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THE MOAN OF THE REGIMENTAL REPORTER.

One day several weeks ago I looked up from my work to find the Lieutenant-Colonel standing before me. "Are you Sergeant-at-Arms?" he asked, and I pleaded guilty, wondering the while what I had done now. My fear gave way to a feeling of intense pride, for the Colonel proceeded to appoint me Regimental Reporter to the Gas Attack.

Now, like every other homo of the (more or less) civilized world, I have always believed myself possessed of a great deal of latent literary ability. Therefore, when this signal honor was thrust upon me, I immediately saw that the Colonel was a man of keen discernment, who could perceive the brilliancy of my mental light, which, up to that time, had been hidden beneath the bushel of manual labor.

So, early each week, I sally forth with pencil and note-book (still being in the cub class, I MUST carry a note-book) in search of news and notes of general interest. On rare occasions I get one. Generally I do not. Oh, that I had known what the Colonel was letting me in for!

I breeze up to the orderly-tent in R street, and say in my best journalistic air: "Wad-aya got for the Gas Attack?" and, despite the swarm of interesting things that happened during the previous week, he whom I am addressing suffers a lapse of memory like that of a financier before a Senate investigating committee. Then to S street, where I make my mission known. I am greeted with "SAY, whoinnet put that thing in last week's issue about me being a dumb-bell? 'At'sall I wanna know, who's responsible? Of all the bum stuff ever wr—" and so on, ad infinitum. Wishing to strike a few more chords on the Harp of Life, I don't tarry to explain that the objectionable paragraph was written during my absence on furlough, but I exit hurriedly, feeling that all editors and myself are kindred spirits. "Ah, well," I muse, when I stop running, "'twas ever thus. Since time began, genius has been oppressed," and, not being as husky as the other fellow, I let it go at that.

But the worst feature of the job is not the lack of news, nor the abundance of abuse handed me. Not at all. It's the constant exhibition of the desire of some honorary member of the human race to slam his neighbor. I get it in every street, in the mess shacks, showers, clubs, everywhere. "Hey, put in something about Corporal Whozis being made sergeant, and the supply sergeant can't find a hat big enough to fit him," or "Write a paragraph about So-and-so wearing a black tie 'cause he's dead from the neck up," or perhaps "X Co boasts the champion Bull-Artist of America—Joe Style."

I've prided myself on having a sense of humor, but if that's humor, I'm English. And I'll bet my wristlets that it cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be called news. Any news-hound gets an insight into human nature, but ten to one he'll lose his faith in it.

C. T. M.

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