

whose yellow insignia proclaimed him a Rough Rider (1st U. S. Vol. Cavalry) and his crutches the fact that he was fresh home from the fight at Las Guisimas, or a visitor at the War Department at about ten in the morning might have been fortunate enough to ride upstairs in the elevator with a portly man in the uniform of a general officer, whose single star proclaimed him a Brigadier General and who,—after he had gotten out—the elevator boy proudly told you was Adjutant General Corbin, or had you walked past certain offices you might have caught a glimpse of the now famous Brigadier General at the head of the Commissary Department, but in the streets of the city uniforms, at times, were few and far between.

Once at the Potomac however and it was different. Stationed at every bridge was a guard who examined the passes of soldiers entering and leaving the city and woe to him who had not the proper documents. Ordinarily these guards were in a semi-reclining position. Either they were half asleep over their rifles or were leaning over the railing watching the river below. In either case however one eye was "cast to windward;"—for the presence of an officer on the bridge was always noticed by the private before the officer became aware of the private, and then Johnny would spring alert, bring his heels together with a snap and throw his rifle smartly to a present. This courtesy the average volunteer officer acknowledged with his coat flying open, his cigar in his mouth, hand in pocket and a general air of indifference and boredom.

The trains and trolley cars from Washington to Falls Church were par excellence military. "Place aux dames" might here have been rendered "Place aux soldats." Here you would see a group of privates with white facings on their uniforms which proclaimed them New Yorkers. Here are some with black facings from Michigan and Massachusetts. Here an artillery officer whose blue and red hails from Connecticut. There in brown canvass with yellow facings is a Pennsylvania cavalry officer, and blue trimmed khaki uniforms proclaim infantrymen at every turn.

From Falls Church to Camp Alger proper, is a ride of three miles behind a dilapidated pair of Virginia mules with a Virginia darkey as a driver. It doesn't require a great stretch of the imagination to remember that this is the land of Thomas Nelson Page and that Bull Run and Manasses are within a few miles.