

UNCLE SAM'S NEW NAVY.

THE WONDERFUL DRY DOCK JUST COMPLETED AT NORFOLK.

Public Interest in the Navy—Why Stone Dry Docks Give Place to Cement and Wood—Dry Docking the Cruiser Yantic. Grounded Now in the New Dock.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—A hole in the ground that cost a half million of dollars, that can have water let into it and water pumped out of it—that is the new government dry dock in Norfolk navy yard. It was present at the opening of it a few days ago, and I was interested. A powerful dry dock is one of the finest examples 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 bidding.



STARTING THE WATER.

Without great navies, the economists tell us, there could be no merchant marine, no peace among nations. Without dry docks there could be no navies, and hence we must look down upon this excavation as one of the chief civilizing agencies of the world. I don't know how old the dry dock idea is, but I suppose the Phoenicians 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 craft.

The Chinese have had dry docks for a thousand or two years, and the naval power of Europe has sprung untold millions 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 construction of dry docks should come at this day, which is the dawning of the new navy. And it is worth while mentioning 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 roused 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 sea. Secretary Blaine once said to me: "There is no diplomacy without big guns and fleet ships to carry them."

Some such spirit as this must have pervaded the throng of important persons which gathered about the new dry dock of which I am writing. There were government officials, war and navy officers, congressmen and newspaper men. They came from the four corners of the republic. Everywhere they declared, the popular sentiment is for a new and great navy. It is a sentiment that flames up on the prairies of Iowa and Illinois, Kansas and Dakota, as well as on the coast. No man or toot was so much cheered over the wine that followed the water into the dock as this: "Here's to the new navy."



HOW THE WATER RUSHES IN.

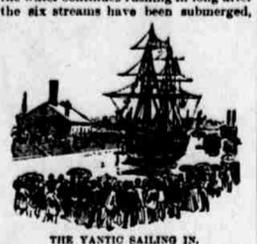
While we are pressing forward, therefore, ship by ship and gun by gun, to a new navy that will make our words strong and our diplomats potential everywhere, this new dry dock becomes a thing of importance. It is a part of the navy, essential to its success. It is unlike the dry docks of Europe, and the older 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 the United States, and completed under Andrew Jackson. It has done service from that day to this, but has cost several fortunes in repairs. The frost takes hold of the masonry, and the cracks and seams. But the new dock is built of cement and pine timber. The cement will last forever, the timber facing for a lifetime. Where decay sets in replenishment 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 barnacles hanging to her copper bottom and a nest of crabs on her side. She is in holiday attire. Signal flags make her 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 top. Her brass guns glisten in the sun. The captain and his officers are resplendent in dress parade, a bit of gilt showing 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 braided braids through the lapels of the sailor jacket, nor their teeth when the whistled just goes round out of officers' ears. Even the gunners are at their posts, looking anything but bloodthirsty. Only the captain and the marines are solemn. The latter, drawn up proudly in line, carbines and ship swords in place, helmets of brass and bayonets fixed there, under their high, buff, shining, stiff and ungainly, form a striking contrast to the active and unrestrained tars who bob about them.

The deck of the Yantic is full of people. One says you couldn't find a gun shot across her broadside without carrying a dozen men overboard. Another inquires if all these people sail in the ship when she goes out to sea. "Certainly," says jolly Admiral Joutet, "she is crowded, that's true; but you see, we have more sailors than ships, more 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 comes back to the question of a new navy. We have the diplomats, and the national pride, and the maritime and commercial ambition, and the sailor lad and all that, but we haven't the ships and the guns.

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-Kirvan mill.



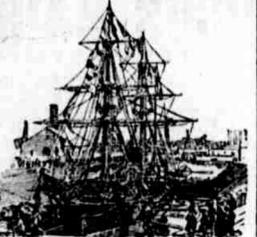
THE YANTIC SAILING IN.

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 abutments 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 caisson rises. Now the dock is full of water, and the caisson is 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 and shouts: "Out with that fore sta'bd line there!"

An officer twenty feet away salutes with his white gloved hand and sings out: "Out with that fore sta'bd line!" A boatswain bold touches his cap and responds: "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Out with that sta'bd line now!" And the tars about, "Aye, aye, sir!" and "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 marines move not a muscle. The big caisson is floated back into place, thus closing the gate and separating dock from river. Water is let in its reservoirs and it settles down into the dock, its face pressing 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 streams poured in for a solid



THE YANTIC DRY DOCK.

hour. 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 50,000 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 pumps go on throwing out their giant stream of old man, nearly fourscore, by name Simpson, views the scene with evident pride. He is the founder 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.

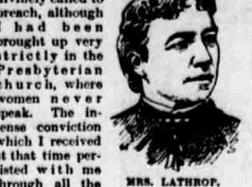
"This dock," he says, "is one of the largest in the world. It is 530 feet long and 130 feet wide. Five thousand piles were driven to make the floor, and we have used 4,000,000 feet of pine timber in the construction, besides 150,000 iron bolts and 4,000 cubic yards of concrete. To dig the hole required 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.

AN OLD CHOCTAW CHIEF.

PUSH-MA-TA-HA: THE WARRIOR'S SEAT IS FINISHED.

Life and Deeds of an Interesting Savage Who Was a Friend of Andrew Jackson. Old History Said He Was the Bravest of All Indians.



KANSAS CITY, Oct. 3.—The Choctaws are possessed of the most picturesquely beautiful and inherently fertile portion of the Indian territory. It may with truth be said there can scarcely be found a finer country on earth—magnificent valleys with their rich shore of wooded streams, gently undulating uplands, and an elysian expanse of prairie, watered by the Arkansas, and the "Red river of the south."

The Choctaws, or, properly, Chata, when De Soto, who was the first explorer on the continent to meet them (1540), 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 more advanced in civilization than any other tribe.

This tribe has produced some of the greatest characters in Indian history whose deeds have long ago been woven into the archives of the United States and it has been my fortune to have known one or two intimately and many of the lineal descendants of others.

The most conspicuous of all, and the one whose memory is revered to this day with almost a saintly like adoration, was "Push-ma-ta-ha," which means "The warrior's seat is finished."

He was born in Mississippi in 1765 and died in Washington, D. C. Dec. 24, 1824. He had distinguished himself on the warpath before he was 20 years old. He joined an expedition against the Osages, whose country lay west of the great river, and was slain by the latter members of the tribe because of his boyishness and propensity to talk. The Osages were defeated in a conflict 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 accused of cowardice. "Let those laugh," was his reply, "who can show more scalps than I," whereupon he took five from his pouch and threw them on the ground.

They were the result of an onslaught he had made single handed on the enemy's rear and this feat gained for him the title of "The Eagle."

After spending several years in Mexico, he went alone to a Toraquua village, killed seven men with his own hand, and made good his retreat uninjured. During the next two years he made three additional expeditions to the Toraquua country and added eight fresh scalps to his war costume.

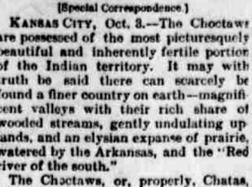
For fifteen years afterwards he seemed to have slipped out of history, but in 1810 was living on the Tombigbee river, and had the reputation of being an expert Indian play leader.

During the war of 1812 he promptly took sides with the United States, and it was through his influence that the great council, ordered by Tecumseh, the celebrated Shawnee, for the purpose of uniting all the southern Indians with the English, that the purpose of the council was defeated and the Choctaws sided with our people.

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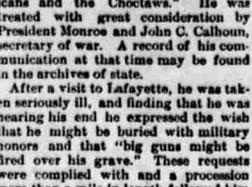
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AMERICAN CHAMPION.

A Talk with Mitchell, the Hammer Thrower.

CHAMPION OF THREE COUNTRIES. The Games, Methods and Athletics of England, Ireland and America—Americans Make More of a Business of Pleasure Than They Do on the Other Side.



James Sarsfield Mitchell, a Tipperary lad of 34, is a model of the modern games who are now doing battle in various fields of athletic sport for the amateur championship. One shows his superiority as a wrestler, another as a runner, leaper and lifter; 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 56-pound weight. In measurement he is a man 6 1/2 feet tall, with a weight that ranges from 230 to 235 pounds. Around the arm a tape line calls for 10 1/2 inches; around the chest, 46 inches; around the hips, 44 1/2 inches; and around each thigh, 25 1/2 inches. This mass of well developed muscle has lifted a dead weight of 700 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. Nevertheless, he enjoys 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 who are interested in a never ending theme of discussion.

His personal history may be given briefly. He was born in the town of Enly, county Tipperary, Ireland, on the 31st of January, 1855. 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 vitality. At the age of 17 he made a record of 110 feet in the high jumping, and was famous throughout his neighborhood for speed in running. The first prize of young Mitchell was won in 1874, when he was but 19 years old, tall and thin, and weighed only 120 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 in Ireland, and for one year in 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 advantage is thus obtained. While one person may bring a hammer that is like a mere lump of iron attached to a walking stick, another will play with the regulation form, and hence the competition is uneven. Now the difference between iron and lead in passing 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 see fit to use. Therefore follows a perceptible difference in the styles of throwing and their results."

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

The writer inquired whereon constituted the peculiar skill, outside of mere muscular force, required in throwing these weights. "An active, alert mind has much to do with success," he replied. "In ordinary practice one easily observes mistakes, but in a contest no every detail is attended 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. Chiefly, they are the sons of farmers and pupils in the school of 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 grounds."

"In Ireland this love of athletic sport is even more prevalent. The Gaelic association alone is composed of about 200 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 direction of the county committee, and contests ensue for the championship of the province or district in which they are played. Afterwards these champions club together with each other, and the winning club then becomes the champion of all Ireland."

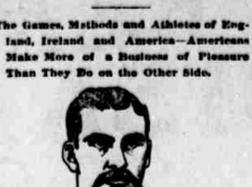
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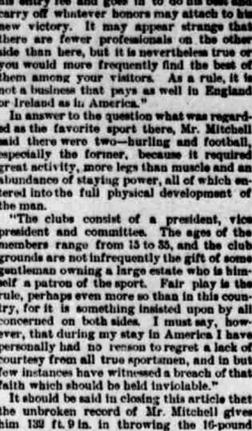
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NEW YORK'S FAIR SITES.

Maps Showing How the Buildings May Be Arranged.

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



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-



PLAN NO. 2.

nous 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



PLAN NO. 3.

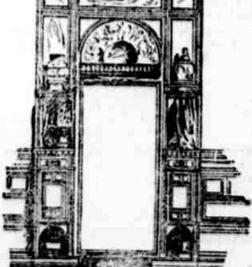
three different plans for the utilization of the site chosen, proposed by Mr. Henry R. Tenny, a member of the sub-committee on buildings.



An Artistic Group.



An Interior Study.



This beautiful and simple arrangement from the Builder and Wood Worker which publication it was drawn by Brown.