



SOMETHING
FOR THE
CHILDREN



OR



UNCLE JOHN'S STORY

His First Visit to the Centennial



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Uncle John's Centennial Story.



H SEE! Here comes UNCLE JOHN, with COUSIN KATIE and WILL! They have been to PHILADELPHIA, to see some kind of a Show. PA says it is ever so big; and that all who can get money to take them will go, if they have to go hungry all the rest of the year."

"I'd like to see the Show," said CARRIE; "but not if I had to lose my dinner — would you, MARY?"

"Why, CARRIE, I would like to go ever so much! for Mr. SMITH says we should all go, if we had to live on bread and water for a whole year, to make up for it. You know he has been there, to put up his new CHEESE PRESS; and he says that when he goes into the house where it is, he is afraid he'll get lost among the posts — there are so many of them. And then all around is just machines and posts, and his Cheese Press; and corn, and wheat, and rye, and oats, and his Cheese Press; and ever so many things besides his Cheese Press: and he says the house is almost as big as his farm!

"Oh dear, I can't tell you all he says! I just listen, and listen; and if MOTHER would let me, I would stay up all night to hear him talk about it. UNCLE JOHN has gone in the house to tell MOTHER, I suppose. Now, CARRIE, let us put up our dolls and wagons; and BENNY, you tie up the swing, and we'll go in and hear what they say.

"Oh, but won't that be nice! I do love to hear UNCLE JOHN tell stories, and read about Fairies and Gypsies. May be he'll tell us a story just as good about what he has seen at the Centennial."

"UNCLE JOHN! Carrie, Mary, and I have come in to have you tell us all about the big Show at Philadelphia."

"Tell you ALL, Benny! Why, I'm too old. When I had told you all, I would be white-headed, and you would be big men and women! Oh no! you can't coax me into that. Let KATIE and WILL tell you what they saw. That'll take a long time, and you'll be tired of hearing about it, and go to sleep before they have told you half the story."

"Well, then, Willie, you tell us! We'll go into the sitting room, and be ever so still!"

"I'm afraid to try," said Willie; "let Katie tell us. She saw more than I did."

"Oh no, Willie! I'll help you, if you'll only begin; for I don't know how. There was no place to begin from, because there were so many funny little gates that turned around to let one go in at, that I couldn't tell when I was in or out; so you tell them how we lost our dinner the first day, because there were so many people who wanted to get something to eat, that they pushed us out. Katie always thinks of her dinner," said Willie; "but I didn't mind losing mine, and forgot all about it when I got where I could see the houses, or MAIN HALL, as they call it there. It looks just like a long row of houses, ornamented with steeples, as you will see by the picture on the opposite page.

"On the tops of the steeples are gold eagles; and there are ever so many of them! There are some in the middle, and some at each end—may be fifty, or more—and they're as high as the top of a church steeple. And then there are hundreds and hundreds of little flag-staffs, with all-colored flags. Don't you see them in the picture? Look! all along the top, the sides are glass and wood. Just a little piece at the bottom is made tight with boards, so you can't see through; and then some posts are fixed up, to put the glass in. But everything is glass and doors all around the HALL, as they call it.

"I thought it was a big house, when I looked at the outside; but when I got inside, it seemed so much larger that I was almost afraid to move, for fear I'd get lost. I stood looking, and thinking, and looking; and when I turned round, Pa was gone! and sure enough I *was* lost in the same room where Papa and Katie were; but I thought he would find me pretty soon, and so I would just go along down a wide street in the middle. You know we went in just after dinner. Well, it took me all the afternoon to get back to where Pa lost me—and I



WESTERN END OF MAIN HALL.

This Front is 164 feet wide, and 90 feet high. The length of this building is 1370 feet, and affords a floor space of twenty-one and one-half acres.

only walked down to the other end of the Hall, and back again—and there I found Pa waiting for me. I guess he had been lost too, only he wouldn't tell. I heard a man say that over a thousand men in uniform had gone in just after us, and I only saw *one*; and Pa said he didn't see *any*. So he said it wouldn't be surprising if I did get lost for a little while.

“I kept thinking all the time that I'd soon come to the end of the little shops; but it was nothing but shops all the while. It looked as if the fairies had gone in the night and taken down almost all the houses and churches in New York, and swept up every bit of dirt, and then slid all the things up close, and only left the streets as wide as a man could step. There were store goods of every kind I'd ever seen, and everything of every kind I ever saw in any house, or church, or store; and hundreds and hundreds of things I never saw before, and can't tell what they're for. I looked around in the Main Hall, and all the time I saw new things, and went through new walks.

“There were people of all colors there!—some white, and some yellow, like brass; and some like copper, almost; and some like coffee—and they had the funniest dresses! Some of the men looked as if they were women. They were from all over the whole world, and talked all kinds of languages. Some had little tables with their things on, and some had glass-covered boxes; while some had nice places, just like real houses. I came to one place with a high front, like a great church, and I asked what it was. They said ‘SPAIN.’ So I thought I'd go in and see; and when I got in, there was everything there that comes from Spain. I couldn't tell you every little thing; but it was full of all kinds of things; and some of them I should dearly like to have brought home. Just look at the picture of it on the opposite page, and tell me if you don't think it's pretty.

“When I got out of Spain, I went to JAPAN. This was a funny house, and looked just like the pictures you see in the books. They had ever so many things made of bamboo, and wood, and ivory, and some of them were beautifully painted. They called it *lacquered*—we call it *Japanned*, because the Japanese do so many things that way.

“Well, when I came out of Japan, I looked around, and saw such a nice house! and when I went up to it, I found it was Norway. It looked like a church covered all over with little steeples. There is a picture of it on the sixth page.

“It had all kinds of things in it that are found in that country.”



VIEW OF SPANISH DIVISION IN MAIN HALL.

Taken from a position near the centre of the Hall, looking west. In the distance is seen the Egyptian, Japanese, and South American divisions.

“Now, Willie, you have told all about Spain, and Japan, and Norway, and everything, and never let Katie tell about what she saw. You think you are all eyes, and we are all ears.”

“Stop, stop, Carrie! Katie can talk; for my tongue is almost worn out,” said Willie.

“That’s real good in you, Willie, to give me a chance to tell them what I saw, because you went *by* my place.”

“Oh yes! so I did, Katie. Up in the Tower, where—”

“Stop, Willie. Let Katie tell us that, and then you can go on; for I could sit and hear you talk all day. It ain’t a bit like Mr. SMITH;

all around us. See! he is making a picture of them on the slate; and there, on the opposite page, is a MAP OF THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.

“The ENTRANCE GATE is marked *A*; and *B* is the RAILROAD DEPOT. *C* is the MAIN HALL; and *D* the MACHINERY HALL. *E* is the JUDGES' Hall; and *F* the ART GALLERY, or MEMORIAL HALL. This, and *G*—which is the HORTICULTURAL HALL—will be left to stand when the Fair closes; but all the rest will be torn down. *H* is the AGRICULTURAL HALL. *I* is the LADIES' PAVILION. *J* is the C. T. A. U. FOUNTAIN OF AMERICA. *K* is the funny JAPANESE HOUSE. *L* is the GOVERNMENT BUILDING. *M* is the PRINTING OFFICE where this book is made, and where the most wonderful Press in the world prints and folds newspapers faster than you can wink, and where thousands of curious people are watching it, or else seeing how all sorts of books and papers are made, from beginning to end. And then, too, if you will look at the little square places, you will see there are ever so many more houses. Then there are lakes, and paths, and fountains, and arbors, and the funniest little RAILROAD with steam cars, which goes where the lines run all around, carrying the people about the Grounds.

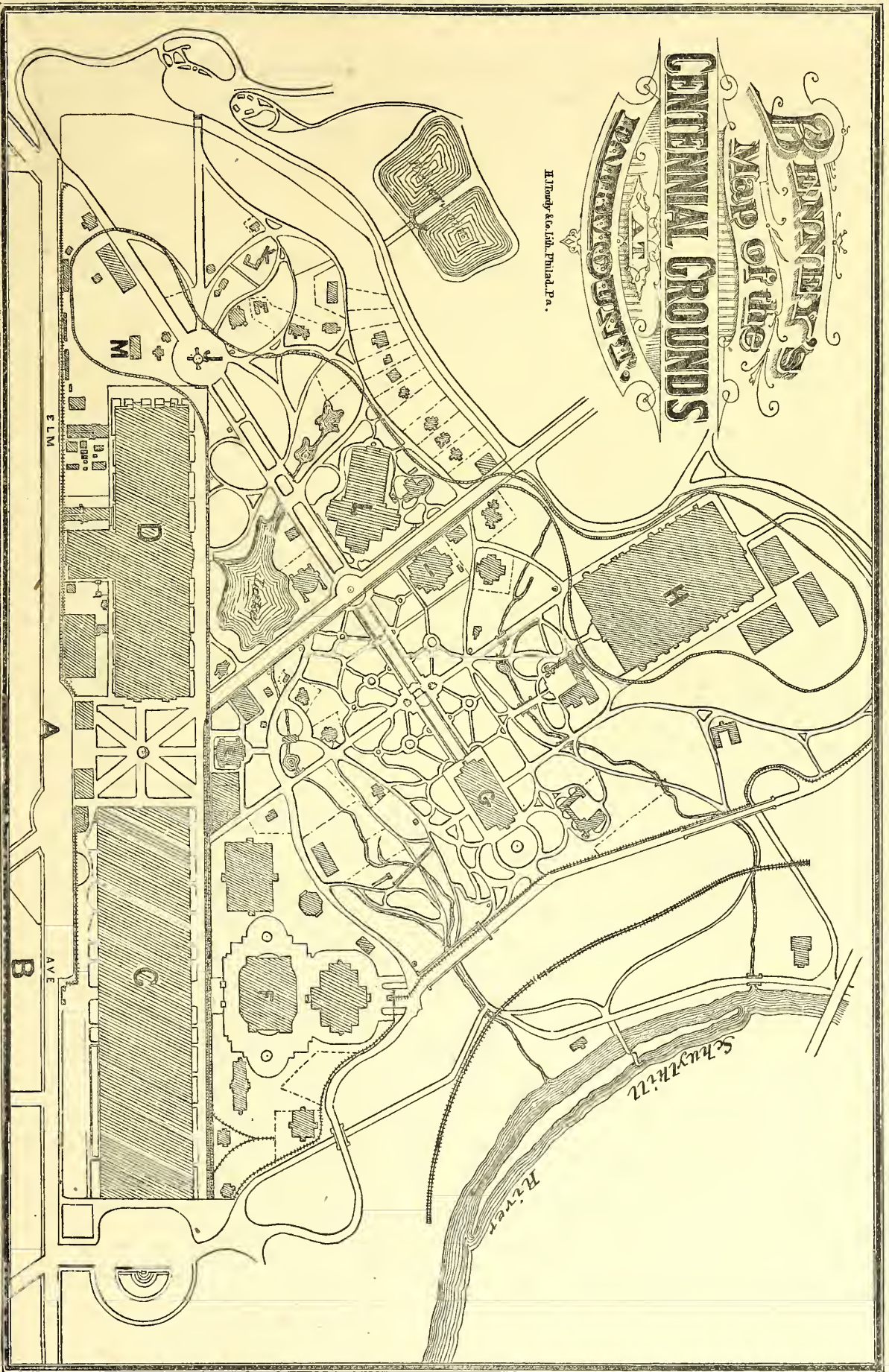
“All the houses that I have not told the names of belong to different people. Some of them are eating houses, and some are little factories, and others belong to some of the States, so they can show how their schools are kept, and what grows in each particular State. And then there are Glass Factories, and Saw-mills, and Gas-works, and I couldn't tell you all what.

“This is a very good map of the place, and we'll keep it to look at when we go through the halls and houses, to keep us from getting lost, and to be a help to us when we tell you what there is in them, and what they are all for, and to help us find out all about the great picture Uncle John has brought, showing the whole of the Grounds as they look from High Bank, east of the Schuylkill river.

“On looking around from where we stood, we could see into the great city, and over the Park, and out into the country. There was GEORGE'S HILL, and the WATER BASIN, which holds the water for the people who live in the city. We could see the drives and Park roads filled with carriages, and the nice paths all filled with people. When we had looked all around, we came down again to the floor of the Main Hall, and passed through among the people, until we came out at the other end from where we went in.

BENNETT'S Map of the CENTENNIAL GROUNDS PHILADELPHIA

H. Hoop & Co. Philad. Pa.





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“Pa said he felt as if he had made *a trip around the world*, because he had seen and gone through the houses of so many countries. He said they called it the Main Hall, because it had in it only the *finished goods*, made to show how much better everything is done now than it was a long time ago—a hundred years or more. The machines which make these things are in MACHINERY HALL.

“Now let us bid good-bye to the Main Hall, and have Willie tell us about the other halls, and what is in them. We are now out of doors once more; and, before we go any further, let us look around, and see what we can see.

“Now think you are standing with me, with your back to the door, and, looking to the left hand, you will see the people moving in and out. This is one of the MAIN ENTRANCES. Those little houses are where the Officers and Managers stay who take care of the place, and keep it in order, and see that everything is done right.

“Over by the left side of the Machinery Hall, which is right before us, is a large house. This is called the SHOE AND LEATHER BUILDING. In this all the people interested in making shoes will show what they have done. It is a private building.

“The house just in front of us is MACHINERY HALL. In there are almost all the different kinds of machines that are made in the world; and they are all kept running round and round by a great many engines at once.

“That little round house at the right is the WORLD'S TICKET OFFICE. You can go in there and buy a ticket that will take you to almost any place in the world.

“The next house is the JUDGES' HALL. There is where the Judges will meet together, to say who has made the best things, and who shall receive the greatest reward of merit.

“That little house without windows is the PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY; and the large one across the street is the GOVERNMENT BUILDING. In this they have everything that belongs to WAR, and to the Government.

“Now I'll tell you first about the SHOE AND LEATHER BUILDING. In this they show how leather is made; and when they have got it done, they make shoes and boots of it by machines. Here are all the workmen, sewing, cutting, pegging, and everything by machines, even to making the pegs, and thread, and nails. All the people have to do is to *hold the shoe* while the machine does the work. They had raw skins, just as they come off of the cow, or calf, or goat; and they had piles

of bark off of trees; and they had some Sumach, such as grows in our lane; but they say *their* Sumach comes from Germany. They had all these things to show how leather was made. This was out in their large room; but in the small rooms they had beautiful shoes of all kinds. The Shoe and Leather Building is called a small house; but it is as large as a whole square of houses would be, if they were all made into one house.

“When I get done telling you about my visit, I will cut pieces of paper to show you the size of each house. The smallest size I will call the size of our house, and then make all the others in the same way—only I will make each one just as much larger than the other as the next larger house is bigger than the first one—and so on, until I make them all. You can then put the largest one down first, and the next smaller one down on that, until you come to the one the size of our house. This you will put on top of the lot, and then you can see how many times larger than our house the smallest one is, and how much larger the biggest is than the smallest house.*

“Well, as I was telling you about the shoes, I must tell you, too, that they had old-fashioned shoes of all kinds, and some wooden shoes, made long ago. But one of the queerest things there, was *a machine to make lasts with*. It was in there, I think. Anyhow, it turned shoe lasts and gun stocks, ox yokes and wagon spokes, and axe handles, and all kinds of crooked things. It was first made by a man named BLANCHARD. If they could take your foot off and put it into the machine, the man said it would make one just like it, out of wood—corns, crooked toe-nails and all—and I guess it would; for I saw him put in a wooden foot with lumps all over it, and it made another one just like it.

“Now I think I’ve told you enough about this building, and I’ll let Katie tell about what there is in MACHINERY HALL.”

“*Me, Willie?* why I can’t tell about *machines!* It’s a boy’s place to tell about them; ain’t it, Benny?”

“Well yes, I guess so. Girls don’t know much about machines and swings. If they have nice dolls when they are little, and nice dresses when they’re big, they don’t care about anything else, so father says.”

“I guess, Benny, if your father had heard a lady describe a wonderful machine, as I did, he wouldn’t have said that. I stood there, and the lady walked up to it with a man, and went on and told him all about it; and nobody said anything to her till she started to go away,

* See p. 31.

when a strange gentleman who had been listening asked her if she had ever seen the machine before. She said *No*, and went away; and then the man who had the machine told us that she was the very first person who had understood it. Now I think Katie can do as well as she did. Anyhow, she can try."

"No, Willie; you'll have to tell us, or else ask Uncle John to do it. I know if I had gone through all the halls with you, I could tell all about them; for when I went to mill with DANIEL, last summer, I could tell everything about it. There were the millstones and the elevators, the smut-machines and the bolters and packers and bran-dusters; and there was the saw-mill, and the planing-machine, and lots of other things, besides the great water-wheel that turned them all round. I told father about them, and he said it was just as good as he could do."

"Well, Benny, you know I've been to that saw-mill, and seen all the things you tell about, and I thought I knew just as much as anybody else; but when I was in the Machinery Hall, and saw all those wheels and shafts and machines spinning round, I felt as if I knew nothing, and had never seen machines before; for it looked to me as if the mill was my humming-top, and Machinery Hall was the mill.

"But here comes Papa. Let's ask him to tell us about the Hall. He can make us understand it first-rate.

"Uncle John, won't you tell us all about Machinery Hall? Willie says he can't do it."

"Willie tells the truth, Benny, when he says he can't do it; and there is an excellent reason why he cannot. Machinery Hall and its annexes contain the wisdom of the world from its earliest history, so far as man has observed the operation of natural laws, and applied them to profitable uses. In it are gathered together and exhibited, all the latest and best ways of doing everything. The wisest man in the world couldn't go through that Hall and understand and explain all its contents to you, without a Guide for each class of things in it.

"Every machine is made on some theory peculiar to itself, or its class. When I tell you that the cat, the lynx, the panther, the leopard, the tiger and the lion, are all of the *cat kind*, you will understand what I mean when I speak of *classes of machinery*. They may be of one kind or class—like the cat kind, for instance—and still be as different as the animals which belong to the cat kind. Now there are hardly



EASTERN END OF MACHINERY HALL.

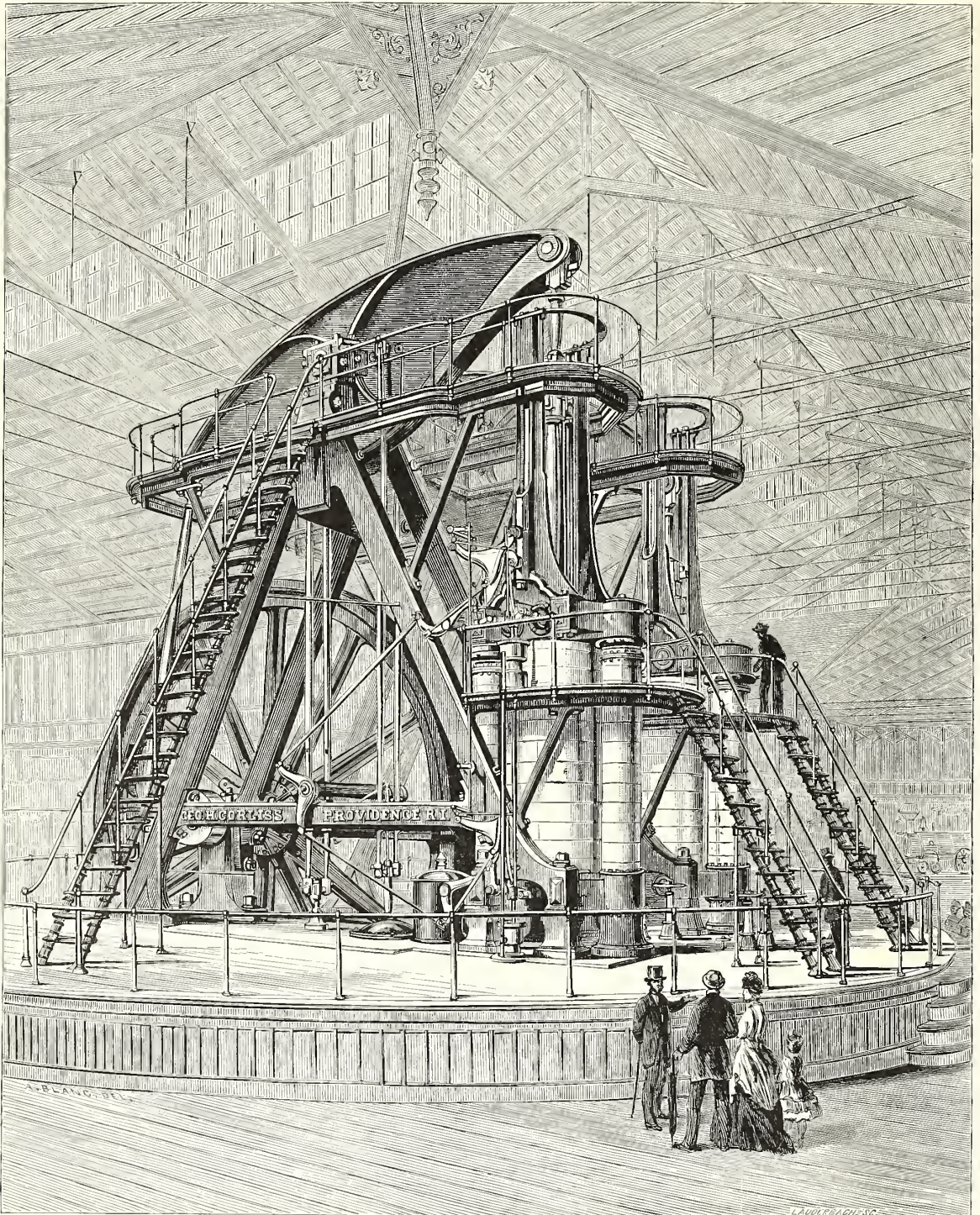
This Front is 370 feet wide, and 78 feet high; the length is 1,402 feet. Like the Main Hall, it has an irregular floor-plan. It has a floor space of 14 acres.

two men in the world who do the same thing in the same way; and therefore they do very much as children do, when they run to their parents to have them decide who, or what, or which is right in a disputed game or question. So these people, who differ so much in their notions as to how things ought to be done, have come here and brought their machines and contrivances, to show the world *their* way of doing them, and have it decided whose way is the best, the quickest, and the cheapest.

Out of this world-wide wish to be thought right, and to have the very best machine for doing a particular thing, has grown this great Exhibition. If it were not for the desire which is always uppermost in every noble breast, to do something to be proud of, the world would not be what it is to-day. We should have none of the conveniences and comforts of life, and might still be living like savages in the forest, and eating the wild fruits of the earth. But should any one attempt to describe singly the machines and processes which produce all the things we daily need and use, he would sit down to a task that would last him a lifetime; therefore I shall not attempt to tell you about Machinery Hall, and you must excuse me if I only give you a glimpse of the most familiar things in it.

“Now, if in passing among the whirring shafts, belts, and wheels which everywhere surround us in this vast HALL OF MOVING WONDERS, I could call all the parts of the machinery and its operations by their proper names, and you could understand them, it would be very easy for me to do so. I once wrote a letter to a friend, in which I described a new machine. I used only *forty words* in the whole letter, and yet he understood all about it. I afterwards described it in a newspaper, for people who do not understand what we call *technical terms*, and it took a whole column to explain it; and even then there were hundreds of men who read it, but could not understand it. So, you see, if I should attempt to describe the machinery to you, I should only waste my time. However, I will try to give you something of an idea of the great STEAM-ENGINE.

“Look at the picture of Machinery Hall, and in the middle of it, under the high part, is the great Steam-engine that sets all the main lines of Shafting in motion, and they make the separate machines turn round. This Engine, when you first look at it, reminds you of a large letter A. On the top of it is a kind of a see-saw—there are two of them, in fact—so that when one goes up, the other goes down. They



THE GREAT STEAM-ENGINE.

call it a *Beam Engine*. All under the floor of the Hall are passageways through which run great shafts. These again give power to the shafting on the ceiling, through the eight towers—one at each section of the central, or high part of the building. This is done by the

great leathern belts that seem to spring out of the floor to the shafting. The Boilers that make steam are in the yard, and the Steam-pipes and about half of the Engine are under the floor. This is called a *Low-pressure Engine*.

“Now, I guess you won't care to have me tell you about all the different kinds of Engines which we saw there—Engines of all sizes and kinds, from the great one I have just told you about, to one so small it can sit on a five-cent nickel—so it will be useless to go over them. I really can't see how I can interest you in the machinery, because we must first know all about a machine, or at least very nearly so, before we can take much interest in it; and since you children know so little about machines, I won't attempt to explain any of them to you, but will only say, in a general way, that there was machinery there for all known purposes for which it can be used.

“Machinery Hall makes a very good show, and is well worth the whole expense of a trip to see it. In arranging it, they did just as they had had to do with the Main Hall. They *drew a map of the floor*, and then set apart a certain space for every nation. Then this was divided up into smaller spaces, so that every one had room to show their things; and then they all made their places look just as nice as they could. Of course, they had Sewing-Machines, and Knitting-Machines, and Printing-Presses, and many other machines that you hear talked about, and hundreds that it would be hard to find a name for. So you must be satisfied when I tell you that everybody thinks *their* machine is the best, and will always think so, even if the others should get the Reward of Merit.

“Now we will bid good-bye to the noise; and yet I feel as if I would just as soon as not tell you more about our visit, if Willie and Katie say so.”

“Well, Pa, we do say so; and we hope you'll tell them about the Grounds, so they will understand the view from the High Bank east of the Schuylkill river perfectly.”

“Well, then, when we passed out of the back end of the Machinery Hall, we came across a little STEAM RAILROAD. The cars had just stopped, and in we all got, to take a ride. It was like a Fairy car, and it took us all over the Grounds, about three miles and a half. We passed among all the buildings, and all the way it looked like a fine city. We saw only two houses that looked alike, and those were the

Main Hall and the Machinery Hall—the two we have just been talking about.

“We saw many queer-looking, old-fashioned buildings, that have been built to show what kind of houses people used to live in a long time ago. The English have built three of the kind of houses which they used to live in when Elizabeth was Queen of England. They all have little bits of panes of glass in the windows, and are glazed with what they call a lead sash. One of them has a fire-place in every room, and the roof of another is covered with red tiles made of clay, which are used in place of shingles. The houses are not all alike, but are made to show the different kinds used at that time. None of them are so good as the houses built in this country by well-off people.

“Massachusetts and New Hampshire have each built old-fashioned houses, to show how much they have learned about house-building in one hundred years.

“The State of New York has a very nice house, and so have many of the other States.

“Ohio has built its house out of stones from different places in the State. There are red, and yellow, and almost white stones in it. Each of the window-frames and door-ways is of a different kind and color of stone. Each layer of stone, as the walls are built up, is all alike; but the layers are of different colors, except in the tower, which is all of one color.

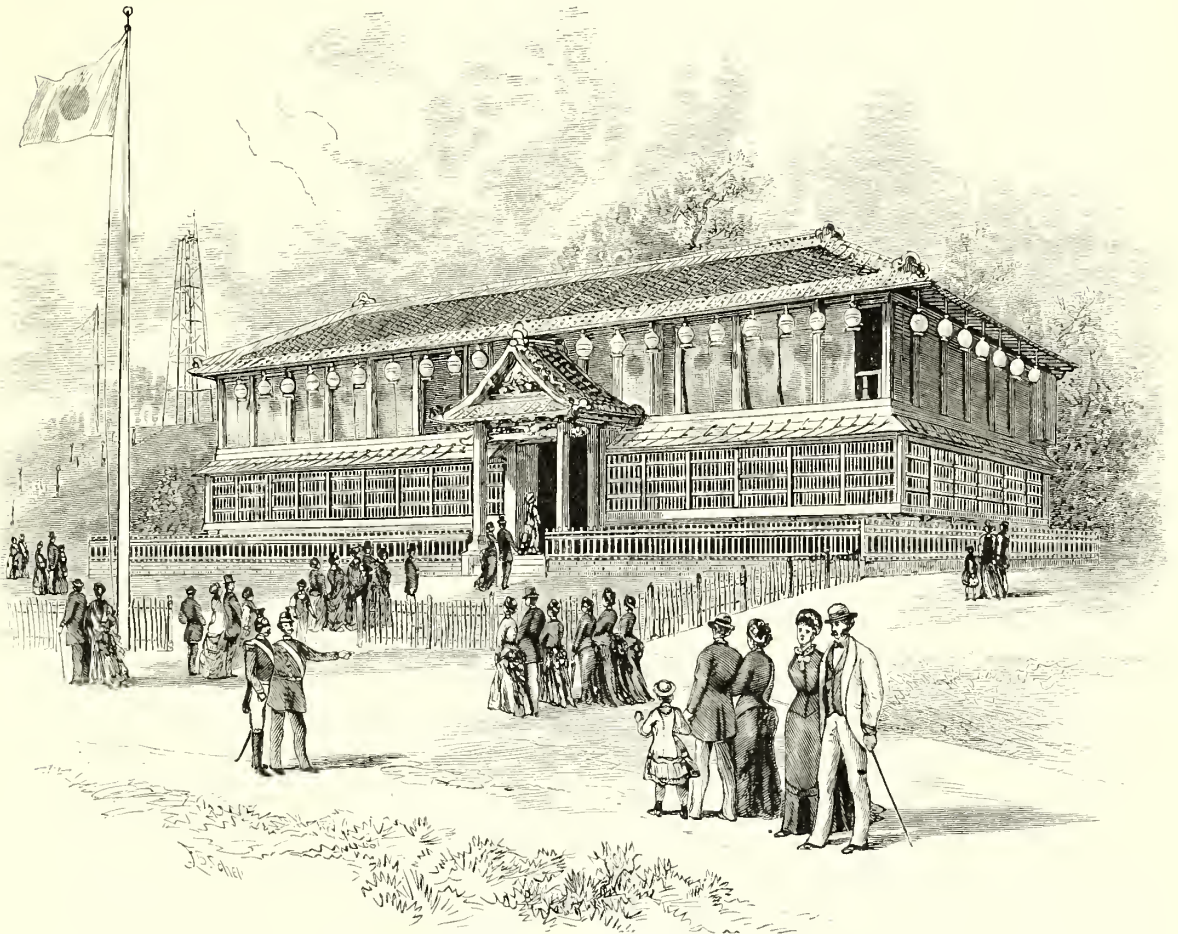
“New Jersey has a very pretty house. It is covered all over with peach-colored tiles, with black tile ornaments in the tower, and makes a very showy appearance.

“Some of the houses built by the States look like temples, and some like barns; but they are all used for showing what they can grow on their farms, or what they are doing in their schools. At least half of them are little State Fairs.

“Spain has built a little six-square, one-story house; and alongside of it Chili has put up a small pavilion, like a summer-house.

“Just in this part of the grounds, Japan has built a house. It was all made in Japan, and then packed up in paper and matting, and brought here. The Japanese workmen came with it, to put it up; and while they were doing it they were visited and watched by hundreds of people every day. Although they are the oldest nation of people which

attend the Fair, they are very simple in their way of living and dress, and very odd in all their ways of doing their work. Here is a picture of their pretty house.



SOUTHERN FRONT OF JAPANESE HOUSE.

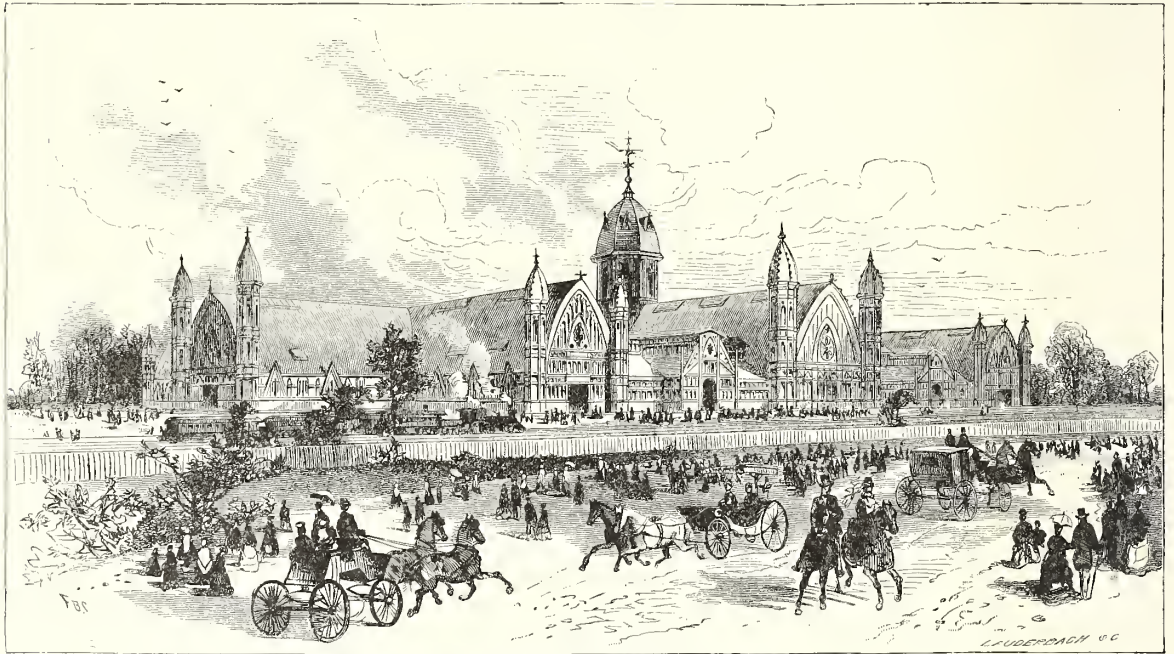
“You see that it is an odd-looking hen-coop; but it has the merit of being very well built. The roof is made of a bluish tile, and pointed up with white cement all around the edges. This makes the roof look like a picture-frame. All the joints in the work are good, and they have a way of nailing up everything so as not to show the nail-heads. Over the door are some birds and dragons, beautifully carved in wood. A sportsman has wounded a young bird, and, as it falls, the old mother-bird is flying down to catch it. Above this there is another bird that looks like a dove, flying straight down to the ground, as if to help the wounded bird. I do not know exactly what it is meant to show us. It is what is called *allegorical*—that is, it tells some of their old, and, to them, well-known stories.

“A little way from here is the great Marble Fountain. This was built by the Sons of Temperance belonging to the Catholic churches, and cost them a large sum of money. *There is a good picture of it on the next page.*

“In the centre, on the pile of rock, stands Moses; and the water is pouring from the rock which was dry before he smote it with his rod, as the Lord had told him to do. On the four corners stand statues of FATHER MATTHEW, CHARLES CARROLL, COMMODORE BARRY, and ARCHBISHOP CARROLL, and out of the block on which each of them stands, four streams of water flow out of the mouths of lions into marble basins—making in all sixteen drinking fountains.

“On these grounds all around us are private buildings for showing private goods. Near by the Fountain are two for showing stoves, and another for printing this book;* and a little way back of that, one for making glass; and so on all around.

“We will now go to the AGRICULTURAL HALL, and see what they have in that.

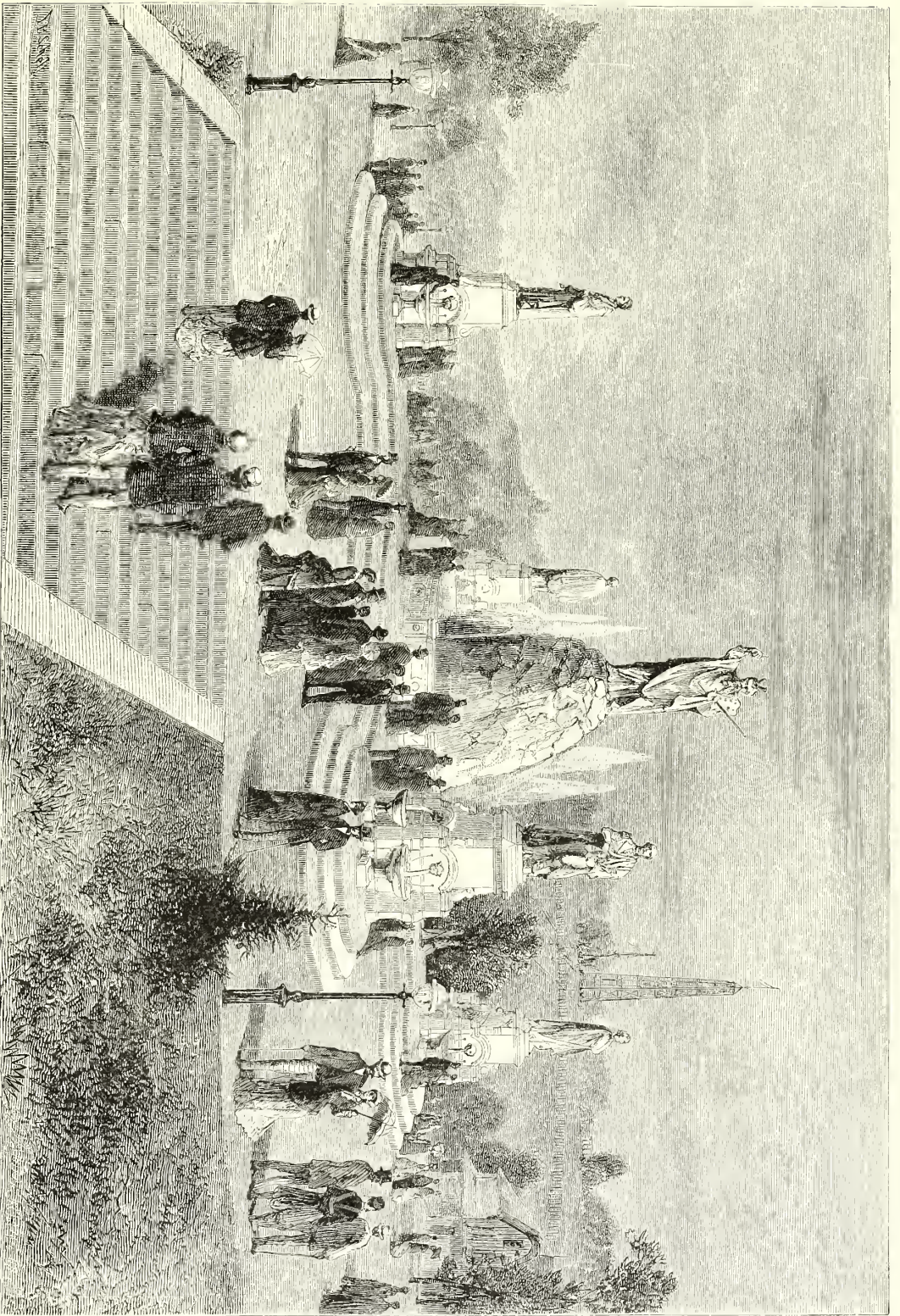


NORTH FRONT OF AGRICULTURAL HALL.

As seen from the Park Drive on George's Hill. This Hall is 540 × 800 feet, of an irregular ground-plan, covering an area of about 10 acres.

“You will see by the picture that it is not like the other buildings, and only half as large as the Main Hall. It is big enough, however, to cover a good-sized garden farm.

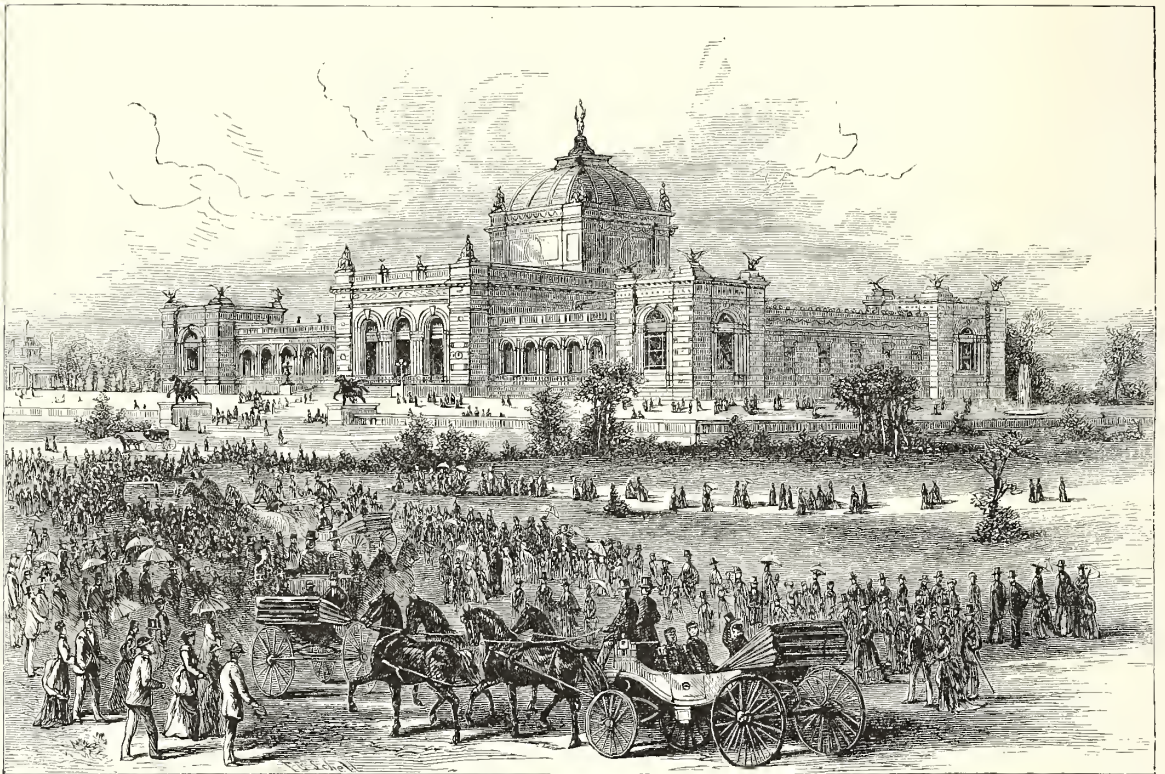
* See page 27.



THE GREAT MARBLE FOUNTAIN.

“You know what *agricultural* means, I suppose. It means *farming*, or that which belongs to it; so that you will easily understand what you see in this Hall. But Willie and Katie had better tell you what they can about it, because I have no time to stay any longer; but I will return.”

“Uncle John told us about some of the houses, but jumped away over to Agricultural Hall without saying a word about the LADIES' PAVILION, as they call it,” said Benny.



ART GALLERY, OR MEMORIAL HALL.

Taken from the south-east, and showing the Front next to Main Hall. It is 360×210 feet, covering one and one-half acres. The whole height to the top of the figure of Columbia is about 175 feet.

“That house,” said Willie, “was built by the women of America, to show what they can do to help build up a country. Once we were in a Building where everything was so nice, and all who went there were so well pleased, that I listened to find out about it. Then I heard a man say, ‘How did you dare to try to get all this ready, when you had such a short time?’ Now what do you think he said? He just said, ‘*My wife helped me, by her cheerfulness and kind words of encouragement.*’ And so I just thought how much work there is in this great Fair that never would have been done, if it had not been for somebody’s mother or daughter. The Woman’s Pavilion would not hold half of it, if each part of it was put just where it belonged; and, as

I thought about it, I looked around to see if this was the place where the WOMAN'S RIGHTERS put all their things; but I didn't see anything; so I just asked a lady that belonged there about it, and she said, '*Boy, go 'long!*' She didn't say it nice; so I thought I wouldn't ask any more questions, but go right on about my looking.

"This Pavilion is one story high, and shaped like a cross; and it is full of all kinds of things that women make — crochet, and tatting, and embroidery, and needle-work, and worsted-work, and books, and pictures, and many other things. Some are in glass cases, and some hang on the walls; but it looks real nice, and a great many people go in and out in a day.

"Around this part of the Fair ground are a great many places in which to get something to eat. They call them RESTAURANTS. Thousands get their dinners there every day. There is one so large that five thousand people can sit down to the table at once, and all get waited on in a short time. I was told this; but I can't see how so many could sit down at one table. They are called the GERMAN, and SOUTHERN, and YANKEE, and FRENCH restaurants; and there are a good many others which I don't remember.

"Among the restaurants there is one house built like the first houses are built by the first people who go into a new country. It is built of round logs with the bark of the tree still on them. This is in the woods, like; and along down by it there runs a little brook, across which are some high bridges for the people to walk over, which makes the grounds look very pretty about there."

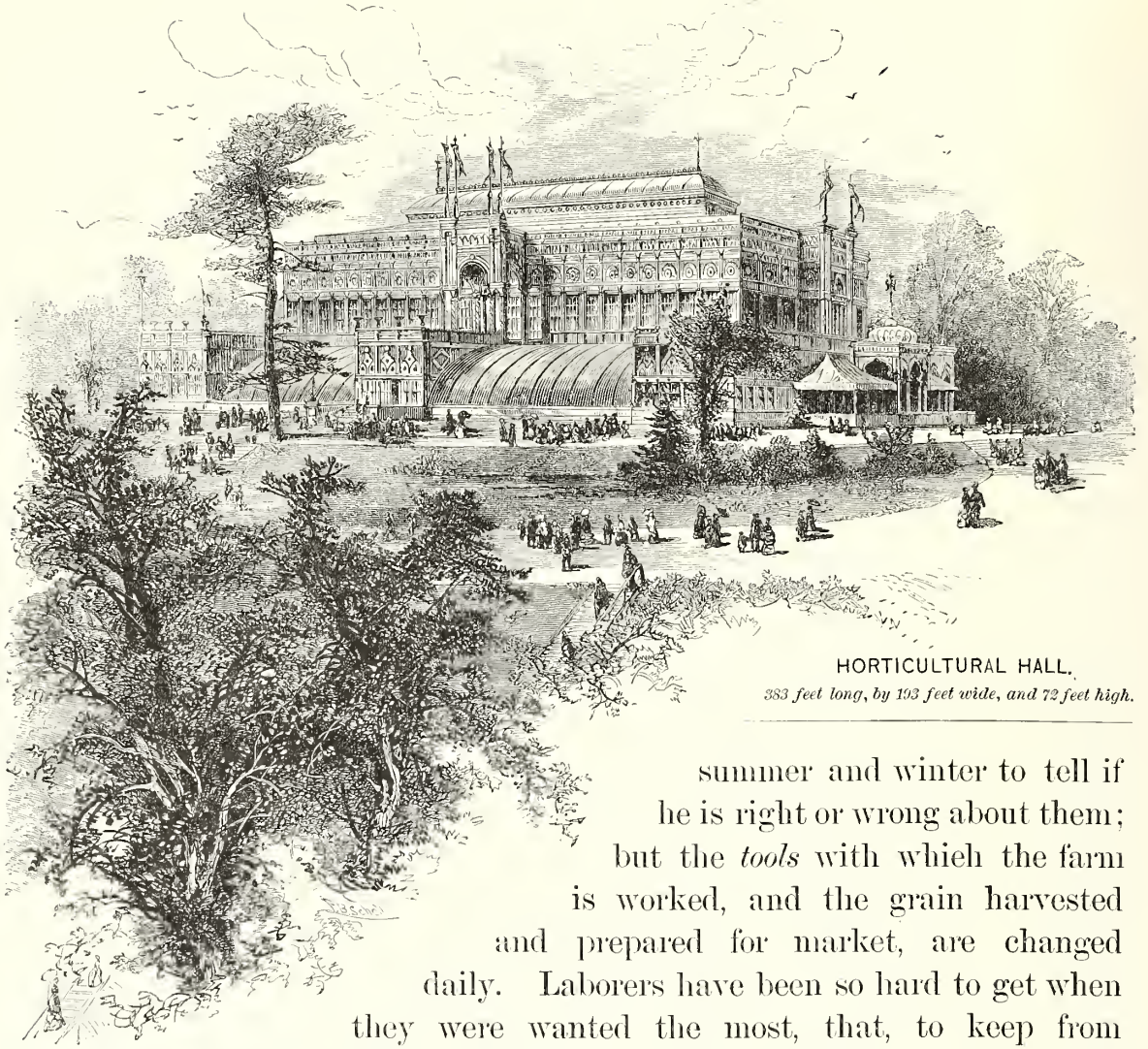
"But there comes Uncle John! Uncle John, do tell us about Agricultural Hall now, will you?"

"Why yes, I will, if you are not satisfied yet."

"Oh, we have been running around the grounds looking for you, and waiting for you to come back again."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I can.

"In the first place, *the Hall has ten acres in it.* Remember that is just the size of this Hall. In this building we can see all the different products of the earth, and all kinds of machines to take care of them with, as well as to plant them. Of course I can't begin to tell you what each one is for, or who has sent it here; nor could you understand me if I should try to explain them: for you must bear in mind that improvement in the *things that grow* is very slow, and man must wait on the



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

383 feet long, by 193 feet wide, and 72 feet high.

summer and winter to tell if he is right or wrong about them; but the *tools* with which the farm is worked, and the grain harvested and prepared for market, are changed daily. Laborers have been so hard to get when they were wanted the most, that, to keep from losing what had been raised, all kinds of labor-saving tools and machines have been made, and are now brought here to be tried and tested, to see which best deserves the Reward of Merit. It is thought that it will be worth a good deal of money to the one who receives it; and therefore there will be much *jealousy* among all the exhibitors, until this reward has been given out by the judges. It will not be a great medal, having no other meaning than that the winner of it was an Exhibitor at the Fair; but along with it there will be a Certificate, giving a complete description of whatever its owner may have exhibited for competition, and setting forth all the merits of the Exhibit.

“The Commissioners think they have a wise set of men as judges. They are chosen from nearly all the different nations represented at the Fair, and it is expected that, as a general thing, their Awards will be satisfactory.

“Now, my children, I will try to tell you about the HORTICULTURAL and the MEMORIAL HALLS, the pictures of which you will see on the twentieth and twenty-second pages.

“Both of these places are filled with objects that have no value, except the pleasure they can give those who *see them*. We should not have them to look at, if it were not that the people have spare money to buy such things with. They are what we call *the luxuries of life*. We often buy things we do not want, because we think they are pretty, and that is enough; and just as soon as the owner sells them to us, he makes two more just like them—one for our neighbor whom he thinks will envy us, and covet the new thing, and another for some other man who has got more money than he has use for at once. And so they have kept on doing, until all over the world there are hundreds of Libraries, Conservatories, and Galleries filled with works of art.

“Not only so, but the *subjects* for painting and sculpture are very scarce. If we stop and think over all the people and objects worthy of the sculptor's skill or the painter's pencil, there could not enough of them be found to keep a dozen artists at work; but there are hundreds who get a living by sculpturing and painting *fables*, or imaginary people, things, and places; and these are the pictures and sculptures that I am to tell you about, and help you to understand.

“A great many of these subjects are taken from heathen worship, and never had any existence; and a great many are from the fancies of poets and painters. There is, perhaps, one in a dozen that can be traced back to a real being; but how near it looks like that being, no mortal can tell. If you had two or three dolls that were ever so homely, you could tell which was the best-looking doll; but if you had only one, you would call it homely. You would never think of calling it handsome, because you could not compare it with another. So, you see, when I look at those pictures and sculptures, I cannot tell their real merit; but I can say that they please me, on account of their color or form, or because the subject is one that I have often heard of, but have never seen before; and so I am pleased generally with all that I see. But when it comes to the *real merit* of any work of art, it can only be determined by comparing it with the original. And since this is impossible, because there has never been any original except in the fancy of some one, it will not be any part of my story to tell you how well anything has been done: so you must excuse all of my

big words, and let me tell you what you can really understand about these two Halls.

“In the first place, both of these Halls are expected to remain, and to be used by the city after the Exhibition is closed. In the HORTICULTURAL HALL will be gathered all the odd, rare, and beautiful plants, fruits and flowers—the wonders of the forest and the jungle, the field and the garden. This is just what is in it now. The Hall has over an acre of ground in it; and this is all filled by the plant, fruit and flower families. It is built like any other good conservatory, only it is much larger. The inside is built up in arches of white, red, and very dark blue bricks. The arches are called *Moorish*. The roof is glass, and the frame is made of iron. The whole upper portion is beautifully painted. I think it is a very fine building, and I was highly delighted with all I saw there.

“The picture of MEMORIAL HALL, on page 20, shows you that it is a very different kind of a building from the one I have just told you about. It is built of granite. The eagles and statues on the top are made of zinc. The purpose of this Hall is to preserve the memorial objects of States and Cities. When the Fair is over, it will be like KATIE'S and CARRIE'S keepsake boxes—filled with things of great value to them, but not worth a cent to sell. But while the Exhibition lasts, this, with another Hall as large as it is, will be filled with the finest works of art.

“Now, if I have used big words, I cannot help it, and you will have to find out what they mean. I shall let WILL and KATIE tell you of the wonders they have seen. I have told you about the Halls; but children can do better in telling of the things that please little children.”

“Now, UNCLE JOHN has spoiled my story! I was going to tell you all about those Halls,” said KATIE. “But I can tell you all about the flowers and plants.

“Well, when we went in at the side where the flowers are, it was crowded with ladies, and they said it was *beautiful!* After listening a little while, I found that each lady had something at home like what they saw there; but when I looked down the passage between the rows of plants, I thought I had never seen anything so splendid! There were orange and lemon trees, with the oranges and lemons growing

on them; and there were other fruits that I did not know the name of; and there were great plants, with leaves like fans—some of them as high as PA's head! There were four of these long halls, like, and in them were what they call *tropical plants*—that is, plants that have come from hot countries, and have to be kept under glass, so they won't freeze in cold weather. The whole floor was just like a great garden filled with flowers and plants with beautifully colored leaves. I could have stayed all day, and looked at them, but I had to go with PA and WILLIE.

“After we went out, we crossed over a high bridge—so high up that we were among the limbs of the trees. This bridge was over a little brook which runs through the Grounds, and looked nice and cool away down among the people who filled the walks and seats.

“When we got over this bridge, we saw a large, square house, not very high, but without any windows. On the top of it were a good many little houses, all with glass sides. We went around to the front, and found it was a PICTURE GALLERY, full of all sorts of people who were looking, and pointing, and talking, and reading in little books which I soon found out were *Guides*, to tell where each picture came from, who painted it, and what it was about. PA bought one, and then *we* began to read and look just like the other people; and when we came out, I think we were *all just alike*. And, do you know, I thought of the fun we used to have at home, when we would all make a pig on the slate, with our eyes shut, and PA would write under each one—*Katie's pig, Carrie's pig, Bennie's pig, and Willie's pig*—and then under the one he made, *Pa's pig*; and none of them looked the least bit like a pig! But it was real fun! And that's the way the little book read. There were ever so many pictures almost alike; and the book said, *St. Peter, by MORRISON*; and *St. Peter, by JOHNSON*; just as if there was ever so many St. Peters! I said it was like our pigs on the slate; and PA told me to hush, for people would hear me.

“Then there were ever so many holes cut through the walls, and gilt frames put up like windows; and somehow or other I could see away up in the mountains through some of them, and down by the rivers through others, and some of them had real people in them. PA said they were only painted, but I don't know how it could be.

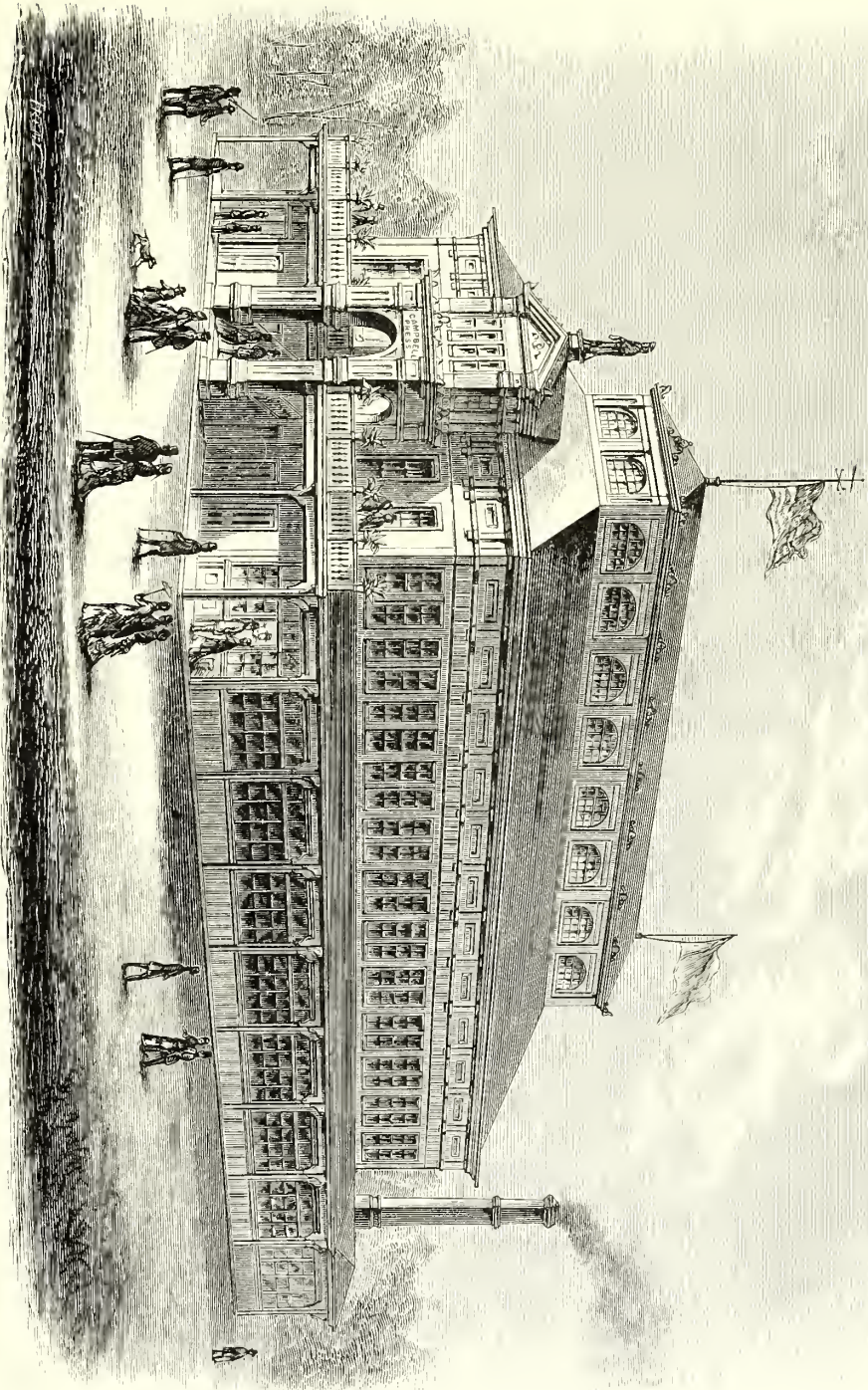
“Then we went into MEMORIAL HALL; and this had pictures, and marble and bronze statues all over it, and a great crowd of people filled every nook and corner of it. But when I had got out of the passageway into what they called the *Dome*—a great, high room without any light, except from the top—there I stood still, and looked for ever so long, and you don't know how funny I felt; and then tears came into my eyes, and just ran down my cheeks of themselves, and I didn't care one bit who saw them.

There was a beautiful lady standing close by me, and she said to the gentleman who was with her: ‘See what a tribute of praise this innocent child pays to our honored artists! How many years of toil would these simple tears repay to many of those whose works adorn these walls, could they but see them! They never had such a reward for their labor during their lives; and, after years of trial and of toil, many of them have sunk into unknown graves. I have often thought that this seeming neglect of their merits has been because they have *painted for the future*; and I feel, when I walk these galleries, that I am in the presence of the work of *inspired hands*; for how else could they reach forward so many generations, and stir the tender feelings of a little child like this? And yet the artists of to-day are as much neglected as were those of the past, in their day.’

“After this lady went away, I wondered what she meant, but I thought about it afterwards; and it must be that artists are treated just like other people; for I know Pa never says, *There, Katie, that's a good girl!* when I get a good lesson, or do anything that is hard. It must be that they don't think about it until they are gone away, or are dead. I know that after Mrs. JONES died, everybody remembered something good that she had done *for some one else*; but they forgot to say anything about it before she died!

“Oh! I forgot that I was telling you about the pictures and statues, and how lovely they were. I would try to tell you all about them; but I don't see how I can, for even when I was looking at them, I didn't understand them. All I knew was that they looked as if everything was real, and not paintings and marble. Pa, won't you tell them? I can't tell any more.”

“I think you have done very well, Katie; and I will now answer Benny's question. He has asked what all this fuss was about, this particular year; and I suppose I shall have to tell you.



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“This is called the CENTENNIAL YEAR, because it is just one hundred years, on the Fourth of July, 1876, since the Declaration of Independence. Now I shall have to tell you what that means; and, to make it plain to you, I shall have to ask you all to be very still and attentive.

“When this country was first settled, it was by different nations. There were some from England, and some from Holland, and other countries; but they were all living a great way from each other, like large families apart. Their numbers increased every year, until each family made a large town. At last they all came together into one large family, and called England *the Mother Country*. They were not obliged to do this. It was done of their own accord. There was a kind of a promise to stick close together. This was mostly to keep the Indians from killing them all. They joined together, and sent soldiers to keep the savages away from their farms and their homes. After a while, when they had grown to be such large families, England sent men to be Governors of the Colonies, as they then called them. There were thirteen of them, in all.

“Now it happened that some of these Governors had laws made in England for the colonists to go by, in buying and selling things. They wanted them to help pay the cost of keeping the King and his family in England. But our grandfathers would not pay anything; and the King tried to *make them*; but they would not pay one cent. Then they sent soldiers over here, to make them pay. This made our grandfathers very angry; and they all came to PHILADELPHIA and had what they called a *Congress*. All the Colonies—thirteen of them—agreed to do just as this meeting should say. Well, after they had talked about it a good many days, they agreed to write a letter to the King of England, and tell him they were going to keep house for themselves, and that he must take his soldiers home, or they would *make them go*.

“In this letter they told him how badly he had treated them, and that they would not have anything to do with him any more, except as a stranger. This letter was signed by all the people at the meeting, on the Fourth of July, 1776; and they called it THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. So you see it will be one hundred years, on the Fourth of July, 1876, since this was done. This is called a *century*; and out of this comes the word CENTENNIAL.

“Now I hope I have made it plain to you why we ‘make such a

fuss,' as Benny says, 'on this particuar year.' But this does not tell why we should also have a Fair.

"When our grandfathers had sent this letter to the King, he was very angry, and sent a great many hundred soldiers, to try to make us break up housekeeping. But after many years of hard fighting and great suffering, the King was obliged to take his soldiers home, and let us go to keeping house on our own account. Well, it was very hard work at first. Many of our dishes were broken, and our pots had been craeked; our eloths were worn out, and almost everything we had was spoiled, or stolen by these soldiers. But our good grandfathers had been so long without good clothes or housekeeping things, that they learned how to get along without them, until they could make them themselves. And so year after year they kept on making all kinds of things, until they got to be very proud of them, and thought they would like to bring them all together, and invite the people from all over the world to come and see what they had done in one hundred years. And they told them to bring *their best things*, and see if we could not make just as good things as they could; although some of the nations who have brought things are a good many hundred years older than we are.

"Now, my ehildren, you must not forget that nearly all the nice things we have in our houses for pleasure and comfort are *new*. You can see that I am not a very old man; but I can remember when there were no steamboats, nor railroads, nor telegraphs, nor cook-stoves, nor sewing-machines, nor friction-matches, nor a great many other things. So you must not find any fault, if we should be like little children, proud over all our nice things in the Fair.

"I don't know that there is much more to say about this Centennial, unless we go into all the particulars; and then it would be a very tiresome story. When ten years have gone by—if you should live so long—it will then be a good time to read about the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION, and what was in it, and the lessons it teaches. This, you must remember, will be a year that will form a fixed point of time from which to count events for many years, or perhaps centuries of years, to come. The history of nations is of daily growth, like plants. We cannot tell anything about their future; but I hope our people may enjoy, for many long years to come, the same peace which marks 1876 as a memorable period in the history of the world."

“UNCLE JOHN,” said WILLIE, “we are all very glad that you have had so much patience with us, and told us so many things about this Fair. I know my lessons will be easier to learn, and I can tell the boys and girls in our class almost anything they ask me, except one thing, and that is a puzzle; for when UNCLE JOHN says *he* does not know what anything is, then it must be a big puzzle.”

“Why, what is it, WILLIE, that is such a puzzle to you? I thought I answered all your questions.”

“Oh no, UNCLE JOHN! Don't you remember when we were all upset in the cars, because they stopped so suddenly, and everybody asked what was the matter, and nobody could tell—not even UNCLE JOHN?”

“Ah, WILLIE, that is now a very simple thing. People in railroad cars always have a fear that something will happen to them, and, as they ride along, every little thing frightens them, and keeps them constantly uneasy. To prevent this, there have been hundreds (I might say) of different contrivances made, and almost every great Fair brings them together; but up to this time none of them seemed to meet every difficulty.

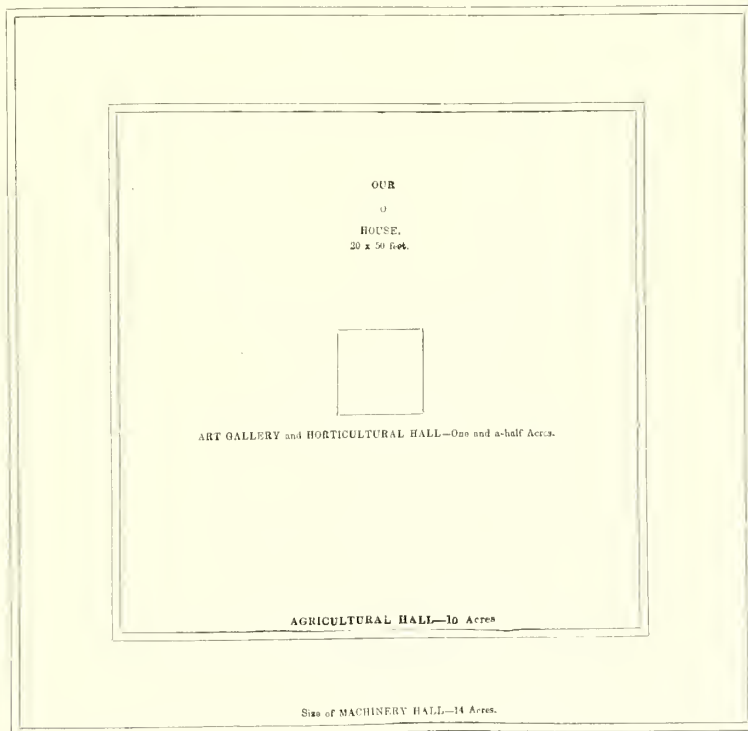
“When this Centennial Exhibition was first talked of, one of the greatest puzzles was not only how to get the people to it and take them home again without killing or maiming a great many of them, but how to get rid of this uneasiness, and to give them assurance that they would not be injured while traveling. Now, as the Pennsylvania Railroad had a greater interest in this matter than any other Company, they constructed and put into operation what they call a BLOCK-SIGNAL—that is, at irregular distances from each other, are stations for watchmen who have charge of signals to stop the trains, and keep them at a safe and proper distance apart. They are so arranged that if all the watchmen on all their roads were killed instantly, it would be impossible for any two trains to run into each other. Every train would stop at the signal-station, just as ours did. In this case, I afterwards learned that the watchman fell in a fit, and let go of the danger-signal just as the train came up to it. After waiting awhile, they went into the station and found him lying there insensible. The conductor telegraphed to the next Block-Station, and found all right. We then went on as usual.

“Now, you must not jump at conclusions, and say that the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad are a very humane set of people. It is not that—it is *selfishness*. To establish confidence in their roads, they

must not hurt anybody. The Managers are like other men, and do not like to pay damages, or destroy their property by collisions; and therefore, over the whole of their roads appear these Block-Signals, which make traveling just as safe as if the engineer's eyes were able to see the whole length of all their roads—to see as well around the curves as if they were perfectly straight—and to do this as certainly in the darkness as in the broad daylight.

“Now, let us come to a close; and, if you will wait patiently, I will tell you all about these things in my next visit.”

COMPARATIVE SIZES OF BUILDINGS, REFERRED TO ON PAGE 10.



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