



SCENE: "THE LAST JUMP", CABARET ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

Here is Nick Fie Rastus with his "teasin' brown", getting in a word or two (I'll say he is) between dances and sips of that red ale which is the rage of Negro cabarets. Note the lady's neutral attitude, expressed by the chaste and exquisite clasping of her hands



THAT TEASIN' YALLA GAL

Seen either on the stage of the "Lincoln", 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, or at "The Bucket of Blood", between the hours of 9 P. M. and 4 A. M. A lady of mystery. Unescorted. Unescortable. Likely to have a greyhound at home. Impossible to tell the exact color of her skin



KIND O' MELANCHOLY LIKE

He's jess natchely a quiet sort of fellow, dat boy is. Bin at dat table all night, sittin' down, waitin' for somebody, it seem. Don't nevah dance or sing or cut up. Nuthin'. Jess sits over there, kind o' melancholy, like. "You got to do bette'n dat, ole man. Ain't no time to git blue"



THE SHEIK OF DAHOMEY

Nothin'—Ah don't care whut it is—can get mah boy recited. Nothin'! And talk about havin' a way with wimmin, ain't nobody can tell him nuthin' . . . He's a dressin' up fool, dat boy is, an' he sure's got luck with de high yalla ladies

Enter, The New Negro, a Distinctive Type Recently

Exit, the Coloured Crooner of Lullabys, the Cotton-Picker, the Mammy-Singer and

The Sketches on these two pages
by MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS



ON A SPREE

Scene: Stage Door at the
"Chocolate Dandies"

Looks as if dese folks is got the blues, don't it? Well, that ain't it, prezactly. Ah wants to tell you that dey's gwine "out" to a party, dat's what. That boy swings a mean wheel-barrow; and de gal, she ain't so bad, neither. She sure can shake a wicked soap sud



8 A. M. ON LENOX AVENUE
"Got a job fo' you, Coolie."
"Nigger, keep still! I bin in New York gwine on to twenty years now and I ain't nevah had no job. Go on 'bout yo' bizness. . . . Az Ah was tellin' yo', Lovey, Ah had five to win and two for a place. . ."

THE effortless New York public, revolving always with the fairest wind, has recently discovered a new brand of Negro entertainer. Not the old type, of course. The lullaby-singer has gone. Also the plantation darkey. And, out of the welter of sentimentality which the old types created, the Negro now emerges as an individual, an individual as brisk and as actual as your own next-door neighbour. He no longer has to be either a Pullman car porter, or over-fond of watermelons, in order to be a successful type on our stage. He is a personality, always, and frequently an artist. A bright light has recently been turned upon him.

The first all-coloured show, *Shuffle Along*, written, produced and acted by Negroes, was presented the season before last on

See dis Strutter! Tu'n mo' tricks 'n a monkey, dis boy kin. Jess like that, jess like that. And he don't give a doggone if them Broadway stars



do come on uptown where he is at, and see him do he stuff, and den go on back downtown and strut his stuff as if they jess got it natchely



2 A. M. AT "THE CAT AND THE SAXOPHONE"

"Boy, do that thing! Tell 'em about me! You tell 'em, sister. Be yourself, now! 'S pretty, too. Ah mean she ain't ugly. Oh! Kiss me, papa! You're pretty from the ground up"

Broadway, and immediately became a sensation. Since then we have seen its successors, *Runnin' Wild*, *Chocolate Dandies*, *Honey*, and *Dixie to Broadway*. We have also seen a great number of Negro cabarets which have flared up in every part of New York, from the fashionable districts to the Harlem black belt—all flourishing under white, or partial white, patronage.

In the accompanying sketches, Miguel Covarrubias, the young Mexican artist, has miraculously caught the somewhat exotic spirit of the new Negro, as he is seen to be, both on the stage and in the more characteristic moments of his life around the cabarets. The captions for these eight drawings were written by Eric D. Walrond, a talented Negro poet.

Created by the Coloured Cabaret Belt in New York

the Darky Banjo-Player, for so Long Over-Exploited Figures on the American Stage