

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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The old glad hymn of John of Damascus, put into English by Dr. Neale, expresses rapturously the joy of the Christian in recalling the resurrection of Christ and in dwelling on the tremendous meaning of that wonderful event. In the hymn is sounded the triumph of the risen Lord over sin and death. There is also emphasized the exultant conviction that Christ overcame death not only for himself but for all believers forevermore; that the sting of death and the victory of the grave were by His resurrection rendered powerless until the end of the world.

## Easter

The Day of Resurrection;  
Earth! tell it out abroad!  
The Passover of Gladness!  
The Passover of God!

From death to life eternal—  
From this world to the sky,  
Our Christ has brought us over,  
With hymns of victory.

Now let the heavens be joyful!  
Let earth her song begin!  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein;

Invisible and visible  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our Joy that hath no end.

Every one knows what a mother gives to her children—time, energy, her very heart's blood. But what does every mother like to get? Does she like to have her children sacrifice for her? We think not. What she likes most, as we see it, is an expression of love now and then from those she loves most.

## What a Mother Wants

Here is a letter received from a son by his mother on her birthday. Have you any doubt that she treasures the original?  
"Dear Mother:

"I find today is the day one of the world's greatest persons was born on, and that person is you.

"I want to congratulate you, and pray that you have a good many more such occasions.

"I sincerely regret not being able to be with you today, but as I may not be there in body, I'm always with you in spirit. The least that I shall do is to thank God that you are here on earth with us, so don't forget to write once in awhile.

"God bless you on this day and be with you always."

April is the month of changeable weather. Especially on the north shore. These changes depend mostly on the wind. When

## April Weather

the wind blows from the north or east, the weather is raw and chilly. When it blows from the west or south, the weather is very likely to be surprisingly comfortable, often decidedly delightful. But the wind may change the next day and the mercury drop 30 degrees.

The office holder finds April very changeable. Today he is firmly seated in the saddle. Tomorrow the electorate shies, and he is rudely unseated. In one brief April day another man is shifted from the dimness of private life into the glare of public office.

The current season is drawing to a close. Soon there will be no more symphony concerts, no more recitals—until next fall. Social events are becoming less frequent. Many schools will close for the summer. As for the grand opera birds, they flew long since.

What shall we do with whatever spare time we have? How shall we spend our evenings, whatever few hours we have to spend?

Well, after the end of the season we'll have a little time every day to do those things that we've left undone. How about making those bookcases, the makings of which have been standing around ever since February? Then there's that scrapbook you were going to put together as soon as you got the time. And are you up on your correspondence? There's that letter you were going to write to your poor old uncle in Pennsylvania.

You said that in your very first spare time you were going to begin the study of typewriting. Why not begin now? Moreover, now is a good time to begin the reading of those books that have been standing unread on your shelves since last Christmas.

Do something profitable with whatever spare time you may have.

What have the citizens of any community a right to expect of those whom they elect? When a person announces his candidacy for

## What May Be Expected?

a certain office what does he promise to do if elected? Even if an office is unremunerative, each citizen has a right to expect some things of an office holder.

He may justly expect that the president and trustees of his village will run civic affairs as well as a good business is run. Materials will be bought as at low a price as possible consistent with good quality. Clerks, janitors, etc., will be required to give efficient service and will be paid fair wages. Streets and alleys will be kept up to the standard demanded by traffic.

The citizens may also rightly expect that the officials will be persistently diligent in the discharge of their duties. There may be some unpaid officials—we never have known of any such in north shore towns—who feel that they may slight work on the ground that they receive no compensation. Such a feeling indicates a fundamentally wrong attitude.

It might also be said in closing that those who are elected have a right to expect that their fellow citizens will give them friendly encouragement and criticism.

## SHORE LINES

### Chanson d'Avril

April's eyes are full of sorrow  
For she weeps today,  
But her mood may change tomorrow  
To a smile all gay.

There's a tear in all her laughter  
And her eyes are dim,  
But the sunshine follows after  
This dark mood she's in.

Down her cheeks the tears are streaming.  
Is she really sad?  
Oh! I think I must be dreaming,  
Now she seems so glad.

Tears of sorrow gently flowing  
Ease the heart of pain,  
And they start the spirit growing  
Toward the sun again.

April's eyes again are smiling,  
When her tears are past,  
Would this mood so all beguiling  
Could forever last.

—SARAH SILVER.

### KNOWS HER GROCERIES

DEAR MIQUE:

I was glad to know that Margy-in-Florida is "having a great time picking lemons from grapefruit trees, and oranges and grapefruit from lemon trees," but I never dreamed of hearing she would be connected with this "grafting business" I've heard so much about. Wish she were back here, but I guess she knows her lemons, and oranges, and grapefruit and—onions.

—Diana, the Huntress  
P. S. I guess the three grapefruit I bought for a quarter were from a lemon tree, or a peanut tree, alright—g-r-r.

\*\*\*\*\*  
"Oh, Very!"

Kenilworth officials who are retiring from office this month might well be listed after this fashion: Murray, Howe, Darling and Sweet. Isn't that a luscious phrase?

—Hub

### THE CRICKET

Yuh know what we got on our cellar floor?  
A Cricket! It sings in a crack by the door!  
All the day long we hear his shrill cry,  
Ma say it comforts like frens sittin' by!

Once I crept down and tiptoed quite near  
And got pretty close, an nen I could hear,  
An see how he did it. He shet up tight  
An didn't sing none at all that night.

The cricket is black an his legs is strong.  
An he makes big jumps as he's hoppin along.  
Pa say his legs is rough, like a saw,  
An sings with his legs. Which stonished my Ma.

She said that was silly and never could be;  
Till Pa got a book and showed her an me.  
My he is smart! An knows about bugs,  
An bees and fleas, an moths in our rugs.

Pa says he does it by readin ol books,  
Which makes him smarter'n ever he looks.  
The cricket, he says, tho he's homely an black,  
Is cheerful all day, tho he lives in a crack.  
—H. A. Mills, Back Yard Ballads.

### Whose Vote, One Wonders

"Der Tag," insofar as Alva Lee Adams, Winnetka druggist, is concerned, was Tuesday, April 5, on which day he won the Brown derby at the Greater Chicago Rotary song contest and was accorded one vote for the office of Marshal-Collector at Winnetka.

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Being well-nigh overcome with concern relative to the outcome of Wilmette's approaching Battle of the Ballots, we took time off Tuesday afternoon to spend a few soothing hours amidst the peaceful surroundings of Cubs' Park. Other notables in the great Wrigley skyscraper stadium that day were Give 'em Hell Thompson and Squire Landis, also guests of Bill Gum Wrigley.

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Forty-two thousand howling citizens provided complete surcease, last Tuesday, from the strenuous Wilmette Battle for Ballots. All the expletives we feign would cast at some of the local candidates were very nicely absorbed by the gangster trio, sometimes referred to as arbiters.

—MIQUE.