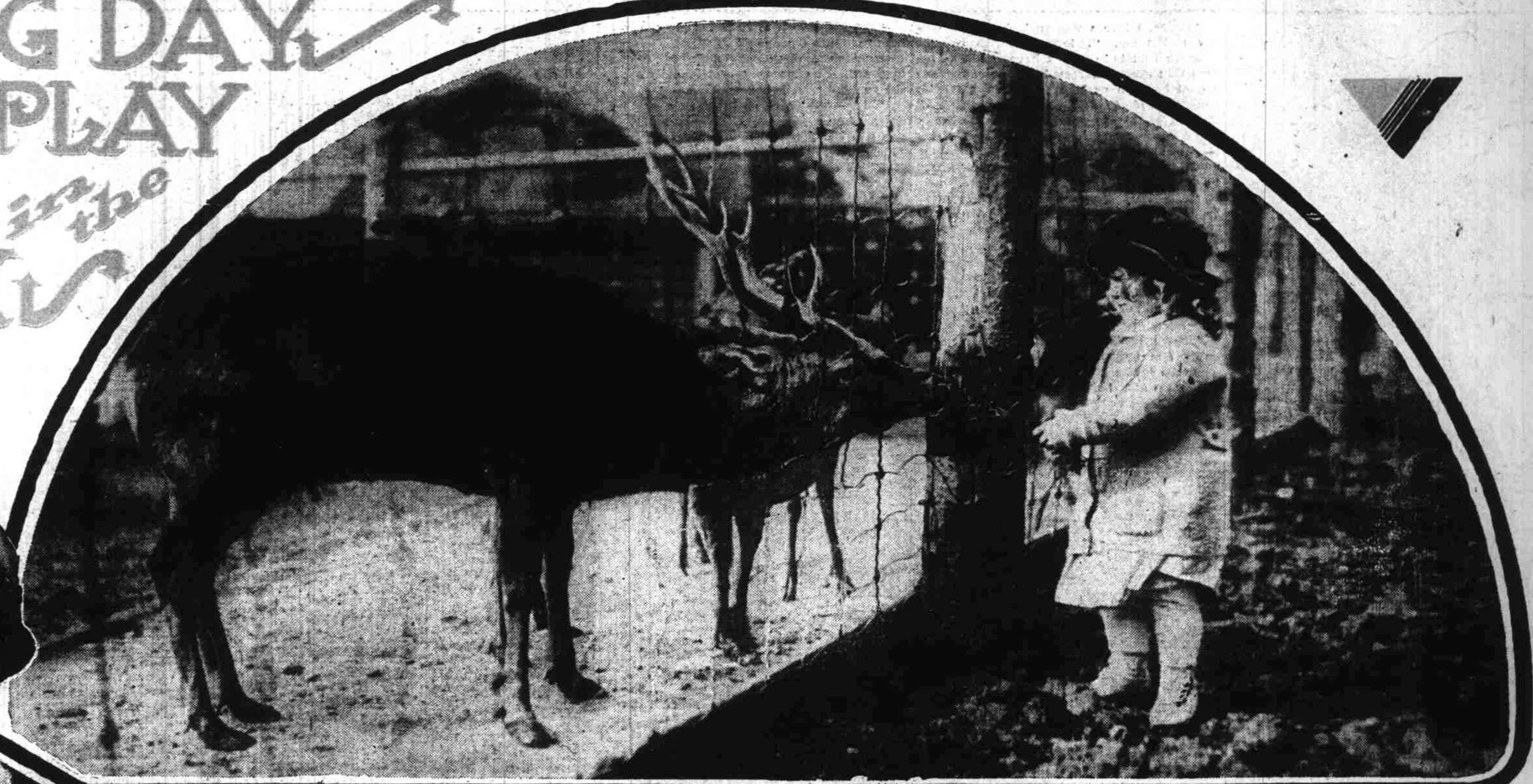


PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 18, 1915.

SPRING DAYS ARE PLAY DAYS in the PARKS



NEW FOUND FRIENDS



CHUMS OF AN AFTERNOON



OF COURSE HE LIKES FLOWERS



SEEKING FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS

By Marshall N. Dana.
A dreary place would be this earth, if there were no little people in it; The song of life would lose its mirth, Were there no children to begin it.

TIME has four seasons. Summer belongs to lovers, autumn to the harvest and winter to the sturdy. But spring is for the little folks. Old Mother Nature fits them up with a fine big outside room. She cleans house with the breezes, she scrubs her earthy floors with the showers and she makes a celebration with the sunshine. She spreads an elegant soft carpet of grass velvet and she figures it with real flowers. No imitations for old Mother Nature! She leaves that for the ladies' Easter bonnets.

Those yellow spots in Mother Nature's carpet aren't gold dollars. They

are dandelions. And yonder pink and white patterns are the daisies. Oh, my yes, you may pluck them! And when you turn them upside down you play the dandelions are, fairies in dresses of gold, and the daisies their cavaliers in white and pink satin. And do you remember, little folks, what was said about the daisy?

Small service is true service while it lasts.

Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;

The daisy by the shadow that it casts Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

I almost forgot to tell you how large Mother Nature's family of little people is. The children, of course, come first, but she is very fond, too, of the millions of tiny creatures that come with the spring and are partners

in the joy. They fly on wings that flit or buzz, they move on the ground with feet that may be swift or may be slow, but they are all happy. And there are some things that do not move but have life. Mother Nature colors the leafy walls of her big outdoor room with the royal purple of the lilacs and the soft blushes of apple blossoms, and the confetti for the sunshine's celebration that she scatters down consists of white cherry petals.

Whether you look or whether you listen, You can hear life murmur or see it glisten.

Have you been in any of the city parks yet this year?

No?

Well this will serve to introduce

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