

**Comment--and  
Discomment**

If a man is at all inclined to be sober minded, there are plenty of things to ponder upon. Now, for instance, this morning we spent at least ten minutes finding the "catch" in the "city circulation map" that will soon be forced upon the attention of Alliance advertisers. We didn't particularly begrudge the time. We have a fondness for puzzles. The solution to this one is given in another column.

The matter that puzzles us right now is this: Who is our small, dark enemy. We are not quite sure that he is a dark man, but one likes to picture a villain as dark. A blonde villain, somehow, fails to be exactly convincing. Think of it—yesterday we were blithe and gay—today, when we happen to think of it, we feel like pondering. The reason for this state of mind is the fact that we have had our fortune told, by an aged gypsy lady who came in and innocently inquired for the time and was holding our hand in three seconds by the clock. So far as we can recall, that is a record. There may be women who can beat it, but they have not yet loomed up on the editorial horizon.

The gypsies have changed their method, it seems. In other days they refused to let out a peep until their palms were crossed with silver. Now the older ones, at least, are more smooth. We were afraid to try out the younger one. The system now is to tell the fortune, laying due emphasis on the liberality of the subject, and in the end nick him for more money on the ground of his well known liberality, as shown by the lines of his palm, the cut of his jib and the way the hair grows over his eyes. It's nothing more or less than profiteering, and we are going to bring it to the attention of the woman's army of Nebraska or some other authority.

Somehow, we have always liked gypsies, although in earlier days we were certain that they made a practice of stealing and eating small children. Now we know them better, or some better, anyhow, and about the worst that can be said is that they don't take as many baths as real clean people would. Now and then

they may steal a bit, but so long as they don't nick us for over four bits, and don't come often, we won't hold it against them. The wild, free gypsy life must be glorious. No troubles about paying bills. No income tax. No horror of Saturday night!

The fortune that aged gypsy lady told us was worth all of four bits. In addition to making the future bright and cheerful, we are ahead one lucky handkerchief (slightly soiled, but still good) which has been three times blessed and three times blown upon (with the breath only). We have a lucky pocketbook; a lucky safe; a lucky checkbook. There were two or three other things that had the right charm put upon them, and from now on all we expect to do is take the money to the bank and check it out.

There is just one rift within the lute—or one fly in the ointment—take your choice of these two excellent figures of speech. We have two enemies. And they are dirt mean. One of them is tall. He is a sly dog. He talks nice to us to our face, but behind our back—oh, there's no telling what awful things he says and does. The other enemy is small. We are not informed as to whether he is fat or skinny, dark or light, but we know he's a terror. But he fights in the open, so the fortune teller told us, and when he gets going, he'll go strong.

We have no one in mind who really answers the description of our small enemy. True, there's one paper salesman who once presented us with a rotten cigar, but we firmly believe that he had the best of intentions, no matter how poor his judgment was. It doesn't necessarily follow that because a man knows paper pretty well, that he will have a good knowledge of cigars. Not every man can pick out a good cigar. And darned few can afford to pay for them, even if they are able to select the right blend. We can prove this by pointing to the large assortment of ropes that are on sale.

Now that the ouija board is coming into popularity again, and incidentally causing a whole lot of domestic difficulties because it speaks wisely but too well, there is bound to be a recurrence of interest in fortune telling. In order to forestall this, and give our readers the benefit of ancient lore, we are going to print complete instructions for telling fortunes by means of a deck of cards. Mind, we do not guarantee these readings, but they have been

handed to us as coming from the gypsies themselves, and if the directions are followed, the results will furnish excitement for an hour, or an evening.

So near as we can discover, it doesn't make much difference how the cards are dealt. The best way, of course, is to make use of the magic numbers three, seven or nine. Seven is the best number, but you get more cards if you try nine. Get a group around a table, cut the cards very often and in odd ways, and lay them out, in neat rows, face up. Remember that the dealer cannot tell his own fortune. And then—read 'em and weep. Here's the key:

- King of spades, dark oldish man, married.
- Queen of spades, woman with dark eyes and hair.
- Jack of spades, young man with dark eyes and hair, unmarried.
- Ten of spades, unpleasant news from away.
- Nine of spades, bad luck, funeral or if it comes with the ace of spades, sure death.
- Eight of spades, small disappointment.
- Seven of spades, a meeting of unpleasant nature.
- Six of spades, agitated condition of the mind.
- Five of spades, disappointment over love.
- Four of spades, sickness or death.
- Three of spades, unpleasant surprise.
- Two of spades, tears.
- Ace of spades, death or sad news over the telephone or wireless.
- Note.—All spades have an ill meaning and if a greater number of these cards come out in a fortune it is a bad fortune.

- King of clubs, oldish man with grayish hair and dark eyes.
- Queen of clubs, woman with dark hair and light eyes or dark eyes and light hair.
- Jack of clubs, young man with dark hair and light eyes or dark eyes and light hair.
- Ten of clubs, property, place of amusement, money at night.
- Nine of clubs, journey.
- Eight of clubs, disappointment, slight.
- Seven of clubs, good luck, happy surprise.
- Six of clubs, agitation, annoyance.
- Five of clubs, party or gathering of unpleasant nature.
- Four of clubs, journey across a body of water.
- Three of clubs, small surprise, rather pleasant.
- Two of clubs, a stranger or one who has been absent for a long time is coming.
- Ace of clubs, business proposition or business matters.

- King of hearts, represents a light oldish man, married or divorced, someone over thirty-five years old.
- Queen of hearts, a fair woman.
- Jack of hearts, an unmarried woman.
- Ten of hearts, marriage, or party where strong love vibrations exist, also money.
- Nine of hearts, wish card, the best card in the pack. If it comes out on the boards it means "You'll get your wish."
- Eight of hearts, largest surprise in the pack, usually over love.
- Seven of hearts, good luck, surprise over love.
- Six of hearts, strong love vibrations, family, etc.
- Five of hearts, represents a party with someone we love.
- Four of hearts, marriage of individual, how soon this is to take place depends on the numbers on the cards about it, and their complexion.
- Three of hearts, happy surprise over love matters.
- Two of hearts, small party or tete-a-tete.
- Ace of hearts, proposal of marriage or love letter.

- King of diamonds, represents very fair or gray, oldish man.
- Queen of diamonds, fair woman, or gray.
- Jack of diamonds, young light man.
- Ten of diamonds, money at night.
- Nine of diamonds, money.
- Eight of diamonds, big surprise over money matters.
- Seven of diamonds, good luck regarding money.
- Six of diamonds, smaller amount of money.
- Five of diamonds, party or meeting over money affairs, favorable.
- Four of diamonds, journey about money or money coming to you on journey.
- Three of diamonds, surprise over money.
- Two of diamonds, party or meeting over money matters.
- Ace of diamonds, package of money, check, present of diamond ring.

—Al Wiker, of Alliance, sells monuments for the Paine-Fishburn Granite Co. See him for best prices. 64

Furthermore, the fact that Eve never went shopping was no sign that she didn't need to.

Baldness seldom becomes those who become bald.

Most men are better acquainted with faith and hope than they are with charity.

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