

Indeed it would be no difficult matter to imagine one's self back in the days of Lee and Grant, for the Northern Virginia of to-day is very like the Northern Virginia of 1865 with the exception of the houses. Very little of the land is cultivated and all of it is devoid of fences. The most of it seems thicket and scrub oak, with pigs and cattle running through it. Within a stone's throw of Camp Alger was an old mill under whose wagon shed stood the moss-covered tires of a wagon which had been left there to rot when the negroes of the place went North.

*Laissez-faire* isn't the spirit of the South as a whole but it seems to be the spirit of that part of it near Falls Church.

As the road begins to get less rugged and shows signs of more use you catch a glimpse of something red through the trees, a guard before invisible springs into sight from a neighboring thicket, as an officer gallops past, and a sudden turn in the road brings in sight a long low white house before which flies an American flag and the yellow four-leafed clover badge of the Second Army Corps. It is the headquarters of the commanding General. Farther on you pass a mounted officer galloping helter skelter with orders, then heavily laden wagons, marked U. S. and drawn by the traditional army mule, who now looks decidedly meek and disgusted. Negroes trudge along the roadside. Here and there a soldier. There is a shout from the driver, a flash of steel in the sunlight, a thud of hoofs, a clattering of scabbards and a detachment of cavalry gallop past whose red and white guidon, as it flutters by, proclaim them our own Pennsylvania troopers.

The nearer the camp you get the more you imagine you are coming to a vast circus or fair. All sorts and conditions of men and even women line the roadways. Booths hastily constructed of undressed pine boards are everywhere in evidence. Red lemonade, peanut, cake, candy and pie venders are thick. Here is an ice cream "parlor," there a tailoring establishment which consists of a machine set up under a tree of the "spreading chestnut" variety, here a pool table and there a soft drink stand. Guards are plentiful around here because Johnny is careless of what he buys and eats and the rapid spread of sickness has made some sort of supervision necessary.

One thing about this Virginia country is that you can't see far. One minute you are on a wooded road the next you are up a hill