

# FACE TO FACE WITH FACTS!

### Most all the Pains and Aches of Kidney Ills Start with

## FACTS.

A lame back is a bad back.  
 A weak back is a bad back.  
 An aching back is a bad back.  
 A bad back comes from sick kidneys.  
 Sick kidneys cause backache,  
 Backache is the first step,  
 The first ache of Kidney Ills.  
 Urinary troubles next,  
 Disturb your night's rest,  
 Annoy you all day.  
 Dangerous Diabetes comes,  
 Then Bright's disease,  
 The end is near then.

## A BAD BACK

Every case of Backache, Diabetes or any kidney ill can be cured by

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

No other kidney remedy has ever received such emphatic endorsement. Read the testimony of

## MORE FACTS,

Don't pay to experiment, Kidney trouble is too serious, Delays are dangerous. Experiment means delay. Take a remedy that's endorsed; But get good endorsement. A stranger's word isn't sufficient, Hard to prove testimony from a distance. Take the word of people you know, Take the testimony of friends and neighbors. Easy to prove such evidence. Ask them about it, Local testimony is the best proof.

# OMAHA PEOPLE:

### Cass St.

Mr. J. Flock of 1908 Cass street, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy I ever used for kidney complaint. A friend of mine recommended them to me and I procured them at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. I was troubled for several years and the sharp pains when stooping at night caused me much misery. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me complete satisfaction. They are so mild you hardly know you are taking them yet they cure. I have advised friends to use them and in all cases good results were obtained."

### No. 12th St.

Mrs. Michael Tosenery, No. 565 North Twelfth street, says: "My back often ached so severely that I could hardly stand it. I have been at times so that I could scarcely move, and to stoop was an utter impossibility. To add to my misery, trouble with the kidney secretions existed and I was constantly trying something to cure me, but a cure never came. My husband got Doan's Kidney Pills for me at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store, corner Fifteenth and Douglas streets, and after taking them for a week much to my surprise, and considerably more to my gratification, the long-standing trouble disappeared. Send anyone in Omaha to me if they want a personal recommendation of Doan's Kidney Pills."

### Twenty-first Street.

Mr. Charles Henning of 1624 N. 21st street says: "I was hurt in the U. P. locomotive shops and ever after I was annoyed with attacks of pain in the small of my back. Reading advertisements about Doan's Kidney Pills led me to procure that remedy at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store, corner 15th and Douglas streets. It was the best investment I ever made. The treatment cured me."

### OAK STREET.

Mrs. Gusta Bohlman, No. 1913 Oak St., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are a good remedy. I took them for kidney trouble, which started about seven years ago, caused by a cold settling in my back. I procured them from Kuhn & Co.'s drug store and they cured me."

### Jones St.

Mr. Frank McFarland, a stonecutter, No. 3203 Jones street, says: "Too frequent action of the kidney secretions, particularly at night, at first merely noticeable, but always on the increase, became at last very annoying. I had no backache like so many people who suffer from kidney complaint have, but without that extra annoyance I spent a mint of money trying to check my trouble, but I was unsuccessful until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store, corner 15th and Douglas Sts. After the treatment I could go to bed every night and sleep like a child until morning. To say I endorse Doan's Kidney Pills is a mild way of expressing my opinion."

### Pacific St.

Mrs. Kate O'Mara, No. 2429 Pacific street says: "For seven or eight years I was troubled more or less with rheumatism and sharp pains across the small of my back. Working pretty hard looking after my family is what I think brought on the trouble. I was much worse in the mornings on rising and became some better after being up and around for sometime. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and got them at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. Before taking all of the box I knew they were benefiting me. They cured my back and helped my rheumatism."

### Charles St.

Mr. John C. Hoelder, stock keeper of the third floor in the McCord-Brady company's wholesale grocery, living at 2627 Charles street, says: "I had a weak back for nearly three years. Sometimes it ached continually, particularly so if I stooped or lifted. I used medicines said to be good for the kidneys, but the trouble still continued. An announcement about Doan's Kidney Pills in our daily papers led me to procure a box at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store, corner 15th and Douglas streets. The treatment cured me."

## DUMB WARNINGS OF DISASTER

Strange, Unheeded Influences that Fore-shadow Approaching Calamity.

MANIFESTATIONS AMONG STAGE PEOPLE

Clara Morris' Recollections of the Burning of the Fifth Avenue Theater—A Triumph of Snow and Flames.

(Copyright, 1901, by S. S. McClure Co.)

How shall I call that strange influence that dumbly tries to warn—to prepare? Many of us have had experience of but rarely heeded. The something that one morning suddenly fills the minds with thoughts of some friend of the far past, who is almost entirely forgotten—persistent thoughts not to be shaken off. You speak of the matter, and your family exclaim: "What on earth ever brought him to your mind?" and that night you either hear of the old friend's death or he sends you a letter from the other side of the world.

I had an acquaintance who one day found herself compelled, as it were, to talk of herself—of remarkable robberies. She seemed unable to turn her mind to any other subject. If she looked at a lock she thought how easy it would be to force it at a window, how readily a man might enter it. Her people laughed and told her she was hoodooed, but next day she was robbed of every jewel she had in the world. What was it that was trying dumbly to warn her? It was on a list of January that my mind became subject to one of those outside seizures. The snow was banked high in the streets, had been so for days. The unexpected sale of the house in Twenty-first street had forced me to new quarters. I was at that moment in Twenty-fourth street. As I raised my head from kissing my mother a Happy New Year remark: "The streets are in a terrible condition for a great fire, are they not?" "Let us hope there won't be a great fire," replied mother, and began to pour the coffee.

A little later the French woman came in to pass the compliments of the day. I was immediately moved to ask her "if our fire service here was not superior to that of Paris," and was greatly pleased at her joyous acquiescence, until I discovered that her remarks had reference to our larger fireplaces—there are always certain drawbacks accompanying a foreign landlady.

A Christmas Scene. Then I went to the matinee—for lo! the poor actress always does double work on days of festivity for the rest of the world, and all occasions of legalized feasting finds her eating "a cold bite." We were doing a play called "False Shame," known in England as "The White Feather," a very light three-act play. The dresses and scenery were beautiful. Mr. Daly provided me with one gown, a combination of sapphire-blue velvet and pompadour brocade, that came within an ace of making me look handsome like the rest.

He remarked upon its effect, and I told him "I felt compelled to look well, since I had nothing else to do," but the day had gone by when such remarks could anger him. He laughed good-humoredly and said: "All the same, miss, that scene at the organ is mighty pretty and taking, too." For, look you, in the theater "a little knowledge is not a dangerous thing." Complete knowledge is, of course, preferable, but ah, how far a very little will go, and here was my poor tum-tumming, "One—and—two

and—three—and" filling Mr. Daly's very soul with joy, because, forsooth, in a lovely old English interior, all draped in Christmas greens, filled with carved wood furniture, big logs burning in an enormous fireplace, wax candles in brass sconces, and at the organ two girls in dinner dress, who, nervously anxious about a New Year card they were going to surprise their guests with at midnight, seized the moment before dinner to try said carol over.

Miss Davenport, regal in satin, stood music in hand, the frelight on her handsome face. I seated at the organ in my precious blue and brocade, played the accompaniment and sang alto, and though terror over this simple bit of work brought me to the verge of prostration, the scene was from the front like a stolen peep into some beautiful private home, and it brought an astonishing amount of applause. But if I had not "one—two—three—" in Cincinnati on that grinning old piano, where would the organ scene have been? Ah, a little knowledge, if spread over so thin, by a master hand like Mr. Daly's will prove useful.

So don't refuse to learn a little because you fear you cannot afford to study thoroughly—if you are an actress.

A Premonition. While I was sitting through a long wait that day I fell into a brown study. The theater dresser, who was very fond of me and gave me every spare moment of her time, came into my room and to my address me before I came out of my reverie. "What in the world are you thinking of, Miss Clara?" she asked, and I answered with another question: "Mary, were you ever in a great fire?"

"No," she said, "were you?" "Yes," I answered, "I have been twice burned out from shelter at dead of night, and I told her of that hotel fire at 3 a. m., where there was but one stairway to the street; of the mad brutality of the men; of the terrible and the ludicrous scenes; of my own escape, quite alone, in bare feet and one white garment; of my standing across a leaking hole, while a strange man pulled my right arm, frantically crying, 'You come with me—my mother's got a blanket to wrap you up in!' and Mr. Ellsler, who had just arrived, seized my left arm, dragging me his way and shouting, 'Come over to the house and get to bed quick, before you die of exposure!' while I felt the water spraying my forlornly shivering shins, and was more nearly torn asunder than was ever the Solomon baby."

"Oh, my," said Mary, "how dreadful!" "Yes," I said, musingly, "and what a fire this place would make—all these partitions of painted pine!" "Oh, don't!" protested Mary.

"But," said I, "you know that's what theaters are built for—to burn in their natural end," and then I was called, and went upstairs to saunter through another act of the mild little play.

Saved Her Jewelry. I owned but little jewelry then, but what I had was noticeably good. My rings, in fact, had given me as a souvenir of "it," I had to remove from my fingers for the last act, and when the curtain had fallen and I had rushed myself into a street garment and was leaving the dressing room in haste to join my waiting mother at dinner, Mary called to me. "Miss Clara, you are leaving absolutely involuntary and dictated by no thought of mine. They were: 'Yes, as far as that is concerned, they are safe enough, but in case of fire better give them to me, Mary—oh!' for the girl had dropped one on the floor. It was a bit of Oriental enamel set about with tiny sparks of diamonds. I put the others on,

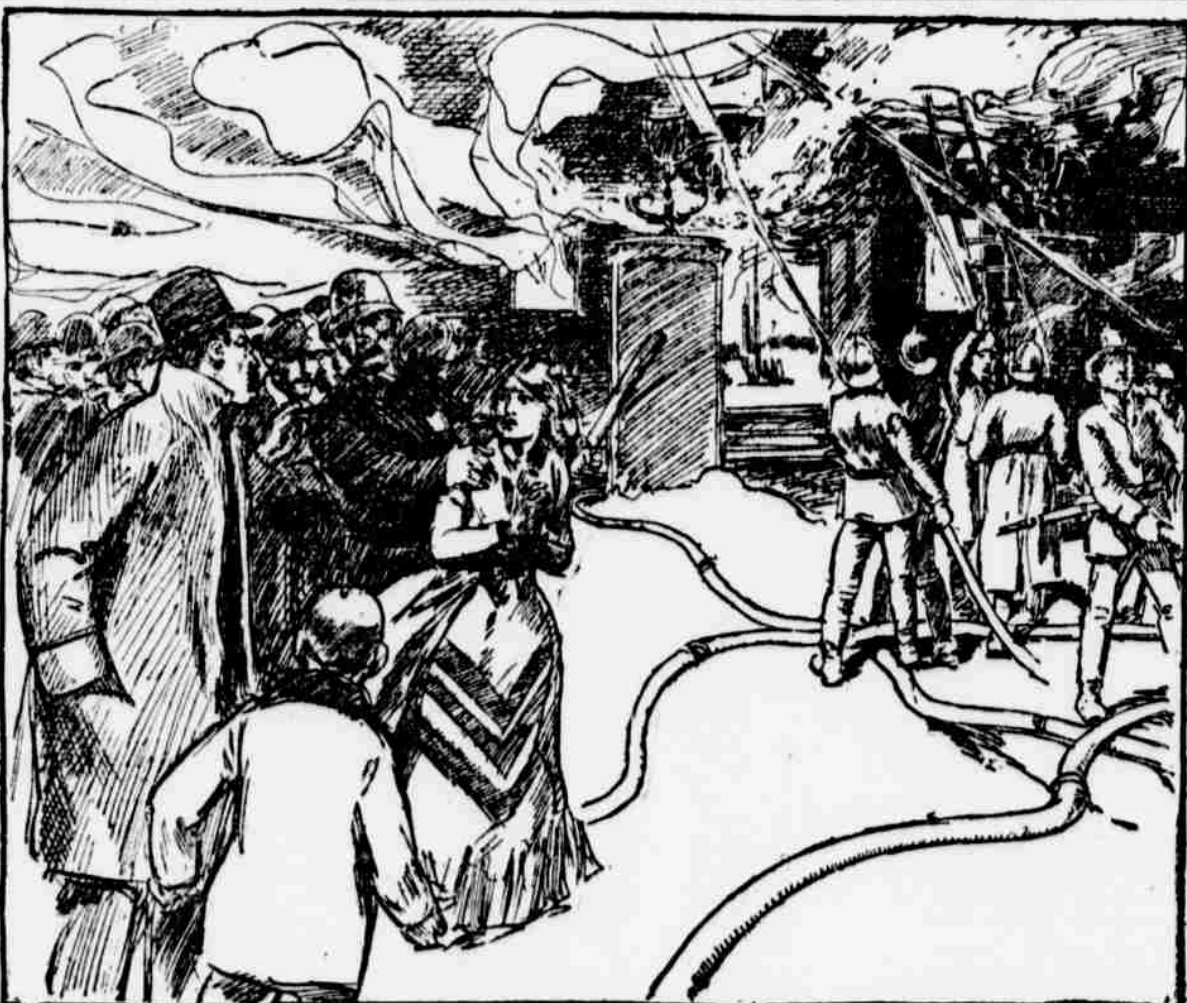
but would not wait for her to pick up the rolling trunk, and away I went. At the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-fourth street I came to a standstill before the two great snowbanks and thought again what they might mean in case of a fire.

I reached home at a brisk pace, ran up-

get there in time I might do something—God knows what! As I neared the theater the crowd grew more dense—yet to my gasping "please—oh, please!" an answer came in a quick moving aside to let pass the woman with the white, tear-wet face. I broke through the cordon and was making for the stage door, when a rough hand

she's one of the company; can't you see?" "Oh," grunted the policeman, "well, I didn't know—and I couldn't let her kill herself."

"No," said the stranger, "but you had no call to pitch her about as you did," and just then a long, thin hand caught mine, and Mr. Daly's voice said, "Come



"BE A LITTLE GENTLE," SAID THE STRANGER, "SHE HAS A RIGHT CLOSE TO THE LINE. SHE'S ONE OF THE COMPANY, CAN'T YOU SEE?"

stair, threw off my cloak, and had drawn my dress-waist half off, when without a preliminary knock the door was flung open and my landlord, Mr. Hudin, white with the excitement that had wiped out his knowledge of English, stood gesticulating wildly and hurling French at me in seething masses. I caught, "Le feu! le feu!" many times repeated, then "le theater!" and with a cry I seized his arm and shook him.

"What is it?" I cried. "Do you mean fire?" He nodded, and again came the words, "Le theater!" "Good heavens and earth! you don't mean my theater, do you?" and then two great horses hurling a fire-engine around the corner into our street, made swift and terrifying answer. With piercing cry I caught up my cloak, and throwing off somebody's restraining hands I dashed down stairs and into the street, racing like mad, giving sobbing cries and utterly unconscious for over two blocks' space that my waist was unenclosed and my naked throat and chest were bare to the wintry wind.

Warnings Realized. At the corner of the street at Sixth avenue I wrung my hands in anguish, crying, "Oh, dear God! I knew it! I knew it!" for there, stalled in the snow, was the engine, so desperately needed a little farther on. And as I resumed my run, I said to myself, "What is that that has tried so hard to tell me to warn me! Tried all the day, and I would not understand—and now it's too late!" Why I ran I do not know—it was not curiosity. I felt somehow that if I could

caught me by the shoulder. There was an oath, and I was fairly hurled back toward the safety line. "Oh, let me alone!" I cried, "I want to go to my room—it won't take me but a moment!" Again the rough hand reached out for me, when a strange man threw his arm in front of me protectingly. "Take care what you're about," he said; "be a little gentle—she has a right close to the line—



here, child," and he led me across the street and up some steps, and there, opposite the burning building, I could realize the madness of my act in trying to enter. The front of the building stood firm, but beyond it—within—all was seething flame. It was like some magnificent, spectacular production, some satanic pantomime and ballet, and every now and then a whirling flame, crowned with myriad sparks, sprang madly up into the very sky, like some

devilish premier danseuse, while the lesser fiends joined hands and circled frenziedly below. Mr. Daly never spoke a word. He had not released my fingers, and so we stood, hand in hand, watching silently over the torment of his beloved theater, the destruction of his gathered life. A reassurance, I looked up at him. His face gleamed white in the frelight; his eyes were wide and strained; his fingers, icy cold, never lessened their clenching grasp on mine. Then came the warning cry: "Firemen are apt to give when they know the roof is going. I had heard it often, and understood that and their retreating movement. Mr. Daly did not, and when, with a crackling crash the whole roof fell, into the roaring depths, his hand, his body, relaxed suddenly, a sort of sobbing groan escaped his pale lips. But when the column of glowing sparks flew high into the air he turned away with a shiver and gave not one look at the destroyed building. Not one word was spoken on the subject. Glancing down, he noticed I had no rubbers on and that streams of water were running in the street. "Go home, child," he said, speaking strangely and almost kindly. A crowd of reporters came up to him. "Yes," he said, "in one moment, gentlemen," then to me: "Hurry home, get something to eat—you could have had no dinner."

Shoulders at His Post. "I recall now with horror," says Mail Carrier Burnett Mann of Levanna, O., "my three years of suffering from kidney trouble. I was hardly ever free from dull aches or acute pains in my back. To stoop or lift mail sacks made me groan. I felt tired, worn out, about ready to give up, when I began to use Electric Bitters, but six bottles completely cured me and made me feel like a new man." They're unrivaled to regulate stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by Kuhn & Co. Only 50 cents.

**STRENGTHENS SYSTEM BODY BRAIN and NERVE**

**WIN MARIANI**  
 WORLD FAMOUS MARIANI TONIO  
 Gives Appetite, Produces Reinvigorating Sleep, A Safeguard Against Mental Disease.

**CALIFORNIA**  
 FIRST CLASS PULLMAN SLEEPERS  
 OMAHA AND SAN FRANCISCO  
 GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup  
 Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WILLINGLY THEFTERS with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILDREN'S WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**Every Woman**  
 is interested in her health. About the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray for the cure of all urinary troubles, such as Catarrh, Stricture, Hematuria, etc. It cures in 48 hours. URINARY DISCHARGES.

**SANTAL MIDY**  
 Relieves Kidney & Bladder troubles at once. Cures in 48 hours. URINARY DISCHARGES.

**DR. VAN DYKE'S HOLLAND BITTERS**  
 POSITIVELY CURES  
 DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEART-BURN, AND ALL DISEASES DUE TO A DISORDERED OR SOUR STOMACH.  
 A SURE PREVENTIVE OF MALARIA. IT IS AN OLD AND TRIED REMEDY.  
 VER MEHREN, FRICK & MEYER, DISTRIBUTORS, OMAHA, NEB.