

Who's Who in The Globe, 1919

and Walter Girlish. Can run a Rudd Heater successfully.

WHITE, Edgar—"Chickens" are his hobby—feathery ones at that—and not those seen at King and Yonge every day.

WHITE, G. C. Mary—Born last century in God's country by Bay of Quinte, and has ever since been that region's chief press agent. Dowered by Nature with a voice like spun gold, and manner that compels at least twenty per cent. of truth from a social butterfly. Editor for years of "Church Life," and a confidante and adviser of curates. Is now successor to Major Maude as regulator of Canadian deportment. Believes that women comprise the greatest sex in the world, but that some women are better than other women. Speaks English, but writes some unknown language. Is opposed to working more than eighteen hours a day. Clubs: Laura Matilda and Hickory. Recreation: Conversation, and then some more.

WILKINSON, Norman — Better known as "Won Lung Minorc." Head apprentice and comedian of the Mailing Room. Rumored that he has interest in a laundry business. Can read Chinese checks.

WILLIAMS, Wm.—Understudy to John Townson, and in the secrets of circulation. The seclusion of the sheet-room keeps him out of our observation, and we can't recall anything against him—unfortunately. Pass, brother.

WILLIAMS, B. P.—Pastime: Buying and selling motor cars.

WILSON, Frederick—Born at Woodstock, because his parents were there. Attained marvellous efficiency at marbles while attending public school, which shaped the rest of his life. Played baseball and boasts about getting a foul off Rube Waddell when the latter pitched into Harry Anderson's mit on Chatham

fields. Worked on The Sentinel-Review until such time as they got another boy. Left Woodstock following a raid by the savage Highlanders of Zorra. Came to Toronto and was extended the sincere sympathy of Judge Francis Nelson and got a job. Still has it, but goes at irregular intervals to the South, where he watches ball players skirmish around the field and writes beautiful fiction for The Globe sport pages. Writes better than American ball writers, but hasn't inflicted any "Dere Mable" stuff on the suffering public as yet. Saves much money in the summer time by living at the Beach in a bathing suit. Sometimes gives away passes to the ball games. And The Globe still prides itself on having the best and the cleanest Sporting Editor in Canada.

WILSON, George L.—The greatest advertising solicitor on the continent. Admits it himself, and then some. Ready, as a sideline, to run any other department of the paper, and run it well. Can make speeches, write editorials and preach sermons with equal facility. Enjoys great popularity at pink teas and social affairs. Became a plutocrat, and now drives an "automobile."

WOOLLEY, H. E.—The "warbler" of the business office—so realistic that one has asked where the canary was.

WRIGHT, Frank—Returned soldier. Follows all the sports. Can tell all about any player. One of his chief interests lives in Cobourg.

WRIGHT, "Teddy"—Day ma hini-ist. A lively sprig of a lad, full of merry quips and good-natured badinage. Minds his own business.

YOUNIE, Mabel—A recent happy addition to The Globe staff; consequently we have not had enough time to discover her pet vices, but, when we do, be assured they will be as harmless and pleasant as her cheery smile.