

# Lots of Sympathy But No Help

The masters press palpitates that a practiced bum can beg \$29.30 in one hour — If this is so—(and I have no reason to doubt the editors experience) this explains the big fortunes of today (also the boneheaded editors.)

Who would have believed that our hard working millionaires have been leading a double life? That they had amassed their wealth by begging?

If this be so, what is use of a practiced bum like an editor frittering away his time on a mere paltry 10 dollars a week, editing a prostitute paper, when he could step out any afternoon and beg \$87.90 in 3 hours.

I cannot but believe that this is true—and by the looks of some of the editorials lately, I'm convinced the editor is out on the stem reaping the golden harvest while the janitor is doubling for him in the sanctum---

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I am easily misled, and being of a very jealous disposition, a thought penetrated my skull and I resolved to gather in a few of those golden sheckels—I had consulted my rating in Dunns and Brad-streets and found they had failed to give me a rating—so, I starts out with a handicap of a double zero, in both pockets.

Well sir, even if I do say it my self, my eloquence was not entirely without results—I started a half a dozen of the finest crying matches ever seen anywhere and at times I, myself, could not restrain my tears, which would burst out in a spasm of self pity as I depicted, brokenly, the horrors of starvation in my particular case.

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I would stop a Bourgeois on the street and soon our mutual tears would comingle and splash down to freeze on the pavement. So much wasted sentimentality.

I was out four hours and quarter—spilled about a gallon of tears—strained my voice—and collected eleven cents.

I received six hundred dollars worth of sympathy. Plenty of advice. Ninety three address (where to go to) including the address of Jesus Christ (formerly at Jerusalem) in seven different Gospel Missions, Not a Hotel or Restaurant address in the whole bunch.

I was "bummed" for all my snuff and another bum probably a practiced editor got the dime away from me.

I hung on to the penny for fear a dog would bite me if it should find me broke. I have resolved to bum no more—Quite clearly do the advantages of fasting present themselves to

—T-bone Slim.