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1776. FUN. HUMOR. BURLESQUE. 1876.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS A REPUBLIC

606.

OUR SHOW;

P53

A HUMOROUS

ACCOUNT OF THE

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

IN HONOR OF THE

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

FROM INCEPTION TO COMPLETION,

INCLUDING

DESCRIPTION OF BUILDINGS—BIOGRAPHIES OF MANAGERS—RECEPTIONS OF FOREIGN  
DIGNITARIES—OPENING CEREMONIES—POEM—ORATION—AMUSING SURVEY  
OF ALL DEPARTMENTS, INCIDENTS, ETC. ETC.

BY

DAISY SHORTCUT AND ARRY O'PAGUS.

*pseud.*

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

*Cohen, David Selig & H. B. Sommer.*

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CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER,  
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THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, NEW YORK.  
1876.

82 pp.

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## CHAPTER V.

"THE CRACKLING." . . . PREPARATIONS FOR THE BLAZE.



HE morning smiled bright, and the mist rose on high, and the lark whistled "Hail Columbia" in the clear sky, on the tenth day of May, 1876, the day set apart for, and consecrated to, the opening of the Centennial Exposition.

Old Probabilities himself was in the city, with his weather eye open. Early in the morning he fixed the barometer in front of McAllister's at "set fair," arranged the thermometer at 65°, and engaged a refreshing southern breeze to be around lively during the entire day. After this he ate his breakfast, enjoying a quiet conscience and a correspondingly good appetite.

Shortly before daylight a very curious incident occurred—fortunately it ended happily.

The Shah of Persia, his son John, and the Sultan of Turkey, arrived together at Broad and Prime Street Depot. The city being weary of receiving dignitaries, no official and but little private notice was taken of their arrival. They jumped into a Union Line car. Unthinkingly, the Sultan put a dollar bill into the "Slawson box," and then demanded his change from the conductor. Of course, the conductor was unable to open the box, and refused to give it to him, telling him he deserved to lose it for his stupidity. The Sultan became furious.

"My change," he cried; "I want my change, and I'm going to have it; seven cents for me, seven cents for the Shah, and four cents for little Shah, that's eighteen cents; give me eighty-two cents change. You can't cheat me, you swindling Americans!"

Again the conductor refused and remonstrated; the Sultan was perfectly wild with rage; he drew his scimitar, and caught that conductor by the throat, and there would certainly have been an immediate vacancy for a conductor on the Union Line, had not Mr. McMichael been just then returning from a late banquet. Mr. McMichael, being a sportsman, was thoroughly conversant with wild turkey gobble; he smoothed matters over. He refunded the eighty-two cents from his own pocket, took the

Eastern monarchs home with him,  
and afterwards secured them a bed



in the coal cellar of the House of Correction, apologizing to them because they were obliged to share it with Mr. Carlyle, the English essayist.

The Egyptian Sphynx, kindly loaned by the Khedive, also arrived in the morning, and was at once placed in position on Belmont Avenue. We regret being obliged to record the disgraceful fact, that it was entirely carried away in small bits by relic fiends before night. The Khedive immediately presented a bill of damages to the President, and levied on the Exhibition buildings *in toto*, the Capitol at Washington, and Mayor Stokley's house on Broad Street. Happily the matter was amicably settled. The President promised the Khedive that Congress should have a new Sphynx made for him, a much better one than that destroyed, of bronze, and with all modern improvements. The order was subsequently given to Messrs. Robt. Wood & Co., of Phila-



THE MODERN SPHYNX.

delphia, and before the close of the Exposition they shipped to Cairo a bronze Sphynx, which will certainly add greatly to the attractions of the desert. We doubt not that the Messrs. Wood will receive orders for bronze Pyramids, provided they will take the old ones in part payment.

The proprietor of the *Public Ledger* was so pleased with the Sphynx which our Philadelphia firm turned out, that he immediately ordered a duplicate for his back garden. He also composed the following touching lines for the poet's corner of his journal. A copy of them, translated into Egyptian characters, was sent to the Eastern potentate with the Sphynx:—

"Egypt had a little Sphynx,  
It was her pride and wonder,  
She sent it to Amerikay,  
Where it was knocked to thunder.

This 'fiction sore, poor Egypt bore,  
Her grief seemed all in vain,  
Till one as good was made by Wood,  
And Egypt smiled again.

Gone to take the place of the

ORIGINAL ONE."

The great feature of the day was

### THE PROCESSION,

the march from Independence Square to the Exposition grounds. We shall endeavor, in brief style, not to do justice to, but to give some slight account of the grandest pageant which any nation has yet witnessed in its midst.

The immense body, consisting of representative military from every nation under the sun and in the shade, was divided into two hundred and forty divisions, each with a commanding general and aids.

side was grander still. Had our minds been one whit less strong, we should have been bewildered by the conglomeration.

Turkish kiosks, Chinese pagodas, Japanese pavilions, Arabian tents, Persian bazaars, Egyptian temples, Mohammedan mosques, Gypsy encampments, and American drinks, enough to confuse any one. Then monuments, booths, fountains, and cigar stands innumerable. We will give one day as an example of our travels.

We enter an Egyptian structure and behold an oriental barber shaving one of his countrymen. Egypt cannot teach us anything about shaving our countrymen; we do not linger here. As we leave the building a Russian britzka, a carriage invented especially for the use of spelling bees, dashes by us drawn by the very cream of Tartar steeds. We catch on behind until we reach a Persian bazaar. We gaze upon the long bearded native men, and the white shrouded native women, busily engaged in their national occupation of going to sleep, and become wrapped up in the shawls of imagination. We are aroused by a wailing outside, cries of grief mingled with curses and lamentations in choice Persian and gum Arabic. The cause of this wailing was soon made evident.

LITTLE JOHNNY SHAH,

heir-apparent to the throne of Persia, in a laudable thirst for knowledge, offered a piece of cake to one of the young lions in the Zoological Gardens. He wished to find out how old he was, by his teeth. The

experiment will not affect the scientific world as much as it did the young Persian. That lion may still be seen picking finger-nails out of his teeth, and as all loyal subjects in Persia are expected to do as their sovereign does, a dispatch sent to Teheran announced the pleasing intelligence, that under the next Shah it would be the fashion to wear but half a finger and a thumb on the left hand. We remain awhile to share the grief of the stricken father and seventeen mothers, and then resume our pilgrimage.

We pause for a moment before the French restaurant, enraptured, looking at the pretty girls and other dainties served up there. We decline the invitation of a Chinese drummer, hanging around to inveigle parties into the restaurant established by his country, with a long rigmarole about "kittens fried in castor oil," and enter the Main Hall.

We land in the desert of Sahara, but desert Sahara and step over to Spain. We look for bright-eyed señoritas, with black lace veils and stringless guitars; we have been educated to expect this in Spain, by the ladies of the "International Tea Party." We are disappointed; we find a few men who look as if they had walked all the way from Madrid, selling wine, fruit, and olive oil. We pass through Portugal; more wine, fruit, and olive oil. We hop through Japan, change a ten cent note for a bushel of their "hard money," and sachey on. We linger for hours in fair France, principally in the Paris department. We saunter through Austria, stopping to speak a word of complimentary encourage-

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5 100 1 Cohen, David Solis, 1d 1852-

6 245 10 Our show; 1b a humorous account of the International Exposition in honor of the centennial anniversary of American independence, from inception to completion, including description of buildings, biographies of managers, reception of foreign dignitaries, opening ceremonies, poem, oration, amusing survey of all departments, incidents, etc., etc., 1c by Daisy Shortcut [pseud.] and Arny O'Pagus [pseud.] Profusely illustrated by A. B. Frost.

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