

# THIS IS LONE JACK DAY.

## AN ANNUAL PICNIC THAT ATTRACTS A GREAT MULTITUDE OF PEOPLE.

**A New Order Adopted To-Day—For the First Time Since the Celebrations of the Battle Began the Speakers Talk Politics!**

Thirty years ago to day a little skirmish took place at Lone Jack. The opposing forces were nearly equal and the skirmish, which began before sunrise on the morning of August 10, 1867, lasted until the shadows grew long across the Sul hills.

It is called now a bloody battle and on each recurring anniversary thousands crowd to the scene. They walk across the field where shells whistled, bullets sang and men fell dead and dying on the morning when Colonel Cockrell and his men in gray surprised the blue coats under Major Lester, peace reigns where there was fierce hostility, and neighbors shake hands, tell stories and ask about the condition of the crops on the very spot where soldiers of both sides fell, pierced with bayonets or reddled with bullets.

A tall, white marble shaft standing near a lone tree in the center of the battlefield marks the resting place of the soldiers who fell in the battle of Lone Jack. Just back of this is a shady grove, where the green trees make dense shadows across the blue grass, stands a huge platform made of rough unplanned planks spiked upon a few heavy posts. From this platform to day are coming volleys of words, a cannonading of sounds, now rising and swelling into a volume so loud that one thinks the enemy is just beyond the brow of the hill, and then falling so low that you imagine the enemy is in full retreat with the victors resting on their arms, content to let them get as far away as they can.

But the battle of to day is one of courtesy. Words take the place of bullets and high sounding phrases supplant the screaming of the shells. It is, altogether, a more pleasing spectacle and without a safer one to witness, to hear or to take part in than was that little one in which brave men under Cockrell and equally as brave men under Lester engaged thirty years ago.

Since that occasion all meetings upon the Lone Jack battlefield have been peaceful ones. Men of peace, who handle the plowshare and bear the sword, have charge. They bring their wives and sweethearts with them to the battlefield, and the greatest carnage now is when a hungry mosquito meets man's busy death beneath a horny hand, or a voracious chigger stings the country and its people.

To day a reunion and celebration marks a marked departure from the rules governing the anniversary celebration. Hither to politics and political speeches have been barred. The politician stalked the ground for miles and practically a one, while the veteran who had heard bullets whistling, or perhaps had lost a leg, an arm or had his courage fractured in some battle, was the hero of the day. Lone Jack has crowded pretty maidens and charming matrons, has plate at moment was crowded and heaped with the choicest portions of chickens which in life walked yellow legs through the barroward, the day was a long summer's dream, and at its close he fought the battle of his life with indignation and kindred life which camp continually upon the trail of the unwary veteran.

It is said that every dog has his day. This one of the year is the politician's day, and those who have witnessed his meek and lowly demeanor hitherto at Lone Jack, hardly know him to day. He strides across the battlefield with long, loping steps, throws a friendly arm about the marble shaft and talks glibly, if pleasingly, to the dear people. It is transition from the grub to the butterfly was brought about by a ruling of the committee in charge. This important body decided that the speakers to day should not be out. But to remarks upon the weather, the crops or kindred non-political issues. They were invited to discuss political questions from a national standpoint. That the change was approved by the people was evident from the crowd which gathered to hear Congressman Leitow and Jarney. Lone Jack has had many great crowds, but none larger than the one which took possession of every nook and shady spot about the battlefield and crowded the big grove. To day Jackson county is represented by thousands of young men farmers, Lafayette, Cass and Clay counties have large delegations, and many from Kansas City are spending a pleasant day in the country.

Perhaps if some of the victims of that rough brush could see what a day of enjoyment and festivity the celebration of the battle of Lone Jack has grown to be there might be murmurs of dissent. The hot bullet of war has given way to the fried chicken of peace and the deadly cannon ball to its work taken up by the fashionable pig, which smiles as it smashes and is a villain still.

**It politicians Organizing To-Day.**

To day is the date has by President Clark, son of the National League of Republican clubs for the organization of local campaign clubs.

He sent circulars to the faithful in all the states, urging them to crawl from their high tariff shells to day long enough to unite in a general movement which has for its object the formation of clubs which, though the members thereof may not be voters, may yet make noise in the campaign.

Circulars were sent broadcast through Missouri, but there seems to be no noticeable weakening. The hard partiers of the local leagues are as devoted of life to day as they have been since Blaine was defeated at the polls.