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April Showers

By ADA HAYDEN, Assistant Professor of Botany

A PRIL showers once brought forth May flowers, but all the King's horses and all the King's men cannot bring forth wild spring flowers again, if the persistent gatherers of wild flowers leave not some little vestige of life where by the plant may live again. Shall spring flowers live only in verse, or on hats, for the children in the land where the tall corn grows? Shall there be no more woodland nor prairie, only cow pastures and cornfields? Must flowers be sought only in encyclopaedias and in curios, or in flower gardens of wilder collectors?

When in distant times, the sunlight first fell upon the earth emerged from the world sea, no spring flowers blossomed. As the waves splashed upon the shore some small simple plants finally crept up the rocks and established themselves in the damp air on their surfaces gradually scaling off the rock particles among which some of the plants became buried. These accumulated soil particles were fine soil food and after only several hundred thousand years did plants of greater stature rise so high into the air that they needed roots anchored in this newly made earth to absorb the water food of the soil and vessels to carry the food to the remote aerial parts of the plant.

But there was not yet enough earth for the many plants crowded in the meager, plant-made soil on the rocks. About this time a great sliding field of ice came slowly slipping from the arctic regions, breaking off the crags, rolling boulders as pebbles before it, grinding fine, as flour, tons, acres and square miles of rock into earth. Then years after this great white blanket had melted away hosts of fern plants gradually covered the earth.

Again the earth sank back into the sea for several thousand years and all that remained of the forest when the earth rose again was the semi-preserved vegetation known as coal, partly covered with layers of sandy sediment from the sea.

by the winds of March turns pale lavender as the Pasque flowers wake in the spring. Then as the splashing drops of April have carried the fragrance of these March flowers far, the grassy slope as a magic carpet is blue with violets. In June the Sweet Pea Lily, as torches, light the slope, the Blazing Star marks the zenith of July as Sunflowers and Goldenrods herald the climax of the summer and the Azalea Gentian, like pools of sky dropped down, gleam in the warm October haze. So passed thru the summer, the panorama primedal, which the flowers of spring had ushered in, and the children played among the flowers.

But the Goddess of Agriculture has banished the prairie and over it spread green fields of shimmering, rustling, yellow tasseled corn, acres of tawny, oat shocks and ragweed covered pastures. Even yet in the nearby wood which her realm has not fully enveloped, one may still find the birth of spring celebrated by the flowers.

Follow the bluebird. As he sings in the late days of March from the earth spring flanks of wild Trilliums on the brown bare wooded hills and the breezes rustling on, bear the news to the few rusty hills where the lavender Pasque flowers nestle in the dry resting grass, while the buzzing, humming bees take their fill. Easter time is here. Now all the plants may come. From the reddish Liverwort leaves flattened by the winter snow, rise the slender fragrant flowers of the blue Hepatica and her sisters, lavender, pink and white soon dress the woodland hills in a soft and gauzy realm has not fully enveloped, one may still find the birth of spring celebrated by the flowers.

Trilliums—Herbals of Spring.

Five times the great ice plows cultivated the earth, spreading the fine soil made from solid rocks, and plants flourished.

Now there was seemingly enough soil to last to the end of the world and it lay for a long time undisturbed while throngs of plants, after great struggles, came to live successfully together and the bustle prerequisite came to be on the rolling ice travelled plains of Iowa. Bordered only along the avenues of water by bands of forest stand the vast stretches of tall shining grass trembling in the sunlight or tossed by the breezes into billowy waves, gorgeous as the season progresses with its pageant of brilliant bunch flowers. Then came the plowman and these little communistic bits of beauty, the handiwork of a thousand years, were folded away to return only as corn and dollars.

Few but the farmboy and the meadow lark know where the swamp now lingers, where the margiolds glitter in the marsh, where the redbrown knoll, fanned

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with other subject matter relating to homemaking, to economics, to science, to sociology and so on. We are continually trying to learn how to be better homemakers, but how can the colleges omit the vital part of home-making, that of being a parent and a mother? To raise the standards of the coming generation the vital part of homemaking, that of mothers, but how can the colleges omit being a parent and a mother? To raise intelligent motherhood. Its courses do not contain actual training for her highest function in life.

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ty, slender, striped, languid spreads among the leaves. Dutchman's Breeches are displayed in lines uplifted, large and small ones, pink and white on banks beneath the trees. Spotted Lamb's Tongue, proud of her blossoms stands with her family aloof and alone. Brown flowered Ginger, seeming apparently, nothing but leaves, covers its head with its wide umbrellas. Few but flies know how to search for these.

Far and wide with the coming of April showers search the children of men thru the realms of the Goddess of Agriculture for their lost flower kingdom. Men themselves look, in vain, for the gardens of their childhood, but the vision is lost to him whose spirit sees not, for hands have displaced but can never replace the work of the winds, the wilds and the glaciers.

"Moronitis"
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courts show that few have normal intelligence. We hang large numbers of moron murderers with the intelligence of 11 year old boys, in fact, we shall deter from crime, over one-half of our paupers are feeble-minded, while upwards of two-thirds of our immoral women are feeble-minded or high-grade morons.

If we could eliminate the sub-normal or half-mind from society, we would do away with most of our crime and poverty. Holland according to Dr. Rutgers, has eliminated a large share of these defective classes thru scientific control of families. Eugenics is cheaper than lawyers, courts and penitentaries, asylums and poorfarms. The railing around the cliff is better than the ambulance below.

What should a Eugenic Program include? How shall we save civilization from decay?

Natural selection or the abandonment of society to blind Providence will not suffice. Primitive peoples escaped the penalty of dysgenic reproduction, because their cripples either died off in infancy or were killed. Among wild animals weaklings live but a short time, and rarely reproduce themselves. Our humane modern civilization revolts at such cru-