

JULY 1, 1909

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

In answer to the question, "What passages in Holy Scripture bear upon cruelty to animals?" one boy said: "Cruel people often cut dogs' tails and ears, but the Bible says, 'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

The teacher of elocution was nearly discouraged. He urged his pupils, in some excitement, to put more expression into their recitations. "Too flat!" he exclaimed. "Too colorless! You can do better than that. Try again. Now! Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"

Jimnie was ordered to put eggs under an old clucking hen. He did his work all right, and during the conversation next morning, the fact came out that he had put thirty-five eggs under her. His mother said: "Johnnie, don't you know that a hen can only cover fifteen or sixteen eggs?" "I know that," said Johnnie, "but I just wanted to see the old thing spread herself."

"The editor of my paper," declared the newspaper business manager to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary, he keeps out only one dollar for spending money, and sends the rest to his wife in another city."

His listeners—with one exception, who sat silent and reflective—gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration. "Now, it may sound thin," added the speaker, "but it is true, nevertheless." "Oh, I don't doubt it at all!" quickly rejoined the quiet one, "I was only wondering what he does with the dollar!"

A superstitious farmer, opening his farm paper, noticed that a spider had been crushed to death between the pages. He wrote in some alarm to the editor, inquiring whether the incident betokened good or bad luck, for he was a confirmed believer in signs. The editor replied that the finding of a dead spider in the paper could not be regarded by the farmer as a sign at all, that the circumstances of the fatality indicated that the insect had met an untimely death, and the only deduction possible was that the spider had been scanning the advertising columns of the paper to find out who wasn't advertising, in order to get next to some dead business house, spin his web across its door, and live in peace forever after.

"One day," related Denny to his friend Jerry, "when Oi had wandered too far inland on me shore, Oi suddenly found that there was a great big haythen, tin feet tall, chasin' me wid a knife as long as yer arm. Oi took to me heels an' for fifty miles along the road we had it up an' tuck. Thin Oi turned into the woods an' we run for one hundred an' twenty miles more, wid him gainin' on me steadily, owin' to his knowledge of the country. Finally, just as Oi could feel his hot breath burnin' on the back of me neck, we came to a big lake. Wid one great leap Oi landed safe on the opposite shore, leavin' me pursuer confounded and impotent wid rage."

"Faith an' that was no great jump," commented Jerry, "considerin' the runnin' start ye had."

The play was one of Shakespeare's tragedies. Mrs. Simmons and her little boy, having been unable to secure seats in the parquet, were well located in the front row of the first balcony, where they could see better, and hear almost as well as if they had been further forward on the main floor.

Mrs. Simmons was agreeably surprised at the interest that Bobby appeared to take in the sombre drama. He sat leaning forward, with his elbows on the cushioned railing in front of him, resting his head on his hands, deeply absorbed. As the curtain went down on the first act he brightened up.

"Well, dear, how do you like Shakespeare?" asked his mother. "Are you enjoying the play?"

"Yes, ma," said Bobby, with the air of one who has made a great discovery. "There are sixty-nine men here that have got spots on the top of their heads! I've counted them five times!"

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This triple-rib flange-lock principle, found only in Pedlar Culverts, not only adds greatly to the strength of the piping and makes a perfect joint—practically as good as if welded—but it also allows for expansion and contraction under cold or heat. Though a Pedlar Culvert, of any length, be frozen solid full of ice, it will not split nor spring a leak.

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The sages of the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in.

"What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you call Si Perkins a liar?"

"Wall," answered Uncle Bill slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: when feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."

An old darky wanted to join a fashionable city church, and the minister, knowing it was hardly the thing to do, and not wishing to hurt his feelings, told him to go home and pray over it. In a few days the darky came back. "Well, what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher. "Well, sah," replied the colored man, "ah prayed an' prayed, an' de good Lawd, he says to me, 'Rastus, ah wouldn't bodder mah haid about dat no mo. Ah've been trying to git into dat chu'ch mahse'f for de las' twenty yeahs, and ah ain't done had no luck.'"

"I'm stone deaf, your honor," declared a prisoner in the dock at the police court the other day. "I didn't hear a word the officer said about me, and I can't hear what you are saying."

Although the judge raised his voice there was nothing doing from the prisoner. He only shook his head wearily. At last the judge turned to the officer and said, almost in a whisper: "He was drunk when arrested, wasn't he?" "I only had one glass of beer," said the prisoner quickly in an injured tone, and everyone laughed.

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A structure like this, with Pedlar Culvert, won't wash out nor need repairs.



A few hours' work and a few dollars will put a modern and permanent culvert in place of a ramshackle bridge. Easily laid by anybody.

Made of Special Billet Iron, Extra Heavy

In every size of Pedlar Culvert, which comes in all standard diameters from 8 inches to 6 feet, we use nothing but the best grade of Billet Iron, specially made for us, of extra-heavy gauge (14 to 20 gauge, according to the diameter). This Billet Iron is curved into semi-cylinders—curved COLD, so there will never be any variation from exact dimensions; and it is then deeply and smoothly corrugated on a special press that puts a pressure of SIXTY TONS on every square inch of the metal. The corrugations, therefore, are uniform and very deep.

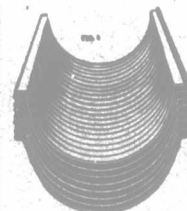
Galvanized After Being Pressed Up

When the corrugating process is done, the sections are galvanized by our exclusive process that covers the entire surface with a thick coating of zinc spelter. Every edge, every crevice, is heavily coated with this rust-proof, corrosion-proof galvanizing, not a spot is left unprotected. This is the only culvert galvanized after being shaped. Is absolutely Rust-proof.

Will Stand Incredible Strains

The heavy-gauge Pedlar Billet Iron sections, deeply corrugated and locked together without bolts or rivets by our compression triple-rib (this rib is flat—not corrugated), make a culvert that will stand enormous crushing strains and neither give nor spring. A thin cushion of soil on top is all the protection such a culvert needs against traffic; and no special precautions need be observed in laying it,—it will stand what no other culvert can.

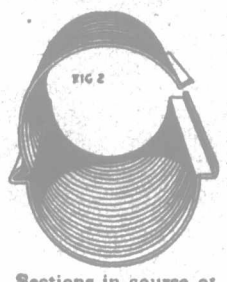
Compact—Portable Easily Laid



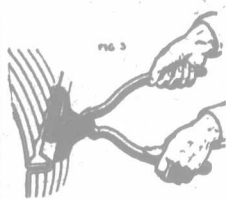
Half-sections nested for shipment

Pedlar Culverts are shipped in half-sections, nested—see Fig. 1. Saving freight charges and making carriage easy in roughest country. Quickly and easily transported anywhere.

Note that the ribs are flat, and the curved part of the cylinder deeply corrugated. These ribs add vastly to the culverts' strength.



Sections in course of assembling



Clinching the flange-lock—no bolts, no rivets, no makeshifts

Unskilled labor, with a single tool, quickly clamps the flanges together, making a triple-fold joint that is tighter and better than any riveted or bolted joint can be.

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