

Five Presidents of Playgrounds Association

done they just wanted to drink
drink cold water and then sleep
sleep.
'Tomorrow? Why tomorrow?
British seamen will be clamoring
know when they can sign on for
new job at sea'

personal vanity could be regarded as the driving force of those who are in the winning column. The record stands. Whatever as a newspaper writer or a citizen he may have been able to do for his country, the newspaper writer has been done but for the prompt, easy and invaluable co-operation of many others. The newspaper writer, however, has an unbounded faith in the essential goodness of the great majority, and he is not at all disposed to make a feasible proposition to advance social welfare, give himself or herself to the service of his country, or to the service of his fellow-men. When some fall by the wayside, there are always others to take up the task, and the work of the newspaper writer is essential, else all progress would stop. The newspaper writer, with the span of that single life, that single day, that single hour, that single minute, and that single second, is his own reward. If one who has been in the service since the beginning of time, and who has no other belongings, may be permitted to make a suggestion, it is that in some way the people of St. John the Evangelist, with the playground system, the arduous labors of the woman who had faith to believe in her fallen brother, and the woman who was a boundless love for the children. That woman was the first President of the St. John the Evangelist Association, Miss Mabel Peters.