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C. S. Jackson

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ADD TO FREE LIST.

Let not Congress be weary in well doing. Let it add to the free list. Coal is there. Put beef and hides and steel there. There is a beef trust, a virtual trust, that corresponds in character to the coal trust. It is not an owner or controller of all sources of supply, but it controls so large a per centage of the whole that it is able to dictate.

Why should certain articles or products be placed upon the free list, as a means to checking the trusts? For one reason, because the trusts don't want them placed there, and it is good policy to do what your opponent does not want done.

The foregoing, however, is not offered as even an argument. It is merely by the way. There are reasons, however, and valid reasons. And they are familiar to the nation. They have been cited times without number, and have been rehearsed from the political stump for the past few decades. To mention tariff reform is to mention what has become virtually the household thought in the minds of the people.

And it is just about time for the majority party to heed the demand that has grown into a command.

The late President McKinley appreciated this truth. He has stood as the exponent of protection. He has been sponsor for measures that entrenched the protective idea firmly. But, watching the current of thought upon this subject, with a keen perception of what the people were thinking of what they wanted, Mr. McKinley went upon record at Buffalo in his last public utterance, as favoring the removal of tariff duties upon many articles, and the gradual moving away from the position which had been occupied for so long time.

Mr. McKinley was eulogized at Canton the other day, by men who lead the Republican party. As they pronounced encomiums upon his knowledge of statecraft, did they realize that they were indicting themselves either of insincerity with reference to Mr. McKinley's views and judgment, or with reference to their present duty? If Mr. McKinley was right when he talked at Buffalo, then the tariff should suffer radical revision. And that he was thought to be right, anyone will admit who follows the expressions of current opinion throughout the country.

Some party is going to add to the free list. This the people of the country demand and are going to have. If it be not the Republican party, then it will be the Democratic party. Some party will be selected by the nation to institute the reform that is warranted by the conditions now existent.

That it should not be an extreme revision, goes without the saying. If the Democratic party be entrusted with the task, it will lay upon it the duty of observing business rules in so doing, and not repeat the mistakes of the Wilson bill, that was an economic monstrosity, neither Democratic nor Republican, and framed according to the selfish wishes of the very interests that should have been struck at in the passage of the law.

Sensible action suggested by experience, is what the country wants. The country is going to have such action, and the politicians would better take notice of this obvious truth.

CONCRETE SOCIALISM.

Combatting the abstract principles of Socialism, the people are continually accepting it in the concrete. All of us refuse to subscribe to the doctrines of the Socialistic cult, yet we not only consent to, but demand the passage of laws that are essentially of the Socialistic sort.

Here in Oregon, we have the Initiative and Referendum, distinctively Socialistic. We have the tax upon corporations, another Socialistic idea. We have the tax on inheritances, which is another of the doctrines of the same school of social philosophers. And still other bills now in committee will become laws, bills that are of the very essence of Socialism.

After all, Socialism sometimes appears to be forced upon us by the bewildering complexities of modern social development. Imagine a return to the numerous railroads operated independently. What confusion of traffic. And, while we fight the railroad trust or merger, because we realize that the halfway adoption of Socialism is wrong, yet we concede that the railroad merger is the inevitable outgrowth of our social life. We use the phrase "the half-way adoption of Socialism," meaning that the railroad merger is only the instrument of Socialism wielded by private authority, and not by the whole people. And half-way Socialism is vicious. To merge the roads and leave them in private ownership is to endanger the liberties of the people and create a power approximating that of the government. So that, if we accept the railroad merger as inevitable, we are, ergo, compelled to admit that Socialism must also be accepted. This is distasteful in the extreme. Yet, who can argue to the contrary? Who does not know that to permit the logical outcome of rail mergers, which means the merging of all roads in the country, is to set up a system that possesses power almost as great as that of the very government at Washington?

We who have refused Socialism acceptance, in toto, seem to be accepting it piecemeal, and the prospect appears to be that eventually the entire system will have been taken as a substitute for the older, the orthodox system of government.

One by one the various phases of Socialism creep into our state and national governments, and no one appears to have discovered just where we are to draw the line.

DELAWARE'S LESSON.

Delaware has no United States Senator. The one has been kept from his seat for four years, the other for two years. Prospects are poor that a Senator will be elected at this session of the Legislature.

Oregon has also failed to elect a Senator at a session of the Legislature, and at this time more than half of the session has gone without results.

Presume the election of Senators by popular vote to be in force and effect, such fiascos would be impossible. Oregon has the machinery whereby to inaugurate the reform. Will the politicians obey the dictates of the people and utilize its provisions when next a Senator is to be chosen? The newspaper press should keep this subject before the people now, while thought is directed towards it. Sentiment may be created at this time that will compel observance of the Mays law in the next Senatorial election.

Just so soon as it is possible legally so to do, the Oregon Legislature should offer to the people an amendment to the Constitution changing the date of the state and congressional election from June to November. Under the present regime, Oregon does little else during Presidential election years but engage in politics, and that is popularly supposed to be unhealthy to business and morals. Certainly, most patriotic citizens will welcome the change eliminating one election campaign from these years.

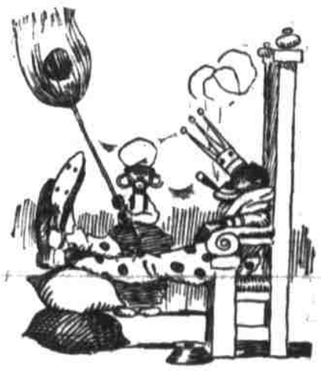
Oregon's record in appropriating $500,000 for the Lewis and Clark Fair, according to the showing made by the Pendleton Tribune, is creditable when compared with those of other states for expositions held therein. That appropriation in itself has been an advertisement worth every dollar it cost. It will encourage other states to make liberal provision for their exhibits, and say to the East that Oregon is out for something big in the way of progress.

Secretary Max Shillock is bringing order out from chaos in the Board of Trade. Together with the other officers, he will make the Board a force in the city and state. The Board now has nearly 200 members, and the list is growing rapidly. There is work for this Board to do, and it deserves support from all progressive people.

Too great opposition to bills taxing corporations will operate to engender all sorts of measures and propositions to impose further burdens upon them. It might be wise for the corporations' representatives to permit reasonable bills to become law, and not invite ultra-opposition in the form of radical prop

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

James Huff sues his stage manager for $35,000 for the loss of his voice.



The Sultan of Zulu is not dead; he is having too good a time.

For the first time in many years the Thames has frozen over.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Editor The Journal—In last evening's Journal I noticed the startling article by Mr. Schulmiech concerning the tub butter question. While he did not refer to me, he did refer to what interests me.

As to the producer of dairy products, I came here to live and I would hope to prosper; but it is discouraging to try to prosper in the dairy business so long as such disgusting ignorance predominates.

No wonder Oregon is at the tail end of prosperity in everything pertaining to production! The claim is made by some of our bright lights that our present high prices for butter and cheese are the direct results of the enforcement of the tub butter clause and the full weight proposition of our present dairy law.

I wish to ask the gentleman of experience if he ever looked up the government reports on the number of cows there is now, compared to the number there was a few years ago. If he will, he will find there are about 2,000,000 less in number now than there were a few years ago. Then, again, the oleomargerine question has been subdued and reduced in its output, while the population of the country is constantly on the gain. When he gets at the facts and is inclined to reason, he might change his mind. He, with a few others, seem to have the opinion that the creamery men are a set of stupendous fools and would tear down everything that holds up and sustains their business. I would ask, what does this more than good prices for the finished article? How can this be brought about if the moss-back element persist in having laws that kill and injure every opportunity a legitimate manufacturer has of taking care of his surplus in the flush of the season?

You suppress the manufacturer and you injure the producer.

I wish to ask Mr. Schulmiech how much he, or any of his followers have done to bring about good dairy laws? I wish to ask him or those who contributed solid cash and time to support the National Dairy Union, an organization that brought about the suppression of fraudulent dairy products. I have strong doubts if the gentleman or his supporters ever contributed a cent in cash or anything else.

I can say, and prove the statement, that it was through the efforts of the creamery men. There is no individual more interested in pure food and an honest article than the creamery manager.

If cold storage is a fraud in Oregon, why is it not a fraud in other states? There is not another state in the union that condemns it, but indorses it. It has aided the producer or farmer more than imaginable. Some of our would-be lights on the tub or storage questions would remind us of ancient days when it was a crime to have a stove in church, a question that had been voted on many times in a little Connecticut town, the younger element wanting the stove and the elder element opposing it. Finally the younger element carried the day and the stove was placed in the church. The first Sunday after the stove was placed in the church one of the old ladies who was opposed, fainted away on account of the intense heat. After she was persuaded to come to, the only way her friends could prove to her that there was no fire in the stove was to show her that there were two lengths of pipe lacking.

I have faith to believe that we have a just and wise committee in Jud Damie and Clarnehan and that they will not place themselves on record of being the only committee in this great union that will work a hardship on the producer in the form of doing anything to injure the sale of an honest product to favor the schemes of a certain two or three politicians who try to make a bugbear out of tub butter. R. R. CARLSON.

Extensive purchases of land on Bahrein Island, in the Persian gulf, are reported to have been made by the Russian consul at Bushire.

BOOTH'S GRAVE REVEALED

Considerable interest has been aroused the last few days by a story from Oklahoma of a man who, committing suicide there, claimed that he was John Wilkes Booth, slayer of President Lincoln. So much talk has the affair caused, that it is reported that Boston Corbett, the man who is claimed to have killed Booth in a Virginia barn three days after the assassination, is coming out from the East to identify the body and prove that it is not that of the man who first made a President a martyr. Corbett is supposed to be the best authority on the subject in the United States, and he has always claimed that he shot Booth, in spite of the often repeated assertion that Booth was not shot, but was spirited away by Southern sympathizers, and is yet alive, or was until recently.

But there is a man in Kansas City today who heard the real story of the death, and especially of the burial, of John Wilkes Booth, from the lips of Booth's own brother, Edwin Booth, the wonderful tragedian. This is perhaps the first time the story ever appeared in print, for Edwin Booth almost never mentioned his assassin brother, and particularly was he careful not to mention his burial—for reasons which the story makes perfectly obvious. It was told to John T. Sullivan, now appearing at the Orpheum, under the seal of secrecy, which only death has lifted, and Mr. Sullivan has never repeated it till now, because no occasion has arisen to call it forth. But the assertions of the Oklahoma suicide that he was John Wilkes Booth are so preposterous to Mr. Sullivan that he feels that he ought to make public the true account of the unfortunate man's end.

"There is one man in the United States today, and only one," said Mr. Sullivan, in his dressing room yesterday, "who could identify absolutely the body of Booth, and that man is John Matthews, assistant secretary of the Actors' Fund of New York. Mr. Matthews was in the company with John Wilkes Booth on the night that Lincoln was killed, and he saw the whole affair. Not only that, but he was a close friend of Booth, and knew his every characteristic. He could say in a second that the Oklahoma body is not that of the famous assassin. But there is no need of that, for the body of John Wilkes Booth now rests in the family lot of the Booths, in a Baltimore cemetery. Boston Corbett may have shot Booth in that Virginia barn, but even if he did, why should he come forth to identify the body of a man whom he saw only once, and then at its worst and in a condition which would make identification almost impossible? If they want any proof that it is not Booth, why not bring Matthews here and get it straight?

"But that that could not possibly be Booth I have the most absolute assurances. They come to me from Edwin Booth, his brother, with whom I was leading man for years. We played together right here in Kansas City at the old Coates House, and were close friends as well as fellow actors. Edwin Booth told me the true story of the burial of his brother's body, and I am now telling it for the first time in the world. Only his death could have unsealed my lips, and not even death, had not there been this occasion to call it forth.

"Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln on Good Friday night in Ford's Theatre, Washington. The play was 'Our American Cousin,' and Mr. Matthews was on the stage when the shot was fired, and saw Booth leap from the box down to the stage. In doing so, it will be remembered Booth caught his spur in the draperies of American flags and fell, breaking his leg. Yet he made his way to the stage door, leaped on a horse that was in waiting in the alley for him and escaped over the Long Bridge to Virginia. There his leg was set by a Dr. Mudd, and he went on toward the South.

"The original idea," said Mr. Sullivan, further, "was to kidnap Lincoln, but Samuel Arnold and James McLaughlin, each of whom was to kill one cabinet officer, backed out on the day that Lincoln was to have visited Fort Stephens, seven miles from Washington, where Early on his raid had been beaten back. Asteroth, a German house painter at Port Tobacco, was to have killed Vice-President Johnson at Kirkwood's. Payne, a blockade runner, tried to kill Secretary Seward in a house in Lafayette Square, afterwards occupied by James G. Blaine, now the Lafayette Square Theatre.

"After the shooting, Booth met Harold at the pension office and they rode over Capitol Hill and Long Bridge to Surrattsville, where he went on to Dr. Mudd's, three miles from Bryantown. The doctor set the broken leg for $25. There a negro named Swan, for $5 showed them the road to Allen's Fresh. There they stayed with a Southern sympathizer, Samuel Cox. From thence they made their way first by boat on Methudy creek to keep King George courthouse, next to Port Royal ferry and then to Garrett farm, where they were surrounded in his barn by L. C. Baker, chief of the United States secret service, and his men.

"From Edwin Booth, who told me this, I had the conversation which there took place, and which afterwards was obtained from those who took part in the scene:

Baker—You must surrender. Give up your arms. We have 50 men. We give you five minutes.

Booth—Who are you and what do you want with us?

Baker—We have waited long enough. Surrender, or we will fire on the barn.

Booth—I'm a cripple—a one-legged man. Withdraw your forces 100 yards from the door and I'll come. Give me a chance for my life, captain. I will never be taken alive.

Baker—We did not come here to fight, but to capture you. I say again, appear or the barn shall be fired.

Booth (still invisible)—Well, then, boys, prepare a stretcher for me. (Then to Harold): You are a coward—go, go! I don't want you to stay! (To Baker): There's a man inside who wants to surrender.

Harold (rattling door)—Let me out! I want to surrender.

Baker—Hand out your arms.

Harold—I haven't got any.

Baker—Where's the carbine you got at Lloyd's?

Booth—It's mine. He has no arms.

Harold put his hands through the door. Baker handcuffed him and gave him into the custody of Colonel E. J. Conger of Ohio, afterward Congressman.

Booth—Captain, give me a chance. Draw off your men and I'll fight them singly. I could have killed you six times tonight, but I believe you to be a brave man and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show.

"Colonel Conger slipped to the rear and put some loose straws through a crack and lit them. It burned rapidly. Booth could be seen behind the blaze—like a magnificent creature, very much like his brother Edwin—leaning on a crutch, his carbine poised. Word was hastily passed around to fire no shot, as it would only be a moment and he would have to leave the building. As the fire increased Booth strode to the door, limping, opened it and burst through the flames with carbine raised to fire. A disobedient sergeant, with his eye at a knothole, fired on the figure, in the neck, and he fell in a heap. Booth's last words were, 'Tell—mother—and I die—for my country. I thought I did for the best.'

"Baker said: 'Booth, do I repeat correctly?' Booth nodded his head, saying frequently as he lay on the mattress Garrett's people brought out: 'Kill me—kill me.' Finally, at 5 a. m., he motioned that he wanted to see his hands; they were lifted up, but he could not see or feel them—they were paralyzed. He said: 'Useless! Useless!'—the last words he ever uttered.

"His body was sewed up in an army blanket, and in a wagon was moved to Washington by Baker and Conger—just as Lincoln's body was moving in state across the country.

"Booth's body was exhibited to certain people in Washington, for purposes of identification—Edwin being taken from Philadelphia, practically under arrest, to identify it. Edwin C. Stanton turned the corpse over to Baker. When Baker was asked, years afterward: 'What did you do with Booth's body?' Baker's answer was: 'That is known to only one man beside myself. It is gone. I will not tell you where. The only one who knows is sworn to silence. Never till the great trumpeter comes shall the grave of Booth be discovered!'

"But the body was taken on the Steamer Ide, April 27, down the Potomac. Colonel L. C. Baker and L. B. Baker, his nephew, a lieutenant of the New York 71st Volunteers, placed the body in a boat and the two went to an island 27 miles from Washington and secretly buried it.

"The inquest was held in Washington, April 27. The body was identified by John Matthews and Harry Hawk, actors, now living. Also by Dr. May, who removed a tumor from Booth's neck in 1864; by Dr. Barnes, surgeon-general, United States Army, who identified also a cut piece of spine where the bullet went through. The others were hanged. The execution was July 9, in the old penitentiary jail yard at City Point, south of the old Pension Building.

"Sergeant Boston Corbett was stationed 30 feet from the barn with instructions not to go near it. He disobeyed and was marched back under arrest.

"It has always been supposed that Booth's body was interred beneath the flagstones in the court yard of the old District jail there—the same jail, by the way, in which J. Guiteau, the slayer of Garfield, was hanged.

"However, it was not buried there. That story was told to keep the public mind at peace.

"When some of the prejudice against the Booth family had died out, Edwin Booth obtained secret permission to disinter the body of his brother, and to bury it properly in the family lot. He had this done, very quietly, of course, and without anyone being the wiser; the body of the unfortunate man was properly interred in Baltimore. There it is today, and Edwin Booth rests beside it.

When he had the body disinterred, Edwin Booth identified it beyond the shadow of a doubt as that of his brother, and it is absolute rot and folly for anyone to assert otherwise. The permission to exhume it came from the United States government, which, of course, was well informed on its place of burial, and was given after application to that effect had been made by Edwin Booth in person. It was the only time he ever entered Washington after the killing of Lincoln, and if you will remember, the fact that he was there was commented upon at the time, though, of course, he did not play there; no one knew what took him there.

"That is the real story of the body of John Wilkes Booth. It is absolutely true, for I had it from Edwin Booth himself, and I am one of the extremely few persons who ever heard him speak of his brother. That he was killed in that Virginia barn is proved by the secret service archives. That he was supposedly buried in the Washington District jail yard, is believed by nearly everyone today. That he never was buried there, but was interred first on that island in the Potomac, and later in Baltimore, is news that I never would have told had not this Oklahoma matter came up. As I say, if they want to disprove the Oklahoma story, let them send for John Matthews, and not a man who only saw Booth one time, and then to shoot him.

"I have always believed," continued Mr. Sullivan, "that Mrs. Surratt could have been proved innocent, and her life could have been saved, had her son, John H. Surratt, returned. She had nothing to do with the plot, Edwin Booth told me, except that the conspirators met at her house. Atzerodt, Payne, Herrold, and Mrs. Surratt were hanged July 14, at old City Point, Washington City. They were convicted as conspirators and assassins."—Kansas City Journal.

PEOPLE vs. THE TRUSTS

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SNAKE RIVER ARCHAEOLOGY

Last Thursday a party of hunters on the Owyhee River, 90 miles from its mouth, found two Indian skulls, in a remote and isolated district. Near by was a large stone bearing Indian inscriptions in profuse quantities. Upon closer examination the stone was found to be the tombstone of an old Indian chief who raided Eastern Oregon in an early day. The skulls were his at the ages of 16, and at the time of his death. He is supposed to have lived to be nearly 100 years old. Among the inscriptions on the stone is an appeal to the pale face to take note of the great development in this chief's head between the ages of 16 and 100. At the first named age the head was low in front, running to a flat high peak on top. It was also narrow in the forehead, whereas his manhood showed a broadening of the front head and a rounding off of the sharp peak. The face bones had also assumed an Anglo-Saxon resemblance.

One feature of the discovery is brought out in the thought that the Indians themselves had been aware of the change in the head of their chief, and stranger still, that they could look upon the change with favor enough to have later generations witness to the fact. Those who now have the skull contend that it proves evolution beyond peradventure of a doubt. Against possible claim that the skulls are those of two Indians, it is held that the inscriptions are prima facie evidence that they are one and the same. Those who claim to be posted in Indian hieroglyphics are united in the belief that we have unearthed an evidence of evolution, and that evolution must certainly have been the religion of the early Indians in Eastern Oregon.

Near the tombstone the party made an excavation of some dimensions and discovered the remaining bones of one Indian. Among the utensils was an earthern vessel holding about one gallon, and on this vessel was a Latin inscription as follows: "A rmo urs la rdc an." Just where the Indians got hold of this inscription is another mystery that is puzzling the knowing ones. It bears traces of Latin, but evidently very crude Latin, to say the least. The region where the discovery was made is one of the unfrequented spots of the wilds along the rugged section of the Owyhee River, where the white man was formerly unknown and where it is supposed the Indians retreated after their murderous raids on emigrants in an early day. It is thought that the old Blue Bucket mine legend locates the fabulously rich mine near where the two skulls were found.

This discovery is considered to be a valuable addition to science, inasmuch as it tends to prove the disputed theory of evolution. It is to be regretted, however, that the evidence is so incomplete. There are only two skulls of this Indian known to be in existence, representing widely different periods in his life. How much more satisfactory would it be if a number of skulls showing the different stages of development in the process of evolution could be discovered. If a skull for each decade of this Indian's life could be obtained it would show the gradual development from a state of savagery and barbarism to the highly ascetic and effete civilization of that region. Let us hope that further important discoveries will be made.

BENEFITS OF THE FAIR

By Thomas Roberts.

What do I think the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition will do for Oregon? Why, I think that it will advertise it. That is all we ought to expect it to do, and that is sufficient. When that is done it will bring ample returns for the money expended.

I agree with the generally conceded fact that all we need is advertising, and I know of no better plan to advertise this country than the Lewis and Clark Exposition. That method will accomplish more than any other. What might have been called a mere "agitation" of the matter before the bill passed the Legislature had already brought in good results—it had advertised us to some extent—and now, since the bill has become a law, additional confidence has been inspired and the good results are manifest in many instances.

I have the utmost faith in good results from the Fair and do not think any one will ever have cause to regret the move. I expect the effects to be felt right along from now until the Fair is over, and to continue afterwards. It is doing good advertising work now, and will do more when the people come, and will do still more when they return home and tell what they saw. The Fair is a good thing.

TOPIS IN BRIEF.

The New York police who raided the most notorious gambling joint in America are to be tried for it. This has Tammany several points down.—Detroit News.

They held an election in Honduras recently and cast 30,000 more votes than the entire population. Honduras is evidently playing for annexation.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

For the benefit of those reading accounts of the Senatorial contest now on at Salem, The Press will say that H. L. Pittock, who is receiving votes daily, is a partner of Harvey W. Scott, in the publication of the Portland Oregonian. Mr. Pittock's Senatorial star has from three to five points, and gleams with lustre accordingly. At least, that is the number of votes he receives from day to day in the Legislature.—Athena Press.

AN OREGON RABBIT DRIVE

By Paul De Laney.

Rabbit driving is on in Eastern Oregon in full force. The snow is heavier now at most points than at any other season of the year and the pest-ridden ranchers are waging a relentless war upon the rabbits. Everybody has heard of rabbit drives and the large number of rabbits destroyed in this manner, but very few know how the warfare is conducted. As high as 3,000 rabbits have been destroyed by one set of drivers in one day and as high as 1,900 have been destroyed at one drive.

The First Drive.

The first heavy snowfall is watched for with interest by all who live in the pest-ridden districts. The children think it the most royal sport in the world, the young women and young men think it delightful and the older persons welcome it as an opportunity to get even with the destroyers of their gardens, their young orchards, their hayfields—in fact, everything that grows on the ranch.

When the first heavy snowfall comes the announcement is made that on a certain day, and Sunday is generally selected as the day, the first rabbit drive will take place. This announcement is made either at some public gathering, or two or three of the ranchers get together and settle on the date and then send runners out over the country to announce the first rabbit drive. The place is determined by the ranchers and a committee is appointed to arrange the field. The selection of the place is no difficult one. Every rancher wants the drive made as near his home as possible, and while it is expected to make a drive near the home of every rancher in the district during the season, there is considerable competition among them for the first drive. Every one is fresh at the first drive, the sport is new for the time and the occasion is not only one of great benefit to the rancher near whose home the drive is made, but it is remembered as a time of great jollification. And then the women vie with one another preparing the greatest banquet for the guests.

The Meeting Place.

The meeting place, and especially on the morning of the first drive of the season, presents an interesting scene. Men, women and children gather there from every point, some of them coming 15 to 20 miles. They come in sleighs, in wagons, buggies, carts, buckboards, home-made sleds, on horseback and on foot. There are gray-haired men and old women and small boys and girls, and there are babies in their mother's arms. Every one that is large enough bears from one to two heavy clubs. These clubs vary in size and shape, according to the taste of the owner. Some of them are innocent looking enough, but there are some that would make the war club of the wild man from Borneo look like a plaything. Timber is scarce in these sections and some of the clubs are manufactured from fence rails and posts and others consist of ax handles and maul handles, and some of the drivers secure their weapons from the far-away mountains.

The Organization.

When the appointed time for the start arrives the rancher nearest whose ranch the drive is to be made mounts a wagon and announces in a loud voice the name of the captain selected for the drive. This personage is usually one who has earned the honor by his previous record, and as soon as his name is announced he rides forward on horseback and announces his plans and also calls out the names of his lieutenants. Strict order is counselled and the organization, order of march and manner of conducting the drive are entered into with as much earnestness as if it were an occasion of a real army about to attack another.

Line of "Battle."

The drivers move off from the meeting place in regular order as designated by the captain, under the guidance of the lieutenants. A road or trail is usually selected as the place upon which to form the line. The line of drivers is usually a mile in length. When the line is formed complete the vehicles and footmen occupy the central portion of the line and the horsemen form the outposts, or ends of the line. The vehicles are usually 20 or 30 feet apart and between these are arranged footmen, one or two between each vehicle. On either end of the line horsemen line up 50 to 100 feet apart. The distance apart of the different members of the company is always governed by the territory to be covered and the number of persons engaged in the drive.

The Start.

Those first in their places are compelled to wait often for some time for the line to be completed. All along the line the captain and his lieutenants may be seen riding at a high rate of speed giving orders here and there and getting the drivers in the proper position. The ground is usually covered with several inches of snow and the snow is often falling at the time the drive is made. The growth on the surface of the earth where the rabbits are found is usually sagebrush, and this is usually very rank and its limbs lie entangled together, covered with snow, and this makes travel very difficult over the ground. But all are eager for the start. Finally the command to "advance" comes down the line and all start out shouting and beating the sagebrush as they go. The eager ones sometimes get ahead of the main line, but the swift horse of the captain or a lieutenant soon brings one of these to the place and the line is properly arranged again.

Rabbits Show Up.

As soon as the line starts out the horsemen at the ends of the line advance more rapidly than the remainder of the line, riding from right to left as they go, and a concave line is thus formed. By this means the rabbits are kept nearer the center of the line. But when first starting out and for some distance afterwards the novice begins to think that failure is inevitable. He sees no rabbits and begins to believe that the drive is a poor method of destroying them, and wonders how they expect to catch them, anyway. But soon the rabbits begin to appear. They scamper away from the noise of the drivers until they have accumulated in droves, far in the front. They may now be seen in every direction. They run short distances and then turn back to meet the drivers, who keep up a constant din, and then they rush forward again. The steady drivers keep everything before them. Occasionally a detachment of the rabbits, which have become as thick as sheep in a band, attempts to break through the lines, and then comes the sport. The people leap from the vehicles and join the footmen and a great hurrah is raised. The drivers throw their clubs at the pests and even kick at them and try to catch them. Occasionally one escapes through the lines at first, but not often.

Nearing the Goal.

As the end of the drive approaches the horses and vehicles are abandoned to single drivers, or tied, and all take their place in line on foot. The line is also closed as the goal is approached, and a great effort is required to keep the rabbits, now running about badly frightened, from breaking through the line. They tumble over each other like so many sheep and in their bewilderment the drivers come upon them and slay them with their clubs. The wings of the corral are now reached and the rabbits become more centralized and the drivers come closer together. They are now required to stand side by side and it takes all of their combined efforts to keep the pests from escaping. The drivers often lose their clubs and resort to their hands and feet as a means of keeping the rabbits in front of them. It is not infrequent to see a driver take one of the rabbits up by the hind legs and use it as a club in forcing the others forward.

The wings are made of rabbit-proof wire fencing which projects out in V shape for several hundred yards from the point of intersection. When the rabbits, hard-pressed by the drivers, reach this wire fence, which they do not see until they are against it, they seem to realize their peril and then make a great rush to escape.

The Slaughter.

The escape of the rabbits through the opening of the wings gives them but momentary hope. They find themselves in a corral of a half an acre or more, surrounded by a high fence, and as soon as the last one has entered the opening is closed and they are completely imprisoned. Here ends the work of the women, but the sport of the boys and the revenge of the men begins. While the women turn their faces away the men and boys enter the corral with their clubs and they begin the slaughter by death-dealing blows. The blood spatters everywhere, even into the faces of the assailants, and the pitiful cries of the wounded and dying rabbits does not add to the pleasure of the occasion to the timid. But the men think of their potatoes that were destroyed last fall, their cabbage, their prosperous young orchard, their hay, and everything planted on their ranch and they strike more desperate and more revengeful and more deadly.

Counting Results.

After the pests are all slain the "executioners," who are now about exhausted, stand aside and others do the counting. The rabbits are all brought to a given point and counted as they are thrown in a pile. They often make a heap several feet in height and cover an area of several feet, many hundreds having often been killed as the result of one drive.

After the count is made the drivers repair to the ranch houses in the community for a well-earned meal. Another drive is often made in the afternoon. But announcements are made before breaking up at the corral of future drives in the district. The announcement is also made of the number of rabbits killed on the particular date, and if the showing is a good one it is greeted with applause.

Year by year the rabbits are decreasing in number before civilization and the constant warfare of the ranchers, and one of the greatest hopes of the Eastern Oregon rancher is to see the day when there will not be one of these pests left in the state.