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"Evil communications corrupt good manners." The unregulated playground offers "the gang" a convenient meeting-place for lawless plotting. The enthusiasm for clean sport evoked by the supervisor turns the gang spirit into useful channels.

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Not repression or suppression, but expression, is the thought that fits in here.

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To persuade is better than to compel.

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We conquer by loving.

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Twenty-five boys used to gather in a vacant lot to play. One day thirty cents worth of window glass was broken, the police were notified, the lads were chased off and now there is the ominous sign on the fence, "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

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A citizen one day noticed two little fellows with skates hanging on their arm looking wistfully through a crack in the fence at the other fellows having a good time. They didn't have the requisite fifteen cents. The result—over thirty free skating rinks in Toronto to-day! Glory be!

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Happy children at play saves a city from falling into the abyss of sordid selfishness and pessimism.

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Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of happy faces and grassy places—naturally the former is the result of the latter.

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The old-fashioned church used to be surrounded by a graveyard. Why should not the modern church be surrounded by a playground? This would be a good way of interpreting and proclaiming the church's message.

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You who have a summer-house in Muskoka—or some other favored spot—remember the thousands of children who live in the same crowded neighborhood all the year round. Do something for them.

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