

Listening Machines for the Deaf

Sound Magnifiers Invented by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them. And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to wear hearing what spectacles are to weak sight. Because they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off. And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

The principal of these little telescopes is to make it as practical for a deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up and strengthen on the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.



Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, humming noise in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the case), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Cheyennes, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainers, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is surely strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving 25,000 Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof. Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 371 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

(Theme—"WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?")

By Franklin P. Adams

—As Eugene Field might have written it:

There come to Red Hoss Mountain a chap not long ago—
A funny feller, as he said, with many a good bum now—
And enterin' the Resteraw de Casey one fine day,
He turned to Casey—which the same possessed that swell caffay—
And says: "There's a conundrum which is botherin' me a bit,
And since you seem to be endowed with a rara avis wit,
Perhaps you could enlighten me a little on this score,
And tell me when—now ponder—a door is not a door.

This Casey was no hayseed—he'd been to Denver and
He had frequented minstrel shows up to the Taber Grand—
And though Three-Fingered Hoover and me tried to desist
Our friend, we was a mite too late, fer Casey never missed.
Says Casey: "I have purchased bricks, the which was made of gold;
But when it comes to springin' jokes they dassent be too old."
And Coroner Jones allowed next day a case of homicide,
"The which," he says to Casey, "was entirely justified."

—As Andrew Lang might treat it:

Seers and sages of yore,
Prince of the Cambrian Main,
When is a door not a door?

Delve ye full deep in your lore,
Honey of Hybla ye strain,
Sages and seers of yore.

Roses are Roses no more—
Niobe, canst thou explain
When is a door not a door?

Long have I pondered it o'er,
Long have I cudged my brain,
Sages and seers of yore.

Where is Persephone's shore?
Gone? As her suitors are slain?
When is a door not a door?

Ah, you have heard it before?
Well, you shall hear it again:
Sages and seers of yore,
When is a door not a door?

—As Robert Browning might have written it:

When is the time that an ordinary portal,
Gate, door, what you will, isn't what it is?
Bless me, comrades, questions of this sort 'll
Put yours truly surely out of biz.
A door is not a door—well, have I forgotten?
A door is not a door—oh, but mine's a slow pen!
A door is not a door—aren't riddles rotten?
A door is not a door when the thing is open.

—As Fitz-Gerald might have done it out of Omar Khayyam:

And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Portal shouted loud: "When is a Door
No Door?" Ah, my Beloved, did you say
Adore? The juices of the Grape we pour.

For "Is" and "Is-not" surely is no sign
A door is non-existent. O, divine
And all-inspiring juices of the Grape!
Yes, thanks, a little Seltzer, Love, in Mine.

—As Francis Bret Harte might have treated it:

Which the same I don't know,
And you're gettin' me sore.
This is no minstrel show.
If you value your gore,
Dry up on them tarnation questions, like
"When is a door not a door?"

—As Algernon Charles Swinburne might treat it:

O, man that is maybe immortal!
O, gates that are golden, not gates!
O, portal that is not a portal!
O, harvest of horrible hates!
O, passionless page where my pen is!
O, much that is less and yet more!
Dolores, my darling, say, when is
A door not a door?

—As Ella Wheeler Wilcox might write it:

When is a door—ah, Love of me!
Not that which it appears to be?
Just as the Poem may be prose—
Or prose be Poetry—who knows?
Love, passion-fraught, I ask of thee:
When is a door?

—As Austin Dobson might treat it:

Will you answer me, Rose?
When's a door not a door?
Is there nobody knows?
Will you answer me, Rose?
Though I really suppose
You have heard it before,
Will you answer me, Rose:
When's a door not a door?

—As Rudyard Kipling might treat it:

I've thought over things as was daffy; I've
thought about some as was worse;
I've written 'em up—a few in prose and some
of 'em might be verse—
But by the idols of Burmah! there's never a
man to say
When a bloomin' door it ain't a door—or is
it the other way?

CHIRPS OF A CHERUB

By Kate Thyson Marr

Platonic love is only Friendship in disguise, because it lacks the magnetism that in a moment forgets all barriers, and leaves Love conscious of Love only.

Love is a human game, where hearts and diamonds and clubs and kings and queens and knaves and even the deuce get jumbled in appalling confusion.

A woman who stoops to marry finds it hard work to straighten up again. Love to be enjoyable needs plenty of time and leisure.

The happiest days of a woman's life are the days of her courtship. Poor thing! it is a blessing she can look back and get what comfort she can in the memory.

When a girl is in love she thinks she is the happiest thing on earth. Pity she hasn't sense enough to stay there! But some people never know when they are well off.

Love is a banker who indorses the notes of courtship, and pays the heavier drafts of matrimony.

If there are heartaches to mar the days of courtship, there will be heartbreaks to wreck those of matrimony.

Marriage without love is a sacrilege, but marriage with love and nothing else is not appetizing as a steady diet.

When a man is forced to tighten his purse-strings, his wife may need watching. If the skeletons in the closets of our friends escaped and organized a club for the exchange of confidences, a change of climate might not be a bad idea.

Many women who love do not know how to show it. To win a man's love keep him guessing, and when you have secured it let him keep on guessing.

I hate a fool—there is no law of ethics to determine what he will do next.

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It is now possible to be cured of any form of rheumatism without having your stomach turned upside down or being half choked to death, and every sufferer from rheumatism should welcome this marvelous discovery with open arms and give it an honest trial. The new remedy was



Are You All Bound Up With Rheumatism and Gout?

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As you know, if you've tried them, every so-called rheumatic remedy on the market to-day except this genuine cure, will cause you violent stomach pains, and some of them are so dangerous they will cause heart trouble. And the worst of it is they never cure. When a person has rheumatism the constitution is so run down that he should be very careful what he puts into his stomach.

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RHEUMATISM

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