

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 FOUR



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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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THE STORY OF MARY MORRIS (Continued).

Among the most interesting "girls" to enter the school that fall were Lucille and Violet, who, like Bebe, had been dressing as girls for some time and were already "perfect little ladies", and pretty and attractive ones. Violet was really a beauty--a vivid red-head, with lovely hair and complexion, and an ideal figure. Their careers and transformations had been so remarkable that I will tell about them in some detail.

Both lived in St. Cloud, a suburb of Paris, and had become close friends, though they had not been acquainted when Lucille was a boy. The story of his becoming a girl is most unusual.

Up to the age of 16, he had been a normal boy, though rather small and girlish in appearance. But he was a real boy, with nothing effeminate about him. His name had been Edouard, and he was the son of a very wealthy widow, a large and determined and strong-minded woman. Edouard had had a very pretty sister named Lucille, and there was a strong resemblance between the two. But, alas! Lucille, who was two years older than Edouard, had died at the age of 18. Her mother was heartbroken and inconsolable at the death of her darling daughter, who was the apple of her eye and who had been her constant companion. The mother went into deep mourning, and felt that her life had been ruined by the loss of her devoted daughter.

But after the edge of her sorrow had worn off a little, Edouard became aware of the fact that his mother was acting rather strangely. She would have him sit beside her, in Lucille's former place, and she would stare at him for long periods and seemed to be studying him, making him rather uncomfortable and self-conscious, and he wondered what she had in her mind. He was somewhat disturbed when his mother would not allow him to have his hair cut, and it soon grew so long that he was embarrassed and ashamed to go out and have people see him, because it made him look girlish. But his mother forbade him to have it cut, and after six months it nearly reached to his shoulders. His mother took great interest in his hair, and would brush it herself every day and apply a tonic to make it grow thicker and faster. He hated to go out and be seen, for people would stare at him. Even the servants tittered. He tried to hide his hair under his hat when he went out, but that was difficult. Again and again, when his mother was brushing his hair--and sometimes she insisted on curling it, much to her son's disgust--she would remark how much he looked like his sister Lucille. And Edouard could see that there was a remarkable resemblance, and when his hair got long, he looked like her and had a very girlish appearance, which he resented. But he could do nothing about it, for his mother was determined to have her way, and there was no use in resisting her. But he was filled with forebodings about the future, for he felt that his mother must have some object in mind in making him allow his hair to grow to girlish length.

And then one day, the blow fell. He wakened in the morning at the usual time, and noticed that his clothes had disappeared from the chair where he had left them. He stayed in bed, full of apprehension. In a little while his mother came in followed by her maid who was carrying an armful of female clothing. He recognized one of Lucille's dresses and a pair of her little slippers. He got out of bed, at the order of his mother, and she and the maid dressed him in Lucille's lingerie, in spite of his protests. He was made to draw on a pair of Lucille's dainty silk stockings, and then his mother deftly clasped a pair of corsets about him, and, in spite of his struggles, she laced him in very tightly, while the maid held him. He was very angry, and humiliated at thus being dressed in girls' clothes and he felt that he could hardly breathe, so tightly was he laced. It did him no good to protest, however, for his mother was determined to have her way with him. Soon she had put a brassiere over his corset and then put one of Lucille's dresses on him, explaining that he had to be laced in that way so that the dress would go around his waist. As a matter of fact, it was an excellent fit and now he looked very much like Lucille. But his mother increased the resemblance by

plucking his eyebrows into a delicate arch and then daintily applying make-up to his face. Next she curled his hair, which made it look like Lucille's had looked. Last of all, his feet were thrust into a pair of his sister's high-heeled slippers, which were too narrow for his feet, and ~~xxxxx~~ after a little time caused them to hurt.

He was now completely dressed and made up as a girl, and his mother ordered him to look at himself in the mirror and was somewhat startled to see himself as a pretty girl. Yes, he had to admit that he was pretty and bore a startling resemblance to Lucille, who seemed to have come back to life again.

His mother was delighted, and kissed him, exclaiming:

"My darling Lucille. You have come back, when I never hoped to see you again. From now on you are Lucille," she said to Edouard, "my sweet daughter. I will bring you up as a lovely young lady and you shall have all of the advantages any girl could ask for. Remember, your name is now Lucille, and you are no longer my son, Edouard, and I never want to hear his name again, for he has disappeared and Lucille has taken his place. Remember, you are now a girl, and I forbid you ever to refer to yourself again as a boy. You are to dress and live as a girl. Lucille had lots of lovely dresses and other things which now are all yours, so you will always be nicely dressed. After a while, I will buy you some new dresses, but her's fit you nicely and will do until they are worn out or become out of style."

Edouard protested with all his strength that he didn't want to be a girl and wear girls' clothes. Already his corsets and shoes were distressing him and he felt terribly awkward, as well as ashamed. But his mother ignored what he said, simply repeating that he from that time forth was a girl, his sister Lucille, and he should never wear trousers again, ~~but~~ nothing but skirts.

His mother now took him to the drawing room, taking him arm so that he would not trip in his unaccustomed shoes. Arrived there, she had him sit in Lucille's former chair, very stiff and erect because of his corsets, and she immediately took him in hand, and began to teach him how to comport himself as a young lady. These lessons continued every day. He was an apt pupil and naturally graceful and girlish, and his mother was very strict and saw to it that he lost all his boyish mannerisms and took on those of a girl.

But to him the first few weeks as a girl were dreadful and he suffered from his corsets and tight shoes and was constantly ashamed and embarrassed and hated to have anybody see him in his feminine masquerade, and even the servants staring at him, made him blush at first, though they soon got used to seeing him as a girl, and he gradually got used to his clothes and his body adjusted itself to his tight corsets, which he found to be the worst thing about his masquerade. For some time he never left the house and was constantly with his mother, just as Lucille had been. She did her best to train him and to make him think of himself as Lucille. Their conversation had to do only with things of a feminine nature. He learned to do fancy work and all of his reading consisted of women's fashion magazines or other matter of a feminine nature. His mother discussed styles with him and she gradually feminized him and got him interested in feminine matters. He got used to being called Lucille and always referred to in the feminine gender, so that he began to think of himself as a girl--for he seemed to be one. In spite of his protests, his ears were pierced, and he wore earrings, which he came to like. His mother also gave him the jewelry that had belonged to Lucille, and all of her lovely clothes. He took an interest in his dresses and had his favorites. He looked very sweet in an evening gown. He and his mother always dressed for dinner. He learned to, like his pretty long hair, which he soon learned to take care of and dress in a becoming manner. It was not very long before he had been so transformed that his mother decided it was time he began going out, and facing people, though he dreaded to do so, feeling that strangers would pierce his disguise and

laugh at him, and wonder why that boy was dressed up as a girl. He mentioned this to his mother, but she told him not to be ridiculous. He was no longer a boy, but a girl, and a pretty one, and everybody who saw him would think so, and would admire him. But nevertheless, it was with great reluctance and diffidence that he went to Paris with his mother for the first time, on a shopping expedition, and was forced to mingle with strangers, both men and women, in the streets and shops. He was relieved to find it was as his mother had said. Nobody laughed at him. On the contrary, he was aware of admiring looks, and then he felt better. His mother bought him some shoes that fitted him, and a new hat. He felt very self-conscious sitting before the mirror while the sales-girl tried girls' hats on him and commented upon how becoming they were. He became interested, and acted just like a girl, turning his head this way and that and looking in the mirror that showed the back, to get the full effect. He picked out a pretty hat, and had to admit that he looked pretty in it. He gained confidence and decided that there was no reason for him to feel ashamed or embarrassed. Nobody knew that he was a boy in disguise. It was rather nice to be admired as a pretty girl. Everybody was nice to the pretty "girl". It was better than being a boy. And so he drove back to St. Cloud with his mother quite content with his female role and thereafter he sunk his personality into that of a girl.

His mother engaged a lady's maid for him, the pretty Marie, and under her ministrations, Lucille's beauty grew and he became almost completely feminine, in thoughts as well as in looks. From then on, Lucille, as we must now call him, took his place in the world as a girl, and went out in society. His first experience was at a charity bazaar, where he was one of the pretty young ladies in charge of a booth. This broke the ice. He came into contact with lots of people, including some nice boys and men, who seemed to admire him and take an interest in him. At the close of the fair, there was a dance for the participants, and, for the first time, Lucille found himself dancing closely held in the arms of a good looking boy, and he found himself enjoying the experience, and he flirted with the boy, and was thrilled to find that he was considered desirable, and had female sex appeal for men.

At the dance he met Jeanette, a glorious red-head, who turned out to be a neighbor. Jeanette was a really beautiful girl, with lovely complexion and high coloring, and the male in Lucille came to the surface and he found himself falling in love with her. But of course, he could not let her know it, for he naturally concealed very carefully the secret of his sex. Jeanette liked Lucille from the beginning, and they formed a warm friendship. Lucille would go to see Jeanette almost every day, and the two were almost inseparable. Lucille now realized the advantages of being a girl, for he could be intimate with his beloved Jeanette, could kiss her, put his arm around her slender waist, and often went to her bedroom while she changed, so that he could see her in all stages of *deshabllée*, and learned that she had a perfect body, and wonderfully white, smooth skin. Her long, rippling red-hair was adorable, and of a rich color that any girl would love to have. Lucille would often handle it, when Jeanette was dressing it. That was his privilege as a girl. He pleased Jeanette by praising her hair, and often told her how beautiful she was, which of course Jeanette loved to hear, even if coming from another *on his* "girl".

On Jeanette's bureau Lucille noticed the very first visit, several pictures apparently of Jeanette, and one of a boy in military uniform who looked strikingly like Jeanette. Lucille asked her about the photos, and was told that all of them were of her twin brother who was away at military school. He made up so well as a girl that he had always taken the part of leading lady in the school shows, and those pictures were of him dressed up as a girl. Lucille was intrigued. Here was another boy who dressed as a girl. And how well he did it! He looked exactly like his sister. Jeanette explained that they were identical twins and closely resembled each other. Her brother, Rene, really should have been born a girl, for he looked like one, being the image of his pretty sister, which often was embarrassing to him. Her brother

loved to wear girls' clothes, because he looked so pretty in them, and when made up, and with wig on, nobody could tell he was not a girl. In fact, it was difficult to tell him and his sister apart.

Lucille was greatly interested in this young man, and longed to see him. She longed to see him dressed as a girl. Then they two would be alike, and she would have a fellow feeling for Rene.

Before the Christmas holidays Rene came home. He had been expelled from the school for an "affair" with one of the teachers, whom, at his request, he had visited in his rooms in female attire. Rene had been found out, and, as he was a disturbing influence in the school because of his resemblance to a pretty girl, he was expelled.

Rene took a liking to Lucille from the very start, and they became close friends, and Lucille spent most of her days at their house, in the company of ~~Lucille~~ and Rene. In fact, the three were almost inseparable.

Jeanette
As soon as they had become acquainted, Lucille begged Rene to dress up as a girl, so as to see how he looked. Rene was delighted to do so, and only wanted an excuse to don his feminine finery, which he had brought with him from the school, including a blonde wig. Rene loved to dress as a girl, and admitted to Lucille that he wished he were a girl. He made a very pretty one, but Lucille didn't like him in his blonde wig, as his hair naturally was of the same beautiful red shade as Jeanette's. So Lucille suggested to Rene that he have a wig made that would match his sister's hair. Jeanette and Rene both thought that a splendid idea, so all three went to one of the best wig makers in Paris and ordered a wig that would be the exact duplicate of Jeanette's hair. The wig-maker even measured it and weighed it, and took great pains to measure Rene's head accurately, so that the wig should be a perfect fit. When the wig came, it was found to be a wonderful piece of work. Rene immediately donned feminine attire, made up his complexion to match Jeanette's, put on the wig and stood beside his sister. The resemblance was remarkable. In fact, it was difficult to tell which was the boy and which the girl. All were delighted at the effect. They went downstairs, so that Rene's father and mother and the servants could see how he was the perfect image of his sister. And it must be remembered that Jeanette was really a very pretty girl, which meant that Rene was very pretty, too; much too pretty for a boy. No doubt about it; he should have been a girl.

Rene now took to dressing as a girl very frequently, and took to borrowing his sister's dresses to wear. Jeanette, who was very fond of her twin brother, did not mind lending him some of her older clothes, and even lingerie and corsets. She always did everything she could to please him and make him happy. Jeanette's dresses fitted Rene perfectly, as he was just her size. But he had to wear her 19-inch corsets, whereas at school he had worn size 20. But he didn't mind the extra lacing much, and soon got used to it, and was quite vain about his tiny 19-inch waist. Lucille's waist was even smaller, measuring only 18 inches, as his mother from the very start had insisted on that size waist, in order that he could wear his dead sister's dresses without alterations.

Rene disliked going out in boys' clothes, because he was so pretty, and looked so much like a girl, that people stared at him. His hair had a natural wave and he wore it rather long and parted in the middle, and this added to his girlish looks.

He soon worked out a scheme with his sister so that he could go out and get exercise without being stared at. He would dress up in one of Jeanette's dresses and hats, and with his lovely red wig and make-up, he readily passed as his sister, so he would go out for a walk, or a drive in his roadster. He often took Lucille with him, and they made many nice motor trips through the country and sometimes to Paris, where they went seeking for adventure.

Both being young and full of fun, and longing for a good time, they were not adverse to having flirtations with good-looking young men. Both were pretty and attracted male attention, so they managed to meet men at various times and dance with them, and perhaps have lunch or dinner at their expense. Rene was an outrageous flirt, and in the school plays he had learned the way of a girl with a man--how to use his eyes to the best advantage, and to make himself charming. And Lucille, while not quite so bold, was a good second and he loved playing the girl with a man. It always thrilled him to find that he had feminine sex appeal, and, when flirting with a man, he felt completely feminine and got a girl's sexual reactions. The same was true of Rene, of course, for he was more girl than man--in fact, as Lucille soon learned, he was very weakly sexed and his male organs were those of a small boy, not developed at all.

Rene went out as a substitute for his sister as often as she was willing, but when he was out, she had to stay in the house--for there could not be two Jeanette's going in and out of the house, and about the streets. But Jeanette was an active girl, with plenty of engagements, and so Rene often had to either stay in the house, or go out as a boy, which he disliked to do, for he attracted too much attention, and was sure that people were laughing at him.

Then one day, when he went to Paris, as a boy, on an errand, he had a most distressing experience, which changed the whole tenor of his life. As he stood looking at some dresses in a shop window, a man of a certain low kind, sidled up to him, and began making improper advances, coming very close to Rene and pressing his hips against Rene's, and whispering certain things. Rene tried to ignore him, but could not, and finally, becoming angered, he pushed the man violently away from him. At this, the man grabbed him, and there was a struggle, which soon attracted a large crowd. Soon a gendarme pushed through to see what caused the commotion, and the man charged that Rene had struck him. Rene was, of course, terribly embarrassed and humiliated as he heard the crowd making remarks about him, some saying that he was a girl in boys' clothes, and others that he must be a "fairy." The gendarme led him away and took him to jail, intending to prefer against him the charge of a girl dressed as a boy in public. At first Rene thought he would deny that he was a girl, but then he realized that that was better than being charged with being a "fairy" soliciting in the street. So he pretended that he was a girl, and at the jail he was placed in the women's ward. But he was disturbed when he was placed in a cell with a woman. He would have to share it with her for the night. She was a blonde, and a pretty woman, and very good natured and friendly. She had been arrested for "street-walking" and was undoubtedly a "lady of pleasure." Rene decided to pretend to be a girl, and he had no difficulty on that score, for he certainly looked like one, in spite of his masculine garb. The woman, whose name was Ruby, sympathized with Rene. She had had plenty of experience with jails, and knew all of the ropes. She wanted to be helpful, and so suggested to Rene that he send home for his "proper" clothes. If he had some money, he could hire a messenger. Rene had money with him, and so he wrote a note to Jeanette asking her to send by the messenger a certain dress which he mentioned, also lingerie, corset, shoes, stockings, wig, hat and complete girl's outfit, which he could wear in court and then go home in it. Ruby had told him that it would not be well for him to appear before the judge in the morning in male attire. It would be far better for him to appear as a girl, nicely dressed and made up. A pretty girl would appeal to the judge and he probably would be lenient. In a few hours the messenger returned with all the desired things, packed in a suitcase, and Rene proceeded to put the clothes on, but being careful to keep his back turned to Ruby when he was stripped down. Ruby kindly laced his corsets in for him and hooked up his dress and soon he had donned his wig and stood revealed as a pretty girl, and was complimented by Ruby. A meagre jail supper was served and soon bedtime came. This was embarrassing for Rene, for the cell contained only a double bed, and he would have to sleep

with Ruby. He had never slept with a woman before, and so this would be a new experience for him. Jeanette had remembered to pack a nightdress for Rene, and he donned it and got into bed with Ruby. He found it rather pleasant sleeping with her, specially when she took him in her arms, affectionately and he felt her warm, soft body pressing against his own. He wondered what she would do if she were to discover that he was a boy. But he was careful that she should not find it out. They chatted for some time, Ruby telling Rene the story of her rather checkered career, which he found most interesting. Next morning Rene dressed very carefully in his girlish finery, made up neatly and appeared before the judge, who sent him home with a scolding and a promise not to again appear in public in g boys' clothes. It would have been funny if it had not been so tragic. He was a boy and yet had promised to dress only as a girl. If he only were a girl, there would be no such trouble. Why could he not become a girl? Was there no way? Why couldn't he at least dress and live as a girl? He felt that he couldn't go on in this way, with everybody taking him for a girl. If he only were not so pretty and girlish looking! But he wanted to be that way, for then he could dress as a girl and look like one--look like his beautiful sister. He would hate to be an ugly boy who couldn't dress up well as a girl. These thoughts passed through his mind as he went home in a taxi. The maid who let him in took him for his sister. She couldn't tell them apart.

Rene was in the depths of despair. He couldn't go on in this way. He told his mother and sister what had happened to him, and they sympathized with him. He also told Lucille and his father. Must he go on living as a boy, but looking like a girl and longing to be one? There seemed to be no answer.

From that time on Rene seldom went out as a boy. When he did, it would be on a rainy day when he could turn up the collar of his raincoat, or at night when people could not see his face distinctly. And he usually would put on some male make-up, darkening his bright, girlish complexion, and even wearing a false mustache. But he was terribly unhappy, and the only pleasure he got was when Jeanette would stay in and let Rene go out dressed in her clothes, which, however, was not often, since Jeanette was very busy. And so Rene remained at home, with Lucille trying to cheer him up. For some time Rene had been wearing lingerie and a corset and long stockings all the time, and now he adopted the habit of dressing as a girl at all times while in the house. He allowed his hair to grow, and at night wore a feminine nightie. Directed by his sister, he took excellent care of his complexion so that it became as fair as her own, and he needed practically no make-up to look like her. The resemblance was now perfect and he was as beautiful as his sister. His voice and mannerisms were exactly like hers and through constantly dressing as a girl, he seemed to be one, and thought of himself as one, except when he wanted to go out, and could not do so except dressed as a boy, because Jeanette was out. It was then that he remembered bitterly that he was only a boy.

One day Lucille and Jeanette were invited to a ladies' tea party, but Jeanette did not wish to go, as she had something else to do. So Rene suggested that he go in her place. It would be an experiment. Rene had passed for his sister readily enough on the street. Could he do it at a party, where he would come into close contact with Jeanette's girl friends? Jeanette agreed to let him try, and loaned him one of her pretty afternoon frocks and hats, in which Rene dolled up. Lucille appeared in a becoming frock and the two "girls" went forth to the party, which was for women only. Strange as it may seem, Rene got by all right. He was taken for Jeanette by all so perfect was the resemblance, and so well did he play his part. But he was not really playing a part. He was just being natural, and that was being exactly like his sister in looks, voice and manners. That experience gave Rene confidence and Jeanette was convinced, too, that Rene could substitute for her successfully on any occasion. He had loved it, and so had Lucille. (It should be explained that up to this time, Lucille had kept his real sex secret, and everybody, including Rene and Jeanette and her mother, thought that he was really a girl. He preferred to have it that way, for the present).

Soon Rene had another adventure, which was even more exciting than going to the ladies' tea as Jeanette.

Jeanette had been invited by a young man she had met in Paris, to go to a very swanky ball in the private home of a wealthy Parisian. She had gone shopping in Paris and bought a complete new outfit for the party. There was a lovely lace gown in Nile green, and lingerie, shoes, stockings and corset to match, also a matching evening cape of satin, with fur collar. It was a lovely ensemble, and Rene admired it with true feminine taste as Jeanette unpacked it and laid it out in her boudoir. How Rene longed to put on those pretty things!

The day before the party Jeanette was taken ill, and next morning had to remain in bed, too sick to get up. Alas, she would have to give up the dance, and she asked Rene to telephone the young man and tell him that she was too ill to go. But Rene had another scheme. Why should he not go to the dance in his sister's place? At first Jeanette said No. She would not risk it, for Rene might do something that would reflect on her unfavorably. But he promised that he would do exactly as she would do, and be very ladylike and circumspect. So Jeanette yielded. Then Rene suggested that he wear her new clothes, promising to be very careful of them. Jeanette knew that her brother was very dainty with his dresses and as careful of them as a girl, so she consented, much to Rene's delight. Hurrah! He was going to a swell dance as a girl, in a lovely new gown. He could hardly wait for the late afternoon to come, when it would be time to dress. He spent much of the day fussing with his complexion, manicuring his nails and getting ready in ~~xxx~~ every way possible for the big event. Lucille was with him all day, and was there to help him with his toilette, as were Rene's mother and her personal maid. It was decided that Rene should dress in Jeanette's room, so that she could look on and see that everything was as it should be, for she wanted Rene to be a credit to her. When they laced Rene into Jeanette's beautiful, stiff new green satin corset, he noticed that it was unusually tight, and Jeanette confessed that she had had the corset made size 18 for this special occasion and the dress fitted accordingly. Rene had never had an 18-inch waist before and knew he was in for a long evening of tightness, but he was too desirous of wearing the new dress to mind being so tightly laced--and besides, he admired his unusually small waist. The slippers, too, were new and snug, never having been broken in, but his feet looked so dainty and cute in them, that he was glad to wear them. And so he was a very uncomfortably squeezed young "maiden" in Jeanette's new outfit. But he looked lovely, so he didn't mind much. Before his dress was lowered over his head, he sat in front of the mirror, with his lovely red wig on his head, while the maid, assisted by Lucille, let down his hair, combed and brushed it and then did it in a most becoming coiffure. How Rene loved all this--it was so feminine, to be dressed and fussed over by three women and supervised by a fourth. After he had been very cleverly made up, giving him a complexion that looked wholly natural, he donned his gown and it was hooked snugly about his slender waist, showing its smallness. The green dress was perfect with his bright red hair. He looked superb. All were delighted with his appearance. He was the image of his lovely sister, and even Jeanette was satisfied, as she surveyed him from her bed. As a finishing touch to his toilette, his mother went to her safe and brought out her valuable emeralds for Rene to wear, as green jewels were the only thing with that green dress. The sparkling necklace was clasped on, the earrings were inserted in his pierced ears, and he donned the emerald bracelet and an emerald ring. There was also an emerald breast pin and an emerald pin fastened to his hair, in front. His toilette was complete and he was fascinated as he surveyed himself in the mirror. He was beautiful and he knew it.

"You ought to be a girl," his mother said, and the others agreed.

"I wish I were one," sighed Rene.

"Yes," said Lucille, "it's shame to waste such girlish beauty on a boy."

"But I'm not wasting it tonight", said Rene. "Everybody will see it."

"You will be the belle of the ball, and every man there will want to meet you and dance with you," said his mother.

"It will be fun," said Rene, with his pretty eyes sparkling, "and I suppose I shall have to dance my head off. I hope I'll be able to forget my corset and tight slippers, with those stilt-like heels, and this tight dress. I feel like a very compressed young lady."

"Oh! You'll forget all about them in the excitement", said Lucille. "And all of the men will admire your figure. But don't let them hold you too tightly. You might faint."

The maid came to the door and announced that Mlle. Jeanette's young man was waiting in the drawing-room.

"Keep him waiting for a little while," said Jeanette. "That will make him all the more eager for you."

So Rene made a final inspection in the mirror, gave his white little nose a touch of powder, and again sprayed himself with his sister's strong, rich perfume.

Lucille happened to be wearing a little black dress, with white collar and cuffs. She borrowed a maid's cap and said she would go down stairs with Rene as his maid, to help him. He also wanted to see the young man, and observe what impression Rene made on him and whether or not he suspected anything. Jeanette gave Rene final instructions as to how to act and what not to do, and he promised to obey her. He must remember that his name is "Jeanette" for the evening, and he must be a perfect little lady at all times, and not bold or forward.

With a rustling of skirts and a strong aura of perfume trailing, Rene tripped daintily down the stairs, followed by Lucille carrying his evening cape, bag and gloves.

Lucille watched the meeting closely and was glad to see that Georges suspected nothing and was entranced with the beautiful "Jeanette", as he bent low and kissed "her" hand. And soon they were off in their cab, Paris bound.

Rene was very happy and in fine spirits and chatted gayly as they drove along. He knew instinctively that he was making a hit with Georges. He felt gloriously feminine and was aware that he was exuding feminine sex appeal, and he got a voluptuous sensation when Georges took his soft, white little hand, and pressed it in the dark, and held it all the way to Paris.

Rene checked his wrap in the ladies' dressing room, and joined the other girls at the mirrors in their primping and nose powdering. He felt quite at home among them, whereas an ordinary boy in his position would have been embarrassed, as a girl among girls.

Rene had a glorious time. Georges danced with him a good many times, but others demanded introductions to the ravishing red-haired beauty, and so Rene was besieged with masculine attentions--and adulation--and danced every dance. He knew what men liked in a girl and so was able to please them. When he danced with them he nestled closely in their arms and permitted them to hold him tightly, in spite of his corsetting. He used his eyes and lashes in a coquettish manner, flirting daintily and demurely with his partners, in the way he thought Jeanette would do it. How he loved being a beautiful girl, with men flocking around seeking his favors.

After supper, Rene danced only once, with Georges, and then they left for home. It had been a strain and the excitement had tired him, to say nothing of the many dances, and he was now fully aware of his corset and tight slippers. But he again forgot them when he was in the cab with Georges. He had wondered what Georges would do on the way home. Rene knew that he had made a decided hit with him. The evening had been one long flirtation. He was sure that Georges loved him. How wonderful to be a girl and loved by a man. Georges took his hand and his arm stole around Rene's tiny waist and held him closely. Rene, tired, rested his pretty red head

on Georges' manly shoulder. Their heads were close together. Georges was breathing in the perfume of "her". And then came what Rene had been hoping for. Georges kissed "her" eyelids, "her" forehead, "her" little nose, "her" velvety cheeks, and then their lips met. Rene had been kissed by boys when playing a girl on the stage, but never before had he been really and sincerely kissed by a man before. It was divine. He was a girl, he was feminine, and now he knew fully the sensations of a girl being kissed by a man. At last they reached home, and after a long, lingering good-night kiss, Georges left him, and Rene went to bed. The maid had waited up to help him undress. What a relief to get off that tight dress, that strangling corset, those binding slippers--and the tight wig, too. The maid slipped his pretty nightdress over his head, and prepared him for bed, combing and brushing his hair, which was now quite long and girlish. Next day he stayed in bed until noon. His feet ached and his sides were sore. But he didn't mind. He had had a glorious evening, and would gladly go through with it again, corsets and all. Jeanette was better and able to get up. Lucille came over, and Rene told them all about the evening. He blushed a little when he told them about Georges' kisses, but Jeanette said it was all right, and that he deserved a few kisses in return for his kindness in taking a girl to the dance.

Rene now never wore male clothes any more, and never went out except as a girl. But the arrangement was ~~xxx~~ unsatisfactory. He wanted to be free to come and go as he pleased, and not have to stay in when Jeanette went out. The family often discussed his predicament, and even his father agreed that he was better as a girl than as a boy. And then one day, at dinner, he announced that he thought he had arrived at a solution. He had called on a Paris judge who was a friend of his, and had explained about his son being like a pretty girl, so that he could not go out without being taken for a girl dressed as a boy. The judge said it was an unusual case, but that if Rene really was so pretty and girlish, he could issue a writ which would permit Rene to dress as a girl and practically change his sex in the eyes of the law, so that he could take a feminine name and live as a girl. All agreed that this was the very thing. Rene should become a girl legally. Lucille, who was there for dinner, and Jeanette and their mother discussed the mode of procedure. What name should Rene adopt? He suggested "Violet" since that had been his girl name in the last school play. And at the school everybody had called him "Violet" as a nickname. It was a pretty name. He would wear violet clothes, and use violet perfume. His father explained that it would be necessary for the judge to see Rene, ~~are~~ dressed as a girl, to decide whether he was so feminine that he could grant the writ. You may be sure that Rene got himself up his prettiest next morning for the visit to the judge. He wore one of his most becoming dresses and hats and took great pains with his hair and make-up, which he used very sparingly but cleverly, as he needed very little now, his complexion being so lovely peaches and cream. Needless to say that the judge granted the writ after seeing Rene, now Violet, but it was difficult to persuade him that Rene really was a boy and not the lovely girl that he seemed.

It was necessary to present Rene-Violet to the world as a girl, and so it was decided to hold a reception at the home and invite all relatives and friends, and his father should make a little speech explaining the transformation, and the change from son to daughter.

Jeanette and Violet, now twin "sisters," decided to always dress exactly alike and so Jeanette's wardrobe was duplicated for Violet. Each of her dresses was copied and a complete outfit of underthings and accessories was obtained for Violet. All of his boyish possessions were packed away and his room was feminized and made into a girl's boudoir, with everything dainty as befitted a girl's room. And Violet loved it and was very happy. The reception was held, and Violet was introduced. Some were surprised but all agreed that it was the right step to take, for Violet was too pretty and feminine to be a boy, and it seemed only natural that he

should be changed into a girl and dress and live as one. At the reception the twin girls were dressed exactly alike, and looked very lovely. They did not enter until all had gathered and when they came in, side by side, nobody, not even Lucille or the mother and father, could tell which was which, and the people were amazed at the perfection of Violet's transformation. The girls had new dresses for the occasion and both had identical 18-inch waists, it being Violet who suggested the extra lacing in, and not Jeanette. Everybody greeted them and kissed them both, the men wondering whether they were kissing a boy or a girl, though there was no apparent difference and any man would love to kiss the beautiful Violet, even if he knew of "her" former sex.

Life now was changed for Violet, for he could come and go at will. He and Jeanette often went out together and it goes without saying that the beautiful red-headed twins were a sensation wherever they went, and in Paris people would turn to stare and admire. At first Jeanette was a little embarrassed, with the thought that perhaps people would take her for Violet, and Violet for her, but she soon got used to it, and greatly enjoyed the company and companionship of her new "sister." The twins and Lucille were now more inseparable than ever. All along Lucille had loved Jeanette but now she loved both twins, for she could not tell them apart and so she shared her kisses and caresses between both of them. It was just as sweet to kiss Violet as Jeanette, for ~~Violet~~ Violet had become completely feminized and never thought of herself as anything but a girl. Her hair grew rapidly and she was able to discard her wig. Jeanette cut her long hair to the same length as Violet's, so that they should be the same in hair, as in everything else. Then both girls allowed their hair to grow and Violet was very proud when it reached down to his waist in a thick, wavy, glowing mass.

So there you have the story of the feminization of Edouard and Rene--their transformation from boys into girls--Lucille and Violet--two very unusual and almost unbelievable cases.

After Rene had become Violet, he led the life of a normal girl, and took his place in the young social set of St. Cloud, where he was accepted as a girl. He had his girl friends and his boy friends. The same was the case with Lucille, and, while he was not so pretty as Violet, yet he was considered to be a very good looking girl and was popular, especially with his boy friends, for he was known to be the daughter of a very rich widow. He was an heiress and some day would be very wealthy in his own right. This made him even more attractive to the young fellows, who paid him a good deal of attention, so he had a gay social life. He also was popular with the mothers of the young men, who thought that she, being an heiress, would make an excellent match for their sons. Thus he was much sought after, and found it very nice to be a girl, and popular with the boys and young men. He was a good dancer and went to many dances where he always was sought out. He loved dancing with men, for he had become feminine enough to like to be held closely in their strong, manly arms and to swirl in the mazes of the dance, flirting with those who wished to flirt with him and knowing just how to make himself alluring to the "other" sex. Nobody taught him how. It seemed to be instinct with him. His dressing and living as a girl for so long had practically turned him into one, and he had become as feminine as any woman, and was even girlish enough to please his exacting mother. To her he was Lucille, her daughter, and, having always been treated as such, he had assumed the part and really felt himself to be the real Lucille. His mother's lessons in feminizing him had gotten excellent results. He was gracefully girlish in looks, voice and manners. He could walk gracefully in his high heels and tight corsets and all of his motions were feminine. He wore his clothes very well and of course had long since got accustomed to them, as though he had always worn dresses. His hair grew nicely and was pretty. His body assumed girlish curves and his breasts developed, as did his hips, thighs and "derriere." All in all, he was as attractive a young maiden as anybody would care to meet, and nobody could possibly imagine that he once had been a boy.

After he had become "Lucille" to his mother's satisfaction, she ceased to be severe with him, but, on the contrary, loved her "daughter" very much, and Lucille became very fond of his now kind mother, after he had ceased to resent the way she had changed him to a girl. But now he liked being a girl and he and his mother were very intimate, with the fond intimacy of mother and darling daughter. And Lucille loved this relationship. He loved being her daughter. Often he would get into bed with his mother and they would have pleasant, confidential chats together. Lucille would tell of the boys he met, and of his "conquests". His mother would discuss the various boy friends of Lucille and tell him which ones she thought would make the best "match" for her "daughter". She was thinking of Lucille marrying a man, so obsessed was she with the conviction that Lucille was a real girl. And he would not dare refer to his real sex, but humored his mother, and pretended that he eventually wanted to marry some nice young man, though of course knowing full well how impossible that was. But he found himself wishing that he WAS a girl, so that he could marry, and have a husband and children. That shows how completely his mother had feminized him.

Lucille's mother was very generous with him, so that he had many lovely dresses, furs, jewels, hats, cloaks and accessories. He was constantly going in to Paris to buy new dresses and for fittings. All of his clothes, including his corsets, were now made to order, and he had only the finest and the most fashionable, so that no girl was better dressed nor better groomed than Lucille. His personal maid, Marie, saw to that, and he took feminine pleasure in her ministrations. She usually did his hair, but he learned to do it himself, and had a knack for it and could do it as well as Marie. He often combed, brushed and did up his mother's long, beautiful hair and did it more cleverly than his mother's own maid.

And then Lucille received a crushing blow. His dear Mother was taken suddenly ill, and, in spite of all the doctors could do, she died.

Lucille was heartbroken and went into deep mourning. After the sharp edge of his sorrow had worn off and he began to take an interest in life again, he found that black was very becoming to him. His very light, smooth complexion was set off in contrast with the black of his dresses and hats. But for a time he shunned society, as was befitting for a young girl who had just lost her mother.

The lawyer came and read the contents of his mother's will. Naturally, Lucille was the sole heir and found himself to be a very wealthy young lady. The home and all of his mother's securities--stocks, bonds, mortgages and cash in bank, all now belonged to him. The lawyer, who had looked after his mother's affairs, told him that his annual income would be 250,000 francs (the equivalent of \$50,000 a year). Lucille was surprised at this large sum, and thought that he never could spend so much money, though there was no use in saving it, as he never would have any children to leave it to. Well, he decided, he would certainly buy anything that he wanted. He would buy oodles of lovely dresses, and furs and jewelry and the most lovely lingerie and hats, and furs. He would have everything that a girl's heart could desire. He would maintain the home, and keep all the servants, including Marie, of whom he was very fond.

The thought had occurred to him that, now that his mother was gone, he could, if he wished, become a boy again, and he considered it, pro and con. But he decided against it, for several reasons. He liked being a girl, in spite of some drawbacks. A girl's clothes were pretty, but uncomfortable, and he resented the silly style of tight corsets and tiny waists. But he had long ago gotten used to being corsetted and would not feel natural otherwise. Besides, he liked having a tiny waist, as it added to his feminine attractiveness and set off his dresses. It was the style, and he considered himself fortunate that he laced in so easily and so could have a small waist without too much discomfort. He also had grown fond of his girlish hair and would have hated to bob it. And he loved to wear pretty dresses and dainty lingerie and becoming hats on his nice hair. Yes, he preferred being a girl. Even if he had wanted to change back, he realized how difficult it would be. He made a nice looking girl, but as a boy he knew he would be a "flop." His face and complexion were altogether too pretty and girlish for a boy, and then there was his body, with its girlish breasts and feminine curves. And his hands and feet were too small for a boy's, his voice was too high and feminine and he was sure that he could never get over his acquired feminine mannerisms. He would be a "sissy," effeminate thing as a boy, a thing to be ridiculed by both men and women. But nobody ridiculed him as a girl. No, indeed. He was pretty and popular, and admired. No, he decided, he would not dream of becoming a boy again. He would continue the rest of his life as a girl and woman.

There was another important thing against his changing back to a boy. In her will his mother had left everything to "my daughter, Lucille." That meant him. If he changed, he would no longer be her "daughter" and so could not inherit the property, for nothing was said about a son. He was her "daughter", a girl, now, in the eyes of the law. If he didn't remain so, he could not have his mother's fortune, and so would be penniless. And how could he live then? From every viewpoint, it was far better to continue as a girl and enjoy his fortune and all that it would do for him. He would live like a queen. Men would seek his hand because of his money and his beauty. He would enjoy being wooed, though he never could be "won". But he would have "affairs," harmless love affairs. He would see how many men he could lure into asking for his hand in marriage. Perhaps he would become engaged to some handsome man. What glorious flirtations he would have! And what fun it would be!

He even imagined himself being kissed by a good-looking boy, and petted and caressed, and, though it made him blush a little, yet the idea intrigued him -- masculine kisses would be nice, even thrilling. How girlish he had become -- how feminine! It surprised him, and it was hard for him to look back and remember what his feelings had been as a boy. He remembered that he had been attracted by girls, like any normal boy. And now to think that he was a "girl" himself, and was attracted by boys! It surely had been a profound change. But perhaps one for the better.

He often laughed when he recalled how he had struggled and fought against his mother when she first dressed him as a girl. How he had hated it all, and especially the tight corsets. And how he had hated having his ears pierced. And how awkward and ashamed he had been at first in his dresses and high heels. Now it all seemed like a dream, and he wondered how he ever could have objected to being turned into a girl. He wondered why other boys didn't want to dress as girls. He was sure they would prefer it, once they became accustomed to it, especially if they were pretty, like himself.

Rene was the only other boy he had ever heard of who had become a "girl," like himself, and who wanted to be a girl, and hated being a boy. Little did he know that there were thousands of boys like Rene who would prefer to be girls, and who loved to dress in female clothing and play the part of females. And he would have been greatly surprised if he had known that in the world there were thousands of boys who had been turned into girls, like he and Rene, and who lived their lives as females. In his innocence, he thought that he and Rene were the only ones.

But in some way he heard about Mlle. Brule's transformatory school and immediately became intensely interested. It had happened one day while he and Violet were in Paris. They were in the Montmartre district and stopped into a strange cafe for a drink. The place seemed to be filled with girls and women. Two of them "made eyes" at Lucille and Violet, and came over and sat down at their table. There was something "queer" about them and on close inspection, Lucille found out that they were boys made up as girls. It was their wigs that gave them away. They were of poor quality and didn't fit well. Also the new "girls" were not very well dressed. Evidently they were poor, and could not afford better wigs nor dresses. These "girls" readily admitted that they were boys, but that they dressed as girls very often, as they preferred it. It seems that this cafe into which Lucille and Violet had accidentally dropped, was a rendezvous for female impersonators, and that all of the "girls" there were boys and men dressed up to imitate the opposite sex. Their new friends called over some of the other "girls" and introduced them and they sat down and Lucille bought them drinks all round. Other "girls" joined the circle and soon our "girls" had met everybody in the place, and Lucille, who was deeply interested in these "competitors" of his, gladly bought them all drinks, while he studied them. They all took Lucille and Violet for real girls, and of course they did not give themselves away. They never did to anybody. This group of "girls" was indeed a strange combination. Some were blondes and some brunettes. All were made up, some very garishly and others very cleverly. All of them were obviously well corsetted and a few of them had really small waists. They all talked in high, soft voices in imitation of girls, and had feminine mannerisms. Lucille noticed two of them who made such perfect girls that they would have fooled anybody. They were pretty, shapely and becomingly gowned and had a ladylike manner that was attractive. After the rest had finished their drinks and left the table, Lucille asked these two good-looking boys to stay. He and Violet examined them very closely, but could find no flaws. Apparently they wore their own hair, which was long and nicely coiffured.

"Did you know we were not girls?" one of them, a blonde with a perfect complexion and soft voice, asked, with a charming smile that displayed all "her" even white teeth.

"No, I never would have guessed it in a hundred years," replied Lucille. "You both are so pretty, and so very feminine."

"~~Thank~~ Thank you," they both explained, smiling, obviously pleased at the compliment. "That's the nicest thing you could say about us. We like to be told that we are pretty, for that's what we want to be."

"But why do you dress up as girls? Do you do it often?"

"We do it because we love it, and would rather be girls than men. We live as girls all the time. We never wear boys's clothes--we haven't in years, and would hate to try it."

"Were you brought up by your parents as girls?" Lucille asked.

"Oh. No. We both were brought up as boys. But we were girlish and effeminate and always wanted to be girls. We were always stealing girls clothes and wearing them, and finally our parents got disgusted and sent us away to the Transformatory. You see, we are sisters--I mean, brothers. At the Transformatory we were changed into girls. That's what they do to you there. Just feel of my breasts," said the "girl."

Lucille and Violet felt, and their hands encountered, through their silk blouses, soft little mounds that undoubtedly were girlish breasts. Our "girls" were not so surprised as others might have been at finding these former boys with well-developed feminine breasts, for both Lucille and Violet had them themselves, but not nearly so well developed, much to their dissatisfaction.

"Notice our figures," said the other "girl," proudly, and both of them stood up and swung about so as to show themselves from every angle. They were very shapely, with definite feminine curves, and their well-corsetted waists were less than 20 inches around. Their hands were small, as were their feet, which were daintily clad in narrow, pointed, high-heeled shoes. Both had nice complexions, white skins, long lashes, red lips, small noses. They wore earrings in their pierced ears. Lucille decided that as girls they were as perfect as himself and Violet. How wonderful it was to meet such "girls." And how surprising it was to find that there were other males, plenty of them, who dressed as females--and liked it.

"Did you notice the two barmaids and the waitresses?" the "girl" asked, in a low voice.

Lucille and Violet turned and looked at them. They saw nothing out of the ordinary about them. They just seemed like ordinary women.

"They all are men," the girl whispered. "They run this place, and all of the impersonators hang out here. We like to flock together, having so much in common. And we help each other, especially new boys, who are just starting in. We teach them how to dress and make up and how to act so that they can walk the streets without detection. Most of them start in very young so that it is easy for them to imitate girls, being slender and having young faces and usually good complexions. But usually they do not venture out in public until they have had some training in feminine ways. At first they only go out at night, with some of us for company, and we decide when they are good enough to go out in broad daylight. There is always danger from the police, if the disguise is penetrated, so they have to be pretty good to go out daytimes. Some, who do not do a very good impersonation, because they are too masculine looking, only go out at night."

"Do men never come here?" asked Violet.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, smiling and winking; they come here evenings when they want to "pick up" a "girl." "The girls go out with the men and dance and have a good time."

"But do the men know that these "girls" are really boys?" asked Violet. "Yes, usually, but not always. Bess, here (my sister) and I have fooled them many times. And it is such fun," said Agnes, the other "girl." "We make them buy us food and drinks and take us to shows, and spend all sorts of money on us, thinking we are real girls, and all they get for it is the pleasure of our company, and perhaps a good night kiss."

"But how do you earn your living?" asked Lucille.

"We work in a beauty shop," said Bess. "We both are expert hair-dressers and beauticians. We learned it at the transformatory school. They not only turn you into a girl there, but teach you some useful feminine trade or occupation.

At Lucille's request, Bess now told him and Violet all about the school and how boys were trained as girls. Bess told about the severe discipline and how each "girl" had to be laced into a size 18 corset.

"That's the reason Agnes and I have such small waists--only 18 inches. We acquired them at the school," said Bess.

Our two "girls" listened attentively to Bess's account of the school and put down its address, and the name of the proprietress, Mlle. Brule.

"But it's no use you two girls going there," said Agnes, "for they won't let you in. Only boys and men are admitted. It's no place for real girls."

Violet winked at Lucille. How little Bess and Agnes knew about them! How surprised they would have been if they knew the truth, and that all four sitting there at that table were actually boys, in spite of their feminine prettiness.

It was time to go, so Lucille called for the check. The waitress who brought it, smiled down at the "girls". Bess had said that "she" was a man. Was it possible? "She" was not exactly pretty, but would be called a handsome brunette. No doubt she wore her own hair, which was quite long. "She" had a good complexion, though somewhat made up. "She" had a good, buxom figure and "she" was obviously severely corsetted and had a decidedly nipped-in waist. Altogether, "she" made a perfect woman, and nobody would have taken "her" for anything else.

"I suppose they have told you about me," said the waitress. "What do you think of me? Would you ever have guessed it?"

"Of course not," said Lucille. "You are as fine a looking woman as I would care to meet." Lucille paid her bill, and gave the "girl" a liberal tip. She was greatly pleased at having a "real girl" (as she thought,) tell "her" that "she" was a fine looking woman. But that's the way with all impersonators. They love to be flattered and told that they are pretty "women." It is meat and drink to them. They strive with all their might to main to make themselves into attractive women, and if they are successful, or told that they are, then they are delighted.

Bess and Agnes gave Lucille and Violet the address of the beauty shop where they worked and asked them to call for treatments, which both girls later did. The two barmaids came over to say good by and asked the "girls" to come again, saying that they rarely had real girls as customers and it gave their place class to have such refined and beautiful young ladies there, and such well dressed and stylish ones into the bargain. Our "girls" looked at them closely and found it almost impossible to believe that they were men, such perfect women did they make, with nothing the least bit masculine about their looks or manners. Like the waitresses, they had long hair, regular features, nice complexions and good feminine figures, with snugly corsetted waists.

It must be remembered that up to this time Lucille had not told Violet, or anybody else, the secret of his sex, as he had thought it better that they think him to be a girl; for as a girl, he could be much more intimate with Jeanette, and with Violet than would have been the case if they had known that he was a boy in disguise.

Violet had been somewhat surprised at the intense interest that Lucille had displayed in the "girls" they had just met. He, himself, of course, had also been deeply interested, but that was natural, because he was an impersonator himself, and, like all impersonators, was intrigued with other boys like himself.

As they drove home in the cab, Lucille discussed the school. How wonderful it would be if he could go there for a year, for his further development, he thought to himself--especially for the further development

of his breasts, which were too small to suit him. The rest of his figure, too, needed further feminization, and he would like to have further schooling. He would like to study music, singing, and learn also to speak English. For some day he hoped to travel, and go to England and the United States, about which he had read so much. It would be so much better if he could speak English. Yes, he decided that he wanted very much to go to the transformatory for a year. It would be wonderful training for him, and it would be exciting to live with dozens of other "girls" like himself, and with the "lady" teachers and "female" servants, about whom Bess and Agnes had told him. And it would be the best thing in the world for Violet to go there too. All of this flashed through his mind and he made a sudden decision. He would suggest it to Violet and urge him to go to the school with him. But Violet thought that he was a girl. He would have to tell him the truth, and then Jeanette and her mother and father also would have to know it. But he would swear them all to secrecy, and they were so fond of him that he was confident they would not betray him. For he wished the rest of the world to continue to regard him as a girl. That was necessary, because of his mother's will. He couldn't be a boy in the eyes of the law, and still inherit the property.

He found it very difficult to break the news to Violet, and he was not sure how "she" would take it. But he must take a chance, for he was determined that he and Violet should go to the school together, and he was sure that the plan would appeal to Violet as much as it did to himself. Of course, Violet was amazed when Lucille told him that he was a boy, and at first refused to believe it, as was natural, considering what a perfectly marvellous girl Lucille made. But after Violet had recovered a little from his astonishment, Lucille succeeded in convincing him that he was a male, like "herself," but even more so, because he was more normally sexed than Violet, who, as I have said before, was at least 80% female, with tiny male organs.

To Lucille's relief, Violet was very much pleased to learn the truth. He was delighted to know that Lucille was a boy, like himself. It gave them so much in common. They both were in "the same boat." They could be closer friends than ever. Violet, with his feminine nature, naturally preferred boys to girls, and Lucille was a boy, a male--and yet a "girl", and so pretty! Violet was fascinated with this lovely, beautiful boy. Impulsively he seized Lucille in his arms, drew him to him, and kissed him warmly. Lucille, delighted, and filled with a voluptuous feeling at thus being kissed by this beautiful "girl" who was the exact counterpart of his beloved Jeanette, and just about as appealing to him, put his arms around Violet's neck and returned his kisses. If passers-by had seen, they perhaps would have been surprised to see two beautiful "girls" hugging and kissing each other in the cab--but the shades were drawn, and if the driver saw them he gave no sign.

"I love you, Lucille," Violet murmured. "You are the loveliest boy I have ever seen. I never knew a boy could be so handsome and so charming. You are prettier than most girls, and yet a boy. It is marvellous."

"And I love you," said Lucille, "just as much as I love your beautiful sister. To me you are a girl and fill me with desire, for you are very beautiful, far more so than I." He kissed Violet again. They had become lovers. Lucille could not have loved an ordinary boy or man in the way he loved Violet, because he was so exceptional, and of course did not seem the least bit like a boy. Violet was a girl to all intents and purposes. He was beautiful, desirable, and so Lucille loved him as much as he loved Jeanette. There seemed to be no difference. You could not tell them apart and Violet was as sweet and satisfactory a girl as his sister.

Lucille now told Violet of his plan about the school, and, to his joy, Violet was as eager to go there as Lucille was. He, too, wanted to increase the size of his breasts, as they were a little smaller than Jeanette's, and he wanted to be exactly like her, and not have to wear any pads, no matter how small, as at present. He also wanted to

learn English.

"Just think," he said, squeezing Lucille's white, soft little hand, "we can room together, sleep together and be with each other all the time for a year, my darling. And I can make love to you, and you to me. We will be inseparable, just like man and wife. But which will be the wife?" he said, laughing. "And which the husband? How can either of us 'girls' possibly be a 'husband'. They both laughed at the question, and decided that they would decide that when they began sleeping together.

Violet was quite sure that his father would allow him to go to the school, as his education had been rather neglected, but Lucille promised, that if Violet's father objected to the expense, he would pay the tuition of both of them, as he was rich and could well afford it. And thus it was settled.

They arrived at Violet's house, and he asked Lucille to come in and help him tell the family about their plan to go to the school. Lucille would have to tell them of his true sex, and he felt embarrassed about it, and particularly about breaking the news to Jeanette, recalling how intimate he had been with her, as a girl. He had often kissed her in "girlish" fashion, and many, many times he had sat in her bedroom while she changed her clothes. He had seen her in the nude and in all states of dishabille. He knew intimately by sight every inch of her beautiful body. He had handled her hair many times and dressed it for her. He had often laced up Jeanette's corsets and hooked up her dresses in the back. He had been as intimate with her as one girl's close friend could be with another girl. Jeanette had confided in him, as a girl, and told him intimate things that she never would have dreamed telling to a boy--about her likes and dislikes among the boys of her acquaintance. ~~Violet~~ had often seen her in her nightie and in bed, with flowing hair. (Lucille)

He had seen her in the bath, and had helped bathe her and dry her naked body. But he never had slept with Jeanette, though he had always desired to, but did not dare, though Jeanette had often asked him to spend the night with her, and had thought it strange that Lucille had always refused. On the other hand, Jeanette had often gone to Lucille's house, and to his bedroom, and had seen him in dishabille, with hair down, clad only in lingerie and corsets. But she had never seen him in the nude, and when he had undressed to take a bath or make a change of costume while she was there in the room, he had always been careful that she should not see him completely naked and he had always worn at least a dressing robe or a negligee. But she had seen most of his white, girlish body--his graceful arms, his smooth, dimpled back and shoulders and bust and his shapely legs, and he was so completely feminine looking, that she had never for a moment suspected that he was not a girl, so perfect was his impersonation. They had done together all those things that two girls who are close and intimate friends, do. Jeanette had tried on some of his gowns, and furs and hats while in his boudoir, and ~~Violet~~ had done the same in Jeanette's house. They had often gone to (Lucille)

Paris shopping together, and Jeanette had often asked Lucille's advice as to dresses, as his taste was excellent and valued by her. They had often discussed styles and fashions and Lucille knew more about them than most girls. They had gone to corset shops and both had tried on corsets together and Jeanette had envied and admired Lucille because his 17-inch waist was smaller than hers. In short, they had been two girls together in every way. And now he had to tell her that he was a boy. He blushed when he told her, and, like Violet, it was hard to persuade her that it was the truth, and that he was only a boy imitating a girl.

"How can you possibly be a boy, with your looks and figure?" she exclaimed. You are more feminine than nine girls out of ten, and prettier and have a better figure. That tiny waist! No boy could possibly have it! And your pretty hair, your face, your complexion, your small hands and feet, your sweet voice, your graceful manners. No. It is impossible. I won't

believe it."

"I'm sorry, but I really am a boy, though I know that I do not look it. I suppose I should be ashamed of imitating a girl and being so soft and feminine, but I cannot help my looks, and, like Violet, I make a far better girl than boy, and have been dressing as one so long, that I cannot change back. And I do not wish to. I LIKE being a girl, just as Violet does. You say that it is impossible for me to be a boy. But look at Violet. He is prettier than I am, and just as feminine, if not more so. He is beautiful, like yourself."

"You are beautiful, too," said Violet, "and I am glad you are a 'girl' like myself. He is truly a boy, Jeanette, and I love him and want you to love him and be nice to him for my sake."

"But think how he has deceived me--how intimate he has been with me," said Jeanette, with a touch of anger. Think of the hours he has spent with me in my room. I blush to think of it. He has even seen me in the bath. I treated him exactly like a girl and he deceived me. I never would have allowed a boy to be so intimate with me, if I had known the truth. And the numbers of times he has kissed me and fondled me. Oh! It makes me blush with shame."

"Please don't be angry with him, Jeanette," begged Violet. "After all, though he is a boy, he really is a girl at heart, as much so as I am. He is as feminine as a real girl and feels himself to be a girl, the same as I do, so you need not think of him as a boy, but as a girl, the same as you always have done. We will continue to be three girls together, as always, and there need to be no difference in our relations."

"All right," said Jeanette, smiling, and she took Violet in her arms and kissed him. "I forgive you, and you shall continue ~~(Jeanette)~~ to be a girl to me, the same as always. I suppose I ought to scratch your eyes out, the way you have pulled the wool over my eyes, and fooled me completely. If I did not know Violet as an example of how a boy can be transformed into a girl, I would not believe that you were not a girl, but Violet makes a perfect girl, and so do you. Why, I have seen you all but completely undressed, and no girl could look more completely feminine and attractive. How did you ever get such lovely skin and such a girlish body? You have the curves and even the bust. You may be a boy, but there is nothing of the boy about you. Your arms and legs are perfect and would be envied by many a real girl. You certainly are not much of a boy, or you would not be willing to be so tightly corsetted."

"How about Violet, then?" he asked. "He laces tightly, too."

"Well, he is not much of a boy, either. You are two of a kind," said Jeanette, "and it really is amazing that two boys can make such really beautiful girls, and be so feminine in every way. To me, Lucille, you will continue to be a girl and we will be just as friendly as ever, and as intimate. There need be no change." Again she took Lucille into her arms and sealed the bargain with a warm kiss, which, you may be sure, Lucille returned in full measure.

Jeanette promised that she wouldn't tell a soul about Lucille. He must remain a girl to others, except her father and mother, who must be told, because of the plan of the two boys going to the school--the reformatory. They must be told the nature of the school, and must be persuaded to consent to Violet going there with Lucille. It all ended with an agreement that Violet and Lucille should enter the school for the coming year, as both Violet's father and mother thought it would be an excellent thing for him to get more schooling.

Our two "girls" went to call on Mlle. Brule to make arrangements to enter the school, and were quite excited about it, for Bess and Agnes had told them a lot about it, and they wanted to see it for themselves this strange and unusual institution.

An attractive blonde "maid" opened the door at their ring. Could she be a man? She certainly didn't look like one, but our girls knew she must be,

because they had been told that every person in the establishment--teachers, pupils and servants were men or boys dressed as females. This maid looked very feminine. "She" made a good impression on our two girls, for she surely had been transformed perfectly. The maid conducted the girls to the office of Mlle. Brule and that lady received them pleasantly enough, but she was sure that these girls had made a mistake, and had come there under the impression that it was a real girls' school. For, naturally, Mlle. Brule thought that Violet and Lucille were real girls, and so it was no place for them. For it was rare indeed that boys who already were "girls" entered the school. Usually they came as boys and had to be transformed into girls, according to the school's methods, which took some little time. And so Mlle. Brule naturally enough, took our "girls" for real girls, and when they told her that they wanted to enter the school in the fall, she politely told them that the school would be full, and told them that they would have to find some other institution for girls.

Violet and Lucille were not surprised that Mlle. Brule thought them to be real girls, and so told her that they were really boys, and knew about her school from Bess and Agnes, former pupils. To say that Mlle. Brule was surprised was to express it mildly. She had thought, with all her experience with boy-girls, that she could readily spot them. She had trained hundreds of them and many of them were pretty girls, but she found it difficult to believe that our "girls" really were boys, and said they must prove it to her. Both of them felt rather embarrassed as they raised their skirts in front of this "woman", and showed her that they were actually males. After they had lowered and smoothed their dresses, they sat down and chatted with Mlle. Brule whose attitude had changed entirely at the revelation. Now she was eager to have our "girls" enter the school, and decided that she had room for them. They were ideal pupils, being already pretty girls, so that little work would have to be done on them. It was arranged that they should enter on the day the school opened. Mlle. Brule showed them around the premises, and took them to a pleasant, sunny room which she said they could have. It had a double bed. Violet's and Lucille's eyes met. That was what they wanted, to room together, to sleep together. They would take the room. They paid Mlle. Brule a deposit as a guarantee that they would come, and took their departure, filled with enthusiasm and much impressed with the school. Mlle. Brule had also impressed them very favorably, such a pleasant, nice looking woman. And what a figure she had--what a tiny waist for one so buxom. It was not until they were in their car, on the way home, that it suddenly came to them that Mlle. Brule must be a man. She had been so womanly, so feminine that during the interview they had forgotten that every person there was a man or boy, and it had not occurred to them that Mlle. Brule was a male. They both commented on it. It had not seemed possible that she could be a man, for she had all of the attributes of a woman, and an attractive one. They had particularly noted the masses of her hair, attractively coiffured, and her nice face and small, white hands, and small feet daintily clad in high heels. But the thing that had most thrown our girls off the track was Mlle. Brule's decidedly feminine figure, with ample bust and hips, but an unbelievably tiny waist, which they decided, could not be more than 18 inches around. How could a man accomplish it, how could a man stand such corsetting? But Bess and Agnes had told them that everybody at the school was a man, and so Mlle. Brule must be one. It was a marvellous impersonation, and if "she" was an example of what the school could do in transformation, it must be a wonderful place, and they were delighted that they were going there. Surely there must be other wonderful impersonations. How exciting it would be to know all of the boy-girls, to live with them and to be of them! They were happy at the prospect and looked forward to the opening of the school.

Fall came and our two "girls" arrived on the opening day and entered. Everything came up to their expectations, and they were surprised at the perfection of the pupils as girls--excepting, of course the new boys, who came in trousers and were at first uncouth and awkward in their dresses and short hair.

But they found the old "girls" marvellous, so completely had they been transformed. And some of them were so pretty, such as Bebe and Mimi and Fifi, and Lulu, with whom they quickly made friends. Violet and Lucille had known that they would take their place among the beauties of the school--Mlle. Brule had told them that--and now they realized that they would have competition, for some of the other girls were very lovely, particularly those I have just mentioned. But none of them were red-heads, nor had Violet's high coloring, and if it had come to a vote, Violet would have been voted the most beautiful girl of them all, with Bebe, Mimi, Fifi and Lulu close seconds--and Lucille, too, a dazzling blonde who was a rival of the beautiful blonde Bebe. Both had wonderful hair of a brilliant golden shade, which always attracted the eye. And both had the faces and complexions to go with their hair, which is trying and needs a pretty face to set it off.

But there was a feeling of jealousy among the school beauties, and all quickly made friends with our two "new girls" and accepted them into their circle. Violet and Lucille immediately became very popular with all of the girls, and with the teachers and servants as well, because of their beauty. All being males, and all striving to be as beautiful females as possible, it was natural that they should admire, and almost adore, other "girls" who were really beautiful. They envied them but still they sought their friendship, so that they could know them well and be as closely associated with them as possible. They were infatuated with boys who made lovely girls, and admired them far more than they would have admired real girls who were equally beautiful. It was natural for girls to be pretty and feminine, but not natural for boys, and so when they accomplished it, it seemed very thrilling, for it was a very difficult attainment--boys who actually were beautiful girls in feature and form, boys who could rival the prettiest real girls anywhere. And so our "girls" were welcomed at the school with open arms, and were thrilled with it all.

The first day in the Transformatory school passed rapidly for Violet and Lucille, and almost before they knew it, it was time to dress for dinner. Each girl took especial pains with his toilet, wishing to look his prettiest, and both looked extremely attractive after they had finished donning their pretty, low-cut evening gowns. Their hair was beautifully coiffured and their make-up was perfect. Each inspected the other, and each pronounced the other perfect, as they gave their noses a final powdering, applied rich perfume and descended to the drawing room, where soon all of the other "girls" and the teachers were gathered. They were astonished to find what perfect girls and women all of them seemed to be. The atmosphere was decidedly feminine, with an odor of face powder and perfume, a rustling of skirts, a clicking of high heels, and the hum of soft, feminine voices. Even the freshmen, in their attractive wigs and evening frocks, and clever make-up, appeared to be real girls, though some of them felt awkward in their unaccustomed tight corsets and snug-fitting high-heeled evening slippers. After dinner there were the usual drawing-room games or other recreation. Altogether, Violet and Lucille decided that they were going to like the school very much, it was so unique, so interesting, with its dozens of boy-girls, and men-women. It would be an interesting study, watching all of these males living as females, like themselves, all pretending to be what they were not, all acting a part, and yet, after a time, getting so accustomed to it that they got to think of themselves as real females, and developed female instincts, if they had not already had them. It would be interesting to watch the transformation of the new "girls"; to see their waists gradually grow smaller until they got down to the required 18 inches, a most trying time for them. To see their bodies take on feminine lines and curves, to see their breasts gradually develop, and their hair grow long and girlish. Each girl was proud of the day when "her" hair got long enough so that "she" could do without a wig; when she could wave it and curl it and fuss with it to her heart's delight. And another happy time was when a girl's hair was long enough so that she could do it up with hair-pins. Then she felt that she really was getting to be a real young lady. From the very start a good many of the boys who entered wished to be blonde girls, and Mlle. Brule would allow some of them to have their hair dyed in the school beauty shop, provided they had the complexions and the pretty faces to go with the rather trying golden hair. But others had to content themselves with being brunettes or brown haired maidens. After the arrival of the beautiful red-head, Violet, hair of her color became very popular in the school, and two or three of the girls who had the necessary bright complexions and good-looking faces, were permitted to dye their hair red. But needless to say, none of them could even approach our Violet either in beauty of hair nor face, nor form. He undoubtedly was the school's red-headed beauty, and he had only a few rivals of his feminine loveliness among the other girls or teachers. Those who could be considered as beautiful as he were Fifi, Mimi, Bebe, Little Lulu, Nanon, Dolores and Lucille, whose naturally dazzling blonde hair, pretty face and lovely figure, with its tiny waist, made him outstanding.

Lucille and Violet waited a bit impatiently for bed-time that first night, for each was eager to sleep with the other. Since he had become a girl, Lucille had never slept with anybody excepting his Mother, and Violet was accustomed to sleeping alone. Lucille's eagerness can be understood when we remember that he was in love with Jeanette, and now he was to sleep with her exact duplicate--or, almost exact. It is true that Violet did have male organs, but they were so tiny and undeveloped, that he seemed to be feminine in body, as well as in mind. And Violet was eager to sleep with Lucille because she actually was a male and yet beautiful and desirable in the eyes of Violet, whose natural tastes ran to men. But the prettier they were, the better she liked them. And in his eyes Lucille was without question a beautiful blonde girl, and yet a boy.

Soon the "girls" were undressed, and both decided that they would not follow the school rule and sleep in their corsets.

"That rule was not meant for us," said Violet. "Our waists already are developed. I am sure that none of the teachers will come here snooping to see if we are corsetted. We'll hide our stays under our pillows, so if anyone should peek in, they will not see them."

It would have been a pretty sight to any man who could have looked in as these two pretty "girls" were preparing for bed. To see them brush and comb their long hair while dressed in their pretty nighties--Violet's lovely blazing red hair, and Lucille's brilliant blonde locks, now reaching to their waists.

"Let's play a 'pretending' game," said the vivacious Violet. "It will be lots of fun."

"What shall we pretend?" asked Lucille.

"Let's pretend that we are husband and wife," said Violet, laughing. "You will be the husband and I your wife. You will make a better husband than I, though you will be the most beautiful, feminine husband that a girl ever had."

"I don't want to be the husband," said Lucille, pouting prettily. "I want to be the wife. I am as much of a girl as you are, and I don't want to pretend that I am a boy."

"Please," coaxed Violet, "be my husband for tonight, and tomorrow night you can be the wife, and I will be your husband and love you to death."

Lucille agreed to this plan finally, though both girls laughed at the idea of this dainty blonde maiden pretending to be a man.

"I wish I had men's pajamas, and a mustache," said Lucille, jokingly. "Then perhaps I would look like a man." And if I had a ~~man's~~ wig, I could hide my hair under it."

"Yes," said Violet, "but you couldn't hide your girl's face and your maidenly breasts and feminine curves. And I wouldn't sleep with you if you had a mustache. I have been kissed by men with moustaches and I don't like them. They tickle. I like you just as you are. No girl ever had a more beautiful "husband" and you can just pretend to be one. So let's go to bed."

Lucille was thrilled to hold the lovely Violet in his arms. His hair exhaled a delicate perfume and his smooth, white, warm body, with its curves and dainty breasts, seemed exactly like a real girl's--and that girl seemed to be his beloved Jeanette, a most satisfactory substitute to the now feminized Lucille, whose years as a girl had deadened his masculine proclivities. He was entirely happy to be able to hold the lovely Violet in his embrace, to kiss him, hug him, caress him, bury his face in Violet's fragrant hair, press his firm little maidenly breasts, feel the softness and femininess of his girlish body. Violet slept in his arms. After that, they alternated being husband and wife, but there was little difference, they found, after all, who was husband, and they slept together more like two lovely girls who loved one another in a feminine way. Their relations were normal, like two girls sleeping together in a natural way, except that they were more loving and affectionate than two normal girls might have been, due to their unusual sexuality. They were young and full of life and craved affection and sexual pleasures as any young girls would have done.

They loved the intimacy of their life together. Lucille was supremely happy in the possession of the pseudo Jeanette, and Violet loved Lucille because he was a male, and yet a beautiful girl, a combination that was most delightful to him.

In bed at night, in each others' arms, they often discussed their future and their strange loves and lives. They of course recognized the fact that they were abnormal sexually, boys who should have been girls, but it seemed perfectly natural to them, and they were not ashamed, though they

knew that society would regard them with disfavor if they knew the truth. But they determined that society should never know the truth. They made perfect girls and there was no reason why they should not spend the rest of their lives as girls, with nobody the wiser. Nobody need ~~never~~ know, unless they betrayed themselves, and this they never would do. Not only did they seem to be females, but they were beautiful in every way. They had everything that a lovely girl should have (with one important exception, and that could be concealed).

"How I should love to sleep with a regular he-man, and have him love me," said the irrepressible Violet one night. "What a wonderful experience that would be."

"Yes, I would love it too," said Lucille. "But I'm afraid it is impossible for we would be discovered at once. You know how men are with girls."

"I would give anything if we were real girls," said Violet. "How unlucky we are, girls, and yet not girls. I would love to be married to a nice man, and to have babies, like a normal woman. But that can never be."

"We can't have babies," said Lucille, "but I am not sure that we cannot marry. I read in a book that there are men of a certain type, apparently regular he-men, who fall in love with "girls" like us. If we could only meet men of that type, we could marry them and be happy wives. Perhaps some day we shall meet them. Wouldn't you adore to be the wife of a handsome man, who would love you and cherish you and live with you as though you were a normal girl?"

"Yes, I would adore it," said Violet. "The very thought of being a wife fills me with ecstasy. But I may never meet a man who would love me for myself alone, and marry me. But, if I did, we could not have children and so our wedded life would not be normal."

"But you could readily adopt children, and that would satisfy your maternal instinct," said Lucille. "You are such a lovely girl, Violet, that I am sure your physical beauty, your perfect femininity, would more than satisfy many a man, even if you cannot perform the marriage act. But the problem is to find such a man, and trust your secret to him. But perhaps it can be done, some day in the future."

Thus our girls discussed their problems intimately while in bed in each others' arms, night after night. They felt themselves to be girls, and longed for the normal life of girls, with marriage as the supreme desire.

Violet and Lucille were favorites of Mlle. Brule from the start, and as they were model pupils and obeyed all of the rules, they got no black marks and so were allowed to go home to St. Cloud for week-ends. Both "girls" had admiring boy friends and so they always had a gay time when at home.

When Lucille had left home to go to the school ~~she~~ he had discharged his personal maid, Marie, as maids were not allowed at the school, the "girls" having to do for themselves. The pretty Marie got married, and one week-end, when Violet and Lucille were together in Lucille's boudoir in his home, Marie came to see him, and brought her tiny baby, a sweet little girl. Both of our "girls" were entranced with the baby, with true maternal instinct, and begged Marie to let them hold the child. Lucille was cuddling the babe when Marie decided to go down to the kitchen to see her old friend, the cook. A sudden feminine desire seized Lucille to nurse the baby. He quickly slipped off the waist of his dress, and removed his brassiere, exposing his breasts, which had developed in a very satisfactory manner at the school, and would now do credit to any young woman. They were snowy white and had cute pink nipples of good size. Lucille now drew the baby to his breast and the infant began to suckle, though, of course, no milk came. A most delightfully voluptuous feeling came over Lucille as he felt the baby sucking at his breast. It was wonderfully feminine and never had he felt more like a female. He felt maternal, and it was a lovely sensation which no normal man could have. How ecstatic to be a girl!

The same feeling seized Violet, who also bared his breasts, and demanded that Lucille let him also nurse the baby. So Lucille passed the child over to Violet, reluctantly, and Violet nursed it as Lucille had done, and got the same erotic pleasure from the feeling of a baby sucking at his breasts. The baby was as good as gold, and did not resent the fact that he sucked in vain. Before Marie returned, both "girls" put back on their brassieres and waists, and she knew nothing of what had happened.

After that experience our "girls" were more than ever filled with maternal desire, and often discussed the subject, and how they would adore to have babies of their own. Such was their feminization, And they gloried in it.

The Christmas holiday period came round, and of course Lucille and Violet went home for the long vacation. And now the sprightly, fun-loving Violet had a most exciting adventure.

At a dance in Paris, the lovely Jeanette had met a handsome and very wealthy young man, and had made a decided hit with him as she did with practically every man with whom she came into contact. For she was very beautiful and had extraordinary sex appeal. She was irresistible to men. This man, Henri Smythe, had asked Jeanette to be allowed to call on her and she had set the date for a certain evening. But a boy that she liked better had later asked her to go out with him that same evening. She told Violet about it, and asked him if he would substitute for her with Henri. Violet had often taken Jeanette's place, and nobody had been the wiser, as they could not be told apart, except that Violet was apt to be a little too lively and animated with boys and men, as he loved a flirtation much more than Jeanette did, and got a great kick out of it.

The idea of taking Jeanette's place, and receiving Henri when he called delighted Violet. Here would be adventure. Henri was handsome and rich. Violet would carry on a warm flirtation with him and try to charm him and make Henri love him. What fun that would be during the holidays! He would have a regular "affair" with him. Henri had "fallen for" Jeanette, and so he would "fall for" Violet, for there was no apparent difference between the two girls. Jeanette would keep out of sight when Henri was around, and so would not suspect that there were two Jeanettes.

Violet wished to look stunning to Henri, so, accompanied by Lucille, he went in to Paris to his couturiere and bought an evening dress cut daringly low, so that it would show to full advantage the loveliness of his bust, shoulders and back, with all their creamy whiteness. He also paid a visit to his corsetiere and ordered a 17-inch corset, decided to lace in the extra inch to make an impression on Henri. The dress was fitted closely over this new corset and Violet loved the effect of his smaller waist, and ignored the discomfort of it. Lucille, with his regular 17-inch waist, had suggested the new size to Violet, who heretofore had been contented with his normal 18-inch waist. But men loved a tiny waist in a girl, so why not have one? Violet chose a green dress, which went so well with his red hair, and he bought a pair of green satin slippers to match, with 5-inch spike heels. They were hard to walk in, he knew, but he would not have to walk much, and they were very intriguing and made his feet look unbelievably small.

Lucille came over to help Violet dress, and to do his hair the evening Henri was to call on "Jeanette". Lucille had great skill at hairdressing and made Violet's hair look superb in an evening coiffure, beautifully marcelled on top, and parted at the side in a manner that was most becoming. His hair glowed and almost sparkled in its glorious redness. It was magnificent. Violet did not regret his new 17-inch corset as Lucille laced him in to the full limit. It was tight, but not too bad, and he would not mind it for the few hours that Henri would be there. The dress was lovely and Violet looked as though he had been poured into, so perfectly, and snugly did it fit his beautifully curved figure. Violet took much pains with his evening make-up, applying mascara judiciously to his eyelashes to make his eyes look large and dreamy. He perfumed himself heavily with his sister's

choicest perfume. Again he borrowed his mother's emeralds, earrings, necklace, bracelet and rings, which went so perfectly with his green gown. At last he was ready, groomed to perfection, and looking very beautiful. He was much pleased with his appearance as he surveyed himself in the long mirror. Lucille, too, was delighted with the charm of his "girl friend", and told Violet that Henri could not help falling in love with him on sight.

"He had better," said Violet, with a smile. "I am not going to all of this dolling up for nothing."

Soon a maid knocked and announced that Mon. Smythe was in the drawing-room. Lucille wished to see the meeting between the two, and so he had borrowed a maid's uniform, with cap, and when Violet went down, Lucille followed, as a maid, carrying his evening cloak, in case they should be going out. Lucille had a girl's curiosity to see Henri and judge what manner of man he was, so that later he could discuss him with Violet. Violet, as a joke, treated Lucille as a servant and ordered him to go fetch some wine for Mon. Henri, which Lucille did gracefully enough. Violet then dismissed "her" and gave his attention to Henri, who he found to be as handsome as Jeanette had said. Violet now turned on all of his feminine charm in order to favorably impress Henri. He could see the look of admiration in Henri's eyes, as Henri inspected the lovely red-headed girl in the pretty gown with adorably small waist, a perfect figure, gracious and smiling. It was a case of love at first sight with Henri, and, as he told Violet later, he had infatuated him from the very beginning. But few men would have been able to resist Violet that evening, for he was extremely beautiful and alluring, with the utmost sex appeal. Violet also found himself falling in love with the handsome Henri, who brought out all of the feminine in him.

This was the beginning of a rapid courtship on Henri's part, and the audacious Violet encouraged him and made himself as glamorous as possible, for he found it a most delightful and thrilling experience to have a lover and to be loved by a handsome young man, who to him was almost irresistible. Henri now saw Violet every day, and they were together much of the time. Henri took "her" to Paris every day for luncheon, tea, dinner, theater, opera, night clubs, where they danced. He gave "her" a rush, a dizzy whirl. And Violet loved it, and was having the time of his life. He knew from the beginning that Henri was in love with him and he was sure that he was in love with Henri, and so when together they acted like a pair of lovers, though Violet made him keep his distance and would not permit him to kiss "her", thus making "her" all the more desirable to Henri, who would not have liked a girl who was too forward and yielded too easily. Violet had method in this, for he was working to have Henri propose to him. After they were engaged would be time enough for kisses and more intimacy between them. The proposal was not long in coming. One evening Henri took Violet to the opera. He had gotten himself up exquisitely in black velvet and pearls, so that all the men turned for a second look at the stunning auburn haired girl. Henri was entranced and very proud to be the escort of this slender beauty as they paraded along the crowded foyer between the acts, where everybody went to see and be seen. On the way home in the car, Violet for the first time allowed Henri to put his arm around "her" waist, and hold "her" hand, and "she" had allowed Henri to see the love-light in "her" eyes during the evening, and they had had a glorious flirtation. Violet felt the proposal was at hand. Nor was "she" mistaken, for when they arrived at "her" home and settled in the cozy library, Henri asked Violet to marry him. Violet blushed becomingly, and acted as he felt a girl would act when being proposed to, and coyly said "yes". Henri now seized "her" in his arms and their lips met for the first time, in a passionate kiss. A thrill passed through Violet's whole being as he nestled in Henri's strong, manly

arms, very closely held, and felt Henri's lips pressing his own soft red ones. It gave him a most voluptuous, erotic feeling, and he felt himself to be completely a girl in love with a man. And it was divine. Henri had come prepared, and produced a very valuable engagement ring, consisting of a large diamond of the first water, surrounded by emeralds. He placed it on Violet's dainty little ring finger, and again they kissed.

Henri was all for a speedy marriage, but Violet refused to set a date --for how could he? But he said he wanted time to get together his trousseau, and he wanted a large and elaborate wedding. Henri demurred at this, and suggested that they simply slip away to some parsonage and have the knot quickly tied.

"That is just like a man," laughed Violet. "You never want the fuss and bother of an elaborate wedding. But we girls love it. I want a church wedding with a dozen pretty bridesmaids and handsome ushers. I want to walk down the aisle wearing a lovely satin wedding gown, and walk back on your arm, so all the guests can see us. And then I want a big reception here, after which we will leave on our honeymoon trip. That is the way a girl likes to have it."

"All right," said Henri, "I can't refuse my beautiful sweetheart anything that her little heart desires. And it will be the same after we are married. You will find me a most devoted and loving husband."

Violet thrilled at this. What a lovely man Henri was! If it only could come true, and they really could get married and he could be Henri's darling young bride! Why wasn't he a real girl? He cursed his fate. He was loved, and in love, and yet he couldn't marry the man of his choice. He was a girl, a beautiful one--and yet he was not--alas, he was not a female, though possessed of a feminine body, with the one exception, and that the most important one. Alas! A girl, and yet a boy, a creature without sex, and yet with all the sensations of a female. For he loved a man.

Violet well knew that he was treading on dangerous ground to thus become engaged to a man whom he could not marry, and he knew that eventually he would have to break it off. But that would come later. He would live for the present and not worry about the future. He would be Henri's sweetheart as long as he dared, and then he would devise some scheme to end it, and go back to school.

Henri insisted that Violet should start getting "her" trousseau at once, and though it was customary for the bride's father to buy it for her, yet he declared that he would buy it himself, and help Violet in its selection.

Next morning Jeanette saw Violet's engagement ring, and chided him for going so far with Henri.

"You know you can't go on with it," Jeanette scolded. "He thinks you are me, and what is going to happen when you go back to school? I certainly am not going to take your place with Henri, for I don't want to marry him. You have gone altogether too far. It was all right for you to play around and flirt with him, for it is fun for you, and does no harm. But you must be crazy to consent to marry him. Or have you forgotten that you are not a real girl? You will have to do something about it before your vacation ends, and you are going to find it difficult to suddenly break it off, for no doubt he loves you. I think you are a shameless hussy to lead him on to ask you to marry him. Now I see why you have been so fussy about your clothes and your hair and looks. You have been playing the siren and using your beauty to wrap Henri in your coils. It is all wrong. I am disgusted with you."

"Don't worry, sister," said Violet. "I will get out of it when the time comes. It is such fun, and so exciting. Henri adores me, so why should I not have the experience of being a man's sweetheart and let him give me a "rush"? And he is going to buy my trousseau. He is very rich and I ^{am} have to have the loveliest and most expensive things. Dozens of

beautiful dresses, and hats and furs and everything else that a girl wants."

"I think you are a very bad boy to let Henri buy you a trousseau when you cannot marry him. You are deceiving him, and it is wrong, and you know it," said Jeanette.

"But it will give him pleasure, and he won't mind spending the money, and he never will miss it, being so wealthy. My company gives him delight and so do my kisses, which he should be willing to pay for with a few clothes and jewels, so I can't see any harm in it. I am going to be a regular little gold-digger and make him spend a lot on me."

"Why, you brazen thing," said Jeanette. "Aren't you ashamed to let a man kiss you and pet you and treat you as though you were a real girl, when you are, after all, only a boy?"

"Certainly not," replied Violet. "I consider myself a girl and feel like one towards men. I am not really a boy at all. Do I look like one?" At least, Henri doesn't think so."

"Of course you look like a beautiful girl, I will admit," said Jeanette, "and since you feel yourself to be one, I understand, and will forgive you. Kiss me, darling."

Violet did so, and thus they made up, and put their heads together to plan a way out for Violet when it was time to end relations with Henri. It was a pretty sight, those lovely identical twins sitting side by side and planning how to circumvent a man. No one could have guessed which one of those beauties was a boy, for they looked exactly alike. Anyone would have said it was utterly impossible that one of them could be a male.

The very next day Henri came for Violet in his expensive limousine, with liveried chauffeur, and they went in to Paris and started on Violet's trousseau. Ordinary a man like Henri would have been bored with all the feminine shopping, but Henri liked it because it gave ~~ix~~ him an opportunity to be with the girl that he loved, and he wanted to be with her every possibly moment. And now came very busy days for the two, with a perfect orgy of shopping every morning and some days part of the afternoon. They went to various high class couturiers to buy dresses. Henri loved to sit beside his beloved while the pretty models paraded before them displaying the latest styles of dresses. The models were very attractive, and Violet found himself watching Henri to see whether he was interested in the pretty girls, for he found for the first time in his life, that he could easily be jealous of other girls, and it surprised him, and convinced him that he really must be in love with Henri. He was handsome, and the girls cast flirtatious eyes toward him when opportunity offered, but Violet was delighted to learn that Henri had eyes only for himself, and was only interested in the dresses that the models wore, and not in them personally. Henri was of an artistic nature and Violet found that he had a real taste in feminine clothes, though he had never had any experience with them before, and so he was of great help to Violet in making his selection of dresses. They would confer over the different frocks they saw and decide which would be the most desirable for Violet. The wealthy Henri was generous to extravagance and where Violet would have selected say eight or ten dresses at a showing, Henri would insist that she order twice as many. And of course Violet had no objection to this, for his feminine heart loved pretty clothes. And Henri wanted him to have lots of the prettiest and most fashionable and expensive clothes to enhance his beauty. Almost everything looked well on the lovely Violet, but he knew enough to avoid colors that would clash with his red hair. His favorite color was green, and he ordered many dresses in various shades of that color, both day and evening garments. The daytime dresses were mostly bought ready-made, from the models, for they could be altered to fit Violet's figure, but most of his evening gowns were made to measure, because he had adopted a style that Henri adored and that was evening frocks that fitted his tightly-corsetted figure as though he had been poured into them. Violet favored evening dresses that were cut daringly décolleté, because he had such a nice skin and pretty back, shoulders and bust, and loved to display them to the best

advantage, and Henri loved him that way besy of all. Violet would do anyt thing to charm Henri, but fortunately both of them favored the same style s Day after day they visited the most exclusive dress shops, inspected the wares, and ordered more and more dresses for Violet. And naturally Violet had to spend hours at fittings, but even here Henri was delighted to accompany him and look on while the fitters fussed over Violet's clothes, draping, pinning, altering to fit. Violet was very patient, for he liked being fitted, with Henri as spectator, reclining comfortably in a chair and looking at his bride-to-be with admiring eyes, as she stood on the little platform trying on dress after dress. And Henri was never satisfied, but kept buying Violet more and more dresses of every description and, when they were sent home, his clothes-press was overflowing with hid dozens of gowns, so that he had to handy some of them in the closet of the guest chamber. And H enri forbid Violet to wear any of these dresses that were ordered as his trousseau.

"You must not wear these until after we are married," he told Violet. "I consider it bad luck for a girl to wear her trousseau before the wedding!" Violet agreed to this, but told Henri she was short of dresses and other things to wear up to the wedding, especially since he was going to Paris with Henri every day, and visiting with him the most fashionable restaurants, theaters, opera and night clubs, where a girl must be well dressed. The liberal Henri solved this by buying Violet dresses and other things which he called Violet's "prenuptial" outfit, and he was so generous that Violet had a new evening gown every time she went out with Henri, which was practically every evening.

But it was not only dresses that Henri bought for Violet, but a most complete and expensive trousseau at the most exclusive women's specialty shops. Henri bought sets of the sheerest and most divine lingerie by the dozens, for nothing was too good for his sweetheart. Violet's vests, panties and slips were of lovely colors, many of them lace trimmed, and made to measure so as to fit Violet's slender figure to perfection. He also bought stockings by the dozens for him, and dozens of pairs of shoes to match his various evening dresses, as well as for street and sports wear. Violet had his shoes made in various heights of heels--3½ inches for street wear, 4 inches for evening wear and dancing, and a few with 5 inch pencil heels to wear formally in the evening for dinners, the theater or opera, where Violet would not have to walk much. He was perfectly at home with such heels and could walk in them daintily and gracefully, but they were too high for much walking or dancing. Henri liked high heels because they made Violet's feet look so small and dainty. And Violet liked them, too in spite of their discomfort--for he always wore shoes and slippers that were a snug fit and as tight as he could stand. Besides these, Henri bought him many pairs of high-heeled mules to go with the lovely house dresses, and negligees, in shades to mtach. Everything was purchased for Violet's trousseau on the same elaborate scale, and he simply revelled in his lovely things. He selected oodles of hats of every concievable style and material. Violet, to try on hats in front of a mirror. Almost every hat was becoming to him, as is the case with any beautiful girl or woman, and he delighted to look at himself in the glass while the shopladies placed hat after hat on his bountiful red hair, and studied the effect. And Henri was always beside him to admire, and to urge Violet to buy every hat that took her fancy.

Almost the fir st day of their shopping together, Henri took Violet to the best fur shop in Paris, and, to "her" delight, bought her an extremely beautiful and expensive Russian sable cloak. Violet felt a little guilty at accepting such a valuable gift from Henri, and demurred a little, but Henri insisted, so that it was all right with Violet, who kept reminding himself that Henri was very rich, and would never miss the money, and that it gave him the utmost pleasure to buy lovely articles for his beloved. Besides the sables, Violet selected a fine mink jacket, a magnificent

ermine evening robe, with muff to match, a mink jacket and a silver fox neck piece, all expensive and of the finest quality.

And accessories were by no means overlooked. Gloves, veils, scarves, belts, hand bags were bought almost by the wholesale. Then there were lovely night dresses, perfumes, face powders and other cosmetics.

And when it came to jewelry for Violet, Henri really "blew himself." His first gift to Violet was a string of large matched pearls, of the first water, and a pair of drop pearl earrings, costing thousands and thousands of francs. At another shop he bought Violet a pearl bracelet and ring, and a pair of emerald earrings, all very expensive. For his hair, Henri bought a small diamond tiara, for formal wear at the opera or fashionable functions. But Both Violet and Henri preferred pearls to diamonds, for pearls looked superb again Violet's lovely creamy-white skin, and diamonds were a bit too flashy for so young a girl, though he, of course, had his magnificent diamond engagement ring, which he always wore, and which always attracted much attention.

Henri even accompanied Violet when he went to his corsetiere, though a corset shop is usually a place banned by men. But it was all right for Henri to go and see Violet being fitted to his corsets, because they were engaged, as he took pains to tell the women in the shop. Henri insisted that Violet have all of his corsets made to measure of the finest materials, and he must have a corset to match the color of his various evening gowns, as well as white ones for day-time wear. Henri adored a small waist in a girl and had told Violet that his small waist was one of the things that had first attracted his attention, although it really had been Jeanette's 18-inch waist at their first meeting. But Violet had "gone her one better" by having a 17-inch waist the first time Henri had called on him. To please Henri Violet decided to have all of his new evening corsets made size 17, except six pairs with a tiny 16-inch waist, for wear when there was to be no dancing and not much walking, such as at formal dinners and the theater or opera, for Violet found that he could stand such tight lacing for a few hours if he did not have to exert himself, and he did it to please Henri. Twelve different evening gowns were ordered with 16-inch waists. When Violet went back, (with Henri, of course) to try on his new stays, it so happened that the first ~~one~~^{pair} was one of the new 16-inch ones. Henri sat in the fitting room while Violet went into one of the dressing rooms, stripped down to his undies, and clasped on the new corset, but loosely. He then went out into the fitting room, and Henri, for the first time, saw him in his lingerie and corsets, and for the first time gazed upon the beautiful symmetry of Violet's legs in their sheer silk hose. To him, Violet was perfection, as, indeed, he would have been to any man. And now, for the first time, Henri saw a girl being laced into her corset, and he gazed with big eyes as the women drew in the strings and made Violet's waist smaller, inch by inch, until it was down to the desired 16 inches. Henri made no comment at the time, but after they had left the shop, Henri displayed his ignorance, and made Violet laugh by saying that he always had thought that a girl's small waist was natural and he had had no idea that their corsets had to be laced in in that manner.

"It must be terrible. I don't see how you stand it," he said.

"Oh, we women get used to it," Violet said, "and we don't mind it. It is the fashion, and we do it to make ourselves more attractive to you men, though I think few of you appreciate what we go through to please you."

"Well, I certainly am glad that men do not have to wear corsets," he said. "I surely would hate it."

"I suppose most men are that way, but, you know, there are some men who wear corsets, and like them. In fact, there are some boys and men who like to dress completely as girls. Some of them live as girls, and you never would know the difference, for they make up very well and can imitate girls to perfection."

"I have never seen any of that sort of men, and would not like them, for they must be sissies."

"Some of them are very nice. You would be surprised," said Violet,

laughing to himself, as he thought of how much Henri liked him, a real "sissey" if there ever was one. He was amused as he wondered what Henri would say if he knew the secret of Violet's sex. But he should never know, of course. "He might murder me," thought Violet, "after the way I have led him on and deceived him into thinking that I am a beautiful girl."

"Do you know," said Violet, "I think it would be a splendid thing if every man were compelled to wear a complete outfit of women's clothes, tight corsets, high heels and all the rest of it, for, say, a month. Then you would appreciate us girls more, and have more patience with us when you think we move too slowly and some times are not as lively and vivacious as you would like to have us. Then, when you saw a tightly laced woman, you would understand her better. But of course, we never could get men to do it. And how funny most of them would look dolled up as girls, painted and powdered and bewigged, corsetted and high-heeled with swishing skirts, trying to imitate the "fair sex." It would be just too ridiculous for words. But it would be a good lesson for you, if it only could happen."

"You can bet it never will. I would feel like an idiot dressed as a female and would not ~~any~~ want anybody to see me," said Henri.

"But I think you would make a very good looking girl," said Violet, smiling to himself. "After we are married, I am going to dress you up in women's clothes some time. And I am going to lace you within an inch of your life."

"Oh, no you are not," said Henri, with a wry face. "I will be a devoted husband and do most anything you ask of me, but I shall draw the line at ~~xx~~ wearing women's clothing, even to please you."

"All right," said Violet. "But I think it's an amusing idea."

The Winter vacation was passing all too fast for Violet, and almost before he knew it, the time for returning to school was almost at hand. He had been a fast worker with Henri, and a week after he had met him, they had become engaged, and Violet was wearing the magnificent diamond and ruby ring I have already described. And then the two had embarked on an orgy of shopping for Violet's trousseau. Already they had spent several days at it, but the things that Henri wanted to buy for Violet, especially dresses, were too numerous to mention. It had not taken them very long to purchase Violet's lingerie, stockings, night dresses, negligées, gloves, shoes and various accessories, but it was the dresses that took the time. Some of them were purchased ready made, but the many evening gowns were made to measure, and all of them required fittings, for Violet always wore them tight and form-fitting, with the bodices clinging closely to his slender waist, so as to show it to full advantage, a style pleasing to Henri, and to Violet, too, who often said: "What is the use of having an 18-inch waist, and then hiding it under your clothes? It would be silly to lace in the way I do, and then not have it seen."

Besides, it was the fashion of the day, and so all of Violet's dresses were designed to reveal his slender waist-line to the fullest extent. They were made to hook down the back, and fitted like a glove.

Almost every morning Henri came to St. Cloud in his limousine, with liveried chauffeur at the wheel, and he took Violet to Paris on a shopping expedition. And almost every day they ordered several dresses. And now, with the end of the vacation fast approaching, Violet was in a dilemma--a quandary. His trousseau was not yet half acquired, and a dozen or more dresses were being made, which would later on require fittings, and they would not be ready before the time for Violet to leave for school. There also were several corsets in work that would have to be fitted, and several pairs of made-to-order evening slippers to match evening gowns. And there were many other things yet to be bought. There was no limit to Henri's generosity, and Violet knew that he could go on and on with the acquiring of his trousseau, and so it was unthinkable that he should now return to school, and give it all up. It was the opportunity of a life-time for him to acquire the most gorgeous and extensive wardrobe at Henri's expense. And besides, the wardrobe, Henri was always buying him jewels. One day it was pearls, then diamond earrings, an emerald necklace and bracelet and rings of various jewels. Nothing was too good, or too expensive for Henri to bestow on his fiancée, the girl that he loved and was about to marry(?) Henri loved doing it, and was completely happy when with Violet and buying him presents, he being rich and not minding the money in the least.

Henri was giving Violet a mad rush, a whirl of a courtship, of which the shopping was only a small part, ~~of it~~, though the selection of the many dresses, both for the trousseau, and for Violet to wear before the wedding (which Henri called her "pre-nuptial" clothes) took a lot of time, as did the many hours of fittings. But Henri was content to be with Violet, and to sit and watch while the dresses were being draped, pinned, altered to fit Violet's lovely, slender figure. Henri just sat back in his chair, relaxed, and admired the beautiful flaming-haired "girl" that soon was to become his bride, (as he hoped). It seemed that Henri had a flair for women's dresses, and Violet's taste was excellent, and he knew what was most becoming to him, so their selections were excellent, and everything that Violet put on looked lovely on him, and never failed to delight Henri, as he gazed with fond eyes on the beautiful maiden that was to some day be his. Henri was with Violet most of his waking hours and after the shopping they would lunch together, then perhaps go to a matinee, then tea at a place where there was dancing, thus giving Henri a chance to hold his beloved in his arms as they glided over the dance floor. Then Henri would take Violet back home, and wait patiently while she changed to an evening frock, redressed his hair, and donned impeccable evening make-up. Then, looking simply divine, he would trip down to the drawing room, rejoin Henri, and they would motor in the Paris and eat dinner at some fashionable restaurant, such as the Ritz, or the Maurice.

Some evenings they would go to the theater, and dance at a night-club afterwards. But their evenings varied. They were always together, and that was all that mattered to Henri. And naturally Violet loved it, too, and was having the time of his young life. Some evenings they would return to Violet's home after dinner, and these were the evenings that Violet found most delightful, as did Henri, for they would go to the cozy library, close the door, and spend the time billing and cooing, as lovers always have from time immemorial. Now Violet loved Henri's tender petting and his caresses, and his frequent kisses, full of passion. Henri would draw Violet's lovely, slender form onto his lap, and hold him tightly in his warm embrace. Violet would rest his vivid red-head on Henri's shoulder, with his soft, smooth cheek touching Henri's masculine one, while one of Henri's arms would be about Violet's waist and he would hold Violet's soft, white little hand, with its cute pink palm and long, brightly polished, pointed finger-nails. Henri had learned not to squeeze Violet's waist too tightly, ~~when~~ ^{and} he had seen Violet being laced into his small corsets at the shop, ~~as~~ ^{and} he understood the squeezing Violet already was undergoing, which most men do not appreciate--at least not until they are married to a tight-lacing wife. But if, in his rapture, he would press too tightly, Violet would gently remind him of his laced condition by drawing away, to avoid becoming too breathless. And thus they would spoon, supremely happy, Violet being in the seventh heaven as he reclined in the arms of the handsome man he loved (or, at least, he loved him as much as it was possible for a "girl" of his nature and sex to love any man.) With him it was passion rather than love. He was girl enough for that, but not for a deep, tender, abiding love such as husbands and wives have for one another. Often Violet would turn his head until his lips met those of Henri and they would kiss until both were breathless. Or Henri would make the advances and draw Violet's face to his. Violet felt no shame in making the advances in kissing Henri. He was such a vivacious, lively, pleasure-loving girl, and so ~~more~~ forward and flirtatious, that he acted on impulse, and when he felt like kissing Henri, he did not hesitate to do so. It was fun, and it gave him a voluptuous and erotic pleasure, a superb feeling of feminine sexuality coursing through his being, and so he yielded to his impulses. Why not? He knew that his time with Henri was short, and he must make the ~~most~~ most of it. Henri often discussed their wedding, and urged Violet to fix a date, but he was evasive, naturally, only saying that he wanted to wait a while. He wanted his delightful liason with the fond Henri to last as long as possible. He realized the the bitter ending would come all too soon. But he could not endure the thought of it ending soon, and his going back to the drab, disciplined school. He must first get from Henri all the dresses possible, to say nothing of furs, jewels and other things dear to the heart of a young girl. Besides, all this, they had made a number of "dates" for the future. One of them was to a fashionable ball to be given two weeks later at the mansion in Paris of the Count and Countess de Gaule. Henri, who moved in the best circles of Paris society, had been invited to this outstanding social affair, where all of the prominent society people of wealth and fashion would be, and of course he had invited Violet to go as his partner. Already they were planning the costume that he would wear. It must be very elegant, for on such an occasion Violet must look his beautiful best. Another engagement was for a gala performance at the opera, for which Henri had engaged one of the best boxes, right in the center of the diamond horseshoe. And they had other plans for the near future. So there were a hundred reasons why Violet could not desert Henri now and return to school. But the problem was: How to bring it about? He didn't care to leave school, and wanted to carry on his "affair" with Henri for a few weeks more. He had asked Jeanette's advice, and even suggested that she take his place with Henri. But Jeanette would not listen to that for a minute. At the

moment she was being rushed by a boy friend named Robert Lansing, and she would not dream of dropping him for another man. Besides, she pointed out to Violet that she could not possibly substitute for him with Henri, because Violet had gone so far with him. Previously, when Violet had substituted for Jeanette, he had acted just as Jeanette would have done, demure, sweet, maidenly and possibly a mite shy. But with Henri, since ~~his~~ their engagement, Violet had been his real vivacious, forward self, and not a bit like Jeanette would have behaved under similar circumstances. So that even if Jeanette had consented to "take up" with Henri, he would instantly have noticed the difference in her character, though their looks would have been the same physically.

But the case with Violet was desperate. Something must be done to enable him to continue his relations with Henri. He decided to consult Lucille, who was noted for his good judgment and level-headedness. Lucille had been a very busy "girl" during the vacation period. He had many boy friends, who kept him busy with invitations to social affairs, and he was having just as mad a whirl as Violet, and was not much at home, except early mornings, so the two saw little of each other. Early one morning Violet went to Lucille's home to consult him, to ask his advice. Lucille had been out to a late dance the night before with one of his numerous boy admirers, and so was still in bed when Violet arrived in his bedroom. Violet was very fond of his pretty roommate and had missed him at night, and so was delighted ~~him~~ to see him. How lovely he looked sitting up in bed with his shining golden hair draped over his shoulders, framing his flower-like girlish face in a halo. He was wearing a delicious lace-trimmed night gown, sleeveless and cut low so as to expose the whiteness of Lucille's ~~arms~~, neck and shoulders, and his snowy bosom revealed, and yet partly concealed, the white mounds and pink nipples of his perfect girlish little breasts, and the dear little valley in between. He was an exquisite picture of a fair young maiden, and Violet was so taken with his beauty, that when he gave Lucille a good-morning kiss, it was warmer and more lingering than usual. For he loved Lucille, as one girl loves another, and yet there was always in the back of his mind the memory that Lucille really was a boy, or at least had once been one, and this fact made Violet love him all the more--for he actually was a boy, and yet an unusually pretty girl. And a boy that could be so pretty, intrigued Violet no end.

Violet sat down on the bed beside Lucille, and, while he held his hand, explained his problem.

"There is just one thing for you to do," said Lucille, "in order not to go back to school now, and that is to persuade Jeanette to go back in your stead, and you stay home and continue your affair with Henri until the time comes for you to break it off, possibly in a few weeks. You know how interested she has always been in the school and its inhabitants; the hundreds of questions she has asked, and how she has often said she wished she could see all of the "girls" and teachers and servants, because they are so unique, and leading such strange, unnatural lives. She has said that she would love to meet the school beauties, such as Bebe, Mimi, Fifi and Lulu, and the more pretty and striking of the teachers, such as Nanon and Dolores and Mlle. Brule herself. This will be her chance. I think we can get her to substitute for you for a few weeks. She would get a great kick out of it, and would be the first real girl ever to be an inmate of this "girls" school. With me to help her, there will be no difficulty. She would find the school's lessons very easy, as she has passed all of the subjects, and is far more advanced than you are. She would not mind the discipline for a short time. You, Violet, are such a favorite with the teachers, as well as with the "girls" and servants, that Jeanette, in your place, would have a pleasant enough time of it, and it would be a wonderful experience for her. I can tell her all about everybody in the school and post her, and I will always be at

her elbow to steer and guide her, and tip her off as to who the different ones were at first, until she got acquainted, which would not take her long. You two being as like as two peas, nobody will ever suspect the substitution and with my help Jeanette can get by all right," said Lucille.

"That part of it is all right," said Violet, "but remember that in taking my place, Jeanette will have to room with you--and sleep with you in our double bed. Probably she will object to that."

"She need not be afraid of me," said Lucille, at the same time blushing and feeling a little embarrassed at Violet's bringing up the subject that he had all along had in mind, for it was, indeed, a delicate matter, and yet a situation which Lucille longed with all his heart to bring about. He was in love with Jeanette, and the idea of rooming with her, and sleeping with her, thrilled him through and through. "I will promise her that I will never fail to be a perfect lady, in bed or out. She is used to me as a girl. We have been very intimate, and have often seen each other practically naked in our bedrooms. We have no secrets from each other. So I am sure that if I assure her that I shall always remain a girl, she will agree to room and sleep with me."

"But can you do it? Can you control yourself?" asked Violet.

"Yes, I can, positively, though it may prove difficult. I have been a girl so long, and have taken so many female sex hormones, that I have lost much of my former masculinity, and am sure I can remain a girl, even ~~with~~ in bed with your beautiful sister," said Lucille. "But I am hoping that she will at least be as affectionate as you are, and that we can have the same harmless relations. But I'll get dressed and we'll go over and see her."

As was to be expected, Jeanette at first demurred at the plan of the two "girls," but they had an answer ready for every one of her objections. Lucille promised that he never would for a moment forget that he was a "girl." Her boy-friend, Robert, would be going back to college, so she ~~would~~ would not be missing his company. Like all ~~identical twins~~, identical twins, Jeanette dearly loved her twin "sister" and always wanted to do anything he asked of her, to please him. And so finally she agreed to the plan which Violet and Lucille proposed. She would go to the school in Violet's place, but for a limited time. It would be an exciting experience for her, and would satisfy her great curiosity about the inmates of the unique school. She would come home week-ends, and Violet must agree that when she got fed up with the school, he must break off with Henri, and go back himself. Violet promised, though the very thought of breaking off with Henri distressed him greatly. It would be a most difficult thing to do, and so heartless, and so cruel to Henri, after being so deceived and misled by the boy he believed to be a beautiful girl. But it had to be done eventually. Violet would put off the evil moment as long as possible, and in the meantime enjoy himself as the adored future bride of Henri, and go on with the gay social life and the shopping for all the delightful things he needed for his "trousseau," always in the company of his dear Henri.

When the vacation ended, Jeanette went to the school with Lucille, as agreed, and all went well, without any hitch. Jeanette was accepted as Violet and nobody (except Lucille) knew the difference. Lucille was in transports of joy with his new roommate, but he kept his promise, and was always a "girl" with her, though he had to exercise considerable restraint when in bed with her, for the male in him would come to the surface, and he had to conceal it from Jeanette. But the male in him was now weakened, owing to his years of life as a girl, and so he was able to behave in a manner that was satisfactory to Jeanette, who continued to look upon him as a girl--as always, though in the back of her mind she was at times conscious of the fact that she actually was sleeping with a former male. She secretly enjoyed the sensation, as did Lucille enjoy mightily the sensation of sleeping with a real girl for the first time.

On Lucille's advice, Jeanette wore an elastic bandage similar to that worn by Violet and himself, and, in fact, by all of the "girls" and "women" in the school. She was always careful to lock the door before taking a bath, or in the toilet, and saw to it that nobody, excepting Lucille, ever saw her in the complete nude. She found the lessons interesting and at the same time easy, and she thoroughly enjoyed the close association with all of the boy-girls and the teacher men-women, with their amazingly perfect female impersonations. It was a most interesting study, of a most unique, unusual group of males. She had been familiar with the eccentricities of Violet, and of Lucille, and had taken as a matter of course their desire to be girls. But now to find a large group of boys and men who should have been born girls, and who desired to be girls, and were girls to the best of their ability, was indeed a surprise to her. For she had thought that Lucille and Violet were unique, and that there were no other boys like them. But here were dozens of them. Among them Violet had had a number of intimate friends, and Lucille had tipped Jeanette off, so that she would show the proper warmth and friendship for them. This was a wonderful opportunity for her to study these boy-girls. She became intimate with them, and got them to confess their innermost feelings and desires, which, to them, seemed perfectly natural, but ~~upon~~ which society would consider unnatural and abnormal, and to be frowned upon. Jeanette learned that these boys were transvestites, who desired to be girls, and to wear girls' clothes, and to play the part of girls. Everything about a girls' clothing, when worn by themselves, gave them sexual pleasure, and so they were happy in their impersonations, but would have been miserable if forced to live as boys, and wear boys' clothing. They loved having girlish hair, nice complexions, good figures, and strove with all their might to be as pretty girls as possible, and to be feminine in every way--voice, mannerisms, movements, looks.

Jeanette found that among these "girls" there were a number of fetishes. All liked anything of a feminine nature. Most of them adored long hair, and many of them loved to wear corsets tightly laced, which gave them erotic pleasure. Others made a fetish of lingerie, high heels, maidenly breasts, etc. She found that almost all of them were sexual inverts, and liked ~~xi~~ men rather than girls, they being the "girls" themselves. They liked to wear make-up and perfumery and pretty dresses. They thought a lot about their appearance and fussed before the mirror. They spent hours on their hair. Much of their talk was about boys and men--it was, in fact, exactly like a real girls' school in many respects, with a decidedly feminine atmosphere, which all did their best to maintain. It was forbidden for any "girl" to refer to "her" real sex. The only gender in the school was the feminine, and everything was "she" and "her", and never "he" and "him." The pupils always talked about themselves as girls, and considered themselves to be girls and sank their personalities into the part. Jeanette was a trifle shocked to find that Violet had some lovers among the other "girls" and even among the teachers. Lucille had not told her about them at first, but now helped her to avoid them, acting as though jealous--as indeed ~~her~~ was. But Jeanette did not want to avoid them completely, though of course she refused their invitations to sleep with them. But she allowed them to court her somewhat, so that she could get to know them better and study them. She allowed them an occasional kiss or caress so that she could ~~get to know them better~~ and quiz them as to their thoughts and feelings, their sexual reactions, their peculiar quirks. It was a fascinating study, such as is afforded to few girls--or men, either, for that matter. For they were by nature clannish, and very secretive about themselves, and did not want outsiders to know the truth about them. It was their ambition and ardent desire to have the world think them to be actually females, and they would go to extremes not to betray themselves to those not "in the know." But among themselves, they were exceeding frank and loved to talk about themselves and their peculiarities, so that Jeanette, taking the part of Violet, gleaned much interesting information from them.

Meanwhile the happy Violet continued his merry whirl with Henri, and his wardrobe kept piling up, with their almost daily purchases of dresses and accessories. He bought some hats that were simply divine. He loved trying on hats, with the salesladies fussing over him, while he studied the effects in the mirror, and listened to their flattering comments, which ~~xxx~~ made him all the more conscious of his girlish beauty. It was thrilling to be such a pretty girl and it gave him the utmost pleasure as he saw his bright face in the glass crowned with its halo of blazing hair, and becoming hats. All hats seemed to look well on him, because of his beauty. Henri admired nearly all of them, and so he ordered a great many for Violet.

Many morning hours were spent with fittings in dress shops and in corset shops, and there were dozens of pairs of shoes and slippers to be fitted, so that Violet and Henri were kept pretty busy.

Henri was eager to have Violet order his wedding gown. At first Vi put him off with various excuses, as he thought it would be foolish to have a gown made that he never could wear, except at the fittings. But Henri ~~was~~ insisted, so at last Vi agreed, and a complete wedding outfit was ordered--lingerie, a lovely satin brocaded corset, slippers, lace-trimmed bra and slip and, of course, the gown, all in ivory white. Even the veil was ordered. Violet was quite intrigued, for, like all girls, he wanted to see how he would look dressed as a bride. His bridal corset was size 16, as Henri adored him with a tiny waist--and he would only have to wear it for the fittings, and not through a long wedding ceremony. Besides, thought Vi, the corset, at least, could be worn in the future, when he was in the mood for tight lacing. Also the lingerie and slippers could be worn again--but not the dress. There were several fittings, and then the final one, with Vi wearing the complete outfit, even the veil. He made a charming bride and he was filled with regret that he could not be a real bride and walk down the aisle of the church where all could see and admire, and regret that he was not a real girl, so that he could marry Henri. Henri was naturally delighted at his appearance in his bridal finery and pleased him by telling him that he was the most beautiful girl in the world, while the shop-girls told him he was the prettiest bride they had ever outfitted, and were so flattering that he felt himself blushing at their praise, which only added to his attractiveness.

After Vi had changed and left the shop with Henri, they had an animated discussion about the wedding.

"Why wait?" whispered Henri, tenderly. "I am mad about you, and cannot wait much longer before I hold you in my arms and possess you on our bridal night. Don't you long for it too, darling?"

"Yes," whispered Violet softly, "and we will not wait too long." But he sighed inwardly with regret, realizing that it never could be, but wishing with all his heart that he were a real girl so that he could be a bride and a wife--Henri's wife, and the mother of his children. Alas, alas! How discouraging to be a girl, and yet not a female. He was a girl in everything except sex--and nothing could be done to remedy that.

* * * * *

Jeanette and Lucille came home to St. Cloud for week-ends and always took a deep interest in Violet's affair with Henri, and the progress he was making. Each Saturday they inspected the new dresses that had arrived for Vi during the week, lovely things which both girls admired, and envied a little. The clothes-press and bureau drawers of Violet's boudoir soon would not hold all of the things and so he had to put some of his new wardrobe in the guest room. How he revelled in his lovely feminine finery. He had a new hat and dress for every afternoon and every evening, and the accessories to go with them. No girl was better dressed than he, and very few had so many clothes.

After a few weeks, Jeanette got tired of the school, and told Violet that he would have to go back. Naturally he protested, for he was having a glorious time with Henri. But his trousseau was about completed, and Jeanette was insistent, so he had to agree. That meant the thing he dreaded--breaking off with Henri, and getting rid of him so that he would not bother him again. But it had to be done, and so the three girls planned it for the following Saturday night. Vi arranged that Henri should call that evening, and they would not go out. For this important occasion, Violet had bought a specially alluring evening gown which Henri had not seen. Vi had tried it on secretly, so that Henri should see him in it for the first time on this fatal night. The dress was of black velvet. With his vivid red hair, Violet always looked enchanting in black. The dress was one of those extreme decolette confections, without shoulder straps, and coming only part way up the arms, a dress that is always a mystery to men as to how it stays up, they expecting--and perhaps hoping, that it will slip down and reveal more of the body of the lovely wearer. But Vi knew that elastic and boning in the bodice kept the dress up in place, though he felt rather uncomfortable in it, as it was new to him and cut lower than he was accustomed to having his evening frocks, so that it revealed a vast expanse of his gleaming shoulders, back and bust, and the tops of his little rounded white breasts showed quite plainly, especially if one looked down from above.

The plan was for Vi to be a siren that evening, a lovely being that no man could resist, a girl that Henri would instinctively take in his arms and desire to possess forthwith. Jeanette and Lucille helped Violet with this most important toilet. They applied liquid white make-up to his already white shoulders, arms, back and bosom, and then rubbed in a light, scented powder, with the result that his skin was of a marvellous whiteness, which made a most striking contrast with his black gown. His make-up was new, and exotic. His face was whitened and powdered so that the natural pinkness of his cheeks was covered. His eyes were mascara-ed, each lash being individually darkened, and eye shade was applied to his lids. His delicately arched eyebrows were skillfully pencilled in a thin line. His mouth was made up with vivid red, so that it looked like a red rosebud. The effect was rather startling--the darkly made-up eyes and the red of his lips standing out strikingly in the whiteness of his face. Lucille dressed Violet's glorious hair in a most alluring coiffure. He was famous for his skill at dressing hair. The girls laced Violet fully into his 16-inch corsets. A tiny waist was most desirable. It would charm Henri, and make Vi more alluring to him. He donned his gown, and the girls hooked him into it. It fitted his slender figure like a glove. Vi now scented himself with a strong, heady perfume, applying it liberally, with drops behind the ears, in the hair and on his breasts, so that a rich aroma was wafted from him when he moved. He put on the pearls that Henri had given him, which went so well with his alabaster skin and black gown. He was wearing black satin slippers with $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch heels, which were a snug fit.

"I certainly feel pretty helpless, the way I am squeezed in, and with these heels. I hope I do not faint when I have my scene with Henri. It is going to be pretty tragic, and I know I am going to be excited, and may cry. Perhaps I should have worn a loose negligée," said Violet.

"Oh, no," said Lucille. "That costume is just the thing, and far ~~xx~~ more intriguing than negligée. You have been laced in to 16 inches before, and not fainted. You will forget all about your corset, in the excitement. Just take a look at yourself in the full-length mirror. The effect is simply marvellous."

Violet looked and was convinced that he indeed looked like a siren, and was very beautiful in an exotic sort of way--a girl of contrasts--red hair, alabaster skin and black dress, and a most intriguing face with eyes and red lips set in its whiteness.

A maid had already announced that Henri had arrived and was waiting for his sweetheart in the cozy library, where they loved to be together. Just before going down, he removed several hair-pins from his coiffure, so that his hair would stay up, if he was careful, but would tumble down if he shook his head too much. There was method in this, as we shall shortly find out.

As Vi tripped daintily down the long stairs, and gracefully, in spite of his cramping corset and extreme heels, Lucille and Jeanette took their places at the head of the stairway, much excited, and eager to see and hear all of the tragedy that was about to be enacted. Violet had made sure that his father was in the room next to the library, which was also part of the plan.

As Vi entered the library, Henri rose to greet him, and stared with delight at the exotic beauty that confronted him. Never had he seen Violet looking so thrillingly lovely, and so different--so white of skin, so vivid of lips, so small of waist, so delicate, with so much of his startlingly white flesh showing. After he had feasted his eyes for a moment on this enticing vision, he enfolded "her" in his arms, and smothered "her" with passionate kisses, which Violet made it a point to return in full measure.

Violet next went to the large davenport, and lay down at full length upon it, in a way that he knew would make him look most voluptuous. He had practised it on a cot in his room, before the mirror. It is a position that never fails to intrigue a man, for he was all curves, lovely feminine curves--the rounded curve of his bust, the deep inward curve of his tiny waist, and then the upcurve of his satin-smooth closely clad hip and derrier and thigh. His rounded calf showed enticingly, and did his little foot in its extreme high-heeled slipper. It was a posture that he had always loved, because he could admire to the full his feminine curves which so differentiated him from a boy. In fact, the "girls" in the school all loved to recline in this pose and revel in the feminine shape of their bodies, particularly the upcurving hip.

Entranced, Henri sat down beside the reclining Violet, and, encouraged by Violet by his looks and manner, was soon lying full length alongside "her", and holding "her" in his arms and kissing "her." Violet trembled and gave every sign of yielding to Henri, luring him on to the act. Henri no doubt was thinking that they were engaged and soon to be married, so, why not? Violet seemed to be willing, even eager, filled with passion. The moment had come. Henri reached down and drew up Violet's skirts. Violet let out a piercing scream, trying to push Henri away. In the struggle Violet's hair fell down over his shoulders and face, and the bodice of his dress was pushed down so that one of his breasts was exposed. This, like the falling hair, had been planned.

Naturally Henri was nonplussed at Violet's screams, and he put his hand over "her" mouth to stifle them. Henri was filled with consternation at Violet's actions. He was positive that "she" had encouraged him in every way. She had lured him on, like the siren that "she" was, and then, all of a sudden, "she" had resisted. He was flabbergasted. He could not understand it. And then, in alarm, he heard footsteps approaching. He quickly arose from the couch, but Violet remained laying there, with hair down and dress disarranged and skirts pulled up to his hips, revealing the full length of his shapely legs. The door opened and in burst Violet's father, who had heard his screams. He needed no explanation of what had happened. It was all too evident. There lay the dishevelled young girl with skirts up and hair down. Henri was all confused and in a terribly embarrassed position. His hair was mussed. Violet had seen to that. And there was lip-stick on his face. He had a guilty look and could think of nothing to say. For what could he say? Violet now began to cry (they were real tears, for he was heartbroken at the way he was obliged

treat Henri, of whom he still was very fond.) But he must go on with the act. He must get rid of Henri for good.

"This beast tried to rape me," Violet sobbed to her father. "I never want to see him again."

"Leave this house at once, and never come back," stormed Vi's father.

"Here's your ring, and I'll send back the rest of the things you gave me," said Violet.

"Keep the ring, and everything else," said Henri angrily. "I don't want anything that will remind me of you, for you are nothing but a siren, without a heart or soul. You have deceived me completely, and I never want to see you again." He went out, grabbed his hat, and left the house, slamming the door behind him.

Violet's father attempted to soothe him, stroking his hair and holding him in his arms to comfort him. But Violet continued to cry and staggered ~~x~~ upstairs and flung himself on the bed. Lucille and Jeanette talked to him and soon calmed him, showing how necessary it had been, and that it was best to end the affair now, since Violet could never marry Henri. Violet got up from the bed, and allowed the other two girls to undress him. Lucille had never seen him cry before and noticed how appealing and girlishly attractive he looked with his beautiful red hair streaming down and the tears running down his cheeks. Soon they had his dress off, and then removed his corset, giving him great relief. They put on his pretty nightie and Lucille combed and brushed his long hair for the night, and soon he was tucked into bed, exhausted from the emotional ordeal he had gone through. But relieved that it was over. And so he fell asleep, to dream of his handsome, lost sweetheart, of whom he had been so fond, and who had loved him so, and been so kind and generous.

For some days Violet was sad, and mourned for Henri. They had been together so much, and had such good times together, that Violet missed him very much. But he gradually got over his sadness after he went back to school with Lucille, and took up his school work again. He was now by far the best dressed girl in the school, with his wonderful trousseau. But there was not room for all of his things, so he left most of his dresses, etc. at home, but when he returned to school after each week-end, he would wear a new day-time dress, and take along half a dozen of his new evening gowns, so that he could wear a new creation each night when he dressed for dinner. He would take these dresses back home, and return each time with new ones. Each time he also would wear back some of his new furs and jewelry, and proudly display them to the other girls at the school, who were very envious of his wonderful wardrobe. At an ordinary girls' school, such a display of costumes on the part of one of the pupils would not have been allowed, but this school was "different" in that boys were being trained to be girls, so Mlle. Brule encouraged all of the girls to doll up and beautify themselves in every possible way when they dressed for dinner daily. They were encouraged to take the utmost pains with their hair and make-up, to make their waists as small as possible, lacing as tightly as they could stand it, to wear pretty evening gowns, their highest heels and such jewelry as they possessed. Now Violet outshone them all, and was more loved and admired than ever. On the bureau of his room he had on display a framed photograph of the handsome Henri, and when the girls would drop in, he would call attention to it and then tell them about his love affair, and how they had been engaged and how Henri had bought his magnificent trousseau. None of the other pupils had ever had a real sweetheart, nor been engaged, and so they were greatly intrigued with Violet's detailed account of it all, and asked a thousand questions, which Vi was delighted to answer, as it brought back such pleasant memories. They asked how it felt to be a man's sweetheart, and to be petted, hugged, kissed and made love to by him. Had Violet loved Henri, in turn? Had he felt himself to be a girl every moment that he was with Henri? Had he always felt feminine and had he actually wished to become Henri's wife, had it been possible?

Vi answered all of their questions, and told ^{them} him about the shopping trips with Henri, and how Henri had watched him being fitted to his dresses and even to his corsets, and they laughed when he told them how surprised Henri had been when he saw Vi being laced tightly into his corsets. Henri had thought that a girl's small waist was natural. He told about attending the swell ball at the residence of the Count and Countess de Gaule with Henri, and the wonderful time he had had, meeting the highest society of Paris, including many nice men, with whom he had danced. He described to them the dress he had worn--an evening gown of black chiffon, with bouffant skirt of marquisette panels in sapphire jewel tones of pale blue and pink, with form-fitting bodice. He was the heroine of the school, and more popular than ever.

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I have mentioned that four boys who already were "girls" had entered the school that year, and I have told you about Bebe, Lucille and Violet. The fourth was Greta, and equally as interesting.

Greta was a member of a family of German professional acrobats, who specialized in tumbling and the flying trapeze. Winters they played in vaudeville and summers they travelled with a circus. The family consisted of father, mother and four sons, the youngest being Greta. Almost as soon as he could walk, Greta's training as an athlete began, as was the custom with such family troupes, and at the age of six he was appearing in the act, being tossed about, doing shoulder stands and somersaults and handsprings. Since ~~was~~ it was desirable to have a girl in the troupe, Greta, whose boy's name had been Otto, was dressed as a girl in the act, wearing tights, like all the others. (Boys are often dressed as girls in such troupes, because a clever "girl" acrobat always makes a hit with the audience, more so than a boy, and a boy-girl is usually more daring and a better performer. So at the age of six Otto became Greta. His hair, which was a pretty flaxen, was allowed to grow long, and, for convenience sake, he always dressed as a girl, and was brought up as one. Never in his life had he worn trousers and for a long time, until he was much older, he thought that he was a girl, for he was always treated as one, and had a girl's name. He had a pretty face, large blue eyes, and he was small and slender, so he made a perfect little girl, with a bright complexion. He played with dolls and his mother trained him as a girl. He was taught to be ladylike, and to sew, as he grew older. This went on for seven years. He was a clever acrobat, one of the stars of the troupe, and he thrilled his audiences at the way he was swung back and forth on the flying trapeze, turning daring somersaults in the air. He made a pretty girlish figure, with his golden hair streaming behind him in a most attractive manner, and he was far more valuable as a girl than he would have been as a boy in this dangerous act. Long before he reached the age of 13 he of course discovered that he was not a girl, but he was used to dressing and acting as one, so that it seemed the natural thing, and so he had no desire to change to a boy. He liked girls' clothes and his pretty hair and having been brought up as a girl and so effeminized, he was content to remain one, at least outwardly. But when he got to be 13 years of age, he began to show, in his body, some signs of masculinity, and since he wanted to continue his career as a girl acrobat, and as his family wished the same thing, it was decided that something must be done to develop his body along feminine lines. He was slender, and looked well in tights, but he was growing into a young lady who should have girlish breasts and hips and waist, because his every outline showed in his tights, and breast and hip pads were risky to wear because of the difficulty in keeping them in place during his rather violent acrobatics, and also were apt to be detected by the audience. It was very urgent that his body should become feminized before he reached the age of adolescence, which was fast approaching. Somehow his parents heard about Mlle. Brule school for transforming boys into girls, and it was decided to send Greta there for a year. Not only was he to be changed physically, but he was in need of the school lessons, as, owing to his work, he had never had a chance to go to school, and the only lessons he had had were those by his mother. He was a bright young girl, and besides his native German, he spoke French, Spanish and English, having learned ~~the~~ those languages when he had travelled in Europe with the troupe, as well as in Great Britain, and in the United States, with Ringling's circus. So his travels had educated him along certain lines, but he was lacking in some subjects. His mother also wanted him to learn feminine occupations. He should learn hair-dressing (he had always worn his hair flowing) and beauty culture, the art of make-up, fancy work and music, and other things that would enable him to develop into an accomplished and polished young lady, with all the feminine graces and good manners that were not so easy to acquire when travelling with a troupe, jumping from place to place.

Mlle. Brule was delighted to have Greta as a pupil, for much of the work of transforming him into a girl had already been accomplished--the beginning, which was always hard with a new boy with no previous training as a girl.

Greta liked the school from the start. He was a happy, jolly, friendly girl, and a good mixer, so he at once became popular with the other "girls" and the teachers. He loved the association with a lot of other "girls", something that his previous life had prevented. In his stage life he had been lonesome for the company of other girls, and now he found it. Since he had been brought up as a girl himself, he didn't think it at all strange that all of these other boys in the school were impersonating girls, and he liked them just as well as though they had been real girls. With the exception of living with his mother, he had been thrown almost entirely in with men--his father and brothers and other actors he met in various circuses and on the stage. They had always been nice to him, and treated him as a girl--strangers thought he was one, and he never told them different--but he had longed for the companionship of young girls, like himself. And he found it here at the school.

He had never worn anything but a girdle, and not even that in his act, so that at first he was irked by the stiff corsets into which Mlle. Brule at once laced him, in accordance with the custom of the school. His young, athletic body was unaccustomed to any such restraint, and so he felt very awkward and suppressed at the beginning, in his tight stays, and he found them very disagreeable, but, like all the other new "girls," he gradually became accustomed to them, and he was reconciled to them because all of the others in the school were also severely corsetted, and he realized the necessity of it, because he wanted to acquire a small, girlish waist. His young body was supple and pliant and so took readily to tight lacing and it did not take long to get his waist measurement down to the standard 18 inches, and he could readily have gotten a smaller waist, had he so desired. He was given female sex hormones and all of the exercises that developed maidenly breasts and hips, while the corsets took care of the waist-line, which soon became permanently small.

By special arrangement with Mlle. Brule, as stipulated by his father, every day Greta spent an hour in the gymnasium to keep in training, and went through his acrobatic stunts. He dressed for this in his show tights and was permitted to leave off his corsets. Everybody in the school loved to go to the gymnasium while Greta was there, and watch him as he would go the full length of the room in a series of rapid back handsprings, with his long golden hair streaming and flying about in a most attractive manner. He would throw back and front somersaults, walk on his hands, and do various bending exercises to keep his body supple. Standing on his feet, he could ~~xx~~ bend over backwards and pick up a handkerchief from the floor with his teeth. Or, sitting on the floor, he could place both legs behind his head, after the manner of contortionists. In this way he kept in good shape and lost none of his skill and agility. At the end of the year, he would be able to again take his place in the troupe, but as a young lady rather than as a young girl.

His mother had brought up Greta very simply, as was proper with a young girl. He never had worn an evening gown, nor any make-up, except for the stage, when it was piled on heavily. He had never done his hair up. It reached to his waist, and was luxuriant and wavy--extremely pretty hair. So it was a delightful sensation for Greta, the first day, in the afternoon before the hour to dress for dinner, to go to the beauty parlor, have his face made up as though for a ball room, and have his hair done up in a lovely evening coiffure. He had never thought much about his hair, except to know that it was rather nice, and so he was much pleased when the "girl" in the shop who dressed it, praised it, and told him that it was beautiful. He decided that he must give it more attention in the

future. And then he went to his room to dress. As he had not yet any evening frocks of his own, his roommate loaned him one of "hers", which meant, of course, that he had to lace in to 18 inches in order to get into it. But he was anxious to see himself in an evening gown--in fact, the rules required ~~th~~ that he must wear one--and so he allowed himself to be laced in to the required size, though he was afraid that he would not be able to walk, or even breathe in such a compressed state. But his roommate, whose name was Julie, insisted that it was nothing--all the girls did it as a matter of course. Julie was a girl who was inclined to be a little stout, but he had to have an 18 inch waist, according to the rules. Greta laced Julie in, at "her" request, and found that "she" had to lace much tighter than he did, so that it took a lot of tugging to make "her" stays meet at the back. This reconciled Greta to his own tight corset, seeing another "girl" laced still tighter, and not complaining. He could stand it if "she" could. He now donned Julie's borrowed evening gown and Julie hooked him up the back. It was a splendid fit. Julie also loaned Greta a pair of earrings, a necklace, bracelets and finger rings. He had never worn any jewelry before, except a small ring given him by his father. He loved the feeling of the earrings in his ears. It was a new sensation, as was the whole outfit he was now wearing. He had been so busy that he had not thought to look at himself in the mirror.

"You look simply stunning," said Julie. "Just like a grown up young lady." Take a look at yourself."

As Greta approached the full-length mirror, she failed to recognize himself in the vision he saw reflected. The high hair-do, the delicate make-up, the low cut gown, the tiny waist, the expanse of bare bust and shoulders and back all combined to change him from a young girl to a grown-up young lady. And the earrings and necklace added to the effect. He looked so slender, and so tall, the latter being caused by the 4-inch evening slippers he was wearing. He was unaccustomed to high heels and they, combined with his tight corset, made him feel quite helpless, and he wondered whether he would be able to walk down the stairs, and sit down and eat dinner. But he loved the effect of it all. He had never given thought to his looks, except as any young girl does--a glance in the mirror now and then when combing his hair or making up for the stage. He had known that he had a passable girlish face, but had taken no interest in it. But now, to his delight, with make-up and beautiful coiffure, the mirror told him that he really was very pretty. He was growing up, and from now on would think a lot about his looks, as was natural for a young lady. And he would appreciate more his lovely hair which he now knew was exceptionally beautiful. He would continue to wear it flowing daytimes, but he glowed with pleasure at the thought that every day, before dinner, he could do his hair up, and doll up as he now was. He must get some perfume, and some jewelry of his own. And several evening dresses--with 18 inch waists. He could stand it. Now that he had had the corset on for a time, it felt better, as his body became adjusted to it. He loved his little waist. A corset was irksome during the day, but it was most desirable with an evening dress, when one was all toggled out to look as beautiful as possible, and his small waist added to his attractiveness, he thought.

The two "girls" swished down to the drawing room, to join the others and Greta was glad to find that he could walk gracefully and girlishly in his high heels, which seemed to come natural to him. Here a surprise was in store for him. All of the other "girls" and teachers as well, had gressed and made up, as he had done, and it was hard to recognize many of those he had met ^{day} during, particularly the "new girls", who had had short hair and no make-up and were for the most part awkward and self-conscious in their unaccustomed corsets and in their plain school dresses of dark blue. But now all had been fitted with attractive wigs, their faces were daintily made up and they had on nice evening gowns and high

heels. Most of them were still somewhat awkward, and embarrassed and ill at ease in their strange (to them) costumes, and at being in this company of fashionable, gowned girls and women, all strangers. But at the same time, they were happy for the first time that day, for now they were doing what they most desired--wearing a complete outfit of feminine clothing, all dolled up, powdered and painted, perfumed, corsetted, impersonating girls, and looking like girls. They wanted to be girls--they always had. They were feminine and effeminate. They had been unhappy as boys, and had longed to dress and act as girls--to live as girls, to pretend to be girls, to sink themselves into the part, to be utterly feminine in every possible way. And now at last their craving was satisfied, their deepest desire satisfied--they were girls!

MARY MEETS TWO PRINCETON BOYS -Stanley and Gordon. (By Gloria)

On my invitation, Charlie Cross came to New York to spend a few days with me. Of course I was delighted to see my sweetheart again. The first afternoon we went motoring over in New Jersey, a very pretty country. It began to drizzle a little and the road became a little slippery, and just as we were going around a sharp curve, another car came speeding along, driven by two girls. They were going a bit too fast, and just as their car was passing us, it skidded, went into the ditch, and turned on its side. Of course Charlie stopped our car ~~immediately~~ immediately and we got out and hurried over to the other car, fearing that the girls might be badly hurt. We opened the door and helped them out, first a tall, willowy brunette, very pretty, and then a dainty little blonde, who had been driving the car, and so was down at the bottom of the overturned vehicle. As Charlie pulled the little blonde out, I was surprised to see that she was wearing a wig, for the shock of the turning over had caused it to come askew. She quickly raised her hands and put it back in place, and I thought that she looked a little embarrassed at being found wearing a wig. She was an extremely pretty little thing, with big blue eyes, a faultless complexion, a perfect oval face, rosebud mouth, unbelievably long lashes, delicately arched eyebrows, and, in short, a lovely little girl who would be considered unusually attractive in any company of pretty girls. She had a dainty figure and a slender waist, and I judged that she was just about my size. But her dress was torn and soiled, and she looked at it ruefully. The other girl was immaculate, as she had escaped any damage in the accident.

"What are we to do,?" asked the blonde. "I am due at a fashion show in New York in a few hours, and I can't go there like this."

"You and your friend get into our car and we will go to the nearest garage and have them come back and take the car to their place and fix it up. We will take you to New York and if you will come to my hotel, I think I can fix you up with a dress so that you will be presentable, and can go to the fashion show."

"That will be lovely," said the pretty blonde, in a soft, sweet voice. "You are terribly kind. We shall be glad to accept your offer."

We all got into our car, stopped at the next garage to make the suggested arrangements, and then continued toward New York.

"What do you think, Gordon," said the blonde to her girl friend. "Shall we tell them?" Gordon.

"It's the only thing to do. Of course we must," said the girl he called/ "Well, then," said the little beauty, making the introductions, "this is my friend, Gordon Kling, and I am Stanley Stelter. We are boys, and not the girls we seem. You see, we are Princeton students, and we take the feminine leads in the college's annual Triangle shows. We have been asked to go to the Lord & Taylor fashion show in New York this afternoon and model women's dresses, as a sort of joke and also as an advertisement for our show, which is coming to New York soon. It is good publicity. Gordon and I decided that it would be good practise for us to go over to New York dressed as girls. It is good training for us and the more we wear feminine clothes and play the part of girls, the better we can act the parts in the show. So here we are and it's too bad we had that accident--all my fault, I was driving too fast around that curve."

Charlie and I were naturally greatly surprised to learn that these unusually attractive looking young maidens were really college boys. It was quite an adventure to meet them in this manner and we both were quite excited about it. Stanley sat in front with Charlie, while Gordon was in the back seat with me. I turned and studied him and it was impossible to realize that he really was a male. He wore a perfect fitting light brown wig, beautifully coiffured, and on it was a sexy and becoming little hat. He had a perfect profile and also a perfect girlish complexion. He was wearing an attractive dress, which fitted his slender, willowly figure flawlessly. Like Stanley, he had long lashes, which swept his cheeks when he shut his eyes

It really was astounding to meet two young men who could transform themselves into such unbelievably pretty and attractive girls. As we motored along we chatted, and they told us something about the plays they had been in and the one now in rehearsal. As they talked, they continued to act as girls, with softly feminine voices. Stanley had a particularly girlish voice, and I mentioned it to him.

"Yes," he^{at} said, "my voice is rather high. I have trained it that way. You know, in the shows, in which I am leading "lady", I sing a number of soprano solos." As he talked, he turned part way round so that I could see his profile. It was perfect. He had a short, straight little nose, such as a real girl should have, and a "peaches and cream" complexion which I was sure needed little make up.

Gordon chatted as we rolled along, and answered my many questions, as naturally I was greatly interested in these two pretty boys who made such unbelievably pretty girls.

"Stanley and I occasionally go out motoring like today, dressed as girls. We are looking for fun and adventure, and we love to fool people, especially young men. Stanley is a bold young hussy and perhaps too forward for a young lady, for he is an incorrigible flirt and is always trying to "make" the good looking boys we meet. Sometimes we go to roadhouses here in Jersey and "pick up" a couple of boys and get them to dance with us and buy us drinks. So far we have never been caught and have always left them believing that we were girls." Thus spoke the pretty, brown haired Gordon.

"Gordon is just as bad as I am," said Stanley, with a laugh. "He loves to flirt with the boys, too, and is just as much a 'hussy' as I am."

We crossed by ferry to New York and motored up to my hotel. Charlie and I took Stanley between us, after I had put my cloak around him to conceal his torn and dirty dress, and we hurried across the lobby to the elevator, with the immaculate Gordon close behind. We went up to our suite. My mother was out, so we had the place to ourselves.

Charlie and I were amused to see the two boys make straight for the mirror to inspect themselves, just as real girls would have done. Gordon powdered his nose and patted his hair into place, while Stanley examined his dress.

"What a fright I look," said he, fussing with his hair.

"We will soon fix that," I said. "Take off your dress."

He did so, Gordon unhooking him. I now had a really good chance to look him over closely, as he stood there in his lingerie and corsets. His skin was wonderfully white, his arms smooth and rounded, without a trace of masculine muscles, and he had a lovely dimpled back, that any girl would have been proud of. His neck and bust were snowy white and as smooth as velvet. I have already tried to describe his face. It was unusually pretty and in short he looked like an extraordinarily pretty girl. He had nice legs and small ankles and feet, and his little white hands were those of a young girl. And he had what appeared to be a perfect figure, with^a neat little waist, snugly corseted.

"I think you can wear one of my dresses," I told him, and I went to the closet and selected one of my afternoon frocks. I slipped it over his head but when I tried to hook it down the back, I found what I had feared all along was true. The waist was too small. Otherwise it was a good fit. There was no time to let the dress out. There was only one thing to do.

"Stanley," I said, "you will have to wear one of my corsets and let us lace you in so that I can fasten the dress. Are you game?"

"But it will be dreadfully tight, wont it?" asked he. "Your waist is much smaller than mine, perhaps two or three inches, and goodness knows the corset I have on is tight enough."

"Oh, be a sport, and put on her corset," said Gordon. "It wont hurt you for a few hours.."

I now looked more closely at Gordon and noticed for the first time that he had a smaller waist than Stanley, and was well laced in.

"It's all very well for you to talk, Gordon, because you like to be tightly laced and are always bragging that your waist is smaller than mine,

said the pretty Stanley, in his sweet, girlish voice. "I don't like it the way you do. But I will be a good sport, and wear Miss Morris' corset, if it kills me. I guess there is no other way, for I can't go to the fashion show in my dirty dress and have no chance to get another one. For once I shall have a smaller waist than you, so you won't brag so much. What size is the corset, Miss Morris?"

"Seventeen," I said.

"Oh! dear, I sure am in for it. But lead me to the slaughter," said Stanley, removing his own corset. Even with it off, he still looked girlish and had a girlish figure.

After letting out the laces several inches, I clasped my 17-inch corset around Stanley's waist, and with Gordon's help, drew in the laces until the stays met closely at the back, and, behold, Stanley had a waist as tiny as my own.

"It's not as bad as you thought it was going to be, is it?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, "I guess I can stand it. 'I have 'some figure', haven't I?" he asked, inspecting himself in the mirror.

I now put the dress on him, and it hooked readily up the back, and fitted him like a glove. He looked lovely in it. I now dressed the hair of his wig, which had been somewhat disarranged in the auto accident. It was of the finest quality blonde hair, beautifully marcelled, and a perfect fit so that it looked as though it grew on his head. We next looked at his shoes. They were badly soiled and muddy, and would never do. They spoiled the effect of his pretty dress. He simply couldn't wear them to the fashion show. I went to the closet and got a pair of my slippers. I had worn them several times and they were well broken in and a little loose for me. Stanley took off his shoes, and with the aid of a shoe-horn managed to squeeze my slippers onto his feet. They had four-inch French heels. Stanley stood up and tested them, taking several mincing steps across the room and back. He, of course, was used to women's high heels, but not to heels so high nor slippers so tight. They pinched his feet severely, but he was able to navigate in them, and they made his feet look very tiny and dainty. He again inspected himself in the glass, looking admiringly at his pretty little girlish feet. His own feet were marvellously small for a boy and probably not one boy in ten thousand would have been able to get my small narrow slippers on at all.

"I am the most uncomfortable man in the world," said Stanley, with a rueful smile. "I don't believe any man ever had his waist and feet squeezed like mine are. But it can't be helped and I must make the best of it. And I am very grateful to you, Miss Morris, for helping me out."

We ordered luncheon, and all four of us ate it, served in the sitting room of our suite. The waiter noticed nothing unusual about Stanley or Gordon and it was plain that he took them for girls--as anybody would do, without question. After we had finished eating, we took a cab to Lord & Taylor's and went up to the dress shop where the fashion show was to be held. ~~Gordon and Charlie found seats with the audience, while I went with Stanley to the ladies' dressing rooms, to help him if he needed it.~~

Charlie took a seat among the spectators, and settled down to see the show. An ordinary man would have been bored to sit in on a style show, with the audience composed mostly of women, and nothing to look at but pretty girls modelling gowns of every description, but it must be remembered that Charlie was once Mary Morris and knew as much as most women about dresses and was still interested in them.

I accompanied Stanley and Gordon to the dressing rooms, where dozens of models were milling about, in and out of the various dressing rooms. We soon ran across the woman who was manager of the show, but when Stanley and Gordon went up to her, she failed to recognize them at first, as when they had been there before to see about the show and the dresses they were to model, they had, of course, been in male attire. So they had to introduce themselves and they in turn introduced me and said I was there to help them. The woman

naturally was surprised to see the two boys arriving dressed as girls, and laughed heartily, as she said: "You fooled me completely, and I must say you make very nice looking girls, and are sure to make a hit in the show. But did you come all the way from Princeton dressed that way, and why?"

"We did it to save time," said Stanley, with a smile, "if we came all dressed and made up, and, besides, it was fun coming over in disguise, and good training for us."

The woman took us to one of the larger dressing rooms, and ordered two of her girls to get the dresses they were to wear.

"Don't tell anybody they are boys," I suggested, "at least, not at first, and see if they catch on."

"All right," said the woman, "but of course nobody will catch on, for they are absolutely perfect girls, to all appearances. You boys act your parts, and be careful of your voices."

As she talked she was removing Stanley's dress, and soon he stood in his lingerie and corset.

"What a tiny waist," she exclaimed. "How do you ever manage it?"

Stanley told her about the accident and about my lending him a corset and dress, and lacing him in to 17 inches.

"It is wonderful," said the woman. "I didn't think a boy could do it. I don't see how you stand it. There is no danger of your fainting, is there, when you get out there on the stage?"

"No," said Stanley. "Never fear, I am not so delicate a girl as all that."

Everybody laughed. But he really did look delicate--and so dainty and girlish. But he had a boy's strength and endurance, as well as the determination to see it through.

The girl now arrived from the shop with the dress Stan was to model, and I was delighted to see that it was a bride's gown, of lovely ivory satin. On his previous visit to the store, he had been measured for it. It was deftly slipped onto him and hooked down the back. It was a good fit except at the waist, which was much too big around for Stan's present figure.

"It will have to be taken in," said the woman. "There is plenty of time, as you are the last to go on and the show hasn't started yet."

Two dressmakers were summoned and there was much ripping and pinning to fit the dress to Stan's tiny waist. They took the dress to their work room for hurried repairs, while Stanley seated himself gracefully in a chair to wait.

A girl came in with the dress Gordon was to model. It was that of a bridesmaid. The change was quickly made, and it was found that the gown was a perfect fit for his willowy figure, as he had not changed his waist measurement since the measurements for the dress were taken, like Stanley had done. I had a good look at Gordon after his street dress had been removed and saw that he had as nice skin and body as Stanley and as good feminine lines. His neck, shoulders, arms and back were stunning, his hip line perfect, curving out gracefully from his really small waist, which was his pride. He was undoubtedly fond of wearing corsets, as shown by the way in which he had laced himself in, his waist being only slightly larger than Stanley's present one. His every movement was gracefully feminine, and he made every bit as attractive a girl as Stanley, though of a darker and different type. When his bridesmaid's dress was adjusted and hooked up, it looked as though he had been poured into it. He now made up for the stage, as there were footlights which required a heavier make-up and higher coloring than that for the street, and daylight. A big lace picture hat was pinned to his pretty brown hair, which was so nicely coiffured that it needed no further attention.

In a little while Stan's bridal gown was brought back and now it fitted his figure to perfection. All who were "in the know" were amused to hear the women doing the fitting call him "Miss", not for a moment suspecting that they were dealing with a man. Stan's make-up and hair were next taken care of and his bridal veil pinned on and adjusted, and he and Gordon were ready for the stage. We all left the dressing room and mingled with all the pretty

girl models, who were flitting about in the dresses they were to model. Several spoke to Stanley and Gordon and complimented them.

"You are a new girl," said one of the maidens to Stanley, "aren't you?" "You look adorable as a bride --and such a figure. Look, girls," she called to several who were standing near, "isn't she too sweet for words? And look at that wasp waist!"

They all agreed that Stanley was "adorable" and "sweet", while he stood there in their midst and no doubt blushed at their praise, though the color didn't show through his make-up.

Gordon, too, came in for his share of praise, nobody thinking for a moment that they were talking with real men--for who would expect to find men modelling in a style show? It was unheard of, and, besides, not one man in many thousands could have transformed themselves into girls that would not only pass the closest inspection of critical women, but who would be exceptionally pretty girls, so that these looked to be entirely at home and held their own in this group of girls who were selected as models because of their beauty of face and form. Stanley and Gordon were having the time of their lives in this intimate feminine group, painted and powdered and perfumed, and all beautifully gowned in their model dresses.

The show started and went along smoothly, Stanley, Gordon and I looking on from the wings.

Gordon was one of six girls modelling bridesmaids' dresses, each somewhat different in style and design, as well as color. Their turn to go on came, and he took his place the last in line of the girls. They crossed the stage one at a time, and at last came Gordon's turn. He had been shown how to walk, slowly and trippingly, but gracefully. When he reached the center of the stage, he raised his arms part way and turned around in a slow pivot, in true model style, so that his dress, and his figure could be seen from all angles by the audience. He received his share of applause, and Charlie told me afterward that he could hear women sitting near him remark "what a pretty girl, and such a lovely figure." And one said: "I think he is the prettiest of all those bridesmaids." Charlie chuckled to himself, thinking: "If they only knew!"

And now came Stanley's turn, the last of all. If he was nervous he didn't show it as he stood in the wings, but of course he was used to the stage. I had been a little worried about his tight corsets, and recalled what the woman had said in the dressing room about his fainting from too tight lacing.

"Do you feel all right?" I whispered to him.

"Of course I do", he said, giving me one of his dazzling smiles, which revealed all of his beautiful even white teeth. "I feel exactly like a bride. Do I look all right?" he asked as he shifted his bride's bouquet from hand to hand--lilies of the valley. "How are my hair and veil? Do I need any powder?"

Just like a girl, I thought, as I assured him that he looked lovely and as pretty as a picture.

The master of ceremonies went to the center of the stage and announced to the audience that he had a surprise in store for them. "A bride", he said, "modelled by Mr. Stanley Stelter, leading lady of the Princeton Triangle club." I wish you could have seen Stanley as he tripped and slightly swayed to the center of the stage, keeping step with the bridal march from "Lohengrun" which the orchestra played for his entrance. He looked amazing^{ly} pretty--I think "beautiful" is the word. Gordon followed closely behind as a bridesmaid, he, too, looking charming behind the footlights. He was now introduced as also one of the principal "ladies" in the Triangle show. The two men took their places, side by side in the center of the stage, while the audience broke into prolonged applause. I seldom have heard such hearty clapping. The boys smiled, bowed and curtsied, and kissed their hands in girlish fashion to the audience. But they did not act a bit like boys, doing a female impersonation, who usually over-play the part and try to be altogether too feminine and coy. No, these boys were feminine without being in the least effeminate, and acted as naturally and gracefully as real girls would have done-- perhaps better than most. It was wonderful. And the audience

was indeed surprised, and they recalled how they had been fooled by Gordon when he was on as one of the bridesmaids.

Charlie was "all ears" to hear the comments of the women about him and if Stanley and Gordon had heard the flattering remarks about them, they would have been pleased and flattered.

"I don't believe they are boys at all," said one lady. "They couldn't be. They are too pretty. And look at those waists. Don't tell me that any boys have figures like that."

"Look at ~~their~~ ^{theirs} feet and hands," said another. "They are too tiny for men!"

"They really are Princeton boys," said another. "I saw them in last year's show. But then they weren't so pretty. I think they are marvellous." And so it went.

Newspaper photographers were present to take the models, and Stanley and Gordon were duly photographed in a group with the other models, and then side by side, and then separately. The next day their pictures appeared in the papers, with an account of how they had modelled and fooled the audience as to their sex. They photographed well and they looked very attractive in the papers. (They told me afterward that as a result of this newspaper publicity they got a lot of "fan mail", many of the letters being from girl admirers, but a lot from boys and men who were fond of dressing up in girls' clothes and wanted advice as to make-up and where to get their outfits, as they wanted wigs, etc. just like theirs. One letter came from a young man in Milwaukee, who signed himself "Frances" and who said it was his dearest wish to be a girl, and he would give anything in the world to be able to dress up and make as pretty a girl as Stanley or Gordon, and go on the stage in feminine parts, but he wouldn't be satisfied with being a girl only part of the time, but would want to dress and live as one always.)

When the boys returned to the wings and made their way towards their dressing room, the girls swarmed around them and paid them many compliments, all agreeing that they had been completely fooled, and would have sworn that both boys were real girls. Several of them asked for autographs, and, altogether they had scored a small triumph, and were very happy over it. The manager met them and thanked them and congratulated them on their success. He asked them to model again, but said he would have to get a larger hall if they did so, and it was announced in advance, for women would be sure to flock from miles around to see men modeling women's clothes--and doing it beautifully.

The boys were divested of their dresses, and put on the ones they had worn on arrival, and after toning down their make-up, we all left.

Gordon and Stanley had to hurry back to Princeton, and so they left us, Stanley promising to send back my dress and shoes. But I told him to keep them as a souvenir of the day, and as a little gift from me. I asked the boys to come in and have tea with me Saturday afternoon and they promised to do so "but not in dresses this time," they said. "We will be men the next time you see us."

They called for me at my hotel on Saturday afternoon (Charlie had gone home) and we all went to the Plaza for tea and dancing. Naturally the boys were very handsome, with their regular features, but I was glad to see that they didn't look girlish or effeminate, and acted like regular men, so I was glad to be in their company and we had a most pleasant time. They both danced divinely, and I took turns dancing with them. There was another girl there whom they knew, and so they danced with her alternately and so didn't have to sit at the table alone.

Stanley was full of fun and had a keen wit, so he was the best of company and kept me laughing. And he was bold and a bit impudent, as Gordon had given me to understand, and he flirted with me every minute--and of course I flirted back--he was so good looking and charming that any girl would have been pleased with him.

I jokingly asked him if he had many girl friends, and if he was going to get married.

"I would get married in a minute, to a girl like you," he said with a smile. "How about it?"

"I am afraid we wouldn't get along well together", I said with a laugh. "You would always want to be wearing my pretty dresses and other clothing."

"Well, perhaps I would," he said. "You have such pretty things. I am very fond of that dress you gave me, and shall put it on again some day, in your honor--corsets and all."

"Did you and Gordon get home all right that day?"

"Yes, but I thought that I should die after all those hours laced in your corset and in those tight slippers. I was sore for a couple of days afterward. Maybe I didn't hurry to take them off when we finally got to our room! I never knew such relief."

Gordon and the other girl joined us at our table and we had drinks.

"What are you boys going to do after you leave college?" I asked the men?

"I suppose I shall have to go to work in my father's automobile plant," said Stanley.

"And I shall probably be occupying a desk in my dad's brokerage office in Wall street," said Gordon. "But do you know what Stanley and I would really like to do. I suppose it sounds silly, and I know it is impossible, and our parents would never consent, even if it were, but what we both would love to do would be to go on the stage, as actresses. I do not mean as impersonators, but as real actresses, taking feminine parts and always living and dressing as women, letting our hair grow, and all the rest of it. We both would adore that. Some summer we are going to take our whole vacation dressed as girls and travel about the country, visiting the summer resorts and places of interest. We would not take a single stitch of masculine clothing with us, and would not let anybody know that we were not girls. I am sure we could get away with, and what fun it would be, fooling everybody--and especially the men we met. We would "vamp" them and make them "fall for" us." Wouldn't that be a scream?"

"It certainly would be funny," I said, "and I am sure you could get away with it. When you do it, I want you to come and see me. I will entertain you as my two "girl friends" from New York," and show you a good time. I know some boys that I will introduce you to. I should love to see them hoaxed, they think they are so smart."

"Stanley and I have had lots of amusing adventures when dressed as girls," said Gordon. "Did you ever hear about the time Stanley entered the girls' beauty contest in Trenton? It will ~~xxx~~ slay you, it is so funny."

"Please tell us," the other girl and I both exclaimed. "We should adore to hear it."

"Well, Stan and I belong to one of the clubs at Princeton. One day while a bunch of us were gathered in the living room, one of the boys ran across an item in the Trenton paper, telling about a girls' beauty contest to be held on the stage of a local theater the following Saturday. At that time Stan and I were in rehearsal for one of the Triangle shows, and of course all the boys knew about it. Stan and I roomed together and our room was half filled with dresses and other feminine things. One of the boys made a suggestion that Stan dress up, go to Trenton with a gang from the club, and enter the contest, just for a lark. They spoke about my entering, too, but I said one was enough, and I would help Stanley. The idea was enthusiastically received and Stanley was willing, knowing that it would be lots of fun for him, as well as for the rest of us, and also quite an adventure."

"Think of me back-stage mingling with all those pretty Trenton girls. Perhaps I can even kiss some of them," said the mischievous Stanley. "I'll do it, and I even might win a prize."

"Don't be conceited about your "feminine beauty", said one of the men. "Remember you will be competing with some of the prettiest girls in Trenton and the surrounding towns. What chance would a man have as a girl?"

in that company?"

"I was only joking," said Stan, "and besides, I couldn't accept a prize even if I could win one, for the contest is for real girls, not for ~~for~~ a boy imitating one. I would be sailing under false colors, and it wouldn't be fair."

"Well," ~~I~~ said, "with a good costume, you might have a chance to get 'honorable mention' or something. The winners are selected by the applause of the audience and we will have a gang scattered about that will surely give you a good hand."

"Stanley and I took the first train to New York for a visit to Mme. Berthe, the well-known costumer who had made our costumes for the shows. We went into a huddle with her and her artist designer, and told them Stan wanted a dress that would be outstanding, and 'something different!'"

"I know about these shows," I said Mme. Berthe. "The girls will dress up in their fanciest costumes, with much fuss and feathers. Some of them will be very scantily clad, so as to show their figures, and bare flesh, while others will over-do it and be over-dressed. What we want for you is a dress different from any other girl's."

"After some talk, Mme. Berthe suggested that she make Stan a "sheath gown," that was so popular at that time. It should be made with severe simplicity, with little ornamentation, but it should be meticulously form fitting so as to bring out to the utmost the feminine curves of Stan's figure."

"The corset is all-important," said Mme. Berthe. "You must wear one that will reach from your bust far down over the hips and thighs, almost to the knees at the back. It will have perfect feminine lines, which will be produced in you all the way down. It will have to be heavily boned and it will be stiff and of course your waist will have to be drawn in very small, to give the required hour-glass effect--sort of a 'Gibson Girl' figure. You probably won't be able to sit down in it, but you will only have to wear it a short time, so I think you can stand it all right. We will go up to the corsetiere's on the fourth floor, and have you measure at once and order the corset. It will have to be a hurry-up order, for their isn't too much time, and of course your fittings will have to be over the new corset."

"Stanley agreed to the plan. The dress was to be ^{of} a black satin, low cut, with narrow, rhinestone-studded shoulder-straps. It was to be princess style, with a rhinestone belt at the waist to give relief from its otherwise lack of ornamentation. The belt would fit the waist very tightly, and have a rhinestone belt buckle at the back. The dress would fit closely over the corset all the way down to Stan's knees, or nearly there, and then flare out, with ruffles at the bottom, of tulle, and there was to be an inner ruffle of bright red, to give it a touch of color. The frock was to be just short of ankle length, so that Stan's small, high-heeled black slippers would show. It was to be so small at the knees, in circumference, that Stanley would have to take tiny steps, but there would be just room enough for him to be able to walk. He would look as though poured into his dress, it being fitted very tightly to ~~xxxxxxx~~ his form, especially at the waist and over hips and thighs and buttocks and there was to be no crease or slightest wrinkle."

"We went upstairs and explained what we wanted to the corsetiere. She had made corsets for Stan and me before, and was one of the best in the city, especially at designing and making such a corset as Stanley now wanted. Stan stripped down to his underwear and the measurements were taken, while we all chatted about the new gown."

"I recently went to one of the 'drags' here in the city," said Mme. Berthe, "you know, an affair where all the boys and men dress as girls and compete for cash prizes, and first prize was won by a fellow named Roni Warren wearing just such a sheath gown as I am going to make for Stanley, so I think he will make a hit with it. You see,

most of the fellows got themselves up in elaborate costumes, elaborately trimmed and ornate, some wearing feathers, and even furs--and some wearing next to nothing. Roni's dress was so "different" and so sort of refined, that it was adjudged the most attractive. Roni has a figure like yours, Mr. Stanley, only he is taller. So perhaps you will win a prize, although you are going to compete against girls, and not men. But the dress will count a lot--and what a figure you are going to have! You will have "stopped any Gibson Girl I ever saw, with your hour-glass form."

"Then we left, Stanley was instructed to return in two days for fittings. We went that day, and twice more for final try-on of corset and gown. It was all that Mme. Berthe had promised, and a most striking costume. Nobody could see that dress without turning for a second look. And I wish you could have seen Stanley in that corset."

"Yes," said Stanley, interrupting, "and if ever a man was in a vise, I was it. Talk about being tightly laced, and the corset was so long and stiff that it was all I could do to walk. And the way that dress fitted around my upper legs and knees. I nearly fell over the first time I took some steps. I certainly was trussed up, and I felt pretty helpless."

"Well, you looked stunning, anyway," said Gordon, "so it was worth it." Stan brought his lovely blonde wig, with its hair of bright golden shade, in to the hairdresser, and had it fixed up into a simply divine coiffure, with soft waves and pretty little ringlets, with not a hair out of place. Saturday evening came, and the gang from the club left early for Trenton. Mme. Berthe met us at the theater, accompanied by one of her office girls, and brought the dress, corset, wig and the rest of the outfit, which all had been collected at her shop. She had arranged in advance to have the largest and best dressing room for Stan. The rest of the boys took places in the audience, while I went with Stan and Mme. Berthe and the girl to the dressing room, and we went to work on Stanley, gressed and made him up and got him all ready. He looked marvellous, stunning, really beautiful, and a girl from the lovely blonde hair of his head to the soles of his dainty little slippers with their extreme pencil French heels. Stan stayed in his dressing room with us until it was nearly time for the show to begin."

"I thought the time would never come," resumed Stanley. "My dress and corset were so tight that I had to stand up all the time, and believe me, those slippers were tight, and heels high. I knew I looked all right, but was so uncomfortable that I almost wished I had not come, or else had worn a more comfortable costume."

"When he went out, the girl contestants were bunched in the wings, They were, of course, a pretty bunch, and, as Mme. Berthe had predicted, they were all dolled up in their finery. They seemed to know one another, and so Stan was looked upon as a sort of intruder, and got many an unfriendly look from the girls. I am sure they were jealous of him, his costume was so "different" and also afraid of his competition. You recall the recent fashion show, Miss Morris? Well, that reminded us of it as Stan took his place among all those pretty girls, the beauties of the city. But Stan didn't seem a bit out of place among that bevy of beauties, and I didn't see a single one that was any prettier. Well, at last the music started up, and the show began. It was amusing to see how nervous and self-conscious the girls were before they made their entrance, but the moment they appeared before the audience they put on their sweetest smiles and, naturally tried to look their prettiest. Not a person, there except our party, had any idea that Stan was not the girl he seemed, for not only was there not a trace of the man about him, but, on the contrary, he looked utterly feminine and girlish, and more so than some of the girls. But you have seen him, as a girl, Miss Morris, and so know what a lovely one he makes. As in the fashion show, the girls crossed the stage one by one to show themselves and their figures. As each one went across, the audience would applaud to show their approval and choice. Stan's turn came, and he tripped daintily across, smiling sweetly as the

girls did. He handled that difficult dress with grace and apparent ease, in spite of its tightness about his knees, forcing short, mincing steps. Stan received a great round of applause, more, I thought, than any of the girls who had preceded him, and I knew that a lot of the loudest clapping came from the Princeton boys scattered through the audience, and who encouraged those sitting around them to clap. Well, to make a long story short, Stan and the rest of the girls kept parading across the stage, while the manager judged the amount of applause, and those who got the least were gradually eliminated, but Stan was still in the running, and going strong. Believe it or not, the field finally narrowed down to three girls, judged by the audience the prettiest of the lot--and Stan was one of them. It was easy to tell that a large section of the audience was for him--the gown and his looks were winning out. And then, only Stanley was left. He was the winner! The audience had selected him as the most beautiful girl of them all. And so he occupied the center of the stage, alone with the manager, in all his loveliness, really a blonde beauty with a gown and figure that had taken the spectators by storm."

"You can imagine how embarrassed I was," said Stanley. "Of course I was pleased at my success, and it was nice to know that the audience thought me a beautiful girl, but I hadn't wanted to win a prize, as it wasn't fair to the other real girls. I would have enough glory without one of the cash prizes. Let the girls have them. So I decided that there was only one thing to do--renounce the prize and reveal my sex. So when the manager asked my name and address, I told him: 'Stanley Stelter, of Princeton College. I am only a man, and not entitled to a prize.'"

"At first the audience was dumfounded at the way Stan had fooled them, and then they broke into deafening applause, as Stan took off his wig, to show his own short hair underneath," said Gordon. "He left the stage, but the clapping was so insistent that he put his wig on again and went back to take another bow. The girls who had been in second, third and fourth places in the beauty contest, went back on the stage and were awarded their prizes. Before we could escape, Stan was surrounded by the girls and almost mobbed, so interested were they in the way this handsome college boy had fooled them all as well as the audience. They were loud in their praises and no longer jealous of him, and they were pleased at the manner in which he had refused the prize and revealed himself, saying that he easily could have gotten away with it, and nobody would have suspected anything. Mme. Berthe were amused to see Stan surrounded by that bevy of pretty girls, the center of attraction and looking as much like a pretty girl as any of them. They asked for his autograph, and then one of them kissed him, and the others followed suit, and Stan had a very busy and exciting time for a few minutes. He was a much kissed 'girl', and of course he liked it. But it raised a hob with his complexion, and lips, and newspaper photographers were waiting to take his picture, and reporters to interview him, for the stunt he had pulled was a sensation. So he managed to break away from his feminine admirers and make his way with us to his dressing room, where we hastily fixed up his make-up and smoothed his hair; then he went out to face the press. After he had been snapped a number of times, both full length and close-ups, he was interviewed by the reporters, who seemed to be greatly amused at the hoax--for Stan, of course, had fooled everybody. At last he was free and went back to undress."

"Maybe I wasn't glad to get that outfit off," said Stanley, "and to be able to sit down again. I had hardly been able to breathe, wearing that terrible corset, and then all that kissing took my breath further away, so it was a wonder that I didn't suffocate. And those tight high heeled slippers, with their extreme heels, in which I had been standing and walking so long. What a blessed relief to pull them off. I want to tell you it was no cinch to wear that costume. Few men would have been willing to wear it, and if it were not for the fact that I am fond of dressing up in girls' clothes, I wouldn't have done it, either. But I like to wear them

and so am willing to put up with everything, even the corsets and high heels which of course are necessary if one is to be at all successful in his impersonation of a girl. But I wish the styles would change from the small waists, so that we wouldn't have to lace so tightly. Perhaps some day women's fashions will change, and then we can be more comfortable."

"I like the present styles," said Gordon, "and don't want them to change. I think corsets are nice and I like the 'feel' of them, even when I am tightly laced. It's funny Stanley never likes them. Goodness knows, he has worn them enough."

"Oh! I like corsets well enough, but I don't enjoy extreme tight lacing, the way Gordon does. Isn't he a strange man, Miss Morris?" asked Stanley.

"I don't think so," I said. "He is slender and has a cute little waist, so I don't think it is strange that he wishes to make the most of it, and make it as small as possible."

"That's enough about corsets," said Gordon. "If we don't ~~xxx~~ change the subject, we will be talking about them all night. Isn't it funny how men who do impersonations and wear corsets like to talk about them? All the boys who take feminine parts in the Triangle show, right down to the 'chorus girls' are always discussing their corsets, and some complain about them--and yet they all want small waists. I wish you could peek into the 'chorus girls' dressing room before one of our shows. The 'girls' form in a circle, after they are corseted, and each laces in the 'girl' in front of him --so you may sure that each is well drawn in. Then they form a circle again and hook up their dresses. As there are several changes of costume, that saves time. We have quite a pretty chorus. Have you ever seen one of our shows?"

"No, I never have, but should like to," I said, "particularly so, now that I know two of the principal 'ladies'. But who dresses you? I suppose you both have a number of changes of costume."

"Yes, in the last show I wore a dozen different dresses, and not only did I have to change them, but also my shoes and accessories, and I wore three different wigs," said Stanley. "But as 'leading ladies', Gordon and I each have our own 'star' dressing room, and plenty of help. Mme. Berthe always come to help and there are two or three young women, wives of the faculty members, who also assist, and an expert from New York comes to make us up, and keep us made up throughout the show. We are treated like prima donnas, and, as you can imagine, are extremely busy during a show, the constant changing of costumes allowing no time for rest. A lot of the boys from the college always want to come to our dressing rooms to see the 'leading ladies' being dressed and beautified, but I usually keep most of them out, to avoid confusion. Boys dressed as pretty girls have a strong attraction for some men, but usually they are of the effeminate type, but have not the looks nor body to successfully dress up themselves, except perhaps, privately."

"How many men take 'girl' parts in the shows?" I asked, much interested, for the reader must remember that I, myself, Mary Morris, was once a man, and now really was a female impersonator, in a way, though possessing a woman's body.

"About 35 or 40," he replied. "They comb the student body to pick out the best looking boys, who will make the most convincing girls in the show. Our 'girls', you know, are famous for their good looks, and lots of them make remarkably pretty girls. Our Triangle shows have made a great reputation for their 'beauty choruses'. Lots of small, handsome boys, who make up well as girls, and like it, come to Princeton on purpose to get into our shows. And our graduates are always on the look-out for pretty boys for girls in the shows, and, if they are outstanding, money is often raised to send them to Princeton, and pay their tuition."

"You would be surprised at the competition among the students for the feminine roles in the shows. About twice as many turn out as there are places for. About half of the boys seem eager to don feminine finery, but only the best are chosen. It is considered an honor to be a girl in the show,

and it also is fun, though there are long hours of rehearsal, and plenty of hard work and drilling, especially for the dancing of the chorus, as well as the solo dances, such as Gordon and I do. And then we have to learn and rehearse our songs, and all the rest of it. It is fun to travel to different cities with our troupe, and put on our show, and always there is entertainment for the company, and dances following the show, where we meet the pretty girls and the society of the city. Often Gordon and I and some of the other good looking 'girls' of the company keep on the costumes we wear in the last scene, and go to the dances that way, as we are asked to do so. It is great fun--and how the men want to dance with us 'girls.' We all become expert at dancing the girls' part, high heels and all. But we also dance with the girls, of course, though it looks rather funny to see two 'girls' dancing together."

"Aren't you nervous before you go on the stage just at the beginning?" I asked.

"Yes, I usually am as I wait in the wings for my cue, but as soon as I get out there and get started on my first song, I get over it and enjoy myself. There is something thrilling about the applause of an audience. It stirs you up, and makes you do your best, and sink yourself in the part, so that out there I really am a girl and it seems perfectly natural for me to act the part of one and for the leading man to make love to me, and kiss me. Gordon and the other men who play feminine parts feel the same way, and that's the reason we are so convincing as girls--that and the fact that we are costumed with such painstaking care. There is as much fuss made about our dresses and accessories as there would be about those of a real star actress. Everything must be complete, and of the best. Even the jewellery I wear is real, loaned me by lady friends."

"To return to the subject of the beauty contest," I said, "did the newspaper publish your picture and have an account of your escapade?"

"Yes, indeed," said Stanley. "The whole hoax was written up and went the rounds of the press. I got lots of letters after that--fan mail of the usual sort, even some love letters, and one theatrical manager wrote and asked me if I would consider going on the professional stage."

It was growing late, and so our very interesting party broke up, the boys returned to college, and I to my hotel.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARY MORRIS (Continued)

(Mary continues her story.)

I greatly enjoyed hearing Julian Eltinge tell about his European experience and about the many female impersonators he met on his European tour, and how some of them lived as women. And about the school that transformed boys into girls, and about many of those boys who became girls so successfully. All of this was naturally of the deepest interest to me, because I was myself a female impersonator, but different in that I actually possessed a female body. But inwardly I was still a man, Charlie Cross, forced to become a girl against my will. Of course, I had by now become accustomed to being a girl, but my former life as a man made me deeply interested in men ~~xxx~~ who impersonated women, and I had a fellow-feeling for them, knowing the difficulties but never really understanding why they should wish to be women. I knew that they must have a dual personality, half male and half female, or perhaps 75% female, so that they should have been born girls instead of boys. It was the accident, and, perhaps, the misfortune of birth for them to be that way, but it was no fault of theirs, and nobody could blame them when they followed their natural instincts and impersonated females whenever the opportunity offered. Why not? But why should the public look down on men who had feminine instincts and who dressed as women, which to them seemed perfectly natural? And women who dress as men, though they are little criticized, and can wear pants with impunity, whereas see how far a man gets wearing skirts, except in the far East, like Ceylon, where men not only wear skirts, but also have long, feminine hair, and wear combs in it. From the rear, you cannot tell a man from a woman, in Ceylon, and often the men are prettier than the women, if they do not wear the usual mustaches.

Julian told me much more than I have had time to write in this, my biography, for I have a great deal more to write about my life as a woman and wife, a most unusual experience for any man, so I must get on.

Later on I may find time to write a chapter about Florence of the school, the "girl" with the remarkable long hair. "She" had a most exciting life after leaving the school, and I hope to tell about it in a later chapter.

* * * * *

My mother and I spent a very busy time in New York City, and most of the mornings were devoted to shopping. Although I had, at home, a most extensive wardrobe, my mother insisted that I must have a complete trousseau, and so we bought innumerable dresses and lingerie and accessories of all kinds, including shoes, hats, and every imaginable thing that a girl might want before she got married. When I had first changed from Charlie Cross to Mary

Morris, I had had the natural Cross thrift, never buying anything that I did not need, and needing very little for my simple life. But, since I had become a society butterfly of unlimited wealth, I had had to learn not to be thrifty, and to spend enormous sums on clothes which I really did not need, but which followed the latest whims of fashion. As a result, dresses soon got out of style, though I had perhaps worn them only once or twice, and to me they seemed perfectly good, and I hated to give them away to servants or friends not so rich as myself. But I had to get used to the extravagance and the spending of money in a manner that would have seemed reckless to Charlie Cross of old. But I got reconciled to it when I came to realize that my father was immensely wealthy, with a huge income which it were better that he spend, for the good of others, putting the money into circulation. But even so, he could not begin to spend his income, and kept investing and piling up his wealth in stocks and bonds, which, in turn, only increased his income. So

I decided to spend all I could and be as extravagant as possible. I had become feminine enough to love pretty dresses and other girlish things, and, as there was no limit, I proceeded to buy the most lovely things imaginable, and in great profusion. I can't remember how many dresses I bought in New

York, but there were scores of them. And I bought oodles of everything else to delight the heart of a girl in the way of accessories. But Mother and I were leading a gay social life in the Big City, with so many engagements that I did not have time to have my dresses fitted. I simply could not sacrifice the time, and, besides, I hatedxx standing and being fitted to dresses for hours on end. So I ordered my dresses to be sent home, "as is", with the idea of having them fitted at home by our own house dressmaking force. They were all size 36, of course, and would only need minor alterations to fit my perfect 36 figure, with my 18-inch waist, which was smaller than the model dresses.

At last our stay in New York came to an end, and mother and I returned home, to be confronted with all of our purchases for my trousseau, and no end of social functions in my honor, in view of my approaching marriage. Our dressmakers, in the house, were making a number of gowns to measure for me, and, of course, there was my wedding gown to be made. I didn't know which way to turn. Surely I couldn't spend hours being fitted to my scores of dresses. If I did that, I would be so tied down that I would have to neglect my many social duties, and, besides, man-like, I loathed the time spent for fittings, standing there like a dummy while the women pinned and took in and let out and draped and snipped and fussed over me.

What to do? I talked it over with the practical Charlie, with his feminine mind and common sense. He was so terribly helpful to me always in my many feminine problems, which confronted me in my new feminine life. I could never have gotten along without him. He was always smoothing my way and keeping me from the many pitfalls which confront a man who suddenly found himself a woman. With his help, I had gotten along famously. My "memory" had returned, and I made a most satisfactory girl to my mother and others, who ceased to think that I was "strange."

"What you need," said Charlie-Mary, "is a person who has your exact figure, and whom we can engage to make the fittings for you."

"But where can we get such a girl?" I asked. "It might take a long time to find her."

"I didn't say 'girl'," said Charlie, "I said 'person', and I know the very person, and it is a man." "Do you remember that time when we were motoring in New Jersey and we met two 'girls' coming around a corner in their car, and they went into the ditch? We were sure that they were girls until we saw one of them with a wig askew. You recall the rest. We took them to our hotel and one of them, Stanley Stelter, whose dress has been ruined in the accident, borrowed one of your dresses, to go to a modelling show, and it fitted him perfectly. He even wore a pair of your shoes, and your corsets. His figure was an exact duplicate of yours. I remember noticing it particularly, and marvelling that a man could wear your clothes and that they fitted him so flawlessly."

"Yes, of course I remember perfectly," I said, "and his companion, whose name I think was Gordon Kling. Gordon modelled at the show, too, and he had the tiniest waist--not over 17 inches. It made everybody gasp."

"The thing to do," said Charlie, "is to try to get Stanley to come out here, put him into corsets, and have him stand for the fittings of all of your dresses. That would save you all of the trouble and time, and I am certain that Stanley, reproducing your figure, would fill the bill. You could pay him for it and, from what I saw of him, and the way that he and Gordon like to dress up as girls, as they confessed that day, I am sure that he would love to do it."

"But it would be very embarrassing for him to have to put on corsets and lingerie and stand in front of the dressmakers for long hours of fittings," I said. "No man would like that, and no doubt he would be ashamed of the fact that he had a perfect 36 figure, a girl's figure, just like mine."

"Then the only thing is for Stanley to come as a girl, and live as a girl the whole time. Then he would not be embarrassed. It would be perfectly natural for you to have a 'girl' model for the fittings."

"But do you think he could get away with it?" I asked. "It is no easy thing

for a man to impersonate a girl even casually, and in this case he would have to be absolutely perfect, and fool everyone as to his sex, for days on end, without the slightest suspicion. Could Stanley do it? We would be taking a great risk, and so would he, for if discovered, there would be a scandal, a sensation."

"I am positive that Stanley can do it," Charlie said. "I studied him closely that day in New York, and he fooled me completely--and I think I am a good judge. Gordon fooled me, too. I studied them both while they were in your room changing clothes, and I would have sworn on a stack of bibles that ~~th~~ they were girls--and pretty girls, unusually pretty. I watched them~~x~~ and they seemed to be feminine in every particular--voice, grace, mannerisms. And they had such slender, girlish figures, and such small hands and feet. I marvelled at them and I could not help thinking that such girlish beauty was wasted on men, and that they should have been born girls. And while I was lacing Stanley into your corset, he whispered to me that he wished that he was a girl in fact as well as in looks." That is because he makes a lovely little blonde maiden, a delight to the eye of any man, a really beautiful glamour girl with all that it takes, while as a man, he is just ordinary, small, slender, insignificant, with too pretty a face and too girlish looking to make a hit with men, though girls adore him, because of his handsomeness. He and Gordon are completely manly, as men, but feminine, as girls. They have dual personality, learned, no doubt, when they took feminine leads in the Princeton shows, where they had to sink their personality into their roles, and BE girls for the time being.

Charlie convinced me that Stanley could come out as a girl, act the part without anybody being the wiser, and model my many dresses. But it would be some undertaking for a man, for I was sure that Stanley had only been a girl for a day at a time, or possibly a week-end, and this would mean being a girl for weeks on end, day and night, without let-up. Charlie had convinced me that he could do it--but would he be willing? It would be a big undertaking, and he might readily get tired of dressing as a girl for a long period, what with tight corsets and high heels and all the rest of the discomforts of feminine attire--and wearing a hot wig all the time, night and day. But both Charlie and I knew that Stanley was fond of wearing feminine clothing. Otherwise he and Gordon would not have taken feminine roles in the Princeton shows, and would not have gone out so often dressed as girls, for adventure and for the pleasure it gave them to wear feminine clothing. It was evident that they loved it, because of the attention they paid to the most minute details of their dressing up. Apparently they liked to lace themselves tightly in corsets to attain unusually small waists--18 inches for Stanley and 17 inches for Gordon, because he had a smaller natural waist than Stanley. And they wore very high heels, stunning wigs, striking hats and the last word in gowns. Made up, scented, and all dolled up, they were practically irresistible. Men would "fall" for them, and women could pick no flaws in them, irresistible though they might be jealous of them.

Charlie and I composed a letter to Stanley, outlining the project and asking if he would be so good as to come out as a girl, be a guest at my home, and model my many dresses. I said that he would not have to be a model all the time, but could take his position as ^a girl house-guest and have a good time socially, as such a regular member of the house party which we would have for some time prior to the wedding. There would be a nice bunch of boys and girls, with much social activity, and he could be a girl in it all, and no doubt have a good time. But he must not "vamp" the boys too much, added Charlie. And with good reason., Stanley made a most beautiful siren, and it would never do if she caused any of the boys to fall in love with "her."

I also told Stanley that I would send him a generous check so that he could buy a complete new outfit of feminine things that he would need, including some new wigs, dresses, corsets, underthings, shoes, etc. I said I would send him a list of the things to buy, with full instructions and suggestions.

By return mail I received a letter from Stanley. It was written in a pretty girlish hand, which evidently he had cultivated, and it was on scented feminine notepaper, and it read as though written by a girl, so Charlie and I assumed that Stanley had assumed his feminine personality while writing it. It was such a sweet, maidenly letter, that I shall copy it in full.

STANLEY'S LETTER TO MARY.

Mary Darling:

I am writing this as "girl to girl" and so I am sure you will not mind my addressing you as "darling".

I received your sweet letter, and your invitation to visit you as a girl and model your trousseau dresses excites me very much. I cannot imagine anything that would give me greater pleasure, for I dearly love to play the part of a girl, and have done so whenever I could, but it has not been nearly often enough, and then only for a day at a time, or once or twice for a week-end, but that didn't give me time to really get settled into the role. So the idea of being a girl for several weeks on end fills me with bliss. Then I could sink my personality into the part and ~~be~~ be a girl to all intents and purposes, and forget my real sex. I would LIVE the part.

But, dear Mary, there is only one thing that stands in the way, and I hope you will not think it unmaidenly of me if I make a suggestion to you. Could Gordon go with me and also be your house guest? I would not have the courage to go out to you as a girl alone, without him as my "girl" companion. We are close pals, and always have been "girls" together ~~xxxx~~ whenever we "dressed up," from the time we were freshmen together and were chorus girls for the first time in the Triangle play of that year. We found that we had much in common in that we both were able to impersonate girls so well, and were considered the prettiest "girls" in the show, and the following years were assigned leading feminine roles, in which we were highly successful, as I believe you know. We started rooming together at college and I suppose the fact that we made such convincing young ladies led us to being fond of wearing dresses and all that goes with them. Shortly after the show of our freshman year, a couple of upper-classmen, as a joke, got Gordon and me to dress up as girls and go to Trenton with them as our "boy friends" one Saturday night. We dined at a restaurant, and then went to a dance hall, and they danced with us. So did other men there, who "cut in", considering us desirable as partners. It was lots of fun, and nobody suspected that we were not the girls that we seemed to be. I recall how embarrassed we felt at having to go to the ladies' room, and running into other girls there. If their sharp eyes penetrated our disguise, there would be the deuce to pay. But our wigs were perfect fits and we were nicely made up and well dressed, being well corsetted and wearing high heels on our feet, which are unbelievably small for men's feet. Luckily we were not suspected for a second, and that gave us confidence.

We had several more similar evenings, which we enjoyed immensely, and then one Sunday morning Gordon suggested that we go out as girls in broad daylight, and take a motor trip in his open sport's roadster, stop somewhere for lunch and dinner, and then go to a roadhouse to dance, if any men should ask us. They did, and the day and evening were perfect. Of course everybody took us for real girls, so we must have played our parts well, and it tickled us when men asked us to dance with them, for it was a good joke on them, and also assured us that we were attractive and had sex appeal. We frequently went out on similar little harmless adventures, and you will recall, dear Mary, that it was on one of them that we met you and

Charlie that day in New Jersey when we went into the ditch and I ruined my dress, when we were on the way to model in New York. I shall never forget your kindness in taking me to your hotel and lending me one of your dresses. And I remember how surprised you and Charlie were when you found that I could wear your corset and that your dress fitted me perfectly. I suppose that is the reason that you want me to come out and do the fittings of your dresses. I am sure I could do it, for my figure hasn't changed, and it wouldn't take me long to get my waist down to your measurement of 18 inches. Gordon could also model some of your dresses, which do not have to fit too closely, for he, too, is a size 36, and so he could help with the fittings, except possibly the evening gowns, which would be better for me to model. Gordon and I can wear each others dresses, the only difference in our figures being that Gordon's waist is an inch smaller than mine. We long ago made a compact that he should wear a corset a size smaller than mine, so that we should be equally laced, and neither have the advantage as to comfort. Gordon and I have always acted as "daddies' maids for each other, and I would be helpless without the dear "girl". So, please, dear Mary, wont you ask Gordon to come with me? I have spoken to him about it, and he would be delighted to be my "girl" companion at your home for as long a time as you want us.

Gordon and I often have talked about living as girls for a long period, but never had a chance to try it. And now, if you will ask us both, we will be delighted to come as soon as we can get ready. Of course, we both have good feminine wardrobes, wigs, etc., but they are not good enough for anything so important as this will be. Already we are making plans for a long vacation, as girls, of course, and after the wedding we plan to travel through the West on a sight-seeing trip, visiting the large cities and the Summer resorts, going as far as the Pacific coast, and to Hollywood. I suppose you will think us crazy, but we are going to try to get screen tests at Hollywood and try to get into the pictures. Gordon is certainly as pretty and charming as any of the female screen stars, and he is kind enough to say the same thing about me. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get into the pictures and make it our career? Then we would remain as girls indefinitely, perhaps for years, perhaps permanently, for the rest of our days. For we realize how impossible it would be to change back to men after being girls so long, for we would be altogether too feminine and pretty to make satisfactory males. Even if we do not make the pictures, and have to change back after even a few months, it is going to be difficult, for time is going to feminize us and make us "perfect ladies", but poor sticks of men. But that is for the future to decide, and we shall not worry about it.

We are certain of one thing, and that is that we can go to your home as girls above suspicion, and such perfectly behaved, refined young ladies that you will not have to make excuses for us. You will not need to hesitate to introduce us to your boy and girl friends, and your parents and relatives. We are good "actresses" and know how to be charming and make both sexes like us--our training on the stage taught us all the arts and feminine wiles, and, as you know, we both make nice looking girls--in fact, we often have been told that we are unusually pretty, and have exceptionally good figures. Isn't it marvellous that two men can be that way, and aren't we lucky, since we both love to impersonate girls? If we didn't, it would be a misfortune to have such pretty faces and girlish figures, and we would resent it, but, as it is, it makes us happy.

We have always longed to let our hair grow to girlish length, but of course never had the opportunity, as it would make us too conspicuous, and it simply isn't done. But we have always worn our hair as long as we dared, perhaps too long for men. But now we shall let it grow, under our wigs, and we figure that in six or eight months it will be so long that we can leave off our wigs and wear our own hair, which will be cooler and more comfortable. We both would adore to have long, feminine hair, curled and waved. As you know, my hair is a nice blonde color, and it would look pretty.

Gordon's hair is of a pretty chestnut shade, and has a natural wave, so that it would be exceptionally nice when of girlish length.

Feeling quite sure, dear Mary, that you will want us both to come, Gordon and I already have started training down our waist lines, and are wearing corsets we have on hand. I am starting in with a 20-inch waist and Gordon with a 19-inch one, so we only have to take in two inches, which we shall do an inch at a time, which is more comfortable than lacing in fully all at once.

This way, we hardly notice it at all. Of course, we are wearing lingerie and long silk stockings underneath, and it seems like old times, and gives us a pleasant feminine feeling. We have also started being "girls" all the while with each other, talking and acting like them except in public, so as to practise for our future roles. Fortunately, we both have rather high tenor voices, and in the shows we both often had to sing soprano solos and of course, talk in feminine, high pitched tones, which we can do with little effort. From now on we shall talk like girls, so that it will become perfectly natural for us and we shall not have to think about it, during our coming "maidenhood", as Gordon likes to call it. He is a swell pal, and makes such a sweet, lovely girl, that I know that you and all others who meet him (even including the men) will fall in love with him. He really is a "glamour girl." And I hope you will think the same of me. At least, Gordon is always insisting that I am the more glamorous of the two, probably because I am a blonde. But I must not go on like this, or you will think that we are conceited. We are not, but we cannot help knowing, from long experience, on the stage and in our public appearances, and from our mirrors, too, that we make pretty girls, so you need not be afraid that we will disgrace you in looks or manners. We know that we shall be able to submerge our egos, and not only look and act like girls, but feel ourselves to be girls, with our maleness entirely absent. We learned to do that when playing feminine roles on the stage, and that's why we have been so successful at it. We would feel completely feminine, so that when the hero made love to us, and kissed us at the final curtain, it seemed to be entirely natural both to us and to him.

I have strung out this letter much longer than I intended, and hope you do not find it too long and tiresome. But I am excited, and feel like writing, and don't want to go to bed too early, for I couldn't get to sleep, thinking about my coming adventure as a girl.

Please write and say "yes," dearest Mary, for Gordon and I are all aquiver with expectation and hope, and shall be very restless until we hear from you that we are to come.

With love,
Stanley.

(To be continued).