

# THE WHOLE HOG— OF EMOTIONS RAISED BY CHARITY

One of the most touching things that is my lot today on the streets of our Chicago—ladies fair, and motherly grandmothers, were soliciting such a touching people for the benefit of the "Aged and Ailing Charities." Needless to say I was deeply touched in spirit (not substance)—I make this statement as an antidote to any illusion the reader may have as to my tenderheartedness—and, while completely swayed with compassion I hasten to protest my sympathetic and pathetic nature. My feelings are deeply moved (although my hand remains motionless) on occasions like this, and it is no trouble for me to shed scalding tears (without notice) over these poor Aged and Aged citizens who become too old to support anybody, including themselves.

These poor creatures no doubt have worked hard all their lives and are very deserving—excuse me while I step in the back room to cry—I must not be seen with tears in my eyes—it might be construed as evidence against the system, on one hand; and lack of revolutionary stability on the other—as I was saying, they are a bunch of hard-working men and women who have nothing to show for their work, after all these years, except "the back all knots and a back all hump," an object of our compassion.

When I get sentimental "I go the whole hog." My frame shakes with emotion (even as I write) as I view the heroic efforts of the people trying to undo what the employers of labor have done—trying, at this late date, to donate to these deserving aged, the livelihood denied them by employers in their youth. And, although I consider begging and soliciting a very wasteful form of production, for able-bodied citizens to undertake, I recognize its utility as a temporary relief—at the same time deplored its ultimate reaction upon those that give—they, too, some day will be old. They, too will be made poor by the same system under which they strive to be SO helpful.

I pass the time of day with a beggar sitting on the sidewalk grinding music. . . . I almost hesitate to touch this subject. I have asked him "how many hours does it cost him to earn a living"—and he looks at me in amazement—no doubt classifying me more or less correctly—if not complementarily.

The man is allowed this civilized privilege, to eke out his living, in order that he may serve as an ever-present example for us—to continually remind us how much better off we are than he—to impress us with the "deplorable" of our position and to cause us to become contented with our lot—the miserable droppings of a thorough-rotten system of exploitation.

Now that I have sprung the motif behind this civilized barbarism, I am sorry I did it. They now will be taken from the sidewalks and put into hell-holes they call almshouses—where they will get one meal a year, on Easter.

**NOTE.**—This cripple prefers the sidewalk.

Isn't we a wonderful people! SO civilized and SO well organized—headed for a poorhouse.

I'm done crying.

I hope Slim.

# THE WHOLE HOG— OF EMOTIONS RAISED BY CHARITY

One of the most touching things came to my notice today on the streets of our Chicago—ladies fair, and motherly grandmothers, were soliciting alms, tagging people for the benefit of the "Aged and Adult Charities." Needless to say I was deeply touched in spirit (not substance)—I make this statement so as to dispel any illusion the reader may have as to my tenderheartedness—and, while completely unstrung with compassion I hasten to protest my sympathetic and pathetic nature. My feelings are deeply moved (although my hand remains motionless) on occasions like this, and it is no trouble for me to shed scalding tears (without notice) over these poor Adult and Aged citizens who become too old to support anybody, including themselves.

These poor creatures no doubt have worked hard all their lives and are very, deserving—excuse me while I step in the back room to cry—I must not be seen with tears in my eyes—it might be construed as sedition against the system, on one hand; and lack of revolutionary stability on the other—as I was saying, they are a bunch of hard-working men and women who have nothing to show for their work, after all these years, except "the hands all knots and a back all hump," an object of our compassion.

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The man is allowed this **civilized** privilege, to eke out his living, in order that he may serve as an ever-present example for us—to continually remind us how much better off we are than he—to impress us with the "desirableness" of our position and to cause us to become contented with our lot—the miserable drippings of a thorough-rotten system of exploitation.

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T-bone Slim.