

## TRADE WITH ORIENT

It Is Giving a Wonderful Impetus to Pacific Coast Points.

Immense Dry Docks Now in Course of Construction in San Francisco Bay—Commerce Follows Flag.

(Special San Francisco Letter.)

Two immense dry-docks, larger than any in the west, and as large as any in the world, except the one at Newport News, Va., are being built in San Francisco bay—one for commercial purposes and the other for government ships. The first of these is being constructed at Hunter's Point, three miles south of San Francisco, and the other at Mare Island navy yard. These large docks have become necessary owing to the increased size and draft of merchantmen and warships. The rapid increase of our trade with China and Japan, and our acquisition of the Philippines, necessitates larger vessels for commerce and a more powerful navy to protect it. The difficulty is to provide dockage facilities, especially on this coast. The largest dock in use in the west is in this city. It is only 500 feet long, and barely large enough to accommodate ships of the largest class. The same company is building a drydock 750 feet in length—large enough to accommodate the biggest vessel in the world, which is 704 feet in length. The construction of these docks at this place will obviate the necessity of vessels of the larger class in these waters making a long trip to the eastern docks, or crossing over to Hong-Kong. There are also two docks of this size in the east, and there is one at Hong-Kong.

The one building at Hunter's Point is being cut out of stone and has a natural foundation of granite. It is believed that it will be the best drydock in the world. It will have a width at the coping of 122 feet, and at the bottom a width of 74 feet. The depth is 36 feet. The entrance to the dock will be closed by a floating caisson built of structural steel. The machinery employed is of the most expensive and massive, and the heaviest vessels can be docked with ease. Three centrifugal pumping plants will be used, with a total capacity of 180,000

gallons of water a minute. It is estimated that the dock can be pumped dry in an hour and 20 minutes. There is 40 feet depth of water at the entrance to the dock, sufficient to float in the deepest draft vessel. The dock will cost about \$500,000, and will be finished within six months. Three hundred men are employed.

The government drydock, being built at Mare Island navy yard, is of the same dimensions, and it is estimated that it will cost \$1,800,000. The reason for the greater cost is that it has an earth foundation, or rather that piling is driven 60 feet in the mud, upon which to lay a foundation, and a great deal of dredging will be necessary; also a greater quantity of cement must be used. The entire structure will be of cement, mixed with quarried stone. The depth of water is ample, and when finished it will be one of the best naval drydocks in the world. It will be completed in about two years. In the meantime, government war vessels of the larger size will necessarily be docked at Hunter's Point (when that dock is finished. Foreign warships visiting this port will also necessarily be repaired at Hunter's Point, as the drydock at Mare Island is exclusively for American warships.

Thus it will be seen that while our increased Asiatic commerce has necessitated greater docking facilities, and larger vessels, that growth demands also larger warships to protect that commerce, and a larger dock for those war vessels.

The dock now in use at Mare Island navy yard is 500 feet long, and was built 15 years ago, at a cost of about \$3,000,000.

The one at Newport News is the largest dock in the world—being 827 feet long, 162 feet wide at the top and 110 feet at the bottom, with a depth of 30 feet. As is well known, the late C. P. Huntington began its construction, foreseeing the need for increased facilities, and to prevent the necessity of longer sending our larger battleships to Halifax. In this connection it may be mentioned that the two ships now being built at Croton, Conn. (for the Asiatic trade) the largest in the world, can only find dockage accommodation in these large docks. It is likely, however, that one of the docks in the northwest will be lengthened with this view.

The Pacific coast is destined to become a more important central point of maritime operations at no distant day. The change that has recently taken place in Japan has considerable influence in the Asiatic problem, as affecting the Pacific coast, and the United States in General. Japan has within the past few years experienced a revolution in ideas, and those people adopt with eagerness American methods of commerce and learning. Our recent treaty with that power is especially favorable to the increase of the extensive trade between the countries, which necessitates more carrying vessels of larger capacity.

Pacific coast military defenses are also being strengthened in order to protect our increasing commerce, for Great Britain is continually strengthening her fortifications on the northwestern boundary, and is encroaching upon us in the mid-Pacific. She occasionally grabs another island, and longingly looks toward the Golden Gate. California has a coast line of 850 miles in extent, and it will require a fleet of warships to protect the several fleets of commercial vessels that are employed in supplying this coast with the commodities of life. As the population increases, the trade with Asia will become more valuable, and worth fighting for. France, Germany and Russia have also possessions in the mid-Pacific—holding them, and awaiting events. Said a naval officer to me: "It is well to be prepared for anything—a friendly nation of to-day may be an enemy to-morrow."

The Golden Gate is guarded by about 100 guns of the largest caliber, and 200 sea-mortars. The strait that connects the ocean with the bay is 3 1/2 miles long and one mile in width at the narrowest point. Masked batteries are planted at convenient intervals, which it is believed can sink any warship that comes within range. One of these batteries is on a promontory, at an elevation of 473 feet—the highest battery in the world. The channel curves by this point. The strait, which is about two miles wide at its greatest width, is from 30 to 180 feet in depth. The channel, however, has a depth of from 120 feet to 350 feet. Unless a foreign vessel could ascertain the windings of the channel, there would be some danger of grounding or striking an obstruction in the shallowest part.

In order to communicate more directly with the military defenses at the Golden Gate, a wireless telegraph system will be established soon at the Farallone islands, a distance of 25 miles out at sea. The telegraph will be established on the larger of the islands, which is about one mile in diameter, and where there is a signal station for ships.

## A DON'T WORRY MAN.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

I visited John Wainwright, of Ferndale, last week. He has lately joined a Don't Worry club, and I watched how he didn't worry while I was there with a view to forming a sister organization.

I am a very old friend of his, and in times past I had seen and heard him getting ready to go out of an evening. He would ramble around, hunting for his necktie and his gold studs and his chest protector, and the house would echo with his wild cries until he had departed. But now all was changed. Very calmly and evenly he said to his wife: "I sat in the parlor, and the house is a perfect whispering gallery—'Rose, dear, where did I put my necktie and my studs and my chest protector?' " "Be calm, Rose. Be like me. I have joined the Don't Worry club."

And the devoted woman began a search. She hunted high and low and got terribly worked up about it, for she is of a nervous temperament, but he worried no longer. He was deep in a political article and the noise of her search came to him as from afar and with no disturbing force. Once he did look up and said: "Be calm, Rose. Be like me. I have joined the Don't Worry club."

Rose threw her color heightened, but she continued the search, looking in every impossible place for his things, and at last found that he was sitting on them.

She was a little vexed at this, but his calmness was undisturbed. "A soft answer, my dear, turneth away wrath. Be calm." "She left the room, but I heard her say: 'You'd better put down that paper or you'll miss your train.'"

"Nothing gained by hurry or worry, dear," said he, sweetly, and finished the article. Then he looked at his watch and saw that he should not be able to reach the station by walking, but would have to take a trolley.

"Blasfield," called he to his eldest son, who was wrapped up in a boy's book in the parlor, "hurry out to the corner and watch for the trolley. I'll be along in time for it, but you'll have to hurry."

Blasfield sullenly threw down his book, but not until the even tones of his father had come down the stairs a second time.

"Come, Blasfield, get a move on you. I can't afford to miss that trolley." "It was curious to see how uneasy Mrs. Wainwright was. She had joined me in the parlor and she could settle down to nothing. She picked up and dropped half a dozen books and magazines, and kept saying: 'I'm so afraid I'll miss that train.'"

Wainwright was going into New York to attend the National Dinner, and I had come out to see that no thieves broke in and stole during his absence.

The trolley passes right by Wainwright's door, and he knows every motorman and conductor, and they hold cars a little longer in Ferndale than they do in the metropolitan district.

Finally he came slowly down the stairs in immaculate evening clothes. I noticed then for the first time how much Wainwright has gained in weight since he took up his new principles. I glanced from him to his wife and was surprised to note that she had fallen off in weight.

As he entered the parlor we heard the gong of the trolley at the next corner.

"Good-by. Hurry, John, or you'll surely miss it."

"Where's my hat, Rose?" said he, impetuously, and Mrs. Wainwright literally scrambled around the room in a frantic search for it. Fortunately it was in plain sight in the fourth corner she visited. She handed it to him and he stooped and kissed her.

"Hurry up, papa!" we heard Blasfield yell from outside, and Mr. Wainwright hastened his steps a little, but not much.

"I'll go down to the station with you," said I, and entered the forward end as he came in at the rear door of the car. A fat and choleric old man was saying to everybody: "Blamed outrage, holding a car full of people for anybody. Don't care if it was the president himself. This road is run for the public and not for individuals."

He was so red and puffy that I half expected him to blow up. Wainwright said to me, under his breath: "What an exhibition of himself that man is making. I suppose I was like that; in fact, I know I was like that before I joined the Don't Worry club."

The car had waited a full minute for Wainwright, and by so doing lost the right of way and had to wait at the next station for nearly five minutes. Several of the passengers were going as far as the station, and from there they entered the car, and that they were in danger of missing the up country train owing to the delay. Some grumbled internally and expressed it only in their looks; some were explosive like our fat friend. Wainwright was the only one who took the delay calmly, and as his train would not leave until five minutes after the other one perhaps he had a better reason for being calm.

## PEACE PARTY TO BLAME.

Gen. Funston's Opinion of the American Supporters of the Philippine Rebels.

While guest of the Marquette club, Chicago, a few days ago, Gen. Frederick Funston, of Kansas, captor of Aguinaldo, spoke at some length on existing conditions in the Philippines. Among other things he said:

"Had it not been for the so-called peace party in the states the insurrection would have been suppressed finally in January, 1900. Since that time 600 lives have been sacrificed and millions of dollars have been spent. Were it not for the hope of the few leaders still under arms that the United States is on the verge of a civil war in their behalf all resistance would be at an end."

"Two negro soldiers deserted our army and for a time served in the insurgent army. They were caught and hanged. It would have been more of an act of justice had we hanged some of the people who signed the recent petition to congress asking that we confer with the Filipino leaders in an effort to secure peace."

"In the one case two ignorant beings were executed, while in the other people more guilty than they and in possession of their senses were allowed to go free."

"I met Mrs. W. Waller, one of the bravest and best officers in the army, is to be court-martialed because she shot some natives who stole the food from her starving men. If that is true, I say, 'bully for Waller.' I am glad she did it."

"What I say to-night may not be discreet, but it is the naked truth, and army officers who have served in the islands will bear out my statements. There has been so much said here at home by the other side—so much bullying by the copperheads—that I cannot remain silent."

"No matter what the cost in men and money, the insurrection must and will be suppressed. Every trace of resistance must be stamped out for all time. When that is done it will be time to decide what shall be done with the Philippines. It is not a party question, it is not a question of religion, or of race, it is a plain case of duty done, and well done. Gen. King and the other officers here to-night will bear me out in that statement also."

"Through all this wretched business I have never known a wounded Filipino or a black man to be mistreated or killed. So much for our critics."

"I am for my country, right or wrong, but in this case it is right. There never has been a time when we could withdraw from the islands without a total disregard for our plain duty. The responsibility for the continuance of the resistance to our army should be placed where it is due. From the lips of Aguinaldo himself, and from other leaders of the insurrection, I know that for the last two years they have been encouraged to shoot down our men and continue their warfare by the copperhead sentiments of people here in the states."

"The great mass of the natives do not know what independence is. Ninety-five per cent. want to be left alone, and prefer to be governed by others than themselves. The case of Cuba has been held up to us as an example of what we could do in the far east."

"I believe my experience in both countries has given me an insight into the character of both peoples. There are 40 Cuban leaders who are the superiors of any leader the Filipinos ever had. There is no comparison between the two. And I am not lying awake either, thinking of how I love the Cubans."

"It is a well known matter of history that when the city of Manila was surrendered to the army under Gen. Merritt and Admiral Dewey the United States was morally responsible for the welfare of some hundreds of Spanish families, some tens of thousands of Spanish soldiers, part of whom had fallen prisoners to Aguinaldo. If we had gone off and left those men to the mercy of an irresponsible, turbulent and unscrupulous mob which could utter the name of Aguinaldo there would have been a massacre that would have been at least equal to the massacres of Bulgaria and Armenia, and would have been a standing blot and disgrace to the United States."

So well for holding it when the city was first taken. When has there been a time since then when we could let go? Now, will some anti-imperialist member answer me that? When could we let go?"

PERPLEXED DEMOCRATS.

Leaders Apparently Contemplating the Adoption of Republican Policies.

At the recent democratic love feast in New York an attempt was made to harmonize the Cleveland and Bryan factions by invoking memories of Tilden. Bourke Cockran spoke eloquently of the leadership of the past when Samuel J. Tilden was a force in politics, forgetful of the fact that the policy urged by Tilden was repudiated by democrats and adopted by republicans, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

William C. Whitney, however, who was closely associated with Tilden, and who advocated a vigorous naval policy when Tilden was pleading for coast defenses, does not see any efficacy in platitudes about Tilden ideals, or about the leadership of the past. He is looking to the future and hoping that the democratic party may find a McKinley or a Roosevelt to lead it in a fight for modern ideas.

Another equally prominent New York democrat is reported to maintain that if the democracy were to go to the country under strong leadership upon the issues presented in the last address of William McKinley at Buffalo they would solve the problem of democratic unity.

The astonishing thing about all this is that the democrats who are looking to the leadership and the traditions of the past, and those who are looking to new leadership in the future, both contemplate the adoption of republican policies. The Tilden policy of 1885 was the use of the surplus in the treasury to build coast defenses, and to prepare to support by force of arms, if need be, the Monroe doctrine.

The policy was not adopted by the democrats, but was in due time taken up by the republicans, and we have now, not only a line of coast defenses, but a more powerful navy than even Mr. Whitney contemplated. Moreover, the policy enunciated by President McKinley in his address at Buffalo was the same as declared by Mr. Roosevelt in his address at Minneapolis, and it is the same policy for which President Roosevelt now stands.

## WHY HE HATES CATS

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

"Speaking of cats," said Col. Bill Strett as he laid aside a newspaper account of the pet stock show, "I am moved to say that every well-organized dog in the world ought to be glad to see cats coming forward in the show business. As a friend of all dogs, 'cept pugs, I'm glad, because if the domestic cat has any excuse for living outside of playing, I've never discovered it."

The wise and witty man from Dallas pulled out his navy twist, cut off a two-ounce chew and resumed:

"For nigh 50 years of my life, willing to love all animals, including mankind and tertrapin, I never could do any better by the cat than give her the benefit of the doubt. The doubt being considerable, the preponderance of evidence being, so to speak, against the cat, I kept her on the waiting list till I was past 50, and then I wiped her off the slate even as a hundred to one shot, made a new book with Fido as top choice, and now—never mind how old I am—I'm willing to back the dog, from Llewellyn setters down to pugs, against all cat comers."

"Bill Sowers 'sot me' finally against cats. Bill married an old maid over at Austin, and we all allowed it'd turn out fine for her because Sowers was a man of fine sentiments, tender as a woman and powerful partial to pets. 'Twas about four years after Bill's wedding I met him up at Galveston. He was walking along with a fine-looking boy about 12 years old, so says I: 'Hello, Bill, that your boy?' 'Yes,' says he. 'Mighty big and sassy for four-year-old,' says I. 'Yep,' says Bill. 'How's your wife, Bill?'

"Got none," says he, grinning glad-like; "I shunted her an' she shunted me." So I invited him and the kid to go trolling on the bay with me, an' with the little fellow in the bow, where he couldn't hear and Bill and me in the stern-sheets trolling, the old chap ups and yarns me the story.

"Know how I love dawgs? says he; 'well, that was the first trouble. Arabella, she was stuck on cats. Day after the wedding she landed up on the place with seven of the ornierest lookin' grimalkins 'at ever sponged off a white man. Well, Tillman—you know Tillman—the big one-eyed setter, he killed five on 'em fast thing. When Bella seen me latin' she begin cryin' an' rowed all my dawgs—I had only seven then—'ud have to go. Course I ups an' roars, but fin'ly we comp'mised by me agreein' to send the dawgs over to Junk Daly's an' her submittin' to reduce th' cats stable to jest one favorite."

"Well, sir, Bill, that thar beast turned out to be the peskiest, meanest, most odacious thing I ever seen, forever gittin' under my feet, settin' on Bella's lap, cornerin' th' best they wuz an' makin' Bella talk baby talk, till one day I got sure 'nough riled an' kicked the blame tabby outen the winder. Course that fetched on a hullabaloo an' him out that day on they want no peace in Bill Sowers' house. Bella was for bringin' me into subjection 't' th' goll-darned cat an' I was fur bringin' her an' th' cat into subjection 't' Bill Sowers. It was what might be called a armed truce, but I wuz gettin' riler an' riler all the time becu' Bella was everlastin' a-lavishin' herself on the cat an' spittin' me every way her an' the durned cat could rig up."

"Course I wuz gettin' lonesomer an' lonesomer, not havin' no dawgs nor no kids, so when Junk Daly's wife died I sot my notions on adoptin' one of her kids. That's him out thar in the bow right now. He wuz comin' twelve an' right peart un' when I landed him up in th' house an' told Bella I'd adopted him. At fust she tuk to'm near as tender like as ef he wuz a young tom cat, but fust think I knowed Zeke, that's his given name, he begun tyn' strings to Bella's cat's tail an' puttin' paper boots on the durned feline. So Bella begun awollopin' Zeke, an' with me takin' up fur him, an' him fightin' back at th' cat an' the said cat gettin' back at Zeke, they wuz h— to pay for shore. Zeke sleep' with me an' th' cat sleep' with Bella, an' 'fura spell we kep' apart an' had no truck in common. Bella kep' alookin' solemn an' solemn, a-garin' at Zeke an' a-scowlin' at me till fin'ly she ups and tells me that Zeke's bin' robbin' her. She got off serious an' says she'd been missin' 'rings and small jew'ry for a long spell an' hed actually found 'em all that day stowed away in Zeke's little tool chest I'd bought fur his birthday. I ask Zeke an' he ups and swears he never took nothin', but Bella want satisfied till she makes him admit that he knowed the things wuz in his chest all th' time. Course I had t' lick him then, but he never quit swearin' that he didn't know how th' stuff got into his chest."

"Twant two days after that thar fust set-to when Bella comes t' me an' says Zeke has gone an' stole a dollar bill outen her drawer. She fetched me in my room an' pointed out the greenback, all rumpled and poked down in the tool box. So I licked Zeke agin' an' Bella she licked him agin' an' the pore kid was 'most broke down, but still stickin' to it that he never stole nothin'. Lickin' Zeke was bad enough on my sperits, but what made me hotter'n all wuz th' way Bella's danged old cat en'joyed the leatherin' Zeke was gettin'. That night while her an' th' cat was at tea I put another dollar bill on the dresser, tuk a auger an' bored a hole in Bell's door an' another in my door. Then I made her fetch up her everlastin' cat an' put it into the bedroom. When I'd looked both doors after a-lightin' a lamp in her room an' another in me an' Zeke's, I fetched Bella out, leavin' the danged cat inside, an' told her to set down on the floor an' watch at the auger hole what the cat might do. I went to th' door an' lowed that I'd speak out what I seen the cat a-doin'."

"'Has she begun p'formin'?' I ast Bella. 'Yep,' says Bella, peekin' through at Tabby, 'she's a-playin' on the dresser—she's a-fiddlin' with a ribbon 'r suthin'—here she comes with a—it's a greenback, Bill,' says Bella, 'an' she's a-go'in' fur your room!'

"'An' here she comes,' says I, peekin' in my hole, 'an' your g'd-dinged old cat is a-puttin' the money in Zeke's tool chest!'

"'An' so t'was. That cat wuz the guilest lookin' thief I ever seen when I opened the door an' showed Bella the money tucked down in Zeke's box. But Bella, she jest busted out a-cryin' an' said I wuz a low-down scoundrel fur puttin' up sech a meanly trick on a pore cat. That thar crack settled it 'tween Bella an' me. I jest laid for Tabby that evenin' with two bar's of goose-shot an' th' fur is flyin' yet. Bella she moved over to her cousin Jinkinses an' sued me an' Zeke for a divorce, got it all right, an' now she's sot up in a cat foundry over by th' schoolhouse in Toole's saloon. Me an' Zeke teen dawgs, an' when we can't find no better game we go cat huntin'."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Caught on the Rebound.

You made a fool of me," exclaimed the angry husband.

"Call yourself a fool if you wish, my dear," calmly rejoined his wife, "but remember you have always claimed to be a self-made man."—Chicago Daily News.

## FOR PHILIPPINE RELIEF.

The Democratic Position on the Tariff Bill for That Purpose is for Obstruction.

The Philippine tariff bill, as amended, passed the senate by a strict party vote. The republicans solidly supported it, the democrats with equal unanimity voting against it. The democratic attitude in the senate is practically the same as in the house, where the minority, with but few striking exceptions, also antagonized the bill at the time of its passage, says the Troy Times.

The democratic position is neither logical nor patriotic. The Philippines belong to the United States under the terms of a treaty ratified by democratic as well as republican votes in the senate. The question what shall be done with them is not a partisan one. Just at present the most vital matter is that of providing them with an income sufficient to meet the needs of government, and of relieving their industries and commerce from burdensome exactions. The tariff bill is framed with the commendable purpose of meeting these needs. Yet the democratic minority studiously opposes the plan.

But the bill will become a law. The house is yet to act on the amendments made by the senate, though there is little likelihood of serious disagreement, and the measure is pretty certain to go to the president and to receive his approval before many days have passed. As it stands now the bill requires articles imported into the Philippines to pay such duties as may be imposed by the Philippine commission, while articles imported into the United States from the Philippines shall pay a duty of 75 per cent. of the rates fixed by the Dingley law on imports from other countries, less the export duty that may be levied at the shipping point. Relief from the navigation laws of the United States is also granted to commerce passing between the Philippines and this country, and the internal revenue laws of the United States are suspended so far as concerns articles manufactured in bonded manufacturing warehouses of imported materials or of materials subject to such tax and shipped to the Philippines.

All the duties and taxes collected under the law are to be paid into the treasury of the Philippine islands. In short, in order to help the islands the American government surrenders a considerable portion of the income it might otherwise receive. This is the same broad policy it has pursued toward Porto Rico and is proof of its kindly spirit toward its far eastern possessions.

BRYAN DEPRECATES HILL.

Not in Sympathy with the Cloud Raising Trumpet of the Empire State.

Mr. Bryan considers the latest epoch-making appearance of Mr. Hill in the Commoner and indicates that he is not deeply impressed thereby. He has, of course, reasons personal and peculiar for his lack of sympathy, but some of his opinions will be pretty generally shared by his countrymen, for Mr. Hill has ceased to be a novelty as an epoch-maker. His great speeches are found always to resolve themselves into reverberating sound. They are so vague and illusory as to suggest the simile employed in a recent review of a work by Victor Hugo: "When it is all ended and one looks back it is as if one tried to recall the shapes and colors of an avalanche of clouds seen by night over a wide and tossing sea."

If Mr. Hill has not quite all of Hugo's eloquence he is a cloud raiser in his own way and more given to clangor and clamor than to sense, says the Chicago Record-Herald. The famous "I am a democrat" never had any meaning. It was crude clap-trap. And Bryan is wholly justified in saying that Hill's position on the money question is that of an artful dodger. The speech at the Manhattan club at New York is a clear case of dodge itself, and it recalls the time when most of the politicians were dodging and Hill was trying to be the most artful of them all.

He then discovered the expression "free bimetallic coinage" and used it in one of the epoch-making addresses. It was considered a very pretty patent by the Hill clique of that day, but the people are not captivated by mere evasion, and even the politicians have out-lived evasion on the money question since a straight issue was made of it.

When the ex-senator speaks now of declaration "in favor of the general principle of bimetalism" he talks like a ghost suddenly sprung upon us out of the dead past.

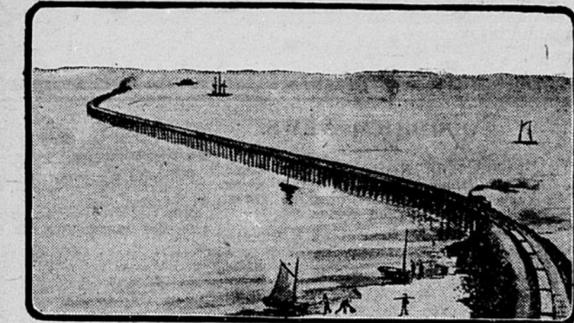
DRIFT OF OPINION.

Col. Bryan now admits that he talked too much in 1896 and 1900. But the admission is not startlingly new. There once was a parrot which made the same confession.—Troy Times.

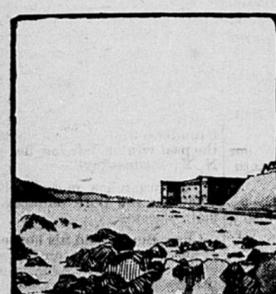
The democratic politicians who are trying to make political capital out of the visit of Prince Henry are likely to discover that the German-Americans have votes.—Cleveland Leader.

The headlines of a democratic paper declare "that the greatest business revival now obtains in the states south of Mason and Dixon's line." This is doubtless true, but it came with republican policies.—Indianapolis Journal.

There are a few silver men left. Twenty-five out of the 41 silver members of the Colorado legislature have asked the democratic state convention to name a free silver candidate for senator. Better have your fun now, for Colorado will soon come into the republican column and all silver men will then be sent to the extreme rear.—Iowa State Register.



LONGEST WHARF IN THE WORLD, SANTA MONICA.



GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO.

pleted in about two years. In the meantime, government war vessels of the larger size will necessarily be docked at Hunter's Point (when that dock is finished. Foreign warships visiting this port will also necessarily be repaired at Hunter's Point, as the drydock at Mare Island is exclusively for American warships.

Thus it will be seen that while our increased Asiatic commerce has necessitated greater docking facilities, and larger vessels, that growth demands also larger warships to protect that commerce, and a larger dock for those war vessels.

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