

# THE LITTLE JOURNEYS of NIP AND TUCK

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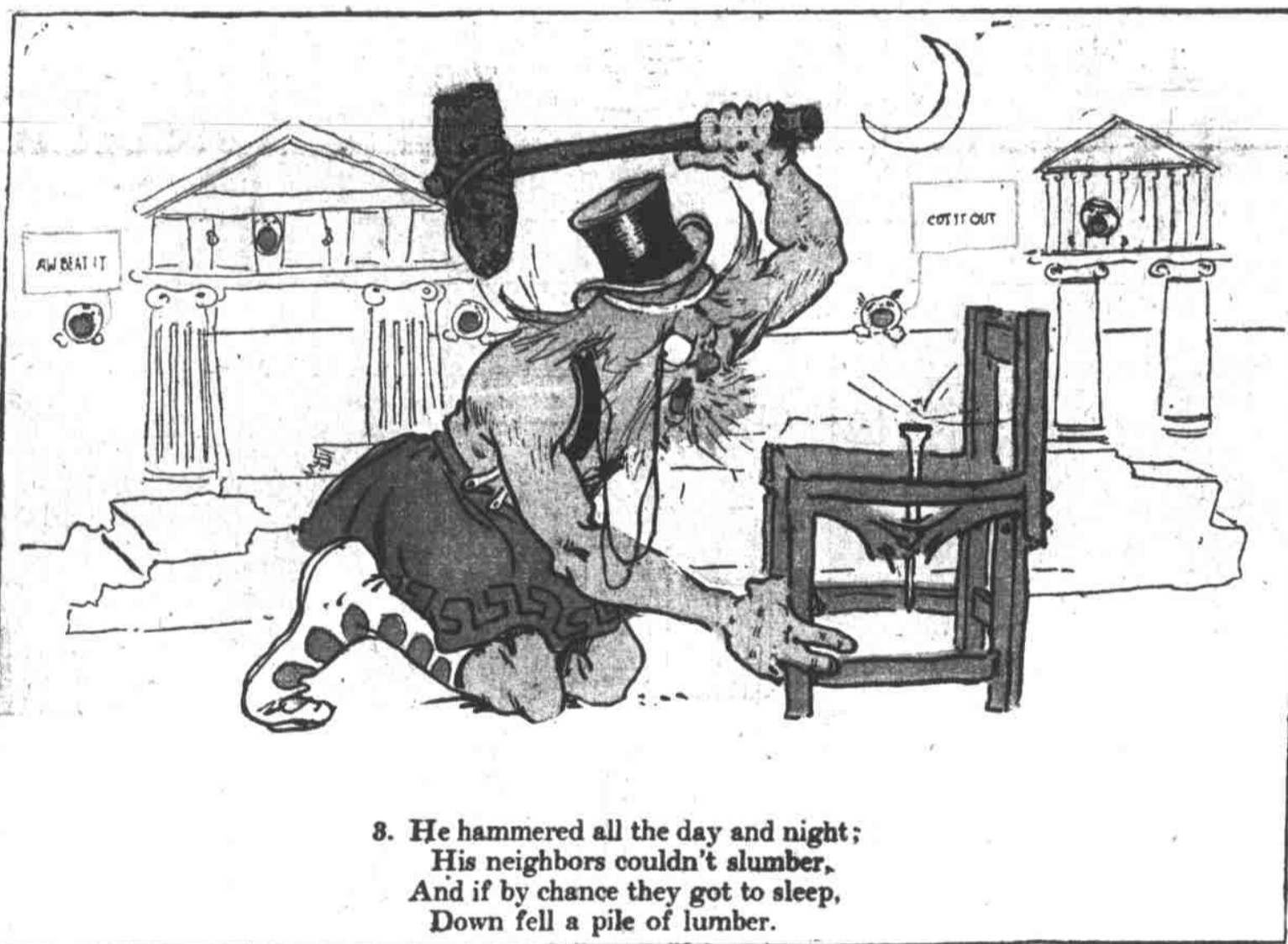
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 2, 1909



1.. Old Hercules read catalogs,  
As happy as a rabbit.  
"Build it yourself—you need no tools";  
He got the "knockdown" habit.



2 He sent for patterns number six,  
And tables and bookcases;  
For knockdown engines, coffins, too.  
Both with and without bases.



3. He hammered all the day and night;  
His neighbors couldn't slumber,  
And if by chance they got to sleep,  
Down fell a pile of lumber.



4. It went from bad to bad and worse,  
And then it got no better;  
Each time he felt like giving up,  
Along would come a letter.



5. They nearly starved—his wife got mad  
And went home to her mother.  
But "Here" kept up the "knockdown" stunt,  
And borrowed from his brother.



6.. All his attempts were failures,  
But the mail ads kept him dazzled;  
The sheriff came and sold him out—  
Old Hercules was frazzled!