

Who's Who in The Globe, 1919

to prove that "enquire" should be spelled with an "i." Can read all kinds of writing, from the pencilled hieroglyphics of the Editor to the Chinese laundry checks which Ruth-erford substitutes for headings. Prefers the former. Staunch supporter of temperance—in speech. Strongly suspected of writing, under the nom-de-plume Tertius, by reason of lengthy religious arguments with John Kerr, in which he invariably has the last word. An ardent Imperialist. Rose from a sick bed to do honor to Lord Jellicoe, and regretted it was not Lord French. Possesses a felicitous poetic gift, which he carefully conceals, but is shrewdly suspected of having penned much of the brilliant anonymous verse which appeared in Canada in honor of the Prince of Wales. May be Irish, although he has never claimed descent from Brian Boru, but is partial to Celtic literature.

SAMMONS, E.—Expert pressman. One of the really good men of The Globe's lower region.

SCOTT, William J.—Does Varsity for The Globe. Not known in the local room whether he attends as scholar or looks after the furnace in Hart House. Grew up in the wilds of Owen Sound, and hopes to be a newspaperman after finishing his work at Varsity. Is taking the best way to failure by getting on Varsity staff. Reviews books between fires.

SHAW, George—Here's a problem! Is he printer or architect? Reported he has added materially to the beauty of the residential sections of East York. Born in England, but realized some years ago that Canada needed him, and hastened to answer the call. Motorist and optimist. Has made good.

SHERIDAN, Charles Edward Joseph (alias "Red")—There's a mouthful! New man. Young and competent. Fully justifies the appellation "Red." Affable and good-natured. Has just launched his barque on the matrimonial sea.

SMART, Annie—Enthusiasm is her name, and Sherbourne House her theme; her work is on the mailing sheets—she fills them by the ream. She isn't shy of telling folk just what they ought to do; and e'en

the wisdom of the men her keen comment may rue. She's got a cheery, kindly word to spare for those who pass, but she doesn't like palaver, for she's a Scottish lass.

SMART, T. W.—"The Grand Old Man" of the City Delivery Dept; over twenty years' service; still quite spry except on his extremities.

SMITH, Captain Clayton—Owner of a large motor launch, from which he derives much pleasure.

SMITH, Ethelbertha.—In office hours solicits subscriptions. Hobby: singing. Always smiling, gloom beguiling. Here a year but has hidden her light under a bushel, and it's only just beginning to shine through the cracks.

SMITH, Frank—Operator of fine and portly mould. Pastime: Weight-lifting and throwing heavy hammer; could crowd the great John Flanagan in his palmist days.

SMITH, George Ebenezer-Go-Save-the-Sinner.—This well-known young gentleman is the sternest and most uncompromising foe of sin in any particular on the staff. The beauty of a peaceful inward life is manifest uninterruptedly in his radiant countenance. The faithful and tender correspondence he maintains with Chicago Leaders of Moral Reform will rank among famous eternal friendships of history. He is a strong upholder of Royalty; indeed, it is believed that four Kings are his ideal, tending to stabilize business and make good returns on honest ventures. He played hockey until the O.H.A. barred him out. Played lacrosse so long with New Toronto, the team defaulted. He is easily confused in his directions, and frequently mistakes south for north, especially in summer. He is a charter member of the W.C.T.U.

SMITH, Gordon "Farrow"—Single (or was when we went to press), and rosy-cheeked; a handsome lad, and likeable withal. Though still in his teens, served with distinction as Professor of Pomology and Agronomy in Belgium while recovering from effects of sudden Armistice. An authority on Percherons, chicken-raising and pipe-to-baccos, with a strong inclination for rural life, so long as it doesn't last