

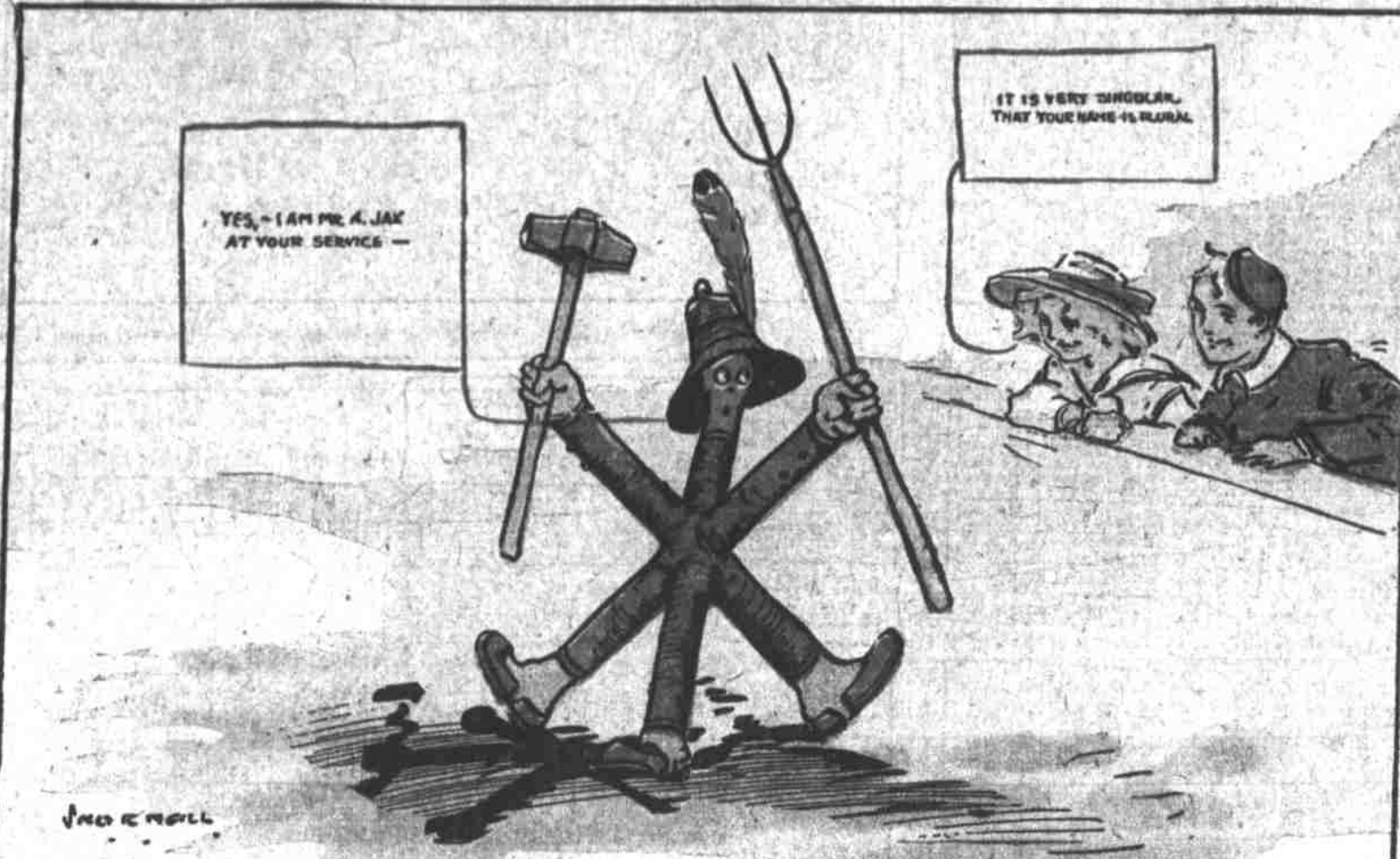
VERSES BY WRB BRADFORD
DRAWINGS BY JNO R NEILL

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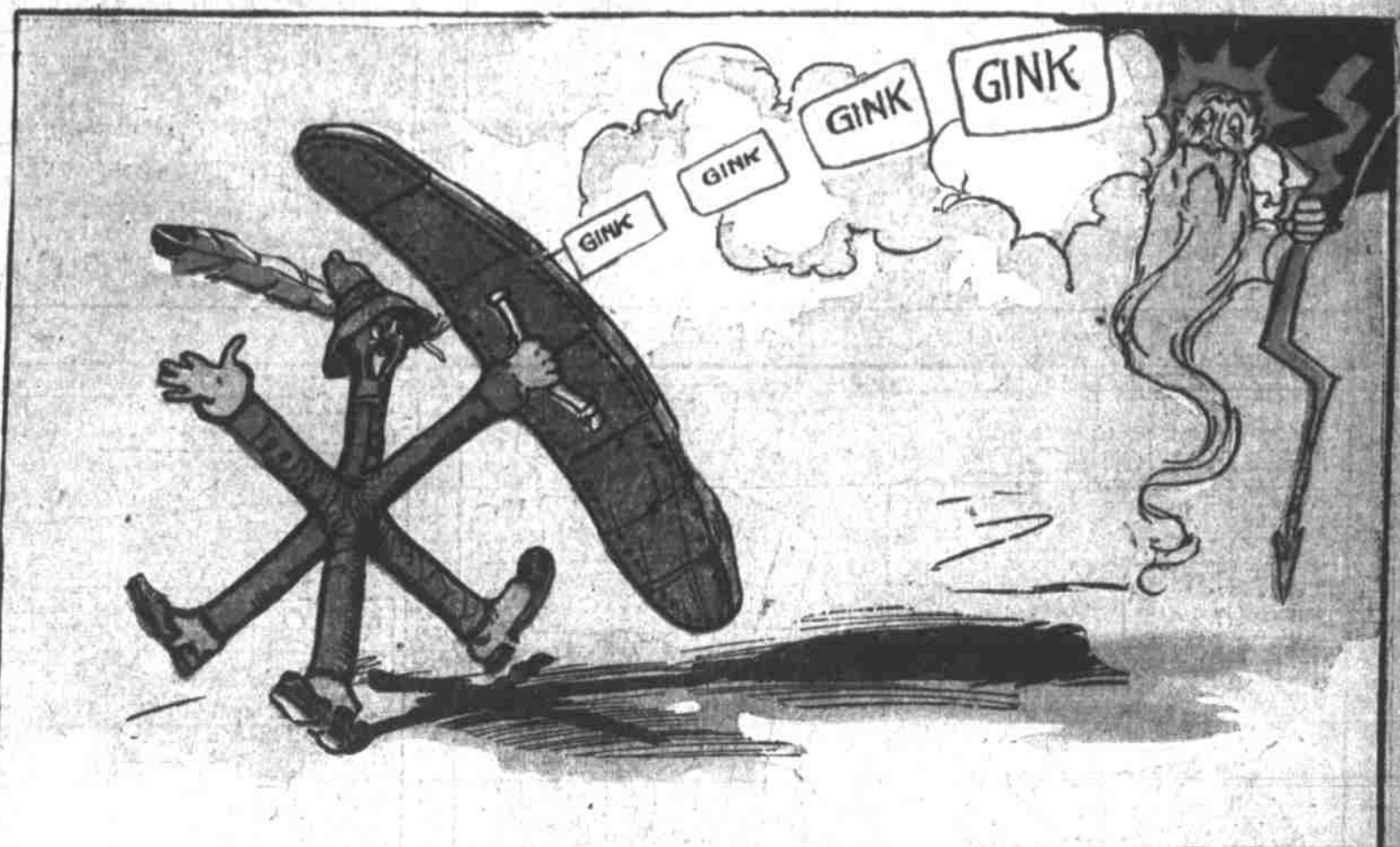
Oregon Journal

THE LITTLE JOURNEYS of NIP AND TUCK

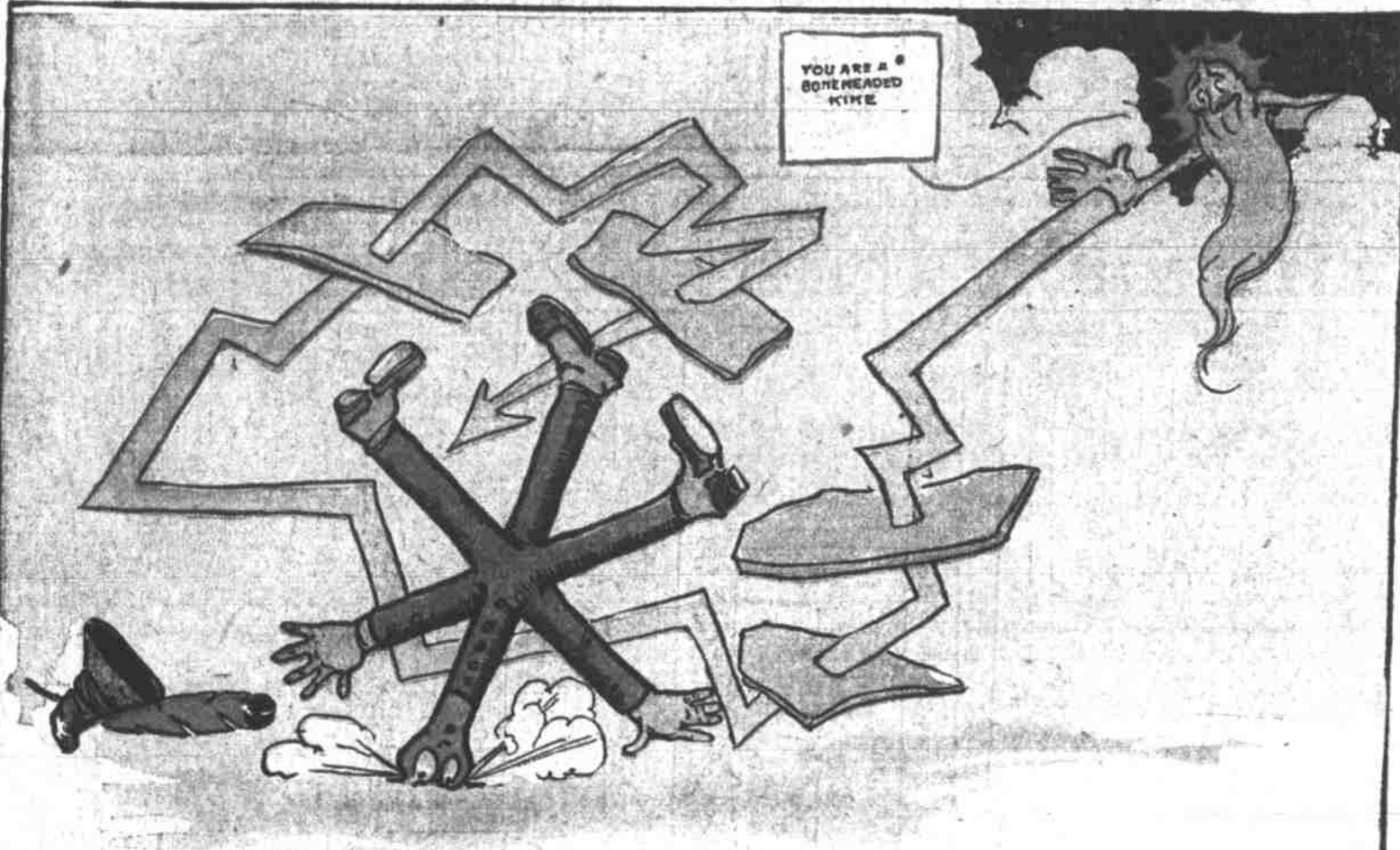
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1909



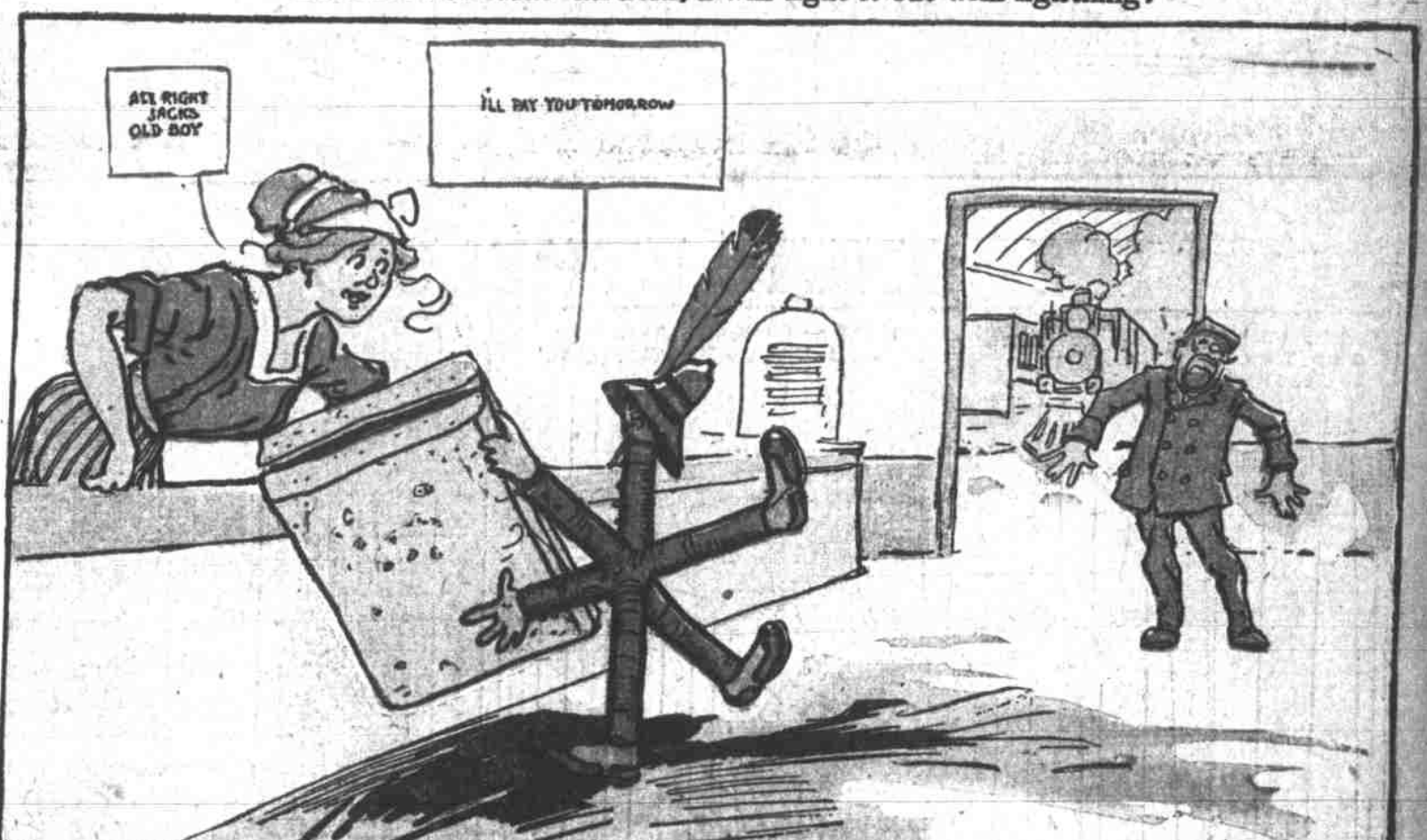
1. Old Ajax was a carpenter; of bull hide he made armor
(And hoed potatoes on the side, because he was a farmer).
He made a shield of seven hides. Oh, my! it was a dandy!
He put it on and grabbed a club, and said, "Now, I'm the candy!"



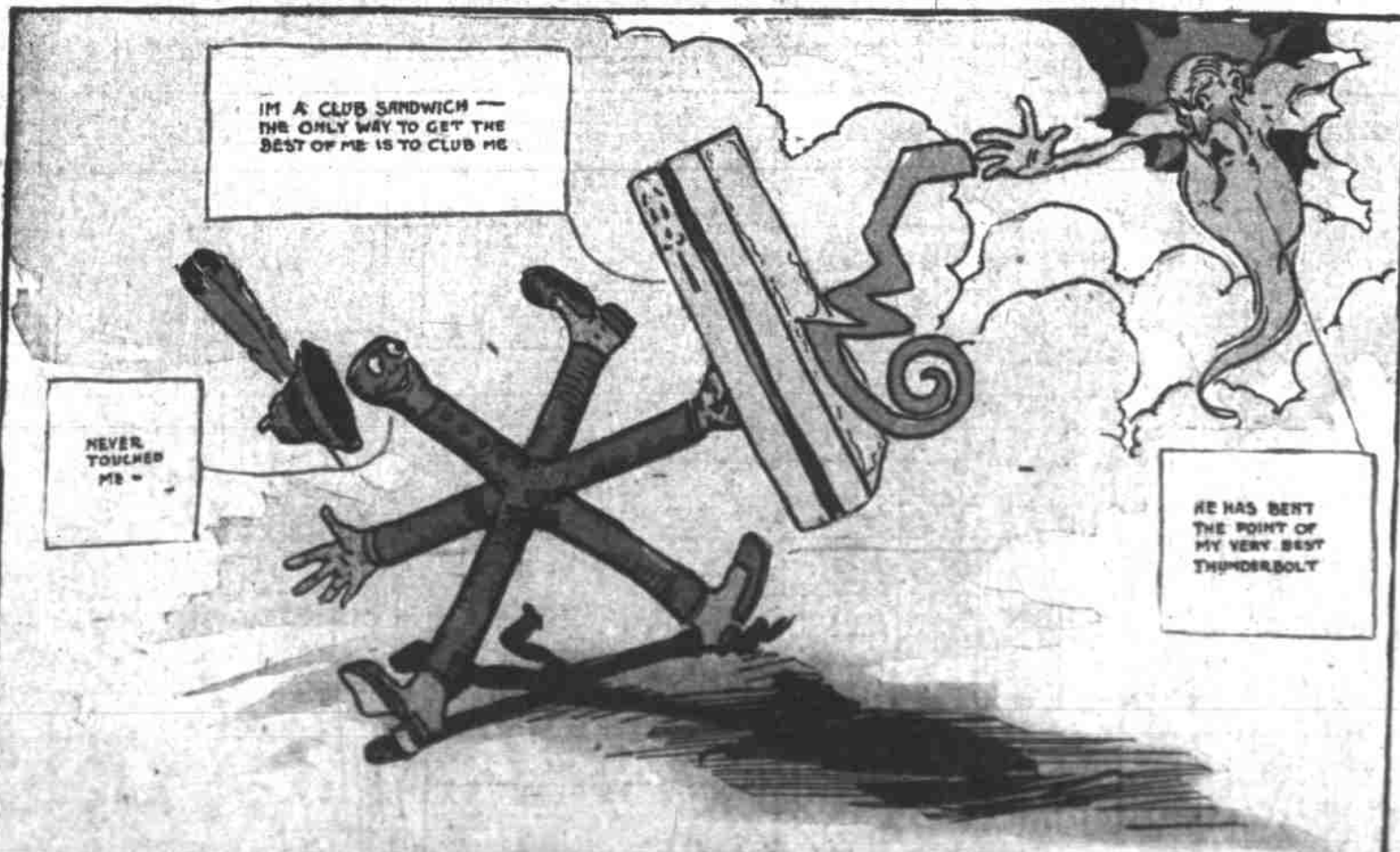
2. He then insulted Jupiter: a "fuzzy fossil" called him.
O'er coals of fire with venom filled old Ajax promptly hauled him.
Old Jupiter did answer him, with mien and manner fright'ning:
"You fourteen-carat. tin-horn, I will fight it out with lightning!"



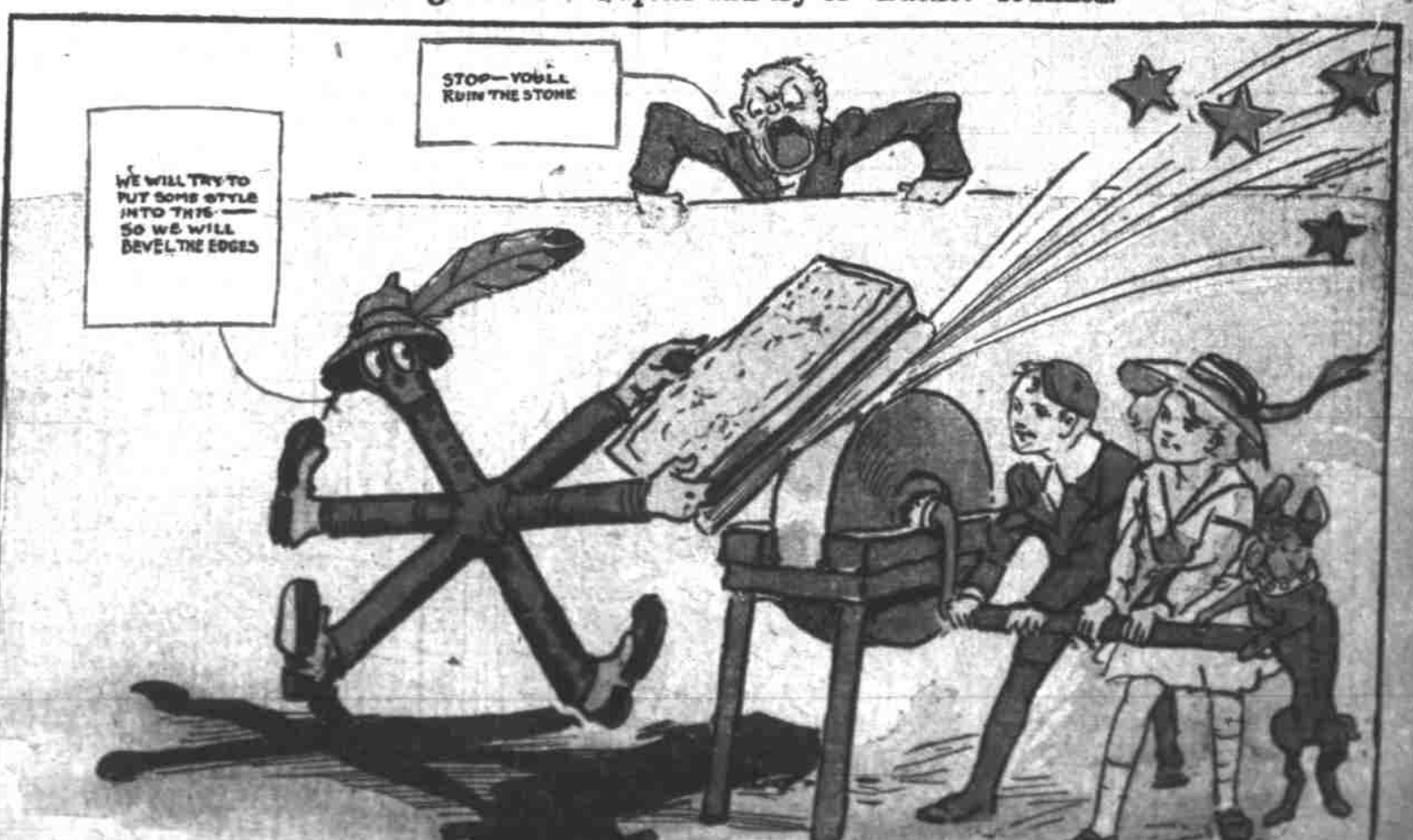
3. He grabbed an awful thunderbolt; at Ajax' shield he heaved it.
It landed on the bull-hide shield; with merry ease did cleave it.
Alas, poor Ajax! Down he went, with pain and rage a-blinking.
So greatly was he mortified, he straightforth got to thinking.



4. A railroad eating house he spied, next to a railroad station
(Where passengers for 80 cents can get a scanty ration).
He rushed right in; a sandwich grabbed, of bun and ham compounded,
And rushed right back to Jupiter and cry of "Battle!" sounded.



5. "All right," said "Jupe," and heaved at him a mighty bolt of thunder.
It hit the sandwich, fair and square, but rent it not asunder.
Said Jupiter, "It's wonderful! Oh, tell me what does do it!"
"A railroad sandwich," said Ajax; and at his head he threw it!



6. So history tells us how, dear friends, Ajax, his girldle tight'ning,
With sandwich from a railroad eating house defied the lightning.
At any railroad eating house that sandwich, you will find it.
You cannot eat it, reader. No! You cannot even grind it!