come to her and that henceforth the mightiest of nations were to become second class compared with ours.

And now the old hero has fallen asleep. As he sank into his final coma, our belief is that Grant and Sherman and the others were bending near, that they gave the first all hail to his ransomed soul, the first welcome to the new sphere where those who serve our country faithfully at last find rest. We believe that with great ostentation they received him, that many a ghostly flag was raised, that the blare of many trumpets sounded through the ether, that special honors were given, that all the brothers in that other land might know that a hero had come, a patriot had come, who was a glorified soldier on earth, come to receive his final welcome in that land where the final couches of great soldiers are spread.

At the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Peoria, Illinois, in 1912, Mrs. General John A. Logan delivered an eulogy on General Dodge. We have space but for a few words, of this, but her opening words were as follows:

"We greet you with unlimited and undying fraternal affection. No language can convey to you the full measure of regard in which you are held by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. Could we voice the sentiments of all veterans of the Civil War and loyal citizens of this Republic, there would be no discordant note in the salutation you would receive. We honor you for what you have done for your country in war and in peace. We honor you for your magnanimity to the vanquished foe in the hour of victory. We honor you for your unheralded philanthropy and generosity to mankind. We honor you for your patriotism, for your loyalty to your family, your friends, your home, and your country. The name of Grenville M. Dodge has been engraven on the hearts of the living and the dead of all classes of men for deeds of kindness when adversity threatened their destruction. Your name will ever stand a synonym for loyalty, integrity and humanity.

"As one said, 'General Dodge was one of the greatest soldiers in time of war and one of the greatest citizens in time of peace.'"

We suppose the Ford critics never spent any of their money foolishly.—Columbia Star.

Foward March

A PERUSAL of the holiday papers here in Utah gives the impression that every field of effort is being enthusiastically explored. The industries take first place—mining, farming, dry-farming, fruit-raising and a vast variety of manufactures are all being pursued and the aggregate volume of all these is swiftly increasing and the methods of production are improving steadily.

In music, art and learning like progress is noted. There is no reason why Salt Lake City should not, ten years hence, be a real art and musical center.

With increasing wealth the architecture of the city is improving.

The parks are gaining steadily in beauty and the resorts near the city will shortly become delightful spots in which to spend the hot six weeks that come between the spring and autumn.

A little longer and the trade in flowers in Salt Lake will exceed that of every other town on the coast, save two. The learned professions have some shining lights here; we have eloquent preachers; some fine teachers; and, for a show town it has no rival of its own size.

The echo of the sunset and sunrise guns of Bingham where the dynamite is tearing down the mountains, is a perpetual reminder that all Utah's prosperity comes from stubborn labor in every field—a ceaseless conquest of the desert and the gathering in of its treasures.

The friction of that warfare insures earnest and brave and strong men and women and gives assurance that if in the future the call comes to them for all that is high and true and strong in their nature, they will not be found wanting.

Col. Robert Thompson Van Horn

ONE of the foremost factors in the making of Kansas City great, was Col. Van Horn. There has been many makers there, many thousands for that matter, but there was one man who brought a young, fresh brain to create and direct the progress of that city. His help never faltered as the days advanced to weeks, and months, and years, and through a long life he was the daily counsellor of the city, the friend of the city, and more than any other one person, the inspiration that carried every good thing on. Col. Van Horn was always a strong partisan. He was wont to give and receive heavy blows, but he always struck fair, and did not care how rough the blow was in return. His thought was that if a thing was right, it was worth fighting for, and that no argument could overthrow it.

There is one wonderful feature about a daily newspaper. Men in different cities may edit newspapers year after year; they may never be brought together, and still they may learn to know each other well, and a sincere affection may spring up between them. In this way Col. Van Horn was very much loved by many editors in many states, and this went on, until many an editor who never trod upon the soil of Missouri had a sincere affection for Col. Van Horn, learned to know him so well, that they got to believe they could, without opening his paper, know how he would treat any particular subject. He had one of those wonderful brains that could bear the mental fatigue that the preparing of a great newspaper every day involves without ever losing force or vitality, or what we might call the elasticity of youth. While other men failed and went into the silence, he remained at his post, vigorous and alert, and so the years came and went with him. Now he goes down to his grave at ninety-one. He was altogether a clear-brained, high principled, accomplished, country loving, splendid man, and for years to come, when men speak of the abutments on which the foundations on which Kansas City were laid, one of the most conspicuous will be the character of Robert Thompson Van Horn.