

Hotel Churchill

BROADWAY AND 14TH STREET
UNION SQUARE

New York.

19

Dear Emily You would have
shouted to see a Marionette
or Automaton plying her trade if
you had been with me today -

She was life size and in a big
glass case and easily seen from
all in front. It was an old woman
and as wild eyed as the old witch
who rode the broom stick. She was
seated at a table and had her
hands on some cards in front of
her. On her head was a frizzly old
lace cap and her dress was cheap
calico of course, covered with
small crookedly squashed figures.

She wore a wonderful smile
all the time through thick and thin
through good luck & bad, rain or shine.

Some of her big teeth had been
fetched sometime. On her right-
shoulder reposed a faded grey
cat but close to her skummy neck.

Of course she told fortunes.

By putting a cent in the slot-
fixed in the case you were
assured she would tell you your
fortune. When the penny fell away
off & down somehow her under jaw
would ^{drop} down (her mouth was open
all the time anyway) and begin to
quiver and take on awful, while
the rest of her face would remain
solid as an old grindstone. The
cat noked up and rubbed his
head against her cheek four or five
times: the penny rattled down &
all at once lay down in front
a ~~card~~ ^{card} fell onto a platter and on
the card was your fortune. But
the string of boys & girls that
spent their pennies was a long one

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I intended to put in one for you but, alas! — I'm always late. The old penny stuck in her crop and she wouldn't tell fortunes any more and so I had to bid her good bye. Her bad luck didn't seem to bother her smile at all and I don't believe you could knock it off with a big axe.

What fun that fellow had who fixed her up ^{to} tell fortunes, I know they were always good because everybody looked happy when they read the card.

From Grandpa & Maudy.
• Daddick