

WEEK'S POEM

THE COMMON BROTHERHOOD

By Clinton Scollard

Since in that garden-land where
through
There rippled many a liting
stream,
Gihon and Pison, clear of hue,
Taking the dawn and sunset beam,
Since Eve and Adam saw the gleam
When mortal time and tide began,
This, this has been the dreamer's
dream—
The common brotherhood of man.

Look down the years in long review—
How infinitely sad they seem!
The fair fields stained with crimson
dew,
The griefs and agonies extreme;
The horrors crowd, the terrors
teem,
Wherever we may backward scan!
How dim, how far the dreamer's
dream—
The common brotherhood of man!

Evasive the uncaptured clue
That leads to this—an endless
theme;
Though now a rainbow spans the
blue,
It fades, and is not what we deem;
We clutch at it, we vainly scheme,
And while with all our powers we
plan,
Still, still eludes the dreamer's
dream
The common brotherhood of man.

ENVOI

Friends, may it come, the hour
supreme
To every class, to every clan,
The realization of the dream—
The common brotherhood of man!

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LOOKING AT THE STARS
By **MATT HUGHES**

TIM MOORE AND THE ORIENT

Now that the Japanese and Chinese are busy slaughtering each other in the Far East, one is reminded of Tim Moore, formerly the leading comic of "Blackbirds," and now starred in Irvin Mills' "Harlem Scandals."

The story goes that Moore was touring the Orient with a company of girls and entertainers not long after the Spanish-American War, and after leaving Shanghai, he embarked for the Philippines, where the American Army was keeping the insurrectionists in check.

Tim took his company into the camp of the colored regiments detailed there and arranged to put on his show. The first night the home-sick and sex-starved soldiers crowded the barracks to seek "the good looking yaller gals from back home."

When the girls began to wiggle their torsos the soldiers rained gold and silver coins on the stage and yelled for more.

Two days later several of the girls failed to report for duty. Three days and the chorus had dwindled to nothing. Tim and Gertie found

themselves alone and they had to join a white company to get home. All of his chorus girls had married soldiers and remained in the Philippines.

When Tim reads about the happenings in the Orient today, he can picture many of the places now in dispute. Besides traveling in the Far East his comic antics have carried him around the world on several occasions, and he is one of the few comics who have appeared in blackface in a Chinese theatre and made them like it.

BUCK AND BUBBLES—ASTRONOMERS

Two of the funniest fellows you'll find on the stage today are Buck and Bubbles, the comic pair of top-notchers with a style all their own, but I'll bet you ten to one you'll find them a thousand times funnier off.

Just where John Supplet, the elongated member of the combo got his tag of "Bubbles" is a mystery to me, but that the name is quite fitting, I can well attest. "Bubbles," a big over-grown boy, literally bubbles all over himself.

When not dancing, singing or thinking up new gags, "Bubbles" spends his time studying astronomy and trying to devise a method by which he can make a trip to (of all places) Mars.

He now has it all doped out. He figures that if he can get a rocket past a certain given point in the stratosphere and can get his rocket headed in the right direction, it will be easy to reach Mars in no time or any other planet that he takes a notion to visit.

"The trouble has been," explains Bubbles, drawing elaborate plans on the back of an old envelope, showing the location of Venus, Mars, Jupiter and other worlds in their relation to the earth, "that the scientists and astronomers don't realize that until they can make a rocket strong enough to go against the earth's revolution that they won't get anywhere."

"All along they have been sending airplanes and rockets that turn the same way the earth is turning and the earth turns so fast that the rocket gets caught in the cycle of air that is stirred up and can't get out."

"That is why if you start at a given point in an airplane, the world will swing you around until you get right back where you started from."

"Now, my plan is to send off a plane that will go beyond the force of gravity in the direction opposite to the way the world is turning. And once I get beyond the pulling power of the earth, I won't have anything to worry about."

Bubbles has blue-prints of his rocket plane, and will send them to the patent office. He also has plans whereby he can sit in one place and control the whole world by pushing an electric button—but that's another long and complicated story. While Bubbles explains his discoveries with the use of high sounding scientific names, Buck looks on wide-eyed and merely says: "Uh huh. They both agree that scientists, past and present, are a lot of dumb eggs not to have figured these things out for themselves."

SIDELIGHTS

Earl (Snakehips) Tucker and Bessie Dudley, who had a fist-feast before she quit and joined Dusty Fletcher in "Rhapsody in Black," have made up and are dancing together again in a new vaudeville experiment at Warner's (N.Y.) Theatre.

Broadway is going wild over "The Black Tower," a new mystery play, which reminds one that "The Dark Tower" was the name given to the late A'Leia Walker's town house in Harlem, which served as a rendezvous for hungry Harlemites who pretended they liked the grand dame and flattered her to cash in on the freebies. It also served as a tag for Countee Cullen's piffle in the Crisis.

Duke Ellington is an inveterate gambler they tell me and spends his spare time dropping nickels in Bingo machines. He spent \$16 in the lobby of the Penn Hotel while playing the Hippodrome here, dropping little balls into holes from 12 until 4 a.m.

Coleridge Davis, piano plunker for the Hardy Brothers Ork, is also a Bingo fan. He gets as great a kick out of losing as winning. And, by the way, he swears that marriage to Harriet Calloway was not a phoney story, and they'll be together in Washington soon.

Elmer Calloway, Cab's brother, who is the music-maker at the Club Prudhom, Washington's stay-up-late place, is a pal of the Hardy Brothers

ATLANTIC CITY CARES FOR ITS JOBLESS.—The Good Will Free Lunch, 133 N. Maryland Avenue, where over 250 people have been fed daily for the past sixteen weeks. This lunch room is sponsored by Frank Bennett and Austin Clark.

outfit, and spent the day in Baltimore with them last week.

Some of the girls in Teddy Blackman's chorus are sore because I say they were married. It cramps their style, they complain.

Hamtree Harrington and Sidney Easton are hammy in "His Woman," a flicker. Harrington pops his eyes and Easton shows his teeth, but beyond that there is no acting.

"Lucky Day," the first big-time all-colored musical staged on the coast, folded after a six weeks' run, while Easterners were waiting for a chance to lamp it. Critics complained that every scene was a nance and even the horse used in the bits caught the idea and acted like a pansy.

Which reminds me of the story of the patron who tried to get tickets to see "The Good Fairy," now playing the Miller Theatre on Broadway. When he could not get tickets he was fuming mad.

A gentle young man tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Oh, don't take on so because you can't see 'The Good Fairy,' look at me. I'm good." "The Green Pastures" was the first play to stay in Milwaukee for two weeks for many years.

TEDDY BLACKMAN

"One, two, three, one, two, three—that's it, hit it now—try that same formation again." Thus a slim, young man with a pleasant face lays back on the hind legs of his chair and calls signals as a troupe of comely chorines get through their paces.

I used the phrase call signals intentionally, because calling signals comes natural to Teddy Blackman, the ballet master, whose famous Alhambra chorus is one of the best trained units on the stage, because he got in the habit while quarterback at Howard University not so long ago.

Teddy is an Omega man, who overcame the handicaps of a frat pi and made good in the "sho' bizness."

Teddy set out to become an electrical engineer and majored in mathematics at H.U. toward that end. While in New York trying to gather shekles to complete his education, he got a job in a night club as a waiter, but got fired for dancing too much. This was a kick upstairs because he left the culinary end and joined the entertaining force as a dancer. From then on, Teddy has been a hooper. His first big show was "4-11-44." He later became the producer at the Alhambra. It was there that his famous chorus danced out two hundred pairs of shoes. Teddy praises Addison Carey for his advice and assistance given in the pioneer days. He calls Goldsboro, N.C., home.

A NIGHT CLUB DANCER AND A RACKETEER

Those in the know are watching with interest the gallant fight being made by little Arthur Bryson to stage a comeback.

A few years ago at the age of 20, he was scaling the top as an entertainer and dancer, appearing in "Runnin' Wild," "Rang Tang," Earl Carroll's "Vanities," "The Florida Girl," and the Nest Club.

It was at Texas Guinan's club a few years ago that he was dancing when he accidentally struck the chair of a white woman. Her racketeer escort, Mikeal Campola, one of the big shots of the New York underworld, pulled out a gun and shot him three times in the leg.

The story as given out was that Arthur was trying "to get fresh with a white woman," and nothing was done to the gangster.

Plenty was done to Arthur, however. He was black-balled out of the RKO houses, which he had played for three years. He could not get a job in the night clubs, and things broke pretty bad for him. Arthur is on the up grade now, and here's wishing him luck.

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