



**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS RE-
VISED.**

And Mammon spake all these words, saying, "I am the only god that the big bugs of the present day are willing to worship; therefore I give unto my slaves the following commandments:

1. Thou shalt not waste any time worshipping the true God, as thou art too busy making goo-goo eyes at me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, except such as thou makest upon the face of a dollar. Thou mayest put the image of a man or woman upon money and worship it to thy heart's content. For I, Mammon, am a lavish God, visiting the wealth of the fathers upon the children to the second and third generation. By that time they have blowed it all in.
3. Thou mayest cuss a blue streak if thou wantest to, for a man can't prosper in business unless he is a good cusser.
4. Remember election day, and vote for anything the millionaires want.
5. Seven days shalt thou work, and part of the nights, if necessary. Thou shalt not rest, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy hired man, nor thy cook, nor thy cattle, nor thy horses, nor the book agent that stopped in to spend the night; for the trusts and corporations are hungry and must be fed from the hands of labor.
6. Thou shalt not kill a rich man, especially if thou thyself art poor; but if thou art rich and standest high in society, thou mayest kill a poor man or a nigger and thou shalt not be hurt for it.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery, unless thou gettest tired of thy own wife and seest another that lookest good to thee. Then if thou art discovered and the case comes into court, lay all the blame on the woman like old man Adam did.
8. Thou shalt not steal, unless thou gettest a chance. The safest way to steal is to own stock in trusts and railroads. Rockefeller, Morgan and Guggenheim can put you onto the racket.
9. Thou shalt not tell the truth if thou canst think up any kind of a lie. The truth is what hurts; therefore if one lie gets thee into trouble,

tell another and get out. That's business.

10. If thou desirest to be "in the swim," covet everything thy neighbor has—and then bust thy belly-band trying to get it.

KING GEORGE'S TOP-KNOT.

For want of something better to do, our friends over in England are going to pull off another coronation some time in June.

What's that, did you say?

Why, honey, they are fixing up to sorter decorate the swell-ended top-knot of that degenerate grandson of old Queen Vic. I reckon you knew that my old school-mate, King Ed had gone on to glory about a year ago, and that his boy, George, has been trying to hold down the job of king ever since. But it seems that they didn't have much opinion of George. They sorter took him on probation, as it were, and didn't allow him to cram his louse-pasture into the Imperial Crown until they had tied him bare-headed for awhile.

I have no fault to find with George's reign, so far. I think he has done about as well as I could have done, considering the fact that he has had to reign bare-headed and with nothing to wear but some of his daddy's old reigning clothes. I don't think they have treated George right, no-how. It ain't no fun to sit on a hard throne and reign steadily all day.

But on the 23rd of June they are going to take the Imperial Crown out of the bureau drawer and see if George's mental wheels will have room to go round in it.

They are going to call in the lords and the gods, the counts and the dukes, the snobs and the asses; also the lordesses and the goddesses, the countesses and the dukesses, the snobesses and the asseses, and kill the old rooster and make dumplings. It will be a great day for merry old England. The royalty will trot out its finery and bow and scrape before His Majesty, the King, with all the enthusiasm of a mammy cow licking her new-born calf.

If you like The Fool-Killer, send in a few subscribers.

There is nothing like sticking to a thing, as the cat said when she sat down on a sheet of fly-paper.

A SURGICAL WONDER.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Old Lady Science is marching on. She has just stuck one more big buzzard feather in her calico bonnet.

Up at the Rocky D. Oilyfeller Institute in New York, where medical and surgical science blooms more freely and bears a bigger crop of sensations than anywhere else in the world—there it is that they have stuck the peg one hole higher.

It's got so now that they can just whittle a fellow all up fine and put him back together with his head in his mouth, and he will never know the difference unless he gets choked on hair.

The firm of Sawbones & Company have got limb-grafting down as fine as frog-hair, and nowhere can they carve up a man so successfully as at the Rocky hangout. The fame of that powerful institution had drawn together a great number of the halt and the lame. Among the number was a preacher, a lawyer, a farmer, a dude, a drummer, a blacksmith, an editor and a tramp. These men were almost complete physical wrecks, but it happened that each one had just one sound limb or part, and each man's sound place was in a different part of him.

So the wise Rocky doctors got these poor fellows on their carving tables and began to carve and saw like a butcher cutting up an old steer. They cut out and threwed away all the diseased parts, and when they took an inventory they had just enough remnants to make one man. They were a little shy on brains, and had a little more belly than they needed, so they hashed up some of the belly and put it in for brains.

Then they began to assemble the parts. They took the head of the preacher, put into it all the brain matter they could scrape up, and then whanged it onto the chest of the drummer with a leather string. Then they took the heart of the lawyer, and the stomach and bowels of the farmer, and put them in place. Their stock of arms consisted of the left arm of the blacksmith and the right arm of the editor, and these were soon attached. Then they had one leg of the dude and one leg of the tramp, and it was only the work of

a few minutes to get them spliced on at the proper place.

And thus the composite man was finished. The doctors all gathered around and looked on in great admiration. Their new creation had the appearance of being just a little bit out of proportion in some places, but they thought he would get over that in a few days. So they got an oil can and oiled his bearings thoroughly, put some clothes on him and told him to get up. He yawned and sat up on the table and looked around the room sorter funny.

"How do you feel?" inquired one of the doctors.

"I feel like a bowl of mule hash with dog hair in it," replied the man. "Do you know who you are?" asked another doctor.

"No, I ain't been introduced to myself yet," said the man.

Then they put him to bed and allowed him to sleep a few hours, after which he felt better. After a few days rest and recuperation they told him he was well enough to go home.

"Where in the Tom Walker will I go to?" exclaimed the new man in alarm. "My head lives in Boston and elsewhere; my heart lives in New York; my stomach lives in Virginia; my left arm lives in Pittsburg and my right arm in Philadelphia; my left leg lives at Newport and Fifth Avenue, and my right leg ain't got no home. Now ain't you fellers got me into a devil of a fix?"

Whereupon the pieced-up man marched angrily out of the room, and the next day the papers stated that he had killed himself by trying to follow all of his trades at once. His mouth wanted to preach; his heart wanted to tell lies; his stomach wanted to plow and eat corn bread and bacon; his left hand wanted a hammer and his right hand was crazy for a pen; his left leg wanted to strut and dance and his right leg didn't want to do anything much. And thus the conflicting desires in his person caused him to fly all to pieces, and they buried him in a back lot just as the sun went down, and on the gray slab that marks the spot they chiseled these solemn lines:

"Poor Mr. Pieced-Up Man,

His fate is hard to tell;

Perhaps some of him went to heaven.

And maybe some to hell."