When April Weeps

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winter and spring winds, the earliness of the crops will be advanced considerably. In exposed locations it may be advisable to plant purple loosestrife, spruce, hemlock, privet or other good windbreak shrub. A hedge of this type makes a good background for flowers, screening the unsightly portions of the garden and adding to the beauty of the entire arrangement.

Getting Pleasure Out of Your Garden

Garden utility is measured in dollars and cents, beauty in the words of admiration expressed by interested friends and visitors. But the pleasure of it all is measured in a different way. Experiencing new thrills when this vegetable or that flower performs some remarkable "stunt" in growth, in yield or in quality is one way in which all persistent and patient gardeners will be rewarded. Then too, there is much satisfaction in doing the thing well and using every precaution in seeing to it that everything is finished. This would indicate the necessity of a garden plan.

It is never too late to make a paper plan of the home garden and it will always be useful in eliminating any confusion at planting time. Draw the plan to a definite scale. This is useful in determining the number of feet of row occupied by any one vegetable. Knowing the number of feet per row it is important to estimate the amount of seed or number of plants required.

Start a garden diary and get acquainted with your garden by keeping a written record of everything that happens day by day, week by week, or month by month. You will be glad to have this first hand information next year. Your own experience is the best teacher.

When April Weeps

By ELEANOR MURRAY

"Under a toadstool crept a wee elf,
To hide from the rain and shelter himself."

APRIL was responsible for this elf's mishap, for April is a weeping lady in spite of all her smiles and coquetry and she is often wont to "let a veil of silver rain slip down across her weeping face," meanwhile smiling and blinking behind her tears.

On this particular spring day this "wee elf" was slipping home thru the new green grass. All of a sudden a playful little cloud teased April once too often and petulantly April laid her head down and started crying. The little elf looked behind her tears.

"You left it here yesterday," he said.

She left, a parasol in each hand. A block down the street she met a friend carrying a parasol with a monkey handle.

"I was just bringing this to you," the friend called, "you left it Monday." The girl arrived home carrying six purple parasols with monkey handles.

This little story goes to show that "it's only human nature after all" to leave parasols—one natural necessity. Choose your parasol, not with the idea of losing it, but perhaps leaving it and make the choice as carefully as the choice is made of just the proper handkerchief to drop on the golf course, the dance floor or the street car. May it be as individually "you" as the "fairest form in all your flower" sunshine and lace or the monogram in the corner of your business handkerchief.

Since the real individuality of a parasol is in the handle choose for the handle of your parasol. If you arrive at a tea in a plain wooden or ivory handle is just the thing for a business suit; if you prefer the tailored yet different it's the leather handle you will desire; but if you revel in the strange, the bizarre, the Egyptian (and old king Tut, dead, has more influence on the market than his real name) choose a carved wooden monkey, an ivory Egyptian king or a little jade thing.

One must be practical though and no matter how charming the handle or how different, not forget that one's own complexion must be considered. If you are fair, a pale pink, a rose, a white, or a pale blue is the thing for your complexion. On the other hand, a rich, dark, rich Indian blood is the thing for a dark complexion.

It is said and by authority, that if a vase costs more than five dollars it is "vaze" otherwise a "vace" and so if this modern article whose forefather was a tunnel conglomeration of ugliness, probably, and practical, used by mother, the children and even father for rain or snow or even sun in an emergency, is an umbrella. But—if it's silk, green or purple or gold with a vivid handle, or flatty and made of lace, used by big sister for sun or primarily to complete her costume, then it's a parasol.

Hum tens loves to classify and under umbrella there are two main divisions, the versatile and the family umbrella. The parasol does not so readily adapt to classification. There is just a lovely conglomeration mass of parasols—the parasol that matches one's gown, the gaily colored one, the parasol one leaves, the one with a strange handle, the languid for lazy summer afternoons, and even the paper Japanese ones for the beach or a garden party when one desires to be particularly festive.

The versatile umbrella has the greatest possibilities and is perhaps most popular while April is making known her personality. This umbrella may be cotton, linen or even silk, black, green or brown providing the shade is dark. Mother carries it when she goes marketing in the morning if the sun is hot and Jean "stoops to conquer" a sudden show-
Next day when she was ransacking an old trunk for some material, she brought out of its moth ball atmosphere a heavy broadcloth suit that had been hers some years before. It was faded of course, but the material was good as new.

"Good, I'll do it," said Mrs. Turner after inspecting the old suit, and her actions for the next two weeks greatly puzzled Lucy. There was an air of secrecy about her Mother that she couldn't understand.

But the mystery cleared one evening when Mrs. Turner presented Lucy with a beautiful heavy broadcloth cape, lined throughout and trimmed in caracul.

"It took a beautiful color, didn't it dear," said Mother, "and the lining and collar cost so little."

Lucy danced about the room in glee and out the door to meet her father who was coming up the walk.

The economy game proved to be so much fun that the Turner family decided to play it always.

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she could enjoy for the parasol itself was red silk. One day while going through a shop with a smaller dark rather sallow skinned girl they came upon a parasol with a handle just as desirable and the silk was green. They bought it and between them made a bargain. Next day the tall golden girl stepped out into the sun, delightful under sunny green and the little olive girl brightened visibly under the red.

There is the smaller than ordinary size parasol which is just the thing if one be small and inclined to be not fat, just plump. This however will never do for the large plump woman. She would be grotesque and would remind the world of a bygone age in which ladies rode in open carriages with far above them a tiny fringed parasol which had a hinged handle so that they might tip the parasol in a direction to keep the most sun off the face.

It's only April yet, so we'll all use the family or versatile umbrella until spring grows out of her first ecstatic youth, is not so high strung and temperamental and then about the middle of May we'll all stroll forth unconcernedly carrying a lovely new silk parasol—or perhaps the one we had last year which really doesn't look so bad.

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