

[Printed by request.]

A Delirious Day in Butte City.

[From the Anaconda Standard.]

I have read of Roman triumphs in the days
when Rome played ball;
When she met all other nations, taking out
of each a fall;
When victorious Roman generals marched
their legions home in state,
With the plunder of the conquered—and the
conquered paid the freight
Gorgious were those vast processions roll-
ing through the streets of Rome;
Mad with joy went all the Romans welcom-
ing the veterans home
Gold there was for fifty Klondikers swiped
from temples of the gods;
Marble statues by the cartloads, gems enough
to stone the dogs.
Following chariot cars were captives, dam-
sels by the hundred score,
Ballet dancers from far harems, savage men
and beasts galore.
Millions cheered and yelled and thundered;
shook the earth as by a storm;
All Rome howled—and yet Rome's howling
after all was not so warm;
For these monster Roman triumphs, at
which not a stone was mute,
Couldn't hold a Roman candle—
When Bryan came to Butte.

I have read of the uprising of the men of la
belle France
When Napoleon came from Elba, eager for
another chance;
Marble hearts and frozen shoulders turned
the generals to their chief,
But the people hailed their master with a
rapture past belief.
What though France lay stunned and bleed-
ing, she arose and got too gay.
What if he had lost her fortune, still the
devil was to pay;
Though he'd killed a million soldiers and
came back to kill some more,
The survivors stood there ready to give up
their inmost gore;
And they wept and sung and shouted,
whooped and roared in sheer delight,
On their knees they begged, implored him
to pull off another fight—
Sure the champion was in training, and in
training couldn't lose;
Thus they danced around and acted as if
jagged with wildest booze.
But the passion which they cherished for
this fiery French galoot
Was as zero to that witnessed
When Bryan came to Butte.

I have read of Queen Victoria and her
diamond jubilee.
London rose and did the handsome—it was
something up to G.
Long and glittering the procession—beat
old Barnum's best to death:
When the Queen is on exhibit, even cyclones
hold their breath.
Troops of white and black and yellow—
regiments from East and West—
All the glory of Great Britain—pomp until
you couldn't rest.
Russia also cut a figure when she crowned
her present Czar.
In the line of fancy blowouts Russian stock
is up to par.
There were balls and fetes and fireworks,
band played on and cannon roared;
Monarchy was at the bat, and all their royal
jiblets scored.
Add the Moscow show to London's, take the
paralyzing pair—
Put the Queen and Czar together, yoke the
lion and the bear—
Swell these pagentries of Europe till you get
a dream to suit—
And it's pretty small potatoes—
When Bryan came to Butte.

Bryan has himself had triumphs, some
ovations off and on—
Just a little bit the biggest that the sun e'er
shone upon.
You remember the convention in Chicago,
do you not?
When the party went to Bryan and the gold-
bugs went to pot.

You remember the excitement when he rose
and caught the crowd,
When for fully twenty minutes everybody
screamed aloud.
Oh, the mighty roar of thousands as he smote
the cross of gold,
As he gripped the British lion in a giant's
strangle hold!
Oh, the fury of the frenzy as he crushed the
crown of thorns,
As he grasped the situation; as he held it by
the horns!
Some there were who leaped three benches,
some who stood upon their head,
Some who tried to kick the ceiling, more
who tried to wake the dead.
'Twas a record-breaking rouser, down to
fame it shoots the cante—
But it wasn't quite a fly-spec—
When Bryan came to Butte.

Ah, when Bryan came to Butte! greatest
mining camp on earth,
Where the people dig and delve, and demand
their money's worth.
Though the Wall street powers despise them
and abuse them like a dog,
Bryan is their friend and saviour and they
love him as a god
Did they meet him when they came there?
Did they make a little noise?
Were they really glad to see him? Do you
think it pleased the boys?
'Twas the screaming of the eagle as he never
screamed before,
'Twas the crashing of the thunder, mingled
with Niagara's roar.
All the whistles were a-screeching, with the
bands they set the pace—
But the yelling of the people never let them
get a place.
Dancing up and down and sideways, splitting
lungs and throats and ears,
All were yelling, and at yelling seemed
wound up a thousand years.

Of the earth's great celebrations, 'twas the
champion heavyweight,
'Tis the champion of champions for all time,
I calculate,
For it knocked out all its rivals, and still
standing, resolute,
Punched creation's solar plexus—
When Bryan came to Butte.

Recent Inventions

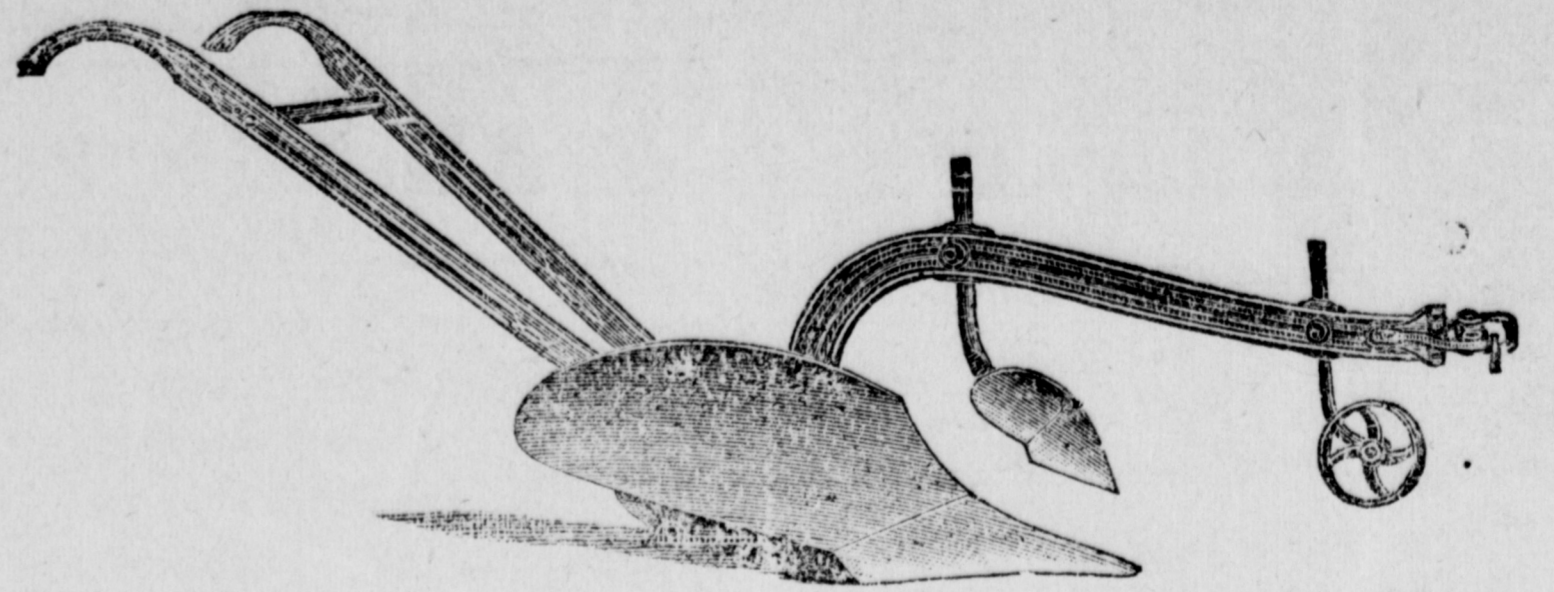
For use in discharging puncture clos-
ing compounds into bicycle tires a new
receptacle is fitted with a sliding bot-
tom, which is pushed in after the nozzle
is attached to the valve, thus forcing
the heavy liquid into the tire.

A new mouse trap is made from a
corucob, having a hole drilled through
the centre, into which a bait holder ex-
tends to drop a spring bale over the en-
trance and catch the rodent as soon as
he enters and touches the bait.

In a simple nut lock recently pa-
tented a spring steel coil is slipped over
the end of the bolt after the nut is in
place, one end of the coil overlapping
the opposite end and causing it to grip
the threads of the bolt to hold it in
place.

Spectacles can be fitted with a new
attachment to enable the wearer to see
what is behind without turning around,
a reflector being placed on the outer
edge of each lens, with adjustable
clamps, which allow them to be set at
any angle.

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American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent
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