

LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION
SANDY'S CLOSET EDITION

MANUSCRIPT

THIS IS MY STORY OF
THE MANY BOYS I
HAVE MET AND HOW
THEY BECAME
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

PART TWO



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The French girls know how to have fun and dress up! But this is the story of many boys and their journey to become perfect young ladies. As told by one, this is a multi-part diary of over 380 pages (as typed over many years.) You can open to most any page and read how dedicated the boys, mothers, maids and salons go to express and train femininity.

In this classic novel of feminization, an adventurous exploration of opulent sensual exploration through Paris and the boys complete dedication to every feminine fashion whim.

It is the journey of young men facing critical choices as they experience the secret gardens in a young woman's upbringing. From the inner sanctum of salons, boutiques, figure training studios and their private schooling in the art of femininity, they learn to accept anything for beauty.

About the Series: Through my years of publishing T fiction, visitors have always been most interested in my "closet" filled with old manuscripts. MY DOUBLE LIFE is the first of the new manuscript edition, based on my special writing that defy traditional TG publishing. The first edition is a free sample to make sure you can enjoy and read the format. The next five are the continuation of the story with nearly 70 plus full sized, single spaced pages each.

These are the many everlasting feminization adventures as told in the original text. If you love it, I have many more!!

Sandy Thomas

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“MY DOUBLE LIFE”

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I HAVE LUNCHEON WITH JULIAN ELTINGE. (*By Gloria*)

Sunday came, and I was all agog for my luncheon engagement with Julie Eltinge. I went to his apartment hotel, and called his roomby house phone. A soft, feminine voice answered the phone. "Is Mr. Eltinge there?" I asked, not recognizing the voice. "Yes, come right up," said the voice, which I now knew was Julian's, and I recalled that he had promised to be in feminine attire, and so he was already sunk in the part, and talking like a lady.

"Come in," said a soft voice in answer to my knock on the door.

I entered and saw what appeared to be the handsome back of a lady, who was seated before her mirror, doing her hair. She was in negligee and corsets, but of course I knew it must be Julian. He turned a smiling face to me and apologized: "Sorry I am not quite ready. I hope you will pardon me while I do my hair." He turned again to his mirror and I was fascinated to watch his deft fingers skillfully doing up his own long hair-pretty, wavy light-brown hair, shoulder length.

"You see, this is my own hair," Julian explained. "I have told you how I wear a men's wig to cover it up in public. You are one of the few persons who have seen my hair. How do you like it? It's all my very own."

"I think it is very nice, and so much better and more comfortable than a wig," I replied.

Soon he had finished with his hair, and he daintily powdered his face and deftly applied a touch of rouge and lipstick, and then some strong French perfume. I noticed that he was corseted for the day, and was wearing neat slippers with 3½ inch heels, which made his naturally small feet look even smaller and more feminine. He arose gracefully from his seat in front of the mirror and put on a most becoming afternoon frock. He then put on a pair of pearl earrings, a necklace, bracelets and rings, and with a final inspection in the mirror, and a dash or two of powder on his nose, he was ready.

"I'm so sorry I wasn't ready. I slept late, and you know it takes me quite a little time to dress and make up properly," he said.

"I don't mind, and it was worth the time, for you don't mind my telling you that you look very pretty."

"Thank you," he said with a dazzling smile, which showed his even, nearly teeth.

He ordered cocktails by phone, and I noticed that the waiter who brought them did not seem at all surprised to see Julian dressed as a girl.

"He is used to it," Julian said. "I usually don feminine attire here in my apartment. I prefer the soft, fluffy, dainty feminine things to coarse men's clothing, and, you will admit, they go better with my long girlish hair."

After our drinks, Julian ordered luncheon, which was served in the living room.

"Now," I said, "please tell me more about your experiences in Paris. Go on from where you left off the last time we met."

JULIAN CONTINUES HIS STORY.

"As I told you before, I worked at the Trocadero, the leading vaudeville house in Paris, and I received grand publicity in the newspapers and on billboards. My act was an instantaneous hit, and soon I was besieged with people who wanted to meet me--women as well as men. I met some of them, who were introduced by the manager and went out a few times for supper after the evening show. One man that I met, and liked very much, was a count, an immensely wealthy man, who was recommended to me very highly by the manager. I went to supper with him and we became very friendly. He was a small, dapper man, a little on the small and effeminate order, and had an extremely good looking face, somewhat effeminate. The first time I saw him I thought how well he would make up as a woman. (I had formed that habit of noticing the men I saw and picking out those who would make up well as girls. In America I didn't see very many who would qualify very well, except occasionally young boys, but seldom grown men. But in Paris I had noticed quite a few. The Latin races seem to be better looking, and more adapted to female roles than other races.)

The count told me he was deeply interested in clever impersonators of the other sex, and admired my act very much. He told me he thought I made an unusually pretty girl, and that few men could equal me. We drank some champagne and he became more and more friendly, and ended up by inviting me to live at his Paris home while I was playing in the city. I thanked him for the invitation and told him I would let him know next day. I consulted the theater manager and asked his advice.

"The count is very rich," he told me, "and can do you lots of favors, and no doubt will shower you with gifts. It will save you hotel bills and he will give you a good time. He has a splendid home, with plenty of servants and lives in the height of luxury, so it would be nice for you. I suppose you understand the count, and that he is infatuated with your act, and with you. He is that sort of a man--you understand. But I think you can live at his house in a proper manner, granting him, perhaps, small favors, but can avoid anything that is not moral."

"What do you mean by 'small favors',?" I asked.

"Well, he might want to have you dress as a girl at his house, and

when you are in costume, he might want to make love to you, caress you, hold your hand and perhaps kiss you."

"There would be no harm in that," I said. "I don't mind such attentions when I am dressed as a woman, for I sink my personality in the part and BECOME a woman, and so masculine attentions seem perfectly natural to me. But I never let things go any farther than such simple favors."

The next evening I saw the count in the audience. In my dressing room was a great bunch of red roses, with his card attached. He came to my room at the end of my act, and asked for my decision, eagerly awaiting my answer. I told him that I would be glad to come as his house guest, but that everything must be proper between us. He agreed and it was so arranged.

The next day I moved, bag and baggage to the count's splendid home in a fashionable street near the Etoile. It was an elegant four-story house, handsomely furnished. The door was opened by the butler who was accompanied by two footmen, and as I passed along and up the broad staircase, followed by the men with my luggage, I was aware of maids flitting about. There was an air of wealth and refinement about the house, which was very pleasing to me, accustomed to living in hotels. My quarters consisted of a pretty bedroom, and an adjoining boudoir. I was amused to see that these rooms were fitted up in a definitely feminine manner, as a tribute to my art, I thought. My bed had a dainty lace coverlet, the furniture was covered with pale pink satin. The dresser was furnished with a three-way mirror such as women use for making up and doing their hair, and on top of it were rouges, powders, lipsticks in various shades, hair pins, a woman's hair brush and comb and bottles of expensive perfume. It was completely feminine, in every detail. I almost felt out of place as a man, in this dainty setting, but I would fit in well at night, when I let down my long hair and donned a pretty lady's nightdress to sleep in.

The count introduced me to Frederic, who was to be my personal valet. He was a small, slender, dark man, and he seemed to be very efficient as he went to work unpacking my things.

"I have seen your act, Mr. Eltinge," he said, "and I think you are wonderful."

I thanked him, and told him I was sure we would get on well together. Now I was glad that I had learned French, for Frederic had no English. It was good practise for me to talk with him, and we got on well, and I learned more and more French. I noticed that he had small, regular features, and small hands and feet. He would make up well as a girl, I decided, sizing him up, as usual with all men I met.

I was soon comfortably established and the week passed rapidly. The count was pleasant company. He came to see my act nearly every evening, and afterward would take me out to some fashionable hotel or restaurant for a late supper, or we would go back home and be served there. Saturday night the count informed that he had asked three men and a lady to dinner Sunday, to meet me.

Dinner was served at home. The lady was handsome and beautifully gowned in an evening frock. She was, I judged about 40, with nice, attractively dressed hair, and a splendidly corseted figure. She evidently was wealthy, like all of the count's friends, and wore some valuable diamonds. She had a perfect complexion and nice eyes, and was so charming in manner and so gracious, that I took to her immediately. I also liked the three men, though I immediately noticed that they were of the count's type, slender, dapper, soft spoken and somewhat effeminate. They all had small, regular features, and, as was my custom, I decided that they all would make up well in women's guise. We had a nice dinner and a pleasant evening.

When they had gone, the count told me that he would like to have a heart-to-heart talk with me, and I wondered what was coming when he asked me to let my hair down, put on a negligee wrap and mules, and he would join me presently. I had all along suspected the count of being fond of feminine impersonation, so I was not greatly surprised when he came into my boudoir, wearing a lovely fluffy ladies' negligee. He had made up his face and donned a girdle

which gave him feminine curves. But the most remarkable thing about him was his hair. It was blue-black in color, and perhaps the most luxurious I had ever seen, for it was heavy and so long that it reached to his ankles in a lovely waving mass.

"Now we are just two 'girls' together, and can talk confidentially, with our hair down. By the way, what do you think of my hair?" he asked. "I imported it expressly from Burma, where the women have the longest and most ~~xxx~~ beautiful hair in the world. It cost a small fortune, but I think it is worth it. Don't you."

"Yes, it is very beautiful," I told him, "and very becoming to you. You look very pretty."

"He smiled, evidently pleased at my praise, and flattered. Men who do female impersonations strive to make themselves as attractive as possible and spare no pains to do so, and are delighted if they really look like pretty women, and love to be told that they are beautiful, for that is their greatest ambition."

We now sat down side by side on a davenport and after the count had carefully arranged his robe and then draped his hair about him, so that it almost covered him, except for his face, he put his arm around my waist, and took my hand. I, in turn, encircled his waist with my arm, and so we were very comfortable, two 'girls' in negligée, ready for a talk.

"I am going to tell you some secrets," said the count, "but first you must promise not to give them away." I promised, and he continued.

"I am going to tell you about the Club Femina. Have you ever heard of it?"

"Yes, a little," I replied, "but it seems to be wrapped in mystery, and all I have heard is that it is a very exclusive and refined women's club."

"You are right. It is a women's club, but all the 'women' members are men. By that I mean that they all are female impersonators, like yourself, and myself. The club is known to the outside world as a women's club. It really is a secret society, with all members sworn to secrecy. No man can become a member unless he is so expert at female impersonation that he can pass unquestioned anywhere as a woman, under the most critical circumstances. And no man is allowed in the main part of the club unless in complete feminine guise. And when there they must act the part of women, in a refined manner, so that the atmosphere of the club may be just like that of a refined real women's club. The club occupies a fine four-story building in a good quarter of the city--you will see it later, I hope. At the rear there is what is known as the "men's entrance", where men come in and go up to the "men's quarters" on the third floor back, separated from the rest of the building, where no "men" are allowed. As soon as they arrived they go to one of the dressing rooms where they keep their things and dress as women., with the help of a male "maid," if desired. There is also in this part of the house a beauty parlor and hair-dressing department where the men can be made up and beautified and have their hair done. The operators are male "maids". In fact, all of the servants in the club are male "maids"--and you will be surprised to see how pretty some of them are. After the member is made up and dressed and in complete feminine guise, he is ready to go to the ladies' part of the club. And you may be sure that he looks like a lady--otherwise he could no be there. He is now free to mingle with the other "ladies" below, play bridge or other games, or sew or do fancy work, or just visit with the others. A complete feminine atmosphere is always strictly maintained, and it is an unwritten rule that the men must always act the part of women and never refer to their real sex, but pretend to be ladies. It is interesting to hear their conversation. It is feminine, and there is much talk of dresses, styles, etc. Did you notice particularly the woman who dined with us tonight?"

"Yes," I said, "and I thought her quite pretty and charming, refined and feminine in every way. And so tastefully dressed."

"Well," said the count, "that 'lady' is the president of the Femina."

"Do you mean to tell me that 'she' really is a man?" I asked in astonishment. "It isn't possible. I never met a more feminine and refined lady."

Next morning early (for us) the count and I went shopping. We started from the house in the count's limousine, with liveried chauffeur and footman, and I enjoyed the luxuriousness of it all.

Our first stop was at the count's corsetiere's. It had been decided that I was to have a complete new outfit, and not use any of my things of the theater. It was one of the exclusive shops, and I noted that the count was well known by the woman who ran the shop, who greeted him effusively, and told him his new corset was ready for a try-on. I was introduced, and was flattered when the proprietress recognized me, and said she had seen me on the stage, and admired my act. She was a handsome woman, and I was struck with her magnificent figure, which was superbly corseted, with an hour-glass figure which would be the envy of any mature woman. Her lines were wonderful. I also noticed the shop girls who were her assistants. All had tiny waists, which were a good advertisement of the corsets they sold. They had to have tiny waists to hold their jobs.

First the count tried on the corset that had been previously ordered. It was a small size, and when he was laced into it, he had a nice wasp waist. Next my measurements were taken, over the corset I was wearing, as usual--my daytime corset. The woman told us to come back in two days for a fitting. We then went to the count's hair shop and I was measured for a wig. It was the finest hair shop in Paris, the city of the best wig makers in the world. We inspected samples of hair, and selected a lovely shade of pale red. It was an exquisite color, which I am unable to describe. I had never been a red-head, but the count suggested it, and I was only too willing to try that coloring, and I wondered why I had never tried being a red-head in my impersonations. On the stage I was always a blonde, and off the stage, when dressed as a girl, I had always worn brown hair. But it was the count's idea that I try being a red-head, and I was more than willing. Then came a visit to one of Paris's most exclusive dress shops. Here again the count was well known and we received the utmost attention. The count explained to the lady who owned the shop that he wanted to have made for me an outsnading evening gown. We went into conference and finally decided on a green satin sheath gown, which would go well with my red hair. The woman made sketches and worked out the details. I knew from her designs that it was to be a lovely creation. My measurements were taken, but the count told her that I would have a much smaller waist, with my new corset. Next we paid a visit to a shop which specialized in lingerie, a very expensive and exclusive shop, which made the garments to order. Again I was measured. We had taken along a sample of the green satin from my gown, and ordered a complete set of lingerie of green that would harmonize. The materials were of the sheerest and most delicate, finer than anything I had had before, as I had always worn ready-made underthings. But that would not do for the count. I must have the most lovely obtainable, made to measure. We went to a shoe shop, and ordered a pair of slippers of the shade of green to go with my gown. The count was anxious that my feet should appear as small as possible, and so I consented to be fitted to a pair of slippers that were a size too small for me, and which had to be squeezed onto my feet with a shoe horn. The heels were extremely high, with pencil-point French heels.

"You won't have to walk or stand much," said the count, "so you won't mind their being tight." Since he was the host, and was buying my outfit, I agreed, wishing to please him.

Two days later the count and I again went shopping, to try on the things ordered. First we went to the corset shop. My stays were ready for a fitting and my new pair were soon clasped on, and laced in, until they met at the back, and I saw immediately that I had an unusually small waist. The corset was so cleverly made that it gave me a waist an inch or two smaller than usual, and still didn't feel any tighter. It was due to the skill of the maker and the wonderful fit she gave. A tape was passed around my waist.

"Seventeen inches," said Madame. "I want to compliment you on your figure, Mr. Eltinge. You lace in very easily--better than a woman."

"Thank you, Madame," I replied. "It is due to the cut and design of your corset."

The count was delighted with my figure. He tried on the corset that Madame had made for him, and he, too, achieved a small waist, which appeared to me to be 18 or 19 inches. He was slender and also laced in easily, and it was evident that he often had worn corsets, from the shape of his body.

We kept our corsets on, putting our male clothes on over them, with pads at either side so that the nipped-in waists would not show, and went to our dressmaker's for fittings (for the count also had ordered a new gown for himself.) I could see that my green frock was going to be lovely, but more fittings were necessary, as it was to be form fitting, without a wrinkle or flaw,

Then we went to the wig makers'. I was still wearing my corset.

At first I didn't recognize the proprietress, for now she was a blonde, while on our previous visit she had been a brunette.

"You never can tell what she is going to be," the count whispered to me. "She always wears a wig, and tries all sorts of different colors, and make up to go with them. It is a good ad. for her wares."

Madame led me to a dressing room, where there was a large mirror and a dressing table with all sorts of make-up materials.

"Please make up before you try on your wig, Mr. Eltinge," she said. "Then we can get the full effect. Do you mind if I make you up and give you the proper coloring to go with your red wig?"

I was glad to have her make me up for a red-head, as it was a new complexion for me, and I watched carefully to see what she used. I found that I needed a higher coloring than for a blonde or brown-haired girl, and a bright, creamy complexion. She did a clever job, and gave me a complexion that was really most charming. But of course it didn't look right without the wig, and my hair seemed out of place.

"Take off your clothes," she ordered and I removed my coat, trousers and shirt. I was glad that I had kept on the corset and lingerie, for now I looked more feminine in my make up. Madame now produced a lovely peach colored negligée, with white maribou collar, and I put it on and pulled the cords about my waist, so as to get the full effect of my corsetted figure. The wig was now brought in and placed on my head. The effect was marvellous. It was a most exquisite piece of hair goods, as light as a feather, beautifully coiffured and an absolutely perfect fit. The color, a pale shade of red, was delightful, and extremely becoming to me. I stared at myself in the mirror. I was entranced. Never had I looked so nice. Why had I not tried being a red-head before? I hardly knew myself, with that bright make-up and lovely hair. I stared and stared. Could that be myself--a man? Never had I looked so pretty. My hair was what girls dream about, it was so perfect, and of such an exquisite shade. And so beautifully dressed. Madame had evidently studied my face and done the hair in a style that would be most becoming to my style of Beauty--if I may use the word in referring to myself.

The count was delighted. "Beautiful, beautiful", he exclaimed, circling about and viewing me from every angle. "You are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, a lovely red-head. You are magnifique, divine, adorable, a red-headed angel, a siren, a Venus, the loveliest thing I have ever seen."

I knew that the count was infatuated with me, and so exaggerated in his praise, but I must admit I was pleased and flattered and as I looked in the glass I saw that I really did look beautiful--instead of merely pretty, as usual. It must have been the hair, and the unusual make-up, and the collar of the negligée to set it off. Madame, too, was delighted with her handiwork and when she told me I looked beautiful, I knew that it really must be so,

for she was not infatuated with me, as the count was.

The count and I went for final fittings of our gowns on Friday. Then he took me to a jewelry shop.

"You must have proper jewelry to wear with your lovely costume," said he. "Emeralds are the thing."

I knew that emeralds were tremendously expensive, but the rich count never seemed to mind the cost of anything, and so he and I chose a set of lovely and costly emeralds for me--earrings, necklace, bracelet and a ring. Next we visited an exclusive perfumery shop and I selected a scent that I liked, and the count ordered a large bottle for me. It was rich and heavy and a delightful odor, very permeating, only a drop or two being necessary to scent me heavily.

When I returned from the theater Saturday night I found Frederic busily unpacking and laying out my new finery. Everything--gown, wig, slippers, lingerie, perfume--was there, and the special make-up from the hairdresser's, for my red-head make-up, such as I had worn when I tried on the wig, and had looked so nice.

The count and I slept late Sunday, and had breakfast served in bed. Toward noon we got up and dressed, had the car brought round and went for a drive in the Bois, and stopped at one of the good restaurants on the Champs Elysees for a leisurely luncheon. I was eager for the evening, when I could don my new dress and wig, and the count, too, was eager, for he had bought a new outfit--gown, corset and wig and lingerie. I now knew that he loved to dress up as a lady. Frederic had told me that he often did so, but the count had not said much about it, though of course I had seen him in feminine negligée, wearing his lovely long black wig.

We returned to the count's house at five, to allow two hours for dressing, as the guests were expected at seven.

As we rolled up to the house in the car, the count said:

"This is 'ladies' night, so don't be surprised at anything you see."

I was filled with curiosity, but the count didn't explain further.

To my surprise, the front door was opened by a maid, instead of the butler, and two maids were standing nearby. I looked at them closely, and saw that they were the butler and footmen, in feminine attire. They were nicely made up and neatly dressed and bewigged and corseted. They wore knee-length maid's dresses and black silk stockings, and their feet were shod in black patent leather slippers with high heels. They looked for all the world like maids, and not a bit like men. Their disguise was perfect.

"None but 'women' are allowed in this house on 'ladies night'," the count explained--"only the 'women' are men. It is the custom of the house."

And so I was somewhat prepared when I entered my boudoir and found a 'maid' there. It was, of course, Frederic, but in complete maid's costume, with a pretty wig of black hair, and, like the men downstairs, made up and corseted. He wore a little lace cap on his hair and a neat lace apron, and reminded me of the parlor maids one sees on the stage. Frederic had drawn his waist in tightly with his corsets and had a cute little wasp waist. His feet looked small in his slippers, with their 4-inch heels, but he seemed to be at home in them and tripped about so gracefully as a girl. I inspected him carefully, and said:

"You make a very attractive girl, Frederic."

"Thank you, mademoiselle," he said with a smile that showed his even teeth. "While I am a girl, please call me 'Freda.' All in the house take girls' names on ladies nights."

"Very well, Freda," I said. "I hope you are as clever as a ladies' maid as you are a valet."

"I think mamselle will find me satisfactory," he smiled. "I thoroughly understand women's clothes and hair dressing and everything that a maid should know. I once worked for a year as a lady's maid and have also worked in a beauty parlor."

"Do you mean to say that you lived as a girl all that time, and were not found out?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Don't you think I look like a girl?"

"Indeed you do," I said, again looking him over. "And a pretty one. But now we will try your skill and see how nice you can make me look in my new dress."

After a hot, perfumed bath, Freda started to dress me.

I was entranced with my lovely new sheer silk lingerie, all in green to go with my green dress. It fitted to perfection. Then Freda drew on my sheer silk stockings, and, with the help of a shoe horn, forced my feet into my new green satin slippers, with their extreme heels, pencil pointed. Next came the corset. A surprise was in store for me. The corset that had been made for me, and which I had worn for my fittings, was white, but, unknown to me, the count had ordered made a duplicate in size but of lovely green brocaded satin. Even the long, silk laces were green and altogether it was a delectable garment, which would delight any girl--and it delighted me. It was new, heavily boned and stiff, but what cared I? As I stood teetering on my high heels in front of the long mirror, Freda laced me in until the corset met closely at the back, and I had a scant 17-inch waist.

Then came the make-up. I did my face, while Freda whitened my back and arm^s and shoulders with liquid white and then powdered them heavily with a strongly scented rice powder. And then came my "crowning glory", my beautifully dressed red wig. Not a hair was out of place, and it really looked lovely on me.

"Mile. Julia is beautiful," said Freda. "Your hair is adorable, the prettiest I have ever seen. It is so becoming." My mirror told me that Freda spoke the truth. I really did look lovely and I was thrilled with my feminine beauty. But the best was yet to come, for now I put on my beautiful green dress, which harmonized so perfectly with my hair, and Freda hooked it up. It fitted as though I had been poured into it and I was very proud of my slender figure, with its tiny waist, around which my dress was clasped very tightly, to bring out its smallness. I now put on my emeralds. They were lovely and added much to my costume--the dangling earrings, the "dog-collar" necklace, the sparkling bracelet and the ring with its large, brilliant stone. On the other hand I wore a solitaire diamond ring, a present from a "gentleman friend" in America.

Gathering up my green enamelled vanity case, and my green ostrich-feather fan--gifts of the count, I started for the count's boudoir, as he had requested me to do, so that we could go down together. I ~~saw~~^{was} so elated with my appearance, that I was able to ignore my tight high heels and tight corset, and I floated along as though walking on air. I was eager to see the count in full feminine regalia, for so far I had only seen him in negligee, with that unbelievably long, black head of hair. I wondered if he would wear that wig. Such quantities of hair would be difficult to do up attractively.

I rapped at the door, and a soft, feminine voice, which I recognized as the count's "woman's voice", bid me enter.

I was amazed at the sight that met my eyes, for instead of the count I beheld a very lovely woman. 'She' was wearing a beautifully coiffured blue black wig--not the long one--and a lovely pink satin evening gown cut very low to show 'her' snowy shoulders, back and bust. 'She' had a wasp waist. Altogether the 'countess' made a stunning woman, perfect in every detail. The count's make-up was a masterpiece, for he had made the most of his natural olive complexion by the use of a brunette rachel powder cleverly applied to give his oval face a creamy smoothness, and he had avoided using much rouge on his cheeks--just a dash. But the dark paleness of his complexion was charmingly emphasized by the use of vivid lipstick. The whole effect was most striking and made him look charming.

"How do you like me as a lady?" asked the 'countess'; as I must now call him, pivoting to show me 'her' ensemble from every angle. I gazed in admiration at this man who had so completely transformed himself into a woman, from the top of his pretty hair to the soles of his tiny high-heeled slippers, pink in color to match his gown, which fitted his corseted figure like a glove.

"You are marvellous," I said, "and make a really beautiful brunette."

"Thank you," he said with a smile, obviously pleased with my praise.

"I can return the compliment, Julia. You make a beautiful red-head and look simply exquisite in that wig and green ensemble. It is most becoming---and your figure--I knew our corsetiere would do wonders for you. I am sure you will not mind your 17-inch waist, the way your corset is designed. I have a 17-inch waist, too, as becomes a 'countess!'"

I glanced again at his waist. Yes, it was as small as mine. We were indeed two wasp-waisted men, and I thought how strange it was that we did not mind being so tightly laced. It must be because we felt ourselves to be ladies while dressed as such, and so did not mind tight corsets any more than real women would have done. Yes, we had the feminine attitude and felt that nothing was too much trouble to make us as shapely as possible. Nor did we mind our too-small high-heeled slippers, because they made our feet look small, dainty and feminine.

The count's valet, Francois, brought him his fan and vanity case. But now it was not Francois, but an attractive "ladies' maid" the same as my 'Freda', transformed from a man into a maid. He was dressed in a neat maid's costume, like Freda, with pretty black wig, made-up face, and a snugly laced-in waist. He wore lace cap and apron, and high-heeled slippers.

"This is 'Francine', my maid," said the 'countess'. Did you find your new maid satisfactory?"

"Yes, very," I replied. "At first I didn't know 'her'. I think 'she' is quite pretty."

"Of course," said the 'countess'. "You see, all of my servants have to be able to transform themselves into good-looking women, and they are engaged with that understanding. When I declare 'ladies night', or day, and dress as a lady, all of the servants are required to dress as maids, so that there are only 'females' in the house, for, you see, I wouldn't want any 'males' to see me in feminine attire. Thus we are all in the same boat, and the house has a feminine atmosphere. I suppose you have noticed the regular parlor maids and chamber-maids about the house. Did you know that they all are men, who dress as maids permanently?"

"Yes, I have noticed them, but never suspected them of being men. They certainly look like women, with nothing masculine about them," I said.

"They are envied by the other servants, because they can dress as girls all the time, while the others only do so at my orders, though they prefer feminine to masculine clothing, and would like to be 'permanent' girls. They are all hoping to be promoted to parlor or chamber-maids, and that is the best reward I can give them. But Francine has a good position, too, as my personal maid, for I dress as a lady very often, and so she can often wear 'her' maid's uniform. When you go downstairs, notice all the 'maids' and see how attractive they look and how well they take their parts. I furnish all their wigs--the best that money can buy, and all of their feminine costumes. If you were to go into the kitchen tonight, you would find that the chef and his assistants were now transformed into women. Isn't it a strange household? Everyone in it is a skillful female impersonator, who can pass as such unquestioned. And they all like it."

As 'she' talked, the countess clasped about her slender white neck a string of beautiful pearls,--real ones--and then 'she' put on a pair of lovely pearl earrings and a pearl bracelet and ring. 'She' also wore two gorgeous diamond rings, which I knew were priceless. Francine now brought an atomizer and sprayed the 'countess' with a rich and expensive perfume, so that 'she' exuded a delightful aroma as 'she' moved."

"How I wish you, Miss Morris, could have walked into that boudoir at that moment, and beheld the two 'ladies' there. Picture the count, a brunette in pink, looking about as stunning as any girl you have ever seen, and myself, a red-head in green, both with perfect complexions, beautifully coiffured hair and hour-glass figures that were better than most real ladies could achieve. Our dresses were lovely and our jewels marvellous. Both were wearing close-fitting slippers with extreme high heels, making our feet look small and feminine. In short, I think I may say that we looked like two exceptionally stunning ladies, and you would have had difficulty in believing that we were only men, dressed up, and wearing our feminine finery as though to the manner born. I could see at a glance that the 'countess' was accustomed to his skirts, and was gracefully ~~and~~ feminine in all his movements. His tight corsets and high heels bothered him not at all, and he walked across the room as though he never had worn anything else in all his life. I followed, and we went downstairs, as it was about time for the guests to arrive. I was eager to see how the three men would look dressed as ladies, and I wanted to study the baroness more closely, now that I knew that 'she' was a man, and lived all 'her' life as a ~~woman~~ woman. 'She' had fooled me completely before, and it didn't seem possible that 'she' really could be a man, 'she' had been so completely feminine in every way. How strange, I thought, for a man to live all his life as a woman. I was very curious about this strange person, and anxious to meet 'her' alone and hear the story of 'her' life, if 'she' would tell it to me.

We went into the drawing room, where three 'maids', (the butler and two footmen,) were arranging hors d'oeuvres on a side table. I looked at them closely. They wore becoming black wigs and their faces were prettily, but not gaudily, made up. Like all of the 'maids', they had decidedly nipped-in waists, and high heeled slippers. The 'countess' insisted on that. They moved about as though accustomed to their feminine clothing. Two 'parlor maids' came in bringing trays with cocktail glasses and a shaker and ice. So these were men!! They were shapely and pretty, small and dainty. And to think that they lived as girls--and liked it! I looked closely at their nicely dressed long hair under their cute lace caps, and was quite sure that it was their own hair. (Later the countess assured me that it was). The countess and I sat down, and I was fascinated in watching the "maids" tripping about gracefully and daintily on their high heels. They looked completely feminine and really remarkably good impersonators.

"Where did you find all these men-maids?" I asked the countess. "They make such perfect maids that I never would have guessed that they are men."

"There are a good many men like them in Paris," the countess replied. "I, being an impersonator myself, keep in touch with impersonator circles. When I am in need of a man-maid, there are always lots of applicants. I insist on seeing them dressed first as men and then as women, and hire the best ones. I pay good wages, and furnish all their clothes and wigs, and everything required for their dual roles. Some of them find it a little hard at first, for I insist on small waists and high heels, and careful grooming, but they soon get used to it. I also encourage them by paying a bonus for small waists, a hundred francs a month for each inch the waists are reduced below 20 inches. Do you notice how small their waists are? There is great rivalry among them to see who can achieve the smallest waist, and so there is much tight lacing on 'ladies nights'. Some of the 'maids' have waists as small as yours and mine, and, remember, they have to work, while we have only to sit about and play the grande dame."

"It is very interesting," I said, "and I had no idea that men can be found so readily who can transform themselves into attractive maids. I do not think they could be found in America."

"No," said the countess, "probably not, nor in England, either. But Europe is headquarters for impersonators and I believe there are more in Paris than in any other city in the world, with the possible exception of ~~and~~ Bucharest. There half the 'women' and girls one sees in the streets and cafes at night are apt to be men and boys dressed up in feminine

finery."

"I am booked to play there later, and I certainly shall investigate this night life," I said.

"Well, you will have difficulty in distinguishing the girls from the men, for they are quite wonderful impersonators. And they do it quite openly, for ~~me~~ who can make up as attractive women, are much admired and looked up to. Good-looking boys are trained for it and their mothers are very proud of them if they make pretty girls. Many pretty boys are brought up as girls. They even go on the stage in feminine roles and live their lives as girls and women, and never know what it is to wear male clothing."

Our interesting conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the baroness. 'She' was in black velvet and diamonds, and looked very lovely as well as dignified and distinguished. I thought that 'she' looked even handsomer than the first time I had seen 'her', and now, of course I studied 'her' and looked her over from head to feet, knowing that 'she' was a man. But I could find nothing the least masculine about 'her'. 'She' wore her own long hair, which was beautifully coiffured. 'Her' arms, back, shoulders and rather ample bust were as white as milk, and soft and smooth. Her well-corseted figure was faultless, and altogether 'she' was as nice a looking lady as anyone would care to meet.

'She' greeted me cordially, with a friendly smile, and asked, with a twinkle in 'her' eye: "Miss Julia, now that you know the truth, what do you think of me?"

I told 'her' that I thought 'she' was marvellous, and had fooled me completely the week before.

"Of course, child, I fool everybody and have all my life. You must remember that I have been a "woman" for a good many years, and always accepted as such," said the baroness. "But I want to compliment you, Julia, on your looks. You really look beautiful, and that hair and dress are most becoming--and such a lovely figure. You and the countess must have done some struggling with your corset laces. Your waist can't be over 17 inches."

Just then the butler-maid announced the remaining three 'ladies'; and they came tripping breezily into the room. I did not recognize any of them as the three men of the previous Sunday dinner party, and was amazed at the remarkable way in which they had transformed themselves into young women. Each one of them was absolute perfection.

The countess had told me that throughout the evening we all were to pretend that we were real ladies, and play the roles in as feminine a manner as possible. I found my personality absorbed in my part as a girl, and felt myself to be one, and so of course it was easy for me to play the role without effort, and I was sure the countess and the three men also felt themselves to be the women they seemed. The baroness, of course, always felt that way.

We pretended that I had never met the three before, and so introductions were in order, and as I met each of the 'girls' I had a chance to look them over carefully.

"Miss Julia," said the countess, "I want you to meet Mlle. Pearl LeBlanc, vice president of the Club Femina. But you must call her 'Pearl' and she you 'Julia'--no formalities here tonight."

Pearl greeted me with a hand-shake and a pleasant smile.

'She' was made up as a blonde, with pretty yellow-golden hair flawlessly coiffured and very becoming. 'Her' face was delicately and very cleverly made up into a blonde complexion, with only a touch of rouge, and a light application of lipstick, which brought out the delicate whiteness of her skin. 'Her' eyes were carefully made up, and 'her' eyelashes mascara-ed. 'Her' thin eyebrows were nicely arched. (I was sure they had just been plucked.) All in all, 'she' looked quite pretty. 'She' was clad in a stunning white satin evening gown, which fitted 'her' slender, laced-in figure to perfection. 'Her' manner was demure and coy, and I learned later that that was the character 'she' had adopted, and carried it out when playing the girl. I must say 'she' did it very well. 'Her' voice was high and girlish."

"I'm so happy to meet you, Julia," she lisped. "I've heard so much about you from the countess. I know you won't mind my telling you that you are looking terribly sweet, perfectly adorable. Such a lovely dress."

Next the countess presented me to: "Mlle. Rose Redmond."

As 'Rose' greeted me and shook hands, I noted that 'she' was somewhat taller than Pearl, and had a slender, willowy figure. 'She' presented a most striking appearance, for 'she' was clad in a low-cut evening gown of dazzling scarlet. Like Pearl, 'she' was closely laced in 'her' corsets, and 'her' frock fitted 'her' figure and brought out her willowy lines and curves to perfection. 'Her' hair, too, was striking--a rich shade of henna, which was very becoming to 'her' style of beauty, and went well with 'her' gown. Unlike Pearl, 'she' was made up brilliantly, and 'her' creamy white face was heavily rouged and 'she' wore vivid-colored lipstick. 'Her' eyes were cleverly made up to make them look large and dreamy, and 'her' eye-lashes were heavily mascara-ed. But 'she' looked very handsome, and even pretty, for that heavy make-up was needed with 'her' hair and dress. The character she had adopted was that of the breezy, vivacious type of girl, and throughout the evening she played the part as well as any real girl could have done. "Rose Redmond, all in 'red'," I thought. "How clever."

I next met the third 'girl', Mlle. Georgette Braun, and, as befitted 'her' name, 'she' was dressed in brown, a stunning evening gown, and 'she' had exceedingly pretty brown hair, of a light shade, with golden glints when the light struck it just right. Georgette was rather of the buxom type of girl, with a splendidly curved figure and a rather prominent bust. 'Her' adopted role was that of the calm, stately, refined lady. 'She' wore an inconspicuous make-up, without too much rouge or lipstick, and it was so cleverly applied that 'she' had a lovely complexion, and, with 'her' regular features, 'she' looked very handsome.

I have tried my best to describe to you these three 'ladies', but you would have to see them to appreciate them, and to realize how perfect they were in looks and actions in their feminine roles. Our group, there in the drawing room, presented a colorful and attractive picture, each 'lady' wearing a different color of gown and having different colored hair--and it was a very feminine picture. There was the rustling of silks and satins, the strong odor of rich perfumes, the graceful waving of ostrich-feather fans, and light chatter in soft, girlish voices. Each of us was absorbed in his respective feminine role, and we felt ourselves to be the ladies we looked like, and so the feminine atmosphere was perfect, and we all felt very natural, and forgot for the time that we were men. And it was an unwritten law that we should not refer in any way to our real sex. We were women and talked and acted as women would do.

"Come and sit down, Julia," said the vivacious Rose. "These new slippers are too tight and they are simply killing me and I can't stand any longer."

I looked at 'her' feet. 'She' was wearing scarlet slippers that matched the color of 'her' gown, and they did look tight on 'her' feet, and the heels were tremendously high.

"Your slippers are very pretty, Rose," I said, "and I never saw such high heels."

"They are five inches. I had them made to order. Don't you think I am silly, having them so high? But I like them high, as they make the feet look small. It took quite a bit of practice to learn to walk on such stilts but I can do it now all right, without trouble. But these are pretty tight, and I'm glad I don't have to walk much tonight." I forgot to mention Rose's jewelry. She was wearing earrings, necklace and bracelet of rubies and diamonds. Pearl, very appropriately, was wearing pearls, and Georgette opals.

All the 'ladies' were now ~~se~~ seated, and the 'maids' passed the canapes and cocktails, and I was interested to see how gracefully and girlishly they tripped about in their high heels, proving that they had had plenty of training in their feminine roles.

Dinner was announced and we six 'ladies' rustled and swished into the handsomely appointed dining room. As the others preceded me, I was struck with the display of gleaming, snowy backs, for each wore extreme decolette; and they were nice, smooth backs, free from unsightly masculine muscles. I also noticed the slender waists, which looked smaller from the rear, as always. I wondered whether in all Paris there was a group of six ladies who were laced as tightly as we were, and yet apparently we all were unconscious of it and feeling quite natural. At least, that was the way I felt, and the others seemed to be so happy and to be having such a good time, that I am sure none of them gave their extremely tight corsets a thought. We all were absorbed in our feminine roles, and to all intents and purposes, we really were ladies. Not one of us felt the slightest bit masculine.

The dinner table was lighted with candles, with red shades, and the soft, mellow light was very kind to all of us, bringing out the best points of our faces and complexions and adding to our beauty. I may honestly say that each one of us looked very attractive. I could see my own reflection in a mirror on the wall opposite my seat, and I was immensely pleased with my looks. My red hair simply looked lovely, and I almost had to pinch myself to realize that the feminine vision I saw was really myself, a man, and not a beautiful woman. I felt a thrill of pleasure course through me. You may think this strange, for I know that on the stage I make a pretty girl, but tonight there was something unusually charming about my appearance--perhaps it was the soft light, perhaps the red hair--but I really did look like a lovely girl, and I felt like one--and it was a delightful sensation.

I sat next to the vivacious Rose. 'She' looked very pretty, and I told her so, which pleased 'her' greatly.

"We are all girls here together," said the countess, "so let's lay aside all formality, and call each other by our first names. There's Julia, Georgette, Pearl and Rose. I am Helène and the baroness is Lorette. Rose, I'm sure that Julia would like to have you tell about some of the adventures of yourself and Georgette and Pearl. You, know, Julia, at the club they are known as the "three musketeers", but I think they should be called the "three musketeeresses" or whatever is the feminine of the word, for all their adventures have been when they were dressed as girls."

"I think they should be ~~also~~ called the "three sirens", for when they venture forth in all their finery, like tonight, they sure have allure, for the 'opposite' sex," said Baroness Lorette, with a laugh. "Do tell us something about it, Rose."

"Well," said Rose, "we have had so many exploits that I hardly know where to begin. You see, Julia, we are, naturally, always looking for fun and a good time, so we three occasionally go to the club, doll ourselves up as girls, and go out together for an evening. It is fun to fool people, and we have never failed yet, and our sex has never been discovered."

"Of course not," I said. "You all make perfect girls. Nobody would dream that you are men."

"Thank you, Julia," said Rose, with a gratified smile. "Well, we usually go to some place where there is music and dancing, perhaps on Montmartre. The places are not of a high class, but we feel that there is safety in numbers. Our game is to dance with the men, and get them to entertain us and buy us supper and drinks. So we pick out men whose looks we like and 'vamp' them and carry on a glorious flirtation, using all our 'feminine wiles' to charm them."

"Rose is terribly bold, and always starts things," said the demure Pearl, in 'her' soft, childish voice.

"Yes, but you are always there after things are started, and are the worst vamp of us all. You would be surprised, Julia, at the way the men "fall for" this little blonde Pearl, with her coy manners and baby ~~smile~~ stare. You see how pretty 'she' is and you know they say that

"gentlemen prefer blondes". So she makes hard competition for Georgette and myself, with the men. But we have never failed yet to lure boy friends for an evening. Georgette seems sedate and stately tonight, but I wish you could see her after a few glasses of champagne. She loses most of her dignity then and is just one of the 'girls' and can vamp a man with the best of them."

"How you talk," said Georgette, looking somewhat annoyed, "I am not a 'vamp,' but like to dance with men, like any other girl, so there's no harm in a girl's making eyes at them if she wants a partner, especially at a place that is filled with gigolos, who are looking for girls to dance with."

"Some of them are very handsome," said Pearl, coyly. "I often have fallen in love with them, and I think they have felt the same toward me. But I have always been a 'good girl,' and never allow men to take any liberties with me."

"Why, Pearl," said Georgette, "I have seen men take you in their arms and kiss you good night."

"What harm is there in that?" asked Pearl, blushing like a school girl.

"Surely a man who has danced with me and entertained me is entitled to a little kiss as a reward. Don't you think so, Julia?"

"Of course," I replied. "It would be mean not to let him kiss you."

"Tell about the time you lost your heel," said Helène to Rose.

"I was dancing one night with a man at the Bal Taberin, and was wearing high heels, as tonight. Somebody stepped on my foot, turned my ankle, and off came the heel. That, of course, made of me a cripple, with one foot 5 inches higher than the other. With the help of my partner, I hobbled off the floor, carrying the heel in my hand. He was a very pleasant young fellow and I knew that he liked me and had sex appeal for him--that is to say, feminine sex appeal, of course, for he hadn't the remotest suspicion that I was a man, and my instinct told me that he thought me to be an unusually attractive girl, which, of course, was fun for me, for I was enjoying fooling him, as always I did with the men I met. He told me he would see about fixing my heel back on, as I couldn't dance or even walk very well the way it was. The evening was young, and I didn't want to leave the other two 'girls,' who also were dancing, and go home without them. So I agreed to go with my male friend to get the heel put back. I went to the ladies' room and got my evening wrap, and he summoned a taxi and gave an address. In the dark cab he put his arm around my waist and stole a few kisses, but I didn't mind, as that is the way it would be with a real girl, and I was acting the part of one. Finally we stopped before a building and he led the way to the lift and we went up to the third floor. He unlocked a door and we were in his apartment. I knew I was taking some risk in going there, but I was not nervous. He got a hammer and some nails and neatly repaired my slipper, and I put it back on. Then we had a glass of champagne. I could see that my boy friend was getting more and more amorous, with the effects of the wine. He came close, seized me in his arms, kissed me and carried me to the bed in the adjoining room and laid me down on it. I decided that the affair had gone far enough, but he tried to pull up my skirts and, to speak very plainly, to rape me. I knew I was in a bad spot, and dreaded what might happen if he discovered my sex, and knew how he had been deceived. He no doubt would be furious, and probably would beat me up for having made a fool of him. He also would expose me to the world. I could not bear the idea of getting my face battered up with his fists, and perhaps suffer a black eye and a broken nose, and ~~xx~~ be disfigured so that I might have to give up my impersonations for some time, if not for ever. Of course, I was terribly handicapped by my corsets and tight dress, which always give a man a helpless feeling when it comes to physical exertion, but I am stronger than I look and I think I was as strong as the man, in spite of my clothing. At any rate, I struggled against him with all my strength, which was increased by my fear of discovery and my anger at him. And so I managed to break away from his arms, get up from the bed and run into the next room. He followed closely after, aflame with desire, and angry

with my for resisting him. For I think he expected an easy victory. I couldn't run fast in my high heels and tight dress, so he gained on me. Just as he was about to grab me again, I picked up a brass candle-stick from a table, and, turning quickly, hit him over the head with it, a good, hard blow. He sank to the floor, down--and out. My hair had come down in the struggle and my make-up was a mess, so I went to the mirror and made repairs, put on my wrap, gathered up my bag containing my purse, and hurried from the room just as he was showing signs of coming to. I was glad that I had not hurt him much. It had been just right. I went down and took a cab back to the dance place, secured another 'boy friend' and danced and supped the rest of the evening. Georgette and Pearl had never missed me and would hardly believe me when I told them that I had been to a gentleman's flat and nearly raped. How they laughed at my story."

"I think it would have been terribly funny," said Baroness Lorette, "if the man had got your skirts all the way up. Can't you imagine his surprise when he removed Rose's sanitary pad? He might have seen the joke, and been amused at the way Rose had taken him in."

"No, I don't think so," said Rose. "I think he would have been so angry that he would have felt like killing me, so I am glad he didn't find out my secret. When a man is thwarted in love like that, he is apt to lose all self-control. So I thought that I was lucky to escape without damage."

The conversation now became general around the table, and it was of a feminine tone, and we discussed dresses and the modes of the moment, and the opera and the latest books.

The countess had arranged for a simple dinner and one that was not fattening nor too filling for girls whose waists were so tightly laced in, and we all ate sparingly, so as not to be distressed. There was a clear soup, breast of chicken, green vegetables and salad, crackers and cheese and black coffee--no starches or sweets, for all of us were on a diet to keep our waists down.

The maids served the coffee in the drawing room. We all sat erect in straight-backed chairs, and avoided deep and more comfortable seats, as it was better that way--of course you understand why--our corsets. After the servants had left, we held sort of a meeting to discuss my joining the Club Femina.

"No doubt Helène has told you something about the club," said Lorette, "and that this evening was sort of a test for you to see if you are eligible for membership. Of course, we were sure you were, having all seen you on the stage, but the rules require that we spend an evening with you dressed as a girl, so that we can study you intimately, and not only pass upon your looks, but also your deportment as a lady, your voice, your manners, your feminine grace walking and sitting, and all the little things that go to make a perfect lady. I am glad to tell you that you have passed the test with flying colors, and, as president of the club, I invite you to become a 'transient' member. Do all you other ladies vote in favor of Julia as a member?"

There was a chorus of "ayes."

"I am so glad," said the impulsive Rose, and she came over and gave me a sweet kiss. "That's a kiss of welcome to our club."

"That's not a bad idea," said Helene, so she kissed me and the others followed suit--Pearl, Georgette and Lorette--it was a regular kissing "bee."

I must confess that I enjoyed being kissed by these five attractive ladies, for it was the least being like being kissed by men, so feminine did they seem. Their lips were soft and red, like girls'.

"Before I tell you about the club, do you promise not to reveal anything you may learn about the club and its members?" said Lorette.

"I do," I said.

"The Club Femina," she continued, "is really a secret society, like the Masons or Odd Fellows, and no member ever tells anything about another member outside the club, for, you see, we are all impersonators, but do not care to have the outside world know about it, lest it create a scandal. The club is known to the public as a women's club, and we are careful to keep up that reputation. No man is ever seen entering the front door of the club--but 'women' only--men whom have donned their feminine things before coming. I suppose you know about the 'permanent' members, like myself. There are 30 of us, and of course we always arrive at the club as women and go in by the front door. Some of the 'transient' members do, too, but many of them enter by the rear 'men's' door in male attire, and then go upstairs and dress and make up, and then go down to the ladies section, where no 'men' are allowed under any circumstances. There are over one hundred 'transient' members, so you see we have a large membership for a club of this kind, where every man has to qualify as a woman in appearance and actions. Besides the 'permanent' members, we have some 'transients' who make simply marvellous girls and women. Some of them are real beauties. We shall be so glad to have you as a member and add another beauty to the roster. The more beautiful you are, the more welcome are you as a member. I can assure that you will be terribly popular with our members, as they admire beauty more than anything else. Practically all of our members have seen you on the stage, and a large number have spoken to me about having you join the club. Now, you must understand that our club is carried on like a refined women's club, and when in the building we behave just as well-bred women would do in their club. We treat each other as women, act as such at all times and are always polite & courteous to each other. There is always an air of decorum. Of course, some of our members are 'highsteppers' and like to have fun, and you will see them leaving the club dressed and made up to kill, but what they do outside the club is their own business. But inside, they must comport themselves like real ladies. Rose has told you how the three 'girls' here step out, but they do it for excitement, and their fun is entirely harmless. But some of the members have masculine sweethearts on the outside, and some even have 'husbands' with whom they live as wives but I've never heard of one of them having a baby," she said, with a laugh, in which we all joined. "But our club is entirely moral, so you need not hesitate to join, for you will find there a congenial lot of 'girls', and I am sure you will enjoy their company, and they yours."

"I know one 'wife' who has adopted a child, and 'she' loves it as much as though it were 'her' own," said Pearl. "Do you know, I wish I could have a baby."

"Why, Pearl," exclaimed Georgette, "I am ashamed of you--and you not even married."

"Oh! I would get married first. I should love to have a husband, and raise a family. Can't you picture me as a bride, with veil and all, walking down the church aisle? Some day I'm going to get myself a brides dress, to see how I would look."

"With your blonde beauty, you would look lovely," I told her. And the others agreed. Pearl blushed with happiness. "She" really was very pretty, and liked to be told so --as we all do, when we are made up as girls."

"To return to the subject of the club," said Baroness Lorette. "Your initiation will take place next Sunday evening. The ceremonies will be simple and nothing for you to worry about. We do not hold an initiation very often, so one is always an event at the club, and you may be sure that nearly all the members will be there, dressed in their prettiest. It really will be in the form of a reception for you and you will have a chance to meet the 'girls' at their best. Many surprises are in store for you, and it is quite a sight to see some 130 men all decked out as girls and women--and you'll find that they all look feminine, too. Be sure to wear the wig and dress you have on, for you will want to look your prettiest on this occasion, when you will be in the lime-light--and you can't improve upon that costume and hair."

We chatted about the club for some time, and then the four 'girls' left,

after donning their pretty evening wraps and gloves. Each kissed me good night and again I felt the pleasant pressure of their soft, warm lips. It was exactly like a party of close lady friends when a party breaks up.

Helene and I at once went to our rooms, and put ourselves into the hands of our maids, and I was glad to have Freda unhook my tight dress, let out my stays and pull off those tight slippers. Six hours with a 17-inch waist was long enough, and I was sure Helene felt the same way, for as ^{we} tripped up the stairs, 'she' had said: "Let's get off these tight things and be comfortable. Let's let down our hair, and put on negligees and talk over the evening." I agreed, for I was anxious to learn more about the club that I was to join, and about the reception the next week.

Helene soon came into my boudoir, clad in a lovely sheer negligee of pale blue, trimmed with delicate lace. She had on high-heeled blue satin mules, and had removed her corset and put on in its place a dainty light blue satin girdle. But most striking of all was her hair, for again she was wearing that magnificent wig of the week before, enveloping her in a shimmering black cloud. The hair was as soft as silk and had a pretty ^{one} ripple. Obviously the countess was very fond of 'her' hair, from the way ~~she~~ handled and ~~caressed~~ it, stroking it and shaking it about 'her' shoulders and body. As on the first occasion, we sat down side by side comfortably on the davenport, and put arms around one another's waists, and Helene held my hand.

"Isn't this comfy?" 'she' said. "I loved my small waist, but I certainly was glad to take that corset off."

"Me, too," I said. "And those tight slippers and the dress. Why is it that in order to be in style, women have to wear such tight, uncomfortable clothes?"

"I suppose it's because we are vain and think so much about our appearance."

We sat there chatting for some time, and Helene told me a lot more about the club, and its members. Later on I will describe some of the outstanding members of the Club Femina, but the dinner party of that evening that I have told you about will give you some idea of the members, for, as I have told you, the five present were exceptionally attractive 'ladies', and many of the other members of the club were as good as they. It got late, and we grew tired, so finally Helene took me in her arms and kissed me and said good night, and went to her apartment.

Baroness Lorette, just as ^{had} 'she' was leaving, asked me to have luncheon with 'her' the following day, promising to tell me the story of 'her' life. You notice that I refer to him in the feminine gender, and will continue to do so, to avoid confusion. But you must keep in mind that the Baroness was a man, though never dressed as one.

Toward noon next morning, the Baroness sent her shiny Rolls Royce limousine for me, and I motored to her home. It was a large and splendid house -- the home of a person of wealth. I was admitted by a neat maid, who told me the Baroness had left word for me to come right up to her boudoir, so the maid showed the way. The house was richly and elegantly furnished and the carpets were so heavy that I seemed to sink into them up to my ankles. (You understand, of course, that I was in male attire). I entered her room and she welcomed me with a kiss. She busied herself with her hair before the mirror and then put on a becoming hat and cloak. I had time to glance around the room. Her maid was at work hanging up garments in the clothes press, and I had a glimpse of long rows of pretty frocks, cloaks, wraps. The baroness had enough clothes to stock a shop. The count had told me that she was considered one of the best dressed women in Paris, and I could believe it after seeing her great mass of clothing and the dresses I had seen her in, including the fashionable street dress she now had on.

As soon as the maid left the room, Lorette told me that she employed nothing but maids in her house, as she didn't want any men around -- "but," she said, "actually all my maids are men in feminine attire, like the count's house when he dresses up as a girl, only mine are girls premanently. My personal 'maid' has been with me for years, and 'she' is so feminine that 'she' would die of shame if I should force her to put on a pair of trousers. I have eight servants and they never even think of putting on male clothing. They

all are so feminine, that they would look strange dressed in the clothes of their own sex, and would not make good men. And, besides, they all have grown long hair, such as no ordinary man would have. They are very proud of their hair. One of the parlor 'maids' is a natural blonde, with lovely wavy hair and I never saw a girl more vain than 'she' is of her hair, and of 'her' figure and wasp waist."

"I wish I could see 'her', I said.

"Certainly," said Lorette. She rang a bell, and her personal maid came and was ordered to tell Babette to come to Madame's room.

In a few moments Babette knocked, and entered. I wish you could have seen that man-maid. I won't try to describe him to you, but will simply say that he was as neat and attractive a blonde girl as you will see in a day's walk, dainty in his maid's dress, and little lace apron. As Lorette had said, his hair was lovely, such as most real girls would envy--I even found myself envying it and wished my own hair was that color and thickness. He had not spared the corset laces, and had drawn in his waist to an hour-glass size. His small feet were in narrow high-heeled slippers. I couldn't ~~in~~ help wondering how this man could stand that corset continually, and work in it. But it is strange what vanity will do. He was the 'belle' of all the maids in the house, and had the smallest waist and feet. No doubt he, and all the other 'maids', had feminine tastes and instincts, living constantly as girls, and so they were like real girls in their desire to look as attractive and feminine as possible, and would spare no pains to that end. I could not have believed that this pretty, shapely blonde 'girl' was a man, if the Baroness had not told me so. Paris seemed to be full of wonderful female impersonators, whose disguise would defy detection.

~~XXXXXXXX~~

"Babette, this is Mr. Julian Eltinge, the famous female impersonator who is appearing at the Trocadero."

"Oh! I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Eltinge," said Babette, in a clear, sweet feminine soprano. "All of us maids have been to see you, and we think you are marvellous. I think you make a simply adorable and ~~make~~ such a sweet and pretty girl."

"Not as marvellous as you are, Babette," I replied.

"Oh! Has the Baroness told you that I am a man? I am glad that you think I take a girl's part well. Coming from you, the famous actor, it is indeed a compliment. Did the Baroness tell you that this is my own natural hair? Do you like it?"

"I think it is beautiful, and so is your figure. I am astonished to see a man with so tiny a waist. Does ~~not~~ your corset bother you in your work?" I asked.

"No, I am used to it," he said.

"How long have you been playing a girl's role?" I asked.

"All my life," he ~~re~~ replied. "You see, my parents brought me up as a girl because I looked like one and was effeminate. I like being a girl and have never in my life worn male clothing. I would hate it--and short hair and flat heels and pants and all the rest of what a man has. My mother put me into corsets when I was a young girl and my waist was never allowed to expand, and that's the reason it's so small."

The Baroness dismissed Babette, after our fascinating conversation, and we went down to the awaiting car, and motored to the Ritz, and went to the grill.

The headwaiter knew the Baroness, and was very obsequious as he conducted us to a table, which Lorette selected in a quiet corner where we could converse undisturbed. After we had given our order to the headwaiter, one of the other waiters came over to us with four menus in his hand, and said that the four girls at his table wanted to know of Mr. Eltinge would autograph them. I felt flattered at being thus recognized. I looked over at the girls, and they bowed and smiled at me and one of them made the motion of writing.

I smiled and nodded, and wrote my name on their cards and sent them back with the waiter.

"See how famous you are!" exclaimed Lorette. "You are known all over Paris, even in male attire."

"My picture dressed as a man is in front of the theater along with those of me in feminine things, and I suppose they have seen it, and recognized me," I said. "But, Baroness, please let's talk about you. You promised to tell me the story of your life, and I am dying to hear it, for it must be most remarkable."

"Yes, it is a strange life--a man living as a woman. I am a transvestite, like Babette and others you have seen. Of course, you know what the word means. It's a man who prefers female clothing to his own. It's sexual inversion, a woman in a man's body. Fortunately, in my case there very little of the male about my body, though of course I actually am one. But I will tell my story from the beginning. (I will try to tell the story in her own words.)

THE STORY OF BARONESS DE LESSEPS.

Before I was born (as I learned later, of course) both my mother and father wanted a girl. All through her pregnancy, my mother thought of the girl I was going to be and pictured me as her little daughter, gradually growing up into a pretty young lady. She told me that she constantly thought of me in that way. I think this had a powerful prenatal influence on me, for when I was born, I looked like a girl baby. My mother and father were bitterly disappointed at my sex, but as I grew, I continued to resemble a little girl so much, that my mother dressed me as one and made me think that I was a girl. As I grew older, I had long golden curls and played with dolls, and was constantly in a feminine influence and environment. It was some time before I realized that I was different from other girls, but I still thought that I was a girl and didn't want to be anything else, for I had feminine instincts and felt like a girl always.

When I was nine or ten years old, my father took me on his lap one day for a confidential talk. He explained to me the difference between a boy and a girl and told me that I was a boy. That made me very angry, and I told him in an indignant voice, that I was a girl, and not a boy, and never would be a boy, as I would hate it. But he said this nonsense must stop. I was getting too old to go on wearing dresses and long curls and playing with dolls and acting like a girl. I would now have to give all that up, and begin wearing boys' clothes, and become a little man. The very idea filled me with disgust and in a fit of temper, strong for so young a person, I screamed that I was a girl and would always be one. I wouldn't wear boys' clothes, or be a boy. I have always had a violent temper and a strong will, and it showed itself then. My father spanked me and told me to stop my noise and foolishness. I started to cry and ran from the room and sought out my mother, who comforted me, but told me that Father was right and that I really was a boy. I denied it with passion, and said, again and again: "I won't be a boy; I won't be a boy. I am a girl; I am a girl. You know I am, Mother. My mother soothed me and soon put me to bed, where I cried myself to sleep.

Next morning before I was up, Father came into my room with an armful of boys' clothes. He hauled me out of bed and started to dress me in the clothes. I was immediately in a terrible tantrum, and I kicked and struggled, screaming and hysterical. I fought so hard that my father had to give up the effort of putting the boys' clothes on me for the time being. My mother came in and asked him to stop, and after he had left, I put on my usual dresses. My father tried again and again to put me into trousers, but I always flew into such a rage and fought so hard, that he could do nothing with me, and at last he gave up in disgust, and I was allowed to go on being a girl, as I so earnestly wished. My mother preferred me as a girl, and had hated the idea of changing me to a boy. She and my father talked it over for some time, and finally my

dear mother persuaded my father to consent that I be brought up as a girl. When she told me, I was very happy, for my heart and soul were fixed on being a girl and growing up into a young lady and then a mature woman. In my childish ignorance, I even planned getting married. I loved to picture myself as a bride with a loving husband, and having children, little knowing that that could never be. But it shows you how feminine I was, even in those youthful days.

One day my father took me to the office of a well-known surgeon, who was a close friend of his. The doctor ran a private hospital. I was put to bed, examined, and prepared for an operation, though I was not told much about it. The operation was performed--a painful one--but I made a speedy recovery, and went back home. I had overheard my father tell my mother that as long as I was to be brought up as a girl, an operation to make me girlish permanently was the only thing. You of course understand what it was--I became a eunuch.

The operation was performed when I was so young that my voice was still high and before ~~the~~ sex had developed in me. Sexually I had not yet developed either into a boy or a girl, and so I could be guided either way, though I had always been more girl than boy. But the operation did wonders for me, and when I realized it, it made me very happy as I continued to grow in years. My hair grew soft, fine and silky, and abundant, like a girl's, but I had no other bodily hair, and never developed a beard. My face continued to be feminine and, to my delight, as I grew into young maidenhood, my body took on feminine contours--my breasts developed into round girlish mounds, my waist was slender and my hips and thighs became definitely feminine, and so did my legs and arms and the rest of my young body. I suppose you have noticed what small hands and feet I have. My skin was soft and smooth and white as a girl's, I developed no Adam's apple--in short I grew into a completely feminine young lady--with, of course, one exception, and that masculine appendage (of which I have always been ashamed) was so tiny that it was scarcely noticeable. It had never grown from the time I was a very small boy.

I lived the normal, happy life of a girl. My parents, the Baron and Baroness, were, of course, wealthy, and our family, being, like the Count's, a member of the nobility, we always moved in the most exclusive circles of society. I was sent away to a girls' school, and you may be sure that I took every precaution so that the secret of my sex should not be discovered. It was not at all difficult to conceal my small organs from the other girls. After my schooling, I made my debut in society, and greatly enjoyed the life of a young social bud. There were many events that I attended, and as I was the daughter of a Baron, and an heiress, you may be sure that I got my share of masculine attention. And besides, I was considered an unusually pretty girl in those days.

Well, I had my affairs of the heart and thought myself in love several times, and I knew that several men fell in love with me. It was most exciting. There was one young man that I fell madly in love with, and he with me. I knew that I was playing with fire when I encouraged him, but I loved him so that I could not help it. At last he proposed, and it broke my heart to have to say "no." He never could understand my refusal, and of course I didn't dare tell him the truth. For some time I was very depressed, and avoided social activities. Many a night I cried myself to sleep, thinking of my love for this man and the impossibility of our getting married. Alas! That has been the tragic part of my life as a woman--the inability to get married. For I would love to be a wife, and bear children, as I have all the normal feminine instincts. But it can never be. That is the sad part of my life--to be a woman, and yet, not one.

When I was 17 my father was killed in a hunting accident, riding to the hounds, and being thrown from his horse, and his neck broken. Of course, my mother and I were terribly shocked, and went into deep mourning for a year. That was a sad, dreary time, for a young girl like me, full of life and the desire for pleasure. My mother and I now became very close to each

other, that beautiful loving companionship between mother and daughter. We were inseparable. To take our minds from our grief, we did considerable travelling, through Europe, to England and even to your delightful United States. I found the people there so kind and friendly, and the country so beautiful. I hope to go back there again some day.

And then, Alas! my darling mother became ill, and in a short time she passed on. I was desolated and forlorn and it was some time before I got over the shock. Of course, the entire fortune went to me, and I was a very rich girl. The title of 'Baroness' also went to me. You can imagine the number of men who wanted to marry the lovely young heiress (you will pardon my seeming vanity, but I really was quite a lovely looking girl in those days.)

"I can readily understand that," I interrupted, "for you are still a lovely lady."

"Thank you," she said, with a smile. "I like to hear that, for at times I feel that I am getting old, and losing my good looks."

Well, continued the Baroness, my suitors were such a nuisance that I shunned society. One day I went to a variety show, and saw a man who did a very clever female impersonation--nothing like so good as yours, Julian, but better than the average. I immediately became interested in the art. For was I not an impersonator myself, though I had never thought of myself in that light before? After seeing this man, it came to me that there must be other men who were like myself--living as women. I determined to find some of them. We would have so much in common. We could compare notes and become close friends. Through the manager of the theater, I met the impersonator. It was easy for a young and pretty Baroness to get anything she asked for. I found that the actor knew a number of other impersonators--there was quite a clique of them--and through him I met them, and was drawn into their circle. There were a number of women also intimate with the set, and, after they had gotten to know me very well, and decided that they could trust me, I found out that these 'women' were really men like myself, who lived as women. But they of course did it in secret, as I did. There is a sort of freemasonry among such people and they never betray each other, so I felt it safe to tell them the secret of my sex. Needless to say, they were surprised, for, as you know, there is nothing the slightest bit of the masculine about me. But the other 'permanents' as we will call them, like the members of the Club, were also completely feminine in looks, voice and manners. I found them to be very pleasant and interesting, and soon we had told each other the stories of our lives. I learned that the others, like myself, had been brought up as girls, except one young man who had become a girl through choice at the age of puberty. His voice was a trifle husky, and he had some masculine traits, but he resembled a girl all right, and was taken for the mannish type of female that is often met with. He was quite pretty, and the others looked for all the world like real women.

Our circle grew, both 'transients' and 'permanents', one introducing another and the word getting out through underground channels that a club was to be formed. It was originally my idea. We organized and at first had rented club rooms, but as we took in more members, the place was too small, and I conceived the idea of turning my house over to the club and fixing it over for club purposes. There were a number of wealthy persons in our club, such as the Count and the three who were at dinner last night--Pearl, Georgette and Rose, to use their feminine names--and they all were enthusiastic about the club idea, so they joined me in paying the expense of the alterations, and today they still help with the running of the club, all making contributions so that there is no deficit. Members pay as much dues as they can afford, according to their means. Some of them are too poor to pay anything, but we want them for members, and so engage them to work at the club--as maids--and we pay them salaries and supply all their clothes and uniforms.

So now my main interest in life is the club. I have been its president from the beginning. When I turned my house over to the Club, I bought the one

you were in today. And that about completes my story. I am so glad that you are going to join the Club. You will find the members most interesting, and a different group than you have ever met before. I know you are going to be surprised at the remarkable feminine impersonations of all of the members. You are going ~~it~~ to find it almost impossible to believe that they really are all men, right down to the servants, from top to bottom. But I can assure you now that when you go to the Club Sunday for your initiation and reception, every single person that you see there, without exception, will be a man dressed as a woman. It is a standing joke at the club that positively no 'men' are allowed, and that it is strictly a women's club--and you certainly will think it is one, when you go there. For, as we told you before, no man can go there unless he can disguise himself as a woman, and play the part of one in a way that will deceive everybody. So they all have to be good, in fact, perfect. Any of them can go around in public and pass as women without the least suspicion of their true sex. They come from all over. We have two members who are Americans--you will like them--they really are wonderful as girls--and there is one Englishman. Naturally, most of them come from France, but we have members from Spain, Portugal, Italy, Holland, Russia, and most of the other European countries, and then there is a member from Japan--a cute little Geisha girl he makes--and a man from India--Burma. He is one of our most remarkable members, small, dark, slender and with a head of the most wonderful thick long hair you have ever seen. It almost touches the ground. It has never been cut. You know, the women of Burma are famous for their hair and our member has grown hair just like the women do. He is, of course, a 'permanent' and one of the most attractive East Indians you have ever seen, small, frail and modest, but passionately proud of his hair. Taking care of it consumes hours of his time, and it is very hard to do up, but he can do it in an attractive manner. It makes an enormous 'bun' which he wears at the nape of his neck.

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"I have noticed your hair, Miss Morris," Julian interpolated. "It must be almost as long and heavy as our Indian member."

"It only reaches to my knees," said I, "and that's long enough. But please go on with the Baroness' story."

* * * * *

Have you seen the Count's long black wig? Well, that's like the hair of our Indian friend. In fact, he secured the hair in Burma for the Count, who had to pay the woman a goodly sum to sell it.

It is getting late and time for you to leave for the theater, so we shall have to part, and I haven't time to tell you about other notable members of the Femina Club. But you will meet them all and learn all about them. You will find most of them willing to tell you the story of their lives, as I have done. Some of them have had ~~some~~ very unusual lives, as well as exciting experiences and adventures, as a man in woman's guise is quite sure to have, especially when he goes out for some fun--like our "three sirens" of last night at the Count's. Some of our 'transient' members get so much excitement from 'stepping out' as women, that they keep doing it more and more, and they get so much in the habit of wearing skirts, and love it so much, that they become 'permanent' members, let their hair grow and give up trousers for ever. Such fun-loving members have many 'boy friends' of course, and some have regular sweethearts, and a few even get married and are 'wives' with their own 'husbands'. This, of course, is unmoral, from the point of view of the public, who do not understand us, but it seems perfectly natural to these men to get married, just as though they were real women. They are pretty and charming and utterly feminine and they make satisfactory wives and their husbands love them. Of course, they can't have children, but some of them make adoptions.

Then there are some of our 'permanent' members who are married to their opposites, women who live as men, called Lesbians, as you no doubt know. The man is feminine, and the 'wife', which is the woman, who of course dresses and lives as a man, is the 'husband', and masculine. The husband works and supports his 'little 'wife' who stays at home and does the housework.

After my luncheon with the Baroness Lorette DeLesseps, and when she had paid the check, she took me to the theater in her car, and dropped me there, after I had thanked her for a delightful meal and her most interesting conversation.

After the matinee, Count Helène met me at the stage door, with his car, and we went for a delightful drive in the Bois. I told the Count about the conversation I had had with the Baroness, and said I had been particularly interested in what she told me about some of the members of the Club Femina being 'married' and having 'husbands'.

"yes," said the Count, "a number of them are happily married, and make very satisfactory 'wives' for their 'husbands'. They are by nature feminine and womanly, and so it seems natural for them to ~~be~~ be the 'wives' of men. But the strangest case I know about is that of one of these married couples that have a baby of their own."

"But that's impossible," I exclaimed. "A male 'wife' can't have a baby."

"Of course not," said the count, "but this case is different, for the 'husband' is a woman, a Lesbian, and it was 'he' that had the baby, though to all the friends and to the outside world, it was 'she', the 'wife' who bore the child. That was five years ago, and I have never seen a more happy and devoted married couple. The 'wife' is as pretty as a picture, and to all appearance, utterly feminine, while the 'husband' is a tall 'man' with all the masculine traits, as well as appearances and manners of the male. And so we have a lovely male 'wife' and a big, handsome virile 'man' who is in reality a woman. They appear to be the ideal married couple, deeply in love and devoted to one another. The 'husband' will not look at another woman, and the 'wife' cannot see any man but 'him'. They satisfy each other perfectly, and their marriage is far happier than many a normal one. And, of course, their baby draws them even closer together."

"Tell me about the baby," I said. "I am all agog about it."

"No," said the count. "I am not going to tell you about it. Better yet, you can meet this couple, see their baby, talk with them and get them to tell you all about it. Mae, the 'wife' is a member of the Club Femina and I know 'her' very well. She has seen you on the stage and spoken to me about you so I know 'she' is anxious to meet you. I will call 'her' up and get 'her' to invite you to dinner tomorrow at 'her' home. Then you can meet 'her' 'husband' and see the baby, and I am sure 'she' will tell you the story of their marriage, which is very amusing."

I MEET AND DINE WITH THE MURRAYS.

When I returned from the theater that evening, I found a sweet note, in a feminine hand, and signed 'Mae Murray', inviting me to dinner the following day. "I am dying to meet you," 'she' wrote, "and I want you to meet my 'husband' and our adorable baby. We will dine early, so that you will not be late for the theater. Come as soon as you can, before I put the baby to bed. We can have a nice chat before Georges comes home from business."

I hastened to send a note of acceptance, and looked forward keenly to meeting this topsy-turvy couple.

Next day after my matinee performance, the count sent his car and I motored to the Murrays' home and I was admitted by a maid.

The Count had somewhat prepared me by his description of Mae, and yet I had it in the back of my mind that of course 'she' was a man, and that there naturally would be something at least a little masculine about 'her.' But in this I was mistaken, and I really was astonished at the beauty and utter girlishness of the Mae that greeted me. As the Count had said, 'she' was 'as pretty as a picture,' with lovely hair of a bright shade of brown, and 'her' figure appeared to be completely feminine. 'Her' complexion was flawless and 'she' was wearing little make-up, not needing it. 'She' was wearing a pretty day-time frock, which set off 'her' womanly curves and tapering waist to perfection. 'She' greeted me cordially and then asked me

to go up to the nursery with 'her' to see 'her' baby, who was now five years old, and quite a good-sized child.

"What an adorable little girl," I exclaimed, as the child came over to me in a most friendly manner, and I took it in my arms, and kissed it. X

"Adorable, yes", said Mae, "only it is a boy and not a girl, though he looks like one."

"He certainly does," said Mae, "and both Georges and I are glad. I was like that when I was a little boy, with the same golden curls and delicate face and body. I was so girlish and effeminate that I was brought up as a girl and have dressed and lived as one ever since. We think that our little one, whom we have named 'Jean', (which will do for either a boy's or girl's name), will take after me, and if he does, we shall bring him up as a girl. For, if he develops as I did, he will be far happier as a girl than as a boy. I would have loathed being a boy. Georges and I both think that, as he is the child of two transvestists, he will not be normal sexually, but will be ~~maxim~~ a transvert, like myself. We think that if he had been born a girl, she would have developed male instincts, and we would have had to bring her up as a boy. It is heredity."

I put the golden-haired little beauty down, and Mae led me to 'her' room, saying that 'she' wanted to slip on an evening gown, and that we could chat while 'she' was changing.

I must confess that I had a man's natural diffidence and embarrassment in going to the privacy of a girl's bedroom and watch her undress and dress. I know that sounds silly, but in spite of the fact that I kept reminding myself over and over again, that Mae was only a man, yet she was so utterly feminine and pretty, that it was almost impossible for me to think of her as a man, even though I knew positively that 'she' was one, for he admitted it himself--or should I say 'she'? I am all mixed up as to genders--either 'she' was a man or 'he' was a girl--take your choice. To avoid confusion, I shall refer to him as a male, because that was his real sex, though so hard for me to believe.

"Do you mind acting as my maid and unhooking me?" asked Mae. I unhooked his dress, which was fastened up the back, and then he took off his brassiere and slip. "Now let out my corset laces," he ordered, and I did so, and he unhooked the stays and took them off. He now stood in his lingerie, and to my surprise, he now proceeded to take that off.

"I want you to see my figure in the nude," said Mae. "Georges thinks it is very nice, but I want your opinion." Having slipped off his chemise and panties, he was completely naked, except for his stockings and dainty high-heeled slippers, and an elastic band to eliminate any bulges between. I gazed at him in amazement, for he had what to me appeared an absolutely perfect feminine form. He had lovely little breasts, a tapering waist and nicely rounded hips, buttocks and thighs, without a hollow anywhere, such a form as would be a credit to any woman.

"Feel of my breasts," he ordered. "They are the real thing."

Now, of course, I am a man and though Mae was also a man, yet he had all of the appeal of a woman, and so it was with a thrill that I did as he commanded and felt of his breasts. They were real--soft, white, feminine. I pressed them with my hands, and I thought that Mae, also, got a thrill at having masculine hands touch that sacred part of his body. It was very close & caught the perfume of him--his fragrant body, his hair. It was that of a woman. He affected me sexually, as a real woman would have done--and to me he was a real woman, in spite of everything.

"Now feel of my hips and thighs," Mae commanded. My hands tingled as I ran them over his soft, smooth flesh.

"You see," said Mae, "I don't have to wear any padding, and I think that is very fortunate. Do you like my figure?"

"I think it is wonderful, absolutely perfect," I replied. And then I forgot myself, and my masculine sex instincts overcame me at my contact with this lovely female, and I could not resist drawing her into my arms, and pressing my lips to her soft ones. To my delight, she returned my kisses,

so I knew that I had not offended her--I mean 'him'. For some moments I held that soft, yielding feminine body in my arms. Her breasts pressed against my chest, and I could feel her heart beating against mine. How soft, smooth and pliant was her flesh! The perfume she exuded was intoxicating. Finally she gently broke away, rather breathless, and for all the world just like a girl being made love to. She filled me with desire.

"I shouldn't have let you do that," she said, with a smile. "But it was nice. Promise that you will not tell Georges. He is insanely jealous, and if he knew that you had held me in your arms and kissed me, he would be very angry, and have nothing to do with you."

"Never fear," I said. "I wouldn't dream of mentioning it to a soul. But, my darling, how can you, a man, have such feminine sex appeal? You have aroused me as much as any girl I have ever met. And to see your glorious womanly body in the nude nearly drives me wild. Why do you tempt me so?"

"Because you are such a handsome man, and have sex appeal for me," she said with a naughty smile. "I wanted to see if you would fall for me-- and you did."

"Of course I did," I said. "No man could resist you, you are so lovely. But how does it happen that you have such an almost completely feminine body?"

"Well, it is a long story, but the usual thing. From as long as I can remember I have been effeminate and had a girlish body and face. I was brought up as a girl and that's the only life I have ever had. I always tried to cultivate and enlarge my breasts to make them more feminine, and by massage and exercises I did succeed in making them larger than a man's. But when my 'husband' became enciente and was about to have his baby, it affected me as though I was the mother, and I can't explain it, nor can the doctors at the Club Femina, but the fact is that my breasts swelled out, and so did my hips and thighs, into more feminine contours, and my waist seemed to shrink into feminine lines, and now you have seen the result, and know that I really have a feminine body, and real breasts, which, of course, are a comfort to me, for I no longer need any padding."

"You indeed are very fortunate," I said. "I always have to be padded at the bust and hips in my impersonations. I wish I had your figure; it would make my work so much easier."

"Well, I must get dressed," said Mae, "for Georges will be coming back from the office."

He donned fresh lingerie, hooked on his corsets, and asked me to lace him in, which, of course, I gladly did. He laced easily in to 18 inches, his waist being slender and pliant. He did his hair over, then put on a pretty evening gown, a perfect fit. I hooked it up.

"I'm so sorry you didn't come in feminine guise," he said. "I would love to see you close-up as a girl, and so would Georges. He is going to be disappointed. I meant to mention it in my note, but forgot. I know that Georges would like to compare you with me, for of course he thinks I am the most wonderful 'girl' in the world, but thinks that you are the next best impersonator. I have an idea! Why not dress up in my things? We are about the same size and I think my clothes will fit you."

"Of course I shall be glad to," I said, anxious to please my host and hostess. Mae had a wonderful collection of gowns and accessories. We selected an evening gown for me, and then laid out the lingerie, stockings and slippers on the bed. I quickly discarded my men's clothing. As usual, I was wearing underneath, lingerie and my regular day corset. But it was size 20, while Mae's dresses had an 18-inch waist. But she brought out one of her corsets, and laced me into it, and then I donned one of her brassieres and slips.

"It's too bad about your hair," said Mae. "There is hardly time to get you a wig."

"I'm going to let you in on my secret," I said, "and I'm sure you will not tell anybody." With that, I took off my men's close-cropped wig, took out the pins of my own hair and shook it out, and brushed and combed it.

"How wonderful," said Mae. "I had no idea. And such pretty hair, too."

It didn't take me long to do my hair, and then I swiftly applied make-up and then Mae helped me into her pretty dress, and hooked it up. She loaned me

some jewelry--ear-rings, necklace, bracelets and rings, and then sprayed me and herself with a strong perfume. My dress was a perfect fit, and lovely.

"Voila!" she exclaimed. "Now we are two girls. You look lovely. Georges will be so pleased. Let's go down, for it's about time for him to come home."

She drew me to her, took me in her arms, and kissed me, murmuring: "Don't you love being a girl? Don't you wish you were one always, like me? You are so sweet, and make such a beautiful lady that it seems a crime to waste your beauty on a man". I said "yes," for at the time I felt completely feminine, steeped in the role, as usually happens to me when dressed prettily and looking my best, as on that occasion, and so I thought that nothing would be more delightful than to be a girl all the time, like Mae.

We tripped downstairs. Fortunately I had been able to get into a pair of Mae's slippers, narrow and with extreme high heels, and so tight and uncomfortable that they gave me no joy. But, as you know, Miss Morris, I am used to that, and, like a real woman, I have learned to pay not the slightest attention to tight corsets and shoes, or any of the other discomforts of women's clothes. It is the penalty a man pays, and as a part of my life work, I have always willingly put up with it all, even to suffering actual pain. I had been surprised to find that Mae had such small feet, even smaller than mine, and you know that mine are tiny--for a man--size 4-A.

Georges, as a man, was as much a surprise as Mae had been as a woman. He was tall, slender and very handsome and looked every inch a man. He even had a slight black mustache, such as is often seen in France on women of a coarse, masculine type. I imagined that she had cultivated it, shaving it off frequently in the past to make it grow better, so that now it made quite a respectable showing. He was very well dressed, and had short black hair and quite a deep voice, as I noticed when he greeted his wife, Mae, and kissed her. I was now introduced to him, and, to my surprise, he kissed me, too, told me how glad he was that I had dressed up, and complimented me on my good looks as a girl. Mae told him that I was wearing her things, but that it was my own hair, and he was mightily interested and looked me over closely.

"Next to Mae, you are as pretty a girl as I have ever met," he said.

Flattered at his praise, I beamed at him.

Soon dinner was served, and I asked Mae and Georges to tell me about how they met and got married, and about the birth of the baby.

"As I have already told you," began Mae, "I was brought up as a girl, and have always been one. I lived the life of a normal girl, went away to a girls' school and then made my debut in society, of which I always have been very fond.

I went to parties, dances and other social affairs, and, like any girl, I liked masculine attention, and had my share of it. In fact, I was quite popular with the boys and men I knew, who considered me pretty and a girl with sex appeal. I had my share of sweethearts. Boys fell in love with me, and I with them--or at least I thought it was love, until Georges came along. I suppose you think it strange that I, a boy, could fall in love with members of my own sex, but I really am not a boy at all, but a girl in a boy's body, and so you see it is entirely natural for me to dress as a girl and to have a girl's sensibilities. I am a girl through and through. I love pretty clothes and feminine occupations. So now I hope you understand me."

"Georges and I met at a dance," she continued, "and immediately our romance began."

"It was a case of love at first sight," said Georges, taking up the story. "The moment I saw Mae I fell in love with her, and said to myself: 'There's the girl for me'. She was, to me at least, the prettiest girl in the world. I had been attentive to other girls, and thought myself in love several times, like most young men, but now I recognized the real thing. And fortunately, Mae was attracted to me."

"I thought him the nicest and handsomest man I had ever seen," said Mae, "and I fell for him very hard. Of course, I had not the slightest suspicion that he was not what he seemed, and he never dreamed that I was in reality a man. So you can see how funny it was, with the sexes reversed, but neither of us knowing it--I the pretty girl and she the handsome man,

You see, Georges was brought up as a male, just as I^was brought up as a female, and he has the instincts of a man, just as I have those of a woman. Fortunately, Georges has always looked masculine, while I have always looked feminine, and so it has been easy for each of us to play the roles of the opposite sex. But to us it doesn't seem like "Playing" the parts, for we feel and live them and neither of us could endure dressing and living as our own sex. It would be terrible punishment for us."

"Have either of you ever been found out?" I asked.

"No, you may be sure we both have been very careful about that," said Mae. "If we were discovered--I mean the secret of our sex,--our lives would be ruined. I cannot imagine any punishment more terrible than cutting off my hair and being forced to wear men's clothes for the rest of my life. And Georges feels the same way about wearing women's clothes, and living as a woman, though he would make a handsome one."

"Well," continued Georges, "we fell in love that night, at the dance, and you may be sure that we saw a lot of one another. I saw to that, and pressed my suit very hard and fast. There were two or three other boys in love with Mae, but I soon cut them out, for she loved me, and not them, though she was rather fond of them, in her girlish way. During this time, Mae's birthday rolled round and we celebrated it with a little dinner, just for us two. Mae looked simply beautiful in a new evening black velvet frock she had bought especially for the occasion. I had never seen her looking so lovely, and she stirred me mightily. We went to the Hotel de Crillon American bar, and had two or three of your American cocktails. Neither Mae nor I ever have been drinkers, always being very moderate, and so these strong drinks took hold, and I am afraid we both were a little 'high' when we went to the Hotel Maurice for dinner. Here we drank champagne, to the health of the birthday girl, and we really both got tight, I am ashamed to say. And then I proposed that we go to my bachelor apartment, and Mae gladly assented. Shall I go ahead and tell it all, Mae?" he asked.

"You might as well," said she, "for I know Julia can be trusted not to tell."

"I will never breathe a word of anything you tell me. You can confide in me as though I were your closest girl friend," I said.

"I would never let him tell it to you as a man, but as you are a girl tonight, I shall not be so embarrassed or ashamed," she said.

"When we arrived at my apartment," continued Georges, "we had more champagne, and we both became very loving. Well, in plain language, I seduced the beautiful Mae."

I glanced at Mae. Her eyes were downcast, and she was blushing. How like a girl, how feminine, I thought.

"Well," continued Georges, "you can imagine my utter amazement when in our intimacy, I found that she was a full-fledged man. It seemed absolutely impossible that this beautiful girl could be a man--and yet it was so."

"And you can also imagine my amazement," said Mae, "when I found out that this handsome he-man was really a girl. We each had fooled the other completely, but that was not strange, for we had for years always fooled everybody we came in contact with, as to our sex. The mutual discovery sobered us up, and then we became very happy as we realized that it was a perfect set-up. We had been head over heels in love with each other, but of course I knew that I could not actually marry a man, and Georges knew he could not marry another woman. And yet we both had wanted to marry one another. But now we saw that we could marry legitimately, for we were of opposite sexes, though in the marriage I would be the 'wife' and Georges the 'husband' to all intents and purposes, in the eyes of the world, and even in our own eyes, as I was feminine and Georges masculine, except in one very important particular, which you will understand. ~~xxx~~ We decided to get married as soon as it could be arranged. I, like a girl, wished for a

a large and fashionable church wedding, with a dozen of my closest girl friends as brides-maids, and a dozen of Georges handsome men friends as ushers, and I pictured myself going down the aisle in a lovely wedding gown, a blushing bride. After that I wanted a large reception, and all of the attention that a bride always receives. But Georges, who is religious, thought that ~~it~~ it would be sacriligious for us to be married in a church, since we both were playing parts and really acting a life of deception. He said it would be highly improper for a male 'wife' and a female 'husband' to be wedded by a priest, and that evil might come of it, though nobody but ourselves would know the truth. And so I reluctantly gave up the idea of a church wedding, and a little later we were married in a civil ceremony, with one of my girl friends and one of Georges men friends as witnesses. And then we went on our honeymoon, and were very happy. A month or two after our return to Paris, Georges discovered, to his dismay, that he was pregnant. It really was funny the fuss he made about it, but I suppose any man would act the same if he found he was enciente, and had to face the ordeal of having a baby, and all of the inconveniences of his pregnancy. We were faced with a problem which had to be solved. We should have to go to some place where we were not known for Georges' confinement. Obviously, a man could not have a baby, and so it would be necessary for Georges to wear women's clothes. He made an awful fuss about it--strange as it may seem, under the circumstances--but he was so masculine that, like most he-men, he hated the idea of dressing as a woman. But I secured an outfit for him, including wig, and he agreed to wear them, as there was no other way. He immediately started to let his hair grow. He continued with his business for a time, but his partner and others in his office began to kid him about the way he was developing a belly. I bought him a maternity corset, and that helped for a time, though he hated to wear it. Soon he stopped going out, and kept to our apartment, to conceal his condition. I went to a real estate office and rented a small villa in the country, near a large city, some miles away, and we planned to move there. And now Georges had to begin wearing his women's clothes. He knew nothing about them. He had insisted that his dresses be very plain, without frills or furbelows, and so I bought him plain skirts and shirt waists and tailor-made suits, but I insisted on getting him nice lingerie and pretty night-gowns, which the doctor and nurses would see. You would have laughed, as I did, when I first dressed him up in his feminine finery, for he made a great fuss, just like a man. He particularly hated his corsets and shoes, though they only had two inch heels. But when I had him dressed and made-up and bewigged, he made a handsome woman. He had to shave off his mustache. Fortunately he had no other hair on his face and little body hair. I taught Georges how to behave as a lady, how to comport himself, and to pitch his voice in a high, feminine key. He was a good pupil, and soon learned, though he said he felt very foolish. Again and again I laughed at what was taking place, for it surely was funny to think that I, a man, was teaching a woman how to wear feminine clothes and act like a woman. But I suppose I would have had the same difficulty if I had had to dress as a man. I know I would make a very poor one. But Georges made a very nice looking lady, though rather a tall one, especially with his two inch heels to add to his height. One dark night, when all was in readiness, I brought round our car, and Georges, in full feminine regalia, but heavily veiled, lest some one should recognize him, slipped out of the house and we were off for ~~an~~ new home. We forwarded most of our baggage by rail. I had engaged a maid in advance. I told her that I was Georges' sister, and that her husband was in the navy and off with the fleet on a cruise. Georges soon got accustomed to his new clothes, and we took daily walks out in the country. At first Georges tried to avoid passing people, thinking they would laugh at him because of his wearing dresses, but I assured him that he looked like a perfect lady, and he soon found that people didn't laugh at him, or pay him any attention, and so he became more bold. Georges consulted a local doctor from time to time, and

everything was going well. Finally his "time" came, and we engaged a nurse, for we decided that Georges should have the baby in our house, as he objected to going to a hospital. I must say that Georges was very brave about the confinement and birth, and went through it like a real woman. I believe I suffered as much as he did, and I felt as though I, myself, were having the baby. It was during this time that my breasts and hips developed, as I have already told you--and showed you. Georges made a rapid recovery. He nursed his baby for a time, but soon got tired of it. How I longed to nurse him. But, alas! My well developed breasts had no milk. But I would hold the baby to my breast and pretend to suckle him, giving me the utmost pleasure, for the maternal instinct was fully developed in me, while Georges looked upon his baby more as a father would. I was mad about the baby, and loved to take care of him, to bathe and change him and hold him in my arms and nurse him. As soon as Georges was well enough, he began to plan to go back to Paris, and to his business. During his absence, his hair had grown quite long and I had curled it, so that it looked feminine, and he didn't have to wear the wig. One dark night, we closed the house, and motored to Paris in our car, ~~taking the baby and the nurse along~~ and Georges managed to slip into our apartment unseen. With great relief, he abandoned his hated dresses, and once more was happy to don his masculine clothes and return to his masculine role. I cut his hair as best I could, and next day he went to the barber, and had it properly trimmed. And then he returned to business. His partner was surprised to see that he had lost all of his fatness, little guessing the true state of affairs, of course. And that is the story."

"And now," said Georges with a rueful smile, "Mae wants another baby, this time a girl. I can't refuse her anything, so I suppose I shall have to go through with the ordeal again. But can you imagine yourself, Mr. Eltinge, having a baby? I am sure you would object. And yet it is a wonderful experience for a man--and for a woman, too, though terribly inconvenient. Do you know, I actually got to rather like wearing women's clothes, just as you and Mae like it. Some day I am going to go to a fancy dress party as a girl, as I think it would be fun, and I now know that I can fool everybody. I would get myself up as pretty as possible, with a blonde wig and a pretty dress and real high heels, and plenty of make-up."

"You'd better be careful, or you'll get effeminate and a sissy," said Mae, and we all laughed, for it really was funny, when one stopped to think of it, that a woman should be careful about becoming effeminate and losing her maleness. The wonder was that Georges was not effeminate, but apparently a real he-man, though his face was almost too handsome and his features too regular for a man."

"I don't care," said Georges, smiling. "I can dress up as a woman if I want to, and I am going to do it, too, the first chance I get. And, what's more, I'm going to wear a tight corset, and have a small waist."

"And you even objected to the loose maternity corset, and now you are talking about tight lacing!" said Mae, laughing.

"I only objected to it at first," said Georges. "I rather liked wearing it after I got used to it."

"Well, all I can say," replied Mae, "is that I am afraid you are getting to be a 'softy', and I would hate to see my husband acting like a 'sissy'."

"That is not very complimentary to our ~~next~~ guest," said Georges.

"He dresses up as a pretty girl, with all the trimmings, and yet nobody calls him a 'sissy'. He is feminine, but not effeminate."

"That is very true," replied Mae, "and I want you to see him in his true colors,--as a man. Come on upstairs to my room, Julia, and put on your own clothes and show yourself to Georges, man to man."

I went up with Mae, and she helped me to disrobe, and, as usual, I was glad to get out of her tight corset and slippers. That is one thing I have always noticed about tight corsets. After being severely laced, the pleasure and relief of unlacing makes it seem worth while.

It didn't take me long to put on my own lingerie and corset, to remove my feminine make-up, to twist my hair closely about my head and pin it, to put on my male wig and clothes. I was a man once more. Mae and I went downstairs, and joined Georges, who looked me over closely.

"I hope you won't be offended, Julian," he said, "if I tell you that I like you better as a girl than as a man."

"Of course not," I said. "I understand perfectly, and many have told me the same thing. You see, as a man I am just commonplace, but when dressed as a girl, I am out of the ordinary..."

"That's it," said Georges. "You are handsome as a man, almost too handsome, but as a girl you are beautiful. Tell me frankly, don't you like wearing girl's clothes better than men's. Don't you prefer being a girl?"

"I hardly know how to answer that," I said. "When I am dressed as a girl, I like being one, but when dressed as a man, I like that best. As to wearing girl's clothes, I prefer them, because they are so dainty and pretty, as compared with men's clothes. But you know, I am only a shell of a man, for underneath, my clothes are all feminine--lingerie, corsets, stockings, slip, and my only male clothes are my trousers, coat and vest and shirt and shoes. I spend more of my time in women's garments than in men's, for on the stage I spend several hours every day in feminine attire, of course, and at home I always dress as a woman. Ever since my hair got long and girlish, I have dressed as a girl in my rooms, for I found that I looked silly and even ridiculous when dressed as man, with my long hair showing, and with my pretty, girlish face, and I couldn't stand it. I always take off my men's wig, for comfort, when at home and then the only thing that looks proper on me is female attire, and so I always wear it--a house dress or negligee. And I always sleep in a frilly women's night dress. And I wear a corset, day and night. I have to, to keep my figure, for if I didn't, my waist-line would soon get out of control, and you know how important in my work is my figure--my small waist, which always astonishes my audiences, who seem to think that a man cannot have a wasp-waisted figure. My 18-inch waist, on the stage, is one of my best assets. No other female impersonator has anywhere near so small a waist, and the reason is that they only wear corsets while on the stage, and do not go in for figure training the way I do. I suppose that is one reason I am so successful."

"That's important, I suppose," said Mae, "but I think the real reason for your success is that you make such a pretty girl, particularly your face, and you are so graceful, and sing and dance so well. Your figure makes your impersonation perfect, and I think it is wonderful that you are willing to wear corsets all the time, for few men would do it."

"How about yourself?" I asked, with a smile. "You are a man, and you wear corsets."

"But I'm different," said Mae. "I am a married woman, a wife, a mother. You could hardly call me a female impersonator."

I had to admit that he was right.

Soon after that conversation, I had to leave for the theater, after a very nice visit and dinner. Mae kissed me good bye--and, to my surprise, so did Georges, and I didn't mind, knowing that he really was a woman, who liked to kiss men. I suppose I am different from the ordinary man, for in my impersonations, when dressed as a girl, I have had to submit to being kissed by men so often, that I have become used to it, and, being absorbed in the role, and feeling like a girl, I have never minded it, for it seems natural. But when dressed in men's clothes, I am masculine, and prefer to be kissed by women. I suppose one would call me two-sexed, part of the time feminine and part of the time masculine. But enough of kissing. Perhaps I have confessed too much to you of my secret feelings and tastes. But I am talking to you as girl to girl, in confidence, and I am sure you will keep my secrets.

Sunday, the day of my initiation into the Club Femina rolled round, and both Countess Helene and I started to dress early, so as to allow plenty of time for our toilettes. I, as the initiate, would be under close inspection by all the members, and so I never took more pains with my make-up and dressing. Frederic was 'Freda' for the occasion and 'she' added 'her' skill to mine to make me as attractive as possible. Again I donned my lovely green lingerie and Freda laced me into my 17-inch corset, while I thought, with a sigh, that it would be many hours that I should have to be compressed in those stays, perhaps nine or ten hours, for it promised to be a long evening, and the Countess and I should have to stay late. Freda had taken my beautiful red wig to the maker's and had it freshly dressed, so that not a hair was out of place and it looked very lovely. At last I attained a make-up that was satisfactory to both Freda and myself, and I put on and adjusted my wig, and I thought that I looked even nicer than the last time I had worn it, at the dinner party. With Freda's help, I put on my elegant green dress and donned my emeralds, and after spraying myself heavily with rich perfume, I was ready. The count had made me a present of a divine evening wrap for the occasion. Taking it on my arm, I went to the room of Countess Helene. His valet Francois was now dressed as his maid 'Francine', dainty as before, and she was just putting the finishing touches to Helene's hair, which was a masterpiece of the hairdresser's art. Helene had bought a new low-cut evening gown and looked lovely in it. I had never seen a more perfectly groomed "woman." Her tightly laced figure was superb. Her feet looked small in a new pair of opera slippers with extreme heels. I, too, was wearing very high heels and I wondered how our feet would feel before the evening was over, for I knew that we would have to stand a long while in the reception line on those stilts, and the shoes of both of us were very snug, to make our feet look as small as possible. But we had little time to think of such things, for it was time to leave. We drew on our long evening gloves, put on our wraps, gathered up our evening bags and went down to the waiting car. On the way we stopped and picked up the Baroness Lorette. She looked stunning in a new black velvet gown, with which she wore pearls. On her beautifully coiffured hair she wore a diamond tiara, and in her hair an ornamental egret feather. I never have seen a more distinguished looking lady.

As we rolled along toward the Club, the ladies told me that many surprises were in store for me, for I was to meet practically all of the members of the Club and all of them perfect impersonators of the opposite sex, so that I would doubt my senses.

"Remember, each and every person you see at the club, members as well as servants, will be a man. There will be absolutely no women present, in spite of appearances--and yet they all will be "women"--or "girls," for we have some younger members," said the Baroness.

The club was a handsome building, set in grounds surrounded by shrubbery and there was a high iron fence, a driveway, and two gates, one for entrance and one for exit. We stopped in front, mounted the steps, and the door was opened for us by a pretty maid with yellow blonde hair, a slender figure, a light blue maid's uniform, with dainty lace gloves and cap. She had on high heeled patent leather pumps. Her complexion was perfect. She greeted us with a dazzling smile, showing her even pearly teeth. Surely, I thought, this can't be a man. But I knew it must be. As we passed in, the Countess told me that all of the "maids" of the club had exactly the same yellow blonde hair as a part of their uniform. Most of them were 'girls' permanently and wore their own hair, which was dyed the proper color. A few wore wigs of the same color.

"We require them all to have small waists and to wear high heels," said the Baroness. "The prettiest and most shapely ones have the best jobs. They all are members of the Club, but they cannot pay dues and must work for their living, so we give them jobs here, and pay them very well. We furnish the uniforms and wigs, where needed. Since they all are passionately

fond of dressing as girls, they are very happy here, and lead the sort of life that they love, constantly impersonating the feminine sex."

We went to the check room and left our wraps in charge of another pretty blonde, slim-waisted maid. Then we went to a dressing room to primp, as women will do before a public appearance.

We went up to the third floor in an elevator, operated by another attractive blonde maid. There seemed to be a remarkable resemblance between all these maids, no doubt due to their having the same colored hair and the same dresses, and careful make-up. Here was the large ball room, with gleaming polished floor, suitable for dancing.

"Do you ever have dances here?" I asked the Baroness.

"Oh! yes," she replied, "quite often. And once a year we have a grand fancy dress party. It comes next month, and you must be sure to attend, for you will be amused and have the time of your life."

The three of us took our places at the far end of the ball-room opposite the door where the guests would enter. I stood with the Baroness on my left and the Countess on my right, forming the reception committee. The Baroness was to introduce me to the members as they went down the line, while the Countess could whisper in my ear something about them to post me, if there was time. I wish you could have seen the three of us standing there, Miss Morris, with our prettily coiffured hair, lovely gowns, hour-glass figures, perfect complexions, gleaming white backs, shoulders and arms, and magnificent jewels. The Countess was wearing diamonds, and, as you know, I had on my lovely emeralds while the Baroness had lovely pearls. We really looked very handsome and made a perfect picture of elegant femininity. Nobody could possibly have guessed that we were men, as there was no sign of the masculine to be seen."

Soon we saw the first comers advancing to greet us.

"Here come the Americans," said the Baroness. "Two young 'girls' and their 'mother.'"

I saw approaching down the floor two of the prettiest young girls imaginable, with blonde curls, dressed exactly alike.

"They are twins," said the Countess, "and we can't tell them apart, except that Yvette always something red, such as ear-rings, bracelet, ring, or little ribbon, while her sister Yvonne does not."

They were dressed in pink evening frocks. Their waists were very tiny, as were their feet, in their narrow high heels. Their faces were young and they had flawless girlish complexions, like school girls. They were short, and walked with infinite grace.

I looked at their 'mother', who, the Countess said, always chaperoned them. 'She' was tall, handsome, slender, beautifully coiffed and gowned, and had a nice complexion. 'She' didn't look old enough to be the mother of the twins. In fact, 'she' was only thirty, a stately woman, right in her prime. I couldn't believe that 'she' and the twin maidens really were males--and yet I knew it had to be so. Otherwise they wouldn't be there.

The Baroness introduced the 'mother' to me as Madame Smith, of America, and then presented the twins, Yvette and Yvonne Smith, of New York City. They greeted me cordially, and were so glad to meet another American, and, to my surprise, first Mrs. Smith and then the girls each gave me a warm kiss. As nobody else was coming for the moment, they stopped for a little chat with me. They had seen me on the stage and were complimentary and said they were so glad to meet such a prominent actor. As we talked I studied the twins and was amazed to see what lovely young girls they were, with their big blue eyes, small, regular features, delicate eye-brows, long eye-lashes. I could see no flaw in them as girls. They seemed to be perfection. They told me that they were in Paris to study art and the languages, at a girls' school. They said they also took singing and dancing lessons, as their ambition was to go on the stage, as girls. I asked them if they were 'permanent' members, and they said yes, and so was their 'mother', now, though when they first came to Paris they were only 'transients'. In America they all three had been fond of dressing up as girls, and had often gone to masquerades and fancy dress parties in female disguise, and found they could fool everybody as to their sex. After

their arrival in Paris, they at first all dressed as men. They attended a fancy dress ball as girls, and were very successful. It was so much fun that they gradually got together feminine wardrobes, and got to going out evenings, with the 'mother' chaperoning the young 'maidens', who never failed to attract masculine attention, nor was the 'mother' neglected by the men. It was their delight to carry on flirtations with good-looking men, and to dance with them, and have them entertain them, and buy them wine. They did this more and more often, and, then, one day they ventured out on a shopping trip, after having procured suitable street dresses and hats and accessories. They found that they passed readily as girls, even in broad day-light, and they enjoyed the shopping for feminine things, and also the attention they attracted in the streets, those two pretty blonde American girls, dressed and looking exactly alike. It was so much fun, that they went out more and more, day and evening, in feminine dress, and they got in the habit of wearing such garb at home, and only dressed as men when they went to their school, and then they wore feminine underthings and corsets. After a bit they got tired of the nuisance of changing from men into girls and then back again every day, putting on a removing make-up and wigs. Besides, they would sometimes forget themselves and act girlish when in boys' clothes, causing people to laugh, especially as they were effeminate and had natural girlish complexions, which they gave the best of care. So one day the three of them held a "council of war" and decided to adopt female clothes permanently and not be men any longer. To do this, they decided it was best to rent a new apartment, where they were not known, and they also would have to change their school, and go to one for girls. It was time that they changed, for the neighbors had grown suspicious in seeing three men go into the building, and three attractive women come out, time after time. Dressed as girls, they found a suitable apartment in another part of the city, and moved there under their feminine names. They all let their hair grow, and now, after a year, they didn't have to wear wigs. They loved being girls, and shopping was a joy. Fortunately they all had large incomes, so that they could buy what they wished, and they spent large sums on dresses and accessories and had wardrobes of which any girl would be envious. They had many friends of both sexes, and were known as girls. And nobody thought them anything different. The twins and their 'mother' were convincingly feminine. They were accepted everywhere as girls, and pretty ones, and their 'mother' was considered very handsome.

I had been somewhat surprised at being kissed by the twins and their mother, but the baronees told me that it was a part of my initiation to be kissed by every member of the club. It really was a sorority, with all of the members' sisters, sworn to have sisterly affection for every member, kind and helpful and confidential. No 'sister' would ever divulge the secret of any other member. Most of the 'permanent' members were known to the outside world as women. They were accepted as such. Some of them moved in the best social circles. They had male admirers and even sweethearts. It would be a tragedy if the secret of their sex were to be known. But no sister would betray any member. All were female impersonators, all doing the same thing, all having the same secret in common. Some of the transient members, like myself, were known openly as female impersonators, but the 'permanent' members were known to the world as women. There was a lull, and then I saw coming down the room a most attractive looking girl.

"That is Corinne," said the Countess. "She is a girl detective."

greeted Corinne was greeted by the Baroness and presented to me, and she greeted me with a hand-shake and a kiss. I was to be kissed by every member, as part of my initiation. I was glad that I had put on indelible lipstick. Otherwise my lips soon would have been a mess, with more than one hundred kisses.

"Corinne is one of our permanent members," said the Countess, but he has only been one for a short time. Wont you tell Julia about it, Corinne darling," said she.

"Of course I will, galdly," said the pretty Corinne with a dazzling smile showing all his pretty white, even teeth. "As the countess has told you, I am a 'girl' or 'female' detective, as we are usually called. My uncle runs a large and important detective agency. I always liked the idea of being a detective, and as a boy used to read the exciting detective stories in the magazines, and imagining myself disguised in various roles, and being a hero, capturing desperate criminals, at the risk of my life. So as soon as I finished school, I persuaded my uncle to give me a job on his force. For a few years I operated as a male detective, and learned all about the art of disguise and make-up. But occasionally there was a case in which a girl would fit better than a man. My uncle had from time to time employed females as detectives, but either they were not satisfactory, or they would get married and quit. And then a rich client came to the office with a case whizh required a girl operative. Considerable thieving had been going on in the client's house, and he and his wife naturally suspected the servants, but were unable to get any proofs, as it was a large household, and there were namy servants. I happened to be in the office and overheard the conversation.

"I'm sorry," said my uncle, "but I have no girl detectives now. Wont a man do?"

"No," replied the client. "It must be a girl who can play the part of a maidservant without being suspected."

At this I pricked up my ears. I had become very fond of wearing disguises and often had wondered why I couldn't dress up as a girl and be successful. In fact, I had tried it once or twice, when my wife had dressed me up in her clothes, including corsets, wig, high heels and the whole outfit, including paint and powder, and she had taken me out for a walk in broad daylight and nobody had suspected my sex. I had found it great fun, being a girl, and had been amused at the way men would make eyes at my wife an I. She had to warn me not to flirt back, lest we be followed and get into possible trouble, and I be 'discovered.' I do not need to tell you that I make up well as a girl--you can see for yourself--but at first I didn't have the figure nor the complexion nor my own hair, as at present, nor did I have the feminine mannerisms and grace of walking an carriage which I have acquired by practise. Now I have them all.

After my uncle had promised his client that he would try to get a female operative, and would let him know soon, the man left.

"You have a female operative right here," I told my uncle with a smile. "I will be it."

He looked me over carefully, no doubt in his mind's eye picturing me dressed as a girl. There was no denying the fact that I had a girlish face and complexion, was small (for a man) and had small hands and feet, and a slender figure. In fact I looked quite girlish and inn looks and body was exceptionally well qualified to play a girl's part.

After staring at me for some time my uncle said he thought that I could take off a maid without detection, but there would be considerable risk, for if I was discovered, or even if it was discovered that I was a detective in the house, it would go hard with me.

"No," said my uncle. "It is too risky and I don't think you could do it. I think perhaps you could make up as a passible girl, but there's more to it than that. You would not only have to look like one, but play the part of one, under the close scrutiny of your mistress as well as of the other servants. No boy could do it, no matter how clever."

My heart was set on doing this job as a maid. I said to my uncle: "If I can convince you that I can do it, will you let me?"

"Yes," said he, doubtfully, "but I'm sure you can't get away with it."

It was my afternoon off at the office, so I hurried home at lunch time and explained the matter to my wife.

"Dress me up the way you did that other time when we went out together. I said," and we will call on Uncle and prove to him that I am a perfect lady

My wife entered into the plan with enthusiasm, and so on I had discarded my clothes and she was helping me into a set of her dainty lingerie, and lacing me tightly into one of her boned corsets.

"I am going to let you wear one of my prettiest afternoon frocks, as you must make a good impression, and, as it has a small, fitted waist, I shall have to draw your waist in small. It will be uncomfortable, but won't hurt you, so I don't want to hear you complain. "There," she said, after she had finished the tugging on the laces until I felt as if I were being cut in two, "now you have an 18-inch waist, as small as any girl's. "It isn't very bad, is it?"

"No," I said, "I guess I can stand it for a few hours", and I looked at my slender figure in the long mirror and found that it actually gave me a glow of pleasure, and I really liked the sensation of being tightly laced in, and having such nice feminine lines. I knew that my small waist would add greatly to the effectiveness of my girlish disguise, for people seeing it could not possibly suspect me of being a man--men do not have hour-glass figures--at least, not many men. Besides, I thought how Uncle would be impressed by my small waist. He would surely give me the job as maid. My wife padded my brassiere, helped me on with my petticoats and slip and then came the pretty dress, which fitted to perfection,--for fortunately, my wife and I are of just the same size and weight. My feet were squeezed into a pair of her dainty high-heeled street shoes--but they were not too tight and I could walk in them all right, with short steps. My wife had made me up at the start and now she put on me a pair of her earrings and other suitable jewelry, and my wig, which I had purchased before the other dressing up I have mentioned. It was light brown, well fitting and becoming to me. She smoothed it and dressed it and then pinned one of her pretty hats on my hair. She next doused me with heady perfume so that I fairly reeked with it, but I liked it because it was a feminine touch, and I was determined to be as feminine as possible, to convince my uncle--to say nothing of the people we should pass in the street on the way to his office. My wife loaned me a hand bag which contained a vanity case, and, before leaving the house, she drilled me in the feminine way of powdering my nose and applying lipstick, and suggested that I do it when in my uncle's presence. I last put on a pair of my wife's gloves, very tight for me, but making the hands look small, and as soon as my wife had put on her hat, we ventured forth. I was full of confidence, for my last look in my mirror had told me that I need have no fear of detection--in fact, as my wife had assured me--I really was a pretty girl.

"You are as good looking as I am," she said. "I am jealous."

I believe that was true, for I kept my eyes open as we walked through the streets and I noted that men looked at me fully as much as they did at her. It was a strange experience, and an interesting one, to walk along as a girl and be considered as one and to be aware of masculine looks of admiration. But I found it hard walking any distance in my high heels and tight corset, so we called a cab at last, and drove to my uncle's office, my wife, on the way, giving me all sorts of instruction as to how I should comport myself as a girl in his presence.

Arrived at the office, I tripped daintily in, swishing my skirts in what I thought was a feminine manner, and going up to the first desk, told the girl that Mlle. Corinne would like to see the proprietor. The girl, with whom I had worked for years, didn't recognize me at all, nor did two or three of the men operatives who were lounging in the room, though they knew me intimately. My disguise was perfect, and I had modulated my voice to a high but pleasant pitch which sounded feminine. Now for my uncle, the supreme test. If I could fool him, he couldn't refuse to give me the job as housemaid, though of course I looked far from anything like a housemaid at the time, but rather like a young lady of fashion, in my pretty dress and hat. It must be remembered that my uncle was a detective, and used to disguises. But he knew I had gone for the day, and so would not be expecting me, and probably already had forgotten about my proposal to

play the part of a girl.

Gathering myself together, I opened the door of his inner office, and tripped in on my high heels, rustling my skirts and swaying my hips in a way that I thought would be provocative. An aura of perfume surrounded me. My uncle looked up, sniffed, glanced at me carelessly, and said: "Well, my oyung lady, what can I do for you?"

His eyes roved up and down my figure and I could see them halt and stare at my waist and I sensed a look of admiration at the smallness of it. How glad I was that I had allowed my wife to lace me in so tightly. My waist was making the impression she had predicted --and I knew that others in the streets had noticed it too.

Carefully controlling my voice to a girlish timbre, I said:

"I am an experienced woman detective, and I am looking for a job," and I took out my vanity and powdered my nose daintily, as my wife had suggested, while my uncle looked on.

"It happens that I am in need of a girl detective. Tell me about your experience." I made up a story, and I knew enough about the detective business to make it sound convincing to my uncle. He engaged me on the spot and explained my first assignment as a housemaid. I told him I would have to have a few days to get ready and he agreed. I now stepped to the door, opened it and called in my wife, who had been waiting there, as I wanted her to be in on the joke.

My uncle seemed surprised to see her, as she had never visited his office before. She went up to him and kissed him and winked at me. Taking her cue, I, too, went up and kissed my uncle affectionately on the lips. He was rather astonished but naturally had no objection to being kissed by a pretty girl--if I may call myself that.

I now took off my hat, and wig, and said: "Uncle, don't you know me now?"

He gazed at me in amazement but it took him a few moments to recognize me, so good was my make-up. And then he broke into a roar of laughter, in which my wife and I joined.

"You fooled me completely," he laughed. "You make a better girl than a boy."

"And can I have the job as maid?" I asked.

"You certainly can," he said. "Did they recognize you in the outer office?"

"No, not ^{at} all."

"I am going to have them in and introduce you as Mlle.--what's to be your girl's name?"

"Corinne," I said. "I think it's pretty. But first let me put on my wig and hat." I did so, my wife adjusting them carefully, and then the girl and two men came in and my uncle introduced me as the new 'female' operative. Still they didn't recognize me, so my uncle had me take off my wig, and then they knew. And were they surprised--and rather sheepish at the way I had deceived them.

"Hereafter 'she' is to be regularly employed as a girl detective," he said. "We need one often, and a man in the part is better than any real girl, for there may be danger to which it is not fair to subject a girl."

That was news to me--that I was to be a girl regularly, and I exchanged glances with my wife. I had not bargained for that. It would mean a complete change in my habits for me. And how would I like dressing as a girl regularly? I wondered. Already my corset and tight shoes were bothering me and I had only had them on for an hour or two. Could I endure it to wear corsets and high heels and dresses and all the rest of it day after day? And wear make-up and a wig, and constantly act feminine and girlish, and never be my own natural masculine self? I would have to consider it very carefully with my wife. But at least I would go ahead with the housemaid assignment and see how I got along. At the end of that, if I didn't like being a girl, I could refuse to go further, even if my uncle fired me. But in some ways the idea of being a girl intrigued me, it was nice to look pretty and wear pretty feminine things--and I liked the feel of my corset, only it was

too tight for a steady diet, though all right for "dress up" occasions.

At my wife's suggestion, we walked part way back home, as she wanted the exercise, and also said it was good practise for me, as the more I appeared in public dressed as a girl, the more natural I would feel and the easier it would be for me. But I rather dreaded the idea of going anywhere alone, as a girl, without my wife's company and protection, though I knew I would have to do it when I did my "maid" act as a detective. Again I enjoyed the sensation of being in public in feminine guise, and walking through the crowds and passing hundreds of people who looked at me and of course took me for what I seemed to be. My wife watched my walk and told me that I was carrying myself well, in a girlish manner, but I told her that my corset and heels prevented me from walking in any other way. Long, mannish steps were impossible, and my tight corset kept my body erect and forced a correct carriage.

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My wife at once went to work to get together a feminine outfit for me. The maid's dresses were simple, but there was the matter of being fitted properly to corsets, shoes, lingerie and other accessories, and getting two additional wigs made, which had to be a perfect fit so as to defy detection. She bought me some night gowns, stockings, a handbag, make-up and all that a girl taking a maid's position would require. I telephoned my uncle and told him that I was getting ready, and he said I had a week's time. I spent it at home in female dress, corsets and all, and under the guidance of my wife, I learned house-work, such as making beds, sweeping, dusting and any other work we thought might be my duties in the house to which I was to go. There was no telling how long I should have to stay there, but it would be until I had done my best to apprehend the thief, and that might take weeks. But I hoped not, for I hated to be away from my wife for any length of time. We had not been married long, and were much in love. She was to write to me while I was away, using my girl's name, and I was to write her, and perhaps telephone when I had a chance. Finally my outfit was complete. I thought it best to go to see my uncle for full instructions. This time I went dressed in the street clothes I had bought for my maid's part, such as I would wear on my "time off", so I was not nearly so stylish a looking girl as on the other occasion, but neat and respectfully dressed as became a housemaid. But I wore make-up and a nice hat and dress, and my wife was kind enough to tell me that I looked pretty. This time, of course, the office force and my uncle recognized me, and they gathered round to inspect me, and I had to stand for some chaffing because of my feminine disguise. But they all had to admit that I looked the part, and that if I was careful not to make some foolish mistake to betray myself, all should go well. I got my instructions, and the address of the home, and returned to my home, packed my things, and took a cab to the address--somewhat nervous and embarrassed, it is true, for it was rather a trying position for a man, especially as I knew so little about conditions in a big house full of servants, and, furthermore, had never before been a housemaid, but I must pretend that I was an expert one. I would have to use my wits and ingenuity and not get rattled. Well, I won't go into details, but I got along all right as a maid, and soon got to be liked by the other servants, as I put myself out to be agreeable and willing to do more than my share of the work. I insisted on having a bedroom to myself, and the other maids thought that strange, for most of them preferred to room with somebody, for company's sake. But that would have been too risky for me, and, besides, I was a married man, and what would my wife say if I roomed with one of the other pretty maids? I did considerable spying, and was helped by the master and mistress who, of course, knew that I was the detective, though they did not suspect that I was a man, and of course I didn't want them to know it, and never told. In fact, nobody found me out, but after a bit I found out the thief, and gave the information, and he was arrested--one of the footmen. Then I received my discharge, and nice presents from my employers--a bracelet from her and earrings from him. Well, they would come in handy if I decided

to follow my uncle's wishes, and continue as a 'girl' operative. My wife and I had talked it over before I went to work as the maid, and she rather favored the idea, as my uncle had promised me a larger salary, as well as a liberal allowance ~~of~~ for dresses and everything else of a feminine nature that I should require if I became a girl permanently. Frankly, I had enjoyed being a housemaid. I had been one for two weeks, it had been a good test, and I had found it nice being a girl. Some of the male servants had paid me marked attention and that told me that I was a success and had feminine sex appeal. The butler had taken me to the cinema and also to a dance, and supper afterward, and we had enjoyed a glorious flirtation which gave me a great kick, as it was very amusing. Of course I told my wife all about it, and she got a great laugh as she pictured me leading the butler on with all my 'feminine' allurements and wiles--dancing in his arms, closely held, letting him hold my hand and at times, when opportunity offered, putting his arm about my slender waist. (I wore 20-inch corsets as a maid, which after a bit, became quite comfortable. Of course, I have worn corsets ever since⁰. But one thing that I was ashamed to tell my wife about, and that was the good-night kisses that the butler stole. I knew that he would expect at least that reward from a girl for entertaining her ~~and~~ spending his good money on her. Nor did I tell her how he came to my bedroom door, and tried to get in--and for no good purpose--I suppose I had led him on and he had come to the conclusion that I was 'that kind of a girl' and would grant him the privilege of sleeping with me--but I had taken the precaution of locking the door, and of course would not let him in, much to his surprise, and disgust. After that he gave me the cold shoulder, but one of the footmen took me out, and so I had a good time on my evenings off, in the manner of a humble housemaid. My wife had packed one of her evening frocks for me, a pretty garment of which she had grown tired, and with it she had slipped in one of her corsets, size 18, which I should need to wear with the gown, to get it closed around my waist. I got one of the maids to come to my room and lace me, and I wore the gown when I went out with the man, also one of my new wigs that was dressed in an evening coiffure, and you may be sure that I put on plenty of make-up and whitened my arms and shoulders until they fairly gleamed. I really did look stunning and I made it a point to linger in the servants quarters on my way out, so that the butler could see me in all my finery. I saw him look at ~~xxxx~~ me with admiration in his eyes--and longing--and I was sure he was envious of the footman, who, by the way, was very proud of his new "sweetheart", and who made love to me throughout a very pleasant evening.

My three weeks in girl's clothes and my acting the role of a maid constantly had quite feminized me and made me feel like a girl, and I actually enjoyed the masculine attention that I received from the butler and footman..It flattered me to know that I was so good looking and attractive as a girl that I had sex appeal which drew men to me. I think my appearance improved during the two weeks I worked, for my wife had furnished me with creams, bleaches and other cosmetics to be applied nightly, and I had used them religiously, with excellent results to my complexion, which became more pink and white, so that I had to use less powder and rouge than at first. My wife noticed the improvement as soon as I went home, bag and baggage, after completing my service and lodging the information with my uncle by telephone.

I went home as a girl, of course, having no male clothing with me, and again I discussed with my wife whether I should stay a girl or not. It was for me a very important decision, for it would mean I would have to completely change my mode of life, let my hair grow, adopt feminine attire permanently, with all the restrictions that would imply--corsets, high heels, tight dresses, wigs and all the rest of it. But my uncle wished it, and I knew it would mean adventure for me as a female detective, and many interesting experiences. My wife promised to help me in every way and she thought I should make the change of sex, so I finally decided to do it. From that time to this, now four years, I have dressed continuously

in girl's clothes, and have forgotten what it feels like to wear men's clothing. It didn't take us long to get together a nice wardrobe of dresses, all paid for by my uncle. The constant wearing of corsets soon trained my waist down and it was not long before I had an 18-inch waist regularly, like my wife, and did not mind it at all. It was an advantage, because now we both had the same figures, and each could wear the other's clothes, and we would borrow from one another, though we each had our own separate wardrobes. But if I happened to have a dress that my wife took a special fancy to, she would wear it, and I would do the same with her dresses, and accessories. As soon as I had adopted feminine attire, we had moved to another part of the city where I was not known as a man, and my wife and I became 'sisters' to the world. Nobody knew about my disguise except my uncle and others at the agency, and they could be trusted to keep my secret, for it was a part of our business. At first I wore wigs, but my hair grew very nicely and after a time it was long enough so that I could discard my wigs, unless I needed one when enacting some special role in my work. I sunk myself into my role as completely as possible and never relaxed from acting as a girl, and talking like one, having trained my voice so that I talked naturally in a high feminine tone. Feminine mannerisms became second nature to me and I didn't have to think about them. I became, to all intents and purposes, a girl. Thanks to daily beauty treatments, under my wife's directions, my appearance continued to improve and I attained a flawless girlish complexion. My figure also improved, and, thanks to the constant wearing of corsets, took on more feminine lines and curves. Treatments also enlarged my breasts, which became sufficiently feminine so that I could go to a shop and be fitted to corsets or gowns, and be taken for a woman by the fitters, without suspicion. My hips were rather narrow for a woman, but they were praised by the corsetiers and dressmakers, and envied by other women, for it was considered that I had an ideal 'boyish' figure, which was fashionable at the time.

I was kept pretty busy on cases that required a woman detective, and nearly all of them were interesting, and some quite exciting. In my work of shadowing suspects, I had to go to all sorts of places, and wear all sorts of costumes. I would be sent to a fashionable ball, in full evening regalia, and dance as one of the guests. I vividly recall the first time I went to one of these balls as a woman operative. Of course it was necessary that I be dressed in the height of fashion, so as to pass as one of the guests. My uncle gave me carte blanche, for he always charged a high price for a girl detective's services, and the price of my dresses and accessories was added to the bill. You may be sure that I didn't spare expense, but went to the best couturieres and corsetiers and accessories shops, and no girl had more dainty or fashionable and pretty things. I remember my first evening gown, of black taffeta and lace, which was made to measure. Made sure that the bodice was a skin-tight fit to show to full advantage my 18-inch waist, of which I was quite proud. I was a little worried lest I not be asked to dance, and so be a wall-flower, but my fears were groundless, for I seemed to attract the men and was in demand as a partner, and made several 'conquests'.

One of my most interesting roles--and it was a trying one, too--was that of a lady's maid. A lady of wealth and fashion engaged me to shadow her husband, whom she suspected of infidelities, and decided that the best way would be for me to act as her maid, thus having the run of the house, and opportunities to spy, for he was suspected with being intimate with one of the housemaids. I had a week to prepare myself for the job, and a very busy week it was for me, and my wife, who trained me in the duties of a lady's personal maid. I practised doing her hair and washing it, dressing and undressing her several times a day, handling her clothes, mending, sewing, pressing, and bathing her. I gave her massages and alcohol rubs. I carried trays to her in bed. My previous training as a housemaid had taught me how to make beds and take care of a lady's room, and my

experience with my own feminine things had made me familiar with their handling and care. I knew how to lace a corset and hook a dress, and draw on stockings and shoes. I knew exactly how a lady should dress., and how to dress her. I knew how to give beauty treatments, as I gave them to myself daily, and to my wife, for practise. I will admit that I was a little embarrassed at the beginning of the job, and at the intimacies with my mistress that it entailed, for you can imagine that it is an unusual experience for a man to perform the duties of a lady's maid, and my mistress was young and beautiful, and of course I saw her in all manner of deshabille, and in the nude. She had a lovely figure and a delectable snow-white body. She required that I bathe her in her tub, and then she would lie on a chaise longue while I massaged her body all over. You can imagine my feelings when I handled her perfect little breasts, and rubbed her hips and thighs and legs. Perhaps my hands trembled a little at first, but I managed to conceal my emotions from her, and as, of course, she thought that I was a girl, she noticed nothing. She had beautiful hair and I delighted in caring for it. She had a tiny waist, wearing a size 16 corset, and I always got a thrill when I laced her in. She had lovely clothes, and it was a pleasure to dress and undress her, and to take care of her dresses. I satisfied her from the start, and she became quite fond of me, and spoke about engaging me as her permanent maid, saying she would obtain my release from the agency, and pay me as much as I was receiving as a detective. She was very kind to me, and gave me several of the dresses she was tired of, including a couple of evening gowns with their tiny waists. I told her I was afraid they were too small for me at the waist, but she said: "Nonsense, you can wear them. I will show you." And the gracious lady gave me a pair of her corsets, and she herself laced me in to 16-inches, and then put one of the dresses on me. I could scarcely breathe and the compression was very severe, but I didn't complain, since it pleased the lady, who was a tight-lacing addict and delighted to lace me in. I loved my tiny waist and pretty dress which fitted closely, but I didn't keep them on very long. My mistress was loud in her praise of my figure, and my appearance in her dress, and told me I was too pretty to be a maid, and should be a society girl, and should be able to go to dances and meet nice men. "With your looks, you should have no trouble in making some rich man fall in love with you and marry you," she said. "You look very lovely in evening dress." I glowed with her praise, for I had become so feminine that I loved being told that I was pretty and looked lovely--just like a girl. And I really was pretty in that gown--in fact, I had become quite pretty in any dress, thanks to my continuous beauty treatments, and my naturally girlish face and body. I had long since come to look upon myself as a girl, through playing the part of one constantly, and I had feminine thoughts and feelings--that was the reason I was able to act as a lady's maid and take care of her beautiful body without betraying myself. As a man, I could not have done it. But there was one time when I was not feminine and a girl, and that was when I was with my wife. Then I was all male, in spite of my dress and appearance. My wife knew this, and also knew my other reactions, and so was not jealous when I came into intimate contact with lovely women, like my present mistress, for she knew that I was feminine, except with her. To the world I was her 'sister', but to her I was an entirely satisfactory husband, though effeminate, girlish and with a nearly feminine body and almost as pretty as my wife. To her, my impersonation was very amusing and she was always trying to tease me about being so girlish and effeminate, but at the same time she encouraged me, as it was a means to an end, and she helped me in every way to make myself thoroughly feminine in looks and manners, until I became perfect, and the grace and mannerisms of a woman became entirely automatic, and I played the part as though I was a woman born. Were it not for my wife, I would have preferred to really be a woman, for I loved dressing as one, and being one.

I worked as lady's maid in that house for three weeks, and really liked the job, except that it kept me away from home. At the end of that time I was not able to gather any evidence against the lady's husband, though I learned that he was quite a ladies' man, for he even made eyes at me. But in my position, I refused to flirt with him. The lady was reluctant to have me leave and flattered me by telling me that I was the best personal maid she had ever had. When I left, she made me a present of a pretty ladies' wrist watch, and she also gave me several of dresses that she was tired of, as well as a pair of her corsets and a set of lovely lingerie.

Others were now coming to meet, so Corinne passed on.

* * * * *

I MEET THE BEAUTIFUL GABY DES LYS.

I now saw a group of four 'ladies' coming down the room, and, to my surprise, one of them was Gaby des Lys, the famous beauty, who was at the time playing at the Folies, where she was leading lady and prima donna. I had seen her on the stage in New York and had often seen her pictures in magazines and papers. I could not believe my eyes to see Gaby here, and coming to meet me.

"Is Gaby really a man?" I whispered to the Countess. "It is impossible. She is considered the most beautiful woman on the Paris stage, and one of the best actresses and singers in the world. She can't possibly be a man."

"Of course she's a man, silly," whispered the Countess. "Otherwise she wouldn't be here. I told you there would be surprises in store for you. She's a 'permanent' member of the club and has belonged for some time."

I now was filled with astonishment to think that the lovely Gaby was a man, and I looked at her closely as she approached. No doubt you have seen her pictures, Miss Morris, and know how beautiful she is. She had lovely blonde hair, a perfect, oval, small-featured face, a dazzling complexion and the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen, large and very blue. Her figure was perfection and she had an adorable little waist, and she was wearing an exquisite low-cut evening gown. She walked with the personification of grace, as light as a feather on her tiny high-heeled slippers. She came up to us and gave me a dazzling smile when the Baroness introduced her to me. She took my hand in her small, warm, soft one, gave it a squeeze, and kissed me sweetly. I was thrilled as I felt her soft lips against mine, and I could not help thinking what a privilege it was to be kissed by the famous and lovely Gaby, and how many hundreds of men would have given their last sou for one of her kisses. She chatted with me for a few moments, and told me she had heard about my impersonations, and wanted to get better acquainted with me. She complimented me on my looks and my gown, telling me that I looked "stunning and every inch a lady." She asked me to meet her down stairs after the reception was over, and we would have a private talk. Of course, I told her I would be delighted.

Next I was presented to the three 'girls' who had come in with Gaby. I will not attempt to describe them, except to say that they were proteges of Gaby's, and all three were in the chorus at the Folies, where, to get a job, a girl has to be a beauty in both face and figure. These girls were all of that. They kissed me, of course. They were very sweet. How I was enjoying myself, kissing all these good-looking girls.

Next to greet me was a very stout 'lady' who must have weighed all of 220 pounds. Half a dozen other 'girls' were with her and it was a jolly group, and all were talking and laughing as they walked across the floor, with the fat girl the center of it all. Like most fat girls--and men, too, she appeared to be having the time of her life, joking and amusing the group.

"She is one of our most popular members," said the Countess. "She is so good natured and full of fun that she keeps everybody laughing. She is a 'transient.'"

I had plenty of time to look over the stout 'lady' as 'she' waddled across the floor. She seemed to have trouble in walking, and, no wonder, for her really tiny feet were incased in a pair of narrow opera slippers with heels that I judged to be from 4 to 5 inches high. I learned later that she actually had very small feet--as well as hands--and she was so vain about them that she insisted in wearing such stilt-like shoes to attract attention to her feet and make them look still smaller. She had difficulty in walking, and usually sat down whenever possible, so as to take her huge weight off of her feet. It was a wonder that she could walk at all but she had learned to do it, after much practise, and refused to wear sensible shoes with low heels. Her massive waist was crushed into a corset that gave her figure a nipped-in waist line, and I thought that I could hear her corsets creak, so tightly was she laced in an effort to have a fashionably small waist. Her big, round face was pretty and she had a lovely complexion and skin, and an ample bosom, snowy white, as were her arms and back.

The next members to be presented to me were two exceptionally pretty young girls, one a blonde and the other with ~~ix~~ rich red hair.

"Notice these two," the Countess whispered to me. "They are exceptional, and have had a very interesting experience. You must meet them, and hear their stories."

The blonde was named Lucille and the red-head Juliette. Both were pretty and had wonderful figures, with tiny waists, but the red-headed Juliette was a girl of outstanding beauty. I only had time to be greeted and kissed by them, as others were coming along the line. But later I met them and I might as well tell you now about them, for both of them were unusual 'permanent' members in that they had not become 'girls' until about 16 years old.. Lucille had been a boy up to the age of 16, when his sister, of the same name, had died. He was girlish and greatly resembled his sister, so his eccentric mother had conceived the idea of having him take his sister's place. He resisted being turned into a girl with all his might, but his strong-minded mother was too much for him, and dressed him as a girl, and forced him to let his hair grow long. She was cruel and ruthless with her 'daughter' and forced him to wear very tightly laced corsets, and his sister's high-heeled shoes, which were too small for him. He had to submit. His ears were pierced and he was turned into a girl in every way possible. At last he became reconciled to being a girl, and grew feminine, and fond of wearing pretty dresses. His closest friends were Juliette, formerly Rene, and Juliette's twin sister, Jeanette. Rene should have been born a girl, for he looked exactly like his twin sister--and she was considered an exceptionally beautiful girl. So, of course, Rene was beautiful, too. He ^{had} looked so much like a pretty girl, that whenever he went out in public, people stared at him, and took him for a girl dressed as a boy. This ^{caused} him all sorts of trouble, as well as humiliation, and once he ^{even} was arrested in Paris for dressing as a boy, and spent a night in jail. This was too much, and he hated to go out and be ridiculed. He took to wearing his sister's clothes when he went out, and people took him for her. He had a wig made that exactly copied his sister's lovely red hair. He was just her size and could wear her clothes nicely, except that at first he had trouble getting his waist down to the size of his sister's, who had an 18-inch waist. But Rene took to wearing corsets regularly, and soon reduced his waist to 18-inches in corsets, being slender and supple in body, and then he could wear his sister's dresses, and in them he looked so much like her, that nobody could tell the one from the other. But when he went out, as a girl, his sister had to stay in, for there could not be two girls in the house, and the neighbors would be very curious if the two went out together. So either the one or the other had to stay in the house, and this soon became irksome. Besides, the twins loved each other dearly, and loved to go out together, but could not do so. Rene got so that he wore only feminine things, and began to let his hair grow. It was of the same lovely shade of red as his sister's. They were as alike as two peas when Rene wore his wig and his sister's dresses.

Finally the situation became intolerable for Rene. He would not go out as a boy, and Jeanette was out so often, that he had to stay in the house most of the time, always dressed, now, as a girl. He appealed to his father, and, much as he hated seeing his only son become a girl, he saw that it was the only thing to do, and so he got a court order to permit Rene to dress as a girl and to change his name to Juliette. The change of sex was of course embarrassing to Rene, but his family and friends had to know about it, and so his parents gave a reception to which they all were invited, and Rene was introduced as their new 'daughter'. He and Jeanette came into the room where the reception was held, dressed exactly alike, and nobody could tell which was the boy and which the girl--and bear in mind that Jeanette was an exceptionally pretty girl--that made Juliette, the former, Rene, also an exceptionally ~~girl~~ pretty girl. Life now became happy for Juliette, for he could go out with Jeanette, or alone, and it didn't matter whether people knew whether he was himself or his sister. Soon the neighbors and friends got used to the idea that Rene was a girl, and they accepted him as such, and he was so pretty, and made such a perfect girl, that it was not long before they forgot that he had ever been a boy. Rene and his sister, being identical twins, made it a point to dress exactly alike, and every time Jeanette bought a dress, a duplicate was bought for Juliette. Their parents were wealthy and both 'girls' had lovely clothes, which the former Rene loved wearing. He soon became more girl than man. He had male admirers, naturally. His greatest fun was to substitute for his sister at dances and parties when she did not care to go. Nobody knew the difference and he played the girl with Jeanette's special boy friends with gusto. He had become a girl when he and his sister were 16, and in two years' time his hair had grown long and he seemed to be as much a girl as Jeanette. She grew into a young lady, and her beauty increased--and Juliette kept pace with her. They still were as like as two peas. And then something happened that gave Rene a shock. He had been registered with the army, which had compulsory military service, beginning at the age of 18, and shortly after his 18th birthday, he received a notice calling him to the service. For the first time in a long time, he realized that he was, after all, a male, and subject to call to the colors.

Here was a dilemma, for how could he, a pretty, delicate, slender girl possibly serve as a private in the army? He had long hair and the constant wearing of corsets and massage and creams had developed his body along feminine lines. He had noticeable girlish breasts, a permanently narrow waist and rounded hips and buttocks, and feminine thighs and legs. His feet and hands were as small as a girl's. His complexion was pink and white. He had never had a beard, and his body was free of unwanted hair. His skin was milk white, and soft. In short, he looked completely girlish in every way, an almost exact duplicate of his beautiful sister. How he bemoaned the fact that he was not a girl completely! He desired nothing else, for two years as a girl had completely feminized him. He had long since trained his voice to be soprano, and could sing in the highest range. No longer could he talk in a low, masculine voice. In fact, his voice, as a boy, had been a high tenor, but he had practised until it became soprano, and he could sing very nicely.

He consulted his father, who told him that there was no other way but for him to report at the barracks at the time named in his notice. There was no way of avoiding the call. Rene was terribly worried, as he knew that he could not make a satisfactory male soldier. He bought a men's suit and shirt and collar and shoes and all the rest of a complete male outfit, and tried it on, covering his hair with a male wig. But it was no use. He was too pretty and girlish. He looked exactly like a girl dressed as a boy. So he went back to his female outfit and, putting on one of his prettiest dresses and hats, and making up very carefully, so as to look as pretty and feminine as possible, he went to meet his fate. His idea was to show the officers that he was too much like a girl to become a private soldier, and to

throw himself upon their mercy, and to convince them that he could not possibly serve in the ranks as a man.

You can perhaps imagine the amazement of the officers at the barracks when the beautiful Rene appeared before them with his papers, and, drawing himself erect, raised his little hand to his large picture hat in salute, and said: Private Rene S---- reports for duty. He handed in his papers, and the officers, after looking them over, asked what was the joke. The papers called for a man, and not a pretty girl. Rene handed them the paper that the judge had issued showing his permission to dress and live as a girl, and he assured them that he really was a man, Rene, the one called ^{up}. At first the officers would not believe him, for no man could have been farther from looking like a man than our Juliette. One of the officers was a doctor. Rene was taken into an inner room with him, raised his skirts, and proved his sex to the physician. They returned to confront the officers, and the doctor reported the case to them, and assured them that Rene was a normal man, in spite of his appearance. But still they were sceptical, and so they insisted on seeing for themselves, and all went into the inner room with Rene, and again he had to raise his skirts, though it was terribly embarrassing, in front of all those men, and he blushed like a girl, so feminine had he become. To add to his embarrassment, the men gathered round him closely and pawed him over, feeling of his body and pulling his hair to see if it was real. One of them put his hands around Rene's waist, and found that he could encircle it--for Rene had laced in to 16 inches for the occasion. He occasionally had that waist measurement when going to parties or when wanting to appear especially attractive and feminine, as on the present occasion. The men felt of his maidenly breasts, and then, to his surprise, one of them kissed him. He dared not resist, being in their hands. The other officers followed suit and kissed him. He was highly perfumed and no doubt these men felt as though they were kissing a girl--and a very pretty one. They returned to their office, and Rene was told to wait in an outer room while they discussed his case. He went out, as told, and there found several good looking young officers. A girl was a rarity in the barracks, and Rene was immediately surrounded by the young men, who competed for his attentions. They offered him a seat, and brought him a glass of water and all talked with him and he was aware of their admiration. But it was an old story to him, for he was used to being a pretty girl who always attracted male attention. He knew all the tricks--how to use his eyes, how to flirt,--and he 'played' with the men while waiting for the verdict. There is no denying the fact that Rene got great joy out of his girlish beauty and enjoyed masculine adulation, which he always received in full measure. He knew that he looked lovely as he sat there, and it gave him a thrill. His real sex was not suspected.

After a while, he was summoned back into the presence of the officers, and was told that it was utterly impossible for him to become a male soldier, because he was to all appearances a beautiful young girl, and could never make himself look like a man, even if he cut off his hair, and put on a uniform. He still would look like a girl, and his presence in the squad room would disrupt everything. The men would make his life unendurable, as is the case with effeminate men, who are like 'sissies'--unless some of them fell in love with him, which would be just as bad..

"But you must serve your two years in the army," said the officer in charge, "but as a girl. You will be assigned to the intelligence department, as there is often use for a pretty girl in our shadowing and spying. The work may be dangerous at times, but you must do your duty. You will have to live at the barracks, but since no women are allowed to live there except the wives and daughters of officers, you will have to 'marry' an officer, and take your place in ^{our} circle as an army 'wife'. We will pick out a nice 'husband' for you, a captain in your service. Your rank will be that of first lieutenant and of course you will be under the orders of your 'husband', who will be your superior officer. The details will have to be planned, and meanwhile you can go home and it would be a good idea for you to prepare yourself to be a 'bride' and get together a nice trousseau."

Rene went home, and explained the whole thing to his mother and sister, and swore them to secrecy. He also told his close friend, Lucille, whom he knew he could trust, and whose help he might require. They all were delighted to learn that Rene did not have to enlist as a male private in the ranks, for they had talked it over and realized how disastrous it would have been for Rene to try to be a man and a soldier. It was as bad as though his twin sister had been called on to enlist as a male, for he was just as feminine in looks, manners and voice. So they all were full of enthusiasm to help Rene to become a 'bride', and plans were at once made. Fortunately Rene's parents were wealthy, and he already had a feminine wardrobe that would have delighted the heart of any girl (an exact duplicate of his sister's things) but it was decided that he must obtain a complete and lovely trousseau, just as if he really were to become a bride, for he must play the part, and when he went to the army post he must have clothes becoming the daughter of wealthy parents. For the other women would no doubt see his clothes, for the life at a post is intimate, and the women get to know each other and are closely associated, as they have to live their own lives.

Rene, who loved pretty dresses as much as any girl, was thrilled at the idea of purchasing a trousseau, and he had a busy time getting his things, with the help of his mother, sister and Lucille, who had excellent feminine taste in clothes, through long training. But Rene's taste, too, was excellent and so the four 'women' (though two of them were males) selected a magnificent outfit, and Rene revelled in many fittings, for he bought dresses by the dozens, and hats, lingerie, shoes, slippers, stockings, slips, all of the finest quality, as became a bride-to-be, and special attention was given to the selection of his nightdresses, which were lovely.

"They are very important," said his mother, "for your 'husband' will see you in them, and you will want to look as charming to him as possible when you prepare for bed. But, of course, you must look charming to him at all times. He will be your superior officer, and you will be totally in his hands, and, as his 'wife' you will not be able to appeal to anybody if he doesn't treat you properly--you know the sacred relation between man and wife--so if you always charm him with your looks and clothes, he is sure to treat you well, if you play your part properly." And so they picked out the sheerest and most expensive underthings they could find, all made to measure.

The necessary accessories were not overlooked, and Rene ordered a dozen pairs of corsets to be made, most of them his regular 18-inch size, but two pairs 17-inch, and two 16-inch, for wear with evening gowns, which were made that size for 'dress-up' occasions, when he might be in the mood for really tight-lacing and an exceptionally small waist. (For Rene had experimented and had been able to get his waist down to 15 inches, so he knew that 16 inches would be possible for him, for an evening.)

Rene, (or perhaps we should call him by his feminine name of 'Juliette', or, better still, by his 'pet' name of 'Violet', which Lucille always used), had received his instructions. The whole affair of his 'marriage' (to say nothing of his 'courtship') must be carried out as though the real thing, to avert suspicion. One day he received a message saying that Captain Louis Charlebois, his future 'husband', would call that evening to meet him. You can imagine Violet's anxiety as to what her future 'husband' would be like. Unlike most girls, she had no choice, but must accept as her husband the man picked out for her by the Intelligence department, and she would have to 'Marry' and live with that man for two years, as his 'wife.' It was terribly important, and so she naturally was nervous and excited as she dressed for the evening, when he was to call. You may be sure that she took extreme pains with her toilette, assisted by her mother and Jeanette, and even Lucille, who was anxious for her close friend, came over to help, especially with Violet's hair, as she was a marvellous hairdresser, and loved to do Violet's beautiful, heavy wavy long hair. For the occasion, they chose for Violet to wear, one of her new stunning evening gowns, with a 16-inch waist, deciding that a tiny waist would be sure to make an impression on the Captain, who would know, of course, that Violet was only a man--but she must not look like one--on the contrary, she must impress the Captain as being utterly feminine--and what better for but

than a tiny wasp waist, and a beautiful, low-cut evening gown, and slippers with pointed 4-inch heels? And her lovely glowing red hair done in a divine evening coiffure? She chose simple jewelry, as became a young girl--pearls. I think I have given you the idea that Violet looked exceedingly lovely as she finished her toilette, and went down to meet her 'lover'. He turned out to be a handsome young man, very pleasant and agreeable, and Rene liked him instantly, and thought that she might not have done better if she had been able to choose her future 'husband' herself.

As expected, Violet made a tremendous impression on the Captain, but he would not believe at first that ~~Rene~~ Viloet was a boy, for he had 'everything' that a girl should have in looks and manners and voice. Again and again he said: 'You can't be a boy. IT's impossible! That hair, that figure, those small hands and feet, that complexion. You must be a girl. It simply can't be done.' But Rene reassured him again and again that he really was a male and finally, to convince him once and for all, he took him to an adjoining wash-room and lifted his skirts. The Captain of course had to be satisfied, but he was astounded to find that a boy could turn himself into such a gorgeous girl.

"Well," said the Captain, after they had returned to the drawing-room, "my orders are to woo you and ask you to marry me. When I received those orders, I was disgusted, for I could not imagine that a boy could make a passable girl, so I had pictured myself 'married' to some mannish looking 'sissy' who would drive me wild. But this is different, for you really are a beautiful girl-I really mean it--and you will make me a 'wife' that I shall be proud of--that is, if you will consent to 'marry' me. Will you?"

"This is so sudden," said Violet, trying to blush and look coy and maidenly. They both laughed. "I will think it over. You should woo me first."

"Very well," said Louis. "May I call tomorrow evening?"

"Of course," said Violet. "we have to make our plans and arrange all the details."

"Yes," said Louis, "our orders are to go on a honeymoon, at the end of which I am to bring my 'bride' to the post, and take up our residence there as man and wife. You will make a lovely bride, and will be the prettiest girl or woman at the post, by far. Look out that they don't become jealous of you. And you will have to watch your step with the young unmarried officers there, for they are very susceptible to feminine charms, and are very likely to fall in love with you. Perhaps you had better try to look less pretty, when you become a married 'woman'. We laughed at all this banter, but Violet knew there was a good deal of truth back of it, and that he might find it difficult to be a 'married woman' in an army post--and the prettiest 'woman' there. But that would come later. No use to worry now.

To make a long story short, Louis wooed and won Violet, and he announced at the post that he was engaged to a girl, and requested leave of absence for his honeymoon--and of course, it was granted. He told everybody that the girl lived in Nice, so Rene went there, bag and baggage, and Louis joined him. They registered at Hotel Ruhl as man and wife, and took the bridal suite.

Rene told me about his first night as a 'bride' and as it is amusing the way he told it, I will try to repeat his words.

"I had not roomed with a man since I became a 'girl' and so was about as timid and embarrassed as a real bride would have been when Louis and I went to our room for the night. I gazed at the big double bed. I would have to sleep with Louis in it, as there was no other bed. I wondered what would happen. I started to undress, and Louis very kindly unhooked my gown and unlaced my corsets. I took off the rest of my clothes and stood before Louis naked."

"Why," he exclaimed, "you even have the body of a girl, breasts and hips and legs! It's marvellous. You are as beautiful undressed as dressed."

"I'm glad you like me," I said. "As your 'wife,' of course I want to please you," and I smiled at him and turned on the 'charm' as I knew so well how to do, to intrigue a man. I was teasing him, testing him, to see how far he would go with me, and to make him feel that I really was a girl, in spite of everything. I slipped on one of my lovely new night-dresses, and then

stepped in front of the mirror, let my hair down, and combed it and brushed it preparatory to going to bed. I could see him watching in the glass from behind, entranced, knowing full well how a man is thrilled to see a girl with her hair down brushing it, particularly if she has nice hair.

He came close and gave my hair a tug. "Why", he exclaimed, "it's your own hair. I thought you were wearing a wig." And he stroked my soft locks gently. I now got into bed, and he undressed swiftly, and joined me. I was insuspense as to what he would do. I was quite sure he was a 'normal' man, but I looked so feminine and had led him on so much, that I was afraid that he might treat me as a girl. Momentarily he did, for he took me in his arms, held me tightly, felt my breasts and body, buried his face in my hair, turned me over and kissed me, and then let me go. He turned his back, and I turned mine, and, with 'good-nights', we at last went to sleep. That was our invariable program in bed--a caress, a kiss and then 'Good-night.' I was so glad that he was normal, for even though I was a 'girl' and feminine, yet I was still masculine--if you can follow me. I mean that my sexual instincts were male, though all my other instincts were female, from having dressed and lived as a girl so long, and I preferred being a girl. But I had become so feminine that I preferred masculine attention and masculine company, and I craved masculine admiration, just as a real girl does. That was the reason that I took so much pains about my looks, and loved to wear pretty dresses and to have my complexion and hair look lovely. And that was the reason I welcomed tight corsets and high-heeled shoes--to make me more attractive and girlish. Of course, another reason was that I wanted to keep up with my twin sister Jeanette and be just as pretty as she, so that nobody could tell us apart. It was she who had taught me tight-lacing, as I had to match her small waist, and now I had become an addict and at times had a much smaller waist than she.

"We spent two weeks at Nice on our 'honeymoon' and had a wonderful time. Louis was lovely to me, and treated me exactly as though I really was a girl, and his bride. He was proud of my beauty, and loved to dine with me in public restaurants where all could see us together, and to dance with me, clad in one of my new evening dresses, with my 16-inch waist. I got joy out of wearing my new trousseau, a different dress on every occasion, for I had brought four large trunks full of clothes. I had lovely day-time ~~dr~~ dresses, and dozens of divine hats, all of them becoming to me. Louis was ~~ma~~mausing, the way he took an interest in my dresses. He had his favorite ones, the same as I did, and he would ask me to wear the ones he liked best, and it was the same with hats. We had a good time. We went to Monte Carlo and gambled a little, and I was lucky. We went to Mentone, and other near-by places. I had never travelled before, at least not since I had become a girl, and I loved getting about in fashionable crowds, with Louis, and I got a thrill out of knowing that my looks received favorable comment. And no girl or woman was better dressed than I.

The post to which Louis and I were assigned was out in the country, several hours from Paris, and the nearest place was a small, unattractive city, so the people at the post had to depend upon themselves for their pleasures. Louis had lived there, as a bachelor, of course, for some time, and had made many friends among the officers and their wives, and was popular. A warm welcome awaited him and his young 'Bride' when we came back, and the first evening all the officers and families gave a reception in our honor. You can imagine how I was in the spot-light as a young bride, the center of attraction. It was a trying position for a man, to be thus received as a young 'wife' into the social circles of the post, as any man would understand. I had become accustomed to being a young maiden at home, but to be a young married 'woman' among strangers was something else, and I was nervous as I dressed for the occasion. Louis was sweet, and did his best to calm me, and he helped me to dress, and laced me in, as usual. I wore his favorite evening frock, which required a 16-inch waist, which Louis loved to see me with. In fact, every evening on our honeymoon Louis had laced me in to 16 inches, which of course made me very

uncomfortable, but I endured it to please him. And now he was starting it here at home. Right at the start I would establish a reputation of having an extremely small waist, and I supposed I would have to continue with it every time I wore an evening dress, as everybody was sure to notice me particularly this first time they saw me. So I should have to suffer much discomfort as a penalty for my pride in my figure. I spent hours doing my hair and primping and my mirror told me that I looked very nice. Louis was delighted with the way I looked and said he would be very proud of his lovely bride, the prettiest girl at the post. And, to my surprise (and secret delight) he took me into his arms and kissed me. I felt that at last he really was falling in love with me, and I was glad, for it would make my position more pleasant and natural and he would not have to act a part, and pretend that he loved his wife when in the presence of others. I had become very fond of him, so that it would be easy for me to play the part of the loving wife in public, if not in private.

The reception was a pleasant affair. I was cordially received by all at the post and they all did their best to put me at ease and make me feel that I was welcome in their circle. But it was a strange position in which I found myself, pretending to be a bride, a wife, when, after all, I was only a young man dressed up as a girl. But it was impossible for anyone to suspect my disguise and I had nothing to fear on that score. In fact, as Louis had predicted, I was the prettiest girl there. I know my saying this may sound as though I was conceited about my looks, and perhaps I was, for I am only stating a fact when I say that I was pretty and I think it would have made most men conceited to be able to turn themselves into a beautiful young maiden, admired by everybody, but especially the men.

I soon settled into the routine life of the post. I joined the ladies' bridge club, and was invited to all of the social events of the post--teas, dinners, parties and the weekly dances. The ladies called on me. I showed them my lovely dresses, which they admired and envied. I returned their calls. I made warm friendships among the girls and women. And friends among the men were not lacking, for my girlish beauty attracted them strongly. I loved to draw them to me and to carry on mild flirtations with some of them who 'fell for me'. I was in great demand as a partner at the dances, for I had the prettiest dresses, the smallest waist and the most admired hair of any girl or lady and my white complexion, which went naturally with my flaming hair, was the equal of any woman's. I did my utmost to be pleasant and agreeable and to make myself popular, and always turned on all my feminine charm when in company, smiling often and laughing at every joke of the men, no matter how stupid. Louis was often away on cases, and it was at such times that I had my fun with the men. Louis did not object to my flirtations, as he wanted me to have a good time, and I would tell him about my 'conquests' and we both would laugh at the great joke I was playing on those susceptible males, with whom I was supposed to be carrying on in secret, in the absence of my 'Husband'. Louis didn't mind, so long as I was careful not to go too far. For there was always the chance that some man might become so infatuated with me that he might attack and assault me in his passion--and probably discover the secret of my sex. That would be too awful, and would be the undoing of both Louis and me. And the disgrace of it! One man married to another and living together as bride and groom! And a man disgracing himself by dressing as a girl and living as one, and deceiving everybody with his feminine grace and beauty! I realized all this, and so was careful not to go too far in my harmless flirtations, though I must confess that I had more than one man at my feet, and allowed myself to be kissed more than once, to play the part as expected.

I had had a happy, busy time as a young girl before my 'marriage'. I constantly went out with Jeanette and with Lucille. We went to parties, teas and other social events, and often in to Paris for the theater or shopping, and I had as much freedom as any young girl could expect--though of course not the freedom of a boy, for there were many restrictions as to what a girl could do. But here at the post, all was changed and I led a rather confined

life, as there was no place I could go, and little to do. I took up sewing, embroidering, and other fancy work, and tried to pass the time at feminine occupations, but the time passed slowly and I had a dull time. The 'other' married ladies were very friendly, and even intimate, and I listened to talk about intimate female matters that would never reach the ears of a man ordinarily, and which embarrassed me until I got used to it. I never had known that there were so many female ailments, and I heard all about them, in great detail. They were surprised that I never was ill with certain a female period ailment. After I had been there a few months I was asked when I expected to have a baby, and they smiled knowingly when I turned red with embarrassment, wondering what they would say if they only knew the truth. How Louis and I laughed when I told him about it that night.

But I could not find much fault with my humdrum married life at this isolated army post, for I kept reminding myself that it was far better to be leading the luxurious and lazy life of a married woman, than to be serving as a soldier in the army, where I rightly belonged, with all the drilling and hard work, and rough quarters and food--and rough company. Here I was serving my time in the army in an easy way, and receiving the pay of a lieutenant, and much of it was pleasant--the social affairs, and the fun I had playing the part of a pretty girl with the men--and with the women, too. For I must admit that it was a constant pleasure for me to be a pretty girl, and I revelled in my feminine beauty, and never got tired of it.

But it was not a life of leisure, for I was subject to call, and soon a case came up in which I took a part--and an exciting part, doing detective work, playing the part of a beautiful 'siren'--a charmer of a man.

VIOLET'S FIRST ESPIONAGE CASE.

For some time Louis and his associates had been busy on a certain case, which baffled them. A young, unmarried lieutenant, at another ~~post~~ post was suspected of being a traitor, and giving military secrets to the enemy. Careful detective work had proved that he had no private means, and yet he was rolling in money, and spending it far beyond the ability of a lieutenant on his pay. He was extremely fond of the ladies, and he was often seen entertaining a pretty girl in the restaurant of his favorite hotel, a most expensive place. In fact, he had several 'lady friends' and lavished presents on them, and it was a mystery where the money came from, but it was almost certain from certain clues, that it came from a foreign country. But thus far it had been impossible to get any proof of his crime. So I was called in to try to gain his confidence and get him to betray himself. It was not a pleasant thing to do, but I was a soldier, and it was my duty to obey orders. Besides, if this man was a traitor to his country, and to his army, he should be exposed and arrested. His principal weakness was his fondness for a 'petticoat' and that was where I was to come in, if possible. Louis was positive that he would quickly succumb to the charms of a beautiful red-head like myself. Our plans were carefully laid. Louis and I took a room in the hotel, and I moved in with many pretty dresses and accessories, for I was to get myself up as a dazzling, alluring girl of a type in which Lieutenant Goff (his name) would be interested. Louis dressed inconspicuously in mufti and each evening took a corner table in the restaurant where he could unobtrusively watch Goff. Each evening, at dinner time, I got myself up as beautifully as I could. I daily enjoyed the luxury of having my hair done in the hotel's fine beauty shop, and also had daily facials and manicures, and at the end of my treatment I would have my face made up by the operator for the evening, who used a plentiful supply of rouge, lipstick, powder and mascara very skillfully. I also had my eyebrows plucked the first time. When I emerged with my hair looking lovely and my face flawlessly made up, I was ready to dress and assume the role of a 'siren.' Needless to say, I wore my most lovely gowns, and laced in to 16 inches. I donned ear-rings and other jewelry and left nothing undone to make myself as dazzling and alluring as possible. The first two evenings Goff had girls with him for dinner, so Louis sent up

word to me not to come down, and so I dined alone in my room. But the third evening a waiter came up with a message from Louis that I was to come down to the restaurant at once. Goff was sitting alone at his customary table. I could not miss him, as he was in full uniform, and, besides, Louis, off in his corner, caught my eye and nodded and signalled me to take a table near Lieut. Goff. I was heavily scented and I made it a point, as I entered and passed on to my table, to pass very close to him with my rustling skirts and heavy perfume, so as to attract his attention. Though I didn't look at him, I was aware that he had noticed me, and was interested at once. I took my table, facing him, and could feel his eyes on me. I knew how exactly to play the game--it was not the first time that I had 'picked up' a man, in a public place,--and I was familiar with all of the tricks and wiles a girl uses. After a while I allowed Goff to catch my eye. He smiled and nodded and I smiled faintly, then dropped my lashes coyly. But soon I looked up again and smiled at him, and he quickly came over to my table, bowed, kissed my hand in true French gallant style, and then spoke, pretending that we were old friends. He asked me to join him at his table and have dinner with him. Of course, I accepted with pleasure, and soon we were chatting together as though we had known each other for a long time. I told him that I was the wife of a travelling salesman who was away a great deal, and that I got lonesome and craved some excitement, and so had ventured out, for I was young and loved a good time. (I had made it a point to wear my wedding ring, a large and valuable diamond one that Louis had given me when we became engaged). He was a fast worker and became very friendly. He told me to call him 'John' and I told him he could call me 'Rosebud.' We drank champagne with dinner, though he drank most of the bottle, and soon he became ardent, and from time to time held my hand, under the table, and pressed it. His knee was pressed against my silk-clad one, and his foot against my dainty high-heeled one. When our eyes met, I would allow him to look deep into mine. He was a good-looking chap with pleasant manners, and I enjoyed our flirtation and got a feminine feeling out of it. It was exciting, and thrilling. It was delightful to know that my girlish beauty appealed to a man sexually. Louis was watching and I from time to time looked toward him and got his nods of approval, John's back being toward him so that he couldn't see. I felt safer, having Louis there. After a lengthy dinner, John took me to a night club, where we danced. As expected, John asked me to go to his apartment with him 'for a night-cap', but I refused for that night, making some excuse. He made a 'date' to meet me at the same place for dinner the next evening, and finally I left him, permitting him a good-night kiss, which was plenty ardent. Next night we dined and danced together again, and again I refused his invitation, though with more difficulty. He took quite a few drinks, and got quite confidential with me, which was of course what I wanted. He bragged about how much money he made and when I asked him how, he was mysterious about it. I now pretended to get confidential with him and told him a made-up story about my husband, and myself, and how unhappy I was in our married life, and wanted his sympathy. When we said good-night his kiss was definitely passionate and he held me tightly in his arms until I broke away.

Louis and I talked the matter over and decided that the next night I should yield to him and go to his rooms, ply him with drink, and try to get his secrets from him. Of course we knew that it was risky for me to go with him, as his desires with me were only too evident. He would be almost sure to discover the secret of my sex, and then 'hell would be to pay,' as Louis remarked, for one can imagine the rage of a man who discovers that the beautiful girl he is in love with, is only another man--beautiful, but still a man.

But Louis had prepared to protect me in a very ingenious manner. While going through one of the museums, he had noticed some 'belts of chastity' which in olden days the husbands had fastened with locks onto their wives to keep them pure and undefiled when away to the wars. Louis measured me carefully, and then went to a worker in steel, and had a chastity belt made for me.

The lower part, which did the 'protecting', was quite compressing, and fitted tightly and almost painfully, but was a complete protection, and also concealed. A tight flexible belt went around my waist, fitting very tightly so as not to show through my dress. It was fastened with a lock, which my 'Travelling husband' was supposed to take with him when he went away and left me. As usual, I had a date for dinner that evening with John, and so I donned the belt as I dressed in one of my lovely evening frocks, after a hair-wave and facial. The lower part of the 'belt' pressed down severely, and was terribly uncomfortable, but it flattened me out very nicely at the place where no bulge should show and was even better than the elastic bandage I habitually wore for the same purpose.

I plied John with wine, taking only sips myself and got him into a merry and amorous mood. When we danced, he held me so tightly that I could hardly breathe and I thought that I was putting up with a good deal in order to perform my duty. He was delighted, when I agreed to go to his apartment with him. He had a nice flat, with a living room, and a bedroom, which, I noticed, contained a large double bed. There was a desk in the living room. I asked John to get me a glass of water, and while he was out of the room, I hastily examined his desk, and found some letters in a foreign hand. I took them and thrust them down the front of my low-cut dress. By the time John came with the water, I was innocently primping before the mirror, patting my hair into place and powering my nose. John brought a bottle of champagne, and some food from his ice box, and we sat tete-a-tete, and I plied John with the champagne. He became more and more passionate, and I encouraged him. He made love to me. We sat on a sofa and he drew me onto his lap and held me close and smothered me with kisses, which I returned, playing the game as planned. At last he picked me up and carried me into his bedroom. I struggled and protested but he paid no attention. I kicked and squirmed, but he was too strong for me, hampered as I was by my tight corset and dress, which made me feel very helpless. He laid me on the bed, and raised my skirts only to discover my chastity belt. He had never seen such a thing before, and angrily demanded to know what I meant by wearing such a contrivance. I explained all about it, and how my husband didn't trust me when he went out of town, and so always locked me into it, and took the key. 'But,' I said shyly, 'I took the key out of his pocket, and substituted one like it. If you wish, I will bring the key tomorrow night.' Naturally this delighted John and he was appeased. He took me in his arms as we lay there on the bed and we lay close together for a long while. Now was my chance, and I got him to talk. He felt that he had 'won' me and so could confide in me, and between kisses and caresses he told me how he was in touch with German agents and that they paid him large sums to furnish them with military information. He said he was getting rich. Tomorrow he would bring me a lovely present. I now had the information that I was seeking, and that, together with the papers I had snatched, would make a good case against John, and the goose of Lieutenant Goss would be cooked. Naturally, I felt very guilty about the whole matter, and ashamed to have defrauded him. He had been lovely to me and I knew that he loved me and I was feminine enough to have formed a strong liking for him, for any girl who has been kissed and made love to by a handsome young officer cannot help being fond of him. He had given me much pleasure, and many a thrill, and now I had to do my duty and betray him. At last I got up from the bed. My hair had come down and flowed down my back. John felt of it and stroked it, saying that he had always wanted to see me with my glorious hair down. He gathered up handfuls of it, and kissed it, and pleased me with his extravagant praise of it. I love my hair and love to have it admired--vanity, I suppose, but I knew I had unusual hair, which any real girl would have loved to possess. I did up my hair, after gathering up the pins from the bed and floor where they had dropped in the struggle. I smoothed my rumpled dress as best I could, put on my evening wrap, gathered my bag and gloves, and kissed John good night--it was 'la-so 'good-bye', though he didn't suspect it. Later he was found guilty, from my evidence, and sent to prison.

"That will give you an idea of the sort of espionage work that I had to do from time to time during the two years that I was in the service. I often had to act as a 'siren'. Occasionally there was need for a pair of 'sirens' and then I would get Lucille to be one of them, and act with me. He loved the excitement of it and was pretty enough to allure any man."

* * * * *

"I had been deeply interested in Violet's story. I had looked closely at him while he talked. (continued Julian) and I could readily understand why he had been so successful as a bride and as a siren, as I examined his lovely flaming hair and his white complexion that went so perfectly with red-hair. He had large brown eyes, a straight little nose, a rounded chin and cheeks and a darling rose-bud of a mouth. He had narrow arched eyebrows, a delicate thin line (plucked, no doubt) and his eye-lashes were unbelievably long and thick. He had a lovely, slender girlish figure, with a tiny waist, small hands and feet. His rounded breasts peeped from his low-cut gown, and there was a cute little hollow in between the little mounds. In short, he was an unusually beautiful girl, and a very striking one, with his red hair and perfect complexion, a dazzling white. I asked him, at another time at the club, to tell me more about his life as a 'wife' at the army post.

"Of course I got used to it," he said, "though at times it was confining, and during the days time hung heavy on my hands. But I think you'll be interested in the fancy dress ball we held one night. John had gotten more and more interested in my impersonation, and in my clothes, and often he had said to me: 'I wonder how I would look dolled up as a girl.' He was handsome, and dapper and slender, and had regular features, so I told him I was sure that he would make up as a pretty girl. 'Some day I will dress you up as one,' I promised and he said he thought that that would be lots of fun. With this thought in mind, one evening when a crowd was together, I proposed that we have a fancy dress party, and that all the girls dress as men and all the men doll up as girls. It was the younger crowd, and most of the young officers were good-looking. The idea was received with enthusiasm and it was planned to go ahead with it and have a dance in connection with the costume party. Two weeks were allowed for preparation, and all of the wives at once got busy with their husbands costumes. It was decided to award prizes to the prettiest 'girls' and the wives were determined to make their husbands up as prettily as possible and try to win the prize. There were some unmarried officers, too, and they went to the older married women for help. I thought Louis would have a good chance to win a prize if he would place himself in my hands and let me do with him what I thought best, for I thought he was the best looking--and most girlish--of all the men. I immediately put him into corsets, to train his figure. He submitted to the lacing with good grace and I gradually reduced his waist, an inch at a time, so that it didn't bother him greatly. We went to Paris together where he was fitted to an evening gown, after his waist had been reduced to girlish proportions, and we bought the rest of the needed things for his costume--high-heeled slippers, lingerie, stockings, a bra and pads, and we ordered made to measure a special heavily boned corset that would give him an exceptionally small waist and, with padding, a splendidly curved feminine form. But in the meantime, for the whole two weeks, he wore his original corset, one of my old ones, well let out at first, but gradually drawn in. While in Paris I also got my boys' outfit, including a close fitting male wig, a suit of clothes, shirt, collar, tie and boys' shoes--I had to get boys' clothes, as men's were too large for me. I enjoyed the fitting of my suit in the men's store, and so did Louis. The men were so amused at seeing a girl dressing in boys' clothes, and they told me I looked 'cute'. How little they realized that it really was a boy they were fitting--but a boy with a girl's figure. Louis and I smiled to hear them.

Besides the figure training, I gave Louis daily facials to whiten and improve his complexion, and ~~hair~~ bleaches were also applied daily to his neck and arms to whiten them. He had a nice skin, and not too prominent

muscles. He let his fingernails grow, and I manicured them, polished them and filed them to a point, so they looked quite girlish. In short, I left nothing undone in training and preparing Louis for his role of a lady. The other wives were busy with their husbands, but great secrecy was maintained, and there was much mystery. I noticed that the other husbands were being groomed and it was evident that some of them were wearing corsets and reducing their waists, the same as Louis was doing. I had bought Louis a pair of slippers with very high heels, and they were plenty snug. As soon as they came, he started wearing them around the house to get used to them and break them in. The first time he stood in them he teetered and almost fell over backwards. In order to get used to them and learn to walk gracefully in them, I would take him out walking in the evenings, and we would avoid meeting people, so that they would not see him tripping along with short, ladylike steps, on his 'stilts,' as he called them. I also danced with him in our room, he wearing his slippers and taking the girl's part, and wearing one of my negligees, so as to accustom himself to handling skirts. By the night of the dance, I had Louis well trained and he was much interested and seemed eager to get into his dress and assume his role of a lady. First I whitened his neck, shoulders, arms and back with a heavy liquid white, then powdered him heavily with a light flesh-colored, clinging powder. Then I made up his face, taking great pains with it. He had long lashes, which I mascara-ed. I plucked his eyebrows, and applied the pencil, so as to form a narrow arch, which was very effective. I gave him a nice, smooth white base complexion, and then carefully applied the rouge. I made up his lips into a red cupid's-bow. From my locked trunk I got out the lovely red wig that I had worn when I first became a girl--the wig that had been made in exact imitation of my sister's hair, and which I had discarded when my own hair became long, and I adjusted it carefully on Louis's head. The effect was magical, and with his perfectly made-up face, he actually looked like a pretty girl. He stared at himself in the glass with amazement, and exclaimed: 'Why, I actually look pretty.' 'Of course you do,' I replied, 'and you are going to win the first prize, but I have got to dress you, so come away from that mirror.' But he was fascinated with his looks, and could hardly tear himself away from the glass. His new corsets, which he had never tried on, had been made, at my orders, considerably smaller than the size Louis had been wearing and I had ordered the dressmaker to take in his dress at the waist. Louis was in for some very tight lacing, though he did not suspect it, and he didn't notice it as I pulled him in, so interested was he in his appearance, constantly glancing at himself in the glass, and remarking what a good-looking girl he made. I actually laced him in to 18 inches, and before the evening was over he was very conscious of his tight corsets, though he didn't notice them at first. I finished dressing him. His low-cut evening gown fitted like paper on the wall, and, with his padding, and tight lacing, he had an exceptionally nice, ladylike figure, with attractive curves in the places where they should be.

As for me, it didn't take me long to don my boys's clothes and wig. I put on a masculine make-up, but both Louis and I had to laugh at the way I looked, for I didn't look a bit like a boy, but for all the world like a pretty girl dressed in male attire. It struck us both as funny that I, really a boy, couldn't conceal my girlish looks, and looked like a ~~boy~~ girl trying to imitate a boy. I was too pretty for it, and couldn't conceal my small waist and girlish curves that had developed though my year's of wearing corsets. It was somewhat of a shock to me, for it brought home to me the fact that I could never ~~again~~ successfully become a man again, if I should wish to in the future, so feminine looking had I become. I will not go into details about the party. There were many clever make-ups, both male and female, and some of the other men made charming girls, but Louis was the best, and he won the first prize, as I had predicted.

---THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARY MORRIS

(Julian Eltinge/ continues his narrative)

(My story has perhaps become somewhat involved, with all of the incidents related by different members of the Club Femina that Julian met on the night of his initiation. The reader must recall that I was in Julian's hotel apartment, that he was in feminine attire, and that he was telling me the story of his career as a female impersonator. We are still in the Club Femina and Julian is in the receiving line, with the Baroness and the Countess.)

"If I am not boring you," said Julian, "I will tell you about some others of those I met that night, particularly the 'permanent' members, who, after all, are the most remarkable, and so the most interesting."

"You are not boring me at all," I replied. "In fact, I am deeply interested, and I could listen to you for hours. I love to hear about those wonderful men who were able to transform themselves into women so perfectly. I never dreamed that there could be such men in the world. Please tell me more about them."

"Very well," said Julian, "I will tell you about the more remarkable members of the Club that I met that night. I suppose that all of them were really remarkable, since they all could pass anywhere as women, but of course I haven't time to tell about all of the 125 to 130 that I met that night."

"I was delighted to see my old friends, Pearl, Rose and Georgette, who were as well groomed as usual. Pearl, as usual, was a little blonde beauty in white, sweet and demure, and Rose was the vivacious highly colored red-head, extremely tightly laced and high-heeled, as before, while Georgette was, as always, the stately, handsome brown-haired, rather buxom girl, with her ample bosom, narrow waist and feminine hips, utterly feminine in a statuesque manner. All three kissed me very sweetly, and gave me a very warm welcome to the club. They passed on, promising to see me later."

"And next I saw approaching a tall, handsome, brown-haired woman, leading by the hand a little girl, who looked terribly sweet, with her white, childish face and head of lovely chestnut curls, growing in great luxuriance. She was wearing a little frock that didn't come quite down to her knees. Her chubby, white little legs were bare, and she wore short socks and tiny baby shoes. A sash of blue encircled her waist, tied at the back in a large bow, and a blue ribbon was tied about her hair, on top of her head. She was carrying a doll. She was one of the cutest children that I had seen in a long time. She was not over 3 feet tall."

"What is that little girl doing here?" I whispered to the Countess.

"I thought that no girls, least of all children, were allowed in the Club."

"That is not a little girl, silly," said the Countess. "That is one of our members, in good standing. He is a midget, 24 years old. He is on the stage with a group of midgets, and always takes feminine parts. He has always dressed as a girl. The 'lady' with him is a man who acts as his protector and 'mother' since he is so small and helpless, that it is not safe for him to go about anywhere alone, especially at night."

"By this time the little girl and her 'mother' had reached us. The 'mother' greeted us first. She was, of course, the perfect type of woman, attractive, shapely, handsomely dressed, nice complexion and hair. She was a 'permanent.' After she had given me the regular kiss of sisterly greeting and welcome to the club, the little girl stood up on tip-toe and said to me: 'Hello, booful lady', in a high, childish voice, and in perfect imitation of a little girl. I stooped down and kissed her. I was astonished at the perfection of his impersonation of a child. He had a round, white babyish face with large, staring brown eyes. His complexion was that of a little girl, with a lovely, soft skin. His profusion of curls were beautiful, and I could see that it was his own hair. In short, I had never seen a prettier little girl, and you can believe that it was

almost impossible for me to believe that this charming child was in reality an adult man, 24 years old. Later I learned more about him, and it was a most interesting case. He belonged to a troupe of midgets, of which his father and mother were the head. They had played everywhere, including the U.S.A., and always made a decided hit. Little Mary Lou, as our member called himself, had always been pretty and effeminate, and so his parents had brought him up as a girl, and he always played girl parts on the stage, as there was more demand for such parts than for male parts in the midget show. He was a great pet at the Club--the only 'child' there. Members would hold him on their laps and 'mother' him, and he was a source of much amusement at the Club, playing the little girl very cleverly. Mary Lou kept dolls and other little-girl toys there, and she was often to be seen dressing her dollies or wheeling them in their little carriage about the club, acting the part of a little girl to perfection. He had an impish sense of humor, and loved to play practical jokes. His 'mother' would take him, dressed as a little girl, of course, to a toy shop, and she would be interested in the toys, but when a saleslady would take an interest in the 'little girl' and perhaps talk 'baby talk', he would burst forth in decidedly grown-up language, perhaps using some swear word, much to the surprise of the girl. Or his 'mother' would put on a maid's uniform and he would dress in an infant's costume and get into a baby carriage and be wheeled in the park by his 'nurse', with his bottle. Then, when friendly ladies or old gentlemen would stoop over his carriage to admire the pretty baby and chuck it under the chin or playfully poke it, he would dumfound them by saying, in a deep voice: "Who the hell do you think you are poking? Lay off me." Then his nurse would hurriedly wheel the baby away, and both would be convulsed with laughter, leaving the baby's admirers in a state of confusion and embarrassment. At the club, he usually dressed as a little girl, as the members preferred him that way, and he amused them, but he often put his hair up and dressed in adult clothes, tiny corsets and all, and made the sweetest little lady imaginable. He never in his life had worn male clothes and was perfectly content to be a little girl, because he was so perfectly fitted for it, and was so pretty. Apparently, he would never grow up, so far as looks were concerned."

"I was indeed surprised to see coming to greet us the 'lady' who ran the dressmaking establishment where the Countess and I had bought our dresses. Little had I suspected, when we went there for our fittings, that this 'lady', who had helped design our dresses, was in reality a man. And a very attractive lady he made. He had a lovely figure and needless to say he was dressed in a most exquisite creation, which was a splendid advertisement for his shop. He had the reputation of being one of the best dressed 'permanent' members. It was easy for him, owning a dress shop and being an expert designer. After he had kissed me in greeting, and laughed a little at my surprise in discovering his real sex, he passed on, and there was another surprise for me--but the whole evening was filled with surprises. For who should greet me but the 'woman' who ran the corset shop that the Countess and I had patronized. I think I have mentioned 'her' superbly corseted figure when we went for our fittings. 'She' was a tall, well-built woman, and she had a magnificent hour-glass form and you could picture the outlines of her corset under her severely tight-fitting black velvet evening gown, which was designed to advertise her corset. In fact, that part of her gown under her corset, from bust to hips, was outlined in lace over her dress foundation, which was a very striking effect. It was evident that her rather full body was corseted to the extreme degree, and I could not help marvelling at it, and wondering at a man that was willing to spend his life compressed in such tight corsets. I mentioned this to the Countess, afterwards, but she said it was part of her business--she was a good

advertisement for her wares, and she was thoroughly accustomed to being tight-laced, and didn't mind it. Besides, he was more feminine than masculine and had lived as a woman for years, and didn't mind tight lacing any more than a woman did. In fact, the Countess reminded me that he was not more tightly laced than the Baroness or herself or myself, at the moment, or of dozens of other members present. I realized that that was true. The tiny waist was in style and it was only to be expected that men imitating women and anxious to be as feminine and as fashionable as possible, should draw ~~their~~ their waists in as small as they could possibly stand it. Probably there was no group in the world more ~~high~~ tightly laced and with smaller waists than the men present at the Club Femina that evening. It was a matter of pride with them, and also of rivalry, for the smaller the waist, the more the member was admired. It was interesting to me to note that throughout that long evening, no member ever referred to his corsets in any way, or gave any sign that he was conscious of being tight-laced. It simply was bad form, and never done at the Club. In fact, it was an unwritten rule of the Club that a member never should refer to his real sex, but should always pretend that he was a female, in looks, voice conversation and manners. All had feminine names, which were invariably used. It was always 'she' and 'her'; we all were of the feminine gender in the Club.

"Among other members who greeted me was the 'woman' who conducted the hair shop where the Countess and I had obtained our latest wigs--and I the lovely red one that I was wearing. 'She' was nice looking, if not pretty. I recalled that each time the Countess and I had gone to 'her' shop 'she' had had a different color of hair. She must have had dozens of wigs of various shades, all masterpieces, and she loved to change from blonde to brunette, or from red-head to a brown-haired girl, with the appropriate make-up, at which she was an expert. She was a 'permanent' member, of course, and, like many of the other 'permanents', had been brought up as a girl and didn't know what it was to wear male clothes or to be a man. Tonight she was a blonde, in white satin, her dress fitting tightly over her tiny corseted waist. She wore white satin opera slippers with extremely high heels--5 inches, I should judge--but she walked in them with ease and grace. She had a nice complexion, and was heavily perfumed and I liked being kissed by her--she was so feminine. But so were all of the rest and not once when I was kissed, through all the evening, did it seem like being kissed by a man. I do not like being kissed by a man, though I often have had to endure it, but these members of the Club Femina were not men to me--but ladies, and so I enjoyed all their kisses."

"A handsome, rather elderly woman, with greying hair, came up, followed by two buxom, capable-looking young 'women'. 'That is Doctor Le Roux and her two nurses. 'She' is a well-known women's doctor and an expert surgeon. She runs a small hospital in connection with her office and these two 'male' nurses' work with her. They all are 'permanents.' Practically all of our members go to 'her' when we are ill, for then there is no danger of our sex being discovered. She treats only women, but that lets our 'permanent' members in, of course. 'She' has performed a certain operation on a number of our permanent members, to make them more feminine and to make it easier for them to live their female lives. It is surprising how much an operation will feminize a man and almost turn him into a real woman, making him much happier in his assumed role and also making him physically feminine and increasing his feminine beauty. If done in early life, a man can even develop breasts and hips, and grow soft, luxuriant long feminine hair. And of course it changes the voice, so that a man does not have to make an effort to talk in a feminine voice."

"And now I was amazed to see coming up the famous Mlle. Polaire, the vaudeville actress. I had seen her in New York at the 'Palace.' Now she was playing in Paris. You have probably seen or heard of, or seen the picture of the famous Mlle. Polaire, who was always advertised as "the ugliest

girl, with the smallest waist in the world." And 'she' was a man! How astonishing! As she came nearer I saw that she was not really ugly, but had a rather attractive face, and a nice complexion, though her mouth was rather too large. But she had lovely large eyes, with very long lashes. She was short. But of course, the astonishing thing about her was her incredibly tiny waist, and I could readily believe that she had the smallest waist in the world, for it seemed to be not more than 12 or 13 inches round. Throughout the evening I had been admiring the small waists of the members I had met, and had marvelled at them--and it must be remembered that I myself, was laced in to 16 inches, and I had been feeling very proud of my waist line, but now it seemed huge as compared with that of Mlle. Polaire. On the stage her waist had always awed the audiences because of its incredible smallness, and made them gasp, and even fill them with sympathy for this tightly-laced young woman, but to think that it was a man made it all the more wonderful to me. How could he do it? How could he stand it, day after day? He looked as though almost cut in two at the middle. How could he breathe? What had become of his organs--his stomach, his intestines, his liver and kidneys? It didn't seem possible that he could live in that compressed condition. And yet I knew that he had been on the stage for a number of years, always billed as 'the girl with the smallest waist in the world'. Perhaps it didn't bother him. He must be used to it and not mind it."

"Mlle. Polaire came up and was introduced to me by the Baroness and she greeted me very cordially and gave me a warm kiss. You know, people on the stage have a fellow-feeling for each other, being in the same profession, and so I could sense that Mlle. Polaire felt very friendly toward me. She was all smiles. Somehow, I couldn't help feeling that there should be a look of pain or distress on her face, because of her corsets, though of course that was ridiculous, for she was always laced that way, and didn't mind her corsets any more than I minded mine. (Later I met Mlle. Polaire and had a confidential chat with her, and she told me briefly the story of her life, which I thought quite interesting. Though born a boy, she had always been petite, girlish, feminine. His father and mother were actors, and as a small boy he started taking little girl parts in their shows, and was brought up as a girl, his hair allowed to grow, and it seemed natural for him to be a girl and he liked it, as his instincts were feminine. His mother early discovered that he had an unusually small waist, which was almost a deformity, it was so tiny. His mother was a tight lacer, and when he was about 9 years old she put him into corsets, determined to make the most of his unusually small waist. His first corset was size 12 and he wore it as he grew into a young lady, with his waist never allowed to expand beyond 12 inches, although this became more and more tight for him as he grew, but not unbearably so, and his strong-minded mother saw to it that he retained his 12-inch waist. That was the secret of his figure. His waist had never been larger than 12- or 13 inches throughout the years, and of course his body had conformed to the shape of his corsets and his waist was permanently tiny, so that he didn't have to lace any tighter than an ordinary woman or girl with, say, an 18-inch waist." My day-time measurement is now 13 inches, but on the stage and in evening dress, like tonight, I have a 12-inch waist. My tiny waist on the stage was noticed and so I got into vaudeville on the strength of it and of my singing--for, you know, I have quite a good soprano voice," he said. "I cannot say that my life has been a very happy one, so tightly corseted all these years, and I suppose I have never really drawn a full breath, and I can eat very little, as there is no place to put it. But my figure has won me fame and fortune, and I am saving my money and some day I shall retire from the stage and let my waist out, and be a comfortable old lady, living a life of ease and luxury. I often think how nice it would be to have a big 15-inch waist. But I shall never leave off corsets. I couldn't live without them.")

Among the other 'permanents' I met was a 'girl' from Burma. She was short and slender almost to the point of being 'skinny.' She had an attractive face, with great black eyes, and the smooth olive complexion of a girl from the East, and she was clad in the flowing, gracefully draped robes of her country--I mean, in native dress. But by far the most striking thing about her was her wonderful hair. It reminded me of the hair of the wig that the Countess had worn at home with me in negligee--and that hair had come from Burma--only it was thicker and longer, reaching to her ankles in beautiful undulations. It was as fine as silk. After she had greeted us and passed on, I asked the Countess if she always wore her hair hanging loose in that manner.

"Oh, no," replied the Countess Helene, "only here at the club, so that the members can admire her hair, which doesn't show so well when done up. In public she wears her hair in buns at the base of her neck, or else plaited and bound around her head in coronet fashion. And she usually dresses in modern European fashion--and a cute little woman she makes, to be sure, a charming little brunette, and so girlish and slender and frail. She operates a hair-dressing shop and sells gallons of a hair lotion she has devised, which is supposed to make the hair grow rapidly. She shows her own hair as an example of what her tonic will do, though of course her hair has grown naturally, without the use of any preparation. She was brought up as a girl, though of course really a boy, and has never had her hair cut. Her business is making her rich."

And speaking of hair reminds me of another 'permanent' member with very lovely thick hair whom I met that night. 'She' was a large, buxom blonde, with a very ample bust. 'She' was a Swede, and dressed in native dress, and over each shoulder was a thick braid of corn-colored hair, reaching below 'her' waist. It was a lovely color, and shiny, really beautiful hair, of which 'she' naturally was very proud, and so liked to wear it hanging. Like most of the 'permanents', 'she' had been brought up as a girl, and her hair had never been cut. 'She' looked completely feminine and had regular features and a charming light complexion. Helene told me 'her' mother had been a singer and so had trained her 'daughter's' voice to such good effect that 'she' had developed a wonderful soprano voice and had been a prima donna on the Stockholm stage for several years. That voice training accounted for the development of 'her' ample bosom, which is, as you know, characteristic of most opera singers. 'She' was well corseted and had a shapely figure and nicely rounded hips, which curved attractively under 'her' tight-fitting low-cut evening gown. 'Her' hands and feet were small and altogether 'she' made a stunning woman in every way. 'She' only wore her hair hanging there at the club for the benefit of those members who were 'long-hair' fans and liked to see the length and thickness of her tresses and to feel of them and stroke and caress the soft, silken locks. 'She' conducted a singing school in Paris, giving lessons to girls and women. Her voice was as good as ever, but she had given up the stage because she had become a little too buxom for young girl roles, and also because of the hard work and training. She also made more money with her school.

I was delighted to be greeted by the pretty little Mae, who gave me a warm and sweet kiss. She was one of the most attractive and feminine of all the members that I had met, and I think that the fact that she was a 'mother' made her sweeter and more tender and affectionate. She was most lovely, both in looks and character. How could she possibly be a man? I marvelled. It was impossible--and yet true. I asked her about the baby, and she said little Jean was fine--and still looked more and more like a girl, instead of a boy. "Georges and I are quite sure we shall have to bring him up as a girl," she told me. "I hope so, for I'd rather have a daughter than a son." And girls are so much easier to bring up, and I know so much more about them than I do about boys. And Georges is the same way."

Next to be presented were two small Japanese, gotten up as Geisha girls, in native costumes--kimonos, obis, and clogs on their feet. Their abundant coal-black was dressed in Japanese style, and they had followed that style in their make-up, wearing heavy coatings of white rice powder, giving them the white, flat complexions of Geisha girls, and other Japanese women, the only relief from the paleness being vividly made-up lips, in small cupid-bows. But their eyes were also made up with mascara, and their eyelashes heavily beaded. They were cute, dainty, attractive little women, and very pretty in the Japanese manner, so that in their native land they could have qualified as Geisha girls in the best houses of entertainment. Helene told me that one of them was a 'permanent', and had her own long hair, while the other was a transient member, and wore a wig, of course. But they were equally feminine looking, and I could not tell which was which--nor could anybody else. They conducted a prosperous Japanese goods store in Paris, and lived together as man and wife. It had from the start been found best for one of them to live as a woman and wait upon the women customers and model kimonos and other feminine apparel. The 'husband' could do it just as well, and at times when business was unusually brisk, and extra clerks were hired, he would dress as a woman and also do modelling and selling to the lady customers. He preferred wearing feminine garments, as, of course, did his 'wife' but for business and other reasons he lived as a man, though he indulged his fancy for wearing women's clothes whenever chance offered, and he visited the Club as often as he could. In public, the 'wife' dressed in modern European dresses, and made a darling little woman, I was told. The 'husband' also had modern women's outfits, and would on occasion dress the part completely, not omitting tightly-laced corsets and high heels, and wearing a wig done in Parisian style, and he made every bit as attractive a girl as his 'wife'--so-called. They were certainly a remarkable pair.

I have described a good many of the 'permanent' members, because they were the most interesting and unusual. Little does the outside world realize that it is entirely possible for these men to transform themselves into convincing girls and women and to live their entire lives as such without being detected or even suspected. Of course, they were extremely effeminate and would have made miserable men, for they looked, acted and talked like women, as of course you already understand, and, as I have told you, some of them were extremely pretty, while a few, like Gaby de Lys and her chorus girls from the Folies, were actually beautiful, both in face and figure. But of course, not all were pretty, for in no group of 130 women will you find a majority of them that way, but, with few exceptions, they all were either handsome or at least good-looking. Otherwise they would not have taken up female impersonation, nor would they have been admitted to the Club, unless they could pass as women unquestioned--and each had passed the exacting test. Some were tall and some short, some slender and some inclined to stoutness--in fact, there was a variety of types such as would be found in any real women's Club, but I think they were better looking, on the average.

I haven't told you much about the transient members. There were so many of them that I haven't the time, even if I could remember. But some of them I recall, who were outstanding. There were the two Spanish girls, who looked exceptionally pretty in their native Spanish costumes. They were dressed in yellow and their thick, high-coiffed shiny black hair carried large tortoiseshell combs, surmounted by mantillas of lace, and they wore about their shoulders lovely silk shawls of rich black lace. They were wasp-waisted and wore black patent-leather slippers with very high Cuban heels. These two lived together, as men, of course, and Helene whispered to me that it was common knowledge in the Club that one or the other of them always dressed as a girl when they were in the privacy of their rooms, and was the 'wife' and the other the 'husband', but since they both were passionately fond of wearing feminine clothes, they alternated weekly in taking the 'wife's' part, though often they would both dress as girls and go out for an evening of fun, pick up a couple of men, and dance with them. But on those occasions they would wear Parisian dresses, and

get themselves up as modern and pretty brunettes. Helene said that she herself had seen them once at a lively dance place on Montmartre, and two good-looking young men were with them and apparently very attentive and devoted to the pretty Spanish girls, who danced with much feminine grace in their extreme high heels. But Helene told me that she believed that neither of them ever 'went out' with a lover, since they were satisfied with their own 'marriage' to each other, and besides, they were jealous of outside men, just as a real wife would have been of her husband, or the husband jealous of another man paid too much attention to his wife.

"They are terribly effeminate men," said Helene, "and have such girlish faces and manners, and such feminine bodies, that people often ridicule them, and call them 'sissies', 'pansies' and all that sort of thing, and give them girls' names, but instead of minding it, they like it and take it as a compliment, for it is their dearest wish to be as pretty and as feminine and girlish as possible. They simply are impervious to ridicule, which is not the case with many of our transient members, who naturally are sensitive about their femininity, and try to conceal it from the public, some even going so far as to wear small false mustaches. Few could grow the m, as they are practically beardless, and without unwanted hair on the body. But if any should appear, the electric needle would remove it permanently. You have noticed how hairless I am (except on the head), (continued Helene). The Baroness is the same and so are all of the permanents.

The parade of members continued until I had met and been greeted by all of the members who were in the Club, except the servants, who also were members, and entitled to meet and greet me. This had been arranged in advance and when it became known that all of the other members had been received and had gone down to the main club rooms, it came their turn. Never, even on the stage, have I seen a more impressive, and yet amusing sight than now came into view, as the men-maids entered, in single file. They were led by the lady house-keeper, who was in charge of all the maids, and who also acted as head-waitress in the Club's large restaurant. She was tall, slender and handsome and had a most extraordinarily tiny waist. I was sure that next to Mlle. Polaire's, it was by far the smallest waist in the club. She was dressed in a skin-tight black silk dress of knee length, that fitted her figure so closely as to bring out its slender lines in full effect. She had perfectly rounded hips and thighs and small, neat, feminine calves and small ankles and feet, which were clad in a pair of pointed patent leather pumps with extremely high heels. She had red hair, which was all her own, though perhaps dyed to that flaming shade which she liked because it drew attention to her, and also was approved by the house committee of the club, who planned the hair as well as the costumes of the servants. If I have time later, I will tell you more about this woman, and how she came to have such a tiny waist.

She was followed in line, at three foot intervals, all keeping perfect step and distance, by the club's sixteen men-maids, each dressed exactly alike and each having hair of the exact same golden blonde color, and all with identical coiffures--very attractive ones. When it came to attractiveness, the other members of the Club would have to look to their laurels, for these 'maids' had been selected from a long waiting list, for their feminine prettiness of face and figure, and height, they all being about 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighing about 120 pounds. Their little silk maid's dresses were neat and form fitting, and what was quite extraordinary about this group was that each had an 18-inch wasp waist. "That is required of them," explained Baroness Lorette. "It is considered a part of their uniform, as is having the same shade of hair, all exactly alike, and wearing always very high heels. We think they are dainty and attractive that way and so we require it."

"But don't you have trouble finding men for this work?" I asked. "All of them are pretty, small, slender and girlish, and they have such tightly laced waists and high heels that I should think it would be hard

for them to do their work."

"Oh, I suppose it's hard on some of them at first, lacing in to 18 inches and having to go about their work in such high heels, but they soon get used to it. And they love it, for they are girls at heart and so like wearing feminine things and being girls, and they are very proud of their figures and pretty faces and hair and all the rest of it. It is not at all hard for the Club to get men for these positions, for it is considered the most desirable place in Paris at which to work, for female impersonators and so we have the pick of the best of them, and always have a lot of applications on file from which to choose when a vacancy occurs. They love the work and the place, because they can earn far more money than at any other occupations they could fill as girls, for we pay them very well, and the hours are short, as we work them in shifts. We furnish them with their clothes and they are boarded in the building, on the top floor, where they have very pleasant quarters. We furnish the wigs to those who require them, though most of the 'girls' have their own long hair. If it is not the right shade of blonde color, the dyeing is taken care of in our beauty shop. The maids also are given free treatments in the club's beauty and hair-dressing shop by the experts we employ there, so they are always well groomed and properly made up. Most of them are 'girls' before they come here and so need no training to take their feminine roles--except possibly figure training. Some of them were female impersonators or chorus girls on the stage; some were ladies' maids or house maids; some were employed in beauty shops and hair-dressing salons; some were shop-girls or worked in dressmaking shops. In fact, they come from all branches of female employment, except a few of them, who have money and are not really forced to earn their living but who come here and work as maids because they love it, as it gives them an opportunity to dress as girls always and to associate intimately with many other 'girls' with similar tastes and desires. They also love the atmosphere of the Club, with every person in it a man in feminine guise like themselves. It is an ideal place for them. They receive the best of treatment, and often the well-to-do and well-dressed members give them dresses that they have worn a few times, and other things they can wear, so that when they go out on their time off, they are prettily and fashionably dressed. Occasionally we engage a young fellow who has had no experience at female impersonation, but who is fitted for it in face and body, so that, with training, he will become a pretty and acceptable maid. Such young men are usually introduced by one of our regular 'maids', who will take him under her wing and train him. Sometimes these fellows do not care for impersonation but apply for the job because it is such a good one, and because they haven't been doing well. Naturally, they have a bad time at first with their tight lacing and high heels and all the rest of it, but we have never had one who didn't go through with it and make good, and it is not long before they get to like being girls, as much as any of the old timers. Some of them even become extremists in the matter of tight-lacing, and are known to have waists inches below the required 18 when they go out for an evening with a boy friend--for naturally, nearly all of these pretty 'maids' have masculine admirers on the outside." Thus spoke Lorette.

As the line of blondes advanced, I noticed that each girl was quite heavily made up and highly tinted with rouge and lipstick, and heavily powdered, and mascaraed at the eyes, and eyelashed heavily beaded. They remind me for all the world of a lot of chorus girls made up for the stage--and that was the effect they desired to give--and it was a club custom to have them wear plenty of make-up when on duty. As each came up, she smiled and curtsied to me and passed on. Though they were members, their status was different, and so they were not expected to give me the sisterly kiss of greeting. I was a bit sorry, for they were so attractive and girlish, that it would have been a pleasure to kiss them--though I suppose I would have been smeared with their thickly applied lipstick.

The maids were followed by the four 'lady' operators of the Club's beauty shoppe. They were all dressed in white and all had the same shade of red hair, which was their distinguishing badge of office. They all were pretty

and shapely, and had the most lovely rose-petal complexions imaginable, as became workers in a beauty parlor, as token of their skill at beauty culture. I looked closely at their faces, but could detect no make-up, though undoubtedly it was there, but too cleverly applied to be detected. I decided that it would be a good idea for me to take some lessons in making up from them, and some treatments, too. These were the the last, and after thye had curtesied to me and passed on, it was at long last time for Baroness Lorette, and Countess Helene and I to leave our reception line and go down to join the others. You may be sure that I was glad to move from the spot where I had been standing for two hours in my tight slippers with their stilt-like heels, for my feet ached and I was very conscious of my tightly-laced waist. I am sure the Countess and Baroness also were uncomfortable after standing so long, especially Helene, who was laced as tightly as I, and who I knew was also wearing very tight high-heeled slippers. As for the Baroness, being a 'permanent', she was more used to it. But of course none of us gave any sign of distress, as that would have been extremely bad form and simply was not done in impersonation circles, as to even mention our tight clothing was considered a sign of weakness and childishness and lack of endurance. We all had voluntarily laced ourselves in and donned our tight shoes for the evening and knew what it meant, being experienced 'women' and so we had no excuse to complain if we were uncomfortable or even in pain. Practically every 'girl' in the club was severely laced and shod, and it would have spoiled the party if they had given any sign that they were uncomfortable, and not enjoying themselves. So everybody was all smiles and if they were aware of their corsets and slippers, thye did not show it.

I have told you very little about the club's 'transient' members, and you may be interested to know where they came from. They were of the artistic type, for the most part, and their number included artists, writers, singers, musicians, actors, students, editors, sculptors, and men of similiar professions. There were a few doctors and one or two lawyers. Some of them were merchants, and conducted, or worked in, shops catering to women, such as dress shops, millinery shops and ladies' shoe shops, fancy goods shops. Some worked in hair dressing and besuty shops, and in corset shops, and similar places where feminine taste was needed.

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Before going downstairs to join the others, we three repaired to the powder room, and primped. My lips needed attention--no wonder after having been kissed some 125 times--and my nose needed powdering. My initiation was not yet over and I would still be in the 'limelight', so I wanted to look my best.

We entered the large lounge downstairs where all of the members were gathered and the Baroness took my hand and led me forward, and announced that I now was a full-fledged member of the Club, at which all the members applauded loudly, which of course greatly pleased me, and I made a little speech of thanks. Then the Baroness suggested that I sing one of the songs from my act. I was prepared, for she had told me about it, so I had brought my music with me. One of the members accompanied me on the piano and I sang one of my most popular songs: "Why Do They Call Me a Gibson Girl?", which was so well received that I had to respond with an encore. This time I sang a little song that I had learned in French, a slightly risque, humorous pitty, which made a distinct hit. That ended my initiation and I was free to do as I wished.

The beautiful Gaby de Lys now came to me, took me by the arm, and led me to a small, private, comfortably furnished room, saying that we must now have a quiet little chat. She closed the door and locked it, saying: "Now we shall not be disturbed."

As you may guess, I was thrilled to be alone with the lovely Gaby, and to have a tête-a-tête with her, a privilege which would have delighted any man.

"Tell me all about yourself. Julia Garling," said Gaby, taking her place close beside me on a davenport, her soft knee pressing mine, and our hips in close contact, her arm about my waist, and mine about hers, and her warm, soft little hand pressed in mine. How I wished that I could feel the flesh of her waist, instead of the stiffness of her tight corset. But as it was, I was thrilled at this intimate contact with the famous beauty, and considered myself very fortunate in being thus ~~signified~~ ^{permitted} out for her company. As we sat there side by side, I had a wonderful opportunity to study her, and I could see that she deserved her reputation as a stage beauty, for she was very lovely and natural, and charming as well. Her complexion was flawless, and needed no make-up though she was wearing a little, as a matter of habit. Her eyes were large and beautiful and altogether I could find nothing about her that wasn't perfect. "Tell me how you came to take up female impersonation," Gaby continued. "You are the best I have seen on the stage, and I want to hear all about it."

I told her as briefly as possible about my career, much as I have told it to you, Miss Mary. But I was anxious to hear about Gaby, for she was the most remarkable case of transvestism I had ever seen, the best among all the members of that remarkable club--for she was the most beautiful, by far. And so naturally I was eager to learn how she had changed herself from a boy into such a perfect lady.

"My father and mother were on the stage," began Gaby, "so you might say that I was born into the theater. When I was born they both had wanted a girl, as so often happens with parents, and so they were disappointed that I was a boy. But I was not much of one, for I from the very start was feminine, as though to please my parents. As a baby I was exactly like a little girl and as I grew older, I continued that way, so that my mother dressed me as a girl, and let my hair grow, and treated me as a girl and trained me as one. I had pretty blonde hair, soft and silky. Well, it was then the same color as it is now. Perhaps many people think that my hair is not natural, but it is colored, but actually it is not dyed and it is all my own. It is nice hair. Would you like to feel of it?"

Of course, this delighted me, and my hand almost shook as I raised it to her head and felt of her lovely, smooth hair, that was like spun gold. I began to stroke her hair. Our faces were very close, and I could see that this caress pleased Gaby mightily and in some strange way stirred her deeply and emotionally, for I looked deeply into her glorious eyes and she looked deeply into mine and I could see that her look was full of rapture, and even passion. Needless to say, my masculine passions were quickly aroused by this exquisite girl into whose soul I was looking, and, unable to control myself (even had I wanted to) I took her closely into my arms and she put her soft arms around my neck, and our lips met in a long, rapturous kiss. Both were thrilled through and through, and I could feel her trembling in my arms. It was a glorious, and intoxicating experience. Finally she drew away, a little breathless, saying: "Darling, you are wonderful. I love you."

It took us some time to calm down, but after a while, still sitting very close, as before, Gaby resumed her story.

"No girl was ever more girlish than I, in those young days, and I thought that I really was a little girl, and desired nothing else. My father and mother took me with them on their trips with their stock company and we played in various cities and countries. Whenever the play called for the part of a little girl, I played it, thus becoming accustomed to the stage. I didn't have a chance to go to school, but my mother, who was a well educated woman, as well as a skilled actress, gave me lessons. And so I went along until I was nine years old, never dreaming that I was a boy. But my parents were well aware of it, and it worried them a great deal, for they wanted a daughter, and not a son. There were so many more opportunities on the stage for a girl, than for a boy. There was a demand for

pretty clever, chorus girls, show girls, ballet dancers, singers, ingenues, etc., while the parts for men were much scarcer. One day my parents reached a decision. I was to be operated on. I was told nothing about it at the time. They knew a physician who was a skilled surgeon, his practise being largely with show people, and of a confidential nature. My father explained the matter to him, and he consented to operate on me, in the strictest secrecy, of course. He had a private hospital, with his own nurses, and I was taken there, little suspecting what was to be done to me, though if I had known, I am sure I would not have objected. The operation was performed. It was not the usual simple one of emasculation, but everything was completely removed, leaving not a trace of my masculinity. Of course I suffered excruciating pain for a time, after that very severe operation on such a delicate part of my body, but I made a rapid recovery and soon was as well as ever. And now I was no longer a boy, and while I was not a girl, I was as near to one as it was physically possible to make me. I was really without sex, and of course I have been so since that time. The operation had a remarkable effect on my body, for it developed along female lines, much to the delight of my parents, and of myself, when I was old enough to appreciate it. My breasts grew, my waist stayed slender, my hips and thighs took on feminine contours, my legs were girlish and my hands and feet remained small and delicate. My skin was smooth and feminine and I never have had any sign of beard, and also no unwanted body hair. My voice never changed, but kept the high pitch it had had when I was a boy. My hair grew soft and luxuriant, and so I gradually developed into a young lady. I was a happy, contented young girl, and was made more so because ~~that~~ I was unusually pretty, and was quite proud of my looks. It also made my mother happy because the operation had been such a success and had made me so completely feminine, and she delighted in my beauty, which increased as I grew older. I was early put into corsets to acquire a small waist and up to the age of 14 I continued travelling with my parents, and taking girl parts on the stage, and became quite a clever little actress. I was the pet of the company, all of whom did their best to spoil me, for I was such a pretty child, with a wealth of golden curls, that I seemed to attract everybody to me.

Then came a decided change in my mode of life, for my mother decided that I needed some schooling, and so I was placed for a year in a convent. It was a splendid ~~xxxx~~ place for me to be during one of the critical years of my adolescence, away from the stage, and in a peaceful environment, in close association with other girls and the kindly nuns. At first it seemed very confining to me, after my free, roving life, but I became used to it and studied hard. I took up the study of English, among other things, for already I had ambitions to become a great actress and a star, and I dreamed about how I would appear on the stage in England and America, your lovely country. Of course, life in the convent was secluded, and the discipline strict. We girls wore our hair hanging down our backs, and were not allowed to curl it. Our dresses were plain and without ornament. We were not allowed to use any make-up, not even powder, for that would have been a sign of vanity, on which the good sisters frowned. Our shoes were plain and had low heels. However, we were permitted to wear corsets and train our figures, for the sisters realized that we would later go out into the world and take our places in society. At last my year was up, and my mother came for me. I was glad to leave, for I longed for a more exciting life, and for pretty clothes instead of the drab garments of the convent. I looked still like a young girl, with low heels, plain dress and hair down my back, but I longed to be a young lady, and that was my mother's wish, too, for the very first thing she did was to take me to the hair-dressers. You can imagine how it delighted ~~me~~ me to have my hair curled and waved and then done up for the first time. And I had a facial, and a manicure and at the end my face was made up for the first time in my life, except on the stage. How I loved the feel and the smell of the fragrant powder as it was applied by the hairdresser, and the touch of rouge and lipstick. When

I at last left the chair and examined myself in the mirror, I was thrilled to see how pretty and grown-up I looked. I really was quite a beauty. And now came a thrilling time, one that would delight the heart of any young girl, for I went on a shopping orgy with my mother to get a complete outfit that would be suitable for a young lady. How I enjoyed the selecting of dresses and hats, and their trying on. And the fitting of corsets and lingerie and shoes. And still more did I enjoy the wearing of my new and pretty things.

"I went back on the stage with my parents' company, and now I was able to play more grown-up parts. My mother gave me singing lessons--I had also had lessons at the convent, and had sung solo in the choir--and my voice developed very nicely. My mother also taught me stage dancing and I became an accomplished actress. I scored success after success. I was recognized as a beauty. My father sent my photographs to papers and magazines, and occasionally they were printed. And so my reputation grew, and I rode to stardom, and, under my father's management, I became a prima donna in light opera, then star in musical comedy. But you know the rest. I have now been a star for six years and have appeared all over Europe and my convent dream became true and I have played in England and America several times."

"Tell me, Gaby," I asked, "how does it seem to be a famous stage beauty? I should think it would be wonderful."

"Well, of course, it is human nature for every man and especially for every woman to want to look as nice as possible. The men like to be handsome and the women all have the deepest desire to be beautiful. Perhaps it is vanity and conceit, but we all are like that. And so naturally I take pleasure in being considered beautiful, though I can see many flaws and imperfections in myself, though the public doesn't seem to see them. As you know, the applause one gets on the stage is thrilling, and I have always found it delightful to be acclaimed as beautiful and to be toasted and sought after by men. It is exciting to see my pictures in the papers and to be labelled as a "famous beauty." To be known and recognized everywhere I go, and to have people make a fuss over me. Of course, I go out in public a great deal, for publicity purposes; and always have a flock of men around. It amuses me to flirt with them, and I would hate to say how many times I have been proposed to. Sometimes men are a nuisance, they are so persistent. Occasionally I crave privacy, and then I put on a dark wig and smoked glasses and can go about without being recognized. During my vacations I often do this, going to some quiet place for rest. For my life is pretty strenuous".

"Will you be offended, Gaby, if I ask you a very personal question?"

"Not at all," she said. "Fire away."

"Well, then, tell me about your sexual feelings. You are neither man nor woman. Do you have sexual sensations and desires?"

"Oh! Yes, of course I do," she exclaimed.

"Who ~~appeals~~ appeals to you then?" I asked. "Is it women, or normal men, or is it men like those who belong to this club?"

"It is not women, though I like them, just as one woman likes others. And it is not men, though I like to play around with them. But the ones who appeal to me sexually are men like you, my darling, who make pretty girls."

Saying this, the lovely Gaby turned the power of her beautiful eyes full into mine and I looked deeply into hers, and could see the love-light there. Suddenly, she seized me in her arms and crushed me to her, and I placed my arms around her neck, and our lips met, for the second time, in a prolonged passionate kiss, which was even more ecstatic, for this time she had made the advances, and I was the woman, and she the man. To a man-woman there is nothing more thrilling than to take the part of the woman in a love scene with a man--or even with another woman. And so I was in the seventh heaven as I was held tightly in Gaby arms and she hugged and kissed me--and I returned her kisses in full measure. I realized that I was in love with this beautiful girl, and was sure that she was in love with me.

"We must get married, sweetheart," I said, as soon as I had regained my

breath.

"But, darling, you forget that I am really not a woman. I cannot marry anybody, though I love you and wish I could marry you," she said, smiling tenderly at me.

"Then let us live together as sisters," I said. "For your sake I will make any sacrifice. I will dress as a woman permanently, so that we can live together. Life with you would be heaven on earth."

"That's very sweet of you," said Gaby, "and some day let's do it. But for the present we must think of our careers, yours and mine. You must not give up the stage on my account, as you would have to do if you became my 'sister' and lived with me. No, you are just ~~starting~~ starting on a great career as the world's greatest female impersonator, and you must continue so long as you keeps your looks and figure, which I hope will be for a number of years. You must save your money as I do, so as to have an income when you retire. I have been saving my salary, which is quite large. I invest my money in government bonds, and annuities and trusts which I cannot touch, so that when I am an old lady, no longer able to earn my living on the stage, I shall have enough to keep me in luxury for the rest of my days. You must do the same and some day we will live together as sisters. I am sure you would like being a woman permanently. As it is, you are one more than half of the time now, so that it wouldn't be too great a change for you."

"That is true," I replied. "I wear corsets all the time, and that is one of the drawbacks of being a woman that I would not mind, being used to it. It is lovely of you to agree to live with me in the future. We must keep in touch with each other. Promise that when we are apart, you will write to me. And I'll write to you. For I love you, darling." Again we kissed. I was glad that Gaby had locked the door, for ~~we~~ surely would have been embarrassed if anybody had come into the room and found us in each other's arms, like two lovers. Besides, such conduct was forbidden in the club, where all the women were expected to behave with the utmost decorum, and not openly make love.

I could not help think how divinely lovely it was to be loved by the beautiful Gaby and to kiss her again and again. Many a man would give his right arm for such a privilege.

"You are so sweet," murmured Gaby, "and so beautiful, the loveliest girl in the whole club--yes, in the whole world."

You can imagine how I thrilled at this praise, coming from one of the world's most famous beauties, even though not deserved. But she was in love with me, and so undoubtedly I looked beautiful to her--and I think I really did look beautiful that night, even if I do say so myself, and sound conceited. But of course my beauty didn't begin to compare with Gaby's.

A knock came on the door and I heard the voice of the Countess Helene calling me. It was late and time to go home. With one last kiss, I took leave of Gaby, after she had invited me to come to dinner with her and her proteges, the three Folies girls I had met that evening, who lived with her. "Bring the Countess, too," she whispered. I promised to do so.

* * * * *

A few days later the Countess and I accepted Gaby's invitation to dinner and went to her apartment, dressed as girls, at the suggestion of Helene, who loved to go out in feminine attire whenever opportunity offered. I also thought it was best for me to go as a girl, because that was the way Gaby had seen me and fallen in love with me. She might not like me dressed as a man, and so I wore the same dress and wig as at the Club, in which she had admired me. And of course I had to again wear my 16-inch corset with that gown. But I was getting more and more used to such tight lacing, and rather liked it, in spite of the discomfort. Besides, Gaby and Helene and the three soubrettes were all tight lacers, and I wished to be "in the swim", and have a waist as small as theirs.

Gaby and her three wards lived in a lovely large apartment, with a staff of servants, all of whom dressed in the garments of their own sex, except the personal maids of Gaby and the three 'girls', who had ~~man~~-maids because of the necessary intimate relations between mistress and maid.

Gaby and the three 'girls' were in their handsome drawing-room when the butler announced Helene and myself. They all three greeted us very cordially with kisses, and, as you may guess, the kiss exchanged between Gaby and myself was particularly sweet. But I was careful not to show my affection in front of Helene, who might become jealous, if he knew that Gaby and I were in love. For the Count loved me, and I was fond of him, but not in the way I cared for Gaby. Besides, I was his house guest, and he had showered presents on me--dresses, furs, jewels, so it would not be fair to make him jealous, and the 'affair' of Gaby and myself would have to be kept a secret.

I was now glad of an opportunity to become better acquainted with the three Folies beauties. My first impression at the Club had been right. They were lovely to look upon, and in spite of the fact that they were men, yet they appeared to be marvellously perfect young ladies, in face and form. They were the more marvellous because in the Folies all of the girls have to possess not only pretty faces, but perfect feminine figures, for it must be remembered that on the stage there the girls often appear in extremely scant costumes, so that most of their fair bodies are exposed to the gaze of the audience and little is concealed. Therefore I figured that these three young men, in order to make good at the Folies Bergere, must have had perfect feminine busts, hips and thighs, arms and legs, hands and feet and lovely skin--in fact, they had to look completely feminine and beautiful, and that in competition with the dozens of other soubrettes who were real girls. It seemed unbelievable that men could do it,--and yet these three did, and had been with the Folies for two years, and had had no difficulty in holding their own in that company which was famous for its beautiful chorus girls,--and they were as pretty as any of them.

Bebe was a natural blonde and he wore his own long hair, which perhaps was touched up to brighten it a little for the stage. He had a lovely blonde complexion, brilliant without make-up. He had a small, straight nose, big blue eyes that were set off by long lashes. His face was round and full and he had an adorable little rose-bud of a mouth, which I found very kissable. He was a small man, slender, with a tiny waist, hands and feet. In short, picture to yourself the prettiest little blonde girl you can think of, and that would be Bebe.

Fifi had light brown hair which grew in abundance on his small pretty head and his face and form were as lovely as those of Bebe.

Mimi was a ravishing brunette, with divine coal-black hair, great black eyes, a perfect oval face and flawless complexion, and, like Bebe and Fifi, he had a superb figure and tiny waist. In short, all three men were simply lovely young ladies,--in every way desirable and adorable. All were stylishly gowned and beautifully coiffured, but so were the rest of us, and as I looked around at this group of lovely ladies, I could not help feeling amazed to think that there was not a single 'lady' in the room, and that six men could impersonate women so wonderfully well, and look so pretty. I gazed at their figures, their tiny, laced-in waists, their small feet clad in narrow, delicate high-heeled slippers, their small, white, graceful hands, their pretty hair their lovely low-cut gowns, and I marvelled. Until I had come to Paris, I had been led to think that I was a great rarity--a man who could successfully impersonate a girl, and I was famous for it. And yet here were other men much better at it than I, but the difference was that nobody knew that they were men, while everybody knew that I was a male, and so I got credit for my cleverness as an impersonator. I wondered if I could go on the stage the way they did, as girls, and live as a girl, they way they did, without detection. I thought perhaps I could and would try it some day, becoming a 'permanent' woman, like them.

The three 'girls' were not a bit like you would expect Folies chorus

girls to be--a little loud and coarse. On the contrary their manners were refined and ladylike, and they would have made good in the drawing room of the best society. Gaby, too, though an actress, was a perfect lady, quiet but lovely to look upon. Gaby had adopted these three 'girls', though she was only 24, and so not old enough to pass as their mother, but more like an older sister to them. They all lived together, and it was evident that they all were very fond of one another. The three 'girls' were inseparable. They all were overflowing with liveliness and good spirits and full of fun and vivacity, so that our conversation was jolly and humorous, and we had many a laugh at the incidents different ones related. We six men, all having the same hobby of female impersonation, felt very close to one another and "being in the same boat", so to speak, we could be very confidential and tell things that we would not care to repeat to outsiders. Gaby amused us with her stories of her numerous love affairs, which a beauty like her could not avoid. Men had always flocked about her like bees around honey and she told us of some of her many "affairs" and how she had got pleasure and fun out of leading men on and flirting with them, and getting them to "proposition" her. They never could stand her elusiveness, for most Folies girls are supposed to have loose morals, but Gaby earned the reputation of being a "virgin" (for reasons you will understand). Sometimes when the men found that she would not yield, and that they could not possess her, they would actually propose marriage. Just for fun, she became 'engaged' a number of times, but finally would give back the ring and call it off, much to their dismay and mystification. She told it in a funny manner that made us all laugh.

Then the three 'girls' told about some of their experiences in the chorus. At the theater they shared a dressing room with 21 other girls of their group in the chorus and they told what fun it was for them, men, to be thus so intimately associated with that group of pretty girls, all dressing and undressing together night after night, making-up, changing costumes, helping each other with dresses and corset laces, in constant contact with one another. And yet none of the girls, of course, had the slightest suspicion that our Bebe, Mimi and Fifi were not real girls. That would have been impossible. But Mimi and Bebe were sexually feminine in feelings, so they did not get the kick out of it that Fifi did, because he was attracted to women, like a normal man, and so he had a wonderful time in his intimate associations with all those lovely soubrettes. Since of course he could not betray his real sex, he pretended to have Lesbian tendencies and so frankly made love to the girls, who seemed to like it, and often allowed Fifi to kiss and fondle them, when too many were not around. But Bebe and Mimi were fond of men and did not lack for 'boy friends'--what Folies beauty ever did?--and so often after the show they would allow some nice-looking stage-door Johnnie to 'pick them up!', and take them to supper and places to dance. And Fifi would play the game too, and have his gentlemen friends, as he naturally liked the company of men, though they did not appeal to him sexually. He was a clever coquette and could charm any man with the prettiest of the girls, of which, of course, he was one. He got no end of fun out of his flirtations with men, and was always amused at the way he was deceiving them. Bebe and Mimi were always circumspect with their boy friends and while they would grant such small favors as kisses, yet, for obvious reasons, they could not grant greater ones, though often the men were very insistent and seemed to think that all Folies girls should yield themselves to men--as most of them did. Both Bebe and Mimi confessed that they would love to be "possessed" by a man, and regretted that they were not real girls, so that they could know the joy and passion of sleeping in the arms of a man. But, alas! They had to content themselves with little things--kisses, hugs, caresses. The real thing was impossible for them.

A delicious dinner was served by a butler and maid, and then all the ladies adjourned to the drawingroom for coffee and liqueurs. Three young men called to take out the three girls, leaving Helene, Gaby and me to amuse ourselves with chatter and gossip. I asked Gaby to tell us about the

remarkable transformation of the three boys into lovely girls, and she said it had been done at a school known as the "Transformatory" which is conducted for the sole purpose of turning boys into girls, men into women, through training.

"I know it sounds like "Reformatory" and in reality it is virtually a prison, though most of the inmates go there voluntarily, wishing to be changed from boys into men. It has to be a place of the strictest discipline in order to accomplish its purpose."

"How did you first meet the girls?"--or, I suppose I should say, boys?" I asked Gaby.

"Well, I will tell you the story of Bebe, whom I met first, and his case is typical of the others and will give you a good idea of how it was done.

GABY MEETS BEBE, NEE Alfred.

Gaby's story was as follows:

I have always had the habit--call it hobby, if you will--of sizing up boys and men I see in public, looking to see if they would make up well as girls. I am always looking for exceptionally pretty, girlish looking boys, but how seldom have I found them! They are very rare--I mean boys who would look completely feminine when dressed up in girls clothes--feminine and pretty and shapely. I think all men like us, who are wrapped up in feminine impersonation, have the same hobby.

(Both the Count and I said that we did, too).

One day I was walking along the Rue de Rivoli when I passed an extremely pretty boy, whom I at first took to be a girl in boys' clothes, so feminine did he look. I turned and followed him, determined to try to make his acquaintance and examine him more closely. Fortunately he stopped to look in a shop window and I caught up to him, and also stopped, standing close to him. I looked at him carefully, and decided that he was one boy in a thousand--or ten thousand--a boy who would make an exceptionally pretty girl. He was about my height and weight, had wavy blonde hair and small hands and feet. I engaged him in conversation, making some remark about the goods displayed in the window. He turned to look at me and at once recognized me from my pictures he had seen in the magazines. I could see that he was pleased and flattered to find himself talking with Gaby de Lys, the well-known Folies star. The more I examined him, the more anxious I was to experiment with my hobby. I wanted to see how he would look dressed as a girl. I was sure that he would make a very pretty girl, for he had everything that a girl should have, so far as I could see. He certainly had the face and slender figure. I suggested that he walk along with me, and he was glad to go with me. He was only about sixteen. I invited him to go with me to my apartment, and have tea, and he eagerly accepted, eager to become friends with me. We went in a cab. On the way, I asked him numerous questions about himself. He was an orphan. His father had left him some money, which gave him a small income, but not enough for him to live upon, so he had to work to support himself. He was a clerk in an office, but said he hated the work, and was unhappy in it because the men in the office made fun of him because he was small and had a girl's face. He said it was not his fault, he was born that way, but just because he was girlish looking, the men made him very uncomfortable, and called him by girls' names. The girls in the office, however, were nice to him, and I could understand that, because he was so good looking. He told me that it was his ambition to be an actor, but that he had had no chance to train for the stage, and no influence to help him get a position in the theater, however humble, at the start.

"Won't you help me, Mlle. De Lys," he said. "You are a famous actress and have a great deal of influence. If you would only help me to get a start, I am sure I could make good on the stage. I think I am a born actor, for I am good at doing imitations and at reciting."

I told him that I would think it over, but first it would be necessary for me to see him play a part. We arrived at my apartment and I took him to

my boudoir. The more I saw of him and how pretty he looked, the more eager I was to see how he would look as a girl. But I knew I must be careful in my approach of the subject. Though he was girlish looking, yet he was not in the least effeminate in his talk or mannerisms, but seemed like a normal male boy, and I knew that such boys hated to appear effeminate and would greatly dislike wearing girl's clothes. I must lead up to it gradually, and try to "sell" him the idea of letting me dress him up.

"Have you ever dressed up as a girl, Alfred?" I asked him.

"No, I never have," he replied. "I know that I have a girlish face and I am ashamed of it, and I have never wanted to make matters worse by putting on dresses. It is bad enough to look like a girl, without dressing as one. I am a man, and want to look like one, and not like a girl."

"Did you ever stop to think that your looking like a girl might be an asset to you?" I asked.

"No, I never did, but how do you mean? How could it be an asset?" he replied.

"Well," I said, "you want to go on the stage and become an actor. Why not become an actress instead?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that," he exclaimed. "I am not a woman, and so how could I become an actress. A man can't be a woman."

"No, of course not," I said, "but a man can transform himself into a woman so that nobody would be the wiser--especially a man like yourself, who has the face and figure of a girl. Wouldn't you like to go on the stage as an actress, if you could make good, and if I trained you and got you a position, say, in the Folies? Think how exciting that would be--a Folies soubrette, in the chorus with dozens of pretty girls--and you one of them."

"Yes, that would be exciting, and I sure would enjoy mixing in the Folies chorus. But I don't think it is possible, in spite of what you say," he said.

"It will be easy to find out what sort of a girl you will make. I am positive that you will make up very nicely, and you will be surprised at yourself. Will you do me a favor, and let me dress you up as a girl, just to see how you will look? Wearing pretty girls' clothes is very nice, and I am sure you will like the 'feel' of them. Many boys do, and if they make up well, they become fond of wearing feminine attire, because it is a real pleasure, once you get used to it. I know that you will make an exceptionally pretty girl and you will get a great kick out of it. For there is nothing nicer in this world than being ~~happy~~ a pretty member of the 'fair sex.'"

"I never thought of it in that light," replied Alfred. "Now you have made me curious to see how I will look as a girl, so please go ahead and dress me up."

I summoned my man-maid, Marie, and told her that the young gentleman was going to be dressed up in my clothes, and I wanted her help. She, being a man herself, though living as a girl for years, was naturally greatly interested in seeing other men do female impersonations, and I could see her eyes light up as she looked Alfred over.

"Monsieur will make a lovely girl," she said, "he is so pretty. And I think he can wear your dresses, as he is about your size. But I don't know about the waist line. But we can try. He looks very slender."

Marie and I got out a set of my sheerest and prettiest lingerie, and a pair of delicate silk stockings. I gave them to Alfred, with instructions as to how to put them on, and sent him to an adjoining bedroom to undress and don the things. When he was ready, he was to come back. I forgot to say that I also gave him a pair of my mules, with 2-inch heels. I couldn't tell for sure, but I thought that his feet were as small as my own. His hands certainly were. Marie and I waited a long time, but Alfred didn't come in and gave no sign, so finally I knocked, and went into his room. He had put on the things, but was so sheepish and embarrassed that he didn't want to come

into my boudoir, and have Marie and me see him in his fluffy feminine finery. He told me he felt very silly and ashamed to be wearing such frilly, girlish things. I told him he looked very nice, and need not be ashamed, and I led him into the other room, walking a bit clumsily on his unaccustomed heels. While we had been waiting for Alfred, Marie and I had gotten out the rest of the outfit for Alfred, including a pair of my heavily boned back-lace corsets, a bra, slip, silk petticoat, and one of my favorite form-fitting black velvet evening gowns, low cut, ornamented with sequins. It had a small waist, but Marie and I were in hopes of getting Alfred into it, if he would allow us to lace him in as much as needed--and that would be a great deal, especially the first time he had ever worn a corset. We would have to use diplomacy and distract his attention, if possible, so that he would not think too much about the corset. We also laid out a pair of my black satin opera slippers, with extreme high heels, in hopes that he could get into them. I noticed that my mules fitted him very nicely.

Marie had let the laces of the corset out. I took the garment and clasped it about Alfred's waist. I was pleased to note that he was very slender and had a figure like a girl's, supple and pliant and yielding, with no masculine muscles developed. His arms were round and smooth and feminine, and he had symmetrical legs. His skin was smooth and soft and he had a girlish back, shoulders and bust. In fact, his body was in keeping with his girlish face and as I looked him over, I became more and more enthusiastic. I had indeed made a find--a boy who was almost completely girlish in form as well as in face--though of course breasts were lacking. But his hips and thighs were full and nicely rounded out, with no hollows such as men usually have. Marie and I were all eagerness to complete his disguise.

Not wishing to annoy Alfred by making him too uncomfortable at first, I only drew his corset in a few inches, while he watched his reflection in the glass.

"Why, that is not bad at all," he exclaimed. "I rather like the feel of a corset."

Of course we didn't tell him that that was only the beginning, and that he would have to be laced in very much tighter, in order to get into my gown.

I now sat him down, but in a position where he couldn't look into the glass and proceeded to make him up. He had smooth, soft, girlish skin, though it was a little rough and tanned from the weather. But he made up very nicely and after I had powdered and rouged him, and applied lipstick and mascara and eyebrow pencil, he made as pretty a girl as one would care to see, with a smooth, perfect pink and white complexion. I had made him up as a blonde, and now brought out one of the many wigs that I had on hand--wigs that I wore on the stage in various roles. It was a dress wig, beautifully coiffured, a lovely piece of hair, which would make any girl more beautiful. I carefully adjusted it on Alfred's head. It was a perfect fit, and looked as though it was his own hair. Now the transformation was complete, and, as I had predicted, he looked like an exceptionally pretty young girl. I led him to the mirror, so he could see himself. He glanced at himself in amazement--and no wonder, for it was a most remarkable transformation, and he looked very lovely.

"That can't be me," he exclaimed, staring at himself in the glass. "Why, I look exactly like a girl! I am actually pretty! I don't recognize myself." He stared and stared, turning this way and that, fascinated, and delighted with his appearance. And well he might be, for I am sure that any boy would have been intrigued to see himself as a beautiful young lady.

"You are not merely pretty; you are beautiful," said Marie. I went behind him and began drawing in his corset, and he didn't seem to notice it, being so interested in admiring himself in the mirror, and listening to Marie's praise. She went on to tell him that not one girl in a thousand was as pretty as he, and meanwhile I was busy with the laces, drawing in his waist inch after inch. After a bit he noticed it, and seemed to be pleased at seeing his waist grow smaller and smaller, until at last the corset met at the back, and he had a waist as small as my own--and you know I have always had a tiny waist. I

had been afraid that he would object to such tight lacing--most boys would--but he didn't murmur, being so much interested in his transformation, and eager to see how he would look with a small waist, and in one of my gowns, which I told him he could now put on. Already he was beginning to show signs of transvestitism. That was what I wanted above all things. If he could develop a fondness for wearing feminine apparel, I could carry out the plan in the back of my head--of transforming him into a girl, and getting him on the stage as a Folies soubrette. Of course, I knew it would mean a great deal of intensive training, but it could be done, if he was willing.

Marie and I now finished dressing him, putting on his bra, carefully padded so as to give him my bust measurement. Next came the slip and rustling silk petticoat and then we slipped the black velvet over his head and hooked him into it. The fit was almost perfect.. The heavily boned, long corset gave him hips shaped like my own, as the garment kept its shape in graceful curves down over his hips, buttocks and thighs, so that he needed no padding. To complete his toilette, I bedecked him with earrings, necklace, bracelets and rings, and fastened a diamond tiara in his pretty hair.. Then, while he sat down, Marie slipped the high-heeled slippers on his feet, and I was pleased to see that his feet were as small as mine, and that the shoes fitted very nicely. But for him to walk in them for the first time was another thing. Fearing that he might stumble and fall when he got up, Marie and I helped him to rise from the chair. As I had, expected he tottered backward, as anyone would do who was unaccustomed to extreme high heels, and he would have fallen over backward if we had not held him up.

"Lean forward and walk on your toes," I instructed him, "and try to keep your heels from dragging. This way." And I walked across the room, and he followed, trying to imitate my gait. But he was clumsy and awkward, much bothered by his corsets and skirts, as well as by his heels, and his gait was at first masculine, though he couldn't take long strides. I had him walk back and forth again and again and he soon got so that he could walk fairly well as a girl. He kept watching himself in the glass, and kept exclaiming that that pretty girl couldn't possibly be he. Again and again he went close to the glass to examine himself, and then would step back so that he could see his full figure and get a full-length view of himself. He would turn from side to side so as to see every angle of his dress and form. He really did look lovely, and so it was no wonder that he was intrigued with his appearance, even thrilled, for no man in the world could help being pleased with looking as beautiful as Alfred did. Of course, a normal man is not interested in dressing up as a woman; ordinarily, because he usually looks ridiculous, burlesqueing the part, but any man who could get himself up so as to look like a lovely young maiden, could not help being pleased with the result. For we all, men as well as women, like to look handsome--or beautiful, if we can. And so any man would love looking like a pretty woman, and get a thrill out of it, even though he pretended that he disliked looking like a girl.

For some time I gave Alfred lessons in feminine deportment. I taught him how to sit down and get up gracefully, how to hold his hands and other feminine mannerisms. He was a born actor, and quickly caught on, and imitated me as I showed him how to act. But after a while, his corset got irksome--for he was very severely laced in--and so he asked to have the laces let out. Marie and I quickly took off his dress and loosened his laces a couple of inches. He was still well laced in, but didn't notice it because it felt loose by comparison with the previous tightness. I wanted to see how he would look in negligee, so I put one of my pretty gowns on him, and a pair of mules, and took off his dress wig, and in its place put on him a blonde wig with a mass of long, flowing curls, such as Mary Pickford used to wear. I arranged some of the curls over either shoulder, so that they framed his face. He looked charming, and very girlish, and even prettier than before. We sat down side by side on a sofa, for a chat.

"How do you like being a girl?" I asked Alfred.

"I love it," said he. "I like wearing dresses. I wish I really was a girl."

Alfred had seated himself so that he could see his reflection in the mirror, and it was amusing to see him continuously look at himself, move his head, shake his golden curls, smile at himself and preen just like a pretty girl would do. He was fascinated with his girlish beauty, and the pretty, fluffy negligee he had on, which made him look so daintily feminine.

"Alfred, do you know you are a very fortunate young man?" I asked, with the idea of encouraging him and making him more interested in his impersonation. "Not one man in ten thousand can dress up successfully as a woman, but not one in a million can transform themselves into a really beautiful girl, like you are now. For you really are beautiful, and many a real girl would envy you your looks."

"Do you really think I am beautiful?" he asked, and I noticed that unconsciously he had raised and softened his voice, so that it sounded quite girlish. Already the clothes and make-up were having their effect on him and he was imitating a girl's voice and manners, and it seemed to be natural for him. That's the way men are. Dress them up as women and they immediately become feminine, owing to the influence of their clothes. Dress a girl in boy's clothes, and see how she struts and assumes the mannerisms of the male. "I didn't dream that I would make such a pretty girl and I can't get used to it." He was looking in the glass, staring at himself. He raised one hand and adjusted the curls about his face, and shoulders, and smiled. It ~~xxx~~ seemed to please him to see the pretty girl in the mirror smile back at him --and his smile was so charming that it made the girl he saw all the more beautiful. I smiled, too, to see the feminine vanity already cropping out in him. He was thinking of his hair and wished to arrange it more attractively. He changed his position into what he thought was more feminine and attractive, and smoothed his lovely negligee and draped it carefully over his knees. His little feet were crossed daintily in their mules, the way I had showed him to sit. His pose was perfect and in this short time he had apparently mastered the art of feminine impersonation, and he did it with grace and ease as though he had been a girl all his life. This of course delighted me for I could see how easy it would be to transform Alfred into a girl, if only he were willing, and wished it. But if he was not anxious to become a girl, I knew it would be useless to go ahead with my plan. Therefore, I must proceed with caution, and encourage him all I could. I must praise him and compliment him on his appearance and try to convince him that it would be the best thing he could do, and that he would find being a girl much nicer than being a man. I must impress him with how nice it is to wear pretty dresses, to have pretty hair--in short, to be a pretty girl, and live the life of one.

"It is very sweet of you, Mlle. de Lys, to say that I am beautiful," said Alfred, "even if it isn't true. Coming from a beautiful woman, it is indeed flattering, and I thank you."

"But it is true," I replied, "and I think I am a good judge of feminine beauty. And I repeat. Not one boy in a million could make such a lovely girl as you are this minute. So think how lucky you are. It should give you joy and happiness to be such a beautiful young lady. You should dress as a girl always. Such beauty is wasted on a mere man, but it is invaluable to a girl. So why don't you become a girl?"

"You mean give up being a boy entirely, for good, and wearing nothing but girl's clothes? That certainly would be a tremendous change. And I am not sure that I could do it."

"You could do it if you will put yourself into my hands, and let me arrange for the necessary training. It would take some time, and you would have to let your hair grow long. But you have the face and body that can be transformed into a perfect imitation of a girl. I am positive that it can be done, and then, when you have been completely transformed, I will get you a position on the stage as an actress. That shows how much confidence I have in your ability to play the role of a girl."

"It is a very important decision, and would change my whole life. Here this afternoon I have found it delightful to dress up as a girl, and

to tell the truth, I shall be sorry to take these things off and put on my male clothes again, for looking like a girl certainly "gets" me, and I love the feel of it. I even like the feel of my corset, though I had always thought corsets were an instrument of torture, and felt sorry for women because they had to wear them. But it is rather nice, and I even liked it when you had me so tightly laced and dressed in your black velvet gown, though of course I was terribly uncomfortable. But what an adorable little waist I had, just like your own. If anybody had told me that I could wear your dresses, I would have told them they were crazy. And yet I did it."

"It's just as I told you, Alfred. You are one young man in a million, for you not only have a pretty face, but a slender, girlish body which lends itself to tight lacing and the wearing of dresses with ease and grace. Your body can be developed along feminine lines, and your figure trained so that you will not mind wearing that tight corset any more than I do. Wouldn't you just love to have a tiny waist and feminine curves always?"

"Yes, I think it would be nice, and that I should like it. But I must have time to think it over, it is so important. When I get out of these feminine things, and go home, my mood may change, for no doubt these frilly things and my pretty hair influence my feelings. I must sleep on it. May I come back tomorrow?"

"Yes, do. Come for tea. And think it over very carefully. I do not want to hurry your decision, but I hope that it will be in favor of your becoming a girl. If you were not so pretty, I would not be interested in the experiment, but I really think that you should be a girl, because you would make such a beauty--a Folies beauty, perhaps."

I undressed Alfred, removed his make-up and wig, and he put on his own clothes and left.

The experiment of dressing him as a girl had exceeded my fondest expectations. From the moment I saw him, I had known that his face was perfect for a girl's part, but now I had discovered that he also had the body, the form, and I knew that it could be developed if he took a course at the Transformery, where they guarantee to turn a boy into a girl, if he is qualified by looks and form, and once gains admittance. I had always had a keen desire to try the experiment of changing a boy into a girl, and had been looking for a suitable subject--and at last I had found him. Now, if he only would agree to it, and be strong for it, so that there would be no turning back, I could go ahead.

* * * * *

Next day Alfred came to tea, as agreed. He greeted me effusively and kissed my hand.

"I must tell you about the strange dream I had last night, Mlle. de Lys," he said smiling and his eyes sparkling at the memory--did I tell you that he had lovely large eyes?"

"Please tell me about it," I said, pleased that he was in such high spirits, which I took as a ~~sign of~~ good omen for my test.

"I dreamt that I was all dressed up in your black dress, just as I was yesterday, and I was on the stage of a theater. I found myself facing a large audience, and I seemed to be the prima donna, for the whole company with a large chorus, was back of me, but I held the center of the stage--just like you do, Mlle. de Lys, at the Folies. And I sang a soprano solo and seemed to have a lovely voice, for the audience applauded loudly. Then I went backstage, and there a handsome man was awaiting me, and he took me in his arms and kissed me. It was the strangest dream."

"Did you enjoy the experience. How did it seem, being kissed by a man?" I asked.

"Perhaps I should be ashamed to confess it, but it actually gave me a thrill, for in my dream I was a real girl, and it seemed nice to be held in a man's arms, and kissed by him--it seemed perfectly natural," he said.

"You see," I replied, "it is nice being a girl, and you would like it. Have you come to a decision yet. Do you want to make the change to a girl?"

"I want to talk it over further with you," Alfred said. "But first, would you be willing to dress me up again? I can't believe that I looked so pretty yesterday, and want to see myself as a girl again, to assure myself. After I got home, it all seemed like a dream. If you will make me up again, it will be easier for me to decide. I think I want to do it."

This was a good sign. I rang for Marie and we again dressed Alfred in one of my frocks, this time in an afternoon one. He was laced, as before, and, as he wanted to see how he would look in a woman's hat, we tried several of mine on him, after his wig had been adjusted and he had been made up. He looked pretty in all of them, which is a true test. He walked about the room, coached by me as to his poise and gait, and then, at his request, Marie and I changed him to the negligee he had worn yesterday and the lovely wig of curls, which had caught his fancy. How pretty and girlish he looked! It was truly remarkable. Alfred was again intrigued, and very much pleased with his feminine appearance, and stared in the mirror as before.

We now sat down side by side on a sofa, and I took his hand in mine, as a sign of friendliness, and to encourage him, and we chatted about his future.

"Tell me what I should have to do, to be transformed into a girl."

"All you have to do is to place yourself absolutely in my hands, and do as you are told," I said. "It will be a rather severe course of discipline but that's the only way, and the end justifies the means. I have been thinking it over, and if you wish to become a girl, I will pay all of the expense of your training at the Transformatory School. Also I will adopt you, but as I am too young to be your mother, I will become your guardian, and you my ward, like a younger sister to me. How about it?"

"That is lovely of you, and I am eager to be changed into a girl. I simply love being one, and I have never been so happy as I am now, dressed this way and being a girl. So please go ahead with your plans and I will put myself into your hands, absolutely, and do exactly as I am told, and submit to anything in order that the transformation may be a success."

"I am so glad," I told him, "and I am sure you will never regret your decision, for you will always love being a girl. Your future is assured and I will support you until you are 21, and by that time you should be a success on the stage and be earning a good living yourself."

"That is lovely," said he, smiling happily. "I can hardly wait to start. When do I begin?"

"You can begin at once with the preliminary training. Do not cut your hair, but let it grow long. I will give you lingerie and a corset, which you are to start wearing regularly under your suit. I will give you instructions about the wearing of the corset, which must be gradually tightened. And you must wear a girdle at night. You won't like it at first, but it is necessary, and you soon will get used to it. Also, you must come here as often as possible, and dress in my clothes and let me give you instruction in feminine deportment--for you are already good, but still have a lot to learn. All this will be a good start for you, so that it will be easier for you when you enter the Transformatory."

"Tell me about that place," said Alfred.

"It's a school where they turn boys into girls and men into women. That's about all I know about it. I will take you there and arrange for your admittance in the Fall."

We had a pleasant visit, talking over our plans, and Alfred was very enthusiastic.

"You must adopt a girl's name," I told him. "Nobody ever heard of a girl named Alfred. You will want a pretty name, one that will sound well on the stage. How would you like to be called 'Bebe L'Amour'--'Love Baby?'"

"That is fine and sounds very feminine. I am a little too old to be

a "baby", but I like the name 'Bebe' and think it is cute," said Alfred. "So three cheers for the new girl-Bebe L'Amour."

"Very good, Bebe," I said, laughing. "Now I feel that you are a real girl, and my young sister. Give sister a nice hug and kiss." I took his slender young body in my arms and kissed him. It was for all the world like kissing a girl and yet he was still masculine enough to give me a real man's kiss, prolonged and with much feeling. I enjoyed it as much as he did. Boy-girls have always appealed greatly to me, and Alfred-Bebe appealed to me particularly because he was so pretty, and daintily feminine, even then before he had much training. And he had such a soft, yielding, clinging body, to say nothing of his clinging, warm red lips. I was greatly enthused, for I felt sure that my experiment would be a huge success and that it would be easy to turn him into a simply exquisite and delightfully pretty piece of young femininity--for he seemed to have everything that it takes, except feminine breasts, and they could be developed at the school.

At last it was time for Alfred-Bebe to leave, and he reluctantly took off his feminine finery and make-up and donned his own clothes.

"I wish I could wear your clothes all the time," said Alfred. "I don't like trousers any more."

"It won't be long before you can discard your male clothing for good, and never again wear it. Meanwhile you can dress as a girl underneath, and every time you come to see me, I will dress you as a girl. So have patience for a little while, until we can make the arrangements for your change of sex," I told him.

"Oh! I'm so anxious to become a girl that I can hardly wait. Please, Gaby, make it as soon as you can--to please your new sister", he said, with a smile. He kissed me good-bye and took his leave.

* * * * *

I had met a nice young surgeon at a dinner party, a very skillful one. I had sat next him and knew that he admired me--I can always tell, having that feminine instinct with men. He had written me notes and sent me flowers, so that I knew I had him under my influence, and was in a position to ask a favor of him. So I asked him to come to my apartment to tea. As you no doubt have guessed, what I had in mind was to get this doctor to operate on Alfred, just as I had been operated on at the age of nine--a complete operation. I knew that it was an unusual one, and so I would have to persuade the doctor to perform it, and it must be shrouded in complete secrecy.

I had drawn up guardianship papers, which Alfred had signed willingly, making him my ward. He agreed to place himself completely in my hands, and to allow me to do everything necessary to transform him into a girl. He must submit to any necessary operation or operations to bring about the desired result, and also submit to all discipline and training that I should prescribe for him, gladly and without complaint. He must let his hair grow long and wear corsets as I should instruct him, and dresses either in private or public, at my will. In short, he agreed to become virtually my slave, to do with as I pleased, except that everything I did to and for him was to be with the purpose of turning him into a girl--I to be the judge. In return, I became his guardian and agreed to adopt him as my ward, to pay all of his expenses and to dress him and educate and train him until he reached the age of 21, five years later.

In our talks, I had made it clear to Alfred that he was taking a radical step, from which there was no return. The discipline would be severe and the training perhaps even painful and prolonged, and he would have to endure much that was unpleasant. But if he would do exactly as he was told, and submit to it all, and do his best to cooperate, in the end he would be turned into a beautiful young girl, and I would place him on

the stage as a Folies beauty.

Alfred agreed to it all with the utmost eagerness. I explained to him about the necessary operation, and that it would be extremely painful for a time. But he said he would willingly go through with it. And so he signed the papers in a hand that already looked girlish. The signature read:

Bebe L'Amour
née Alfred LeBlanc.

He had signed, and now the next thing was to arrange for the operation and get the doctor to agree to do it. I would have to turn on all my charm and persuasive powers with him. He would have to be convinced that the operation was desirable and that the patient wanted it, of his own free will and accord, and would not hold him responsible if it didn't turn out well--for there was danger in performing such a delicate operation on a man of 16, who was fully sexed. The doctor must see Alfred as a girl. Surely that should influence him, I thought. On the appointed day I told Alfred to come to my apartment early. Marie and I dressed him in one of my prettiest afternoon frocks, which became him wonderfully well. It was a short dress, purposely girlish looking, as I wanted him to look like a young school girl. I took extreme care with his make-up, giving him a flawless school-girl complexion, but one which a layman like the doctor would not recognize as being made-up. On his head I placed the Mary Pickford wig, with its beautiful golden curls. Marie laced him in to the full extent of my corset, as a small waist would be sure to impress the doctor. The dress was a tight fit in the bodice, and to attract more attention to Alfred's slenderness, we fastened about his waist a very tightly drawn belt, studded with glistening rhinestones. The dress only reached to Alfred's knees, so as to give a display of his shapely silken-clad legs, small ankles and tiny feet in a narrow, pointed pair of slippers with extreme heels--by this time he had learned to walk in them, thanks to the practice he had had in my rooms. His jewelry was of pearls--simple and girlish--a pair of pretty pearl ear-rings in his shell-like ears, a simple but rich pearl necklace about his smooth white throat, and plain pearl bracelet and one pearl ring. He looked very sweet and demure, and maidenly. I instructed him in the part he was to play--that of a coy school-girl--quiet and respectful before the great doctor. He was to be careful of his voice, when he spoke, making sure that it sounded high and feminine (he had already learned to do it, but I was afraid he might forget himself in the excitement). He was to talk very little, only when spoken to, and then very modestly. He must do his utmost to be a charming young school maiden. For the doctor was not to know, at first, that Bebe was a boy. After he had seen what a lovely young maiden he made, I hoped that he would consent to the operation.

Bebe was quite excited, for it must be remembered that Marie and I were the only ones who had seen him dressed as a girl--no man had ever seen him, unless you can call Marie and me 'men'--and of course Alfred didn't know our real sex, but of course thought us to be women. He preened and primped before the mirror, fussing with his hair, although I told him that it was perfect. I was amused at the femininity he had already developed. He was to meet a man, and was thinking about his looks and wanted to impress him and have him admire him, just like a girl or woman would do.

"How old is the doctor? Is he handsome?" Bebe asked me.

"He is young and handsome--and you are young and pretty, so watch your step and don't make eyes at him and try to make him 'Fall for' you the very first thing," I told him. "If there is any flirting to be done with him, I'll do it, for he is an old admirer of mine. You are just a young thing, to be seen and not heard, unless spoken to. And then, you must be shy and demure." Remember your training and make every pose and gesture convincingly feminine. You can do it if you try.

At the appointed time the doctor was announced. It was obvious that he

was delighted to see me, and I allowed him to kiss me and hold me in his arms for a moment, to get him into a pleasant mood. In a few minutes, as arranged beforehand, Bebe entered from the bedroom. I thought that the doctor looked a bit disappointed at having our tête-à-tête interrupted, for he wanted to be alone with me. But that was not the plan, and I presented the pretty Bebe to him, and 'she' ^{curtsied} gracefully, as I had taught 'her'. I could see that the doctor was impressed with Bebe's beauty--as any man would be.

"This is my ward, Bebe L'Amour", I told him. "I have recently adopted her."

"She's very sweet," said the doctor, "sweet sixteen."

"How did you guess? That's just her age," I replied.

Marie served tea and we sat and chatted over the cups for some time. It gave the doctor plenty of time to get acquainted with Bebe and to study him and see how pretty and girlish he was. Finally I gave Alfred a signal that had been previously agreed on, so he excused himself prettily, and went back into his bedroom. I had instructed him to take off his costume, and dress ~~xx~~ in his own male clothes, and to wait until I asked him to come in again.

The doctor and I now had a confidential conversation, and I led up to the matter of the proposed operation, asking him if he had ever performed the operation ~~on~~ the complete sex organs of a man--their complete removal. He said he had once, in a case where a ~~man~~ ^{man} had been wounded and the removal was necessary. He said it was not a difficult operation, but extremely painful to the patient. I then asked him if he would be willing to perform the operation on a boy who wished to be changed into a girl--as a great favor to me.

"I suppose I could do it--as a favor to you--but first I must see the patient and interview him. I must make sure that he wants the operation performed, and will sign a paper releasing me from all responsibility. And naturally, the operation would have to be done in the strictest secrecy and nobody must know," said the doctor.

"That's fine," I said. "I'll produce the patient."

I went to the bedroom door, opened it, and led in Alfred, now dressed as a man. But I was amused to note that he hadn't removed his make-up, and so his face still looked very pretty and girlish. It was his feminine vanity, of course.

You can imagine the doctor's astonishment when he beheld Alfred as a boy. He hadn't had the slightest suspicion that he was not the girl that he had ~~seen~~ ^{seemed}--which is not surprising, for he would have fooled anybody who didn't know the truth.

The doctor now interviewed Alfred, who told him that he was eager for the operation and that he would sign the necessary papers exempting the doctor from any responsibility. The doctor was impressed with the way Alfred could dress up as a pretty girl, and, as he looked at him, he saw that in spite of his boy's clothes, he still looked like a pretty girl. I now realized how foxy Alfred had been. He had left on his make-up, knowing that it would make him look like a girl as to his face. This would go far to convince the doctor that he looked like a girl, and not the least like a boy. Alfred also took pains to continue his feminine mannerisms and voice, acting the part of a girl to perfection, and pretending to be much more girlish than he really was. He acted exactly like a girl dressed in boys' clothes and not the slightest bit like a boy. And the doctor was duly impressed. "Even now," he said, "you do not seem to be a boy. You are altogether too pretty and girlish, in spite of your clothes and short hair. As a boy, you are a misfit. You should be a girl. I will perform the operation so as to make you one as far as is humanly possible. But I want to be sure that you realize what it means. You will lose your manhood and your male sex. You will be sexless, of the neuter gender, and never able to marry. But the chances are that the operation will make you

completely feminine in feelings and desires, as well as in looks. Men, not women, will have sexual attraction for you, and you will attract men to you, because of your beauty. You may even fall in love with a man, and men may fall in love with you, but you must realize that you will not be able to marry. Your life will be without sex, except in your head. You can have no physical satisfaction. You probably long to sleep in a man's arms, to yield yourself to him, to be possessed by him, as every normal woman does. You may have an almost overpowering urge to be a wife and a mother, to bear children. But that can never be. I tell you all this so that you will know what is ahead of you in the long years to come. But many girls do not marry, and you can be a bachelor maid and perhaps be happy in your career on the stage, which Gaby tells me she has planned for you. Understanding all this, do you still wish to be operated upon and be turned into a girl?"

"Yes, I do," said Pebe. "I feel that life would be unbearable for me if I had to continue it as a man, but delightful if I can become a girl. I cannot bear the thought of wearing boys' clothes any longer, and being a boy. I want to be a girl with all my heart and soul, to wear lovely dresses the rest of my life, to be pretty, to have my own long hair, to have a feminine body, to develop breasts and hips and girlish thighs and all the rest of it. A few days ago I was a man, with a man's sexual feelings and desires, but since Gaby has been dressing me in girl's clothes and shown me that I really am a pretty girl, why, a strange and sudden change has taken place in me. I cannot understand it, but my sex seems to have changed and I have a female's sexual feelings toward men. I suppose I should be ashamed to confess it, but I am not. I feel that I am a girl, and am eager for the operation, as it will make me more so. I will go anything in the world to make me more feminine."

"Well," said the doctor, "the operation will certainly do that, and since you feel the way you do about it, I am willing to go ahead with it. When it is over you will be as feminine and girlish as you could possibly wish for, and there will not be a trace of your masculinity left in you. I think your body will develop along feminine lines. You will be beardless and hairless of body and I am quite sure that you will have female breasts and hips, and a slender waist. The hair on your head should grow thickly and fine, like a girl's."

"Oh! Doctor," exclaimed Alfred, "how wonderful that will be! I shall adore to have maidly breasts and hips, and my own long, silky hair. I shall simply love it. How adorable it will be to be a girl! I can't wait. When will you operate?"

"In a few days. I must make arrangements. Fortunately I have a nurse who can be absolutely trusted with the secret. She will never betray you, and so, when you leave the hospital, as a girl, nobody but myself and the nurse and Gaby and yourself will know the secret of your change of sex, so you will be able to go into the world as a girl without fear--and you will never be discovered unless you yourself expose your secret. And I am sure you will never do that, for then you would be disgraced, a sexless creature spurned by everybody, neither girl nor man. But you can be accepted as a girl and lead a happy life as such, if only you are careful not to betray yourself," said the doctor. "I will let Mlle. Gaby know when I am ready for you. You'd better come to my hospital dressed as a girl, so as to avoid possible suspicion on the part of people who might see you going in. For you will come out as a girl--and a very pretty one, I am sure." He smiled and shook hands with me, and left us, playfully throwing a kiss to Alfred, with his pretty girlish face, which pleased the boy mightily.

"I think he likes me," said Alfred, girlishly. "Did you see him throw me that kiss. And we fooled him, didn't we? He took me for a girl until I changed my clothes."

"Of course you did, silly," I said. "You don't realize how pretty and

feminine you looked. You would fool anybody, and not only fool them, but impress them with your beauty. You have a wonderful career before you, after you graduate from the school. You are going to be a beauty, and will receive a great deal of masculine attention and admiration. It will be delightful and intriguing and you will have a wonderful time, for you will find that there is nothing more lovely in the world than to be a beautiful woman. You will revel in your beauty and femininity, which will delight every man who sees you. Yes, it will be wonderful. For I know."

Next day I took Alfred to the Transformatory, which was located in the suburbs of Paris. It was necessary for him to meet the male-woman who ran the school, and to be accepted as a prospective pupil. She had to inspect everyone who applied for admission and would not admit any boy who didn't have the possibilities of being transformed into a girl. A pupil must have a girlish face and body, small hands and feet, and not be too tall or heavy. No big, ugly, masculine man could gain admittance. For it was the boast of the school that no boy or man had ever been admitted and taken the course, who had not been turned out as a girl acceptable to the public and capable of playing a girl's part in the world.

Needless to say, the moment the proprietor saw Alfred, he accepted him with enthusiasm for he could see how pretty he was and how easily he could be transformed. So I entered him for the ~~term~~ term beginning in September.

Perhaps I should explain here that the School was run somewhat on the lines of the Club Femina, in that every person connected with it, from lowest kitchen-maid to the head principal, was a man in feminine guise, and every pupil, from the instant he entered the school, was put into feminine clothes and was to know nothing else from that time on, but was dressed completely as a girl. The proprietress was a very pleasant 'woman', though a strict disciplinarian. I judged 'her' to be about forty, and she still looked young and had pretty hair which had no sign of grey. She was rather a large type of woman, with an ample bosom and hips, but she had a remarkable figure. For in spite of her size, she had an 18-inch waist, which of course meant severe corseting. I learned later that an 18-inch waist was 'standard' for the school and of course the head had to set the example. 'She' had entered the school, as a boy, at the age of 12, and had been there ever since, and her waist measurement had never been larger than 18-inches, so she was entirely comfortable and happy in her corsets. The attractive 'maid' who had answered the door had the same tiny waist and one or two other 'girls' we passed in the hallway were also drawn in to 18 inches. Nobody was allowed a larger waist except new boys entering, who were allowed a month to reduce their waists to the required measurement. After that it was permanent, unless, as sometimes happened, a boy acquired a still smaller waist. He would be encouraged in this and no limit was set to the tight lacing, for one of the principal objects of the school was figure training. I learned later that occasionally there would be a boy in the school who had such a passion for tight lacing, that he would reduce his waist to 16, and even, 15 inches. Such a boy was looked up to and admired by the others, who would try to emulate him. But the maximum was 18 inches, and a majority of the boys were content with that measurement.

The proprietor of the school, who was known as Mlle. Brule, chatted with us for a while, telling us something about the workings of the school. She said that as it was the holiday season, not all of the teaching staff was there, but only a part of them. She rang a bell, and when the attractive 'maid' came, Mlle. Brule ordered tea and told her to ask Mlles. Dolores, Vivien and Irene to come, as she wanted them to meet me and the new pupil-to-be. Soon the three 'women' entered, and were introduced.

They all were younger than Mlle. Brule, and all were attractive and feminine looking, and they looked very efficeint, as teachers so often do and I judged that they were capable of maintaining disclipine. But they were pleasant in manner, like Mlle. Brule. All of these men-women had their own nice-looking long hair, which must have had several years of growth, and which showed that they had been 'women' for some time. Later I learned that they all were graduates of the school. Their hair was handsomely coiffured, they were tastefully gowned. Dolores and Vivien had the school standardized 18-inch waist, but Irene was evidently a 'corset fan' and enjoyed tight lacing. She was the prettiest of the three and smaller, and a blonde and I judged her waist to be not larger than 16 inches, so that she had a most intriguing fashionable girlish figure. After these 'girls' had finished the course at the school, Mlle. Brule had engaged them to remain as teachers, because they had the ability, and had been among the 'star' pupils. In fact, everybody in the school, was a graduate, even the cook and other kitchen help. They had been retained and kept on, as they either liked the work, or else needed it for a livelihood. The school made it a point to place graduates in some feminine occupation where they could earn their living if they needed to do that. Of course, some were the sons of wealthy parents, who supported them, after their school training, in luxury, as young ladies, but most of them were seeking and training for a career as artists, musicians, actresses, couturieres, milliners, corsetieres, hairdressers, beauty-parlor operatives and models, and other similar feminine occupations. One of the graduates that they were very proud of had become a professional artists' model, and was famous for 'her' figure, often posing for art classes in the nude. Mlle. Brule showed me a photograph of 'her' and I admired 'her' perfect figure, which was beautifully feminine, with its perfect breasts, tapering waist, swelling hips and thighs and symmetrical arms and legs, and small hands and feet. The picture showed 'her' reclining in the nude in a gracefully feminine pose, with her own thick, long brown hair draped over her body and arranged so as to just conceal that midsection of a girl's body that is nearly always covered. I concluded that she must have had an operation like I had had, and like Alfred was to have, in order to be able to pose in the nude, and have nothing awkward to conceal. Or else her 'parts' had been so tiny that they could escape observation and detection. But probably it had been the 'complete' operation, which would better account for her swelling little breasts and the completely female form of 'her' body. It was astonishing and unbelievable that a man could have such a 'female form divine' and such glorious hair--and yet it must be true, and it was very convincing to me that the school could accomplish its purpose in turning boys into women or girls, and I was sure that I had selected the right place for the transforming of Alfred. Mlle. Brule showed me quite a collection of the school graduates, which no doubt were the 'cream of the crop', for all of them were pretty and feminine looking 'girls' and 'women'. Mlle. Brule and the three teachers were further examples of what the school could do. After tea had been served, and I had chatted with the 'ladies' for a while, we left for home. The three teachers, like Mlle. Brule, had been very pleased with Alfred as a prospective pupil and made him blush with their praise of his pretty girlish face, though he was very much pleased. He had kept a discreet, girlish silence throughout the interview, as I had instructed him to do, but he had been an interested onlooker and listener.

When we were again in our car, on the way back, I asked Alfred what he thought of the school.

"Oh! I am sure I'm going to like it," he said with girlish enthusiasm. "And I think all four of those ladies are very nice and pleasant. What small waists they all have."

"Ladies," I said, in surprise. "Did you think they are real ladies?"

"Of course. Why, aren't they?" he asked.

I couldn't refrain from laughing at him. I had not told him anything

different, but had taken it for granted that he knew the truth. I recalled that nothing had been said in our conversation at the school that would betray the fact that those 'women' really were males, and that accounted for his ignorance.

"Why, Alfred," I exclaimed, "those four nice 'ladies' are all men. I thought you knew it."

Now it was his turn to be surprised.

"I was positive that they were really women, and would have bet my last sou upon it," he said. "I never knew that there were men who dress like women and live as such. I have never seen one before, except myself, in the mirror, and somehow I thought that I was perhaps the only one who liked to dress in girls' clothes. I guess I'm pretty ignorant."

"Yes, Alfred," I said, "I guess you are, for there are hundreds of men who dress and live as women, and thousands who do it occasionally as a pastime, and who love it as much as you do. It is what is called 'transvestitism,' which means a fondness for wearing the garments of the opposite sex. Another name for it is 'sexual transversion,' in which case the spirit of a man occupies the body of a woman, or vice versa. For there are many women who are transverts and love to wear male clothing, and do so. Some of them live all of their lives as men and escape detection. It is much easier for a woman to impersonate a man, than for a man to impersonate a woman, on account of the clothes and the fact that most men are too large, and homely and masculine and cannot conceal those traits. So that the man who can make a good woman is rare. That's why I think you are so fortunate, as you are one of those rarities. Those teachers at the school are other examples, and no doubt you will meet many of the boys at the school who make up as pretty, feminine girls, like you do. Many surprises are in store for you, and you will find that this is a rather topsy-turvy world, with many strange people in it, and many strange quirks of sex. In your future life as a girl and woman, you will have exceptional opportunities to learn about such people, and probably will meet many of them. It will be an interesting and exciting life for you, when you once go on the stage, a much better life than you could have as a man--for you will be a man, and yet a girl. Nothing in the world is so delightful as being a beautiful woman, as I have told you before. To be a stage beauty, to appear night after night before the footlights, to have thousands admire you and applaud you--that is life in the full. To be beautiful is divine, as I myself know from some years of experience. A beautiful woman has all men at her feet. She can sway vast audiences. She can have anything that she desires. Nobody can refuse her anything. That's the way a beauty always reigns."

"Oh! I do so want to be a beautiful woman, like you, Gaby," said Alfred. "Tell me that I will some day, please do." To me that would be heaven on earth."

"I am sure you will be a ravishing blonde beauty, after you have had your operation and completed the course at the school. So cheer up, and keep that in mind when you are undergoing the rigors and hardships of your training. It is all done for a fixed purpose, and that is, to make you beautiful and feminine. By next summer you should be a practically full-fledged young lady."

"Oh. How lovely. I can hardly wait," he said gushingly. "But I suppose I shall have to."

As we rolled along, we went over his plans for the future. He must get rid of all of his masculine possessions and give up his room. He must go ahead with it at once, for soon the doctor would send for him.

* * * * *

It was necessary for Alfred to sell all of his clothes and furnishings, and all of his books, papers, in fact to get rid of all of his possessions, so that there would remain no link to connect him with his masculine self. He gave up his position, and went to the bank and got the bonds that had been left to him by his father, and he drew out every cent of the money he had on deposit. This he turned over to me, to keep for him, or to spend it on his education and clothes, as I saw fit.

We didn't hear from the doctor for a few days, so Alfred had time to make all of these preparations. Every afternoon he came to my home and dressed as a girl in my clothes, and we discussed plans for his future, and he also continued his lessons in feminine deportment, under my guidance. During this time, Alfred was obsessed with his thoughts and desires of becoming a girl, and could think of nothing else, and when he was wearing my dresses, he was transported with happiness, and the more he wore them, the more he delighted in them, and the more feminine he seemed to grow. Each day he told me about the dreams he had had the previous night. In them he was always a girl, and there was always a male admirer, with whom he dreamed he had various adventures, all of them delightful to him, because in them he was a girl. The most exciting dream he had was the night before his appointment to go to the doctor's.

"I had a marvellous dream last night," he told me. "But I'm not sure that I should tell you about it, because it may sound naughty to you."

"You needn't hesitate to tell me," I said. "Remember, now I am your elder sister, and you can confide in me without embarrassment or shame, and ~~bring~~ bring your heart and feelings to me in complete frankness. What was the dream?"

"Well," he said, blushing a little through his make-up, which I thought added to his beauty, as he looked so maidenly and shy, "last night I dreamt that I was married, a beautiful young bride. It was our wedding night. I was in bed with my tall, handsome husband for the first time--our bridal bed. He held me in his strong arms and kissed, fondled and caressed me. He aroused my feminine passions to fever heat. I was lost in ecstasy. I almost fainted from the voluptuousness of my passions. And then--and then--I suppose you can guess what happened. My husband possessed me completely. We had sexual intercourse--and I was the girl. Oh! It was heavenly, divine. I never knew that there could be such pleasure on earth. But it lasted all too short a time, and then I woke up, and you can imagine my disappointment in not finding my husband there. It was, alas! all a dream. Oh! it was wonderful! I was all a-tremble."

"Then what did you do?" I asked with a smile.

"I got up, took a bath, and went back to bed, and, exhausted, fell asleep and slept until morning. I shall never forget that dream so long as I live."

* * * * *

The day for Alfred to go to the doctor's was Tunday. He came to my apartment in the late morning, so as to allow plenty of time to get ready and to go to the doctor's during the afternoon. He was to spend the night there and the operation was scheduled for the next morning.

The very first thing that Alfred did was to go into the bedroom, take off his suit, slip on a negligee and mules, and come into my boudoir. He had his suit of clothes over his arm. He tossed it to Marie, and asked her to get rid of it.

"Good bye, trousers," he said, with a smile. "I shall never see you again. They were my last link to my old masculine life, and I say, a good riddance. Just think," said he to me, with a radiant smile, "I shall never have to wear pants again. Nothing but skirts for me for the rest of my life. I hate the very sight of men's clothes. I suppose you think I am very queer, and I can hardly understand it myself. Somethnig has come over me, and I am completely changed. Up to the day I met you, and you dressed me up as a girl, I was a normal young fellow. I admired girls, as all boys do. They had sexual appeal to me. But when you dressed me up, and I saw myself in the glass, and learned that I could look like a pretty girl, all was changed. I suddenly wanted to be a girl and began to feel like one. Men, instead of girls, began to interest me. As

I walk through the streets now, I find myself noticing boys and men, especially the good-looking ones, I wish that I was dressed as a girl, so that they would notice and admire me, the same as I used to admire girls myself, especially good-looking ones--and particularly blondes. I suppose I should feel ashamed of my change in sexual sensations, but I am not, for it seems perfectly natural to me to be that way--to feel like a girl. I cannot understand it. I don't think other boys are that way."

"Oh, yes they are, lots of them," I assured him. "Many, many boys have a passion for dressing as a girl, just as you do now, and they do it whenever they get a chance. But comparatively few of them can make themselves look convincingly like girls, so that they can deceive people with their disguise, and so they are obliged to don their feminine finery in the secrecy of their homes. But of course, there are a number of boys and men, like yourself, who can defy detection, and can pass readily as females. You have probably passed many of these in the streets, but never suspected them and took them to be what they seemed. Some of them are pretty, like yourself. Some of them are on the stage, which, as you know, takes good-looks. Many surprises are in store for you when you once go out into the world as a girl."

I was tempted to tell him that I was a man dressed as a woman, but I thought it best not to. I didn't know him very well yet and was not sure how far I could trust him. After the operation, when he would be in the same physical state as myself, then perhaps I would tell him the secret of my sex.

"This matter of sex is a strange thing, and the aberrations of sex, about which the ordinary person knows nothing, as they think that every man and woman is sexually normal, like themselves. But the variations of sex take many forms. Take yourself, for example. You are now a sexual invert, a boy with feminine sex instincts. You are a transvestist, which means that you are fond of wearing the garments of the opposite sex. Many women are transvestists, too. Your case is unusual. Most boys are transvestists from birth, but you became one all of a sudden, at the age of sixteen, when I dressed you up and you found that you made a pretty girl. You have always been effeminate and girlish looking, with much of the feminine in your make-up--many boys and men are like that--so when you beheld yourself in the mirror and saw how lovely and maidenly you looked, you were suddenly converted into a transvestist, and the instinct has been growing stronger and stronger day by day, until now you are obsessed with it, can think of nothing else but being a girl, have your heart set upon it, and are delighted that it can be brought about. You now have a girl's soul in a man's body,--but that is all to be changed, and in about a month you will be a girl in a girl's body, at least, practically so, as much as is possible. At least, you certainly will no longer be a male, and much nearer to being a female."

"How ignorant I am," exclaimed Alfred. "I never knew about such matters. and I am so glad to know that there are other boys and men like myself."

"Of course there are," I replied. "You will find the Transformatory full of them. There will be 30 or 40 boys there like yourself, besides all of the teachers and servants--a large household of female impersonators, a most unique and interesting place."

"How wonderful," he said. "I know I shall love it there. Will some of the other boys be as pretty as I?"

"Why, Alfred," I said with a laugh, "how conceited you have become already about your girlish beauty. It goes to show how feminine you are. I am sure that you will be able to hold your own as to looks in that crowd of boy-girls, though perhaps some of them will be as pretty as you."

"And will they have as good a figure and as small a waist as I?"

"Yes, they all will have good figures. Now a waist measurement is allowed to be more than 18 inches and I am sure that some will be smaller."

"No boy there is going to have a smaller waist than I," he said, his pretty eyes sparkling. "I will lace and lace, and not be beaten."

"That will be fine," I said, "but remember not to lace so tightly that it will affect your health."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that. And besides, I am very tough and healthy."

Since the first day I had dressed Alfred as a girl, he had been wearing lingerie, stockings and a corset that I had given him, and at night he had followed my instructions and worn a snug girdle. He had gradually decreased to size of his waist, so that by now it was quite girlish and tapering. Each day when he had called to be dressed up, Marie had given his face massages and applied creams and bleaches, and he had also applied them in his room at home night and morning, with the result that his complexion had become several shades lighter, and much smoother. He had taken pains to keep out of sun and wind when out-of-doors, so that even in this short time there was a marked improvement, and I realized with pleasure what a remarkable subject for feminization was this handsome boy. A few months would do wonders, for already he had the figure and complexion of a girl, with practically no effort or training. I was sure that he could be transformed easily into a Folies Bergere beauty, and have all the men mad about him.

* * * * *

It was now time to begin to get Alfred ready for our trip to the Doctor'. He was to go dressed as a girl, and he was quite excited about it.

"Just think, Gaby," he said. "For the first time I am to leave this room as a girl, and go outdoors, where people will see me. I am terribly thrilled. I must look my prettiest. I don't want anybody to think that I am a boy dressed as a girl."

"Don't worry about that," I told him. "You will never look the least bit like a boy again. From now on you are an exceptionally pretty girl."

"Oh, how marvellous, , How I shall love it. I can't wait. Please dress me right away."

I had planned to dress Alfred in a simple, dark dress, and take him across the city to the doctor's home (which contained his hospital) in a closed car, so that few people would see him--or I. But Alfred had entirely different ideas.

"Gaby darling, this will be my first appearance as a girl in public, and I want to make the most of it. I want to see and be seen. Won't you be a sweet lamb and make me up to look very beautiful and then drive me across the city slowly in a horse-cab, with the top down?"

"I don't mind making you beautiful, but it will take two or three hours to drive with a horse way across the city, and we shall have to pass through the heart of the city, and cross the Seine. Besides, we have to stop and do some shopping for you. You need a toilet set, suitable for a girl."

"That will be lovely," he said. "I will get out of the cab with you and go into the shop and mingle with the crowd--and I shall be a girl. And I can talk to the sales girl--I will be very careful to keep my voice high. Think of me being a girl there--and perhaps it will be crowded and people--men--may rub up against me. And perhaps they will notice me and flirt with me. Oh, darling, I can hardly wait to get started."

I was amused at the boy's enthusiasm, and could see no reason why we shouldn't do as he wished, for it would give him pleasure. However, I decided to wear a black wig and a brunette make-up myself, as so many people recognized me in public, and this time I wanted to avoid attention, and let Alfred have all of it, and be in the spotlight, as he wished. He wanted to be seen as a girl. No harm in that. Good practise for him. And I realized that never again would he get such a thrill out of being a girl as on this first public appearance. He would soon get used to it, and it would be a matter of course that he was a girl, though I was sure he always would get unusual pleasure out of wearing feminine apparel, and would never tire of it. All transvestists are like that.

"You can choose your own dress and hat and shoes and wig," I told him.

"Very well," he said, smiling. "I choose that frock I wore the time the doctor was here."

"But, darling," I said. "You know that has a very small waist, so that you will have to lace very tightly. After an hour or two in that corset, you

have always asked to have the laces loosened, here in this room. Now it is only noon, and it will be eight or nine o'clock tonight before you go to bed at the doctor's, after dinner there. Do you want to be laced in that tight corse for so long a time? You will be terribly uncomfortable and may even suffer pain before you take it off."

"I want to wear it, and I shall be too excited to think about my corsets. And people are going to see me, and I want to have a tiny waist. Besides, the doctor will see me," he said a bit shyly. "He is so handsome. Do you suppose we shall dine together, just we two, tête-a-tête? May I have an evening gown to change into."

"Why, you conceited and immodest girl," I said, but I couldn't help laughing, because he was acting in such a typically feminine manner. "So you want to attract the good doctor and carry on a flirtation with him! Shame on you. But it will do no harm, and you will be many days without any fun. So you may dress, and do as you please. That dress is very becoming on you, and I will put into your bag that black velvet evening gown that you wore the first day. You looked stunning in it, and the doctor will like you in it. What wig do you choose?"

"My favorite, the one with the long curls."

"But that will make you look like a young school-girl. Is that what you want to resemble? And that wig is so bright and golden that it will surely attract attention to you, for it sort of hits a person in the eye. It is really a wig more to be worn on the stage, behind the footlights, because it is so dazzling. I had this wig made as an exact duplicate of the hair worn by Mary Pickford in her first pictures. Mary's hair was famous, and everybody who saw her, talked about her lovely hair, her glorious golden curls, reaching well down her back, and in great profusion. But I must confess that you look very pretty in that wig, and so you can wear it, even if it does make you conspicuous as we pass through the streets."

So that was settled as Alfred wished.

As I proceeded to make him up, he said. "Please, darling, make me very beautiful. Thousands of people are going to see me, and I want to look lovely!"

I took particular pains with his make-up. His face was so smooth and his skin so white, that he was easy to make up as a girl. I spent a lot of time on his eyes, applying mascara to each separate eye-lash. I plucked his eyebrows so that only a fine arched line was left, and I carefully touched that up with pencil. I made his red lips redder with a lipstick. He had pretty lips, shaped naturally like a cupid's bow--lips that many a girl would envy. Then came the wig, which always makes such a wonderful difference in the transformation of a man into a woman, especially if it is a pretty wig, with nice hair becomingly dressed. Marie had dressed it anew that morning, so that every long golden ringlet was perfect and in its proper place. Alfred now looked like a surpassingly pretty young girl, and stood admiring himself before the mirror, fondling and fussing with his hair, rearranging his curls over either shoulder, so as to give his pretty face a golden framework of hair. He couldn't tear himself away, but meanwhile Marie and I got busy with his corset, clasped it on and laced him in fully. He didn't seem to notice it, so occupied was his mind with his reflection.

"I simply adore my hair. I am mad about it," he said, tossing his head so that his curls would jump about. "Do you think that I shall ever have such hair as this, all my very own."

"Of course you will," I said, "for your hair is about the same blonde shade--and there are secret ways of making it blonder. You will learn that ~~there~~ are many secrets of a woman's toilette, and some day you will know them all. But it will take several years for your hair to grow as long as that. But it will be long enough for nice curls in a year."

"Oh, I shall so love having my own girl's hair," he gushed.

Marie and I finished dressing him. He looked lovely in the afternoon frock. We fastened the rhinestone belt very tightly about his waist. It was fastened at the back with a gem-studded buckle, and Alfred insisted that it be

be drawn very tightly, which reduced his waist measure still more. Now he was indeed tightly dressed, but he seemed to be oblivious of it. I could not help but admire his nerve, for I knew that it took courage and fortitude for a boy, practically unaccustomed to tight corsets, to be laced in like that for a long 8 or 9 hours, without any chance of relief. But he wished it, and would have to stand it. (I will say now that up to the time that I left him at the doctor's several hours later, he had never referred to his tight corset in any way and if he was uncomfortable, he never showed it, but appeared happy and always smiling the whole time.)

For shoes, Alfred chose a pair with extreme high heels, as I had expected, because they made his feet look small and daintier. He had only walked in such heels around the apartment, of course, and I wondered how he would get along walking in them up and down steps, in and out of cabs and perhaps some distance in the shop. But I may say now that he got along famously, and was the picture of grace in his walk.

For a hat, he selected a golden lamé turban, with a large diamond ornament at the front.

"It is small, and won't cover much of my hair," he said. "I want my hair to show as much as possible, it is so beautiful." I will be a regular golden girl, won't I?" he asked.

"Yes, you are so 'golden' that everybody is going to stare at you. You couldn't have picked a more conspicuous hat."

"I know it," he said, smiling, and primping again before the mirror. He put the turban on himself, and adjusted it at just the most becoming angle. He seemed to have a feminine instinct already, and no real girl could have done it better. The effect was lovely, with that cascade of curls flowing out from beneath the little hat and floating down his shoulders, and a few peeping out at both sides of his face, which he adjusted very carefully.

He drew on a pair of my gloves, I gave him a hand-bag, and he was ready for his public 'début.' Never had I seen a boy so happy and excited. And never had I seen a boy look so beautiful, so girlish, so divinely feminine.

It only took me a few minutes to put on my brunette make-up and black wig. I also wore a veil to further screen my face. Marie had packed a bag with the things I had bought for Alfred--some dainty night dresses and negligees to wear when he began to sit up. Also a pair of high-heeled mules. She also put in the black velvet dress he had asked for, though he would have only the one chance to wear it.

At last we were all ready, and I sent Marie out to summon an open cab. Alfred, all a-flutter, took a last look at himself in the mirror, patted his curls, gave his nose a dab of powder, and tripped across the room and out to the cab with me. He was terribly self-conscious and so excited that he was appearing in public as a beautiful girl, for all passers-by to see. He took his place beside me in the cab, and our horse clopped slowly along. Of course people looked at us, for I suppose we were quite a striking looking pair of women--Alfred a 'dizzy' blonde and I, in my brunette make-up a good foil for him--and I made an attractive brunette, really pretty, I suppose, for I was wearing a handsome wig and a becoming hat and a pretty afternoon dress of black lace over pink silk. But it was Alfred who attracted the most attention, and that was the way we both wished it. Almost the first man who passed us, stared at Alfred.

"Do I look all right?" he whispered to me. "Did you see how that man stared at me?"

"Here, take this mirror and look at yourself," said I, taking the glass out of my bag. "Of course you look all right. Have you already forgotten how you look?"

"Well, I have always been in your room before, where I could constantly look at myself, and I feel so strange here out doors dressed as a girl, with people ~~looking at me~~ looking at me. But I do look all right, don't I?" he asked, looking at himself in the hand-mirror. "I am a really pretty girl."

As we rolled along, people looked at us, and occasionally a man would

smile.

"Will it be all right if I smile back when a man smiles at me?" he asked.

"Of course, ~~not~~. Flirt to your heart's content and have a good time,"

I told him.

The next time that a good-looking man smiled at Alfred, he smiled back and bowed. The man, surprised, took off his hat and bowed, but continued to smile, obviously flattered that such a pretty girl should smile at him. Alfred was delighted, and from time to time smiled and bowed to men, and they never failed to return the bows. He was an outrageous little flirt already, and apparently a coquette of the first water. He would go far with the men, when once launched on his feminine career. We rolled through the crowded streets of the shopping district and I was aware that many a person turned and gave Alfred a second look, he was so glamorously pretty, with that yellow-gold head of curls, which struck the eye, which would then notice his pretty face and figure. He was scoring a triumph, and was fully aware of it, for his remarks showed that he was having the time of his life.

We stopped at a store to buy his brush and comb. I got out of the cab and watched while Alfred got out. In view of his extremely tight corsets and high heels, it was not an easy matter to descend gracefully, but I was pleased to say that he did it as well as any real girl could have done. There was nothing awkward or masculine about his movements. We crossed the crowded sidewalk and entered the store, and here, as he had hoped, Alfred came in close contact with the public, for the first time. People in the shop turned to look at him and to admire, and he was delighted to hear a man say to a woman with him: "Look at that pretty girl. Did you ever see such lovely hair?" Alfred passed close to several men, who 'gave him the eye', and he was not slow to 'give' it back to them, and smile. How he loved to flirt with men! After making our purchases, we continued our drive and after a couple of hours we reached our destination. All the way Alfred's blondness had attracted attention, and he had enjoyed every minute of it. The doctor received us, and I said good-bye to Alfred, telling him to be brave, and that I would come to see him often.

* * * * *

Alfred's operation was a complete success. I went to see him frequently. After the first week, which was very painful, he made a rapid recovery, and then the effects of the operation began to be apparent. Before, his face had been pretty enough, but now it took on a more feminine aspect. There was a difference in his eyes, which seemed to grow larger, and more feminine. His voice became naturally high pitched and soft--it was a sweet, girlish voice. His blonde hair seemed to take on a new softness and fineness, and to grow more thickly. At about the end of the third week, he opened his night dress, as he lay there in bed, and exposed his bosom.

"Look, darling, at my breasts," he said, smiling delightedly.

I looked and was pleased to see that he was developing definitely girlish breasts. I felt of the soft little mounds, which were nicely rounded and had cute little pink nipples.

"They have grown two inches already, and the doctor says they will keep on growing until they are as large as they should be on a young girl of my age. Isn't it wonderful? The operation has done that to me. He measured me before my operation and again only this morning. He says my hips and thighs are larger and my waist smaller, and that my feet and hands are smaller, too. He says that my body is now definitely female, that I am developing girlish curves and will continue to improve in my femininity until I am practically a perfect girl. I feel that I am one now, and, Oh, Gaby darling, it makes me so happy. Being a girl is just divine. I am so grateful to you for bringing it about. I can hardly wait to leave here and take my place in the world as a girl--for the rest of my life."

Alfred went on for some time in this strain, glorying in the change of sex that had been effected in him, revelling in it.

"How did I ever stand being a boy for sixteen years?" he asked. "I wouldn't

change back for anything in the world. It is so lovely to be feminine. I feel sorry for men and boys who have to go through life as males, and never will experience the joy of being females, which is the only thing to be in this life."

Soon Alfred began to sit up and at the end of the fourth week, the doctor decided that he was well enough to leave.

"The operation has turned out better than I expected", he told me, "and I think it is remarkable the way it has feminized Alfred, and turned him into a girl, not only physically, but mentally. Do you know the young hussy has been flirting with me, and when I have been close to him, examining him, he has drawn my head down ~~to me~~, and kissed me, more than once. And he is so pretty and girlish, that I rather liked it. So you see, he has become feminine sexually, and I am afraid you are going to find, when he gets out, that he is 'boy-crazy', and if you don't watch him, he is going to chase after the men, and be a bold little flirt. His physical development is wonderful. He actually has a feminine body. I know he has showed you his breasts. He is so proud of them--and of his feminine hips. Judging from my measurements, and the progress he is making, in a short time his body will be perfect in its femininity. And he is going to be a beauty, as soon as he regains his strength and he fills out and the roses come into his cheeks."

When the day came for Alfred to leave, Marie came with me and brought a suit-case of things for him to wear and so we dressed him. He was pale from his long confinement and so we put a touch of rouge to his cheeks, which was a great improvement in his looks. His hair had now a two months' growth and was long enough to enable Marie to curl it in the rear in a mass of small ringlets, which were very becoming to him, and made him look pretty and girlish.

I had engaged a cottage on the Normandy coast, and sent the servants there to open it, and had forwarded several trunksful of clothes for Alfred and myself. We were to spend the Summer months there, while Alfred gained his strength and prepared himself to enter the Transformatory. Soon he became completely well. At first we took short walks, then longer ones. We went in bathing daily, and there, on the beach, we of course encountered other bathers, and naturally among them many men. By that time Alfred's breasts were convincingly feminine, so that he need not wear any pads with his bathing suit, and his hips were those of a girl. From the day he left the hospital he had gone in for figure training, under my direction. His waist was smaller than before, as the result of the operation, and very soon he was wearing an 18-inch corset with comfort. He and I always wore our corsets with our bathing suits--as was then the custom--and so our figures were as slender and attractive as when we wore regular clothing. Alfred had become a really beautiful young blonde maiden, and so when we two beauties appeared on the beach, needless to say, we attracted a good deal of masculine attention, which was an old story to me, but new to Alfred, and very delightful. After his swim he would lie on the sand of the beach. He would stretch out on his side in a seductively feminine pose, well aware of the girlish curve of his swelling hip, and the incurve of his tiny waist, and his adorable little breasts just showing below the top of his low-cut bathing-suit's waist. Men flocked around and made his acquaintance easily --for he encouraged them, being an incorrigible little flirt, as the doctor had said. He was in the Seventh Heaven, lying there in his feminine loveliness and basking in the admiration of a group of men. He was bright and full of good humor and wit, and, having been a man himself such a short time ago, he knew just how to behave as a girl to make a hit with men. He smiled upon all of them and was so sweet and gay, that they fell in love with him. He was irresistible. Of course, I, too, had my little circle of admirers, as always, but I didn't flirt with them and encourage them to the extent Alfred did his 'boy friends.' Soon he singled out one of the men as his special 'boy friend'. He told me that the man was exactly like the one who had been his 'husband' in the dream when he was the 'wife' and had experienced the sensations of a bride on her wedding night. For that reason he was infatuated with this man, whose name was Henri, and who became

Alfred's devoted slave, and constantly danced attendance. We went on picnics and to dances at the hotels, and had an altogether delightful vacation.

But I didn't neglect Alfred's training, and our mornings were devoted to it. His voice was now naturally soprano, and I gave him daily singing lessons and taught him to accompany himself on the piano. I also gave him a daily dancing lesson, first simple steps, such as routine chorus numbers, and, as he progressed, I taught him solo dances, which he learned to do with perfect feminine grace and skill. He was now interested in all things feminine, so he took up sewing, embroidering, tatting and knitting. I taught him how to take care of his hair, which was growing rapidly. He learned how to use the curling iron, and how to do his hair in curlers for the night. He always wore it in a cluster of ringlets at the back, which gradually grew longer. I also taught him the intricate art of make-up, which he quickly mastered, being a very bright and eager pupil. I had brought a number of wigs with me, of various shades, and Alfred would make up as a brunette, or a redhead or a brown-haired beauty, with wig to match complexion. I taught him how to make up as a Japanese girl, and a Spanish senorita; as an East Indian beauty, or a South Seas belle, with little more on than a grass skirt. And he had the girlish body for such a costume, which showed most of his nudeness, and left little to the imagination. This assured me that he had the figure for a Folies girl, who often wears the scantiest of costumes on the stage--at times little more than a brassiere and a few feathers at the waist for a skirt. Alfred delighted in these various make-ups and costumes. He was a born actress, and whether a Japanese Geisha girl or an Oriental Princess, he gave an imitation of the role gracefully and convincingly. As time went on and his face filled out it became more and more beautiful, keeping pace with the increasing loveliness of his feminine form. There was an indefinable beauty and femininess about his face which it had lacked when he was a boy--it was in his eyes, his expression, his softness and girlishness, his glowing skin, his smooth complexion. To all outward appearances he was a 100 per cent girl, and a very lovely one--such a one as every man will turn toward for a second look--and as many more as possible.

Alfred and I roomed and slept together, and so I saw him daily in the nude, and both he and I were delighted with the skill and cleverness with which the doctor had performed the operation, for, outwardly, he had female sexual organs, and nobody would ever be able to tell that he was not really a ~~woman~~ woman--a female. For he apparently had a vagina, which would deceive anyone. For months he had been taking internally feminine sex hormones, which had kept up his sex virility, so that he had not suffered any let-down or debilitation from the operation. He was as strong sexually as any girl could be and much more so than many normal girls. In fact, his sexual urge was constant, like that of a man, and not periodic, like that of a woman. He was 'man-crazy' and ~~always~~ always seeking to attract masculine attention to himself, which gave him a sexual thrill. He gloried in his feminine beauty and in having men become infatuated with him. He seemed to have acquired instinctively all of the little feminine wiles and alluring tricks and mannerisms that attract the male. And how he had learned to use his eyes! He had very long lashes, which swept his cheeks when his beautiful eyes were closed--and he knew just when to lower his lids, to get full advantage of the beauty of his lashes. His smile was entrancing--and he practised it most of the time when in presence of a man he liked, thus making himself more pretty and attractive. Yes, he had become a girl and seemed more feminine than many a real girl, for he delighted in his femininity and did everything he could to increase it. The female sex hormones, which he continued to take regularly, had the desired effect. His breasts continued to swell and his body became more and more feminine until it could not become more so. He appeared to be the perfect girl, only lacking the internal female organs to make him completely a girl. And before leaving the hospital the doctor had discussed the possibility of another operation to transplant in him complete female organs from a woman so that he could perform the act of sexual intercourse and bear children. But that was for future consideration. He had enough of operations for the

time being. I may as well confess that Alfred and I slept in each other's arms, and delighted in it. Though we both were sexless, and strage beings and yet in each of us there was a combination of both sexes, the male and the female, though the female predominated now. But it took only a little imagination when we were in bed together to make us very happy. For in the strange game we played nightly, we would alternate being the husband and the wife--though we both preferred being the 'wife'. It was, of course, a perfectly harmless thing, and, being sexless, we felt no shame in it.

The Summer months passed rapidly, and the time swiftly came when it was necessary for me to return to Paris to start rehearsals for the Folies show. I had been in communication with Mlle. Brule, who advised me the clothes and outfit that Alfred would need at the school, so I took him to Paris and we did our shopping. Daytimes at the school he would only need the plain dress that was the school uniform, but the 'girls' always dressed for dinner, and, wishing him to have a supply of pretty evening dresses that would delight the heart of a girl, I had made for him a number of lovely creations, with a plentiful supply of evening slippers to match. I also bought for him a number of afternoon dresses for use later on when he would have the privilege of outings on Saturdays and Sundays, when the 'girls' in good standing would be allowed to go to Paris, properly chaperoned by the teachers. Of course, we got suitable hats, and a liberal supply of lingerie, corsets, stockings, night dresses and other accessories, including toilet articles. Alfred revelled in the fittings, and all of the shopping, reacting just as a real girl would have done. His pretty hair was now shpoulder length, and he was very proud of its bright blondness. He entered the school and I was not to see him for some months. He was very fortunate, for few boys could enter the school so well transformed into a girl as Alfred already was, and he would have an easy time. But he still had much to learn and he needed further training. Besides the school had regular classes, like a real girls' school, and so it would help to complete his education. He was going to study English especially, and learn to speak it fluently, for no doubt, after he had started on his career on the stage, he would go to England and America, and it would be a distinct advantage if he could speak the language. And his singing lessons would be continued regularly, to improve his already sweet saprano voice.

* * * * *

Alfred sent me letters regularly every Saturday, and described his progress, which was entirely satisfactory. He was one of the prettiest 'girls' in the school and very popular, as beauty was looked up to--and envied by the 'girls' less fortunate in looks. And Alfred had a very sweet and kindly disposition, which made him a favorite not only with the other 'girls,' but with the teachers as well. He soon began to tell me in his letters about the warm friendship that had developed between him and two other pretty 'girls' named Mimi and Fifi--gilrs who were in their second year at the school, and so far advanced in their girlhood. He told them about me, and how I was preparing him for a career on the stage, and was to become a Folies chorus girl when ~~my~~ his education and training had been finished. Both 'girls' had ambitions to become actresses, and longed to meet me and ask my help. It ended by my asking Mimi and Fifi to come home with Alfred for the Christmas holidays with me, and they accepted with joy. And so before Christmas the three lovely maidens came, and we four 'women' had a lovely time together. They went to the theater several times to see me in the Folies, and I had them back stage in my dressing room, and they met others of the company and got a good idea of the theater and what their experience there would later be. They met a n mber of men, and after the show we four 'girls' would often be taken out for supper and dancing. The three young school girls were so pretty and charming that they had the men 'at their feet,' so to speak. And it was delightful to see how perfectly they played their feminine parts--no girls could have done it better.

At the school Mimi and Fifi had of course learned about Alfred's operation and had seen how apparently he had feminine sex organs. They envied him this, as did the other boy-girls, who always had to suffer the discomfort of compressing their male organs tightly in elastic bands to avoid any unseemly bulging which would show through their dresses. They also made a practise of wearing corsets cut unusually long down in front, and that was a further discomfort. The fortunate Alfred had none of this. During the holidays we four discussed the difficulty Mimi and Fifi would have as chorus girls in concealing the evidences of their sex. The girls of the chorus dressed--and undressed--in groups in large dressing rooms, about 25 to a room, closely thrown together, and making frequent changes of costumes, many of which were extremely scanty--as is the custom with Folies chorus beauties. I pointed out to Mimi and Fifi that it would be next to impossible for them to escape detection as to their sex, with all the necessary nakedness of a dressing room in close association with a lot of real girls. Alfred-Bebe would be all right, but not them. It would be far too great a risk. Think what the girls would do to them if they should suddenly discover that these supposedly beautiful girls were men, there in among them, Having seen the real girls in geshabille, and perhaps in the nude, the boys would surely receive very rough treatment, and the exposure would end their careers in the Folies. And if it got out, and into the newspapers, they would either have to give up their feminine roles and become men again--which they would hate, and at which, after their femi nine developement, they would be very poor actors, or they would have to disappear to some place where they were not known.

And so I made a proposition to Mimi and Fifi. If they would submit to an operation, the same as Alfred-Bebe had done, I would adopt them the same as I had him, and we four would live together as four women, and I would see that they got into the Folies chorus. For of one thing I was certain. All of these boys had the necessary feminine beauty for the chorus.

Mimi immediately agreed, but for a time Fifi demurred, for he still had a masculine ego, and hesitated to give up his manhood completely, and be unsexed. But we three all urged him to do it, pointing out to him that he had become so feminized and beautified that he never could pass as a man again successfully. He would be a little effeminate sissy, with his girlish face and body (for the treatments at the school and the female sex hormones he had taken for months had developed in him female breasts and a female-looking body. The samewas the case with Mimi.) No, he could never be a man again so why not become as much of a woman as was physically possible? Bebe told him how glad he was that he had had the operation and how much more feminine it had made him. And how convenient it was, with no possible chance of his sex being discovered, and nothing to conceal. And how the operation had improved his body, and increased the growth and fineness of his hair, and the size of his breasts and hips, but decreased the measurement of his waist and the size of his hands and feet. His skin was softer and smoother and in every way he was more of a girl than before. Finally Fifi was persuaded, and I arranged to have both boys operated upon by the same doctor, right after the holidays. They would not need to go back to school, but Bebe would, and by the time they had fully recovered, the school term would be ended and all would be together again, for a happy Summer vacation.

Alfred-Bebe and I were greatly interested to learn how Mimi and Fifi had come to go to the Transformatory to be turned into girls. Mimi's case was simple. He had a feminine soul and his body had always been girlish and effeminate, since he was a small boy. He learned about the Transformatory and arranged to go there for two years. For several months, before the school year began, he allowed his hair to grow, and dressed as an artist, many of whom have long hair. In this way it was not noticed much, although, with his pretty girlish face, he naturally looked like a young girl, and, with his long hair, which got to be shoulder length,

he frequently was taken for a pretty girl dressed in boys' clothes. But he didn't let that bother him, and he wanted to give his hair a good start, to hasten his transformation. And so he entered the school, and he was so pretty and feminine, that his transformation was easy and rapid. From the start he was considered one of the prettiest girls in the school, and his beauty grew with his training.

The case of Fifi was far different. His home was in Marseilles. His mother had died, and his father had married again. Fifi--in those days his name was Edouard--was an intensely masculine youth, and full of the devil. He was 'girl-crazy', always chasing after them, and, as he was very handsome, he found favor in the eyes of the girls. He got into all sorts of scrapes. His wildness disgusted his step-mother, who hated him. And he hated her. She tried her best to discipline him, but he would not obey her, and was a very strong-willed, wild young fellow. Punishing him did no good. He continued to disobey, to stay out nights, and go his own way, just as he pleased. His father could do nothing with him, either. Something must be done to tame him, and it could not be done at home. He must be sent away to a school where the discipline would be very strict, and his high spirits subdued. Although Edouard had not noticed it particularly, his step-mother was well aware that he had a pretty, girlish face and body. And she had heard of the Transformatory. That would be the very place for Edouard. That was the solution of the problem. Dress him as a girl, lace him into tight corsets, train him as a girl, make him live as one for a couple of years, under the severest discipline, with no choice but to obey. She had heard that the school could take any boy with the necessary physical characteristics (which Edouard undoubtedly had) and in the course of time turn him into a gentle, submissive young maiden, and even develop his body along maidenly lines, through exercises, massage, and certain medicaments.

Edouard's father took him to Paris and to the school, but not telling him the nature of the school, lest he rebel and make a scene, as he surely would have done had he known the truth.

I think it will be more interesting to you if I tell you the story of Fifi's experiences at the school as nearly as possible in his own words, as he told it to us that holiday season, as in that way you will better get his reactions.

CONTINUED IN PART THREE
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