

**ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW . . . .**

Little Stories of Life and Doings of Your Neighbor

Sometimes the thought of what may lie just beyond the horizon breeds discontent in a man's soul. It is the discontent that has discovered new worlds and developed old ones; it has pushed the western frontier westward till the western frontier has slipped off into the Pacific and is no more. This discontent got after Attorney A. C. Hough one day, and before its fever had burned out Mr. Hough was chasing a fortune on the streets of Seattle. The clients came and friendships were formed, but the spirit of Hough was not stilled. The trouble was that Hough's life had become attuned to the song of the Rogue; he longed for the merry music of its rushing rapid; for the mirrored magic in its polished pool; but he longed most for the electric thrill that comes from a six-pound steelhead tied up to light tackle and furnishing the vim and the vigor for a mighty battle before he is brought to creel. And the call of the Rogue won. Hough came back. He had lost a full year of fishing, and it had to be made up. When the steelheads were rising to the fly Hough was after them regularly and successfully. Then the big fellows quit coming to the surface to feed. They followed the spawning salmon and fed along the bottom of the stream. Then only the bait fisherman could make a catch—and Hough was not brought up that way. But the year he had lost worried him, and he fought with his conscience and conscience was loser. He concluded to go after 'em with bait.

Deputy Sheriff Ernest Lister told Hough he knew where they could catch loads of the big 'uns with eggs. Hough agreed to procure the bait, and to auto around after Ernest before daylight Sunday morning. Hough was snagging two fish with one gaff. He was getting an early start so as to make a long day for fishing, and then he was getting out before his neighbors could discover that he had fallen from grace and was going after the steelheads with bait. Sunday morning he was on deck before the street lights were turned off. Ernest came out and hopped into the auto. "Got the bait, Hough?" was his greeting. "Sure. I bought all the market had. We are loaded for 'em today." And they whirled down the road below the mouth of the Applegate, went across the fields to the Rogue. Hough with his rubber boots swung around his neck. When Ernest was ready he asked for bait. Hough reached but could find no bait. Certainly he had purchased it. He remembered taking it home and putting it in the auto. No doubt about it. Then he walked back to the auto. Still no bait. They autoed back to town, 12 miles. They hunted the Hough residence from cellar to garret. Then Ernest suggested that they try and beg a roll of bait of Eelus Pollock. Eelus was easy, and Hough and Lister were again on the banks of the Rogue, but the sun was near its meridian. Lister was in the water first. Hough pulled on one boot; then the other, when "squash," his foot crushed into jelly pounds of salmon roe that had rested all the time down in the bottom of his boot where he now remembered having placed it. It had travelled with him through the fields, over 36 miles of highway, within inches of his nose, yet he had lost half a day's fishing for the want of it. Lister is not especially sensitive, but he plugged his two ears to shut out the awful things that were floating in the air along the banks of the Rogue.

The fish of the Rogue are partaking of a real piscatorial banquet these days. The river is full of spawn and the fish lie below the spawning grounds and catch the chinook eggs, big as marbles, as they roll down with the current. A steelhead was caught the other day with 56 of these salmon eggs in his gullet. That was quite a meal. But a cutthroat has got them all beat when it comes to capacity. His appetite is never satisfied. Wilford Allen Jr. caught a pound cutthroat a couple of weeks ago that had an even 80 chinook eggs in his stomach and mouth. The eggs had all been taken within a few minutes as they were absolutely fresh, and when placed in a jar and kept for several days showed that practically all of them were still living for the embryonic salmon continued their development. The cutthroat is the glutton of the stream.

Quartz blanks at Courier office.

**Use Life's Powers Properly.**  
There is no wealth but life: life, including all its powers of love, of joy and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is the richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.—Ruskin.

**Some Grownups Have Same Idea.**  
Miriam had been over to a neighbor's to see the new baby, and on her return I asked her what she thought of it. She replied: "Oh, I don't like 'em so fresh; I like 'em better after-ward."

**FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN S. AMERICA**

Rio de Janeiro, Nov. 29.—Christ church of this city which soon will celebrate its centenary is said to have been the first Protestant church to be built in South America. It was erected to provide a place of worship for the English community here. Two restrictions were placed on the church, the exterior was to resemble a dwelling house and not a temple, and no bells were allowed.

Out of this concession grew the religious liberty which exists now in Brazil.

Today there are two Anglican dioceses and 49 churches in South America. One diocese includes Argentina and Brazil, with a bishopric in Buenos Aires; the other includes the Falkland Islands and the west coast countries. In addition to the Anglican churches, there are many other protestant churches scattered throughout South America.

**Carriers Wanted—**  
Carrier boys for Daily Courier wanted—routes now open. Extra pay for rainy weather. Apply at once.

**NO TRUANT OFFICERS ARE NEEDED HERE**

New Kind of School at Portland, Ore., Is Attended by Old and Young.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
Out in Portland, Ore., a new kind of school has been started which has no truant officer, gives no degrees, and is attended by young and old—college graduates as well as some who didn't go through high school. It's not a large school—only 36 at last reports, who meet once a week for an intensive

course in grain grading, because they are interested in grading grain under federal standards, administered by the United States department of agriculture. The school is held once a week outside of business hours in the office of the federal grain supervisor. Among the students are grain dealers, dock superintendents and foremen, and state grain men.

It has been necessary to divide the school into two classes to take care of the new men who come in. The "senior" class now thoroughly understands how to analyze and grade samples under federal standards and can answer properly questions relating to inspection and sampling. The school will be continued as long as anyone wishes to attend.

IT'S MORE THAN A PICTURE--IT'S A SENSATION

**GEORGE LOANE TUCKER'S PRODUCTION**

From the play by GEORGE M. COHAN

Based on the story by FRANK L. PACKARD

Read the Time Schedule Below

Come to Matinee Tomorrow if Possible

**"THE MIRACLE MAN"**

**3-DAYS-3**

**Tomorrow Matinee and Night Monday and Tuesday Nights**

**Come and See Come Live a Life in an Hour!**

**Mr. H. HARCKE at the New Organ Tomorrow**

**It's a Picture That Tugs Your Heart-Strings**

Full of thrills, mixed with laughter and tears. When you see it, you will echo with thousands: "Takes its place with the greatest in years."



**TIME SCHEDULE**

MATINEE DOORS OPEN 1:45 Feature Starts 2:15  
EVENING DOORS OPEN 6:30 Feature Starts 7:15 and 9:00 p. m.  
ADDED ATTRACTION PRESENTED 15 Minutes Before the FEATURE  
We cannot too strongly emphasize the importance that you be seated at starting times in order to truly enjoy the performance of the FEATURE.

**Manager's Note:**

In presenting "The Miracle Man" at the Oregon Theatre we are convinced that we are showing you the best picture that has been screened in Grants Pass. It so irresistibly appeals to all shades of public opinion, and every living soul who sees it will go home with a feeling of glowing satisfaction they have seen "A Worth While Picture."

GEO. A. HUNT, Mgr.

**Admission Price**

All Seats 50c  
War Tax 5c  
Total 55c

This being the lowest possible price allowed by the owners of this Big Feature.

**THE OREGON**