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TRIBUTE TO THE HOG.

America has been made strong by the hog more than any other single influence, according to F. D. Coburn, former secretary of agriculture in Kansas.

"Hogs pay the taxes, clothe the family, send the children to school, and make possible the development of new homes," says Mr. Coburn.

"The pig is a quiet, inoffensive, Christian sort of animal, symbolic to a greater extent of the peaceful virtues for which our nation is so conspicuous than is the roving, piratical eagle."

"The hog is a condenser; he is a manufacturer of lard, hash and head cheese, lard, illuminating oils, hair brushes, liver pudding, tooth brushes, glue, buttons, bacon, bristles, fertilizers and fats, knife handles, whistles, soaps, suds, side meat, saddle covers and sausage. He is a mint and the yellow corn of our country is the bullion he transmutes into golden coin."

"In the American hog we have an automatic, combined machine for reducing the bulk in corn and enhancing its value. It puts ten bushels of corn in a space of less than a bushel measure and in so doing quadruples the value of the grain."

WHAT PREPAREDNESS MEANS.

In recent years, the army officers who attend to the provisioning of the troops have never had to deal with an encampment exceeding 20,000 men. They have had no experience in feeding and caring for large numbers that would be gathered together in time of war.

The same conditions prevailed throughout all departments of the army. For instance, when Cuba was useless because it was discovered that the wheels for them had been left behind at Key West.

NEW RUSSIAN RAILROAD.

When the new railway connecting Petrograd with the Arctic port of Alexandrovsk is finished it will be possible to transport goods from Tromso in Norway to the Russian capital in five days time.

A new steamship line has already been organized to take advantage of the new route, and it is expected that the railway will be available for use within a month or so.

Although much further north than Archangel, on the White sea, which is already connected with Petrograd by the narrow gauge railway, the new port of Alexandrovsk is free from ice all the year around, by virtue of being situated on an inlet which feels the effect of the Gulf stream, while Archangel is closed to navigation for six months of the year.

One of the difficulties of the Archangel route has been the tremendous congestion of traffic, and this will still be a problem for some time as the new railway from Alexandrovsk will at first be in a roundabout way via Archangel. But a direct line from Alexandrovsk to Petrograd is to be completed as soon as possible.

President Wilson is deceiving himself about the readiness of men to enlist in his proposed continental army. He goes out and makes a speech on preparedness, arouses the patriotism of his hearers and when loyalty is at white heat asks them if they would not enlist in his army. Of course they yell "Yes" and they mean it at the time, but later when they have had time to cool off a little, they will think twice and maybe a dozen times before they will make the sacrifices entailed by joining Wilson's visionary force. The president's plan is not the best one; it is a make-shift.

Higher Help For Belgium

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

HIGHER HELP FOR BELGIUM.

America has saved Belgium from starvation. Will America help to keep the intellectual life of Belgium from being crushed out by the war? To answer this question in the affirmative is the aim of a new sub-committee of the Belgian relief fund. The Belgian scholarship committee will try to give the artists and scientists of Belgium a chance to go on with their life work.

Artists and men of science and letters stand first among the classes whose means of livelihood is swept away by war. Art and the pursuit of science are luxuries; when people need bread they cannot pay for pictures. Moreover, the arts and sciences are the last lines to recover from war conditions. Reconstruction begins at the bottom; poems and statues and abstract research are the capstone of the social structure, the products of order and prosperity. Belgian scholarship at present is in a bad way.

The artist and educator has a hard time fitting himself into the primitive conditions of war time. His life has not prepared him to earn a living at any of the manual trades open to untrained men under war conditions. This fact is strikingly shown by the way in which such men have been turned away from the munition plants when they applied for work. They didn't look to the authorities as if they could make munitions—and maybe the authorities were right.

The artist type is proverbially improvident, even when he earns a large income. The scientist or educator who earns a large income is so rare a bird as to be negligible. Hence few men of the class which the committee hopes to assist have anything in the shape of financial resources laid by. The problem is complicated by the fact that offering such men money is hardly a practical course. Their pressing need is not material, yet they are suffering from a very real and acute distress, due to the fact that they cannot go on with the work with which their lives are bound up. So the scholarship committee has constituted itself a clearing house between American universities and the Belgian victims of the war.

Numerous Belgian professors have been engaged by universities in the United States. Chicago, Yale, Princeton, Harvard and George Washington are among the institutions which already have taken the step. A great double good is accomplished by such action. Not only do these Belgian savants get a chance to pursue their careers, but the United States is the richer for their services. Many of them are distinguished in their lines of work, some of them have European reputations.

The need for the European point of view in our higher education was recognized long ago, with the establishment of the so-called "exchange professorships" between big American and European institutions. Parties to such an agreement exchanged professors. A professor from Berlin lectured for a year in Columbia, for instance, while a Columbia professor lectured in Berlin. Under the present arrangement our universities get the services

of men from the principal universities of Belgium. In many cases it is impracticable to the United States to bring the professors whom the war has cut off from their work, and in such cases the committee hopes to help them by means of contributions, in England, Holland, France or wherever they may be. A broader end than the mere assistance of the particular scientist is often served in this way, for when some of these men stopped work the cause of the advancement of knowledge in their line received a severe blow.

The second object of the committee is the raising of a fund toward restoring Belgian universities, museums and libraries after the war. Clearly, the need for such a fund has nothing to do with who eventually wins out in Europe. In any event, the universities will have to resume their work. Besides actual cash, contributions of books are being campaigned for. As soon as the committee has provided for their storage, appeals will be sent to all the American private and public libraries asking for the duplicate copies. Heads of some of our biggest libraries have already promised cooperation.

The various societies in this country which issue periodical publications will be asked for sets of them. For the library of the university of Louvain, one complete set of all the most important books published in and about America will be part of the contribution, if possible. Such a set will contribute greatly toward a better understanding in Europe of our American way of thinking and doing business.

The principal Belgian universities are located in Louvain, Ghent, Brussels and Liege. Louvain is the oldest of the four, and perhaps the best known. It was founded 500 years ago by Duke John of Brabant, and ever since that time it has enjoyed first place in the Belgian educational system. Its library included 70,000 volumes, besides several hundred rare manuscripts. Back in the sixteenth century it was one of the principal institutions of its kind in Europe, and had 6,000 students. Just before the war, its attendant colleges included about 2,000 students.

The Belgian state university is located in Ghent. It is only about a hundred years old, but it was famous for its schools of engineering and the arts, as well as its great library that included 300,000 printed volumes besides many manuscripts. Dr. George Sartou of Ghent is now connected with George Washington university, and Professor Van der Stricht is at Western Reserve, in Cleveland.

Besides establishing connections with American universities which give them a chance to go on with their investigations, while giving the benefit of their teachings to American students, it is hoped that men like these may make arrangements to give lectures on their specialties in the United States. Many men of science and letters in Belgium speak English fluently owing to the shortness of the distance that separates the country from England.

The fact that nearly half (46.3 per cent in 1910) of the population of the country lives in cities and towns containing a population of 2,500 or more, while in 1880 this proportion was only 29.5 per cent and in 1900 only 40.5 per cent, constitutes a serious problem. A detailed analysis of these figures shows the problem to be country wide.

The Colombian minister to the United States makes no effort to conceal his displeasure at the action of the senate committee on foreign affairs in cutting \$10,000,000 off the sum which is to be given Colombia to placate that country for this country's part in the partition of Panama at the time the United States secured the rights for the Panama canal. The minister is even considering returning home to emphasize his displeasure.

General a ruling from the attorney general's office in Des Moines, children under the age of fourteen years cannot take part in a theatrical performance except under the direction of their parents. Another ruling prevents district judges from issuing permits to youngsters to engage in street trades.

Every day brings some new evidence of the increasing growth and prosperity of Ottumwa. There are more calls for property than ever before and a considerable number of real estate exchanges are being recorded.

The liquor forces in northeastern Illinois are going to make an effort to win back the territory lost by them in the last elections when the vote of the women helped oust the saloons. The liquor people evidently believe that the women have had a change of heart.

Some people talk so much about how hard they work that they get to believe they really are working. Now when you get right down to it, what are you doing that amounts to anything?

When a fellow knows his business, he doesn't have to explain to people that he does. — Jobson's Journal.

Evening Story

THY NEIGHBOR.

By Izola Forrester.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Perhaps the fault which led Elizabeth into the most perplexing situation was her habit of jumping at conclusions. It had done so before, often and often, yet the lessons of the past had the most fascinating way of vanishing utterly when they were most needed, leaving her defenseless, a victim of her fancies and impulses.

So now, as she was mounting the stairs to her studio suite and heard a decided moaning behind the doors of No. 9, she went straight up the hallway and tapped on the door.

"Please, please go away," came a smothered, fearful sort of voice from within. Whereupon Elizabeth felt capable and protecting, and she spread her wings at once in brooding fashion over the unknown neighbor in evident distress.

"I live over you. Let me come in, I she urged. "I can't go away and leave you crying like that."

"But I'm not ill at all. I'm only—only wretched. You can't help; truly you can't."

But Elizabeth was gently, firmly insistent, and finally the door opened, and she faced a most peculiar and involved situation. On the couch, face down in its pillows, was her girl neighbor. Beside her on a table lay many parcels, unmistakably store parcels, unopened, and standing by the door, which he had just opened, was a young man, gloomy and thoroughly resentful of the intrusion.

"We're sorry—I thought you were alone," faltered Elizabeth. She was so large and dimpled and amiable it was impossible to be cross with her.

"No, I'm with her," returned the young man grimly. "But she does not approve of me. If you're her neighbor why have—No, I know the way she does. No one man can get acquainted with her. She has lived along ground of art—internal little dumping ground of art—and starved. I said it—starved!"

Elizabeth looked at him fixedly, as she would have at any strange new specimen. He evidently was not familiar with the spirit of let-alone-ness that pervaded this corner of the square. She had not even known there was a girl student in the room beneath the door one day. Life was too full of endeavor to waste on cultivating ordinary social amenities. The young man went almost savagely appealing to Elizabeth:

"I know there was something wrong, and I came up to see how she was getting along. When I found out she hadn't eaten in two days—"

"Beats!" came from the pillows, with thoroughly vindictive uncton. Elizabeth's mobile mouth had difficulty in retaining its pleasant curves as she heard it.

"And she refused to let me take her out and feed her up or lend her any money. So I went out and bought up things and brought them back and now she's soiled!"

"It was brutal of you," the girl sat up, and pushed back her chair. Really, she was awfully pretty at short range. Her hair was fair and tangled as a sleepy child's, and her eyes were very dark. She fairly glared at the young man. "Did I ever give you the least reason even to imagine you could buy me groceries?"

"Molly—"

"If I had wanted help, I would have found it."

"With my neighbor upstairs," haughtily, but with a little smile at Elizabeth, who stood completely baffled at the turn of things. "I know Miss Dunbar would have helped me to tide over temporarily."

"Oh, gladly!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Well, that's all right, too," returned the young man. "But what I want to know is this—where do I stand?"

"On your own feet, just as I intend to stand on mine," came back his answer swiftly. "You told me you would never allow a wife of yours to peddle pictures around magazine offices—"

"Neither would I," came back the decided answer. Even Elizabeth realized it was a masterful tone, too.

"Why should you? I have plenty for you both, more than plenty. You may paint and exhibit if you like. You don't have to peddle."

"I prefer independence in matrimony. So long as I have a special gift—"

"But you haven't. I appeal to this lady, your neighbor. Look at her pictures!" he pointed around the studio. "Look at them. Seventeen thousand other girls all over the civilized world could paint just as well as she can. That may be exaggerated—slightly—but it is partly true. She is not a genius, is she?"

Elizabeth felt delightfully inclined to laugh and agree with him. The paintings and sketches around the studio were lacking in everything that went for success. And the girl was so pretty and so fearfully sure of herself.

"Can't you compromise?" she asked eagerly. "That is, if you care for him at all."

"Oh, I care for him," retorted the girl scornfully. "That is why he knows he can come here and worry me. I'm engaged to be married to him. I can't escape him."

"Why not break the engagement?" she looked at the young man thoughtfully. He stood with both hands in his pockets, hopeful, but aggressive.

"She's tried that," he answered briefly. "I won't let her. I am absolutely certain that she loves me, and will be happy with me ultimately. But meantime, I refuse to let her starve."

"Then I'll tell you a way out. Marry her. Let her keep up her work here. Don't interfere with her. Fix up some attractive home elsewhere if you like, or take a hotel suite. And gradually win her."

Elizabeth paused, fairly glowing over her plan. Romance had not come to her. She was rather plain and too clever, but it was delightful to help others. "I'll go upstairs and start making tea, and I want you both to come up in fifteen minutes. Then you can let me know. But don't haggle

CHILDREN'S EVENING STORY

WIZZIE AND THE UMBRELLA.

"Oh, boys, do you know what it is today?" cried Wizzie Fuzzytail, the little fox girl, as she came running down to breakfast one morning just before dinner.

"What day? Why, it's Friday, of course," answered her brother Woosie, as he spread some jam on the tablecloth, instead of on his bread, where it belonged.

"And it's the last day of school this week," went on Wizzie, the other little fox boy.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that," said Wizzie with a laugh. "But today is May day—the first day of the month in which come so many flowers, you know."

"Huh! You can't eat May flowers!" cried Woosie.

"Oh, I never saw such boy animals as you!" exclaimed Wizzie. "You are always thinking of something to eat. Flowers are pretty to look at, and to smell, but they, make you think of beautiful things."

"I smelled a flower once and it made me sneeze," said Wizzie with a laugh. "It had yellow stuff on it, and it got up my nose and tickled."

"And flowers are good to eat, too," said Wizzie, "though that is not all that they are for."

"Pooh! How can you eat flowers?" asked Woosie.

"We can eat the honey that bees get out of the flowers, and that is almost like eating the flowers themselves," said Wizzie, as she sewed a shoe button eye in her rag doll Beatrice Pollyann Ralndrop.

"But if we take honey from the flowers, maybe the bumble bee wouldn't like it, and he might sting us as he did the lady butterfly," said Woosie.

"Oh, well, we'll let the bees take the honey out of the flower blossoms, for they can do it better than we," spoke Wizzie. "And when the bees have the honey in the hive we'll ask them for some. But that was not what I started to say," she went on.

"I am going out to the woods to get some flowers for a May basket. Do you boys want to come along?"

"No, thank you," answered Woosie. "I am going to play ball."

"And I am going to play marbles," spoke Wizzie.

"Then I'll go alone and fill my May basket," said Wizzie. "And when it is filled with flowers I am going to hang it on Uncle Wiggly's door as a surprise for him. Don't tell him; will you?"

Woosie and Wizzie kindly promised they would say nothing to the old gentleman rabbit about their sister's little trick.

So, while the two fox boys went off to play ball and marbles, Wizzie started for the woods to get the flower blossoms.

"You had better take an umbrella," Mamma Fuzzytail called after her daughter. "The April showers are not all over yet, and besides, the sun is hot. Better take the umbrella."

"I will," answered Wizzie, and, holding it over her head, while on one paw she carried the May basket to be filled, off she started.

The little fox girl soon reached the woods, and saw many pretty flowers amid the green moss and ferns.

"Oh, I can make a most lovely May basket here for Uncle Wiggly!" she exclaimed as she began to gather the blossoms. On some were bees, sipping the honey, and on others were butterflies making their red and gold wings move slowly up and down

while they uncloaked their tongue, which was almost like an elephant's trunk, only not as large, of course. Through their tongue, which is hollow like a macaroni stick, the butterfly sucks up sweet flower juice.

Wizzie went from place to place, holding the umbrella over her head to keep off the warm sun. Pretty soon she had her basket nearly full and she began to feel sleepy.

"It'll just lie down on the soft moss, near the little brook, and take a nap," said Wizzie. And so she did. Soon she was fast asleep with a clump of ferns for a pillow. In one paw she held the handle of the basket and in the other paw the umbrella.

Soon Wizzie was fast, fast asleep. And, as she slept, something happened. Along came flying a big eagle bird. The eagle looked down out of the sky where he was flying and saw Wizzie asleep.

"Ha!" exclaimed the eagle. "I wonder what that is down there? It looks like a doll. I will swoop down, get it, and take it to my nest in the tall tree for my little eaglets to play with."

No sooner said than done. Down swooped the eagle and very gently, so as not to harm Wizzie (whom the big bird thought was only a doll, you see) very gently, the eagle stuck his sharp beak in the little fox girl's dress, and up into the air he flew with her. And so gently did he lift her up that Wizzie never awakened from her nap. She still slept.

"See what I have brought you, little ones!" cried the big eagle, as he laid Wizzie down in the nest in the top of the tall tree. "It is a new big doll for you. You may play with it."

"I want the doll!" cried one little eagle girl making a grab for Wizzie's dress.

"No, I'm going to have it first!" cried the other little eagle, and she, too, made a grab for Wizzie. Well, those two eagles, most impolitely, just pulled and pulled on the little fox girl's dress, until, all of a sudden, she awakened.

"Oh, my goodness me, sakes alive and some orange shortcake!" cried Wizzie. "Where am I? In an eagle's nest! Oh, I must get out!"

And, without thinking how high up from the ground the nest was, Wizzie pulled away from the little eagles, and down she fell. She would have been badly hurt by the fall, only, as she still had the umbrella, that opened up as she shot downward.

The umbrella was just like the parachute which the balloon man holds over his head when he jumps from the clouds. The air got under Wizzie's umbrella and she came down as gently as a feather from the nest, not being hurt a bit.

Then she went to where her basket of flowers was, beside the brook, and, filling it, she took it to Uncle Wiggly. And so she got away from the eagles.

"My! That was a queer doll," said the one little eagle girl, after Wizzie had toppled from the nest.

"Yes, I guess I made a mistake bringing it here," said the big eagle. "But, never mind, I'll fly off and get you something else."

And so the eagle did, taking to his little ones a cocoon nut tree.

Wizzie got safely home with her umbrella that had saved her from a hard fall and Uncle Wiggly was much pleased with his May basket.

And tomorrow night, if the poodle dog doesn't take all the raisins out of the rice pudding to blow through his bean shooter, I'll tell you about Woosie and the kind snake.

REYNOLDS VERY ILL. Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 5.—The condition of George M. Reynolds, the Chicago banker, who is seriously ill at a hotel here, remained unchanged today.

SENATE PASSES PHILIPPINE BILL

Washington, D. C., Feb. 5.—The Philippine bill went to the house from the senate today where it was passed by a vote of 52 to 24 last night.

As finally approved by the senate, the measure would grant independence to the Philippine islands within four years and provide for a greater degree of self government.

In the house prompt action on the bill, which is said to meet with President Wilson's approval, will be urged. The bill was passed by the solid vote of the democrats with the aid of six republican progressives.

and worry each other. Either settle it one way or the other. Compromise if you can. You know love is not love when it seeks its own happiness, children, heart and soul and strength in full measure. As soon as it begins to take, it fails."

She went out softly, ran upstairs and started making tea. And in just fifteen minutes they came up, her neighbor and the masterful young man, and both looked oddly contented.

"We're going to try it," he said. "I'm going to let her paint pictures of me. In fact, I've promised to live down here for awhile, not here exactly but in this quarter, you know. She likes to call it the quarter. We've both given up points."

"I shall peddle a little," said the girl. She bent over the tea table and helped arrange the cups and saucers. "You've been so sweet and neighborly Miss Dunbar."

Elizabeth beamed up at them.

"Nonsense, children. It's in the air," she said.

TO BE HARSH WITH HOBOES. Fort Madison, Feb. 5.— Santa Fe and Burlington railway officials have instructed local constables to enforce the trespass law and to pick up all tramps and hoboes found on railway property. There have not been so many of this class in Fort Madison this winter, due, no doubt, to the plentifulness of work in the east and the fact that this is dry territory now.

FOES FIGHTING WITH BIG GUNS

Artillery Exchanges Are General Along Entire Western Frontage

INFANTRY BEING KEPT UNDER COVER

Germans Announce Repulse of French Force Armed With Hand Grenades

London, Feb. 5.—Heavy artillery play continues in France and Belgium but neither here nor in any of the other important theaters of operations have there been infantry movements resulting in exchanges of territory.

Constantinople declares that the British, attempting to advance from Felahie, were repulsed by a Turkish counter attack and compelled to fall back to their former positions.

In Albania the Bulgarians are reported to have fallen back toward the Drina river, near the eastern frontier. The occupation of strategic points by the forces of Essad Pasha and by Serbian troops who have reformed in the exchanges of territory.

The advance of the Austrians down the Albanian coast continues, the latest advice apparently indicating that they were some twenty miles north-east of Durazzo.

The British report that the French have captured additional German forces in West Africa.

Berlin, in an official report, says that Zeppelin L.19 has not returned from a reconnoitering flight and that inquiries concerning the airship have been without result.

Raid Planned By Kaiser. A report from Berlin via Copenhagen says Emperor William has been on the western front for some time and was near the Belgian frontier when the recent attacks on Loos took place. The report also says that the emperor, Admiral von Tirpitz and Prince Henry at a headquarters council planned details of the Zeppelin raid on England.

In a lecture at the London school of economics last night, Sir George Paish, noted financier, said in the present year the economic and financial strength of Great Britain would be subjected to the severest test, as she proposed to provide her allies and colonies with loans of at least two billion dollars and possibly three billion, and to support a bigger navy than ever before, and four million men in the field.

GERMAN REPORT. Berlin, Feb. 5.—The breakdown of a French hand grenade attack south of the Somme and the repulse of the British attempt to advance south of La Bassee canal are announced by German army headquarters today. The continuation of heavy artillery fire by the French in the Champagne and the Argonne is also reported.

SETS NEW LUMBER RECORD. Fort Madison, Feb. 5.— The S. & J. C. Atlee Lumber company of this city shipped more lumber last January than for the same month in fifteen years. This is the last of the mills on the lower Mississippi river.



JEFF SAYS:

The only time some peepul tell the truth is when they know it will create trouble.

BRITONS SEIZING MAIL OF NEUTRALS

London, Feb. 5.—Reuter's correspondent at The Hague says that mail addressed to the West Indies and forwarded on the steamship Prinz Frederik Hendrik, which sailed from Rotterdam on January 28, has been detained in England.

A Reuter dispatch from The Hague says that the mails carried by the Dutch steamship Medan, which arrived in Rotterdam on February 2 from New York, were retained in England.

NO PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

London, Feb. 5.—Vienna newspapers state that peace negotiations with Montenegro have not yet begun, according to a Vienna dispatch transmitted by Reuter's Amsterdam correspondent.

The reason given is that neither Prince Melnikoff, second son of King Nicholas, who remained in Montenegro, nor the three Montenegrin ministers who also remained, possess any authority to engage in the negotiations.

Dr. D.E. Graham. Hours—9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 6 p. m. Ennis Office Bldg., Ottumwa, Iowa. Read The Courier Want Ads for Profit: Use Them for Results

BEAUTY CHATS. The Simple Night Lunch. NOTHING SO MAAS one's looks as a bad night, when sleep cannot be invited, and if found, the mind is still at work with the action of dreaming. Usually, the stomach is at fault, either entirely empty and demanding something to do like a restless child, or it is overloaded, and digestion has gone as far as the stomach's blood supply will carry it at that time. The nervous and dyspeptic person is the greatest sufferer, yet any one under an unusual nervous strain will meet this condition and have the restless night, which can be entirely removed by simply fooling the stomach. Take a cracker or two, some simple hot drink if desired as the girl is doing in this case. Hot beef tea, hot malted or even plain milk, and skimmed, if the person is inclined to be stout. Eat the crackers very slowly, making sure that the salivary glands are doing their best toward starting the digestion, while the food is still in the mouth. Complete the crackers, then slowly sip the hot liquid. Take fully fifteen minutes to cover it, and note just how the stomach begins to take notice. All the digestive secretions will begin to work again as the new supply of blood is being drawn to the stomach, and away from the brain. The depression or gnawing sensation will disappear, and if the person takes immediate advantage of this, and goes to bed, refreshing sleep will usually come at once, which means a cleared skin and a freshened face for the following day.