

and lines of white canvas are before you. The first thought that strikes you is that it is awfully hot living out there on the bare sun baked plain, but the men don't seem to mind it.

At no place however can you get a view of the camp as a whole. At one place you see the tents of at least a brigade and the uninitiated mind reasons "that must be the Army," then when you get around a clump of bushes another white city greets the eye.

In the camps themselves things are in pretty good shape. The regimental and company streets are neat and clean and the discipline is rigid.

While the life has its drawbacks for the enlisted man, for the officers, in many cases, it is decidedly pleasant. In the case of one of the regiments the officers' tents were pitched along a line of old rebel outworks, in such a way that just behind the tents there was a long shaded promenade; along which you might catch a glimpse of Captain this or Major that contentedly smoking his pipe at his little table, or possibly the Colonel's daughter might be swinging in a hammock just back of the Adjutant's office; much to the detriment of that young man's peace of mind and also the affairs of the Regiment.

With the fall of the evening the scene becomes spirited. The men tumble out of their tents rubbing their eyes from the afternoon nap and clamoring for supper. To the accompaniment of the rattle of tin cups and plates mess call rises from the throats of a score of bugles and the men fall in line to good naturedly banter the cook as they step up to receive their portions.

Up on the hill the officers are enjoying their supper under the shelter of the mess-tent, but with the inevitable tin cup and plate.

Soon you can hear the assembly sounding in the company streets, the Majors hastily leave the table and as Adjutant's call comes floating in the tent door, that worthy hastily snatches his cap and sword and hustles off to the Parade. A few moments later as the Colonel slowly picks his way over to the Parade ground the three Majors jauntily lead their battalions in the same direction. Columns of fours and close columns of companies are quickly changed into line and with the slowly slanting sun peeping into Johnny's gun barrel and into his eyes, the manual is executed, the orders published and the parade dismissed. This prac-