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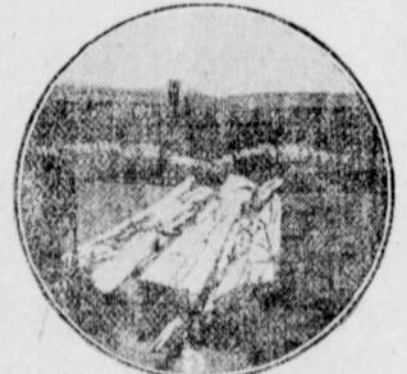
PERMANENCY IN ROAD CULVERTS

The Remedy For Worst Places In Highways.

THIS PROBLEM IS NEGLECTED.

Plain or Re-enforced Concrete Is No Doubt the Best Material to Use For These Small Structures Either in the Flat Top or Arch Form, Says Kansas Highway Engineer.

Much as we need improved roads we need permanent culverts more, says W. S. Gearhart, state highway engineer of Kansas. It is more important that all the bridges and culverts be in good condition than that all the roads be kept in first class repair, for if the road is to be used at all the culverts and bridges must be kept up. It is not often that a road gets so bad that it is impassable, but this is a common occurrence with culverts and bridges. The old road is a thing of the past, and almost without exception the worst places in the road are at the culvert sites. They generally are from two inches to ten inches above or below the road surface and often have a mudhole on either side and are in such wretched condition we would



BROKEN WOODEN CULVERT.

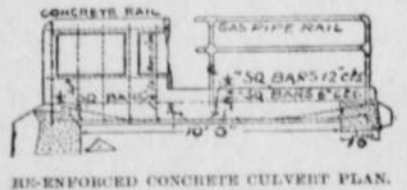
gladly drive around them if we could and often have to do so. And many of the stone and concrete culverts are only covered sufficiently to keep them in place. They are like a series of barrels half buried in the road, no attempt being made to build approaches to them.

Different state highway commissions have defined culverts as structures having spans of less than four feet to ten feet. In this discussion I assume that all structures under ten feet are culverts.

At the present time practically all culverts in Kansas are too small to carry the water that comes to them. The matter of the required area is one that has been given very little attention.

Good stone laid in cement mortar is very satisfactory either in arch or flat top slab construction for culverts. If slabs are used a four foot clear span would require that the flagstones should be twelve inches thick. Six feet is close to the safe maximum span for the flat top stone culvert. Many times stone abutments are built and a re-enforced concrete slab placed on top, which gives a very satisfactory structure.

In the arch construction the base of the foundations should be sufficiently



RE-ENFORCED CONCRETE CULVERT PLAN.

DATA FOR FLAT TOP RE-ENFORCED CONCRETE CULVERTS.				
Span, Feet.	Thickness of floor, Inches.	Size of bars, 6 in. c. to c.	WT. of bars, Pounds.	WT. of floor, Pounds.
2	4 1/2	7-10	0.65	0.65
3	5 1/2	7-10	0.80	0.80
4	6 1/2	7-10	1.00	1.00
5	7 1/2	7-10	1.20	1.20
6	8 1/2	7-10	1.40	1.40
7	9 1/2	7-10	1.60	1.60
8	10 1/2	7-10	1.80	1.80
9	11 1/2	7-10	2.00	2.00
10	12 1/2	7-10	2.20	2.20

Remarks:—Bars: Square twisted or other equivalent mechanical bond bars. Heavy floor bars one inch above bottom (to be strictly observed). Alternate bars raised at ends. Top of floor covered with one inch coat of 1:2 cement mortar. Side walls one foot six inches at top for heights of seven feet or less, increasing downward two inches per foot.

[Courtesy Michigan state highway department.]

wide to resist overturning and be stable under any system of loads without any consideration for the earth fills. Plain or re-enforced concrete is no doubt the best material to use for these small structures either in the flat top or arch form. The arch is sometimes objectionable in a flat country because it is found necessary in order to get a sufficient amount of water

way to make a raise in the road, which in many cases is very disagreeable. In the case of the flat top bridge the required waterway can be obtained by lengthening the span without making a hump in the road, which hump would in most cases result in a mudhole on either side of it. Where the foundations are not first class and there is danger of the structure settling the flat top is also to be preferred, as the forces are all vertical and the top is self supporting. If the abutments do settle the top can be readily jacked up into place and adjusted, while in the arch form there is very little that can be done to repair injury by settlement.

Justitia slapped Vox Populi. And old Vox hit him in the eye; Then Veritas picked up a chair And threw it at One Who Was There. Pro Homo Publico arose In wrath and smashed Inquirer's nose, While Fair Play doubled up his fist And whaled away at Suffragist. In bold defiance of the law, Vindex slugged Nemo on the jaw. Then Pax Volenscum, with a roar, Slammed Old Subscriber to the floor, And Goldmine, quicker than a wink, Put Constant Reader on the blink. Then Many Voters took a hand And soon had all the others canned. —Chicago Tribune.

"I hardly knew your father today," said the district visitor pleasantly to the little girl. "He's cut his beard off again. That's three times since a year ago."

The little girl explained: "It ain't father done it. Father likes his beard cut. But mawver's stuffin' the sofa." —London Chronicle.

The country's doin' mighty well. And of the folks would let her There's only just this word to tell— She'd do a durned sight better! —Atlanta Constitution.

Some people find it difficult to determine just what constitutes a man's income for the purpose of taxation, but a justice of the peace in a New Jersey village was intent upon there being no mistake in his case.

He made his return to the tax assessor in the words: "For the last two years my income has been a little under \$300 a year, but in the future it will be more precarious, as the man from whom I borrowed that money (my father-in-law) is now dead." —Brooklyn Life.

There was a young lady from Maine, Whose face was exceedingly plain, But her biscuits were light And her dumplings all right, So she married again and again. —Detroit Free Press.

Hostess anxious to make an effect on the new curates—Dear me, Janet, the cook has surpassed herself in the border round the pie. How did she do it?

Janet: Please, mum, she made it with her false teeth. —London Opinion.

There was a man in our town Who wrote a book and made A very, very great mistake— He called a spade a spade. For our town is prudish. He erred in being brave. The spade it turned on him and dug His literary grave. —Puck.

Mrs. Malaprop and a gentleman were discussing a beautiful young lady poet. The gentleman said, "What I regard as the most conspicuous thing about her is her naïveté."

"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop. "I wonder what made her get such a title one." —Human Life.

Oh, there's an individual who everywhere abounds! Through trains and shops and offices he makes his busy rounds. And in and out forever he is going o'er and o'er To keep somebody after him attending to the door.

In sultry summer when to catch a cooling breeze we've tried And carefully have opened every door and window wide, 'Tis then you may be certain as he vanishes from sight He'll die but that he'll close the door, and close it very tight.

But when the winds of winter come with cold and biting breath, Oh, then is when the awful wretch is tickled most to death! His sense of pleasure reaches to a point that is sublime. He never fails to leave the door wide open every time. —Tit-Bits.

"Some men hate work so bad," said Uncle Eben, "dat dey would klick on de responsibility of keepin' an eight day clock wound up." —Washington Star.

What better words in tongue or pen. Than when you hear the dulcet tones, "Dear baby, has a tooth." —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Mike, having been sent by his master to deliver a hare in a hamper, set out on a long journey. Feeling tired and inquisitive, he sat down and opened the hamper to see the hare.

In an instant the hare was running down the road. Mike was very upset at this, but suddenly he shouted after it: "It's no good; you don't know where to go. I have the h'address on this ere hamper." —Ideas.

No Stop. Ticket Collector: We don't stop here, sir. Montague Swank (who has just given up a ticket)—Stop where? Ticket Collector—At the pawnbroker's.—London M. A. P.

DINNER EPISODES.

Odd Happenings That Helped to Spice the Meals.

THE WORM THAT DIDN'T TURN

It Spoiled a Funny Story For a Woman Whose Pet Horror Is Anything That Wiggles—A Distracted Scientist and a Gastronomic Calamity.

At a dinner party one night my host and I were in the midst of an interesting conversation when I noticed a movement in the lace centerpiece which lay under a pot of growing tulips. The lace was pushed aside, and straight toward me wriggled a fat red earthworm. If I have a pet horror it is for anything that writhes. My host was nearing the point of a funny story when I caught sight of that strange intruder on a dining table. He reached the end of the story and laughed. I believe I laughed, but to this day I cannot tell what that story was about. I sat watching the gymnastics of that lively specimen of fish bait. In forty seconds it was due to tumble into my lap. There was no waiter near. The reptile was hidden from my host by a soup plate. The man at my right was absorbed in conversation with a woman beside him. The worm had almost reached the edge of the table when I had an inspiration. I turned a red wineglass upside down, for the waiter was approaching with a napkin wrapped bottle.

"Have you turned White Ribboner?" asked my host.

"For tonight I have." Where my voice came from I do not know; neither do I know how I ever sat out that meal listening to a host who tried his level best to entertain a dull guest and watching a frantic fishworm try to break his way out of jail. Somehow growing plants on the dining table have gone out of favor in our house.

A dear distracted old scientist I know keeps his wife on the anxious seat every moment when they dine out. She is prepared for any ridiculous thing he will do. No one ever possessed finer breeding or gentler manners than the good old professor, but his fits of abstraction are likely to descend on him at any moment. His wife tells of one notable experience.

"One night," she says, "I lectured John all the way home from a dinner. I was trying to make him understand that pate shells were intended to be eaten. If it had been a caterer's meal I should have thought nothing about it, but our hostess was a fine cook, and she had just announced proudly that we were having some of her own puff paste. Everybody ate the pates except John. With the greatest care he scooped out the creamed chicken and left the shell. He was horribly distressed over it. 'If I had only known, my dear,' he said, 'that the thing was intended to be eaten, that it was really food and she made it, I should have shown my appreciation.'"

"Remember it next time, then," I said.

"A week later at another dinner John was seated opposite me. I glanced at him curiously after the dessert came on, for he seemed to be in the throes of a choking fit. Imagine, if you can, my horror. He was trying to masticate the paper case of a charlotte russe. There was only one thing I could do—call him to order as one would have done a child. I could not sit by calmly and watch him choke to death. Dinners are frequently stupid affairs, but that one was not after I had explained the situation to a tableful of people. Fortunately John is so brilliant that his absentmindedness is considered a natural adjunct to genius."

"My husband," said one woman, "is the funny man at a party when the mood happens to seize him. One night after playing bridge we filed out to the dining room, where we were seated about the table for supper. From the corner where my husband sat came gales of laughter. He had turned confederate and was making everything disappear, from salt spoons to a water decanter. When things were found it was in the most remarkable places."

"A week later while searching his clothes for soiled handkerchiefs—that is a regulation Monday morning task in our home—I heard something rattle in his dress coat. From an inside pocket I drew two silver forks, three teaspoons and a salt spoon. They were marked with various initials. None of the stuff came from our sideboard. My husband was out of town, and I spent a few perplexed hours. An idea suddenly dawned on me. I wrapped up the silver, put on my hat and went straight to the hostess of our last card party. 'Thank goodness!' she cried. 'I have nearly had nervous prostration over the loss of these things. Servants have been suspected. I hired a man to go over the garbage dump, and the whole house has been turned upside down in our search. If it had been my own silver it would not have been so bad, but it was borrowed, and I could not duplicate it anywhere in town. Wait till I see that husband of yours!'"

"The story got out, and sometimes a hostess in facetious mood insists on counting her silver before my better half goes home." —Isabel Gordon Curtis in New York Tribune.

No Stop. Ticket Collector: We don't stop here, sir. Montague Swank (who has just given up a ticket)—Stop where? Ticket Collector—At the pawnbroker's.—London M. A. P.

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Assessor.....T. J. Thrift
Coroner.....Dr. Golden
County Judge.....John F. Hall
Commissioners, G. J. Armstrong, M. T. Denent

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Recorder.....F. B. Kaurud
Treasurer.....C. Y. Lowe
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