

of a union that will last forever and grow stronger because of the travail from which it came.

Add to this panorama of color and patriotism the white sashes and the furs of the maids of honor, the little gray caps with black borders worn by the camp mascots, the gold on uniforms of gray and blue, the silk hats and dark clothing of the citizen escort, the uniforms of the metropolitan police, the flash of sabers, the dull appeal of khaki, and the bright raiment of the bands, and one may picture, even though far away, the wonderful spectacle that Washington afforded today.

**Are They Still the Heart.**  
And above all, my dear, bringing a lump in the throat and a queer tingle to the body, were the airs that those bands played.

"The Stars and Stripes Forever," with its plea to laggard feet; "Swanee River," with its call to sentimental thoughts; "Old Black Joe," bringing memories of the "darkies" and ante-bellum days; "My Old Kentucky Home," with its day dreams of content; "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," forcing pictures of Bull Run, Manassas, Petersburg, and Richmond; "The Girl I Left Behind," one of the camp-songs of the 60's; "Maryland, My Maryland," with its martial swing—and "Dixie"—"Dixie," under the spell of which men went bravely to their death and died with a blessing instead of a curse on their lips more than half a century ago.

**Happy To Hear "Dixie."**  
And many an "old Confed" smiled happily from the ranks today when "Dixie" was played—because no matter at what point along the Avenue it was heard, the throngs on the sidewalks cheered and waved hats and handkerchiefs, and heartbeats were faster.

But not all of the music came from the bands today. Now and then one could see, a little apart from the others, a straggling group of gray-clothed veterans beating the drums and fingering the fife they played in the Army of Northern Virginia or the Army of Tennessee. These fife and drum corps, a remnant of what they used to be, lent a touch to this scene that I never shall forget.

What though the breath of the fife players went short at times and the rat-a-tat-tat of the drums was not as steady as once upon a time? They were playing the airs of yesterday and living again in yesterday, and were beating the requiem of departed hopes and charges that failed. By this I do not mean that anyone today would have it different—but men must have memories and nations must have memories if they are to be worth while.

**War-Worn Uniforms.**  
I thrilled again as here and there came along some aged comrade in the uniform he wore through our civil war. The gray was everywhere, but its real significance came when it was faded. The bright and pressed uniforms of today are typical only. The recollection clings to the gray suit that is dust-stained and shabby, and possibly bullet-torn. Just a few of the old men came to the Capital of their country today with the real habit of war—uniforms that are valueless, but which money cannot buy.

Among the wearers of these faded suits I saw go by Private Dowling, of the First Confederate Volunteers, who came from Georgia to march again; Major William A. Gordon, of this city, who was with Pickett when he charged at Gettysburg; Major William M. Ellis, of Virginia, who commanded the James F. Preston Camp, and with him traded Sam Palmer and Caleb Sowers, with the drum and fife they used in the 60's; Colonel Tom Booker, also of Virginia, whose banjo-playing whirled away the hours in camp.

There were others, but they were swallowed up in the steady stream of gray that swept by the President and the thousands who cheered on the nation's greatest thoroughfare.

**G. A. R. Feature New.**  
But for the presence of G. A. R. veterans, and the fewer men who passed, the parade formation was not unlike that of twenty-six previous

reunions. There were aged fellows who sat well on their horses; the battle flags of many a campaign, the federate parade of 1917. That was participation by 2,500 student officers now training within sight of Washington Monument for service in France. They were in camp only a month, but they marched with the confidence of youth in their eyes and the zeal of red-blooded patriotism in their limbs.

With guns gleaming in what sunlight there was, these young men, the potential generals of the future, swung as nobly and as gracefully down Pennsylvania Avenue as ever men have marched.

**Get Warm Reception.**  
They came behind the old and limbo-weary, looking straight ahead at the disappearing forms of the warriors of other days. No organization received greater applause, none deserved more.

Here was the contrast of which I have written—the indissoluble link of love for country and a cause, whatever that cause be, that ties together American hearts and that reaches out across the years the handshake of understanding.

Youth, adventuresome, valiant, patriotic youth, came into its own again when the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, their uniforms of blue a dark background for the preceding hosts, whirled by. And again youth and the heroism of today was served as the regulars of our army—soon to go to the battlefields of Europe—where men fight in trenches instead of across open plains as we did in our war—saluted their Commander-in-Chief.

**Some Lingering Thoughts.**  
There is much that might be described now that the parade has passed and the thoughts of home come upon me. First, the mounted police of Washington, reflecting civic authority and protection.

Next Col. Hilary A. Herbert, grand marshal, an old veteran.

Then the nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee, with his aides, and on down the line to Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of the great commander; the Marine Band; Col. Myron M. Parker, leading Union veterans, who fought against us in the dark period of internecine strife; Senator Hank-head, a private of other days; the picturesque "Lone Star Band" that came from Texas to be here; the "Texas rabbit" hung high on a pole as their mascot; the old fellow in the Texas division who halted now and then to dance a jig on the asphalt of an avenue that was a road when we sought to take the Capital; faded flags of the Confederacy, with the bullet holes still in them, and tipped by the standard-bearer toward a companion who carried the Stars and Stripes of reunion; cavalry swords that clanked against new saddles thrown across their steeds—and so on and on.

But I tire, for the day and its memories have pulled at the heart-strings and blurred the eyes.

**What the Martyr Said.**  
When Lincoln was asked how he would regard the prodigal South after the war he said:

"I shall treat them just as though they had never been away."  
That is the way the Government of today and the Capital of our country treated us this morning.

So the vision comes again and somehow I feel that Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, and Meade looked down approvingly today from the land of the last roll call, and that with them, peering through the blue and gray of heaven, Lee and Jackson and Pickett—and the others who led us on in the sixties—joined in the benediction of their former foe.

And now that it is all over, and the handwork of Providence has been revealed in the passing of the years, and while war is upon the young men of this generation, I am glad that we came to Washington in 1917 instead of when we battled for the Capital of this Government a half century ago.

Yours till we meet again,  
JOE.

[Other news of the reunion on Pages 5, 6, and 9.]

## Many Kinds of Music; All Lively

### Paraders Brought With Them Great Variety of Bands and Drum Corps—and Marched at Will.

More than a score of bands kept the air ringing with Southern melodies, war time marches and patriotic airs throughout the parade.

The music was pleasing, and provoked storms of cheers, but so far as keeping the Confederate veterans in step, it utterly failed of its purpose, except when the gray-clad warriors filed through the Court of Honor for review by the President.

There they straightened up and marched in regular ranks and in good step with the music.

For the greater part of the parade, however, the Southern gentlemen took their ease and strolled along as if going down to the station to meet the incoming train or walking over a field to see how the hands were progressing with the planting.

**Were Strictly Informal.**  
The veterans made little or no effort to keep in step, and their ranks were broken by scores among their number stopping to remove their hats and bow in recognition of cheers sent up for their particular State or contingent.

Some of them carried canes, others crutches, umbrellas, and flags. Many of them smoked corncob pipes, while others held big black cigars between their teeth, and still others puffed jauntily on cigarettes.

**The Marine Band, which headed the line of march, kept up an almost continual program of music.** Like all the other musical organizations, it was compelled to repeat "Dixie" several times.

The bands heading the various State delegations played the State songs, but all set the crowd wild with "Are You From Dixie?" the humorous cheering indicating that everybody on Pennsylvania avenue hailed from below the Potomac.

Keasnick's Municipal Band, of Richmond, which headed the Old Dominion delegation, made a big hit with its flaring red uniforms and the excellence of its music. All the old Southern melodies were played with feeling and fervor, while many latter day marches were liberally interspersed.

The Boy Scout Band of Washington was given a demonstration at various points along the line. This was one of the biggest musical organizations in the line and the diminutive musicians played as if they had long rehearsed the Southland's favorite airs and the best of march music. They were at the head of the Mississippi delegation.

**Coast Artillery Musicians Efficient.**  
The Fourth Coast Artillery Band rivaled the Marine Band in the parade. This organization furnished music for the Officers' Reserve Corps students from Fort Myer. The band marched 139 steps to the minute, and they got it. The Coast Artillery Band played nothing but the fastest of march music and notwithstanding their tempo, their harmony was of the best.

The Augusta, Ga., contingent of veterans was headed by the band organized by the Fraternal Order of Eagles of that city. These musicians were led by two drum majors, one of whom executed a great variety of gymnastics, acrobatics, and gestures, particularly when turning corners.

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