

**LONE JACK, "SANS POLITICS"**

**IT'S THE YOUNG PEOPLE WHO GO NOW AND THEY DON'T LIKE ORATORY.**

**Just a Plain Picnic to Commemorate the Battle of 62—How Two Antagonists of That Day Fought It All Over Again.**

They met again at Lone Jack yesterday and they fought the old fight over. One wore an old blue uniform and a button of the Grand Army of the Republic. The other, a little man 88 years old, sat on the railing of the speaker's stand in the picnic grounds, firing wordy volleys at his antagonist. He had been a daring "rebel" on that August morning forty-five years ago when Lone Jack's main street rang with battle. The two men had faced each other across that street then—tried to kill each other in the struggle which centered around the battery, taken and lost so many times. They were facing each other once more, only to tell how it all happened, while a curious lot of younger folks crowded around them.

"I was a corporal with Colonel Foster," said the Union veteran, W. L. Roney, 67 years old, who came from Marquette, Kas., to attend the picnic. The ex-Confederate is Greenville T. Johnson, who lives in Blue Springs. "We marched into Lone Jack with our battery the evening of the 15th," the G. A. R. man continued, "and went three-fourths of a mile beyond the town. There we fired a volley with the battery. We heard nothing and counter-marched back to Lone Jack.

"There the lieutenant says to me: 'Corporal, go out in that field and establish picket duty.' I says: 'All right, lieutenant,' and I went. Out there I noticed that a light flared up for a minute off to the north, but I didn't think enough of it to report it that night. But I guess there were rebels there, all right."

"I warden't any of our men," said Johnson, who was with Colonel Hays. "Must have been Cokerrell's."

"That so? Well—"

"Where were you when the bugle sounded—"

"Well, when the bugle sounded—"

They went over it all then, both talking at once sometimes. A bystander only caught detached sentences. Finally the battery feature was reached.

"Me and Frank Hardin were the last men to take the battery," Johnson said.

"We left it on the field."

"Yes, but you were trying to sneak off with it when we chased you away."

"Well," said Corporal Roney, "the fact of the business is—"

Then they told it all over again.

"Tell you what," said Johnson, "it's a lot more peaceable to-day than it was forty-five years ago, ain't it?"

Both veterans agreed that this was the truth.

About 2,500 persons went to Russell's grove, two miles west of Lone Jack, yesterday to attend the annual picnic commemorating the forty-fifth anniversary of the famous battle. The crowd was not so large as last year, but the picnic was a success in every way.

One fact strongly impressed itself upon a visitor. The ranks of the old guard are very thin now. In the picnic crowd yesterday there were only a few who had passed through the stirring times of war days as active participants. The great majority present were young people who wanted to have a good time and cared little for listening to a political speech on a hot afternoon. At no time were there more than 300 persons around the stand where N. R. Holcomb, W. P. Borland, I. B. Kimbrell and other speakers "held forth" and few who were nearby listened closely.

D. A. DeArmond, Champ Clark, W. S. Coeherd, F. C. Ellis, Judge E. P. Gates and Judge W. H. Wallace were advertised but failed to appear. The politicians whispered something about it being an "off year" and "too early for candidates, gubernatorial and congressional, so have much to say." Anyway the keynotes were silent and nobody appeared to care much. The crowd listened to the Lee's Summit band play "Cheer Up, Mary, Don't Be Sighing," "Everyone's in Slumberland But You and Me," and other selections, and did its best to keep cool and be happy.