

Vignettes of An Inland City XI. An Afternoon Among the Fortune Tellers

THERE ARE all sorts of fortune tellers in Indianapolis, and apparently all of them are doing a pretty good business.

There are, of course, many fortune tellers who "go on the road," traveling from city to city continually and taking up their residence in each town for only two or three months at a time, and then moving on to fresh pastures where business begins to grow dull.

Most of the professional fortune tellers are women, for some reason or other, but once in a while you will run across a male clairvoyant, and when you do you want to look out for him.

There are numerous resident fortune tellers in this city and these gifted persons have little use for the strolling clairvoyants whom they look upon as fakirs and "a disgrace to the profession."

There were many other impressive bits of information gleaned from that seance, but the ones mentioned were the chief points.

There was a flourish at the Kingston curb, Pegasus Hamiltonius, Charlotte of the Levee, Philosopher and Politician, swung with easy grace to the sidewalk.

It was Saturday night, a few minutes past eleven, a time when the Levee usually pulsates with life; the shank of the evening.

"What tell's the matter?" said Pegasus. "Anybody sick?" "Closed up," replied the matter-of-fact little cashier.

"You don't happen to have one of them Turkish cigarettes, do you?" asked Peg.

to want to know something about his future went to the fortune teller one afternoon last week. He is at present not only in possession of valuable information as to what is going to happen to him and his family, but also has an inkling concerning the future of a number of other people with whom he is associated in the daily grind of life.

The first clairvoyant to receive a call was a "madam," whose studio is situated in a small, one-story frame house southeast of the Union station.

The madam lighted a lamp, and having placed the visitor in a chair in one corner of the room, took a seat at a small table and shuffled a pack of greasy playing cards.

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"THE SORCERESS SEEMED TO BE DOING A THRIVING BUSINESS."

offer, unless she is under the influence of her controlling spirit. The controlling spirit is a mystical gentleman from East India, who spends much of his time between Indianapolis and Hindostan.

"I see a red-headed lady in the distance," she said, "and she will have much to do with your business affairs.

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the negro sorceress, and his anxiety to give her a lift in her business—these are questions that have never been fully determined, but the fact remains that he shows up (not in the flesh, of course), on an average of once or twice each week at the home of the "witch doctor."

"No body ever sees the spirit from the Orient except the fortune teller herself, but the credulous patron at a seance is willing to take her word for it that Old Hindostan is lurking about somewhere overhead like an invisible genii in 'The Arabian Nights,' and getting in his best licks at the occult business.

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look as if this unwelcome female was going to insist upon thrusting herself into his affairs whether or no.

Three other "studios" were visited, but only a few things of interest turned up. At one clairvoyant's headquarters on West Ohio street the experimenter gained some new information about "a lady with auburn hair who was to cross his path."

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American woman, but a lady from some foreign land—Russia, I think." One of the other clairvoyants merely touched upon the possibility of a red-haired woman coming into her client's future life.

The afternoon among the clairvoyants came to a conclusion in the most interesting studio of all—a stroller's camp in a little storeroom on North Delaware street in the business district.

The sorceress seemed to be doing a thriving business. Each was engaged in reading a palm and there were four other visitors besides the newcomer, waiting to have the curtains of the future drawn aside for them.

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twenty minutes before his turn came, and during this time several other visitors entered the camp and took seats in wall-flower row.

The experimenter chose the little dark man with the spectacles as his occult adviser, and for the sixth time that afternoon was soon being told what he had to look forward to.

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"PROCEEDED TO DRAW FORTH THE SECRETS OF THE FUTURE."



"LURKING ABOUT SOMEWHERE OVERHEAD LIKE AN INVISIBLE GENII."



"AND KEEP OUT OF THE WAY OF HORSES."



"TWO OF THE NEW ARRIVALS WERE CHORUS GIRLS."

Thumbnail Sketches in Pegasian Vein

CAB, returning from the north, wheeled around the corner of Market and Illinois streets, the black horses speeding like homing pigeons straight for their stand in front of the Kingston.

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"Thanks. No, you fellows are all wrong there. I expected this layout, but I didn't figure it would come so soon.

"So this smart guy, who has to make his livin' drivin' a hack, goes and votes for Jim Keach's crowd and takes the bread out of his own mouth, eh?"

"Where have you been? The whole town's locked up. Police were around with orders for every saloon to quit business at 11. It's no kid, Peg."

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If Johnny don't lock up these joints after 'leven they'll tear him to pieces 'fore his term's up.

"Did you ever hear about the game worked by a man from Kansas during the dry spell out there, I'm thinkin' about 'em'?"

"I know some fellows right here in this town who are drivin' hacks to-day who have the same under Denny. They had their backs all fixed up for trade in wet goods.

"You know me," Pegasus went on impressively. "I don't duck nothin' when it comes to a showdown."

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class of citizens we got, too. You know what they did to Denny? Well, they'll do it to Johnny Holtzman, too, when the time comes.

"I'm goin' to run for Council next election," said Peg. "I started to make the race this trip, but after I got in I found I was in the wrong ward and had to give up. I got it all fixed up, though, and there won't be nothin' to it. It'll be good people who come around to me and say, 'Peg, we're for you, why don't you run?'

"I guess that'll be about all this evening," he remarked. "You might say for me that I'm goin' to write a book. I've got a friend over in London now who thinks I can make good and he's about the best ever. I'm ter him for President. He says to me one day, 'Peg, why don't you write a book and get some of the easy money that's floatin' around. I didn't think much about it then, but I got a line on a plot the other day and it's a winner. I ain't settled on a name for it yet, but when I do I'll let you know.'"

THE FARMER IN WINTER. His Tasks in These Days Not as Heavy as They Used to Be.

There were other stirring days when the lake had frozen hard and the ice-house was filled, livid, ice-cutting, and more teaming, and more precarious hitching on behind loads and going back in empties.

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Living Expenses of Family of Five

How to Support a Family on Ten Dollars a Week... Statistics Compiled by Carroll D. Wright

Table with columns for year (1900, 1902, 1903) and various food items (flour, potatoes, meat, etc.) with corresponding prices.

Totals \$211.95 \$228.65 \$236.42 Increase of 1902 over 1900 7.5 per cent. Increase of 1903 over 1900 12.4 per cent.

This table deals only with the cost of food, which is figured to be 41.2 per cent. of the living expenses.