MANHATTAN DAY AT THE WORLD’S FAIR
OCTOBER 21, 1893

It was more than Manhattan day at the World’s Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893. It was Manhattan - Chicago day. On the curving shore of the White City, New York and Chicago met with friendly hand-clasp, smoked the pipe of peace, and threw the hatchet far out into the lake. It was one of those golden October days that Chicago reserves for distinguished guests. Not a cloud obscured the sky. Lake Michigan was in one of its gentlest and most romantic moods and mirrored in its glassy surface the glory of the blue firmament above it.

The crowd was all pervading, yet so cleverly were the arrangements planned that there was not what could be called a crush anywhere. While one attraction was holding forth at one portion of the grounds others were making their appearance in their allotted places elsewhere, and the exercises came as nearly on time as possible. There were no prolonged stage-waits. The crowds were kept well scattered and in expectant good humor.

Distinguished New-Yorkers by scores and hundreds jostled each other along the avenues and thronged the Midway Plaisance, of so many of them had heard. They listened entranced to the weird, unearthly music that echoes along the most widely advertised highway of fakers on earth. They bought bum-bum candy, rode the camels, ate those thin waffles with the strange foreign accent, drank the soul destroying con-known as orange cider, took a ride in the Ferris wheel, and otherwise themselves to the top of their bent. There was not room for all of them in Festival Hall, where the formal making up of the two heretofore estranged giants of the republic was taking place.
Some of them had to remain outside. What was more natural and proper than that they should flock to the Midway? Palsied be the finger that would point at them in disparagement or irreverence!

Father Knickerbocker’s day ranks in magnitude next to Chicago’s day. This was the expectation, and it was carried out. Chicago furnished its choicest variety of weather and its full share of the crowd, but gives to its esteemed contemporary on Manhattan Island all the glory that attaches to the day. And when New York City holds a World’s Fair of its own, as it may do some time in the future, Chicago will undertake, with all the might it has, to make Chicago day an equally vast and tumultuous success. In the language of repentant Dr. Dana: "Chicago and New York constitute a team of which America may well be proud."