



APROPOS!

—(Illustrated Bits.)

to Neerwinden, could hardly help fancying that the figurative prediction of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished, that the earth was disclosing her blood, and refusing to cover the stain."—(Longman's Magazine.)

**EAGER TO LEARN FUTURE.**

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will never die, and your lover will always be true."

She read it aloud, blushing the while at the approving applause of the crowd, and her lover swore by the holiest of saints that the fortune spoke the truth.

The reporter followed the Elizabeth-st. beauty, electing to have his fortune written in English. There was the same pressing of bulb and depositing of paper. Then the slip was handed over, and written on it in a cramped, illiterate hand was this prediction:

"You will have a great fortune and become

millionair, if you will have truest faith in our Lord. You will live eighty-one years."

It was wonderful, very wonderful, to most of the crowd. Big brown eyes grew bigger as miracle followed miracle. But there was no evidence of a desire to get behind the scenes to find out how it was really done.

The invisible writing fortune teller is not the only fortune "fakir" who prospers in tenement streets. There are several smiling foreigners who go about with a box of fortunes and use trained parrots and white mice as the instruments of fate. They gather their crowds by singing or whistling bird calls, and they are ready for any sort of customer, as the sign of one of them says:

FORTUNE in all LANGUAGES  
 That Will Tell Your Past, Present and Future.  
 English, French, Russian, German  
 Magyar, Slavish and Latewsky.



"THE UNBIASSED MIND."

'ARRY—SILLY GAME, 'OCKEY, AIN'T IT!

—(Tatter.)

As a rule, the fortunes which the mice or parrots pick out of the box have little to say about the past. Mistakes are too easily detected. But the future—who knows? No forecast is too extravagant to please the simple investor. That all the fortunes are favorable is a tribute to the "fakir's" knowledge of human nature.

Dealers in more tangible things than fortunes find that it pays to jolly the crowd. A pedler with a donkey drawn wagonload of cantaloupes did a rushing business in Elizabeth-st. one afternoon last week, owing to a novel method of advertising the flavor of his wares. Seated on the wagon box was a small boy, who sang an Italian love song in shrill but not unpleasing voice. Women gathered about the wagon by the dozen. Then another lad at the other end of the wagon would pick up a cantaloupe, slice it in half, and guzzle the ripe fruit with many grunts of joy. There could be no doubt that those cantaloupes were good, and the women bought as rapidly as the pedler could hand them out. When the boy who did the eating "stunt" was filled up there were plenty of volunteers to take his place.

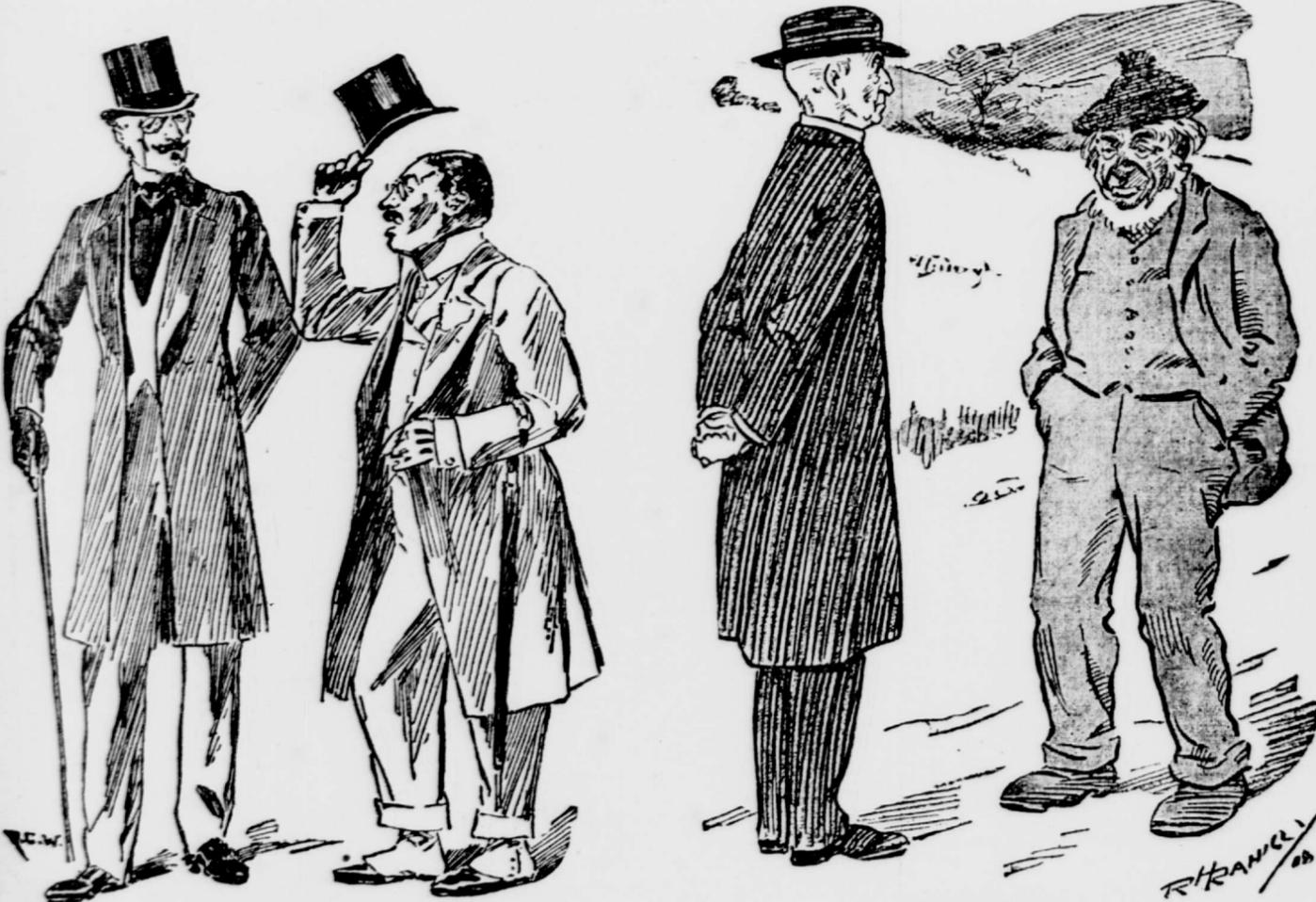
A youth who sells blank books at five cents each has done a rushing business all over the East Side for several weeks by adopting a new idea. He mounts two boys on an empty box and covers the head of one boy with a cloth. The mere fact that the boy's face is covered is sufficient to draw a crowd. All are eager to learn what will happen next. While they are waiting the other boy makes a megaphone out of a piece of cardboard and shouts out the merits of the bargain in blank books which they are offering. By the time the policeman on the beat gets around a dozen or more sales have been made, and the pedler moves to a new place.



MIMOZA—COULD YOU BE HAPPY WITHOUT MONEY?

MISS GOTROX—YES; IF NOBODY ELSE HAD ANY.

—(Comic Cuts.)



DIFFERENT.

"NOW, I CAN GO INTO THE VILLAGE AND COME HOME AGAIN WITHOUT GETTING DRUNK."  
 "AH, MEXICAN, BUT I'M SURE POPULAR."

—(The Bystander.)

"MR. JONES, I BELIEVE!"  
 "GAD, SIR, A MAN WHO COULD BELIEVE THAT COULD BELIEVE ANYTHING"

—(Sketch.)



MISS GLADYS PERT—I PASSED YOU TWICE YESTERDAY, AND YOU WOULD NOT LOOK AT ME. JONES (who has recently been a grass widower)—A THOUSAND PARDONS! BUT PLEASE TELL MY WIFE WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME. SHE IS HERE.

—(Punch.)