

THE MAKING OF A MANA STORY IN EVERY WORD.

The editor looked wearily from the bunch of copy to the new reporter.

"Do you think the readers of this paper want---" he began, and then gave the reporter a lecture on what they did want. "Give us something short and snappy", he said, getting up and warming to his subject. "Something with punch in it. Something that's happened. Why, a good reporter will see a story in an old woman picking up a pin off the sidewalk. News items, that's what we want. There's is one," he added, pointing out of window at a man in khaki limping by, - "Go after it."

The reporter went after it, and asked the soldier for his story.

"Something short and snappy, eh?" said the soldier. Well, it was short enough: two ticks, or thereabouts. And snappy. Snapped me in two, pretty near. Punch? Punched me in the jaw, and in the ribs, and gave me the knock-out. I don't want to talk about it."

The reporter was discouraged, but would not give in, "What are you doing now?" he asked.

"Oh, just putting in the time in a convalescent hospital. Classes in arithmetic, and type-writing, and mechanical drawing, you know; and carpentry and metal work; and cobbling shoes; and gardening, and raising chickens and bees, for out-doors; and physical drill, if that interests you."

It did not. But then he was a new reporter; his insight had hardly begun to sprout.