

The Oregonian

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Portland, Monday, Dec. 25, 1911.

TAFT NO POLITICIAN.

"Taft is no politician," is the oft-repeated criticism of the President by the politicians. Well, is that any disqualification for the Presidency?

"He does not know how to play the game and he does not want to; his only aim is to serve the people," says S. A. Perkins, of Tacoma.

Through many years the voters have seen politicians make platform pledges to do what the people want and nominate men for office who were known to be pledged to carry out those pledges.

They grew tired of this game of politics, which was nothing but a game of bunking them. They expressed their disgust as plainly as they could.

Had he been willing to play politics, he would have sacrificed Ballinger when that official was made the object of a campaign of calumny almost without precedent.

Had he been a politician, he would have joined the ranks of those who play politics for their own sake.

Had he been a politician, he would have called an extra session to pass the Canadian reciprocity bill, knowing that he would thereby divide his party and give the Democrats an opportunity to appropriate a large share of the tariff.

Had he been a politician, he would have conceded his opposition to the recall of the judiciary in Arizona rather than antagonize the insurgents.

acted honestly with a single eye to the interests of the people, that he has been a politician, without being a politician.

THE SWEET OLD STORY.

It was the winter wind, Whiffing heaven-born child, All meekly wrapped in the rags of a beggar.

There is a glorious vision, well worth striving to realize, and it puts to shame the narrow that the bonds of friendship, intermarriage and interclass should make.

There is a mistaken impression in such cities as Spokane and Tacoma that the Interstate Commerce Commission was created for the purpose of adjusting railroad rates to overcome the disadvantages of location.

There are other crimes almost as vicious as murder that the people have not yet provided a sufficient punishment for.

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It is narrow that the bonds of friendship, intermarriage and interclass should make such a barrier to the progress of a continent.

The Citizen recommends the adoption of a federal system like that of the United States, but holds it vital that Ireland control her own customs duties.

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Frederick says, "under the form of freedom," nobody has yet been able to decide. But so far as the right of society to punish criminals is concerned the decision is of no consequence.

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THE STAR. The moon rose o'er the purple height, Flooding the desert with silver light.

Three shepherds, each his eye intent Upon the mystic east had bent, And as the three tall figures sped, On and on with unswerving tread.

THE YULE TID. (Once he having went to a Christmas tree in Los Angeles, I saw what he and three in a few novelties in metrical composition.)

THE YULE TID. The tree is full of shiny balls, Tingling makes us think of snow.

THE YULE TID. A thousand chunks of cotton batting makes us think of snow, But to it to dare touch at night, Oh, and watch it melt and go.

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Half a Century Ago. From the Oregonian of December 25, 1861. Funeral obsequies of Colonel Baker took place in the City of San Francisco on the 17th inst.

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