

Lone Jack.

It would be hard to imagine and harder to find a more appropriate anniversary recognition than the annual picnic at Lone Jack, Mo. Where Missourians once met in bloody battle they now meet in friendship and amity—just to meet. The very simplicity of the proceedings at the Lone Jack picnic makes it an affair one will always remember, once he attends. No programme, no games, nothing more is necessary for the Missourian's complete entertainment and satisfaction than to meet other Missourians from whom the exigencies of life keep him apart at other times.

To the most impersonal and hardly moved observer the Lone Jack picnic is a revelation as to the real character of the Missourian, and to the Missourian who goes there it is most touching. It means—it is the symbol of—his beloved state united, untorn and unwounded through the civil discord of its own children. The political phases of the Lone Jack picnic have been given such prominence that many have believed that the primary object of the gathering is political. Speakers from all parties go there, and the courteous Missourian has erected a platform on which he can stand and speak, and the picnickers attend just in numbers sufficient to prevent any idea of discourtesy. The superficial, noting this, might think the Lone Jack picnic a political frost. This would be a mistake. When a Missourian meets a friend he has not seen for some time, as he always does at Lone Jack, politics takes a back seat, and he prefers talking to that friend rather than listening to oratory. There is no political frost at Lone Jack, only the Missourian never plants corn when watermelons are ripe.