

MR. AND MRS. TAFT AND THEIR SON CHARLES,

and that he was worth more to his country and to his family than if he had set bimself to make money and do good with it. He set to work digging the Isthmian it. He set to work digging the Isthmian canal as cheerfully as a boy builds a dam across a brook. It was not judicial work. It's ambition still lay in another direction, but again, the third time when he could have satisfied that ambition to go on the supreme bench, he squinted up his eyes, took the case under advisement and handed down an opinion against himself and for the work in hand. Trouble in Cuba came, and he humined himself under Cuba came, and he humped himself under

it, and carried it, feeling its thanklessness, its hopelessness, and its galling burden the while, but laughing through it all, and working overtime at the miserable husiness.

able business.

And now we have a rounded, full-grown man of fifty more or less, with a streak of grey in his blond moustache, with a thin patch in his brown hair, with a firm, manly stride, with rather a husky, soft-spoken drawl, with blue eyes sometimes vaguely dimmed by moisture; he is a man with a large face from which the cherubs have been driven by care, though

they peak out occasionally through the cracks of his smiles. It is not the benign face of meditative inaction, but the kind, cracks of his smiles. It is not the benign face of meditative inaction, but the kind, charitable face of the man who has worked with men, and found them for the moot part good. The body of this man is six feet high and more, still numbert, still with some reminiscences of youth in it. The skin of the face and hands is fresh and unwinkled, and tells of a clean, well-regulated life. And the whole creature, soul and body, each visible in the natural, unaffected expression of the figure, seems to tell a straight, simple, direct story of a strong, kindly, gentle, hearty, highly cultivated man. "Old Bill" has gone, and a rather serious man has come into his kingdom—a man who has quick humour, but little malice in his wit, a difficent man, who sighs sometimes and suiles sometimes when no one is talking, and who at rare intervals and early in the morning will whistle if he is alone.

What kind of a president, all things considered will be worked. The the ofference of the second of the subject of the second of the second of the subject of the second of the se

What kind of a president, all things considered, will be make? That, after all, is the reason why this article was written. If its facts are passably correct, one may deduce certain things from

them. Assuming that the facts hereinbefore set down are correct, it is obvious that first of all we may expect a presi-dent who will work hard—for he has but dent who will work hard—for he has but two meals a day and toils without rest-ing from ten until six every day; then we may expect that he will work hard with a kind, self-offacing spirit, then that he will work hard unselfishly and without much initiative. For he has rarely gone from beaten paths, though he has shown that he can go alone. The great things he has done in this world have been done at the desk. He is "no orator as Brutus is." He will say little and do much. and do much.

But what is there to do? That is important in considering his relation to the presidency. In the first place, in the executive department of this Government there is much unfinished business—begun with entire propriety and in the fire of the heart, but still only begun. There are a dozen and more great epoch-making law-suits pending—mostly in federal courts of the first instance—which must be pushed through by the executive department to a successful adjudication by the Supreme Court before certain laws But what is there to do? That is im-



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