

CHRISTMAS A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

CHRISTMAS a hundred years from now will be the same old Christmas, no doubt, but it will be celebrated under such vastly different conditions that if you should go to sleep now and wake up a century later you would think you were in a different world.

The Christmas spirit will be the same. But whether it is a hundred years from now or a thousand we may be sure that when the Christmas season comes the world will be full of the Christmas spirit. Little children and grown men and women will be made happy by giving and receiving, grudges and grouches will be forgotten, enemies forgiven and good will prevail. Nothing can kill that. The golden motto: "Peace on earth, good will

to men," will be just as sacred and as new to the hearts of men as it was nineteen hundred years ago. Everybody will give everybody else a present—but the presents will be different.

Little Johnny will not covet a railroad train. Real cars on a real track, pulled by a real locomotive that makes smoke will not seem a wonderful thing to him, as it does to the little Johnny of to-day. The lad of the next century will want a model of the latest airship in his Christmas stocking. He will expect a working model, too—one that will sail through the flat like a live bird, and perhaps carry his own weight.

Within the last hundred years steam and electricity have been developed and it is entirely reasonable to imagine that within the coming century men will travel through the air as commonly as they now travel over the land. The automobile, the trolley car, the railroad train, and the horse as a draft animal—all will be gone. Men will use the earth, as the birds do, for a resting place for their homes and the principal source of food supply; but when they want to move from one place to another, they will mount into the ether, even as the birds do, and fly swiftly and safely to their destination.

It is probable that there will not be a wheeled vehicle of any kind on the streets of a great city on Christmas day, in the year 2009. Our tunnel system will have developed until the vast subterranean net work of bores, chutes and pneumatic tubes will carry on the heavy traffic of the city without noise or confusion. The streets will be given up to pedestrians—to those who walk for pleasure or wish to travel short distances. The sidewalk as it is now will be no more, but the entire width of the street will be given up to foot passengers. There will be neither car tracks nor moving vehicles to annoy.

The suburbanite who does not fly to work in 2009 will be shot through a pneumatic tube, traveling the five, ten, or fifty miles of distance in a space of time that may be only a few seconds, and certainly cannot be more than a few minutes. It may be that few people will walk anywhere in the year 2009. When man learns to fly he will scorn walking as too slow a means of progress. Perhaps our great-grandchildren, who no doubt will live in immense apartment buildings towering a half mile from the ground, may go for weeks at a time without setting foot to the earth.

With the passing of the Christmas sleigh there will be no longer any need for reindeers for Santa Claus. He, too, will travel by airship, and while the old Santa Claus will be a myth, the new Santa Claus will be as real as the bewhiskered and bearded boys who now entertain the children in the department stores.

It is not hard to imagine that the big stores will develop the Santa Claus idea to the point that Christmas purchases will be delivered on Christmas eve by an airship driver made up to imper-

sonate Santa Claus. A hundred years from now, if you want to avoid the rush and do your Christmas shopping in your own apartments, the scientists probably will have provided for you a combination of telescope and moving picture machine by means of which you can connect your room with the toy department and see the display by wire—or perhaps by wireless—and at the same time you get prices and leave your order with the clerk by telephone.

But perhaps the woman of 2009 will enjoy the mad rush of the shops as much as she does today during the holiday season, and then she will go to the big store and order her toys and presents. The store could deliver them through the pneumatic package tubes which will go to all parts of the city, but it will be more poetic to have them delivered by Santa Claus.

Christmas eve a score or a hundred Santa Clauses will set out from the various shops with their airships laden with Christmas gifts to be delivered at the various addresses. It will no longer be necessary to "deliver all goods in the rear" of the big apartment building, but whether you live on the twentieth or two hundred and twentieth story of the big house you will have your own private airship landing, and while the family is gathered at the door to receive Santa Claus the airship will settle on the landing and the cheerful "Merry Christmas" of the aeronaut will greet you as he hands in the packages.

The Christmas tree of a hundred years from now will be an electrical marvel. Festoons and wreaths of rainbow colored lights and "chasers" will scintillate from its green branches. But the presents that hang on it will be even more wonderful.

There will be dolls as large as the *Miss Goss* who will receive them. There will be dolls that can walk and with the improved phonographic arrangements of another century there will be dolls that can talk and others that can sing beautiful songs. Some of them, no doubt, will be able to dance gracefully and to do tricks that would seem miraculous if performed by an automaton to-day.

The mechanical toys of 2009 will be marvels of perfection. The most imaginative man cannot possibly conceive of the new things that will be invented in the way of machinery, but it is safe to assume that the wireless transmission of power will be perfected. Wheels will spin without any visible motive power. Power may be taken from the sun's rays or wireless power stations may be operated by the waves, the waterfalls, or even the winds. Before the coal supply is exhausted the need for coal, either for warmth or power, will have passed away.

And whatever triumphs men make in the industrial world they impart to their games and

recreation. So it is certain that the Teddy bear and the toy dog of the coming century will be mechanical marvels. The "Rover" dog that the little boy gets will be life size. He will prance about on his four furry legs and lie down and roll over at the bidding of his master.

Perhaps the most wonderful feature of all in our Christmas in 2009 will be the changed methods in our daily life. The housekeeping arrangements of that time would seem incomprehensible to the woman of to-day if she could picture them in her mind. The lack of com-

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

O'Leary Defends Noted Chicago Cow



CHICAGO—"The real cause of the Chicago fire has never been told in print. It was not started by my mother's cow kicking over a lamp. The origin of the blaze was spontaneous combustion of green hay. Put that in the paper as coming from me, and I'll give odds of 1,000 to 1 that I can prove it."

"Big Jim" O'Leary, the stockyards saloonkeeper and "gambling king," made the foregoing statement recently. It was in reply to a statement made by Rev. John D. Leek in a sermon in Whitney opera house that the O'Leary cow kicked over a lamp in resentment at three boys who were milking the animal.

Dr. Leek told a story of the great fire which in some respects was a new version. He declared that two brothers, Samuel and Christopher O'Neill, and a companion, went to the O'Leary barn on the night of the fire to steal milk to make whisky punch.

This version of the origin of the fire, the minister said, was told him by Andrew Bird, who in 1871 taught a Bible class in Maxwell Street Methodist Episcopal church.

The O'Neill brothers, it was asserted, had told the story to Mr. Bird, who feared knowledge of the facts would injure the boys, and he kept it a secret until a few years ago.

Mr. Bird, who is 82 years old and lives at the Methodist Episcopal Old

People's home, Foster and Southport avenues, is willing to make affidavit to the statements made him by two members of his Sunday school class.

"I don't care what anybody else says about the fire," said O'Leary, thrusting his thumbs in the orifices of his vest. "My parents are dead and can't defend themselves against this latest fake as to the origin of the fire, but I'll speak out, and plainly, too."

"That story about the cow kicking over the lamp was the monumental fake of the last century. I know what I'm talking about when I say that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion in the hayloft."

"You see, it was like this: The old man had put in a load of green hay a few days before the fire. Below the hay loft were the stables where the cows were kept. We had several cows and did quite a milk business."

"The popular belief has always been that my mother was milking a cow when the beast kicked over a lamp. Nothing is farther from the truth than that musty old fake."

"The family always retired early. If I wasn't in before eight o'clock the old lady made me remember it with a strap."

"It was Sunday night that the big fire started. On that night we had all gone to bed half an hour before the fire broke out. I hadn't gone to sleep yet and was the first one of the family to hear the firemen shouting in front of the house."

"Both my father and mother went to their graves sad at heart over the world wide notoriety given them in the printed accounts of the burning of Chicago. I wish to make it as emphatic as possible that the O'Leary cow did not kick over a lamp."

Chicago Has No Cash for Crow Hunter



CHICAGO.—The following bill against the County of Cook threatens to share the sad fate of the claim of one of Mark Twain's heroes for a barrel of beef captured and eaten by the Indians while his grandfather was trying to deliver it to one of the army posts on the plains:

To killing four crows at 10c..... \$ 40
To destroying 73 crows' eggs at 5c..... 3.65

Total..... \$4.65

The present claimant against Cook county is Bernard Swensen, who lives in the township of Orland in the remote southwestern corner of the county. Somewhere in the mazes of the statute books of the state is a law which provides for a bounty on crows at the prices named in Swensen's claim. It also provided that the heads of the crows and the eggs shall be turned over to the town clerk for destruction; also that he shall make a

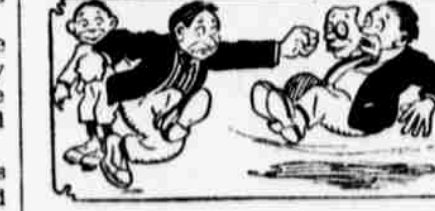
certificate to the effect that such destruction has taken place; and, further, that upon presentation of such facts to the county clerk the latter shall provide the necessary credentials upon the county treasurer for the payment of the bounty.

Proceeding along these lines, Swensen appeared before Town Clerk B. F. Sippel, who, having convinced himself that the claim was proper, proceeded with due solemnity to the stipulated work of destruction by burning the heads of the crows and smashing the eggs. Then he made affidavit to the whole transaction, furnishing names, dates and details, and affixed to the document the great seal of the Township of Orland.

Thus fortified, the claimant boarded a Wabash train and in time appeared at the office of the county clerk, where with becoming modesty he presented his credentials.

The chief deputy got into communication with President Busse and was informed that the claim was perfectly legal, but that there was no appropriation out of which to pay for the killing of crows, and that under the circumstances it would be useless to make out a voucher, because the county treasurer would have no fund out of which to pay the bill.

"Foxy Grandpa," in Mask, Causes Scare



DETROIT, Mich.—Louis Voss is somewhat of a cut-up. He is one of those indulgent fathers who likes to play jokes on the boys. Beside him, old man Peck and Foxy Grandpa are weak performers.

It started because the little Vosses were careless enough to leave a lot of Halloween masks lying around the house. Charley Voss, one of the most precocious of the younger Voss contingent, was entertaining Max Dollee in the barn back of the Voss home at 1261 Monroe avenue.

Charley and Max were punching the bag. Charley excused himself for a few minutes and left the future Jim Jeffries banging away at the inflated leather. About this time the elder

Voss happened upon the masks.

So he disguised himself as a devil, or some other person equally devilish. Then he made tracks for the barn. If Max ever had any aspirations in the direction of prize-fight honors, he forgot them when his affrighted eyes confronted the face infernal. Max passed Voss and went down the barn stairs in just one jump. At the same instant he yelled for Dave Harris, this being the name of a near relative who dwells in the vicinity.

Dave heard the cry of distress and he and Mrs. Harris, with all the little Harries, piled into the night. Dave hit upon Voss, Sr., first.

It was no time for explanations and Voss had no chance to offer one. Dave grappled with him. The two swayed back and forth in the alley. Dave's wife caught one glimpse of Voss's false face in the moonlight, concluded that her husband was struggling with a fiend, and fainted.

The uproar brought all the neighbors out and it was some minutes before affairs could be adjusted.

Dogs Eat at Tables with Banqueters



NEW YORK.—An old-fashioned English hunt dinner—with hounds occupying seats at the table—marked the ending in Smithtown of one of the largest drag hunts ever held on Long Island.

Those who partook of the feast, which was given in the Head River Inn, represented every hunt club of social prominence in and around New York and from as great a distance as Philadelphia.

Among the guests were noted riders in the Rockaway, Westchester, Meadowbrook, Smithtown and Staten Is-

land clubs. Many Quaker City hunters were present.

The bill of fare was gamy from start to finish, but the most characteristic of all were the costumes of the diners. The women were in evening dress. Many of them had brought with them their full array of diamonds and pearls for the occasion.

As for the hounds, they were treated in the old-time hunt dinner way as if they not only were human beings, but the near companions of the club members and the fair richly-gowned guests.

Dogs walked up and down among the members of the festive company, sat at the table when courses were served, and ate and drank to their heart's content. Then, unlike the human beings present, they lay down and slept while the company closed the feast with toasts, songs and other ancient formalities used on such occasions.