

visitors listening wonderingly, just as they would have done to a cyclone—seeing just how it was all done, but not knowing how to object. He took them to the door at last, and as the next waiting group passed into the conversational zone the father and son departed—more or less dazed and too interested as yet to be much disappointed.

All of this time senators and representatives were waiting. Some of them had real business. Others were merely conducting "Seeing Roosevelt" parties. Around each congressman was his group of visitors, each group as distinctly defined as a foreign nation. They say that nothing galls an important senator so much as to stand in that cabinet room, hat in hand, trying to look ten feet tall,

but they are really commonplace compared with the Roosevelt lower lip. This lower lip is unknown. It has no place in literature. The cartoonists have ignored it. The camera doesn't understand it. It is not pointed out to tourists nor double-starred in the Washington guide book. Yet more vividly than any other feature it portrays the Roosevelt temperament and typifies the strenuous ideal.

It is the hardest working, most versatile, most conscientious lower lip in the world. It is a part of the administration, not merely of the president. Not only does it deliver the president's conversation to the public, but it personally supervises it. It gives each word, no matter how small, its individual attention, moulds it correctly, and hands it

we are only ten feet high. Outside we turned into a private path by accident and a White House policeman shooed us away—US, who had been holding the reins of government and cracking the whip only a few minutes ago.

As I looked at it coming out, it seemed as if we had gone in to cheer the president up and that, after talking to him for a few minutes and straightening out several knotty problems, we had bade him a kindly good-by and had left him. As I remember it now, we had really looked on opened-mouthed for fifteen minutes—a fear comes over me that it was only two—and that at the end of that time the president, having said what was uppermost in his mind, had terminated the interview. That is the funny thing about it. We came away feeling as if we had terminated the interview. They say everybody does—that no one stays a minute longer than the president wants him to and yet no one knows how the president does it. At a certain moment the visitor clutches his hat convulsively, and the president, overcoming his disappointment, manfully bids him good-bye. But what makes the visitor clutch his hat? That is the mystery. There may be black art in it. At any rate it is a delightful way to terminate an interview. But would it work on a book agent?

**INDIGESTION AND KIDNEY TROUBLE.**

BECAME A WRECK, AND OFTEN WISHED FOR DEATH—COMPLETE HEALTH RESTORED BY BILE BEANS.

Mrs. M. Scanlon, of 1, Avon Place, off Haines-street, North Melbourne, says:—"Four years ago I was a great victim of indigestion, which laid me up for days and days, during which time I could not take the least bit of food; in fact, I starved myself. The pain between my shoulders was dreadful. I lost flesh and became painfully thin. At times I could hardly breathe, and would have to gasp. These attacks were so severe that I wished for death. My kidneys were also affected, and I suffered severely with backache. When stooping it was a difficult matter to straighten up again. Headaches also added to my trials, and I became a wreck of my former self.

"All sorts of so-called remedies did I try, but could not get relief from my suffering. Commencing a course of Bile Beans, I was soon on the road to perfect health. After a while my kidneys ceased to trouble me, and backaches were of the past. Soon I was able to eat with enjoyment, all pains ceased, and after a full course of Bile Beans I was completely restored to good health. Now I feel better than I ever did, thanks to Bile Beans."

Bile Beans are a perfect remedy for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, piles, headache, debility, sleeplessness, anaemia, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, pains in the side, and female ailments. Sold by all chemists. Unrivalled as a family medicine.



All waiting to see the President.

while the president converses with the heterogeneous morning grist of visitors. He may have called at the president's request, but he is as likely as not to wait half an hour while the executive converses with some scrubby editor from the West who has shot prairie chickens in a new way. And even when he does reach him the worst of it is that while he can be perfectly confidential with the president, the president insists on being perfectly public with him. It is affecting, they say, to see a senator of 20 years' standing pleading in hushed, pained tones while the president interjects in a loud voice: "No, I will not." "You shouldn't ask that." "Impossible!"—all in full hearing of the waiting groups in the cabinet room.

Like as not some adoring constituent of the senator is waiting in that outer room all the while and is having 75ft of pedestal knocked out from under his idol by the president's full-organ refusals. It is all very annoying, but it helps keep Washington as full of chuckles as the senate is full of insurgents.

When Mr. Roosevelt talks, the spectator suddenly realises that the Roosevelt mouth and all pertaining thereto are unique and unrivalled. It is original in type, in methods, and results. It is bounded on the north by a moustache, sparse, not to say scrubby, of a type found in profusion all along the 40th latitude. It does not mask his vocal battery, but confines itself strictly to his upper lip, out of haru's way. To the east and west the laundries are firm, well fed cheeks; to the south a jaw, as solidly and decisively built as the forward turret of the battleship Oregon.

Within the Roosevelt mouth is a full set of the best-known teeth in the world. They are not so remarkable in themselves, though they are unusually large and well groomed; but they have appeared in public so much that they are regarded as a natural phenomenon and public property. This is due to the fact

out, a perfect, finished product. Elastic almost beyond belief, it assumes a dozen shapes in as many seconds. It pictures, as the words pass it, rage, hate, earnestness, determination, statesmanship. It puffs out, distended with adjectives fighting for precedence like diplomats at a dinner. It steps aside entirely and unveils the teeth, hissing like a leaky steam-pipe with polysyllables. It wraps itself lovingly around a cherished phrase and releases it with honest pride. One can almost see it at times reach forth and search the air for a word that shall best fit the idea. Gazing on this lower lip making conversation one has the sensation of gazing on a watchmaking machine for the first time. You always knew



We did not see him for he was in another room, but I could recognize his voice from his photographs.

watches were made, but never saw the operation before.

The Roosevelt lower lip is not famous because it cannot be photographed in action. Some day it will be kitescoped, however, and will then come into its own.

Just as we were completing the survey the group ahead of us fell into ruins, and the president advanced to my congressman with his hand outstretched. We are not saying "dee-lighted" at the White House any more, except on special occasions. Styles change, except in the funny papers. Nowadays, when the president grasps a stranger's hand and is told his name, a note of joyous recognition breaks into his voice and he says:—

"Oh! Mister Jones! I'm very glad to meet you!!!"

Several men have come very near to exploding with pride on the spot on hearing this, and have had to be led rapidly off to the cooper's and hopped for safety's sake. However, the spell is over in an instant. Just as the visitor's head is beginning to wobble with dazzling discovery that the president of the United States knows all about him, something edges its way into his vapourised mind and cools it off in a jiffy. He is waiting for the president to explain where he first heard of him and to invite him to lunch. The president isn't doing it. Instead, he is shaking hands with the next man and is using the identical expression. The dream is over. It isn't a gasp of signified longing, that "very glad to meet you!" It is merely a substitute for "delighted." Still, it is a grand and thrilling experience to sit in the memory of a president if only for one deluded second.

We took our hats and went away. At the door we were twenty feet high. As the incoming crowd ebbed away we gradually shrank. At the outer door

**THE TELL-TALE QUESTION.**

The school teacher requested those children who had never told a lie to raise their hands.

After a pause, two or three little hands went up. Then another hand was raised and lowered uncertainly, and its small owner asked:

"Teacher, is it a lie if nobody finds it out?"



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The president conversing a senator

that when Mr. Roosevelt smiles his mouth moves away on either side like a curtain, and the illumination bursts upon the spectator unimpeded and unbounded. Then, again in moments of conversational stress the Roosevelt teeth are apt to climb the Roosevelt lips aside and do the talking themselves. Those who have seen the president thus in action cannot help regarding each large white tooth as the tombstone of some reputation, the owner of which has given the president just cause to reply. At the present rate it will soon be necessary for several victims to share the same tombstone.

The Roosevelt teeth have all the fame,

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