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 hetroosexual 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 pocketsbooks 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 in transforming the harshness of masculine lines into the smooth contours of femininity, surpassed all previous balls here.

Two Kinds of Debs

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

Douglas Hi Lad

The latter group was welcomed with open arms and expressions of glee in suppressed bas. The young omen of the former group was a 35-year-old Douglas 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 lunchrooms, the nature of the affair leaked out and speculators cut round the corner that led from the curb to the door as early as 8 p.m., and by 10:30, when the first dainty hemlet tripped from his cap 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 invaded upon the guardian on the door to admit them to the balcony. From this vantage point the social leaders appeared 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

Continued on Page 2, Col. 2
roused 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 be-diamonded hands upon his hips and struck a pose that showed off his padded bosom to good advantage and “sassayed” 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 Tricks Sometimes, Pansies Prove

Matthews, Ralph
Afro-American (1893-1988);
Mar 3, 1934; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The Baltimore Afro-American
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.

There are many who doubt the existence of the so-called pansies, but anyhow one has been found living in the wilds of the nation's capital.

This time, however, it seems that the pansies have been found in Baltimore, Md., where Daisy May, the bride, was deserted by her latest husband.

The story goes that Daisy May was married to a man named James Smith, who deserted her on their wedding night. When she asked him why he deserted her, he replied, "I think I'll try to get a job.

Daisy May then turned to her second husband and said, "Oh, no, I won't do that.

She then turned to her first husband and said, "I will."

Thus, the pansies have been found in Baltimore, Md., and Daisy May has been deserted by her second husband.

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Large clubs have "Pansies" clubs of young men whose sexual delight is to dress in women's clothes and regard themselves as women. Above, photo of four men.

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Are Pansies People?: AGE-OLD CONTROVERSY RAGES HERE ANEW AS MEN DANCE WITH MEN(?!) AT ANNUAL BALLET FROM WHICH ALL WOMEN ARE STRICTLY BARRIED

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 has flared up this week when the neuter gender held their annual promenade at the Elks' Auditorium Friday night, following closely upon the heels of a similar demonstration in St. Louis, according to the Baltimore Afro-American.

How men can, with apparent ease, convert themselves into women and feel "more comfortable that way," as one of the gay测量erators explained as he locked his arm around his partner, with heels four inches high, has always been a problem for specialization 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 doctors were dancing, was explaining to the Baltimore City Medical Society how experiments had proved that a change in the activity of certain glands could change sex.

The scientists explained how he made a study of a hen, the mother of chicks, that had been brought into a rooster and the father of a flock of chickens. An autopsy, said the speaker, revealed that the testicles of the fowl's ductless glands had been destroyed by tuberculosis, releasing the perineum in the female part of the hen's glandular system that otherwise would have remained dormant.

Scientists in the university of Chicago report similar experiments in the laboratories 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 hermaphroditism do not exist in the higher division of animal life, the arresting of one group of tendencies can place an individual on the border line of what we commonly call the "neuter gender."

Woman, Turning into Man, Saved by Johns Hopkins Hospital authorities report the case of a woman who, after reaching an age of maturity in the perfectly normal female development, suddenly began to grow hair on her chest and develop hard masculine muscles. At the hospital it was discovered that a tumor had partially destroyed the 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 following an operation. The man, an artist, was rendered deathly ill periodontally, his condition growing more painful with each recurrence of the intermittent attacks. Doctors declared him to be a woman, and he submitted to the operation, 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 afflicted with a lack of sex determination 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 America, the public is informed, pervading streets and obscure corners. Queer people, both men and women, who used to be content with the trappings of society, are now increasing. They have their own restaurants, attired as beautes they go to the races. An intricate social system built up outside society is dominated by them.

Dances are their big social events. They prefer clubs to the dances of every large city of the country. Some towns confine the celebrations to private houses. Other cities have cheap halls where the queer people assemble furtively for their secret orgies.

Europe Had First Public Orgies

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

Only last week, however, New York staged an essay of bizarre sexual oddity that cannot be equaled anywhere in the country. It was held where it can be surpassed in Europe. The affair was the fourth Masked Ball and Waltz Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria Palace, 151 East Street and Eighth Avenue. It is sponsored by the New York Try and Sponsors of the affair say that people from over 25 states were seen there.

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

Women, Ask Me Each Other

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

They are attended by the queens and their sweethearts. Men escort other well-dressed men who are attired like beautiful women. Women are marched in the same crowd of twisted sex that frequently have their endings in dark corners of the city.

In the near north side, the masculine women are very popular. There is a fear of about fifteen travels around to all, it is said. They especially enjoy the cans that are rolled up beneath her skirt, when she gets indoors she drops the man and the swaggers around in the masculine apparel. The particular group is always, however, a form of pupil who is paid to protect them from the macho men.

They prey on inexperienced girls. Its members tempt them with the promise of money and liquor and if successful add their victim to the group. All of them are dressed as women and have nothing to do and... most of them possess automobiles in which they take their girls for trips to the night spots of the city.
BALTIMORE'S RED LIGHTS

By WILL LITTLE

Mr. Little concludes his series of articles with his experiences with the "Peanuts" and "Loving Ladies." If for no other reason than that this is the last of the distillery in the year of the saloon, this city office where the law was operated by a Jewish concern, his articles have been of value and interest.

Flinty Good News

Although a few have expressed a desire to put the author of these stories on the spot, which may say was showed partially and betrayed our trust, in fact, is accurate, "Our intentions were perfectly harmless."

Baltimore has plenty of good, respectable citizens that has contributed to the neighborhood and the city. At this time, this group has its troubles, excepting those of the recent android, committed by the local Jews.

We could recommend for the Hall of Fame with patriotic principles as Walter, Robinson, Fitzgerald, Carl Murphy, Charles Shill, Ben Hammit, Roy Boyd, or of the young,tag, Sussex Smith, Jerome, Ed Dixon, promoter; Ben Remley, J. Nelson, fortune, and any of others.

The ladies too, God bless them; those promising daughters of Doctor Morgen, Sarah Fink, Mrs. Newberry, the Poindexter, Ruth Hively, names which many of you don't know, for sure. Because you don't know your Baltimore.

Each of these brings a pleasant smile to the daily life of Baltimore.

The "Worldly" Class

If you step out on the Magoon street or read Washington Post, you will know how the "Peanuts," that type of men supposed to wear round glasses, are very uniform and smell much like a rose garden, were running around with the lady and in a light. The truth of the matter is, this type dressers in the same way as in the male style, and is only betrayed by his swagger walk or effects which are not too common.

In the 40 block of Pennsylvania Avenue, an after Baltimore hall was held on Sunday. With the exception of the addition of the title of Mr. and Miss, who sponsored the office of the magazine in female attire.

Once inside, all conventional poses were dropped, everybody gets on for a big time. There is the Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Smith and in that, a real lady takes a chance in this game. Twenty-five cent gin is on sale, a spacious hall in the center of the room. The music is in a dark corner and the dancing is in one corner with a cigar shop between her teeth with a sign over it, saying "Sister's Call of the Pro's." Somebody sweet has a sign that says "Stand up, don't just sit in your national altar!"

There is no prominent figure missing, "Miss" Linclon-a man who has made a name for himself in the Black Hills, who has a beard, a man that he is a pure and out and only woman and on "Peanuts".

Queer Folks

Old Depression has got most of these fellows broke and "Lively." Those that have are good citizens. There's the usual crowd of citizens.

If one can, he who has no trouble in making this group up, like the women for their loss for their local, or failure of their special bar, or "Peanuts," their time, Mrs. Madison and Linda. "Peanuts" can be followed through for men.

Quirky yet some are women of the same sex, we meet. There is the St. Mary's, whom we refer to in the article No. 2, who, in the past three weeks, has changed her hair from dark brown to black twice, yet her hair are natural nev- er changes. However, she was born of the shade. He doesn't come where her femaleesses are.

The Queen is very severe for when her females money runs low, they usually follow, usually getting a beating to remind them to return her femaleesses away.

In Heavy Sugar

Middle Street, near Pennsylvania Avenue, has two or more who operate gin, they call themselves, licensed number of gins. One in particular has unassuming looks but.

Less than three weeks ago she hit the numbers for 8, once she was seen to live $1,200, which she spent on her female operates. For one girl, she turned on a nice apartment, but the sweet soon saw that she was not made for such a heavy livelihood. This she claims is her one shortcoming: she has no femaleresses of any serious kind, but she will take care of her. Several "lady" boys, she used to be a busy one, turned up on Middle Street, lured by a woman's attentions and money.

Loss to the love of real men.

Last August a madam on Druid Hill Avenue committed suicide when her girl friend moved away and got married.

Was it worth the price?

THE END.
Watching the Big Parade: A FUROR ABOUT PANSIES.
Matthews, Ralph
Afro-American (1893-1988); Mar 28, 1931; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The Baltimore Afro-American
pg. 6

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 pan- sies for flowers. Indeed, the demand for the most uncom- fortable of places to go before and after death, seems to be increasing. The "cure for the flu" is also a certain story referring to a social func- tion indulged in by the local politicians to nurse the anxiety to sign the checks. The letter- ers take two different tones.

"We are those who suggest that I file their names and addresses and inform them when the next affair of this sort arises. And, if there are those who think the most disgraceful thing that ever happen- ed to me, the latter division quite vehemently suggests that I am the terrestr and feam, and I am sure that the article that the editor should be shot for publishing is:

OP TOW STRIKE, I CHOOSE THE LESS.

Booked tarred and feathered is by no means to my liking, but I prefer that to the fate of my enemies by many thousands. And, however, that the gentleman has misdirected his emotions. He says nothing out punishment to the actual participants. In this, the former anecdotally appears to have been wrong to his mind apparently does not lie to his women, but it was the situation. He is the newspapers. But his complaint is not un- usual. His is the stereotyped kind of spirit that seems in the ears of cosmetics newspapers men day in and day out.

I realize public service to take the attitude that a newspaper should blush with shame for every word of an unwarranted error in its columns. It is, however, quite all right for these newspapers to readers to wash dust out across their back fences or discuss them in the privacy of their drawing rooms.

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

IN DEFENSE OF NEWSPAPERS.

I inadvertently used the word "fact." Cos- pignor are now aware of what they are doing.

Cosignor are said of being jacked into the court for libel, but printed words make such terrible havoc that people may hear words uttered and repeat them as different words.

Newspapers are more naturally truthful, and reporters like to keep their stories nearly as much as any other people. It is not their fault if their bias is a busi- ness. Of course, we are occasionally guilty of printing misinformation, but honest newspaper men are too prone to give out- siders credit for possessing the same virtues as themselves.

MY VERACITY IS DOUBTFUL.

Along this line, I quote from another letter which states in part: "I dislike the idea of about happen at the ball, or were they the product of your fertile imagination? I mean when you mentioned the fellow who said "My daddy is here from New York. I am going to take a ride for a side after the dance."

While I appreciate the compliment for creative powers, I always jump at the chance when I cover an assignment so right. In reference to circumstances which might lead to such an idea, I believe that such things happen when I see it with my own eyes. Will you kindly notify me when another is to be held?"

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

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

A REVIVERED OBJECTS.

"While your story on the pansies was a dis- grace to the paper," writes the Rev. H. B. Rich- ardson, "your suggestion that the church urges the repeal of the prohibition laws is more even imbecility.

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

"If we become a body of live newspaper reporters want to satisfy their craving for booms," he de- clares, "is, "no reason why these ideas should be dragged into a discussion to accomplish this goal.""

I APOLOGIZE.

I am little to refute the good brother of the cloth in my own defense. For the rest of the members of the press I have the same criticism. There are fewer Quakers to the square mile than newspaper men. Their vanity and ignorance is for no other reason than that there are fewer newspaper men.

Calling me a menace is indeed a compliment. One of the greatest men in literary, music, and intellectual circles are something or some cause during their activity. The same Christ he men- tioned was a menace to the days of his day. That's why they crucified him.
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 Ellis 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 pleaded silks and satins were evident. Muscled backs were exposed by low 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, give a well-shaped effect.

Twenty-three visitors from out-of-town participated in the revelry. One, a Madam Julia Hart, 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 caps, two Russian fur hats, seventy-two gowns, ten silk dresses, three gingham dresses, a Mae West costume and a pair of silk pajamas.
STAGE THE ATRICAL WORLD SCREEN: MARGO A PHILOSOPHICAL

Afro-American (1893-1988); Mar 7, 1936; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The Baltimore Afro-American pg. 10

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 more significant.

Margo, tall and lithe in an evening gown of old rose, with a headdress of pale pink lilies of the valley pinned to her shoulders, like more than just a mask with a violet tinge. Margo is an intellectual, a philosopher, if you please.

“Waste No Pity.” Margo shrugged his shoulders.

“My lady,” he said, “tried to make light of the end of a cigarette in a long holder. Brushed back his platinum locks with a little handkerchief, and condescendingly said with a waitful expression.

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

“Put your faith in women, and women will measure you.” Where is the story in this strain and half-believing.

“For Men Only”

“I merely prove my conclusion, the condition of all great thinkers, that the world was made for men, for men only—to live and hate and fight and die for another.

“I am a member of the feminine sex. If you are interested in that.”

“My life is one big mistake, or one of the most, all of our misery can be traced to that one error of the creator.”

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

“Return of Glenda”

“How?” he began, and waved his long, black, ungloved hand in the atmosphere. “It’s all a very great problem.”

“Under the conditions of the ideal state, A back-formative 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 not well-put. ‘Cost very action, belief, your every action, every belief, your every act, every thought, every feeling, every passion, every desire, every ambition.”

Don’t Want to Be Woman

“Some say we are not men, but women.”

“Other persons think we are both.”

“He said, ‘They have been sought beneath the surface and analyzed whether in the gross or in the fine.”

“Is it not true that we want to be?”

“We are forced into a situation, but we are free to choose our own paths and live by our own rules.”

“While we are trying to do is make our own lives as interesting to the objects of our desires.”

“Women, the power to attract has been vested in women; man, nature has been taught to respect things as foreign.”

“Men instinctively believe that a well-dressed woman and the like are necessary to his life, but they aren’t really. All that is necessary is a body through which nature is exerted and two eyes to look at it.”

We are forced to think of them as well-dressed, but better than the average. Not only cuddling our men, but overlooking it.

“Don’t be afraid of me, darling,” he snapped in a voice husky as a horse as he passed the crowd without a word. “What you’re used to, to hold him in your bosom, while we have only a poor imitation.”

As the crowd passed, he plunged the blushes under the chin, gave him a smacking kiss and went off, turned the streetlight, and strutted a movie street.

Margo was having a glorious time.
Pansies Ramble in "Drag" At Pre-Hallowe'en Ball: Bare-Backed Huskies ...  
Afro-American (1893-1988); Nov 11, 1933; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The Baltimore Afro-American  
pg. 12

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 of 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 Clay 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 nude green organza 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

AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.AFRO Photo.

NATIONAL BENEFIT OFFICIALS INSPECT NEW LOCAL OFFICE. The interior of the newly erected building of the 111 executive council recently opened in the Baltimore office. Left to right: H. T. Harrell, chairman; B. F. Washington, chairman of board; Paul Green, W. Walter Taylor and Homer Emory Hulse.

BABY'S SUNDAY PARTY—with jolly faces and various little companions, the happy life of Baltimore schoolchildren. Young, old and middle-aged enjoy the school. The little ones on the left are from the Masonic Temple.
A PANSY TAKES HIS SCENT

It's Nobody's Business
THE SHAWL OF MEMORY

It's true that he, like every other good looking Pansey, will be very much in demand. I will not say that every woman can capture but after all it's a game at present full of fun. There are some days that see the companionship of such characters behind four walls.

What do we say to all about such a game means.
What it has done to others. She

I am up now before
only the gay life of a Pansey as she

The Man of Vision—A Spiritual Wonder
Begin a Ten-Minute Revival on Sunday, Aug. 2, 1931.
REV. W. J. DAVIS, D.D.,
Little Rock, Ark.

Followings are the subjects that Dr. Davis will discuss:
"Hell Under Water. Backsliders in the Drifts of the Valley."
"Four Horses. "Eagle Stirreth Her Nest with Moan Say"
"It's Not Going to Rain No More." "High Court in Heaven, One Girl Hearts, One Girl Wants."
"Nobody Knows What a Brown Skin Woman Will Do. "God Save Oates."

Start That Young Girl. Every girl should be present.

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

Wednesday night, Aug. 5--A Ten-Minute Revival on Young Girls. Every girl should be present.

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Followings are the subjects that Dr. Davis will discuss:
"Hell Under Water. Backsliders in the Drifts of the Valley."
"Four Horses. "Eagle Stirreth Her Nest with Moan Say"
"It's Not Going to Rain No More." "High Court in Heaven, One Girl Hearts, One Girl Wants."
"Nobody Knows What a Brown Skin Woman Will Do. "God Save Oates."

Start That Young Girl. Every girl should be present.

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

Wednesday night, Aug. 5--A Ten-Minute Revival on Young Girls. Every girl should be present.

It's true that he, like every other good looking Pansey, will be very much in demand. I will not say that every woman can capture but after all it's a game at present full of fun. There are some days that see the companionship of such characters behind four walls.

What do we say to all about such a game means.
What it has done to others. She

I am up now before
only the gay life of a Pansey as she

The Man of Vision—A Spiritual Wonder
Begin a Ten-Minute Revival on Sunday, Aug. 2, 1931.
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Annual "Pansy" Ball Colorful—Larry Gains New British Champ
Prisoner, Given 3rd Degree, Kills Cops

Afro-American (1893-1988); Mar 26, 1932; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The Baltimore Afro-American
pg. 12

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DEPRESSION CHIEF GUEST AT PANSY BALL: ANNUAL DRAG, OF TWILIGHT MEN NOT AS ELABORATE THIS YEAR.

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