

Music



►► Torch and Dance Records

AS PRESENTED in the show, the music from George White's *Scandals* is far from genteel, but there is a certain amount of restraint employed. Victor Young, the brilliant Brunswick conductor and arranger, has brought out a double-sided twelve-inch disk of tunes from the *Scandals* that beats anything of its kind for heat and general rowdiness¹. In addition to the Brunswick Orchestra, the Boswell Sisters, Bing Crosby, Frank Munn, the Dorsey Brothers, the Mills Brothers and (anonymously) Everett Marshall are all involved. How's that for talent all on one record?

Speaking of the Mills Brothers, they are a quartet with guitar who use no other instruments except their hands and their vocal chords. What they do to two old favorites, *Tiger Rag* and *Nobody's Sweetheart* is not only astounding, but eminently danceable². I had thought the *Tiger Rag* field pretty adequately covered, but these lads have added several new notes and new ways of making them.

I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You started it, but now there is another delightfully vindictive colored ditty about. *They Put the Last Clean Shirt on Bill Today* is the tale of a bad man who messed around with his pals' gals until one of them got him and now he's in a wooden kimono where they can find him Decoration Day. Clarence Augustus Williams chortles it, although he is listed as The Whispering Baritone. On the reverse he advises us *Don't Let Love Make a Fool of You* and if you listen to both of these songs and take heed you'll have lots of fun and keep out of trouble³.

A gentleman of color who couldn't do anything about that but who has gone frightfully British on us as to accent is Leslie Hutchinson. Never convinced before, I must admit that his *Time on My Hands* is much the best to date, well backed by *I'm Glad I Waited*⁴.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick 20102.
2. Brunswick 6197.
3. Columbia 14628-D.
4. Parlophone R 925.

►► Prose and Worse ◄◄

Most figures in the public eye
Make me either laugh or cry.

I do not think that Mr. Hoover's
Done very much to win approvers.

It always makes me snicker some
To look at Mr. Wickersham.

As for the greatness that is Ford's,
I like his works, but not his words.

Nor can I say that I'm one who's felt
Enthusiasm for young T. Roosevelt.

Alas, the only man that I'm for
Is one I cannot find a rhyme for.

I do not mind, however, tellin'
You that it isn't Mr. Mellon.

Things that far off enormous loom
Grow small as you get closer to 'm.

You never shout: "They are the
berries!"

When viewing your contemporaries.

For those whose ties and table manners
Fret you, you seldom sing hosannas.

I wonder if the Greeks thought Plato
A rather tasteless cold potato.

Perhaps if living in Angora
I could think well of Mr. Borah.

And possibly great Mussolini,
Viewed from the Vatican, looks teeny.

I think behind this lies the truth
Of why men shun the voting booth.

The man who begs me for my vote
Quite often gets, instead, my goat.

He may be capable and wise,
A foe of grafters, crooks and drys,

But if he wears bright pink suspenders
Or goes on periodic benders

Or has long hair, or bulging eyes,
My interest in him quickly dies.

Is it, indeed, too much to ask
That all our great men wear a mask?

Without a mask, the non-essential
Becomes at once too influential.

A close-up of a president
Has saddened many an honest gent.

A movement to protect our national
Heroes seems to me quite rational.

I hope this plan appeals to you:
To ship them off to Timbuctoo

Where far from platforms, crowds and
cameras
They will again seem great and
glamorous.

They'll not be here, of course, and so'll
Govern us by remote control,

Which as a scheme of government
Is not without its precedent.

Ah, how I could admire our mayor
If he lived on a Himalaya!

How joyously I'd think of Hoover
If he but dwelt in chilly Newfou-

ndland. And with how meek and lovin' a
Gaze I'd look up to a governor

Who lived in Bechuanaland.
Won't you give this scheme a great big
hand?

☆☆☆☆☆

For the benefit of those who wish to make a little money by the practice of some easy and genteel employment at home, but who find that the only things they can think of to make bring them into competition with the five and ten cent stores, we wish to suggest several articles described in *The Girl's Own Book*, published in 1832. Engraved eggshells, we think, are not now on the market, nor are fly cages, made of bristles fastened together with beeswax ("which look very pretty suspended from the ceiling"). Then there are feather baskets and melon-seed baskets, and baskets made of allspice (but you have to soak the allspice in brandy before stringing), of moss, alum and rice. Or you can take up poonah painting, an art much neglected of late. Just what a poonah is, unfortunately, is not made clear. In fact, all the directions in the book leave a good deal to be desired, and in several cases the author has altogether, though not very gracefully, dodged them. As, for instance, with various things made of cut and folded paper. "They are very difficult to describe, and any little girl who wishes to make them can learn of some obliging friend in a very few moments." But we did learn how the fly cages are made, and if you'd like to prepare a few to send to your relatives for Christmas, we'll be glad to send you the directions.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

How T. R. Took Panama

(Continued from Page 435)

friendly arrest early on November 4; he was very close to the revolutionists and was living in Amador's house. A few more citizens would be arrested, as a gesture, and a rocket sent up by the Fire Brigade. To prevent the possibility that the troops bound for Colon could cross the Isthmus, it was arranged that all rolling stock on the railroad would be sent to Panama City. This detail was the work of Colonel J. R. Shaler, Superintendent of the Panama Railroad.

Behind all this, in influence and in power, was the United States. Roosevelt insisted, probably truthfully, that he had no idea what assurances might have been given by Bunau-Varilla to the revolutionists. The Roosevelt Administration had concluded, and Bunau-Varilla knew it, to make the Treaty of 1846 with New Granada an excuse to assist the revolutionists. This, of course, was distinct from Dr. Moore's plan, now obsolete, for the seizure of Panama by the United States.

THE DECISION of the conspirators to delay the revolution until November 4 was very nearly fatal to the cause of liberty. The *Nashville* arrived at Colon at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of November 2. That same day the Navy Department sent instructions to Commander John Hubbard of the *Nashville* and to the commanding officers of the other vessels steaming toward Panama. They were directed to "maintain free and uninterrupted transit" on the Isthmus. If this was threatened "by armed force" they were to "occupy the line of railroad" and prevent any troops, government or insurgent, from landing "at any point within fifty miles of Panama." But Hubbard's cable had not arrived. He saw no disturbance nor any basis for action in the uncontested landing at midnight on November 2 of 500 Colombian soldiers from the gunboat *Cartagena*. On the morning of November 3 all remained quiet, and he cabled Washington to that effect.

On hearing that the Bogotán warriors had arrived, and that only the narrow isthmus stood between them and the patriotic revolutionists, Dr. Amador and his associates at Panama City were again plunged into gloom. This time Señora Maria de la Ora de Amador (de Guerrero), the leader's wife, buoyed their courage. It was too late to retreat, said the future First Lady of Panama. Their plans had been carried on so far that retreat was impossible. In this crisis Cromwell's men saved the day. Generals Tovar and Amaya were greeted at 8

o'clock that morning at Colon by Shaler, the Panama Railroad superintendent. He exuded cordiality, and he led them with appropriate flourishes to a special train with a single car attached to the locomotive. The troops would follow at 1 o'clock that day, the superintendent explained, when the Colombian generals asked why they were being shipped to Panama City by themselves. Then, as they still hesitated, Shaler pulled the bell-cord, hopped off and waved a genial farewell as the train rolled out. In due time it arrived on the other side of the isthmus where Tovar and Amaya received a reception worthy of their high rank.

Amador, his courage fortified by desperation, had decided to strike. Shaler telegraphed that the troops would not be transported. When Colonel Torres, the commanding officer at Colon, demanded a train, the bluff and hearty railroad superintendent said that this was impossible unless the fares of the troops were paid in advance. When Torres protested that his superior officers had all the money, \$65,000 conveniently borrowed from the Collectors of Customs at Barranquilla and Cartagena, Shaler said that he was desolated, but what could he do? Regulations were regulations; tickets must be bought for the troops. If only Governor Obaldia were present, he could sign authorizations in lieu of cash. But the Governor was at Panama City and, as Shaler was well aware but kept to himself, was hand in hand with the rebels. Thus it was Shaler, in the employ of Cromwell's clients, who saved the day. No train was supplied. Tovar and Amaya, being elaborately entertained at the Government House in Panama City, grew slightly uneasy as the afternoon wore away and their soldiers did not appear.

A highly excited Colombian colonel demanding transportation, a puzzled American naval officer wondering whether he had made a mistake, and a regiment of soldiers encamped at the railroad station, naturally attracted attention in sleepy Colon. Malmross, the American Consul, felt it wise to report these unusual activities to the State Department and his descriptive cable was received at Washington at 2:35 o'clock in the afternoon. He said he knew very little of what went on across the isthmus, but certainly something was under way. His cable inspired F. B. Loomis, the first assistant to Secretary Hay, to send an unfortunate inquiry. He controlled his patience for an hour, and at 3:40 tele-



LET'S GIVE OURSELVES UP

To some real joy this winter. No more moaning! Pack the flannels (white, not red) . . . buy a straw hat . . . and hop to Cuba . . . by auto or plane, steamer or train. Enjoy a taste of freedom . . . in a foreign land . . . only a few hours from your own country . . . American comfort with European charm and cosmopolitan gayety . . . radiant Havana and the quaint countryside . . . along 700 miles of velvet highway . . . at prices you can afford. : : :

Send for interesting pamphlet "Cuba", Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, Cuba, or Room 3807, 10 East 40th St., New York City.

C U B A
Year-Round Playground of the Americas
Photo Amer. Photo Studios