

# AMONG US MODERNS

THE COLORED REVUE

By W. E. HILL



"I hear those an-gel voices singing, 'Old Black Joe.'" The Sunflower quartet in 'act second of "The Sealskin Brown Revue" offers some pretty slick harmonizing.



The character lady exuding that simple grandeur that only the socially elect can exude successfully.



Four ladies of the ensemble in the levee scene acting up for all the world like real southern pickaninies in cotton picking time.

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



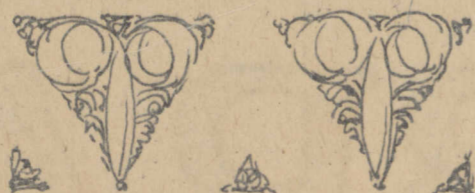
Eddie, the juvenile lead, interspersing a few intricacies of the dance.



A high yaller Valentino wearing all the latest hints from the toggery shops.



Here come the high brown chorus boys for an encore!



"Don't you call me names, big boy!" Meet Snowball Sam from Alabam, the comedian of the revue. His labors are both loud and long.

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



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