AMONG US MODERNS
THE COLORED REVUE
By W. E. HILL

"I hear those angel voices singing, 'Old Black Joe.'" The Sunflower quartet in its second of "The Seaboard Brown Revue" offers some pretty sick harmonizing.

Four ladies of the ensemble in the levee scene act up for all the world like real southern pickaninnies in cotton-picking time.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Dinah giving the levee an early southern flavor.

Eddie, the juvenile lead, interpreting a few intricacies of the dance.

A high yelll Valentine wearing all the latest hints from the toggery shops.

Here come the high brown chorus boys for an encore!

"Don't you call me nigger, big boy?" Meet Snowbell Sam from Alabama, the comedian of the review. His labors are both loud and long.

The trap drummer is a busy boy in this age of jazz.

"Yes, sir, that's my baby!" Loreta Bluegum, super ingenue, about to compete in the Charleston.