

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 THREE



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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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EDOUARD TELLS HOW HE BECAME "FIFI". (*By Gloria*)

As my father and I drove up to the school, I naturally thought that it was a regular boys' school, little dreaming what was in store for me. I noticed that it was a large building, set in extensive grounds, which were surrounded by a high wall. The only entrance was through massive iron gates, which were kept locked and guarded by a woman, (as I thought, the lodge-keeper's wife,) though later, of course, I learned that "she" was a man, as was everybody else connected with the school. But I had no suspicions of the real state of affairs. As we entered the building, the impression I got was that the school was a sort of prison, from which escape would be difficult. We were admitted by a "maid" and my father went into the principal's private office, while I was left in the hall. As I stood waiting there, a number of girls passed by me, and I was surprised to find girls there in a boys' school, and it disturbed me a little. Perhaps it was a boarding school where they had both boys and girls, but I had never heard of such a school.

As the girls went by, they stared at me, and some of them whispered together and I was sure they were talking about me and laughing at me, which made me feel uncomfortable. I noticed that some of them had short hair and looked rather boyish and a little awkward, but others had long hair and walked gracefully along. As I looked them over, I was struck with their figures, for all of them had tiny waists, evidently being tightly laced, and no waist looked to be more than 18 inches around. How uncomfortable, I thought. I had always admired a small waist on a girl, but never before had I seen so many uniformly tiny waists in one group of girls, and I decided that it must be the school custom, and that all the girls were having their figures trained. I wondered why I saw all girls, and no boys, and I began to worry. Surely, there must be something wrong, and my father had made a mistake, and brought me to a girls' school. That would never do. I would absolutely refuse to enter a girls' school. The idea was ridiculous. It was no place for me. I was a boy, and the only place for me was a boys' school. How little I suspected the truth!

But I was soon to be rudely awakened. I was called into the principal's office, and introduced to Mlle. Brule. My father then said good-bye and hurried out, no doubt not wanting to be present when I learned the truth, and that he had really entered me in this girls' school and paid two years' tuition fee in advance.

Mlle. Brule, who, of course, I took to be a real woman, for she certainly looked the part in every detail, greeted me kindly and asked me to sit down. I noticed her handsome face, nice long hair, ample bosom and hips and was particularly struck with her hour-glass waist, so tiny that it could not have been more than 18 inches, and looked still more wasp-like in contrast to her buxomness, so that I marvelled that she could reduce it so much, and endure the obvious extreme tight-lacing. But she seemed to be perfectly at ease and later I understood this when I learned that "she" had come to the school years ago, when a young boy, and had been there ever since. She had attained an 18-inch waist at the start, and had never permitted it to expand, and, as she grew, the flesh had gone up into her bosom and down into her hips, but the waist remained the same.

"Your father has told me that you have been a very wild and unruly boy and that he and your mother can do nothing with you. So you have been brought to this school to be disciplined and subdued, and trained," began Mlle. Brule. "This is a girls' school and from now on you are to dress as a girl, and be trained as one, and transformed into one as much as is physically possible. We are very strict and our discipline is severe with a girl who breaks the rules, or who behaves in an un-ladylike manner, but if you are good and do as you are told, you will be treated with kindness and justice. But you must obey the rules to the letter. Your hair will be allowed to grow long and your figure will be trained in corsets until you have an 18-inch waist, which is the school standard for all, or smaller, if you lace in

easily, as I think you will. I am sure you will make a nice, attractive girl, even a pretty one, for you have regular features and are small and slender. You may not like it at first, but after you get used to it, I am sure you will find it nice being a pretty girl, with a small waist, and wearing pretty frocks and high heels. First of all, you must choose a girl's name for yourself. Have you any choice?"

You can imagine my amazement, and anger, as Mlle. Brule told me this. The very thought of wearing girls' clothes was abhorrent to me, and filled me with loathing. My ungovernable temper arose, and I was quivering with passion.

"I don't choose any girl's name. You can't keep me here and dress me as a girl," I exploded. "I won't stand it. I am a fully masculine boy, and I won't enter a girls' school. You can't make me."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, but I assure you it won't do any good, for you are here to stay and be turned into a girl, and there is no escape for you. If you act rebellious, you will only make it harder for yourself, and for me, so I advise you to submit and obey, right from the start, for you have no chance against us. You are here to be tamed and disciplined, and freed of that hot, ungovernable temper of yours. We have never failed to tame a boy or girl, as we know just how to do it from long experience. So tamed you are to be, whether you like it or not, and dressed as a girl for at least the next two years. It will be foolish for you to resist, for then we shall have to punish you severely, and you will have to give in in the end. Since you won't select a girl's name for yourself, I will choose one for you. Hereafter your name is to be 'Fifi.' That's a cute, feminine name. And you are to room with a girl named Mimi, the prettiest girl in the school. Won't that be a nice combination--Fifi and Mimi, two girl roommates?" Thus spoke Mlle. Brule.

My ears pricked up when she told me that I was to room with the prettiest girl in the school--that would be something. I had always been girl-crazy and will admit that I had led a merry life with the girls, and admired nothing so much as a pretty lass. But my spirits quickly drooped again when I realized what it all meant, and the predicament I was in. If I was to room--and sleep--with the pretty Mimi, I should have to stay at the school and dress as a girl. I never in the world would submit to that. Dresses, long hair, high heels, tight corsets and acting the part of a submissive young school girl, in a girls' school--no! a thousand times, no! I would never submit to that. I was blazing with anger. I must escape before it was too late. But how? I recalled that high wall and closely-tended gate. But I would find a way out. I simply must. I couldn't stay there.

One of the teachers now entered the room, and I was introduced to Mlle. Dolores. She looked to be as strong, capable and determined as Mlle. Brule did. She was younger, and was nice looking, with pretty hair and a nice figure, with the standardized 18-inch waist, but she didn't appear to be so tightly-laced as Mlle. Brule, because she was more slender, and so her waist looked more natural.

Mlle. Brule and Dolores now escorted me upstairs to the room which I was supposed to share with Mimi. And I was ordered to undress completely. I refused in anger, and immediately these two strong "women," who were not ~~xxx~~ at all hampered by their tight corsets, seized me and removed my clothes, in spite of my struggles to prevent, for they were stronger than I. And so I stood there absolutely naked before these two "women," and was horribly embarrassed, and ashamed and felt like sinking through the floor. The "women" of course noticed my embarrassment and they exchanged glances and I thought I saw them smile faintly at each other, as though there was some joke, which was unknown to me. And of course it was most amusing to them, for in my innocence I thought, naturally, that they were real women, and it was funny to them to see me ashamed of my nakedness before them. But they soon ceased to smile, for they were angered at my resistance and the struggle I had forced them to make to disrobe me. They looked very stern, and Mlle. Brule said to me: "Fifi, you are a very bad girl. But I advise you to stop this foolish-

ness, and obey me. If you don't, it will go hard with you, and you will be punished in a way you won't like. So be a good girl, and do as you are told. I am now going to measure you, and I want you to stand still."

She produced a tape-measure, and Dolores a pad of paper (on which was outlined the form of a woman,) and a pencil. I decided to stand still and let them measure me. I was becoming frightened and began to realize that I was helpless in the hands of these determined women. But I wouldn't give in and dress as a girl. I would fight with the last ounce of my strength. So I stood there, shrinking, naked and ashamed, while Mlle. Brule measured me and Dolores put the figures down on her chart. First my head was carefully measured (for a wig, as I afterwards learned), then my neck, my arms, wrists, hands, bust and so on down to my feet. When they came to my waist, they took the normal measurement, then I was ordered to draw it in as small as possible. I obeyed.

"Only 22; splendid," exclaimed Mlle. Brule. "We will start her with a 22 corset and reduce her an inch a week, and in a month she will be standardized."

She ran her hands over my body and felt of my waist and squeezed it in, making me feel as though I were an animal being examined for its fine points.

"Fine, fine," she exclaimed. "Very supple. Just feel of her torso, Mlle. Dolores". The latter did so, and I tingled a little as her soft, feminine hands rubbed my bare flesh. For I was very susceptible to the fair sex."

"She has fine, soft skin," said Dolores, "very smooth and feminine, and I have seldom seen a more supple waist. I am sure she will lace in to 17 inches easily, and probably to 16, with training."

I shuddered at these words, as I realized that they were talking about me, and were planning to make me wear a corset and lace it in very tightly.

Seventeen inches, indeed! I thought. I will never submit to it. I won't wear a corset at all, or anything else of girls' clothes. I must fight, and not give in. But I must confess that I was alarmed. What could I do to stop this unheard of idea of turning a boy into a girl? The idea was crazy.

I must find some way of escape. And in the meanwhile, I would resist with all my strength, feeble as it was, pitted against these two powerful "women," with their grim determination to have their own way with me. And how I resented hearing them refer to me as "she", in the feminine gender. They talked as if I was already a girl. And that name "Fifi"! How I hated to be called that! I never could endure it. I simply would not wear girls' clothes. They couldn't force me to. It was unnatural, inhuman.

The "women" continued with their measurements, making favorable comments as they found my body to their liking. My hip measurements pleased them, as it seemed that I was larger around than a boy would be expected to be, and more like a girl's hip circumference. When Mlle. Brule passed the tape around my hips, her hand came into contact with my privates, and, feeling her "feminine" touch, I had an erection, which filled me with further embarrassment and caused me to blush furiously. Again the two were amused, and exchanged glances at my ignorance, and smiled, and probably felt like laughing. If I had known the truth, I would have been spared my blushes, but how was I to know that these "women" were not what they seemed? They seemed to be completely feminine in every way--in looks, voice, figure and womanly grace and mannerisms. Mlle. Brule was very handsome, while Dolores was really pretty. And they both had their own long hair, beautifully coiffured and they had flawless complexions. Their (hands) were small, as were their feet, clad in dainty high heeled slippers. I could not possibly have guessed that perfect ladies were actually men. And so it was excusable for me to take them for real women. For some reason, Mlle. Brule had refrained from telling me about the real nature of the school, and that every person in the establishment, from top to bottom, teachers, maids and pupils, were all males impersonating females--and doing it in absolute perfection.

The tape was passed around my thighs, knees, calves, ankles and my feet were measured, too.

"Splendid," said Mlle. Brule to Dolores. "She can wear size 4-A. Fifi," she said to me, "you are to be congratulated, for your feet are as small as any girl's in the school. And your figure is remarkably feminine and will lend itself perfectly to the wearing of feminine apparel. You have an unusually small waist and girlish hips. You have nice skin and a pretty face. With training and beauty treatments, you will become one of the best looking girls in the school."

All this only disgusted me. Of course, I had always known that I was girlish looking, and had bitterly resented it. I was small and lacking in muscle. At home in Marseilles, my sisters had tried to dress me up in their clothing, and some of my girl friends had suggested that I follow the example of many of the young fellows who donned feminine apparel for the annual Mardi Gras, but I had always fiercely refused. I knew I was girlish in form and appearance, and had refused to make it more noticeable in any way, such as wearing girls' clothes. I was a boy, and wanted to look and act like one. I was intensely masculine, in spite of my appearance. My sisters and girl friends had known that I would make up well as a girl, and wanted to see me in that disguise, but I would not hear of it. And so, now, I loathed with all my soul what these women were doing to me, and their plans to feminize me.

Mlle. Dolores left the room, taking my clothes with her, and in a little while returned with an armful of feminine apparel, including a corset. I did not resist when they put a girl's chemise on me, and a pair of frilly panties, because anything was better than standing there naked. But when Mlle. Brule tried to clasp the corset around my middle, I began to fight and struggle and squirm, and punch at her with my fists.

"Very well," said she. "We will have to take her to the punishment room. She is a very silly girl, and will be sorry for her disobedience."

I quailed inwardly, wondering what was in store for me. But I still had courage, and my temper was still strong, and I decided that I would fight to the very end, even if I lost the battle. A fluffy negligee was slipped on me, and a pair of mules, and they led me up two flights of stairs and took me into the "punishment room." I noted that the window was barred, and that the door was very strong. The only furnishings were a bed, a bureau and one straight-backed chair. From a drawer Mlle. Brule brought the most formidable corset I had ever seen. It was long, strong and heavily boned. I was determined that I would not let her put that feminine garment on me.

I would never wear a corset. It was no garment for a boy to wear. So when Mlle. Brule and Dolores tried to clasp it around me, I put up a struggle and resisted them.

"The straps," said Mlle. Brule to Dolores. "She must learn a lesson."

Some strong leather straps were produced, and in spite of my kicking these strong women held my legs and the straps were bound tightly around my ankles. Another strap was fastened around my legs, just above the knees. And I was helpless. My wrists were next fastened together with a tight strap. While Dolores held me up on my feet, Mlle. Brule now hooked the corset about me. It was a horrible garment, reaching from just under my arms down over my hips part way to my knees, and it was terribly stiff and unyielding. I felt as though in a vise. But the worst was still to come, for they now laced me in inch by inch, until I felt as though I was being suffocated and cut in two at the waist. Never in my life had I felt so helpless before. I was terribly humiliated and angry to think that in spite of all that I could do, these women were having their own way with me, and punishing me by lacing me up in a typically feminine garment. They now unstrapped ~~the~~ my legs and ankles, and drew on a pair of long silk stockings, and then forced onto my feet, with the aid of a shoe-horn, a pair of women's narrow,

pointed slippers, far too small for me, and with the highest heels I had ever seen. They were at least 6 inches high, and had pencil points. They pinched my feet horribly and I knew I could never walk in them. Nobody could walk on such high heels. Now the women unstrapped my wrists, and forced on a pair of very long gloves, which reached nearly up to my shoulders. They were a small size and the fingers so small that when my fingers were forced into them, I could not bend them, they were so tight. You can imagine my predicament now, helpless in my tight corset, tight slippers and tight gloves. I could hardly move. It was an awful feeling of impotence. And I had never in my life suffered such discomfort, such a feeling of compression.

Mlle. Brule and Dolores now placed me on the straight-backed chair. My corset was so stiff and unyielding that I could not sit back, but could only sit, stiffly erect, on the very edge of the chair, the tips of my toes in those ridiculous high heels resting on the floor for a wabbling support.

"You see, Fifi, It does no good to resist," said Mlle. Brule. "Now you sit there, just as we have placed you, until we come back. Don't move, or you will be punished more. Remember, don't stir."

They left the room, and I heard the key turn in the lock. I sat there for a few minutes, getting more and more angry at the thought that these women had conquered me. I was terribly uncomfortable sitting there, and soon decided to defy them. It would be more comfortable if I lay down on the bed, thus easing the pressure of my corset and shoes. I got up, but toppled onto the floor, for I couldn't stand in those terribly high heels, as my own heels were six inches in the air and only the tips of my big toes had any bearing on the floor, and the shoes were too narrow and pointed for my feet, so I couldn't stand up, let alone walk. I lay on the floor for a time, and tears of anger and frustration came into my eyes. Never in my life had I felt so humiliated and so helpless. At last, I managed to crawl over to the foot of the bed, and slowly draw myself up by means of the bed to a standing position. Hanging onto the bed, and tottering on my heels, I slowly managed to take a few mincing steps around to the side of the bed, and flopped down onto it. That was better. I felt a little more at ease, as it took the weight off my feet and seemed to ease my corset a little. I lay there for what seemed a long while, thinking bitter thoughts, and at times shedding futile tears. I had done my best, but to no avail. I felt that I was losing my manhood, and that these two women were taking it away.

At last the key was turned, the door opened, and the two came in.

"So you have disobeyed again, Fifi, have you? You want more punishment? Very well, you shall have it," she said. Mlle. Brule

They turned me over on my face, and, while Dolores held me, Mlle. Brule began to lace me in tighter, to my dismay. I had thought, in my ignorance, that I had already been laced in to the limit of endurance, but now Mlle. Brule drew in the laces relentlessly, inch after inch, until I was sure I would suffocate and die. I was being cut in two. I could not breathe. But I gritted my teeth, and said nothing. I would not show these cruel ~~two~~ women the white feather. I would not cry out, even if they killed me. At last Mlle. Brule ceased drawing me in, and fastened the laces.

"There is still a large gap in the back of your corset, and it is entirely possible to close it completely. We can still draw you in much smaller. Your waist now is only 17 inches. We can make it 14 if necessary. And we will do it, if you disobey again. Then you will know what real tight lacing is." said Mlle. Brule

Horrible, I thought, I can't stand it now, and never could endure it to

be cinched in any more. It would kill me. I was dying now.

Again the two women placed me on the edge of the chair, lifting me bodily from the bed in their strong arms. I sat there rigid, compressed and almost breathless. My tight slippers were pinching my feet more and more. I was in a bad way.

"Don't move an inch," said Mlle. Brule. "The only thing for you to do, Fifi, is to make up your mind to obey and submit to all the rules of the school. You will have to, anyway, in the end, for I think I have shown you that you are helpless in our hands, and that we can do with you as we like. As soon as you make up your mind to obey, just press the button of this bell (indicating a button on the wall within my reach) and we will come and release you. Don't be a foolish girl any longer and try to fight us. I can assure you that being turned into a girl is not half so unpleasant as you seem to think it is, and you will actually like wearing girls' clothes and playing the part of a girl, once you get used to it. And you will make an attractive girl, and be quite pretty, once you have had beauty and figure treatments and your hair has had a chance to grow to a girlish length. Of course, it will be a little hard at first, and you won't like the corsets until you get accustomed to them. Then you will like wearing them because they will give you a nice little waist, which all girls long to have, as it is stylish and attractive. After you have lived as a girl for a while, you will get to think of yourself as a girl and forget that you ever were a boy. It is much nicer to be a girl than to be a boy, particularly a pretty girl such as you will be. Think it over, and don't be long in pressing the button."

They left the room, locking the door behind them.

I was suffering horribly. I simply couldn't stand that corset any longer. The compression was intense. And my feet ached and my hands were numb from the tight gloves. I would have to yield. But only for the time being. I would watch my chance and escape from this inhuman school. I would find a way. I must! I thought with dismay of the necessity of being turned into a girl and wear the hated girls' clothes, including the corsets and high heels and pretend to be a girl. But there was no other way out for the present. And I must get out of that corset. It was killing me. So I reached out and rang the bell. Mlle. Brule and Dolores came soon, and loosened the laces and removed the corset. Oh! What a blessed relief! I rubbed my sides where the bones had cut into my flesh. The slippers and gloves were removed and I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Fifi, do you promise to be a good girl, and be obedient in everything you are told to do? Do you agree from now on to become a girl, to dress as one, to act as one to the best of your ability; to be gentle and lady-like and do your best to become pretty and feminine, in thought as well as in looks?"

"Yes, I promise," I said. I had no choice. But I would escape at the first opportunity.

Dolores had left the room while we were talking, and gone down to my room, and she now returned with the same armful of girl's clothes she had had down there. I made no resistance when they proceeded to put the things on me, though I loathed them. The corset was clasped on me, and drawn in to 22 inches, which was the size I was to start with. It was not very tight and didn't feel badly in contrast to the smothering corset I had just taken off. I decided that I could stand it, though I didn't like its stiffness. A pair of dainty slippers were put onto my feet. They were the proper size and felt comfortable, though the heels were over 3 inches high, and I would have thought them excessive, if I had not been wearing those awful 6-inch narrow stilts. Next I put on a brassiere and a frilly slip.

I forgot to tell you that the room was lined with mirrors. There was a big, three-sided, full length one at the bureau, and other long ones around the other sides of the room, so that everywhere one looked he saw

his (or her) image reflected.

Mlle. Brule now got in front of me, so that I could not see myself in the mirror, and proceeded to make me up. How I hated it, it was so effeminate. The scent of the face powder and rouge, and the stickiness of the lip stick and eye brow pencil. But I submitted with good grace. Next I was sprayed with a heady perfume and then Dolores brought a black ladies' wig, and it was carefully adjusted on my head. I now sensed what they were doing, and the psychology of it. They wanted to make me look as pretty as possible and interest me in my appearance as a girl. A pretty evening gown was now slipped over my head and fastened at the back, and a necklace was hooked around my neck and bracelets around my wrists and a pair of ear-rings screwed in my ears. "We will pierce them in a day or two. The other kind of ear-rings are better, as the screw ones are always slipping off," said Mlle. Brule. Horrors, I thought, I am to have my ears pierced! That will indeed be effeminating! How could I endure it?

All this while they had been standing in front of me, so that I couldn't see myself in the mirrors, purposely. But now they stepped aside, and instead on myself, I saw reflected a very pretty brunette young lady.

"You look lovely, Fifi," said Mlle. Brule. "We will leave you alone to get acquainted with yourself. You may walk about and study yourself in the mirrors, and see how nice it is to be a pretty girl. After a while, I will send one of the maids with some food for you, for you must be hungry."

They left me to myself. I went up close to the mirrors and studied the girl I saw there. My hair was glorious, a beautifully waved and curled head of lovely raven-black hair, such hair as I would have greatly admired on a real girl. The wig was a masterpiece of the wig-maker's art. It fitted me perfectly, and was most becoming. I examined my flawless pink and white complexion, my slender figure in its pretty dress, my small feet in their dainty slippers. I was interested in spite of myself. I walked around the room, finding the shoes not hard to walk in if I leaned a little forward. Everywhere I saw reflected the image of a pretty girl, and it was almost impossible for me to realize that she was I. Yes, I was now a girl, Fifi. Gone was Edouard completely. Would he ever return? I wondered. Would it be so bad remaining a girl? Would it not be rather nice? My appearance was certainly having an influence on me. For I looked very pretty. But I do not need to tell you about my appearance, for then I looked much the same as I do now, though perhaps a bit boyish and not so delicate & feminine as I look now. So I walked around the room trippingly, watching the swing of my skirts and doing my best to walk in a girlish manner. I was alone in the room with this pretty brunette and she fascinated me. I couldn't take my eyes off her, and I had to keep telling myself that that little beauty was only myself, in reality a boy, though no one could guess it.

After a while, a maid came in with a tray of supper for me. She was a tall brunette and quite good looking, and had, of course, the prescribed 18-inch waist of the school. She looked at me in frank admiration and told me that I looked beautiful and, though only a new girl, would be one of the school beauties. Somehow, this flattery pleased me. A few hours ago I would have knocked anybody down who told me that I was a pretty girl. How I had changed! I actually liked being told that I was a school beauty and was enjoying being a girl.

I was hungry and ate my supper. When the maid came back for the tray, Mlle. Brule came with her and took me down-stairs to my room.

My roommate, Mimi, was already there, and Mlle. Brule introduced us. I was immediately struck with Mimi's beauty, but I do not need to describe her to you. I was thrilled with the thought that I was to have this lovely girl as a room-mate. The bed was a double one. We should sleep together and it was nearly bed-time! I longed to take my dresses off and go to bed with Mimi.

Mimi greeted me sweetly, and expressed sympathy with me, for she had heard

that I had been in the punishment room. I told her what had happened, and she said it was too bad, but the only way was to obey the rules and do as one is told.

"Do you realize that you are a very pretty girl?" she asked. "You will be my rival."

"I am not a girl at all," I said, "but only a boy dressed as one." But I think you are beautiful, and one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen."

This seemed to please her, ^{and} ~~but~~ she began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

"You will soon find out," Mimi replied.

I went on to tell her how I had been stripped naked and measured in front of those two "women" and how embarrassed I had been. Again she laughed, and I wondered why.

I proceeded to undress and Mimi showed me how to remove the make-up with cold cream. She, too undressed, and I watched her out of the corner of my eye. She brushed and combed her pretty hair, and then slipped off her chemise, and, to my astonishment, I found that Mimi was a boy. I could not believe my eyes.

(You were too funny," Mimi interrupted, "believing that I was really a girl.)

"Haven't they told you about this school?" she asked. "Don't you know that everybody, from top to bottom, is a male impersonating a female? It is a girls' school, but all the "girls" are boys in disguise, and they do it wonderfully well."

"Do you mean to tell me that Mlle. Brule and Dolores, and that maid, are really men? With those hour-glass waists and their own hair and everything?"

"Of course they are, just as much as I am. You see, this school is known as a "Transformatory", its object being to turn boys into girls, as much as is physically possible."

"But don't the boys object to it? I hate it and I should think they would," I said.

"You are the exception, a disciplinary case. But most of the boys come here because they want to be girls, and they love to wear feminine clothing and play feminine roles. I love being a girl, myself, and never did like being a boy." But it's time for bed. Here are your sleeping corsets."

"What? Do I have to sleep in a corset?" I asked.

"Of course. We all do. I will lace you and you can lace me. You only need a 22-inch waist now. Mine is 18-inches."

Soon we were corseted for the night, and I put on a fluffy ladies' night dress and Mimi and I got into bed. Her fragrant hair was on the pillow beside my face and, in the dark she seemed to be a real girl.

I had a great deal to worry about and was terribly distressed over my situation in this strange school, but I was so exhausted from my struggles and from my emotions, that I soon fell asleep and slept soundly in spite of my unaccustomed uncomfortable corsets, and was awakened by a sweet kiss from Mimi.

"Time to get up," she said, with a pretty smile. "I will help you with your clothes, for you don't even know how to dress yourself."

It came to me with a shock that I should have to wear girls's clothes. I told her that I was not going to put them on, and would stay in bed until they brought back my own clothes. I simply couldn't endure dressing as a girl, and having others see me. But Mimi begged

me not to be foolish and resist, telling me that I would have to give in in the end, and if I was disobedient I would surely be punished even more severely than on the previous day. I shuddered at the thought. So I decided to follow her advice, and got up and dressed in the hated feminine things, changing to a day corset, which Mimi laced for me. My bra was padded to give me maidenly breasts and soon I was hooked into my plain dark blue school dress, a uniform which all of the pupils wore. I put on the same high heeled shoes I had worn the day before. All of the girls were required to wear high heels at all times. My dressing finished, I looked in the mirror. My face was pale and I looked boyish with my short hair. Strange to say, as long as I had to play the part of a girl, I wanted to look as much as possible like one, as then I would feel less awkward and self-conscious, so I reached for the rouge, intending to apply a little color to my cheeks, but Mimi stopped me, saying it was forbidden for new girls to wear any make-up during school hours. I then reached for the pretty black wig that I had worn last night, but again Mimi stopped me. It was not permitted.

"When you dress for dinner, you can wear make-up and your wig, and beautify yourself to your heart's content, but not during the day," said Mimi." I was disappointed, for I didn't like the looks of my short hair. It made me look too much like a boy. I would have felt a little more at ease with make-up and wig, when I faced the other "girls" and the teachers. I recalled that I had looked quite feminine last night. But now anybody could see that I was only a boy dressed as a girl. But I had no choice. I had to obey the rules, or suffer.

That day was one of the hardest of my life. Never had I been so self-conscious, so ashamed and embarrassed, and felt so awkward, as I left the protection of our room and went with Mimi to breakfast. I was seated at table with one of the teachers and four other "girls", all of them freshmen. It was some consolation for me to see that they, too, had short hair and looked boyish and acted clumsy in their unaccustomed dresses, and tight corsets. Mlle. Ruby, our teacher, a rather pretty man-woman, was kind, and tried to put me at my ease, asking me questions about myself, while the other "girls" listened closely. I had been warned to talk in a soft feminine voice, but I forgot myself at first, and Mlle. Ruby corrected me. She also corrected my table manners, telling me to eat daintily like a young lady, taking small forks' full and raising them slowly to my mouth, crooking the little finger. I was also told to chew slowly, with mouth closed. I tried to do as I was told. The meal was an ample one, but simple, with no fattening foods, such as starchy and fats. Everybody had to think of "her" waistline, and of "her" corset.

I looked around at the other four freshmen at our table, and thought what "sissies" they were, pretending to be girls, adopting feminine gestures and mannerisms and talking in soft, lisping voices. How I detested them. I had always looked down on effeminate boys. But these, and all the others in the dining room, and the teachers, too, as well as the servants, were sissies and completely effeminate. The older ones, through long training, really seemed to be females, with their own long hair and complexions that were smooth and girlish from long series of beauty treatments, and their mannerisms seemed to be natural. But these "new girls" whose short hair made them appear boyish seemed to me to be very affected and not a bit natural, but rather like boys imitating girls in a sissy fashion, and I despised them. But it suddenly came to me with a shock that I, myself, was just like them, and was dressed as a girl and trying to play the part of one, and acting like a sissy, too. I was eating daintily, as instructed, and when I spoke, it was in a soft, high feminine voice. I was ashamed, but what could I do? I had promised to be good and obey. I surely didn't want another session in the punishment room. And so I acted as best I could like a girl, like a sissy, though I

loathed it. Breakfast finished, we all trooped into the large classroom which was used for general assembly, and sang several songs in unison. It was for the purpose of training our voices. The singing was typically feminine, for there was not a male voice to be heard. The songs were purposely pitched in a high key, and the singing was quite good, and I noticed some nice soprano voices. I found myself singing an octave higher than my ordinary voice, really in falsetto, and I strained to reach the high notes, and found that I could do so. Later on I was given singing lessons and with constant practice I developed a good soprano voice, as my vocal chords stretched. My talking voice, too, became high without effort, though at first it came hard to talk like a girl, and to sing like one. But in that school I learned that practice makes perfect, and not only with singing, but with all the lessons in the development of femininity, and the 'girls' in that school through continuously practicing being girls, became almost perfect ones--at least, to all outward appearances. And so, I became one too, as you very well know, though I was one of the few pupils who didn't want to be a girl. Practically all of the others loved it, and thrilled continuously at wearing female apparel and playing the part of girls. Though born boys, they should have been girls, for they were sexual inverters and had the feelings and desires of girls, and acting as such made them happy and contented, whereas, if they had been forced to wear male clothes, they would have been miserable. But of course, I learned all this later.

After the singing, Mlle. Brule addressed the girls, told about the lessons of the day, and read a list of those who had received demerits for various offenses, which were named. I listened with all my ears, for I wanted to learn what the offenses were, so that I could avoid them. I found that the rules were very strict. One 'girl' received a demerit for not having her hair properly brushed and combed, another for having a hook of her dress unfastened, another for spilling food at the table; another for talking in class; another received five demerits, a very severe punishment, for sleeping without her corsets fully laced in, and for appearing in class with a waist larger than the prescribed 18 inches. This 'girl', I learned later, was inclined to be stout, so that an 18-inch waist was difficult for her, and she had to lace in unmercifully to get her waist down to the required measurement. But no exceptions were made, and she had to have the essential hour-glass figure, no matter how much she suffered. Like most stout girls--and boys--she had a round, full face and a pretty complexion, and, aside from her plumpness, was one of the pretty girls of the school. There were a number of other offenses named, most of which seemed to be trivial to me, but for which demerits were given. Later I learned that the 'girls' dreaded getting demerits for misconduct, for it meant their being deprived of privileges on Saturdays, which were holidays, and on some of which, the girls were allowed to go in to Paris, suitably chaperoned by one of the teachers. This was their greatest pleasure and delight, for the school was like a prison and no outsiders were allowed to enter, unless they were males in female attire. Thus the girls saw nobody but the members of the household, and never a real man, unless they were allowed outside. At first I used to ponder over the strangeness of this school, a girls' school without a single girl in it, and yet apparently everybody in it girls and women. We 'girls' were never permitted to see a man, unless, as I said, we were free of demerits, and could go to Paris on our holidays. Occasionally it was necessary for a workman to come in to make repairs, but before he entered, we were all carefully herded into the various class-rooms, and not permitted to see him, or him to see us. As a result, the "girls", being what they were, were most all "boy crazy" and would talk about boys just as real girls would do at school, and being kept away from them, made them all the more keen for masculine society. Visits to Paris were only allowed once a month, to those girls who had been good, and permission to go would fill them with the utmost excitement.

What primping, painting and powdering, lacing, hair-dressing and donning of prettiest frocks and hats would precede one of those outings! And when the fortunate girls would come back, what tales of boys seen and flirted with and perhaps danced with! What talk about handsome boys, and what they said and what she said, what holding of hands, and being held tightly in masculine arms in a dreamy waltz or fox trot! And if the boy kissed them good night, how they would brag about it! Some of our prettier girls really made a hit with the boys they met, who would send them their photographs to be placed on tops of dressers, and the girl would send him one of her pictures (the older girls were allowed to have their photos taken, after they had been sufficiently transformed and become thoroughly feminine in looks). They also were allowed to correspond, with one letter a week. The teachers encouraged all this, because it was the way real girls would naturally act, and we all in the school did everything possible to be transformed into girls. The teachers were pleased when a girl could attract a man, for it showed the success of their training. As I learned later from school gossip (and the school was a hotbed of gossip, as all girls' schools are) that the teachers themselves were not averse to attracting masculine attentions, and having male admirers.

I, of course, was strongly masculine, and so all this unnatural desires of the sexes disgusted me, and I could not see how one of these boy-girls could be attracted to another boy or man (though later on it didn't disgust me so much, after I had been a girl for some time), but it seemed to me that Nanon had the right idea, and that if I had to continue being a girl, I would try to find some pretty woman with Lesbian tendencies who would "fall" for me. That would be the perfect set-up, but I realized that I would have to be very pretty myself to attract a woman of that sort, to whom only the extremely feminine and beautiful type of girl appeals. My mirror told me, as did Mimi and others, that I probably could qualify, and get myself a Lesbian--some day.

And now I was to undergo the most trying ordeals of my life. Mlle. Brule, addressing the school, said:

"We have a new girl with us, who arrived yesterday, and who, I regret to say, spent several hours in the punishment room, the very first thing. But now she has promised to mend her ways, and I want all of you young ladies to help her all you can, until she gets accustomed to the school, and its rules and ways. Her name is 'Fifi Lamour', and she will now come up here on the platform beside me, so you all can see her and be introduced."

My heart sank as I heard these words, and I would have given anything if the floor could have opened and swallowed me, for I knew she meant me.

I was the only "Fifi" in the school. And for the first time I heard my new last name: "Lamour", which of course means: "The Love". What a name for a he-boy: Fifi Lamour. A pretty name for a girl, but I didn't want a pretty name, and I certainly didn't want to be a girl. I stiffened with fright and embarrassment when I heard myself summoned to go forward and face the school. But the 'girl' next me nudged me and whispered that I was to go up. Blushing furiously, I somehow managed to get up and stumble along on my strange high heels up the aisle and onto the platform. I was acutely conscious of my girlish costume and never had felt so awkward or sheepish in my life, as I faced the whole school.

"Make a pretty curtsy, Fifi," said Mlle. Brule. I had never made a curtsy in my life, but I had to obey and try, trying to remember how I had seen it done. I took hold of the sides of my skirt with either hand, and put one foot to the rear, and lowered my body and bowed. But to my dismay, I lost my balance on my high heels, and fell onto the floor, amid the laughter of the whole school. It sounds funny now, but to me at the time it was terribly humiliating, and I was hot from head to toe. Mlle. Brule

gave me a helping hand, and I managed to get to my feet, and somehow stumbled awkwardly back to my seat, with all the "girls" staring at me and trying hard to hide their laughter.

That was my initiation, and I was some time before the "girls" ceased to twit me about my "graceful curtsy" and my embarrassment that first day.

After that, we went to classes. The regular lessons were easy for me, as I had been a bright pupil at school, but I was disgusted, and found it hard to have to take lessons in strictly feminine training, such as sewing, knitting, embroidery, needlepoint, hairdressing and beauty culture and I was very clumsy at it at first, though later on I became quite adept, as my fingers were small, girlish and adapted to the work, and I became very skillful in hairdressing and beauty culture, as I found the work interesting, and very useful later on, when my own hair got long and I was able to do it in a pretty fashion. The lessons went on all day, until tea time at 5 o'clock, when we all gathered for the light afternoon meal. Then we were dismissed to our rooms to dress for dinner. During the hair-dressing lesson, Mlle. Brule had asked me if I was satisfied with the color of my hair, and made a number of tests by trying on me a great variety of wigs of every imaginable shade, from platinum blonde down to dark brown, to see which would be the most becoming to me, other than my own color. This test was made with all new "girls", the idea being that if one of the other shades was more becoming to the "girl" her hair could be dyed that color in the shop, and kept that way by frequent treatments. Most of the "girls" wished to be blondes, and they were allowed to have their hair dyed to the desired shade if Mlle. Brule and the hair-dressers (who were graduate pupils) decided that they would make proper blondes. But only a few were allowed to be blondes, for they must have the proper complexion and fineness of skin. Several I had noticed were red-heads, and there were some with titian, light brown and dark brown hair. It was decided that my hair should remain its natural black, of which I was glad. While I was there, Mlle. Brule pierced my ears. It was not painful. I hated it, but knew better than to object, for every "girl" in the school had pierced ears, and the wearing of earrings was much in vogue. I next went to the beauty shop, and my face was carefully made up for the evening. During the process, I was instructed to watch and learn how it was done, so that I could make myself up in the future. The beautiful black wig that I had worn the previous evening was next carefully adjusted on my head. It had been freshly coiffured, and looked lovely.

"You make a very pretty girl," said the "lady" operative of the beauty department.

"Thank you," I said, as I looked at myself in the mirror. I never had thought that I would be pleased at being told that I looked like a pretty girl, but now, somehow, her words of praise aroused a glow of pleasure in me as I observed my reflection and saw that I really did look like a pretty brunette. With a strange feeling of satisfaction, I now went to our room, where I found the pretty Mimi busy with her toilette. She seemed very happy and was humming a tune.

"How pretty you look, Fifi," she exclaimed, and again I felt a glow of pleasure. "Your make-up is perfect, and your hair is lovely." I studied myself in the glass and was much pleased with my appearance. After primping a bit, just as a girl would have done, I took off my school dress, and day corset, and, under instructions from Mimi, donned my evening lingerie and corset. I found that in my side of the closet several pretty evening gowns were hung, and Mimi told me I could choose the one to wear that evening. I selected a white satin, and high heeled satin slippers to wear with it. But when Mimi helped me into my gown, I found it would not meet at the back, as it was intended for me to wear a couple of weeks later, when my waist had been reduced more.

"If you want to wear that frock, I shall have to lace you in more. Do you mind?" asked Mimi.

I had, of course, worn a corset all day, but, aside from its stiffness, I had hardly noticed it. So why not lace a little tighter for the evening, and wear the pretty white dress? So I told Mimi to go ahead, and she drew my waist in to 20 inches, and, to my surprise, it didn't feel bad at all.

And I liked the slender waist line, and I thought I looked very nice when Mimi had hooked up my dress, and was quite proud of my figure. I now put on a pair of earrings through my newly pierced ears, and a necklace and bracelets and a couple of rings, and was ready. Then I helped Mimi and laced her in her evening corsets, to 17 inches.

"Many of the 'girls' lace in an extra inch or two for the evening," she told me, "as we all like to have the smallest possible waists when we are dolled up. Some of the 'girls' are corset 'fans' and love to lace themselves in very tightly, and this is encouraged by the teachers, so long as they do not harm themselves. There is considerable rivalry among some of these 'girls' as to who can produce the smallest waist, and you will see some real hour-glass figures tonight. There is one 'girl' who sometimes manages a 14-inch waist. She is small and very slender and supple, and very vain about her figure. Two or three others lace in to 15 inches, and 16 and 17 inch waists are quite common. I myself can lace in to 15 inches, but don't often do it, as it is too uncomfortable and I can't eat much dinner when so drawn in. You lace in beautifully, Fifi, and in a few weeks, with training, you can have a tiny waist--as small as you like, for you are very supple and just built to wear corsets."

"This is as tight as I want it," I said, but I wondered whether I, too, would ever become a "corset fan." Already, my first day, I was interested in having a small waist with my pretty gown, and, as I said before, the snug corset didn't feel badly at all. In fact, I rather liked the sensation of being well corsetted, and I decided that it would be no hardship to wear a tight corset, once I got used to it.

Mimi dressed quickly, donning a form-fitting, low-cut black velvet gown, in which she looked so beautiful that I couldn't refrain from taking her in my arms and kissing her. She returned my kisses and to me it was exactly like kissing a real girl. Laughing, and a little breathless, we separated, and made repairs to our lips, and repowdered our noses. We then went trippingly down to the drawing-room. I found that already I was getting accustomed to my high heels and to handling my skirts, which at first had hampered my movements. The drawing-room was soon filled with all the "girls" of the school, and all of the "lady" teachers.

The dinner hour and the evening were the happy part of the day for everybody, for that was the time these ~~me~~-women could beautify themselves to their hearts' content, and look their prettiest in their handsome evening gowns, beautifully coiffured hair and nicely made-up faces, necks and arms. Practically everybody was a transvestist and loved wearing feminine apparel, and the prettier they looked, the more they loved it. So they bent every effort to look as attractive and as feminine as possible. As Mimi had predicted, every "girl" and "woman" in the room was very tightly corsetted, striving for the tiniest possible waist, which, in their opinion, and according to the dictates of fashion, was most desirable and beautiful. As I looked around at the wasp-waisted "girls" I felt that my own waist was very large, though I had thought it small when Mimi had laced me in. It was all a matter of comparison. Mimi pointed out to me the "girl" with the 14-inch waist, and we went over and talked with her. She was very friendly, and when I praised her waist, she was obviously pleased. Somehow I had expected to see looks of discomfort or even distress on the faces of many of the girls who were laced in extremely, but they were smiling and apparently happy, and acted as though no such thing as a tight corset existed for them.

I didn't recognize a number of the "freshman" with whom I had attended classes during the day, for, like myself, they were transformed by their pretty wigs and make-up and pretty dresses and dainty high-heeled slippers. No longer did any of us look like boys dressed as girls. We appeared to be 100% girls, and had lost our awkwardness and gained confidence on that account. I kept close to the pretty Mimi, and I found that she was one of the most popular girls in the school, because of her beauty, and soon she was surrounded by a group of "girls," with admiration in their eyes. And, to my surprise (and, shall I say, pleasure?) I, too, came in for many looks of admiration, for it seemed that I, too, was looked upon as a "beauty." But of course you know all about that. I was almost as beautiful then as I am now, ~~and~~ and I am not boasting or being vain when I say that, because it was simply a fact. I could never have made the Folies chorus if I had not been a beauty--it was just a piece of luck on my part that I looked like a pretty girl, and no credit to me.

But then it was a new sensation to me to be admired by other "girls" and told that I was a beauty, as several of them did. I immediately became popular and many of the "girls" wanted to make friends with me. These "girls" were different from real girls, for they all were striving, heart and soul, to resemble beautiful women, and so boys like Mimi and myself, who were "beauties," were looked up to and adored. It was all very pleasant at first. But there were drawbacks to being so pretty, for "girls" would get a "crush" on us, and there would be a race for our attentions, and much bickering, and *Kalinsky*

After all had assembled and had chatted in a decorous, lady-like manner, under the eyes of the teachers, the "butler-maid" announced dinner, and we all floated in to the dining room, with much clicking of heels on the hardwood floor, much swishing of skirts, and a strong, pleasant odor of rich perfume and powder. It was for all the world like a bevy of real girls. I do not want to give the impression that all of the "girls" were pretty, for many of them were not, and it would have been the same with a group of real girls in a school. But the point is that they all looked feminine, like real girls, and nobody looking at us who did not know the truth could possibly have guessed that there was a single male among us, for each and every one of us had a feminine air, thanks to our make up and costumes and figures. It must be remembered that no boy was admitted to the school unless he was physically fitted to be transformed into a girl. The boys who were admitted were effeminate and girlish looking, with slender bodies and small hands and feet and feminine features. They were for the most part boys who wished they were girls and wanted to become girls as far as possible, and wear feminine clothes and play a feminine role. Nearly all of them had feminine sexual instincts, and were transvestists who loved and got a thrill out of wearing female apparel and pretending to be females. They loved the school because it developed them along feminine lines, and allowed them to dress continually in the clothes of the fair sex, and to imitate that sex constantly. Thus they were readily transformed into "girls" and did their utmost to BE girls. It was what they loved, and it gave them sexual satisfaction and delight. No big he-man of the prize fighter type or big muscled athletes were ever accepted as pupils, because

they were physically unfitted to successfully impersonate females. Mimi told me that there were instances of such big he-men who had feminine instincts and who wished to enter the school, but Mlle. Brule wisely turned them down, as they would be misfits and a jarring note in the school, to say nothing of how ridiculous they would look trying to impersonate women. So all of the pupils were well qualified physically to be girls, and while all did not have pretty faces, yet all had good figures and looked completely feminine when made up and be-wigged, as they were when dressed for dinner. Of course, the older girls had their own long hair, and needed no wigs, and their long course of training had developed them so that nobody would dream that they were not the girls that they seemed to be. But tonight, even we freshmen, with our make-up and wigs, seemed to be perfect girls, and our pretty evening gowns and corsetted figures added to the illusion.

The dinner was such as would have been found in a real girls' school. We all acted in a ladylike manner, talked in soft feminine tones about things of interest to the "fair sex", ate daintily and not too heartily, because of our corsets, though no "girl" gave any sign that "she" was aware of her tight corsets, as it was bad form to do so in a bevy where everybody was tightly laced in. Even those girls with 14 and 15 inch waists gave no sign of discomfort, and nobody ever referred to "her" corsets in any way. Once laced in, the subject was a closed book. I was acutely aware of my unaccustomed 20-inch waist, which seemed tight to me, but I knew better than to refer to it, especially since Mimi had warned me against it. After dinner, we all went back to the drawingroom for coffee and a social evening. Some of the "girls" with good voices sang solos, or played the piano or other instruments, and we sat about chatting or playing bridge or other games, or doing fancy work, or reading, as we wished. It was the time of pleasure and relaxation for the "young ladies" and the time of day to which all looked forward with pleasure, after their strenuous day of lessons and discipline. At ten o'clock we all said good night to the teachers and betook ourselves to our rooms and to bed. I have tried to give you an idea of a typical day at the school. But I neglected to mention a very important part of our training, and that was the daily session in the gymnasium, where every new girl spent an hour a day. We didn't go there for exercise or to develop our muscles, as in most gymnasiums, but to develop our figures along feminine lines. There were special exercises to reduce the waist and to enlarge the hips and the bust. The undeveloped breasts of new "girls" were diligently massaged by "women" experts (graduates of the school who had remained as employees). Food creams were rubbed in, and we were fed foods which tended to develop the bust. In addition, and most important, we were given doses of female sex hormones, and these had a remarkable effect on us. Even after two weeks of this treatment, I was aware that my breasts were growing and rounding out, and Mimi noticed it and was pleased. After that their swelling was quite rapid, and I wore less and less padding in my brassiere and eventually I developed a pair of white rounded ~~xxx~~ breasts as large as any young girl could desire, and my brassiere was nicely filled, without the aid of pads. My waist was reduced and my hips expanded with the daily treatments, but the change was so gradual that I had hardly noticed it, until one evening, as I stood naked before the glass in our room, Mimi called my attention to my almost perfect feminine form. I was like one awakened, and stared at myself in the mirror in surprise. I had rounded feminine hips, a slender waist, and a cute pair of snowy maidenly breasts. By that time, my thick, wavy hair, had grown to my shoulders in a pretty dark mass. Daily treatments in the beauty parlor of the school, with massages and a bleaching treatment not only for my face, but for the rest of my body, had rendered my skin smooth and white, and the electric needle had definitely killed all signs of hair on face or body. As I examined myself critically, I saw that I had been transformed into a girl in face and form.

"You look lovely, beautiful," said the sweet and lovely Mimi, who had developed along with me into a really beautiful girl.

"You can never go back being a man again" said Mimi, holding me at arms' length and looking me over critically. "Those breasts would give you away, to say nothing of your pretty face, tiny waist and feminine hips, and also your pierced ears. In boys' clothes, you would look exactly like a girl dressed up as a boy. You might as well make up your mind to be a girl for the rest of your life."

I had to admit that she spoke the truth. I had developed into a beautiful brunette with a perfect feminine figure, and my breasts were definitely those of a female, and my face, with its flawless pink and white complexion, was definitely that of a pretty girl. My waist was permanently small, even when uncorsetted, though I always went tightly corsetted, as I was uncomfortable otherwise, and needed the support of my stays, feeling sloppy without them. Yes, Mimi spoke the truth. I had been transformed into a girl and there was no turning back. I should have to continue living as a girl. But the thought did not disturb me. I was now accustomed to it and actually enjoyed the sensation of being a pretty girl, admired by everybody, and loved by quite a few. I could never be happy or at ease again in masculine clothing, and much preferred pretty dresses, high heels, long hair, jewelry, paint and powder and all of the things that a girl has, but which are denied to a man. A man could not wear pretty hats on top of a beautifully coiffured head of hair; nor could he openly wear earrings, necklaces and bracelets; or a veil over his nicely made-up face. He could not know the joy of wearing lovely dresses which bring out the feminine curves of his figure, with its wasp waist in its snug and nice-feeling corsets. Nor could a mere man know the joy of letting his long hair down at night, brushing and combing it; the pleasure of wearing lovely negligees and night gowns--in short, the joy of being a beautiful girl. All of these joys were mine, and I was content. Once I had been a boy. Now I was a girl and would not change. It was delightful, glorious. I revelled in my feminine beauty.

But I am getting ahead of my story, and will return to the evening of my first full day at the school.

Mimi and I went to bed and our corsetted figures lay side by side as we chatted together, like two school girls.

"Being a girl is not so bad as you expected it would be, is it, Fifi?" she asked.

"No," I replied, "but I don't like it at all. It is so unnatural and artificial, and acting a part."

"I think you did very well for the first day," said Mimi, "and particularly this evening. You acted like a girl, and surely looked like one--a pretty one.

Come, confess, didn't you rather like it, all dolled up and looking so pretty, and having all of the other "girls" admire you and try to "make" you.?"

"It was rather fun," I had to admit, "and if I only had to dress up and play the part of a girl evenings, I wouldn't mind it so much. But it's the days that are going to be hard, those lessons in feminine things, Ugh! Sewing and fancy work. And having to play the girl all the time, a regular sissy in company with a lots of other sissies and girlish boys, all trying to be so sweet and pretty and feminine, with their smirks and dainty gestures! And their cow-like eyes, trying to flirt with me because I happened to make a good looking girl this evening. I hate effeminate boys."

I could feel Mimi's body stiffen at these words, and draw away a little.

"That means that you hate me," she said, "for I am an effeminate boy if there ever was one." Her voice had a grieved tone in it.

"But you are different. Mimi." I said.

"Do you know," said Mimi, "it is rather funny to hear you criticize the boys in the school for being sissies, because, when you come right down to it, you are now a sissy yourself, just as much as any of us. You are aping a girl, just as the rest of us are doing, and I noticed this evening that you were very feminine in your manners, and looked and acted as much like a girl as any of us. You simply have to be a sissy here, though I don't like the word "sissy" which you are so fond of using. A better word is "feminine". What harm in a boy being feminine, if it is his nature? Of course, you are of a masculine nature now, but after you have played the girl for a few months, I can assure you that you will be as feminine as the rest of us. It will grow on you and through constantly pretending to be a girl, it will gradually become natural to you. It has never failed in this school, which has been in operation for a good many years."

"But I hate it," I replied. "I don't want to be turned into a girl. It's all very well for you boys who want to be girls, but I am different. I want to remain a boy, and I don't want to stay here and be transformed into a simpering, delicate young maiden, with girlish looks and manners. I can't endure the thought of playing the girl day after day and week after week, for two years. If I stay that length of time, I shall be so transformed, that I shall never be able to be a man again."

"But you won't ever want to be a man again, once you get used to being a girl," said Mimi. "You will find that being a girl is lovely, delightful, intriguing. It is so much nicer than being a man, as you will find, and particularly in your case, because you make such a pretty girl, and will become more and more so as time goes on, what with the training and beauty treatments. Think how nice it will be to always wear pretty clothes, and to have a school girl complexion and long hair and a girlish figure. You will find it to be divine, once you get used to it. I adore being a girl, and would not change back to a boy for anything in the world. It is glorious to be a pretty girl, like you, and like myself."

"I don't agree with you," I said. "I don't want to be a girl, and never shall. It is not my nature. I must find some way to escape from this prison before it is too late."

I now began discussing with Mimi plans to escape but I knew that she didn't want me to leave her, and so she pointed out objections to all of my ideas of

of getting away. She pointed out that there was not a stitch of male clothing on the premises. As soon as a new boy entered, his clothes were taken from him and sent to some charitable institution. It was absolutely against the rules for any masculine garments to be in the building--not even a pair of shoes. Thus, if I were to try to escape, it would have to be dressed as a girl--and I shrank from the idea of going outside as a girl. The gates were always guarded by day, and securely locked by night. The walls were unscalable, and particularly for a "girl" in tight corsets, high heels and skirts. Their tops were covered with the jagged glass of broken bottles set in concrete, and anybody trying to cross would be cut to ribbons.. But suppose I did manage to get outside, argued Mimi. What would I do? Where would I go? We "girls" were not allowed to have any money, so I would be without a sou. The school was out in the country, several miles from Paris. How would I get to the city? I surely couldn't walk several miles in my high heels. If somebody gave me a "lift," what would I do when I reached the city? Where would I eat and sleep, without money? I was untrained, and so would have difficulty in getting a job of any sort, such as a green girl could do, and how would I live in the meanwhile? It would be very dangerous for a pretty "girl" like me to be wandering in the streets, especially at night. I would be sure to attract the attention of men, and could perhaps make a "pick up" and in that way get food. But any man who picked me up would demand payment in the only way a "girl" can pay, and of course that would be impossible in my case, for the man would discover my true sex, and then "hell" would be to pay. He no doubt would beat me up, and perhaps have me arrested for impersonating a female in public, and I would be undone.

Thus Mimi discouraged me, but for a number of nights I would scheme and try to figure out some way of escape. But I always came to an impasse. It was simply impossible for me to consider going outside as a girl, without money, even if I could get outside. Even if I could in some way manage to get masculine clothes and get through the gates somehow, I would be lost without money, and I didn't know how to earn my living, as a boy, let alone as a girl. So finally I gave up the idea of escape, and resigned myself to the regime of the school in my feminine role, though it was extremely distasteful at first, and filled me with loathing. The sweet Mimi did all she could to help me and smooth my pathway and make me contented with my lot. She kept telling me that it was far nicer to be a girl than a boy, and gradually I became convinced that it was not half bad, as I became more and more used to the role. My thick black hair grew rapidly and as it was pretty, I got to be fond of it and enjoyed taking care of it and dressing it. The daily beauty treatments gave me a nice girlish complexion, several shades lighter than it had been when I entered the school. I had a disagreeable time with my corsets, as my waist was reduced an inch a week, and the reduction from 20 to 18 inches was terribly uncomfortable, and when I first got down to 18 inches, I had difficulty in eating and sleeping for several days, and was constantly acutely conscious of my laced-in condition. But there is a saying that the body can get accustomed to anything, and fortunately my body was supple and yielding, and so it adjusted itself to the shaping of my corset and the time came when my 18-inch corset ceased to bother me and I never had to give it a thought. In fact, I got so that I was proud of my hour-glass figure, and liked it particularly when dressed in an evening gown. I was the more reconciled to my corset, and to my whole feminine masquerade because of the fact that everybody in the school from top to bottom, was doing the same thing--we were "all in the same boat", all doing female impersonations, and all tightly laced in, all pretending to be women 24 hours a day. This made it easier to endure. If I had been a boy dressed as a girl, alone among real girls in a school, or dressed as a girl in a real boys' school, it would have been unendurable, but since here we were all doing the same thing, so that there was nothing to embarrass me or make me feel conspicuous or ashamed, it was not too bad and every day I got more and more accustomed to "being" a "girl". And more and more I realized how fortunate I was in being a pretty girl--one of the beauties of the school. I became more and more feminine, and got so that I quite enjoyed dolling up for

dinner and the evening. That was the pleasant time of our school day, when we all looked our prattiest, and enjoyed the social hour that followed dinner. It was then that the girls had an opportunity to get better acquainted, and become intimate. All being thrown closely together in this "prison" of a school, it was natural that we all got to know one another intimately, and to learn each other's good qualities, as well as faults. The "girls" differed, as they will in any school, and some were nice and others I didn't like so well. Most of them were nice to me because of my good nature, and good looks, but a few were spiteful and jealous. They were an interesting and unusual lot of "girls", naturally, and I wish I had time to tell you about all of them. As I got to know them all, I found that there were only two others who had been sent there, as I had been, for disciplinary treatment, and since we three were "different" from the other "girls" in that we all had masculine sex instincts, I think you would be interested if I tell you about them briefly.

I have said before that Mlle. Brule accepted no boys as pupils who were not physically fitted to be transformed into girls, but there was one exception and that was one of the disciplinary cases I have referred to, a "girl" known as "Florence", and he had been made to look like a girl, though he was too tall and always looked ungainly. Florence was an unpopular "girl" because she had never become reconciled to being turned from a boy into a girl, and was morose, sullen and grouchy always, though she was now in her fourth year at the school, and had long hair, a good complexion and the standardized figure. But she was six feet in her stockings, and the high heels that Mlle. Brule compelled her to wear made her inches higher, so that she was almost like a giant and overshadowed all the other girls and teachers, though some of them were quite tall--but not ungainly. The other "girls" made fun of Florence because of her tall uncouthness and lack of feminine grace, and she made no friends, but went her own solitary way. But when I came there, and she learned that I, too, was a "punishment case", she made friends with me, because we were "birds of a feather", and I got her to tell about how she happened to enter the school. She told me that she was a kleptomaniac, and had always had a mania for stealing, which as a boy he had been unable to overcome. It was like a disease. When he went with his mother into shops, he could not resist pilfering articles, and he would even steal from school-mates and ~~am~~ the members of his own household. He was caught several times and finally arrested at one of the stores by a detective. His father got him out, but both he and his mother were disgusted with him, and the judge had wanted to send him to an institution where he could not be tempted to steal. But even then, he kept on with his pilfering and it was decided to send him away. His father had heard of Mlle. Brule's school and decided that that would be the ideal place for his son, for it was like a prison, and he would not be able to steal, and it would be splendid discipline for him to be forced to wear girls' clothes. Mlle. Brule had been reluctant to take him, because of his size, but his father had been very persuasive and had agreed to pay a double fee for his son, and an extra large allowance for clothes, but he was to have a room to himself. So Mlle. Brule accepted him as a pupil, but had had an awful time with him, and no doubt had often regretted it, in spite of the extra money. Florence told me that he had put up a terrific fight against wearing female things and had spent hours, even days, in the punishment room, where often he had been so tightly laced that he fainted. But when he was revived, he would not give in and so the punishment was repeated again and again and he suffered greatly, once having worn the corset laced in to the limit for 24 hours. During this period he was kept locked in the room, saw nobody except Mlle. Brule and some of the teachers, and the only food he had was bread and water. After days of this treatment, his spirit was broken and his health began to suffer, so he had to give in. That was nearly four years ago, but he had never ceased to loathe his life dressed as a girl, and had never for a moment become reconciled to it. He had had a fearful time at first with his corsets, for he had a large waist, but Mlle. Brule had insisted that it be reduced to the

standard 18 inches and it had taken months, during which he had suffered much, as his waist was reduced inch by inch, each inch being a struggle, and particularly the last few. He had been unable to sleep and in the night had let out his laces several times. But he was caught at it, and then Mlle. Brule or one of the other teachers would come to his room and lace him each night at bed-time, and tie the laces in such a manner that it was impossible for him to let them out. They also came to his room when he was dressing and made sure that he was laced in to the prescribed size, and again tied his laces so that he could not loosen them. And so, month by month, his waist was reduced until at long last he finally acquired the required 18-inch waist-line. He had a decidedly laced-in appearance and his waist looked very tiny in contrast to his broad shoulders and hips--a typical hour-glass figure. By this time he was used to it, though he still detested it all and hated his enforced feminine apparel. He never would become reconciled to it, he told me. But he did look like a girl, though a tall one, for years of facials and beauty treatments had given him a nice girlish complexion, and his features were regular, though large, and his breasts and hips had been developed along feminine lines (much to his disgust). But he really had one beautiful feminine thing, and that was his hair, which was thick, silky and wavy, and reached well down to his waist in a glowing brown mass. Daytimes he was allowed to wear it flowing, in school-girl fashion, and it was very lovely and the envy of many of the other "girls" as it rippled down his back. But when he dressed for dinner, he parted it in the middle and drew it over his ears, to conceal them, as they were rather large and inclined to stick out, and did it in a large knot at the back of his neck, which was a very becoming hair-do for his style of "girl". He confessed to me, a bit sheepishly, that he liked his hair--in fact, was quite proud of it and enjoyed having it--which was the only thing he did enjoy about being a "girl". He loved to take care of it, to brush and comb it and he liked the "feel" of it about his face and body in bed. He said it was still growing rapidly and he hoped that it would reach his hips, or even to his knees. "It can't be too long to suit me", he said. "I have often wondered why men do not let their hair grow long, like the women do, instead of keeping it clipped short," said Florence. "Nature has placed hair on our heads to grow there, and I think everybody, men as well as women, should allow it to grow as nature intended, and never cut it. I am sure that men would like having long hair, once they got used to it, for it would make them more attractive. I do not mean that they should bother with elaborate coiffures, such as the women have, except when they dressed for a dinner party or any evening dress-up affair. Day-times they could braid it neatly and wear it wound around the head in a coronet, or in a simple knot at the back of the neck, as I wear mine. But think how nice a man would look when in full dress with his hair waved and curled and done up as attractively as a woman's. Then he should wear make-up and he would look very handsome. The women doll up, so why not the men? In the old days men wore long hair. Look at Samson, in the Bible. In those days men allowed their hair to grow long. And they did more recently, in the 16th century. We see pictures of young men with pretty heads of hair, waved and curled, flowing down over their shoulders. Long hair is natural, and I like it, though I am thoroughly masculine by nature, in spite of all the training I have gone through here." I told her that I liked long hair, too, and agreed with her. "You have pretty hair, too," said Florence, fingering it, "and I'm sure it will be as nice as mine when it grows longer. Why don't you dye it blonde? You have the face for it and would make a beautiful blonde." But I told her I preferred to remain a brunette and leave my hair its natural black shade.

I never would have suspected "La Petite" Lulu, as she was called, of being the other boy who had been sent to the school to be disciplined, for "she" was the smallest and "cutest" girl in the school, a pretty little thing, just the opposite of Florence, and everybody's favorite. But when "she" heard that I had also been sent there as a "punishment" case, "she" came and made friends with me at once, and we quickly became close friends, for "she" was one of the most attractive and popular "girls" in the whole school, always sweet, smiling, pleasant and very friendly with everyone. Her abundant hair was a pretty shade of auburn and she had a pert little face, with a flawless complexion, tiny hands and feet and a 15-inch waist, which for her, because of her smallness, was no tighter than an 18-inch corset on larger girls. She told me she wanted to confide in me and tell all about herself before "she" came to the school, but didn't want anybody else to hear, and so she asked me to sleep with her, so that we could have a nice, cozy chat in bed. Mimi liked Lulu's roommate, so I asked her to invite her to sleep with her, so that I could sleep with Lulu, and she agreed, though Mimi was never much of a girl to sleep with other girls promiscuously.

After little Lulu and I were cuddled together in her bed, she told me all about how she happened to be sent to this school, but she made me promise not to tell anyone, as she was ashamed of the whole thing, but was willing to tell it to me because we both were "male" girls, with male sex instincts, and both were there for punishment.

Before coming there, Lulu had been "Charles" and had lived with his well-to-do parents, and gone to school like any other young man. But he had developed a passion for young girls (he was 16 at the time). Girls of his own age or older did not appeal to him, but little girls did. He knew it was an abnormal passion, but said he could not help it. He often tried to make friends with little girls, and play with them, but they were not interested boys at their tender age, and preferred to play with little girls, so Charles got nowhere with them. And then he developed a diabolical scheme, and one which he said made him blush every time he thought of it. This scheme was to disguise himself as a little girl and then play with the girls and gain confidence and friendship. He was very small, a regular runt of a boy, and had always been ashamed of it, and he also was aware that he had a childish, girlish face with a babyish complexion. He decided that he could play the part of a little girl very well. So he saved up his rather liberal allowance and as often as possible he stole money from his mother's pocket-book, small sums that would not be noticed. He also frequently asked his father for more money for imaginary things he said he needed. Soon he had enough, so he went to a Paris wig-maker and purchased a little-girl wig, with long flowing curls, and a little girl pinafore, shoes and socks. When he got the outfit home and tried the things on, his mirror told him that he made a perfect looking young girl, whom nobody would suspect of being a boy. He now watched his chance to try out his scheme, and one afternoon when his mother had gone out to a party, and the maids were also having their afternoon off, so that nobody was in the house, he donned his wig and little

dress and ventured out. He went to a park where a number of little girls were playing and they accepted him as another girl and he made friends with them and joined in their games. There was one very pretty little girl with lovely blonde curls and he singled her out, as she aroused his passions. Well, to make a long and unpleasant story short, he inveigled her away from the others into a thick clump of bushes, and there assaulted her. He tried unsuccessfully to suppress her screams, clapping his hand over her mouth, but people came running. At first they did not understand, seeing two little girls together, but the real girl denounced him, his wig was removed,--and he was in a peck of trouble. He was taken to the police station and his father was sent for. It was a terrible scene, and he was in the utmost disgrace and shame. His father promised the police that if they would allow Charles to go, he would send him away to a place where there were no little girls for him to annoy and where he would be under restraint and discipline. His father had heard of Mlle. Brule's school and decided to send Charles there, saying that he seemed to like dressing like a girl and so should go to a place where he could do it all the time.

"I was in so much disgrace at home, that I was glad to get away and enter this school," said Charles, (or Lulu). "And I liked wearing girls' clothes, for I was fitted for it physically, and made a good looking girl. I was altogether too small for a man, but not for a girl, and I liked the high heels which made me inches taller and made me feel as though I was 'somebody' and not a funny little runt. So I took to the life right from the beginning and it was not a real punishment for me to be transformed into a girl. Of course, I didn't like the corsets at first, but got used to them, as we all have to do. I was so slender that Mlle. Brule started me in with a size 18 waist, which she made me reduce to 15 inches, so that I should know that I was laced in, like the rest of the 'girls'. Now I like corsets and once when we 'girls' were having a tight-lacing competition, I won first prize by getting my waist down to 12 inches, the next smallest being an inch larger. But that is too tight, and I could only stand it for an hour or two. Now you know my story, and why I am here. Tell me about yourself."

I did so, and after a while we stopped whispering and went to sleep.

The days and weeks went by at the school, and I got more and more used to playing the girl, and minded it less and less. It got so that it seemed perfectly natural for me to dress as a girl and pretend to be one. I developed a voice that was naturally feminine. My hair grew rapidly, my breasts and hips grew and my waist shrunk until finally I had a figure that was almost completely feminine. And constant beauty treatments had given my face a perfect peaches-and-cream school-girl complexion. Again and again the loving Mimi told me that I really was a beautiful girl, and I was an acknowledged beauty throughout the school, greatly admired by the other "girls", and the "sweetheart" of a good many of them. What a strange position for a he-man to be in--a feminine "beauty" and the sweetheart of a bunch of boy-girls. But I was only human and so could not help deriving pleasure from my beauty and from the admiration and adoration that it won for me.

During these early months I had so gotten into the school routine that I avoided all trouble with the teachers, and so didn't get a single demerit. My deportment record was perfect. And the sweet Mimi had a similar record. Mimi had often discussed with me the possibility of us being taken some Saturday on an outing in Paris, and pointed out how delightful it would be to get out of this "prison" and see some other people besides the inmates. She was particularly anxious to see men, handsome men, and have them see her, and perhaps flirt with her, and even dance with her. I, on my part, was anxious to see some pretty girls, and flirt with them.

"But how could you flirt with pretty girls, silly," laughed Mimi, "when you are a pretty girl yourself? Girls won't look at you, but men will."

"I didn't think of that," I said, ruefully. "But I am not interested in

I said that I didn't want to have "feminine appeal" to men, and thought that I would refuse to go to Paris, even if I got the chance. I simply loathed the thought of being a girl in public, pretending to be one, and have men and women look at me and think I was really a girl. But Mimi pointed out to me that I would always be a girl from now on, and that I couldn't stay in the school forever, but would have to go out and face the world some time, so why not break the ice now. She said I would soon get used to the reversal of sexes, and to be taken for a girl by the public. She said that everybody would treat me entirely differently from what I had been used to, for everybody looks at a girl with different eyes from those they look at a boy. I would have to get used to being a pretty girl in the eyes of men. Women, too, would look at me in a different spirit. To them I would be a female, a rival, and they might be critical, and even envious of me. It would be a new life, a new and completely changed environment. But she assured me it would be pleasant, and that I would get a great kick out of it. Finally she persuaded me to agree to go to Paris with her, in case we were given the opportunity.

Not only was I popular with the "girls" in the school, but was also a favorite with the teachers and the maid-servants, because of my good nature and my good looks. Next to a handsome man, these "women" were intrigued with a boy or man who made a beautiful female, for such a one had sex appeal for them. Of course they all knew that I had been sent there as a disciplinary case, and not from any desire to be transformed into a girl. Thus they knew that I was sexually masculine, the most "male" girl in the school, with the exception of Florence, who was disliked, and so, with my masculine character I greatly appealed to them, and they were very nice to me, and sought my friendship and favors. It was a strange experience for me to be sought after by these men-women and boy-girls. They would "make eyes" at me, just like I used to make eyes at the girls in Marseilles, but now I was the "girl" and the others were making the advances. I found it fun to encourage them and to flirt with them. Often in a hallway or a dark corner, when nobody could see us, they would take me in their arms and kiss me. They were so girlish and feminine that I didn't mind it, for it was like being caressed by real girls. The training in the school had not only given me feminine looks, but also feminine manners and grace. At first, the teachers would constantly watch me as I walked or made gestures, and would correct me if I made any motions the least bit masculine. My tight corsets and high heels of course made it impossible for me to take mannish strides, but at first I found it hard to walk gracefully, as a girl should. But I was taught and soon picked it up. There was a class in deportment and dancing, and here we were instructed in all the little feminine niceties and graces--how to walk, stand, sit down and arise gracefully, what to do with our hands--at first I wanted to put them in non-existent pockets. And we learned to dance in feminine fashion, getting accustomed to get about gracefully on our high heels, which was not easy at first. As there were no "boys", some of the "girls" would take the male part in the dancing, wearing a white band about their arms. None of these "girls" wanted to take the male parts, but the larger ones were made to do it. They hated anything that smacked of the "masculine" and wanted to dance as girls, and not as boys. The smaller and

men, and don't care whether they look at me or not. Perhaps I'd better not go out at all, for think how I would feel if men or women should penetrate my disguise, and see that I was only a man."

"There's not the slightest danger of that, you silly goose," said Mimi. "No real girl could possibly look prettier nor more daintily feminine than you do. You have everything--the looks and the figure and the style of a lovely school girl. Disguise, indeed! Penetrate! You are so perfect as a girl that you would find it impossible to persuade anyone that you really are not a girl, but a man. Nobody would believe you. So get that idea out of your head, for you can go out in public as a girl with complete confidence. If you were to go out dressed as a boy, you would be taken for a girl in disguise. So you see it's just the other way round, and you have nothing to worry about. You are now a girl, permanently, and couldn't be a boy again if you wanted to. You have become too pretty and feminine--and those breasts and hips, and your hair--they belong to a girl, and not to a boy."

"But I should hate to have strangers stare at me as a girl. I would feel so funny," I said, "especially if men made eyes at me, the way I used to make eyes at girls in Marseilles."

"That's where the fun comes in," said Mimi. "If we have feminine sex appeal to men, then it will show that we are perfect in our roles, and we can react to them as though we were real girls. I am sure it will be loads of fun."

prettier "girls" never had to dance as boys, and I was one of these, and was always a "girl", and so learned rapidly. Occasionally, of an evening, the school would hold a dance, but with no outsiders, so of the "young lady" musicians furnishing the music. It was at these affairs that the girls who were pretty and popular stood out, and it was very flattering to me, and pleasing to my vanity, to be besieged with invitations to dance. It was most amusing the way my partners would squeeze me tightly, and press my hand and look into my eyes, and flirt with me, as though I were a real girl and a "belle of the ball." It was great fun and on those occasions I really found it delightful to be a pretty girl, admired by all.

All of this constant training, added to the daily beauty treatments and figure training, and the lengthening of my hair after a bit, made me apparently a graceful and beautiful young lady, very pleasing to the eye, and I not only became reconciled to my girlish role, but even got to like it, after a few months, when it had become second nature to me. I had learned to sew, embroider, do fancy work, to design and make dresses and other feminine garments, such as corsets, as we had a shop where they were made and repaired; to design hats; to dress hair; to give beauty treatments and facials in our shop, under the direction of our expert "lady" operatives. I was being feminized to the limit.

One Friday morning I was thrilled to hear my name read as one of those without demerits who could go to Paris the following day, chaperoned by one of the teachers, and spend the day there. Several other girls' names were called, and to my delight, among them Mimi and Little Lulu. As soon as I had a chance, I went to Dolores and asked her if she would not make up a group of Mimi, Lulu and myself, and chaperone us. She readily agreed, for she would have under her wing three of the prettiest "girls" in the school so we would be a nice looking bevy, and attract masculine attention, which was what she and ~~Dolores~~ Mimi wished.

We were all excited about getting out of our "prison" where we had been confined so many months, our only exercise walks in the grounds surrounded by the high wall. That exercise was a joke to an active boy, for all we were allowed was to walk in a lady-like manner sedately in our high heels, with parasols or veils to protect our precious complexions if the sun was out. We also had to wear gloves on our "lily white" hands, so as we tripped demurely about we got little exercise, but the benefit of fresh air only.

We "girls" who were going to Paris immediately began discussing what dresses and hats we would wear, all wishing to wear our finest and look our best. Fortunately my father had left with Mlle. Brule a large deposit for my clothes, so I had a nice wardrobe, ~~besides~~ besides the dresses that were furnished by the school. I also had several pretty hats. Mimi, too, had pretty clothes, and so did Lulu. Saturday morning we "liberty" girls were privileged to have special facials and make-up in the beauty parlor, and to have our hair dressed specially for the day. We three got our heads together and decided to have extra small waists for the day, since so many people would see us. Mimi decided to lace in to 16 inches, and Lulu to 14 inches, and I, a bit reluctantly, in view of the long day ahead, allowed Mimi to lace me in to 16 inches. It was tight, but in view of the interest and excitement of going to Paris, I thought that I could stand it, as I had a few times before, for an evening. We all put on our dresses and went to the dressmaking room, where they were taken in so as to fit closely in the bodice. The effect of my tiny waist was very pleasing, and so I was glad that I had agreed to the tight lacing. Mimi looked lovely, as usual and Little Lulu was sweet, and her waist so tiny that she looked as though she was almost cut in two at the middle. We returned to our rooms and donned some simple jewelry, ear-rings, a plain little pearl necklace and bracelet and rings, and then put on and carefully adjusted the hats we had chosen for this important occasion. I wore a toque, Mimi a picture hat and Lulu a little poke bonnet, which framed her piquant, highly colored little

face in a most charming manner with a halo of her bright red hair about her face, and a cascade of pretty curls down her shoulders from beneath the back of her hat. If it had not been for her grown-up dress and sophisticated high heels and corsetted waist, she could have passed for a very young girl, which she wished to resemble as much as possible.

Eager to get started, we three assembled in the hall near the front door, and soon Dolores joined us. She, too, had been to the beauty parlor and the hair-dresser, and she was beautifully groomed and dressed and looked stunning in her form-fitting princess afternoon dress. Her waist looked smaller than usual, and I was sure she had done like the rest of us, and drawn her waist in an extra inch or two, for the occasion. We certainly were a tightly-laced bevy of "ladies" and I found myself marvelling at the fact that we four men would willingly wear such tight corsets, and go to so much pains to doll themselves up in feminine finery, and delight in playing feminine roles, and do our utmost to make ourselves look like pretty girls. A group of the girls who were not allowed to go gathered in the hall and cast envious looks at us. Several of my "admirers" came up to me and told me how beautiful I looked, and that pleased me and gave me more confidence. It was a beautiful morning, warm and sunny, so Dolores had ordered an open carriage for us to drive in to Paris in a leisurely way, so that we could enjoy the air and sunshine. We seated ourselves in the conveyance and left the school, with a group of the girls waving us good-bye. The driver, of course, had no suspicions that we all were not what we seemed, and thought it was a real girls' school.

How nice it was to leave our "prison" and drive through the glorious sunshine. All of us but Dolores had been confined there for months, and had not seen a new face, and so we were enjoying our outing to the limit, and eagerly scanned the passers-by on the sidewalks, who became more plentiful as we neared Paris. Right from the start, I noticed that people turned to stare at us, and Mimi said it was because we all looked so pretty and fashionable, and were a "striking" looking lot of young ladies, far above the average in looks, and beautifully groomed. I think we were too elaborately dressed and made up for simple school girls, and our dresses and hats were a little too striking and attention-compelling, but that was what the other three wished. They all were exhibitionists, and wished to attract attention and admiration to themselves.

We surely were an oddly assorted quartet of "girls," each with different tastes and desires, and as we rolled along I noticed that the pretty, shapely, blonde Dolores had her eye open for handsome men of about her own age. The lovely brown-haired Mimi was watching for good-looking boys and young men of about her own age, while that pert little rascal, Lulu, was looking for little girls, pretty ones, preferably with long golden curls. He had not overcome his sexual yen for them. And I, the brunette of the party, and the only one that was normally sexually of the four, looked eagerly for pretty girls and women, although I realized that no pretty girl would give me a second look, now that I was a pretty girl myself. But I saw a number of them on the sidewalks, and even the sight of them gave me a thrill.

After arriving in Paris, the first place we went to was a photograph gallery, where I had my picture taken, in a number of different poses. Mlle. Brule kept a file of pictures of every girl that attended her school, and at commencement time a "Year Book" was issued containing the picture and a sketch of each girl. Later, when I had seen the proofs (which turned out very well--I photographed beautifully) I ordered a dozen prints, one of which I sent to my father so that he could see how I had been transformed into a girl. He would write me occasionally, and enclose money for me, but the letters were always censored by Mlle. Brule, who took out the money, but kept it and spent it for me. I was not allowed to have any cash, though the risk of my trying to escape was now remote. Owing to my complete feminization (my figure, my breasts, my hair, my complexion, and all the rest of it) it would no longer be possible for me to wear male clothing and pass as a boy,

and I had no wish to go out into the world as a girl, and try to earn my living, unless assured of a position in advance, which was impossible while at the school. I also wanted to have on hand some of my photos to give to future admirers. Several of my "lovers" in the school would want my picture, too. Already Dolores had asked for one.

We next went in our carriage to the shopping district, and got out and strolled along the streets, stopping to look at feminine things displayed in the windows. Walking any distance was difficult in our tight corsets and high heels, but we tripped mincingly along the sidewalks, attracting a good deal of attention, particularly masculine attention. What a queer sensation it was for me to have men, for the first time, eye me as a girl. I was aware of their blazing eyes going over me from head to toe, and then returning to my face and trying to catch my eye. For the first time it came to me that I possessed feminine sex appeal for men and it made me feel very strange. At first it annoyed me, and I assumed a disdainful air and a pouting expression, but Dolores noticed it, and ordered me to look pleasant and act my natural self. She and Mimi were enjoying themselves and Little Lulu also seemed to like the attention we were creating, there along the thronged sidewalks, coming into close contact with the crowds. After we had gone into a shop, where Dolores made a few purchases, we went to the Cafe de la Paix for luncheon. The popular restaurant was crowded and gay. Dolores selected a table--a large one--and soon we were seated and ordering our meal, after having paid a visit to the Ladies' Room, which embarrassed me somewhat, as a number of real ladies were there and I felt out of place. At a near-by table there were four good-looking men also just ordering luncheon, and I was sure that Dolores had spotted them as we came in, and picked that table so as to be near them. I sat with my back toward the other table, but I watched Dolores, and noticed that she kept looking toward the men's table from time to time, and after a while, I saw her "give the eye" to one of the men, and smile. She certainly was an expert, and knew how to make a "pick-up" as well as any real woman. The man she had been flirting with at once came over, and shook hands with Dolores, pretending that he knew her--the old gag. Dolores carried out the fiction, and introduced the man to the rest of us girls. Then he asked permission to bring over the other three men, saying that they had noticed us and would like to meet us. They came and joined us at our table, ordering their meal to be served there. For the first time in my life I was a girl tête-a-tête with an admiring man, and it made me feel queer. But I would have to play the game, as the others would do, and perhaps it would be fun. At least it would be a new and unique experience for me, to have a "boy friend" all to myself. My "boy," whose name was Jacques Belenger, was a handsome brunette, with piercing, hot black eyes, and instinct told me immediately that I had sex appeal for him, for I allowed his eyes to look into mine from time to time, and I could see the light of sex there. He was jolly and full of fun and wit and so excellent company, and he had a way with a girl no doubt from long experience, that was charming. I was aware of his male sexiness fairly oozing from him and enveloping me in an aura. It had a strange effect on me, for it made me feel like a real girl, sexually feminine, and I found it extremely pleasant. He flattered me not only with his eyes, but by telling me that I was beautiful, and by making nice remarks about my face and figure. He was entranced with the smallness of my waist, and so I was happy that I had followed Mimi's advice to draw my waist in so tightly. Thus far, I had not minded it a bit, except that it had hampered me when walking along the streets. Soon Jacques was pressing his trousered leg against my dainty silk-clad one under the table, and his foot was pressed against my little slipper. Whenever I would drop my hand into my lap, he would reach under and press it. He even put his hand on my knee, but I modestly pushed it away. The other "girls" were busy in the same manner with their boy friends and all were making a hit and flirting outrageously. I could see that Little Lulu had fascinated her boy. She was playing the part of a little girl, which she loved, and talking "baby talk" to her fellow,

which amused him tremendously. She looked very sweet and demure, the "young girl" type that appeals to so many men. She told me afterward that her man had been fascinated by the smallness of her waist, which, as I have mentioned before, was only 14 inches. He said it was the smallest waist he had ever seen, and Lulu allowed him to span it with his two hands, which went around it easily, and to spare. But we had to be circumspect and ladylike there in that public restaurant. At the finish of the luncheon, which the men insisted on paying for, they invited us all to meet them for cocktails at the Crillon bar at 7, and then dine with them at the Ritz and after that perhaps we could go somewhere and dance. Dolores accepted the invitation for all of us, and the men had to leave, as they all were prosperous business men and had to return to their offices. Dolores took us to a matinee which we greatly enjoyed. It was a vaudeville show, and one of the acts that interested us the most was that of a female impersonator. He was clever, but all of us spotted him for a man the minute he came on the stage. It made us realize how much better impersonators we all were, and, in fact, everybody at the school, for nobody could spot us as being men. Why, we asked, would that not be a good way for us to make a living--go on the stage as impersonators? We would be perfect at it. But Dolores pointed out that we would be too perfect and that nobody in the audience would believe that we were really males. We could not go around dressed as men and only don feminine apparel on the stage. We had become so feminized that none of us could "impersonate" a man, in spite of our real sex. And besides, none of us would be willing to dress in male clothing when off the stage. Not only did we love our feminine finery and loathe masculine clothes, but we would look funny in them, as they could not conceal our girlish breasts and feminine curves and hips, or our girlish faces with their fair complexions. And then there was our high girlish voices, which we could not make to sound masculine after the training to a high pitch. And surely none of us would be willing to cut her hair short, which would be necessary if we were to be impersonators on the stage and men off it. No. The idea was no good. We men were too feminine to play the part of female impersonators. We could never convince an audience of our real sex. But Dolores suggested that some day we might go on the stage in real feminine roles. She said that Mimi and I were pretty enough to "make" the Folies chorus. That was the first time the idea was ~~broached~~ broached to us. It pleased Mimi and I, and afterward we often discussed it. And, lo and behold! It finally came true, thanks to you, Gaby.

We took a taxi back to the school to save time, and all the way our girlish chatter was about the boy friends we had met and the coming evening with them. We also discussed the evening gowns we would wear, each wishing to wear her prettiest and look her loveliest. At the school we had a couple hours to rest, and so we took off our corsets (what a relief), undressed completely, took baths and lay down. But Mimi and I were too excited to take naps, and kept up a continual chatter about the afternoon and the evening to come. Mimi told me she had feared that I would not play the game with my boy friend at the table, but would give him the cold shoulder, and so she said she was pleased that I had acted so naturally feminine with him. Then I confessed to her, somewhat ashamed, that he had aroused feminine instincts in me, and that at the time I had felt myself to be a girl sexually, and so had reacted to him like a real girl. In fact, I was a little bit "stuck on" him, and was looking forward to his company in the evening, especially to dancing clasped in his arms.

You may be sure that we all took the utmost pains with our toilettes for the evening. We were newly made up and our hair newly dressed in the beauty shop. Mine was waved, and the ends made into pretty ringlets. This time we went without hats, and our hair would show more. Mimi and Dolores had their hair dressed high on their heads in attractive evening coiffures, but La Petite Lulu stuck to her cascade of glorious ringlets down her back, which was the best possible coiffure for her type of beauty.

I selected, with the help of Mimi, a white satin gown, very decolette in back and front, so that the rounded tops of my little white breasts showed, and anyone looking down on me could see the cute little hollow between the two mounds. It was a very becoming outfit. Mimi selected for herself a red dress, also cut low. Dolores was magnificent in a black velvet, low cut evening gown, princess in style, which fitted her as though she had been poured into it. She was laced fully as tightly as during the day. In fact, we all were, and perhaps we were a bit more uncomfortable in our evening slippers which were as snug as we could stand, and had unusually high heels. But we would not have to walk--only dance, and Mimi said that would be easy with a strong partner who would carry one along on her toes, so that we would have to make little effort, but just relax in their arms and follow their lead. Lulu was dressed in green, a color that went so well with her red hair and high coloring. She looked very cute in it, with her amazingly small waist, and tiny matching green satin slippers with extremely high heels, which she loved because they made her taller. She was a graceful little girl and neither heels nor corsets interfered with her ~~movements~~ movements.

Fortunately for me, my father had been very liberal in my dress allowance, so that besides the clothes that Mlle Brule furnished all of the girls, some of which we made in our dress-making classes, I had a lovely wardrobe of pretty frocks, particularly of evening dresses, so that I had considerable variety to choose from, and didn't have to wear the same frock to dinner two times in succession. Mimi, too, had nice clothes and lots of them, as her parents were generous.

I thought that we four "girls" really looked quite lovely in our feminine finery as we got into the cab to motor to Paris. I remember that I felt completely satisfied with my own appearance, and I was sure that Jacques would like me, and I was looking forward to seeing him again and the thrill that the thought of him gave me was definitely feminine, due, I was sure, to the hormones. It was such a queer feeling for me, a man, to have, and yet I actually felt myself to be a girl, a female, and the consciousness of my feminine prettiness and pretty clothes, added to the pleasure of the sensation.

I will not take the time to tell the details of our evening's party. We went to the Crillon American bar, as agreed, and there met our boy friends, and had cocktails. We young "girls" were only allowed to drink one, but Dolores and the men each took two dry martinis, and felt quite gay, as did we "girls" from our one drink, not being used to it. Then we all went to the Ritz for dinner. The men were in evening clothes and looked very nice. At the very beginning Jacques had whispered to me that I looked very beautiful, which naturally pleased me very much, for I felt myself to be a girl and so loved masculine compliments, and attentions. We had a lovely dinner, and champagne was served with it. Dolores allowed us girls to drink some of it, and we felt quite exhilarated when we left with the men to go to a night club.

The men took us to the Bal Tabarin, where we enjoyed the floor show and where I had my first experience dancing as a girl with men. I knew I looked pretty, and so it was a real thrill to dance in the arms of a man on that large dance floor, where everybody could see me if they wished. Although I was wearing 4-inch heels, I had no trouble in dancing in them, since, as Mimi had predicted, the strong arms of my partners clasped tightly around my tiny waist carried me along so that my toes touched the floor only lightly. Each of the men of our party danced with me, and Jacques several times, and we carried on a glorious flirtation, which I found great fun. The other girls, too, seemed to be enjoying themselves and having the time of their young lives. Little Lulu, though masculine like myself, had become completely girlish, as I had done, and for the evening forgot her predilection for little girls, just as I forgot my desire for pretty girls. Dolores and Mimi, being completely feminine in their sexual desires, of course had a delightful time with their boy friends. It goes without saying, that never for a moment did any of these men suspect that we were not real girls. I wondered what they would have done if somehow they suddenly had learned the truth, and that these lovely girls they seemed so infatuated with, were only males, after all.

We had to return to the school by midnight, and so had to leave, with regret, about 11 o'clock. As Jacques kissed me good-night, he asked me to send him my photo, and I did so later, and he sent me his, which I kept on my bureau. The "girls" in the school were always proud to have photos of male admirers in their rooms, but many of them did not have any, for it was naturally the pretty girls who attracted the men, and whose pictures were exchanged. Mimi also received one from her "sweetheart" of the evening, and placed it beside that of Jacques. A few of the older girls, and the good looking teachers, like Dolores and Ninon, had several men's photos in their rooms.

I gave one of my photos to Mlle. Brule for the records and year book, and sent one to my father, to show him what had happened to me. I also wrote him a letter telling him how I had been transformed permanently and had developed a feminine body, with very definite breasts and hips. I told him that I would never again be able to dress as a boy, because of my feminine beauty of face and form. I should have to remain a girl for the rest of my life. He wrote me a letter of regret, saying he had no idea that I would be transformed permanently, and had thought that I would simply be made to wear girls' clothes, to discipline me and make me more quiet and subdued than I had been in Marseilles. He said he was very sorry for what had happened. He had had good reports from Mlle. Brule about me, but she had said nothing about my permanent change of sex, but had told him that I was one of the prettiest and nicest "girls" in the school. Father promised to send Mlle. Brule plenty of money for my dress allowance, as I had told him that I had become very fond of pretty dresses and feminine accessories, and he wanted to make atonement for what he had done to me in sending me there. Naturally, father showed my photo to my step-mother and sisters, and they were greatly interested. My oldest sister wrote and asked me numerous questions of a feminine nature, being intensely curious about my masquerade, as she called it. She wanted to know if the photographer had not "doctored up" my picture, and if I really had such a good figure and small waist, and if that was my own hair.

Christmas now drew near, and it was the strangest Christmas of my life and brought home to me strongly what it meant to change from a boy to a girl. Mlle. Brule would not allow any of us to wear male clothing in order to go home for the holidays. If we went, at our parents' request, we would have to go as girls. To most of us that was unthinkable. We had left home as boys and were known as such to friends and relatives. How could we now explain it if we were to go back to our old haunts dressed as girls, with long hair, laced-in waists, maidenly breasts and girlish pink-and-white complexions? What would people think of us, after they once recognized us?

I, for one, could not face it, for I knew that it would mean ridicule and humiliation and misunderstanding. My former boy friends would only laugh at me and probably be disgusted at my femininity, and have nothing to do with me, and my former girl friends would feel the same way about it. Everybody would look down on me and I would have no friends left, for nobody likes a "sissy," men nor women, and they never would be able to understand why a boy was willing to turn himself into a girl and act the part of one. I was sure they would not believe it when I told them that it was forced upon me, for why did I lace so tightly, wear such high heels, wear make-up, curl my hair, wear pretty dresses and hats, and, in short, do my utmost to make myself look as femininely beautiful as possible? Why, they would ask, did I not cut my hair and come home in my proper boys' clothes? I probably could explain the school and its disciplinary measures until I was black in the face, and yet I was sure they would not believe me, but would think that I had become a girl voluntarily. They would probably call me a "degenerate." How I loathe and detest that word! They would not know the difference between a "degenerate" and a "transvestite." The boys at our school could not help it because they were born boys instead of girls. It was no fault of theirs that they wanted to be girls and were sexual transverts. They were effeminate and feminine and it was natural for them to dress and live as girls and become as completely girls as was physically possible. It made them happy, whereas living as boys would make them miserable. They felt themselves to be girls, so why should anybody criticize them for being natural and dressing and living as girls? Surely they were not "degenerates", for as girls they were quite normal. A few of us--Florence, Lulu and I--were different from the rest, for we retained our male sexness. Big Florence had never been happy as a girl, though thoroughly used to it after nearly four years, but I think if he had been small and feminine-looking and pretty, as Lulu and I were, he would have been contented with his girl's life. But he was big, ungainly and homely as a girl and the 18-inch corset which Mlle. Brule had forced him to wear day and night through the years had soured his disposition, for he always suffered more or less from his extreme tight lacing, and never drew a comfortable breath. He had little appetite, but knew that was a good thing, for it kept him thin, and so his corset was not so tight.

Lulu and I had become confirmed transvestists and loved our feminine finery, though boys at heart. The habit had grown on us. And we were different from poor Florence, for we were naturally built for the part, and it was easy for us, and we both made attractive young ladies, as you already know.

So practically all of us had no desire to go home for the holidays, but had to spend them at the school. For the time, lessons were suspended and we were allowed unusual privileges, and Mlle. Brule and the other teachers did all they could to make us have a pleasant time. On Christmas day there was a tree, and on it we placed presents for our special friends among the pupils. We had been allowed to go shopping in Paris, properly chaperoned, and bought our gifts. What strange shopping it was for me, buying nothing but feminine articles! And what a strange Christmas for me, receiving nothing but feminine presents! This again brought home to me how completely my life had changed with my change of sex. I recalled with a touch of homesickness my Christmases at home as a boy with my family, and the presents I got--masculine presents. But how different, now that I was a girl! On the tree I received lingerie, silk stockings, dainty handkerchiefs, perfumery, boxes of powder, lipstick, rouge, night gowns, and similar feminine things which would delight a real girl. But I was glad to get them, for they would be useful, as no masculine presents would be. My special gifts were two evening gowns and a day dress, from my father, who had sent the money to Mlle. Brule to buy them for me. I was particularly pleased with one of the dresses, which was of cloth of silver and with it dainty high-heeled silver slippers to match. Mlle. Brule, with whom I had become quite a favorite, also personally made me a special gift,

a pair of pale blue satin brocaded corsets, with my initials--F. L. (for Fifi Lamour) embroidered on the front. They were evening corsets, strong and heavily boned and of a very small size. After all the presents had been distributed, Mimi and I took our things to our room, and I was girlish enough to want to try on my new dresses and corset at once. I clasped on my new stays, and Mimi was just about to lace me in, when Mlle. Brule came into the room, all smiles, and pleased to see that I liked her present so well that I wanted to try it on at once. I thanked her for it, and gave her a maidenly kiss, which pleased her further. She could be very nice when she liked, and during this holiday season she laid aside her severity and discipline and was jolly and pleasant with all of us girls. We could not go home, and so she wished us to have a good time at the school. She laced my new corset in until it met closely at the back. It was very tight.

"There, Fifi," said Mlle. Brule, "you have a 16-inch waist, and it looks wonderful. It is not too tight for you, and hereafter I want you to adopt the 16-inch measurement as permanent."

Her word was law and so from then on I laced in to 16-inches, day and night. It was of course terribly uncomfortable at first, but I got used to it. And, besides, it was not new to me, for on my first memorable visit to Paris, as I have already related, I wore a 16-inch corset the whole day and evening and had not minded it too much, and I had also had that same size waist at dinner a number of times. I liked having a tiny waist, for it gave me the hour-glass figure that was the mode, and added to my feminine attractiveness.

I tried on my three new gowns, over the new corset. Mlle. Brule had had them made to closely fit my new waist measurement, and she said she would have all of my other dresses taken to the school dressmaking department, and the waists taken in to 16 inches. From then on, that was the size of my waist. It was one of the smallest waists in the school, and many of the other girls who could not reduce so small, envied me, and that made me more content with my tight lacing.

Almost every evening throughout the holiday/there was entertainment for us girls, and we really had a very pleasant time, in spite of the fact that we were confined to the school and the grounds about it, enclosed by that high wall.

The events had been planned well in advance. One of them was a play which we had been rehearsing for some time. It was considered an honor to be asked to take a feminine part in the play, for only the most attractive "girls" were assigned such parts, and so I was pleased to be selected to take a girl's part. Mimi was also in it, but, both being new "girls", we didn't have leading roles, which went to older "girls." The larger and less attractive "girls" were assigned by Mlle. Brule to play the male roles, but, strange to say, they didn't like it, and much preferred their feminine clothes. Male clothes for them were secured in Paris, and male wigs to conceal their long hair. It was most amusing to see these "girls" taking male parts, for they did not do it at all well, for they had been trained as girls so long, and had worn tight corsets and high heels so long, and had developed such feminine curves--well proportioned maidenly breasts, and rounded hips and slender waists--to say nothing of their high, girlish voices, and their feminine mannerisms--that they did not make convincing men at all, but seemed, for all the world, like girls imitating men. The play, however, was amusing, and we had for our audience all the "girls" who were not in it, and the faculty and all of the servants, who were invited in for all of the holiday festivities.

On another night we had a dance, and again those tall "girls" ^{had} and to dance the men's parts, but they wore dresses and were distinguished as "males" by wearing a band around their right arms. I was never asked to take a male part, nor was Mimi, for, as I have previously mentioned, we were numbered among the school "beauties" and we were so feminine and popular that there was always a rush of the "men" to get us as partners. More and more did I enjoy being a pretty girl and being admired as such.

On another evening we had a fancy dress party, and Mlle. Brule had one of the leading Parisian costumers send a woman to the school with ~~trunk~~ trunkfuls of costumes. She had mostly feminine costumes, but a number of male outfits, and it was surprising how few of the "girls" cared to dress up in them. They wanted to be "girls" all the time, and disliked wearing masculine attire. I went as "Little Bo-Peep" and wore a blonde wig and make-up. Many of the girls told me that I looked very pretty, and made a better blonde than brunette, so that I actually considered asking Mlle. Brule's permission to dye my hair a golden blonde shade. But my eyes are black and I am a natural brunette, so I decided to remain that way. Mimi went as a ballet dancer, and looked very sweet. Her slender girlish legs in their pink tights were beautiful.

But the last and crowning event was a mock marriage, which was an annual affair. It was the highest and most sought-after honor to be chosen as the "bride," who was elected by vote early in December, so as to give her time to have her wedding gown made. It really amounted to a "beauty contest" for the "girl" chosen as the bride was the prettiest maiden in the school, and acknowledged as such. It was considered a wonderful triumph to be chosen. All of the prettier "girls" had secret hopes that they might be selected, but it was pretty well understood that the contest was between Mimi and myself. Neither of us made any campaign to get votes--that was simply not done--so we were friendly rivals in a passive way. I thought that Mimi was the more beautiful, and so should be elected, and I expected to run second, but imagine my surprise--and delight--when it was announced that I was elected to be the "bride." The vote was very close, and I had only a few votes more than Mimi, who was sweet about it, and not a bit jealous of me. I think the reasons that I won out were that I was a brunette, and so considered a more typical French girl, than a brown-haired girl like Mimi, and because of my figure with its 16-inch waist, an inch smaller than Mimi's. My selection thrilled me through and through. Not only my mirror, but many of the girls, teachers and servants had often told me that I was pretty and I was of course well aware of it, but now this election made me realize that I was considered beautiful, the belle of the school by a majority of my fellow "girl" students, and these boy-girls, striving constantly for feminine beauty in themselves, were better judges of girlish beauty than real girls, for they were more critical and never overlooked the slightest flaw.

As the "beauty queen" I was now the most privileged girl in the school and of course loved my popularity. Of course I had to get a wedding dress, and Mlle. Brule herself took me to Paris to one of the leading couturiers, where we had bridal gowns modeled for us. That was a novel experience, as it would for any boy, to sit there in the guise of a girl.

and watch other girls parade before me in gowns from which I was to make my selection. These girls naturally thought that I was a real bride-to-be, and Mlle. Brule and I found amusement in carrying out the idea. We selected a lovely white satin gown, with train, and I tried it on. It was a new and strange experience for me to take off my street dress and stand there in my corset and lingerie, surrounded by a bevy of girls and the sales-ladies. An ordinary boy would have died of embarrassment if he found himself in my position, being closely inspected by many feminine eyes as he stood there in frilly feminine under-things, and at first I felt a little shy, but reassured myself by looking in the mirror, which convinced me that no girl could look more feminine and that there were no flaws that even the most critical could find in me as a "girl." How glad I was now that I had nicely developed female breasts, which showed above the top of my corset. These girls and women would not dream that a boy could have such breasts, which would have convinced the most sceptical that I was a female. And then there were my well rounded hips and buttocks and thighs, and, of course, my small waist. Nobody could possibly believe that a boy could have such a wasp-waisted figure. (For some reason, people always think that a boy cannot have a small waist, when, as a matter of fact, a boy laces in easier than a girl and can actually have a smaller waist). But everything about me was convincing--my nicely curled hair flowing over my shoulders, my creamy complexion, my small, white hands, my snowy arms, back and shoulders and my small feet encased in high, pencil-pointed heels. My voice, too, was convincing, and so I had no reason to feel embarrassed, though it was the first time I had ever been among real women as a girl. It was a pleasant sensation to have them try the dress on me, their soft feminine hands coming often in contact with my bare back and my arms, and my bust, and to feel their hands adjusting the dress and running over my body in a manner that was almost caressing, smoothing it over my hips and buttocks, running their hands up underneath to pull down the underskirt. How thankful I was for the bands that so tightly held down and kept from showing that only part of me that would betray my sex. It was indeed an exciting experience of me, as it was the first time in months that I had come into contact with real women. And the models were pretty, and the sales-ladies good looking. Mlle. Brule and I enjoyed the joke. It was our secret and she gave me amused glances from time to time. For all of these women made a fuss over the "bride to be". Mlle. Brule was supposed to be "her mother." We finished the fitting and after ordering the necessary alterations to the gown, we went shopping for the rest of my "trousseau", which must be as complete as though I was to be a real bride. It was the custom to carry it out in every detail. We bought lovely white lingerie and a special white satin bordered corset, which, at Mlle. Brule's suggestion, really a command, was size 15. She assured me that I could stand being laced in that tight for a few hours, and that it was fitting for the school "beauty" to have the smallest waist of all. When the dress was delivered, it was taken in to be fitted at the school's dressmaking shop. We also bought a pair of white satin slippers, and material for a bridal veil.

The "mock wedding" was a decided success, held on New Year's Eve. It was the event of the school year. It was carried out in minute detail. There were six brides-maids, the prettiest "girls" in the school, of whom, of course, Mimi was one. Mlle. Brule took the part of the brides' mother, and Dolores was the matron of honor. Lulu, in a child's dress, with her red curls very pretty down her back, was the flower girl. And then there were the male roles. The rules were relaxed for the occasion, and the "girls" taking the male parts were allowed to leave off their corsets and high heels, and dress completely as men. Florence, as the most masculine "girl" in the school, took the part of the groom. Then there were six ushers, the bride's father, the best man and the minister. It was amusing to see how poorly these "boy-girls" took their

male parts. Due to their long feminine training, they had lost all of their masculinity, and they were for all the world like girls trying to imitate men. They could not shake off their feminine mannerisms, and their months in high heels and tight corsets had given them a feminine walk which they could not overcome on such short notice.

I was treated as though a real bride, and my "mother" and the bridesmaids gathered in my room to help dress me. Many willing hands laced my lovely satin corsets in so that there could be no question about them meeting at the back, giving me a scant 15-inch waist. I was terribly compressed and could hardly breathe and wondered whether I could stand such lacing for 4 hours. My beautiful wedding gown had been fitted very closely, with bones in the bodice, which made of it virtually another corset. The dress looked lovely and so did my figure, my wasp waist being the envy of all, so I did not regret it, but would have to summon all my fortitude to endure the pressure, and give no sign that I was aware that I even had a corset on. I must take my medicine. It was the penalty of being the school's most beautiful girl, and the most shapely, according to the dictates of fashion. But I was proud of my feminine prettiness and of my tiny waist. The other girls of the school envied me and would have given anything they possessed to be the bride in my place--so I was content. My hair was beautifully dressed, the bridal veil was donned, as were my pearls--earrings, and a seven strand necklace. My new white satin slippers were a very snug fit, and the heels were extremely high, and, for a moment, before the glass, giving myself a final inspection, I wondered if there ever before was a man so terribly uncomfortable as I was--but I also wondered whether a man ever before had looked like such a beautiful bride..All of the "girls" were in raptures over my appearance, and so I felt that I knew how a beautiful real woman feels--the satisfaction of it. But I think that I got a greater thrill out of it, because I was, after all, only a man, and it was really wonderful that a man could be transformed into such an adorable young woman--to think that this perfection of femininity could be myself! It was glorious and in the thrill of it I was able to forget my acute discomfort. Willing hands helped me down the stairs, one girl carrying my train. The wedding was carried out in the usual form. All of the "girls" and the teachers and servants formed the "congregation" as I walked down the "aisle"--the big drawing room-- to the tune of the wedding march played by the school orchestra, prede by the ushers, pretty brides-maids, matron of honor and flower girl, on the arm of my "father." I was met at the "altar" by the groom and minister, and the "ceremony" was performed. Then back up the aisle on the arm of my "husband" (Florence made a handsome bride-groom). Then came the wedding reception, and not a single person failed to take advantage of the excuse to kiss the "bride",--brides-maids, ushers, all of the "girls" and even the maid-servants. Never had I been kissed so much in a short time. It was trying, but I had to make the best of it, and take it smiling. Then came the wedding supper, with the customary toasts to the bride, to which I blushing responded. Champagne was served, and I sipped a little, but could not eat, owing to my corset, though I made a bluff at it. As time went on, all I could think of was whether or not I could endure my corset another minute--and yet I did--I had to, and keep trying to look my prettiest, with a smile on my face. I thought the meal would never come to an end, but at last it did, and at the foot of the stairs I tossed my bridal bouquet among the "girls" assembled there, but I took pains to throw it to Mimi--she would be the first "girl" to marry. My "mother" and some of the maids helped me to disrobe and never had I felt so relieved as when they loosened the laces of my torturing corset and took it off. They then helped me to dress in my "going away" costume and my "husband" and I went down the stairs amid a shower of rice, and went outside. But our "wedding trip" was limited to a trip around the

shut-in school premises. Carrying out the game, we went to a secluded spot, sat on a bench, and spooned. Florence, in his men's clothes, played the part to perfection and actually made me feel like a bride. Later we went indoors, and to the school guest room, which had been prepared as our "bridal chamber." The whole school gathered as we went up the stairs and my "hubby" carried me across the threshold, in the traditional manner of bride and groom, and I am sure there was much peeking through the key-hole as my "man" undressed me, put me into the bed, and followed. But what a disappointment he was for a bride--for when he undressed and took off his men's wig, unpinning his mass of lovely hair and letting it cascade down his back to his hips, and after he had donned his night dress, which could not conceal his well-developed feminine breasts and body, he was no longer a man and a "husband", but to all appearances a woman, like myself. Could anything be more ridiculous--a "husband" with long hair and a body completely feminine looking. But the whole thing was ridiculous, for I, a lovely and apparently desirable bride, with a woman's hair and figure, was, after all, only a man. As a special favor, Mlle. Brule gave both of us to sleep without our corsets that night. Florence's magnificent hair enveloped both of our bodies as I slept in her arms, pretending to be a bride and he pretending to be my husband, but not a bit convincing because of said hair, breasts and feminine-seeming body. I was far more convincing as a bride than he was as a groom.

Here Fifi ended her story of how Edouard was transformed into the girl Fifi, apologizing for taking so much of our time. But I had been intensely interested in the whole story, and was intrigued to learn about a school that could so perfectly transform a boy into a girl, and would have been glad if Fifi had told us more about it.

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--The Story of Mary Morris--(continued)--

Julian Eltinge continues with his story.

Grace and I stayed in New York for a week, and it was a busy time for me. I went daily to my agents to arrange about my contract and my act. I was signed up for a forty weeks' tour, at a good salary, which was to be increased if I proved to be a good box-office attraction. My act was worked out, and it was the one I followed, with a few changes, for the whole season of vaudeville. I first was to appear on the stage as a little girl, with golden curls down my back, a baby dress, reaching not quite to my knees, a big sash around my waist and a ribbon bow in my hair. I was to carry a doll, and sing a little-girl song, in a piping voice. Next I came on as a young girl in her teens, and sang an appropriate song, which was written for me, and climax of my act was my third appearance, after a quick change, when I came on as a "Gibson Girl," who was so popular at that time. I was dressed in a black velvet evening gown which fitted my tightly laced hour-glass figure like a glove. My golden hair was piled high on my head in the then fashionable pompadour style. My song was: "Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?" It was a well-balanced act in which I portrayed three different characters--three different ages of a girl. Quick changes, of course, were necessary, as I could not keep the audience waiting too long, and so underneath I wore my tight corset, though it didn't show my narrow waist in the first two numbers. So in order to change from the maiden into the Gibson Girl, I had only to change my dress, wig and shoes, which, with the help of my maid and valet, was done very quickly, after a little practise.

Throughout my week in New York, I continued as a girl, and roomed with Grace. I paid daily visits to a beauty shop for treatment with the electric needle to kill hair on face and body. After my return to Boston, I continued this slow process until I was entirely free from hair, permanently, in all parts of my body which would show--face, neck arms, chest. I enjoyed this week, though it was the first time I had ever dressed as a girl for any length of time, and in spite of the fact that I was constantly tightly laced and high-heeled, and bewigged and made up. It was terribly uncomfortable at first, but I steeled myself to endure it, and soon got more or less accustomed to it, so that I could take my mind off my compressing corsets most of the time. I realized that in my chosen profession I was committed to corsets and all the rest of it. If all went well, I should have to wear them for years, just like a real woman, and so I resigned myself to the discomfort, and it was only a few days before my body became adjusted to my stays, and they didn't irk me so much.

It was fun rooming with Grace, but I must admit it was rather embarrassing at first. But she treated me just like a girl and I tried to make myself feel like one--and succeeded most of the time. But how well I remember our first morning in our hotel room. Like all show people, Grace liked to lie in bed late. (I soon got that habit myself). She suggested that we have breakfast in bed. That meant that the waiter would come in and see the two of us in our twin beds--apparently two girls. I slept in a lady's night-gown and had let my hair down before going to bed, just as a real woman would do, and slept in the wig, lest I appear the least bit masculine. I was somewhat appalled at the idea of the waiter coming in and seeing me as a woman. Suppose he should suspect something? Suppose he should discover that I was a man? I voiced these thoughts to Grace, but she only laughed and told me not to be silly.

"Just look in the glass at yourself," she said. "Did you ever see a man that looked like you do?"

I looked, and had to confess that I looked every inch the "lady" and as feminine as any girl could ask. But I got up, brushed my long hair, powdered my nose and applied a touch of rouge. We both then donned pretty boudoir negligees, and got back into our beds. But I was still somewhat nervous and you can imagine with what care I arranged my hair over my shoulders and tried to look as pretty and feminine as possible when the

waiter came in with our trays. I could see that he took me for a girl, without question, and I was even aware of his looks of admiration for me, as well as for Grace. I was wearing a night corset, and a brassiere, so that my bust was convincingly feminine. My arms, neck and shoulders were smoothly white, thanks to much beauty treatment~~s~~ for the past several weeks, and my hands, as you can see, were small and white. Yes, I looked every inch a lady.

This experience gave me added confidence in my skill in feminine guise and by the end of the week, it became second nature to me to be a girl and dress as one, and never after that was I embarrassed or self-conscious when dressed as a girl, for I knew I was safe from detection, and, of course, I could not help but know that I made a pretty and attractive girl.

Grace and I returned to Boston, and I became a man again. So accustomed I had become to my feminine clothes and girlish role, after a solid week, that I actually felt strange and uncomfortable in my masculine garments at first. How funny it seemed to be wearing trousers and flat heels, and no wig or skirts, and no make up. I had to watch myself at first lest I walk and talk like a girl and continue my acquired feminine mannerisms. I now roomed with Grace and dressed as a girl at home. I resumed my position at the bank temporarily, but gave notice, and soon quit the job. I told my friends in the bank that I was going on the stage professionally as an impersonator of feminine roles. Naturally they chaffed me a good deal about it, but I didn't mind. I had become hard-boiled, as was necessary, and nothing anybody said about me could get under my skin. I knew that many persons looked askance at a man who dressed up as a woman, but I could make an excellent living on the stage, far better than in the bank, and that was what counted, and I felt sure that I had a career before me--so why should I care what anyone thought about my assuming feminine roles on the stage? My friends decided to give a farewell party and dinner for me, at one of the hotels. My closest friend ~~am~~ among the men tipped me off that I was in for a lot of razzing and kidding. I talked it over with Grace and decided to put one over on them by appearing at the dinner as a girl. Accordingly, I took a room at the hotel where the dinner was to be held, and, with the help of Grace, I got myself up as a stunning young lady, wearing a pretty new evening gown, cut daringly low, and my smallest corsets, which meant an 17-inch waist. As always, my dress was clinging, and closely fitted at the waist, so that none of the effect of my wasp-waist should be lost. My friends had all gathered in our private dining room when I tripped and rustled into the place, with my long train trailing behind me. I carried an ostrich feather fan, which I languidly used as I swayed in on my high heels. At first they didn't recognize me, but when they did, I created quite a sensation, and they all were obviously pleased with my impersonation. I acted the lady throughout the evening much to the amusement of them all, and myself, too, for I was having fun. At the close of the dinner the spokesman or toastmaster, called ~~on~~ me for a speech, and I responded in a feminine manner, in a ladylike voice. Then came a number of parting gifts for me, which were intended as jokes. I was given a lot of feminine things, such as a corset, panties, other lingerie, powder, rouge, lipstick, hairpins, a nightie, a slip, etc. But the joke fell a little flat because of my feminine appearance, which made it seem natural that I should receive such presents. But they also, at the end, gave me a real present, quite valuable, consisting of a ladies fitted dressing case, and a hand-bag set with rhinestones. I used them both for a long time afterward and also was able to make use of the other "funny" presents--the corset happened to be my size and I could wear the other garments, with slight alterations.

Grace and I soon after that packed up and moved to New York, she to go in rehearsal for a play she was to be in, and I, too, to rehearse my act. As we were to be there for three months, we took a nice apartment, with bedroom with twin beds, a nice parlor, small kitchen and bath. Before leaving Boston, I again donned skirts, and transformed myself into a woman.

This was best for me for a number of reasons. It kept me in constant training for my act. It was better than changing back and forth from man to woman and forgetting myself and perhaps acting effeminate when in male attire, and masculine when playing the lady. Besides, I only needed one set of clothes. And I was always ready for rehearsals of my dances. I couldn't practise them except in skirts and high heels. And another important reason was that I couldn't room with Grace as a man, but as a girl, it was all right. She treated me like a sister, and was very fond of me, and I of her. And she was a great help to me, and taught me how to do my hair, to wear my clothes and all the feminine accomplishments, even to sewing and fancy work. I spent a great deal of my time on my complexion and skin, and paid frequent visits to beauty parlors. Even before I left the bank, I had started to let my hair grow. At first I had to wear a wig, of course, but that was hot and uncomfortable, but after a month or so my own hair got long enough for me to wave and curl it and then I was able to leave off the wig. I wore my hair in a cluster of small ringlets at the back, and it was quite becoming to me. I fell completely into my feminine role and really almost forgot that I was a male. I liked being a girl, in spite of the tight corsets and high heels and the clinging skirts and the necessity of always being made up and faultlessly groomed, and all the fuss and feathers of feminine clothes, hats and accessories. I got to love wearing pretty dresses and hats, and looking like a pretty girl --and my good looks increased with the treatments at the beauty shops and at home. My hair grew rapidly until I was able to wear it in curls down my shoulders. It was thick, and soft and glossy, like a girl's. And really pretty, so that it was admired by those with whom I came into contact.

Grace and I had a gay time. She was a well-known actress and had many friends in New York, mostly of the theatrical profession. We did not lack for masculine attention and I passed readily as a girl with the men I met, and I learned to flirt in true girlish manner and carry on an "affair" as well as a real girl, which was very amusing to Grace, as well as myself.

But as time went on, we decided that I must reveal myself to these show people. After all, I was soon to go on the stage as a female impersonator and then would have to come out in my true colors--so why not now, and get a reputation with these people, who would advertise me and boost me. I would need publicity--all actors do, the more the better. So one evening when we were attending a rather large party, Grace and I decided that I should reveal myself as a man. We waited until toward the end of the evening, when all were gathered in the drawing room. I had danced with most of the men, and flirted outrageously with them purposely. And then, when all was quiet, Grace said she had a surprise for them. She pointed to me, standing at her side and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to re-introduce you to my friend, Mister Julian Eltinge, who is going on the stage as a female impersonator." It was indeed a surprise, and Grace and I had to assure them again and again that I really was a man, and not the pretty woman that I appeared to be. Then I was showered with congratulations.

It was considered a good joke, the way I had fooled them all, and several arranged parties which Grace and I should attend, and expose my real sex at the very end, as at this time. That happened a number of times, until all of the circle got to know me as a man in feminine disguise. Then I didn't get so much masculine attention, though there were always men to dance and flirt with me, as a joke. And when there were new-comers, we always put the joke over on them and I would do my best to make them "fall for" me, to the amusement of all. And so the Summer passed rapidly, with me living through it as a girl and as completely at home in feminine things as I had ever been in male clothing. In fact, I grew more and more fond of wearing women's clothes, and "being" one. I loved my small waist and my long hair and the daintiness of my small, high-heeled shoes, my pretty dresses and hats. I loved being powdered, rouged, perfumed and adorned with jewellery, and I was particularly fond of wearing earrings, especially long ones which

dangled about the side of my face. I even thought of having my ears pierced, though it was not necessary, with the new screw-earrings.

My stage costumes, wigs and all the rest were ~~long~~ ready when the time came for me to start my stage career, and I was thoroughly rehearsed in my part. I could go through it in my sleep. I now had grown a lovely head of girlish hair and hated the idea of cutting it. But I would have to be a man off the stage, and on the stage, at the finish of my act, I would have to do the customary thing with female impersonators, and take off my wig, to show that I really was a man. But Grace suggested a plan that would save me from sacrificing my hair. I should wear a close-fitting man's wig over it, and a female wig over that, and when I took it off, my male wig would show as though it was my own hair. And that's the way I did it. Of course, I had to wear the man's wig all the time, in public, when dressed as a man, but in the privacy of my room, I could take it off and enjoy the luxury of my long, thick feminine tresses.

Julian Starts His Professional Stage Career.

September came, and I started my first tour on the stage as a professional. I opened in Albany, and all went well and my act was cordially received and the very first matinee I had four curtain calls and after that I always got a number of calls, and sometimes the applause was so insistent that I had to make a little curtain speech. I travelled West across the country, playing all of the larger cities in their vaudeville houses, and everywhere I am glad to say that I made a hit. Soon I was occupying the star's dressing room in the theaters and had the star spot on the program, which was the last place. That was nice, because I went on at 4:30 and 10:30 p.m. and so could arrive at the theater late, just in time to make up and dress, which took me about an hour.

Of course you, Miss Morris, as a young girl, probably have no idea of the strange sorts of people there are in the world, but all good female impersonators are sure to come into contact with them. My act was liberally advertised in the newspapers and on billboards, and also there was always an elaborate display of my photographs, both in male and female costume, in the lobbies of the theaters where I played. I also usually got a newspaper write-up of my act, with photos, and often a paper would send a woman reporter to interview me, and then I would get a good write up, and very favorable publicity, which is what every actor craves. And so I got to be known in every city where I played. You would be surprised at the quantities of mail I got-- what today would be called "Fan mail." The writers always were from people who had seen my act and admired it and wanted to meet me personally--women as well as men, but usually from men who were deeply interested in female impersonation and usually loved to dress up as women themselves and were infatuated with a man who could play the female as well as I could. I always enjoyed reading my mail and some of it was very amusing and also flattering. I even got "love letters" from men, and from women, too. I received many invitations to meet the correspondents, but before accepting any of them, I made it a rule to consult the manager of the theater, who knew many local people, naturally. I ~~usually~~ played usually at least a week in each city, and it was pleasant to make acquaintances and be entertained by local residents. But I was very careful whom I met. I early decided to be a regular "sidex gold digger," and get all I could out of everybody I met. I was not in the business for my health, and people wanted to meet me because I pleased them as an impersonator. I decided to capitalize on this, and if they wanted my company, they must pay for it in one way or another. Some would buy me meals at hotels and restaurants, but I soon found a ~~new~~ source of considerable revenue open to me. In almost every city there would be a wealthy man who was a transvestist (I think you know what that is, Miss Mary--a man who prefers to wear the garments of the feminine sex, or vice versa, and who gets a sexual thrill out of doing so) I have met hundreds of them in the

course of my professional career, as such men, who often are not what we would call "normal" sexually, naturally are drawn to successful female impersonators and even fall in love with them, and are eager to meet them and to copy after them and try to learn all they can about female impersonation from an expert. They want help, and advice. When such a man would be introduced to me by the manager, so I knew he was O.K. financially, as soon as we became friends he would want to give a party for me, and have me appear at it in feminine guise, so that he and his friends could meet me and see me at close range, and study my methods, and look for defects in my impersonation. I would tell such a man that my fee for appearing at such a party as a girl, would be \$100, and then I always would add that I had nothing to wear, as I couldn't wear my stage dresses off the stage, and so I would tell him that he would have to furnish me with an evening gown, slippers, and a whole outfit. The man invariably would agree to this. In each city there were shops where I could buy a ready-made dress, which would fit me after alterations. I had to select a large size, because my shoulders are a little wider than those of the normal woman, and my waist smaller (in corsets of course). So the dress would be fitted to my figure, much to the amusement of the people in the shop, to see a man putting on dresses. But they knew who I was and so understood the matter. There was always much curiosity and everybody would gather to see the "great Eltinge" being fitted to a gown. But I didn't mind their titters or remarks. It was all part of the game, and most of the women were very complimentary about my looks and figure, though it was hard for them to understand how a mere man could have such a good feminine form, and such a tiny waist. In cities where there were good wig-makers, I would usually also ask my host to furnish me with a good wig, saying I couldn't wear my stage wigs at a party.

The parties would be held after the show. Perhaps there would be a half a dozen men present, and there would be drinks, and champagne served with the supper. Often the men would drink a bit too much, and get feeling good and become rather amorous with me. But I knew how to handle them, and would play the lady and flirt with them. Often I would dance with the guests to the music of the victrola. They would like to get their arms around my waist and hold me tight, and treat me exactly like a real girl. Sometimes when nobody was looking a man would steal a kiss. I didn't mind. It was part of the game and I was getting paid for it. I would sing one of my songs from the show and do my best to entertain the gentlemen so that they and my host would feel satisfied and get his money's worth. Very often one of the guests would arrange for another party of the same kind, so I guess I gave satisfaction. But I insisted that the parties be circumspect. I would allow the men to flirt with me and kiss me, if they wished, but farther than that they could not go, and I would not ^{women} stay too late at any party.

I met a good many women, and occasionally one of them would arrange for me to attend a tea party or reception, to meet a number of her friends. They all seemed to get a thrill out of seeing a man in attractive feminine guise. For such parties, I would always charge \$100, and in addition the hostess would have to furnish me with an afternoon gown and accessories, including corset, hat, shoes and gloves, as I always would state that I had nothing suitable to wear at such an affair. I would always dress at the lady's home as I never appeared in public as a lady except on the stage. It would never do for me to go in or out of my hotel dressed as a girl, and I never did. It was an amusing experience for me to go to a ladies' tea party as a lady and mingle with the throng. I rather liked the feminine atmosphere, the rustling of skirts, the strong odor of heady perfumes and powder, the pretty gowns and hats. The ladies would have seen me on the stage, and read my newspaper notices, and so were eager to meet so famous an actor, and full of curiosity. And the questions they asked me! They seemed surprised that I, even at close quarters, made as good looking a woman as any of them, and they never failed to be astonished at my figure and my small waist and the fact that I wore high heels and everything else that a woman

wears. Like most women, and men too, they couldn't understand how a man could stand it to be tightly corseted and have a waist as small as a shapely girl's. How many hundreds of times, in the course of my career, have I been obliged to explain to curious people that a man laced in as easily as a girl and could have just as small a waist, with proper figure training, and that I didn't mind corsets any more than a woman did, as I was used to them.

In my long 40-week tour across the country and back, I attended many such parties and raked in a good many \$100 bills and added so many dresses and other things to my feminine wardrobe, that I had to buy an additional trunk for them. My tour was a great success and I was hailed everywhere as the world's greatest female impersonator and I became a household word. Whenever the subject of impersonation was mentioned, my name was always brought up. A magazine with national circulation gave me an extensive write-up, with many pictures of me as a girl, and this greatly increased my reputation. I have always photographed well and I really did look very pretty in the magazine as well as in the newspapers, which ran stories about me, with illustrations. My "fan mail" kept increasing and I was besieged with invitations to meet people in every city, and to attend dinners, suppers and dances. People usually wanted me to come to the affair dressed as a girl but I would never do so unless I got my \$100 and then only at private ~~party~~ parties. Otherwise I would go in male attire. I made such a hit that my salary was raised again and again and so I was making plenty of money, most of which I put in the bank "for a rainy day". I have always been thrifty and when I lose my "feminine beauty" and can no longer work on the stage, I shall have an income that will keep me the rest of my life.

Towards the end of the theatrical season, I worked back East, finally playing at Newark--and then came the Palace in New York, the world's foremost vaudeville theater, in which it is the ambition of every actor to appear. Anyone who plays the Palace is supposed to be "made." But I knew it to be a critical audience, and so was somewhat nervous when I made my first entrance Monday matinee. But I was very well received and received several curtain calls at the end of my act, and so knew that I had "arrived." It is a curious thing, but a fact, that many of the audience do not read their programs or know what the different acts are, but take them as they come, and so very often many in the audiences would not suspect that I was a man until I removed my wig, and that would create a sensation, as I had fooled them completely. I played the Palace three solid weeks, and then the season closed. It had been hard work, but I have been a great success and made lots of money, so was very happy, though glad of a vacation.

Grace's show had done well and she returned to New York for the Summer vacation at about the time my work ended. I was now too well known in New York from press notices and my picture everywhere on the billboards, for me to go about dressed as a girl, as I had done the preceding Summer, so I continued to dress as a man and that meant that I could not room with Grace, as before. But we got our heads together, read the advertisements and finally rented a nice cottage in the Adirondacks, on a pretty lake, in a secluded section. I got together a good wardrobe of summer dresses, bathing suits and sports clothes and as soon as Grace and I moved into our cottage, I became a girl again and remained one for the following three months. I had gotten to prefer feminine attire and living as a girl, especially with Grace--just two girls together. I learned to cook and do housework and I would dress up as a "stage French maid, with lace cap and apron, short skirts, black stockings and high heels, and trip about daintily, much to the amusement of Grace. It was splendid training for me, playing the part of a girl continuously, keeping my voice in feminine pitch. And what a relief it was to do away with that close-fitting men's wig that I had been forced to wear. My own hair had not been cut, and now it was well down my shoulders. It was so cool and comfortable to wear my own feminine hair, and I enjoyed it. During the summer I received a letter from my N. Y. agent offering me a

full season's tour of the large cities of Europe, at a splendid salary. Naturally, I jumped at the chance, and was delighted to know that my reputation had reached across the Atlantic. I had heard that the act of a clever female impersonator in the European capitals was sure to be enthusiastically received, even more so than in America. The men of the Latin races, and the Slavic and other countries are perhaps more effeminate than the Nordic races, and they go in for female impersonation in a big way and a man who can take off a girl is greatly admired. It is a common thing for boys and men to dress up as girls, and they think no more of it there than we do in this country when we see a girl dressed in trousers and other male clothing. I had heard that small, handsome boys are often brought up as girls and, if they are pretty, they are looked up to, even if their sex is known. So I was eager to go over, as I was sure I would make a tremendous hit, and have some exciting experiences. For you know, in those early days, Miss Morris, I really made a very pretty girl -- and more than once I was called "beautiful. And I was so slender and had such a tiny waist."

"I think you still make a very pretty girl," I said.

"Thank you," said Julian, with a smile. "But I am not so pretty as I was. You know, I am inclined to take on weight and have to diet constantly so as not to get too plump. And I have to lace as tightly as ever, and then can only get my waist down to 20 inches, instead of my former 18 inches -- and sometimes even smaller, "on a pinch." But I think my back, shoulders and arms are more attractive because of that plumpness."

"Yes, I have noticed them," said I. "They are lovely, smooth and white and any girl would envy them. And you also seem to really have breasts. How does that happen?"

"Constant massage with food creams and the constant wearing of tight corsets, which force the flesh up, have produced quite a noticeable pair of feminine ~~xxxx~~ breasts. I suppose you have noticed the hollow between them, when I wear a low-cut gown. But my bust is not really large enough and I wear small pads in my brassiere. I am careful not to do any exercises that will produce unsightly masculine muscles, and so I have kept my arms like a girl's, smooth and rounded. I suppose you have noticed my small hands and feet. That is just a piece of good luck for me. I was born that way. My shoes are size 4½A, and fortunately my wrists and ankles are small and girlish. So you see, I am built to play a girl's part as very few men are. Perhaps I should have been born a girl. I would not mind being one, but then I would be out of a job and it is better for me to imitate a girl, and make lots of money doing it."

"But to return to our mountain camp. Grace and I had a lovely summer there together. We went swimming and boating and took walks in the woods, loafed and rested. For the most part we preferred to be alone, but one day while out walking we met two nice-looking men, who were summer visitors and out for a good time. We struck up an acquaintance with them. Grace and I decided it would be good practise for me to try my "feminine" wiles on them, which I did, and soon one of the men became much interested in me, while the other "took up" with Grace, and we carried on quite a flirtation. It may sound strange, but I had played a girl's part so much that I had gotten to feel like one, and so it seemed perfectly natural for me to be a girl with a man, and of course my "boy friend" suspected nothing. But nobody could have found me out, so perfect was my impersonation, even to my own long hair. And I looked very pretty that summer. I always wore a big hat to protect my complexion and avoid sunburn or freckles, and I also wore gloves to keep my hands snowwhite. My complexion had become so girlish that it needed little make-up, if any. In fact, I often went without it, being satisfied with a little powder. The men carried on quite an "affair" with us two "girls", took us swimming and canoeing, and would stop in at our camp for eats and drinks. But our relations were entirely proper from a moral standpoint, though I was sure the men fell in love with us. But we only granted them small favors, such as an occasional hug and kiss, or perhaps we would sit on their laps and allow them to pet us -- but nothing beyond that. And so the summer passed rapidly, and happily, and the time came for us to

return to the city, and go to work again, Grace with rehearsals, and I working on my act and getting new costumes and arranging for my trip to Europe. All through the summer I had been studying French, and Grace helped me, as she had played in France and could speak French quite well. It is understood everywhere in Europe and would be a great help to me abroad, and especially in Paris, where I was billed for two months, at the Trocadero. You can imagine with what eagerness I looked forward to Paris. I would get some lovely new gowns, made by some of the famous dressmakers, and also some new wigs. The French make the best wigs in the world. And corsets. And lingerie. I decided that ~~besides~~ besides my stage costumes, I would take only a few dresses and other things with me, and do my shopping in Paris.

My agent suggested a plan to me, which I carried out, writing letters to Paris. The plan was to pay for my wigs, dresses, corsets, stockings, lingerie, shoes, etc., by mentioning them on the theater program as being ~~worn~~ worn by me. "Mr. Eltinge's gowns are by Mollineaux, corsets by Tremblay, wigs by Baptiste," etc. I received answers, before I left, agreeing to the plan, and when I got to Paris, it worked out very well, and I became one of the best dressed "ladies" in the French capital. But more of that later.

The trip over on the big ship was pleasant, but uneventful. I continued to let my hair grow, and wore the men's wig, which was a perfect fit. Somehow, I couldn't bear to bob my thick, wavy brown hair, and so put up with the discomfort of the tight wig. Besides, I felt that my own long hair might come in very nicely in some of the adventures I was sure I would have in Paris and other continental cities. And so I wound it tightly about my head and pinned it closely and then covered it with my wig. I was soon spotted on the ship, as almost everybody had either seen my act or my picture--such is fame. I got acquainted with a number of people, who sought me out, and especially with a few men of a certain type, who, as I have said before, are greatly attracted by a clever female impersonator, who needs must be very good looking as a man, though perhaps too pretty and feminine looking for the taste of some big he-men. Women, too, invariably flock about me, because of those same good looks, but they never are critical because I look girlish and pretty, but admire me always--and I have known some women even to envy me my looks. When the time for the usual ship's concert came round, I was, of course, asked to take part, and so I appeared in feminine dress and sang a couple of songs. That made me even more popular and I was showered with attentions. Fortunately I had a stateroom to myself and I was glad I didn't have to room with another man, for he would surely have thought it strange to see me wearing dainty feminine lingerie and long stockings, and corsets, night and day, and a woman's nightdress. And of course, at night I took my wig off and let down my hair. So any man seeing me would surely have thought I was a girl when prepared for bed. I always locked my cabin door, lest the steward should come in without knocking and encounter a long haired, corseted person in a room that was taken by a man.

I OPEN IN PARIS.

A week after my arrival in Paris, and my establishment in a comfortable hotel, I opened at the Trocadero with the same act I had done before--the little girl, the maiden and then the grown up young woman, but I added to it, as an encore, a French song that I had taken pains to learn, and I dressed as a dainty French girl, a brunette, which was a complete change from my earlier blonde part, and I really looked quite cute with my black hair done in typical French style of coiffure, and a black skin-tight little dress, which revealed my wasp-waisted figure to full advantage. I would wave a small French flag. I made a tremendous hit and was recalled again and again, and forced each time to make a little speech--in French, which I had learned by heart, coached by the manager of the theater. I had an American accent and I suppose my little speech sounded funny to the French audience, for it always was greeted with roars of laughter, as well

thunderous applause. I thought they never would let me go.

"I received wonderful press notices, and my picture was everywhere, on bill-boards, and in papers and magazines. I was often interviewed. In a very short time, I became famous, for the French love a man who can turn himself into a pretty girl, and sing and dance, as I did, on the stage. I gained dozens of admirers, who wanted to meet me. My fan mail was large. Each day my dressing room was filled with red roses, my favorite flower, from some unknown admirer. I received hundreds of requests for my photograph, autographed. I had some lovely photographs taken by the leading artist of Paris. There were many poses, showing me at various ages of girlhood, as in my act, but many of them as a mature young woman, in stunning gowns and beautifully coiffured wigs. And you may be sure that I posed so that my slender figure would show best--for I was very proud of my small waist and it attracted no end of attention and comment--how could a man have such a figure, they asked? The photos were widely displayed in the lobby of the theater, and also in the showcase of the photographer, who shop was on the busy Rue de Rivoli, where thousands saw them. And the billboards! I soon got used to seeing myself in the guise of a beautiful girl displayed everywhere throughout the city. And under it the caption, in true French exaggeration, which read: "The most beautiful woman in Paris is a man--Julian Eltinge, appearing twice daily at the Trocadero." I suppose such publicity would be hated by most men. They would hate to be called "A beautiful woman" and have their pictures as such displayed everywhere. But I loved it, and, besides, it was my bread and butter to be a beautiful woman, and the more publicity I could get, the larger the audiences, and the larger my pay envelope."

"But I must stop now, Miss Morris, and go to the theater and dress," said Julian. "I hope I haven't bored you with all this stuff about myself."

"On the contrary, I loved it," I said. "I am deeply interested in your story and in female impersonators. I have learned a whole lot. But I should love to hear more. I want to hear about your experiences in Paris and the rest of Europe. Can't you come again? I would adore it."

"Suppose we meet next Sunday for dinner. Then I shall have lots of time to tell you all about it, and about the Club Femina in Paris, which I am sure will greatly excite you, it is so unusual. I'll tell you what we'll do. Come to my hotel for dinner. We will eat in my apartment, in privacy, and I will dress as a girl. There is a good deal that I want to tell you that might not sound just right, coming from a man to a young girl, like yourself, but if we are just two girls together, I shall feel free to talk to you as one girl to another, without embarrassment."

"That will be lovely," I said. And so it was arranged. And how eagerly I looked forward to that meeting with Julian. I could hardly wait for Sunday to come.

THE STORY OF MARY MORRIS

BOOK III

Chapter 1.

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"I have been doing a lot of talking," said Julian to me, "and I hope I have not bored you."

He arose, walked gracefully to the mirror, adjusted his hair and powdered his nose. I marvelled at the perfect femininity of him, every move so girlish and natural. And I continued to marvel at his figure, with its tapering waist and ideal feminine curves. His skin was lovely and white, and his negligee looked so pretty on him, that I could not help saying to him:

"Julian, you look so lovely, I do not think that Fifi or Mimi ever had anything on you. You are a perfect a girl as anybody could ask to meet."

He turned from the mirror and faced me with a dazzling smile, showing his pretty, even teeth. He was fairly beaming with pleasure at my praise.

"Thank you, Miss Morris," he said. "You are very kind, and I do greatly appreciate your compliments, especially coming from a beautiful girl like yourself, who should be a good judge. Of course, it is my business to be as pretty a girl as possible and nothing makes me happier than to be told that I am one, by one who knows. But I assure you that I never was in the class with Fifi and Mimi, because they are far more beautiful and feminine than I ever can hope to be. I am only a girl now and then, and seldom in public while they are girls constantly and have been so for years."

"That's so," I said, "and of course they have had the advantage of you. I have never seen them, of course, but I do not see how they could be much prettier than you are, as a girl, and I am sure that if you had had their training, you would be their match. But I think you are wonderful, being a beautiful girl part of the time, and a normal man the rest. Tell me honestly, which do you prefer, to dress as a woman or a man?"

"Well, Miss Morris," he said, "I will be very frank with you, because I feel that I can trust you, for I would not want the public to know it, because they would think it queer, but I really prefer to wear feminine togs, because they are so pretty as compared with men's clothes. I wear them more of the time than I do men's clothes, here in my apartment and on the stage for several hours twice a day, so I have become more at home in them than in trousers. Besides, underneath I always wear feminine things, including, of course, my corset, giving me a small waist and feminine curves, so I do not look just right in male clothing. And then I am so used to high heels, and short, ladylike steps that it is a little hard for me to walk and act as a man. And, too, I have trained myself so thoroughly in feminine mannerisms that, when a man, I constantly have to watch myself to throw them off and not give myself away. If I am not careful, when a man, I am apt to raise my hands to my hair to pat and arrange it, as women do, and to reach for my vanity case to powder my nose or apply rouge and lipstick, though of course I have no vanity case at the time. Another thing is the discomfort of wearing my hot male wig over my own long hair. On the whole, I would be better off if I could dress as a girl always. But of course, that's impossible, for how then could I be a female impersonator? It's a mixed up mess, being part girl and part man--I mean, of course, part of the time. So I have to make the best of it. I have won fame and make good money, so I try to be satisfied with my double existence."

"It's too bad that you cannot be a girl all of the time, since you prefer it and make such an attractive one," I replied. "Perhaps when you retire from the stage, you will adopt feminine clothes permanently."

"I hope that day is a long way off," said Julian, "for I want to lay aside enough money to buy a ranch in California and have enough to live on the rest of my days. But there would be too many difficulties and drawbacks for me to live as a woman after I retire. I am known as a man, and have

hundreds of friends who know me as such. What would they think if I changed to a woman? And then there would be legal difficulties. My property and bank account would be in my own name, so I could not change it to that of a woman. But, anyway, I would not want to be a woman of middle age or an old lady. When a woman gets along in years, she loses her looks and is apt to get fat and dumpy. I never could stand being an unattractive, middle-aged female. It's nice to be one when you are young and pretty, all right, but to me it would be extremely unpleasant to be an old maid, with greying hair and spreading waist-line, and probably with few if any friends. Looks mean so much to a woman, that she always dreads to get old and wrinkled, and fights to retain her youth and good looks, but still the years get her. But looks do not much matter to a man, and he cares little about his appearance so long as he looks respectable. So, you see, it is far better to be a man than a woman after one loses his youth. Probably I shall retain my fondness for female disguise and shall secretly don it at home from time to time, but not in public, after I have retired."

"I never thought of it in that light, but I think you are right," I said, and a little tremor ran through me as it came to me that some day I would grow old and lose my beauty and perhaps be unattractive, and I felt a little bit of revolt at my change of sex. But then it flashed over me that my case, when I got old, would be entirely different from that of Julian, for I was a real woman, and would have a loving husband and children, so that life would be sweet and I could grow old in happiness and contentment.

"I have been deeply interested in all that you have told me about Paris, and especially about Fifi and her story of her training. You have not bored me a bit, and I could listen to more for hours. Can't you tell me more about Fifi and Mimi and Bebe and Gaby, and the life of the three "girls" after they left the Transformatory? I should love to hear more about it, and how they became Folies chorus girls and their experiences. To me it is almost unbelievable that these three boys could be transformed into such beautiful girls that they could be accepted as Folies beauties on the stage, as well as off."

"Of course, they are very unusual boys, having been endowed by nature with pretty, girlish faces and bodies, something that seldom happens with boys, not once in a million cases, I should guess. And on top of that they had the training and treatments to transform them, and the help of Gaby. And then, don't forget that all three of them had "total" operations before they joined the Folies chorus, and that added to their beauty and femininity. Yes, I can tell you a lot about them after they left the school, because Gaby told me all about them. I think it quite interesting, but do not want to tire you out with my chatter," said Julian.

"There's no danger of that," I replied. "I don't think any girl living would be as absorbed in your story as I am." Of course, he couldn't understand why, and I could not tell him that I had been a male for the first 21 years of my life and so could understand the reactions of Fifi and the others in being changed from boys into girls. I had gone through a similar experience, and yet it was different, because I had suddenly become a complete and real girl, with a girl's body, while they had to be transformed into girls, in spite of their male bodies, far more difficult and exciting. But still I felt a common feeling for them, for, in a way, I was a female impersonator, too. And so I was thrilled with tales of other men being turned into girls and hearing about their sensations and experiences. I wished I could tell Julian about myself, but that was unthinkable, of course. Not a single soul except Charlie would ever know the secret of my change of sex.

"All right, I'll be glad to go on, but first let's have something to eat," said Julian. He stepped to the telephone and ordered dinner for the two of us, to be served there in his sitting room, and then said: "I guess I'll slip on an evening gown. I always like to dress for dinner. Do you mind if I change? Come into my bedroom when I do so."

I went with him eagerly, for I was anxious to see how he would look in his lingerie, in deshabille. He seemed to be so perfect as a girl that I wondered if, with less clothes on and partially undressed, he would betray his masculi-

ity. Had he been dressed as a man, I suppose my assumed "maidenly modesty" would have prevented me from going into his bedroom, but since he looked and seemed like a girl in every way, it seemed perfectly for me to go (right in--just two friendly girls together. I am sure that he felt himself to be a girl and not a man, for there was nothing of sex about his bearing and attitude toward me. He was a girl to all intents and purposes. I was agog with interest as I took a seat and watched this pretty "girl" disrobe, and admired his smooth milky skin, his rounded arms, his small wrists and hands, his flawless back, shoulders and bust. His legs were shapely, as were his hips and thighs--shapely and feminine. Somewhat to my surprise, he took off his corset and so I saw him only in his chemise and panties until he hooked on a handsome satin evening corset, well boned. He asked me to lace him, which of course I was glad to do. He was supple and laced in easily. The corset was a small size, and I drew it all the way in, until he had an adorable little waist. Next he donned his brassiere, slightly padded, and then a lovely low-cut lace evening gown, which I hooked up the back for him. He donned jewelry, touched up his coiffure and make-up and really looked beautiful as he stood before me in all his finery. Again I told him that Fifi and Mimi could not have been better looking girls than he, and he was obviously pleased at the compliment. We returned to the sitting room, and soon the waiter served us a delectable dinner, with a bottle of champagne to wash it down.

After dining, we settled comfortably side by side on a chaise longue, and Julian continued his story about Fifi and the others. It was so cozy and pleasant, we two "girls" sitting there side by side, very closely, our bodies touching, his warm hip pressing against mine, and arms around each others waists. As Julian went on to tell about those French boy-girls, I was not only fascinated in his story, but also in watching him, as he talked in his soft, pleasant feminine voice, which seemed entirely natural to him. How remarkable, I kept reminding myself, that this lovely girl is really a man. He looked pretty from every angle and aspect, and of course having his own pretty hair, so nicely arranged, added to the illusion. If I had been my old self--Charlie Cross--I am sure I would have "fallen for" him, as a girl, in a big way, and, as it was, I must confess that he aroused in me some of my old maleness. But the feminine in me also brought a little feeling of pique because my beauty did not seem to have any sex appeal to Julian, who, after all, was a man. But his attitude toward me was that of one girl toward another, and I was sure that when dressed as a girl, he became absorbed in the role and imagined himself to actually BE a girl, and even felt feminine sexually. And so I seemed to have no sex appeal for him, though he attracted me strangely because of the male in me. But neither of us gave any sign of any feelings whatever.

JULIAN CONTINUES HIS STORY.

Fifi, having won the good will and admiration of practically all of the teachers, including Mlle Brule, became quite a pet and after the Christmas holidays she had many more privileges than before and got no demerits whatever. Thus she was privileged to go to Paris quite often, chaperoned, of course, by a teacher.

One of the nicest teachers, whom I have mentioned before, was Nanon, a very pretty natural blonde. Nanon, like everybody else in the school, knew that Fifi had been sent there as a disciplinary case, and that meant that everybody knew he was masculine sexually, whereas practically all of the others were feminine in their sexual feelings and desires--about the only exceptions being those I have mentioned, Florence and Lulu. Nanon had from the beginning cultivated Fifi's friendship and after a while they became very intimate and then Nanon became confidential with Fifi, so that the latter understood Nanon's friendship and admiration for her, when she told her story.

Nanon was a transvestist, but, unlike most of the others, she retained her

masculine sex feelings. ^{He} ~~She~~ simply had an ungovernable passion for wearing female clothes, and was happy in them, whereas ~~she~~ ^{he} could not endure wearing the natural clothes of her ~~own~~ ^{male} sex.

matter how "As long as I can remember, even as a small child," Nanon told Fifi, "I was obsessed with the desire to wear girl's clothes, and rebelled against putting on boys' garments. I was always putting on my sister's clothes and no ~~much how~~ I was punished for it, I persisted every time I got a chance. I was simply crazy with desire to dress as a girl. My family did not understand my passion and did their best to correct it, but could not, for it was born in me. My mother had to lock up my sister's things to prevent me from putting them on, but I used to watch my chance and get hold of them and wear them, only to be punished. When I was little, my mother allowed my hair to grow long, but when I got bigger, she insisted on having it cut short, in spite of my protests, screams and struggles. I am small, as you see, and I grew up to be very girlish looking and effeminate, and pretty. I was more girl than boy, to my parents' distress. And I was very unhappy at having to dress as a boy, and grew desperate as I grew older. But I had no chance to get feminine things unless I stole them, and I didn't dare to do that. That is, until my mother took me with her to visit an Aunt who had a daughter just about my age and size. While my cousin was out and my Aunt and Mother in another part of the house, I went to my cousin's room, undressed and put on a complete outfit of her clothes, from the skin out. I was 14 at the time and so was my cousin, and she had begun to think of herself as a young lady, so her clothes were more or less those of a "grown-up", and she wore corsets. After I had put on one of her vests and a pair of panties, the nicest I could find in her bureau, I hooked on a corset, for the first time. What a thrill it gave me, the feeling of it as I drew in the laces! My cousin was slender and wore a small size, but I did not mind. I fastened the ends of the laces to the bed-post and, with the help of a button-hook, I managed to get the corset completely closed. It was tight, but I loved it. I next put on one of her brassieres and a slip and then chose a street dress, the prettiest one I could find, and a hat. It tied under the chin with ribbons, and so concealed my short hair. I needed no make-up, for my complexion was a pink-and-white. I had previously put on a pair of stockings and high-heeled slippers. I surveyed myself in the mirror, and was delighted with my appearance, for I had gained my heart's desire, and looked like a pretty girl. I now slipped downstairs and out the front door without being seen and walked away as quickly as I could in my unaccustomed costume. It was strange walking on those high heels, which forced me to take short, girlish steps, and the tightness of my corset also slowed me down. After a few blocks I came to one of the boulevards, where there were lots of people, and I walked along the sidewalk as big as life, stopping occasionally to look in shop windows where I could see my reflection. How pretty I looked, what a perfect girl! I was in ecstasy as I tripped along eyeing the boys I passed, and pleased when one of them noticed me. I walked for a long time and it began to grow late. It would never do for a young "girl" to be walking the streets of Paris alone after dark. I would have to go back to my aunt's. In my boyish excitement I had at the start not given a thought to the consequences of my act, but now I knew I would be up against it. They were waiting for me when I got back. My cousin had returned, gone to her room, found my clothes there ~~and~~ ^{and} some of her best things missing, and so she reported to her mother and mine, and they knew what I had done. They all were very angry with me, naturally, and soon my finery was stripped from me and I was back into my own clothes, and my mother and I went home. She reported to my father what I had done, and they took me to my room for a talk. They were thoroughly disgusted with me and could not understand why I had stolen my cousin's clothes and gone out in them. They knew that it was just a boyish escapade, but they also knew how I had always wanted to wear girls' clothes. I now confessed to them my passion for wearing dresses and how I hated boys' clothes, and wanted to dress as a girl always. They realized that I was an unnatural

boy, and they were ashamed of me, but knew that I was a hopeless case, and that I could not be cured, but would do female things whenever I had a chance, and might even steal to obtain them. For some days I was in disgrace, and meanwhile my father and mother were deciding what to do. Somehow they heard of this school and decided that the best thing for me would be to place me there indefinitely, and I could wear my beloved feminine trappings without disgracing the family. And so I was brought here. Mlle. Brule saw at once that I was pretty, small and feminine and would make a most acceptable girl, and so I was accepted as a pupil and began my training at once. In spite of the discipline of the school I was happy because I could dress constantly as a girl, and play the part of one. I soon became a star pupil and at the beginning I was the prettiest girl in the school. I made excellent progress in my training as well as in my studies, and stayed several years until there was a vacancy in the faculty, and then I became a teacher, and have been one here ever since. It is a good job and I like it and of course I love the association of all these female impersonators, as we have so much in common, and there is nothing that gives me greater kick than a boy or man who makes a pretty girl. That's the story of how I happened to come here. I have now been a girl for ten years. It's the only life for me."

From Nanon Fifi learned about lesbian women, and about their love for other women, which was a parallel to homosexual men and their love for other men. But neither Nanon nor Fifi were homosexuals, but simply transvestists who liked girls the same as any normal man does. And Nanon told about a rendezvous in Paris for lesbians, where she often went and had "affaires" with women. This greatly interested Fifi. He thought of his days at home, as a boy, when he had had plenty of affairs with girls. He had missed such things greatly and longed for intimate feminine associations--very intimate. He knew that as a girl such associations would be very difficult, if not impossible, until he learned about lesbians. That would be the perfect "set-up". Nanon offered to take him to the place some Saturday, so that he could meet some of the girls there. She said that Fifi was so pretty that she would have no trouble in making a "pick-up" of some girl or woman, and do a little loving.

One Saturday afternoon Nanon and Fifi, having groomed themselves, put on their prettiest frocks and made themselves as beautiful as possible, went to the lesbian rendezvous. On the way Nanon told Fifi much about these female sexual transverts that she had never known before. The place was a cafe in the Latin Quarter, with rooms above. It was, of course, open to the general public, but the proprietor and waiters made it a point to reserve the tables and booths in the rear room for the lesbian habitués and their friends. Nanon led the way and she was well known. At one of the tables sat a pretty brunette who Nanon introduced to Fifi as her friend Eva, and they at once joined her. It was immediately apparent to Fifi that Nanon was Eva's sweetheart and that they were intimate--very intimate--friends, and lovers. In fact, Nanon had told Fifi about Eva, a lesbian who was in love with her, and she had made an appointment by letter for that afternoon. She had also asked Eva to bring Edna to meet Fifi. Edna had not yet arrived and Eva said she had gone to her beauty parlor, but would come later, after she had had her hair dressed and herself otherwise beautified, to meet Fifi. As the three sat at their table, Fifi looked around the room with much curiosity at the other women who were seated at some of the other tables. Some of them were what she had expected of lesbians. They looked mannish, had short hair and wore severely cut tailored tweed suits, and shirtwaists, collars and neckties. In fact, they were dressed in as masculine a fashion as they dared for public appearance. But others were completely feminine looking, like Eva, and some of them quite pretty and attractive. As Fifi looked them over, she was aware of the fact that some of them were regarding her with a great deal of interest

smiled at her and tried to catch her eye and flirt with her. She was a new-comer and so of course they did not know whether she was one of them or not. But they knew that she was an unusually pretty girl and so she aroused them the same as she aroused normal men with her sex appeal. It was a strange sensation to Fifi, to have women try to flirt with her the way ~~boys~~ ^{girls} had flirted with her in the old days in Marseilles, when she was a boy, and it was just as thrilling, for after all these weeks, she was hungry for the female sex, and these were real females, at least in body, and not imitation ones like those at the school--and like herself and Nanon. But Nanon had warned Fifi in advance to ignore these women, and wait for Edna, who would be angry if, when she arrived, she found the "girl" she had come there to meet, on Nanon's invitation, paying attention to any other girl. Lesbians are notoriously jealous. And Nanon had told Fifi that she would find Edna nicer and prettier than any of the others. Fifi, naturally, was agog with excitement at the thought of meeting a pretty woman, and was impatient for her to come, and also a little worried about the impression she should make on her. Suppose Edna did not "fall for" her? That thought made her nervous and yet she knew that she was exceptionally pretty and lovable, and Nanon had assured her that Edna would be sure to like her from the very start. Edna was a blonde, and she preferred brunettes. She had had a series of sweethearts, but recently had lost the last one, and so was now unattached and eagerly in search of some "girl" to love.

But before long Edna arrived, joined the three "girls" at their table, and met Fifi, who was immediately thrilled with her blonde beauty, and immediately filled with passionate desire for her. Edna gave no signs whatever of her lesbianism, but was delightfully feminine in appearance and manners. To her delight, Fifi saw at once that Edna was favorably impressed with her and the moment their eyes met and looked deeply into those of the other, it was a case of love at first sight, or at least an infatuation for each other. Fifi had had a great deal of experience when he was a boy in Marseilles, with girls, and so it was easy for him to recognize the love light in Edna's eyes. But now he was no longer a boy and so would have to carry on his flirtation differently. He could not make the advances as a man could, but now would have to play the part of the wooed, the female, the receptive, the gentle sex. He must be an alluring, seductive, desirable girl, and exercise all of his feminine wiles on this pretty woman. It was an entirely new role for him, for now for the first time in his career as a girl, he was dealing with a real, a beautiful girl who filled him with passion and desire. His natural instincts made him long to make the advances and make love to Edna without loss of time, but as a girl he dared not do that. Edna was a lesbian, and so of a masculine nature, and must do the wooing. And Fifi must not for a moment betray the ~~his~~ secret of her sex. Nanon had warned ~~him~~ ^{her} about that. No. He must play the part of an enticing siren, look his very prettiest and turn on all of his feminine charm. He must impress Edna as a lovely and desirable girl, ~~but~~ and very feminine, as that was the type that Edna liked. Now Fifi was glad of the practise she had had at the school in the flirtations with the boy-girls and the teachers, and the love affairs she had had with them, and especially was she glad of the few times she had met men in Paris and flirted with them and won their admiration with her sex appeal. Those experiences had made her quite an expert as a coquettish young maiden, and she could play the part better than many real girls. But this affair with Edna was vastly different, for it raised his male sex desires as those other cases had not done. They had only been fun, but this was the real thing. He was consumed with the desire that Edna should fall in love with him. But he would have to make her love him as a girl, and he knew, from what Nanon had said, that Edna was very particular about her sweethearts. They must be beautiful and charming. Fifi now realized what a severe test this was for a man--to be such a beautiful and charming girl that a woman experienced in beautiful and charming girls, would find

no flaws in him, but would fall for him, so that he could become her new sweetheart. It was a very trying situation for a man to be in. And he knew that women were so discerning and so critical of other women that they would instantly spot anything out of the ordinary in him, anything the least bit masculine. In spite of himself, and of all his experience as a girl, he was somewhat nervous and wondered how he looked. Edna made him feel so masculine that it gave him a feeling of doubt. How could he, a man, really be a beautiful enough girl to charm this lovely Edna? Surely it was not possible, and for a moment he had a sinking feeling, remembering that, after all, he was only a boy dressed as a girl. But there was a mirror on the wall nearby, and he glanced into it and made a quick survey of himself and the lovely brunette he saw there reassured him. Yes, he was a beautiful girl, much prettier than he deserved to be, he mused. His hat and dress were pretty and becoming and his hair looked nice. Filled with renewed confidence he now devoted himself to the task of charming Edna. He must remember that he was a girl even though Edna made him feel like a man, because of her feminine beauty. He almost wished that he was dressed as a man, and could play a man's part, as it seemed so unnatural to his masculine nature to be playing the part of a girl and having another girl make love to him, when, by rights, and in accordance with the laws of nature, he should have been making love to her. Momentarily he had a revulsion of feeling, and a feeling of shame, something that had not happened to him for a long time, not since his early days at the school, when he had resented his change of sex. But there he had gradually become used to it, and reconciled to it, because he was constantly associating with others who were in the "same boat" with him, boy-girls and men-women. On his few trips to Paris he had met only men. Now, for the first time, he was in the company of a beautiful and desirable woman, of the sex that he loved. And so for a fleeting period, a masculine feeling of disgust swept through him, disgust at realizing that instead of a he-man, who could woo a woman in the proper manner, he was nothing but an imitation of a girl, a soft, effeminate, simpering creature, painted, powdered, perfumed and wearing a pretty hat and dress, and a corset that squeezed in his waist to wasp-like proportions. So accustomed had he become to being tightly laced all these months, that for a long while he had not given it a thought, and it had seemed perfectly natural to him, but now, with his sudden surge of masculinity, he bitterly resented his corsets, and was acutely aware of them, as any normal man would have been. He also became aware of his silly high-heeled shoes which were so unnatural and forced him to walk in a mincing, feminine manner, and he resented them. He also felt resentment toward his long, girlish hair, the curls of which he could feel around his face and neck, very pretty hair for a girl, but no fit hair for a man. He resented his jewelry, so feminine and effeminate. He almost blushed when he thought of his pierced ears, and the ear-rings he was wearing, and his other jewelry. How silly, he thought for a man to be wearing a necklace, and bracelets and ladies' finger rings. And then, for the first time, he loathed and despised his well-developed maidenly breasts. How terrible for a man to have them, and rounded female hips and thighs, and soft, creamy-white feminine flesh! He even resented his beautifully girlish face and lovely complexion, which he had come to be very fond of at the school, and which everybody admired so much. For a long time he had found it delightful to be a beautiful girl and had greatly enjoyed his feminine loveliness, which often had thrilled him as he gazed at himself in the mirror, very happy in the thought that he, himself, was in fact that ravishing beauty, with whom nearly every boy-girl and man-woman teacher in the school, was enamoured. He had basked in their admiration, love and devotion, and wished nothing better than to be the girl he was. But now he hated it all and cursed the fate that had turned him from a boy into a girl. For a moment he had the insane desire to tear off his hat, rip off his clothes, kick off his shoes, snip off his hair, and declare openly that he was a man, and not a girl.

But Edna was sitting close to him, and she gently took his hand and pressed it and looked deeply into his eyes, in which he instantly

detected the light of sex desire, or, call it love, if you will. Fifi was enthralled to the depths of his being and in his eyes also was the light of love as their eyes searched one another's, and a spark seemed to pass from one to the other, a case of love at first sight. Fifi instantly forgot himself and his silly ideas of revealing himself, which, after all, had been only a momentary flash. Now he was engrossed with the beautiful blonde Edna, who enraptured him. For the first time in many months he was in love with a real woman, and she apparently was in love with him. He was filled with desire.

Nanon had carefully coached him as to what he should do. She had known Edna and knew about her tastes and desires. Edna was looking for a new sweetheart, and Nanon had been sure that Fifi would be most acceptable to her, because of his beauty and charm. Nanon had long since had the experience that Fifi was about to undergo. Nanon, a man who was a very pretty girl, like Fifi, had gone to this rendezvous of lesbians and after a bit had met Eva, and caused Eva to fall in love with him. So Nanon had carefully instructed Fifi as to how he should act with the lovely Edna. So now he recalled those instructions and proceeded to carry them out. Edna, with her masculine nature, preferred a very feminine and demure girl, and now Fifi assumed that role, and acted it to perfection. When Edna squeezed his soft little white hand, with its long, pointed, polished nails, so dainty and feminine, Fifi coyly returned the pressure and dropped his eyes until his long lashes swept his cheeks. This delighted Edna. Here was a coy young school girl, a virgin, and a beauty, a maiden whom any man would desire. Can you picture what a unique situation this was, how very extraordinary? Edna, with a female body but with a masculine soul, was making love to a man with a masculine soul but with a beautiful feminine body, face and form, but--still a man. Edna had fallen in love with Fifi because of his feminine beauty, but Fifi had fallen in love with Edna also because she was a beautiful blonde, but he was well aware of her sex desires, and he knew that she loved him because she took him for a female--a lovely one. Fifi knew, from what Nanon had told him, that Edna took no interest in men. So Fifi must remain, for the time being, a lovely girl that Edna could love. Nanon had warned Fifi not to betray the secret of his sex. And so perfect was Fifi in his feminine role, that Edna never had the slightest suspicion of the real situation.

Edna took the pretty Fifi to one of the private booths, and talked intimately with him. She told him that some years ago a man had fallen in love with her, a man of wealth and position. Of course she did not love him or care for him, except as a good companion, as man to man, but she had liked him very much, as one man likes another, and she had allowed him to take her out many times, to dances, parties, the theater, picnics, and other occasions. Edna had liked him because he was a very nice man, with great good nature, wit and personality, and she had hoped that they could be just pals, as two men. But, alas, the sex element had entered into their relationship, though Edna kept trying to avoid it, wishing nothing more than a friendly companionship. But she was a lovely blonde, and she found that a platonic friendship between a man and a pretty woman was impossible, and the man fell in love with her. She was a lesbian, and could not love any man, only women, but her boy friend was a big business man and wealthy, so Edna's parents encouraged him in his courtship of Edna, and, against her will, was forced into a marriage. She was fond of her husband as a friend, but could not love him, but she tried her best. On their wedding night she slept with him, and gave her body to him as a dutiful wife should do, but it filled her with the utmost loathing, and thereafter refused. Naturally her husband was bitterly disappointed at having such a "cold" wife, and they were not happy together, and finally Edna decided to tell him the truth--that she was a man sexually, a lesbian. She asked for her release from the marriage, and her husband granted it and they agreed to separate. He was a generous soul, and understood his wife and had deep sympathy for her, knowing that she could not help her sexual inversion, so he settled on her a large sum of money, and also gave her a monthly allowance of \$1000.

This, of course, made her independently wealthy, and so she could do as she pleased. Lesbians, as a rule, are not interested in clothes, or anything of a feminine nature. They prefer to wear their hair short, and wear mannish tweeds, short skirts, and dress as masculinely as they dared. Some even adopted male clothing and lived as males, and they got by with it because they were the extreme type of masculine women. It was far easier for them to assume male roles than it was for men, like those in the school and at the Femina Club, to assume female roles. Yes, far easier, for, unlike the boys and men who assumed feminine roles, with all the difficulties involved--face, figure, hair and all the rest of it, they had only to slip on the comfortable garments of the male, keep their hair cut short and strut around as man, avoiding make-up and compressing their breasts with a tight brassiere. Usually lesbians had masculine characteristics, the same as female impersonators had feminine characteristics, and so the impersonation was easy for them, and they could live their entire life as males undetected.

But Edna was different from the ordinary run of lesbians in that she was beautifully feminine and liked pretty clothes and took pains with her long hair, and was always perfectly groomed. She had a male ego, but, because she was so pretty, she took pride in her appearance, and bought oodles of lovely clothes, frequented beauty shops and hair dressers, and, unlike most of the lesbians she knew, made herself as attractive as possible, even to a tightly laced corset. Her clothes were lovely and she did not scorn make-up or other aids to beauty. She was a man, but wisely played the game of the woman, because she had found that that got the best results in her sex life. She had married at eighteen, and now was twenty-four, and had had a most interesting life in her beloved Paris. Because of her beauty and wealth, she had not found it difficult, as she took her place in the Bohemian life of Paris, to make many friendships, and soon she took her place in lesbian circles, fell in love with a lovely girl, and "married" her. None of her "marriages" lasted very long and so she had had a most varied career, finding a new love as soon as she tired of the last one. She was always looking for a girl that was "different." And so when Fifi came along, she recognized that he was decidedly "different" but could not see why, but she felt the sex element, and immediately "fell for" Fifi. He was beautiful, desirable, with plenty of sex appeal, and she "fell for" him very hard. It made Fifi very happy, for he realized that Edna, the expert, who had had innumerable feminine sweethearts, not only had no suspicion of his real sex--far from it--but considered him as a beautiful girl with enormous sex appeal, and had become enamored of him. This, to Fifi, was the climax of his life as a girl. He had been admired and loved by boy-girls and men-women at the school, and men had "fallen for" him the few times he had come in contact with them on his rare visits to Paris, but here was a woman who had had her pick and choose of pretty girls, and she had chosen him as her sweetheart. How glad he was now that he had feminine ~~man~~ beauty and sex appeal. For he knew that the lovely Edna would not look at a man, and would only look at a girl of exceptional beauty. And he was that girl! Edna was infatuated with him, as a girl. It had gone as ~~Nanon~~ had planned it. Fifi's feminine beauty had won the love of Edna, the male woman, the discriminating, the fastidious, the careful picker of feminine loveliness and charm, more fastidious and particular than a real man would have been. For, being a woman herself, she was a judge of feminine beauty and could detect, with unerring taste, the good and bad points of all other ~~woman~~ and girls.

And so Fifi won Edna's love and was invited to sleep with her. Edna had a charming apartment, and took Fifi there, after dinner. Nanon, who had had exactly a similar experience when he had first become the sweetheart of a lesbian, had told Fifi just what to do, just how to conduct himself in the intimacy of Edna's bedroom, and Fifi carried out her suggestions. Both undressed. Fifi was entranced with Edna's beauty, and Edna was entranced with Fifi's feminine loveliness. He filled her every desire as to girlish beauty

and as he was of course wearing his tight bandages which compressed the evidences of his sex, Edna had no suspicions. But it would indeed have been almost impossible for anybody, girl or man, seeing Fifi either dressed or in the nude, to suspect him of being a man, his body being so feminine-looking. His well-developed maidenly breasts were enough to convince anybody that he must be a girl, for they were little white mounds that any girl would have been proud of, with their pink nipples. And other convincing features were his own long hair, his pretty face and complexion, his white skin, as creamy white as any girl could ask for, his small hands and feet, his rounded hips and buttocks and his small waist, tapering premanently because of his long wearing of corsets.

Thus Fifi was able to delight Edna, as a girl, because of his feminine loveliness, and also, as a man, in bed, after he had removed his straps, and revealed his true sex to her. And Edna delighted Fifi, who had so long been starved for feminine intimacy. Thus he played a dual role, satisfying Edna both as a girl and as a man. The combination was perfect.

Fifi stayed all night with Edna, wearing one of her pretty night dresses and it was a new sensation for him when Edna's maid in the morning served the two "girls" breakfast in bed, for never before had a real maid seen him in bed as a girl, and there he was, side by side with Edna when the maid entered and saw the two there in bed together, and for a moment he had a feeling of embarrassment at thus being seen and being conscious of the fact that he was a man in bed with a woman to whom he was not married. But the feeling quickly passed, for a glance at his reflection across the room in the mirror reassured him. What he saw was a pretty brunette with her hair framing her face. Surely that was no man. It could not be possible, and no maid could see anything masculine about him. Edna had made him feel masculine, but he certainly did not look it in any way. His night dress was low-cut, and the maid could see his little girlish breasts peeping out from the frilly lace. And surely his white arms and little white hands were not those of a man. And he was still wearing his ear-rings in his pierced ears, and a necklace and feminine finger rings, which he had not bothered to take off when he went to bed.

After breakfast and a lazy time in bed, the two girls, the blonde and brunette, both beautiful, made a leisurely toilet and Fifi was allowed to dress Edna's lovely hair and to lace her up, and Edna did the same for Fifi. How he loved having a real woman handle his hair and lace his corset and help him with his dressing. Edna could not get over her astonishment that the pretty Fifi was a man, with such a perfect feminine body and lovely face and hair and skin--but she knew it to be a fact--without question.

Yes, it was indeed a perfect combination.

The two were now sweethearts and Nanon took Fifi to Paris with her on successive Saturdays, and Fifi met Edna and they roomed together. It was a blissful time for Fifi, and as good as being married, for he was Edna's "girl" sweetheart by day, and her husband by night, giving Edna the utmost satisfaction in both roles, female and male.

THE STORY OF MARY MORRIS (CONTINUED)

As time went on, Fifi became more and more accustomed to his femininity. He first became reconciled to the idea of being a girl, and then got so that he liked it, for, thanks to the continued doses of female sex hormones, the gymnasium treatments to devop his body into feminine curves, with its girlish breasts and hips and tapering waist, and the constant complexion treatments in the school's beauty shop, and the lengthening of his pretty wavy black hair, he became more and more beautiful and maidenly, and found delight in his good looks. It was wonderful to be a charming young lady, admired by all and loved by many of the other "girls" in the school, and by some of the teachers, too. Fifi was immensely popular, because he was as pleasant as he was beautiful, and his beauty seemed to increase almost from day to day. His femininity also grew, and this no doubt was enhanced because he was in love with Edna, whose sweetheart he was. This being in love and being loved, as a girl, softened his nature and made him feel that indeed he was a girl, and he was like all girls who are in love--he became more lovely, his eyes seemed to grow bigger, his face took on the sweet expression of a young maiden, that dreamy, happy face of one who loves and is beloved. Through the week he would dream about his beloved Edna, and his dreams were always delightful, though of a very mixed nature, both masculine and feminine. At times he would dream that he was a girl in the arms of the lovely Edna, being kissed and caressed and petted and treated exactly like a sweetheart is treated by her lover. At other times he would dream of himself in bed with Edna, when his sex would be reversed and he would be the passionate male and Edna the female, and they would function as such.

On week-ends his dreams would come true, for he had become a great favorite of Mlle. Brule, and his conduct was so perfect in the school that he never received any demerits and so every Saturday he was allowed to go to Paris and stay until Sunday evening with Edna, playing the combined part of wife and husband. Edna was rich and generous and she bought Fifi many pretty dresses and other clothes and accessories, as she loved to see her sweetheart beautifully groomed and dressed. Fifi had become so feminine that he loved pretty clothes and through the kindness of Edna he accumulated a wardrobe of which any girl could feel proud. Edna adored Fifi's small waist, which was smaller than her own, and, to please her, he allowed her to have made to measure for him a number of lovely corsets with a waist measurement two inches smaller than his accustomed 18-inches, and, in spite of the discomfort, he consented to allowing Edna to lace him into these corsets until they met at the back, giving him a 16-inch waist, over which his new evening gowns were closely fitted. But he kept these new corsets and gowns at Edna's, and only wore them evenings for a few hours when he was at her home, and the rest of the time he was contented with his normal 18-inch waist. You may be sure that Fifi was always glad when bedtime came and he could go to their boudoir and take off his corsets and don one of the lovely night-dresses that Edna had bought him, and prepare for bed. Fifi, like all of the girls of the school, was expected by Mlle. Brule to wear his corset at night, but when with Edna he disregarded this order, for Edna naturally enough, did not want to hold in her arms a "wife" clad in stiff corsets, but wanted to feel the soft, glowing flesh of his feminine young body in bed beside her.

Nanon, too, continued her (his) liaisons with Eva every week-end. Mlle. Brule undoubtedly suspected what was going on, but in a school where the natures of all her pupils were topsy-turvy, she did not try to adopt a high moral tone. She recognized that young people must have some outlet for their sexual emotions, and so did not object to Fifi and Nanon have "affairs" in the city. In fact, it was pretty well known to all in the school that Mlle. Brule had long had a "husband", and that she frequently spent nights at his apartment and also lived with him during the vacation periods. It was also known that long ago, when Mlle. Brule had first changed to a girl, she had submitted to a "total" operation, which accounted for her remarkable femininity, her

nice hair and her femininely curved figure, and her tiny waist. So Eifi and Nanon were very happy and knew what it felt like to be a woman and a wife, and they continued their visits throughout the school year nearly every week-end.

The long summer vacation approached, and the "girls" began making plans for it. Many of them, who were to continue their course at the school, decided to remain at the school for the summer, for they could see no joy or happiness in store for them at home, where they had been known as boys. Mlle. Brule ruled that any "girl" who went away on vacation, must remain a "girl" all the while, and would not be allowed to wear male clothing. They also had to promise to continue always to wear their 18-inch corsets night and day, and their high heels, the same as at the school. To most of them it was unthinkable to go home as girls. Their family would be ashamed of them, and their former friends would be sure to ridicule them because of their change of sex. And how could it be logically explained? What would their former boy friends think of them playing the part of tightly-laced, long haired girls? And what would their old girl friends think of them, seeing them as mincing, effeminate boys dressed as girls and aping them in looks, speech and manners? No, it was no use going home, for they would be ostracized and ridiculed and nobody would want to associate with boys who had become so completely feminized. Some of the "girls" had parents who arranged to go to some summer resort and asked their girlish sons to spend the time with them there. This would be all right, for the real sex of the boys would not be known to the strangers they would meet, and the parents would introduce them as their "daughters" and nobody would be the wiser. But there were two or three of the boys who were so hard-boiled and had so much nerve and assurance, that they decided to go boldly home as girls, face everybody, family and friends, and not mind the inevitable ridicule and gossip. Little Lulu was one of these, but it was easier for him than for many of the others because he was so like an innocent and charming little girl, so sweet and pretty, that people could not help liking him, and would be amused with his impersonation, and not be overly critical.

Mimi and Florence were among the "girls" who had no place where they cared to go dressed as girls, and so remained at the school. It was not unpleasant for them there, for of course lessons were suspended and their only routine was the continuation of their beauty culture, the school's beauty shop and gymnasium being kept in operation, so that the "girls" could have daily facials, have their hair dressed, and daily manicures. The school grounds, enclosed with a high wall, were extensive and pleasant. There was a croquet ground where the "girls" could play, this being the only game or sport in which they were allowed to indulge, because it did not develop unsightly masculine muscles and because it was suitable for young ladies wearing 18-inch corsets and high heels. There was also an outdoor swimming pool, but it was not popular with the "girls", because Mlle. Brule required that that they be corseted when going into the water, and drying the wet corsets, was a nuisance and also they got rusty. There were shady walks and nooks in the grounds and comfortable benches, so the "girls" for the most part contented themselves with tripping about the grounds--it could hardly be called "walking", laced and high-heeled as they always were,--and sitting on a bench in some cozy, shaded spot with fancy work, knitting or a book. When the sun was shining they were required to protect their complexions with wide-brimmed hats or parasols and to wear gloves to keep their hands from becoming tanned. It was a quiet, ~~am~~ sedate, lady-like existence. They were allowed to go driving in the country or to Paris on little excursions, shopping, and sometimes the theater or opera, or perhaps a night club where they could dance with the men. The tall Florence, he with the magnificent long hair, would occasionally go on these drives, but so self-conscious was he, and so ashamed to being dressed as a girl, that he always wore a veil, and would never get out of the car or carriage. Never once since he had become a girl, had he mingled with the public in the outside world. The very thought of it made him shudder, for he

he was acutely conscious of his tallness, and had an obsession that everybody would laugh at him, ^{he} not realizing that there were many girls and women as tall as he. It would have been better if Mlle. Brule had permitted him to wear low heels, but she insisted that he, like all the rest of her "girl" pupils, wear always extremely high heels, and these, of course materially increased Florence's height. Also Florence did not realize that his years of training and beauty treatments at the school had turned him into a really attractive young woman, and that his lovely hair made him distinguished looking, and that it was envied by all women who saw it. He had a perfect peaches-and-cream complexion, and his figure was all that any real girl could ask for. The other "girls" often told him that he was a pretty and attractive looking "girl," but he had an inferiority complex and would not believe ~~him~~ though his mirror told him the truth. But he hated being a girl and retained his masculinity, and his only source of pleasure in his enforced feminine role was his hair. He loved it and spent a great deal of time grooming it. It was so long and abundant that to shampoo it was a long task that had to be planned for in advance, for the drying of it and dressing of it took hours. His height was his particular bug-bear. Had he been a few inches shorter, probably he would have become a normally inclined "girl," and accepted the role with equanimity, as the other "girls" did. But he was not happy except when fussing with his hair, and he always resented his tightly-laced corsets, his high-heels and the dresses he had to wear. In fact, he hated it all, except his beautiful, luxurious feminine hair. It was his joy.

Mimi was quite content at the school, for he had no other place to go. He enjoyed frequent trips in to Paris with some of the other "girls" and teachers, and often danced with men at places where there was music and dance floors. His hair grew rapidly, and was long enough so that he no longer ~~is~~ needed to wear a wig. Like Fifi, he became more and more beautiful as time went on, and was very happy to be a pretty girl.

Fifi had no desire to go home as a girl, and, in fact, his step-mother did not want him to. But the problem of his vacation was solved by the wealthy Edna, his combined husband-wife. It had all been planned during the spring. Edna engaged an attractive villa at the fashionable Deauville, on the sea coast, and as soon as school closed, she was to take Fifi there for the summer. She would close her town house and send the servants to the villa, and she and Fifi would spend what they jokingly called their "honeymoon" there together. They spent several Saturday afternoons shopping in Paris to get Fifi a suitable outfit of summer dresses and evening dresses, as well as shoes, hats, wraps, negligees, and, in short, everything that would be needed by a pretty young woman at a fashionable summer resort, so that she would be as beautifully dressed and well groomed as the rest of them. Fifi loved this shopping, in company with Edna, and was delighted with his many lovely new dresses. Edna from time to time bought him some valuable jewelry and also planned to allow Fifi to wear some of her own lovely jewels from time to time. The outfit that Edna purchased was laughingly called Fifi's trousseau, and they carried on the joke as though Fifi was really about to become Edna's bride. And this led them to the idea of having a mock-wedding, at Edna's home, just before they departed for Deauville on their "honeymoon" after the school had closed. They developed the plan and arranged for an elaborate wedding, with all of the things that go with a real wedding. A lovely white satin wedding gown, with long train, was ordered made for Fifi and bridal veil purchased. And then came the forming of the wedding attendants, which caused much amusement and merriment. For it was decided that Fifi should have a complete array of a dozen bridesmaids, a matron of honor and a flower girl, but all of them should be boys and men from the school. It was planned that Edna should dress as a man (as she often did at home) and that the "minister", best man, the brides father and all of the twelve ushers should be girls and women in male attire. Thus it would be a topsyturvy wedding, with every girl a man, and every man a girl. Fifi told about the plan to Mlle. Brule and asked her advice. She was greatly amused at the

idea, and wished to be present to see the fun, so she volunteered to act as Fifi's matron of honor, and helped Fifi to select the prettiest "girls" in the school for bridesmaids and agreed to have dresses made for them, all alike. As flower girl, little Lulu was chosen. It was a role entirely suited to him, for he loved to dress as a small girl and did it convincingly, so that nobody ever would guess that he was a young man of sixteen years. He loved to wear his long golden hair in curls down his back, and a little child's knee-length frock, with broad sash, and little shoes, and ankle length socks. It goes without saying that pretty Mimi and Nanon and Dolores were among the bridesmaids chosen, and all were in high glee at the fun in store for them, for it would be quite exciting, and a momentous occasion for them. And they were thrilled at the idea of appearing as pretty girls in a wedding procession, and at meeting the "ushers" and other females ~~men~~, all dressed as men, of course, with wigs to hide their own hair and masculine make-up and possibly with false mustaches. It was up to Edna to procure the "men" and she had no difficulty in doing so when she explained the plan to a number of her lesbianx friends. They were delighted to serve, as they loved to wear male clothing, which appealed, of course, to their masculine natures, as did the wearing of feminine clothes appeal to the boys and teachers of Mlle. Brule's school--at least to most of them. Fifi asked the tall Florence to act as one of her bridesmaids, but he, while flattered at being asked, at first refused. But when Fifi explained that every person present would be dressed in the clothes of the opposite sex, so that nobody need feel the least bit embarrassed, he consented, and got quite enthusiastic about the party. He was terribly pleased that Fifi and Mlle. Brule thought him a pretty enough "girl" to be numbered among the best looking 12 "girls" of the school who were chosen to take part.

The school year came to an end, the class of senior "girls" were graduated at appropriate exercises, and then came Fifi's and Edna's mock-wedding at Edna large, luxurious Paris residence. There was the final fitting of Fifi's wedding gown. The girls in the shop and Edna insisted that they never had seen a more beautiful bride when Fifi walked back and forth in his lovely white satin gown. He found that he could handle the train gracefully enough, no small feat for an inexperienced man. But Fifi had developed feminine grace to a wonderful degree and no real girl could wear her clothes better, nor look prettier in them, than Fifi. As Fifi saw his reflection in the long mirrors of the fitting salon, as he glided gracefully back and forth, he felt a thrill pass through his body as he realized that he was really a beautiful and desirable young woman, and it filled him with joy and he felt himself to be completely feminine. It was impossible for him to realize that the lovely girl he saw reflected, with tiny waist and perfect figure--perfection in every feminine detail, had, less than a year ago, been a mere boy. Edna was entranced at the appearance of her beloved "bride" and so delighted that she could not refrain from giving Fifi a warm kiss, right there in front of all the girls, much to their amusement. The girls thought, of course, that Edna was just a close friend of Fifi's, helping her with her trousseau, and after the two had left and were on their way to Edna's home, they laughed at the way the girls had been completely fooled, and remarked how much more amused, not to say, amazed, these girls would have been had they known the true state of affairs--that the beautiful bride, Fifi, was in reality a man, and that the pretty Edna was her lover and future "husband". It was a hilarious time for both of them, and for all concerned with the "wedding" and they were constantly laughing at the joke of it all.

For the "wedding" nothing had been overlooked by Edna and Fifi, and everything was carried out as though it was to be the real thing. A quartet of Edna's lesbian friends, who were musicians, agreed to furnish the music. They of course were dressed as men.

The "fateful" day arrived, and there was much ado, as usual about the dressing of the bride. Edna's personal maid was assisted it arraying "her" in "her" white satin finery by Mlle. Brule and some of the "bridesmaids" who, already dressed in their pretty frocks, hovered about the "bride's"

boudoir, eager to help, if needed, and anxious to inspect the bride. Meanwhile all of the ushers and other "men" had dressed and were ready. Edna looked very handsome in her cut-away ~~rim~~ coat and striped trousers high, stiff collar and shirt and men's patent leather shoes. Her male wig was natural looking and successfully concealed her own hair. She, and all the other "men" had assumed dark male make-up, and looked convincingly mannish. Needless to say, Fifi and all the other "girls" had gone the limit to make themselves as beautiful as possible. No pains had been spared in the attractive dressing of their hair and in their make-up. They really looked lovely, and when the "maids" joined the "ushers" downstairs, just before the ceremony, the "ushers" were amazed at the perfection of their transformation from men into women, and could not conceal their astonishment when assured that all of these lovely looking "girls" actually were males. It would have been impossible, they thought, to get together a dozen real girls who would be as attractive a bunch of bridesmaids.

At last all was ready. The beautiful, smiling Fifi, took up her bridal bouquet, and went downstairs to the hall to join the already-formed wedding procession. The "minister" and groom and his best man took their places at the far end of the long drawing room, the orchestra struck up the wedding march and the party moved from the hall into the salon. First came the twelve handsome ushers, in pairs, then came the pretty bridesmaids, two by two. Then came Mlle. Brule, matron of honor, looking handsome and very distinguished in her specially made afternoon black lace gown. The ushers, who of course had never seen her before, at first gasped when they saw her figure for this rather buxom lady with her scant 18-inch waist, was a most striking, even amazing figure, and when they ~~imagined~~ pictured the extreme tight-lacing necessary to produce that tiny, incredible waist in so large a woman, it made them gasp in sympathy and wonder how she possible could endure it, little knowing that Mlle. Brule was quite comfortable, having grown up with that same small waist since her girlhood days when "she" first became a "girl."

After the magnificent, stately Mlle. Brule came the charming little Lulu, acting as flower girl. She had charmed all of the ushers, who called "her" a darling and longed to kiss the lovely little child. They absolutely refused to believe that Lulu was a real boy. No boy possible could be so girlish, so charming, so completely childish and feminine. Lulu was in the seventh heaven, basking in their admiration and praise of his childish beauty. And he fully knew that he was very pretty. He had spent hours in front of the glass fussing with his hair and donning his make-up and clothes.

And finally, at the tail-end of the procession, came the adorable bride, leaning on the arm of her handsome and distinguished "father." The only others present besides those taking part were the servants of Edna's house, and a small group of "girls" from the school who were friends of the bride, but who had not been included as bridesmaids. Fifi had met the ushers at the foot of the stairs and had been thrilled at the way they praised "her" beauty. She looked "divine", the most beautiful "bride" they had ever seen, and they could not believe that Fifi really was a male. It seemed utterly impossible to them, and they were slow to be convinced that this lovely bride was a "mere man". But Edna had told them all about Fifi, and how beautiful "she" was, and so they were forced to believe that he belonged to the opposite sex from what he seemed.

As the procession moved slowly down the long room, the on-looking maids could not repress "Ohs and Ahs!" when they saw the entrancingly lovely bride. Thus far the affair had been as stately and dignified as any real wedding, but when the party formed at the end on the room in a semi-circle, and the "bride" stood side-by-side with the "groom", the pseudo-minister, in a serio-comic manner pronounced a very funny mock ceremony in words "he" had written for the occasion, the humor of the whole affair struck everybody at once, and at first there were giggles, then real laughter, for it was a very funny situation and it came to all how ridiculous it all was, with a male "bride" and a female "groom" and all of the rest of the party dressed in the garments of the

opposite sex, and doing it so wonderfully well that it would have completely deceived any onlooker who was not in on the secret. In fact, they was so much laughter that the "minister" had difficulty in finishing his funny rigamarole, and in being heard, when he pronounced the final words: "And I now pronounce you man and wife--in reverse."

Edna placed the wedding ring on Fifi's finger, above the lovely diamond engagement ring she had previously given him, and of which he was very proud. And then Edna kissed her "bride", and all the others followed suit, in the established custom of everybody being at liberty to kiss the bride. And so Fifi was in for a siege of kissing, such kissing as he had never experienced before. Even the "minister" kissed him, and of course all of the "bridesmaids" and ushers, who kissed the pretty "bride" with a warmth that thrilled Fifi and again reminded him of what a beautiful girl he was, to be so admired by all, and especially by these female "men", though actually men at heart and in sexual feeling and instincts.

After this kissing bee, when everybody had not only kissed the bride, but everybody else, ushers kissing bridesmaids, matron of honor and flower girl, they all adjourned to the dining room, festively decorated with flowers, as the drawing room also had been; and all sat down to an elaborate meal, with the bride and groom, of course, seated at the head of the table. There was a plentiful supply of vintage champagne, and with it the bride's health and happiness was toasted again and again, and there was much hilarity and fun, for all got endless amusement at the way the sexes were reversed as to clothing the ushers especially finding it very funny the way these boys and men were able to take off the fair sex in looks, voice and manners. The boys, of course, had sunk their personalities into their roles, and to them it was second nature to be "girls", but the female "ushers" had never before seen such perfect female impersonations, and it struck them as amazingly funny, and they examined the boys for possible flaws, but could find none, of course, for they had not been "girls" at the school for a year, or more, for nothing. The "bridesmaids" and "ushers" were seated alternately at the table, and the "men" immediately started violent flirtations with the pretty "girls" who were not slow to respond, and carried on the game to perfection, knowing all of the little feminine tricks to make themselves charming and alluring--how to use their eyes to telling advantage. And so well did they do it, that, after consuming a few glasses of wine, and feeling the effects, the "ushers" got a little befuddled and found themselves actually being intrigued by these pretty "girls" who charmed them so. They found themselves "falling for" them, losing sight of the fact that these charming young ladies were, after all, only boys. It was their lesbian nature to admire pretty women, and not to care for men, and to them these dolled-up boys were real girls, and filled them with sexual desire. The "girls" of course sensed this and got a great thrill from the knowledge that they had feminine sex appeal for these women-men, but they got no sexual thrill, as only real men, and not imitation ones, could give them that. And so they flirted outrageously and toward the end of the meal, were hugging and kissing one another in a regular orgy, which was funny under the circumstances and not at all serious or dangerous, but all carried out in a spirit of merriment and fun.

At last the time came for the bride to go up and change to "her" travelling dress. From the stairs "she" threw "her" bride's bouquet, aiming it so that it was caught by Mimi, who was immediately congratulated by all of the other "girls" because "she" was sure to be the next bride. Willing hands helped Fifi to remove his wedding finery and don his going-away dress, among them being Edna, who did not have to change her clothes, as she had decided to go to Beauville in the waiting closed limousine in her male attire, which she so much enjoyed wearing. It did not take Fifi long to change, as he decided to wear the same lingerie and corset, which was a magnificent white satin creation specially made to order for the bride, and which, to please Groom Edna, was size 16, so that poor Fifi had been unmercifully laced for hours, and has been able

to eat little of the delicious wedding meal (though he had drunk sufficient champagne to make him merry, and to take his mind off his discomfort) for with a 16-inch waist there was little room for food. And now the poor "girl" was doomed to many more hours imprisoned in his squeezing, unyielding white satin armor, all the way in the car to Deauville, for again at Husband Edna's request, he had consented to have his going-away, form-fitting dress fitted over his bridal corset, and so was forced to wear it. He looked simply adorable as he tripped gracefully down the stairs. He was wearing a most bewitching hat pinned to his beautifully waved and coiffured shining raven-black hair. His dress was lovely and fitted his slender figure flawlessly, and his waist looked so small that one might think he would break in two at the middle. He wore a neck-piece of summer fur, a priceless piece of Russian sable, the gift of the groom. About his neck was a string of very valuable matched pearls, in his ears a pair of large and perfect pearl earrings. On one wrist he wore an expensive and magnificent bracelet of large diamonds and emeralds and on the other a bracelet of sapphires. On one dainty little milk-white hand, with its beautifully manicured, long, pointed feminine nails, he wore, of course, his wedding ring and large diamond engagement ring, and on the ring-finger of his right hand a lovely ring of rubies and diamonds. In his hand he carried a ladies bag studded with diamonds. (He would have felt lost without a bag. When he first had become a "girl" he had found it hard to get used to carrying a hand-bag constantly, and missed his pockets, as any man would. But now a bag seemed to be a part of him, as it is with real girls). All of this jewelry was the gift of his "husband", the generous and adoring Edna, who thought nothing was too good for her lovely and beloved "wife". And Fifi found himself feeling as though he really was a girl, and Edna's wife. The ceremony had been a mock one, and yet it had impressed him, playing the part of the bride, and feeling like one. Yes, he felt like a real bride, and it was a glorious feeling. It was true that he had often slept with Edna, but somehow now things seemed to be different. He felt that they really were married now, and that he actually was a wife and Edna his husband. He wondered whether Edna had the same feelings. He would find out when they got in the car.

The crowd of "men" and "girls" (in reverse) were waiting below and they followed the time-worn custom of showering the bride and groom with confetti, and throwing old shoes after them as they hastened out to their car, thus carrying out to the last all the wedding customs, and making it seem more real to Bride Fifi.

Fifi had an intense desire to be charming and alluring--more so than ever before--to her new "husband". He had taken pains with his make-up, though needing now very little artificial aid, having acquired in the school beauty treatments a flawless milk-and-white school-girl complexion, and skin, throughout his body, soft, smooth and snowy. But before leaving his boudoir he had perfumed himself heavily with a strong scent that he knew Edna loved. Yes, he wanted to be alluring to his "husband". But he had no need for any artifices to increase Edna's love, as he found out as soon as they were in the car alone together, en route to Deauville. For Edna drew him "bride" to her, held his slender form tightly in her arms, and smothered him with kisses, which were returned by Fifi in full measure. He found that the ceremony, though phoney, had affected and impressed Edna the same as it had him, and that now they were more deeply in love than ever with one another, and it seemed to be a different and a deeper love--the love of husband and wife. And so they billed and cooed, hugged, kissed and carressed all the way to Deauville. Fifi completely forgot his tight corset and forgot himself in the transports of his love and in the passion of Edna's love-making. Arrived at their villa at last, Edna insisted in performing the ceremony of carrying him her "bride" across the threshold, into their prepared bridal chamber. It was late, and with trembling fingers Edna unhooked Fifi dress, let out his corset laces, helped him into his delectable bridal night-dress and carried him across the room and gently deposited him in bed. It did not take Edna long to discard her male clothes and turn out the light and take her place in bed beside her beautiful, adorable and adored "bride". We will here draw the

THE STORY OF MARY MORRIS (continued)

In our last chapter we told about the wedding of Fifi and their going on their "honeymoon" to a house that Edna rented at fashionable Nauvville. It was a little outside the city, with grounds around it, and a tall hedge, so that they had plenty of privacy. Eva, who, like Edna, was wealthy in her own right, rented a house next door to Edna's place, and took her "wife" Nanon there to spend the summer. Thus the two "married couples" were close neighbors and spent much time together at one or the other house, and had delightful times together.

Both Edna and Eva loved to wear masculine attire, and usually dressed that way around the house. It made them feel more masculine and more like "husbands" and it was decidedly more comfortable than their proper feminine clothes, with the necessary tight corsets and high heels and close-fitting dresses, which their masculine natures did not like, but still had to tolerate in public. Edna and Eva were both pretty women and so they made very handsome men in trousers and all the rest of it.

Fifi loved Edna and so was very happy as her "wife" and most of the time revelled in his femininity and his beauty. His hair was now so long that he did not require a wig and he spent a lot of time on it, waving it and curling it with unerring taste to make himself more beautiful. And, as a bride, his beauty seemed to increase. And Edna loved him more and more.

But there were times when his being a girl irked him and he would have spells when he resented it and longed to be a man again, and to assert his manhood. Such occasional spells would come upon him on waking in the morning after having been Edna's husband in bed all night. That would give him a feeling of maleness, and when he would waken and realize that he must become a girl again, he would have a sensation of distaste, as any normal man would have done if he found himself in possession of a feminine body, feminine hair, feminine breasts and saw on a nearby chair a heap of fluffy female garments and a pair of forbidding looking corsets which he would have to don and wear all day. Not only that, but he would have to play the part of a young wife, the sort of wife that Edna had long since taught him that she liked. This was the exact opposite of his masculine nature, for Edna liked Fifi to be the ultra-feminine, clinging-vine type of helpless wife. She loved to wait on him hand and foot, to pet and "baby" him, and to have him sweet and demure. At times Fifi found it hard to go back to this role after his night as a husband, but he wished to please Edna in every way and so he always became the "girl" she wanted him to be. Edna had been wonderfully generous and kind to Fifi, entertaining him thus all summer, and buying him many lovely clothes and accessories, so Fifi felt that the least he could do was to please Edna in every way possible, even though at times it went against the grain of his masculine nature.

When Fifi in the morning found himself in such a mood, he would lie in bed as long as possible, hating to get up and don his feminine finery, particularly his tight 18-inch corsets. But he would force himself to it eventually, and once up, dressed and laced and made-up, and hair dressed, the mood would pass and again he became a contented girl and happy "wife" and ready for another feminine day. What always helped his masculine mood to pass was an inspection of himself in the mirror. How, he would ask himself, could such a beautiful girl possibly wish to be a mere man? And then Edna, dressed as a man, would play the "husband" to her adorable and lovely "wife," petting him, making love to him, and Fifi would experience the delight of being a charming, dainty and beloved bride, and he would not willingly have changed places with any man. Dressing as a girl was of course uncomfortable and fussy, and here he must think more of his looks and grooming than at the school, and also of his figure, for, like all brides, he must look lovely to his "husband". But he had long since become accustomed to his dresses and tight corsets and high heels and they were second nature to him, and he would have felt strange indeed in male garb. He had long since learned that to be a pretty girl with a fashionably tiny waist, meant discomfort through all his waking hours, but he had learned to ignore it,

the same as all real girls and women did. A small waist was a necessity, and so of course he had one.

Every pleasant day Nanon and Eva would come over, and all four "women" would go for a walk or drive, and occasionally in bathing. This meant, of course, that Edna and Eva must change from their male to female clothes, for they could not appear in public as men, as their feminine prettiness and female curves would give them away. It always amused Fifi, in their bedroom, to watch Edna changing from male to female garments, for, though Edna had, naturally, worn dresses and corsets all her life, yet she so much preferred to wear male clothing, and her masculine mind so disliked feminine things, that she usually protested when her maid laced her into her corsets, which she of necessity wore very tight, and which always felt tighter after her loose men's clothes. It always struck Fifi as funny that a woman should dislike to don the clothes of her own sex, and particularly the corsets. She was like a man in that respect.

"Think of me," he would say to Edna, "laced as tightly as you are from morning till night and never complaining, while you spend hours in your loose and comfortable men's clothes, and only dress to go out. If anybody should find fault, I am the one."

"But, darling," Edna would reply, "it is different with you. I am a man at heart, and you are a girl, and my lovely little wife." And both would laugh at their little joke, and Edna would kiss Fifi, who loved to be called a "lovely little wife," and he loved being one--by day. Fifi had managed to sink his personality into his adopted feminine role, had feminine thoughts and tastes and actually felt himself to be a girl. This made his part easy for him, as he did not have to act all the time, but could be natural, as though a real girl.

But in spite of Edna's perverted taste, she always wore lovely clothes in the latest style and took pride in her appearance, and, once dressed, was content in her squeezing corsets, which she looked upon as a necessary evil. She was particular about her hair and make-up and was a most attractive looking young woman. And the same can be said of Eva. Nanon, of course, was pretty, and Eva had bought him a lovely outfit of feminine dresses and other things that delighted his heart and added to his attractiveness. All four "girls" had lovely dresses.

Two or three times a week all four would doll up in their prettiest evening frocks, don their "war-paint" and go to one of the fashionable hotels of Deauville for dinner and to dance. They were four very ~~xx~~ strikingly good looking "girls" who never failed to attract the attention of men, and the very first time they went there the hotel's hostess introduced them to a number of nice men guests and they never lacked for company when they went there, and were popular at the dances. All four of course had to dance with men though all, including Edna and Eva, would have preferred to dance with pretty girls and women. But of course that was impossible, and so they made the best of it and enjoyed the fun and exercise of dancing. But when Fifi and Nanon would see some unusually pretty girls, their masculine natures would assert themselves, and they would long to meet them and dance with them. But "girls" do not dance with each other, at least not in public.

But Fifi enjoyed dancing with men, and flirting with them, turning on all his charm and feminine sex appeal, and got a great kick out of it. He was so pretty and such delightful company that he had many admirers among the males he met, and enjoyed his "conquests", though he was careful not to make Edna jealous, and would seldom allow a man to kiss him, even when saying good night.

Thus the summer passed rapidly and pleasantly for the two "couples". They had fun together and were always thinking up jokes to add to their amusement. One of the best was when Fifi started to knit a baby's garment, and when discovered at it by Edna, pretended to blush and whispered to him the "glad news" that he was going to have a baby, as blushing brides have done for time immemorial. This was a great joke and it was passed on to Eva and Nanon and kept up for

some time, and Edna took to calling him "little mother" and treating him as though he actually was a woman and enciente. And the strange part of it is that Fifi had so engulfed himself in the part of a wife, that at times he actually found himself wishing that he really was a wife and could have a baby. It was the maternal insticnt, and Fifi found it ~~divine~~ divine.

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But let's go back to the school, to the time of graduation. There had been quite a large class of "girls" graduated. The usual commencement exercises were held, just like a real girls' school, and the graduates were given their diplomas. And then they were ready to leave and embark on their careers in the outside world--their feminine careers.

Mlle Brule had long conducted a sort of employment bureau in order to secure jobs for those of her "girls" who needed work to support themselves. She kept in touch with various businesses in Paris, also with employment agencies, and so she was able to place her "girls" in jobs that were suitable for them, and for which they had been trained--jobs, of course, of a feminine nature.

One of the "girl" graduates, who had become very proficient in the beauty parlor of the school, and was a clever hair-dresser and handy with thread and needle, secured as job as lady's maid to a young, wealthy and beautiful young matron. It was just the work that he loved--the care of a lovely woman, to dress her, bathe her, take care of her clothes, and, in short, do all the customary work of a lady's maid, including hair-dressing and manicuring. Another of the "girls" who was fond of children, secured a position as nursemaid in a wealthy home, where he had the care of two pretty young children. It was a large household, with lots of servants, including several men, and the new nursemaid, who was something of a flirt, enjoyed the life in the servants' quarters.

Several secured positions as shop-girls in stores that specialized in selling feminine goods. Two of the "girls", who were very shapely, got jobs as dress models, and loved it, as it afforded them an opportunity, day after day to try on and model lovely dresses and furs, which they adored with true feminine taste. One "girl" who had been one of the school's tightest lacers, and had an unusually tiny waist, and excellent figure otherwise, was hired as a corset model, and simply revelled in the work. Another girl, who was pretty, shapely and had a good voice, got a job as a chorus girl, and others got various occupations that were suited to them.

Hardly any went back home to live with their parents, for how could they explain their change of sex? They had left home as boys and were known as boys, so it seemed too difficult to explain and too embarrassing, to return home as girls. And none of them had the slightest desire to change back to boys.

But the most fortunate, and the most envied by the other pupils, were two of the "girls" who were rich in their own right, and could live a life of luxury, as they pleased, with plenty of pretty clothes. Both of them were attractive "girls" and they could engage luxurious bachelor quarters, and with their money and clothes, could join almost any circle of Paris they desired, whether Bohemian or high society. There they could meet attractive men, have a good time, and possibly "marry". They could join women's clubs, and perhaps take up art or music for recreation. And they could have all of the dresses and furs and jewelry that they craved. What happy "girls" were they!

A few of the "girl" graduates stayed at the school to work, perhaps as teachers, or in the beauty shop or as house servants. Among these was Florence, she of the long hair and tall stature. Owing to her skill with long hair, Mlle. Brule gave her a position in the beauty shop of the school, where she was quite happy, so long as she could handle hair, long hair, her own and that of others. She could not bear the thought of going out into the world, as a woman, and now could not change back to a man.

owing to the femine development of "her" body, including breasts that were too noticeable to hide beneath masculine clothes, and curving feminine hips, thighs and buttocks. Also he would not dream of sacrificing even an inch of his magnificent mane of hair, which was his joy, fetish, obsession. And so Florence stayed at the school ~~as~~ was as content as any man in her place could expect to be, I mean, a real man, which Florence still was, in spite of having "been" a girl for so many years. He had been feminized and molded into feminine form and seemed to be a girl in every detail--and still he was a man, though nobody would have guessed it, and his wonderful long hair, great, glossy masses of it reaching nearly to his ankles, made him appear outstandingly girlish. How could a man have such hair? he often asked himself. It was so lovely, and he did not deserve such a beautiful feminine possession. But it was there for him to fondly care for and luxuriate in. It added greatly to his girlish charm, framing his face which, through the years, with daily beauty treatments, had attained a perfect complexion. Framed by his soft hair, his pink and white face, with its regular features, had become really pretty and he was a very attractive girl, though he did not realize it, because he had no desire to be a pretty girl, and always thought of his height as preventing him from being an attractive woman. He did not seem to realize that there are thousands of women as tall as he, and that people do not laugh at them. But he was sensitive about his tallness as well as about his feminine masquerade, which he never ceased to resent. He resented it all-except his magnificent hair. That he loved.

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The summer vacation period came to an end, and the school reopened. This was an interesting and exciting time for the "old girls" who returned for another year, because of the new pupils, who always excited their curiosity, and often amusement at the start of the school year. So the old "girls" always made it a point to be back and ready to "receive" the new pupils, all of whom arrived on the same morning. They wanted to see these boys as they arrived, to size them up and speculate as to how good girls they would make. The boys always were timid and embarrassed and self-conscious, and nervous about the ordeal they knew was in store for them, the discipline and the figure training they knew was in store for them. They knew they were in for a bad time at first, so naturally they were anxious about what was about to happen to them. But nearly all of them wanted to be transformed into girls. They were small and girlish and effeminate, and physically fitted for the transformation. Otherwise Mlle. Brule would not have accepted them.

How superior the "old girls" felt. They had been "girls" for a year, had their own long hair, girlish figures and were thoroughly at home in their feminine clothes, graceful and at ease. They whispered among themselves, laughingly, as they inspected the timid new boys, giving them a sort of initiation and doing their best to make them feel uncomfortable. And they very soon became more uncomfortable, for Mlle. Brule rounded them up and they were sent to their rooms, divested of their male clothing, and dressed as girls. Mlle. Brule made it a point to lace them in quite severely at the very start, as a matter of discipline, and they also were required to wear shoes with 4-inch heels. Having donned their plain school dresses, they went to the school's assembly room for instruction. Most of these boys had had some experience in wearing girls' clothes, for, being transvestites, they had donned their sisters' or mothers' or any other female person's clothes they could get hold of, on every possible occasion, and worn them in the privacy of their own rooms, or to masquerades, fancy dress parties, etc. But they had only done impersonations for brief periods, a few hours of an evening, and few of them had corseted themselves as tightly as they now were laced in by Mlle. Brule. Also such high heels were strange to them. And so they felt embarrassed and awkward, and looked clumsy and boyish as they assembled in the school room. Their corsets bothered them from the very start, and they found it a bit difficult to sit down, and they worried to think that this was

only morning, and that they were doomed to wear their tight stays all the rest of the day and evening, and sleep in them. But they had wanted to come to the school and be transformed into girls, and this was a part of the training, so they put up with it willingly enough. But with their short hair and awkwardness, they were quite funny, and the old "girls" were amused in watching them. Mlle. Brule gave them instruction in things feminine, and showed them how to walk, sit and rise, how to use their hands and know what to do with them in the absence of pockets. She also told them about the rules of the school, and the punishments for breaking them.

But the interesting time was when all the "girls" assembled in the drawing room before dinner. That was the opportunity to size up the new "girls," and see how they would do in their feminine roles, and to see which would be the best looking. For each new "girl" spent part of the afternoon in the beauty shop, being made up, and fitted with a becoming wig, and then they were dressed in pretty evening gowns, and for the first time that day they felt at ease, and even happy, as they inspected themselves in the mirror, and saw that at last they really looked like girls. For the make-up, the wigs and the becoming dresses made all the difference in the world. They were helped in their dressing by the old "girls" and some of the teachers. Some of the "old girls," as a part of the initiation, laced the new "girls" in much tighter than they had been ~~in~~ during the day, telling them that it was by order of Mlle. Brule, and while these poor "girls" were proud of their tiny waists, yet they suffered and could hardly eat any dinner. But with their wigs and make-up they felt less embarrassed, particularly those who made up prettily. A few of them were quite pretty, and all of them looked like girls, though some were rather homely, though with feminine looking faces. It was surprising to see how readily they assumed feminine airs and mannerisms, now they they looked like girls. Their clothes changed them and they immediately began to play the part of girls, instinctively, even to that typically feminine motion of patting the hair, and putting a stray lock in place. But they were still clumsy and awkward in their tight corsets and high heels, and needed lots of training in handling themselves gracefully and in a girlish manner. They already had been told to pitch their voices in a high, girlish key, and that too, seemed to come natural to them. Most of them, being effeminate, had high tenor voices, so that was no problem or effort for them. There was one thing that they did not have to worry about, and that was taking long, boyish strides. Their corsets and high heels prevented that, and they tripped about in short, dainty, mincing steps, balancing themselves precariously on their extremely high stilts of slippers.

Fifi and Mimi and Florence and Lulu and all the rest of the girls walked about to closely inspect the new "girls," making them feel that they were on exhibition. They discussed them and decided which would make the prettiest "girls" and which would have the best figures. They were deeply interested in the looks of the new "girls", for what they most admired, being what they were, was beauty in a boy-girl, and if one was attractive, he was sure to be popular in the school, and his friendship sought. Every "girl" in the school was striving with might and main to be as beautiful as possible. That was their heart's desire, and the pretty ones were envied by those less fortunate. Of course, Fifi and Mimi were the most beautiful "girls" in the school, and so they were very popular and sought after. They were loved by a good many in the school, and were overwhelmed with invitations to sleep with other "girls" which they sometimes accepted, especially if the "girl" who invited them was attractive herself. But Fifi would have preferred to sleep with a real girl, while Mimi would have preferred to sleep in the arms of a boy or man who was more real than these girlish boys, who seemed to be girls, and were not a bit like males. For, how could they be, with their long, girlish hair, their girlish breasts, tapering waists and feminine curves, and soft, smooth hairless bodies, which were heavily perfumed to be more alluring? It was a most decided change for Fifi, after his long summer as the "husband" as well as "wife" of the lovely Edna. He felt as though he had two sexes then,

but when he slept with one of the "girls" at the school, he felt as though he was possessed of only one sex, and that feminine. But he liked to be loved and caressed, even if only by a boy-girl, for he would imagine his bed-mate to be Edna, and himself to be the "wife". In the dark it was much the same.

That year's entering class was large, and unusual in that four of the new pupils had already been transformed, and entered as "girls". This, of course, was pleasing to Mlle. Brule, as all of the preliminary work of transforming them was already accomplished, making her task much easier.

These four are so interesting that I will take up their cases and describe them in some detail, for it was indeed rare that boys should be transformed into girls before coming to the school, but these four had lived as girls in the outside world, and now came to the school for further training and education.

First, there was Bebe, about whom we have heard before. You will recall that Bebe was the protégé of Gaby de Lys, who had discovered him, as a boy, in the streets of Paris, and, being struck by his girlish prettiness, had persuaded him to adopt feminine garb and play the part of a girl, which he had done with conspicuous success. Then Gaby had arranged for him to have a "total" operation, which had had wonderful results in feminizing Bebe who was a delicious blonde. Bebe had slowly recovered from the operation. He had been fed strengthening foods and vitamins, and a special diet to build him up after the severe operation, and he also had regularly taken female sex hormones, so he had developed into a most charming little maiden, almost completely feminine, extremely pretty, sweet and demure, and Gaby was delighted with him. His body took on feminine curves and lines, his hair grew thicker, finer and blonder. His skin was white and smooth and soft, and practically hairless. His blue eyes seemed to grow large and creamy; his feet and hands seemed to grow smaller. His voice was a sweet soprano. He was graceful and girlish in every movement, and so pretty that men would turn for a second look. In fact, it is difficult to picture a more lovely little blonde maiden than Bebe had become, and it was impossible to believe that he once had been a boy. And he had lost completely all his former masculinity, which to him was only a memory. He felt himself to be a girl and was completely feminized in every way, with feminine instincts and desires. Men appealed to him sexually--and he appealed to them, for he had a large measure of feminine sex appeal. In short, he was as much a girl as it is physically possible for a male to become, and, after his operation, he certainly could no longer be called a male. He was sexless, but the female predominated in him probably 80%, which is as much as most females possess.

At the end of her theatrical season, the beautiful and famous Gaby de Lys, the most popular actress in Paris and known to millions, took Bebe with her to spend the summer at a fine resort hotel in the Swiss Alps. They had a splendid suite of rooms together, overlooking the lake, and with snow-clad mountains in sight. Gaby was intensely fond of Bebe, and was proud of the way in which she had caused his transformation from a boy into a charming and beautiful young girl. She loved Bebe, and often they slept together, which was a delight to Bebe, for Gaby was a famous beauty, the toast of Paris, and many a man would have given his right arm for the privilege of sleeping with her. But Bebe had it for nothing and found it an exquisite pleasure to sleep in the arms of the lovely Gaby, and to be kissed and caressed by her. They were very intimate. (The reader will recall that Gaby formerly had been a male, but had been transformed into a girl by a "total" operation, similar to the one Bebe had had). Thus they had much in common, and both were the same sexually, and could enjoy each other's company, and make love harmlessly.

Gaby had countless friends, acquaintances and admirers, and many of them were at the Swiss hotel, so that she was always surrounded and all

sought her company. Bebe, of course, was constantly with Gaby, and so he met all of her admirers and was in on all of the parties, dances, etc.

And Bebe was so pretty and charming, that he soon won a circle of admirers for himself, especially among the younger people, and so he had a wonderful time, and found it simply heavenly to be a beautiful young girl, adored by all males who came in contact with him. He had all of the sensations of a girl, and it was divine. Boys and men fell in love with him, and he knew what it was to be kissed, but he also knew that he had to be circumspect, for marriage was not for him, though he would have given anything if he could have become a wife. He even wished that he could become a mother and he pictured how happy he would have been as a beloved wife, with babies of his own. The thought of nursing a baby--his own child--at his breast--thrilled him with ecstasy, but, alas, it could never be. He was a girl--and yet--not a girl. But he did not regret his transformation. To be a boy would fill him with distaste, and he was thankful that he was no longer one. He recalled with disgust how he formerly wore trousers and short hair, drab, shapeless clothes. How could anybody bear being a boy? He asked that question often as he stood in front of the mirror and surveyed the beautiful blonde beauty that was himself--that lovely long, wavy hair, that pretty face, that slender, curved figure, with its tiny waist, the pretty clothes that were so becoming. It was an entrancing vision, which thrilled him more than it could a girl who had never been a boy, for it was more wonderful--his transformation--and he gloried in it. He was sure that no other boy in the world had ever experienced the ecstasy of being a beautiful little blonde maiden, perfect in every detail. And so he was supremely happy and delighted in his femininity and loveliness. It was divine.

The holiday period drew to a close and Gaby had to return to Paris and start rehearsals for the Folies show. Gaby had trained Bebe along feminine lines as much as possible while they had been together, but there was much lacking, and, furthermore, he needed more schooling. So it was decided that he should go to Mlle. Brule's school for a year. She was glad to receive a pupil already transformed, and so pretty and feminized. It would be an easy task for the school. Besides book lessons, all he needed was figure training, and the development of his breasts and body, and learning to sew, tat and do fancy work, and similar feminine training. He also was to take music lessons, so as to develop his singing voice. For Gaby had planned for Bebe to go into the Folies chorus, as soon as he was ready. And the school would do a lot to prepare him.

Bebe had felt a little sad at leaving the Swiss resort, where he had had such a glorious summer. And he hated to take leave of Gaby, though he knew that he would be able to visit her week-ends, in Paris. And there was another thing that saddened Bebe. He had had his first love affair. A handsome boy had fallen in love with him, and he with the boy. He knew the sensations of a girl who loved and was loved. It had been such an exquisite experience, and had made him so happy to realize that he had so much feminine sex appeal--so happy to realize that he was a ~~boy~~ girl so pretty and attractive that men could love and desire him. And he was not ashamed of the fact that he could love a man. He gloried in his change of sex and in his feminine sensations.

But he had to say good bye to his lover, and, on advice of Gaby, he dropped him, for it would do no good to keep the affair up after he went to school, as nothing could come of it, and he did not want to mislead the young man further, but let him look for another girl--a real one--on whom he could lavish his affections. And perhaps, Bebe thought, I will find another sweetheart in the school, among the boy-girls, about whom he had an intense curiosity. What would they be like? he wondered. He had never seen any impersonators, excepting himself, in the mirror and now he was to go to a place where there were dozens of them. What

would they be like? Would they look like boys and men dressed up as females, or would they be pretty and feminine, like himself? Would their instincts be male or female? Would they be interested sexually in girls or men? Would they have their own girlish hair, or would they wear wigs? He thought about all of these things, and many more as he left for the school. It would be fun to live with all of these feminine males, and to be one of them.

On his arrival in Mlle. Brule's office, she received him with open arms and kissed him warmly, delighted to have such a lovely little blonde among her pupils. Gaby had told Bebe that everybody in the school, from top to bottom, would be a male impersonating a female, but he found it almost impossible to believe that Mlle. Brule was really a man, with that handsome womanly face, that great head of beautiful hair, and, most of all, that hour-glass figure, with its ample bosom and hips, and unbelievably tiny waist. He was amazed, and yet he knew it must be true, for he was sure that Gaby would never tell him an untruth.

Other surprises were in store for Bebe. He was amazed at the perfection of the other teachers, servants and "girls" in the school, in their impersonations of females, except, of course, some of the new "girls", who, with their short cropped hair and awkwardness, looked like boys dressed as girls. But the others seemed to him to be all females, and he was astonished to find that some of them, such as Fifi and Mimi, Lulu, Dolores, Nanon and some of the others were actually pretty, even beautiful, particularly Fifi and Mimi. As soon as Bebe met these "girls" he was strongly intrigued by them because they were so perfect, and he intrigued them, in turn, because of his feminine loveliness, which rivalled their own. A warm friendship was immediately formed between these three school "beauties", which continued for years. Fifi went to Mlle. Brule and asked to have Bebe room with him and Mimi, and, as the school was rather crowded, and their room was a large one, it was so arranged, and another bed placed in their room.

An amusing incident occurred when the three "girls" were preparing for the first night. They had all brushed their hair, giving it the 100 strokes, as ordered by Mlle. Brule, and, as Fifi and Mimi undressed, they kept their eyes on Bebe to see what manner of "girl" he was as he slipped off his dress, corset and lingerie. They found his body very attractive, with smooth, white skin and nice curves, but breasts only partly developed. Bebe was proud of his lovely young girlish body and wished the others to see it fully, so he slipped off the last garment, and stood naked before them.

Staring at him in amazement, both "girls" were struck speechless at first, but finally Fifi found his voice and exclaimed:

"Why, Bebe, you are a real girl, and not a boy at all," and a thrill went through the masculine Fifi to think that here was a real girl who was to room with him, and he had visions of sleeping with the pretty Bebe in his arms.

Bebe was greatly pleased and amused to think that the other "girls" took him to be a real girl, and he smiled with delight as he told them about his "total" operation. There was, of course, no sign of male organs, and the hair so grew that he appeared to have female sex organs, and it took a very close inspection to discover the truth.

"No, I am not a real girl", said Bebe, laughing, "but I suppose I cannot be called a boy, either, though I once was one. I feel that I am 90% female and so am as much a girl as it is possible to make me."

All three "girls" laced themselves into their night corsets, donned their nighties, and got into bed. The sly Fifi, entranced with Bebe, arranged that they should sleep together, Mimi taking the single bed, and as soon as the lights were out, Bebe found himself held closely in Fifi's arms and being kissed and caressed, an experience that gave him a delightfully voluptuous sensation. And needless to say, Fifi found

Bebe to be a delightful bedmate, because he was almost completely a girl, with his soft young body and perfumed golden hair. He fairly exuded femininity, something that was largely lacking in the other boy-girls with whom he had slept, though the bodies of many of them were soft enough and their hair equally perfumed. But there was usually a touch of the masculine in them, which was missing in Bebe. And this, of course, was due to his operation.

Mimi was intensely interested in Bebe's operation, and asked all sorts of questions about it from time to time. Bebe told him that it had been very painful and that he had been a long time in bed, but that he had made a complete recovery and was very happy that he had had his male organs completely removed. It had made him almost completely a girl both in mind and body. And he pointed out the great convenience of it. He had nothing to conceal and could appear absolutely nude among women and the secret of his sex not be discovered. And he did not have to wear any tight, compressing elastic bandages to cover and conceal those parts which no girl ever has. He told about Gaby and his plan to go into the Folies as a chorus girl, and said how easy it would be with nothing to conceal. He could be in the dressing room with the rest of the chorus girls and undress with impunity, which he could not have done before. And how much better it would be when he appeared on the stage in tights, or very scantily clad, in the manner of Folies girls.

Mimi listened to Bebe with rapt attention, and declared that he was going to have one of those operations when he left school. Fifi, too, was "all ears", but he declared that he never would submit to such an operation and lose his manhood, even though he knew that he was destined to spend the rest of his life as a girl. But if he only could have foreseen the future! They all talked about the extreme discomfort of wearing tight bandages to compress their organs, which never must show through their dresses. Fifi said he often suffered real pain from the compression. This would be when he saw a pretty girl who excited him sexually. He had suffered this way very often when in the company of the lovely Edna, whom he loved. It constantly happened when he was playing the part of Edna's "wife," for Edna was constantly kissing and caressing his little "wife" and arousing "her."

And so both Mimi and Fifi realized the conveniences of the result of a "total" operation, and the ~~great~~ great inconvenience of a "girl" having male organs which must be compressed and concealed, without the slightest bulge to betray "her," particularly in the tight, snug fitting dresses which were in style.

Bebe soon got into the swing of the school and found it pleasant enough and very interesting, though he was unaccustomed to the rigid discipline. At first his corsets distressed him and he disliked sleeping in them. Since his operation he had been content with a 20-inch waist, but Mlle. Brule had immediately clapped him into the standard 18-inch corsets. His young body was slender and supple, and he laced in easily, but he was uncomfortable for a week or two, until his body adjusted itself and his waist became permanently reduced. Bebe's breasts swelled out nicely, as did his hips and derriere, and soon he had as pretty a little girlish figure as any "maiden" in the school. His hair grew rapidly and took on new luster, thanks to frequent treatments in the beauty shop. He studied singing and dancing to prepare himself for the stage. His nice soprano voice developed satisfactorily. He had oodles of pretty clothes and jewelry, the gifts of Gaby, and was lovely to look upon when dressed for dinner--or at any other time, for that matter. For a really pretty girl looks well in anything.

Mimi, Fifi and Bebe continued to be the closest of friends. Bebe wrote Gaby about his new "girl" friends and she invited all three of them frequently to spend week-ends with her at her Paris home. Gaby was delighted with these pretty "girls." The three of them were a most attractive combination, and

perfect foils for one another. What pretty, euphonious names--Bebe, Fifi and Mimi. And what pretty girls! The golden haired Bebe, the brown haired Mimi and the black haired brunette Fifi. All pretty, each in his own style. And the blonde Gaby made a lovely fourth to their quartet. She would give the "girls" tickets for the Folies, and they would go and see Gaby on the stage, and feel very proud to know her, the most famous and glorious beauty in all Paris, known to everybody either by sight, or through pictures so often printed in newspapers and magazines. And then Gaby would ask the "girls" to visit her in her dressing room and they would watch her dress and make her costume changes, with the help of her two maids. This was particularly thrilling to Fifi, who did not as yet know that Gaby had once been a man, like himself. That secret was not revealed to the "girls" until later, except Bebe, of course, who knew it. Yes, Fifi got a thrill watching this beautiful woman in deshabille, changing dresses, exposing her charms. He loved the intimacy of it, and thought how fortunate he was to be a "girl" so that he could thus intimately associate with girls and women--a thing which a man could not do unless he were a girl's husband or sweetheart.

The girls would watch the show from the wings, with the actors, actresses and chorus girls brushing past them or surrounding them, with a great rustling of skirts, and a strong odor of perfume and make-up. Gaby introduced them to a number of those in the company, and when it became known that they were friends of Gaby, everybody became friendly with them. Our three "girls" especially studied the chorus girls at this close range, and noted how pretty they all were, though they looked rather odd in their heavy stage make-up, with mascara-ed eyes, plenty of powder, rouge and lipstick, which were necessary behind the strong foot-lights. And, as the show went on, they noticed how their costumes--not only the chorus girls', but the other women's, including Gaby's--became more and more scanty, until, in the final scene, they had little on, much to the joy of the audience, which was composed largely of men.

"Do you think we would have the nerve to go out there on the stage like that?" Bebe asked the others--for they had talked it over with Gaby, and all three had decided to become Folies stage beauties.

"I wouldn't mind a bit," said Fifi. "I should love to have the men stare at me and admire my body. And I think we three would be as pretty as any of them."

"I don't think I would mind, either," said the more timid Mimi; "at least after I got used to it. But I think it would take a lot of nerve the first time."

"After we had been rehearsing with all the other girls for weeks, I am sure we would feel at home in any costume, and not mind it," said Bebe..

After the show Gaby would take the girls out to supper, usually escorted by one or more male admirers, and they would have a lovely time, usually dancing with the men, when there was music.

When the Christmas holidays came, Gaby invited all three girls to spend them with her and they had a delightful time in Paris, with much social gaiety, as Gaby knew everybody, and introduced the "girls" and saw to it that they had male partners and male attention wherever they went.

It was during this period that Gaby confessed to Fifi and Mimi that she had once been a male, and had submitted to the same operation as Bebe had undergone. She strongly urged the two girls to have it done, offering to arrange it and pay for it. For she had taken all three under her wing, as her protégés, and they were to go into the Folies chorus, and perhaps later rise to stardom. Mimi agreed eagerly, but at first Fifi demurred. But the three others kept at him, presenting all the arguments in favor of it, and they were so logical, that Fifi finally agreed though rather reluctantly. He thought of his darling Edna. No longer could he be a husband, and only a wife, and an imitation one at that. Yes, he would have to give up Edna, and all other women in the future. But he realized the desirability of the operation.

way--as man to man--though he could not bring about that relationship, because of his feminine beauty and sex appeal. He could not be a "good fellow"--no, he was a lovely girl, who delighted men. But he played along with the others, flirting with the men and acting the part of a real girl with a man. He got much fun out of it, and often was amused at the way men made fools of themselves over a pretty girl. Later, he found in the chorus a beautiful girl who was of a lesbian nature, and who became "stuck" on Fifi, so they took to rooming together, and Fifi was quite happy. That is all the history of our three girls that I know about, except that they continued in the Folies for some years and rose above the chorus and got more important rôles, as Gaby had done. They joined the Club Femina, and were immensely popular there because of their good looks. They got a great kick out of associating there with the men who were "permanents", like themselves. They made many friends and had a pleasant social life with them.

In our next chapter I will tell about two more of the new "girls" who came to the school already transformed into girls--Lucille and Violet, née Rene.

(To be continued)

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