

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 still will be made happy by giving and receiving, and grudges and grouches will be forgotten, and smiles and good will 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 expect 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 man 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 learn walking as too slow a means of progress. Perhaps our great-grandchildren, who no doubt will live in immense apartment buildings covering 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 bewiskered 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 to-day 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.



VISITING GRANDMA CHRISTMAS MORNING AT HER HOME 245 STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND

THE MECHANICAL TOYS OF 2009 WILL BE MARVELS OF PERFECTION

forts and the inconvenience of life in a cottage, it is possible, will drive most of the city dwellers into the apartment buildings, which will grow bigger and taller as the years pass un-

til they will be literally "skyscrapers" within a century. In one of these big buildings, while the machinery will be out of sight, domestic affairs will be so mechanical, even automatic, that you can get almost anything the family needs simply by turning on a switch or pressing a button.

The flat dweller of that distant day will not be bothered with servants or the servant problem. By pressing a button the Christmas dinner will come up noiselessly from the kitchen on the mechanical waiter or perhaps in a pneumatic tube.

After your Christmas dinner is over the dishes will disappear as silently and swiftly as you could wish. Some sort of mechanical dish washer in the kitchen will take care of them—or, what is more likely, they will be made of a cheap composition and will be destroyed by burning after they are used once. The antiseptic precautions of the modern surgeon will be common to the kitchens of the next century and hygiene will be a real science.

When you have eaten your Christmas dinner, if you want to go out for the evening you can press a button and an aeroplane will come to the landing at your door. Or, if you prefer it, you may drop down the pneumatic elevator to some point 50 or 100 feet below the surface of the earth and be whirled through the pneumatic subway at a dizzy rate of speed to your destination. Only the speed will not make you dizzy. You will not be able to feel it. You may sit in your cushioned car, well lighted and warmed and ventilated by some process yet to be discovered, and before you realize it the miles will speed away and you step out to the opera or the play.

If you prefer to remain at your apartment, the telescope attached to your telephone may be connected to any theater you desire, and you can sit in your easy chair and smoke while you see the play projected on the wall like the most perfect moving picture. All the stage settings will be there to make the play seem real, and the improved telephone will bring every shade and subtle inflection of the actor's voice to your ear.

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-

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It seems certain that this telescope arrangement—the exact word to describe it will be coined after the process is discovered—will be one of the triumphs of the coming century. It will enable you to see the person you are talking to over a telephone.

The flight of the coming airship probably will be so rapid that the business man and even the salaried worker, if he loves the country, can have a villa or a cottage at a great distance from the city and go to work in his own airship at slight cost.

On Christmas day in the good century to come this flight in the air will be the means of many family reunions that are impossible now. A few hours will take one to the most distant part of the country, and the practical cessation of business during the holiday week will leave all free to foregather with the loved ones and pay deferred visits.

Plenty Good Enough. Aunt Chloe was burdened with the support of a worthless husband, who beat her when he was sober, and whom she dutifully nursed and tended when he came home bruised and battered from a fighting spree.

One Monday morning she appeared at the drug store and asked the clerk for "a right powerful salve for the skin in de bones."

You might try some of this St. Peter's Prescription, aunt; it's an old and regular remedy, cures cuts, bruises,

For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

A Merry Christmas. What better wish can be sent forth to all the department readers than this one made by Charles Dickens so many years ago?

"Many merry Christmases, many happy New Years, unbroken friendships, great accumulations of cheerful recollections, affection on earth and heaven at last for all of us."

There it is all in a nutshell, just the wish Mme. Merri extends to every one on the day of the Christchild's birth, when the joy bells are echoing their message of peace round this great world. But to insure "accumulations of cheerful recollections" we must begin this very minute to lay up our treasures by thinking of the next one who may need our ministrations, rich as well as poor.

I was especially touched last week when I saw a deeply veiled woman, whom sorrow has touched with a heavy hand, having lost every member of her own family within a very short time, leaving her absolutely alone, making purchases of dainty trifles for children, for servants and friends on both sides of the continent. It took a stout heart to join with the merry throng and it was to me true bravery to even attempt to get away from what I knew her true feelings to be. As I grow older I think the greatest art in the world is that of self-forgetfulness. We are so apt to think that we may be excused if we personally do not feel like rising to an occasion or entering into the spirit of this blessed holiday time. There is a college girl who has had heavy financial losses, making her usual gifts impossible, but to assure her friends that she does not forget she is writing the dearest notes on scarlet paper with gold ink, sealing the envelopes with a

Christmas emblem. I think even the overburdened postman will smile when he delivers these bright missives. By the way, how many of us ever think of the postman or ask if he has children to whom we could at least send a Christmas postcard?

Gifts of home-made cakes, fine marmalades, mince pies and cookies are acceptable to young housekeepers, bachelors and college folk who may be unable to participate in the festivities at their own homes. Speaking of things to eat, as nearly every one dines sumptuously in the middle of the day on Christmas, this supper was planned to satisfy but not overwork the inner man, who is generally taxed to the uttermost on feast days. First, there was an appetizing combination of fruits served in orange cups resting on a dolly made of holly leaves. The mixture consisted of oranges, grape fruit, bananas, grated pineapple, lemon juice and sherry, with sugar to sweeten. It was chilled and seemed to be just the appetizer necessary. Then came fried oysters, old-fashioned cold slaw, hot biscuit, potato chips, individual molds of cranberry jelly, shrimp salad, toasted crackers, coffee, cheese, nuts and white grapes. The salted nuts were in little sled-shaped boxes and the name cards were tied to small Christmas tree boxes, which were filled with bonbons wrapped in gilt paper.

Stenciled Table Covers. The arts and crafts are showing handsome table covers made up in dark, intense tones of burlap with a heavy design stenciled over the surface in an opposing tone. These are excellent for the library and the sitting room.

Nursery Screens



Inexpensive White Elephant.



A Daisy Top.

NOWADAYS the nursery of each house is not an extra room into which the cast-off furniture from other rooms and the left-over rugs and draperies are thrown. Parents recognize the value of environment when their children's lives are in the impressionable stage of development, and playrooms are furnished with a view to giving beauty plus comfort for the little ones.

Screens are necessary to protect children from draughts, for they are on the floors, or very low down, in their play hours. These pieces of furniture are now decorated with pictures of animals, flowers and figures that bring back to us our story-book days, and are a joy to childish eyes. They are expensive if bought in the stores. Why not decorate your own nursery screens? You know the special liking of your children, and can buy plain forms, upon which pictures can be pasted or painted.

Denim is procurable in all staple shades. Screens in two or three sections and of different heights are easily bought, and the pictures you will supply yourself. Animals are always interesting to little tots. A clever older person ought to be able to draw on white muslin an elephant. The lines must be simple, for children are pleased with drawings which seem almost crude to us. It is an easy matter to cut other elephants from the first pattern, and when you have supplied the eyes, ears and a few flesh wrinkles, paste the forms in a straight border at the top of your screen. They will never be anything but pleasure-giving white elephants to you and your children.

Then there is the daisy top. Huge white flowers with yellow centers and green leaves look very well on a blue background. Yellow petals are effective on brown denim or a wooden panel at the top. They should be arranged in a postereque fashion, with the flowers grouped at one side.

The possibilities are legion. On plain screens which carry out the coloring of the nursery let pictures, made at home, shine out in inexpensive glory. You have no idea how well worth your efforts these simply decorated screens can be made. They are scrapbooks on a large scale and give correspondingly proportionate pleasure to little boys and girls.

FRANCIS OF FASHION. Long ashes are being worn with coat suits. Fur neckpieces are very wide and muffs are huge. Some of the dainty new silk stockings have lace insets. Red is a brilliant exception to the rule that makes for dull-colored colors. For coats with the extra deep opening either one or three buttons is the proper number. The use of panne is a millinery feature, especially for the purpose of fashioning turbans. Superb embroidery trimming screens in color show touches of jet introduced into the designs. Even in children's clothes the over-present note of black is found, either as piping, revers or trimming of some slight kind. Corded silks of the ottoman type are in great demand for evening wraps, and the moire velours have never been so effective.

If

First Officer John Stephens had not been far more interested in the problem of his escape from Valparaiso, where his life was in imminent danger, than in the subject of long lost treasure in the Antarctic ocean, or of a pretty woman, he would—

If

Lady Darlington, wife of a distinguished Earl, had been seeking an adventure and a love affair, she would certainly not have chosen the method which she did, but—

If

When the opportunity for escape was presented to John Stephens he had known just what was in store for him he would undoubtedly have refused, but—

If

You want to get the answer to all of these problems you have but to read our new serial, which we promise you will be a thriller, but of the highest type of literature as well. It is "The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel," by Randall Parrish, the master craftsman of all American literary workers.

Watch for the opening chapters. They will appear in the near future.

Utilizing His Spare Moments

Conspicuous Occupation for Hubby Just Before the Opera.

Hubby (who is going to the opera with his wife)—There! I took time by the forelock, to-night. Here I am, an hour beforehand, with my evening clothes all on and everything ready. Now I'll go down stairs and have a quiet smoke while you get ready.

Wife—Oh! darling, can you ever forgive me?

"What's the matter now?" "Why, the cook tells me the furnace fire went out this afternoon, as the furnace man failed to come. The baby has a cold, you know. Would you mind going down in the cellar and making it over? You've just got time, love."

One Monday morning she appeared at the drug store and asked the clerk for "a right powerful salve for the skin in de bones."

You might try some of this St. Peter's Prescription, aunt; it's an old and regular remedy, cures cuts, bruises,

aches and sprains. One dollar the bottle. Good for man and beast." Aunt Chloe looked at the dollar bottle and then dubiously at her fat purse. "Ain't yo' got some fob 50 cents?" she ventured. "Some fob yer o'ya' beasts. Ah want it fob ma' of man."—Lippincott's.

Real Assistance. The only sound and healthy description of assisting is that which teaches independence and self-reliance.—Gladstone.