



By L. L. STEVENSON

Ramblings and ruminations: A blond applying lipstick as she crosses Broadway at Fiftieth street. . . Old vaudevillians huddling in front of the Palace. . . and talking of the "days when" . . . A fat tiger cat strolling leisurely in front of the Paramount. . . With pedestrians making quick stops or detours to avoid inflicting injury. . . A cop leading a bewildered looking gray-head from the Times Square information booth and pointing toward uptown. . . That sea food place with wall decorations of shells of enormous lobsters. . . Whenever I'm in Boston, I eat lobster fried in butter. . . and keep my fingers crossed for fear of indigestion. . . A bootblack escaping a pursuer, evidently a business competitor, by darting under a mounted policeman's horse at Forty-second street and Eighth avenue. . . Matinee crowds barging into off-shoots of Broadway. . . with commuters looking a bit confused in the crush.

A window with a display of imported caviar. . . A gaunt, seedy-looking man gazing at it intently. . . Another window displaying herring. . . and no spectators standing before it. . . Dwight Deere Winman recently returned from another London trip. . . A man carrying a bass viol into a subway entrance. . . Won't he have fun with a turnstile! . . . A young man in a track suit trotting along Fifth avenue. . . Gives me goose pimples. . . A doorman bowing deferentially to shoppers entering one of those subdued, but expensive establishments. . . Can't get used to the old Wendel mansion having been displaced by a dime store. . . and I still miss those well-tailored and tubed gray gentlemen who stared with expressionless faces at the passing avenue throngs from Union League club windows. . . A gray-haired woman standing before a show window mirror admiring her mink coat. . . Unconscious of the fact that there are two tags on the back which proclaim its newness. . . The cost in code, a disappointment to this investigator.

A vender of puppies at Sixth avenue and Thirty-eighth street. . . Keeping a careful lookout not only for customers but because the S. P. C. A. may get him. . . The clatter of trains passing overhead. . . and the old steel structure quivering with the pounding. . . Merchandise thrown into windows under going-out-of-business signs. . . Many of those establishments have been going out of business for years. . . A group of men inspecting a hardware store window display of pocket knives. . . and I haven't spotted a whittler all the years I have been here. . . The uptown traffic stream at Fifty-ninth street waiting to dash into Central park. . . Jean Paul King, radio announcer, who has three sets in his home. . . and none of them work. . . Mr. Powders who operates several drug stores. . . Park boats piled up for the winter. . . Won't be long now before they are in use again.

Gutzon Borglum, sculptor, strolling Park avenue. . . He came home from a short trip abroad only recently. . . Those buildings where authors stop. . . They house offices of publishers. . . Lucius Boomer entering the Waldorf. . . Taylor Holmes, whose Kipling records used to give me a lot of pleasant listening. . . That former actress who is now a saleswoman in a department store. . . Parks Johnson and Wally Butterworth who are known as "Q men." . . Because they interview the populace for the radio. . . Of all things, a Park avenue doorman with a smile on his face!

Back again in Times Square. . . Edwards, who has been barbering for 41 years in this vicinity. . . Born in mid-town and never worked anywhere else. . . That reminds me that in the Chelsea section there is a barber shop that gives "physiological hair cuts". . . and does no shaving. . . Tips also are barred. . . A stenographer spurning the attentions of a would-be Romeo. . . Who, subdued by hard looks, slinks into a bar. . . A blind man tapping along Eighth avenue. . . and singing, "Pennies From Heaven."

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Turkish Children Must Join Scouts

Ankara, Turkey. — Turkey is going in for scouting wholeheartedly.

The ministry for public education has ordered the compulsory enrollment of all schoolchildren, both boys and girls, in the Boy and Girl Scout organizations.

The chief scout of Turkey will shortly be appointed and the whole government will be national in character. The enrolled children, of both sexes, will range in age from 13 to 17.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...
By Lemuel F. Parton

"Just a Poor Historian."

NEW YORK.—In 1933, Ambassador William E. Dodd protested to Chancellor Hitler against assaults on Americans who failed to give the Nazi salute. He made these representations quietly but emphatically. His protest was effective.

Being naturally calm and tactful, it is quite certain that he will not aggravate the present difficulty as his government calls Germany to account for press attacks on America. But he is not spineless and will not be merely a messenger boy.

He has disproved the assumption that an ambassador to a major power must be rich. "Just a poor historian," he lives simply and rides third class around Germany. He says this is a much better way of understanding Germany and knowing the people than attending state banquets—which he abhors.

The Germans like him and even forgive his belief in democracy, which he bluntly expresses when such expression seems pertinent. His doctor's degree was obtained at the University of Leipzig, and one of his best books was a biography of Thomas Jefferson, written in German. They have forgiven that, too.

Most of his thirty years as a historian was spent at the University of Chicago. When he was appointed ambassador in June, 1933, he smilingly expressed doubt about being a diplomat. "The trouble is that a historian has to tell the truth," he said. Two former ambassadors to Germany, Bancroft and White, were historians, but in less troubled times. He has spoken frankly, and has been only occasionally vilified, as when Julius Streicher, Germany's notorious anti-Semite, slurred his family on August 16, 1935.

A native of North Carolina, he keeps a little cottage down in the Blue Ridge mountains, and drives around in a worn little old car when he comes home. He likes out of doors and is usually sun-tanned. He is medium, somewhat athletic in stature, with a look of keen awareness and competence, which softens as he speaks—he is essentially a humanist.

The failure of the League of Nations he regards as one of the tragedies of mankind. He has long been a torch bearer for the Wilsonian ideals, co-editor of "The Works of Woodrow Wilson," with Ray Stannard Baker. He is a former president of the American Historical association, highly distinguished and authoritative in his profession. He is sixty-seven years old.

"Too Many Nice Boys."

MR. TYLER DENNETT, president of Williams, says his college is getting too many "nice boys." It was in 1929 that Professor Robert E. Rogers of M. I. T. told his class that the thing to do was to "be a snob and marry the boss' daughter."

In 1934, he took it all back. A graduate might be a snob cum laude, but he was running an elevator just the same. Out in Minnesota, a college dean recently urged students to take postgraduate courses in refined speech, dress and decorum. It must be hard for the youngsters to decide what to be or do.

Dr. Dennett evidently doesn't suggest "rowdy" as the alternative of "nice." What he seems to have in mind is that Williams should draw more from the main democratic bloodstream, and not so much from the blue-blood arteries. He thinks the exclusive preparatory schools are furnishing too many students in to Williams.

The Admiralty Speaks.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, British first lord of admiralty, defends his \$500,000,000 naval plan and urges the United States to build right along with England—we are brothers. Already there is a yell over here that England is, as usual, trying to get us to pull her chestnuts out of the fire. But that's something for the editorial page.

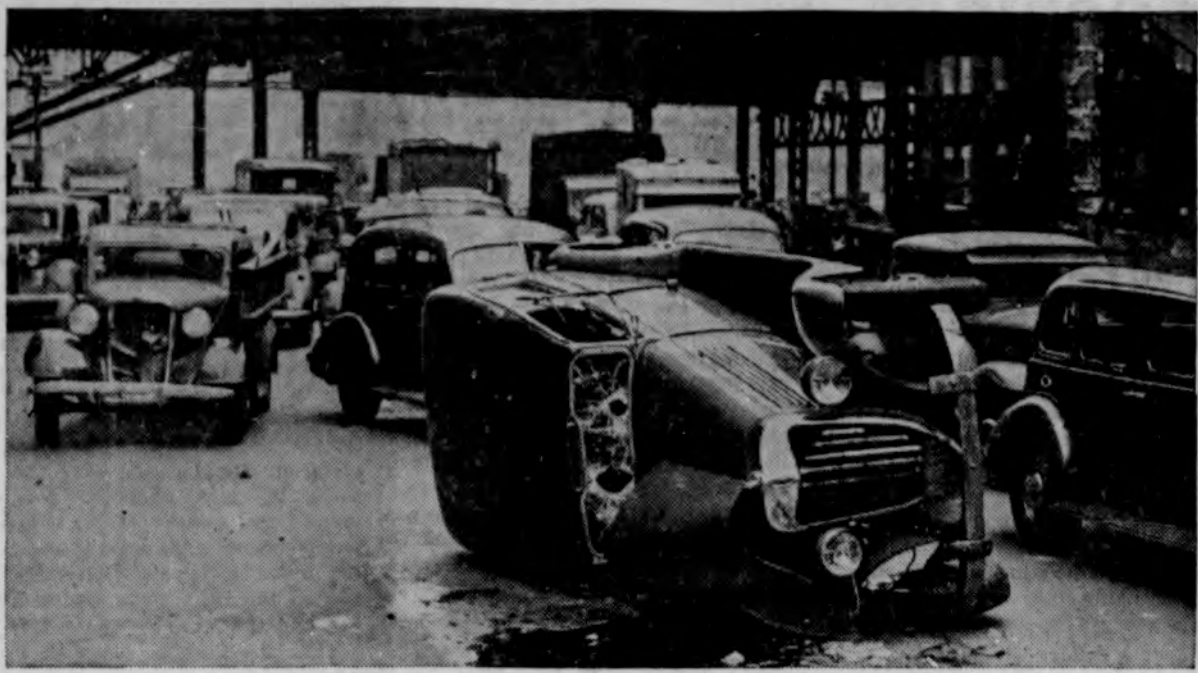
Sir Samuel, with his high-pitched nasal voice, his long, sharp pedagogue's nose, his glassy eye, and his way of laying things on the line, is always good copy for the reporters.

Simultaneously, he broke the illustrious and inquisitive nose, figure-skating, and was eased out as foreign minister because he was too realistic about Ethiopia. His comeback was amazing in its swiftness. In a few months, he headed the admiralty, and articulate and dominant tory England had swung to his view on Ethiopia.

His goldsmith ancestors founded Ye Olde Golden Bottel bank in the reign of Charles I. It is still owned by five Hoares, with one of them sleeping on the premises every night as their ancient charter requires. Sir Samuel, it is believed, never sleeps, with an eye never closed on the empire where the sun never sets.

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Taxi Cab War Flareup Terrorizes Chicago



Sights like this were not uncommon in Chicago's downtown "loop" section as "wrecking crews" of striking cab drivers attacked vehicles still being operated by loyal employees and strikebreakers. One passenger was reported shot and many ducked flying glass from cab windows shattered by missiles thrown by the strikers.

He'd Walk Mile (Up) for Sonja



With their Detroit hotel crippled by strikers, Sonja Henie, famed ice-skater, and her actor boy friend, Tyrone Power, walked up seventeen floors. Then because Papa and Mama Henie were hungry, Power walked down and up again with food.

SIT-DOWN SKATE



Kay Francis, screen beauty, takes a well-earned rest on a rolling platform during Ginger Rogers' roller skate party held at the Rollerdrome in Hollywood recently. Kay proved one of the more adept at the art, but found that this position, clear to the ground, made for more safety.

Jersey Orchid Wins Gold Medal at Flower Show

What fair lady's heart couldn't be melted by the beauty of this cymbidium orchid, owned by Ed A. Manda, of West Orange, N. J.? It won the gold medal at the twenty-



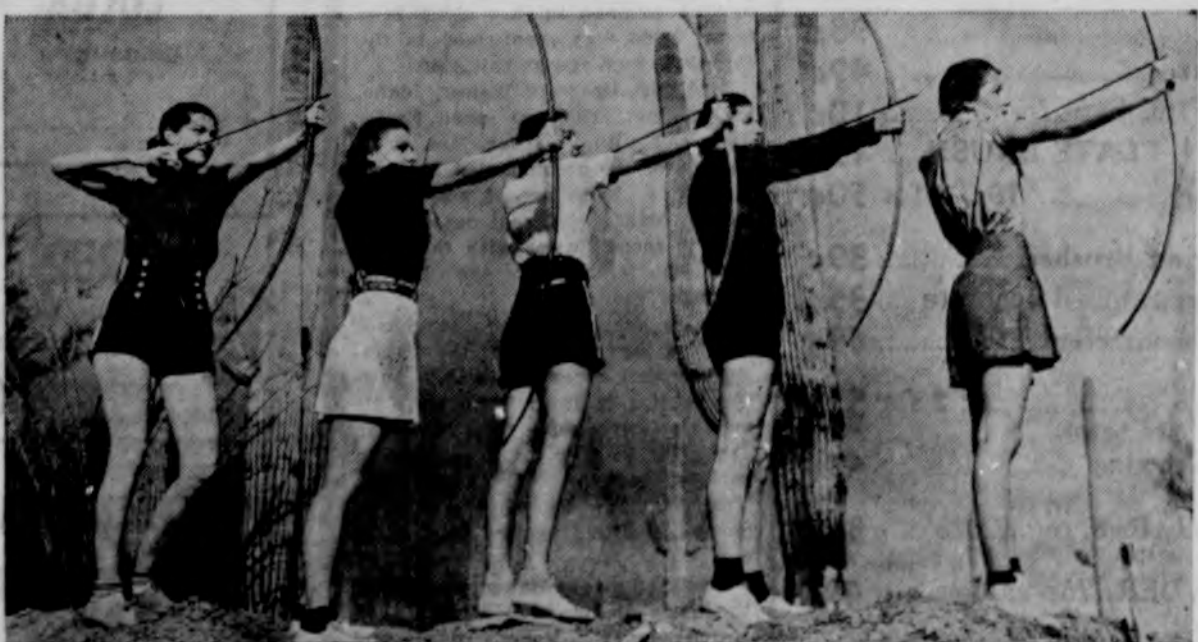
fourth annual flower show sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York and the New York Florists club at the Grand Central palace in Manhattan.

Air Net to Catch Bombers



In the next war London may be defended from enemy bombers by great cable nets supported by balloons like that shown here. It is a revival of a plan of 1917 and provides a menace to low-flying planes, forcing them to fly higher, where searchlights, range finders and aircraft guns may be used against them more effectively.

They're Shooting Old Man Winter



Framed against a background of sky and giant saguaro cacti, these coeds of the University of Arizona at Tucson practice with their bows and arrows—a sure sign of spring. Left to right: Lesta Lou Welsh, Ella Ida Tarbell, Helen Dwyer, Elinor Beckett and Shirley Snider.

My Favorite Recipe
By Billie Burke
Actress

English Mock Cheese Cake
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cupful boiling water
1/4 cupful butter
1/4 cupful butter
1/2 cupful sugar
1 cupful fresh-grated coconut
2 eggs
2 teaspoonfuls cream
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Make a rich pie paste of the flour, salt, three-quarters cupful of butter and the boiling water. Roll out, cut in rounds, and line muffin tins with it.

Make a filling of the quarter cupful of butter, well creamed; add the sugar and well-beaten eggs, cream and vanilla. Fold in the coconut, fill the lined tins, and bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown, and they are set. These may be topped with whipped cream when they are cool.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

Sine qua non. (L.) Without which not; an indispensable condition.

Absque hoc. (L.) Without this.

Ex parte. (L.) Of or from one side only.

Non est inventus. (L.) He has not been found.

Pax vobiscum! (L.) Peace be with you!

Statu quo ante bellum. (L.) As it was before the war.

Sur le tapis. (F.) On the carpet; under consideration.

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