

LONE JACK HEARS NEW IDEAS

FOR THE FIRST TIME THE OLD BATTLE-GROUND RINGS WITH NEWER CHEERS.

A Reunited Country, a Victorious Flag, a Greater Empire, the story of yesterday's Great Fights of Southrons—Major Newman's strong speech.

On the field of Lone Jack, where one of the fiercest battles of the civil war in the West was fought, 4000 persons, most of them veterans who wore the Southern gray, with sons, daughters and grandchildren of Confederate soldiers and sympathizers, and a goodly leaven of soldiers of that other army in the blue, stood yesterday and cheered Jerry Simpson of Kansas and Major Henry Newman of Missouri when they declared that this country ought to hold every inch of territory on which the Stars and Stripes was planted in this war with Spain. It was no half-hearted applause. It was a quick, ringing cheer. And there was applause fully as enthusiastic when Major Newman, himself a Confederate veteran, said that there was no longer left a spark of the old bitter feeling between the North and the South and when the Rev. Mr. Vernon of Independence said that the Spanish minister when he left Washington at the beginning of the war took with him Mason and Dixon's line.

ITS CHANGED CHARACTER

The Lone Jack picnic, held on the battlefield every year since the great fight thirty-six years ago, has really always been a Confederate reunion. In that part of the county lived the land owners and slave owners at the outbreak of the civil war. The men went into the Southern army and fought beneath the Stars and Bars. On the walls of many a home thereabouts hang yet the faded photographs of young men of thirty-five years ago dressed in gray. Every year the survivors of the Southern army and their families for fifty miles around met in a picnic on the anniversary of the Lone Jack fight and kept alive the memories of the war and some of the feeling of it. These have always been political gatherings, too, and intensely Democratic.

Yesterday was held the first of three reunions that was absolutely non-political. No speaker was permitted to say a word about local politics. Only one candidate for a county office spoke, he is a Republican and made a promise before he went upon the stand that he would steer clear of politics, and he did so.

Of course at a picnic of the kind held yesterday beneath the trees the chief attraction is the speaking, and when it began every one on the ground was gathered close around the elevated platform. Major Newman is not an orator, but he knows how to stir the blood of Southern people because he was one of them. There were tears on many old and young faces when he said:

MAJOR NEWMAN'S SPEECH

"I'm getting old now. It's been a long time since I tramped and camped and fought with you and your fathers and brothers all over these roads and fields. Some of the memories of the old days even are fading away. But there's one old song that I'll never forget, that I never hear with unwet eyes, that I can never sing without my voice breaking. Let us sing it together."

The old major raised his hands and began:

Stinson seed and sandy bottom,

Old times there are not forgotten,

Look away look away

Look away, I've truth in Dixie!

Four thousand voices joined in the chorus beneath the boughs of the walnut trees.

"That's a holy hymn," said Major Newman. It has been sanctified by the tears shed on the graves of Southern soldiers by thousands of Southern women. But there's another battle hymn, a jolly rollicking tune that is typical of another cause. Let us sing that together too.

He started "Marching Through Georgia," and the crowd laughingly, sang it too.

"I thank God the old Confederate major said, that my grandfather fought in the Revolutionary war that gave us liberty under the grand old flag. I thank God that my father fought under Jackson at New Orleans to preserve that liberty. I thank God that my mother gave her six sons to the Southern cause and we six brothers fought side by side in the Confederate army. But I thank God most of all that a nephew of mine was one of the American soldiers who climbed the heights of Santiago in this war. I wish I had a hundred nephews to fight for that flag. I am glad that I lived long enough to see a Newman fighting for this united country, to see all differences between North and South absolutely wiped out and buried so deep that they will never be raised again.

FOR EXPANSION

"I am for national expansion. I believe that wherever Uncle Samuel planted his flag on Spanish territory in this war we ought to keep it, and fight more to keep it, if necessary."

Then the crowd cheered.

"I told Grand the other day at Springfield that I had had awake nights worrying about the free silver question and never could understand whether it was right or wrong but I told him, let's unload the whole silver question on the Philippines. Let's declare as a united people for the annexation of the Philippines and give them the silver."

Jerry Simpson spoke for a half hour in favor of holding Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

"I don't want any half way business about it," said Jerry. "I want the United States to hold every one of the Philippine islands no matter if there is a thousand of them."

Congressman Cowherl spoke next but only for five minutes. He began strong declaring against the United States holding more than a coaling and naval station in the Philippines. Not a ripple of applause greeted him. He stopped abruptly in the opening remarks of his speech and the crowd moved away. An hour later miles and miles of wagons of all kinds were traveling the country roads away from Lone Jack.

TO CLEAN UP ITS BACK YARD.

The City to Pave the City Hall Market Horse Alley.

Alderman J. F. Jewell has discovered by his olfactories that the alley between the market house and the city hall is in need of paving—even if it costs the city \$2000. Watermelons rinds crushed cantaloupes and spoiled tomatoes which infest the alley, helped the alderman to the discovery.

Asphalt may be laid at the cost stated under an ordinance the board of public works will consider paving. It will be a great relief. Perhaps after the city cleans its own back yard it will attend to those other ones which need attention so badly.

NO WAR STAMPS FOR POSTAGE.

The Postoffice Department Advises That They Be Kept Off of Letters.

So prevalent has become the practice of sticking war revenue stamps on letters for postage instead of the proper postage stamp that the Postoffice department has seen fit to issue a special order on this subject.