



THERE is only one class of people who observe Christmas; and that is the children. The children may be of any age you like; but they must—for the nonce—be children. A sensible adult can no more enjoy Christmas than she can nurse a doll or than he can spin a top. She or he may go through the motions, either in doll-nursing or in Christmas-ing, but they miss the spirit, the genuine pleasure, the soul of the thing. Now it is not the easiest task in the world for those of us who must play at being "grown-ups" for fifty-one weeks out of the year, to manage to get rid of this cumbersome pose all at once for the glorified fifty-second week. We have been so accustomed to taking things seriously and sensibly that the play of childhood comes hard to us. Consequently we should seek help from the forms of play; for the symbol will sometimes awaken the spirit, no matter what an unromantic age may say of idolatry.

NOW the forms of the Christmas play are many and delightful. We can have a Christmas tree if we like, and get our presents from its lighted branches. Or we can go farther back into the nursery still and "hang up our stockings" in front of the grate, and pretend that Santa Claus has come down during the night and filled them with the lovely things which every one of us then proceeds to "guess" back to the giver. To the adult, this is very silly; but—as I have said—the adult has no place in the Christmas festival. Except ye become "as a little child," ye "shall not enter" in. Adults can hand their presents to each with cold embarrassment if they like that method the better. There is no law against it. But they will have missed the sentiment of Christmas present-giving. They might as well be so many employes of the Marine Department. And sentiment is the soul of Christmas. If we do not approach it with the feeling which is so well expressed in the immortal Christmas stories of Dickens, we are not observing Christmas; we are merely suffering another of those interruptions to business which holidays often mean to people who rather like the feel of the grindstone upon the nose.

THEN there is the Christmas dinner. To every child it is one of the high festivals of the year. It is the next mountain peak of gastronomic enjoyment after Thanksgiving. What if people do tell us that plum pudding is indigestible and that mince pies are deadly! Who cares? One must approach the Christmas dinner with the faith of a child. This year, at all events, Christmas comes on Friday; and we can have till Monday to rest up. It is perhaps more difficult for those whose stomachs are not imaginative enough to achieve the rejuvenation required of the spirit on Christmas, to observe the day at the table than anywhere else. They can be as

care-free and excited as a six-year-old under the spreading Christmas tree; but they feel the weight of the years when it comes to sitting down at the well-spread table. However, we all should read that charming book of Janvier's—"The Christmas Kalends of Provence"; and see how the elders of that fascinating and ever-youthful land join in the Christmas festivities. Winter touches Provence with a tender hand; and the winter of age is quite as kindly. But we Canadians, though we have winter in our streets, need not let it bite into our hearts.

INTERNATIONAL golf between President-elect Taft and Opposition Leader-elect Borden, with a couple of "seconds" to make up a foursome, was not such bad international politics in its way. We all like Taft better because he plays golf; and why shouldn't our American cousins, who are at least as fond of games as we are, like Borden better because he swings a "brassie" too? It gives a human touch to these striking figures who stride the world like Colossi and seem at times to be about as personal as a battleship. How much of President Roosevelt's popularity is due to his gamesomeness, it would be hard to calculate; but his people love to think of him bestride a fiery horse or chasing the wild beast to his lair or even in tennis flannels teaching a foreign diplomat that America can produce adepts at Society's game as well as the idle courts of Europe. Cleveland never was nearer to the hearts of his countrymen than when he was sorting his lines to "go fishing"—probably with "Joe" Jefferson; and poor McKinley seemed less human because we did not know what game he played at.

ALL the world loves a sport. Balfour is at home on the golf links and Rosebery had a passionate desire to own a Derby winner until he achieved his ambition; and they are probably the two most popular men in a personal sense in Britain. "Joe" Chamberlain achieved immense popularity in spite of the fact that he would not even walk when he could get a hansom; but it was more a political than a personal liking that the people had for him. They loved him chiefly as a good fighter; and fighting is one of the most popular of British sports. Still, public men can get very near to the hearts of the people without playing at games, as Mr. Gladstone and Sir Wilfrid Laurier attest; but it requires a quite exceptional genius to overcome this handicap. Then these men stood as past masters in the great game of oratory. Probably there is no art which the great mass of the people love quite so passionately as the electric art of eloquence. It lifts a man over the heads of his fellows and makes him superior to all the little rules by obedience to which lesser men achieve success.

N'IMPORTE

POLITICS AND BUSINESS.

MR. JAMES J. HILL, of St. Paul, is quoted as mildly discrediting the post-election industrial boom by the remark that "Politics don't make business." This remark is rather more striking than profound, be it said with all due respect to Mr. Hill. Good politics does, indeed, "make business" by supplying the elements of stability and confidence upon which commercial and industrial activity is based. And, by the same token, bad politics has a definite relation to business by creating distrust and alarm.—*The Argonaut*.

A NEW WAY OF DECORATING STREET CARS



At a recent celebration in Holland, on the Queen's Birthday, the Street Cars were decorated and used in a procession as Carnival Cars. One was a Thatched Inn and another a Chinese Pagoda, as shown.