

## WANT MUNY STORE

Elimination of the commission houses by means of a community buying system, a real public market where farmers can sell directly to the housewives, and use of greater discretion by housewives in the purchase of table supplies, are the three most important recommendations of Mayor Fawcett's food commission, appointed two weeks ago to investigate the high cost of living.

The commission made a long report Monday to the mayor, and indicated that it had completed an exhaustive study of the Tacoma food markets. It did not attempt to give the reason for recent tremendous increases in food prices, but suggested that a federal food commission of permanent character could do much towards maintaining an equilibrium in the market prices.

The report is signed by Dr. E. A. Rich, Erma Leach, Mrs. M. E. Mighall, George Gunn, Margaret McConchie and Charles E. Madsen.

Recommendations.

Among the findings of the Tacoma food commission are the following:

Meat from ranches in the vicinity of Tacoma is better and selling at lower prices than foreign meat. Prices are from 2 to 5 cents below those in Seattle.

Housewives will find as much nutrition in the cheaper grades of meat as in the better cuts.

The Puget Sound fishing industry is meeting with an ever-decreasing supply of fish, and the better grades are all sent east, thus causing a high price in Tacoma. Instead of demanding the more popular kinds of fish, housewives may save money by buying cod, soles, flounders, herring and skate.

**Buy Fish Direct.**

Purchase of fish direct from the fishermen, if this could be arranged, would cut the consumer's cost more than half.

Retail grocers are exonerated from blame for the high cost of foods.

Wholesale buying is urged as being one positive means of cutting down the cost of living. Apartment dwellers are handicapped by a lack of storage space.

Substitute foods are urged. Rice can be substituted for potatoes. Carrots and other roots can be substituted for brussels sprouts, artichokes and cauliflower. Cabbage might take the place of celery, and squash of sweet potatoes. Cheese and nuts might occasionally be used instead of meat. Cheaper flour, such as the hard flour of Montana, is just as nourishing and palatable as the patent process white flour.

**Propose City Store.**

For community buying, the commission suggests the establishment of a downtown store where potatoes, apples, cabbages, oranges and other produce might be handled economically for the consumer. This would be in the nature of a municipal grocery store.

A real public market, where vegetables, eggs, butter, cheese, fruits and all ranch products could be sold direct from the ranchers' wagons to the housewives, would be a boon to the city.

Parcel post purchase of farm commodities is recommended.

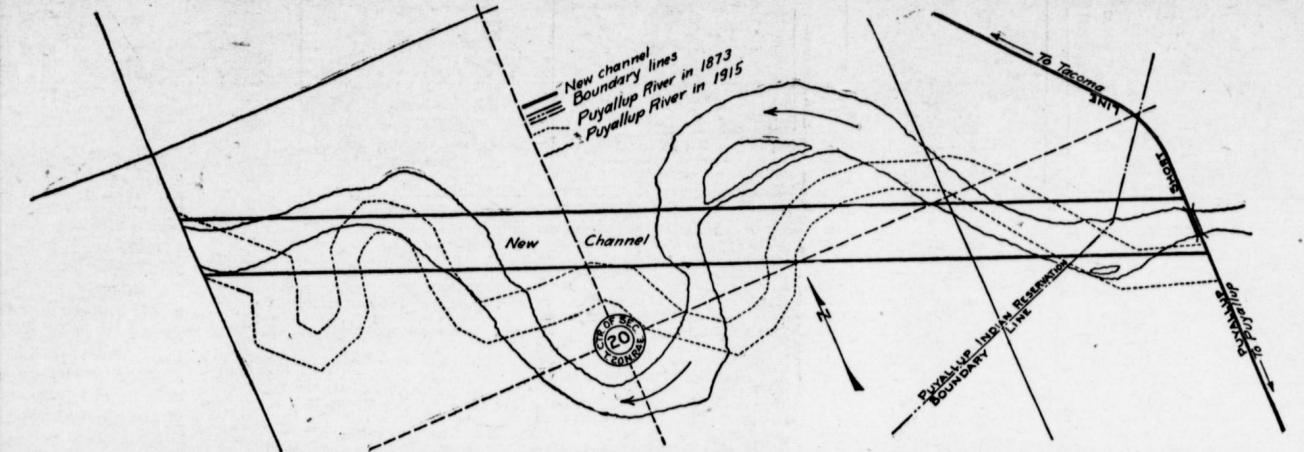
Local canning of fruits is causing a high price during the fruit season in the Tacoma market, because the canneries are now using nearly the entire local output. Destruction of fruits by commission men at times when the market is bottomless is condemned. Legislation preventing this is asked.

**CAPTURE REFUGEE.**

(United Press Leased Wire.)

PENDLETON, Ore., Dec. 11.—Tracked all night through the snow, Harvey Bensene, alleged bandit and escaped county jail prisoner, was captured today as he lay in bed at the Henry Hendrickson ranch.

## Taming the Wild and Woolly Puyallup



HOW THEY ARE STRAIGHTENING THE PUYALLUP. THIS IS THE MURPHY CUT-OFF, ONE SMALL SECTION OF THE 20-MILE INTER-COUNTY RIVER IMPROVEMENT PROJECT.

(Pierce county for each of three years has spent \$100,000, and for each of three more years is pledged to spend a like amount in rebuilding the bed of the once very troublesome Puyallup river. And then for 99 more years the county has agreed to chip in \$20,000 a year to keep the stream in its new channel. Yet, with this project half completed, for Tacoma people are more than vaguely aware of what is being done. Miss Abbott has gone entirely over the great enterprise with the engineers, and here begins a short series of articles making clear how it is hoped to banish floods forever from this country and detailing the great progress already made.—Editor.)

By Mabel Abbott

"The Inter-County River Improvement of the White, Stuck and Puyallup," is the formal and official title of an undertaking which is attracting the attention of engineers all over the United States.

It will have cost \$1,500,000 when it is finished.

Technical articles concerning it have appeared recently in the Engineering Record and Engineering News, and one of its features has been practically adopted by engineers in charge of the flood control fights in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

But to the counties of King and Pierce, in the state of Washington, its interest is human and intimate.

**Twenty Miles of It.**

It is the healing of an old feud that for years kept armed men on guard in the valleys of the White and Stuck; the ending of a long fear that has haunted the days and made restless the nights of the farmers along those rivers.

The inter-county river improvement project is nearly 20 miles long, measured from the Indian school bridge on the Puyallup river, along the straightened channels of the Puyallup, Stuck and White to the drift barrier between Auburn and Buckley.

On the map, the new channel is represented by lines as straight as a ruler can make them, drawn from one "controlling point" to the next, the "controlling points" being in most cases bridges over the old channel which it would have been expensive and unnecessary to move.

The old channel is indicated by what looks like a giant snake, writhing in convulsive loops and oxbows and letter S's on both sides of the new one; and the channel as it was meandered in 1872, is interwoven with both the later ones like a tangled cord.

**Rivers Always Moving.**

These rivers have always changed their channels as readily as a snake changes its skin.

A drifting log, hesitating on a sandbar and throwing the current like a tangled cord.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

## LAND SHARK MAD!

Ha! We have discovered an influential citizen who is opposed to bringing the army post to Pierce county!

It is very much against the idea! It is E. F. Gregory, land shark! Gregory, you may remember, is the individual who made a great to-do some years ago about the possibilities of irrigating the gravel prairies.

He actually did irrigate a small tract, after gobbling up a large acreage at a low price, and on the strength of his showing at raising garden truck, managed to re-sell at greatly advanced prices to small investors part of his holdings. Much of what he sold has come back to him.

He obtained his fine results by manuring the experimental garden very heavily. A real estate friend of ours says Gregory could have made an equally convincing showing had he cultivated a patch of cement sidewalk, for the secret was in the fertilization and watering, and not in the richness of the soil.

Gregory more recently made himself famous by advertising in the newspapers the foolish prophecy that Tacoma land values would slump fearfully in case Wilson were re-elected. Wilson won, and the land shark had to acknowledge publicly his bad judgment.

Now he is violently opposed to the coming of the army post. He says if he were given the two million dollars that he could bring more settlers onto the land than the army post will bring soldiers.

He is terribly afraid that the condemnation of his holding is going to shut off a profitable Good Thing. He knows he can't sell any of his \$5 land for \$200, as he likes to do.

He is dead against the project. Verily this is the Year of Promise. With a few E. F. Gregorys fighting it, the enterprise is sure to win.

## Wheeler Finds Church Where Young People Are Plentiful

By Edgar C. Wheeler

Any day the St. Paul Methodist church establishes dancing as a regular Sunday evening feature—well, there won't be any St. Paul church standing on the corner of South 43rd and L.

Sunday evening dancing was the drawing card included in the invitation to attend services at the St. Paul church, sent to me over the phone last week by a woman whom I understood to be a member of the congregation.

It looked good to me. Dancing in a Methodist church! Of course it was too good to be true, and I ought to have known it.

I learned this—to my disappointment, I must confess—after chasing a wild goose all the way from my home in the north end. To the kind sister who invited me to go to the St. Paul church, holding out the dance as an inducement, I wish to say that I bear no ill will.

While there were plenty of fair ones there who looked to me as if they might know how to dance in fine style, there was no dancing.

Yet I'm glad I went, if only to gather in some of the tips about living, shot straight from the stout shoulder of the hammer-jawed Rev. Mr. Randolph.

One thing I'm very glad of is that I didn't do many full dress evening clothes or dancing pumps for the occasion. Mr. Randolph, I fear, might have shot something besides tips from his shoulder.

The St. Paul Methodist church doesn't need dancing, I take it, to be red blooded. And Rev. Randolph hasn't one foot in the grave either.

Young Folks Everywhere.

What makes me think so? Just because the church, even though it was an evening service, was full of young men and young women. They sang in the choir; they played in the orchestra; they were the ushers, in fact they were the whole show.

Even the gray hairs in the congregation acted as if they expected to live several more years in Tacoma.

The pastor was a young live wire with streaks of gray in his hair. Youngsters scarcely out of

their teens called him "brother." Also, when Rev. Randolph landed. (Continued on Page Eight.)

## FRENCH CABINET FALLING

(United Press Leased Wire.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—Premier Briand has begun formation of a new French cabinet, Ambassador Sharpe cabled the state department this afternoon.

An earlier cablegram from Ambassador Sharpe had said Premier Briand had tendered his resignation to President Poincare and that it had been refused.

The later message said in effect: "Premier Briand is reorganizing his cabinet. I was misinformed regarding his resignation."

## Talk o' the Times

Greetings, have you patronized a church sale yet? Ice is one commodity that does not appear to be going up right now.

**The Cudahy Packing Co.** earned 49 per cent on its common stock in the year ending in October, 1916. The size of the profit shows the high prices of meat are due to the war and not to any desire on the part of the packers to pay large dividends.

As soon as Sherlock Heinrich solves the mystery of the Wilkeson woman's death, we want him to find out why Al Sommers disappeared so abruptly from the Commercial club secretaryship, what has become of Col. Job, why good apples cost five cents each on the fruit stands and a few other real puzzlers.

**LEST WE FORGET**

The Kaiser, king and czar are first cousins.

A Washington paper says Wilson himself did the carving at the Thanksgiving dinner in the White House. As many men have said before, the greatest president since Lincoln.

The director of the mint

recommends that a 2 1/2-cent piece be coined. How'll we ever get change for it?

OUR OWN TRAVELERS

By M. T. Cranlum.

While traveling through Walla Walla, I came across a peculiar tree shaped different than any tree I've ever witnessed.

The inside of it was covered by the outside, and the branches grew sideways and extended out to the end of themselves, stopping abruptly.

The roots grew in instead of down and the tree supports itself by growing two crutches at each side. These crutches are harvested by the natives each fall who varnish and sell them to the allies and their opponents.

FABLE

Once upon a time a woman went into a butcher shoppe and asked ye butcher for 25 cents worth of round steak and he cut off ye exact amount of ye steak that she asked for instead of ye usual 28 cents worth.

HEADLIGHT LAW O. K.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—The supreme court today affirmed a state court which declared Indiana's electric headlight law for locomotives constitutional.

## \$10,000 FOR BREACH OF PROMISE!

### Miss Waldron Wins Case Against Rich Man She Says Ruined Her Life.

A verdict of \$10,000 damages was awarded by a jury in Judge Card's court Monday morning to Ethel Waldron for breach of promise on the part of Glenn Orr, wealthy resident of Steilacoom. The girl brought suit for \$50,000.

The verdict was reached Saturday night, and was returned sealed to the judge.

It came at the conclusion of a sensational trial lasting all week, in which the plaintiff fainting four times while on the witness stand attempting to tell the story of having been seduced, led on by rosy promises of marriage and a fine home, and finally deserted in Denver by Orr.

**Will File Motion.**

Orr, who is said to be a wealthy property owner of Steilacoom, denied that he ever had been engaged to the girl or that he had promised to marry her, though he admitted wrongful relations between them. He said the girl was always the aggressor in the love affair.

Attorney B. W. Colner, representing Orr, immediately announced he would file a motion for a judgment in Orr's favor notwithstanding the verdict.

Judge Card allowed him 48 hours to file the motion. If it is denied the case probably will be appealed.

Neither the Waldron girl nor

Orr was present when the sealed verdict was opened and read. Principals Absent.

It was learned that after the case closed late Saturday the jury deliberated nearly seven hours before an agreement was reached. There were four women and eight men on the jury. The division among them, it was learned, was not over the question whether the Waldron girl was entitled to damages, but the amount of damages which should be awarded.

Together Six Years.

The evidence given by the girl on the witness stand was that she had given six of the best years of her life to Orr, trusting in his promises to marry her, only to be deserted in Denver when she was about to become a mother.

She declared again and again that she had loved him sincerely, even after he had taken advantage of her.

Many of her love letters to him were read to the jury, during the trial, showing that she had trusted in his promises to her.

The Waldron girl lived in the country about a mile from the home of Orr and his sister in Steilacoom. The testimony showed that they first met at a religious meeting at the Waldron home.

Orr insisted he went to the Waldron home for religious instruction, not to make love to the girl.

## GRUELLING DAY FOR PIERWSZA

His forehead corrugated with the effort to understand, his fingers writhing restlessly together, loosening his collar, or tracing nervous circles around his mouth, John Pierwsza sat leaning forward in his chair in Judge Clifford's court-room Monday morning while physicians who on Sunday had held an autopsy on his wife's body described its appearance and state of preservation when taken from the grave, and with the aid of a model of a skull, illustrated the course taken by the bullet which killed her at Wilkeson Oct. 20, and the shattering of bone and nerve and tissue.

Only when the attorneys went into long hypothetical questions full of medical terms, did he relax, as if hopeless of comprehension.

During one of these moments, a ghost of a smile touched his face for a second, as his eyes followed the efforts of the ballist to eject a couple of pigeons who had flown into the court room through an open transom and were cooling noisily.

Dr. James testified that he doubted if much blood had spurted from the wound, but admitted there might have been a hemorrhage from the nose. He also said that if the woman committed suicide, she would probably have closed her eyes just before firing the shot, in which case there would have been laceration of the eyelid; but that no such laceration was found.

The testimony of Dr. F. J. Stewart, county coroner, was along similar lines.

WOMAN LANDS IN HIGH LEGAL OFFICE



CLARA RUTH MOZZOR

The first woman in the United States to be an assistant attorney general is Miss Clara Ruth Mozzor of Denver, appointed by Governor Hubbard, in appreciation of her part in Colorado politics.

## ONE-CYLINDER SAM PROVES HE'S NO SPEED KING

Miss Chalmers stood on the wharf at Clayton, poised upon one foot. Even the half-grown boy who volunteered to find her a boatman knew that she was angry.

It was somewhat after nine o'clock of an August night upon the St. Lawrence.

The boy came back.

"I got a man who'll take you. He's got a power-boat, and his name's Sam," said the boy.

"Show me the man."

The boy led off in haste, with Miss Chalmers at his heels. On the wharf sat a man, smoking a pipe. He looked up at Miss Chalmers casually.

"Looking for me?" he asked. "I must go to Mr. Stephen Witherbee's island—tonight," she said. "Can you take me there at once?"

"Well," said the man, "it all depends on what you call 'at once.' I can take you there, but I'm no speed-king."

"Take me, then!" exclaimed Miss Chalmers. "And get my trunk."

The man shook his head doubtfully.

"Swim?" he asked.

"Why, er— Oh, how ridiculous! Will you or will not take those trunks?"

"Oh, I'll take them—only may-be the boat won't. Anyhow we'll

make a stab," he said cheerfully, shouldering the nearest trunk.

The boat took them, but not without loss of freeboard. Miss Chalmers stepped swiftly aboard.

There was an interval of several minutes, during which the boatman panted and heaved at the flywheel. Five times the engine started, and five times it stopped with a sob.

Miss Chalmers turned abruptly from her survey of the river.

"For Heavens sake, prime it!" she snapped.

The boatman twisted his head and regarded her with undisguised astonishment. He not only looked at Miss Chalmers, but he studied

her hat, her gown, and her twenty-dollar shoes.

"That's a good tip," he observed, after satisfying his eyes.

Whereupon he primed the engine, and the boat buzzed away from the wharf.

Miss Chalmers was but partially relieved in mind when she found herself being borne out upon the St. Lawrence.

The day on the railroad had been hot and cindery, and the train was hours late at Clayton. To cap that misfortune, she had arrived at the wharf in time to get an excellent view of the disappearing

stern-light of the last regular boat that would stop at Witherbee island that night.

An hour passed. Then the rhythmic wheeze of the engine was supplanted by a series of irregular choking gasps, and then—silence.

The boatman sat up lazily, reached for the lantern, and held it close to the machinery.

"Well, what is the matter now?" demanded a cutting voice.

"Engine stopped," said the boatman.

"Thank you for the information," said Miss Chalmers, icily. "Do you know anything about engines?"

"Not much that's good."

Miss Chalmers' temper was rising rapidly.

"How dared you bring me out here if you didn't— Oh, it's— it's perfectly outrageous! It's—"

She left the sentence unfinished, seized the lantern, brushed past the boatman, and dropped to her knees in the bottom of the cockpit.

The floor was oily and dirty, but Miss Chalmers paid no attention to that. Item by item, she inventoried the one-cylinder pest.

"Now, where's your socket-wrench?" she demanded.

"Socket-wrench?" repeated the boatman. "That's a new one on me. I don't remember—"

(Continued on Page Two.)