

Who's Who in The Globe, 1919

love poems. Conducted the early retreats of the allied forces during the war, and as soon as he left the front victory became certain. Is gifted with fluency of speech at 2 p.m. in describing the other papers' scoops, and has a pleasant literary style, but never uses it. Recreation: Riding on Dundas cars.

MIDDLETON, John—Stereotyper—and a good one—by trade, but raiser of prize-winning Buff Orpington chickens by profession. Turns out the cleanest plates by night and the finest birds by day. Carried off all special prizes at the Earlscourt and Cooksville Fairs. Next year plans raid upon the Canadian National Exhibition. All his friends and colleagues are backing him to win. First tenor in The Globe Stereotypers' Glee Club and soloist of the cellar. Always smiling, and has twins who take after him.

MILLIGAN, James Lewis—Born in England many years ago, and is devoting the sunset of his life to bringing culture to the colonials. Started first by sky-piloting in the backwoods of Hastings, and, finding his pearls unappreciated, moved on to Peterboro', where his editorials were so broad, sweeping and well-informed that the town thought they were clipped. But long before that he had

"Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,"

and it was not long before an old friend on The London Chronicle published one of his poems, and then the doors were opened. After much practise and many disappointments he finally got a poem in The Christmas Globe. Now he is the office bard, and only wishes he could write up the Board of Education meetings in poetry.

MILLRAY, Edmund—Slow but sure. A little restive at times.

MOORE, Lloyd—Youngest man on the staff, and even younger than he looks. Began life early. Did quarter-mile in 42.16 when only four years old, establishing juvenile record, which he broke 16 years later on Varsity track. An authority on gardening, orcharding and arboriculture, and glad to let people know it. Has been heard to swear, but generally chews his pipe-stem. Makes frequent trips out of

town, but doesn't leave his address with Hagey or at his home. Always comes back. Affiliation with newspaperdom dates from the days of the Brantford boom, when he made his money. Recreation: Arguing with Central about the number.

MOORE, Mercy—A lovely alliteration that tempts the intrepid headliner to make a story just to fit the name. Three miles through to the back of the office and three steps up takes you to Mercy's sanctum—and the inevitable box of Laura Secord's. If you like them, cultivate Mercy. She's quite an unknown quantity—otherwise a new quality in these precincts, and is well worth cultivating.

MOORE, Rollin C.—Manipulator of copy. One of the old boys; an all-round good printer. Distinguished by his dark and swarthy complexion. Is a good enough bowler—for the Beef Trust class. Claims Meaford as home town; no evidence from Meaford in rebuttal. Hobby: Collecting of "copy hooks." Motto: "More copy!"

MORRISON, Douglas—Young man with big understanding. Wears about a No. 11 boot. Can eat every two hours and still be hungry.

MORRISON, Roy—Spent the summer at Kew Beach, and is now a benedict. Receives much advice from those who work with him. Fond of canoeing; is a good swimmer, for which, along with other reasons, the name of "Fish" has been tagged to him.

MORRISON, John C.—Prime Minister of the Mailing Room, which he rules from midnight to morning. An optimist, always planning to catch the mail, and generally doing it if he has a show at all. When in doubt he jollies Jim Casino into breaking the speed limits and endangering the lives of himself and all late pedestrians on the streets. Is a splendid swimmer—or at least thought so until the day he tackled the Editor in the lake off Port Dover. A musician of note, and head of the Mailers' Glee Club.

MORSE, W. Pittman—The man who guards The Globe's gold and endeavors to control and regulate the frenzied finance of so-called literary men who know nothing about arithmetic and have absolutely no