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BREASTS THE BILLOW.

Huge Marine Fighting Machine Launched at San Francisco.

BATTLESHIP WISCONSIN IS CHRISTENED.

Thousands Vociferously Cheer as the Gallant Sailor Glides Into Her Element.

San Francisco, Nov. 26.—This morning at the Union Iron Works another powerful fighting machine was added to the already large fleet of Pacific coast war vessels. The vessel which did this the ways this morning was a battleship Wisconsin, the largest of the seven built for the United States government by the Union Iron Works. The launching of the big vessel was attended with the usual ceremony, and she glided quietly on the waters of the bay. All morning long the street cars let off their loads of people at the ship yards and all the available boats on the bay were pressed into service by people anxious to see the baptism of a great vessel. Thousands of people of the city, from different points of vantage, and the platform, especially made for the guests of the Union Iron Works, was crowded to its full capacity. The Wisconsin delegation of "volunteers," which journeyed all the way from the "Badger State" to witness the event, were given the pieces of honor upon the platform with the representatives of the state, the city of the great iron works responsible for the safe delivery of the craft in its element.

LAUNCHED.

For an hour before the plunge a large force of workmen here away chock after chock which supported the vessel and they finally knocked away the last in honor of the prescribed time for launching, leaving only one chock upon each side of the vessel, and this was to support that little Miss Lucile Gage, daughter of the governor-elect of Wisconsin, who was to perform the duties of a guillotine and the inevitable bottle bottom. At a given signal the chock was pounded to bits and with a crash of breaking timbers and cheers from the thousands of assembled spectators the vessel was afloat upon the ways. Slowly the vessel moved towards the bar and then turned to watch Miss Elizabeth Gage as she swung the bottle of champagne upon the bow of the vessel. Just by the cross of iron and steel touched the nose of the fair damsel raised the bottle and let it spill upon the bow of the vessel. The cost of the champagne which greeted the fair sponsor was almost deafening, but it is safe to say that Miss Stephenson took a bottle of California wine upon this occasion and not the usual instead of a bottle of imported French wine that the noble sponsor had her mind set upon for the christening of the vessel. The bottle of the wine fell deeply the slight, if not one of its staple production, but the wine was good and the incident was only disagreeable feature connected with the launching.

The stately giantess gathered momentum as she moved toward the water and finally being the ways floated calmly and well brought to a turn in the bay, where the work of completing her will go on.

An unusual feature of the launching was the raising of a number of people who were standing on the adjoining shipping. The rush of water following the launching was so great that the people of the beach could not escape it and many of them were thoroughly drenched. The Wheelhall boats narrowly escaped capsizing.

PRESENTATION OF OLD GLORY.

Just as the launching a gigantic flag of the Union measuring 27 feet long and 14 feet wide was presented to home of the Wisconsin. The flag was the result of the combined efforts of 300 children living in Mount Joseph public school, also, at the suggestion of their teacher, commenced work upon the flag in the early part of the year. Following the presentation of the flag the following poem, "To the Wisconsin," was read by Miss Clara Ina Gage, its author:

"Born, then ship with the well bred name
Of the sons to breast;
Be, like a line from a world of fame,
Of the hills waiting crest.
Let the stars shield fire should a foe
Dare
Be bold
Thinking of nighty with
Bind fast as her shores by the lake
Where
Ever and the years roll by—
Ever and when the sun laughs out
Ever
Ever and the spring birds northward fly,
Ever
Ever as the sky calms the blast—
Ever
Ever and the sea, the tempest
Ever
Ever
Ever