

'31 DEBUTANTES BOW AT LOCAL "PANSY" BALL

**Men of Neuter Gender
Frolic in Stunning
Women's Gowns.**

CROWDS AT HALL

**Bass Voice, Big Feet
Betray Third Sex.**

By RALPH MATTHEWS

The coming out of new debutantes into homo-sexual society was the outstanding feature of Baltimore's eighth annual frolic of the pansies when the Art Club was host to the neuter gender at the Elks' Hall, Friday night.

The pinch of economic depression has apparently not affected the pocketbooks of the undetermined sex, if unrestrained expenditure in the procuring of elaborate gowns, wraps, jewelry, pumps and lingerie can be accepted as evidence.

This year's ball, from a standpoint of artistic creations and ingenuity in transforming the harshness of masculine lines into the smooth contours of femininity, surpassed all previous balls here.

Two Kinds of Debs

Coming out parties among the pansies take two distinct forms. There are the sweet young things who are just budding into flukerhood and are now ready to enjoy male companionship without being chaperoned, and those of spinster age who, after many years of dangling on the borderline of suspicion, cast discretion to the winds and blossom forth in all their glory.

Douglass Hi Lad

The latter group was welcomed with open arms and expressions of glee in suppressed bass. The youngest of the former group was a 16-year-old Douglass High School youth. At first he was bashful and shy, but as the evening wore on he lost his self-consciousness and gave way to carefree abandon along with his older sisters.

Crowd Gets Wise

In spite of the secrecy with which the invitations were distributed among the handsome youths who frequent the Y.M.C.A. and adjacent lunch-rooms, the nature of the affair leaked out and spectators were gathered around the canopy that led from the curb to the door as early as 8 p.m., and by 10:30, when the first dainty hemale tripped from his cab up the plush carpet to the door, a peering crowd had gathered.

By 11 p.m., when the ball was at its freakish height, a large crowd of society folk (normal) had prevailed upon the guardian on the door to admit them to the balcony. From this vantage point the social leaders appeased their appetites for the abnormal.

Vie for Honors

As of old, Washington's "Miss" Garrison reigned as the belle of the evening. Dainty and demure, with

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rouged lips and painted cheeks, a flowing gown of egg-shell satin, studded with rhinestones, a tirara of similar crystals adorned a boyish bobbed head and a short evening wrap of scarlet velvet trimmed with ermine completed the costume. Washington's "Miss" Garrison is by profession a female impersonator.

The vogue of long hair brought out many wigs of various styles, textures and colors. The white Martha Washingtons were much in evidence and even red and yellow crowded Clara Bow and Greta Garbo out of the running as enchantresses.

Display Temperament

Observers in the balcony got their first glimpse of pansy temperament when one of the feminine-attired lads, aggrieved by his male companion, burst into tears and left the dance in a huff.

Another turned up his powdered nose when offered an introduction to a visiting queen from Philadelphia answering the question, "Have you met Miss——?" with, "Yes, I know the sow; she tried to steal a man of mine once." Both parted coldly.

Press is Barred

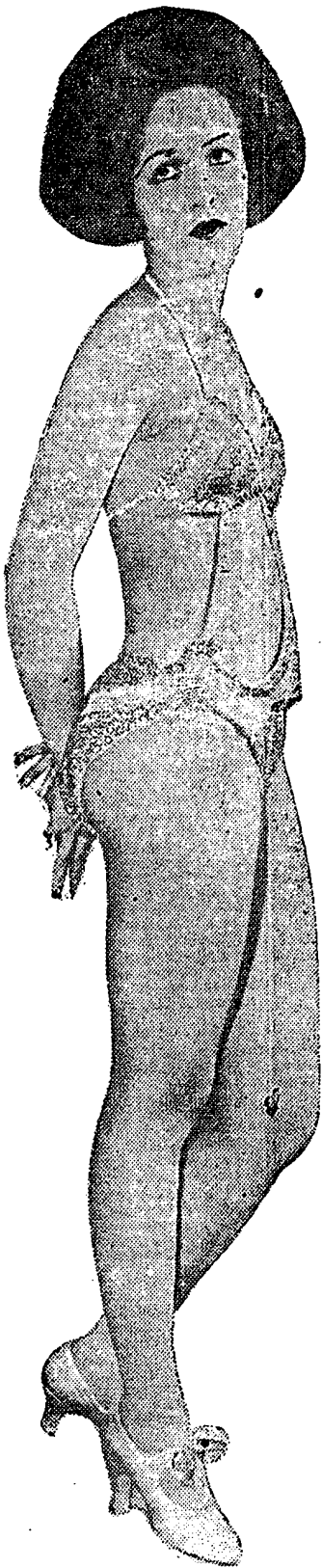
Another, being informed that the writer represented the press, approached and said: "Now, don't you dare write this affair up like the paper did last year with a lot of stuff about men in evening gowns and hard muscles. Look at me. My arms are as soft and smooth as any woman's." He placed his bediamonded hands upon his hips and struck a pose that showed off his padded bosom to good advantage and "sashayed" across the floor.

My Daddy's Here

"My daddy is here from New York tonight," confided another in a deep baritone. "He has a new Oldsmobile and is going to take me for a ride later on." He seemed supremely elated over the anticipation.

CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN as Well as THE MAN

But the Modistes Play Queer Pranks Sometimes, Pansies Prove



LOUISE (Jota) COOK, shapely stage star, whose beautiful body needs no adornment other than a string of beads to attract attention. Men can masquerade in dresses and pass for women, but she defies them to strip and keep up the illusion.



BOOTS LAVANA and JOE SMOTHERS, two Baltimore night club entertainers, who have made a great hit featuring the song, "Pansies on Parade." Both are men.



ALDEN GARRISON, of Washington, D.C., female impersonator, who makes some of the weaker sex take a back seat for dress.



MISS HAZEL COLE, charming entertainer, who can even don trousers and keep her feminine beauty.

By **RALPH MATTHEWS**

"Clothes make the man" is an old familiar saying that is taken literally by the Harlem sheiks who promenade up and down Seventh Avenue, but that clothes make the woman also is a well established fact of which the stylists take full advantage.

It's the ability to wear clothes that determines to a large degree whether a performer is a success or a failure. Many a great star possessing unusual talent has had trouble getting bookings because of a shoddy wardrobe.

And, in referring to shoddiness, I do not confine myself to quality so much as good taste.

Recalls Certain Lady

For some reason hard to define I remember the beautiful and state-ly Alberta Pryson, well known on American and European stages, where she made a tremendous success, more for her gowns, and her carriage than for her singing.

Carolyn Snowden, the movie star, is also a star who knows what to wear and when to wear it.

Ethel Waters, Too

While in her private life the talented Ethel Waters makes no pretense at being a fashion plate, her remarkable and well formed stature lends itself readily to the display of gowns which set her off to rare advantage when behind the footlights.

Three Guys Who Dress

Perhaps the best dressed male stars on the stage, in this reviewer's opinion, are Pete, Peaches and Duke, the dancing stars who have at least 20 changes of costume all of which are unique and novel.

Johnny Hudsins, the comedian made his first great success as the fashion plate comedian and the dapper Jimmy Ferguson (Baron Lee) also owes a lot of his fame to his excellent taste in dress.

Pansies Also Listed

It now develops that the pansies, or at least those who make a living as female impersonators, are giving their feminine sisters a push for their laurels.

Some of the best dressed "women" in the night clubs and taverns turn out to be men.

Boots Lavana

Boots Lavaha, Baltimore's man of much sex appeal, prides himself on the fact that he designs his own gowns. Female patrons crowd the Lenox Club where he holds forth as much to see his creations as to enjoy the show and drinks.

Another Best Dresser

Alden Garrison, another female impersonator, of Washington, has won at least a score of prizes as the "best dressed" at many of the pansy balls in Baltimore and Washington.

He goes in for squirrel and mink wraps and all of the accompanying accessories which put him in line with the debutantes of the wealthy.

Stage celebrities and screen stars set the pace in American fashions among the laymen.

Just what an influence fashion

has on the lives of most women is pointed out by C. Patrick Thompson in the New York Herald-Tribune, who says:

Fashion Belongs to All

"Fashion has ceased to be of significance only to a small circle of plutocrats. La mode has lost its exclusiveness and become the affair of every woman.

"Future historians may appraise the exact psychological, sociological and sexual significance of the fashion revolution. It eludes me. But the economic aspect makes me think.

"Vast fortunes were made when short skirts went out of fashion; and I am authoritatively informed that when long skirts are shortened and tightened (an event we are promised for this autumn) it will cost Mr. Everyman around \$500,-000,000 to save Mrs. Everywoman the indignity of appearing in public in an out-of-date fig-leaf.

"Until comparatively recently the average young woman would as soon have thought of buying a can-can skirt as a beach pajama or sun-bathing suit; while an evening frock was about as much in place in the wardrobe of a factory or salesgirl as a top-hat on the head of a gas-station man.

"Yet today the idea is firmly implanted in the mind of young womanhood that these items are essentials of life; and they are hers for a dollar or two. Marvelous!

"The completeness of the revolution has startled some of the fashionables. When Lady Furness and her sister (Vanderbilts, both) and others of the much publicized smart set in England began to wear Empress Eugenie hats, one doubts that they had any idea of the lightning speed with which the new idea would be noted and exploited. Two millions were sold in England in a month; in America, five millions."

THE THIRD SEX Called "Pansies"

The Truth About the Bride Twice Deserted on Her Wedding Night

Daisy May, willowy, brown and baffling, was ardently wooed and twice married. Each time the groom stormed out of their love nest on the wedding night vowing never to see her again.

What is the meaning of the amazing revelations made by two men personally unknown to each other, which have just been made in Lon-

don? These startling revelations involve their mutual bride in the strangest marital adventures of recent years.

And what is the secret of the beautiful, baffling creature who was twice wooed passionately and married for love—only to be abandoned on her wedding night?

The mystery had its beginning about five years ago, when young John Gillespie (later the first husband in this case), was introduced to Daisy May Park. She was a brown beauty of the slender, willowy type, Gillespie, manly young fellow, admired femininity. Thus he fell victim to what he described as "her girlish charm."

After an ardent courtship, they wrenched the bridegroom from the bridegroom left the bride—never to see her again.

Of the marriage that had promised so well and had ended so dramatically, Gillespie never spoke. His lips were sealed until another man's astounding love affair wrung from him an almost incredible tale. About six months ago an event occurred which was destined to reveal the

young man's extraordinary experience. On the surface, it seemed prosaic enough, and indeed, amounted to nothing more than the renting of a room to a pleasant faced young man by a Mrs. Fair.

Discovered to Dress as a Woman
The new lodger's name was David Clark. He appeared just an average lodger and the landlady liked him at sight. But what was her astonishment after he had been there a little while to discover that sometimes he dressed as a woman!

Surprised on her one evening in a beautiful orchid opera cloak with silk stockings and dancing shoes to match and a necklace to adorn the delicate bronzed throat, he explained that he was an actor, a female impersonator. His professional name was Mi-Morvane and he was billed as "The Perfect Lady."

A little later he told her he would be leaving as he was getting married. It did not occur to her to enquire as to the name of his fiancée. Had she done so she might have been able to prevent the curious love disaster that followed.

"The Perfect Lady," it appears, had attended a ball. In her beautiful feminine attire, she was quite irresistible, and a fellow guest to whom she was introduced as Daisy May Clifford, instantly fell in love with her!

Then ensued a wooing of rare passion, filled with love-making and kisses, letters, telegrams, phone calls and presents, the two meeting each day and becoming, apparently, more devoted to one another every hour.

Most puzzling is the fact that although young Joe McMechen Williamson enacted with Daisy May all of the usual love scenes of an engaged couple and was the object of her caresses he was never troubled with doubts as to the wisdom of his choice. Equally curious is it, too, that in the circumstances, Daisy would consent to becoming legally his wife. But the fact remains that she did.

Five months after she met Williamson, her second wedding took place in Scotland.

Were Daisy May's thoughts drawn back to that other man she had loved to the marriage that had terminated so abruptly? On the threshold of this new union, did she not even then realize that for her, marriage, no matter how much she had been loved previously, must finish as it finished with her first husband? Or—did she not even know that she was concealing one of the strangest secrets that ever cursed its possessor? Unlike as it might seem, innocence would actually be possible.

Williamson Made an Appalling Discovery
Gaily, happily the bridal pair left the office of the justice of the peace man and wife in the eyes of the world. But that very night, young Williamson made an appalling, a ghastly discovery! So great was the shock that he suffered, so acute his emotion that, all unconsciously he followed his predecessor's actions and fed the house, wearing that he would never see Daisy again!

And what was the discovery that arms of the bride and sent him horror-stricken into the shelter of the dark streets? Why was he reduced to a shattered wreck within twelve hours of the wedding ceremony? This was the reason—

The young husband discovered that Daisy May was really—David! Could there be a more uncanny revelation? Would it be possible for a man to find himself in a more desperately perplexing situation?

Eventually the distraught youngster sought the help of his father. As a result, legal steps are now being taken to annul the marriage. Poor duped Williamson was still further harrowed when John Gillespie, reading of these events in the papers, came forward and proved himself the first victim of Daisy May or David Clark.

Historic Cases
Daisy's—or David's—marriages are unique. Nevertheless there are on record a few cases extraordinary in themselves but not altogether dissimilar which from time to time, have occupied the attention of scientists.

A famous historic instance of a man who would have preferred to be a woman and consequently lived most of his life as though he were a woman is described in a book recently translated from the French of O. P. Gilbert and just now published in London.

This extraordinarily interesting volume tells of the Abbe de Choisy who played an important part in the politics of France and whose one and only joy in life was to make believe he was a woman. His mother had greatly regretted that he was not a girl. A woman of resolution, she did her best to overcome this disappointment and to make him a substitute for the daughter she had wanted. She dressed him in petticoats and corsets and girl's clothing and taught him all the little feminine aids to beauty, gradually implanting the idea that the aim of his life should be to seek admiration.

He Had a Bodice Embroidered
That she succeeded is shown by the Abbe's own diary, with the confession that one would judge could have been written only by a woman! "I had," says De Choisy, "a bodice embroidered with natural flowers on a silver ground—a shirt that was fastened up on both sides with yellow and silver ribbons . . . the bodice high and padded out . . . my black hair was done in large curls . . . I had big diamond earrings and a dozen patches" . . . and so on and so on!

He had numerous love affairs but when the Abbe eventually fell seriously in love, he insisted that he retain his feminine mode of living, while Mademoiselle de la Grise, his sweetheart, was persuaded by him to play the part of a man and go about even in public, in masculine attire. This did not scandalize the Court and he was sent by King Louis on a special mission to Russia.

A Ducal Flapper
Phillipe, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV, lived much the same existence, delighting in pretending to the world and to himself that he was a very pretty woman; in fact, a flapper—a tip.

A Soldier and Woman
The Chevalier d'Eon, a celebrated courtier of the eighteenth century, lived a strange double existence, fighting as a soldier—he was extraordinarily brave in battle—and amusing himself as a woman under the name Countess de Barres. He became mixed up in the intrigues of the Court and the politics of France. Louis XV, who had employed him on secret missions, disguised as a woman, forced him for reasons of state to declare himself such. But when he died, the half-forgotten truth about his sex was proved.

Discovered at Death
Another strange creature of which Gilbert gives a vivid picture was Mademoiselle de Lango, who was considered so deserving a spinster as to receive bounty from the Court and was allowed to live rent-free at Versailles. She was discovered at her death to have been a man. The details of her love affairs make an absorbing story. Her peculiar weakness was to lead men to the point of marriage and then, of course, on some flimsy excuse, break the engagement.

Mistakes Made by Parents and Doctors
More startling still are the mistakes made by parents and doctors and the involuntary modifications that have taken place in certain human beings.

Within the last two years, a sensation was created in London by the discovery that Beatrice Hoe, registered at Somerset House as a girl, was in reality a male!

Until she was almost seventeen, Beatrice had never suspected that she was other than a normal girl. But when that period arrived she realized that a tragic mistake had been made. All the papers of London devoted columns to this strange case, and the amazed public learned the truth and Beatrice, changing her name to Arthur, is now acknowledged a boy.

A Woman until 35
Strange as this occurrence was, it was not without parallel. The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal in 1835 relates the history of a German girl, Marie Rosine Gottlieb, who reached the age of thirty while her true sex was still unsuspected. An accident necessitating medical care disclosed the fact that she was not "she" but "he." Strangely enough, when Gottlieb had believed himself a girl he had had a host of sweethearts. When he was transformed into Gottlieb Gottlieb, the erstwhile



Large cities have "Pansy" clubs of young men whose special delight is to dress in women's garb and regard themselves as women. Above, photo of four men

Rosine's manly charms captivated a pretty girl.

Turkish Woman
Quite recently, a beautiful Turkish woman, Husma Hanem, according to an English newspaper, had her marriage annulled because of a change somewhat similar to Gottlieb's. Her picture and her life story in full were published throughout the British Isles.

Another Tragedy
Probably one of the most heart-rending tragedies imaginable befell a patient of the famous Doctor Russell Andrews, L.D.S., M.R.C.S., of Wimpole Street, London. His patient appeared to be a young girl of unusual beauty, with soft dark eyes, delicately modelled features, and a graceful feminine figure. Her mentality and emotions were entirely feminine, her attitude toward life womanly in the extreme. Doctor Russell Andrews learned, too, that she was engaged to be married to a young fellow with whom she was in love. To this gentle girlish creature, seemingly so fitted for a feminine role in life, came the knowledge through her medical adviser that she was to be so no longer.

Lost Traces of Male
The Professor Blair Bell, one of the greatest living authorities on endocrinology, came a patient who was undergoing a similar astonishing transformation. Her feminine personality was merging into that of a young man and within two years she had lost practically all traces of her original sex. Professor Blair Bell implanted a gland and within the following eighteen months, the new traits had disappeared and the patient was again a normal specimen of womanhood.

Blair Bell, examiner to the Royal College of Surgeons and a leading figure in the Universities of Durham and Belfast, writes extensively on such phenomena. His views are corroborated by the famous Huxley, who writes: "Various factors may alter balances—developments result sometimes in a change of sex."

Do such cases bear on the situation of David-Dal? Have we in this baffling human being another Marie-Gottlieb Gottlieb or a girl resembling the patient of Dr. Andrews? Or have we another example of those well-known historical figures, the Abbe de Choisy or the Chevalier d'Eon? And if so, did she or did she not know?

Case to Come up Soon
David-Daisy's moral responsibility depends, of course, upon this. Her future conduct must supply the answer. But of her plans at present, and the British public is awaiting further enlightenment on this physiological or psychological phenomenon.

Are Pansies People?

AGE-OLD CONTROVERSY RAGES HERE ANEW AS
MEN DANCE WITH MEN(?) AT ANNUAL BALL FROM
WHICH ALL WOMEN ARE STRICTLY BARRED

Scientists are Still Baffled as Fag Balls Increase

**Neuter Gender Flooding
America, Warns New York
Magazine. Inverts of Both
Sexes Growing Bolder, is
Claim.**

By RALPH MATTHEWS

Are pansies really people?
This age-old question flared up
this week when the neuter gender
held their annual promenade at the
Elks' Auditorium Friday night, fol-
lowing closely upon the heels of a
similar demonstration in New York.

How men can, with apparent ease,
convert themselves into women and
feel "more comfortable that way," as
one of the gay masqueraders ex-
plained as he tripped around in
pumps with heels four inches high,
has always been a problem for specu-
lation by both psychologists and
laymen.

The key to this transformation that
is as much physical as it is mental
has probably been discovered by Dr.
Emil Novak, white, gynecologist, who,
while the local degenerates were
dancing, was explaining to the Balti-
more City Medical Society how ex-
periments had proved that a
change in the activity of certain
glands could change the sex.

The scientist related how he had
made a study of a hen, the mother
of chicks, that had later been changed
into a rooster and became the father
of a lot more chicks. An autopsy,
said the speaker, revealed that one
of the fowl's ductless glands had
been destroyed by tuberculosis, re-
leasing the pent-up activity in an-
other part of the hen's glandular
system that otherwise would have re-
mained dormant.

Scientists in the university of Chi-
cago report similar experiments in
the laboratory of that institution,
which show that the supersedence of
sex works either way.

From these researches it is revealed
that in spite of contentions that
complete hermaphrodites do not exist
in the higher division of animal life,
the arresting of one group of ten-
dencies can place an individual on
the border line of what we common-
ly call the "neuter gender."

Woman, Turning into Man, Saved

Johns Hopkins Hospital authorities
report the case of a woman who, af-
ter reaching an age of maturity in
a perfectly normal female develop-
ment, suddenly began to grow hair
on her chest and develop hard mas-
culine muscles. At the hospital it
was discovered that a tumor had
partially destroyed certain glands
and their activity was arrested. An
operation saved her by restoring the
productivity of the original glands.



"LADY BALTIMORE"

Swiss scientists cite the instance
of a man turned into a woman fol-
lowing an operation. The man, an
artist, was rendered deathly ill pe-
riodically, his condition growing more
painful with each recurrence of the
intermittent attacks. Doctors de-
cided to operate, and the result was
that he developed into a perfectly
normal woman. His wife, also an
artist, continued to be friendly with
him, but as a mere companion. Both
have their male friends.

The experiment was cited under
the caption "A Man Changes His
Sex" in an article published in a
scientific magazine.

Third Sex Flooding the Country

That the number of persons af-
flicted with a lack of sex determina-
tion is on the increase in both races
is evidenced by an article published

in a current issue of Broadway
Brevities, which says:

The third sex is flooding Ameri-
ca. It is no longer confined to side
streets and obscure corners. Queer
people, both men and women, who
do not love or feel like ordinary
men and women, are increasing.
They have their own restaurants.
Some bath houses cater to them.
An intricate social system built up
outside society is dominated by
them.

Dances are their big social
events. These affairs are held in
every large city of the country.
Some towns confine the celebra-
tions to private houses. Other
cities have cheap halls where the
queer people assemble furtively for
their revels.

Europe Had First Public Orgies

Years ago travelers told weird
tales of the masked balls of
Europe. They swore that men
passed themselves off as women
and women aped the manners of
men so well that they even made
love to other females. Americans
heard these tales and laughed.
They did not believe them. They
were sure that nothing existed in
their country which was at all
comparable.

Only last week, however, New
Yorkers saw a display of brazen
sexual oddity that cannot be
equalled anywhere in the country.
It is doubtful whether it can be
surpassed in Europe. The affair
was the 64th Maskerade and Civic
Ball, held at Rockland Palace,
155th Street and Eighth Avenue.
It is notorious all over the coun-
try and sponsors of the affair say
that people from over 25 states
were in attendance.

A mob of over 6,000 men, women
and oddities attended.

Women, Also, Love Each Other

That men are not alone in this
queer exchange is also pointed out
by Brevities, which says:

The drags are attended by the
queens and their sweethearts. Men
escort other so-called men who are
attired as beautiful women. Wom-
en dressed as men escort other
women. The dances are gyrations
of twisted sex which frequently
have their endings in dark corners
of the halls.

In the near north side, the mas-
culine women are very conspicu-
ous. One band of about fifteen
travels around to all affairs. It is
headed by one husky girl who
wears overalls rolled up beneath
her tweed skirt. When she gets in-
doors she discards the skirt and
swagger around in the masculine
apparel. This particular group is
always accompanied by a former
puglist who is paid to protect
them from molesting males.

This group preys upon inexperi-
enced girls. Its members tempt
the girls with clothing, marihuana
and liquor and if successful add
their victims to the group. All of
the husky-voiced women are well-
to-do and most of them possess
automobiles in which they take
their girl friends on trips to the
night spots of the city.

BALTIMORE'S RED LIGHTS

By WILL B. LITTLE

Mr. Little concludes his series of articles with his experiences with "Pansies" and "Loving Ladies." If for no other reason than the abolishing of the distillery in the rear of Doctor Wood's office which he found was operated by a Jewish concern, his articles have been of value and interest.

Plenty Good Here

Although quite a few have expressed a desire to put the author of this series on the spot, while still others say we showed partiality and betrayed our trust, let it be said that, "Our intentions were perfectly honorable."

Baltimore has plenty of good, respectable citizens that are a credit to the neighborhood in which they live and the city at large. Even this group has its shortcomings, which was noticeable in the recent financial campaign conducted by the Y.M.C.A.

We could recommend for the Hall of Fame such professional men as Walter, Emerson, Fitzgerald, Carl Murphy, Charles Shipley, Samuel Hemsley, Roy Bond, or of the younger set, Deaver Smith, merchant; Ike Dixon, promoter; B. Hemsley, J. Nelson Fortune, and any number of others.

The ladies too, God bless them; those promising daughters of Doctor Mason, Sarah Fernandez, Madam Poindexter, Ruth Hanely. Names which many of you don't know. Why? Because you don't know your Baltimore.

Each of these citizens plays a prominent role in the everyday life of Baltimore.

The "Worldly" Class

If you stepped out on Hallowe'en night or read Ralph Matthews, you know how the "Pansies," that type of men supposed to wear red ties, lavender underwear and smell like a rose garden, were running rampant for a night. The truth of the matter is, this type dresses in the latest Harlem male style, and is only betrayed by his swagger walk or effeminate voice (often assumed).

In the 800 block of Pennsylvania Avenue, an after Hallowe'en ball was held on a Sunday. With the exception of the trio of males, who sponsored the affair only a few appeared in female attire.

Once inside all conventional poses one dropped. Everybody gets set for a big time. There is Mme. Butterfly, Miss This and Miss That, a real he-man takes a chance in this crowd. Twenty-five cent gin is on the rush, a piano badly in need of tuning is set in a dark corner, a dark figure with a cigar stub between his teeth is trying to master Louis Russell's "Call of the Freaks." Somebody bawls out, "Stand up, don't you know your national anthem?"

There is one prominent figure missing—"Miss"? Lizzie—a man who dubs himself the Black Indian, and who boasts that he is a pure dee (out and out) woman and no "Pansy."

Queer Folks

Old Depression has most of these fellows broke and "on the hog." Those that have are good spenders, but there's the usual crowd of chislers.

If one can dish the right kind of jibe he has no trouble in making this group spend. Like the ladies, they boast of their love for their gigolo.

In several streets, including St. Mary's, Madison Avenue and Biddle Street, "Pansies" can be found cruising for men.

Queerer yet are some of the women we meet. There is the St. Mary's queen, whom we referred to in Article No. 2, who, in the past three weeks, has changed her female sweethearts three times, yet her male sweetie never changes. However, she goes to his abode. He doesn't come where her female sweeties are.

The Queen is very severe for when her females' money runs out, they follow, usually getting a beating to remind them to return "flushed."

In Heavy Sugar

Biddle Street, near Pennsylvania Avenue, has two or more who operate what they call stables, having a number of girls. One in particular has uncanny gambling luck.

Less than three weeks ago she hit the numbers for \$3, collecting over \$1,600, which she spent on her female sweetie. For one girl, she fitted up a nice apartment, but the sweetie soon walked out for a man she really loved. This she claims is her one shortcoming; she has aided numerous girls, but they all walk out on her.

Several "lost" school girls have turned up on Biddle Street, lured by a woman's affections and generosity. Lost to the love of real men.

Last August a maiden on Druid Hill Avenue committed suicide when her girl friend moved away to get married.

Was it worth the price?

THE END

Watching the Big Parade

By RALPH MATTHEWS

A FUROR ABOUT PANSIES.

The week-end has been most prolific in the flow of fan mail, if letters, calling you all sorts of mean names and suggesting the most uncomfortable places to go before and after death, can be termed as fan mail.

The cause for most of the howls seems to be about a certain story referring to a social function indulged in by the local pansies to which I had the audacity to sign my moniker. The letters take two different tones.

There are those who request that I file their names and addresses and inform them when the next affair of this sort comes off, and there are those who think it the most disgraceful thing that ever happened. One gentleman in the latter division quite vehemently suggests that I should be tarred and feathered for writing such an article and that the editor should be shot for publishing it.

OF TWO EVILS, I CHOOSE THE LESS.

Being tarred and feathered is by no means to my liking, but I prefer that to the fate of my employer by many thousands. It seems to me, however, that the gentleman has misdirected his enthusiasm. He says nothing at all about meting out punishment to the actual participants in this rather abnormal social indulgence. The wrong to his mind apparently does not lie in men parading as women, but in someone telling it is the newspapers. But his complaint is natural. His is the stereotyped kind of squawk that burns in the ears of conscientious newspaper men day in and day out.

The reading public seems to take the attitude that a newspaper should blush with shame for every article of an unsavory nature that appears in its columns. It is, however, quite all right for these same readers to whisper these same facts across their back fences or discuss them in the quiet of their drawing rooms.

Frankness is, therefore, the only crime of the newspapers.

IN DEFENSE OF NEWSPAPERS.

I inadvertently used the word "facts." Gossipers are never as careful about facts as newspapers. Gossipers are seldom afraid of being yanked into the court for libel, but printed words make such terrible exhibits as evidence. Ten people may hear words uttered and repeat them as many different ways. Printed words are never so flexible. Newspapers are naturally more truthful, and reporters likewise are not given to lying nearly so much as ordinary folk. It is not so much a moral issue with them as it is a business one. Of course, we are occasionally guilty of printing misinformation, but this is because honest newspaper men are too prone to give outsiders credit for possessing the same virtues as themselves.

MY VERACITY IS DOUBTFUL.

Along this line, I quote from another letter which says in part: "Did the things you wrote about really happen at the ball, or were they the product of your fertile imagination; I mean where you mentioned the fellow who said 'My daddy is here from New York and is going to take me for a ride after the dance?'"

While I appreciate the compliment for creative proclivities, I always leave my imagination at home when I cover an assignment so rich in readable circumstances as a pansy ball.

The letters requesting invitations are equally doubtful of my veracity. Says one: "I won't believe that such things happen until I see it with my own eyes. Will you kindly notify me when another is going to be held?"

Others have the same tone, but many, I fear, are in for disappointment. As a matter of fact, the newspaper fraternity are generally the last ones to get wind of such affairs.

Our knowledge of their occurrence is usually accidental, never more than a few hours before the scheduled time. Some good friend entrusted with the secret can be depended upon to tip off the press. But, even at that, I might send a telegram, collect, of course, and those interested can come by airplane.

A REVEREND OBJECTS.

"While your story on the pansies was a disgrace to the paper," writes the Rev. I. R. Richardson, "your suggestion that the church urge the repeal of the prohibition amendment showed even more imbecility."

He raves on for a page and a half, finally reaching the conclusion that I am a menace to the community at large and an enemy of the church.

"Just because a lot of liquor drinking reporters want to satisfy their craving for booze," he declares, "is no reason why the sacred name of Jesus Christ should be dragged into a discussion to accomplish this end."

I ACCEPT THE COMPLIMENT.

I have little to refute the good brother of the cloth in my own defense. For the rest of the members of the press I can say, however, that there are fewer drunkards to the square mile among newspaper men than among ministers, if for no other reason than that there are fewer newspaper men.

Calling me a menace is indeed a compliment. Some of the greatest men in history were considered menaces to somebody or some cause during their activity. The same Christ he mentions was a menace to the Jews of his day. That's why they crucified Him.

Reprinted from Late Editions of Last Week

Twilight Sex Draws 200 at Annual Ball

Although formerly designated as the pansies' annual debut, the masque ball given by the Mid-Nite Strollers turned into a Parisian fashion show at the Elks' Hall, Wednesday night.

The Mid-Nite Strollers are of the twilight sex and call themselves "miss" and "madam." Several of them claim that they are respectable married women.

Lights Shaded

Dresses of every description from gingham to pleated silks and satins were evident. Muscular backs were exposed by low-cut gowns. Marcelled hair, most of which was natural, glistened despite the shaded lights.

Only Six Women Present

Although the words "mother," "daughter," "miss" and "madam" could be heard in conversations, there were only six women among the two hundred persons in the hall. Two were employed in the cloak room.

The guests were observed using the women's rest room at the hall. One, a stranger to the methods employed here, went into the men's room, but was instructed to go across the hall.

Feet Ache

At intervals during the dance many of the Strollers were seen to remove their shoes and to rub their aching feet. After the dance a score hardly were able to limp to waiting taxicabs.

Chests Padded

Close scrutiny revealed that several of the "ladies" had placed pads of raw cotton upon their chests to give a well-shaped effect.

Twenty-three visitors from out-of-town participated in the revelry. One, a Madam Julia Harris, an entertainer, from New York, did several ballet dances, receiving three encores. A local entertainer, a member of the clan, sang.

Forty-seven Fur Coats Seen

A check disclosed that there were forty-seven fur coats, three fur capes, two Russian fur hats, seventy-two gowns, ten silk dresses, three gingham dresses, a Mae-West costume and a pair of silk pajamas.



MARGO PANSY

A Philosophical

Tells of Loves, Woes, and Jealousies of Third Sex

Young Intellectual Sees Masquerade Ball as Forerunner of a Womanless World.

NEW YORK.—To some the ball of the twilight men at Rockland Palace, Friday night, might have been only a ball where queer persons of indeterminate sex could enjoy fun and frolic, but to Margo, one of those odd ladies of the night, it was something deeper and much more significant.

Margo, tall and lithe in an evening gown of old rose, with a corsage of pale pink lilies of the valley pinned to his shoulder, is more than just a male with a violet tinge. Margo is an intellectual, a philosopher, if you please.

Wants No Pity
“Pity me?” Margo shrugged his shoulders. “Save your tears, honey.” He flicked a bit of ash from the end of a cigarette in a long holder, brushed back his platinum blonde wig, lifted his heavy, inch-long eyelashes, and contemplated me with a wistful expression.

“My life is not miserable by any means, and this affair tonight gives me new courage, new hope.”

“But why,” I asked, “do men masquerade as women, and women masquerade as men? What is there of glory in this sham and make-believe?”

For Men Only
“It merely proves my contention, the contention of all great thinkers, that the world was made for men—for men only—to love and hate and fight and die for one another.

“The creation of woman was God’s one big mistake, all of our woe, all of our misery can be traced to that one error of the creator.”

“But what has that got to do with tonight?” I asked.

Return of Utopia
“To me,” he smiled and waved his hand majestically over the assemblage, “this all means a return to the ideal state... A back-to-paradise movement.”

“Through us, we who dare to be what God intended, nature is trying to undo the wrong that was done when woman came into being.”

“Your argument is all wet,” I pointed out. “Your very actions belie your philosophy. How do you account for that belief, when here you are trying hard to be the very creature you denounce? Your wig, your rouge, your gowns your high-heeled slippers are all indications that what you want to be is a woman.”

Don't Want to Be Woman
“Some of these poor misguided persons who do not realize their own yearnings, might believe that,” he said, “but they have not gone beneath the surface and analyzed either their condition or themselves.

“It isn’t women that they want to be. No, there really exists an antagonism between us and all females.

“We are forced into assuming these mannerisms and these superficial expressions of our natures by forces over which we have no control. What we are trying to do is make ourselves attractive to the objects of our desires.

“For ages, the power to attract has been vested in woman; man’s nature has been taught to respond to things associated with women.

“He unwittingly believes that dainty clothes, sweet perfumes and the like are necessary to his love life, but they aren’t really. All that is necessary are two bodies through which surges the warmth of nature and two souls in tune. We are forced to meet this competition by not only dressing as well, but better than the average woman; not only cuddling our men, but overdoing it.

“The law of compensation has been kind to us. We know tricks

that women can never learn.”

No Animal Kingdom

“But,” I insisted as our audience grew larger, “aren’t your relationships merely a base debauchery and more animal than human?”

“Oh, no, not at all,” said Margo, crossing his silk-clad legs which terminated in rhinestone-studded sandals with straps of red velvet.

True love is never base.
That’s where society is so unkind to us. You will eulogize a man’s love for his dog, sing the praises of a trusted horse which follows his hero master to his grave on the battle field, but you have only condemnation for the love of one man for another.

“There, for instance,” he pointed out into the dancing crowd. “Tommy and Bobbie have been inseparable for nearly ten years, and there has never been a hint of infidelity on either side. Another friend of mine, a wealthy scion, renounced his parent’s fortune rather than be separated from a former schoolmate.

“We love deeper than women because society drives us closer together. We build up around ourselves a defense wall of devotion because the world is against us.

Women Fare Better

“There are no laws or conventionalities to protect us against intrusions and violations of what you might call moral codes.

Every consideration and advantage is given to woman, our mortal enemy. It is any wonder we hate her? Is it any marvel that our jealousies are deeper and our hatreds more bitter, but our love stronger than woman’s?

“She is bolstered up on all sides and can ride rough-shod over her men, while we are always on the defensive.”

By this time the little circle of listeners had grown to large proportions. The photographer was eagerly waiting with his flash bulbs to snap Margo’s picture. As we pushed our way toward the camera, a mere slip of a girl pressed the arm of her young lover and flinched as Margo swept past, holding the train of his gown in his arm.

Margo saw the unconscious recoil and flashed his deep black eyes at the girl.

Reproves Girl

“Don’t be afraid of me, darling,” he snapped in a voice husky in spite of all efforts to modulate it to a treble. “What you’ve got to hold him with is genuine, while I have only a poor imitation.”

As the crowd roared, he plucked the blushing youth under the chin, gave him a significant wink, and swept into the floodlights’ glare and struck a movie siren’s pose.

Margo was having a glorious time.

Pansies Ramble in "Drag" At Pre-Hallowe'en Ball

Bare-Backed Huskies in Silken Gowns Gambol at Elks' Auditorium. 'Call Each Other "Cows."

BALTIMORE, Md.—

Such sweet young things they were with bare backs that exposed huge knotted muscles as they tripped across the floor at the New Elks' Auditorium, Monday night.

It was the annual drag of the neuter or pansy colony and they were out to dish. Long before the scheduled hour of their arrival, the sidewalks in front of the hall were lined with curious spectators, each waiting for a glimpse at the dashing, well gowned figures.

As they arrived with their male escorts the spectators, mostly women, gasped at the expensive gowns that they wore. The young men who were on the outside let out whoops and a general raspberry as each couple arrived.

Inside the hall they went to the cloakroom and then returned to the dance floor to trip the light fantastic with their escorts. At intermission, the dear young "women" went to the ladies' rest room where they freely imbibed of various brands of stimulants carried mostly in silver flasks that they had obtained from their escorts. The escorts were all nice looking young men who were immaculately dressed in the latest New York styles.

There were out-of-town visitors from Washington, New York and Philadelphia. They were the honored guests of the affair. The members of the Baltimore Clan Club were entertaining.

Call Each Other Cows.

A couple of the "girls," as they call themselves, were sitting in a corner flaying each couple. As one couple passed, one addressed the other saying: "I wonder where that cow met that good looking man. I know she didn't buy that suit, because I hear she is broke."

As a much younger member of the clan passed, the older of the two spoke, saying: "Isn't 'she' a darling young thing? I assisted at

her chaperon at her debut last year."

When still another one of the clan passed, again one murmured: "She must have saved a whole year to get that outfit. It is good looking, but she doesn't know how to wear it. She never did wear clothes well."

One of the outstanding dresses of the ball was a black dress trimmed in rhinestones. The wearer's name could not be ascertained. Another was that worn by a young 'miss,' a recent high school graduate living in East Baltimore, who made her debut at the affair.

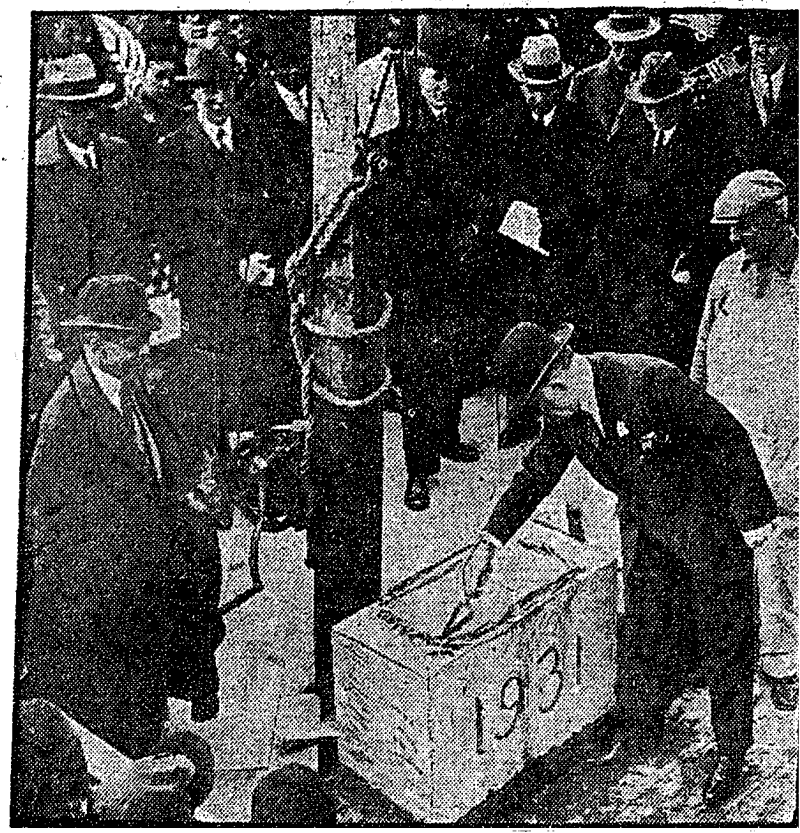
The names of two who were at the affair and what they wore were: Miss Greta Turner, black taffeta dress with red ruffles; Pearl Bell, black taffeta with black sequins. Another, whose name could not be obtained, wore a green satin dress, silver slippers with rhinestone buckles.

An East Baltimore member who is also a dressmaker, was garbed in a black velvet dress with white ermine trimmings. Another wore red silk pajamas trimmed in black taffeta. Miss Freida Fritz wore a beaded gown, with a large ostrich fan.

The members, each of whom is known by a screen star's name, tripped to their delight, and as they danced, perspiration rolled from the cleanly shaven faces. Pearl White wore a green silk crepe trimmed with white satin. Norma Shearer wore a cream lace dress with Nile green organdy and green slippers. Baby Langford wore yellow crepe with pearl trimmings. Marlene Dietrich wore old rose cocktail jacket with a black satin dress. A pink flowered net dress was worn by Hilda Woods. Nita Jones wore a black lace dress with silver slippers.

The affair ended at 2 a.m. with the various groups going to their favorite night clubs or haunts. It was the end of the ball until they hold their second drag.

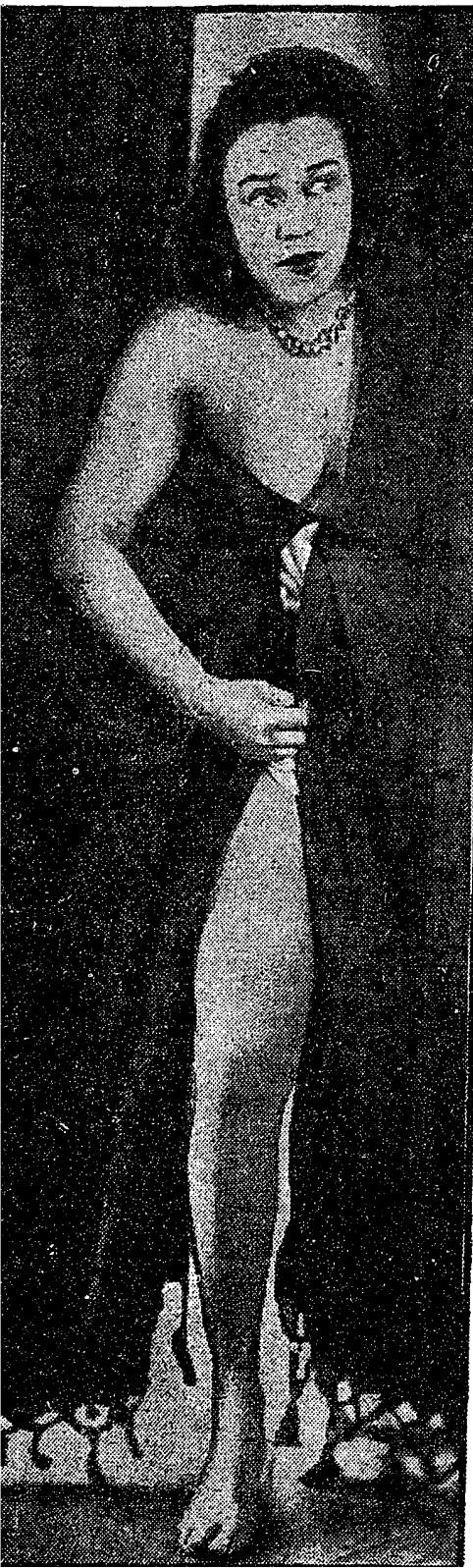
"Pansies" Stage Colorful Ball—Handicapped Get New Home—Mayor Lays Cornerstone of New Jr. Hi



MAYOR BROENING LAYS JR. HI CORNERSTONE—Photo shows His Honor in action at the ceremony last Friday. In the upper left corner is Francis M. Wood, director of colored schools, and beside him is City Councilman Walter Emerson.



—AFRO Photo.
A MISSISSIPPI MISS—Miss Dora Casey, of Gulfport, who is visiting in Baltimore. She is the guest of Miss Cathryn Graham.



—AFRO Photo.
TURN ON THE SHOWER—Miss Gertrude Saunders, versatile singer, who starred last week with Irvin C. Miller's "Hollywood Revue" at the Royal Theatre.



—AFRO Photo.
SEEING IS BELIEVING, SO HERE ARE THE PANSIES—A berry of men who attended the annual "Pansies" ball last Friday night at the Monumental Elks' Home, dressed as women. Left to right: "Sophie" Tucker, wearing ivory satin; Alden Garrison, Washington, D.C., egg-shell satin; J. Carberry, black faille silk, and Edgard Allen in orchid taffeta.



—AFRO Photo.
NATIONAL BENEFIT OFFICIAL INSPECTS NEW LOCAL OFFICE—The interior of the nursing department of the life insurance company recently added to the Baltimore office. Left to right: S. W. Rutherford, of Washington, chairman of board of directors; Paul Crane, Dr. Walter Taylor and Nurse Evelyn Robinson.



DISCARDED BABY STILL CRIES FOR MOTHER—The four-year-old baby girl left on the steps of Mrs. Isabel Mohr, 1210 McCulloh Street, recently. She is shown at St. Elizabeth's home, to which she was committed by the juvenile court. At the home she was named Isabel McCulloh. Efforts to locate the mother have failed. —AFRO Photo.



TOURING SOUTH — Miss Ethel Johnson, a charming Springfield, Mass., high school grad, who is spending her vacation in Georgia.



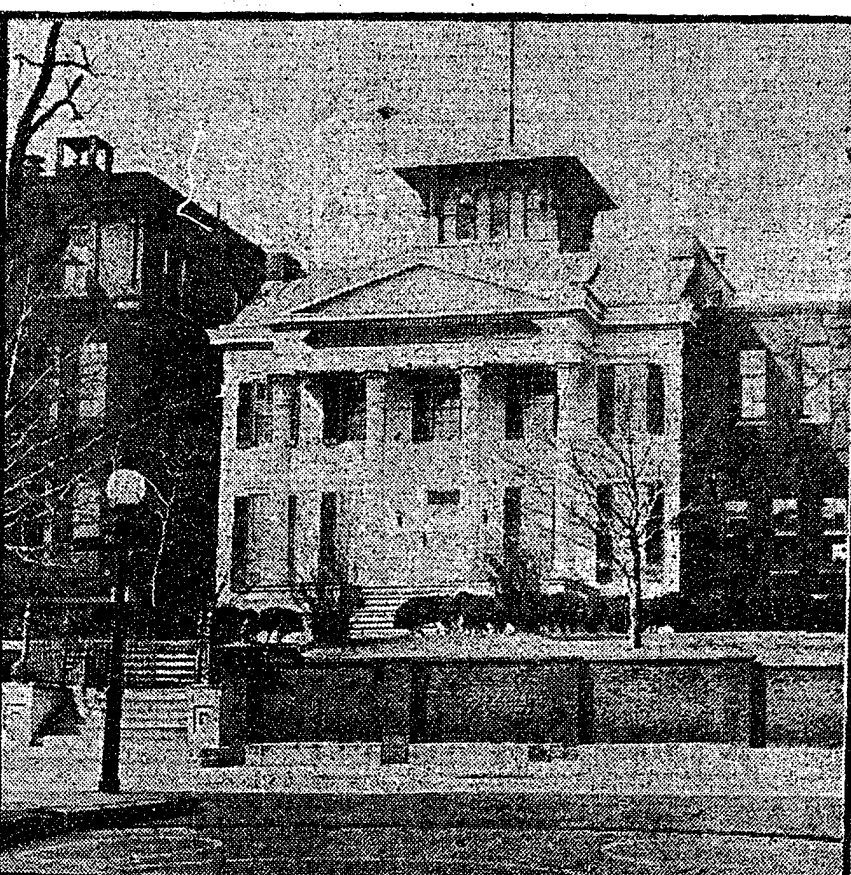
—AFRO Photo.
BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY—With noisy favors and souvenirs these youngsters fairly made "infantile whoopee" last Saturday at the birthday party of two-year-old Minna Ann Williams, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Nelson Williams, 1908 Madison Avenue. Minna Ann is shown at the bottom (right).



—AFRO Photo.
FEEDS HUNGRY ACTORS—Irvin C. Miller, president of the Florence Mills Theatrical Association, who is host to many unemployed actors in Harlem daily. He was here last week with his Hollywood Revue.



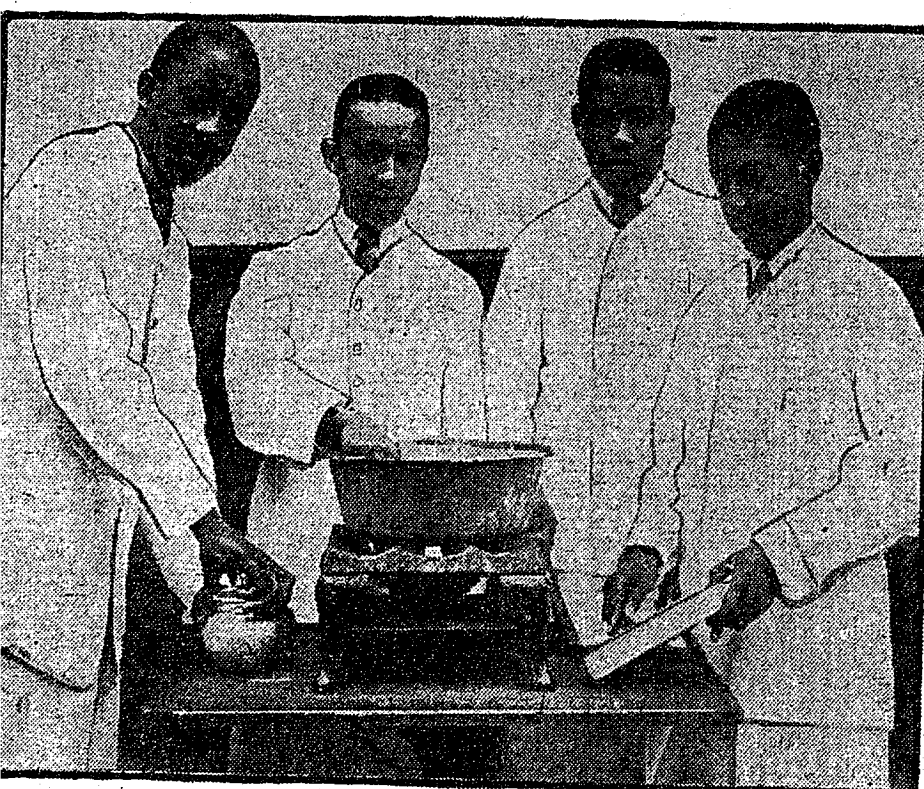
—AFRO Photo
SCHOOL CHILDREN STUDY AFRO METHODS—A group of third and fourth grade students from School No. 120, who made a survey of the AFRO plant recently. They were under the direction of Mrs. Ruby Grooms (extreme left).



—AFRO Photo.
SITE FOR THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR HANDICAPPED CHILDREN—The entrance to the Children's Hospital, Schroeder St., between Franklin St. and Edmondson Ave., showing front of the group of buildings which will be torn down. The box wood on the front must be sold at public auction to keep anyone from getting it too cheaply. Price paid was \$70,000. The hospital will retain possession until November 1, 1931.



—AFRO Photo.
THEY WON THE BAND WAR—Elmer Calloway (top) who led the "Turk" Stevens orchestra (bottom) to victory in a recent contest. "Turk" is holding the trophy.



—AFRO Photo.
THEY KNOW THEIR VEGETABLES—The only male pupils in the cooking department at the vocational school, which is located at the corner of Carey and Baker Streets. They are, left to right: John Carter, Anton Curtis, Henry Grant, and Bernard Price. Joseph Briscoe is principal of the school.



—AFRO Photo.
TO HEAD NEW SCHOOL—Harry T. Pratt, principal at Dunbar Junior High School, who will have charge of the new junior high building adjoining the present one. He has studied at Columbia and the University of Paris.

It's Nobody's Business

THE SHAWL OF MEMORY

*The shawl of memory is woven through
 With all the lovely things we used to do.
 Embroidered with our hopes, washed with our tears,
 Its colors will survive the dreary years;
 And huddled in its folds when youth is done,
 We still shall feel the thrill of joys begun.*

*The shawl of memory will wrap us 'round
 And make the drabbest journey holy ground;
 For we can shake from it our early dreams,
 And vanished happiness upon it gleams.
 No further pain can come to you and me,
 Secure beneath the shawl of memory.*

—ANONYMOUS.

A PANSY BARES HIS SOUL

A young man anxious to bare his delicate soul, tells of his experience on the first time he attended a pansy ball. Don't smile, he's serious. All of the feminine names herein refer to men.

I had been carried through that mob of inquisitive persons to the ball room of the Elks' Home on that very much feared evening of March the 13th overflowing with excitement.

Those hundreds of eyes had been brought there to see and much they did see, for the wraps, wrappings, gowns, jewels, evening wraps, all costed hundreds of dollars.

It was a costly affair, but those children of means had to be introduced by those older social Pansies in the proper way to the society Pansy colony of Baltimore, as it is done in every large city of important in America.

The critical eyes had played upon me outside and at last I found myself standing in the lobby of that beautiful hall, ready to enter, escorted by two very handy men of the upper society of Baltimore. My wrap had been checked and I paused for a moment to powder my nose that was wet with perspiration from excitement. I was under the name of Dorthey Bearford, meeting men of nearly every walk of life that had come to this ball to enjoy the excitement that only such a society can afford out of the every day life.

I was very much surprised when I met Helen Campelle, a little child of only sixteen, waiting the evening away. I had met Miss Campelle at Grace Garden's tea in that colony of fashionable pomp a few weeks before the ball. He-she spoke often during the evening about her gown and those fellows who she would meet as a member of the art club. As I sat there in Grace Garden's beautiful drawing room, that is one of the most beautiful places to drop in for tea in all of this special society of Pansies, I wanted to tell Miss Campelle never to go through with this. I wanted to tell her not to give up the real happiness of her whole life for such a strange life among men.

I know Miss Campelle was a very young child with no experience at all at this game of strange friendship that's carried on behind four walls among men. Therefore I wanted to beg him not to put on that weary crown of a woman. But now he has, its too late for that black curly head will be restless until it finds rest beneath the clay.

I was not friendly enough to talk to Miss Campelle but I did want to try to save her but she was under the hands of the greatest social leaders in the upper class of Pansies, therefore my talk would have done little towards saving her from this life of Hell.

It is true that he, like every other good looking Pansy, will be very much in demand. It will be a very expensive game, but after all its a game at present full of fun with those play boys that seek the companionship of such characters behind four walls.

Helen is not thinking at all about what such a game means. What it has done to others. She is a fresh bud now, but tomorrow she will be just another Pansy. The society he has given up never to return meant nothing to him, only the gay life of a Pansy as he saw it, that is carried on in that colony in Baltimore.

GOD COMES TO ANNAPOLIS

A slight idea of what weapons the Lord is using in aiding the progress of His Kingdom can be derived from this handbill from Annapolis, Md.:

**LOOK WHO HAS COME TO
 FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
 Washington St., Annapolis, Md.
 THE GOSPEL TORNADO
 The Man of Vision—A Spiritual
 Wonder**

**Begin a Ten Night's Revival on
 Sunday, Aug. 2, 1931**

**REV. W. J. DAVIS, D.D.,
 of Little Rock, Arkansas**

Following are some of the subjects that Dr. Davis will discuss:

"Hell Under Water. Backsliders in a Storm." "Dry Bones in the Valley." "Four Horses." "Eagle Stirreth Her Nest." "Lost Boy With 7 W. S." "It Ain't Going to Rain No More." "High Court in Heaven." "You Can Have It, I Don't Want It." "Gospel Sandwich." "What Makes You Do Me Like You Do, Do, Do." "Nobody Knows What a Brown Skin Woman Will Do." "God Save Gnats." "Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make You Free."

**Wednesday night, Aug. 5.—A
 Thirty-Minute Lecture to Young
 Girls. Every girl should be pres-**

ent.
 Dr. Davis is a Pulpit Specialist of National Repute, has done Evangelistic work in 31 States of the Union and out of the States.

Saturday night—A Special Ser-
 mon, Subject: "He Shook That Thing and He Didn't Get Tired of Shaking That Thing."

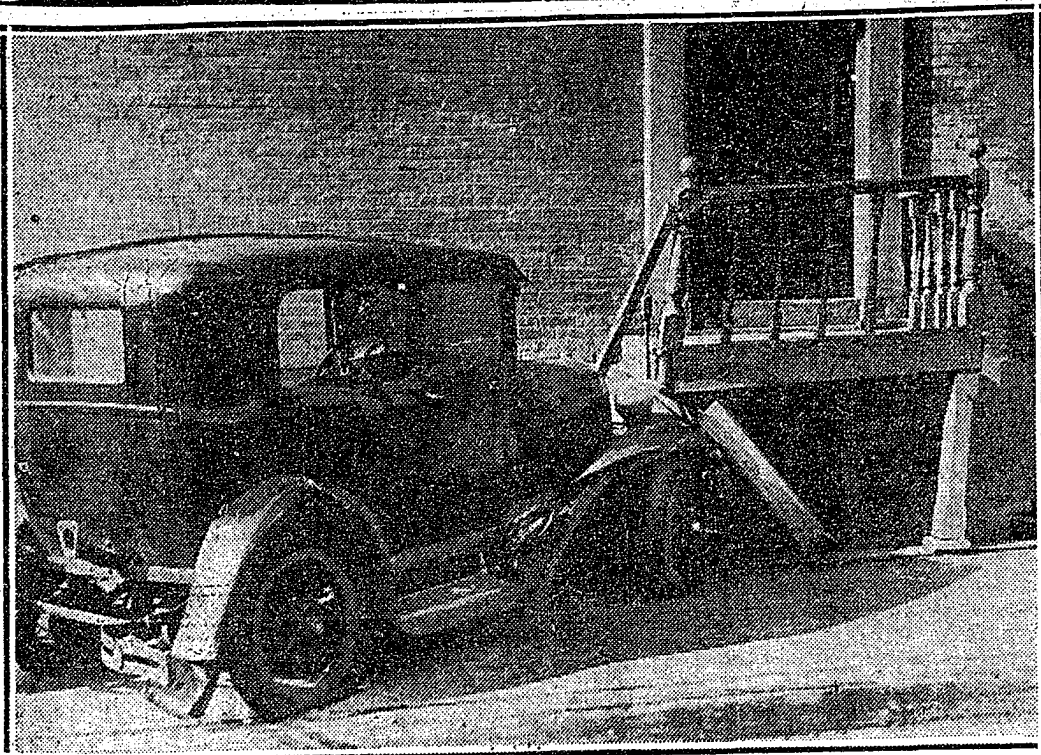
CONDITIONS BAD IN ENGLEWOOD

A resident of Englewood, N.J., complains that it is getting so that a married woman can not walk down the street with her own husband in that city and cites the instance where a woman was walking down the street with her spouse when another man approached them and cut the wife severely about the face and neck.

The writer would like to know what is to be done to prevent such attacks?

Offhand it is suggested that the wife stop running around with her husband—if you get what is meant.

Annual "Pansy" Ball Colorful--Larry Gains New British Champ Prisoner, Given 3rd Degree, Kills Cops



FORD PAYS EARLY MORNING VISIT TO THIS HOUSE.—The dwelling at 1500 Argyle avenue, from which the porch and steps were torn away by this car. The accident was the result of a collision at the corner of Mosher Street and Argyle Avenue between this machine, driven by Earl Harrison, and a Ford roadster, driven by Miss Catherine Brown. Both drivers suffered cuts and bruises.



ONE OF BALTIMORE'S SMARTEST DRESSED SOCIAL CLUBS.—The "Tootsie Wootsie" Club as they appeared in a body recently at a basketball game. Left to right, sitting, Misses Sarah Brooks, Mae Henson, Christine Conway, and Carolyn Riley. Standing, Misses Helen Holland, Vernice Conway, Ruth Mitchell and Mary Butler.



WILL APPEAR IN EASTER PARADE.—Miss Bernice Kinney, former Douglass Hi graduate, who has held the spotlight in several annual Easter Sunday parades. She will be seen again in a gay colorful spring ensemble this Easter.



BALTIMORE'S SADDEST FUNERAL.—Pallbearers bearing the casket of Mrs. Annesse Credit Woodford, local teacher, who put up a most desperate but losing fight for her life that she might remain here long enough to rear her two children. She was the wife of Charles Woodford, local high school teacher.



THIRD DEGREE METHODS LED PRISONER TO DO THIS.—The shattered cell window in a New Orleans, La., police station, from which Percy Thompson shot and killed two white cops and a fellow trusty after he was beaten severely by cops. The feet of one of the dead men can be seen at the right.



THE NEW CHAMPION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND HIS MANAGER.—Bearing the scars of his victorious battle, Larry Gains, Canadian champion, is shown in his home in London, England, enjoying breakfast with his white wife. Just the night before, Larry won the heavyweight belt from Don McCorkindale.



WIDE AWAKE. — Kate Brooks, the 18-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Brooks.



NO PRINCE?—Milako Bayun, Abyssinian, Howard U. medical student, who disclaims royalty. Was sent here by his government.



ODD FIGURES AND GORGEOUS GOWNS FEATURE "PANSY" PROM.—A trio of the "lovely creatures" who attended the annual ball last week at the Elks' Hall. They are, left to right: "Lady Baltimore," H. Neals, D.C., and Madam White. Their ensembles were most complete, including elbow gloves, pocket books, jewelry and in some cases, flowers.



THEY SERVE HARMONY DE LUXE ON THE AIR.—A quintet of musical chefs who are heard weekly over Station WHAS, Louisville, Ky. The principal instrument of the orchestra is a jug, which is played as a wind instrument and gives the sound of a cello.



TRAINER DROPS DEAD AS HIS CHARGE WINS BOUT.—Photo shows Donald McCorkindale, South African champion, being counted out by the referee after being floored by Larry Gains recently in London. At the ringside, Jack Goodwin, trainer of Gains, fainted and died of heart failure as the decision was announced. Gains is the new heavyweight champion of the British Empire.

DEPRESSION CHIEF GUEST AT PANSY BALL

Annual Drag of Twilight Men Not as Elaborate this Year.

That old man Depression is not the tough he-mannish egg we pictured him to be was proved when he crashed the gate as guest of honor at the annual pansy ball staged by the Art Club at the Elks' Auditorium on Friday night.

The swelegant finery that predominated the Spring "Drag" last season was conspicuously absent, as the twilight men paraded their masculine forms in the habiliments of femininity.

The rule of the Art Club that no member is to appear in public in the same gown more than once is blamed by those in the know for the fact that of the 250 guests who tripped the fantastic toe to the sensuous strains of "Futuristic Rhythm," only about fifty bedecked themselves in silks, satins and laces. The others preferred to masquerade as men.

They could not, however, resist the temptation of arching their eyebrows and rouging their cheeks in true flapper fashion.

No Women

The half a hundred who braved the ravishes of the wolf did an excellent job of the transformation, and although the rule of "No Women Allowed" was strictly enforced by the doorman, it would have been a problem to convince the uninitiated that the dainty revellers who spun around the floor reclining more or less gracefully on the shoulders of their escorts, were not bona fide daughters of Eve.

The economic crisis has forced the leaders of fag society to go high hat in many particulars. The "No Spectators" rule that was let down last year to permit local society folk to view the revels from the balcony, was strictly enforced. Hundreds of women, men, and children clamored about the entrance seeking admission but had to content themselves with mere fleeting glimpses of the masqueraders as they climbed demurely from taxicabs and tipped majestically from the curb to the entrance through the peering mob that was held in check by the strong arms of policemen who saw to it that the ladies of the evening were extended every possible courtesy.

Crowd Has Fun

The spectators without had almost as merry a time of it as the honored guests within.

The first flurry came when a buxom he-maiden in a long, black flowing gown of black velvet, with a Eugenie hat, rolled out of a cab and ambled with an assumed dignity toward the door.

Somebody in the crowd created a laugh panic when a voice called, "Well, if it ain't Kate Smith, herself!" The oversized pansy flushed a bit, but continued on his way amid roars of laughter.

A man was on the verge of entering when a little woman, hatless and with fight in her eyes, forced her way through the crowd and seizing him by the coat tails began to scream, "What do you want to go in there with those freakish hussies for? Come on home!" Amid the howls of laughter the man beat a sheepish retreat.

Within the hall joy was unconfined. A long brown skin creature with a black wig climbed upon the platform where the band was tooting, and lifting her skirts to the point where flimsy unmentionables were exposed, she essayed to warble a torch song in a husky tenor voice, winking all the while at the handsome young high school and Y.M.C.A. youths who were serving as dancing partners.

Conversations

In a secluded corner two "girls" in gay white Martha Washington wigs were earnestly discussing the bargain sales of the past week.

One had evidently had trouble with a salesgirl as she explained, "I just put my hands on my hips and told her, 'Now, young lady, you are here to serve customers—not to question them about their purchases. I want that suit of lingerie and all you have to do is wrap it up.'"

"You told her right, dearie," replied the listener.

Problems of the kitchen also seemed to occupy considerable time as one cook or housemaid related how she got her madam told about something that didn't suit her so well.

One of the guests was a nurse of a young invalid boy in a wealthy family. Another is employed in a rich doctor's office.

Buffet Lunch

In one corner the Jenkins Catering firm served punch and buffet lunches to the dancers throughout the evening. The lights were low and a spot light of many colors was played on the moving dancers. When left in the dark the sound of fervent kisses could be heard as the dancers held each other close as their bodies heaved with pent-up emotion. More frequently than not two men would be seen dancing together with one of the duo gazing soulfully into the eyes of the other.

Among other things, steaming hot dogs were served.

All-Night Patry

After the ball, the revellers repaired to Landon's Cabaret where they whooped it up until dawn. Later they went to various apartments where they paired off, each with his or her escort of the evening.

Much ado was made over a young couple from Washington who were recently "married" and seemed quite happy.

The "engagements" of others were whispered about. The lack of jobs makes "husbands" much easier to get, confided one berouged and powdered person in a gruff voice "and besides," he concluded, "it's Leap Year and a fag always has money."

There are forty-two members of the local club. Many others have been blackballed because they aren't "perfect ladies." The outsiders are referred to as "rough and rowdies." They make themselves too conspicuous in public places and fight over their "gentlemen friends," it was explained.