

LONG DISTANCE VISITORS HERE

Interest Increasing and Business Growing as a Result of Sales Days.

Sales day came and went again yesterday and there was no appreciable lack of interest on the part of the public...

All of the original members of the combination, except two, are just as enthusiastic over the results of the plan as they were at first.

It was observed that people from a long distance came here to trade yesterday. It was the same on every previous Thursday.

Gresham merchants have found that co-operative advertising pays. From the newspaper standpoint there is scarcely any difference...

Did you notice those "Sales Day Store" cards in many of the windows yesterday? Those cards, in type large enough to be read across the street...

Watch the Outlook for new specials in Tuesday's issue.

Death of Geo. W. Chamberlain.

George W. Chamberlain died at his home near Corbett last Tuesday and was buried at Mountain View cemetery yesterday.

Better Fruit Meeting.

Attention is again called to the "better fruit" meeting to be held here in the grange hall next Tuesday.

The speakers will be Secretary Williamson, of the state board of horticulture; Inspector Stansbury and District Commissioner Goodrich.

Full line Pruning Shears at Sterling & Kidder's.

Begin the new year with a subscription to the Outlook.

SOCIETY WOMEN PLAY TAG GAME

Yesterday was tag day in Gresham. Everybody played tag—that is all the grown-ups and some of the children.

The Woman's Home Missionary society made up their minds a few days ago to find out how the game is played now-a-days.

Some of the women were a little bit timid when the attack began and they would walk past a bunch of men and then stop.

Pretty soon it was seen that there was a panic among some of the men. A few who had a lone dime to buy a cigar with were seen to go around a distant corner in a hurry.

It wouldn't be right to mention that there were a few who refused to be tagged but then some of the men never were good at the game, even when they were young.

While taking my usual stroll the other day I walked up Main street to view the works of art and nature, and in passing a house I heard a distinct commotion that brought up memories of Chinese New Year and Donnybrook fair combined.

"It's a mouse!" she screamed wildly. "Where?" demanded the man. "There—here—no—yes—I don't know! Oh, for pity's sake kill it! Kill it!"

"Where is it?" he demanded again. "There's no mouse here."

PHONE SHARES WORTH MORE

Stock in our local telephone company is now estimated to be worth \$75 a share, based on the number of shares issued and the valuation of the property.

In several instances lately the sale of rural lines to the Pacific has been chronicled, but the reasons were not given.

In all the chatter about the Panama Canal tolls, these facts stand out: We got power to dig the canal only through a treaty in which we agreed to certain conditions.

The other party to the treaty protests that our new toll law does not harmonize with those conditions, by which we are pledged to stand.

Therefore the other party asks that the matter be arbitrated but it seems that we are getting ready to say, "There is nothing to arbitrate."

Catholic services—Mass every Sunday at 10:30 in Commercial hall, Gresham, until church is built.

OUR LAWMAKERS IN ACTIVE WORK

An ordinance to protect the people of Gresham and prevent possible diseases was passed at the council meeting last Tuesday evening.

The offices of city marshal, street commissioner and water superintendent were consolidated to the extent that the city marshal was invested with the duties of the other two positions at a flat salary of \$75 a month.

A resolution to tackle "Culey" street again was adopted. This is the third time, and there is said to be luck in odd numbers as well as a charm in the third attempt.

Send a List of Names.

The "Oregon Almanac," published by the Portland Chamber of Commerce with state aid, has been received. It contains a vast fund of information in a condensed form.

A list of names, sent to C. C. Chapman will receive attention at once, as a large edition has been published and the book is intended for distribution where it will attract new settlers to Oregon.

"More building permits were issued in Portland in the past year than in any previous year, but the aggregate cost was less than in 1911 or 1910."

CITY TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT

The complete report of J. H. Metzger, city treasurer, for the year 1912 shows in detail the revenues and expenditures of the city, especially that portion connected with the water system.

Treasurer's annual report of the general funds for the city of Gresham, Oregon, for the year 1912.

Table with RECEIPTS and WARRANTS PAID sections, listing various items and amounts.

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POTATO SALES DISAPPOINTING

No Market for Them this Year and Loss will be Heavy Shipments Unfavorable.

Last year's potato crop seems fated to become a serious source of worry instead of wealth. Those who own them don't know what to do with them, nor is it likely that they will get more than enough out of their holdings to make even on the cost of producing them.

S. E. Toepelman, who has been an extensive potato buyer here for the past six years, went back to San Francisco two weeks ago after contracting for only about \$1000 worth.

Some growers have as much as 6000 bushels on hand, and many are feeding potatoes to their stock. Those who have enough stock to eat up their potatoes consider themselves lucky, as they will suffer no material loss.

The cause of the great slump in potatoes is explained by the big yields in California, Idaho, Washington, Colorado and Texas. California has always, heretofore, been a good market for Oregon potatoes, but the yield is so great in that state that many fields there are not dug yet.

It is estimated that Portland uses 35 carloads a week, but there are more than 1000 carloads of surplus potatoes right here. Portland commission men refuse to buy except to fill orders and it is said that they haven't made enough this winter to pay office rent.

Altogether the outlook is very discouraging and the hardship is being felt of falling to realize money on a heretofore standard commodity.

German Classes Entertain.

The German classes in the Gresham high school have decided to meet on each month for a social at which time the German language is to be used exclusively.

Notice.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, Multnomah County. In the matter of the Estate of Henry Kane, Deceased.

CLARA KANE, Executrix. FRED L. EVERSON, Attorney for Executrix. First publication Jan. 17, 1913. Last publication Feb. 14, 1913.

HOW NEWS ITEMS ARE DISCOVERED

Thrilling Story of a Little Mouse and Disasters Resulting Therefrom.

Some of the people who read the Outlook are curious to know how we get so much news twice a week.

Some of them think we're awful smart; others think we pay immense sums to certain people to tell all they know, while others look wise and say we just make things up, for news really can't happen in Gresham.

So, to set all minds at rest and clear the atmosphere of any imputation that the readers of the Outlook may have harbored against the ancient art of newsgathering I have decided to give the whole snap away.

While taking my usual stroll the other day I walked up Main street to view the works of art and nature, and in passing a house I heard a distinct commotion that brought up memories of Chinese New Year and Donnybrook fair combined.

"Where?" demanded the man. "There—here—no—yes—I don't know! Oh, for pity's sake kill it! Kill it!"

"Where is it?" he demanded again. "There's no mouse here."

"Yes there is, you old fool! Don't you see it? There—where—anywhere—everywhere—I don't know where! Why don't you kill it?"

That woman evidently wasn't very fond of mice. Like my own wife, she would rather have a hundred dollars about the house any time to tempt burglars than a mouse; and the sight of one will make the very hairpins drop out of the hair of almost any woman.

"Madam," said the man with awful calmness, "tell me where that little rodent is or forever hold your peace."

"It's in the cupboard," she gasped. "I saw it run under the door."

He walked up to the cupboard with the tread of a gladiator and opened it; but before he could get his eyes in range to look for the mouse it jumped out and ran right over his foot.

"There it is!" shrieked the woman; "there—there—quick!"

"Where?" the man roared. "Behind the table!"

He sprang to the table, seized one end of it and gave it a jerk that brought it to the middle of the room. The mouse stampeded, and as the man saw it running around the room he plunged after it.

ers, gazing curiously up at his feet which were trying to scrape a picture of Woodrow Wilson off the wall.

He saw it whizzing across the floor, and he bounded toward it, gave one furious kick and—kicked the table. Then he just grabbed himself up and carried himself around the room on one foot, howling like a prairie wolf and calling for arnica and corn salve.

"Don't let it get away, you fool; get something and kill it!"

He was desperate then and snatched the first thing that he could lay his hands on, which happened to be his boy's baseball bat, and he made one murderous sweep, but instead of killing the mouse he upset the chair on which his wife was standing with the result that she turned a very graceful somersault over against the pantry door.

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and down, and declare she was bleeding to death; and then her brother, attracted by the noise, came rushing in just in time to be hit in the mouth by a loaf of bread flung frantically at the mouse.

But the animal darted through the open door and escaped into the next room. We all followed it pell-mell and the little quadruped took refuge in the clothes press.

"You open the door and I'll kill him as he comes out!"

We planted ourselves in position, and when the woman gave the word the man threw open the clothes press door. He saw the mouse in an instant; it had climbed on a shelf and was sitting there just on a level with his eyes.

"There it is!" he bawled. "Hit it quick; it's going to jump over our heads!"

Before he could utter another syllable the end of the earth struck him; a billion stars danced before his eyes; and as he slowly gathered himself up out of the corner we began to realize that the woman, in aiming a blow at the mouse, had hit him in the back of the head with the shovel.