

Who's Who in The Globe, 1919

itor in the country, except Cap. Smith, in concealing the fact that he knows nothing about farming. May be identified in the office by sleeves rolled up to elbows as token of his association with U.F.O. Was, in fact, Drury's only rival for office of Premier of Ontario. Has a neat, chaste style, greatly admired by printers and school teachers. When writing purple patches for farmer readers always signs himself "Timothy Spray" to prove that he is one of themselves.

M'LELLAND, John—Spends the day "inessin' about," as we say at 'ome, on a variety of work, chiefly on forms. One of the old boys. Specialist on liners: "Have you got any liners?"

MACPHERSON, Mary - Etta.—Born before the outbreak of war under a lucky star—lucky for the people who come in contact with her, for it gave her a dower of cheerfulness and kindness and dependability, as well as all the outward graces. Devotes most of her time to the intricacies of finance, but has some left over for helping everybody out of the difficulties of keeping up with office correspondence. Her hours are as varied as her tasks. Vies with the Managing Editor in the effort to crowd 26 hours of work into one day. Always smiling—and the people she works for smile, too.

MAGEE, F. P.—Will be a fine big boy if he ever grows up and fills out. Cracking operator. Haughty and stern in bearing, but a real good scout. Fine judge of horseflesh.

MALONE, Elias Talbot—An Irishman and a King's Counsel, and a shining success at both. A genuine son of the Emerald Isle, he early became impatient at the quietness of his ancestral country, and set out to make a name in the Dominion. He has succeeded in doing that beyond all the dreams of the Sinn Feiners, who begged him to stay in the auld land and avoid excitement. He looks back with thankfulness to the fact that he lived through a period during which he was President of the Toronto Reform Association. As a Freemason, he has occupied every position of importance in the Grand Lodge of Canada, and retains that of Grand Treasurer. Still, likes real men whether they know the high sign or

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not. He lives for "Canada Night," in Zealand Lodge, and as a storyteller has the best collection of entirely proper and trustworthy yarns in captivity. He belongs to a number of clubs, chiefly because the last name in their appellations reminds him of the shillelahs of his native land. Recreation: Keeping The Globe out of libel suits.

MARKEY, Joe—The boy who makes Mike Rodden's life miserable. A musician, who wears his hair long, and writes headings the same way.

MARTIN, George—Another apprentice boy. Acquiring the rough and husky voice of adolescence, and, if he ever wants to turn Bolshevik, will have the whiskers in a day or so. Much concerned in upward trend of prices in the barber shops.

MARTIN, John—Enlisted early for the service of his country and had long service in France. Was connected with a "mulligan battery" but left the field cooks and the ducking of "five nines" when the war was over and became associated with Archie Johnson in keeping The Globe in shape.

MARTIN, John Wesley George Torrey Alexander.—As a boy George won 52 prizes a year for his faithful attendance at Sunday School. He fully intended going to a Foreign Mission Field, but heard an editor talk once when an edition had missed the mail, and decided a wide scope lay in the field of evangelizing the journalist. He has not changed his opinion yet. Can write a verse or prose with equal facility, and is author of a hymn book, circulated privately among members of the Press Gallery. Besides The Christian Guardian, he reads extensively the popular best sellers by Isaac Pitman. He used to have a lot of different addresses, but he is married now and has to report both at home and for his paper. Club: Y.M.C.A.

MEARS, Fred C.—Born in Ontario and educated in many parts of Canada where his father stayed overnight. Continued nomadic life until married, and had to stay where he paid his taxes. Was at one time the ablest school master in Baltimore (Ontario), and defied all attempts to "lick the teacher." Lost his hair in early cogitations to surpass Burns and Byron in writing