UNCLE SAM'S NEW NAVY. THE WONDERFUL DRY DOCK JUST COMPLETED AT NORFOLK.

rest in the Navy-Why Stone Bothe Give Place to Coment and -Dry Ducking the Cruiser Tantic. al Work in the New Dock.

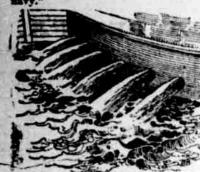
[Special Correspondence] serrorrow, Oct. 8.—A hole in the d that cost a half million of dolremed that cost a half million of doing, that can have water let into it and after pumped out of it—that is the new remment dry dock in Norfolk navy and. I was present at the opening of it few days ago, and I was interested. A odera dry dock is one of the finest exapples to be found in all mechanics of the simple, yet effective, manner in which man harnesses the mighty forces of nature and makes them do his bid-



STARTING THE WATER. Without great pavies, the econo to tell us, there could be no merchant marine, no peace among nations. With-out dry docks there could be no navies, and hence we must look down upon this excavation as one of the chief civilizing ies of the world. I don't know how old the dry dock idea is, but I suppose the Phœnicians and Macedonians, to say nothing of the Greeks and Romans, had some place to draw the water away from their ships, that the barnacles might be scraped off the bottoms of the

The Chinese have had dry docks for a thousand or two years, and the naval powers of Europe have spent untold mills in such appliances. But the United States, I am told, has taken a step which will revolutionize the dry dock business, just as it has in times past taken steps which have led to revolutions in the building of war ships. It is altogether appropriate that this new idea in the con-struction of dry docks should come at this day, which is the dawning of the new navy. And it is worth while men-tioning here that the new navy, the dream of enthusiasts, the despair of taxpayers, is sure to come. Wherever one goes he finds the national sentiment d on this matter. It is not a fever or a fad, not a craze, not a desire to make playthings of new war ships, but a genuine national demand for the ships and the guns to back up our pretensions on the seas. Secretary Blaine once said to me: "There is no diplomacy without big guns and fleet ships to carry them."

ne such spirit as this must have pervaded the throng of important persons which gathered about the new dry dock ch I am writing. There were govnment officials, war and navy officers, smen and newspaper men. They from the four corners of the republic. Everywhere, they declared, the lar sentiment is for a new and great y. It is a sentiment that flames up on the prairies of Iowa and Illinois, Kan sas and Dakota, as well as on the coasts. No man or toast was so much cheered over the wine that followed the water the dock as this: "Here's to the new



HOW THE WATER RUSHES IN While we are pressing forward, therefore, ship by ship and gun by gun, to a new navy that will make our words trong and our diplomates potential where, this new dry dock becomes ing of importance. It is a part of the navy, essential to the navy. It is like the dry docks of Europe and the cider docks in this country because it is built of timber. A few yards away is an old dock made of stone, started when John Quincy Adams was president of be United States, and completed under frew Jackson. It has done service n that day to this, but has cost several fortunes in repairs. The frost takes hold of it and fills it full of cracks and ns. But the new dock is built of ceat and pine timber. The cement will rever, the timber facing for a lifetime. Where decay sets in replenishat may be easily effected.

I have said the dry docking of a vessel is a pretty process, and I'll prove it. The Yantic, famous for her Arctic voyages, lies out in Elizabeth river with macles hanging to her copper bottom and in sad need of a scrape. She is in holiday attire. Signal flags make a fore and aft line of red, white and blue from her stem to her stern. The Union Jack and the rear admiral's flag float from her tops. Her brass guns glisten in the sun. The captain and his officers are dent in dress parade, a bit of gilt wing on the dark blue, white gloves gripping trumpets of gold, on the quarter deck. Fore, aft and midships are groups of jack tars, merry fellows who are not afraid to show their bronzed ats through the lapels of the sailor cket, nor their teeth when the whispered jest goes round out of officers' rebot. Even the gunners are at their posts, looking anything but bloodthirsty. Only the captain and the marines are The latter, drawn up proudly in line, carbines and ship swords in place, helmets on their heads and the strings thereof under their high held , all stiff and ungainly, form a contrast to the active and unre ined tars who bob about them.

The deck of the Yantic is full of peoie. One says you couldn't fire a gun hot across her broadside without carrying a dozen men overboard. Another res if all those people sail in the ship when she goes out to sea.

"Certainly," says jolly Admiral Jouett. "She is crowded, that's true; but, you see, we have more sailors than ships, re gunners than guns, more marines than marine. We have the men and the money, too, but, by jingo, we haven't the craft to put them in.

So, as Mr. Blaine says, everything omes back to the question of a new We have the diplomates, and the nal pride, and the maritime and ial ambition, and the sailor lade all that, but we haven't the ships

The Yantic is waiting to get in the dry to great hole in the ground. It is thirty-three feet deep and more five hundred feet long. For it is to the bottom, the thaters of their it is constructed forming every-where a flight of stairs with eight lands have and ten inch treads. Everybody

says it is a big thing, that you could put a row of three story city houses a block long in it, that a game of baseball could be played on its floor, that it would be a beautiful place for a circus or a bull fight or a Sullivan-Kilrain mill.

Suddenly everybody makes a dash for the top Old men and young hastily climb the stairs. The roar of water is heard and a glance shows six stalwart streams, each as thick as a man's body, pouring in through the Iron caisson. Quickly the floor is covered with surging, bubbling water. Step by step the visitors retreat toward the top, the water following. Soon the two rows of bilge blocks in the bottom are submerged.

The iron caisson, somebody points out, is simply a big gate at the mouth of the dock. On one side of the gate is the river, on the other the basin, or dock. A man has opened the sluice gates, and the river is pouring through them. When the huge basin is nearly full, for of cours the water continues rushing in long after the six streams have been submerged



THE VANTIC SAILING IN. the crowd finds itself gathered about the banks of a lake. Then pumps are put at work, and the water is pumped out of the reservoirs in the caisson. This big gate rests against the sill and abutment of the dock, which are padded with rubber. The pressure of the weight of water from the outside forces the caisson against the rubber and gives air tight joints. As the water is pumped out of the reservoirs the calsson rises. Now the dock is full of water, and the caisson floating. A rope is thrown out, a dozen lusty men grasp it, the gate is pulled one side, and there are the dock and the river meeting on the same level. All eyes are turned upon the Yantic. Her whistle blows and her screws begin turning. The captain leaves the quarter deck and climbs upon the bridge, where he stands on tiptoe. He waves his hand

"Out with that fore sta'bo'd line there?" An officer twenty feet away salutes with his white gloved hand and sings

out: "Out with that fore sta'bo'd line!" A boatswain bold touches his cap and

Ave. ave. sir!"

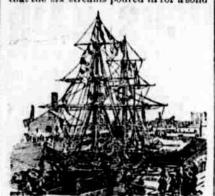
"Out with that sta'bo'd line now!" And the tars shout, "Aye, aye, sir!" and lay to. The starboard line is thrown out, made fast, the capstan is manned and the tars cry "heave oh!"

The Yantic approaches the dock slow ly, carefully.

More lines are thrown out, fore and aft, sta'bo'd and la'bo'd. There are innumerable commands to tighten up and slack up, countless salutes and passing along of commands, choruses of "Aye, aye, sir!" And at last the Yantic has reached the very center of the lake that is enclosed by the walls of pine and cement.

Through all this maneuvering the ma

rines move not a muscle. The big caisson is floated back into place, thus closing the gate and separat-ing dock from river. Water is let in its recervoirs and it settles down into the mud, its face pressing hard against the rubber surface of the abutments. Now the big pumps are started. It is no small task before them, taking out the water that the six screams poured in for a solid



THE YANTIC DRY BOCKED.

But the pumps are equal to the emergency. There are two of them, of the centrifugal pattern, each forty-two inches in diameter. They throw 80,000 gallons a minute back into the river, a stream equal to four of the half dozen which we saw pouring in a little while before.

As the Yantic settles down and down the workmen rush about putting up the props which are to hold the huil upright and tightening and slackening the lines which hold her precisely over the bilge blocks on which she is to rest when the water is all taken away.

As the pumps go on throwing out their giant stream an old man, nearly fourscore, by name Simpson, views the scene with evident pride. He is the four der of the firm of J. E. Simpson & Co., of New York, who have built a dozen big docks for the government. His partners are his three sons.

"This dock," he says, "is one of the largest in the world. It is 580 feet long and 130 feet wide. Five thousand piles were driven to make the floor, and we have used 4,000,000 feet of pine timber in the construction, besides 150,000 iron bolts and 4,000 cubic yards of concrete. To dig the hole required the excavation

of 70,000 cubic yards of earth." In a little more than an hour from the starting of the pumps the Yantic rests on the blocks, and we go down under her and watch the workmen scraping off the barnacles and putting new rivets in the copper bottom.

WALTER WELLMAN.

MRS. LATHROP, PREACHER.

A Woman Whose Eloquent Voice Is Lifted Up for Christianity.

Special Correspondence.] CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Unlike the proverbial prophet who is "not without honor save in his own country," Mrs. Lathrop is chiefly honored in her own state and town. She was born in 1838, at Concord, Jackson county, Mich. Her childhood was spent in the grind of a scanty living, amid the hardships of pioneer life. In those days there were no railroads west of Detroit, and farm life in Jackson county was a hand to hand conflict with all that goes to make up an entirely undeveloped country.

Her mother, who was of Scotch-Irish extraction and a weman of splendid strength of character, was left a while Mrs. Lathrop was yet a little child. This fact made the daughter's girlhood and early womanhood especially laborious. But the severe friction of this time did not leave its impress in a coarse angular life. As have the inspired through all the ages Mrs. Lathrop, then

Mary Torrence, listened to the voices and to the inner sense and was inspired and refined by them, while her frugal wasy life gave her a healthy, robust

Tonly school she attended was the

ordinary country public school. However, she was fortunate in having had teachers who gave her advice which enabled her to go forward with her education without their aid, and she became, by her own unaided efforts, an excellent scholar.

Life and Deeds of an Interesting Savage In speaking of what led her to be a preacher, Mrs. Lathrop says: "When I was converted, at the age of 10 years Who Was a Friend of Andrew Jackson. Old Bickery Said He Was the Bravest of I felt that I was All Indians.

divinely called to preach, although brought up very Presbyterian church, where speak. The intense conviction which I received at that time persisted with me through all the

MRS. LATHROP. years until I arrived at mature woman hood. I then found myself compelled, by a profound religious experience, known only to myself, to enter upon the duties of the ministry. It was made possible for me to do so in a way that then seemed and now appears to me di-

vine. Nothing less than such a call, in such a way, would have led me to preach, for environment, education and personal timidity were all against me." Mrs. Lathrop's sermons, while not models of diction and rhetorical style, are practical, powerful, persuasive and so touched with pathos, earnestness and occasional glints of humor as to be

Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist church, after listening to her, said: "God certainly has called and anointed our sister to preach his gospel." It is Carlyle who says: "Let him who would move and convince others be first moved and convinced himself." It is undoubtedly due to the fact that her own nature is deeply stirred that Mrs. Lathrop is able to hold the attention of vast audiences. to move them profoundly and with en-during effect. Dealing with every day interests, and not far fetched exegesis, she declares a life rather than a belief. Divining the heart's needs she reveals compassion, sympathy and forgiveness.

In 1865, while teaching in the public schools of Detroit, she met and married Dr. C. C. Lathrop, who was a surgeon in the Ninth Michigan cavalry. Until this time she had been a member of the Presbyterian church, but after her marriage she joined the Methodist church with her husband. Mrs. Lathrop has from year to year held a local preacher's license from the conference of the Methodist church, but has never been ordained.

Although she has given her first and best efforts to her pulpit work, she has accomplished a great deal in other lines. When she was 14 years old she began to contribute to the press, and has written more or less ever since. Much of her work has been widely copied, particu-larly a poem, "The Dead March," which is a favorite with elocutionists.

is a favorite with electronists.

Mrs. Lathrop was largely instrumental
in establishing a state institution in
Michigan for the reform of fallen women. The pitiful needs of this class appealed strongly to her ardent and tender nature, and in 1878 she began to agitate the subject of making some especial provision for them. She gave herself no rest and the legislature of Michigan had appropriated \$30,000 for the purpose of establishing an institution at Adrian. Mrs. Lathrop's husband is in sympathy

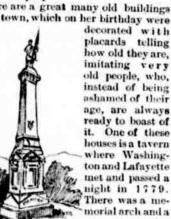
with her in all her work. She is the mistress of a charming household, which consists of two adopted nieces and her mother, who is now well on in the nineties. She is at present president of the Michigan state organization of the Women's Christian Temperance union and is devoting herself to temperance and evangelical work.

STRATFORD'S 250TH BIRTHDAY.

It Was Lately Celebrated with Great Cer-

emony. The little town of Stratford, Conn .not Stratford-on-Avon-has just been celebrating its 250th birthday. On Oct. 3, 1639, settlers went from New Haven and planted themselves at Stratford. That was two and a half centuries ago. Since then Connecticut has ceased to be a colony, the United States have become an independent nation, and from having a few thousand white people on the coast to furnish amusement for the scalp loving savage, has now more than sixty millions of people.

There are a great many old buildings in the town, which on her birthday were



old people, who, instead of being ashamed of their age, are always ready to boast of it. One of these houses is a tavern where Washington and Lafavette met and 1779. met and passed a There was a memorial arch and a procession and a

STRATFORD MONUMENT, soldiers' monument to be unveiled, besides all the adjuncts of a gala day.

Among other things was a collection of relies gathered in the house of Mrs. Talbot. There were two oaken, carved sideboards, made in England and brought across the ocean in 1634; specimens of crockery 200 years old; Bibles and sermons delivered to the citizens when the Puritan of New England existed in all his pristine vigor. Among other things were specimens of needle work done by the women of Stratford when the town was in its cradle.

In the evening there was a grand illumination by 900 Japanese lanterns, with ringing of bells and fireworks. Meanwhile the old town was dressed in the variegated costume of autumn, smiling at the hosts of citizens and strangers who were doing her honor, and wondering what they would all think could they see her as she was on the day she

The Stallion Nelson

NELSON. was a great day for lovers of the turt in Boston when the stallion Nelson went under the wire first and won the Balch national \$10,000 stake. As The Boston Herald well says, it was a buttle between the greatest living horses of the age, and that Alcryon lost the race is no wonder, considering that

Nelson is such a grand animal.

Alcryon is the gray stallion who is the hero of the great Hartford \$10,000 stake, givthe only defeat that he ever sus tained. There can be no question, however, but what Nelson, the great son of young Rolfe, has retrieved his reputation and now stands at the front.

going to Tuscaloosa, and when you hear from us again the Creek fort will be in AN OLD CHOCTAW CHIEF.

PUSH-MA-TA-HA: THE WARRIOR'S The Creeks and Seminoles allied them-selves with the British, and Push-ma-ta-BEAT IS FINISHED. ha made war on both tribes with such energy and success that the whites called him "The Indian General." In 1824 he went to Washington in or-

[Special Correspondence.]

found a finer country on earth-magnificent valleys with their rich share of

wooded streams, gently undulating up-

lands, and an elysian expanse of prairie,

watered by the Arkansas, and the "Red

The Chactaws, or, properly, Chatas,

when De Soto, who was the first ex-

plorer on the continent to meet them

(:540), occupied an immense region, now comprised in Mississippi, Alabama

Georgia and Florida, and, unlike their

surrounding neighbors, were peaceably disposed—a nation of farmers, much

further advanced in civilization that

This tribe has produced some of the

greatest characters in Indian history

whose deeds have long ago been wover

into the archives of the United States

and it has been my fortune to have

known one or two intimately and many

The most conspicuous of all, and the

one whose memory is revered to this day

with almost a saint like adoration, was

"Push-ma-ta-ha," which means "The

the warpath before he was 20 years old

that lasted an entire day. "Push-ma-ta-ha" disappeared early in the fight.

and when he returned to the camp at

midnight, he was jeered at, and openly

from his pouch and threw them on the

he had made single handed on the en-

After spending several years in Mex-

ico, he went alone to a Torauqua village,

killed seven men with his own hand

and made good his retreat uninjured.

During the next two years he made three

additional expeditions into the Toraugua

country and added eight fresh scalps to

For fifteen years afterwards he seemed

to have slipped out of history, but in

1810 was living on the Tombigbee river,

and had the reputation of being an ex-

pert Indian ball player.

During the war of 1812 he promptly took sides with the United States, and it

was through his eloquence and influence.

at the great council ordered by Tecum-

seh, the celebrated Shawnee, for the pur-

pose of uniting all the southern Indians

with the English, that the purpose of

the council was defeated and the Choo-

That memorable council was held on

the Tombighee river, about five mile.

north of where Columbus, Miss., now is

It lasted ten days and nights and at

first all the warriors counseled neutrality

but John Pitchlynn and "Push-ma-ta-

legumseh made the grandest oratorica

effort of his life, and apparently had it

all his own way until Push-ma-ta-ha

who was then 54, addressed the assem

blage, and then the great Shawnee chief

could only persuade a portion of the

The proceedings of that famous coun-

cil must have been solemnly impressive.

but no official record, of course, was

kept, because the Indians who partici

pated at that time were "untutored say

ages," and without a written language

for it was not until ten venra afterward

that Se-quo-yah, the Cadmus of the Cher-

mighty gathering were told to me six or

seven years ago by the son-then an old

man-of one of the earliest Baptist mis

sionaries to the Choctaws, who was pres

ent (the Rev. Mr. Cushman), and whe

One of the ceremonies particularly in

torested me, because it resembled the

sacrifice of the Jews during the admin

istration of Moses-but I am not one o.

those who believe in the theory that the

Indians of America are descendants of

"the lost tribes of Israel:" I am firm in

my conviction of an indigenous origin

for the primitive peoples of this conti-

nent, which many of their traditions

confirm. The ceremony referred to was

the demand made by the prophet of the

tribe-so called, and who in the Choctaw

cult of that period, seemed to bear the

same relation to his people as the "med-

Indians. This prophet, to more defi-

nitely determine the question of neu

trality, or whether the nation should side

with the English or Americans in the

impending war, ordered brought to him

"a spotless red heifer" with which to

propitiate the "Great Spirit" and learn

His desires or advice on the vexed ques-

The required animal was shortly pro-

duced, a huge altar of logs constructed,

the beast with much ceremony slaugh-

tered by the prophet, its naked carcass

dedicated to the flames, and while the

thick smoke of the offering was ascend-

ing to the clouds, he took the bloody hide,

and commanding every warrior to throw

himself prone upon the ground, face

downward, which, as soon as he was

obeyed, he wrapped himself up in and

waited for a communication from the

More than an hour was occupied in this curious but impressive incantation;

meanwhile not a warrier moved from

his abject position; not a sound disturbed

the awful silence save the crackling of

the logs and the sizzing of the heifer's

flesh as it burnt on the high altar. Then

when the sacrifice was completed by the

exhaustion of materials the prophet rose.

himself all bloody, and gave the signal

for the Indians to stand erect and listen.

Great Spirit, and they were directed to

ally themselves with the Americans

ngainst the English aroon which an-

nouncement they all, to a man, lifted up

their tomalowks, the sign that they

the representative of the Great sparit

A portion of Push-ma-ta-ha's speech

at that wonderful connect has been pre-

served. Until the last the he kept si-

lent, then chang he said. The Creeks

were once our friends. They have

joined the English and we must now

follow different trails! When our fathers

took the hand of Washington they told

him the Choctaws would always be the

friends of his nation, and Push-ma-ta-ha

cannot be false to their promise. I are

now ready to fight against both the Eng-

lish and Creeks-1 and my warriors are

would obey the mandate of the party

and then the dispersed

He told them be had heard from the

Great Spirit!

cine man" of today among the Plains

often related the story to his family.

Some of the spectacular features of the

okees, completed his alphabet.

taws sided with our people.

warriors to follow him.

the title of "The Eagle."

his war costume.

They were the result of an onslaught

accused of cowardice. "Let those laugh,

of the lineal descendants of others.

warrior's seat is finished."

river of the south."

any other tribe.

der, in his own phraseology, "to brighten the chain of peace between the Amer-icans and the Choctawa." He was treated with great consideration by President Monroe and John C. Calhoun, secretary of war. A record of his com-KANSAS CITY, Oct. 3.—The Choctaws are possessed of the most picturesquely beautiful and inherently fertile portion munication at that time may be found of the Indian territory. It may with in the archives of state. truth be said there can scarcely be

After a visit to Lafayette, he was tak en seriously ill, and finding that he was nearing his end he expressed the wish that he might be buried with military honors and that "big guns might be fired over his grave." These requests were complied with and a procession were complied with and a procession more than a mile in length followed him to his resting place in the Congressional burying ground.

Gen. Andrew Jackson, whom Push-ma-ta-ha, it is alleged, was with at the battle of New Orleans, frequently ex-pressed the opinion, "that he was the greatest and the bravest Indian he had ever known." John Randolph of Roanoke, while pronouncing a eulogy upon him in the United States senate, declared that "he was wise in council, eloquent in an extraordinary degree, and on all occasions and under all circumstances the white man's friend."

Many anecdotes of this celebrated Choctaw are current among the nation today, whose people never tire of talking

Once, when in company with a party of young officers in camp, they began to boast of their ancestry; one was related He was born in Mississippi in 1765 to Lord So-and-so, another to Count and died in Washington, D. C., Dec. 24. Somebody, and still another a descendant 1824. He had distinguished himself or of the Earl of Something. At last one of the crowd turned to Push-ma-ta-ha and He joined an expedition against the asked him where he had come from. Osages, whose country lay west of the The old warrior rose in all his dignity, great river, and was laughed at by the and striking himself, said: "A great older members of the party because of many years ago, during a terrible storm his boyishness and propensity to talk. The Osages were defeated in a conflict in the forest, the lightning struck a large white oak tree, splitting it wide open and out jumped Push-ma-ta-ha, a fullarmed warrior!" But the old chief only meant this satirically, and as a rebuke to the young gentlemen's boasting. was his reply, "who can show more scalps than I," whereupon he took five

Once, when strolling around the camp, he came across a private soldier tied up by the wrists to a tree near the guard tent. He asked why the man was being punished in that manner; "for getting drunk," some one told him. He then took out his knife and cut the poor fellow down, remarking as he turned away: "Shouldn't tie a warrior up like that just for getting drunk; all warriors get drunk; sometimes Push-ma-ta-ha gets drunk.

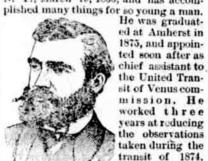
Another time one of his wives came into camp-at that period the Choctaws practiced polygamy-and a private soldier said something disrespectful to her, whereupon Push-ma-ta-ha drew his sword and struck him over the head with the flat side. The general, hearing about it, asked him what he had done it for. Push-ma-ta-ha replied, "Because he had insulted one of my wives; but if it had been you, Gen. Jackson, I would have used the point!"

HENRY INMAN. DAVID PECK TODD

He Will Have Charge of the Expedition to Observe the Sun's Eclipse. Professor David Peck Todd, of Amherst college, is off for Africa to see the total eclipse of the sun, going in a United States vessel with a large corps of assistanta and a splendid set of instruments, including a photographic telescope forty feet long. It is exceedingly fortunate that the eclipse occurs Dec. 22, for the ality (nine degrees south of the equator in Angola) to which he is going is almost certain death to white men during half the year. As the eclipse will last two hours many views and photographs may

tions regarding the solar corona finally settled. Professor Todd was born in Lake Ridge, N. Y., March 19, 1855, and has accom-

be taken, and the long disputed ques-



transit of 1874. and the brilliant DAVID PECK TODD. results have taken their place in the science of astronomy. He soon after published a work indicating the movements of the satellites of Jupiter from 16c5 to 1900, which has taken a high rank. In 1877 he began the search for the planet lying beyond Neptune, which was indicated by the calculations of himself and others, but

the search is so far unsuccessful. In 1878 he took charge of the United States government expedition to observe the total eclipse of the sun as it appeared in Texas, and in 1881 he accepted the chair at Amberst, which he still holds. Besides doing much valuable work there he directed the observations of the transit of Venus in 1882 from the Lick observatory, and a little later organized the remarkable expedition to the summit of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, 12,500 feet high. He has been an incessant worker, astronomy being a perfect passion with him. The degree of Ph. D. was conferred on him by Washington and Jefferson college in 1888, and he is a member of American and European scientific societies,

An Artistic Group.

The small pointed wall bracket in this sketch from The London Cabinet Maker, is intended to hold a staircase lamp, and could be produced in any of the popular art colorings. Below this schown a simple form of stool; this, it will be seen, is designed upon the form of the old Pompeian seats, and hence it would not be inappropriate if produced in a metal lic finish, such as bronze, or even old gold. The mode of bracing the back and front legs together by means of the curved stretcher is elugant and strong. A wassall table, such as it "wated to the manner little oblinent of drawing room furniture.

AN IRISH GIANT.

A Talk with Mitchell, the Hammer Thrower.

CHAMPION OF THREE COUNTRIES.

The Games, Methods and Athletes of England, Ireland and America-American Make More of a Business of Pleasure Than They Do on the Other Side.



James Sarsfield Mitchell, a Tipperary lad of 24, is a model of the modern giants who are now doing battle in various fields of athletic sports for the amateur championship One shows his superiority as a wrestler, an other as an oarsman, a third as a boxer, others as runners, leapers and lifters; but the specialty of young Mitchell is the marvelous skill and strength exhibited in the throwing of the 16 pound hammer and the "putting," as it is technically called, of the 55-pound weight. In measurement he is a man 634 feet tail, with a weight that ranges from 226 to 235 pounds. Around the arm a tape line calls for 16% inches; around the chest, 46 inches around the hips, 4414 inches, and around ench thigh, 28% inches. This mass of well developed muscle has lifted a dead weight of 760 pounds. He came to America with the famous Irish team of athletes a year ago.

Like most men of mighty strength, Mr. Mitchell is quiet, modest and unostentatious, not easily responsive to the questions of the curious, and, unlike most of the people of his nation, he is singularly laconic. theless, the writer enjoyed a conversation with him recently, on the grounds of the New Jersey Athletic club, where he has been practicing for the last two weeks, and elicited a number of facts that will be interesting to the readers of this paper, and especially those to whom athletics are a never ending

theme of discussion.

His personal history may be given briefly. He was born in the town of Emly, county Tipperary, Ireland, on the 3ist of January, 1865. His father was an exceptionally strong man, and inasmuch as his grandfather died at 96 and his grandmother at 102 years of age, it is not difficult to account for his extraordinary virility. At the age of 17 he made a record of five feet ten inches in high jumping, and was famous throughout hi neighborhood for speed in running. The first prize of young Mitchell 1884, when he was but 10 years old, tall and thin, but exceedingly muscular, and with a weight of 180 pounds. At this age he began to make "weight throwing" a specialty, and since then has been first in 267 contests, holding a three years' championship in England and for four years being champion of Ireland. At the present time he is champion of

America.
"On coming to America," said Mr. Mitchell, "I found very nearly the same style of work prevailing in America as on the other side. The training here, however, is more a matter of business than it is yonder. If I have any objection to make in my peculiar department of athletics, it is that in the United States every man may choose his own hammer, and some of them being practically not up to the rules of the competition, an ad vantage is thus obtained. While one person may bring a hammer that is like a mere lump of lead attached to a walking stick, another will play with the regulation form and hence the competition is uneven. the difference between iron and lead in pass-ing through the air is as nine to fourteen, in favor of the former. On the other side the hammer is regulated by the rules of the committee; it must have an iron head with a handle four feet long, the whole weighing sixteen pounds. In America, on the other hand, a man is permitted to bring into the field any style of hammer he may be accus-tomed to. Therefore follows a perceptible difference in the styles of throwing and their

"The 56 pound weight also differs in the two countries. In England and Ireland they use an ordinary shop weight which measure twelve inches over all. Here they use a weight specially made for the purpose, and it is supposed to measure sixteen inches. On er side a man has to throw with one hand only. In America a men may use two hands, grasping a handle which is flexible. The advantage is therefore in favor of the

The writer inquired whereh constituted the peculiar skill, outside of mere muscular force, required in throwing these weights 'An active, alert mind has much to do with success," was the reply. "In ordinary practice one easily observes his mistakes, but in competition every element of your nature is brought into being. Nervous, brain and muscular power all must work in harmony When you hear of a man 'out of form,' b sure of it that something he may not even suspect has interfered with him.

"Training! Yes, such a thing is of the utmost importance, but in my own experience, no one taught me. I tried every style of throwing and working I could think of, and consequently in the end I reached what I believed to be the most effective. So far as I can judge of myself, I do not some to use much exertion; at least, I don't but it; the doctors tell me I throw from regards the use of any special food, that's a natter I have paid little or no attention to Like the most of farmer's sons in Ireland."

"What difference between American and English or Irish athletes do you find?" was a further inquiry. "Little or none. If any difference may be commented upon, it is that a larger class of people indulge in athletic sport on the other side than here, and they do so from a pure love of the sport. they are the sons of farmers and pupils in the schools and colleges. Their parents being, as you say in America, pretty well "fixed" and many of them athletes in their own youth they encourage the development of rivalry in feats of strength and skill. Therefore you will find in almost every English or Irish neighborhood a cinder path and training unds.

grounds.
"In Ireland this love of athletic sport is even more prevalent. The Gaelic association alone is composed of about 2,000 clubs, which are scattered through nearly every village and parish in the country, so that from time to time from football and hurling, which is the national game, the best men are brought out. Once a week there are local meetings of these associations, usually under the direct tion of the county committee, and contests ensue for the championship of the province or district in which they are located. Afterwards these champion clubs play with each other, and the winning club then becomes the champion of all Ireland. "So general is this devotion to outdoor ex-

ercise that every boy looks forward to the time of his development as an acknowledged athlete, and when they reach 39 or 28 years of age, the stout lads are an exception who are not good for something in the field There is a class of these young men who take hand at everything. They sprint, jump, throw weights, and in general are as tough a lot of fellows as can be found anywhere. Yet do not think one out of a thousand practices with the view of becoming a professional; their whole object seems to achieve the championship for their locality, and if there are sweethearts in the questithat much additional animus is given to the

'No, they do not train there as much as in this country or make so much of a business of their pleasure. About the only thing that

do, in addition to a fair amount of exercise, is to observe a strong, wholesome diet and abstain from intoxicating liquors. Nor do we have clube on the other side organized and managed like those of America. A champion there is thrown largely on his own resources, especially in the matter of paying his own expenses. Having achieved success at home, he starts on his travels with nothing behind him but his ability to maintain what he has won. Reaching a field of competitors where the expects to take his chances, he pays his entry fee and goes in to do his best and carry off whatever bonors may attach to his new victory. It may appear strange that there are fewer professionals on the other side than here, but it is nevertheless true or you would more frequently find the best of them among your visitors. As a rule, it is not a business that pays as well in England or Ireland as in America."

In answer to the question what was regarded as the favorite sport there, Mr. Mitchell mid there were two—hurling and football, especially the former, because it required great activity, more legs than muscle and an abundance of staying power, all of which entered into the full physical development of the man.

"The clubs consist of a president, vices

the man.

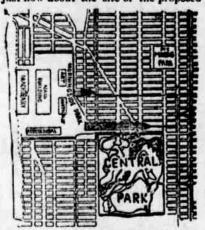
"The clubs consist of a president, vice president and committee. The ages of the members range from 15 to 55, and the club members range from 15 to 55, and the club members range from 15 to 55, and the club grounds are not infrequently the gift of some gentleman owning a large estate who is him-self a patron of the sport. Fair play is the rule, perhaps even more so than in this coun-try, for it is something insisted upon by all concerned on both sides. I must say, how-ever, that during my stay in America I have personally had no reason to regret a lack of courtesy from all true sportamen, and in but courtesy from all true sportanen, and in but few instances have witnessed a breach of that faith which should be held inviolable." It should be said in closing this article that

the unbroken record of Mr. Mitchell gives him 139 ft. 9 in. in throwing the 16-pound hammer and 30 ft. 1 in. in throwing the 56-pound weight.

F. G. DE FONTAISE. NEW YORK'S FAIR SITES.

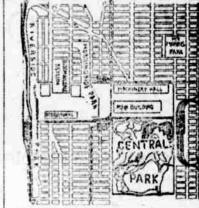
Mape Showing How the Buildings May Se Arranged.

As all the world-all the American world at least-knows, they are having a great to do in the city of New Yerk just now about the site of the proposed



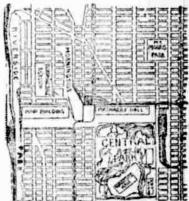
All the buildings to go on the Bloomingdal plateau, and including all of Riverside and Mora logside parks, but leaving Central park us

PLAN NO. 1. World's fair of 1892. It was some days ago proposed by the site committee to use a portion of the northern end of Central park, together with all of Mor-



All the main buildings to go on lowlands north of Central park, singil buildings on Bloomingdale plateau, and including Central park for a pleasur

PLAN NO. 2. ningside park and a portion of Riverside park. The kickers in the present case object to the use of Central park at all. The three accompanying maps show



One large building on ground north of the par one on I-loomingdale plateau and the others

Central park. PLAN NO. 3. three different plans for the utilization of the site chesen, proposed by Mr. Henry R. Te vne, a member of the sub-commit tee on buildings.

A Tasteful Uniog Room.



The cut showing the interior of a dining oom here given is from The Somerville Jour This room receives the light from four windows not shown, but which flood the space with an agreeable atmosphere. The furniture consists of an ash extension table, ash sideboard, ash mantel and ash chairs, leather seats. There is a dado of ash panels, with Japanese paper in the center. Above this, reaching to the cornice, is a warm tinted cartridge paper. Several prints are hung on the walls and bits of brica-brac above the mantel and sideboard. The center of the floor is covered with a rug, while a border of lienna brown encircles the room.



from The Builder and Wood Works

which publication it was drawn !